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## KING OF THE MAGICAL PUMP

Words by Charles W. Wood. Music Omitted by Request.

1.  
O, the loyalest Gink with the Royalest wink  
Is the King of the Magical Pump;  
Of the magical, tragical pump:  
The latest and greatest and right-up-to-datest  
And finest, divinest old I-am-the-State-ist  
Who ever held sway for a year and a day  
In the Kingdom of Chumpetty-Chump.

2.  
And the magical pump in His Majesty's dump,  
That, too, is a wonderful thing,  
A wonderful, thunderful thing.  
It's wonderful, blunderful, thunderful, plunderful,  
Cranky and yanky and get-out-and-under-ful:  
And what do you s'pose (if there's no one who knows)  
What it pumpetty-pumped for the King!

3.  
It pumped up his prunes and his new pantaloons  
And it pumped up his bibles and beer;  
His tribal old bibles and beer:  
For palaces, chalices, garters or galluses,  
Or jeans for his queens or his Julias and Alices,  
The King of the Chumps, he just went to the pumps  
And whatever he wished would appear.

4.  
And the Chumpetty-Chumps who were pumping the  
pumps

Which pumped up these thing-a-mum bobs,  
These thing-a-mum, jing-a-mum bobs,  
They humped it and jumped it and pumpetty-  
pumped it  
And fearfully, tearfully liked it or lumped it;  
While the King in his glee hollered: "Bully for Me!  
Ain't you glad that I gave you your jobs?"

5.  
Oh, the Chumpetty-Chumps were a wise lot o' gumps  
And they said a religious "Amen,"  
A prodigious, religious "Amen."  
For ages these sages had had (it's outrageous)  
One jing-a-mum thing-a-mum each as their wages:  
And pray, who could say, if he cut off their pay,  
What on earth would become of them then?

6.  
But the King of the Chumps was a kindly old Umps  
And he paid them as much as he durst  
(As much as all such as he durst)  
For humping and jumping and pumpetty-pump-pumping  
Anything that a king could imagine their dumping:  
Till he said: "Go to roost, we have over-produced  
And we've got to get rid of this first."

7.  
Then the Chumpetty-Chumps went to bumping the  
bumps  
In a tragic and thingum-less plight;  
In a thingum-less, jingum-less plight:

They blubbered and lubbered and went to the cup-  
board—  
"No pumpee, no Chumpee," they said as they rub-  
bered—  
Till the loving old King caught a thought on the wing  
Which was sure to set everything right.

8.  
Said the King of the Pumps to the Chumpetty-Chumps:  
"It is plain as the face on your nose,  
As the face on the base of your nose,  
The lesson this session of business depression  
Points out beyond doubt is that foreign aggression  
Has caused a big slump in the work of the pump—  
So up, men, and after your foes!"

9.  
Then in joy and in laughter they upped and went after  
To fight for their country and King;  
For their pumpety old country and King:  
And dashing in, crashing in, bravely they're smash-  
ing in;  
(One jingum per dingum they get while they're cash-  
ing in)  
Until the Big Umps wants to start up the Pumps:  
When they'll work for one thingum per ding.

10.  
Oh, the loyalest Gink with the Royalest wink  
Is the King of the Magical Pump;  
Of the magical, tragical pump:  
An oodle of boodle he's got by his noodle  
And umpty-nine Chumpties he's fed with flap-  
doodle—  
For we live for a thingum and die for a jingum  
In the Kingdom of Chumpetty-Chump.



"Teuton Against Slav"

Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

# The MASSES

Vol. VI. No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1914

Issue No. 743

## “THE BEAR”

Arthur Bullard

The story of a fighting hero, by  
one who knew him

**T**HIS is the story of a revolutionist who was hanged in St. Petersburg in 1906. He was not the first to do incredible things for the revolutionary cause, and die for his daring—nor will he be the last.

Mikail Ivanovitch Sokolov was his real name, but it was as “The Bear” that he was known to his fellow-revolutionists.

It was my fortune to meet him, and stand some days by his side, in one of the most dramatic periods of his life.

In Moscow it was, during the insurrection of December, 1905. After almost endless wanderings and exchange of passwords and countersigns, I had reached the headquarters of the little revolutionary army in the Presnaia suburb. It was a long, low room, the mess-hall of the Prokoroff cotton mills. It was lit only by a hot red glare from the stove and a faint gleam of the winter sun through the heavily frost-coated windows. Ever and again I caught a sinister glint from a burnished rifle barrel or the scabbard of a sword as the men moved nervously in the half darkness. Presently The Bear, their Captain, came to meet me. If I had been christening him, I would have called him The Panther, for he was finely proportioned and lithe, and had none of the massive awkwardness which his nickname suggests. He wore a blouse as red as the flag he was defending. His hair was blonde, his eyes wide and blue. Although he had the appearance of health, he was in reality deathly sick. The only outward mark which the strain of his life had given him was a nervous twitching of the eyes.

There were a hundred men or thereabouts in the room, big-bearded peasants most of them. The cotton industry, at which most of them worked, was of recent growth in Russia. Famine through the countryside had driven these villagers to the city in search of employment, but factory life had not been long enough to remove the distinctive marks of the soil. Outside on sentry duty there were as many more. This was The Bear's army. Only half of them were armed, and most of these had only revolvers. But with them he held his district for eight days against an army of regular troops. The red flag was up for three days in the Presnaia after the Insurrection had been crushed in the rest of the city.

Before I knew his story, I was surprised that this slight, graceful, studious looking young man could so easily control the desperate, hulking men about him.

He had nothing of the dare-devil in his appearance. But the day before, he, with five comrades, sallied out from their barricades, penetrated into the heart of the city and captured the chief of the Secret Police. Two of them stayed as lookouts at the street door, two more at the foot of the stairs, and The Bear with one other entered the man's apartment and arrested him in the name of the Free People of Russia. They led him through the open streets to their headquarters. As a second thought they went back an hour or so later with his keys and secured his secret papers. Towards evening an improvised court martial condemned this chief of the Moscow spies to death. And out of consideration for the widow, The Bear and his comrades carried the corpse back to the house. It is hard to decide which of these excursions was most daring. The first, when they led their captive through the crowded streets. The second, when after the news of their exploit had spread through the city, they went back for his papers, or the third, in the dead of night, when they carried the corpse back through the deserted streets.

It was by such consummate daring that he inspired and held his men. Ignorant, undrilled, poorly armed, their position hopeless, they trusted him implicitly. When the barricades had been torn down in the rest of the city, the Governor concentrated his whole army on the Presnaia. Besides the Infantry and Cavalry there were ten batteries of artillery against a hundred odd rifles and twice as many revolvers, yet the word to disperse came from The Bear, not from the men.

And like a true captain, he stayed in the hottest of it till his men were all safely out.

The comradeship of those December days was later ripening into friendship, when fate threw us apart, but from his intimate friends I have been able to gather such facts as I did not already know—so to reconstruct his life.

He was born in 1881 of a peasant family in the government of Ufa, close to the borders of Asia. He used to say that he became a revolutionist at twelve. When he was fourteen, he was expelled from school for his political opinions. Later he was admitted to an Agricultural College and there he came in touch with some members of the Revolutionary Socialist Party. He threw in his lot with them. And without finishing his studies, he began agitating among the peasants of the Volga District. In the early days of 1904, he was arrested and imprisoned in Samara. In

March of the same year, he feigned sickness and was transferred to the hospital. From there he escaped. He made his way to Switzerland, which was the haven of all the Russian refugees.

The Revolutionary Socialist Party to which he belonged, was at that time torn by dissensions. The demands of the party were divided into two sections, the “maximum program” and the “minimum.” In the former they embodied their ultimate ideas, the demands of Socialists the world over.

The “minimum program” was a set of immediate reforms, for the most part a demand for the fundamental political rights—freedom of speech, of assembly and of the press. The split in the Party—and in 1904 it was only a matter of academic discussion—was in regard to Terrorism. The Central Committee held that this was a weapon to be used only against political tyranny. If Russia was granted constitutional liberties, they promised to lay down their arms and continue the struggle for economic emancipation by legal means. The Opposition wished to use this weapon of Terrorism in the economic conflict as well. A landlord, they said, who starves his peasants deserves death as much as a policeman who flogs them. They did not propose to lay down their arms until their “maximum” program had been realized.

The Bear joined the Opposition and became one of its spokesmen. After a summer of discussion in Switzerland, he returned in the fall of 1904 to active work in Russia.

At first he went to Jekaterinoslav, where he organized the men in the large iron works.

The Bear had the gift of persuasive eloquence. The police repression, which prevented large audiences, limited the field of his oratory. But in the small meeting of ten or twenty men, whether they were “Intellectuals” or workmen, he ever carried his hearers where he would. There was never a time in his life when he had not those about him who would go out with him unquestioningly on business of Death.

An attempt on the life of the Governor of Jekaterinoslav, which he had organized, failed and he had to flee. For two months he worked in the neighborhood of Kiev. His name is still on the lips of the peasants there, but the details of those months are lost.

In January he went back to Geneva on “party” business, and as he was returning to Russia, his boat capsized in the river which marks the frontier. The smuggler, his guide, was drowned among the floating cakes

## THE MASSES

of ice, but The Bear won to the shore and was soon at work again in Kiev.

The dissensions within the Party grew more and more serious, and in February, The Bear, with some comrades of the Opposition, met in the City of Koursk to discover a basis for reconciliation.

On the third night of their discussion, the door was broken in by the police. There were five revolutionists in the room, one of them a woman. A glance out of the window showed that the house was surrounded, but they decided on resistance. The Bear opened fire on the police in the doorway. They fled. He then broke through the window and jumped down a story and a half on the roof of an outhouse in the courtyard. In this way, he absorbed the attention of the police, and his four comrades made a successful dash through the doorway from which the police had fled.

