

dren Judaized—turned into aliens in the lands of their ancestors and their birth, shorn of all rights, condemned to the bitter lot know hitherto only to the Jew of backward Europe—the football of soulless politicians with a career before them (in Austria the Christian Social party actually made an issue of the refugees in the recent elections), the rightful prey of the padrone and the exploiter, the safety-valve of the reactionary and the war-monger, the first victim and the germ-carrier of pestilence, the unconscious but inevitable nemesis of Europe's evil inheritance.

Back home in the United States, as a student of our immigrant problem, I used often to ask, having in mind our broad tradition of citizenship, Who is a foreigner in America? It was my protest against the invidious, un-American distinction between native and immigrant. In Europe today every human creature in ten, at the least, is a foreigner. And a foreigner, I beg you, not in the amateurish American way, nor in any other intelligible human sense. Here are people who speak the language and share the habits and customs and traditions of the other inhabitants, who are in all essentials indistinguishable from their neighbors, and yet by some monstrous technical jest are classed as foreigners and subject to all the time-worn disabilities of Jews. They are herded in internment camps like lepers or criminals, they are thrust into jail when they fail to produce identifying papers, or, worst of all, they become perennial round-trip passengers on the wretched trains that crawl to the boundary-lines, and are left between journeys to freeze and starve at unimaginably bleak frontier-stations.

A full half of them, it is safe to say, *are* Jews in the dictionary sense of the word. It happens that the Russian Pale of Settlement and Galicia—which together form the great ghetto of Europe—came in for the bloodiest and most destructive fighting in the whole war. And it happens, further, that superimposed on all the racial and political feuds of eastern and central Europe is one which antedates them, which to a greater or lesser degree surpasses them, if possible, in intensity, and which has the unique distinction of transcending all boundaries. That is the well-known, historic anti-Jewish complex. Therefore, since it is well-known, I may with safety leave it to the imagination of the reader, trusting him to add a bit more pigment and shadow as he contemplates this half of the picture.

The gray of the rest of it is in all conscience deep enough.

Paris.

M. E. RAVAGE.

## Convalescence

I had been lying all winter upon my bed, inert and listless, my body at pause, my mind clouded. I was neither quick nor dead, and I had an idea I might, in this strange, floating, detached state of mind, visit Tartarus and the Elysian Fields, as did Ulysses, and Aeneas, and even Virgil himself. I would greet there (I thought languidly) Elpenor, poor lad, whose very haste . . . haste . . . and here I lost my thread and wondered whether I should ever do anything in haste again. Haste, I was saying. Oh yes, Elpenor, whose poor shade went headlong down to the underworld as quickly as his lusty young body fell headlong from the roof of Circe's palace. But above all, above any shade of a once shining hero, I would greet those shadowy women, prisoners of war to the great Achilles, who "wailed in semblance for Patroclus, but each for her own woe"—poor creatures to whom an opportunity for tears was their only recorded boon.

But I was not quite dead enough for all this, and my imagination was for the most part pulling in the direction of my childhood, whither I had formed a path of least resistance through long hours of purposeless thinking. The future is heavy to pierce (even when one is well); the present is pitifully gruel-thin; but one slips back into the old nursery across time and space with a surprising agility. Yet on this particular day my thoughts were too sluggish to flow even in that happy direction. And so I turned dull eyes window-ward, and looked out upon a chilly world where patches of snow lay cold beneath the low sweeping boughs of evergreens. Then, to my own astonishment, I gathered my feeble forces together and asked my soul a question.

My soul is some three or four years younger than I, and far more active. Yes, I am perfectly well aware that the mediaeval schoolmen declared, having doubtless proved it to their own satisfaction, that women are devoid of souls. But there is something in me that leaps up to meet things (as did Wordsworth's heart at sight of a rainbow), and as I do not know at all what it is, I give it that elusive name of soul. There's no harm in that. Anyway I do it in the very teeth of the schoolmen.

