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JANUARY 1919
INDIANS ON BROADWAY
PEARL JOLLY says that after she escaped from the blazing tents at Ludlow, she spent the night with a crowd of children, out of bullet-shot, in the cellar of Baye's ranch, a mile away. The next morning she crept up to the telephone to listen for news. And this is what she heard:

Mrs. Curry, the wife of the company's physician at the Hastings mine, was talking with Mrs. Cameron, the wife of the mine superintendent.

"Well, what do you think of yesterday's work?" she said.

"Wasn't that fine!"

"They got Fyler and Tikas."

"Wasn't that fine!"

"The dirty old tent-colony is burnt down, and we know of twenty-eight of the dirty brutes we've roasted alive down there."

Later she heard two men discussing the same subject.

"We have all the important ones we wanted now," they agreed, "except John Lawson and the Weinberg boys."

Pearl Jolly is a cool, clever and happy-hearted American girl, the wife of a miner. She stood in her tent making egg sandwiches for the people in the holes, while bullets clattered the glassware to the floor on all sides of her.

"Tikas asked me if I was afraid to stay," she said.

"I was, but I stayed."

When Pearl Jolly tells you exactly what she heard over the telephone, correcting you if you misplace a monosyllable, it is difficult to retain the incredulity proper, to an impartial investigator. But still it is possible, for the thing she heard is a shade too barbarous to believe. The quality of cruelty is a little strained. And so I shook hands with Pearl Jolly and hastened away from her honest face, in order to do my duty of disbelieving.

Subsequently I heard with my own ears, not from professional gunmen or plum-uglies, but from the nicest ladies of Trinidad, sentiments quite equal in Christian delicacy to those she plucked out of the telephone. And I quote these sentiments verbatim here because they prove, as no legal narrative ever can prove, where lay the cause of the massacre of Ludlow, in whose hearts the deliberate plan of that Indian orgy was hatched.

A visit to the general manager of the Victor American Company, an introduction from him to his superintendents, Snodgrass at Delagua and Cameron at Hastings, a charming and judicial lecture from these gentlemen, had nettled us nothing more than a smile at the smoothness with which a murder business can be conducted. Not an armed man was in sight as we drove into the camp, not a question asked at the gate, everything wide open and free as the prairie. Did we wish to see the superintendent? Yes, yes—his name was Snodgrass. We had mishandled our letter of introduction? Well, it would hardly matter at all, because in fact the general manager happened to be telephoning this morning and he mentioned our coming.

So began a most genial conversation as to the humane efforts of the companies to conduct the strike fairly and without aggression upon their side, whatever indiscretions might be committed by the miners. I had just come up from the black acre at Ludlow, where I had counted twenty-two bullet holes in one wash-tub, and yet when that Snodgrass assured me there had been no firing on the tent-colony at all I was within a breath of believing him. There are such men in the world, mixing cruelty and lies with a magnetic smile, and most of them out of politics are superintendents of labor camps.

So we learned nothing to corroborate Mrs. Jolly from the company's men—except, perhaps, an accidental remark of Mr. Cameron's "town marshal," A. W. Brown, that the strikers got so obstreperous last fall that he "really had to plant a few of 'em"—a remark we may set down to the vanity of one grown old as a guinea in the company's service. Excepting that, the men behaved as men of the world have learned to behave under the eyes of the press.

And for this reason we turned to the women.

We secured from the librarian at Trinidad a sort of social register of the town's elite. We selected—and "we" at this point means Elsa Euland, who was representing the Independent—selected and invited to a cup of afternoon coffee at the Hotel Corindon a dozen of the most representative ladies of the elegance of the town. And as the town's elegance rests exclusively upon a foundation of mining stock, these ladies were also representative of the sentiment of the mine-owners in general.

There was Mrs. McLoughlin, who is Governor Ammon's sister and the wife of an independent mine-owner—an active worker also in the uplift or moral betterment of the miners' wives.

There was Mrs. Howell, whose husband is manager of the Colorado Supply Company, operating the "Company Stores," of which we have heard so much.

Mrs. Stratton, whose husband heads a commercial college in Trinidad.

Mrs. Rose, whose husband is superintendent of the coal railroad that runs up from Ludlow field into the Hastings mine.

Mrs. Chandler, the Presbyterian minister's wife.

Mrs. Northcott, the wife of the chief attorney for the coal companies, the owner also of the bitterest anti-labor newspaper of those counties, the Chronicle-News.

One or two others were there, but these furnished the evidence. And they furnished it with such happy volubility to our sympathetic ears, and note-books, that I feel no hesitation in reproducing their words exactly as I copied them there.

"You have been having a regular civil war here, haven't you?" we asked.

"It was no war at all," said Mrs. McLoughlin. "It was as if I had my home and my children, and somebody came in from the outside and said, 'Here, you have no right to your children—we intend to get them out of your control'—And I tell you I'd take a gun, if I could get one, and I'd fight to defend my children!"

A mild statement, by what was to follow, but to my thinking a significant one. For what exists in those mining camps—incorporated towns of Colorado, with a United States post-office and a public highway, all located within a gate called "Private Property"—what exists there, is a state of feudal servitude. The miners belong to the mine-owners in the first place, and what follows follows from that.

"Then you attribute the fighting," I said, "solely to theseagitators who come in here where they don't belong and start trouble?"

"Just these men who came in here and raised a row. There was nothing the matter. We had a pretty good brotherly feeling in the mines before they came."

"Yes," said Mrs. Northcott, "I've had a hired girl from the mining camps tell me how much money the miners get—but they never save a cent. 'I tell you she high,' she would say, 'we buy the very best canned goods we can get.'"

