WOMAN'S CITIZENSHIP NUMBER.

ADVENTURES IN ANTI-LAND—Floyd Dell
LABOR AND THE FUTURE—Amos Pinchot
CONFESSION OF A SUFFRAGE ORATOR—Max Eastman
THE SANGER VERDICT
OCTOBER 20TH

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WAR AND THE SOCIALIST FAITH

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(Continued on page 24)
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YOU cannot subscribe to The Masses, it seems, because of its intolerant spirit,
And its recurrent stress on criticism and denunciation.
You do not believe that bitterness and intolerance ever help a cause, or
that any end can make "unworthy" methods justifiable.
It is very modern—this fear of all intolerance—this wholesale labeling of
rough, ungentle methods as "unworthy."
Jesus did not have it.
His intolerance of Pharisaism is so familiar that we, quite placidly, overlook its present-day significance.
The early Christians did not have it;
Nor the Abolitionists.
And Lincoln, with all his charity and large-heartedness, had never set men free but for the bitterness of those fierce denunciations which paved the way for a daring act.
There is one thing—and perhaps one only—of which we may be intolerant;
And there is one thing—and perhaps one only—towards which we may feel bitter.

In Answer to a Critic

The first of those is hypocrisy; and the second is oppression.
(And should you think us prone to confuse the sinner with the sin, remember that even Jesus in his sense of outrage over money-changing in the temple, forgot once or twice to be courteous to the money-changers.)
Towards these two forces then, pervading our civilization, appearing in a thousand forms, interwoven in a thousand combinations, subtle, insidious, poisonous, destructive,—eating the very heart out of all that is beautiful and desirable in life, our charity—and yours—is misplaced.
And so, you friend of Truth and Justice, we ask you not to set us aside too lightly.
It may be that a deeper search shall reveal to you—as has happened with many another—that our hatred is not for any class nor member of a class, but for an enemy of another order altogether.
It may even happen that you will find this foe of ours to be not unworthy of your steel;
That you will come in and help us destroy the destroyer.

Nina Bull.
Atlas, Mere Man: “This thing is getting too d—d hot and heavy and slippery for me to handle alone, I need help!”
ADVENTURES IN ANTI-LAND

Floyd Dell

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Certainly," she said, and proceeded to sell me fifty cents' worth. At least she charged me fifty cents for it. In one of the pamphlets I read, while standing there, of the shyness with which the women who opposed woman suffrage had to contend. "They confessed," said the pamphlet, "to a struggle before they could make up their minds to come forward."

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

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

From all these I learned the true nature of woman. And I want to tell you it is something to learn. I can hardly believe it, myself. I thought I knew what women were like. I had had some slight experience of the sex, as a son, a brother, a husband, a lover. I had played with them, studied with them, worked beside them in factories and offices, danced with them, dined with them, walked with them, talked with them—And I had had along considered them persons just like men, only nicer—some of them very much nicer. I had confided in them, and listened to their secrets; asked their advice and taken it; sought out their society on all possible occasions; liked to have them about wherever I was, at work or at play, sharing together the glory, the joy, the comedy and the burden of the world. I thought, you see, that they were persons like myself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Give her the vote? Give her nothing. Keep her away from me! She gives me the creeps to think of. Have I been associating unavoidably with that kind of creature? Playing with it, talking to it, touching it? Let me retire to a monastery.

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

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

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

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

What if I were right, after all?

Suppose it were true that women are like men, only, to us, sweeter, lovelier, more desirable companions—and with the same sense, the same interests, the same need of work and play? I could go on living in that kind of world. And, frankly, I can’t live in the other. I’d just as soon commit suicide. The nightmare of anti-suffrage oppresses me. I will go back to my own country, where a woman is a person, with a mind and will of her own, fit for all the rough, sweet uses of this harsh and happy life.

Woman Returning

The Wind To the Trees

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

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

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

The Trees Answer

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

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

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

The Neighboring Sea Calls Out

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

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

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

A Woman Hears, Rises, Answers

Hearken, my brothers, Wind of great complaining, Trees of the forest, where the hills stand high, Sea of great healthy music, I am coming—

Hearken, my brothers, for Lo! I am returning! Yield up your questing now, for surely it is I!

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

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

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

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

Sing ye no dirge, O brothers, for my dying! I am not dead, indeed, nor yet resigned to die. Rather is new life begun now within me; I am returning, sing ye for my coming!

I am coming strong and free as was that elder— Woman to her earth, her motherland returning— Strong to seek her own and reign—O brothers it is I!

MARGUERITE WILKINSON.
Who's Afraid?

