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The MASSES



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

ROCKEFELLER LAW—By George Creel

The MASSES

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(Continued on page 24)



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

"Ain't it 'Ell to get up every morning and have to hate the Germans!"

The MASSES

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ROCKEFELLER LAW

George Creel

THE sentence of life imprisonment passed upon John Lawson, leader of the Colorado strikers, marks the lowest depth to which American justice has yet been dragged. It is no new thing for captains in the labor movement to be robbed of life and liberty by hostile courts, but the Lawson trial is set apart from all others by a certain ruthless contempt for the forms of law and the decencies of public opinion.

The press of the nation was careful indeed to record the indictment of Lawson for murder, and most scrupulous in spreading the news of his conviction, but never at any time has any metropolitan daily printed the history of that indictment or acquainted people with details of the trial. To have done so would have been to expose a patent, shameless conspiracy in which the Rockefeller money and the Rockefeller power were used to complete the work of extermination that a hired soldiery left unfinished.

The grand jury that indicted John Lawson was not summoned according to law, its membership being selected by a sheriff notorious for his subservience to the Rockefeller company. Among those that he picked were mine guards who had taken part in the massacre at Ludlow, Rockefeller employees and business men who derived their incomes from commercial relations with the coal operators.

An honest judge, brought in from another county, held that the jury was "packed," and rather than face the ugly facts that would have been exposed, the indictments against Lawson and scores of others were dismissed or abandoned. Informations were then asked for by the operators to take the place of these indictments, and when the district attorneys of the coal counties refused to issue them, the servile attorney-general of the state took the law in his own hands, and filed murder charges. Thus, on the action of a single man, and that man elected by the coal companies, all the union leaders were called upon to answer to the law with their lives.

Some score or more were tried, and in every case the high-priced attorneys of the Rockefeller Company appeared as special prosecutors, using Rockefeller money to collect evidence, "work up" affidavits and manufacture sentiment. Despite this influence, and the fact that the men were tried by unfriendly judges and juries, all of them were acquitted with the exception of two or three found guilty of assault. As a consequence, the trials halted while Senator Hayden, a Rockefeller attorney, steered through the legislature a bill providing for the creation of an *extra judge* whose business it should be to try the murder cases against the union leaders. No sooner was the bill passed than Carlson, coal company governor, appointed one Granby Hillyer to the office. When the news came to Lawson he said, "I am convicted right now."

Hillyer was a one-horse lawyer who had been used by the coal operators to aid the higher-priced Rockefeller attorneys in preparing the cases against the union men. His principal business was the procurement of affidavits, although in four cases he had been permitted to make speeches and appear in the actual prosecution. As if this were not disqualification enough, he had been most outspoken in his condemnation of the strikers, branding them repeatedly as murderers and outlaws. Yet this man, when a change of venue was asked, had the effrontery to say that he was without prejudice and felt convinced that he could give the accused a fair deal.

As a test of Hillyer's ability "to deliver the goods," one Zancanelli was put on trial as a prelude to the Lawson case. At a previous trial of this man the jury had disagreed, standing eight to four for acquittal. Hillyer "delivered." Zancanelli was found guilty of murder and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

His jury was not drawn from the box as directed by law. Over the bitter and continued objections of his lawyers, the sheriff was allowed to hand-pick a panel, and as in the case of the grand jury, men were selected who were notorious for their furious prejudices against the strikers, Rockefeller mine guards, Rockefeller employees, Rockefeller merchants, Rockefeller adherents—these were the sort that the Rockefeller sheriff herded into the courtroom, and it was from this body of enemies that

Zancanelli was made to choose the twelve "peers" to pass upon his life. During the very trial itself, the defense introduced an affidavit proving that one of the jurors had wagered openly that he would either "hang the jury or hang the dago," yet Hillyer, with face set in stone, refused to take cognizance of it.

Seeing that the machinery was in perfect running order, with Engineer Hillyer at all times ready with the oil can, the case of the State vs. John Lawson was called. To thirty-three men left over from the Zancanelli panel, the sheriff added fifty more that he had picked out, and from that array of grim, implacable faces, Lawson was forced to select twelve. The duly elected prosecuting officials of Las Animas County were pushed aside as being untrustworthy, and the attorney-general journeyed from Denver to Trinidad to act as first aid to Hillyer.

Conviction was a foregone conclusion! These, then, are the facts that the metropolitan press has failed to mention. Let it be borne in mind, also, that it was never alleged, and is not now, that John Lawson himself committed murder or was even near the place where murder was committed. The death specifically charged was that of one Nimmo, a deputy who fell in one of the many skirmishes that took place between Rockefeller gunmen and the strikers prior to the coming of the militia. Lawson's guilt consists in having been district president of the United Mine Workers, the theory being that he was responsible for the acts of the members of the organization.

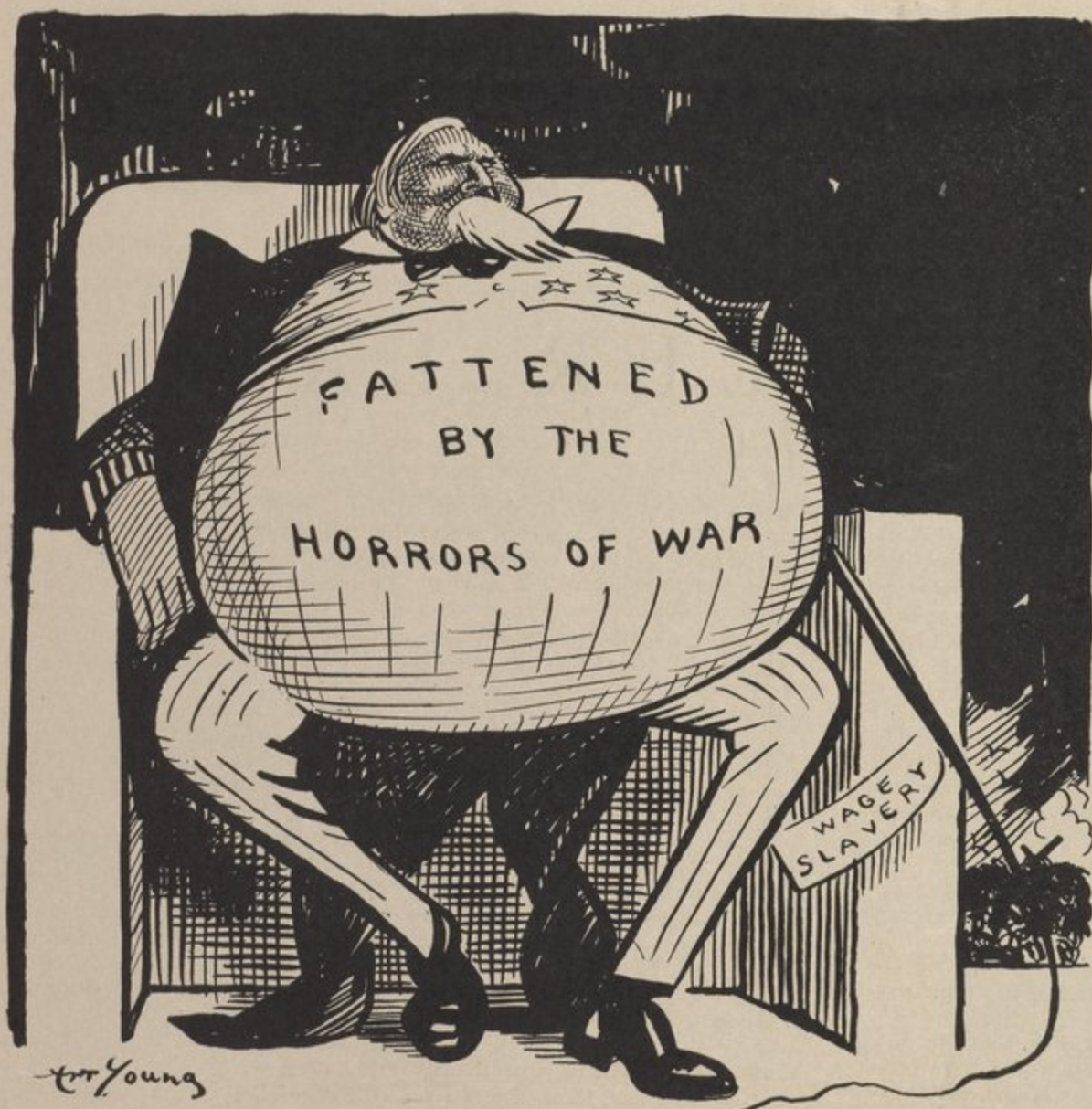
If this be law, then why is John D. Rockefeller, Jr., not on trial for his life? It was Rockefeller money that hired Baldwin-Felts detectives, gunmen and "soldiers" who shot down strikers in the open street, riddled them with machine guns, and burned their women and children at Ludlow. For every Rockefeller mercenary who met with death, ten strikers have filled graves, and scores are invalids by reason of brutal treatment in filthy jails. Go to Mary Petrucci, the twenty-four-year-old mother who lost three little ones at Ludlow; ask her to name the murderer of her children, and she will not fail to say "Rockefeller."

The country holds no gentler soul than the big Scotch-American who rose from breaker-boy and miner to be the chosen leader of his fellows. There was never a day during the strike that John Lawson did not preach peaceful resistance to the desperate men of the twenty-eight nationalities that Rockefeller injustice had driven out into tents on the mountain-side. In equal degree there was never a day that young Rockefeller did not write commendatory letters to his bloodthirsty lieutenants or amplify his declaration that he would stand by them no matter what the cost in life or thousands.

At the very moment when Rockefeller was begging Lawson to confer with him in New York, and telling an eager press what a fine fellow Lawson seemed to be, and how he meant to go to Colorado to visit the mines with Lawson, he *knew* that his attorneys, paid by his money, were plotting against John Lawson's life. It is of a piece with the ghastly hypocrisy that provided a retreat for migratory birds and gave millions to promote health in China at a time when sixteen thousand men, women and children were knowing cold, hunger and despair in Colorado as a result of a Rockefeller policy of lawless penury.

The conviction of Lawson does not end the campaign of extermination. There are many other union leaders yet to be tried, and the presence of Hillyer on the bench, and the method of letting a Rockefeller sheriff hand-pick Rockefeller juries, together with the aid of Rockefeller attorneys, point inevitably to their conviction and sentences of life imprisonment.

Regardless of cost, the leaders of organized labor must be taught that revolt against Rockefeller dominion is not only futile but a crime that will shut them away from the light of day forever. Careless of the shame to a state, the debauching of justice, and the desperation of the working class in the United States, the world must be shown that the pious philanthropist of 26 Broadway has not been engaged in the business of crushing wretched toilers, but that he has been dealing with a lot of "murderous agitators." The press has attended to it.



War or Peace

THE United States is perhaps as near war to-day as the nations of Europe were in the latter days of July, 1914. To us, as to them, the prospect seems unreal. Even while our statesmen are taking the last deadly steps toward war, it is confidently believed that there will be no war. Not until the first shot has been fired will we realize that war is upon us. And not until our cities have been turned into hospitals will we realize what it was we walked into.

At this moment nothing is more dangerous than the sentimental optimism which pervades our newspapers, and consequently our public thought—an optimism based partly on our sense of the righteousness of our demands upon Germany, and partly on our confidence in the pacific intentions of President Wilson.

Sentiments of national honor should not be allowed to obscure the plain issues of the present negotiations. The United States has asked for "assurances" from Germany that the lives of Americans on the sea will be safeguarded in accordance with existing international law. It is improbable that such assurances will be given, since to give them would mean the practical abandonment of Germany's submarine campaign.

Secretary Bryan's resignation at this juncture, rather than sign a note insisting on these demands, serves to make it very clear that the administration's policy is one tending almost inevitably to war; though all of the newspaper criticism of Bryan's action as "unpatriotic" is designed to cloud that fact.

One may not believe with Mr. Bryan in the efficacy of Christian love as a mediator between nations, to be grateful to him for the warning which his resignation has constituted.

The least "word or act" that our note to Germany can be presumed to mean is a breaking off of diplomatic relations. And only by a miracle can that shadowy ground between peace and war be maintained.

