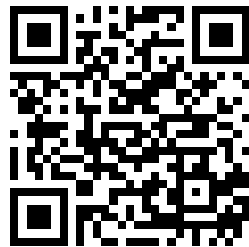

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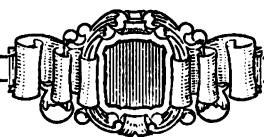
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The Dawn

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Here's to You, Grandpaps

By V. DANIELS

Grandpaps of 'seventy-six your reputation upon
us dropped, unshorn of valuation; your ster-
ling worth eternally shall jingle; your words
ne'er cease to cut—or smart (or tingle).

We plume ourselves about our "institutions." our
paper preambles, our constitutions; we hold
the strings to windbags, gaily colored, grand-
paps, you blew 'em up—for future dullards!

You shaped for us—or so we have the notion—
a social order with perpetual motion; all rubs
are smoothed with oil that's democratic, the
oiling apparatus automatic.

Your wisdom infinite (by manifesto) is shown.
We stuff the ballot box, and, presto! The
giant moves. Alas! In monstrous fashion,
grandpaps' ideals make fuel for his passion.

List! Slowly, slowly, over our blunt senses, there
creep vague doubts relating to expenses; free
press, free speech, free schools, free institutions,
quick witted seen—in pressing contributions!

Free labor, tricked by prospects most alluring, ex-
hausts its force. but tyranny adjuring, though
puzzled, dons its rags, consumes its crust (oh!)
And cheers last century dads with proper gusto.

But say! Were all our grandpaps to be trusted? Had
none a moral hinge a wee bit rusted? Did none
perceive that pelf grades princely power, and
long to "Lord it," smirk while weaklings cower?

Are riches worse if won by sea-dog's plunder
than spunged by taxes, profits, rents, I wonder?
Is saber thrust more cruel than starvation?
Rude vice so vile as courtly degradation?

Are institutions worshipful that plaster a country
o'er with classes, servants, masters? Are serv-
ants slaves? On soil where independence has
sprouted thick, do they still dance attendance?

Are serfs of wage a whit more elevated than
chattel herds whose worth per head is rated?
Are boss and hireling joined by bonds fraternal?
Are slums and mansions kin in lands supernal?

Is tattered Yankee freer than Celestial with ward-
robe ditto? Life is plainly bestial when drudg-
ery makes shift with dissipation to conjure
fickle joys and recreation.

'Tis naught save dainty savage disposition that
craves the offices of fate; ambition to pose as
God, and from great show of splendor, draw
privilege to drive—or play defender!

He is not free who fawningly confesses that
might makes right, and lash of Pluto blesses.
A free man takes the liberty of choosing
what he conceives is good, the bad refusing.

All wisdom, e'en the old, will bear inspection;
'tis error cries for cover, for protection. So
here's to you, grandpaps, your due of credit;
but truth is truth, and not because you said it.



By the Wayside

Authority lives on suspicion.

A man's needs are a measure of his rights.

If woman is man's equal she will bear im-
provement.

China protests that she wants to be left in
peace and not in pieces.

While there is death there is hope. As long as
the population goes on changing it may improve.

Society is voluntary, the state is forced.

Nature is a good servant, but a bad mistress.

The voice of the people is now very much in
need of a megaphone.

A practical man is one of the most unprac-
tical beings—one who takes things as he finds
them, thinking them right merely because they
exist.

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Sunsets, Twilights and Dawns

A PEACEFUL MOONSHINE

The World Peace Foundation is authority for the statement that for the past 131 years, the government of this country has spent 80 per cent of its total disbursements on war or things relating to war. For the present year it is estimated that the total expenditure for war, past, present and future, will amount to fully 90 per cent.

This tribute to Mars, offered by America with lavish hand, has had its exact counterpart among the allied nations. Europe, well-nigh bankrupt, sees no remedy for dislocation of trade; her statesmen offer no tangible solution for the vexing problem of unemployment; they cannot stem the tide of unrest agitating her workers. And, fearing that this crisis, under proper guidance, may take a significant turn, in an effort to maintain a balance of power abroad, Europe plunges headlong to keep apace with the reckless and insensate squanderings of both America and Japan.

It is evident that while this jingo obsession prevails, while laboring in this turbulent and unsettled frame of mind, Europe shows no disposition nor ability to meet her financial obligations toward our opulent Uncle Sam.

The Peace Conference, ostensibly called at the behest of President Harding and his cabinet to avoid the recurrence of another world war with its attendant suffering, was in reality intended to recall Europe to her senses. Although concealed under a mass of diplomatic verbiage, it bears the earmarks of an admonition to an old and decrepit Europe that Uncle Sam cannot

countenance nor tolerate an aggressive foreign policy or an attitude inimical to his interests and expansion, more so when he was called upon to foot the bills, thereby adding insult to injury.

It has failed, miserably and completely. It was destined to fail because it attempted to reconcile the irreconcilables. It failed because it dealt with effects without removing the cause—capitalism and its institution.

Each country wants disarmament—for the other fellow. Neither the fine spun rhetoric nor a display of diplomatic legerdemain, not even the neat detours around facts could allay the fear of the growing power of Japan.

Her foreign trade paralysed, America covets the Asiatic market. The rich possibilities of China as an export market for her goods brings her into direct conflict with the hitherto unchallenged supremacy of Japan in the Far East and her claims to the exploitation of China. In the Peace Conference the United States has endeavored to use her influence over European powers, because of their economic dependence upon her, to force Japan to share with her the hegemony of the Pacific.

The salient feature of this gathering was the clear and unequivocal statement of Senator Schanzer, heading the Italian delegation. His reason for not consenting to a disarmament policy is fraught with deep significance for the proletarian who may still entertain some illusions as to the aims and purpose of militarism. His argument is, no doubt, inspired by a high degree of consciousness and his brutal frank-

ness is rare virtue among diplomatic jugglers.

He says, in part: "Italy is deeply in debt and heavily burdened with taxes. She needs troops but has not the money to pay for volunteers, consequently she needs conscription as the cheapest method of recruiting soldiers. Italy feels she cannot abolish conscription because of her poverty and the spirit of unrest of her working people."

And when shorn of its maudlin sentimentalism, of its soggy platitudes, the conference appears in its true light, namely—a huge chess game involving the destiny of millions of pawns—wherein the crafty, the cunning, the mighty, gather the spoils.



RAILROADS AT AUCTION

At a conference of Western Railroad Managers it was stated that if the award of the arbitration board is unfavorable to the companies, and present wage conditions prevail, it will mean a loss of \$35,000,000 a year, and eventually spell ruin for the railroad industry.

We have never been over-sympathetically inclined toward the aristocratic conductors and engineers laden with a heavy Stone at \$25,000 per, who have repeatedly cheated the humble worker in their industry out of his chances for victory by refusing to go on strike. But if in winning their contention they succeed in putting the railroad companies out of business we won't waste any crocodile tears.



IT DOES MOVE, OH DIGEST!

The Labor Digest, a Wahneta organ of San Francisco, has at last ventured an opinion of its own, and as it might be expected, it is decidedly revolutionary — backwards. In reviewing events for 1921 it timidly reassures its readers that things will remain as they are because nature does not leap.

Of course, we do not expect the staid and grandmotherly editor to jazz along with the electrons in their sprint through space, but nature, still in the age of adolescence, does leap once in a while. The study of animal and plant life justifies the contention that changes, sudden

as well as gradual, are an essential part of the evolutionary process.

Today, the idea of stability, which was formerly attached to everything man saw in nature has been put to naught. Everything is changing, everything is incessantly modified—systems, human institutions, conditions, planets, climates, varieties of plants and animals, the human species. In fact, nothing is so constant as change.

The trouble lies with our smug and complacent editor. His mental trolley is sadly twisted. It isn't nature that has remained stationary, it's Tracy who has become a crystallized fossil, an Egyptian mummy.



SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE

System magazine bobs up serenely with the time-worn argument that success in business is due to superior intelligence. For our part, this evident and systematic perversion of facts would remain unchallenged were it not for its constant repetition on the part of seemingly intelligent but thoughtless workers who ought to know better.

The fallacy of this statement can be easily demonstrated, and only by indulging in conventional platitudes can we disprove that most of the world's greatest geniuses, inventors, men of science, have been as poor as proverbial church mice; and that the very few who have lived in comparative comfort, have at any time reaped benefits commensurate with services rendered or with the fortunes accrued by the exploitation of their discovery and invention.

The history of commerce clearly disproves System's contention.

From it we glean that trade began as a form of highway robbery; the strong man took what he wanted from the weak.

The giving of presents to avoid slaughter was the first step in trade. It was customary to leave on the frontier at some chosen spot articles of value such as the stronger tribe wanted. These would be taken and in some instances other articles would be left in their place. Later, ambassadors were sent bearing gifts.

Thus barter and exchange arose. It was

originally but a disguised combat. Trade developed out of plunder and tribute. And always the stronger, the more powerful, the loud, overbearing, insolent, pushing, brutal and fierce got the best of the bargain.

Business as conducted today does not require thought. It is done according to a very simple formula that a child can be taught in two easy lessons, and can be carried on by reflex action within a short time.

The formula is: "Establish yourself as intermediary between the producer and consumer, be a convenience to both, and charge all the traffic will bear for the service."

By adhering to this formula and providing conditions are favorable, anyone can become a successful business man.

There are no values to be created or defined. Every little detail has its governing rule.

It is the petty annoyances and worries incidental upon catering to a multiplicity of tastes, and the constant nagging of the money-getting habit, the inability to meet pressing claims of creditors, the constant fear of competition and possible failure, that wear out the businessman.

But he thinks he thinks.



THE TERRIBLE TURK

The Moslem woman is held up by a moral and religious writer in the Seattle Times as an unfortunate being compared with Christian woman, who has but one husband.

The real difference seems to be that where polygamy is practiced, the man does as he wishes, and is not accountable to any of his wives, while in Christian lands his accountability is fully discharged through that constant lying which the average man indulges in to preserve the sanctity of the home.

The righteous writer should specify the advantage of this.



TAKING THEIR OWN MEDICINE

A job lot of intellectual fossils who, unfortunately, have access to type and who occasionally illuminate the editorial columns of party organs, have asserted that we libertarians are

in the pay of capitalists, for the expressed purpose of scuttling the movement, a movement directed chiefly towards the pie-counter and compromise.

Those who asserted this were not mistaken, they simply lied. But now comes the Chicago American, which in the past has often been pointed to with pride by these reformers as being radically inclined, asserting that the Communists themselves are in the pay of the plutocrats to defeat the aims of democracy. And a mighty howl is raised by those who tirelessly tongued the same falsehood about the real revolutionist.

They don't like to have their own slander belched into their faces from the fetid columns of this plutocratic daily, but it's their own medicine and they should swallow it without making wry faces.



RECKLESS PHILANTHROPY

A celebrated Eastern surgeon, Dr. Murphy, states that nearly 600,000 deaths could be prevented each year if the proper precautions were taken against disease. He blames his colleagues for not teaching this principle of prevention to the people.

The doctor is wholly unreasonable. A limited amount of philanthropy and public-spirit-edness is, no doubt, to be expected from the time-honored profession of medicine; but to expect it to teach how to avoid disease and thereby commit professional hari-kari is exceeding the speed limit.



DENSITY, ABOVE AND BELOW

The latest census report states that the population of United States is now 16 per cent denser than it was ten years ago. Said report is not complete without referring to the fact that we have a representative form of government.



TOUGH LUCK !

The governor of Kentucky laments the fact that the only state official doing his duty is the railroad commissioner. No work and all pay are duties anybody could execute, say we.

AS THEY SEE US ABROAD

The Tokio Shimpō remarks that while labor in Japan is carrying on a most aggressive and resolute agitation to secure better conditions, the American employers seem to be as radical as the labor leaders. It further gives its readers the astonishing information that the Steel Trust, for instance, is socializing its plants in a way that all workers have an opportunity to gain the highest executive, administrative and technical positions through merit and ability.

Evidently, journalism in Japan has reached as high a standard for mendacity and unreliability as it has here at home. Yes, Messrs. Schwab, Gary & Co., have ever been solicitous of the welfare of their slaves, even to the point of giving them a lift — with their boot.



THE LABOR FAKIR

If the signs of the times are not altogether deceptive, we are on the eve of great social changes. The "good times" which the recent war created has come to an end, indisposition occasioned by the intoxication of "prosperity" has set in, and all along the line the captains of industry are making the workers suffer for the loss in trade. Unemployment and starvation are rife and the ranks of labor are teeming with discontent.

Cheap labor is hailed as the savior of trade and industry, and whenever the workers show a spirit of resistance, they are immediately decried as agitators who must be crushed at any cost. Labor is awakening and is learning some bitter lessons gleaned from everyday experience and observation.

Of late it is the striking workmen resisting wage cuts, who are especially dreaded. The powers that be have found out long ago that the ballot is a harmless toy in the hands of the toilers. They can easily cope with the representatives of labor in office. The labor fakir, the designing and crafty politician, who would ride rough-shod over the claims of labor to gain recognition from the master, is fast losing prestige and influence and will soon meet a deserving fate.

The strange impossibility of unifying the

forces of organized labor for any industrial purpose is accounted for by the character of the elements, personal and politic, which dominate every revival of militant industrial activity. Industrial movements are always matters of huge public importance, and those who engineer them necessarily become prominent and important in some measure.

The vast field which is opened up for the increase and exaltation of leaders and officials is alluring not only to men of capacity and probity, but perhaps more so to adventurous and ambitious charlatans.

The more sectional unions, the more official positions; the more sectional animosities, the greater security for official profit and public prominence. In order to give some color to professions of solicitude for "solidarity," federations are formed and financed just sufficiently to endow more official seats. Ostensibly these federations are centers of fraternal harmony and purpose; actually they are the focussing points of personal hatred and conflicting official ambition.

It would take an immensity of effort and research to accurately state the precise amount which would cover the cost of trade-union officialism, but we do know that nearly 75 per cent of the total expenditure of the existing organizations goes in maintenance, and there is good reason to suppose the largest part of this money is absorbed in salaries, fees and other official emoluments.

Officialism poisons the labor movement; it saps its strength, it stifles every sign of initiative, every thought of independence. The labor fakir's chief aim in life is to sell his uncertain quantity of influence to the highest bidder, in fact he is as salable as a five-year old mule, and about as uncertain.

Whenever plutocracy requires the services of a traitor in the labor ranks, to do its dirty work, it whistles softly for the fakir. It has only to mention the size of the missionary fund to fetch him a-running.

Why any body of workingmen should permit themselves to be made merchandise of by such transparent frauds as the classical labor leader surpasseth understanding.

TIMELY REFLECTIONS

It often occurred on the ships of slave-dealers that during big storms, or when the vessels were otherwise in danger, the traders appealed to the black men for help, who were chained in the dark holds of the ship. They were released from their chains and they were solemnly promised their freedom if they would aid in saving the ship.

The blacks were jubilant, jumped on deck, hurraed and ran to the pumps, worked with might and main, helped wherever they could; they jumped and climbed and reeled and dismasted the ship, and worked until the danger was overcome.

Then they were, as a matter of course, again driven back into the dark holds, again they were chained, and in their misery and darkness they meditated about the demagogic promises of slave-dealers, whose only ambition was, after the danger had passed, to rake in some of the plunder.

This fits exactly the modern ship of the slave dealer. The masses can still be lured by promises to fight the battles of the exploiters. They are still wondering why nothing is changed after they have done their master's bidding at the risk of their own lives.

After they are again fettered they groan and lament, shaking their clattering chains in a rage of utter helplessness.

How well the Latin philosopher of the 16th century understood the psychology of the people is vividly portrayed in the following essay:

"The people is a beast of muddy brain that knows not its own strength, and therefore stands loaded with wood and stone; the powerless hands of a mere child guide it with bit and rein; one kick would be enough to break the chain, but the beast fears, and what the child demands it does; nor its own terror understands, confused and stupefied by bugbears vain. Most wonderful! With its own hand it ties and gags itself—gives itself death and war for pence doled out by kings from its own store. Its own are all things between earth and heaven; but this it knows not; and if one arise to tell this truth, it kills him unforgiven."

THE FETISH OF EFFICIENCY

In certain circles there is a great deal of talk about "efficiency" these days. This has reached a degree where the credulous might feel persuaded that the sole function of a revolutionary movement is that of teaching the principles of efficiency engineering.

While efficiency in the conduct of one's affairs and in the production of commodities is a very desirable thing indeed, it is not a theory or tactic which may be incorporated in a social philosophy or revolutionary movement, and hailed as a great and fundamental principle.

The advocates of "efficiency" have become notable since the Russian Dictatorship entrenched itself and since it has become "necessary" to disband all labor unions in Russia and abandon standard hours of labor as established by the Workers' Soldiers' and Sailors' Councils. In short, the plea for "efficiency" on the part of Lenine and his representatives in this and other countries has all the aspects of a smoke-screen, used by the Russian Dictators, just as the plea for greater production is used in all countries where the workers are subjugated partly by the use of force and partly by cajolery and chicanery.

The remarkable part of it is that the most ardent advocates of the "efficiency route" to a successful revolution are not workers themselves but members of the intelligencia who conceive it as their fate and duty to make the workers work. Everyone who has performed useful or creative labor knows that efficiency is largely the result of orderly and purposeful work and therefore a natural consequence in a society wherein the workers feel themselves responsible and where they are honored members of society — not slaves and drudges.



SEASONAL CHARITY

During the Christmas Holidays many people dispose of their responsibilities toward their fellow-men by providing them with a little "Christmas cheer." While the impulse is humane and praiseworthy, what permanent good do these voluntary "Santas" think they are accomplishing by providing the jobless and homeless with one day's feast, or even enough for a

few days' carefree living? Is there not at the end of that brief recess an outlook as dark and dreary as before Christmas?

Charity, even in the guise of "Christmas Cheer," is but an admission that the prevailing industrial and social life is a dismal failure. The

sooner kind-hearted people cease to buy off their troubled souls with seasonal charities, and instead occupy themselves with digging for the root of the trouble, the sooner charity will become unnecessary.

THE DAWN.



The Dictators of the Proletariat

This is the age of cant. The worship of dogma was never so much in evidence as it is today. Despite all of our boasted enlightenment and advancement, radicals were never so guilelessly gumptionless, so prone to fish in the rain-barrels of credulity, and to grovel with gaping gullibility before the scarlet pedestal of marxian idols.

The market quotation of stock phrases was never more bullish, and the plain facts were never further below par. The average red, like the proverbial hayseed, stands around with his hands in his pockets, and his mouth open, looking for a chance to be taken in to see the side show.

Any idea or ism, any panacea for the cure of social belly-aches, any alchemical process calculated to extract sunshine from cucumbers, will command a multitude of followers if it be only sufficiently tinged with "revolutionary" color or contains ample doses of economic guesses and political makeshifts to make it sound ultra "scientific".

The facts are utterly at a discount.

A worker who fails to accept the sputterings of the luminous trinity of the Holy Synod — Lenin, Trotsky and Zinovieff—runs the risk of being summoned before the Tcheka of the Communist Inquisition, charged with heresy and duly burned at the stake.

A proletarian publication that dared to tell the truth relative to the Kronstadt uprising of last spring, couldn't give away sample copies for carpet padding.

An I. W. W. delegate who has the temerity to render a conscientious and unadulterated report of the subtle machinations connived by the Moscow "labor" congress, is peremptorily dis-

credited and branded a probationary agent provocateur or a member of the Loyal Legion.

Anyone of the radical fraternity who fails to appreciate the blessings of "moral suasion" bestowed upon the Russian worker to whom the revolution meant more than to play the role of vassal to the Russian Grand Lamas, if not shunned as a leper, he is relegated to limbo, along with Mary Baker Eddy and Tagore.

A thinker who, profiting by the lessons of history, advances the argument that the eternal incentive to work, now or in the future, is not Communist law or authority supported by Soviet bayonets, but determined by necessity, by the desire to live, he is promptly dubbed an ignorant sentimentalist by a horde of taskmasters in embryo.

Everybody is under sealed orders. From the interested parties returning from a personally conducted excursion to the citadel of involution, down to the domestic variety of pollywogs croaking the sophistries of their elders; they all feel that they are rendering yeoman service to the proletariat by resorting to a willful and malicious distortion of facts. And the credulous, more sentimental than logical, more concerned with form than with substance, chaff more than wheat, whoop's her up.

As we said before, this is the age of sham—and the revolutionists themselves, by stifling honest criticism and discouraging independent thought, put a premium on deception and misleading propaganda.

Truth is represented by these disciplinarians as a woman robed in scarlet. She is provided so with covering because she is the only woman they do not like to see in her naked reality.

"Weave me bright webs of pleasant fancies

in the loom of credulous imagination," cries the simpleton.

But if you have the truth do not cry from any house top except you desire to meet the fate of Makhno. Because your truth, whatever it be, will assuredly disturb someone's pet superstition. Hell has no fury like a disturbed superstition.

A man's dogma is his mental corn: tread upon it at your peril!



The Endless Chain

Don Alvarez y Garcia, a wealthy landowner of Manila, has donated \$100,000 to the building fund of a new cathedral to be erected in that city; and twenty-seven other rich moguls have given \$10,000 each for the gospel grinders. Why is it that the rich and mighty foster and nourish religious idiocy?

It is because with the religious lunacy stands or falls their power.

The more man clings to religion, the more he believes; the more he believes, the less he knows; the less he knows, the more stupid he is; the more stupid, the easier he is governed; the easier to govern, the better he may be exploited; the more exploited, the poorer he gets: the poorer he is, the richer and mightier the domineering classes get; the more riches and power they amass, the heavier their yoke upon the neck of the people.



The Value of Logic

(WITH APOLOGIES TO LIFE)

Logic is a method employed by some people to convince themselves that they are right upon any question in which it would be extremely inconvenient for them to be proved wrong.

Logic is indulged in almost exclusively by pedagogues, marxians and young married men. Old married men know better. They prefer silence instead.

Logic is generally used as a substitute for experience. It has essayed upon several occasions to compete with ridicule, but has general-

ly failed to come to time after the first round.

Logic shrinks before science, invention, art, and character. It is the stock in trade of nullities and the last resort of mediocrities.



Gradations of Theft

Stealing \$1,000,000—genius.
Stealing \$500,000—sagacity.
Stealing \$100,000—shrewdness.
Stealing \$50,000—misfortune.
Stealing \$25,000—irregularity.
Stealing \$10,000—misappropriation.
Stealing \$5,000—speculation.
Stealing \$2,500—embezzlement.
Stealing \$1,000—swindling.
Stealing \$100—larceny.
Stealing \$10—theft.
Stealing a ham—war on society.



Luminants

When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her banner to the air,
John D. was filled with keen delight
To see the Standard even there.



History repeating itself:

Liberty in prison walls,
Fraternity on the scaffold,
Equality in the grave.

—V. Sardou, "9th of Thermidor."



The kind of elastic currency The Dawn advocates is the kind that will stretch from one issue to another.



We are not to have freedom if our shepherds can prevent it, until we have shown that we can control ourselves without shepherds. How this miracle can be accomplished, how we can be shepherded and at the same time learn to be free, is a matter which only the most profound of statesmen understand.

The Waning of Religious Follies

THE Federated Churches of Pittsburgh have decided that "hard-working" evangelists like Billy Sunday and Gipsy Smith, are not desirable on the ground that they are too high-priced, too much commercialized, obsolete, false in stimulation and ineffective. The regular clergy will never again invite revivalists to come and stir up and stimulate sluggish souls.

The above press report brings to our mind the frequent claim that in assailing the gospel religion of our fathers, the atheists are fighting a sham battle, and directing their artillery against a position long since abandoned by the modern Christian church, loses its plausibility in face of the periodical outbreaks of spasmodical insanity known as religious revivals.

It is true that the small congregations to be found in attendance at the more decorous places of worship are no longer entertained with the fire and fury of old-time Calvinism, and that the less ignorant of the clerical profession evade the cruder expressions of the old theology.

The Influence of Science

The world does move, and an age in which science has rendered a literal acceptance of the puerilities of Genesis an impossibility, save for an intellect of a weaker order, cannot fail to exercise a chastening influence on even the most reactionary types of mind.

The press is acutely aware of at least the elementary scientific facts which have become widely popularized, and in its anxiety to retain the favor and patronage of the religious element, without insulting the intelligence of its fairly educated readers, it finds it desirable to notice not the average sermon, but the one which is least out of harmony with modern knowledge, and to create the erroneous impression that such a discourse is a fair specimen of the average pulpit deliverance.

As a matter of fact, in spite of the sullen but enforced surrender of the educated portion of the clergy to the latest demonstrations and discoveries of modern science, there remains an incredible number of pulpits from which may be heard the very rankest of old dogmas of predestination, hell, a six-day creation, a literal devil and all the rest of the unsavory and ridiculous mess.

Church's Position Untenable

More than this, with the formal abandonment of the untenable position referred to, the principal Christian sects lose their excuse for continued existence. It is well enough for the so-called liberal de-

nominations to cling to the theistic hypothesis as if it were a proven certainty, and to preach ethical culture under the name of religion.

There are absurdities enough in the hybrid creed of the Unitarian or the Universalist, with their inverted metaphysical pyramids and their foundationless structures based on supernaturalism.

But when these churches give up any part of their native belief in divine revelation and the full inspiration of the bible, their whole doctrinal structure crumbles to dust.

Sins and Punishment

If the infantile fairy tales of Genesis are recognized for the myths they are, the dogmas of sin, hell, necessary atonement, saving grace and all the rest lose their point.

The less ignorant preacher or orthodox layman feels no enthusiasm for the first snake story or the deluge yarn. If he could rid himself of this troublesome baggage he would be more than glad. But he dares not give it up, for fear that his church, with all the creed on which it is built, will go to pieces.

The Roman Catholic Church has made the task easier by the simple expedient of destroying the intelligence of its members as a first step toward sanctifying them and bullying and frightening them into complete imbecility, whenever religious dogma is in question.

The gospel churches are compelled by their theory of private judgment to admit a certain function of the rational element, and must constantly exert themselves to prevent this inconvenient factor from becoming unduly active.

The Evangelist Fakir

Right here comes the special function of the professional evangelist and the revival meeting. In a preceding generation, spontaneous and purely pathological, they are today carefully calculated means of drowning the intelligence in a flood of worked up emotional explosions.

The evangelist of the present day is less frequently a misguided fanatic, than a cold-blooded commercialist who knows the art of simulating intense and unrestrained fervor, in order to hypnotize his audience and arouse it to a condition of absolute frenzy.

Revivalism is a business like any other and accompanied by some features which render it despicable beyond most other business enterprises.

The nature of the religious revival is well known; and its unwholesome effects on the participating crowds have been often decried. In its essence, it is an attempt to stimulate emotions at the expense

of reason. It is an appeal to the mob spirit as against the individual consciousness. No pains are spared to excite the nerves, and to upset the mental equilibrium.

Frequently well rehearsed scenes are introduced, and impressive accessories utilized, to arouse the superstitious hopes or fears of the multitude. The well-known story of the preacher who arranged with the sexton to drop a dove through a trap door in the ceiling, to represent the descent of the holy ghost, and was brought to confusion by the discovery at the critical moment that the holy ghost had been eaten by the cat, is hardly an exaggeration.

Religious Orgies

The religious orgies at many revival meetings baffle description. It seems as if all description of insanity were let loose to compete for supremacy. Howls and groans, tearing of the hair and tossing of the body about in the wildest contortions, leaping and dancing in holy paroxysms, shrieks of mental anguish and delirious yells of relief and hysterical exultation, mad embraces of the nearest fellow-worshiper, insane frothing at the mouth and deathly swoons, are among the not infrequent occurrences recorded over and over again.

Even when these violent extremes are not reached, the whole atmosphere is abnormal. Intelligent thought and decision are rendered impossible, the whole effort being to work on the sensations and to frighten the susceptible into some public demonstration.

Nothing can be more worthless than the alleged "conversions" procured by such shameless means. They represent a temporary insanity induced by a process analogous to hypnotic suggestion. It is harking back to mere animalism, a playing on sensual excitement.

Their Baneful Effects

It would be well if this were the worst that could be said of revivalism. In numerous well attested cases, permanent insanity has resulted from the reckless play upon the feelings of impressionable persons. Even where absolute lunacy has not taken place, the delicate balance of the mind has been destroyed.

Practically every revival is responsible for unsettling the mental equilibrium of a certain percentage of those jubilantly acclaimed as converts. In many cases, the nervous shock has impaired their reasoning power for life.

These pitiable examples of arrested development are known to us all, these victims show no capacity for reasoning, but go about mechanically repeating the catch phrases from the bible which have been branded into their consciousness.

Of the real meaning of life they thenceforward know nothing. By their parrot-like repetition of pious phrases and their perfunctory participation in religious performances, they acquire the reputation of being exemplary Christians; but their lives are intellectually and morally as negative and unconstructive as those of cattle.

Their automatic devotion makes them intense bigots; and only a slight impulse is necessary to warp their moral nature as to render them capable of almost any species of vice or crime under the pretext of doing God's service, or under the obsession of some special revelation or command from heaven. It is impossible to estimate the ultimate harm to society from the wholesale unbalancing of impressionable persons at religious revivals.

Amass Great Fortunes

As to character of the money-seeking exhorter who plays the leading role on these brain-upsetting occasions, it is impossible to speak with a large measure of charity. If he believes a tenth of what he preaches, he is in so unbalanced a mental state that he is unfit to be at large. If he does not believe it, he is a scoundrel of the lowest type.

The hired evangelist does the dirty work of the church, which no settled preacher would dare to perform. He is used and well paid for adding to the church membership and the church revenues by the practices of a howling dervish who mouths the most mediaeval doctrines of hellfire and damnation.

The profits of these evangelists who profess to great zeal for the cause of Zion, are enormous. Rev. Simpson pocketed \$99,489 at the close of but one year of his hysteria-breeding performances.

Billy Sunday cleaned up about \$72,000 in a brief series of meetings in Toledo, Ohio; and his total graft flowing from 26 meetings in different cities was the nice sum of \$171,878.

Like profits have accrued to Gypsy Smith in his whirlwind campaigns for Christ. So long as the supply of dupes holds out, these holy birds have no occasion to worry over the high cost of living.

Revivals and revivalism belong to the gutter type of religion. Revivalism is orthodoxy in a state of putridity. It is at the opposite pole from rationalism and science, which are the exponents of sanity and reason.



Now that the Big Five besides controlling the meat packing industry, are going to manufacture soap, we may expect a flood of soap-box oratory.

Nature is lavish in her production of the forms of life, and she never duplicates them. Why should she duplicate you?

Random Thoughts on Education

THE greatest fallacy of prevailing educational methods is that they depart from the premise that man is vile, that he begins life naturally inclined to insubordination and to idleness, and that nothing but a system of rewards and punishments will bring good out of him. In this way, the acquisition of knowledge has been made a torture; our brains have been worked as mercilessly over books as manual labor has overtaxed the workman.

Our teachers have been changed into such men as in old days stood over the galley-slaves with scourges: their mission is to cramp the intelligence of our children by running them all into the same mold, with no regard to their different individualities. They thus become murderers of originality; they crush out the spirit of criticism, of judgment; they hinder any awakening of personal talent, they smother it under a mass of ready-made ideas of officially accepted truths. And the worst part of the system is that the character of the pupil suffers as much as his intelligence, and that this kind of instruction will turn out incapables and hypocrites.

The teacher should have no task before him except to awaken the energies of his pupils. He must teach them individual energy; his mission is to discover a child's aptitude, by asking him questions and by developing his personality. Children have an insatiable desire to learn and to know, which ought to be the only spur to study, not punishments or rewards; and it is evident that we ought to facilitate for everyone the study he is most inclined to. It should be made attractive to him; he should be induced to engage in it, and to go on with it by the force of his own comprehension, and with the pleasure that may arise from continual discoveries. To make men by training them to be men — is not that the problem of education?

The Purpose of Education

The purpose of our schools should be to turn the natural instincts of each to some good purpose, instead of repressing them. Thus naturally idle children should be treated as if they had been sick; teachers should try to rouse in them emulation, and to strengthen their will power by urging them take pains to study subjects chosen by themselves — things that they understand and love. The strength of the turbulent can be utilized in hard tasks; the miserly shown a love of method; the proud and the ambitious, who are generally endowed with much intelligence, urged to triumph over others by accomplishing the most difficult tasks. Thus what the world has been taught to call "man's lower instincts" will become fuel on the glowing hearth whence life derives its inextinguishable flame. Thus

all the living forces will be put to their proper use, and all creation will be regulated by the law of order which flows over human existence and is conducive in bringing humanity to a happy state.

After having imparted to children such elements of general knowledge as would be of use to them in life, teachers should especially familiarize them with facts and things, that they might understand what is real in the world; they should also endeavor to awaken in them a sense of order, and by daily experience induce them learn the value of method; without method there can be no useful work. It is method which classifies, which enables us to accumulate knowledge without losing what we have already acquired, and learning from books, if not exactly set aside, should be relegated to a place of less importance; the child learns thoroughly only what he can see, what he can touch, and what he can understand.

Compulsion Not Necessary

We should not compel him to bend slavishly over incomprehensible dogmas, and make him dread the person and tyranny of the teacher, but encouraged to discover truth for himself, to understand it, and to make it his own. There is no other way in which we can train boys and girls into men and women. The individual energy of each child should be awakened and employed into the work of his own instruction, thus making his mistakes educational. We should give up the system of reward and punishment or recourse to threats or caresses to make the lazy work, since no one taught by this method will be lazy. There will be occasionally backward children and children who do not comprehend what has been badly explained to them, or children into whose brain it is the custom to pound knowledge with a ferule for which they were not prepared.

By utilizing the great desire to know which glows in every human heart, the inextinguishable curiosity a child feels about everything around him, so that he is always tiring grown people with his questions, instruction will cease to be a torture and become a constantly renewed pleasure as soon as it is made attractive. The teacher should endeavor to stimulate the intelligence of the children and so direct them to make fresh discoveries; for everyone has the duty and the right to inform himself, and thus be prepared to go out into the vast world in which he will some day take his place as a man. Thus trained, he will have energy for action and a power of will by which he would be directed how to act and to decide. Let us give him notions to begin with, then scientific truths to be acquired by a logical and gradual emancipation of the intellectual faculties.

The best instruction must come from life itself, for the ultimate purpose of all science should teach how life should be lived. To give them an idea of human brotherhood—the common brotherhood of man. Solidarity should be the bond of their union, of justice and happiness, it is the indispensable bond; if they respect the rights of one another,

peace will reign among them; the strong will watch over the weak; their games will be in common, their studies, their nascent passions. Then there will be a future harvest, men and women strong by reason, of bodily exercise, educated to understand the processes of nature, drawn closely to one another by heart and intelligence — because they are comrades.



High Lights on French Politics

"We participate in the deliberations of this Peace Conference animated with the same ideals that prompted our forefathers when they unfurled to the breeze the banner of liberty, fraternity and equality."—A. Briand, minister of France.

Our American scribes caught the refrain and grasped the golden opportunity to exalt and magnify the doubtful virtues of French politicians and incidentally bolster up our own democratic institutions by means of reflex action.

But to reach such glowing conclusions they have to edit the facts so discreetly in order to arrive at even so desperate a variety of optimism. Even the blind can see that at the present time when the nation has no other thing to bind up the sores of the body politic but red rape; when industry is practically at a standstill; when hunger and unemployment are rife; when crime is increasing at a prodigious rate; when the spirit of discontent and insecurity is pervading all classes of society; and last, but not least, when our political weather-cocks offer no tangible solution for this sorry mess—to prate about political freedom and equality is sheer moonshine.

Among the scribes fawning before the retainers of wealth may be found an occasional independent spirit bent on speaking his mind without prudent reserve. This notable exception is H. L. M., who, in a current magazine, gives us a vivid sketch of Marianne's political contour, minus the conventional leaf:

"The plain truth is that politics in France have reached downright appalling depths of demagoguery and corruption, and that the typical French politician is an unmitigated scoundrel. The country is bankrupt today, not so much because of the cost and

ravages of war, but because of the stealing that went on during and before the war. Statesmanship over there, even more than in the United States, has been reduced to the two noisome enterprises of providing the ruling usurers with constant opportunity for new looting, and keeping the boobery inflamed with incessant doses of new blather.

"The principal French politicians (all of whom are naturally depicted in encomiastic terms in our American newspapers) are nearly unanimously men whose personal honor is openly questionable—ex-Socialists turned 'respectable' by fat jobs, partners in shady financial transactions, blackmailing journalists who have got on, merchants of inflammatory phrases, dealers in public contracts and offices, black-legs in general practice. During the war not a few of them were for sale to the enemy, and some actually entered upon negotiations.

"Today, because the show pleases the mob and so makes their jobs safe, they steer the Third Republic hell-bent into enterprises so insane and so full of dynamite that even the most blind of jingolists must see disaster ahead. Not Lloyd George himself is more adept at playing upon the public midriff, or more unconscionable about it. Meanwhile, all the ordinary machinery of internal government creaks and falls into ruin.

"Money rules the roost. The whole administration, high and low, is rotten with graft, office-holders multiply out of all reason, the proletariat is restive and full of gaudy dreams—and the band plays on. Here is a typical democracy at one of its highest point of glory. How long would it have lasted in the war without the aid of the British imperial oligarchy and the American financial oligarchy?"



Sayings of great men: — "I would conscript every person in the United States, from eighteen to sixty years of age, should a future war prevail, and would say, 'You are to do thus and so, because you can do that better than anything else'." Such is the pleasant prospect held out to us by Secretary of War Weeks at the annual reunion of the War Industries Board at Washington.

There is a proverb current in Soviet Russia that has a familiar classic tinge and in its modern dress tells the tale more eloquently and understandingly than the horde of newswriters let loose upon that mysterious bourne from which, it is said, no truth teller ever escapes. This proverb reads: "All Russia is divided in three parts: those released from prison, those still there, and those yet to go."

Sterilization and Civilization

More interesting to American women than any Peace Conference talk is the case of Mrs. Cassidente of Denver, who was accused of neglecting her five children. The judge suggested that the woman undergo a surgical operation to prevent the arrival of any more children, otherwise he would see that they be taken from her.

This is a new thought, to remedy civilization's defects by surgery. This mother might well suggest some kind of an operation on civilization or on some of the men responsible for a system that engenders misery and destitution.

The institution of private property is at the source of Mrs. Cassidente's predicament. She has been robbed of an opportunity to lead a decent and wholesome life.

Brisbane aptly remarks that while civilization makes gutter mothers, you will have gutter children, of course.

Here's a chance for the sterilizers. We know of a case right now that some surgeon might go after. A few years ago an apparently healthy English girl was married to a degenerate. They have seven children already — and the Lord only knows how many more they are likely to have, as it is a notorious fact that creatures of this species breed like rabbits.

One child died at birth. Of those living, two are deaf and dumb, and another is said to be tending in that direction. Every last one of the children are currently reported to be weaklings in mind and body.

The father of these children is absolutely worthless. He positively won't work, and depends on public charity. He gambles and loves wine, women and song. It looks as if nothing short of a surgical operation can stop him from bringing into the world more degenerates like himself.

Now, if the Denver judge and the medical profession want to do their duty in this case they can easily find this dissolute fellow—he's Alfonso, the king of Spain.



A Forgotten Slave

There is one class of workers who never strike and seldom complain. They get up early in the morning and never go to bed until late at night.

They work without ceasing during the whole of that time and receive no other emolument than food and clothing. They understand something of every branch of economy and labor, from finance to cooking.

Though harassed by a hundred responsibilities, though driven and worried, reproached and looked down upon, they never revolt and they cannot organize for their protection.

Not even sickness relieves them of their post. No sacrifice is deemed too great for them to make, and

A Standard Dictionary

Ananias, the politician's patron saint.

Boodle, compensation received by lawmakers through unofficial sources.

Charity, the remorse of robbery.

Democracy, a political system wherein fools have a vote and are represented by their peers.

Emigration, a quack medicine prescribed for the cure of discontent.

Freedom of speech, a privilege granted to those who have nothing to say.

Government, an invasive institution that reaches the acme of perfection when it exercises its prerogative most.

Hell, a terrestrial abode for workingmen.

I, a pronoun nonentities use most.

Jackass, a biped of the genus homo afflicted with scissorbillis scabiosa.

Ku Klux Klan, a zoological specimen of the Fascist family disguised with a dunce cap.

Liberty, an expensive article of luxury advertised in patriotic literature.

Mammon, a god worshiped by all religions.

National spirit, an intoxicating beverage calculated to magnify virtues a country ought to possess.

Omnipotence, a characteristic attributed to a deity, by weaklings on their knees.

Political platform, a lot of planks covered with molasses to catch flies.

Quack, a practitioner without a license to kill.

Radical, a term used to designate anything you don't like or are too dense to understand.

Statute, the record and proof of the infallibility of ignorance.

Tyranny, knocking people to their knees for the crime of standing upright.

University, a so-called institution of learning, attended by youth who covet a sheep-skin and emerge with a sheep's head.

Vengeance, an extremely humane attribute when exercised by those in power.

Whiskey, the only fluid through which the prohibitionists can detect misery and poverty.

Xmas, the birthday of a legendary martyr, observed by both those who do all the smiting and those who do all the turning of the cheek.

Yellow, a pet name dubbed to those who falter not for the buncombe of those who have a monopoly on scarlet.

Zealot, a man who thinks that if he is right, he can't be too radical, and if he is wrong, he can't be too conservative.

no incompetency in any branch of their work is excused. No essays or poems are written in tribute to their steadfastness.

They die in the harness and are supplanted as quickly as may be. These are the housekeeping wives of the workers. They are the slaves of a slave.

The Labor World

UNITED STATES

President Harding, in his message to Congress, devoted just 600 words to the discussion of labor problems, but he says a great deal, and means a great deal more than he says. Unlike his predecessor, who was master of sophistry and platitudes, he is concise and to the point. He defines the relations between capital and labor without leaving a semblance of doubt in anyone's mind that in the division of classes he is decidedly on the side of influence and affluence.

His evident intention was to pave the way for the acceptance, by Congress, of the Kenyon Bill—a measure calculated to curb the expansion and activity of labor unions and reduce them to an insignificant and harmless function of resolutionary bodies.

Coming, as it does, at a time when the open shop movement is gaining ascendancy, when standards of living are being broken down by a nation-wide slashing of wages, when pogroms are perpetrated against militant labor unions, the Kenyon Bill will further succeed in reducing the worker to a state of peonage. In this condition of dependency and helplessness he becomes prey to the artful wiles of crafty politicians and unscrupulous labor fakirs—the bosom friends of the exploiter.

This drastic measure is fraught with deep significance for the worker, as it robs him of the elementary right to withhold his labor power when conditions of employment become unbearable—a principle which, at least in theory, is the cornerstone of labor-unionism. Its chief aim is the suppression of all forms of strikes, boycotts and picketing. It harks back to the dark ages when feudalism was rampant.

It is under a similar law that Howatt, of the coal miners, has been given a year for refusing to call off a strike.

Labor, today, is hopelessly on the defensive, while capital is bold and brazen enough to do anything, and it is not unlikely that Congress will accept the president's recommendation and support the Kenyon Bill and make strikes illegal. The only thing it will accomplish will be to encourage illegal strikes, "vacations", and engender a profound contempt for both the law and the lawmakers.

The criminal syndicalism laws, by use of which hosts of fearless workers have been jailed in the western states, may have their sting drawn by a decision of the New Mexico supreme court which holds that the word "revolution" as used in radical literature does not necessarily imply the advocacy of

force. The court further held that the anti-sedition statute under which Jack Diamond, an I.W.W., was convicted, was unconstitutional on the ground that it conflicted with provisions of the state constitution which guarantees the right of free speech.

Now that the term "revolution" has received a legal whitewash by a New Mexico supreme court and rendered respectable by the antics of Lenin, Trotsky, Bela Kun & Co., what remains of the so-called radical's thunder?

FRANCE

An unusual precedent was set by a Lyons court when non-striking members of the tulle workers' union were ordered to pay 1000 francs each as damages into the union treasury. Following a recent dispute with employers, the union voted a strike, but the eight workers refused to quit with the rest. The union sued for 8000 francs, and the court in allowing the claim, explained that the union by-laws pledged all members to obey the decision of the majority.

This is a clear case of boring from within and without—by the courts.

IRELAND

After 121 years of ceaseless struggle, the Irish people have at last forced England to allow them to settle their own political affairs. A spokesman for Erin's cause, in celebrating this auspicious event in New York recently, remarked that his country will now enjoy as much liberty as either Canada or Australia—which isn't saying very much.

Ireland of the people has no cause for rejoicing. The masters are still saddled on the workers' back. The peasants have not reclaimed one acre of soil; nor the church released its stranglehold on the Irish mind. The Irish people are to be commended, nevertheless, for their dogged determination and a militant spirit worthy of a better cause.

ICELAND

There are 79,927 people in Iceland, and they are so free from crime that only one watchman is kept. But there the people are hardly christianized—that is, by the kind of christianity that misery and murder mongering missionaries take to China.

ENGLAND

J. H. Thomas, the railwaymen's union official and Privy Council member, brought suit against "The Communist" for charging him with treachery during the miners' strike. The court awarded him £2000 damages for his services in defense of his country and wage slavery. He surely earned them.



The Old and the New



WHEN I STOOD in a crowd, down the skid-road, listening to a young lumberjack talk about the emancipation of labor, a man at my side—a man of sixty or more—said to me resentfully: "I was talking of freedom long before that kid was born." I asked him: "What of that?" My sudden question stubbed him a bit. But he answered: "What of that! Why, it's a lot of cheek these boys have." This made me laugh. I said: "Say, what are you after? Do you want freedom to be buried with you? Who's going to keep the ball rolling if the youngsters don't take it up?" It is so easy to feel that you have gone the limit; that there is no beyond; that what you have done is a finished job. What right has anybody to question you? You have been crying: "Come on." You find yourself displaced. You need not. But you do. Why? Because you stopped. Because the others go on. Because you got scared. Because the others are undaunted. You can't expect the world to hang back because you've hung back. You advance or retreat. You don't stand still. Life is a fight of temperaments. One gives way to another. One lives out today and makes room for tomorrow. Your destiny is to grapple with the stubborn circumstances of the material. When the grapple is gone out of you, you are fulfilled. What will take your place? The influence that is virile enough to last to the next natural pause. It's always the new for the old. The new anything for the old anything. Whether in the arts, or in the sciences, or in life, the new. Whether in our dreams or in our acts, the new.

A. PEAVEY.

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The Dawn

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VOL. I

FEBRUARY, 1922

NO. 2

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In the Circus
The Only Solution

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Feb - Sept
1922*

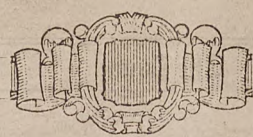
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In the Circus

THE southern lion saw the polar bear
 Rush at him, gnash, and, full of fiery glare,
 Attack him, growling worse than Nubian wind.
 The lion said, "You idiot, never mind;
 We're in the circus, and you fight with me.
 What for? That low-browed fellow do you see?
 That's Nero,—Roman Emperor, so it hap.
 You fight for him, bleed, and he laughs and claps.
 Brother, in the wide world we ne'er were foes.
 And heaven alike o'er each its mantle throws.
 You see above no fewer stars than I.
 With us, what wants that master set on high?
 He's pleased,—but we? We by his order fight:
 His business is to laugh, and ours to bite.
 He makes us kill each other; while, good sooth,
 Brother, my claw gives answer to your tooth,
 He's there upon his throne, with gaze intent,
 Our pangs his sport! Our spheres are different.
 Brother, when we our life-blood shed in streams,
 To him, in purple clad, it harmless seems.
 Come, dolt, set on! my claws prepared you see:
 But still, I think and say, we fools shall be
 In internecine strife to spend our power,
 And wiser 't were the emperor to devour!"

VICTOR HUGO



Who Art Thou?

I come forth from the darkness to smite thee,—
 Who art thou, insolent of all the earth,
 With thy faint sneer for him who wins thee bread,
 And him who clothes thee, and for him who toils
 Daylong and nightlong dark in the earth for thee?
 Coward, without a name!

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Sunsets, Twilights and Dawns

LIBERTY AT THE ANTIPODES

In the past we have heard much about the "liberal" government of New Zealand, about the enlightened and humane labor laws that flourish under its benign reign.

A recent press dispatch states that in addition to the close censorship exercised by the postal authorities over all radical publications, the customs department further shields the intellectual virtue of the New Zealanders by barring all foreign publications dealing with communism, the I. W. W. or the Sinn Fein movement. Portraits of Eamon de Valera and maps of Ireland showing the northern and southern parliamentary divisions and a Sinn Fein voting majority, are also banned.

Besides illustrating the idiotic extremes to which censorship zealots will go, these instances also serve as striking examples of what may be expected from "liberal" or "labor" governments. About the only difference between them and avowedly aristocratic or plutocratic governments, appears to be in the degree of repression exercised, and the preponderance of stupid ruthlessness can usually be credited to the "liberal" politicians.



KENTUCKY BOURBON

A striking example of southern "kultur" has been recently demonstrated by the introduction of a bill in the Kentucky legislature which forbids the teaching of atheism, agnosticism, the Darwinian theory of evolution as it pertains to the origin of man, and other kindred subjects.

