

The
MASSES

JULY, 1916

10 CENTS

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NUMBER**

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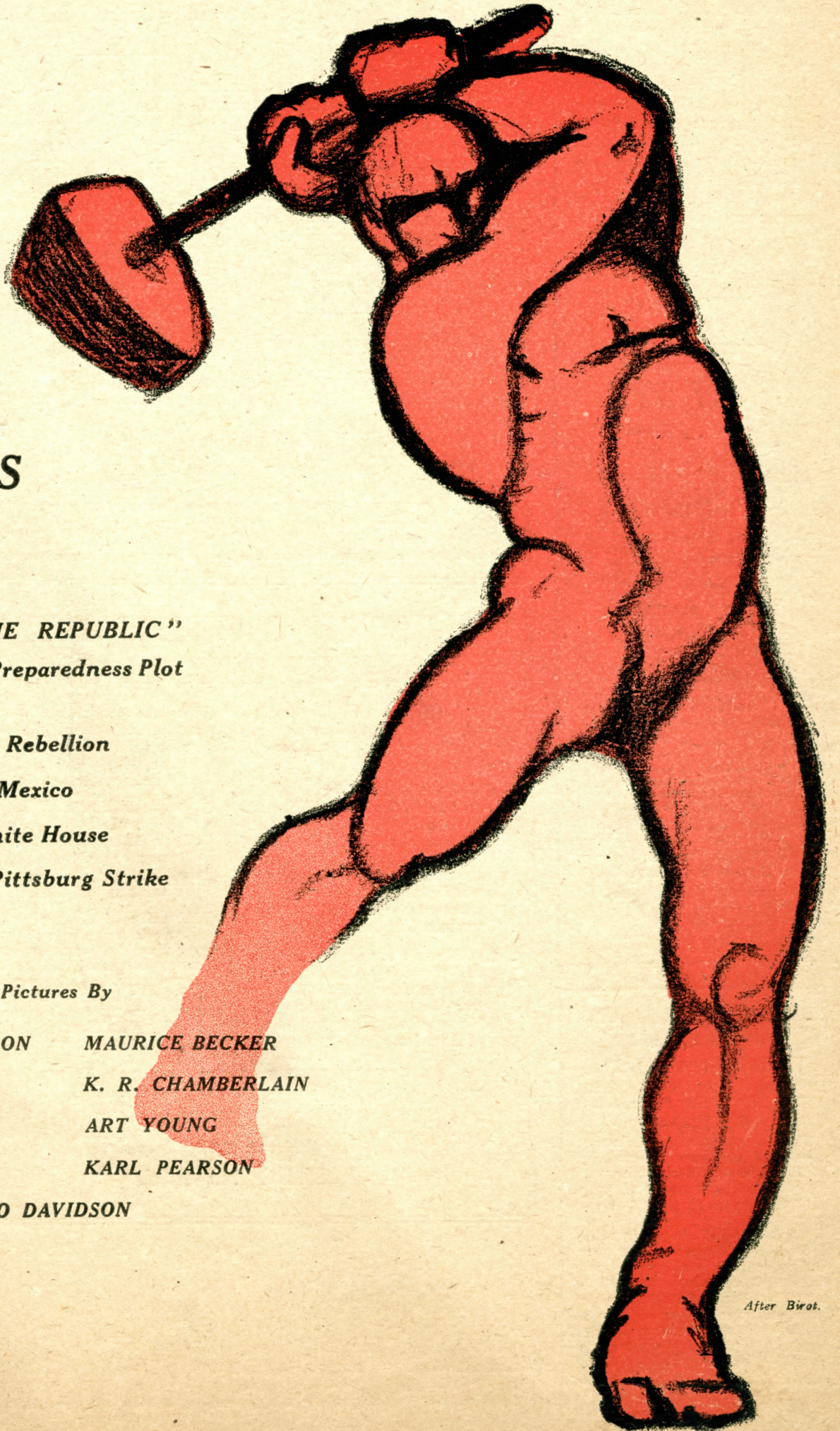
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THE MASSES

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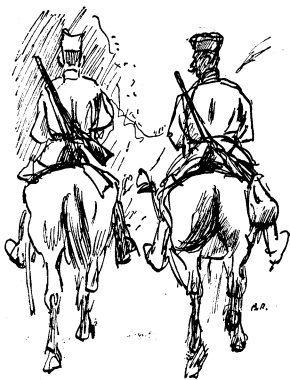
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Described in June issue

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(Continued on page 33)

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Arturo Giovannitti

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More still, it proved that the best magazine in America could be run without any of the generally accepted qualifications of success: without money, patronage, publicity and acquiescence in the *statu quo*, which is Latin for this rotten system of affairs. Its success, for it has been bewilderingly successful, was chiefly due to its stern policy of steering rigorously clear of all things that are successful: successful politics, successful business methods, and successful journalistic humbug. It tried to be as unpopular as possible; to speak as little good and see as much evil as its loud mouth and unchaste eyes allowed; to tell the truth when it did not pay, and to tell a lie when it would prove that truth absurd. It tried to publish real literature in an age of drivel, and talk common sense in a period of universal insanity, while it brought the warmth of humor into the cold storages of serious-minded stupidity and the freshness of laughter and song into the sweat-shops of ready-to-wear intellectual bunk. It stood for all the shocking realities, not because they were shocking but because they were realities; it entered the union halls with a silk hat on and attended the fashionable "radical" dinners in flannels and overalls. It stood for all things that stand for destruction and for one great vision of rebuilding; it was with the I. W. W. when this organization was doing its best, and for the A. F. of L. when it was preventing the bosses from doing theirs; it stuck to no one particular creed, but tried to beat all isms into one: indeed it was Socialistic, Anarchistic, Syndicalistic, Feministic, optimistic and pessimistic and all sorts and varieties of istics whenever these awful things implied walking ahead—impetus, the leaping forth across the wastes of patience and resignation.

It considered motion as the sole reason of life, and therefore it was never static. It believed that to stand meant to take root and to rot. Accordingly it moved along with its namesake, advancing and retreating, sallying forth and falling back, rioting and pleading, shouting and praying, plotting, planning, scheming, dreaming, singing, weeping, laughing, cursing and living its life in all its tumults and its passions, in all its contradictions and inconsistencies, its loud revolts, its silent broodings, its unseen renunciations. Born without any ringing of bells and chanting of priests out of the meretricious relations of Prosperity and Cowardice—unpedigreed, unchristened, unregistered in the records of any official movement nor in the family Bible of any

established party—this bastard child of the sinful concubinage of the Ideal and Reality followed in the tracks of the parental impulses and stuck faithfully to the downward path, wherever it led. It had no eternal truths to reveal, no unappealable decalogues to proclaim—it took itself too seriously to attempt to be always serious. But it held as its destined end the transformation of the world, and it knew that the world could be transformed solely by those who made it, or allowed it to be as it is. And so whenever a crowd assembled, whether to sing or to mourn or to riot, THE MASSES was there. Wherever ominous clouds gathered, it ran into the thick of them. Wherever a tumult roared, a battle raged, an old terror groaned, a re-shaped truth resurged, an artery of the world bled, a wing of life was broken, and above the din and the thunder rose the battle shout of the oppressed embattled against their tyrants, there this unscripted and un-uniformed free-lance of Revolt rushed in yelling, calling, inciting, prompting, picking up the wounded, blessing the dead, hurling magnificent insults and holding aloft the red rag of the Rabble, the rent and gambled *peplum* of the murdered Christ.

If it did not go to jail, it wasn't because it did not honestly and faithfully try to; if it did not starve to death it was not because its enemies did not wish it, but because its editors were used to the fast cure; if it was not lynched by a mob of Christian gentlemen, the fault lay not with it but with Christianity and gentlemanliness; if it was not electrocuted or shot at sunrise it was not because it did not deserve it, but rather it was due to its persistent hard luck. However, if you look over the back files of this paper and read the names of those who have appeared in it either in person or by proxy, you will see filing before your eyes several centuries in the penitentiary and the biggest challengers of the times. The MacNamara boys, Haywood, Schmidt and Caplan, Tanenbaum, Pat Quinlan, Ben Legere, the alleged dynamiters of Saint Patrick's Cathedral, Joe Ettor, John Brown, Emerson (not the Boston one), Joe Hill and, in the last issue and this one, Emma Goldman and Ben Reitman, all came here a-visiting and were received with honors. Modesty compels me not to mention my name, but I also am here, however much I would like to disguise it.

It cannot be charged, therefore, that THE MASSES ever tried to be respectable; the worst that can be said against it is that it tried very hard to be unrespectable and failed. But here are some of the things that really happened to it within one year or a little more: The Associated Press sued it for libel and had two of its editors arrested. It was thrown out of the New York Subway stands on a charge of blaspheming the Divinity and was forthwith fined a large amount of its circulation every month for life, without trial and without the complaining divinity appearing either in person or by power of attorney. And finally, two months ago, in the very midst of a great crisis, it was refused admittance to Canada, thereby losing another large number of subscribers. If these are not good and honorable counts in the cause of Social Revolution, then I don't know what gallant behavior before the enemy means. Had all these things happened to any other radical magazine, its editors would have

raised a cry to the seventh heaven, appealing for funds, mobilizing all land and sea forces, invoking the wrath of God and, incidentally, increasing their circulation one hundred per cent., which would have been a perfectly good and legitimate thing. But did THE MASSES Editors do that? They did not. They made some funny cartoons about their troubles, wrote a few lines of humorous nonsense, and proceeded to do the same great stunts with a reduced income. Awfully clever, these MASSES chaps, don't you think?

Well, this must stop. THE MASSES must be helped by the masses. The circulation must be increased; the subscribers it has been robbed of must come back more numerous than ever. There is no reason why this magazine should not have circulation of 100,000 copies a month within one year. If that reason exists, I want to know it. In the meantime, I want every red-blooded man and woman who has been a reader of this magazine to become a booster of it and a missionary for it. I want the readers to consider it as their organ, their property, their mouthpiece, and to show it to their friends and make them subscribe at once. We must have by all means from five hundred to one thousand new subscriptions every week in order to go ahead as we have so far, and no excuse will hold or be accepted. Who will help? Who will come forward?

It's an easy job and an easier glory. It does not require any great effort to get another subscriber or to send in a dollar and the name of your best friend. That's all I ask of you just now. I don't ask you to go to jail for your principles, nor to risk your life, not even to lose your job. I only want you to understand this journal in its true essence and then proceed to do for it what is strictly your duty.

This paper belongs to the proletariat. It is the recording secretary of the Revolution in the making. It is the notebook of working class history. As a recorder of great deeds and great faiths, it is the lineal descendant of the Book of Exodus and the Acts of the Apostles. Its nearest ancestors sleep in the stately vaults of the Worlds' Pantheon. Its grandfather is Marat's "L'Ami du Peuple"; its father is Garrison's "Liberator." It is NOT meant as a foray of unruly truant children trying to sneak into the rich orchards of literature and art. It is an earnest and living thing, a battle call, a shout of defiance, a blazing torch running madly through the night to set afire the powder magazines of the world.

Friend Reader, we want you to come and work with us. Whoever you are, no matter in what field you militate, if you are moving along, if you are not dead nor yet wishing to die, if you have a soul to save and a song to sing; if you have seen beauty and want to share it with other eyes; if you have a dream to retreat into in your hour of distress and a dungeon you want to break out from; and, above all, if you have an ideal of social justice and human brotherhood which you want the world to revere and honor as you do; then, my friend, this is YOUR voice—your power—the oriflamme of your blood floating in the winds of the gathering storm of the Revolution.



AT PETTIPAS'

A lithograph by George Bellows

Pettipas' is a little French restaurant on Twenty-ninth street, New York. It is the home of John B. Yeats, painter, essayist, and father of W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet. The figures standing are Mr. Yeats and Robert Henri, the American painter.



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The MASSES

Vol. VIII. No. 9

JULY, 1916

Issue No. 61

At the Throat of the Republic

John Reed

*Sixteen Munition-makers on a dead man's chest,
Yo-Ho-o! And Universal Military Service!
Shoot, and Wall Street will take care of the rest,
Yo-Ho-o! And Universal Military Service!
—Patriotic Hymn.*

American Militarism

NEW YORK'S Preparedness Parade, and plans for similar demonstrations in other cities, show that the country is being rapidly scared into "an heroic mood." Like Wall Street's other demonstration, the Sound Money Parade of holy memory, this one included in its ranks many unwilling patriots who were given the opportunity of marching or losing their jobs. That was to be expected; but the fact that the paraders carried the American flag instead of the Jolly Roger, only added another stain to the many which ornament our national banner: the Mexican War, the water-cure in the Philippines, the burning of the tent-colony by the militia at Ludlow, child-labor upheld by Congress, the arrest of the Magons, etc., etc.

The process of frightening people into "an heroic mood" is an old game. Europe was in "an heroic mood" in August, 1914. We Americans used to know all about that; before the war our newspapers and magazines used to comment with amused contempt upon "the European peoples staggering under a huge weight of senseless armaments," and there was much sympathy for "the poor conscript, forced to fight a tyrant's battles, whether he wants to or not." Do you remember how we laughed when Parliament discovered that the Coventry Ordnance Co. was spreading lies about Germany's naval program, in order to boost English "preparedness": when the Reichstag discovered that Krupps and the Waffenfabrik were bribing Paris newspapers to publish false information about French armament increases, in order to boost German "preparedness"; when, during the last two years, the great Japanese scandals burst, revealing monstrous corruption of army and navy officers by the munition-makers? We laughed when we read how the Navy Leagues of Germany and England had been proved to be the tools of the armor-plate makers and the ship-builders. We knew it all.

And knowing these things, suddenly the American people went mad. Denouncing "Prussian militarism," we suddenly began to shout for Universal Military Service, and applaud General John O'Ryan, commander of the New York National Guard, when he said:

"We must get our men so that they are machines, and this can only be done as the result of a process of training.

"When the feeling of fear—the natural instinct of self-preservation—comes over a man, there must be something to hold him to his duty. We have to have our men trained so that the influence

of fear is overpowered by the peril of an uncompromising military system, often backed up by a pistol in the hands of an officer. We must make the men unconsciously forget their fear. All these matters of standing at attention and 'Sir, I have the honor to report,' are valuable to put him through the biological and social process by which he becomes a soldier.

"The recruits have got to put their heads into the military noose. They have got to be 'jacked up'—they have got to be 'bawled out.'"

Mind you, this is only the Militia. Don't be fooled by the talk of the "Swiss system" or the "Australian system"; neither of them can stand up against "Prussian militarism."

We shudder over "the horrors of war"—and yet once a month regularly (sometimes oftener), Colonel Theodore Roosevelt calls everyone who prefers peace to war a "coward" or a "white worm." We are properly indignant at the doctrines of General Bernhardt; and yet some people want to elect President the man who is responsible for this:

"We must play a great part in the world, and perform those deeds of blood, of valor, which, above everything else, bring national renown. By war alone can we acquire those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life."

And of later date, that it is—

"... through strife and the readiness for strife that a nation must win greatness."

Of course that is bosh, and the public knows it. If all the Preparedness advocates used that line of argument their cause would be lost. But they don't. They appeal for a gigantic standing army and navy, universal conscription, tremendous fortifications, "for defense." Defense against what? Against invasion. Invasion by whom? By the fighting nations of Europe after peace is declared, to recoup their gigantic losses.

The German submarine question, the Japanese immigration question, the Mexican intervention question now being settled, it is difficult for these gentlemen to name our enemy. Even Colonel Roosevelt, who calls for a navy "able to meet and master any opponent from over the seas," doesn't advocate arming against England. They must mean some future enemy; and later we will show how these same men are providing future enemies for the United States to fight.

Invasion?

Suppose America were to be invaded today. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt, an advocate of a larger navy, said on October 15, 1915:

"Strictly speaking, if national defense applies solely to the prevention of an army landing on our Atlantic or Pacific coasts, no navy at all is necessary."

Strictly speaking, gentle reader, what the devil do you think national defense *does* apply to?

Military experts tell us that no overseas nation would attempt an invasion of the United States with

less than four hundred thousand men. Does the public realize what it means to transport such a force, its guns and supplies across three thousand miles of ocean, and land them in the face of a modern navy, submarines, mines, or even coast defenses alone? Just refresh your memory with the story of what happened to England at the Dardanelles.

Early last year, 33,000 unequipped troops were transported from Canada to England. With England in absolute control of the sea, it took 31 transport ships and 62 ships of war 33 days to move those men from one friendly port to another friendly port; and even that force couldn't have been landed fast enough to defend itself, except in harbors with extensive docking facilities.

General Nelson A. Miles has had more military experience than any other officer in the United States Army; and in January, 1916, he said before a Senate committee:

"The placing of an army on American soil is the last thing any European government would attempt; it could never be re-embarked. It would dissolve like snow beneath the midday sun. Whenever it has been attempted it has resulted in disaster."

Then the General burst out:

"These overseas expeditions spring from the minds of men writing about preparedness, who know less about preparedness than anything else!"

The General is herewith nominated associate editor of THE MASSES!

Are We So Helpless?

Reader, have you listened to the recent calumny heaped upon our Army, Navy and Coast Defenses? Are you not astonished to suddenly discover that the military and naval establishments of the United States, only two years ago declared to be so efficient, so powerful, are now "contemptible," "inadequate" and "ridiculous"?

This is an interesting question. Let's look into it.

Take the Navy, for example. In the last five years we have spent \$653,000,000 for naval purposes, as against Germany's, our nearest competitor's, \$546,000,000, and Japan's less than half our total. Every year we've paid out from \$111,000,000 to \$149,000,000 on that Navy of ours; only England has surpassed us with \$200,000,000 to \$270,000,000 annually.

In 1914-15, the first year of the European war, we squandered upon our Navy more than two of the belligerent nations did on theirs; \$30,875,387 more than Germany, and \$75,757,063 more than Japan! If we haven't got a first-class Navy for that money, what's the reason? The patient reader will find it set forth later on in this article.

In the meanwhile, it is instructive to note that, according to the last Naval Yearbook, the number of American battleships built, building and authorized are

given as 40 to Germany's 39, and our ships superior in muzzle energy and broadside weight. In 1914 our ships built, building or authorized were given as 40 to Japan's 19—and all more powerful. These proportions have not greatly varied.

Admiral Fletcher, commander of the Atlantic Squadron, stated under oath before the House Committee on Naval Affairs in December, 1914, that England is the only nation with a navy that we could not successfully resist; and that the last five American battleships constructed were immensely more powerful than the last five English battleships. How can two years, in which we have spent vastly increasing sums of money on the Navy, have so altered its status among the navies of the world?

A month ago Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt branded as lies the reports that the Navy Department could not get men to enlist:

"We are taking only one man out of six who applies," he said, "and 85% of the men whose enlistment terms expire are re-enlisted—the highest percentage in the history of the Navy."

So much for the slanderers of Secretary Daniels, who is disliked because he won't play the Armor-plate Ring's game. As for those who point with pride to the Administrations of Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, Assistant Secretary Roosevelt also has a word to say; when the hero of San Juan Hill sent the fleet around the world, many other ships and even shore stations were stripped of men; and when Wild Bill "mobilized" the Navy in New York harbor, many ships were in bad physical condition, a great number short of officers and crew, and the rest manned with naval militia and short-term enlistments "of doubtful legality."

What about our Coast Defenses? Haven't we heard a good deal of sneering lately anent the "toy pop-guns" that guard our seaboard? We step aside to receive the testimony of the United States Army officers who are chiefly concerned with them.

Ex-Secretary of War Garrison, testifying before a sub-committee of the Committee on Appropriations, in February, 1916, when asked whether our Coast Defenses were adequate, answered:

"Yes, sir; they certainly are adequate for the purpose for which they were placed there, qualifying to the extent that I do not mean to say that some guns may not be on naval ships that can shoot more effectively at extreme ranges, but when you come down to that you see how small a part that plays; those ships could not come in near the shore; they would have to lie out there and occasionally shoot, perhaps shooting on the hit-or-miss plan; and doing some damage or doing no damage."

Which is what we should characterize as "reluctant admission."

General William Crozier, Chief of Ordnance of the United States Army, member of the Board of Ordnance and our highest authority on guns and fortifications, stated before the same committee:

"I am of the opinion, Mr. Chairman, that they [our fortifications] will be of such power and will be recognized of such power that naval officers would not put their ships up against them in a fight. The 12-inch guns which we have mounted in our fortifications, after the alterations to which you have alluded, will have with this heaviest projectile a range of something over 17,000 yards, and I have not any belief that naval vessels, even when their guns will permit them to fire at a greater range than that would stand off at a greater range and attempt to injure our fortifications by bombardment, because the chances of their inflicting injury would be so small that they would not consider the waste of the ammunition to be justified."

And finally, General E. M. Weaver, Chief of Coast Artillery of the United States Army, and in direct command of our Coast Defenses, said:

"My opinion is that our system of fortifications is reasonably adequate for all defensive purposes which they are likely to be called upon to meet. I have been a close student of the whole subject,

naturally, for a number of years, and I know of no fortifications in the world, as far as my reading, observation, and knowledge go, that compare favorably in efficiency with ours."

An interesting bit of testimony follows:

MR. MCKELLAR—"It [our preparedness for defense] is in excellent condition, with the addition of a few officers and men, such as have been recommended by the Department and by you?"

GENERAL WEAVER—"Yes, sir."

MR. MCKELLAR—"In your judgment, is it not unfair and misleading to the American people to have a public man make a statement that would lead you to believe that the coast cities of our country are wholly at the mercy of some invading enemy?"

GENERAL WEAVER—"I do not know that there is any officer acquainted with the facts that would make such a statement."

