

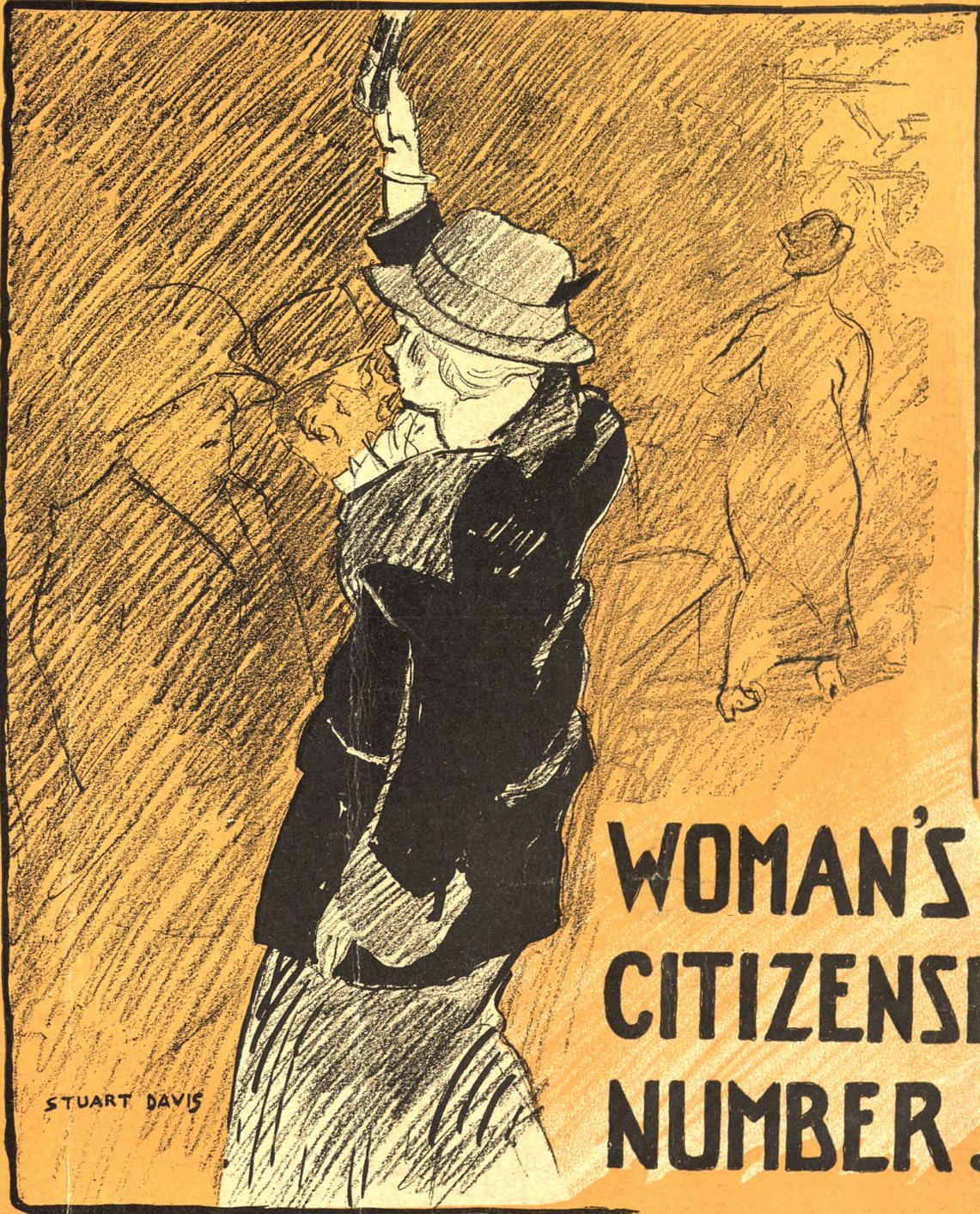
NOVEMBER, 1915

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The MASSES

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STUART DAVIS

WOMAN'S CITIZENSHIP NUMBER.

ADVENTURES IN ANTI-LAND—Floyd Dell

LABOR AND THE FUTURE—Amos Pinchot

CONFESSION OF A SUFFRAGE ORATOR—Max Eastman

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE SANGER VERDICT

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The MASSES

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This is your chance to benefit yourself and benefit THE MASSES. Mr. Eastman will leave New York in January, but the course he will take must be decided by October 20th. So write to us at once if you want him to visit your city.

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By Maxim Gorky

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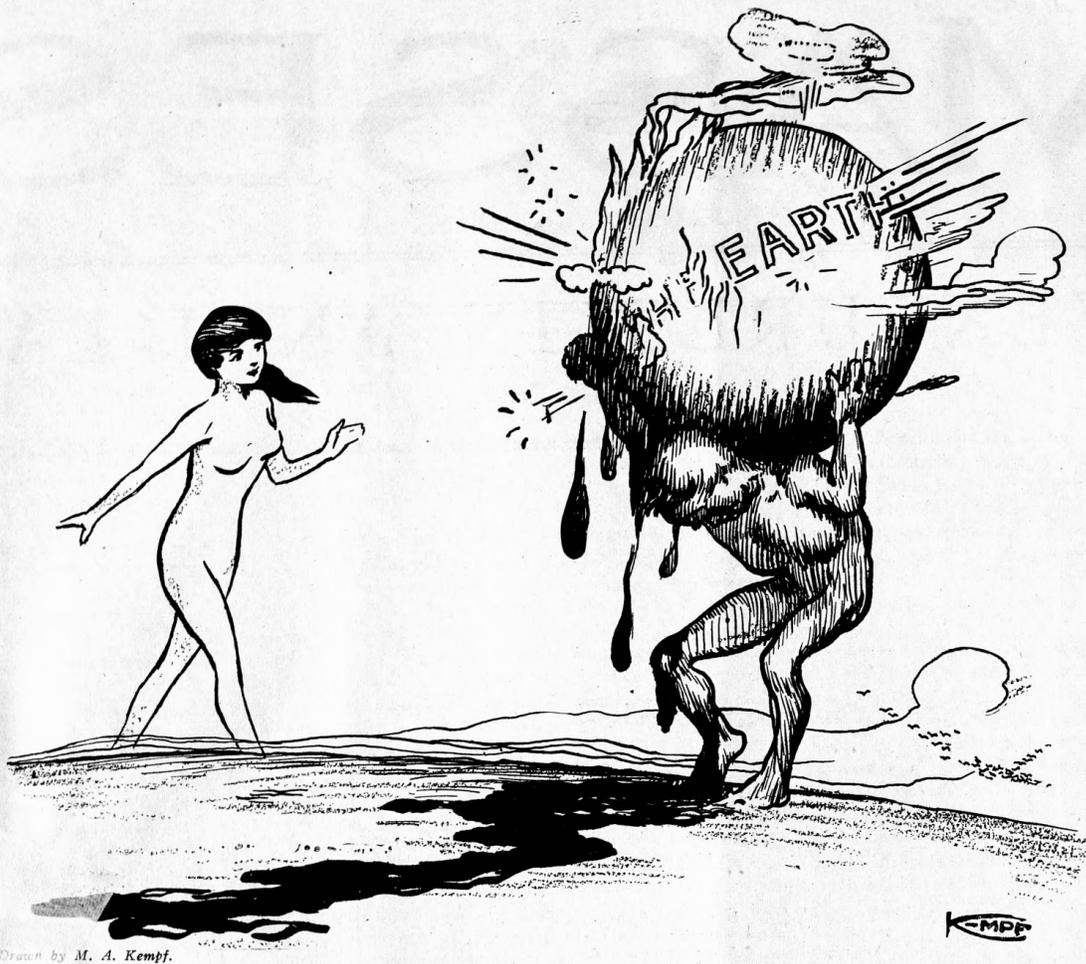
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Original (Continued on page 24)



Drawn by M. A. Kempf.

Atlas, Mere Man: "This thing is getting to d—d hot and heavy and slippery for me to handle alone, I need help!"

IN ANSWER TO A CRITIC

YOU cannot subscribe to THE MASSES, it seems, because of its intolerant spirit,

And its recurrent stress on criticism and denunciation.

You do not believe that bitterness and intolerance ever help a cause, or that any end can make "unworthy" methods justifiable.

It is very modern—this fear of all intolerance—this wholesale labeling of rough, ungentle methods as "unworthy."

Jesus did not have it.

His intolerance of Pharisaism is so familiar that we, quite placidly, overlook its present-day significance.

The early Christians did not have it;

Nor the Abolitionists.

And Lincoln, with all his charity and large-heartedness, had never set men free but for the bitterness of those fierce denunciations which paved the way for a daring act.

There is one thing—and perhaps one only—of which we may be intolerant; And there is one thing—and perhaps one only—towards which we may

feel bitter.

The first of those is hypocrisy; and the second is oppression.

(And should you think us prone to confuse the sinner with the sin, remember that even Jesus in his sense of outrage over money-changing in the temple, forgot once or twice to be courteous to the money-changers.)

Towards these two forces then, pervading our civilization, appearing in a thousand forms, interwoven in a thousand combinations, subtle, insidious, poisonous, destructive,—eating the very heart out of all that is beautiful and desirable in life, our charity—and yours—is misplaced. And so, you friend of Truth and Justice, we ask you not to set us aside too lightly.

It may be that a deeper search shall reveal to you—as has happened with many another—that our hatred is not for any class nor member of a class, but for an enemy of another order altogether.

It may even happen that you will find this foe of ours to be not unworthy of your steel;

That you will come in and help us destroy the destroyer.

NINA BULL.

The MASSES

Vol. VII. No. 1

OCTOBER - NOVEMBER, 1915

Issue No. 53

ADVENTURES IN ANTI-LAND

Floyd Dell

"VOTE NO!" the banner screamed at me. I went in. The elevator starter informed me that some noble women, animated by a keen sense of political duty, and fearful that the men of New York State might vote wrong if left to themselves, had set up shop here to teach them what was what. On the third floor I would find them, he said, equipped with campaign literature, speakers, and an educational phonograph. I went up.

I nearly made a mistake and entered a door marked "Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge—Private." Just in time I saved myself from intruding into the sanctum of the high priestess of woman's duty. Everyone knows what woman's duty is—and I blushed to think of what sacred and tender scene I would thus rudely have burst in upon. Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge would have been engaged in suckling a baby, at the very least.

When I entered the other door, the educational phonograph was being played. I gathered that it was an anti-suffrage speech. A very efficient woman in a shirt-waist and stiff collar stood listening. Two men occupied chairs. I also listened, curiously. In a flat metallic voice the machine was saying: "Chivalry must be preserved." Knowing something of the laws of chivalry, I glanced quickly at the two men, expecting them to leap shamefacedly to their feet and offer their chairs to the standing lady. But they continued to sit.

I listened to the machine again. It was saying: "Woman's place is in the home." I looked at the woman. She was nodding approval.

"That's a good record," she said as it finished. The men agreed with her hastily. I picked up a pamphlet from the table, and read: "No such revolutionary change as that which proposes to take woman from the high place she now holds and where men love to leave her, and put her brawling in the market-place, can ever succeed."

When the woman had finished making arrangements for the sale or rent of a certain number of the records, and the men had gone, she turned to me.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"Do for me? What could you do for me, but continue to be what you are—a woman! I beg you, dear madam, to preserve those peerless prerogatives inherent in your sex, those charms and graces which exalt you and make you the ornament and devoted companion of man. You are indeed a queen, and your empire is the domestic kingdom. The greatest triumphs you would achieve in public life fade into insignificance, madam,—fade into insignificance, I say, compared with the serene glory which radiates from the domestic shrine, which you illumine and warm by conjugal and motherly virtues!"

I might have said this, quoting from the statement by

James, Cardinal Gibbons, which I held in my hand. But I didn't. I was afraid she would think I was crazy. I merely said: "I want to get some of your literature."

"Certainly," she said, and proceeded to sell me fifty cents' worth. At least she charged me fifty cents for it.

In one of the pamphlets I read, while standing there, of the shyness with which the women who opposed woman suffrage had to contend. "They confessed," said the pamphlet, "to a struggle before they could make up their minds to come forward."

I looked at the woman before me with a new admiration. Had she had to struggle with herself before she could come forward and sell anti-suffrage pamphlets? No doubt, no doubt. But, like a Spartan mother, she concealed her agony. She did up my pamphlets without a trace of suffering and took my fifty cents with apparent cheerfulness. One would have thought she actually *enjoyed* being there in that public place and talking to casual strangers. One might even have imagined that she preferred it to the sacred duty of cooking. She looked as if she relished the idea of earning twenty-five dollars a week. Ah! thought I—the heroism and the hypocrisy of woman!

But I was only beginning to learn.—Fifty cents! Those pamphlets are worth thousands of dollars to me if they are worth a cent! I learned about women from them. There is that master psychologist, the Hon. Elihu Root, and Mr. Henry L. Stimson, former secretary of war, who has searched out the deepest secrets of Woman's heart. There is Professor William T. Sedgwick, that noted biologist, Curator of Glass Jars in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Dr. Charles Loomis Dana, who taught physiology in a woman's medical college in the 80's, and more recently became professor of nervous diseases at a place called Bellevue Hospital Medical School—one of the world's leading neurologists. (You haven't heard of them? Well, such is fame!) There is the anonymous school-boy whose essay on Feminism is reprinted from the *Unpopular Review*, there is the lavender-scented old lady who writes editorials for the *New York Times*, and finally there are the shy but husky-voiced anti-suffrage ladies themselves.