The Bear, considerably torn by the broken glass, was alone on the roof of the outhouse, without hat or coat. Before the police could recover from their surprise, he had jumped into their midst and began firing right and left. The police captain, afraid of killing his own men if he shot, attacked with his sword. The Bear put two bullets into him, and wounding two more of the police, broke through his assailants and gained the open street. The few policemen on the sidewalk took to their heels, and he safely reached a friendly house, where he borrowed an overcoat and hat and went out to find his comrades.

A stranger in Koursk, he was unable to get track of them, and about midnight he decided to leave for Kiev. He was arrested in the railroad station. Although, through the excitement caused by his attack on the police, his four comrades had escaped from the house, three of them were arrested during the night.

The Bear spent eight months in prison. In November the authorities foolishly released him on bail. Three weeks later I found him, Captain of the Insurgents, in Moscow.

In the dark days which followed the suppression of the December uprising, the split in the Revolutionary Socialist Party became open. The Bear and his friends seceded and started a new party which was called "The Maximilists." In theory they were not very clear; not sharply differentiated from already existing parties, not entirely agreed among themselves. But when the acts of this group—they never numbered more than two hundred—are considered, it is evident that its basis, its "*raison d'être*," was something quite other than cold theory. The Petersburg circle had forty members, of whom only two busied themselves in spreading their ideas among the people. The rest belonged to the "Fighting Organization." They thought and acted only as Terrorists.

Most of the young people who joined the Maximilists—and very few of them were over thirty—had preached the Insurrection of December, had taken part in it, in the full faith that it would succeed. And when it failed, the horror of all the slaughtered workmen fell heavy upon them. Many a workman they could remember to whom they had first taught revolt, who had left wife and children to answer their call to arms, and had gone out to death. The blood of many victims called aloud for vengeance.

Some or all of them might have escaped from Russia. These young college men and women were clever at disguises, they were used to traveling without passports, knew the manifold tricks of the revolutionary trade. But they could not take their followers with

them. Hundreds of the peasant workmen who had answered their call to arms had already been shot, more were being caught and executed every day. Two weeks after the Insurrection had been crushed, I revisited the Presnaia suburb, and found, huddled against the factory wall, the bodies of two workmen. No one had troubled to bury them, but the bitter Russian winter had protected them from decay. The memory of such frozen, distorted corpses was not to be borne by the leaders in the idle safety of volunteer exile.

To remain in Russia meant—sooner or later—inevitable arrest and execution. They decided to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The methods of the old party were too slow for them. And when such a renowned fighter as The Bear set up a new standard, it was such as these who rallied to it.

Theory? Well, theory didn't matter much; they had made up their minds to die. Any one who wanted to stop and think was welcome; they wanted to fight. Perhaps the strain of the last months had unhinged them. It had at least made death dear to them. They will take their place in history, not as the announciators of a new political gospel, but as a forlorn hope—as desperate a forlorn hope as this old world has ever seen. We applaud the blind mistaken charge of the Light Brigade up the Hill of Balaklava. But their self-sacrifice was not so superb as this of the little band of young people who gathered round The Bear in the dark days of the New Year of 1906. The Mailed Foot of the Tsar was crushing out the last spark of the Insurrection, the whole Empire was shuddering under the constant volleys of the Execution Squads. The Revolution seemed dead. And at this moment, when the old leaders, men grown gray in revolt, were most discouraged, they opened their breasts to death—like Van Winklereid—to make way for liberty.

Let us set their programs aside and look at their deeds, judge them for a moment as doers, not as thinkers. Having declared war on the oppressors, they announced that they would secure the sinews of war from the enemy. No one paid much attention to them, till one day twenty of them walked into the biggest Russian Bank in Moscow and walked out again with a quarter of a million of dollars. The arrests which followed this exploit reduced their number by half.

A little later four of them carried a bomb to the house of Stolypine, the Minister of Interior, on his reception day. Luck was against them. They were

stopped in the antechamber. In the struggle which ensued, their bomb exploded. The Minister was unharmed, but dying instantly themselves they took with them twenty odd officials and spies.

Hardly a month had passed when they "expropriated" the money which was being transferred from the Custom House to the Imperial Bank. Although the amount of money they secured was immense, the deed was chiefly significant from the skill with which it was done. To know the day and the hour when the money would pass, suggests friends high up in the government service. Having secured this information, they mobilized a little army of twenty or thirty men in the heart of St. Petersburg, took the money from under the nose of a convoy of Cossacks, and all but two got safely away.

To my certain knowledge only two were lost the day of the "expropriation," one was killed in the fight, one committed suicide when he saw that escape was impossible. But the next morning the Police of St. Petersburg shot five men at dawn. They had to do something to cover their inefficiency and they claimed that these five were the leaders in the exploit. As the Russians say: Even God does not know who they were.

I pick out these three of their acts, because in their superb daring and skilful execution, they are most typical. And now that he is dead, it is safe to tell that The Bear was the head of this fighting organization. The Maximilist group is a thing of the past. Those who have not gone to death are scattered. But The Bear's life during this last year was too closely wrapped up with the few who are still alive to write about it openly. He was arrested once, at the time of the Kronstadt Mutiny after the Duma was dissolved, but his comrades rescued him.

I saw him last in Helsingfors towards the end of November. Not long afterwards, with his usual disregard for danger, he returned to Petersburg. Fully conscious that his face was well known, and that his arrest was always imminent, it was his custom always to keep his right hand in his overcoat pocket on his revolver. One day, as he was walking along the street, he was stopped by a beggar. He took his hand from its accustomed place and thrust it into an inner pocket for change.

The beggar, who was a spy, jumped on him, and before The Bear could get out his revolver, the police overpowered him.

The Court Martial gave him until dawn. A soldier who saw the execution tells that the gallows was too low and that The Bear stood there unmoved while they built it higher. He arranged the noose with his own hands and died—like a revolutionist.

A comrade of his came to Paris not long after his death and gave us the details. And as we sat around a table in a dingy little café talking about him—as you do about a friend just dead—one spoke of his daring, his calmness in danger, another of his persuasive eloquence and how he won men to his side, a third spoke admiringly of his skill at conspiracy, the masterly way in which he foresaw all eventualities and prepared against them; still another—and the one who knew him best—recalled the simplicity and purity of his life.

He was many-sided—but to me he will always stand out as the consummate leader of men, the Captain of the Insurgents, the standard-bearer of a forlorn hope.

A forlorn hope? No. Not while such men are ready to die for it.



PRIVILEGED BEGGARS

## Jots and Tittles

"IN the German army, you will note, sausages are used medicinally."—Irvin S. Cobb in the *Saturday Evening Post*.  
Better known in literature as the dogs of war.

THE names of the German and Austrian emperors have been removed from the roll of the British field marshals and of the royal dragoons. It is a pity that this contest had to degenerate into personalities.

THE Department of Agriculture has reached the conclusion that excessively conscientious mastication of food is not an aid to digestion, but, on the contrary, actually hinders it. This should be good news to those earnest Fletcherites who are six months or more behind the docket in the consumption of provender, but for most people its interest is largely academic. During the hard winter confronting us mastication will tend to become obsolete.

A N ante-election headline:  
"Reports Dash Glynn's Hopes. Candidate Losing Heart as Parker and O'Gorman Rush to His Aid."

He might have survived either. But both!

SOUTH AMERICAN countries are expressing some alarm over Ambassador Bernstorff's promise that Germany will not violate the Monroe Doctrine and run a vacuum cleaner over their continent. Optimistic Latins say that Germany has not as yet recorded this promise upon a scrap of paper.

A NEW association has been formed to prove to the world that New York had a tea-party before Boston, and was never treasonably loyal to the mother country. Somebody is trying to take the Tory out of history.

"WINDMILL fighting," says a message from [deleted] Belgium, "has been a frequent feature of the last two days' struggle here."  
Page Mr. Cervantes!

DO they keep the meters on the taxicabs that are requisitioned for war? It must be a real pleasure, under such circumstances, to watch the thing run up money. And a convenience, too, for officers with reports to write: "We advanced today eighty-seven dollars and forty cents."

AFTER the election there was a good deal of friendly rivalry among the newspapers of the political Triple Entente, the Republigrassocrats, as to which had the first and most accurate election returns. It would be an interesting historical study which was the first to stop lying about the result in the Twelfth New York Congressional District.

THE anticlimax: at the end of the day's war news a half-page article upon the horrors of vaccination.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



Drawn by John Sloan.

### At the End of the War

St. Peter: "I've got a full house!"  
The Devil: "You lose. I've got four kings!"

## The War of Ideas

THE most thoughtful book yet published about the war is a small brochure of a hundred pages by John Cowper Powys, entitled "The War and Culture."\* It is neither an appeal to the "facts of history" nor a piece of special pleading addressed to the prejudices of partisans. It is a forward-looking book, an attempt to discover in this conflict of men and guns the conflict of ideas and ideals that lies behind it, and to assess the comparative value of those ideas and ideals.

It is the belief of the author that there is already emerging from this nightmare of brutality, fear and hypocrisy an intelligible conception of it as a conflict of one great Idea with another; and in any case, he avers, such a conception must be *made to emerge*. "Fortunately," he says, "when once Ideas become battle-cries, the logic of events carries the issues far." He hopes to see some great good come out of this horror, by the triumph of one ideal over another.

The attempt to show that the Germans, on the one hand, and the Allies, on the other, are fighting for anything so real or so worth-while as an Idea is a risky thing, leading almost inevitably to evasions of fact. But Mr. Powys remains honest in intention and in method. He finds, credibly enough, that the German Idea is "nothing less than the organizing of the German race into one terrific, defensive and offensive, *machine*; a machine which . . . must be used for the spread of German culture all over the world, and the increase of German power wherever it is possible.

