THE MASSES

THIS Magazine is Owned
and Published Co-
operatively by its Ed-
itors. It has no Dividends
to Pay, and nobody is try-
ing to make Money out of
it. A Revolutionary and
not a Reform Magazine; a
Magazine with a Sense of
Humor and no Respect for
the Respectable; Frank;
Arrogant; Impertinent;
Searching for the True
Causes; a Magazine Di-
rected against Rigidity
and Dogma wherever it is
found; Printing what is
too Naked or True for a
Money-Making Press; a
Magazine whose final Pol-
icy is to do as it Pleases
and Conciliate Nobody,
not even its Readers—A
Free Magazine.

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ART EDITOR
John Sloan

MANAGING EDITOR
Floyd Dell

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Yearly, $1.00
Half Yearly, 50 Cents
Rates on bundle orders and to
newspapers on application

Entered as second-class matter,
December 27, 1910, at the
postoffice of New York
City, under the Act
of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by
The Masses Publishing Co.,
87 Greenwich Avenue, New York

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THE HARBOR
by ERNEST POOLE

"THE FIRST NOTABLE NOVEL PRODUCED BY THE
NEW DEMOCRACY"
- N. Y. Tribune

THE HARBOR is a novel of rare vision, a story
of unusual conception and power, full of the new romance
of our modern life. It is the epic of all great cities and
the people who live in them told simply and earnestly,
reflecting through its scenes and characters
the great changes taking place in American
ideals in the present generation.

Read The Harbor—"it is the ablest
novel added to American fiction in
many a long year."

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"By all odds
the best Ameri-
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The characters are
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The New York
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"A fine new Ameri-
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A work which
must be placed at once
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distinctive Ameri-
can novel of the
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Every American Should Read

THE HARBOR. Ernest Poole's nov-
el is a book for every man or woman
who lives in a city. To read TheHarbor is to know
the best spirit of contemporary life, to understand
the new creative forces at work in our land to-day, and
to feel in full the undeniable romance of America.

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If you are a Socialist, read it to see if
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finding your own convictions strength-
ened and set forth with such simplicity,
cleanliness and force.

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Wage Earners

By J. ELIOT ROSS, Ph. D.

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The question of the responsibility of the
employer to pay his employees a living
wage is viewed from an entirely new angle.

This is a topic of importance to you
whether you are employer, employee or
boss or blue collar worker. The author's view is
unique, entirely logical and offers a solution
of our greatest economic problem.

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THE WAR

Imperial Germany, by Prince Bern- hard von Bülow. Here are all sorts of books about German statesmanship by people who are neither Germans nor statesmen. But here is a new, tremendously significant book by the man who was Chancellor of the German Em- pire from 1900 to 1909. $1.50 net. F. S. Crofts, London.

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(Continued on page 86)
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"Waiting for the Bomb"

"The detectives were disguised as scrubwomen, rubbers, etc."
—Daily Press report of the force at St. Patrick’s church.
See p. 16.
"The detectives were disguised as scrubwomen, usherers, etc."
See p. 16.

Waiting for the Bomb
Concerning Optimism

IT is pitiful to see people who have lived on visionary expectations of Universal Brotherhood, hunting for some pale straw of hope in these gloomy times. Lucky we who were born of little faith—who can go on fighting for the fight's sake.

"In seed-time or in berry-time, When brown leaves fall or buds peep out, When green the turf or white the rime, There's something to be glad about."

That pathetic little rhyme of optimism, with its guileless but persistent accent upon something, hovers in my mind today. And thinking how sad the person must have been who wrote it, and how sad many of the "spiritual" people are in this "year of our Lord," I feel almost reluctant to bring out another issue of these pages of protest.

And yet there are so many people, so many journals, so many committees, foundations, salaried press-agents, engaged in the manufacture of artificial optimism, that it becomes almost an honest duty to remain in a state of gloom.

The worst nightmare that crosses my mind is the thought of those innumerable millions of books that are going to be written about this war after it is over. All the clean vigor of the intellect of Europe is destined to waste itself for a hundred years, deciding whether General Suh-and-Suh came to the reinforcement of Colonel This-or-That's brigade of light artillery—and nobody will have the slightest idea whether he came, after they get it all settled in the twenty-fifth century.

Couldn't we contrive to insert into those celebrated terms of peace, a provision that only one book shall be written on the war by each nation, and that only ten feet thick?

STUART DAVIS was walking in a downtown street with a friend the other day, and saw some pitiful Belgian of the industrial war making for the interior of a garbage can, in search of a bite of food.

"Look—he knows I'm a Masses artist!" said Davis, with that peculiarly Masses humor of his.

The "Committee of Fourteen" gives us a bright little column of hand-polished hopefulness. After selecting R. H. Macy's department store (on the Consumers' League black list) as an institution "sincerely desirous of establishing and maintaining good conditions in their store," the committee proceeds to discover:

1. That "small wages in themselves do not appear to be a cause of immorality; and indeed the general testimony is that there is probably more immorality among the higher than the lower (not the lowest) paid."
2. "There is not a ten-room hotel which was erected or converted so as to meet those requirements of the Liquor Tax law which to-day rents rooms to couples, and there are very few ordinary saloons or hotels which will even serve liquor to a known prostitute, though she be accompanied by a man. Those that do are called sharply to account by the brewer interested as soon as he knows of the dereliction."
3. "Thanks to brewers and low wages, it would seem (not lowest) that we are on the high road to salvation."
4. "A third joyous reassurance the committee leaves with us:"
5. "The poison-needle cases which attracted so much attention last winter were investigated without a single actual victim being found."

A Historian

PROFESSOR SHEPARD of Columbia University was presiding at a banquet the other day, and he said, in praise of neutrality, that nobody could tell what had happened until a hundred years afterward anyway. He said that impetuous people were always eager to make up their minds, but as a historian he thought it was better to reserve judgment. I thought this would make a good definition of a historian—a man who reserves his judgment until everybody's dead, including himself, but of course he was dead all the time.

Columbia's Education

SPEAKING of Columbia—there was a sudden termination of business relations between The Masses and the University Book-Store on the campus, a little while ago. We sent a boy up to know why, and he was told:

"You attack the church too much."

About the same date the University Library terminated its subscription to The Masses. I wrote to the Librarian, asking the reason, and received this reply:

Columbia University, Jan. 5, 1915.

Dear Sir:

In reply to your letter of the 4th I inform you that although subscription to one copy of The Masses was discontinued, we are still subscribing for a copy, which is on file in the School of Journalism. Very truly yours,

FREDERICK C. HICKS,
Assistant Librarian.

In answer to that I wrote:

Dear Sir:

My reason for writing to know why The Masses was removed from the Columbia library is an editorial.

Drawn by Arthur Young.
COLUMBIA COLLEGE

LIBRARY

Drawn by Arthur Young.
THE MASSES

Sign of the Times


Only five other papers were read. And even they gave small attention to those "Problems of Pure Being" which are supposed to be the distinguishing concern of the philosopher.

It is almost as alarming as though the Vestal Virgins should bring forth child.

About the Church

WE published, a long while ago, a paragraph quoting a Baptist paper, the Watchman-Examiner, to the effect that

"We unhesitatingly support Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and his associates in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company."

Our paragraph implied that this was "the position of the church in the Colorado situation."

Of course, the Watchman-Examiner is only one out of the hundreds of churches in the country, and the position of the church is far more complex.

The church is practically solid against revolutionary strikes, although the Catholic Church always tries, after any strike is declared, to seem neutral.

John Fitch, who made the fairest survey in Paterson two years ago, tells me he had the police and rabidly and riotously against the strikers. Rabbi Mannersheim lost his job in Paterson, and is now elsewhere, because of his sympathy with the strikers, frequently expressed; the Methodist minister was against the strikers; the Catholic priests tried to be friendly to labor according to their lights; in general the clergy was against the strikers, being shocked by the I. W. W., and particularly interested in wondering about their morals.

The strike in Colorado, however, was in no sense revolutionary. It was merely a demand that the employers obey the labor law. And in Trinidad I found one clergyman at least heartily on the side of the strikers—although by the time I arrived he had been reduced to silence, and asked me to regard our interview as absolutely private. I sum up my investigation here in these words:

A sweating effort at neutrality was made by the Jesuit priesthood of the Catholic church, an effort that will always be made, I suppose, in times of class crisis by the Catholic church. For the Catholic church is the Church of the Exploitation of the Poor, and it has its own gentle and peculiar mode of exploiting the poor and cannot afford to forsake them to others. Of the seven Protestant ministers, five are hot little prophets of privilege. The other two get what the original causes of the trouble was the failure of the church to live up to its mission of teaching Christianity and other blessings of civilization to the miners. Just what Christianity would have done to the miners, unless it sent them back to work in the blessedness of the meek, was not explained by these ministers. But the Salvation Army leader made it perfectly plain that he considered the "preaching of contentment" to be his function in the mining camps. The gospel according to Marx.

Our statement about the church in the August number ought to have been supported, and in a small degree modified, by these concrete facts.

Prison Literature

Frank Tanenbaum

SOME of the perverted influences which dominate such an institution as the Blackwell's Island Penitentiary would be farcical if their results were not so tragic. An institution avowedly existing for the correction and betterment of human beings, it closes its doors against many of the most ideal creations of the human mind. The Warden is the supreme literary censor and, as a prevention against the corruption of my morals, he withheld from me,—among other books sent me by my friends,—Bucke's "History of Civilization in England." I suppose he thought the word "civilization" sounded revolutionary, for some of the other books he would not let me see were Carlyle's "French Revolution," G. Lowes Dickinson's "Justice and Liberty," and "The Revolutional Function of the Modern Church" by Rev. John Haynes Holmes of the Church of the Messiah. Goethe's "Faust" is another book that he thought was a little too modern for those classic halls.

When I tell you that he withheld several copies of the Nation as being too radical for you, I will know how much chance I had of seeing the periodicals I really wanted.

When, in the middle of my term, Jane Roulston got a permit to see me, the Warden met her at the door with a sad face:

"When Tanenbaum first came here," he said, "I thought he had the makings of a man in him, but I have no more hopes for him."

"What's the matter?" said Miss Roulston. "Is he learning to take dope, or what?"

"Why no, not exactly—but he's sunk pretty low. Can you imagine—he reads that magazine, The Masses?"

Among Those Present

"At a reception to Tanenbaum . . . attended by 400 men and a few women, most of the former unbarbered, crooked-skulled, shiness, stunted, or shifty-eyed. Tanenbaum in a scarcely audible voice confessed himself 'mushy-minded' and made vague remarks . . . "—New York World.

It is pleasant to see our well-known journalism now and then with her paint off and her hair down.

Travel

EVERYWHERE are trees and grass
As one finds at home:
Nor can I leave the sky behind
No matter where I roam;
Everywhere I see the same
Modes of life endure—
Everywhere I find the Rich
Thriving on the Poor.

Harry Kemp.

To a New Subscriber

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., subscribed to The Masses the other day, and I feel warranted in extending him a little personal advice. In objecting to Mr. Walsh's candid championship of the oppressed as Chairman of the Industrial Relations Commission, Mr. Rockefeller said:

"You are stirring up exactly that industrial unrest which your Commission was 'appointed to allay.'"

