

THE MASSES



Drawn by H. J. Turner.

—A STORY BY ADRIANA SPADONI—
A SQUARE STATEMENT OF THE DYNAMITE CASE

Contributing Editors

LITERATURE

EUGENE WOOD
 HAYDEN CARRUTH
 INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE
 ELLIS O. JONES
 MAX EASTMAN
 HORATIO WINSLOW
 THOMAS SELTZER
 MARY HEATON VORSE
 JOSEPH O'BRIEN
 LOUIS UNTERMAYER
 LEROY SCOTT
 B. RUSSEL HERTZ
 WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING

A LITTLE TESTIMONIAL

FROM BOSTON

The Masses Publishing Company:

Dear Sirs,

Kindly stop sending us "The Masses."
 We never ordered it and DO NOT
 WANT IT.

Very truly,
 The Library Club House,
 Boston, Mass.

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THE MASSES PUBLISHING CO.

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the Act of March 3, 1879

Anna M. Sloan, Business Mgr.

Contributing Editors

ART

JOHN SLOAN
 ARTHUR YOUNG
 ALICE BEACH WINTER
 ALEXANDER POPINI
 H. J. TURNER
 CHARLES A. WINTER
 MAURICE BECKER
 WILLIAM WASHBURN NUTTING

A BIG ONE

FROM TERRE HAUTE

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EUGENE V. DEBS.

A FREE MAGAZINE

THIS MAGAZINE IS OWNED AND PUBLISHED CO-OPERATIVELY BY ITS EDITORS. IT HAS NO DIVIDENDS TO PAY, AND NOBODY IS TRYING TO MAKE MONEY OUT OF IT. A REVOLUTIONARY AND NOT A REFORM MAGAZINE; A MAGAZINE WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR AND NO RESPECT FOR THE RESPECTABLE; FRANK, ARROGANT, IMPERTINENT, SEARCHING FOR THE TRUE CAUSES; A MAGAZINE DIRECTED AGAINST RIGIDITY AND DOGMA WHEREVER IT IS FOUND; PRINTING WHAT IS TOO NAKED OR TRUE FOR A MONEY-MAKING PRESS; A MAGAZINE WHOSE FINAL POLICY IS TO DO AS IT PLEASURES AND CONCILIATE NOBODY, NOT EVEN ITS READERS—THERE IS A FIELD FOR THIS PUBLICATION IN AMERICA.

HELP US TO FIND IT. SEND US YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS WITH ONE DOLLAR FOR AN ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION. PASS US ALONG TO YOUR FRIENDS. TALK ABOUT US. PRAISE US. CRITICISE US. DAMN US PUBLICLY. WE MUST HAVE A LITTLE CONSIDERATION.



Sketches of the Aristocracy.



By F. M. Watts.

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Sketches of the Aristocracy.



By F. M. Watts.

DYNAMITE AGAINST STEEL: A TRAGEDY AND AN OPPORTUNITY

The United States Steel Company employs labor upon the rottenest terms of any big corporation in the world. It has accomplished this by killing with starvation or bullets every germ of a labor union that ever took root in any industry under its control. It has had the help of the United States militia in this job, besides that of law-makers, courts and local executives in many parts of the country.

There is just one union of fighting workmen who ever held out against any subsidiary of the Steel Trust, and that is the Structural Iron Workers. From the time they were organized (1896, in New York) up to the year 1906 they increased their wages all over the country more than 100 per cent. and reduced their working time from ten to eight hours a day. Early in 1906 the American Bridge Company, a subsidiary of the Steel Trust and the chief employer of these workmen, broke its contract with the union, and the fight began. The National Erectors' Association was then formed for the purpose of extending the anti-union methods of the Steel Trust into this branch of the building trades.

Backed by the solidest block of wealth and industrial tyranny known to history, the National Erectors' Association set out in 1906 to destroy the power of the Structural Iron Workers' Union. But structural iron workers are dare-devils by trade, and they accepted the challenge of this new organization and made up their minds to fight it to the last ditch. They fought it with dynamite. They fought it this way because they saw no other way to fight. Its control over the law, its control over the press and public opinion, its complete organized dominance of the structural business, and its notoriously merciless mode of fighting, seemed to leave them no alternative but crime. To all intents and purposes they won their fight. They forced the Erectors to go back to the Steel Trust and say: "You've got to give us material to be handled by union men, because if you don't, we can't handle your material at all. We can't afford the loss." The Structural Iron Workers' Union, instead of dwindling, has grown since the beginning of this campaign against it. Instead of weakening, it has strengthened its power. And while the open shop is still the declared policy of the Erectors, and the strike is still nominally on, as a matter of tacit arrangement there is a closed shop in thousands of structural enterprises and the union's terms are maintained almost throughout the trade.

Of course this does not mean that the Steel Trust gave up. Never so with a tyrant. It hired William J. Burns and put him on the trail of the dynamiters. He found Ortie McManigal first, and for over a year, I am told, he let this man travel round with J. B. McNamara, knowing they were destroying property, but waiting to get all the crimes committed that would be necessary to nail the union leaders. When he got ready he snatched J. B. and J. J. McNamara down to Los Angeles for the first of a sensational series of trials.

Clarence Darrow tried to defend them, but he found himself in a strange town, with his office full of detectives, unlimited money and unlimited evidence against him. When a deal was proposed whereby all the rest of the series of trials was to be called off, the prosecution of the Iron Workers to cease absolutely if his clients confessed, he advised them to do so. At first they refused because of the blow it would mean to labor in general. But they were persuaded by the assurance that if they confessed the cases against their fellow unionists would be called off. They gained nothing else by confessing. The labor world should remember that.

The fact that Steel was running the "Government" side of this case was brought out at this time. The original form of the agreement called only for a confession from J. B. McNamara. But a telegram from the Erectors' Association that *only a double confession would be accepted*, stopped the proceedings on the part of "The State," and a new agreement had to be drawn up. This agreement still contained the promise that all other prosecutions should be called off. So both the McNamaras confessed.

J. J. got five years more than was agreed, and the evidence against the rest of the Iron Workers was immediately turned over to the federal authorities, and the prosecutions went merrily on, in spite of an agreement into which both the State and the Erectors' Association had entered. That U. S. Steel has been largely directing the prosecution at Indianapolis, just as it did that in Los Angeles, has been the opinion of many observers. I am told by a reformer who favored the conviction of the men at Indianapolis, that he found the State's exhibits against the unionists not only accessible to, but actually in the charge of a representative of the Erectors' Association. I do not doubt that either the Steel millions, or the prejudice of the courts in their favor, has determined the main points in this trial. A conviction of thirty-eight men by one jury and one judge sitting little more than thirty-eight days, and giving one of the individual cases exactly one minute of separate consideration, is not a model of pure justice. But this fact does not prove that the conviction of the thirty-eight Iron Workers was unwarranted. It only proves over again what those Iron Workers believed at the start, namely, that every power to crush them lies in the hands of their employers. Every weapon that wealth and unscrupulous tyranny can provide, is against them.

I say unscrupulous with deliberation, because I wish to bring out the fact that crime has been committed on both sides of this fight, and that if the money for prosecution was in the hands of the Iron Workers, the Erectors would be having just as hot a time in the courts to-day as anybody else. I will describe only one of the criminal acts of the Erectors' Association—one that became a matter of public record in the trial of Clarence Darrow, the labor lawyer who defended the McNamaras. The Erectors' Association conspired with the Burns detective agency to "get" Clarence Darrow, on a charge of attempting to bribe a juror. We happen to know that Darrow did not attempt to bribe a juror, and anybody who wants to read his speech in his own defense may know that, even if he had wanted to, he could not conceivably have made such an attempt under the circumstances.

What then did Burns do, and what did the Erectors' Association pay him to do? He got Bert Franklin, one of his men, into Darrow's employ, and then had Bert Franklin bribe a juror, taking pains to leave plenty of evidence that he had done so, and stating he was acting for Darrow. In consequence of this act, Darrow might be in the penitentiary now (and the Erectors' Association chuckling over it) if it were not for the fact that Franklin left *too much* evidence. He took too much pains to let everybody know that he was bribing a juror. The case he made out was just too good to be true. And, moreover, by a rare fall of luck, he did the bribing after the agreement about a confession had been reached, and a motive for bribery on Darrow's part no longer existed. These two accidents have saved Darrow from the penitentiary. And that the whole prosecution was the result of a criminal conspiracy of the Erectors' Association, is practically cer-

tified by the jury that acquitted him—for his defense acknowledged that Franklin did bribe a juror.

In our opinion a conspiracy to have jury bribing committed, and to have it committed with a view to destroy the reputation of a good man and send him to the penitentiary for the best years of his life, is a more unscrupulous crime than the conspiracy to destroy property in the interest of decent wages and a chance to live, which were the aims of the Structural Iron Workers. It seems to me to be the act of a bunch of unmitigated blackguards, and I know that if the press in this country were free, the opinion of the distinterested public upon this seven years' fight and the merits of the parties to it, would be other than it is.

If these are the ways the Steel Trust fights the unions, *how do you expect the unions to fight the Steel Trust?* I do not ask this as a rhetorical question, nor with a view either to justify or condemn the dynamite conspirators. They had the courage to be criminals in the defence of their union, which is their life, and they defended it for the time being effectually. Those who feel called on to decide whether they are good or bad men, and how good or how bad, are welcome to the job. The question I want to ask—as a serious proposal to your practical intelligence—is this: If the Steel Trust is determined to fight the emancipation of its workers by every means that money, and fraud, and the control of government, provides, how do you expect its workers to fight the Steel Trust? That is the big question that rises out of the dynamite case.

And, for my part, this is the way I answer it: I expect the workers to fight the Steel Trust in two general ways which—though they could not have done what dynamite and self-sacrifice did for the Structural Iron Workers just in that crisis—can take the place of dynamite now, and do a great deal more for all the steel workers in the long run.