MR. MCKELLAR—"Any public man; I do not say an officer?"

GENERAL WEAVER—"I hesitate to criticise public men."

Have you all seen that stirring moving-picture, "The Battlecry of Peace," wherein a foreign army easily captures New York and disembarks at the Battery? Now what do you think of such a cheap fabric of lies?

Why Not Reform the Army

There still remains the Army proper. What's the matter with it? It's cost more than England's army. According to the Preparedness shouters, the only trouble with our Army is, that it is too small. Mr. Hudson Maxim, who had the impudence to assert recently that "Any one of them [the Great Powers] would be able to land a million men on our coasts in a few weeks," wants the biggest army in the world. The others are content with a modest half million under arms in peace-time, and all the rest of us trained for war.

But let me call your attention to something, which may help to explain why these gentlemen are so insistent upon Universal Service. When Pershing went into Mexico, Congress authorized the recruiting of the Army up to full strength—an addition of some 30,000 men. In spite of all inducements—you've seen the posters, "See the World, Learn a Trade, Get Rich on \$13 a Month and Expenses"—the Army has only been able to get some two thousand recruits up to date. Why? Because the Army is the last resort of wretched men; a breeding-place of vice and disease; a world subordinated to the insulting dominance of a snobbish military aristocracy; a job from which there is no escape, if you don't like it; a life that makes one man dependent upon another man's will, and unfits him for thinking citizenship. Did you read what General O'Ryan says about the making of a soldier?

There is hardly an army in the world so undemocratic as the American Army. With its West Point, for the manufacture of "officers and gentlemen," it has attempted to create a caste modelled on the old aristocratic English military system, now largely abandoned since the Boer war.

We certainly don't want any more of this kind of Army. Why not, instead, reform the one we've got?

The records of courts-martial, for example, in the War Department, show cases of the most shocking injustice and tyranny toward the enlisted men; the records of venereal diseases in the ranks are horrible; the Army is notoriously rotten with intrigue; and as a typical example of Army inefficiency, take the official European war-map, published by the War College under supervision of the General Staff, and sold to the public. That map was constructed of three or four old French maps pasted together, of so ancient a date that they don't even show the Kiel Canal! Why not, for instance, find out why our Army, supposed, after three years on the Border, to be properly equipped for just

this kind of work, took five days to get ready before going into Mexico? Why were the Border patrols withdrawn before the Columbus raid? Two days before the raid, American soldiers knew it was going to happen; why weren't some precautions taken? Let's make public the results of the investigation of the Aeroplane Corps scandal in California, in which young officers were killed so uselessly. If it's defense we want, then the remedy is not to increase the present Army, which would only be to increase evils that should never be there at all.

As a matter of fact, why increase the army at all? The Navy League orators say that with an adequate navy we could prevent the landing of any foreign invader. The Assistant Secretary of the Navy says that when it comes to preventing the landing of a hostile force on our coasts, no navy at all is necessary. The Chief of Ordnance and the Chief of Coast Artillery both say that our forts would repel any foreign fleet. Why this talk of army increase, then? Well, you've got to have a large Army if you want to perform "those deeds of blood" for which Colonel Roosevelt thirsts—and also to shoot down workmen on strike.

The Preparedness Boosters and their Craft.

Let us examine some of the organizations who are flooding the country with panic-breeding lies in the campaign for an enormous Army and Navy. Perhaps we can discover the reason why they are frightening America, as Europe was frightened, into "an heroic mood."

The National Security League shouts for a Big Army. One of its most valuable propagandists is Mr. Hudson Maxim, inventor and now manufacturer of war-munitions. He wrote a book called "Defenseless America," painting an appalling picture of what would happen to the United States if attacked by a foreign nation; and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt heartily endorsed the book.

From that book they made the moving-picture play "The Battle-cry of Peace," which persistently misrepresented almost every condition of modern warfare, ridiculed the United States Army and Navy, and deliberately insulted every peace-loving American. There appeared on the screen Colonel Roosevelt, General Leonard Wood, and Mr. Hudson Maxim himself, all endorsing the facts and opinions presented. Mr. Maxim, so prominently played up as a "patriot" by the National Security League, was shown holding up an instrument of warfare invented by himself.

Shortly after the picture appeared, the stock report of Harvey A. Willis & Co., New York City, carried the following:

"The stock of the Maxim Munitions Corporation is the latest candidate for favor among the Curb war stocks. It made its appearance this week at 12 and was actively traded in at 12 up to 14½. This company is a \$10,000,000 concern recently organized for the purpose of manufacturing munitions of war of all kinds, except explosive materials. . . . The company has arranged to take over the important inventions of Hudson Maxim for the manufacture of aerial torpedoes, bomb-throwing devices, aeroplanes, guns, etc. *Mr. Maxim himself will be president of the company.*"

Just two weeks later, November 27, 1915, the front page of the New York *World* carried the following dispatch:

"St. Louis, Nov. 26.—Many members have resigned and others are threatening to resign from the Committee of One Hundred appointed by Mayor Kiel to urge the preparedness program upon Congress. This action resulted from the advertisements in St. Louis newspapers this morning of a \$10,000,000 Maxim Munitions Corporation offering



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

WHEN STRIKING IS TREASON

Employer (to sons of strikers): "Here, boys! Put a little lead into 'em!"

"I want a young man, when he is spoken to by some one in authority, to stand up and look him in the face, and then do what he is told without question."—General Wingate (who introduced military training into the New York high schools, with the confessed object of making "loyal employees").

"Landon, representing the Chamber of Commerce of the State, well and unfavorably known as an enemy of labor . . . declared that he wished labor unions to understand that the State should have not only universal military service, but also universal industrial service. . . . He shouted: "A strike will be treason!"—New York Call.



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Composite Photograph of Interlocking Boards of Directors of Patriotic Organizations Boosting Preparedness

stock for sale at \$10 a share. Hudson Maxim appeared two days ago before the Business Men's League to urge defense of the National defense program.

"That's a pretty swift beginning," said former Solicitor-General of the United States, Frederick T. Lehmann, in announcing his refusal to serve on the committee.

"One cannot help suspecting an ulterior motive," said Judge H. S. Caulfield, in declining to be a committee man.

"If the activities of the National Security League, at the instance of which this committee was appointed, the appearance of Mr. Maxim, and the promulgation of the advertisement, can be connected, it is treasonable," said John H. Gundlach, former President of the City Council and member of the committee."

The italics are ours.

Isn't this a clever selling campaign? First the book, "Defenseless America," showing our hapless plight; then the moving picture, "The Battle-cry of Peace," in which Mr. Maxim is tentatively introduced advertising his own wares, which will save us; then the organization of the Maxim Munitions Corporation, with Mr. Maxim as president, for the purpose of salvation at a profit; then the National Security League to stimulate the demand!

Among the directors of this "patriotic" organization we pick at random a couple of gentlemen interested in or connected with munitions-making concerns:

Robert C. Bacon, a director of the United States Steel Corporation.

Ralph D. Mershon, employed by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co.

The Navy League—What It Is and Why

Next in order is the Navy League, with its grandiloquent program of \$500,000,000 worth of bonds to be issued to build a colossal Navy and Army—"for defense."

After the scandals exposed concerning the Navy Leagues of England and Germany, you would have thought that the American branch would have exercised discretion. It might be imagined that our "defensive" Navy League would deplore the insane race of armaments stimulated by its brothers abroad. But no. It enthusiastically lauded the spirit and methods of the British Navy League, the German Navy League, the French Navy League, the Belgian Navy League, etc., etc. Listen to this, from the *Navy League Journal* of July, 1903:

"Today Germany, thanks to enlightened statesmanship and the support of the public, but most of all on account of the Flotten Verein or Navy League, whose astounding results we shall strive to emulate in this country, may be looked upon as the fourth sea-power of the world."

That it has succeeded in emulating at least the spirit of the German Navy League is proved by its official organ, the "Seven Seas" magazine, which reveals that

the Navy League stands not for defense, but for aggression and conquest. In the September, 1915, issue, is printed the following:

"The true militarist believes that *pacifism is the masculine, and humanitarianism is the feminine manifestation of national degeneracy*. . . . World empire is the only logical and natural aim of a nation."

Well, well! Colonel Roosevelt has been telling us that peaceful people are degenerate for quite some time; but never before were we sneered at for being decent and kindly!

Here's another, from the issue of November, 1915:

"It is the absolute right of a nation to live to its full intensity, to expand, to found colonies, to get richer and richer by any proper means such as armed conquest, commerce, diplomacy."

Dear me! This is "Prussian militarism." Roosevelt or Bernhardt might have said it.

As we have seen in the case of Mr. Hudson Maxim and the National Security League, so the Navy League is also controlled by men who have something to sell—war munitions. Of the 19 persons listed as "founders" of the Navy League, the majority are connected with concerns and establishments which directly, and through interlocking directorates, monopolize the manufacture of war-munitions in the United States.

The Midvale Steel and Ordnance Company, the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and the Carnegie Steel



Composite Photograph of Interlocking Boards of Directors of Munition-Making Corporations

Company, which compose the "Armor-plate Ring," are all "founders" of the Navy League.

The Harvey Steel Company, whose president and counsel were "founders" of the Navy League, was part of a world-wide corporation for the encouragement of Preparedness, and the manufacture of war-munitions; which was owned by the British munitions-making firms of Vickers & Armstrong, the German munitions-makers, Krupp and the Waffenfabrik; the French munitions-makers, Schneider & Co.; the American munitions-makers, Bethlehem Steel Corporation; the Italian munitions-makers, the Terni Foundrie, etc., etc.

Let us look at some of the individual men who are back of the Navy League.

Colonel Robert M. Thompson, a "founder" of the Navy League and now its President, is chairman of the board of directors of the International Nickel Company—a trust which dominates the nickel production on the American continent. More than two-thirds of the cost of metal used in the manufacture of armor-plate is for nickel scrap or metallic nickel, and it is also employed in all kinds of naval construction.

The Nickel Trust now interlocks, through its directorate, with the Midvale Steel and Ordnance Company, the United States Steel Corporation, the Remington Arms Company, the Orford Copper Company, etc. If Colonel Thompson could persuade the American peo-

ple to put through his program for a \$500,000,000 increase in battleships, and so forth, his companies would be paying 20 to 30 per cent. dividends. It will be seen that Patriotism pays.

The late J. P. Morgan, who organized the United States Steel Corporation, was "founder" and principal contributor to the Navy League.

J. P. Morgan, Jr., a director of U. S. Steel, is now a director and contributor to the Navy League.

Edward T. Stotesbury, of J. P. Morgan & Co., a director of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, which has large munitions orders from the Allies, is an honorary vice-president of the Navy League.

Robert C. Bacon, of J. P. Morgan & Co., a director of U. S. Steel, a director of Pennsylvania Steel, is a director of the Navy League.

Henry C. Frick, director of U. S. Steel, is an honorary vice-president of the Navy League.

George R. Sheldon, director of Bethlehem Steel, director of American Locomotive Company, which has profited enormously from war orders, is an honorary vice-president of the Navy League.

Beekman Winthrop, director of Lackawanna Steel, is a director of the Navy League.

Ex-Senator W. A. Clark, the Copper-king, is a director of the Navy League.

Charles F. Brooker, president of the American Brass Co., director of the U. S. Smelting, Refining and Mining Co., the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co. and large stock-holder in Bethlehem Steel—all of which companies have profited heavily from war-orders—is an honorary vice-president of the Navy League.

T. Coleman duPont, recently president of the duPont de Nemours Powder Company, known as the "Powder Trust," was a vice-president of the Navy League, but has now resigned.

A few other firms interested in making munitions of war, who are represented on the Navy League, are as follows:

Steel

Cambria Steel, Eastern Steel, Pacific Hardware and Steel, Federal Steel, Illinois Steel, Minnesota Steel, Union Steel, American Steel and Wire, Titusville Forge.

Copper

Union Copper, La Salle Copper, Superior Copper, Centennial Copper Mining, Isle Royale Copper, White Pine Copper, United Verde Copper, Copper Queen Consolidated Mining, Detroit Copper Mining, Moctezuma Copper, Amalgamated Copper, Burro Mountain Copper, Braden Copper Mines, Inspiration Consolidated Copper, Utah Copper.



Composite Photograph of Interlocking Boards of Directors of Foreign Exploitation Corporations



Composite Photograph of Interlocking Boards of Directors of Patriotic Organizations Boosting Preparedness

Zinc, Lead and Brass

Riverside Metal, Matheson Lead, American Brass, United Zinc and Chemical, Empire Zinc, Mineral Point Zinc, New Jersey Zinc, Manhattan Brass.

Battle-ship Builders

San Francisco Dry Dock, Union Iron Works Dry Dock, Fore River Shipbuilding, Cramp Shipyards, Harlan & Hollingsworth Corporation.

Armor-Plate Patriotism

The Armor-plate Ring, consisting of the Midvale, Bethlehem and Carnegie companies, which controls the armor-plate business of the United States, has been begging Congress not to establish a government plant for the manufacture of armor-plate. It claims that, through patriotic motives, it has never made a profit from supplying armor-plate to the government.

Let us consider the "patriotic" record of the Armor-plate Ring.

In 1894, the House Committee on Naval Affairs found that the Carnegie Steel Company, then Carnegie, Phipps & Co., had been furnishing rotten armor-plate to the Government. It was brought out that armor-plate containing "blow-holes"—which were secretly plugged and concealed from Government inspectors—had been sold to the Government at exorbitant prices, and used in battleships of the American navy. Mr. Charles M. Schwab, one of the "founders" of the Navy League, was superintendent of the Carnegie Company when this fraudulent work was done, and knew of it. Mr. William E. Corey, now president of the Midvale Steel and Ordnance Company, a director of the Nickel Trust and of twenty-four other munitions-making concerns, most of them represented on the Navy League, was in charge of the plant in which the frauds were committed, and knew of them.

The Congressional report of the Carnegie Company's criminality says:

"The company were hired to make the best possible armor-plate and paid an enormous price for so doing. They were hired to make an armor that would stand the shots of an enemy, and upon which the nation might rely in time of need. They were paid between \$500 and \$700 a ton and thousands of dollars a ton for so doing. Resting under these obligations, the company or its servants have perpetrated manifold frauds, the natural tendency of which was to palm off upon the government an inferior armor, whose inferiority might perchance appear only in the shock of battle and with incalculable damage to the country."

And yet this did not impair the company's standing with the Navy Department.

The Carnegie Company was later absorbed by the United States Steel Corporation, of which Mr. Schwab became president. Then he went over to Bethlehem Steel; and since he has been president of that concern, it has been charged by Bethlehem workmen that the same kind of frauds have been perpetrated upon the government.

Improvements in armor-plate and designs, worked out by our constructors in the Navy Department, have been sold to foreign governments by the Armor-plate Ring. Secretary Daniels says:

"Even now the improvements in armor and designs worked out by the Navy, have been embodied in the war-ships of another nation, recently finished by the Bethlehem Steel Company, and put into commission."

How about the Ring's claim that it has never made a profit out of government armor-plate? Since 1887, the United States Government has bought from the Ring 233,339 tons of armor, paying for it an average of \$439 a ton, or a total of \$102,504,292—not to mention millions for other war-materials. There have been ten estimates by government officials as to the cost of armor-plate manufactured in a government



Drawn by Ralph Pearson.

THE NEW EDUCATION

plant, and the average of those estimates, including all overhead charges, is \$250 a ton.

Furthermore, the Armor-plate Ring argues that the government should award contracts to private manufacturers in time of peace, so that they may be relied upon for patriotic co-operation in time of war. In such an emergency, they promise to accept whatever price is determined upon as fair by the Government.

Can we trust the Armor-plate Ring? *When war with Spain was imminent, the Midvale, Bethlehem and Carnegie companies got together and issued an ultimatum to the United States Government, that they would not make a single piece of armor-plate unless the Government would agree to pay \$100 a ton more than the price fixed by Congress as a fair price!*

Secretary of the Navy Daniels, in his annual report for 1913, wrote:

"In this connection, it is well to note that the love of country possessed by these companies did not prevent them from furnishing armor-plate to Russia, as reported to Congress in 1894, at \$249 a ton, while they were charging the United States \$616.14 a ton.

"Nor did it hinder them from furnishing armor to Italy in 1911 at \$395.03 a ton, while they were charging their own government \$420 a ton. *And even at the present day, according to information that seems reliable, they are furnishing the armor for the 'Haruna,' now being built by the Kawasaki Company at Kobe, Japan, at \$406.35 a ton, against the price ranging from \$504 to \$440 a ton which they are now charging us for the armor of battleship No. 39.*"

Remember, these same gentlemen are warning us to Prepare against Japan.

Powder Patriotism

The Powder Trust, or duPont de Nemours Powder Company, which you have seen represented on the Navy League by T. Coleman duPont, has the monopoly of the manufacture of smokeless powder on the American continent, just as the Armor-plate Ring monopolizes the armor-plate industry. It has been begging Congress not to establish a Government plant for the manufacture of powder.

In the last ten years the United States Government has purchased \$25,000,000 worth of powder from the duPont company, at prices ranging from 53 cents to 80 cents a pound. It is the same powder that the Government has been making in its own arsenals for 34 cents a pound; and the Army officers in charge state that the more we make, the cheaper we can produce it.

The duPonts also have a "patriotic" record. They have made powder upon formulae furnished by United States Army laboratories; and at the same time they have had a contract, now abrogated, with the Rheinisch Westphalian Powder Mills, in Germany, to keep that company informed of all improvements in the processes of powder-making. Here is the tenth clause:

"That any and every improvement upon said processes or either of them made by either of the parties hereto at any time hereafter shall forthwith be imparted to the other of the parties hereto."

The thirteenth clause is still more striking:

"That the parties of the second part [the duPonts] will, as soon as possible, inform the party of the first part [the German concern] of each and every contract for brown powder or nitrate of ammonia powder received by the parties of the second part from the Government of the United States or



Drawn by Ralph Pearson.

THE NEW EDUCATION

any other contracting parties, stating in detail quantity, price, time of delivery and all of the requirements that the powder called for in such contract has to fulfill."

If, during the clash between Admiral Dewey and Admiral Diederichs in Manila Bay in 1898, war had been declared, the German Government would have known our exact military resources, governed as they were by the supply of ammunition.

Moreover, the duPont Company was a member of the world-wide Powder Combine, and entered into an agreement not to underbid European powder makers in selling powder to their own governments, in return for the promise of the foreign manufacturers not to undersell the duPont Company in its prices to the United States Government!

The Nigger in the Woodpile

Rear-Admiral French C. Chadwick, of the United States Navy, said at Clarke University, on December 17, 1915:

"Navies and Armies are the insurance for capital owned abroad by the leisure class of a nation. It is for them that empires and spheres of influence exist. The great war now raging is the culmination of efforts to extend those spheres."

Back of all this crude agitation on the part of the munitions-makers is a more grandiose reason for Preparedness—a conspiracy of the great financial interests, so enormous that its prospective loot makes the war-profits look like petty larceny. The real power behind the National Security League, the Navy League and other such organizations, is Wall Street. Wall Street does not talk of "defense." No. Wall Street is getting ready to launch the United States upon a gigantic adventure in World Imperialism, for the benefit of the big financial speculators. And in order to do this, Wall Street must have a great army and navy to protect its foreign investments.

Now owing to the inextricable maze of interlocking directorates and the anonymity of the real powers which control Big Business, it is impossible to state definitely just who is interested in what. But the connections of certain gentlemen vitally interested in Preparedness are significant. For example, Robert C. Bacon is a director of the National Security League, of the Navy League, of the United States Steel Corporation, and a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co.; and through Mr. Morgan, who is a director of the National City Bank, Mr. Bacon also interlocks with the great Rockefeller interests. Henry C. Frick, an honorary vice-president of the Navy League, is also a director of the U. S. Steel, and therefore connected with the Morgan interests, and a director of the Rockefeller National City Bank. Colonel Robert M. Thompson, president of the Navy League, is head of the Nickel Trust, whose board of directors interlocks with that of U. S. Steel, Midvale, Remington Arms and other munitions-making firms, and his immense financial interests are identified with those of the Morgan group—and through Mr. Morgan, of course, with the Rockefeller millions. This will suffice to make clear the fact that the munitions-making interests are controlled by, or allied to, the great speculative powers of Wall Street. All financial roads lead to Morgan or Rockefeller, broadly speaking; and these are now almost indistinguishably interlocked. On one side the Preparedness shouters are usually munitions-makers, with something to sell; on the other side they are imperialist bankers, who create the demand for munitions. They take a profit coming or going.

In the middle of last December, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, chief Preparedness shouter—whose organ, the *Metropolitan Magazine*, is owned by Harry Payne Whitney, a "founder" of the Navy League, a director with the late J. P. Morgan on many banks and cor-

porations, and a director of the Eastern Steel Co—was given a dinner which has been called the "Billion-dollar Dinner." The other guests were Judge Elbert H. Gary, of U. S. Steel; George F. Baker, of J. P. Morgan & Co., chairman of the board of U. S. Steel; August Belmont, director of U. S. Steel, director of the First National Bank; C. A. Coffin, of the General Electric, munitions-makers, and director of several Rockefeller corporations; Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank; Henry Walters, director of U. S. Steel; E. C. Converse, president of the Bankers Trust Co., and director of U. S. Steel and of the Baldwin Locomotive Works; Daniel Guggenheim, the metal-mining king; George W. Perkins, director of U. S. Steel and of the International Harvester Corporation; Jacob H. Schiff, contributor to the Navy League, director of the National City Bank, and head of the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.; Richard B. Lindabury, counsel for U. S. Steel; A. Barton Hepburn, honorary vice-president of the Navy League, director of the American Car and Foundry, munitions-makers, and president of the Chase National Bank; and three or four others of that type.

