MAY, 1914 10 CENTS

The MASSES

In This Issue: THE TANENBAUM CRIME

AN UNPATRIOTIC STORY

THE MASSES

A FREE MAGAZINE

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1914.

[SEAL.] JULIUS GERBER,
Comm. of Deeds

(My commission expires September 14, 1914.)

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TANENBAUM'S SPEECH

WE QUOTE from the court record:

THE CLERK: "Frank Tanenbaum, what have you now to say why judgment should not be pronounced against you according to law?"

THE DEFENDANT: "I would like to make a statement, I think."

THE COURT: "You are at liberty to make any statement you desire."

THE DEFENDANT: "I suppose, if I make a statement, that the press tomorrow will say I wanted to make myself out a hero or a martyr. I don't know who it was who said—some well known preacher—that society would forgive a man for murder, theft, rape, or almost any crime, except that of preaching a new gospel. That is my crime. There are in reality three distinct things I am accused of.

"One is unlawful assembly. I don't know of any circumstance in the world's history where the struggles of the slave class have appeared either legal, or respectable, or religious in the eyes of the master class. I am a member of the slave class. I am a member of the working class, and I know that our struggles to overcome our present condition are illegal in the eyes of the master class and its representatives. Of course it was unlawful. I don't doubt that.

"Another very serious objection against me was that I answered 'Yes' to the statement about bloodshed. Why make all this nonsense about bloodshed? Capital sheds more blood in one year than we would in five. We are being killed every day. We are being killed in the mines, in the buildings, killed everywhere, killed in the battlefield fighting the wars of the capital class. No wars in recent times have been fought in the interests of the workers, and yet everywhere it was the workers who died. We don't fear bloodshed. We have nothing to lose except our miserable lives.

"That district attorney hasn't got heart enough to be a dog catcher. He said I took graft, twenty-five dollars. That isn't true. I did not take twenty-five dollars. It wasn't turned over to me. I didn't want it. It was given to Mr. Martin, the sexton of the Old Presbyterian Church, Eleventh Street and Fifth Avenue. He came along with us. It was a very miserable, windy night, the snow blowing and sleet, and we took the men, eighty-three in number, homeless, shelterless, naked and starving men, took them to a restaurant on the Bowery and fed them.

"How about religion and praying to God? Why, there is no more religious thing I have ever witnessed than that lot of homeless, half-fed, half-dressed, illy-clad men sitting over a long table enjoying a clean, warm meal, laughing and talking. That is the most religious thing I ever saw. And this man, Mr. Martin, paid for that out of his own pocket, out of the twenty-five dollars which he, and not I, held. Then we took these men to a Bowery hotel on Third Avenue and put them to bed, and there was ten cents left after the men were put to bed, which I will turn over to the district attorney if he wants it.

"Another far more serious act upon my part, unlawful, illegal, unrespectable, was my attitude towards the priests. Now, I don't know of anyone I was ever impolite to. I am polite to everybody, even to my enemies, because I can afford to be. But I want to tell you that Doctor Schneider is supposed to represent the Gospel of Christ, he is supposed to preach and practice the Gospel of the Man who came down and who died on the cross because the poor, common people listened to Him. One of the indictments against Jesus Christ was that the common people listened to Him gladly. And I want to tell you that if He came down upon earth now, Father Schneider would be the first one to crucify Him.

"There are a few other things I want to say. When I was arrested, that was the first time I had ever been in court, first time I had ever been in the police station, or had anything to do with the police. I was so ignorant of these things that when I was first called into the magistrates' court I saw the clerk, and I asked the lieutenant if that wasn't the judge. I didn't know, then, anything about courts and judges, which means the law, the present system, and from what I have learned now I have very little respect for them, I must admit, very little respect for them. I feel, after having lived with those boys three weeks in the Tombs prison, every one of them, if they would have been able to go to school, if they had a decent place to live and a decent job, and if they had not been kicked about and driven from place to place as most of them were, they would have been just as good as anybody else, just as good as anybody else, even the district attorney.

"I think now, your Honor, and I am going to say what I think, that when the first man was convicted in this court, justice flew out the window and never returned and never will. You never know, and the law does not take into consideration, anything about human wants or the circumstances impelling a human being to so-called crime. They are not responsible for what they do, their drifting into crimes. You don't know their life. I believe from my impressions and associations with these boys that they are more normal and more spontaneous than others, and that is why they cannot adapt themselves to this rotten society. They feel that as human beings for the sake of a piece of bread it is not worth while to work twelve long hours in a factory.

"There is little more I have to say. This trial for me was arranged by my friends in spite of my protest. I didn't want it. I knew what I was going to get, because I am not one of your class. But they prevailed upon me. They said, 'Give them a chance, they will not find you guilty, because you are not guilty of any crime. There is no damage done, no property destroyed.' There was no property destroyed and no injury, and I knew there was absolutely no violence, and they said, 'You will be freed,' so I agreed to it. But of course I am convicted. It is not a surprise to me. I expected it.

"But I must say that although Lieutenant Gegan treated me very nicely always, during the trial he lied absolutely when he said he didn't call me up the steps. That is an absolute lie. I was on those steps and he told me to come in. He lied. When I took the stand I didn't have to plead my case, just tell the truth exactly as I knew it. I didn't want a trial, but I have got it. I will never, if arrested in labor troubles, submit to a trial again. No more trials for me. The members of the jury, while they may be fair-minded, are not workmen. They don't know the life of a workingman. There is no jury—you could not get a jury of twelve workmen, structural iron workers for instance, to convict me; absolutely no. These gentlemen are members of your class in a way. They are capitalists. They would like to be. They would like to be rich. That's all right, but they are capitalists. Now that is all I have to say. I consider my conviction absolutely unjust. You have tried to question the right of hungry men to get their bread. That is the crime, and I am willing to take the consequences, whatever they may be."

An account of Frank Tanenbaum's trial will be found on page six.

CELL-MATES

Drawn by John Sloan.

AW, quit yer cryin' kid—I know it's tough,
But dearie, shush—nobody's goin' to lynch ye;
Later ye'll find th' cops are square enough—
It's always worse the first time that they pinch ye.

Things ain't so bad—now there, don't take on so—
The matron won't do nothin' if ye shout, dear.
That's right . . Now come an' tell me all ye know.
Ain't ye got nobody to bail ye out, dear?

Well, well—but that's a shame. A kid so cute
An' young like *youse* had never ought to worry.
Gee, if they'd doll ye up, ye'd be a beaut—
Why should ye waste yer life in work and hurry.

Oh, there are lots o' ways it could be did—
'Course I won't do this much fer ev'rybody—
I tell ye what, I'm gone to help ye kid,
An' I've got infloonce, if my clo'es *is* shoddy.

S'posin' I could get ye out o' here—
Now, now; don't take on like a reg'lar baby—
Yet pretty lucky that ye met me, dear—
What's that? No, not to-night—to-morrow, maybe?

Look here; I got a friend who'll fix it all—
Ye see this new judge, well, he didn't know me—
Poor guy, he's gonna get an awful call;
An' won't I make him feel a mile below me!

Well, 's I was sayin', when I leave this hole
I'll get my friend to go to work an' help ye—
Don't breathe this here to any livin' soul,
Fer strangers, dear, is jest the ones to scalp ye . . .

Now, I've the swellest little flat uptown,
An' jolly—somethin' doin' every minute!
There's always some live people hangin' 'roun'—
Ye'll never want to leave when once yer in it.

There's lots o' dancin'—jest ye wait an' see
The nifty rags I'll get to fit ye, dearie—
Aw, never mind the thanks—wait till yer free—
This gratitood an' sob-stuff makes me weary.

Don't worry now, an' things'll be all right—
Ye'll only see th' folks with happy faces—
There'll be no more o' workin' noon an' night
An' standin' up all day behind th' laces . . .

Here's the address—now, don't ye lose it, dear;
An' come right up—don't stop to primp or tidy—
Gee, but it's lucky that ye met me here . . .
Let us go to sleep. Good-night, an' see ye Frid'y.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

The MASSES

Vol. V. No. 8: Issue No. 36. MAY, 1914 Max Eastman, Editor.

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

Blasting the Uniforms

TOM MANN was imprisoned six months for *advising* English soldiers to refuse to shoot their brothers in a strike.

Fifty-eight English officers *did* refuse to shoot their brothers in the Home Rule squabble. They resigned from the army. And did they get six months? No, they were reinstated at the suggestion of the king!

But the king did not realize the precedent he was establishing for Tom Manns and English soldiers of the future. So the king was not very popular with his statesmen for a few days. They felt that he was interfering with democratic government.

UP in Buffalo twelve motormen refused to operate cars which were loaded with soldiers on their way to a strike. They brought their cars to the station, and then when all the little khakis were safely inside, they stepped off the front platforms and departed. And the soldiers—poor devils, I love to think of them sitting in little rows there with shame and anger under their buttons!

It is hard to get the revolutionary idea through any kind of a uniform, but you see it is not impossible. The motormen now. Before long it will be the policemen. And then some day these little lackeys of capital themselves. Do you think they are going to endure forever, and for nothing but a pittance and a pair of pants, the contempt of their brothers and their equals?

A Big Book

WHEREVER there is an inevitable conflict between a lower and a higher social group, any person who is wholly progressive must take his stand with the lower group. For the upper group will always use its power chiefly (though not exclusively) for its own purposes.

There is a maxim for your meditation. It is the latest product of a half century of scientific labor, the labor of evolving a *method of progress* upon the basis of our knowledge of man and his history. I quote this from English Walling's "Progressivism and After," just published by Macmillan—a book which will spur up and liberate a great many in all classes who are dragging the chains of tradition and dogma.

Walling's books have come to be a sort of annual magazine—and that is well, for all things flow, and thought must flow with them. If we have "advanced more in the last century than in the preceding twenty," then we are advancing more in every year than we used to in every twenty years, and more crises are passing every week than used to pass in six months, and our social philosophers must do more thinking in one minute than they used to do in over a quarter of an hour, and there are mighty few besides Walling who seem to be geared to this speed.

I want people to read this book. It will be good for them to see their patriotic, political, and social-reform heroes done up in little bottles, and standing round with labels on them, mere specimens in the Economist's laboratory. Wilson's post-nomination addresses, "The New Freedom," the Messages to Congress, Bryan's honorable oratory, Roosevelt's "Confession of Faith," Jane Addams' confession of hope and charity, Beveridge's key-note speech, all these and hundreds of others tossed into a test-tube—a bell-jar perhaps for Beveridge—the economic essence extracted from them, and the rest dropped into a pail. It is highly entertaining for one thing, and for another it will make you feel the *difference* between the new interpretation of history and life that we call Socialism, and the old moralific ways of talking, more vividly than any book I know.

