

The MASSES



Drawn by Arthur Young.

"Mother, never let me hear you tell the children that these humans are descendants of ours."

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GOD AND THE STRONG ONES

“WE have made them fools and weak!” said the Strong Ones:
 “We have bound them, they are still and deaf and blind,
 We have crushed them in our hands like a heap of crumbling sands,
 We have left them naught to seek or find:
They are quiet at our feet!” said the Strong Ones,
 “We have made them one with stone and clod;
Serf and laborer and woman, they are less than wise or human—”
 “I can raise the weak,” saith God.

“They are stirring in the dark!” said the Strong Ones,
 “They are struggling, who were moveless as the dead,
We can hear them cry, and strain hand and foot against the chain,
 We can hear a heavy upward tread—
Yet what if they have stirred?” said the Strong Ones,
 “**What if they have moved beneath the rod?**
Fools and weak and blinded men, we shall tread them down again—”
 “Shall ye conquer Me?” saith God.

“They will trample us and bind!” said the Strong Ones:
 “**We are crushed beneath the blackened feet and hands!**
All the strong and fair and great they will crush from out the State,
 They will overwhelm it like the weight of sands—
They are witless and are blind!” said the Strong Ones,
 “**There is black decay where they have trod—**
They will break the world in twain if their hands are on the rein—”
 “What is that to me?” saith God.

**“Ye have made them in their strength, who were Strong Ones,
 Ye have only taught the blackness ye have known;
These are evil men and blind? Ay, but molded to your mind!
 How can ye cry out against your own?
Ye have hid the light and love I have given
 From the muddied ways where they must plod,
Ye have builded this your lord with the lash and with the sword—
 Reap what ye have sown!”** saith God.



Drawn by Maurice Becker

He: "You know this war comes home pretty close to me. I was through all those countries in an automobile last year."

The MASSES

Vol. VI. No. 2: Issue No. 42.

NOVEMBER, 1914

Max Eastman, Editor.

TO AMERICAN SOCIALISTS

Arthur Bullard

THE Socialists of America will fall far short of their duty if they do not reach a view of this European War upon which some real action can be based. This stupendous tragedy will be for us meaningless unless we find something to do about it.

There are some things which we should obviously not do. The attempt to assign the blame for the breakdown of Internationalism, though natural enough, is futile. It is a matter upon which, so colored are our intellectual convictions by our human sympathies, no agreement can be reached. And if it were possible to reach an agreement, it would not get us anywhere. Let us accept the fact of the war and its consequences. It is not our business to judge the working class of the various countries of Europe, but to strain our every resource to help them once more to their feet, so that—this madness passed—they can join once more in our common fight.

It is also manifestly futile for us to discuss whether or not we should oppose the war. Of course we are against it. But since we cannot stop it, we only hope it can be made to serve our revolutionary purposes—to hope and plan to that effect.

Lastly, we must not become discouraged. Our enemies taunt us that our Internationalism was a sham. It is not a sham. It is an intention, a plan, an ideal that we shall yet realize. The unity of the workers of the world is our ultimate goal. The present condition of Europe shows us exactly how far we have gone, and what remains for us to do. We know now, that before it was possible to get the workers of Europe against each other, it was first necessary to persuade them that they were, in every country, fighting in a defensive war. It remains for us to achieve such control of the machinery by which public opinion is made as will prevent the workers in the future being persuaded that the preservation of their homes, their language, their nationality, require the taking up of arms. Some of us, without doubt, had hoped that the strength of the idea of internationalism was already great enough to resist the insidious fears which precipitated this war. The news from Europe disappoints us, but we must not let it discourage us. For the revolution there is always hope.

Some forty years ago there was a solemn funeral in the cemetery of Pere Lachaise in Paris. It was that of Vladislav Dombrowski, the heroic general of the Commune. The cause for which he gave his life seemed lost. The Army of the Reaction had already conquered three-quarters of the city; their shells fell about his open grave. Lurid flames stained the sky with the vengeful hate of the vic-

tors. There was no hope left for the Communards. They were utterly defeated.

But Vermorel, who was so soon to die himself, found courage for these ringing words:

"Dombrowski! Before your corpse, despite the bloody night which envelops us, there shines one steadfast ray of hope. Yes! Justice will one day triumph in spite of all. *Vive la République universelle! Vive la Commune!* Now, citizens, let us do our duty."

Let us also turn from our grief to our duty.

There are facing us two duties—one which will devolve upon us at the end of this war, and another which may call upon all our energies at an hour no man can predict.

The first duty is to assist, at the end of the war, in the re-establishment of the International. While presidents and kings and cabinet ministers are tinkering with treaties, we must labor to create once more the cordial co-operation of the Socialist parties of the world.

It is by no means a hopeless project. Certainly the old spirit of brotherhood has been shattered. In the heat of conflict, many workers have forgotten who are their real oppressors and have transferred their hatred to "the foreigner." Even Socialists are for the time playing the murderous, senseless game of their masters. But they did not start the madness, they struggled to prevent it, on one side of the frontier as on the other they were drawn into it reluctantly. And they will only learn more profoundly from this war that they were right at first in opposing it.

The spectacle of the moment—brothers in arms against brothers—is unspeakably tragic. But let us remember the Franco-Prussian War; the first real effort towards understanding between the French and German workingmen began with that war. It is not too much to hope and believe that, despite the chagrin and the resentment engendered among the Socialists of the warring nations, a new and deeper effort towards mutual understanding will begin with the end of this war.

One thing we can prophesy with certainty: The Social Structure of Life will be melted in the heat of this conflagration. It will cool into some new shape. We cannot foresee the details, but of this general proposition we may be sure. Customs are as of ice, their forms cannot be changed without reducing all Life to fluid. Its shape cannot be changed in part. You cannot revolutionize the economic relations of a people without also altering their social forms, their moral concepts and—even their style of architecture. Europe will be melted in the crucible of this war—and no man can prophesy the

form in which it will recrystallize. But it will not be the same as of old.

One striking example is the employment of Indian troops by Great Britain. The prejudged conviction of the English that they are superior to the "natives" is age-old. In South Africa, although the Empire was sorely strained, they kept it "a white man's war." But in this greater crisis that prejudice has melted. An English statesman has said without a smile that the high-minded Princes of India are offering their soldiers and silver to help maintain the "sanctity of international agreements." They certainly did not learn respect for such agreements from the English. Nor are they giving their money and their men out of love for their British masters. The Hindoo is glad to put the white man in his debt. We cannot foretell what the relation will be between the races in India, after the War. But we may be sure it will no longer be the same.

In a less dramatic way all the prejudices and rigid forms of Europe are softening in the heat of this blaze. The relation between the Ruling Class and the Workers will inevitably be changed. What it will be after the War we do not know, but it will not be the same. The old order changeth.

Whether or not the change will benefit the cause of revolution depends on the Working Class itself. Very largely it will depend on the degree of their unity.

There is no more precious contribution which we, Socialists of America, could make to our world wide cause than some step which would help in the speedy re-establishment of the International.

The first International was destroyed by internal dissensions. The second and greater, by this War. Phoenix-like it will be born again through this fire to redoubled ardor.

Let us therefore summon an extraordinary assembly of the American Section to discuss and adopt a definite attitude in this crisis and to prepare a programme of action.

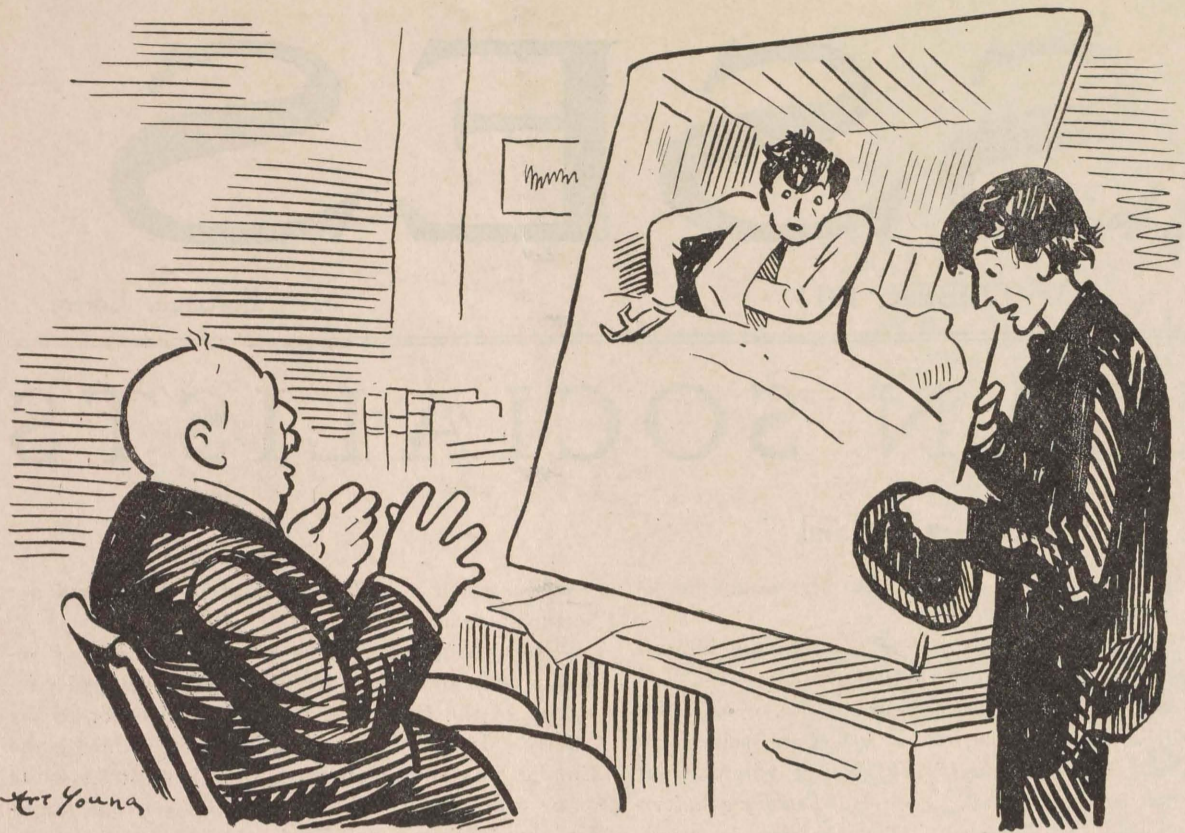
It must not be an academic discussion of "The Causes of War." It must above all avoid any appearance of a Tribunal. It must concern itself only with means and methods of mediation and re-establishment.

