

The
MASSES

NOVEMBER, 1913

10 CENTS



John Sloan '13

Drawn by John Sloan

Innocent Girlish Prattle—Plus Environment

"WHAT! HIM? THE LITTLE ————! HE'S WORSE'N SHE IS, THE ————!"

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ANNA M. SLOAN, Treasurer
JOHN REED, Managing Editor
BERKELEY G. TOBEY, Business Manager.

TOLERANCE vs. PATRIOTISM

I JUST can't stand THE MASSES as it is without my name being in it. You have splendidly done the thirteenth labor of Hercules—made a magazine that can be read and looked at and kept, not in a library shelf, but in a coffer with the family heirlooms. I don't say this to induce you to grant me a side niche in this pantheon of yours—I really mean it.

ARTURO M. GIOVANNITI.

Someone who knows that I am opposed to all forms of insult to America, the Stars and Stripes, and to the Holy Bible, has evidently subscribed to your *trashy Socialist sheet*, THE MASSES, to be sent to my address. No greater insult could be imposed upon a true blue American than to put their name and address on such literature emanating from the brain of the lowest bred people on the face of the earth. STOP sending this vile sheet to me at once. This is the second notice.

(THREE CHEERS FOR OLD GLORY!)

MRS. J. A. JOHNSTON,
48 Wadsworth St. Buffalo, N. Y.

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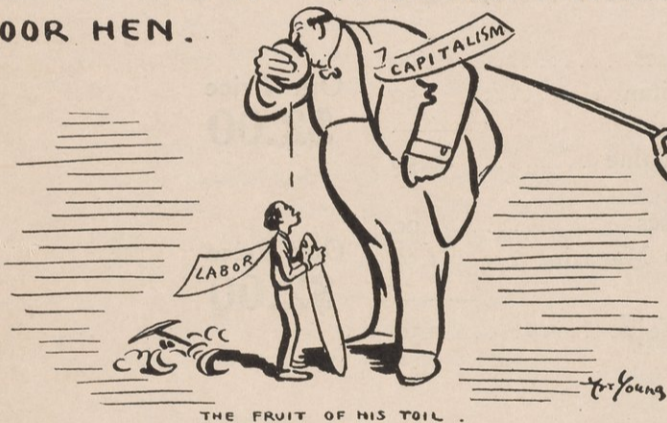
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WE NEED YOUR HELP AND WE NEED IT NOW



THE PIG AND THE HEN
 THEY BOTH GOT IN ONE PEN
 AND THE HEN SAID SHE WOULDN'T GO OUT;
 'MISTRESS HEN' SAYS THE PIG
 'DONT YOU BE QUITE SO BIG!
 AND HE GAVE HER A PUSH WITH HIS SNOUT,

NOW CHILDREN - THIS SIMPLE LESSON
 TEACHES US THAT THE PIG HAS SUPER-
 IOR **INTELLIGENCE**, AND THAT THE -
 HEN OUGHT TO **EDUCATE** HERSELF SO
 THAT SHE MAY BECOME A PIG.
 THE PIG TRIES TO SEE HOW MUCH HE
 CAN GET OUT OF THE WORLD. - THE HEN
 FOOLISHLY TRIES TO SEE HOW MUCH SHE
 CAN PUT INTO IT. **FEEL SORRY FOR THE
 POOR HEN.**

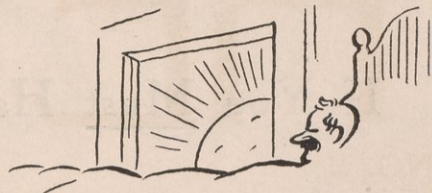


THE FRUIT OF HIS TOIL

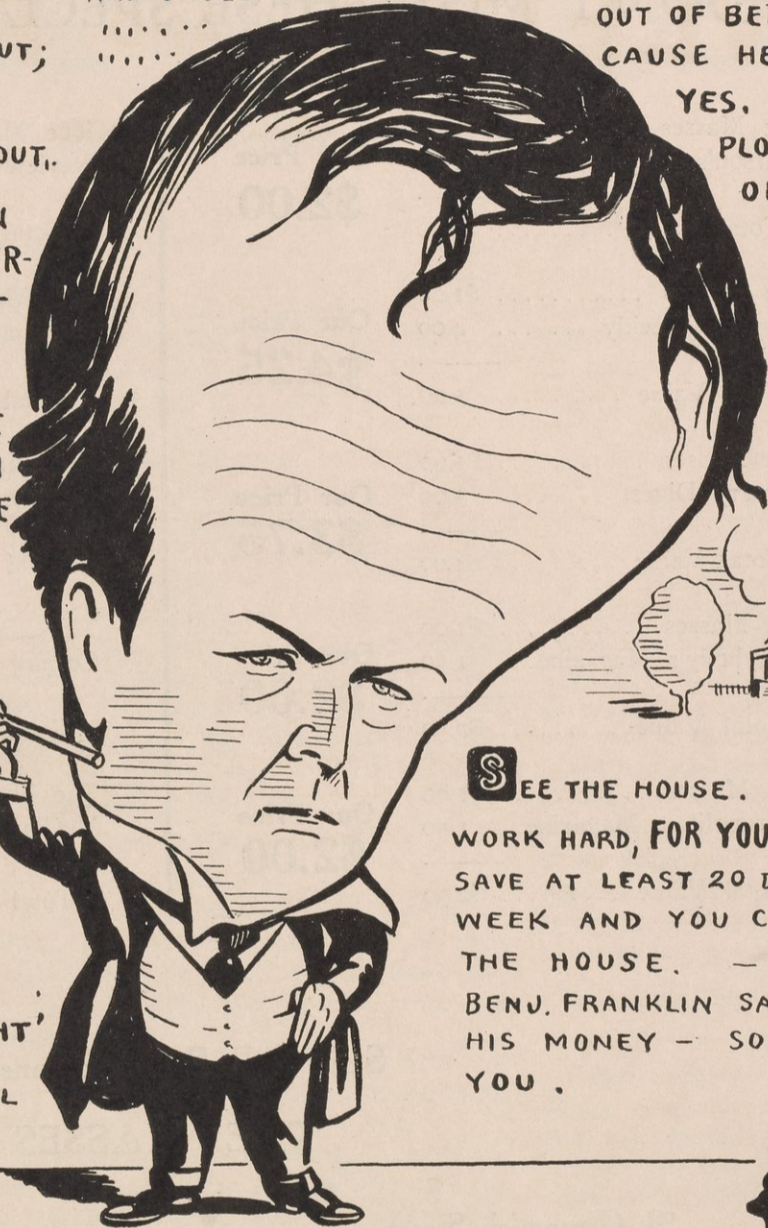
THIS CARTOON TEACHES US TO 'THINK STRAIGHT'
 THAT EACH OF US MAY GET A LARGE JUICY -
 ORANGE, A FAT STOMACH, AND A WONDERFUL
 DIRECTING MIND.



SEE THE PLUM .
 CAN THE BOY GET IT ?
 HE CAN ,IF HE IS HONEST
 AND UNSELFISH ...



DS THE SUN UP? YES.
 WHY DOES NOT THE MAN LEAP
 OUT OF BED? IS IT BE-
 CAUSE HE IS LAZY?
 YES. DOES HIS EM-
 PLOYER LEAP OUT
 OF BED?
SURE .



SEE THE HOUSE. THINK HARD,
 WORK HARD, FOR YOUR EMPLOYER
 SAVE AT LEAST 20 DOLLARS A
 WEEK AND YOU CAN BUY
 THE HOUSE. -
 BENJ. FRANKLIN SAVED
 HIS MONEY - SO CAN
 YOU .



Drawn by Arthur Young

BRISBAINE'S LECTURES ON POLITICAL SCIENCE FOR "IMPRACTICAL IDEALISTS"

THE MASSES

VOL. V. NO. II.

NOVEMBER, 1913

ISSUE NUMBER 30

Max Eastman, Editor

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

Brisbane on Young

A GAIN Arthur Brisbane devotes the editorial section of the Hearst papers to a picture from THE MASSES, and a fatherly disquisition thereon. The picture you will remember. It is Art Young's big "Capitalism" eating the fruit which a little workingman has prepared for him. Attention is called to "that wonderful directing mind" in the portrait of capitalism, and beneath the workingman is this statement of fact:

"He hands over the fruit of his toil on a silver platter, and then gets about one-eighth of the juice."