Now, by some unhappy accident, Mr. Rockefeller, the federal commission was not appointed to "allay" industrial unrest. At least nobody ever was foolish enough to say so. It was appointed to investigate "the causes" of unrest. And in ushering the Rockefeller Foundation, your own little optimism factory, into the same field, I recommend that you cling to the established terminology. Your own partiality must not become too obvious—especially when you are objecting to Mr. Walsh's.

In other words, the "allaying" should be brought in on the side. The people of the country have enough self-respect to demand that, even if they haven't enough to wipe your now perfectly transparent enterprise off their earth.

Piety

A LETTER from a prominent divine, a noted idealist, asking me if there is any way I can "beg, borrow, or steal a copy of Margaret Sanger's pamphlet and smuggle it" into his hands "without falling foul of the law," sets me thinking.

If I did comply with his request (and I'm not saying I didn't), it would be a state's prison offense. But that only shows how far upward idealism has traveled, since, for instance, Socrates defined piety as "obedience to the laws of one's country," and drank hemlock out of loyalty to his definition.

If only one could be sure we would drink hemlock for ours!

Here is one thing to be glad about. It is just possible that the war in Europe will emancipate the United States. It may start a few of our standard people thinking there is something nobler to do in society and art, than imitate the culture and manners of western Europe.
INVOCATION

TRUTH, be more precious to me than the eyes
Of happy love; burn hotter in my throat
Than passion; and possess me like my pride;
More sweet than freedom; more desired than joy;
More sacred than the pleasing of a friend.

M. E.
In The Social Whirl

THEODORE ROOSEVELT and four sons have organized themselves into an Assistant Standing Army. They expect to admit other persons of good character from time to time.

THE Prince of Wales, disguised as a young officer, recently spent a few minutes upon the firing line and returned to safety none the worse for the rash adventure.

THE MASSES

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, the well-known lecturer, recently paid a flying visit to Washington, D. C., where he concluded a lasting peace between this country and Uruguay.

ST. PATRICK'S Cathedral in New York reports a gratifying increase in attendance and interest on the part of bomb makers and detectives.

THERE is a movement in the younger set at Singapore to foster a spirit of independence and self-reliance among the Indian troops. Thus far it has had to proceed without encouragement from the British authorities.

PRESIDENT WILSON reports a comfortable and restful trip to the Panama Exposition by wireless.

P. B. VON HINDENBURG of East Prussia is visiting points in Russian Poland and is returning the call recently made by the Grand Duke Nicolas.

MEMBERS of the New York Public Service Commission have recently been subjected to considerable annoyance by a committee from the legislature which persisted in asking questions about transportation matters. Dame Rumor has it that the commissioners will soon be able to resume their social and athletic duties.

PROSPECTIVE tourists in the near east will learn with pleasure that the Dardanelles are undergoing a thorough spring cleaning and may soon be free of unsanitary mines and forts.

THE familiar figure of Elihu Root is again seen upon the streets of New York. Mr. Root will be pleasantly remembered by some as the chauffeur of the 1912 steam roller.

THE Portuguese season of internal dissension and political unrest has opened promisingly and shows no signs of having been injured by the war.

IT is rumored that the Unspeakeable Turk, who has been visiting enemies in Europe and environs for 462 years, is about to return to his old home in Asia.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

Drawn by Harry Osborne

Christian Patriot, will you call on your God to help you when your country goes to war?
Christian Patriot, will you call on your God to help you when your country goes to war?
I WAS in a first class compartment on a train in Belgium. Outside, the fields and villages looked bleak and sodden, soaking wet in a cold January rain. The train was crowded with soldiers, and all other civilians but me were packed in two third class cars behind. At first I had been back there myself, but at one little station I'd been thrown out to make room for more German warriors. On the platform in wretched German I had argued with the guard. I had quite an assortment of passes and I showed them all, but their value was only negative. They proved that I was not a spy and for the moment need not be shot, but for getting me a place on that train they were like scraps of paper. Troops must be moved, and I must make room. They were certainly moving. Down the platform on the run, husky, big-booted German boys, they came shouting, trampling, wave on wave, and I felt like a drop in the ocean. The train was almost ready to start.

Then I pulled my inspiration. It was not a pass but a menu card. The week before, up near the front with some other correspondents, I had been invited to dine with the chief of the general staff. As it happened, the dinner never came off. But it was "in die Ordnung" that each of us should solemnly handed a menu card with a plan of the table. Here is mine. Observe John Reed.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIEF-ORDNUNG</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Herr John Reed</td>
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<td>Se. Excellenz der Chef des Generalstabs des Feldheeres</td>
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TIEF-ORDNUNG

I drew a first class compartment. Moreover I was almost alone. The one other man I took at first for a young German officer—with a mean cold in his head. For over his gray fail suit he wore a green muffler that swathed his neck and almost covered his shoulders. The train started and we lit cigarettes.

"You are an American?" he began in excellent English.

"Yes."

"A correspondent?"

"Yes."

"How did you get in this car?"

I told him of the menu card and it seemed to tickle him vastly.

"And I also am here by a little trick. He pulled off his muffler and revealed the fact that there were no stripes on his shoulders. "You see I am only a private," he said. "But with this I pass as an officer, and so I get a seat in here. How do you say in America? Graft?"

"You graft a first class compartment," I said. I began to like him. I liked the twinkle in his gray eyes. "Well, and what do you think of the war?" he asked.

"It's interesting," I replied. He blew some smoke. "Be frank with me—quite. I'm no Chauvinist."

"It's damnable," I confided. "I am very pleased to meet you. I have been very lonely," he said.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"A soldier."

"Who were you?"

"A playwright."

"Where from?"

"Hamburg. I wrote plays which were not acted." I drew nearer.

"So did I write plays," I told him.

"Did you? Were they acted?"

"Some of them were." His face fell.

"Oh."

"But they failed. They made no money."

"Ah! I find that splendid! Let us talk about plays," he said.

Strindberg was his favorite. He liked Oscar Wilde and Synge, and he talked of certain German writers I had never heard of. Sudermann and Hauptmann were both hopelessly bourgeois.

"Do you know," he said, "in three months I have never talked of art. I have not even thought. My mind has been dead. It has been drowned in this silly war. I shall recall this hour with you as a light, a spot-light in the dark."

"Thanks. I'll do the same," I said. "We're a couple of lonely travelers."

"We are," he agreed. "What has war produced? Dead bodies, blood and hatred—and not even hatred well expressed. I have searched the papers and magazines for one good poem, one passable story, one real piece of writing—but no. I find only cheap rubbish and sentiment. The most awful patriotic bosh."

"Tut, tut," I gravely admonished. "Can it be that you are a patriot?"

"I am a patriot," he declared. "I can think of no more dismal prospect than to abolish nationalities and all talk Esperanto. What a flat, hideous future for art. No, I want to stay German. And as a German I want to compete with Frenchmen, Russians, English, with Swedes and Norwegians, with Tucos and Americans—forgive me, I am speaking of plays. But all this silly nonsense about white papers and red blood, what is it? What does it decide? Shall I tell you. It decides for us that every little lieutenant is God—not only here but in England and France. He is God to us all to whom we bow down—forgive me again, I should say salute. He is to be our God for years. Around him will be written plays that make a man sick to think about, and by him and his standards the crowd will be a hundredfold more ignorant and brutalized than they were before the war. They will be worse than bourgeois—they will cultivate prize fighters' souls. And I feel bitter against all this—and bitter against bloodshed—bitter against machine guns, howitzers, French Seventy-fives! I am against all this bloody farce! And my bitterness does me no good at all. It is an ocean and I am drowned. I am a submarine far down. And my engine is stalled—I cannot rise."

"Are there many like you in Germany?"

He made a despairing gesture.

"Did I not tell you," he demanded, "this is my first real talk in three months?"

I leaned over to him.

"Have another cigarette," I said. "I've been hunting for you, brother; that's the main reason why I came. I've been in England and Germany hunting around for submarines."

"Well! And have you found some?" he demanded eagerly.

"Yes. Not many, but a few—and those few damned lonesome."

"And their engines stalled."

"Oh, no, they're not all dead ones yet—things may be happening pretty soon."

"What things?" he asked me hungrily.

But the train was slowing down. Outside in the dreary rain a long bleak line of buildings slid slowly past the window—shattered buildings, ghastly hulks of what had once been houses. And a voice called out, "Louvain."

"This is where I get off," he said. "From here I must take another train to the village where I am stationed. Good-bye. Good luck to the submarines. Keep on traveling."

"I will."

A moment later, with a rush, some six or eight peasant soldiers scrambled up into the compartment. They were wet and muddy and worn. And in less than five minutes, on the seat where the writer had sat and talked of Strindberg and Oscar Wilde, five mud-bedecked men in a row sat with mouths open fast asleep. I felt as though that ocean had swept over me again. I stayed submerged for some hours crowded into a corner. Finally I fell into a doze. When I awoke they were still asleep—all but one.

He did not look like a peasant—he looked more like a factory hand. At once I watched him closer, for I thought I had seen his type before. There was something so lean and hungry, so intensely eager in his eyes. He did not notice me watching him, for he himself with an almost strained intensity was studying the faces of these peasant comrades with whom he had been thrown. He seemed to study them one by one. He pulled a newspaper from his pocket and read for half an hour, then he studied the face again.

Presently we stopped at a station and the commotion they all awoke. Some looked out of the window. In a few moments the train went on, and now the group began to talk.

At the start the talk was general. First it was about the next meal. At which station would they be fed? Then there was talk of trenches, of deep mud and water, and someone told of a bayonet charge in which he had killed ten Frenchmen. Then followed some jokes about a spade. Someone in the German trenches, it seemed, held up a spade every morning, and presently from the French trenches an answering spade appeared, whereupon both French and Germans climbed out of their holes and there was a truce of ten minutes—one of the toller arrangements of war. Later came talk about trench food. Finally somebody wondered how long the war was going to last.

And then the lean faced man, the watchman, began to talk to these comrades whose faces he had studied so carefully one by one. His talk at first was careful, too.

"We're a hard crowd of fellows to beat," he de-
POEMS — By Clement Wood

A PRAYER

To that true God I call myself,
Whose form lay huddled in the earliest womb of sky.
Who slowly grooped to life through the long and bloody generations,
Maker of all the gods, as child's playthings of joy and terror;
Retirer of all the gods, save himself, when he stood towering.
Shining up to man's estate and man's affairs:
God, in high loneliness apart I talk with you—
Give me always this precious communion.

Give me strength to fling aside the false gods,
Even to the last of them—
The childish toys of the race;
The fear-spurring ghosts; the faltering beliefs.

Give me the vaster strength to see and build for myself
Man's business, and man's customs.
Keep me from the chains of ownership,
From culling myself in a comfortable litter of books and pictures, clothes and possessions.
That drain my soul from my larger work.

Keep me from too-great love—
Love of father, that makes me but an echo of a dying hero;
We are the fellows who have to get killed. And if we don't get killed, by God, we will have to pay war taxes! And think of the widows we'll have to help. All the fellows are killed or leaving in every village widows and old mothers and little brats who will have to be fed. And the village will have to feed them. And that will mean more taxes. And the longer all this fighting goes on, the more taxes we will have to pay.

All the faces were gloomy now. The good-natured peasant tried to joke but got no response.

"Well, we're in for it," somebody growled.