"Yes—the men who are mailing to work make five and six dollars a day. Of course the lazy ones don't. But the majority of them in the Delagua camp just simply cried when the strike was called! They didn't want to go out."

"Isn't that strange," I said. "How do you account for 80 or 90 per cent of them going out when they didn't want to?"

"Well, the union compelled them—that's all. You know all the good miners have left here now. That is always the way in a strike. The better class go on to other fields."

"Then you feel that the low character of the strikers themselves is what made it possible for these trouble-makers to succeed here?"

"That's it exactly—they are ignorant and lawless foreigners, every one of them that caused the trouble. I've thought if only we could have a tug, and tag all the foreigners so you could recognize them at a glance—I believe if Roosevelt were here he'd deport them."

This subject of the native iniquity of every person not born on American soil was then tossed from chair to chair for the space of about an hour. It is the com-
mon opinion in Trinidad society. We even heard it voiced by a Swedish lady of wealth, who had herself been less than ten years in America.

"Americans, you know, won't work in the mines at all."

"I wonder why that is."

"Well, I don't know. They don't want to go under ground, I suppose," was one answer. Another was:

"The people are ignorant, you see, and that's why they will do the menial work."

"I see," I said.

"And you must understand that our town was absolutely turned over to these people for a week. They were armed with guns and singing their war songs in the streets. The policemen knew they could do nothing and stayed home. I kept my children in the basement.

"Was the larger part of the town sympathetic to the strikers?"

"Well, those of us who weren't sympathetic thought better either to keep still or pretend we were!"

"I understand. And what did they do?"

"Had control of the town, that's all. And don't hesitate to say that we didn't have any mayor."

"What became of your mayor?"

"The mayor received some letters and he was called suddenly away, that's what became of him! And the sheriff—they say he went to Albuquerque for his wife's health—but his wife stayed at home."

"You know our church is right next door to the union headquarters, and on Sunday morning there was such a crowd of these people around there that we couldn't get to church. I wasn't going to pick my way through these people to get to church"—this is the minister's wife speaking—"so I called up the chief of police and asked him to clear the street. He said he had no authority, it was a county matter. So I called up the sheriff's office, and they said they couldn't do it. Finally we had to call up the labor union secretary himself!"

"Has the church done anything to try to help these people, or bring about peace?" we asked.

"I think it's the most useless thing in the world to attempt it," she answered. And there followed the story, which had also been a priest himself of how a Catholic father was reported as a scab and compelled to stop preaching because he taught that 'Idleness is the root of evil,' and tried to advise the men to return to work.

"Christianity could prevail, of course," was her conclusion, "but we haven't enough of it."

"You haven't a spiritual leader in the community, have you?" said the least tactful of us.

"We haven't a spiritual community?" said the minister's wife.

"And how do you feel about the disaster at Ludlow?" we asked. It was Mrs. Northcutt who answered.

"I think there has been a lot of mudslin sentiment in the newspapers about those women and children. There were only two women, and they make such a fuss about those two! It was their own fault, anyway."

"You mean that the papers are to blame for all the trouble it has caused?"

"The sensational papers," she added. "They're looking for something to sell their papers, that's all."

"I guess that's true," I said, and thanked God they were.

"The worst that has come out of this strike," Mrs. Northcutt continued, "is the way those poor militia boys have been treated. They've just had abuse heaped upon them. Yes, my heart has felt very sore for those boys who came down here full of patriotic feelings!"

"And General Chase certainly was a fine man," said another, "one of the Lord's own! Do you know that at the time they broke up the Mother Jones parade a woman struck her hatpin in the general's horse, and the horse threw him off?"

"That was just it—the low things they would do!" came the reply. "And he isn't a bit of cowardice in him. He rode around all day just the same! I tell you the soldiers behaved themselves nobly down here.

"And yet people object," said Mrs. Stratton, "because they occasionally got drunk—didn't General Grant get drunk? Did they expect a lot of angels to come down here and fight a lot of cattle?"

Mrs. Stratton had touched the key-word—cattle—and from that word ensued a controversial delirium of murder-wishing class-hated of which I can only give a suggestion.

"That's it," said Mrs. Rose, "they're nothing but cattle, and the only way is to kill them off."

I think one of us winced a little at this, and the speaker rested a sympathetic hand on her shoulder. "Nothing but cattle, honey!" she said.

"They ought to have shot Tikas to start with," added the minister's wife, a woman of more definite mind than the others. "That's the whole trouble. It's a pity they didn't get him first instead of last!"

"You know, there's a general belief around here," she continued, "that those women and children were put in that hole and sealed up on purpose because they were a drain on the union."

"Yes, those low people, they'll stoop to anything," agreed Mrs. Northcutt.

"They're brutal, you know," continued the minister's wife. "They simply don't regard human life. And they're ignorant. They can't read or write. They don't know anything. They don't even know the Christmas story!"

"Is that possible?" I gasped.

"Yes, sir; there was a little girl, one of the daughters of a miner, and she was asked on Christmas day what day it was, and she said, 'Well, it's somebody's birthday, but I've forgotten whose."

"All you ladies, I suppose, are members of the church?" we asked in conclusion.

"Oh, yes; all of us."

"Well—we are glad to have met you all and found out the true cause of the trouble," we said.

And here I turned to Mrs. Rose—whose words come, remember, straight from the mine above Ludlow. "What do you seriously think," I said, "is the final solution of this problem?"

"Kill 'em off—that's all," she answered with equal seriousness.

So that is how I returned to my original faith in Pearl Jolly's story of what she heard over the telephone. And when she tells me that while she was assisting in lifting twelve corpses out of that black pit, the soldiers of the National Guard stood by insulting her in a manner that she will not repeat, and one of them said, "Sorry we didn't have more in there for you to take out," I believe that, too.

