

The
MASSES

JANUARY, 1914

10 CENTS



Drawn by George Bellows.

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

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PUBLISHER, NEW YORK

INDICTED FOR CRIMINAL LIBEL

OUR readers will wish to know these facts:

Last summer, after a number of publications, including *Collier's Weekly* and *The Independent*, had delicately intimated that the Associated Press gave the country no fair account of the struggle between labor and capital in West Virginia, THE MASSES decided to look into the case. It decided that if this thing were true, it ought to be stated without delicacy.

The result was a paragraph explicitly and warmly charging the Associated Press with having suppressed and colored the news of that strike in favor of the employers. Accompanying the paragraph was a cartoon presenting the same charge in a graphic form.

Upon the basis of this cartoon and paragraph, William Rand, an attorney for the Associated Press, brought John-Doe proceedings against THE MASSES in the Municipal Court of New York. Justice Breen dismissed the case.

Rand then went to the District Attorney. And the District Attorney considered the case serious enough to receive the attention of the Grand Jury. He secured an indictment of two editors of THE MASSES for criminal libel. Max Eastman and Arthur Young were arraigned on December 13, pleaded not guilty, and were each released on \$1,000 bail. The date for the trial is not set. The penalty for criminal libel may be one year in prison, or \$500 fine, or both.

We do not invite your solicitude over the fate of these two editors of THE MASSES. But we do invite you to arouse yourselves against any attempt to put down by force of legal procedure

the few free and independent critics of the Associated Press. The hope of democratic civilization lies in the dissemination of true knowledge, and every man must be free to keep vigilance over the sources of knowledge. The Associated Press boasts of supplying news to one-half the population of this country. And if that boast is true, or if it remotely approximates the truth, then a criticism of the Associated Press is a criticism of the very heart of the hope of progress for mankind in America. And if the Associated Press proves powerful enough—as it may, for it is the biggest political force we have—to silence such criticism, we may as well forget all about the New Haven Railroad, and the Telephone Trust, and the Standard Oil Trust, and the Steel Trust, and the Money Trust, and every other problem of combination that confronts us, for they are little or nothing by comparison with a sovereign control of true knowledge.

In our effort to secure a just decision of this case and the principles involved in it, we expect the support of every man and woman who believes in democratic civilization and the freedom of the press.

If you control or influence any avenue of publicity in the country, go out and help us get the case before the public. And if you know any other way to contribute to a legal struggle, do not pause or postpone it. The issue is not ours, it is yours.

The defense is in the hands of Gilbert E. Roe, 55 Liberty street, New York, a former law partner of Senator La Follette and a distinguished fighter against Privilege.

F. D.

**ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER
FOR THE MASSES**

He Can Secure It For You



B. Marsh Brewer

Drawn by B. Marsh Brewer

"BABIES IS A FINE THING, AIN'T THEY?"

"YAS—ONCE IN A WHILE."

The MASSES

Vol. V. No. 4: Issue No. 32.

JANUARY, 1914

Max Eastman, Editor.

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

Arraigned

A COURTROOM is a place for tears—tears over the tragedy of life's injustice, tears over men's pathetic little schemes and efforts to make it just. I knew that the courtroom would be a sad place. I remembered well enough the time when a certain gay-hearted escapade brought me there, and I saw the contrast between myself and those who were there by tragic and inevitable law. I knew it would be sad. But I was a little surprised how much the sadness lay in those pitiful efforts of the officials themselves to look and behave like abstract ideas. From the doorkeeper all the way up to the judge they seem concerned to impress upon you that life here is de-humanized, that you have in truth entered into a platonic realm where all motive and all individual feeling cease. Each comer is steered into his proper section of benches, each victim put through his forms, with somewhat the majestic impersonality with which the particulars are marshalled under the universal in the chilly spheres of formal logic.

A bearing at once divine and mechanical seems to be the ideal of the court—an ideal which is more and more approximated as you descend from His Honor to the dignitaries beneath him. The judge, indeed, having subdued everybody else to the ideal, rather transcends it himself, and inclines to behave like a concrete citizen in a comfortable chair. But in the seargeant-at-arms—if I have the correct terminology—you see abstract justice personified, entrenched, petrified. There is no moving in his bosom the ghost of a human thought or feeling.

And yet what is this courtroom but a cold sanctuary in a temple of injustice? You need only look behind the bars, to see destitution linked manifestly there with crime, as cause with its effect, and know that this mechanical solemnity is but a crowning travesty of the ideal of justice. An unconscious travesty, to be sure—for these button-wearing officials, in their attempts at a divine automatism, would not be pathetic if they were not sincere. They are sincere, and that childlike sincerity will yet be directed against the root of injustice, economic privilege, and the whole fabric will fall.

Criminal Law

Had we been viewing the courtroom scene in a "sociological" drama, I should not have been surprised at the first case to come before the court. But I had supposed that "sociological" dramatists embellished and fixed up the course of events to match their theories. Therefore when the following perfect dialogue issued

before me, at the very off-go of my adventure in what is happily called "criminal law," I was surprised.

A young man of rather delicate aspect, handsome in an aristocratic way, but dressed in dirt, came to the bar to be sentenced. His face was strained and his eyes were shiny.

"What motive," said the judge, "can you give for committing this crime to which you have plead guilty?"

The young man whispered to his attorney.

"He was out of work, your Honor—and hungry."

"You were out of work, and hungry. How long had you been out of work when you snatched this article from the complainant?"

"For three months, your Honor."

"For what reason did you leave your former employers?"

"His employers failed, your Honor."

"If the sentence were suspended and you were released on probation, would you lead an honest and law-abiding life?"

"He says he would, your Honor."

"Your case has been investigated by Mr. X—, and so far as he can ascertain this is the first time you have been detected in a crime. Your statements have been found true, and the court will suspend your sentence and release you upon the following conditions. Upon your failure to fulfill any of these conditions you will be re-arrested and compelled to serve the full term of your sentence of five years in prison. The first condition is that you lead an honest and law-abiding life during the term of your probation.

"The second condition is that you find employment within three weeks—"

"Ain't he bin huntin' fer it fer tree monts?" said a gruff whisper in my ear.

"—and hold it throughout the term of your probation."

Perhaps the sociologer would have omitted a final remark of this judge, that "the probation officer says he will try to find you a job"—but up to that point at least the most fastidious and revolutionary dramatist would not ask to change in any jot the details of the first scene enacted before us in the courtroom.

FORTY-FOUR railroads have appealed to the Government for the right to increase rates, on the plea of poverty. With deplorable timeliness the report of the Commerce Commission shows that the railway dividends for 1911 were the largest in history.

"LABOR discontent," says the President-elect of the Borough of Manhattan, "is due to popular education." This is only fair play, Mr. Marks, because history shows that popular education was due to labor discontent.

Crafty Unionism

THE American Federation of Labor decided that men who drive brewery wagons are "Brewers," and should join the Brewery Workers' Union, but men who drive mineral water wagons are "Teamsters" and should join the "Teamsters' Union. The beer drivers, it was assumed, come into a closer relation with the article of manufacture than the water wagon drivers.



"GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?"

BEHIND THE CONSTITUTION

“BY calm meditation and friendly councils, they had prepared a Constitution which, in the union of freedom with strength and order, excelled every one known before.

In the happy morning of their existence as one of the powers of the world, they had chosen justice for their guide; and while they proceeded on their way with a well founded confidence and joy, all the friends of mankind invoked success on their endeavor as the only hope for renovating the life of the civilized world.”

So wrote the pious historian Bancroft. It is the most popular view of the origin of our Constitution. In school histories, in editorials, in sermons, in political speeches, and in disquisitions from the bench, it is the only one to be found. We are expected to believe that our political institutions were conceived in a happy mood of exalted unselfishness by men who sought only to earn the applause of a grateful and astonished universe. Nevertheless there have been some cynical doubts in many minds.

These doubts have been confined almost exclusively to Socialists. Radicals of other creeds have generally been content to accept the idealistic view of the origin of the Constitution, and have mourned over our latter-

day perversion of the fathers' fine intentions. Surely the patriot statesmen of 1787 had no thought that the Senate would ever be the bulwark of the moneyed interests, and the courts their last refuge against the anger of the people! But the Socialist's cynicism remained unqualified. He thought, if you asked him, that the patriot fathers knew just what they were doing. It didn't strain his imagination, exercised as it was by some impressive vistas sketched by Karl Marx, to see in the attitude of the framers of the Constitution a friendliness to the moneyed interests and a real fear of the people.

And now this Socialist cynicism has been justified by a book—“An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States,” by Charles A. Beard, professor of politics in Columbia University. It is such a book as appears only once in a decade—a book at once delightful and impressive. It is written by a man who is both a profound historical scholar and (as not every historical scholar is) a skilful writer. Some happy turn of phrase, some quiet and effective bit of satire, lights up every page. We have not had in America a book of such combined scientific and literary worth since Veblen's “The Theory of the Leisure Class.”

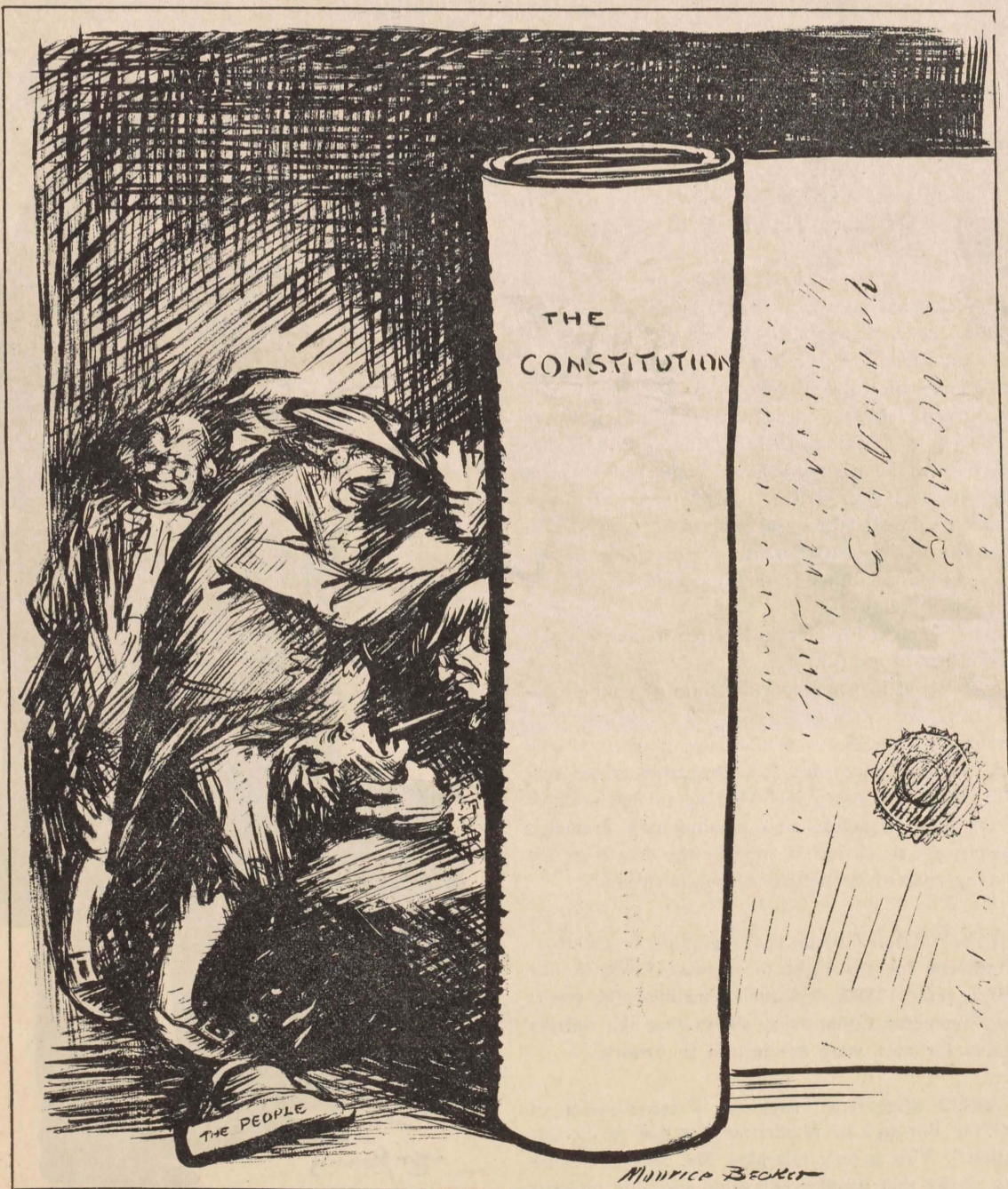
Professor Beard's standards of historical workmanship are nothing if not exigent. He puts forth this volume as something frankly fragmentary, based though it is on much severe research. He points out that if it were possible to have a financial biography of all those persons connected with the framing and adoption of the Constitution—“perhaps about 160,000 men altogether”—he would have the materials he wants for his scientific study of the economic forces which created the Constitution. But the records at the Treasury Department are incomplete, the tax lists of various States have been lost, and he has not had the time to examine fully even the few tons of those that are available. Most of his readers, however, will be well satisfied with what he has brought us.

