

The
MASSES

AUGUST, 1913

10 CENTS



Drawn by Charles A. Winter

The Militant

Contributing Editors

LITERATURE

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MAX EASTMAN
HORATIO WINSLOW
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N. B.

WE request that all suits at law be postponed until fall, as our jail editor, John Reed, has gone to Europe.

Throw Out the Life Line

COMRADE W. HARRY SPEARS, of Hamilton, Ohio, and the originator of the Findlay plant of co-operative Socialist newspapers, wants to sell as many copies as he can of "Why Things Happen to Happen," which is the pamphlet form of his lecture on the National Lyceum Course, delivered on the Central Circuit. This is "Economic Determinism" in plain, simple, every-day language. Send ten cents (silver) for one copy, a quarter for three copies, a dollar for a dozen.

Comrade Spears' printing plant, on which he was getting out a daily Socialist paper for the Mid-West, a weekly for Hamilton, a weekly for Cincinnati, and several syndicate papers, was wrecked by the Ohio flood. That's why he asks you to buy the booklet, and that's why THE MASSES prints this notice.

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THE MASSES

A FREE MAGAZINE

THIS MAGAZINE IS OWNED AND PUBLISHED CO-OPERATIVELY BY ITS EDITORS. IT HAS NO DIVIDENDS TO PAY, AND NOBODY IS TRYING TO MAKE MONEY OUT OF IT. A REVOLUTIONARY AND NOT A REFORM MAGAZINE; A MAGAZINE WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR AND NO RESPECT FOR THE RESPECTABLE; FRANK, ARROGANT, IMPERTINENT, SEARCHING FOR THE TRUE CAUSES; A MAGAZINE DIRECTED AGAINST RIGIDITY AND DOGMA WHEREVER IT IS FOUND; PRINTING WHAT IS TOO NAKED OR TRUE FOR A MONEY-MAKING PRESS; A MAGAZINE WHOSE FINAL POLICY IS TO DO AS IT PLEASES AND CONCILIATE NOBODY, NOT EVEN ITS READERS—THERE IS A FIELD FOR THIS PUBLICATION IN AMERICA. HELP US TO FIND IT.

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Anna M. Sloan, Business Mgr.

SOCIALISTS ON VOTES
FOR WOMEN

The Cost of Living and the Ballot, by Lida Parce. Price postpaid, 2 cts. per copy, 6 cts. per dozen, 33 cts. per hundred.

Is Woman Suffrage Important? by Max Eastman. Price postpaid, 4 cts. per copy, 29 cts. per dozen, \$1.50 per hundred.

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Send two-cent stamp for catalog of suffrage literature and supplies.

**National American Woman
Suffrage Association**
505 Fifth Ave., New York City

In writing please mention THE MASSES.

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A Rose
Between Two Thorns

THE MASSES, a paper ostensibly Socialist, but which has finally drifted towards the bogs of dilettante, intellectual anarchism, has this coarse libel on the battle-scarred Socialists who have kept the American movement straight and regular during all the years of trial and stress:

"But I could not explain. All I could say was that a good share of the Socialist party and the American Federation of Labor have forgotten all about the Class Struggle, and seem to be playing a little game with Capitalistic rules 'Button, button, who's got the Vote?'"—*Social Democratic Herald* (Milwaukee).

ONE may not always agree with this paper, but virility is not always mindful of the niceties of life; and sincerity is worth more than a score of compromising subtleties. I heartily recommend this vigorous healthy magazine to those who need the constant questioning of their pleasant, comfortable attitudes. This will shock many but we all need shocks—and these will be in the right direction."—*La Follette's Magazine*.

I KNOW you will want me to be frank about your paper, so I shall say at once that I don't like its tone. I have decided Socialist leanings, or at least very democratic interests and beliefs; but your paper has done as much as any other one thing to make Socialism unattractive. The only reformation of society that, to my thinking, promises anything desirable and permanent is a reformation founded upon reason. Your kind of Socialism impresses me as an appeal away from reason to blind prejudice. In spite of which, THE MASSES is interesting, and if I were going to be in this country next year I should subscribe to it.

—From a College Professor.



Drawn by Arthur Young

HE HANDS OVER THE FRUIT OF HIS TOIL ON A SILVER PLATTER,
AND THEN GETS ABOUT ONE EIGHTH OF THE JUICE

—Arthur Young



Drawn by George Bellows.

“Why don't they go to the Country for a Vacation?”

THE MASSES

VOL. IV. NO. XI.

AUGUST, 1913

ISSUE NUMBER 27

Max Eastman, Editor

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

CURRENCY

THE first question of editorial policy that rose in my mind after we launched this magazine, was the question whether I should know everything or not. From the time Moses published the Ten Commandments it has been the custom of all editors to know everything. It used to be the custom of a whole lot of people to know everything—prophets, saints, doctors, astrologers, philosophers, midwives, medicine men—it was quite a common profession. But since the world began to enlarge (and mankind dwindle) about the time of Copernicus or Francis Bacon, this custom has died out. Everybody has gone in for a specialty. And the only people that can still be relied upon to know everything are editors.

Now it seemed to me that this fact offered an opportunity both to distinguish oneself and to save labor—two well-nigh universal objects of desire. And so, after deliberating the matter with my confreres, I decided that I would endeavor to maintain a little editorial ignorance.

This, in the face of all precedent and public expectation, has proven difficult, requiring constant vigilance, but I believe I have so far succeeded. And I attribute my success mainly to the fact that I did not understand too much, I did not try to make my ignorance cover too large an area. I decided at the outset that about one topic would be all an editor could maintain an absolutely virgin mind upon, and this topic should be an easy one—easy, that is, to insulate oneself against.

I chose the topic of Currency. It is a topic about which a Socialist editor would naturally learn little through experience or actual contact. And it is also a topic about which one can read whatever may fall under his eyes, without danger of any accidental understanding. Upon this propitious subject-matter, therefore, relying on the assistance of my friends, I have established the first authentic example of editorial ignorance—little enough in itself, but an innovation which I believe will grow and expand until some day it covers the earth with its fruits of candor and clear thinking.

STATESMANSHIP

AT a dinner of the Philippine Society dedicated to a "more sympathetic interest between the people of this country and the people of the Philippines," Manuel Quezon, delegate from the Islands to the House of Representatives at Washington, made an eloquent plea for the independence of his people. "My friends," he said, "there is one thing that

Drawing by Art Young

stands as the greatest of barriers to the sympathetic interest you would foster so commendably. That is the fact that the masses of the Filipinos are with me when I say: 'I would rather starve a free man than be fed a mere thing.'

It is reported that ex-President Taft went "crashing through" Quezon's argument in one of the most impassioned and convincing speeches of his life. But all that can be gleaned from his words when actually quoted is that well-worn, if ill-considered observation that the Filipinos are "incapable of self-government."*

I call it ill-considered because I think that it has no meaning. I think there is no such thing as a people's being "incapable of self-government." If foreign interests are actually eliminated, it were better for all concerned that a people should govern themselves, however experimentally, than that they should be governed by others. They will develop faster.

The question is, could any race of people conceivably be so highly evolved as to be *capable of being governed by others?*

Likely the Filipinos are incapable of governing themselves in such way as to secure and promote the interests of foreign nations in the islands. But if that is what we mean, why not say so? It is a forcible argument. Why cover it up with this pious sophism?

SIGN OF THE TIMES

A COMMITTEE of the National Manufacturers' Association, including John Kirby, Jr., its former president, has sailed to New Zealand to study "State Socialism" (i. e., a high degree of government ownership and regulation with a capitalist class in essential control of the government).

This is a good omen for the Progressives, who stand (some more and some less) for the same thing. We hope and believe the report of this committee will be favorable from the manufacturer's point of view, for we think that "State Socialism" is the next step in the evolution of capitalist society, and that socialism (i. e., government ownership with no capitalist class) can be more easily introduced after that step has been taken.

It is for regret that the term *State Socialism* has been widely used to designate this condition which were rightly called *State Capitalism*.

* See drawing, page 16.

AN OZ. OF PREVENTION

THE impulse of life to reproduce itself will probably not be entirely annihilated by the New York Board of Education, but we are glad to see that institution doing what it can to suppress this craze. Women teachers at least shall not be allowed leave of absence to have children.