This latest ukase against the principal tenets of science is wholly in keeping with the mental standard of development prevailing among the cave-dweller type of legislators encumbering the body politic of the Appalachian region. The alternate function of these zoological specimens seems to shift between sampling moonshine and devising fetters to keep their constituents down to their own intellectual level.

Once the people's minds are befogged by ignorance and superstition, slavery, both political and economic, is an inevitable consequence—hence this political bull against enlightenment and "heresy".

Among the causes of this drastic discrimination against the teachings of science, may be ascribed to the sudden appearance, in that neck of the woods, of a copy of Darwin's "Descent of Man", which, unfortunately, fell into the hands of one of Kentucky's Bourbon legislators. Turning the leaves of that blasphemous work, he beheld the exact image of himself—a full-grown baboon—one of our prehistoric ancestors. And that got his goat.



OUR FRIEND—THE ENEMY

For the benefit of our friend B. W. Gedney of Grand Rapids, Mich., who insinuates that we are in collusion with the capitalist class when we attack the Communist position, and to demonstrate, once again, that when one wishes to make an exposition of real socialism, stripped of all misconceptions and opportunism, one affirms, more or less, the same conduct of life we

stand for, we reproduce the following declaration by August Bebel, author of "Woman":

"With the expropriation of land and all the means of production, many of the evils afflicting society will disappear. Society will be self-sufficient, and there will be no antagonism among men. There will be no room for fraud and theft or for the adulteration of foodstuff, or for stock gambling. The state, being useless, will disappear. No one will govern, or be governed. No one to suppress or to oppress. All transactions will be carried on by free agreement, local and territorial.

"With the state, politicians, parliaments, police, prisons, armies, lawyers and judges will will cease to function.

"Since everyone will be able to satisfy his personal needs, the 'criminal', an outgrowth of present social disorder, will have no cause to exist; and the laws and injunctions will become useless.

"Humanity will dispense with religion. Only the ruling classes favor its dissemination among the lowly, as it sanctions their domination and authority. Morality has nothing in common with religion. Morality deals with human relations, while religion deals with the supernatural. Every class in society has its own moral code. The capitalist considers the exploitation of men, women and children perfectly legitimate; while, in reality, true morality will only exist when men are free and have equal opportunity.

"In the middle ages, rank and birth determined man's social position. Today it is money. Tomorrow the fact of being born will make everyone a man."



PEACE OR PIECES?

The British government, during the recent war, called upon England's men of science at Oxford, to mobilize their learning and invent a gas that would destroy entire cities within a few minutes. Let it be said to their credit they flatly refused to undertake such fiendish task.

But there is a Chicago university professor who has no such squeamishness about turning his knowledge to inhuman, malevolent, diabol-

ical, ferocious, bloodthirsty use. His name is W. Lee Lewis of the Northwestern University, alleged to be a religious institution, which lets its professors do the monstrous thing this Lewis has done.

He is the fellow who invented the deadly Lewisite gas which the United States was prepared to use in the war just before the armistice was signed. This gas is so deadly that if it comes in contact with the skin, it kills surely and instantly. It kills all animal and vegetable life. It sinks at any depth. It is invisible and odorless. It will wipe out entire cities, killing all life in them.

He did that job, this Lewis. And then, the war being over, he tried again and invented another gas, so-called tear gas, to fight strikers, and to man-hunt with. It has been tested, and it was shown that no person could endure it more than ten seconds. The police department of fourteen cities have arranged for its use in future, for dispersing meetings, quelling riots and breaking strikes.

Expressing himself regarding the Washington Peace Conference, this modern reincarnation of Nero stated that he firmly believed that the U. S. government would not abolish the use of poison gas, nor define Christian methods of killing, but should prepare, scientifically, for the next war.

For our part, though we make due reservations as to the desirability of Christian or Kosher method of killing, we feel that in no more befitting way can the people immortalize the name of this illustrious professor, for his advancement of the science of butchery, than to inscribe on his tombstone the cynical remark of King Louis XV: "After me the flood!"



THE DOPE HABIT

Many well-meaning people become periodically alarmed over the spread of the drug habit, at this time particularly, so as there appears to be a decided increase of this pernicious habit among children. All sorts of remedies and prohibitions are advocated, none of them touching the root of the evil.

Meanwhile, if we are to believe statistics

gotten out by special investigators in this field, the number of dope users increase at an alarming rate. Despite the fervid shouts of preachers, welfare workers and other professional uplifters of humanity; despite narcotic laws, prohibitive drug prices and stiff jail sentences, an ever increasing number of men, women and children obtain a brief respite from the unpleasant reality of things by the use of dope.

The whole thing seems a hopeless mess, with no relief in sight. The government, as usual, passes strict laws prohibiting the sale of narcotics by those who have not obtained legal license, but it furnishes no adequate or sane method of cure to those who wish to escape the dope habit. The only institutions open to the poor are the hospital wards of jails and penitentiaries, and in these places the unfortunate drug addicts are merely abused—not cured. There are private sanitariums for the rich which allege to cure, but in reality seem to cater to the dope habit.

One thing is certain; so long as present day social and economic conditions prevail, so long as the opportunity for well-being and the exercise of the normal functions of body and mind are denied, a greater or lesser part of humanity will seek an outlet for its baffled, thwarted and inhibited impulses. That outlet, in all probabilities, will be, as it has been in the past, some form of stimulant sufficiently powerful to create the illusion of happiness and will therefore come under the morality taboo.



THE CRIME OF STERILIZATION

Society would do almost anything, even resort to barbarian practises, rather than to acknowledge her own blunders. Ignoring the latest conclusions of scientific men who proclaim that the anti-social tendencies in the so-called criminal is the result of a defective social organization, and following the example of several backward states, a bill has been passed in the Washington legislature last year, providing for the ignominious practise of sterilizing habitual "criminals" and other unfortunates who are not rich enough to extricate themselves from the meshes of the law.

In consequence of this law, John Hill, a beet field laborer of Yakima, was ordered by Judge Holden to submit to a sterilization operation, for stealing a couple of hams from a store. The fact that he was out of work, and has a wife and five youngsters to support, was not deemed an extenuation for his "heinous" offense nor did it deter his honor from applying the law in its refined expression. In the gradations of theft, stealing a ham amounts to waging war against society.

What standards are to be applied in judging those who infringe upon the "sacred" property rights? Those of the law makers, whose sole aim is to perpetuate existing social conditions, based upon exploitation and inequality of opportunity, or those of the social revolutionist who is striving to abolish the cause of crime by insisting upon the right to competence for each and all, strengthening thereby the bond of mutual obligation between human society and the individual?

When our pillars of society revel in luxury, cultivating the most morbid tastes, incessantly craving for more wealth; ever appealing to the hollowness and vanities of our age, yearning for supremacy and power; manifesting an insane passion to rise, to waste the labor of others, concealing their bestial natures under a cloak of respectability; when the exploitation of labor is considered a legitimate and proper function; when the watchword of our infernal civilization is: "Get rich, trample upon everyone who stands in your way; use any means except those that will land you in the penitentiary"; when everyone, from banker to labor journalist, deem it the highest human ideal to ride on the toilers' back so as to enjoy life at perfect ease and comfort; when calloused hands are looked upon as a mark of inferiority; when men prefer physical culture in lieu of manual labor; when a uniform is considered a token of rank and superiority; when literature is defiled by the rich man's cult, and teaches to despise the "utopian"; when so many forces are at work in shaping "evil instincts"—why talk of crime? It is society that is producing these "unfit". Society glorifies crime when it is successful, while it punishes the unsuccessful.

JINGOISM AND WAR

Every man of ordinary human feeling has an instinctive love for his native land, but when this natural and rational sentiment is perverted into that hysterical form of insanity which manifests itself in committing all sorts of excesses, and engenders a feeling of national egomania at the expense of people living beyond the sea or border, it is neither rational or natural; it is only a manifestation of man's propensity for making a fool of himself without half trying.

Of all the humbugs that ever went into partnership with human credulity, jingoism has been the greatest snare and delusion. In its name tyrants have trampled upon the sacred rights of humanity and the people have meekly bowed in blind obedience.

Patriotism is the bulwark of sham behind which political parasites perpetuate their power and perpetrate their frauds. It often manifests itself in bluff and bluster; this spirit of jingoism always whoops for war, looks for trouble and creates unnecessary disturbance.

The jingoist promotes militarism and militarism is a menace, not only to peace, but to the liberties of the people, because military power is the main prop of despotism and arbitrary rule. A numerous army and a powerful navy is the desire of that class who dreams of universal dominion.

It is the delusion of patriotism that keeps Russia's neck under the Communist heel, and enables the hordes of commissars to gouge the mujiks out of their eye-teeth. Patriotism, whether of the "radical" or the conservative variety, narrows the vision and warps the intellect.

The Chinese were always patriotic—regarded themselves as the only nation under the arc of heaven. This sort of patriotism built a stone wall and within it, self-satisfied China slept through centuries, until European nations forced their way into her domain and called attention to the twentieth century.

As long as our civilization is essentially of boundaries, of property, of fences, of exclusion, it will be marked by delusion. Only what serves all men is good.

HELL AND BRIMSTONE

The Christian Advocate editor has convinced himself that the church cannot afford to give up the good old doctrine of hell and brimstone and seems to rejoice at the thought that its fires are to endure for some time to come.

Our candid opinion is that the above scribe is a savage at heart—but we do not question the soundness of his orthodoxy. He is a fossil of the Dark Ages—an echo of the Inquisition. And we will admit that he is logically correct in the assertion that the church cannot do business without hell. The church cannot abandon this cherished dogma, or destroy its basic foundation—fear, without committing harikari. Fortunately, the countless millions who are frying in hell right here show an inclination to scab on the divine providence and adjust political and economic matters on this earth. Let the church hang on to hell, the doctrine of savagery. Civilization is fast discarding the dogmas of ignorance and superstition and is marching toward the sunlight of science.



IT ALWAYS PAYS

The government has finally decided to investigate the causes of unemployment. If this latest outgrowth of paternalism will not bring relief to the starving, it will at least succeed in doing something tangible for officials. Investigations always pay—the investigator.



KNOW THYSELF

Disraeli, the English statesman, once said: "We put too much faith in systems and too little in men." The libertarian has faith in men; the politician has none; which come from the fact that each knows himself.



ALWAYS A STICK

What does it matter whether it is a sword, a cross, a foot-rule or an umbrella that rules us—it's always a stick!



Rule, tool and fool rhyme together.

TAIL END LEADERS

Many men who pose before the public as labor leaders are not labor leaders at all. They are only labor followers. The trouble with this class of birds is that they mistake the tail of the labor movement for its head.

If they would only be content to function like the old cow's tail as a fly chaser they would be of some use, but they are so firmly convinced that the tail is the head, that they often have the cow in the ridiculous act of walking backwards in her efforts to follow her tail, and the tail of the labor movement gets furious when the head, the militants, insist on going forward.

So the militants should carry on a ceaseless agitation to educate the workers so they will know on which end of the labor movement is the head, and when this is accomplished, these so-called labor leaders will either have to go to the head with the militants, or be dragged through the dirt and dust hanging on to the tail, then we would warn them that it will be a dangerous position, for "when you pull a cow's tail you're liable to get kicked."



HIGHER PLANES

The philosophy of certain reformers is the submissiveness of Oriental Christianity, filtered through and further weakened by theosophy, christian science and other hybrids grafted on that poisonous stock.

It is the creed, par excellence, of the smug, comfortable and, therefore, cowardly bourgeoisie, which plays with what it calls the "higher" criticism, but shrinks in horror from the savage attack so necessary but dangerous to its tranquillity.



A XX CENTURY FABLE

The American Eagle edged over toward the British Lion with real sorrow in his blood-red eyes. "I feel keenly the disgrace you have brought upon modern civilization by your blood and iron policy adopted in India," he said, as he scratched the clothes off his Haitian children and shook out the change. "It's a beastly shame, you know, to allow such outrages

to occur in your empire. Have you no sense of shame?"

"None whatever," said the British Lion curtly; "I am simply fulfilling my destiny."

"Well," said the Eagle, as he swooped down on two colored men and put them slowly out of their misery, "You might at least be hypocritical about it and preserve appearances."



POLITICS AND CHARACTER

"Fortunately it is not true that politics always corrupt character," says the Seattle Star. Quite correct. But his well-known idea is no more quite reasonable, and it ought to be altered to the effect that a man with a character will not be a politician at all, consequently cannot have his character corrupted thru politics.



MORALISTS MISTAKEN

Our good moralists assure us that it is for the upbuilding of character that we stifle instinctive desire. But this stifling does not build character or anything else.

To repress what is in the nature of things—to restrict, to constrict and to restrain, operates to induce new desires that are not in the nature of things, but are of artificial origin—the origin of art and artifice.

The bestial "self-indulgences" of which the moralists never tire in their denunciation, are every one of them the result of the interference in the rhythmic alternation between desire and gratification.

The way to supplant a normal desire by an abnormal one is to stifle the normal one. This lesson no moralist ever can learn, because the essence of moralism is the condemnation of all that is in the nature of things. If not all at least most.



WORKS BOTH WAYS

Federal Judge Van Fleet thinks that there are some things classified under the name of robbery that rise to the dignity of high finance. And vice versa.

THE DAWN.

The Only Solution

In reading various radical, semi-radical and would-be radical publications, one is instantly impressed by the poverty of their program, and one is led to believe that the only solution of our economic troubles is involved in the recognition of Soviet Russia. The sponsors for this panacea base their contention on the fact that in the Communist Empire twenty million people are starving because of a lack of food, while our American farmers are starving because they cannot dispose of their products. By establishing diplomatic relations between the two countries, they claim, with its attendant resumption of trade, two birds can be killed with one stone: relieve the stressing situation abroad and satisfy our disgruntled farmer at home.

In scanning the political and social horizon of Russia, we see no plausible reason why the consummation of a diplomatic understanding between the two countries should be deferred. Though financially insolvent, Russia still possesses abundant resources adequate to meet any or all her financial obligations. In her internal economic policy there is every indication that she is reverting back to capitalism in its most sordid form. Only a narrow vision induced by partisan bigotry can controvert this undisputable fact.

The main concern of the present dictatorship is to consolidate their power over its subjects by seeking recognition from reactionary countries abroad; in fact they would make truce with Genghis Khan himself rather than to swerve one iota from their feudalistic, barrack-room regime, maintained by a relentless blood and iron policy.

The famine and devastation gripping the province of Samara is but one of the fatal results of an internal economic disintegration. It is the tragic evidence of its inability to cope with agrarian problems, especially when one bears in mind that Russia, from time immemorial, has been a heavy exporter of grain.

But all this is beside the question. What is extremely important for us to know at this juncture, is whether we cannot offer a more tangible solution for our own economic ills than

to urge the political weather-cocks in Washington to flirt with Russia? A truly scientific diagnosis of our affliction would reveal the deplorable fact that we are not stricken with an acute attack of over-production but of under-consumption—an inevitable outgrowth of our capitalist system.

The trouble lies with our American worker, who, in his state of coma, while he is being appeased with empty phrases by the retainers of wealth, while his gaudy dreams are being flavored with predigested doses of the soggy platitudes of reformers, he's unable to see the relation between his empty stomach and the warehouses gorged with food, between his poverty and the wealth he has produced, nor between his enforced idleness and the immense opportunity before him to employ himself in the creation of indispensable things to satisfy the needs of civilized human beings.



By the Wayside

The only advantage that we can see in organizing unemployment leagues is to give employment to folks who went on a general strike when there was plenty of work to do.



One of the most satisfactory agreements reached by the Disarmament Conference was the assurance by China that she maintain an Open Door. Now she may expect a family entrance.



The only satisfaction those unemployed who were not allowed to sell themselves at public auction seem to have at present, is to lay down and die, leaving a note requesting to be buried at public expense.



An irate reader of San Francisco fumes that he cannot find enough words to express his contempt for our editorial attitude toward labor fakirs. We are only too glad to help you, brother. We'll send you Webster's dictionary by parcels post.

Woke Up at Last

A member of the pontifical choir, suddenly coming to his senses, created an incipient revolution in the sistine chapel during the requiem mass for the late Pope Benedict XV, by shouting: "Down with the pope!". He insisted on leading the procession out of the chapel, preceding the cardinals, attacking Cardinal Vanuttelli before he was overpowered by the Swiss Guards and locked up. The Vatican household, fuming with holy indignation, explained that the man's mind had become deranged through suffering from insomnia!



On the Go

After shifting their conferences from Versailles to Paris, thence to Washington, Cannes and Genoa, it looks as though the great powers are seeking for a secluded spot on this globe where the people are not likely to be on to them and give them the horse laugh. Why not adjourn to the South Pole?



Awful!

The school children of Zion City, Ill., to the number of 1000, are being taught that the world is flat. This is no more curious a theory than is the morality taught by the same people which proclaims that a woman's body becomes indecent below the collar-bone.



George Hardy as a Wobbly was pro-British, as an aspirant dictator he's pro-Russian. Will someone tell us when will he ever become proletarian?



Hearst, the newspaper magnate, assures us that Mexico has a stable government. We object to it for sanitary reasons.



Unemployment is an industrial condition where there is not enough slavery to go round.

The School of Honor

A trembling young reporter stood in the presence of an eminent city editor.

"If I write this story," said the reporter, "it will rob a woman of her good name."

"If you don't write it, said the city editor, "I will give you a kick in the pantaloons."

Next day the young reporter got a raise in salary and the woman swallowed two ounces of permanganate of potassium. H. M.



Tough Luck!

"Hello, is this the society for the prevention of cruelty to"

"Yes, yes, this is the place. What is it?"

"Send somebody over, right away. There's a lean and hungry creature lying on my back porch, who is groaning and shivering Do hurry please."

"What sort of an animal is it? A dog, a cat, or a"

"No, no; it's a man!"

"Oh, a man! But this is the wrong place, we only care for dumb animals. Humans are supposed to take care of themselves."



Let us trust in God who has always fooled us in the past.



Ireland is now free — to abolish her own capitalist masters.



A Sunday school is a prison where children do penance for the evil conscience of their own parents.



A pastor is a man employed by the wicked to prove to them by his example that virtue does not pay.



Theology is an effort to explain the unknowable by putting it in the terms of the not worth knowing. H. M.

The Communist Dictatorship

THE following is one of a series of four articles on the Russian situation by a well-known comrade residing in Moscow. Written in a lucid and convincing style, his deep insight into political as well as economic and sociological matters; his ability to analyze the theories of Marxism as they are being applied by the present dictators; his broad and frankly libertarian interpretation of revolutionary events, cannot fail to give this study a conspicuous place in the current history of Russia.

The October revolution was not the legitimate offspring of traditional Marxism. Russia but little resembled a country in which, according to Marx, "the concentration of the means of production and the socialization of the tools of labor reached the point where they can no longer be contained within their capitalistic shell. The shell burst . . ."

In Russia, "the shell" burst unexpectedly. It burst at a stage of low technical and industrial development, when centralization of the means of production had made little progress. Russia was a country with a badly organized system of transportation, with a weak bourgeoisie and weak proletariat, but with a numerically strong and socially important peasant population. In short, it was a country in which, apparently, there could be no talk of irreconcilable antagonism between the grown industrial forces and a fully ripened capitalist system.

But the combination of circumstances in 1917 involved, particularly for Russia, an exceptional state of affairs which resulted in the catastrophic breakdown of its whole industrial system. "It was easy for Russia," Lenin justly wrote at the time, "to begin the socialist revolution in the peculiarly original situation of 1917."

CONDITIONS FAVORABLE

The specially favorable conditions for the beginning of the socialist revolution were:

1. The possibility of blending the slogans of the social revolution with the popular demand for the termination of the imperialistic world war which had produced great exhaustion and dissatisfaction among the masses.
2. The possibility of remaining, at least for a certain period after quitting the war, outside the sphere of influence of the capitalistic European groups which continued the world war.
3. The opportunity to begin, even during the short time of this respite, the work of internal organization, and to prepare the foundation for revolutionary reconstruction.
4. The exceptionally favorable position of Russia,

in case of possible new aggression on the part of West European imperialism, due to her vast territory and insufficient means of communication.

5. The possibility of almost immediately satisfying the fundamental demands of the revolutionary peasantry, notwithstanding the fact that the essentially democratic viewpoint of the agricultural population was entirely different from the socialist program of the "party of the proletariat" which seized the reins of government.

Moreover, revolutionary Russia already had the benefit of a great experience—the experience of 1905, when the Tsarist autocracy succeeded in crushing the revolution for the very reason that the latter strove to be exclusively political and therefore could neither arouse the peasant nor inspire even a considerable part of the proletariat.

The world war, by exposing the complete bankruptcy of constitutional government, served to prepare and quicken the greatest movement of the people—a movement which, by virtue of its very essence, could develop only into a social revolution.

Anticipating the measures of the revolutionary government, often in defiance of the latter, the revolutionary masses by their initiative began, long before the October days, to put in practice their social ideals. They took possession of the land, factories, mines, mills and the tools of production. They got rid of the more hated and dangerous representatives of government and authority. In their grand revolutionary outburst they destroyed every form of political and economic oppression. In the depths of Russia raged the social revolution, when the October change took place in the capitals of Petrograd and Moscow.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY

The Communist party, which was aiming at the dictatorship, from the very beginning correctly judged the situation. Throwing overboard the democratic planks of its platform, it energetically proclaimed the slogan of the social revolution, in order to gain control of the movement of the masses. In the course of the development of the revolution, the Bolsheviks gave concrete form to certain fundamental principles of Anarchist Communism, as for instance: the negation of parliamentarism, expropriation of the bourgeoisie, tactics of direct action, seizure of the means of production, establishment of the system of Workers' and Peasants' Councils (Soviets), and so forth.

Furthermore, the Communist Party exploited all the popular demands of the hour: termination of the war, all power to the revolutionary proletariat, the land for the peasants, etc. This base demagoguery, as we shall see later, proved of tremendous psycho-

logic effect in hastening the revolutionary process.

But if it was easy, as Lenin said, to begin the revolution, its further development and strengthening were to take place amid difficult surroundings.

The external position of Russia, as characterized by Lenin about the middle of 1918, continued to be "unusually complicated and dangerous," and "tempting for the neighboring imperialist states by its temporary weakness." The Socialist Soviet Republic was in an "extraordinarily unstable, very critical international position."

And, indeed, the whole subsequent external history of Russia is full of difficulties in consequence of the necessity of fighting ceaselessly, often on several fronts at once, against the agents of world imperialism, and even against common adventurers. Only after the final defeat of the Wrangel forces was an end, at last, put to the direct armed interference in the affairs of Russia.

THE INTERNAL SITUATION

No less difficult and complex, even chaotic, was the internal situation of the country.

Complete breakdown of the whole industrial fabric; failure of national economy; disorganization of the transportation system, hunger, unemployment; the relative lack of organization among the workers, the unusually complex and contradictory conditions of peasant life; the psychology of the "petty proprietor," inimical to the new Soviet regime; sabotage of Soviet work by the technical intelligentsia; the great lack in the Party of trained workers familiar with local conditions, and the practical inefficiency of the Party heads; finally, according to the frank admission of the acknowledged leader of the Bolsheviks, "the greatest hatred, by the masses, and distrust of everything governmental." Such were the conditions in which the first and most difficult steps of the revolution had to be made.

It must also be mentioned that there were still other specific problems which the Soviet government had to deal; namely, the deep-seated contradictions and even antagonisms between the interests and aspirations of the various social groups in the country:

(a). The most advanced, and in industrial centers the most influential, group of factory proletariat. Notwithstanding their relative cultural and technical backwardness, these elements favored the application of true communist methods.

(b). The numerically powerful peasant population, whose economic attitude was decisive, particularly at a time of industrial prostration and blockade. This class looked with suspicion and even hatred upon all attempts of the Communist government to play the guardian and control their economic activities.

(c). The very large and psychologically influential group (in the sense of forming public opinion, even if of panicky character) of the common citizen-

ry: the residue of the upper bourgeoisie, technical specialists, small dealers, petty bosses, commercial agents of every kind—a numerous group, in which were also to be found functionaries of the old regime who adapted themselves and were serving the Soviet government, now and then sabotaging; elements tempted by the opportunities of the new order of things and seeking to make a career; finally, persons torn out of their habitual modes of life and literally starving. This class was approximately estimated at 70 per cent of the employees of Soviet institutions.

Naturally, each of these groups looked upon the revolution with their own eyes, judged its further possibilities from their own point of view, and in their own peculiar manner reacted on the measures of the revolutionary government.

All these antagonisms rending the country and frequently clashing in bloody strife, inevitably tended to nourish counter revolution—not mere conspiracy or rebellion, but the monstrous convulsions of the country which was experiencing two world cataclysms at once: war and social revolution.

MANY VEXING PROBLEMS

Thus the political party which assumed the role of dictator was faced by problems of unexampled difficulty. The Communist Party did not shrink from their solution, and in that is its immortal historic merit.

Notwithstanding the many deep antagonisms, in spite of the apparent absence of the conditions necessary for a social revolution, it was too late to discuss about driving back the uninvited guest, and await a new, more favorable opportunity. Only blind, dogmatic or positively reactionary elements could imagine that the revolution could have been "made differently." The revolution was not and could not be a mechanical product of the abstract human will. It was an organic process which burst with elemental force from the needs of the people, from the complex combination of circumstances which determined their existence.

To return to the old political and economic regime, that of industrial feudalism, was out of the question. It was impossible, and first of all because it were the denial of the greatest conquest of the revolution: the right of every worker to a decent human life. It was also impossible because of the fundamental principles of the new national economy; the old regime was inherently inimical to the development of free social relationships—it had no room for labor initiative.

It was apparent that the only right and wholesome solution—which could save the revolution from its external enemies, free it from the inner strife which rent the country, broaden and deepen the revolution itself—lay in the direct creative initiative of the toiling masses. Only they who had borne the heaviest burdens, could through conscious

systematic effort find the road to a new, regenerated society. And that was to be the befitting culmination of their unexampled revolutionary zeal.

LENIN'S POLITICAL ATTITUDE

Lenin himself, replying in one of his works to the question, "How is the discipline of the revolutionary party of the proletariat to be maintained, how to be strengthened?" clearly and definitely replied, "By knowing how to meet, to combine, to some extent even to merge, if you will, with the broad masses of the toilers, mainly with the proletariat, but also 'with the non proletarian laboring masses'." (Quotations are Lenin's).

However, this thought was and still remains, on the whole, in irreconcilable conflict with the spirit of Marxism in its official Bolshevik interpretation, and particularly with Lenin's authoritative view of it.

For years trained in their peculiar "underground" social philosophy, in which fervent faith in the social revolution was in some odd manner blended with their no less fanatical faith in state centralization, the Bolsheviks devised an entirely new science of tactics. It is to the effect that the preparation and consummation of the social revolution necessitates the organization of a special conspirative staff consisting exclusively of theoreticians of the movement, vested with dictatorial powers for the purpose of clarifying and perfecting beforehand, by their own conspirative means, the class consciousness of the proletariat.

DISTRUST THE MASSES

Thus the fundamental characteristic of Bolshevik psychology was distrust of the masses, of the proletariat. Left to themselves, the masses—according to Bolshevik conviction—could rise only to the consciousness of petty reformers.

The road which leads to the direct creativeness of the masses was thus forsaken.

According to Bolshevik conception, the masses are dark, crippled mentally by ages of slavery. They are multi-colored; besides the revolutionary advance guard they comprise great numbers of the indifferent and many self seekers. "The masses," they say, "according to the old but still correct maxim of Rousseau, must be made free by force. To educate them to liberty one must not hesitate to use compulsion and violence."

"Proletarian compulsion in all its forms," writes Bukharin, one of the foremost Communist theoreticians, "beginning with summary executions and ending with compulsory labor is, however paradoxical it may sound, a method of reworking the human material of capitalistic epoch into communist humanity."

This cynical doctrinarism, this fanatical quasi-philosophy, flavored with communist pedagogic sauce and aided by the pressure of "canonized officials" (expression of the prominent communist and labor leader Schlyapnikov) represent the actual methods

of the party dictatorship which retains the trade mark of the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" merely for gala affairs at home and for advertisement abroad.

PROGRAM CUT AND DRIED

Already in the first days of the revolution, early in 1918, when Lenin first announced to the world his sociological program in its minutest details, the roles of the people and of the party in the revolutionary reconstruction were strictly separated and definitely assigned.

On the one hand, an absolutely submissive socialist herd, a dumb people; on the other, the omniscient, all controlling political party. What is inscrutable to all, is an open book to it. In the land there may be only one indisputable source of truth—the State. But, the Communist State is, in essence and practice, the dictatorship of the party only, or—more correctly — the dictatorship of its central committee.

Each and every citizen must be, first and foremost, the servant of the state, its obedient functionary, unquestioningly executing the will of his master — if not as a matter of conscience, then out of fear. All free initiative, of the individual as well as of the collectivity, is eliminated from the vision of the state. The people's Soviets are transformed into sections of the ruling party; the Soviet institutions become soulless offices, mere transmitters of the will of the center to the periphery. All expressions of state activity must be stamped with the approving seal of communism as interpreted by the faction in power. Everything, anything else, is considered superfluous, useless and dangerous. This system of barrack absolutism, supported by the bullet and bayonet, has subjugated every phase of life, stopping neither before the destruction of the best cultural values, nor before the most stupendous squanderings of human life and energy.

X. Y. Z.

Moscow, June 11, 1921.

Note:—The next article by the same author will deal with "Bolshevism in Action."



Sunbeams and Shadows

Modern "leaders of thought" are almost wholly wanting in originality and courage. Their wisdom is foolishness, their remedies poison. They idiotically claim that they guide the destinies of nations, whereas, in reality, they are but the flotsam and scum-froth that glides smoothly down the dark stream of decadence.

Have you ever noticed that somehow the government never gets started investigating a graft until it is a played out proposition, and in the meantime something else has developed? The officials are always on the trail, but they simply can't catch up.

The Labor World

FRANCE.—The so-called Unity Congress, held in Marseilles, called at the behest of crafty and self-seeking Communist leaders for the avowed purpose of disrupting the General Confederation of Labor, capped the climax by turning tables on its promoters by passing spirited resolutions reaffirming its non-political character and expressing its complete confidence in the ultimate success of direct economic action. The ambitious schemes of neo-dictators infesting the revolutionary labor movement were severely condemned.

ITALY.—Though their success in boring from within the French labor movement is far from encouraging, the reception the Communists were given in Italy spells utter defeat. The Syndicalist Unions have unanimously decided to sever connections with the politicians' International of Moscow, owing to the repressive measures adopted against revolutionary members of the working class. During a stormy debate, held in Ancona, between the Syndicalist editor Borghi and Cornelli, a Communist M. P., it was charged that the Soviet government was directly responsible for the "mysterious" disappearance of Lepetit and Vergiat, two French Syndicalists, who were returning to France by way of the Murmansk coast. The M. P.'s attempt to justify Lenin's blood and iron policy brought forth a storm of disapproval from the audience, which finally ejected him from the hall. Umanita' Nova is authority for the statement that during the last general elections in the Puglie provinces, the Communist party formed a coalition with the Land Party and the Catholic Party for the expressed purpose of defeating the Socialist candidates. Verily, they were in good company.

ABYSSINIA.—According to the Westminster Gazette, slave trading is increasing by leaps and bounds in eastern Africa. White men with rifles round up blacks, chain them together and sell them on the auction block to Abyssinian slave masters.

SPAIN.—The government repressions against all militant workers are being carried on with increased ferocity. Scores have been given long terms at hard labor for active participation in strikes and for distributing appeals to the army. What might be called a recurrence of the Sacco-Vanzetti case is being consummated in Barcelona, where two radical workers have been sentenced to death, and three others at various long terms at hard labor for alleged complicity in the death of a wealthy factory owner and his

sons. The editors of La Bandera Roja were sentenced to four and a half years hard labor for daring to protest against this modern Inquisition. In the rural district, the jesuitical government is meting out severe reprisals against peasants who have declared a solidaric strike in an effort to help their imprisoned comrades in the industrial centers.

GERMANY is in the throes of a general strike, declared by the gas, electrical, waterworks employes, the city firemen and carmen in every important city of the republic, in order to secure ameliorations in their living conditions. The course followed by the municipal employes has added new impetus to the railroadmen's strike, and accordingly all traffic has been practically suspended. Privy Councillor Weismann declared that the strike, ostensibly called for economic reasons, is in reality assuming political aspects, and it is feared that it might grow to such alarming proportions as to endanger the existence of the government itself.

UNITED STATES—A strike of 425,000 hard and soft coal miners may be the answer on April 1 to a threat on the part of mine owners to enforce sweeping wage reductions. At the mineworkers convention held in Shamokin, Pa., it was decided to not only resist a wage cut, but to demand a 20 per cent increase and a \$5.25 daily minimum wage. The government is formulating plans intended to define the limits to which labor unions may go on strike where "public interests" are involved. The attorney general indicated that proposed coalition of miners and railwaymen is being closely watched, and further declared that all laws necessary to cope with the situation will be invoked.

The mine disaster in Southern Illinois is another evidence of the cheapness of human life in this sordid civilization. A mine that was known to be gaseous was not properly supplied with ventilating apparatus, and scores of dead bear mute witness to the unscrupulousness of capitalists who own it. That men must work in the face of death, that they are driven daily to risk their lives for bread, is truth too horrible to be realized. Perhaps when the worker himself will not value his own life so cheaply, the press that is now shedding enough crocodile tears to cause a freshet in the Mississippi, will have a different story to tell.

The advantages of poverty are quite obvious—to the rich.

A Trip to the Inferno

Now, where did the doctrine of hell come from? It came from this fellow in the dug-out—the naked superstitious savage—and he got it from his animal forefathers. This doctrine of hell was born of the grin of hyenas. It was born of the eyes of snakes—snakes that hung in fearful coils watching for their prey. It was born of the obscene chatter of baboons, and I despise it with every drop of my blood, and I defy it. I make my choice now. If there is any hell, I want to go there, rather than to go to heaven and keep the company of a God who would damn his own children.

Once I heard a little story about hell which is somewhat cheerful. There was a man who died and went to heaven, and he got in. In a day or two afterwards he came to St. Peter, and he said:

"Do you know, I have had a great desire to see some men I used to hear talked about in the world. I was a member of the Y. M. C. A., and I used to hear about these men. There was a good deal of discussion about whether they were in hell or heaven. The most of us thought they were in hell."

"Who were you talking about?" asked St. Peter.

"Why," said the applicant, "there was Voltaire, Humboldt and Darwin."

"My dear man," says Peter, "they are all in hell."

"Yes," he says, "I thought so; but I've kind of got a desire to see them."

So Peter says, "You can go down there any time you want to see them. Trains run regularly every day. All you have got to do is to buy a round trip ticket and go there."

"All right," says the fellow, "I'll go today."

So he got his ticket and went. All at once the brakeman or the conductor hollered out: "Hell!" He looked out and he thought they were fooling him. It was a nice-looking country, but he didn't think he had got there yet. So he sat there while the others got out, and finally the brakeman came to him and said in a gruff voice:

"Get out! This is the place, and we don't run any further."

He got out, and he says to himself: "What a magnificent place! Grass everywhere—billows of it! Trees, birds singing, and flowers blossoming, and fountains playing, men, women and children riding around—O, everything beautiful. This is the most wonderful thing I ever saw." Then he saw a very tall man, and he went up to him, and he says: "Mister, excuse me, but what place is this? And the man says: "It is hell."

"Well, you know, I was up in the other place, and I came down here, and my particular object was to see three men—Voltaire, Darwin and Humboldt."

"Well," said he, "young man, I am glad to see you. My name was Voltaire when I lived in the world."

The young man says: "You have no idea how de-

lighted I am to see you, Mr. Voltaire; but is this hell? It doesn't look anything like what we thought it was."

"You ought to have seen it when I came here," said Voltaire. "It was horrible—brimstone, fire, smoke, and everything horrible, but you know that every scientist for the last hundred years or so has come here. All the genius of the world is here, and about fifty years ago we set to work to improve the place. We turned the lake of fire and brimstone, we conveyed it in pipes, and it does our cooking. We bored artesian wells, and we have got millions of gallons of water, the finest you ever saw. The whole country now is irrigated splendidly and we are having what you call in your country a real-estate boom. We are getting ahead of the other place. I see by the papers that a lot was sold on the corner of the Square of Public Glory for taxes. So, you see, we are having what the world calls a helluva good time."

The young fellow said to Voltaire: "Do you know anybody that would like to buy my return ticket?"

R. I.



Plenty of Help

The Russian dictators who are now attempting to bully Roumania into surrendering the peasant federalist leader Makhno should have no scruples in enlisting, for that purpose, the services of Czarist generals on vacation abroad. What's the constitution among friends?



Lending a Deaf Ear

On the north coast of Scotland entire fishing populations are patrolling the seashore offering fervent prayers to the almighty for the return of schools of herrings that seem to have deserted those inhospitable shores. In this fierce struggle for existence between man and the denizens of the deep, it seems evident that God is on the side of the herrings.



The Fate of the Dubs

It is beginning to appear as though everybody who is anybody in radical circles is in training to qualify as a dictator of the proletariat. The poor dubs who have to work for a living and therefore have not the time to fit themselves for the ranks of the anointed, will have to be content with the reflection that under the dictatorship, which so many of them are vociferously acclaiming, they will fill the same social role they now play. For this they will require no new knowledge and perhaps the only difference in their condition will be a closer proximity of their noses to the grindstone and of their bellies to their backbone.

Books and

Pamphlets



Salvaging Civilization

Civilization is toppling! The world is a shamble! All that is good, noble and beautiful in life is rapidly disappearing. War and rumors of war and elaborate preparation for war is the mad scene following the late carnage, which for ghastliness and magnitude has no parallel in history. The gruesome plot thickens, while overhead no ray of light appears, but only dark and sinister clouds, gathering increasingly more formidable each successive day. Economic stagnation everywhere, commerce suspended, manufacturers precipitantly failing, capital hoarded and labor values depreciating everywhere, fear everywhere, reaction everywhere. Hatred and confusion have torn humanity into a myriad of hostile sects. The whole world is a veritable inferno of despairing souls, each a helpless pawn in the hissing cauldron of modern life.

This is the dreary perspective one may imagine H. G. Wells has of the world today. Lurid as it is, it presents a fairly accurate picture and might be supplemented by even darker shadings. Unlike many other "socialists," content to await further decay, Mr. Wells sees this alarming condition as a challenge to action. He proposes as the most effective instrument, a world state, to salvage civilization. Viewing the establishment of a world state not only as the nearest panacea for the present maladies, but the preventive of a future occurrence of them, Mr. Wells is dedicating himself to the propagation of the idea. The scheme is rather speciously elaborated in Wells' recent book, "The Salvaging of Civilization."

His depiction of the present turmoil is illuminating, but the remedy will scarcely commend itself to the serious consideration of thinking rebels who understand the history and function of the modern state. And, since the existing world-wide muddle is glaring evidence of the incompetence of the existing state, it would be illogical in the extreme to suppose the same vitriating power intensified into a world state could be utilized to salvage what Wells deplors as imminently in danger of being lost. Whatever degree of genuine culture, of art, of science, that may distinguish civilization from the barbarous past, whatever moral and social progress we may have attained beyond that of primitive society is certainly not due to any function of the state. In truth, it has been against the opposition of the two powerful

allies, the church and the state, that any advancement at all has been achieved. The interference of the state, with its subservient ally, the church, has ever been the great retarding influence in the life of people. The bewilderment and helplessness of people today is caused by the fact that they have surrendered themselves to the machinations of statesmen, and have abjectly trusted to government to solve their problems.

Wells is not alone in assuming there is grave danger of retrogression. Unmistakable signs of a backward trend can be discerned in the life of today. The greed and arrogance of those who own the world, the belligerency of governments, the horrible apathy of the people are, when contemplated, not likely to inspire hope. Many an intrepid fighter is becoming discouraged with the grim aspect. Nevertheless all things move, nothing is static. There is either growth or death. This period in evolution which we term civilization is no exception. It also is subject to the law of change. Whether the change is backward or forward is a question society itself must face. It is a great, intricate problem bound up in the lives of the people themselves, requiring for its solution not a world dominating body of governors who, inevitably, can only increase the havoc wrought by present governments, but an application of the people's collective intelligence. and an assertion of their own initiative.

Society itself is responsible for the accumulated evils that have evolved from its lethargy. The price it must now pay for its absurd trust in politicians is to restore to itself the power and confidence it has almost entirely lost to present various dictatorships. Peace, prosperity and progress are not nurtured by governments. War, poverty and stagnation are rather their bitter fruit.

And the sooner such earnest and able men as Mr. Wells realize this fundamental truth and cease striving to perpetuate and enormously increase the powers of the very agency which has robbed man of the earth and given it, and all its blessings, to a host of privileged parasites, the sooner there will be brought about some semblance of what progressive humanity aspires towards.

W. W.

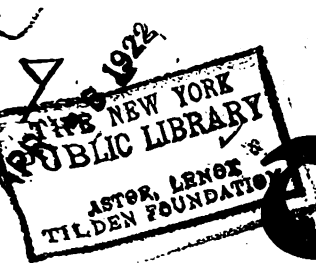
It is better for a man to go wrong in freedom than right in chains.—Huxley.



The Long-Eared Workingman



The workingman is one big fool.
Yea, verily, saith the prophet, he is an ass, and the sound of his
braying is heard all over the world.
He complaineth about the hardness of his lot; nevertheless, he still
boweth his neck to the yoke.
He buildeth mansions for the rich, while he himself liveth in a
hovel, and payeth rent.
Yes, very muchly and frequently doth he pay rent, as he can raise
the price.
When he can no longer raise the price he getteth a swift kick near
the termination of the vertebrae and goeth suddenly out.
His wife and children are also driven forth to perish with
hunger and cold.
Then goeth the workingman to the charities, where are found the
angels of mercy, who minister to the needs of the poor at so
much per minister and wax fat thereby.
He findeth the chief angel and straightway poureth his tale of woe
into his "sympathetic" ear.
The chief angel listeneth with an incredulous smile and giveth the
poor devil an order to the charity wood yard, where he
splitteth two cords of wood, and getteth a ticket to a soup
house as his reward.
Yet the workingman getteth no wisdom.
He remaineth an ass all the days of his life.
He diggeth in the bowels of the earth, and bringeth forth treasures
and layeth them down at the feet of the boss.
He also voteth to send his boss to congress.
And the boss maketh more laws to keep the workingman in slavery.
He brayeth for Wilson, and he was kept out of peace.
He trieth Harding for prosperity, and got it in the neck.
He cheereth for Lenin, and gotteth a wallop over the head with the
second volume of "Das Kapital."
And yet he taketh no tumble to himself, for he expecteth other qua-
drupeds to do for him what he is not willing to do for himself.



New gift P. A.

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VOL. I

MARCH, 1922

NO. 3

IN THE COMMUNIST CLINIC



"THE OPERATION WAS SUCCESSFUL!"

Sunsets, Twilights and Dawns

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES

In perusing the trade-union press, one is instantly impressed by the lack of orientation existing in the labor movement. One would expect, at this time, when the open shop agitation is gaining ascendancy; when standards of living are being broken down by a universal slashing of wages, that labor editors would take a tumble and reach the timely conclusion that the capitalist system as a whole ought to be indicted as the sole cause of the vexatious predicament in which labor finds itself involved.

Wailing, bemoaning over the workers' sad lot, berating the bloated, cruel and un-American employer for instituting pogroms against the closed shop is sheer folly, if not sloppy sentimentalism.

Now, sentiment is a characteristic not to be despised. There is no objection to your waxing sentimental over a tete-a-tete with your best girl, or over the naive remarks of our youngsters, or over the congeniality of our best friends. But sentiment has no place in a mine, in the hold of a ship, in a steel mill, in a lumber camp, or in the labor market. There, the three F's rule the roost: Facts, Figures and Forces. Profits are the cornerstone of capitalism, and labor is only a commodity like fish, wood and ivory.

The time will come,—and we are bending every effort to hasten it—when integral education will have its sway, the rule of three H's will then prevail—the happy communion of Head, Hand and Heart; when free agreement concluded between various groups constituted for the sake of production and consumption and also for the satisfaction of an infinite variety of needs and aspiration of civilized human beings will supersede our present sordid and chaotic civilization.

At present, stern facts stare us in the face. Sentimentality is of no avail. The question at issue is simply this: Either our position that the capitalists have no right to the exclusive ownership of the means of life is sound or it is

not. If we are correct, then to concede the point that the capitalists have a right to a fair day's work for a fair day's pay is more than a compromise; it is a virtual concession that the wage system is right.

If capitalists have the right to own labor or to control the results of labor, we have no business to be dictating the terms upon which we are employed. We cannot say to our employers, "Yes, we acknowledge your right to employ us; we are satisfied that the wage system is all right, but we your slaves, propose to dictate the terms upon which we will work."

And yet, that is exactly the position of our A. F. of L. friends. They presume to dictate to capital, while they maintain the justness of the capitalist system; they would regulate wages while defending the claims of the capitalists to absolute control of industry,



THE SCHOOL OF HONOR

Embryo members of the Cheka are to be found in the Chicago public schools. Superintendent Peter A. Mortenson of the Board of Education said recently: "Loyal students note the shortcomings of their classmates and keep their instructors well informed regarding any feature deemed objectionable in such conduct."

One may rest assured that the student of strong individuality is subjected to an endless amount of espionage, particularly if he evinces any rebellion against the existing social order. We note in the remarks of the superintendent that the students may be depended upon to report upon the conduct of others, and that the practise is not discouraged. What place a detective course occupies in the curriculum, we are not informed, unless it comes under "vocational training" or "training in citizenship." If such be the case, we would suggest that the pupils be credited according to the number of "snitches" per quarter.

With proper training some ideal Comstocks and William Burns' could be developed. The

"purity" crusaders ought not lack to material from which to draw recruits. Likewise the investigators of the Blue Laws will have ample opportunity for keeping account of the number of exposed backbones.

As a panacea for unemployment this training has scarcely an equal. W. S. H.



JUDGES WAKING UP

Judge Brown, in his address before Yale University students makes a rather scathing criticism against our dear old institutions. He said in part:

"There are certain perils which menace the immediate future of the country and even threaten the stability of its institutions. The most prominent of these are municipal corruption, corporate greed, and the tyranny of capital. Bribery and corruption are so universal as to threaten the very structure of society.

"Universal suffrage, which it was confidently supposed would inure to the benefit of the poor man, is so skillfully manipulated as to rivet his chains, and secure to the rich man a predominance in politics he has never enjoyed under a restricted system. Probably in no country in the world is the influence of wealth more potent than in this, and in no period of our history has it been more powerful than now."

Let Judge Brown do it—especially when he can do it in such fine shape.



THE WORKERS' PARTY

When in the "revolutionary" orchard there are more lemons than plums, it's high time for some disgruntled demagogue to launch a new political party.

Party organizing is fast becoming a lucrative industry—financially and immorally, for it opens up a fertile field of exploitation which is alluring to aspiring adventurers and ambitious charlatans.

Ostensibly the "scarlet" political parties are centers of unity of purpose, actually they are the focussing point of personal hatred and rival official ambitions. Who doesn't remember the meteoric rise and decline of the O. B. U. move-

ment, the Workers, Soldiers and Sailors Councils, the Slop Stewards System, the Cripple Alliance, and the antics of their leaders?

Surely, after the deplorable experience of Russia, the workers will not be so gullible as to be made tools of by such transparent frauds as these dictators in embryo concealing themselves behind the smoke screen of the Workers' Party. Like ostriches, they're only sticking their heads in the sand, leaving their clumsy body exposed in full view. It behooves one's revolutionary integrity to spurn their misleading propaganda and thwart them in their purpose.

Who's who in the Workers' Party?

Birds who bolted the I. W. W. for its centralization and now fawn before the worst centralization in political history—Moscow;

Members of the "revolutionary" intelligentsia steering for a safe middle course, ever ready to identify themselves with the popular side;

Hermaphrodite editors of eclectic publications, who, being cut off from Bolshevik subsidy, are now eager to connect with the commissary department of any cause;

A sprinkling of plebeian boobery croaking the sophistries of their elders, with the expectation of being appointed on the Tcheka.

These representative types, a few apologetic Socialists, a job lot of Communists crawling out of their holes, make up the personnel of this unsavory political goulash purveyed to the unsuspecting workers.

The chief aim of the Workers' Party is to muss up things in hopes of establishing themselves in political circumstances sufficiently comfortable to warrant it becoming conservative.

Workers' Party, we welcome you then—as our enemy.



THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

By which we mean all denominations orthodox, claims to be the interpreter of the divine truth. Its ministers are the ambassadors of God—his spokesmen and advocates—and who-sover denies the church is an infidel, a blasphemous, and is to be damned here and hereafter. For sixteen centuries the church has been a dominant power. During this long period

it has ruled by both spiritual and temporal authority, and its sway has been universal. It has held the purse and the sword. It has had unlimited opportunity for good and evil, and for centuries its power was undisputed.

Yet in spite of this, it has not been able to maintain its ground. Its power has steadily waned, and today it is almost swamped by the tide of higher criticism and open skepticism within its own fold. In the face of the evidence of its impotency, the claim of the church to be the evangel of divine will is an impudent absurdity. The church is a purely human institution. It is a structure of unstable clay fashioned by the weak hand of human fallibility.



