

The
MASSES

JULY, 1914

10 CENTS



Drawn by John Sloan.

Caught Red-Handed

THE NICE PEOPLE OF TRINIDAD—Max Eastman

FEMINISM FOR MEN—Floyd Dell

HAPPY VALLEY—John Reed

Contributing Editors

LITERATURE

- EUGENE WOOD
- JOHN REED
- ELLIS O. JONES
- MAX EASTMAN
- HORATIO WINSLOW
- MARY HEATON VORSE
- LOUIS UNTERMAYER
- WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING
- HOWARD BRUBAKER
- ROBERT CARLTON BROWN
- FLOYD DELL

"If ever a book was an affirmation of life that book is

CHALLENGE

By Louis Untermeyer

"He is a radical, but an affirmative radical; he is angry at certain traditions, but (like all true poets) he knows the greatness of faith. . . . Love and democracy are his favorite themes, and few living poets are worthier to sing them."—*The Literary Digest*.

"Early in the book comes 'Prayer' which has shrilled its trumpet note of brave, heart-hungry defiance across a large portion of the civilized world; and the section that contains the love-songs and dramatic pieces makes the soul fairly ache with their throbbing love of life and the upwelling passion for beauty."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Louis Untermeyer has been called our foremost lyricist, and this volume proves that this is not over-praise. In this book—and no library will be complete without it—we have the finest spirit and aspirations of the age, sung in a clear and understandable music."—*New York Call*.

"Excellent traditions of English verse, together with the impatient, protesting iconoclasm of the new century, impart distinction and human interest to Mr. Untermeyer's poems. . . . No other contemporary poet has more independently and imperiously voiced the dominant thought of the times."—*Philadelphia North American*.

At your bookseller's, \$1.00 net, postage 5 cents, or send to

Advertising Manager

THE MASSES

87 Greenwich Ave., New York City

THE MASSES
A FREE MAGAZINE

THIS Magazine is Owned and Published Co-operatively by its Editors. It has no Dividends to Pay, and nobody is trying to make Money out of it. A Revolutionary and not a Reform Magazine; a Magazine with a Sense of Humor and no Respect for the Respectable; Frank; Arrogant; Impertinent; Searching for the True Causes; a Magazine Directed against Rigidity and Dogma wherever it is found; Printing what is too Naked or True for a Money-making Press; a Magazine whose final Policy is to do as it Pleases and Conciliate Nobody, not even its Readers—there is a Field for this Publication in America.

Help us to find it.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Yearly, \$1.00 Half Yearly, 50 Cents
Bundle Rates and Newsdealers
5 Cents Non-Returnable—7 Cents Returnable
Not less than five Copies.

Published Monthly by the Masses Publishing Co., at
87 Greenwich Avenue, New York City.
Entered as second-class mail matter, December 27, 1910,
at the postoffice of New York City, under
the Act of March 3, 1879.

MAX EASTMAN, Editor

FLOYD DELL, Managing Editor

MAX ENDICOFF, Business Manager

Our New Invention Will Make You



INDEPENDENT

Follow the creed of your calling, join the ranks of big money makers. Be independent. Get out of the salary rut, piling up money for the capitalists. Get into a business of your own, where you can easily make \$25.00 a day and up. Hundreds of fellows just like you have joined the ranks of big money makers by becoming the operator of a

DIAMOND
Post Card Gun

A wonderful photographic studio complete in itself, that takes post card pictures direct on the positive paper in four sizes. Also photo buttons at the rate of 5 to 8 clear sharp pictures per minute, finished on the spot. Post cards sell at 10c. each and you make

8c NET PROFIT ON EVERY DIME

It's the biggest money maker you ever heard of at Bathing Beaches, Ball Parks, Carnivals, Fairs, etc.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED.—NO PLATES.—NO FILMS.—NO DARK ROOM
Pictures are taken, developed and toned right on the spot in one minute. Anyone can operate the Diamond, only one solution used. Write us today, at once, for full particulars, free illustrated booklet and our special offer to you. Address

International Metal & Ferrotyping Co., D-752
Chicago, Ill.

Contributing Editors

ART

- JOHN SLOAN
- ARTHUR YOUNG
- ALICE BEACH WINTER
- H. J. TURNER
- CHARLES A. WINTER
- MAURICE BECKER
- GEORGE BELLOWS
- CORNELIA BARNES
- STUART DAVIS
- GLENN O. COLEMAN
- K. R. CHAMBERLAIN

"IT'S A FIRE KINDLER"

Exclaims BOUCK WHITE

who goes on to say:

"It gets some tremendous convulsive truths under your skin; injects fire into the blood. I want to meet the author of this book, this professor from Berlin. He's brave and brainy. I want to meet the translator, too. Gitterman has Englished it with some exalted and original phraseology; miles from the wooden stuff so often handed to us. With him it was evidently an affectionate piece of work."

The Book in Question is
THE STATE

By

Dr. Franz Oppenheimer, M.D., Ph.D.
of the University of Berlin

Already translated into five different foreign languages.

NOW JUST TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH BY

John M. Gitterman, Ph. D., LL.B.

THE STATE develops an entirely new theory of political economy and supports the Socialistic propaganda in an unassailable manner. It is as epoch-making in its way as the renowned works of Karl Marx. It is a book that no understanding, conscientious American citizen can afford to overlook.

As a Reader of the Masses

you may take advantage of this special offer: Upon receipt of one dollar and twenty-five cents a copy of THE STATE will be sent you for your inspection. The money will be refunded if the book is returned within thirty days. We take all risks.

THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO.,
Publishers.

18 East Vermont St., Indianapolis Ind.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND FRIENDS

WHAT do you think? Is THE MASSES getting to as large a public as it deserves?

Take the last number—the cover picture by John Sloan, the Colorado article of Max Eastman's, the pictures and the poetry and all the contents straight through to the back cover with the Chamberlain drawing on it. How many people in the United States do you think ought to have seen that number of THE MASSES? How many people every month ought we to reach?

If there is any other periodical in America, in your opinion, that is doing our work and doing it with the high artistic and literary quality, and at the same time with the genuine popular appeal of THE MASSES, then no doubt that periodical is getting the hundred or two hundred thousand readers that we think *we ought to have*. But where is it? And if there isn't any other such magazine, should we not get those two hundred thousand readers ourselves?

We are trying to get them. We are doing our best. But we haven't the capital to reach this public through the ordinary business channels. We are getting out a magazine for fifteen thousand readers. That isn't very many readers for a magazine like THE MASSES. It brings in only enough to pay our printer's bills—and hardly that. The editors and contributors give their work for nothing. No one except the clerical

force receives any money for his work. It requires a good deal of generosity, a great deal of enthusiasm for the cause, and an enormous amount of hard work every month to get this magazine out.

We want that effort to be worth while. We want this magazine to reach every reader in America—or for that matter, in the world—who ought to have it.

We are doing our best. But we need your help to succeed. If you want us to succeed, you *will* help us. There are several ways in which you can do this:

1. Think of one or two energetic men or women in your community who will act as subscription agents for THE MASSES and send us their names.

2. Give us a list of half a dozen friends or more who may be interested in THE MASSES, and we will send them sample copies.

3. See if your newsdealer carries THE MASSES, and if he doesn't, get him to order a bundle each month.

You can do one or all of these things—*can't* you? Of course you can! Then *will* you?

Of course you will.

You have done many things for us in the past. We are going to continue to deserve them in the future.

•MAX ENDICOFF,
Business Manager.

SPECIAL BUSINESS REPRESENTATIVES

WORLD NEWS CO.....	ALABAMA	Mobile
PETER J. BERSHIED.....	CALIFORNIA	500 Alice Street, Oakland
CHRISTINA CLEVER.....		141 B. Julian Avenue, San Francisco
C. BLOMQUIST.....		240 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco
J. A. WILLIAMS.....		P. O. Box 708, Sawtelle
G. GORDON WHITNALL.....		240 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco
A. MARIANS.....	COLORADO	308 Pine Street, Trinidad
JOHN E. DVORAK.....		566 So. Broadway, Denver
PFEIFFER & BOCK.....	CONNECTICUT	171 E. Main Street, Waterbury
GEORGE WIPF.....		179 Thompson Street, Bridgeport
H. H. BURWELL & CO.....	DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	509 F Street, N. W., Washington
LOUIS BRITWITZ.....	FLORIDA	1614 Seventh Avenue, Tampa
WORLD NEWS CO.....		Jacksonville
J. GARDNER.....	GEORGIA	18 Broughton Street, E., Savannah
WORLD NEWS CO.....		Atlanta
JOHN W. ELLISON.....	INDIANA	310 N. Penn Street, Indianapolis
LOTTIE BURNS.....	IOWA	519 W. 16th Street, Davenport
L. T. RUSH.....		Y. M. C. A., Cedar Rapids
W. J. STANDLEY.....	ILLINOIS	737 E. 42nd Street, Chicago
HELEN L. WILSON.....		1263 Pratt Avenue, Chicago
JOE MULHOLLAND.....		1112 So. 13th Street, Springfield
WORLD NEWS CO.....	LOUISIANA	New Orleans
MISS L. E. TRAX.....	MARYLAND	817 N. Charles Street, Baltimore
H. L. RAASCH.....	MASSACHUSETTS	14 Park Square, Boston
MICHAEL ANDELMAN.....		291 Tremont Street, Boston
J. D. WILLIAMS.....		3 Elsie Street, Malden
T. J. LEWIS.....	MINNESOTA	315 Pleasant Avenue, St. Paul
CENTURY NEWS CO.....		6 So. Third Street, Minneapolis
CONSUMERS' SUPPLY CO.....	MICHIGAN	210 N. Rose Street, Kalamazoo
MIDDLETON'S DRUG STORE.....		921 Ottawa Avenue, N. W., Grand Rapids
GREENBERG BROS.....	MISSOURI	La Salle Bldg., St. Louis
ALBERT F. MEISNER.....	MONTANA	Socialist Party Headquarters, Butte
FRANCIS J. McNIELL.....	NEW YORK	1301 Niagara Street, Buffalo
WALTER KRUESI.....		1207 Campbell Avenue, Schenectady
JOHN J. McCARTHY.....	NEW JERSEY	256 Central Avenue, Jersey City
J. DOUGLAS WHERETT.....		13 Taylor Street, Newark
HELEN MASSEY.....		40 Commerce Street, Trenton
THEO. F. LOCKWOOD.....	OHIO	6515 Outhwaite Avenue, Cleveland
JOHN DANTA.....		103 Summit Street, Toledo
MRS. LOTTA RIDDLE.....		6 Homer Terrace, Youngstown
M. E. DORFMAN.....	OREGON	232 Second Street, Portland
GEO. N. COHEN.....	PENNSYLVANIA	1326 Arch Street, Philadelphia
JOHN RHINE.....		2150 Wylie Avenue, Pittsburgh
WAYNE EBERLY.....		605 Penn Building, Pittsburgh
H. A. SCHAFER NEWS CO.....		307 Third Avenue, Pittsburgh
R. BABBIT.....		Wilkinsburg
W. F. GABLE & CO.....		Altoona
DR. REED.....	RHODE ISLAND	Providence
WORLD NEWS CO.....	SOUTH CAROLINA	Charleston
WORLD NEWS CO.....	TENNESSEE	Memphis
WORLD NEWS CO.....	TEXAS	San Antonio
SHEPHERD, "THE MAGAZINE MAN".....	UTAH	Salt Lake City
ECKERT NEWS CO.....	WASHINGTON	Seattle
OTTO L. JAHN.....		522 So. 11th Street, Tacoma
SOCIAL-DEMOCRATIC PUB. CO.....	WISCONSIN	Brisbane Hall, Milwaukee
SOCIALIST PARTY LOCAL.....	ALASKA	Box 521, Fairbanks
RUPERT LOCKHEAD.....	CANADA	313 Dufferin Street, Port Arthur, Ont.
JAMES J. ROBERTSON.....		Box 120, Namanno, B. C.
H. G. ROSS.....		Box 505, Glace Bay, N. S.
HARRY SIBBLE.....		Care Brit. Col. Federationist, Vancouver
F. K. RICHARDSON.....		Elk Lake P. O., New Ontario



Drawn by John Sloan.

INDIANS ON BROADWAY

The MASSES

Vol. V. No. 10: Issue No. 38.

JULY, 1914

Max Eastman, Editor.

THE NICE PEOPLE OF TRINIDAD

Max Eastman

PEARL JOLLY says that after she escaped from the blazing tents at Ludlow, she spent the night with a crowd of children, out of bullet-shot, in the cellar of Baye's ranch, a mile away. The next morning she crept up to the telephone to listen for news. And this is what she heard:

Mrs. Curry, the wife of the company's physician at the Hastings mine, was talking with Mrs. Cameron, the wife of the mine superintendent.

"Well, what do you think of yesterday's work?" she said.

"Wasn't that fine!"

"They got Fyler and Tikas."

"Wasn't that fine!"

"The dirty old tent-colony is burnt down, and we know of twenty-eight of the dirty brutes we've roasted alive down there."

