

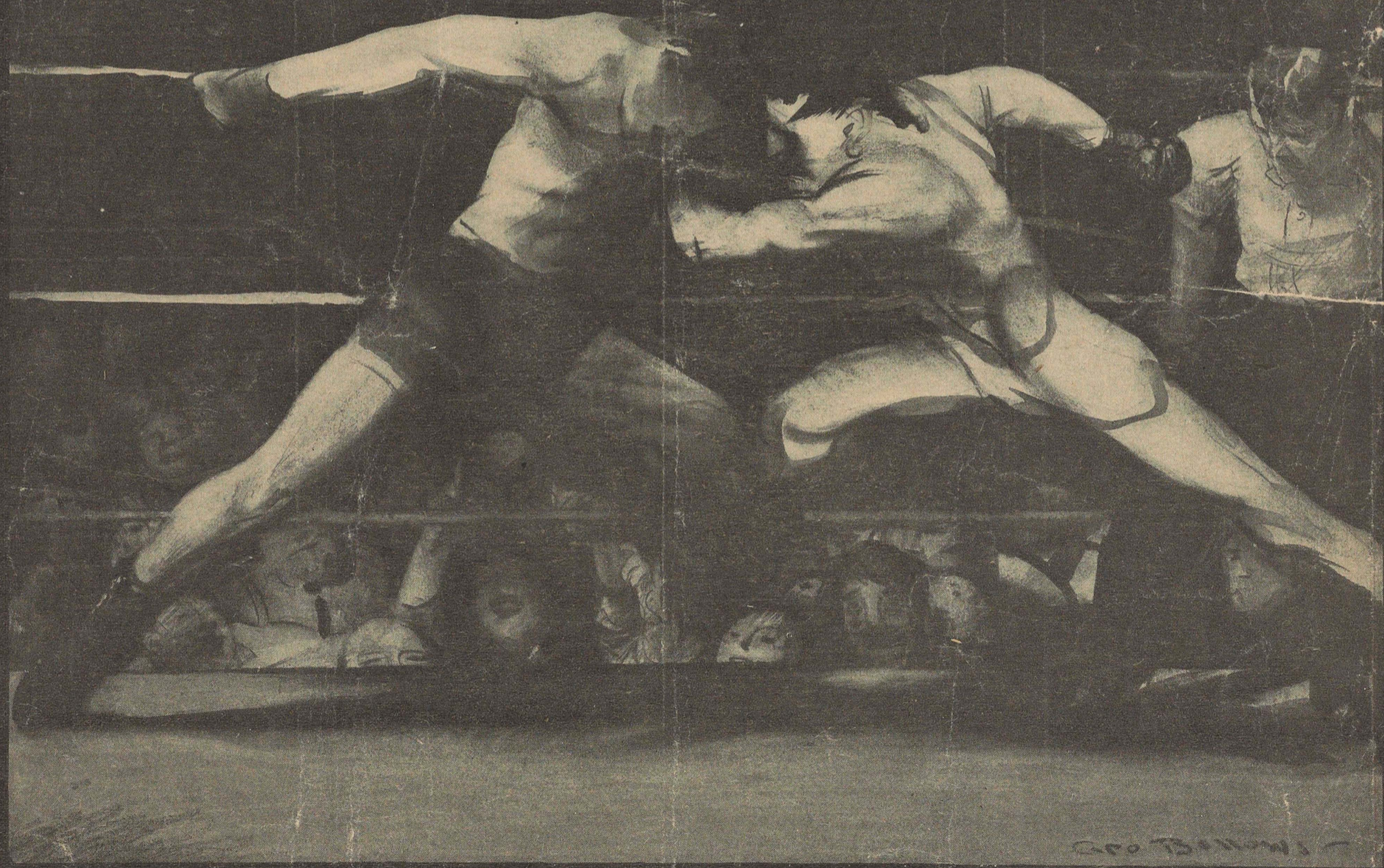
THE

MARCH 1915

10 CENTS

THE MASSES

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DRAWN BY GEO. BELLOWS

PLAYMATES

THE WORST THING IN EUROPE JOHN REED IS TRUTH OBSCENE? MAX EASTMAN

AT THE INDUSTRIAL HEARING INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

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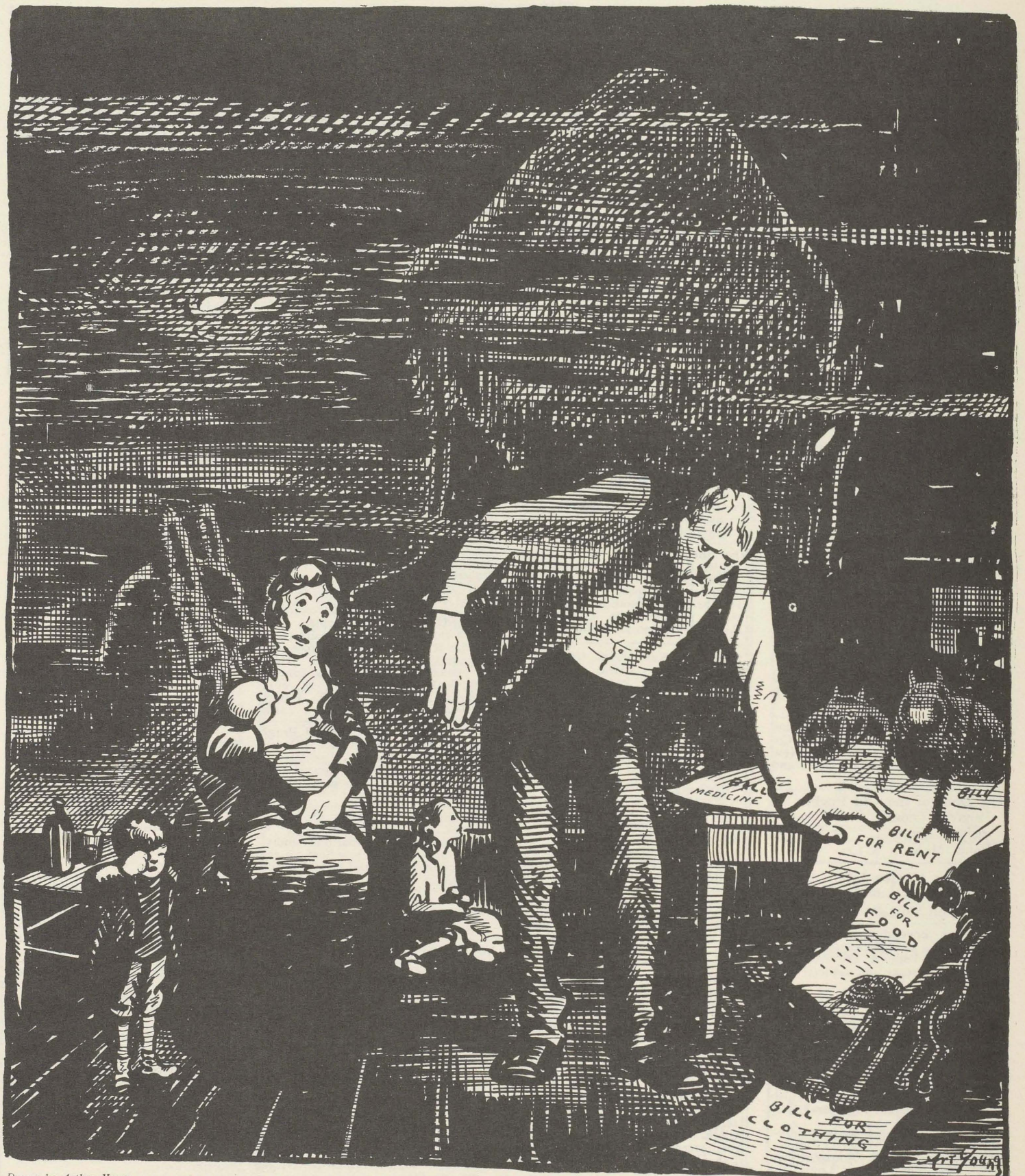
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(Continued on page 22)



Drawn by Arthur Young.

Hell on Earth

A Question for Eugenists: In an atmosphere of worry and fear, how can children be developed physically and morally?

The MASSES

Vol. VI. No. 6

MARCH, 1915

Issue No. 46

IS THE TRUTH OBSCENE?

Max Eastman

IT WAS an hour after a visit to Isadora Duncan's studio that I met William Sanger and heard the morbid story of our government that I am going to tell. And I am loath to tell it without conveying, too, some echo of the music and lovely vision of ideal and natural life that youth gives us in that studio. From the tragic death of her own children Isadora Duncan seems to have risen to create, in her language of motion, a poem of the children of the future—children of a time when life shall be both frank and free, and proceed under the sky with happy fearlessness of faith in the beauty of its real nature. So at least I perceived the dancing of those girls, free-clad and strong of limb.

Be sure it is a vision like this toward which they are striving, who spend their youth in the old struggle against ignorance and money-tyranny. It is a happier task to draw costly patterns in the air of what the world shall yet become, than to stay at the soiled and disreputable business of dragging it along. Yet both these tasks are necessary, and I only wish the visible joy of the one might mingle a little oftener with the dark labor of the other.

To Margaret Sanger came the conviction which has come to many of us, that second if not almost first, of the steps toward perfecting life on the earth, is to make sure that no unwanted and insupportable life is born on the earth. The birth of a child should be the deliberate and chosen act of its parents. To this opinion, as it applies to the upper classes of America, there is small honest objection, for it is a custom of the married in those classes to receive from their physician illegal information as to the means of controlling conception. But when this opinion is generalized to include all classes, and is acted upon in a generous and forthright campaign of instruction, then it suddenly becomes obscene. It becomes socially abhorrent, morally degenerate, and of criminal intent, involving a penalty of five years' imprisonment and \$5,000 fine for each offensive act. The postal authorities, the secret service, Anthony Comstock and other detectors of pornographic literature, are brought into service—and the whole power of the United States Government, and the State Governments too, is invoked in the suppression of the moral, and indeed constitutional, right of an individual to speak to his neighbor concerning vital truth.

In 1913 Margaret Sanger, who is a trained nurse of unusual intelligence and wide experience, began to publish in the New York Sunday *Call* a series of articles entitled "What Every Girl Should Know." They were a simple elucidation of the nature of sex and its problems, and were to include, at the appropriate time, allusions to the all-important question of birth-control. These articles were spied out by the ferreting eye of

Anthony Comstock, who represents, through the sufferance of an apathetic citizenry, the sovereign power of the United States. They were suppressed, and the New York *Call* appeared with the following epitaph in their accustomed place:

"What Every Girl Should Know."

NOTHING!

By Order of the Post Office Department.

Thereupon so many hundreds of letters and pleas and petitions from a public genuinely concerned to know, poured in upon Mrs. Sanger that she had her articles published in book form. She then set out to raise the funds to issue a paper, which should be a forerunner and advertiser of leaflets upon the subject of birth-control, and of birth-control leagues, a great many of which were subsequently formed all over the United States.