The American International Corporation

Last autumn the National City Bank—upon whose board of directors we meet our friends, J. P. Morgan, Henry C. Frick, Jacob H. Schiff, William E. Corey, Frank A. Vanderlip, Beekman Winthrop, A. H. Wiggin, and J. Ogden Armour, one of the committee who, under the auspices of the National Security League, issued a statement certifying the patriotism of the Navy League—launched the \$50,000,000 American International Corporation, with a charter, to quote the official announcement,

"... broad enough to authorize the corporation to carry on any kind of business. It can own or operate or buy or sell shipping, railroads, street-car lines, lighting and water plants, docks, warehouses, mines, factories and mercantile establishments."

This means really that the Corporation can exploit "backward countries," establish "spheres of influence," own and operate governments, corrupt and oppress natives, and perpetually embroil this country with other rapacious governments who are competing for the spoils. It means that the United States shall enter the miserable race of exploitation in weak nations—the business that has precipitated the present war in Europe. And these gentlemen are Preparedness shouters. Their real attitude is indicated in a speech by Mr. Vanderlip, in which he said:

"... and this Government (the United States) not only does not protect the lives of its citizens; it does not even protect the interests of its investors abroad."

I quote further from the National City Bank's official announcement of the Corporation:

"The experience of the year has constantly borne in upon these men engaged in this work the importance of having the United States take a larger part than heretofore in the industrial development of other countries where capital is needed. Wealth is accumulating so rapidly that a portion of it can be spared for investment abroad."

"To deal with the situation adequately, very large means are required. No single corporation of its own strength, or combination of banking houses, out of their own resources, can furnish the capital required. It can only be found by arousing the interest and securing the co-operation of the entire country. It is necessary to make it a national undertaking, and appeal to the confidence, enterprise and patriotism of the American people. In order to do this there must be a competent and responsible organization to act as an agency of the investing public, etc., etc."

The Return of Dollar Diplomacy

Doctor Frederick C. Howe, United States Commis-

sioner of Immigration, in his study "Why War," points out that "the countries where capital is needed" are the weak and helpless peoples of Mexico, Central and South America, of Morocco, Tunis, Persia, Africa, China and the Insular Possessions of the United States. He proves conclusively that while the expenses of Imperialism are paid by taxing the people at home, the profits all go into the pockets of private capitalists like the American International Corporation.

"Dollar diplomacy," he says, "navalism, and the exploitation of weaker peoples have gone hand in hand during the last twenty years. The darkest pages of this story will never be written, for the records lie buried in the graves of weak and defenseless peoples in every part of Africa, in Asia, in Turkey, Persia, the Balkans; it is a story that would have been written in the subjugation of Mexico, in Central and South America, had not the Monroe Doctrine intervened."

The reader will remember the Belgian Congo, the British rubber-camps in South America, the dreadful slavery of Mexicans in Yucatan on properties owned by American capitalists. The American International Corporation is planning more of that kind of thing; and when the harassed natives revolt under oppression we must be Prepared—to shoot them down!

"This is the program of preparedness offered by those who have monopolized the railroads and public service corporations, who have seized the iron-ore, coal and copper deposits of the nation, who have enclosed the public domain and laid their hands upon the banks and credit resources of the nation, and who, having exploited prostrate America, are now turning wistful eyes to the virgin opportunities of weak and defenseless peoples in other parts of the world."

An examination of the interests behind the American International Corporation shows that their relations are in the field of monopoly, finance and speculation, and not in the field of manufacture and commerce at all—except the munitions-makers. Notice that they appeal to the "patriotism" of the American people. One safe rule to follow is, that nowadays when you hear people talking about "patriotism," keep your hand on your watch.

Surplus Wealth

The prospectus says:

"Wealth has accumulated so rapidly that a portion of it can be spared for investment abroad."

But none of it can be spared to abolish child labor, the ten- and twelve-hour working day, or the terrible slums which make American cities the disgrace of the world. At this writing there are estimated to be 2,000,000 workmen on strike in the United States, most of them for a living wage, or an eight-hour day, or the right to bargain collectively, or all of these things.

In the National City Bank's December letter about the American International Corporation it says:

"Generally throughout the industries in which male labor is required, the limit of capacity of the present labor supply is about reached. This is a fact for the consideration of people who have been favoring drastic changes in our immigration laws. We may plan for the expansion of our industries and their entrance into foreign markets, but the plans cannot be carried on without the immigrant. The common labor supply comes from no other source."

The limit of capacity has indeed been about reached. Labor can be no further driven. We must have more cheap labor from abroad, so that the great army of the unemployed will be always available to break strikes, depress wages, and recruit the public and private armies which defend property.

Congressmen Keating and Tavenner have called attention to the fact that 2% of the people of the United States own 60% of the property of the country, 65% own only 5%, and that 98% own only 40%. The American people have been so thoroughly drained and exploited that capital can no longer make the swift, enor-

(Continued on page 24)



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

The Flight of the Innocents

An alarmed patriotess has appealed to the ladies of the Boston Auxiliary of the National Security League to "register their automobiles for the purpose of carrying the virgins inland in case of invasion."

Political Stew

THE Hughes victory in Vermont, we are told, was due to the large supply of stickers bearing the justice's name. Evidently the Vermontaneers couldn't resist the temptation to lick stickers and T. R. at the same time.

HUGHES is by all odds the most promising Republican candidate. So far as is known, he has no convictions on any subject. Between Hughes, who has no opinions, and Wilson, who has all kinds, we can have a very pretty quarrel.

AS the primary votes roll in, the Supreme Court justice must feel a thrill of pride at the large number of people who do not believe he meant what he said about not being a candidate.

WICKERSHAM says of Elihu Root: "If by my signature I could make him president, I would do so." The fathers slipped up badly when they devised our electoral system.

MASSACHUSETTS went unheroic by 15,000.

THE campaign has now left the every-man-for-himself and entered the conspiracy stage. T. R. and Hughes are conspiring with or against each other. The favorite sons are allied against them both and in favor of some gentleman whose name we shall know as soon as it is good for us. Root is being used as a stalking horse for Hughes, and vice versa, and Penrose will vote for anybody, especially Knox.

THE Colonel is said to have been gratified because Judge Hughes was beaten more soundly than he was, and because Ford in Pennsylvania fell far short of the 100,000 which somebody feared. With the mellowing influence of the years, Roosevelt is getting easier and easier to please.

INDIANA takes its pleasure sadly. In celebration of its one hundredth anniversary as a state, it has to choose between Jim Watson and Tom Taggart for the Senate and vote for Fairbanks in the Republican convention.

THE President says he is not sleeping well these nights. Maybe he is worrying about the size of the Fairbanks boom.

WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON may reasonably expect solid support from the home folks for his presidential bid. After having had him as mayor for a year, Chicago will do anything within reason to get him off its hands.

OUR favorite ticket, duPont and Little Marjorie, has come apart and we cannot make it run. The powder manufacturer has come out against preparedness.

THE publisher of the *Topeka State Journal* pleads with Taft and the Colonel to forgive and forget, but he isn't holding the press until they fall upon each other's neck.

IN this slippery political year Congress is not taking any chances with the hyphenated vote. It has made no hostile move against any foreign people except the Filipinos.

OUR statesmen have fallen into a strange brood-silence upon the dangerous subject of Brandeis. After reflection most of them have decided to speak a kind word for Lincoln and deplore the high price of gasoline.

SOMEBODY has opened Burton headquarters in New York. George W. Perkins denies that he will be secretary of the treasury under Roosevelt, Missouri has gone for Champ Clark, and the interior of the coliseum at St. Louis will be pure white.

NOT that it matters at all.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

Frozen

THE *Chicago Tribune* lets out the real idealism of the military patriot, in these lines:

"It was a sight to kindle patriotism in the coldest breast to watch the long lines come to 'present arms, when Gen. Obregon's carriage hove in sight. A thousand soldiers handled their rifles as one man with machinelike precision.

" 'Present arms.'

"Up and down the avenue as far as the eye could see American soldiers in their clean khaki uniforms obeyed as one man. The infantrymen stood like frozen images with their brightly burnished rifles at salute."

I suppose that when the entire population of the country behave like machines, and look like frozen images, the ultimate ideal of these patriots of the republic will be achieved. But why a republic?

A TALK ACROSS THE BORDER

Lincoln Steffens

A FINE, old typical American—he looked like the pictures of Uncle Sam—was standing, with his elbows over the wire fence that happened to mark the boundary between Texas, U. S. A., and Mexico. His gaze stared wistfully out through the blazing sunshine across the desert, till it turned to look at a horseman who came jogging easily along the border trail. A fine, young, typical Mexican, the rider was, and his mount was a high-bred mule. Both man and animal were gorgeously caparisoned. The man wore a high-peaked, broad-brimmed hat of black felt, trimmed with gold; a short, green velvet jacket with polished dollars for buttons, opened to show a white, fine linen shirt, caught at the throat by a red, red handkerchief. A belt of pistol cartridges held the slender waist of his white, dust-red-dened trousers, which followed closely the curving lines of his short, stout legs to the ankle; there they flared out over his fine, light, high-heeled, big-spurred boots.

"Good days," he greeted, with a graceful bow to Uncle Sam, who answered heartily: "Good day." And as the older man saw that the younger was going on by, he called again.

"Excuse me, Don José, for interrupting your progress, but—"

"Nothing, Señor," said Don José, pulling up sharply, and sweeping off his hat. "It is pleasure before business with us; pleasure today, business tomorrow."

The American started a bit at the answer. It was just what he had been thinking about the Mexicans: "Mañana, mañana. Will they never grow up?" But his neighbor's politeness suppressed his thought. Putting business before pleasure, he said:

"Did you happen to see or hear of a bunch of my boys that I sent off down into your country—?"

"I met them on my way," said Don José, "and a fine lot of gentlemen they were, very serious, very—very much in a hurry, but—but I welcomed them to my country. My country is theirs, and yours, Señor, and everything that is in it."

"But they—we don't want your country," said Uncle Sam, and he was so sincere, so earnest in his protestations, that the Mexican was forced to answer.

"If you do not want my country, Señor," he said, "you will not take my country. All I say is that if you do, it is yours, Señor—like my house, like—"

And Don José waved his hand broadly around over the country back of Uncle Sam. But the Mexican was so insincere, so very polite that the American felt compelled, by his own honesty, to answer:

"I know what you mean," he said. "You mean that we did take California, New Mexico, Texas—the very ground I'm standing on, and—"

The Mexican raised his two hands and stayed the American's speech.

"The Señor American does me a grave injustice," he said. "I do not mean what he says." He smiled. "I hardly mean what I say. I mean," he sharpened his look and his voice—"I mean only what I mean: that it is a very pleasant day, and that the American soldiers are very welcome indeed upon my country's hospitable soil."

Again the Mexican smiled, and smiling, he asked: "When do you expect them back, Señor?"

"That is something I was wondering and worrying

about myself," said Uncle Sam. "They went over to catch a bandit, who invaded American soil and raided an American town."

"So they told me," said Don José. "I couldn't quite understand all that they said, but what I gathered was that this Mexican traitor they were after had gone into Texas at the hospitable invitation of an American—Pardon me, Señor; it is only with your gracious permission that I say that your soldiers seemed to say that our Mexican bandit-traitors did what they did at the behest of an American bandit or bandits who had treasonably planned thus to get your people and mine into a war. I asked them—after I had bidden them welcome to our country and to our bandit, if they could catch him—I asked them, and I would ask you also, Señor, why they didn't pursue your bandit. I do not comprehend. But not, you understand, not that you are not welcome to ours."

Uncle Sam searched shrewdly the amiable, handsome face of Don José. He half-suspected the Mexican was making fun of him, but, no, he dismissed the thought. Don José was so polite, so grave and, besides, foreigners have no humor. Uncle Sam answered seriously, therefore, the serious inquiry of his neighbor.

"Our great country," he said, "is too big and too developed, and our bandits are too smart, too many and too powerful, to make such hunting good over here. The trails of treason are a maze; they run everywhere and always under-ground. We cannot see them from above, and no honest man could follow one and not get lost. No, a civilized country is no place to go looking for traitors in. But yours, Don José, yours is a comparatively small, open, uncivilized country, and the trails of evil are all on the surface. We should be able to see your bandit from a flying machine, and catch him with a few troops of cavalry."

Don José turned in his saddle to look long into the distances of Mexico. When his innocent eyes came back to the shrewd face of the American, he asked:

"And is your cavalry to pursue our bandit as long and as far as he runs?"

"That's their orders," the American said heroically. "They were to go until they got him."

Don José looked troubled for once. "Isn't that going too far?" he asked.

"It had to be done," said Uncle Sam. "The American people—"

"Ah?" said the Mexican. "The people! Haven't you a strong government? That's what the Gringos recommend to us, to put our people down. Haven't you put down yours?"

"The American people are a free people," said the older man proudly.

"Yes, yes, I remember now," said the Mexican. "I have read or heard somewhere that you had a revolution like ours, once, long, long ago, and that you achieved then—liberty, was it? Or, was it merely independence? Independence from some foreign, interfering, neighboring country?"

"England," prompted Uncle Sam. "It was England."

"Right," said Don José, "you have right. It was England whose paternalism and intervention you resented and put an end to. So you and your free

and independent people can understand that we are fighting for our independence, now; for freedom from all interference by—any foreign country."

"Yes," said Uncle Sam heartily, "we can and we wanted, if—and we only want to help you."

"As England helped you?"

The American felt that he saw through the Mexican's manners to his meaning.

"I see what you mean by interfering neighbors," he said. "You mean us; you mean us Americans. You mean that the very expedition to help you catch your bandit is—is intervention. But, my dear sir—"

"Pardon me," said Don José, with commanding dignity. "You are putting words into my mouth and taking them out of yours. I mean no such thing. Why, if I thought that this were intervention; if my people thought that—we would—With your permission, I will say that we would—fight, Señor. We would fight. But you have said and we believe that you mean only to help us; that all you do is for our good."

"That's it," said the American. "I'm glad that you understand. I've always been afraid that you wouldn't, that—"

"Impossible," said Don José. "How could we misunderstand, when not only your government, but all—all the Americans that come to Mexico say and have shown by their works, Señor, that they are there to develop our country for us and uplift us, the people."

Uncle Sam was in doubt again. The Mexicans—all foreigners are queer. They are not open and honest like us; they don't say all that they think. They seem to hold back their innermost thought, imply some things and, generally, to leave a lot to the intelligence. But the honest American decided to let the polite Mexican be as circuitous as he would, he, the American, would be honest, frank and plain.

"Then, why won't you let us come over there now and help you get your house in order?" he said, right out.

The Mexican was rolling a cigarette, and thinking. He rolled the cigarette with that dextrous skill which is so characteristic of an artistic people. Then he spoke.

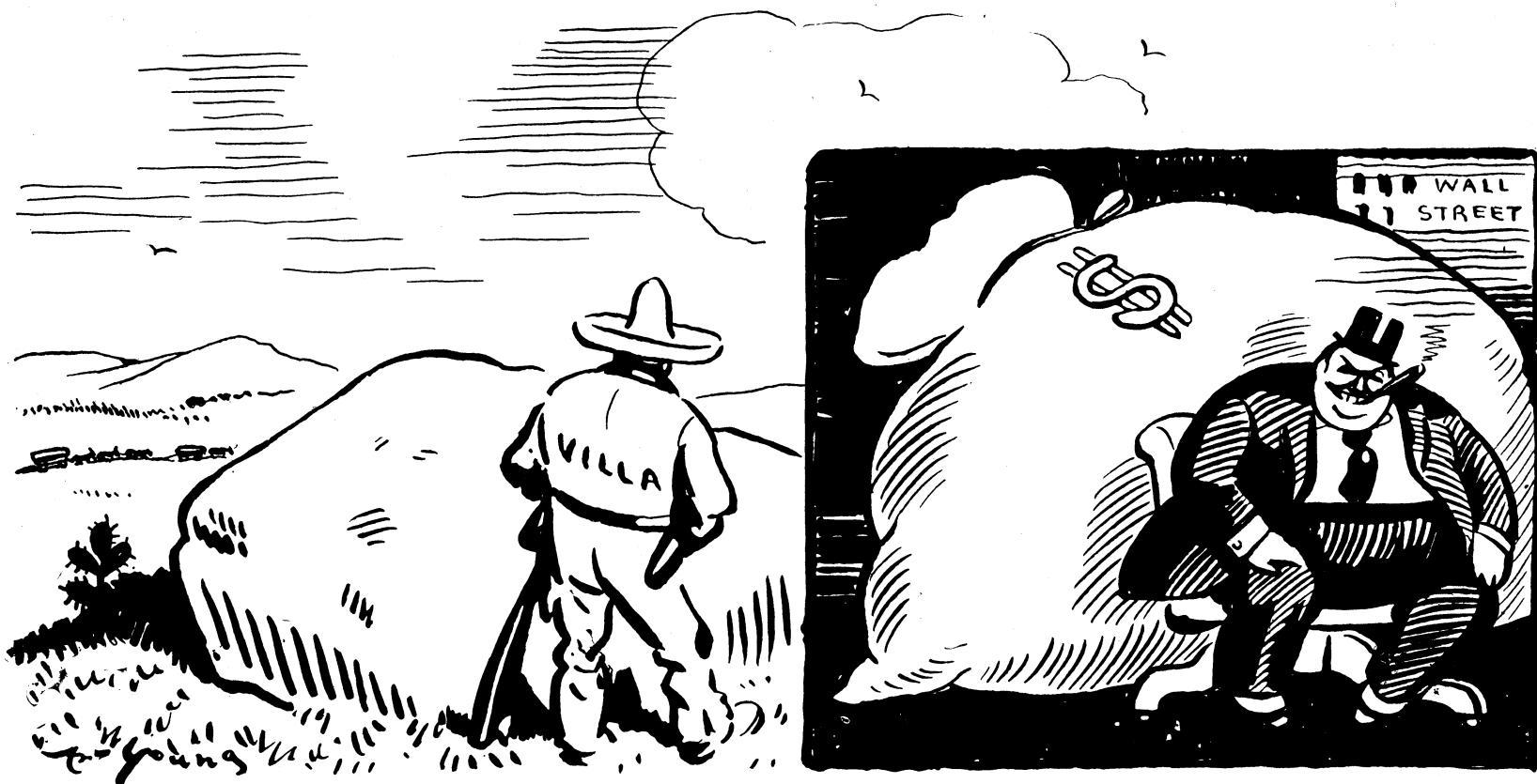
"Señor," he said, "we are very reluctant to put you to the trouble of putting our house in order."

"That's all right," said the American, kindly, "we like to help others. We have done it for Cuba, and Porto Rico, the Philippines and we intend to help China some day and, maybe, later, Europe. But America, and especially South America, all you—all the helpless Latin Americans—have the first claim upon us, for charity begins at home, you know. And Mexico—"

Don José had lit his cigarette. He pinched out the match, and shot it high in the air.

"At home, yes," he said. "At home. And that's another reason why we Mexicans dislike to accept your generous offers to put our house in order. We realize that you still have a lot of house-cleaning to do at home."

"Oh, but we have done that," said the American, "we got our house in pretty good shape now, so that we could easily spare time and—our genius to fix you up. We want to."



Drawn by Arthur Young.

SPEAKING OF BANDITS

The American Soldiers Are On the Wrong Trail

"The noble señor is very kind," said the courtly Mexican, "but—but—if you will not laugh at me for saying it, we Mexicans are trying just now to fix ourselves up. And we want awfully to do it—ourselves."

"Fine, very natural, very—but why don't you do it?" the honest American blurted. "Why don't you reestablish law and order down there?"

"Because," the Mexican began sharply, but he softened his tone, "because," he paused, "we don't put law and order first."

The American was amazed. "But, how," he exclaimed, "how in the world can you start up business again without law and order?"

"But," the Mexican protested, "we don't put business first, either, nor second."

"Well, but what in the world can be more important than good government and good business? What do you put ahead of them?"

"As I said when you—greeted me, Señor," said Don José, "we Mexicans, all Latins, I think, we put pleasure before business, pleasure and independence, liberty and justice, land and wealth for everybody."

"Yes, but most of those are American ideals," said the American. "Only, you see, you can't have them without law and order, and business. Why, liberty and justice without law are license and—impossible. And, as for wealth, how can you get wealth except in business? No, Don José, what you say you want is good, very good, but I can see that you don't know how to get those fine things. And we Americans do. You'd better let us come over there and give them to you. Come now, honest Injun, what do you say?"

The Mexican frowned, then he smiled, and he picked up his reins.

"I say," he said, "I say that I fear, Señor, that

you and I, and your people and my people, are different people, speak a different language and mean different things when we speak and when we do deeds."

"But why, Don José? I can't see that. It's all perfectly plain, what I say; what I propose; what we Americans could do, in Mexico for you Mexicans."

"I'm afraid it is," said Don José. "I'm afraid that what you propose is to make Mexico just like the United States."

"That's it," said the American gladly, "that's it exactly. So, you see, you do understand me."

"Yes," said the Mexican, "I'm afraid I do. I'm afraid—" He paused. "Señor," he said, "adios."

And he drove his spurs cruelly into his high-bred, high-spirited mule, and—was off on his way.

"Queer fellow," said Uncle Sam. "Queer neighbors. Queer people."

VISITS

I WANTED to see the houses of the Poor, and there was a settlement nurse to take me. We knocked. An old woman greeted us—wrinkled, stout and misshapen from child bearing. (Still in her twenties the nurse said afterwards.) The room was warm and dark. There were some children on the bed. One older child clung to the nurse's skirt. The nurse looked at his head, and said to the mother, "Have you used the kerosene?" "Has Louis kept his job?"