"The German 'Idea' is therefore the Idea of the primary importance of the State. According to it, the State and its welfare must not only override all other interests, but absorb and transmute all other interests. Against the State no individual has either rights or claims; and to increase the power and efficiency of the State every means is lawful."

He quotes Bernhardi: "The morality of the State must be judged by the nature and *raison d'être* of the State, and not of the individual citizen. But the be-all and end-all of a State is power, and he who is not man enough to look this truth in the face should not meddle in politics."

On the other hand—there is indeed some difficulty here—"the Idea of the rights of the individual, of the rights of humanity, as against the dominance of the State, is an idea which brings closely together both French and English tradition." Somewhat prophetically, but not without having first arrayed his arguments, he says later: "The idea of the Allies is to protect the individual against the State, the little nations against the empires, and the drama, color, passion, beauty and tradition of the various races of the earth, against a monotonous and murderous uniformity!" Would that it might prove true!

There is more in this view than may appear to the casually cynical glance. The State-hating French Syndicalists have already declared this to be their war. An Englishman of a singularly skeptical turn of mind, Mr. Arnold Bennett, has seriously asserted that England is fighting for the rights of the individual. Hervé is not alone in believing that Russia will keep her new promises to the Poles and Jews.

\* "The War and Culture: A Reply to Professor Munsterberg," by John Cowper Powys. G. Arnold Shaw, 11 Charles St., N. Y. C. 75 cents.

Eloquently Mr. Powys says:

"The great philosophical anarchists of Paris and Petrograd stretch out their hands across the battlefield to the religious believers in Delhi and Tibet.

"The free-thinking radicals in Manchester greet the faithful orthodox in Moscow.

"The opposite ends of the earth are agreed, in one thing at least—that they will not suffer a State-Machine to override the human spirit, or a bastard 'efficiency' to strangle the beauty and variety of human life."

There is much that is poetically overstated in the book, but there is little that one would be inclined to designate as "bosh." The book may be recommended as an honest attempt to think out a situation which in its complexity and horror almost defeats the best efforts of the intellect.

To him it is like the struggle between the Athens of free men and Sparta with its rigorous militarism, subduing all things to the service of the State. His sympathies as a civilized man and a lover of beauty and freedom are with the modern exponents of the Idea of Pericles (cf. the "Funeral Oration").

## Socialist Success

HERE at Medina, Ohio, the editor of the village paper is a Progressive, the leader of his party in Medina County. He told me this morning, in the post-office, that "when this war is over there will be a growth of the Socialist movement which will surprise the Socialists themselves."

Everybody knows now, he said, that something is terribly wrong with the world—with its way of doing business. He does not know, he added with a wrinkled brow, just how it is all going to work out, for it is perfectly evident that most people are lazy and careless between mealtimes. But it is coming, this thing called Socialism. Even the Springfield *Republican*, which he has religiously read for many years, admits it. So there is nothing to do but to get ready for it, anyway. The Editor went on to say that Jesus started the proposition a long time ago and this big war is just putting on the finishing touches.

He is not the only one to look across this black and bloody war to Socialism as something that can give the heart a renewed hope. The elections show it. Besides

sending a representative to Congress from New York City, we have elected some thirty members to the legislatures of eight States. In these victories every section of the country except the South is represented. These are signs. But they are not finalities. No election can assume such proportions to us.

We have lost some votes that we had in 1912—votes that we shouldn't have had till 1916. We can afford the loss, for we do not depend on casual political prosperity. We are engaged—with the help of the capitalist system—in the process of making revolutionists out of the fluctuant factors of political success.

"Most any American citizen," said Mr. Bryan, "knows enough to be President. But I am gravely concerned about the heart of our candidate. That must be sound."

"The hearts of the workers are sound enough," we say. "But their heads are addled. And they lack will. We are gravely concerned to have our movement made up of men who know, and believe, and dare."

FRANK BOHN.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

"Dem Allies'll find dey're up against a 'big proposition!'"

AN editorial in the *New York Times* says: "Of course the two Popes who came within range of an American moving picture man were not aware that his camera was catching their motions to preserve them for the entertainment and edification of mankind."

Especially edification. But for the movies many people might never have known that there were two Popes.

## Necessity

SHOOTING what looks like an enemy  
And then finding out that it was somebody's father—  
This would be a pitiful thing, except that it is necessary  
In order to maintain the dignity  
Of various slices of earth.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

# THE FAILURE OF THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY

Amos Pinchot

What can be said for and against the Progressive Party by one who went into it with his whole heart

THE Progressive Party has accomplished much. I believe the hard, honest work that has been done by many of its leaders and of its rank and file, has been enormously useful already, and that this will continue to bear fruit irrespective of the party's own future. Nevertheless until a new and more social conception of politics dawns upon the party leaders, the Progressive Party will be dead as a national force; in fact it will seem almost unnatural that it should be about at all.

A new party has no place in the United States, unless it represents radicalism. It is plain that the two old parties are conservative enough to draw to them everybody that is satisfied with superficial reform—with tinkering with effects instead of dealing with causes.

The Progressive Party's only chance was to make a different appeal to the public—an appeal founded on the proposition that there is a real social problem in the United States, and that this problem can only be solved by a long and constructive campaign of thoughtful but essentially radical statesmanship.

The Progressive Party should either have undertaken to go deeply and intelligently into the causes of the economic troubles which threaten the peace of society, as the liberal parties in England, France and Germany have done, or it should have kept its fingers out of the pie.

It did neither. Under blind leadership, the party followed a shallow middle-of-the-road course. It had no serious economic program. It contented itself with a series of unobjectionable reforms, supposedly adapted to vote-getting from all quarters. Carrying a withered and decidedly suspicious looking olive branch to labor and capital, and to democracy and oligarchy alike, it pleaded for universal approval. This plea was rejected.

The Progressive Party polled over 4,000,000 votes in 1912. It had and has many leaders of real public spirit and high ability, who are willing to make large sacrifices for the public good. But in a certain sense it was not really a political party, but rather a political faction. For it drew its support less from the adherence of ideas, than from the personal followers of a man. On the great personality and popularity of Theodore Roosevelt the party was founded; and its fall has gone far to prove that a personal following is not enough to constitute a party.

The fall of the Progressive Party, though inevitable under the circumstances, is nevertheless a lamentable event. To thousands of earnest men and women, who enlisted in rank or file or as leaders for what they supposed was a campaign against privilege and injustice, the failure of the Progressive Party, ending in the election of November 3, has been a tragedy. Buoyed up by the hope that they had at last found a home in a party that would fight courageously to free the public from oppressive industrialism, they gave their whole strength to the cause. They went into battle, or what they thought was battle, with the fervor of a religious crusade. They sang "Onward Christian Soldiers," and were told that they were standing at Armageddon and battling for the Lord. They declared war against the exploitation of the people by industrial monopolies and

denounced the ruthless control of our government and of the lives of our millions of citizens by powerful corporations. They told each other that a dream had come true—a powerful political organization dedicated to economic as well as to political ideals, had been born, as by a miracle; and in it they saw the coming of an era of prosperity and justice. And these people meant what they said and gladly made whatever sacrifices seemed necessary to carry forward the flag.

But as time went on the rank and file of the Progressive Party began to realize that the line of march had mysteriously changed. They had supposed the gist of the situation in America—the cause of our social unrest and agitation—was the concentration of wealth and power in a few hands of a few people. They had believed that the advance of democracy in this country meant the establishment of a juster distribution of wealth and power, and that this was the fundamental consideration upon which the new party was founded.

But within a few months from the Party's birth, all this was altered. A new atmosphere began to pervade its councils. The fight against privilege was abandoned, so far as national headquarters was concerned. Anyone who now talked about "privilege" or the distribution of wealth, was called a visionary or a doctrinaire. In the disputes between the consumer and the trusts, between labor and the trusts, and between capital and labor, headquarters either kept silent or else took the side of capital.

Thus a situation was developed where the rank and file and the more radical leaders found themselves working in a direction diametrically opposed to the dominating influence. And this influence was the more powerful in that it financed the party from the beginning to the end, controlled party machinery and furnished backing, largely in proportion to willingness of the state organizations to stand only for principles and individuals that were friendly or at least neutral to large industrial interests.

In the meantime an extensive pamphlet propaganda in defense of the trusts was organized by Headquarters, which included bitter denunciation of everyone inside or outside the party who would not admit that monopoly was the people's best friend.

In 1913 Mr. Roosevelt published his autobiography, containing a further and exceedingly influential defense of the monopoly principle in general and of the Steel Corporation in particular.

In December, 1912, there was a movement in the Party to change the color of its leadership. I wrote a number of letters to Mr. Roosevelt, in which I said that the Party would have to change its pro-trust position and eliminate the tendencies summed up in the leadership of Mr. George W. Perkins, or else cease to hope for popular support. As I look back at Mr. Roosevelt's reply, there seems a curious connection between it and recent events. I quote Mr. Roosevelt's words without feeling that I am in any sense violating a confidence, because he has more than once made the same statement in practically the same words on the stump and in other public utterances. Colonel Roosevelt said: "I believe that the spirit, however honest, which

prompts the assault upon Perkins, is the spirit which, if it becomes dominant in the party, means that from that moment it is an utter waste of time to expect any good from the party whatsoever, and that the party will at once sink, and deservedly sink, into an unimportant adjunct of the Debs movement or some other similar movement." Certainly subsequent events show that the spirit of democracy, or independence, or radicalism, or whatever we may call it, which prompted the revolt against reactionary leadership, never did become dominant in the Party. In fact, as time went on, the utterances from headquarters drifted more and more into old-time political lines, until toward election day all issues but personal ones were practically abandoned, in New York State. But on election day, although avoidance of radical or even progressive doctrines had been carried to an extreme, the Progressive Party in New York failed to elect an important candidate of any kind, while the Socialist, or as Mr. Roosevelt calls it, the Debs party, won a signal victory by sending a representative to Congress from a strong Tammany district. The Prohibition Party, moreover, polled twice the vote of the Progressive Party in the gubernatorial contest.