Orthodoxy claims the credit for all that has been achieved by civilization, including civilization itself. But, as a matter of fact, the church has combated every advance in civilization. It opposed every discovery of science. It was the relentless foe of investigation, and every error and superstition overturned by discovery was defended by the church. Galileo invented the telescope, turned it to the heavens, and read a new revelation that widened the horizon of human knowledge. The church imprisoned him, and forced him to deny the facts he had discovered. Giordano Bruno upheld the Copernican theory which proclaimed the fact that the world is a globe. The church burned him at the stake for that crime. It was thus the church encouraged learning and discovery.

The church claimed to be infallible. Yet, it was mistaken about the form of the earth, and is forced to admit that Bruno was right—that he knew, and that it did not know. Yet it put him to death by the torture of fire three centuries ago. It claims to be infallible, yet it admits that the revelation of Galileo's telescope was correct, though it opposed with fire and sword that revelation for six generations.

The church invented two things—the thumb-screw and the rack. It discovered one fact—that knowledge is dangerous to its power. Otherwise, that which was said of the Bourbons is true of the church, namely, "It never learns anything, and never forgets anything."

AFTER SHE IS CURED—WHAT?

At the St. Mary's Hospital of Chicago, a writer in the Medical Review of Reviews was shown an advanced case of scorbutus. The patient was a Polish woman who had existed for a long time in incredible neglect.

But now, instead of a dark hole, she reclined in an airy room; instead of unchanged rags, her body was swathed in spotless gauze; instead of eating the offal that the dogs rejected, she sipped fruit juices through a glass tube, and the tenderest meat was chopped up fine for her. She is receiving the best of attention, for Stephen P. Pietrowicz, the chief physician of the hospital is especially interested in this case.

There is only one thing that this woman need fear, and that is—a cure. For as soon as she gets well, there will be an end of sunlit rooms and fresh vegetables and lemon juice, and she will begin again the life that leads to scurvy. Such are the blessings of civilization.



SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE

How often have we been told that accumulated wealth is the fruit of superior intelligence! Apropos of this ancient wheeze we will cite the case of Margaret W. Folsom. Fifty years ago, then twenty-five years old, she was committed to a private hospital for the insane, having been judged incompetent to manage her \$365,000 estate. Today, eighty and blind, she still sits in her private suite in the hospital, but her estate is valued at \$1,928,806. "Superior intelligence" has earned over one and a half million dollars in fifty-five years!



UNSTINTED SUPPORT

"Shall the Boot and Shoe Workers of Detroit join the R. I. L. U. of Moscow?" asks George Hardy. By all means, yes. Let them support it with an entire year's output of pedal extremities.



THE FATE OF THE CONSUMER

The Co-operator asks its thrifty readers this pertinent question, "In this age of high prices,

what becomes of the consumer who is not willing to co-operate?" We're afraid he's hopelessly lost, brother. Just at present he is being impaled on both horns of a cruel dilemma: Be consumed in the regular way or be consumed according to the cockroachdale plan.



ASSIMILATION OF RACES

There are plenty of yellow and black men that are white, and a raft of white men that are yellow—why shouldn't they assimilate?



POLITICAL ECONOMY

A Marxian student thinks he can catch us napping, and naively remarks that we do not know whether we are robbed at the point of production or at the point of distribution. We confess our abysmal ignorance of political economy, but this we know from our daily contact with the boss, that we are robbed, yes, robbed to the point of exasperation.



AWFUL! AWFUL!

We read in the Catholic Encyclopædia: Once given that there is no God, it immediately becomes unjust and impossible for anyone to exact obedience and submission from anyone else. If there is no God, there can be no master. The Anarchist conclusion is logical.



PREHISTORIC AVIATION

Talking about airships reminds us that an ancient Israelite broke all records. He, according to reporters of that day, ascended to heaven in a chariot of fire.



THE ART OF SADDLERY

President Ebert of Germany has been ousted from the saddle makers' union on the ground that his actions have been damaging to organized labor. The German workers have apparently come to the conclusion that it is one thing to work as a saddle-maker and another to saddle the workers.

PLESIOSAURUSES

The supreme court is composed of middle old, more or less wise gentlemen, who wear dresses, out of compliment to women, no doubt, indicating good judgment. They were old people—five hundred years ago.



A GENERAL STRIKE

Rev. Adam Hamilton of Blackpool, England, threatens to go on strike for two weeks as a protest against the empty pews in his church. Looks as if his congregation had struck first.



The Newspaper Pest

"This," as Carlyle complained, "is a paper age, and papers are made of old rags." The significance of this raillery is that paper and especially newspapers, an admixture of old rags and brain effluvium, play so great a part in forming ordinary mental processes. Indeed this abominable raggedness has entered into the very spirit and fabric of public opinion and tends, by choking the critical faculties of all to extinguish the natural intelligence of the people. No more flagrant evidence of absolute slavery can be seen in modern life than that which the ubiquitous newspaper has enacted upon the minds of people.

The extent to which the press rules the thinking of all is obvious enough even among those who profess themselves immune to its influence. Under the thrall of newspaper domination minds are moulded into an inane uniformity, a democracy where thinking on all matters is reduced to the intellectual level of the most vulgar and ignorant.

Where the quack, the liar, the malefactor, the corrupt demagogue, the lecherous libertine or malicious scandal-monger may fear to tread, the newspaper, embodying the evils of all these, exultantly glides through. Like a horrible cancer its malignant tentacles reach into every nook and cranny of human habitation, whether the shop or office, the hovel of workers or the homes of the prosperous.

No realm is free from its insidious invasion.

No deadlier enemy of freedom exists, and science finds no greater obstacle, nor ignorance a greater champion, than in the cheap and tawdry daily newspaper. The appalling mental lethargy extant among all classes is directly traceable to the perverse habit of deriving their mental sustenance from this source.

It follows that, as the number of gullible victims of newspaper and best seller fiction increase, there is a corresponding diminution in the interest and demand for authentic literature. This is attested by the avidity with which most readers seize trash in lieu of edifying books, pamphlets or papers.

The deplorably low mental average of soldiers as revealed by recent psychological tests is not strictly peculiar to soldiers as such, but is a phenomena applicable to all people. It demands, if ever there is to be any improvement, that its greatest contributing cause, the evil power of the press, be broken. Such is the first requisite to any advancement humanity may strive for. Not until the mind is free and capable of functioning independently of noxious newspaper influence will mankind rise to the dignity that should be theirs.

The "old rags" which clutter the thinking machinery of each and all should be pulled out.
W. W.



Introspection

The positive and rational method enables us to establish an ideal type of revolutionist whose mentality is the aggregate of common psychological characteristics.

Every revolutionist partakes sufficiently of this ideal type to make it possible to differentiate him from other men.

The typical revolutionist then, may be defined as follows:

A man perceptibly affected by the spirit of revolt under some or more of its forms,—opposition, investigation, criticism, innovation,—endowed with a strong love of liberty, egoistic, or individualistic, and possessed of great curiosity,—a keen desire to know.

These traits are supplemented by a strong social instinct, a highly developed moral sensi-

tiveness, a profound sentiment of justice, an alert logical faculty, and pronounced combative tendencies.

Such is the average type of the revolutionist. He is, to summarize, a person rebellious, liberty-loving, at once individualistic and altruistic, enamoured of justice and imbued with missionary zeal.
A. H.



Sunbeams and Shadows

Make right into might.

Generally people love you because you scratch them where they itch.

The ballot box is the altar of democracy. That served upon it is the worship of jackals by jackasses.

Inspiration is very essential in building a class-conscious labor movement, but considering the apathy pervading the masses, perspiration is more so.

Our program: We are bending effort to bring about a condition of society wherein every human being can satisfy his physical, intellectual and sociable needs without necessarily pushing another man down.

The local chamber of commerce was urged at a recent luncheon to establish a closer relationship between themselves and the farmer. Closer to the farmer's pocketbook would be stating it more accurately.

Democracy is the theory that two thieves will steal less than one, and three less than two, and four less than three, and so on. It is a theory that the common people know what they want, and deserve to get it good and hard.

A recent cartoon depicts Uncle Sam ramming a flag pole down the back of an abject creature bearing the title "American statesman"; Uncle Sam saying the while, "What you need is "Yankee backbone." A wooden backbone should serve as good a purpose as a wooden head.

In the Labor World

Among labor events of the month, the general strike of Chinese seamen and longshoremen holds a conspicuous place. So universal is the spirit of solidarity that all shipping at Chinese ports is at a standstill. The strike denotes that Oriental labor, usually docile and non-resistant, is beginning to awaken to its class interests. From the demands presented to the ship owners, it clearly shows they are no longer resigned to lead a coolie's existence, but now demand a 40 per cent increase in wages, the abolition of compradore system which filches the seamen of one-third of their wages. Intimidation and threats of imprisonment failed to sway the aroused Chinese laborers from their resolute purpose.



France, the country of liberty, fraternity and equality, until recently permitted its military authorities in Indo-China to brand the natives conscripted for military service. This practice was caused by the similarity of these natives, who would substitute for their friends, as a result of which officers often found themselves commanding untrained troops in place of those on unauthorized leave. This, of course, was done to promote the principle of self-determination.



A clear example of economic determinism was demonstrated by the peasants of Crimea, in Southern Russia, when driven to exasperation through hunger, they attacked the Red Guard, inaugurating a general campaign of expropriation of foodstuff and clothing from shops and warehouses. Many cities in this district are in the hands of armed bodies of workers in revolt against the Soviet regime.



The notorious Bela Kun, chief Inquisitor under the Soviet regime, has been branded an imposter, a mercenary, by the communist leaders of Hungary. Documentary evidence conclusively proves that during his checkered career as a pseudo-revolutionist he more than once fornicated with the enemy—the White Guards; and on various occasions misappropriated funds and

jewelry entrusted in his care. It now transpires that the so-called Hungarian revolution was only a fake staged with gold, and proved to be a death trap for many valiant fighters. And how many scarlet simpletons hitched their wagon to this political star, now fallen into the mire?



The imperialistic ambitions of poverty-stricken Italy have not been entirely appeased by the spoils acquired by the late world war. Despite being crushed by a colossal war debt, she is now embarking on another military expedition, this time against the natives of Lybia, in Northern Africa, preparatory to the occupation of interior towns, where the Mohammedan seem to be following their Egyptian brethren in their effort to free themselves from foreign domination, and as a result, Italy may expect stubborn resistance from the natives.



In the hearing before the Lockwood Housing Committee of New York, it was brought out that plasterers and bricklayers received as high as \$15 and \$18 per day in wages. These figures are in excess of the union scale and can probably be explained on the ground that it costs much money to keep labor fakirism in the flourishing state that it is today in the building trades so that the \$15 and \$18 a day man, when he counts up his net earnings, falls a good deal short of that amount. However this may be, it is plain that before we can have a revolutionary labor movement among workers in the building trades, a good deal of water will yet pass under the Brooklyn Bridge. Compared with the \$1.96 per day for railroad crossings employees, the disparity reveals a difference in economic status that makes hard sledding for working class solidarity. The figures are so far apart that they can't see each other—and so are the men.



A French astronomer bobs up serenely with the astounding information that the earth has fourteen movements. This is a mere bagatelle compared with the radicals. They have fifty-seven movements—most of them around the moon.

R. E. D.

What Is Human Nature?

WE LIBERTARIANS, after having explained our theory of life to some inquirer, generally find it acknowledged to be good. "But," says our friend James Morefield of Corvallis, Ore., "such principles could only be realized in a society of angels; human beings are too fallible, too selfish by nature to be able to live in harmony without coercion and without dictatorship."

This answer is generally held to completely destroy any argument in favor of freedom, but we contend that a very slight inquiry will effectually dispose of this error.

One feature which inevitably leads to a misconception of what human nature consists of, is the attempt to generalize the problem and attribute to all mankind certain traits or characteristics that we possess ourselves. Consequently, when one has not reached the maximum degree of discontent with this damnable social system, a reference to a rational political or economic arrangement calculated to remedy the present social disorder, is promptly rejected on the ground that it is against human nature. But who is qualified to speak for the entire human race? Only dictators and popes, by resorting to "moral suasion," have arrogated that right. Human nature is not a fixed, uniform attribute. If it were so, the study of psychology would be comparatively simple. Nature is lavish in her production of the forms of life, why should she duplicate you?

Usually, when we desire to do a certain thing, we can always find ample and plausible reasons why it should be done—and vice versa.



We contend that human nature is not inherently wicked. It is made up of good and evil passions flashing out freely in everyday conduct; we see weakness and great devotion side by side; poltroonery here, militancy there; shabby antipathies and personal intrigues alongside of self-sacrifice; sordidness contrasted with liberality. But none of us have a monopoly on

the sublimity of character, nor is anyone totally depraved.

It is just because we know that human beings are not infallible that we hesitate to entrust them with our political and economic destinies. A fakir, a schemer, a fanatic, would not change his moral stripe by merely donning the cloak of authority. In fact, as a plain ordinary man, his failings, his shortcomings, would be restricted to his own personal sphere; the evils arising from his behavior would have but feeble influence, if any, on the life of the community.

Yet, this self-same man, once vested with power, would inflict his obnoxious traits upon his constituents, magnified a thousand-fold, according to his exalted position; his "evil" traits would have a tendency to influence political institutions vested in him, which in turn would ever endanger the social body.

These ideas relative to human nature are upheld by no section of the community more than by thieves and capitalists, landlords and loafers; they would seem to be two very opposite sections of society, but their means of livelihood are the same,—they produce nothing useful; yet they consume the luxuries and necessities produced by the workers.



Why do the workers allow themselves to be robbed of the results of their toil by these parasites? If they were naturally bad and selfish it would be impossible for huge fortunes to be accumulated; for they would, without reference to the justice or injustice of the present system, be so constantly cheating and robbing, by violence or fraud, anyone who chanced to be possessed of more than someone else, that accumulation would be impossible.

But this is not so; it is because the workers generally believe it right and moral that they should pay rent to a landlord and that the product of their labor should be owned, controlled and consumed by those who produce nothing —

the capitalist class — that the “rights of property” can be enforced today.

Again, although the possession of power generally develops the worst qualities of the human being, we do find many people who try to use the power they wield to allay the suffering and distress caused by the abstraction of that power from the workers. The perpetration of an outrage upon the life or liberty of any individual hurts the moral sense of the community and induces it to assent to the perpetration of laws to punish the offenders.

Those who infringe upon the liberties of others are not necessarily the physically strong; for they are endowed with as great a moral sense, as far as their perception goes, as their weaker brethren. We see this in the growing acknowledgement of the rights of women to greater freedom and control of themselves, and the interference of people to protect children against brutal parents and employers, or for the prevention of industrial accidents.



Our friend will say: “But these protections are sanctioned and enforced by law.” True, we reply, but these laws are founded upon the moral sense of the people indignant at the perpetration of an injustice—itsself an outcome of laws previously past and still enforced.

For instance, law asserts the right of some not to use the land and the natural wealth therein, and to prevent others from using it: it asserts the right of some to produce nothing and to consume what others produce; it enables some to accumulate wealth at the expense of the workers, and punishes those who actively object to this proceeding; it allows one set of mountebanks and fortune tellers to gain a livelihood by prophesying to the credulous the kind of life they will lead when they are dead, and punishes another set who prophesy their fortune in life. Law lends the brute force at its disposal to the monopolists to assist them in robbing labor of its produce, but hangs and imprisons those who, forcibly or otherwise, ease the monopolist in turn; it makes of those who have proved their capacity for bullying and prevarication, judges to expound morality from the bench; it permits

some people to read certain kind of literature, and then to declare that the rest of humanity are so corruptible that they must not be allowed to read them; and when one person murders another, the law hires someone else to murder him in turn.



We further argue that law has no place in a free society, as it is a barrier to the progress of the race, being the outcome of ideas of the past, or best, of the present, designed to regulate the future; and the future, not being past or present, is always out of harmony with it. Why are the workers growling today? Because the laws, made in the past, assert the right of the monopolists to employ us, fire us, evict us, starve us, and appropriate what we produce.

Even if power did not corrupt the politicians, which it does, the corruption of the governed is very evident; for instead of helping the victims of oppression, they shout for the police; instead of putting the fire out, even where possible, they run for the firemen; instead of understanding the natural courses of health and sanitation they allow themselves to be poisoned and then run to the doctor; instead of using their intelligence to gauge what is right and just, they concern themselves with what is legal — and no one, not even a lawyer, knows what that may be.

Thus dictators, whether of the yellow or red variety, become exalted into little gods, and brutal and despotic like gods are usually described to be; while the mass of the people lose their initiative and depend on these shepherds to tell them how to live, which the artificial life does not enable them to do.



Sunbeams and Shadows

The voters — each of them, taken singly, is passably gifted with reason; let them assemble — and straight into a blockhead they turn.

The thrift of one makes that one doubtful as to whether wage slavery is the evil it is said to be; the thrift of many would teach capital to lower their wages. Down with thrift.

At the Pie Counter

"I have been here long enough, Mr. President, to have encountered bill after bill introduced for the relief of one person or a little group of persons, the relief to be provided by authorizing the President to appoint John Smith or a group of Smiths and Robinsons and Jones to commissions in the regular army or in the regular navy and immediately place them upon the retired list with pay, that being a device to secure for the person the relief to which his friends regarded him as justly entitled."—Senator Wadsworth in a speech before the U. S. Senate.



Keeping It Dark

Workers contemplating a vacation in Washington, D. C., will soon be able to get a squint at the original Constitution of the United States and the original Declaration of Independence in the Library of Congress. For years the two precious documents have been stored away from the air and light, and from the prying eyes of those suffering from constitutional wrongs. By the new plan these historical relics are to be placed under glass, framed in bronze, and protected from sightseers by a strong railing, and the room in which they are kept will be lighted only by soft and dim electric lights. At last we've discovered where our constitutional rights have been buried. Keep it dark.

Do You Know

That while the Bolsheviks are making truce with plutocratic governments, men of confirmed revolutionary convictions are being persecuted or summarily executed for dissenting with the dictatorship of fanatical theoreticians and their infamous Tcheka?

Do you know that throughout Europe appeals for funds are being issued in behalf of imprisoned comrades suffering from want of food and scant clothing?

Shall we remain insensitive to their plight, or to the criminal and wanton squandering of human life? Then help swell the fund for the relief of those who may yet be saved. Send your contribution to

THE DAWN : 1215 BARCLAY COURT
SEATTLE, W.N., U. S. A.

By the Wayside

John Ruskin says that when we get to the bottom of the matter, we find the inhabitants of this earth broadly divided into two great masses, —the peasant paymasters, spade in hand, the original and imperial producers of turnips, and waiting on them all around, a crowd of polite persons, modestly expectant of turnips, for some,—too often theoretical,—service.

There is first the clerical person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for giving him moral advice; then the legal person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for telling him, in black letter, that the house is his own; there is thirdly the courtly person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for presenting a celestial appearance to him; there is fourthly the literary person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for talking daintily to him; and there is lastly the military person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for standing, with a cocked hat on, in the middle of the field, and exercising a moral influence upon the neighbors.



We are a nation of chumps, regular moss-covered greenies, who, for monumental asininity, take the cake, bakery and all. With the shadow of slavery upon the home of wage earners, a mortgage upon the taxing power of government in the interest of bondholders; the reins of political authority in the greedy clutches of a corrupt oligarchy; with the powers of federal courts trampling the people's rights under foot, and the wealth producers rapidly approaching the starvation level, while law-created, class-privileged pirates riot in luxuries, the average proletarian, sometimes with a stomach as empty as his cranium, is seriously offended at the idea that anyone should tamper with our blessed institutions, as he is dead sure that we are the greatest, the truest, the purest nation under the arc of heaven. How often do we hear some ragged, half-starved cuss gabbling the puerile tommy-rot some corporation-bribed politician inoculated into him, croaking the notion that this is the land of copyrighted liberty, when as a matter of fact if old Diogenes himself looked for it with a searchlight, he couldn't scare up enough for breakfast.

The Political Institutions of Russia

By its declaration "l'etat c'est moi", the Bolshevik dictatorship has assumed entire responsibility for the Revolution in all its historic and ethical implications. Having paralyzed the constructive efforts of the people, the Communist Party could henceforth count only on its own initiative. By what means, then, did the Bolshevik dictatorship expect to use to best advantage the resources of the Social Revolution? What road did it choose, not merely to subject the masses mechanically to its authority, but also to educate them, to inspire them with advanced socialist ideas, and to stimulate them—exhausted as they were by long war, economic ruin and police rule—with new faith in socialist reconstruction?

What has it substituted in place of the revolutionary enthusiasm which burned so intensely before?

Two things comprised the beginning and the end of the constructive activities of the Bolshevik dictatorship: (1) The theory of the Communist State, and (2) terrorism.

In his speeches about the Communist program, in discussions at conferences and congresses, and finally, in his celebrated pamphlet on the "Infantile Diseases; Left Wing Communism," Lenin, gradually shaped that peculiar doctrine of the Communist State, which was fated to play the dominant role in the attitude of the Party and to determine all the subsequent steps of the Bolsheviks in the sphere of practical politics. It is the doctrine of a zigzag political road; of "respite," "playing to windward," "tributes," agreements and compromises, profitable retreats, advantageous withdrawals and surrenders—a truly classical theory of compromise.

PLAYING TO WINDWARD

Scorning the "chuckling and giggling of the lackeys of the bourgeoisie," Lenin, calls upon the laboring masses to "play to the windward," to retreat, to wait and watch, to go slowly, and so on. Not the fiery spirit of Communism, but sober commercialism which can successfully bargain for a few crumbs of socialism from the still unconquered bourgeoisie,—that is the "need of the hour." To encourage and develop the virtues of the trader, the spirit of parsimony and profitable dealing—such is the first commandment to the "regenerated people."

In the pamphlet referred to, Lenin, scouts all stereotyped morality and compares the tactics of his Party with those of a military commander,—not wishing to notice the gulf which divides them and their aims. All means are good that lead to victory. There are compromises and compromises. "The whole history of Bolshevism before and after the October Revolution," Lenin, sermonizes the "naïve

German Left Communists" who are stifling in their own revolutionary fervor, "is replete with instances of agreements and compromises with other parties, the bourgeoisie included". To prove his assertion, Lenin, enumerates in great detail various cases of bargaining with bourgeois parties, beginning with 1905 and up to the adoption by the bolsheviks, at the time of the October Revolution, "of the agrarian platform of the socialist-revolutionists, in toto, without change.

PHILOSOPHY OF COMPROMISE

Compromise and bargaining, for which the Bolsheviks so unmercifully and justly denounced and stigmatized all the other factions of State Socialism, now becomes the Bethlehem Star pointing the way to revolutionary reconstruction. Naturally, such methods could not fail to lead, with fatal inevitability, into the swamp of conformation, hypocrisy and unprincipledness.

The Brest-Litovsk peace; the agrarian policy with its spasmodic changes from the poorest class of peasantry to the peasant-exploiter; the perplexed, panicky attitude towards the labor unions; the fitful policy in regard to technical experts, with the theoretical and practical swaying from collegiate management of industries to "one-man power;" nervous appeals to West-European capitalism, over the heads of the home and foreign proletariat; finally, the latest inconsistent and zigzaggy but incontrovertible and assured restoration of the abolished bourgeoisie—such is the new system of Bolshevism.

A system of unprecedented shamelessness practiced on a monster scale, a policy of outrageous double dealing in which the left hand of the Communist Party is beginning consciously to ignore, and even to deny on principle, what its right hand is doing; when for instance, it is proclaimed, on the one hand, that the most important problem of the moment is the struggle against the small bourgeoisie (and incidentally, in stereotyped Bolshevik phraseology, against anarchist elements) while on the other hand are issued new decrees creating the techno-economic and psychological conditions necessary for the restoration and strengthening of that same bourgeoisie. That is the Bolshevik policy which will forever stand as a monument of the thoroughly false, thoroughly contradictory, concerned only in self-preservation, opportunistic policy of the Communist Party dictatorship.

However loud that dictatorship may shout about the great success of its new political methods, it remains the most tragic fact that the worst and most

incurable wounds of the Revolution were received at the hands of the Communist dictatorship itself.

THE REIGN OF TERROR

An inevitable consequence of Communist Party rule was also the other "method" of Bolshevik management—terrorism.

Long ago Engels said that the proletariat does not need the State to protect Liberty, but needs it for the purpose of crushing its opponents; and that when it will be possible to speak of liberty, there will be no government. The Bolsheviks adopted this maxim not only as their socio-political axiom during the "transition period," but gave it universal application.

Terrorism always was and still remains the ultimatum of government alarmed for its existence. Terrorism is tempting with its tremendous possibilities. It offers a mechanical solution, as it were, in hopeless situations. Psychologically it is explained as a matter of self-defense, as the necessity of throwing off responsibility the better to strike the enemy.

But the principles of terrorism inevitably rebound to the fatal injury of liberty and the revolution. Absolute power corrupts and defeats its partisans no less than their opponents. A people that knows not liberty becomes accustomed to dictatorship; fighting despotism and counter-revolution, terrorism itself becomes their efficient school.

The government which once enters on the road of terrorism necessarily becomes estranged from the people. It must reduce to the lowest possible minimum the circle of persons vested with extraordinary powers, in the name of the safety of the State. And then is born what may be called the panic of authority. The dictator, the despot, is always cowardly. He suspects treason everywhere. And the more terrified he becomes, the wilder rages his frightened imagination, incapable of distinguishing real danger from fancied. He sows broadcast discontent, antagonism, hatred. Having chosen this course the State is doomed to follow it to the very end.

The Russian people remained silent, and in their name—in the guise of mortal combat with counter-revolution—the government initiated the most merciless warfare against all political opponents of the Communist Party. Every vestige of liberty was torn out by the roots. Freedom of thought, of the press, of public assembly, self-determination of the worker and of his unions, the freedom of labor—all were declared old rubbish, doctrinaire nonsense, "bourgeois prejudices," or intrigues of reviving counter-revolution. All science, art, education, fell under suspicion. Science is to investigate and teach only the truths of the Communist State; the schools and universities are speedily transformed into Party schools.

Election campaigns, as for instance the recent re-elections to Moscow Soviet (1921), involved the arrest and imprisonment of opposition candidates who were not favored by the authorities. With entire

impunity the government exposes non-communist candidates to public insult and derision on the pages of the official newspapers pasted on bulletin boards. By numberless stratagems the electors are cajoled and menaced in turn, and the result of the so-called elections is the complete perversion of the people's will.

State terrorism is exercised through government organs known as Extraordinary Commissions. Vested with unlimited powers, independent of any control and practically irresponsible, possessing their own "simplified" forms of investigations and procedure, with a numerous staff of ignorant, corrupt and brutal agents, these Commissions have within a short time become not only the terror of actual or fancied counter-revolution, but also—and much more so—the most virulent ulcer on the revolutionary body of the country.

THE SECRET POLICE

The all pervading secret police methods, inseparable from the system of provocation, the division of the population into well-meaning and ill-disposed, have gradually transformed the struggle for the new world into an unbridled debauch of espionage, pillage and violence.

No reactionary regime ever dominated the life and liberty of its citizens with such arbitrariness and despotism as the alleged "dictatorship of the proletariat." As in the old days of Tsarism, the "okhranka" (secret police section) rules the land. The Soviet prisons are filled with socialists and revolutionists of every shade of political opinion. Physical violence toward political prisoners and hunger strikers in prisons are again the order of the day. Summary execution, not only of individuals but en masse, are common occurrences. The Socialist State has not scrupled to resort to a measure which even the most brutal bourgeois governments did not dare to use; the system of hostages. Relationship or even casual friendship is sufficient ground for merciless persecution and quite frequently, capital punishment.

Gross and barbaric contempt for the most elementary human rights has become an axiom of the Communist Government.

With logical inevitability the Extraordinary Commissions have gradually grown into a monstrous autocratic mechanism, independent and unaccountable, with power over life and death. Appeal is impossible, non-existent. Even the supreme organs of State authority are powerless before the Extraordinary Commissions, as proven by large and bitter experience.

X. Y. Z.

Moscow, August 17, 1921.

The next article on Russia will deal with the influence exercised by various schools of thought on revolutionary events.

Mortgage on the Brain

I've a dear, and loving aunt,
Who lives on Kansas soil;
Her life has been a dismal round,
Of drudgery and toil;
Her pleasures have been very few,
And they're getting fewer still,
While the story of her trial
Would spacious volumes fill:
I've seen a sad look on her face
The last six months or more—
A look so sad and hopeless—
I'd ne'er seen there before.
And this the cause she gives me,
In a melancholy strain:
"The secret of my trouble is
I've Mortgage on the brain."

How many, oh! how many
Of the native poor today,
Are troubled with this sickness
And fret their lives away
In ceaseless, hopeless struggles,
Old "Shylock's bound" to pay,
But finally "give up the ghost,"
When driven from their homes—
Turned out with all their loved ones
In the cold world to roam.
E'en patient, tolling mother,
The babe upon her breast
Is never once considered,
But turned out with the rest;
For, one and all it calls them,
Of every sect and creed,
All hopeless; helpless victims
Of Monopoly and Greed.
Some think that "God" can help them,
So they "seek Him" as their guide;
Others, in wild despairing
End life in suicide.
And while the rich in churches sit
And join in glad refrain,
There are thousands who are dying,
With "Mortgage on the brain!"

WALTER E. MORSCH.



In the Sweat Shop

The machines in the shop roar so wildly that often I forget in the roar that I am; I am lost in the terrible tumult, my ego disappears, I am a machine. I work, and work without end; I am busy, and busy, at all times. For what? and for whom? I know not, I ask not! How should a machine ever come to think?

There are no feelings, no thoughts, no reason; the

bitter, bloody work kills the noblest, the most beautiful and best, the richest, the deepest, the highest which life possesses. The seconds, minutes and hours fly; the nights, like the days, pass as swiftly as sails;—I drive the machine just as if I wished to catch them; I chase without avail, I chase without end.

The clock in the workshop does not rest; it keeps on pointing, and ticking, and waking in succession. A man once told me the meaning of its pointing and waking,—that there was a reason in it; as if through a dream, I remember it all: the clock awakens life and sense in me, and something else—I forget what; ask me not, I know not, I know not, I am a machine!

And at times, when I hear the clock, I understand quite differently its pointing, its language—it seems as if the Unrest (Pendulum) egged me on that I should work more, more, much more. In its sound I hear only the angry words of the boss: in the two hands I see only his gloomy look. The clock, I shudder—it seems to me it drives me and calls me "machine," and cries out to me "sew!"

Only when the wild tumult subsides, and the master is away for the midday hour, day begins to dawn in my head, and a pain passes through my heart; I feel my wound, and bitter tears, and boiling tears wet my meagre meal, my bread—it chokes me, I can eat no more, I cannot! O horrible toll! O bitter necessity!

The shop at the midday hour appears to me like a bloody battlefield where all are at rest; about me I see lying the dead, and the blood that has been spilled cries from the earth. A minute later the tocsin is sounded, the dead arise, the battle is renewed. The corpses fight for strangers, for strangers! And they battle, and fall, and disappear into the night.

I look at the battlefield in bitter anger, in terror, with a feeling of revenge, with a hellish pain. The clock, now I hear it aright, it is calling: "An end to slavery, an end shall it be!" It vivifies my reason, my feelings, and shows how the hours fly; miserable I shall be as long as I am silent—lost, as long as I remain what I am.

The man that sleeps in me begins to waken—the slave that awakens in me is put to sleep. Now the right hour has come! An end to misery an end let it be! But suddenly—the whistle, the boss, an alarm! I lose my reason, forget where I am—there is a tumult, they battle, oh, my ego is lost!—I know not, I know not, I care not, I am a machine! M. R.



Now comes the Department of Labor with an alarming statistic to the effect that 375,000 babies less than one year old die in U. S. annually, mainly due to economic causes. One consolation is that although we are not disposed to help these victims, we are at least willing to count them.

Diplomatic Secrets Bared

To His Excellency Charles Hughesky,
Ispravenik of State, Washington, D. C.

Sovietivitch Foreign Office received papirowski extending invitation to His Determinist Majesty Lenin and staff to Genoa Economic Conference. 'Tis wellsky, though I'll be darnsky if this isn't a very perplexing questionoff.

What assuransky can you give that some crazy Dagovitch, follower of Ravachol, won't put a bomb-sky under Lenin's pantaloonsky and injure commissar department of his organism? Furthermoroff, you very ungratefullyvitch remind us of old Czarevitch debt-sky. Don't hold us upski, old sportivitch. Though Russky finances are muchly on the blinksky, and while it is against our Marxian principlesky to pay the interest off, it is now to our interestovitch to paysky the principalovitch, provided you includivitch Sovietsky regime in the gang of nations.

What is the constitutionoff among friendivitch?

'Tis Trutsky that the ruble is now worth about as muchsky as a counterfeit confederate billsky, but we have an abundancy off supplyvitch of red skinsky—syndicalistoff and federalovitch skinsky—that we could trade off. Market quotations in Communistevitch official gazette "Cyzzæktœfjqoff" give .00000001 kopeks for human lifesky. Maybe you could make-sky a good offer on a good and toughsky one—that of Makhnoff?

We hopesky that Bob Minor change his mind a little more off about dictatorship, otherwise he might jeopardizesky our chances of proving that in "Das Kapital," Vol. III, Chapter 30, the mathematical equation:

$$QxZ:H2O \text{ plus } (Ex\mathcal{A}:YJ \text{ equals } X$$

means in scientific Russky, that the ignorant mujik wants to see kid capitalismus developed, and see what he looks likesky when he gets big. Meanwhile, we stay on mujik's broad backsky; come on, there's room for moresky!

Cheer upsky, we have change off name of Red International Labor Unionitch to P. I. E. C. A. R. D. Union—it soundsky more respectalovitch.

Your economic masterovitch play skin game on the workers so technicalovitch, so scientificloff, so efficiently that we welcomevitch them to Russky to give fair exhibition. Then, we can to co-operate-vitch. You know, my friendsky, Soviet and Uncle Samueloff voltures twins; perhaps yours have longer claws, mine loff blood sausage better.

In due time we'll be off. Tovarish Bela Kun speed off congratulations on your bloody views on our dictatorship. Bloodsky and Ironitch—that's the stuff. Government is government—name, form, cut no icesky. You enactivitch pogroms against malcontents—we do likewisevitch. You deport Turner, Gold-

man, Galleanovitch and other undesirable I. W. W.'s like Jesus, Brunovitch, Kossuth, Bolivar; we do dittovitch. It's about a stand off.

Don't fearsky about revolutionivitch coming—it's going off. Sovietsky regime bunko people in the name of Kommunismus; Americanska politicians do it in the name of the people—and these like it better. You say Red International great stuff to lullsky proletarian to snorevitch. We return compliment and refer to Peace Conference as sublime bluff.

Sovietsky subjects need bayonetsky to hold them downivitch; Americanska boobsky need clubsky to hold them up. Red flagsky, like your liberty banner, great vodka to intoxicate plebelans in time of prohibitionivitch. Jagski universal.

Ah, you make wry facesky about Kronstadt, Samara and Ukrania bloodfest? Ratsky! What about 1887, Frank Little, Colorado, West Virginia? The lynchings, the burning at the stakevitch? Do you take me for a damnphoolsky? You loff not Negroff, Japski anb Greaseravitch; we say to hellsky with the Mensheviks, I. W. W.'s and Federalovitches!

Uncle Sammyvich, don't get hotsky under the collaroff about Sovietsky tactics; for you are very democrativitch in Russky matters, and very Russky in democrativitch Americanoff.

For the universalovitch dictatorship,

A. BLUNDERBUSSOLOFF.

Commissar No. 9,758,365.



From Our Readers

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD?

Various people contend that the world is suffering from something or other. Most of them agree that it is in a state of lethargy. It is really a sort of sleeping sickness. Fatigue, weariness, lethargy are often the result of a severe mental strain. Fatigue is more mental than physical. Under some mental influences we find that our muscles are capable of showing greater strength than usual. Edison needs only five or six hours' sleep a day, because he has interesting work to perform. He isn't bored by monotonous tasks.

The war has caused a world weariness. In our efforts to escape the realities of life, we accept all sorts of soporifics. We want to forget, we want to rest; in fact, we have an infantile desire to return to the fetal state of darkness and security. And while we are lounging on the bliss of forgetfulness, the capitalist, who has enough mental stimulus to keep him active, is reaping all the spoils, as usual. The saying that the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer, seems to be too true.

What the workers need is an active mental spur that would give them interest and enthusiasm to keep up the struggle. Prodding them in the back

with bayonets or attempting to maintain invasive political institutions by force, is worse than useless. It is neither scientific, logical nor desirable.

Induce the worker to desire freedom and economic independence, a desire for anything, in fact, and nothing can hinder the gratification of that desire to effect his deliverance. V. F.



HAS COME TOO SOON

Don't you know it's blasphemy and sacrilege to criticize the government of Soviet Russia? . . . It's worth a dollar a copy to see you get out a journal like yours. Free expression is a dangerous and risky business in this age and time.

There are so many orthodox journals, liberal and radical, in the field, that it's hard for an unorthodox journal of free expression to live alongside of them. Most people I know are not ready for it. They can't get away from their old orthodox superstitions, shams, lies, hypocrisies, slave conventionalities, and belief in gods and governments.

The Dawn has come too soon. Its light hurts our eyes and disturbs our pet hobbies. You're ahead of the times. J. M.



ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY

Chinese literary men are fighting against international copyright laws; they say it should sufficiently reward a writer to know that he is able to enlighten his fellows. Who said that the Chinese were a backward and uncultured race? If only some of our radical writers would be inspired by this Oriental attitude! M. B. Jr.



WHY THEY ENLIST

The problem of bread and butter was solved temporarily for 497 men, during the last three months, when the local recruiting office of the army accepted them for service. Peace time recruiting reached its peak with these figures. Of this number 125 were snared during February.

Thrown off the labor market, the exploited one can yet serve one more purpose before being finally cast aside as useless. Unemployment brings want and hunger, and likewise wage cuts pinch the worker a little tighter. The factories must be guarded, strikebreakers are needed, bread riots must be quelled—the army will serve all purposes for further suppression of the workers.

The unemployed, with the vision of meals and a place to sleep, join the army, and as the occasion arises play their part in aiding the exploitation of their fellows. Some people may believe that patriotism is the impelling power back of this stimulated recruiting. He need only walk down the "skid-road" to be disillusioned.

One boy was seen recently in the company of a recruiting officer. The latter asked him his age, and the boy, obviously much younger, replied: "Twenty." They walked down the street, but a few moments later the young fellow returned, a dejected look upon his face, and resumed his accustomed tramping of the streets. His was not the discouragement of the rejected patriot; it was that of a man whose last hope of a meal has been destroyed. Multiply this by hundreds and you have the explanation of the upward curve in recruiting. W. S. H.



Sacco and Vanzetti

The first breach in the commonwealth case against Sacco and Vanzetti was made when one of the principal witnesses on whose testimony a jury in Dedham, Mass., returned a verdict last summer, voluntarily admitted that he had lied in answering every essential question at the trial. Other serious cracks are already showing, and there is reason to believe that the whole structure of dubious circumstantial evidence will crumble.

In order to safeguard the interest of the men awaiting death, the defense lawyers think it best to withhold the name of the witness who repudiated his previous testimony until such time as the complete affidavit, together with certain newly discovered evidence, can be presented to the court as a basis for a new trial. However, Eugene Lyon, of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense, who was present when this witness made his confession to Fred H. Moore of defense counsel and other persons, is authorized to indicate that the testimony, thus nullified, has an important bearing upon the case.

Even more important than the actual change of testimony, according to those who are fighting for the lives of the innocent men, is that the defense now has a concrete example of how the so-called evidence against the workers was obtained. Rarely have death-dealing lies been wrung from unwilling lips by over-zealous officials more unscrupulously than in this instance.

In virtue of this new light in the case, it can no longer be disputed that the verdict was not a mere judicial error, but a judicial crime,—a blot on our much-vaunted civilization.

Will you help to rescue these two champions of labor from the electric chair? Then, send your contribution to Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, Box 87, Hanover Station, Boston, Mass.



A dozen conductors on the Santa Fe have been dismissed for stealing fares. It doesn't pay to steal anything connected with a railroad—except the railroad itself.

Books and Pamphlets

"The Workers' Opposition in Russia," by A. Kolontay, I.W.W. Educational Bureau, 1001 W. Madison Street, Chicago; price 15 cents: Originally issued as a protest from a group within the Communist Party of Russia known as the Workers' Opposition.

Although laden with the verbiage of the Marxian theoretician and lengthened by seemingly useless repetition, the pamphlet nevertheless clarifies much that has transpired under the regime of the Russian Communist Party. The criticism of Kolontay and the opposition is directed chiefly against the endless red tape of the bureaucracy, the emasculation of the trade and industrial unions, the influx into the party and high administrative offices of a horde of "untrained, illiterate pseudo-specialists," the stifling of all criticism even within the party. They suggested placing the power of economic reconstruction into the hands of the unions, purge the party and administration of the parasitic, non-worker elements, and establish freedom of expression, experimentation and organization among the masses.

The opposition charges "all that was done toward improving the lot of the workers was done incidentally, at random, under the pressure of the masses themselves." That the beauracracy, while calling upon the masses "to create a new life," block every independent effort at social organization, feeling, in Kolontay's words, "they are being ignored." One of the most significant statements in the book is that the "privileged groups," namely "specialists," agents and government employes, was widening to a degree where, Kolontay fears, "the party will remain by itself."

What was to become of the "party," the fountain-head of all wisdom and activity, they do not say, but the program of the opposition seems not directed toward the destruction of that crushing, slow-moving machine that absorbs all the energy and enthusiasm of the revolution and leaves in its wake nothing but corruption and inertia. The opposition merely wished to reform that which in its very nature breeds the abuses they were chafing against. They were to learn that the "party"—the state—brooks no opposition, accepts no reform, entertains no new ideas until forced to do so.

Say, Dear Reader

Some folks say that The Dawn is worth \$5.00 a year, while others claim it isn't worth a continental; we will split the difference and charge you \$1.25 a year for it. Will you send your subscription?

"The Workers and Peasants of Russia, How They Live," by Augustine Souchy, with introduction by George Williams, translated and published by the I.W.W., 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ills. Price 30 cents.

It has been quite the fashion to go to Russia, stay at the hotel reserved for press-agenting visitors, interview Lenin, Trotsky, and possibly a half dozen other members of the official family, inspect Moscow under the escort of Communist guides, return to U. S. and write a book—all about Russia. These books deal, in the main with the oracular pronouncements of the infinitely wise Lenin, descriptions of the peculiar quality of his smile, facial expressions, and general super-mannishness. They are written on the same plan as the sentimental "best sellers" of the hero and villain variety or, more specifically, the histories which record accurately the fortunes of the royal family, the ascent and decline of the king's favorites and like matters of historic moment.

Having heard and read the phonographic repetitions of patriotic propaganda from the lips and pens of visitors and near-visitors to Bolshevik Russia, it is with a distinct feeling of relief that one turn to this book by a German Syndicalist, and discovers—as we previously suspected—that besides Lenin, Trotsky, Tchicherin, et al, there exist in Russia a few millions of workers and peasants, and we learn something of the aspirations and struggle, wisdom and ignorance, sublime sacrifice and sordid self-interest which animate these inarticulate masses.

Souchy was a delegate to the Second International at Moscow, and spent several months in Russia, during which time he gathered an immense and interesting record of Russian life and events during and after the revolution.


The work is divided into four distinct sections: The Socialist Movement in Russia; The Land; The City and Industry; The Revolution in Ukraine. Each section contains information of a vital nature, hitherto either entirely ignored or presented only thru Communist or capitalist press channels. The chapter dealing with the career of the Ukrainian peasant and military leader, Platon Makhno, the vacillating and sometimes treacherous attitude of the Bolshevik militarists toward him, is one which no honest student of the Russian revolution or of the general revolutionary movement can ignore.

Augustine Souchy does not pretend an impartial attitude. He frankly states his opinions and preferences and sometimes advances theories with which you or I may disagree. His work is that of a thoughtful, observant worker—a man who has for years actively participated in the European Trade Union movement, who sees in the Bolshevik leaders men of ordinary honest purpose who have approached their problem from the wrong end. But, whether or not you agree with Souchy's conclusions, you will want to read his statements of facts.

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NO. 4

Sunsets, Twilights and Dawns

The Coal Miners' Strike

It has been clearly shown by many of the journals at the service of the retainers of wealth that the miner is not only a conscienceless person, but a stubborn one as well. They have had several chances to observe him in the various mining camps throughout the country. In each case they found a contented body of men, well paid, well fed, well sheltered in weather-tight homes with all modern conveniences, worked enough to keep them in the pink of condition, and surrounded by clean, bright-eyed, cheery families. In each case they found a thoughtful, considerate, generous group of employers, constantly studying how they could give their men more of the comforts of life without depriving themselves of the bare necessities.

These happy miners, in whose hearts have never lurked the least incipient germ of discontent, suddenly forget their happy home, their children's welfare, their kind and loving employers, their opportunity by thrift to open up an office in Wall Street, their chances of becoming president of our glorious country, and suddenly throw down their tools exactly as if self-interest and gratitude were qualities belonging exclusively to a bygone age.



The proof of the pudding:

James Lord, head of the mining section of the American Federation of Labor, issued an

estimate of mine workers' earnings during 1921, which indicated that the year's pay in the Pittsburgh district, with a total of 123 days, amounted to \$762; in Ohio, with 118 days, \$550; in West Virginia, with 80 days, \$500.

Compare these fabulous wages with the extreme poverty of those who control the coal mining industry, and you will readily perceive how preposterous are the miners' claims:

J. D. Rockefeller, \$2,500,000,000; Vanderbilt \$500,000,000; Mellon, \$300,000,000; Morgan, \$200,000,000; Baker, \$150,000,000; Statesbury, \$100,000,000; Berwind, \$100,000,000; Widener, \$100,000,000; Peabody, \$50,000,000; Watson, \$50,000,000; Madeira, \$50,000,000; and Girard, \$20,000,000. A mere bagatelle, indeed.



The vile press, realizing now that its campaign of lies and vituperation failed to dissuade the miner from his avowed purpose of starving on strike, rather than to work and starve, has begun to shed crocodile tears over the predicament the poor, innocent public finds itself involved. Yet, this same public, who in the eyes of the capitalists and their hirelings the worker has no part, can look upon the coal miners' wretched and desperate condition with criminal indifference. In the social contract the miners are expected to have only duties to fulfill, the rights belong to the strong. The public, this bugaboo that is being paraded before the eyes of the miner in a maudlin sentimental light,

does not deserve an iota of consideration. Let it suffer the discomforts attendant this struggle with the rapacious coal baron; let it realize how dependent it is for its necessities of life upon the lowly; in short, let it get a taste of the same hell which is the permanent abode for the coal-begrimed miner.



Having paid our respect to the "honorable" news-mongering profession, allow us to take an editorial poke at one of the ministerial fraternity. It is seldom that we go a gunning for such birds as Rev. F. H. Rowley, of New Orleans—we prefer more important game—but when this Southern sky-pilot feels impelled to distort facts to illuminate his wealthy and cultured pew renters with the radiation of secular tommyrot, we also feel impelled to remove a few strips of his sanctified cuticle with the lash of caustic criticism.

When, for example, he says that the coal miners have no grievances, and that the strike is the work of professional agitators, who a mere handful, hold the miners under their control by force and terrorism, the unreliability of his assertions are so glaringly apparent that he stands self convicted before the high court of common sense.

When he quotes as true the assertions of the owners that the miners received \$60 per week, and that nearly all of them own a comfortable bungalow, he is simply reaching the apex of the gentle art of prevarication.

The coal miners, throughout the country, live in miserable shanties rented from the company at a fancy price. In addition to this, in many localities the company owns the store, the miner, of course, paying a double price for everything sold. As a result of this delightful arrangement the mine owners get about all the their wage earners produce, excepting food enough to keep them able to work and clothing sufficient to conceal their starved bodies.

It is against this condition of slavery, and against the tyranny of the bosses, the miners struck, and their struggle is one of oppressed men against capitalistic domination and exploitation of the most sordid kind.

And yet, this mortal, who thinks himself empowered to speak with authority from on high, hurls his pious platitudes against the oppressed and struggling miners. He rolls his ministerial optics heavenward and pleads for the right of the strikebreaker to steal employment from the union worker and the bread from that worker's dependent family, and overcome with holy indignation pleads for the right of "free labor!"

Rev. Rowley is one of Mammon's spokesmen who bend the suppliant knee that lucre may follow fawning. He recognizes his position in the class struggle. He will stand or fall with his class. He is the type who has reverential faith in the infallibility of "moral suasion" for industrial discontent.

In his Christ-like spirit he wants the coal barons to do all the smiting and the miners to do all the turning of the cheek.



Woman's Inferiority

The participation of woman in various avenues of human activity has made her an object of study from the biological, sociological and ethical point of view. The questions are: Does woman present in her physical organism, characteristics inferior and opposite to those of man? Are these the inevitable result of biological-sexual conditions or a consequence of social restraint? Should these hinder the participation of woman in social life?

Bischoff affirmed the mental inferiority of woman on account of the inferior weight of her brain, but unfortunately at his death the weight of his brain was found to be less than that of the average woman. But comparative anatomy shows that the beaver, a very intelligent animal, has a brain entirely smooth, while the sheep, a very stupid animal, has a brain rich in convolutions.

