

The
MASSES

FEBRUARY, 1914

10 CENTS



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

Where Ignorance Is Bliss

Contributing Editors

LITERATURE

EUGENE WOOD
 JOHN REED
 ELLIS O. JONES
 MAX EASTMAN
 HORATIO WINSLOW
 MARY HEATON VORSE
 LOUIS UNTERMAYER
 WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING
 HOWARD BRUBAKER
 ROBERT CARLTON BROWN
 FLOYD DELL

The Masses For Labor Prisoners

The Editors of THE MASSES will be glad to send this paper free to all working men and women who have been sent to jail for participation in labor troubles. Send in names and particulars.

THE MASSES

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 Pleases and Conciliate Nobody, not even its Readers—there is a Field for this Publication in America.

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 at the postoffice of New York City, under
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MAX EASTMAN, Editor
FLOYD DELL, Managing Editor
BERKELEY G. TOBEY, Business Manager.

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ART

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 ARTHUR YOUNG
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 K. R. CHAMBERLAIN

Bound Volumes The Masses

JANUARY, 1913 to JANUARY, 1914

\$2.00 Each

Limited Edition—Order At Once

THE MASSES, like all Socialist publications, has been fighting against tremendous odds. As willing, capable and hard fighting a crowd of men and women as ever entered any cause have been getting it out. No one receives money for the great and important work done. THE MASSES is a direct gift to the Socialist party.

Much as we may like THE MASSES, we find that it is offensive to the Associated Press. Though it may seem cussed and perverse, that makes us like THE MASSES all the more. To have got under the hide of this organization means that some accurate shooting has been done. The trial of the two "culprits" will be a highly interesting thing, and it is a foregone conclusion that behind them, helping them—and congratulating them—will be the whole Socialist party.—*The New York Call.*

ANOTHER crackerjack December magazine is the Christmas number of THE MASSES, full of red-hot fire-spitting Socialistic pictures, every one of 'em a knockout to smug respectability, but all of 'em interesting to studes that like to use their beans once in a while.—*The Jester, Columbia University.*

IHAVE just returned from a visit to the Day Nursery Christmas Tree and Festival of the East Side Settlement. A great many children were there, well clad, well fed, and with happy faces. Their mothers were there. They also looked happy and appeared to be honest, hard-working women who did good work and were happy in their children and the fruit of their honest labor. Some of the friends, too, who had contributed to build the settlement house and

maintain the work were there, rejoicing in the good that was being done.

And this made me feel very sorry for Max Eastman, the Secretary of the Men's Suffrage League. In the so-called Christmas number of the suffragist and Socialist paper called THE MASSES, of which he is one of the editors and owners, there is a gross caricature of a dinner that the Church Club of this city gave in October to the members of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church. Now, we New Yorkers did give a good dinner to the Deputies to the General Convention and we all enjoyed it, and we are very sorry that Mr. Eastman and his suffragist friends should begrudge us that meal.

As I thought of these things an explanation of the suffragist movement flashed upon my mind that I venture to suggest to the public. Is not dys-

pepsia and its consequent discontent the real, underlying cause of the suffragist movement? Let me make another suggestion. There is no cure for dyspepsia like honest hard work. I am perfectly certain that these good women that I have seen to-day relish their meals and do not begrudge other people their dinners. Why, then, will not Max Eastman and his suffragist dyspeptics organize a colony, emigrate to one of the suffragist States, and engage in some productive industry? If they really went honestly to work and earned their own living they would find the dyspepsia disappear; life would present a different aspect, and we honest, hardworking people, who believe in the American system, would be freed from the dark shadow that these pessimists are constantly casting against the sun.—*Everett P. Wheeler to the New York Times.*

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ANOTHER CRIME!

A SECOND indictment against Max Eastman and Arthur Young has been handed down by the Grand Jury at the instigation of the District Attorney's office. This time the crime alleged is a libel, not of the Associated Press, but of Frank B. Noyes, the president of the Associated Press. The indictment is based upon the same cartoon and editorial. It charges that the figure labelled "The Associated Press" in the cartoon is a figure of its president.

Max Eastman was arraigned again on January 2, pleaded not guilty, and was released on \$500 bail. Arthur Young has not yet been arraigned, and the date of the trial is not set.

A column and a half in the New York Evening Post celebrates the glories of the Associated Press, and quotes a man, evidently high in the councils of that body, to the effect that the case "is not being prosecuted in a spirit of revenge." The Associated Press simply avails itself of this opportunity, he explains, to clear itself of charges which have been frequently made in other publications, in the houses of Congress, and even within the Associated Press corporation itself by its own members.

Just why this particular "opportunity" was chosen for the clarification is not made perfectly plain.

Nor is it made plain just why the people's taxes should be used to pay for an investigation of the Associated Press in the criminal courts, when every precedent points to a civil action for damages as the natural procedure.

Nor is it made clear just why, "in no vengeful spirit," it was found necessary to have two people indicted, to say nothing of having two people indicted twice for the same alleged offense.

Nor is it made clear just why, in order to secure a judicial investigation of the Associated Press, it should seem necessary to bring in a second indictment which will shift the issue to the personality of its president.

These are simply some questions that remain unanswered after one reads the evidently official announcement in the Post. Undoubtedly all will be made clear before the general "clarification" is over. Meanwhile watch this page for indictments.

THE EDITORS.

THE REVOLUTIONARY ALMANAC

For the Year 1914

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Drawn by John Sloan.

ORANGO-TANGO

GLOSSARY

An Editor: "I think that is a reactionary picture. The tango is all right."
The Artist: "Yes, the *tango* is all right—this is the *orango-tango*."



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Vol. V. No. 5: Issue No. 33.

FEBRUARY, 1914

Max Eastman, Editor.

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

Resume

BEFORE going too far into the second volume of "Knowledge and Revolution," let us revert to a definition.

By Revolution we do not imply suddenness, catastrophe, or unnecessary bloodshed. By Revolution we mean a change effected through a *conquest of power* by the lower classes. Its opposite is not Evolution. Its opposite is Reform—a change effected through *concessions* made by those who hold the power.

And for the uninitiated we add that "the power" is economic. We regard the ballot in these matters, not as a power, but as an instrument—an instrument that is ineffectual for great changes unless there is a power behind it.

Political Democracy was achieved through a class-struggle, the conquest of power by a lower class. The heroes of that struggle are worshipped by all—for the goal is won.

Industrial Democracy is to be achieved through a class struggle, the conquest of power by a lower class. But the heroes of that struggle are worshiped by few—for the goal is not won.

That is our platform. We are often asked by readers what books will clear their minds as to the revolutionary interpretation of history and hope. And for general purposes we suggest the following, to be studied in the order named:

"Socialism Utopian and Scientific"—Frederick Engels.

"The Communist Manifesto"—Marx and Engels.

"The Class Struggle"—Karl Kautsky.

"The Social Revolution"—Karl Kautsky.

"Wage Labor and Capital"—Karl Marx.

These books can be had from Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, for about fifty cents apiece. And we are moved to add to them Charles Beard's "Economic Interpretation of the United States Constitution," recently published by Macmillan.

Philanthro-Efficiency Again

IT is not necessary to read books, however, one need only read the newspapers, to see just how far Reform will go, and why those who desire a profound change may as well frankly join the working-class struggle, and say the word Revolution.

Reform will go just this far. It will accomplish, directly or through legislation, all the improvements which are of benefit both to labor and capital. But it will accomplish, roughly speaking, no change that will benefit labor at the expense of capital.

This can be proven by remembering that the power behind Reform is capital. And the capitalist who will knock off his own income and the income of his chil-

dren, just for the fun of "Progress," is so rare that he is negligible.

But it can be easier proven by reading in the day's news the statements of reformers themselves.

For Exhibit A, take Charles W. Perkins, the power behind the platform of Progressivism. Here is what he says in an article on the Y. M. C. A. in the *New York Times* of December 8. I want you to notice how he tries to fool everybody, including himself, at the beginning of his article, but reveals the truth in spite of himself before he is done:

"Settlement of the multiform differences between capital and labor is proceeding steadily.

"This important work in the world's progress is being achieved by the simple yet sovereign process of continuous and frictionless adjustment. It is a silently developing triumph of practical Christianity.

"This resistless adjusting influence is the great industrial movement of the Young Men's Christian Association."

That is the beginning of his article—pure Christian philanthropy, you see. The same reappears in the conclusion. But along in the middle, and almost by accident, occur these illuminating sentences:

"If men are left to their own resources in their leisure time, they will develop characteristics that eventually will be sure to impair their *efficiency*. For that reason the Y. M. C. A. secretaries are welcome in the cypress swamps of the South and the logging camps of the Northern States. Even employers who may not be in sympathy with the religious side of the association's work recognize the organization's *industrial value*, and hasten to co-operate with it.

"In many instances railway officials have been so pleased with the *patent* and *practical* results achieved by the association that they have given funds for the erection of association buildings, provided homes for the Y. M. C. A. secretaries and their families, and even gone so far as to pay the salaries of the secretaries. This is *practical proof* of the *high value* which big transportation men place on the movement."

Plain Efficiency

FOR Exhibit B, take Mr. Redfield of the Department of Commerce, speaking before the American Association for Labor Legislation and the American Political Science Association last week:

"I believe," said the Secretary, "that when our factories are run so that the workmen go home without being fatigued from over-long hours we will be able to compete successfully against all comers in the markets of the world. I could not afford to employ in a factory men who are half sick, who come to work after having

had bad breakfasts, who are partly poisoned; they would be *economically unprofitable*."

A universal eight-hour day, he went on to say, would be "far better for the pockets as well as the peace of mind of employers."

The Secretary, at least, is not fooling himself, nor the public. He is quite candid about it. And candor is the chief thing that distinguishes the radical democrats from the progressives.

Take for Exhibit C, the President himself. He is equally candid.

"It is so obvious," he says, "that it ought not need to be stated that nothing can be good for the country which is not good for all the country. Nothing can be done for the interest of the country which is not in the interest of everybody; therefore, the day of accommodation and of concession and of common understanding is the day of peace and achievement."

These exhibits are not exceptional. They are the current matter of the newspapers. They merely reiterate this obvious truth:

The power behind the Reform Movement is the power of capital, and for that reason reforms will not injure the interests of capital.

It is not time to ask yourself then—

Do you wish to see labor benefit at the expense of capital?

Do you wish to see a change in the *proportion* of wealth that goes to the worker?

Do you wish to narrow the gulf between the working and the owning class?

Do you wish to approach nearer to the ideal of equality in life and opportunity?

For if you do, you have no place in these movements for "accommodation," for "concession," for "christianization," for "economically profitable" legislation. Your place is with the working people in their fight for *more* life than it will benefit capital to give them. Your place is in the working-class struggle. Your word is revolution.

Utopian

W. B. DICKSON, former first vice-president of U. S. Steel, in the *Survey*, January 3, adds to the testimony. He says that a reduction of the working day to eight hours will "cost the manufacturer practically nothing."

All of which testimony from the capitalist beautifully proves the world-old contention of revolutionists that the true goal is under six hours a day. If eight hours costs the stockholders nothing, seven will cost them little, six will only make them sick, five will make them

hungry, and four will put them to work!—The Industrial Loafers of the World will put in their four hours with the rest. And to Society as a whole the change will still be “an economy.” It will “increase efficiency.” It will “cost nothing.”

Blood?

MARK TWAIN was not thinking of the revolution still to be won among his own people, when he wrote these words:

“All gentle cant and philosophizing to the contrary notwithstanding, no people in the world ever did achieve their freedom by goody-goody talk and moral suasion: it being immutable law that all revolutions that will succeed, must begin in blood, whatever may answer afterward. If history teaches anything it teaches that.”

