

APRIL, 1913

10 CENTS

The MASSES



Drawn by Arthur Young

APRIL FOOL

A STORY BY LINCOLN STEFFENS IN THIS NUMBER

Contributing Editors

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HOWARD BRUBAKER

TESTIMONIAL (+)

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Fraternally yours,
WILLIAM E. BOHN.

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Published Monthly.

Entered as second-class mail matter, December 27, 1910, at the postoffice of New York City, under the Act of March 3, 1879

Anna M. Sloan, Business Mgr.

Contributing Editors

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ARTHUR YOUNG
ALICE BEACH WINTER
ALEXANDER POPINI
H. J. TURNER
CHARLES A. WINTER
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INTERVENTION—WHAT FOR? By Carlo de Fornaro*

FOR two years we have heard "Intervention in Mexico" discussed and demanded in an offhand way by a large part of the press of the United States as well as by many foreign papers. This dangerous idea has been so firmly planted in the minds of a great many Americans by a continuous and insidious agitation that no reasonable and calm argument seems to be able to eradicate it. And it is not always the American who has "interests" in Mexico who is the greatest champion of Intervention. No, the clerk who has never seen Mexico on the map, the smallest business man who has only vaguely heard of the great climate of Mexico City, the frugal housewife who has read of the cheapness of eggs and alligator pears—they all speak in serious tone of going down to "Veereacruz" to teach "them greasers" to stop being cruel to American property. Often it is not quite clear to them whether Chihuahua is a tropical fruit or some kind of a hairless dog.

Ask anyone who has lived in Mexico, who knows the people, their temper, their history—ask him about "the wisdom of intervening," and you will be told to stop talking such mad nonsense.

The word Intervention has become to the Mexicans almost an obsession, their hatred of it a kind of doctrine like the Monroe doctrine. Many innocent people imagine that all the United States need do is to send 25,000 soldiers on a sort of picnic or clam chowder party, like the Cuban affair, and that the Mexicans would hail the "gringo" as the saviour and restorer of their peace. But in reality United States Intervention in Mexico would mean war to the death, a war of destruction and desolation as disastrous to the United States as to Mexico. In the end the country might be occupied by three hundred soldiers—no, by half a million soldiers, but it never would be truly conquered by force of arms. Such a war would entail the destruction of all the millions invested by Americans and foreigners, the useless sacrifice of untold lives; and it would bring no glory and no honor to American arms.

There are 15,000,000 people in Mexico, and out of these 7,000,000 are pure blooded Indians, who are among the most powerful and tireless races in the world. The whole country is mountainous, and in most parts impassable and arid. Millions of men would fight in the deserts and the mountains, they would tear up the railroads and the telegraph lines, they would do battle in their own country to the last ditch against the invader. And when the men were slaughtered the women would fight, just exactly as the men and women of this country would fight against a foreign invader.

Who are the people encouraging and inciting this reckless and boisterous talk of Intervention? Mostly men who have acquired in Mexico great concessions, plantations, who have built railroads, who have sunk money in mines and oil wells—the great absentee landlords who know the country not at all. They simply want to see the United States Army do the dirty work for them, as it was done in Nicaragua when the bankers who had built a railroad sent United States marines to protect it from the incursions of rebels, and the marines ran the railroad for them and almost collected the fares.

And who are the men that will do the fighting and dying, the shooting and killing of these peo-

ple, who will defend their homes and their country with their lives? First, of course, the regular army men, whose business is to fight without asking questions. Then will come the State militiamen, and later the volunteers. Hundreds of thousands of men will have to leave home and join the ranks for years. When the average man realizes that he has been sent to fight a country for the sake of conquering it, and to fight only "guerillas," who will kill him against all the rules of warfare, and will not make peace when they are defeated, but will keep on until the bitter end; when he realizes that instead of glory, medals and honors he is winning only wounds, hunger, fatigue and an unknown and inglorious death, then he will not be so anxious to enlist, or to remain enlisted, no matter how many American millions may be invested in Mexico.

It might be answered that the Americans fought Mexico in 1847 and won, but we must remember that in 1847 Mexico was nearly double the size of what it is now (Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California were almost as large as the present Mexican territory) and it was very thinly populated and in most places an arid waste. The Americans who went by land to occupy California and Arizona almost died of hunger, thirst and fatigue. Nor did they conquer a Mexican army; they conquered only the desert and a few harmless missionaries. The Northern army which went across the Rio Grande had to stop at Monterey. The other one, which went by way of Vera Cruz, fought almost constantly for a year, costing the United States over one hundred million dollars and the efforts of 90,000 men, of which over 30,000 were killed and wounded, or else deserted, and in the end was glad to make peace in Mexico City through the treachery and incompetence of Santa Anna. It instead of fighting in battle array the Mexicans had followed the Spanish policy of guerilla warfare, the Americans would have had to leave Mexico as Napoleon left Spain, in disgust and dishonor.

The Mexicans of to-day are wiser and more fearful

of the power of the United States, and would not repeat the blunder and treachery of '47. They would follow the policy of Juarez in the sixties, and fight a Fabian war, a war against which an American army could not triumph until it occupied every strategic point, every considerable city in Mexico.

If 25,000 soldiers succeeded in getting to Mexico City, and the Mexican Government should take its headquarters into the mountains and refuse to make terms as long as an American soldier was on Mexican soil—what then? If the Mexican guerillas tore up the railroads from Mexico City to Vera Cruz, cut the telegraph lines, stole the convoys carrying food, and arms, and ammunition for the army of occupation—what then? The whole line from Vera Cruz to Mexico City (with its two railroads) would have to be patrolled by at least 80,000 men, 300 to the mile. Every large city in the interior would have to be occupied by American troops. The whole American navy would have to patrol day and night the entire coast from Matamoros to Yucatan and from Sonora to the Isthmus of Tehautepec. The cost of this occupation would be about \$2,000,000 a day, 350,000 to 400,000 men would have to stay and fight in Mexico for three, four or more years, thousands of lives would be lost, and the bill would come to about \$2,000,000,000. Besides that, there would be a total loss of American property as well as foreign. The United States would have to foot all these bills, besides paying the pensions for the soldiers who fought in the war. That would make an additional \$2,000,000,000.

Figure to yourself the taxpayers of the United States paying this colossal price. And what for? Because a handful of American investors, a few landowners, mining and railroad stockholders, expect their interests to be protected and yearn to get hold of seven hundred thousand miles of rich mining and agricultural land, besides trying to ward off the great Socialist peril.

From all this waste of money, time, lives, and property, will the American farmer, the workingman, the daily wage slave, receive any benefit? Will the millions of women who earn from \$4 to \$10 a week be the richer for this tremendous outlay of money and energies? No. A war of conquest in Mexico would be an international disaster and would keep the United States back for at least fifty years, as Germany was kept back after her thirty years' war a hundred years, in the onward course of civilization.

It is foolish and criminal to prate about intervening in a country which would consider intervention a declaration of war—a country filled with fifteen millions of people, of which seven millions are pure Indians, who hate every foreigner and particularly the American foreigner—a country which has, unlike Cuba, a stormy past, and which won its independence without foreign intervention—a country with a great history that goes back a hundred years—a country which considers the very talk of intervention a high insult to its dignity and pride.

The wisest thing for us to do is to stop discussing a thing which cannot and will not be done, unless the men at the head of this nation have gone completely mad. We had better gird our loins for a task that will keep us very busy right here for the next twenty years.



UNITED STATES INTERVENTION IN MEXICO.

*Carlo de Fornaro formerly lived in Mexico. He will be known to our readers as the man who first exposed to the American public the brutality and despotism of the regime of Porfirio Diaz. To the existence of his book is perhaps largely due the fact that the United States did not intervene in the Madero revolution.



Drawn by Ryan Walker.

**GUARDIAN
OF THE
LOOT**

*("It's a gentleman's job, and
it pays well"—W. J. Burns)*

THE MASSES

VOL. IV. NO. VII.

APRIL, 1913

ISSUE NUMBER 23

Max Eastman, Editor

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

SCIENTIFIC IDEALISM

KARL MARX is the only idealist who ever took the science of economics seriously. That science is based upon the assumption that in the big average every man acts in the economic interest of himself and his family. Starting from this assumption, the economist makes a successful analysis of the process of producing and consuming wealth. And the success of his analysis proves the truth of his assumption—proves that in the big average men do act in the economic interest of themselves and their families.

And this being true, then the only way you can effect a substantial change in the production and consumption of wealth is by lining up the people whose *economic interests* go in the direction of that change. When you get them lined up, you will find the people whose economic interests go in the other direction lined up against them, and you will have a Class Struggle. If your side wins you will have a Revolution, and go down to glory as the defenders of human liberty. But until your side wins, you will be damned by those who put their faith in civic righteousness as Bruno and Galileo were damned by the Church. They will call you materialistic, incendiary, enemies of Christianity and democratic brotherhood. As long as the power remains in their hands they will suppress you, they will bring charges against you, they will throw you into state prisons in the name of "Social Consciousness." But remember this—you suffer, as suffered the martyrs of astronomy and physics, for your faith in true knowledge. Your eyes are unveiled of the delusions of ethics as theirs were unveiled of the delusions of theology. You know the truth, which is naked to every mind that will look deeply into the science of economics. Either we will have a struggle and a triumph of those whose personal interest lies in a just distribution of wealth, or we will never have a just distribution of wealth. Either we will see a Social Revolution, or we will never see liberty and equality established on the earth.