His volume is, in fact, an extraordinary broad survey of the personalities and the conditions of the period which produced the Constitution. He has a record of the vote, the opinions and the financial interests of practically every man who was prominent in the struggle out of which the Constitution came. And from this record he has been able to make the most illuminating generalizations about the economic forces which determined the issue of that struggle.

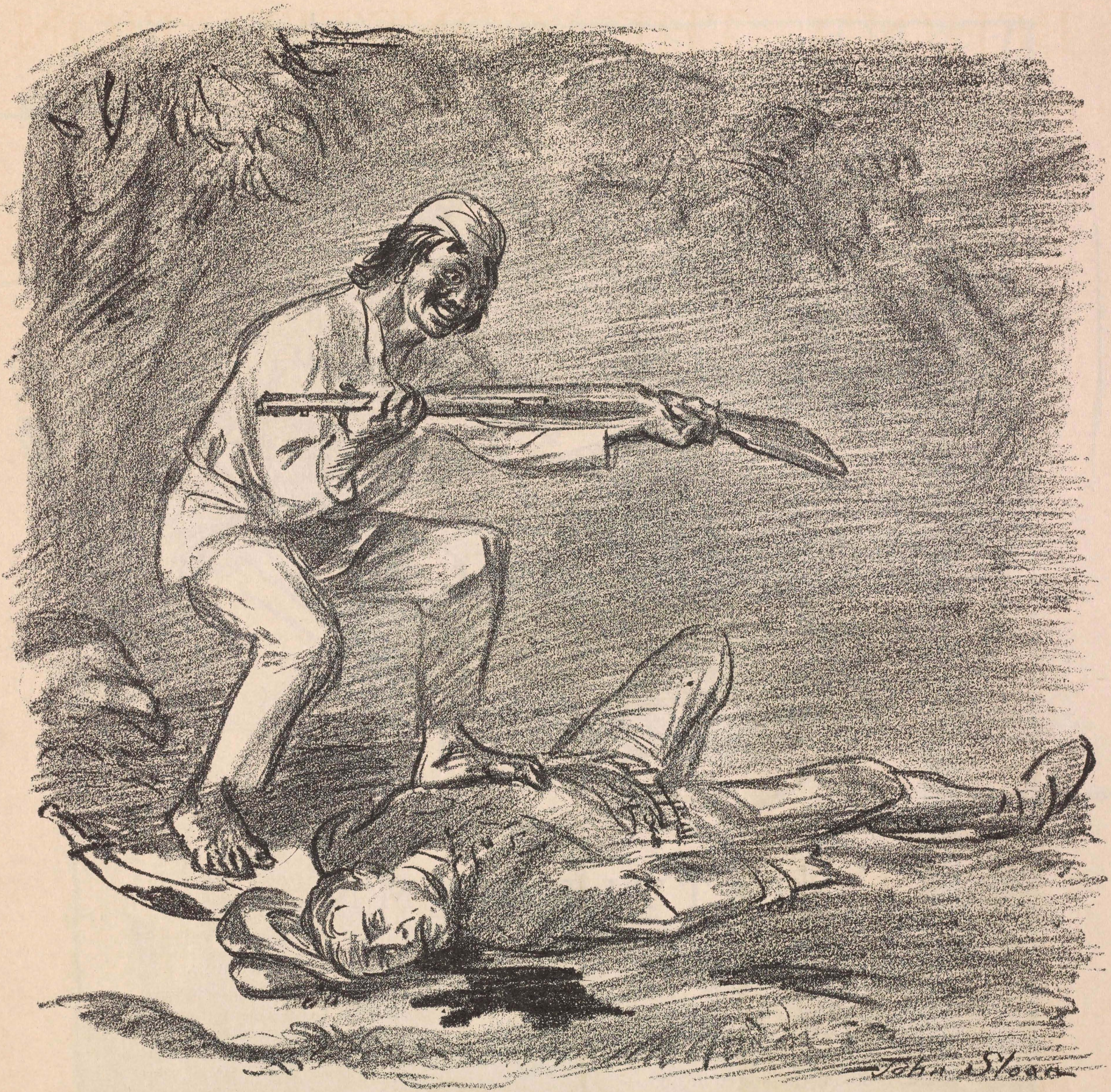
It is more than interesting to read the records of Baldwin, Bassett, Bedford, Blair, Blount and the others down to Washington and Wythe. Some of them were men of wealth and standing from New England, some of them men of wealth and standing from the South, but all were men of wealth and standing. Most of them were large owners of public securities, and many of them extensive speculators in western lands. They had been chosen by Legislatures, most of which were elected by a restricted suffrage, to attend this convention, whose secret object they were known to favor. Practically all of them were undemocratic in their sympathies—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, aristocratic in their fears. And they all were clearly aware of the economic advantages which would accrue to themselves by the change. As Williamson, a member of the Convention from North Carolina, put it in a letter to Madison: “I conceive that my opinions are not biased by private Interests, but having claims to a considerable Quantity of Land in the Western Country, I am fully persuaded that the Value of those lands must be increased by an efficient federal Government.”

As these eminent land speculators knew, an efficient federal government would make war on the Indians and give them a chance to sell their lands to bona-fide settlers. They also knew that an efficient federal government would have to redeem at its face value the paper certificates issued by the Confederacy, which they had bought at five cents on the dollar from the original holders. And they knew, moreover, that an efficient federal government, with a sufficiently undemocratic constitution, would put a stop to the attacks on private property in the State Legislatures.

For there were communists in those days. There is a distinct communist idea at the bottom of the demand of Shay and his “desperate debtors” for relief. “We all fought,” they said, “for the land in America in the war. And now that we have won, it belongs to all of us.” All they wanted in reality was to keep the land they already had, instead of turning it over to their wealthy creditors and then going to jail. They were put down, as usual, by the militia. But populistic schemes for the issuance of paper money had gained so much favor among the small farming class that the financiers were frightened. Something must be done.



A REVIEW OF BEARD'S BOOK BY MAURICE BECKER



Drawn by John Sloan

SPREADING THE JOYS OF CIVILIZATION

They did it. The Convention called to revise the Articles of Confederation promptly threw the Articles of Confederation overboard and illegally drew up a new plan of government, which was submitted to Congress with a demand for a popular vote. The popular vote itself, carefully engineered, carried the Constitution over an almost overwhelming popular disapproval to a bare success. It was an act which, as one historian has said, if committed by Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte, would have been pronounced a *coup d'état*. It was a *coup d'état*. It put property in the saddle. And it was meant to put property in the saddle.

So much is admitted in that remarkable document,

the Federalist. On account of the restrictions upon suffrage, it was not then necessary, as it is now, for politicians to put a democratic mask on their intentions. Madison and Hamilton and Jay could explain to their fellow capitalists just what the Constitution was for. Madison even foresaw the rise of a landless proletariat, and explained how the Constitution would secure "private rights against the danger of such a faction and at the same time preserve the spirit and form of a popular government." The judiciary was expressly designed, it is explained, as the crowning counterweight to "an interested and overbearing majority." And, perhaps most important of all, it would

lend the power of a nation to the enforcement of contracts and the collection of debts.

The Federalist stands, indeed, as a predecessor to Professor Beard's book. It is itself, as Professor Beard points out, an economic interpretation of the Constitution. It reveals the Constitution as a conscious intrenchment in power of the exploiting class. And again the Socialist scepticism is justified. F. D.

Feminism

THE Martha Washington is a hotel exclusively for women. It has a smoking room. But women are not allowed to smoke there.



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

"IT CHECKS THE GROWTH OF THE UNDESIRABLE CLASSES, DON'T YOU KNOW."

BATTLE HYMN

YES, Jim hez gone—ye didn't know?
 He's fightin' at the front.
 It's him as bears "his country's hopes,"
 An' me as bears the brunt.

W'en war bruk out Jim 'lowed he'd go—
 He allus loved a scrap—
 Ye see, the home warn't jest the place
 Fer sech a lively chap.

O' course, the work seems ruther hard;
 The kids is ruther small—
 It ain't that I am sore at Jim,
 I envy him—that's all.

It makes him glad and drunken-like
 The music an' the smoke;
 An' w'en they shout, the whole thing seems
 A picnic an' a joke.

Oh, yellin' puts a heart in ye,
 An' stren'th into yer blows—
 I wisht that I could hear them cheers
 Washin' the neighbors' clo'es.

It's funny how some things work out—
 Life is so strange, Lord love us—
 Here **I** am, workin' night an' day
 To keep a roof above us;

An' Jim is somewhere in the south,
 An' Jim ain't really bad,
 A-runnin' round an' raisin' Cain,
 An' stabbin' some kid's dad.

He doesn't know what he's about
 An' cares still less, does Jim.
 With all his loose an' roarin' ways
 I wisht that I was him.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER



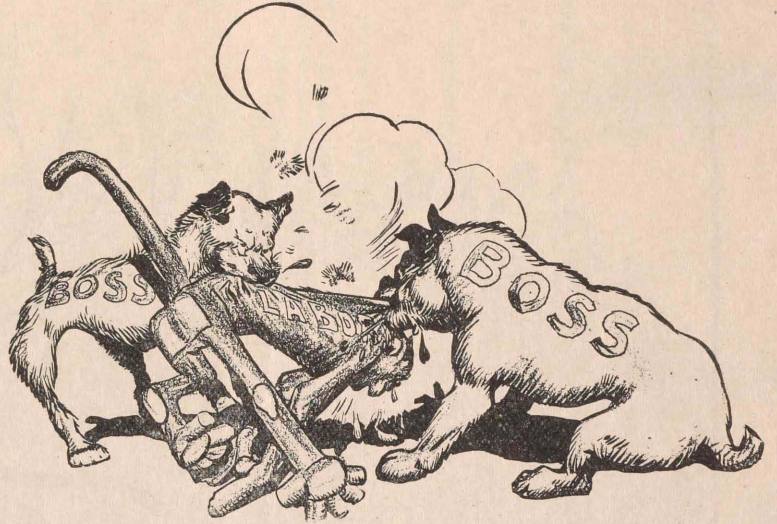
Drawn by Henry J. GlintenKamp.