Is it all true? I suppose not. There are 400 pages of clear and concise statement—how could it all be true? But it is all scientific, strong, sincere, and exists upon a plane so much more profoundly true than that upon which the speeches themselves are made that it is like hot coal under the smoke.

For purposes of advertising I want to say frankly that this book is infinitely more readable, more swift, more lucidly thought and therefore more lucidly written, than either of Walling's other books about Socialism. And moreover, I think it contains less speculative dialectic, and more cold proof.

Nearly all historians and most publicists would refer to the period 1890-1914 as "the present"; we have an equal right and duty to regard 1914-1940 as the present. — That is the substance of another maxim. But you must read the whole book and find out why Walling regards "Socialism as the probable outcome of the progress of the next quarter century." It sounds rather exciting, and it is.

JOHN REED, war correspondent, will write about Mexico in the June number of

THE MASSES.

The Woman Rebel

IN Margaret Sanger's new magazine, with its motto the old ideal that Lucretius preserved from Epicurus, "No Gods, No Masters," I look for a strong and poised and affirmative expression of the final goal of feminism. In two respects, and these very vital, I am disappointed in the first number. It is not sufficiently strong and it is not affirmative.

Just as a blow landed with your arm at full length is weak, so a statement which holds no emotion in reserve. I think the Woman Rebel has fallen into that most unfeminist of errors, the tendency to cry out when a quiet and contained utterance is indispensable. Everything it says, so far as I can remember, might be accepted, or at least soberly debated, by anyone devoted to the life of reason. But in a style of over-conscious extremism and blare of rebellion for its own sake, those who incline to the life of reason will be the last to read it. Like the Anarchist Almanac, the Woman Rebel seems to give a little more strength to the business of shocking the Bourgeoisie than the Bourgeoisie really are worth.

And then further, its mood is not affirmative. The clever and original things in it are not assertions of liberty, nor even attacks upon the varieties of bondage. They are attacks upon other feminists who have not gone so far, or have gone in a somewhat different direction from the editors. And that of course is the old story of wasted strength in negativism.

I think this phenomenon might be described, in Freudian language, as a transference of hate from the original object to another object from which one can get a more satisfactory response! The entrenchments of custom and capital and privilege are so impregnable to our attacks—they ignore us and we have no satisfaction, and so we turn upon our own weaker sisters and brothers who will recoil and fight back, and give us an exhaust for our emotions. It is the sad history of every crusade.

But we must thank Margaret Sanger for speaking out clearly and quietly for popular education in the means of preventing conception. And if she goes to court in this fight, we must go too and stand behind her and make her martyrdom—if martyrdom it must be—the means of that very publicity she is fighting to win. There is no more important stand, and no stand that requires more bravery and purity of heart, than this one she is making. And if the virtue that holds heroes up to these sticking points, must needs be united with the fault of a rather unconvincing excitedness and intolerance—all right, we will hail the virtue and call it a bargain at the price.

THE TANENBAUM CRIME

THIS is the story of a crime that I saw committed, and by crime I do not mean what is ordinarily meant—an act, whether moral or immoral, which is contrary to law. I mean something unquestionably immoral, an arbitrary assault upon a young man's liberty and his right to live.

I am in a position of advantage in relating this crime, because I sat an observer through the whole proceeding.

I refer, as you have surmised, to the trial of Frank Tanenbaum. Through grace of his attorneys I was present at this trial, although the public—perhaps because of its habit to express contempt when contempt is called for—was not admitted.

It was the first jury trial I ever saw. And I liked the look of the judge, and I liked the look of the jury, and I guessed the boy would be understood and have a good chance. I knew little of his story, and so I interested myself in personating a juror. I banished from my mind every feeling of prejudice or excessive sympathy, put myself in that quite vacuous condition expected of a jury, and gathered from the testimony and arguments the following very simple story. And of the truth of this story, and that it is the whole truth so far as bears upon the indictment, I am quite dispassionately convinced.

On the night of March 4th, Frank Tanenbaum addressed a crowd of the unemployed on Rutgers Square, telling them in the usual language of Socialist economics why they had no chance to get work, or even if they got work to get good wages, telling them that not only the interests of capital are against them, but the police and the courts and the military also, who are the servants of capital.

In the midst of this speech he was interrupted once by a woman who said something like this:

"In France the people had to use force to win their Independence. In Paris the streets ran with blood."

"Yes," said Tanenbaum, "and it will take force to overthrow capitalism here, too. And the I. W. W. is organizing the force that will do it when the time comes."

And then later in his speech some one interrupted him to ask why he led the men to the churches and not to the Fifth Avenue clubs.

He said that it was "because the church seemed to him a natural place for a hungry and homeless man to go to ask for food and shelter."

About ten or fifteen minutes after that first interruption concerning the people in France had occurred and been answered, he told the men to line up in twos and threes on the sidewalk and they would all march to a church to get food. If they failed to get it in a church, they would go to a bakery. Some three hundred men must have formed in line to march. But when they arrived at the church of Alphonsius, two police detectives, who had been present, told Tanenbaum that he could not enter the church unless he got permission from the rector.

He said, "All right." And turning to the men—"his army," as the press called them—he told them to wait there until he got permission to enter the church.

He then entered alone with the two detectives, and being told by the assistant that the rector was in the rectory next door he returned, and again telling the men to wait where they were, he ascended the steps of the rectory. When Father Schneider came to the door, one of the detectives said:

"Father, this is Frank Tanenbaum, who wishes to speak to you."

Tanenbaum said: "I have three hundred men here who want food and shelter. If you will give it to us, we'll clean everything up all right in the morning."

"No, I can not do that," said Father Schneider.

"Will you give us food?"

"No."

"Will you give us money?"

"No."

"Do you call that the spirit of Christ, to turn hungry and homeless men away?"

"I will not let you talk to me like that."

"All right, no harm done, Cap." Here Tanenbaum offered to shake hands and the priest refused.

Tanenbaum and the detectives then descended the steps to return to the army, but the army meanwhile, of their own volition, had entered the church. They had entered in an orderly way in spite of their numbers, and most of them had taken seats near the altar. This caused surprise and some consternation to the occupants of the pews, as you may imagine, and a crowd of newspaper men and detectives coming in at the same time, and talking rather loudly at the back of the church, considerably increased the excitement.

The image of a saint, a little altar, stood close beside one of the entries, and in coming in by that door it had been necessary for some of the men to step over the legs of an old man who was kneeling there. His legs projected into the doorway, but they were not stepped upon, nor was the worshipper pushed against nor molested.

One of the congregation testified that some of the men demanded sitting room in the pew he occupied, and that he rose and moved to another part of the church. Another testified that the men kept their hats on, but a photograph taken by a reporter reveals only three men with their hats on, one of these a detective and another a newspaper man.

Apparently the men had been there only a little while and were almost all seated, when the assistant rector stepped up on a pew at the rear of the church, with his arm around a pillar, and called in a loud voice:

"All those who do not belong to this church will please leave."

This announcement evoked subdued groans, or expressions of disapproval from some of the men. I say subdued, for of the few disinterested witnesses called, a majority testified that they heard nothing of that kind at all. The testimony upon the conduct of the men suggested indeed that they were a little awed, they were timorous. They must have been, for three hundred men entering a room at once in an ordinary way would of itself constitute a tumult. And the prosecution had genuine difficulty in establishing any proof of loud noise or disorder.

Now, Frank Tanenbaum returned from the rectory in time to hear the assistant rector make that announcement from the rear pew. He did not enter the church. He merely stood at the door of the church and called: "Come on, boys, we're not wanted here. Let's go somewhere else."

He and another young man then held a door open for the "army" to file out. He was interrupted after about fifty were outside by a detective, who told him to step inside and close the door, until the reserves should be summoned.

Tanenbaum said: "You needn't summon the reserves. There'll be no trouble here if you'll just let me get these men quietly out of the church." But the detective insisted upon his coming inside, and as he came Tanenbaum turned to the reporters and said:

"I call you to witness that if any trouble, any violence occurs, it is on the heads of the police."

The detective then closed the doors, and placed a uniformed policeman at each of them to prevent further egress.

"You're not under arrest now, Tanenbaum," he said, "but stay inside here until I telephone for instructions from the commissioner."

Tanenbaum then made the announcement to his men: "Sit down, boys. Keep your seats."

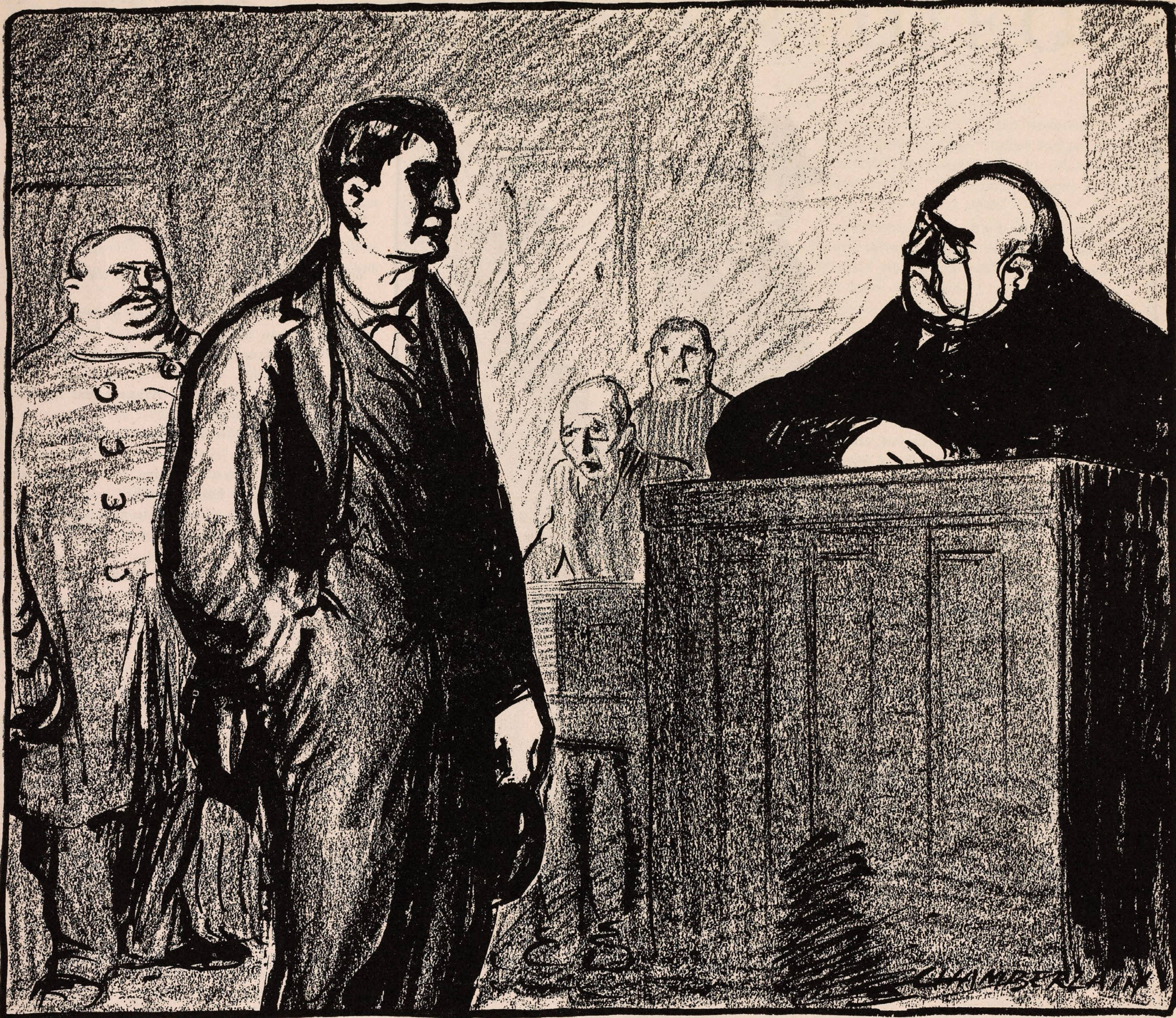
After that some time elapsed, during which pictures were taken by the reporters, but one of the congregation testified that she prayed and continued her devotions. The detective finally returned from telephoning the commissioner, and placed Tanenbaum and all the men in the church under arrest.