I wanted to see the houses of the Rich. And there was no one to take me. I went alone and rang at the door. I asked if I might look. But the Butler, I think it was the Butler, closed the door.

JEANNETTE PHILLIPS.

Prize Baby

TWO babies had been selected from the candidates as 100% perfect. They had been thumped, passed over, pried into, manhandled by a committee of self-important strangers. One of them finally protested. The prize was promptly awarded to the other. Such is the idealism of a slave-holding civilization.

THE MASSES editors have mailed a special first prize to the baby that hollered.

THE BOY WHO REFUSED TO GO TO CHURCH

ALEXIS ABERCROMBIE BIRCH
When young, refused to go to church;
Though oft commanded, as a rule
He'd balk before the vestibule:

He did not fear the cruel rods
Of bloody, Israelitish Gods,
Nor did he feel the better for
A sacrifice of human gore:

Though seas of sinners' blood were spilt
In hymns of sanguinary lilt,
He did not care at all forsooth,—
And this, they said, was due to youth:

Alexis Abercrombie,—list!—
Became a wicked pacifist,
As would, 'twas stated, any Birch
Who never, never went to church.

SEYMOUR BARNARD.

The Masses at The White House

Max Eastman

PRESIDENT WILSON represents our theoretical popular sovereignty with beautiful distinction. He is a graciously democratic aristocrat. He models his public style upon the pattern of the eloquent Burke. Nobody else in the United States has ever been affected by Burke's eloquence, because Burke's speech on Conciliation was a required reading in our high-schools. But Wilson must have been educated at home. He quotes Burke at length, and, if you can believe it, with real appreciation.

I had seen him and heard him quote Burke before, but not with the dignity of office added to his natural talents in that direction. You can easily see in an hour's conversation what power he wields over our country post-office politicians. It is the power of aristocratic and yet real knowledge. They are treated handsomely, they know that, but they always find themselves a little tongue-tied and unable to answer back on the same level. For Mr. Wilson not only quotes Burke, but he quotes Burke to the point. He has an adroit logic, as well as a technical knowledge and the diction of a king's minister. He is the ablest man that has been in that office for years.

After our call at the White House in the interest of democracy against militarism, we retired to a neighboring hotel, and unanimously agreed that we had been handled beautifully. The President had taken us into his intellectual bosom, told us all about the delicate practical question of *how far* "preparedness" must go in order to be adequate, explained to our minds the difference between an absolute principle and its specific applications which are always relative, patiently and confidently elucidated the difficulties of anyone but an expert's deciding those relative questions, and throughout the interview always referred to the Union Against Militarism as though he were a member of it. The whole interview became in his hands a friendly and harmonious discussion of how "we" could meet the difficulties of national defense without the risks of militarism.

We all liked him, and we all sincerely believed that he sincerely believes he is anti-militarist. For my part, more yet, I believe that he sincerely hates his preparedness policies, and justifies them to his mind in only one way. He knows that they are in themselves a betrayal of the progress of civilization, and his heart is in that progress as he understands it. But he justifies those policies by dwelling very strongly in his mind upon the idea of world-federation and the international enforcement of peace. He tries to think of our egregious war appropriations merely as a step towards that practical hope. He told us so. And though most of the newspapers failed or refused to see it, that was the big result of our interview.

President Wilson spoke of the establishment of world peace by means of a "family of nations" who should say "we shall not have any war," and back that "shall" up with force, as the natural practical thing to accomplish after the war is done. He characterized it as a "very practical ideal," and alluded to it several times in answering our questions. The close of our interview was characteristic:

"Mr Pinchot: Mr. President, it seems to me that

we have got to recognize the fact that we are just like everybody else, and that we are not the least bit less aggressive than any other nation. We are potentially more aggressive, because our economic organizations are more active, more powerful, in reaching out and grasping for the world trade. The organization of the International Corporation is one of the great trade factors of modern history; and it seems to me that if you hitch up this tremendous aggressive grabbing for the trade of the world with a tendency to back up that trade, there is going to be produced an aggressive nationalism."

"The President: It might very easily, unless some check was placed upon it by some international arrangement which we hope for. I quite see your point."

This puts President Wilson so far above and beyond Theodore Roosevelt in sensing the tragedy of the world today, and apprehending a road out into the future, that it ought to be set in plain terms before every citizen.

It is the true issue between the two candidates for nomination. Preparedness is no issue. They are all for that in the ruling class. But whether those who control our society shall see the practical wisdom of international action and understanding, or whether they shall commit us to that insane and bigoted nationalism which has ravaged Europe, is a vital question for us all.

Roosevelt has announced his motto: *Americanism and Preparedness.*

We will announce Wilson's for him: *International Action and Preparedness.*

He will never announce it for himself, because he is too much affected by the fear of Roosevelt's popularity. Roosevelt has already frightened him into imitating those foolish and rabid sayings about the necessity of "intense Americanism" if anything good or noble is to be done. His party advisers, I suppose, think it is good politics for him to go before the press club and imitate that bosh. But it is not good politics.

The common people of this country do not want war. They will vote for the man who holds out a surety that there will be no war. They are divided as to whether "preparedness" brings war or prevents it. But as to whether rabid nationalism brings war or prevents it, they are not divided. They know that rabid nationalism is the one indispensable condition and sure cause of war the world over. That is an article of common sense.

"Intense Americanism in everything"—a more pitiable, small, egotistical and murder-breeding motto at this time of the whole world's tragedy could hardly be devised.

Intense Germanism, intense Britishism—those are the causes of the European war. The people of the United States intuitively know this, and they will reject the man with the jingo motto, and they will accept the man who boldly points the way out of this perennial calamity. I wish that President Wilson might point the way to all as boldly as he did to our committee, for there is no issue so great as that in upper class politics today.

Address to the President

MR. PRESIDENT, it is a privilege to take the place of Mr. Maurer, the President of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor, in representing the opposition of the workingman—the so-called common man—to an increase in our military and naval expenditures at this time. As you know, the working people have no distinct voice in the American Press. The newspapers are not published by them, and they are not published for them. It is, therefore, only through carefully noting certain inconspicuous incidents that you can detect their wishes.

The greatest labor union in the country—the United Mine Workers of America—unanimously adopted the report of their President, stating not only that they are opposed, but that it is their belief that organized labor throughout the country is opposed to the whole program of increased preparedness.

The Cleveland Federation of Labor, in a referendum vote, recorded itself 7½ to one against the movement for increased preparedness—and that in spite of the fact that Cleveland is making \$40,000,000 a month out of the manufacture of munitions, and the jobs of these workers are secure as never before.

Not only Mr. Maurer, the President of Pennsylvania's State Federation, but Mr. John B. Lennon, the Treasurer of the American Federation of Labor, felt free to say at our hearing that, in their belief, the laboring men of the whole country, both organized and unorganized,—the men who enlist, Mr. President,—are opposed to increasing at this time our preparations for war.

The Industrial Workers of the World have officially opposed every motion to increase the military tendencies of our times, from the day of their organization.

In every city that we visited on our tour, organized labor took a major part in the arrangement and advertising of our meetings, and the response to Mr. Maurer's presentment of the common sense reasons why labor opposes the preparedness program was tremendous in every audience.

It seems to the leaders of these organizations, and of the Socialist party which seeks to represent the interests of the laboring class as a whole, that international disputes can be settled without war in so far as they are approached internationally. If I may assume in any sense to represent them, I venture to say they believe that the present dangerous crisis with Mexico could be handled without the loss of another soldier's life, another workingman's life, if a joint commission of representatives of the *de facto* government and representatives of our government were appointed to cooperate in having our Southern borders patrolled, our own troops on our own side of the border and the Carranza troops on theirs.

It is by extending such international action, following a precedent that you yourself set in the A. B. C. conferences, that we believe the danger of foisting the European evil, militarism, upon this country can be averted, even in a crisis.

In conclusion, I respectfully suggest, Mr. President, that the customs of your office lead you most frequently to address audiences recruited from the upper classes in this country, and that the response you receive from them upon the proposal to increase the military, are misleading you as to the true sentiment

of the country. If it could have happened, by some extraordinary accident, that instead of addressing the D. A. R., or the Women's section of the Navy League, you had come to address such a representative body as the 60,000 striking garment workers in New York City, I am sure you would have met a response very different from this military excitement which seems to have seized our ruling and leisure classes since the European war, and the profits of the European war, began.

Conscription Here

PRESIDENT WILSON'S answer to our representation of the danger of militarism inherent in the Preparedness fad, was to assure us that the heart of the country is too sound; the traditions of democracy are too deeply rooted here.

While he deceives himself with these elevated optimisms, New York State adopts conscription. Royal England fought conscription to the last ditch in war time, but democratic New York has adopted it in time of complete security without a murmur. On May 15th Governor Whitman signed two bills which commit us to the extreme evils of continental European militarism:

The Welsh-Slater bill, providing for the compulsory military training of all boys of the State between 16 and 19 years of age, except those regularly employed as a means of livelihood. The course is to be given after school hours, and provision is made for Summer volunteer camps.

The Stivers bill authorizing the Governor to order an enrollment of all male citizens between 18 and 45 years of age. From this list he may order a draft at any time, whether the country be at peace or war, in order to bring the National Guard or any detachment of it up to full strength.

For my part if Governor Whitman or any of his war lords undertook to draft me into the National Guard, I would barricade my house and start the war there. And if the Board of Regents in its feudal capacity undertook to force military training on my boy against his will, I would defend him in my castle. I wonder how many other citizens of New York feel this way.

Politely True

THERE is a skeleton in the closet of every republic. Behind all the eloquent ceremonials of democracy, the high forms of speech and procedure which celebrate with new-world courtliness the royalty of the people—behind all this, which is beautiful, there lurks furtively a dirty truth. The truth is that those of the people who have no property or connections, the working-people, are not royal in the least degree, and no amount of ceremonial language or good political machinery can make them so. The government is not theirs. Human nature is not so constituted that while they are poor it can be theirs. The power and the influence which speak through these democratic ceremonials are attributes of aristocracy. The republican experiment failed. Everybody knows this, sees it. Like the intimate unpleasantness of an unsuccessful marriage it lurks darkly in the mind of every guest, but only a rude boob or a fanatic would mention it at the table, or anywhere else.

Reflecting upon this, I took great pains to choose polite and unfanatical words in reminding the president of the attitude of labor to the huge armament program. I had

just read of his addressing certain enthusiastic ladies of the Navy League on Preparedness; and in the same papers the strike of sixty thousand garment workers in New York. Why should not the president of a republic address an organization of sixty thousand earnest and troubled men and women like that, I had asked myself, instead of edifying with patriotic platitudes a few light-hearted women of wealth? Other people ask themselves these questions. But rarely their neighbors. It is rude, fanatical—it is not good taste to talk this thing out, because it spoils all our ritual idealisms, and besides it is utterly obvious. A sort of well-bred common sense leads us to ignore it, except when we are joking. I felt as though I were joking, or rather as though I were rude, when

I suggested—even so politely—this important truth about the garment workers to the President. It was distinctly a case of alluding to the skeleton. The President felt as though I were rude, too.

And yet, after all, how can we go on ignoring this, the great fact of modern life, for the sake of those formulated idealisms?

In spite of our elective officialdom, society is, on the whole, ruled both politically and socially, by a propertied aristocracy. Let us not be blind—or polite—about that. It is too important.

Some day this skeleton will walk. It is not dead or decayed. More effective than that—it is true. Some day so great a multitude will visibly see this truth that it will be impolite *not* to acknowledge it.

THE PITTSBURG STRIKE

Dante Barton

WITH a beginning of 60,000 workers on strike for the eight-hour day in the Pittsburg district, Isaac W. Frank, multi-millionaire, president of several great machine works and head of the Employers' Association of Pittsburg, told the writer of this article that Frank P. Walsh, Chairman of the Committee on Industrial Relations, "ought to be assassinated."

He rested his violent frame of mind against the body of Frank Walsh on the assertion that Mr. Walsh, as Chairman of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, had stimulated the demands for the eight-hour day and for better wages to workers and for collective bargaining by workers, and had "intimidated" the big employers of labor into admitting that those demands were right.

Isaac W. Frank, along with the other Pittsburg exploiters of labor, had seen the war profits of all of them dwindling, or ceasing altogether, because the workers had taken their opportunity to force good wages, to force shorter hours, to force their own control of their own lives.

The Steel Corporation, master of Pittsburg, master of the Employers' Association, and master of Isaac

W. Frank, had seen the strike spreading to its own great plants and threatening its own great profits. One million dollars profits a day the Steel Trust had made for nearly a year—and it saw the golden flood dammed by the simple process of those who poured it into their chests refusing longer to pour it.

Seeing those things had made the master Steel Trust and its associate masters mad with fright and mad with the rage of still unsatisfied greed.

Something had to be done.

Something was done.

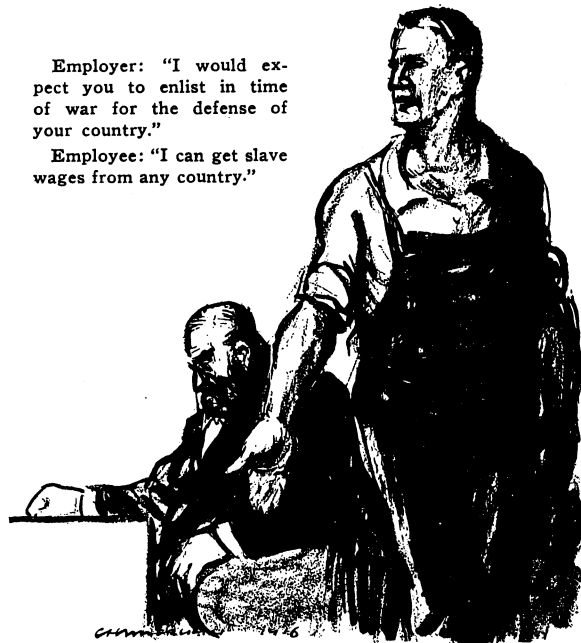
The Steel Corporation remembered that the Carnegie slaughter of the workers in Homestead in 1892 had kept its companies absolute masters of its men for a quarter of a century. It applied that lesson, called to its Edgar Thomson works in Braddock the Coal and Iron Guards of Gary—some of them Ludlow "veterans"—and shot round after round from riot guns into the crowds of men and women and children who were calling to their fellow workers to come out from industrial slavery and be free industrial men. It killed five workers and wounded sixty others, among them several women. That act of murderous violence linked up perfectly with the expressed desire of murderous violence against the body of Frank P. Walsh.

It was followed with the usual perfect precision of the political-legal machine of the state in arresting the wrong men—in arresting and committing to jail not the employers who had talked or acted murderously, but the victims of the murderous talk and action—some of them wounded, more of them not wounded because they were not there.

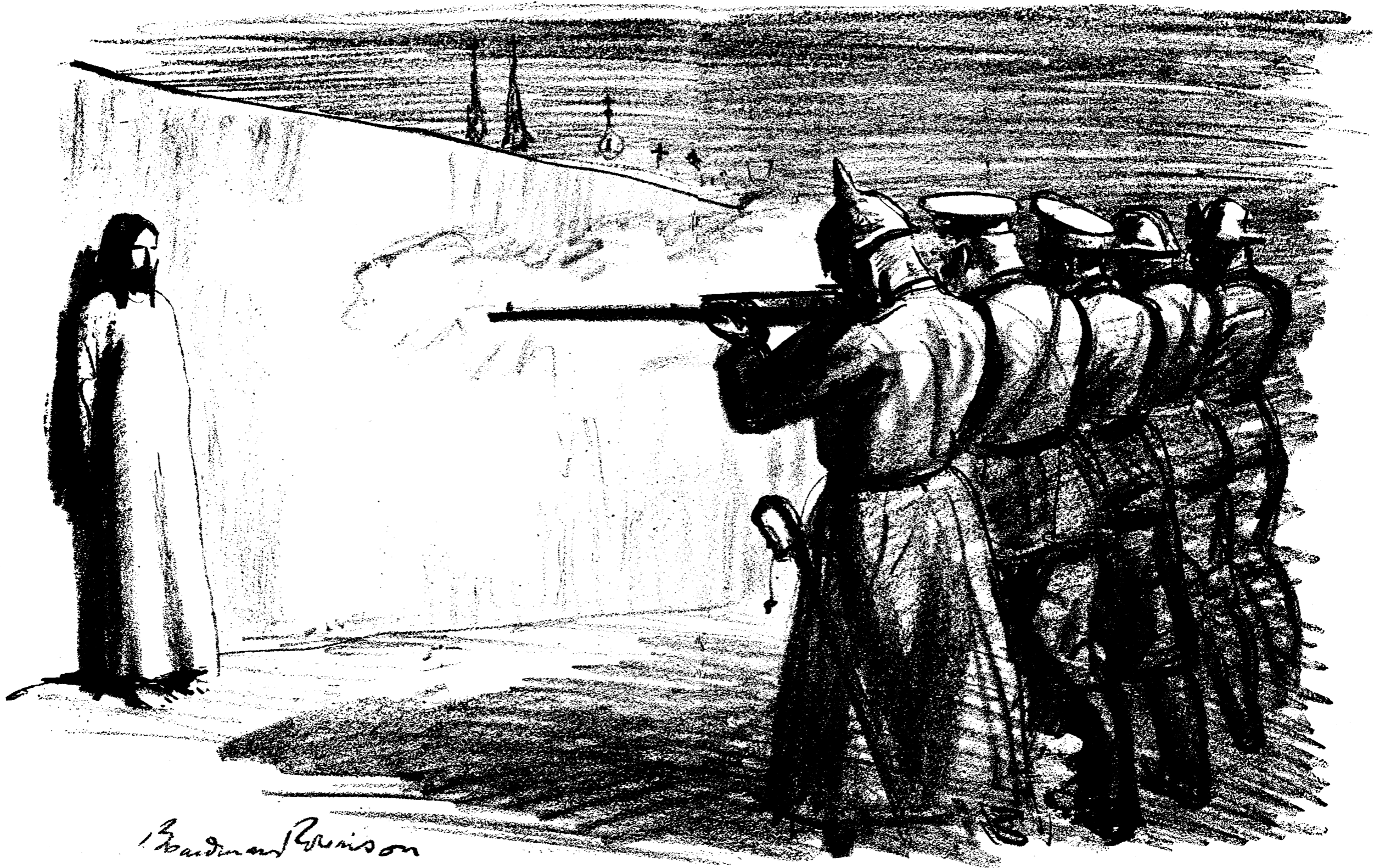
The guards and the coroner and the state's attorney made one mistake. They did not "get" Wiljem Laakso, Eskimo from the north of Finland, American strike picket from the same compassless humanity that led Ibrahim Omar into the front ranks to be shot down by the guards.

Wiljem Laakso had talked brotherhood and workmen's solidarity to the strikers. By all the rules of that second day of May he had deserved "assassination"—the Capital punishment that only in this United States private Capital is permitted to administer from its own hands. "I stand with you," Laakso had said to a great mass meeting of the workers—"I stand with you because you my brother, I your brother. I come from Finland to Conneaut Harbor in Ohio. I come here to Pitts-

(Continued on page 26.)



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

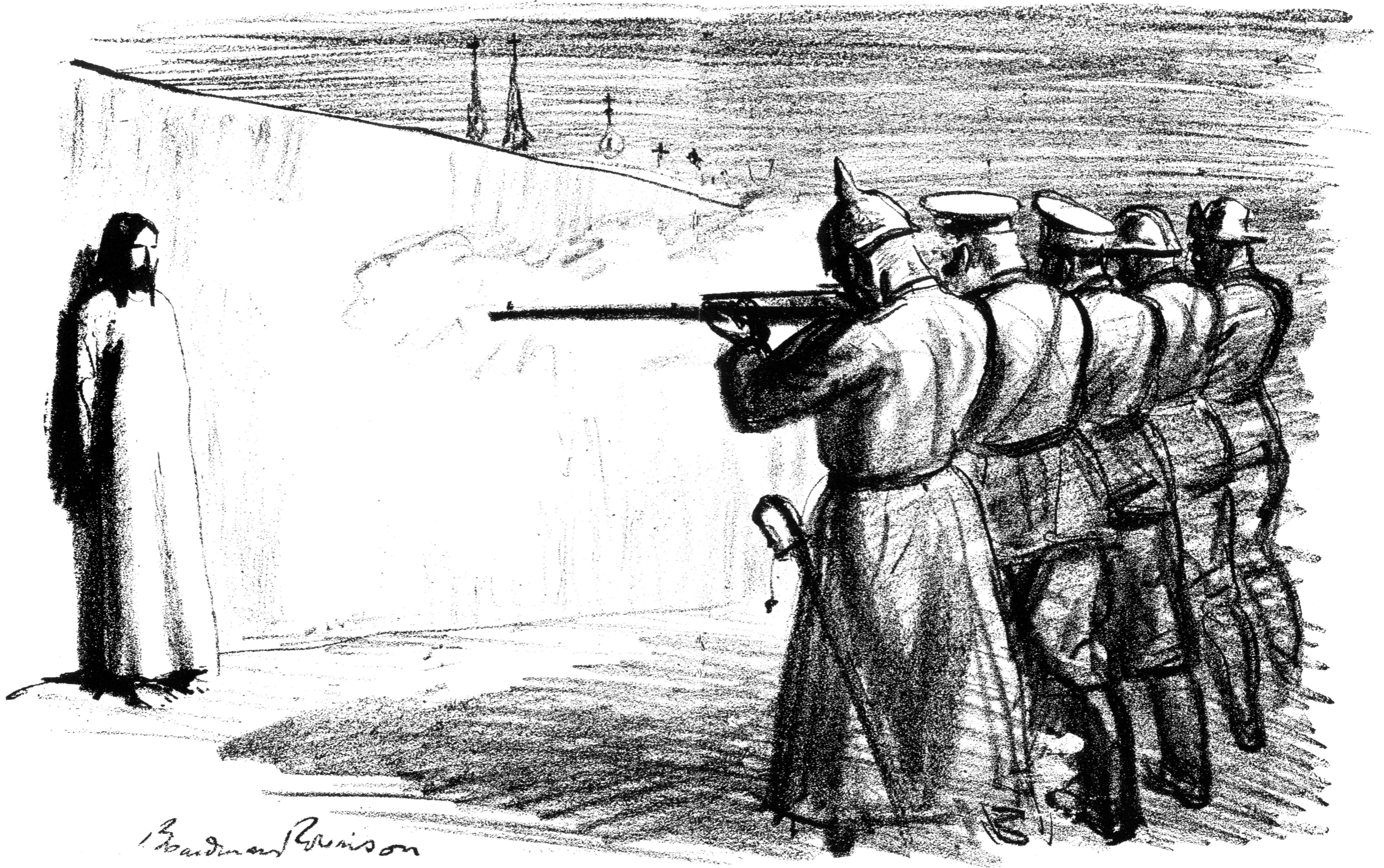


Boardman Robinson

Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

The Deserter

THE MASSES, July, 1916.