REFORM STRIKES

MR. ROOSEVELT (of the State Capitalist Welfare Workers' Party) came down (observe that word *down*) and looked into the conditions of some of the strikers in New York City last month. He said they were bad. He said that while picketing was good for a girl's health, it was hard on her shoes. This interest in, and comprehension of, the problem of life to the worker produced a real anxiety among the employers and helped the strikers to win a portion of their demands.

Drawing by John Sloan

I mention it because it is symbolic. It means that Progressivism (which is another name, I think, for Benevolent Efficiency) is going to meet us on the field of industrial warfare, as well as on the field of politics. The Progressive Party has seen the political value of industrial action. It has organized a committee on labor questions, and is going in for softening and smoothing up the conflict between labor and capital, not only with the general balm of labor legislation, but with the specific application of arbitration tactics in strikes.

The true attitude of the Socialist to the Progressive Movement in politics was summed up in these words by Keir Hardie:

"Take all the social reform you can get, but don't vote for social reform. Your concern is not with reform but with revolution."

And now exactly the same thing must be said of the Progressive Movement in the field of industry:

Take all the help you can get out of the "Social Consciousness" people, but don't confuse their activities with the labor movement. Submit to an arbitration board, submit to a "protocol" settlement, *if that is the best you can do*, but do not fool yourself into thinking that this kind of an arrangement is *ever* an essential victory against capital or a fundamental step in the direction of human justice.

An Arbitration Board, a Grievance Committee, an Industrial Commission, or any other kind of a court of adjudication between labor and capital that professes to represent Society as a Whole, will represent the interests of capital predominantly every time. Why? Because the capitalistic habit of thought prevails throughout society, and the very concept of justice in the mind of a supposedly impartial judge is a capitalistic concept. It includes the right of a man who has a little property to live on the product of other men's work so long as he pays them what is called "a living wage."

The third party in these settlement committees, the "representative of the public," who holds the balance of power, is one of the chief bulwarks of capitalism. He is usually a professional man, an exceedingly good person, and his very integrity, his individual idealism, and his disinterestedness in the given dispute, make his support of the prevailing standard of justice almost invincible. No substantial assault upon the profits of capital can be made with that man standing in the

road. He represents not merely capitalism, but capitalism idealized, capitalism hallowed by its religion. And to overthrow him you will have to do more than organize trade unions; you will have to do more than perfect a political machine; you will have to build up and popularize a new idealism and a new religion. You will have to become a little fanatical about this distinction between the Reform Motive and the Revolutionary Motive—the one leading toward a state of ignominious content under a more or less established system of caste, the other leading toward a democratic and free society.

The labor people in Chicago call Roosevelt and Jane Addams "The Gold Dust Twins—let them do your work." That is the right name for them. I wish we could make the expression general, for it sounds with humor the keynote to the whole situation. What labor wins through the intercession of capitalist idealism is no true step in the conquest of power. But what labor wins with its own force against capital and capitalistic justice, no matter if it be the tiniest concession in wages or hours of labor, is a genuine advance in the social revolution.

Let the Gold Dust Twins do all the work they will. But remember that they will never do the work of liberating the workers of the world. That will never be done unless the workers of the world do it.

DEMOCRACY?

IT can not but appear to an outside observer that if the rank and file of the Shirt Waist Makers and Garment Workers in New York possessed the head and the heart to vote a strike, they were equally well equipped to vote a settlement of the strike.

GETTES AND GISTS

THE Suffragettes in London have been known to collect \$40,000 out of one crowd towards a fighting campaign. Over here it is about all you can do to collect forty cents towards a polite series of parlor meetings. What is the matter with the land of the free?

Most of the women in this country would rather be Daughters of an old Revolution than Mothers of a new one. They seem to lack the maternal instinct.

The truth is all the middle-class people in this country are a good deal more worried about their respectability than they are in England. They are al-

THE MASSES BIBLE CLASS: No. I. The Prophet Jonah

EUGENE WOOD

OVER in the old country, so I hear, there is a kind of wine they call "Drei Maenner Wein," "Three Man Wine," so named because it takes one man to drink it, one man to pour it down him, and a third to hold him while you pour.

Those who have attained, O gentle reader, the patriarchal age of you and me, can remember that in our tender youth when the daily question of our female guardian was not "Do you love me?" but "Did you wash your neck?" the Bible was seemingly regarded as a "Three Man Wine." Or perhaps rather as a sort of Champion Blood Purifier that we had to take, not only in the springtime, but at all seasons, daily and Sundays, and in between times. No one suspected then, and few do now, that it is a vintage of rare flavor, worthy to be sipped delicately for the pure delight of it.

In this disillusioned age, as a natural consequence of trying to find out what enough is by first finding out what too much is, nobody goes near a Bible if he can help it. A great pity! Really a great pity. The Bible has a bad name. And the particular book of all that ancient collection (if one may call that "book" which is barely enough to make a leaflet) that has the worst name is Jonah. The Book of Jonah is worse than shunned; it is laughed at. And those who keep a straight face, do so not because they want to, but because they have to.

To the mud-headed moderns, Jonah is a joke. Not a whole wheeze, either; half a hoodoo. For, running away from the unpleasant duty of soap-boxing to a smugly contented city, he goes on a sea voyage. A storm blows up, and the only way to save the ship is to throw Jonah out of it into the wet.

But what should end the hoodoo only begins the wheeze. A great fish is prepared to swallow him alive and keep him on its stomach for three whole days and nights. At this point Reckless Imagination, half expecting to be struck by lightning, starts in to have fun. It giggles as it pictures Jonah sloshing around among moss-bunkers, kelp, and whatever else of sea-food the whale chose to douse him with. It slaps its leg and fancies the gastric juices stinging the raw spots on the prophet's shins where the rough sailors scraped them on the ship's bulwarks. It snorts the while it pictures him complaining of the ventilation, and mimics him flapping a limp hand for fan, and gasping, "So hot and stuffy in here!"

Nothing is quite so comical as the unfatal discomfort of another. And those three days and nights without a wink of sleep must have been very uncomfortable, not only for Jonah but the whale, too. One dramatizes the poor creature saying to a friend, "I've such a distressed feeling right in here," waving an indicating flipper. "Kind of a lump like. Something I've eaten disagrees with me. I cannot understand it. And I've always been so well." Along toward the end of that three days and nights, oh, dear! Oh, dear! And no one to give it mustard and warm water, without even a finger to rummage around among its tonsils. And then . . .

Reckless Imagination puts into Jonah's mouth a bon mot, as he splashes ashore, rinsing the chowder off and waving a farewell to the whale: "You can't keep a good man down!"

Oh, funny, funny, very funny!

But don't stop. That isn't all of it. There's more story yet. That's only half. You that have such comic powers, let's see you make us laugh with what

remains, with what is the real nub of this small tract, this parable. Make us laugh with your depiction of the hollow-eyed and hoarse-voiced prophet warning wicked Nineveh that within three days its wickedness would bring upon it utter destruction. Come on, now! Make us laugh with your depiction of the king humbly descending from his throne to pray, the proud nobles abasing themselves in ashes, the whole citizenry fasting in hopes that God would repent Him of the threatened evil. Make us laugh, you!

And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil ways; and God repented of the evil that He had said that He would do unto them and He did it not. But it displeased Jonah exceedingly, and he was very angry.

"I just knew that would be the way of it," he jaws. "That's You all over! Gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and all like that. I wish I was dead."

"Do you think it's pretty of you to get angry?" asked the Wise One Over All.

But Jonah was so vexed, because the calamity that he had promised wasn't going to happen, that he wouldn't answer. He went out of town and sat around. He put up a shack. The Lord made a gourd grow up in a single night so that its shade might be a comfort to the pouty prophet. Jonah was glad. Then the next night the Lord had a worm gnaw the gourd vine so that it withered. He also set a gale to blowing that carried away the shack. And the sun was so hot that Jonah like to have fainted. And wasn't he angry then!

"Do you think it pretty of you to be so mad about the gourd?" asked the Wise One Over All.

"Yes, I do."

"Listen. You had pity on the gourd for whose being you weren't responsible at all. You didn't either make it or make it grow. It came up in a night; it went down in a night. And shouldn't I spare Nineveh, that great city wherein are more than six-score thousand persons that cannot distinguish between their right hand and their left hand, and also much cattle?"

What did Jonah say to that?

What could he say?

What can anybody say?

Jonathan Edwards, have you anything to say? You that popped a spider into the candle-flame, a wonderful creature if you did but know it, and told the people that God would pop the sinner into endless flame with the same relish?

All you hell-roarers, you that think that man was made for the Sabbath and not the other way around; all you that lay burdens on mankind grievous to be borne—fasts and holy days, kosher housekeeping, and fish on Friday, reading the Bible and getting converted—you that dangle mankind over Tophet, what have you to say to that?

I wonder how the reverend clergy ever let that leaflet get by them into the sacred canon. I wonder how— But you read it for yourself. Look it up. But do not hunt for Jonah among the J's. Nothing "jay" about Jonah.

Oh, yes, Jonah is a joke. But who is the joke on? That's the question.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

"ARE YOU GOING TO RENT THE SAME STUDIO THIS WINTER?"

"WHY, NO, I'M AFRAID I CAN'T GET IT. THE LANDLADY ACCUSED ME OF STEALING A DOZEN TOWELS LAST YEAR."

"HOW MANY DID YOU TAKE?"



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A TASTE OF JUSTICE

John Reed



Our Private Sleuth

ART YOUNG has succeeded in securing for THE MASSES the co-operation of this expert private detective. His task will be to aid us in our work of ferreting out the undesirables in the Socialist party. We ask our readers to join with us in this great mission, and help us make effective the efforts of this gentleman, who has a genius for his line of work that might be described as almost canine. With a little financial support, we shall be able to locate a dictagraph in the home of every prominent Socialist in the country, and we can assure our readers of a general clean-up within the next three months.