What could it do?

It could do nothing of worth which did not represent the *democratic* will of the party.

Many things, from which to choose those offering best promise of fulfillment, will be suggested.

We might, for instance, devise ways and means to raise funds for the disabled sections of Europe. Our



Drawn by Arthur Young.

The Editor had told the Artist to put more of his own intimate life into his work.

organizations are being shot to pieces in this War. Their treasures are exhausted—or confiscated. Their newspapers are bankrupt—or suppressed.

We might invite the International to hold its next congress in America. The delegates have already been chosen for the congress which was to have been held in Vienna. Here, far from the tumult of the War, our friends might catch once more the vision of International unity.

And the other duty?

Let us not be fooled into thinking that in these warring nations the class struggle has been forgotten—that the desire for the social revolution is extinct. From Germany come hints of something seething beneath the smooth pretences of "national Unity." The Socialist daily paper of Bremen published one of the most revolutionary articles that has appeared in the German Socialist press since the beginning of the war. It declared:

"Everything that we have said right up to the present will be considered as mere chatter if we do not maintain our ideas during and *after* the war.

"If the German Socialists are fighting side by side with the Junkers, their enemies, it is only their blood that is mixing but not their hearts. All the phrases of German patriotism are shattered against the granite of our Socialist convictions.

"They talk about the struggle against Czarism! But this struggle is being carried on by the Russian revolutionaries, and not by those who, like the German government, have always protected the Czarism against the heroes of the Russian revolution, and are ready to do it again.

"The German Socialists have no confidence in the promise of the German ruling classes. Our teachers, such as Karl Marx, have proved to us that it is not good intentions which decide the fate of peoples, but real forces. If the German Empire is victorious, the ruling class of Germany will become stronger and the working class of Germany just that much weaker.

"The world war is German Socialism's baptism of fire."

We do not know at what hour the next revolutionary uprising will come: whether in the very midst of this war, as a result of the disillusionment of national disaster, or in the financial and economic crisis which many believe will inevitably come with peace. But whenever and wherever it appears, with however great or little seeming chances of success, we must be ready to aid it—with the force of such public opinion as we can help create, with money, with arms, and with men.

From Germany

WE believe that the editor of *Vorwaerts*, the great Socialist newspaper of Germany, would wish us to quote the following paragraph from the issue of his paper which resulted in its suppression:

"The comrades abroad can be assured that the German working class disapproves today every piratical policy of state just as it has always disapproved it, and that it is disposed to resist the predatory subjugation of foreign peoples as strongly as the circumstances permit. The comrades in foreign lands can be assured that, though the German workmen also are protecting their Fatherland, they will nevertheless not forget that their interests are the same as those of the proletarian in other countries, who, like themselves, have been compelled to go to war against their will, indeed, even against their often repeated pronouncements in favor of peace."

War and Straight Thinking

THE first sincere and ambitious attempt to interpret the war from the Socialist point of view comes in the form of a "Socialist War Manual,"* with articles analyzing the immediate and more remote causes of conflict, stating the views of German, British, Italian and American Socialists, including the official manifestoes of the various parties, and going into the questions of Internationalism and Militarism.

The remarkable thing about this brochure, aside from the amount of valuable information it contains, is the attitude of sincerity and frankness which it breathes. A movement which in such a time of trial and stress as this, can so courageously face its problems and so honestly admit its defeats, is not one which this or any war can smash.

The intellectual hardiness which is manifest in this little book is a tonic which we heartily commend to all troubled spirits. It is a clear expression of the unconquerable soul of Socialism.

* New Review Association, N. Y. C., 15 cents.

A BREATH OF LIFE

YES, he'll enlist—he'll leap at the chance!

If you think eleven servile hours a day, six days a week,
A slatternly wife, a tableful of children all mouths,
A sodden Sunday, and then the long round again,
Can bind him to sanity and peace,
You do not know your brother—
You do not know yourself!

Better the close-locked marching feet,
The music like great laughter, the rough comradeships—
War is a picnic, a vast game of chance;
You may win,—or earn a quick and bursting death,
Cancelling all these unpaid duty-debts at home.

Then—on to the picnic!
Out of the foul-aired routine!
A breath of life, tho death be the price!

CLEMENT WOOD.



Cornelia Barns 1914

Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

Patriotism for Women

The European Governments are encouraging all soldiers to marry before they enlist, in order that the ranks of posterity may be filled. They have reduced the cost of a marriage license in England, but not, so far as we know, the cost of raising a baby.

THE SECRET OF WAR

Mabel Dodge

The look on the faces of men who have been killing—and what women think about it.

WE KNEW that if we could get to Paris, where we could see something, we would understand it all better. And we knew that we *had* to understand it—that we could never get away from it until we did.

We *had* to know the hidden reason—the principle behind that overwhelming fact that all the nations of Europe and some of Asia and Africa were at war with each other in the Twentieth Century.

So as soon as trains began to pass people through from one country to another, we went away from Florence, glad to leave the trifling incoherencies of that August in Italy.

In Paris it was still difficult to believe that there was war. Beyond the fact that everyone talked of it—that the papers spoke of nothing else—that the streets seemed full of the paraphernalia and preparation for war, we nowhere saw signs of war itself. I am sure I don't know what we expected. Perhaps no one ever sees war as he expects to see it. Perhaps "Tommy" in the trench shooting away monotonously, under orders, at a clump of trees in the distance, says to himself in surprise: "So this is war!"

With flags flying from every door and window, Paris never looked more gallant. The Germans, we heard, were only a few miles away. Yet Paris in the sunshine seemed smiling, like a great lady going to the guillotine *en grande toilette*; exquisitely French.

The streets were empty of all, save motors carrying soldiers and officers, and every variety of cart and truck bearing the Red Cross Flag and pressed into the service of the army for provisioning and for transporting the wounded.

With the officers of the Government at Bordeaux, Paris under the Military Governor was a model of order and precision. From one day to the next France adopted the strict discipline of militarism and everything proceeded as though by machinery. There were no signs of discontent. All the families of soldiers were provided for within the organization—women thrown out of work received a franc and a few sous over, a day. Soup kitchens were established everywhere. Some of them were organized by the Syndicalists, who were acting for the Government. They had stopped all their own propaganda to urge their men to the front. Almost a great humanitarian movement, seemed the war to these Frenchmen, and they unhesitatingly sent all the workers to "the war which is to kill war."

The two busiest spots in Paris were the square in front of the Invalides and the Rue Royale, near the Madeleine.

All day long men came and went in the Place des Invalides bearing messages—getting orders—and twice a day they pulled up at the Taverne Royale to rush in and eat, and out again. There officers in wonderful uniforms sat down for a bite with their brothers and cousins dressed in the red trousers and blue coat of the volunteer soldier, and there all day there came and went a stream of color and a stream of electric excitement.

Up and down on the sidewalk flowed the idle and

the curious—looking for news—for incident—the eternal Parisian spectator whose life is passed, in wartime or in peace, in watching others act.

Sometimes a pair of Highlanders would motor up and take a couple of seats at a table outside—those neat bare knees were loved in the Rue Royale! And the air men with the wings of Mercury embroidered on their sleeves, came and went. Their eyes seemed full of light.

All that we saw done was done for war. Everyone was going about on the business of war, and always of war itself we saw no sign, yet these men had all seen it—they had been in it—they were it. There is some difference between the men who are in it and those who are not, and the difference isn't in the uniform. *It is in the man himself.* Some chemicalization has taken place. He is transformed by it. He is perhaps not more alive, but he is differently alive than he was before. Somehow he is quickened in the way that nothing else has ever quickened him. This is true of all the men that I saw.

And so always seeing the signs of this unseen thing called war—this lure that has drawn all these millions of men together on to strange soil to kill each other—we asked ourselves more and more: What is it?

Does anyone know? It is called by so many names.

Some are calling it patriotism. A great many are calling it that. The Socialists and Syndicalists in France are calling it a humanitarian movement. They say that they have gone to war to destroy militarism. In Germany some of them are fighting because they have been ordered out and they call it "an officer's war"; others are fighting with an intellectual motive, to increase the opportunity for expansion and growth, and they call it a war against Czarism and the British death grip.

The German Socialists have told us that they go to war against their French brothers with sorrow in their hearts, but that they go to bring greater life to the future of Socialism by destroying the oppressive enemy.

And yet one English "Tommy" told me on the street one afternoon—he and his chum had escaped from some Germans and had wandered into Paris for a day and a night before looking for their battalion—

"We don't want to kill those German chaps," he said, "and they don't want to kill us. It's all just a dirty mess—it's war."

But he had been killing—he had the look; and he had just escaped with his life from the Germans by a fluke—but his eyes were full of light.

A French soldier told me that after the battle on the Marne he and his chums would go out to the battlefield in the evening after fighting all day and they would help the wounded German soldiers all they could and give them cigarettes.

"Ils nous appellaient Kamarads!" he said; and he, too, had the look of having been quickened by war.

And think of this. A soldier hardly ever knows where he is. Even in his own country he cannot tell because the names on the sign posts along the road are painted out. He is simply moved about by orders which are just comprehensible enough to obey at that

moment. When he isn't on the move, it is mostly summed up in the command:

"One Two! Three! Fire!"

At the battle of the Oise these terrible words were flung at the French and English soldiers for three days and three nights without stopping.

That is war.

The motive for it the soldier calls by a poor or by a glorious name—according to his temperament.

I think that in France and England only the politicians say that they are fighting to destroy German militarism. Ask the soldiers why they are fighting. A good many of them only know that they are there because they *have* to be, a good many others because they heard the bugle call. And now that they are there, most of them like it. Some of the mystics have been saying that some great natural force behind men and governments precipitated this war and is pushing it on beyond the will of humanity.