Maybe it does not come quite within the province of "education" to prevent babies from being born, but at least it makes their education unnecessary.

WITH MANY THANKS

WE have always liked Collier's Weekly for a fighting magazine, though it does not fight on the main scrimmage line. We like it now for asking a big question. We quote that question from the editorial page of June 21:

"A clever and impudent little magazine, 'The Masses,' advises its readers to read certain reactionary editorials—'it will be good for your class consciousness.' Are matters to take the course frankly believed in by such extremists—one strike after another, as fast as the strikers have time to recuperate, until the wished-for revolution arrives and the whole fabric is smashed? Or is there to be less class consciousness and the dividing walls gradually pulled down, as so many walls of special privilege have been peacefully pulled down within the last few years?"

If we may amend that question in one particular, we shall say it is the biggest question a lover of men and their liberty can ask himself. Instead of "and the whole fabric is smashed," we should say, "and the present system of production is abolished."

Class lines are increasing in this country (as the most conservative economist we know declares). They are increasing not so much because of clever magazines as because of the natural evolution of business. The question whether this process can be bucked against with editorial homiletics and altruistic oratory, or whether one must look to the educated self-interest of the lower class to free the world from classes and class-rule forever, is the biggest question you can ask. Essentially a question of *method*, not of ultimate aim.

We think that our answer derives not from a natural desire to be extreme or "impudent." We think it derives from the fact that we take the sci-

ence of economies seriously. We have not seen any substantial increase in the *proportion* of wealth which goes to the worker. And while men in general continue to be what economic science proves them to be, we do not believe we shall see it, except through the efforts of the worker in his own interest.

A KEY WORD

THE Socialist municipal platform of New York leads off with a ringing statement of the truth: "The working class of the world has created the Socialist party as its political instrument."

That word *instrument* answers all the futile arguments about the relative merits of political and "direct" action.

In order to move things on a big scale you've got to have two factors—a power and an instrument. Things have got to be moved on a big scale if you're going to call it a Social Revolution, and moreover they've got to be moved *somewhere in particular* and placed there *so they will stay*. The instrument is indispensable.

But the instrument can't operate itself. It has to be hitched up to a power. The power must be economic.

Anybody who talks about "the power of the ballot"—if he really means a power to deprive the ruling class of their capital—is talking nonsense. A revolutionary vote would be nothing but a shower of confetti, if it were not backed up by an economic force. And the followers of Marx will be first to say so.

But a revolutionary vote with an economic force behind it is an engine to which we may look for a more exhaustive and more *permanent* change than has followed any of the insurrections of the past.

The economic force we look to is the strike—the power of the working class to unite in withholding their work. Hitch this power to that instrument and go in to move things on a big scale and fix them so they will stay.

"Socialist politics never accomplished anything revolutionary," you say? No—and neither did a pick and shovel ever accomplish anything hanging up in the barn. The reason Socialist politics never accomplished anything revolutionary is that there has not yet been a revolutionary power behind it. Just as soon as you deliver the power on the economic field, the party will deliver results on the political field. No sooner, no later.

In the interim some Socialist politicians will get crafty, some Socialist locals will get soft, compromise and scheming for office may seem the main business. That is the machine trying to run itself. A reaction to the source of power is inevitable. This anti-politics talk is a reaction to the source of power. The reaction is a good thing. Develop your power, but keep your hand on the machine.

DIPLOMACY

JAPAN, you are up against a strong head wind. Believe me. You are up against the "Public Sentiment of the American People." And there is no use sending ambassadors and diplomatic communications to Washington.

What you want is a corps of advertising agents. Place about 50,000,000 agate lines of Oriental prospectuses in our leading newspapers all over the country, with annual contracts (renewable if everything is satisfactory) and about a year hence you will see the wind begin to veer round toward the west.

ABRAKADABRA

BURY your common-sense under an old stump on a Tuesday at the rising of the moon, walk three times round the stump repeating the magic letters, I. W. W., and you'll never be troubled with an intelligent judgment again. With some people the preliminaries may be omitted; the letters alone will do the trick. They have done it for most of the editorial writers of the country.

It is not worth while disputing any special thing these editors say—but we want to ask where those three letters got their occult power? What is the source of the spell?

It is not that they mean violence in labor disputes. I venture to say that with the possible exception of the Lawrence strike, no strike of recent years in a big industrial city has been attended with so little violence upon the part of the workers as the present strike of the I. W. W. in Paterson. Personally, I never saw so much mob-lawfulness as I've seen out there. And that, too, in face of an utter lawlessness on the part of those whose business it is to uphold the law. The I. W. W. in Paterson has given the world a supreme example of the power of a working man to wake up the public when he simply keeps his hands in his pockets.

And meanwhile the members of a union in good standing in the American Federation of Labor—and not even a Socialist union—have been ranging the woods of West Virginia with rifles on their shoulders, violent, advocating violence, singing violence, calling their strike a civil war, and having it so called in the press. No—violence is not the source of this magic. (The editor of the *Independent* thinks it is. He is so convinced that the letters iww spell *violence* that he assumes the strike of the mine workers in West Virginia to be an I. W. W. strike. It's a good thing the mine workers didn't hear him say it.)

It is not violence, and it is not *advocating violence* that casts the spell. Anybody who ever saw a strike before knows that the "big talk" at Paterson is no bigger than the big talk everywhere else. It gets advertised better, that's all.

The spell lies deeper than that. It lies essentially, I think, in one fact; namely, that the leaders of the I. W. W. take a maxim of the Socialist philosophy seriously. They believe that "to the worker belongs the product of his work." They believe it as a fact (*factum*, a "thing done"). To the striking workers belongs the product of their work—both the mills and their output.

This belief taken seriously leads to two lines of conduct which raise the hair on the heads of persons untouched by the Socialist philosophy.

First: It leads to *the refusal to make agreements with the employer*. Every demand of the I. W. W. is accompanied by the threat of a new strike as soon as the workers have recuperated—and so on until by some system of organization yet to be devised, the workers possess the product of their work. To persons who do not accept the maxim above quoted—to persons who never heard of it—such conduct is a high outrage.

Second: It leads to the possibility of *sabotage performed morally*—i. e., performed with deliberate estimation of its significance and results. Sabotage performed immorally, as a sort of theft, or sneaking revenge, a surreptitious levy upon the employer's property, is as old as wage-labor. But sabotage performed morally, as a use of *one's own* property for a considered purpose—and that purpose the emancipation not only of himself but of the whole working class, and the world, from the slaveries of capitalism—that is a new thing on the earth. It produces new emotions. It unseats the editorial judgment.

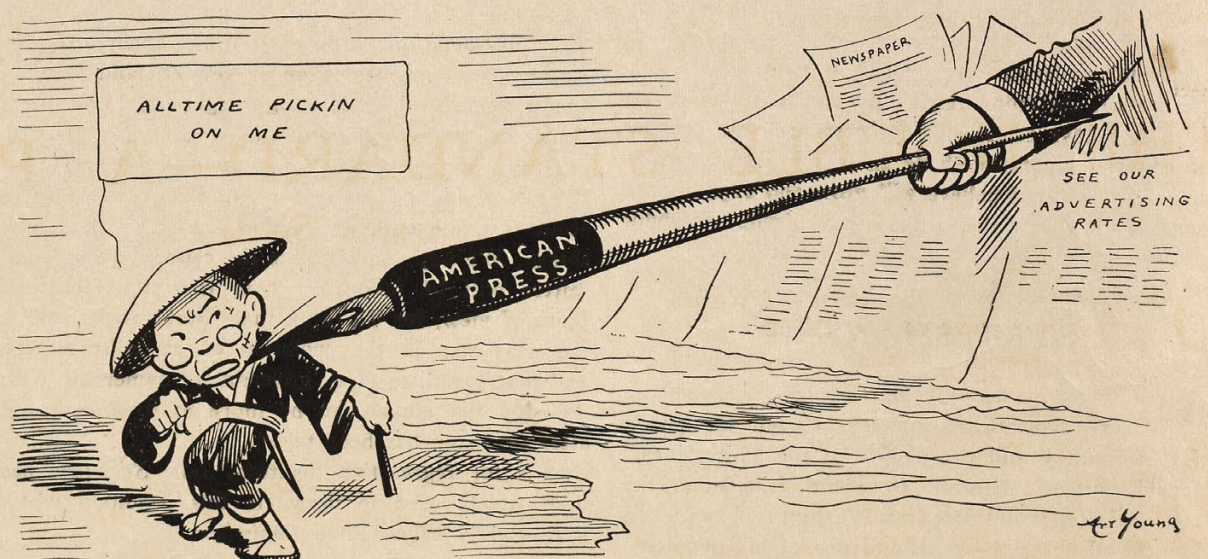
I do not think that either of these lines of conduct is extremely important, or accounts for the growth of the I. W. W., or for its significance in the labor movement. That is a different matter. I am just trying to get my finger on the source of the spell that those letters cast over the average mind. And I think it lies there.