He was not thinking of the Social Revolution. But he might well have been. For there is no question that much blood will be shed ere the working-class wins its liberty. There is no question that much blood is being shed.

There is a question, *how much?* And the answer to this question is that the longer our “virtuous” people, our idealists, our enthusiasts for democracy, continue to tinker the Reform Machine, and the longer our

churches continue to sit on the necks of the people and sing “Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men,” the more blood will run before liberty is achieved.

For my part I would rather have a little red on my hands than have on my conscience a New Year's prayer like that of Cardinal Gibbons. “We thank the Lord for the prosperity that abounds throughout the length and breadth of this great land of ours,” when more men are out of work and hunting for it hungry, than at any time before since the tragic weeks of 1907.

“We thank Him that we are particularly at peace within our own borders,” three days after the leader of that two months' fight against tyranny in Calumet was knocked out and shot in the back by fifteen ruffians hired by the godly and respectable in alliance for the perpetuation of slavery in the copper mines.

The people who, when we say Revolution, gaze with unfocussed eye into the dim future, and ask us if we expect violence, are the queerest fools in the world. Let them pick up their papers every morning and look for news of the beating up, or shooting, or forcible imprisonment of a striker, and if they look in the papers that carry truth, they will not be disappointed for one single morning in the whole year. The main trouble with the persons who are supposed to be thinking about these problems, is that they have read history until they are half asleep.

Big News

THESE paragraphs on Reform and Revolution were barely written, when news came that Henry Ford of the Ford Motor Company, Detroit, has established a universal minimum wage of \$5 a day for an eight-hour day. He is going to pay the floor-sweepers \$5 a day. He is also going to distribute \$10,000,000 of his annual profits among his 26,000 employees—but that is less important. The other step is a critical event in the industrial history of the country.

It is such an event, because it goes beyond economy and efficiency. It gives the worker more than it will pay capital to give him. It makes Perkins and Roosevelt and the whole Armageddon outfit look mean and stingy. It is the act of an exceptional man.

Without denying sincere altruistic emotions to the man, however, I think we can say that the exceptional thing about him is his far-sightedness. He takes his stand with Roger W. Babson, whose report on the I. W. W. we reprinted in December. He sees that something big and handsome will have to be done by those employers who do not wish to be swamped and sucked under by the sea they float on. Mr. Ford's act is a concession, its aim is not liberty but benevolent feudalism, its permanence rests with his good-will, it is strictly a reform act. But I believe it is the fruit of revolutionary agitation. I should say it is the first big plum to drop out of the tree we are shaking. Later we are going to climb the tree, anyway, but meantime we are glad to see the ripe ones fall.

Mr. Ford has given the agitators something to point to when they are stirring the revolutionary spirit elsewhere. That is why all the business men of the country feel a little hurt—a little angry at Mr. Ford. He is scabbing on them.

And he has also given us a hint of the possibility of peaceful surrender all round when the big time comes. Blood will be shed in the meantime, but maybe understanding will prevail in the years. The world has so much more understanding in it than it used to have.

Singing Social Reform

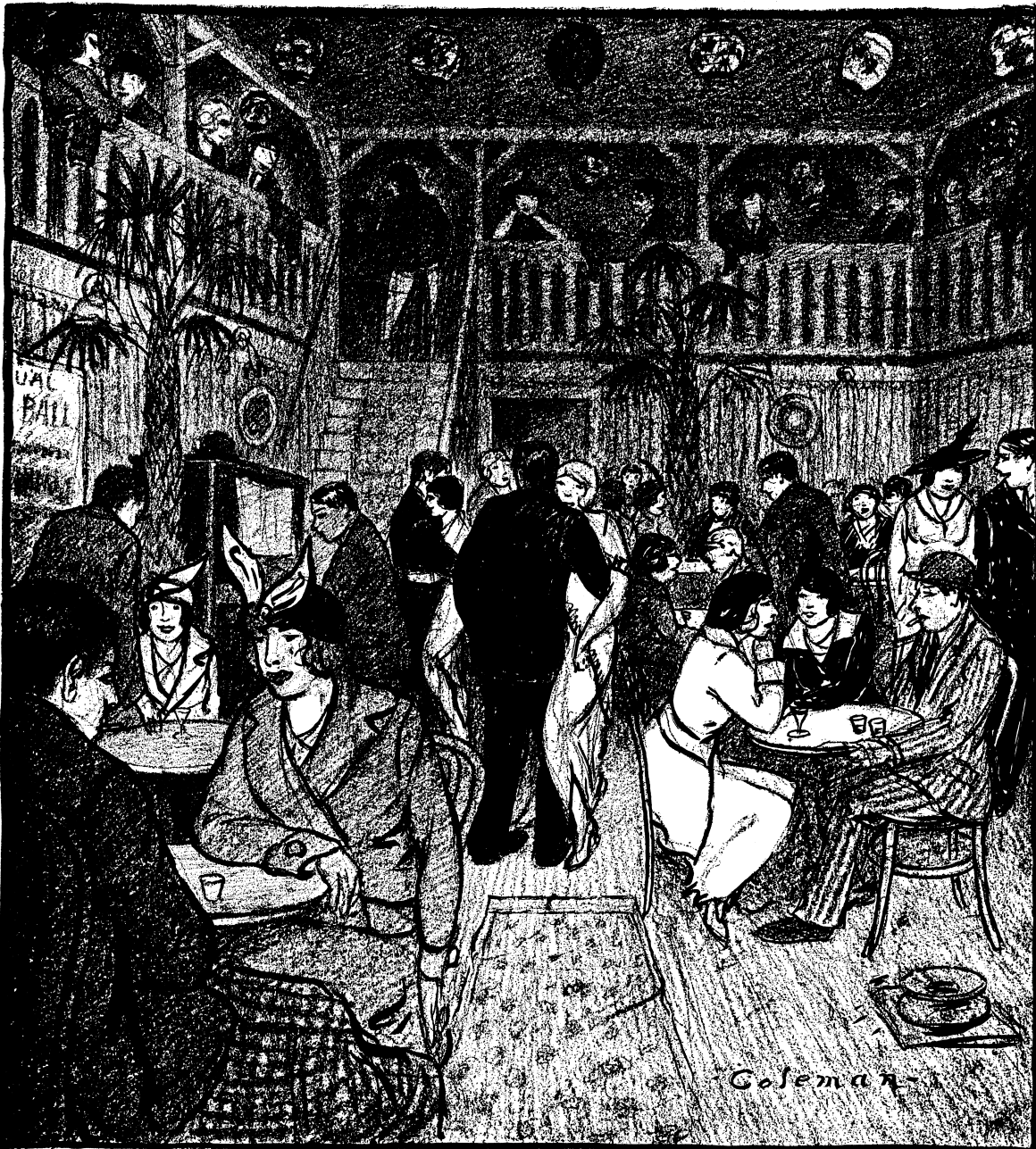
THE Survey (January 3) publishes a hundred hymns toward a new hymn-book. They are called “hymns of brotherhood and aspiration,” and aim to be quite free and catholic in their appeal. We are pleased in the absence of certain of the bloody old theological cantatas, but we do not find in their place a virile music of to-day. At the section headed “Labor and Conflict” we rather pricked up our ears—only to be met with this from Henry Van Dyke:

They who tread the path of labor,
Follow where My feet have trod;
They who work without complaining,
Do the holy will of God.

And other specimens of the same watery doggerel.

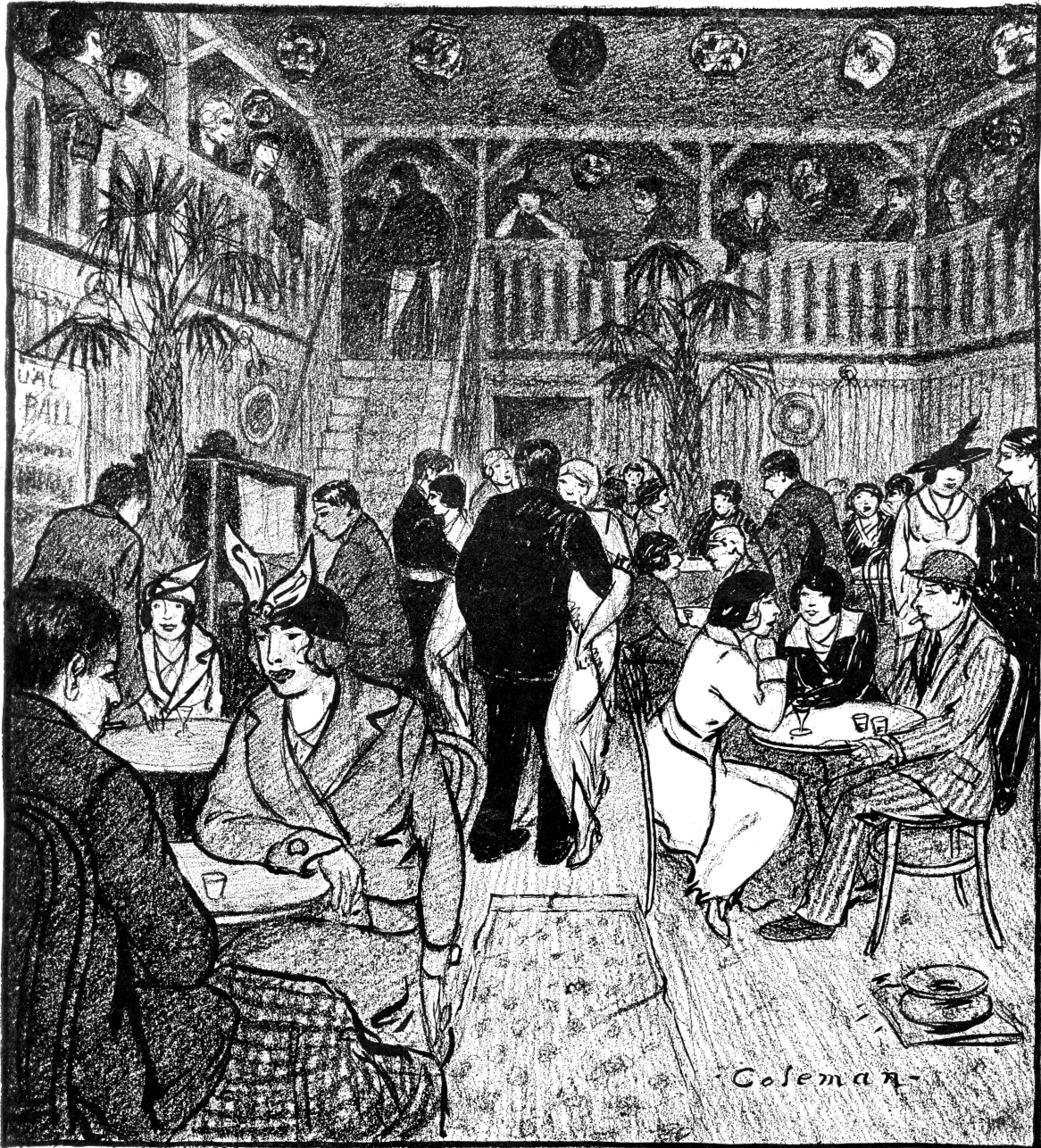
Is there not, in fact, something pervasively Van Dyke about almost all hymns? I look through these pages, and I recall the flat, happy Sunday-school tunes, and while there are exceptions right before my eyes, still I get a very general impression of the hymn consciousness as something puerile and superficially complacent.