"Nothing less than a miracle can stop its fearful momentum now," they say.

But men like fighting. That is the force behind the war. That they will stop liking it—will be the miracle.

Of course, if they can find a principle to fight for, they fight and like it still better, but what war is for the main part is the inconceivable, the inevitable love of—fighting itself. There is no deeper meaning than that to be found in it, and there never has been any other.

If there were any other stronger reason than that, there might be some chance of peace in disarmament.

We have been saying for so long that war isn't civilized. We should have realized perhaps that civilization isn't human. Perhaps peace isn't human. Not in the same way that men are human.

It has just been laid over the human qualities and we live to see its most finished products proving their efficacy in the service of the most primeval instinct!

I believe that even the Gods and Mr. Chesterton must be dazzled at the spectacle of the great aeroplanes soaring like divine birds over cities and men, dropping upon them their bombs full of deadly gases and dynamite, at the command of Government!

Is that what is meant by the phrase "civilized warfare"? Warfare brought to its highest degree of deadliness and cruelty through machinery?

In Paris we learned that they are calling it "The war of machines." Of his own machine guns, a wounded French officer said to me:

"I don't believe men could stand mowing each other down like that if they met in a hand to hand conflict. But with the machine gun—you just go on turning the handle. The narrow streets of the town of Soissons where we had been fighting all day were piled high on each side with men, where the machine gun had been playing all the afternoon."

In London one saw even less of war, but more than ever the illusion of it. The motor cars were all bearing signs: "To arms!" "Your King and country need you!" "The duty of every man is to his country!"—and all the music halls were full of "artists" singing of war and its most gallant aspects.

The cinematographs showed pictures of the "brave boys" at the front and of the unbelievably inhuman enemy.

All these incentives were brought to a degree of art that was hard to analyze, which seemed to be a mingling of the simple and sincere poetic feeling of the people and the self-conscious control of diplomacy. It was very real.

All things seemed to flow together in London, for one end.

Since there is no conscription in England, social pressure supplies the necessary force when there is any hanging back. The ruling class needs the whole nation for an army in order to prevail, and men love war.

"Simon says thumbs up? Thumbs up!"

But this organized unspoken pressure made it seem, as one keen observer said:

"A fashionable war!"

In Florence we had thought that through the effect of Emperor William's "Superbia," it was a religious war—and in Paris we could not help seeing that behind its imperturbable military order and its smiling mask, it was, for all that, a defensive war to save France from German manners,—so in London it resolved itself for us into a war of "Rule Britannia."

To this Moloch they are sacrificing the first born—and all the others. To maintain the illusion of Empire, women are urging their men into the field, and fathers are sending their sons—up to the last.

The day after the Earl of Plymouth lost his second son at the front, he sat behind Asquith to support him as he made his great recruiting speech; and this typifies, I think, not only the attitude of Englishmen, but of all men of the ruling class.

And all these men that are urged to go, go out joyfully with death in their hearts. Hardly a man but whose heart leaps at the sound of a bugle! It was in Paris that this truth came upon me. I had come up to see war, and I had expected to find the terror—the horror of war—and I didn't find it anywhere. I was going about with a sober face, full of sympathy, and I found the whole nation of men, soldiers and officers, happy.

They were somehow happy and excited.

Paris was serious and intensely concentrated, but it wasn't unhappy. One saw nothing very sad.

The women all stayed in their houses.

Only a few miles away men were falling by hundreds, but by some process that takes place in human nature those who saw it were spared from feeling it.

It has been said that a sight of terrible human suffering produces its ineradicable effect upon the human mind, but perhaps much horror prevents its own realization because sensibility gets dulled by repetition.

At the same time that I found out the deep universal principle behind war, I found out something else about it that is just as deep and just as universal.

Women don't like war.

A poor woman with seven children down in White-chapel, whose husband had been away at the front for six weeks and no word from him, said to me:

"Wot I'm awskin' yeh is what it's all for? That's what I want to know. Wot's it all about?"

Not enough other women have asked this question and found out the answer, but their instinct against war—aroused and conscious—is the only force that can ever meet and overcome the other force of its appeal to men.

The only hope of permanent peace lies in a woman's war against war.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

UNCLE SAM (TO THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR): "REMEMBER, RUSTUM, YOU'RE A DIPLOMAT, AND YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO CRITICISE HOME INDUSTRIES."

THE WAR GODS

IN his palace at Rome the old pope dying besought the people to pray without ceasing for peace, "that the Merciful God might be wearied, as it were, with the prayers of His children."

But the Merciful God was perhaps wearied already with the prayers of His children asking for peace the while they made ready for war.

For the Merciful God had ceased to listen; long, long ago he had told them that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

But the old Tribal Gods were all attention rejoicing in the revival of their worship.

For the old Gods are not dead; they are not even sleeping.

They gloat over the prayers of Europe and revel in the lilt of the ancient litanies:

"Mighty Bellona and thou Quirinus the Father of war," thunders the Holy Roman Church of Austria, "Be present and save us!"

"Thor let thy hammer, strong for destruction, smite our oppressors!" cries Protestant Germany.

"Hear us, O Ares, and lead out our armies to slaughter!" chant the Greek Christians of Russia.

"Jehovah of the Thunders, Lord God of Battles—hear!" intones the Anglican.

And all the warring lands offer their mumbled incantations and petitions to those more ancient nameless gods of the dark infancy of man,

The red-eyed ghouls that lust for human blood.

Thus the prayers of the Powers ascend in clouds of cannon smoke; and the odor of dead flesh is pleasant to the nostrils of the old Tribal Gods.

For the old Gods are wise beyond the wisdom of men; they know their own—nor are they deceived when their worshippers call their name—Christ.

NINA BULL.

RIB'S THANKSGIVING

Robert Carlton Brown

Yes, this is a regular Thanksgiving story, with a Turkey and a Prodigal, suitable to be read aloud by the cheery fire-side

SING the praises of your snipe, your pigeon breasts in wine, your partridge and your capons, O gourmets! Get pleasure and dyspepsia from your wild ducks, pate de foie gras, ptarmigan, nightingale's tongues, broiled squab and flying-fish. But set aside for me one turkey—roasted, with a neat little strip of salt pork tied over his tummy for basting. Ladle out the giblet gravy with no sparing hand; give me knife and fork and a half hour alone with it. If I cry for pepsin call me unpatriotic, and put me on a milk diet that I may be better fit to serve my country next Thanksgiving.

Rib Walsh was daintily picking at Murphy's free lunch with grime-grooved fingers. His epicurean selection was one pickled onion which he gulped with a slice of liverwurst and rye bread, holding a pickle in reserve between his second third fingers.

"Mr. Cassidy's treatin'; what'll ye have, Rib?" summoned Murphy, beckoning several other habitual loungers to the bar.

Rib mechanically drank a toast to Thanksgiving and grinned cynically to Murphy as he removed the empty glass, "Thanksgivin', hell!"

"Better take a chance on the turkey raffle, Rib, and have a happy Thanksgivin'," commented Murphy, jerking his moist thumb to the end of the bar where a sedate gobbler with luxurious wattles was cramped into a slight wire coop.

"What'd I do with a turkey an' no woman to cook it?"

"Get a woman," grinned Murphy.

"Nix on that! I had one. A woman, why she's only a woman, an' a scuttle of suds is a scuttle of suds," remarked Rib, innocently plagiarizing. "Give us another, Murph!"

Mr. R. Walsh blotted up the beer and sauntered over to the turkeys, eyeing them lovingly.

"Murph, tell whoever wins them turks to save me a nice juicy strip right off here," he indicated the proud breast of the larger gobbler.

"Better take a chance on 'em yourself, Rib. Ten cents apiece, three for a quarter," replied the bartender with an eye to business.

"They sure look good, if only it didn't take a woman to cook 'em," the tone was wistfully shrewd and philosophic.

"Why don't you go back to Mrs. Walsh?"

"Nix on that, Murph! A jawin' every night and a black eye thrown in on Saturdays when a man can't defend himself. No, I had plenty. Too much is enough."

It was the night before Thanksgiving, and many cheerless, homeless wanderers went to Murphy's to rid themselves of money and energy that might give them something to be thankful for next day. There were others, too, better circumstanced, who had made the turkey raffle a plea to satisfy private appetites.

Occasionally a shadow appeared against the win-

dow from which the bar could be seen through a crack. Then a weak-kneed family man would abruptly leave the pleasant room and go to hold whispered converse with his wife, the shadow in the chill outside.

"It don't come off till ten o'clock."

"But you said nine?" from the shadow.

"I know, but Murphy changed the hour. The tickets ain't all sold yet."

"I could go get the market basket to take it home in in case you won."

"Gee, if we do win! Won't it be fine? Them turkeys cost four dollars apiece."

"How many chance you got?" from the eager shadow.

"Six."

"Here!" The shadow slipped a dime mysteriously into the willing palm. "Get another."

"All right. I'll have to hurry back, the chances may be all gone. Don't show up for half an hour anyway."

Enriched by the dime the householder returned to the bar and bought his old friend Rib Walsh a drink.

Other husbands withdrew at secretive signals from outside and conversed in low tones with their better halves, shivering in the night. An auction, a raffle, something for nothing, is a lodestone to attract even the best of citizens. And a raffle for a turkey, two turkeys in fact, on East Fourth Street where turkeys are scarce, on the night before Thanksgiving—well!

"How many chances you got?" queried the householder recently enriched by the dime.

"Me! What'd I do with a turkey?" laughed Rib harshly, steadying himself by the bar-rail before kissing his ninth glass good-bye.

"You ain't gone back to your woman yet?" timidly, because of the delicacy of the subject.

"No, an' I never will. I see a sign at the Carter lunch. There's a Thanksgivin' dinner for thirty cents to-morrow, with turkey, cranberry sauce an' pie. That's easy. A guy's got somethin' to be thankful fer when he's only buyin' for one on Thanksgivin'."

"I guess you're right," admitted the householder in a far-away voice as a shadow from outside was cast on the window.

"Right! Of course I'm right."