When a train despatcher at Ludlow and his assistant both assured me that at 9:20 A.M. on Monday, the 23d of April, from their office, square in front of the two military camps, they saw and heard the militia fire the first shot, and that the machine guns were trained directly on the tent-colony from the start, although never a shot was fired from the colony all day, I believe that.

This "Battle of Ludlow" has been portrayed in the best of the press as a "shooting-up" of the tent-colony by soldiers from a distance, while armed miners "shot-up" the soldiers to some extent, also, from another distance.

The final burning and murder of women and children has been described as a semi-accidental consequence, due perhaps to irresponsible individuals.

I want to record my opinion, and that of my companions in the investigation, that this battle was from the first a deliberate effort of the soldiers to assault the tent-colony, with purpose to burn, pillage and kill, and that the fire of the miners with their forty rifles from a railroad cut and an arroyo on two sides of the colony was the one and only thing that held off that assault and massacre until after dark. It was those forty rifles that enabled as many of the women and children to escape as did escape.

Every person in and in the vicinity of the colony reports the training of machine guns on women and children as targets in the open field. Mrs. Low, whose husband kept a pump-house for the railroad near the tent-colony, tells me that she had gone to Trinidad the day of the massacre. She came back at 12:45, a lighted at a station a mile away, and started running across the prairie to save her little girl whom she had left alone in a tiny white house exactly in the line of fire. They trained a machine gun on her as she ran there in the sunlight.

"I had bought six new handkerchiefs in Trinidad," she said, and I held them up and waved them for truce flags, but the bullets kept coming. They came so thick my mind wasn't even on the bullets, but I remember they struck the dust and sent it up in my face. Finally some of the strikers saw I was going right on into the bullets—I was bound to save my little girl—and they risked their lives to run out from the arroyo and drag me down after them. I didn't know where my baby was, or whether she was alive, till four-thirty that afternoon."

Her baby, as I learned, had run to her father in the pump-house at the first fire, and had been followed in there by a rain of .45-caliber bullets, one of which knocked a pipe out of her father's hand while she was trying to persuade him to be alarmed. He carried her down into the well and they stayed there until night-fall, when a freight train stopped in the line of fire and gave them a chance to run up the arroyo where the mother was hiding.

This has all grown very easy for me to believe since that bloody conversation at the coffee cups. And when citizens of Trinidad testify that they saw troops of armed soldiers marching through on their way to Ludlow at midnight of the night before the massacre, that too, and all that it implies, is easy to believe. It prepares one's mind for the testimony of Mrs. Toner, a French woman with five children, who lay all day in a pit under her tent, until the tent was "just like lace from the bullets." At dark she heard a noise "something like paper was blowing around."

"I looked out then, and the whole back of my tent was blazing, with me under it, and my children. I run to a Mexican tent next door, screaming like a woman that had gone insane. I was fainting, and Tikas came and threw water in my face. I was so thirsty he said, 'My God, I forgot one, I forgot one!' and I was going back. And Mrs. Jolly told me, 'It's all right. They're all here.' And I heard the children crying in that other hole, the ones that died, and Mrs. Costa crying, 'Santa Maria, have mercy!' and I heard the soldier say, 'We've got orders to kill you and we're going to do it!'"

"We've got plenty of ammunition, just turn her loose, boys," they said.

"Oh, I tell you, that was one of the saddest things..."
was ever went through! When I was lying in my tent there, Mr. Snyder come running in to me with his two hands out just like this. 'Oh, my God, Mis' Toner,' he said, 'my boy's head's blown off. My God, if your children won't lay down, just knock 'em down rather 'n see 'em die.' He was just like wild.

'I didn't like to say it before the children—but I was going to have this baby in a day or two, and when I got to that tent I was having awful pains and everything. And there I had to run a mile across the prairie with my five children in that condition. You talk about the Virgin Mary, she had a time to save her baby from all the trouble, and I tho'ght to myself I was havin' a time, too.

'He was born in a stable, I says, but mine come pretty near ben' born in a prairie. Look at him—I had everything nice for him, and here he's come, and he didn't have hardly a shirt to his name.'

Mrs. Toner sat up languidly from a dark and aching bed in a tiny rented room in Trinidad.

'I lost everything,' she said. 'All my jewelry. A $35 watch and $8 chain my father gave me when he died. A $3 charm I'd bought for my husband. My fountain pen, spectacles, two hats that cost $10 and $7, my furs, a brown suit, a black one, a blue shirt-waist, a white one—well, just everything we had left. I don't believe the Turks would have been half so mean to us.'

'Whom do you blame for it?'

'Do you know who I blame? Linderfelt, Chase and
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Sing the steeds of the mighty generals,
Steed of knights who fought in the tourney;
Sing Bucephalus, sing Al Borak,
Wondrous flying steed of the Prophet;
Sing of Reksh, the charger of Rustum,
Sing Roan Barbary, sing Black Saladin,
Sing the Corsican's gallant Marengo—
I'll sing the Gray Mare!

For the Gray Mare is the better horse,
For the furrow or for the course—
I'll sing the Gray Mare!

Staunch and steady though nervous and fine,
Keen, alert to the bit and the line;
Patiently plodding, pulling the share,
I'll sing the Gray Mare!

Sing the star-named courser of Araby,
Sing the blue-blood mettlesome racer,
Sing the wild horses, sing the war-horses—
Sing the thundering hooves of the pampas—
Sing the horse of a hundred battles,
Suffring afar the good scent of carnage,
Saying "Ha, ha!" in the face of the trumpets—
I'll sing the Gray Mare!

Fit and eager, not caring a rap
For the heaviest handicap;
First at the goal without turning a hair—
My money on the Gray Mare!