From all these I learned the true nature of woman. And I want to tell you it is something to learn. I can hardly believe it, myself. I thought I knew what women were like. I had had some slight experience of the sex, as a son, a brother, a husband, a lover. I had played with them, studied with them, worked beside them in factories and offices, danced with them, dined with them, walked with them, talked with them—And I had all along considered them persons just like men, only nicer—some of them very much nicer. I

had confided in them, and listened to their secrets; asked their advice and taken it; sought out their society on all possible occasions; liked to have them about wherever I was, at work or at play, sharing together the glory, the joy, the comedy and the burden of the world. I thought, you see, that they were persons like myself.

Well, they aren't. I know better now. And I shudder to think how I have been deceived. Dr. Charles L. Dana, he of the 1880 medical college, put me on the right track. "*There are*," he says, and I italicise the words, "*some fundamental differences between the bony and the nervous structures of women and men. The brain-stem of woman is relatively—*" But I cannot go on with it—it is too painful. Suffice it to say that there are differences between the sexes. "I do not say," concedes Dr. Dana magnanimously, "that they will prevent a woman from voting, but they will prevent her from ever becoming a man. . . ." I had not thought of that!

"No one can deny," he says, "that the mean weight of the O. T. and C. S. in a man is 42 and in woman 38; or that there is a significant difference in the pelvic girdle." Ah, that fatal difference in the mean weight of the O. T. and C. S. To think that I had gone among them for years without noticing it!

Dr. Sedgwick, the noted biologist, goes further. He gives "facts which are not generally discussed in the newspapers." And therefore, of course, not generally known. There is the dark and terrible fact, for instance, that every twenty-eight—no, I cannot bring myself to tell it. It is too sinister, too disillusionizing.

Of course, I knew about these things—quite intimately, indeed. I knew that women had babies, and that every twenty-eight—in short, I knew. But I did not know the dreadful significance of these things. I did not know that they cut woman off forever from political and intellectual life.

But they do! These great scientific authorities say so, and it must be true. These things, innocent as they always seemed to me, have marked woman as a thing apart from the life of mankind. She does not think as man thinks; her whole psychology is deranged by the fact of her sex; much of the time she is practically insane, and at no time is she to be trusted to take part in man's affairs. She is chronically queer; of an "unstable preciosity." She is not in fact a person at all, capable of thinking and acting for herself; others must think and act for her. If permitted to behave as a free and independent human being, she would do injury to herself and the community.

Through all this there runs a strain of dark implication, which I have met before—in the speculations of *savage medicine-men* on "the mysterious sex." Sir

Almroth Wright echoes the chief scientific authority of the Ekoi, in Southern Nigeria, who "as no one can deny" has thought deeply upon the fact that woman is marked recurrently with a sanguine sign, and subject to the dreadful magic of childbirth. She is therefore not on any account to be allowed to touch a weapon that is to be used in hunting—her influence would bring bad luck. "The reverberations of her physiological emergencies," says Sir Almroth—how this phrase would please Aiyu, the great witch-doctor who lives near Okuni!

This witch-doctor view of womankind is stated, multiplied, expanded, argued, urged, until, overborne by the weight of authority, I am compelled to accept it as the right one. I hate to do it. It hurts me to believe such things of the girls I have always got along so well with. I don't like it at all. But I must face the truth.

Well; what then? Then, say the pamphlets, keep her close, don't let her out, above all don't let her meddle with men's affairs. I should think not!

Give her the vote? Give her nothing. Keep her

away from me! She gives me the creeps to think of. Have I been associating unawares with that kind of creature? Playing with it, talking to it, touching it—? Let me retire to a monastery.

But the pamphlets puzzle me. Having established these dark facts about woman, they tell you to cherish her, worship her, make her the queen of the kitchen and the nursery and the bedroom, the consolation and delight of your life. *Why*, I should like to know?

I can't get any consolation or delight out of that kind of creature. I can't bear even to read about her. I don't want to cherish her, I don't want to protect her, I don't want anything to do with her. James, Cardinal Gibbons may say what he likes, but I will be damned if I will enjoy the "conjugal virtues" with a woman who isn't fit to vote. If woman is like that, all I can say is—take her away!

Apparently they have persuaded me of too much, these pamphlets. They show not merely that woman isn't fit to vote, they give good reasons for believing that she isn't fit to live.

And yet—can these people be mistaken?—I have known women who were mothers; I have seen something of the discomfort and the delight that children bring; I have helped put crying babies to sleep, and felt the delicious softness of infantile flesh against my cheek. And in all this there seemed to be nothing dehumanizing. I never failed to regard woman, in spite of her babies, as a person, a fellow human being.

What if I were right, after all?

Suppose it were true that women are like men, only, to us, sweeter, lovelier, more desirable companions—and with the same sense, the same interests, the same need of work and play?

I could go on living in that kind of world. And, frankly, I can't live in the other. I'd just as soon commit suicide. The nightmare of anti-suffrage oppresses me. I will go back to my own country, where a woman is a person, with a mind and will of her own, fit for all the rough, sweet uses of this harsh and happy life.

Woman Returning

The Wind To the Trees

WHERE hath she gone, O haughty eucalyptus?
Where hath she gone, O cedars on the hills?
Liveoak and cypress, tell me of her going—
Where is she hidden for whom I have been seeking,
Seeking with an anguish and ardor that thrills?

Where hath she gone, O my trees of the forest,
Who, in her youth, bore my buffeting with you—
She who hath faced me in æons of beginning,
Stalwart and staunch and defiant and true?

Where have ye hidden her for whom I must sorrow,
Who with her mate, and her fast enclosed child
Marched leagues against me, my rage overcoming,
Hardy as her brothers and thewed for endurance,
Glad of my song in the darkness and the wild?

The Trees Answer

We have not seen her, who once was our beloved,
Our dear familiar, our close and constant friend.
Leaves would we give, to clothe her splendid bosom,
Blossoms would offer, to crown her high borne head—
On the dark earth must our petals find an end.

She, who would lean against our trunks for her resting,
She, whose lithe arm wrenched our dead boughs from life,
She, who was pleased by the shelter of our branches,
Drinks no more sap, from the bark that knew her knife.

Where hath she gone? Ah, Brother Wind, we know not.
Sing we her dirge, who climbs not to her own;
Where we are strong to strengthen her in labor,
He, who once came with her, now comes to us, alone!

The Neighboring Sea Calls Out

She is not dead, though she is wan and pallid—
Down to my shores, my wave-swept beaches clean,
Slowly she comes, and brings her puny children,
When all my mood is gentle and serene.

She hath lost heart for majesty and rapture,
And dares not hear the choral song I sing—
Sad as the jetsam that I spurn and scatter—
Fearful to yield her to my rough caresses—
She dares not seize of me the gifts I would bring.

She, whom we worshipped, wind and sea together,
Trees on the hillocks, and summits wonder-clad,
She is a queen dethroned, a faith unhonored,
A land-locked, silent bay, voiceless and sad.

A Woman Hears, Rises, Answers

Hearken, my brothers, Wind of great complaining,
Trees of the forest, where the hills stand high,
Sea of great healthy music, I am coming—
Hearken, my brothers, for Lo! I am returning!
Yield up your questing now, for surely it is I!

Open is the house door, riven is my prison,
Wide is my cloister and the way winds free;
I am but flaccid—for long I have been idle—
I am but wasted by the years' captivity.

Yet have I lungs, to draw thee to my bosom,
O Wind of storms and buffetings sublime,
O Wind of attars, unscented in our cities,
O Wind unresting and infinite as Time!

O trees beloved, around your boles I fling me,
'Neath spreading boughs, in passionate deep peace.
And when my children shall have need of climbing,
Them to your arms shall my feeble arms release!

O sea creative I have loved thee ever—
Yea, I will lave me thy child in thee content!
Strong in old rapture upon thy heaving combers—
Strong in new conquest upon thy cold blue waters—
Stronger and stronger now, as thy Creator meant.

Sing ye no dirge, O brothers, for my dying!
I am not dead, indeed, nor yet resigned to die.
Rather is new life begotten now within me;
I am returning, sing ye for my coming!
I am coming strong and free as was that elder I—
Woman to her earth, her motherland returning—
Strong to seek her own and reign—O brothers it is I!

MARGUERITE WILKINSON.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

Who's Afraid?

CONFESSION OF A SUFFRAGE ORATOR

Max Eastman

IT WAS never a question of making people believe in the benefits of women's freedom, it was a question of making them *like the idea*. And all the abstract arguments in the world furnished merely a sort of auction ground upon which the kindly beauties of the thing could be exhibited. Aristotle, in his hopeful way, defined man as a "reasonable animal," and the schools have been laboring under that delusion ever since. But man is a voluntary animal, and he knows what he likes and what he dislikes, and that is the greater part of his knowledge. Especially is this true of his opinion upon questions involving sex, because in these matters his native taste is so strong. He will have a multitude of theories and abstract reasons surrounding it, but these are merely put on for the sake of gentility, the way clothes are. Most cultivated people think there is something indecent about a naked preference. I believe, however, that propagandists would fare better, if they were boldly aware that they are always moulding wishes rather than opinions.

There is something almost ludicrous about the attitude of a professional propagandist to his kit of arguments—and in the suffrage movement especially, be-

cause the arguments are so many and so old, and so classed and codified, and many of them so false and foolish too. I remember that during the palmiest days of the abstract argument (before California came in and spoiled everything with a big concrete example) I was engaged in teaching, or endeavoring to teach, Logic to a division of Sophomores at Columbia. And there was brought to my attention at that time a book published for use in classes like mine, which contained a codification in logical categories of all the suffrage arguments, both pro and con, and *a priori* and *a posteriori*, and *per accidens* and *per definitionem*, that had ever been advanced since Socrates first advocated the strong-minded woman as a form of moral discipline for her husband. I never found in all my platform wanderings but one suffrage argument that was not in this book, and that I discovered on the lips of an historical native of Troy, New York. It was a woman, she said, who first invented the detachable linen collar, that well-known device for saving a man the trouble of changing his shirt, and though that particular woman is probably dead, her sex remains with its pristine enthusiasm for culture and progress.

But the day of the captious logician, like the day of the roaring orator, is past. What our times respond to, is the propagandist who knows how to respect the wishes of other people, and yet show them in a sympathetic way that there is more fun for them, as well as for humanity in general, in the new direction. *Give them an hour's exercise in liking something else*—that is worth all the proofs and refutations in the world.

Take that famous proposition that "woman's sphere is the home." A canvass was made at a woman's college a while ago to learn the reasons for opposing woman suffrage, and no new ones were found, but among them all this dear old saying had such an overwhelming majority that it amounted to a discovery. It is the eternal type. And how easy to answer, if you grab it crudely with your intellect, imagining it to be an opinion.

"Woman's sphere is the home!" you cry. "Do you know that according to the census of 1910 more than one woman in every five in this country is engaged in gainful employment?"

"Woman's sphere is the home! Do you know where your soap comes from?"

"Woman's sphere is the home!—do you know that in fifty years all the work that women used to do within the four walls of her house has moved out into the —

"Woman's sphere is the home! Do you know that, as a simple matter of fact, the sphere of those women who most need the protection of the government and the laws, is *not* the home but the factory and the market!

"Why to say that woman's sphere is the home after the census says it isn't, is like saying the earth is flat after a hundred thousand people have sailed round it!"

Well—such an assault and battery of the intellect will probably silence the gentle idealist for a time, but it will not alter the direction of her will. She never intended to express a statistical opinion, and the next time you see her she will be telling somebody else—for she will not talk to you any more—that "woman's proper sphere is the home." In other words, and this is what she said the first time, if you only had the gift of understanding, "I like women whose sphere is the home. My husband likes them, too. And we should both be very unhappy if I had to go to work outside. It doesn't seem charming or beautiful to us."

Now there is a better way to win over a person with such a gift of strong volition and delicate feeling, than to jump down her throat with a satchel full of statistics. I think a propagandist who realized that here was an expression primarily of a human wish, and that these wishes, spontaneous, arbitrary, unreasoned, be-

cause reason itself is only their servant, are the divine and unanswerable thing in us all, would respond to her assertion more effectively, as well as more pleasantly.

The truth is that any reform which associates itself with the name of liberty, or democracy, is peculiarly adapted to this more persuasive kind of propaganda. For liberty does not demand that any given person's tastes or likings as to a way of life be reformed. It merely demands that these should not be erected into a dogma, and inflicted as morality or law upon everybody else. It demands that all persons should be made free in the pursuit of their own tastes or likings.

Thus the most ardent suffragist might begin by answering our domestic idealist—"Well, I suppose it is a charming and beautiful thing for you to stay in your home, since you are happy there. I myself have a couple of neighbors who have solved their problem of life that way too, and I never have an argument with them. Why? Because they recognize that all people's problems are not to be solved in the same way. They recognize the varieties of human nature. They recognize that each one of us has a unique problem of life to solve, and he or she must be made free to solve it in her own unique way. That is democracy. That is the liberty of man. That is what universal suffrage means, and would accomplish, so far as political changes can accomplish it.