"Excuse me a minute. Drink up, Rib. I'll be right back," was the flurried answer as the family man dashed through the door to growl that the half hour wasn't up yet and it'd be ten minutes before the raffle would be decided.

Rib accepted his tenth glass from a Thanksgiving well-wisher and essayed a little dance step in the well-nigh inimitable style of the three-horned rhinoceros.

Things were getting lively at Murphy's and Rib Walsh was most entertaining.

"I got only two tickets left!" cried Murphy to the

score collected at the bar. "Who wants these two? Rib, you're the only one who hasn't bought!" Murphy's challenge took into consideration Rib's improved condition.

"Am I delayin' the game?" shouted Rib, waddling up to the bar.

"Sure. The raffle can't go on till these two tickets are yours. Here they are." Murphy tossed the numbered pink slips of paper across the bar to Rib. "Give me a quarter an' you get a glass of whiskey change."

"That's fair enough. A profit of ten cents is fair enough," remarked Rib soberly, pocketing the slips and spinning a coin on the bar.

"All ready then," cried Murphy boyishly, picking up a cigar box full of duplicate numbers. "I'll shake 'em all up an' Jim's kid here draws two of 'em. The first drawn gets first pick. The second takes what's left."

A boy of ten was lured from his glass of ginger ale and lifted to the bar. Murphy held the open cigar box above his head and requested Jim's son to draw.

Out came a number.

"One hundred and sixty-seven!" shouted Murphy.

A flushed, fat-faced fellow at the end of the bar, a cement contractor who had all the turkeys he needed, went crimson with an explosive laugh, and yelled, "I got it!" and instantly "set up" the drinks, before the boy had a chance to make a second draw.

"Number forty-nine!" Murphy read in the voice of Fate, as the next ticket was drawn.

No one answered.

"Guess that's held by somebody outside," remarked Murphy, a bit crestfallen, for it is time-honored custom for the winner to "blow the house."

Rib's householder friend shuffled through his tickets sadly, trying to make a 64 read 49, upside down.

"What numbers did you have Rib?" queried the householder timidly.

Rib dove down into his vest pocket and spilled the tickets on the bar with a package of cigarettes, a collar button and three grimy tooth-picks.

"Why, here's 49!" cried the householder, picking up one of the smudged tickets. "You win, Rib!"

"I win!" cried Rib dazedly. "That's just my luck! It's always the guy that's dragged into a poker game that walks away with the coin." His eyes lighted. "Where's my turk?"

Several friends offered to relieve him of the burden of winning, but Rib pushed them off roughly and bought drinks again for the crowd.

He replenished the fires of folly so often that at closing hour he was hardly able to drink the night-cap Murphy was treating everybody to, to get them out quickly at the lawful hour.

"Where's my turk, Murphy?" cried Rib with sudden suspicious recollection.

"There he is. Tied by a leg to the lunch counter."

"Where's the crate he came in?"

"O'Brien took his turkey home in that."

"How'm I goin' to get the menagerie home, then?" queried Rib hopelessly.

"L'ave him here," suggested Murphy broadly.

"Nix on that. I won him an' I'm goin' to stick by him. Him an' me is pals, ain't we, Birdie?" Rib dropped to his knees and hugged the feathery bundle under one arm, staggering to his feet with his tightly-clutched burden and ricocheting through the door, waving his hat in a final hurrah.

He hadn't meandered more than half a block when the sidewalk came up and hit him a cowardly blow on the back. The astonished turkey flapped its wings, remarked "Gobble, gobble, gobble!" liquidly and darted down a dark alley. As soon as Rib could regain his feet he stumbled after his prize, arms outstretched to capacity, as though trying to catch the whole alley.

He suddenly made out a feathery bundle crouched over a steam ventilator at the end and pounced upon it; the bird leaped and left Rib sprawling, groping ahead in vacant darkness.

"I'll get you yet!" roared Rib, plunging to his feet and racing up and down the alley after the crazed bird.

The gobbler ducked, dodged and dashed about frantically, leaving Rib sprawling on the ground with outstretched arms.

At length, both panting spasmodically, the turkey failed in a twist. Rib got tangled up in clumsy footwork and fell flat on top of his prize, over the steaming radiator.

With admirable philosophy he made no effort to move. The turkey, warm from the race and the steam, made an agreeable feathery pillow. It wasn't a bad place to stay, so Rib just stayed; doggedly pleased that he had recaptured his prize.

Wild thoughts of selling the fowl or giving it away had formerly flared in his mind; but now he was going to keep it, he was going to stick to his feathered enemy like a brother—like—friend—like—a—pal—he—he—would—wouldn't give him the—the s-s-slip again,—not—not—not—

At chilling dawn, his old enemy Remorse came and made faces at him. His stomach was quite sick, the taste in his mouth was noisome. It was a moment for reform. Rib sat, sick-eyed, and contemplated Thanksgiving morn. Thanksgiving! He had a lot to be thankful for.

Well, he had the turkey, anyway.

Getting dizzily to his feet, he tucked the bird under one arm and philosophically trudged out of the alley, hoping that a walk would clear his mazed mind.

He wanted to go back to his room and sleep; but the turkey would never let him. He'd have to get rid of that bird. It was gradually becoming an old turkey of the sea about his neck—an albatross.

The situation was hopeless. His head swam, his legs wobbled, the taste in his mouth was nauseating. He recalled in a flash a draught of herb tea his wife used to make; that tea and a four or five hour sleep always fixed him.

He began to thirst for a taste of it. He burned for the drink finally as he had thirsted for those potatoes of the night before. Then he considered the turkey under his arm. It would be a shame not to finally get the best of that bird after all he had suffered on its account.

Thanksgiving! Yes, it's a fine day with a little herb tea, a good sleep and a woman to be basting the bird during one's nap.

Rib Walsh was mechanically sauntering toward the old tenement in which until a year ago he had lived at peace and war with his wife.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

The Conciliator

Subconsciously his feet strayed into the old track and he began to feel a flush of anticipation.

He clumped mechanically up four flights of stairs, blinked at the tiny yellow eye of gas at the top, steadied himself about a wall corner, leaving grimy finger marks where he had left hundreds before, and knocked at a familiar door with his heavy, red fist.

There was a sound of clattering dishes inside, which stopped instantly. Rib breathed deep and held the turkey between himself and the door.

Firm footsteps came. Rib faltered and glanced back wistfully at the stairway.

The door opened and a sleepy-eyed face was poked out at him.

Rib grinned and thrust the bird at the woman, repeating her name, Maggie, and saying something about peace and Abraham Lincoln and Thanksgiving and herb tea.

"Rib!" the woman cried incoherently, throwing out her strong arms and embracing the turkey.

"Yes, Maggie, it's Thanksgiving, and, like George Washington, I can't tell no lies. Last night I had a little too much President Wilson, that's all; and now I'm thirstin' for somethin' diff'rent. I need a little of that President Garfield tea."

Maggie clutched the turkey close, transfixing him with a bayonet look. "Thanks!" she snapped, pushing him back from the door as he started to enter. "Me and my good man will be enjoyin' of this with trimmin's this noon."

Rib reeled.

"But where do I come in?" he asked dazedly.

"You don't! Carter's lunch for you. They're advertisin' a thirty-cent dinner." And she slammed the door.



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

Colorado Mine Owner: "We only got fourteen of them."

THE MASSES, November, 1914.

The Las Animas County grand jury, in its report on the disorders, has indicted two hundred and thirty-one persons, including the Chief among the "strike disorders" the women, which fourteen of the miners' women were killed by mine-guards and militiamen. No more than one woman was in this picture.



Better go ahead and indict a couple of hundred more for murder.”

ry, after investigating the Colorado strike members of the miners' union for murder. y investigated, is the Ludlow Massacre, in and children were murdered in cold blood ne-guards or militiamen have been indicted. terpretation, and that is the one presented

Notes on the War

By Our European Correspondent

THE position of Italy at the outbreak of the war was peculiar. There were the pacifists, who had learned a lesson from the Tripoli affair and who vigorously organized the anti-militarist feeling as soon as war was rumored. They counted on the support of the industrial populations thrown out of work, on the vast numbers of American emigrants who returned in the summer, and upon the army. For the Clericals and Conservatives were in favor of the Triple Alliance, of course, and the body of both army and middle class was bitterly hostile to Austria. Indeed, at the outbreak of war, two army corps were ordered to embark at Venice for Trieste to aid the Austrians. About ten regiments mutinied and the whole army made a gigantic threat to turn against the government. So that had to be abandoned. The war party in favor of France and England got busy then, and ever since the Italian government has seen that the policy of war against Austria was the only one it could follow.

There remained only the anti-militarists to conciliate. How deal with them and with the rapidly growing excitement of the out-of-works? This is how it was done.

Italy needed the line regiments who were fighting the Arabs in Africa. They were therefore recalled, and the King announced the formation of an Honorary Volunteer Corps to take their place in Africa. It was ingeniously arranged; it being impossible to get work or relief, the out-of-works were forced into this corps by the thousands. (And, of course, the Tripoli war has always been popular.) The ordinary rigid conditions for enlisting were removed or made flexible, and every man who joined was given a gaudy medal. *A hundred and fifty thousand workers enlisted at once*, the line regiments were brought back and sent to the Austrian border, and the dangerous elements of the Italian population are now marooned in the middle of the Sahara Desert!

In France I went to see the offices of the Confederation Generale du Travail in Paris, and talked with Charles Marck, acting secretary. Proudly he showed me a system of soup-kitchens which the C. G. T. is running on behalf of the government and themselves, to feed the workers. Proudly he told me that those members of the C. G. T. who were not called to the colors have enlisted of their own free will. The newspapers *Bataille Syndicaliste*, *Guerre Sociale*, and *Humanite* have offered their offices to the government for hospitals, and every day print naive articles about "la revanche," "Alsace-Lorraine," the crushing of Prussian Militarism and the freeing of Labor and the World, German atrocities and our glorious generals. I think that here is the proper place to say that the French capitalist press, as well as the English and the Russian and Italian, is seizing this occasion for deliberately smashing liberal ideas, one by one. In Paris papers, day after day, I read articles advocating *restriction of the franchise*, the vast increase of perpetual armament, the abolition of "sentimentality" about capital punishment (the same article talks of the guillotine for all cases of murder, *habitual theft*, and, generally, such crimes as workers commit), the perpetual restriction of free speech and free assemblage, and *the wiping out of the German race*. As for the radical papers, to this balderdash they haven't returned a word.