The March, May, July, August, September and October, 1914, issues of this paper—*The Woman Rebel*—were suppressed and confiscated by the Post Office, and Margaret Sanger was placed under indictment for circulating obscene literature through the mail. So persecute we the prophets.

But by a good fortune it happened that Mrs. Sanger was released without bail, and in order to win the fruit of her labor and daring before losing her liberty, she left the country and proceeded at once to prepare the leaflets which she had promised to her subscribers in *The Woman Rebel*. The first leaflet is completed, and has been (criminally) circulated in this country, by the friends of posterity, to the number of one hundred thousand. Two other leaflets are in process of preparation, and upon their completion and distribution, Margaret Sanger intends to return to America and make her fight, and the fight of civilization, before the courts.

In the meantime, the postal authorities have become anxious lest their virgin innocence was being secretly violated, and they have planned and executed, with the help of Anthony Comstock, a stroke which was supposed to bring Margaret Sanger home begging before her work was done.

On December 19th a gentleman called upon her husband, William Sanger, an architect, at his studio, 10 East Fifteenth Street, and asked him for one of those leaflets, entitled "Family Limitation." Mr. Sanger said that he did not distribute them and doubted whether there was one to be found in the studio. After much insistence from his visitor, however, who asserted that he was a friend of Mrs. Sanger and interested in her work, he instituted a search through some bundles of his wife's papers, and found one of the leaflets. The visitor took it and departed.

In due time he returned with Anthony Comstock and a search warrant. Mr. Comstock arrested Mr. Sanger for distributing obscene literature, and then proceeded to turn his studio inside out. He found nothing to satisfy his taste, but he proceeded to take Mr. Sanger in custody as far on the way to the police court as a convenient restaurant. There, although Mr. Sanger insisted on being taken at once to the court, and refused to join the party, Mr. Comstock and his detective sat down to a meal, and a little conversational campaign. They tried to induce him to discuss the whereabouts and the present plans and activities of his wife. Failing of that, they took the following course: "Young man," said Mr. Comstock, "I want to act as a brother to you, and I want you to take my advice. Plead guilty to this charge, and I will ask for a suspended sentence. You can be quite sure of a suspended sentence."

Mr. Sanger replied that he had committed no crime, and that his principles were at stake, and that he would plead not guilty.

"You know as well as I do that there is nothing obscene in that pamphlet," he said to Mr. Comstock.

"Young man," said Mr. Comstock, "I have been in this work for twenty years, and that leaflet is the worst thing I have ever seen. Just look here,"—and he drew it from his pocket, and pointed to some words explaining, in the simplest scientific manner possible, contraceptive devices that are advertised in the public press in France, and Belgium and Holland, and that are distributed legally in England to anyone who declares in writing that he or she is about to be married.

Surely this country is old enough to get along without a prurient-prudish supervision of its education in hygiene.

Well,—after a quite futile attempt to induce Mr. Sanger to reveal his wife's plans, and agree to commit an error that would seriously compromise her chances before the courts upon her return,—Mr. Comstock finished his afternoon meal, and managed to arrive at the police court so late that his prisoner could not get into communication with an attorney and a bonding office, and had to spend the night in jail.

Upon their arrival, when the police officer asked Mr. Sanger how he wished to plead, I am told that Mr. Comstock replied:

"He pleads guilty."

"I do not plead guilty," said Mr. Sanger, "I plead not guilty."

On the following day Mr. Sanger was bailed out, and he has been held for trial in the Court of Special Sessions. He believes in the propaganda that his wife has been conducting, and he believes in his constitutional right of free speech, and he is ready to fight and go to jail for it. Gilbert E. Roe is his at-

torney, and the fight is on.

But Mr. Sanger has neither wealth nor what are called social connections, and it will require the public support of all men and women who believe either in the truth, or in constitutional liberty, to win this case. *It must not go by in the dark.* Five hundred New York physicians ought to come down to that trial and testify that they have committed the crime of imparting information as to the control of conception. Fifty leaders of the women's movement ought to appear there, and say that Margaret Sanger has offered herself in sacrifice to a great principle, and has performed a duty that every one of them has known must be performed.

It is unfortunate that her husband's trial must come first, for it is obviously less easy to defend a man than a woman upon the principle involved. But that is the essence of the trick. If Mr. Sanger is convicted of "circulating obscene literature" for giving this one pamphlet to an importunate visitor, there remains little legal doubt that Margaret Sanger has produced and circulated obscene literature. We must make the fight on William Sanger's case, if we are going to make the fight at all. And are we not?

Shall we let those little resistances which we feel against public acknowledgment of a private truth, a truth as vital as birth itself, silence us in this critical fight for humanity?

I wish I could quote the thousands of letters Margaret Sanger received from working women in this country who appealed to her, as to a rescuer, for that little buoy of knowledge. I cannot do that, but I quote this bit of the same substance from the organ of the Neo-Malthusian Society that is doing a similar work, without the burden of illegality, in England.

"I was at St. George's Church last Tuesday at your meeting I thought it was splendid and I have told 4 people already about it I am 27 years of age and I have been married 6 years I have got 3 children and I regret to say I am expecting again. I plead for your help My husband earns very little. I shall be please hear your methods of Limitation.
"Blackfriars Bridge Road. Mrs. P."

"Having been handed a tract bearing an invitation to write to you I beg to apply for a form for the leaflet about family limitation. I may say I am 24 yrs. of age and have been married nearly 2 yrs. and have one baby boy but am fearful of my wife having any more children as she is subject to epileptic fits and am afraid of same being hereditary. Also I may add my income is just enough to keep us decently.
"Camberwell. Mrs. L."

"Would you be so kind as to send me a leaflet. I should be very thankful as my wife has had 5 Children having lost 2 and 1 only a week old.
"Wandsworth Road. Mrs. D."



Drawing by George Bellows

I only get 25/- a week which is very hard to keep them on, I am very sorry cannot send you any more only postage I hope to send something later on.

"Borough, S.E.

Mr. B."

"Would you be Kind enough to let me have one of your leaflets on the limitation of a family as I am only an Hawkers wife and have already got six Children and it is a very hard struggle to keep them the way things are just now so if you would kindly send me one of your leaflets I would be very Grateful and Oblige
"East Finchley.

Mrs. B."

"I should be very grateful for one of those practical leaflets mentioned in an handbill left at my door. I have never heard of such a thing before, and having 3 little children myself and bad health as well, you can imagine how much I wish to avoid having any more at present. I sincerely hope this grand thing will be made more known amongst the poorer working classes, and women unable to help themselves like myself through sheer lack of knowledge. Trusting your League will meet with every success.
"Wandsworth Road.

Mrs. D."

The acquittal of Mitchell Kennerly, the publisher of "Hagar Revelly" last spring, established in a Federal court the right of healthy-minded people to discuss vital truths of the body for purposes of art.

Now shall we not stand up and win the same right for the purposes of morality?

It is a harder fight, because morality is not so much fun as art. Mrs. Sanger's pamphlet will not justify itself to a jury by the pleasure they get out of reading it. It is pleasant reading for those who need to know. But it is a thousand times more important to all. For the whole world is gravid and sick with untimely children.

Perhaps the masters of the world, who use these untimely children in their workshops, are in great part responsible for the hoarding of this knowledge. Perhaps an old tradition from the time when war and pestilence and hunger ate up the tribes, and innumerable babies were the only hope of the race, is responsible. Perhaps it is the fear of the male that women may become in reality free and self-dependent individuals. Perhaps it is the morbid terror of truth in those who lack the character to live in its presence. Perhaps it is all these tyrants that we must fight. But this is certain—we need not sing the songs nor dance the dances of a future race of children—frank and free and healthy growing in their bodies and their souls—unless we are willing earnestly and openly to consider, and know, and make known to all, the wise control of the physical processes by which those children shall be brought into the world.

"Anarchist!"

FROM *Harper's Weekly* we learn that the Rev. Bouck White conducts an "Anarchist" church. But from some slight contact with Bouck's congregation we know that is about as much an "Anarchist" congregation as *Harper's Weekly* is an Anarchist weekly. Sometimes we have heard peeved persons call Norman Hapgood an Anarchist, as when, for instance, he pressed home the Ballinger issue. We could measure the motive pretty clearly in those cases. But in the case of Norman's weekly what can the motive be? A. C.

OUR Book Store is a business success. We have to thank the loyalty of our readers. If their support continues, we will announce here some day, that the Masses is on a self-supporting basis.



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

"My Dear, I'll be economically independent if I have to borrow every cent!"

Sweetness and Light

THUS far the Industrial Commission hearings have brought out the following facts: that Morgan believes ten dollars a week is enough if anybody is willing to work for that; that young John D. wouldn't strike Mother Jones except in self-defense; and that Elbert Hubbard is willing to stem the drift toward I. W. W. socialism at so much per stem.

LATER. Dr. Eliot favors labor unions provided only that their treasuries are confiscated and their members shot.

THE value of debating is no longer open to question. The recent two-round bout between George Sylvester Viereck and Cecil Chesterton established the facts that England is a serpent and that the Crown Prince stole the spoons.

MRS. FRANK J. GOODWIN, who is among our antiest citizens, charges that feminism is "not the sweet, easy elevation of womanhood which many suffragists believe, but the demand of restless, discontented, unhappy women for greater economic and social independence and for freedom to interpret the question of motherhood as they see fit."

Line forms on this side.

"RAINY, gloomy weather has prevented all fighting"—Official German report. Whaddya mean, gloomy?

THOSE who doubt that the world moves will be confounded to learn that Rhode Island is thinking some of abolishing the property qualification for voters.

THEY ought to stop denouncing Billy Sunday for cribbing an old soldiers' oration from Robert G. Ingersoll. Billy's explanation should satisfy any fair-minded person. He didn't know whom he was stealing it from.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

AT THE INDUSTRIAL HEARING

Inez Haynes Gillmore

THE old City Hall, where the hearings of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations were held, was a curious frame for the picture within it.

The beautiful Board of Estimate room with its airy colonial lines and chaste coloring, the crystal chandeliers, the stiff pewlike seats, the canopied dais on which the Commission sat . . . and outside a tablet telling that near this spot George Washington, First President of the United States, read the Declaration of Independence.

And within this white, cool, exquisitely proportioned spaciousness, an audience constantly at the boiling-point of emotion—single-taxers, socialists, anarchists, members of the A. F. of L. and of the I. W. W., poets, novelists, dramatists, investigators of all kinds, reformers and revolutionists of every description. . . . To look into those rows of eyes, eager, intense, shadowed, many of them, by the melancholy of Israel or glowing with the rebellion of Russia, was like looking into the barrels of rows of guns.

That room seemed a lingering and beautiful expression of a long-established and indifferent past within the husk of which a passionate and disorderly present was struggling for the expression of its needs.