The I. W. W. is a kind of extreme outpost of the Socialist movement—not more important than other parts of the movement, but more unqualified and more startling to those privileged by the possession of capital. An organization possessed by the spirit of the I. W. W., a spirit wholly belligerent, somewhat negative and irresponsible—can not and will not usher in the day of industrial democracy. But as agitators, awakening the workers to the philosophy of Socialism pure, producing among capitalists that antagonism which is a seal of its truth, the service of the leaders of the I. W. W. to Socialism is invaluable.

VERY SMALL MONOPOLY

A CONGREGATION of "New Thought" people (i. e., people to whom thought is new) are trying to enjoin another congregation from calling themselves by that name. The case is before the Supreme Court of New York.

Let us hope their right to the trade-mark will be affirmed. A whole lot of these *Isms* are going to need legal protection before long, and a little monopoly in the right to think at all would be a valuable precedent.



Drawn by Arthur Young

Why We Love Our Police

Leroy Scott

SCENE, Madison Square Garden, New York City, the night of the Pageant of the Paterson Silk Strikers. Leroy Scott, a member of the Pageant Committee, has just asked a plain-clothesman to arrest two men, upon complaint, who have been addressing obscene remarks to women. Plain-clothesman has deferred action, claiming he wants to get first-hand evidence.

DISCOVERED AT RISE, plain-clothesman sauntering about, giving sleuthing glances at two offenders; Scott leaning against an arena box with purpose of heading off two men if they try to escape; an officer in uniform bears down upon Scott.

OFFICER: Watcher doin' here? You can't stand here.

SCOTT: But I'm helping an officer watch two cadets.

OFFICER: If you're an officer, show me your credentials.

SCOTT: I'm not an officer, but—

OFFICER (Raising voice): Then get out o' here!

SCOTT: But I tell you I've got to watch—

OFFICER (Wrathfully): Are you goin' to move out o' here, or d'you want to be thrown out?

SCOTT: I tell you—

OFFICER: Jack! Bill!

[Business of three officers rushing Scott out of Garden, assisted by plain-clothesman, who runs up hysterically. While police are at their usual joyous occupation of throwing around the good citizen, cadets, of course, make their getaway. Group of editors and writers follow the officers, protesting, "We saw it all." "He's one of the committee that's running this show, etc.]

OFFICER (At bay): He told me he was an officer.

[Discussion by full cast of witnesses.]

OFFICER (Indignantly): But I never said that he said he was an officer!

[More discussion.]

OFFICER: Anyhow, he assaulted me.

[Uproar from cast of writers.]

OFFICER (In maligned voice): But I tell you I never said he assaulted me!

[Business of officers fading away.]

PLAIN-CLOTHESMAN (In the Garden, a minute later—reproachfully to Scott): Say, why did you act like that to me? I wasn't really tryin' to help throw you out. I was your friend. A bunch o' uniforms, they're always fresh and losin' their heads and tryin' to start somethin'. Sorry you didn't understand I was tryin' to save you from them uniforms.



Drawn by Stuart Davis

SUPERFLUOUS NAPERY

"TAKE DAT RAG AWAY. I AIN'T GOIN' TO WRAP THIS UP. I'M GOIN' TO EAT IT RIGHT HERE!"

THE DOUBLE STANDARD—A Parable of the Ages

Upton Sinclair

ONCE upon a time a Man married a Woman. Time passed and one day the Man said: "I love all women. I need a great deal of love."

And the Woman replied: "I love all men. I also need a great deal of love."

Said the Man: "If you talk like that, I will hit you over the head with a club."

And the Woman said: "Forgive me, Lord and Master."

Ten thousand years passed, and again the Man said: "I love all women. I need a great deal of love."

And the Woman replied: "I love all men. I also need a great deal of love."

Said the Man: "If you talk like that, I will divorce you, and you will find it hard to earn your own living."

And the Woman said: "You are a Brute."

Another hundred years passed, and again the Man said: "I love all women. I need a great deal of love."

And the Woman replied: "I love all men. I also need a great deal of love. And, as you know, I can earn my own living."

Said the Man: "If you talk like that, I shall have to behave myself."

And the Woman said: "At last!"



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain

ORGANIZED CHARITY

(COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATORS, OFFICIALS, INTERVIEWERS, PHYSICIANS, ETC.)—SPOKESMAN: "MY GOOD WOMAN, AFTER THREE WEEKS OF THOROUGH INVESTIGATION WE FIND YOURS TO BE A MOST DESERVING CASE; HERE ARE TWO DOLLARS AND 37 CENTS, WHICH, I REGRET TO SAY, IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE SUM RAISED FOR YOU."

Blacklist Notice

CORPORATIONS are hereby warned against giving employment to Walter C. Noyes, white, aged 47, until recently employed by the undersigned as a Circuit Judge. In severing his connection with the Government the agitator, Noyes, publicly alleged that he was unable to live and bring up a family on his wages of \$19.18 a day, thus tending to poison the public mind against his employer and to stir up discontent among his fellow workers.

UNITED STATES.
H. B.

The Hand of Change

Harry Kemp

The Hand of Change is on the world,
There is no power can give it stay;
Slowly it rends the moldy lie
And flings the out-used form away.

Custom and Precedent must go,
And every Law that gazes back;
I hear a million marching feet—
The world is on the upward track.

The New Sunday School

BILL Haywood (addressing 6,000 children who work in the mills of Paterson): Listen, children, who made all the beautiful things around us?
Children (in one voice): The working class!
Bill: Who gets them all?
Children: The capitalist class!
Bill: Does your teacher know that?
Children: No-o-o!
Bill: Then you know more than your teacher, don't you?
Children: Ye-e-e-s!

TOM O'SHEEL.

THE MACHINE

Commonplace Tragedy in One Act of Three Scenes

Frank T. Shay

(A MERE CHRONICLE OF ACTUAL EVENTS)

Scene the First

Time: Friday, 11:50 P. M.

Scene: Broadway at Forty-seventh street. The last of the Puritan play-goers have gone to their homes, leaving the restaurants and cabarets to the ungodly. Automobiles and taxicabs are hurrying in both directions. Strains of music and sounds of revelry come from the cafes.

A flashily dressed man of the Broadway type is walking slowly north, as if looking for someone. Walking south, a young woman of about twenty years approaches him and greets him with:

Hello, Dearie! In a hurry?

Not now, Little One; what can I do for you?

Young Woman.

Keep a girl company for a little while. Do you know I haven't a friend in the world?

Man.

That's too bad. Come on, let's have a drink and a bite to eat.

(They disappear into a nearby cafe.)

Curtain.

Scene the Second

Time: Saturday, 9:30 A. M.

Scene: Jefferson Market Court. Magistrate's bench is vacant, but court clerks are at their places. Small groups of lawyers and professional bondsmen are seen talking and laughing—in some cases rather boisterously. Outside the railing in the public seats is a varied and heterogeneous crowd of nondescripts, East Side mothers, prostitutes, gunmen, etc. To the back of the room, near the entrance, is a social worker, talking in an earnest manner to a mild-faced member of the League of Hope for Deserving Ex-Convicts. Aside from the court attendants and lawyers, a general air of dejection prevails.

Court Crier

All rise! His Honor!

(Magistrate enters and takes his seat at bench.)

Magistrate.

Let the Court proceed.

Crier.

Officer McCarthy—Jennie Green.

(Policeman and woman enter.)

Magistrate.

The charge is soliciting on a public highway. Officer, do you swear the charges contained in this affidavit to be true?

(Officer holds up his hand.)

What are the circumstances?

Policeman.

I was walking north on Third avenue at 11 P. M. last night when I saw this woman approach a well-dressed man. He refused to go with her—

Woman.