The first of these things is a new kind of labor agitation that has recently arisen in America—new at least in its strength and success, *class-conscious* as opposed to *trade-conscious*, or even *industry-conscious*, agitation, leading to an organization of workers on the same vast lines on which capital is organized, and leading to simultaneous strikes of all the workers in a given industry. Revolutionary Unionism—I don't care who starts it, who seems to be at the head of it, or what letters you place at the top of its stationery—Revolutionary Unionism is one hope of labor against the Steel Trust.

The other is *united class-conscious voting*. Keep a revolutionary power in the political field, and you will find the control even of Steel over the legislatures and over the courts diminished with every vote you can add to it.

These are the two methods. Combine them, as they ultimately must combine, and you have the power that will yet free the workers of the world. It will take more time, more money, more ingenuity and close counsel, to plant the idea of class solidarity in the mind of every worker in the Steel Industry than it would to plant dynamite under a thousand of its factories, but you can do it. You can start with this conviction of the dynamiters, if you will stand *with* them and *for* them as your brothers, whether you think they went wrong or not—you can make this event not the end of a secret conspiracy, but the beginning of an open revolutionary agitation that will strike into the very heart of capitalism in this country. For its heart is made of steel. And that is why we call this an opportunity as well as a tragedy.

M. E.



Drawn by John Sloan.

Direct "Action"!

THE MASSES

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FEBRUARY, 1913

ISSUE NUMBER 21

Max Eastman, Editor

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

DITTO

WE are green at the editorial business. We thought that when an editor had trimmed up an idea and displayed it in the show window on the front page of his paper for a month, the public would be fairly familiar with its contours, and he could bring out a new idea, if he had any, the next month. We thought the difficulty of the editorial business was to keep up a large stock of new ideas. We find on the contrary that hardly anybody gets acquainted with an idea that has only been in the window for one month, and the business of an editor is to keep the same idea there all the time, only change its clothes once in a while—say the same thing over again without repeating it.

Take that idea we put forward last time about the foolishness of thinking political action and direct action are opposed. Now we dressed out that idea to the very best of our ability and taste. We showed that the whole dispute that goes by the name of "political *versus* direct action" is the product of an old-fashioned way of thinking. And we said that our attitude, which we explained of course to be the only correct and wholly intelligent attitude, was to advocate both kinds of action as necessary, and not waste any time trying to decide which is the most important. What was our astonishment, then, during our wanderings among men interested in these problems, to hear it announced that THE MASSES is a Syndicalist Publication, and John Sloan" (who drew a picture of what actually happened to him in a polling place) "is a Syndicalist with anarchist tendencies." It seems as if you can't open your mouth in any direction these days without getting a new "ist" thrown at you. Well—we're not discouraged by this. Only we see we had a wrong idea of the editorial business, and it isn't quite such a drain on a man's resources as we thought it was. All we've got to do this month is to take in that idea we put forward last time, dress it up in a new suit of clothes, and stick it out again in the front-column.

So here it is! And please take a good look at it this time:

When we publish a cartoon showing possible limitations of political action as a means to the revolution, we are not saying that political action is no good, we are trying to tell you that the idea of political action ought not to be turned into a *dogma*. It ought not to be regarded as an exclusive method, involving a denial of the value of all other methods. It ought not to be an idol, but an idea. It ought not to control our minds; our minds ought to control it.

And likewise when we publish a cartoon—as we do herewith—showing limitations of direct action, we are

not saying that direct action is no good, but we are trying to tell you that this idea ought not to be turned into a *dogma* either.

These two methods do not conflict with each other. They supplement each other. And we believe that the dispute which centers around them, arises mainly out of the tendency of every man to turn his pet idea into a little god. It arises out of the dogmatic habit of thinking, and the people on one side of the dispute seem to have the habit almost as bad as the people on the other. We shall never see a united revolutionary movement until they both grow up.

EXPOSURE OF A NEGATIVE

J. P. MORGAN, the King of the Jungle, has been driven into a clearing and actually sighted by the public. About eight square feet of printed "testimony" has been extracted from him, and although this testimony contains absolutely no glimmer of information upon any subject or remotely related to any subject, the general feeling is one of high satisfaction.

We share this feeling. We do not agree with the press that Mr. Morgan was "clever and entertaining." The reason we do not agree is that we haven't any bank account and we don't have to. We think he was dull and merely dogged in his evasion of questions. But we do agree that he appeared in a wholly different light from that in which the public imagination had painted him, and that this was a good thing.

For twenty or thirty years, J. P. Morgan has been the greatest single power in this country. All that time he has been active. He has been doing things, extraordinary things, things of vast public interest, things that belong on the front page, double headlines in red ink, with a twelve-point leader, and a large photograph. But never has any one of these things that J. P. Morgan was doing been so much as mentioned upon any page of any newspaper in the country. God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. So does the Devil, as far as we are acquainted with him. And so does J. P. Morgan. And if the public imagination has clothed this latter gentleman with supernatural attributes belonging of right to either of the other two, it was only an inevitable result of this uncanny silence of the press. We can learn all we want to know about Doctor Parkhurst or Theodore Roosevelt, whose business is talking, or about Mrs. Leslie Carter or Nat Goodwin, whose business is pretending, but about J. P. Morgan, whose business is really achieving and moving things, we can learn not one single paragraph in twenty years. We just have

that awful feeling that you get when you know there is a man under the house and nobody dares go down and ask him how he got there, or what he intends to do.

That explains the peculiar attitude of the public towards J. P. Morgan. And the best thing, if not the only thing, this Pujo entertainment committee will accomplish, is to scare him out of the dark and show the public that he is personally nothing more or less than an ordinary man, rather dull, but with a stubborn constitution and a good head for business. He is just the same as the rest of us. He has done the same things most of us would do if we got the chance. We haven't got the chance, and that is why we find ourselves opposed to him in an economic struggle.

The class struggle is a conflict of human interests that are simply natural. It is not bad men against



good men. It is not smart against stupid men. It is not even successful against unsuccessful men, unless you spell \$ucce\$\$ with a lisp. No—it is merely a conflict between those who happened to get in on the *owning business* that has grown up with modern machinery, and those who happened to be looking the other way when the industrial revolution came along. Some of the best people in the land are on the owning side. Others are on the working side. Some of the worst crooks that ever squirmed up a spiral staircase are on the working side. Others of the same, on the owning side. But the general average on both sides is just plain, ordinary, common, back-parlor folks like J. P. Morgan, looking out for their family interests the best way they can, and loving to be a power in the community.

It is a scientific truth that the babies born in the

poorer classes are born with talents, tendencies, and capabilities essentially the same as those born in the wealthy classes. But it takes a long time to explain the technical matter that underlies this truth, and so it is a fine thing to have it all set forth in a dramatic way by rending the veil, and dragging the very high priest of the temple of wealth out into the lime-light, and showing how perfectly ordinary he can be for sixteen or eighteen hours of steady conversation.

CLASS STRUGGLE & CLASS HATE

CLASS hatred? Why nobody that is grown up feels any class hatred when he is sitting home thinking about things. The doctrine of the class struggle is flatly opposed to class-hate. It is a calm and loving acknowledgment of the fact that our problems arise out of a conflict of interests which are inevitable and all right—all right on both sides.



But of course after you go outdoors and get into the fight in a concrete situation, like that at Little Falls, where the knife is drawn and it's a clear case of life against profits, then you begin to see red, and you forget all about your theory, and start in calling names. But we ought not mind a few swear words now and then, so long as our general philosophy is sound. We don't have to shake hands at the end of each round. That would look silly.

But we do have to keep the spirit of sympathy and good sense alive in our hearts, and recognize all along that human's is human's. The true spirit for those on the under side of a class struggle is summed up forever in the greeting of Mother Jones to the Warden at San Quentin—"Poor boy, God damn your soul, ye can't help it!"

QUARANTINE!

NINE dollars a week is the least they can pay a woman and retain their own self-respect. It is the least a woman can live on and keep "decent." So says the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey. What amount she can live on and keep happy, is a more interesting question. But let us not discuss that. Let us accept this estimate of the New Jersey corporation as a fact so far as it goes. *A woman cannot live decently on a cent less than \$9.00 a week.*

Last October the workers in the mills around Little Falls were getting an average wage of *six dollars* a week. The *New York Call* says *five*. The *Evening Post* says *seven*. We'll say *six*. That is one dollar a day. And for that dollar they worked ten hours.

The morning the nine-hour law for women went into effect, all these wages were reduced 10 per cent., to make up for the lost hour. Instead of \$6.00 the average is now \$5.40. And that, remember, is the average for all workers. The average for women is probably a good deal lower—runs down perhaps to about

\$4.50. That is, it runs down to about *one-half of the least sum upon which, according to the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, a woman can be supposed to live decently.*

What do you think of that? You think at least one thing, if you think freely, and that is that those jobs at those wages are propagators of indecency. They are generators of filth and disease. They are a menace to the health, life, and motherhood of the women workers at Little Falls. They are the germs of prostitution and a starvation of body and spirit more lasting and more awful than the bubonic plague. That is what you think.

And what have the workers done to clean up this festering place, and ward off this evil? They have *declared a quarantine on those jobs*, as any intelligent group of people would do. They have declared that any man or woman who enters into those occupations and spreads that contagion is an enemy of their being and the being of their children. And they stand prepared to enforce that declaration by every power, whether consistent with the personal liberties of others or not, that is ready to their hands. They are acting in defense of their lives. They are employing exactly the right that every community employs when it delegates to a medical authority the power to infringe upon the personal liberty of men or women who contain the contagion of death. There is no principle of personal liberty which denies to a man, or a group of men, the right to defend their lives against destruction. And it is in defense of their lives against destruction that the strikers of Little Falls have taken whatsoever action they have taken. It is for enforcing a quarantine in the protection of human life that forty-six of them are now in jail. And if the people of that community who have time to think, will but penetrate beyond the forms and technicalities of a law anciently constructed in the defense of property, look into the face of truth, and determine the real verdict of human justice upon those men of liberty, they will soon be free.

NIGGERS AND NIGHT-RIDERS

WHITE men of Northern Georgia have banded together in a conspiracy to drive out the negroes. They slink out at night and paste threats of death on the doors of black families—death, if they aren't out of the county in twenty-four hours. There have been enough lynchings in that vicinity to prove they mean business, and the negroes are leaving by the hundreds. Many of them are deserting property—real estate and chattels that were the savings of a lifetime. This is what you call "Race War."