It is noticeable that Mr. Brisbane did not deny this statement of fact. He did not allude to it. He did not want to.

"When you think, Mr. Young, think straight," he said, and then leaving that task to Mr. Young, he proceeded to circumambulate around the subject matter in a very happy way. I followed him and I located in the course of the peregrination three definite, distinct although disconnected ideas which I shall quote. I quote them because they each exemplify a common fault in those who reject Socialism without understanding it.

Here is the first quotation:

"When you think, Mr. Young, think straight."

"This is a world of injustice. Not because there are villains at the top and good, virtuous, moral people at the bottom, but because this is still a world of ignorance."

"The little gentleman at the bottom, representing labor, is only getting an occasional drop, not because he is an unselfish creature, BUT BECAUSE HE HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET IT."

The fault manifest here is intellectual indolence. You are surprised to hear that Arthur Brisbane is indolent—well, he is, and so are a great many other people who have what is called an "energetic style."

I am telling you one of the secrets of the trade now—that "energetic style" saves them a lot of work. You know how it is—if you say a thing with enough emphasis it is not necessary to adduce reasons. A hypnotist doesn't have to bother with reasons—he just says so. Likewise a man with an "energetic style."

So let's skin this editorial. Let's lay off the style and examine the meat.

We find in that first section that Mr. Brisbane has not taken the time or trouble to penetrate his subject matter. He has never studied the economics of Socialism at all, and therefore he has no conception of the science which "Art Young and his friends" are teaching.

Neither Art nor any of his friends ever had the slightest notion that there are "villains at the top and good, virtuous, moral people at the bottom" of society. On the contrary, it is the essence of their theory to recognize that one and the same motive actuates all the people in their economic life, namely, the desire to get a living, and get as good a living as possible.

Our troubles arise not out of the sins of "bad men" or the weakness of "good men," but out of an irreconcilable *conflict of interests* among men who are neither good nor bad, but simply natural in looking out for their own economic welfare.

That is why Art Young called the fat man "Capitalism." Not a Capitalist, not Morgan or Rockefeller or any other "successful individual." Muck rakers and Sunday School teachers and editorial moralists would put it that way. But Young thought straight enough to put it the other way. And Brisbane didn't think straight enough to follow him.

Here is the second quotation:

"Mr. Young has a scornful arrow pointing at the badly developed skull of capitalism, with the lines, 'That wonderful directing brain.' Young's idea is that it really is not a wonderful directing brain, just a very fat, dull brain."

"But YOUNG DOESN'T EXPLAIN HOW IT HAPPENS THAT THE DULL BRAIN ALWAYS HAS THE FRUIT."

"It is not romantic or pleasant, but we must tell Mr. Young and his friends that as a matter of fact the man with the big fat fruit really HAS the wonderful directing brain."

"If he didn't have that he wouldn't have the fruit."

This idea that people at the top are there because they have "brains," is about as unanalytic and feeble and foolish as it is plausible. First, because the qualities it takes to make success in business competition are highly specialized and by no means to be described in general as "brains." Astuteness, cruelty, daring, practical imagination, pugnacity, energy, self-absorption, "cheek," are among them. But the chief quality of all those that make success in business is the quality of being completely hypnotized by the idea of success in business, so that it crowds all other ideas out of your mind. That is not the same thing as having "brains."

Therefore, *even if opportunity were equal for all*, this statement about the people with brains being at the top would be false.

But furthermore, opportunity is *not* equal for all. And Arthur Brisbane knows this. It doesn't take an economist to know it. Anybody can see that with the whole machinery of production owned by a part of

the population, and the rest of the population compelled to beg and pay tribute for the privilege of working this machinery—no fair contest of brains or ability exists. It is a handicap event, from start to finish. Vincent Astor is at the top. Where would he be if he had started scratch?

Yes, Mr. Brisbane knows that only the very rarest ability and good luck *minus capital* (or capitalistic connections) can compete with moderate ability *plus capital*. He knows that one class of our population enters the contest with capital, and another class enters without. And hence for another reason it is not the best "brains" that come out at the top.

The people who own this country—speaking generally—do not possess "that wonderful directing mind." At least it is not to be found in their own skulls. They get the benefit of it, of course. It is a part of their capital. But it is inside of somebody else's head.

Arthur Brisbane ought to know this, too, for he is Exhibit A in this department himself. He has a wonderful directing mind—no matter what we may think of the editorial—he has a wonderful directing mind. But in order to use it he has to hire out to the man at the top—the man who owns the machine. I guess he knows that opportunity is not equal in this country.

Here is the third quotation:

"These conditions will not be remedied by any agency except one, and that is EDUCATION. The best thing that ever was written is this: 'YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.' To be educated is to know the truth."

This appeal to education, appeal to the knowledge of truth, as the only savior of the world, is always an excellent peroration to an attack upon propaganda that you do not consider true. But it comes awkwardly at the end of this editorial in which the one statement of truth that was made in that picture has been systematically dodged—namely, that *the worker gets about one-eighth of the juice*.

That is the truth that Art Young and his friends are striving to teach to the enslaved workers of this country, and that is the truth that will make them free. Without that no truth will make them free. Discourse upon the stars and planets, and the Gallic wars, and the Egyptian mummies, and the geological fossils of prehistoric beetles forever, and therewith you may convey a great deal of *knowledge*, but so long as you continue to dodge around a clear, calm statement of vital, everyday fact, like this about "the fruit of his toil," you have no right to the word "education" and you have no right to the word "truth."



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

"HENRY, HERE'S AN ARTICLE ABOUT A GIRL WHO WENT WRONG—WHY, I THOUGHT THEY PASSED A MINIMUM WAGE LAW, OR SOMETHING, WHICH PREVENTED SUCH DISTRESSING THINGS."

A Dog in The Manger

AT the approach of the season of chill when everybody wants to get into a nice warm jail for the winter, it is interesting to note that millionaires have the right of way.

Thomas Mott Osborne, capitalist and philanthropist, entered Auburn Prison September 29th to serve a week's self-imposed sentence. He entered in a summer suit, got an outfit of nice warm gray flannels, socks, shoes and cap, a shave, hair cut, bread, coffee, bath, potatoes and sweet pickles—all free.

Now although he's a philanthropist, Mr. Osborne takes no note of the fact that he's filching food from the mouth of some poor devil who wants to go to jail and can't get in.

We're not saying that Mr. Osborne shouldn't be in jail.

But all up and down the Bowery you can find poor homeless, restless, roving devils who have a right to Mr. Osborne's sinecure. They're looking for a comfortable jail for the winter; but they can't go to a judge the way he did, and fix it up. The judge would tell them to go out and assault a cop, or get drunk, or snatch

a purse, or do some other thing highly disagreeable to a sensitive soul.

It is very discouraging that a millionaire can get into jail by divine right while a poor down-and-outer must painfully work his way in. It seems to me to be about the last straw. Society built the jails for the down-and-outers. This was the one place consecrated to their uses. And now even this is wide open for anybody that has a little money.

R. C. B.

Royalty

IF all the kings of heathendom and Christendom still more

Were spanked across the bottom and let out the kitchen door,

And told to earn their living and a little something more—

It wouldn't jar the course of things enough to raise a smile,

But it would make me happy and that would be worth while.

TOD O'SHEEL.

The Passing of The Horse

A LETTER in the *New York Times* tells of a stenographer whose eyes gave out and who turned to the farm for a livelihood.

"I had \$800," he says, "but was possessed of a good, strong wife, who did all the heavy work, such as plowing, planting, splitting wood, etc. A wife is an absolute necessity—on the farm. I am a Southerner by birth," he adds, "and am therefore naturally ambitious."

Or Anthony Comstock

ENGLAND is said to be considering a proposal to offer America Mrs. Pankhurst in exchange for Harry K. Thaw. It sounds good as it is, but couldn't we throw in Jerome?

Anyway homicide is apparently held in high esteem in England. Tom Mann was sent to jail for urging soldiers not to shoot workingmen, and now many of the leaders of the Conservative party, including dukes, lords and generals, are openly engaged in arming the people of Ulster to resist the enforcement of the Home Rule law.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

I MAKE CHEAP SILK

(The Story of a Fifteen-year-old Weaver in the Paterson Silk Mills, as Told by Her to Inis Weed and Louise Carey.)

