

The
MASSES

JUNE, 1914

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Drawn by John Sloan.

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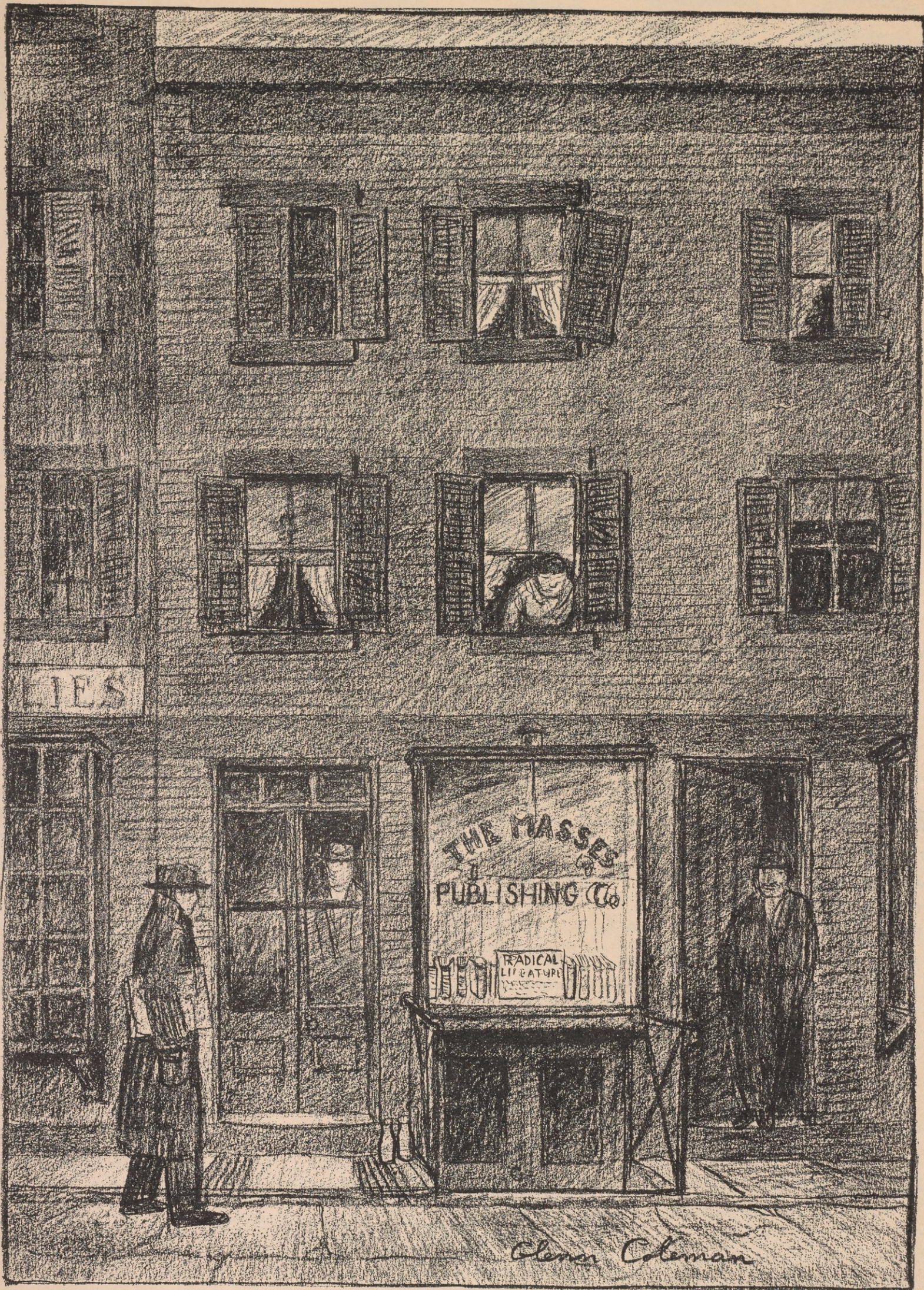
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THE SOLDIER IS AN ANACHRONISM OF WHICH WE MUST GET RID. AMONG PEOPLE WHO ARE PROOF AGAINST THE SUGGESTIONS OF ROMANTIC FICTION THERE CAN NO LONGER BE ANY QUESTION OF THE FACT THAT MILITARY SERVICE PRODUCES MORAL IMBECILITY, FEROCITY AND COWARDICE, AND THAT THE DEFENSE OF NATIONS MUST BE UNDERTAKEN BY THE CIVIL ENTERPRISE OF MEN ENJOYING ALL THE RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES OF CITIZENSHIP, AND TRAINED BY THE EXACTING DISCIPLINE OF DEMOCRATIC FREEDOM AND RESPONSIBILITY. FOR PERMANENT WORK THE SOLDIER IS WORSE THAN USELESS; SUCH EFFICIENCY AS HE HAS IS THE RESULT OF DEHUMANIZATION AND DISABLEMENT. HIS WHOLE TRAINING TENDS TO MAKE HIM A WEAKLING. — BERNARD SHAW.

Take Your Choice

The MASSES

Vol. V. No. 9: Issue No. 37.

JUNE, 1914

Max Eastman, Editor.

CLASS WAR IN COLORADO

Max Eastman

"FOR EIGHT DAYS it was a reign of terror. Armed miners swarmed into the city like soldiers of a revolution. They tramped the streets with rifles, and the red handkerchiefs around their necks, singing their war-songs. The Mayor and the sheriff fled, and we simply cowered in our houses waiting. No one was injured here—they policed the streets day and night. But destruction swept like a flame over the mines." These are the words of a Catholic priest of Trinidad.

"But, father," I said, "where is it all going to end?"

He sat forward with a radiant smile.

"War!" he answered. "Civil war between labor and capital!" His gesture was beatific.

"And the church—will the church do nothing to save us from this?"

"The church can do nothing—absolutely nothing!"

"Yes, this is Colorado," he said. "Colorado is 'disgraced in the eyes of the nation'—but soon it will be the Nation!"

I have thought often of that opinion. And I have felt that soon it will, indeed, unless men of strength and understanding, seeing this fight is to be fought, determine it shall be fought by the principals with economic and political arms, and not by professional gunmen and detectives.

Many reproaches will fall on the heads of the Rockefeller interests for acts of tyranny, exploitation, and contempt of the labor laws of Colorado—acts which are only human at human's worst. They have gone out to drive back their cattle with a lash. For them that is natural. But I think the cool collecting for this purpose of hundreds of degenerate adventurers in blood from all the slums and vice camps of the earth, arming them with high power rifles, explosive and soft-nosed bullets, and putting them beyond the law in uniforms of the national army, is not natural. It is not human. It is lower, because colder, than the blood-lust of the gunmen themselves.

I put the ravages of that black orgy of April 20th, when a frail fluttering tent city in the meadow, the dwelling place of 120 women and 273 children, was riddled to shreds without a second's warning, and then fired by coal-oil torches with the bullets still raining and the victims screaming in their shallow holes of refuge, or crawling away on their bellies through the fields—I put that crime, not upon its perpetrators, who are savage, but upon the gentlemen of noble leisure who hired them to this service. Flags of truce were shot out of hands; women running in the sunlight to rescue their children were whipped back with the hail of a machine gun; little girls who plunged into a shed for shelter were followed there with forty-eight calibre bullets; a gentle Greek, never armed, was captured running to the rescue of those women and children

dying in a hole, was captured without resistance, and after five minutes lay dead under a broken rifle, his skull crushed and three bullet holes in his back, and the women and children still dying in the hole.

It is no pleasure to tell—but if the public does not learn the lesson of this massacre, there will be massacres of bloodier number in the towns.

For you need not deceive your hearts merely with the distance of it. This is no local brawl in the foothills of the Rockies. The commanding generals are not here, the armies are not here—only the outposts. A temporary skirmish here of that conflict which is drawing up on two sides the greatest forces of the republic—those same "money interests" that have crushed and abolished organized labor in the steel industry on one side, and upon the other the United Mine Workers of America, the men who stand at the source of power. This strike in Colorado does not pay—in Colorado. It is a deliberately extravagant campaign to kill down the Mine Workers' Union, kill it here and drain and damage it all over the country. And you will neither know nor imagine what happened at Trinidad, until you can see hanging above it the shadows of these national powers contending.

It is not local, and moreover it is not "western." You can not dismiss the bleeding here with that old bogus about the wild and woolly west. Fifty-seven languages and dialects are spoken in these two mining counties. The typical wage-laborers of America—most of them brought here as strike-breakers themselves ten years ago—are the body of the strike. Trinidad with its fifteen thousand has more of the modern shine, more ease and metropolitan sophistication than your eastern city of fifty thousand. It is just a little America. And what happened here is the most significant, as it is the most devastating human thing that has happened in America since Sherman marched to the sea.

Between one hundred and fifty and two hundred men, women, and children have been shot, burned, or clubbed to death in these two counties in six months. Over three hundred thousand dollars' worth of property has been destroyed. And the cause of this high record of devastation, in a strike so much smaller than many, appears bodily in the very first killing that occurred. On the 6th day of last August, Gerald Lippiat, a Union organizer, was shot dead on the main street of Trinidad by Belcher and Belk, two Baldwin-Feltz detectives, one of whom was at that time out on bail under a murder charge in his home state of West Virginia. That was three months before the strike, and for three months before that these two detectives and others had been in this district engaged in the business of spotting union members for discharge from the mines—a fact which illumines Rockefeller's statement that only ten per cent. of his employees were union men.

"Just let them find out you were a union sym-

thizer," I was told by a railroad man, "and that was enough to run you down the cañon with a gun in the middle of your back. It was an open shop for scabs—that's the kind of an open shop it was."

And this fact, verified on all sides, is not only sufficient ground for a strike, but it is ground for a criminal indictment under the laws of Colorado. So indeed are most of the complaints of the miners, for Colorado has a set of excellent mining laws stored away at the capitol. Five out of the seven demands of the strikers* were demands that their employers should obey the laws of the State—an incident which shows more plainly than usual what the State is in essence, an excellent instrument for those who have the economic power to use it.

