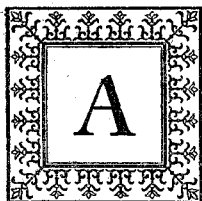


Radicalism in the United States

HOW IMPORTANT IS THE RED MENACE ?

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CHANGING wave of "radicalism," which in one form or other has moved over the greater part of the civilized world, came into existence following the close of the European

war. Quickly reaching a crest in Russia during the war itself, it spread to Germany in a less prolonged and somewhat less intense shape, and later appeared in the still milder outline of a socialistic movement in England, France, and the Scandinavian countries. Even Japan reports a rising current of social unrest among its working classes.

To connect the war and the spread of radicalism on all points as cause and effect would be overstepping the bounds of logic. That the war had a part in the formation of this social development, however, is unquestionable. It created a spirit of unrest. It awakened the drowsy "lower classes" of the world to realization of the fact that they were not merely a passive but a dynamic factor in the social arrangement. That turned their thoughts to a more direct expression of their group desires. But be this as it may, the widely recurring appearance of radicalism is one of the outstanding post-war social phenomena.

It is not surprising that this movement leaped across the Atlantic in search of a similar response in America. Its first impact on this side was rather sensational, in that a small group of ultra-Reds became so exceedingly demonstrative that the official part of our country, as well as many of its citizenry, became frightened, fearing that an attempt was to be made to convert the United States into another Bolshevik Russia. A period of frantic raids, arrests, and deportations ensued. This first hysteria over the presence of

Reds in the country has now abated; yet our government still continues quite on the alert for crimson top-feathers, and the subject is still a live topic in various parts of the country—especially in the widely distributed system of patriotic societies still clamoring for the suppression of all "Bolsheviks."

It is now four years since that small band of communist and anarchist Reds was deported from Ellis Island. (The Red movement did not cease abruptly on their departure!) In the Old World, during this period, Europe has witnessed a steady advance of a form of socialism more moderate, of course, than the Russian variety. At the moment, political parties that generally go under the name of "radicals" hold governmental authority in England, France, Germany, and Denmark, and have representation on cabinets in a number of other countries.

It is now six years since radicalism—in its various hues—came to the fore as a social phenomenon in the United States. It is possible, then, with some measure of thoroughness to venture a stock-taking of the results. What, in short, is the radical movement as it exists in America? Has the deep crimson programme actually gained a foothold among us; does it exist as a factor of sufficient strength to figure in the social arrangement here during the next few decades? Is America in danger of actually becoming "red" in any near future? What form has the radical wave taken in America? How have the earlier claims of the Reds and the first fears of their political opponents tallied with real developments? All these are queries of more than passing social and political import.

Two years ago, in Moscow itself, capital of Red Russia, I listened for many months to tales about the "reddening of America." In the prosaic, bleak cham-

bers of the Luxe Hotel, headquarters of the Third Internationale, I sat as a visitor among communists who had been through both Russian and Hungarian revolutions, were Red clear through, and saw the world Red. They told startling stories about the growth of the radical movement in the United States, how the communists and I. W. W.'s were capturing labor, how the working classes were on the point of rising; how near America was to a good dose of Red paint!

I went out upon the romantic highways of Moscow—the streets of Moscow, somehow, never lost their thrill for me during all the time I was in Russia—climbed into my sleigh and sped along over the snow toward the golden cupolæ of the Kremlin. My driver twisted his increasing rotundity around on the seat in front of me—the drivers grow rounder and rounder, with each additional layer of clothing, as the winter progresses!—to ask if it really were true that there was going to be a revolution in Washington! During my daily rounds for news during the year I spent in Russia, that question in one form or other was put to me a number of times, by persons in varied stations of life. At the same time occasional copies of American newspapers, reaching Moscow, told of the “war on the Reds” from New York to San Francisco.

Thus it was that when, in 1923, I finally returned to the United States, after an absence of five years (including the year in Russia), one of the questions uppermost in my own mind was “what is the actual foundation for all this?” When I left shortly for the Pacific Coast, headquarters of the Red movement in America, I decided to try to find out for myself, if possible; to study men and conditions, using as a yardstick what I had seen of “reddism” and Reds in their original home in Russia.