"All the same," said the lean-faced man, "I'll be glad when there's peace. I'll be glad when we all jump out of the trenches and all the French fellows do the same—and we all run across and shake hands with each other."

"That will be fine," said the good-natured peasant.

"Well, we'll do it as soon as the war is over.

"Some fellows have done it," the speaker replied.

"What?"

"Some fellow told me that where he was our men held up spades and the French did the same—and then they ran out and all shook hands. And they did like this at the trenches." He made a face, at which they all laughed. But the laugh soon stopped and there was a tense silence.

"You can't do that to your officers," growled one man uneasily.

"It is a lie and it never happened," said another peasant.

"You are just making it up."

"Perhaps it is a lie," said the speaker. "But that is what the fellow said."

He threw a vigilant glance along the row of faces.

And when you come to think of it," he continued quietly, "it is not so bad, what those fellows did. You must overlook your officers—because this is war—and if we fellows didn't obey, everything would be all mixed up—and the French would charge and kill us all. But if whole regiments everywhere jumped out of the trenches, as he said, and all the Frenchmen did the same and we met in the middle of the field—then there would be war no more—and no need of officers."

There was a long, uneasy silence.

"I don't like this talk," muttered the good-natured peasant. "It is not good to talk of this.

"You are right, brother," another growled. "You will get us all into trouble," he said, turning angrily to the speaker.

"Look out."

"Oh, there's no trouble," the speaker replied. I just told you what that fellow said. Perhaps he was wrong and perhaps he was right. Let's talk about something else instead."

The talk ran to other things. The old jokes and stories of blood and steel, the old ushings of machinery, all went on. But through it all from time to time I noticed two or three of the group would grow silent and frown and stare intensely out of the window, apparently thinking of something hard.

The lean-faced man had resumed his paper with a relieved expression, as though he had put through his job for the day.

It is pleasant in such traveling, where you feel submerged in this ocean of war, to meet these submarines now and then.

His engine is not stalled.
MEETINGS

"I SN'T it curious," I said as we sat before the fire of a winter night in my New England farmhouse, "isn't it curious how different one meeting is from another. I don't mean according to circumstance, but according to the nature of him you meet." She looked at me, interested. She was an older woman, and I had always believed, a wiser one. I poked over a log and went on: "There's John, for example. We've never shaken hands that I remember and once only has he kissed me when we met. But in these latter years we've never met without a sense of rejoicing. It isn't always articulate, I may see it in his eyes or in the very quietness of his waiting. But it's there always, fresh and poignant. . . . If I feel like chattering, I chatter. Or perhaps I don't say much, or John either—just as we feel. . . . To each the meeting is both a renewal and a starting point. To me above all else it is an unconstrained happening, a gracious, unconstrained happening.

"Yes, I understand," said my companion. "You and he are in luck." She smiled. "Do you realize it?" "To realize it I've only to recall my meetings with George," I answered. "Years ago I would go to meet George, anticipating the delight of it. You've seen George kiss me in a railway station or when he comes, home to tea. He's always done it. Just what that kind of a kiss means to George I don't know, but I find it depressing. It was particularly trying at first, when I cared so much. It was depressing, but I'd get over it quickly and begin to express my joy in our meeting. It generally took the form of eagerness to tell him about whatever interesting or amusing things had been happening in his absence, or perhaps the book I'd just read or the chitchat that was the new idea exciting me. George would listen in a taciturn sort of way, sometimes almost as if he were irritated. Sometimes he'd shut me up with a sarcasm, sometimes and still more effectually with a joke about my hat or the coat he didn't like. That sort of thing went on for years. The same anticipation on my part, the same disappointment. I was a hopeful young fool. And the funny part of it was that when I became irregular about going to meet George week-ends at the station, for example, he didn't like it; it really upset him a lot. He was used to my meeting him. So I became regular again; but now I am taciturn too and full of the same kind of inhibitions George feels. We open the conversation with inquiries—weather, children, health, you know the sort of impersonal thing.

"Yes, I know," she said. "It takes the heart out of you, I know that too. Well, well! Life does repeat. When I was about your age, there were two men whom I would go to meet much as you meet John and George. And your descriptions describe my meetings very fairly, except perhaps the manners of my John"—she smiled—"were a little more polite, more courtly, as your grandmother would have said—the fashion of our day, you know—but his spirit was just as much with me,—even if he did shake hands and in company call me by my married name."

"Were your two men at all like my two?" I asked her. I confess, with the egotistical interest one gives to a story that will cast light on one's own experience. "No, I was coming to that. They are different kinds of men for the most part, and whatever likenesses exist are differently distributed. I mean your John is really more like my George and your George like my John."

"And why a lobby? For the good of the poor, which are supposed to be the concern of the private charity workers? Of course not. For the good of the rich, who after having had this bill served up to them dead upon a platter, would feel just in the spirit to 'contribute.' "We have felt in New York," said Mrs. John M. Glenn, a leading power in the Russell Sage Foundation, when she was asked to speak on pensions for widows at the Conference of Charities and Correction at Memphis last year, "that we do not seek to have a new form of care introduced in New York City. To demand of the state that it shall give relief to the widow and her children tends to lessen the family's sense of responsibility for its own."

It was all very beautiful of Mrs. Glenn to speak up that way. BUT ALSO, relief for widows by the state calls for taxes—taxes on the rich. A lobby maintained by Organized Charity to kill the bill means the saving of the rich from taxes.

Is it any wonder there is a nation-wide cynicism about Charity?

Overlords of Charity

NEWSPAPERS throughout the land are commenting on the fact that the Charity Organization Society of New York City spends, as stated in its annual report, the sum of $1.30 in organization expenses for every $1 it places where it will do the most good among the poor.

Some of the papers roast the Charity Organization Society for absorbing so much in expenses. Others explain that if we are to go on having organized charity at all the overhead expense is necessary, and must not be complained against.

I want to write about this overhead expense here, but I do not want to complain about it. Not at least on its own account.

The overhead expense is only an incident in the coming of professionalism into philanthropy.

And professionalism has come. We have Dr. Edward T. Devine, in a circular advertising the School of Philanthropy comparing careers in professional philanthropy with careers in the law, in medicine, in letters. We have both Dr. Edward T. Devine and W. Franklin Ferguson, associate secretary of the Charity Organization Society of New York City, telling us it is none of the public's business what they personally get out of their professional services because the money comes from private sources.

But does it come from private sources? We hear in the land also the ribald fling at the learned doctors of philanthropy. "What do you mean by private sources when you flout the poverty of the poor in the faces of the rich for a living?" Isn't the public entitled to an accounting on that?

If the heads of the powerful charity organizations merely engaged in giving relief with money showered down upon them, without their having to lobby for it, to coax it, to study the rich and to coax it out of them, then I for one could largely forgive them and let all them go their way.

But in these days even a blind man knows that there are many things the rich want, in regard to the poor, besides the want to give them a little charity. They want, for one thing, to save their own claws from being clipped.

Charity folks must never follow their own inclinations if these inclinations lead them to the conclusion that changes in the laws of property are the things most to be desired. I have seen charity folks follow their inclinations to this point. I have seen what happened to them within their organization. They were cast out of countenance, out of favor, were refused promotion. I might fill whole pages with the stories those who were in and revoluted against the Charities Hierarchy and now are out.

And those who stay in—

She smiled again, naming them like that plainly amused her.

"Yet in behavior the two Johns are alike and the two Georges," I observed. "Leaving you to infer," she continued, "that the character of a meeting is not determined after all by the character of the man you meet, but by other circumstances?"

"Just so, by other circumstances." . . . "By such a circumstance," I turn quiedy, "as marriage?" She looked at me gravely. "By such a circumstance as marriage."

There was nothing more to be said. It was getting late. So I put up the fire screen and turned out our lamp, and kissed my wise and friendly mother goodnight.

ELIZA CLEWS PARKS.

GENTLEMEN, THE KING!

5 QUESTIONS TO THOSE WHO OWN NO SLAVE MALE SERVANTS.

Have you a Butler, Groom, Chauffeur, Gardener, or Groom-servant serving you who at this moment should be serving King and Country? Have you a man serving at your table who should be serving a gun? Have you a man digging your garden who should be digging trenches? Have you a man driving your car who should be driving a transport wagon? Have you a man preparing your game who should be helping to preserve your Country? A great responsibility rests on you. Will you sacrifice your personal convenience for your Country's need? Ask your men to enlist TO-DAY, address of the nearest Recruiting Office can be obtained at any Post Office.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

He pleads with gentility to permit
Mere servants to enlist;
If it could spare their services,
Their lives would not be missed.

If only Britishers were men
How quickly they would sing
Their anthem to a call like that
And end—"God damn the King!"

WITTY BYNRER.

"Jury Duty"

THE ordinary citizen is exempt from serving onjuries. This is, from the point of view of academic art, a judicious proceeding—not because the ordinary citizen wouldn't be as good as a "picker" as the gentlemen George Bellows has faithfully represented on the opposite page, but because, well, there are some secrets that are best kept. The moving spectacle of the giant intellect of the connoisseur in the left foreground, stretching itself to its aesthetic utmost, and at last bringing forth its prodigious judgments, is one fit only for the contemplation of his peers. It wouldn't do for the art-public to know too much about the workings of academies. Respect for established institutions is at a low ebb as it is.
Heavenly Discourse

God has just come in from taking care of the universe and is warming his hands over a fire. Gabriel is standing by him. God meditates in silence for a time and then speaks.

God—Gabriel, who is Anthony Comstock?

Gabriel—Don't you know Anthony Comstock?

God—Never heard of him.

Gabriel—O Omnipotence and Omniscience!

God—Who? Anthony Comstock?

Gabriel—I was addressing your Godhead, but I may say, yes, Anthony Comstock is also.

God—Old!

Gabriel—O Omnipotence and Omniscience!

God—Huh? (puts one hand over his mouth and coughs).

Gabriel—Anthony Comstock is the man you put in charge of the morals of the world.

God—What are morals?

Gabriel—Morals, O Omniscience, are (or is) to believe babies are brought by storks and women are shaped like mermaids.

God—Oh—Ignorance? Why don't they call it Ignorance?

Gabriel—Morals sounds more sanctimonious.

God (shivering)—Gabriel, we haven't had one decent fire since we let the devil go. I am almost sorry we discharged him. Blow for Peter.

(Gabriel blows three blasts and St. Peter enters.)

St. Peter—There's no one at the gate.

God—Never mind the gate. I wish some interesting persons would break in. I'm sick and tired of the narrow-eyed, ape-skulled idiots that stream up here.

Peter, hand me my slippers.

(God sinks into an easy throne before the fire and St. Peter puts his slippers on him, first kissing his toe.)

God—Peter, did you ever hear of Anthony Comstock?

St. Peter—O, yes, Omniscience. He is so pure that to him all your works are impure.

God—Huh?

St. Peter—He is a perfect Saint.


St. Peter—No, another one.

God—Oh, well, I was out on the bridge, busy with the War and the Christians and the Savages and the Heathen and the crops and the weather and the hospitals and the jails and the churches and the slums and adulterated milk and cholera infantum and infant starvation and factories and mines and Jupiter and Mars and Venus and the universe generally when a cloud of rush special prayers commenced to arrive from New York from the churches and the factory owners and my associate, Theodore, asking me to bless Anthony Comstock in his effort to ruin an architect named Sanger because his wife had sought to teach poor women how to limit their litters of ill-begotten young.

