

The
MASSES

APRIL, 1914

10 CENTS



Drawn by John Sloan

Shall We Have A State Constabulary In New York ?

Contributing Editors

LITERATURE

EUGENE WOOD
 JOHN REED
 ELLIS O. JONES
 MAX EASTMAN
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JANUARY, 1913 to JANUARY, 1914

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Published Monthly by the Masses Publishing Co., at
 91 Greenwich Avenue, New York City.
 Entered as second-class mail matter, December 27, 1910,
 at the postoffice of New York City, under
 the Act of March 3, 1879.

MAX EASTMAN, Editor
 FLOYD DELL, Managing Editor

Contributing Editors

ART

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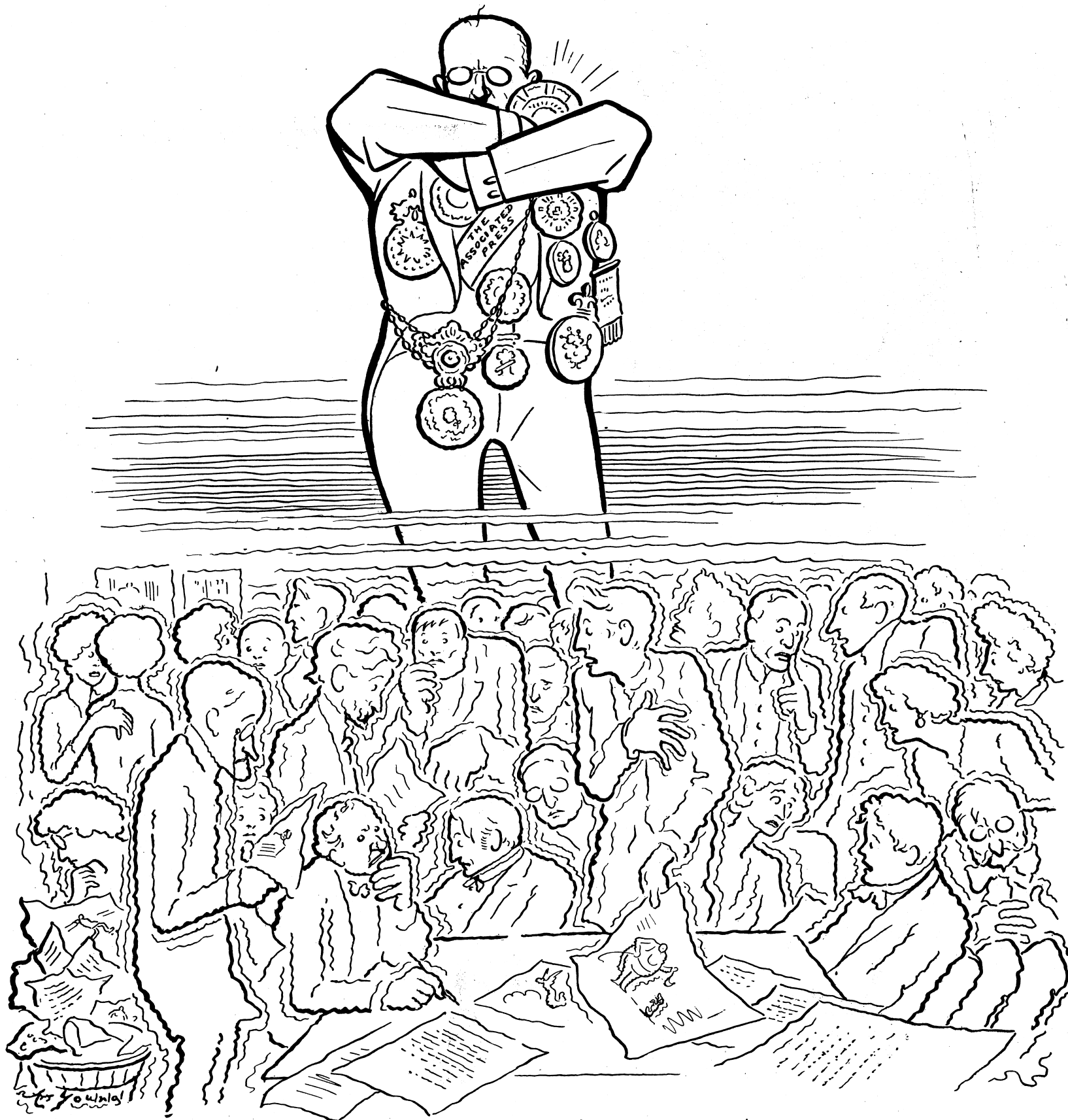
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Drawn by Arthur Young.

THE A. P. AND THE MASSES EDITORS.

IF there has been a feebleness of expression, a tremulous note, throughout the literature and pictures in **THE MASSES** the last eight months, our readers must remember that during this time we have been haunted by a

dreadful nightmare. "Beware!" says the presiding spirit of 894 American newspapers, clanking with medals and honorable tributes from all the crowned heads of Europe and most of Asia. "Beware!" (In deep sepulchral tones) "The Jail!"



Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

"WHAT A PEACH OF A DAY!"

THIS is a picture of the man who sat at his desk all winter and thought he was a free man.

This is the man who didn't pay any attention to what the Socialists said about the industrial system. He couldn't see anything the matter with the system.

"Dreamers!" That is what he called us when we talked to him about freedom.

But now look at him. He is dreaming, too.

He isn't used to dreaming, and he doesn't know what freedom is. So he is just kind of unhappy. He knows that something is the matter, but he doesn't know what. He thinks he needs a vacation.

But that isn't the tune Pan is playing to him. The tune is the oldest version of the "Marseillaise" in the world. Some day he will understand it. Then he will know that it isn't a vacation he wants—it's a revolution.

He doesn't feel like a Revolutionist just yet. He only feels like a fool—an April fool.

THE EDITORS.



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“WHAT A PEACH OF A DAY!”



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“WHAT A PEACH OF A DAY!”

The MASSES

Vol. V. No. 7: Issue No. 35.

APRIL, 1914

Max Eastman, Editor.

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

MAX EASTMAN

Iscariot's Church Again

IN December we printed here an historical estimate of the relation of the church to Jesus. Our text was that the church is Judas. As a companion to that estimate, we published a cartoon by Maurice Becker showing the lush hypocrisy of the whole ecclesiastical overgrowth. It was a picture of the Episcopal Bishops at banquet in New York—a shadowed representation of Jesus on the cross above them. To add statistical realism to the cartoon we stated below that the dinner cost \$10,680, or \$20 a plate. We secured these figures from an episcopal rector, a prominent insurgent delegate to the convention—appealing to him twice to make sure of their exactness. Since he is in the west, we are unable to print his reply to the following letter. And that is just as well, for the point in controversy is not worth the space required.

Whether Judas received 30 shillings or only 10 were a minor issue for those who wished that Jesus might live. And to those who touch the real memory of Jesus to-day, and love it, no possible numerical computation as to a certain place, date, or occasion can alter the solemn truth of the betrayal of his spirit.

We quote from a letter written by the President of the Church Club, which tendered the banquet to the delegates:

"The total attendance at this dinner was approximately 1,000. (Several acceptances were received from parties who ultimately did not attend.) The Club paid the Hotel Astor for 1,000 dinners at \$4.00 per head. The cost of wine, cigars and cigarettes served amounted to \$457.30, approximately 45 cents per individual. In accordance with our arrangements, a bunch of two cigars was served to each person at a cost to the Club of 25 cents and cigarettes at a cost of 5 cents per individual. The wine was reckoned at 20 cents per individual, but there was a saving on this item as a great many did not take wine. We paid the hotel management \$136 for tips to waiters, and \$73 for dinner to the choir boys who sang for us. The other expenses for dinner were as follows:

| | |
|--|------------|
| Secretarial work in looking after the dinner and sending out invitations, etc..... | \$100.00 |
| Menus | 314.35 |
| Seating lists | 163.25 |
| Badges | 1.80 |
| Printing of notices and tickets sent to members of the Church Club, soliciting attendance at the dinner..... | 37.25 |
| Postage | 69.44 |
| Or, a total of..... | \$5,352.89 |

"The subscription price to club members was \$10 for themselves and \$8 for any guests other than the Bishops and Clerical and Lay Delegates to the General Convention. The latter, namely the Bishops and Deputies, to whom the dinner was given, were complimentary guests, they numbering about 500.

"The proceeds from subscriptions of members for themselves and their personal guests amounted to \$3,853 and from the sale of boxes \$260, making a total of \$4,113. The balance, \$1,239.89, was made up by some of the more prominent members of the Club.

"Instead of the dinner costing \$20 per plate, the actual cost, including all incidental expenses to a great dinner of this kind, was \$5.35 per plate."

If we were as excited about that particular banquet as some of our churchly correspondents the last three months, I think we could figure up a tolerable caption for our cartoon upon the basis of the above figures. A small item of \$450 for liquor and tobacco for the disciples of Christ has a little of the sting in it

when you reflect that it would supply the entire dietary of a large family of publicans and sinners, of whom there were some hundreds of thousands supping within a radius of four miles at the time of its consumption, for a period of more than two years.

But it is desperate hard to get this point across the gulf that separates a rational animal from a theologian. The assumption of every letter we have received and every comment we have read, is that we, the editors of THE MASSES, object to people's dining at the Hotel Astor—we think that people ought not to spend what money they can get their hands on having a good time. Exactly the opposite is true.

If it weren't for the ministers we should have enjoyed attending that banquet ourselves.

What we do object to is the profound hypocrisy which infests the mind of these pretenders. Living in the leisure class luxury of an occidental money aristocracy, accepting its standards in all matters of conduct in life, and yet fattening their emotions upon the extreme ethics of an oriental mystic, a poor man, an agitator, an anarchist—that is the black rot and perversion of human character and judgment which stirred the cartoonist and the editors. That is what we had to say about the church.

An Occasion For Militancy

WE have never held it a reproach to women voters that they have not yet introduced the Kingdom of Heaven into the State of Colorado. It seemed to prove that they were human, and that was what we were most anxious to prove.

But we do hold it a reproach to them that they have allowed a woman 81 years of age, a free citizen and a hero, to be locked up and held powerless, with no form, pretense, or picture of justice, law or necessity, for over six weeks, and never lifted their voices in a syllable of audible protest. That would seem to prove that they are inhuman.

Would You Believe This?

PASSING the doors of the Old Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue the day after a hundred of the unemployed had made their entry there, I spoke to a young usher at the door.

"Are they coming again to-night?" I asked.

"I don't know; I hope not."

"You hope not," I answered. "What is your church for?"

"Now, look here," he said with that contemptuous gesture of the subverted palm. "Those people were brought here by a couple of leaders who are nothing but mere agitators!"

"Mere agitators," I answered.

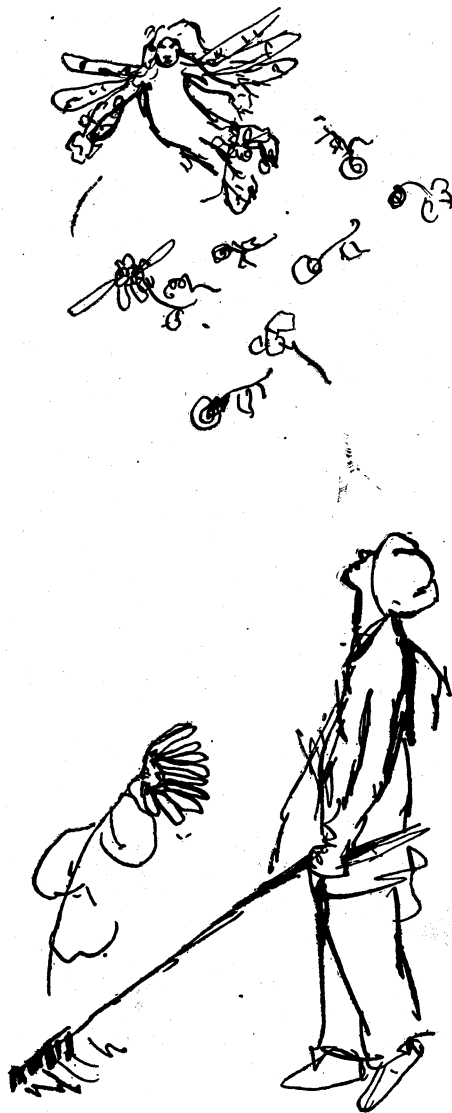
"Look here," he said. "Here's another thing. Now I haven't got anything against the race, mind you, but those leaders were Hebrews." Again that gesture. "Why didn't they go to their own church?"

"Hebrews," I answered. "Wasn't Jesus Christ a Hebrew—and an agitator?"

"Yes—but he didn't spoil things?"

"Did they 'spoil things'?"

"No, sir—we didn't give 'em a chance!"



APRIL.

Drawn by Andrée Ruellan, eight years old.



APRIL.

Drawn by Andrée Ruellan, eight years old.

Super-Direct Action

AN article by Albert Sonnichsen in the New Review reports that the membership of Consumers' Co-operative Societies has increased by one million in two years. No society the world over shows a decrease.

Membership in these societies is open to every man or woman, regardless of condition or occupation, and in the best of them there is no buying or selling properly so-called—no profit making. "The money that the co-operator hands over to the store clerk for a pair of shoes is merely to replace that part of the society's working capital which was sacrificed to the making of that particular pair of shoes. If there is a surplus in the amount handed over, that surplus is returned at the end of the quarter, when the accounts show just how much it cost the society to produce the shoes."

One maxim may be laid down, I think, which transcends any political or economic theory, and that is that if you want to start something the best way to

do is to start it. And no just critic will deny that these co-operatives have started a new order of distribution, if not even of production, akin to the indefinite ideal of the revolutionist. Their members are the super-direct-actionists, and their organizations are of value not only as an experiment station or training field in the tactics of industrial democracy, but also as a genuine industrial democratic achievement.