I chatted with working people and shopkeepers, visited union headquarters, and talked with the men lounging in the pool-rooms and at card tables. I went to the Santa Fé shops at San Bernardino, the largest on the system, where hardly two years before a big strike had been crushed, one supposedly instigated by the I. W. W.'s. I worked several weeks among the fruit-pickers in the apple or-

chards of Yucaipa Valley, and listened to the conversation in the trees around me. In Los Angeles I interviewed the judge who gained some prominence over a year ago by sentencing more than a hundred I. W. W.'s to the penitentiary. I attended an afternoon tea of California's parlor Bolshevik colony in Pasadena, held in the beautiful home of a millionaire Red. In San Francisco I talked with labor leaders and veteran socialists. Coming East, gathering material on the political situation, I took advantage of the opportunity at the same time to study the Red situation in a dozen cities (and their districts) visited along my line of travel.

During this coast-to-coast canvass, four truths forced themselves upon me, with increasing sharpness the further I went.

II

THE first was that, as for the “Bolshevik” movement in America (the truly Red development along Russian lines), it does not present any serious possibilities so far as any immediate future is concerned. The Red “menace” is a product of exaggerated fear. (And if, as a nation, we are able to adjust our social and economic problems with the sagacity and spirit of humanity that they demand, I trust such a prospect may never arise!)

As a class, the working people in our country not only are not thinking about a revolution, but are actively antagonistic to such an idea, and to the Moscow kind of radicalism in general. The American proletariat was exposed, but the germ did not “take”! An uprising of force against certain social and economic injustices in our present order (which unquestionably exist) is not in their minds. Leaders of labor and the more clear-minded of the “radicals” know this, if their “capitalistic adversaries” do not; know that the American workingman is not in a receptive mood at present toward the idea of a *radical change* in the *form* of our economic order.

In Chicago the editor of one of the country's leading labor organs, himself a radical at heart, went so far as to say that labor as a class to-day is “swinging toward the *Right* rather than the *Left*!”

Politically, the Reds' hold on the work-

ing people may virtually be ignored. At St. Paul, last June, the ultra-crimsons again swept into command of the old Farmer-Labor Party of 1920. Through parliamentary dexterity they succeeded in gaining control of the convention machinery, although the feat nearly caused an immediate break-up of the party—so indignant were the farmer delegates at this “usurpation” of party authority! But the real significance of the incident did not extend much further than the amount of publicity which it gained for the communists.

Even in California, the “Workers’ Party,” the communist body which imposed itself upon the Farmer-Labor organization, has no position in labor. At the Los Angeles Temple of Labor I wandered from office to office in vain, on two afternoons, to try to find where the local representative of the party could be located. Most of the working men in the club-rooms of the Temple disclaimed knowledge of the existence of such a party! They were engrossed, moreover, in poker and shop humor! The second day a secretary verified the report that the local Red had once had a room in the Temple, five months back. He directed me to a locked door in a corridor at the rear. The men in the next room had forgotten that there was a Workers’ Party in the city!

The place where I finally found the elusive Workers’ Party “boss” was at a meeting of “parlor Bolsheviks” in Altadena, some time later! He was there, in the drawing-room of one of Pasadena’s most beautiful residences, enjoying the lively repartees and metaphysical discussions which I shall describe later.

I happened to make a trip to one of California’s finest apple valleys to visit a former high-school teacher. Oil had been found on his little plot near Long Beach, and almost overnight his income had jumped from several thousand a year to as many thousand a month. He had resigned from the faculty and was fulfilling a lifelong ambition: to live on a ranch. He told me of the joys of apple picking, how a few weeks of aching muscles could build up a physical vigor that would make life a new thing! I resolved to test his theory, recalling at the same time that

I had been told that there were many I. W. W.’s among that rather heterodox army of migrators who garner California’s fruit crop every year.