I quote these formal demands in a footnote, but I think for human purposes the informal remarks of Mrs. Suttles, who tried to keep a clean boarding-house at the Strong mine, and "doesn't care a damn if she never gets another job, so long as she can tell the truth and put her name to it," are more valuable.

"What was the complaint? Well, it was everything. It was dirt, water, scrip, robbery. They kept everybody in debt all the time. Lupi was fired and compelled to pick up his own house and move it off the property, because he wouldn't trade at the company store. Why, I says, if the Board o' Health even, would come up here and take a look at the water out o' this boarding-house—show me any human being that'll drink refuse from a coal mine! It was hay, alfalfa, manure—everything come right through the pipes fer the men to drink—and if that ain't enough to make a camp strike, I'd like to know what ain't! It was black an' dirty an' green an' any color you want to call it—and when I'd enter a complaint they'd say, 'Who's kickin'?' An' I'd tell 'em the man's name, an' they'd say, 'Give him his time! Let him get to hell out o' here, if he don't like it!'

"I give 'em a bit o' their own medicine, too. They had a couple o' these millionaire clerks down here from Denver oncet, an' they didn't have enough of the La Veta water brought down for their own table. I

* These are the formal demands of the miners:

1. Recognition of the union.
2. Ten per cent advance in wages on the tonnage rates and wage scale (in accordance with the Wyoming day wage scale).
3. Eight hour day for all classes of labor in and around the mines and coke-ovens.
4. Pay for all narrow work and dead work (including brushing, timbering, removing falls, handling impurities).
5. Check weighmen elected by miners without interference.
6. The right to trade in any store, and choose boarding-place and doctor.
7. Abolition of the guard system.

But let it be understood that the strike is not directed against any specific evil or evils, but against an entire system of peonage incredible to behold in this century—a system, against which unionism is absolutely the only defense. Recognition of the union or feudal serfdom in these mines—that is the issue.

heard these fellers ask for a drink, an' I took in a little of this warm stuff right out o' the mine. Do you suppose they touched it? 'What's good enough for a miner,' I says, 'is good enough for you.' I wanted to tell that before the Congress committee so bad I was just bustin', an' you can say it's the truth from me, an' I don't care what happens to me so long as I'm tellin' the truth." She doesn't care what happens to her, Mrs. Suttles doesn't, but she cares what happens to other people, and I'm happy to be her mouth-piece.

You will know from her that there is nothing we are accustomed to call "revolutionary" in the local aspect of this strike. One sees here only an uprising of gentle and sweet-mannered people in favor of the laws they live under. In the mines they had learned to endure, and in the tents they surely did endure, smilingly as I have it from those who know, without impetuous retaliations, more hardship and continuous provocation than you could imagine of yourself—if indeed you can imagine yourself tenting four months in the winter snow for any cause. Patient and persistent and naturally genial—yet the militia, and the mine operators, and all the little priests of respectability of Trinidad are full of the tale of those "blood-thirsty foreigners," "ignorant," "lawless," "unacquainted with the principles of American Liberty."

As a pure matter of fact, so long as those foreigners remained "ignorant" and "lawless," their employers were highly well pleased with them. But when they began to learn English, and acquire an interest in the laws, and also in the "principles of American liberty," straightway they became a sore and a trouble to their employers—because their employers were daily violating these laws and these principles at the expense of their lives and their happiness, and they knew it. That was the trouble. And their employers, from Rockefeller down to the mine boss, are perfectly well aware of this, having brought them here in the first place for the express purpose of supplanting English-speaking Americans who knew their rights and had rebelled.

When you hear a man talking about "blood-thirsty foreigners," you can be perfectly sure there is one thing in his heart he would like to do, and that is drink the blood of those foreigners—especially if he happens to be one of these hatchet-faced Yankees.

The strike was declared on September 23, and the companies, having imported guards for about two weeks before that, were ready for it. They were ready to evict the miners from their houses, dumping their families and furniture into the snow, and in many of the mines they did this. Those miners who owned the houses from which they were evicted, having paid for them although they were built upon the company's land, must have received at this point a peculiarly fine taste of "American Liberty." That is almost as fine as having a tax deducted from your wages, to pay for a public school privately owned and situated upon private property, or being compelled to pay fifty cents toward the salary of a Protestant town minister when you are a Roman Catholic. Miners in one case were not allowed to pass through the gate of the mining camp, in order to get their mail from a United States Post Office located within the gate called "Private Property"—another sweet taste of "American Liberty." Was it such fortunes as this, I wonder, that led one of the strikers to run back among the blazing tents in order to rescue an American flag, "because he just couldn't see that burn up"?

Early in October, say the strikers, an automobile containing Baldwin-Feltz gunmen stopped under the hills and fired into the Ludlow tent colony in the plain.

Early in October, says the superintendent of the



Drawn by Morris Hall Pancoast.

THE REAL INSULT TO THE FLAG

Hastings mine, an automobile containing men coming to work in the mines, was fired on from the vicinity of the tent colony. The reader may solve this problem for himself. I can only picture the location of the mines and the colony, and let it stand that guerrilla warfare between the strikers and those men imported for their shooting ability, was frequent and was inevitable.

The mining camps are in little cañons, running up into a range of hills that extends due north and south, and the Ludlow tent colony was out on the wide plain to the east of these hills by the railroad track. It stood just north of the junction of the main line of the Colorado & Southern with branch lines running up to the mines. In short, it held the strategic point for warning strike-breakers on incoming trains. And to those who cannot believe the story of its destruction for the sheer wantonness of it, that little fact will be of interest. The tent colony at Holly Grove, West Virginia, shot up in the same wantonness by the same gunmen last year, was similarly situated. These tent colonies are white flags on the gatepost, flashing the signal "Quarantine" to the initiated, and it is very important for the unsanitary business within that they be removed.

So the gunmen would issue down the cañons, or shoot from the hills, and the strikers would sally out to each side of the colony, and shoot into the cañon or the hills. And this occurred often in the days of October, leading up to the pitched battle on the 28th, when the people in that vicinity seemed to be breathing

bullets, and Governor Ammons ordered John Chase into the field with the militia.

The militia came avowedly to disarm both sides, and prevent the illegal importation of strike-breakers, and they were received with cheers by the "lawless" strikers, who surrendered to them a great many if not all of their arms. For a week or two, in fact, the militia did impartially keep the peace. And the reason for this is that it had been asserted by the mine-owners, and believed by the Governor, that that famous "ten per cent. of union men" were forcibly detaining the rest of the strikers in the colonies, and that as soon as the ninety per cent. had the protection of the militia they would return to work.

In the course of the two weeks it became evident, however, that this happy thought was founded upon a wish, and that something else would have to be done to get the men back into the mines. Therefore the guns surrendered by the strikers were turned over to the new gunmen, and the protection of illegally imported strike-breakers began again. Began also the enrolling of Baldwin-Feltz gunmen in the Colorado militia; the secret meetings of a military court; the arresting and jailing by the hundred of "military prisoners"; the search and looting of tent colonies under color of military authority; and the forcible deportation of citizens. By such means and many others John Chase, riding about in the automobiles of the companies, made his alliance with invested capital perfectly clear to the most "ignorant" foreigner in the course of less than a month.

Thence forward we have to lay aside and forget the distinction between the private gunmen of the mine owners, and the state militia of Colorado—a fact which reveals more plainly than usual what the army is in essence, a splendid weapon for those who have the economic power to use it.

On November 25th, the strikers for the second time asked the operators to confer, and the operators refused.

On November 26th, Baldwin-Feltz Belcher was shot on the streets of Trinidad, not two blocks from where he had shot Lipiat in August. The militia cleared the streets, and indiscriminate arrests followed, strikers even being taken to jail, I am assured, in the automobiles of their employers. *Habeas corpus* proceedings were laughed at. Personal liberty, the rights of a householder, of free speech, of assemblage, of trial by jury—all these old fashioned things dropped quietly out of sight, not only in the case of Mother Jones, which is notorious, but also in the case of the striking miners one and all. The State and organized capital were married together before the eyes of men so amiably and naturally that, except in the retrospect, one hardly was able to be surprised.

Sunday, April 19th, was Easter Sunday for the Greeks, and they celebrated that day in the happy and melodious manner of their country, dancing out of doors in the sunlight all morning with the songs of the larks. In the afternoon they played baseball in a meadow, two hundred yards from the tents, the women playing against the married men, and making them hustle, too. It was a gay day for the tent colony, because all the strikers loved the Greeks and were borne along by their happy spirits. Especially they loved Louis Tikas for his fineness and his gentle and strong way of commanding them. To all of them he seemed to give the courage that was necessary in order to celebrate a holiday with merriment under the pointed shadows of two machine guns.

But in the very midst of that celebration eight armed soldiers came down from these shadows into the field. Standing about, they managed to place themselves exactly on the line between the home-plate and first base, and during a remonstrance from the players, one of them said to another, "It wouldn't take me and four men to wipe that bunch off the earth." After some discussion among themselves, the players finally altered the position of their bases, and the soldiers decided not to interfere again. One of them said, "All right, Girlie, you have your big time today, and we'll have ours tomorrow!"

On Monday morning, at about 8:30, Major Hamrock called the tent colony on the telephone, and asked Louis Tikas to surrender a mine-worker who, he asserted, was being held in the colony against his will. The person, in question was not in the colony, and Tikas said so. But the major insisted, so Tikas arranged to meet him on the railroad track, half way between the two encampments, and discuss their disagreement. Tikas went to the meeting place, and the major was not there. He returned, called him on the telephone, and again agreed to meet him alone at the railroad station.

They met and continued their discussion, but while they were talking a troop of reinforcements appeared over the hill at one of the military camps. The machine-gun at the other camp was already trained upon the colony, and a train-man tells me that at that time he saw militia-men running down the track, ready to shoot.

"My God, Major, what does this mean?" said Tikas.

"You stop your men, and I'll stop mine," is the major's answer as reported. But before Tikas got back

(Continued on next page.)



TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

BE IT KNOWN by these presents that 120 soldiers of the Colorado National Guard are enrolled as the founders and charter members of the Order of Patriotic Mutineers, for distinguished and heroic service in refusing to obey the Command of their superior officers to entrain for Trinidad for the purpose of shooting down their fellowmen and fellow-countrymen on strike for the betterment of life.

And that these soldiers of the Colorado National Guard, having thus instituted one of the great movements of history in these United States, are herewith commended to posterity for the reward of immortality for this act of patriotism and humanity.

Signed and Sealed on this twenty-sixth day of April, nineteen-hundred fourteen by The Masses Magazine for

THE CIVILIZED WORLD

Drawn by John Sloan.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

PETITIONING THE KING

to the colony, the strikers had left in a body, armed. Three bombs were fired off in the major's camp—a pre-arranged signal to the mines to send down all the guards, officers, and strike-breakers they were able to arm. And immediately after the sounding of this signal, at the order of Lieutenant Linderfelt, the first shot was fired by the militia.

It is incredible, but it is true that they trained their machine guns, not on the miners who had left their families and made for a railroad cut to the southeast, but on their families in the tent colony itself. Women and children fled from the tents under fire, seeking shelter in a creek-bed, climbing down a well, racing across the plain to a ranch-house. "Mamma tried to protect us from the bullets with her apron," said Anna Carich to me—a little girl of twelve years.

She herself plunged down the ladder-stair into the well—but no sooner arrived there than she had to go back and call her dog. "I says to him, 'Come on, Princie. Come on in!' but he was afraid or something, and when I stuck my head out, the bullets came as though you took a mule-whip and hit it on the floor. Papa pulled me back in, and Princie was killed. Maybe he wanted to go back after his puppy." I guess that was it, for it was way off at the rear of the colony that I saw him lying in the grass.

There were women and children too that did not leave their homes in this volley, but simply lay flat or crawled into the earth-holes under the tents. And to these Tikas returned, and he spent the day there, caring for them, or cheering them, or lying flat with a telephone begging reinforcements for the little army of forty that was trying to fight back two or three hundred—rifles against machine guns. But reinforcements came only to the militia, for they controlled the railroad, and in the evening, after a day's shooting, they took courage under their uniforms, and crept into the tent-colony with cans of coal-oil, and set torches to the tents. I quote here the Verdict of the Coroner's jury:

"We find that [here follow twelve names of women and children] came to their death by asphyxiation, or fire, or both, caused by the burning of the tents of the Ludlow Tent Colony, and that the fire on the tents was started by militia-men, under Major Hamrock and Lieutenant Linderfelt, or mine guards, or both."

When that blaze appeared, Louis Tikas, who had left the tent colony for a moment, started back to the rescue of those women and children who would be suffocated in the hole. He knew they were there. He was captured by the soldiers then. Is it likely he did not tell his captors where he was going and what for? The women and children were left dying, and Louis Tikas was taken to the track and murdered by K. E. Linderfelt or his subordinates.

Linderfelt is a man who had his taste of blood in the Philippines, in the Boer War, and with Madero in Mexico. He was second in command of this gang—a lieutenant. "Shoot every son-of-a-bitchin' thing you see moving!" is what a train-inspector heard him shout at the station. And in that command from that man, brought here by the Rockefeller interests as an expert in human slaughter, you have the whole story of this carnage and its cause.

Is it a thing to regret or rejoice in that Civil War followed, that unions all over the state voted rifles and ammunition, that militia-men mutinied, that train-men refused to move reinforcements, that armed miners flocked into Trinidad, supplanted the government there, and with that town as a base, issued into the hills destroying? For once in this country, middle ground was abolished. Philanthropy burned up in rage. Charity could wipe up the blood. Mediation, Legislation, Social-Consciousness expired like memories of a foolish age. And once again, since the days in Paris of '71, an army of the working class fought the military to a shivering standstill, and let them beg for truce. It would have been a sad world had that not happened.

I think the palest lover of "peace," after viewing the

flattened ruins of that little colony of homes, the open death-hole, the shattered bedsteads, the stoves, the household trinkets broken and black—and the larks still singing over them in the sun—the most bloodless would find joy in going up the valleys to feed his eyesight upon tangles of gigantic machinery and ashes that had been the operating capital of the mines. It is no retribution, it is no remedy, but it proves that the power and the courage of action is here.

A Hint to the Vice Experts

"THE Brothel as an Accessory to the Sales Department" is an interesting chapter on the relationship of capital to vice. "Entertaining customers" is a commonplace of commerce. The sales department with no god but More Sales, and with a keen, if intuitive, knowledge of psychology, quite naturally adapts the entertainment to the individual bent of the buyer. Sex interest is its biggest trump.

Every one who has attended a trade convention of recent years knows what a boom those gatherings usually are to the business of "the line." Salesmen of the various kinds of supplies used in the trade in question come to town with bill books fatly filled. And for the time being the itemized expense account is in abeyance. If it is a convention of printers, then the ink and paper and press manufacturers' representatives do the "honors." Or if it is a meeting of highway superintendents then the boys from the road machinery factories are on the job. If a scion of a house of many dollars contemplates the purchase of an automobile, the salesman demonstrates in a car of which the extra seats are appropriately filled. Then they are off to the roadhouses.

Even the newspapers recognize the value of the method. At a recent automobile show in a Canadian city the advertising department of the leading newspaper kept a motor car going every evening for a week between the leading hotel and a certain house of mirth. It carried of course advertising managers, sales managers and motor car manufacturers.

These facts are well known, for capitalism not only does these things, but brags about them. As for the economic aspect of the thing, have you read what Professor Veblen said about it? It is printed on page 19 of this issue, underneath John Sloan's picture.

LUDLOW

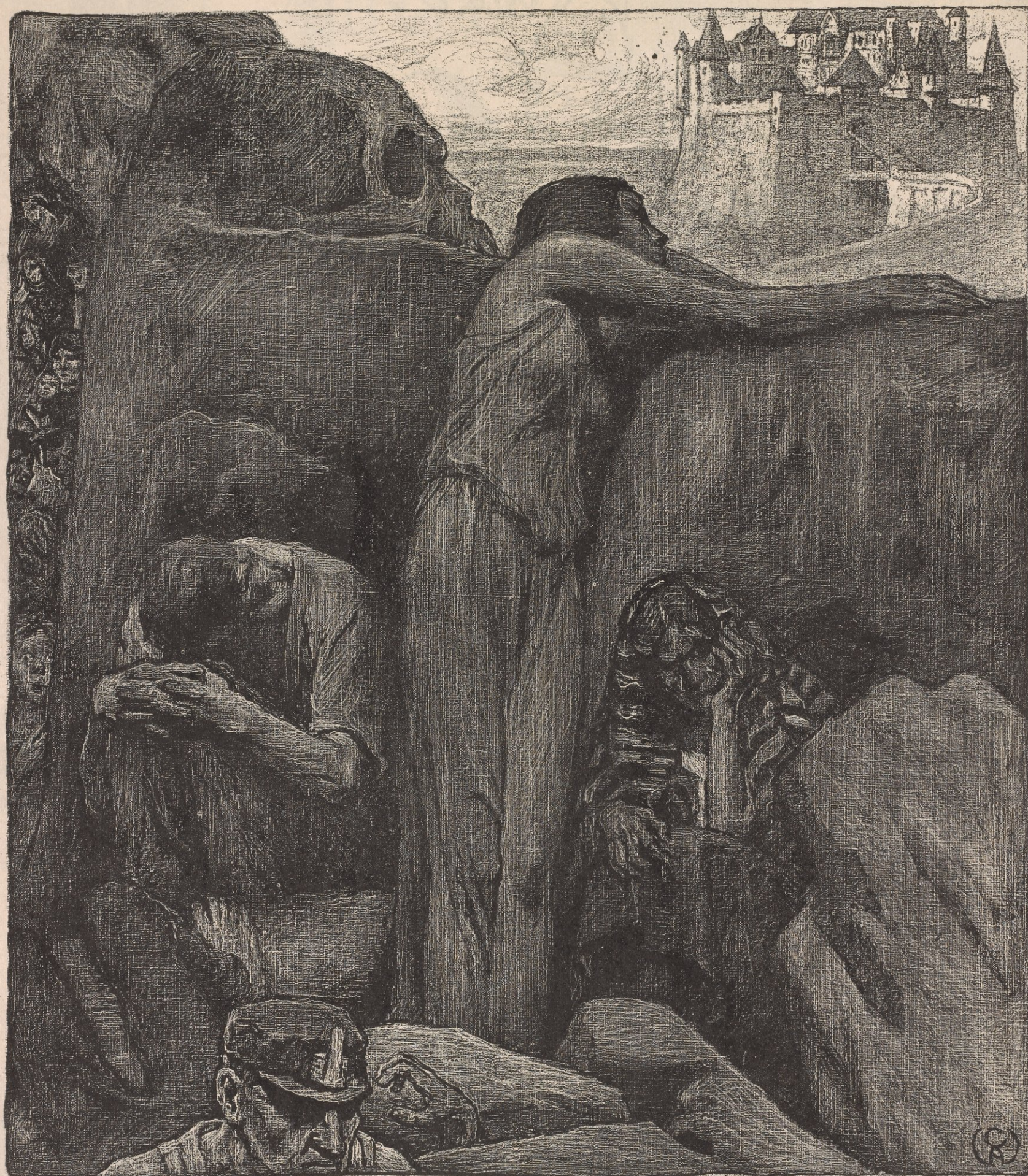
WAR, do you want?

Well, here's a war for you;
Newest of clashes in oldest of strife;
War of the lowly,
Justice their rally call,
Ranked under banners century-stained.

Hands with the grime
Of the levels ground into them,
Hands that wrest riches and then let them slip,
Blunted hands, gnarled,
Grubbing at humble toil,
Clutch in extremity weapons of death.

Here we find men—
Men who've got guts to them;
Men who will fight at the end of the lane;
Hot blood is raging,
Hot blood of wronged men,
Blood that will wash off the stain from the land.

M. B. LEVICK.



Drawn by Charles A. Winter.