But the Progressive Party would have been defeated this year even if it had stood on a real platform instead of on a well meaning but unmeaning collection of platitudes. In some states a few independent spirits did break away from colorless respectabilities and, in spite of the displeasure of the national leaders, campaigned for principles which offered the community hope of ultimate economic relief. Francis J. Heney, for instance, in California polled 180,000 votes in his senatorial campaign on the issues of government ownership of railroads and of all the basic sources of energy, such as oil and coal and water power. Gifford Pinchot in Pennsylvania polled over a quarter of a million votes on a platform including government control of Pennsylvania's anthracite mines and a general anti-monopoly policy, and this in the face of America's most powerful reactionary machine.

A new party, supporting issues worth fighting for, cannot expect to win immediately. But, if from the beginning, the Progressive Party had adopted a policy consistent with the aspiration of justice which gave it birth; if more of its leaders had sat down and asked what the social problem in America consisted of, and how to solve this problem, irrespective of immediate success at the polls, instead of asking, as did the majority of them, what political issues were the most likely to win, and what superficial economic reforms could be championed without running foul of special privilege—if this course had been followed we would have laid the foundation of a real party.

It is not enough for a new party to claim a preponderance of righteousness. It is not sufficient for the purposes of political success merely to arrogate to itself all of the moral ground, as an army in war corrals the supply of food or fuel. A new political party must go to the public with something definite—a definite means to accomplish a definite and desirable end.

The Progressive program had something of everything in it, from the care of babies to the building of

a birch-bark canoe. Yet it contained little which dealt with the actual problems of the United States in any but the most superficial manner. It was the expression of social aspiration, but not of a social program.

We may affirm, in the most earnest way, that wages should be higher, and working conditions better; or that honesty is the best policy; or that the camel is

the ship of the desert and the dog the best friend of man. But we cannot build a new party on such a faith. The public desires specifications of a more convincing and mundane character, and moreover it requires evidence of the sincerity of such specifications. As Thoreau said, if you find a trout in the milk it is circumstantial evidence, not proof. And if in a Pro-

gressive Party you find the Steel or Harvester Trusts, carrying its financial burden and directing its policies, it is not proof—but it is at least suggestive of a certain dilution of purposes.

There is a great deal of talk about the visionary character of radical proposals. But nothing I have ever heard from the lips of the wildest radical exceeds in visionary impracticability the proposition of maintaining a third party, standing for nothing more concrete than a general aspiration of democracy, and financially fatterred by representatives of the commercial interests which the public most thoroughly distrusts. This may have been "practical," but it was not politics. It was a case of contagious political blindness.

However, let us not blame those leaders of the party who are responsible for its present low estate. They were no doubt working for what they believed to be the good of the community, but they were fighting for it foolishly and in the wrong place. Their presence, as leaders in a movement supported by a rank and file generally in favor of making it harder to amass a great fortune and easy to make a decent living, was incongruous and resulted in an opposition of forces, which brought the party to a standstill.

#### Church News From Africa

UNGAARD, Central Africa, Nov. 20.—Resolutions were read today in the Central Cannibal Church protesting against the atrocities of the Christian war, now being waged in Europe. "We condemn all wanton destruction of life, except for purposes of food," said the chief of the tribe.

The Ladies' Heathen Society of The First Church of the Unredeemed voted to send a boatload of yams, gourds and breadfruit to the starving wives and children of Christians whose husbands and fathers are at war.

The Young Men's Pagan Society adopted resolutions calling on all young pagans to resist the insidious teachings of Christianity, and to dedicate their lives to peace.

At the Church of the Holy Voodoes, the Fire Worshipers Temple and the Second Vudist Congregation of Junglesia, collections were taken up to carry on foreign missions among the French, Germans, and English peoples of Europe. Missionaries will go among these warlike people and endeavor to persuade them to forsake their bloodthirsty Gods and worship the One True God of Africa.

"Europe for Vood in 1950!" is the slogan of these loyal religionists.

M. F.



Drawn by G. S. Sparks.

HORRORS!

# PEACE AS A MATTER OF BUSINESS

Roger W. Babson

A capitalist view of the chances of peace—by  
the technical adviser of American financiers

**I**N the center of the first page of the *Boston News Bureau* for October 31, 1914, appears an interesting story of the Carnegie Peace Propaganda which has been in operation the past few years. It shows that Mr. Carnegie has spent over \$15,000,000 thus far on this work, but sarcastically adds: "Apparently, judging by present results, the appropriation was too small!" The article closes by a reference to a competitive peace propaganda started by the famous book publisher, Edwin Ginn. It further states that if one will pass the office of this institution at 41 Beacon street, he will see hanging behind the gold-lettered sign, "World Peace Foundation," a placard upon which is printed "Space to Let." Considering the fact that this is probably the leading financial paper of the country, read only by millionaires and blue-bloods, it illustrates how little the ordinary peace propaganda appeals to thinking business men.

Briefly, the business man believes that war will be abolished only when some other method is devised for enabling nations to obtain *peaceably* what they would otherwise secure through an armed conflict. Business men believe that the Court at The Hague tends simply to keep matters *in statu quo*, and will never be acceptable to the younger and growing nations. This point of view should be readily understood by working people whose experience has been that the courts almost invariably decide in favor of capital, or those who "have," against those who "have not." Moreover, this does not mean that courts are dishonest, as their primary purpose is simply to keep matters as they are, and not do constructive work. The same also applies to international arbitration. Although arbitration in international affairs, as in industrial affairs, is of service in temporarily postponing and sometimes in permanently avoiding a conflict, yet it does not remove the cause of the difficulty and is only of transient value.

The most thoughtful bankers, business men, and labor leaders are agreed that world peace must come as a by-product. We cannot go out and seek peace by damming up the stream, but rather we must first provide some other channel through which the stream may flow. The different countries of the world are to-day very much in the same position as were the thirteen American colonies a hundred and forty years ago. At that time each colony had its army and government and was the competitor of the others. Some one conceived the idea of their getting together, and especially that they form a court to settle their difficulties. But there were those among them who were bright enough to see that if the federal government had only a court, revolutions would continue, and it would be broken up before many years. Therefore the idea was conceived that the Court should be supplemented by legislative and executive departments. It was further provided that the vote of the different colonies in this Congress and for the Executive officers should be proportional to their respective populations.

This provided machinery whereby any section of the country could get any law repealed or enacted, which it desired to do by getting a majority of votes. As any section when armed must have had a majority of the

able-bodied men above 21 years in order to succeed in an armed conflict, there was, under such a form of government, no object in bringing about an armed revolution. Or, to state it in another way, revolutions within nations still exist to-day as they have in the past, but ballots take the place of bullets! As we look back upon the history of our country, we may clearly see that our legislative body has acted as a safety valve which has kept the country together and enabled each district to remain quiet with a fair degree of contentment. Furthermore, our common sense tells us that if it were not for this legislative body, the country would be divided into a dozen different republics to-day. Simply a court would never have held the conservative and progressive interests together.

Talk at the present time about an international government with the three separate divisions causes one to be marked as a dreamer. There is no doubt that some day this will be accomplished, like other good things, but we cannot expect it at present. Many, however, do believe that the time has come when the first step along such lines may be taken, and an international commission may be formed which shall have control of the seas and the barriers between nations.

This movement was first suggested in concrete form by John Hays Hammond, the famous mining engineer, in an address he delivered at the Third American Peace Conference, in which he made an appeal for the neutralization of China. Of course, China naturally asked why she should be selected as the sole nation to neutralize. Statesmen recognized that her position was well taken, and thus Mr. Hammond's idea has gradually developed into a plan for neutralizing all inter-nation trade routes and barriers, placing all under the control of an international commission upon which the nations shall have a vote in proportion to their

strength. It is true that not much headway has as yet been made in this direction, but the question is being frankly put before the American people to-day, in order that they may understand that it is a question either of such a world federation, or else continued militarism. As an illustration of one of the ways by which this movement is being propagated, I submit the following slip,\* which a number of people are now enclosing in all their outgoing mail:

## INTERNATIONALISM OR MILITARISM?

The present European conflict can permanently be ended only in the same manner as revolutions within nations have been made to cease; namely, by providing machinery which will enable races to secure, peacefully, the same results as they could secure by armed conflict. Hence the ultimate success of The Hague Court is wholly dependent upon the adding of a representative legislative body to neutralize and regulate inter-nation trade channels and barriers.

Until such plans are developed, nations will have no incentive to pool their armaments for international police duty, as they will never so combine simply to compel other nations to abide by treaties or court decrees which do not directly affect them. Nations, however, would naturally combine to protect the neutrality of the trade routes and the joint regulation of national barriers—after such neutrality and joint power has once been secured.

Until such plans are developed and the United States is a part thereof, we should continue to increase our armaments, and seriously prepare for war. Unless we are willing to join other nations in yielding some of our sovereignty rights for the good which would come to us from such a federation, then we should be prepared to fight. Whether or not such a world federation would be to our immediate advantage may be a debatable question; but all should realize that there is no half way step for most of the customary peace talk is utterly unsound.

\* These slips will be furnished free of charge to any reader.