It can only be regarded as a polite prelude to bloody conflict.



MUNITIONS OF WAR
FOR EUROPE

Honor vs. Democracy

In the event of war it is pertinent to point out that the working class, upon whom the burden of suffering and of debt will alike fall, have very little stake in what is called our "national honor," and have no reason to defend it.

This has already been urged by Representative Frank Buchanan of Illinois before a labor group in Atlantic City, N. J. "There is," he said, "no element of democracy involved either in the war in Europe or our negotiations with Germany. Nothing that has occurred can justify a course of action that may cost the lives of thousands of Americans and bring sorrow and suffering to hundreds of thousands of women and children." It is the duty, he said, of organized labor to protest to President Wilson.

The Mine Workers of Indianapolis have started a movement to have the American Federation of Labor take its stand against war.

From the point of view of democracy, the spectacle of the United States going into the European war is infinitely tragic, not alone because of the waste of life, but because of the inevitable loss under a consequent military dictatorship of most of our liberties. Every force of reaction will be strengthened by war, as it has been strengthened in Europe. It would be better a thousand times to make what terms we can with the insanity of a war-mad nation than to fall into that same insanity ourselves.

There is still time to prevent the war, by coming down from our position of uncompromising rectitude, and offering to arbitrate the questions at issue. If as a result of that arbitration it was decided that the invention of the submarine had created new conditions of warfare, to which international law must be made to conform, we should only have learned what we already know—that war is not a humane, or even a human, procedure.

"Murder"

With the indignation of those who find an especial iniquity in the violations of the "rules of civilized warfare," Socialists cannot fully sympathize. The calling out of peaceful populations to kill and be killed for no reason, is an atrocity beside which any of the minor incidents of war are trivial. The dead of the Lusitania were not more innocent and helpless in their victimship than the armies that have died in Flanders or Galicia. In every country the people have been betrayed and murdered by their rulers. If Germany seems to us a more conspicuous example of this than the other nations, we only wish for its government the punishment we wish for theirs—bankruptcy, disillusion, and revolt.

Says a Correspondent—

"It will be remembered that last year the administration sent troops to Mexico, ostensibly to compel the Mexicans to salute our flag, which had been fired upon. Those who have inquired curiously into that incident have been told of a different reason for sending troops to Mexico, a reason which was not made public; and this reason, as told, seems to justify what appeared on the face of it to be a silly and outrageous action. It may be that the administration is impelled by similar secret reasons into a war with Germany! But it is impossible to imagine why, in that case, these reasons should not be made public.

SHADOWS OF REVOLT—By Inez Haynes Gilmore

THE Washington hearings of the Commission on Industrial Relations have been like a vivid shadow-picture of the great labor tragedy being enacted outside. At San Francisco, it was the Stockton lockout; at New York City, the shooting of the strikers at Roosevelt; and just now at Washington, the conviction of John Lawson, which cast their menacing shadows into the quiet rooms where the Commission sat. At San Francisco, with the A. F. of L. men in constant attendance listening with stern attentiveness, we had heard in three days' testimony from officials of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association and from labor leaders the story of a happy, prosperous, typically bustling city of northern California reduced to a condition approximating civil war. At New York, in an atmosphere made tense by the breathless interest of the I. W. W. element, and while as it seemed the sound of the volley which killed the New Jersey strikers still rang on the air, we had heard Tony Winter's almost incredible story of industrial slavery at our very doors. At Washington, the day the hearings opened, came the news from Colorado of the sentence of life-imprisonment passed on John Lawson of the United Mine Workers; and into the "gold room" of the Hotel Sherman, and over the government-official-looking audience was cast that same

shadow of a gigantic struggle outside, lending even to the statistical testimony concerning the profits and wages of the Pullman company a more acute and belligerent interest.

Rockefeller

The Colorado situation was thrashed out again, this time in the light of a correspondence between 26 Broadway and the operators of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company which seemed to prove that that company controls the state. There were two witnesses for the miners—Eugene Gaddis, a former welfare-worker for the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, and Daniel McCorkle, Presbyterian clergyman in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company camp at Sunrise, Wyoming. The testimony of these two men carried the mark of truth. It was conscientiously careful, long and crowded with detail. Balzac could have written a novel from the story they told. They were remarkable men—Gaddis, discharged in his middle age, dying economically, so to speak, for a principle; and McCorkle, pouring out, with equal lucidity and cheerfulness, testimony of the most damaging description against the men who controlled the Sunrise camp, some of whom, with young Rockefeller at their head, listened to him. In one breath, McCorkle announced that it was the operators

of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company who were the true anarchists in that they took the law into their own hands and first committed violence, that they should be tried and executed for treason. In the next breath, he asserted that he was going back to that sordid, squalid, hopeless little camp at Sunrise to resume his work and that if the Company wanted to get rid of him, they would have to evict him.

There were four witnesses for the Rockefellers; first, Ivy Lee, their publicity-man, who was much put to it to conceal his sense of the humor of all these proceedings; second, W. L. Mackenzie King, Director of the Industrial Relations Department of the Rockefeller Foundation, who was much put to it to prove that he could accept employment from the Rockefellers (who have consistently fought labor) and still pose as the friend of labor when he returns to Canada to represent the North York Riding in Parliament; third, L. M. Bowers, former executive officer of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and at present member of the advisory staff of John D. Rockefeller, Senior, who was much put to it to prove that he could preserve his independence of thought on the Colorado situation and yet continue in the employ of 26 Broadway; fourth, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who was much put to it to make out any case for himself whatever.

In New York, although Rockefeller was three days



— "THE ATTACK WAS OF NO PARTICULAR IMPORTANCE AND WAS MADE SIMPLY TO 'FEEL OUT' THE STRENGTH OF THE ENEMY"—*News Item*

on the stand, his testimony was of a general character. Whenever he could, he took refuge in the innocuous general statement. Although he was not amused by the proceedings as Morgan was, he scarcely turned a hair under the grilling to which Chairman Walsh subjected him; and although evasive, he was always polite; he had the air of one who turns the other cheek. In Washington it was different. The examination was much more concrete and specific. Statements like "We have whipped the little cow-boy governor into line" were quoted from the letters—and no general statement could explain them away. Again and again he was confronted with the spectre of Ludlow. He had even to look at the picture of a little dead boy, the son of one of the miners, who had been shot while caressing his little sister. There were so many allusions to Lawson that it was as though he were present.

Rockefeller's face grew whiter and whiter until it was ashy. His features seemed to sink back into the contours of his face. The perspiration poured down his cheeks, dropped unchecked on to his coat. He looked wrung and writhen. At times an unsuspected fight-impulse manifested itself. At those moments his lips drew away from his teeth with the expression of an animal who is about to spring. But he did not spring in any actual or metaphorical sense. The facts were there, clean-cut, glaring, monstrous. They reduced his general statements to an absurdity and an impertinence.

News From Porto Rico

The Porto Rican situation had a brief two days' airing. The American public could have listened to it with profit for a month. Two labor-men testified to labor conditions that were mediocrally cruel. Rivera Martinez, a lad speaking broken English, read an admirably-written paper which was one long cry for the industrial justice which the Porto Ricans had hoped to gain with the American flag. Santiago Iglesias, middle-aged, and also speaking broken English, gave a detailed description of the conditions on the island. The old story again, only in a tropical setting—of the oppression of labor by capital plus that additional sweating that easy climatic conditions permit, of underpaid workers, of an oppressive police force, of an arbitrary abolition by the authorities of the right of assembly, of free speech and of the right to strike. And in the midst of it, the extraordinary story of an unprovoked police-interference with peaceful assembly on the island of Ponce which ended in shootings and death of two strikers.

When the officers of the law precipitated a riot among the peaceful strikers on the Durst hop-ranch in Wheatland, California, on August 3, 1913, by shooting over the heads of the crowd, it was a Porto Rican negro who seized a gun and a club from one officer, shot him dead and then turned and shot District Attorney Maxwell. All these months I have wondered how it happened to be a Porto Rican who foamed into that moment of blood-red fury before he fell dead torn by a charge of buckshot. When I listened to the Porto Rican story, I realized where the burning class-consciousness of the nameless hero of Wheatland was developed.

There were three periods during the hearing in Washington when the note-takers found it very hard to wield their pencils. Most of them indeed gave up the effort and listened breathlessly. Those periods came when Mother Jones, W. D. Haywood and Clarence Darrow took the stand. Darrow's testimony was permeated with a brilliant, mordant cynicism. He discussed the relation of labor and the law frankly and freely, with as much the effect of impersonality as though he had come from Mars. He presented with-

out palliation that travesty of justice which is the result always when labor calls "Halt!" to capital. And he told the story of the McNamaras as it has probably never been told before—withholding nothing, evading nothing. As he talked, the white flame of truth seemed to light up the room. In contrast with this militant cynicism, Haywood, talking as one who sees into the future, was like a sage, retired from the heat and noise of the struggle, hopefully to await the establishment of his vision.

Mother Jones

Mother Jones' testimony must have lasted four or five hours. She had attended the hearings regularly. A little, trim, tight-waisted old lady with neat, correct features, soft white hair and kind blue eyes, she must have looked to the superficial observer a gentle, grandmotherly old person, mild as a new-born kitten. But after you study that face, you see that there is a quality of adamant in those close-set lips, an element of eternal anger in those blue eyes. Indeed, all her character lies in those lips and eyes. At first all you can get in her face is its mother-quality. Later you see nothing but its warrior-spirit.

The Commission asked Mother Jones few questions. They let her tell her story in her own way. And apparently she started to tell in those few hours the whole tale of fifty years of wandering and organizing, of fighting and making peace, of suffering and sickness, of numberless and unimaginable insults, affronts and brutalities, arrests and imprisonment incommunicado. But, as was inevitable, the tale grew discursive. She left the main track to run up a squirrel-track here or down a hill-side there, but always she came back to the king's highway. Nevertheless, because it was a story magnificently martial, it seemed to gain rather than to lose by this discursiveness; indeed, it gave it an extraordinary effect of accumulation. Yet always it was brisk, quick narrative, full of action and thumb-nail characterization. Always it was couched in the raciest language, sparkling with mother-wit and forthright turns of expression. Here and there was a phrase or a sentence full of real poetry. One I recall, although of what it was apropos I have now no remembrance, except that it happened in West Virginia in 1913. "I said, 'Freedom is not dead!' And somebody screamed, 'Where is she?' And I said, 'She's gently sleeping. If you call her, she'll wake.'"

Pictures

But most impressive of all were the pictures that she dropped into this narrative, pictures strewn with a prodigal hand. I append some:

"And one night after they'd killed the miners, I came across one of their wives praying at his grave. Her little child was kneeling beside her, clawing the earth with her little hands and when she saw me, she said, 'O, Mother Jones, help me to get my father back! Help me to get my father back!'"

"And so they arrested all those women and put them in jail with their babies. And I said to them, 'You sing all night!' And the women sang all night and the men in the jail told them to shut up and the women wouldn't shut up and the children wouldn't shut up and the babies wouldn't shut up and nobody wouldn't shut up, and so the next morning they let them out."

"I put my hands on the machine gun in the road there and I said, 'You shan't shoot a bullet out of this gun.' And I said to the sharpshooter behind the tree, 'You come along out of there.'"

"And when I came to the bridge that led into the camp, the man said, 'You can't come in here!' 'Why can't I?' I said. 'We don't want you here; this bridge belongs to the company.' 'All right,' I said,

'No company bridge is going to keep me out.' So I waded through the creek. The water came up to my shoulders, but I got through, and I stayed there talking to the men all day long and I didn't get my clothes changed until I get home that night."

"There's an inscription on the State House in West Virginia which says that State House is free to mountaineers. 'We're going to make that true,' I told them, 'or tear the inscription up.'"

"And when I was in the bull-pen I used to give those boys who were on guard an apple once in a while. I pitied those poor kids carrying guns to kill people. I used to wonder what their mothers thought of them."