Boardman Robinson

Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

The Deserter

The Irish Rebellion

Jim Larkin

THE Irish Rebellion was brought to birth by men who had given service to the working class in all quarters of the globe. James Connolly, who has sealed his belief in the principles of eternal justice and the cause of the common people, worked as an organizer for the Socialist Party in Scotland, and for many years in America. In 1907, when I found the work, which I had set my hand to, required of me more than I could give it, worn out in brain and physically unfit, I appealed to Connolly to come home. I explained the desperate nature of the undertaking, pointing out to him that not only would he have to sacrifice his position, the welfare of his wife and children (six of whom were girls, one a boy, and they were young in years and unable to work), and also made clear to him the possibility that it might mean the sacrifice of his life.

Connolly, who knew only too well what the call meant to him, never hesitated for a moment; he broke up his home and upon landing in Ireland in 1908 found that the man who had invited him home was lying in jail, the movement had got a smashing blow, the organized employers, the so-called Nationalist Party, controlled by John Redmond, in collusion with the British government, not forgetting the Clerical reactionists, determined to destroy the movement body and soul. No householder would give us shelter, the police were ordered to batter to death the men who wore the Union Badge, our children in some cases were refused entrance into the schools, priest and parson fulminated against us in their pulpits, some of the more intolerant Sinn Fien leaders denounced us as tools of the English government. Connolly never failed us, even in that hour of trial; waiting until I was released from prison, we gathered the remnants of the army together, supported by a group of the most intelligent, loyal and determined comrades a man ever had the honor to associate with, or a movement ever produced; and so we set out to walk in the footsteps of those who had gone before us. We knew that to preach economic determinism without having an industrial and social organization behind it, and an armed force if necessary to protect this organization, would be futile. Therefore, we designed a plan and method of organization, which I submit, given a reasonable time to develop, will yet prove the only successful method of overthrowing the capitalist system. Organizing the workers into industrial unions in the several industries, linking them up into one homogeneous whole, connecting the agricultural workers through the co-operative movement with the urban worker, providing the members of the organization with the means of social intercourse through the various activities we had on foot—dramatic societies, orchestras, choirs, bands, football clubs, medical clinics, billiards, boxing, wrestling, and all the other commitments of the social life of communities, but all directly linked up with the industrial organization; never forgetting at all times to give them instruction as to the real purpose of their existence. Taking them from the fetid atmosphere of the slums into healthy recreational pursuits, we took them mindward into the realms of art, literature and science—always pointing out to them a belief and consciousness of their class. After many educating struggles on the industrial field, which brought with them sometimes tribulations, but always experience and

knowledge, we found out that we had also to give them an opportunity to exercise their military ardor, as a counter attraction to the recruiting officer and the call of militarism, and as a means of self-protection against the onslaughts of the hired assassins, soldiers and police of the capitalist class. We organized the Citizen Army, every member of which was a class-conscious member of the working class, and of necessity had to be a member of his union.

This is the army which gave the world pause some few days ago and in association with their fellows of the Sinn Fien and National Volunteers, held the City of Dublin for seven days, though badly equipped. Let me say here that the statement that the revolutionary movement was financed, organized, or controlled from any German source, is a deliberate and calculated lie. The Citizen Army was organized in 1908, in Cork City. It was driven out of existence by persecution and the jailing of its members, including myself, in 1909. It was reborn during the big Transport Strike in England in 1911. The uniforms, arms and equipment which they possessed were owned and controlled by the unions with which they were affiliated, but were paid for by the weekly contribution of the members of the organization. The officers were elected by the rank and file. Our First Adjutant was Captain White, the son of General Sir George White, who commanded the forces at Ladysmith during the Boer War. I presided over the court martial which compelled White to present his resignation under penalty of dismissal because we found him propagating the idea among the rank and file that the working class could not produce men who could guide them out of the cursed system of capitalism into the co-operative commonwealth, but ever insinuating that the middle class and aristocrats should be appealed to to save them. It is true, of course, and no apology is necessary, that the Irish revolutionary movement in America did open negotiations through Roger Casement with the German government. And it is quite within the bounds of probability that if the Irish revolutionary movement at home could have held its position for some time longer, it too would have opened up negotiations with any ally for the purpose of getting arms and equipment to carry their venture to success. Why apologize? Some day the organized workers of the different nations that go to make up the universe will take advantage of the experience and practice of the capitalist governments, and will appoint their ambassadorial staffs, connect up their organizations and be prepared to act in assisting each other, whenever attacked by the capitalist class in their several countries. With such an organization and in such a day and hour, will we possess a real international working class movement.

It is also necessary to state that each member of the Citizen Army took an oath upon joining that he would not fight outside the boundaries of his own nation, except to assist the struggling revolutionary working class of another country, that he would take no orders from King, Kaiser nor any capitalist government, but would march and fight only by instruction of the common people and to preserve the rights of the common people. They refused to be conscripted, preferring to die in Ireland than to serve as hired assassins to shoot and maim members of the working class of any country.

From letters which I have received it is plain to

me that the premature rising in Ireland was forced upon them by the knowledge the insurgents possessed that the British government were determined to conscript them. The ultimate aim of their work and endeavor, as set down in the declaration they signed, and which Connolly and myself drafted, was to set up a co-operative commonwealth in Ireland, based on industrial democracy. The cuts that have appeared in the papers of Liberty Hall, labelled the headquarters of the Sinn Fien movement, were so labelled with the purpose of confusing and misleading those who saw such photographs. Liberty Hall, Dublin, was the headquarters of the Irish Transport and General Workers Union, of which I am the General Secretary, and of which James Connolly, now dead, was the General Organizer. That building was bought and controlled by the members of that organization. It was also the headquarters of the Irish Socialist Party. No organization other than Socialist and Labor organizations, except the many activities connected with the social and educational features of that movement, was allowed to function there. The Sinn Fien headquarters, on the contrary, was at Number 6 Harcourt street, close unto a mile and a half away, in the center of the city. The Irish Transport and General Workers Union owned and controlled three other halls in Dublin, Emmet Hall, Inchicore, the Fintan Lalor Hall, Aungier street, and the Workers Hall, High street, Dublin. In addition to them they had the Workers Hall, Corporation street, Belfast, Liberty Hall, Lynns Place, Sligo, Liberty Hall, Kingstown (Dunleary), Workers Hall, Wexford, Liberty Hall, Waterford, the O'Neill-Crowley Hall, Merchant Quay, Cork, and several other halls in different towns throughout Ireland, which they rented. Liberty Hall, Dublin, which was blown to pieces by the shells from the British gunboats, cost us \$30,000, and the property destroyed therein in the way of co-operative goods another \$10,000. It must be understood that the union carried on a co-operative business, had its own clothing stores, hair dressers, shoemaking shops, and a free food distribution center for the poor.

To go into the detailed work of this movement would take up too much space, and I want to close by assuring your readers that the men who founded this movement, some of whom have been honored by being permitted to seal their belief in it in blood, who lived for it and who were honored in dying for it, have left behind them comrades who are determined to bring it to fulfilment. Though fate denied some of us the opportunity of striking a blow for human freedom, we live in hopes that we, too, will be given the opportunity. Out of the fourteen men who were shot to death, five were members of the Irish Socialist and labor movement. All of the others, while not affiliated with our movement, were men imbued with a deep love of their fellows. I would like to have the privilege in your next issue of attempting to interpret their work. I cannot close, however, without mentioning that heroic soul the Countess of Markevitch, who for years has been associated with James Connolly and myself, and who helped materially in assisting my sister, Miss Larkin, to found the Irish Women Workers Union. Many of the members of this Union fought with their brothers, and some of them have had the



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

PROTECTING THE RIGHTS OF SMALL NATIONS

privilege of dying for the cause they espoused. Connolly and his colleagues, nearly all of them, were married men with large families dependent upon them, Connolly having seven children and a wife, six of these children girls, one only of whom was able to work, being a factory worker in Belfast. The responsibility of providing for these families is a heavy one.

It is possible that amongst your readers there are men and women who may, though thinking the rebellion an unwise one, cherish the ideals these men and women lived and died for, and it must be admitted that the most glorious thing that has happened during this carnival of blood lust in Europe was the

self-sacrifice and devotion of these men to a cause which they believed in. Is it not possible, therefore, that the call of these women and children may receive an echoing response? Knowing the Board of Editors of *THE MASSES*, I feel sure they will be only too pleased to accept on behalf of these women and children any material help your readers may wish to offer. The woes of Belgium have been depicted in song and story, but Ireland and her people have been crucified for seven centuries. To Connolly's old comrades in the Socialist movement in this country, I leave the case of his wife and children. I hope to have the opportunity of speaking more fully of these matters at a meeting in New York City, and

any one who desires to get copies of Connolly's books and pamphlets, may write me at 1046 North Franklin street, Chicago.

"Heed a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing nigh,
When the Cause shall call upon us, some to live and some to die,
He that dies shall not die lonely, many a one hath gone before,
He that lives shall bear no burden heavier than the one they bore.
E'en the tidings we are telling, were the same for which they bled,
E'en the Cause that our hearts cherish, was the same for which they fell."

James Connolly and his comrades heard the call.

(See also next page.)



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

PROTECTING THE RIGHTS OF SMALL NATIONS

A Note on the "Sinn Fein"

(See the last two pages.)

A WORD of explanation: You have all been obsessed during the past fateful days by the term "Sinn Fein." The scribes of the press have exhibited their ignorance in their columns; some after perusing the Encyclopedia Britannica and others seeking the aid of news clipping agencies have tried to explain that this revolutionary movement in Ireland was organized and controlled by Sinn Feinners, and they have translated the Gaelic phrase, "Sinn Fein," to mean something narrow and parochial such as: "ourselves alone." Those two English words are entirely inadequate to express the meaning behind the words Sinn Fein. Nietzsche has spoken of "the ascending will of the people"; such a term would be a more literal translation; and yet though all Socialists and radicals could appreciate the soul and meaning of such terms, it is necessary to explain right here that though the Sinn Fein movement from the intellectual side was approved of by the Irish revolutionary section of the working class, its economic basis as interpreted by the political section of that movement, by writers such as Arthur Griffiths, Bulmer, Hobson, and others, was strongly assailed. It should be understood that Griffiths and his narrow school of political propagandists imported the political and economic side of Sinn Fein from Hungary, a bastardized translation of Liszt's economic philosophy. The Irish revolutionary movement, which

comprised at least four-fifths of the men under arms in the late rebellion, never at any time identified itself with the Sinn Fein position. On the contrary, we at all times exposed their ignorance of economics, and their lack of knowledge of the interdependence of nation with nation, but were at one with them in their idea of building up a self-reliant nation.

The British Lie

The British government, that "friend of small nationalities," has been discovered; what has been foreordained has now come to pass. The government that has been the curse of humanity for centuries, the high-priest of commercial and economic exploitation, that was responsible for the birth of militarism, has been exposed in all its nakedness and brutality; it is well that this exposure has been made by the Irish revolutionary movement.

J. L.

THE UNCHANGING

THE law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not
Is become a saying of the lips;
Something to look up in a hand-book,
To set in a foot note for high school girls;
Who are not even curious about you,—
O Medes and Persians,
O Persians and Medes!

HELEN HOYT

FROM THE TOWER

xx HE stars in the sky
xx Are silver
They twinkle like ice.
The stars on the earth
Are golden
They beckon and smile.
Little black people
Flutter about them,
In and out and across. . . .

The city is a great grey dragon
Reaching out with its long claws
And clutching the water.
Winding its sprawling body
Over the land,
Lashing the purple hills with its tail.

There is a mist before my eyes
And in my heart are tears.
In a little while, beloved,
I will go down into those crooked streets
Smiling and looking about me
When I know there is nothing
Any more
To search for
Nor any goal to reach.

LOUISE BRYANT.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

Preacher: "You must be born again!"

Mike (tired of the struggle): "Once is enough, Doc!"

Shelley

HE was not the sort of man you would think would like poetry. His name was T. Sidney Booth, and he dealt avariciously in real estate, loans, rentals and insurance. By inheritance and by marriage he had acquired wealth; by his own acumen he had doubled his acquisitions. His trade sagacity and financial standing were unquestioned.

Grace and ease of manner, a studiously unobtrusive elegance in dress, and a very few articles of quaint, individual jewelry, indicated his prosperity, social position, and the possession of some artistic taste. Fine lines around a weak mouth, and a slight pastiness of skin whispered of long-continued but carefully hidden excesses. But his passion for poetry was a deeper secret.

In fact, T. Sidney Booth was poetry's devotee. He worshipped at its shrine with a fervor all the more fanatical because it was the one positive beauty amidst the debasing restrictions of his life. It was a delectable drug to quiet the racking revolts of his instinctively clean body against the sordid ugliness of physical necessity.

His necessity was women. It is true, he specialized in them, exercising a nice discrimination, and employing caution and business judgment. In this way he protected his health, and safeguarded the serenity of his home and the sanctity of his bank account. It is only in youth that sin can be spontaneous and untrammelled. At forty-six, a consistent sinner must needs have perfected a system and acquired a finesse.

It was his finesse that attracted Doris. She was eighteen, a stenographer in a conveniently adjacent office. She combined health and unsophistication with a generous predilection for amorous adventure. Her mental background was a melange of Jean Ingelow and "The Duchess," a result of the warring influences of a poetry-loving, whiskey-drinking father and a sentimental, hysterical mother. Her moral code was an injudicious mixture of sexual ignorance, barbaric tendencies transmitted through a long line of highly immoral ancestors, and a diligent, conscientious, personal application of "The Chaperon's" advice in the *Kansas City Star* every Monday.

They met with mutual attraction. He flashed across her enraptured senses all the allure the middle-aged cultured, artistic philanderer has for the youthful female. She was healthy, good looking and full blooded and therefore desirable to him.

In due time they came to the consideration of a place to go. His prominence made it unwise to choose any of the respectably improper places; her ignorance made it possible to select a wholly disreputable one. They went to the Johnson House, down by the depot.

A well chosen dinner and several bottles of wine awaited them. The discreet waiter departed. Booth locked the door and helped the frightened girl remove her wraps. He took off his own coat and hat and threw them onto the rickety, white iron bed. As the coat fell across the foot rail a small, worn book slipped from the pocket to the dirty carpet. The girl, to cover her embarrassment, stooped and picked it up. It was a volume of Shelley's poems.

He snatched the book from her jealously, as a pious monk would rescue the precious shin bone of a saint from the defiling touch of the unbeliever. But his hand, even in that brief contact, noted, with the precision of a diagnostician, the cold trembling of hers. He looked her over critically, still holding the book in his hand.

She was too new at the game to be hurried. Young girls sometimes do desperate things when they are

frightened. Her attention must be diverted and she must be given time to calm herself. Poetry was the best sedative he knew. Hoping to allay her nervousness and thus to come more gently and efficaciously to the business of the evening, he therefore sat down casually on the edge of the bed.

"Do you know Shelley?" he asked her.

"No, sir," she responded shyly.

"Would you like to hear some of his short poems?"

"Oh yes, sir, very much, Mr. Booth."

He opened the book at random. As he glanced at the page a smile came to his sensitive mouth. "Just listen to this," he said, and began to read slowly, in the low-pitched, reverential tone of the true disciple:

"I arise from dreams of thee"

He finished this and several others of the shorter poems, now and then glancing quickly at the girl. Toward the end he began to read somewhat breathlessly, his voice growing thick and his words seeming to come automatically. Then he closed the book softly and with face flushed reached again for her hand. He drew her into his arms and felt her still trembling. Shelley had dropped from his nerveless grasp face upwards on the bed. The leaves fluttered and he saw "Love's Philosophy." He recognized it as good propaganda. Holding the girl still pressed closely against him, he read in a stifled, pulsating voice:

"The fountain mingles with the river
And the river with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things, by a law divine,
In one spirit meet and mingle—
Why not I with thine?"

He continued reading, the words meaningless to him, until his racing heart choked him. With a low exclamation he turned convulsively to her. She was leaning against him calmly, her eyes bright, her very soul bare to the revelation of a new and wonderful beauty. There was not a trace of physical emotion in her face. She had forgotten everything but Shelley.

"Go on, Mr. Booth," she whispered. "It's pretty, isn't it?"

Her impersonal attitude was like a shower bath. Somewhat confused and considerably cooled, he turned to Shelley again as to a refuge. Soon he was passing familiarly from one poem to the next, reading them as a lover scans the delicious confidences of her whom his being adores. Slowly his wet hands became dry, his breathing more controlled, his parched gray lips moistened and reddened, the strained clasp of his arm loosened.

An hour passed. Booth turned a page abstractedly and began a new theme. It was the "Ode to a Skylark":

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The deep blue thou wingest
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest!"

He stopped suddenly and shut the book. The girl, freed by his movement, stood clear of his embrace. He

looked around him as one newly awakened—at the sickly gas lights sputtering in the fly-specked fixtures, at the stained and faded carpet, at the cheap lace curtains, ragged with age, at the dirty bed, foul and polluted with unspeakable associations, at the cold, uninviting dinner, at the deliberate cockroach which pursued its matter-of-fact way across the table. A profound nausea seized him.

"God! let's go home!" said T. Sidney Booth.

G. C. M.

SOLACE

NOTHING I do can change the song
Of the bees in the sunwarmed vine—
Or the pace of the waters that slip along:
Neither my sorrow, nor joy of mine—
My life is their dream:
In the old time, so sounded the bees,
So ran the stream—
This is the solace of these.

LYDIA GIBSON.

GERANIUMS

MY geraniums, poor neglected frost-bitten things,
Have been brought low by the knife;
So dragged and grey they lie, that so brief a while
back
Bore with sturdy joy, crimson and wine-red blossoms.

ROSALIND WINSLOW.

THE INSCRUTABLE GODS

THEY make the fire to burn,
Yet keep the green wood wet;
And urging life to understand
They let it still forget.

For when we seek to learn,
They baffle and abet,
And make youth slow to understand
But slow, slow, to forget;

And when the long tides turn,
They urge and hinder yet;
For age, grown quick to understand,
Is quick, quick, to forget

O strange gods, kind and stern,
That build and then upset,
What would you? Lest we understand
Too much, must we forget?

Or, seeing all fuels burn
To ashes, must we let
The soul flame on to understand,
But what it burns forget?

M. E. BUHLER.

THE DREAM-BEARER

WHERE weary folk toil, black with smoke,
And hear but whistles scream,
I went, all fresh from dawn and dew,
To carry them a dream.

I went to bitter lanes and dark,
Who once had known the sky,
To carry them a dream—and found
They had more dreams than I.

MARY CAROLINE DAVIES.

The Romance of War

PATRIOTISM is undoubtedly the supreme passion. It has demanded complete sacrifice of all the other passions, from human brotherhood to human motherhood. Now comes England's "League for the Marring of Broken Heroes," an organization to substitute patriotism for sex attraction and induce the maidens of Merrie England to mate with half and three-quarter remnants of manhood as they return from the front. The new situation demands a new poetic expression. Charles W. Wood submits the following:

MODERN LOVE LETTER

PUT your wooden arms around me,
Hold me in a cork embrace.
Let me kiss that northeast section
Where you used to keep your face.
You are mine and mine forever,
Darling patriotic boob:
And my lips they long to press the
End of that new silver tube.
Get yourself all tied together,
Fly to me by parcels post.
Whom the Lord hath put asunder
I would join—at least, almost.

Methodistic

THE Methodist Episcopal Convention, after a two days' argument, refused to declare for the Employment of Union Labor. "Nevertheless," says Rev. Harry F. Ward, the leader of the Social Service movement in that church, "consider what it means that for the first time in history a world-wide church should decide what policy it would adopt as an employer of labor!"

We have, and it seems to mean that after twenty-centuries of the indwelling of the spirit of Christ, organized pressure from the outside has at last compelled these disciples to think about, although they refuse to act upon, His teaching.

Churchly Statistics

KNOWING, as every alert observer does, that our age is drawing away from the miasmas of Christian theology, and the habits of Sabbath day emotion, it has always puzzled us to read the annual statistics of church membership. We can walk into almost any church in the land and see the congregation dwindle before our eyes. We know that people as a whole are more and more learning to think and live their morals out in the clear air. But every year in every denomination those appalling statistics of "the growth of the church" are issued upon us.