"Let us agree that woman's proper sphere is the

home, whenever it is. But there are many women who, on account of their natural disposition perhaps, or perhaps on account of their social or financial situation, can not function happily in that sphere; and they are only hindered in the wholesome and fruitful solution of their lives by the dogma which you and your society hold over them, and which is crystallized and entrenched as political inequality by the fundamental law."

Thus our agitation of the woman question would appear to arise, not out of our own personal taste in feminine types, but out of our very recognition of the fact that tastes differ. We would propagandize, not because we are cranks and have a fixed idea about what everybody else ought to become, and what must be done about it at once, but because we are trying to accept variety and the natural inclinations of all sorts of people as, by presumption at least, self-justified and divine. We want them all to be free.

Such is the peculiar advantage that the propaganda of liberty has over all the evangelical enthusiasms. It does not at the first gasp ask a man to mortify his nature. It merely asks him to cease announcing his own spontaneous inclinations as the type and exemplar of angelic virtue, and demanding that everybody else be like him. It tries to remove another old negative dogmatic incubus from the shoulders of life, aspiring toward variety and realization. That is what the suffrage propaganda is doing.

It would be folly to pretend, however, that the principle of equal liberty is the only motive behind the suffrage movement. I have said that it is the primary one. It is at least the broadest, the surest, the one upon which the conversion of a person whose taste opposes yours can be most graciously introduced.

But there is yet another way of changing a person's wish, and that is to show him that he himself has deeper wishes which conflict with it. And there is one deep wish in particular that almost all women, and most men possess, and that is a wish for the welfare and advancement of their children. And just as "Woman's sphere is the home" typifies the voluntary force opposing woman suffrage, so "Women owe it to their children to develop their own powers," typifies the force that favors it.

Universal citizenship has meant in human history universal education. That has been, next to a certain precious rudiment of liberty, its chief value. That will be its chief value to women for a long time to come. And by education I do not mean merely political education. I do not mean that it will awaken in women what we call a "civic consciousness," though it will, I suppose, and that is a good thing. I mean that by giving to women a higher place in our social esteem, it will promote their universal development.

We are not educated very much by anything we study in school or see written on the black-board. That does not determine what we grow up to be. The thing that determines what we grow up to be is the natural expectations of those around us. If society expects a girl to become a fully developed, active and intelligent individual, she will probably do it. If society expects her to remain a doll-baby all her life, she will make a noble effort to do that. In either case she will not altogether succeed, for there are hereditary limitations, but the responsibility for the main trend of the result is with the social conscience.

"Sugar and spice and everything nice,
That is what little girls are made of;
Snips and snails and puppy-dogs' tails,
That is what little boys are made of."

There is an example of what has been educating us. That kind of baby-talk has done more harm than all the dynamite that was ever let off in the history of the world. You might as well put poison in the milk.

*Society
Cherishes
the
Doll-Baby
Idea*



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

All that is to be ended. And this is the chief thing we expect of women's citizenship. It will formulate in the public mind the higher ideal that shall develop the young girls of the future. They will no longer grow up, to be, outside the years of motherhood, mere drudges or parlor ornaments. They will no longer try to satisfy their ambitions by seeing who can parade the most extreme buffooneries of contemporary fashion on the public highway. They will grow up to be interested and living individuals, and satisfy their ambitions only with the highest prizes of adventure and achievement that life offers.

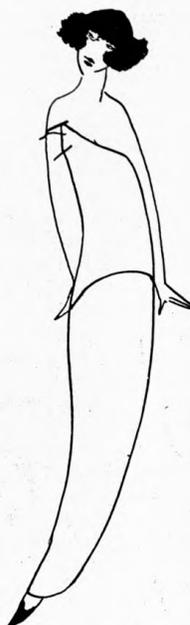
And the benefit of that will fall upon us all—but chiefly upon the children of these women when they are mothers. For if we are going anywhere that a sane idealism would have us go, we must first stop corrupting the young. Only a developed and fully constituted individual is fit to be the mother of a child. Only one who has herself made the most of the present, is fit to hold in her arms the hope of the future.

We hear a good deal about "child-welfare" in these days, and we hear the business of child-welfare advanced as one of the arguments for woman suffrage. To me it is almost the heart of the arguments, but it works in my mind a little differently from what it does in the minds of the people who write the child-welfare pamphlets. I do not want women to have, for the sake of their children, the control of the milk-supply and the food laws, half so much as I want them to have, for the sake of their children, all the knowledge-by-experience that they can possibly get. That is the vital connection between child-welfare and woman suffrage—that is the deeper ideal. No woman is fit to bring children into this world until she knows to the full the rough actual character of the world into which she is bringing them. And she will never know that until we lift from her—in her own growing years—the repressive prejudice that expresses itself and maintains itself in refusing to make her a citizen.

A man who trains horses up in western New York put this to me very strongly. "If you're going to breed race-horses," he said, "you don't pick out your stallions on a basis of speed and endurance, and your mares according to whether they have sleek hides and look pretty when they hang their heads over the pasture fence. And if you're going to raise intelligent citizens you'll have to give them intelligent citizens for mothers." I do not know whether he was aware that an actual tendency to *select* the more intelligent, rather than a mere training of the intelligence of all, is the main force in racial evolution. But that is what he said. And, either way, it is a piece of cold scientific fact. The babies of this world suffer a good deal more from silly mothers than they do from sour milk. And any change in political forms, however superficial from the standpoint of economic justice, that will increase the breadth of experience, the sagacity, the humor, the energetic and active life-interest of mothers, can only be regarded as a profound historic revolution.

In these broad effects upon the progress of liberty and life, not in any political result of equal suffrage, are to be found an object of desire which can rival and replace the ideal that opposes it. They are the material for the propaganda of the will. And while we noisy orators are filling the air with syllogisms of justice, and prophecies of the purification of politics, and the end of child labor, and what women will do to wars, and the police-department, and the sweat-shops, and the street-cleaning department, and the milk-wagons, and the dairy farms, and how they will reform the cows when they come into their rights, we ought to remember in our sober hearts that those large warm human values, which have nothing to do with logic or politics or reform, are what will gradually bend the wishes of men toward a new age.

"From the foot of the cross there arose and went out into the world a womanhood that did not demand or claim or threaten or arrogate; a womanhood renouncing, yielding, loving and therefore conquering. For twenty centuries that has been the law of woman's life. It is sneered at and rejected today by the clamorous; but it has made of woman what we now find her."—*From "Should Women Vote?" published by the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage.*



TO EVERETT P. WHEELER

("Women are often tempters to sexual sin and delight in it. . . . A recent report of a female probation officer relates that some of the girls who, as we say euphemistically 'had gone astray' owned to her that they enjoyed the life of the evil house."—Everett P. Wheeler; *The Case Against Woman Suffrage*, published by the Man-Suffrage Association Opposed to Political Suffrage for Women.)

IT may be so, good sir, it may be so,

Not all who sin are tempted—that we know:
It may be darker things than this are true,
And yet, upon my soul, if I were you—

A man, no longer young, at peace, secured
From all that tempting women have endured
Of poverty and ignorance and fear
And joy that make youth terrible and dear,
If I were you, before I took my pen
And wrote those words to hearten other men,
And give them greater sense of moral ease
In the long score of common sins like these,
If I were you, I would have held my hand
In fire.

Ah, well; you would not understand.

ALICE DUER MILLER.

PORTRAIT OF A GROUP

MONSTROUS, misshapen, huge and unconcerned
She sways and bulges through the oily crowd.

Her heavy patience, touched with something proud,
Gives her a dignity she never learned.
Her path is strewn with rags and overturned
Ruins of garbage. Dumb, but never cowed,
She bears her throbbing weight, as though endowed
With the same fires with which the Virgin burned.

Near her a soldier saunters at his ease,
Smelling of swift destruction, foul with strife.

Yet he is clear-eyed, likes a bit of chaff;
There's humor in him, too. So when he sees
That mountain slowly laboring toward life,
He nudges his companion, and they laugh.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

A Militant Nursery

Howard Brubaker

A keen observer visits London during the social but Zeppelin season

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to look at the queen,
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what saw you there?
The whole royal family under a chair.

A nursery rhyme

There was a man in our town and he was wondrous wise,
He made a lot of dynamite to sell to the Allies.
And when their cash was running low, with all his might and main
He said: "We'll do to Germany just what we done to Spain!"

Cinderella's Big Idea

Cinderella had a small foot but she put it down hard.

"I won't stand this any longer," she said in part.
"I'm going to move to Bridgeport and strike for the eight-hour day."

Germany puts into practice her new naval policy

Four-and-twenty sailors went to kill a whale,
The darn thing was a submarine, and now they're all in jail.

Italy finds a solution of the over-population problem

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do,
She didn't see how they all could be fed,
So she sent them to battle and now they're quite dead.

A noticeable lack of harmony in the Hohenzollern home

"You are old, Father William," the Crown Prince said,
"And your face has become quite a fright,
And yet you keep banging me over the head;
Do you think at my age it is right?"

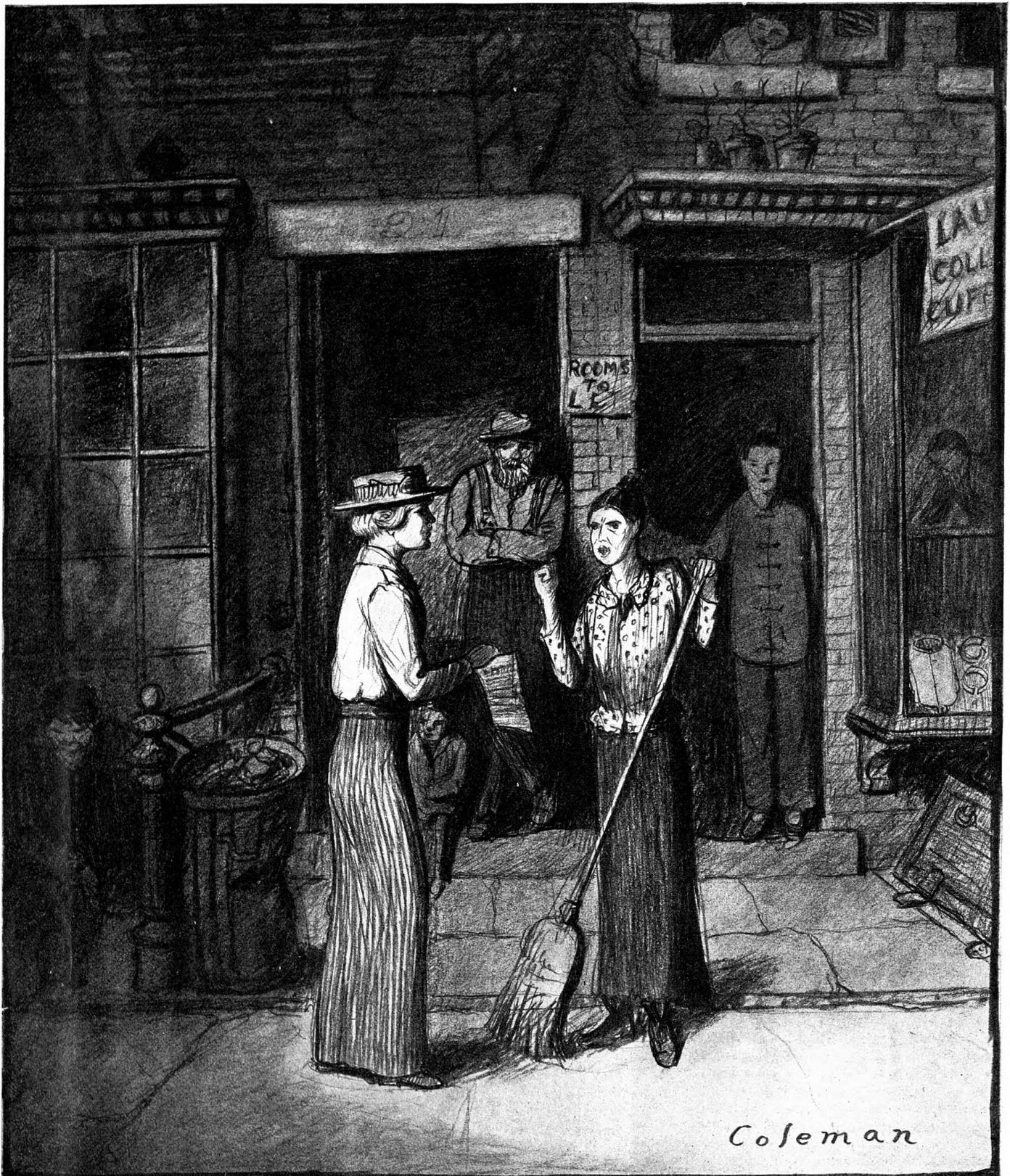
"In your youth," Father William replied with a swat,
"I feared it might injure your brain.
But now that I know that a brain you have not,
I'll do it again and again."

George explains his misunderstanding with William

My little old man and I fell out,
I'll tell you what it was all about.
I had a boat and he had a gun,
And that was how the war begun.

The unfortunate finish of a celebrated boob

Simple Simon met a skyman
Sailing through the air.
The skyman dropped a bomb or two,
And now there's no-one there.



Coleman

Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

OVERHEARD ON HESTER STREET

(To the Suffrage Canvasser) "You'll have to ask the head of the house—I only do the work."