Later she heard two men discussing the same subject.

"We have all the important ones we wanted now," they agreed, "except John Lawson and the Weinburg boys."

Pearl Jolly is a cool, clever and happy-hearted American girl, the wife of a miner. She stood in her tent making egg sandwiches for the people in the holes, while bullets clattered the glassware to the floor on all sides of her.

"Tikas asked me if I was afraid to stay," she said. "I was, but I stayed."

When Pearl Jolly tells you exactly what she heard over the telephone, correcting you if you misplace a monosyllable, it is difficult to retain the incredulity proper to an impartial investigator. But still it is possible, for the thing she heard is a shade too barbarous to believe. The quality of cruelty is a little strained. And so I shook hands with Pearl Jolly and hastened away from her honest face, in order to do my duty of disbelieving.

Subsequently I heard with my own ears, not from professional gunmen or plug-uglies, but from the nicest ladies of Trinidad, sentiments quite equal in Christian delicacy to those she plucked out of the telephone. And I quote these sentiments verbatim here because they prove, as no legal narrative ever can prove, where lay the cause of the massacre of Ludlow, in whose hearts the deliberate plan of that Indian orgy was hatched.

A visit to the general manager of the Victor American Company, an introduction from him to his superintendents, Snodgrass at Delagua and Cameron at Hastings, a charming and judicial lecture from these gentlemen, had netted us nothing more than a smile at the smoothness with which a murder business can be conducted. Not an armed man was in sight as we drove into the camp, not a question asked at the gate, everything wide open and free as the prairie. Did we

wish to see the superintendent? Oh, yes—his name was Snodgrass. We had mislaid our letter of introduction? Well, it would hardly matter at all, because in fact the general manager happened to be telephoning this morning and he mentioned our coming.

So began a most genial conversation as to the humane efforts of the companies to conduct the strike fairly and without aggression upon *their* side, whatever indiscretions might be committed by the miners. I had just come up from the black acre at Ludlow, where I had counted twenty-one bullet holes in one wash-tub, and yet when that Snodgrass assured me that there had been no firing on the tent-colony at all I was within a breath of believing him. There are such men in the world, mixing cruelty and lies with a magnetic smile, and most of them out of politics are superintendents of labor camps.

So we learned nothing to corroborate Mrs. Jolly from the company's men—except, perhaps, an accidental remark of Mr. Cameron's "town marshal," A. W. Brown, that the strikers got so obstreperous last fall that he "really had to plant a few of 'em"—a remark we may set down to the vanity of one grown old as a gunman in the company's service. Excepting that, the men behaved as men of the world have learned to behave under the eyes of the press.

And for this reason we turned to the women.

We secured from the librarian at Trinidad a sort of social register of the town's elite. We selected—and "we" at this point means Elsa Euland, who was representing the *Independent*—selected and invited to a cup of afternoon coffee at the Hotel Corinado a dozen of the most representative ladies of the elegance of the town. And as the town's elegance rests exclusively upon a foundation of mining stock, these ladies were also representative of the sentiment of the mine-owners in general.

There was Mrs. McLoughlin, who is Governor Ammon's sister and the wife of an independent mine-owner—an active worker also in the uplift or moral betterment of the miners' wives.

There was Mrs. Howell, whose husband is manager of the Colorado Supply Company, operating the "Company Stores," of which we have heard so much.

Mrs. Stratton, whose husband heads a commercial college in Trinidad.

Mrs. Rose, whose husband is superintendent of the coal railroad that runs up from Ludlow field into the Hastings mine.

Mrs. Chandler, the Presbyterian minister's wife.

Mrs. Northcutt, the wife of the chief attorney for the coal companies, the owner also of the bitterest anti-labor newspaper of those counties, the *Chronicle-News*.

One or two others were there, but these furnished the evidence. And they furnished it with such happy

volubility to our sympathetic ears, and note-books, that I feel no hesitation in reproducing their words exactly as I copied them there.

"You have been having a regular civil war here, haven't you?" we asked.

"It was no war at all," said Mrs. McLoughlin. "It was as if I had my home and my children, and somebody came in from the outside and said, 'Here, you have no right to your children—we intend to get them out of your control'—And I tell you I'd take a gun, if I could get one, and I'd fight to defend my children!"

A mild statement, by what was to follow, but to my thinking a significant one. For what exists in those mining camps—incorporated towns of Colorado, with a United States postoffice and a public highway, all located within a gate called "Private Property"—what exists there, is a state of feudal serfdom. The miners *belong* to the mine-owners in the first place, and what follows follows from that.

"Then you attribute the fighting," I said, "solely to these agitators who come in here where they don't belong and start trouble?"

"Just these men who came in here and raised a row. There was nothing the matter. We had a pretty good brotherly feeling in the mines before they came."

"Yes," said Mrs. Northcutt, "I've had a hired girl from the mining camps tell me how much money the miners get—but *they never save a cent*. 'I tell you we live high,' she would say, 'we buy the very best canned goods we can get.'"

"Yes—the men who are *willing* to work make five and six dollars a day. Of course the lazy ones don't. But the majority of them in the Delagua camp just simply *cried* when the strike was called! They didn't want to go out."

"Isn't that strange," I said. "How do you account for 80 or 90 per cent. of them going out when they didn't want to?"

"Well, the union compelled them—that's all. You know all the good miners have left here now. That is always the way in a strike. The better class go on to other fields."

"Then you feel that the low character of the strikers themselves is what made it possible for these trouble-makers to succeed here?"

"That's it exactly—they are ignorant and lawless foreigners, every one of them that caused the trouble. I've thought if only we could have a tag, and tag all the foreigners so you could recognize them at a glance—I believe if Roosevelt were here he'd deport them."

This subject of the native iniquity of every person not born on American soil was then tossed from chair to chair for the space of about an hour. It is the com-

mon opinion in Trinidad society. We even heard it voiced by a Swedish lady of wealth, who had herself been less than ten years in America.

"Americans, you know, won't work in the mines at all."

"I wonder why that is."

"Well, I don't know. They don't want to go under ground, I suppose," was one answer. Another was:

"These people are ignorant, you see, and that's why they will do the menial work."

"I see," I said.

"And you must understand that our town was absolutely turned over to these people for a week. They were armed with guns and singing their war songs in the streets. The policemen knew they could do nothing and stayed home. I kept my children in the basement."

"Was the larger part of the town sympathetic to the strikers?"

"Well, those of us who weren't sympathetic thought best either to keep still or pretend we were!"

"I understand. And what did they do?"

"Had control of the town, that's all! And don't hesitate to say that we didn't have any mayor."

"What became of your mayor?"

"The mayor received some letters and he was called suddenly away, that's what became of him! And the sheriff—they say he went to Albuquerque for his wife's health—but his wife stayed at home."

"You know our church is right next door to the union headquarters, and on Sunday morning there was such a crowd of these people around there that we couldn't get to church. I wasn't going to pick my way through these people to get to church"—this is the minister's wife speaking—"so I called up the chief of police and asked him to clear the street. He said he had no authority, it was a county matter. So I called up the sheriff's office, and they said they couldn't do it. Finally we had to call up the labor union secretary himself!"

"Has the church done anything to try to help these people, or bring about peace?" we asked.

"I think it's the most useless thing in the world to attempt it," she answered. And there followed the story, which I had also from a priest himself, of how a Catholic father was reported as a scab and compelled to stop preaching because he taught that "Idleness is the root of evil," and tried to advise the men to return to work.

"Christianity could prevail, of course," was her conclusion, "but we haven't enough of it."

"You haven't a spiritual leader in the community, have you?" said the least tactful of us.

"We haven't a spiritual *community!*" said the minister's wife.

"And how do you feel about the disaster at Ludlow?" we asked. It was Mrs. Northcutt who answered.

"I think there has been a lot of maudlin sentiment in the newspapers about those women and children. There were only two women, and they make such a fuss about those two! It was their own fault, anyway."

"You mean that the papers are to blame for all the trouble it has caused?"

"The sensational papers," she added. "They're looking for something to sell their papers, that's all."

"I guess that's true," I said, and thanked God they were.

"The worst that has come out of this strike," Mrs. Northcutt continued, "is the way those poor militia boys have been treated. They've just had abuse heaped upon them. Yes, my heart has felt very sore for those boys who came down here full of patriotic feelings!"

"And General Chase certainly was a fine man," said another, "one of the Lord's own! Do you know that at the time they broke up the Mother Jones parade a woman stuck her hatpin in the general's horse, and the horse threw him off?"

"That was just it—the low things they would do!" came the refrain. "And he hasn't a bit of cowardice in him. He rode around all day just the same! I tell you the soldiers behaved themselves nobly down here."

"And yet people object," said Mrs. Stratton, "because they occasionally got drunk—didn't General Grant get drunk? Did they expect a lot of angels to come down here and fight a lot of *cattle?*"

Mrs. Stratton had touched the key-word—*cattle*—and from that word ensued a conversational debauch of murder-wishing class-hatred of which I can only give a suggestion.

"That's it," said Mrs. Rose, "they're nothing but cattle, and the only way is to kill them off."

I think one of us winced a little at this, and the speaker rested a sympathetic hand on her shoulder. "Nothing but cattle, honey!" she said.

"They ought to have shot Tikas to *start with*," added the minister's wife, a woman of more definite mind than the others. "That's the whole trouble. It's a pity they didn't get him first instead of last."

"You know, there's a general belief around here," she continued, "that those women and children were put in that hole and sealed up on purpose because they were a drain on the union."

"Yes, those low people, they'll stoop to anything," agreed Mrs. Northcutt.

"They're brutal, you know," continued the minister's wife. "They simply don't regard human life. And they're ignorant. They can't read or write. They don't know anything. They don't even know the Christmas story!"

"Is that possible!" I gasped.

"Yes, sir; there was a little girl, one of the daughters of a miner, and she was asked on Christmas day what day it was, and she said, 'Well, it's somebody's birthday, but I've forgotten whose!'"

"All you ladies, I suppose, are members of the church?" we asked in conclusion.

"Oh, yes; all of us."

"Well—we are glad to have met you all and found out the true cause of the trouble," we said.

And here I turned to Mrs. Rose—whose word comes, remember, straight from the mine above Ludlow. "What do you seriously think," I said, "is the final solution of this problem?"

"Kill 'em off—that's all," she answered with equal seriousness.

So that is how I returned to my original faith in Pearl Jolly's story of what she heard over the telephone. And when she tells me that while she was assisting in lifting twelve corpses out of that black pit, the soldiers of the National Guard stood by insulting her in a manner that she will not repeat, and one of them said, "Sorry we didn't have more in there for you to take out," I believe that, too.

When a train despatcher at Ludlow and his assistant both assure me that at 9:20 A. M. on Monday, the 23d of April, from their office, square in front of the two military camps, they saw and heard the militia fire the first shot, and that the machine guns were trained directly on the tent-colony from the start, although never a shot was fired from the colony all day, I believe that.

This "Battle of Ludlow" has been portrayed in the best of the press as a "shooting-up" of the tent-colony by soldiers from a distance, while armed miners "shot-

up" the soldiers to some extent, also, from another distance.

The final burning and murder of women and children has been described as a semi-accidental consequence, due perhaps to irresponsible individuals.

I want to record my opinion, and that of my companions in the investigation, that this battle was from the first a deliberate effort of the soldiers to assault the tent-colony, with purpose to burn, pillage and kill, and that the fire of the miners with their forty rifles from a railroad cut and an arroyo on two sides of the colony was the one and only thing that held off that assault and massacre until after dark. It was those forty rifles that enabled as many of the women and children to escape as did escape.

Every person in and in the vicinity of the colony reports the training of machine guns on women and children as targets in the open field. Mrs. Low, whose husband kept a pump-house for the railroad near the tent-colony, tells me that she had gone to Trinidad the day of the massacre. She came back at 12:45, alighted at a station a mile away, and started running across the prairie to save her little girl whom she had left alone in a tiny white house exactly in the line of fire. They trained a machine gun on her as she ran there in the sunlight.

"I had bought six new handkerchiefs in Trinidad," she said, "and I held them up and waved them for truce flags, but the bullets kep' coming. They come so thick my mind wasn't even on the bullets, but I remember they struck the dust and sent it up in my face. Finally some of the strikers saw I was going right on into the bullets—I was bound to save my little girl—and they risked their lives to run out from the arroyo and drag me down after them. I didn't know where my baby was, or whether she was alive, till four-thirty that afternoon."