In England, things are even worse. There is little real popular enthusiasm visible anywhere. By bullying signs and speeches, calling everybody cowards,



Drawn by Stuart Davis.

She Gets It Coming and Going

by conspicuous landed aristocracy showing itself in favor of the war, by leagues of women swearing not to be seen with men who do not enlist, by society ladies standing in a row before the National Museum handing out White Feathers to men in civilian dress, and by many other less decent means, England's young men are being bullied into the fight. For instance, the employers of labor are discharging workers of enlistment age and qualifications, and engaging men over forty-five, throwing the young men out and forcing them to enlist. The vast relief arrangements so liberally contributed are carefully calculated so that *no relief whatever is possible for a young man who is able to enlist*.

Public feeling, however has adopted an ugly attitude—to wipe from the earth all evidence of German business, culture or influence of any sort—and British shopkeepers are exulting in the prospect.

"Businss as usual" is the brave sign everywhere. "Buy here and help smash German commerce." "We are patriotically open in order to give work to our employees—at a great loss to us." And behind the counter you find that the young men have been hurled into war and the salaries of all the rest have been cut in two:—and the shops are making money hand over fist. Nothing of German manufacture is being sold, they boast. I have seen Goertz lenses and cameras, German surgical implements, etc., with a brass plate covering the firm name and the legend "Made in Germany." At my hotel they sell German wines, with the label inked over with black paint!

In Paris, when I got there during the scare about the Siege, I found the shops everywhere closed, with a sign on the iron shutters, "Closed on account of mobilization. The proprietor and all the employees are with the army." But after the scare of the Siege had passed, lo and behold! many of these doors opened again, and the unabashed proprietor with all his men appeared smiling in the doorway.

I don't mean by this that the war is unpopular,—for it isn't. The gigantic fake slogan, "We are fighting Prussian Militarism for the Freedom of the World" has penetrated the hearts of nations. No one is intelligent enough to see through it. Here

it is a vast marsh of warlike feeling, of vengeance, spite, patriotism. Ideas are dead in Europe.

The amazing thing about England is the tremendous vitality of the Aristocracy, whose war this is. Just as always, they have sent their sons to war, *and the sons lead the people*. And it is a mighty thing to see that Social Machine set in motion for an object. It crushes everything else. Capital and Labor are nothing in its path. They are hopeless,—futile.

In England to-day the outstanding elements—the rulers, the real masters—are the landed aristocracy.

By the way, nothing is talked of among liberals here in London but the *coming war with Russia*.

The Tribal Sense

THIS war may teach us a new kind of internationalism—a respect for national differences. And not merely those differences which are rational, but even more those differences which are irrational and absurd—the tribal differences of custom and language which may seem to a rational view to correspond to the tribal tattoo-marks of the savage tribes of Africa. We have seen the nations of Europe go to war in the insane fear that they might lose the right to tattoo themselves as they chose. Useless to argue that German capitalism is no worse than English or French capitalism. Men—and Socialists—are dying to keep English and French capitalism from becoming, as they fear, German. It is a tribal fear—a tribal instinct.

We have learned well enough by this time that the spirit of tribal suspicion is a thing deep-set in us—as deep-set perhaps as the impulses of hunger and of sex—deeper than the love of life; an animal instinct underlying our civilized idealism. Stirred, aroused, quickened by circumstances, it plunges the best of us into an insane fratricidal struggle. We may as a result of this war learn to "humor the beast"; to treat this underlying tribal instinct with perhaps an exaggerated courtesy—to give the will-to-be-different in groups of men the freest play, however it may conflict with our ideas of administrative economy. We must surrender the plan of stamping out differences in custom, language, dress, temperament, if we are not to affront and arouse the tribal fear which turns sane men into wild beasts, fighting for something which is obscurely dearer to them than their own lives. We must reckon on this impulse, and give it scope, if wars are to end. We know that there is going on, by virtue of education, travel and the development of capitalism, a leveling of differences and a unification of interests. In time, as we imagine, this unification will have gone so far as to make the desire for national boundaries obsolete. But let us not try to anticipate that unification, on pain of arousing an instinct that is older even than life itself, that operates in the crystallization of the very rocks of the globe, making them irreconcilably different one from another.

Let us take men as they are. They have the tribal sense: let us admit it. If we affront that tribal sense, we affront something in men which rises in them, submerging every rational impulse, and cries out for blood. Very well. Let us not affront it.

Spiritual Progress

THE Kaiser, it must be understood, places a devout trust and reliance on the power of a just and omnipotent God, that has largely gone out of fashion in most parts of Europe," says Professor Herbert Sanborn writing in "The Fatherland." And we believe it is true that the faith in a celestial Kaiser goes out of fashion in proportion as the terrestrial Kaisers are removed from their thrones of grace, and compelled to produce goods for a living.

THE OLD DESERTER

“FORTY days . . . forty days . . . forty days. . . .”

It seemed to have been going on forever;
Not phrases, not even words—only a sound,
Like a door with rusty hinges swinging in the wind.

Then I noticed him—the remnant of a man.
Never have I beheld a thing so smashed and tattered
as that man's face;

His sixty years or more,
With all their records, all the hard-learned, careful
craftiness,
Were mangled; something had crushed them into a
gray pulp. . . .
Could he have stood up straight he would have tow-
ered above me.
I had to bend to hear him.

Hungry he was for talk.
He tried to hold back and be still;
But, like flooding streams breaking a puny dam,
Out of his mind rushed this mad torrent of thought.
So wild, so muttering-fierce it came,
It was some time before I caught his drift—
Feeling only, like the tide in a swirling current,
His pulsing, insistent “Forty days . . . forty
days. . . .”

“Forty days—that's all—just forty days . . .
I come from Essen—foreman in the shop I was too—
Head of the tool-room, a fine place; light and cool in
summer—

Best machines in the country—I took care of them like
children.

Used to cover them up at night—I guess rust covers
them now.

(You should see the mills—spiders spinning cobwebs
where we used to spin the cotton!)

Forty days . . . only forty days . . . and look
at me now!

Forty days—just like the old times—you can read it in
the Bible:

‘Forty days there were of flood; forty days of fasting’
—*hein?*

Yes, forty days of fools running around and stabbing
other fools; all of them praying to God to help
them,

And the whole world going crazy.

I almost went mad myself—

My son (curse him!) the worst fool of the lot, went
along with them;

Singing louder than a drunken man. . . .

We were more like brothers, we two; we never had
had a quarrel—

I could have killed him when he said ‘Good-bye,’

And the boys in the street shouted godspeed, and a
couple of women nudged each other and looked
sneeringly at me.

Yah—what did I care! I wanted none of their fool's
glory. . . .

Then, I had to clear out, after all.

They made me go along—my God, those forty days!

A hundred million acres ruined by the armies, the red
vultures!

Cannon in the wheat-fields and orchards rotting in the
poisonous smoke;

A hundred towns and cities sacked and burned by
madmen—

(God! Will I ever forget Louvain!)

The tramping and the iron rain that never stopped,
and the sickness, and young boys going crazy. . . .

“And forty days ago I had been working on a draw-
plate,

And the men were standing around me, gossiping at
lunch-time,

And Adolph (he was the favorite) was late with the
beer.

I remember how we all waited, thirsty and joking,

And Karl, my assistant, said, ‘Well, I hope he don't
drink *my* share . . .’

And then he came in with the news.

Forty days ago . . . only forty days. . . .

It isn't possible. . . .”

I left him, still mumbling and twisting on his cot—

His filmed eyes did not even follow me. . . .

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

WEAKNESS—WEAKNESS—WEAKNESS

Frank Bohn

WHAT of the Progressive Party? We see it
crumbling down all about us. In Maine its
vote was about one-third of that of the regu-
lar Republicans. At the primaries in New
York its showing was pitiable. A short two years ago
we saw the shouting host assembled in Chicago, sing-
ing “Onward Christian Soldiers” and talking heroically
of Armageddon. To-day we behold them trying to
patch up petty compromises with the Republicans. The
only notable accession to their ranks this year has been
a group of old pork-barrel politicians in Louisiana, who,
for two generations, have fattened on the sugar tariff.
One of the necessary reforms boldly achieved by the
Wilson administration has been the lowering of the
Civil War protective tariff. Against this result Roose-
velt and his followers have raised their voices, and
now we see them welcoming to their ranks those who,
in Louisiana, take the place of Barnes in New York,
Penrose in Pennsylvania, Foraker in Ohio, and Can-
non in Illinois.

But this is only incidental. The Progressive Party
is failing for larger reasons. It is failing simply be-
cause its leadership generally and its *leader* in par-
ticular do not comprehend the nature of progressive-
mindedness. Roosevelt and his lieutenants simply do
not understand the motives and the spirit which inspire
the hearts and the essential purposes which direct the
minds of the average American young man or young
woman who throws himself into a Cause for the sake
of the Cause. They are incompetent to give intellectual
leadership, and unworthy to give moral leadership to

the hundreds of thousands, we might say millions,
of virile, enthusiastic, characterful young Progressives,
who, in city and in country, have been longing for ten
years for a rallying and directing headquarters staff.

That is why the Progressive Party is failing.

Hearst, the First Failure

The first transition from the old-fashioned country
notion of “trust-busting” and general hatred of the
“Money Power” to the present day machine-process
conception of Progressivism took place in about 1906.
Before that time Mr. Hearst's notions did not vary
much from those of Bryan. Eight years ago the forces
which centered about the newspapers of Mr. Hearst
were grasping the theories and policies of state capi-
talism. For a time thereafter, Mr. Hearst, with the
aid of Mr. Arthur Brisbane, provided very intelligent
guidance to the collective thinking of the progressive
group. In 1906-7 their theoretical grasp of the prob-
lem involved led some of us Socialists to recognize
for the first time that Progressivism, then organized
as the Hearst Independence League, was a necessary,
vital and fruitful phase of the social process in this
country. In intellectual grasp Hearst and Brisbane
have been far bolder and broader than Roosevelt. They
have declared for government ownership of railroads.
The fabianism of Brisbane expressed itself in editorials
dealing with the social nature of the machine, and with
intelligent explanation of such general facts as unem-

ployment and poverty. The Hearst organization at
that time was joined by thousands of young men and
young women who threw themselves into the work of
building a national political party with the enthusiasm
of crusaders.