The juxtaposition which the world at large found most poignant was that of Mother Jones, the venerable labor-agitator, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The newspapers pictured and paragraphed that strange meeting; but no one can describe the thrill—half of hope and half of horror—which ran through the audience. It was as though it were not a simple meeting of two persons, but a portent of good or evil.

The days of the hearing were full of such impressive juxtapositions—of personalities, of ideas, of facts. Such were the testimonials of Miss Tarbell and Mrs. Petrucci. Miss Tarbell had found the employing class leaning toward the Golden Rule because, in effect, it pays:

"There is a silent revolution in American industry, towards the end of doing as you would be done by. Throughout American business on the side of management, there is a growing feeling that the common man is worth a great deal more than the employers dreamed. The most important thing in the world is this common man; to give him full opportunity and full justice is the greatest work that can be done.

"Everywhere you will find this idea at work, that it is not well to ignore him, to deny his rights. Employers are struggling to express in the best possible way that feeling in their business. *Sometimes the forms of expression are tentative, sometimes very full expressions are found.*"

One remembered this easy optimism of Miss Tarbell's when hearing, a few days later, the testimony of Mrs. Petrucci. Chairman Walsh drew from her an account of her experiences in the massacre at Ludlow, and, in detail, the story of the death of her three children, smothered in a cellar in the tent colony. Chairman Walsh asked her about her children. "How old was the youngest?" — "Three. He would have been four yesterday." Then he asked her about her mental condition the first of those nine days of stupor that followed that hideous night.

"What were you thinking?"

"I wasn't thinking of anything."

How different it would have been if Mrs. Petrucci had known what Miss Tarbell knows—that employers

are struggling to express in the best possible way their feeling that it is not well to deny the common man his rights! She could have consoled herself with that.

Then there was the testimony of Antoni Wiater, pick and shovel operator for the Liebig plant of the American Agricultural Chemical Company of Roosevelt, N. J., and that of A. Barton Hepburn, director in that company.

Wiater's story, shorn of its interruptions, hesitations and inarticulatenesses, was this. There had been a period when, although there were seven in the family, he was fairly prosperous. He was earning three dollars a day. By working every day in the week, Sundays and holidays and at night, he managed to break even, and sometimes to save as much as five dollars a month. Then came work at the Liebig plant at two dollars a day—and hard times. Toil as hard as he could, cutting down every possible superfluous expense, and even with his wife taking in washing, he ran behind steadily. He did not drink or chew, although he smoked a pipe. He never went to the theater, or to the movies; nor did the children. His shoes cost two dollars and fifty cents, but they only lasted a month, because he worked in acid. He had had but one suit in nine years. On top of this came the cut from two dollars a day to one-sixty—and he struck.

Soon afterward Mr. Hepburn was questioned. He professed the usual ignorance in regard to labor conditions in the industry which he helped to control. But, unlike other capitalists who had testified, Hepburn had one burning instant of emotion.

Q.—Did you hear about the shooting in Roosevelt?

A.—Yes, and I was very much surprised!

It was interesting to learn what these leaders of the world of capital thought about labor. The New York hearings of the Commission were notable in that they brought so many of these leaders into the open and compelled them to register their opinions. As to these opinions, the capitalists seemed to divide into four classes:

First—Those who pretend to neither knowledge nor interest in the conditions of labor or in industrial unrest—like Morgan.

Second—Those who know all about these conditions, but will not admit that they know; who with their backs against the wall, are fighting labor—like Berwind, Belmont, and the Rockefellers.

Third—Those who understand the conditions and are willing to give way to labor—to give way a little, though not seriously enough to cut profits—like Perkins and Guggenheim.

Fourth—Those who think a paternalistic system in industry will settle the question—like Ford.

From this point of view, Morgan made a very interesting witness. He is handsome, debonair, charming. He has the manner of what we call "the gentleman" and the accent of what we call "culture." One feels that he would make a delightful dinner-guest, an ideal week-end visitor. He knew nothing about labor conditions, had no opinions in regard to them, and frankly admitted it. He was often a little amused by the questions of the Commission and sometimes a little bored. . . . Once or twice it obviously got to him that the situation might be important. And then a shade fell across his face. When that shadow fell, it was as though the predatory condor-like visage of his dead father peered ter-

rifically for an instant through his amiable eyes. . . . When Commissioner Weinstock questioned him in regard to collective bargaining, he asked what collective bargaining was. And when Chairman Walsh asked him if he thought a longshoreman could live on ten dollars a week, he made the answer that has already, as the *Call* says, become a classic: "If that's all he can get and he takes it, I should say it's enough." It has been suggested that this ignorance was an affectation, that his whole attitude was a bit of acting. That is impossible. Not Irving, nor Salvini, could have turned out such a finished piece of acting.

In comparison with Morgan, Perkins was alert and astute. He had plenty of mental spryness and dapperness. There can be no doubt that Mr. Perkins knows that there is industrial unrest. There was an air about him of regretful candor in regard to it, one might almost say of sympathetic alarm.

Ford aroused a great deal of friendliness in the audience; for one reason because he unquestionably believes in what he is doing, and for another, because of his announcement that he is willing to employ ex-convicts. He displayed rather a shame-faced attitude in regard to his benefactions. You felt that he really did not enjoy talking about them. Ford does not understand yet that his system is only another phase of the charity he deprecates.

The two days and a half in which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the one hour in which John D. Rockefeller, Sr., were on the stand were of course the events of the Commission. Superficially young Rockefeller's attitude seemed ideal. He was courteous, apparently frank, seemingly ready and willing to answer questions. It was an hour perhaps before it developed that he was a master of the art of evasion. He had a system and he kept to it—to profess in his attitude toward labor the maximum of abstract nobility and the minimum of concrete information. In other words, whenever he could answer a specific question with a general statement, he did. When facts in regard to labor were demanded of him, he professed ignorance. When an actual case was presented for his comment he answered almost without variation, "I could not form an opinion unless I knew all the circumstances." Chairman Walsh put one question to him certainly four—and I think five—times. Only when he concluded, "Mr. Rockefeller, I must ask you to answer this question by either a *yes* or a *no*, or put yourself on record as not being willing to answer it," did he depart from his general statement. Indeed one of the most interesting phases in this battle of two days and a half was the contrast between the two men: Walsh suave, bland, absolutely undeflectable but informed always with the warmth of his Celtic quality; Rockefeller gentle, Christian-ish, but cold as steel and unmalleable as stone. Gradually, however, Walsh's masterly questioning drew a web about the witness, and Rockefeller made the most important admission of the three weeks' hearing: that he could conscientiously, acting as director in the Rockefeller Foundation in the morning, advise one course of action, and, acting as director in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in the afternoon of the same day advise an exactly opposite course of action.

The extraordinary temperamental coldness of young Rockefeller I have never seen equalled except in the case of his father. It was not a superficial coldness. It went deep and was all-permeating. Young Rockefeller's face moved only with the mechanism of speech,

never at the urge of emotion. I studied him one morning when he talked with Mother Jones, on the watch for one gleam of appreciation of a character so remarkable, one sparkle of enjoyment of a personality so forthright. Not a gleam, not a sparkle came into that icy mask.

When in response to the call "Mr. Rockefeller," John D. Rockefeller, Senior, appeared at the door of the ante-room, a hushed murmur ran through the audience. Had he been one of the crowned heads of Europe, there could scarcely have been a greater sense of dramatic tension. Rockefeller is a remarkable looking man. Given the clothes of the period, he would have emerged with absolute authenticity from the portrait of some aged mediaeval monarch. Age has mummified him a little, but it has not made him physically meagre. The skin of his head is parchment drawn so tightly over the skull that the bones seem exposed. The straight gray hair of his wig looked glued to that parchment. A line drawn from the top of his forehead to the tip of his nose would make a perfect right-angle with a line drawn from the tip of his nose to the point of his chin. His ears are small, beautifully modeled, flat to his head. His eyes are blue, austere, remote. When he looked off into the audience, his glacial gaze seemed to come from a great distance and to go to a great distance. It did not seem possible that he saw us as human beings.

He had been preceded on the stand by Carnegie. Now Carnegie—it developed through his testimony—has no more real social vision than Rockefeller. But Carnegie, though mentally a little broken, radiated warmth, sympathy, enjoyment. He was like a little Santa Claus, jumping up and down on the stand, joking the newspaper-men and the Commissioners, bubbling with infectious laughter and good-humor. When he turned his wide, happy grin on the auditors, he gathered them all in to the last I. W. W. in the hall. In contrast the Rockefeller coldness seemed more than normally frigid. Rockefeller also showed the effects of eighty-odd years on his mentality, but not so much as Carnegie. Carnegie could not "get" all the questions nor could he answer them all that he got. But Rockefeller got them all and answered them all. It was as though the machinery of his mind moved automatically, answering with adequate accuracy though without interpretive comments. He seemed a shell of a man from which the personality—no, you could not feel that that shell had ever housed anything so vibrant as personality—the cold spirit had departed. With Carnegie, you felt that the thinking apparatus was broken, leaving the warm personality untouched.

Like his son, Rockefeller professed always the maximum of abstract nobility in his relation to labor. The young Rockefeller has, I believe, expressed a desire to know the truth about Colorado, even to go there with Mother Jones on a tour of investigation. We all welcome the idea of that pilgrimage! Personally, however, until something is done about those hundreds of indictments in Colorado, I feel— Well, I'll quote in full a remarkably apposite poem from "The Shropshire Lad":

When I came last to Ludlow
Amidst the moonlight pale,
Two friends kept step beside me,
Two honest lads and hale.
Now Dick lies long in the churchyard,
And Ned lies long in jail,
And I come home to Ludlow
Amidst the moonlight pale.

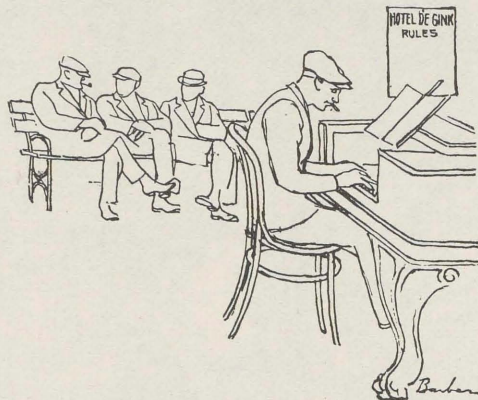
Let me confess that I brought to these hearings a kind of apprehension. I had seen a few of the big figures in the world of labor. I had seen none of the

(Continued in third column)

"De Gink"

FRESH from the road forty hoboos were gathered to the bosom of Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment, and chairman of the Board of Directors of the U. S. Steel Corporation.

Gary liked them. They wanted a city building to "flop" in, at no cost to any rich man. And so gladly they were given it.



"SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY!"

The forty hoboos were handed brooms, and they cleaned a flopping place for 200 other hoboos and themselves.

Then they sawed the broom handles off and made police clubs of them with which the original forty, now called "Jungle Bulls," bossed the 200 later arrivals.



Drawn by John Barber.

Getting gay with the authorities became the chief offence and anybody who got gay got from the jungle bulls a rap on the coco and a sentence to bread and water in solitary confinement.