THE PIT



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

PATRIOTS

"YES, I'LL GO TO WAR IF THERE'S A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS."

"THAT'S THE STUFF!"

"WELL—O' COURSE, NOT AT THE FIRST CALL."

WHAT ABOUT MEXICO?

John Reed

IN THE first place, let's settle the question of whether or not the Mexican people are fighting just because they want to fight—or because they want something that they can get no other way.

It is of course to the interest of those who desire Intervention and Annexation of Mexico to spread the news that this is a "comic opera revolution."

If anybody wants to know the truth at first hand, he must do as I did—go through the country and especially through the Constitutionalist army, asking the people what they are fighting for and whether they like revolution as a way of living.

You will make the astonishing discovery that the peons are sick of war—that, curiously enough, they do not enjoy starvation, thirst, cold, nakedness, and wounds without pay for three years steady; that loss of their homes and years of ignorance as to whether their women and children are alive, does not appeal to them much.

But of course that argument by foreign holders of concessions is like that other which we are familiar with in this country: that the reason employers of labor down there don't pay better wages is that the Mexicans would not know how to spend it, because their standard of living is so low. So you'll find often, when you ask these people why they're fighting, that "It's more fun to fight than work in the mines or as slaves on the great haciendas."

I have seen these mines, where the hovels of the workers are infinitely wretcheder than the slums of Mexican towns. For example, the American Smelting and Refining Company's properties at Santa Eulalia, where they've built a church for the workers to keep them contented, though they crush strikes unmercifully and herd the poor devils into the filthiest huts; where such is the good feeling between miners and operators that the latter don't dare go down into the village at night. And just to prove how different it can be, I've been to Magistral—where the National Mines and Smelters plant is situated—the happiest village I have seen in Mexico. There the workmen, though not receiving much more pay than the others, live in their own houses; and hardly a night passes without a *baile*, at which the extremely popular officers of the company are always present. I haven't time to go into the differences between Santa Eulalia and Magistral; but the point is, they are different. The miners at Santa Eulalia join the revolution simply to escape the mines; those at Magistral do not. And any people who would not rather fight than work in most American mines in Mexico are a degraded people.

There is only one book that gives the real facts about the Mexican revolution, and that is the recently published "The Mexican People. Their Struggle for Freedom," by L. Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcumb Pinchon. If you can get hold of that absorbingly interesting book, read it. I am not going to paraphrase it in this article; but I just want to put in a few words the real character of this Revolution. In the first place, it is not a revolution of the middle class; it is a slowly-growing accumulation of grievances of the peons—the lowest class—that has finally burst definitely into expression. There is not one peon out of twenty who cannot tell you exactly what they are all fighting for: Land. In different ways they have been struggling for it for four hundred years, and most of the time, like all simple, half-primitive peoples, they haven't even been able to express this desire consciously. But that they felt it deeply and strongly is shown by the fact

that they rose in arms whenever anyone expressed it for them.

This is the strongest underlying cause of the Revolution. Little by little, the untaxed owners of big estates, originally created by Spanish land-grants, have absorbed the common lands of villages, the open ranges, and the small independent farms, leaving the people no choice but to become slaves on the great haciendas and no hope for the future at all. Sometimes it would be the granting of whole valleys as concessions to foreign capitalists by the National Government, or the declaration of areas thrown open to colonization with disregard for those who lived on them, like the lands of the Yaqui Indians in Sonora—an act that turned an agricultural race which had been at peace for three hundred years into a warring tribe that has resisted ever since.

The culmination of this process was the infamous land law of 1896, for which Porfirio Diaz is responsible. This law permitted denunciation of all lands in the Republic not secured by a legal title.

The cynical criminality of this piece of legislation only appears when you consider that three-fourths of the small independent farms and even city property were held by peons too ignorant to know what "title" meant, whose lands had been worked by their ancestors sometimes for four generations, and whose tenure the Government had never questioned. These are the people whom the great land-owners dispossessed of their homes, and turned out to starve or enter virtual slavery. And when they refused to move, regiments of Federal soldiers descended upon them and exterminated whole districts.

I know of one case where 400 families were literally massacred, so that one man who already owned 15,000,000 acres of land might add a few hundred more to his estate. De Lara tells of many more horrible ones.

And the result was that by 1910 the big haciendas touched each other's borders all across the North of Mexico, and the agricultural population were chained to particular haciendas by debt, religious superstition, or the most cunningly calculated mental debauchery. Education was at a standstill; or worse, it was just what the *hacendados* wanted it to be. Public schools could not be established there, because the law said that haciendas were "private property."

But the people, scattered, unable to communicate with one another, deliberately sunk in content and ignorance by their employers, hopeless of change, still nourished a dream.

I have said that the Mexicans are normally an agricultural people. They are more than that. Like all other people, nothing spurs them so much to live as personal ownership of their homes and tools. The peons on the haciendas dreamed of the farms that their grandfathers used to own, and that they themselves desired. Indeed, so strong was this instinct, that the land-owners themselves gave each peon his own little field which he could work Sundays. And so, under such tremendous handicaps, the strange thing is not that the peons rose in such numbers; it is remarkable that they rose at all.

For there is another lie that those interested will tell you—that a very small per cent. of the Mexican people are fighting in the Revolution—that out of a population of seventeen millions, only some four hundred thousand have been engaged on both sides in the last three years.

It is true that those who originally revolted in 1910

were a small percentage of the people—but that is because news and ideas spread very slowly through the Republic.

Every day more people join the revolution—every day to more and more distant villages far removed from the lines of communication comes the astonishing word that there is hope for the peons. Every state in the Republic is now in revolt, reporting to Carranza at least weekly—and in all these states the revolution steadily gains. The Constitutionalist army in the North now amounts to over fifty thousand men, and a conservative guess at the revolutionists' strength in the rest of the Republic would give them over two hundred thousand in all.

Not all of these are fighting men—yet. But even the *pacifcos*, the peons one finds tilling the fields and tending the cattle in the villages and haciendas of the country, are all in favor of the Constitutionalist.

They welcome the rebel entry into their towns; they hate the Federals. Often I asked them why they did not fight.

"They do not need us," came the reply. "The Revolution is going well. When it goes badly and they call to us, then the whole country will rise. But if we fight now, who will raise corn for the army and cattle for the soldiers? And who will make babies that can grow up to be soldiers?"

That is how deep their faith is. They look forward possibly to many years of fighting still, and see the necessity for a growing race of young soldiers to carry on the Revolution.

Zapata was the first leader of the peons in the present revolution to call them to arms for the settlement of the land question. Almost a year afterward Madero issued his famous Plan of San Luis Potosi, which inflamed the people chiefly because it promised a distribution of the great estates among the poor. Zapata joined him, too, nor did he abandon Madero until the latter showed himself unable to settle the question. The rich land-owners bribed Orozco then to start a counter-revolution to embarrass Madero, but the only way Orozco could raise the people was by promising them free farms. And when they discovered that he really did not propose to give them land at all, they deserted Orozco and went back to their homes. At the death of Madero, Carranza took the field, endorsing vaguely the principles of Madero's plan, but placing all the emphasis upon the restoration of constitutionalist government. Zapata denounced Carranza, who refused to commit himself on the land question, but endorsed Villa, because the latter has gone ahead confiscating the great estates and dividing them gratis among the poor. And on that point, I think, the split between Carranza and his General will come—because the Mexican Revolution will not be won until the peons get their land.

And don't let anybody tell you that there are no losses to speak of in a Mexican battle—that the whole affair is a joke, or that Mexicans are not brave. They are perhaps the most recklessly brave people in the world. I saw them charge on foot up a hill two hundred and fifty feet high in the face of *artillery*—saw them do it *seven times*, and get absolutely massacred every time. I saw them on foot again, armed only with hand-bombs, rush a corral defended by twelve hundred men shooting through loopholes and five machine guns—*eight times* they did it, and hardly one of them came back from each charge. And about the sparsity of dead in Mexican battles, let me add that about three thousand of Villa's army were killed and



THE MASSES, June, 1914.



AMMUNITION

Drawing by Maurice Becker



Drawn by Stuart Davis.

"I THINK, FELIX, NEW YORK CANNOT BE AS WICKED AS IT IS SAID
TO BE. NOTHING HAS HAPPENED TO US YET."

wounded in the first five days' fighting at Torreon; and remember, there have been hundreds of battles in the three years.

Have you ever heard one of your fellow-countrymen talk about the "damned little Greasers," to the effect that "one American was worth twenty Mexicans," or perhaps that they are "a dirty, ignorant, treacherous, cowardly, immoral race"? I was two weeks marching with one hundred ex-bandits, perhaps the most disreputable company in the entire Constitutionalist army—Gringo-haters, too. Not only did they not steal anything from me—these wretchedly poor, unclothed, unpaid, immoral rascals, but they refused to allow me to buy food or even tobacco. They gave me their horses to ride. They gave me their blankets to sleep in.

Mexicans are notoriously the most warm-hearted and generous of peoples. They are big men, too—good riders, good shots, good dancers and singers. They endure daily what would drive an American soldier to desert. And they never complain. And let me tell

you this: *Except in times of war it is almost unknown that foreigners should be killed or even held up in Mexico!* As for outrages to foreigners, they think nothing of killing a Greaser on the American side of the Texas border. There have been enough wanton outrages to Mexican citizens in Texas and California in the last ten years to have justified armed intervention by the Mexican army fifty times. A list will be furnished on request.

And yet the Texan is not a particularly bad man. He's just like all the rest of the Americans—he doesn't understand the Mexican temperament and doesn't want to; but the Texans come into direct contact with Mexicans, and so they are a little more uncivilized than the rest of us farther north. If you will trace the pedigree of Intervention Shouters, you will find that they are either Texans, or somebody with large interests in Mexico, or somebody who hopes to acquire large interests there under the Dear Old Flag. Or perhaps he might be an American Business Man in Mexico, and that is the worst of all.