This is the story of what happened exactly as I think an unprejudiced mind would have received it from the witnesses, arguments of counsel, and interpolations of judge. It is what I myself believe, after listening there impersonally for the most of three days.

At the conclusion of the arguments of counsel there ensued from the bench a long reading of laws and opinions as to the profound and peculiar liberties of American citizens. And it was here that I began to doubt the chances of liberty for Tanenbaum. To be sure Judge Wadhams only delivered himself of the old maxims of popular government—re-asserted the purely political interpretation of the ideals of equality and democracy. But to re-assert those old maxims just there and just then—in the face of that forlorn uprising of hungry and homeless men who wanted only a chance to sweat in this free land of ours—Oh, I gave up before he had traveled very far on that judicial preachment, any hope of a clear and candid confronting of the facts.

My mind recurred as he spoke of the liberty and equality of American citizens to the picture of one of the witnesses, a tragic, dark, tattered and half-clad Jewish boy, with the face of a suffering Christ, hunting and hunted to his very death as any man could see, and any man with a heart under his coat could *feel*. He had sat there in the witness stand only a few hours before, telling through an interpreter the frightened story of his destitution, and his hope that this youthful prophet could find him a mouthful of food. I remembered, too, another witness, a fine old, strong, genially wrinkled American mechanic, a Catholic—he had kneeled to the altar when he entered the church—and his testimony that he had been out of work for three months, and that he had gone there because he believed he would be fed, and he was hungry. And I remembered besides a little thing that I should hardly tell. I remembered that the chief personage in the criminal courts building had once said to my friend—"If the people really knew what goes on in this building, they would come here and tear it down." But that was a private communication, as those truths always are, and I will ask you to forget it. I only wanted to observe how these things came to my mind, and others—the whole pith and setting of the story that had been related before us, a story of starvation in an age of wealth.

But let us pass over the charge to the jury. Suffice it to say that Frank Tanenbaum, in spite of all the testimony as to what deference he showed to the police,



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

CONTEMPT OF COURT

"YOU CAN ARREST ME BUT YOU CAN'T ARREST MY CONTEMPT."

to the priest, to the laws and customs of things, how carefully he tried to keep his men out of the church until he had permission to take them in, and to get them out after they got in; in spite of the fact that he had gone to other churches on other nights *with intent to ask for bread and shelter,* and in two cases at least had received them and sought nothing else; in spite of all this, and his too evident high motive, and the fact that he was *compelled* to attend the "unlawful assembly" by the policeman who arrested him—still he was found guilty of "assembling with intent to disturb the peace of society."

And the jury did their duty—twelve men "called from their *business* life," as the judge himself casually observed, to pass judgment upon a wage-worker. They did their duty so well that they found the defendant guilty, not only of unlawful assembly, but also of *refusal to disperse when told to do so by an officer.* And the judge had to send them back, telling them that they could find him guilty upon one count only, or else not guilty—it didn't matter which count. And they found him guilty of unlawful assembly.

And so standing there with poise and with the strength of self-restraint, but with no lack of scorn, pointing an eloquent finger at the judge, or jury, or district attorney as he spoke, Frank Tanenbaum uttered a few truths that made the whole solemn-farcical proceeding worth while.

His statement appears verbatim on the third page of this magazine.

. . . .

So far one might, in retrospect at least, view calmly this whole case as a conflict of ideals. The old political ideal set forth in the rhetoric of the last century by the magistrate, and the new economic ideal voiced in the greater eloquence of the living present by the defendant. One might even smile and rejoice at the evident preponderance of material truth in the words of the defendant. But for what followed there was no smiling.

THE COURT: "Frank Tanenbaum, there is no place in the world where a workingman has such an opportunity for advancement as in the United States of America. One glimpse at the piers where our ocean steamers dock is sufficient to convince any man of that fact. . . . .

"It is most commendable to work, to strive, to use every endeavor of heart and mind to better the condition of our fellow men. In that I am sure you have the heartfelt sympathy of all the community, that you should be trying so to do. . . . . Your offense is not in seeking to ameliorate the condition of the suffering, but your offense consists in doing it in such a way that you violated one of the rights which all en-

Drawn by H. J. Turner.

"WHY ARE YOU BEATING THAT POOR MAN?"
"AW, HE SAYS WAR IS BRUTAL, AN' I SAY IT AIN'T."

joy, including yourself, namely, the right to worship in the manner that you see fit. . . .

"My sympathy goes out to you on account of your failure to appreciate the great opportunities that are here before you in this country, because you have failed to understand the spirit of our institutions. . . .

"It is the judgment of this Court that the extreme penalty which may be imposed in such a case is yours, that you be committed to the Penitentiary for one year and that you pay a fine of five hundred dollars and remain there committed until each dollar is paid, one day for each dollar."

There is, perhaps, some humor in dwelling upon the "opportunities for advancement" afforded by this country to workingmen who are starving because they cannot find a job. There is humor in trying to prove the existence of these opportunities by a glimpse at *incoming* steamers. There is humor too, in convicting a man of "unlawful assembly," upon the ground that he violated the constitutional right "to worship in the manner that we see fit." From a legal standpoint perhaps that is the most humorous of all. It suggests that even technically it was a little difficult to piece together a misdemeanor our of the evidence offered. But that is all merely amusing.

What must outrage the moral sense of every man is that after acknowledging the high motive under which Tanenbaum had acted, confessing that there was no selfish purpose, no desire to injure anyone or gain anything for himself, that he was seeking only "to better the condition of his fellow men," Judge Wadhams inflicted upon that boy who had never been in a law court before, what is by the decent customs of the courts reserved for habitual criminals charged with serious offenses against persons or property, the extreme penalty of the law. Frank Tanenbaum, for his courage and idealism, will lie for two years four and one-half months in a place that by the testimony of its own supervisors is not fit for pigs to live in, unless the indignation of the friends of liberty and justice is made effective.

MAX EASTMAN.

PETER PAN
OBIT
NEW YORK
MCMXIV

GOOD-BYE, Peter. So long. A sweet rest to you and tuneful dreams.
You have beguiled many a hearty vagabond with your laughing pipes.
You have lured many a Fifth Avenue belle to holy matrimony.
Many a tired housemaid dreamed herself somewhere near a purple pool listening to lyric reeds, because of you,
When all she heard, poor wench, was the water running into a soapy dishpan.
And I know a horde of magazine poetesses who have used you for a meal ticket.
(But all that's neither here nor there. I am as guilty myself.)
Good-bye, Peter. So long. A sweet rest to you and tuneful dreams.
It's all over now. No more the merry fluting of your luring pipes;
No more your playful skipping in the forest green. Good-bye. A long farewell.
Your pathology was all wrong from the start.
The modern playwright has found you out. Forgive me, Peter Pan.
But not a drama critic now but knows in his heart why you didn't grow up.
After all it was lucky you were not born to a Eugenic couple in Wisconsin,
Or over there in Jersey where they make backward children build Montessori houses all day long with little wood blocks (that would be hard on you).
Even the pink-cheeked young lady at the social settlement house knows you were a product of shame.
(O my God, Peter; why didn't you grow as big as Jack Johnson?)
Good-bye, Peter. So long. A sweet rest to you and tuneful dreams.
But listen before I say the last adieux over your poor little body.
If you value your reputation, or that of your foolish parents, please don't come back.
If you do, Old Bernard Shaw will write a play to prove that your mother had specific lame back.
And believe me, that sardonic fellow could prove it before the end of the first act, if he didn't have to write three acts to hold the audience.
So good-bye, Peter. Farewell and tuneful dreams.
(Our minds are all aseptic now and we never can enjoy your like again.)

EDMOND MCKENNA.

A Friend of Pain

THE Rev. Emory J. Haynes has come out in favor of pain. "Anesthetics," he headlines in the New York Evening Mail, "is making cowards of a nation where forefathers were giants in suffering. Pain is a real blessing."

Persons who believe in pain are advised to read Mr. Haynes's column daily.

A WOMAN scientist in Paris has created a new microbe, by subjecting an old and familiar one to the action of ultra-violet rays. The new microbe has been tried out on guinea pigs, and produces an entirely new disease. We told you the entrance of women into public life would only increase our troubles!

REMEMBER SAN DIEGO!

Jacob R. Perkins

THE STREET of this story leads up from the Bay out towards the Mission; and, in San Francisco, it could only be south of Market. Through it the fog strings like dirty cotton; over it float the fumes of belching funnels; and under it creep the poisons of old sewers. Its color is drab.

In this particular street are two American institutions—an employment agency and an army recruiting office. And they are close to each other.

Is the significance of this obvious to you? It was to Pickens, but not to Muller.

Pickens came from Ohio, and was tall and taciturn. Muller was from Pennsylvania, and was short and talkative. They wore old clothes, though neither of them was traveling incognito studying social problems. They were the problems. Somewhere between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast they met and refused to part. For there are affinities of the freight-car—of the highway—of shack and wharf and windy street.