I do not know wherein lies the essence of this fatuous twang of the average hymn. But I suspect it lies in the absence of sincere and strong feeling. Hymns differ from poems only in that they are written to be sung at certain times when people are supposed to come together, and supposed to unite in a certain emotion. The writer is supposed to express that emotion. He is supposed to have the emotion. And supposedly he does!



Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

“ARE YOU GOING TO SEE ME HOME TO JERSEY TO-NIGHT?”
“THINK I WANT TO GET PINCHED UNDER THE WHITE SLAVE LAW?”



Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

"ARE YOU GOING TO SEE ME HOME TO JERSEY TO-NIGHT?"
"THINK I WANT TO GET PINCHED UNDER THE WHITE SLAVE LAW?"

MOTHER JONES



Drawn by Arthur Young.

"COME ON, YOU HELL-HOUNDS!"

But what a dilute, soupy, and washed-out emotion it usually is, the hymn-books bear witness. And these verses in the Survey bear witness, too.

Dr. Simon Patten comments at length upon the difficulty of writing social and non-martial hymns. He seems to think there is something inherently unsingable about the twentieth century brand of "social consciousness." And without satire—for his humility in offering them prohibits that—we may say that his own verses bear him out. He does cast loose from the terminology and conventional imagery of the hymn-book, but in no wise from its vapidness. He only raises that to a greater perfection.

"Rally, brothers, rally,
To aid the man below,
Uplift his social standards
Help him in manhood grow,"

is by no means inspiring. Now does it point the way towards a creation of inspiring hymns. It has, to my mind, the same essential fatuousness as the old hymns, and I am compelled to suspect for the same essential reason—a lack of sincerely strong feeling.

Calumet and Colorado

TO ring the old year out, an "Alliance" of the godly and the respectable and the socially conscious in Calumet, Michigan, hired a gang of outlaws to beat up the president of the Western Federation of Miners, and shoot him, and run him out of town, because he was cheering the oppressed and downtrodden of that town to stand up and fight for liberty.

To ring the New Year in, the saintliest woman in this land, 81 years old, surrendered body and soul to the service of man, was received by the United States Militia in Trinidad, Colorado, at the point of the bayonet, bundled contemptuously back into her train,

and shipped out of the strike district like a bag of potatoes. Violation of liberty, violation of age, of womanhood, of heroism! Violation of constitutional rights! Violation of everything that anybody with a thread of human feeling holds sacred. Violation, uniformed, brass-buttoned, armed, and sanctioned by us all. Perpetrated under, by, and with the consent of our United States Government, acting in the defense of capital against men whose crime is that they refuse to have their blood sucked by capital.

This rings in the year of our Lord 1914. This is the news of the hour. It is the news that cuts to the heart of those who feel.

Social or Martial

AND is their feeling in any way expressed or remotely touched by these social reform hymns?

"Rally, brothers, rally,
To aid the man below,
Uplift his social standards
Help him in manhood grow."

Does the author of these lines passionately and enthusiastically and gloriously realize in emotion his superiority to "the man below," the superiority of his "social standards," the superiority of his "manhood," and this alleged wish to go down to that "man below" and help him learn to be as manly as the author? Does anybody in this day flamingly feel such an emotion? Does anybody feel such an emotion the way Mother Jones feels that when her boys or girls are hungry, she would like to fight the whole world to put food inside of their bellies?

The truth of this matter about social versus martial songs is this: When the struggle is over, then you will find the men of strong feeling singing the songs of

peace, but while the struggle is on, you will find them singing the songs of war. And your songs of peace, your songs of brotherhood, your songs of "social consciousness" will be vapid, because they are without the passion of the reality of life in your time.

I turned from reading away at those social hymns in the Survey, to the thought of that tremendous old woman, hastening to the scene of the big battle as she has ever done, hastening to stand in the thick of the fight with her comrades and equals. And I saw how she was met there with this steel military insult and repudiation from our United States soldiers, and how no word was spoken against it from Washington, no word from New York, no word from the mass of those whose social values are assumed not to need elevating. And I felt this old wrath come up in me against the whole false assumption that underlies the social consciousness panacea and leaves it vapid. It is an effort to propagate an abnormal psychology. It will never truly sing.

Socialism Capitalized

WHETHER it was written by the Editor or the Advertising Man, that page in the Metropolitan, entitled "What We Mean by Socialism," was not written by an honest mind. The charitable thing is to suppose that the man who wrote it, had no mind at all. We noticed a while ago that the "articles by prominent Socialists" have been eliminated from the 1914 program. The scant four columns of Socialist comment by Algernon Lee has been dropped out. And the announcement is now made that the "kind of Socialism we are preaching" is that which aims to "create a feeling and a desire on the part of the prosperous to share that prosperity with the poor and needy."

Apparently the attempt to capitalize Socialism itself has failed, and it remains only to see whether any money can still be squeezed out of its name.

A MUSEMENT

Esther Hanna

"WELL, my dear, can you wear tights? You know best—I don't know," said the manager, shrugging his fat shoulders and smirking at the girl at my side.

There we were, six girls, lined up in a row for his inspection—each with her best simper and all her poor finery on. And we could wear tights—yes.

It was my first experience with the cheap variety theater, but not theirs. They were different from the girls I had met in my few engagements in other companies. There I had found intelligent, ambitious girls who were striving to "get on." But these were the poor little tads that merely serve to fill up the cracks and crevices of the stage picture, and never try or even desire to get work above that.

They were young—one or two of them very young. From the ugliness of life they had oozed up by force of the youth in them—a grimy youth, to be sure, but still youth, aspiring to its bit of joy. One of them, whom I came to know, was a mere wisp of a thing with a queer little white face, large uncanny blue eyes and an extraordinary rich vocabulary of swear-words. Where her pale skin met her pale hair were little blue shadows, and there were tiny blue traceries in the big circles under her eyes. She seemed like an unhealthy flower.

One night she and another one of the girls came into the dressing room rather drunk. They had been to the "French Students' Ball" the night before, and they talked of it with the loud hysterical laughter of those to whom joy is an unnatural incident. They seemed to feed the fire that had flickered up in their poor little souls, with an incessant and incoherent noise of words, and now and then an inflammable dash of profanity.

The underground dressing room, with its stifling odors of cheap perfumes and cosmetics, where even the distorted gas jet seemed to gasp for breath, was a sad harlequinade from which real joy had crept away with disillusioned eyes. Wornout and bedraggled costumes littered the floor. Odd shadows flitted up the walls and mocked us from the corners. A sullen negro woman came into the room with two little black children, miserable in defiance of their race and age. She began to trick them out as pages, and got herself into a sort of Egyptian costume, appropriating rouge combs indifferently from the girls' dressing tables. The fat manager came in, dressed as a Sultan. He looked everyone over, and seemed to lick his chops over one not unappetizing morsel of girl. Her hair had caught his fancy, and his look, as much as his words and gestures, revealed his feeling and his purpose with a kind of monstrous simplicity.

I wondered what happened when their little shred of youth was gone from these girls. There was about them none of the sturdy quality of successful vice; they would never be able to feather their nests from male eroticism. They were tiny, yapping wraiths of vice.

The fat manager went out, and a minute or two later a roar, the roar of a lion, was heard from the stage. It was the most exciting moment of our show. The heroine had been given the alternative of becoming the Sultan's bride, or of seeing her lover thrown into the lion's cage. At the proper moment, when the Sultan was panting lustfully over the terrified maiden, a curtain was drawn aside, and

there was the lion in his cage, and outside, all ready to be tied up and handed in, the lover. The maiden screamed, and suddenly with a roar the sullen old beast leaped across the cage.

His spasm of rage was so real, and he took up his cue each night with such astonishing punctuality, that I marvelled—until I found out the secret. It seems that a rousing electric shock was sent in each time to jog his memory. The aged half-dead beast lay there on the floor of his cage peacefully with shut eyes until the current was turned on—and then he leaped and roared.

It was a wonder that he had enough life to show resentment. Each night he was poked into his gaily caparisoned cage for his brief moment of painful glory before the footlights. Then he went back into his traveling prison, hardly larger than himself, and in which, if ever some memory of his cub days came over him, making him lift his head with something of his old, free grace, he bumped it against the bars. So he lay with his great head on his paws, stoically indifferent, his eyes wide open but seeming to see nothing.

Sometimes I stood looking into his cage at night, until the ugly and pitiful life around me faded, and I had a vision of beautiful, free live things—clean-limbered, supple, quivering with vitality—rushing with the wind over great hills, seen for a moment against the sky-line, and then plunging into somnolent dark pools and breaking them into cool and silver spray. I saw the jungle with its strange vampire plants clinging to overpowered tees, and I seemed to smell the heavy perfume of their white and scarlet blossoms. It was an atmosphere of primitive animal joy, untainted by the complexities and subterfuges of reason. And out of that life my friend here had been dragged into one of the mustiest purlious of our life of reason. From the joy of life he had been dragged away into our civilized game of manufacturing strange substitutes for joy. He, and these little girls, and I.

Night after night I listened to the scoubrette out in front doing her inane song, and watched the perspiring and indifferent little pickaninnies, the sad old men supers earning their fifty cents per night, the tired, bedizened little girls, and the fat manager ogling and making dates in the wings—and I wondered by what long and painful path we human beings would at last get back to that life of joy which we left behind, so many thousands of years ago, in the jungle.

THE CHAMPION

["That is Jack Johnson. I saw him walking down the Strand with his wife on his arm the other night. An English literary man with me gripped his cane and said—"There goes that dirty nigger. I'd like to bash his head in." "Why don't you try it, old top!" retorted I."]

Bronze, and deep-chested as a horse,
He strikes like lightning in its course.

Naive, ingenuous as a child
To a new parent reconciled—

He smiles, he banter, feints and smites,
And moves, a poem, while he fights.

And his would be the whole world's crown
Whose fist could bring this Battler down.

HARRY KEMP.

BARRIERS

Mary Katharine Reely

DURING this dialogue the girl sits with her hands folded in her lap. The man walks back and forth.

HE: But if I hadn't told you, you would never have known.

SHE: Oh, yes, sometime I should have found out.

HE: Yes, afterward, after we were married.

SHE: Yes, after we were married.

HE: Another fellow wouldn't have told. If I hadn't told you would have married me. (In an injured tone.) And because I told, you refuse to marry me!

SHE: That's what you wanted, isn't it? You wanted me to know—to be able to make a free choice? I have made it.

HE: I wanted you to know, of course. I didn't want to deceive you, but I expected you to understand and be able to forgive—

SHE: Oh, it isn't a matter of forgiving—I have nothing to forgive you.

HE: Then, in God's name, what is it a matter of?

SHE: Why, it's just that I can't marry you.

HE: But—can't you see? Haven't I made you understand?

SHE: Oh, yes, I understand.

HE: Then it's all right, and you'll marry me?

SHE: No, no, I can't marry you. I've told you that. Can't I make you understand? You see, I was taught to think such things—vile. Of course, my education was all wrong.

HE: Your education was all right! Of course you were taught to think such things vile. So they are. But you understand that this isn't heaven! You have to take men as they come! You must know by now what the world is!

SHE: Yes, I know. But I haven't had time yet to get used to the idea. You see, I was nineteen when I first learned that there was such a thing as prostitution—six years is such a very short time to get used to an idea so stupendous.

HE (because his vocabulary is limited): Oh, hell! (adding after a pause) Can't a man make a woman understand anything?

SHE: I understand perfectly, but my early education was all wrong—and I can't get away from it.

HE: What are you driving at?

SHE: I am what you made me.