Sing the horses of song and story—
Sing the timeless horses of Helios—
Xanthos, best-loved steed of Achilles;
Sing the praise of the good horse Pegasus;
Sing Rosinante... sing if you dare
That terror-shod Pale Horse of Apocalypse—
I'll sing the Gray Mare!

For the Gray Mare is the better horse,
Take her for better, take her for worse—
I'll sing the Gray Mare!

Now tingling in sinews and nerves she hears
Call of the pampas a-surge in her ears!
Bit in her teeth, heels in the air—
I'll sing the Gray Mare!
THE QUESTION OF THE UNEMPLOYED

"But we can't send 'em all off to the war to get killed. We've got to have 'em around to keep wages down."

"M-M, and if they stay here, they may join the I. W. W. and raise hell."
THE MASSES

THE HUSBAND (looking at his son famously): Gee, Blanche, he is a cute kid, ain't he?

THE WIFE: What did you say, Dearie? Oh, of course, he is. Did I tell you they called up about the coal? I told them you'd stop in to-morrow. And I ordered an extra ton.

THE HUSBAND: Good Lord, another?

THE WIFE: But, Dearie, we had to have it! Why, this is only the last of February and we have to keep the house warm for Baby!

THE HUSBAND (to his son): Sure thing, we do, old man, and Daddy'll just have to rustle for the cash to pay the bills, that's all—you just wait till you're married.

THE WIFE: And, Albert, you'll have to leave me some to-morrow for the laundry.

THE HUSBAND: Umm-mm. Darin funny thing where money does go to, ain't it?

THE WIFE: But, Albert, we have to have things!

THE HUSBAND: Oh, sure.

(Blanche disappears into the kitchen. Albert shifts Baby onto his other shoulder and picks the paper out of his coat pocket. He begins to read the news, supporting Baby with one hand.)

THE WIFE (calling): Did you remember to order the bread, Albert?

THE HUSBAND: Oh, Lord!

THE WIFE: Well, never mind, I guess there was a piece of a loaf left from breakfast. (Coming back from the kitchen.) I'll take Baby in just a minute, Dearie, and then you'll see about setting the table?

THE HUSBAND: Umm-mm.

THE WIFE (moving about the room picking up Baby's garments): Is there any news in the paper?

THE HUSBAND: I was just reading about a meeting here—

THE WIFE: Albert, are you sure you are holding Baby?

THE HUSBAND: Sure, he's all right.

THE WIFE: Well, I'll take him now. What were you saying? (She takes Baby, adjusts his clothes and sits down in the chair Albert has vacated.)

THE HUSBAND: I was just reading here about a meeting to-morrow—thought you might want to go to—it—women's rights, you know. (Albert is really joking.)

THE WIFE: Why, Albert! The i-dea! You know I wouldn't go to such a thing. I don't see what those women are thinking of! For my part, I'm content to be just a woman, and to make a home for my husband. Dearie, you can bring the bottle now. A woman ought to be content with that, I think—to make a home and be a help to her husband—that's a woman's place, I think.

(Albert, half way to the kitchen 'door, turns and looks at his wife. He almost has an idea. He opens his mouth and almost says something, but Blanche is engaged in an examination of Baby's incoming tooth.)

THE WIFE: His little gums are quite sore. Bring the boric acid from the kitchen shelf, will you, Dearie, while you're there?

(The helpmeet turns to the kitchen.)

THE GENTLE HEART

Our contemporary Life will doubtless find great satisfaction in the recent troubles of surgeons in the University of Pennsylvania. Life has a strong sentimental heart-ache over the cruelty of practising vivisection upon animals, and would probably not wish to see it practiced even upon human beings unless they were of Jewish descent.
"The Dignity of the Uniform"

Before they put on the khaki suits they are gun-men and thugs, in the employ of the mine-owners. Dressed up, they are soldiers of the state militia, engaged in the "protection of life and property." This wonderful transformation scene may be observed in Colorado, Colorado or any strike region.
It happened to be the day of the fiesta of the Santos Reyes, and, of course, nobody worked in Valle Allegre. The cock-fight was to take place at high noon in the open space back of Catarino Cabrera's drinking shop—almost directly in front of Dionysio Aguirre's, where the long burro pack-trains rest on their mountain journeys, and the muleteers swap tales over their tequila. At one, the sunny side of the dry arroyo that is called a street was lined with double rows of squatting peons—silent, dreamily sucking their cornhusk cigarettes as they waited. The bibulously inclined drifted in and out of Catarino's, whence came a cloud of tobacco smoke and a strong reek of aguardiente. Small boys played leap-frog with a large yellow sow, and on opposite sides of the arroyo the competing roosters, tethered by the leg, crowed defiantly. One of the owners, an ingratiating, business-like professional, wearing sandals and one cerise sock, stalked around with a handful of dirty bank-bills, shouting: "Diez pesos, señores! Only ten dollars!"

It was strange; nobody seemed too poor to bet ten dollars. It came on toward two o'clock, and still no one moved, except to follow the sun a few feet as it swung the black edge of the shadow eastward. The shadow was very cold, and the sun white hot.

On the edge of the shadow lay Ignacio, the violinist, wrapped in a tattered serape, sleeping off a drunk. He can play one tune when intoxicated—Tostis's "Good Bye." When very drunk he also remembers fragments of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." In fact, he is the only high-brow musician in the whole State of Durango, and possesses a just celebrity. Ignacio used to be brilliant and indurioso—his sons and daughters are innumerable—but the artistic temperament was too much for him.