"WUZ A FELLER IN HERE TRYIN' TO GIT ME TO BUY ONE O' THEM GOL-DURN SOCIALIST MAGAZINES YISTADAY."
"WAL, I CAL'LATE THE ALMANAC AND MONTGOMERY WARD 'LL LAST ME OVER THE WINTER."

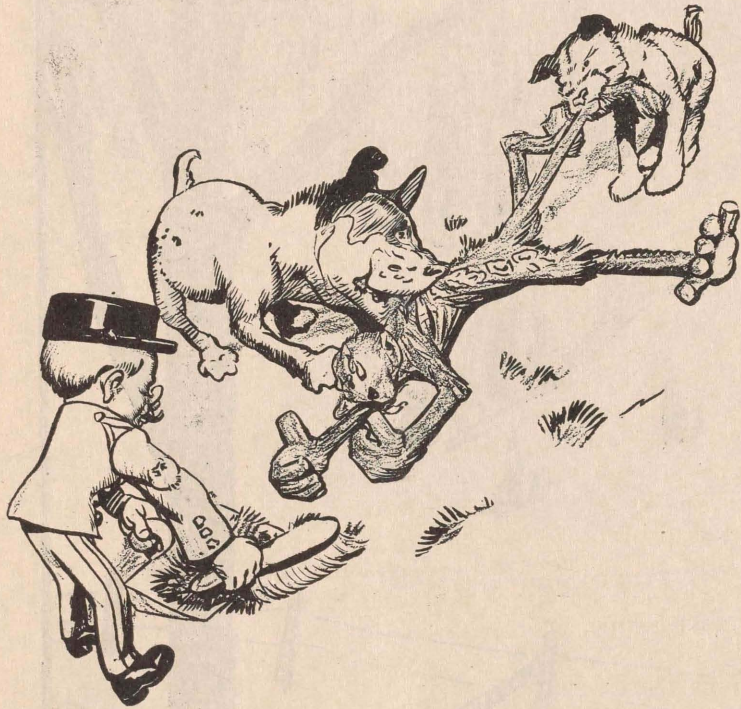


Richard Battle

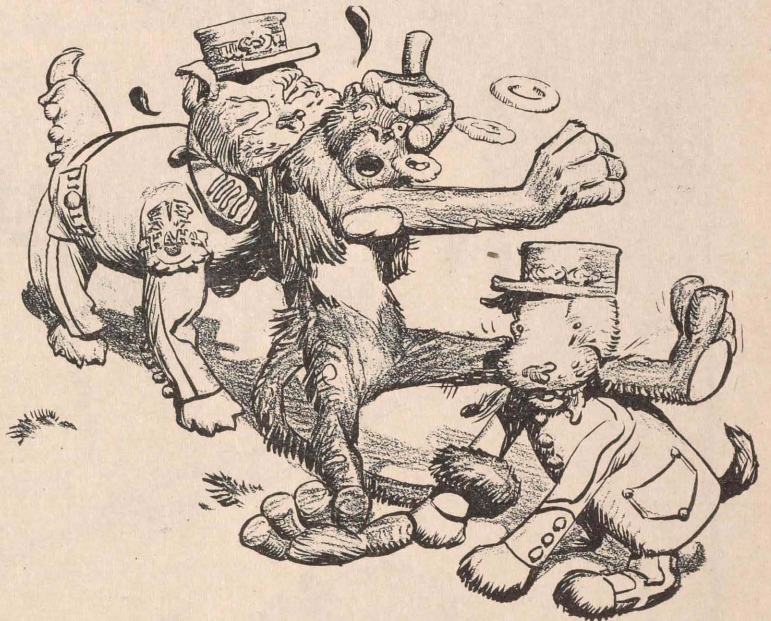
I. MONOPOLY



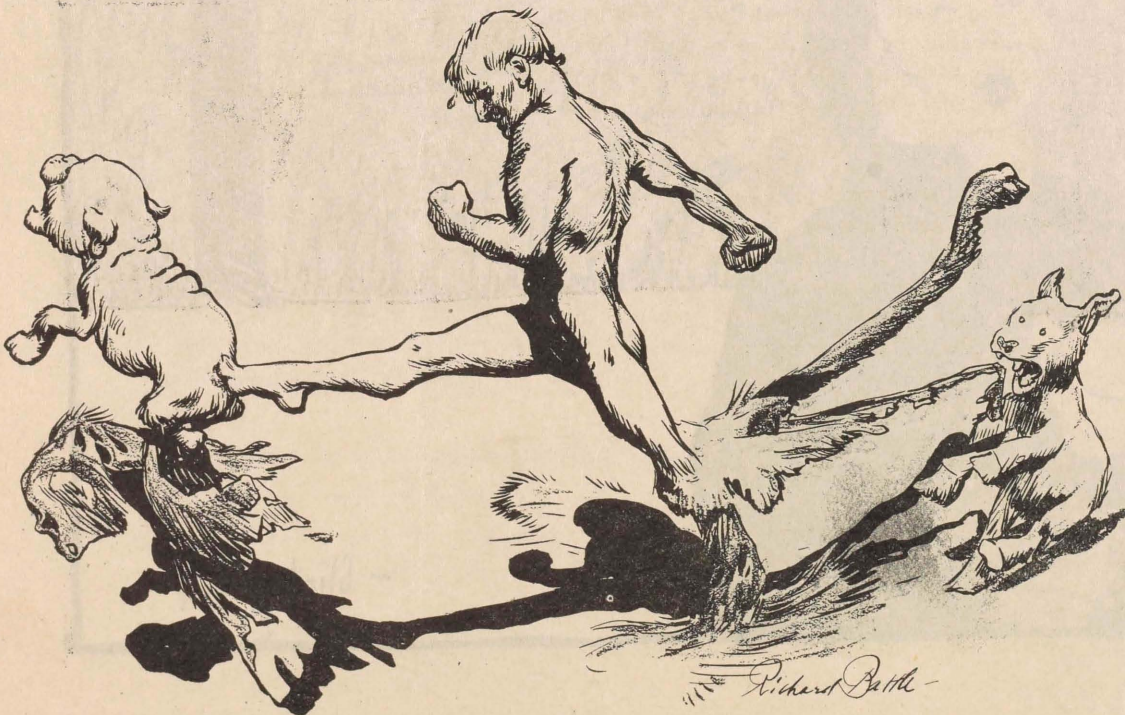
II. COMPETITION



III. REGULATION



IV. GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP



Richard Battle

V. FINIS

Complete History
 of
 Capitalism
 in
 Five Chapters

HOMER AND THE SOAP-BOX

THERSITES is the first anti-militarist agitator whose name has come down to us. Doubtless there were many before him. Perhaps in the time of Asshur-bani-pal or Shalmaneser there were persons who went about the royal barracks secretly distributing little clay bricks with incitations to the soldiers to desert, or to aim high when they went out to battle against their brothers from the land of the Nile. And doubtless, when caught, they were properly flayed alive. But if Professor Flinders-Petrie has found any records of their activities, he has laid them aside until he finishes translating the tax-lists of the city of Babylon.

But Homer has given us the story of Thersites. It is true that Homer was not a Socialist, nor even democratically-minded. Homer was terribly an aristocrat in his sentiments. He wrote of the achievement of heroes, who were by definition persons of the governing class. But the story of Thersites amused him, and so he put it in, along with the wrath of Achilles and the craft of Odysseus, gentlemen both. He set it down, if not sympathetically, yet faithfully and in good hexameters, and it is there in the first book of the Iliad for historians of the labor movement to ponder.

Thersites was a fool. He was a fool by profession. It was his function to make jests for the heroes to laugh at—to keep the gentlemen of the House of Atreus in good humor. Allowing for the difference between the Heroic Age and our own, he may be compared to the editor of a contemporary family newspaper. In personal appearance, it may be added, he was a little fellow with a hump-back and an ugly face.

But Thersites, though a fool for others, was not the less a wise man on his own account. He saw the folly of carrying on a ten years' war over a woman. It was all right for the leaders, who were having a pleasant vacation, with their affairs at home well taken care of in their absence. But the common soldiers were needed at home to plant and harvest the crops. The logic of the situation was as plain to him as it has ever been since to Tolstoi or Hervé or Norman Angell. So he determined to stop the war.

In the light of later events, it was a rash undertaking. If he had put a stop to the Trojan War then and there, the legend of Helen would not have glowed like a golden star through the night of time, and poets would not have flourished upon her reputation. On the whole, we should have lost some excellent verses. But considerations of this sort, if they occurred to Thersites, did not deter him. He determined to go out and address the soldiers and organize a strike against the war.

It is the first revolutionary speech on record. We of the latter days must acknowledge that Thersites, without previous practice and with no knowledge of Marxian economics, made a good soap-boxer. He spoke (according to Homer) as follows:

"Soldiers and fellow citizens! You have been here fighting for ten years, and in that length of time it may have occurred to some of you to ask yourselves what you are fighting about. Thinking does not come easy to you, for in the first place your minds have been carefully drilled out of you by your officers; and in the second place you never had any minds. Nevertheless, once in every ten years or so, something in the nature of thought asserts itself within those thick skulls of yours, and you begin now to wonder what you are doing here.

"You are supposed to be engaged in a war against Troy. Perhaps that answer satisfies you, and you relapse into your natural state of innocent imbecility, resembling that of the dogs that you have trained to hunt deer at home, and they never ask why. In that case I have nothing more to say to you.

"But if some spark of curiosity faintly illumines the hollow depths of your skulls, then I suggest that you ask yourselves another question. I do not wish to demand too much of you, and I realize that two thoughts in rapid succession is a good deal to demand of any soldier. But, if you are ready, here is the question. You say you are fighting the Trojans: what have the Trojans ever done to you?

"Did I hear someone say 'Helen'? Well, what about Helen? Is she any woman of yours, that you should fight about her? You are a curious lot, you fellows that stand there gaping at me. Once upon a time you heard a story to the effect that one prince had carried off the wife of another prince; and immediately you left your plows and your grape-vines and went off to fight with some people you never heard of before.

"There must be some other reason. You must like to stay away from home, never seeing your wives and children. You must like to sleep on the hard ground in leaky tents, with a dirty rag around your leg where you got stuck with an arrow day before yesterday. You must have some real reason for staying here.

"Ah! Now I have it! The young man in the back of the crowd, the one with the cross-eyes and the crooked nose, tells us that Helen is the most beautiful woman in the world. True. I had forgotten for a moment that Helen's beauty had any significance for you. The cross-eyed young man with the crooked nose wants to rescue Helen from the Trojan prince who carried her off. He thinks perhaps she doesn't like the Trojan prince, and he might suit her better. It is very important for him to get Helen back. And the rest of you—are you all fighting for the beautiful Helen? God bless you!