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Original from
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A Discontented Woman

ONCE there was a discontented young woman. Her name was Florence Nightingale. She had a nice home, and her father and mother wanted her to sit in it and make doilies and paint in water colors. She said she would rather die.

They told her that if young women didn't sit around and make doilies and water-color pictures and bring father his newspaper when he asked for it and exhibit a smiling face at tea every day, the home would be broken up. And she said she didn't care.

They asked her what she wanted to do, and she said anything just so it was work; but she thought she'd like to be a nurse. So they called in the family doctor, and he told her very quietly that nursing wasn't a ladylike profession. It wasn't what she thought it was, at all. No doubt she had ideas of ministering angelically to a beautiful young man, and becoming engaged to him. Well, she was mistaken. Nursing was hard, disagreeable, nasty work. There were sights in hospitals that no woman ought to see. Coming in contact with these uglinesses would rob her of her charm.

Nevertheless, Florence had her way. She had to fight against the bitterest opposition of her whole family before she was allowed to do it. Her father simply didn't understand what had got into the girl's head. Her mother said, "This is what comes of reading those immoral novels by Dickens and Thackeray."

When the Crimean war broke out, Florence Nightingale went to the front. In those days if a man got the end of his finger shot off, he gangrened before they got around to doing anything for him. A camp hospital was a place where you became infected with ten more diseases than the two you came in with. Miss Nightingale had been inspecting hospitals back home, and so they showed her through one of the camp hospitals and thought they would be rid of her. The idea of women messing around a war zone anyway! Well, they must be polite to her while she was there—it wouldn't be long.

They were considerably surprised when Miss Nightingale told the British general in command that his hospitals were hell-holes and a disgrace to the British Empire—or words to that effect.

The general told her, as patiently as he could, that she didn't know what she was talking about. That war was war. That military hospitals always had been and always would be dirty. That it was none of her business, anyway. This wasn't her war. Would she please go home and make doilies?

She went to the nearest hospital, took a pail of hot water and an old shirt and got down on her knees and scrubbed the floor. She had come to stay.

There was a newspaper man there who became interested in this woman and what she was doing. (If this were fiction, he would have taken her home with him, and she would have said in the last chapter, "I am simply a woman, after all!" But this is fact.) He had been supplementing the great British General's dignified and concise reports of "Satisfactory progress on the eastern front" with melodramatic stories of how Private O'Callahan took a Russian redoubt all by himself, and the like. One day Miss Nightingale said to him, "Why don't you tell the truth?"

"About what?" he asked.

"About this." She pointed to the dysentery ward.

"It's never been done," he said. "But"—he was a pioneer—"I'll try it."

When England learned that her boys were dying like flies of preventable diseases, twenty with cholera to one with a bullet wound, England was shocked. So was the general.

"Damn these women!" he said. "Why don't they stay where they belong!"



Drawn by John Barber.

ELECTION DAY

Presently came a message from some committee of Englishwomen, asking how much money was needed to equip an efficient hospital service. The great British general sent back word that when England wanted their help England would ask for it. He could not discuss the hospital question with them. If they wanted to do something, they could collect funds to build a chapel for Christian worship in Scutari.

You see, that British general understood what woman's sphere was. If there had been more like him, we wouldn't be having this trouble now about suffrage. But you see how one thing leads to another, and if we let them get away with this voting business, they will be messing about with child-labor, fire-inspection, prostitution, and God knows what all.

One thing, however, is a comfort. When a young woman starts to marching in suffrage parades and things like that, we can point to the disgraceful reputation of Florence Nightingale, and say, "Do you want to end like her? Then look out!" F. D.

My Favorite Anti

WHAT is your favorite anti? Mine is the philosopher. He isn't a philosopher by profession. He is a perfectly ordinary business man or poet or policeman. He is a philosopher only when it comes to the question of woman suffrage. Then he smiles a philosophic smile, and says: "What difference will it make, after all? This world will be the same old world. You know it won't make any difference."

Viewing the universe under the aspect of eternity, it is true that votes for women will not make any difference. Not that the gentleman is accustomed to view the universe in that way. He is irritated if his eggs at breakfast are boiled too hard. He is seriously annoyed if the boy at the corner is out of his favorite morning paper. He is embittered against the whole race of tailors if his new suit doesn't fit properly. A hundred years hence, none of these things will matter. Nor will it matter if his business prospers, if his new book of sonnets is praised by the reviewers, or if he gets a medal for bravery. Yet in these things he takes a most unphilosophic delight.

If women get the vote, there will continue to be

joy and sorrow in the world. People will hope and strive, love and hate, they will get old and die. The seasons will rotate, winter will follow spring, and in the course of the ages the earth will get cold and fall into the sun. Woman suffrage will not change any of that.

Woman suffrage will merely alter the conditions of our brief mortal existence for a few million human beings, give them a larger share of our puny human activities, engage their minds and hearts with a few of our illusory hopes and fears for mankind, and complicate with a few new ideals the process of life on this inconsequential planet.

To trouble oneself to work for anything so immaterial as this would indeed be childish.

Having shown the futility of the woman suffrage movement, and abashed its noisy pretences with his one calm question, our philosopher straightway becomes again a business man or a policeman or a poet. It is too much of a strain to be a philosopher all the time. One simply cannot continue to take that view of things for more than five consecutive minutes in a month. He goes off to plan a new advertising campaign, or polish up a rhyme, or watch for burglars.

Answer to a Correspondent

DEAR MASSES: Our high school debating club is going to debate the question, "Resolved, That Preparation for War is the Best Insurance for Peace," and I am to take the affirmative. Will you give me some pointers? H. K. A.

We suggest that you point to the case of Europe. You can show either how as a result of Europe's failure to build great navies and raise huge armies she is now plunged in fratricidal strife; or else you can point out how as a result of Europe's preparations for war she is now enjoying the blessings of peace. The same thing can be shown of America. The fact that we are at peace is due to our notoriously large and efficient army of boy scouts; and on the other hand, as a result of our unpreparedness, we are now at war with Hayti. Ex-President Roosevelt can be quoted on behalf of either aspect of the situation.

Labor and the Future

Amos Pinchot

LAST month I was in Bayonne, New Jersey, where gun-fighters, hired by a corporation, dominated by philanthropists, who carry the Holy Gospel in one hand and a smoking Winchester in the other, were riddling the homes of the strikers with forty-five caliber soft-nosed bullets. When the strike began, the wage scale, as told to me by strikers at the lead-torn shanty which is used for headquarters, was:

Still cleaners average about.....	\$2.25 a day
Box shop workers.....	.98 cents
Can shop	\$1.10 a day
Yard laborers	\$1.75 a day
Pipe-fitters and boiler-makers.....	\$1.75 to \$2.30 a day
Barrel factory men.....	\$1.16 a day
Steel barrel factory men.....	\$1.75 a day
Case makers	\$1.25 a day
Barrel repairers13 to 16 cents an hour

A school teacher, who seemed to know what he was talking about, said that in Bayonne the Standard's employees were so poor that from six to ten families live in a two- or three-story frame house. One of the reporters said to me, "I have never seen anything like it—the desperation of these men. Twice, practically unarmed, they charged the ten-foot stockade from behind which the guards were picking them off with Winchesters. About a hundred actually scaled it, swinging and pulling each other up, while the women and children cheered them. It was like one of those exhibition drills at Madison Square Garden. Only the difference was that a quarter of them were shot before they reached the ground on the other side. If the guards had shot decently, they would have got all of them. Even the children were in that strike. They gathered stones and sailed in with the men. A bunch of little chaps from ten to fifteen years old sneaked up to the fence and lighted a big fire to burn it down. They wanted to make a hole for their fathers and big brothers to go through. I saw one youngster catch a loose police horse, crawl on its back and ride up to the stockade, swinging his cap and yelling while the men charged."

Order

It was on the second day of the strike that the guards left the company's yards, marched through the public streets, and, although they were not deputized and had no more authority than any private citizen, they broke up the street meetings with clubs and told the strikers and their families to get back in their houses. And meanwhile the company's superintendent informed the Federal Mediators that he would not deal with them or with the Secretary of Labor himself if he should come to New Jersey. That was the course of law and order and practical Christianity last month in New Jersey.

It has been similar for two years in Colorado. The strikers there had no sufficient organization, they were helpless and they were beaten as they were bound to be. Yet, let us remember that to the same spirit that animates these poor people, we owe the most of what we have to be proud of in America.

Confident in its isolation and ignorance, industrial absolutism not only says to the worker, "You toil and work and earn bread and I'll eat it," it says, "You earn bread on my terms only and I'll eat it. And if you rebel I will use economic power, violence, law,

the administration of justice—yes, and contempt of law and violation of justice, in order to reduce you to obedience."

It was the same in West Virginia as at Bayonne, the same at Roosevelt, New Jersey, in 1914, in Michigan last year, in Colorado in the strike of 1903 and 1904, and finally in the great strike of 1913. In the name of law and order, industrial absolutism ushers in a reign of blood and horror and then turns to the world and cries, "How long, O Lord, will Labor raise the sword and perish by the sword!"

Justice

On May 3, 1915, John Lawson was convicted of murder in the first degree for the killing of John Nimmo, who died on October 25, 1913, during a battle between the deputy sheriffs, mine guards and strikers. No one has ever been able to discover who shot John Nimmo. There is not a shred of testimony on the subject. Two mine guards, employees of the C. F. & I., swear that Nimmo's body was found in such a position that, where shot, he must have been out of line of the strikers' fire. The witnesses called by the prosecution to tell about the shooting categorically contradict each other. The chief witness in this group was shown to have been a fugitive from justice. Summing up the testimony as to the killing of Nimmo, we find no proof that he was killed by strikers at all. A strong presumption exists that he was shot by one of his own party.

But the chief reliance of the prosecution were two Baldwin-Felts detectives named Snyder and Murphy, who said that Lawson told them the mineworkers were going to attack the mine guards and that they saw Lawson walking in the direction of the shooting an hour and a half before Nimmo was killed. This testimony is more than thoroughly negated by that of a large number of witnesses, who prove that Lawson did not leave the tent colony during the afternoon of the shooting except to escort Miss Cameron, who was alarmed by the shots, up the road, a short distance in the opposite direction. Even if the testimony of Snyder and Murphy were unimpeached, it would not constitute reasonable legal grounds for connecting Lawson with the shooting. But when these men stated under cross-examination that as detectives they were receiving money both from the miners and the mine operators, and when, further, it was shown that, up to the day they testified, they were on the companies' pay-roll, what little credibility they were entitled to as detectives was destroyed by their confession of double-dealing. Inasmuch as they had lied to the miners and sold them out, in the interests of the coal company, prior to the trial, there is no particular reason to suppose that they stopped lying after the trial began. To convict a man of murder in the first degree upon such unsound, fully impeached, hired evidence as this, is simply a travesty upon justice. It would be comic if it were not attended with such tragic and shameful consequences.

Violence

Forcing strikers to use violence has become a part of the operators' regular technique in industrial disputes. In West Virginia, in Michigan, in New Jersey, just as in Colorado, when the situation gets hot the operators send in the gun men. Then, in the name of law and order, they call upon the public to help them put down the strike. Indeed, shooting up the tent colony, or the unlawful violation of the strikers' rights

or liberties to a point beyond endurance, has become a trump card that is almost invariably played in order to divert the controversy from the real issues. I say this advisedly, after study of the strikes in West Virginia, Lawrence, Bayonne, Colorado in 1903-4 and 1913. If the questions of wages, human welfare and democracy can once be driven out of the public mind, and the law and order question brought in, the operators, with their superior command of money, physical force and publicity are at once in a position of immense advantage.

In the strike war of 1913-14 in Colorado there has been no lack of violence. But the killing by the guards and the militia of scores of men, women and children resulted in no convictions and a military court promptly acquitted those immediately responsible. Yes, and the press of the entire country (and God knows it is not especially prone to chide the absolutism of our industrial overlords) commented on those acquittals in terms that should make every American citizen blush for shame. And now law and order, as administered by the coal companies, that periodically choose to take the place of government in Colorado, appears with several hundred indictments against the employees who dared to question Rockefeller rule. This is more than enough: It is, in fact, more than a little too much. But when to this they add the touch of having the legislature pass a law authorizing the appointment of a special judge to try these cases, and from this point go still further and appoint to the bench a man who is famous as an active partizan of the operators, and who was retained by the C. F. & I. to prepare cases against the strikers, it seems to me that the full limit of hypocritical unfairness has been reached.

Not even in Jersey, which of all the states in the East is chiefly distinguished for a double standard of law (one for the poor man and another for the rich), would such a thing be possible. It is true that, in Jersey, Patrick Quinlan was sentenced to seven years for making an incendiary speech, although he was not in the hall at the time, and the man who made the speech afterwards confessed his part in the transaction. It is true that, during the Paterson silk strike, Mayor McBride confessed to me himself that over a thousand men were thrown into jail without warrant of law. But still, not even Jersey justice would go so far as to convict an innocent man by the means used in Las Animas county; nor could a Jersey or New York judge dare to deny him a new trial on such affidavits as those of Hall, White, Bramlett, Duggan and Kingsbury.