Had this ardent host possessed a leadership com-
parable to that of Thomas Jefferson, or even of Henry
George, the first successful chapters of Progressivism
would have been written into the history of America
long before 1912. We are here using the word “lead-
ership” with care. Though their strivings are neces-
sarily toward collectivism, the Progressives are very
individualistic units. Without a leadership of mind
and of character, nationally and locally, they cannot
come into form, they cannot even exist permanently.
In this Progressivism differs from the Socialist move-
ment. The working-class rank and file of the Socialist
Party in any country may be misled and deceived by
one camorra after another—it will always build up
again. It always renews itself from its sustaining
philosophy and ever finds new recruits among the
optimistic workers. Not so with Progressivism. Indi-
vidual Progressives are always falling away, the more
thoughtful to Socialism, the less thoughtful and the
economically successful to conservatism. At the full
tide a wave of Progressivism must rush over the bar-
to victory or it will roll back and be again lost in the
deep. Progressivism needs a man—better yet a group
of strong men—firmly knit together, with the heart to
labor and to wait during considerable periods of doubt
and reaction

Such national leadership it has not had in America in this generation. Hearst pronounced a curse upon Tammany and all its works, and then descended to the gutter and dickered, like the political push-cart peddler he really is, with Murphy, for the job of Governor. Later he allied his organization with the Barnes machine. In this Hearst and Roosevelt are quite alike. Both are willing to play the dirty game, for the slightest political advantage, with the filthiest rags of capitalism. Hearst's "Independence League" dwindled and died. The political representatives of Big Business are far too shrewd to be fought successfully with their own weapons.

Party and Principle

Then came the Progressive party. The succession of facts marking its evolution are too recent to require examination here. The campaign of 1912 closed with boundless enthusiasm for Progressive principles and with over four millions of votes giving victory in the great industrial states of Pennsylvania and Illinois, and in the far western states of Washington and California. A firm restatement of principle, courage to go on relentlessly to the logical goal—these with solidly constructed local organizations would have prepared the Progressive party for assured victory in 1916, years before a revolutionary Socialist party could have snatched victory away from it. The reactionary press are constantly reiterating the statement that the 1912 Progressive party vote was only a Roosevelt vote. This statement is an equivocation. Four and a half millions of voters, plus a million enthusiastic but disfranchised women Progressives in the middle western and eastern states, generally supported Roosevelt because they thought he stood for Progressive principles. Most of them have now been slowly and sadly disillusioned.

Progressivism is far more than a list of reforms. It is solidly based upon a philosophy. Its heart is warmed by the fires of social idealism. The members of the Bricklayers' Union in New York and San Francisco, the small farmers in New Jersey, and San Joaquin Valley, want more than free markets in New York and San Francisco where they can trade to mutual advantage. They wish to see child labor abolished everywhere. They wish to see the realization of that main plank of real Progressivism, the government ownership of railroads, with better hours and higher wages for the workers and lower rates for the farmers. They are no longer afraid of the powers of the state. They are anxious that municipal and national ownership of public utilities of all kinds be practiced to the uttermost. Such is the mind of Progressivism.

Middle-class political idealism finds its supreme expression in a purified national patriotism. The Progressives in a little farm cottage and in a twenty-five dollar a month city flat, see that the greatest enemy to their country, to their flag, is the iron grip of big business. They have come to see that in fighting Murphy they are fighting Belmont's traction monopoly, in fighting Penrose they are fighting the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and back of Cannonism in Congress they saw the whole regime of big business. Let no cynical Socialist underestimate the character of Progressivism. This bricklayer, this farmer, this hundred dollar a month clerk, are saying that their fathers and grandfathers bled and died in the Civil War to preserve their country and give it freedom and that it must again be saved

from destruction. There is a host of Progressives in America to-day who would be perfectly willing to shoulder rifles and march and lie on their stomachs in muddy trenches and bleed and die for their Cause. These are the men whom Roosevelt to-day, like Hearst eight or ten years ago, is misleading and cheating and using as a pawn in his petty game of machine politics.

The rank and file didn't want Perkins. Roosevelt made them swallow Perkins whole. The rank and file didn't want to unite with the Republicans anywhere. They are forced to permit themselves to be driven, wherever it suits the caprice of the boss, back to the Republican fold, driven like sheep into a den of wolves. In some states, such as Maryland, regular Republicans who call themselves Progressives want Progressive endorsement. In other states, Progressive leaders, greedy for immediate office, dicker for Republican endorsement. The habitual custom of both varieties of the office hungry is to go to Oyster Bay for sanction, to receive dispensation from Rome. Imagine Lincoln, in 1860, going to New Orleans and "fixing it up" with the leaders of the slave-holding party on the basis that they should get a specially high tariff on sugar!

The Colonel's Choice

One of the most curious freaks of Mr. Roosevelt's mind is his tin-horn militarism. We refer to this simply because the great war has given him his supreme chance for the expression of this fad. No one can blame the Kaiser and General Bernhardt for holding to the whole antiquated philosophy of soldiering. But the militarism of Roosevelt, soldier for exactly four months and on the fighting line for four days, so evidently lacks quality as to make his public utterances

on the subject silly and disgusting. Somebody once asked him what, above all, he would do in the world. "I would take command, in time of war, of three divisions of cavalry," replied our imaginative general.

There we have it—the mind of a village boy. Roosevelt, with a choice of what to do, wouldn't abolish poverty, or even give America a clean, efficient government. He would ride on a horse brandishing a sword—this statement while he was President of the United States. To-day, in the magazine section of the New York Sunday *Times*, he is voting great war funds, drilling prospective armies, and directing the emplacement of gigantic siege guns to reduce—Heaven knows whom or what. Poor Progressivism!

And then the matter of organization of the rank and file—to say that in this the leaders of the Progressive party have been incompetent is putting it mildly indeed. Let us imagine that, instead of the man at Oyster Bay, the Progressive party were led by the man of Monticello. Thomas Jefferson realized to the full that the scattered units of individualistic American radicalism required the most painstaking leadership. In the years of his fighting Jefferson wrote thousands upon thousands of letters, teaching his followers persistency and holding them together during long years of defeat. He knew how to weld most divergent elements and when, finally, in 1800, the class he represented went into power, its victory was one of the most enduring in the history of political society.

I can imagine a leader of Progressivism who would have acted quite differently from Roosevelt, even in this day of colossal numbers and social turmoil. I can imagine a man big enough, even though he lives in a country house and has been President of the United States, big enough to come to town on a rainy day and go to a dingy hall on the East Side, there to meet twenty-five young Progressives of the rank and file. Let us suppose that when he met them he would say something like this: "We are engaged in a long, hard fight, you and I, against the biggest forces of evil that the world has ever known. In order to win in the end we must not make the fatal mistake to-day of placing our faith in the breaking reed of great numbers. We twenty-five must stand boldly and outspokenly for the government ownership of railroads, and for the universal eight-hour day or forty-eight hour week, enforced by state or federal law in every mine, factory and store, and on every railroad train and street car in America. We shall thus be ten times stronger in the end than if we plan merely for immediate victory. Make your group of twenty-five an educational center for the whole policy and spirit of Progressivism. When I come back in a month let there be fifty men in this hall, each as worthy of the Cause, as ardent and as sure of final victory as are we. We may not win in 1916. No matter."

The Hope of the Middle Class

New wine cannot safely go into old bottles. Men trained to the old school of American politics, even the best of them, at the head of Progressivism, are like Sancho Panza, mounted on his ass, trying to guide an elevated train across Brooklyn Bridge. There is still, of course, a shade of hope for the Progressive party. If the groups of the young, active workers can be got together in a hundred different cities and put to work; if the



Drawn by Arthur Young.

AT IT AGAIN



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

Senator Scads, who opposed a bill to provide decent steerage conditions, returned from Europe among the refugees a sadder and a wiser man

erstwhile followers of Hearst and the present-day subordinates of Roosevelt can, out of their own number, find or develop men farseeing, persistent, and sound in character, they will find that the fields of middle-class opinion are white for the harvest.

Some Progressives seem to think that the Wilson administration has stolen their thunder, much as some Socialists thought in 1912, that Roosevelt had stolen theirs. Let neither group be alarmed. The Wilson forces have not yet made the transition from the old-fashioned trust-busting radicalism to the evolutionary conception of state capitalism. Instead of planning for the government ownership of railroads they have lately accepted as something final the reactionary disruption of the Southern Pacific Railroad into two parts and of the agricultural machinery trust into three. Surely no one can maintain that there is any hope for genuine Progressive principles on the one hand or danger to

the Progressive party organization on the other, from the present administration at Washington.