"There must be some real reason for your staying here. But I can't for the life of me make out what it is. I find it difficult to believe that you are so pleased with your diet of hardtack and canned beef that you don't want to go back to home cooking. To hear you cuss the weather here on the plains of the angry Scamander, it would seem that it isn't the delight of serving in foreign countries and seeing the world. Perhaps it is the pay.

"Yes, it must be the pay. When you capture a Trojan prince, and come back at the end of the day—if you come at all—with a scalp wound and a sword-cut in your arm, you think about the armor of that captured prince, and how much it is worth. Nice bronze armor with pretty pictures all around the edge. You could sell that armor, and buy a new farm with it. Only you don't sell it. No—you don't have it to sell. That armor is not for you, nor the likes of you. It is for Agamemnon or Achilles—"

At this point the shouts of applause drowned Thersites' speech. Some of the higher ethical considerations which he had presented left them vaguely if at all troubled, but the question of pay stirred their interest at once.

"Hurrah for Thersites!" they shouted. "Go on!"

So Thersites went on talking, while the Grecian host grew more and more enthusiastic over the idea of a strike against the war. "We'll all go back home!" they shouted. "Down with Agamemnon!"

Just then Odysseus, that crafty old fox, came up, with his "rod of authority" (or, if you like, his club) in his hand. He stood for a while at the foot of the little hill which Thersites was using as a platform, and then suddenly went up behind the speaker and hit him over his hump with the club. Thersites stopped talking very suddenly. The tears sprang to his eyes, and he staggered weakly down the hill.

The crowd laughed. In those primitive times they liked a show of authority. The big stick appealed to their sense of humor.

Using his advantage, Odysseus began to speak. Odysseus was an experienced politician as well as a good general. He did not waste any of his subtlety on the soldiers. He knew what soldiers were like. He talked to them about their country, and the glorious cause in which they were fighting. He appealed to their patriotism, and their hatred of foreigners as natural enemies whom it was right and proper to exterminate. He spoke of their brave generals, who were leading them on to certain victory. And when Troy had fallen, he exclaimed in his high falsetto voice, there would be booty enough inside for everybody! Then he called for three cheers for Agamemnon.

That ended the strike. And it also ended the career of Thersites as a revolutionary agitator. His further history is devoid of interest to any but the most unflinching of labor historians. Thersites did not die a glorious death. He was not crucified, nor taken out and shot, nor even sent to the guard-house for a year. He was too valuable as a professional fool to be treated harshly for his little prank. The gentlemen-heroes of the House of Atreus must be amused. And so Thersites, after nursing his sore hump for a day or two, went back to the tents of the heroes, and told them a new jest, at which they laughed loudly, clapping him affectionately and vigorously on his sore hump. . . . It is not an edifying end to a career that began so nobly. But it must be said in his behalf that he was hungry. F. D.

A Little More Definite

WILLIAM H. TAFT remarks: "The present declaration of the Administration that they are looking forward to ultimate independence has been accepted by the politicians of the Philippine Islands as a great boon.

"Mr. McKinley, Mr. Roosevelt and I promised it from the first, and have always promised it; but we were a little more definite in saying that we did not think it was coming for a generation, and probably not for more than that time."

THE Associated Press says that Art Young wanted to break Stone, and "we will give him a dose of it."

MARY had a little lamb,
Much to her friends' dislike,
For Mary was a suffragette
And on a hunger strike.



Drawn by Stuart Davis.



WAR

A PERFECTLY GOOD CAT

Floyd Dell

"THE family with whom I stay as a 'paying guest,' I wrote, "consists of three persons. I say three, for the yellow and white cat must be counted one. The cat, Queenie, is not merely a real person—she is typical of the family of which she is a member. Like Fannie, she is a pretty creature, with pretty manners. And, like Fannie's aunt, she is quiet and domestic. When I come in after dinner I find them all sitting peacefully together in their little parlor, Mrs. Wilson reading a volume of Ruskin, Fannie embroidering a pillow-top, and the cat gracefully asleep on the rug. Altogether it is a quaint survival of that old-fashioned middle-class life which I, in my youthful cynicism, had imagined was extinct.

"Sometimes I am invited to take dinner with them. Our conversations are curious. I have tried hard to enter into the imaginative life of these people, to discover what food their souls subsist upon. Mrs. Wilson's connection with the outside world, which must have been tenuous enough in her husband's lifetime, seems to have ceased utterly with his death, ten years ago. She has a nominal interest in literature, art, music and the drama. But she reads no new books, has never heard of Post-Impressionism, knows no composer since Wagner, and regards Ibsen as the latest fad in drama.

"Still, I can understand that. What I cannot un-

derstand is the girl. She is eighteen years old, and has finished high school. She does not seem to care about going to college. Her aunt does not approve of her going to work. She seems to be content with staying at home, doing a little housework, and embroidering sofa-pillows. If she feels any need of a life beyond these things, I cannot discover it. When I talk to her of the fun of going out into the world and earning a living, she looks at me with her sleepy gray eyes and replies with perfect courtesy: she thinks it must be 'very nice.' The implication is that she herself has no desires, no instincts, no unused energies to which such activities could minister. I marvel. Eighteen years old. Look at her—the blood of youth flowing in her veins! Yet no spark of discontent, no secret urge, no obscure longing to live.

"Meanwhile Queenie, the white and yellow cat, sits on the rug, lifting her front paws in well-bred supplication for food. She betrays no real anxiety about the matter. It is merely a graceful trick. She is one with the family; a nice, respectable cat, with no wild, uncontrollable desires. She is a middle-class cat, with a middle-class outlook on life.

"This evening a girl friend called to take Fannie to a lecture at the Cooper Union. Going to lectures is Fannie's one real diversion. Every Thursday night she goes to a lecture given under the auspices

of some educational institution. Why she likes these lectures so much I can never discover, for she can't talk about them. But her aunt approves, and so she goes every Thursday evening, always in company with her friend, the tall, restless Irish girl, Kate.

"I walked over with them this evening to the Cooper Union, and left them at the door. The subject of the lecture was 'The History of Ethics'—"

At this point, bored with writing about such dull people, I threw down my pen, put on my hat, and went over to see my wild friend Sigurd. Sigurd lives in a studio, and is supposed to be a painter. But the chief use of his studio is to provide a place for interminable parties, at which his friends talk and smoke and drink and dance till morning. But this time Sigurd was alone, mildly reading a book. I complained. I said I wanted excitement.

"Very well," said Sigurd, and took up his hat and stick. "Come with me."

As he went he explained. "I am taking you to the strangest club in New York. It is located in the loft of a factory building. There are seven members, all of them girls, and the odd thing about it is that they hardly know each other. The idea is that each of these girls has the club all to herself for one night in the week. The place is stocked with 'red ink' and cigarettes, and parties, which may consist of any number, from two to twenty, are held there. I hap-



Drawn by G. S. Sparks.

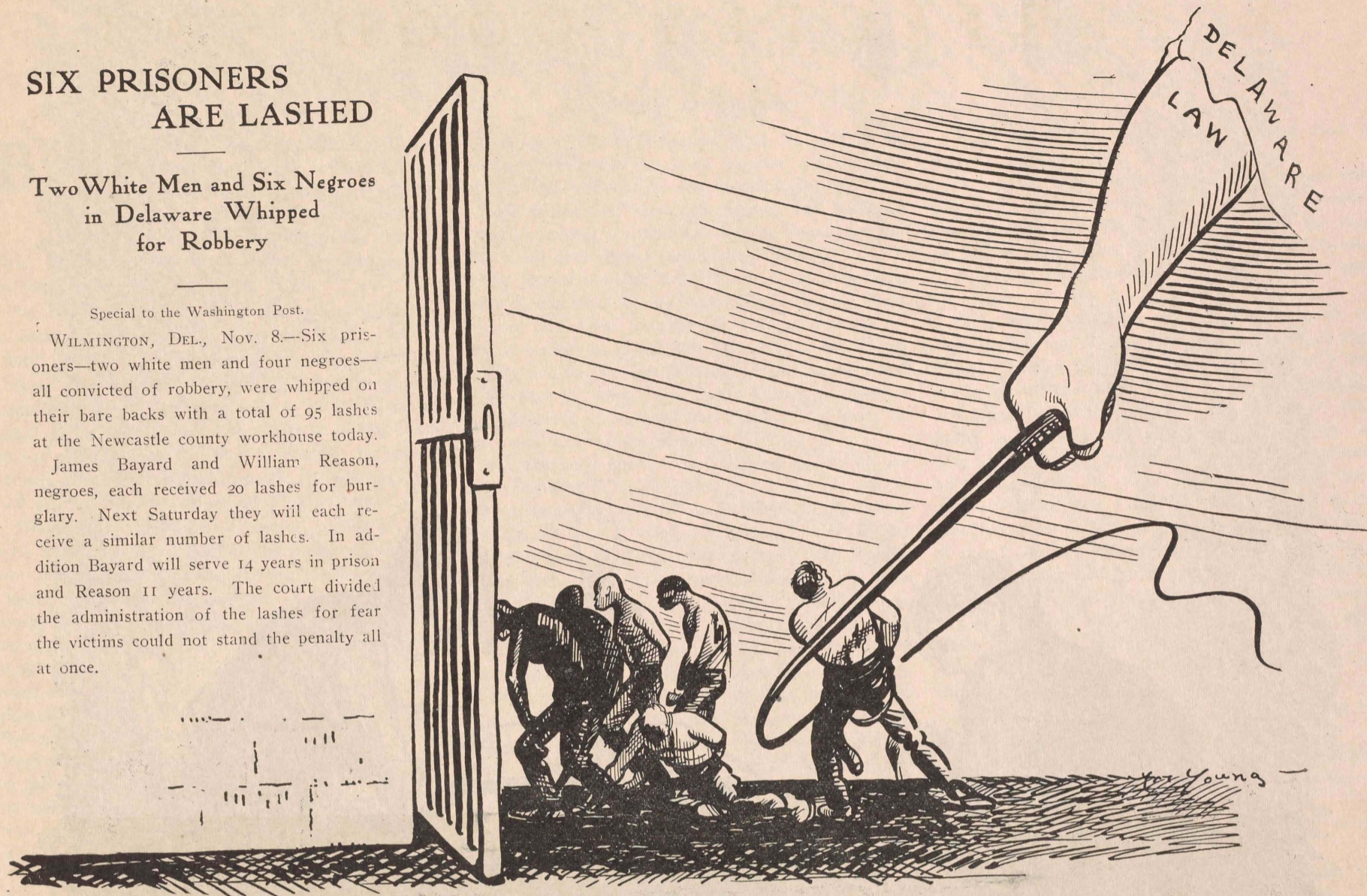
SIX PRISONERS ARE LASHED

Two White Men and Six Negroes
in Delaware Whipped
for Robbery

Special to the Washington Post.

WILMINGTON, DEL., Nov. 8.—Six prisoners—two white men and four negroes—all convicted of robbery, were whipped on their bare backs with a total of 95 lashes at the Newcastle county workhouse today.

James Bayard and William Reason, negroes, each received 20 lashes for burglary. Next Saturday they will each receive a similar number of lashes. In addition Bayard will serve 14 years in prison and Reason 11 years. The court divided the administration of the lashes for fear the victims could not stand the penalty all at once.