I learned how to “set” a ladder so that it wouldn’t fall, when to and when not to fasten the bucket to the hook attached to the shoulder-strap. I learned how to twist the beautiful fruit from the bough without tearing the stem from the socket (thereby making it a “second,” or inferior grade). But more than that, for three weeks I lived among the fruit tramps. I talked with them in the trees and listened to their conversation among themselves. We chatted after the meals (our meals were silent, earnest affairs where conversation was seldom permitted to interfere with food!). And I found that if there was one thing they were not thinking of, much less talking about, it was revolution and communism. Most of the arboreal conversation was devoted to racy stories. Sex appealed to them much more directly than communism! Also, of the eighteen in our picking crew, half were automobile owners! Three had driven all the way from Boston. Two were working their way to Honolulu.

There was only one I. W. W. in the crowd, and I did not find him out until we had picked together a week. He, by the way, was the brightest of the “gang”—a wiry, energetic little man, with snapping black eyes and a whimsical smile. He was the fastest picker in the orchard. One afternoon, as he emptied his pail at the foot of my ladder, he announced that so far as he was concerned, he had “little use for the American Federation of Labor.” He was a member of the “only real workingman’s union in America, the I. W. W.” He held a card from a Seattle branch.

Yet he was far from the revolutionary, fanatical type. He did not believe in force, had no confidence in it. “Of course it’s all wrong the way things are now,” he remarked, “but what can you do about it? It always has been this way, possibly always will be!” Anything but the outburst of a “Bolshevik”!

Among the dock-workers and seafaring people at San Pedro, however, there are I. W. W.’s. The organization’s almost sole strength is among the seafaring men

up and down the Coast. It is a peculiar feature of the Red movement throughout the world, this susceptibility of sailors to communist propaganda. The German socialist revolt, it will be recalled, broke among the sailors at Kiel. The Russian revolution itself gained its first foothold in the Russian navy. Is it due to the nature of the existence in which their profession keeps them? Is it the communal character of life on a ship at sea? This has been an interesting feature of the social revolutionary movement the world over.

It is not possible to give the exact strength of the I. W. W. in California, owing to the fact that membership in the organization is illegal. J. H. Ryckman, a prominent Los Angeles lawyer, who has taken on Job Harriman's toga of defender of the Reds, estimated that in Los Angeles County the total membership roll is about 6,000, with perhaps half this number in San Francisco and adjacent ports. The I. W. W. has a few members in ports elsewhere up and down the Coast, and a few scattering adherents in ports on the Great Lakes. It maintains open headquarters in Chicago. But viewed from the standpoint of numbers and of prestige in labor as a class, it is insignificant. As an organization, the I. W. W. is looked upon with disapproval by workingmen as a group throughout the country. Workmen in Kansas City registered only disgust when I asked them what they thought of the Reds. Small shopkeepers in California passed them up with a gesture of hopelessness.

As a social programme, the Red movement has failed to appeal to the American proletariat. As a social factor, it has no power. With the exception of this very, very small group—the I.W.W.'s and the Workers' Party—the Red movement here does not include the proletariat! The Red part of America is pre-eminently a "parlor Bolshevik" phenomenon.

There are a number of reasons why communism has failed to get its roots into the labor stratum. One is the fact that our present economic order still retains a measure of elasticity. The caste system has not implanted itself completely. In the United States, if a workingman shows marked executive ability—and it is only

those thus equipped who can become leaders!—the tendency is to absorb him into the capitalistic mechanism above, in which position he usually alters his point of view. His success, of course, stirs the ambitions of his fellows. This element of opportunity is continually growing smaller. But in a land where it exists at all, the adroit will usually go after these capitalistic gains instead of utilizing their faculties in the interests of their class.

The American system does not encourage development of great labor leaders. In America the Thomases, the MacDonalds, and the Smillies would, as a rule, be occupying remunerative positions in some large corporation.

Second, the manual laborers, especially skilled artisans, are receiving higher pay to-day than ever before. This soothes the revolutionary instincts of those portions of labor which have profited, and serves to preserve hope among the underpaid. Skilled artisans at the moment receive higher pay than many lawyers and much more than bank clerks!

Third, both labor and capital have had the object lesson of Russia. The average workingman has no keenness to bring a similar cataclysm down upon his head.