## "WAKE, GOD, AND ARM"

**W**AKE, God, and arm—this is no time for sleep;  
Now that stark madness fires ten million men,  
And murder laughs and stabs and laughs again,  
And blind lust plunges where it feared to creep.  
Brushing Thy hand the winged navies sweep;  
Each night sends down a hideous surprise—  
Even the sky drips war . . . and clean and wise  
Nations go forth to their own burial heap.

Where art Thou, God, these torn and shattering days?  
Where is Thine excellent wrath, Thy powerful word?  
Still—Thou art still—impotent and absurd;  
A cautious god, feeble and fat with praise.  
Thou too, arise and arm! Why shouldst Thou be  
Keeping, with Death, this black neutrality.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

THE MASSES, December, 1914.

## THE SPORT

Colorado mine-owners have enlisted a new batch of gunmen.  
We suggest that they let the gunmen drive in.



## T OF KINGS

of militia-gummen to hunt strikers in the coal-fields.  
in the game, and they do the shooting themselves.

# KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

## Merry Christmas

FIENDS advise me that THE MASSES would be better if it contained a little more hope, a little more affirmation. I believe this is true. Our tendency to stress the outstanding evils of civilization is of course a reaction against the universal policy of commercial editors to shut their eyes and pound the major chord.

The American press is flooded with sunshine bunk, and if a little extra gloom surrounds our offering it is not half enough to balance the mixture. However, monotony is the only sin, and in my page at least, I shall aspire to a little Christmas cheer.

## Towards Religion

AT this time many priests and parsons are doffing their solemn cloth in order to pull on the fighting uniforms of their country. And however one may judge the wisdom of the act, there falls away from them at least a sickening halo of pretence. They become in semblance what in reality they are, men of the twentieth century, motivated by the conditions and ideas of that century.

The Jesus pretense—if we could dispel that utterly, and start facing the problems of idealism in our own clothes, in our own nature, all over the world, this would be a holy Christmas after all.

And one cannot help hoping that this ludicrous and savage massacre which is being carried forward with so much prayer and protestation of sanctity on all sides, will induce a sort of universal disgust with all kinds of godly fakiry.

"If we must be enemies," wrote General Sherman to the Confederate General Hood, "let us be men and fight it out, as we propose to do, and not deal in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity."

Is it not possible that more people than ever are feeling this way, and that the feeling will extend beyond the war, since the war is so flagrant an example of the insincerity of our professed religion? Some day men will learn to say: "If we must be competitors in a struggle for wealth, let us be men and fight it out, as we propose to do, and not deal in such hypocritical pretences about Christ and the church."

## Authority

UPON the relation of institutional religion to respectable exploitation, no new words have been necessary since Emerson. How many elite daughters of Boston devour their daily Emerson in pious ignorance of the utterly disreputable things he is saying! This for example:

"The cause of education is urged in this country with the utmost earnestness—on what ground? Why on this, that the people have the power, and if they are not instructed to sympathize with the intelligent, reading, trading, and governing class, inspired with a taste for the same competitions and prizes, they will upset the fair pageant of Judicature, and perhaps lay a hand on the sacred muniments of wealth itself, and new-distribute the land. Religion is taught in the same spirit. The contractors who were building a road out of Baltimore, some years ago, found the Irish laborers quarrelsome and refractory to a degree that embar-

rassed the agents and seriously interrupted the progress of the work. The corporation were advised to call off the police and build a Catholic chapel, which they did; the priest presently restored order, and the work went on prosperously. Such hints, be sure, are too valuable to be lost. If you do not value the Sabbath, or other religious institutions, give yourself no concern about maintaining them. They have already acquired a market value as conservators of property; and if priest and church-member should fail, the chambers of commerce and the presidents of the banks, the very in-holders and landlords of the county, would muster with fury to their support."

ling of an eye all the tiny "freedom of will" which they possessed. In the same way higher forms of life, by the introduction of certain substances into the blood; and in the same way man, by the introduction of these standard ideas, "glory," "nationality," "expansion," "imperialism," etc., of which the last and just now the most effective is "race-war." He says:

"The present war was manipulated through this phrase. It is this phrase in which at present the greatest danger for this country lies. It behooves the workingmen, who in a war are the main dupes, to free themselves from the grip of this phrase as they have freed themselves from the grip of imperialistic phrases."

## Still Better

AND while we are finding cheer in the expected decline of a false worship—it is after all a negative blessing—let us give greater thanks for the advance of the spirit of true science. To see in a popular magazine like *Everybody's*, an article on "Race-War," by Franz Boas, perhaps the greatest authority of the world in anthropology, is encouraging to our very best hopes. I wish all the people on the earth could know, and know not with their reason only but with their imagination, all the solid and real truth about races, and alleged racial animosities and superiorities, that Professor Boas could tell them. It would alter the face of history.

The fact about Europe which is so interesting in this article is that racial divisions run east and west—the Northern Europeans, the Central Europeans, and the Southern Europeans of all nations belonging to the same racial family, while the great national divisions run north and south:

"In short, there is no war of races in Europe, for in every single nationality concerned in the present struggle the various elements of the European population are represented and arrayed against the same elements as grouped together in another nationality. The conflict has nothing whatever to do with racial descent. The racial antipathies are feelings that have grown up on another basis and have been given a fictitious racial interpretation."

## How It Works

HOW this fiction of race-war operates upon the nervous system of the people, and what it is used for and by whom, is explained in an article by Jacques Loeb, the famous biological discoverer, in the *New Review*. He tells how a million swimming little water animals, going hither and thither each upon his own errand, are suddenly induced by a ray of sunlight or a drop of acid to "rush to the front," losing in the twink-

### ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE will publish next month a discussion of the conventional, feeble, photographic tight-mindedness of magazine art in America, and an explanation with illustrations of what the artists of THE MASSES are doing to make such art vital, and real, and free, and democratic.

## A Tribute

AN accident for which we may be thankful at this moment is that Woodrow Wilson and not Theodore Roosevelt is President of the United States. At the time of the Tampico incident it seemed to some of us that Wilson was landing troops at Vera Cruz merely because he was afraid to oppose Admiral Mayo in a silly punctilio about the American flag. We learned subsequently that Huerta had plotted secret hostilities against American citizens in Mexico, in order to provoke intervention by our armies, which would put an end to the revolution, and set him at the head of Mexico in a war with the United States. President Wilson was informed of this plot, and he availed himself of the Tampico incident merely as an excuse to put United States troops so near Mexico City that they could capture the person of Huerta before he would gain anything by the event.

For my part I give unreserved admiration to President Wilson for his statesmanship in the Mexican situation, and for his unwavering purpose to let the Mexican people govern, or not govern, themselves. I believe they will govern themselves (as much and as little as we do) within a short time, and that Villa will force a solution of the land question in the face of the Church and the *scientificos* and the foreign exploiters all put together. And when the land is distributed, we shall see no more revolutions in Mexico until industrial capital grows to be the monster that it is with us, and Lawrence, Paterson, West Virginia, Colorado, Arkansas—heralds of a new and greater change—begin to repeat themselves there.

Meanwhile, gratitude to Woodrow Wilson, all alone, for giving the peasants of Mexico their chance. And gratitude to fortune for placing him and not his combustible rival in the White House when the other half of the earth is on fire.

## Not Utopian

MRS. PETHICK-LAWRENCE, who divided with Mrs. Pankhurst the leadership of the fighting suffrage movement in England, has come to this country full of faith and of a resolution that in the woman movement shall be found the final power for international peace. Some of us met her in New York the other day, and talked of the possibilities and probabilities of peace, and it seemed to be the sentiment of the meeting that all the three great powers of the day, organized capital, organized labor, and the new power of awakening women the world over, are especially interested in peace.

What they lack is a positive plan, in place of a mere negative evangel. In short, an international federation, not unlike our federation of the American states, seemed to us a plan we might induce our government to propose for consideration to the other governments not now actively at war. And as we talked together of the number of hard-headed "interests" in the modern world which would be served by such a federation, it grew to seem the least utopian of all the hopes that any of us were spending our efforts upon.

Such a federation (with power) would not immediately insure peace, but it would approximate a state of international security of life and commerce such as we have among the states. It would place in the hands of the great interests which were impotent on the brink of the present war, an instrument through which they could effectively act. It would place before the imagination of men an affirmative ideal to supplant the honorific insanity of patriotism.

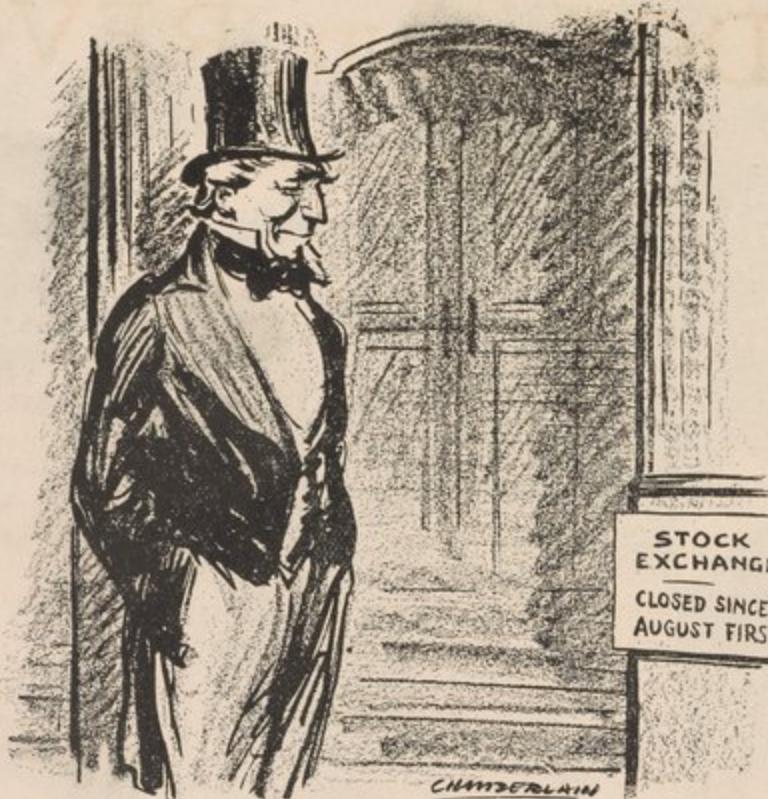
### Not Heretical

*Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.*

Certain Socialists of the line will resent this view of the prospects of peace. They will deem it unorthodox that the worker and the capitalist should have so consequential a community of interest as that. But after all, the worker and the capitalist are both interested in having the law of gravitation maintained, and that is a pretty extensive law. I think we can afford to admit that a continued circulation of blood through the veins of at least half the people on the globe is a matter of concern both to the exploiter and the exploited. And if so, we shall only obey the dictates of the Economic Interpretation of History if we avail of both these classes in our effort to build a bulwark against international war.