CONFESSION OF A SUFFRAGE ORATOR

Max Eastman

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

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

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

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

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

"Woman's sphere is the home! Do you know where your soap comes from?"
Who’s Afraid?
Who's Afraid?
"Woman's sphere is the home!—do you know that in fifty years all the work that women used to do within the four walls of her house has moved out into the—" "Woman's sphere is the home! Do you know that, as a simple matter of fact, the sphere of those women who most need the protection of the government and the laws, is not the home but the factory and the market! "Why to say that woman's sphere is the home after the census says it isn't, is like saying the earth is flat after a hundred thousand people have sailed round it!" Well—such an assault and battery of the intellect will probably silence the gentle idealist for a time, but it will not alter the direction of her will. She never intended to express a statistical opinion, and the next time you see her she will be telling somebody else—for she will not talk to you any more—that "woman's proper sphere is the home." In other words, and this is what she said the first time, if you only had the gift of understanding, "I like women whose sphere is the home. My husband likes them, too. And we should both be very unhappy if I had to go to work outside. It doesn't seem charming or beautiful to us."

Now there is a better way to win over a person with such a gift of strong volition and delicate feeling, than to jump down her throat with a satchel full of statistics. I think a propagandist who realized that here was an expression primarily of a human wish, and that these wishes, spontaneous, arbitrary, unreasoned, because reason itself is only their servant, are the divine and unanswerable thing in us all, would respond to her assertion more effectively, as well as more pleasantly. The truth is that any reform which associates itself with the name of liberty, or democracy, is peculiarly adapted to this more persuasive kind of propaganda. For liberty does not demand that any given person's tastes or likings as to a way of life be reformed. It merely demands that these should not be erected into a dogma, and inflicted as morality or law upon everybody else. It demands that all persons should be made free in the pursuit of their own tastes or likings. Thus the most ardent suffragist might begin by answering our domestic idealist—"Well, I suppose it is a charming and beautiful thing for you to stay in your home, since you are happy there. I myself have a couple of neighbors who have solved their problem of life that way too, and I never have an argument with them. Why? Because they recognize that all people's problems are not to be solved in the same way. They recognize the varieties of human nature. They recognize that each one of us has a unique problem of life to solve, and he or she must be made free to solve it in her own unique way. That is democracy. That is the liberty of man. That is what universal suffrage means, and would accomplish, so far as political changes can accomplish it. "Let us agree that woman's proper sphere is the home, whenever it is. But there are many women who, on account of their natural disposition perhaps, or perhaps on account of their social or financial situation, can not function happily in that sphere; and they are only hindered in the wholesome and fruitful solution of their lives by the dogma which you and your society hold over them, and which is crystalized and entrenched as political inequality by the fundamental law."

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

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

It would be folly to pretend, however, that the principle of equal liberty is the only motive behind the suffrage movement. I have said that it is the primary one. It is at least the broadest, the surest, the one upon which the conversion of a person whose taste opposes yours can be most graciously introduced. But there is yet another way of changing a person's wish, and that is to show him that he himself has deeper wishes which conflict with it. And there is one deep wish in particular that almost all women, and most men possess, and that is a wish for the welfare and advancement of their children. And just as "Woman's sphere is the home" typifies the voluntary force opposing woman suffrage, so "Women owe it to their children to develop their own powers," typifies the force that favors it.

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

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

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

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

Drawn by Maurice Becker.
Society Cherishes the Doll-Baby Idea

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

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

We hear a good deal about “child-welfare” in these days, and we hear the business of child-welfare advanced as one of the arguments for woman suffrage.

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

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

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

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

TO EVERETT P. WHEELER

(Women are often tempted to sexual sin and delight in it. A recent report of a female probation officer relates that some of the girls who, as we euphemistically had "one entry" owed to her that they enjoyed the life of the evil hours."—Everett P. Wheeler: The Case Against Woman Suffrage, published by the Man-Suffrage Association Opposed to Political Suffrage for Women.)

I may be so, good sir, it may be so,
Not all who sin are tempted—that we know
It may be darker things than this are true,
And yet, upon my soul, if I were you—
A man, no longer young, at peace, secured
From all that tempting women have endured
Of poverty and ignorance and fear
And joy that make youth terrible and dear,
If I were you, before I took my pen
And wrote those words to hearten other men,
And give them greater sense of moral ease
In the long score of common sins like these,
If I were you, I would have held my hand
In fire.

Ah, well; you would not understand.

ALICE DURK MILLER.