Drawn by Arthur Young

“ . . . NOR CRUEL NOR UNUSUAL PUNISHMENTS INFLICTED.”—U. S. Constitution.

pen to know the Thursday girl, and I have keys of my own. It may interest you.”

Still I did not guess. I had no intimation of the truth until I entered the club rooms. The first thing I saw, through the haze of cigarette smoke, was a young man trying to stand on his head in the middle of the floor. His feet waved uncertainly in the air, and money fell jingling from his pockets. From a group in the corner, gathered about another young man who was telling a story, came a burst of laughter. A table in another corner held a dozen bottles of cheap wine. Cigarette stubs littered the floor. Against the wall stood a large couch, and on it were piled, some sitting up and some lying down, an indiscriminate lot of young men and women. And there, stretched out at length in the friendly clasp of a young man, her eyes closed in languid satisfaction, while a curious smile lingered on her lips, was Fannie.

I stared at her. Her hair was done in fashion I had never seen her use, and her cheeks and lips were obviously rouged. While I stared, a young woman came up and offered me her hand. It was Kate.

She smiled coolly. “So you have found us out,” she said. “Never mind, Fannie would have invited you next week, anyway.”

At that moment someone started the phonograph over by the window. There was a stir in the group on the couch, and Fannie sprang up, alive with excitement. When the young man to whom she was most contiguous had extricated himself, she put herself in his arms and they whirled out into the wild

maze of furiously tangoing couples. Her face was transformed, vitalized with pleasure. Presently she saw me, and the eyes which had been always sleepy flashed me a welcome. She was flung out from the embrace of her partner for an instant, and as she revolved back again into his arms she lifted her hand and threw me a kiss. . . .

That night, as I took her back to her aunt's house, the demure and respectable home which she inhabited by day, we passed an alley filled with the noise of feline love-making. In the bright moonlight one cat sat perched on the alley fence. I recognized the white and yellow coat of Queenie. With head lifted, she emitted a long and raucous note of passion. . . .

“What!” I said. “You, too!”

FROM HARRY IN ENGLAND

WITH wrath and anguish in my heart
I'm picking England's life apart.
I'm picking oakum in my need
While my fingers ache and bleed.
I pick till madness fires my head;
I pick until my soul goes dead.
Picking oakum? No, 'tis worse,
Though no eye can see the curse—
With wrath and anguish in my heart,
I'm picking England's self apart.

Winchester Prison, Liverpool.

HARRY KEMP.

The Empress Weeps

THE movement of the Prussian Socialists to leave the Lutheran State Church in a body continues to prosper, and the Empress, we are reliably informed, continues to weep. At a recent Berlin meeting Karl Liebknecht summed up the reasons for the new movement as follows:

Anybody who feels a genuine need of religion should leave the Church, because it has nothing to do with genuine religious need. Anybody who has inwardly broken with the Church must leave it or he will be a hypocrite. Anybody who stands for political and economic emancipation must leave the Church, because it is the instrument of the ruling class of the Prussian landlord State. The boycott of the State Church is at present the most convenient means of fighting them.

The boycott against other churches, which interfere in politics in other countries, will doubtless be taken up at the time and place when it will prove most effective. A good occasion in this country might be when the Catholic Church begins to form Catholic labor unions, as it is already threatening to do. In Berlin there were several hundred withdrawals from the Church in a day. Such an exodus in this country would end the idea of Catholic unions, check the Church's political activities, and—no doubt—bring our Emperesses to tears.

W. E. W.

“INGERSOLL dollar watches in 32 million pockets,” says the signboard. To which we add: “No watches at all in another 32 million.”



MANNING

Drawn by R. W. Manning.

"HERE'S A MAN SAYS WAR IS HELL."
"DID HE SAY ANYTHING ELSE WUZ?"

The Revolutionary Spirit At Seattle

THE Socialists who put up such a fine sputter of opposition to President Gompers in the American Federation of Labor last year, lay down on the floor this year, and allowed the steamroller to pass quietly over them. They put up no opposition candidate, they made no fight for industrial unionism, nor for class-conscious political action.

The behavior of the Socialists in the convention at Seattle is discouraging enough. Nevertheless, something did happen. It was the fight of the California trade-unionists, who had organized a council for the purpose of making industrial agreements with the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, against the Electrical Workers, a regular craft union of the A. F.

of L. This industrial council had called a strike against the Pacific Company, and the President of the craft-union had gone out to San Francisco and offered to supply the company with electrical workers from its membership, and so break the strike. Paul Scharrenberg and other California men appealed to the convention in behalf of the strikers, asking the convention to condemn the electrical union which placed a factional fight above a fight of the workers against capital. They gave notice that the California trade-unionists would consider that the Federation had endorsed strike breaking, if it endorsed the action of the electrical workers. Gompers gave Scharrenberg opportunity to retract his charge, but he refused. "If this is to be the policy of

the Federation," he said, "I prefer to be a rebel."

This fight for class-conscious industrial action was a good deal more Socialistic than some of the positions taken by the Socialists at Rochester. It gives the lead in the fight for revolutionary unionism in the A. F. of L. to the men of the west coast who were never called Socialists.

It is worth recalling, however, that it was these same men of California who stood by the McNamaras after their confession. When Jim was locked in a dungeon for disobeying prison rules a while ago, the San Francisco Labor Council threatened a general strike if he was not immediately released, and he was.

There is hope even at Seattle. HELEN MAROT.

“H. R. S.”

Howard Brubaker

BEFORE the clock on the onyx mantel shelf had reached its tenth tinkle, five captains of industry were in their places about the polished ebony table and had begun to cut for the deal.

Banks, an elderly man with a face like chamois skin, turned the highest card and extended a Napoleonic hand toward the deck.

“Is everything all right, gentlemen?” asked the butler, a man in a livery of soft, respectful purple with the letters “H. R. S.” entwined upon his silver buttons.

Four glances shifted to the huge pile of engrossed documents at each left elbow and to the clean pad of paper before each player, and returned to the hands of the man who was shuffling the cards. As nobody replied, the menial waded through the squishy rugs and softly closed the butler’s door behind him.

There was a high-class, expensive crackle as each man took an engraved sheet from his pile and threw it into the center of the table, and the room reverted to deathly stillness. The spacious chamber seemed a veritable vacuum in the universe of sound; there were no windows at the sides to let in the discords of a crude and useful world; soft, second-hand light fell from the stained glass ceiling; fluid silence trickled through ventilators after a long journey. One wall of the room was completely occupied with a board, setting forth the value of securities, a reduced replica of that in the stock exchange. But no shutters clicked there, no numbers winked and changed before the eye. It was as though some new-world Vesuvius had buried New York and fixed the price of stocks for all eternity.

Banks glanced at the captain of industry at his left—an old man like himself, but with a face devoid of flesh, a head innocent of hair.

“Well, Oily,” said Banks, “can you open it?”

Oily, economical even with words, shook his head. Sugar, who seemed almost boyish in this galaxy of veteran financiers, a man scarcely turned fifty, with hair still black and traces of color lingering in his face, rapped a cheerful negative upon the table. Next him, the small, fidgety Nicotine, with studied deliberation, twisted a thoughtful moustache.

“I’ll open it,” he said, “for 2,000 shares of Tobacco Trust.”

“The Tobacco Trust was dissolved in 1910,” said Sugar. At this waggery everybody smiled except Oily, who glared reproachfully at his cards.

Rails (an enormous person in defiance of his name), who sat in the especially constructed chair next to Nicotine, executed a quick operation in multiplication and division upon his pad and stayed in with an equivalent of Western Pacific. Banks peeled off a layer or two of “theoretical” money trust and with industrials for small change, met the bet. Oily, with a regretful glance at his lost ante, withdrew, but Sugar, carelessly tossing in a chain of “independent” refineries, raised the ante. Nicotine stayed, but Rails and Banks discreetly dropped out. When he realized what he had saved, Oily looked as nearly cheerful as was possible with his available supply of features.

Sugar drew one card, Nicotine two. The latter delved cautiously into his disintegrated narcotics and made a modest bet. But Sugar threw out upon the table the fruits of five years of custom house frauds—for there was no limit in this game.

“There you are, Old Nick,” he said. “I raise you.”

Nicotine, frightened but still game, sacrificed the heart and soul of the snuff industry and called. It

was Sugar’s pot on a straight filled, he said, in the middle. Oily shook his head in mute condemnation of such reckless plunging—but not so Banks.

“You played that very well, Sugie,” said the great financier, making a mental note that he would turn this wild spirit over to the taming department.

The players watched Oily’s hands if anything even more closely than the previous dealer’s. Again Sugar plunged and again he came up with handsomely engraved certificates in his teeth. Everybody contributed heavily this time, except Banks, who had retired early.

“Division of labor,” said Banks to himself with an inward cackle at his own rare humor. “Let them do the losing and me the winning.”

Just the same there was something baffling to the great financier in Sugar’s conduct. In all his experience in poker and the Stock Exchange he had never encountered such a spirit of absolute daring as the younger man displayed through the heart-rending hands that followed. Sometimes Sugar lost, more often he won; but he was always in, fighting, plunging, bluffing, taking desperate chances, and, worst of all, frequently holding exceptional hands. He was infecting the whole table with his abandon. Rails, ordinarily a timid soul, was feeding trunk lines into the pot without a quiver; Oily himself was growing reckless and an actual spot of color had appeared on his forehead, forever disproving the adage of the blood and the turnip. By twelve o’clock Oily had frittered away a mass of assorted “independents” and was dipping up scoopsful of pulverized Standards. Nicotine was clinging desperately to the remnants of the plug tobacco industry. Only Banks held his own. He had kept his Napoleonic head during this orgy of speculation, refusing to enter on anything but guilt-edged hands, watching hawk-eyed every move, covering acres of paper with figures, constantly sorting and rearranging his pile of securities.

At twelve-thirty, when Sugar was in the midst of an apparently inexhaustible run of fortune, the butler glided in like a greased diplomat.

“Lunch is served, gentlemen,” he said.

The especially-constructed chair creaked joyfully, but Sugar protested.

“Just as things are beginning to turn my way,” he said. “Let’s not eat lunch.”

Oily gave a frugal gasp at this preposterous speech; Rails, who was on the losing side of the market and could not call his soul his own, turned to Banks in mute appeal.

“Very well,” said Banks, glaring at the Sugar baron, “we’ll do without lunch.”

“Not for me,” said Nicotine, half rising from his chair. “I’m hungry.”

“You can do as you like, Nick,” said Banks, “but you ought to know before you go that there has been a meeting of the directors of Amalgamated Chewing, and the minority stock has been confiscated.” He threw over a slip of paper which clearly demonstrated that he was the board of directors mentioned.

Sinking back in his chair, Nicotine tremblingly handed over the remnants of his company with the inane remark that the proceedings were illegal.

“The C. H. and D.,” Banks went on, “has voted to apply for a receivership. Gentlemen will kindly pass in the remains of that former railroad.”

Sugar jauntily tossed over a sheaf of defunct C. H. and D., but Rails quivered like infuriated apple jelly.

“Where is your court order?” he demanded.

“Very well,” said Banks coldly, “if you want to play the baby and appeal to the law—”

In less than a minute he had formed a merger with Oily and amputated from Rails a profitable Southern line with tide-water terminal. Rails, seeing the light of reason, surrendered both railroads at once—and there was no further talk of waiting on the slow ends of injustice.