"SH! NO PROPAGANDA!"

The propagandist, like the Devil, was duly shunned, and each day a Mulligan stew was brewed.

Thus did Judge Gary bring what Mayor Mitchel called his "vast mental resources and wide experiences as an organizer" to play in solving the problem of the unemployed.

I. R.

Industrial Hearing

(Continued from first column)

big figures in the world of capital, but I had attributed to them a great and sinister ability, simply because they were mysterious and inaccessible. It has always seemed to me that the most cruel thing about life is not its artificial inequalities but its real inequalities. I mean that some people seem to be born beautiful, charming, able, enterprising, efficient, resourceful, while others are born the reverse. "Now," I said to myself, "I am going to see some of these great 'Captains of Industry,' these 'Napoleons of Finance.'" It may be that I shall discover that they have been unfairly dowered by Nature with a commanding genius. It may be that I shall be forced to the conclusion that it is futile for labor even to attempt to fight capital!"

But I did not get that impression of superhuman ability on the part of the leaders of capital. It seemed to me that they contrasted to their great disadvantage with the leaders of labor. I felt this particularly when I compared their craft, their cunning, their fox-like evasions and downright mendacity, with the frankness, sincerity, candor, straightforwardness, the passionate conviction and the forthright expression of a man like Lawson. And when I put them beside the big labor men of the Pacific Coast, Andrew Gallagher, Anton Johansen, Austin Lewis, Paul Scharrenborg, and Olaf Tveitmoe, they seem to belong not only to another generation, but to another century, to another world. Indeed, the investigation of the Commission convinced me that they are of an order that is passing. How long that passing will take and at what expense—of spiritual courage, mental anguish, bodily suffering, death—nobody knows. It would be foolish to prophesy, futile to conjecture. But at last we have let the light in on them. It is not so much that we see them as they are, as that they have shown us what they are. The writing did not appear on the wall. They wrote it there themselves.

A Contented Woman

MRS. COOMBS is a widow. She washes clothes for a living for herself and two children. She is a devout member of the church. The ladies of her church are very good to her, as goodness is measured under this "poor-ye-have-always-with-you" system.

Recently Mrs. Coombs' cook stove began to show signs of falling to pieces. The good church ladies took up a collection and bought her a new one. The widow's heart was touched. She fell down on her knees and thanked God. "God is so good to me," she said.

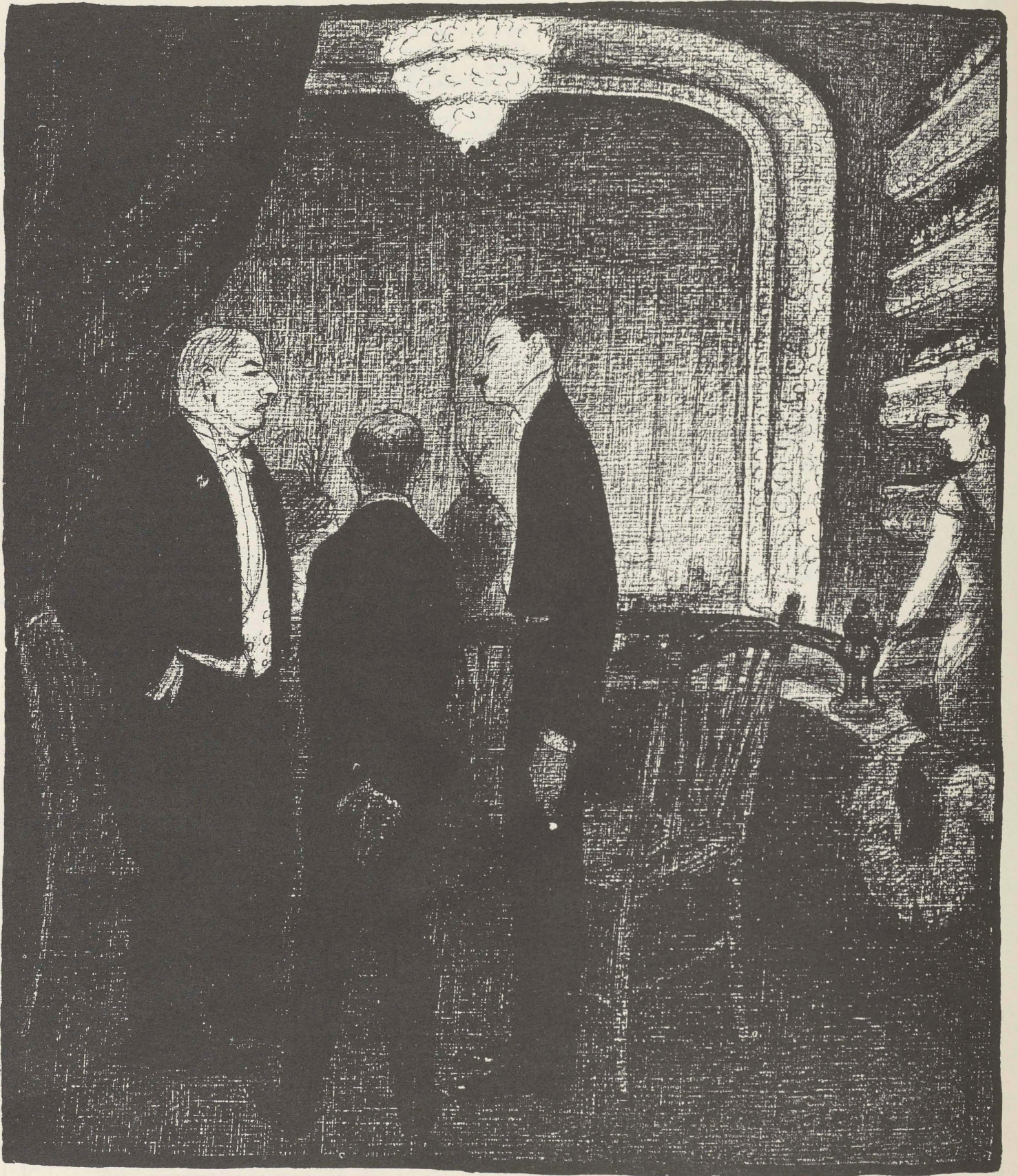
Said the widow to a neighbor: "I prayed to God for a new stove and now I have it; I prayed for more clothes to wash and now I have three more customers. I have all I can do from 5 a. m. until late at night. Hadn't I oughter be thankful to God and everybody?"

E. N. R.

AMONG the hardships resulting from the war may be mentioned the fact that the Krupps have declared a dividend of 12 per cent. against 14 per cent. last year. The decrease was due to the unfortunate necessity of trebling the capital.



"NOT FER ME—CHARITY I CALLS IT!"



Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

"There's no doubt that the men deserve a raise in wages."

"Yes—The only question is, ought we to discharge them for demanding it."

POEMS—BY LYDIA GIBSON

ESOËRIS

[Esoëris was a great lady: her mummy and sarcophagus are in the museum.]

AND this was once Esoëris,
 This swathed and chrysolided thing:
 Broken and bound the straining wing—
 Broken and brown and bound she is.

Lie dreaming in your little boat,
 Your painted ship with carven prow;
 Silent your mouth, tranquil your brow,
 And stilled the pulsing of your throat.

Between black carven bands of hair
 How ivory warm the painted flesh;
 How dark the inlaid eyebrows' mesh—
 How the carved eyelids veil the stare

Of eyes once quick to light with bliss;
 And the long painted robe of wood
 Clothes all that once was smooth and good—
 Clothes all that was Esoëris.

ARTEMIS

A VOICE—the voice of Artemis, resonant over the sea:
 "Search through valleys and marshes, and ye shall come
 to me;
 Over the vanishing tide-swept ribbon of shoreway come,
 Into the hill-locked forest, for I am your mother and home.

"I, the childless and husbandless: I, the slender of feet,
 Lithe of flank and of shoulder: unmaternal and fleet;
 All ye may crave Aphrodite: to me after Mary ye come—
 I the untamed am your mother; I am your lover and home.

"And when your voices are weary, and your songs are grown
 harsh and old,
 I shall not comfort nor coddle: my arms shall never enfold.
 Go seek your motherly goddess!—lay down your heads on her
 breast—
 Ye shall speed to me fleetly, lightly, when ye have waked
 from rest.

"My songs are songs for the strong ones, my rule is no rule for
 the weak.
 Over the shore and the mountains come—I am yours to seek.
 Swim the rivers swiftly; lightly and gladly run:
 Ye pray to your motherly Marys: but I am the ultimate one."

Our Village School Board

PROBABLY you regard the American public school system as dating from the landing of the pilgrims—or else from the declaration of independence. As a matter of fact, it did not exist in New York and the East generally until about ten years before the Civil War. The more progressive West had made allotment of public lands for school purposes almost half a century before. But public control of education did not spread very far over the whole country until about 1840.

Imagine a great nation deciding that it was about time to have a public school system. It wasn't a mere matter of a wave of the legislative hand, and presto! an army of trained school-teachers, scientifically arranged courses of instruction, training schools, educational theories, lecture-courses, and all the paraphernalia of modern public instruction. These things simply didn't exist.

So they started with what they had. For teachers they had: item, one ex-minister; item, one disabled soldier; item, one poor widow; item, one young woman waiting to get married—and so on. To supervise their work, to outline educational policies and plans, to choose school sites and arrange the details of buildings, to decide what should be taught and how, a school board was chosen. It comprised: one minister (not an ex-); one banker; one lawyer; and two leading merchants, let us say. They were chosen because they were the most intelligent men in the community, and had either had some advanced schooling themselves or proved by their ability to make money that they could get along without it.

This was the beginning of the American public school system. From this it has progressed, until today—

Well, teaching is no longer a job like that of night-watchman, given to aged or disabled members of the community. It has even ceased pretty much to be an easy way of earning a dowry. It is being entered into as a permanent profession. Its standards have been raised until the typical teacher is a highly-trained professional worker, familiar with the best educational thought of the past, practised in methods of educational experimentation, and skilled in the technique of school work.

But the school board—it is the same group of ministers, bankers, lawyers and business men, chosen because of their position in the community. These men, external to and unfamiliar with the intimate processes of education, have almost exclusive control of our public schools.

In the great city of New York these gifted amateurs decide that a mother is not fit to teach school, and make pregnancy a crime punishable by dismissal. They are so certain of their right to decide these matters, or so filled with a sense of their own administrative dignity, that they prohibit criticism from within the teaching body. The case of Miss Rodman, who was suspended from service for three-fourths of a year with loss of pay, for having published a letter criticising the board for its stand on the teacher-mother question, is the latest and most notorious example of their parochial temper and quality.

The project of "reconstructing" our boards of education was brought before the Charter Revision Committee recently by F. I. Davenport of the New York Training School for Teachers. It is an idea worth helping along.

We have a 1915 public school system. How long must we blunder along with an 1830 board of education?

FLOYD DELL.