Broca who studies carefully the relation between the brain and the intelligence, declares the intellectual inferiority to be due to her education. It is society, with its restrictions, conventions and prejudices, which limits the activity of woman, arresting her moral faculties and physical energies.

The two great allies for woman's enthraldom are militarism and religion. The former exalts brute strength and considers the fettering of woman a natural phenomenon. The latter has given divine sanction to the prejudice of woman's inferiority.



Protecting Its Own

The passage of the proposed bill to deport aliens convicted of violating prohibition laws, will remove many a successful competitor in this lucrative business. One more evidence of the advantages of American citizenship. American moonshine for moonshine America. If we are to enjoy a position of supremacy, let it be in everything—including bootlegging.



Amnesty for Politicals

Usually when the workers of this country want anything they hire a lawyer or some other variety of pettifogging politician and send him to Washington to plead, cringe and protest in their behalf.

We are forcibly reminded of this by the recent pilgrimage of such a delegation to the capital in the cause of amnesty for political prisoners. These suppliants appeared before the house judiciary committee and, we should judge, apologized for the politicals, incidentally requesting that a resolution by Meyer London, urging the president to give careful consideration to the propriety of granting amnesty, be brought to the attention of his excellency.

Edgar Wallace, speaking for the American Federation of Labor declared that while the justice of keeping such fellows behind the bars during war time is evident, now that the war is over there is no further necessity for keeping them caged.

Dr. Franklin Edgerton of the University of Pennsylvania, averred that Walter T. Nef of the Philadelphia marine transport workers is really a much abused, one hundred per cent patriot and and "more cautious in his utterances than most professors."

Such petitionings and kow-towings as these, before officials whose chief concern is to keep their snouts in the swill barrel, we regard as so much wasted energy. But it would seem that those innocent souls who believe in this kind of fol-de-rol and spend their hard earned shekels to send emissaries on such journeys, should at least guard against having themselves and the cause they espouse put in a ridiculous and humiliating light.

It is generally conceded among the observant that the slave who apologizes and cringes the most, invites the hardest kicks.



A Suggestion

James Barr, an eminent British specialist on tuberculosis, makes the astounding statement that the prisons of England are the best sanatoria in the kingdom and that among the inmates the death rate is lower than among members of parliament. This being the case, why not induce the Hon. M. P.'s, who make laws to fill the jails, to exchange places with the prisoners?



Why I Vote

Because I have more confidence in others than in myself.

Because my conscience torn asunder and smarting under evil doing needs protection against itself.

Because I expect others to do for me what I am not willing to do for myself, and want to experience the sensation of having my hopes blasted to smithereens.

Because I am afraid that the free exercise of my mind might break down the barriers of superstition and prejudice.

Because the hard ruts of life are veneered with sentiment, fabrication and nonsense, making the march toward ruin of easier progress.

Because I believe that the fruits of my labor should be legally appropriated by my master and partly returned according to my necessities at a price far in excess of my receipts, thus enabling me to feel like hell while dreaming of heaven.

Because of evident misdeeds I may some day need the aid of some one, or all the adjuncts to law and order.

Because it periodically affords me an opportunity to grasp the hand of a man of influence and prestige.

Because I rejoice in subserviency; I am proud of being lashed, kicked, cuffed, made faces at, and called harsh names.

Because there is grim humor, having been fooled myself, in fooling others.

This is why I vote.

A VOTER.



The Incubus

The Incubus sat on the miner's shoulders.

"Get up," said the Incubus, as he drove in his spurs; "this is a question as to whether we or the miners are to run our business."

"But I cannot keep on carrying you unless I get more to eat," said the miner.

"You have a full dinner pail," said the Incubus, as he winked at the waiter and ordered a bottle and a canvas-back; "as for me—although God in his infinite wisdom has given me control of the mines of this country—I get no more than board and clothes."

"But," objected the miner, "I often do not get that."

"I will give you a library to carry on your back," said the Incubus.

"How could the like of me get a chance to read?"

"Be content," said the Incubus, "in that station of life to which it shall please me and God to call you."

"But you grow heavier all the time," said the miner.

"Every man has a chance to ride," said the Incubus. "Why didn't you get up here? There's plenty of room at the top."

"I think," said the miner, "it was intended that both of us should walk."

"That," said the Incubus, "is blasphemy. If I should get off your back it would shake the foundation of society."



Aspirations are the measure of strength.

The Survival of the Fittest

Now that evolution is a recognized fact, and its evidences are discerned by a large number of persons in all walks of life, the upholders of the present order of things seek to prove the "naturalness" and perpetuity of present social and economic conditions by asserting that all these things are an evolution, consequently could not be otherwise. In excuse, or justification, for the inequalities that exist they tell us that it is according to natural law, that the fittest should survive.

Let us examine into the foundation of this remark and see if it will bear the light of investigation. If the theory of the survival of the fittest is true, and if we admit the premises, there is no escaping the conclusion. Not being satisfied with the conclusion, it becomes necessary to re-examine the premises and see if they accord with the facts.



The theory, briefly stated, is this: Given a definite area of soil—an acre of the entire earth—a number of plants and animals start life together. They increase in numbers in a geometric ratio. As long as there is room for the ever increasing numbers, there is no struggle, but the increased numbers overflow into the unoccupied territory.

But when the entire given area is fully occupied, the constant increase of individuals makes the continued existence of them all, impossible. Hence the struggle for existence which is presented in plant and animal life. In this struggle some must perish, others will survive. Those that survive are termed the fittest, because they have survived; their survival being the proof of their fitness.

Alter the conditions under which this struggle is going on, and immediately those plants and animal which were the fittest become the unfit and perish, while those which had previously been amongst the unfit immediately prove themselves the fittest, and either partially or wholly exterminate those that previously dominated the field.

It is evident, then, that fitness to survive depends upon the conditions under which the

the struggle for existence takes place. Then, again, it is only when the means of subsistence are limited, and the beings dependent upon these means far exceed the number that can possibly exist thereon, that the struggle for existence reaches that stage where some must perish in order that others may exist.



Bearing these facts in mind, it is clear that any theory which justifies the luxury of some and the squalor of others, as survival of the fittest is not founded on facts, but on a false premise, for the purpose of misleading those not acquainted with the facts.

We are free to admit that, under any conditions, the fittest must survive. This is simply a fact, and does not imply justice or injustice. If, then, political economists are right in considering the present conditions an evolution, not within our power to change, the logic of the argument is,—the means of subsistence being limited, the ones that can supply their wants, and thus survive, are the fittest. The cruel, the cunning, the unscrupulous, and indifferent of the suffering of others, under these conditions, become the fittest.

Let this idea get possession of the mass of suffering humanity, that it is intended to keep in subjection, and they may see the logic of it and prove themselves the fittest to survive. This theory justifies mob violence as well as the lawful methods of commerce. It is only a question of might.



But does the number of human beings now on the earth so press upon the means of subsistence that strife and violence are necessary to determine who shall exist, and who shall perish? Most assuredly not. The struggle for existence is due to monopoly, to the legal restrictions of natural opportunities. It is an indisputable fact that there is an abundance of resources to supply a much larger population than now exists on the earth. This being the case, there is no reason for any struggle between individuals in order to exist.

If those who now enjoy life at the expense of

others insist on preventing others from utilizing the natural resources, and thus providing themselves with the necessities of life, and in thus making human life a fierce struggle, they must not complain if their victims awake some day to the logic of the theory they so persistently put forward in justification of the distinctions existing in society, and acting thereon compel them—once the fit, but now the unfit—to toil that the once unfortunate may revel in the luxuries which they once enjoyed.

Such conditions are not necessary, nor are they desirable. The only struggle necessary to the existence of all, is the struggle with the crudities of inorganic nature, and with the weeds and brambles.

Imagine a condition of freedom, a condition in which everyone has an equal opportunity with everyone else. Superabundance of the requisites of life, culture and enlightenment, would soon exist.

Under these conditions who would be the fittest? Those who took best care of themselves, that lived such lives as to give themselves strength, health and vigor. The careless, the indifferent, those who acted so as to break down their health, these would be the "unfit"; the ones who first would "perish."

IRIDE DUMONT.



International Solidarity

Along with religions, with respect for authority, with faith in ancient legends and traditions, the idea of patriotism is waning. It is coming to an end, merging into the broader conception of humanity.

In vain do jingo poets, frothy politicians, simple-minded enthusiasts in pursuit of glory, wear themselves out in the superhuman effort to maintain, defend, and perpetuate it; broken down by the result of modern science, cast into oblivion awaiting all antiquated belief by the inevitable evolution of human thought, it is crumbling away, dying by degrees.

Undoubtedly it had its day of undeniable utility. In common with all phases and manifestations of social life it existed because given the natural condition prevalent in the early

stages of humanity, given the development of man at the opening of the historic age, it had to be and could not be otherwise, just as the idea of humanity represented in a free federation of the peoples which is beginning to replace it to-day cannot be other than it is.

Thus the birth of patriotism was inevitable, brought to life by the force of circumstances and events, as were in their day, in those long past ages of primitive barbarism, the institutions of authority and religion.



In the earliest ages, when man was nearer to a state of primitive bestiality than to civilization, he had but few needs, and his tastes were simple and restricted, and such as could be satisfied by hunting, fishing, and gathering those wild fruits which a generous nature bestowed on him, and the idea of country was then unknown. Man lived then as a nomad on the earth's surface, lord of all and of nothing, settling down on a spot, and quitting it as soon as he had sufficiently exploited it.

The family was only a recent institution. Indeed, it would seem that the mother was the head of the family by virtue of her rights over her children, rights she had acquired in far distant ages, when she lived a wild creature in the forests, apart from the males, who attacked her as do the wild beasts of the desert. The matriarchal family was then prevalent. The mother was the recognized head of the family and the family was the earliest form of society.

But, side by side with the physiological and social development of man, his needs increased, his tastes grew more refined; wild apples, olives, berries, the flesh of the deer and the boar, no longer sufficed for his nourishment, and therefore in order to hunt and fish to greater advantage, in order to live in greater ease, he had to settle down on a tract of territory, fix himself there and cultivate the trees of which he had till then eaten the sour and insipid fruit.

Then arose the necessity for him to unite with his fellowmen, and the union of different families gave birth to the tribe. Man settled down on a particular spot, ceased to be a nomad, roaming the earth in search of a bare subsistence.

Man, after having taken possession of a tract of land, felt the necessity of defending it and keeping it for himself, and he hedged it in with fences and palisades and huge stones; he cut off his habitation from intrusion by placing it in the midst of lakes, and the traces of lake-dwellings at Neufchatel, Finisterre and Ireland remind us to this day of the first habitation of man. And also of the first wars—for the tribes, being still in the nomad stage when they chanced upon a tract of cultivated land or upon some habitations already constructed hastened to seize on them so as to live there.

In those days the idea of country was restricted to the soil immediately surrounding the dwelling or the village, and it was only centuries later that the idea of country grew, and embraced first several families, then different tribes, then a whole people.

Differences of language, of racial and physical conditions, necessarily forced the poor and ignorant men of primitive ages into a state of enmity, and when to these natural causes of hatred was added the imperious necessity of conquering a cultivated soil so as to live, then a deep breach grew between the peoples, and the sons of the North became the enemies of the children of the South.

And still progress, irresistible, went forward and the idea of country grew to embrace the whole people. Always tending to the common goal of welding all the scattered elements into one united people living in the same tract of country, it grew to be the dream of all great minds, and it had on its side fighting for the supremacy of their nation, all men of action, thinkers, writers, geniuses.



Today patriotism is waning because its mission is fulfilled and it is undergoing the fate of all institutions which have yielded all they can yield. Like a tree drained of its sap, it is to-day but a hollow trunk, an obstacle in the way of progress.

Its mission was to unite families into tribes, tribes into peoples, peoples into nations, thus preparing the way for the great human family, and furnishing the means for the federation of peoples.

This mission is accomplished, and today patriotism makes room for an organization better adapted to the exigencies of progress; to the needs, knowledge, and opinions of mankind; it is making room for that completer and truer phase of fraternity, humanity.

Patriotism, born of a period when the scarcity of means for fighting the struggle for existence forced men to associate in mutually hostile factions, has today, when the relations between men are widening, when the means of communications and exchange are constantly increasing, when the ever growing needs of men require the solidaric co-operation of those of every country to satisfy them, patriotism has no reason to existence, and dragged on by the irresistible march of progress, it is coming to an end.



In the course of the work of destruction performed by the constant transformation of human institutions, patriotism has become an easy method of exploiting the simplicity of the people, and of getting them to place their courage, energy and strength at the service of the financial interests of a ruling class.

It is naught, now, but a means of exploitation in the hands of the capitalist class. The so-called colonizing wars, the mad desires of revenge have but one object: to obtain gold mines, plantation grounds, and new markets for those who stay quietly at home, pocketing the wealth of nations, without, in any way, hazarding their own skins.

When, driven by hunger, a handful of desperate men descend into the streets proclaiming their right to life and well-being, then they are no longer the sons of the "mother country," the children of the same soil, they are no longer brethren; by the mere act of claiming their share of the wealth and joys of their country they have become its enemies, just as much as the savages in distant colonies and the people living on the other side of the frontier, and the very bullets cast to defend the country kill its children. So great a power has the habit of obedience, ignorance and dependence over the actions of men.

The workers, still blinded by the sonorous

phrases of scribes at so much a line, do not see that their masters have no country, their interests know no frontiers, and that they are always ready to transact business with anybody, even with the enemy, if they deem it to their interest to do so.

If they preach hatred of the foreigner it is because they know that the day the workers open their eyes to truth and join hands across the frontiers, their reign, their power, their degraded and corrupt society will end.



Do we imply by the above that we wish to stifle in the hearts of men the very natural sentiment of affection and attachment to the land of his birth, where dwell his parents, perhaps, even, his first love? Certainly not. Because his consciousness is the product of impressions, and those received in his youth are the strongest, man loves the place which first struck his eyes and imagination.

What we earnestly wish to see disappear is exclusive affection for one particular part of the earth, and hatred and contempt for people who live elsewhere. One's country is wherever one is well, and in order to be well off in a place a man or a nation need not hate another nation or another man.

Today life is so complex that to live a man needs the help of all other men and of all other nations, why, then, spread hatred in the name of an institution which is no longer but a shadow of its former self? Why uphold the existence of militarism when the very retainer of wealth who shouts and rants against the foreigner employs foreign labor to reduce to hunger and submission the workers of his own country?



We libertarians look higher. We have lent ear to the voice of modern civilization, which proclaims that all things change, growing more intricate and interdependent; we have seen men trying to fraternise with one another, and with the waning of patriotism and the growth of the spirit of humanity we have seen rise the great law which will form the basis of the future society, which will teach men and nations to re-

spect one another, to go forward, hand in hand, toward the goals of the future, the law which, till today, has been stifled by misery, ignorance, hatred; the law that will triumph in the near future—Solidarity. A. GUTTENBERG.



The Death of a Genius

The name of Wilhelm Vogt, who recently died in Luxemburg, may not have particular significance to our young generation, but we older folks cannot repress a smile when we think of the resourcefulness of this German cobbler whose antics did more to bring the military profession and bureaucracy in disrepute, and to cast ridicule upon the spirit of blind obedience to authority than a thousand radical pronouncements.

Vogt, after eking out a miserable existence for years at his trade, finally conceived the bright idea to go on a general strike single-handed, and donning an army officer's uniform, went to Koepenik garrison, and ordered a company of soldiers to follow him to the town hall. After a thorough scrutiny of the books, he demanded from the quaking officials,—who took him for a high imperial army officer of unusual sternness,—to hand over to him the entire treasury. After having dismissed the soldiers at the public square, he decamped with the loot.

This humble cobbler, who in his unique role successfully exploited the credulity of petty officialdom was finally apprehended and sentenced for robbery and impersonating an officer—a crime in Germany bordering on high treason. His genial exploit became a source of amusement throughout the world, and furnished the radical press the golden opportunity to remove the halo of sacredness from some of our cherished institutions.



Gratitude, Where Art Thou?

A sensation has been created in Peking by aggressive attacks made on Christianity and capitalism by Chinese students and teachers, particularly as the attacks have occurred on the eve of the assembling of the World Student Christian Federation. Some of the most in-

fluent Chinese newspapers are said to approve the criticisms.

Christianity is called the agency of the capitalist for the conquest of China. One essay, that has been given wide circulation, sets out this irrefutable argument:

"Of all religions, Christianity is the most detestable. Its greatest sin is its collusion with capitalism and militarism. Its influence is becoming stronger daily as force becomes triumphant and the capitalistic methods more drastic. Like imperialism and capitalism, Christianity is an enemy of mankind, the three having one object in common; namely, to exploit weak countries. Realizing that China is an object of foreign exploitation, Christianity utilizes the opportunity to extend its influence. It is the intelligence officer of the capitalists and the hireling of imperialistic countries."

And in this manner, China, into which the Christian world has poured its philosophy of resignation, its charity mongers, its dope, its prolific missionaries, its bogus morals, its spurious civilization and its adulterated goods; yes, in this shabby manner, she repays her debt of gratitude! Heartless Celestial! Incurable heathen!



Eager to Be Exploited

The Bolsheviks are delightfully frank. The New York World published an article headed, "Why Russian Soviets Turned to Capitalism: Explained by S. A. Heller," who is the Russian trade envoy to the United States. After saying that Russia needs capital, therefore the Soviets have turned capitalist, Mr. Heller sets out the many advantages awaiting investors of capital in Russia, and assures them that "there is an industrious and intelligent population eager to be exploited at lower wages than can obtain in any other white man's country."

It reads like an extract from the prospectus of a West African company. The Bolsheviks' "new economic policy" looks remarkably like the capitalists' old economic policy.



Political action enables the reformer to count cars.

The Federalist Movement of Russia

The Bolshevik Party is not in the habit of scorning any perversion of the truth to stigmatise every anti-Bolshevik criticism of protest as "conspiracy" of one of the "right socialist parties;" of the social democratic Mensheviks and Social-Revolutionists. Thus the communists seek to justify brutal repressions against the "right elements." But in regard to the Anarchists, however, Bolshevik terrorism cannot be "justified" by such means.

It is apropos here to sketch, tho very briefly, the mutual relations between Anarchism and Bolshevism during the Revolution.

When in the first days of the Revolution (1917) the laboring masses began the destruction of the system of private ownership and of government, the Anarchists worked shoulder to shoulder with them. The October Revolution instinctively followed the path marked out by the popular outburst, naturally reflecting Anarchist tendencies. The Revolution destroyed the old State mechanism and proclaimed in political life the principle of the federation of soviets. It employed the method of direct expropriation to abolish private capitalistic ownership; the peasants and workers expropriated the landlords, chased the financiers out of the banks, seized the factories, mines, mills and shops. In the field of economic reconstruction the Revolution established the principle of the federation of shop and factory committees for the management of production. House committees looked after the proper assignment of living quarters.

THE OCTOBER REVOLUTION

In this early phase of the October Revolution, the Anarchists aided the people with all the power at their command, and worked hand in hand with the Bolsheviks in the work of supporting and strengthening the new principles. Among the legion of enthusiastic fighters of the revolution, who to the end remained true to the ideals and methods of Anarchism, we may particularly mention here Justin Zhook, founder of the famous Schlueselburg powder mill, who lost his life while performing revolutionary duty; also Zheresnyakov who with rare strength and courage dispersed the Constituent Assembly, and who later on fell fighting counter-revolutionary invasion.

But as soon as the Bolsheviks succeeded in gaining control of the movement of the masses, the work of social reconstruction suffered a sharp change in character and forms.

From now on the Bolsheviks, under cover of the dictatorship of the proletariat, used every effort to build up a centralized bureaucratic state. All who

interpreted the social revolution as primarily the self determination of the masses, the introduction of free, non-governmental communism,—they are henceforth doomed to persecution. This persecution was directed, first of all, against the critics from the "left", the Anarchists. In April, 1918, the ruling communist party decided to abolish all Anarchist organizations. Without warning, on the night of April 12th, the Anarchist Club of Moscow was surrounded by artillery and machine guns, and those present ordered to surrender. Fire was opened on those resisting. The Anarchist quarters were raided, and the following day the entire Anarchist press was suppressed.

TURN AGAINST ALL MILITANTS

Since then the persecution of the Anarchists and Syndicalists, and of their organizations assumed systematic character. On the one hand, these revolutionists were perishing on the military fronts, fighting counter-revolution; on the other hand, they were struck down by the Bolshevik state by means of the Extraordinary Commissions.

The further the ruling party departed from the path marked out by the October revolution, the more determinedly it oppressed the other revolutionary elements and, particularly, the Anarchists. In November, 1919, the All-Russian Conference of the Syndicalists, held in Moscow, was arrested in a body. Other workers' organizations were broken up and terrorized. Because of total impossibility of legal activity, some Anarchists decided to go "underground." Several of them, in co-operation with some "left" social-revolutionists, resorted to terrorism. On October 25, 1918, they exploded a bomb in the building Leontefsky Perecolik in which the Moscow committee of the party was in session. The Anarchist organizations of Moscow, not considering terrorism a solution of the difficulties, publicly expressed disapproval of the tactics of the underground group. The government, however, replied with repressions against all revolutionists. Many members of the underground group were executed, a number of Moscow Anarchists were arrested, and in the provinces every expression of the revolutionary movement was suppressed. The finding, during a search, of such literature as the works of Kropotkin or Bakunin, led to arrest.

THE REBEL-PEASANT MOVEMENT

Only in the Ukraine, where the power of the Bolsheviks was comparatively weak, owing to the widespread rebel-peasant movement known as the Makhnovschina (from its leader Makhno) the federalist

movement continued to some extent active. The advance of Wrangel into the heart of the Ukraine and the inability of the red army to halt his progress, caused Makhno to temporarily suspend his struggle with the Bolsheviks for free Soviets and the self-determination of the laboring masses. He offered his

ous for the Bolsheviks. It was determined to get rid of him to put an end to Federalist activities, and, incidentally, dispose of the revolutionists at large. The Bolshevik government betrayed Makhno, the Red forces treacherously surrounded Makhno's army, demanding surrender. All the workers' delegates

who had arrived in Kharkoff to participate in a revolutionary congress, for which official permission had been given, were arrested, besides all the local Anarchists resident in Kharkoff and all the delegates still en route to the Congress.

REVOLUTIONISTS LOYAL TO CAUSE

Yet, despite of all the provocative and terroristic tactics of the Bolsheviks against them, the Anarchists and Syndicalists of Russia refrained during the whole period of civil war, from protesting to the workers of Europe and America,—aye, even to those of Russia itself, fearing lest such action might be prejudicial to the interests of the Russian Revolution and aid the common enemy, world imperialism.

But with the termination of civil war the position of the Anarchists and Syndicalists grew even worse. The new policy of the Bolsheviks of the open compromise with the bourgeois world became clearer, more definite, and ever sharper their break with the revolutionary aspirations of the working mass. The struggle against Federalism, till then often masked by the excuse of fighting banditism, now became open and frank warfare against Federalist ideals and ideas as such.

The Kronstadt events offered the Bolsheviks the desired pretext for completely "liquidating" the Federalists. Wholesale

arrests were instituted thruout Russia. Irrespective of factional adherence, practically all revolutionists were taken into the police net. To this day all of them remain in prison, without any charge having been preferred against any of our comrades. In the night of April 25-26, 1921, all the political prisoners were divided in the Butyrka prison (Moscow) to the number of over 400, consisting of representatives of



COMMUNIST DIALECTICS

Member of the Tcheka: "Sixty-nine strikers have been executed, comrade. What about that batch of revolutionists?"

Colonel Knockhimoff: "Kill them all! Kill them all! Karl Marx will recognize his own!"

help to the Bolsheviks to fight the common enemy, Wrangel. The offer was accepted, and a contract officially concluded between the Soviet government and the army of Makhno.

Wrangel was defeated and his army dispersed, with Makhno playing no inconsiderable part in this great military triumph. But with the liquidation of Wrangel, Makhno became unnecessary and danger-

the right and left wings of socialist parties and members of revolutionary organizations, were forcibly taken from the prison and transferred. On that occasion many of the prisoners suffered brutal violence; women were dragged down the steps by their hair and a number of the politicals sustained serious injuries. The prisoners were divided into several groups and sent to various prisons in the provinces. Of their further fate we have so far been unable to receive information.

Thus did the Bolsheviks reply to the revolutionary enthusiasm and deep faith which inspired the masses in the beginning of their great struggle for liberty and justice—a reply they expressed in the policy of compromise abroad and terrorism at home.

This policy proved fatal; it corrupted and disintegrated the revolution, poisoned it, slayed its soul, destroyed its moral and spiritual significance. By its despotism, by stubborn, petty paternalism; by the perfidy which replaced its former revolutionary idealism; by its stifling formalism and criminal indifference to the interests and aspirations of the masses; by its cowardly suspicion and distrust of the people at large, the "dictatorship of the proletariat" hopelessly cut itself off from the laboring masses.

Moscow, August 17, 1921.

X. Y. Z.

The next article on the Russian situation will deal with "State Capitalism and the Bolsheviks."



By the Wayside

A Chicago man claims to have invented an apparatus that will restore the dead. Why doesn't someone invent a device to restore the living?

People make much fuss over the extravagances of the rich. The rich must find some way of spending the leisure and wealth the poor heap upon them.

A lawyer is one who protects us against robbery by taking away the temptation.

Bandits did not hold up the mail so often under Burleson as under Hays. No wonder; they never knew when it was coming.

When in doubt as to where to begin revolutionizing the world, start with yourself.

The Bethlehem Steel Company says it is not interested in war. Perhaps not, but many a big gun would rust away without a Schwab.

Every step towards the perfection of humanity begins with some assertion of individual freedom.

Why do unions say, "We will call a strike?" All they do is the calling, the police do the striking.

Human life seems to be equally divided between those who give like heaven and those who have like hell.

President Harding surely believes in prosperity. He selected the chief justice from the fat of the land.

When an occasion is piled high with difficulty, we must rise to the occasion.

The cloud some people think is the return of prosperity is only the dust we knocked out of industry.

The Treasury Department threatens to wash our money again. How foolish. A germ couldn't live on our wages.

We chanced to run across the following in a trade journal: "Don't run away from the truth, meet it squarely and overcome it." That's the sort of reception "truth" usually gets.

The British government, we learn, has decided to dispense with women police, declaring they have been a failure. We always had a sneaking idea that women are a little too decent for that kind of work.

Charles M. Schwab says the steel depression, the worst he has experienced in forty-one years, is about ended. Perhaps there isn't anything left to steal.

Labor fakirs believe in sticking to the union of their graft.

That work is for workers and love is for lovers, no one will dispute. Some day it will be seen that law is for lawyers, politics for politicians and government for governors.

If I am designed your lordling's slave,
By nature's law designed,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind? —Burns.

A politician is a manipulator of verbal legerdemain, skilled in the art of serving God without offending the devil.

H. Bool says about polite society: The smooth tongued upper crust folks who—really you know play the game—are so polite, they smile and smile and wouldn't say a cuss word if their souls were on fire, and yet they form an all compact brotherhood of thieves, who, in the eye of the supreme ideal, are lower down than the wretch who would steal the Last Supper and then come back for the table cloth.

As They See Us Abroad

America is a free country in which, lest anybody be hurt by your remarks, you are not allowed to speak freely of private individuals, of the State or the citizens, or the authorities, of public or private undertakings, in short of anything at all, except perhaps the climate and the soil, and even then Americans will be found ready to defend both as if they had concurred in producing them.

The American submits without a murmur to the authority of the pettiest magistrate. This truth prevails even in the trivial details of national life. An American cannot converse—he speaks to you as if he were addressing a meeting. If an American were condemned to confine himself to his own affairs, he would be robbed of one-half of his existence; his wretchedness would be unbearable. . . .

The moral authority of the majority in America is based on the notion that there is more intelligence and wisdom in a number of men united than in a single individual. . . . The theory of equality is thus applied to the intellects of men.

The French, under the old regime, held it for a maxim that the King could do no wrong. The Americans entertain the same opinion with regard to the majority.

In the United States, all parties are willing to recognize the rights of the majority, because they all hope at some time to be able to exercise them to their own advantage. The majority therefore in that country exercises a prodigious actual authority and a power of opinion which is nearly as great as that of the absolute autocrat. No obstacles exist which can impair or even retard its progress so as to make it heed the complaints of those whom it crushes upon its path. This state of things is harmful in itself and dangerous for the future.

As the majority is the only power which it is important to court, all its projects are taken up with the greatest ardor; but no sooner is its attention distracted than all this ardor ceases.

There is no power on earth so worthy of honor in itself, or clothed with rights so sacred, that I would admit its uncontrolled and all-predominant authority.

In my opinion the main evil of the present democratic institutions of the United States does not arise, as is so often asserted in Europe, from their weakness, but from their irresistible strength. . . . I am not so much alarmed by the excessive liberty which reigns in that country, as by the inadequate securities which one finds against tyranny. When an individual or party is wronged in the United States, to whom can he apply for redress?

It is in the examination of the exercise of thought in the United States that we clearly perceive how far the power of the majority surpasses all the powers with which we are acquainted in Europe. At the present time the most absolute monarchs in

Europe cannot prevent certain opinions hostile to their authority from circulating in secret through their dominions and even in their courts.

It is not so in America. So long as the majority is undecided, discussion is carried on, but as soon as its decision is announced everyone is silent. . . .

I know of no country in which there is so little independence of mind and real freedom of discussion as in America. In America the majority raises formidable barriers around the liberty of opinion. Within these barriers an author may write what he pleases, but woe to him if he goes beyond them. Not that he is in danger of an *auto-da-fé*, but he is exposed to continual obloquy and persecution.

His political career is closed forever. Every sort of compensation, even that of celebrity, is refused him. Those who think like him have not the courage to speak out, and abandon him to silence. He yields at length, overcome by the daily effort which he has to make, and subsides into silence as if he felt remorse for having spoken the truth.

The ruling power of the United States is not to be made game of. The smallest reproach irritates its sensibilities. The slightest joke which has any foundation in truth renders it indignant. Everything must be the subject of encomium. No writer, what ever his eminence, can escape paying his tribute of adoration to his fellow citizens.

The majority lives in the perpetual utterance of self-applause, and there are certain truths which Americans can only learn from strangers, or from experience.

DE TOCQUEVILLE, 1830.



The Letter Box

A. S. L., Boston, Mass.—Although I am willing to admit that more than a reasonable amount of typographical errors crept into the third issue of *The Dawn*, I cannot entertain your suggestion to fire the proofreader. I am totally helpless in this respect,—I am wedded to her.

W. R. J., Norfolk, Va.—We won't deprive you of the kick you get out of reading our journal simply because you are out of funds. What we can't fathom is why so many of our readers who can afford to pay lend a deaf ear to our request for the subscription price, and relieve their conscience by sending us an encyclopaedia of blank verse guaranteed to remove moonshine from the shutters. If these folks do not send something more substantial within the next 30 days, their names will be removed from our mailing list. We cannot conceive of any greater punishment.

A. M., Paulsbo, Wash.—Yes, we understand a co-operative colony has been organized near Mexico City, but as to the advisability of you joining it, we don't want to assume any responsibility of giving you advice on the matter. Climatic conditions, down there, are ideal.



The Open Forum

The Three P's

I've enjoyed reading your paper, an advocate of freedom from pulpits, purse and politicians. May it cast its bright rays for a long time to come.—J. L. M., Waco, Tex.

Blind But---

The criminal syndicalism laws applied with a vengeance in California against militant workers is evidence that justice may be blind enough, but there is nothing the matter with her hearing. She knows the clink of a dollar in the dark.—S. T., San Louis Obispo, Cal.

The Truth at Dawn

Your paper hits a solar plexus blow at the right time. I like your caustic criticism and your humorous sarcasm, but you tell the truth in too simple a manner to be understood and appreciated. Weave it in a more complex form; adorn it with frills and fringes; in other words, doctor it up a little.—J. M., Denver, Colo.

Running Amuck

What do you think of the Irish nation now that she is being torn asunder by political and religious strife? This reminds me that St. Patrick is supposed to have driven the snakes out of Erin, but when we see that priests and politicians are still there, the story sounds rather fishy, don't you think?—Patrick McCarthy, Juneau, Alaska.

1920-1922

Do you remember what Bill Haywood said at the picnic on July 5, 1920, at Peoples Park, Seattle? He told his audience that he would like to see an industrial movement in Russia, rather than a political one, and that there can never be a free Russia until that is accomplished. A soft berth at the commissars' Mecca worketh wonders, however.—G. B. W., Brinnon, Wash.

The Perfect Woman at Last

A few unmistakable signs of woman's desire for emancipation are the things she holds in contempt.

She disdains to use her feminine charms or artful wiles to secure the comforts of life. She solemnizes her own relations without annoying lawyers and judges. She consigns M. D.'s to a world of useful occupations by observing the natural laws of health. She loves, studies and interests children, instead of punishing them. She loathes gossip, and purges herself of all cant and hypocrisy. She practises self-government, which keeps her so busy, that she does not find time to govern someone else.—Myrtle Goodrich, Nelson, B. C.



In the Labor World

A new world is in the making. The workers, thru defeat and thru victory, are learning valuable lessons in the crucible of experience. They are gaining vision, the consciousness of their power, and much-needed wisdom.

In France, for instance, there are encouraging signs that labor is assuming its former militant and aggressive attitude, and that four years of senseless struggle, at the behest of imperialists, have not stifled its traditional revolutionary spirit, is evidenced by the intensive propaganda along Federalist or decentralized lines inaugurated within the labor movement, and the increasing number of publications of pronounced libertarian tendencies. The same may be said of Germany. At the Anarchist International Congress, the participation of all militant revolutionists in labor union activities was recognized as having a salutary effect in combating the pernicious political propaganda which tends to make labor a vassal of the State, and even strip it of the passive functions of passing resolutions.

Sunny Italy is once again in the throes of a general strike, this instance affecting the maritime and transportation industry. Numerous clashes with the police resulted in many casualties on both sides. In Central Italy armed workers and peasants have renewed hostilities against the Fascisti, many villages around Florence being the scene of spirited engagements. This strife, bordering on a condition of civil war, is reckoned to be a forerunner of deep and far reaching economic and political changes.

In our neighbor republic, Mexico, the troops ordered out to quell "disturbances" growing out of a general strike at the capital, refused to charge upon the workers and fraternized with them instead. The brazen effrontery of the strikers went as far as to requisition their employers' autos for picketing purposes. The spirit of solidarity is contagious in these troublous times. What next?

Peace reigns in Russia—as that which reigned in Warsaw, of sorrowful memory. On the eve of being admitted into the gang of nations, through the labors of the Genoa Economic Conference, the Bolshevik government has promised to begin to commence to

inaugurate certain political reforms of a vague and indefinite nature, patterned after those enacted by bourgeois states of whom it is endeavoring to get into their good graces. One of the constitutional guarantees will imply the freedom to say—what the commissars want one to say.

An expose of British activities in the East have revealed the fact that India has been made to bear the huge burdens of Britain's extensive military "oil" operations in Mesopotamia, Turkey, Persia and Palestine. Over 500,000 Hindus have been recruited for this purpose, many of them perishing in the desert from typhoid and cholera. No small wonder that many of India's sons prefer to die of that disease unknown to medical science—rebellion.

Rumania, who fought in the world war for the triumph of Latin civilization, is at present bestowing its kultur upon those who stand for the rights of man. At Bucharest, where a trial of 47 revolutionists is in process, two machine guns have been installed in the courtroom, one pointing at the defendants, the other at their attorneys. In view of these persuasive arguments in the hands of the State, a verdict in favor of Latin civilization may be reasonably expected.

In Sweden, the minister of justice, under instruction from the war department, ordered all anti-militarist literature confiscated. Among the incriminating mass of evidence was a pamphlet written by the minister himself when he was a humble proletarian member of the Socialist party. Oh, the antics of those in power!

Our South American exchange urge the workers of different countries to spurn the offers of employment in the ranches of La Plata and Brazil, where intolerable conditions, akin to peonage, are said to prevail. In the coffee plantations, workers are being murdered in cold blood under the slightest pretext, by modern Legrees. The Brazilian government, subservient to the growers' interests, takes no step to prevent this wanton destruction of life.

While the workers of Buenos Aires are able to give a good account of themselves in their struggle with capitalism and its political institutions, at Santa Cruz, serious uprising due to government oppression, have broken out. The labor council building has been razed by the constabulary, and the printing plant of workers completely demolished. Martial law has been declared, and hundreds of workers arrested.

Here at home the workers are far too sensible to run amuck like those damned foreigners. They prefer to live a natural death, or quietly commit suicide. A gruesome statistic gives the number of suicides in the U. S. alone, for the year 1921, as 21,823. Add to this the fact that last year 27,000 workers lost their lives through industrial accidents; 2,500,000 accidents resulting in partial disability and 157,000 resulting in permanent disability, and you will

readily concur with us that the life of a worker is about the cheapest commodity in our blessed land of opportunity.

The people under autocracy know that they are enslaved, and love liberty to such an extent that they would fight and die for it, while the people in a democracy imagine they are free and are content in their bondage.

E. G.



Higher Learning

To those who believe that universities are institutions of higher learning, the following code of ethics, intended as a guidance to students of journalism, may come as a revelation:

"Be honest, and seem honest.

"Serve the majority, not the minority.

"Be moderate on the editorial page."

The reflection naturally arises, "Why be honest, if you can seem honest?" If the appearance is as good as the substance, and circulation can be stimulated by seeming honesty—why trouble about honesty itself?

The second rule for budding scribes fairly breathes bourgeois spirit of the U. of W. It is again a question of honesty—or dishonesty. Be honest, if convenient, seem honest for the sake of respectability, but right or wrong, true or false, be with the majority. No doubt the instructions could also be stretched in a pinch to allow that in case your biggest advertisers or supporters wanted to hoodwink the readers you could make it seem that you are serving the "majority."

The gem of the collection is the last rule. Here we have the ideal of the newspaper world in a nutshell—the rule which allows the newspaper to reserve its "opinion" and coolly remark, "That's what we said all the time." It should be clarified and revised to read "Never hold an opinion, never adopt a stand from which you cannot easily depart."

Here are two more startling, although hardly original observations which were dangled before embryo journalists: "Modern business is not run on the profit motive. The ordinary business man is not charging all that the traffic will bear." One of the instructors had the temerity to maintain that there is now no paper which is subservient to its advertisers in editorial policy and expression.

The only thing that is needed to make his statement one of fact instead of fancy is the word "not" before subservient. Evidently he has not read "The Brass Check," or used even common powers of observation.

Truly, if we may make bold to agree with our genial enemy, H. L. Mencken, "Education is the process of making numbskulls out of idiots."

A PERPLEXED STUDENT.

The Dying Tramp

By THURSTON HEYDON

I am a tramp, a dying tramp,
I've lost all self-respect,
When clad in rags, with hunger weak,
What else could you expect?

I've dragged my blister'd feet along
The hard and frozen ground;
I've shiver'd thro' the winter nights
And tramp'd my hopeless round.

You look at me, a total wreck,
With lips that show your scorn
And wonder why in this blest age
A tramp was ever born.

You step aside lest I should smirch
Your rich and stylish dress;
But yet I have hist'ry sad
Which you might never guess.

Stand thou and hear thy victim's tale,
'Twas pattern'd by your hand;
Your hand so shapely in its glove,
That rules this stricken land.

In days gone by I work'd for you,
In days when all were fed;
And when I was a journeyman
I courted and I wed.

The days pass'd by in faithful toil,
The ev'nings brought their cheer.
As time roll'd on, around our board
Were several children dear.

But then a change came o'er the scene,
You felt the thirst of greed;
You cut my wages to the niche
That scarce suffic'd my need.

Protest and strike unheeded fell,
I fought for home and wife;
But as the wages lower dropp'd
All joy forsook my life.

The baby's face was pinch'd and wan,
The children cried for bread;
Then sickness took a favor'd one
And laid her with the dead.

You paid too much to let us starve
And not enough to live;
While those without a job were forc'd
To beg what others give.

When times grew hard and work shut down,
Our scanty savings went;
In spite of living bare
That little was soon spent.

The keepsakes fraught with memories,
Associations sweet,
Were pledg'd where show the triple balls
Upon a hungry street.

Our little home was sacrific'd
For just a nickle song,
The house we built with earnings small,
For which we toil'd so long.

Through all the land I could not work
At my own honest trade;
And in a stifling tenement
Our rent was left unpaid.

I look'd for jobs, our landlord came
And pil'd us in the street;
I begged to save my family,
You took me for a "beat"

And sent me up for ninety days,
The victim of your wrong;
You burnt on me the brand of shame
Because you were so strong.

At last the prison doors unclos'd,
But all my lov'd were lost;
My wife was dead, my children gone,
See what your wealth has cost!

My boy became a genuine tough,
I saw his corpse one day;
My girls, they could not freeze and starve,
You led their steps astray.

In my despair I took to drink,
For nothing else remain'd;
You see me now, your handiwork,
All bloated and sin-stain'd.

You pale before my burning words
Yet lay the blame on me,
Because I did not rise above
This struggling human sea.

'Tis easy from the quarter-deck
To taunt me with my grief,
And ask me why I have no yacht
To come to my relief.

You pass me by, a "filthy tramp,"
A "blotch" upon the land;
But hearken to my dying words
Nor stir from where you stand.

The victims of your avarice
Are but the planted seed
Whose fruit will be a whirlwind doom
Upon your heartless greed,

The Decree

In one of Moscow's public squares, Lenin stood on a platform, addressing a huge crowd thusly:

"Comrade Bolsheviks, Communists and the Tcheka. I am going to announce my latest decree, to become effective at once. I hereby proclaim myself Czar of all Russia, not because I want more power; oh, no! Nor for the munificent allowance attached to this exalted position, far from it. But here's the situation: We've tried the dictatorship, and it did not suit the Anarchists, nor the I.W.W.'s. We've experimented with Communism, and we've aroused the capitalists. There is only one way out of this muddle: Let's try czarism and . . ."

A voice from the crowd: "Why not try Socialism and please everybody?"

Lenin, frantic with rage, pointed to the interloper, bellowing: "Away with that counter-revolutionist!"

A member of the Tcheka silenced the poor devil's foolhardy remarks by blowing out his brains.

Lenin then resumed his speech: "As I said before, czarism is the only solution. Of course, we've been opposed to its regime in the past — at least in theory — not for its baneful influence upon the nation, but because of the clique of greedy cormorants it fostered and favored. I am, nevertheless, a confirmed Communist, and, what's more, a fervent and uncompromising revolutionist . . ."

The crowd, deeply impressed, shouted: "Hurrah for the revolution!" "Hurrah for Lenin—our Czar!"

The Red Guard band struck up the strains of the Internationale, the crowd dispersed, singing it.

Just then I awoke, as the Internationale was being played on the phonograph. NATHAN LEVIN.



Books and Pamphlets

"Justice and the I.W.W., by Paul F. Brissenden, sets forth an array of valid reasons, legal and otherwise, why the Wobblies now serving sentence in the various penitentiaries should be released.

"The Story of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case," an illustrated pamphlet giving the facts of this international labor case, written by persons present throughout the trial. Price 10 cents, and may be had from the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, Box 37, Hanover Station, Boston, Mass.

"Human Life According to the Laws of Nature," by Fred U. Weiss, San Francisco, Cal.—As a panacea for the ill-afflicting society, the author advocates a stepfatheralistic form of government, enacting myriads of laws to further fetter the lives of us poor

mortals. What will become of the little spirit or the few grains of intelligence humanity has still left, the author does not state. Mr. Weiss, however, assures us that this Juggernaut operates according to the laws of nature. He must be living on a different planet than ours. The laws of nature,—of organic nature, if you please,—where we live, operate from simple to compound; its evolution being traced from the development of the micro-micron to the electron, passing through the different stages of atoms, cells, amoeba, finally to the organisms; and society, to conform to the laws of nature, should be built from the bottom up, allowing its component parts to constitute those economic and social arrangements, based on free agreement, that will insure a maximum degree of individual well-being. This, and this alone, can make social equilibrium and cohesion possible. Unless this is achieved, we will have a replica of the present madhouse.

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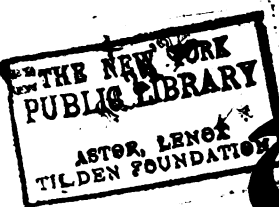
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The Workers and Peasants of Russia How They Live

By AUGUSTINE SOUCHY

A reviewer in The Dawn says: "It is with a distinct feeling of relief that one turns to this book and discovers—as we previously suspected—that besides Lenin, Trotsky and Tchicherin, et al, there exist in Russia a few million of workers and peasants, and we learn something of their aspirations and struggle, wisdom and ignorance, sublime sacrifice and sordid self-interest which animate these inarticulate masses . . . The work of a thoughtful, observant worker who sees in the Bolshevik leaders men of ordinary honest purpose who have approached their problem from the wrong end." 30c a copy.

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VOL. I

MAY, 1922

NO. 5

Sunsets, Twilights and Dawns

Page His Excellency

There is at least one mortal who can thank Uncle Sam's lucky stars and stripes — his name is A. Faggi, deported to Italy by the immigration authorities for being an undesirable Wobblly. In his native land, he went on an extended propaganda tour for the Syndicalists, and his lectures were well received.

Evidently this sudden success and unexpected prestige inflated his ego to such an extent that he coveted an M. P.'s berth. In due time he was elected and seated. As the exercise of power corrupts even the most well-meaning of men, this turncoat, in his new role of reformist politician, turned his oratorical broadsides against his former principles.

Faggi has a splendid career ahead of him. King Vic will not be slow in recognizing his meritorious service to the monarchy and capitalism, and will probably reward him with a diplomatic appointment as minister to Washington, where he can rub elbows with those who deported him but yesterday.



A Timely Editorial

If we were asked what is the main qualification of a radical publisher, we would unhesitatingly answer — perfection. In addition to his being called upon to solve all the knotty problems of the universe, he is expected—his character permitting—to cater to an infinite variety

of tastes and temperaments; put up with all sorts of moods and cranky notions; entertain 57 systems of philosophy; adapt himself to any old line of tactics. After being duly vivisected and his complexes thoroughly psycho-analyzed, and not found wanting in the test, he is allowed to pursue an extended course in mathematics, and assert his supreme individuality in wrestling with the printer, the post-master general, the paper dealer, who, not being impractical idealists, have the impertinence to demand the wherewithal to issue The Dawn.

What is the moral of this? We'll tell you in a jiffy. We want you to get down to facts and figures; we want your subscription; we want it so as to be able to make a neat detour around deficit. Remember, we want it before sunset—we want it now! And while you are at the peak of your enthusiasm, may we not enlist your cooperation in securing names of folks who might be interested in The Dawn?



Pallbearers Needed

The Scheideman government has abolished the socialization commission; thus vanishes the last pretense of Socialism in Germany.

Poor Socialism! When it was young, and bold, and unkempt, it represented the aspirations of the proletariat; the dream of the artist, of the idealist. It lived in attics then; it fed on scanty rations. It was the rising hope of gen-

erous souls and of hungry bodies. It throbbed in the very pulse of the slave in revolt. It languished in jails, it swung from the gallows.

Now, look at it: sapped of its former virility, prudently conventional and respectable; timid, apologetic, it has gained admittance into legislative halls, rubbing elbows with Gallifets and politicians; flirting with preachers and moralists; strengthening the arm of law, and now defiles itself by placing the noose around plebeian necks!

Yes, workers of the world unite; you have nothing to lose but Scheidemanns, Millerands and Bill Haywoods, and a lot of sense and backbone to gain!



The School of Ethics

A student of the University of California, dismissed for stealing a pair of shoes from the students' commissary, is quoted as saying:

"I had always looked on honesty as a thing for fools. I thought it smart to steal."

The young man merely voices the attitude, if not the proclaimed ethics of the day. Where honesty, moral and intellectual, is daily trampled in the dust; where youth is solemnly admonished as to the virtues of truth and honesty in the abstract and is then systematically trained in the art of simulating truth and honesty; where "success at any price" is held up as the supreme ideal of life, and the stepping stone to the world's respect—is it any wonder that youth becomes cynical and regards honesty as a thing for fools?



The Genoa Conference

The old world has lost its bearings. At a loss to find a lasting remedy for its economic troubles and its political crimes, it marshals its diplomatic talent at the various conferences with the object of solving the insoluble.

If the Versailles conference was comic opera, and the Washington peace conference a farce, the Genoa economic conference is a cruel tragedy. For Italy, England or France, it is but an unwilling admission of bourgeois incompetence to restore a semblance of stability in the

economic and financial field. For Russia it spells utter failure to solve her knotty internal problems.

It is proof positive that Bolshevik leaders in order to consolidate their power over their people, are willing to make truce with their former enemies, the plutocratic governments, and cooperate with them in restoring "peace" in Europe.

On the Genoa operating table Russia was duly vivisectioned, the last remaining corpuscles of red blood were transfused by the hypocrite and perverse European diplomacy.

The fate of the great Russian people hangs in the balance as they are being offered to the "tender mercies" of world capitalism with its sordid exactions. Bolshevism owed its brief span of life to its ability to retail high sounding platitudes and predigested theories for grains of "scientific" wisdom.

By its lack of faith in the creative energies of the masses; by stifling the aspirations of militants who made memorable October days possible, Lenin and his ilk have fallen into the bog of reform and compromise.