The American Federation of Labor in convention at Philadelphia has appointed a committee to consider a plan for enforcing the opposition of laboring men to war. And we print in this number of *THE MASSES* a plan advocated by Roger W. Babson for enforcing the opposition of capitalists to it. Let us admit that we are here dealing with a hope that is not social-revolutionary in any sense. It is really only a supremely sagacious step to be taken by a bourgeois society, completely cleared and cured of the remnants of feudalism. It may logically come before anything like a social revolution is accomplished. But logical or not, let us not block the progress of our hopes, out of respect to a major premise.

I WOULD like to call the attention of those who are shouting about the breakdown of Socialist Internationalism in this war, to the fact that while Socialists have been preaching the conception of Internationalism only sixty-odd years, the Christian Church has been preaching internationalism for twenty centuries, and yet nobody is shouting about its breakdown. And why? Because they do not take it seriously, and for eighteen centuries they have not taken it seriously. And why do they shout about the breakdown of Socialist Internationalism? Because though it is so young, they know it to be founded upon a truth as to the real nature of humanity and of human history, and they do take it seriously.



### "AND I NEVER MISSED IT!"

#### Sign of the Times

LET us rejoice that organized capital has reached the point of writing books in defense of its own sovereignty.

"Facts Concerning the Struggle in Colorado for Industrial Freedom—Series I," contains more garish sophistry per square column than anything published since King James wrote a book in defense of the divine right of kings. And I am forcibly reminded that Henry the Eighth did not write books in defense of the divine right of kings—he merely exercised it. King James started the publicity bureau, and King James' son had his head chopped off by the people. *Sic Semper Tyrannis!*

#### Belligerent

THE new governor of Colorado says:

"In approaching the problems confronting Colorado I shall try to be absolutely fair. . . . The chief trouble with the laborer today is that he lacks the ideal of service."

What is the chief trouble with the capitalist the governor does not say. He merely adds: "I intend to do the things that will make progress, peace and prosperity possible here—if not by pacific methods, by force."

If there is basis for any hope in this attitude of the new governor it is the hope that his declaration of war on the striking miners will induce either an armed rebellion against his government, or a federal appropriation of the coal mines. No other hope is visible to me, because I have visited the coal fields of Colorado.

#### The National Vote

THE failure of the Progressive Party, and the annual continuation of the gradual success of the Socialist Party, are discussed elsewhere in this number. The gradual success of woman suffrage has reached a point where it may be taken for granted. But a glance at the map will show that in a year or so more the gradualness is going to drop off and the

success come on with a jump. A federal suffrage amendment—the aim of the "Congressional Union" with headquarters at Washington—is a menace under which the "effete East" will soon be trembling. Maybe Boston will secede. Let us not hope so.

#### Another Myth

NEXT to the Race Myth and the Culture Myth, the Atrocity Myth appears to us about the most unscientific press-product of the war. Everyone knows that there are ruffians in all nations. Certainly a great plenty in the uniforms of the United States, as the Ludlow massacre revealed.

Germany is the invader—that is all.

#### Encouragement

TO those who think that the revolutionary spirit is declining in the shadow of war, we offer the following letter (sent to our office with the name of its recipient excised) as a good reason for a Merry Christmas:

THE BUREAU AMERICAN  
302 Magee Building  
PITTSBURGH, PA.

New York  
Chicago

W. A. BRUETTE  
Director

October 8th, 1914.

Dear Sir:

The general business depression throughout the country furnishes an ample harvest time for the anarchist, Socialist and agitator. The past few months have shown them to be even more active than usual with the very natural result, under the circumstances, of making great headway. They have entered fields heretofore untouched, and using the general depression as a weapon, have recruited thousands to their views.

In a previous letter we undertook to tell you, not alone the very great necessity for concerted action on the part of employers, but also the great need of immediate action. Legislation must be secured that will remove the time limit for deportation of anarchists. The enclosed slip is from the report of the Commissioner General of Immigration, and it seems worthy of your consideration, as fully eighty-five (85%) per cent. of the agitators of the I. W. W.'s are of foreign birth.

The Socialist party ten years ago had a voting strength of 40,000; in four years it increased to 580,000. In the last campaign 1,165,000 votes were cast for their ticket, and had not Mr. Roosevelt been in the field fully 2,000,000 votes would have been cast by the Socialists.

Two hundred and twenty printing establishments throughout the country, working day and night on Socialistic literature, make this great spread of Socialism possible.

The Bureau American is conducting a campaign against this scourge. We want to extend our work into your district and ask you to communicate with the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce; the Pittsburgh Coal Company, Mr. Charles M. Johnson, General Counsel; The Pittsburgh Coal Operators' Association, Mr. S. A. Taylor, Secretary; The Henderson Coal Company, Mr. William Henderson, President, and the Ellsworth Collieries, Mr. J. H. Luce, Assistant General Manager.

Will you kindly advise us if you will see our Mr. Hutson in this connection.

Very truly yours,

BUREAU AMERICAN,  
W. A. BRUETTE, Director.

HUNTING for something else to be happy about during the holidays, I finally lit upon the fact that public school will be out, and I shall not have to hear every morning those guileless voices opposite my nine-o'clock window singing, "The Army and Navy forever!"



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

## CHRISTMAS CHEER

"Don't be Discouraged. The Doctor Says You'll be Back on the Firing Line in a Week."

### TO ALL READERS

ONE astonishing result of the elections is that three rollicking mountain states have followed gentlemanly old Virginia in declaring for total prohibition. Such is the progress of the Industrial Efficiency movement. The ruling aristocracy can have beverages in their own cellars, and they find their wage-workers more efficient when drinks are unattainable. I think it will be accepted that this is the true cause of the change; it is but a portion of the sudden enlightenment of Capital that attended the birth of the Progressive Party.

But we do not dismiss it for its causes. We look to its possible results. And looking there, I for one am not unhappy about it. Possibly when employers

have gone to the limit in making their men *efficient*, they will find they have incidentally made them *healthy* and *intelligent*, and when that time comes the hopes of the labor movement are far more bright.

If you have not too much of the sentimental anarchist in your revolutionism, why not advocate a federal "Pure Liquor Act," which would simply declare that drinks containing above five or six per cent. of alcohol are not guaranteed as non-poisonous, and drinks not guaranteed can not be manufactured or sold?

Would this make for liberty and life in the long run, or would it not? I wish the readers of *THE MASSES* would send in their opinions upon this subject. Call it "Booze and the Revolution." We will print a page of them in the next number, if they get here in time.

### PRESS PEARL

ON Painless Childbirth: "It is a great thing, no doubt, this promised doing away with pain; but as a tonic what shall take its place? How much the necessary heroism of all women must have done to keep nobility in the race."—*Harper's Weekly*.

### Not Binding

THE New York *Times* thinks that the one-term plank of the Democratic platform should be disregarded because the Baltimore convention was tired and noisy and nobody heard what the man said.

President Wilson is in a splendid position; he wasn't there at all.

# THE DARK CONTINENT

Floyd Dell

THREE people sat at a kitchen table, eating supper. One was an eager-eyed, impetuous girl of eighteen with unkempt yellow hair. One was a large woman with a face lined by weariness and anxiety. The last was a quiet little man in his shirt sleeves, whose hands showed the marks of the cobbler's trade.

"That Lucile—is she coming here again to-night?"

At her mother's question the girl looked up. "Oh, maybe," she replied, in a voice which seemed to warn her mother that it was none of her business.

The woman glanced at her husband as though for help; but he was pretending to be intent on his rye bread and *leberwurst*, and avoided her glance. When she looked back at her daughter, the girl was regarding her challengingly.

"Well!" said the girl, with an impudent laugh, "Say it! Spit it out!"

The two glances crossed like swords, and then the woman spoke. "That Lucile—she is not a nice girl."

The man pushed back his chair unobtrusively, took his pipe from his pocket, and went out the back door. The woman followed him with her eyes, as though she had never given up the idea of finding help in him. Then she turned to her daughter and repeated: "She is a bad girl."

"Don't be a fool, ma."

With the bravado of an undisciplined child, she had uttered aloud the eternal secret comment of youth on the judgments of maturity.

There drifted in through the screen door the long growl of a dog, and then a shrill volley of barks. The girl jumped up. Her father put his head inside. "Come here, Goldie!" he called confidentially. "Come quick!"

"It's a dog fight!" cried the girl, and ran outside.

"You stay here," called her mother. "I want to say something to you." But she was left alone. She started determinedly toward the door, but stopped. She sighed, came back to the table, and started to clear it off. After a while, when the noise out in the alley had subsided, she called: "Come here, girl, and wipe the dishes for me."