There are in America signs of a spirit of social unrest, it is true. As already said, this spirit is symptomatic of the day the world over. In America this spirit has created a mood of which we may well take heed while there is still time. This development, however, is not restricted to the laboring classes. It is even more pronounced in other social groups which, roughly, correspond to the lower middle class in England, and—more important yet—the American farmers. At the moment these latter are much more vocal than the laborers. But this spirit, whether manifest in factory or field, has failed to show any signs of a communistic orientation.

Up to the present, the *scarlet* American is largely a drawing-room product, attracted to the idea by *intellectual*, not *economic*, urge.

That is the crux of the situation. In America, Red radicalism has failed to develop a *vocational* form, the only form that can make it dynamic. No social idea can become aggressive until it is taken up by

a group to whom it is—or who think it is—a matter of vital personal advantage. The entire foundation of the Bolshevik idea is class interest. Without this class support, class fanaticism almost, it is nowhere. In the United States, the movement has not been able to develop this force. Communism need never be feared so long as it remains in the drawing-room!

It is further interesting to note that for the most part the people in this phase of the movement—the intellectual Reds—belong to another wing of the world revolutionary body from the Bolsheviks, namely the wing which favors obtaining its ends through evolutionary rather than revolutionary means. The social revolutionary school the world over is split over the question of use of force. So even if our present Red intellectuals were to extend their leadership over the American proletariat, it would not be an influence for violence. And as a group they utterly lack cohesion. Even as regards abstract theory, they cannot agree among themselves. Unison of action would be out of the question.

To the student of thought, this small circle of crimson intellectuals is interesting. Individuals in it are often picturesque. But it is not dangerous. . . .

It was drizzling rain when I alighted from the Altadena car one Sunday afternoon and turned into a large driveway. California and wealth had been lavished on the grounds about me, to produce an effect which only that combination can achieve. Despite the rain, it seemed like a fairyland as I walked up between the palms, shrubs, and flowers to the doorway of the residence of one of the State's leading "Bolsheviks," to attend one of the weekly conclaves of the parlor Reds. Through one slit in the foliage I saw a small fountain. Another vista held a little rustic footbridge. A number of sedans were parked in the driveway near the side entrance.

The drawing-room was crowded. The hostess, a millionaire communist, sat in a mahogany chair behind the speaker. While she was not watching him, her glance could move across the audience to the broadside of French windows opening upon a wide veranda which commanded one of California's most magnificent

views. The house was on the slope leading up to Mount Lowe, and the valley lay in panorama below.

After the lecture, the meeting was turned into an open forum. There were Reds of all hues and intensities: socialists, communists, anarchists, pacifists, single-taxers, atheists, and an occasional garden-variety liberal. Each group was quite vocal. Nobody agreed with any one else. The majority possessed what psychologists call "one-track" minds. And very few seemed to run along the same track! All was in an atmosphere of good humor, however, sharp as the words themselves sometimes became, and an atmosphere of good breeding. They were simply indulging in a little intellectual and forensic spree. They talked about Russia, communism, socialism, atheism, anarchism, war, peace, metaphysics, European affairs, the war of classes, patriotism, everything! And that was all. It was quite agreeable to listen to.

There was even an occasional gleam of wholesomeness. I recall the universal exclamation of amused relief when one good soul rose to remark that in his opinion the "most important thing that had occurred that afternoon was the rain which was saving California's crops!"

Finally an Englishman got up, when the arguments were threatening to grow acidic, and announced he was hungry for tea. So we tea-d.

As we adjourned, the setting sun broke through the clouds in the west, revealing the grounds below us, glistening with moisture and beauty.

Upton Sinclair was not there. He came once in a while, but for the most part kept rather closely to himself and to his work in his bungalow overlooking the Arroyo Seco and the mountains further down the valley. With the exception of his tennis and his auto, Sinclair leads a concentrated life, his whole existence sunk in his work.

He had just returned from a picnic, the first time I met him. I was surprised at the radiant, boyish face that greeted me from the front seat of his auto. He had to leave again in a moment. He was working on a newspaper article the next time, and Mrs. Sinclair entertained me for a few minutes. She is the balance

wheel of the Sinclair unit. Temperamentally a conservative, she is a radical by conviction only. She is a valuable asset to her husband in many ways. Hers is the business head of the publishing house. She is the restraining influence on her husband's impetuosity, both in business and political matters.