Do you suspect your comrade? Don't trust him for a moment. Don't risk the great cause! Send your suspicions with whatever clue you can furnish to the *Dictagraph Editor*, Masses Publishing Company, 150 Nassau Street, New York. Send contributions toward the Dictagraph Fund to the same address.

Up to the hour of going to press our detective's report is as follows:

Comrade Joseph Weepowski of local Picketown was seen passing money to a capitalist in broad daylight on January 3, 1913. His resignation has been accepted.

Comrade Edgar Must of local Balls Bridge has proven a traitor to the cause. He said that Karl Marx was an opportunist, and that his whiskers were indefensible upon any ground. He is charged with aiding and abetting the Progressive Party, and has been asked to resign at once.

Comrade Cheeswright of local Hogg's Corners, a member of the Hired Man's Union, is charged with feeding garlic to his employer's cattle during a milk strike. Under Article III, Section 6, he is expelled from the party for Sabotage, Crime, and Violence.

Comrade Sophia Soapbox of Branch 23, Local Pittsburgh, has been placed on trial for calling comrade Spoutface a liar and an idealist. She will be suspended for a period of five months, pending investigation.

Comrade Graball of the Doorknobs' Union was seen at a meeting of the Door-Jammers and was caught talking to a member of the Brotherhood of Gatehangers. This taken in connection with the fact that his wife is a sister of the janitor for the Amalgamated Panellers, is regarded by our detective as proof of the fact that he has Industrial Union tendencies and is probably meditating the general strike.

Comrade Hornblower, member of the Assembly from local Tombstone, stated in a meeting of the judiciary committee that there ought to be a law against feeding strychnine to babies under two years of age. He will be recalled and dismissed from the local for this evidence of rank compromise with bourgeois reform sentiment.

Comrade Perkins of local Sykes Hollow was caught in swimming without a union label. Charges have been preferred against him.

AS soon as the dark sets in, young girls begin to pass that Corner—squat-figured, hard-faced "cheap" girls, like dusty little birds wrapped too tightly in their feathers. They come up Irving Place from Fourteenth Street, turn back toward Union Square on Sixteenth, stroll down Fifteenth (passing the Corner again) to Third Avenue, and so around—always drawn back to the Corner. By some mysterious magnetism, the Corner of Fifteenth Street and Irving Place fascinates them. Perhaps that particular spot means Adventure, or Fortune, or even Love. How did it come to have such significance? The men know that this is so; at night each shadow in the vicinity contains its derby hat, and a few bold spirits even stand in the full glare of the arc-light. Brushing against them, luring with their swaying hips, whispering from immovable lips the shocking little intimacies that Business has borrowed from Love, the girls pass.

The place has its inevitable Cop. He follows the same general beat as the girls do, but at a slower, more majestic pace. It is his job to pretend that no such thing exists. This he does by keeping the girls perpetually walking—to create the illusion that they're going somewhere. Society allows vice no rest. If women stood still, what would become of us all? When the Cop appears on the Corner, the women who are lingering there scatter like a shoal of fish; and until he moves on, they wait in the dark side streets. Suppose he caught one? "The Island for her's! That's the place they cut off girls' hair!" But the policeman is a good sport. He employs no treachery, *simply stands a moment*, proudly twirling his club, and then moves down toward Fourteenth Street. It gives him an immense satisfaction to see the girls scatter.

His broad back retreats in the gloom, and the girls return—crossing and recrossing, passing and repassing with tireless feet.

Standing on that Corner, watching the little comedy, my ears were full of low whisperings and the soft scuff of their feet. They cursed at me, or geyed me, according to whether or not they had had any dinner. And then came the Cop.

His ponderous shoulders came rolling out of the gloom of Fifteenth Street, with the satisfied arrogance of an absolute monarch. Soundlessly the girls vanished, and the Corner contained but three living things: the hissing arc-light, the Cop, and myself.

He stood for a moment, juggling his club, and peering sullenly around. He seemed discontented about something; perhaps his conscience was troubling him. Then his eye fell on me, and he frowned.

"Move on!" he ordered, with an imperial jerk of the head.

"Why?" I asked.

"Never mind why. Because I say so. Come on now." He moved slowly in my direction.

"I'm doing nothing," said I. "I know of no law that prevents a citizen from standing on the corner, so long as he doesn't hold up traffic."

"Chop it!" rumbled the Cop, waving his club suggestively at me, "Now git along, or I'll fan ye!"

I perceived a middle-aged man hurrying along with a bundle under his arm.

"Hold on," I said; and then to the stranger, "I beg

your pardon, but would you mind witnessing this business?"

"Sure," he remarked cheerfully. "What's the row?"

"I was standing inoffensively on this corner, when this officer ordered me to move on. I don't see why I should move on. He says he'll beat me with his club if I don't. Now, I want you to witness that I am making no resistance. If I've been doing anything wrong, I demand that I be arrested and taken to the Night Court." The Cop removed his helmet and scratched his head dubiously.

"That sounds reasonable." The stranger grinned. "Want my name?"

But the Cop saw the grin. "Come on then," he growled, taking me roughly by the arm. The stranger bade us good-night and departed, still grinning. The Cop and I went up Fifteenth Street, neither of us saying anything. I could see that he was troubled and considered letting me go. But he gritted his teeth and stubbornly proceeded.

We entered the dingy respectability of the Night Court, passed through a side corridor, and came to the door that gives onto the railed space where criminals stand before the Bench. The door was open, and I could see beyond the bar a thin scattering of people of the benches—sightseers, the morbidly curious, an old Jewess with a brown wig, waiting, waiting, with her eyes fixed upon the door through which prisoners appear. There was the usual few lights high in the lofty ceiling, the ugly, dark panelling of imitation mahogany, that is meant to impress, and only succeeds in casting a gloom. It seems that Justice must always shun the light.

There was another prisoner before me, a slight, girlish figure that did not reach the shoulder of the policeman who held her arm. Her skirt was wrinkled and indiscriminate, and hung too closely about her hips; her shoes were cracked and too large; an enormous limp willow plume topped her off. The Judge lifted a black-robed arm—I could not hear what he said.

"Soliciting," said the hoarse voice of the policeman, "Sixth Av'nue near Twenty-third—"

"Ten days on the Island—next case!"

The girl threw back her head and laughed insolently.

"You —" she shrieked, and laughed again. But the Cop thrust her violently before him, and they passed out at the other door.

And I went forward with her laughter still sounding in my ears.

The Judge was writing something on a piece of paper. Without looking up he snapped:

"What's the charge, officer?"

"Resisting an officer," said the Cop surlily. "I told him to move on an' he says he wouldn't—"

"Hum," murmured the Judge abstractedly, still writing. "Wouldn't, eh? Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

I did not answer.

"Won't talk, eh? Well, I guess you get—"

Then he looked up, nodded, and smiled.

"Hello, Reed!" he said. He venomously regarded the Cop. "Next time you pull a friend of mine—" suggestively, he left the threat unfinished. Then to me, "Want to sit up on the Bench for a while?"

T H E P R O P H E T



Drawn by H. J. Turner.

HORATIO WINSLOW.

“THIS way! This way! This way!” boomed B. with all the force of his deep bass oratorical voice. “This way to the great Bargain Sale!”

“Stop a moment,” piped A. in his uncertain tones, “that fellow wants to sell you for three dollars, shoes that he says are worth six dollars. Yet those very shoe you yourselves produced, from the leather on the hoof to the tip of the second shoestring, and you let B. have it for barely one dollar.”

“This way!” continued B., shouting more lustily than ever. “You’ll have to hurry if you want to get yours before the sale ends.”

In the rush poor little A. was trampled into the mud.

But after the shoes were worn out and the crowd had drifted back again, they found A. protesting in the same old place, only now his voice seemed to have grown much stronger.

“Time’s coming,” said a bystander, “when we’ll be hearing him clearer than the other fellow.”

Legal Matters

“HOW does it happen,” said the Lean Workman, “that though I obey the laws I go about most of the time half-clothed and half-fed?”

“That,” said the Puffy-Faced Person, “is because of the Inevitable Law of Supply and Demand.”

“But the Supply which I produce is greater than the Demand which I make on the Supply.”

“Alas,” said the Puffy Face, “you know nothing of the Laws of Economics.”

“Perhaps some of the Laws of Economics will be repealed,” said the Lean Workman softly, “for if you have observed, you will notice that I am beginning to understand the Laws of Stomach and Fist.”

Odd Avocations of Well-Known Sportsmen

THE noted Golf Player, John D. Rockefeller, spends his hours off the links in increasing his collection of oil-stock shares. Mr. Rockefeller’s collection even now is said to be the largest in the world and its owner is continually adding new and valuable specimens to the number.

When Vincent Astor, the Motorist, has a spare moment or two he spends it listening to reports from his rent collectors. He says that this diversion is not only stimulating but profitable as well, and that it braces him for the day’s pleasure.

An odd hobby is that of the celeb ated Yachtsman

J. P. Morgan. He has spent much of his stray time in the study of banking and is reported to be very proficient in this novel pastime.

Rumor goes that Alfred Vanderbilt, the much-talked-of Horseman, has acquired great skill in dividend drawing. “It is a little fad of my own,” he explains to his friends. He says that after tooling a four-in-hand all day nothing better restores evenness to the temper than a few light exercises with dividends.