Industrial Absolutism

Indeed, if the great employers of labor in Colorado had even a brief sparkle of vision or imagination they would see that by this conviction they have gone too far. They are simply sowing the wind. If these same employers were not so busy treading peaks of virtue that would shake the nerve of a mountain goat, if they could force themselves to that frank acceptance of fact which is the only sound basis of common sense, they would realize that their course in Colorado has been not only unjust, but unbelievably, woefully shortsighted. In trying to bind down labor by brute force, without regard to justice, absolutism is weaving a rope of sand which will part even before it is securely in place.

But it is the same all over America. The growing unrest is in every State. And it will not subside until justice has been won. When, from one sea to the other, our industrial towns are no longer feudal towns, when the writ of habeas corpus is no longer suspended in times of peace, when the wage-earner has a fair share of the result of his toil, and when the people are not only the masters of their courts and congresses, but of the nation's prosperity, then and not before (for I have strong faith in America's determination to see the right prevail) we will have that condition of stability which we all long for.

But now about the future of the labor movement. Since the days of Pharaoh I do not believe there has been a more futile, though absolutely just, revolt against tyranny than that which labor has waged against industrial absolutism during the last few years. And now a situation has arrived where labor (I mean in the great field where a high degree of skill is not required) is beaten in its fight with capital, and will continue to be beaten until it adopts and makes its own and carries out a more fundamental and far-sighted campaign.

What Next?

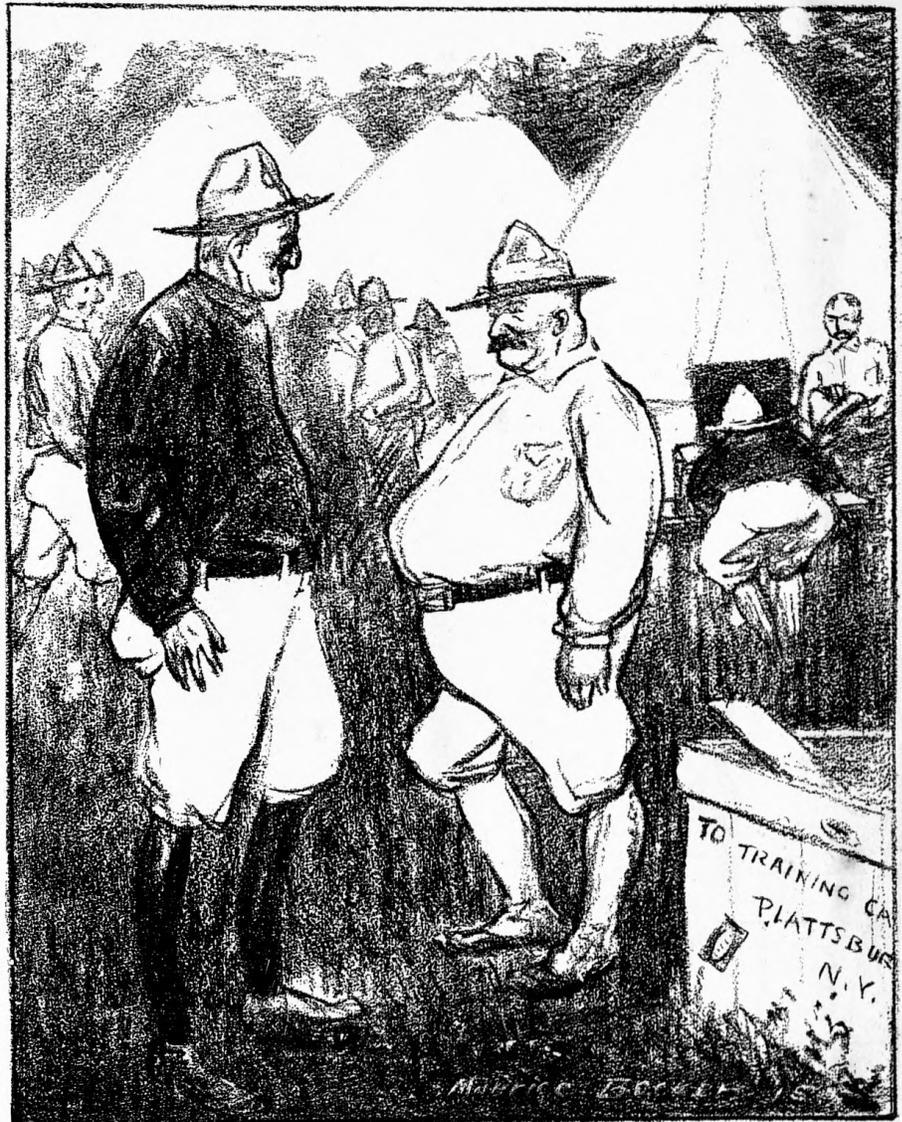
Labor can no longer win by strikes alone. The labor surplus is so large that, with our highly developed railroad system, the employer can bring two unemployed men to the mine or factory gate for every man that goes out. You know this; the employer knows it. It is not a secret. It might as well be acknowledged and included as a condition to be reckoned with.

Neither peaceful nor violent methods can keep this unemployed labor surplus out of the mine or mill. Review the history of recent strikes if you doubt this. And when we come to violence, the employer has labor beaten from the start, for two reasons: First, because labor hates violence and only resorts to it as retaliation, and, generally, even then half-heartedly; while the employer, who is a thousand miles away, uses it quite willingly and impersonally as a part of the regular machinery of industrial controversy. And second, labor cannot bring half the violence to bear that the employer can, and labor has the worst of it, not only on the field of action, but in the courts, newspapers and legislatures. Labor gets killed more, pitied less, and framed up by the courts generally. It no longer wins in strikes, peaceful or bloody, except insofar as it succeeds in calling public attention to existing conditions.

In August, 1914, McKenzie King wrote a letter to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., which contained the matter in a nutshell. He pointed out, in effect, that, on account of the growing labor surplus, Mr. Rockefeller need no longer fear the Colorado strike. He said labor would find this out and would have to alter its tactics. Mr. King was right. With a labor surplus of three or four million unemployed, how can labor win by the strike alone? For the strike's power lies primarily in its ability to keep the mine or mill without labor.

Labor has thus, to a large extent, lost its bargaining power. Its coin of the realm, which is the work of men's hands, has become depreciated. Artificial restriction of industry—made possible by private monopolistic ownership of the great sources of energy and transportation and of the raw materials, which both capital and labor must have access to in order to apply themselves—is today narrowing the opportunity of labor to a point where labor must accept whatever terms capital offers, or starve. That is the cold truth in the great labor field generally. And the wages and conditions of life in our labor groups go far to prove it.

A hundred years ago we enslaved men by the physical possession of their bodies; that was chattel slavery. Today we enslave them by possession or control of the things men must have in order to live; this is indus-



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

"THIS DOESN'T MEAN THAT WE'RE REALLY GOING TO FIGHT?"
"OH NO—THIS IS JUST TO SET AN EXAMPLE TO OUR EMPLOYEES!"

try slavery. The soil, the great natural resources, the mines, the minerals and the transportation systems which are the arteries of civilization, are now controlled by the few for the primary benefit of the few. It is a crudely anti-social arrangement—inevitably destined from the start to produce disaster. And this great blundering machine, dominated by men, some of whom are obsessed by a mania for owning not only things but people, is turned against itself. For it is used to cut down the volume of industrial production in order to keep up prices.

John Moody has analyzed the restriction of industry in the hard coal trade. The Reading companies, which mine almost ninety per cent. of the anthracite produced in the United States, do not mine as much as they could sell to the public at a fair profit. They keep their production, and consequently their employment of labor, down, and only produce as much coal as they can sell at about three dollars and a half a ton wholesale, which means a profit of nearly forty per cent. on the cost of production. Perhaps the public would burn a third more coal at a fair price than it does now, perhaps only

a fourth more, or, again, perhaps a half more, or twice as much—we cannot tell. But we know that far less hard coal is mined and far less labor employed in mining it than would be the case if the government owned the coal fields and produced as much coal as the public could pay for at a reasonable figure.

And this is as true of the soft coal fields, of the ore and steel and oil industries, as of the anthracite business. Only as many rails are produced as can be sold at the monopoly price of twenty-eight dollars a ton, while Charles Schwab testifies that a fair and natural price is nineteen dollars a ton or under. When I was at Bakersfield, the oil men told me, with entire frankness, that the problem in the oil business was not to produce much and sell cheap, but to produce little and sell dear. And in every one of our great industrial combinations, this restriction of business and labor goes on, and is due to just one cause—the private monopolization or control of natural resources and transportation.

In 1908 Carnegie himself said that with all his money and experience he could not re-enter the steel business

TYPES OF ANTI-SUFIRAGISTS — By Stuart Davis



"We've got other things to do, haven't we, Mary, besides interfere in politics!"

without consent of the steel corporation, on account of the trust's ownership of railroads and ore. And Hill, testifying before the Committee on Ways and Means, made practically the same statement. But when we have broken up this control and placed the great basic natural resources and monopolies in the hands of the people, where they belong, we will have taken the first step in re-establishing a condition where industry will develop to its maximum, where every man will have work, where labor will find its lost bargaining power,

and jobs will be looking for men instead of men looking for jobs. Let labor unite to fight for government ownership of the things which labor must be able to touch in order to live. Private monopoly in the necessities of civilization is, as President Wilson has said, intolerable and indefensible. America is realizing this as Europe has long realized and acted upon it. If there were a single spring on a desert island you would not let one man, or even a minority group

among the castaways, monopolize or control that spring. You would realize that its possession by the whole ship's company was a matter of vital necessity and justice; that if one group controlled it as against the rest, immediately those who had water could dictate to those who had not water; in short, that already economic slavery had begun. Until this tyranny is ended there will be no real freedom either for labor or independent capital. But with natural resources and transportation in the people's hands, and accessible to



STUART DAVIS

"What do we need with the vote? We can get all we want without it."



"What's the use?"

all on equal terms, there will be no restriction of labor or of industry; and America will take a place of leadership among the nations in the development of real instead of nominal democracy. And above all while we are fighting to restore labor to a position of independence, remember, too, that before the public lands were exhausted there was little or no unemployment or industrial oppression in this country. When a man was free to take up a good homestead and make a living on it, no power on earth could force him into the slave pens of Lawrence or compel him to

submit to the un-American degradations of the western mining and southern lumber towns. Today the report of the Department of Agriculture tells us that half our arable land lies fallow, as useless to man as it was ten thousand years ago. To bring the idle man to this idle land and create self-sustaining units, where there is now waste and poverty, is perhaps the foremost task of constructive American statesmanship. Let labor lead in this great work. It means its own emancipation. In the labor movement of today we find the main hope of democracy. It contains the real idealism of American life. Political parties are essentially selfish. Without fundamental principles, they are maintained chiefly to get offices for men who use them to get office. Reform bodies are busy carrying on superficial

movements that do little harm—except to waste energy that might be usefully employed. They are generally trying to find some way to help the poor, without interfering with the special privileges of the rich. The church does not play a helpful part in the struggle for economic justice: its tendency is to sustain privilege. But the labor group stands out as the one organized body that is ready to make great sacrifices for a simple and righteous aspiration. Labor is immensely vital because it is fighting for humanity's basic needs and rights. That the gentlemen who are rooting for truffles in the field of American industry have understood so little the meaning of the labor movement is because they understand so little the meaning of democracy—which is but another word for life itself.

WHAT THE UNIVERSITIES NEED

B. Boyesen

IT would be difficult to find a sharper instance of the change in the spirit of American institutions than that exemplified in the recent dismissal of Prof. Scott Nearing from the University of Pennsylvania. A college founded by Benjamin Franklin now acts at the behest of a Penrose and a Vare!

The case is typical in substance and method. A university, depending for its endowment upon men whose chief interest lies necessarily in perpetuating the social order which allowed of their amassing great wealth, and, for its maintenance, upon politicians of a reactionary kind, ejects a scholar of high attainments and unblemished character merely because he criticizes existing privileges and publicly favors laws designed to abolish the evils of child labor and to obtain compensation for workmen.

He is not openly indicted, he is not allowed to be heard in his own defence: He is merely "dropped." And when representatives of the community ask for reasons, they are told, through Mr. J. Levering Jones, trustee and corporation lawyer, "We don't feel we owe the public any explanation. What has the public to do with it?"

But before the public answers that question, it should ask itself a few more. Why is it that, in times when even railways and other common carriers of material things must give some accounting to the public, corporations which convey knowledge of spiritual values may conduct themselves in secret and as they please? Are trustees merely boards of directors without responsibility? And professors, merely clerks to administer their will? If not, why is it that nearly every professor who ventures to discuss questions of moment in a critical fashion, is thenceforth "undesirable" to the universities?

The importance of the answers to these questions will be appreciated as soon as people realize the present extraordinary waste of human material, and the enormous potentialities for good, in American universities. No able teacher who has had frequent contact with freshman classes will have failed to be exhilarated by their intellectual eagerness, and their response to any

valorous thought or sentiment; nor can any teacher fail to be saddened by seeing the same young men, etiolated by four years of sunless scholasticism, leave the university to take allotted places in the grooves of bigoted life.

The trouble is not with the students; it is not, in the main, with the faculties. Many professors, excellently equipped with knowledge and character, are eager to serve the community; but those who deal with social, or ethical, or aesthetic subjects are leashed by the fact that honest and original thinking and speaking impede academic promotion and, if continued, entail dismissal. The real trouble is with the autocratic systems by which our universities are conducted. The University of Pennsylvania, like Columbia and many others, is ruled by a self-perpetuating body of trustees, composed for the most part of capitalists, who are responsible to no one, and upon whose approbation every teacher depends for his tenure of office. There is, therefore, not only no incentive to free inquiry into social or other problems, but there is a positive throttling of it.