The Rev. Joseph W. Kemp, of New York, is an honest man who throws some light on this subject. I quote the news of his action:

"Whether half the total membership of the New York City churches is on paper rather than in fact was the question raised by the drastic action of Calvary Baptist Church Monday night. Urging upon his congregation that it was 'a species of ecclesiastical hypocrisy' to claim the membership of hundreds of persons with whom it has altogether lost touch, the Rev. Dr. Joseph W. Kemp, pastor of Calvary, caused 1,361 names out of a total of 2,300 to be dropped from the rolls.

"It simply means," said Dr. Kemp to-day, "that that number of persons had lapsed, and we wanted to get down to a working basis. Why, we have had on the rolls the names of persons who have not been inside the church for twenty years."

"In the opinion of Dr. Kemp the majority of churches throughout the entire country have a larger membership on paper than in actuality. He believes that there is unjustifiable misrepresentation in the display of totals by that system and that it would be exceedingly difficult to build up a really strong church until it has been abandoned."

Rev. Arthur F. Mabon, of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, contributes to the interview:

"You would be surprised," he says, "to know how difficult it is for a church to keep track of its members."

REBELLION

THE Storm-wind smote the oak's proud wood;
The daisy bent its head, and stood. . . .
Yet I would rather be the oak
That fell beneath the tempest's stroke.

HARRY KEMP.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

At the Throat of the Republic

(Continued from page 12)

clothing, rent and household furniture, have increased over 40%. And the monopolists who have lowered the American standard of living by raising the prices of food, fuel, clothing and rent, and by keeping wages down, are those very "patriots" who are back of the National Security League, the Navy League and similar organizations—and at the same time launching \$50,000,000 corporations to exploit foreign peoples on a basis of cheap labor at home!

Patriots at Work

What are these gentlemen doing to increase the patriotism of their own workers?

Last year our "patriotic" directors of the Navy League paid to the great army of foreign-born steel workers, who constitute over 70% of the entire force, wages of less than \$500 a year. At the same time the value of Bethlehem Steel stock, for example, rose over 1,000%!

Youngstown, Ohio, is a typical United States Steel Corporation town. Sanitary conditions there are shocking. A Government report in 1910 showed that 40% of the heads of families earned less than \$400 a year, 65% of the families kept boarders, and an average of 3.34 persons occupied each sleeping room. Since then wages in the Steel Corporation have increased, largely because of the Youngstown strike and wide-spread threats of unionism. The United States Health Service reports that \$800 a year is the very least a family of average size can live on in decency. Yet under the new "high wages" paid by the Steel Corporation, the steel workers who gets only \$2.43 for ten hours work can only make \$753.30 a year, if he works every week day in the year and never gets sick. *And yet Judge Gary is a director of the Americanization Committee to Uplift the Foreign-born Workers!*

In the plants of the United States Steel Corporation, organized labor has been utterly crushed, and workmen are worked 12 hours a day, or from 72 to 84 hours a week (the maximum weekly labor of English steelworkers is 54 hours). And in the coal and copper mines and coke districts and other great industrial fields owned by the financial Preparedness group, labor is denied the slightest voice in fixing the conditions under which it must live. In the coal, steel, and textile towns dominated by our "patriots," conditions are so horrible that it is more dangerous for a child to be born and live a year, than for a man to serve a year in the European trenches!

COLLEGE

FIRST I became
A copy of a book.

Then I became
A copy of a man
Who was also
A copy of a book.

Now
I would not know
What I am

Except that I have
On my wall
A framed paper
Which explains it fully.

More than 100,000 young children die each year in the United States through poverty, overwork, underpay and the awful labor conditions their parents must submit to. Besides, over 250,000 men, women and children are killed each year in the United States, and 4,700,000 are injured, because of the atrocities daily practised in the mills and factories owned by those who are now the loudest advocates of a great Army and Navy.

Major-General William C. Gorgas, the great sanitarian who cleaned up the Panama Canal, says:

"The preventable mortality in this country is greater than that caused by the European war. Science knows that the chief cause of disease is poverty."

Louis D. Brandeis pointed out to the Stanley Committee in 1912 that the very men who are now so deeply concerned about the wage-earners' lack of desire to defend American democracy have been for years engaged in stamping out American democracy.

A Bitter Mockery

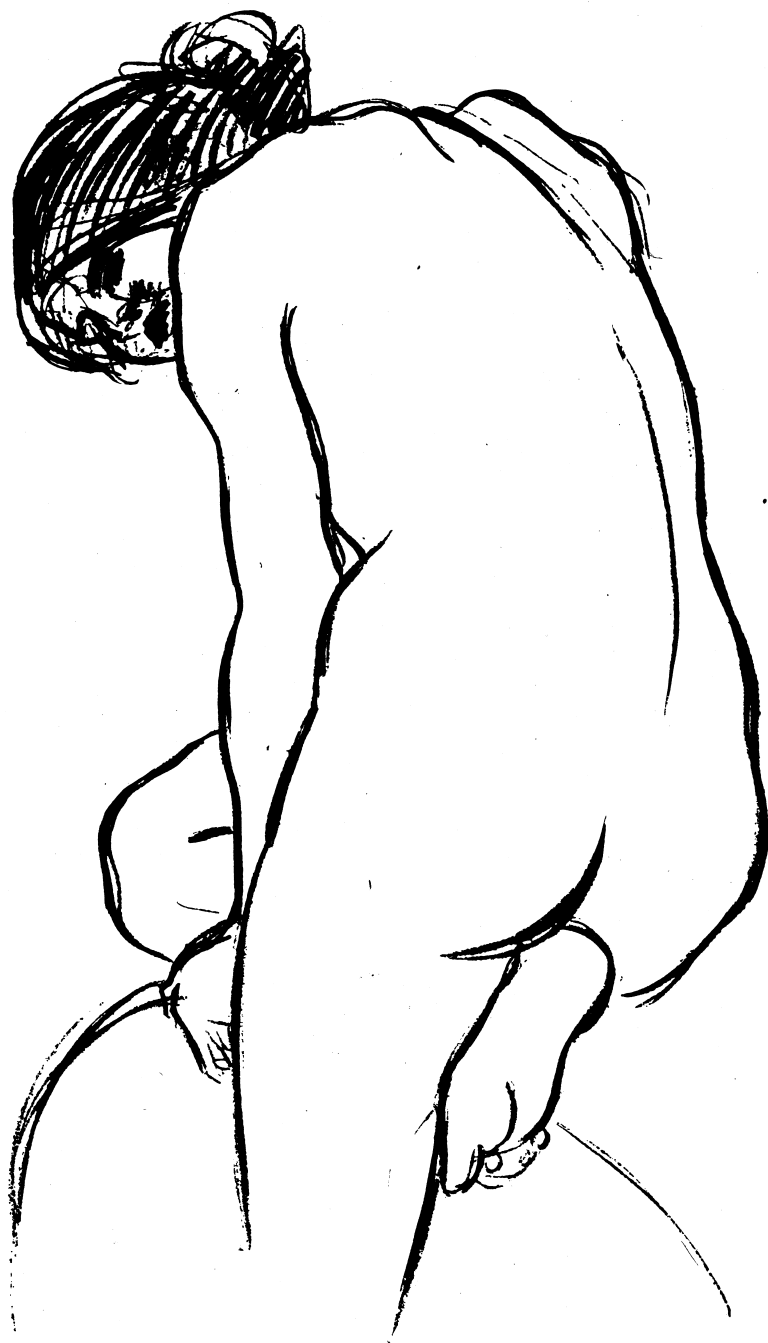
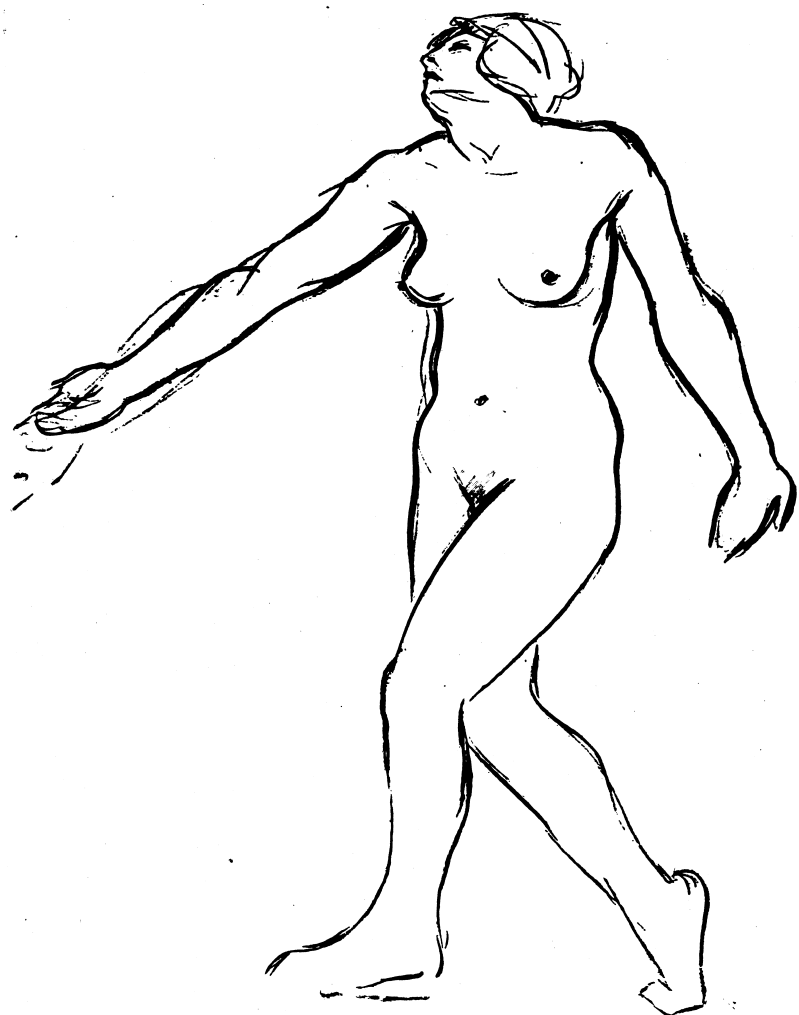
Colonel Theodore Roosevelt constantly reminds us that there are "higher things in life than the soft and easy enjoyment of material comfort." Mr. Elihu Root, in a speech before the Bar Association, recently said:

"The principles of American liberty stand in need of a renewed devotion on the part of the American people. We have forgotten that in our vast material prosperity. We have grown so rich, we have lived in ease and comfort and peace so long, that we have forgotten to what we owe these agreeable instances of life."

To state that the average man, whose income is less than \$700 a year, or the average working-woman, who makes less than \$6 a week, has "grown rich, and lived in soft and easy enjoyment of material comfort and peace," that he has forgotten to what he owes "these agreeable instances of life," is either sickening hypocrisy or an astounding ignorance of actual conditions, which is unbelievable in these two Preparedness advocates.

Preparedness for Labor

The workingman has not forgotten. He knows to whom he owes "these agreeable instances of life." He will do well to realize that his enemy is not Germany, nor Japan; his enemy is that 2% of the people of the United States who own 60% of the national wealth, that band of unscrupulous "patriots" who have already robbed him of all he has, and are now planning to make a soldier out of him to defend their loot. We advocate that the workingman prepare himself against that enemy. This is our Preparedness.



S K E T C H E S

by

J O D A V I D S O N

A PEACE SONG OF THE BRITISH SOLDIERS

DAMN the Kaiser, damn the Huns,
 Damn the man who invented guns,
 Damn the army, damn the War—
 O what a bloody lot of fools we are!

* From a letter from the trenches in Flanders.

The Pittsburg Strike

(Continued from page 17)

burg. It's all the same where I come from. I come here. We workers stand together." Pole and Lithuanian, Turk and Englishman and Irishman all had shouted tremendously when Laakso had come modestly to tell why he had been the most tireless picket of all. They shouted again at his brotherhood talk.

That brotherhood talk and that brotherhood spirit had to be suppressed. They were dangerous. The brotherhood spirit actually had spread to the police force of North Braddock. Every man of the ten men on the force had refused to serve on guard duty for the Steel Trust's Edgar Thomson plant. They would not line up with the Coal and Iron Guards of Gary. They would not place themselves under orders to shoot their neighbors—workers who talked and practised brotherhood for the rights to eat and to have leisure and to bring up their families decently. Of course the policemen were discharged by the borough commissioners—"for the honor of the borough of North Braddock"—it being deeply dishonorable in Steel Trust ethics for policemen to be brothers with workers.

The ferocity with which the plant was "protected" in the "riot"—in which not a single guard or detective or company man was hurt—was no doubt in-

tensified by the terrifying incident of brotherhood infecting the police! The ferocity with which Fred Merrick and John Hall and Anna Bell and eight or nine others of the strike's leaders had been jailed—without bail and without due process of justice—had sprung, too, from the same reasoned terror of brotherhood—brotherhood become a contagion in the very blood of the state.

Fred Merrick had quoted the Constitutional Bill of Rights for the right of citizens to bear arms. At a meeting of workers he had displayed a shotgun as Exhibit A to his constitutional remarks. He had assumed that the right of self-defense was the same in a man who worked 12 hours a day as in a man who rested 24 hours a day. For that he was logically a marked man for the coroner, who, in the ghoulishly candid code of the Pittsburg industrial district, is given jurisdiction for such emergencies.

John Hall had asked for more wages and fewer hours of work. The "American Industrial Union," a small and loosely federated body among the many thousand Westinghouse workers, was his creation. He was sent to jail, too—the reason being that he was not where he could be shot when the shooting was doing. It is only fair to the coroner to say that he would not have put Hall in jail if he had been shot by the guards.

To jail along with Merrick and Hall the coroner sent Anna Bell—also on a charge of accessory to the murder of her friends and comrades in the strike, friends and comrades whom the guards had killed. The Joan of Arc of the strike, Anna Bell had been called. When the men started out from the Westinghouse Electric plant the first day of the strike, April 21, Anna had waved her coat above her head and had run through the workshop aisles shouting, "Come on, girls, don't scab." And they came and

didn't scab. Anna's philosophy of work and life was simple and dangerous. "The girls start in section E at 98 cents, and when they get into section T they start at \$1; but, believe me, Mister, them few cents counts"—a simple and dangerous philosophy, denoting a sense of the value of money much to be discouraged in a worker.

Poor little Joan of Arc, who was only sent to jail without bond and without trial because the strike had aroused a sort of unreasoning historic prejudice.

On the side lines of the strike in May was Bridget Kenny, the Joan of the 1914 walkout. In that other strike "Biddy" Kenny had stood in front of the state constabulary waving an American flag. "Ye think so much o' the stars and stripes, git down and salute thim now," she cried. They did, all of them.

"No, sire, it is a revolution," said the Minister of Louis Sixteenth to whom the Bourbon had spoken of "the revolt."

There are fluctuations, ups and downs, surges and resurgences in every changing order, in every dramatic period of every changing order, in every intense phase of every such period. The Pittsburg strike, revolt or revolution came nourished with a deep, abounding sustenance. It sprang out of the unorganized working class—out of its misery and out of its aspiration. It illustrated all the patience of the workers, their heroism, their desire, their splendid springs of revolt.

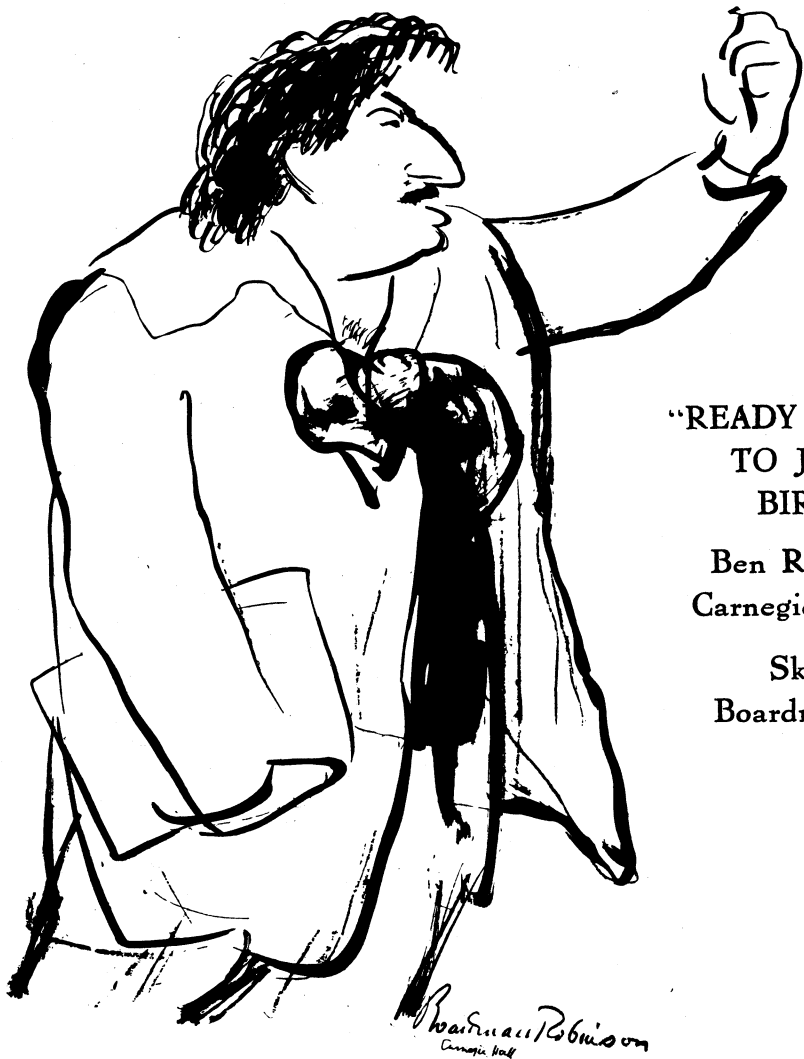
It sprang toward organization. It sprang toward self-mastery.

The guns were all in the hands of the organized employers. The state militia and the processes of the courts were all in their hands. If against those odds the tide of revolt ebbs back, let no one be fooled. The waves of revolt are piled up and are piling up for a higher flood tide.

The workers in the Pittsburg industrial district have memories. Memories of suffering, of degradation, of humiliating slavery at the hands of employing masters, too incompetent even to "give" them a meager living. Memories that start in hot anger when the master employers advertise now of wages lost because of the strike—memories of wages and earnings never received when it was to the interest of the employers to strike and close their plants. The workers have been striking for the eight-hour day and have been told that it is "impossible." They remember when the Westinghouse plants of Pittsburg forced them to an eight hour day for three days a week each alternate week. Their wages then, in 1908, had average, for skilled men and unskilled men, \$14.40 a month.

From January 1, 1915, to September 15, 1915, the average wage received by unskilled workers in typical Pittsburg plants (one of them a Carnegie Steel Trust mill) was \$4.66 a week.

When 40,000 men and women of one industrial concern (only 1,000 of them allied with trade unions) quit their work together on a hasty summons; when quite as many more in allied industries in the same district cease their work in quick harmony of revolt; when only slaughter and the threat of further slaughter keeps profit-making on its legs; when slaughter succeeds and dominates still only because the few employers and their guards are disciplined and organized and the many workers are undisciplined and unorganized—then the violent panic of employers protected temporarily by the Steel Trust guards can be appreciated. When these things are, and when Labor has its opportunity and realizes it (even though as yet only haltingly) then one can appreciate, too, the frightened rage which wishes the assassination of changers of an industrial hell.



"READY TO GO
 TO JAIL FOR
 BIRTH-CONTROL"

Ben Reitman at the
 Carnegie Hall Meeting

Sketched by
 Boardman Robinson

THE MASSES REVIEW

WANTED—A HERO ?

A REMARKABLE document concocted in behalf of Colonel Roosevelt's presidential ambitions, has been appearing in the advertising pages of the periodical press. It is "An Open Letter to Patriotic Americans," and it offers to explain "Why Roosevelt Would Be Our Best Guarantee of Peace." After a description of his character as being that of a man who would "compel" peace, it proceeds to relate the history of seven different occasions in Colonel Roosevelt's seven and a half years of presidential rule when he did "compel" peace.

The record is very illuminating. In a dispute with England over a strip of Alaskan territory, Roosevelt refused to arbitrate, "sent troops to occupy the disputed region," and "cleverly gave the British a chance to turn down their own claim" rather than go to war. It was all done on the q. t., thus avoiding "all peril of angry public discussion." Here is the first of the methods by which Colonel Roosevelt guarantees us peace—if we elect him president: the well-known method of secret diplomacy by which Europe intrigued itself into the present war.

Then Germany and the Venezuela dispute. Germany refused to arbitrate—just as Roosevelt had done in the Alaskan case. Roosevelt gave the Kaiser ten days to consent; then, changing his mind, remarked "pleasantly" to the German ambassador: "If the assurance doesn't come in 48 hours, Dewey will sail." The assurance came, all right, all right. And here we see Colonel Roosevelt in his well-known imitation of the German Kaiser, "donning his shining armor," "rattling the saber." It worked for Roosevelt as it used to work for the Kaiser. This is the second of the methods by which Roosevelt guarantees us peace—if we, in a heroic mood, elect him president. Here, too, the Colonel "kept sagaciously silent about the inner facts."