"I try to keep him out of jail all I can!" she observed once. The remark seemed to come from the heart!

Sinclair entered, smiling. Personally he is a charming fellow, and the longer you talk with him the more convinced you become of his sincerity. His mind moves rapidly. It is of the fanatical type. But Sinclair is not a protagonist of force. As an individual, he will fight. He is game. But he is opposed to class violence and change through force—the keystone of the Bolshevik plan of action.

He exerts an appreciable influence on the radical Red groups outside the intellectual circles. He is the connecting link between the latter and the real proletarian radicals, the I. W. W. and the Workers' Party. He holds court in both camps. In the latter his influence is on the side of restraint and against attempted violence.

He answered me with directness. I found it necessary to shape my questions pointedly. But once a query was put point-blank, the reply usually came in the same fashion.

From the general character of his comments, it soon became evident that he realized that the Reds had no real power in America. Finally he said outright:

"All we can do at the moment is to wait and see what capital will do. Capital has the power in its hands."

He also admitted that American labor as a whole had not "reacted" to the tenets of communism. He insisted, however, that a convulsion would be precipitated if there were another world war.

We branched off into his personal life. He told of his experiences as a publisher (of his own books), how he had slowly built up his business, adding, unaffectedly: "I have to earn my living, of course . . ."

"It doesn't pay to be too radical. You won't get anywhere!"

These were the words of Magnus Johnson, America's leading Senatorial Red, in an interview some weeks later in Washington. We were sitting on a bench in the lobby of the Capitol, but his soft "t's," his missing "h's," and his rising cadences carried one back to the gentle Swedish farmers of the Middle West. Johnson was not exactly the farmer type, however. He would have looked more at home, to my notion, in a dry-goods store on Main Street than behind the plough. He was a trifle too round for the furrows! Or he might have run the town elevator. His eyes were kindly. His demeanor was full of good humor. He was a jolly sort, even if he did look a little unusual in his surroundings. That was one thing that attracted you: his personal honesty. He never pretended to be what he was not; he put on no airs. He was simply Magnus Johnson, lifted out of the great Scandinavian plains of America and dropped into the National capital. And having been dropped there by Fate, Magnus Johnson proceeded on about his business, "shoost" where he left off.

We talked about a number of things, chiefly political. The point here, however, is that one remark. It was the key to his make-up.

III

My second conclusion was that our present method of dealing with the more aggressive radical elements—our attempt to stamp out the movement by means of suppression, imprisonment (virtual oppression)—is a mistake, a mistake for which, if continued, we may have to pay dearly some day.

First of all, such tactics in the long run have exactly the opposite effect to that intended. They do not remedy, but aggravate. Nothing so glorifies a cause, good or bad, as oppression. In California more than a hundred men are in the penitentiary to-day for the crime of belonging to a political society. This society publicly advocates a programme of social revolution; it is proscribed by the statutes of the State. But preaching doctrines and committing acts of violence are two different things. The men in jail to-day were not convicted of any act of vio-

lence or even connected with any. Before sentence was passed the trial judge—I talked with him in his office in the Superior Court building—offered all of them freedom if they would simply renounce their revolutionary doctrines and go quietly to work. To quote the judge's words, "each defiantly refused, with the fire of fanaticism in his eyes. Several shouted that we might imprison their bodies but we could never imprison their souls!" Such men are fanatics, it is true, but not criminals—not yet, at least. And this treatment not only fails to divert them from their determination; it solidifies them in it!

The men prominent in the I. W. W. in California are not the type of human being that can be intimidated. The fanatic is not that kind. His morale is immeasurably stiffened by force. History has shown this repeatedly. Each of these political convicts to-day glories in his incarceration.

That the verdict was a purely political matter, based on political, not criminal, considerations, soon became clear as I listened to the justice's account of the trial. His version of the climax of the proceedings, the "turning point" in the attitude of the jurors toward the accused, clinched matters. He was a youngish man to be on a superior court bench, but his mind was keen. And he was a just judge; he wished to be humane. He made no attempt to defend the syndicalism law under which the men were convicted, volunteering the remark that as a judge he was bound to pass sentence on the strength of the existence of the statute, be it good or bad. And on that basis I agreed with him. He did not make the law.