The color of the street was red—deep, rich, red clay—and the open space where the burros stood olive-drab; there were brown crumbling adobe walls and squat houses, their roofs heaped high with yellow cornstalks or hung with strings of red peppers. A gigantic green mesquite tree, with roots like a chicken's feet, thrashed on every branch with dried hay and corn. Below, the town fell steeply down the arroyo, roofs tumbled together like blocks, with flowers and grass growing on them, blue feather of smoke waving from the chimneys, and occasional palms sticking up between. They fell away to the yellow plain where the horse-races are run, and beyond that the barren mountains crouched, tawny as lions, then faintly blue, then purple and wrinkled, notched and jaggied across the fierce, bright sky. Straight down and away through the arroyo one saw a great valley, like an elephant's hide, where the heat-waves buck-jumped.

A heavy smoke of human noises floated up: roosters crowing, pigs grunting, burros giving great racking sobs, the rustling crackle of dried cornstalks being shaken out of the mesquite tree, a woman singing as she mashed her corn on the stones, the wailing of a myriad babies.

The sun was blistering. My friend Amancio sat upon the sidewalk thinking of nothing. His dirty feet were bare except for sandals, his mighty sombrero of a faded dull brick color, embroidered with tarnished gold braid, and his serape was of the pottery blue one sees in Chinese rugs, and decorated with yellow suns. He rose when he saw me. We removed our hats and embraced after the Mexican fashion, patting each other on the back with one hand while we shook the other.

"Buenos tardes, amigo," he murmured, "How do you seat yourself?"

"Very well, much thanks. And you? How have they treated you?"

"Delicious. Superlative. Thanks. I have longed to see you again."

"And your family? How are they?" (It is considered more delicate in Mexico not to ask about one's wife, because so few people are married.)

"Their health is of the best. Great, great thanks. And your family?"

"Bien, bien! I saw your son with the army at Jimenez. He gave me many, many remembrances of you. Would you desire a cigarette?"

"Thanks. Permit me a light. You are in Valle Allegre many days?"

"For the fiesta only, señor."

"I hope your visit is fortunate, señor. My house is at your orders."

"Thanks. How is it that I did not see you at the daily last night, señor? You, who were always such a sympathetic dancer!"

"Unhappily Juantina is gone to visit her mother in El Oro, and now, therefore, I am a pionteco. I grow too old for the señoritas." 

"Ah, no, señor. A caballero of your age is in the prime of Life. But tell me. Is it true what I hear, that the Maderistas are now at Mapimi?"

"Si, señor. Soon Villa will take Torreon, they say, and then it is only a matter of a few months before the revolution is accomplished."

"I think that, yes. But tell me; I have great respect for your opinion. Which cock would you advise me to bet on?"

We approached the combatants and looked them over, while their owners clambered in our ears. They sat upon the curbing negligently herding their birds apart. It was getting toward three of the afternoon.

"But will there be a cock-fight?" I asked them.

"Quien sabe?" drawled one.

The other murmured that possibly it would be manana. It developed that the steel spurs had been forgotten in El Oro, and that a small boy had gone after them on a burro. It was six miles over the mountains to El Oro.

However, no one was in any hurry, so we sat down also. Appeared then Catarino Cabrera, the saloon-keeper, and also the Constitutionalist jefe politico of Valle Allegre, very drunk, walking arm in arm with Don Princillano Sucedas, the former jefe under Hidalgo government. Don Princillano is a fine-looking, white-haired old Castilian who used to dawdle the young women of the village and lend money to the peons at twenty per cent. Don Catarino is a former schoolmaster, an ardent revolutionist—he lends money at a slightly less rate of unity to the same parties. Don Catarino wears no collar, but he sports a revolver and two cartridge belts. Don Princillano during the first revolution was deprived of most of his property by the Maderistas of the town, and then strapped naked upon his horse and beaten upon his bare back with the flat of a sword.

"Ah!" he says to my question. "The revolution! I have most of the revolution upon my back!"

And the two pass on to Don Princillano's house, where Catarino is counting a beautiful daughter.

Then, with the thunder of hoofs, dashes up the gay and gallant young Jesus Triano, who was a captain under Orozco. But Valle Allegre is a ten days' ride to the railroad, and politics are not a burning issue there; so Jesus rides his stolen horse with impunity around the streets. He is a large young man with shining teeth, a rifle and bandolier and leather trousers fastened up the side with buttons as big as dollars—his eyes are twice that big. They say that his dashing ways, and the fact that Enriqueta Flores in the back, have won him the hand of Dolores, youngest daughter of Manuel Paredes, the charcoal contractor. He plunges down the arroyo at a gallop, his horse tossing bloody froth from the curb curr.

Captain Adolfo Melendez, of the Constitutionalist army, slouches around the corner in a new, bottle-green, corduroy uniform. He wears a handsome gilt sword which once belonged to the Knights of Pythias. Adolfo came to Valle Allegre on a two weeks' leave, which he prolonged indefinitely in order to take to himself a wife—the fourteen-year-old daughter of a village aristocrat. They say that his wedding was magnificent beyond belief; two priests officiating and the service lasting an hour more than necessary. But this may have been good economy on Adolfo's part, since he already had one wife in Chihuahua, another in Parral, and a third in Monterrey, and of course had to placate the parents of the bride. He had now been away from his regiment three months, and told me simply that he thought they had forgotten all about him by now. At half past four a thunder of cheers announced the arrival of the small boy with the steel spurs. It seems that he had got into a card game at El Oro, and had temporarily forgotten his errand.

But of course nothing was said about it. He had arrived, which was the important thing. We formed a wide ring in the open space where the burros stood, and the two owners began to "throw" their birds. But at the first onslaught the fowl upon which we had all bet our money spread its wings, and, to the astonishment of the assembled company, soared screaming over the mesquite tree and disappeared toward the mountains. Ten minutes later the two owners unconcernedly divided the proceeds before our eyes, and we strode home well content.