And so when I asked my soul if this were February, she flouted me as behind the times, and informed me blithely that there were various rumors that spring had been seen here and there in woodsy places. Spring! And I so nearly done. I began to draw a long face of self-pity. I lifted my head dubiously (and with care) and looked again out of

the window. And (as I live!) I seemed to hear the liquid syllables of spring's first utterance—the melting of snow upon those great green branches of spruce and cedar, and the quiet susurrus of its *drip, drip*, into little clear pools of water below. No, I am certainly not dead. This cannot be the Elysian Fields, surely; for they are furnished, as far as ever I could discover, only with pallid asphodels and the white poppies of insubstantial dreams. There are no rough, prickly, pungent green boughs there! Go to, I am still living. I made shift to turn my frame through a few tentative degrees. Pain leaped into three of my dimensions and the weariness of futility into the fourth. I collapsed. What is spring to me or me to Hec . . .

But my soul was talking serenely on, disregarding poor me entirely. "I myself," she said, "came upon a single little windflower under projecting eaves of snow in a little southward-gaping hollow."

I lifted up my head.

Spring! And I so nearly done. My thoughts ran on like a melancholy Greek chorus, and weak tears crept out upon my countenance. How cruel of my soul to taunt me with windflowers. Have I not seen them in springs that are gone forever? Those little pearly miracles, light as a child's kiss . . .

"It lifted its little swaying, gossamer-slender stem out of a bed of dead leaves," went on my soul, "and all about it the snow crystals were melt-

ing with infinitesimal tinklings. The sky above was very blue and soft . . ."

I raised up on one attenuated elbow.

"It was slipped in a young pale bloom of moss, and stood there like a pretty little fool that had stepped out upon the empty stage before her cue came, wringing small green hands and looking about pallidly for company. But tomorrow is the first of April . . ."

*April!*

I sat up hurriedly. I seized a cup from a nearby tray and poured out its contents upon the middle of the coverlid. I pressed the cup into my soul's hands.

"Hurry, hurry!" I urged. "Go meet April! She'll be midway of meadows. Bring me a fragment of her song! Gather me a drop of her beauty! Good soul, do hurry! I am scheduled to die, and she is so swift-footed; she is so quickly gone again!"

I never knew my soul to be so dull and slow. "There'll be twenty windflowers swaying in that patch of moss by tomorrow," she said, not hurrying in the least.

I sprang out of bed. I tumbled feverishly into a minimum of garments. I pushed my soul aside. I went myself and kissed the pretty little fool in the hollow, cooling my cheeks in her pallor, worshipping her little green hands.

God Aesculapius! How I quickened at the sight of her!

HELEN COALE CREW.

## The Labor Spy

### III.

#### The Spy at Work

**I**N labor espionage, publicity and even advertised performance are plausible enough once the preliminaries have been accepted. If one can be persuaded of the existence and scope of the practice, if one can be resigned to recognizing it as an American and living institution, these things that it has said for itself sound very well, like good stories which ask of their audience only a little imagination. The real melodrama is not apparent until the spy himself is encountered.

Begging the issue of tedium, the present purpose is to continue in quotations. Any man can tell his own story better for himself. The detective has been allowed his say. The spy must be permitted his.

Herewith a series of quotations from the re-

ports of a spy at work in an automobile factory in Racine, Wisconsin. He is a member of the Russell Detective Agency in Milwaukee. His reports are cited not for any significance in the situation which he is observing, not for any sensational content of their own, but because they give a fair impression of his business and because, out of hundreds of similar pages, they alone prove moderately readable.

They cover a brief period, from the 22nd of February, 1919, to the 1st of March following. A strike is on. The business is to report the strike. No glaring injustices; only the very usual sort of thing. The man is an informant and does his work well.

#### WE BEGIN WITH THE FIRST DAY

As I was on my way to the plant, this morning, I noticed before I was within a block of the plant that the union pickets were more active than usual, and ap-

parently they were doing something more than just picketing. At any rate, as I drew near to the plant one held me up and asked, "Are you a card man?"

I pretended not to understand. Then he said, "Well, read this and let us see you down at the Polish Hall tomorrow night." At this he turned his attention to another man walking across the street, and I continued on into the plant.