There is no more awful thing in this country than the problem here revealed. It is the only problem of democracy that nobody offers an ultimate solution of. I am going to offer one now. It is not so much "ultimate," perhaps, as immediate—for the question where we shall finally arrive is small compared to the question in what direction we shall go. We ought to go in the direction of equality and liberty. And the first step in that direction, when the whites combine against the negroes and call it a race war, is for the negroes to combine against the whites and make it a race war.

There are forces enough in the conditions of industry and politics in the South, to make a Negroes' Protective Association with a militant spirit a great weapon of democracy. A Toussaint L'Ouverture is what the South needs—a fighting liberator, a negro with power, pride of ancestry, and eternal rebellion in his soul. Unless you look to the awakening of such a man, or a thousand such men and women among the negroes, your institutions of charitable education will not amount to the land they are built on. For you cannot educate a suppressed spirit. Not one child in ten million can achieve his full stature against the inhibitions of a humiliated or contemptuous environment. The possibilities of the black man have never been tested, and they never will be tested until after the wine of liberty and independence is instilled into his veins.

We view the possibility of some concentrated horrors in the South with calmness, because we believe there will be less innocent blood and less misery spread over the history of the next century, if the black citizens arise and demand respect in the name of power, than there will be if they continue to be niggers, and accept the counsels of those of their own race who advise them to be niggers. When we speak for militant resistance against tyranny, we speak for democracy and justice. Everybody grants this as to the past, but few are bold enough to see it in the present.

As for the "ultimate solution," we are not greatly concerned. Nothing is ultimate when you get to it. But if the negroes were to drive the white men out of Northern Georgia, or some other section of the country, it would go far nearer to a solving of the race problem than this homeless and destitute migration of good citizens from one unwelcome to another which inaugurates the year 1913.

They need not your pity. They need not your ethnological interest, your uplift endowments. They wait for their heroes—for them who shall put life and the reality of action into the cry of Paul Laurence Dunbar:

"Be proud my Race in mind and soul;
Thy name is writ on Glory's scroll,
In characters of fire!"





Drawn by Maurice Becker.

Beware of Pickpockets!

THE DIVINE DISCONTENT

(As G. K. Chesterton might have written it, if he only had.)

LOUIS UNTERMAYER

IN that kaleidoscopic jumble of education, prejudice and beauty that we call the Modern World, more hideous errors, more flagrant misconceptions have persisted than even so fearless a statistician as, say, Anthony Comstock could catalog. We grope in a darkness none the less dark for being mental; a darkness compared to which the so-called Dark Ages were, if I may be permitted to use so fantastic a metaphor, a succession of brief but blinding shooting-stars. Wild thoughts and wilder deeds may have filled many a sanguine day, but if the years shone like short-lived and sinister suns, at least they shone. . . . The blacksmith had a place no less secure than the songsmith; the armor he fashioned protected and rescued men; to-day the same iron destroys them since it has entered their souls. Hospitality, in those times, was something more than a half-hearted invitation for a funereal week-end; one could be sure of cakes and ale at every door-step, and every house was a public-house. We have merely substituted the middle-classes

for the Middle-Ages. It used to be considered cheap, for instance, to own slaves. We have advanced economically; we find it cheap to be slaves.

In nothing is our slavery so apparent as in the intellectual fetters we bind upon ourselves. No longer do we cry out, "These things are unworthy of us"; we ask in an excess of humility, "Are we worthy of these chains?" We do not struggle to cast off our bonds; we wear them openly, proudly, even decoratively. If any of us bear a cross we insist that we carry no burden, but are indulging in a new kind of physical culture; we pretend that our crown of thorns is a wreath of roses! And thus a lethargic satisfaction has begun to retard the wheels of the world; it has crept, like a stealthy disease, into the veins of men; it lays its palsied hand upon the gyrations of the sun, and twines its clammy fingers around the unconscious centuries. Complacency is the sleeping-sickness of our time and Dissatisfaction its cure. We owe every improvement, every convenience, every invention to a few dozen dissatisfied men who refused to let well enough alone; whose fault-finding powers were so great that our horizon is greater for their grumblings. Their restlessness became new continents; their irritation sent trains roaring through the bowels of moun-

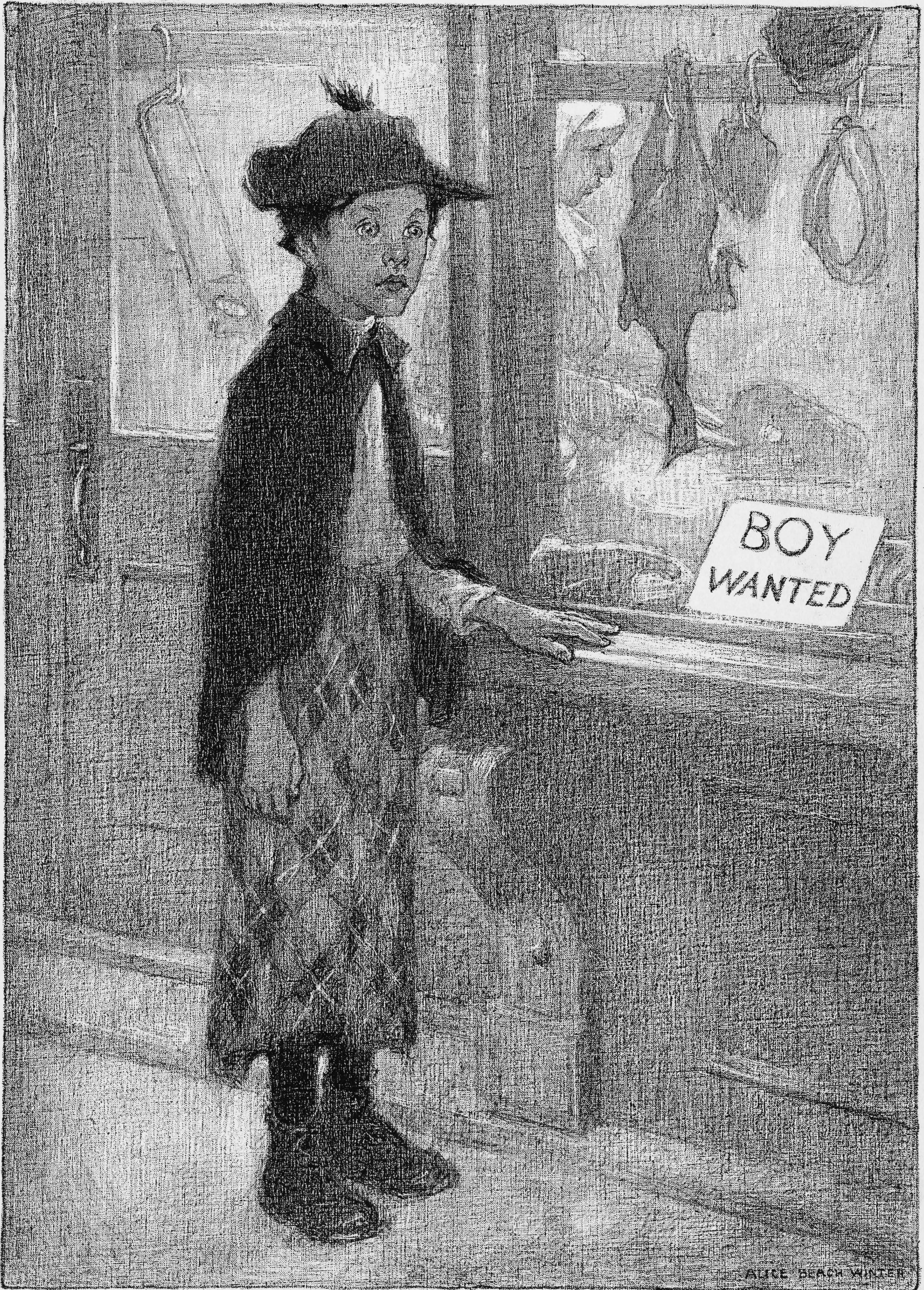
tains; messages through the unspanned seas, ships through the uncharted air. Discontent planned the wireless, conceived the spinning-jenny, built the first bridge, the last aeroplane. Dissatisfaction discovered America in 1492; but America has just begun to discover dissatisfaction. Revolt is the glorious heritage of a bountiful energy; it is the lack of it alone which is revolting. I like to feel that every dawn is a new and more startling experiment of discontented Nature, and that, with each turning of the earth upon its axis, we have accomplished, in truth, a daily revolution.

Perhaps I have obscured what I wished to say behind a net of words. It takes one so long to be brief that I have to go the longest way round to come to the very obvious point of these rather pointless paragraphs. Now that I have come to put it in a sentence. I see that I should not have used instances but *slang*, whose every utterance crystallizes a host of images in one startling metaphor. What our complacent world needs is more "knockers"—knockers at our intellectual doors—"knockers that shall waken us from inactivity to action, from slothful peace to inspiring conflict. Centuries ago it was written, with a reverence so deep as to ring like a challenge for all time: "KNOCK"—and it shall be opened unto you!"