Fidendo and I dined at Charlie Chee's hotel. Throughout Mexico, in every little town, you will find Chinamen monopolist who hotel and restaurant business. Charlie, and his cousin Foo, were both married to the daughters of respectable Mexican villagers. No one seemed to think that strange. Mexicans appear to have no race prejudices whatever. Captain Adolfo, in a bright yellow khaki uniform, and another sword, brought his bride, a faintly pretty brown girl with her hair in a bang, wearing chandelier earrings as earrings. Charlie banged down in front of each of us a quart bottle of aguardiente, and sitting down at the table flirted politely with Señora Melendez, while Foo served dinner, enlivened with gay social chatter in pidgin Mexican.

It seemed that there was to be a baile at Don Princillano's that evening, and Charlie politely offered to teach Adolfo's wife a new step that he had learned in El Paso, called the Turkey Trot. This he did until Adolfo began to look sullen and announced that he didn't think he would go to Don Princillano's, since he considered it a bad thing for young wives to be seen much in public. Charlie and Foo also tendered their regrets, because several of their countrymen were due in the village that evening from Parral—and said that they would, of course, want to raise a little Chinese hell together.
WHADDAYE MEAN ‘OUR BOYS’?

"OUR BOYS! I TELL YOU WHAT, THERE’S NOT NOBODY IN THE WORLD LIKE ’EM!"

So Fidencio and I finally departed, after solemnly promising that we would return in time for the Chinese festivities after the dance.

Outside, strong moonlight flooded all the village. The jumbled roofs were so many tipped-up silvery planes, and the tree-tops glistered. Like a frozen cataract the arroyo fell away, and the great valley beyond lay drowned in rich, soft mist. The life-sounds quickened in the dark; excited laughter of young girls, a woman catching her breath at a window to the swift, hot torrent of a man’s speech as he leaned against the bars, a dozen guitars syncopating each other, a young buck hurrying to meet his novel, spurs ringing clear. It was cold. As we passed Cabrera’s door a hot, smoky, alcoholic breath smote us. Beyond that you crossed on stepping-stones the stream where the women wash their clothes. Climbing the other bank we saw the brilliant windows of Don Pricillano’s house, and heard the far strains of Valle Algregé’s orchestra.

Open doors and windows were chocked with men—tall, dark, silent peons, wrapped to the eyes in their blankets, staring at the dance with eager and solemn eyes, a forest of sombreros.

Now Fidencio had just returned to Valle Algregé after a long absence, and as we stood on the outside of the group a tall young fellow caught sight of him, and, whirling his serape like a wing, he embraced my friend, crying:

"Happy return, Fidencio! We looked for you many months!"

The crowd swayed and rocked like a windy wheat field, blankets flapped dark against the night. They took up the cry:

"Fidencio! Fidencio is here! Your Carmencita is inside, Fidencio. You had better look out for your sweetheart! You can’t stay away as long as that and expect her to remain faithful to you!"

Those inside caught the cry and echoed it, and the dance, which had just begun, stopped suddenly. The peons formed a lane through which we passed, patting us on the back with little words of welcome and affection; and at the door a dozen friends crowded forward to hug us, faces alight with pleasure.

Carmencita, a dumpy, small Indian girl, dressed in a screaming blue ready-made dress that didn’t fit, stood over near the corner by the side of a certain Pablo, her partner—a half-breed youth about sixteen years old with a bad complexion. She affected to pay no attention to Fidencio’s arrival, but stood dully, with her eyes on the ground, as is proper for unmarried Mexican women.

Fidencio swaggered among his compadres in true manly fashion for a few minutes, interspersing his conversation with loud virile oaths. Then, in a lordly manner, he went straight across the room to Carmencita, placed her left hand within the hollow of his right arm, and cried: "Well, now; let’s dance!" and the grinning, perspiring musicians nodded and fell to.

There were five of them—two violins, a cornet, a flute and a harp. They swung into “Tres Piedras,” and the couples fell in line, marching solemnly round the room. After parading round twice they fell to dancing, hopping awkwardly over the rough, hard, packed-dirt floor with jingling spurs: when they had danced around the room two or three times they walked again, then danced, then walked, then danced—so that one number took about an hour.

It was a long, low room, with whitewashed walls and a beamed ceiling wattled with mud above, and at one end was the inevitable sewing-machine, closed now, and converted into a sort of an altar by a tiny embroidered cloth upon which burned a perpetual
THE Masses

A shoal of small boys like dying fish scattered through the moonlight, to get firearms. Meanwhile, the status quo was preserved. The peons had squatted out of the range of fire, so that just their eyes showed above the window-sills, where they watched proceedings with joyous interest. Most of the musicians were edging toward the nearest window; the harpist, however, had dropped down behind his instrument. Don Prisciliano and his wife, still nursing the infant, rose and majestically made their way to some interior part of the house. It was none of their business; besides, they did not wish to interfere with the young folks’ pleasure.

With one arm Fidencio carefully pushed Carmenita away, holding his other hand poised like a claw. In the dead silence he said:

"You little goat! Don't stand there pointing that thing at me if you're afraid to shoot it! Pull the trigger while I am unarmed! I am not afraid to die, even at the hand of a weak little fool who doesn't know when to use a gun!"

The boy's face twisted hatefully, and I thought he was going to shoot.

"Ah!" murmured the peons. "Now! Now is the time!"

But he didn't. After a few minutes his hand wavered, and with a curse he jammed the pistol back into his pocket. The peons straightened up again and crowded disappointedly around the doors and windows. The harpist got up and began to tune his harp. There was much bustling back of revolvers into holsters, and sprightly social conversation grew up again. By the time the small boys arrived with a perfect arsenal of rifles and shot-guns, the dance had been resumed. So the guns were stacked in a corner.