"As a human and psychological drama, the trial was gripping," he related. "From the beginning, I watched the faces of both jurors and accused. I noted their reactions to various phases of the trial. It was fascinating.

"I remember the day the turning point came. I have forgotten what the occasion was, but one afternoon all the Red sympathizers who were attending the trial—there were about a hundred—marched into the courtroom with red flowers in their buttonholes. Shortly afterward the prisoners filed in, each likewise sporting a

crimson patch on his lapel. There was an instantaneous reaction through the entire jurors' panel. Nearly every face openly registered its sharp disapproval. It was evident from their expressions that the jurors felt that these men were wrong, that they had the wrong idea. From then on I knew that the prisoners were going to be convicted!"

To put such people in jail, furthermore, casts around them a halo of martyrdom and arouses for them a sympathy which they otherwise could not enjoy. It makes heroes of men who, nine times out of ten, would otherwise appear to the average workingman as so many "crazy nuts"! It invests their causes with an unnecessary seriousness.

As a matter of fact, the court's action actually doubled the membership of the I. W. W. in California, according to Attorney Ryckman!

Liberal opinion generally is not behind the syndicalism law in California.

By use of force in this way, we are also lending material and quite unnecessary weight to the I. W. W. campaign assertion that force offers the only method by means of which any new system, good or bad, could be introduced in America!

I believe the issues the I. W. W.'s raise must be met. But I am convinced that force is not the way to meet them.

Moreover, I am convinced that, given a chance to choose, the American workingman has enough sense to pick between a rational course and fanaticism.

Nor can I see policy in unnecessarily advertising the Reds, giving them a publicity far out of proportion to the importance of their movement. And in shadow-boxing around this Red bubble, for such it is, we are consuming energy as a nation which could better be applied to solving some of the conditions which alone could make Bolshevism possible.

The best way of all to counter the activities of the Red agitators—the safest way—is to cut the foundation from under their arguments by trying to remedy the social and economic injustices upon which they must base their entire appeal. For, be it always remembered, Bolshevism is a social phenomenon that *springs only from despair*. It cannot live except in this soil.

IV

EAST of the Rocky Mountains, in the great Middle West, there is a so-called radical movement, however, which has a real existence, but which has nothing in common with the crimson kind we have been discussing. When the Middle Westerner says "radical," he means an entirely different thing from what the Westerner or the Easterner means by the same word. In the Middle West the term has nothing to do with communism. When the Kansas farmer says a man is a "radical" he means he is a man who is thoroughly indignant over certain existing injustices, a man who is so exasperated that he insists on vigorous, straight-from-the-shoulder moves. He feels that things must be changed radically before they can be right, and will be satisfied with nothing less than sharp reform. By this he does not mean any attempt to employ force. He is still convinced of the efficacy of legislative action. But he wants *action*!

This spirit of protest is the "radical" movement of the Middle West. It is less spectacular than the radicalism referred to before; but what it may lose on that count, it makes up for on another. For it is based on fundamental economic considerations. It has a vocational urge, and is dynamic.

"Yes, I'm a radical. I'm a thoroughly going radical!" The words came from a blue-eyed young farmer-lawyer in a small Kansas town. They startled me. I had known him for years. He was a university graduate, had "worked his way through." Returning to his "hometown," he began practising law, farming on the side to keep his credit intact until his clientele sufficed. He married. He had succeeded in his profession; was prominent in the district Young Men's Democratic League. In type, he was far from the Moscow "Bolshie"! On its surface his next remark would seem paradoxical:

"No, I'm not a socialist. I should say not! I'm against that sort of thing. We're fighting it; don't want that kind of folks coming here. But I'm a radical, all right. There are lots of things that have got to be fixed, and no 'half way' about it. They've got to stop pinching us at both ends. We're mad clean through.

And there's lots of us radicals around here!"

(Some of his elders, old substantial pioneers of the State, went even further, in words at least, in voicing their indignation.)