If so great a part of the surface of the earth and the machinery planted on it were not already preempted by a few, we might almost look to this quiet inclination among the many to come gradually together as consumers, for the final salvation of the world. As it is, they can only do a part of what is to be done. For, piercing the social fabric in ever new directions, they will surely blunt themselves against an entrenched and rigid capitalistic control. And it will still remain for the producers, as producers, to do their part—to wrest from such control that great part of the surface of the earth and the machinery planted on it.

Concerning Cossacks

I WANT to say something about the most damnable little law in the land. You hardly ever hear of the law, but you hear of its consequences.

It is a provision (quite general throughout the States) for the official appointment of special policemen upon the application of private persons or corporations, for the purpose of guarding their property. These policemen have the powers of a constable, they act with the authority of public officials, but they are *paid by the person or corporation whose property they guard*.

This is a plausible little arrangement, if you don't look at it. And yet there never falls a big strike in this country but that little arrangement slips quietly in and starts the shooting.

Suppose you do look at it.

Invest a man with public authority and put him on private pay! Of all the misfortunate offspring of a government by the property, for the property, and of the property, this little innocent wears the bell.

Oregon—be it said in praise of the frontier—Oregon has killed this law. Oregon allows the Governor, in times of stress, with the advice of a circuit judge, to appoint special officers; but these officers must qualify in the same way as regular officers, they cannot be appointed for longer than ninety days, and they must be paid exactly as regular officers are paid.

The distinctive thing about Oregon's law is that it gives recognition to the fact that there is somebody else alive and wanting to stay alive besides property-holders. I commend it to the consideration of those blood-hungry reformers who are trying to propagate the mounted police thugs of Pennsylvania throughout the Union.

I expressed my opinion of their plan, and of them, last month. But that was all negative. I offer this Oregon law now as a humble substitute, if they really must be doing something in the cause of "peace."

If the so-named reformers were advocating a public constabulary as a substitute for those private guards, one would speak considerably of them. One would endeavor to correct their error—pointing out that as a matter of history the constabulary of Pennsylvania is more dangerous to the lives and liberties of people without property than the private guards.

And this for two reasons: First, because being a standing police force, they are worthy of "special selection and training in reverence for property and contempt for "the mob," and they get that training before they get their appointment.

Second, they are worse than the private guards because they are higher up from the ground. A man is human. A horse is equine. But a man on a horse is cavalry. That's the difference.

Such are the explanations one would make, if a public constabulary were advocated as a substitute for the evil of privately paid deputies. But since the sponsors of a constabulary are neither humane enough nor clever enough to advocate it upon these grounds, since Pennsylvania still has both systems at work, since the only excuse its sponsors have been able to devise is that they want to "police the rural districts"—one does not feel impelled to explain. One simply desires to point a finger to these sponsors of the constabulary as the real Conspirators, Disturbers of the Peace, Inciters to Riot, the Persons to be Apprehended when the trouble comes.



Drawn by H. J. Glintenkamp.

"I SEE N'YORK'S GOIN' TO HEV A RURAL CONSTABULARY LIKE WE GOT HERE IN PENNSYLVANIA. I AIN'T NEVER SEEN OUR'N, HEV YOU?"

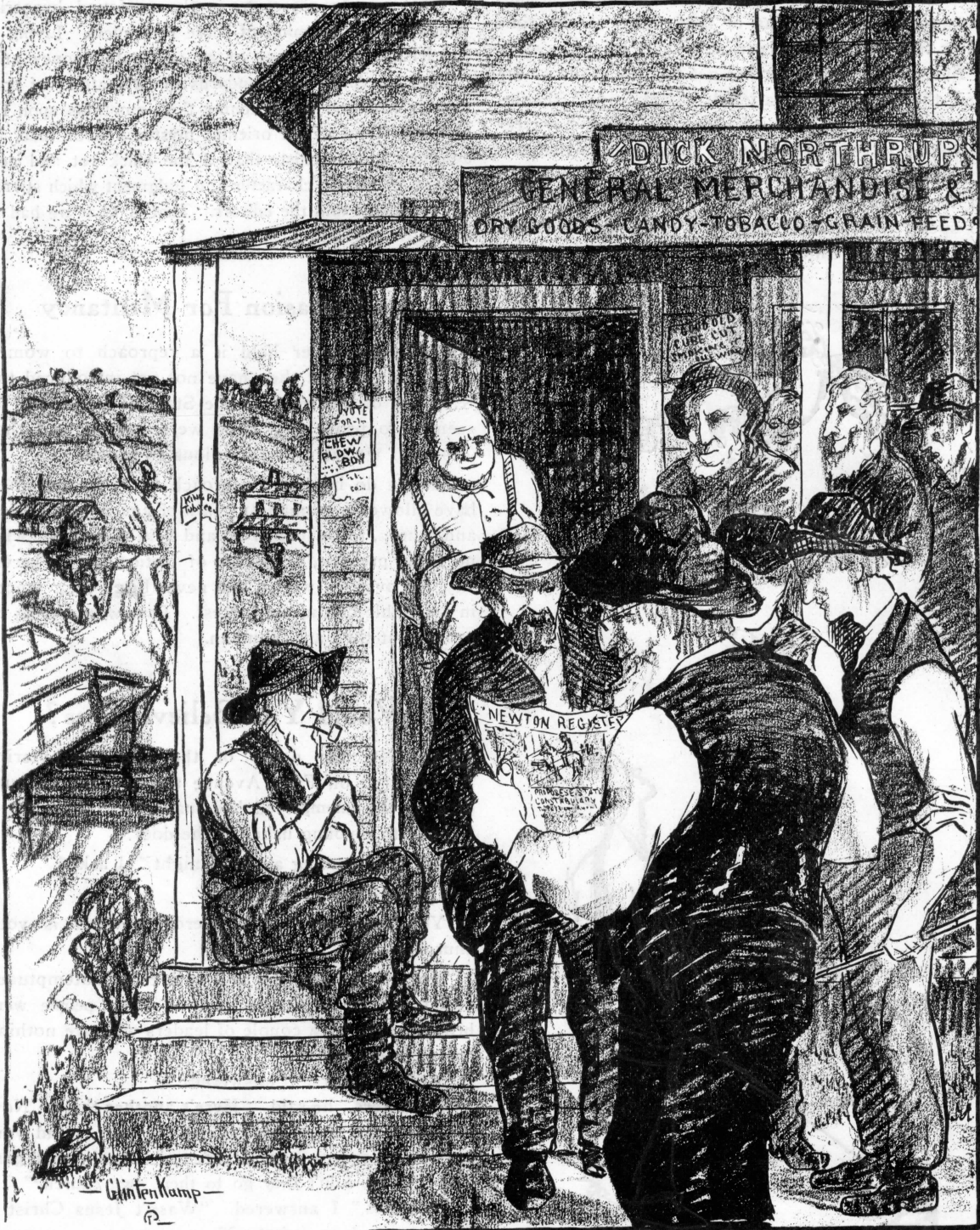
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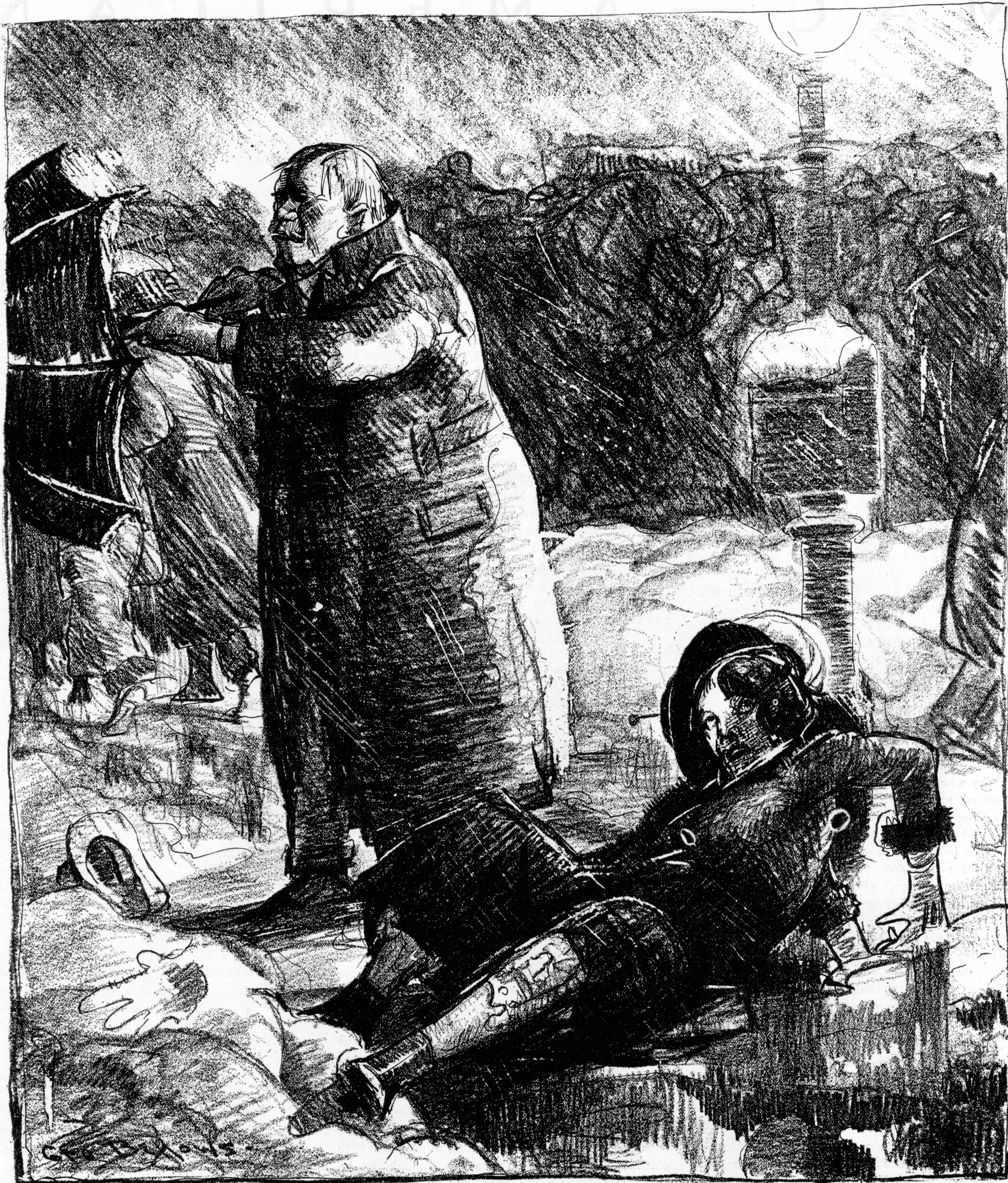
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M A C — A M E R I C A N

John Reed

I MET Mac down in Mexico—Chihuahua City—last New Year's Eve. He was a breath from home—an American in the raw. I remember that as we sallied out of the Hotel for a Tom-and-Jerry at Chee Lee's, the cracked bells in the ancient cathedral were ringing wildly for midnight mass. Above us were the hot desert stars. All over the city, from the *cuartels* where Villa's army was quartered, from distant outposts on the naked hills, from the sentries in the streets, came the sound of exultant shots. A drunken officer passed us, and, mistaking the *fiesta*, yelled "Christ is born!" At the next corner down a group of soldiers, wrapped to their eyes in *serapes*, sat around a fire chanting the interminable ballad of the "Morning Song to Francisco Villa." Each singer had to make up a new verse about the exploits of the Great Captain....

At the great doors of the church, through the shady paths of the Plaza, visible and vanishing again at the mouths of dark streets, the silent, sinister figures of black-robed women gathered to wash away their sins. And from the cathedral itself, a pale red light streamed out—and strange Indian voices singing a chant that I had heard only in Spain.

"Let's go in and see the service," I said. "It must be interesting."

"Hell, no," said Mac, in a slightly strained voice. "I don't want to butt in an a man's religion."

"Are you a Catholic?"

"No," he replied. "I don't guess I'm anything. I haven't been to a church for years."

"Bully for you," I cried. "So you're not superstitious either!"

Mac looked at me with some distaste. "I'm not a religious man," and here he spat. "But I don't go around knocking God. There's too much risk in it."

"Risk of what?"

"Why when you die—you know...." Now he was disgusted, and angry.

In Chee Lee's we met up with two more Americans. They were the kind that preface all remarks by "I've been in this country seven years, and I know the people down to the ground!"

"Mexican women," said one, "are the rottenest on earth. Why they never wash more than twice a year. And as for Virtue—it simply doesn't exist! They don't get married even. They just take anybody they happen to like. Mexican women are all —, that's all there is to it!"

"I got a nice little Indian girl down in Torreon," began the other man. "Say, it's a crime. Why she don't even care if I marry her or not! I—"

"That's the way with 'em," broke in the other. "Loose! That's what they are. I've been in this country seven years."

"And do you know," the other man shook his finger severely at me, "you can tell all that to a Mexican Greaser and he'll just laugh at you! That's the kind of dirty skunks they are!"

"They've got no Pride," said Mac, gloomily.

"Imagine," began the first compatriot. "Imagine what would happen if you spoke like that about a women to an AMERICAN!"

Mac banged his fist on the table. "The American Woman, God bless her!" he said. "If any man dared to dirty the fair name of the American Wom-

an to me, I think I'd kill him." He glared around the table, and, as none of us besmirched the reputation of the Femininity of the Great Republic, he proceeded. "She is a Pure Ideal, and we've got to keep her so. I'd like to hear anybody talk rotten about a woman in my hearing!"

We drank our Tom-and-Jerries in the solemn righteousness of a Convention of Galahads.