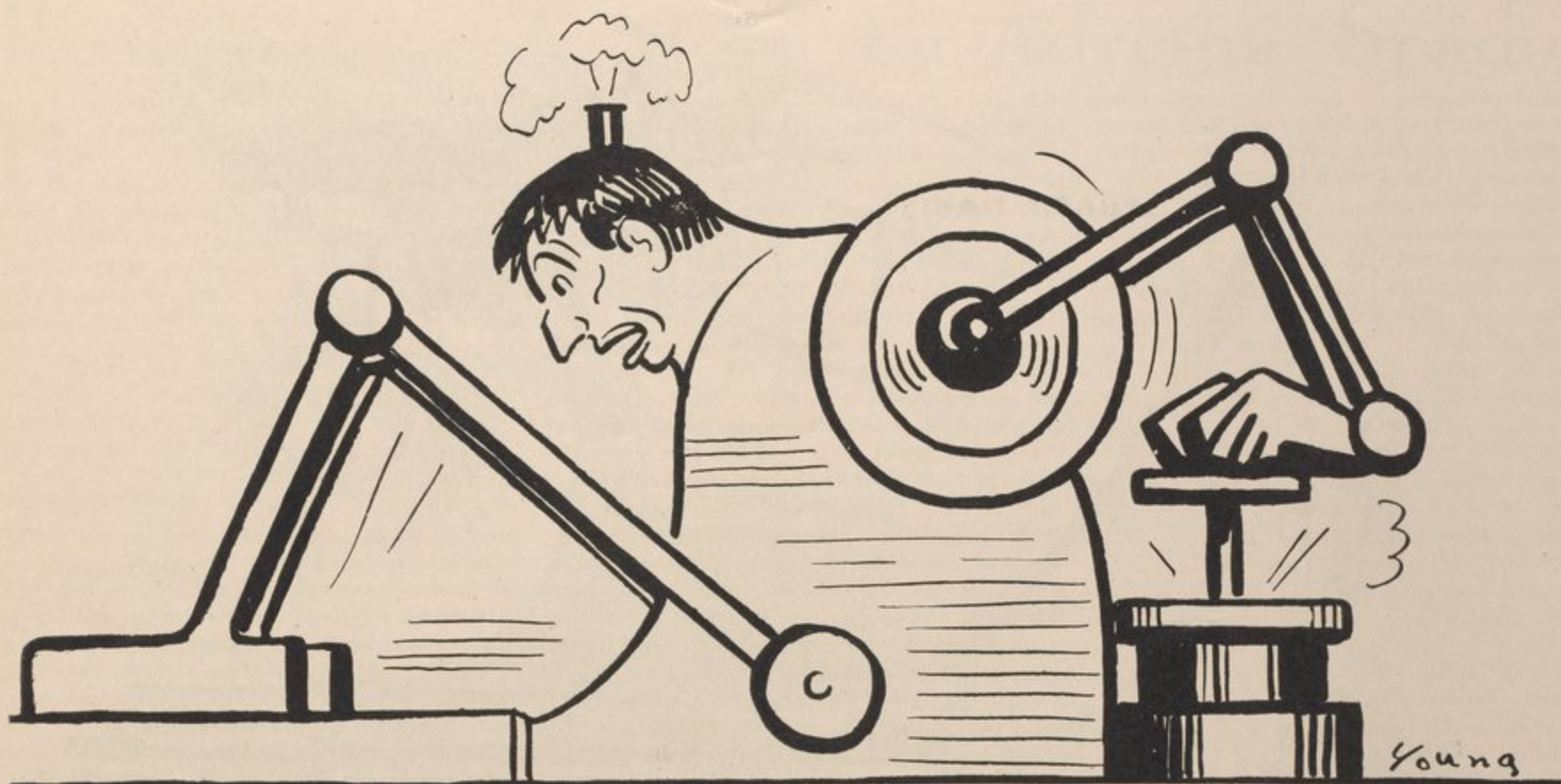
"That night they put me in a cellar. It was pretty damp and there were two sewer rats in it. But there was a couple of beer bottles there and I fought the rats with them. I fought the rats inside and out."

And when she had finished her story—and most of us feel that we shall never hear another like it—this gallant woman-warrior of eighty-six said simply: "Am I through? I'm tired."

Whenever Mother Jones takes a railroad journey, the news percolates through the train-hands that the venerable labor leader is with them. Everybody who can manage it walks through her car to give and receive greeting. The news that she is coming is telegraphed ahead and at all the stations appear workmen with their wives and children bringing gifts of food and money and sometimes warm flannels for the winter. She is "Mother" to all of them—mother to a working people of an entire country—mother in the symbolic sense of Gorky's heroine. The first lady of this land in every moral and spiritual meaning.

The Greatest Story in the World

On six o'clock Thursday, May 27th, Chairman Walsh said: "At this point the Commission stands adjourned without date." Those words ended the work of what is probably the most interesting and significant investigation that the world has ever made. For now some of us see plainly what before we dimly suspected—that those two forces, labor and capital, are indeed great armies, and that their battle must be fought to the death. The service that this Commission has done Labor can never be estimated. For Labor has had the chance, for the first time, to tell its own story in its own way, at its own length with a whole country for audience. It is true that before the Commission Capital had an equal privilege, but Capital has always had that privilege. And nobly indeed have the labor leaders performed their work. As I try to piece together the fragments of the labor-story, that I have heard from the big California labor-men, Andrew Gallagher, John O. MacLaughlin, John O'Connell, Anton Johannsen, Paul Scharrenberg, and in New York and Washington, from Gompers, Mitchell, Perlman and Lawson, and as I try to imagine what the hearings in other cities have uncovered, it seems to me that the greatest story in the world has been told. Chairman Walsh, I believe, makes no protestations of being a "friend" to labor—partly perhaps because he distrusts those self-appointed "friends" as much as labor should, partly perhaps because he realizes that labor's only real friend is labor itself. But in bringing labor to the stand, not only the leaders but the rank and file, and in turning all the light possible upon it, he has served labor as labor—outside itself—has never been served before. Chairman Walsh gave us the chance to see that capitalism is doomed. And he gave us the chance to see that labor shall go on and on and on.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

EFFICIENCY

Neutral Notifications

NEW JERSEY is rather ahead of other states in pursuing the trusts, and now gives justice to strikers." The *New York Times* is up to its old tricks of inflaming the passions of the mob.

AND Justice Ingraham's remarks before the Judiciary Committee of the New York Constitutional Convention were said to be "of a nature too explosive and damaging for publication," particularly his statement that in New York City "men were compelled to mortgage the future, and not seldom their immortal souls, to a political boss to get on the bench."

THE *London Daily Mail*, which has spent its entire lifetime advocating the abolition of Germany and its people, now says, *apropos* of the fall of Przemyśl, "this war is not a British war primarily, and our gallant ally across the Channel must always figure as the senior partner in the enterprise." Business of passing the buck.

AS we go to press the chief needs of Europe seem to be somebody who can beat Germany and somebody whom Austria can beat.

"NEITHER Serbia nor Russia," says the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, "despite a costly war, is hated." Somebody has gone and mislaid the Slav peril.

HAVING concluded its negotiations with Italy, Germany has transferred its diplomatists to Roumania and is sending Dr. Dernburg to Norway. In prize fighting circles Germany would be known as a glutton for punishment.

HIRAM MAXIM has presented to the senior class at Harvard 350 copies of his book, "Defenseless America," which urges that the U. S. treasury be turned

over to the powder manufacturers up to and including himself. The *Crimson* questions the disinterestedness of his argument. Taking it with a grain of saltpeter?

THE struggles of Russia, France and England with the drink problem give rise to a horrible suspicion. Maybe it is the Tipple Entente.

TAFT is glad we haven't a jingo at the head of the government in these parlous times. Yep; or the hero of the Winona speech, the Ballinger affair and the Chicago steam roller.

AS we understand the logic of the war criers, America can uphold the rights of neutrals only by ceasing to be one.

PRESIDENT HIBBEN of Princeton is opposed to peace propaganda in the public schools. The prexy finds Europe so beautiful this year that he just can't make his eyes behave.

ROCK ISLAND sold down to 37½ cents a share the other day and Wabash to 12½ cents. Motto of the Gould-Reid school of financial jugglery: "Making a molehill out of a mountain."

WE'RE storing up wrath in Germany, but Bethlehem Steel goes marching on.

LET'S fight and bleed for dear old Charley Schwab.
HOWARD BRUBAKER.

British Half and Half

SIR EDWARD GREY you've had your way—
We thought by Jove you'd blunder it;
For half our girls are on the turf,
While half our boys are under it.

W. G. Boynton

IN THE OUTER SANCTUM

THERE they sat, poor devils in the long rose-lighted room.

They gazed upon the pictures and green draperies
And the gold draped picture of the mother and child
That gave the room such air of sanctity.

They waited for the Magazine Editor.

The young girl pensive in a tiger-coat fondling the picture of a kitten drawn for a spring cover,
Thinking she might get the price of a summer frock for it—

And the old woman with the pale face and deep lines:
She was so sedate in her fur trimmed cape with her hands folded.

Under her livery she is a nun mumbling her litany of sentiment

And bringing her offering to the Editor.
She has written a cold respectable kiss after each tenth sentiment.

The nice young man in a green cravat is hopeful.
(He belongs to the Editor's College Frat.)
He will see his name on the front page in three months.

Outside, the patient aching world goes shuffling by.

EDMOND McKENNA.

Prize Press Pearl

"AND, thanks to the generosity of two women in the parish, a second workroom was established in which children's clothing was made to be distributed to the needy. . . . The average earnings of the women in both rooms were about three dollars a week, each,—a small sum, but enough to maintain self-respect and independence in the workers."—*Trinity Church News*, Buffalo, N. Y.



Drawn by Stuart Davis.

Jersey City Portrait

Real Work—A Story by Adriana Spadoni

HE lived across the lightwell from me, in three small rooms, smaller and darker even than mine. On the days when I was quite convinced that all the stories in the world had already been written in every possible way and that I was the only fool left alive in the world, I used to rest and draw peace just sitting behind my curtain at the window and watching.

I believe he was the cleanest old man I have ever seen. He was very tall and straight, with a face of chiseled beauty under his thin white hair. His hands were long and slim and cool looking as if he always washed them in very cold water with some hygienic soap and rubbed them on a crash towel.

From a little after eight till four in the afternoon he sat at a small desk by the window. He never once glanced out into the lightwell or paid any attention to any noise that might rise from the kingdom of the janitress below. The rest of us were always hanging out the window watching one or the other of the janitress's children fall down the area steps. But nothing disturbed him. All day he sat there and wrote, or cut clippings from mountains of newspapers, or read. Sometimes he would stop reading and look up, beckoning with his long thin forefinger, and a little, thin, bowed old woman would come trotting to the desk. In all the months that I watched, before I came to know them, never once did I see him call her in any way but this, so that I pictured her always sitting there, beyond the light from the window, watching and waiting for her summons.

Then he would flick the mass of paper from his desk with one of the fine motions of his long hands, and spreading some particular sheet upon the desk, he would read to her, pointing here and there in emphasis or explanation. She listened attentively, nodding her head and glancing at him from time to time. When he laughed she laughed also, always a little behind, like an echo that never catches up.

At four o'clock he left the window. At five the blinds in the second window came down, the window was opened a little from the top. A few moments later the little old woman came and sat down at the desk. She always sat for a little while doing nothing at all. Never have I seen anyone who could sit so restfully, so utterly at peace. Then after an interval she would fold back the curtain and quietly open the window.

It always seemed to me that she did this cautiously, listening with her little gray head cocked like a frightened bird's. And once it was noiselessly opened she leaned upon the sill in perfect contentment, looking up and down the brick walls. She never spoke. After a while she came to smile and nod to me, but once when I called to her, she drew in hastily, her finger on her lips.

Yet there was not the smallest change at any of the windows that she did not note. In her short half hour there she was like a spectator at a play.

When the light faded in the well she closed the window. Then for perhaps an hour she would sit and read, but never at the desk. A little before eight she began picking up the papers and magazines the old man had left scattered about, piled them in neat piles upon the bench beside the desk—the desk itself she never touched—turned out the light and went to bed. Very early in the morning I would hear her sweeping and putting the "library" to rights.