St. Peter—Yes, Lord, the churches feel it is wicked to interfere with your sacred laws of life.

God—As now in Europe, for instance? Or in the child eating factories and infant slaying slums or the gallows? Eh, Peter? Your motto is "Better a broken woman and a mangy brood than a selected stock." Let me tell you here in confidence, Peter, the church has a lot to learn about me. But I must get back to the bridge. I have been too long away from New York. I fear I shall have to destroy that city some day.

Gabriel—Why, Lord, is it so very wicked?

God—No, to get rid of Anthony Comstock.

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD.

Billy Sunday

He raised his hands high and he clenched his fists tight,
He jumped to the left and he leaped to the right,
He sat on the floor and he stood on a chair,
He ruffled his shirt and he tousled his hair,
He bowed and he yelled and he twisted and squirmed,
He crawled and he sprawled and he wiggled and swarmed.

He ranted and raved and his face became red,
He danced and he hollered and stood on his head,
He rattled, he prattled, he ripped and he tore,
He chattered, he splattered, he stamped and he swore;
He cracked a poor joke and he told an old story,
He pointed the way to his heaven and glory;
He took off his coat and he tore off his tie,
He swore every faith but his own was a lie.

He drew a fine line with a thin piece of chalk
And declared if thereon you were careful to walk
You'd arrive in his heaven and all would be well,
But that all other ground was the pathway to hell.
He told us the devil for each of us waited,
He shouted, he spotted, he gesticulated,
He scared and he shrieked and he foamed at the mouth.

He pawed the air north and he split the air south,
He sneered and he snarled and his eyes became wild—
And all in the name of the Christ who was mild.

The people were pleased with these elegant scenes,
They yelled their approval and gave of their means,
They filled his hat full to the brim with their gold,
To hear the glad tidings that hell is not cold.

FREDERIC W. RAPER.

The Incentive

I saw a sickly cellar plant
Droop on its feeble stem for want
Of sun and wind and rain and dew—
Of freedom: then a man came through
The cellar, and I heard him say,
"Stay, foolish plant; by all means stay
Contented here: for know you not
This stagnant dampness, mould and rot?
Are your incentive to grow tall
And reach that sunbeam on the wall."

Even as he spoke, the sun's one spark
Withdraw, and left the dusk more dark.

SARAH N. CLEGHORN.

Drawn by Corcellia Barza.
Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

WAS THIS THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS?
WAS THIS THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS?
AFTER THE STRIKE

[Patrick Quinlan went to prison Feb. 27, for two to seven years.]

Bring your loud bantering and your crowd valor,
Your thin and borrowed gift of threatening the foe;
Bring your high tenet of Democracy,
And look on this.
This man and woman kissing through the bars of a jail gate;
This man who clothed you with vision and with power,
Who made the weakest brother one with the strong,
Whose speech, practical and prophetic, filled the streets with
clamor for the common good,
Who put tongues that spoke for freedom into your silent heads,
And made speech, winged for war with Mammon, to fill each
silent mouth—
Behold this man, essence of your purpose and your wish,
Stand calm, unbroken and uncowed behind this jail gate:
And look upon this woman
Smiling with her uncomplaining eyes.
Come and behold
And see them kiss through the bars of this jail gate.

EDMOND MCKENNA.

Pat Quinlan

P A T R I C K Q U I N L A N has gone to jail. He is sentenced to from two to seven years with a $900 fine in addition. Denied a re-trial by the court of original jurisdiction, there remains nothing but a very unlikely appeal to the Federal Supreme Court or a pardon after six months in prison.

The original trial judge refused a re-trial on the ground that the new evidence presented was cumulative, not decisive in its nature. This new evidence included an affidavit from one Mancini alleging that he had uttered as an interpreter words similar to those which Quinlan was alleged to have used. Mancini did not show up at the trial. Presumably he had become frightened lest he should then be indicted and his confession used against him. The court did not make any effort to get Mancini. It seems that the action of the Court was technically correct, or rather legally permissible.

The following are the facts in brief:

Patrick Quinlan, who is Irish, and who is a thorough-going Socialist, went to Paterson, N. J., on the eve of the general strike of the silk workers which was set up on February 25, 1913. Already, the silk workers of Lakeview, N. J., were on strike. Quinlan addressed himself particularly to the violation, as he saw it, of fundamental civic rights, involved in the sending of policemen to the strikers’ meetings.

On the following morning, Quinlan returned to Paterson, intending to address a general meeting of strikers, but he arrived late. The meeting was over and the strikers were partly out of the hall when Quinlan got there. The remnants of the meeting went into the hands of the police, who interrogated a crowd that remained in the hall. Quinlan joined the throng, but on being quizzed by the police, replied impertinently, that "as an American citizen he was not subject to interpolation by policemen." Therewith Quinlan was arrested. He was charged with inciting a riot. He was charged without being spoken as follows:

"I make a motion that we go to the silk mills, parade through the streets, and club them out of the mills—no matter how we get them out, we got to get them out." Quinlan is a highly educated, and rhetorically careful man; to place this particular series of words in this manner was characteristically incoherent. There was a mis-trial, and a second trial at which a verdict of guilty was reached. The prosecution’s testimony was given by policemen. No citizens testified for the state. A large number of witnesses, both strikers and non-strikers, aware that they had been present in the hall and that Quinlan had not appeared at the meeting. The prosecution, through its witnesses, placed in Quinlan’s mouth sundry remarks of various agitators and especially alleged incendiary outrages of Italian-speaking members of the audience which had been translated by an interpreter who occupied the stage.

Meanwhile, the Paterson strike went on its stormy way, and Quinlan remained in the midst of it. He invited particular hatred from the police, also from the judges, the councilmen, the mayor, and the whole political machine, by coming down to particulars and alleging various sorts of corruption in the municipal government. Quinlan adds a social worker’s viewpoint to his socialist viewpoint; he might have been acquitted, he almost certainly would not have been pursued through higher courts, had he confined himself to the generalities of industrial warfare.

The appeal to the Supreme Court of New Jersey and the subsequent appeal to the Court of Errors and Appeals, was, of course, not made on questions of fact. The jury had decided that Quinlan was present at the meeting, and that he had incited to riot. The jury had elected to believe the policemen, who were unanimous, and not the strikers and citizens, who were equally unanimous. Still, so much irrelevant testimony designed wholly to arouse feeling in the jury, had been introduced by the state, that those familiar with the case have taken for granted a reversal of the verdict.

As an example of such irrelevant matter, may be mentioned the fact that witnesses for and against Quinlan were cross-examined as to remarks alleged to have been uttered by other speakers, and radical witnesses for Quinlan were barred to give extreme utterances in Court to their views on violence, sabotage, and the like.

The fundamental issue, which of course could not be placed before the courts of review, was of the competence of the jury to pass on the facts of the case where the interests of the petty bourgeoisie are identical with those of the battling capitalists, and where an enemy was on trial before a jury of his enemies and not a jury of his peers.

Not often do we find so clear-cut an example of the reality of class sentiment, the miscarriage of the jury system, and the ironic incapacity of courts of review to pass on the central and relevant issues which really determine justice. Meanwhile, and humbly speaking, Quinlan is to be jailed for several years because he muck-raked the Paterson city government.

Putting One Over on Woods

W HEN Commissioner Woods took office as head of the New York police force a year ago, he brought with him some enlightened ideas about the relation of the police to the public. A week before, a meeting had been held at Union Square which by police interference had been turned into a bloody riot. A week later another Union Square meeting took place, with the police under orders to "let them talk." The meeting passed off peaceably.

Thus the enlightened views of the new commissioner of police were vindicated. The right of free speech, and of free opinion, was conceded as not being a menace to civilization.

But a police force which is enabled to exist and enjoy these privileges by virtue of protecting the public against imaginary dangers, could not see its position undermined in this way. It was necessary to persuade the public that Socialists, Anarchists and I. W. W.’s were plotting murder and destruction. The public was prone to accept this melodramatic view, but Commissioner Woods, being an intelligent man, was inclined to be cynical. So it became necessary to "put one over on Woods."

They framed it up in the regular police fashion. A clever young Italian detective named Pulignano, it appears from the evidence, was promised a raise of salary and a medal if he would engineer a bomb-plot. Pulignano got hold of two Italian boys—not anarchists or socialists, but religious fanatics—and urged them on to blow up Catholic churches, and particularly the Pope’s Cathedral. He planned the deed, bought the materials of destruction for them, and shamed them when they wanted to pull out of the plan the night before. The next morning, at great risk to an innocent public, the bomb was carried into the church, lighted, and then the dozens of policemen and detectives, disguised as workmen, etc., rushed in to save civilization.

And Woods fell for it. He swallowed the whole sensational business. They have got him. He is their dupe, and henceforth their faithful tool.

Reaction is in the saddle. "All radicals to be expelled from the city," says a headline. A card catalogue of L. W. W. sympathizers. Socialism under the official ban. Free speech doomed.

So they hope. At least it means that the fight has for the lovers of liberty begun again. But one wonders a little about Arthur Woods. He is on their side now—the apostle of as insidious and criminal an agent provocateur as ever sent a foolish boy to the gallows. William Woods fail to see how he has been used by the police in this latest attempt to crush freedom in the interest of a privileged group? Is he as much a fool as they think?
"We Seen 'im Say It"

Patrick Quinlan was convicted on the testimony of policemen. Their testimony was unanimous and letter-perfect, and absolutely contradictory to all the other evidence. See opposite page.
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THE HAPPY WOMAN

Mary Heaton Vorse

T HIS woman I’m tellin’ you about, Mr. Rob'n'sn, had a queer life, an’ I come to know about it in a queer way. Take it altogether, her story’s the story of a happy woman. An’ there’s so few of ’em that I’ll tell yah about Mollie Toosey.

Gawd knows how many years ago it was that all this happened. I was young enough an’ fool enough to do anything that Phelan tol’ me ta, I know that. Every woman when she marries oughta learn right off to say so w’en her husban’, after havin’ planned a pleasurin’ without her, plans how she’s gonna spend her time in his lamented absence. It’s real curious what dull things a man can think up for his young wife to be amusin’ herself with when he’s away. That was how I come to be in a little town up in Canada, all alone by myself waitin’ for Phelan to come home from shootin’ deer.

"Phelan made me think I was a happy woman to be so close to him when he was on a vacation, an’ that goin’ aroun’ afterwards to see Quee-beck an’ Montreal was goin’ to be like a second honeymoon. Yah could promise me a glimpse of the Holy City, an’ a first, second an’ third honeymoon packed into one, an’ yah won’t ketch me sittin’ in no such dump for two weeks waitin’ for no man now.

"You can see how ’twas though my heart leaped when then I knew I was goin’ to see the circus. The most elegant voodoo I see since’n’l never seem to me like that circus did. I was sittin’ there havin’ a gran’ time when all of a sudden my eye rests on a lady sittin’ a seat ahead o’ me. Sittin’ beside her was a gent you could tell was her husband—you know how ’tiz, when a woman’s been married a spell you can always tell if the gent with her’s her husband or not. See I, ‘Where’ve I seen before a nose that looks just like the beak of a fowl when it’s goin’ to peck? I know that pro-file, I sez to myself. Justs then the lady quirks her head on one side just like a hen for all the world an’ flutters the little program, noisively. Somethin’ or other in my brain just’s then brings up the name of Toosey. Mr. Toosey, you must be miffy, thought I to myself, of a friend of my mother’s an’ my Aunt Vinney’s. Terrible swell she was an’ awful rich off. I used to see her to our house when I was a young girl.