"Say Mac," the second man said abruptly. "Do you remember them two little girls you and I had in Kansas City that winter?"

"Do I?" glowed Mac. "And remember the awful fix you thought you were in?"

"Will I ever forget it!"

The first man spoke. "Well," said he. "You can crack up your pretty *senoritas* all you want to. But for me, give me a clean little American girl!"

Mac was over six feet tall—a brute of a man, in the magnificent insolence of youth. He was only twenty-five, but he had been many places and done many things. Railroad Foreman, Plantation Overseer in Georgia, Boss Mechanic in a Mexican Mine, Cow-Puncher, and Texas Deputy-Sheriff. He came originally from Vermont. Along about the second Tom-and-Jerry, he lifted the veil of his past.

"When I came down to Burlington to work in the Lumber Mill, I was only a kid about sixteen. My brother had been working there already a year, and he took me up to board at the same house as him. He was four years older than me—a big guy, too; but a little soft . . . Always kept bulling around about how wrong it was to fight, and that kind of stuff. Never would hit me—even when he got hot at me; because he said I was smaller.

"Well, there was a girl in the house, that my brother had been carrying on with for a long time. Now I've got the cussedest damn disposition," laughed Mac. "Always did have. Nothing would do me but I should get that girl away from my brother. Pretty soon I did it, too; and when he had to go to town, we certainly just glued ourselves together . . . Well, gentlemen, do you know what that devil of a girl did? One time when my brother was kissing her, she suddenly says 'Why you kiss just like Mac does!'"

"He came to find me. All his ideas about not fighting were gone, of course—not worth a damn anyway with a real man. He was so white around the gills that I hardly knew him—eyes shooting fire like a volcano. He says, "— you, what have you been doing with my girl?" He was a great big fellow, and for a minute I was a little scared. But then I remembered how soft he was, and I was game. 'If you can't hold her,' I says, 'leave her go!'"

"It was a bad fight. He was out to kill me. I tried to kill him, too. A big red cloud came over me, and I went raging, tearing mad. See this ear?" Mac indicated the stump of the member alluded to. "He did that. I got him in one eye, though, so he never saw again. We soon quit using fists; we scratched, and choked, and bit, and kicked. They say my brother let out a roar like a bull every few minutes, but I just opened my mouth and screamed all the time . . . Pretty soon I landed a kick in—a place where it hurt, and he fell like he was

dead" . . . Mac finished his Tom-and-Jerry. Somebody ordered another. Mac went on.

"A little while after that I came away South, and by brother joined the Northwest Mounted Police. You remember that Indian who murdered the fellow out in Victoria in '06? Well, my brother was sent out after him, and got shot in the lung. I happened to be up home visiting the folks—only time I ever went back—when my brother came home to die . . . But he got well. I remember the day I went away he was just out of his bed. He walked down to the station with me, begging me to speak just one word to him. He held out his hand for me to shake, but I just turned on him and says "You son of a —!" A little later he started back to his job, but he died on the way . . ."

"Gar!" said the first man. "Northwestern Mounted Police! That must be a job. A good rifle and a good horse and no closed season on Indians! That's what I call Sport!"

"Speaking of Sport," said Mac. "The greatest sport in the world is hunting niggers. After I left Burlington, you remember, I drifted down South. I was out to see the world from top to bottom, and I had just found out I could scrap. God! The fights I used to get into . . . Well anyway, I landed up on a cotton plantation down in Georgia, near a place called Dixville; and they happened to be shy of an overseer, so I stuck.

"I remember the night perfectly, because I was sitting in my cabin writing home to my sister. She and I always hit it off, but we couldn't seem to get along with the rest of the family. Last year she got into a scrape with a drummer—and if I ever catch that— Well, as I say, I was sitting there writing by the light of a little oil lamp. It was a sticky, hot night, the window screen was just a squirming mass of bugs. It made me itch all over just to see 'em crawling around. All of a sudden, I pricked up my ears, and the hair began to stand right up on my head. It was dogs—bloodhounds—coming lickety-split in the dark. I don't know whether you fellows ever heard a hound bay when he's after a human . . . Any hound baying at night is about the loneliest, *doomingest* sound in the world. But this was worse than that. It made you feel like you were standing in the dark, waiting for somebody to strangle you to death—and you couldn't get away!"

"For about a minute all I heard was the dogs, and then somebody, or some Thing, fell over my fence, and heavy feet running went right past my window, and a sound of breathing. You know how a stubborn horse breathes when they're choking him around the neck with a rope? That way.

"I was out on my porch in one jump, just in time to see the dogs scramble over my fence. Then somebody I couldn't see yelled out, so hoarse he couldn't hardly speak 'Where'd he go?'"

"Past the house and out back!" says I, and started to run. There was about twelve of us. I never *did* find out what that nigger did, and I guess most of the others didn't either. We didn't care. We ran like crazy men, through the cotton field, and the woods swampy from floods, swam the river, dove over fences, in a way that would tire out a man in a hundred yards. And we never felt it. The spit kept dripping out of my mouth, that was the only

thing that bothered me. It was full moon, and every once in a while when we came out into an open place somebody would yell 'There he goes!' and we'd think the dogs had made a mistake, and take after a shadow. Always the dogs ahead, baying like bells. Say, did you ever hear a blood-hound when he's after a human? It's like a bugle! I broke my shins on twenty fences, and I banged my head on all the trees in Georgia, but I never felt it"

Mac smacked his lips and drank.

"Of course," he said, "when we got up to him, the dogs had just about torn that coon to pieces."

He shook his head in shining reminiscence.

"Did you finish your letter to your sister?" I asked.

"Sure," said Mac, shortly

"I wouldn't like to live down here in Mexico," Mac volunteered. "The people haven't got any heart. I like people to be friendly, like Americans."

Let Us Be Logical

THE papers made a great point of the fact that a Baltimore society girl was married to a physician who is a Socialist. Since the views of the participants are important, why not tell the rest:

"The bride's mother is a Catholic, her father a Jeffersonian Democrat and a bridge player. The minister is a conservative Progressive Republican and the best man a bookkeeper and a Mason. The six bridesmaids are, respectively, a suffragist, an anti, a Daughter of the Revolution, a Sunday-school teacher, the treasurer of a literary club, and a beautiful and accomplished daughter fond of outdoor sports. The sexton is in favor of large families and the organist thinks that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. The flower girl believes in Santa Claus."

The Real Issue

EX-SPEAKER CANNON has made a ringing attack upon the present administration. Wilson used three pens in signing the currency bill, he says, while Lincoln used only one in signing the Emancipation Proclamation. "Whither are we drifting?" Uncle Joe wants to know.

Now that an issue has been found, the Democracy must meet it unflinchingly. Roosevelt will no doubt compromise upon two pens: "we must look backward while marching forward." But the party of Jefferson, Sulzer, Ryan and Ollie James must not falter.

A Social Revolution in England

HARDLY had the world recovered from the cabled announcement that "the Duchess of Marlborough has been trying the experiment of having some interesting persons at small select dinner parties," when there came the news that King George had smashed the tradition under which nobody must address a monarch unless first spoken to by His Majesty. King Edward, we are informed, was "a strict observer of the rule which hedged his divinity against the risk of being addressed on a subject for which he was unprepared."



Arthur Young

Drawn by Arthur Young.



MILL-OWNER: "MRS. CRUMB, I HAVE CALLED TO ASSIST YOU. WE HAVE JUST INSTALLED MACHINERY THAT NO LONGER NECESSITATES YOUR HUSBAND'S SERVICES IN THE FACTORY. THESE MACHINES CAN BE MANIPULATED BY THREE-YEAR-OLD BABIES, AND I AM WILLING TO GIVE YOUR CHILD A CHANCE."

Marital Privilege

A GENTLEMANLY looking fellow took a seat in the parlor car, behind a rather showy woman. He looked sharply at her and then leaned over and kissed her full on the lips.

She started up indignantly. "Sir!" she cried; then appealing to the other passengers—"Gentlemen, this man has insulted me," and she brushed her lips indignantly with her hand.

The passengers crowded around the pair, and fists were shaken in the man's face. "You blaggard! What do you mean? You loafer!"

The man held up his hand.

"Gentlemen," he said, "she is my wife!" The crowd subsided a little.

"His wife!" cried the lady—"a fellow like that! I am no more his wife than you are."

The crowd pressed in again.

"She is my wife," said the man, "though she left me six months ago—You know you are," he cried, turning to the lady.

"Gentlemen, I appeal to you to protect me from further insult," she sobbed; "it's preposterous—his wife!"

"I can't prove here that she is," said the man, "but it's true."

A big man shouldered his way through the press. "I don't care whether she's your wife or not, you're a cad anyhow—no man has a right to touch a woman without her leave, and I'm going to kick you out of the car."

And he did.

BOLTON HALL.

A New Journal

ALL men and women interested in science—and particularly the sciences of human life, individual or social—may congratulate themselves upon the appear-

ance in this country of a new journal. It heralds the advent of a new method of healing. One might almost say it heralds a new science—the science of applied psychology. We refer to the *Psycho-Analytic Review*, published quarterly at 54 West 56th street, and sold for \$5 a volume.

If you wish to understand the daring ideas of Sigmund Freud and his disciples, which have been verified and modified in successful therapeutics now for more than a decade, you can do no better than buy this first number and begin. But it is not a "popular" magazine!

M. E.

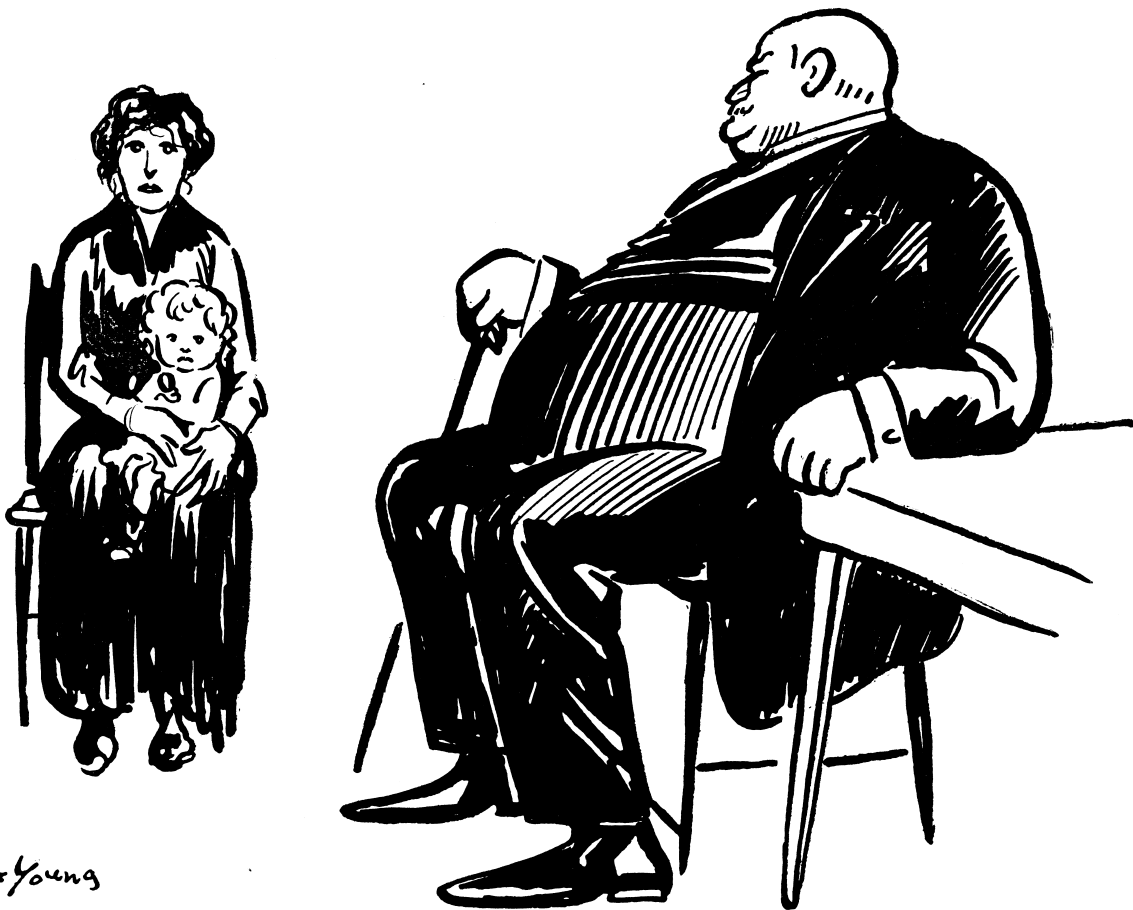
Unjust Criticism

A LOT of Socialists are so cruelly unfair to some of our worthy organs of standpattery like the *New York Evening Post* and *Sun and Tribune*. They go around talking about money control of these papers by J. Pierpont Morgan, Vanderbilt, Belmont, *et al.* What a silly notion! When do these gentlemen pay for anything that they can get for nothing? They get their protection free. Why, if the editor printed the truth, think how awkward it would be for the owner when he met Mr. Morgan next morning at the club. Bribery? Corruption? Graft? Financial pressure? Pshaw! Gentlemanliness, simple gentlemanliness.

Foreign Trouble-Makers

THE whole trouble at Calumet has been due to the presence of foreign labor agitators like Moyer," says a mining official.

While we're at it, let's all turn to the *Boston Blue Book* and look up the residences of Quincy A. Shaw and 90 per cent. of the other Michigan stockholders.



Arthur Young

Drawn by Arthur Young.

MILL-OWNER: "MRS. CRUMB, I HAVE CALLED TO ASSIST YOU. WE HAVE JUST INSTALLED MACHINERY THAT NO LONGER NECESSITATES YOUR HUSBAND'S SERVICES IN THE FACTORY. THESE MACHINES CAN BE MANIPULATED BY THREE-YEAR-OLD BABIES, AND I AM WILLING TO GIVE YOUR CHILD A CHANCE."