Twice I met her on the stairs bringing home her marketing in a little basket. She smiled and nodded

but fluttered away before I could hold her in talk. It was late in the winter, however, before I came to know her.

It was a stormy night and all the flapping shutters of the rickety old house were possessed of haunting devils. They creaked and cried and begged to be set free, and the wind whistled through the window cracks, and I was very, very sure that all the ideas in the world had been used up ages before, when I became conscious that a light tapping sound had been going on for some time. I hurried to the window and there was my neighbor, leaning from hers and tapping with a feather duster fastened to the broom.

"Have you a bit of mustard?" she called softly. "He's quite bad."

But before I could reassure her, she drew in and closed the window, making the motion for silence, her finger on her lip.

In a few moments she let me quietly in, took the mustard, and drew my head down to hers.

"Thank you, dearie. I don't know how I came to let the mustard all run out. I ALWAYS keep a bit on hand. "Shush," she added, "I wouldn't want him to hear, my dear. He would never forgive it letting anyone know. Mr. B—— is terrible proud." With that she pushed me gently into a chair and vanished. In a moment I heard her in the room beyond, crooning over the old man. His panting breaths grew easier. In a little while she came out, drawing the door partly to behind her.

"I don't know what I should have done without you. Fancy my letting the mustard run out like that. But it's a long time since he had a spell." And then, just as if I had known her always, she began to talk, in a kind of soft, gentle flow, like the motion of a shallow river through a flat meadow.

"He's so proud. It would kill him if anybody knew about his spells. Now if it was me, my dear, I'm afraid I wouldn't have the courage to keep it all to myself like that. I would want a bit of sympathy. I always was a powerful one for sympathy. Mr. B—— says it's weakness to need other people, but I always did like 'people.' I guess it's because he's so educated he don't need them. He's very finely educated, my dear. He was ready for the bar, they've all been barristers in his family, when, when—— He's had a lot of trouble, indeed he has. If it weren't for his WORK I don't know what he would have done. It has been a wonderful thing. Without it he would have been very lonely, I'm afraid."

I took one of the worn hands in mine. "He has you. He doesn't need anybody else."

"No, dearie, it isn't that." She blushed faintly under her withered skin. "I'm really not a worthy companion for Mr. B——. He should have married an educated woman like himself. She could have helped him in his work."

"Is—he is writing a book?" I ventured.

"Oh, no, dear," she whispered back. "With his clippings, I mean. He has been clipping for ten years now. See." She trotted to a curtained corner and drew aside the curtain. Almost to the ceiling they reached, bundles and bundles of paper clippings. Each was carefully tied with string and a card hung loosely. She dropped the curtain and came back. "He has millions," she whispered, "millions, all tied and labeled. He can put his hand on any subject in a moment. That," she pointed to an old chest of drawers behind the desk, "is full of pictures. He can get a picture to illustrate any article in a twinkling."

"Does he expect—is he going—to USE them in any

way?" I gasped, weak with the thought of all those millions of words that had not been allowed to die.

"Oh, no, dearie; it's his WORK. He's been doing it now for ten years. It's quite wonderful, only I can't explain very well, but if he will consent to see you, I'm sure you would be interested. But we see so few people, my dear, practically none at all. Mr. B—— says so few people have a 'sense of values these days.' It's just 'hurry and babble.' That's the reason we don't live in a front apartment. He says all the bustle and silly hurry about nothing distracts him from his work. I did miss the cars back here terrible at first, but then I have no WORK. If I had Mr. B——'s education perhaps I'd feel the same. Would you like to come over sometime and talk to Mr. B——?"

"I don't know," I answered helplessly while Mr. B——'s "education" loomed fearfully before me. "Do—you think—he——"

There was a sound from the next room. She rose quickly. "I think I can manage it. You just keep a lookout, dearie, and I'll beckon you some day. About three. He grows a little weary then and really needs some relaxation." Then she trotted softly into the next room and I let myself out quietly.

It was four days before I saw her smiling and beckoning from the bedroom window and I went over. The old man at the window turned his swivel chair and his clear, gray eyes smiled a welcome.

"I would rise," he said courteously, "but my limb incapacitates me," and I saw that his foot was sadly twisted and that he walked with a cane. "I must thank you," he continued. "Mrs. B—— has told of your great kindness the other night." His long, slim hand disclaimed my protest that it was nothing. "You are mistaken. Real kindness is very rare in these days of 'babble and hurry.'"

"But among fellow workers, Mr. B—— . . ."

"Ah," he said softly, "that is rarer still. There are few real workers. It's all bustle and hurry. There's no method, no routine." He rolled the words like tidbits between his clean, chiselled lips. "And there's nothing possible without routine. Routine and method." The little old woman nodded and crossed her hands in her lap as one settling to hear and enjoy. "Where would my work be if I had no system? I can't imagine any work that would so soon become confused without routine as clippings. Each subject has its allotted moments just as the finished bundle has its allotted place. In the morning I read science and travel and art and politics and mark the passages worthy of saving. Then in the afternoon from one till three I clip. From three to four I devote myself to illustrative pictures. By that time I am a little tired and the mental strain is not so great. Then each day I practise caligraphy, quite a lost art now, and attend to my mail." . . .

When I went away, an hour later, just outside the door the little old woman took both my hands in hers.

"You've done him lots of good, dear. And you will come again, won't you? You see," she added wistfully, "I'm not brilliant like you and Mr. B—— and I can't talk to him the way you do, but I'll enjoy listening. It'll be quite a treat."

! ! !

WASHINGTON, May 17.—The Federal Supreme Court to-day recessed until Tuesday, June 1, when opinions will be announced. Notice was given that the court will recess from June 1 to June 14, and then to June 21, on which date it will adjourn until next October.

Privacy in Love Affairs

THE other night in the company I was dining with the talk turned upon the right to privacy in love-making. A woman, a "respectable married woman," had given the rather inchoate discussion the particular "punch" by remarking that were she to begin life over again she would claim the right to keep any intimacy an entirely private concern, a concern of the man she loved and herself. The intrusion of others she greatly resented, a gross impertinence she held it, a very amazing condition to which we subjected ourselves. I glanced at her wedding ring and smiled, and in what followed whenever she was addressed by her husband's name it seemed as if a flashlight were turned on the advertisement she so resented.

But the interest of the moment did not center for me upon that resentful lady as much as upon the reception by the others of her plea. Some did not understand it, those whose minds ran to the non-conjugal relationship to which they had at once assumed she was referring. She was at some pains to point out the distinction between the secret relationship, adultery self-confessed, and the private relationship which does not have to be furtive because whatever it is it is nobody's business. The mating we call marriage is no more the affair of the public, she asserted, than the mating we call adultery. "And by the public I mean not only the state," she added, "not only the community at large, but my acquaintances, my friends, my relatives."

"But would it be fair to them, would it be fair, for example, to the men you know?" And the man who asked this question in behalf of the proprietary theory went on: "A man does not make love to a woman he associates with another man. The conjugal advertisement saves him the trouble. Nor does he want to be a pirate." . . . "Piracy is quite attractive to some men," someone had the sense to laugh.

A woman, a professional feminist, spoke: "To a woman, too, it is of advantage to have limited automatically the sexual advances made her. The sexual approach eliminated she has a chance for relations of another kind with men, for intellectual, human relations. That is one of the best things come out of feminism."

"Between a relationship all sex as in the ante-feminist past and the entirely sexless relationship you say ap-

peals to you I don't see much to choose from," rejoined the Respectable Married Woman. "Why keep sex so tagged and docketed? So shunted off from human relations? Sex is a part of every personality, and into any personal relations between a man and a woman it naturally enters—more or less. Whether more or less is to be decided for itself in each case, otherwise a relationship isn't personal at all, it's impersonal, a status relationship, a relationship of the old order."

To the question of privacy a man brought us back by asking the Respectable Married Woman why she so objected at any rate to the sex intimacy being known. "You wouldn't mind publishing your friendship with a woman, would you?" he asked. "Yes, I would," answered she. "I don't like to be tagged as a friend either. The tagging in either case is a handicap to other personal relations; it's an assertion of monopoly. Not exactly proprietorship, but monopoly. I would want privacy as an anti-monopoly guaranty if for no other reason."

"What of the spirit of glorification which prompts to publishing the intimacy?" asked another man. "The more a man cares for a woman the more he wants everyone to know about it, he glories in it." We assented to the truth of this observation of human nature, and waited with curiosity for the answer. "That spirit is extremely common, I know," rejoined the Respectable Married Woman, "but it is a spirit essentially of monopoly, and I maintain that it takes the spiritual edge off an intimacy. At any rate it is no argument for denying privacy to those who feel that the fine flower of their relation is bruised by self-exploitation." That last word we left to her, I for one wishing she might indeed begin life over again—just to show us.

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

Did He Get Off?

JEFFERY MARTIN, who said he lived at No. 219 West 122d street and was foreman of the jury which convicted Frank Tanenbaum, the I. W. W. agitator and church disturber, was arrested on a charge of misuse of the mails. It is alleged that he sent in fictitious orders and collected commissions on them.

"Martin admitted getting the money, according to Assistant United States Attorney Stanton, but said the Government ought to let him go because he was instrumental in convicting Tanenbaum."—*News Item*.



Conversation

With the Resident Doctor (who is also Professor of Physiology) of a Leading Woman's College.

THE student has written a brief item for the college weekly on birth-control and the Sanger case.

DR.: If outside papers get hold of it, the good name of — will be lost. I shudder to think of it!

STUDENT: It would do them good to know that college women are discussing things like that.

DR.: My dear, when you are ten years older you will know that one of the most important things in life is—well, you won't like the word delicacy, so I'll say, decency.

STUDENT (indignantly): My article *wasn't* indecent. It was sane and straightforward and—

DR. (suddenly): You don't *believe* in birth-control?

STUDENT: I do.

DR. (angrily): Do you know what it would lead to? . . .

STUDENT: They've tried it in France, and—

DR.: Yes, and look how their birth-rate is falling!

STUDENT: It's a good thing. France is one of the thriftiest and most prosperous countries in the world.

DR. (triumphantly): France didn't like a falling birth-rate when the war broke out and she didn't have enough men!

STUDENT (struck by the force of this argument relapses into silence).
E. B. T.

The Emotionalist

HE annoys me; for why does he float
On such false golden cloud,

Or splash through such cisterns of tears?

He's so fond of a "lump in his throat."

"It's *got* me, my boy!" is the language he uses;

Eternally gapes with the crowd,

And vibrates to their joys and their fears.

One minute he hates you; the next,
With tears in his eyes,

He wrings off your hand. He's as frank

As a child that is jolly or vexed.

Most times there's the whiff of a drink or so round him.

He doesn't "pretend to be wise."

He's a "business man—known at the bank."

He is slapped on the back by the "boys."

"Well, what's the good word!"

Life's a snorting bad broncho he rides,

Yet a riotous romp he enjoys.

Good actors and orators stir him to thunderous

Feeling applause. He is stirred

By "raw life" in tumultuous tides.

Histrionics he shows—and yet all

Of his nature, not part,

And his slow, elephantine finesse

And his rapid mood-changes enthrall;

So I miss him when gone, for I can't tell just how

But the fellow creeps into one's heart

As the symbol of generousness.

It's true. After all, life to him

Is brand-new every day.

To *feel* things, not stopping to think;

On the high seas of drama to swim;

Experience sensations—well, that's all of life,

As an artist might say . . .

So he gulps life down quick, like his drink!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Obituary

WHO does not know Elbert Hubbard? His expansive figure and expansive smile under his broad-brimmed hat, his flowing tie and his flowing words, were among our American institutions, like Niagara Falls and Barnum's circus. America has lost a picturesque figure, and business an efficient ally. It is hard to imagine what American business was like before Elbert Hubbard went into partnership with it. Nevertheless, there was a time when he and it stood apart, unwitting each of the other.

It is of this earlier Elbert Hubbard that we would briefly speak.