For American Business Men in Mexico are a degraded race. They have a deep-seated contempt for the Mexicans, because they are different from themselves. They prate of our grand old democratic institutions, and then declare in the same breath that the peons ought to be driven to work *for them* with rifles. They boast in private of the superiority of American courage over Mexican, and then sneakily truckle to whatever party is in power.

The other foreigners in Mexico usually stand firm on the side of the oppressor, but the American can be found hat in hand in the audience room of the Palace at all seasons of the year, so long as there is some hope of protecting his little investment. And it is for the benefit of these men—who admittedly make forty or fifty per cent. on their money, because they say they are taking a "gambler's chance," and then squeal when they lose—that the United States has been pushed to the very brink of conquest.

If you interest yourself much in Mexican affairs you will meet many people who know all about it, because they have "been there for fifteen, or twenty, or thirty years." Do not let them bully you. They know nothing about Mexico at all—no more than the Capitalist who has "employed men for twenty years" knows about Labor.

Whenever you hear anyone refer to Porfirio Diaz as the "Great Educator" or the "Warrior-Statesman," you may know that you have before you one who has "been in Mexico fifteen years," and if you have anything to do, go away and do it. First remarking, however, that the test of Diaz' barbarous regime was that it failed—and that there is *no big South American Republic* which did not progress more in *every way* than Mexico during Diaz' beneficent rule. You may know, too, that this person is probably the owner of a share of stock or so in some concession that Diaz sold for bribes.

At the present time Villa has wisely and calmly refused to say the word which would raise the North against our legions occupying Vera Cruz. He has the promise of the President of the United States that we are not making war against the Mexican people—that we intend to withdraw from Mexico as soon as reparation is made, and he will undoubtedly stick to his neutrality and make half of Mexico stick, too—which he can do with a word—unless we break our promise. The pressure upon President Wilson to force him to break it is fearfully strong. And you may depend upon it that the Border is trying every means in its power to provoke the Mexicans to some act of aggression. I will not dwell upon Mr. Hearst; because of course you remember when he said a few years ago that he intended to invest his family fortunes in Mexico, so as to provide largely and surely for his children.

But if we are forced over the Border—if in any way we inject ourselves into Mexican politics—it will mean the end of the Revolution. For we could never recognize a government there unsuited to the European Powers—indeed, I don't see how we can now; and a government suited to the European Powers would mean the confirmation of foreign concessions, the establishment of the "respectable" element in power, and the subsequent checking of anything like a radical distribution of lands among the peons. We could not sanction a government really elected by the peons, because they would elect a government which would give them what they have been fighting for so long. And that means Confiscation—which the merest school-child knows to be a worse crime than the robbery of peons!

So I think that the United States Government is really headed toward the policy of "civilizing 'em with a Krag"—a process which consists in forcing upon alien races with alien temperaments our own Grand Democratic Institutions: I refer to Trust Government, Unemployment, and Wage Slavery.



Drawn by S. Sparks.

GROPING FOR LIGHT

"JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., TESTIFIES BEFORE THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE THAT HE IS GROPING FOR LIGHT ON THE COLORADO SITUATION."—*News Item.*

A CUSTOMER—By Louis Untermeyer

HE said he did not want to look at any goods;
His stock was very large; brooches were slow,
loquets were dead as a door nail.
Business in general was worse than dull, and then be-
sides
Things didn't look so rosy for the fall.
And so we sat, and argued for an hour. . . .
He said if people didn't talk so much, there wouldn't
be all this unrest—
Our crops were coming on all right, and we're a pros-
perous country—
It's talk about this thing and that thing,
Worrying and threshing over matters that don't con-
cern them,
That makes dissatisfaction and distrust.
Things always take care of themselves, he said;
So why excite ourselves about politics, or the war in
Mexico, or hard times;
Folks only hurt business by talking about labor
troubles and strikes. . . .
I asked him had he read about the state of affairs in
Colorado,
Where one man, stubborn with prejudice and many
million dollars, had forced a civil war;

Where the law had been put into the hands of mining
companies and men in their employ made depu-
ties and soldiers;
Where hired thugs, employed as the militia, poured
kerosene upon the strikers' tents—and then ap-
plied the torch;
Where machine-guns had been used to mow down
women and children;
And where more lives had been lost in one day than
in our patriotic vengeance upon Mexico. . . .
Yes, he said, he had heard about it.
It really was too bad. Something, he supposed, ought
to be done. . . .
And what did I think would take the place of bar-
pins for the summer? . . .
He was a medium-sized man, with thin brown hair
and pinkish cheeks,
And he was always smiling.
Yet I felt that this man was going to bring about the
revolution—
Bring it quicker—make it bloodier—
With his hard, careful apathy, and his placid, shrug-
ging unconcern.

WHY MONA SMILED

Floyd Dell

"I KNOW what I'm talking about," said Sudberg. "I was married once. For a whole year. Then I busted it up."

I had met Sudberg in the restaurant at noon. Sudberg is a big blond Norwegian, and a painter. After luncheon he talked.

"If you're just an ordinary human male," he said, "it's all right for you to spend your time playing with women, working for them, taking care of them and their children. Somebody has got to do it! But the artist has something more important to do."

"The artist is different. Women ought to leave him alone, and pick out some ordinary human male to play with and to exploit. But they can't leave the artist alone. Any sort of distinction attracts women. So they capture the poor devil of an artist, and proceed to kill everything in him that attracted them."

"I used to hate my wife—I called her a vampire. I've got over that now. I realize that she was everything that was sweet and lovely. But she was a woman. . . . I couldn't be a lover and a husband and a permanent companion to a woman—and be an artist too."

"Not that I really blame a woman for being a vampire. I've got no use for the sort of women who try to be 'independent.' A woman simply must demand love and support and permanency, and everything else that it uses up a man's life to give."

So said Sudberg; and that evening, in that same restaurant, at that same table, I sat at dinner with Paul Ferens. Ferens is a middle-aged young dramatic critic, and the author of a successful comedy.

"There's nothing like having a wife to make a man do his best," said Ferens. "You hear people talk about marriage spoiling an artist. All rot! I've seen young men with talent waste themselves in a lonely struggle. There's nothing to it. The only thing is for the artist to have a wife."

"I know what I am talking about"—that magic phrase! "If it hadn't been for my wife I should never have been where I am now. The fact is, an artist's job is too big for one person to tackle. It takes two."

"And a woman loves nothing so much as to help some man do what he wants to do. She will give up her own plans any time, to carry burdens for him. Why, a year ago, when typewriter's bills were a serious matter, my wife learned to use the machine, and copied my manuscripts—that in addition to running the house and making everything comfortable for me."

"The line in my play that got the biggest laugh—she fished that out of the waste-basket, where I had thrown it when I was so tired I didn't know what I was doing—she saved it and copied it out for me, along with a dozen other discarded scraps, on the chance that it *might* be of value."

"That's what women are like—real women. They are happiest in helping a man."

"The squaw theory . . ." I suggested.

"Call it what you like," said Ferens, looking around for the waiter. "I don't care. My wife is a good squaw, and it makes her happy."

Presently it was time for Ferens to go to the theatre. His wife wasn't with him, he conscientiously explained, because it was the maid's evening off, and she had to stay at home and look after the baby. Did I want to come along?

No, I didn't. I had another idea, which I didn't explain to Ferens. It was an idea that pleased me. As

soon as Ferens had left, I went to the telephone, and half an hour later I was calling on Mrs. Paul Ferens in her apartment up town. She was glad to see me.

"This is the first time you've ever been here," she said reproachfully. "Just because you were once in love with me, is that any reason you should avoid me forever after?"

"Mona," I said, "I've just been talking to *both* your husbands to-day."

"What!" she said. "Did you see Olaf? What is he doing?"

"When I saw him, he was talking to me about you." "Oh! Did he say anything particularly nasty about me?"

"He said you were everything that was sweet and lovely."

"Didn't he say I was a vampire?"

"Yes, he did. But you mustn't mind that, Mona."

"Oh, I don't," said Mona. "I know his theory about women. I ought to! What else did he say?"

"You know what he would say. He warned me against women. But what I want to know is this: Mona, were you a vampire?"

Mona shrugged her shoulders. "He insisted on my making him very unhappy, if that's what you want to know. He wouldn't let me work with him, and so I suppose I took up more of his time than I ought in trying to get him to play with me. I did want to share some of his life. What's the use of being married if you don't?"

"And then there's another thing I want to know. Mona, are you a squaw?"

"A squaw!" . . . Did Paul say I was a squaw?" Her eyes flashed.

"No, no! I supplied the word myself. Paul said you loved to help."

"Well, that's one way of having some fun together. I do like to help. But if Paul thinks I like to copy manuscript any more than he does, he's mistaken. But that's all there is . . . Yes, I suppose I am a squaw . . ."

"Ah!" I said. "Now there's just one thing more I would like to know. What would you have been if you had married me: a vampire? or a squaw?"

Mona sat silent for a moment. A smile, ambiguous, teasing, curiously reminiscent, deepened upon her lips. At last she spoke slowly:

"It would all have depended . . . But there's one thing I wouldn't have had a chance to be, no matter whom I married . . ."

"And what," I asked, "wouldn't you have had a chance to be?"

"Myself," said Mona.

Modern

THE Francisco Ferrer Association in New York publishes a bulletin called "The Modern School." It says: "Some have asked: 'Why a dressmaking class?' The answer is simple. No lasting change can be made in any society unless a change is made in the individual. It is not enough to talk about liberty. We must live it; and no individual can really be free who depends upon others for the elementary things of life. If girls and women could make their own clothes, it would develop in them a sense of responsibility and of beauty."

If sewing your own clothes will do it, we guess the women have an overdose of responsibility and beauty. Why not give the men a chance?

A WAITER

THE long and weary day I stand and wait—
And all the evening to the midnight hour:
The men are gay, the women beautiful;
They eat the food I dare but only smell,
And drink the wines I may not hope to taste;
They move an eyelash or a haughty brow,
Or lift a finger or a raucous voice,
And I obey and give them what they will.
They drink and eat, and talk their empty talk
While I, pale, weary, statue-like and dumb,
Stand waiting.