At Genoa the Bolsheviks have cast prudent reserve to the four winds and have shown themselves in their true light—that of reformers of the Kerensky type.



From Bad to Worse

Capitalism, though it is the dominant force in the world today, is but an incident in civilization. It has been weighed in the balance of human reason and found wanting. Its death warrant is signed by the world's intelligence. There are a vast number of economic students who believe that wage slavery is the result of the private ownership of land, machinery and commodities: therefore they would abolish the wage system by substituting public ownership.

They propose to make the machinery of production the property of the "people", to be administered by the state. Even some miners' officials, at a loss to find a solution for their strike problems, are hinting at government ownership of the mines as the only way out of their nasty predicament.

This program would not abolish the wage system. It is merely a change of masters for the workers. Formerly they worked for individuals and associations; under government ownership they will be employed — still employed—by the state. The advocates of this program begin by repudiating monopoly, special privilege, and the wage system; and then at once repudiate themselves by advocating an organization under which monopoly reaches unlimited proportions, and the worker is reduced to a mere cog in the industrial machine,



The Russo-German Pact

The treaty concluded between Russia and Germany is ample evidence of the monumental asininity, of the narrow and shortsighted international policy pursued by Allied diplomacy. Not content with having reduced the Teuton nation to a condition of vassalage, under which she is virtually stripped of her merchant marine as a key to foreign trade, they have exacted from her an indemnity of such staggering proportion as to convert this once thriving nation into a vale of misery and suffering.

It is but natural, that, laboring under the stress of this intolerable situation, that she should seek the propitious moment to link her commercial interests, her political destinies with her sister Russia, also groaning under a siege of famine and tribulations.

The truism that sorrow makes the whole world akin was never more applicable than in this understanding between Russia and Germany. In their infernal predicament they seek to join hands for mutual protection, for the preservation of their integral existence as civilized nations.

Over seven million Russian lives were snuffed out in the war to satiate the imperialistic ambitions of France, Italy, England and Japan, and when Russia withdrew from the scene of carnage she was further harassed by these champions of democracy and self-determination. They sowed wind and are now reaping the whirlwind. The outcome is that German scientists and technicians are flocking to Russia by the thousands. To Teuton manufacturing abil-

ity and business efficiency, add Russia's immense natural resources; these factors combined with the legitimate rancor against their respective taskmasters, will pave the way for another world conflict.

While we completely disagree with their internal economic and political policies; while we raise a stern voice of protest against their criminal and unwarranted attitude toward libertarians, we must admit that if war clouds are hovering over the European horizon as a result of the Russo-German pact, the Allied imperialists have no one to blame but themselves. Only the workers can prevent another fratricidal strife. Will they rise to the occasion?



Toward Democracy

William Jennings Bryan rejects the Darwinian theory of evolution, so runs a headline. In view of Mr. Bryan's political affiliation, his objection is well founded. He did not descend from a monkey—but from a donkey.



The Calf's Papa

A letter addressed, "Publishers Workingman's Paper, Chicago," was delivered to Industrial Solidarity. Its editor congratulates himself by remarking that the P. O. authorities know where to leave the mail, all right.

Old Sol has nothing on us. This is a mere bagatelle compared with one of our recent experiences. On a certain dark and stormy night, the light on the Statue of Liberty went out; the life of the whole damnation ceased—until THE DAWN appeared!



Our Better Half

Admiral Schley once told the high school girls of Philadelphia that it is the woman behind the man behind the gun that wins the victory. Let the woman get away from behind the man, and he will get away from behind the gun. Did all women feel as I do about war, man would have to apply his prowess to better advantage than murdering men on the battle-

field. If woman could realize her power, she would turn it against a system which inevitably produces inhuman wretches.

Once woman counted fruitfulness as her glory; now she shrinks from the burden of child bearing, and is there not a reason, one that moralists do not perceive when they talk of race suicide? This revolt of motherhood is an unconscious but real protest against a system so destructive of human life that one half of the children born, die before they are five years of age, and also against the savagery of war and the diseases coming from prostitution.

We are tired of rearing sons to be shot down at the command of government; we are tired of seeing our daughters the victims of man's ignorance and passion till their dishonored and diseased bodies are carted to the potter's field; we are tired of rearing sons and daughters whose worth is esteemed in proportion to the vigor of their arms; we are tired of bearing children under conditions which necessitates that the germs of disease and crime must be born with them.

Yet, I cannot consistently assert that woman's activity in the political arena has been a step toward her emancipation, as men themselves have made a miserable failure at the game. In fact, woman's participation in civic matters has had a tendency to perpetuate this conventional lie. The attempt to apply a standard of bogus virtue and sham morality has succeeded in casting a halo of respectability upon institutions that already stand indicted in the eyes of thinking people, and are fast waning in prestige and estimation owing to the diffusion of knowledge and radical criticism.

It is clear, then, that women are driven to degradation and submission, not because of the domination of some big abstraction called "man," but because of the domination of human laws by which both men and women are forbidden the free use and enjoyment of the earth they live upon.

EVA MORRIS.



The "United" Front

In dealing with the Russo-German pact the Erie Labor Press remarks, editorially:

The treaty entered into between working class Germany and Soviet Russia has sent a chill of fear to the hearts of capitalist diplomats. Nations which are dedicated to the principle of exploitation of the workers by the parasites of society cannot be expected to view with approval an alliance between countries governed by those who do the world's work.

How Germany is governed by those "who do the world's work" is made known by the San Francisco Rank and File:

The Socialization Commission of Germany has been abolished. All working class parties have protested. Thus vanishes the last pretense of Socialism in yellow Socialist Germany.

Let Tchicherin speak for Russia, the classic land of the "dictatorship of the proletariat." In his initial speech at the Genoa Economic Conference he said, in part:

Russia invites foreign capital to come and exploit her immense resources and enrich herself thereby. Our present judicial and economic regime, being based on a rational foundation, offers investors and manufacturers the most alluring prospects. We have come to Genoa with the serious intention to cooperate with other nations in the reestablishment of peace in Europe.

This is how two editors and a statesman, all three wedded to the same faith, help to clarify the horizon of the European muddle by interpreting political events in the light of Marxian economics!



Target Practise

Fourteen hundred millions for war, seven hundred for education. Twice as much to shoot brains out of people as to shoot them in.



The Radio Pest

Senator New, of Indiana, used the navy radiophone to broadcast a political speech boosting his candidacy. Now the Democratic senators are threatening an investigation, with the intent of preventing the use of navy equipment for campaign purposes.

For goodness sake, let's make all the politicians talk over the radiophone, then they will interfere only with those who have a receiving apparatus—and they won't have to listen.

Presidents and Science

Edgar Lucien Larkin, director of the Lowe Observatory, desirous of bringing science before the American people, has suggested to President Harding to write an essay containing the three majestic, all-important words, "Laws of Nature."

Larkin evidently realizes how gullible people are when reading the ravings and mental contortions of their politicians, and hopes by employing such means, to present a message worth while and of educational value.

We can only hope that Harding, should he accept the proposal, will display enough mental acumen to choose someone more competent than himself to write the message of science — preferably someone not at present engaged in scribbling his official pronouncements. Why not pass up the job to the Kentucky legislators?



Free Association

It is evident that man is a gregarious being, and only through unity and cooperation that he finds conditions favorable to his material existence, or can satisfy his moral and intellectual needs. When he isolates himself, if he does not fall into a state of abjection, it is due to the social and economic advantages promoted by other men and automatically extended to him. In reality, he exploits someone else's effort without reciprocating in kind.

Outside of the pale of society one can hardly exist, at best he can only vegetate. All human development, all progress, all the fruits of civilization have been achieved by the collective efforts of our fellow men.

If all men, in due time, had become fully conscious of the necessity and value of association, human evolution would probably have taken a different course. It is even possible that humanity would not have been faced with the many examples of barbarism, cruelty and oppression of which ancient and modern history is so replete.

Instead, the advantages of association — which must have been evident from the dawn

of human evolution, in fact, they must have been its principal factors—were understood and availed of by an intelligent minority. When labor became more productive than the mere satisfaction of personal needs, the few, through aggression, compelled the many to toil for their exclusive advantage.

Thus a condition of society was brought about, entailing the existence of two classes, rich and poor, whose interests are antagonistic.

From then on, all forms of association among the lowly became imposed from above, and could only be effected through compulsion, guided and converted to the benefit of those possessing the means of production, who had entrenched themselves behind institutions of their own creation, safeguarding their ill-gotten spoils.

The problem confronting the radical today is embodied in the following task: Substitute for the forced and artificial cooperation imposed by a minority in the saddle, the conscious and voluntary association of men aiming at the welfare of each and all.

Under a natural and free association, man's spirit of initiative will be stimulated; invention and discovery will draw great impetus from collective effort. In fact, this condition will enhance cultural values, and elevate man's moral standards.

It naturally follows that in a free society, associations will rise or decline, will be permanent or transitory, according to mutual needs and requirement. They will be permanent if their functions are to be lasting; transitory if their object requires them to be so. They will be limited in scope when their object requires limited effort. They will be numerous and of a general character when their aim and purpose require wide scope and application.

This is what we mean by free association.



Happenings at Home

In a Chicago jail one hundred and fifty prisoners were recently administered an unmerciful beating for protesting against a change in the visiting regulations. The inmates, each confined

in a narrow cell, were easy prey to the sadistic fury of forty guards and jailers who, armed with blackjacks and guns, succeeded in silencing the protests by knocking the prisoners into insensibility. More revolting still was the facetious and exultant manner in which it was reported by the press, with its perverted sense of humor.

All of which goes to prove that penal institutions merely perpetuate the old mosaic law of "an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth"—being instruments of revenge rather than justice.



My Candidate

"Here's an honest man who will stand for
people's rights,
To secure his success pays five bones a vote."
"What," said Dubber, "a man who will fight
for the people's cause,
And five bones besides? Here's a bargain, I trow!
"Dubber! Look out! Beware! That man there
is an imposter.
Now he is buying your vote but to sell
you in time.
Here's the honest man! He pays for your vote
not a penny,
But if elected he will stand by your cause
to death."
Dubber voted for him; this honest man was
elected,
And the power he held made him a knave just
the same.
Dubber was striking his breast. He cried: I was
duped like a hayseed.
Had I but taken the five! I would be that much
ahead.

IRONICUS



Working Overtime

"Mr. Chairman," says Congressman Wingo,
"I speak seriously when I say that the greatest
danger to our free institutions today is the
tendency of the American people to make a mad
rush to Washington and demand that every-
thing be done by the federal government."—
Congressional Record.

This is the fruit of 500 years' reliance upon
the State; it has made men helpless and de-

pendent. When will the people learn that when
they want a thing done, let them go ahead and
do it; and when they don't want it done—just
ask Congressman Wingo to do it.



The Merry Gabfest

The present situation may be compared to
that of a man who has fallen under a heavy dray
laden with merchandise. You can call the dray
"civilization," and the bales of merchandise
"commercialism."

Soon there comes along a set of men who see
that there is a man under the dray, who, if he
be not dead, probably wants to get out. They
gather around and talk about the man and
about how to get him out, and whether he
ought to be let out.

They decide that it might be a bad thing to
let him out all at once. He would not be used
to it, and he had better get used to it by getting
a foot out first.

So they talk about him, and get a job talk-
ing about him. You can call these men legis-
lators. Then there is another class of men who
do not pay much attention to the man, but they
examine the bales and the dray, and they make
tables of figures. They call these men scientists
and they get a job talking about the man. Then
another class of men say the man would not be
under the dray if his heart were not bad. And
these men are called ministers, and they get a
job talking about the man.

So they have all got jobs, and the man is left
under the dray.



Racial Superiority

All this chatter about Anglo-Saxon superior-
ity and predestined supremacy is rank rot, and
hasn't the slightest support in either historical
evidence or contemporaneous facts, and is noth-
ing but a fabrication of the descendants of blue-
blooded stock who came over steerage on the
Mayflower, superinduced by an epidemic of ex-
pansion hydrophobia.

The delusion that the Anglo-Saxons, by the
irresistible force of racial superiority are fated
to dominate over the remainder of humanity, is

as foolish and fantastic as the belief in the validity of prohibition, or seining a sectarian sermon for an original idea.

Right in this Anglo-Saxon republic, the Celts run our politics and monopolize the police force; while the almond-eyed Asiatics and the sons of sunny Italy carry on its agricultural pursuits. The clothing and banking business is mostly in the hands of the Jewish element. While every nation in Europe is represented on our farms and in our industrial plants.

And really, there is not the slightest danger of Anglo-Saxon domination and racial supremacy, simply because there is not now and hasn't existed for many a century any such race as the genuine Anglo-Saxon.

The English are a compound of Norman Celts, buccaneering Danes, Swedes, Norwegians and Dutch, slightly seasoned with Saxon, and considerably mixed with the odds and ends of Europe's racial melting pot.

As for Americans, Latin and Teuton are mingled with the blood of Scotland and Ireland, to which add a little Indian and Slav, a drop of Ethiopian; and for the balance, you can safely tap the racial arteries of everything this side of Satan's crematory, and maybe add a little of the ichor of Old Nick himself.



Official Benefactions

At last the government has decided to disburse the \$16,000,000 appropriated to aid the disabled soldiers. The money will be expended in the following manner: Erection of 14 insane asylums and the founding of 10 or more tuberculosis sanatoriums. We sincerely hope that our disabled soldiers will be perfectly satisfied.



Prosperity at Hand

Legislative bills are dry as dust and exceedingly uninteresting, but on the last page of the Congressional Record, under the heading of "appropriations" we find an item containing an element of humor:

"To enable the secretary of labor to foster, promote and develop the welfare of the wage earners of the United States, to improve their

working conditions, to advance their opportunities for profitable employment, the sum of \$225,000 is recommended."

Just figure it out. If the above sum were to be doled out to the 6,000,000 unemployed in the U. S., they would receive about 30 cents apiece. But they are not going to get it, of course. It will be absorbed by salaries, fees and other official emoluments for investigating the reason why the world is flat—on its back. The unemployed will have the consolation of feeling like 30 cents.



Capitalism Is Teetering

Among the publications that maintain and forecast with mathematical assurance the certain and inevitable dissolution of the present regime, is the B. C. Federationist. Truly, its occult powers are almost uncanny; its ability to indulge in dialectical sophistry would cause old Hegel himself to turn in his grave, green with envy.

"Capitalism," says the editor in one of his last issues, "is being crushed by rival and contradictory forces; its foundation shaken by the present world crisis; its existence threatened by glutted markets; by the chronic condition of unemployment and by a depreciation of monetary values. It can never hope to regain its equilibrium nor its former stability — it is doomed to disappear in the very near future."

Next to the Koran with its congenital fatalism, this sort of prophesy, palmed off as political economy with an abundance of "scientific" superlatives, has the doubtful advantage of lending a religious and mystical character to radical ideas. In other words, it's just like placing the wishbone where the backbone ought to be.

At this time, when the masses are afflicted with moral debility, and in consequence have lost faith in themselves and in their inherent power, this fatalistic attitude of mind is intended to raise the radical's hopes of an impending solution of our economic problems independently of our own will.

This sort of reasoning smacks of metaphysics. It is the optimism of pessimism. The

contention that world events are predestined to follow a certain course, and not deviate from it, does not correspond with historical or sociological facts, and in the long run it defeats the object itself—the necessity of arousing the worker to his class interests.

How can we expect him to feel the urge to struggle for his own deliverance when those who claim to have discovered the mechanical laws that rule the universe lay stress upon imaginary catastrophic factors, lulling him to sleep with ample doses of dialectical opiates?

The worker will, naturally, complacently wait until capitalism decides to commit hari-kari, intentionally or by mistake, or through the realization of its own utter uselessness. This pseudo-philosophy is more likely to be conducive to an afternoon nap than to usher in a free society.

In reality, capitalism has no desire to annihilate itself. Like the proverbial cat, it seems to be endowed with nine lives. It will go only when the victims of its vexatious rule give it a resolute kick in the pantaloons. The advent of a rational condition of life ushered in our midst by occult forces is a gaudy dream of fertile imagination.

It is true, nevertheless, that of all the economic systems chronicled in history, the present one is less conducive to a peaceful frame of mind. To the worker it spells a strenuous existence for today, and uncertainty for tomorrow. For the rich, it has shaken their faith in the rights of property and in the ability to maintain them.

The late war, with its attendant suffering, produced a horde of neurotics. It has left in its wake a depression of spirit in the masses. But will this crisis, economic and moral as well, lead to a revolutionary situation? No one can tell. It may lead to a period of decadence, wherein political and economic institutions will assume an entirely different aspect, operate under different forms; even degenerate into State feudalism, and still retain its tyrannical rule, its irksome impositions.

Progress is not inevitable in a fatal sense. History shows that periods of comparatively high civilization have been followed by periods

of decadence. Nothing is inevitable or providential. The wage system will "wither away" only through the conscious effort of those most interested in abolishing it.

It is a vain hope to expect a social transformation can take place in consequence of an economic crisis, even though it be general and far reaching. In his optimistic expectations, the misguided pessimist confuses accidental factors with the conscious, animative directive spirit giving shape to human institutions, and endows them with the dynamics that sustains them.

The present crisis will pass away, like many others that preceded it, and the economic and political question with its knotty problems will remain unsolved. The radical cannot rely on these gloomy forebodings for the triumph of his cherished ideas.

We fully realize that the above considerations are not calculated to enlist the support of those birds whose mind is still steeped in the quagmire of economic fatalism. But the creation of a radical movement conscious of its class interests requires a thorough knowledge of the obstacles which stand in the way of its consummation.

What is sadly needed is a proletariat imbued with the realization that the will is a potent revolutionary factor; a proletariat endowed with broad vision, initiative and self-reliance. To forecast that world capitalism is plunging headlong into the abyss, as high-roofed "scientific" economists have been croaking for the last half century leads us to a Quixotic rainbow chasing venture.

The abyss seems to be far away, and the possibilities of capitalist development seem to be unlimited, and the patience of its victims seems to be inexhaustible.

Allah be saved!

E. M.



Official Taffy

W. J. Burns, the great Sherlock Holmes, announces that he has chased the food speculators into their cyclone cellars. On the same day the Bureau of Labor Statistics informed the world that food costs in the nation's capital—where

Burns has his headquarters—increased the past month owing to speculation.

In view of this evident discrepancy in data, why not create a Bureau of Efficiency to standardize the buncombe retailed to the public by the different federal departments?



Two in One

This wouldn't be the age of steal if it were not, at the same time, the age of ivory.



By the Wayside

Textile manufacturers of Rhode Island have refused to meet the representatives of the strikers except with rifles and bayonets, and have balked at the intrusion of the State Mediation Board who wanted to examine their books. Governor Sans Souci said to the deputation seeking to lay before him facts proving abuses committed against old men, women and children by the militia, that they could go to—West Virginia! These are the pleasant prospects before the strikers, who might have saved themselves this embarrassing humiliation, had they known that Sans Souci, freely translated from the French, means, "I should worry!" Why should he?

In Belgium, the leader of the social-democratic faction in parliament, Vandervelde, has introduced a bill to reduce military service to six months. During the war, as prime minister, he helped the king to save the world for democracy, and incidentally to save Belgium for the monarchy. He could not, then, embarrass his benefactor who so graciously took him into his political bosom, by emphasizing the evil influence of barrack life. Now, the war being over, relegated to an ordinary berth in parliament, Vandervelde has returned to the opposition, proving, once again, that success in politics depends on one's ability to trim sails to windward.

The Labrador Eskimos appear to be a dying race, according to the vice-governor of Greenland. The natives are being driven further north every year by unscrupulous traders, who plunder the natives out of their eye teeth, leaving them and their families to perish on the frozen and barren plains, killed by civilization!

Nobody outside of India has any conception of the gravity of the situation there, declares a British military officer. Official circles in India expect a rebellion at any time, the British troops being ready for action. The native troops are considered unrel-

able and are not allowed to use machine guns, planes or bombs. The visit of the Prince of Wales, made to cover up the mistakes of the British government and bring about friendly feeling with the Hindus, has been a failure. British rule in India is doomed.

Civil war in China, occasioned by a feud existing between two aspirant military dictators, will furnish the golden opportunity to imperialistic nations to claim that through this internecine strife their interests have been jeopardized, and for this imaginary wrong, outside armed intervention is necessary. The outcome will spell disaster for China, as the most desirable parts of her domain will be seized by the greedy cormorants of civilization.

Greece is adopting repressive methods against labor organizations and the radical movement has been driven underground. The labor headquarters in Athens has been repeatedly raided and looted by the Epistrates—the Greek Fascists—and most of the radical and trade union leaders are in prison or in exile. By the way, wasn't Greece one of the cockroach nations that were fighting for "kultur"?

Ireland's troubles are not all political; economic ones are forcing themselves to the front. The Irishman's hunger for land is deep and lasting, and is now showing itself. In the county of Tipperary large numbers of agricultural laborers, members of the Transport Workers' Union, have seized large tracts of land and staked it off with red flags. Plowing is being carried on while some are keeping guard with rifles. In agricultural countries like Ireland, the land question takes precedence of all other questions, and whether there is an Irish or English government is Dublin Castle matters little to the man who lacks land.

At a crowded May Day meeting held in Milan, one of the principal speakers said that "the workers face a tragic dilemma by the approaching compromise of Russia with capitalism." He protested against Lenin's tactics in sending Tchicherin to hobnob with the king. In every part of Italy the workers are denouncing the participation of the Communist delegation in the jamboree with the king. Pass me the spaghetti, Comrade Emmanuel.

The Syndicalist unions of Germany issued a May Day manifesto calling upon the workers throughout the world to unite and fight for the six-hour day. The German unions also declared that they would work unceasingly for the freedom of class-war prisoners; not only for those confined in the German bastilles, but in all countries. They were specific in pointing out the fact that the so-called "communist" regime in Russia has imprisoned workers who

have asserted their fundamental rights of freedom of speech and organization. The half-starved workers are also contributing to a fund for their relief. More than 130,000 metal workers in Southern Germany are on strike to enforce the eight-hour day, which is already sanctioned by law. The masters are trying to introduce a longer workday, and the workers, not trusting the authorities, have gone on strike to enforce it, which shows that what is given by law can be taken away by the same means, but when the worker himself strives to secure any amelioration in working conditions, he'll fight like blazes before he relinquishes them.



The Fox and the Mule

Once upon a time the Ox became dissatisfied with his lot: the fodder was poor and insufficient, the yoke was too tightly put on, and there was no access to the stalls, except as it pleased the farmer.

For a long time the Ox grumbled loudly enough, but the farmer took little or no notice of it, for he was not trained in the tongue of Oxendom.

In his impatience the Ox tried to make use of his horns in a rather aggressive way.

But the farmer secured a new and sharp saw and cut short the long and sharp horns, leaving just enough to attach the yoke to.

Still the Ox was aggressive. And the Fox was selected as an arbitrator. After much wrangling and bargaining, it was decided that the horns should remain short, but the Ox should have free access to the stalls.

As a guarantee of good faith the farmer delivered the keys of the stall to the Fox. The latter tied them up with a nice pink ribbon, and hung them up on the stout and strong neck of the Ox. There was great rejoicing in Oxendom.

All went well enough till fodder became scarce, and the Ox went to the stalls. But to his great surprise he could not open the gate, though the keys were dangling at his very neck.

And he went away in great distress.

On the way he met the Mule, and told him his sad story.

"Well, well," said the Mule, after some hard and slow thinking, "I never had horns, but I can make use of my hind legs. Couldst thou?" But the Ox could not kick, no matter how hard he tried.

There was some more hard and slow thinking, and the Ox decided to go to school to the Mule, and to learn how to kick.

Here the story must end, for the Ox has yet to graduate from the Kicking School. IRONICUS.



It is better to move alone than stand together.

Sunbeams and Shadows

Dancing and politics are twin amusements. Both convey the art of pleasing, of flirting with the public. To keep one's eye on the musical director, to appear respectable, to change both costume and color. To skip from right to left and from left to right, to turn quickly, to land on both feet, to laugh so that you may not weep,—isn't this the attitude of the dancer and the politician?

The voice of M. Kanchan, well known Russian tenor, recently changed to baritone, due to nervousness caused by lack of food. Kanchan may consider himself mighty fortunate. We know of cases where men, under similar circumstances, lost their voice altogether.

Secretary Denby warns navy men to keep away from radical meetings. Our sailors must be kept in a state of blissful ignorance of economic and political problems. But has it ever dawned on Mr. Denby that forbidden fruit is the choicest morsel?

Frank Morrison of the A. F. of L. wants to know where the American labor movement is going to. We don't mind telling him. It's going to the potter's field, with its leaders acting as pallbearers.

"We all labor," said Mr. Wood of the textile trust to the operatives' wage scale committee. We believe it. Theirs is labor of production, while his is one of absorption.

The school superintendent of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has barred teachers with bobbed hair. Evidently he prefers teachers with bobbed intelligence.

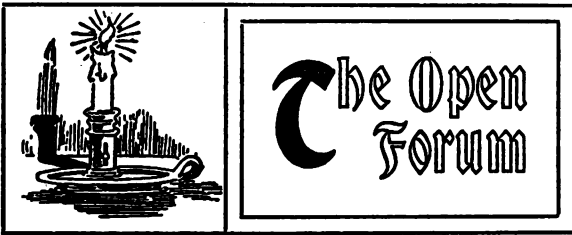
A German proverb says that a great war leaves the country with three armies—an army of cripples, an army of mourners, and an army of thieves.

Strenuous competition. Income tax returns are 35 per cent short. The highwaymen got in just ahead of the government.—Seattle P.-I.

"The courts must stand at all times as the representatives of capital, of captains of industry."—Supreme Court Justice James Van Sictlen.

Judge Gary tells us that soon there will be work for everybody. We didn't know that the "day of judgment" was that close.

The biggest coward in the world is the man who is continually appealing to the law for protection.



China's Awakening

The effect of China's awakening has long been a theme for speculation among western nations. Whether the transition from age long habits of peace and tranquillity to an adoption of the "progressive" habits of the world will be a blessing or a calamity is once more arousing much interesting comment.

However, so far as China is concerned, she cannot escape our condemnation whatever she does. "Asleep," she is likened to a huge jellyfish, having no rights than a more enterprising and aggressive west need respect. "Awakening," that is, following the example of the predatory west whose vaunted civilization has for centuries been dangled before her as a worthy object of emulation, she invites our prompt invasion as a "yellow peril" too sinister to be temporized with. A quandary indeed for China; for she is damned if she does and damned if she don't.

In truth, few among the citizenry of the occident are capable of understanding or rendering any just appraisement of the Chinese people. To us they have always been represented as an inscrutable division of the human species, whose language, manners and mode of hair arrangement were exasperatingly funny. So accustomed have we become of conceiving of China and other foreign people in the caricatured form presented to us by our press and "god-inspired" missionaries, that it is with difficulty we are persuaded to see them in another light—unless war upon them is desired by our rulers; then, of course, the caricature ceases to be comical and assumes a horrifying aspect.

Whether viewed with amusement or alarm, we habitually perceive the Chinese as a people of "dark ways," and it is only recently that a more rational regard for them is being established among ourselves due to the efforts of our more humanistic thinkers. In the main, however, our ignorance has not yet been dissipated and may now, through the influence of our newspapers, become more than ever a menace to the inhabitants of China.

No one denies that there is a difference between ourselves and the celestials, but to assume, as we do, that the comparison reveals our superiority is to postulate what in reality is far from true. Our love of the ruthless, strong man, our fondness for ve-

hemence in expression, exaggeration in all things, our native appreciation of blatant music, the insolence of our manners and the intolerance we manifest toward those holding a different religion or political belief are attributes of which the average Chinaman is devoid. In these he is our very antithesis. The inherent peacefulness, the habitual courtesy and genial manners of the Chinese are characteristics almost completely lacking in the occidentals—and so incompatible with our own supermannish notion of values as to be denounced as so many encumbering weaknesses. A thorough analysis of ourselves will tend to diminish our alleged superiority when contrasted with what is peculiar to the "heathen" orientals.

Who so deficient in aesthetic appreciation as ourselves, and what people more ready to sacrifice beauty to drab utility? Have we, during the last two thousand years, made any definite social or moral progress? A more developed industry has been attained with but a questionable degree of economic security or happiness for the masses, but in what else is western civilization far ahead of those whom our newspapers, politicians and pulpiteers derisively proclaim as a backward nation? Belligerent ourselves, we must ever regard the pacifist with wonder. It is inconceivable that a people, millions in number, the inventors of gunpowder, should be content to live for centuries within their own domains without seeking to subjugate and impose their moral, religious and political concepts upon other nations.

Intolerant of all ideas that do not exactly square with our own, and ever active crusaders in converting others to our peculiar notions of propriety, we marvel at the amiability and generosity of China toward all those who have sought to conquer her and substitute their exotic ideas and institutions while aiming to destroy her own. Such indulgence is incomprehensible to western nations despite their loud professions of faith in a man who, two thousand years ago, supposedly personified these qualities.

Military prowess is the ambition of all nations which desire to be arbiters of the affairs of others. China, from antiquity has been singularly free from such a vice, notwithstanding the provocation furnished by the horde of commercial pirates and mischievous missionaries poured forth from abroad.

China is changing, stimulated by western civilization, and undoubtedly will take her place among the "leading" nations. But, the things they wish to learn from us, according to Bertrand Russell, "are not those that bring wealth or military strength, but rather those that have either an ethical and social value, or a purely intellectual interest."

In differentiating between ourselves and foreigners, we inevitably disparage the "foreigner." But with China especially, our feeling of superiority con-

stitutes an extreme megalomania, mitigated only by the sweet reasonableness and clarity of our rare thinkers who, like Bertrand Russell, go to China in the capacity of teacher, but linger there to learn of a wisdom and exquisite dignity surpassing in many ways our own.

Russia's revolution, whatever it may have developed into, was a tremendous surprise to those "scientific" fatalists who measure all life by an economic formula. Not less surprising and indeed probable will be the revolution in China, that will place her the first of all people to experience actual freedom.

W. W.



An Excursion to Russia

"Through the Russian Revolution," by Albert Rhys Williams, offers a remarkable study in psychology of the forces which made for the "success" of of Bolshevism.

He does not go into the theoretical aspect of Bolshevism and the Communist party of Russia. All through his book one feels the buoyant air of the American college youth. "One of the greatest things in life is perspective," said Nietzsche, and this must be borne in mind when reading its interesting and absorbing plot, and the mere recital of the author's own experience lend sufficient color to make it fascinating. But, one looks in vain for deeper insight.

Williams is the reporter of a great sporting event, in which he takes sides with the winner. It is difficult to imagine him taking sides with the loser, or for him to assume the impartial attitude of a student and thinker. The young minister changed his creed, but not his mode of reasoning. He has cast his lot with Lenin and Trotzky, and, as long as they stay in power, he will fight with them and for them, and shut his eyes to their mistakes. He is as unscrupulous in denouncing his opponents as he is devoted to his new saints, who in the light of present criticism, have become martyrs to the cause.

Intolerant as the usual run of ministers, he tries to justify his biased attitude with the admonition to possible critics that "only fools quarrel with history." He thus reveals that morbid state of mental torpor which is always contending that things as they are are right, and that if everybody followed set rules and obeyed the law, all would be well.

This work, in a way, reminds one of John Reed's "Ten Days That Shook the World." Only Reed was not merely an enthusiastic reporter. To him the Russian Revolution was the university he could not find in America. He was one of the molders of the revolution, and had it in him to become an influential character. I met him after his return from Russia, in 1918, and had an intimate talk with him

on Communism. We spoke of Russian history and the peculiarity of the Russian mind. "Which will win, the subterfuge social-democratic Communism of the Bolsheviki or the real thing, Communism, born out of Russian conditions, the spirit that defies the "science" of Karl Marx?" "I wish you would make up your mind and write down your findings, I believe that is very important," he said in parting. He asked me to write to him, but not to identify him with the crowd which was then exploiting his popularity.

In his work, the late John Reed relates that he met, in the most fateful hour of the revolution, at a time when the Bolshevik power hung in the balance, one of the members of the Central Committee, who told him what the new government would be like: "A loose organization sensitive to the popular will as expressed through the Soviets, allowing local forces full play." On the strength of this slogan the Bolsheviki succeeded in getting power. Reed approved of this standpoint, and while he went, like many of us, with the Bolsheviki through all the perilous days of the savage attacks by White Guards, it is doubtful whether he would approve of their present attitude. This attitude Lenin has expressed lately (see "Soviet Russia," Nov. 1921), as follows:

"We do not promise freedom nor democracy; we do not tell the peasants that they can choose between us. We are ready within limits to grant them concessions, so as to retain power in our hands, and thus lead them to Socialism or to open civil war. All the rest is the purest demagoguery."

That the interests of the Communist party cannot be any more identified with the interests of the Russian people or the revolution, can also be gleaned from the following by the Commissar of Finance, Krestinsky in the same issue of "Soviet Russia." While discussing the advisability of granting to the cooperatives banking facilities, he says: "while the economic life of Russia might be improved, the ruling system would be politically weakened."

Williams, as well as his friendly critic Floyd Dell, make the mistake of all hero worshipers. They are concerned about the Bolsheviki, the ups and downs of a political party with all its adventures in seeking to gain and to retain the upper hand in governing Russia, and to manipulate the life of a numerous people in the interests of their political ideas, temperaments and ambitions. They forget that Russia is 85 per cent. peasant, and that the greater part of the workers in the cities of Russia have retained their peasant's psychology.

It will not do to hurl "utopia" at us, and then take the utopian viewpoint that the Russian revolution is a Bolshevik revolution. The Russian people well know what social system they want, there is and was no "dreaming" about it. Before the Bolsheviki were in a position to do their "sober and stern" task of executing their political opponents wholesale;

of forcibly expropriating from 130,000,000 people the product of their toil to feed their voluntary and involuntary following of 7,000,000; before they were able to legalize that murder and plunder, the people had acted in no unmistakeable manner. They took possession of the land and the industrial plants—to control and run them in the traditional popular Russian manner, which stands for economic equality. To work according to one's ability, to receive according to one's needs. No idlers, no bureaucrats, no rulers; all power to the Soviets. The Bolsheviks were hailed as the saviors because they acceded to that program. When they changed over to "scientific" Socialism, to Marxism, to Centralization of power, to Militarism, (instead of arming the people) then came the break between the Bolsheviks and the mass of the people.

The change is so evident that it escapes the understanding of the people to such an extent that they refuse to identify the "Communists" with the Bolsheviks. According to Augustin Souhy, the peasants of the Ukraine admire the Bolsheviks and hate the Communists.



During the Kerensky regime, under the pressure of the adherents of the free and voluntary Communism, Lenin became the champion denouncer of the State which he is now so engrossed in fortifying. To the people of Russia it makes little difference which Nicolai rules, whether it be Lenin or Romanoff—they want to control their own destinies in the most democratic way, through their own Soviets. I wonder if Williams is aware of the glaring contradiction contained in his book which in the introduction tells of the Soviets as the original popular idea of the Russians; and on page 219 assures us that "in six months the Soviet had struck its roots deep into the Russian soil." Doesn't Williams know the difference between the popular Soviet idea and the "Soviet" of the Bolsheviks? The Tsar too had a Soviet. The Commander of the battleship *Peresviet*, quite correctly, told Williams, among other things; "I regard the Soviet as the natural organization of the Russian people, finding its root in the *mir* (commune) of the village and the *artel* (cooperative syndicate) of the city." Fate took Williams to the *mir*, to the village, where he could study it first hand. What an opportunity! But he learned little. It is so much easier to follow one's crowd of flag-wavers and addicts of mental narcotics!

How easy it is to discredit those who point to Trotsky's actions. When the Kronstadt sailors were the masters of the situation, he was their favorite. He gained their trust. Later, when they, uncompromisingly demanded new elections of the Soviets, in conformity with the original platform, he shot them down in cold blood and accused them of counter-revolutionary activity. As a matter of fact,

they but expressed the popular demand which was clumsily met with "a change of policy," that acknowledged a defeat without learning anything from experience.

Why all this fear of the Anarchists, "our idealistic friends," as Floyd Dell calls them? It is because they have such a great influence with the peasants. It is because they stand firmly on the original platform of all power to the Soviets. It is because they believe that international solidarity can more efficiently be built up and protect a new civilization than a standing army and by granting concessions to capitalists. It is because they support the Russian people in their demands that Mother Russia be not sold to concessionaires. It is because they protest against the new autocracy, which has displayed the greatest ruthlessness towards its political opponents, treating them worse than any ancient or modern government ever did, including the late Czar. Of course, if that is your revolution, if you can talk with Lenin about not being able to feed and clothe the workers and peasants, while you rob them shamelessly of their food and the products of their toil, then it is time we stopped calling each other friends.

There is no use of identifying your opponents on the left with the bourgeoisie. Nor will it do to call us Anarchists. In Russia the line is sharply drawn. You are either a friend of the old or the new aristocracy, which becomes more and more identical, or you take your stand with those who are doing their best to help the local Soviets in regaining their autonomy, so that the Bolshevik state may "wither away." As the taxes come in in smaller and smaller amounts and the Soviet government becomes more and more dependent on concessions, you will become more and more identified with the bourgeoisie, whose psychology you have retained to a remarkable degree.



A Far Eastern Russian paper complains about the failure of corraling the peasants for taxation by forming some kind of an Agrarian Society. Under the title "Kropotkin, the Peasant," it tells of the peasant attitude due to Kropotkin's teachings. Another organ points out the fact that so many school teachers, formerly Bolsheviks, now have become followers of Tolstoy and Kropotkin. No wonder the Soviet Government is resorting to desperate measures. It is much more difficult to follow that line of thought. However, the peasants understand, they have their own minds and are able to discriminate. With Elisee Reclus, they contend that unless the civilization about to be imposed on them can bring them something of value without at the same time robbing them of advantages they already possess, they refuse to submit. They will devise their own way of achieving progress.

The building of a new civilization requires vision and creative ability. The scope of the new order

calls for a change not only of aim in life, but a change of method.

Williams, despite his breezy enthusiasm, is not aware of it. His book is good Bolshevik propaganda, but, unfortunately, no more than that.—F. K.



The Smith and the King

A smith upon a summer's day
 Did call upon a king.
 The king exclaimed: "The queen's away;
 Can I do anything?"
 "I pray you can," the smith replied.
 "I want a bit of bread."
 "Why?" cried the king. The fellow sighed.
 "I'm hungry, sire," he said.
 "Dear me! I'll call my chancellor.
 He understands such things.
 Your claims I cannot cancel, or
 Deem them fit themes for kings.
 Sir chancellor, why, here's a wretch
 Starving like rats or mice!"
 The chancellor replied: "I'll fetch
 The first lord in a trice."
 The first lord came, and by his look
 You might have guessed he'd shirk.
 Said he, "Your majesty's mistook;
 This is the chief clerk's work."
 The chief clerk said the case was bad,
 But quite beyond his power,
 Seeing it was the steward had
 The keys of cake and flour.
 The steward sobbed, "The keys I've lost,
 Alas! but in a span
 I'll call the smith. Why, holy ghost!
 Here is the very man!"
 "Hurrah! Hurrah!" They all now cried,
 "How cleverly we've done it,
 We've solved this question tried,
 Well nigh ere we'd begun it."
 "Thanks," said the smith while
 He got upon the shelf:
 "The next time I'm starving, I'll
 Take care to help myself!"



Books and Pamphlets

"The Child and the Home," essays on the rational bringing up of children, by Benzion Liber, M. D. Dr. P. H., published by Rational Living, 61 Hamilton Place, New York City. Price \$2.50.

"Give me the child before he is six, I shall return him to you after six" is the quotation from the shrewd Catholic teachers used by Dr. Liber to em-

phasize the importance of the first few years of life in the shaping of physical, mental and moral habits. The book discusses all these important phases of child culture with a clarity, kindliness and good sense that reduces the bringing up of the child to a reasonable process of gradual development, rather than a series of repressions, fears and contradictions.

No matter how liberal our social ideas, most of us are inclined to regard children as playthings, creatures bound to obey our commands, swallow our prejudices and respect our persons, willy-nilly. The "radical," usually quite prone to denounce the vicious system of exploitation, the mental and physical slavery under which he chafes, is by no means immune from these criticisms. He, too often, is quite vociferous in his cries for freedom and a rational life, while his home life would hardly bear close scrutiny so far as the application of these fundamental principles is concerned.



Are you the parent who lies and, in turn, demand absolute honesty from your child; who exacts obedience without reason, courtesy that is a sham? Do the inquiries of your child meet with rebuffs and ridicule, or have you a neat little prejudice to tuck away in that plastic mind? Are you the stern, tyrannical parent of the "children should be seen, not heard" variety, or the fond type who sacrifices the freedom of the family and its friends to the whims of a pampered child?

On superficial examination it may appear that there are two extremes in the parent species—the too rigid and the too lenient, too fond. But in the last analysis, both types are merely gratifying a weak, sickly ego. Adults too lacking in independence, originality, or self-assertiveness to make their mark in their particular world of adults who make their mark on a defenseless child. Indeed we frequently find these apparent extremes in one individual—the parent who consumes his child with wrath and abuse one moment, and scorches him with affection the next. Such people regard their children as the playthings of their whims—mere dolls whose sole function in life is to imitate, duplicate their parents, thereby flattering them into a sense of personal importance and accomplishment.

The child, naturally inquisitive, daring, is trimmed, hammered down and stultified into a replica of his timorous, dwarfed and twisted parents whose cowardly ego can conceive of no greater aim in life than the production of a tortured miniature of themselves. So afraid are these parents before the new, the strange, the restless groping of the courageous, untrammelled spirit to investigate, to solve the mysteries that lurk behind every door, around each corner, behind every bush. And this is the spirit of the child—always curious about a myriad of

things, always doing, seeing, sayings things "he should not."

That vexing problem, the morality of the child, Dr. Liber treats with the consistency of a thoroughgoing libertarian. Instead of burdening him with the artificial, contradictory and hypocritical concepts currently accepted, let him learn the natural, reasonable morality of social contact. Let him learn to gauge justice by the very natural process of placing himself in the position of others—after all the only intelligent method of arriving at that point of sympathy and understanding so necessary to an enlightened and harmonious life. This means the true development of the ego—the ego in relation to its surroundings.

The author insists on the individuality of the child. If he is struck or his rights otherwise violated it is done only because he is smaller and incapable of harming the adult in anyway. How often do we witness the case of a boy who has been systematically licked since babyhood; that fine day

arrives when he feels his strength and revolts. Thereafter the whippings cease—not because the boy ceased to outrage his parents, but because they no longer dare to lay violent hands on him. Part of the child's training should be that he must not only respect the rights of others but that he must also make others respect his rights.

We quote one of the many striking, challenging paragraphs in this book: "If adaptation is to be forced, unnatural, it is preferable that one should remain unadapted, as each adaptation would mean the loss of our best qualities, it would mean to sacrifice, to annihilate the most original part of our ego. And the result for society? A society consisting of colorless, characterless, soft, gray, dead men; a society that does not and will not make any progress."

Get the book and read it. Whether parent or not, you will find many interesting observations, much sound advice touching hygiene, food and other practical aspects of this vital subject. B. W.



Random Thoughts on Freedom

The Blessings of War

The feast of vultures, the waste of life—Byron

War is the business of barbarians.—Napoleon I.

If Europe shall ever be ruined, it will be by war.—Montesquieu.

The next dreadful thing to a battle lost is a battle won.—Wellington.

Success in war, like charity in religion, covers a multitude of sins.—Napier.

Let the gulled fool the toils of war pursue, Where bleed the many to enrich the few.—Shenstone.

War is the essence of inhumanity—it dehumanizes. It may save the State, but it destroys the citizens.—Bovee.

What a foolish game war is! Men are shot down like cattle, and the ambulance corps pick them up and try to heal their wounds. How stupid to wound a man and then to heal his wounds again. The savages are the only logical warriors I know. They kill their enemies and eat them.—Vereschagin.

My Creator

At times, I too, the child of hell,
Deny not god's existence.
Yet what he is I could not tell,
Nor vouch for his subsistence.

My god has neither head nor tail,
Nor form, nor face, nor features.
He is the new, the old, the stale,
The queerest of all creatures.



The Simple Life

The good folk who have a hankering for the simple life can attain the consummation of their ideal by staying right where they are—in the woods, among the rest—and get busy pulling stumps from the world. Get in touch with the pepper trees, wield the axe, and the simple life will suggest itself. Don't think too much about trifles, like your self, but lose yourself in the one big libertarian idea. Remember that wherever you go, you are taking yourself with you.

THE DAWN.

The Political Circus

The election is done and the right ones won,
Else why the commotion of frantic appeals,
And appeals that are subtle as sin,
And lies as black as a Negro's face
And deception as false as a harlot's love?



I am told that the ballot is the bulwark of
freedom,
That right comes uppermost where it is freest.
But I see voters with unmanly mien
Skulking in and about the polling booths
Like thieves in the night;
Avoiding their masters, political, industrial,
As though doing some evil thing.
If it be honest, manly, just and effective,
Why sneak around like a conscious wrong-doer,
Or a skunk in a farmer's hen-roost,
To do what press, preacher, public and politician
Say is a proud duty, a moral obligation?
Is it that private conscience preeks with doubt?
Is it that skepticism mistrusts the power of a
piece of paper
To change conditions in spite of conscious self-
interest?
Is it credence in the faith of personal results
Notwithstanding the barricade of ballots?



They tell me, they who fall by the political
wayside,
And who'd account for the want and woe of the
world
In words of wanton weariness
And the wisdom of washerwomen,
That the voters violated good judgment
In the choice of their political masters.
And so the world goes awry.
But I question those whom success
(And the lying figures of an honest count!)
Have helped into the saddle of power:
Why poverty grows in the shadow of institutions
born of the ballot?
Why jobbery and robbery and rascality domin-
ate these institutions?
Why the soul of rulers are steeped in rottenness,
And their lives a protest against honest toil and
fair dealing?

Why they blow hot here and blow cold there?
Why they say white when 'tis black and black
when 'tis white?
Why they tell us they go south, and after elec-
tion go north?
And in childlike wonderment they gaze at me in
my simplicity,—
And wink the other eye!

SKEPTICUSS.

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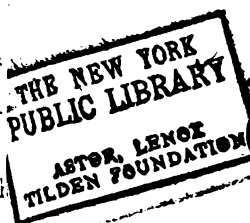
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The Workers and Peasants of Russia **I** How They Live

By AUGUSTINE SOUCHY

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The Dawn

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VOL. I

JUNE-JULY, 1922

NO. 6

Sunsets, Twilights and Dawns

Our Democracy

We hear so much these days about the spirit of true democracy, and how important it is to educate the masses in conformity with that spirit. If by that is meant that out of the masses be developed individuals, independent personalities that have no more need of guardians and politicians, then we could participate in the work.

But as a matter of fact, the education of the people generally means, in the mouth of official educators, to preserve the compactness of the masses and to yoke them as beasts of burden in the triumphal pageant of the masters. The politician aims to train the people blindly to follow his leadership, like so many sheep; the same object is sought by capitalism and militarism. The spirit of democracy is today but an empty phrase. It signifies little more than the drilling of the people to enthuse themselves over long exploded ideals and to hurrah for the inflated idol of the hour.

We also hope for the awakening of the masses, but not in the sense that they should continue, as today, to be a stumbling block to progressive thought and a handicap to libertarian aspirations. We aim rather to split them up into individuals, personalities, that are not held together by superstition and prejudice, but are welded in the spirit of brotherhood by intelligent solidarity and cooperation.

This is our conception of democracy.

Different Viewpoint

Everything depends on the point of view. The father of a large family, out of work all winter, steals fifteen dollars to buy food for his starving children. He is a dangerous criminal who has no respect for the inviolable sacredness of property. The Christian judge quickly railroads him to the penitentiary for a long term, as a salutary example to others similarly inclined or situated.

But the bank president who has defrauded his depositors of several million dollars, the wise judge, deeply moved by compassion, declares him to be a luckless victim of an unfortunate chain of adverse circumstances.

Let no one accuse the good judge of a lack of fellowship.



Is He Kidding Us?

Here comes Senator La Follette with the belated charge that the department of justice is under control of the banking firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. Our worthy senator is very modest in his accusations; he might have been closer to the truth if he had stated that Wall Street is the U. S. government itself. As evidence of this, it is pertinent to ask what avail were his pacifist tendencies and ex-Pres. Wilson's soggy platitudes heralded broadcast at the outset of the great war, when pitted against Wall Street's cold figures and keen wits?

Legislation Plus

Freedom, liberty, and such words are found in the dictionaries, but each year marks a decrease of the original article. As a man puts a band around a horse, and draws it till he kills the horse or breaks the band, so are the people of this country, by the chain of legislation, denying liberty and paving the way for the clouds of evils that arise from too much law.

In this country it is already a fact that, when a man cannot personally force his ideas into the life of a neighbor, he sets about rigging up a legislative propellant that shall bind the victim, and then, with the help of those who skin on shares or work for fees, pump the objectionable in or draw the milk out.

If you wish an appliance that will shorten the freedom of your neighbor, go to the legislature and have it made, that is if there are none already in stock. There are some places on the skin not yet covered by some kind of legislative plaster. A very few breathing pores left open. A few places where the stomach pump of taxation has not been inserted for the benefit of the inserter, but these spots or places are fast disappearing under the operation of the legislative cauterizer and puncturer.