THE CHURCH AND THE UNEMPLOYED

WHEN first the unemployed went to the churches to demand food and shelter, the idea was so new and strange that few people took it seriously. It looked like a practical joke in bad taste. To go to churches founded on the teachings of Jesus, and ask for food! It was hoped that it would not occur again.

But it did occur again. The men were turned away hungry, and threatened with the police. They went to another church, and another.

These men were really taking seriously the professions made by the Christian church of a duty toward the poor and unfortunate. They were demanding help as a right. It was a most disturbing thing.

A question had been put to the church in a sensational and inescapable way. An answer was required. Would the churches concede that it was their duty to feed and shelter the unfortunates?

The final answer came on the night of March 4th. On that evening several hundred unemployed, most of them homeless and all of them hungry, marched from Rutgers Square to St. Alphonsus' church, and entered, demanding food and shelter. They were refused food and shelter, and ordered out of the church. Those who did not leave were arrested and thrown into jail.

March 4th, 1914, is an important date in American history. On that date the Christian Church openly and arrogantly repudiated its professions of duty toward the poor—the profession upon which it is founded, and without which it cannot continue to exist. It was an act of suicide.

That is one result of taking an institution at its word. The other result is that the unemployed who tried it went to jail. And the man who thought of trying it, Frank Tannenbaum, is likely to stay in prison for a year.

The ironic circumstance is that he didn't really intend to do it. Tannenbaum wasn't bothering about exposing the Church. He was just giving his "army" something to do while he prepared his plans for the solution of the unemployed problem. Of course you know what his solution is? If you don't you will hear of it before long from the lecture platforms of eminent sociologists and read it in books published by the Macmillan Company. But it took the unemployed themselves to think of it. Problems are generally tackled better by the people who are the problem than by outsiders.

The church demonstrations were a side issue—something to show the unemployed that they were not helpless, to give them confidence and courage, to improve their morale, and to get them the food and shelter they needed for the time being. Tannenbaum didn't want a pack of broken-spirited men, ready to snatch at a crumb of charity and accept a bed at the Municipal Lodging House at the price of self-respect and a complete loss of standing as a citizen. (If you don't understand this about the Municipal Lodging House, you will in a minute or two.) He wanted an organization of men who were not afraid to look the world in the face and demand their rights—the rights of decent work, decent wages, and decent food and shelter.

Next he proposed to hold meetings outside the factory gates at the noon hour, at which both the unemployed and the men from the factory would be present. He intended to speak to the unemployed and the employed together, and explain them to each other. He wanted the men who had jobs to

understand that the reason they could not get higher wages was on account of the existence of an unemployed class, which was maintained just for the purpose of keeping wages down. He wanted to tell the men who had jobs that these unemployed men did not propose to scab on them, to take their jobs at lower wages. "Every unemployed man here," he would be able to say, "has a union card in his pocket, and when he goes to work it will be at union wages." That was a part of his plan.

But if these unemployed men were ever going to get jobs, there must be more jobs to get. And the only way to make more jobs was to get a shorter day and more men on the job. So he intended to get the help of men at work to agitate for a six-hour day.

That's pretty good economics, even if it was worked out by a self educated youth who used to read Plato between trips when he was running an elevator in an apartment building. But it isn't good psychology—not in some respects. And that is why Tannenbaum is going to stay in jail (that is, if we don't do something to keep him out).

Frank Tannenbaum has only been in this country nine years. He doesn't know just how the American people—in particular the American clergyman, the American policeman, the American district attorney, the American magistrate and the American reporter—feel about some things. His plan was all right as far as he and his army of unemployed were concerned. But when he began to put it in operation, he shocked the American psychology clear down to its boots. It may be advisable to elevate the morale of the unemployed by teaching them that they have rights. But we don't expect a starving man to behave as if he had any rights. We expect him to take off his hat and say "please." Theoretically, we know that as long as there is plenty of food in the country, a hungry man has a right to be fed. But we don't expect him to presume on that right. If he cringes and says "Sir," he is probably a deserving case, and ought to be sent to the Joint Application Bureau (which will investigate him and card-index his record and give him a ticket to the Municipal Lodging House later). But if he tells you that he wants food as though he thought that was any reason he ought to have it, he is an I. W. W. fakir and ought to be beat up and sent to the Island. That is American psychology.

The police and the reporters who followed Tannenbaum's army around for days and sized them up, are for the most part honest, well-meaning men, capable of sympathy with unfortunate people, and perfectly sincere in making up their minds. It would not be too much to say that these reporters and police, who have since used their enormous power in crushing the beginnings of this movement, liked Tannenbaum and respected him. But he lost his case with them when he told the unemployed to "demand their rights." A starving man, in their psychology, has no rights, and when he demands them he is a criminal. The police and the reporters decided that Tannenbaum was dangerous, and ought to be put away somewhere where he would be safe. And when his "army" voted down an offer to shovel snow for twenty cents an hour because that was less than union wages, their patience was exhausted. They set the whole outfit down as a gang of panhandlers who didn't want to work and just wanted to bum a living off the community. They couldn't

understand the new bravery and the new idealism that made these men refuse to scab. With that declaration from the army, the fate of the church demonstrations was sealed.

Everything was ready for a smashing blow to be delivered upon the movement at its next attempt. The newspapers had called on the police to use their clubs. The police itched to use them. The courts were ready. Perhaps Tannenbaum didn't know about the way the laws were all framed up to send him to prison for five years if one of his army accidentally knocked a woman over in the street. Perhaps you don't know about the laws either.

Wonderful thing, the law! Suppose your son, just come of age, suggests to two of his friends next Hallowe'en that they go and throw popcorn on old man Simpkins' porch; suppose your boy doesn't go after all, but the others do; and suppose old man Simpkins comes out to catch the young devils and in the struggle he falls on the icy porch and breaks his neck. These boys have conspired to commit an illegal act (trespass), and in the commission of that act a death which can be construed as murder has resulted; your boy, who was sitting at home playing checkers, can be hanged for conspiracy to commit murder. Ask any lawyer. But don't worry. The conspiracy law is only applied to agitators. It was used to hang the Haymarket Anarchists, some of whom were actually at home playing cards when the fatal bomb was exploded.

They won't go that far with Tannenbaum, because the worst thing that happened was that a kneeling woman was bowled over in church by the crowd that Tannenbaum had ordered to keep outside while he went in to ask permission of the church authorities for them to enter. But on the strength of that fact his bail was raised to \$7,500. It was at first intended to send him to prison on the ground that he had incited a riot. A riot, be informed, is anything in which three or more persons are concerned which *in the opinion of the magistrate* tends to create disorder. But it was later decided to hold him on the charge of "unlawful assembly." There is no doubt of it, under the law, Tannenbaum and the rest did "unlawfully assemble."

Just before that, the men had gone to the rectory of St. Mark's where, on the persuasion of members of St. Mark's Socialist Fellowship, the church authorities gave them food and shelter. They had behaved themselves in such a way as to soften the suspicion and hostility of the church authorities into friendliness; they had held a meeting, made speeches, and decided various questions by majority vote; and they had cleaned up the kitchen and the floor with scrupulous care before they left. On this night they decided to go to a Catholic church. They accordingly marched from Rutgers Square to St. Alphonsus church on West Broadway. They wanted food and shelter and they expected it would be given them.

That night there were two policemen stationed in front of every "likely" church. The crowd entered this church in spite of the policemen, was ordered out, and didn't leave quickly enough. A call to the two nearest stations brought the patrol wagons and 191 men and a girl were taken off to be locked up. Then Magistrate Campbell's court, and "Thirty days." "Thirty days." An eighteen year old boy who had been seen on several occasions "Talking to Tannenbaum" was given sixty days. Gussie Miller, the girl arrested with the crowd, was frankly

unrepentant, refused to admit that she has done wrong, and the judge threatened to revoke her parole. Unwomanly conduct—to interrupt divine services and ask for food and shelter! If that is criminal in a man, how much more criminal in a girl!

But the unemployed have found themselves. They have become class-conscious. There are already other leaders. The agitation will not cease. When once society has yielded, ever so little, to this pressure—and of the fact that it has yielded, these vindictive reprisals are the surest sign—the pressure will not end. It has just begun. Increasing numbers of men out of work will prefer to retain their self-respect and take the risk of being imprisoned as a criminal, to losing their self-respect and being imprisoned as a vagrant. And here is where the Municipal Lodging House comes in.

According to the law, a man can get a bed and breakfast at the Municipal Lodging House for the asking; five or six hours of sleep, until 5 A. M., when he is either turned out on the street or kept to scrub the floors. Also, according to the law, if he comes to the Municipal Lodging House *the third time*, he is sent up as a vagrant. This stringent rule has been relaxed for several months this winter, it is true. But every applicant is made to fill out a complete record of his industrial career; and this record is verified by letters immediately sent to his former employers. That is to say, any man who goes to the Municipal Lodging House *once*, is marked as a vagrant, and his vagrancy is known to every employer he has ever worked for. The Municipal Black-List!

Note this: it was in the effort to preserve the self-respect of the unemployed that Tannenbaum took them to the churches for food and shelter.

And the churches—failed.

When Frank Tannenbaum is rotting in a cell in Blackwell's Island (as he will if we don't exert ourselves to keep him out of there), and when it has been discovered that his idea for solving the unemployed problem is a pretty good idea, and all sorts of respectable people take it up and carry it on, and Frank Tannenbaum himself is forgotten—then one thing will not be forgotten, and that is the shameful incident in which the Church confessed that it is founded on a lie.

Prize Press Pearl

“**A**S Mr. Carlisle was entering the palace he was accosted by a former pickpocket, who had been reclaimed by the Church Army, and who sent a message to the King, saying he had lived honestly since the day of King Edward's coronation, when he had stolen thirty-two watches and purses. He now had, he said, \$640 in the savings bank.”—New York Tribune.

HONORABLE MENTION

“**T**HE Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor has done a most praiseworthy thing in showing just how tuberculosis can be cured in a tenement home. Air, food and rest being the curative agents, why not? The street air in the most crowded section of the East Side is far better than the air within any great private house uptown. The problem is to get it to the lungs of the patient indoors.”—New York World.

Grounds for Libel?

“**W**ALTHAM Watches Lose”—headline in the New York Tribune.

POOR GIRL

THERE was an earthquake in my heart, and I
Have been what I have been.
Now—there's the long street and this bitter sky
Crying “Unclean! Unclean!”

But you're more swine— you— you who have with-
stood,—

So smug, so self-sufficed!
Oh, there's a thing called “frenzy” in my blood
Snarls at your frock-coat Christ!

“Seduction,” “the starvation wage”? Not me!
I seemed to flower in flame.
And so—my “soul is lost eternally,”
You say. You “view my shame.”

Oh, can that guff! If I'm not startled here,
I'm caught. I know your traps.
I took my chance. You've got me in the snare,
Society,— *perhaps!*

Call me “poor girl,” and psalm-sing through your nose!
The harlot— she gets hers.
“Think I should fawn on God then, I suppose?”
You whited sepulchres!

Some poet will even put me in a song
And sell it— just to live.
People buy books to read why I “go wrong.”
I gave—and I forgive.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANOTHER POEM

YOU were asking me for a poem for your readers,
When you were standing out on the street gay
and hearty,

All ready to go for a walk in the park with your
sweetheart,

As I passed on my way to my job on the newspaper.

On my way coming home at three in the morning,
I was stopped there by the wreck of a woman,
Right where you stood on the street in the sunshine
All ready to go for a walk in the park with your
sweetheart.

Honest to God, I gave her the hail in the lamplight
And bought her a rammer of rum in the saloon on the
corner.

I planked half a dollar down on the bar.
The bartender pitched it into the till with the bishops.
I gave the old jade the change (three dimes and a
nickel).

As I bade her good-bye I heard the cop's eye, like a
weasel's,

Saying as plain as if he were shouting,
“There's a young fool that is taking his chances.”
(Dear man, that cop's eye was thinking of Hell).

Now speaking of poetry, this ain't what people call
pretty,

But, I think it worthy of notice.

EDMOND MCKENNA.



Drawn by Elizabeth Greig.

AT MEUNIER'S SCULPTURES OF LABOR

“FOR AN UNPLEASANT SUBJECT, I THINK THEY'RE RATHER ATTRACTIVE.”



Drawn by Elizabeth Greig.