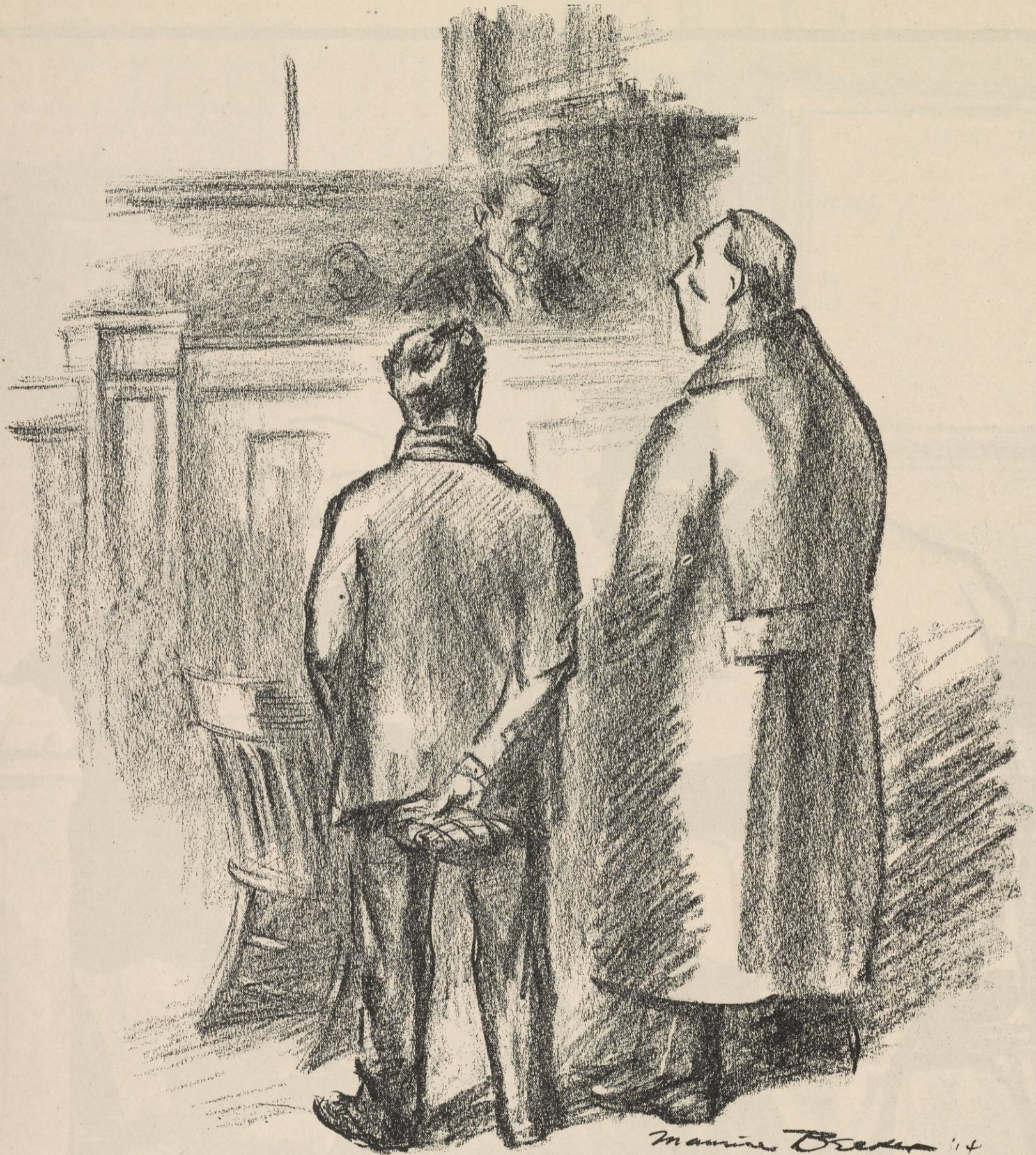
Her baby, as I learned, had run to her father in the pump-house at the first fire, and had been followed in there by a rain of .48-calibre bullets, one of which knocked a pipe out of her father's hand while she was trying to persuade him to be alarmed. He carried her down into the well and they stayed there until night-fall, when a freight train stopped in the line of fire and gave them a chance to run up the arroyo where the mother was hiding.

This has all grown very easy for me to believe since that bloody conversation over the coffee cups. And when citizens of Trinidad testify that they saw troops of armed soldiers marching through on their way to Ludlow at midnight of the night before the massacre, that too, and all that it implies, is easy to believe. It prepares one's mind for the testimony of Mrs. Toner, a French woman with five children, who lay all day in a pit under her tent, until the tent was "just like lace from the bullets." At dark she heard a noise "something like paper was blowing around."

"I looked out then, and the whole back of my tent was blazing, with me under it, and my children. I run to a Mexican tent next door, screaming like a woman that had gone insane. I was fainting, and Tikas caught me and threw water in my face. I was so thrubled up, I says, 'My God, I forgot one, I forgot one!' and I was going back. And Mrs. Jolly told me, 'It's all right. They're all here.' And I heard the children crying in that other hole, the ones that died, and Mrs. Costa crying, 'Santa Maria, have mercy!' and I heard the soldier say, 'We've got orders to kill you and we're going to do it!'"

"We've got plenty of ammunition, just turn her loose, boys," they said.

"Oh, I tell you, that was one of the saddest things



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

HONESTER THAN USUAL

"WHAT'S THE CHARGE, OFFICER?"
"FREE SPEECH, YOUR HONOR."

was ever went through! When I was lying in my tent there, Mr. Snyder come running in to me with his two hands out just like this. 'Oh, my God, Mis' Toner,' he said, 'my boy's head's blown off. My God, if your children won't lay down, just knock 'em down rather 'n see 'em die.' He was just like wild.

"I didn't like to say it before the children—but I was going to have this baby in a day or two, and when I got to that tent I was having awful pains and everything. And there I had to run a mile across

the prairie with my five children in that condition. You talk about the Virgin Mary, she had a time to save her baby from all the trouble, and I tho ght to myself I was havin' a time, too.

"He was born in a stable, I says, but mine come pretty near bein' born in a prairie. Look at him—I had everything nice for him, and here he's come, and he didn't have hardly a shirt to his name."

Mrs. Toner sat up languidly from a dark and aching bed in a tiny rented room in Trinidad.

"I lost everything," she said. "All my jewelry. A \$35 watch and \$8 chain my father gave me when he died. A \$3 charm I'd bought for my husband. My fountain pen, spectacles, two hats that cost \$10 and \$7, my furs, a brown suit, a black one, a blue shirt-waist, a white one—well, just everything we had left. I don't believe the Turks would have been half so mean to us."

"Whom do you blame for it?"

"Do you know who I blame? Linderfelt, Chase and



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

REFORM FROM WITHIN

PRESIDENT OF EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY COMPANY: "SAY, OLD MAN, I WISH YOU'D INSTALL SOME SAFETY DEVICES IN YOUR FACTORIES—LATELY OUR PAYMENTS ON INJURIES HAVE AMOUNTED TO DAMN NEAR ONE-FIFTH OF THE INCOME FROM POLICIES."

Governor Ammons—I think one of 'em as bad as the other. If Linderfelt had got any of my children I bet I'd have got him by and by. But then it's the coal companies, too, for that matter—if they wouldn't hire such people.

"They searched my tent eight different times, tore up the floor, went through all my trunks, and drawers. One of the dirty men asked me for a kiss. I picked my iron handle, and I says, 'If you ask me that again I'll hit you between the teeth.'

"If they hadn't brought those bloodhounds in here there'd have been no trouble. They started it on us every time. They'd often threatened to burn it up, you know, but we said, 'Oh, that's just talk.'

"Look at him! I tell you it's a wonder he was born at all!

"Just the same I'd go through the same performance again before I'd scab. I'd see the rope first. I was the first woman in that colony and I was the last one out—alive. They took my husband up to the mine, and offered him \$300 a month to run a machine. He'd been getting \$2.95 a day before, and they offered to pay up his back debts at the store, too.

"You'll need a wash-tub to come after your pay,' they said.

"Yes,' he said, 'why didn't you offer me that before the strike?'

"Oh, we ain't bluffed out at all—only I'll never go back and live in a tent. I brought my children out alive and I'm going to keep 'em alive.

"You know the children run cryin' when they see a yellow suit—even the Federals. All yellow suits look alike to them!"

I have trusted Mrs. Toner's own words to convey, better than I could, the spirit of the women on strike. But I wish I could add to that a portrait of the young Italian mother, Mrs. Petrucci, who survived her babies in that death-hole at Ludlow—sweet, strong, slender-fingered, exquisite Italian Mother-of-God! If there is more fineness or more tenderness in the world than dwells in those now pitifully vague and wandering eyes, I have lived without finding it.

It would be both futile and foolish, I suppose, to pretend that there is hatred, ignorant hatred of dwarfed and silly minds, only upon the "capital" side of this struggle. Yet I must record my true conviction, that the purpose to shoot, slaughter, and burn at Ludlow was absolutely deliberate and avowed in the mines and the camps of the militia; that it was an inevitable outcome of the temper of contemptuous race and class-hatred, the righteous indignation of the slave-driver, with which these mine-owners met the struggle of their men for freedom; and that upon the strikers' side is to be found both more of the gentleness and more of the understanding that are supposed to be fruits of civilization, than upon the mine-owners'. It will be granted, perhaps, even by those who love it, that our system of business competition tends to select for success characters with a fair admixture of cruel complaisance, and that those excessively weighted with human love or humility gravitate toward the bottom? At least, if this is granted to begin with, it will be heartily confirmed by the facts for anyone who visits the people of Las Animas County.

"Revenge?" said Mrs. Fyler to me—and Mrs. Fyler's husband was caught that night in the tent-colony unarmed, led to the track and murdered in cold blood by the soldiers—"Revenge? We might go out there and stay five years to get revenge, but it would never get us back what we lost. It would only be that much on our own heads."

H O R S E S ! !

Elizabeth Waddell

SING the far-famed horses of history,
Sing the steeds of the mighty generals,
Steeds of knights who fought in the tourney;
Sing Bucephalus, sing Al Borak,
Wondrous flying steed of the Prophet;
Sing of Reksh, the charger of Rustum,
Sing Roan Barbary, sing Black Saladin,
Sing the Corsican's gallant Marengo—
I'll sing the Gray Mare!

For the Gray Mare is the better horse,
For the furrow or for the course—
I'll sing the Gray Mare!

Staunch and steady though nervous and fine,
Keen, alert to the bit and the line;
Patiently plodding, pulling the share,
I'll sing the Gray Mare!

Sing the star-named coursers of Araby,
Sing the blue-blood mettlesome racer,
Sing the wild horses, sing the war-horses—
Sing the thundering hooves of the pampas—
Sing the horse of a hundred battles,
Snuffing afar the good scent of carnage,
Saying "Ha, ha!" in the face of the trumpets—
I'll sing the Gray Mare!

Fit and eager, not caring a rap
For the heaviest handicap;
First at the goal without turning a hair—
My money on the Gray Mare!

Sing the horses of song and story—
Sing the tameless horses of Helios—
Xanthos, best-loved steed of Achilles;
Sing the praise of the good horse Pegasus;
Sing Rosinante . . . sing if you dare
That terror-shod Pale Horse of Apocalypse—
I'll sing the Gray Mare!

For the Gray Mare is the better horse,
Take her for better, take her for worse—
I'll sing the Gray Mare!

Now tingling in sinews and nerves she hears
Call of the pampas a-surge in her ears!
Bit in her teeth, heels in the air—
I'll sing the Gray Mare!



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

THE QUESTION OF THE UNEMPLOYED

"BUT WE CAN'T SEND 'EM ALL OFF TO THE WAR TO GET KILLED. WE'VE GOT TO HAVE 'EM AROUND TO KEEP WAGES DOWN."
 "M-M, AND IF THEY STAY HERE, THEY MAY JOIN THE I. W. W. AND RAISE HELL."

T
 T
 doo
 hea
 T
 kitch
 is v
 (C
 doo
 T
 brin
 you
 (C
 sur
 one
 com
 to k
 kitch
 give
 read
 T
 say
 take
 stan
 (C
 und
 kitch
 T
 ther
 You
 T
 I'm
 T
 T
 T
 it lo
 T
 T
 (C
 T
 (C
 (S
 to t
 beca
 fact
 man
 whic
 dres
 (C
 T
 put
 brin
 (C
 in f
 tryin
 pictu
 T
 I fix
 T
 my
 Bab
 Bab
 with
 less
 T
 hers
 kitch

THE HELPMEEET

A Domestic Comedy

By Mary Katharine Reely

THE WIFE sits holding Baby, getting him out of one set of clothes and into another. An outside door is heard to open and close and her Husband's heavy footsteps resound in the hall.

THE WIFE: Is that you, Dearie? Just step into the kitchen, will you, and see if the milk in baby's bottle is warm?

(He is heard tramping down the hall, the kitchen door opens and closes.)

THE WIFE (calling): Oh, Albert, while you're there, bring me his little flannel petticoat from the rack, will you, Dearie?

(Albert comes in from the kitchen. He is an absurdly big man, and he carries the little petticoat in one hand and the bottle in the other. He has just come home from an eight-hour day, and while he seems to have found time to drop his hat in the hall or the kitchen, he still wears his overcoat. He bends down to give his wife the daily evening kiss, which she accepts, reaching out at the same time for the petticoat.)

THE WIFE: Thank you, Dear—Oh, Albert—I didn't say *bring* the bottle! I just said *see* if it was *warm*—take it back and put it in the hot water and let it stand on the back of the stove to *keep* warm.