HE: I—made you?

SHE: Yes, you—all men. My mother trained me, of course, but she trained me to be what my father—my brothers—you, my future lover—her father—her brothers—her lovers—what all men—wanted me to be. I learned my lesson too well—now I can't forget it. You wanted me to be a virtuous woman. I am one. (With a turn of fanciful humor which he doesn't at all follow) My price is above rubies.

HE (puzzled): I know you are virtuous, darling. Would I love you if you were not? And for that reason, don't you see, because you are so pure and good, you are going to forgive me. Say you forgive me.

SHE: There is nothing to forgive. I understand. You have made that quite clear. What you have done was all according to nature—your nature.

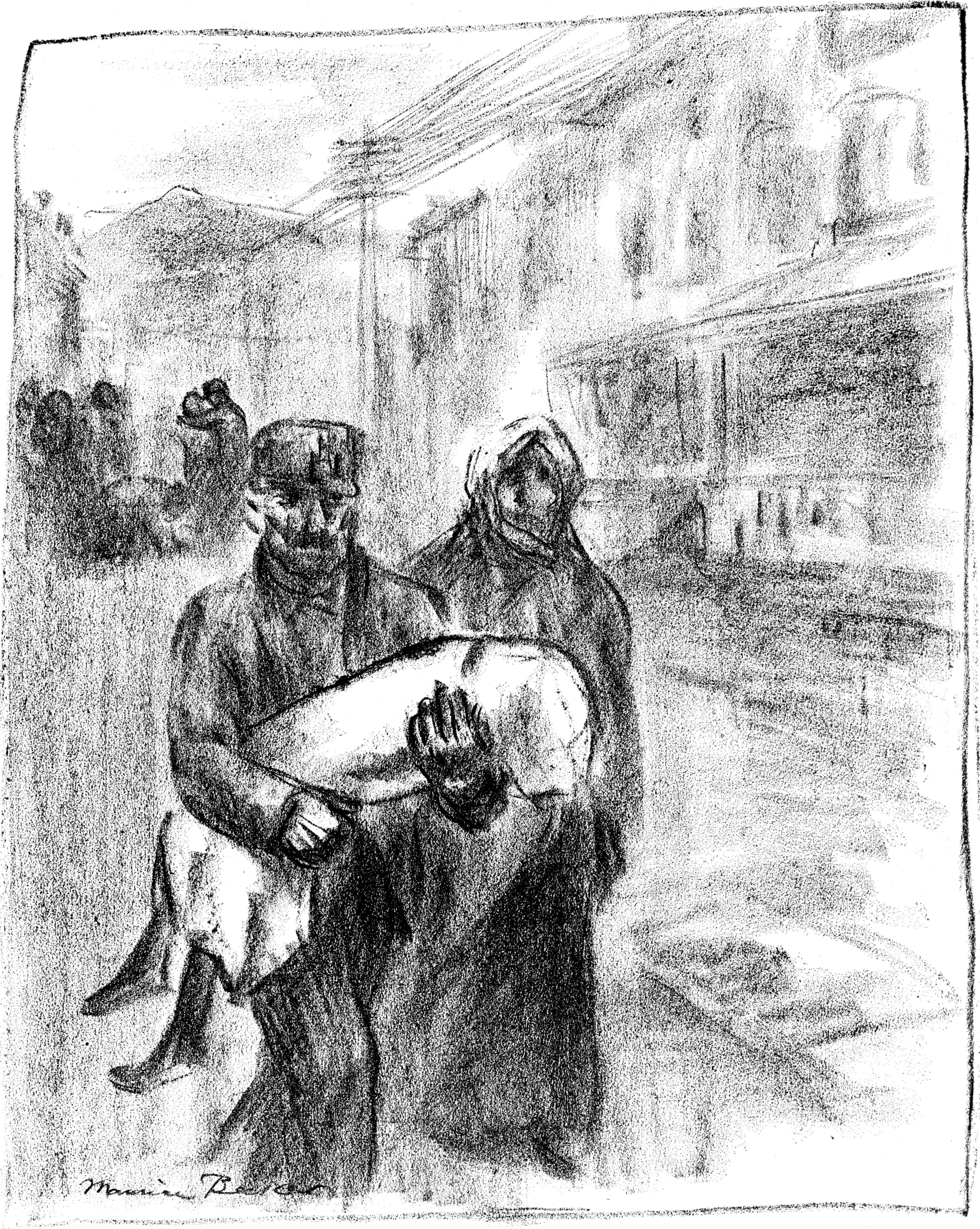
HE: God bless you, my dear, for understanding that—then you'll marry me?

SHE: Oh, no, I won't marry you.

HE: Well, I'm damned if I can make you out!

SHE: (reiterating somewhat monotonously): I am what you wanted me to be.

CURTAIN.



Maurice Becker

Drawn by Maurice Becker

CALUMET

The high-water mark of revolutionary spirit for the month was the refusal of the Calumet miners to accept \$30,000 from the "Citizens' Alliance" to bury their dead.

The Strange Orient

AN American lady, living in China, had been teaching a class of young Chinamen. One day a native prince called on her in his fine robes, and talked to her with some embarrassment.

"Madam," he said, "I came to you to see you about a matter that is very near to me. You have been teaching that the world is round."

"Yes," replied the instructor, "and I have been offering the proof."

"I know," said he, "but that is not what I came to see you about. It is all very good what you say, but Madam, I have always been taught that it is flat. I want to know if you would feel bad if I continued to think it flat?"

"Oh," replied the teacher, "it is not a matter of how I would feel, but a matter of evidence. I demonstrate that it is round; I offer the proof; if you accept the evidence, you think it round; if you reject it, you think it flat."

Our intelligent friend was still unmoved, still more concerned about the object of his visit. "I understand," he said, "that all you say, madam, is good and reasonable. But would you mind if I still thought it flat?"

Literary Politics

THE next time you knock a man down and walk over him, just explain that you were showing him how to "accommodate himself" to you.

President Wilson, with the backing of the small business class, is engaged in a four round fight with Big Business, as everybody knows. But he polishes off a peculiarly smashing blow like the Currency Bill, with the remark that "You can only be the friend of one class by showing it the lines by which it can accommodate itself to another class."

This is probably the softest talk that ever accompanied a big stick.
W. E. W.

Prize Press Pearl

"INDEED, the business man who, like ourselves, has a Socialist ideal will best assist the community at large by making his business as successful as possible, while doing everything he can for the workers under an admittedly imperfect system. It certainly will not hurt his business to sympathize with the toiling masses."—*Metropolitan Magazine*.

Honorable Mention

"MR. PAUL W. BARTLETT, who is designing the figures for the Pediment of the Capitol at Washington, comes from Paris to set up the Pediment group, representing American Labor, as far as it is finished."—*New York Times*.

CONFIDENCE

AS I go by the Bank each day,
I wonder if it's good and strong,
And why, when right's the easiest way,
So many Bank Cashiers go wrong.
And when I pass again at night
I know I need not fret or chafe;
I'm certain that my Bank's all right;
I'm sure my Overdraft is safe.

WILL HERFORD.

JOSEPH M. FLANNERY, the radium manufacturer, asks the following question:

"It has been demonstrated that there is radio-activity in practically every mineral that is found in the ground, and if the government wants to get all the radium in the country, where will it stop?"

Will the single-taxers please give him the answer?



Drawn by Morris Hall Pancoast.

KEPT!



Drawn by Henry J. Glintenkamp.

REBELLION

"YAS, I COME OUT PURTY FAIR WITH MY CROPS. BUT I DIDN'T SHIP 'EM ALL THIS YEAR—I GOT TIRED O' LIVIN' ON CANNED STUFF."

Exchange Professors

SUNDAY.—This morning the Kaiser was shaved by the American Exchange Barber. Mr. Teedle was in fine form and the Kaiser seemed much interested in the narrative concerning Mr. Teedle's Uncle, who saw the Sullivan-Corbett fight in New Orleans by climbing through a cellar window. Mr. Teedle's own detailed account of the process by which he picked the winners in the late Baseball Series to the tune of eighteen dollars was also received with apparent relish.

Monday.—Today the Kaiser entertained Old Hank Williams, the Exchange Village Oracle from America. The Kaiser tried to take part in the conversation with evident lack of success. At five o'clock in the afternoon Hank had borrowed six chaws of tobacco and twenty-five cents in cash and was still recounting the Crime of '73 and what he said at the time to Shag Henderson, who was then a government appointee and in charge of the Hicks Corners Postoffice.

Tuesday.—Returning from Maneuvers the Kaiser stopped his carriage in front of the wagon presided over by Mr. A. Skinly, the Exchange Fruit Wagon Pedler from America. Mr. Skinly sold his Imperial Highness sixteen large, sweet oranges at a reduced price. On reaching the Palace the Kaiserin found that instead of sixteen oranges there were only fifteen and

that they were all small, hard and sour.

Wednesday.—Last evening Mr. R. Rafferty, the American Exchange Insurance Agent, dropped in at the Palace and in half an hour sold the Kaiser \$100,000 worth of Lightning and Cyclone Insurance.

When interviewed a quarter hour after the transaction the Kaiser was hard at it with the smelling salts while his valet was bandaging wet cloths on the imperial forehead.

Thursday.—While on his way to the opera the Kaiser stopped to purchase two box seats from Mr. Zinski, the American Exchange Ticket Speculator. The Kaiser paid a good price for them and seemed much surprised when informed that they were good only for the fifth row in the top gallery.

Saturday, 11:30 P. M.—The Kaiser is out of danger.

After the opera Thursday night, Fingerino, the Exchange Champion Long Distance Ragtime Piano Player from America called at the Palace and began a gallant attempt to break the world's record (held by himself) for continuous piano playing. He started with Mozart, worked through Wagner and was syncopating Strauss when the Kaiser, who had been listening steadily for forty-eight hours, sprang from his seat with a shrill scream and kicked over the piano lamp.

Sunday.—A court edict has been issued forbidding any more "exchanges" with America. No reason is assigned.

HORATIO WINSLOW.

From a Publisher's Private Ledger

OCT. 1. First printing, 5,000 copies—advance sales very poor.

Nov. 1. Anthony Comstock condemns book.

Dec. 1. Sixth reprinting, 100,000 copies.

American Independence

FROM the report of the Senatorial Investigation in West Virginia:

Lawyer Stedman (for the Miners): "Under the conditions prevailing there, the men did not own their cemeteries or their homes?"

Cabell (Mine-owner): "Well, the cemetery was for them."

WHEN we first read of the "Go to Church Sunday" plan proposed by the Christian Endeavor Union, we were alarmed. We thought they were issuing a general command. But no, they only want to call the first Sunday in February by that name. The idea is to get everybody to go to church once a year. And this is so modest and really retiring a demand, considering the habits of our fathers, that we are glad to propagate it among readers of THE MASSES.

TOLERANCE

Mary Heaton Vorse

FROM out of the house Mr. Patrick Grogan came the morning cry of: "Pa, are ye gettin' ready for Mass?"

From the distance a voice responded: "Well, not exactly what ye'd call gettin' ready."

Mrs. Grogan protruded her head out of the back kitchen window. Not being able to see her lord—"Ha! ha!" she cried. "I know where ye are an' I know what ye're doin'."

"That's a pity," came from the invisible Mr. Grogan, "for what the mind don't know the heart don't grieve over."

This piece of levity Mrs. Grogan permitted to pass by her. She asserted: "'Tis lookin' over your fishin' tackle ye are." She ran to the side window. In the neighboring house she could see silhouetted a large and dignified form; rhythmically it was spreading bread and butter; an ample hamper yawned beside it.