AT MEUNIER'S SCULPTURES OF LABOR

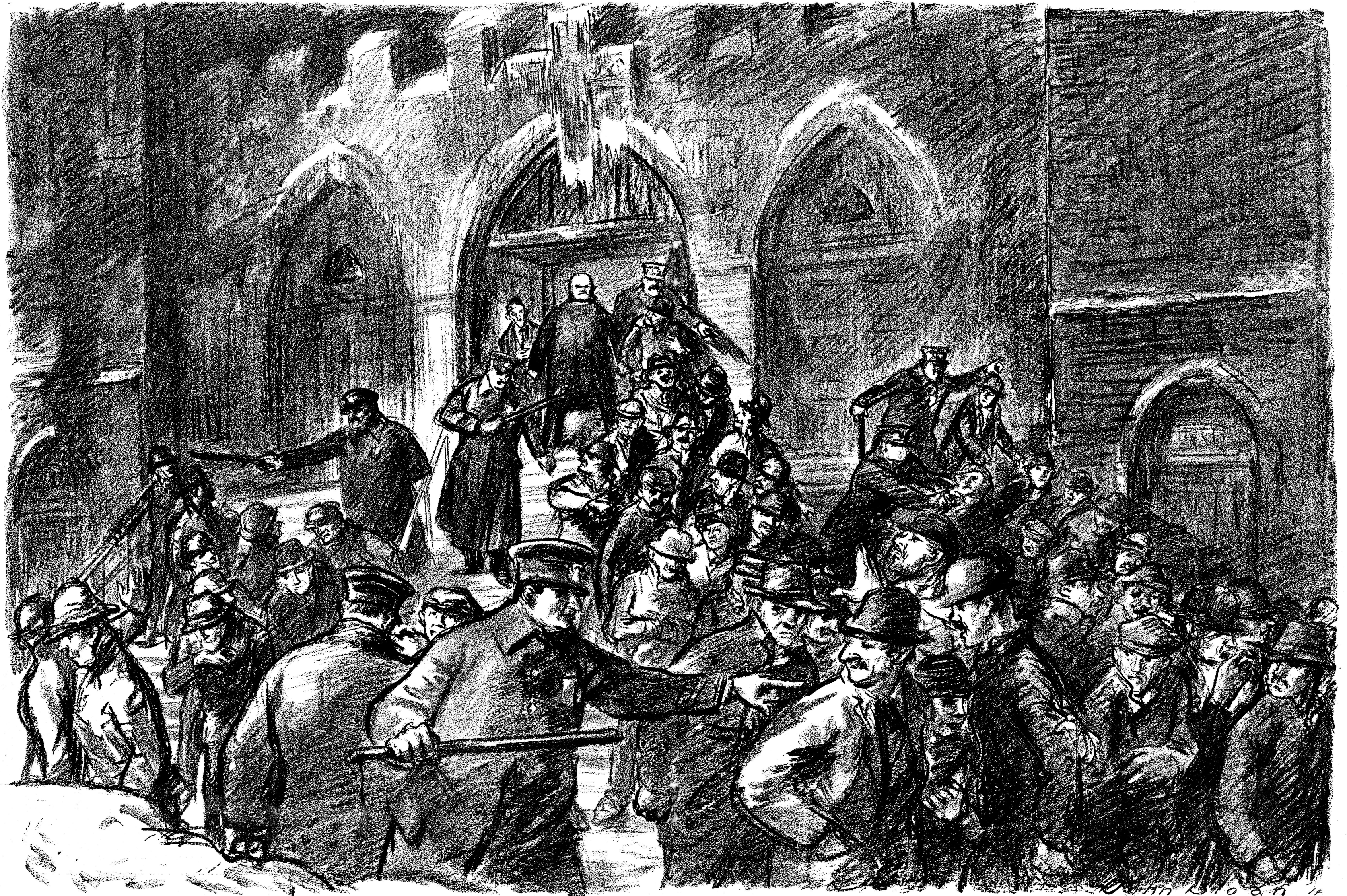
"FOR AN UNPLEASANT SUBJECT, I THINK THEY'RE RATHER ATTRACTIVE."



Drawn by Elizabeth Greig.

AT MEUNIER'S SCULPTURES OF LABOR

"FOR AN UNPLEASANT SUBJECT, I THINK THEY'RE RATHER ATTRACTIVE."



Drawn by John Sloan.

Calling the Christian Bluff

WAS IT SOMETHING LIKE THIS?

H. G. Alsberg

EXTRACTS From the Daily Press of Rome, toward the End of March, a. u. c., 783.

[*Tribuna Diurnalis*, March 26.]

RIOTS OF UNEMPLOYED IN JUDEA CONTINUE

JESUS OF NAZARETH LEADS HOBO ARMY ON JERUSALEM.

Missa Imprensa Associata.

JERUSALEM, March 26.—Yesterday the army of the unemployed, under the leadership of Jesus of Nazareth, reached the outskirts of this city, camping in Mt. Olive Park. The army is composed of a miscellaneous assortment of hoboes, ragamuffins and weak-minded enthusiasts, who have left devastation in their wake among the olive plantations of the country-side. Their leader has himself set the example by destroying fig trees.

This afternoon a crowd of loiterers, tramps, hoodlums and idle-curious, together with a few worthy unemployed of this city, streamed out of town, along the upper boulevard, to Mt. Olive Park, where the hobo general made a highly incendiary address, urging his followers not to work for a living, to despise the virtues of frugality and thrift, and to look to the king, the property owners and capitalists for sustenance in ease and idleness. The police did not interfere, but detectives were among the listeners, taking notes and ready to quell any disorders that might arise.

[*Editorial in the Tribuna Diurnalis*, March 26.]

WITH regard to the labor troubles in Judea, and this applies with equal truth to similar troubles throughout the empire, one can only remark on the inefficiency of the local police departments. Unemployment is, of course, a serious and pressing problem. Those who honestly desire work should be provided for by the state. But on the other hand, rioting, destruction of property, inciting mobs to violence and lawlessness should be sternly repressed. Order is the *sine qua non* of any form of government. Softhearted sympathy is misplaced, especially in the present case, as we are informed from reliable sources that the Judean rioters belong chiefly to the class of professional unemployed and habitual roustabouts; that their leader himself has been a persistent, if talented vagrant for years, his only employment having been in his youth, as apprentice in a furniture factory where his persistent idleness earned him an early discharge. We suggest to the authorities of Judea that a few good applications of the constabular rods now will save a great many casualties later on.

[*Tempora Romana*, March 27.]

RIOTERS MARCH INTO JERUSALEM, LOOT TEMPLE, EXPELLING LICENSED STALL- HOLDERS AND PRIESTS WITH VIOLENCE. JESUS STILL AT LARGE.

Missa Imprensa Associata.

JERUSALEM, March 27. — Yesterday, after a night of haranguing and incendiary oratory in Mt. Olive Park, Jesus of Nazareth led his army of hoodlums into the city. After marching through the heart of the town without police interference, they broke into the Jewish temple, and, under the guid-

ance of their leader, who took the most active part in the proceedings, upset all the licensed stalls, drove their owners out, destroyed whatever property they could lay hands on, entered the sanctuary itself, expelled the officiating clergy, and even threatened the life of the Rt. Reverend Simon Caiaphas, High Priest, who happened to be in attendance.

Jesus of Nazareth threatened to wreck the temple completely, the priests with death and the complete destruction of the building. His almost insane ravings were replete with vile vituperation of all those in authority and of the hard-working citizens of the empire, and exalted to the skies, as usual, the thriftless and the improvident.

[*Orbis Noctalis*, March 27. *Gladiatorial Extra.*]

JESUS ARRESTED,

ARRAIGNED BEFORE FEDERAL AUTHORITIES, REFUSES TO GIVE BAIL.

Missa Imprensa Associata.

JERUSALEM, Wednesday, March 27.—This evening Jesus of Nazareth was arrested on a warrant issued by Hon. Pontius Pilate, Judge of the Federal District Court, charged with inciting to riot and burglarious entry. He was taken on information

lodged by a Mr. Iscariot, a former adherent of the hobo king, but who had become alienated by the latter's lawless conduct.

It is said Jesus was found carousing with his boon companions in a local tavern; wine was flowing like water and the self-styled phopphet was enjoying all the delicacies of the season while his dupes were encamped in the rain, without food or shelter, in the public parks.

The prisoner will be held for trial to-morrow. He refused to furnish bail.

[*Tribuna Diurnalis*, March 27.]

JESUS RELEASED BY FEDERAL JUDGE REARRESTED BY LOCAL AUTHORITIES CONVICTION SURE.

Missa Imprensa Associata.

JERUSALEM, March 28.—In the federal court, today, Jesus of Nazareth was discharged by Hon. Pontius Pilate, who held that the federal authorities had no jurisdiction in the premises. The Rt. Rev. Simon Caiaphas was one of the chief witnesses. Jesus refused aid of counsel.

Judge Pilate ordered the prisoner's release on the ground that he had not been guilty of a breach of the federal law, and that the case was one for action by the local authorities.

Immediately after his release, Jesus, with some of the ring-leaders, of the mob, was rearrested by the local authorities and committed to jail pending his trial in the state courts.

[*Editorial from the Tempora Romana*, March 29.]

WE ARE shocked by the cowardly evasion of his plain duty in the premises on the part of Judge Pilate. He should under no circumstances have allowed legal technicalities to prevent him from carrying out his clear duty to the public. Jesus of Nazareth, the leader of the disgraceful Jerusalem riots, should have been summarily punished.

At any rate, we are glad to see that the local authorities of Judea were so prompt to act. When the history of the present wave of lawlessness, crime and hysteria which is sweeping across the empire, comes to be written, theirs will be the credit for the first brave stand in the face of a dangerous manifestation of public sentimentality.

[*Editorial from the Sol Matutinali*, March 31.]

A CLOSED INCIDENT.

A FINAL period has been put to the activities of the Judean Agitator. Had the government taken the riots in hand earlier, the climax might have been less tragic than eventually proved to be the case. But what else could we have expected from the present, vacillating administration? It is to be hoped that the vigorous action of the Judean authorities will do much to check lawlessness and mob rule throughout the country, leaving the sober, hard-working part of our population to pursue their occupations in peace and soon, we hope, in prosperity once more.

As for the problem of the unemployed, which still persists, although to a less degree than we have been led to believe, that should be made a subject of immediate inquiry by a federal commission.

COMRADE JESUS

THANKS to Saint Matthew, who had been
At mass-meetings in Palestine,
We know whose side was spoken for
When Comrade Jesus had the floor.

"Where sore they toil and hard they lie,
Among the great unwashed, dwell I.
The tramp, the convict, I am he;
Cold-shoulder him, cold-shoulder me."

By Dives' door, with thoughtful eye,
He did to-morrow prophesy:—
"The Kingdom's gate is low and small;
The rich can scarce wedge through at all."

"A dangerous man," said Caiaphas;
"An ignorant demagogue, alas,
Friend of low women, it is he
Slanders the upright Pharisee."

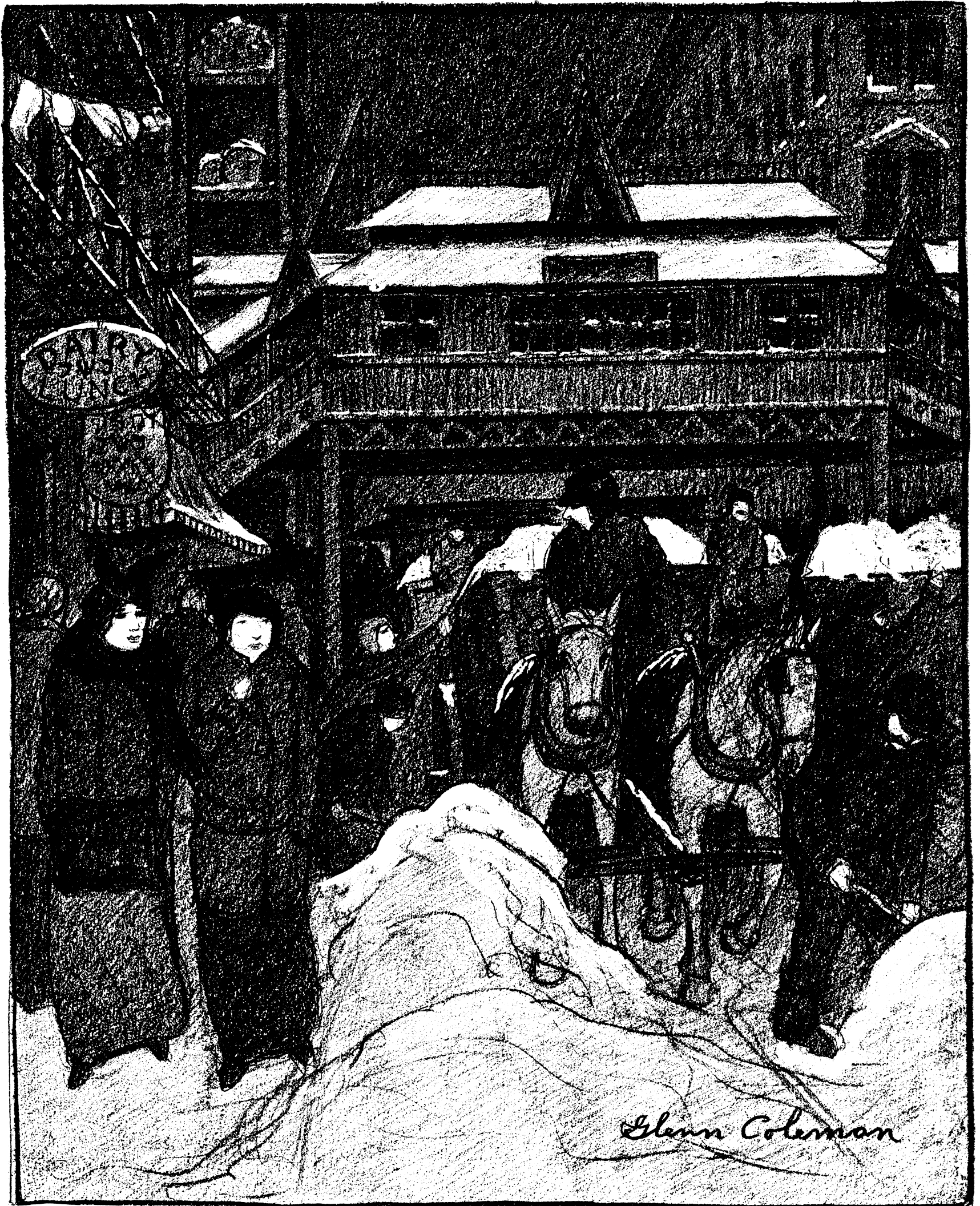
For law and order, it was plain,
For holy Church, he must be slain.
The troops were there to awe the crowd,
And violence was not allowed.

Their foolish force with force to foil,
His strong, clean hands he would not soil.
He saw their childishness quite plain
Between the lightnings of his pain.