Goldie came in. "I've got to fix the lamp for pa," she said. Her mother made no reply, and went on with her work. Goldie took the lamp, unscrewed the burner, and filled it with kerosene from a can under the table. Her father came in and watched her. She smiled at him in a friendly way, while she trimmed the wick and with a piece of old newspaper rubbed the soot from the inside of the glass chimney. At last she lighted it and placed it on the corner of the table. The man took down from a shelf behind the door an old book, a German translation of Stanley's African adventures; settling himself in a chair beside the lamp, he commenced to read, becoming quickly absorbed in the account of this fascinating and terrible region and the men who must enter and explore it at whatever cost.

The woman looked at the girl and then at the pile of unwiped dishes. "Well?" she asked.

"Oh," said Goldie impatiently, "I ain't got no time to do those old dishes. I've got to fix my hair."

She turned and ran upstairs.

The woman took up the dish towel, and then turned

to her husband. "Why don't you try to do something with her?" she demanded. He did not answer, and she continued. "You don't care what becomes of her." He kept on reading. "You don't care if she goes to the dogs."

He looked up mildly. "She's all right," he said.

"Yes," answered his wife indignantly, "you call it all right that she don't mind anybody, and goes with bad girls."

"I don't think that Lucile is a bad girl," he protested feebly.

"Oh, you—you don't know anything. If you didn't read foolish books all the time, maybe you could see what's going on. I hear them talking on the doorstep when they think I don't listen. Dirty stories they tell, and that Lucile she shows my girl presents that men give to her. Do you know where they go by nights? To the parks and the depot, and talk with strange men there."

He shut the book, putting a match in to mark the place. "What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"I want you to have some sense first. I want you to look after that girl. Maybe a whipping would do her some good."

The man sighed. He had, under his wife's direction, whipped his stubborn and wayward little girl at frequent intervals since she was six years old. But she was getting too old now. He remembered the last time he had whipped her, when she was fifteen. He forgot what it was for—some tomboyish trick or other. But he remembered how she had cried. She had been locked in a little room, and she had screamed and sobbed for hours. He shook his head. All those whippings had done no good.

Goldie, standing at the crooked mirror upstairs, twisted her yellow hair into a radiant mass, humming as she did so a catchy popular song. The words of that song, with their vulgar romanticism, the sense which they held of the fascination of casual lovemaking—even more, perhaps, the cheap enterprise of the music—were of a piece with the girl's thoughts. Her mind was full of a tingling anticipation of a new and strange world—an anticipation that spread in her thoughts, pushing back her weary memories of the long day's work in the cracker factory, and bringing in a revivifying sense of adventure. The thought of dancing, of the pretty dress she was wearing, of the "fellow" she was to meet again to-night, all mingled together in a kind of starry magic, which satisfied while it kindled the restless impatience of her spirit. There was in these things the tang that her soul demanded.

She came running down the stairs. Her father came to her hesitantly, and took her by the shoulder. "I want to say something to you." He pushed her ahead of him into the front room.

The girl looked at him quizzically. "Well, Captain?" she said. It was her pet name for him, sparingly used. He was instantly disarmed. He could not say to her any of the things his wife wanted him to say.

Some half suppressed instinct in him went out in dumb sympathy to something in the girl. It was perhaps the gesture of recognition of one soul to its fellow when he went awkwardly over to the wall, and took down from its supporting hooks a big shotgun. He had bought it years before, but had never once shot it

off. He handled it affectionately, and turned to his daughter.

"When we get some money," he said, "we go out hunting together, you and me. Hey?"

She smiled indulgently at him, and he put it back. His wife might come and see, and she would make fun of him. "That man Stanley," he said reminiscently, "was a big hunter—and a big fighter, too." He took the girl by the shoulder again, and pushed her gently toward the door.

As they came back into the kitchen, he saw that his wife had been listening, and that she was angry.

"You are no good," she said to him, and then turned to the girl. "I speak with you," she said.

"Some other time," laughed the girl. "I've got to go now." She ran to the door.

"Wait!" commanded her mother. The girl impatiently turned the doorknob, and then looked back. "Well, what is it?"

"Do you want a beating?" her mother asked, with a note of angry decision in her voice. "I think I give you one."

The girl laughed uneasily. She was afraid of her mother when she spoke like that. "What's the matter now?" she asked.

"I think I put a stop to you going out by nights. I will hurt you so you want to stay in. I think I make you mind."

"I'd like to see you!" said the girl sullenly, looking at her shoe and twisting the doorknob.

"If you go," went on the woman, "you know what you get when you come back. Something worse than you ever got yet. How you like that?"

The girl looked at her with an air of defiance. "I'm not afraid of you!"

"You better be afraid of me. You know what I say I do. Now I think you stay home to-night?"

The girl let go her hold on the doorknob. "But ma!" she began protestingly, and advanced to the middle of the room. She looked appealingly to her father, who evaded the look.

At that moment there came from the street in front of the house a peculiar and familiar sound. Someone was "trilling." It was the sound which the mother had come to hate, and the daughter to await eagerly, as the signal for those unknown adventures of the night.

The girl started with recognition. "It's Lucile!" she cried, and ran to the door.

Her mother caught her by the arm and pulled her back. "You don't go!" she said.

"Oh, let me alone!" cried the girl fiercely, jerking herself loose. But her mother seized her again, and held her tightly.

"You let me go!" cried the girl, savagely, struggling to free herself as her mother dragged her within the room. "Let me go, I tell you!"

Such a scene was not new to the man, and he did not try to interfere. Instead, he stood by, silent, and with trembling hands filled his pipe.

For the girl had become, in a moment, a wild animal that twisted and bit and clawed. She was in one of her furies. The man lighted his pipe and turned away, trying not to hear the sounds of struggle, and the more dreadful sounds of obscene rage that poured from the girl's mouth. All the unconsidered vileness that had

entered her mind in years of work and play was unloosed in such a moment as this. . . . The two of them had fallen to the floor, knocking over a chair, and they rolled as they struggled. They came close to him, and he turned just in time to see the girl free herself, leap up triumphantly, and gain the doorway. There she stood, safe, panting, while her mother tried in vain to lift her breathless bulk from the floor.

Lucile was "trilling" for her again. She stood there a moment, looking at the seated figure of her mother, who had a torn sleeve and a bloody scratch on her face. She herself had apparently suffered no harm in the struggle, and she had, with her flushed cheeks, a kind of wild beauty. Her glance shifted to her father, who started hesitantly toward her. Then she turned scornfully away from them, lifted her head and "trilled."

The sound, a rallying cry of girlhood's adolescence, floated across the quiet dusk which is the frontier of the night.

### One On The Times

THE following news item appeared in the New York *Times*:

"Chicago, Oct. 23.—A man giving his name as David A. Wilson was held under arrest for having written to Miss Margaret Wilson, the only unmarried daughter of President Wilson, proposing marriage. He will be examined as to his sanity."

### What, Indeed!

WHAT would have happened if Florence Nightingale had remembered that "Woman's sphere is the home"? If Molly Pitcher had stopped to consider that feminine power is best exerted through indirect influence? If Pocohontas had realized that it is unwomanly to interfere in public affairs? M. C. D.

### To the School Board

IN his anxiety to defend the New York school board for its policy of discharging teachers who become mothers, a member of the board, William G. Willcox, urges that a distinction should be made between voluntary and involuntary indispositions.

This implies that motherhood is a preventable indisposition. That is true, but it is true also that many women, married and exposed to it, do not know how to prevent it.

We suggest that the Board institute a course of instruction in the matter of voluntary and involuntary motherhood, and place Margaret Sanger, who is now under a criminal indictment for mentioning the subject, in charge of the course.

### THE FIELDS OF FRANCE

LAST night I sat with a dying man  
And sadly watched the waning breath,  
Anxiously waiting each halting return;  
And I thought how unlovely a thing is death,  
And yet perchance  
He stalks more grim o'er the fields of France.

One time I saw a wounded stag  
Spring past and then plunge down in pain;  
Still as the hunter paused to aim  
The quarry was up and off again.  
At least it seemed he had a chance:  
It is not so on the fields of France.

But once in a slaughter-house I saw  
The trembling squealing creatures led  
To the tackle and then swung in the air,  
The sickening thrust and the fountain of red.  
"Dull things," I mused, "they had no chance."  
And it's men instead on the fields of France.

JULIAN WALTER BRANDEIS, M. D.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

"By the way, how much are you paying for girls, now?"

### Bishop Spaulding

"GOOD," he used to pray, "keep me from becoming a respectable ecclesiastical official."

He disagreed with us about the place and destiny of churchdom; but in honor to his sincere and fighting heart we print this condensed story in his own words of his conversion to Socialism:

"At first I accepted unhesitatingly the theory that society had been improved and could be further improved only through consecrated personality and that it was, therefore, the sole duty of the Church to take men, one at a time, and make them pure, unselfish and zealous in good works.

"I thought that the creation of the right environment for every human life depended on the Church's persuading the rich and mighty to be kind and generous and public spirited. A further acquaintance with the rich refuted that theory. I was forced to realize that the power to make and save money carries with it the destruction of the impulse to give it away.

"The Capitalistic System, I discovered, though it proposed to substitute Charity for Justice, was diabolically contrived to take the heart out of Charity, and in spite of noble exceptions, usually succeeded. So I was made to see that the old statement that the interests of Capital and Labor are economically identical is a lie. The first socialistic writing I ever read was the 'Communist Manifesto.' That brought truth and hope. While it proved to me that social salvation could never come through the classes, it made me see that it might come through the masses. I read all I could get hold of about the labor movement from the working class standpoint and I learned the awful fact of the 'Class Struggle.'