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

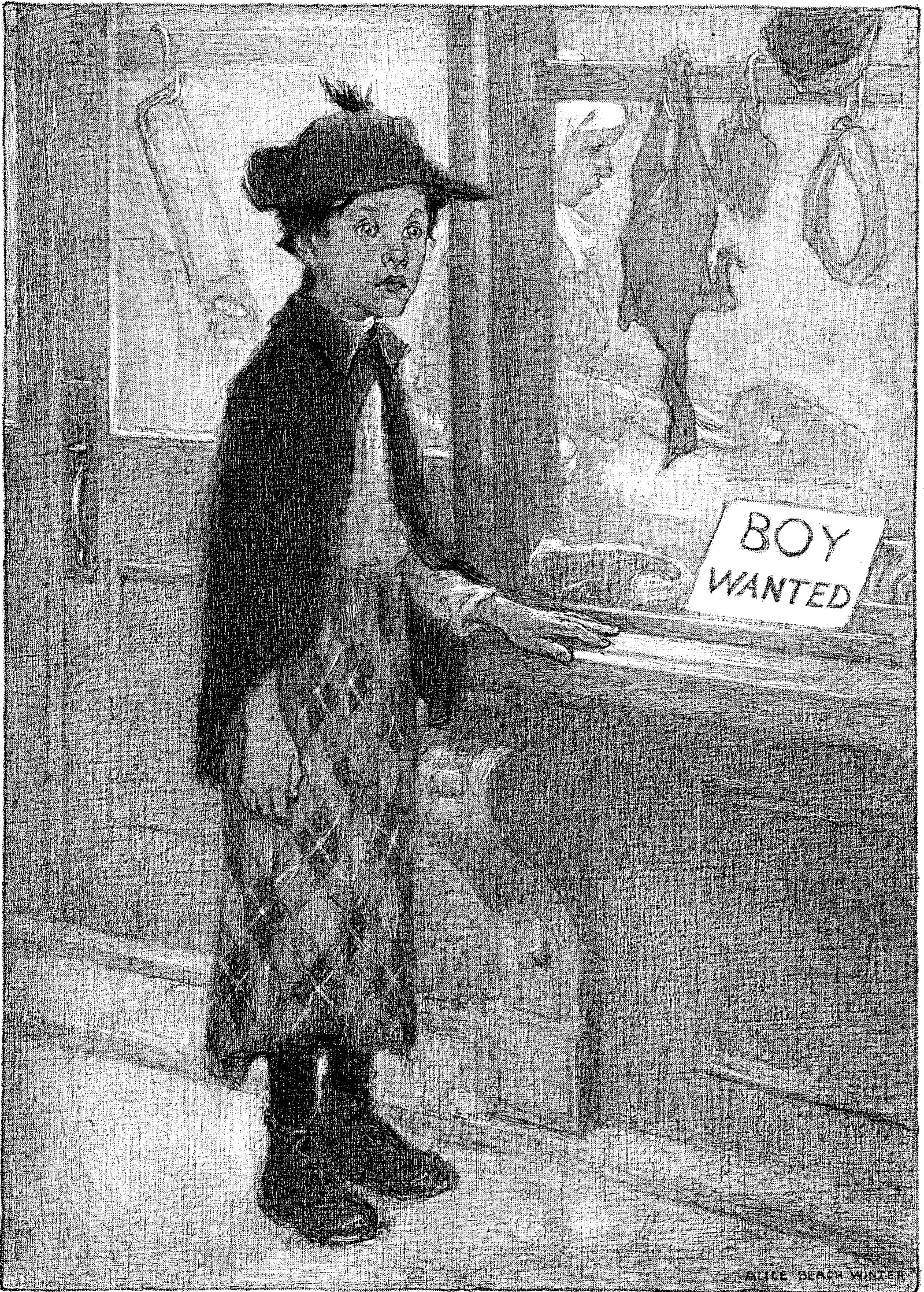
Beware of Pickpockets!



ALICE BEACH WINTER

Drawn by Alice Beach Winter.

Discrimination



ALICE BEACH WINTER

Drawn by Alice Beach Winter.

Discrimination

A SIDE-SPLITTING COMEDY

AT this time of widespread solemnity, accompanied by distinct signs of peevishness in the lower classes, it is a privilege to press-agent a new Comedian with a refreshing and uplifting entertainment. We do not here refer to the Supreme Court's investigation of the Coal Trust with its charming denouement in the discovery that the Coal Trust is not a Coal Trust after all. This style of humor was all right in its day, but it is a funeral compared to the work of the rising Comedian, J. Pierpont Morgan.

The sterling drama, "The Money Trust," was staged by the Pujo Committee in Washington. J. Pierpont Morgan is supposed in the first act to be the villain of the piece, owning all the banks except those that are empty, and acquiring insurance companies daily. It is represented that you couldn't get the change for a dollar, if you had one, without going to Morgan. Things are going from bad to worse up to the last act, when the great man himself appears and all is set right. It turns out that there isn't any such thing as a money monopoly. He shows that he is only one of many benevolent gentlemen who write million dollar checks to deserving young men who are good to their mothers. He does almost nothing but sit and think about the public good; some times he goes to see a man named Ryan and they sit and think about it together. He is not opposed to competition; on the contrary he takes a little himself now and then. He is strongly against stock manipulation, and would gladly put a stop to it only he has no influence in Wall Street. He says he has often heard the name of that thoroughfare.

Mr. Morgan's act alone insures the success of the production. The play comes opportunely alter the close of the football season and will help the tired business man pass the hours nappily until the opening of the trained donkey exhibition on March Fourth.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

TO RELIEVE THE ECCLESIASTICAL CONGESTION

THE fate of the old ministers seems to hang in the balance! One pessimist goes the length of saying that he fears they will have to be chloroformed. Is there not a better way to solve this problem of evangelical overproduction? With most of these old gentlemen, it is more a question of food than of age. Age, in fact, if accompanied by a certain amount of dignity, which is largely a matter of nourishment, is no disqualification for service upon the upper terraces of the vineyard. Who ever heard of a bishop being hurt by age? Why, they improve with age. And an elder! Can you imagine an elder being too old? "The older, the elder," we should say.

There are many sides to this question of providing for the old heroes of the Lord's army,—many out-sides, and there is also an inside upon which we will touch as delicately as possible, as to what we know, though no one has lived to tell the whole story. Jonah came as near to it as any one, and it is probable that if the big fish had detected the pure food label that must have been on the prophet, the latter would have been retained, and never given us half as much of a fish story as he did. He is the only one of his kind who ever came back. And his example need not discourage us, because of course he did not go in as a missionary to the whale.

The point is this: Is it not possible to make room in the ecclesiastical market for those who have passed beyond tender years, by sending more of the young into that branch of the profession in which a certain

tenderness is absolutely essential. We refer to the wing of the army that is charged with carrying the news to the far off savage in the cannibal islands. And this brings us to the very bone and marrow of our subject.

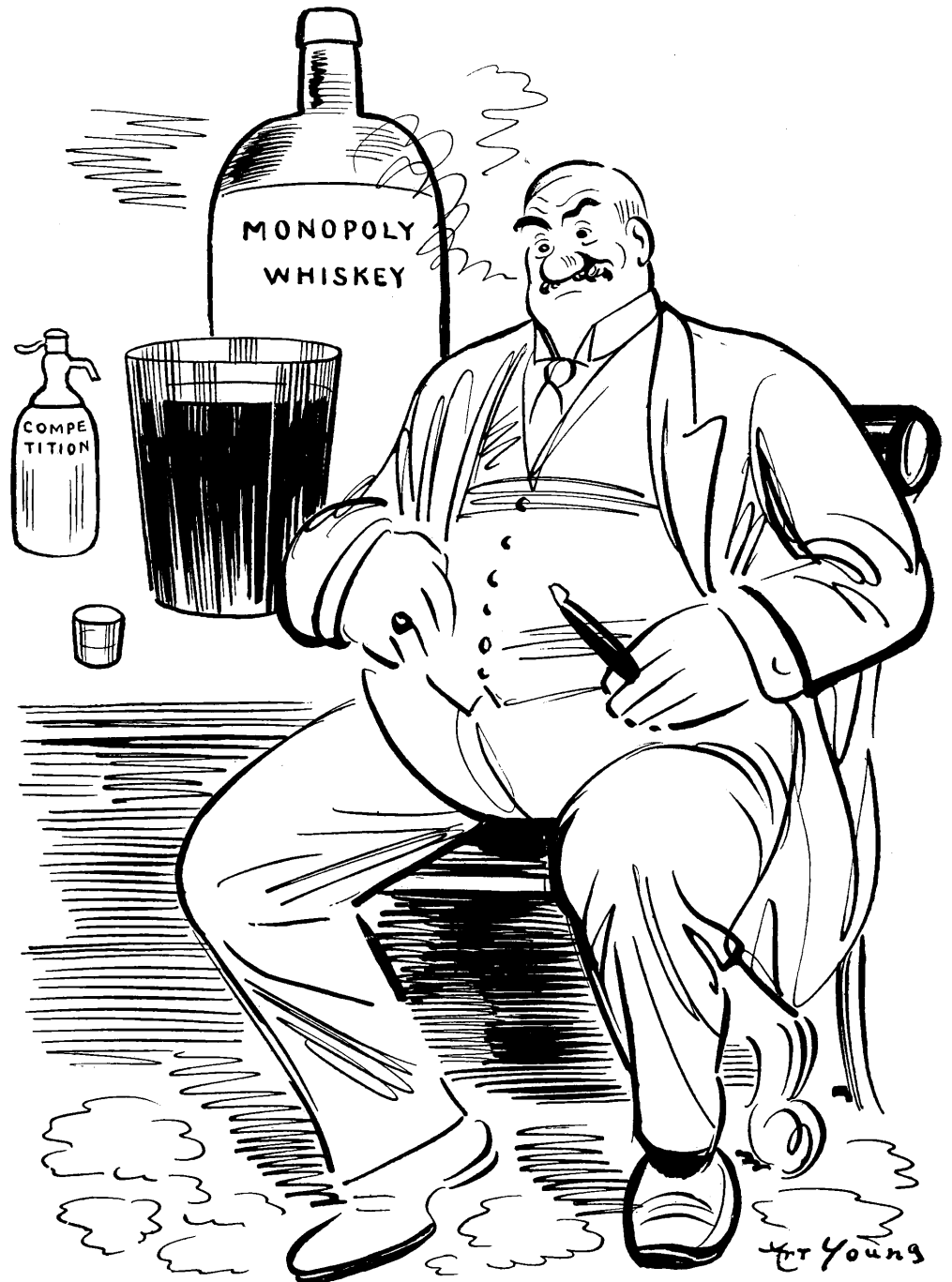
We are almost ready to insist that by a judicious selection of the material destined for the foreign missionary field and fireside, decidedly more room can be made in the home ranks, and there need be no more crowding out of the worthy old men who have so faithfully borne the burden and heat of the day.