"I’m so nutty, thinks I, ‘that I better look out for squrels,’ but still my men’ry keeps insinnin’ Toosey, Toosey. An’ all the time I was strugglin’ with some other mem’ry about her, an’ I couldn’t catch it. You know me, Mr. Rob’n’sn. Once let me see a face an’ hear the name that belongs to it an’ somethin’ in my brain clinches an’ can’t never let go again. So, in the intermission I leans forward an’ sez I, ‘I guess you don’t remember me, Miss Toosey. I’m Lily Regan that was. I used to see you ta Ma’s an’ to my Aunt Vinney Sullivan’s.’

"Well, Mr. Rob’n’sn, I don’t wanta ever be so taken back as I was at what happened then! They toined roun’ an’ looks at me at the sight o’me they grew gray.

"Yes, sir, all o’ the color left they faces. Their scared eyes stared at me an’ their mouths hung open an’ their tongues wagged like they tried to say some thin’ an’ couldn’t. There with the light shinin’ on ‘em and us, and a white hoss with a back as broad as a gran’ pian’ gallocin’ aroun’ the ring, them two poor old things looks at me like they could have sat to make statutory called ‘Fear.’ ’Twas jus’ as if the whole place was crumpled up before my eyes like in a night mare. An’ to make things worse, without answerin’ at all, they gathers up their things around’ them an’ makes a break for the door.

"Well, I felt limp. I jus’ dropped back in my seat an’ I couldn’t see the circus an’ the clowns. I was sittin’ there jus’ like they left me when a kid brought me a note signed ‘Mollie Toosey.’

" ‘Can you come down now and speak to me outside?’ it say. I beat it outside quick an’ found ‘em waitin’ for me. They didn’t explain nothin’ but started to walk down the dark little streets.

"Once I hear him mutter, ‘Eleven years! My Gawd, the foist time in eleven years!’

"She told me, finnly, they’d just come up ta tha lake, and was lodgin’ with a widdah lady frena’ theirs. That was all she said until we got to her house. When I went inside I seen she was changed more than I thought at first. When I had known her she was the ‘criminal de la crime,’ an’ style—why, she was dressed like a leadin’ lady always! There’s no use o’ my tryin’ to explain to you how she was dressed when I seen her last, Mr. Rob’n’sn. ‘Twould take a woman to understand what a back-woods French Canadian dressmaker could do to yuh!

"’Mr. Toosey excused himself with a gran’ bow, an’ I was so happy I didn’t neither o’ us speak for a minute. Then see she, jus’ as sudden as a gun firin’ off.

" ‘Hadn’t you heard about Mr. Toosey’s death?’

" ‘Well, I suppose I musta stared at her, because ’twas Mr. Toosey who’d been with us until a minute ago. I suppose I musta looked as if I was wonderin’—like I was—which o’ the two o’ us was bughouse.

"’You knew anyhow,’ sez she, ‘about Mr. Toosey’s misfortune?’

" ‘No, sez I, I never heard that I could remember.’

"’What?’ sez she, ‘you didn’t hear about Mr. Toosey’s misfortune?’ She spoke like the end o’ the world had happened an’ I hadn’t noticed it. ’Why, sez she, ‘I didn’t know there wasn’t one in the world who didn’t hear of Mr. Toosey’s misfortune? But I spoke you was young at the time an’ it went in one ear an’ outta the other. His misfortune was terrible—purekky terribile!

"The kind o’ rich way she spoke sort o’ showed me how terrible it had been.

"’Was it business reverses he had?’ I asks, for I felt that I wouldn’t feel so dippy if I could get a fack or two out a her.

"’Yes,’ sez she, ‘but ’twas more’n business, Mr. Toosey was in—’twas la haute finance, as the French say. That’s what made his misfortune so terribile, comin’ as it did at such a time, an’ on toppa everything, too. Oh, if it had come in any other time—an’ just as he was in a position to make everything all right. He’s got the highest feelin’s o’ obligation, Mr. Toosey has.’

"’I’m sure of it,’ sez I.

"’The highest feelin’s,’ she repeated over again mi’ she looked at me as if she was darin’ me to distrust it.

"’The varius higher feelin’s,’ sez she again. ’But just at the wrong moment everthing all come togeth-er an’ Frank’d always had good luck, too. There wouldn’t ha’ been a richer man in America than Frank, but for the awful way things went. Everybody against him o’ course—people who’d trusted him for years against him. Frank sez to me that in two weeks he’d
t

ha’ been outa the wood, but the trouble all came about so queer an’ started in such a strange sorta way.’

’What started it?’ I asks her.

’The directors’ meetin’, sez she. ’Twas the un-expectated directors’ meetin’ that done it. Two weeks later—’

’You musta shown fierce judgment,’ sez I. ’I felt like I was talkin’ in my sleep.

’Bad judgment?’ sez she. ’Bad judgment? Poifecke fools. They lost millions, if you like! O’ course, we lost everythin’—almost. But what they lost—An’ it served ’em right! If they’d waited two weeks, only two weeks, nothin’ coulda happened.” She reeled it off like a young one reelin’ off a multiplication table it’s learned by heart. She sounded jus’ as if they always sat in their room and said these same things to each other over and over.

’But it’s no good,’ sez she. ’There’s no good thinkin’ about them two weeks now. Everything happened just as it did, and o’ course Frank had been livin’ under a terribile strain all along, an’ there wasn’t anyobody to be sorry for poor Frank who’d done so much. An’ why anyone should think a loan is a crim’l thing—but there!—you ain’t no idea o’ the graspingness o’ the financial world, if you’ve never been in it. Huge sums of money—huge, sez she, ’usta pass through Frank’s hands every day. Often we sit in our little room an’ Frank sez, ’It don’t seem possible what huge sums of money used to pass through my han’s!’—My brain was most boistin’ tryin’ to put together the shadder pictures she give me.

’Well,’ sez she, ’the crash came! I shan’t never forget that night. Frank come home to me. Sez he, ’It’s all up!’

’What’s all up?’ sez I. ’If it’s anything disagreeable, don’t tell me!’ For I’d jus’ been gettin’ into a new house and I felt I couldn’t stan’ another thing. Everything ’ad gone wrong, jus’isif folks knew, some-way, we weren’t never goin’ to live in that house— for live in it we never did. ’On toppa everything else I’ve had to stan’,’ I sez to Frank, ’don’t tell me nothin’ more!’

’Well, you’ll have to know,’ Frank said, an’ he told me everything. You can imagine how I felt!

’What yah goin’ to do?’ I asked him.

’Kill myself,’ sez he, ’just as ca’m as that! ’Kill myself: there ain’t anything else to do!’ An’ then he walked up and down the floor with his han’s above his head, sayin’, ’Oh, the fools—the fools! They’ve brought this on’emselves. If they’d waited two weeks!”

’But I didn’t pay no attention to his talk, for when he said he was goin’ to kill himself, it seemed ’as every drop o’ blood had stopped still in my body. I shan’t never forget that queese feeling I had. Did you ever have your blood stop inside you?’

’No,’ I told her, ’I never did.’ I set there, my brain sendin’ off questions like a pin wheel.

’Well, there’s no feelin’ like it that I know of,’ sez she. ’When I could get my breath I sez to Frank, ’How you talk! What’s goin’ to become o’ me I’d like ta know if you go an’ kill yourself!”

’Oh, I thought o’ you all along,’ sez he. ’I’ve got a little sum salted down for you all along— Twon’t be what you’re used to, of course, but it’ll be enough to live on. You don’t think I’d leave you un-provided for, do you?” Frank’s always been so thoughtfule o’ me.”
"Well, then why can't you live on it, too?" sez I.

"I can't face 'em, he sez. "I can't face 'em. It's too tremenjus a misfortune. I'm goin' to get out before I see one o' them. You know what it means if I do see 'em! It's the penitentiary."

"Oh, it wouldn't come to that," I sez.

"O' course it 'ud come to that," sez Frank. "Think o' the terrible disgrace to you."

"Don't talk o' disgrace to me," sez I. "You've never done a thing I wouldn'ta done myself!" An' that's the way I've always felt about it. I couldn't bear to think o' that happenin' to Frank. Then it seemed to me that every bit of sense I'd ever had gathered itself up inside o' me.

"'Wy, sez I to him, "shouldn't you jis' pretend to be dead? You've got some money, ain't you?"

"Oh, I got enough to clear out with," said Frank, "plenty for that - an' more."

"An' then I jis' tol' him all the plan, as it had come to me, and I had him sit down then and there and an' write me a goodby letter. We fixed everything up right then. Frank's gotta splendid executive head-they lost a treasure when they lost Frank-but o' course they lost everything else at the same time.

"I shall never trouble you again," sez Frank. "O' course after this awful thing you won't want to see me again."

"I didn't argue that point with him. I'd got my way onet that night, an' I know where to stop when I get my way. I only made him promise that he'd let me know where he was. Then Frank kissed me.

"You're a brave woman," he sez. "There ain't many women like you," an' awful as everything was, I felt happy when he said that to me. Someway, I jis' knew everyth'in'd turn right out.

"An' my dear— here she leaned over toward me. Mr. Robs'n's, an' shook her forefinger at me, there was never one bit in it from start to finish! I'll tell you there are some things that make yah believe in Providence. They even found his body in the river!"

"I found his body in the river!" sez I like a parrot.

"I went down an' identified it at the Morgue," sez she, rel. proud. "Oh, I was crazy them days—it didn't take any actin' tah make me seem crazy. I was that noxious that I seemed to act just the way I oughta all the time! I'd go inta high strikes for nothin', I was that noxious for fear they'd find out after all. An' when I went down an' identified that body, why, I thought I'd go off the handle! An' you won't believe it when I tell you that in spite of bein' nearer to the asylum than I ever expect to be again, I was just as clear-headed, way deep down in me, when to stop that corpse in the morgue—I jis' gave one shriek an' fainted—it was an awful sight! Did you ever see anybody drownded—that's been drownded an awful long time?"

"Even after so many years it made her shiver, an' there you see. Mr. Robs'n's, if she hadn't had all the high strikes she wanted, she never coulda pulled it off.

She'd been a noxious wreck for years. There's some- thin' about cryin' your heart out now an' then, that's awful life-savin', an' every woman oughta have a chast o' onet in her life to do it. I feel like I'd missed some- thin', that I'm past the time now when it's likely I'll ever wanna. There ain't nothin' I can think of in all of Gawd's earth that would make me wanna take on the way that little woman a while back wanted to take on.

"An' another thing, I suppose you'll think I'm nutty, an' I suppose you'll think it's because us ladies has got no real sense o' honor, but all along after I began to sketch on, I felt Mis' Toosey was right about Frank. 'Twas jis' unfortunate,—awful unfortunate from the time when he was found out. Oh, I bet yah, there's hundreds and thousands o' men to-day walkin' aroun' free who'd be cooped up this minute if they hadn't been lucky.