TERESA led us through a narrow passage way and into an inviting little garden, containing patches of vegetables and a grape arbor. There were gates into the neighboring enclosures and pleasant goings to and fro. Children lived in these gardens, too—not on the street. What a contrast to the dreary back yards of so many American workers' houses—wastes of trash and empty cans! One grew quickly aware of a definite contribution from these Italians to the civic life of Paterson.

"It is like Italy!" was our involuntary exclamation as we sat down on the little bench by the grape arbor.

"Oh, no! It is not so beautiful like Italy," protested Theresa, shaking her pretty head.

We asked for her story. "How long have you lived in America?"

"I came when I was four, with my mother and my brother, but I went back when I was eight. I was with my mother when she went home to die."

"Do you like America?"

"No," thoughtfully, "I do not like this country. My mother did not like this country either." She paused broodingly. "She was not brought up to work. She spoke French as well as Italian, and she knew English before she came to America. Her father, my grandfather, has a silk mill near Naples. My mother was in school. She was only sixteen when she married. She made a mistake. After she married her life was very hard. When we came to America she went to work in the silk mills. She got consumption. The doctor said, 'You must not work so hard.' She said 'I must work for my children.' She got sick all the time. Some days the workers would bring her home fainting from the mills. She would tell people, 'Only for my children I would like to die.' All times she had a fever and some nights she was out of her head. Then she would say, 'I am so tired—I am so tired.'"

"One day she told father, 'I do not want to die in this country; I want to go back to Italy to die.' My mother had saved a little money. She took my brother and me and went back to her father in Caserta. In a few months my mother died."

"What became of you then?"

"Then my brother and I lived four years with our grandfather. I went to school three hours in the morning. I had a governess, too. She taught me music and embroidery, and would take me out in the hills in the afternoon. It was not like here. There was flowers everywhere. Even the poor people had flowers." Her eyes took on a far-away look. "I took my first Communion over there. It was lovely," clasping her hands, "with all the little white dresses and veils and candles and flowers. I still have my medal," fingering it on the slender chain at her neck.

"Then when I was twelve, my father came for my little brother and me. My grandfather he wanted to keep us always. But my father said, 'No, they are mine.' He got some law papers, and my grandfather had to give us up. Over here I went to school for a year. I made two grades in one year and I wanted to stay. But my father he kept talking about the day when I shall go to work. His wages had been cut a little at a time, so he received only half so much as when he first come. And my stepmother, she said, 'Yes, Teresa will soon be able to go to the mills.' The summer I was thirteen my father he said, 'Now you must go,' and he fixed it up at the City Hall. I cried, but I went to work as a winder in Hammil's mill."

There this child of thirteen walked back and forth ten hours a day, tending fifty-six spools. All Teresa remembers about that place is the ache in her feet, her longing to get out to play, and the crazing monotony of walking in front of the spindles like a little bear in a cage. One day she rebelled against this travesty on childhood and quit.

After resting a while Teresa became a ribbon pinner in Bamford's mill, then a ribbon weaver. She was so little the bosses had to make a bench for her to stand on so that she could reach over the loom to put in the ends.

"No, Bamford's is not a good place to work," was Teresa's reply to our questioning. "It's fierce every way. The air is bad. The windows are nailed down. The little panes that turn are never opened in winter, 'cause the boss he say he is afraid he should catch cold. In summer they are not open unless you ask. The floor is so rough great splinters stick into your shoes. It is very dirty, too, and other things are something fierce. But the girls in Bamford's other mill in Paterson say they have it worse; they are afraid of the rats. In winter they say there is no heat unless their fingers get so stiff they can't work fast. No, I don't know how it is in Bamford's Pennsylvania mill."

"When I started weaving ribbon my father and Mr. Bamford they made a contract over me for one year. Yes, all the other weavers are young like me and work on contract."

She began work at \$3 a week. After a month of weaving her wage was raised to \$3.75, then to \$4, and just about a month before the strike she began to get \$6. "Every pay we girls get only half. The mill holds back the other half until we've worked a year." And then the fines—for every conceivable offense. When the fines had been deducted from the half pay, there was sometimes only 78 cents a week left! If a child leaves before the year is up, the mill retains the unpaid half of the wage.

"Most of the girls go before the year is up," explained Teresa. "They rather lose the money than stay and be treated so mean. The bosses they holler and curse at you so. The superintendent and forelady, they aren't so bad, but they *have to holler* when the bosses come round."

Teresa tended two ribbon looms, a task too heavy for a strong man. She does not know how much she weaves. The little clocks that keep the count are locked up so the workers cannot see. The last day she worked on the single loom Teresa overheard the man who read the clocks say "twenty-two yards." That would be 352 yards of ribbon in a day. "I ask sometimes, how much I weave? They say, 'What for do you want to know? That girl over there weaves faster than you, you damn kid!'"

Indeed, Teresa's story was one long record of "speeding up." The child hurried out of bed by lamp light at half past five on winter mornings. She gulped her breakfast and arrived at the mill breathless from the haste born of anxiety lest she should not arrive before the door shut. If the children are late at Bamford's they are frequently locked out half a day and one whole day taken off their wages. At noon the little workers must rush if they are to have a chance to wash their hands and get a drink before being locked out into the hall where the workers sit on the stairs

to eat their lunch, stairs where the water leaks down on rainy days.

"Bye and bye," added Teresa, "I got so I felt sick. Every week I would have to go home two or three afternoons. It was such a pain in the pit of my stomach. The doctor said it was because I hurry so."

We continued to ply the child with questions—Had she had any other illness? "Yes, an accident. I was on the stairs one day eating my lunch. One of those big wheels with fire hose around came loose and fell on my head. And I don't know nothing after that for the whole afternoon. But they tell me I had fits. No, they didn't call in a doctor—not on your life. They had fear of a damage suit. They gave me a free ride home in their automobile that night. They would get enlargement of the heart and die if they did more. My father called the doctor. He said I should stay home a while and not go back to the mill until I felt good again. The top of my head hurt all the time, but I went back to work after five days. My father he had been on strike nine months and we needed the money."

The father, in the stress of the strike, went to a lawyer to see if there was any way to get the child's \$70 of back pay which was being held beyond the contract year on the ground that Teresa, owing to her head, had not worked a full year; but the lawyer said there was no escape from the contract.

In the fourteen weeks since she stopped working under this vicious contract she has gained eleven pounds. It is significant when compared with the fact that during her two years in the mills she gained only six pounds.

"I hate to go back to that mill," said Teresa, as we talked of her future. "I hate always to be fined and screamed at. Maybe a girl wastes a little silk. If they do not know who did it, they fine everyone of youse. Maybe you could not believe it, but they steal our hooks and scissors from us and then we have to buy them back again for thirty-five cents. Then we must clean up the mill Saturdays after twelve. No, we do not get paid for it. They take it out of our holiday."

"I want always to go back to Italy, but since the strike I am more happy here," with an unconscious gesture toward her heart. "We are all together. We stand solid. My father he says there will always be bosses. I say, 'Yes? Then we shall be the bosses.'"

"Yes, I am still a Catholic. These days I feel different. You go to confess and the priest he tries to find out all about the strike and he scolds us that we belong to the union. I like I. W. W. better than God. God, he don't talk for me like I. W. W."

"Yes," said Teresa after the strike, "for me it has paid me. I get 25 per cent. increase in my wages. All of us at Bamford's get a raise, and no more children in the mill, so then there will be no more contract system after we have finished our contracts and got our back pay. Nor do they holler at us so."

"The labor inspector, he is on the job, too, since the strike. You should see how he makes Bamford's take a brace. There are guards on the dangerous machinery. There are rattling fire alarms, and there is whitewash all over the place."

"Will this last, do you think?" we asked.

"I don't know. If it don't, we strike again."



Drawn by Richard Battle

PEACE ON EARTH—

Richard Battle

The Ancient And Honorable Offertory

A LOUD "Amen!"—the pastor then
Surveyed his silent flock,
While here and there a worshipper
Cast sheep's eyes at the clock.

A solemn pause (which always awes);
The deacons four uprose;
The congregation sighed and searched
Supinely through its clothes.

The people kneeled, the organ pealed
A sacred roundelay;
The pastor raised his arms and smiled:
"Now, brethren, let us prey!"

W. P. LAWSON.

NEW-YORK seems pleased over a Supreme Court
decision that the beach at low tide belongs to
the state and that the public is entitled to the free use
of it. Here is an opportunity for the Socialist song
writer: "All the land will be tide land bye and bye."