At just 6:48 A. M. I registered in my time upon entering the plant and joined Matson. Almost immediately he began talking to me on the subject of prohibition, and in this connection I said to him, "Booze never got a man very far, but prohibition has made a man out of many a boozier." "What do you mean by that?" he asked, and I answered, "Well, many a good man was made a bum by liquor, but whenever anyone has sworn off drinking they have always realized that booze was a bad thing to get mixed up with." Just at this moment Moore appeared on the scene, and Matson remarked, "Here comes prohibition now." Moore's response was, "Never mind—you old booze fiends will be carrying a stamp on your forehead and be black-balled. You know what that means. Every boss will know you as a boozier and nobody will hire you."

At 12:00 noon I left the plant in company with Huck and had lunch at his home. While walking together I asked him, "What do you think of these fellows out on picket duty?" and he answered, "I think they are a lot of d . . fools, and don't know what they want. There they are, doing picket duty for \$9 a week when they could be making \$7.70 a day right at the plant and have it soft too." Continuing, Huck stated, "What good are they doing, standing around on the streets? If they wanted to do things they'd pound h . . out of a couple of men who took their jobs. That would be more satisfaction than standing around conversing on the corners. They've been out fifteen weeks already and haven't gained a point." Huck added at that time they were trying to organize everybody in the metal trades line in order to strengthen their organization so that they will be able to have their demands acceded to.

At this time, we arrived at Huck's home and had dinner at his place as he keeps boarders.

For the afternoon I got back to the plant as soon as possible, noticing on the way in that the client was talking to two of the pickets at the east end of the plant. Apparently, the client "put it over" them in an exchange of words, as he smiled when he walked away. Different ones in Schmidt's department saw the client have a chat with the pickets and took a peep at him.

In this part of my report I wish to suggest that Stein be placed at the work of cutting and given piecework at a rate so low that he would quit. This would be letting him down easier than to discharge him. I am sure that if Schmidt kept him at cutting steady he would quit within two or three days. He is the "bad egg" that we must get rid of in order to put a stop to the organizing work he does among the employees of the plant at present. Then after we get rid of him we can take care of the lesser lights, and these I shall bring to the client's attention from time to time with suggestions how they can be gotten rid of. Only in this way can we avoid having trouble this summer with the present crew—that is, getting the agitators out of our midst. It would not do to let those fellows know why we are getting rid of them as it might only stir things up. Hence

the reason why I suggest that we force them to quit of their own accord, rather than discharge them.

A good day's work. Note at once that the spy is early. He always is. There is simply no curing him of punctuality. And he always claims credit for himself and calls attention to the tardy ones by name. There is the encounter with the pickets. Moderately instructive, that, if not surprising. And Matson on prohibition seems to have less to do with the case, but it really happened and must be included. Huck on the pickets is more comforting and we meet the client just after. The end lets us into the secret of blacklists. The blacklist without some form of espionage were impossible.

#### WE GO ON TO THE FOLLOWING DAY

The union hall was the first place I paid a visit to this morning as I got down to business for the day. There I got in touch with Bonzen who informed me that \$43 was received in the morning's mail which was not very satisfactory compared to the number of bonds which were mailed to outside locals. The girls have done well by way of selling dance tickets here lately as it was found upon checking up same that over 3,000 have been sold.

Union finances are the best sign of the duration (or non-duration) of a strike. The spy is always after facts and figures on the treasury. He continues, visiting other plants in Racine.

I thought it well to check up the employment situation at the — plant. There were some men standing around outside, and I learned that they were a few who had been laid off. In the talk I managed to have with them they made the statement that sooner or later there was going to be trouble at that plant. "Just how do you mean?" I asked, and they answered, "Well, the men are going to demand an explanation from the company regarding just why ninety men were laid off. The men believe they were laid off for the reason that they are union men and they consider this just another trick of the manufacturers to break up the organization."

In continuing my efforts in the client's behalf, I got over on the picket line and as usual I found the boys assembled in the shanty. Now and then one would go out and walk around the plant but they preferred to stay inside. Peterson remarked that it would not be long before they would have many new members in the organization. He expressed confidence that they would get a large number of new applications at tonight's meeting. Not deeming it advisable to remain with the boys too long for fear of arousing suspicion I set out for the North Side.

A touch of caution at the end. Omitting the busy afternoon, we follow him to the meeting.

This evening when I got over to the Polish Hall I found about one hundred in attendance, most of them