Public Spirit

AMONG those warmly in favor of the Back to the Land Movement are: Messrs. Gettit and Runn, the well-known Real Estate Agents; George Skinnem and Sons, the prominent Commission Merchants; O. U. Kidder, owner of the country’s greatest Agricultural Paper and Mr. G. Brick, the famous Confidence Man.

When asked if he were really sincere, Mr. Brick replied that he was heart and soul with the Cause. “A man in the city never gets hold of no roll,” explained Mr. Brick. “His wages is et up before he gets ’em. He may not git any more in the country, but he gets it all at onct—and O, you Big Fat Wallet!”

Efficiency

THE Worker has just pointed out a possible improvement in the machine he operates.

“And what is its advantage?” asks the benevolent Employer.

“Why, with that little change, sir, one man can do the work that two of us have been doing.”

“Ah,” says the Employer pleasantly, after making a careful diagram of the idea, “very good. And since I should have a strong objection to pauperizing you by the payment of royalties, I think the first valuable service of your improvement will be to enable us to get along without you. George, give this man his time.”

Process Serving in 1920

WITH the rest of the over-independent portion of the earth-folk the deputies had been removed to the Moon. From that satellite they were signalling the planet.

“Remember,” they wirelessly to the current Rockefeller, “even if we can’t go down and trespass on

your earth—the first time you set foot on lunar soil we’ll serve these here subpoenas on you.”

“Quite so,” murmured the current Rockefeller, opening his Bible for the daily chapter.

Polonius

IT never has paid to adulterate Tea so it’s never been done;

The profit has ceased, in remarking, “The Public be Damned!”—so we’ve quit;

And in time very like it will pay to have Peace: in that day War will end.

But keep all these truths to yourself; it is best that the Boobs

Continue to worship the Wisdom and large Loving Kindness of Us.

Cure-All

MILLIONAIRE-PHILANTHROPY is Humanity’s Greatest Patent Medicine.

It announces its worth with such a blare of trumpets that we hasten to accept it as the only genuine Balm still extant in Gilead. Meditation on its certified good qualities calms our ruffled pin-feathers till they lie as smooth as the Sea of Galilee. We recommend it to all our neighbors as the one bright spot in these Hard Times; it never cured us, but oh! read the testimonials and see how much it has benefitted others.

With sweat and treasure do we maintain the factory that turns out this miraculous compound, and with hard words and bad eggs do we discourage those analytical social chemists who say our Favorite Prescription is nothing but Bunk, Dope and Rosewater.

Socialism Spiritual

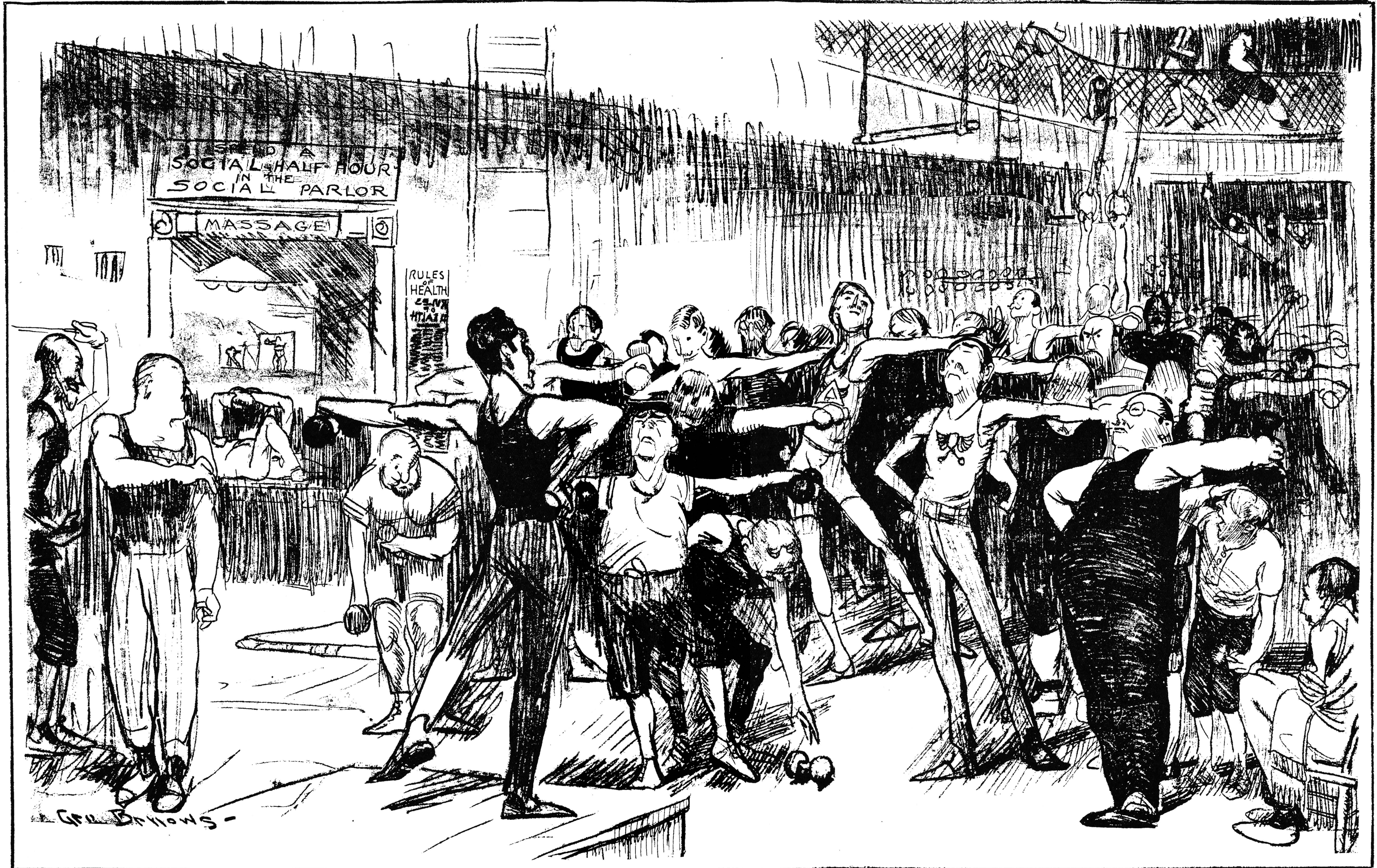
WHENEVER would a kitten learn to purr if it had to unsheath its claws over every scrap of meat, every drop of milk, every moment of fire-warmth?

And why should we expect to have souls in our bodies till our hearths are built with the labor of free men and our cellars are stocked with unstolen goods?

On With the Revolution

ITALY’S stockbrokers have gone on strike. When it happens in this country it will be a lockout.

"Superior Brains"



Drawn by George Bellows.

The Business Men's Class

The Sick List

CHARLES R. HEIKE, Secretary of the American Sugar Refining Company, who was sentenced to eight years in prison and the payment of a fine, had his sentence commuted to the payment of the fine and costs because he is ill at his home.—*News Item.*

Readers will remember that Charles W. Morse was pardoned from the penitentiary by the President because of his illness; and that William Rockefeller was excused from testifying before the Pujo Committee for the same reason.

This shows a gratifying increase in humanity on the part of the courts.

We understand that Bill Sykes, sentenced to ten days in the work-house for vagrancy, was also pardoned yesterday because of a severe headache.

John Doe, convicted of attempted manslaughter and sentenced to five years in Sing Sing, was to-day released because of a black eye administered by his victim.

Mary Jones, convicted of soliciting on the streets, and sentenced to the Magdalen Home, had her sentence commuted to the payment of 25 cents fine because she complained of palpitation of the heart.

The Danger Line

A WEALTHY typewriter manufacturer died recently leaving a large estate and a reputation for eccentricity. Three times in his life he was tested for sanity, it being shown that he gave 520 shares of stock to his employees and scattered ten thousand pennies among the children. Pennies have been scattered among children by perfectly sane people, but to allow at large a man who gave to some workingmen what was already theirs—this was a menace to the well-being of society.

A little luxury like Benevolence can be allowed to our aristocracy, but when they begin to indulge in a dangerous recreation like Justice, it is time the law stepped in and restrained them.

A Wayward Child

THE condition of working men and working women," says Miss Margaret Wilson, "should be improved whenever that is possible."

In the interest of fair play, we maintain that a President who has to reduce the tariff, restore competition, and resuscitate the doctrine of States' Rights all inside of four years, should not be held accountable for the revolutionary sentiments of members of his family.