She went to the window and called again: "'Tis going fishin' agin with Schultz ye are! It isn't the heart of an oyster ye have, Patrick, shamin' me an' the girls goin' to Mass widout ye and not givin' me no time to pack your lunch an' Mis' Schultz workin' since mornin' on a hamper,—shamin' me before the town and shamin' me before Schultzes!"

From out of a grape arbor behind the next house,—a grape arbor curiously and ineffably German—rose a majestic figure. From this vantage point Mr. Schultz could look upon Mr. Grogan in his basement cellar as he overhauled his fishing tackle. Eye looked into eye; Schultz said no word but sucked on his long pipe, placed his large right forefinger alongside of his nose, and winked at Grogan, and subsided again behind the sheltering grape leaves.

Here on the hillside a little out of town lived the German and Irish operatives of the mills. They were of the oldest emigration; they had prospered and little by little had come out of town since the Slavs, Pollaks, Lithuanians, Ginnies, French Canadians and what not had poured in.

It had been some years now since the Schulzes and Grogans lived side by side and similar conversations to that which took place over the fence after church had been going on during these years.

"It vas too bad, Mis' Grogan," said Mrs. Schultz, "dot you vas makin' up such a large lonch vor your husband. I vas makin' up enough vor two. What vor should ve not gombine,—von time I put up der lonch und von time you put up der lonch." Mrs. Schultz's heart was perpetually wrung at sight of the two lunches that regularly went off with the two men. Each time she hoped that Mrs. Grogan would show more "*vilosophie*."

Each clear Sunday in summer Mrs. Grogan ignored the fact that her husband could probably go fishing and refused to set a seal of wifely approval on his going by preparing the lunch before hand. On the other hand the house of Grogan could not be thought mean, so regularly two lunches of mammoth size were prepared.

"Bad luck thin to the fish in the river," said Mrs. Grogan. "It's often I've bin thinkin', Mis' Schultz, that the schnake ought to have bin made in the shape of a fish."

"Come now," soothed Mrs. Schultz, "think how much vorse there is than vor him to go vishin'. What would you say now if your man vas an agnoschtic like mine?" And Mrs. Schultz swayed

slowly on her heavy feet like an elephant at tether.

"Ye wouldn't expect so much," said Mrs. Grogan, "of a man that's born a Socialist. Mostly I heard tell it's against their principles to believe in God at all, but Patrick Grogan was brought up a good Catholic,—an' do ye think I could git Lonnie to Mass wid me this day? He sneaked out on me while 'twas getting' up his Pa's bit of a lunch I was. Whist! He was gone like a bird flying." Mrs. Schultz balanced herself first on one foot and then on the other, in slow rhythm, but she said nothing. Lonnie had spent that morning in the grape arbor with her daughter Elizabeth. This thought, however, brought to the good woman's mind her own personal grievance.

"If Schultz was condent," she said, "mit himself bein' an agnoschtic I would say noddings. Vat would you do, Mis' Grogan, if you had a 'usband who vas doin' vat he called 'freein' his daughter's brain'?"

"An' what would that be?" inquired Mrs. Grogan.

"Vor sometimes back," said Mrs. Schultz, "Heinrich has talked a lot about the 'reshtricted vemale brain', an' you know how id is yourself. I haf too much to do to listen to him as he talks, so he talks into the ear of 'Lizabet. 'I vill bring the children up to think vor themselves.' Vot happens? My 'Lizabet' believes now vot her father believes, which is noddings, except dot she thinks vot *she* thinks is better'n vot *I* think. Vot would you do den, Mrs. Grogan?"

"I'd learn him," replied Mrs. Grogan grimly, "if 'twas leadin' astray the gurruls he was an' learnin' 'em to think themselves better'n me, I'd learn him good!"

"Oh, vell!" said Mrs. Schultz, "Heinrich is a goot man und I have no complaint to make. All of us vimmins haf some little things to put up mit." They separated and attended to their Sunday dinners. Mrs. Grogan's irate eye fell upon her son, Lonnie, reading the Sunday paper at his ease.

He was a tall, up-standing young Irish-American. He was one of those Irishmen whom it is a pity to remove from their own country, being of that fighting blood that would have hastened Ireland's emancipation. A flaming hater was Lonnie Grogan, though he did not know that the empty feeling that sometimes assailed him was from lack of anything worth hating.

"Where was ye?" his mother inquired.

"Out," was his illuminating reply.

"I don't need ye to tell me that," responded his parent briskly. "Where was it ye was out to?"

"Schultzes."

"Ha! ha!" mocked Edith, his young sister.

"Yes, Ma," said Mary, the elder, who was in her second year in Normal School, "he's over there all the time. I should think you'd rather go with an American, Lonnie."

"She'll be as good an American as we when she's married to Lonnie," said Kate with malice. Lonnie bore this running patter of chaff with much equanimity, but at this last thrust Mrs. Grogan burst out:

"Married to him is it! Not except over my dead body. Her Pa bringin' her up an atheist and she lookin' down on her own mother, what would she be doin' with me? 'Tis none of these *new women* I want for a daughter-in-law; no *votes for women* in my house, sez I."

When Mr. Grogan entered the house that evening, sun-burned and with three tiny fish clutched firmly in his large right hand, his wife drew him aside and hissed in his ear:

"Now see what ye get staying away from your family when ye should be to home; there's Lonnie been sparking with Schultz's Elizabeth the long day."

"An' what o' that?" inquired the good man.

"Well, if it's anxious to rear a lot of atheist and anarchist grandchildren ye are—"

Mr. Grogan patted his wife's shoulder.

"Now, Ma," he said, "ye know everybody can't be Catholics in this world. Things isn't like they was when we was married; you gotta be tolerant. I'm glad to think o' one of my children marrying a nice girl that we know's been brought up right."

Meanwhile, while putting a copious meal before her Lord, Mrs. Schultz remarked:

"Young Grogan's been here again."

"Vot then?" inquired Mr. Schultz. At that question Mrs. Schultz only hunched an eloquent shoulder. There was something in Lonnie's glancing dark eyes and irresponsible ways that vaguely antagonized her. What she wanted for a son-in-law was one she could understand, a *tuchtiger mensch*.

"An' what have you against him?"

"He vas diffrunht from what I vas lookin' for in a son-in-law."

"Oh, voman, voman!" reproached Schultz. "Vot is new to you, you hate; vot you don't understand you don'd like. Vy can't you haf some tolerance? Look at me und Grogan,—*ve* don't fight. He's a democrat, I'm a socialist. I'm a free thinker, he's a popist; ve let it go at that. Ve go fishing. Tolerance is only for der emancipated mind. You are reposed on der conventional thought like on a feather bed; not so 'Lizabet'. Her thoughts shall repose on their own two feet!"

"Then," responded his wife, "let her marry young Grogan or anyone so dot she marries young, vor a voman whose thought reposes on its two feet treads on the toes of her husband." She said this in a loud tone and with a significant glance toward Elizabeth, who at that moment entered the room.

"Ven ve hav taken the brain o' the vemale vrom its swaddling clothes, wich haf compressed it like a Chinese foot until it's der size of a hen's egg, then and then only vill the race find vreedom."

"You say that, Poppa," said Elizabeth, "but what if I didn't believe what you did?"

"Yes;—den vot?" demanded Mrs. Schultz.

"Then," responded Mr. Schultz, with dignity, "I'd respect her thought as I respect your non-thought, ven I see you goin' every Sunday to church. Haf I ever obbosed your goin' to church? I am not askin' you to believe what I believe, 'Lizabet'; I'm asking you only to *think*. I've said to you 'Do not be a Socialist because I am a Socialist an' I do not gonsider you a Socialist. Until you can master der theory of der surplus values how is it you can think to be a Socialist? I do not vant sentermentalists in the party."

"I'm not a Socialist," responded Elizabeth, "all my friends in school are *Americans*." She did not add that the Junior Socialist League in the high school was what she termed "a bunch of Dutch girls." "And, mother, can I go down to Miss Simpson's after supper? She wants me to go to Church with her." Mr. Schultz lifted his head sharply and



Drawn by Elizabeth Greig.

AT THE CITY HOSPITAL.

"WELL, EVERY BABY CAN'T HAVE A REGULAR FATHER, I SUPPOSE."

frowned at her from beneath bushy eyebrows. "Church!" he inquired sharply.

"Vy, yes," replied Mrs. Schultz, "I see no reason vy you shouldn't go to church vit your teacher." She kept a wary eye on her lord. He, muttering words about "hocus-pocus and the deformative period of the young brain," withdrew into the mild-scented summer evening and sat there meditating. He was tolerant but there was something about a child of his going voluntarily to church that caused his gorge to rise.

For the next few weeks he was kept busy inculcating tolerance into the bosom of his spouse, for it was just at this time that Lonnie Grogan fell violently, sentimentally and rampagously in love with Elizabeth. He suffered acutely that he had no lyrical outlet for the feelings she aroused in him, but made up for this by sending her flowers from the florist and large boxes of expensive candy. For these gifts his prospective mother-in-law had a lowering brow.

"Talk no more tolerance to me, August," she boomed, "ven before a vedding I see a young man throw his good money from de vindow out I could veep. How much a dozen do you think dose roses gost? A dollar and a half! I haf gone und asked,—und Lonnie gettin' eighteen a week."

"Dot is his individual expression of his affection," said Schultz.

"Dot does not show affection," his wife contradicted, "dot shows he vas a fool. *Stop him, stop him!*" she cried to her daughter. "Think, ven you are married, of the linen you'll vant, think of the furniture that you vill now not buy because of those house-smelling roses. Phew! Der whole house schmells of dem, and sveep as I vill, dere's roses underfoot all the time. Ha! Ha! I haf read in poetry books about der beloved walkin' on rose leaves,—but in poetry books, that's the only place where it should be done. An' Mis' Grogan! I thought her a sensible woman. Vot a vamily are we marrying into! 'Pelieve me,' says I, 'it is not my fault or 'Lizabet's fault.' 'Oh! leave him lay,' says she, 'it is for remindin' me o' his father in his courtin' days that he is. Poor Lonnie! The Grogans do take on so,' says she, 'when in love.'"

Still a betrothal was a betrothal and in Mrs. Schultz's mind as final a thing as a marriage, and when one night voices from the grape arbor instead of being dulcet and faint rose strident and high to her ears and ended with an audible:

"Well, I'll bid you a very long good evening, Miss Schultz," from Lonnie Grogan, she followed her daughter, with concern, into the sitting room.

"You shouldn't fight vit your fiancee," she reproached. Elizabeth made no reply. Her sweet mouth was drawn in a rigid line. She walked to the

last floral tribute of her erstwhile beloved, seized it and hurled it forth through the open window, while her scandalized mother cried:

"Oh, veh! not der vase!" Having performed this deed, Elizabeth started in so purposeful a way from the room that her mother cried:

"Where are you going, Elizabeth?"

"I'm going to forget him," cried Elizabeth, with dignity.

This was all she could get out of her child and it was from Mrs. Grogan she gathered her knowledge of the quarrel.

"Lonnie scalded her heart so she et the face offen him! He called her a narrow-minded Socialist an' she called him an idol-worshipping Papist and from there on they went until Lonnie was throwin' 'Dutchman' in her face and she 'Paddy' in his."

"He said that me or none of us," sobbed Elizabeth, from her low-studded window, "had an idea of what the first principles of democracy was."

"Now wouldn't that eat you!" said Mr. Grogan, who had joined the group. "To talk to Elizabeth like that!" Mr. Schultz lumbered up, nodded his head and said:

"They haf no tolerance. Think of you and me, Mr. Grogan, friends' all dose years."