"After a while she went on: "Well, I don't know how I got through those awful days before the funeral. O' course, the suicide and findin' o' the body quite a while after, an' everything, made a terrific sensation, an' I will say that everybody was kind to me—even the directors was kind to me,—they showed the greatest amount o' consideration. But I told Frank afterwards that if I had to go through it a second time, I didn't think I'd get through alive,—the kind o' thing one can only do in one's life once."

"The time after Frank went, jus' broke me, an' his letters was pretty desertin', too. He was livin' abroad, an' I jis' made up my mind I'd join him. I made up my mind 'twas wrong for a husban' an' wife to be livin' apart like we was, jus' after Frank had had so much mis- for-tune, too. An' I thought to my- self, 'Why on earth shouldn't I die, too, an' jus' join Frank?" It came to me like an inspiration from the Lord, like my inspiration about Frank came. "Lots o' people get lost in the Alps every year; why shouldn't I?" I thinks to myself.

"An' I will say that I did it jus' poifeck! An' I shall never forget the sense o' relief it give me when I read the notice o' my own death in the papers, an' knew that I'd never have to talk to my Aunt Amelia again about Frank's misfortune, nor have anybody pity me again.

"So you can see, that we two, bein' supposed to be dead, was prised to be recognized by a friend. It's been eleven years since we've seen a face we know—eleven years. An' Frank ain't never regretted his brilliant career. The awful strain he'd been under broke him, he said, so we've just lived comfortable ever since. I've sometimes thought it's queer we ain't homesick. But, when you've suffered like Frank an' I done in a place, you don't get homesick for it—though we often wondered who lived in that house that Frank built jus' for me, jus' as I wanted it to be.

"The papers," she told me as I started, 'was awful nice about me. 'Was It a Suicide?' some of the headlines had it. "Faithful Wife Joins Her Husband."

"I went away, Mr. Robs'n's, thinkin' about them two unburied dead people, an' I didn't know whether I wanted to laugh or cry.

"Now I know I had seen for once a real happy woman. She got in kep' what she wanted most in life,—which was his love—an' jis' about as good as his love she'd kep' her respec for him. An' you know, Mr. Robs'n's, that mos' women after they've been married a few years may like their husbands', but mos'ly they're kind o' sorry for 'em on accounts men's bein' the poor, feeble things they is."

"But Frank had always seemed like a hero in a romance to her. An' so he was, wasn't he? She'd had contrasts, and romance and adventure, and liked 'em all. An' more'n that, like she sez, she hadn't had to restrain her nachral feelin's. She'd had the luck to have it her bounden duty to throw the worst kind of a fit. So take it altogether Mollie Toosey passed about one o' the mos' satisfactry lifes I know."

**Fashion Note**

S WORDS are going out; they are found to be practically useless against siege guns and they get in your way when you walk. Some uncomplimentary things have been said recently about drums and there is a growing prejudice against being near a battle flag while under fire; the building of camp fires has become a highly dangerous trade. In military matters there seems to be a point beyond which it does not pay to advertise.
THE MASSES

Drawn by G. S. Sparks.

MOVING PICTURES
THE UNEMPLOYED

Meyer London

THIS winter a young girl who had been working in the garment trade was laid off. She tried to get work, and her money ran out while she was still trying. She was given a little help by various agencies, and then an end came to that. She couldn't see any way to keep on living. So she poisoned herself.

What, in the presence of her dead body, can civilization say for itself?

Her act was only a tragic emphasis of a condition in which a multitude of working-people find themselves today. That condition, to which we give the colorless name "unemployment," is the darkest side of our civilization—darker even than war.

That men and women should want to live and be unable to find the means of living—nothing shows so clearly as that the hollowness of our civilization. In the presence of desperately jobless men, all talk about justice, ethics, cooperation, brotherhood, appears so much cant.

Despair

Is it strange then that some of these jobless men should repudiate law, citizenship, and the methods of orderly life?

In such a situation, the bonds which are supposed to unite the individual with the whole community, wither and disappear. In all sincerity the individual can say to society, "You do not seem to care whether I live or not, whether I support my children or not, whether I die or not. You recognize no obligation to me. I owe none to you."

Many a noble soul is tempted to advise such a man to do the utmost harm to a civilization which has done its utmost harm to him.

But what right have we to encourage a helpless man to knock his desperate head against solid walls of stone, with every chance that it would be his head that would be broken, and not the wall.

Nor do I feel that these isolated protests against the great wrong of our civilization can serve us even as examples. By the light of these shooting stars we cannot find our way. We must have the daylight of concerted action. No individual rebellion, however heroic, can help us. The individual rebel is effective in bringing the daylight only in so far as he joins with his fellows in collective revolt. For it is only such collective revolt that will have the power to end this cruelty and chaos.

"Labor Exchanges"

The economists who have given us some useful information, have lately evolved as their best plan of palliation a system of "labor exchanges." These labor exchanges are to be national in extent, a network embracing every industry in every region. They are to "bring the worker and the job together." They are a step in the right direction, if only by promising to reveal to us the hollowness of the problem, and the inadequacy of such means of coping with it. For they cannot bring together a worker and a job when there are no jobs to be had.

We must rather turn to the class directly concerned, the workers, for hope of a solution. Yet not to the immediately unemployed. For organization, which must be the basis of any solution, is practically impossible for them. An organization of such shifting elements as compose the army of the unemployed would be—with apologies to the sincere agitators who have attempted to effect it—like an organization of marriageable girls. Further, the great majority of the unemployed are precisely those who have never learned the value of organization of any kind. And finally, we cannot offer them anything sufficiently attractive to organize for—a definite plan or program giving hope of release. As a Socialist, I believe that we must proceed on the principle that unemployment is imminent and inevitable in the present chaotic system of industry. It cannot be removed by the unemployed.

The Need of a Program

But when we turn to organized labor, we are confronted with the greatest difficulty of all—the fact that organized labor has never taken the question of unemployment seriously, and has not prepared itself for those periods when unemployment reaches the critical state it has reached in the United States today. It, too, lacks a program.

If to organized labor, as the greatest force in our national life which can be brought to bear on this situation, we offer a program, what shall it be? . . . The democratic ownership and management of industry seems too distant just now—though no one can tell how soon society may take that plunge into the unknown. Often we underestimate the forces of discontent and revolt. But going on the theory that we are not ready at present for a complete change of society, what practical program can we offer?

Legislation

I am not a great believer in the all-curbing power of legislation, and I doubt the wisdom of legislating new rules of conduct for people who cling to their old notions. I remember the fact that it was only in 1897

THE UNEMPLOYED

"Why man I don't want to see you starve—I need you, to keep my employees from asking higher wages."

Drawn by Arthur Young.
"Why, man I don't want to see you starve—I need you, to keep my employees from asking higher wages."
that the American Congress quit imitating the English Parliament in wearing their hats during their sessions. Originally, in England, it had meant something—it was a mark of their independence, a gesture of defiance. But this obsolete and absurd defiance to an abandoned institution lingered on as a tradition of American lawmaking until Van Buren’s time. I think a good many legislative practices are like that. And I am sure that benevolent intentions are not a measure of the value of laws. But I do believe that legislation does afford some hope of relief in this matter, in the shape of compulsory insurance against unemployment.

**Insurance**

Such a law as this is sufficiently radical to meet with the strongest opposition. But, though the present state of social conscience is rather obuse, it seems to have awakened enough to concede to a man the right to live while he is looking for work. And the only way to assure him life while he is seeking work is the establishment of some fund to which he may look during that period for his means of support. Such a system of insurance must necessarily be national in scope, because no state can adequately manage it. And it would mean new life and hope to millions of American working people.

I realize that it is not a solution of the problem. But it is more far-reaching than may at first be perceived. Once adopted, it would force society to move forward in the direction of a real solution. It would at least help in making employment more regular, more secure, and less dependent on the whims of Capital and capitalists. For the higher the rate of insurance to pay, the more anxious would the employing class become to introduce that order and regularity into conditions of employment which is one of the great tasks of the society of the future—and one which we might as well let the capitalists work out as far as they can.

**Agitation**

As far as the present moment is concerned, there must be an extension of public works in municipality, state and nation; the unions must enforce the distribution of work among as large a number of workers as possible; and we must all keep up the agitation about unemployment, taking pains to make sufficient noise that it shall be impossible for society to forget the existence of the problem. The clamor to give men the opportunity to live by work must grow strong enough and loud enough to awaken the indifferent and frighten the secure. And that clamor will frighten them, never fear.

Is that too humble a task, the task of noise-making? It is more than that. It is an effective means of changing our national psychology. For we are fighting, not only the great financial and industrial powers, but the habits of thought which these have created. The man with millions is hardly more dangerous than the man who with a penny in his pocket has a head full of the ideas which the millions of the other have bred.

You can help fight the psychology of slavery—and in fighting that, you will be helping to remove the curse of unemployment from the world.

**Q. E. D.**

**SHOOTING** what looks like an enemy

And then finding out that it was somebody’s father—

This would be a pitiful thing, except that it is necessary.

In order to maintain the dignity

Of various slices of earth.

**Mary Caroline Davies.**

**Booze and Revolution**

**PROHIBITION** has not reduced the sale of liquor, but if the ruling class can succeed in cutting down drinking by liquor legislation, will it speed the coming revolution?

Most assuredly!

Sobriety means efficiency, and “efficiency” movements have in all ages been the incubators in which revolutions were hatched.

The ruling class has always desired more efficient slaves. They bred them up to be more efficient, and then found that efficiency in producing wealth also produced a desire on the part of the slave to enjoy more. In order to secure more, the slaves revolted.

The onward march of efficiency has produced a race of workers that seems to approach Nietzsche’s “superman.” Men who conquer earth and air and sea, who subdue time and space and natural forces, will hardly be satisfied by a slave’s but, a serf’s cot, or a modern city slum. When that efficient worker has built a world of beauty, comfort and luxury, he will not stop at the potty gates of private property with which the ruling class would shut him out of the Paradise he has created, but he will use the same efficiency with which he built the gates to hammer them down again.

**Drawn by E. Gniezka.**

**Sewing-Girl**

The ruling class wishes sober workers to create more wealth for them; revolutionists need sober men to organize the workers to demand and secure the wealth they have created. A man whose brain is pickled in whiskey is of little value to the ruling class, and he is of inestimably less value to the working class. Efficiency oils the wheels of revolution.

Of course John D. Rockefeller does not realize the fact, but it is true nevertheless that the Hookey Commission he is supporting in the South is doing more for the revolutionary awakening in Dixie than anything else.

God bless you, John! We are with you. You know, John, that you and the hookworms can’t both feed on the same “cracker” at the same time, and we Socialists know that hookworms in the tummy and revolutionary thoughts in the brain cannot exist in the same man at the same time. You eliminate the hookworms, Johnny, and we will put the revolutionary thoughts where they will produce results. An efficient man is a rebellious man. And anything that raises the efficiency of the working class will speed the Revolution.

Get busy, you middle class lads of booze! We guarantee that if you can keep men sober, we will organize them for revolution.

**Kate Richards O’Hare.**
Sewing-Girl

Drawn by E. Gminska.
THE FIRST FEW BOOKS

(Once we advise a popular writer what few books of the last few years he ought to read. — The Editor.)