H. B.

Just Suppose, Mr. Conserv- ative

THAT as often as William Waldorf Astoria tried to
land on these fair shores he should be detained
at Ellis Island as an idler and hence as an undesir-
able citizen;

That whenever there was a big railroad wreck Mr.
Biltmore and Mr. George Ghaul should be haled to a
police station and put through the third degree to find
out if they had lived up to all the legal railroad regu-
lations;

That a dictagraph should be secretly slipped into Mr.
John D. Rockefeller's sanctum to find out just what he
was talking about;

That whenever Chancellor Night lectured on the "Ad-
vantage of Having Billionaires Among Us" indignant
citizens should turn a hose on him;

That any university professor who declared wealth
rightfully belonged to the non-producers should lose
his job.

Can you suppose all those things? If so, you can
understand how some people feel in these piping times
as often as they pick up a newspaper.

Theatrical Seasoning

FROM THE NEW YORK BLEAT'S COLUMN OF
DRAMATIC "CRITICISM" TUESDAY MORNING
THERE is no doubt that the "Hit of the Season"
is in for a long run judging by the way it was
received at the Solid Gold Theater last evening. After
the third act, etc., etc., etc."

FROM THE SAME COLUMN THREE DAYS
LATER

"Saturday night will mark the last performance of
'The Hit of the Season' as the Solid Gold will be
dark next week while undergoing extensive altera-
tions."

FROM THE JAY CITY BUGLE—ONE WEEK
LATER

"Next Wednesday patrons of the Jay City Opera
House will have the pleasure of seeing the latest great
success from New York. When 'The Hit of the Sea-
son' ended its long run in America's largest city there
was some talk of sending the production to London,
but Messrs. Smith and Smithstein, the owners, decided
that the American public was entitled to first sight of
the original cast in this notable production which, deal-
ing as it does with one of the vital problems of, etc."

HORATIO WINSLOW.



— ClintonKamp —

Drawn by Clintonkamp

Voting Machines

Tale Appropriate

To Be Told By An Elderly Gentleman To His Grandson

YESTERDAY, William, I brought you with me to our pastor, where at my wish you signed a solemn pledge never to touch tobacco or liquor in any form. To-day I have taken you out walking with me in order that you might see the reasonableness of my request.

Do you observe that great silent automobile which is about to pass us? Then look with particular attention at the old gentleman reclining so comfortably on the back seat, for that is Wordsworth Ernest Smith—better known as The Faithful Worker.

Sixty years ago Wordsworth, then a poor boy like yourself, had just signed the pledge. His dear father, however, instead of sending him to school was forced to apprentice him to the machinist's trade at \$2.50 the week.

But before Mr. Smith, Senior, left his son he gave him three gifts: a Bible, a book of temperance songs wherewith to cheer his mates at their noonday repasts, and the address of a reliable savings bank.

Young Wordsworth Smith was a good boy. Each week he put two dollars of his humble wages in the savings bank, and with the remaining fifty cents paid for his room and board, and bought such clothes as he needed. It is hardly necessary to tell you that he dropped a penny into the plate every Sunday, and each Christmas sent to his dear mother some appropriate poem clipped from the pages of the weekly paper subscribed for by his landlady.

In time as he grew more skilled his salary was increased, first to three dollars a week and then to four; and finally he was making as much as two dollars a day.

But Wordsworth was not the sort of young man to squander what he earned. He did not steal into foul alleys away from decent people, so that he could puff at cigarettes, nor on Saturday nights did he allow his stomach to be eaten away by that liquid with whose name I shall not contaminate your young ears.

Instead he spent his leisure hours working overtime, and many and many a week his envelope contained thirteen dollars and seventy-two cents instead of the customary twelve.

To cut a long story short, Wordsworth Smith stayed at his bench day after day and year after year. Last week he retired. In addition to a magnificent automobile he owns a splendid ocean-going steam yacht, a country place next to John D. Rockefeller's, a stable of fine horses and a chateau in France. And you seldom pick up a Sunday paper without learning that he is engaged to some beautiful comic opera star.

You see, William, he has been able to do all this because in spite of his humble position, he worked steadily and saved his earnings, instead of squandering them on tobacco or strong drink.

Appropriate response to be made by grandson at conclusion of tale:

Yes, yes, dear grandfather, and now let us hasten home to the sideboard, for I perceive by your trembling voice that the effect of the Good Health Tonic which you took after dinner is rapidly wearing off.

HORATIO WINSLOW.

PATERSON

Rose Pastor Stokes

OUR folded hands again are at the loom.
The air
Is ominous with peace.
But what we weave you see not through the gloom.
'Tis terrible with doom.

Beware!

You dream that we are weaving what you will?

Take care!

Our fingers do not cease:

We've starved—and lost; but we are weavers still;
And Hunger's in the mill!

And Hunger moves the Shuttle forth and back.

Take care!

The product grows and grows

A shroud it is; a shroud of ghastly black.

We've never let you lack!

Beware!

The Warp and Woof of Misery and Defeat

Take care!—

See how the Shuttle goes!

Our bruised hearts with bitter hopes now beat:

The Shuttle's sure—and fleet!

Provincial Suffragists

THE "Barbary Coast," San Francisco's unsavory dive district, faces extinction at the hands of the women voters. Evidently these provincial ladies way out West have been too busy with their housecleaning to read Mrs. Dodge's charge that the suffragists are responsible for the present vogue of indecency in dancing, literature, plays and dress.

H. B.

Judge and be Unjudged

"YOU would be better off if you were dead," said one of our County Judges recently in sentencing a thief.

Do you appreciate the full, rich sleekness and hypocrisy of that? The dull, fat Pharisee sits upon the bench and passes sentence upon those who come before him. This one displeases him—"My good fellow, you were better off dead." Coarse, brutal, cynical, incisive—in short, judicial.

The thief didn't protest. He hung his head and whimpered something about fourteen dollars the police had stolen when they searched him.

I was interested in the matter and took the trouble to look into it. It seems that a judge may say what he pleases to a prisoner before him. Most of them do. The man has no redress—unless when he comes out he wants to take a pot shot at the judge.

"You're a fine-looking bunch to be educating American workmen," said Judge Mansfield of McKeesport to six organizers last month. One of them was a woman. These judges are a fine-looking bunch to be given the power of God-damning their fellow men with impunity.

JAMES HENLE.

When is a Boycott

GEORGE WINTHROP FOLSOM has publicly announced to the merchants of Lenox, Massachusetts, that he will buy nothing from those who advertise on billboards. He seems to think that the Berkshire Hills are better scenery than Mr. Mennen's face or a lifelike portrait of a bottle of catsup. But if Mr. Folsom should add that he would buy nothing advertised in an "unfair" paper would he be a boycotter?

H. B.

A Misguided Panic

WALL STREET has asked the War Department to fortify Governor's Island and put a regiment there to protect the financial district from the mob in case of riot. Judging from the present shortage of lambs, what Wall Street needs is not to keep the people out, but bring them in.

H. B.

A WEARY burden ponderously borne,
An interval of pain, that seems eternity,
A wee dependent wailing thing forlorn,
A woman prone.
Oh God! Is this maternity? G. H. SMITH.



Maurice Becker

Drawn by Maurice Becker

The Uncur

PEDLARS



ped "Curb"



Drawn by Maurice Becker

Natural Selection Run Riot

Shocking Sight Encountered by Our Leading Eugenist on Broadway

Free Speech on Trial

On October fourth, Frederick Sumner Boyd, who was indicted during the Paterson strike for advocating sabotage, was sentenced to serve from one to seven years in Trenton Prison, and to pay a fine of five hundred dollars. The court which convicted Boyd had already sentenced Alexander Scott, an editor, to fifteen years, because he dared to criticize the Paterson police for clubbing men and women on strike. Five other I. W. W. organizers are awaiting trial for exercising their Constitutional rights of free assembly and free speech. They are: William D. Haywood, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Carlo Tresca, Patrick L. Quinlan and Adolph Lessig.