And the question arises in this connection, are we now doing to the heathen as we would have them to do to us if we were they, and they were us? Are we devoting to the foreign missionary field the material that most decidedly appeals to their tastes? If not, then our duty is clear. If there is a good opening for foreign missionaries, then it behooves us to strain every nerve and push forward an ample supply of attractive young and tender missionaries, so that the heathen who are crying for sustenance may be filled more abundantly and may acquire a taste for mission-

aries and for more and better missionaries. Nothing could be better calculated to make the average heathen turn up his nose to our call, than for us, when he asks for the substance of life, to offer him a bag of theological bones. Nothing could do more to weaken the enthusiasm of the child of the jungle, or to shake his confidence in our good faith, than the appearance upon his hospitable shores of a shipload of emaciated enthusiasts who look as if they had thrown up all desire for life with their first meal at sea. This is simply a matter for selection by the Home Board. Once let them furnish an abundant supply of good, smooth, even, well-fed missionaries, properly dressed and delivered at the fireside, and the thing is done, done to a turn, and a demand will be created that will try the stoutest hearts in the vineyard to fill.

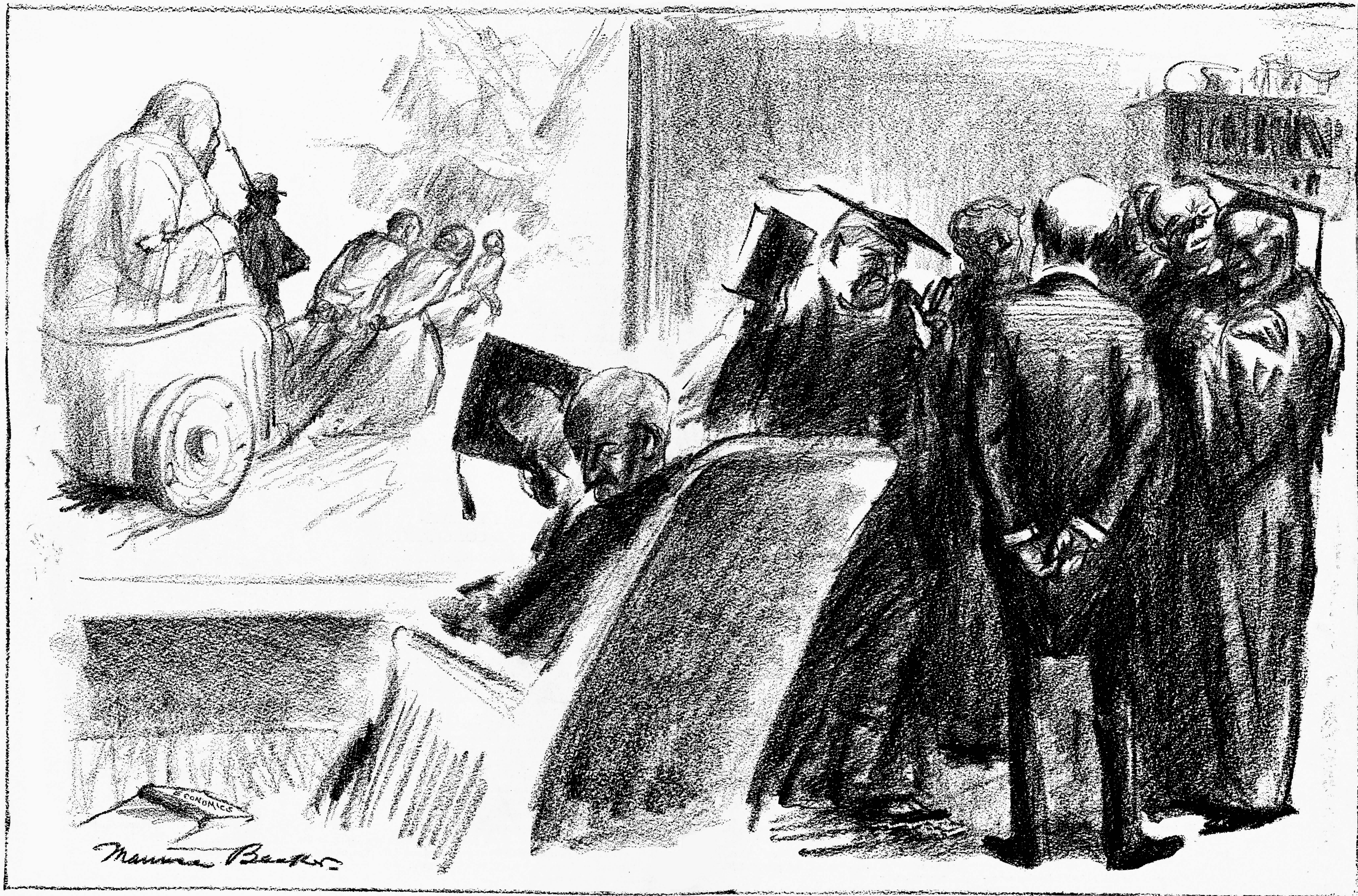
Then there will be lots of room in the ranks as well as at the top of the profession, almost as much room in fact as in the old days of the bonfire and the hungry lions, when the gospel was taken seriously and a minister never had the chance to get old.

WILL HERFORD.



Drawn by Art Young.

"I LIKE A LITTLE COMPETITION."—J. P. MORGAN.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

None So Blind As Those Who Can't Afford To See



THE CURSE

Drawing by John Sloan.

MICHAEL PAVLOV stood in the center of the room for a moment after he had turned out the gas, and looked about as if seeking something. It was a small room, stuffy with people and things. On a couch under the window a young man was asleep. He was big and strong and he breathed heavily. In the double bed two little boys slept, one at the foot, the other at the head. Michael turned slowly from side to side, peering into the hot darkness, his body bent slightly forward, listening. But there were only the four walls, cluttered with small pictures, the floor with its coarse, fringed rug, rough to his bare feet, and his three brothers sleeping.

Michael Pavlov hesitated by the side of the double bed as one hesitates before jumping into deep water. Then he got in, drawing as far to the edge as possible, and lay staring up into the ceiling, resting a little in its bareness. But it was only for a moment. The next it had begun, low at first, louder and louder, the sound he had come to dread, the sound he tried hopelessly to escape, the sound of people breathing in their sleep. If he could only outwit it one night, he might get the upper hand. It was useless to shut his eyes and try to force his brain to a blank. He had done that for weeks. The sound got in under the blank space and beat upon it as the leathern mallet beats on the tightened drumhead. He could not escape. It always caught up with him. Sometimes, during the last weeks, he had covered his head and prayed that it might stop, for he feared it now with a physical fear. But it came on, without a pause, steadily, evenly through the blankets, growing until it roared like a great wind over bare hills. Beyond the light snoring of Jim on the couch and the breathing of the two small brothers in bed with him, he could hear distinctly, through the thin walls of the next room, the heavy breathing of the big Fedor Pavlov, his father, and of his mother, and behind them, the breathing of his three younger sisters. Sometimes he fancied he could hear the tiny, flutelike breath of the baby in its crib beside the bed of his father and mother. All over the great tenement it was the same, men and women and children, breathing in the night. Michael Pavlov was afraid of it, afraid that some night he would be driven to get up and stop it—just make one little spot of silence in that even, rhythmic beat.

Michael Pavlov was twenty-two. In three months he was to be married. He and Lena would go to live in another brick hive. All over it there would be the same sucking beat, only not quite so close. There would be only Lena very near, big, pink, fair Lena breathing in the darkness. He wondered whether Lena breathed heavily like Jim. He rather thought she did, she was so big and strong. Michael Pavlov did not like the idea, but once it had come, it would not go away. He turned over, trying to find a cool spot. If he could find a cool spot he might be able to get to sleep. But there was no cool spot. He was on the very edge, curled up to keep away from the moistly warm bodies of his little brothers. The small boy at the foot slept quietly, but Mishna tossed uneasily, throwing out his legs and arms in spasmodic jerks. As if following a magnet, again and again, little Mishna worked his way toward the greater coolness of Michael's body.

Each time Michael pushed him away, but very gently, for Michael was never rough with Mishna.

A RIFT OF SILENCE

A STORY BY ADRIANA SPADONI

He loved Mishna better than he loved his father, or his mother, or any of his brothers or sisters. Lena said often that he loved this small brother better than he loved her, but that was quite ridiculous. Michael loved Lena as the boy loves the girl he is going to marry. Mishna he loved as an artist loves his inspiration. Mishna kept his soul alive. For hours Mishna would sit close, listening to stories of Russia, until the damp of excitement came out on his small, pale face and his great brown eyes burned. One day Jim had overheard the two, the big brother and the little. Jim had smiled in his easy, slow way.

"Tell him about the Master, Michael, and—"
 "What about the Master, brother?"
 "Nothing, Mishna, nothing." And Michael had looked at Jim so that he stopped smiling. For Michael never told Mishna of the hunger, the hardships, only of the flat greenness of the field, the blue sky, the clean snow, the wonderful days when the Master took him after wolves and foxes. Sometimes he even whispered these things to the small boy in the night, hot nights when neither of them could sleep. That was before Michael had come to hear so clearly the breathing of the sleepers.

Mishna threw out an arm. It lay across Michael's breast, hot and thin through the shirt. Michael lifted it gently, but Mishna twisted restlessly and began talking.

"It's a great big one," explained Mishna. "It's flying away up there. I can't reach it and it's so thirsty."

Michael turned over. Mishna's eyes were open and he was staring at the ceiling. "There it is—behind that white cloud, the little one that looks like a snowball. There's a man—" The voice rose sharply. "He's sitting on the edge of the cloud—"

Michael sat up and pushed the heavy, dark hair from Mishna's forehead.

"Wake up, little brother, wake up."
 "It's thirsty," repeated Mishna peevishly, "it can't find the faucet. The big man's sitting on it."

"Little brother, wake up." Michael shook him. "You're dreaming."

Mishna threw off Michael's hand. "The big, black bear—" he began, but his voice trailed to an indistinct murmur.

Michael got up and tiptoed into the kitchen. As he passed through his parents' room hot air seemed to beat and retreat, driven by the bellows-like breathing of huge Fedor Pavlov. When the water had run cold Michael carried back a cup to Mishna. The little boy drank it greedily and stopped talking of the black bear, but he continued to whine from time to time and to throw out his arms.