As long as Carmenita claimed his amorous attention and there was a prospect of friction, Fidencio stayed. He swaggered among the men and basked in the admiration of the ladies, out-dancing them all in speed, abandon and noise. But he soon tired of that, and the excitement of meeting Carmenita palled upon him. So we went out into the moonlight again and up the arroyo, to take part in Charlie Chee's celebration.

As we approached the hotel we were conscious of a curious low moaning sound which seemed akin to music. The dinner table had been removed from the dining-room into the street, and around the room Turkey-trotted Foo and another Celestial. A barrel of aguardiente had been set up on a trestle in one corner, and beneath it sprawled Charlie himself, in his mouth a glass tube which siphoned up into the barrel. A tremendous wooden box of Mexican cigarettes had been smashed open on one side, the packages tumbling out upon the floor. In other parts of the room two more Chinamen slept the profound sleep of the very drunk, wrapped in blankets. The two who danced sang meanwhile their own version of a once popular ragtime song called "Dreamy Eyes." Against this marched magnificently "The Pilgrim's Chorus" from Tannhauser, rendered by a phonograph set up in the kitchen. Charlie removed the glass tube from his mouth, put a thumb over it, and welcomed us with a hymn which he sang as follows:

"Poolf for the shore, sailor, Poolf for the shore! Heed not the lowing lave, But poof for the shore!"

He surveyed us with a bleary eye, and remarked: "Biedien! Je' Ch'in is wid us here tofi!"

After which he returned the syphon to his mouth. We blended into these festivities. Fidencio offered to exhibit the steps of a new Spanish fandango, the way it was danced by the damned "grasshoppers" (as Mexican call the Spaniards). He stamped bellowing around the room, colliding with the Chinamen, and roaring "La Paloma." Finally, out of breath, he collapsed upon a nearby chair, and began to descent upon the many charms of Adolfo's bride, whom he had seen for the first time that day. He declared that it was a shame for so young and blithe a spirit to be tied to a middle-aged man; he said that he himself represented youth, strength and gallantry, and was a much more fitting mate for her. He added that as the evening advanced he found that he desired her more and more. Charlie Chee, with the glass tube in his mouth, nodded intelligently at each of these statements. I had a happy thought. Why not send for Adolfo and his wife and invite them to join our festivities? The Chinamen asleep on the floor were kicked awake and their opinion asked. Since they could understand neither Spanish nor English, they answered fluently in Chinese.

THE PUNISH LINE

Where the Individualists in the Public Schools Spend their Recess.

A Drawing by Josephine Nivison
Fidencio translated. "They say that Charlie ought to be sent with the invitation."

We agreed to that. Charlie rose, while Foo took his place at the glass tube. He declared that he would invite them in the most irresistible terms, and, strapping on his revolver, disappeared.

Ten minutes later we heard five shots. We discussed the matter at length, not understanding why there should be any artillery at that time of night, except, perhaps, that probably two guests returning from the baile were murdering each other before going to bed. Charlie took a long time, in the meanwhile, and we were just considering the advisability of sending out an expedition to find him when he returned.

"Well, how about it, Charlie?" I asked. "Will they come?"

"I don't think so," he replied doubtfully, swaying in the doorway.

"Did you hear the shooting?" asked Fidencio.

"Yes, very close," said Charlie. "Foo, if you will kindly get out from under that tube.

"What was it?" we asked.

"Well," said Charlie, "I knocked at Adolfo's door and said we were having a party down here and wanted him to come. He shot at me three times and I shot at him twice."

So saying, Charlie seized Foo by the leg and comically lay down under the glass tube again.

We must have stayed there some hours after that. I remember that toward morning Ignacio came in and played us Tosti's "Good Bye," to which all the Chinese danced solemnly around.

At about four o'clock Atanacio appeared. He burst open the door and stood there very white, with a gun in one hand.

"Friends," he said, "a most disagreeable thing has happened. My wife, Juanita, returned from her mother's about midnight on an ass. She was stopped on the road by a man muffled up in a poncho, who gave her an anonymous letter in which were detailed all my little amusements when I last went for recreation to Juarez. I have seen the letter. It is astonishingly accurate! It tells how I went to supper with Maria and then home with her. It tells how I took Ana to the bullfight. It describes the hair, complexion and disposition of all those other ladies and how much money I spent upon them. Currambo! It is exact to a cent!

"When she got home I happened to be down at Catarino's, taking a cup with an old friend. This mysterious stranger appeared at the kitchen door with another letter in which he said I had three more wives in Chimilahu, which, God knows, is not true, since I only have one!"

"It is not that I care, amiga, but these things have upset Juanita horribly. Of course, I denied those charges, but, volgome Dias! women are so unreasonable.

"I hired Dionysio to watch my house, but he has gone to the baile, and so, arousing and dressing my small son, that he may carry me word of any further outrages, I have come down to seek your help in preserving my home from this disgrace."

We declared ourselves willing to do anything for Atanacio—anything, that is, that promised excitement. We said that it was horrible—that the evil stranger ought to be exterminated. "Who could it be?"

Atanacio replied that it was probably Flores, who had had a baby by Juanita before he married her, but who had never succeeded in quite capturing her affections. We forced agradiente unto him and he drank moodily. Charlie Chee was praised loose from the glass tube, where Foo took his place, and sent for weapons. And in ten minutes he returned with seven loaded revolvers of different makes.

Almost immediately came a furious pounding on the door, and Atanacio's young son flung himself in.