PORTRAIT OF A GROUP

MONSTROUS, misshapen, huge and unconcerned
She sways and bulges through the oily crowd.
Her heavy patience, touched with something proud,
Gives her a dignity she never learned.
Her path is strewed with rags and overturned
Ruins of garbage. Dumb, but never cowed.
She bears her throbbing weight, as though endowed
With the same fires with which the Virgin burned.
Near her a soldier saunters at his ease,
Smelling of swift destruction, foul with strife.
Yet he is clear-eyed, likes a bit of chalk;
There's humor in him, too. So when he sees
That mountain slowly laboring toward life,
He nudges his companion, and they laugh.

LOUIS UNTERMeyer.

A Militant Nursery

Howard Brubaker

A keen observer visits London during the social but Zeppelin season

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

A nursery rhyme

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

Cinderella's Big Idea

Cinderella had a small foot but she put it down hard.
"I won't stand this any longer," she said in part.
"I'm going to move to Bridgeport and strike for the eight-hour day."

Germany puts into practice her new naval policy

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

Italy finds a solution of the over-population problem

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

A noticeable lack of harmony in the Hohenzollern home

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

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

George explains his misunderstanding with William

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

The unfortunate finish of a celebrated boob

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

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

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

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

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

They asked her what she wanted to do, and she said anything just so it was work; but she thought she’d like to be a nurse. So they called in the family doctor, and he told her very quietly that nursing wasn’t a ladylike profession. It wasn’t what she thought it was, at all. No doubt she had ideas of ministering angelically to a beautiful young man, and becoming engaged to him. Well, she was mistaken. Nursing was hard, disagreeable, nasty work. There were sights in hospitals that no woman ought to see. Coming in contact with these uglinesses would rob her of her charm. Nevertheless, Florence had her way. She had to fight against the bitterest opposition of her whole family before she was allowed to do it. Her father simply didn’t understand what had got into the girl’s head.

Her mother said, “This is what comes of reading those immoral novels by Dickens and Thackeray.”

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

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

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

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

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

“About what?” he asked.

“About this.” She pointed to the dispensary ward.

“It’s never been done,” he said. “But”—he was a pioneer—“I’ll try it.”

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

“Damn these women!” he said. “Why don’t they stay where they belong?”

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

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

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

F. D.

My Favorite Anti

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

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

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

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

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

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

Answer to a Correspondent

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

H. K. A.

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

ELECTION DAY

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

- Still cleaners average about $2.25 a day
- Box shop workers 96 cents
- Can workers $1.10 a day
- Yard laborers $1.25 a day
- Pipe-fitters and boilermakers $1.75 to $2.50 a day
- Barrel factory men $1.16 a day
- Steel barrel factory men $1.75 a day
- Case makers $1.25 a day
- Barrel repairers 11 to 16 cents an hour

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

Order

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

It has been similar for two years in Colorado. The strikers of last year were organized in a company which were helpless and they were beaten as they were bound to be. Yet, let us remember that to the same spirit that animates these poor people, we owe the most of what we have to be proud of in America.

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

It was the same in West Virginia as at Bayonne, the same at Roosevelt, New Jersey, in 1914, in Michigan last year, in Colorado in the strike of 1909 and 1904, and finally in the great strike of 1913. In the name of law and order, industrial absolutism ushers in a reign of blood and horror and then turns to the world and cries, "How long, O Lord, will Labor raise the sword and perish by the sword!"

Justice

On May 3, 1913, John Lawson was convicted of murder in the first degree for the killing of John Ninmo, who died on October 23, 1913, during a battle between the deputy sheriffs, mine guards and strikers. No one has ever been able to discover who shot John Ninmo. There is not a shred of testimony on the subject. Two mine guards, employees of the C. F. & I., swear that Ninmo's body was found in such a position that, where shot, he must have been out of line of the strikers' fire. The witnesses called by the prosecution to tell about the shooting categorically contradict each other. The chief witness in this group was shown to have been a fugitive from justice. Summing up the testimony as to the killing of Ninmo, we find no proof that he was killed by strikers at all. A strong presumption exists that he was shot by one of his own party.

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

Violence

Forcing strikers to use violence has become a part of the operators' regular technique in industrial disputes. In West Virginia, in Michigan, in New Jersey, just as in Colorado, when the situation gets hot the operators send in the gun men. Then, in the name of law and order, they call upon the public to help them put down the strike. Indeed, shooting up the tent colony, or the unlawful violation of the strikers' rights or liberties to a point beyond endurance, has become a trump card that is almost invariably played in order to divert the controversy from the real issues. I say this advisedly, after study of the strikes in West Virginia, Lawrence, Bayonne, Colorado in 1913-14 and 1913.

If the questions of wages, human welfare and democracy can once be driven out of the public mind, and the law and order question brought in, the operators, with their superior command of money, physical force and publicity are at once in a position of immense advantage.