(Albert has started to give Baby a friendly chuck under the chin, but he turns and goes toward the kitchen with the bottle.)

THE WIFE (calling): And, Dearie, while you're there, look in the oven at the roast. Dinner'll be late. You won't mind, will you?

THE HUSBAND (becoming audible for the first time): I'm looking at it!

THE WIFE: Well, just see if it's all right.

THE HUSBAND: Shall I do anything?

THE WIFE: Why, I don't know, Dearie. How does it look?

THE HUSBAND: Kind of sizzly.

THE WIFE: All right, close up the oven and leave it. (Oven door bangs.)

THE WIFE: No, I guess you might turn it, Dearie. (Oven door opens.)

(She busies herself with Baby. If Baby seems to take no active part in the conversation, it is not because he is an inanimate property baby. He is perfectly genuine, but being a healthy little animal, he manifests himself only by means of gurgles and kicks which greatly impede the process of undressing and dressing.)

(The oven door bangs.)

THE WIFE (feeling of Baby's feet): I believe I'll put a pair of his little stockings on to-night. Just bring them from the rack, will you, Dearie?

(Albert appears with the stockings. He squats down in front of them and tickles Baby's toes while she is trying to put the stocking on. A pretty domestic picture!)

THE WIFE: Now take him, Dearie, will you, while I fix his crib.

THE HUSBAND: Lord, wait till I have time to take my coat off. (He drops his overcoat on a chair, takes Baby and sits down in the little rocker. Shifts Baby up onto his shoulder, and patting Baby's back with one big hand, begins to sing a somewhat tuneless lay.)

THE WIFE: Don't rock him, Dearie. (She busies herself adjusting the crib pillows. Goes into the kitchen and returns with a blanket.)

THE HUSBAND (looking at his son fatuously): Gee, Blanche, he is a cute kid, ain't he?

THE WIFE: What did you say, Dearie? Oh, of course, he is. Did I tell you they called up about the coal? I told them you'd stop in to-morrow. And I ordered an extra ton.

THE HUSBAND: Good Lord, another?

THE WIFE: But, *Dearie*, we *had* to have it! Why, this is only the last of February and we have to keep the house *warm* for Baby!

THE HUSBAND (to his son): Sure thing, we do, old man, and Daddy'll just have to rustle for the cash to pay the bills, that's all—you just wait till you're married.

THE WIFE: And, Albert, you'll have to leave me some to-morrow for the laundry.

THE HUSBAND: Umm-mm. Darn funny thing where money does go to, ain't it?

THE WIFE: But, *Albert*, we *have* to have things!

THE HUSBAND: Oh, sure.

(Blanche disappears into the kitchen. Albert shifts Baby onto his other shoulder and picks the paper out of his coat pocket. He begins to read the news, supporting Baby with one hand.)

THE WIFE (calling): Did you remember to order the bread, Albert?

THE HUSBAND: Oh, Lord!

THE WIFE: Well, never mind, I guess there was a piece of a loaf left from breakfast. (Coming back from the kitchen.) I'll take Baby in just a minute, Dearie, and then will you see about setting the table?

THE HUSBAND: Umm-m.

THE WIFE (moving about the room picking up Baby's garments): Is there any news in the paper?

THE HUSBAND: I was just reading about a meeting here—

THE WIFE: Albert, are you *sure* you are holding Baby?

THE HUSBAND: Sure, he's all right.

THE WIFE: Well, I'll take him now. What were you saying? (She takes Baby, adjusts his clothes and sits down in the chair Albert has vacated.)

THE HUSBAND: I was just reading here about a meeting to-morrow—thought you might want to go to it—women's rights, you know. (Albert is really joking.)

THE WIFE: Why, *Al-ber*t! The *i-de-a*! You know I wouldn't go to such a thing. I don't see what those women are thinking of! For my part, I'm content to be just a *woman*, and to make a home for my husband. Dearie, you can bring the bottle now. A woman *ought* to be content with that, I think—to make a home and be a help to her husband—that's woman's place, I think.

(Albert, half way to the kitchen door, turns and looks at his wife. He almost has an idea. He opens his mouth and almost says something, but Blanche is engaged in an examination of Baby's incoming tooth.)

THE WIFE: His little gums are quite sore. Bring the boric acid from the kitchen shelf, will you, Dearie, while you're there?

(The helpmeet turns to the kitchen.)

The Gentle Heart

OUR contemporary *Life* will doubtless find great satisfaction in the recent troubles of surgeons in the University of Pennsylvania. *Life* has a strong sentimental heart-ache over the cruelty of practicing vivisection upon animals, and would probably not wish to see it practiced even upon human beings unless they were of Jewish descent.

Optimists' Column

G. O. P. Notes

AFTER a season of depression there are signs of returning activity in Republican circles. Penrose has passed through the winter successfully; they are shaking the moth balls out of Joe Cannon and making the mirror test on Foraker. Root is asking for nourishment and Barnes is emitting raucous noises. Nicholas Murray Butler has come out in favor of good old liberty, and Taft is sitting in a shady place thinking about Henry III. Bristow and Cummins, prominent deplorers, are spending the deploring season in Washington. There is some talk of exhuming Hughes. There is every indication that by sticking together and voting for each other the G. O. P. will duplicate their 1912 feat and again carry Vermont and Utah.

Presbyterian Progress

THE recent Presbyterian General Assembly indorsed a uniform divorce law, but whether an advanced or a prehistoric one, they failed to state. They expressed doubt of the advisability of teaching sex hygiene in the public schools and urged that the social evil be abolished by enforcing the laws. They declined to consider allowing women to serve as elders in the church but indorsed the mother's knee as an altar for the children. The assembly vigorously disapproved all games and sports on Sunday, declined to take a stand against the death penalty or contract prison labor or to indorse mediation of our difficulty with Mexico, and sidestepped the proposal to withhold financial aid from candidates for the ministry addicted to the use of tobacco. Having done these things, the General Assembly adjourned to let the world catch up.

Judicial Housecleaning

THE courts are evidently taking to heart the harsh things that have been said about the delay of judicial procedure. After considering the matter for less than forty years a District of Columbia court has wiped off of the docket the libel suit of Alexander R. Shepherd against Whitelaw Reid and Charles A. Dana. To forestall a charge of precipitate haste the authorities point out that all the parties are too dead to take further interest in the proceedings.

Morgan's Motto

J. P. MORGAN'S testimony at Washington shortly before his death and Mellen's more recent disclosures make it possible to formulate the life rule of the great financier: If he's honest, lend him money; if not, give him a job.

The Mantle of F. T. Martin

FREDERICK TOWNSEND MARTIN devoted the last years of his life to showing how the arrogance of the idle rich is fostering a revolutionary spirit. His heirs are carrying on the good work by trying to evade the inheritance tax on the plea that his legal residence was Paris.

PRESIDENT WILSON has accepted the honorary presidency of the Jewish Army and Navy League. The object of the new organization is to encourage a homicidal spirit among a people who have always been deplorably backward in this respect.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



Drawn by Stuart Davis.

THE MASSES, July, 1914.

"The Dignity of



y of the Uniform ”

Before they put on the khaki suits they are gun-men and thugs in the employ of the mine-owners. Dressed up, they are soldiers of the state militia, engaged in the "protection of life and property." This wonderful transformation scene may be observed in Colorado, Calumet or any strike region.

HAPPY VALLEY

John Reed

IT HAPPENED to be the day of the fiesta of the Santos Reyes, and, of course, nobody worked in Valle Alegre. The cock-fight was to take place at high noon in the open space back of Catarino Cabrera's drinking shop—almost directly in front of Dionysio Aguirre's, where the long burro pack-trains rest on their mountain journeys, and the muleteers swap tale over their *tequila*. At one, the sunny side of the dry arroyo that is called a street was lined with double rows of squatting peons—silent, dreamily sucking their cornhusk cigarettes as they waited. The bibulously inclined drifted in and out of Catarino's, whence came a cloud of tobacco smoke and a strong reek of *aguardiente*. Small boys played leap-frog with a large yellow sow, and on opposite sides of the arroyo the competing roosters, tethered by the leg, crowed defiantly. One of the owners, an ingratiating, business-like professional, wearing sandals and one cerise sock, stalked around with a handful of dirty bank-bills, shouting:

"Diez pesos, señores! Only ten dollars!"

It was strange; nobody seemed too poor to bet ten dollars. It came on toward two o'clock, and still no one moved, except to follow the sun a few feet as it swung the black edge of the shadow eastward. The shadow was very cold, and the sun white hot.

On the edge of the shadow lay Ignacio, the violinist, wrapped in a tattered *serape*, sleeping off a drunk. He can play one tune when intoxicated—Tosti's "Good Bye." When very drunk he also remembers fragments of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." In fact, he is the only high-brow musician in the whole State of Durango, and possesses a just celebrity. Ignacio used to be brilliant and industrious—his sons and daughters are innumerable—but the artistic temperament was too much for him.

The color of the street was red—deep, rich, red clay—and the open space where the burros stood olive drab; there were brown crumbling adobe walls and squat houses, their roofs heaped high with yellow cornstalks or hung with strings of red peppers. A gigantic green mesquite tree, with roots like a chicken's foot, thatched on every branch with dried hay and corn. Below, the town fell steeply down the arroyo, roofs tumbled together like blocks, with flowers and grass growing on them, blue feather of smoke waving from the chimneys, and occasional palms sticking up between. They fell away to the yellow plain where the horse-races are run, and beyond that the barren mountains crouched, tawny as lions, then faintly blue, then purple and wrinkled, notched and jagged across the fierce, bright sky. Straight down and away through the arroyo one saw a great valley, like an elephant's hide, where the heat-waves buck-jumped.

A lazy smoke of human noises floated up: roosters crowing, pigs grunting, burros giving great racking sobs, the rustling crackle of dried cornstalks being shaken out of the mesquite tree, a woman singing as she mashed her corn on the stones, the wailing of a myriad babies.

The sun fairly blistered. My friend Atanacio sat upon the sidewalk thinking of nothing. His dirty feet were bare except for sandals, his mighty sombrero was of a faded dull brick color, embroidered with tarnished gold braid, and his *serape* was of the pottery blue one sees in Chinese rugs, and decorated with yellow suns. He rose when he saw me. We removed our hats and embraced after the Mexican fashion, patting each other on the back with one hand while we shook the other.

"Buenos tardes, amigo," he murmured, "How do you seat yourself?"

"Very well, much thanks. And you? How have they treated you?"

"Delicious. Superlative. Thanks. I have longed to see you again."

"And your family? How are they?" (It is considered more delicate in Mexico not to ask about one's wife, because so few people are married.)

"Their health is of the best. Great, great thanks. And your family?"

"Bien, bien! I saw your son with the army at Jimenez. He gave me many, many remembrances of you. Would you desire a cigarette?"

"Thanks. Permit me a light. You are in Valle Alegre many days?"

"For the fiesta only, señor."

"I hope your visit is fortunate, señor. My house is at your orders."

"Thanks. How is it that I did not see you at the *baile* last night, señor? You, who were always such a sympathetic dancer!"

"Unhappily Juanita is gone to visit her mother in El Oro, and now, therefore, I am a *platonico*. I grow too old for the señoritas."

"Ah, no, señor. A *caballero* of your age is in the prime of life. But tell me. Is it true what I hear, that the Maderistas are now at Mapimi?"

"Si, señor. Soon Villa will take Torreon, they say, and then it is only a matter of a few months before the revolution is accomplished."

"I think that. Yes. But tell me; I have great respect for your opinion. Which cock would you advise me to bet on?"

We approached the combatants and looked them over, while their owners clamored in our ears. They sat upon the curbing negligently herding their birds apart. It was getting toward three of the afternoon.

"But will there be a cock-fight?" I asked them.

"*Quien sabe?*" drawled one.

The other murmured that possibly it would be *manana*. It developed that the steel spurs had been forgotten in El Oro, and that a small boy had gone after them on a burro. It was six miles over the mountains to El Oro.

However, no one was in any hurry, so we sat down also. Appeared then Catarino Cabrera, the saloon-keeper, and also the Constitutionalist *jefe politico* of Valle Alegre, very drunk, walking arm in arm with Don Priciliano Saucedes, the former *jefe* under the Diaz government. Don Priciliano is a fine-looking, white-haired old Castilian who used to deflower the young women of the village and lend money to the peons at twenty per cent. Don Catarino is a former schoolmaster, an ardent revolutionist—he lends money at a slightly less rate of usury to the same parties. Don Catarino wears no collar, but he sports a revolver and two cartridge belts. Don Priciliano during the first revolution was deprived of most of his property by the Maderistas of the town, and then strapped naked upon his horse and beaten upon his bare back with the flat of a sword.

"Aie!" he says to my question. "The revolution! I have most of the revolution upon my back!"

And the two pass on to Don Priciliano's house, where Catarino is courting a beautiful daughter.