To-day—which was just one of several dozen similar days—Pickens and Muller walked in the street of beaten men. But walked slower than ever, for shoes do not last always.

"What part of San Fran is this?" Muller inquired.

"This is Avenue de Dirt," Pickens returned, lifting his head from a position close to his flat chest.

"And the fudder up we goes the dirtier it gets. Eh?"

"Yes, old originality," Pickens replied.

They were silent for half a block, but the city was not. It roared like the ocean. Heavy trucks creaked as they slid off the wet cobble-stones. Off to the left an electric riveting hammer pounded like lightning against a rock. Vapors rose from the pavement street as if an inferno was beneath their feet.

"Where you goin'?" Muller asked, for Pickens had increased his pace.

"To the St. Francis," was the sarcastic retort of Pickens. "Some class to that hotel," he added, his face revealing no thought of humor.

There was another half block of silence; then Muller blurted:

"This damn street don't get no better, Pick. Let's hit another one."

"There ain't no better for us, Mully. What do you want for your money, anyhow?"

"Wisht to God I'se back East," Muller said fiercely.

"Heaven's closer—and hell," Pickens returned.

"Wisht I'se out of this bum town."

"You may get your wish," Pickens hinted. "Remember that dear San Diego."

"Muller clawed at his shoulders, having in mind a free automobile ride to the outskirts of the aforesaid city; recalling the gift of a cigar already lighted—on his bare back; and also with a vivid recollection of sand-burs that clung like a leech.

"Wisht I'd a killed somebody down there," he suddenly cried.

"Better leave such tricks as that to time and nature," advised his companion philosophically. "It won't make any difference a thousand years from now whether San Diego's patriots died of overeating or in an automobile accident. But it will make a hell of a lot of difference to you whether you busted a skull——"

"Say," interrupted Muller, clutching at his friend's arm. "What in hell is the matter with you, Pick? You don't believe in ghosts, do you?"

"You bet I do, Mully—the ghost of conscience."

"You're gittin' to be a mighty poor I. W. W., seems to me. Losin' your nerve, Pick?"

"Well," was the drawling reply, "I've lost everything else, Muller. You can have too damn much nerve, you know."

"Well, say!" exclaimed Muller, halting his companion by gripping him by the arm. "Somethin's wrong with your head, Pick. Wouldn't you fight fer your natural borned rights?"

"Fight what?" The question was half plaintive.

"Anything—anybody—the System," Muller managed to say.

"You are always talking about the System, Muller," Pickens returned wearily. "What in the hell is it? Where is it? How can you begin on it? Show it to me. Tell me where to hit it so as to mash the guts out of it—can you? Can you?" he iterated almost coldly.

Muller was nonplussed. For no man—much less Muller—knows what the System is. You know it is here. You may know, like Muller, that you are a part of it—a hopelessly beaten part. But the System—what is it? Where is it?

Suddenly, Pickens, after staring across the street and waiting in vain for Muller's reply, laid his hand on his companion's shoulder and said:

"Three is the damn thing now, Muller. See it?"

Muller looked vaguely in the direction his friend was pointing.

"I don't see nothin', Pick. What are you lookin' at?"

"Why, I see the thing you just talked about. Now go to it! Mash hell out of it, my little hero."

Muller stared hard, but in vain. He glanced at his friend apprehensively.

"Pick, you ain't so hungry that you've gone dippy, have you?" he solicited earnestly.

For answer, Pickens caught hold of his friend, turned him until he faced exactly across the street, and bade him look.

"Look hard," he urged; "then tell me what you see."

The phlegmatic Muller looked; he even strained his eyes to see. He stood and stared. And Pickens was staring with him. And this is what they both saw:

Across the street were two old buildings, side by each. In front of the door of the one on the left were several gaudily painted signs, and the letters were so large that they could be read from where the two men stood. "Wanted—6 able-bodied men for street work. Wanted—30 men for grading. 20 good men to go to Nevada—railroad work; transportation. Wanted—4 carpenters, 2 plumbers, and 6 brickmasons for hurry-up buildings in new town." In front of the door of the building on the right were the well-known posters of the United States army; above the door, extending from a short pole, hung a soiled American flag.

"Muller," Pickens finally began, "is it clear to you?" But Muller did not reply. "Don't you see what I mean?" Pickens went on. "You must be blind and also weak minded."

"I see the flag—the d-e-a-r old f-flag," Muller admitted humorously. "Some banner, eh Pick?"

"Yes, it's some banner," was the slow reply. "And it graces every occasion, Mully. It floats over factories and mines where children work—over sweatshops—over breweries and churches—over State houses and boughten law-makers—over soldiers shooting down hungry strikers."

"Now you're talkin'," Muller declared.

"But are you thinking?" asked Pickens, significantly. "Come on." He grasped Muller by the arm and started across the street. "We'll camp in front of these joints until you think what I think."

A rusty lamp-post in front of the employment office afforded them something to lean against. And there they stood watching a motley crew of men enter and leave; leave and enter.

"Them guys can't get no work without forkin' up a five spot," Muller remarked.

"Which means that they won't get any work," returned Pickens. "Then what?"

"Why—why," Muller replied haltingly, "they can jine the army."

"At last, you nut!" exclaimed Pickens. "Nearly had to operate to get that idea in."

"Oh!" cried Muller, now fully aware of his friend's meaning. "That's what that damn army office is there for."

"Purely a theory; purely a theory," deprecated Pickens. "What we've got to do is to see if we're right, old boy. So keep your eyes peeled."

A cold rain had begun to fall, and the clouds seemed to skim the tall buildings over towards Market street. Signs creaked in the raw gusts of wind whistling up from the Bay. There was a heaviness in everything—especially in the souls of the men who turned away from the employment office with set faces.

"Say," commented Muller, "if not findin' a job in there is goin' to make me look like them duffers, why I just ain't huntin' work. Hello!" he broke off. "Look at the scarecrow creepin' this way."

He pointed towards a tall, stooped fellow who approached in gliding, noiseless manner, fearful and apologetic.

The man glided into the employment office; and the two men watched and waited. In less than five minutes he came out, and he seemed more stooped, more afraid. He re-read the employment signs, muttered to himself, and then turned slowly and began to scan the army poster:

"Join the Army! Fine opportunity for travel, education, and pleasure. Good wages, good food, good chance for promotion!"

And the man fought his first skirmish then and there. For he drew himself up, though painfully; he adjusted his slouch hat; he even brushed feebly at his rags; then he started towards the recruiting office.

"Look, Pick!" Muller cried. "That son-of-a-gun is goin' to be a patriot. Step into my parlor said the spider——"

But Pickens' sudden action stopped the facetious Muller, while his preemptory tones halted the man on his way to the recruiting office.

"Hey, friend! Wait a moment," Pickens called.

And the man stopped.

"Come here," Pickens requested, though he lowered his tones. The man approached slowly, dropping into his old crouch again. "Excuse me," began Pickens, "but did you intend to join the army?"

Up came the man's shoulders once more, and with this movement he replied:

"That's my intention."

"Cut it out," advised Pickens.

"For war is hell, as Rosyfelt says," spoke up Muller.

"No it ain't—it ain't so much that," corrected Pickens. "But being a soldier when there ain't war is a damn sight worse. I know——"

But the man turned and started away. Pickens caught him by his arm and held him firmly.

"Let go," the man ordered, though weakly.

There was a slight struggle, but Pickens held on.

Muller became nervous.

"Better let him go, Pick. Them recruitin' fellers 'll see you."

"Just what I want."

"What? Say, are you huntin' trouble agin?"

"Sure. Ain't you? Didn't you say you'd like to mash hell out of the System? Well, here's a piece of it. Begin!"

Picken's eyes, usually mild, were afire; sweat showed on his upper lip, and his hands shook. But there was no fear; only excitement and the enormity of what he was about to do played upon him.

"Pick, for God's sake let that man go and beat it!" begged Muller, now thoroughly frightened. "Don't try to be no Jesus Christ agin. We can't do nothin' to the System. Remember San Diego." He shivered and moved a step down the street. "Come on," he implored, casting a fearful glance in the direction of the recruiting office. "A damn soldier is lookin' at us."

And there was, but Pickens neither loosened his hold on the arm of the would-be recruit nor turned his head to see if his actions were observed from the army office.

That was enough for Muller—Muller, who remembered San Diego, the free automobile ride into the desert; a ride that had ended with him being kicked from the machine, rolled into the sand and burs, and forced to kiss an American flag while excited citizens—real estate men—held a couple of guns at his head.

"Good n-i-g-h-t," he blurted, and away he went in the direction they had come.

But Pickens held his man, although a soldier from the recruiting office had come to the door and was eyeing them questioningly.

"Comrade," he urged in low tones, "listen to me. I was a soldier once. It's a dog's life, believe me. It's——"

"But I'm out of work—starving, freezing——"

"And nothing's free but Salvation Army salvation," Pickens interrupted kindly. "But I'm in the same fix. Come go with me——"

But the man pulled hard in the other direction; the petty officer observed, and suddenly approached them.

"Say," he said, addressing Pickens, "what are you trying to do—keep that man from going in there?"

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder towards the recruiting office.

"Easy, easy, little boy blue," the unperturbed Pickens replied. "I did fatigue duty once myself."

"And deserted, eh?" sneered the petty officer.

"You would if you had sand enough," retorted Pickens.

"Aw!" bellowed the soldier. "Get fresh and I'll crack your nut."

"Why the delay?" challenged Pickens, not budging a step.

"I'll bet you are from San Diego," the soldier charged, though uneasily .

"That's where you should have to go when you die," was the curt rejoinder.

And securing another grip on the arm of the man who would enlist, Pickens fairly dragged him down the street.

The petty officer suddenly turned, ran into the recruiting station, and in a moment more emerged with the officer in charge—a powerful, thick-necked fellow with a livid scar on his cheek and with eyes that were cold and evil.

In less than a dozen strides he had overtaken Pickens and the man, and without a moment's hesitation he caught hold of Pickens' shoulder, brought him to a standstill with a quick jerk, and demanded:

"What are you trying to do with this man?"

"That's none of your business," Pickens returned at once. "So let go my arm. Hurry!"

Something in the burning eyes of the man caused the soldier to remove his hand, though it went to his pocket with a quick movement.

"Yes, shoot," went on Pickens. "The courts will see to it that you go free."

"Did you start to enlist?" the officer asked, addressing the tall man.

"I—I—yes," he admitted, shaking and trying to brace up.

Without another word the officer caught hold of his arm and began to drag him towards the recruiting office, for Pickens held the other arm and pulled in the opposite direction. The petty officer suddenly ran behind Pickens and pushed him along also.