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

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

Industrial Absolutism

Indeed, if the great employers of labor in Colorado had even a brief spark of vision or imagination they would see that by this conviction they have gone too far. They are simply sowing the wind. If these same employers were not so busy treading peaks of virtue that would shake the nerve of a mountain goat, if they could force themselves to that frank acceptance of fact which is the only sound basis of common sense, they would realize that their course in Colorado has been not only unjust, but unbelievably, woefully shortsighted. In trying to bind down labor by brute force, without regard to justice, absolutism is weaving a rope of sand which will part even before it is securely in place.
But it is the same all over America. The growing unrest is in every State. And it will not subside until justice has been won. When, from one sea to the other, our industrial towns are no longer feudal towns, when the writ of habeas corpus is no longer suspended in times of peace, when the wage-earner has a fair share of the result of his toil, and when the people are not only the masters of their courts and congresses, but of the nation’s prosperity, then and not before (for I have strong faith in America’s determination to see the right prevail) we will have that condition of stability which we all long for.

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

**What Next?**

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

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

In August, 1902, McKenzie King wrote a letter to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., which contained the matter in a nutshell. He pointed out, in effect, that, on account of the growing labor surplus, Mr. Rockefeller need no longer fear the Colorado strike. He said labor would find this out and would have to alter its tactics. Mr. King was right. With a labor surplus of three or four million unemployed, how can labor win by the strike alone? For the strike’s power lies primarily in its ability to keep the mine or mill without labor. Labor has thus, to a large extent, lost its bargaining power. Its coin of the realm, which is the work of men’s hands, has become depreciated. Artificial restriction of industry—made possible by private monopolistic ownership of the great sources of energy and transportation and of the raw materials, which both capital and labor must have access to in order to apply themselves—is today narrowing the opportunity of labor to a point where labor must accept whatever terms capital offers, or starve. That is the cold truth in the great labor field generally. And the wages and conditions of life in our labor groups go far to prove it.

A hundred years ago we enslaved men by the physical possession of their bodies; that was chattel slavery. Today we enslave them by possession or control of the things men must have in order to live; this is industrial slavery. The soil, the great natural resources, the mines, the minerals and the transportation systems which are the arteries of civilization, are now controlled by a few for the primary benefit of the few. It is a cruelty anti-social arrangement—inevitably destined from the start to produce disaster. And this great blundering machine, dominated by men, some of whom are obsessed by a mania for owning not only things but people, is turned against itself. For it is used to cut down the volume of industrial production in order to keep up prices.

John Moody has analyzed the restriction of industry in the hard coal trade. The Reading companies, which mine almost ninety per cent. of the anthracite produced in the United States, do not mine as much as they could sell to the public at a fair profit. They keep their production, and consequently their employment of labor, down, and only produce as much coal as they can sell at about three dollars and a half a ton wholesale, which means a profit of nearly forty per cent. on the cost of production. Perhaps the public would burn a third more coal at a fair price than it does now, perhaps only a fourth more, or, again, perhaps a half more, or twice as much—we cannot tell. But we know that far less hard coal is mined and far less labor employed in mining it than would be the case if the government owned the coal fields and produced as much coal as the public could pay for at a reasonable figure.

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

In 1908 Carnegie himself said that with all his money and experience he could not re-enter the steel business.
"THIS DOESN'T MEAN THAT WE'RE REALLY GOING TO FIGHT?"
"OH NO—THIS IS JUST TO SET AN EXAMPLE TO OUR EMPLOYEES!"
"THIS DOESN'T MEAN THAT WE'RE REALLY GOING TO FIGHT?"

"OH NO—THIS IS JUST TO SET AN EXAMPLE TO OUR EMPLOYEES!"
"We've got other things to do, haven't we, Mary, besides interfere in politics!"

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

Let labor unite to fight for government ownership of the things which labor must be able to touch in order to live. Private monopoly in the necessary of civilization is, as President Wilson has said, intolerable and indefensible. America is realizing this as Europe has long realized and acted upon it.

If there were a single spring on a desert island you would not let one man, or even a minority group among the castaways, monopolize or control that spring. You would realize that its possession by the whole ship's company was a matter of vital necessity and justice; that if one group controlled it as against the rest, immediately those who had water could dictate to those who had not water; in short, that already economic slavery had begun. Until this tyranny is ended there will be no real freedom either for labor or independent capital. But with natural resources and transportation in the people's hands, and accessible to all on equal terms of ownership or of industrial participation, there will be no longer a class instead of a nation.

And also a position where the public will no longer be in the unemploying of labor. When a man is employed and made a member of the community in good standing.
all on equal terms, there will be no restriction of labor or of industry; and America will take a place of leadership among the nations in the development of real instead of nominal democracy.