First there was Brann and his *Iconoclast*: a crude, rude, boisterous, blasphemous, intelligent, stupid, obscene and interesting little paper published in Texas. Then young Elbert Hubbard started the *Philistine*, refining a little on that model. After Hubbard came a host of others, but the *Philistine* led them all in popular interest. Elbert Hubbard had something to say; and he knew so much more about psychology than the professors who taught it in the schools, that he got a lot of people interested right away. There must have been considerable satisfaction in this, and for a while that satisfaction was all he had—the pleasure of saying what he thought about religion and morality and manners and institutions. He was no man's servant, and he could say what he pleased in the way he pleased.

Well, he pleased to make fun of the preachers' hell, and laugh at hypocrisy, and uncover shams, and do things that were generally shocking to timid minds. A section of the public that was just beginning to think, warmed up to him. They liked his common sense and his irony, and they were tickled by his mildly indecent anecdotes. They felt as one always feels in the presence of a frankly self-expressive personality. They felt good. This was the beginning of the clientele of "Fra Elbertus."

A healthy instinct of workmanship, a natural love of outdoors and simple living, were part of his make-up. And upon these he founded the Roycroft shop and farm at East Aurora. He set people to working at furniture and bookbinding, and he made a place that was one of the best health resorts in the country. He invited his friends there, and taught them to like buttermilk better than Three Star Haig & Haig.

There always was a streak of plain American bluff in him, though. He took the printing of William Morris, and produced the most loathly parody upon which God ever laid offended eyes, and this he palmed off on an unsuspecting public as "art." He took sentences from Oscar Wilde or Epictetus, or Emerson, or the Bhagavad-Ghita, and palmed them off too as his own. But one couldn't bring oneself to hate him for that, when he was being so much hated for bigger reasons.

For ne was hated: he had that much virtue in him. He was hated by the cowardly, the hypocritical, the respectable. God! how he was hated! It shows how much trouble one man can stir up by telling a few truths.

And then came his—well, his transformation. You remember the "Message to Garcia"? That did it. Some shrewd railroad president read that brilliant little essay, and communed with himself somewhat as follows:

"Here is a man who could be useful to me. He could be made useful to the whole of the employing

class. For he has a way of making obedience attractive. He imbues ordinary shipping-clerk efficiency with a military splendor. Well, I don't suppose we can do anything with him—these writing fellows are so obstinate—but I'll buy a hundred thousand copies of this issue, and put one in the hands of every employee on my road."

He did. And that issue of the *Philistine* boomed. For three days Elbert Hubbard's fame obscured that of the heroes of the war. Everybody read the "Message to Garcia." School children were assembled by their teachers to hear it read.

The Message of Capitalism! Do as you are told, instantly, unquestioningly, efficiently, and you are a little hero.

How the heart of the nation thrilled to it! And Elbert Hubbard did not fail to sense this. He had written it sincerely enough, and, as you might say, accidentally. But when he saw what a success it was, what a chance it offered him—well, he never wrote many things that were altogether sincere and accidental after that.

As an ordinary "genius," with ordinary character, Elbert Hubbard would have come through life with his quackery subordinated to his honest idealism sufficiently at least to merit a widespread sorrow and a warm word of praise at his death. But the chance to be a paid prophet of capitalistic morality, the chance opened by the "Message to Garcia," was too big for him. He was too much excited by it, in the regions of his self-love and love of money, to let



"FRA ELBERTUS"

it go. He made it the basis of a new career.

So the boisterous free thinker, the frank, outspoken ironist, the laughter at hypocrisy, disappeared, and in his boots stood a new person, eminently respectable though picturesque, an upholder of our institutions, a preacher of capitalistic morality, a faithful servant of American Business. Only a certain personal loveliness, and a thinned-out wit remained to show you it was the same man.

And now he is gone; and though the brave and hearty streak he had in him very likely flashed out at the last in some act of heroism, not many of us have enough enthusiasm left to say so.

NEEDLE TRAVEL

I SIT at home and sew,
I ply my needle and thread,
But the trip around the garment's hem
Is not the path I tread;
My stitches neat,
With their rhythmic beat,
Keep time to very different feet,
On a different journey sped.

Now, glad heart
Tip-toe, tip-toe,
They must not hear you,
They must not know,
They must not follow where you go.

Bare, brown feet on the dusty road,
Unbound body free of its load,
Limbs that need no stinging goad
Step, step out on the dusty road.

Friends to greet on the jolly road,
Lopeing rabbit, and squatting toad,
Beetle, trundling along with your load;
Hey, little friends,
Good-day, good-morrow,
You see me to-day,
You forget me to-morrow.

Time to chase you across the road,
Lopeing rabbit, and poke you, toad,
Upset you, beetle with your load;
Hey, little friends,
Good-day.

Bare, brown feet in the shelving pool,
Unbound body, relaxed and cool,
Limbs lying bare and beautiful;
Hey, green pool,
Good-day, good-morrow,
You hold me to-day,
You forget me to-morrow.

Time to float in you, rapt and cool,
Swim the rapids above you, pool,
Dive in your waters bountiful;
Hey, sweet friend,
Good-day.

I sit at home and sew,
I ply my needle and thread,
But the trip around the garment's hem
Is not the path I tread.

MARGARET FRENCH PATTON.



Drawn by M. A. Kempf.

To the U. S.:
"DID YOU CALL?"



A STRIKE IN PRISON

Frank Tanenbaum

WHILE I was on Blackwell's Island a strike took place amongst the prisoners. The conditions are very bad, but bad as they are some deliberate incentive is necessary to force the men into an open protest, for, peculiar as it may seem, the prisoner, once behind the bars, is generally very submissive and will bow his head to almost any amount of abuse without resistance. At least without general resistance among the men. But this time abuse was so deliberate and unjustified that almost every prisoner on the Island joined in open rebellion against the authorities.

As I know the story, the riot seems to have been precipitated by the Warden in an effort to discredit Miss Davis, the present Commissioner. It seems that the Warden and Miss Davis did not pull well together, and probably for political reasons the Warden wanted a riot because that would have been the best way to discredit her and prove to the world that a woman was not fit for that position.

"Independence" Day

The Warden began by mistreating the Randall Island gang. It was on the night of the Fourth of July and the boys in the old prison could see through the windows the passing boats and hear the music and laughter and songs of young people as they sailed by. Now you must understand that most of the boys inside the prison are young and filled with the will to live, and the sight of women and the sound of music would naturally rouse in them a feeling of anger and hatred against the bars which closed from them the joys of life. So some of them did what you or I would have done. One or two whistled and a few others made some sort of racket. This was the only means they had of expressing themselves and ridding themselves of the intensity of feeling in their breasts. Of course, this was against the rules. The usual method of procedure on the part of the authorities would have been to find and punish the men who had created the disturbance, but instead of that, the Warden deprived all of the men in that section of their privileges. It must be understood that privileges inside a jail are the most valuable things a prisoner has, for having your privileges means that you can hear from your friends and family; that you can see someone you love at least once in two weeks, and that you can get an occasional package of tobacco or other little gift, which, though small in themselves, mean so much to a prisoner.

Over a hundred men were deprived of these things because a few had given vent to their feelings contrary to the rules of the prison. This had no precedent in the institution. It was usually understood that those to be punished were the guilty men. But here the Warden punished over a hundred men, most of whom were innocent of any violation of the rules whatever. It was a deliberate attempt to force the men into some sort of demonstration. This is not all. When the men stepped out on the Warden's day and asked when their privileges would be restored to them, he told them, "In two weeks." And later, when they asked again, he said, "Go back to your cells or I will put you in the cooler."

I cannot tell you of just the kind of feeling that this roused in the men. One of the boys told me

later, "Frank, we went back to our cells with murder in our hearts."

A few days later the riot broke out. Even then it might never have taken place but for the stupidity or the desire for trouble on the part of one of the keepers.

While in the mess-hall, but one-half of which was full, two of the boys belonging to the Randall Island gang quarrelled. One of the keepers, "Flat-footed" Hayes, raised his club to strike one of the boys on the head. This was a very foolish thing to do under the circumstances, for the mass instinct of self-preservation in a mass so individually helpless as are men in prison, is very strong. The keeper no sooner raised his club to hit the boy, than someone threw a two-and-a-half-pound bowl and hit him on the head. It is not known who threw the first bowl, as a general uprising of the men in the mess hall took place immediately.

With cries and shouts of anger they began throwing dishes at their keepers. It was an instantaneous outbreak, a sudden gush of hatred and anger against the system in general and their immediate grievance in particular. I was just coming into the mess hall as the thing began. My gang was one of the first coming in from the shops and I was among the first of that gang.

How It Looked

I shall never forget the sight that greeted me as I entered that mess hall. One-half of the men were on top of the tables shouting excitedly and throwing their bowls at the flying keepers, who with their hands over their heads and faces were making for the nearest doors which would take them out of the men's reach. The other half of the men were under the tables, their heads covered with their coats, trembling with fear, trying to protect themselves against the bowls which were flying all over the room, striking both keepers and prisoners.

The hysteria, the shouting and the anger of the men as they threw those bowls, howling for once at the top of their voices without being told to keep quiet, was a thing never to be forgotten. I remember seeing one old gray-haired man sitting under one of the tables, holding on to an iron foot with both hands, trembling like a wind-shaken leaf, opening and closing his mouth in his fright.

A few minutes later one of the keepers found his lost courage and stuck a pistol through one of the doors and fired two shots into the air. A terrible cry of fright and desperation went up from the men, and as if with the purpose of finding the nearest place of safety, they rushed against the sides of the walls and lined up one next to the other, their faces white with fear.

A deadly silence broke over the room, but it lasted only a minute, for the men soon recovered and the shouting recommenced. Two more shots were fired and then the men gradually quieted down. The doors had been locked leading from the mess hall. The keepers were lined up against the windows with drawn guns. The Deputy Warden came into the hall. I was in the dining room and saw everything that happened that time. I was standing in a door leading from one dining hall to the other. In my own part of the dining room there were some men sitting

watched over by two keepers with drawn guns trembling in their hands. One of the keepers said, "I will level the first man that stands up." But no one paid any attention to him, for they all stood up to watch the excitement.

In the report given out by Miss Davis about that riot she said that the Warden came into the room and raised his hand and everybody sat down. I sometimes wish he had come into the room at that moment. He would have been the mark for a hundred bowls and some of those boys can throw very straight. There would have been a kind of poetic justice in his receiving some of those bowls as they came flying at his head, for all the cruelty he has imposed on the men under his charge during the thirty years of his wardenship would have been partly repaid. But he never came near the dining room. He knew only too well what it would mean.

"Jelly"

After the men quieted down they began filing out of the dining-room, and we in the other dining-room and the rest of the gang who had just been coming in when the riot began, were allowed to have our supper. Everything was excitement and some of the boys took advantage of it to have their fill of jelly, as it was "jelly night," grabbing as many plates as they could, the keepers being too frightened and too busy to take any notice. I had two plates myself.

After that we went back to our cells and were locked up for the night. But there was no order that night. The men howled and shouted at the top of their voices, gave vent to their feelings, humiliated and repressed for so long a time, without regard for or fear of consequences. The Warden was seen passing from the prison to his home. As he passed every window, the men inside raised such a terrible din that nothing can be compared to it.

Next morning all the men who were in the mess hall when the riot broke out were locked in their cells. They were not permitted to come out to wash or to have breakfast. The shop gangs, to which I belonged, on the other hand and who had not been in the mess hall, were let out, under double guard, and given something to eat. I remember the scene in the dining room that morning. There were half as many prisoners and twice as many keepers as usual in the dining-room, all standing as if on pins and needles. A bowl fell off the table and crashed upon the stone floor with a bang. One of the keepers next to me jumped about five inches into the air as if he had been shot, grabbed his club and looked wildly at the men laughing in his face, eating their food and enjoying his discomfiture.

In the mess-hall word was passed around among the boys that unless the other men were let out we wouldn't work. It was going to be one for all and all for one, and the Warden was responsible for the riot, anyway. He had punished the men without cause. He threatened them, after punishing them, with more punishment, and even then it was a keeper who had precipitated the riot by trying to hurt one of the men in the mess-hall. If we allowed him to get away with it, he would turn around and do the same thing to us to-morrow or any other time he willed it. The men locked up must be taken out, given a chance to wash and have breakfast or we



Drawn by John Barber.