"They'll get over it," ventured Mr. Grogan. Mrs. Schultz wiped a furtive tear with her apron.

"Perhaps, perhaps," she mourned, "but you don't know 'Lizabet'."

"When onct Lonnie gets up his back, 'tis like his Pa he is," supplemented Mrs. Grogan. "He said he won't have his family mis-called."

"But he can say what he likes about mine," came Elizabeth's voice from the upper window. "And he says he hates trade unions," she added.

"He's kiddin' you," said Mr. Grogan. "How would Lonnie Grogan be hatin' trade unions? Ain't I always belonged to the union."

"Yes; dat vas nonsense," agreed Mr. Schultz.

The two mothers were right; weeks dragged on without a reconciliation. Elizabeth spent much time with her teacher; she grew pale. Lonnie stayed away from home and reports had it he was seen around with "a bunch of dagoes."

Then there happened in the history of the town something so absorbing that, for the moment, it overshadowed all else. The cheaper labor of the mills was unorganized, and from one day to another thirty thousand mill hands went out. Mr. Grogan was scandalized; Mr. Schultz astonished and appalled. Mr. Grogan was an old labor man, he belonged to that old and respectable labor organization, the American Federation of Labor, which had nothing whatever to do with this strike. In Mr. Grogan's experience things like strikes did not happen lightly. A strike of magnitude was deliberated over by proper labor leaders and in due course of time a strike was called. His attitude toward the unprecedented affair of a disorderly, unorganized mob of the inferior nations walking out and stopping the mills that were part of his life, was summed up in his answer to Lonnie, who inquired of his parent the third day:

"Well, Pa, how's the strike?"

"Strike?" said Mr. Grogan. "I don't know of no strike."

Mrs. Grogan, behind her husband's back, shook her head at her son.

"Don't know of no strike?" said Lonnie. "Main Street's full of them and the state militia's through the town."

"The A. F. of L.," responded Mr. Grogan, "has called no strike. If there's a mob of Dago ruffians parading Main Street the militia ought to be at 'em."

"There!" cried out Lonnie. "There's your mean spirit,—you don't care about Labor. You're highly skilled workmen and you're organized an' that's all you care."

"They're not fit to be organized," responded his father.

"You'll find them organized in a bigger organization than any ever you dreamed of."

"There's just one thing I won't talk about in this house, let me tell you," responded Mr. Grogan, "an' that's them anarchist ruffeens from the west." It was thus that Mr. Grogan designated a younger labor organization, the Industrial Workers of the World.

"The I. W. W. 've seen all around you and all through your small, little trade-union spirit."

"Hold your peace or I'll eye-doubledouble you," responded Lonnie's parent fiercely.

A few days after Mr. Grogan came home from work and awaited his son's home-coming with a lowering brow.

"What's this I hear," he greeted him with, "about your helping organize? What's this I hear about your being down to the Central Committee an' you not so much as a mill hand yourself?"

"I don't have to be a mill hand to see the right and wrong of a case, do I?" said Lonnie.

"Then it's true, is it?" pursued his father. Lonnie's fist came down on the table with a thump.

"It's true," said he. "When there's as many men and women in this town not being paid enough to eat on, it's time everybody helped." The empty place in his life was filled,—he had found an injustice big enough to hate.

"Next you'll be tellin' me you're a Socialist or an Anarchist," stormed his father.

"I'm neither," said Lonnie, "I'm a Syndicalist."

"Get out of my house," said his father. "I won't harbor no such kind here."

"I'm glad to do it," responded his son. "The dirty smell of your mean trade unions stifles me." He slammed the door and was gone.

The girls stood appalled, Mrs. Grogan winked a consoling eye at them which meant, "Your father and brother will soon get over this."

"What was it he said he was?" asked Elizabeth.

"I don't know, nor do I want to," replied her father.

When Mr. Grogan had strolled out into the evening dusk disconsolately, "Don't get excited," said she soothingly. "Well do I mind me the time when I was a bit of a girl an' I heard your grandpa sayin' to me mother, with his hand raised to heaven, 'I'll bathe Ireland in blood before I'll see this injustice goin' on.' 'You'll bathe your fate in hot water an' your head in cold,' sez my mother, bringing him a drop to drink—that's the way to take men."

In the half light Mr. Grogan could discern the ample shape of his friend Mr. Schultz. The need of sympathy,—the sympathy of a man—led him on.

"Schultz," he called in a low voice, "Schultz." Schultz came heavily forward.

"Ah! my friend. Little you know what has befallen me. Ach, der unlimited smallness of the vemale brain, an' I haf always defended it. If 'Lizabet' vas a boy an' had done a thing like that, I'd turn her out."

"What's Elizabeth done?" asked Mr. Grogan. "Nothing to compare with what Lonnie's done, I bet you."

"Vot has she done?" said Schultz in a lack-lustre tone. "Vot has Elizabeth done, brought up in a radical atmosvere, taught to think for herself, brought up mitout the superstitions or idolatries of any church—vot has she done of her own volition? She has retrograded, she has back-slided into the slime of superstition!"

"That' bad," said Grogan, "but what is it Elizabeth's after doin' now? Glory be! It seems to me all the children is fools this day."

"Elizabeth," resumed Schultz in the same lifeless tone, "has been listening to that superstition-ridden voman teacher, in the school instead of the voice of light und reason. 'Lizabet' has joined the Methodist church."

"The Methodist church is it!" cried Mr. Grogan. "Well, ain't it lucky that she an' Lonnie broke? I'd rather see Lonnie what he is this day,—a Syndicalist, what it is I don't know, but 'tis something of the brewing or your Socialists or Anarchists. There was a Methody woman lived next door to me when I first came to this country an' she called me 'the son of a scarlet woman' an' then I licked the block off o' her b'y. I know Methodys an' none o' them would I have around me." During this speech Mr. Schultz had flushed with rage.

"Socialists and Anarchists!" he boomed. "Vat haf Socialists and Anarchists to do with each other? Anarchismus is contrary to Socialismus, and Syndicalismus is a subversive doctrine. As you say, Grogan,

it's a good thing there's nothing between our children. I would haf no Syndecalist in my family."

"Syndicity——, Socialism and Anarchism, 'tis all one to me. I don't care what kind of a foolismus he is if he hadn't taken up with them dirty I. W. W.'s. Oh! I'm sorry for you, Schultz, with your Methody daughter on your hands. Et was my wife has always been sayin' no good would come of your bringin' up your girl so quare."

"All one to you? All the same to you, Socialismus and Anarchismus?"

The battle was on. Between them they tore the tolerant friendship of years to pieces. Before they separated Grogan shouted at his friend:

"I'd rather have me Lonnie a Syndicity than a Methody!"

Lonnie did not come home that night; gloom settled over the family. During the breakfast there was an unwonted stir and excitement in the house next door. Mrs. Schultz came out of the house, wiping her eyes, and looked over to the other house, but her husband called her back, and finally the two men went down the street one-half a block behind the other instead of going together as was their custom. No sooner were they out of the way than simultaneously the two women appeared at their back doors and proceeded toward one another.

"Oh! what is it?" cried Mrs. Grogan. "What is it has come to you, poor woman?" Melted by this sympathy tears flowed unchecked down Mrs. Schultz's fat cheeks.

"Oh, weh! Oh, weh!" she mourned. "August was so angered with 'Lizabet' that she left the house last evening and since then has not come back. Oh, weh! Oh, weh!"

"Oh, bad luck to the cranky old ones that they are thin!" cried Mrs. Grogan. "'Tis Grogan has driv out me Lonnie; an' when you think o' the two owld fools havin' words wid each other. Oh! she'll be all right, she'll be walkin' in in a minute. Don't take on so, Mis' Schultz, dear."

At that moment Lonnie strode around the corner of the yard.

"Where've you been, Lonnie?" inquired his mother.

"Getting married," responded Lonnie.

"Married!" gasped both ladies.

"And to who?" asked Mrs. Grogan.

"To Elizabeth; who else do you suppose I'd marry? She's around the corner of the house now waitin' till I broke it to you and to Mother Schultz." He put an arm around each of the ladies and kissed them heartily.

"Come on, Elizabeth, come on," he cried, "it's all right. I met her when I went down the street last night, after she had been fighting. She was crying, poor child.

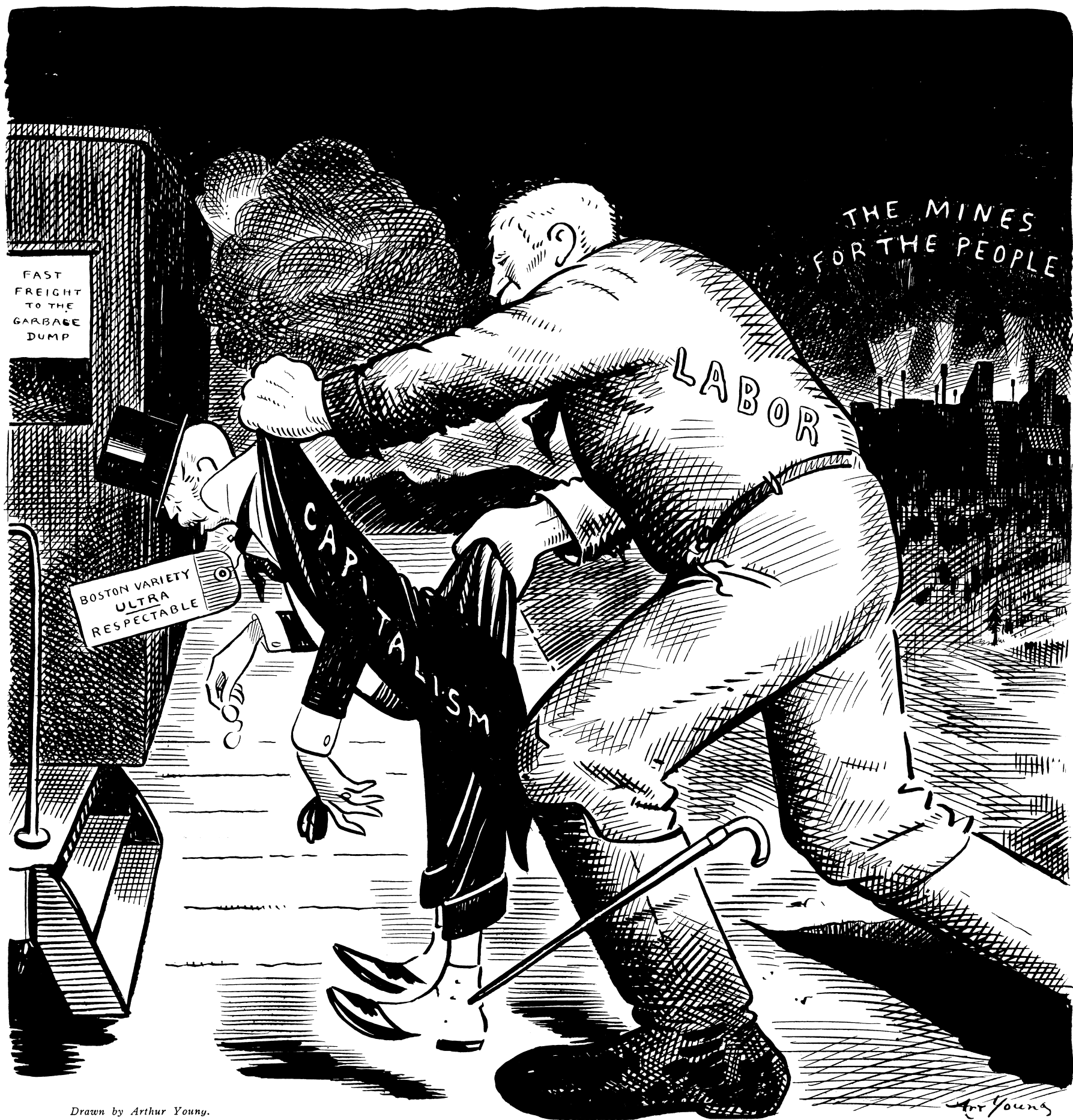
"What ails you?" I asked her, and then I found she was being persecuted just for bein' a Methodist like I was for being a Syndicalist.