I stand and wait, and ponder as I wait:
For you the leisure and the wine of life;
For you the glory and the fruit of love.
For us the bondage and the bitter leas!
For us the venom of our love's despair!
And you—you fancy we shall long endure?
No! not forever shall we . . . *Yes, sir; wine?*
Port, sir?—yes, sir! . . . I am pale and dumb:
They chatter on; nor ever dream that we
Are thinking—yes, and waiting for a time . . .
Just waiting.

ROSE PASTOR STOKES.

Take No Chances

THE OTHER day the Reverend Allyn K. Foster of Worcester, Mass., took a swing at "The Immorality of Feminism." And he got one thing right: "A great many women are assuredly very hard to live with." The reverend gentleman is evidently on intimate speaking terms with the section of the criminal law relating to polygamy.

X. X. X.

Cost of Living Note

INTRODUCTIONS are going up, too. Report has it that a professional friend of the socially great now charges \$300,000 for a successful introduction, with dinner. This may seem excessive, but the hours are long and the work disagreeable.

Prize Press Pearl

THE advance of sanitation and medicine has made war a comparatively safe and bloodless affair.—*The Outlook*.

SOCIAL PROGRESS

IN days of old, so we've been told,
The strong man ruled the cliffs;
He took a club to any dub
Sans wherefores, buts or ifs,
And then took of the weaker's wealth
Whatever he thought right;
He did this while he kept his health,
But after that—good night!

But modern days have modern ways
To turn the primal trick;
The smallest shrimp, whose grip is limp,
May swing the biggest stick;
And strong men gladly work for him
For part of what is theirs,
And then when death his doused his glim
Keep working for the heirs.

REX LAMPMAN.

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

A Flat Failure

THERE has always been one good thing about war—it killed off the war-like. But now even that virtue is gone. Our armies are not recruited from the fighting population. A man spoiling for a fight would never take chances with the army.

Perfect physical condition (ability to work) combined with the lack of a job—that is the basis upon which the United States troops are recruited. And it is no help to civilization to kill off these troops. At the same time, it is highly discouraging to business. American business is woven like a cobweb all over the world. Its narrowest meshes and most meticulous weaving are here, to be sure, near the devouring center, but it spreads its fine films to the poles. And a sentiment prevails among the predatory that the steady and gradual development of this web will be more efficacious in the end than any sudden outgrabblings which are a risk to the whole texture.

For these reasons, and others, Mr. Wilson's personal troubles with his bad boy in Mexico, are not taking the form of a great popular movement.

Nobody is really crazy about this war. Even as a means of diverting the popular attention from real evils, it is no true success. It is not half the success that the Spanish war was. We could prove this, if we could come at the balance sheets of the Hearst newspapers for 1898 and 1914.

IF people are beginning to "catch on" to Mr. Hearst, why not hope that they will soon catch on to the newspaper business in general?

The first great step in modern progress was the invention of the printing press; the next was the people's learning to read; the last will be the people's learning not to believe what they read. From that dates a new era, and the era is soon to begin.

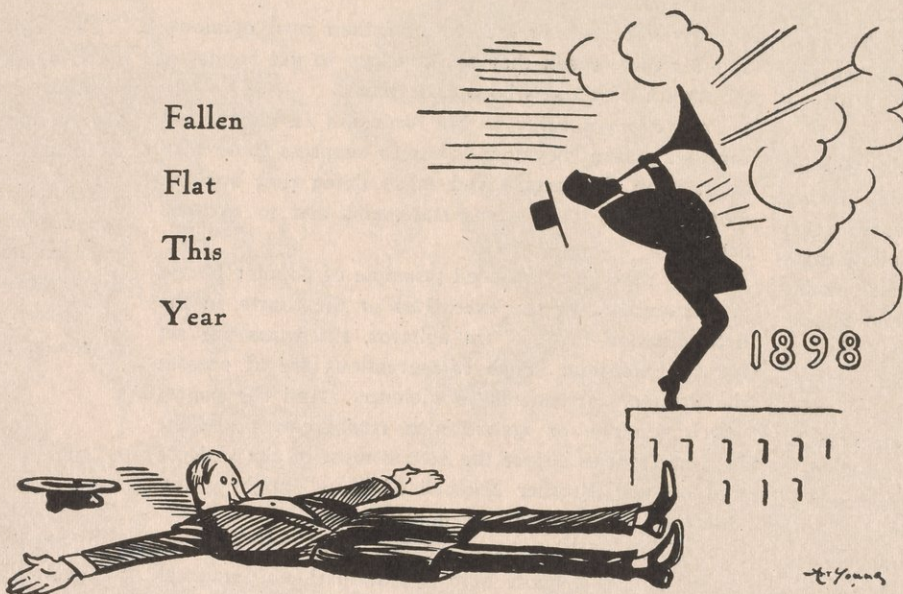
LOCAL BRONX of the Socialist party sent a message to the Secretary of Labor recommending, as a solution of the trouble in Colorado, the taking over of the coal mines and their operation by the Federal government, "until such time as the Department of Labor has made a thorough investigation,

etc.," and their "final relinquishment only on a basis that would preclude the repetition of such outrages."

Which is mildly interesting. But observe—

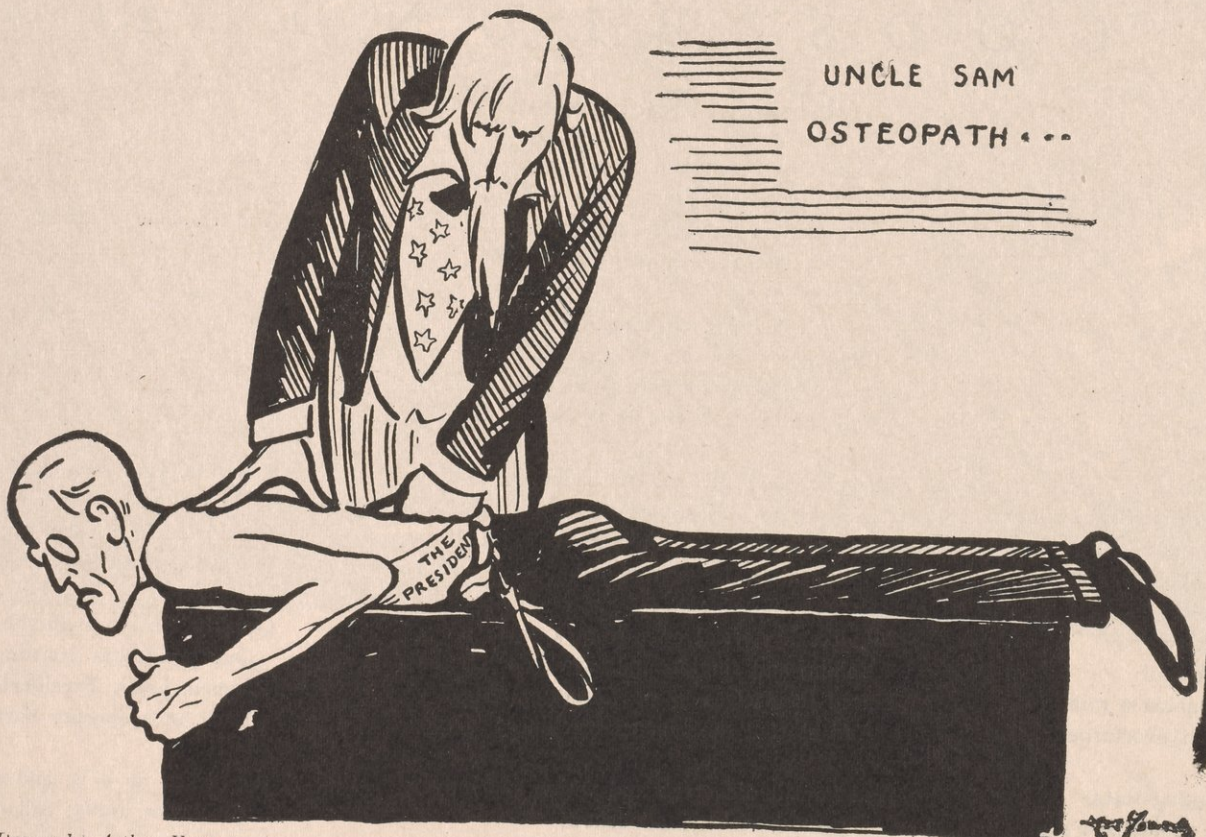
On the same day Congressman J. W. Bryan, a Progressive, introduced into the House of Representatives a bill providing that the Government of the United States should "dispossess John D. Rockefeller, Jr.," and all other owners of stock in the mines of Colo-

Fallen
Flat
This
Year



rado, and "operate said mines" as public property.

I suppose it is better to plant the red flag at the tail end of the caboose, than out in front of the train where it might get run over.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

"THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING LACKING, WOODROW!"

Not Without Just Cause

"WE learn to-night," said Senator Root, "that Vera Cruz has fallen, that four American marines lie dead in that city, that twenty-one lie suffering from wounds. Is there nothing but this dispute about the number of guns, and the form and ceremony of a salute, to justify the sacrifice of those American lives? . . . American homes will be desolate. American women will mourn. American children will go through life fatherless, because of the action that we are to approve to-night; and when these children grown to manhood, turn back the page to learn for what cause their fathers died, are they to find it was a quarrel as to the form and ceremony of a salute and nothing else? Oh, Mr. President, how inadequate!"

On the same night and almost at the same hour Senator Root learned that twenty-one Americans and two-thirds of them women and children, perished in a war prosecuted by the soldiers of the United States against the miners of Colorado. But this did not stimulate the glands of his oratory at all, because here the justification was quite obviously adequate. There was money in it.

Wilson's Backbone

THE war isn't very popular, but on the other hand Woodrow Wilson would not have been very popular, if he had failed to back up Admiral Mayo's punctilious silliness about that salute.

Taking a conversational view, we may say that Mayo caused the war because Wilson lacked the lumbar-muscle to pursue his watchful waiting, in the face of real unpopularity. He was strong only with the strength of popular success.