Struggling every step of the way, but carried along because he would not relinquish his hold on the man who would enlist, Pickens was forced to the door of the recruiting office. But there he braced himself and could not be budged.

"Let go this man," ordered the officer.

"Go to hell——"

But that was as far as Pickens got. A blow full on his mouth loosened two of his front teeth. He fought back, landing a powerful punch in the pit of the officer's stomach. Down went the military man, and doubled up like a worm under the foot. The other soldier leaped at Pickens, but received a short-arm jolt that dropped him to his knees. And then——

The street of beaten men echoed with the report of a revolver, and Pickens threw up his head like a wild horse.

"Take that, you son-of-a-bitch," the officer swore, scrambling to his feet from his knees, where he had fired.

And even as he had fired and had risen, his left hand quickly clutched the flag just overhead; jerked it from the staff; and as Pickens swayed and sank to the wet pavement, the soldier caught him, wound the torn symbol of American liberty around his arms and hands, and cried to the policeman who came lumbering up:

"This I. W. W. tore down the flag. We fought. And I had to shoot him."

The policeman quickly knelt above Pickens, found the wound in his shoulder, and eyeing him coldly, said:

"You are certainly in bad this time. The government 'ill get your goat."

"It's all ready got it, bull," said Pickens, closing his eyes as the gong of the ambulance began to clang far down the street.

OUR ARISTOCRACY

"HELLO, COLONEL."

'HELLO, JUDGE."

A University Hunger Strike

THE Intercollegiate Socialist Chapter at the University of Michigan has lately passed through a period of evolution. In fact, it has graduated into long trousers. Until recently, like other chapters of the I. S. S., it has conducted study classes in Socialism and organized a lecture course. This year they decided to broaden out. Being mostly working class students themselves, they were quite familiar with that exploited hireling, the student who works for his living. Conditions at Ann Arbor were quite the same as in other university towns. Hundreds of students were working from four to six hours a day in kitchens, dining rooms and offices. Most of them worked for their meals—portions of poverty which they shared with the cat at the kitchen table, the hot range on one side and the garbage can on the other. Others tended a furnace twenty-four hours a day for the privilege of sleeping in the attic.

The U. of M. chapter of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society organized a union of the working students and struck in true working class style. The union demanded, among other things, clean food and reasonable working hours. Boarding houses and restaurants were picketed. The strike was splendidly successful as a matter of educational propaganda as well as for its material benefits.

A majority of the students in Western universities work before they matriculate. A majority are doomed to starvation wages in the "professions" after they graduate. The methods of the Michigan Intercollegiate chapter draws the line of the class struggle and educates the intellectuals "at the point of production."

Frank Bohn.

Walking in Darkness

KANSAS shoe dealers are vigorously fighting the law requiring that all shoes that contain substitutes for leather be stamped to show the adulteration. They say the pure shoe law is unconstitutional. Apparently the right to wear paper shoes without knowing it is another one of those precious heritages.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND Fords are being turned out this year from the Detroit factory alone. On one day in February, 1,636 were completed and shipped. The automobile is now so rapidly descending in the social scale that in Detroit hundreds of skilled mechanics own their Fords. A $250 car is now in sight, and next year professors and preachers will be able to join in the fun of running down the unskilled workers and clerks.

Galsworthy's Syndicalism

JOHN GALSWORTHY, the novelist, has written to the London Times a letter bitterly attacking Parliament for leaving the remedying of many of the evils of our time to private or direct action.

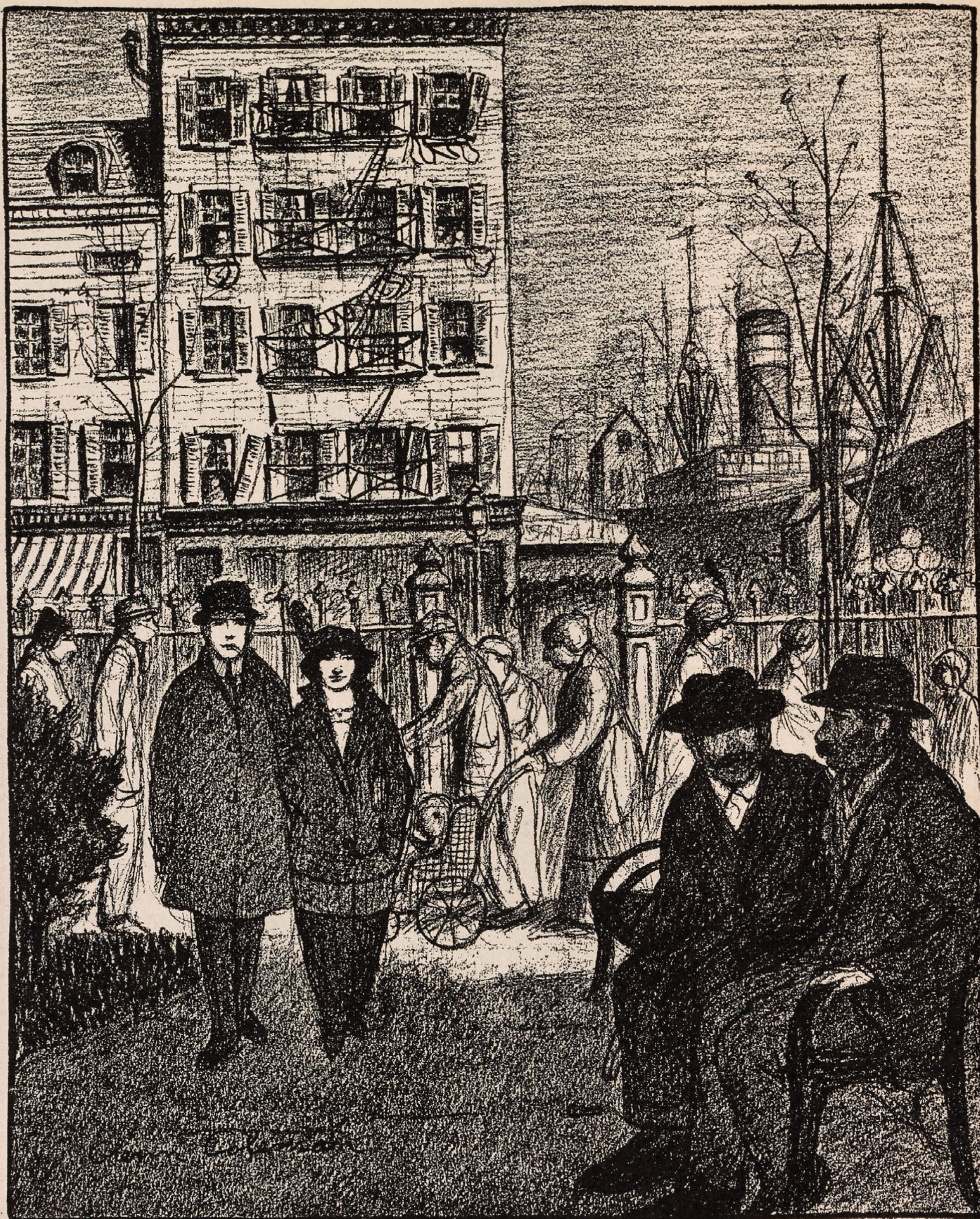
He rebukes Parliament for taking up its time with Tariff Reform, Home Rule and the Welsh Church, while it neglects what he considers greater evils. Among these he includes sweating of women, underfeeding of children, "foul housing" and the employment of boys in blind-alley trades. But at this point his indignation about human ills gives out, and more than two-thirds of his list of unrighted wrongs is devoted to cruelty to animals. The docking of horses, the exportation of old horses, the caging of song-birds (and other "wild things"), the importation of the plumes of "ruthlessly slain wild birds," the slaughter of food by obsolete methods, are things that parliament should attend to at once.

Galsworthy concerns himself at length with these barbarities "to man and beast," and to the suffering of "helpless creatures whether human or not."

Now Galsworthy is typical of our near-Socialist literati, and this is a confession of their state of soul. It consists of an Olympian "pity"—given from a height from which a man looks pretty much like a mouse.

This state of soul has features that justify the cordial approval given to the Galsworthy letter by such organs as the London Times. Galsworthy and Wells, says that paper, do not merely voice "the discontent of the have-nots," but write as "prosperous" people should. Indeed they do. For Galsworthy says he wants to get Parliament to act on matters about which "no controversy exists." And so, after all, his list is chosen well. Also he has the confidence of a pampered pet of society as to the nature of Parliament, which, it seems, is an institution to which "we" [who are "we"?] say —"Please do our business, and that quickly." "We" elect them and give them autocratic power. Surely they should do the rest.

It is Parliament, according to Galsworthy, that "works without any sense of proportion or humor." Beyond doubt—but not Parliament alone.



Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

"WHY DON'T YOU GO UP ON THE STATE FARM AND GET A JOB?"
"WHAT? I WOULDN'T LEAVE OLD NEW YORK FOR ANY JOB."

Little Thoughts on Murder

THE FOUR gunmen who were executed for the murder of Herman Rosenthal were paid $250 apiece for the job.

State Electrician Davis received the same price—$250 apiece—for turning on the current and killing the four gunmen.

The state's price for killing is usually low—sometimes as low as $13 a month. This incident shows how the state is being forced to meet the prices of private individuals in the business of murder.

Competition is competition. Why take less than $250 from the state for killing a man when outsiders are ready to pay that much? If the state is going to compete with private enterprise in the murder business, the state must meet their terms.

Putting the Navy to Work

SENATOR WEEKS proposes that our navy be given a job carrying the mails to South American ports. With the army digging ditches and the navy running errands, who is going to look after our national honor? You can't expect an army and navy that has been working hard all day to go to war after the whistle blows.

Poor, But Honest

THE refusal of a jury to send Mitchell Kennerley to jail for publishing "Hagar Revelly" means that we have about come to the end of a certain stage of our American attitude toward literature. The case is significant for three reasons. First, the book is the work of a living man. Second, it is not a translation. Third, it is not in the class of Great Literature.

We already concede to dead writers the privilege of telling the truth as they saw it. Walt Whitman! We have also felt that when a book which attempted to tell the truth had originally been written in a foreign language, it was permissible for us to read it in our own. Wedekind! And we can forgive even a living compatriot for telling the truth, if he does it with extraordinary literary power. Theodore Dreiser!

A curious bit of psychology, that. If a writer starts out to lie about life, to distort and prettify and romanticize, we don't insist that he must do it supremely well. We just let him blunder along, the clumsy cheat, prevaricating artlessly to his heart's content. And now it looks as if writers were to be given the same chance to tell the truth—as best they can.