The Japanese affair, in which Roosevelt brought suit against California to compel a part observance of our treaty with Japan, while the rest of the treaty was rendered inoperative by private agreements with Japanese officials that were "unpublished, and thus free from misconstruction by the public," the whole being topped off by sending our entire navy to poke its friendly guns under Japan's nose, furnishes another triumph of Rooseveltian diplomacy. Besides this there were dealings with Santo Domingo, Cuba and Colombia—where, surprising as it may seem, the shining armor and the rattling saber of the Colonel produced its due effect.

These stale old tricks of diplomacy are to produce nothing less than a "just and early settlement of the present European war"—if Mr. Roosevelt is elected. He will throw a scare into them! On the "following day" after his election, "every Government in the world would begin to shape its course by its abundant knowledge of Roosevelt's past record." While if "a new man" were elected, they would say, "We will wait and try him out for a year or two!"

Here, in these childish sentences, we have the real basis of the Roosevelt cult. He is our Hero, our Thor of the Hammer, our St. George the Dragon-Slayer, our Perseus, our Theseus, our Hercules. His

powers are more than mortal, his luck goes with him. He is the Deliverer, the Shining Knight at whose entrance the Dragon turns to flee. It is a fairy-tale world, and the Colonel is the Champion whose timely arrival saves the Lady Civilization from cruel death. Remembering the sacred stories of Jack the Giant Killer, learned at your mothers knee, can you vote against him? If you do, the light of nurserydom goes out and a Hero is doomed to fret in mere ignoble private citizenship! Everybody speak up:

"Do you believe in fairies?"

BIRTH-CONTROL

THE Birth-control meeting at Carnegie Hall was a significant date in American legislative history. On that date the law which forbids the giving of information on the subject of birth-control was publicly abrogated.

It is true that this Act has not yet been ratified by our legislatures, nor officially taken cognizance of by the courts. It will not be without further struggle.

The history of the process by which this law has been all but formally torn from our statute books is worth repeating again. To begin with, it was evaded from the start by practically everybody who could possibly evade it; that is to say, everybody who possessed that knowledge—including all the well-to-do and well-informed classes of the population—passed it on as a matter of course; but only secretly. It thus existed as a law applying only to the poor and in this respect the ignorant. It was supported by the general consent of those who themselves evaded it.

The preliminary work of destruction was a long campaign of public education which was carried on almost single-handed by Dr. William J. Robinson in his journal, *The Critic and Guide*. The next important step was taken by Margaret Sanger, who gave publicity to the situation by announcing her intention of ignoring the law, and getting herself arrested for it. So powerful were the forces of public opinion that rallied to her support that her case, when it finally came up, was dismissed—but not before her husband had been sent to prison for a similar "offense." Meanwhile Emma Goldman had been treating the law as non-existent; and apparently upon the theory that whoever goes free, Emma Goldman should be punished, she was sent to prison. It is worthy of note, however, that the courts had so far taken account of the general disrepute of the law as to impose rather light sentences. The imprisonment of Emma Goldman was the signal of renewed activities. Rose Pastor Stokes repeated her "offense" at a semi-public occasion, and again, in the full light of nation-wide newspaper publicity, gave the forbidden information to thousands of people at Carnegie Hall. She had announced her intention to do so beforehand. Not a policeman was on hand. She was not arrested.

Since that date Ben Reitman, who also gave out the forbidden information on this occasion, has been arrested, and is now serving a two-months' sentence in prison. It has come to this, that *the law is being enforced only in cases where the police and the courts feel that they can get away with it.* That is next thing

to a dead-letter law, but it is for all that a mischievous state of affairs. It means that this law, otherwise fallen into contempt and neglect, can be used against people whose political or economic activities are disapproved by the police.

The fight must go on. It is going on. As this article is written, the newspapers tell of a meeting in Union Square at which Jessie Ashley and Ida Rauh distributed birth-control leaflets containing the information freely to the public. So far no one has been arrested, and the newspapers report that it is said that the district attorney has agreed not to make any more arrests provided the law is broken "decently."

Meanwhile Ben Reitman is in prison, and the law still stands on the statute books.

THE ANTHRACITE ARGUMENT

THE anthracite miners, 170,000 of them, have accepted a new agreement fixing wages and conditions for the next four years. The great majority of them—110,000—win a reduction in hours from nine to eight, and a three per cent. increase in wages. Figuring wages on the hour basis, the shorter day and the three per cent. reduction in hours, means an increase in wages of fifteen and a half per cent. Contract miners get a seven per cent. increase.

The strike threat was used in getting it. An ultimatum embodying all the miners hoped to get was delivered, and for three days a strike was expected.

The question is whether or not the miners would have done better by striking. There is no doubt that a strike would have punished the industry terribly. It would have brought economic disaster to a district of nearly two million population. The market for steam-sizes of anthracite would have been captured in its entirety by the soft-coal operators, temporarily, and much of this market might never have been regained. Such disasters are incidental to the use of the strike-weapon in such cases, and they are to be accepted if there is a real gain to be had by striking. Was there such a gain forfeited here?

The anthracite industry is a monopoly controlled by a very few financial interests. The dominating one is J. P. Morgan & Co. and their Philadelphia associate, E. T. Stotesbury. These men and their agents are the successors of the late George F. Baer, who believed that God in his infinite wisdom had given them the ownership and control of the coal supply. They are fanatically faithful to the Baer tradition. They can afford to be sentimental in this loyalty. Economic determinism functions very weakly in a personal choice between losing a penny or gratifying a pet emotion—and the financial loss of a strike in the anthracite would not greatly exceed, for these men, the loss of a penny for you or me.

The only hope of winning the strike would have been the pilloring of Morgan and Stotesbury before public opinion. Could that be done in this year of patriotic hysteria and preparation for war?

The anthracite miners are not "Americanized."

They do not worship law and order. They do not live under the delusion that this is the grandest, freest, most glorious land under the sun. The minute a strike were declared in the "anthracite," hell would break loose. A few young ladies in the Greenwich village table-d'hotes would clap their hands and tell each other it was splendid. But by the time the constabulary and the state militia had killed or jailed the miners' leaders, these young ladies would have turned their attention back to psycho-analysis, and everyone else (including the Scranton and Wilkes-Barre newspaper editors, who are now friendly) would be condemning the anarchistic conduct of "these deluded foreigners." The final settlement would grant about two-thirds of what the men have won by negotiation, and the men would go back to work with their union disorganized, discredited, bankrupt.

Can't you see the coal company brigade parading in the cities of "the anthracite," carrying the American flag and banners inscribed "America First?" It would be too easy.

"What, then," you say, "is the situation so hopeless?"

There is nothing hopeless about it. The United Mine Workers are the most hopeful thing in America. More than 100,000 of them work in the anthracite coal mines. They carry their heads high. They have forced the respect and support of every daily paper in the district. They are free men in spirit. They are learning how to become free in fact. Their leaders preach fundamental economic reform. They preach public ownership of the mines. The union is a great debating society, and hot, blind resentment and anger are being welded, by the union, into intelligent revolt. The union grows steadily in strength and resources. The day is coming. It is not yet here. It will not be here in two years or four years or ten. Today the greatest and best thing the miners can do is to develop their organization as a model for the labor movement of America. It is the biggest and the most progressive union. It is the only great international union, with one exception, that is formally on record against the preparedness hysteria. It is an inspiration to every radical in the land. And its work has only begun.

GEORGE P. WEST.

IMPERIAL DEMOCRACY

"THE rôle of the United States after the war!" Listen! A man who writes for the manufacturer's organ, *American Industries*, tells us what that is to be. He says that the real test of American democracy will come during the next five years. He warns manufacturers against their traditional dependence on inventive genius. He thinks that is an antiquated method of meeting the problems of industry to-day. He calls dependence on our inventive genius "a last extreme."

He says it is the combination of financiers and manufacturers for the conquering of the world market that is to be the salvation of American democracy.

He is right, that is "American" democracy. When we planted what we called democracy in this country, nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, it was a substitution of a regime of imperial capital for the rule of an imperial government. But don't let us forget that imperial capital has not yet worn the imperial crown; its imperialism has not extended outside of the borders of our own country and inside those borders we have kept up the pretense that it was not imperial.

The writer of the article says that now or after the

war is the opportunity for American democracy. "No vacillating policies should be tolerated in our insular possessions and especially in the Philippines. *We need them* [italics mine] as feeders, and one day they may determine our rank among the nations of the earth." And then he adds a little further on "the American International Corporation is organized for the very purposes outlined above. . . . It is founded apparently on solid lines with some of America's best business men behind it."

It was America's best business men who got their workers in line in New York's preparedness parade on the 13th of May. There were thousands of them under their masters' banners, marching in their masters' division, at their masters' orders. The masters were proving that the president knew what he was counting on when a few months ago in his message to Congress he said he did not doubt the patriotic devotion of employers for whose benefit the workingmen would enlist. Going back to the article of C. L. Penny's which I have been quoting, he says, "The whole country is crying out for preparedness" and against being "subjected by

financial conquest." He makes no bones about it; he does not pretend that we are in danger from political conquest; the danger to our American democracy is financial. He is right. It takes the American manufacturer to blurt out the truth. It is Wall street which talks about political invasion.

The financial conquest of the world market by America is to be made, not by the people of the country, but by the American International Corporation. That is, the Steel Trust men, the Standard Oil people, the railroad directors, etc. Remember that, if you were one of the marchers in the preparedness parade of May 13th.

It looks as though the Marxian interpretation of history was coming true. The working class does not get on to it as fast as the manufacturers, who indeed know it without being told. That is the way the workingmen know it, when they do know it. Those who know it know that they have something to prepare against less mythical and nearer home than the German Kaiser, or the Mikado somewhere across the Pacific Ocean.

H. M.

Argyin' with Elder Walling

Eugene Wood

FOR several years William English Walling has been conducting what is to me a sort of Pastor's Bible-class in Socialism. Just now, though, I am in the fix of the sixteen-year-old who begins to wonder if Free Will is as dead-open-and-shut a proposition as the pastor makes out; if there isn't about as much to say for Foreordination as agin it.

We used to agree together so beautifully, E. W. and W. E. W.! and isn't it a pity we do not now? It's the war has done it, the war that has raised the price of everything except our labor; it is especially the dog-gone Germans who, if the truth was known, are the fellows that made the winter last so long.

At the start of the war, I was dead against them. They began it. They were the cause of all the trouble. And when they took to biting the noses off of priests, and chopping off little Belgian children's hands and boiling them up with sour-cROUT, when they shot hard steel shells at handsome buildings instead of feather pillows as they should have, then my blood boiled with rage.

(As a matter of fact, I dislike extremely all nationalities except the natives of the Middle West and I'm getting kind of sick of them. But I am naturally down on the Dutch more than any of them.)

In war-time I understand that both sides lie as hard as ever they can, but the censors passed only the lies of the Entente Powers. Both sides get out the most boo-hoo sentimentality that will stay on the paper, but the censors only let through such stuff as that touching French letter written to the poor orphan soldier that had no Pa and no Ma and no sister and no brother and no Uncle George and no Aunt Emmeline and no grandpa and no grandma and no cousin—nobody to write a letter to him, all, all alone in the world—that beautiful, sweet, bread-pudding of a letter. "*Ne pleurez pas!*" Don't cry, poor soldier!"

It got kind of sickening. It did. I began to think there was a rat in the plastering that was not a live rat.

Of course, Germany had no more show than a clean shirt in a fight. But, by golly! as time passed, she didn't seem so rumbled up, after all. So, much as I personally disliked the Germans on account of their awful sinning, I began to give their efficiency a grudging admiration. Not that it makes a devil of a lot of dif-

ference which side I take or anybody else. Taking sides is emotional, *de fide*; it is an obscure, esoteric affair that Freud wants to look into some day. As far as reasons are concerned, they come afterward. First you choose your side; then you give reasons to excuse your choice. You may think you do that to change the other fellow's mind. But that's absurd by now. By this time everybody from President Wilson down has placed his bet and is deaf to argument.

Which side Elder Walling is on makes no difference to me. I will not "argy" with him about that. But what does trouble me is a sentence of his in the June issue of *THE MASSES*: "Democracy is a means to achieve social happiness and well-being," a theorem which he proves by the next clause, "if those blessings can be achieved without it, nobody would ever mention the word again."

How about that, anyhow?

If a scheme doesn't achieve social happiness and well-being then it just blows out like a candle in the wind, and you don't hear anything more of it, eh?

What's this jigger they fasten slantwise on door-jams and kiss as they go in and out? Mezuzah. Kissing the mezuzah is a means to achieve social happiness and well-being; if these blessings could be achieved without them you'd never see any mezuzim. Is that right?

Sprinkling holy water is a means of achieving social happiness and well-being; if these blessings could be achieved without holy water there wouldn't be any more brought home from church. Is that right?

Carrying the corpse out feet foremost is a means of achieving social happiness and well-being because by doing that the corpse sees the way to go but not the way to come back and spook around, scaring everybody stiff; if these blessings could be achieved any other way, the undertaker need not bother which end of the coffin went out first. Is that right?

Biting a dog's tail off instead of chopping it off, looking at the new moon over the right shoulder, burning the first clippings of the baby's hair, knocking on wood when you speak of your sound health—all these are means of achieving social happiness and well-being; their persistence is not a proof that they really do achieve these blessings, is it? Is it, Elder?

These superstitious practises originated at exactly the same cultural period as democracy. It is the savage that has the purest democracy. It wasn't invented in 1776; they didn't claim it was; they claimed for it that it was a return to the blessed state we were in before we were corrupted by civilization.

What I want Elder Walling to tell me is this: Is there any recorded experience to give reason to suppose that democracy has ever been a means to achieve social happiness and well-being?

To be sure the pleasure of casting a vote may be considered justification for desiring democracy, just as the wish of the layman to partake of the eucharist under both species is justification enough for him to be priested, but is there in history one solitary instance of where any betterment of physical or mental condition originated from the 51 per cent. of the population?

Is the public school system democratic? Why, then, is education compulsory?

Is the Board of Health a democratic institution? What would 51 per cent. of the population say to an anti-spitting ordinance when first proposed?

Elder Walling knows about how it is on the other side; I have never been nearer to London than New London, never nearer to Berlin than New Berlin. Which does the better thinking, the working-class population of democratic America or the working-class of imperial Germany? Does the son of the poorest paid laborer in the United States find it much easier to become, say, a mechanical engineer than the son of the poorest paid laborer in Germany? There ought to be an overwhelming preponderance in favor of the American boy. Is there?

To take as nearly as possible parallel instances: How much harder is it for a poor Jew boy with ability in tyrannical Germany, than for a poor "nigger" boy with ability in free America?

Is democracy really a means of achieving betterment or is it something that is popular because it is primitive, something off the same bolt of goods as shooting the man who runs away with a person's wife?

It's a good deal like starting up an "argyment" on Free Will and Foreordination, but I'd like to hear what Elder Walling has to say.

has never been difficult to unite Irish Catholics under Protestant leaders like Emmett.

As for Home Rule, the Irish people have never been offered the right to govern themselves. Even the last bill only half-heartedly provided for an Irish parliament that was merely a sub-committee of Westminster. To quote an Irish witticism, "compared to nothing this Home Rule Bill was something, but compared to something it was nothing."

And this little scrap that was tossed to them was balked by the threat of open rebellion on the part of Ulster at which the British army openly connived and which the British government made no attempt to suppress. The leader, Sir Edward Carson, is now a British Cabinet Minister. This destroyed the last hope of the Irish in England's good faith.

To aged Irish peasants the terrible old days of famine and oppression seemed to come again. They were forbidden to speak Gaelic. War taxes amounted to over half the crops. The people were face to face with actual starvation, and on top of all that the young men knew that sooner or later conscription was inevitable.

The immediate cause of the revolt was the discovery of an order which had been sent to the military authorities in Dublin, authorizing the arrest and imprisonment of all the principal Sinn Feiners. This order was stolen from Dublin Castle by one of the rebels, and that was why they struck when they did, knowing well that it meant the end for them.

Up to the time of writing this, fourteen of the leaders of the Sinn Fein, signers of the declaration of the Irish Republic, have been put to death, and over fifteen hundred other Irishmen have been arrested and without a trial of any sort kidnapped to England and jailed. Many of them had no connection with any uprising, they are being punished simply because they are Irish and the world knows it.

A typical example of English "frightfulness" was the execution of F. Sheehy Skeffington, who had nothing at all to do with the Revolution. Skeffington's "crime" was that every Sunday morning he made speeches against Conscription in St. Stephen's Green, and his words had tremendous effect. Liberal-minded Irishmen have had no sympathy for any of the belligerent nations since the war began; their wishes have been all for Ireland. Even the bitterest of the Revolutionists adopted the motto: "We serve neither King nor Kaiser." Skeffington did not go so far. He merely objected to the British scheme for driving the Irish to fight her battles for her, as they have always done; and so England killed him.

Looking at it from this distance it seems unbelievable that England could have been so stupid. She has created a deep feeling of resentment, not only in Ireland but in the heart of every lover of justice in the world.

In old times in Ireland a proverb ran, "it is death to kill a poet and death to mock one," because it was believed that poets were fostered by the Shee. And Ancient Irish law placed the blood-money for a poet so high that it could only be paid by the death of the murderer. It is a wise nation that so cherishes its poets, and it is a foolish and shortsighted one that stands them up against a wall and shoots them because they believe in freedom.

THE POETS' REVOLUTION

Louise Bryant

THE Irish Revolution is the most hopeful thing that has happened since the world went war mad. Ever since August, 1914, we have been asking one another why the Socialists didn't do more. We wondered why they preferred to die somewhere in France fighting for something they hated instead of dying at home gloriously for something they loved. A practical world answered us that "human nature" is not constituted that way. We were assured that at the first call of the bugle we would all rush to arms to fight for "our country right or wrong." With horror we have beheld so many champions of the Brotherhood of Man go down before the scorching flame of race-hatred—though we all know that the present struggle is merely a commercial war without the shadow of an ideal to inspire anyone. The revolutionary spirit seemed dead.

Every time we read in the British controlled press how the Irish, the Hindoos, the Canadians and the Australians were rallying to the aid of England we felt sick. We saw a carefully fostered Pro-Ally feeling growing up in this county, fed on such sentimental lies as England's motherly feeling for small nations like Belgium and Serbia, her overwhelming love for America, her fake tears over the death of Miss Cavell and her sorrow over Rupert Brooke. The public seemed so hopelessly deluded by all this that they forgot India, they forgot South Africa and they even forgot Ireland.

Then suddenly came the splendid revolt of the Irish—a revolt led by poets and scholars—a revolt which actually lasted but a few hours and which was doomed to defeat from the start, yet which won the greatest victory of the whole bloody war.

I do not over emphasize the significance of this sublime protest of the "dreamers" when I say that it has given to a depressed and bewildered world a new faith in mankind. That handful of revolutionists fighting with the fervor of saints "with a copy of Sophocles in one hand and a rifle in the other," as one correspondent described them, have done more for the progress of the world than all the millions who have hope-

lessly shed their blood on the battlefields of Europe.

One proof of this is the wave of warm-hearted indignation that has swept the usually cold and prejudiced editorial pages of American newspapers this past week. They have begun uttering strange truths and admitting that they have been pretty badly fooled by a little soft talk. They have discovered with great surprise that England would have shot every one of the signers of our own Declaration of Independence if she could have laid hands on them at the time. Horrified editors of unimpeachable conventionality have announced that Sir Roger Casement did no more in going to Germany for assistance than Benjamin Franklin did in going to France during our Revolution. They have unanimously denounced England's brutality, and have requested her with dignity not to mention Belgium again. This turning inward of the eyes of the American people cannot help but be of some benefit and may possibly help to counteract the hysterical Preparedness propaganda so fostered by England in her desire to drag us into war against "the Hun."

The Irish Revolution was the natural outcome of the Irish Labor Movement led by Jim Larkin, and of the so-called "Celtic Revival." Unlike the old Land-League and other movements, both of these were absolutely non-political, and on account of their very abstractness seemed to unite the Irish in an extraordinary way. Larkinism was a purely economic revolution closely akin to syndicalism. The Celtic revival was a conscious artistic and philosophic movement. Larkinism raised the workers from hopeless wage slavery to the realization of their manhood. The Gaelic League in reviving art in Ireland revived also the ancient legends of Irish freedom and a longing for liberty. The results were so far reaching that England was having a hard time stirring up quarrels between the Catholics and the Protestants. Religious differences between Irishmen were always highly artificial anyway. James Stephens expressed well their feeling when he said of some peasants that, "as to religion they were Catholics, but deeper than that they were Irish folk." And that is true. It runs deeper than their religion, this feeling of brotherhood. It

We shall continue to give in these pages each month a review of the revolution in thought and action all over the world.

BOOKS

Enter Sandburg

ENTER Sandburg—formally. That is, in a book.* Sandburg has already made an impressive entrance—several of them, in fact—and some of his best and boldest pieces originally appeared in this magazine. Readers of THE MASSES will call to mind that biting portrait of Billy Sunday entitled “To a Contemporary Bunkshooter,” the ironic “Buttons,” and the poignant “Murmurings in a Field Hospital,” one of the finest things in the present volume. In fact these very three poems with their range of differences and mood reveal all of Sandburg’s power and personality. “At times the most brutal, and at times the most tender of our living poets,” I said of him elsewhere, “he proves Synge’s contention that ‘it is the timber of poetry that wears most surely, and there is no timber that has not strong roots among the clay and worms.’” His hate, a strengthening and challenging force, might overbalance the power of his work, were it not exceeded by the fiercer virility of his love.

See, for instance, this brief poem:

THEY WILL SAY

Of my city the worst that men will ever say is this:
You took little children away from the sun and the dew,
And the glimmers that played in the grass under the great sky,
And the reckless rain; you put them between walls
To work, broken and smothered, for bread and wages,
To eat dust in their throats and die empty-hearted
For a little handful of pay on a few Saturday nights.

or this more chiselled and brilliant bit:

SUBWAY

Down between the walls of shadow
Where the iron laws insist,
The hunger voices mock.