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

“NOW WE WILL TALK”



"NOW WE WILL TALK"

After refusing for twelve months to meet any person representing the striking miners, the Rockefeller interests—now that the miners are all either murdered or whipped back into the mines—graciously offer an interview to the strike leaders. "I am sure we shall understand each other better," said John D. Rockefeller, Jr., "and our meeting will have an influence for good."

A ONE-SIDED STRIKE STORY

KNOWING the workmen's story was an old one, we went straight to the superintendent of the Liebig Fertilizer Company—as straight as a bunch of gunmen at the gate would let us. They were very urgent about apologizing for themselves.

"Some people have called these gentlemen *thugs*," said their captain, with a suave gesture towards twelve of the surliest looking beefs I ever saw armed. "Well—they're all right, ain't they? They look a little cold, perhaps!"

The manager told me he had had five strikes in twelve years, and the men had always won. They must have started low, then, for their wage last fall was just enough to live on—\$2 a day, for a ten hour day. On October the wage was cut to \$1.60. Why?

"Well, for one thing, cotton isn't being planted in the South." I quote the substance of what the superintendent told me.

"But you went right on producing at full force, didn't you?"

"Yes, but in the second place we can't get potash from Germany, and we have had to cut down the amount we use in our fertilizer by one-half—had to get out a whole new set of trade marks." That was all he said on this subject.

"Did the men offer any objection to the cut in wages last fall?" I asked.

"They made no protest at all, until the very day of the strike—January 4th."

"Would you mind telling me why you brought in these armed guards?"

"Because it is impossible to keep strike breakers in the mill—I don't mean professional strike-breakers, for we've had none. We got these men along the wharves in New York—it is impossible to run the mill during a strike without armed guards. The strikers would simply tear down the gate, and march in here and take the new men out, as they did once before."

"When were the guards brought in?" asked my companion.

"January 7th."

"When did you bring in the first strike-breakers?"

"January 19th."

"Eleven days later."

"Yes—I'll tell you just what happened. The Mayor of Chrome was asked, when the strike began, if he would protect our property, which is on the edge of the town. He said that all he would do was to keep order in the streets. So we appealed to the county sheriff to have our property guarded, and he secured one hundred detectives from O'Brien's Agency in Jersey City. He wanted men who make a business of that kind of work. They were sworn in as deputies and sent to the plants on January 7th."

"Who pays their salaries?"

"The county pays for them."

"Does the county always pay the private guards?"

"Always. Of course, if the company is moved to reimburse the county afterwards, why—that's another matter."

"And, as a point of fact, do you think the company will reimburse the county afterwards?"

"Yes, I think it will. It did in the last strike."

"What do you think was the cause of the killing out here the other day?" we asked.

"I think politics is the cause of the whole trouble. I mean if it weren't for the backing of the town government, the men wouldn't have struck at all. It's a workingman's town, and it's a matter of poli-

tics for the Mayor to back up the men. The whole town is against the company, police and all."

"And what is your story of the actual shooting?"

"I'll tell you—the men heard that a load of strike-breakers was to be brought in that morning. And they were right—I don't know how they found it out, but we did bring them in that morning, only they came by boat."

"About two hundred of the strikers gathered by the little station in front of the Williams and Clark plant—they had done the same thing at our plant, but our guards stayed inside the gate—and when the train came in, they stopped it. A couple of officials of the company got off, and the strikers went up to them. I suppose the guards assumed that the strikers were going to beat up the officials, and ran out from the plant towards the crowd. Then—this, of course, is according to *our* story—one of the strikers fired on them, and they returned fire on the crowd. That was how the killing occurred, according to us."

"A policeman has sworn that the crowd was not armed, but I know they were. I saw a man fire five shots in the air when the train came in in front of our plant—that was to warn strike-breakers, I suppose. And I saw men with knives and sticks."

"Are these strikers lawless people generally?"

"No—they're not. Some of them have been in our employ for twenty years. I knew them when my father was running the plant."

The superintendent excused himself for a moment

at this point. My companion was gazing out of the window.

"I wish the strikers would attack the plant now," he said. It was a natural wish for a little excitement. We had been standing around there for two hours with nothing to do.

Suppose we had been standing around forty-five days—armed—as those gunmen have!

MAX EASTMAN.

A Star Chamber

THE Mayor's Committee on Unemployment having been invited to the office of Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation, there filed into the room all the representatives of big business on the committee, all of the charities hierarchy, all of the clerical representation.

Pursuant to custom in the place where the meeting was held, the doors were banged shut just before the reporters got inside.

It is rumored that the Brooklyn Committee on Unemployment submitted a plan for *direct state and municipal employment*, so that contractors could not grind down the face of labor on public works. This plan, it was rumored, was unanimously canned after contractors on the committee roasted it to a frazzle as crazy and socialistic, and after the committee's bankers grunted at it a bit.

It is rumored that the social workers proposed a big loan fund for the unemployed, the money to be furnished by the rich and loaned without interest.

Proposal canned after a few moments of Free Silence movement.

It is rumored that it was proposed to float bonds and start up a lot of municipal work to take up the slack of the dull season of employment. Proposal rejected after objection from the bankers that they needed all the city's credit that was available to finance the 6 per cent. bonds issued to meet the city's European obligations.

It is rumored that a proposal was made to start a bread line with real food and no card index for those who were hungry enough to come. Proposal canned on the protest of the Charities Hierarchy that the "existing agencies" must be protected.

All these items, however, were merely matters of vague rumor. The door was locked while the Mayor's Committee transacted this business of vast importance to the Public. And the reporters were on the outside. All that the public heard directly from the Committee was a slight statement made by Judge Gary that "the Committee's work was progressing, with a prospect that by spring employers would be hiring enough more men to reduce the unemployment problem quite materially." C. M.

THIS administration was to reduce the cost of living. Well; here it is at last: "Don't worry about expenses," says the wife of the Postmaster General. "Eat corn."



Drawn by Stuart Davis.

MAKING FERTILIZER IN NEW JERSEY

PHILANTHROPY: A Comic Opera

Seymour Barnard

As Performed by the Leading Uplift Agencies

Time: High. Place: Very Much Out of.

(In the center is the Affrighted Charities Building which contains the offices of the S. O. S. and those of the Society for Disproving the Condition of the Poor. To the left are the Foundations; Rockefeller, Carnegie, Sage *et al.* Their doors are locked and barred. Some of them bear signs reading "Entrance Through the Affrighted Charities Building." To the right are the Settlements, the Why M. C. A.'s., etc.)

(In the street in front is gathered a group of PHILANTHROPISTS,—the boards of directors of the above-named institutions, their executive officers and staffs. The throng is animated, there being a general exchange of views upon economic questions. This group rapidly expands owing to the arrival of SOCIOLOGISTS, CLERGY and SOCIAL WORKERS, who are at once admitted to the circle.)

(There is a second group to the right. It comprises SINGLE TAXERS and THEORISTS, SOCIALISTS, MEMBERS OF THE I. W. W., etc.)

CHORUS.

CHARITY! Charity!
Reason a rarity—
Theses and theories
Certain and sure:
Doubtings are not of us,
Though of the lot of us
Few would agree
As to Poverty's cure:
Notions—
We've lotions,
For Poverty's cure.

(Enter POVERTY.)

(He is no longer the gaunt figure of popular imagination, but plump and florid, and carries himself with an air of insolent assurance. As the object of so much popular attention and under constant observation he has been transformed. He takes the center of the stage.)

SOCIAL WORKERS.

(Hailing him)

Pears to Poverty,
Loud adulations;
Thanks for our salary
And avocations:

(Aside)

When we discover the
Reason of Poverty,
Minus our jobs are we,
Standing and stations.

(They crowd around POVERTY and gaze inquiringly.)

Interesting, old enigma,
Evil, everlasting stigma,
Grim and gruesome and erratic,
So extremely democratic,
How and where you're generated
Ne'er our minds has penetrated:
Cause? Effect? Perhaps you both are;
To enlighten us you loath are;
Show, assure us, do not shame us;
Speak your name and make us famous.

POVERTY.

Some call me Alcohol,
Some call me Laziness,
Some call me Lassitude,
Heedlessness, Haziness;
Given a word and a privileged few with it,
I'm what was left when the latter got through with it.

(Does a few steps.)

Some picture me as gaunt and grim
Whenever me they mention;
But sleek I am, and far from slim,
From over much attention:
I'm strong as mortal man can be,

And husky, I, as Hades;

(To the crowd, sarcastically)

But haste to name your cure for me,
Good gentlemen and ladies.

(He folds his arms. All form a semi-circle with Poverty in the center. A Foundation steps before Poverty.)

A FOUNDATION.

Cash for Poverty the cure!
Here's a physic unimproved on;
Left in manner safe and sure
By philanthropists who've moved on:

State your case in figures flat;
A friend indeed the friend endowed;

(Aside)

Chances are it's something that
To assist I'm not allowed.

(This produces no effect upon POVERTY. The PHILANTHROPISTS appear perplexed. After some discussion they single out an INVESTIGATOR of the A. D. C. P.)

AN INVESTIGATOR.

A pencil and pad and a pauper or two;
A question to which any answer will do;
I'll find what the cure for Poverty is
Provided they're poor enough persons to quiz:
(The WORTHY POOR nod approvingly.)

MORE INVESTIGATORS.

A scheme and a schedule and questions indeed;
Be sure of their status before you proceed;
Be sure they are poor as the Poor can be,
Then ply them and try them and pry them as we.
(While they have been speaking there has been a muttering amongst the UNWORTHY POOR, who huddle as far as possible from the INVESTIGATORS.)

THE UNWORTHY POOR.

(To the INVESTIGATORS, defiantly)

Study us, muddy us,
Tell us now who're
We, the unlisted,
The obstinate Poor!

Visit, investigate,
Nothing will vex us
Like to a desperate
Move to index us:

Strive to eliminate,
Study what made us;
My, how we simulate!
Worry, upbraid us:

We're to the scheme of things
Rank indigestion,
And to the dream of things—
Crux of the question.

(The UNWORTHY POOR retreat suddenly again as a company of Organized Charity Workers file to the front.)

ORGANIZED CHARITY WORKERS.

Bankers and business men,
Mortgagees!
Reams of records,
And salaries!
Clerks and stenographers,
Visitors,
Highly enlightened
Inquisitors;
Offices, officers,
Upkeep sure,
And—Why! We near forgot!
The Poor.

(They are followed by a procession of Benefactors, portly gentlemen in silk hats, white waistcoats and spats, who step slowly and carefully.)

BENEFACTORS.

Pink and plump and polished we,
Fair Philanthropy's creators;
Here a favorite charity!
There our paid investigators!

Kings of Commerce! Sooth to say,
Shaving wages just a fraction;
Thus the meanest employee
Joins us in our benefaction.

(Close upon their heels comes a much smaller group, the TRUSTEES OF THE WORLD'S WEALTH. Those who comprise it seemed bowed with their responsibilities. They might easily be taken for the WORTHY POOR, were it not for their dress, which is like that of the BENEFACTORS.)