Then, with the thunder of hoofs, dashes up the gay and gallant young Jesus Triano, who was a captain under Orozco. But Valle Alegre is a ten days' ride

to the railroad, and politics are not a burning issue there; so Jesus rides his stolen horse with impunity around the streets. He is a large young man with shining teeth, a rifle and bandolier and leather trousers fastened up the side with buttons as big as dollars—his spurs are twice that big. They say that his dashing ways, and the fact that he shot Emetario Flores in the back, have won him the hand of Dolores, youngest daughter of Manuel Paredes, the charcoal contractor. He plunges down the arroyo at a gallop, his horse tossing bloody froth from the cruel curb.

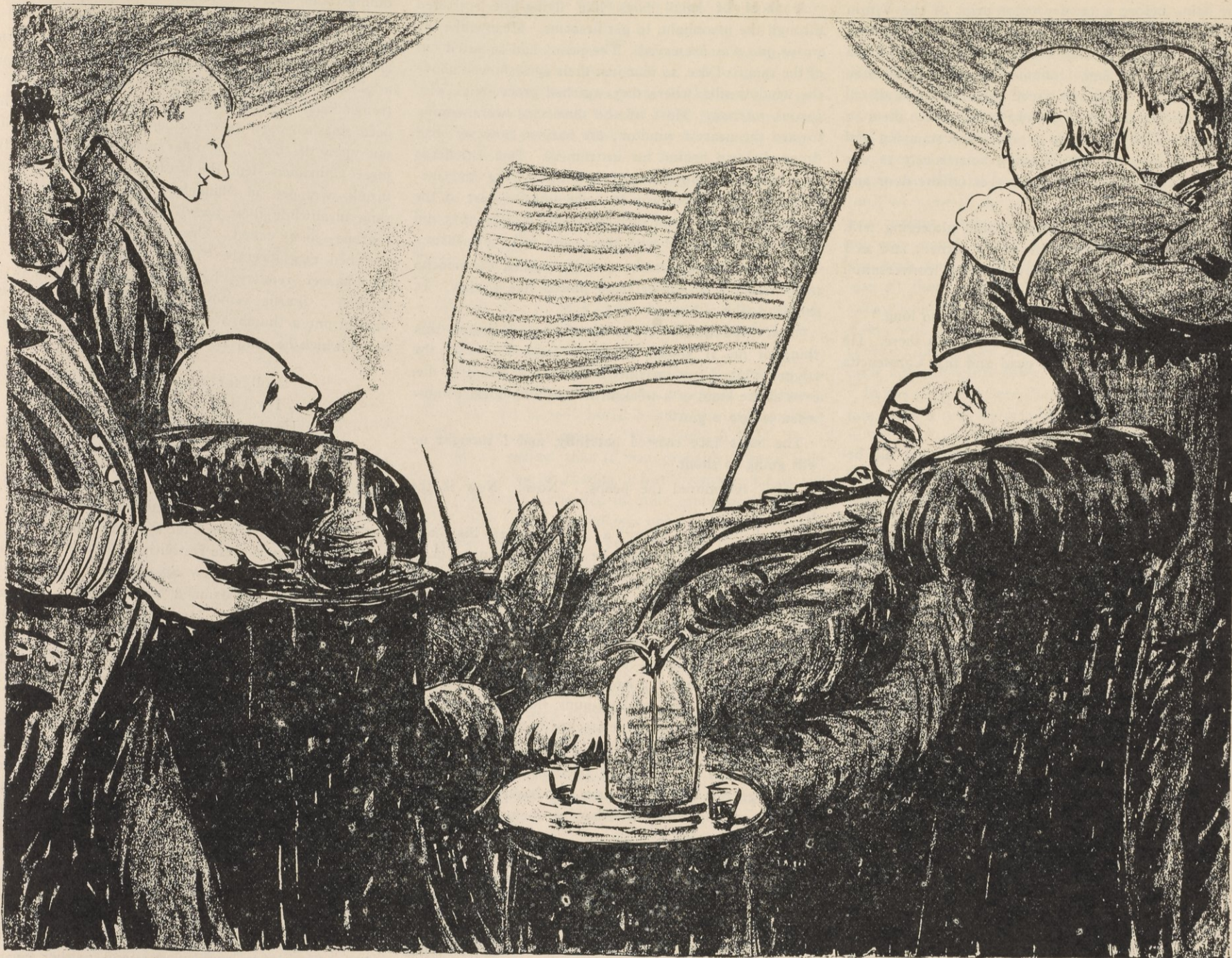
Captain Adolfo Melendez, of the Constitutionalist army, slouches around the corner in a new, bottle-green, corduroy uniform. He wears a handsome gilded sword which once belonged to the Knights of Pythias. Adolfo came to Valle Alegre on a two weeks' leave, which he prolonged indefinitely in order to take to himself a wife—the fourteen-year-old daughter of a village aristocrat. They say that his wedding was magnificent beyond belief, two priests officiating and the service lasting an hour more than necessary. But this may have been good economy on Adolfo's part, since he already had one wife in Chihuahua, another in Parral, and a third in Monterey, and of course had to placate the parents of the bride. He had now been away from his regiment three months, and told me simply that he thought they had forgotten all about him by now.

At half past four a thunder of cheers announced the arrival of the small boy with the steel spurs. It seems that he had got into a card game at El Oro, and had temporarily forgotten his errand.

But of course nothing was said about it. He had arrived, which was the important thing. We formed a wide ring in the open space where the burros stood, and the two owners began to "throw" their birds. But at the first onslaught the fowl upon which we had all bet our money spread its wings, and, to the astonishment of the assembled company, soared screaming over the mesquite tree and disappeared toward the mountains. Ten minutes later the two owners unconcernedly divided the proceeds before our eyes, and we strolled home well content.

Fidencio and I dined at Charlie Chee's hotel. Throughout Mexico, in every little town, you will find Chinamen monopolizing the hotel and restaurant business. Charlie, and his cousin Foo, were both married to the daughters of respectable Mexican villagers. No one seemed to think that strange. Mexicans appear to have no race prejudices whatever. Captain Adolfo, in a bright yellow khaki uniform, and another sword, brought his bride, a faintly pretty brown girl with her hair in a bang, wearing chandelier lustres as earrings. Charlie banged down in front of each of us a quart bottle of *aguardiente*, and, sitting down at the table flirted politely with Señora Melendez; while Foo served dinner, enlivened with gay social chatter in pidgin Mexican.

It seemed that there was to be a *baile* at Don Priciliano's that evening, and Charlie politely offered to teach Adolfo's wife a new step that he had learned in El Paso, called the Turkey Trot. This he did until Adolfo began to look sullen and announced that he didn't think he would go to Don Priciliano's, since he considered it a bad thing for young wives to be seen much in public. Charlie and Foo also tendered their regrets, because several of their countrymen were due in the village that evening from Parral—and said that they would, of course, want to raise a little Chinese hell together.



Drawn by G. S. Sparks.

WHADDAYE MEAN 'OUR BOYS'?

"OUR BOYS! I TELL YOU WHAT, THERE'S NOBODY IN THE WORLD LIKE 'EM!"

So Fidencio and I finally departed, after solemnly promising that we would return in time for the Chinese festivities after the dance.

Outside, strong moonlight flooded all the village. The jumbled roofs were so many tipped-up silvery planes, and the tree-tops glistened. Like a frozen cataract the arroyo fell away, and the great valley beyond lay drowned in rich, soft mist. The life-sounds quickened in the dark; excited laughter of young girls, a woman catching her breath at a window to the swift, hot torrent of a man's speech as he leaned against the bars, a dozen guitars syncopating each other, a young buck hurrying to meet his *novia*, spurs ringing clear. It was cold. As we passed Cabrera's door a hot, smoky, alcoholic breath smote us. Beyond that you crossed on stepping-stones the stream where the women wash their clothes. Climbing the other bank we saw the brilliant windows of Don Priciliano's house, and heard the far strains of Valle Alegre's orchestra.

Open doors and windows were choked with men—tall, dark, silent peons, wrapped to the eyes in their blankets, staring at the dance with eager and solemn eyes, a forest of sombreros.

Now Fidencio had just returned to Valle Alegre

after a long absence, and as we stood on the outside of the group a tall young fellow caught sight of him, and, whirling his *serape* like a wing, he embraced my friend, crying:

"Happy return, Fidencio! We looked for you many months!"

The crowd swayed and rocked like a windy wheat field, blankets flapped dark against the night. They took up the cry:

"Fidencio! Fidencio is here! Your Carmencita is inside, Fidencio. You had better look out for your sweetheart! You can't stay away as long as that and expect her to remain faithful to you!"

Those inside caught the cry and echoed it, and the dance, which had just begun, stopped suddenly. The peons formed a lane through which we passed, patting us on the back with little words of welcome and affection; and at the door a dozen friends crowded forward to hug us, faces alight with pleasure.

Carmencita, a dumpy, small Indian girl, dressed in a screaming blue ready-made dress that didn't fit, stood over near the corner by the side of a certain Pablito, her partner—a half-breed youth about sixteen years old with a bad complexion. She affected to pay no atten-

tion to Fidencio's arrival, but stood dumbly, with her eyes on the ground, as is proper for unmarried Mexican women.

Fidencio swaggered among his *compadres* in true manly fashion for a few minutes, interspersing his conversation with loud virile oaths. Then, in a lordly manner, he went straight across the room to Carmencita, placed her left hand within the hollow of his right arm, and cried: "Well, now; let's dance!" and the grinning, perspiring musicians nodded and fell to.

There were five of them—two violins, a cornet, a flute and a harp. They swung into "Tres Piedras," and the couples fell in line, marching solemnly round the room. After parading round twice they fell to dancing, hopping awkwardly over the rough, hard, packed-dirt floor with jingling spurs; when they had danced around the room two or three times they walked again, then danced, then walked, then danced—so that one number took about an hour.

It was a long, low room, with whitewashed walls and a beamed ceiling wattled with mud above, and at one end was the inevitable sewing-machine, closed now, and converted into a sort of an altar by a tiny embroidered cloth upon which burned a perpetual

rush flame before a tawdry color print of the Virgin which hung on the wall. Don Priciliano and his wife, who was nursing a baby at her breast, beamed from chairs at the other end. Innumerable candles had been heated on one side and stuck against the wall all around, whence they trailed sooty snakes above them on the white. The men made a prodigious stamping and clinking as they danced, shouting boisterously to one another. The women kept their eyes on the floor and did not speak.

I caught sight of the pimply youth glowering with folded arms upon Fidencio from his corner; and as I stood by the door, fragments of the peons' conversation floated into me:

"Fidencio should not have stayed away so long."

"Carramba! See the way Pablito scowls there. He thought surely Fidencio was dead and that Carmencita was his own!"

And then a hopeful voice:

"Perhaps there will be trouble!"

The dance finally ended and Fidencio led his betrothed correctly back to her seat against the wall. The music stopped. The men poured out into the night where, in the flare of a torch, the owner of the losing rooster sold bottles of strong drink. We toasted each other boisterously in the sharp dark. The mountains around stood dazzling in the moon. And then, for the intervals between dances were very short, we heard the music erupt again, volcanically and exuberantly, into a waltz. The center of twenty curious and enthusiastic youths—for he had traveled—Fidencio strutted back into the room. He went straight to Carmencita, but as he led her out upon the floor, Pablito glided up behind, pulling out a large obsolete revolver. A dozen shouts rang:

"Cuidado, Fidencio! Look out!"

He whirled, to see the revolver pointed at his stomach. For a moment no one moved. Fidencio and his rival looked at each other with wrathful eyes. There was a subdued clicking of automatics everywhere as the gentlemen drew and cocked their weapons, for some of them were friends of Pablito's. I heard low voices muttering:

"Porfirio! Go home and get my shot-gun!"

"Victoriano! My new rifle! It lies on the bureau in mother's room."

A shoal of small boys like flying-fish scattered through the moonlight, to get firearms. Meanwhile, the *status quo* was preserved. The peons had squatted out of the range of fire, so that just their eyes showed above the window-sills, where they watched proceedings with joyous interest. Most of the musicians were edging toward the nearest window; the harpist, however, had dropped down behind his instrument. Don Priciliano and his wife, still nursing the infant, rose and majestically made their way to some interior part of the house. It was none of their business; besides, they did not wish to interfere with the young folks' pleasure.

With one arm Fidencio carefully pushed Carmencita away, holding his other hand poised like a claw. In the dead silence he said:

"You little goat! Don't stand there pointing that thing at me if you're afraid to shoot it! Pull the trigger while I am unarmed! I am not afraid to die, even at the hand of a weak little fool who doesn't know when to use a gun!"

The boy's face twisted hatefully, and I thought he was going to shoot.

"Ah!" murmured the peons. "Now! Now is the time!"

But he didn't. After a few minutes his hand wavered, and with a curse he jammed the pistol back into his pocket. The peons straightened up again and crowded disappointedly around the doors and windows. The harpist got up and began to tune his harp. There was much thrusting back of revolvers into holsters, and sprightly social conversation grew up again. By the time the small boys arrived with a perfect arsenal of rifles and shot-guns, the dance had been resumed. So the guns were stacked in a corner.