Between the twilights of his end
He made his fellow-felon friend;
With swollen tongue and blinding eyes,
Invited him to Paradise.

Ah, let no Local him refuse;
Comrade Jesus hath paid his dues.
Whatever other be debarred,
Comrade Jesus hath his red card.

SARAH N. CLEGHORN.

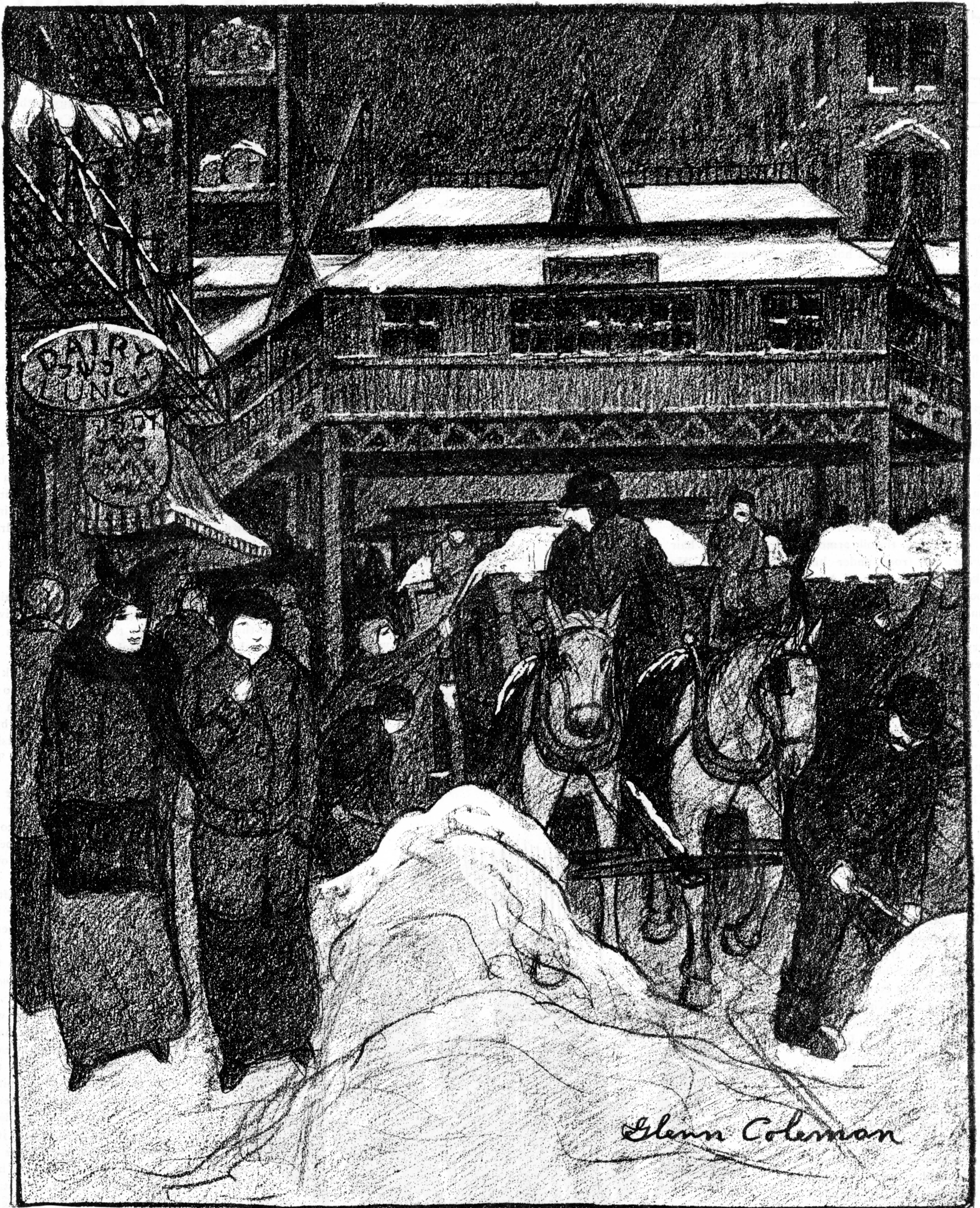


Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

KEEPING UP WITH THE CALENDAR

"I SAW THE LOVELIEST SPRING HAT TODAY ON FOURTEENTH STREET."

"SPRING HAT! WHAT YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU'RE OUT OF DATE. WHAT YOU WANT NOW IS A SUMMER HAT."



Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

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CARL BROWNE, THE LABOR KNIGHT

Arthur Young

EVER been in Washington?

It's a curious place.

Everybody takes it so seriously. I suppose it's because they make laws there. People sit in the gallery hour after hour, listening to speeches made by some impassioned congressman to forty honorable gentlemen and four hundred empty desks. Hour after hour, day after day. Once in a while a bell rings. It rings all through the Capitol, in the office building and in the cafe—and the three hundred honorable gentlemen straggle in to vote.

Even the lawmakers take it seriously. One of them grips you earnestly by the arm and says, "Have you seen my resolution?" You say no, you haven't seen his resolution. Then he takes a firmer grip on your arm and guides you into the document room. There is his resolution—Resolution No. 5377. A Bill to Prohibit the Sale of Ginger Pop to People With the Rickets.

Even Carl Browne took Washington seriously. Sometimes, on my way down Pennsylvania Avenue I would stop and listen to old Carl. He had been one of the features of the town for about a year. You could find him any Friday evening or Sunday afternoon on a soap-box, at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Tenth Street. There he would be, dressed in tinfoil armor, with his white hair flowing out from under his tinfoil helmet. He looked like a he Joan of Arc—selling his paper, the Labor Knight, and talking about Coxe and Fiat Money and Free Speech, to a crowd of about forty or fifty. The senators and the congressmen would hurry past with their Resolutions in their pockets. They didn't pay any attention to old Carl. He was a relic of prehistoric ages. He had been marshal of Coxe's army. He was crazy.

Was he crazy? I don't know. Maybe he was. For one thing, he had invented a flying machine—an "octoplane," he called it, "an uncapsizable airship." Twenty years ago he could have been put in the insane asylum for that.

Then sometimes he talked about the currency question, and that certainly sounded crazy. But then that always sounds crazy.

And then again he talked about the rights of labor. He spoke against the capitalists and the money-lenders. He said they were trying to keep labor out of its heritage, but that the day was coming when Labor would be King. That was the meaning of his tinfoil armor—he was King Labor's Knight. He said that the men who ploughed and dug ditches and stood up in front of machines were the most important class in America. He said that if they once realized their power—Oh, you know what he said. And it sounded all right to me. It sounded better than Resolution No. 5377, to Prevent the Sale of Ginger Pop to People With Rickets.

But usually he talked about free speech. Not just free speech in general, but one speech in particular—a speech of his own that the police wouldn't let him make. Now in a city where there are so many speeches that if you divided them equally among the inhabitants there would be seventeen speeches a day for every man, woman and child the year round, you don't get easily excited over one speech more or less.

But this wasn't an ordinary speech. It was a speech nearly twenty years old. He had come in 1894 with Coxe to present to the lawmakers that "petition in boots" which stirred the nation and scared Washington almost to death. Yes, I have heard them talk about the coming of Coxe's army, and how they felt about it. They put it delicately—they said "the women were afraid." Well, then, out of consideration for the women, they wouldn't let Carl Browne stand up there on the Capitol steps and tell what the working people of America wanted. When he tried to, they stopped him and led him off to jail.

It was that unfinished speech of 1894 that Carl Browne came back last year to deliver. He wanted to stand on the steps of the Capitol, and utter that statement of the rights and wrongs of labor before he died.

But they were still afraid. They wouldn't give him a permit, and the steps of the Capitol are well guarded by policemen. Carl was getting desperate. He had come all the way from Calistoga, Cal., and waited in Washington nearly a year. He was getting old; he was over sixty. He couldn't wait much longer. And so from his soap-box he inveighed against the police and all the powers that pow, and asserted his intention of making that speech from those very steps.

The man in the little store on Pennsylvania Avenue where I buy my cigars was talking to me about Carl. Out of his door there he had seen

Carl ride down the street twenty years ago, in front of Coxe's army. First came the buggy with Coxe and his daughter—the one that Carl afterward eloped with. Then Carl Browne, Marshal of the Army of the Unemployed. "He was a fine figure of a man in his cowboy clothes, ridin' a big bay horse," said the cigar store man.

When he and Coxe were safely locked up in the police station for getting on the grass, Washington laughed—laughed hysterically. A minute before, Washington had been scared. It had been confronted with a dramatic exposition of its own futility. Now Washington could turn comfortably back to the work of framing new Resolutions for the congressmen to show their constituents, and forget all about the unemployed.

But Carl Browne couldn't forget. He had been a figure in the biggest outdoor drama of his generation. He had been made the spokesman of American labor.

So he came back to finish his speech. He pleaded his cause before the presiding officers of both houses, and before the public. He worked on his "octoplane," whether because he believed in it or just to attract attention, no one knows. He printed with his own hand and illustrated with crude drawings of his own the little paper which he called Labor Knight, mimeographed it in his room and sold it on the street corner for ten cents a copy. He lived in a twenty-five cent a day hotel, and ruined his digestion in cheap eating-places. He was living for one thing, and that was the speech he was going to make from the Capitol steps.

Finally he got permission from Champ Clark on behalf of the House to make the speech. So on the morning of Christmas Day he went up on the steps and started to speak. But he had not been able to get permission from Vice-President Marshall for the Senate. The police stopped him. The speech was still undelivered.

Those steps had come to seem to him the center of America. If once he could speak from there, the voice of labor would be heard all over the land!

"So," he said to me, afterward, "that afternoon after the police let me go, I gathered about me a band of brave fellows, and I went back to the Capitol steps again, and I made that speech!"

The message of labor was delivered at last—to the band of brave fellows who already knew it by heart, and to the patient stones of the Capitol.

And then, about three weeks later, on Jan. 16, Carl died. Not dramatically—he just curled up with the effects of the asbestos prunes he had been eating in cheap restaurants, and said good night. Besides, he had nothing left to live for. His life's work was accomplished. Carl took Washington too seriously.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

"A KIND OF HE JOAN OF ARC."



Drawn by Arthur Young.

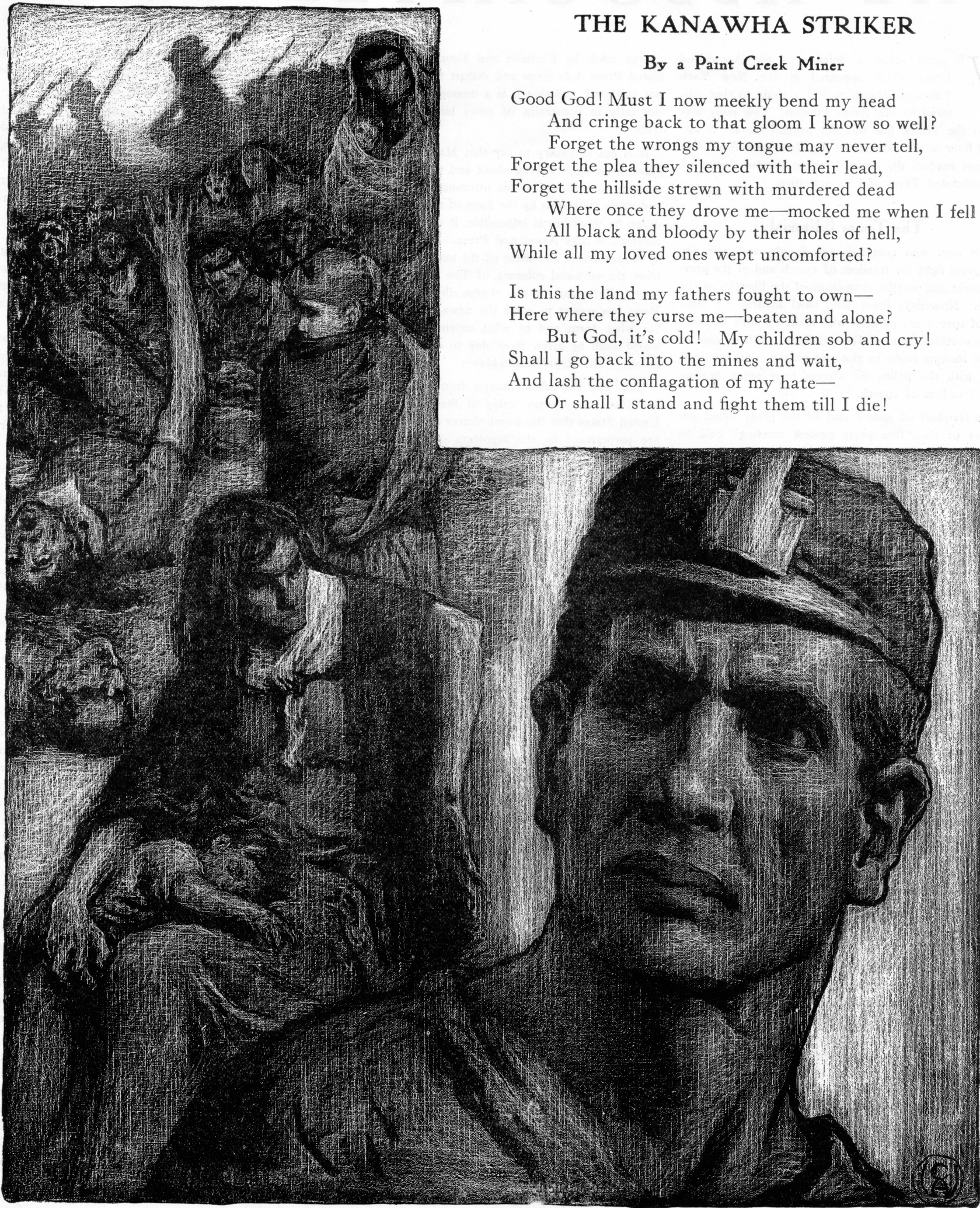
"A KIND OF HE JOAN OF ARC."