He was typical of the spirit which has furnished both cause and form to the so-called radical movement of the plains.

"The farmers are thoroughly angry," Governor Jonathan M. Davis of Kansas replied when I talked with him in Topeka a year ago. He was a "dirt farmer" (whatever that is!), so his campaign literature informed, and he had been put into the State House by Kansas "radical" votes. I saw him again this last spring. It was interesting to note the sobering influence of a year in office, plus the prospect of practical politics at the convention (he later was one of the candidates for the vice-presidency at Madison Square Garden, it will be recalled). And when I finally asked him outright just "how radical" he really was, he looked out of the window and answered:

"I'm not a radical!"

Governor Sweet of Colorado and Governor Ross of Wyoming, however, are the type that keep the courage of their convictions. Both are typical Westerners. Neither is Red in the Russian sense. Both are thorough "radicals."

This form of radicalism—neither communistic nor socialistic in orientation—has a large spread in the Middle West. Nor is it limited to the plains. It may be found among classes in various regions, in cities as well as villages, that are suffering from economic maladjustment—bank clerks, underpaid salaried employees of all kinds, the middle class! At the moment, the farmers are the most demonstrative.

This protest movement will find expression—through political channels. The present Third Party, the "Progressive Party," is trying very hard to exploit this situation to its political advantage. La Follette, himself, is a "radical" of this type. In the present party he has made common cause, it is true, with some of the more moderate Reds. The party is, for this reason, a hodge-podge. In some of its pronouncement—moderate as it is compared with what was expected before the convention at Cleveland on July 4,—it

goes somewhat further than some of the "radical" farmers might have preferred. Just how large a portion of the "radical" electoral bloc in the Middle West the new party will be able to take from the two established parties, the elections will tell. For from the political viewpoint, the Middle West radical element is still comparatively disorganized. Nearly all have been accustomed for years to voting in one of the old parties, and many doubtless still expect relief through one of these political bodies.

But irrespective of its present political compactness, the radical movement in the Middle West has dynamic qualities and will make itself felt.

In this sense, the Middle West is becoming pink. But it is genuine American pink. Not Moscow Red!

V

To summarize, briefly:

1. Red radicalism (Bolshevism) does not present a menace in the United States so far as the immediate future is concerned.

2. Our present policy of forceful suppression of the aggressive extremist elements tends to strengthen rather than weaken their position. It is a mistake.

3. There is a spirit of protest preeminently manifest in the "radical" movement of the Middle West. This movement calls not for communism or socialism, but for adjustment of various economic injustices in our present order.

4. As a corollary both of what I saw of the workings of communism in Russia and of what I have observed in America since my return, I believe that this readjustment must be made, but it must be a slow process of evolution. I believe it will have to be an adjustment that will go far deeper than the external form of society. I have seen more terrible injustices under a régime of communism than

under any capitalistic society. It is not a question of external form. That is where the communists blunder. Their remedy is too superficial (radical as they think it is) even if it could be instituted. It does not make a great deal of difference what *external form* society has if the men controlling the social and economic organism are self-seeking men.

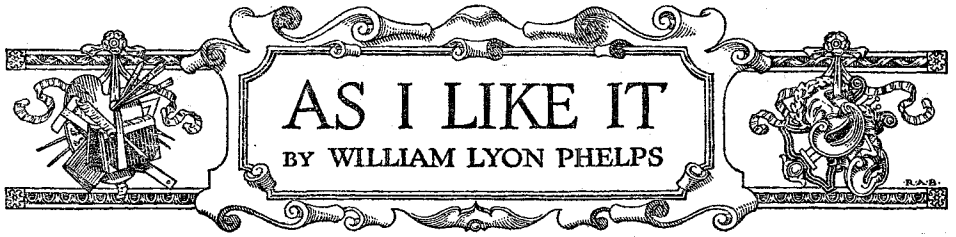
The important thing is the *human* element. Before we can hope for permanent relief, there must be an improvement in this human element. This is not vague or theoretical. It is the only practical hope. Mankind must awaken to the realities of life as a whole. One of the greatest of these is: co-operation and fellowship represent the only possible social relationship in which men can live together with much happiness or peace. Without this spirit, social reform is almost futile.