It's a lie. He's a liar.

Crier.

Silence!

Policeman.

The prisoner then approached another man and was again turned down. I took her in.

Woman.

It's a damned lie.

Magistrate.

Workhouse, thirty days. Next case.

Crier.

Officer Bush—Minnie Spalding.

(Policeman and woman enter.)

Magistrate.

(To woman): You are charged with prostitution.

(To officer): You swear the charges contained in this affidavit to be true? What are the circumstances?

Officer.

The defendant is a habitual offender, Your Honor. To my recollection, this is the third—

Magistrate.

(Sternly): The circumstances?

Officer.

I caught her soliciting on Broadway at 2 A. M. to-day. After she was turned down half a dozen times in as many minutes I decided to run her in.

Magistrate.

(Sarcastically): And if the fifth man she approached had accepted her advances you would not have made an arrest.

(To woman): The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God. Take the stand. What have you got to say in your defence?

Woman.

Your Honor, I made a false step about three years ago. Since then I have repented and reformed, and am trying to lead a decent life to the extent that a woman can whose face is in the Rogues' Gallery. This policeman was at one time my friend, and because I would not give my body to him has persecuted me. I am working in a Broadway restaurant and am trying to be a good girl, Your Honor, but he won't let me. He says if I will pay him five dollars a week he will protect me and see that I am not arrested. I am not a bad woman, Judge. I have lived straight for three years, but this cop says he will arrest me until I pay him.

Magistrate.

That's what they all say. Remanded till Tuesday, 11 A. M., \$1,000 bond.

Crier.

Officer Bane—May Baldwin.

(Enter flashily dressed man and young woman.)

Magistrate.

(To officer): Charge is soliciting. Do you swear the charges contained in this affidavit to be true? What are the circumstances?

Plainclothesman.

I was walking on Broadway at Forty-seventh street last night at 11:50, when I was approached by this woman, who wanted me to go to a hotel with her.

Magistrate.

What was the conversation?

Plainclothesman.

She came up to me and said, "Hello, Dearie; in a

hurry?" In answered, "Not now, Little One. What can I do for you?" She replied, "Keep a girl company for a little while. Do you know, I haven't a friend in the world." I invited her to a nearby cafe, and after a few minutes she suggested that we go to a hotel and spend the night. I concluded it had gone far enough and brought her in.

Magistrate.

Do you wish to make a statement? Remember, anything you say may be used against you and that you are not compelled to answer. Take the stand. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God. What have you to say?

Woman.

I'll say all there's to be said right now, Judge. I have been to the workhouse three times, and as you get better food over there than you can get in the city, send me back.

Magistrate.

Tell me, how did you come to go on the street?

Woman.

(Crying): The same old story, Judge. I couldn't get along on four and a half a week. I was the only support of a widowed mother, and you know two mouths can't get along on four-fifty a week. I was young and good-looking and the foreman loaned me money on account. When it came time to pay I was unable and he forced me to it upon threat of losing my place. He helped me to make ten dollars a week extra. After a while mother found out what had happened and wouldn't let me in. When that time comes it's all up with a girl. At first it was hard, but I got used to it, and now I can't do anything else. I've been over the river three times, and paid enough hush money to keep me five years. But what's use? I ain't got no friends, Judge. Send me to the workhouse. I can live clean over there.

Magistrate.

Remanded till Tuesday. Anyone here to go bond for this woman?

Crier.

Yes, Mr. Blanck.

Magistrate.

What have you to offer for bond, Mr. Blanck?

Blanck.

(Producing deed from his pocket.)

One lot on West Forty-seventh street, worth five thousand dollars, with a mortgage on it for five hundred.

Magistrate.

I'll take it.

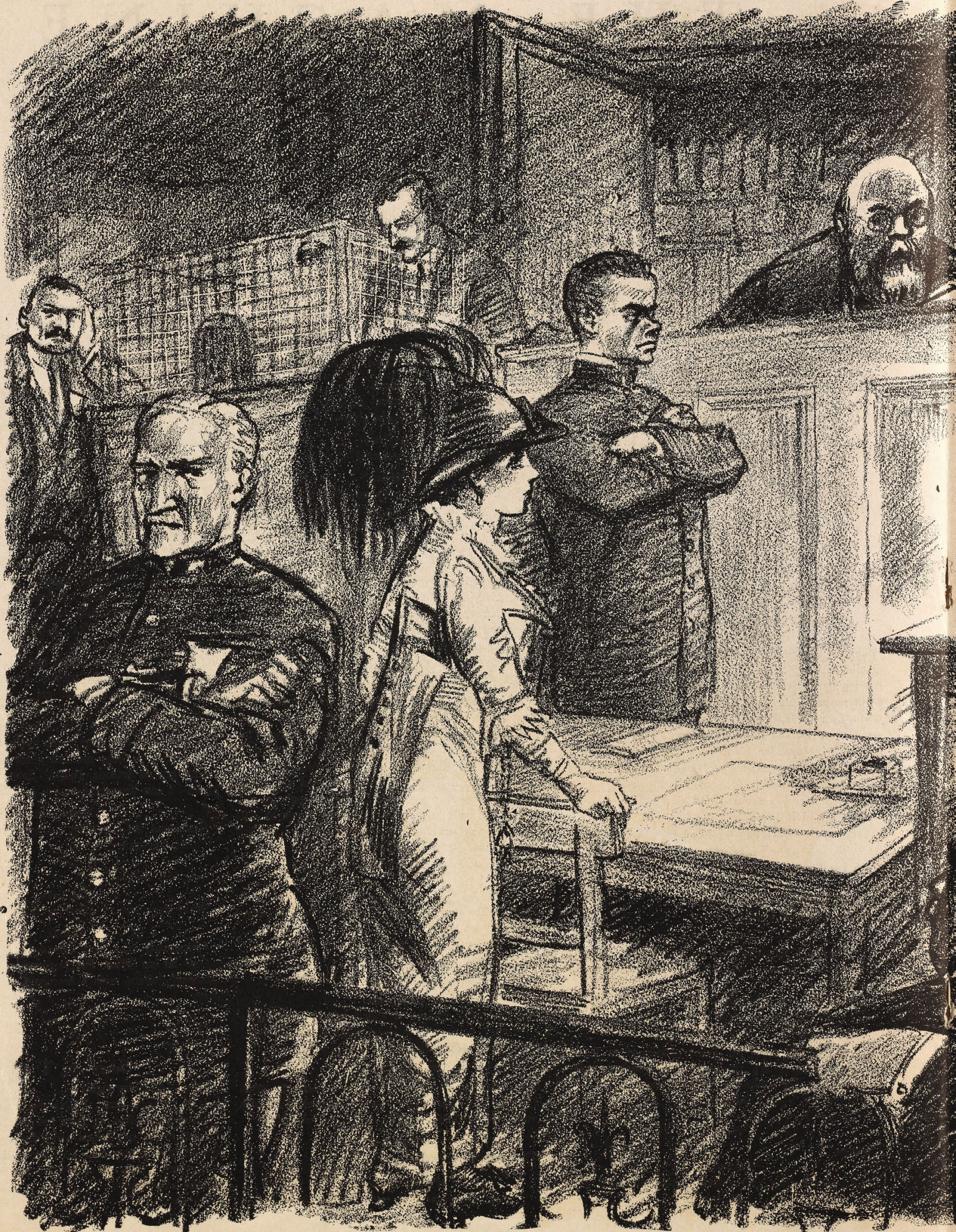
Curtain.

Scene the Third

Time: Monday night.

Same as scene one. Young woman and professional bondsman standing in front of café, talking. Well-dressed young man comes south and bondsman motions toward him to the girl. Girl approaches stranger and is accepted. Goes off north, leaving bondsman with a pleased expression.

Curtain.



Drawn by John Sloan.