STEFFENS. I have watched Floyd Dell and Louis Untermeyer pelt you with literature in this column until I can stand it no longer. What you need is not literature but science. And in that you are typical of the best democrats, the best rebels, the best friends to be found in these days. Their philosophy of love-your-enemy-but-get-out-and-fight is probably the finest thing in the way of literary moralism the world has seen. But the world is entering a century in which something more highly powerful than literary moralism is to dominate the atmosphere. And that is scientific technique.

You will find in a little book by John Dewey, called "How We Think," the essential nature of scientific technique set forward with clarity and the deepest comprehension. The book was written for normal schools. It was written to teach teachers how to teach. And anybody who can teach a teacher how to teach—well, he is a teacher!

Read that book, and you will perceive that one thing which distinguishes scientific from literary thinking is, that before adopting a rule of conduct towards a goal, science makes a gigantic effort to define the facts involved in the present situation, as well as to define the goal. Literature loves to dwell on the goal, and dwell on the rule of conduct, because these give a more edifying expression to the individual temperament of the author. But literature will never carry us beyond edification until that happy day when authors are scientists—or, still more happy, when scientists know how to write.

So I ask you to turn to those fields and laboratories of science where an experimental effort is really being made, for the first time in history, to find out the brute facts about human organisms in society, the unalterable data which must underlie all plans of progress.

The first volume of Edward L. Thorndike's Educational Psychology is called "The Original Nature of Man." And by that is meant the set of reflexes and instincts which a normal man inherits, and must count on as the crude unavoidable basis of culture and learning. Psychology has not finished defining this unlearned nature of man, by any means, but the effort to do so, the effort made and celebrated in this book, is of basic importance in all forward thinking.

And from this book, if you like it, you will naturally turn to one of the books on Heredity. I suggest a very small volume by J. A. S. Watson. This will remind you in a wonderfully few words of those astonishing discoveries of Gregor Mendel, the abbot of Brunn, whose records made in 1865 were laid away and only rediscovered in 1900; and introduce you to the eager young science which is growing around them.

From that you will probably pass, by force of your own curiosity, to one of the books on Eugenics. But I would lead you in another direction. All of these studies of man as an organism, are painted against a background of great speculations associated with the name of Darwin. Darwin implanted in our minds the idea of the world as a process, and so filled these sciences full of the adventurous interest you find in them today. And yet all the details of Darwin's own thought are under fire from these very sciences, and that you ought to know, and you ought to drink a large draught at the fountain of doubt. So I would read Vernon Kellogg's "Darwinism Today." It will show you another great attribute of the scientist, distinguishing him from the litterateur—he knows what it is that he doesn't know.

So many millions of years deep is the organic nature of man, and so shallow is the little ripple called history, that we can not look for many great generalizations from that stream. But there is one at least that we must weigh and understand, and that is the doctrine of class struggle as the essence of all political evolution. And we find it brilliantly summarized, and applied with convincing erudition to the universal history of man, both tribal and national, in a little book by Franz Oppenheimer of the University of Berlin, called "The State."

There are five books. And if I name too many, you have an excuse for not reading any of them. And yet I can not refrain from pointing out the newer knowledge of man without a word about Sigfried Freud. He is it, and no other, who has constructed, with supreme diligence and supreme daring, in the last twenty years, a new science. What of his science is truth and what error, another twenty years will begin to tell. But it is long past time to say that his working-hypothesis of the Unconscious Mind, and the effects of repressed impulses that linger there, forms the ground plan, not only of the psycho-pathology, but of a great part of the Wisdom of Life for future men.

His science is a little difficult to come at in English, but begin by reading "Psycho-Analysis" by Ernest Jones, and "The Psychology of Insanity" by Bernard Hart. The latter might be called "The Psychology of Insanity and of Those Who Consider Themselves Sane." These books will lead you to some of the originals. You will think it is more fun than anything since the Arabian Nights. And you will know it is profoundly true.

We are born with the impulsive endowment of the savage, in a few years we become civilized members of polite society; that means repression, repression, repression; and those repressed impulses remaining undisputed in the unconscious mind are the cause of half the trouble in the world.

Does that require any more than stating to be believed?

Surely not if you grant the initial declaration. We are born with instincts fitting us for a life of savagery—a somewhat low or elementary form of savagery," as Thorstein Veblen says. And lest the ground and certainty of this fact escape you, perhaps you will conclude with Franz Boas' book on "The Mind of Primitive Man." There you will see the self-complacent white man, the sophomores among races, set in a true relation to his lessees, his high-brows of dark skin, in the vast perspective of evolutionary science.

And that is as important as any other one determination of fact in preparing our plans for progress in America.

These books remind us that there is other work to be done by those whose goal is social liberty, than agitate and converse and write beautiful literature and poems of love and anarchy. Either we will bend this patient, sharp-eyed and dogged-moving monster, Science, to our high purposes of life, or others will use him for death and tyranny. For he is the sovereign instrument of all great and lasting change.

MAx Eastman.

The Harbor

Of course it had to come—the novel of the soul of industrial democracy. It has come unmistakably in Ernest Poole's varied and intense book, "The Harbor" (Macmillan Co.).

"The Harbor" is a book about modern America, and the lives of modern American men and women. But more specifically, it is a book about New York harbor.

In the harbor, as it appears in its changing aspects, are reflected the changing periods in the life of the man who is the central figure. Having first appeared to him in childhood as only an ugly place of fighting kids and drunken women, it came to seem, when he looked at it through his sweetheart's eyes, as a place of beauty. An ambitious young journalist, he makes his life assignment. He determines to see it all and know its last secret. But it is from the girl's father, a far-sighted engineer, that he gets his next vision of the harbor, this time as an instrument by which a group of master-capitalists can control the destinies of a nation.

This view of the harbor, splendid in its immense practicality, fires his imagination. But suddenly at the touch of another hand it gives place to the harbor of working-class struggle. It is upon the scene of a great dock-strike and its aftermath that the book closes, leaving us with a transformed hero as well as a transformed harbor. For the successful journalist and magazine writer has become a friend of strikers and radicals, and editors mourn him as a lost soul. Only the girl, whose relationship to him as sweetheart and wife is interwoven through the story, is able to understand, even if she does not wholly approve, the internal necessity of change in his soul which has come with his changing vision of life.

The harbor dominates the book. But the characters themselves, which include two splendid figures, the engineer and the strike-leader, and many charming ones, are drawn with a sincerity and intimate knowledge which makes them live and will make them be remembered.

"The Harbor" is a book of power and beauty, worthy of the theme it celebrates. Industrial democracy will have to advance to another stage before a better book can be written about it.

EdmOnD McKenna.

The Likes o' Me

THOSE who have been struck with the freshness and beauty and strength of Edmund McKenna's poems as they have appeared in the Masses will want to possess a copy of his volume, "The Likes o' Me," published by the Hilllace Bookhouse at Riverside, Conn. (75 cents net). I am a devout admirer of most of these poems, and in spite of the inclusion in the book of one poem whose length far exceeds its interest, I think the collection entitles the author to a place of distinction among contemporary poets. The lyric reality of such poems as "Preclude" and "War Changes" denotes a mind and emotions which not even the tremendous impact of war can stulten into second-rate utterance.

FLOYD DELL.
PROGRESS OR COMSTOCK?

By Our Readers

THE arrest of William Sanger on a charge of circulating "obscene literature," by a Comstock detective who had begged, and received, from him a copy of Margaret Sanger's pamphlet on "Family Limitation," as told in these pages last month, has aroused a strong movement of defensive and aggressive protest throughout the public. We print below a few letters which show pretty unmistakably the determination to eject Comstockery from our laws.

To the Editor:

In the current number of The Masses you ask, "Is Truth Obscene?" The case which you bring before the attention of the public interests me so intensely that I cannot help writing to inquire whether any practical move can be made in order to save Mr. and Mrs. Sanger and to do away with the obnoxious law that makes the truth obscene. That law has long seemed to me an intolerable anachronism, but I have never felt it so keenly as I do upon learning of the Sanger case. In an age where every other married couple say publicly, "No, we shall not have children until John's practice is established," "We have three children, and shall have one more, and then stop"—in this age, the law which makes it a crime to inform people of the means of preventing conception is a monstrous hypocrisy—and, as you say, it bears hardest upon those who most need such information.

There are two reasons why it is retained, which I think you did not mention. First, Catholics regard the prevention of conception as a sin, and all the power of the Catholic Church upholds the law. Second, many "good" people fear that if means of preventing conception were known, there would be much extramarital intercourse, and hence "morality would be undermined." Closely related to these are the people who deplore modern "selfishness and individualism," and would have the unwanted, inconvenient child descend upon a household and break up all plans, for the good of the parents' souls. They have no faith in the instinct of parenthood, which would lead to wanted, planned-for children at suitable and convenient times; and so they would refuse to men and women the power of controlling parenthood.

Mr. Eastman, I would like to be one of a thousand women to sign a statement setting forth:

(1) That in our family relations we habitually exercise control of the birth-rate.
(2) That we believe this control makes for personal and domestic happiness, and lifts us out of the hands of fate and makes us self-directing human beings.
(3) That we believe society is better served by our bringing into the world children for whom we can and will care, than by having large families to depend on charity.
(4) That we believe it is better for the children themselves to come into the world with a prospect of being properly reared and educated than to come in large numbers to struggle for a bare existence, and to grow up ignorant and powerless.
(5) That we will agitate for the repeal of this law in both nation and state.
(6) That we will repeat these statements in court and take the consequences.

My fear is that none of this agitation would be admitted as having any direct bearing on the Sanger case. But it might do some good ultimately, if it rid our statute-books of this relic of tribal ideas and outworn religious conceptions. If this is impracticable,
What Every Young Woman Ought to Have Known
What Every Young Woman Ought to Have Known

Drawn by Elizabeth Grieg.
THE MASSES

THE DEAR LITTLE BULLET

HOW dear to my heart are the scenes of the battle,
As every good soldier should find them to be!
How sweet to my ears is the musical rattle
Of the enemy trains going by for me!

But of all the delights that I have in full measure—
Though of wounds my mind is still rather vague—
I think it would be the most exquisite pleasure
To be shot by the bullet approved by The Hague.
The neat little bullet, the clean-wounding bullet,
Humane little bullet approved by The Hague.

How sweet in a non-vital part to receive it—
You’re certain to live if they don’t strike you dead!
It seems so delightful I scarce can believe it—
(Is it safer to stand on my feet or my head?)

Where the enemy now I so gleefully plague,
I surely will find it a full compensation
To be killed by the bullet approved by The Hague.
The neat little bullet, the clean-wounding bullet,
The dear little bullet approved by The Hague.

ELIZABETH WISEWELL

FROM A WOMAN PHYSICIAN

To the Editor:
I am familiar with what Margaret Sanger has been trying to do and believe her successful vindication would save millions of women remorse and guilt. The person she is sacrificing for is purely a woman’s problem now, and while it may be impossible for many to identify themselves with the cause, she can assure herself of being understood.

Should there be any organized attempt to assist her in her vindication I shall be glad to do my share.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN
(Mrs. M. E. Oatman-Blatchly)
145 West 127th Street, New York.

FROM AN ATTORNEY

To the Editor:
I have just read in my Masses of the predicament of Mr. William Sanger, who has dared run counter to the modern angel of morality, Anthony Comstock, and am enclosing two dollars to help defray the expense of defending him from the criminal charge threatening him. I hope some day to be able to do much more in matters of this kind.