"THEY AIN'T TO BE NO SWIMMING AT CONEY THIS SUMMER."
 "WHY NOT?"
 "THEY SAY THE GERMANS HAVE POISONED THE OCEAN."

would refuse to work. We returned to our cells. The time came for us to go to work, and we all filed out as usual into the shops. Inside the shop we sat down at our benches and refused to work.

The Warden came into the brush shop where I was working and wanted to know what was the matter. I had been chosen spokesman by the men. "Why, what's the matter with you boys," he said. "Why don't you work? I didn't do you anything. You have no grievance," etc. I explained the meaning of solidarity to him and told him that the men had no intention of working until the other men were taken out of their cells. In anger he turned to one of the boys and said, "Why don't you work? What did I do to you?" The poor boy, frightened and upset by the warden's question, didn't know what to say. After recovering himself, he faltered that he had a brother who was locked up. "So," said the Warden. "Now I understand, you have got a good reason. How many more men here have brothers locked up in the other part of the prison? All those who have can refuse to work and rightly so."

"Brothers"

It looked as if there were very few men who had brothers locked up and that our strike would be broken up. As spokesman for the men I said, "Warden, Jack has got the most wonderful reason in the world. He has got one brother locked up and I have got a hundred brothers locked up. And every one of them must be given a chance to wash and something to eat before we will do a stroke of work."

At this I walked out of the shop, the rest following. The boys in the other shops were watching through the windows for our shop to go on strike, as it was understood that the brush shop was to strike first and the rest would follow suit.

We had no sooner stepped out into the air than the boys in the other shop started in. The brush shop was quiet, nothing happened there, but fire was set to the tailoring shop and a great many of the machines were destroyed and belts cut. The same thing happened in the other shops, in the shoe shop, paint shop, bed shop, etc. The boys simply avenged themselves on the system.

When the men inside heard that we had gone on strike in sympathy with them, they welcomed us with the greatest cheering and shouting and there was wonderful glee and enthusiasm. When the men got back into the prison they broke every window in sight.

In Control

Everything they could lay their hands on was destroyed. They were in complete control of their part of the prison for about a half an hour. Everything they could they threw through the windows. It was the spirit of hatred let loose satiating itself on what it could. After that we were all locked up.

That night the boys asked for a speech. I complied. After that I was taken to the Warden's office. It was a very hot night and I was undressed and lying on the floor. Some six keepers came over to my cell, one of them saying, "That's him. Hurry up and get your clothes on." The prisoners shouted, "Let him alone! Bring him back! Be brave!" and other words of cheer. The Warden said to me, "Tanenbaum, what did you do?" "I am not aware of having done anything," said I. "Why do you make speeches to the men?" "Why, because the men are right and you are wrong." "Lock him up!" he yelled. I was on my way to my first visit to the cooler.

I was told to undress, stripped naked, given an old and dirty pair of trousers and shirt and one old dirty

blanket. As I didn't seem to be very much upset, one of the keepers said, "You don't seem to give a damn whether we put you in the cooler or not." "Why, no, I rather think I am glad to go to the cooler. My jail experiences would not be complete if I didn't go there." "Well, you'll get yours, anyway," said another. "Oh, well, I'm not kicking." One lanky, sickly-looking man among them who was hated by all the prisoners said, "You aren't, hey? Well, we will finish your education." "I don't know about that, but you had better hurry, I only have six months more." "Well, I suppose you will write another book?" He seemed to think I was guilty of writing a book. I said, "Oh, yes, and have you for the chief character in it." He looked angrily at me, tightening his grip on his club. But the other keepers laughed. The joke was on him.

Then I was taken to the cooler. The cooler at that time was nearly full as a result of the riot. I no sooner entered than the men began to yell and shout at the keepers to drive them out of the cooler. I was locked up and then they left. I found myself in a little bare room, just four yellow walls, a hard stone floor and ceiling. There were only two things in the room with me, an old wooden bucket without a cover on it and an old dirty blanket.

Getting Acquainted

After the keepers left the room there was a little silence. Then a prisoner called "Hello, new man, who are you?" "Frank." "What Frank?" I told them. Then they shouted, "Is that you, Frank?" "Yes." "Why are you here? What are the boys doing? How's the strike? Are they sticking together? Do you think they will win?" Then we talked and discussed our chances of winning. In all the time I was in that jail I had never spent such a

pleasant few hours, talking freely, saying what I wanted. Really becoming acquainted with the men.

The cooler is a very interesting place, because it reveals the finest qualities in the human being in prison. The men are not allowed to have anything to smoke, but occasionally they smuggle in a little bit of chewing tobacco or a "butt and striker." And instead of using it up for themselves, they tear their blankets and shirts up into strings, calling them "trolleys," and spend hours trying to pass a little bit of chewing tobacco over to the boy in the next cell or in the tier below them. They will stick their hand out through the bars as far as their wrists, for they will go no further, and then struggle for hours trying to sling this string to the man in the next cell, and so on from cell to cell and from tier to tier until every man has had a tiny piece.

I had never chewed in my life before, but I certainly enjoyed it in that cooler. Anything in your mouth is better than nothing when you have neither water or food, more than just a bit of each once in every twenty-four hours.

Miss Davis

The second day we were in the cooler Miss Davis and some reporters came in to visit us. The reporters were told that the men in the cooler were the most desperate and hardest to handle and that they were the leaders of the strike. That we who were in the cooler were incorrigible. The facts were just the opposite. The boys in the cooler were the kindest of heart and the most sensitive to wrong done. A man who will fight for what he considers his rights, even in jail, is a far more valuable man and worthy of admiration than the man who will submit to abuse.

Miss Davis walked from cell to cell, asking the boys what they had done. Most of them said "Nothing." They really had done nothing. The worst any of them had done was to holler. But then everyone had hollered when the riot and strike was on. Seemingly afraid that the reporters would not receive the right impression, Miss Davis changed her tactics, and as she approached every cell, said: "You are in here for nothing, aren't you? You didn't do anything? This man is in here for nothing," she would say to the reporters and laugh.

She asked one of the boys, "What did you do? You are in here for nothing, aren't you?" "No, ma'm, I hollered." Miss Davis turned to the reporters and called them over to the cell, saying, "Here I have found a man who did something. He hollered."

A Conversation

She stopped at my cell and said, "Who are you?" I told her. "What did you do?" "I took the side of the men." "Why don't you, for once," she said in anger, "take the side of law and order?" "I will just as soon as law and order happens to be on the side of justice. In this case it happens to be on the side of injustice. It seems to me that those of you who are always shouting about law and order ought to complete your sentence and say, 'Law, order and injustice.'"

Miss Davis' "Sympathy"

A few days later Miss Davis paid us another visit. The men in the cooler were suffering from hunger and uncleanness. There was only one thing that Miss Davis had to say to the boys then. I have never forgotten it and I never will. It has always seemed to me a thing most out of place for a woman to say under those conditions. She said to one of the boys—

"Don't expect any sympathy from me. I have no pity for you." We didn't ask her for anything, we didn't want her sympathy and didn't need her pity. We were all taking our medicine without crawling or belly-aching about it.

That phrase of Miss Davis' went all over the prison. I believe by this time it has made the rounds of every institution, and whatever esteem the boys still had for her suffered a great fall.

The Strike Broken

In the meantime, the strike was going on. For four days there was nothing done on that island. With the exception of the dock gang and the bakery shop, every prisoner was on strike. They were only forced to go back to work from hunger. As they were locked up for the first two days they got nothing to eat but one slice of bread and a cup of water on the night of the second day, and then one slice of bread and a cup of water every morning and night after that. For nearly thirty-six hours they were not even taken out to empty their buckets, which were overflowing.

One old man died of heart failure. We all felt it was as the result of the hunger which he was forced to undergo.

At one time some of the men were taken out with their buckets, there was a little disturbance. The keepers drew their clubs and *split their heads*.

One man received sixteen stitches as a result of a blow.

The spirit of the men was gradually broken and they were put back at work one by one. The Warden used to come to the cooler and talk to the men there, every day. One day he said to me, "Tanenbaum, I am Warden thirty years and this has never happened to me before."

Another time he complained to me about what I had done—taking the side of the men. I told him of the glorious achievements of revolution in the world. He said, "Oh, yes, revolution may be a good thing outside, but it's hell in here."

What the Strike Meant

The men didn't gain anything through that strike, probably because they had no definite grievance and made no definite demands. It was simply a sympathetic strike with the men who had been punished—and it is this that makes the thing so significant to me. Bound and shackled as the men in prison are, the cord of human sympathy is still there. And that it is there is proven by the fact that these men underwent such voluntary suffering when they had nothing to gain and all to lose by taking sides with the other men.

The Real Instigator

That the strike was the result of a deliberate attempt on the part of the Warden is proven to me by another incident which happened about three months before I left the institution. An order was given that all men should have their hair cropped, including all men serving out fines and all those having less than forty days. Until then most of them had been allowed to keep their hair, and when the order was enforced it was always limited to men having more than seventy days. Men doing their fines were left alone.

It must be understood that close-cropped hair is an attribute of the convict and it takes more than forty days for it to grow out to its normal length. Many of the prisoners determined never to submit to having their hair cut. Fortunately the order was changed in time by the Administration of the Department of Correction. If that change of order had come one day

later than it did, and if an effort had been made to cut the hair of the men in the outside gangs, who would have been the first, there would have been a far more serious riot than the one which took place in July. Here the men had a real grievance and every prisoner in the institution was affected. I know that there was a large number of us whose hair would have been cut only after we had been knocked unconscious.

The Scapegoats

One more thing about the strike I want to tell is this: I know that the Administration was informed by at least two people known to me personally, about ten days before the riot broke out, that unless something was done to change the methods of the Warden that there would probably be an outbreak on the Island. *In the face of this warning the Administration stood by and saw some of the boys, chosen as scapegoats, sent away for long terms as instigators of the riot.*

One of these boys, Joseph Williams ("Buttons"), who belonged to the Randall's Island gang, among whom the riot first started, had no friends and no one to go to his defense, and was thought well suited for this purpose. He was taken to court, tried for starting the riot, and sentenced to five years in Auburn. He had no more to do with the outbreak than I had. I suppose the fact that he was a mulatto helped to ease the conscience of those who framed him up. The thing was easily accomplished by having two keepers swear that they heard him say or do a certain thing.

Another boy, George Moran ("Dingle"), is doing a year. They placed various charges against him, ranging from simple assault to felonious assault with attempt to kill. All of the charges except one fell through for lack of evidence. I believe the judge who sentenced him on this charge remarked that he was skeptical as to his guilt.

Eight of the men who were on the jury which convicted "Buttons" served also on the jury which found "Dingle" guilty.

There were a number of other men sent away for various short terms, amongst them the following:

Thomas Carley, almost dying from a dope-habit, pleaded guilty. He was told that if he didn't he would be found guilty and given the limit.

James Larkin, intimidated in the same way, pleaded guilty.

An Italian boy "took a plea" and got 60 days.

Slattery took a plea and got 60 days.

An attempt had been made to intimidate "Buttons" and "Dingle" into pleading guilty. But they refused. So they got it hard.

All this in spite of the fact that the Administration was informed that there would probably be an outbreak precipitated by the Warden, and in spite of the fact that anyone who knows anything about the conditions in the Institution at that time is convinced that the real instigator of the strike was the Warden himself.

One Result

"JUDGE JOHN C. POLLOCK, who came from Kansas City to preside temporarily in the criminal branch of the United States District Court, made the lawyers and spectators in his court sit up and take notice yesterday by refusing to send one offender to Blackwell's Island because he understood 'the local penitentiary is not run well.'—*News Item*."



Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

THE LADY: "I THOUGHT THERE WAS TO BE A FUNERAL HERE."

THE CLERGYMAN: "THERE WAS A FUNERAL HERE, BUT IT WAS HELD EARLIER IN THE DAY."

"CAN YOU TELL ME IF THERE IS TO BE ANOTHER FUNERAL ANYWHERE THIS AFTERNOON?"