"The Christian Church exists for the sole purpose of saving the human race. So far she has failed, but I think that Socialism shows her how she may succeed. It insists that men cannot be made right until the material conditions of life are made right. Although man cannot live by bread alone, he must have bread. Therefore the Church must destroy a system of society which inevitably creates and perpetuates unequal and unfair conditions of life. These unequal and unjust conditions have been created by competition. Therefore competition must cease and co-operation take its place. Competition will not be stopped by making the victors so pitiful that they will share the spoils,—but by making the vanquished so strong that they can no longer be robbed. Therefore it is my duty to try to make the Church see that she must cease to be the almoner of the rich and become the champion of the poor. It is a definite choice. 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.'"

M. FALLIERES, ex-President of France, is thus quoted by a newspaper in Bordeaux: "The right will not fail, and France will not perish. Should we sacrifice our last man, and should we call out our last reserves, I am ready to go. There is only one motto—absolute confidence."

The ex-president's grim resolve to be the last man to go, must be a great inspiration to the men in the field.

PROFESSOR George Burton Adams of Yale has come back from abroad convinced that, rather than see Germany win, the United States should join the Allies. Italy will surely do it, he says. "In fact there seem to be only two kinds of Italians, those who want to remain neutral and those who want to fight against Germany and Austria."

We have the same two kinds of Americans; those who want to remain neutral and Professor Adams.

## POEMS—BY LUCY REYNOLDS

I.

### THE OLD MOTHER'S DEATH.

**I** MOURN for you, mother, mother;  
We have laid your severe face and your clawlike limbs  
And all the righteous disapprobation of your spine,  
And the implacable virtue of your blighted bosom,  
With callas and dainty ferns in a casket of dark wood.

Not, as the unfeeling impious,  
To consume with fire; but to hide and mould, darkly.  
Not, as the chanting heathen, with incense and roast meats,  
But decently, with costlier clothing than you wore to prayers.

My heart is breaking, mother,  
And I am thrice bereft, and orphaned, and alone—  
Recalling how you spoke crisply of your faith in God,  
With your shamed form, uncleanly prudish, drugged and swathed;  
And how your children were repressed, and made unfrank and cold,  
And how we grew in fear of sun and rain, and wind and wave,  
And held our little mouths up for the dose—  
Your sons, dolefully coarse and early trivial and old;  
And your daughters, timid, self-righteous, and futile.

By all the glow and glory of the love-got child,  
Whose full-bosomed mother mated young and thoughtlessly  
With utter faith in Nature's first sweet urge and guiding—  
I cry to God my desolation.

Mother, I cannot weep—  
No blessed tears may come to me, mother of my aborted body  
And ravisher of my violated soul—for I was mute  
And effortless, when it may be you would have listened  
A little, and warmed a little, and somewhat understood,  
If I could, once, have cried out, unashamed, with arms out to your  
heart,  
Such as you were, the only mother that we had—  
Ah! mother, mother, I might have tried.

III.

### OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT!

**“W**OULD I had learning," said the useless one.  
With scorn we cried, "Arise before the sun  
And go where halls of learning whitely gleam,  
And listen, study, toil and dream!"

"Good fairies, give me riches," whined the shirk.  
"Good luck?" we scoffed. "Good fortune?" "Go to work!"

"God give me health," sighed one who sat and ate,  
And longing looked within his brimming plate.  
"Go out," we said, "and breathe and bathe and sing,  
"Tis only effort that such bliss will bring!"

"I long for love," she wrote the shameful line,  
And, shocked, we bade her wait and make no sign!

II.

### A GOOD MAN.

**A**MOTHER had builded a fine, fair man  
With her half-of-a-lifetime's best;  
Then wearily, happily turned to plan  
A little vacation and rest.

My country calls me to arms! (he said,  
And he left his play and his work.)  
I may be wounded or ill or dead,  
But never a coward or shirk.  
She paid.

In the breast of a little orphan fool,  
The tides of the springtime raged.  
She was not sheltered in love's kind school,  
She was roped and branded and caged.

I'll trifle with no man's wife, nor hold  
A good girl lightly (said he);  
I'll go where favors are bought and sold,  
No one will be hurt but me.  
She paid.

His Woman gave him the woman's hail,  
Ready in spirit and flesh and mind;  
Their children waited beyond the veil—  
But he turned away, he was just and kind.

I must earn a home in the lonely lands,  
For I gave my purse to a friend; and You—  
I will not meet You with empty hands;  
Wait for me, wait for me, wait, be true.  
She paid.

## This Book Tells You

WE are often asked by social-minded readers, who are just opening their eyes, "Exactly what do you mean by the Labor Movement?" "Could you tell me this—just what is the I. W. W.?" "I want to know what is the difference between an industrial union and a trade union?" "Would you mind explaining the word *sabotage*?"

Well—at last all these questions and their kin are answered, and answered in one volume in a simple educative way by a person who has both experience and intellectual comprehension of their meaning.

"American Labor Unions," by Helen Marot,\* is a book that will save thousands of hours of answering questions, if it is used as it should be. It should be handed out as a primer with one's first talk to the innocent about the great conflict of the modern world. It should precede books about the philosophy of the class struggle, because it is specific and concrete. And it should follow these books—because it is concrete and

\* "American Labor Unions," by a Member, Helen Marot, Local 12646 A. F. of L. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.25 net.

specific. We offer it to all those who wish to understand the labor movement completely, whether in order to join it or to fight it with intelligence. We would like to see it fought with intelligence, and we recommend this book to capitalist and workingman alike, but to the middle-class altruist the most of all.

## Race Nonsense Again

SOMETIMES the spirit of Science fails to appear just where you have best reason to expect it. Professor Ross of the University of Wisconsin, for instance, has written a series of observations on the character and distribution of immigrants in the United States.\*

Certainly the science of anthropology, which ought to superintend such a work, would have little tolerance of such generalizations on race as this one about the "Black Portuguese": "They are obviously negroid, lack foresight and are so stupid they cannot follow a straight line."

\* "The Old World in the New," by Edward Alsworth Ross. The Century Company, New York. \$2.40 net.

## News

TOLSTOY had a sense of fun. This is the joyful discovery I made in the "Reminiscences"\*\* written by his son, Ilya Tolstoy. It is a book full of fascinating pictures of people and things at Yasnaya Polyana, and fascinating incidents in the life of the last saint. I think he will be the last saint, but of course I may be mistaken. At least there was an ominously long stretch of time between him and the last one before.

Holding his austere and lonely grandeur ever in our imagination, as we do, is it not delightful for a moment to glimpse him having a boisterous time among his children?

At the table, for example, a particular old lady, a guest of the family, very carefully pours out for herself a glass of "kvass." Tolstoy picks it right up, and drains it off, then says: "Oh, I'm so sorry, Natalia Petrovna; I made a mistake!"

M. E.

\* "Reminiscences of Tolstoy," by his Son, Count Ilya Tolstoy. Translated by George Calderson. The Century Company, New York. \$2.50 net.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

## "Superfluous Servants"

British aristocrats have been sending their footmen and butlers to the front, and now Germany is enrolling the clergy.



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

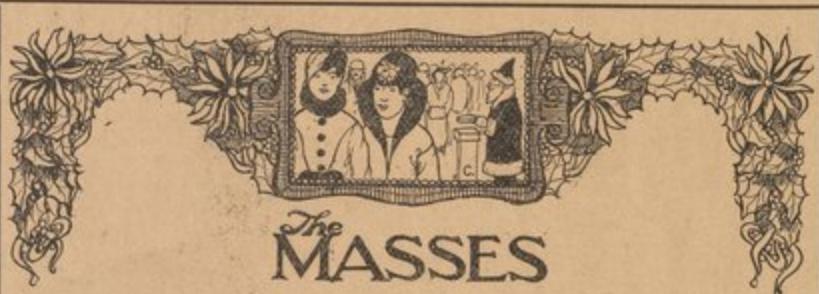
Josie's Eldest singing "None so Dauntless and Free on Land or on Sea."

# YOU LIKE IT

## So Will He She

On the 20th of each month, during 1915, a year looming big on the revolutionary horizon, THE MASSES will be issued from the same old stand—as frank, arrogant, impudent and nakedly true as ever. It will not pay in dollars; no one wants it to. It will pay in truth and stimulation if you read it.

Somewhere there is a man, your friend, whose heart is committed to the purposes of THE MASSES. He may never see this magazine. Art Young believes that at least half of our subscribers would be glad of the suggestion that they make THE MASSES for one year a Christmas gift to those friends. You will immediately think of a name. Write it down now and mail to THE MASSES with \$1.00. Glenn O. Coleman has made a neat little drawing which we have printed on cards, something like this:



is commissioned by your friend

(Your name filled in)

to add your name to its subscription list  
for the year 1915

Holiday Greetings

Masses Publishing Co. New York 87 Greenwich Ave.

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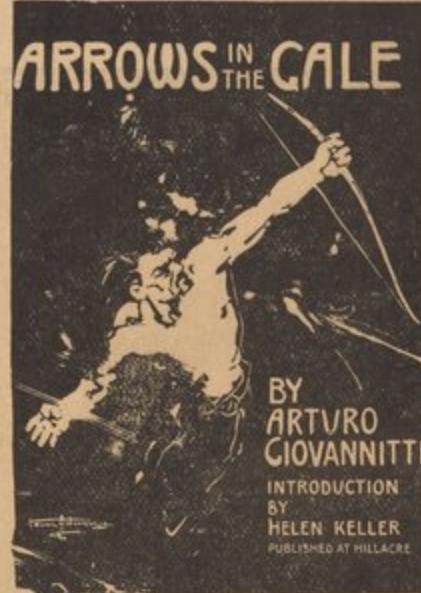
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