Prayer At The End Of The Day's Work

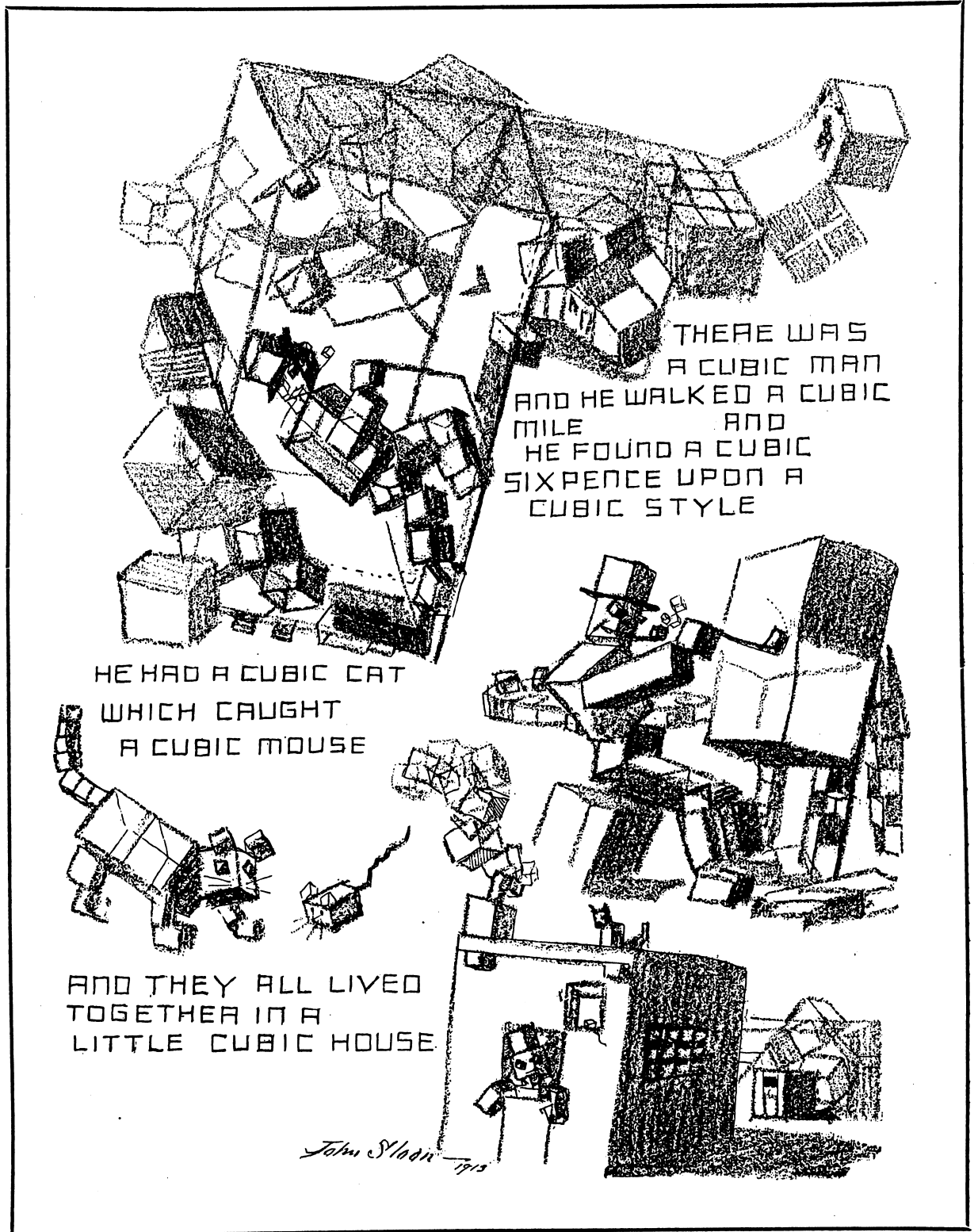
I believe in Life: in the honor of being born; in the glory of dying.

I believe in the Work of Life: the everlasting Struggle to Know, with its continual Victories and its unending Defeat.

I believe in the Joy of Life, believe that some day it will be more than bitter foam and dregs.

And I believe in the Substance of Life—in Man—in the Ape that Was—in the Gods to Be. Amen.

HORATIO WINSLOW.



Drawn by John Sloan.

A SLIGHT ATTACK OF THIRD DIMENTIA BROUGHT ON BY EXCESSIVE STUDY OF THE MUCH-TALKED OF CUBIST PICTURES IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT NEW YORK.

Health Hints

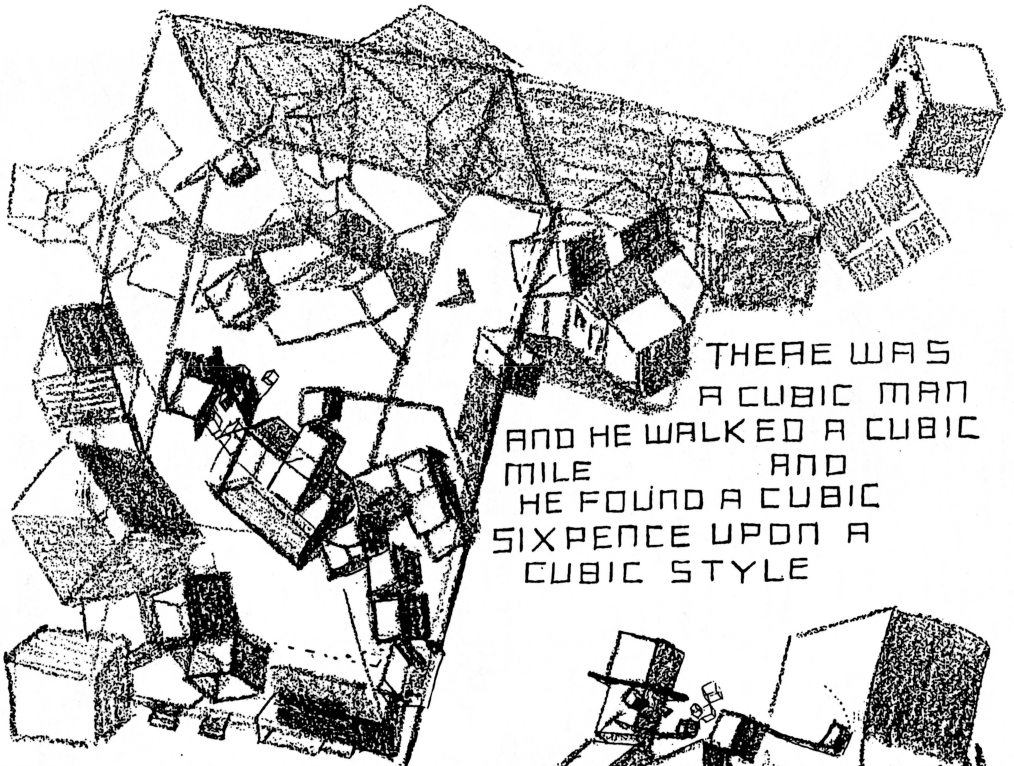
"ALWAYS get up from the table a little hungry," says John D. Rockefeller.—*News Item.*

When seen at their homes late last night by a reporter from *THE MASSES*, other prominent citizens contributed the following supplementary advice:

"In winter always wear less clothing than will suffice to keep you warm."—WILLIAM WOOD, President of the American Woollen Co.

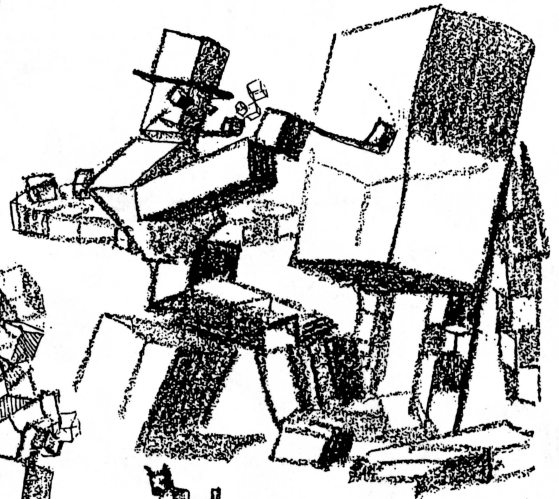
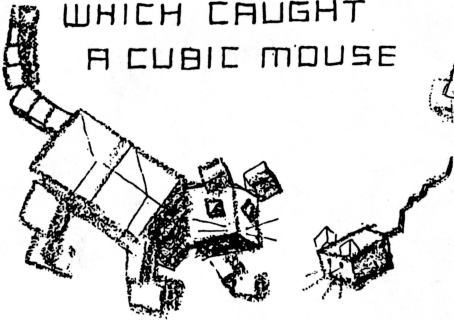
"A half-hour's strap-hanging on the Subway immediately before dinner aids digestion."—THEODORE SHONTS, President of the Interborough.

"An application of the night-stick to a girl striker's head will produce a healthy glow."—RHINELANDER WALDO, Police Commissioner.

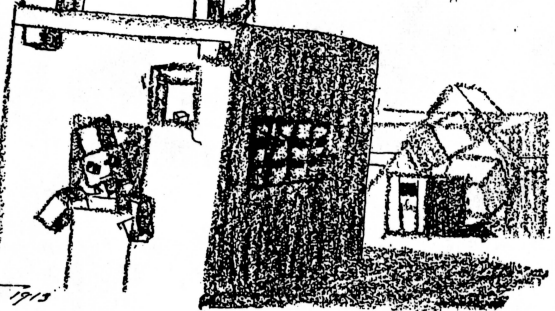


THERE WAS
A CUBIC MAN
AND HE WALKED A CUBIC
MILE AND
HE FOUND A CUBIC
SIX PENCE UPON A
CUBIC STYLE

HE HAD A CUBIC CAT
WHICH CAUGHT
A CUBIC MOUSE



AND THEY ALL LIVED
TOGETHER IN A
LITTLE CUBIC HOUSE.



John Sloan 1915

Drawn by John Sloan.

A SLIGHT ATTACK OF THIRD DIMENTIA BROUGHT ON BY EXCESSIVE STUDY OF THE MUCH-TALKED OF CUBIST PICTURES IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT NEW YORK.

A KING FOR A QUEEN

Lincoln Steffens

STAHL'S mind was floating happily, mine was drowning in the cheerful tumult of the crowded café, when Sturmberg broke in upon the scene. Backed by his Egyptian of a wife and their seven clamorous young children, his entrance came like a bang, like the crash of the doors he threw open before him. The East Siders did not seem to notice. They were too busy making the scene, and the sounds and the cheerfulness, to pay heed at first to the popular intruder, though he and his wife and that string of aggressive children penetrated the crowd of them as a searchlight plunges into a fog; with difficulty, by main force. Even those he elbowed or leaned upon, even those he bent aside with his great thighs, were disturbed only as sleepers are by the trouble of a dream. They were too absorbed in the absorbing Russian sport of matching ideas to give Sturmberg more than one quick glance each of harmless hate. And he did not take in their glances.