TRUSTEES OF THE WORLD'S WEALTH.

(As though speaking the final word.)

Ope the coffers strong to us,
Stocks and bonds, cash on call;
Not that they belong to us,
Not at all, not at all:

Wealth of nations, most of it,
On us pressed, as the best,
And particularly fit
To invest for the rest:

Tried trustees and true, one sees,
Of the cash which the rash
Want for mere necessities,
While *we* splash, while *we* dash.

(What goes on now is lost in the music of a brass band. All except THEORISTS and CLERGY mark time. The SALVATION ARMY marches through.)

SALVATION ARMY.

O, you must, must, must,
Pray and trust, trust, trust,
Like the big bass drummer of the band;
Here's a Christmas dinner
For the sin-sin-sinner,
Now watch his soul expand!

(All except Theorists and Clergy start to follow Salvation Army.)

ALL.

O, you must, must, must,
Mostly trust, trust, trust,—

(The THEORISTS rally from their corner and head off the deserters.)

THEORISTS.

Face about, face about,
What is the race about?
This scramble unseemly is treason;
We've proved that emotions
Are fatuous notions,
Direct opposition to Reason.

(Order is restored. After considerable argument amongst the CLERGY, the propriety of recognizing or associating themselves with POVERTY is decided in the negative. But with the understanding that it shall not serve for a precedent in the future, one of their number addresses POVERTY.)

A CLERGYMAN.

I can preach on a subject that's partly passé,
With even a word of the comic;
On politics, platitudes, pleasure and play,
If I keep off the Theme Economic:

THE MASSES.

If I'm fain to forget that there's darkness and slums
Where sicknesses many imperil,
I can preach the first sermon that to my hand comes
When I rummage around in the barrel.

(Timorously, as though from habitual misgivings, the
SOCIETIES FOR THE PREVENTION OF step forward.)

SOCIETIES FOR THE PREVENTION OF.

We know not what this chatter is,
We only think to drop it;
We know not what the matter is,
We only think to stop it:

We know not what the causes are,
Nor who nor what sent them;
But neither rest nor pauses are
Until we quite prevent them.

(For some time a muffled tramping has been audible.
From the right wings the BREAD LINE enters.)

THE BREAD LINE.

(Shuffles slowly past.)

Single file, single file,
For an hour or so;
A hundred odd philanthropists
Who couldn't make it go:

Shirk, you say? Work, you say?
Drink has forged a fetter?
It chanced there always were a few
Who worked a little better:

Single file, single file,
For a crust of bread;
'Twas lack of opportunity
And dread, dread, dread.

(They are followed by the UPPER CLASSES in limousines.
They look after the dismal procession with curiosity.)

THE UPPER CLASSES.

Amidst a life of pleasant things,
Where woes and worries cease to be,
To taint the zest of present things
There comes a hint of poverty:

'Tis time to think the matter o'er
And lend an ear to humble folk,
Ere mutterings become a roar,
And riches cease to be a joke,

While alms become an act of law,
With capital the prey of state;
Best now and then a check to draw,
This state of things to mitigate.

(At this the POOR, WORTHY AND UNWORTHY, eagerly
gather about the limousines of the UPPER CLASSES.
The latter hand their checks over the heads of the
Poor to the representatives of the A. D. C. P.

(A number of fashionably dressed women step daintily
from their vehicles. They are the FRIENDLY VISITORS
TO THE POOR. The POOR beat a hurried retreat.)

FRIENDLY VISITORS TO THE POOR.

We're summoned from the altitudes,
We're called from cultured classes,
Because we've nothing much to do
But meddle with the masses:

And so on those with ways so dark
That they can scarce discern them,
Our calls we'll pay. (But what if They
Should happen to return them!)

We'll tender gilt-edged sympathy,
We'll counsel resignation,
And when we think the husbands drink
We'll lavish consolation:

So here's to a classless, massless plan,
Where creeds and greeds are clashing!
A social barrier to fell
(Provided the Poor aren't at it as well)
Affords delightful smashing.

THE WORTHY POOR.

(Resentfully, but so that the VISITORS cannot hear.)

Pray visit us, and quiz at us,
And argue that or this at us;
A docile, dumb, and dismal lot you find us;
You've twisted us and listed us
Assuming you've assisted us,
And done a bit of everything but dined us.

A SOCIALIST.

(Seizing the chance)

To this limpid, linguistical socialist,
The people wherever I go shall list;
This highly enlightening scheme of ours
Is a frequently favorite theme of hours;

To lighten the labors of wretched man,
To substitute ease for this hectic plan,
Everything else is a shocking schism
Other than Marxian socialism.

ANOTHER SOCIALIST.

(Bristling)

Who harks to Marx?
The low and the logy,
The senile, the fogy,
He harks to Marx:

Who harks to Marx?
The

(He is interrupted by STILL MORE SOCIALISTS.)

STILL MORE SOCIALISTS.

O, for the days of the deep laid plot,
With life a grim and gray thing,
When a socialist was a sight, and not
A common, every day thing:

O, for the days without a truce,
Ere the muddled many joined us,
Ere the company of the sacred Moose
Our perquisites purloined thus.

(A little company of men and women forge to the front.
At sight of them all withdraw as far as possible.
They are the INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.)

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.

(Marching round and round)

We'll own the cops, we'll own the shops
And means of all production;
We'll own the tools, we'll own the schools
And give our own instruction.

We'll own the forts, we'll own the courts,
(Judicial robes become us),
The very ether that you breathe
You'll have to borrow from us.

This doughty band shall own the land,
And practice what it preaches;
All, all is free to such as we;
(Although we doubt if speech is!)

A LABOR DELEGATE.

(Coming to the front, belligerently.)

A raise or a rumpus,
A brawl or a bonus,
Together we lump us
And no one shall own us:

The butcher, the baker,
The old, the newcomer,
The plausible faker,
The affluent plumber:

The shoers, the doers,
And even the shirkers,
With none but abjures
The Industrial Workers.

UNION LABEL.

(His pet. Clinging to the DELEGATE.)

From early morn till dark and late
I'm constant to this delegate;
He bears me in his manly breast
Where I am fastened to his vest;
I travel too about his waist,
For on his trousers me they baste;
Atop the bread upon his table
He finds his faithful Union Label;
When the day is done, asleep is he,
I nestle in his robe de nuit.

(Once more a band is heard. At the sound all except
THEORISTS and CLERGY mark time and prepare to
fall into line.)

SALVATION ARMY.

(Marching through)

Put a lot, lot, lot,
In the slot, slot, slot,
For the same old sinners'. Christmas cheer;
They believe-lieve-lieve
When they receive-ceive-ceive,
And they get salvation once a year.
(All except Theorists and Clergy follow them off.)

THEORISTS.

Theory, theory,
Weary are we, or we
Would this mad exodus hinder;
With sparks pedagogic,
With fiery logic,
We'd wither their reason to cinder:

Theory, theory,
Nary a hearer we
Find there is left to harangue;
From musings to music
All, all but the few sick,
They follow this garrulous gang.

CROWD.

(In the distance)

O, you must, must, must,
Say you trust, trust, trust,
When they grab, grab, grab you by the hand;
'Tis a fea-fea-feature
Of the human creature
To flock behind the band.

(THEORISTS and CLERGY disperse, and POVERTY is left alone,
just where he stood.)

CURTAIN.

Announcement

IT is our purpose to advertise and fight, so far as we
can without forfeiting our mailing privilege, the
cases of Margaret Sanger and her husband before the
courts. We print on another page the substance of
their story, and our view of the importance of teaching
birth-control to the poorer classes of America, the
classes who are kept in ignorance by the present laws.
We invite communications from our readers upon
this topic.

By Definition

A MAJORITY of the college presidents ques-
tioned by the New York Times favor com-
pulsory military training for students, but assert
that they are opposed to militarism. The prexies
need have no fear unless the meaning of the word
is changed. Militarism never exists in one's own
country—only national defense.

THE WORST THING IN EUROPE

John Reed

IN a city of Northern France occupied by the Germans, we were met at the train by several officers and the Royal automobiles. The officers, genial, pleasant, rather formal young fellows in the smart Prussian uniform, were to be our guides and hosts in that part of the German front. They spoke English well, as so many of them do; and we were charmed by their friendliness and affability. As we left the station and got into the machines, a group of private soldiers off duty loitered about, looking at us with lazy curiosity. Suddenly one of the officers sprang at them, striking at their throats with his little "swagger stick."

"Schweinhunde!" he shouted with sudden ferocity. "Be off about your business and don't stare at us!"

They fell back silently, docilely, before the blows and the curses, and dispersed.

Another time a photographer of our party was interrupted, while taking moving pictures, by a sentry with a rifle.

"My orders are that no photographs shall be taken here!" said the soldier.

The photographer appealed to the Staff Lieutenant who accompanied us.

"It's all right," said the officer. "I am Lieutenant Herrmann of the General Staff in Berlin. He has my permission to photograph."

The sentry saluted, looked at Herrmann's papers, and withdrew. And I asked the Lieutenant by what right he could countermand a soldier's orders from his own superior.

"Because I am that soldier's commanding officer. The fact that I have a Lieutenant's shoulder-straps makes me the superior of every soldier in the army. A German soldier must obey every officer's orders, no matter what they may be."

"So that if a soldier were doing sentry duty on an important fort in time of war, and you came along and told him to go and get you a drink, he would have to obey?"

He nodded. "He would have to obey me unquestioningly, no matter what I ordered, no matter how it conflicted with his previous orders, no matter whether I even belonged to his regiment. But of course I should be held responsible."

That is an Army. That is what it means to be a soldier. Plenty of people have pointed to the indisputable fact that the German army is the most perfect military machine in the world. But there are also other armies in the present war.

Consider the French army, rent with politics, badly clothed, badly provisioned, and with an inadequate ambulance service; opposed always to militarism, and long since sickened with fighting. The French army has not been fighting well. But it has been fighting, and the slaughter is appalling. There remains no effective reserve in France; and the available youth of the nation down to seventeen years of age is under arms. For my part, all other considerations aside, I should not care to live half-frozen in a trench, up to my middle in water, for three or four months, because someone in authority said I ought to shoot Germans. But if I were a Frenchman, I should do it, because I would have been accustomed to the idea by my compulsory military service.

The Russian army, inexhaustible hordes of simple peasants torn from their farms, blessed by a priest, and knouted into battle for a cause they never heard of, appeals to me even less. Of all the armies in this war,

I might make a secondary choice between the Belgians, doing England's dirty work, and the Servians, doing Russia's; but I hesitate at the sight of two hundred thousand Belgians who made a fierce, short resistance at Liege, Namur and Brussels, practically wiped off the face of the earth. "The Belgian army does not exist!" All that remains of that drilled and disciplined flower of Belgium are a few regiments restoring their shattered nerves in barracks, and quarreling with their Allies. The Servian army is still making heroic last stands, but that is no fun.