LABOR'S PRISONERS OF WAR—By Anton Johannsen

[The trial of M. A. Schmidt and David Caplan, on a charge of murder growing out of the *Times* dynamiting case, will take place in Los Angeles this fall. Anton Johannsen, General Organizer of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters, presents their case in this article, as he presented it before the Commission on Industrial Relations, and in speeches in New York City.]

THIS case grows out of the famous McNamara case. In order to get an intelligent understanding of the social forces that lie in the background, it will be necessary to know that in 1901, in the office of J. P. Morgan in New York City, the United States Steel Corporation was organized. It was resolved by the Board of Directors to eliminate Unionism from this industry. Every effort has been made both legally and otherwise to carry out this resolution. This corporation was organized with one billion and a half capital stock. The real value was approximately three hundred million. This stock paid from 4 to 5 per cent. dividends. In order to be able to pay interest on watered stock at the rate of \$5 to \$1, in addition to the enormous accumulation of property by this corporation there was no way except to take it from the sweat and blood and lives of labor.

In the industrial war that followed this gigantic attempt to crush Unionism every single labor union in this industry has been destroyed, with the notable exception of the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers.

Having crushed their attempts at organization, the Steel Trust proceeded to exploit them mercilessly. It was shown by the Stanley Commission in the United States Congress that in this industry the men work *twelve hours a day every day in the year*.

It is my judgment, and was so stated to the Commission, that any institution responsible as the Steel Trust is for destroying the spirit of protest in the souls of approximately one million men, women and children is infinitely more criminal, and more dangerous to civilization, than the McNamaras and their associates could have been if all the charges made against them had been true, which labor denies.

The McNamaras represent the policy of militant resistance to this overwhelming power—a power which has an advantage over labor so colossal that one can hardly find words to describe it—a power that has used every form of civilized violence and every form of brute force to increase its profits and protect its privileges. Where that power has not been met by militant resistance, the workers have sunk into the most abject slavery. Rather than that, the Iron Workers' Union declared war.

J. J. McNamara was elected secretary of the Iron Workers in 1905. During his administration the average wage of the Iron Workers was increased from \$2.30 for nine hours to \$4.30 for eight hours. The membership increased from approximately seven thousand to fourteen thousand. At the present time the Iron Workers' International Union is stronger numerically, financially and socially than it has ever been in the history of its existence. The facts speak for themselves.

It should be obvious to any reasonable human being that the policy pursued by the Iron Workers' Union gave a greater protection to its membership than the policy adopted by those unions that were annihilated and their people subjected to a twelve-hour day every day in the year, and an average wage of \$4.09 a year. It is idle to talk about rights unless there is a power to protect such rights.

Preceding the *Times* disaster, we find the Merchants and Manufacturers Association in Los Angeles resist-

ing by all means, legal and otherwise, every effort on the part of the workers and their friends to establish a shorter work day and a wage commensurate with a decent living. Until finally a general strike took place in all the iron trades, which bade to be successful, when the Government of Los Angeles without any warning passed an ordinance called an anti-picketing act, which prohibited union men from speaking to non-union men.

A meeting of the strikers was called, at which the situation was put up to them. The ordinance if obeyed would mean the dissolution of our strike. On a secret ballot they unanimously decided to resist. And they did. Over five hundred men went to jail in that fight. At the climax of the fight, the Los Angeles *Times*—the most violent and relentless enemy of Labor—was destroyed.

In the spring of 1911 came the arrest of the McNamaras. Then came Darrow to defend them. There has never been in the history of modern industrialism a situation in which Capital and Labor were so definitely pitted against each other. Every organization of privilege, all the professional apologists, were lined up on the side of the rich. And behind Darrow stood the army of organized labor and its friends. A special grand jury was kept in waiting to serve the rich. Before this tribunal they dragged in every man and woman who might be suspected of friendship and devotion to the cause of labor. Threats of imprisonment were made in case information was not forthcoming which would serve the designs of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association.

Darrow, as chief counsel for labor, was surrounded by spies, and all his associates and friends were constantly shadowed by hired agents of the employers. Darrow was not so young, and did not have the physical strength he had at the Haywood trial, and while his mind was keen and alert, his emotions tense and subtle, his faith in the favorable outcome grew less and less as time passed. The feeling of responsibility weighed heavy on his heart and mind, until he came to the conclusion that the only thing to do was to advise the boys to plead guilty.

This came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, and completely shattered labor's hopes—though we were told, and it is undoubtedly true, that the business men of Los Angeles, jointly with the prosecutors, had agreed that in the event of the McNamaras pleading guilty, there should be no further prosecutions, and the golden rule be given an opportunity to demonstrate its practicability.

On Thanksgiving Day, one day previous to the plea of guilty, Darrow, Scott, Davis and McNutt, the four attorneys for the defense, Lincoln Steffens, and a Catholic priest, entered the county jail of Los Angeles, and for seven hours pleaded and argued with the McNamaras, telling them there was no hope, no chance, the only thing to be done was to plead guilty.

There is no evidence in the entire case that these boys showed any yellow streak. They bore up bravely until the very last, and only agreed to plead guilty when they were led to believe that there was no chance, and that in the event of their pleading guilty they, and they alone, would suffer.

They were further advised that the employing class, particularly in Los Angeles, would meet with labor and make an effort to bring about an adjustment that would bring about an eight-hour day and a living wage.

In less than thirty days after the plea of guilty, fifty-eight additional indictments were brought against that

many labor leaders. The bloody hand of the Steel Trust was stretched out in nearly every important city in the country to choke and stifle the militant members of the Iron Workers and other international unions.

Let it be said to the everlasting credit of the members of the Iron Workers that they stood by their people loyally and bravely to the very last. And after the imprisonment of their comrades, they so arranged their affairs as to provide with bread the women and children who were dependent on these prisoners of war.

During this entire fight the women were brave and faithful, and not one traitor could be found among them. Mrs. Painter, of Omaha, Neb., lined up the women in the corridor, after the conviction in the trial at Indianapolis, and with clenched fists went to each one of them, saying, "Don't you cry. Put your tears in your muscles. And when our men go to prison, we will take up the fight." *Some day labor will understand.*

At the trial at Indianapolis, the jurors were all farmers, far removed from the industrial whirlpool, and unable to understand labor's suffering and its consequent point of view. The defence had no chance to enlighten the jury. Every charge against labor was admitted into the record, and every charge against the Steel Trust was considered irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial, on the ground that the Steel Trust was not on trial.

Lincoln Steffens tells a story about J. B. McNamara, when he approached him in the county jail on Thanksgiving, and said, "J. B., the judge understands. He will not speak harshly, and in passing judgment on you, the Christian spirit will temper his language with love and mercy."

J. B. just smiled and never uttered a word.

And Steffens says he didn't understand that smile. But on the following day, after he pleaded guilty, and threw his life in the balance, for the state to do with it what it pleased, Judge Bordwell denounced him bitterly, giving full vent to his feelings of hate. And again J. B. looked over at Steffens and smiled. It was then that Steffens understood what J. B. meant:

"You damn fool, Steffens; everybody believes in dynamite, including Judge Bordwell."

These boys are to-day in their prison cells, asking nothing from labor, or from anyone else. Their faith and spirit has not been broken.

And now for the final drama, which is about to be staged in Los Angeles—the trial of M. A. Schmidt, member of Carpenters' Union, No. 138, New York City, and David Caplan, member of Barbers' Union 195, Seattle, Washington. These men were arrested on a charge of murder growing out of the *Times* disaster, the former arrested in New York City, the latter in Seattle, after a lapse of four and a half years. They are both intelligent men, with a clear understanding of the labor struggle. They ask no charity or pity from their friends, and no quarter from the enemy. The trial is set for September 1, 1915.

There has never been an opportunity presented where the men and women who have some conviction, and are fighting for a better social order, to demonstrate their earnestness in the fight, by helping these two men, and so prepare the defense as shall guarantee a strong presentation of the underlying purpose back of the prosecution and persecution of Labor.

May I request the readers of *THE MASSES* who are interested, to contribute financially their mite to this fight? All such funds should be sent to Tom Barker, 540 Maple avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

THE JONES FAMILY GROUP (Mr. Jones believes that Family-Limitation is criminal)

REVOLUTIONARY BIRTH-CONTROL

A Reply to Some Correspondents by Max Eastman

THE interesting objectors to birth-control seem to be of two kinds: those who find it libidinous, or at least a violation of something sacred, and those who think it is not revolutionary enough, it is a palliative, a method of promoting contentment in poverty.

Of these two positions the latter is more interesting to us, but we wish to meet the former also on its own ground. For from the standpoint of knowledge as well as of revolution, we believe in this fight.

Whether society were built on the exploitation of the workers or not, whether society needed revolution or not (if we can imagine a society that didn't), it would be the heart of moral wisdom that the bearing and rearing of children should always be a deliberate and therefore responsible act. The direction of instinctive activities by intelligence is wisdom, and "wisdom is virtue," and those who hesitate to direct intelligently this most momentous of

activities, through a superstitious subjection whether to "God's law" or "Nature's," are no more virtuous than they are wise.

They are, in fact, more like salmon than like saints. For indiscriminate propagation against an enormous death-rate is the regular method of survival for those lower forms of life. And only as we ascend the steps of evolution do we find parental care and social regard lowering the death-rate, and the tendency to propagate indiscriminate multitudes falling away.

That is all a matter of physiology and instinct, of course, until we come to man, whose regard for the individual life is so great that even his low instinctive rate of reproduction far outruns the need of his race. It outruns the capacities of his environment. And therefore in this matter, more even than in others, his instinct needs to be checked, or hindered of its results, by intelligent action.

We do not mean to ignore our "disembodied" correspondent, who writes:

"Let's see—you are talking about birth-control—why not try a little self-control?"

We say to him, "By all means—go ahead." One of the methods of preventing conception, and one that is widely although by no means universally known, is to refrain from physical relations with persons of the opposite sex. We should like to make that, and all the benefits and disbenefits that attend it, known to the public along with the others. And for persons highly sublimated, or not strongly sexed, or who wish to spend a great deal of energy upon a negative effort, we have no doubt it will prove satisfactory. Our correspondent assures us that for him it has proved satisfactory; and we are glad to pass the information along. But for other temperaments, high spirits and a working subordination of the sexual factor in life cannot be permanently attained in this

way. And these temperaments are doubtless the numerous ones, and for them other contraceptive methods are desirable and wise.

It behooves us here more than anywhere else, to refrain from dogmatism, for the varieties of sexual disposition are as the varieties of men. They are the varieties of men. And no one need think that when he has "made an experiment of twenty-odd years," as one correspondent has, and reached a conclusion, that his conclusion of necessity applies to anyone but himself.

We are not advocating that the public should prevent conception, or trying to enforce a particular solution of sex-problems; we are advocating that the knowledge which is relevant to these problems be accessible to all.

"The Sexual Question," by August Forel, translated into English, and published by Rebman and Company, New York City, is the classic in this department of medical and moral science. Forel is recognized as a leading authority by men of science all over the world, and has been for years. His book is expensive, but it contains the information that the laws prohibit, and I suspect that anyone who can afford the price could secure it. "Necessity knows no law," as the great Puritan declared.

So much for the promotion of Knowledge.

But in a society which stands in such need of social revolution as ours, it is difficult to promote with much passion knowledge which has no bearing on that need. And we sympathize with those readers who object to our propaganda of Birth-Control as "true but irrelevant," and not appropriate to a revolutionary magazine. We sympathize with their statement that "the important thing is to make it possible for the working people to have all the children they want." But we think they misapprehend the relation of Birth-Control to the working-class struggle, and our prime motive in taking up the issue.

Perhaps, in its more general form, the question does not belong to THE MASSES—or at least it does not belong there any longer. For since our March number was published, the *New Republic*, *Harper's Weekly*, the *New York Tribune*, the *New York American*—to mention only the most respectable—have been giving the question publicity, and are probably making a great many more converts to it than we did. The propaganda is fairly launched in the American press, and we are satisfied. We can now lay the general question aside. But we have still the task of advancing its revolutionary significance, of answering from this time on, our second class of objectors.