The worn wayfaring men
With the hunched and humble shoulders,
Throw their laughter into toil.

In this last example, Sandburg’s finest quality is seen at its best. It is the etcher’s quality, with its firm, clean-cut and always suggestive line. He is a socialist and (or, if the opposition prefers, but) an artist. Such things as “Halsted Street Car,” “Mill-Doors,” “Masses,” “Onion Days,” “Dynamiter,” (to name only a few of the more obvious ones) could only have been written by one who had the mingled passions of both. And, as a blend of persons, he achieves a directness and drive that is unequalled by any contemporary poet, except, in a totally different manner, by Robert Frost and occasionally by Arturo Giovannitti.

I began to speak of Sandburg, the etcher, when I was led away by Sandburg, the socialist. To return to the former, I call your attention to the way he attains background and actors, story and swiftness and surety with the fewest possible words (“economy of line” is what, I believe, my *confrère*, Art Young, would call it); how in a poem like “The Harbor” he not only establishes a view of Whistlerian back yards opening on to the river, but a vision of huddled souls

opening out on a sea of freedom. Or, as a less sweeping and more intimate etching, take this “Fish Crier”:

I know a Jew fish crier down on Maxwell Street with a voice like a north wind blowing over corn stubble in January.

He dangles herring before prospective customers evincing a joy identical with that of Pavlowa dancing.

His face is that of a man terribly glad to be selling fish, terribly glad that God made fish, and customers to whom he may call his wares from a pushcart.

I do not mean to let my enthusiasm for this book give the impression that everything in the volume is up to its high levels. Being human, Carl Sandburg slumps here and there, now and again, and even fre-

quently. There is, even in the midst of his sincerity, a note or a figure that is more strained than strong; there is even, once in a while, a surprising artificiality of expression and gesture—an affectation (as in “The Answer”) where rhetoric and twisted lines lead up the same blind alley of literature that Ezra Pound has chosen for his habitat.

But the majority of the volume is far different than these few exceptions. It is a volume that is vivid with the health of vulgarity; that has the strength of sorrow as well as the gaiety of strength. It is, at the last, an intensely personal volume, and “who touches this book, touches (in the best sense in which Walt Whitman ever meant it) a man.”

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

The Science of the Soul

FOR twenty-odd centuries the philosophers have attempted to discover the nature and the workings of the human soul. One of the earliest subjects of speculation, it has been the last to yield its secrets. When in the seventeenth century Newton reduced the falling of a stone and the wheeling of the stars in their courses to a simple formula, men were still about as far from the heart of the mystery as Plato had been. It is not strange, for the nearer we come to ourselves the more infinitely complex do facts appear to become. A man’s hand is a mystery that rivals the ribb’d universe—or whatever it was that Walt Whitman asserted. And when the soul turns its gaze inward upon itself it encounters a cloudy chaos, in comparison to which the revolutions of planets and electrons are simple and orderly matters. When in the nineteenth century, Darwin formulated the great theory of biological progress which linked the highest achievements of mankind with the lowliest beginnings of life on the globe, the soul of man was still an unanswered riddle.

Nevertheless, quite outside the sublime theorizings of the philosophers, in the humble study of mental disease, facts about the mind were being discovered which were the beginnings of a new science of the soul. Bit by bit in the last two hundred years the data of psychic phenomena have been accumulated. It waited, however, the advent of some bold investigator whose mind could pierce through these phenomena and discover their underlying laws. It is clear that when this should be done we would have a generalization as momentous to the world as Newton’s; a discovery as startling and revolutionizing in its effects as Darwin’s. Such was, in fact, the nature of the discovery and the generalization made by Sigmund Freud.

The world has not yet had a chance to realize the significance of the Freudian theory of the nature and processes of the soul. When it does, a new light will have been shed on education and morality, to mention only the most obvious territories in which its influence is bound to operate. A new direction will in fact have been given to our thinking, and the shape and color of our lives will be changed as surely as the discovery of the uses of steam changed the landscape of the earth.

There are two chief reasons why the significance of the new discoveries about the soul are slow to affect society at large—aside from the fact that so revolutionary a discovery must necessarily lie under deep suspicion and win its way against the resistance of a natural conservatism. One of these rea-

sons, to put it bluntly, is the apparent inability of these discoverers to write—in the orderly and logical fashion commonly demanded of scientists. There is, it is true, something in the study of fundamental psychic processes which destroys respect for logic by revealing its factitiousness. Nevertheless, the result is unhappy. If Darwin had been no more careful a writer than Freud, or Huxley than Jung, and if either of them had had the romantic notions about what constitutes a clinching argument that Freud and Jung display, we might all still be believing that species were created one Friday and Saturday in the year 4004 B. C.

The other reason is that this discovery is still complicated and involved with a theory of the treatment of neuroses, out of which it sprang. Freud had tried hypnotism on his patients, and wanted something better to get at the hidden part of their minds, and so elaborated the technique of dream-analysis; a fact which has a little, but not much more importance than the apple which is supposed to have fallen on Sir Isaac Newton’s head and set him thinking about gravitation. Darwin’s generalization was illustrated and proved by a host of observations, from which, however, the generalization itself has been set free. We do not think of the theory of “mutation” in terms of the Dutch primroses—was it primroses?—by which it was originally worked out. Our conception of the germ theory of disease is not cluttered up with the particular slides which were used in originally demonstrating it. But it is the misfortune of the new discovery that practically all its literature deals with the technique of psycho-analysis rather than the more significant revelations achieved through the use of that instrument.

It is from that situation that Jung has apparently sought to deliver the new science, by means of his book, “Psychology of the Unconscious.” More exactly, the book is a loose exemplification of the contribution which he himself has already made to this growing science, in setting it free from some of the entanglements incident to its origin.

By means of the technique of dream-analysis, Freud has discovered that the “unconscious,” the hidden part of the mind, is full of “complexes,” knotted groups of emotions and thoughts, which have been “repressed,” thrust back out of consciousness as shameful. He found, moreover, that these repressed

* “Chicago Poems,” by Carl Sandberg. \$1.25 net. Henry Holt and Co. For sale by THE MASSES BOOK SHOP.

¹ “Psychology of the Unconscious,” a Study of the Transformations and Symbolisms of the Libido: A Contribution to the History of the Evolution of Thought, by Dr. C. G. Jung. Authorized translation, with introduction, by Beatrice M. Hinkle, M. D. Moffat, Yard & Co., \$4 net. For sale by Masses Book Shop.

complexes were sexual in character. Repression, that is to say, was shown to be one way in which the mind deals with emotional force—"libido"—which cannot find free play in civilized life. It is, however, a poor way, for the repression may give rise to a symptom called neurosis. What other way is there of dealing with this emotional force? It is clear that in many people the "libido," meeting the barrier which civilization puts up against its absolutely free play, transcends those barriers in the "sublimated" form of artistic or other expression. Such, roughly, is the core of the Freudian hypothesis. It had, however, some sub-theories which seemed scarcely less important. One of these dealt with the original causes of repression. It was at first Freud's belief, based upon his patients' childhood memories long forgotten and recovered by dream-analysis, that some early shock which had produced a painful impression and been repressed into the unconsciousness, was responsible for later-appearing neuroses: a theory which he later found untenable, but not before it had set afoot some very valuable investigations into the psychology of childhood and infancy. Another theory was based upon the universal emergence, among neurotic persons, of a morbid emotional attachment to a parent; the so-called "father-" or "mother-complex." Into the exposition of these theories, which was, to begin with, almost entirely from the practitioner's viewpoint, was imparted an intolerable garrulousness on the subject of sex and dreams; this was, perhaps, inevitable, for the shock with which conservative minds received the news that sexual emotions could not be repressed without morbid consequences, and the skepticism of other minds with regard to the significance of dreams, seemed to require endless explanations, in the reverberations of which the real significance² of the Freudian discoveries was almost lost.

Jung's chief contributions to this young science were: first, he freed the term "libido" from exclusively sexual connotations, so that it became equivalent to the Life Force, the whole sum of human energy. Second, he finished the destruction of Freud's early notion that neuroses were due to incidents occurring in childhood; he showed that the emergence of infantile memories is due to the fact that the life energy, having turned away from the real or present world, goes into the past, where it re-lives infantile memories and fantasies. The effect of this revision is to take attention away from the past and place it in the present; for it is Jung's conviction that the cause of neurosis is a refusal or failure to meet the difficulties and dangers of life in the actual world³. If this is true, then the specific contents of the patient's dream is a matter of no great consequence, except as it may serve to show him with what subjects his unconscious mind is occupied—a healthful revelation of his basically animal nature. With the revisions of Jung we have in sharper outlines cleared of the labyrinthine detail of dream-interpretation and the monotonous insistence on sexual matters a revolutionizing science of man's psychical life: a science which explains the obscure causes and effects of his acceptance or refusal of the difficult realities of life.

We come now to Jung's very remarkable book, "Psychology of the Unconscious." At first glance it does not seem at all to fit in with the de-

scription of his attitude as stated above. It is a long analysis of a book in which an American girl records certain fantasies; but this is merely the starting point: the explanation proceeds to involve all the myth, legend, and folk-lore of five continents, with liberal excerpts from Byron, Shakespeare and Goethe; it becomes a history of various important events in the life of mankind, from the discovery of fire to the rise of Christianity, with a whole volume of scholarship tucked away in notes at the back. And, above everything, it is an account of the "mother-complex" in all its forms, transformations and ramifications. It is, in short, not exactly what one would expect.

The explanation appears to be this. Jung found this new science deeply involved in detailed study of dreams, and confused by an erroneous estimate of the sexual character of the unconscious activities of the mind. From his point of view it was a pity to waste so much energy in interpreting dreams, since all dreams were, in the end, one dream—the dream of escape from the realities and difficulties and dangers of life. It was a pity to put so much emphasis on sex, since the sexuality of the unconscious is an infantile sexuality whose desire is to return to the rest and comfort of the mother's breast, or the more perfect peace of the mother's womb.

Now it was impossible for Jung to analyze all the dream-fantasies in the world and show that they all meant the same thing. But he could analyze all the myth-fantasies in the world and show it, and he pretty nearly did. If his exposition fails of persuasiveness in detail, it is extremely impressive in its total effect. And his treatment of the sexuality of the unconscious very effectively reduces it to the motif of this universal myth-fantasy—the desire to escape from reality. By an exhaustive analysis of fantasy he has shown us once for all its superficial character; and he has shown the superficial character of unconscious sexuality by the same gigantic process: and he has put in place of these the thing which actually underlies both—the refusal of the individual to meet the terms of life.

Life is in its preliminary aspect an acceptance of the necessity of adapting oneself to changing realities. The first such necessity comes to the infant when it is compelled to take its food in some other way than from the mother's breast; and all subsequent dealings with changing realities have something of the painful and childish quality of "weaning" in them. They are succeeded by the necessity not merely to accept new realities but to impose one's own will upon them. That is even more painful, and it is from that necessity that the too-sensitive soul recoils into a dream which is an imaginative restoration of the conditions of infantile irresponsibility and peace. Thus all ascending life, all struggle, adventure, effort, is an "escape from the mother"; and all relapsing life, all cowardice, hypocrisy, evasion, surrender, and substitution of the easy dream for the difficult reality, whether it take the form of a belief in paradise to come, or a mere putting off till an imaginary tomorrow of the thing that should be done today, or some more dangerous neurotic compensation, is a "return to the mother." The facts are not quite so simple as this: for rest, the return, the retiring into oneself for the obscure nourishment of dreams, is a preliminary to all great effort. But in that return lies the danger. If one's Life Force comes out again to the real world it is with renewed power; but it may become beguiled by the dream and not come out. *The dream thus possesses the double quality of savior and destroyer, and the greatest problem of any man's life is to*

determine, if such a thing is possible, which it shall be. Such is the contribution of Jung.

And thus the way is left clear for the next great step of psychic science: to investigate more fully the quality of that dangerous moment when the dream either destroys or saves. Here, as in other of Jung's writings, there are hints of tremendous suggestiveness, and the book is well worth reading by the seeker after knowledge for those hints alone. It is far from being a popular account of either the achievements or the possibilities of psycho-analysis; but it is a profound and valuable work, and the best that has yet appeared on the subject. It is indispensable to the student who wishes to keep in touch with science as it is being made—who wishes to stand in the forge and see the sparks fly as the sword of a new and splendid and terrible knowledge is being hammered out.

F. D.

CORRESPONDENCE

Relaxation in Verse

FREE verse has already been so analyzed and dissected that to offer any additions to the results, it seems almost necessary to apologize. Be that as it may, it occurred to me while reading the critique in the last issue of THE MASSES, "Poison vs. Play" (I believe it was Mr. Dell's), that here, too, lay several psychological reasons for the birth, or rather the re-birth of this form of verse.

This article, briefly reviewing an old theory, states that, "those centers of the brain which were latest to be developed and which were more and more strenuously called into use by an increasing civilization—the centers which make possible sustained voluntary attention, controlled association, concentration and analysis, together with the inhibition of other older and easier psychic activities—" found it necessary to have some form of unconscious relaxation. This is as far as we need to follow the critique.

Supposing this to be the case, was it not in the temperaments of poets who are writing free verse, temperaments to which hidebound convention and established laws of thought were distasteful, that this form of verse re-arose in the nature of revolt or relaxation? Was it not also in the minds of the thinking men and women, to whom the tiresome routine of business and other such aspects of life were disagreeable, that it received its first serious consideration? For granting that there are subjects which are necessarily too broad for metric treatment, free verse, I believe, is a reversion to the savage. A reversion which to most people at all times is agreeable, whether the savage crops up in literature or music. No doubt there are those who disagree with me, but a superficial knowledge of Indian lyrics (I refer more to those of the Six Nations) is the cause of my conclusion that these two forms are, in many ways, alike.

Coinciding with this theory, in a sense, I might cite the peculiar effects and incidents related with regard to the music of savage tribes.

The above is a thought I have never seen in print, but should it have been advanced before, I offer my apologies accordingly.

MURRAY G. BREESE.

New York City.

[The theory is, so far as we know, new; it is certainly interesting and impressive. We hope to take it into account in a discussion of the form and content of contemporary verse which will appear later in these pages.—THE EDITORS.]

²I. e., the loss of a vast portion of the psychic energy of the race in neuroses (insanity) as the result of a blocking of its path into the outer world of reality—a blocking for which civilization may be, and certainly to a large extent is, to blame.

³It will be noticed that Jung's revision puts on the individual the responsibility for failure to adjust his psychic energies to reality; but this failure may still be, not so much a failure to adapt his desires to reality, as a failure to remould reality nearer to the heart's desire! Even if civilization is at fault, man must face it, and if he cannot endure it, must re-shape it.

PARLIAMENTARY ETIQUETTE

Arturo Giovannitti

THE United States Congress has been devoting a little of its time lately to affairs of state. One of the less important of these from the congressional point of view is the bill which gives citizenship to the Porto Ricans. It bestows this gift in the left-handed manner characteristic of the times, by excepting some 163,000 out of a total 200,000 adult Porto Rican males from the privilege of the franchise. In the course of the house debate on this bill, the lone Socialist congressman, Meyer London, rose to point out that the bill would be the cause of insurrection in Porto Rico.

"Three-fourths of the working people who will be disfranchised," the *Sun* reports Mr. London as saying, "will have the right to use the revolver. * * * The man whose vote you take away will have the right to put the knife of an assassin into the heart of any man who attempts to govern him against his will."

These remarks, it is true, are a mere restating in more dramatic language of the doctrine that a people has the right to abolish, "by force of arms," any form of government which does not rest on the consent of the governed: a doctrine which is usually attributed to Thomas Jefferson, one-time President of the United States, and which is recorded as a "self-evident truth" in the second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence. It was perhaps the naïvete of a neophyte in the etiquettial mysteries of the Higher Legislation in America, which led Mr. London to assume that the re-statement of this historical American doctrine was not out of place in the Congress of the United States.

This was apparently a mistaken assumption: for it ignored entirely the newer rôle of Congress as a select club with its own special and highly refined rules as to what may and may not be uttered in its presence. Confronted with the distressing *gaucherie* of Mr. London, it promptly laid all other business aside, and devoted half an hour of its precious time to giving the new member a lesson in manners.

First, by way of making him feel what an affront he had offered to its dignity, "the gentleman" from Tennessee stated his regret that he could not make a motion to expel Mr. London from the House. The offensive words were solemnly taken down. Speaker Clark was called in to take the chair. "The House, unusually silent, then proceeded to discuss gravely what should be done." Precedent was invoked. Finally it was decided to give Mr. London a chance to "explain." This Mr. London did, mollifying somewhat, according to the *Sun*, the dramatic expressiveness of his previous utterance. But this was not sufficient, and Mr. London was asked to withdraw his remarks altogether. Mr. London withdrew them. The objectionable words having been unsaid, the dignity of the House having been dis-affronted, the gentlemen turned again

to the less important business of disfranchising the Porto Ricans.

It is difficult, doubtless, to remember all the entangled contours of the rules; still more difficult to remember the unwritten standards. So difficult, that in remembering them it is possible to forget that other unwritten rule, which is that no revolutionary lawmaker ever conforms to those rules.

Revolutionary non-conformity is an important part of legislative etiquette, one whose precedents runs back to the days of the Gracchi, and has conspicuous recent exemplification in the conduct of the spumeous Grayson of England and the tempestuous Ferri of Italy, who have compelled the select legislative clubs, into which they intruded, to listen to just such utterances as the one from Mr. London which so astonished the gentleman from Tennessee.

There was in fact a certain naïvete in the attitude of the House toward Mr. London's remarks. And if he had chosen to abide by his own precedents rather than those quoted by "the gentlemen," he might have given us the more edifying spectacle of a revolutionary lawmaker standing in company with all the great of revolutionary history. For that part of history which is registered in the minutes of parliaments rather than engraved with musket balls on the ruins of the battered strongholds of privilege and tyranny, is replete with examples of men who, while pleading the cause of liberty, overstepped the bounds of established proprieties. Men who were delegated to carry into legislative halls the tumults and the shouting of the mobs in the squares below, have never undertaken to conform to the niceties and dignities of legislative procedure. Whenever the Revolution forced itself or was admitted into the throne-room, it kept its hat on, and if it polished anything before it entered, it was its sword and its head-axe, not its language and manners. Danton never opened his mouth to advocate the plebiscite without threatening in his first words an uprising of the *sans-culottes*. Robespierre, in his maiden speech at the first Assembly, avouched that the rope was an obsolete argument for democracy, and thereby furnished Dr. Guillotin, that great professor of social hygiene, with an immortal idea. The short gladium of Scevola, and the still shorter poignard of Cassius, have been favorite figures of speech with all the great modern tribunes, from Rienzi to Jaures. The latter referred often to *la pique et le flambeau*, while in our own Senate one senator became famous as late as a decade ago by a happy rhetorical allusion to "the people and the lamp-post."

Why, indeed, should a representative who as a Socialist openly advocates the overthrow of all existing standards of politics, refrain from mentioning such a simple and old-fashioned and well-established political device as a dagger finding

its way to the entrails of tyrants who refuse to allow people to express their political views in any other way? This may very well hurt the tender feelings of his honorable colleagues, but it is impossible to conduct a revolution without hurting feelings. Consideration for these same colleagues should be mitigated by the fact that their sole function (as Mr. London said before he was elected) is that of keeping the working class in ignorance and slavery. Are we, then, no longer to fight "like tigers on the barricades"—as Mr. Hillquit once put it—if the right to peacefully legislate ourselves into economic and political freedom is denied us?

It is true that if Mr. London had stuck by that second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence, he might have suffered the obloquy of a vote of censure from the men whom he was elected to oppose and if possible to rout out of the sanctuary of the Republic. Such a vote of censure, one might have imagined, would be eagerly sought as a certificate of good and faithful service to the cause of the Revolution. To gain such a certificate in the halls of Congress would be, incidentally, a means of rehabilitating political action even in the eyes of such rabid syndicalists as myself.

Mr. London was sent to Congress with the idea that he would be one disreputable and live person in a mausoleum of respectability. Is it possible that under the insalubrious influences of the atmosphere of Washington, D. C., Mr. London is growing refined? I wonder. I hope not.

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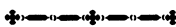
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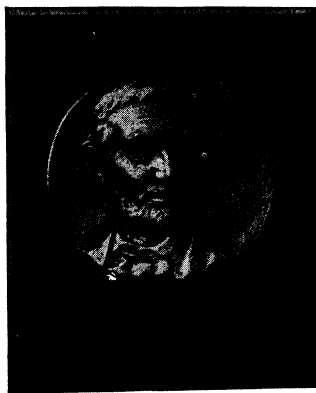
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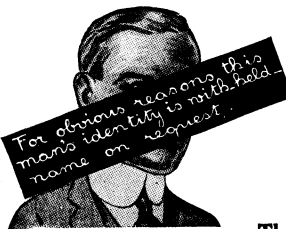
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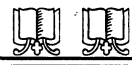
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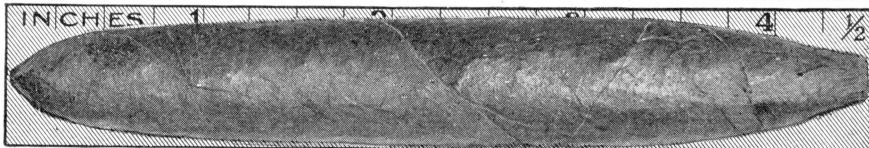
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