And crossing over to the Austrian side, I call to mind that hideous persistent story about the first days

of the war, when Austria sent her unequipped regiments against the Russians. Only the first ranks had rifles and ammunition; the ranks behind were instructed to pick up the guns when the first ranks were killed—and so on.

But I could fill pages with the super-Mexican horrors that civilized Europe is inflicting upon itself. I could describe to you the quiet, dark, saddened streets of Paris, where every ten feet you are confronted with some miserable wreck of a human being, or a madman who lost his reason in the trenches, being led around by his wife. I could tell you of the big hospital in Berlin full of German soldiers who went crazy from



Drawn by Maurice Becker

Going Sane!

"One feature of the hard fighting of the last week is that some of the soldiers, going insane, have stopped fighting and rushed from the trenches.—Daily Newspapers.

merely hearing the cries of the thirty thousand Russians drowning in the swamps of East Prussia after the battle of Tannenberg. Or of Galician peasants dropping out of their regiments to die along the roads of cholera. Or of the numbness and incalculable demoralization among men in the trenches. Or of holes torn in bodies with jagged pieces of melanite shells, of sounds that make deaf, of gases that destroy eye-sight, of wounded men dying day by day and hour by hour within forty yards of twenty thousand human beings, who won't stop killing each other long enough to gather them up.

But that is not my purpose in this brief article. I want to try and indicate the effect of military obedience and discipline upon human beings. Disease, death, wounds on the battle-field, Philosophical Anarchism, and International Socialism, seem to be futile as incentives to Peace. Why? As for the bloody side of war, that shocks people less than they think; we're so accustomed to half a million a year maimed and killed in mines and factories. As for Socialism, Anarchism, any democratic or individualist faith—I don't speak of Christianity, which is completely bankrupt—the Socialists, Anarchists, et al. *were all trained soldiers!*

I seem to hear shouts of "England! Look at England! England has no conscript army!" Well, if England has no conscript army now, England is going soon to have one. The Englishman has been prepared for this war by adroit press alarms for years. Hardly one ordinary Briton—of the class that fills the ranks of her far-flung regiments—who did not admit that war with Germany was coming, and that he would have to fight. I could digress here for pages to tell you the terrible means by which England filled her "volunteer" army; how workmen of enlistable age were fired from their jobs, and relief refused their wives and children until the men joined; how others were intimidated, bullied, shamed into fighting for a cause they had no interest in, nor affection for; how Harrods' great department-store loaded a truck with young clerks and sent them to the recruiting-office, with a big sign on the side, "Harrods' Gift to the Empire."

You have perhaps said to yourself, "In the English army an officer is not allowed to strike an enlisted man." That is perfectly true. When an English soldier gets impudent to his superior, the latter orders the nearest non-commissioned officer to "Hit him." But the English soldier is seldom insubordinate. *He knows his place.* The officer caste is a caste above him, to which he can never attain. There are *rankers* in the British army—men who rise from the ranks—but they are not accepted by the army aristocracy, nor respected by the men. They float, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth. I bring to your notice the advertisement which appeared lately in the *London Times*: "Wanted—Two thousand young *Gentlemen* for Officers in Kitchener's Army." I have seen the English army in the field in France; I have noticed the apparent democracy of intercourse between men and officers—it is the kind of thing that takes place between a gentleman and his butler. Yes, the English soldier knows his place, and there's no Revolution in him. In Germany there is a little hope from the people—they do not think for themselves, but they are corrupted and coerced; in England, the people do not have to be coerced—they obey of their own free will.

And if you want to see those whom the Germans themselves call "an army of non-commissioned officers"—the best soldiers in the world—look at the first British Expeditionary Force, two hundred and fifty thousand men who have served seven years or more from India to Bermuda, and around the world again. These are the real Tommy Atkinses that Kipling sung. They are usually undersized, debauched, diseased little

men, with a moral sense fertilized by years of slaughtering yellow, brown and black men with dum-dum bullets. Their reward consists of bronze medals and colored strips of ribbon—and their ruined lives, after they are mustered out, if they are not maimed and useless, are spent opening and shutting carriage-doors in front of theatres and hotels.

No, I'm afraid we must leave England out of this discussion. England breeds men that know their place, that become obedient soldiers whenever their social superiors order them to. The harm does not lie in joining Kitchener's army; it lies in being an Englishman. In no other self-governing nation in the world would the people acquiesce in the complete suppression of representative government at the order of a military dictator like Kitchener.

At the beginning of this article I gave two instances of what a German must become to be a good soldier. But since Germany has for more than forty years armed and trained her entire manhood, the consequences of the system must appear in her national life. They do. The Germans are politically cowed. They do what they are told. They learn by rote, and their "Kultur" has become a mechanical incubator for sterile Doctors of Philosophy, whose pedantry is the despair of all Youth except German youth. Nietzsche is the last German genius, and 1848 the last date in their vain struggle for political self-expression. Then comes Bismarck, and the German spirit is chained with comfortable chains, fed with uniforms, decorations, and the outworn claptrap of military glory, so that today small business men and fat peasants think like Joachim Murat and talk like General Bernhardi. Allow me to point out that the party of "Revolution," the German Social-Democrats, is as autocratic as the Kaiser's government; and that the crime for which a member is expelled from the Party is "insubordination to the Party leaders." I was informed proudly by a Social-Democratic Deputy in the Reichstag that the Party was now *collecting Party dues in the trenches*; and that, when requested, *the Government deducts the dues from the men's pay and hands it over to the Party organization!*

The German people—*Cannonen-futter* ("Cannon-food") they are jocularly called—went to war almost without a protest. And today, from top to bottom of Germany, the investigator must seek hard before he finds a single dissenting voice. Germany is practically solid; when the Government has an official opinion, the street-cleaners have that same opinion in three days. That is the logical result of universal military service in a country where the classes are not inalterably fixed, as they are in England. And that, let me insist, is what is absolutely required for an efficient army. There is no choice. Thorough efficiency can only be attained at this time by an Autocracy, and so only can an army be attained; in a Democracy, neither efficiency in government, nor an efficient army is possible.

I hate soldiers. I hate to see a man with a bayonet fixed on his rifle, who can order me off the street. I hate to belong to an organization that is proud of obeying a caste of superior beings, that is proud of killing free ideas, so that it may the more efficiently kill human beings in cold blood. They will tell you that a conscript army is Democratic, because everybody has to serve; but they won't tell you that military service plants in your blood the germ of blind obedience, of blind irresponsibility, that it produces one class of Commanders in your state and your industries, and accustoms you to do what they tell you even in time of peace.

Here in America we have our chance to construct someday a Democracy, unhampered by the stupid docility of a people who run to salute when the band plays. They are talking now about building up an immense standing army, to combat the Japs, or the Ger-

mans, or the Mexicans. I, for one, refuse to join. You ask me how I am going to combat a whole world thirsting for our blood? And I reply, not by creating a counter-thirst for the blood of the Japs, Germans, or Mexicans. There is no such thing as a "moderate army" or an "army of defense." Once we begin that, Japan, Germany, or Mexico, whichever it is, will begin to build up a defense against us. We will raise them one, and so on. And the logical end of all that is Germany; and the logical end of Germany is, and always will be, War. And you, gentle reader, you will be the first to get shot.

In Brief

THE full testimony of invested capital before the Industrial Commission in New York is contained in this summary of the remarks of Daniel Guggenheim:

"I believe in industrial democracy. No employer is justified in refusing to deal with unions. . . . No, I do not think that we have ever dealt with any union, but that is a detail I would not be acquainted with."

THE make-up man of the *New York Tribune* must have a nasty spirit or he would not have put these headlines in adjacent columns:

"Wilson Sees Prosperity at its Flood Tide."

"Breadline at Hotel Gives Shock to Care-Free Upper Broadway."

CONSTABULARY

From Rupert Hughes

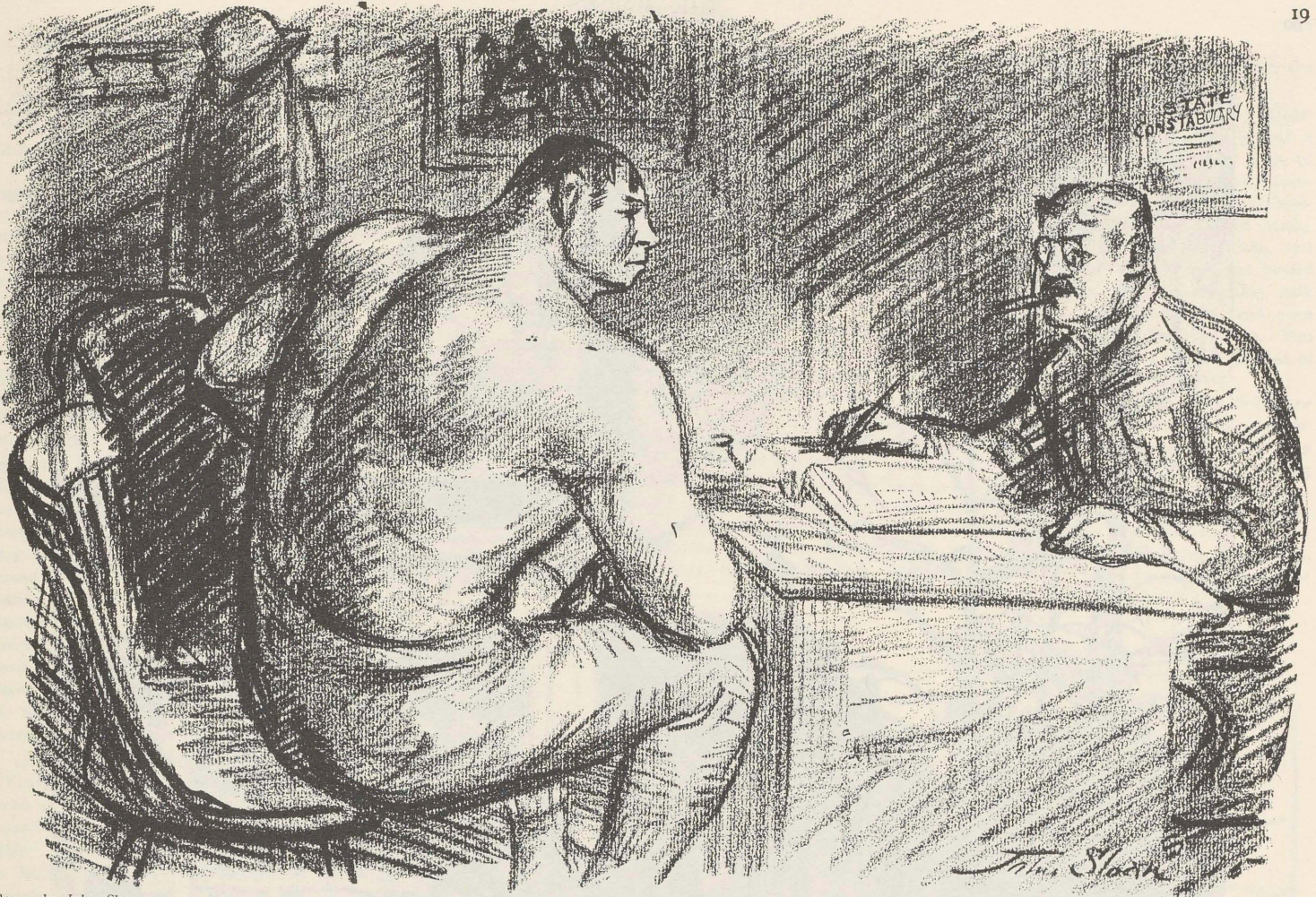
"I DID not expect, of course, that you would immediately eat all your words and principles, recall back numbers of *THE MASSES*, and announce yourself a convert to the 'constabulary.' But I had expected a less restrained castigation. The lash fell, but I felt in the blows something of that generosity with which you reproach me, something of that mercifulness from which even you cannot quite perfect yourself.