Michael thought that he had not slept at all, when he woke with a start to hear his mother calling, "Michael, Michael, it's after six, you'll be late."

Michael tumbled out and began to dress. Suddenly he remembered Mishna and turned to the bed. Mishna was sleeping, but his face was a deep red and his lips cracked and dry.

"Michael, you'll be late." Mrs. Pavlov came again to the door.

"Little mother, I think Mishna is sick. In the night he talked of strange things, and now feel his face, it is like fire."

Mrs. Pavlov crossed heavily to the bed and laid her hand on Mishna's forehead.

"He is hot." She spoke in a dull, thick way as if she had first to lift some weight from her brain and

so let free her speech. "He is hot, but he sleeps. It is not much."

From the kitchen beyond, Fedor Pavlov called for more coffee and she went out, walking in her heavy way as if the long sleep in the hot room had not rested her. By the time Michael came out the others had gone. He drank his coffee standing, and as he passed through the door turned to call back:

"Do not wake Mishna. It is too hot for him to go to school."

Once in the familiar atmosphere of the slaughter room, Michael forgot everything but his work, which was to keep forever scraping the floor. It was stupid work, but the routine of it caught Michael as if he were a bit of waste on the belt of a great wheel and bore him round and round. There was nothing in the work to prevent him from thinking of other things, but there was no incentive to think of anything else. Michael Pavlov had been scraping the floor of the slaughter room for four years. He expected to go on scraping it. The foreman said he was a good man.

All day the great steers came down the narrow alleyway, were struck on the head and dropped. Michael and another man scraped the blood from the floor before it thickened. It was always hot and airless, and life was always being cut off. Sometimes the big animals bellowed their rebellion. It was like the cry of a persecuted mob. Michael had heard sounds like that in Russia, and at times it made him feel that people were being killed. At others, he could feel the world outside waiting for its food. It was like a voracious monster never satisfied. All day men rushed hither and thither getting its food. At night they slept heavily to get more for it the next day. It let no one rest. Although one couldn't see it, it was as real as the Russian Master. It was always there behind urging on. The only ones who had escaped, were the two old rabbis who came three times a week to kill according to Kosher rule. Venerable in their skull caps and long, grey beards, they stood beside the block as if it were a sacrificial altar, and made the lawful cuts. Between times they leaned close together, endlessly discussing, making ancient gestures with their old hands. They talked of faraway, useless things that had no bearing on the slaughtering of the cattle. Their monotonous, singsong had in it something of the still coolness of a vault. They came down the centuries to the killing.

As Michael passed near them the shorter and stouter of the two looked up and smiled kindly with his small, brown eyes.

"It is hot to-day."

Michael nodded. "It is always hot in here—like the air in an oven."

The old man raised his head so that his beard stood out from his body like a board, and sniffed.

"So. Like an oven." He seemed never to have noticed it before. "There will be much sickness."

"Much sickness." The second old man echoed the words so closely that it seemed as if the first had said the same thing twice. The second old man was a little older, a little drier, a little browner. He always stood a few paces behind, like a shell from which the first had emerged.

"At night one cannot sleep." Michael leaned for a moment on the long handle of his rake and gazed

into the length of the slaughter room as if he saw there The Inability to Sleep lying in wait.

"So. One cannot sleep." The first old man shook his head as if revolving a world problem.

"One cannot sleep," echoed the second old man. "There are so many people. They breathe so loud." Michael spoke as if the old man with the kind little eyes might be able to do something about it. But the old man only shook his head.

"Yes. There are many people. It is good. The world is for that—the many people."

Michael had scraped clean the floor about the block and so he passed on. The two old men went back to the discussion he had interrupted. Their soft singsong followed him until it was killed by the heavy thud of a falling steer.

"They are so old," Michael apologized for them, "they are as if dead already."

His work did not take him near the two old men again, but he saw them talking, smiling sometimes, untroubled by the heat, or closeness of the place. In the middle of the afternoon they took off their blood-stained aprons and went, the stouter and younger one, as usual, a few steps in advance. They had gone back into the past for another two days.

On the stroke of six work stopped. Five minutes later the streets leading from the stock yards were choked with men and women hurrying away. They went in a sullen, headlong fashion, as if getting away from the thing behind them.

As Michael opened the kitchen door the steam from the kettle of cabbage soup dropped about him like a curtain. Through its thin greyness his mother came toward him from the bedroom.

"How is Mishna?"

Mrs. Pavlov shook her head. "He is still in the bed. He sleeps nearly all day. He will not eat—and I made it extra good." She looked down helplessly at the plate of steaming soup in her hand. Michael felt her disappointment and patted her shoulder.

"Never mind, Little Mother, one does not eat much in bed. It is good that he sleeps."

As soon as Michael had washed his face and hands at the sink he went in to Mishna.

"Little brother," he called softly, "art better?"

Mishna opened his big, brown eyes. "Tell—me a story," he began, but seemed to drop asleep before he had finished.

Michael stroked back the thick curls lovingly. "Shame, little lazybones. A story? Why, thou sleepest before I can begin."

"Michael, the dinner is ready." Big Fedor Pavlov's voice broke into the room.

"I—do—not—want—the—soup—" Little Mishna frowned wearily. "I do not—want—the—soup, brother."

"No. After, I will get thee ice cream. That is sweet and cold. You will like it, Little Mishna."

Mishna smiled faintly. "It—is cold."

Michael went back into the kitchen. Fedor Pavlov had already helped some of the children to a second plate of the thick soup. When it was all gone, Mrs. Pavlov brought three saucers of apples cooked with cinnamon and put them down before her husband and Jim and Michael. When the three men had finished, wiping the saucers clean with bits of bread, they pushed back their chairs. Fedor Pavlov took a Russian paper from his pocket and filled his pipe.

Jim put on his hat and went out; the younger children disappeared into the street. Mrs. Pavlov took the pot of tea and the bread that was left, and carried them out to the box on the fire escape that served as an ice box, and Michael followed her.

"I will get a little ice cream for Mishna. He likes it."

"You are good to the little one—like a father." Mrs. Pavlov's heavy face lightened.

"He is not strong. He is different." Michael looked down into the street far below, where the children were screaming in the hot dust. "Mother, when I marry Lena we will take him. There will be more room. It will—"

"For a little while—more room, Michael." Mrs. Pavlov laughed, and Michael blushed.

His mother laid a scarred hand on his. "It is so with us all. It is not to blush. At first you and Lena alone in the world." Mrs. Pavlov looked out over the roofs of the lower houses opposite, as if she could see back into the past. "Then a little son, a little daughter. After that—you two are no more alone. More sons, more daughters, and in some way all the world." Mrs. Pavlov turned and looked at Michael. "So. It is strange. At first there are only two—against the world. After, there are two and—all the world." Mrs. Pavlov leaned forward on the iron railing and looked down, smiling into the crowded street below. "No. At first Lena will not want Mishna. She will want only you. Afterwards, when she has one, two of her own, then she will take Mishna also. It is that way."

Suddenly the boy thought of the two old men in the slaughter room. His shoulders drooped as if already he felt faintly the weight of the future.

"There are so many people already in the world!" Mrs. Pavlov looked at him puzzled. "Many people? Of course—for what else is the world?"

"Mother, Mishna calls." Fedor Pavlov came to the window and knocked the ashes of his pipe through the iron grating. Mrs. Pavlov pushed past him and went in. Michael and his father stood where they were, the big man leaning against the window frame.

"Next week I think they will fire Dimitri. Perhaps I will get the place. To-day the foreman said he would speak for me. I have been longer than any of the others. I—"

"It is a good job." Michael shook off the responsibility of his own future and turned to his father eagerly.

The big man smiled in an awkward, self-conscious way. "Yes. It is good. I am not yet sure, so I have not told the mother. She will be glad."

"Why does Dimitri go?"

"He is getting old. Last week he made twice the same mistake. The company cannot afford to keep him." There was a faint note of pride in Fedor Pavlov's voice as if he and the company were now responsible together.

"It is a good job. The Little Mother—"

"Fedor—Michael—oh, my God—"

Michael was through the window before big Fedor Pavlov could turn.

Mrs. Pavlov knelt by the bed, her arms thrown across the small figure in it.

"He is dead. He is dead." It was a cry like the faraway howling of wolves at night. "He is dead."