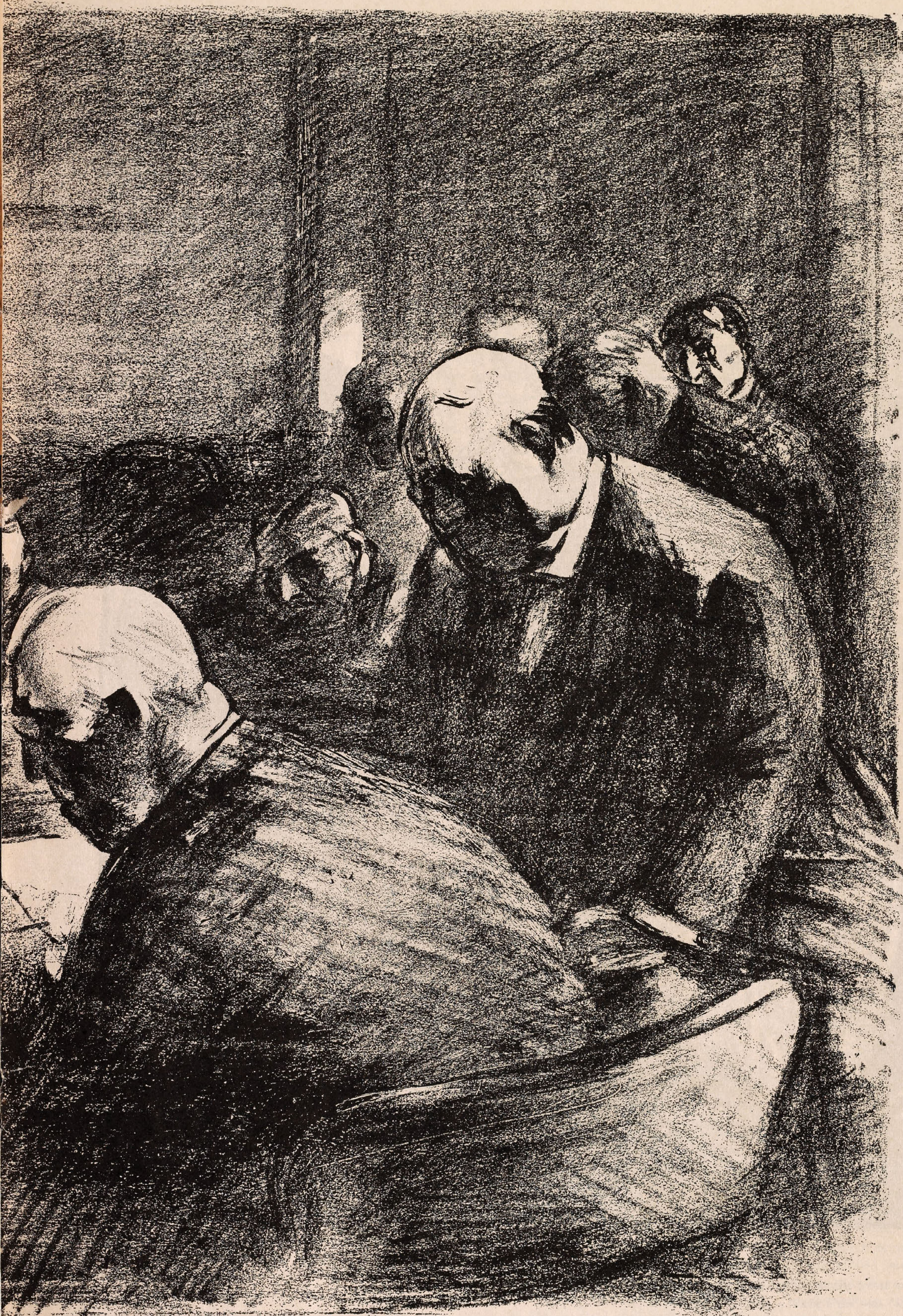
Prize Press Pearl

"THE trustees of the Boston Public Library have voted that the central library shall be closed from 2 o'clock, Good Friday afternoon, till 6 in the evening, the action taken on Good Friday last year. This period covers the hours of the great sacrifice on Calvary and the library officials believed that the public could be more highly edified in no manner than by this remembrance of the death of Jesus on the cross."—*Boston Evening Globe.*

To appreciate this, you must understand that: 1.—The day editor of the Boston Globe is a trustee of the Boston Public Library. 2.—The day editor of the Boston Globe is a close personal friend of Cardinal O'Connell. 3.—The vast majority of the patrons of the Boston Public Library are Jews.

Drawn by Maurice Becker.

"Unlawful



Assembly"

Drawn by George Bellows.

"BUT. IF YOU HAVE NEVER COOKED OR DONE HOUSEWORK—WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"

"WELL, MAM, AH—AH'S BEEN A SORT OF P'FESSIONAL."

"A PROFESSIONAL WHAT?"

"WELL, MAM—AH TAKES YO' FO' A BROAD-MINDED LADY—AH DON'T MIND TELLIN' YOU AH BEEN ONE OF THEM WHITE SLAVES."

A FORTUNE IN FOWLS

Eugene Wood

THE best way to write about success in raising chickens is to put it in the form of fiction.

Start it off with a bookkeeper who is no longer young. One day he comes home from the office, and sinks into the Morris chair, a prey to gloomy anticipations. His loving wife kneels beside him, and smoothing back the thin, gray locks that cluster about his temples, inquires anxiously, "Henry, dear, whatever is the matter?"

And then the sad story comes out. The firm to which he has given the best years of his life has concluded that younger blood is needed, and this day he has received, etc—

"Oh, how could they!" exclaims the wife. (You had better call her Mary. That's always the name of a good wife.) "How could they! After twenty-seven years of faithful service! Oh, it is cruel, cruel, cruel!"

This part, and his unavailing search for another situation can easily be made very pathetic, and at the same time true to life because it is happening right straight along. Then after awhile, you had better have Mary, one day when Henry has become clean, plumb discouraged, suggest to him that a little run out into the country would do him good. Have a little playful scene where he objects on account of the expense, and she puts her hand over his mouth and says: "Your health and happiness, dear Henry, are worth more to me than the few paltry dollars such a pleasure trip would cost."

So they forget their troubles as they ramble through the country lanes and listen to the cows bawl. And presently they come upon a perfect darling of an abandoned farm, all run wild with Bouncing Bet and Jimpson, which has escaped from the neglected garden, and surrounded by a luxurious tangle of ivy, not the English ivy, but the other kind. And there is a picturesque old house on the place that only needs to have a verandah built on, and a new roof, sidewalls and flooring; the rotten parts of the stairway repaired, some windows and doors here and there, and the chimney fixed, to be a cozy little home for them. They fall quite in love with it, and the more they look at it, the more they see its possibilities. Finally, Mary suggests that they hunt up the owner.

For, however abandoned a farm may be, it never so far forgets itself as not to have an owner. It has that much pride left ,anyhow.

Any really, you know, when they come to find out what the man wants for the place, it is quite reasonable. Yes, compared with property on the Riverside Drive, it is actually cheap. But its very cheapness is only one more thorn jabbed into poor, suffering Henry. He could be so happy here with such a little money. But for a penniless bookkeeper, out of a job, to think of buying this lovely spot——Ha! Ha! it is too mockingly comic!

(Now! Now! Spring your surprise now.)

That dear little wife of yours, Henry——— Ah, bless her bones! What do you think? She has been putting by a penny here and a nickel there, until she has a little over $10,000 saved up, all unbeknownst to you! Isn't that sweet of her?

So Henry and Mary buy the abandoned farm, and fix it up nice and pretty and artistic, and live happily ever after.

What say? The chicken business? Certainly. What was I thinking of? Why, the story so far could run about 4,800 words, and in about 200 more words you could say that Mary always did love chickens, and so she starts in to raise them with Henry to do the heavy lifting, beginning in a small way, and gradually increasing their flock until now they are making money hand over fist.

MORAL—Isn't it better to be your own boss than to be on a salary and constantly in fear of losing your situation? Isn't it better to lead the simple life, far from the madding crowd's modern improvements? Why, to be sure. And oh! how foolish they who, having been brought up on a farm and having practical experience of it, plunge into the mad vortex of city life the very first chance they get when those who do not know a Rhode Island Red from a South Carolina Orpington——

"Single Comb?" What do you mean?.... Oh, I thought the "S. C." stood for South Carolina.

That's the way to write a chicken article. It is true that details are omitted, but they simply have to be omitted if we as a nation are to live up to our high purpose to double the price of acre property in the next ten years. Something always has to be left to the imagination.

How alluring is the prospect, for example, of sitting under your own cherry-tree preparing broilers for the market! I may say, in passing, that it is no longer good form to wring the chicken's head off or even to chop it off. It looks so frazzled afterwards. Hang the fowl by the feet to a low limb, and jab a sharp knife-point into the roof of its mouth. Thus what was formerly a painful duty becomes a pleasing pastime. The beheaded fowl no longer flops all over the back lot tingeing all it touches with the crimson torrent of its life-blood. It just drips quietly, the while its pinions softly wave farewell to earth.

We may imagine Henry and Mary in the sunny afternoon of life thus peacefully engaged, sousing the birds into a pail of hot water, and well-protected with aprons, sitting down to pick the feathers off, conversing thus: "Gosh all fish-hooks! I've torn the skin under the wings again. Dad blame it all!"

"Henry, dear! Such language!"

"Well, it would make a preacher swear to try to pick chickens with a hide as tender as wet paper."

There is something pastoral about wet feathers on your fingers.

Then there is the momentous question to be decided as to whether one should go in for egg-production or broiler-production. It will be easy for Henry and Mary to change their minds after having once decided. In fact, it will be inevitable—for, having chosen one course, they will certainly wish that they had chosen the other. It is easier to change their minds than their flock, however.

For eggs, a Mediterranean fowl like the Leghorn is the best. She loses the minimum of time in sitting—— Is it "sitting" or "setting?" "A sitting hen" sounds elegant, but "a settin' hen" more convincing. But the best layers have about as much meat on them as a bird-cage.

On the other hand, if one goes in for broilers, one wants an Asiatic fowl that rapidly fleshes up and runs to baritones. But such have a passion for incubating that amounts to a disease, and lay only when eggs are so vulgarly common that you can't eat 'em.

Just at this present, though, broiler-production is most in the public eye. It is absolutely certain that Henry, too, will send off his dollar for a book of secrets on how to have as many chickens in your back-yard as there are fleas on a curly dog. It is a book of some 32 pages, tract size, sumptuously bound with wire, and printed with a wood-rasp on paper that just missed being tooth-picks. One secret in it is alone worth the dollar, that one about how when a chick does not pip out of the shell you should take a needle and break the shell so's it *can pip* out. The book does not say, though, what to do for the resultant "hoppy," which is sure to hold its legs at either a quarter to six or twenty minutes after. But that's a detail.