Before Her Makers a



GOD'S YOUTH

Louis Untermeyer

I OFTEN wish that I had been alive
Ere God grew old; before His eyes were tired
Of the eternal circlings of the sun,
Of the perpetual Springs, the weary years
Forever marching on an unknown quest,
The yawning seasons pacing to and fro
Like stolid sentinels to guard the earth.
I wish that I had been alive when He
Was still delighted with each casual thing
His mind could fashion, when His soul first thrilled
With childlike pleasure at the blooming sun;
When the first dawn met His enraptured eyes
And the first prayers of men stirred in His heart.
With what a glow of pride He heard the stars
Rush by Him, singing, as they bravely leaped
Into the unexplored and endless skies,
Bearing His beauty like a battle-cry;
Or watched the light, obedient to His will,
Spring out of nothingness to answer Him,
Hurling strange suns and planets in its joy
Of fiery freedom from the lifeless dark.
But more than all the splendid worlds He made,
The elements new-tamed, the harnessed winds;
In spite of these it must have pleased Him most
To feel Himself branch out, let go, dare all,
Give utterance to His vaguely-formed desires;
Let loose a flood of fancies, wild and frank.
Oh, those were noble times; those gay attempts,
Those vast and droll experiments that were made
When God was young and blithe and whimsical.
When from the infinite humor of His heart,
He made the elk with such extravagant horns,

The grotesque monkey-folk, the angel-fish,
That make the ocean's depth a visual heaven;
The animals like plants, the plants like beasts;
The loud, inane hyena; and the great
Impossible giraffe, whose silly head
Threatens the stars, his feet embracing earth.
The paradox of the peacock, whose bright form
Is like a brilliant trumpet, and his voice
A strident squawk, a cackle and a joke.
The ostrich, like a snake tied to a bird,
All out of sense and drawing, wilder far
Than all the mad, fantastic thoughts of men.
The hump-backed camel, like a lump of clay,
Thumbed at for hours, and then thrown aside.
The elephant, with splendid useless tooth,
And nose and arm and fingers all in one.
The hippopotamus, absurd and bland—
Oh, how God must have laughed when first He saw
These great jests breathe and live and walk about!
And how the heavens must have echoed him. . . .
For, greater than His beauty or His wrath
Was God's vast mirth before His back was bent
With Time and all the troubling universe;
Ere He grew dull and weary with creating
Oh, to have been alive and heard that laugh
Thrilling the stars and shattering the earth,
While meteors flashed from out His sparkling eyes,
And even the eternal placid Night
Forgot to lift reproving fingers, smiled
And joined, indulgent in the merriment.
And how they sang, and how the hours flew.
When God was young and blithe and whimsical.



Drawn by Morris Hall Pancoast.

Damned

“HE’S trying to break up the Home!”
Get it?

That’s the secret: that’s the Big League shortstop that’s always ready to stop short anybody who starts out to do anything that hasn’t been done steady for the past thousand years. He’s trying to break up the Home.

Does he want Pure Food? Then he’s trying to break up the dear little pink and white homes of the Food Adulterators.

Does he want Safety in Mines? Then he’s trying to break up the mountain homes and the seaside homes and the Italian palace homes of the Mine Operators.

Does he want Disease isolated? Then he’s trying to break up the homes of all those poor dear people with funny insides.

It’s a grand old blanket accusation—a double barreled shotgun with an extra dose of buckshot: it will hit almost anybody it’s aimed at.

He’s trying to break up the Home.

But don’t let the Public know that the only Home he wants to break up is some filthy, germ-soaked shack, and that he only wants to break it up so that there will be room to build a big brick house with a furnace and open plumbing.

Don’t get so close to the Truth that it burns you.

Just nod your head and jerk your thumb over your shoulder and say under your breath, “He’s trying to break up the Home.”

HORATIO WINSLOW.

SPORT

“THAT’S A DARNED OUIRAGE—BUT I CAN’T STOP. TESREAU’S GOING TO PITCH, I’D MISS THE FIRST INNING.”



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

THE RETURN FROM PLAY

SHE NEVER LEFT HOME

Charles De Garis, M.D.

ST. LOUIS CITY HOSPITAL

THE hospital with its white labyrinth of little rooms and its white chairs and tables was quiet with the late afternoon, and even the far rumble of street cars rather shook than sounded through its sepulchral halls. On the white pavement of the lobby countless muddy footprints marked a waiting line where all day long patients had dribbled by to draw their numbers. Each day those rows of numbers in a little book corresponded to long rows of those who came to know their destiny, came like ancients to an oracle, fearing and hoping. To some we promised life and the fullness thereof, to some a mere existence, to some we shook our heads and waited while they wept.

That day had been one of unbroken grayness and monotony with none but the grime of the city pass-

ing in review, hour after hour. Foul negroes and jaded Jews and palsied derelicts, these and a hundred more had come and gone, and one was left, one straggler from the snake-dance of disease. I caught myself hoping it was someone who could lend a bit of color to the day, perhaps some "ruined" workgirl who had come to bare her soul to us if we would blight the fruit of her last romance and keep her from losing a few day's work. Gladly we would wait while she unclothed her soul and, layer after layer, stripped it down to the red fibers of romance, and then when she had nothing more to tell, we would regale her with such dainties as sanctity of motherhood and duty of doctors, and hear her curse as she went away.

It was with this perversion of hope that I went

into the lobby to call the last number, but there came to me then one of those moments when a man turns within himself and laughs at his own sordidness. The lone occupant of the room was a little girl, a mere slip of a child crouched low among the benches. From the long hours of waiting and the warm fetor of the place she had fumed herself to sleep, but when I called her number she started nervously and threw a shawl across her face.

Have you ever been walking some feverish midnight, and startled a street cat from its hiding? You have seen how it stood for a moment wild-eyed and wizen, as if fresh from the depths of heinous dreams, and then allowed the wind to blow it along the doorsteps to a new dreaming place.

So wild-eyed and wizen the child coming toward

me. Her coarse shoes and drabbed dress and faded shawl were scarcely fit substance for a child's bad dreams, but the one startled eye peering over the shawl seemed still to be looking down the thick black clouds of a nightmare.

She followed me into a little room and after being assured that only the nurse and I were present, she let the shawl drop from her face. If I drew back I hope the child did not see me. There on the right side of her face was a great globose mass, completely obliterating her eye and so dilating her cheek that in profile she resembled a rodent. The centre of the mass was partly sloughed and green with gouts of dead flesh and pus, but the rest of the mass was firm and quite painless. For a while a monstrous phantasmagoria passed before me, and I seemed to see weird myriads of coiled bacteria feasting on red flesh and writhing and rolling in their gluttony and vomiting their poisons into thick streams of blood. With an effort I thought myself back to my duties and bade the child sit down and talk to me.

Her talk was simple and unabashed. She told me all the happenings of her everyday life just as any child would tell them. She even showed me a gold wire bracelet with a heart on it engraved "Nellie." Miss Evelyn had given her this for her last birthday when she was fourteen. Miss Evelyn was her best friend, and a fine lady Miss Evelyn was. She owned a whole box of diamonds and it was she who "ran the house." All the girls in the house liked Miss Evelyn because she took care of them when they were sick. The house was one with a machine piano in it, and men came there every night and danced with the girls, and used to buy beer for them until a few years ago.

Nellie was born in this house and had never spent three days away from it in her life. During Nellie's seventh year her mother became insane and had to be taken away somewhere. But Nellie stayed with Miss Evelyn and helped with the housework. About a year ago Miss Evelyn gave her some pretty clothes like those the other girls wore and told her to "get in the game and see what she could do." She had not been "in the game" more than a month or two when an ugly eruption appeared on her skin, and her hair began to fall out, and she felt dull pains in her bones. Miss Evelyn took the clothes away from her and gave her some pills and told her to go back to the housework if she could. This was the first gross disappointment of her child life. The thought of gaudy silks and flattering men was sweet like the sweet of candy that is all gone. And with her headaches and her bone-pains scarcely could she endure the days of housework and the joyless nights. A few months later her cheek began to swell—no pain at all but just dark red swelling. And in spite of Miss Evelyn's salves and hot water bottles the cheek swelled from day to day until the whole eye was closed and the swelling turned green in the centre. Miss Evelyn was very much worried about this and sent her to the hospital.

Such was her story, the story of prostitution as I had never heard it before, the story by one who was living it and did not know this because she knew nothing else. Never did she falter in the telling; never did she look down and wait for coaxing; never in the most loathsome parts of her story did she evade the facts. Couched as the story was in the rude phraseology of the brothel, still there was about it a deathlike purity that labeled it Truth.