If the professors are thus prevented from freely speaking their thoughts, what possible hope can there be of their stimulating the students to a critical consideration of life and to a buoyant participation in its activities?

How can this system be changed? Not by community control, which has proved, in the case of the state universities, to be political control. Not by alumni representation on the board of trustees, which, where tried, has been of no effect. The change must come from within; and the only people who can make the change are the teachers themselves. An intercollegiate union of all instructors must be formed.

This will be difficult, but not impossible if there be created a sufficiently strong public opinion to encourage and sustain those professors who undertake to organize their colleagues. Such an organization once founded, it will be comparatively easy to confine the boards of trustees strictly to financial matters; to place all appointments to educational positions at the disposal of the several faculties on the nominations of the depart-

ments; and to have dismissals made only by a representative body of professors and students.

The last point is important because, though professors are usually the best judges of scholarship, the students are always the best judges of pedagogical values. They alone are in a position to know who awakens and develops, and who stultifies or deadens, their qualities.

Finally, let all actions by all of the above bodies be recorded and kept open to the inspection of the public.

Not until these, or equally efficacious, remedies have been applied can we expect to have our universities fulfill their two chief functions, which are: to give to young men the necessary training and knowledge for the examining of themselves and of the conditions surrounding them; and to maintain groups of scholars, alert and independent in thought and action, capable and ready to toil for the community that, directly or indirectly, supports them.

"Fidelity"

ONE of the sincerest attempts in recent American fiction to deal with the problems of life and love is to be found in Susan Glaspell's "Fidelity" (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston: \$1.35 net). The principal character in the story is a girl who is in love with a married man. The author does not waste her time in describing the "moral struggles" which are presumed to precede the formation of a forbidden relationship. The book begins with that relationship as an accomplished fact. It is what might be called an irregular marriage, one existing under the most trying circumstances, the center of a social hostility which the author very subtly and truthfully indicates. What the book brings out—for the first time, I think, in fiction—is the compulsion toward insincerity in such a union as in all other marriages. Surely they must justify their actions by making a success of their relationship! But suppose the relationship is not, as a matter of fact, a permanently happy one? The opportunity comes to the girl in this story to marry her lover, after a belated divorce granted him by his wife. But she realizes that they cannot be happy together any longer, and she will not lie to save their face. So she offends against the last socially understood kind of "fidelity" and leaves him—faithful at the last only to the truth.

Deliverance

JUST think of me—
Come from the shadows of the womb
To the shadows of this world;
Seeing the sun only through a veil.
On both sides of me walk ghostly shapes;
One on either hand.

Often on a Spring afternoon,
Being misled by the bright glow beyond the hills,
I would run with all the strength and fleetness of my youth
Up the long slope!
Hearing only my heart-beats and the rushing of the wind.
I stood on the summit and hallooed at freedom.
I was glad, thinking I had outrun my gray companions;
Glad for one moment—
But as the glow died in my cheeks and in my heart
I heard again the evil footfalls, measured and slow.
And I knew they were still abreast of me. . . .

Then, on a glad May morning I thought I met the Sun.
I had always wished to look him in the face; to see
him without his veil.

And, in that dazzling moment, I thought: "At last, the Sun!"

Such a light and gladness was in that face,
Such a rush of living love.

It was not the Sun.
It was my lover.

I mated with him.

He made me such a bright palace of words that I thought I could live in it.

I told him of the shadows and of the veil before the face of the Sun;

But he said he had a Magic that would slay my grim companions.

And that it was not the Sun that was veiled, but my eyes;

And that he could tear those veils away

So in the days that followed I lay in a bright dream.

At times I waked for an instant, but then I felt the dread presences always with me.

So back into the dream. . . .

And from that dream, half ecstasy, half pain,

Came our child.

And I was glad.

"Now," I said, as I watched him grow like a flame,
"Here is a fire to burn away mist—

And here is a golden sword to slay an army of shadows!"

And I waited for the miracle.

But the flame danced like a wind-blown butterfly;
And the sword made only a happy clatter;

A game in a nursery. . . .

And the black mist rose and wrapped itself over all brightness—

It blotted out the sun,

And lay over the gay colors of flowers,

It hung on the lips of laughter like a sneer. . . .

And the dark guests stayed on—

They put an evil sound into the gentle fall of snow;

They crept into the wind and made it a menace.

They pressed dully against me—even in the hour of love. . . .

Whence will come the cleansing flame—

Must it be the fire of my own heart?

And the sword of deliverance—

Must it be made with my own hands?

JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER.

THE WHITE BRUTE

Mary White Ovington

IT was a very hot day, and the jim crow car was the hottest spot in the State of Mississippi. At least so Sam and Melinda thought as they got out at the railroad station to change cars to go to their home.

"Come out of the sun into the shade, Linda," he said, when, a heavy bag in each hand, they started to move down the platform.

"I ain't minding the heat," she answered, smiling up at him.

He looked down at her, his dark eyes gleaming from his black face. He was a large, powerfully built man, with big muscles under his newly-pressed coat, and strong hands that showed years of heavy work in the fields. He swung the two bags into one hand and with the free one drew the girl to his side.

"You's the sweetest thing," he whispered.

Again she smiled up at him and her eyes were very soft and dark. Her new straw hat, with its blue ribbon, rested for a second on his shoulder. Then with a little laugh she started down the platform.

"We'll come inside," she said.

They entered the small, ill-ventilated room marked "Colored." It was a dingy place, for the stove in the center still held the winter's ashes, and the floors were thick with many weeks' dust. At one end was a window where the ticket seller would come a little before train-time to serve, first, the whites from their window in the adjoining room, and last, the blacks from theirs. But no one was about now, and the two settled themselves upon the dusty bench. The girl, with a little yawn, leaned back against the wall.

"Reckon you is feel sleepy, honey," the man said tenderly. "You was up all night mos'. We sure had the finest weddin' in the country. Your folks ain't spare nothin'. I never see so many good things to eat nur so many pretty dresses befo' in all my bawn life."

His bride slipped her hand in his. "We wanted to give you a good time."

"You sure did. It was the grandes' time I ever knowed. Dancin' and ice cream and the people a-laughin' and the preacher a-hollerin' with the res'. And all the while my li'l gal by me and me knowin' she was mine furever an' ever, furever an' ever, ter have an' ter hol'."

He pressed the hand that she had given him. "I can't see why you took me, Linda. Tom Jenkins is a preacher and learned in books, and I ain't nothin' but a black han' from de cotton field's."

She pulled his necktie into place, and then, glancing at the door and seeing that there was no one in sight, she drew his black face close to hers and kissed him.

"Tom wasn't much," she answered. "You're so big and strong. You make me feel safe."

He gazed at her and still wondered that she had chosen him. He knew himself to be uncouth, uneducated, scarcely able to read the sign over the doorway, while she had been to school for two years, had worked for white folks and knew their dainty ways. She had lived in a town with many streets and could not only read the newspaper, but could sing hymns out of a book. Then she was slender, with a soft brown skin, wavy hair, and small hands and feet. When she smiled and spoke to him he felt as he did when the mocking-bird told him that winter was gone and he caught the first scent of the jasmine bloom. How could he ever show her his great love?

He longed to perform some service and noticing a tank in the corner of the room walked over to get her

some water. But as he turned the spigot nothing flowed into the dirty glass. The tank was empty.

"That's highly mean," he objected. "Looks like they ain't know a sweet little gal lak you was comin' hyar. Jes' wait a minit an' I'll git you a drink."

Leaving her for a few seconds he returned, an anxious look on his face.

"De train am late," he declared.

"Of course it's late," she answered a little petulantly. "I've lived near a station all my life and I never knew a train to be on time. Sometimes it's an hour late, sometimes twenty-four."

"Dis ain't so bad as all that. Dis train am two hours late. De ticket man done tole me so."

"That means nearly three hours here. Well, cheer up, Sam. We'll get home some time, and then you can show me our house with the roses growing over the po'ch—"

"And da clock—"

"And the work-table that you made—"

"And de turkeys—"

"And the cooking-stove—"

"Yes, ma'am, don' you forget de new cook-stove!"

She laughed and rose to her feet. "Let's go outside," she suggested, "perhaps there's a breeze there."

They left the dirty room and walked out upon the platform. Up the track was the freight depot where were piled bales of last year's cotton crop, not yet moved. A negro lay on a truck fast asleep. Across the track was a group of tumble-down shanties, the beginnings of the straggling little town with its unpainted houses and fences in ill repair. Only the church, raising its slender spire back of the houses, gave an impressive touch to the village. To the right the platform belonged to the whites and two men lounged against the wall. They were young fellows with coarse, somewhat bloated faces that betokened too much eating of fried pork and too much drinking of crude whiskey. Both were chewing tobacco and expectorating freely upon the floor. One of the men carried a gun.

"Suppose we cross the track," Melinda suggested, "and see if we can't get some sasarilla. It would taste good."

"I reckon I wouldn't go 'bout hyar much, Linda. Dis ain't no place fur you and me. De whites is mighty mean and de bes' of the cullud folks is lef' town after de lynchin' hyar twenty years ago."

"A lynching, Sam?"

"Yes, they got him outen one o' dem houses right over yander and tied him to a pos' down de road a bit. He war'n't a *bad* feller, but he done sassed de sheriff—wouldn't let him 'rest him widout a fight—and dey is burne' him alive."

"No, no," the girl cried, and turned a frightened face toward her husband. "Sam, it won't be like that where you live?"

"Don't you be 'fraid, honey. De white folks is fine down my way if you treats 'em right. I know; I worked fer 'em fer years 'til I bought my lan'. Now I pays my taxes reg'lar, and when I comes along, dey says, 'howdy, Sam,' jes' as pleasant lak. I neber put on no airs, jes' alys pretend as deir cotton am a heap better's mine, dough it ain't near so heaby, an' we gets along fine. I can't never fergit dat lynching dough." He went on reminiscently. "Pop brung me to see it, hel' me high in his arms. It warn't much of a sight fur a little boy though, de roarin' flames an' de man screaming—how he is scream—and the flesh smelling lak a burn' hog."

"Stop!" the girl cried, "don't tell me any more, it's too horrible."

"I won't, honey. In co'se it ain't for a li'l gal lak you to hear. So you sees I ain't lak dis hyar town much. But we'll go on over day-a-way and take a walk. It can't do no harm."

"We won't go far, Sam, and you must talk about something pleasant. About the new cooking-stove, eh? You haven't once told me about the new cooking-stove, have you?"

"Don't you be makin' game of me!"

"Get the bags, dear. We don't want to leave them lying about."

"In course we don'. Somebody mought open 'em an' steal dat white weddin'-dress. But 'twouldn' be much widouten you in it. You was shinin' lak a li'l white cloud lyn' close down to de black yearth dat's me."

"Oh, go along," and she gave him a shove.

He was gone a few moments and when he returned he saw that the two white men had walked over to where she stood. She hurried swiftly toward him and he noticed that she was breathing fast.

"That's a right pretty nigger," the taller of the two men said to Sam, "belongs to you, does she?"

"Yes, sir," Sam answered. "She's my wife. Jes' married las' night," he added in a burst of confidence and pride.

"Don't look like it," the white man answered. "She ain't black enough for you, nigger. What are you doing courting a white girl like that?"

Sam threw back his head and laughed. "You sho' is funny," he said.

"Let us go, Sam," Melinda whispered, tugging at his arm. Her face showed both anger and fear and she tried to walk with him across the tracks.

"But the men stood directly in her way. The first one went on: "Don't you all be in a hurry. You don't live here, I know that. Reckon we know every nigger in town, don't we, Jim?"

He turned to his friend who nodded assent.

"Enjoying your trip?" He addressed the bridegroom, but his eyes traveled, as they had traveled before, to Melinda's slender figure and soft, oval face.

"Yas, sah, we's enjoyin' it all right. We's waitin' fur de train now ter take us home."

"What train?"

"De train from the South, sah. Ought to be hyar by two o'clock, but it ain't comin' til fo'. Pretty po' train, to keep a bride waitin'." He showed his white teeth again in a broad smile, but his eyes were fixed anxiously on the white man's face.

"That's a right smart time to wait, ain't it, Jim?" The man with the gun nodded. "Reckon we ought to do something for your amusement. Give your girl a good time, now?"

Sam laughed again to show his delight at the man's facetiousness. "You's mighty good, sir, to think about my girl and me. But we don't need no amusement. We ain't been married long enough to be tired of one another, has we, honey?" and he looked down into Melinda's face.

She was terrified, he could see that clearly. Pulling at his arm she drew him back toward the waiting room. "Come in here, I want to sit down," she said.

Sam led her into the room only to find the white men following him. Standing at her husband's side, the girl turned and for the first time spoke to the men.

"This room is for colored," she said.

The man with the gun spat upon the floor, but did

not move. The other, an ugly look coming into his thin, unhealthy face, answered:

"There's plenty of places where a nigger can't go, my girl, but there ain't a place where a nigger can keep a white man out, leastways in this county of Mississippi, ain't that so, Jim?"

"That's so," was the other's answer.

"So listen to what I'm saying. Your train leaves at four?" Turning to Sam.

"Yas, Sah," was the answer.