And above all while we are fighting to restore labor to a position of independence, remember, too, that before the public lands were exhausted there was little or no unemployment or industrial oppression in this country. When a man was free to take up a good homestead and make a living on it, no power on earth could force him into the slave pens of Lawrence or compel him to submit to the un-American degradations of the western mining and southern lumber towns.

Today the report of the Department of Agriculture tells us that half our arable land lies fallow, as useless to man as it was ten thousand years ago. To bring the idle man to this idle land and create self-sustaining units, where there is now waste and poverty, is perhaps the foremost task of constructive American statesmanship. Let labor lead in this great work. It means its own emancipation.

In the labor movement of today we find the main hope of democracy. It contains the real idealism of American life. Political parties are essentially selfish. Without fundamental principles, they are maintained chiefly to get offices for men who use them to get office. Reform bodies are busy carrying on superficial movements that do little harm—except to waste energy that might be usefully employed. They are generally trying to find some way to help the poor, without interfering with the special privileges of the rich. The church does not play a helpful part in the struggle for economic justice; its tendency is to sustain privilege. But the labor group stands out as the one organized body that is ready to make great sacrifices for a simple and righteous aspiration. Labor is immensely vital because it is fighting for humanity's basic needs and rights.

That the gentlemen who are rooting for truffles in the field of American industry have understood so little the meaning of the labor movement is because they understand so little the meaning of democracy—which is but another word for life itself.
TYPES OF ANTI-SUFFRAGISTS—By Stuart Davis

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

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

STUART DAVIS

"What's the use?"

without control of the steel corporation, on account of the trust's ownership of railroads and oars. And Hill, forgetting before the Coalition of Ways and Means, made precisely the same statement. But when we have broken up the control and placed the great basic natural resources and monopolies in the hands of the people, where they belong, we will have taken the first step in re-establishing a condition where industry will develop to its maximum, where every man will have work, where labor will find its best harmonizing power, and jobs will be looking for men instead of men looking for jobs.

Let labor unite to fight for government ownership of the things which labor must be able to touch in order to live. Prime example is the necessary of civilization, in which President Wilson has said, 'invaluable and indefeasible.' America is realizing this as Europe has long realized and acted upon it. If there were a single spring on a desert island you would not let one man, or even a minority group, among the canyons, monopolies or central that spring. You would realize that its possession by the whole ship's company was a matter of vital necessity and justice; that if one group controlled it as against the rest, immediately those who had water could dictate to those who had not water; in short, that already economic slavery had begun. Until this tyranny is ended there will be no real freedom either for labor or independent capital. But with natural resources and transportation in the people's hands, and access to all on equal terms, there will be no restriction of labor or of industry, and America will take a place of leadership among the nations in the development of real instead of artificial democracy.

And above all, we are fighting to restore labor to a position of independence, remember, too, that before the public lands were exhausted there was little or no unemployment or industrial oppression in this country. When a man was free to take up a good homestead and make a living as he saw fit, no power on earth could force him into the slave pen of Lawrence or stamp him to submit to the neo-American degradation of the western mining and northern lumber mines.

Today the report of the Department of Agriculture tells us that half our able-bodied men follow, as usual, as soon as it was ten thousand years ago. To bring the idle man to this idle land and create self-sustaining states, where there is no waste and poverty, is perhaps the foremost task of constructive American statesmanship. Let labor lead in this great work. It means its own emancipation.

In the labor movement of today we find the main hope of democracy. It contains the real idea of American life. Political parties are essentially selfish. Without fundamental principles, they are maintained chiefly to get offices for men who use them to get office. Reform bodies are kept carrying on superficial movements that do little harm—except to waste energy that might be usefully employed. They are generally trying to find some way to help the poor, without involving with the special privileges of the rich. The church does not play a helpful part in the struggle for economic justice; its duty is in economic privilege. But the labor group stands out as the one organized body that is ready to make great sacrifices for a simple and righteous aspiration. Labor is necessarily vital because it is fighting for humanity's basic needs and rights.

Thus the gentlemen who are rooting for strikes in the field of American industry have undermined so little the meaning of the labor movement, to become then undermined as little the meaning of democracy—which is but another word for life itself.
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without consent of the steel corporation, on account of the trust's ownership of railroads and ore. And HST, notifying before the Committee on Ways and Means, made practically the same statement. But when we have broken up this control and placed the great basic natural resources and monopolies in the hands of the people, where they belong, we will have taken the first step in re-establishing a condition where industry will develop to its maximum, where every man will have work, where labor will find its best safeguarding power, and jobs will be looking for men instead of men looking for jobs.

Let labor unite to fight for government ownership of the things which labor must be able to touch in order to live. Private monopoly in the necessities of civilization is, as President Wilson has said, intangible and indefeasible. America is realizing this as Europe has long realized and acted upon it.