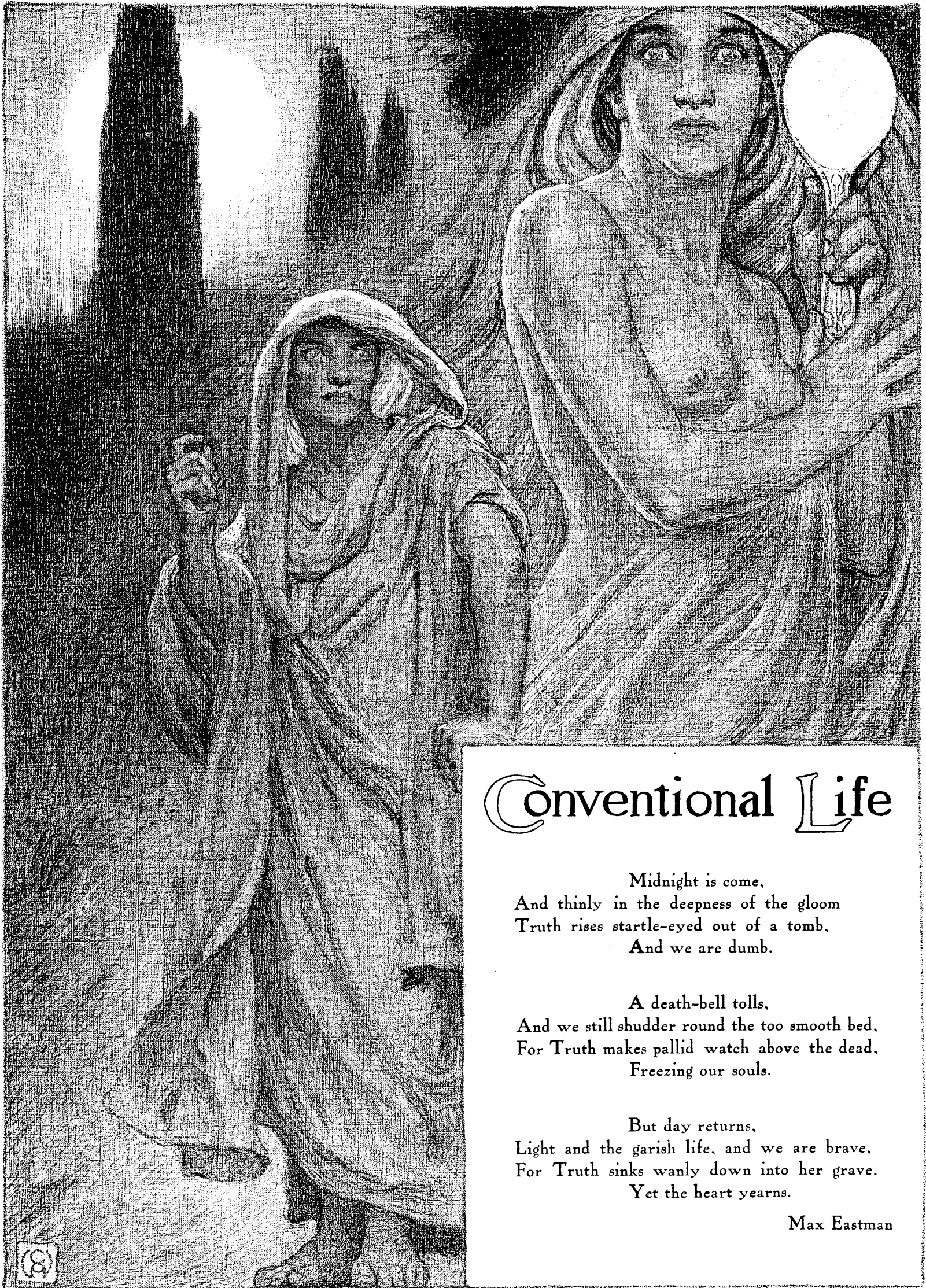
Fedor Pavlov thrust his wife aside roughly and bent down, turning the little white face to the greying light. Then he began to sob.

Only Michael did nothing. He stood helpless just inside the door, listening, listening to the silence. Behind the sobbing of Fedor Pavlov and his wife he heard it—a little rift of silence.



THE CURSE

Drawing by John Sloan.



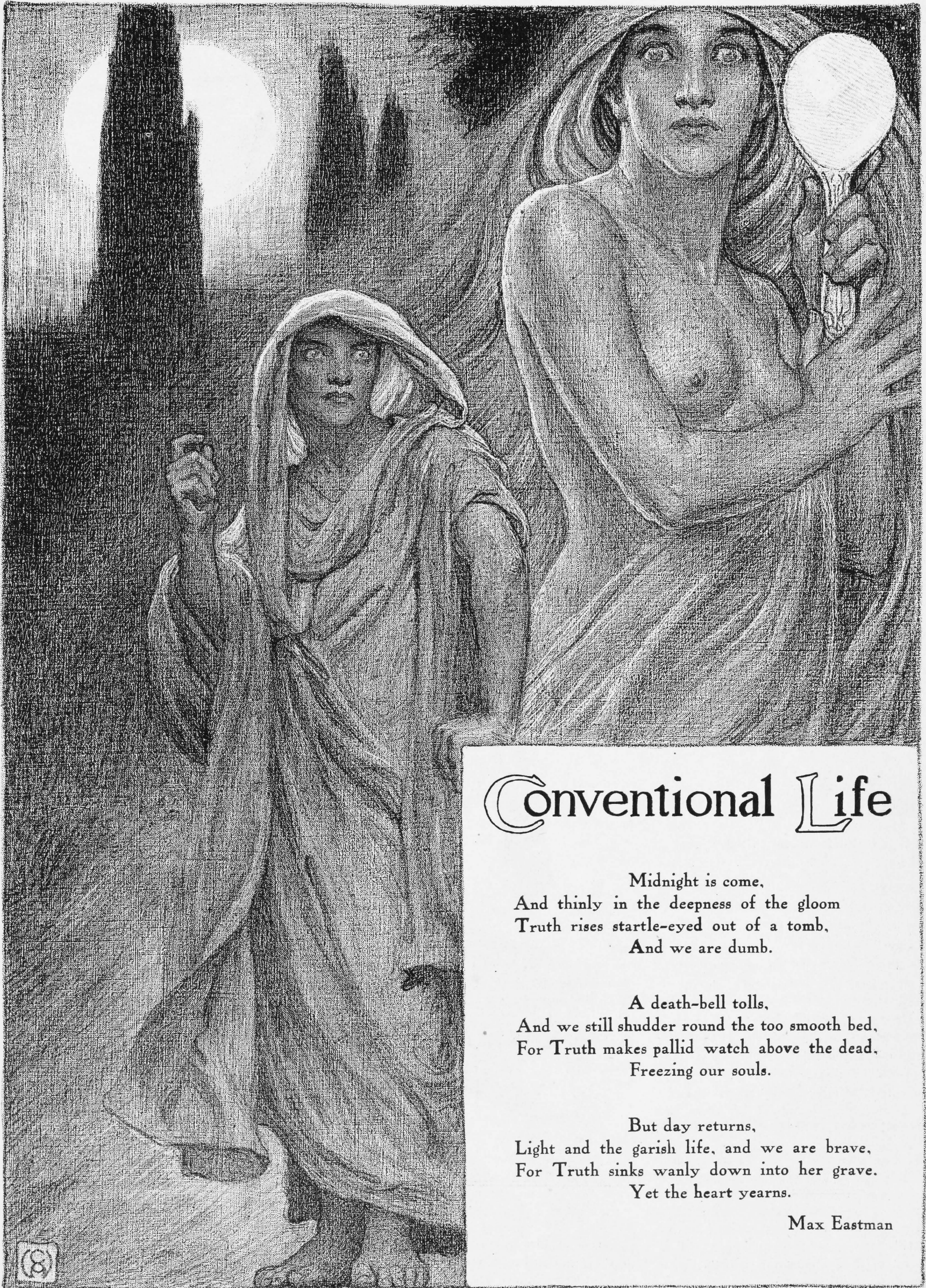
Conventional Life

Midnight is come,
And thinly in the deepness of the gloom
Truth rises startle-eyed out of a tomb,
And we are dumb.

A death-bell tolls,
And we still shudder round the too smooth bed,
For Truth makes pallid watch above the dead,
Freezing our souls.

But day returns,
Light and the garish life, and we are brave,
For Truth sinks wanly down into her grave,
Yet the heart yearns.

Max Eastman



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ADAM & EVE—THE TRUE STORY

To be continued.

"GEE, who's the swell guy in the automobile?
She's a peach all right!"

"Oh, that's one o' the old age pensioners o' the Steel Trust."

"What yer givin' us?"

"Sure! She's been workin' fer 'em fer twenty years an' retired."

"Why, she don't look like no more'n a kiddo."

"Well, they treat yer so white, the longer yer stay the younger yer looks. She had to quit, er she'd a been lookin' like a baby 'fore long."

"But where'd she git the outfit?"

"The pension, you boob! One per cent. of a tenth of one per cent. of yer last year's earnin's fer life—two per cent. if yer dies—green tradin' stamps fer every finger yer lose! It's a regular hand-me-out."

"Gee—I'm goin' ter quit my job!"

"What yer doin'?"

"Runnin' a few banks."

"Well, yer better stick to it. 'Taint a sure thing about the lady. I was only goin' by their reports on welfare work."

"I'VE just found the cutest little apartment, dear Mrs. Van Twiller, 3 rooms and 9 baths."

"Oh, you lucky thing, I've hunted all over town and only saw one decent one with 2 rooms and 7 baths—another had 1 room and 9 baths, but I was afraid it would be a little too small."

"Isn't it exciting, the world is moving so quickly! Dear Mrs. Van Twiller, when I was a child, we only had two bath tubs in our whole house!"

"Yes, of course, but now *everyone* can afford an auto, and we must have *some* mark of distinction! Good-bye, dear Mrs. Feathergill, so glad to have met you!"

"GOOD mornin', Mrs. O'Brien. How are ye?
How is 't ye're not at yer job this mornin'?"

"Good mornin' to ye, Mrs. Fitzgerald. Oi'm fine. Oi'm sorry oi can't be standin' talkin' to ye. Oi'm on me way to Jay Parepoint Morgin to borry a thousand dollars."

"Are ye crazy, gone out o' yer sines? What's the madder with ye?"

"Did Oi say a thousand? Oi mint a million. Oi've got es foine a cherácter es enny on the block, an' Oi nade the money."

"Ye're shure gone mad, Mrs. Fitzgerald."

"It's only cherácter is needed, he sis. Tin childer—a no-'count man—hard workin'—al'ays paid me bills—Eggs is high—an' Oi'm short this week. Good-bye—Oi can't be loiterin'! His office hours is shorter'n me own. Meet me 't the corner o' Fift' Avena and Tharty-four', we'll have a boite at the Walldorf after me seein' him—Good-bye!"

"SAY, did yer ever hear the likes of it?"

"What?"

"Why, the cost of livin' is mountin' so high, they're goin' to make dyin' a little nicer."

"I bet Carnegie's behind it. He's a noble soul!"

"Yer can have a band now with yer funeral fer the same price."



Drawn by John Sloan.

The Foray

"I thoct that wuz a furrin' custom. The French does it, they say."

"Sure—but there ain't no tariff yet on dyin', an' all the appurtenances thereto goes along with it."

"What yer puttin' over?"

"Well, ain't it yer dooty to die? It's the on'y way to keep down prices. If yer wuz poor, it wuz yer dooty to have no children, wasn't it? Well, this is

the next step in civilization. Yer gotta die, that's all. Progress demands it." JULY CURTIS.

Important Distinction

"ONE thing more," said Frank Doyle, the National Organizer, to the striking Garment Workers, "you must be orderly. This is not a riot. It is a small Social Revolution."