"Don't you worry, then. I'll bring the girl to you all right. Won't let you miss connection. We would'n't part husband and wife, but I mean to have my time before you go."

Sam felt the girl's hands about his arm in a grip of terror. Her hot breath was upon his cheek. Patting her two hands with his big one, he whispered, "Don't you worry, honey."

Then he looked at the men and laughed a harsh, scared laugh. "I knows white folks," he exclaimed, speaking to her and to them. "I knows dey don't want to do us no harm. 'They jes likes to play wid us, dat's all. Niggers kin always understan' a joke, can't dey, boss?"

"This ain't a joke," the white man retorted sharply. "We-all mean what we say. We ain't jawing at you all this time for nothing. Give us the girl right quick or we'll hang you to the nearest pole and shoot at you till you're thicker'n holes than a rotten tree full of woodpeckers."

"A nigger ain't much account here," the man with the gun added, shifting his weapon in his hand. "We shoot 'em when we feel like it. There's a law in this State for shooting game, but there ain't no law for shooting coons. We burned a nigger here twenty years ago. Got a souvenir of him. Want to see it?" And he thrust a hand into his pocket.

"Sam!" the girl cried.

He looked into the face that had smiled upon him a few minutes before to see her sweet mouth drawn with fear and her eyes starting with terror. His fists clenched and his body stiffened ready for the battle. He measured the man with the gun. He would strike him first, and then, the weapon secured, he could easily shoot his companion. Or he would squeeze those lean necks, one in each hand, and see the eyes start out from the bloated, ugly faces. He would kill them before her, his mate, who had chosen him as her protector.

And after that, what?

As he stood there, alert, tense, ready to strike, before his eyes there flashed the picture of a man tied to a post, writhing amid flames, while to his nostrils came the smell of burning flesh.

His hands unclenched. Pushing his wife behind him, with a dramatic gesture he threw out his arms and appealed to the two men.

"I know de white folks is master hyar," he cried. "I ain't never said a word agin it. I's worked for the white boss, I's ploughed and sowed and picked for him. I's been a good nigger. Now I asks you, masters, to play fair. I asks you to leave me alone wid what's mine. Don't touch my wife!"

For answer the man with the gun struck him down while the other seized the woman. Reeling against the wall, he saw them drag her to the platform and when he had stumbled from the room he watched them disappear among the shanties across the track.

"Got your girl, eh?" a jeering voice said.

The question came from the negro who had been asleep upon the truck, and who now sauntered over to where Sam stood. The outraged husband fell upon him in a blind fury, and beat him with his big fists until the other cried for mercy.

"Get out, then," Sam bellowed, flinging the bleeding

man from him. "Get out, if you don't want me to kill you."

The man muttered a curse and slunk away.

"I'm sorry for you," a voice said at Sam's elbow.

The negro turned again with raised fist, but dropped his arm and stood in sullen silence as he saw a white man at his side. The newcomer had emerged from the waiting room, and was looking at Sam in friendly sympathy. He was an elderly man with white hair and beard and kindly blue eyes.

"I'm right sorry," he went on. "I saw 'em just now and it was a dirty trick. I'd liked to have done something for you, but Lord, you can't stop those boys. They own the town. Everyone's afraid of them. Jim there, he's shot and killed two, white men I mean, not counting colored, and Jeff's his equal. They ought to swing for it, but Jeff, he's the sheriff's son."

"You done just right," the man continued, "if you'd a struck either of 'em you'd be a dead man by now,—or worse. They won't stand for nothing from a nigger, those boys. I's right sorry," he said over again, and seeing that he could be of no service he went on his way.

The black man in his strength and his helplessness waited on the platform through the interminable hours. The train-men looked at him curiously as they went about their work, and occasionally a colored passenger spoke to him, but he seemed unconscious of their scrutiny or their words. His frenzy had left him and he stood, keeping silent watch of the cluster of shanties in front of the church spire. Once, when a train stopped and shut the town from his view, his eyes dropped and he stooped and picked up the bags at his feet, but there was no bright presence at his side, and as the cars moved out, he put the bags down again and resumed his patient watchfulness. And while his eyes rested upon the dingy outline of the unkempt town, his vision through all the hot, gasping minutes was of a dark-faced, slender girl in the clutches of a white brute.

The men kept their word. As the train from the South drew up they hurried her on to the platform and pushed her and her husband into the jim crow car: "Good-bye" they called and then with lagging steps walked to the village street.

It was late afternoon when the bride and bridegroom reached their home. The western clouds were turning from glowing gold to crimson and all sweet odors were rising from the earth. Violets grew in the grass and honeysuckle clambered over the cabin side. At the porch was a rose bush covered with innumerable pink blossoms. And as though he had waited there to greet them a red bird chirped a welcome from the window sill.

A moment's glow of happiness shone in the man's face and he turned to his wife. Vaguely he felt that the warm earth and the gentle, sweet-scented breeze might heal the misery that gripped their hearts. They had been like two dumb, beaten creatures on the train, bowed and helpless. But now they had quitted the world of harsh sounds and brutal faces and were at home. The man drew a deep breath and stood erect as he opened the door for her, but the woman crossed the threshold with shrinking step and bent head.

It was such a homelike place. All winter he had worked for her, fashioning a table for her use, placing a chair here and a stool there, saving the brightest pictures from the papers to pin against the wall. The dresser was filled with blue and white china bought with money that he had taken from his own needs. Many a time he had gone hungry that they might have something beautiful on which to serve their first meal together.

"Sit down, Lindy, lamb," he said. His deep, rich voice had never been so tender. "Rest yo' hat and coat. I'll git the supper to-night."

He set about his task, lighting the lamp, kindling the fire in the new stove, and cooking the evening meal. But she ate nothing. She would startle violently at the fall of a log in the stove, at the leaf tapping on the window pane, at the cry of a bird.

"That ain't nothin' but the tu'keys, honey," once he said soothingly as he saw her tremble, "they's goin' to roost. They'll be right glad to see you to-morrer."

Presently she rose and in a hoarse voice told him that she would go to bed. He led her into the little chamber that he had built for their bedroom. Setting the lamp that he had carried on the table, he looked up at her, his eyes asking wistfully for a caress as a dog might look at its master. But she turned away and he went out to keep his watch alone.

Sitting in the room which he loved and had fashioned for her sake, the clock ticking upon the shelf told him with every second of the happiness that he had lost. "Looks like I's bleeched ter bear it," he whispered to himself, "but it ain't right. It ain't right. No man had oughter treat anudder man lak dat. Seem lak dey think a black skin ain't cover a human heart. Oh God, it ain't right! It ain't right!"

When he crept into the bed beside her he found her shaking with sobs.

"Honey," he whispered, "I's glad you kin cry. Let the tears come. Dey'll help you ter furgit."

He would have laid her head upon his breast, but she drew away.

"Lindy," he cried passionately, "I was nigh crazy to keep you, don't you know dat? I could hav' kill dem wid my two han's. But it wouldn't have been no use! It wouldn't have been no use! Can't you see dat? If you jes' thinks you'll understan'. I'd seen dem burn a nigger as had struck a white man. Dat's what dey'd have done to me. Can't you see? You wouldn't have wanted to have seen me lak dat?"

"And what good would it have done? It wouldn't have made no diffuence. You'd have had to suffer jes' de same. Listen, honey, I couldn't help you, it'd been jes' de same, only you'd have been lef' all alone."

"But you ain't alone now, Melindy, honey-lamb, you's got me, and I'll toil for you while I lives. I'll help you to furgit. I'll love you and I'll work for you from morn till night. I'll tend you if you're sick lak's if you was my baby chil'. There ain't nothin' I kin do fur you as I'll leave undid. Oh, Melindy, I'm here alive, don't you want me? I'm alive. You wouldn't rather have a dead man than a live one, would you?"

He stopped panting and listened for her answer.

At length it came in whispered gasps: "I don't know, Sam, I'm afraid. Every minute I'm afraid."

"Don' be afraid," he cried impetuously, throwing his arm about her. "I'm hyar."

And then he stopped. She had not turned to him, but snuggled close to the wall as if seeking protection there.

Outside were the soft night sounds, the vines rustling against the window, the insects' drowsy chirps. Far off, by some distant cabin, came the howl of a dog.

"A dead man or a live cur," he said to himself; and turned upon his face with a sob.

Announcement

WITH this number THE MASSES achieves a regular newsstand distribution all over the country. For this purpose it is necessary to have the magazine printed twenty-two days earlier than it used to be. And the only way we could make this change without printing two numbers in one month, which we could not afford, was to omit one number altogether. This is the November number, and you will receive the December number on November tenth, and so on thereafter.



Drawn by Elizabeth Grieg.

"LOOK AT THAT SUFFRAGETTE, MADGE—RIGHT OUT IN THE STREET—WOULDN'T YOU THINK SHE'D DIE OF SHAME?"
 "YEH—YOU BET."

To Suffragists

BY your enemies, the antis, you are charged with approving of THE MASSES. We know better. THE MASSES approves of you, but you do not approve of us. We are for you to the last ditch, regardless of whether you are for us or not. Suffrage is a thing we can't dicker and haggle about. It belongs to you, and we can't help saying so.

All the same, we are sorry to have you blamed for the things we do. We put on our cover recently a picture of Leo Frank hanging on a cross between two negroes. Some people said it was "bad taste." And then the thing we thus prophetically imaged occurred in horrible reality—Leo Frank was dragged from his bed by Southern gentlemen and lynched.

Well, a copy of that magazine has been exhibited by anti-suffragists at Catholic picnics, with the statement that this "blasphemous" magazine is the national organ of the Woman Suffrage Party! This falsehood lost you some Catholic votes.

We don't know yet *why* it is blasphemous to print a picture of a man on a cross. We were glad to hear that a suffrage meeting was held the other day, for the first time, in a Catholic church. If any good Catholic

stayed away from that meeting because he thought you were responsible for our blasphemy, it was too bad.

Our blasphemies, our ideas, our pictures, are our own. And we can't help it if among them appears insistently this simple fact: Women ought to be citizens and they will.

The Woman's Magazine

IT has glorified the work-basket and the egg-beater and has infinitely stretched woman's belief in the miracles which may be wrought with them. It has taught her what to do for the baby, what is the right way to puff her hair and why she should win her daughter's confidence.

Think of the old tomato cans made into pretty pin-cushions, the thread lace collars, the embroidered scarfs, the hand-painted match receivers, the linen pin-trays, the discarded boxes converted into "what-nots"! If it were not for this perennial adviser, it would be hard to imagine how a woman could get up a dinner party, mind her manners, keep her beauty or her husband's love.

While, on the other hand, if she were not thus usefully absorbed, a chivalrous man dreads to think

how often a woman might nowadays be tempted to engage in activities outside the home.

It is a great service that these widely-circulated publications are performing for America to-day, whether they are sent to the great apartment building or to the old farm-house. It is a service to men, a fundamental service to the established order. For their message to women is one of domesticity and contentment.

Confess now!

Which kind of woman would you rather have pour out your morning coffee for you—a complacent or an eager-minded woman? Do you not feel uneasy in the presence of a woman who is filled with turbulent desires for experience, life, work—self-expression, power, responsibility, independence and freedom? Once the impulse in woman to be a personality is let loose, the comfort of man is doomed.

The woman's magazine is the savior of society, man's best friend, the final hope of our chivalric civilization. Woman's ambitions, her independence, the assertion of her own free personality, are gradually but certainly inhibited by a few years of such reading.

It is the one sure antidote to feminism.

JEANNETTE EATON.

Robert Minor



Drawn by Robert Minor.

O Wicked Flesh!

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Criminals All

"TOO many women are going around advocating woman suffrage. If they would go around advocating bearing children we would be better off."

This advice to woman suffragists was given free by Judge McNerny, in the New York Court of Special Sessions, at the trial of William Sanger. Mr. Sanger had given a copy of his wife's pamphlet on "Family Limitation" to a Comstock detective who represented himself to be a human being. For this mistake in judgment Mr. Sanger was given the choice of paying \$150 or going to jail for thirty days. He chose to go to jail.

One must not be too hasty in blaming Mr. Sanger for mistaking a Comstock detective for a regular person. The superficial resemblance is sometimes quite close. There was the Comstock detective who wrote in to a physician, saying that she had given birth to three idiot children; she asked the physician to tell her how to keep from having more children. He sent the information through the mail, was arrested and sentenced to prison. He is still there, if we are not mistaken.

But Mr. Sanger was sentenced to only thirty days. It was not that the judges regarded his offense as a light one. On the contrary, they declared that he had not only committed "a crime against the laws of man but against the laws of God." That, of course, is what our judges are paid for—to enforce the laws of God. Thirty days is little enough. Why, they used to burn people at the stake for crimes against the laws of God. Why only thirty days?

Well, in the first place, the harm has been done. Mrs. Sanger published 100,000 copies of her pamphlet, and they have all been distributed. Since she went abroad, she has published successive pamphlets describing the English, French, and Dutch methods of birth control, and a large edition of each has been distributed in this country. Spurred by her example, several other persons have got out pamphlets containing the same information, and placed them in the right hands. Another edition of a million copies is said to be under way.

In the use of the mails to distribute this information, it is estimated that the law has been broken some 500,000 times since the Sanger arrest. That is what you might call efficiency.