As long as Carmencita claimed his amorous attention and there was a prospect of friction, Fidencio stayed. He swaggered among the men and basked in the admiration of the ladies, out-dancing them all in speed, abandon and noise.

But he soon tired of that, and the excitement of meeting Carmencita palled upon him. So we went out into the moonlight again and up the arroyo, to take part in Charlie Chee's celebration.

As we approached the hotel we were conscious of a curious low moaning sound which seemed akin to music. The dinner table had been removed from the

dining-room into the street, and around the room Turkey-trotted Foo and another Celestial. A barrel of *aguardiente* had been set up on a trestle in one corner, and beneath it sprawled Charlie himself, in his mouth a glass tube which syphoned up into the barrel. A tremendous wooden box of Mexican cigarettes had been smashed open on one side, the packages tumbling out upon the floor. In other parts of the room two more Chinamen slept the profound sleep of the very drunk, wrapped in blankets. The two who danced sang meanwhile their own version of a once popular ragtime song called "Dreamy Eyes." Against this marched magnificently "The Pilgrim's Chorus" from Tannhauser, rendered by a phonograph set up in the kitchen. Charlie removed the glass tube from his mouth, put a thumb over it, and welcomed us with a hymn which he sang as follows:

"Pool for the shore, sailor,
Pool for the shore!
Heed not the lowling lave,
But pool for the shore!"

He surveyed us with a bleary eye, and remarked: "Bledlen! Je' Chlist is wid us here toni'."

After which he returned the syphon to his mouth.

We blended into these festivities. Fidencio offered to exhibit the steps of a new Spanish *fandango*, the way it was danced by the damned "grasshoppers" (as Mexicans call the Spaniards). He stamped bellowing around the room, colliding with the Chinamen, and roaring "La Paloma." Finally, out of breath, he collapsed upon a nearby chair, and began to descant upon the many charms of Adolfo's bride, whom he had seen for the first time that day. He declared that it was a shame for so young and blithe a spirit to be tied to a middle-aged man; he said that he himself represented youth, strength and gallantry, and was a much more fitting mate for her. He added that as the evening advanced he found that he desired her more and more. Charlie Chee, with the glass tube in his mouth, nodded intelligently at each of these statements. I had a happy thought. Why not send for Adolfo and his wife and invite them to join our festivities? The Chinamen asleep on the floor were kicked awake and their opinion asked. Since they could understand neither Spanish nor English, they answered fluently in Chinese.

THE PUNISH LINE

Where the Individualists in the
Public Schools Spend their Recess.

A Drawing by Josephine Nivison



Fidencio translated. "They say that Charlie ought to be sent with the invitation."

We agreed to that. Charlie rose, while Foo took his place at the glass tube. He declared that he would invite them in the most irresistible terms, and, strapping on his revolver, disappeared.

Ten minutes later we heard five shots. We discussed the matter at length, not understanding why there should be any artillery at that time of night, except, perhaps, that probably two guests returning from the *baile* were murdering each other before going to bed. Charlie took a long time, in the meanwhile, and we were just considering the advisability of sending out an expedition to find him when he returned.

"Well, how about it, Charlie?" I asked. "Will they come?"

"I don't think so," he replied doubtfully, swaying in the doorway.

"Did you hear the shooting?" asked Fidencio.

"Yes, very close," said Charlie. "Foo, if you will kindly get out from under that tube . . ."

"What was it?" we asked.

"Well," said Charlie, "I knocked at Adolfo's door and said we were having a party down here and wanted him to come. He shot at me three times and I shot at him twice."

So saying, Charlie seized Foo by the leg and composedly lay down under the glass tube again.

We must have stayed there some hours after that. I remember that toward morning Ignacio came in and played us Tosti's "Good Bye," to which all the Chinamen danced solemnly around.

At about four o'clock Atanacio appeared. He burst open the door and stood there very white, with a gun in one hand.

"Friends," he said, "a most disagreeable thing has happened. My wife, Juanita, returned from her mother's about midnight on an ass. She was stopped on the road by a man muffled up in a *poncho*, who gave her an anonymous letter in which were detailed all my little amusements when I last went for recreation to Juarez. I have seen the letter. It is astonishingly accurate! It tells how I went to supper with Maria and then home with her. It tells how I took Ana to the bullfight. It describes the hair, complexion and disposition of all those other ladies and how much

money I spent upon them. *Carramba!* It is exact to a cent!

"When she got home I happened to be down at Catarino's, taking a cup with an old friend. This mysterious stranger appeared at the kitchen door with another letter in which he said I had three more wives in Chihuahua, which, God knows, is not true, since I only have one!

"It is not that I care, *amigos*, but these things have upset Juanita horribly. Of course, I denied these charges, but, *valgame Dios!* women are so unreasonable.

"I hired Dionysio to watch my house, but he has gone to the *baile*, and so, arousing and dressing my small son, that he may carry me word of any further outrages, I have come down to seek your help in preserving my home from this disgrace."

We declared ourselves willing to do anything for Atanacio—anything, that is, that promised excitement. We said that it was horrible—that the evil stranger ought to be exterminated. "Who could it be?"

Atanacio replied that it was probably Flores, who had had a baby by Juanita before he married her, but who had never succeeded in quite capturing her affections. We forced *aguardiente* upon him and he drank moodily. Charlie Chee was pried loose from the glass tube, where Foo took his place, and sent for weapons. And in ten minutes he returned with seven loaded revolvers of different makes.

Almost immediately came a furious pounding on the door, and Atanacio's young son flung himself in.

"Papa!" he cried, holding out a paper. "Here is another one! The man knocked at the back door, and when mamma went to find out who it was, she could only see a big red blanket covering him entirely up to the hair. He gave her a note and ran away, taking a loaf of bread off the window."

With trembling hands Atanacio unfolded the paper and read aloud:

"Your husband is the father of forty-five young children in the State of Coahuila.

(Signed) "SOME ONE WHO KNOWS HIM."

"Mother of God!" cried Atanacio, springing to his feet, in a transport of grief and rage. "Never, never have I been such an animal! I have always discriminated! Forward, my friends! Let us protect our homes!"

Seizing our revolvers we rushed out into the night. We staggered, panting, up the steep hill to Atanacio's house, sticking close together so no one would be mistaken by the others for the Mysterious Stranger. Atanacio's wife was lying on the bed, weeping hysterically. We scattered into the brush and poked into the alleys around the house, but nothing stirred. In a corner of the corral lay Dionysio, the watchman, fast asleep, his rifle by his side. We passed on up the hill until we came to the edge of the town. Already dawn was coming. A never-ending chorus of roosters made the only sound, except the incredibly soft music from the *baile* at Don Priciliano's, which would probably last all that day and the next night. Afar, the big valley was like a great map, quiet, distinct, immense. Every wall corner, tree branch and grass-blade on the roofs of the houses was pricked out in the wonderful clear light of before-dawn.

In the distance, over the shoulder of the red mountain, went a man covered up in a red *serape*.

"Ah, ha!" cried Atanacio, "there he goes!"

And with one accord we opened up on the red blanket. There were five of us, and we had six shots apiece. They echoed fearfully among the houses and clapped from mountain to mountain, reproduced each one a hundred times. Of a sudden the village belched half-dressed men and women and children. They evidently thought that a new revolution was beginning. A very ancient crone came out of a small brown house on the edge of the village, rubbing her eyes.

"*Oyga!*" she shouted. "What are you all shooting at?"

"We are trying to kill that accursed man in the red blanket who is poisoning our homes and making Valle Alegre a place unfit for a decent woman to live in!" shouted Atanacio, taking another shot.

The old woman bent her bleary eyes upon our target. "But," she said gently, "that is not a bad man. That's only my son going after the goats."

Meanwhile, the red-blanketed figure, never even looking back, continued his placid way over the top of the mountain and disappeared.

Southern Humor

A NEGRO boy, nineteen years old, charged with having illicit relations with a young white woman who is said to be feeble-minded, has been sentenced to *ninety-nine years* in prison. Three years ago the youth received a Carnegie hero-medal for rescuing a child from a well.

At about the same time a seventeen-year-old Negro girl was raped by two drunken whites, who had entered her home and found her alone. Her screams brought her brother from the barn. He kicked in the door, fought the two whites, killed one of them, and fled. The aroused white community, being unable to find him, then lynched the girl.

WHEN THE SEVENTEEN CAME HOME

[The Funeral of the Seventeen Americans Killed at Vera Cruz.]

NOBODY laughed when the seventeen came home.

It is one of our customs to kill men.

But we always treat them with reverence after we have done it.

We send them out to die. But we use a colored flag, to show ourselves that it was not murder.

Murder is better, I think. Murder without lies.

Nobody laughed when the seventeen came home.

But perhaps, under the flags, the seventeen laughed, when they saw the people who had sent them out to die, standing in rows with their hats off, being sorry.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.





Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

SETTLING THE SERVANT'S PROBLEM

"MADAM, I'M SORRY TO BRING YE THE NEWS, BUT I'VE REPORTED YER CONDUCT OF YESTERDAY MORNING TO OUR LOCAL, AND YE'VE BEEN DISMISSED BY THE UNION. WE CAN GIVE YOU NO REFERENCES."

This is no dream. In Finland the servant girls' walking-delegate even sits in Parliament.

F E M I N I S M F O R M E N

Floyd Dell

The Emancipation of Man

FEMINISM is going to make it possible for the first time for men to be free.

At present the ordinary man has the choice between being a slave and a scoundrel. That's about the way it stands.

For the ordinary man is prone to fall in love and marry and have children. Also the ordinary man frequently has a mother. He wants to see them all taken care of, since they are unable to take care of themselves. Only if he has them to think about, he is not free.

A free man is a man who is ready to throw up his job whenever he feels like it. Whether he is a bricklayer who wants to go out on a sympathetic strike, or a poet who wants to quit writing drivel for the magazines, if he doesn't do what he wants to do, he is not free.

To disregard the claims of dependent women, to risk their comfort in the interest of self or of society at large, takes a good deal of heroism—and some scoundrelism, too.

Some of the finest natures to be found among men are the least free. It is the most sensitive who hesitate and are lost to the world and their own souls.

And this will be true so long as women as a sex are dependent on men for support. It is too much to ask of a man to be brave, when his bravery means taking the food out of the mouth of a woman who cannot get food except from him. The bravest things will not be done in the world until women do not have to look to men for support.

The change is already under way. Irresistible economic forces are taking more and more women every year out of the economic shelter of the home, into the great world, making them workers and earners along with men. And every conquest of theirs, from an education which will make them fit for the world of earning, to "equal pay for equal work," is a setting free of men. The last achievement will be a social insurance for motherhood, which will enable them to have children without taking away a man's freedom from him. Then a man will be able to tell his employer that "he and his job can go bark at one another," without being a hero and a scoundrel at the same time.

Capitalism will not like that. Capitalism does not want free men. It wants men with wives and children who are dependent on them for support. Mothers' pensions will be hard fought for before they are ever gained. And that is not the worst.

Men don't want the freedom that women are thrusting upon them. They don't want a chance to be brave. They want a chance to be generous. They want to give food and clothes and a little home with lace curtains to some woman.

Men want the sense of power more than they want the sense of freedom. They want the feeling that comes to them as providers for women more than they want the feeling that comes to them as free men. They want some one dependent on them, more than they want a comrade. As long as they can be lords in a thirty-dollar flat, they are willing to be slaves in the great world outside.

They are afraid that women will cease to ask them to do things, and say "Thank you!" They are afraid women will lose the timidity and weakness which make them turn to men for help. They are afraid that

woman will emancipate her legs with trousers. (And so she will; only they will not be so ugly as the garments at present worn by men, if Paul Poiret has anything to say about it!)

In short, they are afraid that they will cease to be sultans in little monogamic harems. But the world doesn't want sultans. It wants men who can call their souls their own. And that is what feminism is going to do for men—give them back their souls, so that they can risk them fearlessly in the adventure of life.

The fact is that this Occidental harem with its petty lordship over one woman, and its inefficient voluptuosities after the day's work, is not a fit place for a man. Woman has long since discovered that it is not a fit place for her.

The fit place for men and women is the world. That is their real home. The women are going there. The men are already there in one sense, but not in another. They own it, but do not inhabit it. They do not quite dare. The world is a home only for the free:

"For there's blood on the field and blood on the foam,
And blood on the body when man goes home.
And a Voice valedictory, 'Who is for Victory?
Who is for Liberty? Who goes Home!'"

Sweethearts and Wives.

IT IS a time-honored masculine generalization that sweethearts are more fun than wives. This proposition really implies another, that wives and sweethearts are two distinct and different things. If we admit the validity of the latter proposition, the former stands unquestionably true.

This is, as somebody once pointedly remarked, a man-made world. Certainly the distinction in theory and practice between a wife and a sweetheart is a masculine creation. No woman, it may be affirmed, having

once been a sweetheart, would ever cease to be one of her own free will and accord.