THE KANAWHA STRIKER

By a Paint Creek Miner

Good God! Must I now meekly bend my head
 And cringe back to that gloom I know so well?
 Forget the wrongs my tongue may never tell,
 Forget the plea they silenced with their lead,
 Forget the hillside strewn with murdered dead
 Where once they drove me—mocked me when I fell
 All black and bloody by their holes of hell,
 While all my loved ones wept uncomforted?

Is this the land my fathers fought to own—
 Here where they curse me—beaten and alone?
 But God, it's cold! My children sob and cry!
 Shall I go back into the mines and wait,
 And lash the conflagration of my hate—
 Or shall I stand and fight them till I die!



Drawn by Charles A. Winter.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

WE print below a defense of the Associated Press which appeared in the New York Times of March 7, and a reply to that editorial by Mr. Amos Pinchot. This reply was sent to the Times, but was not printed there. It appeared later in the columns of the New York Sun. We offer our readers the choice between the two views of the Associated Press and its activities.

The Times Editorial

THE men who centuries ago fought and won the great fight for freedom of speech and of the press were stout and worthy champions of the liberties of the people. Nowadays those who bawl loudest for freedom of speech are persons who make or wish to make the unworthiest use of the privilege. When men or women inciting mobs to riot and pillage come into collision with the police we always hear much prating about freedom of speech.

The freedom of speech and of the press found defenders of the "free press protest meeting" held in Cooper Union Thursday evening, under the management of the Liberal Club. Mr. Lincoln Steffens was there and spoke. There were feminists and suffragists. But Mr. Amos E. Pinchot was the star of the evening. The meeting was called as a measure of protest against the Federal indictment for criminal libel that has been found against Max Eastman and Art Young, the editor and the cartoonist of a Socialist publication, THE MASSES. These men published in their paper a cartoon representing Mr. Frank B. Noyes, President of The Associated Press, as poisoning the waters of public opinion by causing to be sent out false and distorted news to the newspapers served by that organization. This cartoon was examined by a Federal Grand Jury, adjudged to be libelous, and an indictment for criminal libel was brought. Mr. Amos E. Pinchot insisted that a protest should be made against the use of the Federal District Attorney's office for the muzzling of those who criticised The Associated Press monopoly. In a matter of criminal libel the office of the public prosecutor can be "used" only when the prosecutor finds a case for submission to the Grand Jury, and the Grand Jury in its finding represents not the prosecutor but the people. Mr. Pinchot should understand that this is not an Associated Press suit; it is a Government suit, an action brought by the people to punish the lawless.

The speakers at the Cooper Union meeting, and others besides, insist that there should be an investigation of The Associated Press. The indictment of Eastman and Young makes certain that an investigation will be had, a thorough, searching, and perfectly impartial investigation. The Socialists who perpetrated the libel will have every opportunity in the world to show that Mr. Noyes does in fact poison the news, mislead the public, and pervert its notions of current affairs. If The Associated Press has guilty secrets they will get full publicity. What more can be asked by the volunteer defenders of the press against an odious monopoly? The surface appearance of the transaction is that The Associated Press has courted an investigation of the most far-reaching kind.

Mr. Pinchot is a careless man. He made this statement:

"I have had a long acquaintance with The Associated Press. I am perfectly willing to stand behind the

charge made by Eastman and Young that The Associated Press does color and distort the news, that it is not impartial, and that it is a monopolistic corporation, not only in constraint of news but in constraint of truth."

It is not necessary to say that Mr. Pinchot does not know what he is talking about and to apply unpleasant epithets to him and to his utterance. He is confuted and made ridiculous by the facts of the case. The condition he describes is impossible, it could not arise and continue in The Associated Press. This is made clear by an admirable statement of the matter which we take from the editorial columns of The Springfield Republican. Referring to the charge that The Associated Press has power to color the news, and so determine "in what form and to what extent the news of the world shall be given from day to day to the average citizen," The Republican says:

"But The Republican knows from actual experience and from many years' study of the daily press of the United States that the worst abuses of news publication are perpetrated by the reporters of individual newspapers in their local field or by the special correspondents directly serving them at a distance. The more papers a reporter or a correspondent serves—papers with interests and sympathies far from uniform—the closer he approximates usually to impartial presentation of facts. And that is precisely the position of the news-gathering representatives of The Associated Press."

Anybody but a Socialist champion of freedom of the press would find this statement convincing. All sorts of newspapers are served by The Associated Press—Republican, Democratic, Bull Moose, Independent, pro-Bryan, anti-Bryan, some that insist that the corporations are too much abused, and others insisting that they are not abused enough—in short, newspapers representing every shade of opinion. Now, if Mr. Noyes should attempt to use his dyestuffs on the news served to all these papers there would be a deafening uproar and tumult all over the country. The Associated Press would be split into fragments and the views openly expressed of its management would make the cartoon of THE MASSES look like an expression of confidence and esteem. If there were a church press association and the management should serve purely Methodist news or Dutch Reformed news to the subscribers, the case would be an exact parallel to that alleged by THE MASSES and declared by Mr. Pinchot on knowledge to exist. Mr. Pinchot has no such knowledge. He bears false witness and foolishly butts his head against a rough stone wall. If the assailants of The Associated Press would now and then find something true to say about it, if they would base their arguments on some other structure than one built up of glaring falsehoods and owlish stupidities, their antics would be more interesting.

Mr. Pinchot's Reply

TO the Editor of the Sun—Sir: The subjoined letter in reply to an editorial article in defense of the Associated Press and in condemnation of its critics was sent to the New York Times on March 7, but has not been made public by that newspaper:

To-day's Times publishes an editorial over a column long defending the Associated Press as to the indict-

ments against the editors of the MASSES and attacking myself and others who "insist that there should be an investigation of the Associated Press."

The Times says that the Associated Press could not possibly color the news, because it serves all kinds of newspapers—"Republican, Democratic, Bull Moose, Independent, etc."—so that if it was not impartial "there would be a deafening uproar and tumult all over the country." I do not think that this is either an impressive argument or a fair statement of the case.

As a matter of fact there has been a tumult of protest against Associated Press news coloring throughout the country. And with this protest newspaper owners who are members of the Associated Press and dependent upon it for their information are in many instances heartily sympathetic. Within the last month I have talked with a number of editors of newspapers that are members of the Associated Press. They assured me that the charges of suppression and misrepresentation made by the MASSES are well within the truth. They, each of them, expressed the sincere hope that there would be a searching investigation which would result in a change of policy.

These gentlemen, however, are not free to state their opinion of the Associated Press openly, either in their papers or otherwise. For, under the by-laws of the Associated Press, they would at once be subject to fines or other discipline. Moreover, Section 1 of Article II provides that the corporation shall have the right to expel a member "for any conduct on his part, or on the part of any one in his employ or connected with his newspaper, which in its absolute discretion it shall deem of such a character as to be prejudicial to the interest and welfare of the corporation and its members, or to justify such expulsion. The action of the members of the corporation in such regard shall be final and there shall be no right of appeal or review of such action."

The Sun to-day reprints an editorial from the Peoria Star, which describes how membership in the Associated press is restricted. It says: "Membership is restricted in each city, and no new member can be taken in except by consent of every member in the city belonging to the trust. In some places membership is held at an exorbitant figure running up into hundreds of thousands of dollars. * * * It can readily be seen that this is the worst possible monopoly, because the newspapers belonging to it are obliged to print what the management desires, and they are prohibited from criticising any of its acts."

When, in addition to this, we note that the ultimate control of the Associated Press does not lie in the vote of the newspapers belonging to it but in its bond ownership we realize that partiality and news coloring can be indulged in by the Associated Press, even though, as the Times says, all sorts of newspapers are served by it.

No newspaper can itself gather all its news. It must depend on some news agency for its information. The Associated Press is the only great news-providing agency that serves morning newspapers. To the morning newspapers it is more important than the railroads are to industrial organizations. For, while railroads merely transport the product of industry, the Associated Press both gathers and transports the material of which newspapers are made.

The Associated Press is certainly a monopoly. It is a monopoly controlling the distribution of a vital necessity of civilization, controlling the price at which this

necessity shall be sold; and it goes still further than other trusts in monopolistic power, for it exercises an absolute discrimination as to whom its products shall be sold to.

The Times editorial, in denouncing those who hold that the District Attorney's office shall not be used by the Associated Press, seems to me to be inclined to cover up the real issue. It does not mention that two criminal indictments were brought against Eastman and Young for publishing the same editorial and cartoon.

In the first indictment the figure depicted as poisoning the reservoir of public news and labelled "The Associated Press" is alleged to refer, as in fact it was meant to refer, to the Associated Press, a corporation. In a trial under such an indictment there would naturally be admitted the broadest evidence upon the questions whether the Associated Press colors news and exercises a monopolistic control over the distribution of information to the public. In a trial upon such an indictment a searching investigation into the policy and organization of the Associated Press, its attitude toward labor and capital, its control by bond ownership, etc., would be inevitable.

But it seems that the Associated Press is unwilling to appear in court as a complainant in such a trial. For, just thirty-three days after Eastman and Young were indicted and admitted to \$1,000 bail each, Mr. Noyes again complained to the District Attorney, and they were again indicted. This time, however, the figure in the cartoon labelled "The Associated Press" is alleged to be a picture of Mr. Noyes, and the charge in this indictment is not that the Associated Press is libelled, but that Mr. Noyes personally is libelled. The Assistant District Attorney in charge of the case now expresses his intention of dismissing the first indictment, and only trying Eastman and Young on the second. He contends that upon the trial of the second indictment evidence in regard to suppression and coloring of news by the Associated Press shall be inadmissible, and the trial shall be limited to the narrow question as to whether Mr. Noyes and the dignity of the people of the County of New York were injured by the publication of this cartoon.

It would seem as if this was an unfortunate change of ground, because it is much more important for the public to discover whether the Associated Press is guilty of news coloring and monopolistic practices than whether Mr. Noyes and the public have been harmed by the publication of Art Young's picture.

I sincerely hope that all this agitation, the indictments of Eastman and Young, the mass meeting of protest, the discussions and recriminations in the papers and, finally, the approaching trial in the criminal courts, will have some beneficial and constructive outcome. It is perfectly clear to those who have thought of the question calmly that this outcome must inevitably be along legislative lines. The nature of the Associated Press, its control over the distribution of news and the size and scope of its operations demand that it shall be considered a common carrier in the sense that railroads are common carriers. Its service must be open to all those who can pay for it, its control known and all of its operations conducted with the fullest publicity.

The initial and necessary step in this programme is an investigation which will go deeply into the very important questions involved. Many people have hoped that in the trial of Eastman and Young such an investigation could be secured.

I hope that in spite of the by-laws of the Associated Press, which I realize would, under ordinary circumstances, prohibit your publishing what I have written, you may decide that the present situation would justify you in doing so.

AMOS PINCHOT.

New York, March 9.



Drawn by George Bellows.

"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY—"

Sold Out

THE Church of the Redeemer has sold its building property at 136th street to defray debts. It has found that a redeeming plant in that particular section won't pay.

The reason, according to Lawson Purdy, one of their wardens, is that this portion of the city is rapidly being settled by negroes, and the site is no longer suitable.

Undoubtedly his idea is that the negroes are so superior they do not need redeeming.

As bearing upon the value to democracy of the

"sacred" and the "secular," it is interesting that the negroes, after being crowded into the rear pews for years, were finally crowded entirely out of the first churches of New York. The progress of whited snobbery was steady, until segregation became the rule. In the public schools progress has been in exactly the opposite direction. Separate negro schools have been successively abandoned in New York, and not only pupils but colored teachers given regular promotion. Colored teachers are now teaching white children. And there are a few things they can teach them, too.



Drawn by George Bellows.

"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY—"



Drawn by George Bellows.

"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY—"

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION

L. Gutierrez de Lara

WHEN big crowds of plain people, farmers, men and boys and even girls, toss up all their practical chances, desert their kinsmen and their homes, arm themselves and go out of their own free will, to march and fight and shoot and get shot by the thousand, you can be fairly sure that they want something, and they want it bad. Maybe that is the "Economic Interpretation of History," maybe it is just common sense. But it is a thing that few Americans realize when they think about Mexico. Americans think Mexico is a place where shoot-your-neighbor is the leading popular pastime. Mexico is a place where human beings are interested in their own interests about as they are in the United States, and willing to fight for them if they have to.

This truth, and some even more startling ones, will be made known to those who are willing to know, when De Lara's history of the Mexican struggle is published.*

De Lara is a full-blood Mexican, and he is not only an agrarian revolutionist, but also a social revolutionist, and that is why THE MASSES is able to publish in advance a little epitome of his true story of Mexico's internal war. M. E.

TO ACQUIRE the land as the source of life is the aspiration to-day, not only of the men who are fighting on the field in the Mexican revolution, but of the millions of peons who are still tilling these lands. They have not succeeded yet in realizing this ambition, but they will fight until they do.

It is necessary, in order to understand clearly the issues of the present uprising in Mexico, to retrace the bloody history of this great land question, which is the underlying cause of this and all of her previous revolutions during the past one hundred years.

It was for the land that the people fought in the War for Independence. That war was in reality an agrarian revolt of the people against the Church, which constituted at that time the greatest land-monopoly in modern history. It took a half century of blood-shed before the Constitution of 1857 was proclaimed, confiscating the enormous land-holdings of the Church and distributing them among the people—hitherto wretched serfs of the Church. The Church, however, was not thus easily to be shorn of her age-long plunder. Finding the home resources insufficient for her re-establishment, she evoked the aid of the French army in 1861 and made one last desperate effort to dispossess and enslave her freed serfs. Eight years of war ensued, ending in the overthrow of both Church and alien army, and the triumph of the people.