Sturmberg's wife did. She collected all those glances. She sought them, and when she got one she shot it back with usury; as she could. Her very definite features had been made in Egypt; ages ago, no doubt, but generations of Russia had not softened a line of them and centuries of oppression had not quelled the spirit of the ancient queen who, I imagine, lived again in this woman of the people. She still despised the people; and—I wondered—her husband, too?

You couldn't be sure. She gave him also a look of noble scorn when he reached the centre of the room, and with barely standing room for himself looked about for a place for his family of nine. She laughed at him outright. But he seemed not to notice her, nor was he balked by the situation, not for a moment.

"I will a table," he said; just that way; part German, part English, and you felt, as his children plainly felt, that a table must approach. They looked in all directions to see if one were not forthcoming. So did I; so did Stahl. The wife, on the other hand, had no expectations, and when no table sprang toward him she smiled, contemptuously. Sturmberg didn't falter.

"I say I will a table," he repeated.

There was no table. I saw that; the host said so; and the waiters, spreading their arms and wheeling all about, pointed it out. And the crowd, aware at last, and interested, murmured audibly that there was neither a table nor a place for one.

Sturmberg's children were dumbfounded. They looked up at him, with almost a doubt in their faith. And his wife, eyeing him most unsympathetically, smiled derisively. It made no difference to him.

"No table!" he exclaimed. "You say there is no table? Then," he commanded superbly, "let a table be brought. And," he added, pointing down at the spot where he stood, "put it here." Apparently he saw that there was no room there, for he insisted: "Here; right here."

"I don't like it," said Stahl, and, Socialist as he is, and an East Sider, he explained: "Just like a capitalist."

"Or a leader of the people," I rejoined, for the fun of it.

They object to leaders, the Socialists do; especially leading Socialists like Stahl. They have a theory of

democracy and they have a ready-made diagnosis of the ills of democracy. Since the people are betrayed by their leaders, they leap to the conclusion that leadership is bad and that the people must get along without leaders.

Sturmberg was a leader. He had been a labor leader in the days when the East Side worker was just beginning to organize. They followed orators then, men who could express their feelings; their rage, their hopes, their will. Sturmberg did that. He was one of the most effective popular orators I ever heard, and he had been a power over there till the labor unions were organized and had to deal with the employers' unions. Then the "business agent" came into power, the "practical" man who introduced business methods into the management of the organization: compromise, control, contracts and—and other things.

Sturmberg went down and out. Emotional, passionate, wilful, this big, strong leader of the people was an honest man. And he was faithful.

"What's he doing now?" I asked Stahl, who answered harshly, with one word.

"Law," he said, without looking around.

Stahl was watching Sturmberg, who stood there quietly, immovable; and the host and the waiters were dragging forth a table. They worked as if they were driven. Sturmberg and his children kept their eyes on the slaves, and Mrs. Sturmberg kept hers on Sturmberg. It seemed to me she resented his triumph, and yet—

"Does she love him?" asked Stahl, out of the side of his mouth.

The question was so pat a summary of my thinking at the moment, that I exclaimed: "What!"

"Is that a happy marriage?" Stahl repeated, glancing round at me, half-amused, half in earnest. And without waiting for my answer, he went on:

"I saw the beginning of it. I was with Sturmberg when he met,—when he claimed,—when he took her."

And he turned back to the place where Sturmberg was letting all the waiters make a place for him. Three of them were bearing a table toward him, and the host and the others were moving the surrounding tables, and all their guests, to make room. Everybody in the café was intent now on the manœuvring. It was most inconveniencing.

"Sturmberg was at the height of his power," Stahl continued. "The great strike was on, and the workers were signing the rolls. Reporters were everywhere. The papers were full of it. You were there. You saw it. I was a secretary, close to Sturmberg. There was work to do. There were meetings, many meetings, and there were more orators than meetings. The pulling and hauling of the politics of a labor fight were—impossible. Sturmberg was fighting all the fights. He was fighting the bosses; he was fighting the scabs; he was fighting his committee; he was fighting—everybody. And winning. You remember his public speeches!"

"They did the work," I assented. "They held his crowd, and they formed public opinion."

"Yes," said Stahl, "and they stirred the police, who were on hand to 'get him.' The bosses couldn't buy Sturmberg, so the police were called in. And they got him in the end, you remember. That's what in-

terested him in the law; the way it was worked against him and—us."

Stahl paused. The place for Sturmberg's table had been cleared. There was a fuss from the discomfited, but Sturmberg had stood there, silently demanding it, and it was done. The table was placed. It was put there where Sturmberg had stood; exactly. And now the waiters were running about for chairs, table cloth, plates, knives and forks.

"Sturmberg was then, as you see him now—inisistent," said Stahl, "only he was like those waiters, too: he was excited, busy. And he kept saying: 'Something's the matter with me. I need a friend,' and he would eye us. He felt the disloyalty all about him, the selfishness, the intrigue. One day he looked up suddenly, and said: 'I know. I know what's the matter with me. I need a wife.' And his expression was that of a man who needed something to eat, something to devour. You understand? It was hunger, hunger charged with a certain ferocity. And he jumped up to walk the room; and when he had paced its length a few times, he broke out with a decision. It was just like him.

"I will mich marryin'," he said. I thought he was crazy, and I got up to calm him. But he grabbed his hat. 'I will marry me now,' he said. And he started off, I at his heels.

"He tore through the streets, direct to the place of the Schatchen; you know; the woman that arranges marriages. She lived up one flight, office and home in one apartment. Sturmberg was going to tell her to get him a wife. But when he reached the landing, there was—his wife; that woman you see over there."

And Stahl nodded at the Egyptian. He contemplated her a moment, as she stood there behind her husband, waiting for the table to be made ready. She didn't lift her hand to help; neither did Sturmberg; neither did any child. They simply waited, scornful of labor; scornful of the public opinion which tried to wither them. And proudest of all, and most contemptuous, was Mrs. Sturmberg.

"She was like that, that day," said Stahl. "She was standing at the head of the stairs, with her back to the wall to let us by. I remember that her arms and hands were pressed outstretched back against the wall. I never saw such a woman; such defiance and scorn, but it was all for Sturmberg. She didn't see me. She fixed her eyes on him, and he—he saw her. And when he saw her he stopped, looked, walked off away from her, eyeing her up and down; sizing her up; the hunger still in his face, and the fierceness. All impersonal, all. And when he spoke, it was not to her. No. It was to the Schatchen woman, who sat astonished in her office, taking in the scene. Nor did he look at her. No. He only spoke to the Schatchen. His eyes were on the girl, the tall, black, devilish young woman who gave him only defiance and—it seemed to me—hate, a sort of animal hate. Sturmberg watched her, fascinated; he only spoke to the Schatchen. Lifting his arm he pointed straight at the girl.

"Die will i' haben," he said, gloating. 'Her will I have.' And she? She laughed. And such a laugh! I guess that was the way the cave woman challenged the cave man. It rang out, that laugh,—filled the hall and stairway. It startled me. I'd have run away from

such a creature. But Sturmberg didn't; not he. He leaned forward like a wild beast, eager, hungry, delighted, and he stuck his finger out right into her face. *'Die will ich,'* he cried; and he laughed. And his laugh was like a yell; joy, triumph, conquest, rape. It was anything but love, as I figure it. And then she joined him, laugh for laugh. It was more like—"

Stahl sat up suddenly. "Look," he said, and he nodded at Sturmberg and his wife. I had been looking. Sturmberg was seating his children. Each claimed a chair, and the wife stood by one; she had chosen a place at the opposite side of the table from Sturmberg. He changed every child. He let not one sit where it would.

"Sit there," he said, and each little wild-cat looked up snarling at him, then—obeyed. And he gave the largest boy the seat the mother had put her possessing hand upon. And she obeyed too.

"Now, you," he said to her in German. *"Nun, du, come here,"* and he indicated the chair on his right. The woman hesitated, looked at him hard a moment, defiantly. I was sure she would refuse. But no—slowly, majestically, she—obeyed.

Sturmberg watched her; everybody watched her, and the room was silent. And she knew it, and she didn't care. She passed Sturmberg, more like a noble, untamed slave than a wife, and, while he stood to see to it that she did so, she took her place—beside him.

"It was like that," Stahl whispered. "Just like that, exactly. Now what do you say? Is it a happy marriage?"

"It is most unpleasant," I said, with my eyes on Sturmberg, standing there by his place, looking round his family circle: a tyrant, not a father; a master, not a husband; a lord, no lover.

"How did he manage it?" I asked.

"He didn't," said Stahl. "The Schatchen managed it. Sturmberg turned on his heel from the girl, went to the old woman and said: 'See? I want her. Her. Fix it.' The old woman protested that the girl was not a customer of hers, only a neighbor. But Sturmberg waved all this away. 'Fix it,' he said, and we left. He walked 'way round the girl, who had not moved; who stood there transfixed, fixing him, and passing her with another laugh, he came away with me. Without another look. I glanced back; he didn't. He was done with it. He went to the office, to work. When I looked back she was standing there, looking after him—with that same expression of hunger in her face that he had had in his. She laughed one more wild laugh of defiance at him, but that look was there.—And, at the end of the strike, when Sturmberg got out of jail, he went and he got her, and we all went to the wedding, which was—Look—like that."