ELIZABETH WISEWELL

FROM A NEWSPAPER

To the Editor:
Please send me 10 copies March issue on the strength of the Margaret Sanger article. Keep up the fight. I will boost all I can.

Sincerely,
Mr. Sanger, will beat out “Saint Anthony.”

This knowledge is as necessary in the country districts as in the cities. Only last week I had to witness the expulsion of a family with six children from the farm they had worked to clear, and after 10 years of hard unremitting toil, were forced to vacate. The cause, the mother after the birth of her fourth child because an invalid, in this condition she gave birth to two more, and after the birth of her last child, she was seized with a disease, about six months ago she underwent an operation which removed the possibility of her again becoming a mother, and her health is slowly returning.

A FUND OF AT LEAST $500 IS NEEDED

FOR legal expenses in the Sanger struggle. More is needed for a campaign of publicity outside of the courts. This is your fight. The time to fight is now. You are asked to send as much as you can, and as soon as possible to the Sanger Fund, The Masses Publishing Company, 526 Greenwich Avenue, New York City.

THE LITTLE LITTLE BULLET

TO THE Editor:
I am very glad to see that you have taken up the issue involved in the case of C. A. Sanger. We do not believe there is more a barbarous law upon our statute books than the one forbidding the spreading of information concerning the prevention of pregnancy. This case, upon the subject at various times in the Physical Culture Magazine, in the Cosmopolitan, and in Everybody’s. I have received hundreds of letters asking for information was unable to answer any of them unless I cared to take the risk that the writer might be a government spy and that I would be liable for $500 fine and five years’ imprisonment in jail, and I assure you that Government spies are continually active in this matter.

This was the case of a young woman, an artist of a physical type, Dr. G. Alfred Elliot, who served ten years in the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth Kansas for giving information to a woman. I am glad that she had an innocent husband of whom she was afraid.

You can see a letter of mine published in Everybody’s Magazine about three or four years ago concerning a poor devil who had been shut up without bail for several months in a State Hospital for a little girl who was described as a tramp in Detroit, where I had served an eighteen hour sentence for playing tennis on Sunday. This man had been arrested for selling a medical book containing photographs of prohibited portions of the human anatomy. I went to the United States Attorney about his case, and this gentleman showed me samples of horrible literature which had been found in the man’s rooms.

One thing was a pamphlet giving some elementary information on the subject of sexual intercourse—information for the lack of which, as any physician will testify, hundreds of marriages which might have been happy have been wrecked. And our Government officials, who assured me that he was a Utopian and a and a most liberal and enlightened man, held these up before me with a face of horror and gasped: “He actually had a pamphlet containing such material!”

That is only one instance out of dozens which I might quote you. This law under which they are trying Sanger was forced through by a Committee by which I revealed the abominable Society for the Suppression of Vice. It is one of the penalties which we pay for the domination of a religious minority over a liberal and scientific superstition, and it should be fought by every enlightened person with all the weapons of publicity. Bernard Shaw has called the artificial sterilization of marriage the most revolutionary discovery of the XIXth Century. It may be said that we owe to it that little intelligence and freedom we have so far been able to win in the world. If we win any more it will be because humanity and common sense assert themselves in spite of all the efforts of Roman Catholic and Puritan inquirers.

FROM UPTON SINCLAIR

TO THE Editor:
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Conscience Corner

THROUGH laxity of editorial supervision we placed in our Book Store an Advertisement of a book called "Sex Determination," which is open to mislead and we have removed it from the list.

A LITTLE advertisement of a cure for the tobacco habit, etc., appeared once, and will not appear again, for the same reasons.

PLEASE do not overestimate our moral character on the basis of these confessions. We give no guarantee of any brands of poetry or liquor that may be advertised in our columns. People who monkey with these spiritual substances are assumed to be forewarned.
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Those two great qualities—vigor and cheerfulness—stand out big in American life. In less than a hundred years this American energy and optimism have populated hostile plains, reared skyscrapers, founded fortunes and made America the hope of the whole world.

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“Give me Tuxedo every time, find the last puff at night tastee just as cool, fragrant and satisfying as the first in the morning.”

Herman Nickerson
THE MASSES

BOOK STORE

(Continued from page 3)


Germany and England, by J. A. Cram. $1 net. E. P. Dutton & Co. This book was published at the urgent suggestion of late First Lord Robert, who wished England to understand the necessity of arms against German aggression.


In a Moment of Time. Regina W. Kraufman's story of a nation crucified. $1.00. Moffat, Yard & Company.

Paths of Glory, by Irvin S. Cobb. The first book to tell what the German mind is really doing with the war—whether it is cruel and efficient—neither pro-German nor pro-Allied—and how it is told with Cobb's genius. Net, $1.50. George H. Doran Company.


PHILOSOPHY

What Nietzsche Taught, by W. H. Wright. An epitome of the 18 volumes, each explained, with copious excerpts. The best part of Nietzsche. $2.00 net. B. W. Huebsch.

The Unknown Guest, by Maurice Maeterlinck. This "Unknown Guest" within ourselves—that mysterious, vaguely realized stranger that is part of us, and which sometimes terrors the selfsame self—has called forth this strangely beautiful and exceedingly witty book. $1.50 net. Dodd, Mead & Company.

Neighbours, by Herbert Kaufman. A revelation of the humanity of the people in the crowded tenement houses. A clerk to the despairing woman—by the popular American author. Net, $0.75. George H. Doran Company.

ESSAYS

Optimism, by Helen Keller. 75 cents net. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. If anyone has a right to talk about optimism, it is Helen Keller. And she talks about it to some purpose.

Freedom of the Press and "Obscene Literature." Three essays by Theodore Schroeder. "There is tone in the papers... and... Hear!—"Henry Ward Beecher. Send 30 cents.

HUMOR

By and Large, by Franklin P. Adams. $1 net. Doubleday, Page & Co. Just a reminder that these delightful verses can be had in permanent form.


DRAMA

Edgethe, by Frank Wedekind (author of Spring's Awakening). Translated by Sam Eliot, Jr. $1.10 postpaid. A. & C. Boni.

The Social Significance of the Modern Drama, by Emma Goldman. $1 net. Moffat, Yard & Company. This book will be found a valuable adjunct to the study of modern play.-Publishers' Weekly.


• HISTORICAL •

Brigham Young. Dealing with the "inside" of Mormonism, with startling revelations and surprising incidental. Send $1.30.

RELIGION


POETRY


POLITICS


Socialism as the Sociological Ideal: A Broader Basis for Socialism, by Felix Frankfurter. $1.35 postpaid. The conclusions of "scientific socialism" are here brought up to date and interpreted in their modern terms. Sturgis and Walton Company.

MISCELLANEOUS

Sexual Problems of To-day, by Dr. Wm. A. Mead. cloth, $1.50 net. C. S. Scribner's Sons.


Child of the Amazons, and other Poems by Max Eastman. "Mr. Eastman has the gift of the singing line."—Vida D. Scudder. A poet of beautiful form and feeling."—Wm. Marion Reedy, Mitchell Kennerley. $1.00 net.


Challenge, by Louis Untermeyer. "No other contemporary poet has more indomitably and imperiously voiced the dominant thought of the times."—Philadelphia North American. $1.00 net. The Century Company.

Poems—Maurice Maeterlinck. Introduc- ing to the American public a collection of poems of an essential symbolical character, rich in beauty of word and thought. $1.50 net. Published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

Rabindranath Tagore, the Man and His Poetry—Basanta Kanta Ghosh. Affords especially illuminating and valuable insight into the character of this noted philosopher and poet, by reason of the fact that the author is a fellow countryman and intimate friend of the famous poet. Illustrated. $1.25 net. Published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

BIOGRAPHICAL


McCullough. The only and greatest work on the famous Schalk-Weber, by the first living authority. Profusely illustrated. Send $1.50.

The Life-story of a Russian Exile. Marie Sukoff's story of her childhood in Russia, her imprisonment in Siberia, and her coming to America. $1.20 net; postage, 10 cents. The Century Company.

JUVENILE


TRAVEL

U. S. Colonies and Dependencies, by W. D. Boyce. 60 illustrations. $2.50 net. Rand McNally & Co.
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Sent anywhere for 55 cents

THE RUT-DWELLERS

You know a man who loves the Narrow Ways, A million men have tried in Yesteryears; He makes his way with calm and stately mein, Breeding emptiness all around us, And wanders on the path of Progress with a strut, And snuffs his pride in dwelling in the Rut.

This class of men have never done anything for society. If their sons and their sons’ sons follow in the paths their fathers have worn down for them, the world will never advance from the stage of semi-civilization of to-day.

It is to the REBEL’S that all progress is due. The BLACK SHEEP, if you will, have blazed all THE NEW TRAILS and have given us whatever we may possess in literature, industry, or art worthy of the name.

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If you are the Adventurer who loves to battle into unknown lands with the Advance Guard of Pioneers—you must not be without it.

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Mary Anderson & Warner, 605 5th Ave.

Lourino, F., 73 2nd Ave.

Aipheboor, 2562 Broadway.

Chalk, B., 2317 Broadway.

Duha & Co., 2560 Broadway.

Franklin Simon & Co., 7th Ave.

National Bank & Trust Co., W. 28th St.

Riddell & G. M. Co., 694 5th Ave.

Lavo, Bryant, 25 W. 38th St.

(Signed) Mrs. J. Sergeant Gram

By request of Ladies’ Tailors and Dressmakers Union, Local 38: Jacob L. Banach, Secretary-Treasurer.

Don’t Buy Sweat-Shop Clothes for Easter Wear!

If you believe that organized labor eliminates the sweat-shop and child labor, as proved by the Government Reports, encourage the employer to maintain trade-union conditions. Trade in union shops, purchasing union-made goods, and interest consumers to follow your example.

There is a strong movement among manufacturers to exterminate the labor unions. Will you help the workers to better their conditions and gain their independence by patronizing only shops which handle Union Made Clothes?

Here are some New York stores where union-made clothes may be purchased:

THE LABEL SHOP, 14 E. 37th St.

Thurn, Lisa A., 19 E. 38th St.

Steel & Blain, 8-10 W. 36th St.

Lichtenstein, 104 5th Ave.

Van Smith, 12 E. 54th St.

O’Hara, 21 E. 49th St.

Dunstan, Inc., 31 W. 57th St.

Whelan & Mannan, 26 W. 47th St.

Rosenfeld, 7 E. 45th St.


Weingarten & Pearl, 310 4th Ave.

Anthony, Z. O., 16 W. 46th St.

Chase & Ray, 29 E. 46th St.

Greenstein, B., 4 E. 45th St.

Jacob, I., 49 W. 46th St.

Lieberman & Szigal, 4-8 W. 46th St.

Milgrim Bros., 132 2nd Ave.

Funker, M., 16 W. 40th St.

Branden, N., 11 W. 45th St.

Brodsky, J., 50 W. 95th St.

Hass Bros., 10 E. 56th St.

Keen, F., 7-11 W. 45th St.

Feld, M., 10 E. 57th St.

McNally, 18 W. 31st St.

Mary Anderson & Warner, 605 5th Ave.

Lourino, F., 73 2nd Ave.

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