This book will tell Henry how hens may be matured on two square feet. Now do not show your ignorance by asking if the modern hen is in the Mission style. The most up-to-date of chickens is still triangular-toed. The "two square feet" means that much ground. It is now no trick at all to bring to rugged maturity fowls huddled in a coop so closely that you couldn't get a cigarette paper in between 'em. Thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth of broilers you can raise right in a city lot every year without a bit of trouble. So it is easily seen why broiler-production should be so much in the public eye. Some even go so far as to say it's all in the eye. There are people like that.

In raising poultry in accordance with Nature's plans, there are a few little things about the hen that it will be well for Henry and Mary to take into consideration. (When I say "little things about the hen" I do not mean what you mean; at least I don't just yet.) One is the essentially Tory nature of the hen. She comes of an old, established family that was old and established when William the Conqueror was still *outre*. To us parvenous and our modern scientific methods she says with all conceivable *hauteur:* "You can't learn me nothin'."

Neither we can. You cannot reason with a hen. To bring on broilers at the top of the market there must be an early start, but Biddy, who in September, when there is no sense in it at all, will sit or set as the case may be until she is reduced to mere, bare, feather-covered slats, couldn't be hired to look at a clutch of eggs in early March.

In the joyous spring-tide the shy anemones aspire through matted forest leaves toward the light and warmth; the buds swell and burgeon in the balmy air; the woodland minstrels flute their love-songs sweet and wild; all living beings feel the urge and impulse of the new life, and especially that little thing about a hen that you obtruded on my notice a while back. Dame Nature, hard and cruel though she sometimes seems, is ever thoughtful of the young. And so she graciously provides that the hen, who by frequent dust-baths in the petunia bed can keep down at other times the census of her leisure-class population, shall sit or set for three weeks almost motionless in order that these little things may have the opportunity to do their sums in elementary arithmetic. By the time the chicks are ready to come forth the hen is over-crowded; fresh fields and pastures new are sadly needed, and,

Drawn by H. J. Turner.

GRIEF

by a wise provision of Nature, there they are. Defeat Dame Nature if you can.

The hen as a mother—— Far be it from me to speak in derogation of the humblest of God's creatures, but the hen as a mother, candor compels me to admit, is little better than a fool. When Henry and Mary have heard the plangent cry of "Help! Help! Help!" which even little chicks can say in perfectly plain English, and rushed out to find the hen-mother standing full weight on one of her offspring and squashing the life out of it with as self-pleased an air as ever a human mother wears when feeding her four-weeks'-old on sour-krout, I feel quite confident that they will scrap Nature's methods and try Art's.

"Next year," says Mary, when she and Henry figure up how much they haven't made, "next year we'll have an incubator and a brooder."

Ah, next year, next year! Always next year.

For centuries it has been known that hatching out hen's eggs was only a matter of a typhoid temperature for three weeks steady, say 103 F. A kerosene lamp with a patent automatic rig-a-ma-jig that raises and lowers the flame from that heat-datum, will do the job very satisfactorily, and at the same time diffuse the clinging fragrance of *eau de Rockefeller* through the house. And by the time Henry has paddled down the cellar-stairs for one-and-twenty 3 a. m.'s to see if the rig-a-ma-jig works (and work himself if it doesn't); by the time he has turned and sprinkled the eggs for a fortnight, he will be well qualified to read a paper at the Mothers' Meeting on "How to Be a Hen."

But what a thrilling moment when on the evening of the nineteenth day, as our happy couple are studying up on gapes and roup and chicken-cholera, Mary hoarsely whispers: "Hark! What's that?" Can it, oh, can it be? They seize the lamp and hurry to the cellar. With trembling fingers they unbutton the shutter of the glass door, and peer in through the gloom beyond the slanting thermometer. The loud cheep strengthens as, lured by the light, a wet and wobbly thing staggers over the intervening eggs and flops down into the lower tray. Hooray for the hardy pioneer!

A thrilling moment! But the sweetest of all is when the brooder is set up in its sheltered coop out in the back yard under the apple-tree which sheds its petals like a scented snow-squall, and the little dabs of down that never will know a mother's love and lice, catch their first glimpse of the great outdoors, "wondering what on earth this world can be." Ah, Henry and Mary, look well upon that fleeting fortnight ere ever those dabs of down begin to feather out into long, lanky, ugly creatures, shameless in their semi-nudity.

The cheery twitter of the little things as they trot hither and yon or sink upon the sod for a nap of forty winks to rouse upon the instant to full-powered activity—— A lovely sight! I wonder the moving-picture people don't get a hundred or so week-old chicks into a pen and throw some fish-worms in. It isn't pure cut-throat competition, you know. For the possessor of a piece bigger than his share doesn't bolt it quietly, but starts to run, piping so shrilly that the others are advertised of the fact and run after him. He runs and runs and runs and runs, they full tilt behind him, their little yellow legs twinkling in unison like fiddlers bowing together in an orchestra. Whope! They've got him cornered. No, they haven't either. There he goes hopping over this one, ducking under that one, dodging and running till you'd think he'd drop. Now, he is cornered, sure enough. A heap piles up as if in football, but he struggles out from under with his precious prize. Or is that he that pipes so shrill and lonely over there? They're all so much alike.

Mary can watch them by the hour, especially if she has work to do demanding immediate attention.

That's the best part of it. Why not stop there? What's the use of telling the dismal tale of how the chicks she once adored she gets a grudge against because they simply will not fatten up to two pounds when they ought? The man that keeps the road-house and caters to the automobile trade is crazy to get broilers; he's been telephoning. Only they must weigh two pounds. Henry goes out at night-fall with a lantern and a basket and Mary helps him weigh them. Hooray! Two and a quarter! Two and a half! Two and a half again! Two and a half! Why, they might have sold them a week ago, darn it all! Oh, by the way, how much does the basket weigh? Why.. err.. err.., it weighs a pound. She didn't count that in. Oh Fiddle!

For a week they force the feeding, and then they weigh the cussed things again. A pound and nine ounces.

"You must just fairly stuff 'em," Mary advises, and Henry almost floors their pen with costly feed. A pound and ten ounces. The chickens get so used to being weighed they do not need the basket but lie quitely down upon the scales. It's just another idiosyncrasy of those fool humans, they think. Mary and Henry desperately consider the feasibility of buying milk at 9 cents a quart, and Hamburg steak at I'm afraid to say how much a pound, to tempt their flagging appetites—and just then the broilers do scratch at two pounds. The road-house man comes over and takes a feel of them. "No," he says, "they ain't quite plump enough in the breast," and is on his way.

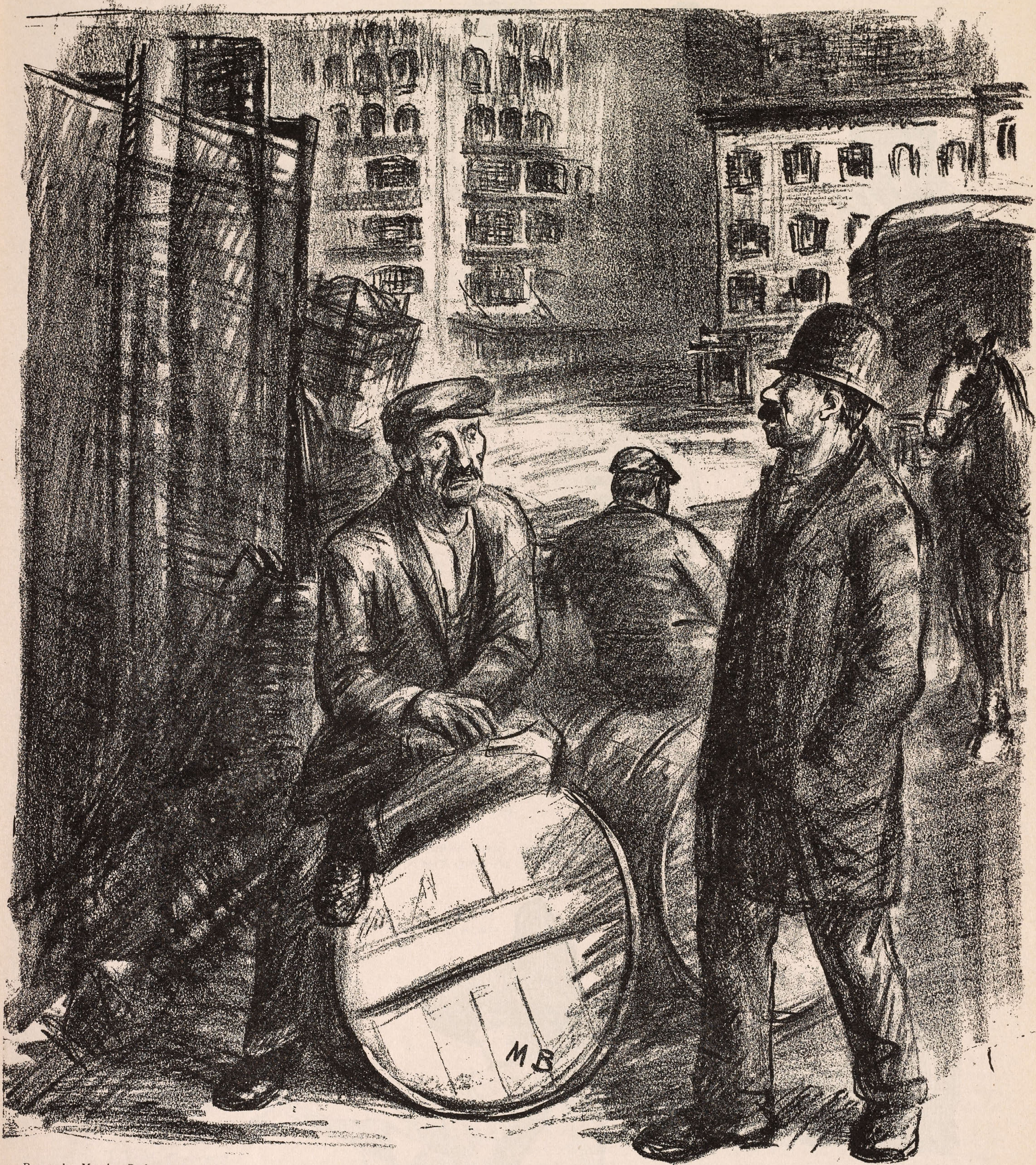
Calm yourself, Henry. Do not tell him your opinion of a man that expects a broiler to have the bosom of a hen. Patience, Mary, who could almost reach out and touch the money. Call up the butcher. He will take them. He said he would. Yessum, he can take six or eight. Not more though. "Everybody's got 'em now," he says. "Prices has dropped away, 'way down."