Stahl pointed; others were pointing, too, and I looked in time to see Sturmberg bend over his wife, laugh and kiss her—passionately; and laugh again. And she looked up; and she gave him such a look as, I guess, most men get from women only now and then in utmost private. It was a look of blazing, passionate, adoring love.

"Well," said Stahl, quietly, "what about it? Is it a happy marriage?"

IT is reported that Vincent Astor will devote a generous chunk of the swag to the establishment of an Institute of Farming Research. Dwellers in Mr. Astor's extensive New York tenement properties are to be commended for their disinterestedness in contributing to rural betterment instead of selfishly demanding improved houses and reduced rents.

SUNDAY

Louis Untermeyer

It was Sunday—
 Eleven in the morning; people were at church;
 Prayers were in the making; God was near at hand—
 Down the cramped and narrow streets of quiet Lawrence
 Came the tramp of workers marching in their hundreds;
 Marching in the morning, marching to the grave-yard,
 Where, no longer fiery, underneath the grasses,
 Callous and uncaring, lay their friend and sister.
 In their hands they carried wreaths and drooping flowers,
 Overhead their banners dipped and soared like eagles—
 Aye, but eagles bleeding—stained with their own heart's blood—
 Red, but not for glory—red, with wounds and travail,
 Red, the buoyant symbol of the blood of all the world. . . .
 So they bore the banners, singing towards the grave-yard,
 So they marched and chanted, mingling tears and tributes,
 So, with flowers, the dying went to deck the dead.

Within the churches people heard
 The sound, and much concern was theirs—
 God might not hear the Sacred Word—
 God might not hear their prayers!

Should such things be allowed these slaves—
 To vex the Sabbath peace with Song,
 To come with chants, like marching waves,
 That proudly swept along. . . .

Suppose God turned to these—and heard!
 Suppose He listened unawares—
 God might forget the Sacred Word,
 God might not hear their prayers!

And so (oh, tragic irony)
 The blue-clad Guardians of the Peace
 Were sent to sweep them back—to see
 The ribald song should cease;

To scatter those who came and vexed
 God with their troubled cries and cares.
 Quiet—so God might hear the text,
 The sleek and unctuous prayers!

Down the rapt and singing streets of little Lawrence
 Came the stolid columns; and, behind the bluecoats,
 Grinning and invisible, bearing unseen torches,
 Rode red hordes of anger, sweeping all before them.
 Lust and Evil joined them—Terror rode among them,
 Fury fired its pistols, Madness stabbed and yelled. . . .
 Down the wild and bleeding streets of shuddering Lawrence
 Raged the heedless panic, hour-long and bitter;
 Passion tore and trampled men once mild and peaceful,
 Fought with savage hatred in the name of Law and Order.
 And, below the outcry, like the sea beneath the breakers,
 Mingling with the anguish rolled the solemn organ. . . .
 Eleven in the morning—people were at church—
 Prayers were in the making—God was near at hand—
 It was Sunday!



Drawn by Menno Becker.

SUNDAY



DAMAGED MAIL

"BY JOVE, THESE BLOODY SUFFRAGETTES ARE NOTHING BUT COMMON CRIMINALS! CAN YOU READ THAT, PERCY?"

ways afraid that if they do something, or say something, a little bit out of the way they will lose what they call their position. That is the sad thing about a place where the forms of democracy, without its substance, exist by law. We have actually less liberty of individual action and expression here than they have in those countries where there is an acknowledged system of caste, and everybody's position, be it high or low, is what it is, regardless of anything he may do or say.

That is one reason, at least, why we do not see a militant movement here. Another is that there is really nobody to militate against. There is a radical difference in the average male on this side of the ocean. In the first place he constitutes about half of the population. He does not face a majority of some 2,000,000 women, as they do in England. In the second place, he lacks the social sanction for so high a quantity of contemptuous superiority as the British male allows himself. The position of American women is different at the start. In the third place there appears to be more facility of spirit, a little less pig-headedness, in our stock than there is in the pure Anglo-Saxon. By the grace of God we are mongrels.

It looks to me as though a hammer concealed in a bag is a good symbol of the type of argument that will really get through the shell of a true British gentleman when he has made up his mind, and produce an effect on his opinions. I do not want to justify the militant movement on any such ground. I do not want to justify it at all, for it needs no justification. Only I would like to point out to some of our horrified sisters and brothers that we were fairly well united on militant tactics ourselves the last time

we were up against a British Cabinet.

It would be foolish to ask the Suffragists of this country to throw up their hats, and hurrah for the Suffragettes. They face a different problem—upon its political side, a purely diplomatic problem, the problem of utilizing the votes of women in the nine Suffrage States and the ten or fifteen that will soon be Suffrage States, in order to extend the principle throughout the country.

It will surely come home to the men of the Eastern States in a little while that they are being governed in national affairs to a considerable extent by women of the West; and while a man may hate awfully to be governed by his own wife, he would rather do that, I should think, than be governed by a few million other peoples' wives in a far distant country. That is how I should feel about it. And so I regard the Suffrage problem in this country as essentially not a martial problem, but a problem of how to make success succeed a little faster than it ordinarily does.

With this task on their own hands, perhaps we can not expect the Suffragists in America to go out of their way to applaud the English militants upon the public platform. But they need never apologize for them. It is time someone gave something back to the self-righteous preachers of conventional morality, who denounce these martyrs for "petulance" and "unlady-like conduct."

Are you burning up with indignation that such things as window-smashing, and stone-throwing, and the destruction of the mail can happen at the hands of civilized women? Then direct the flames of your passion against those smug and respectable tyrants of political power who have driven women to these acts

in a fight for what belongs to them, both now and eternally. If a sense of the sacredness of property has not corrupted in your heart every vestige of the love of justice, look at this struggle as it is. See it as posterity will see it—upon one side the colossal resistance of ignorance, and egotism, and fraud, to the aspiration of the human spirit; upon the other side, that spirit in the act of supreme self-sacrifice—the renunciation of social respect, of dignity, of property, of health, and even of life, by the best women of the land in the highest cause they can set before them.

A LEADER

EMMELINE PANKHURST is under indictment for criminal conspiracy. She dictated the day and place of her trial to the government of England by the threat of a hunger strike. Her health is already injured by long terms of forcible feeding, but the power of her will is indomitable and the members of the government are afraid. As a living rebel Mrs. Pankhurst is about all they can handle; as a dying martyr she would set fire to the country. They may well be afraid.

Whether she lives or dies, she will stand in history among the heroes of human liberty. For to her more than to any other individual is attributable the sudden and worldwide awakening of women in these last years. She is not the originator, but she is the most compelling hero of one of those great changes that distinguish the centuries. And it will not be long after her political victory, or after her death, before the effects will be traced home to their cause and she will be popularly invested in the glory that is her own.

Blessed Are the Merciful

THE Bankers' Trust Company, of New York, now forbids, under penalty of dismissal and loss of a share in the pension fund, any employee earning less than one hundred dollars to get married. The B. T. C. is right; it's hard to bring up a family in the city on less than \$100 a month. If it sees a brave young man struggling to keep alive and honest with \$75 and a growing family, the merciful corporation says in the words of the old story, "Kick this poor fellow out; he's breaking my heart!"

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

To Continue the Job

THE murderers now "governing" Mexico expect to borrow \$30,000,000 in the United States. It takes some money, as *The Globe* remarks, to run an "assassination bureau."

As Porfirio Diaz was able to borrow ten times this amount for his butcheries, and as Huerta has the active aid of the American Ambassador, the "American colony" of Mexico City (*i. e.*, those in the *Social Register*), of the Oil Interests, the Smaller Interests, the Rubber Interests, and the Coffee and Cattle Interests, he ought to get the money.

W. E. W.

Land of the Free

A TRUE DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

ACT I.

OFFICER: Hey, move on there, young lady—git right out o' here!

Girl Striker (moving on): I guess this is a free country, aint it?

ACT II.

Judge of the Night Court: What did you say to this woman?

Officer: I says "Move on!" yer honor.

Judge: Well, did she move on?

Officer: Yes, she moves on, but she turns up her nose to me an' she says, "I guess this is a free country, aint it?"

Judge: Well, young lady, the freedom of this country will cost you two dollars.

TOD O'SHEEL.

Last Call

PERSONS desiring justice in Westchester County, New York, are warned to be quick, for the supply is running very low. Because of a succession of crime-waves the county prosecuting funds are depleted and court may have to suspend. As the jail is already full, criminals are urged to abstain from further felonies until the new taxes are collected.

Getting Next to Mr. Armour

IF Mr. Ogden Armour were as careless of his profits as he is of his public statements, the high price of meat would not be so noticeable.

"There is not an office boy in my employ at the present day," he said recently, "who can not rise to my position—well, I will not say my position, but next to me."