When she had finished speaking she looked so limp and pallid that I gave her a sip of aromatics



Drawn by Cornelia Barns

SHOP TALK

"THEN THE RED-HEADED FELLER SEZ TER ME, HE SEZ TER ME, HE SEZ——"

and lifted her to a table. After a time I bade the nurse prepare her for examination, but when her curious clothes were being untangled she begged and resisted, and when her thin little body was quite bared she crossed her hands on her breast as if to hide some pretty shame. Rare bit of modesty, so fragile and so guileless! Only a child who has never heard of it can have it.

At that moment the clinic chief came in and rebuked me for having kept the case so long. He glanced at the history card and at the child and left with the sibylline words, "Syphilis. To the venereal ward."

I covered her warmly with blankets and summoned a stretcher. As she was being wheeled out tears began to gather in her eyes, her distorted mouth was quivering as best it could, and at last she raised her hands, to whom I know not, and begged, "Oh please take it all away! Please let me have a good time some more." All down the long corridor I heard her as she wept until the scream of the stretcher wheels drowned her puling and her prayer.

Warning

R ESENTMENT against the proposed Income Tax is pretty general among capitalists. They say that in exempting incomes under \$4,000 it establishes a principle of vicious discrimination. In case the law is passed workingmen should be on their guard against a conspiracy on the part of the Manufacturers' Association to raise everybody's wages to \$4,000.

Class Legislation

D ROWSY workingmen who expected their interests to be safe in the hands of Woodrow Wilson, have had their eyes opened by the President's action in signing the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, which says the people's money must not be used to sue labor unions for being trusts. Prosecution under the Sherman law has proved a great boon to the Standard Oil and Tobacco trusts. To refuse it to workingmen is vicious class legislation.

THE MASSES BIBLE CLASS

Eugene Wood

No. IV. How to be Right with God

THE one thing that men have desired in all ages has been to know the will of God, that they might govern themselves accordingly.

In these latter days the problem is considerably simplified over what it used to be before the Bible was issued. All you have to do now is to live up to what the Bible tells you is the way God would have you do (as nearly as you can), and let it go at that.

But in those benighted days they must have had a hard time trying to guess whether the Lord was in good humor or not. If they hadn't had the prophets I don't know what they would have done.

Among these prophets, perhaps the most picturesque was Samuel. Samuel was a first-rate all-round man at propheting. He could not only call the turn on the political affairs of a great world power like the kingdom of Israel, when it was as big as—oh, I should say, as big as Rockland County, anyhow—but he could tell you where to find strayed hogs and other farm animals. In that particular line he was as good as St. Anthony of Padua, who is the leading specialist on "Lost, Strayed or Stolen" in our own times. If you miss anything, the way to recover it is to light a candle to St. Anthony of Padua on a Tuesday—Mind you, do it on a Tuesday, for that's his day "At Home"—and he'll find it for you sure. But in those days the only man who could do this trick was Samuel.

The Inspired Volume has many accounts of recorded conversations, where the Lord said this and Samuel said that, and the Lord replied by this remark, to which Samuel responded, and really when you read the reports, which are subscribed and sworn to before a Commissioner of Deeds, it is wonderful how the Lord agreed with what Samuel thought was the thing to do.

Samuel was a sort of dictator, and when his sons grew up they acted in that capacity also. But they sold judgments for money and were what we should call "grafters," if that were not so "secular" a word. The people wouldn't stand for it, and said so to Samuel. The Lord told Samuel that the people were making the mistake of their lives, but if they were determined to go ahead, why, let 'em go ahead and see what they got. So Samuel picked out Saul to be the king. He was nice to Saul at first, the Lord was, but toward the last He got pouty and wouldn't speak to him through the prophets, wouldn't say, aye, yes, no, go to grass, or anything. It was pretty tragic.

About two years after Samuel had spilled the consecrated hair-oil on Saul and made him king, the Lord sent a special delivery message to Saul ordering him to declare war against Amalek, like it might be the United States declaring war against the Southern Confederacy, only on a much smaller scale. But what the military operations lacked in breadth they made up in intensity, for the Lord distinctly said that the Union troops—I mean the Israelites—were to destroy everything and spare not. It was much worse than the Shenandoah Valley for they were to kill man and woman, the child

that could run around and the nursing baby. Also, all the live stock. They were not to leave *anything alive* that could possibly remember to hold a grudge against the "damyankees." Those were the orders. Well, the Israelites were grand fighters in those days to hear them tell about it. Not whiskerpulling fighters or mouth-fighters, but the real thing, and they killed off all the Amalekites except Agag (like it might be Jefferson Davis). They kept him as a sort of souvenir.

Also, they destroyed all the common stuff, and the animals that weren't anything to bray of, but the prize-winners were preserved—contrary to the Lord's orders.

And the Lord said to Samuel "I wish now I hadn't made Saul king. I don't know what ever possessed me to do such a trick. He won't mind a word I say." Samuel felt terribly bad about that. You know how grieved a man is when a thing turns out the way he said it would all along. Samuel felt so bad he cried all night. Didn't get a wink of sleep.

So Samuel went to meet Saul and his victorious army. And Saul said, tickled to death with himself, "Well I did just what the Lord said for me to do."

"Yes?" inquired Samuel coldly. "Oh, is that so? Then what's all this bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle in mine ears?"

"Well, I tell you," Saul answered, kind of embarrassed, "the people spared the best of the oxen and the sheep that they might sacrifice unto the Lord."

But the Lord wasn't going to be smoothed over that way. And Samuel said it right out: "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." Well, I think so too. Ram meat is apt to be kind of strong anyhow, and the fat of rams, the cold tallow—I don't think I'd care for it myself as much as to have a king do what I told him. And Samuel went on to say that the Lord had rejected Saul from being king, and turned to go, and Saul took hold of Samuel's coat-tail, saying, "Hold on a minute, I want to talk to you," but Samuel pulled away, and said that just as his coat-tail had been torn off and left a rag in Saul's hands, so would Saul's kingdom be rent from him. Not a word about what "the people would say about their chief magistrate." Not a complaint so far as records that Saul had raised the taxes or given an inefficient administration. He hadn't conducted war as an Apache would conduct it, and that settled him.

Then said Samuel, "Bring hither Agag, king of the Amalekites" (like it might be Jefferson Davis).

And Agag came unto him delicately. I like that word "delicately." I don't wish to press the comparison by adding that Agag came with Mrs. Agag's shawl on as did—well, never mind about that.

And Agag said, "Surely the bitterness of death is past."

Stop right there, Agag. You're talking to the wrong man. This is no rude soldier accustomed to fight only when the other man fights back; this is one of

the reverend clergy, who stayed at home with the old women when it was really dangerous, and now comes on the scene, bold as a lion, when only one of the enemy is left alive and he unarmed. You waste your time, making hopeful conversation about "this cruel war being over." Down on your knees and say your prayers and ask for absolution, for it is not on a sour apple tree you are to be hanged, but the prophet of the Lord, the same Lord whose tender mercies are over all His works, who doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men, who hateth nothing that He hath made, the prophet of this Lord is about to make a Hamburg steak of you.

And Samuel hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal. (I can hear the old man grunt as he chopped his victim apart.)

Yes, it is comparatively easy for us nowadays when we have the Gospel Light to know what the will of God is, especially in regard to the treatment of prisoners of war. Many did not feel satisfied with the molly-coddling way Jefferson Davis was let loose after the War of the Rebellion. And if we should make war with Japan, let us hope that this fatal mistake will not occur again. We should murder every Japanese, even to the babies, taking them by the heels, and banging their little heads against the sidewalks. And when we brought home the Mikado, Cardinal Gibbons, or the Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church, or some other modern representative of the Almighty Father, should take a cavalry sabre and hack away at the heathen king until there wasn't a piece of him as big as your little finger.

We ought all of us try to live up to the Bible as near as we can.

Not Satisfactory

I AM a Unitarian because my grandfather and my father and my mother were Unitarians," said Professor William H. Taft the other day in Boston to the Unitarian Association.

We regret to say, sir, that this is by no means satisfactory. It is too great a concession to mere precedent. We can understand why you look at it in that way, but we cannot exonerate you. It is eminently right and fitting that lawyers and judges and presidents and college professors should be guided by precedent, that they should make no move until centuries more or less have stamped their age-long and time-honoring approval. Religious matters, on the contrary, are in quite a different class. Precedent has an ever-decreasing influence there. Something new all the time keeps our American religious matters constantly refreshed in interest. Not long since hell was almost entirely abolished—if that isn't unprecedented, what is? And only a few days ago, the Presbyterians flew from the firm base of infant damnation.