The story of social advance during the coming decades will have to be along these lines, if there is to be an advance. And there must be. The demand for industrial justice has been raised. It is arousing sections of the populace that were comparatively passive before. In America, these people are not calling for socialism. But they do demand justice. It is a demand that requires attention, putting aside all considerations of humanitarianism. If not satisfied, it will eventually bring despair. And despair brings violence.

The point is that at the moment those who are suffering from economic maladjustment in America have not abandoned themselves to despair, nor have they shown signs of hysteria. The American proletariat, rural and urban, is still steady.

There is still ample opportunity to attack the problem of fitting sound social ethics and sound business principles together in our social order, without the unsettling presence of hysteria and Bolshevism at our doors.





OF the innumerable anecdotes I have heard and read about Thackeray, I can truthfully say that none was uninteresting; I therefore recommend to all Scribnerians "Thackeray and His Daughter: The Letters and Journals of Anne Thackeray Ritchie, with Many Letters of William Makepeace Thackeray." Thackeray was not only one of the greatest of novelists, he was one of the best of men. His courage in facing the unspeakable tragedy of his life, his tenderness toward his children and solicitude in their training, his large-minded, civilized attitude, combined to make him an irresistible person. On his lecturing tour, he was immensely impressed, as visitors are still, by the amiability and gusto of Americans. Thackeray wrote to a friend from Richmond in 1853:

A great good wh. an Englishman who has seen men and cities gets by coming hither is that he rubs a deal of Cockney arrogance off, and finds men and women above all as good as our own. You learn to sympathise with a great hearty nation of 26 millions of English-speakers, not quite ourselves but so like, the difference is not worth our scorn certainly; nay I'm not sure I don't think the people are our superiors. There's a rush and activity of life quite astounding, a splendid recklessness about money wh. has in it something admirable too. Dam the money says every man. He's as good as the richest for that day. If he wants champagne he has champagne. Mr. Astor can't do more. You get an equality wh. may shock ever so little at first, but has something hearty and generous in it. I like the citizenship and general freedom, and in the struggles wh. every man with whom you talk is pretty sure to have had, the ups and downs of his life, the trades or professions he has been in—he gets a rough and tumble education wh. gives a certain piquancy to his talk and company.

There's beautiful affection in this country, immense tenderness, romantic personal enthusiasm and a general kindness and serviceableness and good nature wh. is very pleasant and curious to witness for us folks at home, who are mostly ashamed of our best emotions, and turn on our heel with a laugh sometimes when we are most pleased and touched. If a man falls into a difficulty a score of men are ready to help.

While he was on this tour, his daughter Anne, aged fifteen, wrote him a letter containing an unanswerable question: "I wonder what makes people cry when they are unhappy, and when they are happy too, and when they are neither the one nor the other?"

In May, 1912, I had the pleasure of a long talk with this querist in her hospitable home in London. We drew books at random from the shelves: there was "Henry Esmond," filled with marginal notes and pictures in Thackeray's hand; out of another volume a letter fluttered to the floor, which I was asked to read aloud. It was a playful missive written in ink as black as his blood by Alfred Tennyson, telling "dear Annie" to be ready at the appointed hour, as the Laureate was coming to take her for a walk. At a desk in the room had sat the gigantic figure of Turgenev, scribbling something for her; and she permitted me to read a long intimate letter from Browning—together too intimate for publication, I suppose—which explained exactly how he felt when he saw the famous passage about his wife in FitzGerald's letters, and why he had made his terrible and—to many—inexplicable outburst.

Browning was as impulsive as Roosevelt; and he could never speak of his wife with calmness. Lady Ritchie told me an illustrative story. There was a rumor that Browning was going to marry again; and in his absence she mentioned it. The next day Browning heard of it in a way that made him suppose she had originated the fable; that night they met at a large dinner, and he was assigned to take her out to the dining-room. She greeted him in their customary friendly manner, took his arm, and then, to her amazement, found that he would not speak to her, but almost spiked her with his elbow every time she turned toward him. At dinner, he devoted himself exclusively to the lady on his left, and if