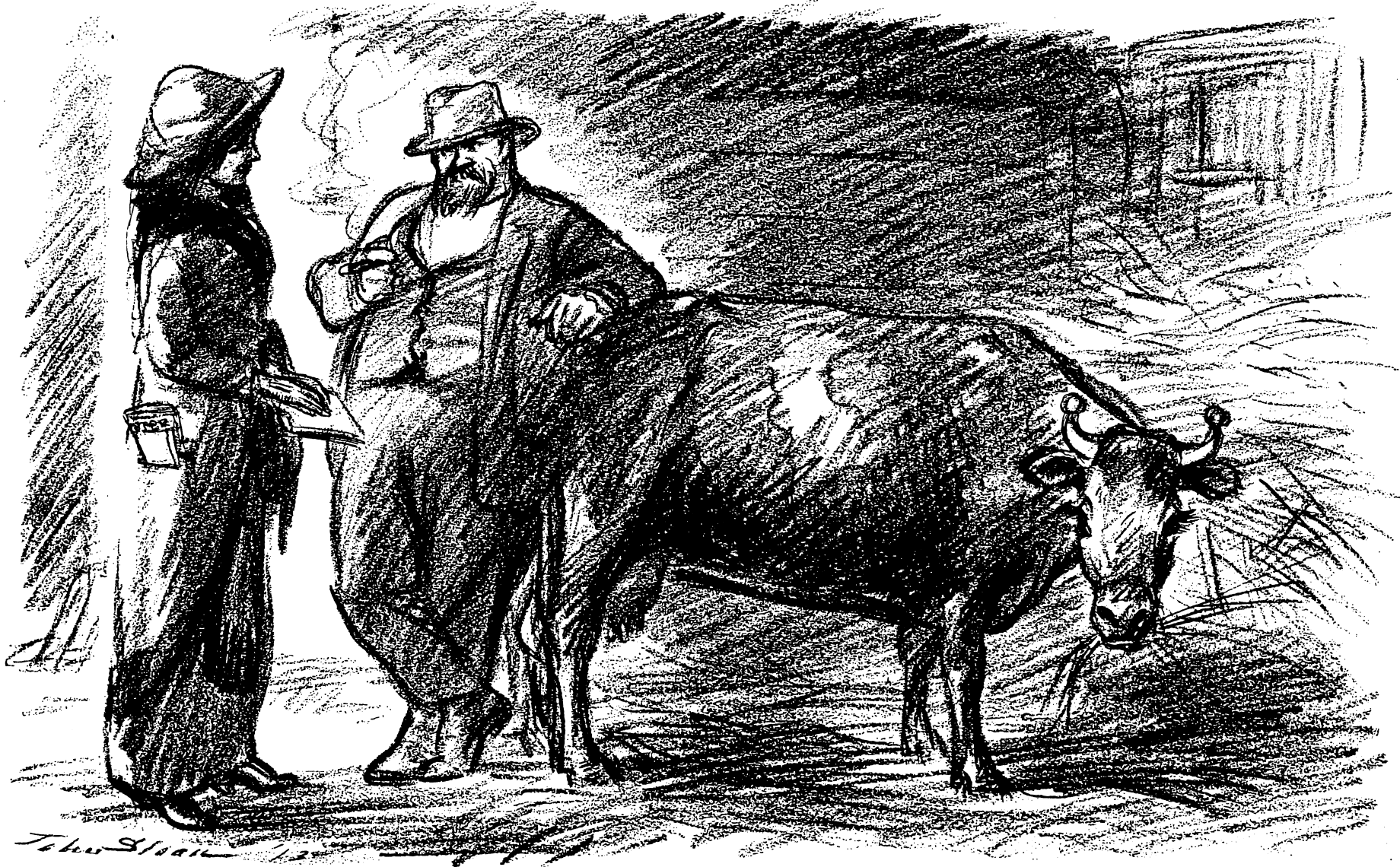
The worst thing about that statement is its diametrical antithesis to the truth. There are lots and lots of office boys in his employ who can not reach to a position next to him—if we knew how many office boys he has we could tell him with wonderful exactitude. If he has one hundred office boys, at least ninety-nine of them can never reach a position next to Mr. Armour. If he has a thousand, then nine hundred and ninety-nine are absolutely certain to fall short of that desirable mark, and we should hate to stake much money on the chances of the single remaining individual.

But perhaps it is no matter. It was only an interview after all.

ELLIS O. JONES.

"IT'S a long worm that has no turning."
Yours for the revolution,

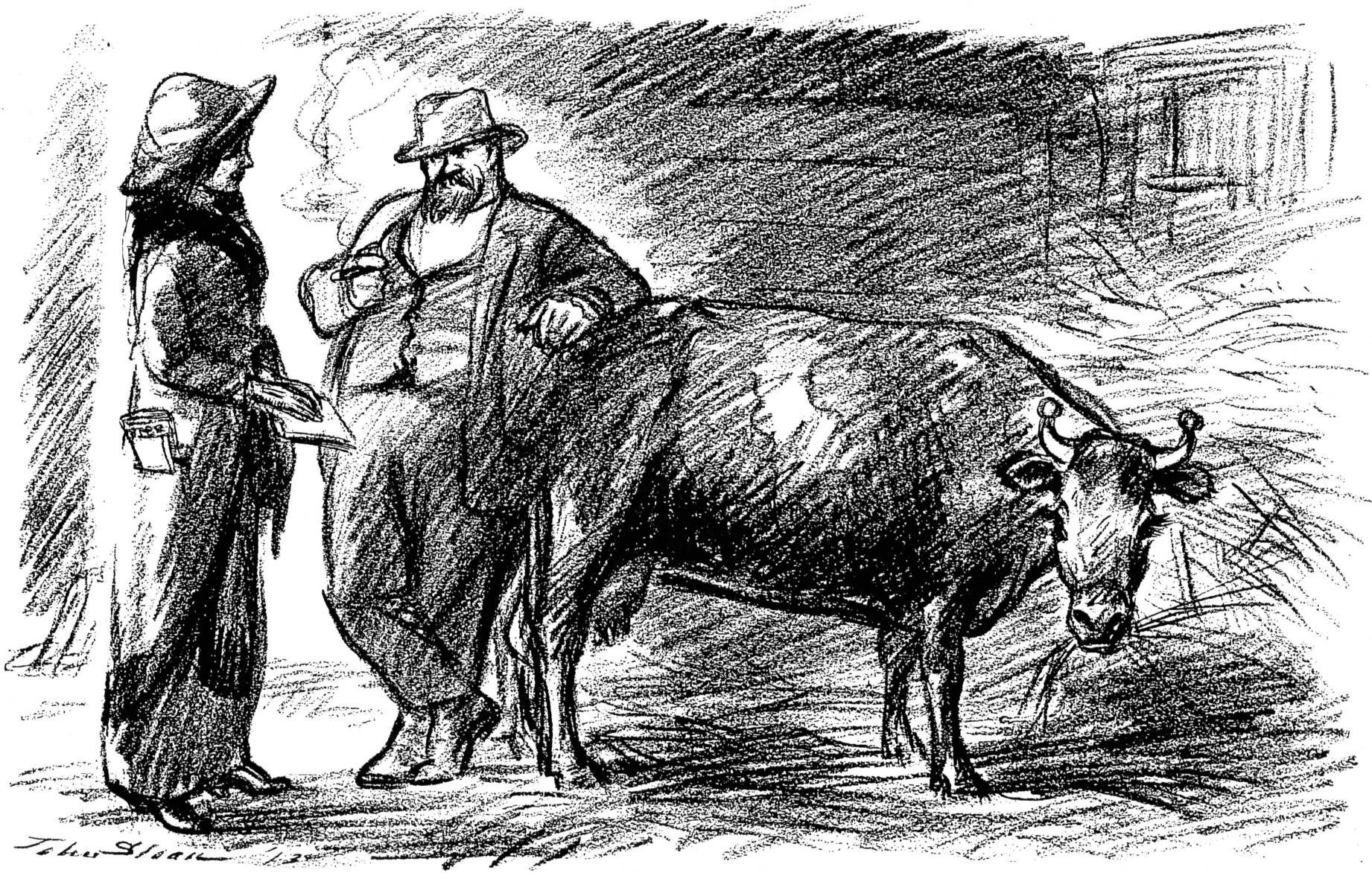
NUTTING.



Drawn by John Sloan.

Cattle

"NO, MISS, SHE AINT HOME—BUT I KIN TELL YOU MY WIFE DON'T NEED NO VOTE."



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"Until the people are willing to attend to their own business and to work for their own cause, it is no use kicking out the mandarins, as that will only let a fresh lot of mandarins in."

Will England Catch Up?

WITH the abolition of the power of the House of Lords, a movement at last began to bring the British Government up to the standard of 1848. At least three more steps will have to be taken. First, half a million gentlemen with two or more votes will have to be deprived of this privilege. Second, the 2,500,000 disfranchised workingmen (over a *third* of the total) will have to get the vote. Third, the cities will have to be given the same representation as the country. Because this has not been done in Germany, we have seen a campaign by the Socialists that has sounded to the ends of the earth. But a trifling anomaly like this last has apparently not disturbed the workers of England. As far as the radical press is concerned the whole of this outrageous situation might appear to have been a dead secret only now disclosed. Yet here are the facts:

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In another half century Great Britain may arrive where we stood politically half a century ago.

The War Against War

JUSTICE, of Pittsburg, the second largest Socialist weekly in America, advocates the use of all means to prevent and obstruct war with Mexico—from the General Strike (which is advocated even by the conservative British Socialists) to desertion. First, it proposes the General Strike. Second, that the Socialist soldiers and sailors of the Army and Navy desert and that no more enlist. Third, that if the militia is sent to Mexico, the Socialists desert the militia.

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William English Walling

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Madero, it will be remembered, endorsed the San Luis Potosi program, which proposed to divide the large estates, giving their holders a moderate compensation, and it was largely on this promise that he rose to power. Zapata, as an able article in *Collier's* showed last year, merely demanded the enforcement of the San Luis Potosi program. Yet Madero conducted against him a war of extermination. And now this war is continued without intermission by Huerta. Against the common enemy, the people, plutocrats and aristocrats are brothers, even while their hands are wet with one another's blood.

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