There followed an orgy of speculation, of raids, reorganizations and receiverships—the three R’s of high finance—such as the world had never known; it was as though all the Black Fridays and Blue Mondays and Dark Brown Thursdays in the history of Wall Street were concentrated into one appalling hour. At two, waste paper lay heaped upon the floor like a Pittsburgh snowdrift, but three areas on the table were wind-swept and bare. Nicotine clung foolishly to the remains of his scratch pad; Rails was an inert mass of flesh; and Oily, glassy-eyed, lay back in his chair chewing up his pencil, for it was provided by the house. But Banks and Sugar sat intrenched behind barricades of parchment. It was impossible for the eye to judge which pile of securities was the larger. Sugar had taken no part in the raids upon minorities but his winnings at poker had been enormous.

As Banks dealt hands for two, Sugar looked at his cards and opened with a non-union steel mill.

“You play as if you had real money in the bank,” said Rails, who had begun to recover the power of speech.

“No,” replied Sugar with a malicious look at the pillar of society opposite, “not in the bank.”

Banks, without picking up his hand, raised the bet. Neither drew cards. The betting lasted an hour. As three o’clock approached, both barricades had melted away and the industries of the western world lay in a glittering Mont Blanc in the center of the table.

Sugar, glancing at the clock, picked up a thin sheaf of papers, the last he had. It was only a wabby, one-track railroad in Northern Michigan; its rolling stock was a joke and it usually went into the hands of a receiver in the late winter. Yet it was more than enough to meet Banks’ last raise. With something akin to regret Sugar tossed in the last railroad he had in the world.

“I raise you,” he said.

There was a tense moment while Banks figured up the value of the new bet. Then the aged financier pushed in the remainder of his own holdings—a very thin stack, indeed.

“Here,” he said calmly, “is the controlling power over the funds of the greatest mutual insurance company in the world.”

The room reverted to the tangible silence of the Mammoth Cave. Sugar, with a smile of resignation, dropped a full house upon the table and tossed over his pad and pencil in token of his defeat. Banks, discarding a hand whose only merit was a pair of sixes, quietly removed a mountain of securities the value of which, at the prices on the board, would have paid the national debt and wiped out tuberculosis from the world.

“Yes,” he said, as the clock struck three, “the water was a little deep.”

“He is the master mind of all the ages,” said Rails, with corpulent humility, as the butler announced that the exchange was closed.

The attendant came to the great financier’s side.

“Are there any orders, sir?” he asked.

"James," said the master mind of all the ages, "I want you to take this and give a library to every town that will take one."

James bowed and silently accepted three inches of gilt-edged securities.

"And with this," Banks continued, "build eight well-muzzled colleges and a research laboratory." In successive bursts of generosity he removed all the old masters to America, founded hospitals, settlements, homes for dogs and cats, grand operas and playgrounds, and arranged to relieve the aged, one-legged poor. At every bequest the butler repeated his bow.

"Now, James," said Banks, sizing up the remains of his worldly goods, "I should say that there are one billion dollars here, exclusive of moisture. I want you to take it and bring in a dainty and tasty luncheon for four people—Mr. Sugar, I believe, does not eat in the daytime."

"I am sorry, sir," said the butler, "but you know the rules laid down by the government for the Home for Retired Speculators—every comfort and luxury and harmless amusement, but no extras outside of the allowance of two dollars a week."

The light died out of four pairs of eyes, but Sugar, with the first look of excitement he had shown that day, reached into his pocket and tossed upon the table a silver dime.

"James," he said, "please bring me a ham sandwich."

There was a cry of anguish from Rails, and Oily reached over and touched the money lovingly. Banks fell back in his chair, his face black with rage.

"I knew there was something," he hissed between his two teeth.

"Where did you get it?" asked Nicotine, huskily. "I thought you used up your allowance on the first day."

"I got it from the maid for making up my own bed," Sugar replied.

In the embarrassed silence that followed, the butler made sure of the dime and went out. Instinctively all eyes turned to Banks and all ears awaited his verdict.

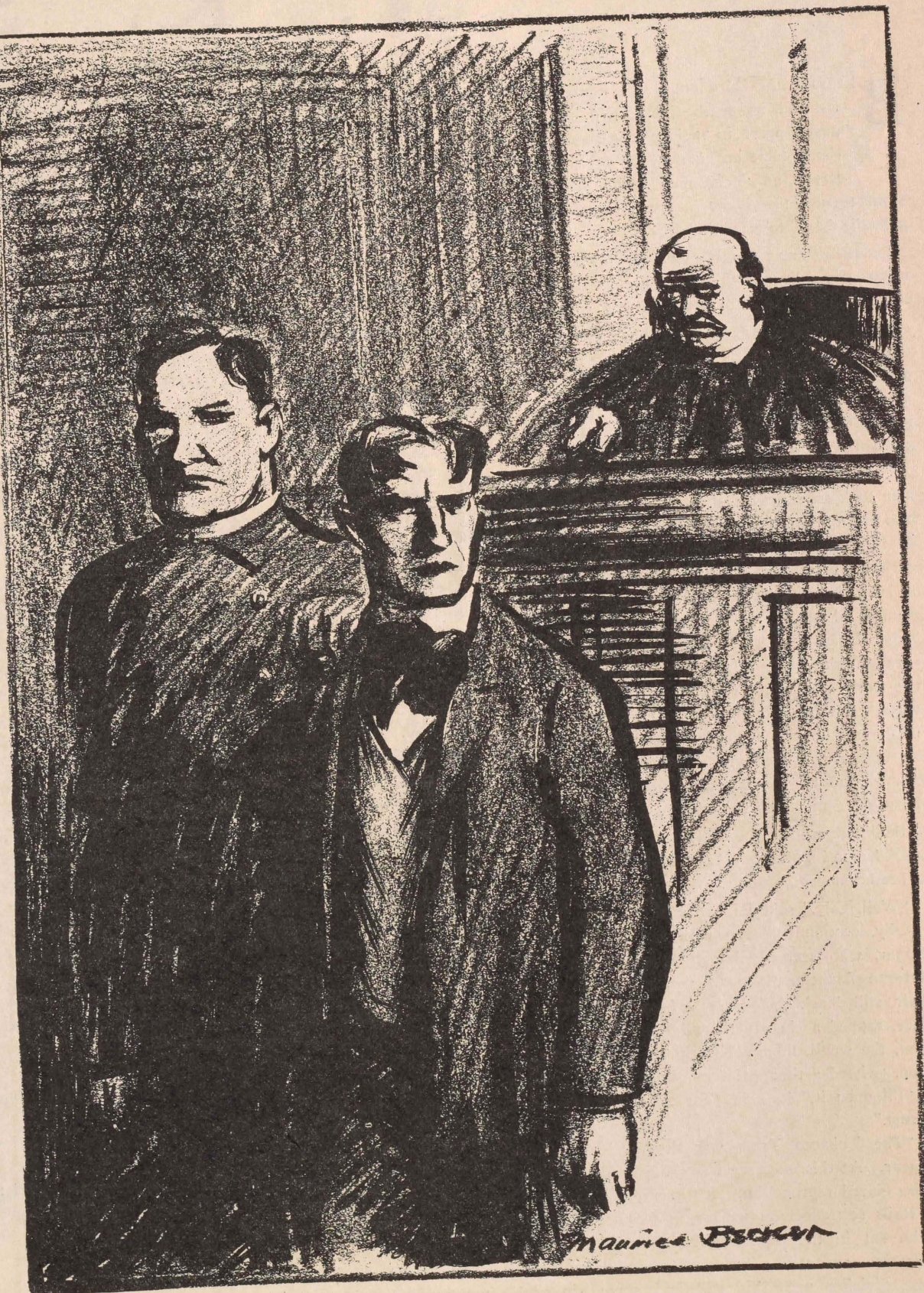
"You worked," said Banks in a tone that was like an icicle down the back. "Your place is out in the world where people do that sort of thing. You are a disgrace to the institution. You have violated the vows of the Order of Mendicant Speculators."

As one captain the captains of industry rose from the table and fled from the contaminating presence of the man who had earned a dime. Sugar sat with his hands clasped before him, gazing hungrily at the butler's door.

Concerning War

WAR is beautiful. It is most beautiful to the savage who is naked of moral or intellectual trammels, and to whom the organic shock of bloodshed is not sickening. War as depicted upon the cover of this magazine must be almost wholly beautiful. But even to the refined, and especially to the godly, war has a mighty attraction. The hymns and litanies of the churches are full of blood. All poetry and eloquence is alive with the rumors of battle. And there is hardly a breast too chilly to be stirred by the fife and drum and the thundering feet of millions that have gone forth to die for the nation's honor.

To acknowledge that war is beautiful, and especially beautiful to those who merely imagine it, is preliminary to a true estimation of its worth. For it is only because they confuse beauty with moral value that



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

righteous people are able to discuss so complacently the proper occasions and suitable proprieties of this general slaughter. Only for this reason can they decide that "a war of national honor" is the most righteous of all. It is the most beautiful of all. It is indeed a war between, or in the defense of, two abstract ideas. For nations do not exist except in the mouths and minds of those who name them. What really exists is the people, and they exist individually, and individually they have no quarrel with each other. They fight in the interest of a beautiful idea merely, and it is this that gives great aesthetic value to the intellectually ridiculous and morally disgusting great mess that they make upon the earth. They are justified, in the minds of these so-called righteous people, by a

certain glorious aspect that their enterprise has for the imagination.

But if you mention to these same righteous a war that is morally necessary, a war that has a great prize in view, human liberty, namely, and the right to live and bear children, but which even if had no affirmative end whatever and were only a war of defense against exploitation, has every moral sanction conceivable—in short, if you say "Class War" to these people, their recoil is almost equal to a shriek. A class-war is not beautiful. It does not trail after it the glimmers of poetry and art. It is not aristocratic, not noble in the feudal character of that word. It is, indeed, as you may see in the picture that Stuart Davis has called "War," a stern, desperate, dirty, inglorious

HE ADVOCATES MURDER ABROAD.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

and therefore supremely heroic struggle toward a most real end.

Such war seems to appeal only to those whose morality has passed beyond the righteous stage, where aesthetic attractions and old tribal instincts are called "conscience." It appeals to those who have learned that moral judgment is an intelligent estimation of future values.

For myself, I do not think international wars are quite so beautiful. I do not think they are in fact wars between nations—wars between beautiful abstract ideas. They are more usually wars between the dominant business interests of two sections of the earth, and those fine glammers of Patriotism and National Honor and Glory are only the silken vestures in which

Business has to dress itself before its slaughterings on so large a scale will appear properly ceremonious. But even suppose these adornments were the substance of the cause of war—as our patriots truly think they are—it were still important to remember that they are purely aesthetic in their value. Whereas the value of the starving devotion and self-sacrifice of the workers in their united stand against exploitation, is moral. It is not indulged in for its own sake, but for the great future that its warriors have at heart.

Maurice Becker has summed up all this philosophy better than words can, in his two pictures. On one side the dignified statesman, the patriot, advocating murder, let us say, in Cuba or Mexico. He is left free to advocate murder, and stir the carnivorous lusts of

The Masquerader

WHO is this tall Incognito,
Bravely attended?
Singing boys before him go,
And fifes and trumpets blare and blow
Loud, proud and splendid.
Before his helmet richly bossed
Folk kneel in honor;—
Beneath his feather brightly tossed
And gold-fringed banner.