Here are a few things that could once be done by man which must now be done by law, or with a tether.

A child must not be conceived till a parson or magistrate has had his fee and granted a permit.

The mother of the child cannot be attended by a midwife or physician unless selected by the legislature.

She cannot take medicine that is not prescribed by the legislature, nor can she have her corns cut, or head or body rubbed save by some person to whom the legislature has sold a sheepskin or diploma.

The child must not attend school or study from other books than those set up by law.

The care of the child is natural with its parents or guardians, but legislation steps in and says where the child must go and must not go, what amusements it can have and all this regardless of the rights of the parents to control

their children till they pass the equatorial line and engage for themselves.

As he grows, he finds that he cannot kiss a girl except in conformity to law. That he cannot play billiards, play cards, make home brew, or do chores on sabbath without a permit from legislation.

As he becomes a man, he learns that he cannot stand a moment in front of another man's house, see the belligerent roosters wrangle in the barnyard, or float a log down stream to a sawmill, without legislation and a red tag of some kind that costs him more or less, paid to the fee snatcher. That he cannot work without producing a poll-tax receipt of five bones. That he cannot bury his dead without legislation. That he cannot express his opinion about a big thief, print the truth about political fakirs, or engage in a cooperative enterprise without legislation.

He finds out, that legislation has forbidden him to read certain books or read a Wobbly paper, to look at pictures, branded by legislation as "immoral," to speak on public places and street corners without permission of the Declaration of Independence and Constitution. Soon it becomes clear to him, that a person cannot express his ideas of God or devil, good or evil, government, society or people, without legislation. That he cannot remain on earth or get to heaven without legislation. That he cannot cultivate a piece of land, or hang a sign over his store without legislation. That he cannot sell peanuts, popcorn, taffy, shoestrings, or bibles on the street without legislation.

Between the legislation and law-making that is going on by heads of families, heads of churches, reform societies, schools, manufacturing monopolies, boards of regents, town officials, county commissioners, state legislatures, congress and almighty God, one is justified indeed in thinking that liberty, freedom of conscience and government are a job lot up for sale as relics, if not already parted with.

And yet in congress and state legislatures nearly forty-nine thousand new laws were proposed last year. At this rate ten years from now the number of courts in this country will be four-fold the present number, and between

usury and litigation the man who wants to be honest will be completely crucified, as was Jesus, between two official thieves, who will see to it that he gets all the benefits of the law.



Our Benevolent Masters

We are safe in our assertions that the firms with their profit-sharing schemes do not intend to secure for their employes lasting and irrevocable advantages. Their main object is to secure for themselves a staff of the most loyal slaves who, especially during times of labor troubles, will stand by their "benefactors," and scab on their fellow-workers.

Under the pretext of leaving the workers in on the one millionth part of the earnings of the concern, the firm curtails their liberty and freedom of action and binds them to the job. And the obligations imposed upon these workers even extend to their private life outside of the workshop, and they are such that they are irreconcilable with the dignity and self-respect of the modern proletarian.

A worker who is able to think for himself and who is sufficiently educated along these lines will stop and ponder before he falls for such bait.

Such benevolence on the part of the employer has proved to be fatal to the workers in many instances; their gifts have been snares, economic shackles, that bound the workers hand and foot and curtailed their freedom to act in the proper way, whenever solidaric effort was necessary.

These gifts are to be shunned especially because they have the endorsement of the possessing class and its press. Whatever the latter supports, should be looked upon by the working class with suspicion and distrust.



A Healthy Sign

It is gratifying to learn that some of the St. Louis labor unions have revised their short-sighted policy of debarring the colored worker and have decided to admit him as a welcome guest. It is high time that we erase the color

line if the solidarity of labor is to be effected. The Negro is a man, and the labor unions are beginning to suspect it.

Moreover, labor unions have been too prone in the past to brand men as scabs, not realizing that race hatred coupled with their high protective tariff and their job monopoly behind which they entrench themselves have been largely responsible for their creation.

More energy has been expended in fighting the non-unionist than to educate him and convince him. No serious objection has ever been advanced against admitting colored workers into labor unions outside of our inhuman race prejudice and our crass ignorance.

Racial differences and characteristics are mainly moonshine advanced for economic and political reasons to divide the workers. To foment race hatred is the pastime of jingoists and tyrants. It was a clever trick resorted to by the former Russian autocracy to divert the mujik's attention from vital and essential problems. In Russia the Jew, like our colored brethren here, was held to be the proverbial Angora for every crime committed under the sun, including the constitutional wrongs of his tormentors.

Our proud American southerner, himself, the inveterate foe of the Negro, is doing his bit to make the world safe for hypocrisy. He is not at all squeamish about having colored folks cook for him, nurse him, and beget children for—others; thereby proving himself a thorough-going internationalist.

And we'll quit right here, as we don't care to have any argument with a cantankerous Mother-in-law Grundy!



The Jellyfish

This is not intended as a treatise of zoology but one of psychology. One of the most pitiful sights in the world is the man who never has any opinions of his own — the man without vertebrae, the weak-kneed, quivering jelly-fish who never differs from you, whose only opinion is assent to the one you express.

We instinctively despise the man who never opposes us, who always says, "Yes, yes," to

everything we say, as though we were as infallible as some of the human phonographic records of Karl Marx.

The negative character is always a weakling; the world looks upon him as an imitation of the genus homo, not the genuine article. What the world needs is the unafraid man, the man who does his own thinking, the man who dares to step out from the crowd and live his own creed, who dares to have and to express his own opinions.

This is the man who gains admiration from some, hatred from others, but respect, willing or unwilling, open or secret, of those with whom he comes in contact.

The negative man may be a fair sort of a fellow; he may never do any harm in a community; but on the other hand, he is never sought out in an emergency, because no one believes he can accomplish anything; he is virtually a nobody.

Don't simply be good, but be good for something!



The Fruit of Usury

Figures do not lie, but liars do figure. According to the Wall Street Journal the First National Bank of New York, established in 1863 with the modest capital of \$500,000, has up to this date paid out almost a billion dollars in dividends to its stockholders.

A mere trifle, indeed. Yet, this respectable sum is looked upon as legitimate prey by the champions of the identity of interest between capital and labor. The trade unionists who are so reluctant about endorsing any measure calculated to abolish monopoly and special privilege, and sheepishly consult industrial and market quotations before advancing any claim to a greater share of what they produce, might glance at these figures and draw,—if not money—at least some timely conclusions.



Social Organism

That he who uses the social organism analogy does not see clearly, seems plain to us at least. A few weeks ago a Communist lecturer

stood before an audience, and by the way of proving social interdependence asked:

"Now, if I were to cut off or injure these fingers would not my whole body suffer?"

Yes, and following the same line of reasoning, if you injure half of your organism the rest would suffer, and this under any circumstances.

Now, if society were an organism, the same would be true of it, yet, we do not find it so, since the injury done at present to the greater half of society only serves to increase the luxury of the other.

The more workers there are willing to starve on small wages, and accept any injury, without protest, that is caused by the greediness of their employers, the greater the profit and comfort of said employers, and the crafty politicians, who could grow fat at leisure.

Surely, it would be difficult to show where the injury to society touches them.



North and South

The difference between the North and the South, according to Mencken, is that in the North they put bars on the jail windows to keep the prisoners from getting out at the public, and in the South to keep the public from getting in at the prisoners.



The Blue Laws

Canada is probably the worst offender among the states in the matter of the union of church and state and the denial of personal freedom. Even private and harmless recreation is made the subject of contemptible censorship.

An innocent game or sport, which is conducted in such a manner as to disturb nobody, becomes a criminal offence for one day in each week, simply because a portion of the population accept a hypothetical dogma which pronounces that day sacred, and have not decency or real notion of liberty enough to keep their hands off of others who differ from them in opinion.

There can be no more perfect exemplifica-

tion of the inevitable and wanton tyranny of the majority under even the worst forms of government.

The irrationality and inexcusability of this insolent determination of religionists to override all private rights in the interests of ecclesiastical despotism may be discerned from the silly hairsplitting which allows Sunday amusement when the money derived from it is to go to some religious or charitable organization, but prohibits them in other cases.

As if the same amusement or exhibition could suddenly change its moral character or its relation to public policy—whatever that much-abused phrase may signify—on account of a mere change in the distribution of the profits.

Of course, the object of this Jesuitical casuistry is plain enough.

So long as the saintly hypocrites who demand such outrageous legislation see a chance to put a little more cash in their own pockets, they are very glad to allow abundant latitude. But when the money is going somewhere else, their pious scruples are at once aroused.

It is small credit to the people of Canada and to those of some of our states that this Sab-batarian tyranny has not long since been brought to an end.



You Too, Woman!

One by one the fond delusions nurtured by politicians totter. Before woman was enfranchised we were most earnestly and vehemently assured that her entrance into the political arena would purify and transform public life, annihilate the evils of our social, economic and political system—in short transform this world from a “man-made” hell into a paradise of sweet, womanly influence.

In recent primary elections in Chicago, inability to explain certain shady transactions brought sentences to three election officials, among them Mrs. Mae Victor, who was given a two months’ jail sentence.

Suffragists will probably say that to mention this instance of political crookedness is unjust to woman suffrage. We mention it merely

as evidence that politics, as such, encourages crookedness, whether the participants be men or women, and that humanity need not look for redress from that quarter.

Politics has ever been the art of converting a public trust into a private snap.



Life and Death

Dr. T. E. Costain, of Chicago, died recently, having spent his health and life in the service of mankind. An expert in handling anesthetics, he administered ether to more than 30,000 patients and contracted nephritis, the result of his work with the X-ray and the constant handling of anesthetics.

Does this mean that the doctors will refuse to continue his work for fear of meeting the same fate unless forced to do so? Certainly not! Every attempt will, of course, be made to discover a method of handling anesthetics and the X-ray without injury, but the work of

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relieving suffering will continue without interruption. That is because scientists, men generally, are more interested in achievement than personal safety.

In this connection we might ask how many aviators have been hurled into oblivion since the first practical attempt at flying was made. Only recently England lost Ross Smith, reputed to have been the last of the great British flyers. Since his tragic death men have braved the perils of the air every day, nothing daunted, interested only in the accomplishment of their feat.

No doubt each flyer feels very confident of his own success, yet there must be present in the consciousness of each one the possibility of chance disaster, the failure of something to do its expected task — and the end of everything. But they continue to go up, and will continue until an ascent into the unlimited spaces of the sky will have become as safe as a voyage across the sea on an ocean steamers or a trip across the continent on a train.

And so it is with all things in life. Primarily we want to live—but we are willing to take a chance in order to add to the mere business of living the zest of adventure and accomplishment.



The Supreme Court

The United States Supreme Court, under the auspices of Chief Justice Taft, decided once again that labor unions are liable as organizations to be sued under their associate names in the event of injury to property or pecuniary loss suffered by employers during strikes or labor troubles.

The decision, one of the most important affecting labor organizations in recent years, was handed down against the United Mine Workers of Arkansas. The judgment against the miners for \$427,820, was rendered in accordance with the provisions of the Sherman anti-trust law.

Blessed are the unions: for they are plundered by the grafters, sold by the labor skates, tamed by politicians, perforated by borers, and castigated by the courts!

Poor labor movement!

The Labor Market

The monopolists said: "If we can only cut the workingman off from the land, we can employ him at about our own price."

And they did so.

Then they said: "If we can get his young son to work for us, the increased amount of labor on the market will enable us to get the two for about the price of one."

And they did so.

Then they said: "Now for his little girl; all three will only earn what the father did at one time."

And they did so.

Then they said: "Now reach for the mother." "But she has to take care of the baby." "Oh, we will pay one woman to take charge of twenty babies and scoop the nineteen."

And they did so.

Then they said: "We won't pay that one woman. Appeal to the public—'tis so charitable and sentimental."

And they did so.

Then the foxy ones lay awake nights to think of something the babies could work at, that he might coin a few pennies off the kids.

Make the nursery self-supporting. You know, it would be so independent.

And they will do so.



Running the Country

Russia, according to the Bolshevik constitution, is run by the common people. So is our beloved country supposed to be run by the people, according to our constitution. This does not explain, however, why it is that the people of both Russia and America are on the run.



Magic Words

That human beings, when left to the freedom of their own devices, with plenty of elbow room, unrestricted opportunities to exploit nature, and secure in the possession of their own production, will conduct themselves according to libertarian ethics, is attested by numerous examples in modern as well as ancient society.

And it was undoubtedly the recognition of this fact that impelled the distinguished American, Washington Irving, to put into the mouth of his quaint old Dutch historian, in "Knickerbocker's History of New York," these memorable words:

For my part I have not so bad an opinion of mankind as many of my brother philosophers. I do not think poor human nature so sorry a piece of workmanship as they would make it out to be; and so far as I have observed I am fully satisfied that man, if left to himself, would about as readily go right as wrong. It is only this eternally sounding in his ears that it is his duty to go right that makes him go the very reverse.

The noble independence of his nature revolts at the intolerable tyranny of law and the perpetual interference of officious morality, which is ever besetting his path with finger posts and directions to keep to the right as the law directs; and like a spirited urchin he turns directly contrary, and gallops through mud and mire, over hedges and ditches, merely to show that he is a lad of spirit and out of his leading strings.

And these opinions are amply substantiated by what I have above said of our worthy ancestors, who, never being be-preached and be-lectured, and guided and governed by statutes and by-laws, as are their more enlightened descendants, did one and all demean themselves honestly and peaceably.

And why not? Nature's laws are more binding upon the individual, more conducive to his welfare and happiness, more in the line of his eternal progress than are the laws and statutes which a political system, red, white or yellow, imposes upon us.

The first great law — self-preservation — points directly to human solidarity, and in this great idea is embodied nearly all there is to human progress.



Regain Their Senses

A reader sends us a communication in which he says in part:

During the past month five of the jurors who convicted the members of the I. W. W. in the famous Centralia case, when three members of a mob were killed in an attack on the I. W. W. hall at Centralia, have issued affidavits reversing the opinion they expressed at the time of the trial. They now state that the convicted men acted in self-defense against an armed mob.

This is a case worthy of reflection, a true study of crowd hysteria. A case where intimidation, the strangling of reason and justice, come out in classic relief, indicating the danger of the blind, unreasoning patriotism which holds sway during such periods.

An attempt to describe the horror, the anguish of those directly concerned is impossible. The lynching of Wesley Everest, the torture of those arrested, the trial with its menacing background of khaki uniforms, the months, lengthening into years, in the penitentiary, form a tragedy harrowing beyond words. Most of the men in this case now serving life sentences in Walla Walla penitentiary are in the prime of life, robust, active men, accustomed to outdoor life and strenuous labor. Several have families.

In view of the facts, it is hard to criticise the jurors. Apparently they have suffered the pangs of remorse. At the time of the trial they felt their own lives at stake as much as those of the prisoners. They were assured, so one affidavit states, if they brought in a verdict of guilty the sentence would be very light and they absolved their conscience at the time by recommending leniency.

We can only hope and urge that this case is given the publicity it deserves and that labor and radical bodies take proper interest in so flagrant an injustice.



Russian Echoes

Russia's dictatorship of the proletariat is divided into two classes: those who do the dictating and those who do the proletariat.

Professional communists in America urging workers to migrate to Russia remind us of reverend gentlemen who sing praises of a glorious hereafter but call the best doctor in town when they are threatened with the fulfillment of their ardent yearnings that they might quit this mundane existence for the joys of Elysium.



Dear Reader: Have you paid your subscription?

THE DAWN NEEDS YOUR HELP NOW!!!

The Tragedy of the Genoa Conference

HERE are a number of phases involved in the Genoa Conference that make it one of the most important events of the time. The Conference expresses the crisis of a world condition which is the result of modern economic, political, and social development. The parties assembled in Genoa represent the old and the new school of social philosophy and economic interest, rivaling for world domination. As an attempt at domination both forces are as old as the world.

In its immediate aspect the condition arose out of the world war. Russia is now supposed to be the stumbling block. In reality, official Russia, represented by the so-called Proletarian Dictatorship, is a party that contributes as much to the general confusion as any other agency and is also lacking in ability to solve the problems involved.

On the surface, it is a case of setting the world right in a financial sense for the purpose of encouraging production. Right here it might be asked why not have it the other way: Increased production and properly regulated exchange of produce to encourage stability of finances and growth of trust and confidence among nations. Of course, modern finance and money manipulation cannot be confused with production and legitimate commodity exchange.

Evidently it is not a mere matter of finances, much as some factions would like to have us believe. Significant are two views on the Genoa Conference coming from unofficial sources. Frank Vanderlip represents what may be called the optimistic capitalist bankers. He would organize financial help for Russia and Europe in general, believing that the world could be brought back to its so-called order by supplying it with stable currency. Another view is that of John Maynard Keynes. He can see that trust and confidence in Russian economic stability must precede loans to Russia.

A view that found no expression, to my knowledge, is the glaring fact that we live in a period that discourages production. Perhaps a

study of this phase would clear up the situation a great deal, although it will not suit the prevailing conceptions of what is wrong with the world.

We must go back to conditions before the world war. During several decades the principal civilized countries became involved in large scale or quantity production that stimulated international commerce in an unprecedented manner. With commerce arose unusual wealth accumulation and power to dictate the policies in world politics. The capitalist forces saw in their power and influence the justification of their own existence and activities. They ascribe and continue to ascribe all progress to themselves as its promoters. While some progress is due to their endeavor, a closer study might bring out the fact that we are actually living in a post-capitalist period, and that the insistence to carry on things in the old way will do more injury to the furtherance of genuine progress.

Aside from the prevalent "bourgeois" viewpoint there is the Marxian socialist viewpoint. To the Marxian this is a rational world which is heading for the millenium. Large scale quantity production would make it possible to feed and clothe mankind with the minimum expenditure of labor. It would provide leisure and so bring the blessings of higher culture and education to all.

The masses would rise all over the world and submit to Marxian leadership which would convert the world, in Lenin's words, into "one office and one factory with equal work and equal pay," (The State and the Revolution.)

With these two well-defined and antagonistic views, the bourgeois and the socialist, diplomacy is now permeated. All centers in the belief or disbelief in the prevailing power of one or the other mode of production. The capitalist hates the mere idea of being his own "grave-digger." The Bolshevik politician, on the other hand, scoffs at the popular idea that trusts are detrimental to genuine progress. He would and is freely granting concessions to big monopolies,

confidently expecting to stabilize the so-called Soviet government by the eventual loan of \$500,000,000 from the Allies that would entangle the world economically and so contribute to the general and eventual breakdown of the capitalist system.

In August, 1921, in a little town near Moscow, died a noted Russian scientist and student of sociology, Peter Kropotkin. He is known to the world principally through his work, "Mutual Aid, a Factor in Evolution." Few people have read his "Fields, Factories and Workshops." This last named work is to economics what "Mutual Aid" is to the struggle for existence. In cold figures he shows us, twelve or more years before the world war, that the tendency of all modern countries is becoming one of self-sufficiency. Ideas, inventions, education and skill know no borders and fascinate all people alike.

He brings out the fact that saving of labor is not confined to large scale production, and that modern technique also lends itself to private individual use. Genius and self-determination have nothing in common with regimentation of any kind. Self-reliance must remain the goal in the development of the better individual. Without individual independence and individual initiative there is no real progress. Biologically there is a demand for economic equality. Combination, harmonism, concentration of effort must be the spontaneous expression of the people and subject to the popular state of mind.

Whether in a world of equal land distribution and ownership, the world would be better off, can be a topic of discussion. Bulgaria, Rumania, Servia, Chekko-Slovakia in part, have seen to the land distribution and education. They are in no need of a Genoa Conference, and have quickly recovered from the ravages of the war. The large countries of the Allies and Russia represent the extreme bourgeois and Marxian viewpoints with the well-known result of discouraged production.

At a recent convention of manufacturers and promoters of foreign trade in the United States, a studious mind expressed the idea that it is a lack of business acumen to waste so much time and effort to go after 10 per cent of busi-

ness with foreign countries, while the 90 per cent of home trade is neglected.

The Allies might induce the United States to supply the world with funds and indirectly loan Russia the \$500,000,000.

In the meantime all countries and all parties, with or without screened protests about Socialist political prisoners in Russia, approve of the detention in prison and mass execution of the followers of Peter Kropotkin. Perhaps there is more in freedom of speech and press than in all conferences and consortiums. We might well suspicion the neglect or partiality in the exercise of these fundamental principles. There is room for a deep and reaching universal revolution. But unless its causes and needs are better understood, all bloodshed will be in vain, whereas it could be prevented.

F. K.



By the Wayside

Since the Huns have been disposed of the stone masons of Aberdeen, Scotland, are looking for a job, and were told by their bosses that the British people are buying their war memorials and headstones from Germany. It was quite an "honor" to get shot with German bullets, but to be buried under a German headstone is to achieve immortality.



Chicago has added one thousand policemen to the force, which is hailed as the death blow of "organized crime" in that city. No doubt they are going on the theory that an increase in the number of crooks will intensify competition to such a degree as to starve out all of them.



Lososky, president of the International Trade Union Congress, says that a revolution cannot be accomplished with silk gloves. The mailed fist, which he appears to favor, has not accomplished the revolution either.



Religion is now at a great disadvantage. Business is gone to hell and the crowd is after it.

Racial Development and Environment

CRUEL and atrocious acts are so often referred to as outburst of man's savage nature; kindness and leniency as indications of man's evolution from savagery to civilization. A little excursion into the facts of history and contemporary life quickly demonstrates that these terms are not interchangeable by any means.

The intrusions of civilized man into the lives of savage and barbarian tribes has nearly always been accompanied by cruelty and unscrupulous cunning—on the part of civilized man. It was not until after the savage or barbarian had learned to hate and fear the intruder that he retaliated, and often, to the great indignation of his civilized enemy, proved a very apt pupil. We need refer only to the history of the United States, where the peace-loving, hospitable Indian was transformed into a revengeful, bloodthirsty marauder by the example of a band of civilized religious fanatics. True, the Indian lived contentedly in a rude environment, was very primitive in his desires and habits, and, once stirred to warlike action, resorted to desperate and atrocious means to fight this sudden and dangerous enemy. But there is nothing in history to indicate that in his tribal life the Indian was less considerate of the weak, less amenable to kindness and love, or more cruel than his enemies.

Place the infant of a most highly civilized and intellectually developed man and woman into the surroundings of his savage ancestors and, barring the accumulated customs and traditions which would have influenced him in that remote period, he will develop into an adult with practically the same mental and moral concept as characterized the savage. Man is the creature of his environment. The greatest scholars on the subject are agreed that while heredity gives us a certain inclination, our immediate environment—we use the word in its widest application to include the telluric and climatic conditions, food, mental and physical habits, cultural advantages, experiences and impressions gained through the contact of other individual—determines our mental and emotional capacities.



Nothing could retard progress more effectively than the fatalistic attitude of those who see in the moral, economic and intellectual life of mankind a gradual evolution with a natural upward tendency. It fosters a spirit of submission to present evils, an attitude of impotence before the grinding wheels of time which alone, according to this concept, can evolve a higher type of humanity, fit to enjoy and

properly appreciate the highest conceivable type of human society.

Mankind is said to be "ready" for this or that change at a certain period, and the assumption is that when they are "ready" the change will be automatically ushered in. An unbiased examination into history will show that change, whether for good or bad, is often the fruit of chance, of individual traits in the politically powerful or intellectually great who influence that particular period and often the thought and political institutions of generations thereafter.

Change there is — and nothing but change. Whether of a progressive or regressive nature depends largely on the boldness of man conception, the energy and determination with which he carries out his plans.

In other words, while man is the creature of his environment, he also becomes a determining factor of that environment. Economic and intellectual evolution therefore is a process not easily generalized into one broad, undeviating course, nor is it a process of even, progressive advance. Rather has it been a tortuous road, now with an upward, now with a downward tendency. True, man has today reached the greatest industrial and mechanical development, personal ease and security. But how quickly, in the path of want and devastation, he adjusts himself to the crudities of primitive life!



As to that higher sensitiveness to beauty, social responsibility, play of the intellect—in short the accomplishments of the most highly developed modern man—is not that conditioned on the degree of physical security and environmental advantages which he happens to enjoy? If the greater part of his life is spent in securing the bare necessities of life, it follows that man, whether primitive or modern, will not have much time or inclination to spend his energies in the creation or enjoyment of beauty, or in the pursuit of knowledge, or in nurturing the sweet fruit of reason and kindness upon which depend humanity's hope for social harmony. Once these necessities are secured by the labor of a few hours and cannot be withdrawn by some unforeseen whim, man, driven by curiosity, irrepressible energy, egoism, extends his activities to the creation of things and to the solution or problems hitherto considered unattainable.

Modern man, then, is in all his characteristics a close replica of his primitive ancestors. Whatever changes may have taken place during the few thousand years of civilization—and the overwhelming in-

dications are that none have—are so infinitesimal as to escape notice.

Inherently man is about as good or bad, stupid or intelligent as he was five thousand years ago, or will be in five thousand years to come. He is held at present level of development by the accumulated environment of centuries and the limit of his achievement is circumscribed only by his ability to conserve the beneficial, reject the harmful and strike out for the new. For, while man must accommodate himself to his environment, his progress depends upon his ability to resist and modify his environment in conformity with his best interest.

He has hurled himself against the relentless forces that surround him, and although it cannot be said that he has mastered them, he has compelled them to labor for him, to produce food, light, heat, power and the numerous comforts and contrivances of modern life. The thing that remains to be done is to wisely exploit the earth and its resources to the greatest good and happiness of all.

This is the task which need not be postponed to some remote, imaginary period when man shall have outgrown his "savage" instincts. It is a task that waits — requiring only the daring initiative and energy characteristic of all originality. B. W.



Sunbeams and Shadows

Liberty's night has at least its stars.

The Greek savants chose the god of thieves, Mercury, as the god of commerce.

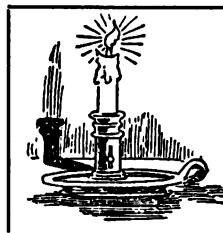
The honest politician who has no guilt on his conscience has no gilt in the bank.

When the great powers get ready to recognize Russia, Mexico and Turkey, these nations will be beyond recognition.

Max Eastman cables from Genoa that he is covering the Conference. We are glad to know that Max has some sense of decency left.

What is the form of our government, naively inquires the Legislative Counsellor. We'll let you in on the secret, ladies. It is shaped like an S with two vertical lines running through it.

Dr. Mark L. Ward, with three other American relief workers, was recently deported out of Turkey for denouncing outrages committed by the Turks in Asia Minor. Nothing to get very excited about. The Turks were probably emulating that famous patriotic slogan, originated in the U. S.: "If you don't like this country, go back where you came from."



The Open
Forum

An Interview

WHAT A GROUP OF REFUGEES HAVE TO SAY ABOUT
THE RUSSIAN LABOR MOVEMENT

"Is it correct that the Russian labor unions are state institutions instead of being independent labor bodies?"

"Officially they are not, but practically they are. Up to the present time every worker has been made to join a union by deducting dues from his wages. Labor activities, in the Western European or American sense, do not exist. These organizations are controlled by the Bolsheviks and indirectly by the government. All decisions are made in accordance with instructions from the top. In this sense, we can say that the labor unions are state organs, manipulated by the ruling party, instead of being organs of the workers.

"However, the new economic policy of the Soviet regime will have consequences which for the labor unions will lead to many complications that we cannot now grasp in their entirety. Naturally, as industry in ever greater degree is going over into private hands, an independent labor movement inside private industry will arise. But what position the Soviet workers, those who work in the state institutions, will take toward these organizations cannot be properly answered now."

"Will the Bolsheviks, on one hand, create private capitalism through its new policy and then, on the other hand, tolerate that the workers fight against this private capitalism through their organization?"

"Very likely the Bolsheviks will not permit the free activity of such a labor union movement, for in such a movement there may be hidden a grave danger for their own rule. Such labor union movement would lead to an open struggle. The great strikes in the private enterprises would easily spread over into the Soviet enterprises and thereby be directed against the present political regime. In consequence, the government will probably be compelled to combat every free labor activity."

"Here we have, then, a new problem. How will the revolutionary workers in Europe and America be able to join the "Red" Trade Union International, controlled by the Russian communists, who are fighting the independent labor union movement of the Russian workers? This will be utterly impossible. The organization joining the R. T. I. U.

would be fighting their Russian brother by supporting the Russian government.

"Another effect of an independent Russian labor union movement is conceivable, namely that a certain antagonism will crop up between the Soviet workers and the workers in private industry. Will the poorly paid Soviet workers allow their comrades in private industry to create, through their struggle, a higher standard of living than that prevailing among the Soviet workers? This is a serious problem.

"For its rehabilitation Russian industry also requires the aid of foreign workers who demand a higher standard of wages. Already now one can discern certain antagonism of the Russian workers toward the American workers."

"But if a new and independent labor union movement arises, would not that movement assume a syndicalist character? In the long run would it not be impossible for the Bolsheviks to prevent the growth of a free labor movement?"

"Yes, it is just because such a movement would be syndicalistic in character that it would become a serious menace to communist rule. Even at the present time this element is the Bolshevik's greatest foe."

"Are there any strikes in the Soviet factories?"

"Yes, they occur very often. But they are suppressed with brutal force from the outset. It is done very methodically. When a strike breaks out in a factory, it is immediately closed. Next morning a list is posted of the workers who are permitted to come back to work. Part of them are taken back, the rest disappear. No one is surprised over that and everybody knows what has happened to them.

"The greatest problem Lenin will have to face is the one in relation to government capitalism and private capitalism. As to state capitalism, the government will not permit any real labor movement. In regard to private capitalism Lenin will now have to find a compromise that on one hand will not destroy private enterprises, and on the other does not place the capitalists themselves in a hostile attitude towards Bolshevism.

"I do not doubt that syndicalism will develop very rapidly in the private enterprises, and it is possible that the government will be forced to introduce the Australian system of compulsory arbitration, modified to conform to Russian conditions and psychology. In Russia there is a great field for the syndicalist movement, and in the course of development it will wage relentless war against bolshevist institutions."



From the Rank and File we glean this gem: The Irish Transport and General Workers' Union is doing noble work in fighting the Russian famine. It has declared May Day a labor holiday.

Mexican Glimpses

Obregon's task in Mexico requires two hands—but two honest-to-goodness strong hands. The man has but one hand, his left one at that. And he is not a South-paw either. So, the Mexican "bronco" is too much for him to ride and keep steady on the saddle.

Wall Street knows it. Hence, Washington will not recognize Obregon's administration. For the American vultures want to have south of the Rio Grande a man who will be willing to and can deliver the goods. Obregon is really willing to deliver them, but they are altogether too heavy for that right stump of his to handle.

In fact, another Porfirio Diaz who could deliver almost en bloc the rich Mexican country, with its people tied hands and feet, to the Wall Street octopus cannot be found anymore, either ready made or made to order.

Times have changed, as have conditions and environment down here in old Mexico. Twelve years of armed revolution, of libertarian propaganda, of bitter experience, of renewed hopes and renewed betrayals from self-appointed Messiahs, twelve years of suffering and anguish and fruitless search for a political savior have finally taught the Mexican workers in general to distrust political spellbinders and office-hunters. Besides, while the workers organize themselves into syndicates — more or less on radical lines, preparing themselves for a final drive — the Catholic church and the independent office seekers conspire against the unfortunate, one-armed would-be tyrant.

Obregon's position is untenable, though he does his best to please everybody and plays the part of a lukewarm socialist. He has grown as fat as it is befitting to the "Chick-pea King" that he is, through his former financial manipulations in Sonora. Yet he is not fat enough to be able to sit on two stools at the same time, the proletarian's and the capitalist's, so he has come to be distrusted on every side.

It is impossible for Obregon to hold his own, without the danger, most imminent, of incurring the fate of Carranza. Because during these last twelve years of armed revolution, and largely thanks to it, the mentality of the average Mexican worker has advanced far ahead of that of his American brethren. He is not cowed into submission by his political and industrial masters. In Mexico these social parasites are the very ones who are being cowed by the strength of labor.

It is to this circumstance that we owe, among other happenings, the government hurrying to decree legal panaceas, in a fruitless attempt to check labor unrest; passing through Congress many labor laws to "protect" the rights of the toilers. The labor organizations carry on their activities unmo-

lested and are growing in numbers and strength every day.

In Vera Cruz, Orizaba and other places, large numbers of families do not pay rent to the land-sharks because the house-tenants syndicates have gained the upper hand; and the landlords of Mexico City, fearing the similar local syndicate, have voted two million dollars to build homes for the workers so as to save their own.

Some rich folks are graciously and "voluntarily" giving away to the government part of their holdings throughout the republic, to be distributed among the masses. Finally, from dawn to dusk, and well into the night, the Mexican workers, men and women, paraded the streets of Mexico City, and many others throughout the republic, and carried the red banner of the proletariat, sang revolutionary hymns, and held mass meetings everywhere on Labor Day, without the least molestation from that step-mother of humankind called Authority, lest the workers should be incensed into action. On that very day, May 1st, in your boasted land of the free and home of the brave, not even the flies stirred.

The Mexican "bronco" is too much for Obregon to ride and to keep steady on the saddle.

Wall Street knows that.

Hence, Washington will not recognize Obregon's government.

It is rumored that Obregon will again be a candidate for the high position of president of Mexico. He surely is a "popular" candidate; but he may be reckoning without his turbulent host.—E. F. M.



The Letter Box

Dr. J. T., Lodi, Cal.—We will not dispute your professional claim to the glory of Aesculapius, but what has medicine got to do with sociology?

H. D., Newark, N. J.—The mere fact that you were born on the Dnieper does not give you the competence to interpret events nor the license to dub us "damphools" because The Dawn has tread on your mental corns. Get rid of your Russophilism before you enact verbal pogroms.



Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall inherit the making of more wars.

Several killed on a sugar plantation in Porto Rico. One result of making money by raising cane.

The density of the earth's population can be gauged by the number of square people to the mile.

Oil was poured on to the troubled waters at Genoa—Standard Oil and Shell Oil. Then somebody touched a match . . .

The Labor World

According to European exchanges the Italian government has declared May 1 a national holiday. The religious radicals, highly incensed at the State's brazen impudence in stealing their thunder, will take revenge and solemnly observe February 31st—Trotzky's day of baptism.

The members of the international executive committee of the United Mine Workers of America announce that they have voluntarily decided to suspend their salaries until the bituminous and anthracite strikes are settled. According to the economic interpretation of history these officials must be soft-coal miners,—their hearts reflecting the consistence of their product.

In Russia several hundred children dying of glanders were ordered shot by the authorities to end their horrible suffering. They contracted this horrible disease when, driven by hunger, they ate decayed horse flesh. A fine spectacle of modern civilization! Those, including our own government, that helped with a blockade to keep food from these Russian children, and those who fed Russia with theories instead of common horse sense, should feel proud of their accomplishments.

A neutral international commission organized to examine into the causes of the world war, is in session in Stockholm. The commission consists of historians, jurists, journalists and military men,—birds wedded to the cause of the retainers of wealth. These commissioners are kidding themselves and the rest of us poor mortals; they might have spared their labors had they conferred with Satan beforehand. He would have told them that three elements, rent, profit and interest, due to spontaneous combustion, tore the lid off of hell.

How our constitutional wrongs follow the flag is amply demonstrated in Haiti where the U. S. forces of occupation are ruling the island with iron hand. Editors who raised a voice of protest against the ill-treatment of natives were brutally attacked and forced to work on a plantation 10 hours a day, without a hat, under a tropical sun. Others were clapped into jail for having the temerity to denounce the misconduct of a gendarme who had beaten and hung a Haitian civilian. M. Jolibois, publisher of Le Courrier Haitien was assaulted by an American officer, losing his right eye. Poor fellow, he will see enough of our democracy with his left eye!

Bound and Cuffed

Suppose that a physician should be called in to prescribe for a patient who is supposed to be dangerously ill. Suppose that the physician found the patient manacled with chains, bound with cords, his feet in irons, his hands cuffed with steel and a gag thrust into his mouth.

Suppose the physician found that the man was perfectly sane, that he was not considered dangerous, but that these chains and irons and cuffs and gags were for his own welfare—to keep him from doing himself an injury. What would that physician say?

Suppose he found that there was really nothing the matter with the man, except that his limbs were cramped from their confinement, that his hands were numb from want of use and that he was half suffocated with the gag. Now, would that doctor recommend a straight-jacket in addition to chains? or would he not say that the man needed to be freed from his ridiculous predicament? Would he not suspect that the man was a born fool and the victim of a confidence game, or that somebody has gone crazy?

Now poor, idiotic humanity is today in just that very condition. Man is bound down with economic chains, his hands are tied with legislation; a gag is in his mouth, and yet, when the radical—the advocate of a free society—says remove the gag, take off the shackles, poor duped humanity hugs tighter its chains, slips its gag demanding more chains.—R. W.



I Am Civilization

A large, strong man, dressed in a uniform and armed to the teeth, knocked at the door of a hut on the west side of Africa.

"Who are you and what do you want?" said a voice from the inside.

"In the name of civilization, open your door or I'll break it down for you and fill you full of lead."

"But what do you want here?"

"My name is Christian Civilization. Don't talk like a fool, you black brute; what do you suppose I want here but to civilize you and make a reasonable human being out of you if it is possible."

"What are you going to do?"

"In the first place you must dress yourself like a white man. It is a shame and disgrace the way you go about. From now on you must wear underclothing, a pair of pants, vest, coat, plug hat, and a pair of yellow gloves. I will furnish them to you at reasonable rates."

"What shall I do with them?"

"Wear them, of course. You did not expect to eat them, did you? The first step to civilization is in wearing proper clothes."

"But it is too hot here to wear such garments.

I'm not used to them. I'll perish from the heat. Do you want to murder me?"

"Not particularly. But if you do die you will have the satisfaction of being a martyr to civilization."

"How kind!"

"Don't mention it. What do you do for a living?"

"When I am hungry I eat bananas, dates or pineapples; I eat, drink or sleep just as I feel like it."

"What horrible barbarity! You must settle down to some occupation, my friend. If you don't it will be my duty to lock you up as a vagrant."

"If I have to follow some occupation I think I'll start a coffee house. I've got a considerable amount of coffee and sugar stored here and there."

"Oh, you have, have you? Why, you are not such a hopeless case as I thought you were. In the first place you shall pay me the sum of fifty dollars."

"What for?"

"As an occupation tax, you ignorant heathen. Do you expect all the blessings of civilization for nothing?"

"But I have no money."

"That makes no difference. I'll take it out in coffee and sugar. If you don't pay up like a Christian man, I'll put you in jail for the rest of your life."

"What is jail?"

"Jail is a progressive word. You must be prepared to make some sacrifices for civilization, you know."

"What a great and glorious thing is civilization!"

"You cannot possibly realize the benefits of it, you black scoundrel; but you will before I get through with you."

The unfortunate native took to the woods and has not been seen since.

W. M.



Politeness

A French king—it was before the Great Revolution—visited a country district. On the road through the woods he met a peasant cart loaded with a coffin. "Who's dead?" asked the king. "My neighbor," the peasant answered. "What disease?" the king pursued. "Hunger," said the peasant.

Since then we have made progress. An old man's body was recently found in the bushes around Puyallup, hanging from a tree. In one of his pockets a note was discovered, telling that the old fellow had no home, no work and nothing to eat.

But the coroner's jury did not render the verdict, "Hunger," they said, "Suicide." That's more polite to Weyerhaeuser, to Dr. Matthews, and to the State.



Dr. Adler says there are ten million feeble minded people in the U. S. Doctor, there are more people who believe Harding's prosperity message than that.

The New Gospel

The robbers of the earth ride forth,
East, west, north and south,
The sword of Satan in their hand,
And God's word in their mouth.
And woe to those whom they shall meet!
And woe to those they seek!
The earth shall drink deep of their blood,
To heaven shall rise their shriek.

They take a people by the throat:
"Stand and deliver!" say:
"We want your land, we want your wealth,
We want your freedom aye:
And would ye, ingrates, dare deny
These things we want to us,
Since we have come to 'Christianize'
And 'civilize' ye thus?"

"Lo, ye are weak and ignorant,
While we are strong and great;
And so, in Christian clarity,
We've come to rule your State.
We've come to civilize ye, and
We've come to teach ye pray.
Bow down, bow down, ye savages,
Or else we needs must slay!"

And ever around the earth they ride,
To see what they may gain;
And ever the road they ride runs red
With the blood of martyrs slain;
And ever God's name is on their lips,
Whate'er the deed to be done;
And ever the psalm of the sabre rings
With the gospel of the gun.

LIAO TUNG CHANG.



The Inner Battle

There are times when my restless being is shaken to its very depths by conflicting sentiments. I ask myself: Must I allow myself to become prey to listlessness and apathy, and merely become subservient to the whims of the masses; or must I crawl and lie and compromise in order to feed my stomach, and cover the nakedness of my mortal frame, while my better self is being destroyed?

The first thought is humiliating, the second revolting.

What then can I do to throw off the incubus that oppresses and engulfs my existence? Have I strength enough to surmount all obstacles in the path of my unshackled dreams of freedom, and yet ward off the contamination of a system of corruption and deceit? It would seem impossible.

But, my own freedom is, after all, so intimately bound up in the freedom of the masses, that only

through them can I hope to gain my own moral and material emancipation. My object, then, in joining the cause of labor is not for the purpose of sharing their slavery, but to urge them to be militant, so that both they and I may achieve and enjoy a condition of freedom.

And this is our lesson: If we mean to do anything worth while, without plunging into academic discussions,—which can only retard our development — we must put our shoulders to the wheel together with all other outcasts of the human family, and work for the reconstruction of a more equitable society,

No one of a sensitive nature and a consciousness of personal dignity can have any doubt as to the choice. Spurred on by the set purpose animating his existence, he cannot help aligning himself with the weak against the strong.

A. A.



Books and Pamphlets

"For Liberty," an anthology of revolt, compiled by Henry Bool and S. Carlyle Potter. Price, post free, 12 cents, ten copies, post free, \$1.00.

This book is a selection of the best utterances of the world's thinkers and publicists on the subject of government, law, political power and democracy, party politics, empire and liberty, state slavery, freedom, self-government and society without government.

"For Liberty" goes into the very heart of things and compels attention; it stimulates our thoughts by dealing with essentials. The compilers are to be commended for their painstaking effort, and for bringing to light an able symposium of libertarian thought that will succeed in broadening our vision and aid us in getting our bearings from a confusion of ideas.

Among the excellent features of this book we glean the following excerpt from Voltairine de Cleyre's works:

"The main evil of party politics is that it destroys initiative, quenches the individual rebellious spirit, teaches people to rely on some one else to do for them what they should do for themselves, what they alone can do for themselves; finally renders organic the anomalous idea that by massing supineness together until a majority is acquired, then, through the peculiar magic of that majority, this supineness is to be transformed into energy. That is, people who have lost the habit of striking for themselves as individuals, who have submitted to every injustice while waiting for the majority to grow, are going to become metamorphosed into human high-explosives by mere process of packing!"

Send your order to S. C. Potter, Ipley Cottage, Marchwood, Southampton, England.

Ode to a Philosopher

(By Iride Dumont)

No matter from what phase we look at it, we cannot reconcile ourselves to the attitude some philosophers assume toward the masses.

We are one with the masses.

We are asses, you say.

You have wasted oceans of ink to magnify our many shortcomings; with unbridled tongues you have made sport of our seeming ignorance, but what tangible effort have you made to cause us to evolve from our asinine state?

You have risen to lofty heights on the wings of thought; your abode is too remote for our comprehension. You cannot fathom the vicissitudes of our existence. You have held aloof from toiling humanity, you have lost the art of communicating with us.

You have excluded us—and we in turn have severed allegiance with you.

Impelled by sheer want, we developed the only asset society required of us—brawn, but beneath our rough and uncouth exterior, we, too, harbor the desire to be free.

We are gleanings experience from every defeat; privations and suffering have taught us the inestimable value of solidarity, and with this precious acquisition we have done much for ourselves, and we are still in the making.

A thought has dawned upon our mind, and it lends vigor to our efforts. We are fast becoming conscious of our strength. We have come to the realization that to attain our final emancipation we must widen our mental horizon; extend our influence so as to encompass all the outcasts within the pale of the struggle.

You are so remote from us that you cannot even perceive the spirit of restlessness and discontent pervading our ranks.

We have shaped a philosophy with our own calloused hands. It is simple, yet vibrating and direct. It needs no revision from scholars, nor sanction from law mongers. It contains the seed from which spring giant oaks, nourished with our red blood.

From your dizzy heights you do not perceive the change in our physique; you do not hear the rumbling of our voice. Look, our ears are becom-

ing smaller, and we are developing two sturdy legs instead—to kick and kick damned hard.

We are one with the masses.



It is positively shameful to hurl a "Thou shall not steal" at a hungry or ragged human being. Let us all dress and have dinner before we talk morals.—Frank P. Walsh.



Possibly honor has a better influence than law. Men will do things that are decidedly immoral when a lawyer shows them that their acts are legal. Law is often the excuse for wrong doing, where if the wrong doer were without the excuse of legality and governed by honor alone he might refrain from wrong doing.—Tolstoi.

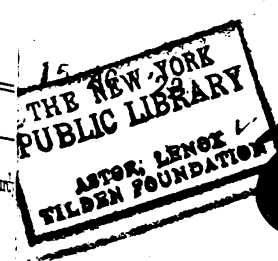


Why They Do It

Capitalist institutions, conscious of being usurpations, learn to look on the mass of the people as enemies, or at least as liable to become so under the pressure of iniquitous burdens. They therefore apply themselves to the organizing of a power equal to the oppression of popular feeling, however numerous or flagrant may be the causes of indignation.

A number of men are taken into pay by their rulers, taught to move in bodies and act in concert, to be swayed by a perverse modification of public opinion, generated and kept up among themselves, to seek for happiness in low and degrading pleasures, and to preserve only as much of human intelligence as will enable them to wield their brutal forces against the people with the greatest effect.

These individuals are bound by oath to each other and soon come to have no country but the confined space in which they are kept by their masters. The few ideas they possess are all perverted; they are instructed to take a pride in little bits of dyed wool, of shining metal, which, like silly children, they put upon their breast, and when they appear among the citizens, being dressed in different garb, they look and feel like foreigners, having nothing in common with the great body of their countrymen.—James St. John.



The Dawn

AF

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VOL. I

AUGUST, 1922

NO. 7

Sunsets, Twilights and Dawns

Lend Us Your Ear

The Dawn makes no apology for having missed one issue. We who have guided its first steps and are piloting its course against a tide of opposition, of indifference and misunderstanding; we who gave it life, thought and labor, in common with all undertaking of this nature, are hampered by lack of funds.

The Dawn receives no subsidy from any individual, party or organization. It is the free, untrammelled avenue of expression of those who issue it. It reflects the opinion of a thoughtful, uncompromising few who do not link up with any old idea that may gain temporary favor with the reformer. It appeals to an intelligent minority who has an opinion of its own, and knows how to keep it amidst derision and scorn of those who worship at the shrine of gods of clay.

It is not issued with one eye on the cash box and the other on its editorial policy, but lives and will continue to live on its merits. It behooves those who can appreciate the difficulties involved in issuing and maintaining a journal of frankly libertarian character, to rally to our support. The Dawn needs it.



The Law of Gravitation

They say there's lots of room for big men at the top. We don't doubt it judging from the number that come down every day.

Labor Day Celebration

In a few weeks, throughout America, bands of music will be heard, and the brawny and proud sons of toil will keep step to inspiring strains as they march in parade in commemoration of a day that has been legalized as Labor Day. The orator will rave in a delirium of eloquence and rob the English language of the choicest phrases to tickle the auricular organs of the working class, but the majority of the dispensers of fulsome flattery will be careful about hurling verbal lightning against the cause that enslaves laboring humanity. The thunders of oratory will be belched against effects, but the system that breeds effects will escape with impunity.

The majority of labor orators who will exercise their lungs on this occasion will denounce child labor, the brutal acts of company thugs and the militia, the debauchery of legislative bodies, and the corruption of the judiciary, but they will be silent as clams as to the cause which gives birth to all the outrages and infamies that cover the earth with misery and wretchedness.

Some of the speakers on Labor Day will pay glowing tributes to the glorious opportunities that present themselves to the citizenship of our republic, and will institute a comparison between young America and the crumbling governments across the seas. In pathetic language they will paint the poverty of the coolies in the

Orient and in words moistened with tears will portray the barbarism of the German, British, Hungarian and Spanish governments, and will then point with pride to the starry banner under whose fluttering folds, on a western continent, men are kings and women are queens, basking in the sunlight of glorious freedom, whose rays illuminate the hovel as well as the palace. The thoughtless workingman will be deluded and carried off his feet by the flowers of rhetoric that are used to drug his mentality and cover with a mask the brutal slavery that is endured in a nation hailed as the land of copyrighted liberty.

The brain of the laboring man, however, is developing, and his mental vision is penetrating the hypocrisy and superstitions of a hoary past. But little longer can the eloquence of the orator shackle him to traditions that have been venerated for centuries by infant minds. The system that has bred the millionaire and the tramp, that has built the hovel and the palace, and bred the master and the slave, is awakening the wealth producers of the world from the stupor of ages, and the distant horizon is now showing the faint hues of a coming civilization, when masters and slaves shall become men, and when the faculties of the mind will not be prostituted on the altar of God Mammon.—M. M.