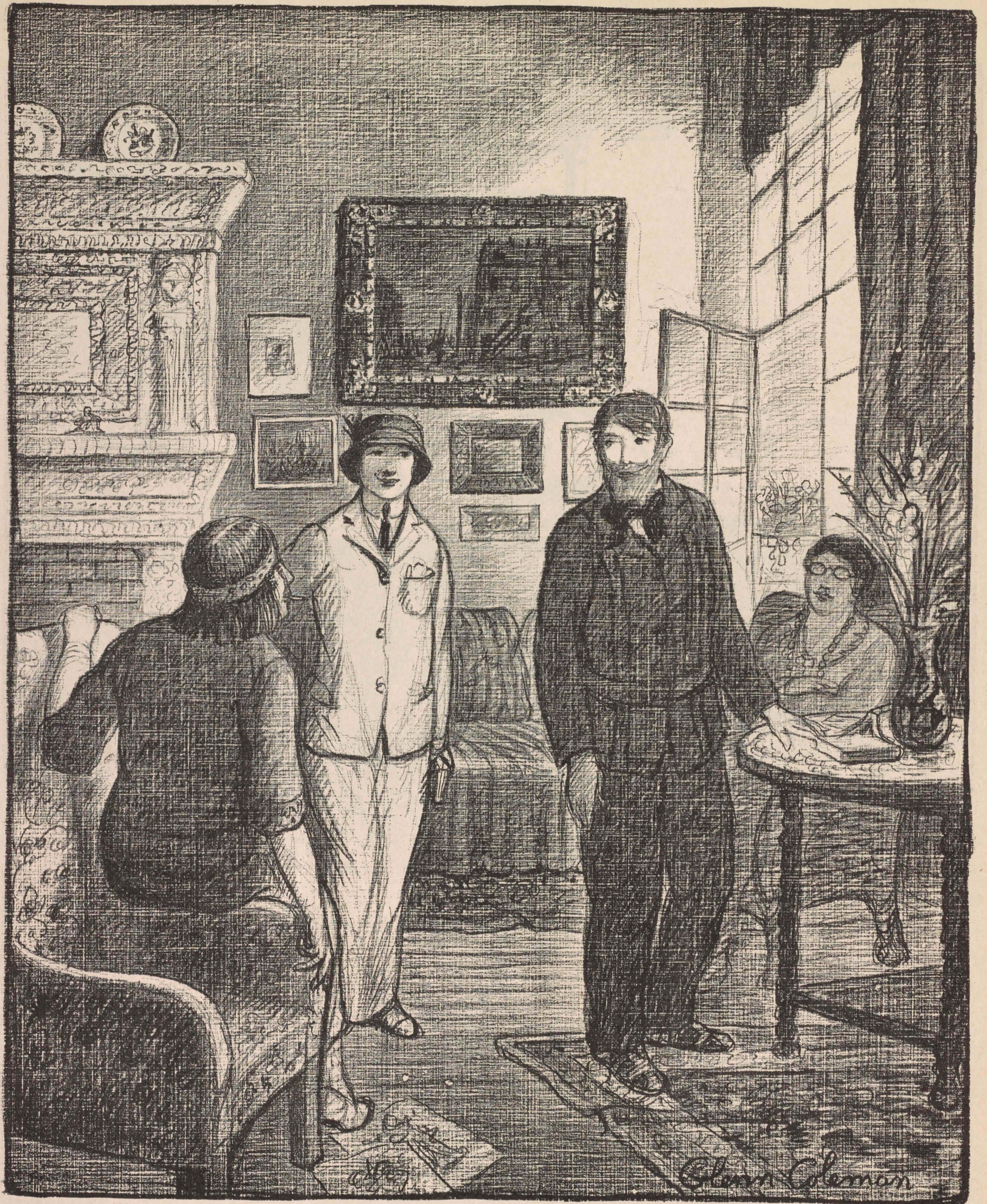
It may be taken for granted that the middle class of America will eventually find its political expression and perform the duties which the times have given it to do. This class is too numerous, too strong, the social and political courses marked out for it by present conditions are too clear, for it to fail utterly. So long as it hesitates and blunders one immediate result is to burden the Socialist party with the unnatural weight of a "progressive" program. But the Socialist party simply could not, if it would, organize the forces which have the power to enter upon these policies within five years.

Of course these humble suggestions are not presented in the hope that they will accomplish much good. But from the bottom of our heart we pity every genuine Progressive in the Progressive party, as we pitied every honest Independent in the Independence League eight

years ago. Meanwhile the welcome which we of the Socialist party offer to the heart-broken Bull-Moosers who are enlisting in our ranks is none the less cordial. Here's hoping that the next Progressive wave, or this receding one if it rolls up again, will be "too deep for sound and foam"—will have a rank and file less easily misled and a leadership more worthy of the great American traditions of Progressivism.

The Close Formation

THE Germans charge in close formation, often shoulder to shoulder. The officer stands in the rear with a loaded revolver. A German regiment that represented the Empire as a whole would contain about 40 Socialists, many radicals, and about a dozen Poles, Danes and Alsations. The revolver does not carry as far as the enemy, but it carries quite a distance.



Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

“—It’s absolutely painless—you never know anything has happened to you.”

“Are you talking about Turpinite or the Twilight Sleep?”

The Nag-iterator

SOME months ago I read a book which revealed to me a great secret. It was called "The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists," and it was written by an English workingman. The central figure was a Socialist house-painter, whose name I forget, but who was in the mind of the writer the ideal workingman-agitator. He represented the point of perfection to which no doubt the author himself aspired, and to which, as I know, hundreds of Socialists aspire. And this is what he did.

He worked, and while he worked he thought out things to say about Socialism to his fellow-workingmen as soon as he got the chance. And the moment they stopped working, to eat a bit of lunch and rest, he thought he had his chance. So he commenced arguing, very gently, very logically, about the Marxian theory of wages. He wanted to show these house-painters that they were being robbed by the capitalist system of most of the values they produced. He showed it scientifically, and with diagrams. Yes! he actually put up a piece of paper on the wall, and marked up with a piece of chalk on squares and circles.

The workingmen naturally resented it. They were bored. They didn't want to think about the Marxian theory of value. And, what's more, they didn't. They let him talk, but they paid no attention. They made foolish replies which showed they had not understood what he was saying. Whereupon he carefully repeated what he had said, and drew another diagram.

They wanted to talk about baseball, or something else of the same kind. The Socialist knew nothing about baseball. He wasn't interested in baseball. In fact, he wasn't interested in anything the other workingmen were interested in at all. He was just interested in the co-operative commonwealth.

He was utterly unlike the others. He didn't drink, and he didn't swear. He used book-language when he talked, and never made a slip in grammar—though I have no doubt he mispronounced some of the long words that he had read in books. But they didn't know it, and they had no chance to laugh at him. So they expressed their sense of his superiority by telling him that he was crazy.

When I first began to read about this Socialist, I thought that he was unreal. And then I realized that he was all too real—that there are thousands like him, preaching Socialism as though it were Seventh-Day Adventism, with painful logic and intense passion, and not a chance in the world to convert anybody.

In the book also were some foremen and employers. They were represented as merciless exploiters, dishonest to the bone, who drank with the men and slapped them on the back and exchanged funny stories. The men liked them.

Right there was the great secret. I realized that sectarian Socialism will remain sectarian Socialism, and will never sweep the world. Only a Socialism as democratic in reality as that of the foremen and employers was in seeming, can get across the prejudices of workingmen to their core of common-sense.

The real agitator will be one of their own kind, one who talks their own language, who shares their own interests, and who regards them as friends rather than as the mere objects of conversion. When such a man has proved that a can of beer and the Marxian theory of wages are not incompatible, they will take the one with the other, a sip at a time. When they have found that the class strug-

gle can be as humanly interesting as a Big League series, and a great deal more important, they will be ready to bet their last penny of energy on the outcome.

Is Socialism an esoteric doctrine, or isn't it? Is it a new kind of sectarian religion, or is it something that every workingman in the world can be made to see and feel? Are we God's Chosen people, or are we just folks? F. D.

The Twilight Sleep

DR. KNIPE, a well-known New York surgeon, returned from the "Freiburg Clinic" in Germany convinced that the "Twilight Sleep" is a success. The Twilight Sleep is a condition of semi-consciousness produced by scopolamine and morphine, in which child-birth becomes almost painless. Apparently it has a technique which requires extreme delicacy and patience, for many American surgeons, including Dr. Knipe, were under the impression that they had given it a fair try in this country a long time ago, and found it a failure.

The thing that roused them to a new and real interest in the Twilight Sleep was a popular story in a popular magazine of a woman who had been to Freiburg and had a baby, and a good time having the baby, and wanted to tell all her neighbors about it.

Now the medical profession is very much outraged at those Freiburg doctors for letting this woman tell her story, and theirs, in a popular magazine. They call it "advertising" and "notoriety hunting." I suppose the medical profession is unable to imagine that a person might want to pass along an incalculable benefit to mankind by any means that came to hand, after their own learned stupidity (which is a sort of Twilight Sleep) had ruled it out of the technical world.

The truth is that if it had been a custom of society in the last hundred years to consider women's happiness half as important as men's, we should have had a twilight sleep, or its equivalent, years ago. The shame here is not upon the Freiburg doctors, who have perhaps transcended that queer mixture of egotism and false modesty and common-sense, called "medical ethics," and given the world a belated treasure of balm. The shame is on the rest of the medical fraternity that their whole mind was never heartily bent upon this problem before.



Drawn by John Barber.

SABBATH

A Significant Acquittal

THE first trial, since the Rangel-Cline defense committee came into the action with funds, has resulted in an acquittal of one of the fourteen Texas agitators indicted for murder. The six men tried before the committee was organized, were convicted on the same evidence in face of which this man was acquitted—which is a lesson those who have money to give away, and believe in justice.

There is room for a new and real philanthropy here—a great National Fund to see that labor men brought penniless before the courts have a defense.

And there is room for a new kind of saint, too, as we have said before—namely, the lawyer who will give his power to the defense of such men when innocent, and when guilty to the enforcement before the courts of a distinction between industrial and civil offenses.

Even a lawyer, now, can enter into the Kingdom.

Education

IN the public schools of Philadelphia and other cities, teachers are not allowed to mention the European war. The idea is that the children would be too much interested in it, and they might take sides. And of course if the children were interested and took sides, then it would not be education but a spontaneous and enthusiastic exercise of their faculties.

OLD GLORY AT CALUMET

A Copper-Country Ballad

WHEN first we put the collar off
And turned our backs upon the pit,
We took the old flag off the shelf
And shook the creases out of it.

It set a light in our blear eyes
And straightened up our backs again,
And Dutchman, Dago, Slav and Finn,
It made us comrades and free men.

At daybreak as we made our rounds
By shaft and pit where once we slaved,
The rising sun lit up the flag
That as our marching banner waved.

Through all the months of leaf and shine
We grit our teeth and held it high,
And through the months of snow and chill
With tightened belts and "never-say-die!"

And when the swords of Uncle Sam's
Hired bullies in the open street
Struck down his flag, 'twas Pole and Finn
That saved it from insulting feet.