Have all the peoples, at his word,
(Mother by mother)
Sent the bravest of their brave,
With that large knife they call the sword,
To wound each other,
And thrust into the quicklime grave
The stained and splintered bones abhorred
Of son and brother?

I hear the revel master call
For the unmasking.
Trembles the masquerader tall?
Leans he faint against the wall,
Vain respite asking?
The steady voice is heard once more:
"Unmask the face of war."

Naked now at last he stands
Of pomp and splendor.
The golden eagles, blare of bands,
The singing and the waving hands,
No more, Pretender!
(Hide, hide with decent grace
His shamed confusion,
His poor, blank, idiot face
And dead illusion).

SARAH N. CLEGHORN.

a mob, he is even honored for this, because he has the sanction of those handsome and "glorious" ideas, nationality and patriotism. On the other side, the strike leader, sentenced to seven years in jail, let us say, because he advocated "sabotage." He advocated that the workers in their struggle for bread, while respecting life to the last extremity, should not unduly respect the capital goods by means of which their oppressors would be exploiting them.

There is the contrast. We send our moral warriors to jail, but our aesthetic murderers and advocates of murder we extol and send up to the legislature. We give patriotism, or devotion to an unreal idea, a highest seat among the virtues. But class-conscious solidarity, the spirit of self-sacrifice in the cause of living flesh and blood that suffers and aspires, that we rate with treachery and treason among the sins of hell.

Some day this will not be so. Some day there will be thousands saying, Let us have peace—but if there shall be war, let it be war not of nation against nation, but of men against men, struggling to some real end. I am reminded that Thomas Jefferson, our first pronounced advocate of international peace, was also an explicit advocate of internal struggle. We are not apprised in the text-books, nor yet in the campaign books, but some day we will be, that Thomas Jefferson said:

"A little rebellion now and then is a good thing. . . . An observation of this truth should render honest republican governors so mild in their punishment of rebellion as not to discourage them too much. . . . God forbid that we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion." MAX EASTMAN.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

Robert Carlton Brown

HERE is something different about the Christmas season. Men who don't smile the year round give a grin in honor of Santa Claus. There's a feeling of peace on earth and good will to men which is felt by everyone.

Simon Hendricks felt it. Simon was a floor-walker in a cheap New York department store. When the signs "Do Your Christmas Shopping Early" were hung out, he could hardly wait.

For on Christmas Day Simon was a gentleman. For years it had been his custom to don his frock coat, put on his high silk hat, consecrated to weddings, funerals and this holiday, grasp his walking stick, and strut out upon the street in search of some hungry mortal to feed. That was Simon's annual pleasure. He got enough soul-satisfaction out of it to keep him in a state of complacent spirituality for the following three hundred and sixty-four days.

On this particular Christmas morn Simon Hendricks awoke happy. It was the day of days—the day when he could lie abed, looking forward to a stretch of twenty-four joyous hours unmarred by calls of "Cash!" or "Mr. Hendricks, please!" He enjoyed it to the full. Rising at last, he drew silk socks on his calloused feet, shaved his serious, wrinkled face, and put hair restorer on his bald spot.

He dressed with more scrupulous care than an actor. Pulling his silk hat down snugly about his ears and grasping his gold cane in the middle, he swaggered out to the street, finding himself on Eighth Avenue as though with surprise, though he had lived there a decade. Hurrying quickly to Fifth Avenue, which came nearer to suiting his station in life on Christmas Day, he stopped at a florist's and bought a boutonniere for fifty cents. Then he sauntered down Fifth Avenue along the leisurely lot of well dressed people who frequent that thoroughfare on holidays.

His educated eye was out for tramps and beggars. One blue-nosed individual, shivering in a threadbare coat, interested him, until he glanced at his shoes and found them whole, which proved him an impostor.

At the corner of Eighth Street he came unexpectedly on the object of his search. A gaunt figure in flapping tatters clung to a house railing as though fearful the sharp wind would blow him away. Simon Hendricks paused, stood at gaze for a full minute and made the following mental notes: "Hungry; destitute; miserable clothes; red nose; no collar; no mittens; a modest mien; will be grateful—a most deserving case."

He stepped up to the deserving case. "My dear man," he said benignly, "you look cold."

"I am." The other shivered miserably.

"On this day, to think of anyone suffering from inclemency of the weather!" replied Simon, shivering out of sympathy, and just a bit doubtful concerning the correctness of his pronunciation of the word "inclemency."

"This is Christmas, ain't it?" asked the wayfarer, with a far-off light in his eyes.

"It is Christmas, indeed, my good man," said Simon, expanding. "'Tis the day of good deeds, when all men are brothers. The proud shall seek out the humble on such a day. The rich and the poor shall be at one level." He threw back his shoulders and looked as rich as he could.

"Them words give me courage," answered the other shiveringly.

"You and I to-day are brothers," said Simon, condescendingly, taking the tramp's arm. "Are you hungry?"

"Say, boss, I'm so hungry I could lick de steam off a restaurant winder and call it a meal."

"The hungry shall be fed," said Simon, and was about to add "even unto the third and fourth generation," but he never used Biblical language except on December 25th and was not quite sure of himself.

"But how'll they be fed?" asked the unfortunate.

"Come with me," said Simon. "You will eat at my hotel to-day just as though you did it every day, like I do." Simon got a thrill out of this. He was enjoying to the full his annual station in life and it was something to have a fellow-being around whose appreciation would be well paid for. "Come!" he commanded.

They sat down at a gleaming cloth before glistening glass and silver. Simon reached for a bill of fare and put it in his guest's chilled fingers. "Now order," he said, leaning back as though he knew no work in life more arduous than clipping coupons.

"What can I have, mister?" asked the tramp, looking up like a small boy addressing Santa Claus.

"Anything you like and all you can eat. Begin at the top and go right through," answered Simon. For that was the fun of the thing, to think not once of money at this gala dinner—just so the check didn't go above ten dollars.

So, while the tramp ate turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie and plum pudding, Simon lunched simply on chicken salad, getting all the effects of a good meal from the consciousness of his own virtue.

Afterward he ordered cigars and lolled back in his chair, smoking one, while he watched his guest leaning forward, heavy with food for the first time in his life.

Then Simon pretended to recall an engagement and rose to go, his Christmas over but for a long, mellow reflection on his good deed during the afternoon and evening.

"I don't know how to thank you, mister, for this swell feed. I feel like a duck fed up to be killed," said the tramp, following him through the hotel corridor.

"Oh, that's all right, don't mention it. Your thanks would rob me of part of my pleasure," answered Simon, though this was the demi tasse he always looked forward to at the end of his annual meal of impulsive generosity.

"Well, anyway, you're a real, name-blown-in-the-bottle guy. I won't forget that swell chuck you give me. You're all right an' I'm much obliged."

"Never mind, my good man," said Simon good-naturedly, thinking this was quite the most grateful outcast he had ever met. "Good-bye and good luck." He went so far as to shake hands with the down-and-out in parting, and the latter clung to his hand so gratefully that Simon had to pull it away and hurry down the street for fear of bursting with self-satisfaction and pride.

He walked slowly back to the boarding house to eat his simple dinner. But at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Tenth Street he stopped abruptly. Just ahead of him was the tattered tramp he had befriended. The tramp was entering a taxi.

"Impostor!" cried Simon mentally, flushing very red as he saw the fellow whirling off. "Probably some rich fellow has picked him up in that taxi and is taking him to another meal."

He burned with resentment. He did not want to share that tramp's gratitude with anybody. It was an outrage. He would follow the taxi and expose the fakir to his second benefactor.

Hailing another taxi, he jumped in and told the driver to pursue the machine ahead and stop half a block behind it. As he rode along he forgot to watch the clicking taximeter in his indignation at the way he had been cheated.

He looked out to find himself back on Fifth Avenue, but up in the exclusive part of town. He saw the machine in the lead draw in at the curb before a splendid residence.

The machine stopped and Simon watched with interest as the tramp got out. He looked for the millionaire to follow, but nobody else left the cab. Simon couldn't understand. He leaped from his taxi, paid the driver and hurried up to the mansion just in time to see the tramp disappear through the door.

Simon stopped uncertainly. He walked back and forth in front of the residence, trying to make up his mind to go up and ring the bell. At last he turned sadly to go away.

Just then the door opened and three young men stepped out, wearing high silk hats and gorgeous fur coats. A big limousine drew up to the curb beside Simon. Simon stood staring at the young man in the center of the trio of aristocrats. The face of this fellow was that of the tramp.

Simon stood staring stupidly, not knowing what to think or say as the men passed him. The one in the center suddenly turned and looked at Simon. Excusing himself from his companions as they entered the auto, he stepped to Simon's side and said softly, "I owe you an apology, old chap. I see you've found me out."

Simon could not reply.

"You see," continued the young fellow rapidly, "it's been our custom for a dozen years or more, the three of us, to try to give somebody happiness on Christmas. It began in college. We looked into the question and found out that the majority of people had the greatest pleasure on Christmas Day in buying dinners for unfortunates. We knew from our own experience that it's hard to find anybody in need of a dinner on such a day, so we decided that we'd be happier in making other people happy. Do you understand?"

"I begin to see," gasped Simon.

"So every Christmas now we don our tramp clothes and go down to lower Fifth Avenue, around Washington Square, where the good people gather to pick up objects of pity. We've done the thing so long we can impersonate tramps perfectly. It's worked out wonderfully. I could see every minute during dinner to-day how I was pleasing you by gorging on that food. I hope you won't blame me. It's more blessed to give than receive, but on Christmas Day there's a dearth of receivers. We're just attempting to help regulate the supply and demand. Good-bye."

Simon stood on the walk and watched the young fellows spin away to their club. Then he sighed deeply, took the street car home, removed his frock coat and dined on codfish and egg sauce.

Next day he bought a nickel's worth of moth balls and wrapped up the coat and hat with them in tar paper. Once in two or three years he takes them out and sheds a tear on them, but never at Christmas.

THE TRAPPERS

BEFORE the courtroom she must stand
To face the thing men call the Law,
And she must swear by her right hand
(O most of all that pleads—her hand!)
Against the thing *he* says he *saw*—
The man who walks with silken tread
To snare the living and the dead—
The watcher with the hungry jaw.

Before the courtroom she must stand
In young dismay, in anxious awe,—
A girl with tender hair—each strand
(Our loved ones' hair is of such strand)
Is soiled by what *he* says *he* saw—
The man who testifies by rote,
Because the city pays him groat
To bring the bruised to the Law.

That other man will take his word—
The man who speaks the Law's intent,
And lets her story go unheard
(O the young heart, alone, unheard!)
That cries with her bewilderment—
The man behind the justice-rack,
His sight black as his robe is black,
By whose hands souls are broke and beat.

What though her manner nothing speaks
Of the red sisterhood of shame?
He sets the stigma on her cheeks
(Upon her sudden frozen cheeks)
And brands her future with its name—
The man who slays Christ at each word,
Damning a little girl unheard
To night and hell beyond all flame!

For he has killed her self-respect,
And called from her a bitter cry;
For he has bade her go direct
(By Law has driven her direct!)
And be the thing he took to try;—
He would not look to see the face
Of childhood perilled by disgrace,
He would not speak the Law thereby.