No, Mr. Taft, we speak as a friend. Be anything you like, but be chary with your reasons. If you must give reasons, and especially if they are to be widely circulated, let them be reasons in the best sense of the word.

E. O. J.

Miracle?

IN a masterly little tract on railroads done by the resourceful Fra at East Aurora for the New York, New Haven and Hartford's missionary work among its commuters, it is shown how utopian present conditions are by a comparison with the past. Elbertus points out that the railroad employee is much kinder than he used to be, and much better about brushing his teeth. As a conclusive proof of the excellence of railroads, he says:

"I have ridden on railroad trains nearly one-third of the time for twenty-five years and during all that time I have never been robbed of a dollar. Also I have never . . . lost a hat, grip, umbrella, or my temper on a railroad train."

A really remarkable experience. Daniel had an equally remarkable one, but he is supposed to have been helped through by the Most High.

W. W. N.

Lest We Remember

NOBODY likes the art in the new Maine monument. Good. Perhaps it will help us to forget the Maine.

Law Journals Please Note

James F. Carroll
Counsellor at Law
Silk City Trust Co Building
Paterson, N.J.

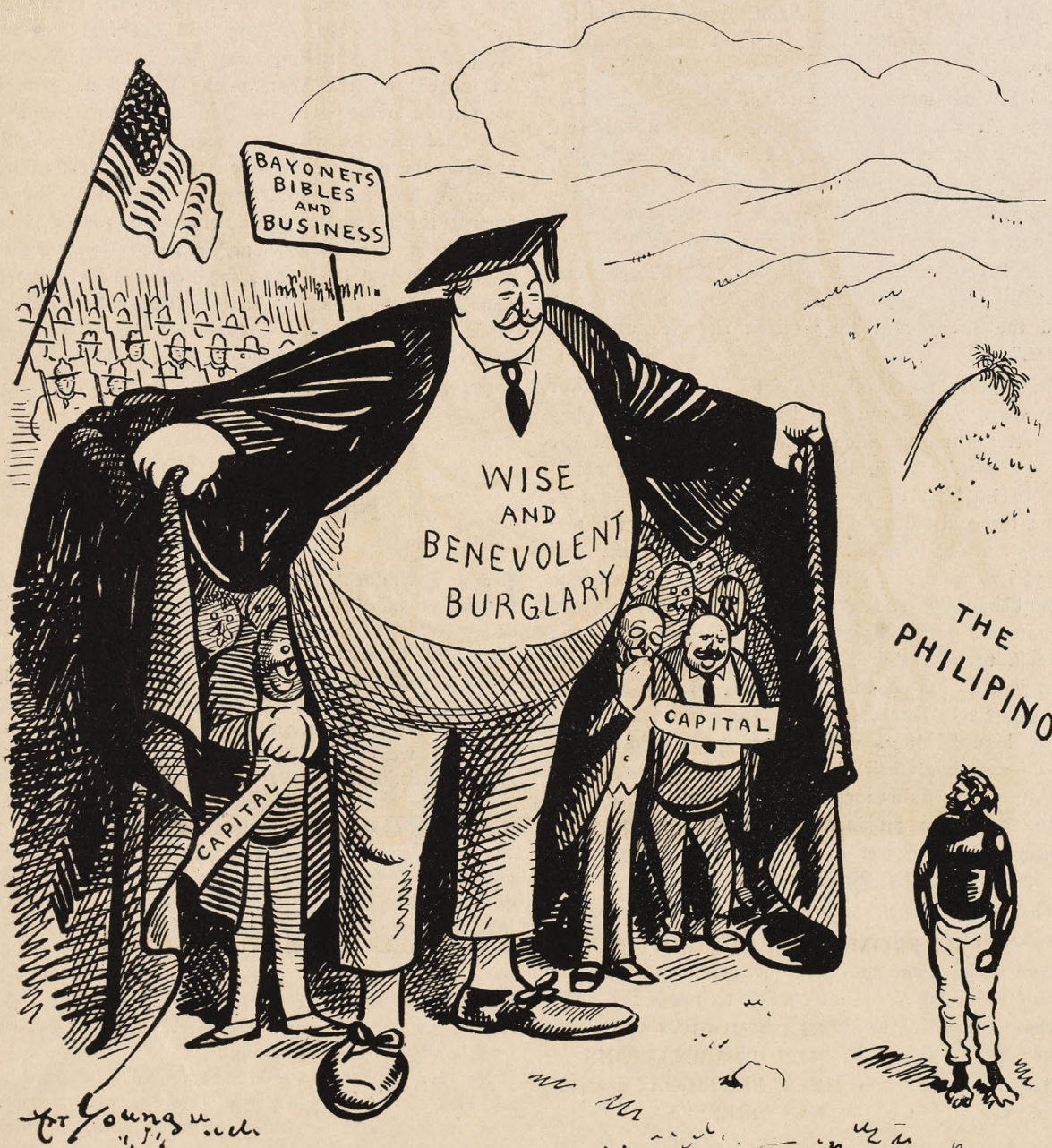
June 21st, 1913.

Dear Sir:-

Will you kindly call at my office, as I would like to see you on a little matter of business, which may be of importance to you.

Yours very truly,

J. F. Carroll



Drawn by Arthur Young.

TAFT, THE EDUCATOR

THE above reproduced letter is a sample of many sent to Paterson Silk Strikers by Recorder Carroll.

More out of curiosity than anything else, some of the strikers went in response to Carroll's office, there to be cajoled by the judge and told the penalty of certain offenses not yet committed.

This is a new method of injunction and intimidation unique in Paterson.

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD.

Welfare Song

SING a song of "Welfare,"
A pocket full of tricks
To soothe the weary worker
When he groans or kicks.
If he asks for shorter hours
Or for better pay,
Little stunts of "Welfare"
Turn his thoughts away.

Sing a song of "Welfare,"
Sound the horn and drum,
Anything to keep the mind
Fixed on Kingdom Come.
"Welfare" loots your pocket
While you dream and sing,
"Welfare" to your pay check
Doesn't do a thing.

Sing a song of "Welfare,"
Forty 'leven kinds,
Elevate your morals,
Cultivate your minds.
Kindergartens, nurses,
Bathtubs, books, and flowers,
Anything but better pay
Or shorter working hours.

WILL HERFORD.

The Merry Month of June

1. OPEN season for lobbyists in Washington. No fatalities.
2. Edward Payson Weston starting for St. Paul on a walking trip overhauls a fast train on the Erie Railroad.
3. Editor Scott of Paterson sentenced to prison for speaking disrespectfully of the police.
4. Nicholas Murray Butler receives the unanimous vote of Senator Sutherland of Utah for President of the United States some time.
5. Charles S. Whitman boomed for Mayor of New York for speaking disrespectfully of the police.
6. Senate finally ferrets out a lobbyist—named T. W. Wilson.
7. New York Americans win a game. Foul play suspected.
8. Formation of a new labor organization, "The Indicted Mine Workers of America."
9. Mayor Gaynor denounces End-Seat Hogs and refuses to fire Waldo.
10. American polo ponies win brilliant victory over their English cousins.
11. Illinois decides that woman's proper sphere is a polling booth.
12. New Haven Railroad has its regular wreck and issues customary statement blaming engineer.
13. Supreme Court decides that there can be no private ownership of water in a navigable stream as long as it keeps running (the water, not the court).
14. Mrs. Pankhurst arrested on the charge of not being sick.
15. West Virginia strikers vote to continue in restraint of trade.
16. New York legislature meets to quarrel with the governor at the public expense.
17. Investigators take a test ride upon the New Haven Railroad and return safe.
18. Beet sugar interests enact thrilling performance, "A Personally Conducted Government."
19. British ministers are cleansed of all suspicion of wrong-doing by a narrow vote.
20. John Mitchell again reinstated and removed from office of N. Y. Commissioner of Labor.
21. Feverish discussion of the currency problem in Washington and the no-currency problem everywhere else.
22. Committee of New York Board of Education decides that married women are not fit associates for children of tender years.
23. Taft endorses Elihu Root and Alexander Hamilton. Wreck on the New Haven.
24. New color scheme for Washington. President Wilson puts on white flannels and whitewashes his Attorney-General.
25. Justice Daniel F. Cohalan is shown to be, the kind of man who ought to judge not, but to be judged. Wreck on the New Haven.
26. National Tailors' Association decrees pistol pockets for women's skirts.
27. The New Haven's wreck for the day is held at Wellfleet, Mass.
28. President Wilson relents and agrees to fight and bleed at Gettysburg for two hours.
29. Manufacturers' Association triumphs over all opponents and cinches pennant in the Corruption League.
30. Union and Southern Pacific railroads divorced on the ground of compatibility of temper.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



Drawn by John Sloan.