But that is true of most presidents. And so perhaps we can generalize this Mayo incident. We can say that any little cocky man in a U. S. boat could have steamed down there and started the fight. And that is a lovely example of how the presence of a navy prevents war!

However, this is only conversational. If we could look a little deeper, I think we should find that Mr. Wilson's predicament has been more complex at all times, than we knew. President Wilson has to solve a parallelo-

gram of economic forces that is no black-board exhibition. It is a real job.—And this sounds as though I were going on to explain just what those forces are, and how he is going to solve them; but I am not. I am going to state the more memorable fact that I don't know what they are and you don't either. There is even a doubt as to whether Wilson himself knows what they are. I get the impression that he is being slid around in a way rather unbecoming a scholar, by some powers that have got under his pedestal.

News-Service?

THE same Baldwin-Feltz gunmen who committed the atrocities in West Virginia last year are now in Colorado. The very machine-guns that shot up tent-colonies in the Alleghenies are out there shooting tent-colonies in the Rockies.

But there is one difference. The general public knows a little something about it this time. The demand for a bit of real news from these fights has got home to the powers. And we are thankful we played our small part in driving it home.

The Associated Press, for instance, sent a special representative to the Trinidad district, not only during the Congressional investigation in February (two weeks), but also for two weeks after the Ludlow massacre. And it is quite well they did, for their regular representatives in that district are both of them as perfectly situated for giving the mine owners' bias to every word they send out as a man could be.

There are three newspapers in Trinidad, two controlled by the mining interests and one controlled by the men. The Associated Press has two reporters, a day man and a night man. Their day man is editor of the mine owners' evening paper. Their night man is telegraph editor of the mine owners' morning paper.

"Which side do you think is in the right in this fight?" I asked one of these men.

"Well, you see," he answered, "our paper has made the fight of the mine owners right from the beginning, and for that reason we're in a position to get information only from one side."

"I see."

"That doesn't mean, of course, that we're blind to any fact that may come in here *personally*, even if we don't say it."

"*Personally*, then," I asked, "you feel that there is a little bit of virtue on each side of this fight?"

The answer came sadly and with emphasis—"I certainly do!"

Danger!

"STOP this nonsense about Free Speech," says the New York Times. And many other publications unite with less brazen language in the cry. Because there are people who oppose international war and say so at a critical time; because there are people who oppose the exploitation of labor and say so at a critical time—these organs of the sentiment of the republic are ready to forsake the first principles of the Bill of Rights.

They lack faith in the truth of their own opinions, and for that reason they are so hasty to put hands on the mouth of those who oppose them.

They *can not listen to the facts and be happy*, and for that reason they join hands to suppress those who insist upon the facts. And in so doing they stir the more excitable to extreme statements and to extreme acts.

Every time an established principle of popular liberty is transgressed by the executives or the courts, in the determination to "get" an agitator, the wires are set for an explosion. Such transgressions are at present the primary incitements to violence. And the papers which condone or ignore such transgression are the high accessories before the fact in most of the violence that occurs. Brother Mitchell of "Life" might profitably take notice of this phenomenon.

I do not wish to have the last word, but only the truest, and so I quote here this antipathetic paragraph in a recent number of "Life":

"People of average sense read a lot of violent and foolish talk, and think of it as only foolish talk. But presently some one is shot by a crazy or half-crazy man and then the talk gets to seem more serious. Brother Eastman, of THE MASSES, might profitably take notice of this phenomenon."

The Dearth of Directors

MORAL indignation is a queer thing. The administration had moral indignation against "interlocking directorates." Terrible things, bad, corrupt, menace to the republic!—But, man, we have to have interlocking directorates because there aren't enough qualified directors to go round! A director has to be a stockholder according to the laws of most states, and according to the wise he has also to be one "who has demonstrated his ability to handle other people's money" by earning at least \$3,000 dollars a year with his own. I spare you the figures, but take it on the authority of the "Times Analyst," that there are not enough adult men in the owning business with an income of 3,000 dollars to supply the country with single-minded bank directors and leave enough over to run the rest of our corporate enterprise.

The Times Analyst says that these figures are "not flattering." They prove that the qualities of "aptitude, training, experience, intelligence, and character" are "by no means so widely diffused as some would have us believe."

To a more naïve observer they prove that the thing not widely diffused is the wealth of the country. And such an observer might be led to hope that a little of the "moral indignation" so rudely balked by these facts of modern ownership would find itself converted into a gentle disapproval of those facts themselves.

An Opinion

THERE is, and has been, just one big thing for us to do in Mexico:—drop Huerta and all the things he represents into a chilly and aristocratic solitude, quit crying, "Bandit," and give Francisco Villa the whole backing of our government, as the one big man of the people in Mexico.—But we can't do that, because Villa actually intends to give back the soil to the Mexican people, and that would be both ungentlemanly and shocking.

G O D ' S B L U N D E R

Clement Richardson Wood

GOD is a Master Workman. He,
When He made our solar family group,
He made it well and lovingly,
With many a kindly pat and stoop;

But then, as He started out to hang
The tidy mass on its stellar hook
Placed by the Cosmic Repairing Gang
High in a vacant celestial nook,

Just as He raised it to the knob,
And over His shoulder He threw a joke
To another God on a similar job,
It slipped from his arms. Before it broke,

He tried to grab it and save it—in vain!
It struck a forgotten cosmic nail
And broke into bits! Out tumbled a rain,
Like scurrying ants from an overturned pail,

Of worlds and moons and shooting-stars,
Of sky-larking comets and scandalized sun,
Earth, and Venus, and grumbling Mars,
Free for a moment; and every one

Flung himself pell-mell to a place
That centers the braceletting Milky Way
God wears on Sabbaths and holidays—
And tumbling forth in rollicking play

Houses, volcanoes, parliaments, pigs,
Cinnamon buns and the Church of Rome,
Trees (one apple forbidden) and figs,
And the latest Parisian polychrome,

The Chinese Wall and the kangaroo,
The moon's eclipse and the Indian Sea,
The lordly ruler of Timbuctoo,
Methusalem, Jesus, you and me—

All, like hysterical ants from a pail,
Yelling and singing and shrieking and crowing,
Placed themselves like a Catherine Wheel
And started the blamed machinery going.

And how it did creak and whine and quiver,
Slip-shod, rickety, all askew,
Like an alderman with an ailing liver—
The queer parts vexing me and you—

A dump marked "Church" and a hole marked "Home,"
And a doll called "Mother" that boxed your jaws,
And a bubble "Wealth" of shivering foam,
And the precious toys called "Codes" and "Laws."

Thus, for a cosmic second or so,
These things squirmed in their puny glee,
And the other God laughed, as God bent low
To put 'em back where they ought to be.

Stooping, God stumbled, and almost swore—
He almost let out a ripping damn.
Quickly He'll put 'em all back once more,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb.

Quickly He'll put all the ornaments,
Our ponderous learning, me myself,
Ragmen, poets, Presidents,
Each on its proper harmless shelf.

It's picked up now, and it's running right,
Clockwise, tidily, full of fun,
And God's gone on to a different job.
I hope He don't drop another one.



Drawn by John Sloan.

Entertaining the Buyer

A Factor in the High Cost of Living

"In some extreme cases the cost of competitive selling may amount to more than 90 per cent of the total cost of the goods when they reach the consumer."—Thorstein Veblen in "The Theory of Business Enterprise."

MISINFORMATION

For Young and Old

THE EVENTS of the past month have accomplished wonders in allaying the spirit of discontent which for a time threatened to sweep over the entire country and have administered a telling rebuke to those blatant demagogues who allege that this is not the best of all possible worlds.

Four gunmen, whose trial and conviction had attracted some newspaper attention, had their death sentence changed to long term imprisonment on the ground that their execution would constitute a breach of public morals and tend to foster a homicidal spirit.

There still remained some unemployment in a few of the large centers of population but the I. W. W. leaders with the cordial co-operation of the Christian churches took prompt and effective measures to prevent distress.

For some time interested persons had been trying to convince the President that it was his duty to introduce an armed force into Mexico as in the turbulent state of affairs there the people would not hold still long enough to have their pockets picked in a business-like and lawful manner. Finally they pointed out that Mexico had offered an insult to the American flag and had not apologized very abjectly.

To these would-be trouble makers President Wilson replied with characteristic vigor. Mexico, he said, is entitled to as bad a government as it wishes. The honor of the flag, he went on, can safely be intrusted to its discoverer and proprietor, respectively, George M. Cohan and Julius Harburger.

In this statesmanlike attitude the President received the fervent endorsement of the press, particularly of the Hearst papers, which got out extras to deplore jingoist sentiments. Champ Clark made a powerful address marked by his usual keen logic and impressive sincerity. Students at Harvard and Yale, realizing the responsibility which birth and education bring, paraded the streets shouting for peace.

Having settled the Mexican situation, the President at once turned his attention to the series of massacres in Colorado. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., leader of the notorious "Mine Owner Gang," was captured in a Bible Class on Fifth Avenue and arrested on the charge of instigating murder. The officers and minor gunmen of the Colorado state militia were thrown into prison.

Along other lines progress has been no less marked. The railroads have withdrawn their application for an increase of rates because of far reaching economies in their bribery and corruption departments. A powerful association of real estate owners, "The Safety First Society," has been formed to secure stringent legislation for protection against fire.

Anthony Comstock is under indictment on the charge of acting as press agent for books and pictures of an immoral character. The Free Speech League is collecting a fund for his defense.

The Mayor and Police Commissioner of New York are making a tireless investigation of the police riot in Union Square on May first. The public is assured that many convictions with discharge from the force will be forthcoming. Meanwhile, in the interest of law and order, the Department has issued instructions forbidding policemen to attend public meetings.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



Drawn by Kent Curtis.

"ON TO MESH-HICO!"

I CRY FOR WAR

I GLORY in the rush of armed troops,
The unfurled flag,—the frowning guns
In gloomy garb of black.

My spirit sings to whistling shells
That tear the flesh of children
Built in the image of my God.

I cheer the charge of bloody feet
That crush to silence the curdling shrieks
Of bullet-bitten men.