If there were a single penny on a desert island you would not let one man, or even a minority group, among the outcasts, monopolize or control that money. You would realize that its possession by the whole ship's company was a matter of vital necessity and justice; that if one group controlled it as against the rest, immediately those who had water could dictate to those who had not water; in short, that already economic slavery had begun. Until this tyranny is ended there will be no real freedom either for labor or independent capital. But with natural resources and transportation in the people's hands, and accessible to all on equal terms, there will be no restriction of labor or of industry; and America will take a place of leadership among the nations in the development of real instead of nominal democracy.

And above all while we are fighting to restore labor to a position of independence, remember, too, that before the public lands were exhausted there was little or no unemployment or industrial opposition in this country. When a man was free to take up a good homestead and make a living on it, no power on earth could force him into the slave pens of Lawrence or compel him to submit to the un-American degradation of the western mining and southern labor systems.

Today the report of the Department of Agriculture tells us that half our usable land lies fallow, as useless to man as it was 1,000 years ago. To bring the idle man to this idle land and create self-sustaining squalor, where there is now waste and poverty, is perhaps the foremost task of constructive American statesmanship. Let labor feel in this great work. It means its own emancipation.

In the labor movement of today we find the main hope of democracy. It contains the real idealism of American life. Political parties are essentially selfish. Without fundamental principles, they are nominated cheaply to get office for men who use them to get office. Reform bodies are being carried on superficial movements that do little harm except to waste energy that might be usefully employed. They are generally trying to find some way to help the poor, without interfering with the special privileges of the rich. The church does not play a helpful part in the struggle for economic justice. Its tendency is to sustain privileges. But the labor group stands out as the one organized body that is ready to make great sacrifices for a single and righteous aspiration. Labor is immensely vital because it is fighting for humanity's basic needs and rights.

That the gentlemen who are roving for traffic in the field of American industry have understood as little the meaning of the labor movement as because they understood as little the meaning of democracy—which is but another word for life itself.
"We've got other things to do, haven't we, Mary, besides interfere in politics!"
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submit to the un-American degr...
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“What do we need with the vote? We can get all we want without it.”
"What's the use?"
WHAT THE UNIVERSITIES NEED

B. Boyesen

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

The case is typical in substance and method. A university, depending for its endowment upon men whose chief interest lies necessarily in perpetuating the social order which allowed of their amassing great wealth, and, for whom, as well, upon politicians of a reactionary kind, ejects a scholar of high attainments and unblemished character merely because he criticizes existing privileges and publicly favors laws designed to abolish the evils of child labor and to obtain compensation for workingmen. He is not openly indicted, he is not allowed to be heard in his own defense, and he is merely "dropped." And when representatives of the community ask for reasons, they are told, through Mr. J. Levering Jones, trustee and corporation lawyer, "We don’t feel we owe the public any explanation. What has the public to do with it?"

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

The importance of the answers to these questions will be appreciated as soon as people realize the present extraordinary waste of human material, and the enormous possibilities for good, in American universities. No able teacher who has had frequent contact with freshmman classes will have failed to be exhilarated by their intellectual eagerness, and their response to any valorous thought or sentiment; nor can any teacher fail to be saddened by seeing the same young men, thrilled by four years of unfinish scholasticism, leave the university to take allotted places in the grooves of bigoted life.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fidelity"

ONE of the sincerest attempts in recent American fiction to deal with the problems of life and love is to be found in Susan Glaspell’s "Fidelity" (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston: $1.35 net). The principal character in the story is a girl who is in love with a married man. The author does not waste her time in describing the "moral struggles" which are presumed to precede the formation of a forbidden relationship. The book begins with that relationship as an accomplished fact. It is what might be called an irregular marriage, one existing under the most trying circumstances, the center of a social hostility which the author very subtly and truthfully indicates. What the book brings out—for the first time, I think, in fiction—is the compulsion toward in-sincerity in such a union as in all other marriages.

Surely they must justify their actions by making a success of their relationship! But suppose the relationship is not, as a matter of fact, a permanently happy one? The opportunity comes to the girl in this story to marry her lover, after a belated divorce granted him by his wife. But she realizes that they cannot be happy together any longer, and she will not lie to save their face. So she offends against the last socially understood kind of "fidelity" and leaves him—faithful at the last only to the truth.

Deliverance

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

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

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

And, in that dazzling moment, I thought: "At last, the Sun!"
Such a light and gladness was in that face,
Such a rush of living love.
It was not the Sun.
It was my lover.
I mated with him.
He made me such a bright palace of words that I thought I could live in it.
I told him of the shadows and of the veil before the face of the Sun;
But he said he had a Magic that would slay my grim companions.
And that it was not the Sun that was veiled, but my eyes;
So that he could tear those veils away . . .
So in the days that followed I lay in a bright dream.
At times I waked for an instant, but then I felt the dread presences always with me.