But when the masters starved us out
And broke our hearts, and one by one
We slipped the collar on again
And turned our backs upon the sun,

We knew that henceforth each poor slave
Must fight and bargain for himself,
And secretly and with a blush
We laid Old Glory on the shelf.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

THEM AND THEIR WIVES

THEIR pictures are all in the papers,
The Emperors, War Lords and Czars—
The proud, the august, the world-shapers—
Bedecked with their garters and stars;
Bedecked with their stars and their garters
(Which they wear every day of their lives)
And with all their sons and their darters,
And—what takes my attention—their wives,
Wives;
Pious and dutiful,
Mostly unbeautiful,
Kirching and kindering wives;
Prim, beatific,
Prudent, prolific,
Firm anti-suffragist wives;
Most exemplary good wives.
Though some have their lords slightly bested
In the matter of inches, 'tis true,
Or one with good looks be invested,
Or one be accounted a shrew,
Yet you can discern in their faces,
(You've noticed it all of your lives)
The homespun, convenient graces
That monarchs are blessed with in wives,
Wives;
The bovine, bourgeois graces,
Sort of good-squaw graces
Kingly ones have in their wives.

ELIZABETH WADDELL.

Church and Theatre

A PROTESTANT church has been holding Sunday night meetings in the town theatre. These meetings are sometimes concluded with ten minutes of moving-picture instruction, but for the rest they are devoted to song, scripture, prayer, and a discussion of the conduct of life, individual or social. They differ from the other meetings of the church only by an absence of church properties and what I may call the odor of sanctimoniousness. Yet they have an average attendance of a theatreful, fourteen hundred people, while the average attendance in church on Sunday night had been less than fifty. Moreover an effort to transplant this audience into the church for one Easter meeting, with special concert inducements and no sermon, reduced the number to four hundred. And the church is just around the corner from the theatre.

To this I must add that the minister who controls these meetings is liberal, not to say heretical. He has a realistic intelligence, and faces the problems of to-day with to-day's knowledge. There is not too much "hurrah for Jesus." There is none of the evangelical hypocrisy of the Sunday Christian. But this is true of him in church, too. Why will the audience not follow him there? Have we grown so humble in these days that we are loth to enter the house of God?

I suspect so, for I believe that odor of sanctimoniousness is largely the breath of the self-righteous. It is a facile complaisance of being, as of one sitting on the

right hand of God, that those soft pews and sacred pipes engender. And the unconscious hypocrisy of this self-pleasured adulation, rather than any loss of interest in morals or the arts of mystery, is what offends the downright spirit of our age. It would be strange if the theatre, that healthy offspring of the medieval church, should swallow up her mother, miracles and all. And if we might imagine this fat profit-taker at the box-office removed to Gehenna by a social revolution, it would be a happy outcome of the whole story.

M. E.

Margaret Sanger

FOR attempting to spread among working women the idea of the conscious limitation of childbearing, Margaret Sanger, editor of the *Woman Rebel*, has been indicted, and is likely to be sent to prison for a long term of years.

Here is an opportunity for those who honestly desire to improve the condition of women. The slavery of unwilling pregnancy must be broken down by knowledge, if women are to become free. It is particularly necessary that the prevention of conception should be understood by working-people. THE MASSES stands squarely with Margaret Sanger in her fight for knowledge and the freedom that knowledge brings.

Those who desire to help in this fight against a blind and criminal law, may send communications through our office.

Soldier Wit

THE English papers are full of wit of Tommy Atkins at present. His sublime and ridiculous cheerfulness in the wet trenches under the fire of German guns, evokes the admiration of editors. But, as G. K. Chesterton points out in the *Daily Herald*, this newly discovered heroic humorist, Tommy Atkins, is simply our old friend John Smith, the workingman; and the patient and permanent sense of humor with which he endures wet trenches for a week is the same he has shown when he endured filthy lodgings for a lifetime. Their jokes about the Germans are the jokes he made about his enemies in the great Coal Strike; only, as Mr. Chesterton says, his superiors were then too refined to understand what he said: "The common yet creative power of the English populace which can only express itself (in this base time of capitalism) by catchwords and comic songs, is a thing which cannot be silenced—no, not by the guns of Mons nor by the wages at Manchester. But I cannot help feeling some regret," says Mr. Chesterton, "that we laugh with our own people only when they are laughing at foreign tyrants, and cannot laugh with them when they are laughing at native ones."

We should be grateful for the reminder that all the heroic cheerfulness of the common man, now being so tragically wasted in an insane war, will remain a perpetual fund of power to be drawn upon in the great war against capitalism. The sons of the men who are making jokes under the black skies of Europe now, will make jokes under the red flag, and the powers of the world shall not prevail against them.

Patriotism For Horses

THE Czar is going to take Berlin if it takes "his last moujik." The Kaiser goes him one better. He is going to fight "to the last breath of man and horse."

DEATH MASKS

YOU say that the white of his face in the darkness gleamed strangely,
As touched by a light
That is seen of the faces of those who die greatly,
whose honor
Gave all for the right;
And you bring me his sword and his sash, and the
message of comrades,
All that they know
Of the last of the hours that he spent on the earth.
Me, his mother—
You comfort me so—

And I tell you you lie!

I tell you the last that he knew of this earth was its
hatred and anger;
Blood blinded his eyes;
What gleamed white in the dark was the tightly-
clenched teeth of his raging,
Cursing the skies,
For his face was as blackened, awry, as the soul
they tore from him—
Hurled to God's feet,
A devil, the horrible madness of murder upon him—
My son, who was sweet!

GERTRUDE CORNWELL HOPKINS.

Jots and Tittles

A THERTON BROWNELL wrote a play a year or so ago showing economic greed as the cause of war. The English government didn't see how it could do anything about the greed so it suppressed the play. Now that its capacity for mischief has been destroyed the play has been permitted to go on.

THE latest official figures from Berlin put the number of killed to date at only 15,000. Judging from these figures, going to war is about the healthiest thing a German can do.

"I BELIEVE in free speech," began the Mayor of Paterson—and then all knew that he was going to take steps to prevent any agitation for a new strike in the silk mills.

ONE cannot wait until the war is over to enjoy an occasional smile. The Rockefeller Foundation is going to investigate industrial relations.

AT least it can be said for Villa that he has never claimed that God is at the head of his board of strategy.

NEW YORKERS are complaining bitterly because their judges take four months' vacation. Why not put up a sign on the front of the court houses: "Injustice Postponed on Account of Hot Weather"?

BELGIUM's misfortune, according to Colonel Roosevelt, teaches us the need of military preparedness. Belgium should have kept as large an army as Germany.

THE White, Grey and Orange Papers are extraordinarily dull reading. Why not get up a collection of the things the poets and intellectuals of the warring nations have said about each other. They could call it "The Rapping Paper."

A PROMISE and a Threat.—When the Germans are victorious, says Herman Ridder, they will build a cathedral that will make Rheims look like a goat shanty.

JUSTICE DANIEL THEW WRIGHT has resigned and the impeachment charges against him have been dropped. You are entitled to four guesses as to whether he was guilty.

CONSPICUOUS Bravery.—The Kaiser, report says, recently spent a night in a French chateau only twenty miles from the front and with no protection except sacks and metal network on the roof, detachments of sentries outside his bedroom door, in the hall, in the room above, at the front door, and three deep around the chateau, with a battalion of infantry and several squads of cavalry in the park and a field telegraph to warn him if the front began to wobble.

ENGLAND'S Virtue Was Not For Sale—And the Buyers might not have paid.—In its editorial comment upon the various offers Germany made to England as a price for its neutrality the *London Outlook* of August 8, says:

"Even if we had been base enough to listen to them there would be no guarantee that the compact would be observed by the other party."

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

"No thank you. There's a lot of trouble coming, and I'll be blamed for it."

Bananas and an Agitator

THE push carts surrounding the public square were loaded with oranges, bananas, apples. It was the surest thing in the world that every apple sold, every banana or orange eaten, would leave a trail of peelings in the gutters. Yet the policemen watched the vendors sell their wares, sampled them now and then, and had not a word to say.

Within the square itself the speaker against war stood on a soap-box and attempted to exhort the crowd on his favorite theme. A mass meeting had been called for a large hall to further protest against war. Newspapers had suppressed the notices of the call. The agitator had printed some circulars telling about it. He wanted to have them reach the people. So he handed them about.

Whereupon the police took notice—took notice decidedly, decisively, and with energy. They rapped the orator over the head, and seized all his circulars.

"They'd litter the sidewalk," bellowed the police captain as he lugged them off. The disconcerted orator was told he was lucky he didn't go to jail for violating the laws duly made and provided against littering. Then, having warned him, the police went back to the row of push carts, and spread upon the pavement the skins of three oranges, six bananas and eight apples they "lifted" from the kindly vendors.

I. R.

"The Russian Peril"

WE read daily in German organs that this is a race war, Slavs against Teutons, the inevitable conflict of two civilizations, etc. We also read a good many items like the following from the *Kreuzzeitung*:

"No hour is more ardently desired by us than that of reckoning with England. History tells us that no disputes are so bitter as those between people of the same race. So be it, then. We must have satisfaction, and if ever a war should be regarded as a judgment of God it is this one."

Peoples of different race must fight because they are of different race, those of the same race because they are of the same race, neighbors because they are neighbors, and those farthest apart (Germany and Japan) because they have no point of contact.

A Beginning

WE never know when and where some little thing is originating which may be "looked up" by future historians as the source of a tremendous reconstruction. But we are able to guess and speculate. And the formation by the Structural Iron Workers of a "Labor Bank," whose funds will be used to finance industries to be run by the unions, looks like a plausible beginning of a big change in the industrial history of the United States.

The Hope of The Masses is in Education

Intelligent Methods Win

This magazine is intended to help educate you, but it cannot do all. You must do your part. Whether you talk or write on your chosen subject you must "know things" in order to present the subject in such a manner that it will stand questioning. You must know something about the history of the past as well as the conditions of the present. What men have done in the past must be the foundation from which you work. The trend of events of mankind must be studied. The *improved* conditions in one field of endeavor must be measured against worse conditions in another sphere of man's onward march.

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