Drawn by John Sloan.

The Sixth Day



Drawn by John Sloan.

The Night Alarm

ADAM & EVE—THE TRUE STORY

To be continued.

"GEE, who's the swell guy in the automobile?
She's a peach all right!"
"Oh, that's one o' the old age pensioners o' the Steel Trust."
"What yer givin' us?"
"Sure! She's been workin' fer 'em fer twenty years an' retired."
"Why, she don't look like no more'n a kiddo."
"Well, they treat yer so white, the longer yer stay the younger yer looks. She had to quit, er she'd a been lookin' like a baby 'fore long."
"But where'd she git the outfit?"
"The pension, you boob! One per cent. of a tenth of one per cent. of yer last year's earnin's fer life—two per cent. if yer dies—green tradin' stamps fer every finger yer lose! It's a regular hand-me-out."
"Gee—I'm goin' ter quit my job!"
"What yer doin'?"
"Runnin' a few banks."
"Well, yer better stick to it. 'Taint a sure thing about the lady. I was only goin' by their reports on welfare work."

"I'VE just found the cutest little apartment, dear Mrs. Van Twiller, 3 rooms and 9 baths."
"Oh, you lucky thing, I've hunted all over town and only saw one decent one with 2 rooms and 7 baths—another had 1 room and 9 baths, but I was afraid it would be a little too small."
"Isn't it exciting, the world is moving so quickly! Dear Mrs. Van Twiller, when I was a child, we only had two bath tubs in our whole house!"
"Yes, of course, but now *everyone* can afford an auto, and we must have *some* mark of distinction! Good-bye, dear Mrs. Feathergill, so glad to have met you!"

"GOOD mornin', Mrs. O'Brien. How are ye?
How is 't ye're not at yer job this mornin'?"
"Good mornin' to ye, Mrs. Fitzgerald. Oi'm fine. Oi'm sorry oi can't be standin' talkin' to ye. Oi'm on me way to Jay Parepoint Morgin to borry a thousand dollars."
"Are ye crazy, gone out o' yer sines? What's the madder with ye?"
"Did Oi say a thousand? Oi mint a million. Oi've got es foine a cherácter es enny on the block, an' Oi made the money."
"Ye're shure gone mad, Mrs. Fitzgerald."
"It's only cherácter is needed, he sis. Tin childer—a no-'count man—hard workin'—al'ays paid me bills—Eggs is high—an' Oi'm short this week. Good-bye—Oi can't be loiterin'! His office hours is shorter'n me own. Meet me 't the corner o' Fift' Avena and Tharty-four't', we'll have a boite at the Walldorf after me seein' him—Good-bye!"

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The Night Alarm

THE WORLD-WIDE BATTLE LINE

SOCIALISTS AND THE GENERAL STRIKE.

The press has widely noticed the international Socialist demonstrations against a threatened European war, but it has not remarked their most important feature. This was the widespread endorsement of the idea of the general strike. Vaillant, the French Socialist, said: "In France and England we have seen the transport and mine workers in general strikes for economic demands, and in Belgium they are now preparing a general strike for equal suffrage. Can it be impracticable for such a momentous object as peace?" And The French Party *unanimously* declared: "Never were revolutionary means better justified than in the use of the general strike and *insurrection* for the prevention and the ending of war, and for the tearing of power out of the hands of the ruling classes that unchained it."

We frequently hear of Socialist disagreements on the use of the general strike. But these disagreements are only as to details. For instance, in France the irrepressible Gustave Hervé formerly favored *desertion* at the time war is declared, while Jaurès (the moderate!) preferred *insurrection* at that juncture. He wanted the troops to march to the frontier, but *by way of Paris!* Now it is agreed by both that the best time to strike is not during mobilization, but either before mobilization or after it. Hervé wants the strike *before*, and asked of the French congress that a committee be appointed to prepare it. Compère-Morel, following the German Socialists, wants the strike to come *during* the war and after the troops have been called away. He believes that it would then lead to a social revolution. The resolution adopted combined both views.

Socialists are ready to declare a general strike for peace, but it is chiefly because they believe it will prepare the way to a general strike for Socialism.

IS CAPITALIST PEACE WORSE THAN WAR?

The object of Socialist peace efforts is not merely peace, but Socialism. Half the capitalists are financially interested in peace. At the French Congress just mentioned, Jaurès said, "Capitalism contains in itself peace as well as war," and the final resolution of the Congress admitted that the "democrats" of the country might be expected to stand against war as well as the workingmen. The difference between Socialist and Capitalist peace movements must therefore be emphasized.

Baroness von Suttner now has "a plan for merging all the armies and navies of the world into an international police force." All Socialists are aware that this would mean an international force for suppressing every revolution, as happened in Europe at the time of the French Revolution, and again in 1849 when Russia put down the Hungarian revolt. Socialists will favor an international police force when they can control it, but not before.

THE RIGHT TO STRIKE.

Roosevelt's notoriously reactionary position on this question as far as railroad and government employees are concerned, is undoubtedly that of most Progressives. And the government-appointed arbitrators of the recent dispute between the railroads and their engineers reached the same portentous conclusion:

"A strike in the army or navy is mutiny, and universally punished as such.

"The same principle is applied to seamen because of the public necessity involved.

William English Walling

"A strike among postal clerks, as among the teachers of our public schools, would be unthinkable. . . .

"It is believed that in the last analysis the only solution . . . is to qualify the principle of free contract in the railroad service."

As in this country, so also in Germany, the Progressives want to gain for railroad employees the empty right to organize, but not the right to strike. This right "they can no more have than the military," remarked Dr. Ablass, who represented the Progressives in the great Reichstag debate this December.

The German Socialists are unanimously opposed to this attitude. Railroad employees having been recently dismissed in Essen for joining an association "which did not expressly repudiate the right to strike," the Socialist representative Bauer declared that "against this menace every means of defense is permissible. He who is coerced into resigning [from his association] is not bound by his resignation. He can quietly sign a statement that he has resigned, but he is a miserable wretch if he really does so." The speaker was here interrupted by shouts of approval from the rest of the 110 Socialist members of the Reichstag.

The right of railway employees to strike is in all countries either prohibited, or restricted to a degree that amounts to prohibition. And as Socialists in all countries preach the right and duty to strike, they evidently stand everywhere for *law-breaking*, not only during some future revolution, but now.

SOCIALIST DEFEATS?

The defeat of certain Socialist candidates, like Congressman Berger in Wisconsin and legislators Maurer and Merrill in Pennsylvania and New York, are signs of growth—since they were brought about by a combination of the opposing parties. Congressman Berger's recent recognition of this fact is epoch making. He says: "The Socialists cannot claim any district until they have an absolute majority of all the votes there." Under this rule the Socialists have had no right to claim Milwaukee or any other important place in the country. And they may need several million votes before they can elect another Congressman.

LOCAL LOSSES IN THE RECENT ELECTION.

The losses sustained by the Socialists in certain localities are now being reckoned, as well as their unparalleled gains in the country at large. Anti-Socialists say these losses occurred in states like Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and some places in Eastern Pennsylvania, because Socialism has been longest known there, and has had the most power. It is true that the vote went back in these localities, when compared with 1910. It is evident, however, that in these places the Socialism hitherto presented to the voters had attracted persons who were essentially Progressives. The local leaders now admit this. In contrast to these losses the gains were largest, without exception, in those states where the Socialism presented to the voters was most *unlike* Progressivism, as in Ohio, West Virginia and Western Pennsylvania, where the vote increased from 50 to 200 per cent.

A good example of the result of presenting a Progressive program as Socialism has just been shown in Massachusetts. Not only has the Socialist vote in this state steadily decreased for ten years, until it is only a third of what

it was, but the setback is especially disastrous in the places where experiments in "municipal Socialism" were made. At Brockton, a former "Socialist city," the Socialists are now a bad fourth. In sharp contrast with this, the Socialists practically held their own in the city of Butte, Montana, where the Mayor, Duncan, is a Socialist of the militant type.

Evidently if the working people can't get Socialism from the Socialists they will take their Progressivism from the Progressives.

PROGRESSIVES EXPELLED FROM SOCIALIST PARTIES.

When the Socialist Party of Italy, a few months ago, expelled half its members of Parliament, including Italy's greatest orator, Bissolati (who has been offered a place in the Cabinet), on the ground that their words and actions, especially during the Tripoli war, had shown them to be mere Progressives and not Socialists, many thought this would prove a serious loss to the Italian Party. But the Party only lost 2,000 of its 26,000 members, and now within two months 2,000 new members have been added. This is the most rapid growth in the Party's history.

Similar results seem to have followed the recent expulsion of Hildebrand by an overwhelming vote of the German Party Congress—the first case important enough to occupy the national Congress for twenty years. The last expulsion of this national character was that of a group of ultra-revolutionists including Johann Most, the Anarchist. Hildebrand's views were much like those of a number of leading British Socialists, and his expulsion reveals a marked contradiction between the German and British parties.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

Louis Brandeis, Senator La Follette, and even Roosevelt have come out for government ownership of railroads or steamships in New England, Panama, and Alaska, respectively. And the *New York Journal* has declared for government ownership in the United States. Evidently in a few years government ownership, under that or some other name, will be the central feature of all Progressive programs. This policy must not be confused with Socialism. B. L. Winchell, Chairman of the Board of the Frisco System, has shown in the *Atlantic Monthly* how stockholders may gain from government ownership, since "no government in acquiring railways has ever paid an *improperly* low price for them." He says that stockholders feel that if *properly* paid they could invest their money elsewhere "with more chance of large profits."

Another way in which government ownership may be made to benefit the owning class is shown in Germany, where the state railway profits have been used either as government revenue to take the place of income and inheritance taxes that would otherwise be levied against capitalists, or have been employed to build up the army and navy in order to get new markets and new investments for capital. Moreover, the nationalization of the potash and petroleum industries now proposed in that country, is designed to bring lower prices to the small capitalist consumers, agriculturists and manufacturers.

In Germany, as elsewhere, Socialists agree that government ownership may be indirect capitalist ownership. The only kind of government ownership Socialists care about, is ownership by a revolutionary working-class government.

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