Going to the Inferno

Hell is a warm subject, even for The Dawn, but it is one that should be handled without gloves. As it follows a discussion of politics and prosperity, the similarity of two subjects will undoubtedly be noticed.

There was a time when we doubted the existence of hell, but since we became radicals, we've been catching so much of the genuine article, with endless variations, that we have gradually gone back to the orthodox idea.

Among our 57,923 readers, we have a number who consider it their chief aim in life to scan every line of The Dawn for a logical flaw. It doesn't worry us any, so long as they pay their subscription. But when a preacher who borrows this journal from his neighbor 57 miles

away, has the gall to inflict upon us 16 pages of bad spelling, devoid of mental phosphorous, just because we don't happen to agree with his notions of baptism, it gives us that patent-medicine-circular tired feeling familiar to the editorial fraternity.

E. V. Tripp, an itinerant spell-binder of Arkansas, claims he has studied for the ministry, and no doubt has gotten sufficiently advanced in his theological research to be able to take up a collection and induce a ministerial longing for yellow legged chickens and female society. This bird got his soulful serenity punctured by one of our editorial remarks to the effect that "labor ought to bend every effort to bring about a condition of society wherein every human being can satisfy his physical, intellectual and sociable needs without pushing another man down." As he states, in the line up of the social jungle, he is clearly on the side of those who fawn before the holy trinity of rent, profit and interest.

Rev. Tripp says that the application of our program would cause the world to go to the dachshunds; that our utterances are downright blasphemy, contrary to the law of God. He feels impelled to enter a tearful protest, asserting, with the usual meek humility of the pious, that we are headed for the sulphurous regions on Satan's lightning express, and he's anxious that our train won't get sidetracked this side of its destination.

Of course, he's got a ticket for the other end of the line. So, good-bye, reverend. We hope you'll have a pleasant Tripp!

In the meantime, wriggle on, thou theological microbe; forget that thou hast been brushed with the tail of a blazing comet, and had thy feeble intellect dazzled for a moment by The Dawn's rays!



The Harvest Season

The harvest is here again in full swing. We are told that this year's crop will be a bountiful one. Should we not feel overjoyed, since this would seem to assure us of plenty for all? Strangely the information leaves us indifferent

and the explanation is that we know that no matter how huge the harvest, the poor will suffer of hunger.

We know that for us, conditions will remain the same. Our wages will not be able to buy any more; if we are unfortunate enough to be out of work during the winter, we will freeze and starve although there are thousands of empty houses, tons of unused coal and warehouses full of food.

We know these things because we have experienced them, if not personally, then through others, and we can expect no different things from this year than we have gotten in the preceding years.

We know that the monopolists will not change their spots and allow the poor to benefit from this bounty, but that they will do now just what they did in the past—secure a corner on the foodstuff of the country, and rather than sell at low figures, destroy the commodities indispensable to the lives of the poor.

The people take this arrangement quite philosophically. It's business, you know, and a man can do with his property as he pleases. This is the attitude that we civilized people take in the face of starvation. This is largely the attitude that we take regarding all the horrors of modern life. Business is business. All is fair in love and war. Give unto Caesar what is Caesar's. These stoic sayings characterize the spirit of the masses.

Even though we realize that a thing is vicious, cruel, and unnecessarily so, we dismiss the subject with a shrug and continue our narrow, sordid and callous existence.

We nevertheless hope for better things, we expect something to happen in some miraculous way, but never dream of doing anything about it ourselves. Our minds work in certain grooves and not only do we find it hard to grow out of them, but what is worse, we do not even make an effort in that direction.

Our feelings, our ambition, our intelligence—everything about us—is dulled, is in a state of partial paralysis. Our religion, our morals, our teachings, are a meaningless cant. Our civilization, our institutions are one incongruous, hideous lie, and we endure its vexatious

rules by drugging ourselves with lies about these lies.

If anyone presumes to tell us how to solve our economic and political problems, when we don't jail him, we pester him with numberless, smartly vindictive little impertinences.

But, as to the harvest, don't rejoice because it's going to be a big one unless you are a banker, a broker or some other member of that vampirical tribe. If you're a worker make up your mind that your wages will buy just as they did before—a mere living.



Why Not Pass a Law?

Two hundred years ago there was a law passed in France making it a crime for any nobleman to shoot more than two peasants during any one day.

The law came about in this way:

The scions of the nobility would go hunting and when game was scarce they were given to shooting at the peasantry, to show their marksmanship; the thing had gone on until it inconvenienced the owners of land, and their protest gave rise to the law.

In this age, while the scions of our wealth dash over the country in autos, showing how fast they can run, killing people every day, we should pass a law that if they run over more than two people in any one day they shall be fined fifty cents and costs. Why not do the right thing?



Summer Reflections

An honest man is the noblest work of God. And today they are about as scarce as hen's teeth, at that. Old Diogenes once went about the streets of Athens with a lantern, looking for the noblest work of God. Had he done that in Seattle, in Chicago or New York, the cops would have run him in for a lunatic. Besides, they would have stolen his lantern before he got away from the police station.

We knew an honest man once. He was a real estate dealer. He is dead now. His neighbors thought him a little queer. His name was Strange. When he died, they put on his tomb-

stone the words: "Here lies an honest man." Even those who did not know him, when they read it, said: "That is Strange."

An honest man is the noblest work of God. This is why most of our statesmen, politicians, and financiers like Morgan, are self-made men. Honest men are so rare that the making of one requires the intervention of a deity.

Many philosophers contend that character is moulded by environment. For example, a comparatively honest man is elected to Congress, goes to Washington, and in six months he will, with a quarter of a chance, steal the dome off of the capitol. Such is the effect of association.

Once upon a time a magazine offered \$1,000 for the most unreasonable lie, to be written in a form of a novel. The editor received one that began thus: "Once there was an honest politician and a truthful newspaper reporter—" Without reading further, the editor sent the money to the author, saying he had written two lies that never could be beat.

Ananias was the champion prevaricator of his day. There were no lawyers or newspapermen in those days. Had he lived today, he would have been either a staunch republican or a rabid democrat, or news editor on the Pravda. His talent would have merited him a position as chief scribe for the prosperity message on the urban and suburban billboard.

One of our Sacramento readers tells us that he once asked a constable of his city what he was going to do with the large number of crooks infesting the city. The constable replied that most of them would leave when the legislature adjourned.



Monsieur Pierre Nul

People who make a routine of moaning over the outlandish fashions flaunted by women, will probably be interested in this sketch of a Paris dandy displaying his insignificance at the latest horse races: "Pierre's eyebrows were carefully shaved, a line of blue paint drawn over them, while a heavy crayon mark took the place of a moustache. He was sockless and wore a diamond and sapphire anklet."

All of which merely proves that when men

have nothing better to do than draw attention to their clownish persons, they resort to the same artifices as do women.

Both are the results, not the causes, of a purposeless, corrupt life.



Introspection

There was a man once, a satirist. In time his friends slew him and he died, and when they were all gathered about his open coffin, one of them said: "Why, he treated the whole world like a football, and he kicked it!" The corpse opened one eye, "Yes," he said, "I kicked it, but always toward the goal!"



The Foreigners

The professorial fraternity to the front once more. Dr. Walter E. Clark of Nevada University, favors the world with a luminous bit of news of the tin-pan variety when he informs us that "all the problems in America today are due to aliens."

Quite so. Were it not for aliens there would certainly be no problems in America today — at least so far as we are concerned. There'd be nothing but Indians and happy hunting grounds.



Sam Slumbers

Samuel Gompers informs us that European standards and ideas on the emancipation of labor cannot be applied to American conditions. He says a mouthful. Libertarian aspirations are impracticable in a country where trade organizations are still dancing to the jazz tune of the eternal fraternity of master and slave.



The Teachers of Ethics

A marked copy of the official organ of the Amalgamated Order of Gimlets has wended its way to The Dawn office, containing a glowing account of a symposium held among the leading luminaries of the Communist coterie on the subject, "How I Became a Rebel."

Leaving modesty aside, these essays on mythology are both charming and unique. As fiction, they form an absorbing narrative of two lofty and benighted souls, predestined by the inexorable laws of economic determinism to play the role of guardian angels over America's revolutionary integrity, and ordained by the Kremlin Synod to redeem the boobery from a faithless life of incredulity and sin. That is eventually—not now.

We will freely concede that the perpetrators of this mutual admiration fest are quite within their rights when they make damnphools of themselves without half trying. What concerns us, at this juncture, is their attempt to inflate their vainglorious and exalted personalities at the expense of truth and common decency. Their malicious attacks on those of the left for not having fallen for the Communist fiasco is an indication of jesuitical casuistry, a cheap appeal to the prejudices of the gallery.

They feel their foot slipping into the bog of compromise. Their position has been rendered untenable by dissension within their own ranks. Their "unity front" is a mere smoke screen to conceal the policy of penetration into the labor organizations, not to make them a nucleus of revolutionary energy, but vassals of the Communist state.

Bob Minor may sketch as a Nubian lion and write like a Russian bear—but we shan't hold this against him. There is, however, one episode in his adventurous pilgrimage in the land of Bolshevism that has been inadvertently omitted by his autobiographers—the most significant and illuminating. Here's the rub. Maybe he has forgotten it—or wishes he had.

We will refreshen his memory. Bob holds the distinction of being one of the first American correspondents who chronicled Russian events as they were being kaleidoscoped on the pages of human history in the memorable days of the revolution. His series of articles appeared (horrible to relate!) in the New York World, an 18-karat capitalist zeitung, and the chief characteristic of his correspondence were the nasty things he said about the Bolsheviks. That they were self-seeking opportunists whose activities had been superseded by two other

movements of the people, more libertarian and far-reaching in character.

According to Minor the role played by these reformers was that of establishing themselves at the Smolny Institute and give legal sanction to what the workers had accomplished by themselves, converting the benefits thereof to the exclusive advantage of the nascent ruling power. Once saddled on the workers' back they curbed all creative energies, stifled free initiative.

Let it be said to his credit that despite the fact that his impressions and observations on Russia were penned for a journal at the service of the retainers of wealth, they were animated by broad revolutionary comprehension. He wrote the truth, as he saw it, free from any preconceived notions.

Of course, he hadn't read Engel then, not even Machiavelli. He didn't know which way the tide was going to turn. In the titanic struggle between the state and the people he prudently chose the winning side. Success in politics largely depends on one's ability to sit astride the fence, and then hop in with the majority at the psychological moment. To be in the swim, to be heralded as a leader of men, a dictator to the proletarian boobery who croak the sophistries of their elders; a saviour, are advantages that in this decrepit civilization cannot be gainsaid.

He changed his mind a little, then a little more, until he identified himself with strange bedfellows—his enemies of yesterday.

Now since he has been absolved from his former heretical sins by linking his fame and fortune with that weird conglomeration of misfits who take orders from the Russian Ghengis Khan, he can well afford to cooperate with Slippery Eastman, of Wilsonian fame, in formulating an elastic, double-standard code of "revolutionary" ethics: an angelic one for themselves, a diabolical one for the unruly.

Foster's fanciful flights across the European continent, collecting revolutionary material for Bolshevik criticism; his ability to master six languages and fathom the intricacies of 57 labor movements, all this within the span of three months, is too staggering a feat for our comprehension. Besides, he is past master in the

art of fluttering from one ism to another, seeking a place to roost. As an ardent advocate of the general strike, he has consistently lived up to his teachings since he left the Wobblies. He dances to the tune of Bolshevism now, and true to his cause, preaches what he practises. Poor Comrade Foster has got his mental trolley twisted; he barks at the moon. In his color blindness, he has mistaken the tail of the labor movement for its head, and when the restless beast kicks over the traces, he'll be there—on the side of reform.

Then there's our friend Bill Dunne. On his pilgrimage to Holy Russia to pay his respects to the Pontiffs, stopped off to settle some passport irregularity with the Stettin, Germany, police. They liked his Celtic brogue so well, that he was extended a cordial invitation to lodge at the city bastille. To his great disappointment he did not even get a glimpse of the land of promise; the kiss that was to be impressed on the sacred icons of Bolshevism dried on his lips. Cruel fate! Ungrateful Huns! He knew we knew how his plans had miscarried, and fessed up the same night of his Seattle meeting. This fact did not deter the chairman Kate Greenhalge to herald him as a crusader just returned from the citadel of the revolution, nor did it deter Bill Dunne himself from dealing with the Russian situation as an eye witness staggering under a load of "first-hand" information.

He too has learned his lesson, through a correspondence course in Bolshevism.

As we said before, this is the age of cant. The radicals by stifling honest criticism and discouraging independent thought, pave the way for deception and misleading propaganda.

Toiling humanity is too prone to fish in the rainbarrel of credulity. Being more sentimental than logical, more concerned with words than with facts, chaff more than wheat, froth and bluster more than reason, whoop's her up.

And we laugh so that we may not weep!



The Russian worker is supposed to have a say in the government, but he is too prudent to say it.

Wilson's Advice

A Belgian veteran of the World War was found unconscious from starvation in the Pension Office Park at Washington. We hope that to revive him they read him President Wilson's statement:

"The men in the trenches, who have been freed from the economic serfdorm to which some of them had been accustomed, will, it is likely, return to their homes with a new view and an impatience of all mere political phrases, and will demand real thinking and sincere action."

A genial Oklahoma editor remarks that while the cast off shell of the unknown hero is the recipient of the elaborate mummeries and hypocritical worship of the fatwads, the unemployed, unwanted living heroes, are expected to enthuse as much as they can on an empty stomach.

If these doggone living heroes had only had sense enough to get killed, who knows but that their abandoned ashes might be honored, too?

They were a nervy lot to come out of the war alive and become a problem for our fatwads and their political representatives to avoid.

These gentlemen had an ample number of pressing problems to adroitly dodge as it was, without the pesky soldiers adding another.

The ex-soldiers insist that heroes have got to eat and clothe themselves.

But the fatwads have already disproven that theory. They have conclusively demonstrated that fatwads have got to gorge themselves and that heroes can go to the devil.

The only hero a fatwad has any use for is a dead hero.

You see, it's this, boys. The next time you go to war you should stop in front of a bullet and do what you can to stop it. You will stop it all right. Also vice versa. Then pinch yourself and make sure that you are dead.

You will then be right in line for the ardent admiration and deep devotion of the fatwads. If they can find what's left of you they will stick a slab in the ground over it and hire a man to keep the cemetery looking tidy. Won't that be nice of them?

Never again make the mistake of coming back alive.

What do you suppose the fatwads bring on war for, anyhow?

So they will have the fun of spending their war profits to show you a good time and pay you bonuses?

Well, if you think that, you have a guess of an entirely different color coming.

Don't you know it takes money to do stunts like that?

How could the fatwads have yachts and urban palaces and summer homes and sporting clubs and retinues of servants and bejeweled women and sparkling booze and gorgeous limousines if they spent their war profits on rabble like you?

Your cue was to be dead, and here you are alive, darn it.

How can you be so unreasonable?



War, What For?

It is announced that during the war German and Allied artillery unearthed a wonderful Roman temple, buried 2,000 years ago. Maybe that's why the war was started—in the interest of archaeology.



The Crime of Punishment

The prison is a makeshift and an escape. It is not a solution. We would hide our sins behind its walled towers and barred windows—conceal them from ourselves, says Frank Tannenbaum. But the prison is an open grave. It returns what we would bury behind its gray walls. Its darkness and isolation only make the sins we would forget fester and grow, and return to stalk in our midst and plague us more painfully than ever.

We would cover up our sins of omission—for that is what crime and criminals largely mean in the world—by adding sins of commission. That is imprisonment. Having failed to bring equality of opportunity into their lives, having robbed these unfortunates of their chance in society, to bring them light, understanding, comfort and good-will when it was

needed, we justify our callousness and our desire for vengeance by scorning the spirits we have thwarted, by breaking the bodies we have bent.

It is our attempt to escape accountability for the crimes we have committed against the men and women we call criminals. The prison is a reflex. It mirrors our hardness, our weakness, our stupidity, our selfishness, our brutality, our hate — everything but social consciousness, everything but our understanding and sympathy, everything but our intelligence and scientific knowledge.

Punishment is immoral. It is weak. It is useless. It is productive of evil. It engenders bitterness in those punished, hardness and self-complacency in those who impose it. To justify punishment, we develop false standards of good and evil. We caricature and distort both our victims and ourselves.

They must be all black, we all white; if not, how could we impose upon others what we would not admit as applicable to our own flesh and blood. But that is not true. The difference between us and them is mainly relative and accidental. The main difference between the so-called criminal is that he lives on the wrong side of the prison wall.

Imprisonment is negative. It takes all, it gives nothing. It takes from the prisoners every interest, every ambition, every hope; it cuts away, with a coarse disregard for personality, all that a man did and loved, all his work and his contacts, and gives nothing in return. It is this that makes education so essential.

Education is always a challenge. It is constructive. To educate is to give something. It is to give the means to a new life, a new interest, a new ambition, a new trade, a new insight, a new technique, a new love, a drawing out of self, a forgetfulness of one's failings, and the raising of new curtains—the means to self-discovery.

Education is a charm and a challenge—not only a means to a better livelihood, but also a means to a better life. It is not only what the man learns that is important, but what happens to the man while learning. One cannot acquire a new skill, develop a new interest, be brought

in contact with a world of new ideas, without becoming different — essentially different — in one's reactions to the world about one, in one's demand of it.

And while it is a worthy sentiment to get men out of jail, let us also be logical and get the jail out of men. The institutions that foster both crime and punishment stand indicted in the light of reason and equity.



The Representative System

Is it not indeed absurd to take a certain number of men from out the mass, and to entrust them with the management of all public affairs, saying to them: "Attend to these matters. We exonerate ourselves from the task by laying it to you; it is for you to make laws on all manner of subjects: armaments and mad dogs, observatories and chimneys, instruction and street-sweeping; arrange these things as you please and make laws about them, since you are the chosen ones whom the people have voted capable of doing everything!"

It appears to me that if a thoughtful and honest man were offered such a berth, he would answer somewhat in this fashion:

"You entrust me with a task which I am unable to fulfil, I am unacquainted with most of the questions which I am called upon to legislate. I shall either have to work in the dark which will not be to your advantage, or I shall appeal to you and summon meetings in which you will yourselves seek to come to an understanding on the questions at issue, in which case my office will be unnecessary.

"If you have formed an opinion and have formulated it, and if you are anxious to come to an understanding with others who have also formed an opinion on the same subject, then all you need to do is to communicate with your neighbors and send a delegate to come to an understanding with other delegates on this specific question; you will not entrust your delegate with the making of laws for you.

"This is how scientists and business men act each time they come to an agreement."

But the above reply would be a repudiation of the representative system, and nevertheless it

is a faithful expression of the idea which is growing everywhere, since the vices of representative political institutions have been exposed in all their nakedness.

Our age, however, has gone still further, for it has begun to discuss the rights of the state, and of society in relation to the individual; people now ask to what point the interference of the state shall encroach upon the multitudinous functions of society.

P. A. K.



By the Wayside

Corporations have neither bodies to be kicked nor souls to be damned.



The Amsterdam congress brought out the fact that the world war was a self starter.



Graft is charged, says a headline. Well, it won't be long until the people will get the bill.



It is not surprising that the cost of living keeps on going up. The largest item in it nowadays is gas.



One to destroy is murder by the law; to murder thousands takes a specious name and gives immortal fame.



A reader asks when will the next Nobel prize be awarded. Just as soon as Mr. Nobel finds any peace going on anywhere.



One difference between Ireland and America is that over there there wasn't any more shooting on the 4th of July than on any other day.



You may have noticed that when two members of Congress start to call one another bad names no one outside of Washington, D. C., disputes them.

The future of the world, we apprehend, is more red than rosy.



Democracy is founded on the fear of heroes and the cult of zeros.



Two Omaha burglars sang a hymn while holding up a store. They probably were relatives of those who sang "America" during the war, as they held up their country.



Delegates to the Genoa conference seem to be all wrought up about some clause or other, evidently afraid somebody will get their claws onto something when nobody is looking.



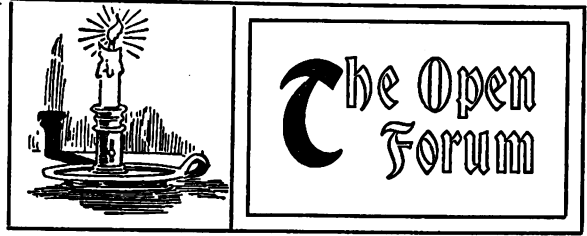
An old English rhyme current at the time when thousands upon thousands of acres of the common lands were fenced in by the large landholders, reads: "The law condemns a man or woman who steals a goose from off the common; but turns the greater villain loose who steals the common from the goose!"



Senator Myers of Montana declares that "free love, dissipation, debauchery and drunkenness" flourish in the motion picture colony in Hollywood. He is the sponsor of bills demanding official censorship and investigation of the "motion picture industry and its products." No doubt Senator hopes to do some of the "investigating" and we suspect he will not be altogether averse to sampling the products.



Ordinarily we are not inclined to be hypercritical and it may seem carping to pick on a typographical error, but this one is too tempting. In reporting a recent explosion where nine men were blown to atoms, a local newspaper expressed, quite accidentally, the common cynical attitude toward industry's toll of human victims by referring to them as "all mere employees." A psychologist might suspect the "unconscious" of the printer responsible in this case.



The Laws of Nature

Nature, in its various manifestations, reveals to us that atom attracts atom, molecule joins molecule, freely, and the body thus formed partakes of the same freedom. The cell grouping of an heterogeneous body is developed harmoniously and contains all the energies necessary for the growth of all the various organs. And so with everything that comes under our vision and observation is a free association of countless atoms, harmoniously changing—an endless mutation.

Today owing to the artificial aggregation of individuals brought together irrespective of tastes and inclinations, the word "society" is devoid of meaning. The present struggle which men, willingly or unwillingly are engaged in, cannot be spoken of in the same breath with free association, or the combination of physical, intellectual and natural forces aiming at the welfare of each and all.

Every effort is bent on annihilating other efforts; rivalry, competition, domination, hatred and their inseparable following, vilification and violence, have full sway.

Tomorrow, men will associate freely, according to mutual needs and requirements. Man is a sociable being with a latent desire for expression. Man is only half himself, the other half is his expression, says Emerson. To develop one's faculties, to realize one's individual worth, to unfold one's capabilities will be the normal conduct of every human being.

When our minds will not be steeped in prejudice, free from the conventional lies, economic, political and moral; when we will be imbued with a spirit of initiative and break our faith in saviours, human and celestial, and intensify our desire for examination and analysis, we will live fully and intensely.—A. A., New York City.



Woman—Man's Equal

The women who champion the equality of the sexes should be interested to learn that Dr. Martha Whiteley of England was the joint inventor of the terrible S. K. tear gas, one of the most deadly weapons used by the allies in the world war.

So much of man's inventive genius is devoted nowadays to the invention and perfection of instru-

ments of murder that woman, eager to prove her equal skill, may attempt to supplant man in this hitherto unchallenged field.

We think that a more important and befitting work awaits the ambitious woman, but unfortunately, the vision of the usual "emancipated" woman soars no higher than a wish to imitate and emulate man's least desirable accomplishments. Among these are human slaughter and slavery, evils under both of which she has been and is the greatest sufferer, and of which she should be the greatest enemy. — Mrs. Winifred Baldwin, Lima, O.



Zoological Specimens

An article soliciting American help for starving Russians by Dr. Elizabeth Shapleigh, in a current magazine, states that when she visited the children's soup house at Buzulyk, near Samara, they were being fed "a thin, dirty looking concoction, and some cocoa without milk. They had no bread or anything else. The 'soup' was made of the bones of the head of beef, of the legs below the knees and a few livers, hearts and lungs."

The question naturally arises, what becomes of the other, the more choice and nutritious parts of the animals? Communist propaganda has insisted that the children of Russia are getting the best of what there is. Surely, if there are animals to butcher, they cannot be composed of heads and feet, livers and lungs alone.

My knowledge of animal anatomy is too superficial to explain why Russian cattle are built that way. The hungry Communists, if not the starving mujiks can perhaps throw some light on this perplexing zoological question. — S. F. Morris, Baton Rouge, La.



The Tragedy of Motherhood

Leah Silver is in the Coney Island Hospital, a prisoner, suffering from a nervous breakdown. At her bedside sits a policeman to prevent her escape. Just what her crime was is not clear, except that she bore a child out of wedlock and, after an 18 months' struggle against a harsh and revengeful world, denied admittance into "charitable" institutions, and confronted by the imminent birth of another baby, deserted her child in a Coney Island swamp, where he nearly died of mosquito bites. She was arrested and placed in jail where her condition became so serious that physicians had her removed to a hospital.

Every effort will now be made to nurse her back to health, her second child will be born and Leah Silver will be thrust either in jail or, twice handicapped, back into a relentless world of sham piety.

Doubtless many people of smug respectability, especially women, will say that so depraved a creature should be humiliated and that no punishment would be too harsh.

But Leah Silver might reply that a society which chatters piously about the sanctity of motherhood, and persecutes that maternity which has not paid the regular fee; a society which forces the mother to feel that she and her child are objects of loathing and hatred, needs not feel scandalized if the mother, driven to desperation, resorts to murder or self-annihilation.—J. B. T., La Grande, Ore.



How We Are Advancing

That the world is forging ahead is amply demonstrated by the antics indulged in by the followers of the various radical sects. The spirit of unity is in the air, and no one seems to escape its all-pervading influence. For instance:

We have the Communists cooperating with world capitalism for the rehabilitation of Russia. The Socialists uniting with the Farmer-Labor party to capture the reins of political power. The Wobblies kicking the cat as evidence of repentance of their past "misdeeds." The Syndicalists cooperating with the Communists who are cooperating with capitalism. The Anarchists losing their bearings. The labor unions leaders fornicating with the enemy while the craft is foundering.

Verily, we are advancing, — advancing towards the enemy's trenches—with a yellow flag.—Card No. 137,246, Nelson, B. C.



Still in the Dark

Relative to the probe instituted by our political weather cocks into the affairs of war-time profiteers, it's a mighty lucky thing that the world doesn't have to depend entirely for its enlightenment on what Congress has found out in investigations.—Charles Beauchamp, Harrisburg, Pa.



Civic Pride

The "Seattle Union Record" devotes a three column editorial calculated to arouse its slumbering readers to a sense of civic pride to be exemplified in the investment of money for the erection of a \$3,000,000 hotel to accommodate the steady influx of wealthy visitors.

Let it be said to Seattle's credit that the huge hostelry in luxuriance and appointment, will rival anything of its kind this side of planet Mars.

This is gratifying news to me. No longer will I

be compelled to put up at the Great Northern Box Car No. 197,283. I'll have a magnificent suite with a style Renaissance bed to lay my weary head and limbs after trotting all day along the skid-road boulevard in quest of the elusive job.

At last, — thanks to the "Record," — I can dispense with vile liberty steak and have my fill on qualls on toast with mushrooms au gratin. Three cheers and a tiger for the "Record"—the workers' bosom friend.—H. D. Calvert, Seattle, Wash.



Church Property

The kept press that is howling itself hoarse over the commandeering of church treasures by the Soviet government purposely ignored the historical fact that the immense wealth of gold, silver, jewels and precious stones in the hands of holy birds who have cast their vow of poverty, was garnered by cunning and stealth, if not by sheer physical force, in connivance with Rurik and Romanoff dynasties. I hope it is true that the money derived from its sale is expended for the relief of famine sufferers and not for the purpose of swelling the coffers of the government.

Perhaps it has escaped your notice that despite the glowing accounts of sight-seeing innocents abroad, according to the "Russian Information and Review," a Bolshevik organ printed in England, in Moscow alone there were 19,401 persons registered as unemployed, and their number is daily increasing. In other Russian cities and towns, their number is equally appalling.

If easing the church of its treasures will result in alleviating the suffering of the Russian people, the indignation of the press is wholly unjustifiable.

Let it be understood that this step is solely intended as a palliative. The whole political and economic scheme of Lenin is a fallacy, therefore open to question. — Ollin J. Miller, Dubuque, Iowa.



A Wonderful Discovery

Rt. Rev. David Lincoln Ferris, Republican, Mason, 33 K. T. and member of the Home and Family Life Commission of the Portland Episcopal Convention, to be held in September, has made a startling discovery. His signature graces the following:

"Industrial conditions affect the home. There are conditions of the employment of girls under which they are influenced to supplement their remuneration with the wages of shame."

This condition can be remedied, for according to the report "we touch the root of the family problem when we point to the lack of religion in the home."

From this we conclude that a diligent study of

the bible and its precepts, a faithful attendance at Sunday school and church, not to mention contributions to the holy cause will provide heavenly manna for girls in factory and stores, who now must pinch along on \$13.50 a week—or less.

No longer need girl workers worry about a pair of shoes or tomorrow's lunch. "The Lord will provide."

But what a great stride for these theological gentlemen, who have always declared that prostitution was a result of women's own sinfulness, her love of finery, her vanity, her heritage from Eve!

Quite a discovery, we must say. — W. S. H., Seattle.



The United Front

That the Bolsheviks are working feverishly to establish a united front with capitalist governments is evidenced by the following news item appearing in "Il Lavoro," a Communist organ of Genoa. It is regrettable that Maxine Eastman, the Comstock of the "revolution," who went to Italy expressly to cover the ill-famed conference, should have allowed this delectable morsel of news to escape the notice of his sagacious journalistic brain:

"Tchitcherin is about to leave. This evening or tomorrow morning he will take the Genoa-Milan-Brenner express headed for Moscow. It seems that his contemplated trip to Rome has been definitely postponed, the reasons for this change in his plans have not been learned.

"Before leaving, Tchitcherin paid a farewell visit to the authorities. He called on the prefect of police, on the mayor and other officials expressing intense satisfaction for the cordial reception tendered him and his colleagues.

"Yesterday, in one of the halls of Eden Palace, he extended his heartfelt congratulations to the chiefs of the police force. Police Commissioner Silvestri, Assistant Commissioner Orsini, Public Prosecutor Romano, Chief of Detectives Cilento were present at the reception.

"Tchitcherin praised the Italian police for its zeal and efficiency, especially that of Genoa, whose vigilance and foresight spared the Bolshevik mission many inconveniences. He spoke very highly of the entire police personnel, and expressed his regrets at his inability to give a Russian decoration to all the police functionaries owing to the fact that in Soviet Russia the only medal of honor, the Order of the Red Flag, is reserved for the vallant defenders of the Bolshevik fatherland who have distinguished themselves by acts of heroism.

"As a substitute for a decoration, he announced that he would tender each one present a suitable souvenir in the name of the Soviet government, and, accordingly, presented Commissioner Silvestri with a magnificent cigarette case of solid silver, in-

laid with gold and studded with rubies, with a personal inscription exquisitely engraved thereon.

"The assistant commissioner, the prefect and various other police officials, were the recipients of valuable presents. Each gift bears the Russian Soviet emblem, the hammer and the scythe, with the wording "Federal Socialist Republic of the Soviets" in bold relief. A solid gold cigarette case was also presented by Tchitcherin to the police commissioners of Rome and Naples. Four cigarette cases of massive gold, studded with diamonds and rubies will be tendered to four high government officials of Rome. One of them is intended for Marquis De Nobili, of the Italian delegation, under whose auspices the Genoa Conference was called.

"The names of the other recipients are not made public. Each police officer detailed as body guard to Tchitcherin during his stay in Genoa received his autographed picture."



Under the title "The Vatican said to have recognized Moscow de jure," the "International" publishes, without a word of comment, the following dispatch:

"It is officially reported from Moscow that the negotiations between the Vatican and the Soviet delegates have resulted in the recognition by the Vatican of the Russian government 'de jure.' The treaty concluded corresponds very nearly to a concordat. Members of the Order of Jesuits and of the Franciscan Order receive permission to reside in Russia, with freedom to found churches, schools, and humanitarian institutions. The Russian government guarantees its protection for these institutions. It also intends to create shortly a Russian embassy in the Vatican."

This is the rigorous logic of a "revolutionary" government, which in the effort to maintain and consolidate its position—the prime object of all governments, no matter what their professed goal may be—will soon have made every possible compromise with the enemies of a free society.

Having granted facilities and offered tempting concessions to those who enslave the workers' body, the capitalists, the natural complement of such action is to extend protection to those who would enslave his mind.

Soon, it seems, the only remaining enemies of the "official revolution" will be firstly the revolutionists who are still true to the revolutionary ideal, who persist in advocating what all history teaches, that the goal is not to be attained by the path of compromise, and against whom all powers of repression are employed—prison, ill-usage, death.

Secondly, the workers who, having thrown off their yoke, find themselves forced into opposition to a new officialism in whose hands they are still to be pawns in the game, and as far off as under the old

tyranny from the control of their own destinies, so that they may have freedom to develop their social organism and to carry on their industries in accordance with their own ideas and knowledge of their needs, and not with fine-spun theories imposed from above.

Oh, people, how many more lessons of this kind must you have before you learn that when you rise with the hope of liberty in your hearts there is no bitterer enemy of the revolutionary masses than a "revolutionary" government?—E. Irvine.



Books and Pamphlets

"Anarchism vs. Socialism," by W. C. Owen. Freedom Press, 127 Ossulston Street, London, N. W. 1. Price 10 cents.

"England Monopolized or England Free," by W. C. Owen. Freedom Press, 127 Ossulston Street, London, N. W. 1. Price 5 cents.

"Autumn Leaves," by Mory Berman, translated by Alfred G. Sanftleben. Mory Borman, 4221 East Side Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal., Price 75 cents.

"The I. W. W., a study in American Syndicalism," by Paul F. Brissenden, Columbia University Press. To be reviewed in our next issue.

The Workers and Peasants of Russia How They Live

By AUGUSTINE SOUCHY

A reviewer in The Dawn says: "It is with a distinct feeling of relief that one turns to this book and discovers—as we previously suspected—that besides Lenin, Trotsky and Tchicherin, et al, there exist in Russia a few million of workers and peasants, and we learn something of their aspirations and struggle, wisdom and ignorance, sublime sacrifice and sordid self-interest which animate these inarticulate masses. . . . The work of a thoughtful, observant worker who sees in the Bolshevik leaders men of ordinary honest purpose who have approached their problem from the wrong end." 30c a copy.

Send orders to The Dawn, 1215 Barclay Court, Seattle, Wash.

The Labor World

Sam Gompers, in one of his public speeches, is reported to have said: "It is a regrettable feature that after the fervent patriotic spirit manifested by the labor organizations during the war, the capitalists recompensed the workers by taking away their beer." Sam is too modest in his indictment against capitalism; he is painfully silent about the essential crimes committed against his patient flock, such as the products of their toil, and the opportunity to be masters of their own destiny, just because of their jingo patriotism and their gullibility to follow his blind leadership.

Governor Stevens, of California, says that he cannot pardon Mooney and the others because there is no evidence that the labor movement wants them released. All too true in part. The labor grafters who have been in control of the labor movement do not want Mooney released. They have played hand in glove with all the enemies of the working class in America, and it is high time that a thorough house cleaning were made of organized labor from Sammy the Gump down to the doorkeeper in the smallest union, who does not come out openly for the release of all industrial and political prisoners.

The American labor movement is undergoing one of the worst crisis in its history. Half a century of trade-union activity, sponsored by timid and apologetic leaders, has rendered the worker as helpless and supine as ever. In vain one seeks for a gleam of intelligent foresight, or an offer for a salutary remedy for the predicament in which it is now involved.

The same program, the same blind leadership. Feeble tactics, feeble results. Craft pitted against craft, the whole labor movement looks on with criminal indifference.

Experience has taught labor absolutely nothing. It matches its hard-earned pennies against the bulging capitalist coffers and expectantly awaits for the miracle to be performed. The meaning of solidarity is as strange to it as moral suasion is foreign to its foes. The capitalists, in the meanwhile, entrench themselves behind the bulwarks of the state and thumb their noses.

The miners are entering their fifth month of strike and despite their overtures to the government, acting as mediator in their controversy with the operators, the solution of their knotted problems still remote.

A feature which is calculated to lessen their chances of winning their contention is the insistent rumor that U. S. Shipping Board vessels will be chartered to carry coal from England to supply the coming winter's demand.

Will the British miner rise to the occasion and spurn the chance to show a real united front with the struggling American miner? That is the burning question.

The railroad shop mechanics have gone on strike also to resist a cut in wages. The aristocratic conductors and engineers and their assistants are doing yeomen's service to the companies by manning the trains. It seems that the identity of interest between workers in our beloved land is a myth, a snare, a delusion. Trade union scabbing seems to be a token of high-minded citizenship, a civic duty, according to Stone and his ilk.

A lack of class-consciousness is also shown by the "intellectual" printers who, with impunity, set up advertisements calling for scabs. No small wonder that Sacco and Vanzetti, the Wobbly political prisoners are jailed or executed in the face of this array of monumental stupidity and short-sightedness.

The New York Stenographers, Bookkeepers and Accountants Union recently was deprived of its charter in the A. F. of L. because, in the opinion of Sam Gompers, it is too "red." Curiously enough the Seattle Office Employees Union suffered the loss of its charter not long ago because it included employers as well as employees among its members.

Pity poor Mr. Gompers, who must keep his bleary eyes ever roving over his motley assortment of unruly charges to suppress insurrection and radicalism there, and reaction, even exceeding his own standard, here. Pity also those credulous souls who have lived happily in the belief that Seattle represents the very acme of radicalism, for there is nothing that hurts more than the destruction of our fond delusions.



The Letter Box

M. F. B., Kellogg, Ida. — You are mistaken, we do not believe in the nationalization but the internationalization of women. Big names are not awe inspiring to us; we are interested in a libertarian conduct of life, not in paying homage to individuals, no matter how high they stand on the zoological scale.

J. McM., Flint, Mich.—Yes, we know the secret of "successful" labor journalism; tack to windward with one eye on the pilot. We are not built that way, however. Thanks for sub.

E. S. R., La Grande, Ore.—If you wish to make a voluntary contribution without any strings attached thereto, we will gladly accept it.

Government by the Workers

UNTIL a few years ago it did not have much effect to warn the workers against going into politics for the purpose of establishing their own government. There was some justification in the usual reply that we will see when the workers will have reached their goal.

Much has changed since those days of dreams. Government by the workers has become a reality. The Socialists are in power in Russia. In other countries they have given us the opportunity to study their methods and to get acquainted with their administrative tendencies.

Let us note a few outstanding facts. First, as to the "successful" Russian government. A cable by Hal O'Flaherty from Stockholm to the Chicago Daily News has this to say:

"Six months ago conservative bankers in Sweden firmly believed that the Russian Soviet authorities had shipped to foreign countries as much of their gold reserve as they dared; in fact, many stated publicly that the Bolshevik treasury had been exhausted.

"In view of these authoritative statements from men closely studying the situation, it is now interesting to record that since January 11, 1922, the American consulate in Stockholm has issued permits for shipments to the U. S. of Russian gold valued upon mint declarations as equivalent to \$34,345,500.

"The shipments were consigned in about equal proportions to the Equity Trust Company, The National Bank of Commerce, The Irving National Bank and The National City Bank. Ostensibly these shipments of gold mean credit in New York for Swedish banks, but indirectly the Soviet government is piling up a credit, which in the last two years has reached close to \$200,000,000.

"Furthermore, there is no sign of a cessation of the flow of treasure from Russia. Since April 6, two cargoes of gold have been unloaded at Stockholm, amounting at present rate of exchange to \$21,200,000. A portion of the last consignment is already on the way to the U. S., and the remainder is awaiting shipment. At least half of the recent shipments consist of French gold pieces of unknown origin. The gold cargo unloaded here recently weighed over thirty tons."

It is evident that the difference between the Tsar's government and that of the Bolsheviks consists only in this; the Tsars used to put their gold in the Bank of England, while the Bolsheviks consider U. S. banks more safe, the center of capitalism having shifted. One and the other government have in

common the fear of the rising of their discontented people. They will both let the masses die of starvation.

It must be recorded for all time, that in the fall of the year 1921, Fridtjof Nansen asked \$25,000,000 in order to be able to save from death by starvation the masses of the famine stricken districts of Russia. The Bolshevik government had more than ten times that amount! By not giving the proper assistance in time, Russia's economic losses will amount to hundreds of millions of dollars.

The cow that would have given milk for a family during six months or a whole year, if fed, say \$25 worth of feed, is now dead. Instead of the wholesome milk at a cost of \$25, children are receiving adulterated capitalist substitutes to the value of several times \$25. Or else the children die. Thus the monetary loss, as evidenced, in the period of a few months is equal to the value of the cow, say \$100 and the extra cost of food together with its delivery, perhaps, \$40 above the original \$25 that should have been spent in the first place. Consider the loss of horses and other livestock, and the above figures can be duplicated again and again.

These considerations raise the question as to which was greater with the Bolsheviks, governmental criminal negligence or stupidity.

In the light of such events the workers of other countries still acclaiming the coming of Socialism in Russia merely betray the customary workingmen's ignorance. But the workers' leaders, the editors and writers carrying on Bolshevik propaganda cannot be excused.

Read the various accounts of the ill-famed Red Trade Union International. Think of the many versions of all working class papers professing true Marxism, from the New York Call to Solidarity. It is a long chain of misrepresentations, wilful omissions, false pretensions, etc. To make things worse, the air, filled with the poison of hatred and deception, reverberates with calls for "unity" and a "united front." The least discriminating mind can come to but one conclusion: If there is a difference between the government of the workers and that of the bourgeoisie, the comparison is not favorable to the workers' government.

No one knows this better than the Russian workers. A letter recently published in the *Amerikan-skija Isvestia*, by Comrade Yarchuk, a prominent Kronstadt revolutionist, puts it as follows: "We stood for the Soviets in order to first break centralized power and then turn the Soviets into purely advisory bodies."

Soviets means Council, and the popular Russian council of the village was for long centuries the institution of equals that could dispense with legislators and dictators.

Will the workers ever learn the lesson?—F. K.



The Devil's Own Way

We were walking along the avenue one day, the devil and I, and we were talking. That is to say, I was talking; I was asking questions. Satan didn't answer; and he had promised to answer.

"I will answer truly any questions you really ask me," is the way he had put it. "I will tell you anything you can understand."

My question was simple enough.

"How did you defeat the great prophets and balk the religions so?"

He looked at me with a curiously quizzical expression, as if he didn't understand what I meant or doubted that I did. I illustrated, therefore.

"The founders of the great religions, Moses, Jesus, Mohammed: they had the truth or parts of it. That showed they could grasp more. How did you keep them from going on and getting it all?"

He didn't answer; he looked as if he wished me to explain further. I did.

"But what they saw, they announced. They gave their visions to the people, and the people heard them, gladly, and believed. And then—"

He was looking across the street, idly. I could not make out that he had even heard what I was saying. It was very unpleasant, the silence and all. I went on:

"Jesus, for example; Christianity took hold of men. Rome trembled for a while, fought the Christian, persecuted them, drove them underground; in vain. Christianity conquered Rome; the emperors bowed to it and believed; and Rome was the world then. And yet, just when the Christian religion had gained the whole world it lost something. It became—what it is today."

No answer.

"What did you do?" I persisted. "And how did you do it?"

My question was almost a plea. I really wanted to know. And still he did not answer; he only smiled faintly. He seemed to be interested in the great crowds of working men who were out for their nooning on the avenue. He watched them come and go; he frowned; he smiled. Maybe he was thinking of labor. I tried that.

"And then there's the great labor movement, which has shaken the world again and again. The workers rose, became aware of their wrongs, of their might. And Rome trembled again, just as the modern world trembles. And then, in Rome, nothing

happened. What did you do? And now, here. What's the matter with organized labor today? What are you doing to its leaders, for example?"

Silence. He was still looking across the street, but not as before, not idly. His attention seemed to fixed upon a spot. I looked where he looked and I saw—

What I saw startled me. I saw a man reach up into the sunshine and grasp a piece of truth. It was a little bit of a piece, but it was the truth. No wonder the devil was interested.

I looked at him, expecting to see alarm on his countenance. There was none. He was so utterly untroubled that I couldn't be sure he had either seen or understood what had happened. I then sounded him.

"Did you see that man get that piece of truth?" I asked.

He nodded, but he made no reply.

"You don't seem to be disturbed by it."

"No," he answered absently.

"But you see how it would hurt business, don't you?" I urged.

"Yes," he said and smiled. "It would hurt mine."

"Well, then," I persisted impatiently, "why do you take it so easily?"

"Because," he answered patiently, "I know what to do about it."

"What will you do?"

"Why," he said, "I shall tempt him to organize it."

L. S.



"Bars and Shadows"

"Bars and Shadows," by Ralph Chaplin; the Leonard Press, New York City. Price \$1.00.

A pretty little book of poems, most of them written since the author was confined in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, in the famous Chicago I. W. W. case. It is a curious mixture of real poetic expression and obvious attempts at rhyme and rhythm. Many of the poems are characterized by a vehemence and choice of words that make one feel the poet is blustering rather than expressing the passion and loathing his subject justifies. Some of the prison poems have in them the true lyric quality, but few lines grip us, being characterized by pretty imagery and sentiment rather than the fire and spirit which we have associated with Chaplin's work, notably certain of his poems which appeared in his former book, "When the Leaves Come Out." Tucked away near the end of the book is what I consider the best poem of the collection, "To My Little Son." It contains only four short verses, but they convey the simple sincerity of true feeling which alone can waken in us the responsive chords of complete sympathy and understanding.

The Millionaire

The gold that with the sunlight lies
 In burstin' heaps at dawn,
 The silver smilin' from the skies
 At night to walk upon,
 The diamonds gleamin' in the dew,
 He never saw, he never knew.
 He got some gold, dug from the mud,
 Some silver, crushed with stones;
 But the gold was red with dead men's blood,
 The silver black with groans;
 And when he died he moaned aloud,
 "They'll make no pocket in my shroud!"
 —Joaquin Miller.



The Bull of St. Malo

Concernin' the bull-fights at St. Malo, people have not failed to deplore the barbarism of such sports and their introduction into the little town of Brittany. I agree with those who do not see any necessity for this innovation.

Neither the natives nor the bathers expressed any wish for bull-fights. But on the point of view of the barbarism of the sport, I am not without my doubts. It seems to me that if the bull of St. Malo, realizing the fate that menaced him, could talk, he might express himself somewhat in this manner:

"Restrain your tender feelings! I have been given no choice in this matter, but if I were free, I should much rather be tracked down in the ring than to be knocked on the head without words or glory in a slaughter house.

"Kindly note that at least I have the chance, before dyin', of manglin' one of those idiots who exasperate me with their red rags, their goadin's, and their treachery. I shall be killed in the end, undoubtedly. But I would rather be killed by the stroke of a sword in the heart than a hammer's blow on the head.

"People may be amused by it all, but at least there will be in the sport a certain nobility, and I can say that I shall meet death with ceremony. Picture to yourself what happens in the slaughter house — the poor beast with a leather mask, a rope over his nostrils, makin' him lower his head

to the ground, his skull broken with a dull blow! And all that happenin' in an atmosphere of heart-sickenin' odors, on a sticky, bloody floor.

"Ah! how much more I prefer the arena, where I can raise my head proudly and look at death face to face. Before weepin' over my death, just go and take a turn through your famous slaughter houses. You will tell me that in the abattoirs we die in the service of humanity, and in the arenas only for its amusement. How do you expect that to appeal to a bull, even to a poor ox or a cow?

"Long live glory! I would rather die on the battlefield, perhaps with one of my enemies on the end of my horns!"—Remy de Gourmont.



The Complete State

Now I am at last relentless,
 I declare that the social order is to be superseded by another social order.

I know the quality of your folly when you go about the streets lookin' in the dust of noisy oratory for the complete state.

I know very well that when the complete state appears it will be because you bring it to others, not because others bring it to you.

And I know that you will bring it, not as a burden upon your back, but as something unscrolled within.
 H. T.



August Showers

Duty is what one expects from others.

As the dollar raises in value man sinks.

Justice uses scales to weigh the bribe offered.

In the old days men had the rack. Now they have the press.

Only in a society of equals can a man be master of himself.

Great warriors, like great earthquakes, are principally remembered for the mischief they have done.

Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom, must, like men, undergo the fatigues of supporting it.

Stained -
4/5/24.


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VOL. I

SEPTEMBER, 1922

NO. 8

Sunsets, Twilights and Dawns

Enters the Villain

The great miner's and railroad shopmen's strikes have elicited many a mournful wail from the professional writers. The "dear public" has come in for its usual share of commiseration, the poor railroad companies' and coal operators' injured feelings have also been administered their quota of salve and the long suffering wives and innocent children of the strikers have been inundated with ready tears of the journalists.

In the background of all this mummery, known more through the sufferings of his victims than by his actual appearance on the stage, hovers the villain—the striker. A surly, obstinate fellow who interferes with the industries and pleasures of society, starves his children and indulges in an all around orgy of cussedness for the grim and perverse satisfaction of going on strike.

Some of our clever journalists admit that the attitude of the employers might be just a trifle stubborn, but nevertheless the workers should not be allowed to strike; they should not be allowed to inconvenience the public, inflict hardships upon their own innocent wives and children. They should be compelled to submit their differences and grievances to a government court of arbitration. Stop this barbarism, this stupid warfare over the prostrate body of the nation, cry the journalists.