"Your reporter, I. R., is also guilty of self-restraint, though I cannot quite see his use of the word 'baby' in his lines. 'Please, Mr. Hughes, don't play the baby defender of the game that calls for a constabulary.' To my thinking, it is much more 'playing the baby' to shriek with terror and horror at everything that is not quite understood; to go into convulsions over a passing stranger, or a pile of clothes on a chair, or even at papa when he says 'Woof!'

"What I said was, and what I say is, that Mr. Seth Low's interest in a constabulary is simply a desire for a mounted police service in a lonely rural region.

"To sum it all up: Mr. Seth Low as a villager and farmer wrote to a village weekly that it would be a good plan to make permanent the force of mounted policemen who were protecting the new waterworks and the water workmen, so that they might protect the farmers and villagers and their families from the footpads and thieves, or be ready to pursue criminals with reasonable promptness after they had shot down farm hands or ticket agents or Italian laborers, or had robbed lonely farmhouses or chased little children or set a barn on fire.

"This project pleased all of us. It startled me to see *THE MASSES* publish a full-page cartoon showing the 'constables on horseback' as trampers of women and children, and later an article attacking Seth Low as a terrible bogie-man. I wrote to set you right as to our motives, and now Mr. I. R. says I am playing 'the baby defender of the game.' But the



Drawn by John Sloan

A Recruit for the Constabulary

"BORN IN THIS STATE?"

"NO, SIR."

"EVER BEEN CONVICTED OF A CRIME?"

"WELL, I COULD A PROVED—"

"ALL RIGHT, NO.—ARE YOU A MEMBER OF ANY LABOR UNION?"

"NO, I AIN'T!"

"GOT ANY FAMILY IN THIS STATE?"

"NO, AIN'T MARRIED."

"ANY RELATIVE A MEMBER OF LABOR UNION?"

"NOT AS I KNOWS OF."

"WELL, ARE YOU SURE?—BE CAREFUL NOW.—HAVE YOU ANY FRIENDS IN LABOR ORGANIZATIONS?—BE SURE YOU TELL THE TRUTH!"

"NO, SIR—I AIN'T GOT ANY FRIENDS."

"GOOD!—I GUESS YOU'LL PASS O. K.—CALL MONDAY."

difference between the teddy-bear and the grizzly bear is so great that if anybody is playing the baby, I don't believe it is I.

"I thank you, however, for printing my letter, and I can't ask you to be fairer than you were."

An Answer

BY all means Mr. Hughes is entitled to an explanation of my "baby" reference to his case. It was because I have a little baby of my own, who dotes on throwing pennies out of the window to the hand organ man. One day he carefully explained that he had gone to my coat, and as he hadn't found any "little pennies" he had thrown out some "big ones." It turned out that he had thrown away enough half dollar pieces to make up the wages for a week. The baby acted according to his best lights in a game of finance he did not understand.

It is pleasant of Mr. Hughes to ignore, in looking at Seth Low, the good neighbor, all thought of Seth Low, the President of the National Civic

Federation. It is pleasant to know that in his consideration for the lonely school teacher, Mr. Hughes can completely ignore the murders at Hastings and Mamaroneck, and the scandals following them. Also that he can ignore the fact that in its genius and genesis and organization the Constabulary has ever been distinctly Capital's police, distinctively the process by which Capital has been able to swat discontented labor with the greatest efficiency and the least possible social responsibility.

In Pennsylvania they called for it to save the employers' memories of another Homestead; in Colorado they call for it as the best substitute for a second Ludlow. In Westchester they have had Mamaroneck and Hastings.

Maybe it was just because Mr. Seth Low as a good neighbor wrote a letter to the country paper near his country home that every stand-pat paper in New York state made this cry for a Constabulary the subject for a long crusade. Maybe also it was consideration for the lonely school teacher that made the Stand-pat Stalwarts of the Republi-

can party forte this Constabulary issue upon Gov. Whitman almost on his first day in office.

What could I say to my baby who saw all the world's finances in the terms of pennies large and small, whose only use was in connection with hand-organ men? Obviously I could only smile and wait for him to grow up in experience. Again I refer Mr. Hughes to the labor camps. Again I remind him that even "wops" are human beings as he is.

IRVIN RAY.

A Remark by Art Young

SUPPOSE two or three thousand young men—respectable young men—members of Mr. Hughes' favorite clubs, were encamped in Westchester County, in the uniforms of the militia—would they be law-abiding? Would property and girls be wholly free from molestation? What makes me mad is this snob-assumption that we must have Cossacks to ride down people because they are foreigners and day-laborers.



Drawn by Stuart Davis.

He: "Gee, Kid, some moon tonight!"

She: "Yes—I think that man that just passed was drunk."

The First Few Books

(Last month, in answer to a request, we started in advising Lincoln Steffens what books he ought to read. The advice is free to all, and we're not through yet.—THE EDITORS.)

DEAR STEFFENS:

I have wasted over three-quarters of an hour trying to bundle the six recent books which are among the first few to me, and tie them up neatly with a general schematic string. But either one book or another slips out of the package, or what is more usual, the string (and I have tried several) breaks. So I will not attempt to group them. I will name them:

(I) Walter Lippmann's *"Drift and Mastery"* (Mitchell Kennerley). This is a book that violates several precedents. For one thing it is one of the few "necessary books" that are really necessary. For another, it is an educative book that reads with the liveliness of a piece of excellent fiction. For another it is a philosophic book with a philosophy that is more vital, that is deeper and more creative than nine-tenths of the propaganda of our day. There are those who frankly prefer Mr. Lippmann's first book. They are the ones who care little for building, and who prefer to watch someone tearing something down. And there are those who, intending a final and crushing criticism, call the book "brilliant." And they are right. But they have forgotten that brilliance may not only sparkle. It may illuminate. And, as in this book, it can burn.

(II) Max Eastman's *"Enjoyment of Poetry."* (Charles Scribner's Sons.) This might be called, with equal justice, "The Enjoyment of Max Eastman" or, in its best sense, "The Enjoyment of Life." It abounds in a free and thoughtful beauty; a beauty none the less thoughtful though it is caught with surprise. The title prepares one for all sorts of schoolroom sagacities and pedagogic rumblings. And what a glorious disappointment it is. Imagine a text-book whose first line boldly declares "The purpose of this book is to increase enjoyment"! And whose next sentence is even more arresting: "That the poetic in every-day perception and conversation should be known for what it is, and not separated from the poetic in literature, is to my mind, essential to the full appreciation of either." It is a book that informs and then inspires.

(III) James Oppenheim's *"Songs for the New Age"* (The Century Company). If there is any contemporary book that will live to reveal our psychical tumult and groping, it is this one. And the revelation rises through an utterance that is profound and personal—even painfully so. Yet the thought is never twisted or strangled in its reduction to poetic speech. For, by the use of a loosely rhythmical line (reminding one less of Whitman than of such rhapsodic outbursts as the book of Job) and a liberal use of colorful colloquialisms, the words take on a power such as one finds in the simplicity and strength of the more imaginative of the Psalms. If you are looking for mere style, these songs may not move you. For, considered technically, theirs is a stark beauty; they do not depend on any specious second-hand glamor. It is a rousing volume, full of vehement protest, and a splendor that is no less lovely for being sometimes an angry loveliness.

(IV) A. S. M. Hutchinson's *"Once Aboard the Luger"* (Mitchell Kennerley). It took me some time to decide between this and our own Robert W. Chambers' "Iole." But I chose this one because it combines the charm of Chambers with that of Meredith. All the familiar paraphernalia of the former are here at their best—the manly, blunder-

ing hero; the lovely, lonely lady whose father's death has left her penniless; the sudden dramatic meeting (she is shot out of a hansom-cab into his arms); the sudden love at first sight; the even more sudden and obvious complications. Suddenly Chambers is dropped. And then—after verging perilously upon tragedy—farce, super-farce of the most whimsical sort! And all this, mind you, galloping along in a prose that recalls the best of "The Egoist," more than a hint of "Love in the Valley" and interspersed throughout with chapters that Henry Fielding must have left out of "Tom Jones."

(V) Algernon Blackwood's *"Pan's Garden"* (Macmillan and Company). This author might be called the Edgar Allan Poe of the vegetable kingdom or, with something nearer the truth, a more penetrating Hoffman of the spiritual world. The fact that he can still write of such frayed themes as haunted houses and haunted minds; supernormal practises and supernormal people; telepathy, reincarnation and the spell of Egypt, and still wring new horror or fantasy from them, is a great achievement in itself. But Mr. Blackwood's gifts lie far deeper than that. He gives inanimate things a vigor that makes them rush from the printed page. Nature is not a background

to him, but a brimming, many-souled creator; the chief actor in its own amazing drama.

(VI) James Stephens' *"The Crock of Gold"* (Macmillan Co.) has a little of everything that is in the other five volumes. It also has a little of everything else. There is in it poetry and adventure and humor and excursions into the metaphysical and supernatural. And, lest this should dismay you, there are faeries in it, and policemen, and Greek gods arguing with Celtic deities, and buried treasure, and leprecauns, and donkeys that talk gravely with spiders, and philosophers, and even people. It is like no book that has ever been. You will like it for its whimsy and its wisdom, blended in a most astonishing and insinuating manner.

And now that I look over the list, I see that, after all, there is a certain bond that knits them all—the proverbial unity of interest. And I think it is the sharp analytic quality that animates all of them; the probing analysis that is the very temper of our times. Or possibly it is the gift of revealing the power of the casual, of intensifying all events and emotions; that intensity which is even more the pulse of the age. And possibly these are both very much the same thing.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

"I hope his next tooth comes opposite the one he's got!"

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(Continued from page 3)

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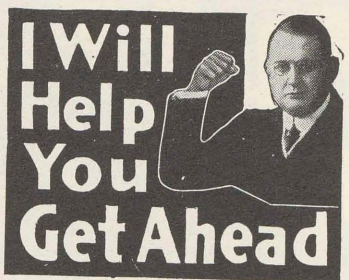
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