"Come on, Elizabeth dear," says I, 'home's goin' to be a hot place for you an' me; come on an' get married.' So I took her to Miss Simpson's for the night and this morning we stepped right around and got married."

Mrs. Schultz by this time had her daughter in her arms, sobbing.

"Oh, Elizabeth, I never thought to see you get married like this, but, my child, there's no cloud without a silver lining,—it has saved so much expense! But," she went on in a lower tone, "vit you a Methodist, vat shall you be doing mit Lonnie, and he next door to an anarchist?"

"Oh," said Elizabeth lightly, "he'll soon get out



Drawn by Arthur Young.

THE NEXT DEPORTATION FROM CALUMET

of those silly ideas of his; now he's married and'll have to run steady. Once I've explained to him what the Church really means, he'll see that all this fighting of Labor Unions and everything doesn't mean anything."

Mrs. Schultz said nothing, but there was a tinge of pity with the look she cast upon her daughter. Meantime Mrs. Grogan was asking her son:

"An' what about Elizabeth having turned Methody on you!"

"Pooh," said Lonnie, "most girls have a time of getting sentimental over religion. When Elizabeth understands that the only serious thing in life is the class struggle she'll cut out all that nonsense."

The two had gone so far away from each other that they had met on the other side of the world with the tolerance of total misunderstanding.

The two young people drifted off together toward the grape arbor. The two mothers joined one another. Eye looked into eye. Mrs. Schultz

shook her head and eloquently said nothing.

"'Tis a powerful lot ov jawin' there's going to be in that household, Mrs. Schultz," remarked Mrs. Grogan at last, nodding toward the grape arbor, "an' 'tis on us that all the row is going to fall."

Mrs. Schultz shook her head again: "Young people," said she, "gets ofer lots of dings, M's Grogan, but old mens like Schultz and Grogan gets ofer nod-dings maybe, und now ve poor vomens alone have got to talk dem ofer into gettin' ofer eferthings."



Drawn by G. S. Sparks.

"IF EVERYBODY WOULD COLLECT SOMETHING, THERE WOULD BE LESS OF THIS SOCIAL UNREST."

Anthony and the Devil

ANTHONY COMSTOCK was seated at a table piled with letters and papers, the annex of a huge roll-top desk completely buried under evidences of his notoriety.

He seemed like a harmless old gentleman. He had white hair, mild blue eyes behind spectacles, bushy white side whiskers, a shaven pink chin peeking out between, and a gentle, almost furtive manner. But when I asked him what he thought about teaching sex-hygiene in the schools, he assumed immediately the dignity of the Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

"For 42 years of public life," he began, "if I live until March, I have been fighting in the defence of the moral purity of the childhood of the nation. My work has brought me in contact with many parents and teachers of the young and even more with the boys and girls."

He believed, he said, that it was the parents' place to instruct their children in all these matters which pertain to the higher spiritual nature.

"The heart of every child is a chamber of im-

agery, memory's storehouse, a commissary department of the soul, where all the good and evil influences are stored up for future requisition, not only by the child, but by the Devil also. There is nothing the Devil likes better than to bring a pure young mind to turning on vile, pernicious thoughts. When a link is formed from the reproductive faculties of the mind and imagination to the sensual nature, one might as well throw a loop around the child's neck and hand the other end of it to the Devil. And no one thing is contributing more to the Devil's Kingdom than these attempts to popularize indecencies, on the ground of warning children."

Asked about "Damaged Goods," Mr. Comstock said that he had not seen the play, and that he heartily disapproved of it.

"Remember this," said Mr. Comstock earnestly—"Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that will he also reap.' The Devil is always waiting for a chance to corrupt a pure mind."

"You believe in a real personal Devil?"

"Most emphatically I do! Don't you?"

"No, sir."

"I'm sorry for you," he said sadly. A pause, and then he became emphatic again.

"A man can't be in my business for 40 years without knowing positively that there is a personal Devil sitting in a real Hell tempting young and innocent children to look at obscene pictures and books. If you had seen, as I have, children who were tempted into looking just for an instant at a vile picture, and then for the rest of their lives were never able to wipe the memory of that picture from their minds, you would know, as I do, that it was the Devil who was responsible for it.

"Certainly I believe in the Devil."

Through the office window I could see the solid granite columns of the post office building. The sight steadied me, and thanking Mr. Comstock for the interview, I hurried out into the wholesome mud of Park Row.

GERTRUDE MARVIN.

IF you had six dollars, what would be the last thing you would think of doing with it—attend a three-day game of three-cushion billiards, or buy the two-volume life of Harrison Gray Otis?

MR. DREISER AND THE DODO

THEODORE DREISER is an interesting example of an intellectual species that is fast becoming extinct. His attitude toward the world has become so rare among thinking people that one comes upon it with a sense of awe, as one would meet a megatherium in a park. Mr. Dreiser is impressive in all his books, and not least of all in his new one. It is an account of a trip through Europe,* and it shows, even more clearly than his novels, the philosophy of—what shall I call it?

There is a philosophy which disposes of revolutionists more completely than any other. It disposes of them, not by hating them, or by ignoring them, but by accepting them as Interesting. According to this philosophy, the revolutionist is a part of life just as much as the artist, the fine lady and the prostitute. They are all interesting. This man's zeal for revolution is an expression of temperament—and nothing more. As such it is admirable. He plans his utopias, the artist paints, the fine lady dresses for the ball, the prostitute smiles invitation to a new man . . . and life goes on. It has always been so, it always will be so. A mad world, my masters, but an interesting one!

This is the philosophy of Theodore Dreiser. It is a philosophy which has been apparent in all his writings. In his novels he has given a broad and impartial account of life as he has seen it lived. Nothing has been too common or mean to escape his observation, nothing too ugly or evil to arouse his scorn. He has described the just and the unjust with a calm and even balance. He has looked on our enthusiasms and our disappointments, our dreams and our lusts, as might some cynical and compassionate god: and we have been properly awed.

It was Theophile Gautier, about the middle of the nineteenth century, who started the idea that the Gods were cynical about human affairs. The idea was characteristic of the period. Cynical? Not so the Gods of the Greeks—they descended *ex machina* in their Godlike anxiety to see that things went right on earth, and the noise of men's quarrels re-echoing through Olympus testified to the importance of human affairs. Not so the God of Job, who answered him categorically out of a whirlwind. And not so the God of Bernard Shaw, who waits on his servant to find truth and establish it. Anyone who believes in his own power will have a powerful God—or a philosophy of revolution: it is the same thing. But the Mid-Nineteenth Century—

It was a period dominated by what was called Darwinism—the idea that change came into the world with a tragic tardiness, and that the only way to help the process was to let it alone. People sometimes talk as though Darwin put the idea of evolution in people's heads. He did establish a mechanical and deadly conception of evolution. He made people think of change as something outside human effort. With the chill of his doctrine he froze the blood of revolution for a generation. Darwinism descended like a blight upon the world and upon men's minds.

Conceive yourself in the Darwinian frame of mind. Forget all you have ever learned in histories about the past, and all you have learned in dreams about the future. Then look about you—see how the fly is devoured by the sparrow, and the sparrow by the shrike (whatever that is), and the shrike probably by the cat. That is "natural selection," and it re-

sults in the "survival of the fittest." Then observe the same process going on in the industrial world: No, no, don't interfere because it would spoil the natural condition of "free competition"; and, besides, it wouldn't be any use to try, on account of the "iron law of wages"!

Nothing is more certain than that we don't live in that kind of world now. We know better. We have revised our notions of biology to take revolution into account. And we have dislodged enough sticks from the woodpile of economics to know there is a nigger in there somewhere. Besides, we just can't look on while the process is processing. We have to do something about it ourselves, even if it is

only to pull judiciously at other people's coat-tails.

Mr. Dreiser calls this, when he runs across it in his travels, the efflorescence of a temperament. It is more than that: it is the solemn knowledge that according to whether you lift your hand or stay it, the world will be different. We have seen changes in machinery, and changes in institutions, and changes in men's minds—and we know that nothing is impossible. We can have any kind of bloody world we bloody want.

We are in the twentieth century. Mr. Dreiser is still in the nineteenth. For purposes of fiction that is all right. It is absurd to quarrel with an artist about the means by which he achieves his effects. "Sister Carrie" justifies mid-nineteenth century pessimism; a book as good would justify Swedenborgianism, or the theory that we live on the inside of the earth. But when Mr. Dreiser comes to write about modern Europe he needs a modern mind. Sympathy isn't enough; it takes understanding. And Mr. Dreiser simply doesn't understand the most outstanding features of contemporary European life. Firm in the impression that things are to-day essentially what they were yesterday, he dwells upon those aspects of social life which might well have attracted an observer of forty years ago. He draws it, while yet it is there to draw, with vivacity and charm: but he does not see ten minutes into the future. And he conceives the past so naively in terms of the mid-nineteenth century, that he talks of the Renaissance as though Lorenzo the Magnificent were a kind of Charles T. Yerkes.

All passes. Lorenzo the Magnificent is gone, and gone that magnificent curiosity about life which created the Renaissance. Gone too is the mid-nineteenth century, and gone the stark grandeur of its philosophic pessimism. One representative of that period remains, one only, the last survivor of a great and pitiful race. And through his eyes we can take one last look at mid-nineteenth century Europe—a Europe of street-corners and drawing-rooms, cafés and cathedrals, repartee and women, and over all a sense of lovely futility as of flowers and toys.

FLOYD DELL.

HELOISE SANS ABELARD

A Modern Scholar on a Mediaeval Nun

IN the cool, calm palace of prayer
She sought her haven of dreams;
She gave up her dower of air,
Of stars, and cities, and streams.

On the cold, sweet steps of prayer
She sought what young girls seek;
She laid her bosom bare,
And asked for the stones to speak.

Who wonders she could not hear
What silence and stones belie?
Who wonders where love may steer?
Not I, not I, not I!

O passionate Heloise,
I, too, have lived under the ban,
With seven hundred professors,
And not a single man.

JOEL ELIAS SPINGARN.



Drawn by G. S. Sparks.

"COME ON OUT, HONEY, AN' SIT BY ME!"

*"A Traveler at Forty," by Theodore Dreiser. \$2 net. The Century Company.

REAL TRAGEDY



Drawn by George Bellows.

"DEY'S WOIMS IN IT!"



Drawn by John Sloan.

MID-OCEAN

"ARE THERE ENOUGH LIFEBOATS FOR ALL THE PASSENGERS?"

"NO."

"ARE THERE LIFE PRESERVERS FOR EVERYBODY?"

"NO."

"WELL, HASN'T ANYTHING BEEN DONE IN PREPARATION FOR SHIPWRECK?"

"WELL, THE BAND HAS LEARNED TO PLAY 'NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE' IN THE DARK."

Morals Efficiency

WHEN shall we have an investigation of our vice investigators?