So back into the dream . . .
And from that dream, half ecstasy, half pain,
Came our child.
And I was glad.

Now, I said, as I watched him grow like a flame,
"Here is a fire to burn away mist—
And here is a golden sword to slay an army of shadows!"
And I waited for the miracle.
But the flame danced like a wind-blown butterfly;
And the sword made only a happy clatter;
A game in a nursery . . .
And the black mist rose and wrapped itself over all brightness—
It bloated out the sun,
And lay over the gay colors of flowers,
It hung on the lips of laughter like a snare . . .
And the dark guests stayed on—
They put an evil sound into the gentle fall of snow;
They crept into the wind and made it a menace.
They pressed dully against me—even in the hour of love . . .

Whence will come the cleansing flame—
Must it be the fire of my own heart?
And the sword of deliverance—
Must it be made with my own hands?

JEAN STARZ UNTERMAYER.
THE WHITE BRUTE

Mary White Ovington

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

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

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

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

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

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

"We'll come inside," she said.

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

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

His bride slipped her hand in his. "We wanted to give you a good time.""You sure did. It was the grandest time I ever knowed. Dancin' and ice cream and the people a-laughin' an' the preacher a-rollerin' with the res'. And all the while my li'l gal by me and me knowin' she was mine forever an' ever, forever an' ever, ter have an' ter hol'f.

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

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

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

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

He longed to perform some service and noticing a tank in the corner of the room he walked over to get her some water. But as he turned the spigot nothing flowed into the dirty glass. The tank was empty.

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

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

"De train am late," he declared.

"Of course it's late," she answered a little petulantly.

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

"Don't you be doin' me any more, it's too horrible."

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

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

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

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

"In course we don't. Somebody ought open 'em an' steal dat white wadin' dress. But 'twouldn' be much widouten you in it. You was shinin' lak a li'l white cloud lyin' close down to de black yeartdat's me."

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

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

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


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

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

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

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

He turned to his friend who nodded assent.

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

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

"What train?"

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

"That's a right smart time to wait, ain't it, Jim?"

The man with the gun nodded. "Reckon we ought to do something for your amusement. Give your girl a good time, now?"

Sam laughed again to show his delight at the man's facetiousness. "You's mighty good, sir, to think about my girl and me. But we don't need no amusement.

We ain't been married long enough to be tired of one another, has we, honey?" and he looked down into Melinda's face.

She was terrified, he could see that clearly. Pulling at his arm she drew him back toward the waiting room.

"Come in here I want to sit down," she said.

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

"This room is for colored," she said.

The man with the gun spat upon the floor, but did
not move. The other, an ugly look coming into his thin, unhealthy face, answered:

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

"That's so, woman's answer."

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

"Yas, Sab," was the answer.

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

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

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

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

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

And he thrust a hand into his pocket.

"Sam!" the girl cried.

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

And after that, what?

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Get out, then," Sam bellowed, flinging the bleeding man from him. "Get out, if you don't want me to kill you."

The man muttered a curse and slunk away.

"I'm sorry for you," a voice said at Sam's elbow. The negro turned again with raised fist, but dropped his arm as though coming to a sudden realization as he saw the white man at his side. The newcomer had emerged from the waiting room, and was looking at Sam in friendly sympathy. He was an elderly man with white hair and beard and kindly blue eyes.

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

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

The black man in his strength and his helplessness waited on the platform through the interminable hours. The train-men looked at him curiously as they went about their work, and occasionally a colored passenger glared at him, but otherwise unconscious of his terni, tiny or their words. His frenzy had left him and he stood, keeping silent watch of the cluster of shanties in front of the church spire. Once, when a train stopped and shut the town from his view, his eyes dropped and he stopped and picked up the bags at his feet, but there was no bright presence at his side, and as the cars moved out, he put his hand to his head and resumed his patient train.

And while his eyes rested upon the dingy outline of the unkempt town, his vision through all the hot, gasping minutes was of a dark-faced, slender girl in the clutches of a white brute. The men kept their word. As the train from the South drew up they hurried her on to the platform and pushed her and her husband into the jim crow car. "Good-bye" they called and then with lagging steps walked to the village street.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He stopped panting and listened for her answer. At length it came in whispered gasp: "I don't know, Sam. I'm afraid. Every minute I'm afraid."