This work has been carried on by a multitude of "criminals," none of whom has as yet gone to jail. But the head and front of the offending is the person who wrote the pamphlet, Mrs. Margaret Sanger. When she returns to this country she will be put on trial; and if she is let off with a thirty-day sentence, then you can begin to congratulate yourself.

But to return to Judge McNerny. According to press reports, he said to Mr. Sanger in the court-room:

"If you and your ilk would marry decent women, you would not have time to think of such worthless projects."

Judge McNerny availed himself of the immunity of the bench in order to insult a man's wife to his face in public. No need to characterize the judge. But we characterize the laws which offer no redress for the crime of slander committed by a judge with his robe on, as wholly inadequate to the preservation of the peace. It is one of the commonest crimes committed in New York.

Now here is something to think about. When Margaret Sanger returns, she will be put on trial before a judge—we do not know what judge—but a judge in whose marital relations the prevention of conception is practised. She will be arraigned by an assistant district attorney—we have no idea which one, but it makes no difference—who knows and uses the knowledge

which Mrs. Sanger put in her pamphlet for the benefit of working people. The knowledge of birth-control and the use of that knowledge is universal in the middle classes, from which our judges and assistant district attorneys come. The judge will look at the pamphlet, pull a grave face, and say, "This pamphlet is indecent and immoral." The young lawyer representing the state will make an eloquent speech in which he will speak of the prevention of conception as a horrid crime. They will—if they are not prevented by public opinion—send Mrs. Sanger to prison for a term of years.

But they can learn. Even judges can learn. Here is what happened this fall in Portland, Oregon. Emma Goldman and Ben Reitman were holding meetings. Someone distributed Mrs. Sanger's pamphlet at one of their meetings. They were arrested, and fined \$100 apiece. The case was promptly appealed by their attorney, Colonel C. E. S. Wood, and was dismissed.

In dismissing the case, Judge W. N. Gatens—we are glad to give his name—said:

"It seems to me that the trouble with our people today is that there is too much prudery. Ignorance and prudery are the millstones about the necks of progress. *We are all shocked by many things publicly stated that we know privately ourselves*, but we haven't got the nerve to get up and admit it, and when some person brings to our attention something we already know, we feign modesty and *we feel that the public has been outraged and decency has been shocked when as a matter of fact we know all these things ourselves.*"

It takes time to change a stupid law. The movement is under way to compel the repeal of this most stupid of all laws. Meanwhile it must be rendered inoperative by the force of public opinion. There is a law, un-repealed, which forbids the citizens of New York City to go masked at dances. No judge considers it his duty to enforce that law. If he did enforce it, he would be considered a silly old fool.

The law against giving information which will enable people to regulate childbirth is unenforceable. Every physician gives such information to his patients. Every bride in the upper classes is given such information by her married friends. The distribution of pamphlets giving exact and authoritative information is only a more efficient method of spreading this knowledge. In England, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, it is done with the permission of the government; in some countries with the co-operation of the government. It is a kind of knowledge which is bound to become universal. Nothing can stop its spread. For a "criminal" on the bench to talk solemn nonsense to a "criminal" in the dock only makes the courts ridiculous. As a man said to us the other day, "If Judge _____ ever sentences me for this 'crime,' I shall have difficulty to keep from laughing in his face."

F. D.

Birth Control

HAVELOCK ELLIS is perhaps the greatest living authority on the subject of sex, as well as being one of the profoundest thinkers of modern times. His series of volumes, "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," may be said to constitute the foundation of the modern attitude toward the whole problem of sex, and are fairly essential to a sane and complete understanding of it. Mr. Ellis contributes to *Physical Culture* a series of very wise and illuminating articles on Birth Control which are to be earnestly recommended to all readers of THE MASSES. These articles appear in the September, October and November issues of *Physical Culture*.

"Industrial Relations"

NO more startling confirmation of what we've been saying in THE MASSES—of what THE MASSES exists to say—would be given than the report of President Wilson's Industrial Relations Commission. The Commission has discovered and announced the exact cause of "industrial unrest." Beyond all hopes of its best friends it has carved out and held up to view the very heart of the trouble.

The three capitalists, with My Lady Bountiful and the Professor of Academic Truth, make one report. The three Labor Men, with their champion, that rarest of all types, the Militant Altruist, make another. And *both reports are true*. For no matter what the details are, this is what they say:

The conflict of interest between capital and labor is absolute, and cannot be resolved. Every man and woman in the United States belongs, and would find himself, just as we members of the commission have, on one side or the other of this conflict. It is not a matter of opinion. It is a matter of the will. Do you wish to see labor conquer, and the privilege of the classes that are paid for owning capital gradually be abolished out of the world? Or do you wish to see capital, and its charitable and academic minions, continue to rule through an eternity of "industrial unrest?"

You have only this choice. Whether you know it or not, you are on one side or the other of a fight.

That is the report of the commission.

Dickering With Lives

GOVERNOR JOHNSON of California says that as long as the I. W. W. keeps threatening the destruction of property he will not listen to their appeals—nor to anybody else's—on behalf of Ford and Suhr, the men unjustly convicted of murder in connection with the great hop pickers strike. This means either that he intends to punish men who may be innocent, in reprisal for the activities of an organization to which they belong; or that he is holding out the hope of a pardon to men who may be guilty, as the price of peace with the I. W. W. In neither case is it a proposition worthy a self-respecting executive. It is Governor Johnson's business to pardon Ford and Suhr if he believes them to be innocent, regardless equally of the open threats of the I. W. W. and the covert threats of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association. We think that Governor Johnson not merely believes, but *knows* them to be innocent. If he delays their pardon, it will be perfectly apparent just what interests he sets above those of justice.

MICE

HERE'S to the mice that scare the lions,
Creeping into their cages.
Here's to the fairy mice that bite
The elephants fat and wise:
Hidden in the hay-pile while the elephant-thunder
rages.

Here's to the scurrying, timid mice,
Through whom the proud cause dies.

Here's to the seeming accident
When all is planned and working,
All the wheels a-turning,
Not one serf a-shirking.
Here's to the hidden tunneling thing
That brings the mountain's groans.
Here's to the midnight scamps that gnaw;
Gnawing away the thrones.

VACHEL LINDSAY.

Stray Thoughts on Chivalry

I WAS thinking about chivalry the other day. This was in regard to the violent ending of the Frank case and the excuse which Georgia makes for that violence—chivalric consideration of its women. I remembered that the age of consent in Georgia is ten years and that children are permitted to work day and night in the mills there. I have no doubt that chivalry was a great glowing ideal to the age that brought it forth. The trouble with the modern translation is that it has limited its meaning. Nowadays we think that a chivalrous man is one who is gentle to women, but I suppose in the age which produced chivalry a chivalrous man was gentle to all weak creatures whether they were women or men or children or beasts. In that true sense, I suppose Abraham Lincoln was the most chivalrous man who ever lived; for he has probably helped more of the helpless than any other one man.

And then thinking of chivalry and the Frank case and Abraham Lincoln, my mind went back to some testimony given before the United States Commission on Industrial Relations in Washington last May.

Mr. A. J. McKelway, testifying in regard to child labor in the South, said in passing that if child labor had been abolished in Georgia, Mary Phagan would be alive today; for she would not have entered the factory in which she met her doom until two years later.

And still thinking of chivalry and the Frank case and child labor, I recalled a story that McKelway told—the story of Charlie Knapp. Mrs. Knapp, the mother of Charlie, finding herself unable to support a tubercular husband and family, sent her three children to a farmer-brother in Georgia. The uncle kept the children on the farm for a while. But later when he married a widow with children of her own, he put Charlie to work. In the two years that followed,

Charlie worked in five mills—in two by night. He was injured twice. Once, when he was drawing water from a well with an old-fashioned bucket system, one of the buckets flew up and hit him. Once, when they had sent him up a ladder to clean a shaft, he was caught in the machinery. At the end of two years, the mother sent for the two other children. Charlie managed to conceal a note, which described his condition, in his sister's clothes. Mrs. Knapp had to put much machinery in motion to get her son; but she finally recovered him. When he returned to her, one leg shorter than the other, crippled for life—and with God only knows how many scars on his baby-soul—he was as much a scrap-heap victim of our present industrial system as though he had spent twenty-five years as a wage-slave instead of two. And those two years came between the ages of nine and eleven.

And then, still thinking of chivalry and Georgia and the Frank case and child labor, my mind went back to Lincoln again and veered off to Lincoln's son.

This is a strange universe in which we live and sometimes it looks as though it were in a state of anarchy—an anarchy of hate and not of love. If it were not for what looks like a law of averages and a law of compensation—

Robert Lincoln testified before the Commission on Industrial Relations. His testimony indicated that the five thousand negro porters in the employ of the Pullman Company are virtually the slaves of that company. Thus the Abraham Lincoln of one generation frees all the black people in America and the Robert Lincoln of another generation puts five thousand of them back into slavery again. . . . But—note this anecdote, told by Mr. McKelway:

It happens that the children who work in the Georgia mills are almost all white. When child-labor came up for discussion in the Georgia Legislature a little while

ago, the excitement among the white legislators was so great that they were limited to three-minute speeches. Finally a negro member arose.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "I am not much interested in this; for our negro children don't work in the mills. But we've legislated here for the beasts of the earth, the birds of the air, the fishes of the sea, and I'm in favor of legislation for the little white children of this State." So Abraham Lincoln frees the blacks and his son enslaves them again. But the black man pays back his debt to Lincoln by trying to free the little white children. Perhaps this may not seem to have much to do with suffrage; but I was only thinking of chivalry.

INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE.

In Solemn Warning.

ROBERT GRANT has written a new novel called "The High Priestess." It tells the story of a woman who was interested in modern ideas. She read books, attended meetings, talked about the future, and all that sort of thing. She did not spend half her time waiting on her husband, and the other half concocting new gowns that would make her perpetually alluring to him. Nor did she fulfil that prime duty of woman, to wit, keeping him under careful observation, to see that he did not talk to other women for more than a minute and a half at a time.

The results of this course are obvious and lamentable. Her husband gets a chance to hold a five-minute conversation with another woman, in which he learns that he is an object of interest not to his wife alone. The effect of this revelation on his simple masculine mind is disrupting in the extreme. He is so overcome by it that he holds the lady's hand.

Let that be a lesson to you!

The Most Convincing

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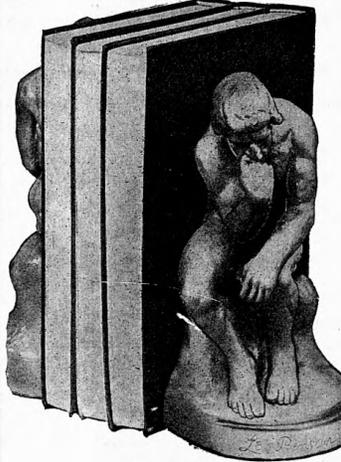
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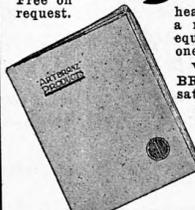
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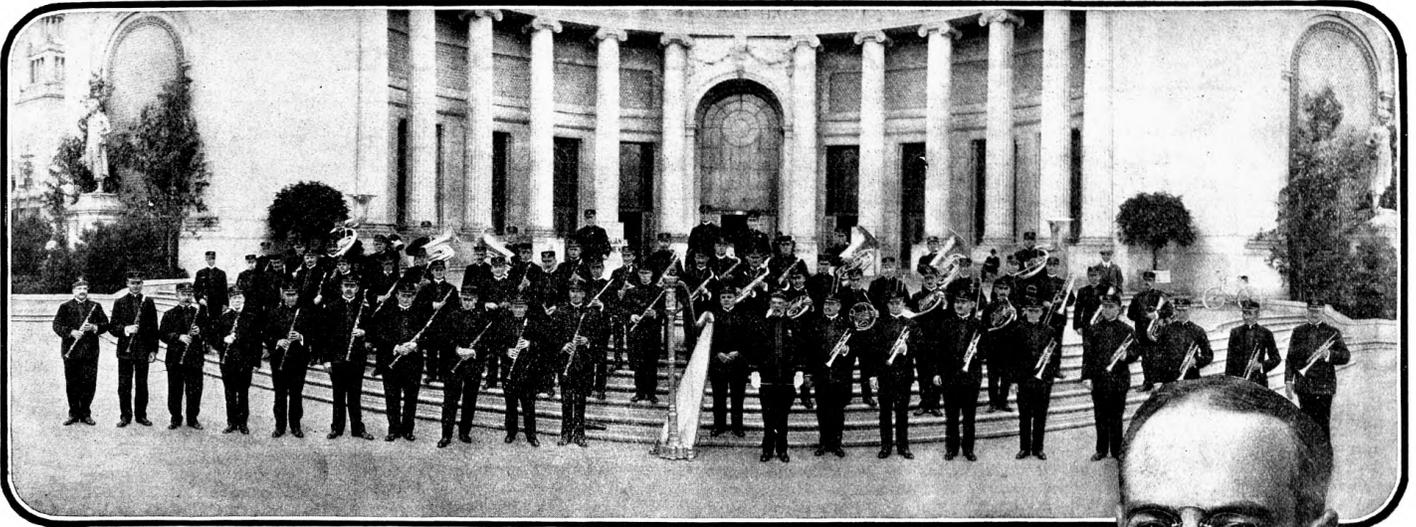
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