As Boyd is the first labor organizer to be convicted of advocating sabotage, it is vitally important for all labor organizations that his case be taken through the courts. As this number goes to press, there is not enough money collected to permit Boyd to appeal his case. Are the workers going to let Boyd go to jail like Ben Legere and his comrades in Little Falls, or will they free him as they freed Ettor and Giovannitti in Lawrence? Money is needed, and it must come from the workers. Upon Boyd's acquittal or conviction depends the acquittal or conviction of every future strike-leader. **YOU ARE ON TRIAL.** Send all contributions for the Boyd Defense Fund to Miss Jessie Ashley, 27 Cedar Street, New York City.

Tophet Tattlings

WARMER!

Hot enough for you?

No white Christmas this year.

B. B. Beelzebub, our well known weather prophet, says we needn't look for a cold winter.

George W. Satan, the genial proprietor of Dew Drop Inn, says he has some red hot stuff for the live ones.

Reverend Scroochem, who for the last forty years has been preaching hell sermons to the little ones, arrived late last night. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," snickered the Head Stoker when he saw the Reverend's condition this morning.

Mr. Kipling's Tomlinson tried yesterday for the fifth time to register, pleading that since his fourth attempt he had been going the limit as a New York Policeman and had earned his admission. He was very properly turned down. According to latest advices from above every New York cop is eight shades whiter than the driven snow. Ring the seventh bell upstairs, Tommy.

Old Doc Dives says he is going to organize an Old Settlers' Association. Great stuff, Doc. But don't let enthusiasm for the past keep you from entending the hot hand to the shrinking newcomer. Boost our Eighty Billion Club.

Some little winter resort we are—huh?

No rain.

Wow!

HORATIO WINSLOW.

Fuss, Feathers And Philosophy

DANIEL CARSON GOODMAN'S "Hagar Revelly" furnishes the first two ingredients, Walter Lippmann's "A Preface to Politics" the third. Taken together they present a remarkable contrast. To begin with they have much in common. Both of them have received almost unanimous approbation, both are published by Mitchell Kennerley, both are attempts to express the insurgent and blundering spirit of the age, and both (it seems unnecessary to add) are written by young men. Lippmann's volume is a collection of eight very serious essays; Goodman's is a "veristic" novel which one may, no doubt, take seriously. And yet Lippmann's facts are not alone more vivid but far more entertaining reading than Goodman's fiction. The chapters on "The Taboo" and "The Making of Creeds" in particular reveal as clear and alert a mind as one may find in this broad (in a geographical sense) land. Quite apart from the very important matter of the volume, Lippmann's keen and incisive manner is something to relish and remember. In the chapter on "Routineer and Inventor" he says, "I am tempted to put in the same class those radicals who wish simply to substitute some other kind of machine for the one we have. Their perceptions are more critical than the ordinary conservatives. They do see that humanity is badly squeezed in the existing mould. They have enough imagination to conceive a different one. But they have an infinite faith in moulds." It is a finely-tempered mind that makes such chapters as those on The Chicago Vice Report ("Well-Meaning but Unmeaning," Lippmann calls it) an impressive and staggering criticism. In fact, it is this edged questioning and an insistence on a new and more personal adjustment that makes the book something more than a splendid revolutionary document. Passionate unrest and vigorous hatred are not enough, he urges; they are futile without a sympathetic grasp of human desires and needs, irrespective of economics or ethics. It is a gradual but complete education that is most necessary. "If men remain slaves either to ideas or to other men, it will be because they do not know they are slaves," concludes Lippmann. "Their intention is to be free. Their desire is for a full and expressive life and they do not relish a lop-sided and lamed humanity. For the age is rich with varied and generous passions."

Mr. Goodman, on the other hand, is mostly concerned with one passion. And, because of this, his book has been given all sorts of free advertising by members of White Slave committees, hysterical reviewers, Ida Tarbell and Anthony Comstock. The last named guardian of the public virtue had Mr. Kennerly arrested for sending Goodman's book through the mail, charging it was "lewd, lascivious, indecent and filthy." Ida Tarbell, on the contrary, wrote, "You have found out a secret more difficult than why girls go wrong, and that is why thousands upon thousands of girls go right in spite of hardship and work." The first of these two contrary opinions is nothing but pious blatherskite; the second is even more pious piffle. There is absolutely nothing in the volume that gives the reader a reason for why girls go either right or wrong, any more than there is anything but the most journalistic realization of life in any of its prolix pages. Hagar is by no means a new or arresting type—she is the weak, semi-pathetic woman who has nothing to give the world but her sex, and so drifts along from one tawdry love affair to another—but she has been portrayed ever so much more faithfully and with ten times more art by half a dozen men. It is difficult to get very excited about so poor a copy of better work—the book reads like a dull and

unskilful boiling down of Sudermann's "Song of Songs," Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" and Dreiser's "Jennie Gerhardt." All of which explains why it has been hailed with such rubber stamp enthusiasms. It seemed "grim" to the reviewers, therefore it carried "the robe of Turgenev"; it was "frank and realistic," therefore the author was "an American Zola"—and so on! The whole trouble is that Mr. Goodman seems to have started out with an idea, run foul of a lot of literature and finally lost both the idea and himself in his struggles to get free. At the end one gets the disappointing impression that Mr. Goodman has very little to say and that "Hagar Revelly" says it very badly.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

a message. At last he raised his hand and cried . . . On eagerly turning the page I read: 'Uneda Biscuit!'

How long will it be before stories are written with page "leave-offs" designed to carry weight with the announcement over leaf? For instance, the last words of a story on page 692 could be: "The Ramours were childless . . ." and page 693 could follow-up advantageously with "Have you a little fairy in your home?"

Little exception could be taken to this welding of fact and fiction. It would make the advertisements and stories more consecutive and readable. The author



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain

Adulterated Stories

FOR quite a while the fiction of some magazines has slopped over into the advertising; but now stories are started next to Pianola pages, and before long we may expect to see the notice, "Continued in the reading section."

One author says: "Just imagine, when I had at last found my great masterpiece in print on the page following one consecrated to thermos bottles, I read with interest until I came to the last words on the page, which were: 'His every look was pregnant with

himself, at two or three cents a word, could think up good things like this:

Page 249. "Ah, yes, the echo of her crazed cry floats back to my ears; it floats . . ." Page 250. "What floats? Ivory Soap."

Neater still, the pictures with the advertisements (which, by the way, the magazine gets for nothing) could serve the double purpose of illustrating the story as well as the more important matter accompanying it. There are possibilities all along the line.

ROBERT C. BROWN.

THE STORY OF MICHAEL SHEA

Mary Heaton Vorse

WHEN Lester Robinson, the cub reporter, dropped in on his friend, Mrs. Phelan, to get a story he found the gas had been lighted in her sitting room back of her pawnshop. Mrs. Phelan was saying good-bye to a Mr. and Mrs. Shea. The man's black eyes had pupils of extraordinary size, which, with the peculiar blackness of his hair, gave him a wild look that contrasted oddly with the prosperous air which shone from him and his wife; it fought with the slightly querulous expression and jangled with the subject under discussion.

"Well," said Mrs. Shea, "you comin', Michael? You know what'll happen to dinner, Mrs. Phelan, if I ain't there. He can't eat things the girl fries."

"She's got you spoiled, Michael," Mrs. Phelan chided affectionately.

After the buzz of leave-taking no one spoke. She broke the silence with:

"Seems queer to me somtimes to think of Michael livin' quiet and happy. Seems queer to me to think of Black Michael Shea goin' 'round hitched to a cook-stove an' thinkin' o' whether this otta be flavored a little more or otta be served hotter. You know, Mr. Rob'n's'n, the Irish is the woist cooks in the woild by nature, but they've got imagination, so you can learn 'em to cook. But when you show me an Irishman who's fussy about his food, I'll show you an Irishman who's *fell*. Real Irishmen are too full o' fight or love or politics or sport—too full o' *feelin'* to know what they're eatin' so there's a big dish of it. They're by nature romantic an' they show it by the way they crack each others' heads open for no reason but they want a scrap. That's what I call idealism, when a man wants to fight for somethin' so bad he'll fight for nothin'. Michael Shea wouldn't fight for nothin' but his own comfort *now*. He'd lick a man who stepped on his toe, becuz his toe wuz hoit an' not becuz 'twas stepped on—an' when a man changes from one to th' other he's gone an awful long way.

"I've known Michael a long time an' it's becuz o' him that I ain't got no faith in youth no more'n I have in looks. I see you now, Mr. Rob'n's'n, chasin' 'round after stories; reachin' out here an' there, an' tryin' to understand folks which is the beginnin' of all there is to livin' in the woild. An' before I'd knowed Michael I'd said, 'There's a gen'rous boy; the heart in him beats lively, an' he uses the eyes in his head to see. Mebbe he'll write somethin' I c'n read sometime.'