ITEMS FROM A DEPARTMENT STORE'S NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENT—

NET UNDERVESTS	\$1.50
NET COMBINATIONS	\$3.50
NET PETTICOATS	\$4.00
NET DRESSES	\$30.00

THE NET RESULT AS SEEN ON BROADWAY

THE WORLD-WIDE BATTLE LINE

William English Walling

Hatfield

WHILE it did not exonerate the Governor of West Virginia for his part in the recent anti-labor outrages in that State, the report of Debs, Berger and Germer excused him in large measure and put nearly all the blame on the previous Governor, the Progressive, Glasscock. The committee stated that after their interview with Hatfield, "Everything we demanded was conceded."

Our contemporary, the *Metropolitan*, has not adopted this conciliatory attitude towards Hatfield—an attitude which is not wholly shared even by the United States Senate investigating committee. The *Metropolitan* says (under the signature of Comrade Algernon Lee):

"West Virginia is not the only sinner—if that is any consolation. Governor Hatfield has, indeed, behaved worse than any other State executive since the days of Peabody in Colorado. But he has zealous imitators among mayors, sheriffs and other small fry in New Jersey and elsewhere.

"Now, why does the *Metropolitan*, a magazine of general circulation, think it worth while to give space to such unpleasant topics? Not for the sake of hurting any one's feelings. Not merely for historical record. We are looking to the future.

"The publicity given to the West Virginia abuses has already borne fruit. Other Governors, even if inclined to do the dirty work of big employers, will think twice before inviting the sort of exposure that Mr. Hatfield has received."

The Crisis in France

"FRANCE, Your Army is in the Melting-Pot!"

Thus declares Yvetot, Secretary of the Bourses de Travail (associated local federations of unions) in France. As Yvetot is an ultra-revolutionary, and made this declaration in the Syndicalist daily, we may assume that it is somewhat too optimistic, colored by French revolutionary traditions and the French workingman's undying expectation of an immediate proletarian revolution.

Probably the Socialist desire to see the army become useless for the suppression of strike disturbances has been brought only a degree nearer by the recent mutinous outbreaks but at least the army has shown that it will no longer lend itself freely to militarist and imperialist purposes. For when the Chamber of Deputies proceeded to discuss an extension of the term of compulsory service from two to three years, these outbreaks began in nearly every important military post in France.

The first disturbances, in the most important fortresses of the country, Belfort and Toul, received world-wide notice. Later the French capitalist press succeeded in suppressing the news. Yet for more than a month wholesale and concerted breaches of discipline occurred almost every day.

Of course the chief blame for these disturbances is laid on the Federation of Labor, which has given a large part of its energy to anti-militarism for more than a decade. Nearly every important union headquarters in the country has been searched by the police, the leaders have been arrested, and a law is proposed inflicting heavy fines and imprisonment for all union activities outside a narrow circle prescribed by the government.

But, as the *Temps* shows, the Socialists, not only

recently, but from the beginning, have supported the Federation's anti-military campaign. It quotes a speech of Jaures: "The duty of the proletarians, if war is forced on them against their will, is to keep the gun that is given them, and to use it not to strike down their brothers on the other side of the frontier, but to strike down by a revolution the criminal government."

And when in the Chamber of Deputies, on the 30th of November last, a supporter of the government had read documents proving the Federation's successful work in promoting *wholesale desertions* and *insubordination* in the army, the official journal shows that France's second most eminent Socialist, Vaillant, cried out that the anti-militarist centers had been "too few," and that the Socialists were willing to share the responsibility for the anti-militarist campaign.

Who are Socialists in Great Britain

THERE are doubtless many among the rank and file. But who among the authorized representatives of the movement? After "Laborites," "Syndicalists," "State Socialists," "National Socialists," "Communist Anarchists," etc., are deducted, are there any Socialists among those who do the writing and the talking?

The new British Socialist Party was promising at first. But now it seems divided among Syndicalists, advocates of a large navy and a large army for "defensive" purposes, and those who think that while Socialism is not social reform, generally speaking, it does lie mainly in this, or that, or the other capitalistic measure, such as the nationalization of railways or mines (Shades of Bismarck!), the employment of the unemployed (Hurrah for the builders of the pyramids!) or the public feeding of school children (As in Sparta?).

Hilaire Belloc and Cecil Chesterton have just described this State Socialism (i. e., State Capitalism) with some accuracy and much wit in their "Servile State." Robert Blatchford answers that "we Socialists" have always opposed State Socialism. But, wait! Don't be in a hurry to conclude that this proves Blatchford to be a Socialist. Because he goes on to say that "we" oppose State Socialism, because "we" are Communist Anarchists! Here are his exact words:

"Now I think I can hear Cecil Chesterton protesting that I am not a Socialist at all, and that the Communism of 'News From Nowhere' is Communist Anarchy. Very well; make it that. I'm an Anarchist-Communist: I always have been since I first called myself a Socialist. Communist Anarchy of the Morris kind is what I call Socialism; the other thing, the State Socialism, or Collectivism, never appealed to me at all. I accepted it as a necessary evil; an arid plain to be crossed on the way to the Delectable Mountains.

"The great st Socialist I know is William Morris. The finest and soundest book on Socialism is 'News From Nowhere.' In 'News From Nowhere' the Houses of Parliament are used as a central store for manure."

Not for manure, Mr. Blatchford, but for an Industrial Parliament.

Still we can't blame Morris and Blatchford for becoming overheated when we think of the length of childlike confidence most British Laborites put in Parliament.

Money for Militarism

A GREAT American orator said: "Of two evils I choose neither." This is not the policy of the 110 Socialist members of the German Reichstag.

Although voting *against* military expenditures, these Socialists have decided to vote to give the government a large additional sum of money *specifically marked for such expenditures!* And in order to be able to do this, they voted to consider the new military expenditures and the new military taxes separately, as proposed by the Kaiser's government—and their vote carried the day.

The most radical of the Socialist Reichstag members, the same Karl Liebknecht who recently exposed the corruption of the military authorities, explained that they voted in this way as a choice of two evils. From which it would seem that the capitalistic parties and governments have merely to offer a more reactionary and a less reactionary program to the Socialists in order to obtain their vote for the less reactionary program!

Now, what were the two evils between which the Socialists felt themselves obliged to choose?

(1) They could insist on considering the special *military taxes* at the same time as the *military expenditures*. They would then have to vote against both. Being a minority they could defeat neither, but the government would be compelled to compose its majority from all three of the largest bourgeois parties together—the landlords, the bankers and manufacturers, and the Catholics.

In order to win this majority the government would have had to levy the tax upon all classes, instead of only upon the rich, as it now proposes, and this would have made the government and the three bourgeois parties that supported it more hated than ever among the workers and the lower middle class.

(2) The other alternative was to vote money for the larger army and navy, but to demand that it should be obtained by taxes levied upon the rich. This was the "lesser of two evils" chosen by the Socialists. It was the choice that the middle class voters wanted them to make, and its value as a political manoeuvre is evident.

To these middle-class voters certain Socialists can now say: "We so conducted ourselves as to secure the new form of taxes without endangering the military expenditures." And on the other hand Liebknecht can say to the working-class voters, "The evil of the military bill, it is true, more than overbalances the good of the new taxes against the rich, but if we had not voted that way we would have had besides an increased taxation of the poor."

From the standpoint of international Socialism, however, this increase of the cost of living to the poor (which would at least have forced the German workers into more determined and successful strikes) is a lesser evil than the foregoing of an opportunity to deal a big blow to militarism by forcing the government to the most extreme measures to maintain it.

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(My commission expires March, 1915.)



Drawn by H. J. Turner

She:—"What's the joke?"
He:—"I don't know!"