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

And then he stopped. She had not turned to him, but snuggled close to the wall as if seeking protection there. Outside were the soft night sounds, the vines rustling against the window, the insects' drowsy chirps. Far off, by some distant cabin, rose the howl of a dog. "A dead man or a live one," he said to himself; and turned upon his face with a sob.

**Announcement**

W**ITH** this number T**HE** M**ASSES** a**chieves** a regular newsstand distribution all over the country. For this purpose it is necessary to have the magazine printed twenty-two days earlier than it is used to be. And the only way we could make this change without printing two numbers in one month, which we could not afford, was to omit one number altogether. This is the N**ovember** number, and you will receive the December number on November tenth, and so on thereafter.
To Suffragists

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

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

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

We don't know yet why it is blasphemous to print a picture of a man on a cross. We were glad to hear that a suffrage meeting was held the other day, for the first time, in a Catholic church. If any good Catholic stayed away from that meeting because he thought you were responsible for our blasphemy, it was too bad. Our blasphemies, our ideas, our pictures, are our own. And we can't help it if among them appears insistently this simple fact: Women ought to be citizens and they will.

The Woman's Magazine

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

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

While, on the other hand, if she were not thus usefully absorbed, a chivalrous man dreads to think how often a woman might nowadays be tempted to engage in activities outside the home.

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

Confess now!

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

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

It is the one sure antidote to feminism.

Jeanette Eaton.
"LOOK AT THAT SUFFRAGETTE, MADGE—RIGHT OUT IN THE STREET—WOULDN'T YOU THINK SHE'D DIE OF SHAME?"
"YEH—YOU BET."
"LOOK AT THAT SUFFRAGETTE, MADGE—RIGHT OUT IN THE STREET—WOULDN'T YOU THINK SHE'D DIE OF SHAME?"
"YEH—you bet."
O Wicked Flesh!
O Wicked Flesh!
"Industrial Relations"

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

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

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

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

That is the report of the commission.

"Dickeriing With Lives"

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

"MICE"

Here's to the mice that scare the lions, Creeping into their cages.
Here's to the fairy mice that bite Hidden in the hay-pile while the elephant-thunder dies.
Here's to the scurrying, timid mice, Through whom the proud cause dies.
Here's to the seeming accident When all is planned and working, All the wheels a-turning, Not one serif a-shaking.
Here's to the hidden tunneling thing That brings the mountain's groans.
Here's to the midnight scamps that gnaw, Gnawing away the thrones.

Vachel Lindsay.
Stray Thoughts on Chivalry

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

And then thinking of chivalry and the Frank case and Abraham Lincoln, my mind went back to some testimony given before the United States Commission on Industrial Relations in Washington last May. Mr. A. J. McKeelway, testifying in regard to child labor in the South, said in passing that if child labor had been abolished in Georgia, Mary Phagan would be alive today; for she would not have entered the factory in which she met her doom until two years later.

And still thinking of chivalry and the Frank case and child labor, I recalled a story that McKeelway told—the story of Charlie Knapp. Mrs. Knapp, the mother of Charlie, finding herself unable to support a tubercular husband and family, sent her three children to a farmer-brother in Georgia. The uncle kept the children on the farm for a while. But later when he married a widow with children of her own, he put Charlie to work. In the two years that followed, Charlie worked in five mills—in two by night. He was injured twice. Once, when he was drawing water from a well with an old-fashioned bucket system, one of the buckets flew up and hit him. Once, when they had sent him up a ladder to clean a shaft, he was caught in the machinery. At the end of two years, the mother sent for the two other children. Charlie managed to conceal a note, which described his condition, in his sister’s clothes. Mrs. Knapp had to put much machinery in motion to get her son; but she finally recovered him. When he returned to her, one leg shorter than the other, crippled for life—and with God only knows how many scars on his baby-soul—he was as much a scrap-heap victim of our present industrial system as though he had spent twenty-five years as a wage-slaive instead of two. And those two years came between the ages of nine and eleven.

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

This is a strange universe in which we live and sometimes it looks as though it were in a state of anarchy—an anarchy of hate and not of love. If it were not for what looks like a law of averages and a law of compensation—Robert Lincoln testified before the Commission on Industrial Relations. His testimony indicated that the five thousand negro porters in the employ of the Pullman Company are virtually the slaves of that company. Thus the Abraham Lincoln of one generation frees all the black people in America and the Robert Lincoln of another generation puts five thousand of them back into slavery again.

But—note this anecdote, told by Mr. McKeelway:

It happens that the children who work in the Georgia mills are almost all white. When child-labor came up for discussion in the Georgia Legislature a little while ago, the excitement among the white legislators was so great that they were limited to three-minute speeches. Finally a negro member arose.

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

In Solemn Warning.

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

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

Let that be a lesson to you!

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