"I can't read nuthin' they write about this burg, Mr. Rob'n's'n, 'xcept what's in the papers, becuz the things they write ain't no more Noo York'n a Sunday School picnic's a strike. So I mighta thought you was goin' to learn something, but now I know most likely it's juss becuz you're young that makes you stare at this big, old whoilpool like you was hypnotized. I'd a sworn to Gawd Michael Shea woulda lasted till the end, instead he's tied to a chain o' stew pans an' that's a sad end f'r any brave man.

"Listen now an' I'll tell yah a story o' Michael Shea. I'd known Michael Shea a while an' liked him, though 'twas like havin' a torpedah eatin' out o' your hand to have Michael around. In the depths he was, down in the black pit, an' next he'd be walkin' from star to star. An' becuz o' the two was how he took to Kitty Delorme, which wasn't her name.

"She was a pretty thing with a loose mouth to her an' big, blue eyes—the kind fellahs think is innercent an' that ladies know ain't. Michael was bordin' with

the Mehans—the boardin' house where ole Mehan was lettin' his wife slave f'r him an' crushin' her life outa her, breakin' her heart sneerin' at her. Mehan swelled 'round grand in his boardin' house, screwin' rent outa them he could bully an' usin' the money for himself an' never forgivin' her for supportin' him. He was *kep'* if ever a man was, an' somethin' better in him musta made him sick at himself so he took it out on his wife and his step-daughter, who was a sweet slip of a goil with not a woid to say for herself, an' who set back an' watched her Ma bein' torchared without sayin' nothin' fear o' makin' things woise, an' in between times holdin' her Ma to her soft, comfortin' heart.

"When Michael brought Kitty to the boardin' house:

"'Who is she?' says Ole Mehan, swaggerin' an' clawin' his mustache fierce.

"'None o' your business,' says Michael, 'but I'll tell yah who she's goin' to be, an' that's Mis' Michael Shea,' an' he pats the shoulder o' Kitty, who looked up to him half scared. I guess it was the foist time in her life Kitty ever hoid an altar ment'oned.

"'Gawd!' Phelan says to me. 'Call him off, Lily. That ain't no goil f'r him to *marry*. She's told him a story about bein' desoited that wouldn't sting a wise year-old child. Wy, she's learned her piece right outen a mellerdrummer an' Michael thinks she's an ill-treated angel.'

"Well, there wasn't much I could say to Michael. Someway I loved him f'r believin' in her. After she'd be'n fed an' had a bunch o' clo'es bought her an' warmed herself in the love o' him, she begun to feel kinder stiff-jointed in the part Michael'd cast her for. A reel woman with a heart woulda tried anyhow, but she was jest natchral slack. I ain't blamin' *her*. She hadn't never loved Michael. He'd just come along like other men had come along, an' after the love had gone outa her to one o' her own kind. Anyhow she'd gone that way too young, an' there wasn't nothin' to save her. She missed the easy life an' excitement.

"We seen it comin'. We trembled for what'd happen. We seen her sneakin' out, meetin' this an' that o' the ole crowd. I seen her takin' stiff drinks behin' Michael's back. She loved to *feel*—Kitty did—an' she'd be'n through so much it tuk somethin' to *make* her. So she tuk to playin' with life an' death behin' the back o' Black Michael Shea. An' all the time he was bowin' before her's though she was the queen o' heaven.

"Folks begun talkin' f'r they seen her with the fella who used her so. He come hangin' 'round now she was married decent. But Michael Shea never seen nothin'.

"One day he come in here, an' if ever I see hell fire I seen it in Michael Shea's eyes.

"'Here,' sez he, shovin' all his stuff over the counter, 'give me what you can.'

"'Though I knew what was up—'W'at's eatin' you?' I asked.

"'There's one man too many alive on this earth—an' I'm goin' to put that straight.'

"'Speak out—tell w'at's happened an' w'at money you need,' I sez.

"'Kitty's gone,' he tells me, an' his teeth gritted horrible. 'The man that kicked her out an' desoited her's come back. They got scared o' me an' they've gone—her an' he—an' I'll foller 'em to the end o' the earth an' I'll kill him with me own han's before her eyes. Now you know what's happened—an' now w'at'll you give?'

"I tried to stop him:

"'Leave be,' I sez. 'Tain't worth your w'ile swingin' f'r her—'tain't her you're in love with, Michael Shea!'

"'Who is it?' he asks fierce.

"'Keep your shoit on,' I tells him. 'W'en I tell you it's yourself; your ideels are w'at you're cryin' over—an' our ideels is made up of one-tenth w'at we is an' nine-tenths wanta be, an' then the virtues toined inside out so'sta fit a woman—the Kitty Shea you're crazy over's named Michael.'

"He didn't answer, but stood waitin' f'r me to come over on his stuff. You've hoid about folks bein' possessed? Well, that was w'at Michael Shea was. I hadn't otta a give nothin'. He was goin' out to murder. F'r his own sake—I hadn't otta a give him nothin', but he stood there waitin' an' I handed him I dunno how much more'n his stuff was woith, an' he stuck it in his pocket an' lit out.

"Friends writ 'em Michael was on their trail, an' they kep' amovin' an' Michael movin' fast after them. As long as the power was on him he seemed to know the way to 'em; as long as he was possessed he done to others w'at he done to me. If he got bust he'd get money somehow jest by askin' f'r it. He'd tell his story straight an' whoever he asked done as he said.

"Men in gamblin' houses went down in their pants' pockets f'r him; once 'twas the president of a bank.

"'I otta hand yah over to the sheriff,' he sez, 'but here's good luck to yah.'

"Michael told me an' Phelan that, settin' in this very room, when countin' up w'at he owed. He didn't seem to see nothin' queer in it, which is to have faith in w'at you're doin'. Michael had the faith that moves mountains. He was possessed, an' no one could stan' in his way.

"The day he come back he come in, an' right off when I seen him I seen there was more wrong than when he started.

"'Oh, Michael,' I bawls out, never thinkin' how fierce I sounded, 'didn't yah get him?'

"'I got him,' sez Michael, 'all right.'

"'Oh, Michael,' I sez, 'you never *killed* him!'

"Michael laughed an' my hair riz to hear him:

"'Gee!' sez he. 'Wimmin's bloodthoisty,' he sez. 'Look at yah with Salome eyes in yah head the size 'v saucers. You'd dance,' sez he, 'with his head on a platter, an' him nothin' to yah.'

"'Then yah didn't kill him?' I asks, kinda disappointed in my heart. 'Twas very like ladies who was frien's o' Michael's, though our common sense loined us better. Well, Mr. Rob'n's'n, when I asks that—

"'I found 'em,' sez he, 'out to Cheyenne. I went to the hotel they was at an' knocked at the door. 'Come in,' sez they, an' I went inside an' locked the door. Gawd I was glad! I seen 'em shrivel up before me; I seen him get grey an' sick. It was sweeter'n I thought. I stood an' watched 'em an' none of us hadn't nothin' to say—me, becuz I was enjoyin' myself, an' them f'r fear o' me. I was a fool—I stood there proud like a turkey gobbler to see the fear in 'em. I talked like a fool—for when I got good an' ready—*good an' ready*, an' no one had stirred han' or foot:

"'Yah seem to know w'at I come f'h, Mis' Shea,' sez I.'

Mrs. Phelan paused, her eyes on the blue flames flickering over the fire:

"Mr. Rob'n's'n," she went on, "Michael Shea put his head in his hands an' groaned:

"'My Gawd! My Gawd! Kitty Shea made a



Drawn by Arthur Young

At the Edge of the Crater

squawk between a pig an' a rabbit! She made a noise like a scared pig—an' then I seen her! I seen her like she was—shaller an' scared—shaller an' cheap—dirt like the man she was with. If she was *bad* I'd feel diff'runt.'

"You're hard to please," sez I, tryin' to choke off his agony, but he didn' hear me even.