The Workhouse will set print on her,
And they will take her print of hand,
And know her when she goes to err
(The little prints they never err!)
Hereafter to that deepest land.
The one will speck her heart at root,
The other smudge her good repute—
Till the last tick and the last sand.

Till the last sand, till the last tick
Of that sad time-piece she shall be—
The thing men kiss and after kick
(A sterile kiss, a brutal kick)
Through all the Street of Infamy!
Her beauty shall bespark the night
Yet be to her a prison light—
She never after shall go free.

But in a courtroom she must stand
Ofttimes, to face the Law, defy;
Ofttimes must swear by her right hand
(O hopeless hand! O fallen hand!)
Against what he will testify—
The man who walks with silken tread
To snare the long, but living, dead—
To him who speaks the Law thereby.

WILTON AGNEW BARRET.

NEWS

CITY EDITOR on metropolitan paper, seated at his desk and very busy. Space writer approaches nervously.

CITY EDITOR: Well?

SPACE WRITER: Two men were sitting across a table from each other in a restaurant in Paterson.

CITY EDITOR: Aw, to hell with them.

SPACE WRITER (*desperately*): One man reached across the table and bit the nose off the other fellow.

CITY EDITOR: Write half a stick.

SPACE WRITER (*encouraged*): The waiter says the fellow swallowed the nose.

CITY EDITOR: Make it a stick and a half.

SPACE WRITER (*warming up*): The man's wife says she won't live with him now that he has no nose.

CITY EDITOR: Make it three sticks.

SPACE WRITER (*enthusiastically*): So the woman has gone to live with the other man and her husband says when he gets out of the hospital he'll kill them both.

CITY EDITOR: Say, that's a hell of a good story! Get the photographs. Write it up to three-quarters of a column, and get the woman well up into the lead.

EDMOND MCKENNA.

Shielding The Parent

THE Postoffice Department has ruled that lectures on sex hygiene delivered in the high schools of Chicago may not be sent through the mails to the parents of the children. William F. Jones, aged fourteen, heartily approves this ruling.

"Yes," said Willie to the interviewer, "we think it best that our parents be shielded from the crude facts of life except such as we think it wise to give them in a harmless and delicate form."



"HERE I'VE STARTED FOUR REVOLUTIONS
RIGHT HERE IN THIS SALOON, AND YOU
WON'T EVEN TRUST ME FOR A DRINK."

Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain

"Larkinism"

THE Dublin transport workers' strike has ceased to be an ordinary strike. It has become simply the occasion of a tremendous test of the working people of Great Britain—a test to determine how much revolutionary spirit they possess.

Early in November the strike was at a standstill. After three months' fighting, traffic had been resumed under the protection of the police. The Government was slowly moving toward the framing of a compromise. The strike would be ended. And then Jim Larkin, the leader of the transport workers, was sentenced to prison on a charge of sedition.

In the universal protest which secured his release there was a clue to that new thing in the Dublin strike which has kept it before the world ever since. Not merely was there a recognition of the fact that the charge of "sedition" is antiquated and absurd. There was also a recognition of the thing that Larkin stood for. "Larkinism" they called it. But it was not simply Larkin—it was Dublin, it was Ireland. The Irish workingmen were aflame with a new and revolutionary belief. They had come to see in trade unionism more than a conventional game played with employers for a stake of higher wages and shorter hours. Wages and hours were only incidents—they were in a fight that could not end until they had established human brotherhood in Ireland. And the reason why everybody in England was interested in Larkinism was because they knew there was somewhat of that same spirit among the English workingmen.

Larkin knew it, too. The point had come when it was necessary to call on that spirit in England in order to win the fight in Ireland. As soon as he was released from Mountjoy prison, Larkin set out to "carry the fiery cross" through England and Scotland and Wales. All eyes turned to Larkin as he went to Manchester, to Bristol, to London, bringing his message. The test had come.

The practical part of his mission was to induce the transport workers of Great Britain to refuse to handle goods that had been handled by strike-breakers in Dublin. But his real mission was felt to be more significant. He was sent to try out the revolutionary spirit of the British workingmen.

The practical side of his mission, his appeal to the trade union leaders for aid, has already proved vain. The rest of his mission, in which he appeals over the heads of the leaders to the British working class, may not be vain. Dublin and the rest of the world is waiting to see.

The English trade union leaders are conservative. They met his appeal with a stubborn disapproval of his plans. They told him they had agreements with the employers which they would not break for him. They advised him to go back to Dublin and "secure a fair and honorable settlement of the dispute." They said they would make up their minds definitely in three weeks.

"Three weeks is a long time to wait," said Larkin. "But I will undertake on behalf of the men who know how to fight in Dublin that the fight will go on until the leaders in England are ready."

Then, while the leaders sat and thought about it, Larkin issued his manifesto to "Comrades in the British Labor Movement." Already giving up hope of the leaders, he said what he thought of them.

"They seem to think, speak, and act as though trade unionism was meant to be used as a salve for the sore of poverty, ill-usage, long hours, and low wages. We say trade unionism is a root remedy, and by industrial action we can accomplish great things.

"This bloody warfare in Dublin," he said, "must come to an end, this sacrificing of men, women and children must cease, and if they are not prepared to bring it to an end, then you of the rank and file will see to it that 'finis' shall be written."

Naturally, the officials resented this anticipation of their decision—the decision which after three weeks of thinking in London and starving in Dublin was solemnly given. They resented his looking beyond them to the men. In the words of the president of the seamen and firemen's union, he had "ventured to challenge the authority of the duly accredited leaders."

But Larkin had in mind that in all the great strikes of last year these duly accredited leaders were pushed into the fight by the rank and file, and that their ultimate victory was lost to the strikers by the compromising tactics of their leaders in the unions and in Parliament. Larkin knew that the workingmen knew these things and so he told them, "I never trust leaders, and I don't want you to trust leaders. Trust yourselves."

He believed that the British workingman is more revolutionary than his leaders, and critical of them. He spoke accordingly: "My real purpose in life," he said, "is to weld the working class into one union. Some may think this is a far-fetched idea. It is not. It is a practical idea, and the only reason it has not achieved itself is the prejudice of persons who have got positions. For there are positions of monopoly and privilege even in the working class, and the men who have got these positions don't like to give them up. But it is for the men of the rank and file to decide this question; not the men who hold office. . . . We are out to take over Ireland and use that country in the best interests of all the people in that country."

Larkin's mission, as so set forth, his mission to the workingmen themselves, is still in doubt. If it succeeds it will mean far more than the winning of the Dublin transport strike.

TAFT says there is no use telling him that superfluous flesh is not an impediment to mental as well as physical activities. He adds that he is now seventy pounds lighter than he was in the White House.

A New Crime

FREDERICK SUMNER BOYD is a new kind of criminal—at least for America. He is the first person to be tried in this country on a charge of advocating *sabotage*. What he did was to tell the striking mill-workers of Paterson that even if they lost the strike on the outside, they could still win it on the inside of the mill. He told them to run a little vinegar along a certain part of the looms, so that the machines would stop working. They could thus call a strike of the machines, he said—a strike which the employers would not be able to quell with the militia and the police.

According to the New Jersey courts, not only is a machine "property," but its normal efficiency is also "property," and to destroy the efficiency of a machine is to destroy property. Frederick Sumner Boyd was accordingly sentenced to serve from one to seven years in Trenton prison, and to pay a fine of five hundred dollars.

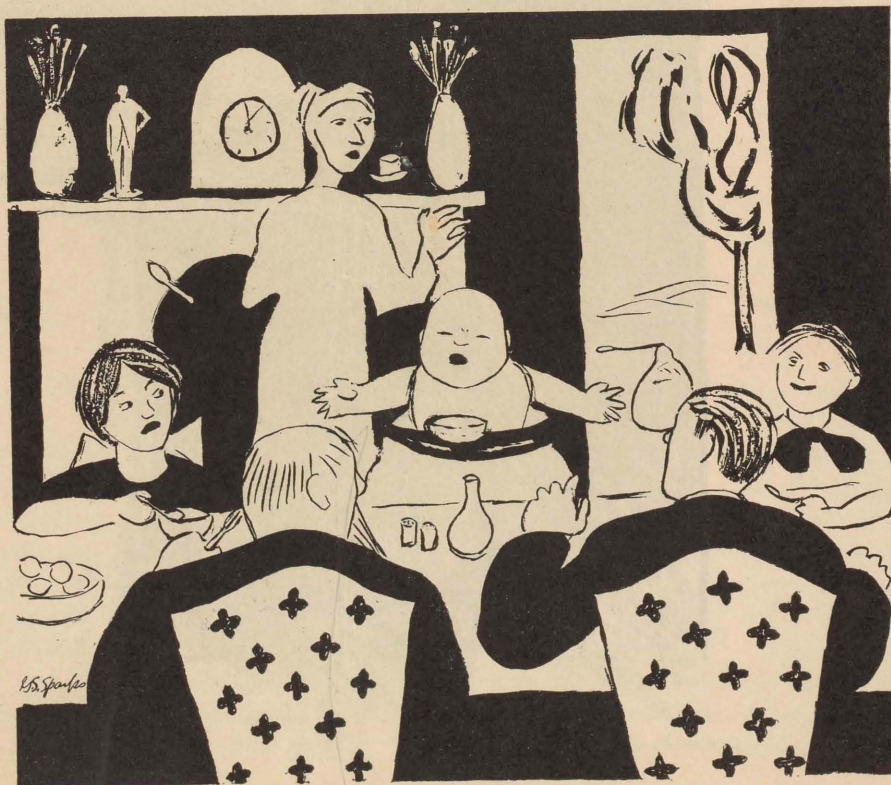
Boyd believes that the lives of the workers are of more importance than the things the workers make. This belief, judged by the standards of present-day civilization, is a crime. For in present-day civilization, we accept the fact that every building constructed is raised at the cost of so many human lives. We accept the fact that the steel which comes to its construction has been made out of suffering and death in the steel mills. We wear clothing materials whose weaving has robbed children of their childhood. We accept a civilization which rates things at a higher value than the people who make them. Accordingly it is permissible to destroy life, as the employers of labor destroy it. But it is wrong to destroy property, or to advocate its destruction, even for the saving of life.

There was a time when to destroy a man's property—to break his spear, to smash in his canoe—was to destroy that man's life. The times have changed, but the original respect for the rights of property remains codified in the laws, and petrified in our minds.

We are naturally enough shocked when the efficiency of a machine is threatened. We are naturally not shocked when the efficiency of that machine destroys the lives of the children who serve it. No—we are not really shocked at this. We feel sorry when we hear about it, but we go on wearing the cloth whose manufacture is killing the children. And when there is a strike like that in Paterson, most of us agree that "law and order must be preserved." By which we mean that the destruction of property must stop and the destruction of life go on as before.

The offense of Frederick Sumner Boyd consists in his refusal to abide by this morality. Such also is the offense of Haywood, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Tresca, Quinlan and Lessig, five organizers of the I. W. W. who are now waiting trial. Such is the offense of Alexander Scott, editor, who has been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for telling the truth about the strike. It is the offense of teaching those who work to respect *their own* lives more than *other people's* property. Boyd is the first, and he will not be the last, to be tried and convicted for deliberately advocating a contempt for property where life demands it. What shall be his penalty?

A defense fund, which will be used in appealing his case, is in the hands of Miss Jessie Ashley, 27 Cedar street, New York.



Drawn by G. S. Sparks.

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