It will be interesting to them to know that the first leaflet in the English language describing the technique of contraception, printed in 1823, and known to the journals of that time as "The Diabolical Handbill," was attributed to Robert Owen, the father of British Socialism. It was printed anonymously but very elegantly, addressed "To the Married of Both Sexes," and distributed with a letter signed "A sincere well-wisher to the working classes."

It seems probable to a writer in the *Economic Review*,¹ from whom I gather these facts, that the leaflet was actually written by Francis Place, another social radical of that time, but with the approval and support of Robert Owen.

Whoever wrote the handbill, the significant thing is that it was written and distributed in the interest of economic liberty. It was a part of the surge of revolutionary feeling in England at that time, and I suspect that a good share of its "diabolicalness" arose from that.

James Mill had cautiously, and as it were surreptitiously, alluded to the subject of Birth-Control in an article on "Colony" in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* in 1818. Speaking of "the best means of checking the progress of population," he wrote:

"And yet if the superstitions of the nursery were discarded, and the principle of utility kept steadily in view, a solution might not be very difficult to be found; and the means of drying up one of the most copious sources of human evil . . . might be seen to be neither doubtful nor difficult to be applied."

And still better for our respectability (and for Bill Sanger's prospects) James Mill's son, John Stuart Mill, the greatest English mind of the nineteenth century, was "in company with some others interfered with by the police," in the words of his biographer, "for distribution of papers in promotion of a scheme for artificially checking the increase of population." Or, in the version of an enemy, writing in the *London Times*, he

"fell under the notice of the police by circulating copies of 'What Is Love,' and flinging down the areas of houses, for the edification of the maid-servants, printed papers or broad-sheets containing [a description of preventive measures]."

Thus were the radicals of that time sowing truth and reaping persecution. Even Jeremy Bentham was with them, and agreed, if somewhat tacitly, that his "principle of utility" should become so specific an instrument of revolutionary agitation.

In 1822 Francis Place published his essay on pop-

ulation, including a chapter on "Means of Preventing the Numbers of Mankind from Increasing Faster Than Food is Provided." And from this time forward, according to Graham Wallas,² he

"continually advanced the neo-Malthusian position in argument with every workingman whose confidence or gratitude he could earn, in every working-class newspaper that would admit his letters. . . . As a consequence his name, for twenty years, was hardly ever mentioned in print without some reference, deprecatory or abusive, to his notorious opinions. Good men refused to be introduced to him. . . ."

That this invaluable propaganda, so well and so eminently begun, should have died out almost entirely for fifty years, is one of those mysteries of time like the dark ages. It reappeared in England in 1876-8, when a great deal of public scandal culminated in the trials of James Bradlaugh, Mrs. Besant, and others, for "offending against public morals" by offering for sale a book describing contraceptive devices.

It did not reappear in the United States until 1902, when Dr. William J. Robinson began to publish the *Critic and Guide*. But we trust it may rise to some final crisis, so far at least as the law is concerned, on June 18, 1915, in the trial of William Sanger before the courts of New York for "circulating obscene literature."

It was the opinion of those earlier radicals, as I understand it, that birth-prevention would solve the problem of low wages by decreasing the number of the workers and so increasing the demand for their labor over the supply. To their thinking birth-control was the revolution, so far as they conceived revolution. And though we conceive a revolution more complete than the mere elevation of wages, and though we do not believe that the instincts of parenthood can be so far abrogated as to produce it in a mechanical fashion, still we know that the connection in those men's minds, and hearts, of birth-control with social-revolutionary progress, was radically right and true.

An unskilled worker is never free, but an unskilled worker with a large family of half-starving children cannot even fight for freedom. That for us is the connection between birth-control and the working-class struggle. Workingmen and women ought to be able to feed and rear the children they want—that is the end we are seeking. But the way to that end is a fight; a measure of working-class independence is essential to that fight; and birth-control is a means to such independence.

¹ James A. Field in the *Economic Review* for April, 1911.

² Graham Wallas, "Life of Francis Place."

LAST BUT NOT LEAST—

THE most delightful book of the year so far—you might not know it from the title—is "Are Women People?" by Alice Duer Miller, just published by the George H. Doran Company (60c. net). It bears the sub-title, "A Book of Rhymes for Suffrage Times," and lest you think it an earnest and humorless piece of propaganda, we hasten to tell you it is not. It is the cleverest, funniest, sharpest collection of satirical verse that has appeared since Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "In This Our World." (Perhaps you haven't read that book. Well, you have missed one of the joys of life.)

The poem which opens the book, though it seems to have been first published in a newspaper only recently, has traveled all over the world, and is probably familiar to you. It is the one which begins:

You're twenty-one today, Willie,
And a danger lurks at the door—

and bears upon a well-known anti-suffrage argument:

They smirch, degrade and coarsen,
Terrible things they do
To quiet, elderly women—
What would they do to you!

There are many more things in the book quite as delightful. It punctures with a graceful or impatient wit a hundred banalities:

Charm is a woman's strongest arm;
My charwoman is full of charm;
I chose her, not for length of arm,
But for her strange elusive charm.

And how tears heighten women's powers!
My typist weeps for hours and hours;
I took her for her weeping powers—
They so delight my business hours.

A woman lives by intuition.
Though my accountant shuns addition
She has the rarest intuition.
(And I myself can do addition.)

Mr. Carter, of Oklahoma, made a speech against woman suffrage. He said: "Women are angels, they are jewels, they are queens and princesses of our hearts." What do you suppose Alice Duer Miller did to him? Well, you'll have to read the book to find out. We can't quote everything here, and besides, our book department wants to sell you the book.

If you are a woman, you will take a malicious (and quite justified) pleasure in this pretty vivisection of masculine vanity. And if you are a man, and don't believe that women are on to you (on to us, I should say), read this book and you will jolly well find out!

F. D.

Now is the time to prepare for MAX EASTMAN'S COUNTRY-WIDE LECTURE TOUR

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President Wilson said of Eastman's talk on humor, "The most delightful combination of thought and humor I have ever listened to."

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Mr. Eastman will visit the following, or nearby cities, if satisfactory booking arrangements can be made in advance:

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St. Louis	Portland
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Milwaukee	Oakland
Madison	San Francisco
Minneapolis	Fresno
St. Paul	Los Angeles
Sioux City	San Diego

Max Eastman, the editor-in-chief of this magazine, is now in Europe, an eye-witness of the World War.

In the fall he will return and prepare for a lecture tour of the United States. There will be two large meetings in New York city and then Mr. Eastman will face west. This will be in January. Now is the time to make arrangements if you want Mr. Eastman to speak in your city. Secretaries of local organizations, or lecture bureau officials, in any of the cities listed in this advertisement, or near-by cities, are requested to immediately write for particulars and terms.

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What is Humor and Why?

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*See the current issue of Everybody's Magazine for Eastman on this wonderful new medical science—"curing souls."

By the first of September we want to have Mr. Eastman's itinerary made up. In general, the lecture plan calls for a guarantee of a stipulated number of annual subscriptions to The Masses, on favorable terms, and the covering of travelling expenses. The first announcement of this important lecture trip was made last month and many applications have been made.

We want to hear from the officers of Socialist, Radical, Labor Union, Woman Suffrage, Collegiate and Literary organizations in every one of the cities mentioned. Do it to-day! "First come, first served."

Address: Business Manager

The Masses, P. O. Box 101, Pennsylvania Terminal, N. Y.



THE MASSES BOOK STORE



(Continued from page 3)

The Challenge of Facts, and other essays. By the late William Graham Sumner. Edited by Albert Gallows Keller. "Merits consideration as an antidote to much popular loose thinking." A. L. A. Booklist. \$2.25 net. Yale University Press.

The Fundamental Basis of Nutrition, by Graham Lusk. "Clear, practical, brief." Educational Foundation (Third printing). Cloth. 50 cents, net. Yale University Press.

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The Red Geranium, together with **My Son and the Case of Mathews**, by William Carleton. Real narrative—more absorbing than fiction—with a message that lingers. \$1.35 net. Small, Maynard & Company, Boston.

The Story of a Labor Agitator, by Jos. Buchanan. A stirring account of thirty years of Western Labor Movement. Published at \$1.25 net; our price 60c., postage paid.

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Wisconsin: An experiment in democracy. By Frederick C. Howe. Dark red cloth, \$1.35. The Public.

Christianity and the Social Rage, by Adolph A. Berle. The author points out that no enduring social advance can be made without an underlying moral and spiritual base. 12mo. \$1.50 net. Postage 12 cents.

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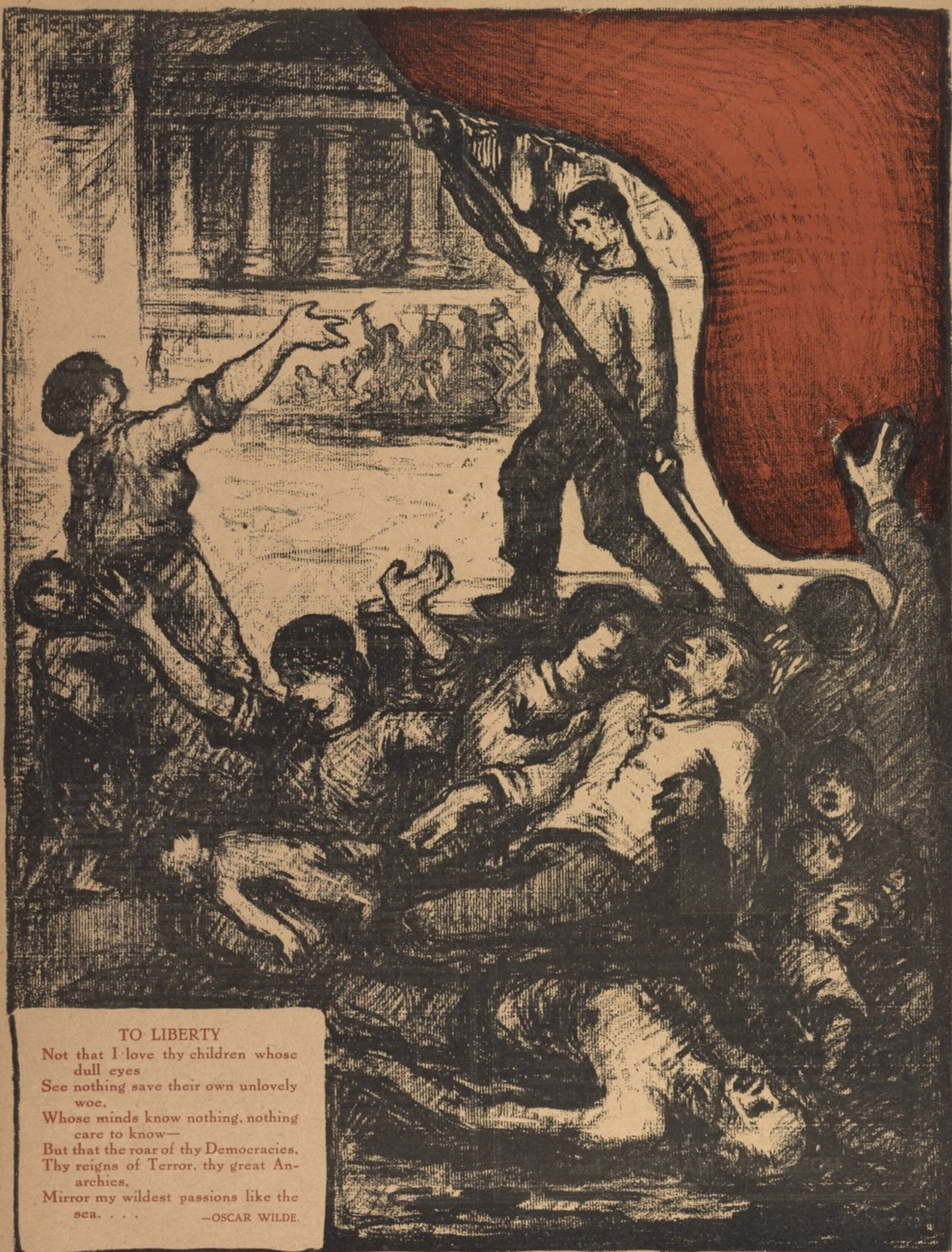
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