That the workers are laboring under hard-

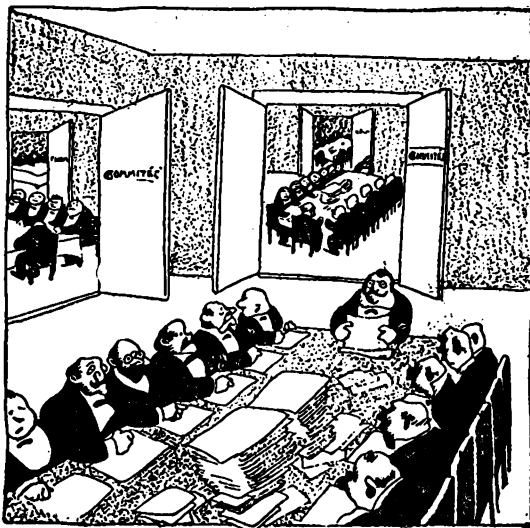
ships and sore grievances, no one, not even our doughty journalist, attempts now to deny. But the strange part of it is that neither the journalists, the public or the politicians are in the slightest degree aware of them until such time as the workers refuse to labor under these harsh conditions.

It is only when the workers strike, when the coal ceases to come from the mines or the cars stand idly by in the railroad yards that the journalists, the "moulders of opinion" become aware of the fact that the coal which drives the wheels of industry and keeps them comfortable, represents the life and labor of thousands of ill paid, poorly housed and over-worked human beings.

The miners, were they of such feeble spirit, might spend their lives underground, assume the shapes and habits of burrowing animals—just so long as the coal continued to make its appearance above ground, no one, not the journalist, the dear public or the various philanthropic gentlemen who devote their lives to the service of their country, would raise the faintest squeek of protest.

When the miners are trapped by a cave-in, their path of escape cut off by a wall of fire, blown to atoms by an explosion, or when they are suffocated by the deadly coal gas, they make material for a sensational headliner. They are so many human atoms ground up in the relentless jaws of industry and are forgotten by the

PERFECT HARMONY



AFTER HOLDING SCORES OF CONFERENCES, THE DIPLOMATS HAVE AGREED THAT THE WORLD'S WEALTH SHALL REMAIN STOLEN.

journalists almost as soon as the ink on the paper has dried. But let them go on strike and they become material for headlines that scream of national disaster, sinister influences undermining the foundations of society. They assume the proportions of a conscious, dynamic force and the fact of their existence is brought into sharp relief. Then every effort is made to cajole, bully or persuade them to go back to work and submit their demands to the tender mercies of government arbitrators—gentlemen who owe their political existence to the big employers of the nation.

The workers should learn from this that even the merest reform is gained by self-assertion, by striking boldly and directly for the things they want. Then, even though they are given the reputation of blackguards, child-starvers and what not, they at least get some measure of what they are after. And, after all, there is more satisfaction in having gained the reputation of a villain than that of a spineless worm.



They have discovered in their fine politics the art of causing those to die of hunger who, by cultivating the earth, give the means of life to others.—Voltaire.

Morals and Moralists

There'll be no twosome bathing parties in Zion City, Ill., if Wilbur Glenn Voliva, pastor of his flock, and successor to Alexander Dowie, the monumental fakir, can prevent it.

He has ruled that men and their wives—or other men's wives—must keep their distance while bathing. His moral latitude prescribes that the moral and virtuous distance for mixed bathing, is 500 feet, 6 inches.

Fathers shall have the custody of their sons and mothers their daughters. The arms of the female bathers shall be bare only to the elbow, and legs of the gentler sex are not to be worn without stockings.

Besides, here are some moral rules intended for the preservation of the spiritual integrity of that most holy city:

The word "cuticle" must be effaced from Zion dictionaries as lewd and indecent. Legs of tables must be made square; well-turned, shapely legs, tapering gracefully, style Renaissance, are too suggestive, therefore they must be concealed under three yards of loose burlap. Babies must not look at their mother while nursing.

Live stock, dogs and cats will not be allowed to run loose promiscuously without appropriate garments. A partition of no less than 9 inches in thickness must separate the milch-cow and its milker.

All chanticleers to be decapitated on general principles; while sparrows are forbidden to make their nest without a written consent of Pastor Voliva, subject to the police regulation of Zion.

As a token of superior morality; as evidence of high-minded consistency, Voliva announced to his flock that he invariably performs his ablutions in a full dress-suit with a stove pipe hat on.

This step can be viewed as the expression of pruriency that wells and bubbles in certain moral personalities. They see evil everywhere, unconscious that all they see, to their vision, is colored by the veil of their own evil-mindedness.

The presence of this element is a menace to culture and civilization. So delighted they are

to revel in things defiled that they do not realize that this seeming condition is symptomatic of themselves.

Their activities are to be regretted, for if they have effect beyond their capacity to persecute and annoy it is to set up in the mind a train of undesirable thought. It is nothing more than lewdness exercising the right to be censor, and in doing this to expose its bogus virtue, its grotesque zeal and its crass ignorance.

If our good moralists want to suppress something, the absence of which would be elevating to morals and cheering to intelligence, let them commit suicide.



The Proletaire and Strikes

The whole industrial and commercial world is in a state of internecine war, in which the proletaires are masses on one side and the proprietors on the other. This is the fact that justifies strikers in subjecting society to what The Nation calls a "partial paralysis."

It is a war measure. The laborer sees that he does not get his due. He knows that the capitalists have been entrusted by "society," through its own external representative, the State, with privileges which enable them to control production and distribution; and that in the abuse of these privileges, they have seen to it that the demand for labor should fall far below the supply, and have then taken advantage of the necessities of the laborer and reduced his wages.

The laborer and his fellows, therefore, resorts to the policy of uniting in such numbers in a refusal to work at a reduced rate that the demand for labor becomes very much greater than the supply, and then they take advantage of the necessities of the capitalists and society to secure a restoration of the old rate of wages, and perhaps an increase upon it.

Be the game fair or foul, two can play at it; and those who begin it should not complain when they get the worst of it. If society objects to being "paralyzed," it can very easily avoid it. All it needs to do is to withdraw from the monopolists the privileges which it has granted them.

We are here to let in the light of liberty upon political superstition, and from that policy can result no captivity to corruption, no subserviency to monopoly, only a world of free laborers controlling the products of their labor and growing richer every day.

Fortunately for liberty, there is no oppressive respect for law. Men, to be sure, glibly talk about law, but what are the facts? What do men do when the law and their pocket collide? Which is stronger, economic interest or the shalt-not of the law? Let the corporations and trusts answer. They are vehement upholders of the law—at the expense of organized labor, for example. Let the belligerent strikers and their sympathizers answer. These, too, want plenty of law—for the capitalist.

The abolition of privilege and of monopoly can only come through the dissolution of political institutions in the economic organism of society.

B. R. T.



Labor and the Tariff

The identity of interests between capital and labor is daily receiving more drastic confirmation. When the present tariff on steel and iron was being considered, the manufacturers set up the plea that protection for their product would accrue to the benefit of their employes. Congress passed the desired tariff, and the Steel Trust at once proceeded to demonstrate its good faith and the celebrated identity of interests by reducing the wages of its workingmen.

We should be grateful for such salutary lessons. Their repetition will help to awaken the Atlas of Toil from his Rip Van Winkle sleep.



Austrian Prosperity

In Austria, where they seem to have no scruples about publishing unpleasant facts concerning certain phases of life at least, it has been given out that prostitution has kept pace with increasing poverty.

Besides the seventeen or eighteen thousand professional prostitutes registered with the police, there is a large number of women who se-

cretly practice prostitution as a means of increasing their incomes.

By far the largest portion of these latter are women of the former bourgeoisie, wives of army officers and members of the middle classes. Primarily they are women who have always been dependent on some man for a living the same way as they always did — merely by being women.

The only difference between this and the former means of existence is that it is less respectable.

The solution? Ours would be the abolition of poverty and riches alike, the economic independence of everyone, including women.



Why the State?

The most common features of modern thought is the wail and plaint against man's original sins, and the necessity of government or some kind of restraint to check his anti-social proclivities.

In fact, it is not peculiar to this day and age, but has been echoed and re-echoed down through time, and has gained so much momentum through authority that we feel constrained to look into the matter to see what it is about.

Really the results of our investigations are disappointing, especially if one happens to be in the retinue of the ruling class, but encouraging if one is simply a plain human being wanting freedom and needing it for the good of the race.

Authoritarianism has an arrogant habit of interpolating itself as the true guiding spirit to progress, and the tireless, conscientious worker for the common weal. We are inveigled into the fool's belief that we will advance if ruled wisely and properly, and perish if not.

The votaries of government tell us that our natural tendencies are to go backwards, but in the light of modern science we know that that is an ancient lie, a lie as old as slavery itself. We learn from biology and anthropology that the line of progression is in the opposite direction, forward, on to new and undreamed of possibilities.

We know that all the epoch making deeds

have been carried out either when authority was not looking, or in outright defiance to its dictates.

When man first climbed down from his home in the trees and stood erect, and planned for the morrow, he was ridiculed, and called a fool, an impractical dreamer, by those who stayed at home, but we are glad to acknowledge him as closer to us in descent than those timid home bodies devoid of the adventurous spirit.

Authority, in the form of the church had no better chances any time than in the middle ages to prove its worth, when there was not a single educational institution except the monasteries for two hundred years.

During that time when new ideas did spring up in spite of the stupid educational system, they were immediately crushed out by the torturous methods of the Inquisition. So great was the hulking shadow of the church at that time that we call it the dark age, and yet it was no different in nature than the "law and order" governments so ardently upheld at the present time.

Things have changed very little in regards to the free, unrestrained exercise of man's latent powers. While common people all over the world are busy at their daily work producing necessities, creating beauty, and renewing life to enjoy it, stupid governments look on making faces, doing nothing except in a negative way.

Even in that greatest of all upheavals, the Russian revolution, paid for so dearly by the blood of thousands of earnest men and women, seems threatened to go down in futility with all its magnificent achievements just because a bureaucracy fails to fade away when no longer needed as the good book says it should.

Governments are now taxing their wits in thinking up ways and means for justifying their existence, and when anything begins to justify itself, it has already entered the twilight of death. All things that are useful and beautiful need no justification.

B. R. L.



Never in Custom's oiled grooves
The world to a higher level moves.

Our Long-Eared Brother

An ass was peacefully grazing in a field. One day his master ran up to him, breathlessly, and shouted:

"Say, beat it! He's coming!"

"Beat it, what for?" replied the ass, greatly surprised.

"Can't you see the enemy coming? Run I tell you," admonished his master.

"Well, what of it? What will he do to me? Will he kill me?" asked the beast.

"Oh, no; he wouldn't do that," answered his master, "because you would be more useful to him alive than dead."

"Do you think, then, that he would make me carry four sacks of corn instead of two?" the ass inquired.

"No, I hardly think so, because I've learned from experience that you cannot carry more than two."

"Well, then; this being the case, you'd better beat it yourself," concluded our long-eared brethren. "Since my condition as beast of burden cannot be made any worse by a change of master, why should I worry?" And he went on grazing unconcerned as ever.

If the worker would only profit by this asinine philosophy.



Black and White Hands

Once in a while the daily scandal mongers being short of spicy material to purvey to the suffering public, fume and rave over the numerous blackmailing schemes and imperatively demand the extermination of that crafty set of captains of industry operating under the fantastic name of Black Hand in this land of real estate honesty and integrity.

Who knows but what this frenzied campaign on the part of the press isn't inspired by the fear of competition in a field that has proven lucrative and successful, judging from the newspaper skyscrapers adorning the rugged sky line of many of our metropolises?

These chaps with dark eyes and curled mustachios hailing from sunny Italy are gradually assimilating our ways and manners, and thanks

to the Society for the Advancement of American Ideals, they are gradually adopting our code of ethics besides taking an extended course in political education.

Why should they work for two simoleons a day when with a few hieroglyphics scribbled on stationery they can ease the spoilers of some of their unearned increment? Why should they lose their Roman pride by demeaning themselves at the humble profession of track layers for the C. M. & S. P. Ry. when with a spark of self-determination they can attain that degree of respectability so dear to us hundred percenters?

The trouble is that they are scabbing on the professionals, and these, like real job-conscious union men, won't stand for it, and get the walking delegate after them.

Of course, the powers that be are being invoked to ferret out this pesky class of miscreants. And why shouldn't they? We can't reasonably expect them to tolerate a state within the state. It would be suicidal for those who eat out of the public trough.

The most plausible reason, however, for demanding the extermination of these birds sailing under blood-curdling names seems to be that they thrive and prosper outside the pale of law; perhaps within it they found a crowded profession.

Oh, sacred golden calf! What is the use of being so squeamish when the trend of modern civilization is to get money, no matter how, when or where, but get it; when the ethics of Mammon rule over every institution—church, press, state and school; when the mercenary tendency is an indispensable requisite to secure power, consideration, prestige, respectability?

The underdog, who cannot hope to rise above his wretched condition, unless he makes a resolute attack on the economic defects of society, need not fear the sleek operations of the Black Hand for in this land of opportunity there seems to be plenty of immaculate white hands that can play the bunco-steering game to perfection.



The best government is the one that governs most.

A CHANGE OF HEART



SOVIET TRADE ENVOY.—“In Russia, owing to our sound economic policy, there are many advantages awaiting the investor.”

MR. GOLDBAG.—“Ah, in that case those who defamed Bolshevism owe you a public apology!”

In Our Colonies

The Washington authorities are making strenuous efforts to improve the conditions of the Filipinos. An edict has been issued to the local government to suppress all gambling, bringing home to the native the biblical injunction that it is better the body should perish than the soul may be saved.

Yet, fearing that the precious soul may suffer from the avoirdupois of its tenement, the body, our government has built a high tariff fence against Philippine products, which means the hunger cure for the pacified islands.



Ido and Esperanto

A well-intentioned reader suggests that we devote some space each issue for the study of Ido or Esperanto on the ground that the acquisition of these two universal languages will tend to cement a bond of solidarity between the world's workers, now divided by artificial

boundaries, language, racial animosities and jingoism.

We are unreservedly in favor of the dissemination of learning. Knowledge, free examination, analysis, criticism are factors upon which the world's enlightenment solidly rests. No stage of progress in science and technics could have been reached without the aid of these combined factors.

But it seems to us that while our reader's intentions are commendable, we fear that he is approaching the problem from the wrong end. Humanity's social, political and economic afflictions are not due to the fact some of us were born in Kalamazoo, Antofogasta or Timbaktu, or speak a different jargon, but are solely the resultant of the disparity of conditions brought about by the domination of man over man, within the confines of each country.

If the identity of tongue is intended as a panacea for the cure of social belly-aches, or is advanced as an indication of harmony of aims and purpose, why is it that within our own country, or among the English-speaking people in general, the different social elements—even the radical fraternity, are at loggerheads when the most fundamental problems are concerned?

It is evident, then, that it is not through a universal language that we can effect an international understanding, but through the recognition that each individual, each community, each nation is to be allowed to follow his own destiny in the light of his own reason and comprehension, according to his own standards of what constitutes the moral, political and economic requirements.

What is really desirable and far more important than the adoption of a universal language is the universal awakening of minds that will recognize this fundamental and libertarian conduct of life and realize the imperative necessity of seeing that it is respected.



A Freak of Nature

The situation developed out of the trial and subsequent death sentence imposed by the Bolsheviks on a group of Socialists, alleged to have made an attempt to subvert the Soviet govern-

ment, has called forth a spirited protest from the American Socialist fraternity.

One cannot scan the Russian political and economic horizon without realizing that all of the Communist's internal policies have been characterized by series of monumental blunders. No jesuitical casuistry can conceal the deplorable fact that their dictatorship of the proletarian, ostensibly enthroned to check any reactionary revival, has been converted, in reality, into a repressive agency operating against their opponents of the left.

A state is a state. It is not a Tolstoian symposium. It does not bespeak of reason or eloquence. It is not amenable to moral suasion or sentiment. It is power, — unstinted power—exercised against the recalcitrants who refuse to submit to its mandates.

The Socialists are staunch statists; in fact, their philosophy, their social scheme is the very incarnation of state power with all its implied prerogatives.

Bearing this in mind, it seems pertinent to ask our friends the Socialists, in the event of their ascension to power, what attitude would they themselves assume toward those of the left who would undermine their rule?

It may be possible that with their magical touch they can exorcise a freak of nature. Or, perhaps, by the alchemy of sentiment and ethereal notions they can conjure a state something like the following:

A government that does not govern.
A congress which passes resolutions.
An army trained to shoot craps.
Courts to play tennis.
Judges of good liquor.
A Che-ka that detects its own crimes.
A police force that clubs its own dome.
Jails made out of frosted ginger bread.
An electric chair run by grape juice.
Soliloquizing politicians.
Deaf, dumb and blind diplomats.
Doctors who experiment on their own hide.
Editors who believe the lies they retail.
Lawyers who put hands in their own pocket.
Censors who like The Dawn.
Teachers who are not hackdrivers.
Preachers who will go to their own inferno.

A Four-Legged Officer

You'd better be careful how you treat dogs after this, even if they annoy you; for they may be the reincarnation of some high official seeking a tender place to test his incisors.

This is the extraordinary experience of Anthony Martin, arrested in Albany, N. Y., by the railroad police who are guarding strike-breakers.

There had been trouble at the yards in which two detectives were slightly hurt. A police dog was set to trail men suspected of having fired several shots. The dog snapped at Martin who, unaware of the dog's sacred mission, threw a brick at it.

Forthwith he was arrested and hauled into court and charged with interfering with Officer Dog in the discharge of his duty.

Bow to His Canine Majesty of Albany!



There are rumors from Washington that a new anti-trust law will be proposed to Congress. When we view the great increase of trusts under the old law, we are justified in shuddering at this additional burden.



The Communist party opposes any division in the labor movement except that which divides it into dictators and those dictated to; they, of course, to assume the former role.



It is now definitely established that Russia has gone back to capitalism and we suppose the "comrades" will once again call us "yellow" if we decide not to support capitalism.



To show that everything is getting into better shape, a fashion journal announces that corsets are coming back into style.



The American worker is again fighting for democracy, this time against his enemy in the rear.



What about your subscription, friend?

Fair Weather Ahead

Maj.-Gen. Charles Farnsworth, chief of infantry, U. S. A., in a recent address delivered in San Francisco, said in part:

"Wars between great nations will occur in the future just as they have in the past. I feel the hour of war will come to our country within the lives of many of us here. Any system of draft proposed for another war must exclude only the feeble-minded and the physically unfit."

In view of the death-dealing devices that will be employed in the next abattoir, let us rejoice at the thought that only the unfit and the feeble-minded will be left to transmit our deeds of valor and sublime heroism to posterity.



Laconics

Drape me with a fig-leaf, said Prudery.

Decorate me with epaulets, said Mediocrity.

Clothe me in the robes of righteousness, said Sin.

Deck me with the garments of innocence, said Vice.

Put sincerity's gown upon my shoulders, said Deceit.

Place the crown of fidelity on my brow, said Disloyalty.

Cover me with draperies of love, said Lust,

Give me the staff of tolerance, said Persecution.

Adorn me with the cloak of liberty, said Tyranny.

Beautify me with the dress of duty, said Irresponsibility.

Garb me with the habiliments of humility, said Pride.

Then Truth said: Let me be naked and unashamed.

V. R.



War is to be despised as bearer of physical suffering, and for the economic loss it involves; but more so, because it awakens in man a brutal and savage instinct. The most appalling criminal tendency has its complete triumph in the art of warfare.

Sunbeams and Shadows

Charity is a parasite living on the evils it pretends to alleviate.



Profit is the amount the workers pay their masters for the privileges of earning their own wages.



Speaking of psycho-analysis, we are shackled by a repressed desire to get at the root of things.



Opportunity knocks for everybody once, they say, but in all too many cases she knocks them right out.



Marriage must be made a stable thing, so says the Bishop of Missouri. We object to it for esthetic reasons.



The average worker has returned to his pre-war occupation. He is looking for the same job he was looking for.



To settle the controversy between Wm. J. Bryan and the evolutionists would it not be proper to investigate whether his opponents' pedigree doesn't end where his begins?



Solon, of ancient Athens, was given the job of improving the condition of the poor without destroying the prosperity of the nobles. Our present Congress takes unto itself the job of increasing the prosperity of the rich without destroying the lives of the poor.



A wedding between two camels was recently performed as a part of an entertainment by a Seattle lodge. A Shetland pony acted as bridesmaid while a donkey performed very capably the part of best man. Sounds like the average, doesn't it?

The American people during the last year spent \$27 for chewing gum every time they spent \$1 for books. We always thought the jaws of our countrymen were twenty-seven times busier than their heads.



Naturally President Harding waited until the bankers and oil magnates got through with the Mexican representatives before asking the latter to talk with the president regarding recognition. Harding knows who bosses the United States. You can't fool him.



Forty prisoners were recently sent from San Jose, Cal., to fight fires in that vicinity. It appears that "dangerous" criminals confined behind prison walls for the protection of society, are allowed to leave their cages, occasionally, also for the protection of society.



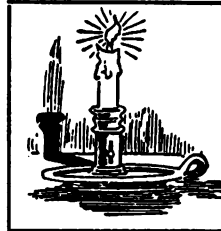
New regulations greatly liberalizing the restrictions under which rabbis and other ministers obtain sacramental wine were issued by Internal Revenue Commissioner Blair of Washington. With these blessings dangling before the eyes of a thirsty clergy one may expect a huge religious revival.



The Tory faction in England charges that the Lloyd George government has been selling titles in exchange for political contributions. If the titled Tories were to trace their own family history, they would, in all probability discover that their titles are the reward of their ancestors' connivance in the marauding expedition of early robber barons.



When the king of Italy proposed visiting the mother of former Tsar Nicholas she replied that she would not receive anyone who shook hands with the murderers of her son, referring to the Bolshevik emissaries to the Genoa Conference. The Bolsheviks are not so squeamish. To stay in the saddle they would even kiss the hand of the executioners of their fellow-communists.



The Open Forum

Equal Freedom

Those who set themselves to defend equal freedom have chosen a hard task. It is hard to qualify freedom without destroying it. Freedom is a proposition of infinite latitude. No one can fix the boundaries of freedom. Whoever asserts unqualified freedom admits this point. Those who pin their faith to freedom do not bother themselves about the boundaries and landmarks. Asserting it, they leave all to define it, each for himself.

But to posit equal freedom, a definition of terms is unavoidable. Where there are more than one definition, a choice must be made. And this is the end of equal freedom, for by this very discrimination between man's equal right of judgment, you have a denial both of quality and of freedom itself.

Freedom plus equality equals O.—A. Gutenberg, Sequim, Wash.



Bryan and Evolution

Allow me to suggest a way to close the absurd polemic between Mr. Bryan and the evolutionists. Why not inject the human germ into a female ape, chimpanzee or orang-outang and allow it to be developed. Isn't a mule the offspring of a horse and an ass, thus proving the close relationship between the two animals?

I believe that the above experiment is scientifically possible, and for the sake of truth it ought to be made. — Ned Nige, correspondent of the Sociedad Cientifica "Antonio Alzate," Mexico City.



What Rights Has a Child?

None, if we agree with William Taylor Sumner, bishop of Oregon. He states: "We recommend an aggressive campaign of Christian education and we believe that it is practicable to provide Christian educators as part of the public school system. Statesmanship must give attention to this need."

If the plans of the worthy bishop succeed, children will be forced to spend their energies over a musty volume of myths and vulgar stories whether they will or not.

It is interesting to conjecture what attitude will

be taken toward atheist children. No doubt they too must go through the holy mill, for system stops at nothing. Undoubtedly official attitudes toward them will breed ostracism on the part of their fellows.

The school will be made a battlefield for religious warfare, since the public schools include Mohammedans, Jews, Catholics, Methodists, Christian Scientists, and what not.

And must the teacher be the arbiter of these disputes? We fear that the bishop has taken on a little more than he can handle. It is hardly fair to expect a Presbyterian teacher to arbitrate a theological debate between a follower of Bob Ingersoll and a pious son of the Catholic flock, is it not, bishop?

Perhaps we anticipate too much. It is unthinkable that the schools should permit sacrilegious discussions, so death-dealing to law 'n' everything.

You are, nevertheless, inviting disaster to good discipline when you try to force Christian education upon the freethinkers. You might unwittingly cause the seed of doubt to be sown among your meek members. Oh, be careful! Save your "Christianizing" for the holy day, because you will have then, the weight of undoubting numbers.—W. S. H., Kirkland, Wash.



On Free Speech

Neither fanatics nor purely practical persons can understand the value of free speech.

Fanatics believe so much in their own theoretical fancies that they cut off the heads, figuratively at least, of those who express disagreement. Practical persons, noticing that some who speak or write get temporarily in the way of routine or the immediate smoothness of their mal-administration; also cut off the heads, figuratively, of those who express disagreement with economic or political methods.

In order to understand the value of free speech, one must not consider the present so much as the future.

Free speech is moral capital to be used in the future character production. It is moral insurance against the future imprisonment of the mind. It is an indication of faith in the potentialities of the individual mind. It is the full recognition of the fact that truth is not finished, and that any new right that may come must be welcomed and not extinguished.

William Allen White did well to make another test of free speech and free press in Kansas. The industrial court ruled that to post a placard expressing sympathy with striking shopmen was picketing and, therefore, a conspiracy to stop trains. Mr. White thereupon posted a placard denouncing the court's ruling as an infraction of free speech, where-

upon he was arrested and will be tried in October.

One judge remarked that Mr. White "fails to distinguish between right and wrong free speech."

As soon as that distinction is made, there is no free speech.—S. P. I., Yakima, Wn.



The Political Prisoners

Liberty, sweet word! Yes, sweet and precious, but how much more so to those who are denied it. I visioned Ricardo Flores Magon, a true revolutionist, who has fought against tyranny since his student days.

He stands firm and will not repent, though freedom is now, for this reason, being denied him. He languishes in prison, sick, his eyes getting dimmer, with a sentence of 21 years before him.

There is Librado Rivera, also a libertarian, sentenced to 15 years. He, too, holds firm to his ideals, though his body is succumbing to the prison atmosphere. For these and other Mexican prisoners, the workers of Mexico, headed by the Mexican Federation of Labor, are beginning a spirited boycott of all American made products.

Manuel Rey, sentenced to 20 years for having expressed his disbelief in political and invasive institution; a fighter for freedom, has for over 5 years been confined to the deadening monotony of the federal penitentiary.

Ralph Chaplin, Richard Brazler, H. F. Kane, Sam Scarlett, and others too numerous to mention, all serving sentences of 20 years, are yet in prison.

In Italy, action is being aroused to prevent the legal murder of Sacco and Vanzetti. In Montevideo, Uruguay, there was a strike of 24 hours in protest of their sentence of death.

At home, what are we doing for the political prisoners? Have not the three years of petitioning and resolutionizing taught all the lesson that freedom is not to be gained in that way?

A general strike of twenty-four hours for the release of all political prisoners would have more effect than tons of petitions and resolutions. Shall we let workers thousands of miles away protest against their imprisonment while we stand by?

Only effective action will free them. Urge within your unions for a 24 hour general strike and free our comrades.—L. S., Reading, Pa.



Masters and Slaves

Have you noticed that the coal barons of Colorado flatly refuse to sit in conference with their slaves? Perfectly right, too. Why should any owner of natural resources discuss his business with his workers? What right have these to demand from their legal masters anything?

When we concede the right of anyone to monopolize the resources of life, then we must logically agree that such owners have a right to do with their property—coal, railroads, lumber, iron, food, ships—as they damn please.

When the foolish notion of private ownership is dispelled from the minds of the slaves, the wealth of the earth, and those who produce it, shall really and truly be free.—J. M., Denver, Colo.



Censorship

Decadence and censorship generally go together. A censor may be expected to shut off frankness, but he is in no wise capable of detecting insinuation. His intelligence is taxed to grasp single meanings and double meanings are quite beyond him.

Set up a prohibition against the simple mention of certain things and the temptation to have a fling at other matters far more insidious is irresistible to the writer. As Mr. Sumner might eloquently express it, "After me, the asterisk." — Heywood Braun, New York City.



Gods Coming and Going

For some time I have been looking for a libertarian publication with a sense of humor, one big enough, broad enough to enjoy a joke on the radical fraternity without making wry faces. Your general tenor appeals to me to such a degree as to want to unburden some of my caustic observations on some of their queer antics.

The average radical arraigns God, the clergy, the bloated capitalist, the state and its vexatious laws, its false educational systems, but when it comes to himself, in relation to his own children, he follows the beaten path of authority, and through "benevolent" compulsion, encourages a mode of thinking or views in consonance with his own pet hobbies. And pet hobbies they are, for they are most always in contradiction with his own daily conduct.

This is by no means exaggeration. To me it is the prologue of a comic opera. What is the result of such methods of biasing the mind? The child being fed on one-sided, fixed ideas, soon grows weary of parroting the sociological sputtering of his parents, sets out in quest of new vistas, new conceptions, new sensations, no matter how inferior and shallow these may be.

The normal human mind cannot endure the same song in the same key—it leads to monotony. Our children, unwilling to adjust themselves to the tyranny of ready-made phrases or predigested ideas, as soon as they are able to fly with their own wings they decamp for the enemy's trenches.

So it happens that the youth suffering from an

acute attack of indigestion of Ingersoll or Bakunin, Engel or Dietzgen, will land in the bosom of the Roman Church, or vote for Harding, Bryan and prosperity to escape the drag of economic determinism, or will cling to the right of monopoly only to find relief from the barrack-like notion of communism of their elders.

By the law of compensation, the rabid advocate of might is right will live to see his children espouse theosophy; the Tolstolan non-resistant will have the consolation of having his male offspring look up the recruiting office when he becomes of age; while the Wobbly parent will experience that one big union feeling of having his son aspire for a place at the A. F. of L. pie counter.

Moreover, the number of radical iconoclasts who are endeavoring to immortalize the names of the distinguished rrrrevolutionary luminaries is legion. Time will new champions breed. New Lenins, Trotskyes, Tchicherins, Marxes, Luxemburges are to be announced with every hurry-up call for the midwife, and in our glowing expectations these, in turn, will beget more heroes, bards and philosophers.

Wait, time and tide will dissipate these fanciful and cranky notions. Owing to our predilection for the mental goose-step our youngsters will recoil from our dogmatic broadsides and swell the ranks of those who fawn before the holy trinity of rent, profit and interest, or make pantaloons for Hart, Schaffner & Marx.

In the face of all this, dare you tell me that the radicals are fit to give lessons in iconoclasm to the rest of us poor mortals?—A. S. M., Chicago.



The Identity of Interest

Arbitration for labor disputes, wage contracts, have the same effect on the labor movement as a mother's lullaby or a dose of narcotic. They relieve fretfulness, restlessness and crankiness. They are conducive to slumber:—the rank and file in the arms of their leaders, and the leaders in the arms of capital.—J. W. M., St. Louis, Mo.



Down at the Docks

Out in the great world women occasionally walk off the dock in the darkness, and then struggle for life in the deep waters. Society jigs, jizzes and ambles by with a coil of rope, but before throwing it demands of the drowning one a certificate of character from her pastor or a letter of recommendation from her Sunday school superintendent or a marriage license from the county clerk. Not being able to produce the document, the struggler is left to perish in the bay.—E. F. H., Windsor, Can.

Seen at the Centennial Exposition

I HAD wandered over that fair white city which is in preparation for a world of visitors, until night was creeping on and I was very weary. I leaned on the parapet of the bridge and gazed dreamily at the scene. To the left, the soft, dark blue of the great bay melted into the hazier blue of the sky with no definite line of meeting, the silvery caps of the waves and the small white peaks of the clouds seeming to be the same; directly south of the snowy buildings with their shining domes gleamed out against a dark background of purple clouds and leafless forests; the water beneath the bridge reflected no light—its course wound silently in and out among the nooks and curves of the artificial shores.

Strange shapes appeared to be fitting about, showing for a moment, then losing themselves; a sadness seemed to pervade the air which insensibly stole upon my own spirits.

Suddenly I heard a deep sigh near me; I turned and saw a tall form standing at my side yet apparently unconscious of my presence. He was looking toward the beautiful structures at which my own gaze had been so long directed, with a sorrow on his grand, strong face I had never seen on mortal countenance.

He seemed powerfully built but a weakened, restricted air lingered about him, his sturdy limbs appeared to be hampered by bonds of some kind; his head, interesting in contour, was well set on a firm neck: there was something black, which seemed to be hiding a light on the forehead, for small rays shone from under it now and then, as though too bright to be entirely quenched; the eyes were the most wonderful of all, so bright so deep and earnest, yet so full of a great sadness were they. I wondered if I dared speak to him and presently ventured to ask:

"Will you tell me who you are?"

Looking toward me he said slowly: "I am the Spirit of Industry."

"Why are you so sad?" I again questioned.

"Do you wish to know? Then follow me, observe closely all that you see and you will not wonder."

As sometimes happens in dreams, I found we were in an entirely different scene without being conscious of any method of getting there. We were looking down upon a house of lawmakers and the members were talking of a world's exhibition of the triumphs of civilization.

Plans and projects were discussed—monarchs, representatives of nations, owners of vast accumulations were spoken of, privileges granted, restricting laws passed but not once was the Spirit beside me

mentioned: no one even glanced at, greeted or honored him with a word or sign. We listened in silence for some time, and then we seemed to leave them. Presently we found ourselves passing about among important-looking people, apparently different committee meetings, where great discussions were going forward. I noticed that the Spirit pressed himself upon their notice and seemed to wish to have a share in their deliberation.

They looked coldly upon him, waved him aside with a promise, or ignored him entirely. And from these again we turned silently away.

In an instant's time we were in the midst of a gorgeous scene of festivity and gaiety. A beautiful and spacious room with arched ceiling, where brilliant lights fell over rich paintings, silken curtains, and silver and gold decorations, where flowers perfumed the air, an orchestra played; where lovely women and haughty men strutted about in the richest and costliest of garments.

Never were so many great personages grouped in one social gathering—never on this South American continent was so varied and grand a display of uniforms, official costumes, robes of authority.

No one seems to see us here, and, indeed, I was glad. How incongruous we would have appeared had we been visible.

We were out in the darkness again, apparently before a great structure. The Spirit pointed toward it. Within it glowed a brilliant light. A strain of distant music rose on the air and the advancing tread of many feet sounded in the distance.

Nearer they came. In the openings between trees and buildings a magnificent pageantry came into full view. Erect soldiers in gorgeous and gay uniforms, prancing steeds bearing gallant riders, handsomely equipped autos in which rode rulers, governors, officers, diplomats, men of influence and affluence, with beautifully attired ladies—all formed an imposing procession.

A chorus of thousands sang words of praise and welcome, not to the Spirit of Industry, but to mythical greatness of tinselled rulers. Through the confused noise made by the throng we could hear the addresses of dedication of the Centennial Brazilian exposition.

A march composed for the occasion, an ode glowing fresh from the brain of genius were rendered by the best artists to be procured. Eloquent speeches were delivered in which the creations that had passed under the hands of the Spirit of Industry were extolled. Art and Enterprise were highly eulogized, but the Spirit itself was forgotten; and all that great army which represented him were

locked outside the walls. It had no part in the great day.

At last the eventful meeting was over, the crowd went away, the lights faded, and all was dark and silent as before.

"Well," said the Spirit, "they have finished the consecration. We will go and see if they have added to the usefulness or beauty of that which I pronounced complete."

And he led me over all the great pile of beams, timber, steel and plaster, looking closely at everything. From this building we glided without effort to the others, where every arch and pillar and wall underwent the same scrutiny.

"There is nothing here, besides the impress of hand or tool; nothing is added—they are as my children left them. But, it was fitting. With empty ceremonies, artificial greatness has bestowed an empty consecration upon my creations."

We were walking along the large echoing floor where above us huge arches had been reared by the ingenuity and strength of man.

"Look!" exclaimed the Spirit of Industry, pointing to a vivid red spot in the boards where high above a single beam had been a human being's last resting place. "My people consecrated their work as they builded. They dedicated it with their lives, and baptized it with their blood. Is more than this needed?"

With a movement of his strong arm as though it were all swept away, he said:

"Turn your eyes again. I will show you how my works are truly consecrated."

It seemed to grow darker—the buildings could not be seen. The inland lagoon turned to deep black trenches; a chill wind swept over us and a cold mist wrapped us about. Down in the mud and water a throng of men, dimly discerned, bent over picks and shovels, and a harsh voice goaded them on as they toiled.

They paused, and we saw them go to their miserable board houses which did not shelter them from the wind and rain, and eat their coarse, unpalatable food. We saw them drop sick and dying, saw them carried away and knew they were forgotten.

After this scene, the gloom of a deep coal mine loomed before us, many men were laboring in a damp, gaseous place, with thousands of dangers threatening them at any moment. Suddenly something awful seemed to happen as the vague horrors in a dream come to us. In a moment, the workers all lay prostrate—writhing in agony and stiffening in death.

This, too, melted away, and in its place came a vision of a lonely desert, where the yellow sand glowed under the burning sun; a long, double track of steel rails stretched away into the distance and throughout its length lonely graves marked the progress of its builders. In the foreground men were

at work, hopelessly and dejectedly, we felt intensely for one moment all the dreariness of their hard and lonely lives; then they too vanished.

We saw the machines, the things that men had made to ease their burden, the wonderful things, the iron genii, I saw them set their teeth in the living flesh of the men who made them; we saw the maimed and crippled limping away into the night.

One after another, pictures came and went which vividly portrayed the danger, drudgery, monotony, and privations under which civilization's proudest achievements have been wrought. Once came a faint picture that seemed just the tinge of the horizon, a dim vision of a ship, a lumbering awkward craft manned by sailors who were looking despairingly across a waste of unknown waters. They seemed to be filled with fear, longing and disgust, amid a terrible desolation—their eyes turned wistfully towards home, but master mind drove them on to the journey's end.

"All these," said the Spirit of Industry, "have as yet had no part in the preparation for exhibiting their own creations. They are not mentioned in speech, or song, or story; they were forgotten when their work was dedicated and they will not be remembered when the doors are thrown open. The living ones are not honored with praise and ceremonies; they are not feted and toasted—are not even well-fed, warmed and clothed."

"I am an uncrowned king—for civilization owes all to me, and knows me not. I am in bondage, and my light—that of progress—is being quenched. But that I see a hope of freedom, springing from the heart of my own people, I should cease to exist as a spirit, but die, a giant slave bringing all civilization down in ruins about me."

Then I was alone. The gloom and cold were gone, and the white city gleamed in the starlight quietly and naturally as ever. DOLORES ALMAVIVA.

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.



The Sovereign Voter

(With Apologies to Omar Khayyam)

Into the polling-place, and why not knowing,
Nor whence, like water, willy-nilly, flowing,

And out again, when he has made the Cross,
Back to his fruitless, ill-paid labor going.

He, in his youth, did eagerly frequent
Old party rallies, heard great argument,
About the robber tariff, and the trusts,
And came away, no wiser than he went.

With them the seed of piffle did he sow,
In hopes of some cheap job, helped make it grow,
And this is all the working class has reaped—
Their efforts help their leaders get the dough.

The Labor World

The railroad men's strike, though restricted to the maintenance of way and shopmen, is causing alarm in official circles. It is safe to state that if the strike does not involve the four brotherhoods it is solely due to their apologetic and timid leaders. Despite the numerous paid appeals in the press for strikebreakers, very few conscienceless mechanics have responded to the call of treason.

It follows that the present railroad equipment is in a condition as to render rail traveling a hazardous and unpleasant pastime for the poor, suffering public. Besides, thousands of locomotives are laid up in the roundhouses, suffering from an acute attack of asthma, while the repair shops are congested with wobbly and battered passenger and freight cars.

Tons upon tons of perishable freight is going to waste in the warehouses owing to the lack of adequate transportation facilities. The farmer, the fruitgrower, with large crops on their hands, are facing financial disaster, the mail service seriously impaired. This is the stern reality in detail.

That our statesmen are aware of the gravity of the situation is evidenced by the insistent demand for legislative enactments intended to curb strikes in the basic industries, President Harding himself sponsoring such repressive measures.

As a preliminary barrage against the labor trenches the U. S. Supreme Court of Illinois, at the behest of Attorney-General Dougherty, issued an imperial ukase, drastic and far-reaching in scope. It enjoins the strikers from issuing interviews or statements; using funds to carry on the strike; picketing; holding parades; urging friends to quit the railroad service.

What plans will be adopted by labor to counteract the government's edicts remains in the realm of conjecture. Sam Gompers, in a fit of righteous indignation at the mauling administered to his flock by the masters, political and economic, threatens a general strike, and Uncle Sam, in firm and unmistakable terms, replied that he will be formally charged with aiding and abetting the criminal agitation against which the government has already proceeded by injunction if he persists in carrying out his dire threat.

But the redoubtable Sam Gompers is only bluffing. Neither he or his coterie of dues absorbers would incur any risks to further the cause of labor. His threat was uttered for effect. He knows it, and so do his friends—the enemy.

And we laugh and pay dues, darn it!

The Ways of Civilization

During August, thirteen Negroes were lynched in the southern states, most of them for imaginary crimes.

Mose Johnson, colored, age 11, was sentenced to fifteen years in the Alabama penitentiary, for having stolen a few cents' worth of candy.

At Padua, Italy, the crusaders of "kultur," the Fascisti, raided a Socialist worker's home. Disappointed at not being able to lay their hands on him, they assassinated his wife, daughter and two sons.

In the province of Samara, Soviet Russia, owing to the famine, many cases of cannibalism have occurred. Several instances have been reported where peasants, crazed by hunger, have eaten their own children.

The British authorities in India have reenacted the reign of terror. Hindu patriots are dragged through the streets by their limbs and hair and left there bleeding and in agony as an exemplary lesson to those rebelliously inclined.

According to a Danish scientist the Eskimo, once a hardy and sturdy race, is doomed to extinction owing to the ravages of venereal diseases and the consumption of cheap whiskey, introduced in the Arctic region by civilized man.

A German society of aged pensioners has petitioned the Reichstag for the enactment of a law permitting doctors to kill persons who, because of their age, are unable to sustain themselves with work and are therefore in danger of slow starvation.

In Argentina, the government troops executed 1000 peons who had gone on strike in Patagonia. After the peons were assured that no harm would be done them, they laid down their few weapons, whereupon the minions of autocracy ordered them to dig their own graves, and were promptly executed, their bodies covered with the excavated earth.

Held for ransom to satisfy a \$405 board and doctor bill incurred by her father, John Baker, now serving a term in the house of correction, five-year-old Marie Baker was auctioned off by Judge Adams to the highest bidder. Through the juvenile court authorities and Assistant State Attorney Bess Sullivan of Chicago, the highest bidders were Mr. and Mrs. John Kenny, wealthy residents of Rontville, Minn., who had journeyed all the way to Chicago to attend the bargain sale.

Books and Pamphlets

"The I. W. W., a study in American Syndicalism," by Paul F. Brissenden, Columbia University Press, New York.

The second edition of Brissenden's slightly revised work is interesting as a descriptive and historical sketch of the I. W. W. since its inception in 1905. It is the evident intention of the author to record fairly and accurately the structure, aims and methods of this much vilified organization, and to trace the drift from parliamentary to industrial socialism as epitomized in the career of the I. W. W. in America.

In this, his chief aim, he has well succeeded, avoiding however, any incriminating entanglements by a none too sympathetic analysis and interpretation of the I. W. W. Citing the deliberate misrepresentation and downright lying emanating from the press as cause of the weird popular conception of this labor group, he does not absolve the I. W. W. itself from being partly responsible for the current notion that they are arch-fiends and the dregs of society.

In his opinion, "I. W. W. agitators have themselves helped to misrepresent their own organization by their uncouth and violent language and their personal predilection for the lurid and the dramatic. Even what the Wobblies say about themselves must be taken with a certain amount of salt."

Moreover, the Wobblies having challenged with misplaced emphasis the Prussian method that obtains in modern industry, would, if they had the power, be no less relentless Prussians than are the corporations which dominate today. "Even though capitalism may be ripe for replacement, the I. W. W. is a long way from being fit to replace it. The Wobblies are grotesquely unprepared for responsibility."

Criticism, however, takes up but little space in Brissenden's 438 page work, and is for the most part of a salutary intent, from one more liberally disposed than a carping opponent. The essential value of the work is that it presents a reliable history of the I. W. W., carefully compiled from documentary material and investigation begun as far back as 1909.



An effort has been made by the author to gather most of his information and data from secretaries of local unions of the I. W. W. In addition to what he could glean from inimical organizations, including the sinless little sect of scolding doctrinaires known as the S. L. P., a number of whom, curiously enough, caught today in the snares of the criminal syndicalist law, plead their innocence and ultrarespectability, together with their consistent antagonism to the I. W. W., as sufficient reason to be left in peace nor tormented by the government of which

the S. L. P. has never made any seditious or ungentlemanly remarks.

But this is a deviation from what is actually stated by Brissenden. His story, tracing the ups and downs of the I. W. W. from 1905 ends abruptly with the famous trial of 1918 when over one hundred prominent members of the organization were sentenced to five, ten and twenty years in the penitentiary.

The Wobbly of today, in quest of knowledge about his own organization might profitably read this book. A perusal of the record given of the early struggles of the organization, its internal differences and more recent tussles with the existing regime may serve to recall more vividly to his memory many incidents he professedly "never forgets."



It is regrettable that the work has not been extended over the period following 1918. Since then, as an effect of tendencies discernable before the the havoc-reeking war, the I. W. W. in common with similar organizations, yearning to suddenly realize its vision of ultimate power, has lost considerably its dynamic spirit and has instead what it deplores as a large card-holding element of "scissors-bill wobblies" and "gypos" who threaten by their multiplying number to accomplish what the enemy outside has been unable to do—smother the revolutionary spirit of its inception.

There is in all this a significant lesson, altho it is doubtful if the Wobblies will heed it. Trimmed of many of its erstwhile "objectionable" principles, its theory as to the efficacy of sabotage, its real opposition to capitalist wars, its former refusal to be led into the quagmires of political action—and all this in order not to offend the religious, moral, political and what not views of the mass it hopes to embrace—it would seem that the soul of the movement has shriveled accordingly, even to such a degree as to render it scarcely distinguishable from the A. F. of L.

This may be a trend rather than an actuality. Indeed there is a belated effort being made to direct the movement back into its revolutionary channels. The confusion that resulted from the stories of Russia's revolution, alleged to have been the achievement of politicians, has been worse confounded by Communists boring from within the I. W. W. As it is today, many of its members vacillate between their preamble and alluring romance concerning the dictatorship of the proletariat.

To combat these vitiating influences at work in the I. W. W. is a requisite of the time if it wishes to salvage itself as a truly revolutionary factor in the American labor movement.

What it is doing and what will be done to counteract this destructive tendency would furnish perhaps the most interesting chapter to supplement Brissenden's history of the I. W. W. W. W.

PONCAIRE'S GIFT TO CIVILIZATION



"GERMANY MUST PAY HER DEBTS TO FRANCE, EVEN
IF I HAVE TO SACRIFICE THE LIFE—OF
MY LAST CITIZEN!"

The Spider and the Bee

He had closed his volume of theory;
He rose from his restful reverie—
"The world must be saved by sympathy."

He wandered forth in the summery air,
Among the flowers, so dainty, so fair,
Not much he knew of the stress of care.

In a rosebush a spider's net spied he,
So neat, so clever, so orderly;
And, lol in its meshes a honey bee.

The spider was large and her web was tough;
She watched till the bee had struggled enough
Before it was worth her while to be rough.

But a hole in her institution, you see,
Must never be made by struggles of bee;
Oh, preposterous thought! Oh, catastrophe!

So she rushed and she clutched, she bit and wove,
As spiders will weave whose ancestors thrive:
And vainly the bee in its agony strove.

And he who stood by felt his sympathy
Enlisted for spider, enlisted for bee—
"I wish you may both survive," said he.

Oh, grand old nature! who gives reward,
And honey to busy bees doth afford,
And honey and bee to the spider's hoard.

Oh, poor bee! buzzing in vain, in vain,
I sympathise, too, in your arduous strain!
May bees of the future escape such pain!

To free you from bondage were a serious wrong;
For spiders have lived in that way so long,
They "work" at their nets, so neat, so strong.

Be sure I am sorry: perhaps some day
Spiders will cease to subsist on prey,
Or honey bees fly no more in their way.

So the sun went down, and the spider fed
On the agonized honey bee not yet dead;
And sympathy sighed, and went home to bed!



In the Social Jungle

Plato, having laid a brick in the path, stood aside to see what might befall; the first man who stumbled over said nothing, but went his way. "There," said the Philosopher, "is a conservative citizen, the backbone of our institutions!"

The next one fell on his face, and railed upon the Tetrarch, but also left the brick, and went on his way. "That is a good government man," said Plato. "He will one day found a patriotic citizens' club!"

The third also broke his shins, and, having called upon Plato, removed the brick from the path. "That man," said Plato, "is a reformer; he believes in doing 'ye nexte thinge'." Then Plato replaced the brick in the path.

But a certain man came along and when he had stubbed his toe, he took up the brick and hurled it at the Philosopher. "That," said Plato, as he dodged the brick, "is a rebel; he is dangerous to our institutions."—From the Greek.



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Criticism is my cap tried on your cranium—
good fit, good head; poor fit, poor head!