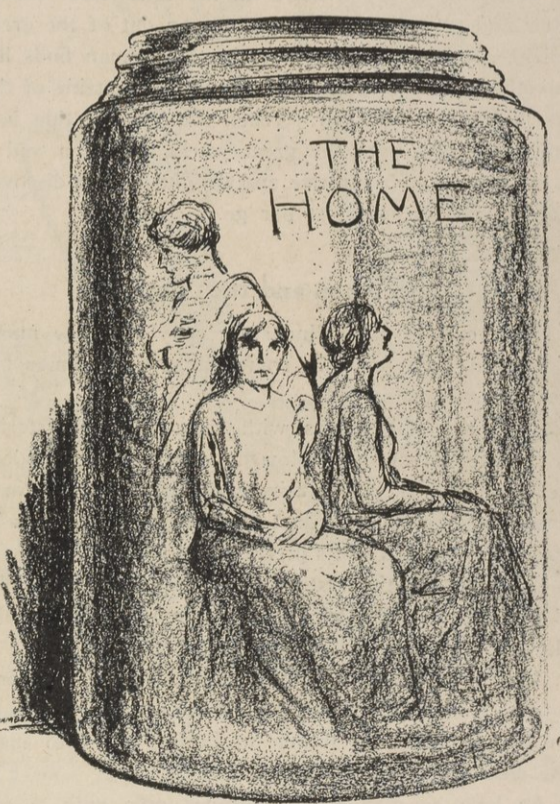
For observe what it means to be a sweetheart. In the first place, there is the setting, the milieu, the scene of action. This is definite by virtue of its remarkable diversity. One is a sweetheart in the park, in the theater, in the elevated train, on the front steps, on the fire escape, at soda fountains, at baseball games, in tea shops, in restaurants, in the parlor, in the kitchen, anywhere, everywhere—that is to say, in the world at large. When two people are being sweethearts, they inhabit the world.

And they inhabit it together—that is the next thing. It is one of the conditions of being a sweetheart that you are always "along" whenever possible—and it is generally found possible. It seems to be the proper thing for one sweetheart to be always where the other one is. There is never any reason, or any excuse, for a sweetheart staying at home. The fact that a man cannot take his sweetheart to work with him is universally held to justify him in neglecting his work. But when he plays, he can take her with him, and he does. He takes her to the theater, he takes her to the baseball park, he takes her out to Duck creek and teaches her how to fish.

That is the third thing about being a sweetheart. She is not shut out from his society by reason of differences in habits or tastes. The assumption is that their habits and tastes ought to be alike. If she doesn't understand baseball, he explains it to her. If he likes golf, he teaches her how to play. If he loves poetry, he sits up and reads her his favorite poets. He doesn't permit any trivial differences to come between them. If she has been brought up with the idea that it is wicked to drink, he will cultivate her taste in cocktails. He will give her lessons in Socialism, poetry and poker, all with infinite tact and patience. And he will do all of these things very humbly, with no pride in his own superiority. He will bring his most cherished ideas anxiously to her for her approval, and listen with the most genuine respect to her criticisms. They plan their future with the solid democratic equality of partners in the business of life.

Which is all very delightful. But in the course of time they are married, and very shortly after that the sweetheart becomes a wife. She is still the same person—she hasn't changed. But the conditions have changed. . . . There was once a man—I don't pretend to approve of him—who had a wife and also a sweetheart, and he liked the sweetheart so much better than the wife that he persuaded his wife to divorce him, and then married the sweetheart; whereupon he simply had to get another sweetheart, because it was just the same as it had been before. The poor fellow never could figure it out. He thought there must be some mysterious and baneful magic in the marriage ceremony that spoiled things. But that superstition need not detain us. Proceed we to an inquiry as to where the difference really is.

There is the matter of rendezvous. The whole spirit of meeting a sweetheart is that one is never quite certain whether she will really be there. Usually, as a matter of fact, she is late. One is anxious or angry, but one is never complacent about her coming. She may have misunderstood or misremembered the street corner. She may be waiting somewhere else. Or she may have changed her mind—a devastating thought. . . . But with a wife it is different. It is im-



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.
CANNED INNOCENCE



From an etching by Isa Urquhart Glenn.

GOSSIP IN THE PHILIPPINES

possible for her to forget the place, for there is only one place. It is neither at the elevated station nor in the park nor on the library steps. It is a place quite out of the world. And she will always be there. Or, at least, if she isn't there, she ought to be. "A woman's place is in the home."

This saying applies only to wives. It does not apply to sweethearts. No man ever thought his sweetheart belonged at home. He regards her home with hostility and suspicion, and keeps her away from it as much as possible. It is only when she is a wife that he begins to think he has a right to expect her to be there. When he thinks of her, it is always in that setting. He thinks of her in that setting complacently. When he goes there to meet her he does not go anxiously, with a beating heart. The home is not a rendezvous. It is not one of the delightful corners of the world where two companions can meet for an adventure. It is a place out of the world where one keeps one's wife.

Home is a place quite different from the rest of the world. It is different by virtue of the things that are not done there. Out in the world, anything is likely to happen. Any restaurant may hatch a business deal. Any barber shop may be a polling place. But business and politics do not belong in the home. They are as out of place in that atmosphere as a "jag" or a display of fireworks. And from not being done in the home, they come not to be thought about there. Cooking, clothes, children—these are the topics of interest for the inmate of a home. These things are interesting. They are quite as important as baseball or politics. But they lack a certain imaginative appeal. They are not Homeric enough. A new dress is an achievement, but not the same kind of achievement as a home run. A new kind of salad is an interesting experiment, but one does not stand around offering to bet money on the results. In a word, the home is a little dull.

When you have got a woman in a box, and you pay rent on the box, her relationship to you insensibly

changes character. It loses the fine excitement of democracy. It ceases to be companionship, for companionship is only possible in a democracy. It is no longer a sharing of life together—it is a breaking of life apart. Half a life—cooking, clothes and children; half a life—business, politics and baseball. It doesn't make much difference which is the poorer half. Any half, when it comes to life, is very near to none at all.

Of course, this artificial distinction does not strictly obtain in any particular marriage. There is an attempt to break it down. It is an honorable attempt. But our civilization is nevertheless built on that distinction. In order to break down that distinction utterly it will be necessary to break down all the codes and restrictions and prejudices that keep women out of the great world. It is in the great world that a man finds his sweetheart, and in that narrow little box outside of the world that he loses her. When she has left that box and gone back into the great world, a citizen and a worker, then with surprize and delight he will discover her again, and never let her go.

Women and the Vote

IF the cult of masculine superiority is to be maintained, there must be some things that women are not allowed to do.

From the Polynesians with their sacred mysteries which women are not allowed to witness, to modern gentlemen in their exclusively masculine clubs, there has always been the instinct to dignify the male sex by forbidding certain of its privileges to women.

Counteracting this instinct is the instinct of comradeship. Man as a comrade of woman violates gleefully the taboos set by man as a male.

As a male, man has reserved for himself the ceremonial vices of drinking and smoking. As a comrade of woman, he finds it fun to initiate her into these mysteries.

As long as men were comrades only with special

classes of women, excluding their wives, smoking and drinking tended to be restricted to actresses, dancers and courtesans. But now their wives have appropriated these habits, partly to the delight and partly to the scandalization of men. There is a lingering resentment at this infringement of a manly custom.

It is the same way with games. There is no reason why women should not have their competitive athletic exercises just like men. They do, and the men let them, expressing their half-conscious resentment only in their jeering attitude. But they do resent it.

It is the same with clothes. They pass ordinances to keep women off the streets when they venture to wear the new trouser-like skirts. They gather in crowds and hoot at the shameless female who cannot even let a man keep his pants to himself.

Swearing—yes, it is the same way with swearing.

And it is the same way, precisely, with the vote. All the reasons that men give for not wanting women to vote are disingenuous. Their real reason is a deep annoyance at the profanation of a masculine mystery. The vote is all we have left. The women have taken everything else that we could call ours, and now this—it is too much!

"Can't we be allowed to do *anything* by ourselves!"

Another Negro Outrage

THE WORST offense of the Negro in the South is not, as some have imagined, his color. His worst crime is that he won't work. He won't go to a factory at six in the morning and work until six at night for fifty or sixty cents a day, and acquire a vocational disease. No, uncivilized creature that he is, he prefers to sit in the shade and eat watermelon.

It is useless to talk of training him up to meet our industrial demands. He is hopeless from the cradle. This fact was brought out in the hearings of the Federal Commission on Industrial Affairs the other day. Miss Elizabeth Watson, of the International Child Welfare League, presented a report of conditions in the Southern oyster canneries. Her report was one which might well fill the bosoms of the National Manufacturers' Association with loyal pride in the stamina of the white race, showing as it does their amenability to industrial demands from early infancy. She had seen—we quote from the *New York Times*—

"a child of three years working for six hours at a stretch 'shucking' oysters. Of 51 children employed in this cannery, 38 were under ten years of age."

What a magnificent tribute to the qualities of the white race! But—

"Are there any Negroes among them?" asked Secretary Garretson.

"Very few. They won't stand the treatment."

It should be clear from this evidence that the Negro is utterly incorrigible. He objects to working except under decent conditions. And, worst of all, he manages to get away with it. While the white-skinned heirs of all the ages are docilely giving up their youth to make profits for the employing class, the little Negro boy sits under a tree enjoying his watermelon. And yet some people pretend to think that the Negro is a valuable racial element in civilization!

"Is that all the Liberty you have?" asked Georg Brandes, when the Statue of the Goddess was proudly pointed out to him in New York harbor.

Not at all! We have something in Colorado at least called Freedom of Contract.

The Book of the Month

ROBERT TRESSALL was an English housepainter and Socialist who wrote a book and died. Now his book is making the world take notice.*

It is a book as grim in its outlines as the skyline of a factory district. The author, unschooled, friendless, a toiler from childhood, is imbued with an almost inhuman passion for the truth. Nothing stands in his way. Hardly a gleam of humor, a touch of friendliness, or a spark of human sympathy shows in his book. But like a scalpel, rigid and impersonal, his mind cuts away the surfaces of civilization and shows the economic workings beneath.

He shows mercilessly the brutality, the dishonesty, the self-complacency of the exploiting class. But he is no less merciless in his realistic analysis of workingmen who accept their lot with stoical apathy or who—worse still—wallow in their puddle of ignorance.

There is no plot, no effort to build a conventional literary structure. The book has the irregular, uneven sweep of life as it is lived. The setting is a small industrial town, representative of thousands of its kind throughout the United Kingdom. The principal characters are men working in various crafts for a firm of building contractors. In the background are bosses, agents, petty politicians. The look, the "feel," the atmosphere of this life, with all its interactions, the housepainter author has transported directly from life to the pages of his book. It is a canvas as large as Zola's, but its people are not obscured by the setting. They are delineated in the most careful detail, and they come only a little short of living as they live in the works of great literary artists.

It is a book which will make its impression on the literature and life of to-day. MAX ENDICOFF.

*"The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists," by Robert Tressall. (Frederick A. Stokes Company).

Stealing from Convicts

A LAW was passed in Missouri in 1907, providing that 5 per cent. of the total monthly earnings of convicts shall be set aside for their own use and that of their wives and children.

This law has never been complied with. The fact has come to light through the announcement of the Attorney General that at the next meeting of the Board of Prison Inspectors he would introduce a resolution directing the warden of the state penitentiary to obey the law.

Since 1907, the convicts of Missouri have earned—for the State—two million, six hundred thousand dollars. They were entitled by law to 5 per cent. of those earnings. They did not get them. *They have been robbed of \$130,000.*

Prize Press Pearl

"WE have always had great admiration for the ability of Mr. Charles S. Mellen as a railroad manager, but we have not much to say in his favor as a gentleman of finest instincts. . . . Perhaps a good many things that were done by the management deserve criticism, but the world has little faith in an informer and little use for a squealer. If J. P. Morgan were alive, he might be able to refute some of the sensational statements Mr. Mellen has made."—*Leslie's Weekly.*

IS it illegal to work in a laundry; it may be unpleasant or unhygienic, but is it illegal? A government inspector thought it was and arrested Lou Chu, a youth who was admitted to this country as a student. The judge ruled, however, that even a Chinese student must live, so Lou was released.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

IN EGYPT I was a prince in the household of Pharaoh, but when I beheld the wrongs of my brethren in bondage, I lifted my arm against the oppressor and slew him, and fled from the face of the King and cast in my lot with my people to deliver them.

In Israel I was a prophet—denouncer of priests and kings; I foretold the doom of the mighty—and I perished between the horns of the altar.

I was a voice crying out in the wilderness, bringing to light the sins of the people; but when I named the sins of Authority—they severed the head from my body.

And I was a Christian slave that mocked the order of a great empire and set at naught its laws; and the fires of Caesar and his legions were kindled to consume me.

I defied the power of the prevailing church till out of my protest there grew another church; again I protested against that church and there was born another—any many more after the same manner.