"Badness has *guts*," he sez. "W'at did I want killin' the shiv'rin' lover o' that scared fool? There wasn't nothin' there to kill—nor nothin' to hoit. Gawd! Gawd! Gawd!" he sez, an' he raised his fists an' shook 'em above his head in his torment. "All I loved in the woild, *ain't*, an' never has been, an' never will be—an' there's a woman named Kitty Shea, named w'at my woman was named, an' with her looks an' the body o' her walkin' 'round the earth. When I seen her I wanted to kill *her* so there wouldn't be no woman by that name—not for murder, but like you'd step on a bug. I was afraid—afraid I'd kill a woman—an' with him pleadin' an' her squawkin'—I left them. An' by night an' day I can't have peace or rest to think that there's one with no heart or soul in her, walkin' on top o' the earth with the body of Kitty Shea."

"Stop yah bellerin'," sez I to him, for I seen somethin' had to be done. "I'm tired o' the noise yah make becuz yah found a woman wasn't woith chokin' a man for, an' the man too rotten to be choked by an honest man's hand. Yah otta be thankin' Gawd that yah found it out before the murder instead o' after when you was on yah way to the chair. I'm taken up with real sufferin'," sez I. "Pore Mis' Mehan's dyin' an' Mehan's not makin' her last days sweet. Go on an' settle him like yah know how, Michael Shea."

"Which he done, an' Mis' Mehan passed easier becuz o' him."

"A few days later an' back he comes."

"How's Mamie," I ast, 'sence her mother's dead? Is she bearin' up?"

"Gran'," sez Michael. "She's glad her mother's dead, an' at rest—she's *glad*." It made him shiver, for it showed him what that pore child had been through.

I guess she'd lived with a heart that trembled night an' day for her pore, suff'rin' mother.

"An' you, Michael Shea," sez I. "You're a fine man, ain't yah? Your misrubbul, puny heart's boist inside yah, becuz yah made up a woman an' she toined out someone else. Yah think yah got the dimon' belt for suff'rin', don't yah? An' that little goil you seen, every day's been crucified to the cross an' ain't opened her head. Bullieve me—she's some class!"

"He set there thinkin' an' thinkin', an' he got up sudden an' went away without sayin' a woid."

"I never seen him again until the day they was married."

"I come in to see you foist," he sez, 'bein' 'twas you who sent me to Mamie.' He looked at her, an' it was one o' them looks that makes yah see why marriage's a sacrament. "'Twas livin' in the house with her made me think all wimmin was like her—it was soakin' of the goodness of her give me ideels," he sez.

"An' mabbe 'twas, though I'd a swore he'd scarcely known pore little Mamie was in the house. But she wasn't no pore Mamie in his eyes. When I had a chanct to talk to her on the side I sez, quiet:

"Yah know what yah are, don't yah? You're the heart o' life f'r him."

"I know it," sez she, soft an' quiet.

"He's been sore hoit," sez I.

"He'll never be hoit again," sez she. "I'll stan' between all hoits an' him."

"He thinks you're the queen o' heaven an' there's stars in your crown."

"I'll keep 'em bright," sez she. She looked like she'd just hoid Gawd speaking.

"Yah both come outa hell to heaven—God bless yah," I sez. "Love an' comfort her forever, Michael," I sez."

Mrs. Phelan laughed, and her laughter didn't ring mirthfully in the ears of Lester Robinson.

"I talked that day like a priest, an' all the time I was an old fool. It's not the sight o' sin makes my heart toin to water, nor the suff'rin' or injustice o'

this woild spoils my trust in life, but it's w'at the soft places can do to a man and woman. When them there two went outa here, him with his black, wild head toined t'ward her tender, an' her with the looks of a Madonna listenin' to angel voices, my heart beat. I thought I'd seen somethin' woith livin' for, that'd last more'n a second—I reely bullieved it. You know me—I got a hard head. That's how 'tis that there's some things hoits me becuz they're so beautiful—men an' goils when they love each other; little kids an' the way their mothers look at 'em. The more you know, the more such things hoit. They hoit becuz you know they won't last no more'n sunrise. But this fooled me.

"Now lissun to the end—listen to w'at they done with life that Gawd had give 'em over—for they was born again."

"She went home an' made him a set o' habits waise'n drink. He couldn't stir han' or foot without her. Gawd! Mamie—she filled his stommick so full that he couldn't dream o' love no more, an' she usta be somethin' to dream over, for she'd come from hell to heaven in a night. She thought so much about the creature comforts o' Michael Shea that he nor she don't think o' no other thing."

"Michael Shea an' Mamie stink o' comfort like all Noo York does. They don't love each other no more, for they don't love nothin'. Folks bear sorrahs fine, but I ain't seen the man or woman w'at can stan' much o' comfort an' happiness."

Mrs. Phelan brooded a while, her eyes wandering over the crowded walls, over the jetsam of years that had accumulated in the back-water of a pawnshop.

"They're jest so-so," she pronounced. "Jest like they're so-so, an' all them blood an' tears an' all that suff'rin' all wasted. Poil Essenheimer says that what I mind is 'em growin' up, an' everythin's gotta grow up."

Mrs. Phelan rested her head, crowned with its pale gold "cwaffer" on her large hand, and her elbow on her knee.

"Sunrise can't last, I know, but I thought to see one day that would stay fine till noon," she said.



Drawn by H. S. Turner

WHO GAVE YOU THAT BLACK EYE?
WHO GIVES ME ANYTHING? I HAD TO FIGHT FOR IT.

TO KIPLING

VILE singer of the bloody deeds of empire,
And of the bravery that exploits the poor,
Exalter of subservience to masters,
Bard of the race that bound and robbed the Boer—

We note your metaphors that shine and glisten,
But, underneath your sounding verse, we see
The exploitation and the wide corruption,
The lying, and the vice, and misery.

Your people lay upon the backs of others—
The bullet, and the prison, and the rod,
Wherewith ye scourge the races that subserve you,
And then blaspheme by blaming it on God.

Harry Kemp.

Freedom for Men!

I DON'T believe woman's urge toward political emancipation had its origin in women. I think men are at the base of the movement—weakened men who are struggling to strengthen themselves.

Women universally never wanted equal suffrage, or they'd have it today. Women have always had what they wanted and will continue to have, because history and observation prove that they are the Stronger Sex.

The Vampire is a woman, and the Sphinx; the moon a lady, ships and locomotives feminine; why, the whole Earth and all Nature we call Mother. The devil is a man, and in thinking of things given masculine attributes about the only other one that comes to mind is the Goat.

Nearly every enduring story or drama relates how a woman made or ruined a man's life, or how a mother saved her boy.

Women have always been stronger in sympathy, endurance, sentiment, martyrdom and sheer courage.

The women have it. From the beginning, in their strength they seized the privilege to coddle and spoil man. They've picked him up and carried him ever since; they've borne him, loved, and fought for him. Now men are coming along, raising their heads and voices and shouting, "We won't be your little boys. We won't be spoiled anymore. We won't accept the double standard you have given us. We're going to share this thing, and you women have got to take the vote. We won't allow ourselves to be weakened any more. We won't be your little boys. We won't hold the purse. We won't accept all this sacrifice and suffering. We're going to make you take the vote and accept motherhood pensions. We're going to grow as strong as you."

I am a feminist. I believe in women. I know people are right when they say mother-love is the greatest thing in the world.

I have a mother, the same as any other man, and she tries to spoil me; I have a wife, the same as every other man's (in that she is far above the average), and she does spoil me; I have a daughter two years old, and this mother and wife are already conspiring to teach the baby girl to spoil me when she's old enough. They're going to make me a powerful puppet in petty matters. They'll have me carve the roast, and accept the biggest helpings of everything without return. I don't want to be spoiled. I know it's only a weak creature's plea, but I earnestly desire to accept half the burden. A great many men fell the same as I do, and it's that feeling which is responsible for the wave of Suffrage (long may she wave!).

Votes for women and freedom for men!

Welfare Work

SCHMIDT, the priest, assassin and counterfeiter, whose homicide industry was blasted in its infancy, seems to have had a comprehensive plan for ending the lives of cripples, paralytics and sufferers from incurable ailments.

"Any man," he says, "is foolish who wishes to live out his life on earth. I meant to benefit those I killed."

Sort of welfare work, apparently, beneficent in purpose but not democratic in administration. H. B.