Fire and pillage and outraged women,
Pay tribute to my country's dignity,
Homage to my country's flag.

Who am I that proclaim the Godhead of Mars?
I am a Christian—a man and a citizen—
I am, an American patriot.

MAX ENDICOFF.

The Child Menace

LITTLE children who play in the streets while their mothers and older brothers and sisters toil in the sweatshops, have become a menace to the automobiles of the rich. Nearly every day we read of some hurrying plutocrat being inconvenienced by some youngster of the working class becoming entangled in the wheels. Something should be done about it at once.

Laws should be enacted which would tend to keep the children from marring the fine finish of automobiles and bespattering them with blood. The welfare of the joy-rider should be considered. A busy plutocrat must often stop his machine in order to help unravel the remains of some child from the gearing. Often as much as one minute of precious time is thus lost—and time is money.

That these children have no other place in which to play need not be too particularly considered. The people who build the streets should find some other place on which to stand and to walk, since these are needed by others.

J. S. B.

CHAMP CLARK in a recent address said he knew Congress like a book and a more honest set of men was never congregated.

It would be interesting to hear his opinion of books.

A Fine Old Man

TO THE EDITOR:

The other day there appeared on the front page of a daily paper in our city the effulgent notice of the death of a "fine old man," "a grand old man"—a preacher. Everybody in speaking of him said: "It was a benediction to sit under the sound of his voice."

But I have my own convictions. The only time I have been to prayer-meeting in ten years was one Wednesday night when a trained nurse, a sweet, white-haired woman of fifty, asked me to go with her. We sat about three seats from the front. There was only a small crowd, so we huddled together up around the chancel rail. The pastor's sister-in-law played the little organ; the big pipe organ in the rear loft was not needed, of course. The preacher—this one who recently died—talked informally from some text or other in the Bible. He had lost nearly all his teeth, and he was weak-chested, from having lost a lung also in an earlier attack of consumption from which he had recovered. He mumbled away something about it being the *religious duty* of women to bring children into the world, and heaping all kinds of rebuke upon those who failed.

While he talked, a nauseating odor of tobacco juice was exhaled from his whiskers and breath. I thought of his wife and his six children—most of them girls, all helping to bear their share of the financial burden of the family. What about the religious duty of the woman sitting there playing the little organ? When the preacher had consumption, the sister-in-law had sewed not only her fingers off to make the family living, but she had run the sewing machine until everything inside her that goes to help a woman in doing her "religious duty" of bearing children had been jostled out of place, became congested and inflamed and finally on the operating table had to be removed by the surgeon's knife.

But, according to the preacher, she had failed in living up to the divine word, because she had not borne children.

Behind her in the pew sat another sister-in-law. She was young once, and pretty; but when the financial stress of a sick brother-in-law and several small nieces fell upon her and the organist, she had gone out to sew, in all kinds of weather, so that she took a terrible cold, which resulted in serious throat, nose and ear trouble which culminated in deafness. Was it her fault if her middle-aged countenance wore a stupid look? And was it her fault if her infirmity had made her unattractive to men who might have sought her in marriage?

The senile old man continued to mumble on about the "religious duty of women." The sweet-faced, white-haired trained nurse beside me cleared her throat. I knew why.

A CHILDLESS MOTHER.

Vital Statistics

THE GRAPE JUICE consumed at peace dinners given by the State Department since the advent of William Jennings Bryan would be a quart short of floating the two new dreadnaughts built this year by the Navy Department.

The amount of peace preserved by police, detectives, and gunmen in the strikes of 1913 equaled the entire output of The Hague Tribunal since its foundation.

The news space given to Mr. Ford's announcement of his ten million annuity would cost three times that sum if paid for at regular advertising rates.

R. I. P.

A MAN died the other day: Ex-Governor Draper—the Taft of Massachusetts and then some. They buried him with pious pomp in that same Hopedale of his where a bitter strike was fought a year ago. And his two thousand “hands”—who lost that strike when Draper’s private town-meeting took away the right of free speech and public assemblage—stood bareheaded in a double line from the station to the church and to the tomb, “in charge of Superintendent Charles E. Nutting,” while the fattened body was borne by. During the day the choir helped the old gentleman along with a hymn that somehow seems much more appropriate to the bareheaded workers: “Oh, Where Shall Rest Be Found?” And then, just to whet the men’s appetites and give them a hint of what the words of the song might mean, the Draper corporation let them off from two o’clock until four. With or without pay?

A PSALM NOT OF DAVID

THE LORD is our Shepherd, and we are the sheep of His pasture;
He gives us His tender care, and our needful food and drink,
And at the appointed time delivers us, all of us, to the shearer;
Or to the butcher, to be slaughtered—for that is what sheep are for.

Never the shepherd watches the sheep for their good,
Never he lets them live out their lives in joy and in triumph;

Always the shepherd uses the sheep for his pleasure,
Caring naught for their welfare save as it hurts him or helps him.

The Lord is our Shepherd.

If we are sheep, we will praise our Shepherd,
We will meekly bow to His will, accept His food and His drink,

And at the appointed time trot sheepishly to the shearing or butchering.

If we are men, we will snatch His crook from the Shepherd’s hands,

And break it over His fleeing shoulders, and go on our way rejoicing.

CLEMENT RICHARDSON WOOD.

A QUESTION

HO! you schoolmen, you gang of philosophers whose souls are tuned to the crackling of parchment.

You scholars with your pale brows immersed in antique customs, interpreting ancient rites.

You capon priests, who, when you want to appear impressive condemning women dress yourselves in women’s clothes (true feminists I think);

You gray haired jurists (some of you bald) who also try to look majestic in women’s clothes while you get rich selling justice;

You too, you bearded, lusty fellows (although at that some of you are consumptive), you who howl the long prayers of Democracy to the shuffling, sweaty brothers around the holy soap box at night on a street corner;

Poets too and fellows who try to copy the sunlight on stretched cloth;

Gentlemen all, in a way of speaking;

Attention now! I put you a question.

Why is it that I can walk all day through the fields and woods breathing the fine air and maybe plucking a wild rose to pieces and never think evil or of a cruel or an ugly thing,

And yet when I reach the edge of the city again when the evening is coming down,

When I stop to contemplate a rotten fence with filth oozing through into a stinking alley where a ragged child is making mud pies and eating fever,

I can think of nothing but your laws and systems, your philosophies and religion?

EDMOND MCKENNA.

End of the Season

THE labor agitation season for the year 1913-1914 having drawn to a successful close, Local No. 1 of the Labor Agitators’ Benevolent Union is leaving in a body for Europe to recuperate amid the soothing influences of the leisure classes in those parts.

The Labor Agitators’ Olympic Team has gone into summer training quarters at Cape Cod.

Until the opening of the new season in September all that remains to the working people is just to work.

J. S. R.

Lambasting Lazarus

DEAR old “Dives” writes indignantly to the New York Times:

“It is Lazarus, not Dives, who behaves badly with his spare coin. The poorer the neighborhood, the more are we likely to find four saloons at a street intersection, five-cent moving picture shows at close intervals; we find shopkeepers and milkmen delivering milk and eatables to tenants so poor that one would never suppose they could want such accommodation.”

Yes, we always knew there was something wrong with poor Lazarus. He seems to be a thoroughly undesirable citizen. He doesn’t go to a respectable two-dollar theatre to see “The Follies.” No, he frequents the movies. He doesn’t dine with proper extravagance at lobster-palaces, or delicately regale himself at fashionable clubs. He goes into dirty saloons, four to a crossing. Worst of all, he gets “milk and eatables” from “shopkeepers and milkmen.” That is pushing things a little too far. A bas le Lazarus! Let’s abolish him.

But stop! How about Mr. Dives—proprietor of movies, landlord of saloon and shop, stockholder in milk companies—where would he be without his Lazarus?

ANARCH

I ESCAPE from all them that hold me;
The prisons and the strong stockades of love,
The deep pits of hatred let me go.

I pass on perforce from name to name,

Assume new qualities and titles

Sewed and patched on for the day’s need

From old definitions proudly fitting once,

But soiled, rent and tawdry long since

Like the heaped regalia of long unfashionable kings.

I pass on, escape even from myself.

The swiftest mood and widest embracing thought

Reel from my eager tortuous progression.

Nay, the whole world grins

Knowingly from its mask of good and evil;

Murderers, in utmost pity, droop before their judge,

And for the sake of the world’s masquerade

Dive willingly into the black mud of stigma.

Otherwise—

But we are all anarchists

Stumbling brave and blind through a strange lost region

Bordering the stupendous ecstasy of life.

HORACE HOLLEY.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

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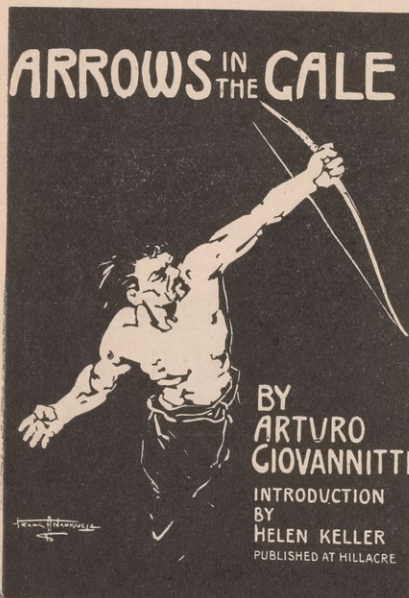
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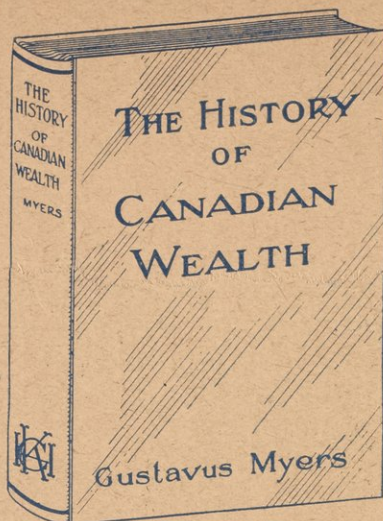
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