The Morals Efficiency Commission of Pittsburgh reports that a large proportion of the frequenters of houses of prostitution are married men.

It recommends as a remedy early marriage.

Among prostitutes examined it found 529 church-members and 2 free-thinkers.

It recommends as a remedy more church.

The newspapers are also to blame, it reports. They

stir up "foolish ideals" and envy of the rich. Evidently morals efficiency, like industrial efficiency, is going to promote the Simple Life—among the poor.

"THE NEWS" of Chattanooga, Tennessee, speaking of our indictment for libel, says that a charge against the Associated Press is "a charge against the men who publish almost a thousand of the leading newspapers of the United States." Which does not shed any particular light on the case, except to explain why nobody who was running for President ever made the charge.

Two December Decisions

THE United States Circuit Court of Appeals awards to D. E. Loewe & Co. damages of \$272,000 against the United Hatters of North America, triple damages for injuries sustained in a boycott.

Judge Loring of the Massachusetts Supreme Court holds that John Cornellier, who had been refused employment because of participation in a strike, is not entitled to damages, because the manufacturers have a right to combine to resist the strike, and the blacklist is not in the nature of a boycott.



Drawn by Stuart Davis.

"LIFE'S DONE BEEN GETTIN' MONOTONOUS SINCE DEY BU'NED DOWN OU'AH CHURCH."

The destruction of churches where negroes are said to become "wrought up," is one of the latest ways of defending Christian civilization in the South.



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

RACE SUICIDE ALARMIST: "CONGRATULATIONS!"

Parable

FOR many years a gentleman well supplied with our best instincts had observed a dusky brother whose business in life lay in driving a peculiar looking donkey attached to a too too-heavy cart. Not infrequently, in fact every day, the driver beat the animal till the sound of the belaboring extended even to the farthest corners of the street.

"Ah, quite so!" the Righteous Gentleman would remark as often as he came upon this painful spectacle.

But one bright morning it chanced that our Righteous Protagonist turned his eyes more closely on the donkey only to discover that the animal was not a donkey at all, but a zebra worth a large sum of money to any menagerie. At once his indignation was aroused.

"Ah, cruel one!" he said to the driver. "Ah, inflicter of indignities! (and he booted the other at every epithet) ah, miserable torturer! ah, insane fool! ah, animal driver!" And with a parting kick he left the other in the mud.

"But please, Mister," spluttered the unfortunate as he strove to scramble up, "please, Mister Boss, I ain't a-blaming nobody for knocking me down, but please, sir, you're leading away my animal."

"Noblesse oblige," replied the Righteous Gentleman, his face spotted with high lights of duty. "Noblesse oblige—also The White Man's Burden—also Criminal Waste of Resources. Also," he added after a moment's thought, "you're neither Christian nor civilized."

And he led the zebra to the nearest "white-top."

German, French, Italian, Russian, Portuguese, English and American papers please copy.

H. W.

Progress

THE New York Athletic Commission has decided that Jack Johnson is still champion of the world. How much better it is to decide these matters by the light of reason instead of resorting as in the dark old days, to brute force.

Eugenics and Economics

THE Eugenists dream of a race of Supermen and Superwomen. Let us dream of them, too. Imagine such a race suddenly created in the United States. Thirty millions of Superpeople—each one having the strength of Jack Johnson, the mental efficiency of Edison, the moral greatness of Lincoln. Meanwhile the economic scheme remains unchanged—a small class of Superpeople owns all the land and machinery, while the other Superpeople compete with each other for jobs.

What about the Superpeople who don't get jobs?

Supermen in the breadline, Supermen piling into the Bowery Mission to get out of the wind and the rain, Superwomen on the streets selling their bodies for bread, Supermen on the street-corners in the Supercold of a winter evening waiting for some Supermillionaire to give them the price of a night's lodging. . . .

It is a pretty scene, and provokes reflection.

P. H. D.

The Mad Hatters

THE famous old case of the Danbury Hatters—the same we learned about in school!—is settled at last. The Hatters' Union will have to pay triple damages, amounting to \$240,000, to D. E. Loewe & Co., for injuries inflicted upon the company's business by a boycott established in 1902. This award is in accordance with Section 7 of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, which provides triple damages for injuries sustained through a conspiracy in restraint of inter-state trade. The decision thus clinches and clamps down the doctrine that the anti-trust law, as it stands, applies to labor unions. The boycott of an "unfair" employer is a conspiracy in restraint of trade.

Those mad hatters—they decided that if they could not have a union shop with union wages in Danbury, they would not wear Danbury hats on their heads. That seems natural. And then they decided to invite their friends all over the country to take off their hats and see if they came from Danbury. That seems natural, too. But the point is, it is illegal. And now although twenty of the defendants are dead, and two have gone crazy during the litigation, the rest will have to pay the company three times the damages they inflicted upon its business.

It is interesting to note that a clause exempting labor unions was contained in the original draft of the Sherman Anti-Trust law. But this clause was mysteriously lost somewhere between the judiciary committee-room and the floor of the Senate. Nobody has ever been able to find it or find out where it went, but it probably fell into the wastebasket or up the sleeve of some statesman.

One can not deny the entire "justice" of the present decision. A labor union is a combination of people actuated by self-interest, seeking to compel a higher price for the commodity—labor—that they have to sell. The effort of President Gompers and his compeers to deny this, to gain a special status for the unions on the ground that they are "humanitarian" organizations, is a piece of pure bluff and political hypocrisy. Gompers says, in effect, "When capitalists combine for higher profits they are selfish, but when workmen combine for higher wages, they are philanthropic." Is that either true or honest?

No, the truth is that this decision puts a sickly aspect upon the whole Gompers policy. And when Gompers cries out that "The life of organized labor is at stake," he is quite right, so far as his kind of organized labor is concerned. It is the kind which denies the conflict of interest between labor and capital, bootlicks the capitalist parties at Washington, and begs for class legislation upon the pretense that it is not class legislation.

As for the other kind of organized labor, the kind that announces the class struggle, votes the class ticket, demands class legislation because it is class legislation, and because "justice," as justice obtains in a capitalist society, has nothing to do with the case—as for that kind of organized labor, it is entirely prepared for such decisions.

A clear and thorough study of "Boycotts and the Labor Struggle," by Harry W. Laidler, was recently published by John Lane Company. In the concluding chapters, it is pointed out that if boycotts are made illegal, the recourse of labor will be to "political action" (by which is meant the Socialist party) and to the revolutionary tactics of the I. W. W.

All hail, therefore, the decision that makes boycotts illegal. It will only drive home the folly of just laws in an unjust society. It

will throw the animus of labor against an unjust society. It will demonstrate the class struggle. It will make Gompers sick. It will drive yet more of those men under him who mean business, into the camp of the open rebels.

M. E.

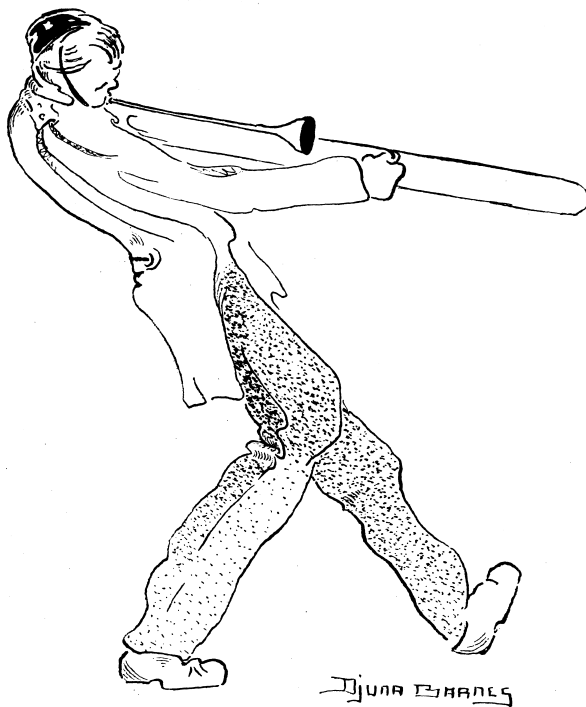
LOST LEADERS

I WONDER in what prison grey
Bill Kelley's ravings fill the air—
Broken, defeated and at bay,
Like hunted beast in fetid lair,
Lost in the twilight of despair.
He did his work and drew his pay.
With flaming zeal and courage rare
He led a strike of yesterday.

I wonder where as calls the fray
That marks the workers' next advance
Big Tony shuffles on his way,
His manhood broken lance by lance.
Upon what breadline falls his glance?
He did his work and drew his pay.
Now hunger leads a spectral dance.
He led a strike of yesterday.

I wonder where as falls the day,
On toilers dreaming dreams sublime
Tom Carney rots in death's decay?
His red heart broken in his prime.
His spirit strives in what far clime?
The cops have beaten his breath away.
Hate holds the heights his love would climb.
He led a strike of yesterday.

Slaves and their masters—pair by pair,
They slink or strut in chains away,
Keepers or kept—Oh, tell me where—
Where are the men of yesterday?
EDMOND MCKENNA.



Drawn by Djuna Barnes.

BLOWING ALONG

Insurance Against Agitation

THE plan adopted by Henry Ford, millionaire and manufacturer, is the most effective way of stopping the work of the agitator. Other manufacturers have tried to bring about the same result by more brutal means—villification, injunction, and jail. Mr. Ford's methods will accomplish, temporarily, at least, what torture has been unable to accomplish.

His act is not so much philanthropy as insurance. While he may really be suffering from enlargement of the heart, he also desires industrial peace.

His phenomenal raise of wages with corresponding reduction of hours, assures him that his employees will be the best material in the ranks of labor, fit and efficient. In the long run his experiment will pay. Of course this is conjectural, and can only be proven by the coming years' increase of dividends.

But the one feature that is of vital importance to us is not conjectural. It is the influence that Mr. Ford's action will have throughout the industrial world. He has established a right for which the I. W. W. has long contended, the right of the unskilled to enjoy the same standard of living as the most skilled.

And whatever may have been the incentive, he has pointed the way that other capitalists must follow. They can no longer show up their volumes of watered stock and claim that it is impossible to raise wages and reduce hours. There is but little difference in the profits of various successful industries. What Mr. Ford's industry has been making is about what other flourishing industries have been making. And if his small capitalization is what has enabled him to adopt this plan, then the manufacturers with a large capitalization will simply have to squeeze the water out of their stock and do it too. WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD.

Confiscation Large and Small

DIAS "confiscated" hundreds of thousands of small peasant holdings. Madero, Huerta, and others have "confiscated" thousands. And never a word of indignation appeared in the press. Confiscation of small estates, indeed, has been the established and respectable custom in Mexico for years.

But now that Pancho Villa has announced the confiscation of two estates of several million acres each, belonging to two powerful Mexican families, confiscation has suddenly become a highly immoral procedure. It has become a crime. All Mexico and the United States are shocked. Villa appears nearly as vile as Zapata, who also is restoring stolen property to the people.

The New York Times reminds Villa that "his confiscatory powers as applied to large tracts of land, are about as legal and potent as the fiat money he has printed."

The italics are ours. The Times may be right. Villa may have to be reminded of the difference between large and small tracts of land. Under Taft or Roosevelt he would surely be reminded. It is barely possible that Bryan will take the Villa view. W. E. W.

Utopia

A CHURCHLESS town of fifteen hundred inhabitants, East Washington, Pa., reports one arrest for the year 1913, and \$2.50 collected in fines. Over against this is the statement of a Y. M. C. A. Secretary before the Senate Committee on West Virginia, that "two-thirds of the human race are criminals."

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MUSICALE AND BALL

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