"Next year," says Mary," "we'll get an early start." Next year, next year. Hope springs eternal in the chicken business.

And yet there's money in it, unquestionably big money. It is demonstrable by syllogism, thus:

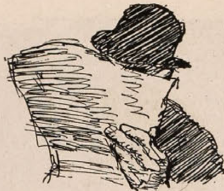
Money has been put into the chicken business;
It hasn't been taken out of it;
So it must be there. Q. E. D.

But I often wonder why Henry and Mary don't buy an abandoned rolling-mill and start out in the iron and steel business, beginning in a small way, of course, and gradually increasing. There's money in that, too.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT OL' COXEY TAKIN' ANOTHER ARMY TO WASHINGTON?"
"THEY'LL GET A LOT MORE OUT O' COXEY THAN THEY WILL OUT O' WASHINGTON."



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AT HOME — EPICTETUS OR BYRON?

Drawn by Frank M. Walts.

Frank M Walts '12

THEY ARE ALL READING—WHAT?

LEAVES OF BURDOCK

THREE cheers for God and six more for Infinity. . . .
By God I shall sing the entire universe, and no one shall stop me!
Rocks, stones, stars, wash-tubs, axe-handles, red-wood trees, the Mississippi—everything!
Hurrah for me! Superbos, optimos, . . . I, seeing eidolons, proclaim myself, and, through myself, all men!
By God, I say I *shall* sing!
I tell you that everything is good . . . Life, death, burial, beer, birth, marriage, wedding certificates, polygamy, polyandry . . . and he who denies himself is also right in his way. . . .
Who said that evil is evil? I say that evil is good!
Ultime Thule, Ne Plus Ultra, E Pluribus Unum!
Good is both good and evil . . . evil is both evil and good!
Everything is nothing, and nothing is everything . . .
I salute you, camarados, eleves, Americanos, Pistachios, Cascaretos Mios—I salute you!
I come singing, strong, contemptuous, virile, and having hair on my chest as abundant as a haystack . . .
I, imperturbe, aplomb, sangfroid . . . Hurrah, hurrah!

HARRY KEMP.

Arrows in the Gale

IT is the name of a volume of poems by Arturo Giovannitti—published by Frederick C. Bürsch, Riverside, Conn., with a true and beautiful introduction by Helen Keller.

Helen Keller is a "militant Socialist," one who would "respect the law only as a soldier respects an enemy," who boldly declares that "capitalist morality is hostile to the interests of the workers and is from the worker's point of view immoral."

Giovannitti is a poet, the editor of a revolutionary paper, an agitator—a man who escaped death at the hands of a law court in Massachusetts, having previously escaped the same at the hands of a theological seminary in New York. His soul is triumphant and still fighting in this book. His art is unique and strong.

To those idealists reared in the false faith that democracy has been achieved, or that Christian evangelism is achieving it, protected flowers who still think all the world's virtue is engaged in the propagation of peace and general brotherhood under industrial slavery, we commend these poems. For they have a high and ardent idealism which is no less than the fighting love of liberty that brought us where we are and will yet bring us to the goal.

"IT is a national issue whether workers shall be allowed to work under such conditions as they may choose." This is not an incendiary utterance of a labor leader, it is John D. Rockefeller, Jr., speaking before a congressional committee against the "closed shop" in his Colorado mines. If Mr. Rockefeller thought the miners really chose to have a living wage, reasonable hours, and safety, he would see that they got it—no doubt. But since the interests of workingmen are identical with those of their employers, the workingmen could not possibly choose such conditions!

PRESBYTERIANS of Manhattan point with pride to an increase in membership in the last ten years, although the attendance has fallen off. New Yorkers seem to have hit upon a happy compromise; join the church and stay at home.

Drawn by Arthur Young.

PITY THE POOR RAILROADS

Railroads and Revolutions

THE RAILROADS are poor. They need to increase rates so that they can take in more money. There is no doubt about this.

Every well financed corporation is poor. It pays to be poor. When the public demands lower rates, it is impossible to grant them if you are poor. When the workmen demand higher wages it is impossible to pay them. You can say: "We are not making any money now." "We are not even able to pay interest on our capital." Where poverty is bliss 'tis folly to be rich. And also it is easy to be poor, no matter how much money you are making. All you have to do is increase your capitalization a little faster than your profits come in. Then there will never be any profits—only a little more capital.

That's the condition of the railroads. And it is the most serious condition that "Business America" has to face, because the railroads have coiled themselves around all the rest of the industrial organism in such fashion that if they contract, it is strangulation and death to everybody. Hence I have no doubt that Wilson, "expressing the best business judgment of the nation," will tell the railroads to raise their rates.

But is it not possible to work this capitalization trick backwards? If these corporations are able to stay poor by watering their stock, why can't they get rich by running themselves through a wringer? I apprehend that the best business judgment of this nation is getting better every day, and that before tomorrow is yesterday you will see "Business America" running these railroads for its own benefit and *not* paying dividends on watered stock. I mean that we will wring them out first, and then buy them by weight afterwards.

Henry Ford with his feudalistic profit-sharing plan did one big thing, and just one. He showed the world that when a successful corporation *has no watered stock* it can afford to pay $5.00 a day to the floor-sweeper and still sell the best and cheapest product on the market at enormous profit to the stockholders. And Business America is going to see this in the next few years, and acting through "our Mr. Wilson" or "our Mr. Roosevelt"—it won't matter—she is going to accomplish a pretty and quiet little revolution.

But I wouldn't have written this article in order to say that. What I want to say is that after Business America gets all through wringing out the stock, and has everything running nice and smooth, then America herself is going to crash in and turn the whole thing upside down again.

And why? Because from the standpoint of America—and by America I mean the people of America who do the main part of the work—*all stock is water.* For there is no reason why anyone in this or future generations should be paid money for the arduous labor of *owning* property.

And if a corporation *without watered stock* can afford to pay $5.00 a day to the floor-sweeper, why a corporation *without any stock*—but what is the use of talking about wages? Liberty, opportunity, adventure will be the property of all.

Drawn by O. E. Cesare.

UNEMPLOYED

POEMS—By Lydia Gibson

CHILDREN OF KINGS

THE dry leaf blown along the dusty street
Is not so soon forgot as one of these—
The children learning prayers at Mammon's knees,
Whose small starved bodies and whose weary feet
A million and a million times repeat
The short same way that the machine decrees;
Treaders of wine, their portion is the lees—
Weavers of cushions for old Mammon's seat.

The daylight is more weary than the dark—
The dark more weary than the daylight was—
Why wait ye? Ah—how long before the spark
Shall light the kindling that shall burn his throne?
A million and a million times ye pause—
While Mammon claims your children for his own.

GREY

A GREY morning and a grey rain
Like small wet kisses, open mouth
To open mouth, and no more pain
And no more drouth.

A grey mist and a grey peace
Lapping and folding all the world,
Till all that burns and scars must cease,
Grey ash empearled.

LOST TREASURE

YOU know deep in your heart, it could not last—
And, when a wind, newborn on some hillside—
(Some fair tall hill the other side of Crete)
Came laden with the dear and odorous past—
(Laden with scents of gardens that have died,
Buried in dust, not any longer sweet.)

Then, realized, all the unlovely years
Lay on your heart, like those old garden's dust;
You had forgotten how your life was fair,
For all the memories were dulled with tears
Since shed, and unsuspected moth and rust
Ate deep, and naught remembered was but care.

So is your treasure lost, vanished away—
Nothing but wind and half-shut eyes and grass—
Nothing of now but strivings after then.
And naught heard in the clear air of to-day
But dusty wings that crumble as they pass—
You have not strength to make them live again.

YELLOW

A MEMORY—where?
Pine-trees, on a ledge of rock, over the lake.
(The lake . . . ?)
Sunset, yellow and green.
You threw a pine-cone into the lake, and laughed, very softly—
(Laughed . . . very softly?)
Suddenly the sun was gone.
We walked home, hand in hand.
(. . . a memory?)

AEOLIAN

WHO the strange sounding melody
Of ancient harps have known; whose feet
In old days trod the sands of Crete—
What is the tale of days to me?

The ways of men are strange to me;
And strange the voices of my kin,
Like thin ghosts in a world as thin.
(I tread the fields of memory.)

In the far fields of memory
I see the star-faced asphodel,
And hear the voice of philomel!
(What is the tale of days to me?)

Past the green hills, the blue I see
Reaching the shore of lands unknown.
On grasses where the winds have blown
I tread the fields of memory.

THE MOTHER

NEVER again to feel that little kiss—
That hungry kiss—that heavy little head,
Pressing and groping, eager to be fed.
My breast is burning with the weight of this—
My arms are empty and my heart is dead.

Through the long nights never to hear the cry—
The little cry that called me from my sleep;
Always from now a vigil black to keep;
Always awake and listening to lie,
While over my seared heart the ashes heap.

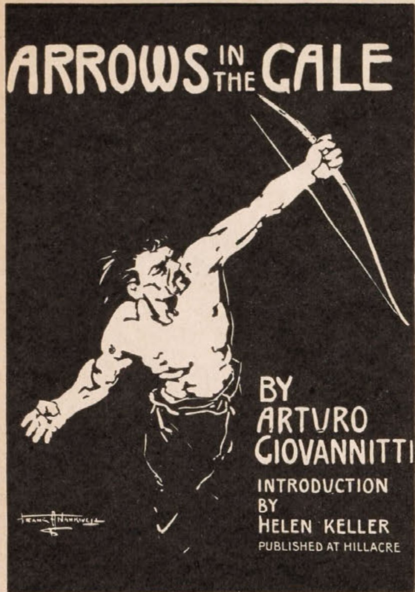
Ah, God! —— there is no God. There is no rest,
No rest. No pity. No release from pain.
How could God give those little hands again?
How could God cool the throbbing of my breast?
Oh —— little hands . . . that in the dust have lain!

APRIL SCENT

LONGING, and restlessness, and discontent—
Three winds from out of Eden, blowing low
The tender, unforgotten April-scent
Of blossoms that in Eden-gardens grow.
Blossoms more radiant than the earthy know—
Blossoms whose first faint flush is never spent;
Sweet winds from out of Eden, blowing low
Longing, and restlessness, and discontent.

THE CHILD SPEAKS

THE silent dead all straitly lie
In rows beneath the arching sky.
I wonder, do the sleepers know
When singing past their graves I go?



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