Glenn Coleman

Drawn by Glenn Coleman

THE EARLY MORNING CALL

Why the Boyd Case is Important

THE Law is governed by precedents. In order to hold to some consistent line of proceeding, amidst the deluge of hasty and conflicting legislation enacted every year by our legislatures, the courts model their decisions on those of preceding judges. That is why precedents are so important. The Boyd case will establish a precedent—a precedent vitally important for the whole future of labor. The workers alone can

acquit Boyd. If Boyd is convicted, all future strike-leaders are convicted. All manufacturers are watching the Boyd case, to see if Labor will stand by its leaders. Read "Free Speech on Trial," on page 14.

Why We Are a Socialist

MOST New York apartment-houses barring children, the New York School Board has finally forbidden teachers to become mothers, or vice-versa.

Pretty soon it will be perfectly safe to pass that Motherhood Pension Law.

Philosophy

I'M glad that meat and things have soared
So high the've left us blinking:
It helps—this extra rise in board—
High living brings plain thinking.

THE WORLD-WIDE BATTLE LINE

William English Walling

The Birth-Strike Again

CLARA ZETKIN, editor of the German party's paper for women *Die Gleichheit*, has now made it clear that she does not oppose the restriction of births when it is done on private grounds, but only when it is done for alleged public reasons—such as limiting the supply of future soldiers or workmen.

Kautsky, however, attributes even these private grounds to poverty and other capitalistic conditions, thus implying that there will be little if any restriction of births under Socialism.

Kautsky also argues that if the restriction of births goes very far it will even harm Socialism rather than help it. The quality of mothers and children might be improved, but to Socialism (according to Kautsky) the quantity of workers is more important than quality: "An improvement of quality at the expense of quantity would be more harmful than the contrary tendency." Kautsky's fear is lest "backward groups of workers take the place of the superior." Examples would doubtless be if the children of the Poles or Chinese took the places that might have been filled by the children of Germans or Americans. This is also the view of Roosevelt, of Sidney Webb, and of many American Socialists.

South American Socialists vs. The United States

THE Socialist party and labor unions of this country, while opposing intervention in Mexico—along with Mr. Bryan, and millions of other citizens—have done little to prevent war, and almost nothing to help the struggling peons.

It is not surprising then, that the leaders of the new movement of the Argentine Socialist to call a South American Socialist congress, chiefly to protect South American countries from the United States, say nothing about inviting our Socialists.

The German Party Machine

THE official weekly of the German party prints the following description of the party machine, by a well-known Berlin Socialist:

"The official machine not only administers, it governs. It reaches decisions over the heads of the masses, and for the masses. It more and more cuts the masses out, as if its motto were: I am the organization. . . ."

"The interests of the masses require perpetual innovation. The interests of the bureaucracy require stagnation, stable, self-dependent 'order.' . . ."

The writer demands as a remedy for this undemocratic form of organization, the use of the referendum, as in this and other countries.

Primarily Parliamentary

THE German Socialist party, in voting down the resolution of Rosa Luxemburg by nearly three to one, shows that its work is primarily, though not exclusively, centered on the floor of the Reichstag. The resolution read:

"In order to keep awake militant energy and idealism among the organized, and to carry along the unorganized in critical moments and win them permanently for the political and labor union organizations, our tactics must consciously put the center of the struggle in the action of the masses."

It is encouraging to know that in spite of the party machine, nearly 30 per cent. of the delegates at the recent congress supported this resolution. It might serve as a rallying cry for the revolutionary Socialists and labor unionists of all the world.

Progressing Backward

IF wages advanced faster than prices—and sufficiently faster to diminish the sum total of profits—we would be on the road to Socialism. If the contrary happens we are going away from Socialism.

Using this test, the *New Age* in an open letter to the recent British Trade Union Congress, shows that the British workers are still progressing backwards. The letter quotes official statistics for the very districts from which the Labor party leaders come, proving an increase of wages from 1905 to 1912 of from 2 to 5½ per cent.—a mere fraction of the increased cost of living. The letter—which has attracted considerable attention—continues:

"Whilst Mr. Philip Snowden has been busy pamphleteering and lecturing on woman's suffrage or national finance, the cost of living in his own constituency has advanced 16 per cent. Whilst Mr. MacDonald has been on a royal commission in India, the cost of living in Leicester has advanced 13 per cent. Whilst Mr. Keir Hardie has been gallivanting over Europe and America, talking old-fashioned and extremely ignorant State Socialism, his Merthyr constituents have been 'had' by an increased 11 per cent."

The General Strike in Italy

THE following comments of Mussolini, editor of the *Avanti*, are interesting:

"Through its colonial venture (Tripoli) Italy has come into a revolutionary situation. If the Socialist party does not wish to commit suicide it must boldly face this new and disturbing situation. The Socialists of all Italy saw this when they assented enthusiastically to the Milan movement, which in spite of unavoidable

imperfections and deficiencies, put an end to a decade of weakness and cowardice in the party."

The second Milan strike, though disapproved by the Federation of Labor, was finally participated in by practically the whole labor union movement of Milan and several other cities. Rome and Milan, as the *Neue Zeit* correspondent remarks, loyally followed the syndicalist leadership. The left wing of the party also, we are informed, "sees in the syndicalists men who are often Comrades, who are only separated from the party by an excess of revolutionary idealism."

Avanti declared that "the sympathetic general strike, from the Socialist standpoint, is the noblest and deepest expression of the developed and emancipated consciousness of the working class."

At one stage of the strike *Avanti* was neutral between the Confederation and the Syndicalists, but even then it announced itself ready actively to participate if the general strike should come to take on "an outright revolutionary and political character"—thus recognizing the revolutionary as being necessarily political in the larger sense.

Imperialistic Socialism

THE attitude of the organs of British middle class Socialism towards foreign affairs is distinctly imperialistic. The *New Age*—syndicalistic in trend—endorsed Roosevelt's praise of the British despotism in Egypt, and "Veritas," its foreign editor, continues in this strain from week to week. Now the organ of Sydney Webb, Bernard Shaw and State Socialism takes the side of Huerta in Mexico against President Wilson. Of Huerta the *New Statesman* says:

"While he is in charge of affairs all hints of intervention from the United States have an air of unwarranted provocation. Beyond the burning of a few haciendas in the south and the closing down of a couple of mines in the north, there has been little interference with commerce or foreign capital."

Huerta is a "capable" and "honest" old soldier, Carranza a mere brigand, while Wilson's fight for constitutional government is "dollar diplomacy."

Politics Makes Strange Bedfellows

WE find the following in the "Official National Bulletin of the Socialist Party":

"We serve notice on the petty officials of West Virginia that the national organization of the Socialist party will protect its representatives. Let them also remember that we are working with the Governor of West Virginia to maintain the right of free speech and free assemblage."

The Governor referred to is Hatfield, who broke up the Socialist presses, held their editors in jail without trial, and has refused all indemnity for this criminal outrage.



Drawn by Maurice Becker

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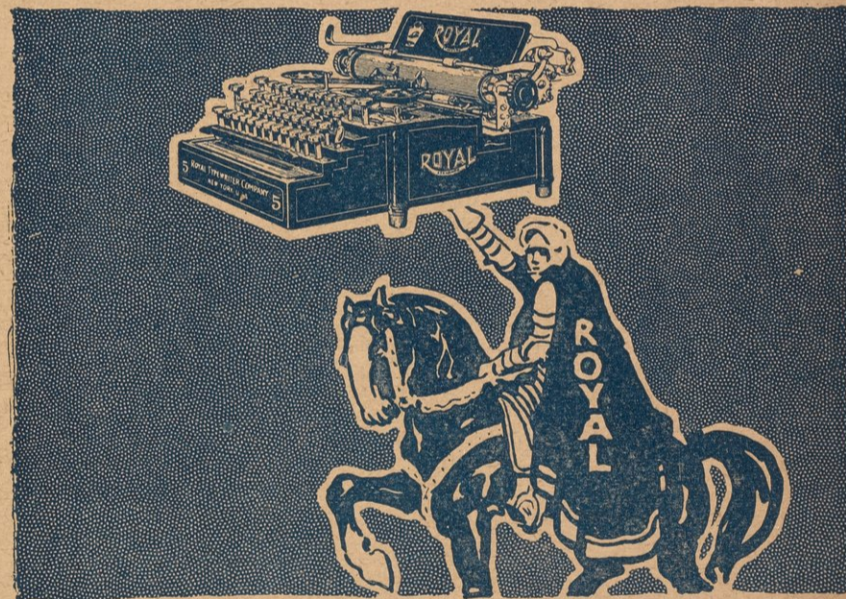
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