These eight years of warfare, however, had left the Mexican nation in a state of utter exhaustion. It was this exhaustion of the mother-land that enabled Porfirio Diaz with the help of the Church, to organize an army and establish himself, through a series of military revolts, as the Military Dictator of Mexico. The people could make no resistance, and the Constitution of 1857, for which they had poured out seas of their best blood, was overthrown.

Then began a terrible era of land dispossession. The land, torn by a starving nation from the

clutches of the Church, was in turn torn from the people by the land-sharks of the Diaz clique. The friends and protegés of the Dictator began at once to increase their estates by the direct seizure of the land of the common people, and hundreds of thousands of peons who had been prosperous land-holders under the Constitution of 1857, were turned into propertyless men. For daring to resist this barbaric spoliation, thousands of these simple industrious folk were impressed into the army, walled up in the penitentiary, hanged and shot, all over the country.

In the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, where the lands were appropriated by the father-in-law of Diaz, whole towns and villages were completely wiped out by the wholesale and bloody evictions which ensued.

In the valley of Papantla in Vera Cruz, over five thousand peaceable farmers were murdered by the government soldiery for refusing to yield up their lands, and a thousand fatherless families were driven forth to seek where they might for a new home. In the mountains of Chihuahua in the little town of Tomachic, numbering some four thousand souls, occurred the most incredible tragedy of modern times. For refusing to evacuate their lands, every man, boy, and young woman was massacred, and when the old women and little children hid for safety in the town Church, the soldiers of President Diaz poured coal-oil on the doors of the building and set fire to it and the huddled crowd of shrinking women and children were burned alive.

It was this state of affairs endured by the people through the long and bloody regime of thirty-two years during which President Diaz remained in power, which led to the last revolution—a revolution that, in spite of a change of presidents from Diaz to Madero and of Madero to Huerta, is still in progress and must yet continue.

In the month of November of the year 1910, a body of mountaineers in the State of Chihuahua broke out in open rebellion against the dictatorship of Diaz. The battle cry of this uprising was: "effective suffrage, no re-election and LAND FOR THE PEOPLE." For thirty-two years despotism had paralyzed Mexico. Now again was heard the voice of the people.

Once loosed, the red flame of revolt spread over all the mountains of Chihuahua and leapt to the State of Durango, where a few days after the first uprising groups of revolutionists sprang to arms with the same battle-cry. In turn Sonora, Sinaloa, Zacatecas, Coahuila, Aguas Calientes, caught the blaze, which extended to the southern States of Mexico covering most of the country. A "war for independence" was on again.

After some time and several encounterings between the federal army and the revolutionists, Diaz the dictator agreed to depart from the country, leaving Francisco Leon de La Barra as provisional president, who in due time called upon the people for presidential elections. Francisco I. Madero was elected to this office with Jose Pino Suarez as vice-president.

The people were willing to lay down their arms, believing that Madero would soon settle, or at least become active in settling the land question; but to their disappointment, he failed not only to realize

the aspirations of the people in this regard, but to fulfill the other promises made to them. As a consequence, the most energetic element of the agrarian revolutionists continued the revolt as the only expression of the desire of the masses for the ownership of the lands, while Madero gave himself up to the old reactionary element, endeavoring the best he could to gain their favor with every concession, tolerance, and submission to them that he was able to conceive. It was a case of constant betrayal of the revolution. But he could not gain the reactionary element. They looked upon him as an intruder and a disturber of their peace and old privileges, and their crushing him finally was the natural consequence.

With the usurping of power by Huerta, more impetus was given to the agrarian revolt, because Huerta's dictatorship outlined *more clearly* the issue before the eyes of the people than Madero's policy had. But it was still the same revolt. The same two forces were face to face on the battlefield, on one side the federal army enforcing the old system of big landlordism, and on the other side the revolutionists or "Constitutionalists," so named because the Constitution decrees the small ownership of land.

The creation of small farms in Mexico—that is the program of the present revolution as of all the past revolutions. It is the aspiration of every man in the revolutionary ranks. On the day that these men have each his little patch of land, there will be peace in Mexico—and not before. Give back to the people their stolen birthright and you may send every soldier, rurale and revolutionist in Mexico back to the plow, and to the forge, and to productive labor, which makes for joy and progress. Withhold this birthright, and so long as a cartridge remains, the fight is on.

High Class Treason

IN case this bill becomes a law without an appeal to the country, we declare that we shall be justified in taking or supporting any action that may be effective to prevent its being put in operation."

Some of those I. W. W. agitators? Not at all. It's a document signed by some of the most prominent men in England, headed by Lord Roberts, Viscount Milner, Rudyard Kipling, Balfour and Sir William Ramsay. The fearful calamity that threatens England and justifies rebellion is home rule for Ireland.

Do Your Prevaricating Early

THE Supreme Court has granted to a New York concern an injunction against the use of the name "Italian" as a trade mark for silk underwear. It was admitted that neither the New York company nor its rival really used Italian silk, but the court ruled that the firm which first thought of the lie was entitled to the rewards of its industry.

Six-Cylinder Humor

A DETROIT motor car maker went all the way to Washington to urge upon Congress a strong Interstate Trade Commission with power to hang unfriendly press critics. The name of this Merry Andrew is H. B. Joy.

*"The Mexican People: Their Struggle for Freedom, by L. Gutierrez de Lara. \$1.50. Doubleday, Page & Co.

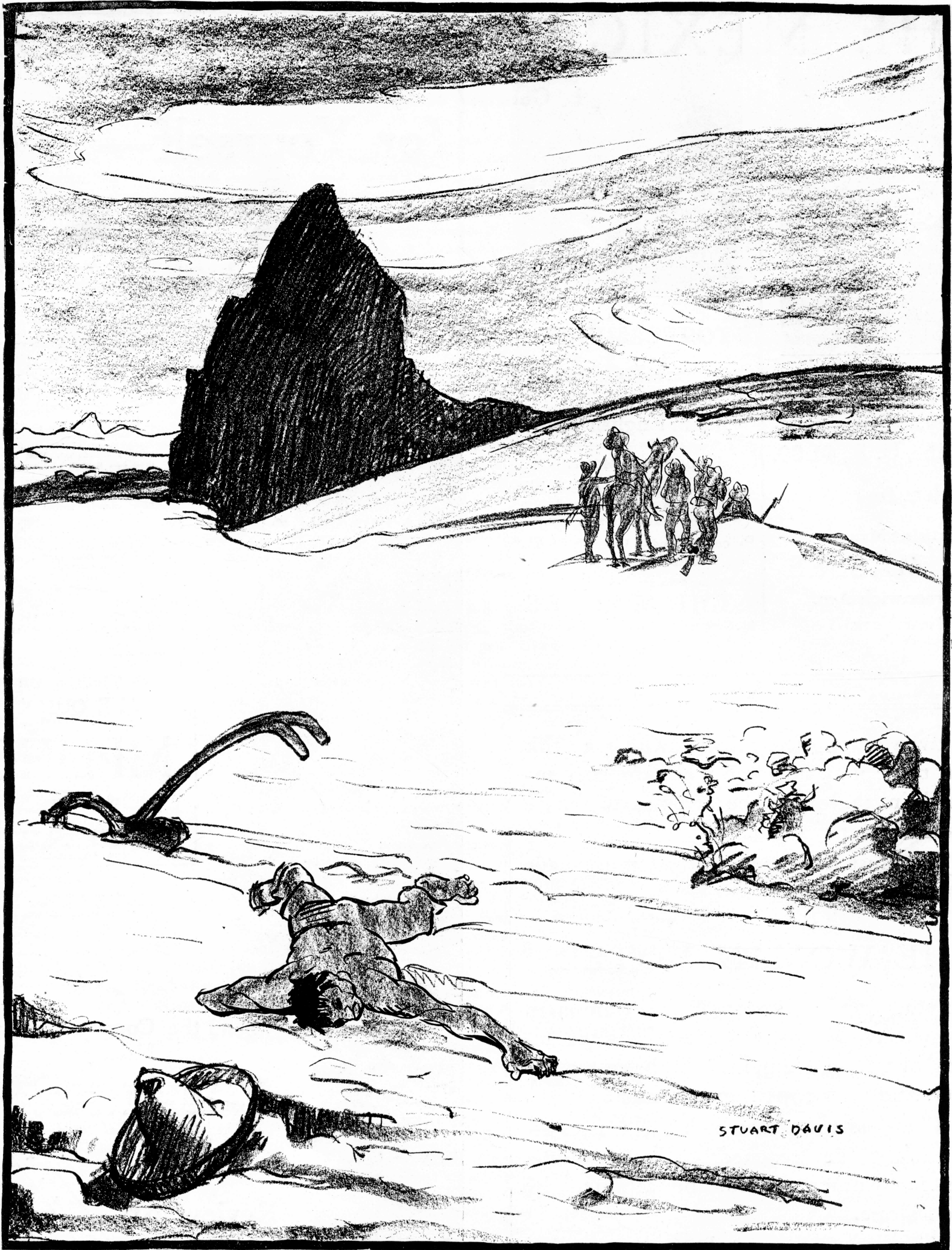


Drawn by Stuart Davis.

RESTORING THE PEON TO THE LAND

(As Huerta Does It)

The shooting of peons who claim their land for their own is a policy of Huerta, inherited from the Diaz regime, in which whole districts were depopulated. The revolutionary commanders restore the land to the peons by dividing the great estates. The Huerta method is shown in the picture, and described on the opposite page.

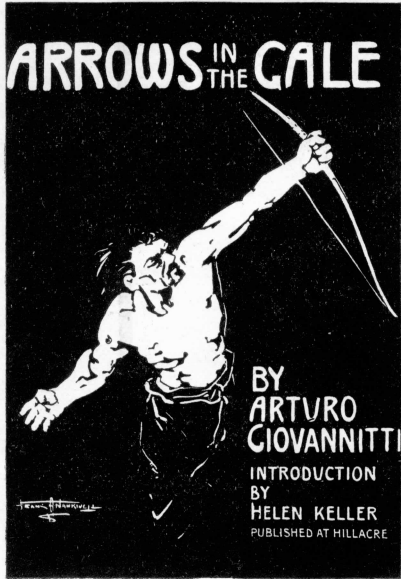


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O. HENRY

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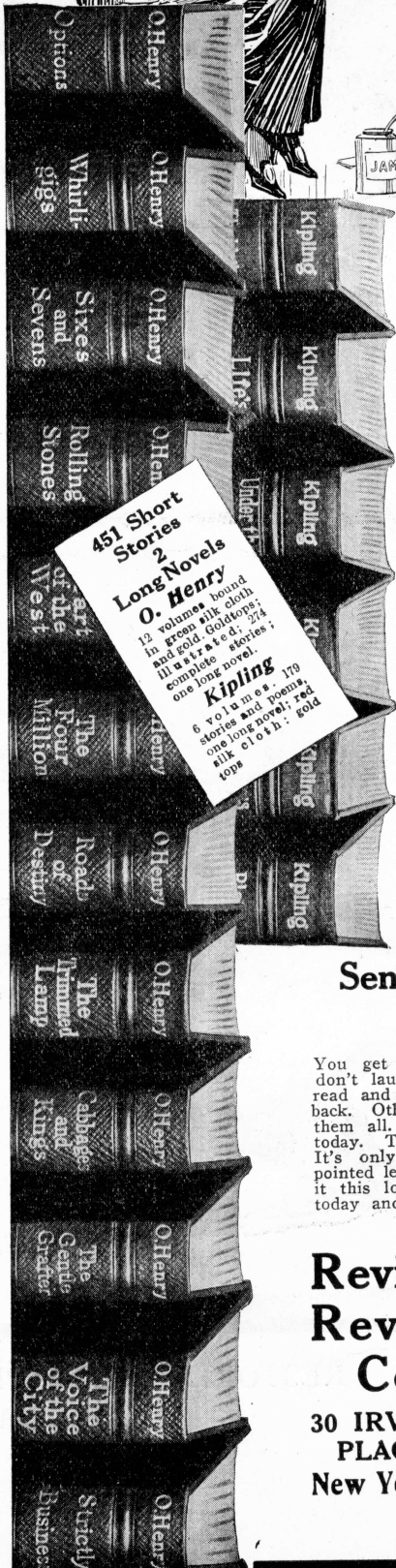
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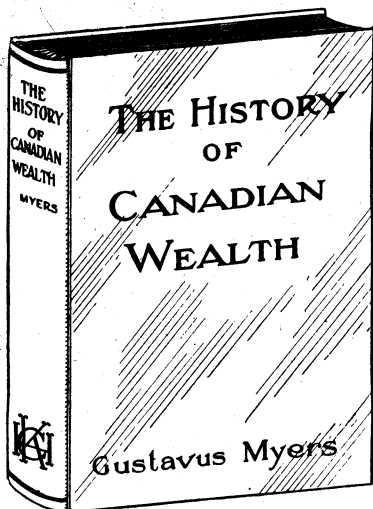
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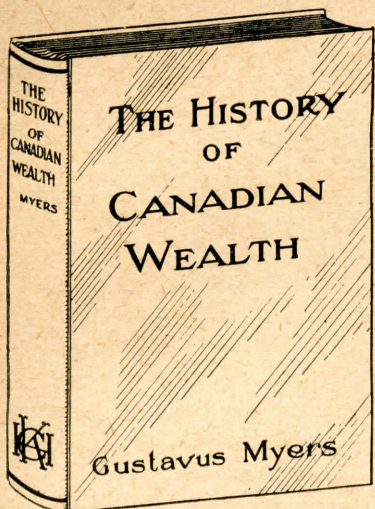
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