And I am here in your midst to-day, O blind Brothers of mine (for lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world) and wherever I lift up my voice it shall happen again (and yet again many times) that I shall be cast out from among you—into prison—scourged—broken.

Seek not for me among the many—not among the respectable—nor among such as put safety first—for I am not of them, nor ever was, nor ever shall be.

I am your martyr, prophet, saint—O Posterity!

NINA BULL.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

SITTING AT THE FEET OF WISDOM

FOR FIFTY YEARS SOCIOLOGISTS HAVE TOLD PEOPLE THAT "PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF RAILROADS IS INEVITABLE," AND THEY HAVE REMAINED INDIFFERENT. BUT LET A CROOKED RAILROAD PRESIDENT, WHO HAS GOT TO THE LIMIT OF HIS DEBAUCH, GIVE A POLL-PARROT IMITATION OF THE SAME IDEA, ON THE WITNESS STAND, AND PEOPLE LISTEN TO HIM AS TO THE VOICE OF AN ORACLE.

The Causes of American Intervention in Mexico

What the Mexican People Themselves Think About It, is told in

THE MEXICAN PEOPLE THEIR STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM

By Gutierrez de Lara
and Edgcomb Pinchon

READ THE FACTS:—

1. About the Land Question, and how all of it is held by 200 landowners.
2. About a century of oppression by the church.
3. About the rule of Mexico by American capitalists.
4. About the alliance between Madero and Japan.

Eugene V. Debs says:—

I have no hesitancy in saying that this is the book for people to read who want to know the truth about the struggle now going on in Mexico. It is the story of the struggle of the Mexican people, covering several centuries, for democracy and self-government. It is written from the point of view of the working class, the tillers of the soil, the producers of the wealth, and shows that through all these centuries of toil and tears and blood and martyrdom they have been struggling for the one purpose of emancipating themselves from the tyranny of a heartless aristocracy, buttressed on the one hand by the Roman church and on the other by the military power.

Illustrated. Net, \$1.50.

Doubleday, Page & Co.
Garden City, N. Y.

Bouck White

Two Books that Give a New View of Jesus, the Socialist

The Carpenter and the Rich Man

Christ's Doctrine of the Immorality of Being Rich Interpreted in the Light of Modern Social Conditions.

This book, Mr. White's latest, is the logical successor to the Call of the Carpenter.

The Detroit Free Press says:

He is not writing of a dead God, but of a tremendously living force; he is not writing of the wickedness of ancient Jewish priests, but of living American millionaires. Not only does Mr. White advocate the destruction of class privilege, but on the positive side, he makes Christ sound a call to the workers of the world to see the glories of their crafts and their own glories as men.

Net, \$1.25.

The Call of the Carpenter

The Life of Jesus, the Workingman.

The two books are simply a scientific setting forth of the life of Jesus as it is now coming to light. He taught that to be rich is to invade the public tranquility; for it sunders the fellowship which ought to cement the human family into one. A grim dogma? Yes, but it is the dogma of Jesus, as modern scholarship is bringing it to light.—New York Sun.

Now in its Ninth Large Printing.

Frontispiece, Net, \$1.20.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
Garden City, New York

Finish This Story for Yourself—

The girl got \$6 a week and was lonely. "Piggy"—you can imagine his kind—was waiting downstairs. He knew where champagne and music could be had. But that night she didn't go. That was Lord Kitchener's doing. But another night?



O. HENRY

tells about it in this story, with that full knowledge of women, with that frank facing of sex, and that clean mind that has endeared him to the men and women of the land.

From the few who snapped up the first edition at \$125 a set before it was off the press, to the 50,000 who have eagerly sought the beautiful volumes offered you here—from the stylist who sits among his books to the man on the street—this whole nation bows to O. Henry—and hails him with love and pride as our greatest writer of stories.

This is but one of the 274 stories, in 12 big volumes, you get for 25 cents a week, if you send the coupon.

TO THOSE WHO
ARE QUICK

KIPLING

(6 Volumes)

Given Away

Never was there an offer like this. Not only do you get your 274 O. Henry stories in 12 volumes at less than others paid for one volume of the first edition, but you get Kipling's best 179 short stories and poems and his long novel—without paying a cent. You get 18 volumes, packed with love and hate and laughter—a big shelf full of handsome books.

Send the Coupon Without Money

You get both sets free on approval. If you don't laugh and cry over them—if you don't read and re-read and love them—send them back. Otherwise 25 cents a week pays for them all. Don't wait—send the coupon today. This offer is too good to last. It's only the avalanche of disappointed letters that made us extend it this long. Send the coupon today and be glad.

Review of Reviews

Co.
30 IRVING
PLACE
New York

TEAR OFF AND MAIL
"O. HENRY-KIPLING COUPON"

Masses
July
Review
of Reviews
30 Irving
Place, N. Y.
Send me
on approv-
al charges paid
by you O. Henry's
works in 12 volumes,
gold tops. Also the
6-volume set of Kipling,
bound in cloth, if I keep
the books, I will remit \$1 per
month for 15 months, for the
O. Henry set only and retain
the Kipling set without charge.
Otherwise I will, within ten days,
return both sets at your expense.
Name.....
Address.....
Occupation.....
The beautiful leather edition of O. Henry
costs only a few cents more a volume and has
proved a favorite binding. For a set of this luxu-
rious binding, send \$1.50 a month for 18 months.



A remarkable new book
of poetry. Price, post-
paid in the U. S., \$1.00.

Send orders to

Advertising Manager
THE MASSES
91 Greenwich Ave.
New York



Progressivism —and After

BY
William English Walling

(Published by The Macmillan Company)

JUST OUT

A new book describing state socialism,
syndicalism and labor parties in
their relation to socialism.

Price, Postpaid in United States \$1.62
SEND ORDER TODAY TO

Advertising Manager
THE MASSES
91 Greenwich Ave. New York



IF YOU FOUND A TYPEWRITER

Or if some one made you a present of one, you would be losing money every day you used it, as long as the cost for each letter written was not as low as it should be.

¶ The real cost of a typewriter is the original price, plus the cost of operation. If you pay your operator \$50.00 a month and she runs the machine five years, the operating cost is \$3,000. The amount of work you get for that \$3,000 is the thing to consider—not the price of the machine.

¶ The operator who uses an L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter can do 10 to 20 per cent more work than the operator who runs any other typewriter.

You Want PROOF?



Send for booklet "The Measure of Worth"

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER COMPANY

Home Office and Factory: Syracuse, N. Y.
Branches in all Principal Cities
New York City Office, 311 Broadway

What Are They Up To?

Ellen Key, Dora Marsden, Mrs. Pankhurst, Emma Goldman, Isadora Duncan—fighters and artists and writers, and feminists all?

"Women as World Builders"
By FLOYD DELL

50 cents net. Send to

THE MASSES
87 Greenwich Avenue, New York

Special Announcement JUST PUBLISHED

Pamphlets

THE BIOLOGICAL ARGUMENT AGAINST WOMAN SUFFRAGE. Answer Raised by Antis.

Each, 5c; doz., 55c; hundred, \$3.50.

EFFECT OF VOTE OF WOMEN ON LEGISLATION.

Each, 5c; doz., 45c; hundred, \$2.75

WHAT HAVE WOMEN DONE WITH THE BALLOT? By Geo. Creel.

Each, 5c; doz., 55c; hundred, \$3.50.

THE WORKING OF EQUAL SUFFRAGE

—Editorial from North American Review.

Each, 3c; doz., 20c; hundred, \$1.00.

NORMAL WOMEN NOT NEUROTIC. By Dr. Frederick Peterson.

Each, 5c; doz., 45c; hundred, \$2.75.

LEAFLETS 20c. per 100

TWO YEARS SUFFRAGE IN CALIFORNIA

New CATHOLIC OPINIONS. FEMINISM AND SUFFRAGE—By C. C. Catt.

Our Rainbow series, also map FLYERS, only 90c per 1000.

FLAG DODGERS—Six different flyers for patriotic celebration, bordered with flags. Special holiday price, per 1000, 85c.

Dainty PAPER NAPKINS stamped yellow or purple with "Votes for Women."

Send 2c stamp for catalogue, just out.

National Woman Suffrage Publishing Company, Inc.

Publishers for the

National American Woman Suffrage Association

Dept. B, 505 Fifth Avenue
New York City

CHANTS COMMUNAL

By HORACE TRAUBEL
Boards \$1.00 net. Paper 30 cents postpaid

NOT GUILTY

A Defence of the Bottom Dog

By ROBERT BLATCHFORD
Cloth 50 cents. Paper 25 cents

An humanitarian plea, unequalled in its lucidity and incontrovertible in its logic.

OUR IRRATIONAL DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH

By BYRON C. MATHEWS
Cloth \$1.00 net

The THRESHER'S WIFE

By HARRY KEMP
A narrative poem of great strength and individuality.

Boards 40c net

MARIANA

By JOSE ECHEGARAY
Winner of the Nobel Prize, 1904
A drama in three acts and an epilogue.
The masterpiece of modern Spain's greatest writer.

Crash Cloth 75c net

LOVE OF ONE'S NEIGHBOR

By LEONID ANDREYEV
(Authorized translation by Thomas Seltzer)
A play in one act, replete with subtle and clever satire.

"Distinctly worth while."—*International Socialist Review*.

Boards 40c net

DES IMAGISTES

An anthology of the youngest and most discussed school of English poetry. Including selections by Ezra Pound, Ford Madox Hueffer, Amy Lowell, Richard Aldington, Allen Upward, and others.

Cloth \$1.00 net

ALBERT & CHARLES BONI
99 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

THE TRIMMED LAMP

is a monthly periodical for thoughtful people, dealing with art and life. It is *not* for artists, or those with a merely technical interest in art; but for those who look upon art as "the unifying medium between the ideal and the practical," as the creative impulse behind all human activities.

In this spirit it seeks to interpret literature, the drama, painting, music, dancing, and all manifestations of the beautiful; but it does not hold itself aloof from the more practical concerns of life.

It numbers among its readers some of the most prominent men and women of America. Yet it goes also to the humblest village homes. It serves no class, no locality, no interest. It is **absolutely free**.

It is vital without being dull, progressive without being sensational, and full of "snap" without being offensive to good taste.

Several thousand people have found it a desirable acquisition to the library table. Perhaps you might. You can find out without expense. Simply write your name and address in the margin below, tear out this ad, and send it in with a dollar bill pinned to it. We will then enter you for a year's subscription, *with the understanding that if, at any time within three months, you are dissatisfied, the money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.*

You incur no risk or obligation, and you will not be further annoyed in any way. Why not make the experiment—TODAY?

THE TRIMMED LAMP
334 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Read

THE RAGGED-TROUSERED PHILANTHROPISTS

By ROBERT TRESSALL

A remarkable novel by a Socialist house-painter

ROBERT HUNTER SAYS:

"I fear that if I say what I think it may appear extravagant; while if I moderate my words I shall feel that I am doing scant justice to what has seemed to me the most remarkable human document that has appeared in my time."

"It is a masterpiece of realism. The work of a craftsman, it is true, unerring, and pitiless in its delineation of men and life. Were Zola and Tolstoi living. I am sure they would look upon this common house-painter with envy, as one whose novice hand had out-done them. I am sure that Gorky and Jack London would confess frankly that the work of Robert Tressall surpasses theirs. Certainly, London's 'The Call of the Wild' cannot be as true to life as these ragged philanthropists."

Send orders to Advertising Manager, THE MASSES, 87 Greenwich Ave., New York.

PUBLISHED BY STOKES

\$1.25 net

POETRY

A MAGAZINE OF VERSE

Edited by Harriet Monroe

543 Cass St., Chicago

POETRY, at the end of its first year, is no longer an experiment, but an assured artistic success, a publication whose importance is authoritatively recognized, not only in this country, but in Great Britain and France as well. The field it has opened up is full of brilliant possibilities, encouraging the editors to hope for the enthusiastic support of a discriminating public.

POETRY endeavors to present the best verse now being written in English, quality alone being the test of acceptance.

POETRY is an effort to create an organ for the art. While the ordinary magazines must minister to a large public little interested in poetry, this magazine appeals to and will develop a public primarily interested in poetry as an art, potentially the highest, most complete human expression of truth and beauty. Thus it offers to poets a chance to be heard by their own audience, in their own place, without the limitations imposed by the popular magazines. And to lovers of poetry it offers each month a sheaf of new verse in delicate form uninterrupted by prose articles demanding a different mood.

If You Love Good Poetry, Subscribe. **\$1.50**

The International

A magazine for those who dare to think.

The organ for the warm-blooded, fearless, intellectual element in this country.

A publication that recognizes no boundary lines.

A periodical for *grown-up men and women.*

The International compels you to think and forces you to act.

Edited by

George Sylvester Viereck

715 Broadway, N. Y.

\$1.50 a year 15 cents a copy.



Drawn by Oliver Herford.

PROPOSED STATUE TO COMMEMORATE THE REFUSAL BY TRINITY CORPORATION OF \$150,000 FOR THE DISTRIBUTION OF BREAD TO THE POOR