"Papa!" he cried, holding out a paper. "Here is another one! The man knocked at the back door, and when mamma went to find out who it was, she could only see a big red blanket covering him entirely up to the hair. He gave her a note and ran away, taking a loaf of bread off the window."

With trembling hands Atanacio unfolded the paper and read aloud:

"Your husband is the father of forty-five young children in the State of Coahuila."

(Signed) "SOME ONE WHO KNOWS HIM." "Mother of God!" cried Atanacio, springing to his feet, in a transport of grief and rage. "Never, never have I been such an animal! I have always discriminated! Forward, my friends! Let us protect our homes!"

Seizing our revolvers we rushed out into the night. We staggered, panting, up the steep hill to Atanacio's house, sticking close together. so no one would be mistaken by the others for the Mysterious Stranger. Atanacio's wife was lying on the bed, weeping hysterically. We scattered into the brush and poked into the alleys around the house, but nothing stirred. In a corner of the corral lay Dionysio, the watchman, fast asleep by his rifle by his side. We passed up the hill until we came to the edge of the town. Already dawn was coming. A never-ending chorus of roosters made the only sound, except the incredibly soft music from the baile at Don Prieliano's, which would probably last all that day and the next night. Afar, the big valley was like a great map, quiet, distinct, immense. Every wall corner, tree branch and grass-blade on the roofs of the houses was pricked out in the wonderful clear light of before-dawn.

In the distance, over the shoulder of the red mountain, went a man covered up in a red saco.

"Ah, ha!" cried Atanacio, "there he goes!"

And with one accord we opened up on the red blanket. There were five of us, and we had six shots apiece. They echoed fearfully among the houses and cleared the mountain peak to mountain peak, reproducing each one a hundred times. Of a sudden the village belched half-dressed men and women and children. They evidently thought that a new revolution was beginning. A very ancient crone came out of a small brown house on the edge of the village, rubbing her eyes. "Goya!" she shouted. "What are you all shooting at?"

"We are trying to kill that accursed man in the red blanket who is poisoning our homes and making Valle Allegre a place unfit for a decent woman to live in!" shouted Atanacio, taking another shot.

The old woman bent her bleary eyes upon our target. "But," she said gently, "that is not a bad man. That's only my son going after the goats." Meanwhile, the red-blanketed figure, never even looking back, continued his placid way over the top of the mountain and disappeared.

Southern Humor

A NEGRO boy, nineteen years old, charged with having illicit relations with a young white woman who is said to be feeble-minded, has been sentenced to ninety-nine years in prison. Three years ago the youth received a Carnegie hero-medal for rescuing a child from a well.

At about the same time a seventeen-year-old Negro girl was raped by two drunken whites, who had entered her home and found her alone. Her screams brought her brother from the barn. He kicked in the door, fought the two whites, killed one of them, and fled. The aroused white community, being unable to find him, then lynched the girl.

WHEN THE SEVENTEEN CAME HOME

(Final Forensics of the Seventeen Americans Killed at Vera Cruz.)

NOBODY laughed when the seventeen came home. It is one of our customs to kill men. But we always treat them with reverence after we have done it. We send them out to die. But we use a colored flag, to show ourselves that it was not murder.

Murder is better, I think. Murder without lies. Nobody laughed when the seventeen came home. But perhaps, under the flags, the seventeen laughed, when they saw the people who had sent them out to die, standing in rows with their hats off, being sorry.

MARY CAROLYN DIETR.
SETTLING THE SERVANT'S PROBLEM

"MADAM, I'M SORRY TO BRING YE THE NEWS, BUT I'VE REPORTED YER CONDUCT OF YESTERDAY MORNING TO OUR LOCAL, AND Y'VE BEEN DISMISSED BY THE UNION. WE CAN GIVE YOU NO REFERENCES."

This is no dream. In Finland the servant girls' walking-delegate even sits in Parliament.
FEMINISM FOR MEN

Floyd Dell

The Emancipation of Man

FEMINISM is going to make it possible for the first time for men to be free.

At present the ordinary man has the choice between being a slave and a scoundrel. That's about the way it stands.

For the ordinary man is prone to fall in love and marry and have children. Also the ordinary man frequently has a mother. He wants to see them all taken care of, since they are unable to take care of themselves. Only if he has them to think about, he is not free.

A free man is a man who is ready to throw up his job whenever he feels like it. Whether he is a bricklayer who wants to go out on a sympathetic strike, or a poet who wants to quit writing dreliv for the magazines, if he doesn't do what he wants to do, he is not free.

To disregard the claims of dependent women, to risk their comfort in the interest of self or of society at large, takes a good deal of heroism—and some scoundrelism too.

Some of the finest natures to be found among men are the least free. It is the most sensitive who hesitate and are lost to the world and their own souls.

And this will be true so long as women as a sex are dependent on men for support. It is too much to ask of a man to be brave, when his bravery means taking the food out of the mouth of a woman who cannot get food except from him. The bravest things will not be done in the world until women do not have to look to men for support.

The change is already under way. Irresistible economic forces are taking more and more women every year out of the economic shelter of the home, into the great world, making them workers and earners along with men. And every conquest of theirs, from an education which will make them fit for the work of earning, to "equal pay for equal work," is a setting free of men. The last achievement will be a social insurance for motherhood, which will enable them to have children without taking away a man's freedom from him. Then a man will be able to tell his employer that "he and his job can go back at one another," without being a hero and a scoundrel at the same time.

Capitalism will not like that. Capitalism does not want free men. It wants men with wives and children who are dependent on them for support. Mothers' pensions will be hard fought for before they are ever gained. And that is not the worst.

Men don't want the freedom that women are thrusting upon them. They don't want a chance to be brave. They want a chance to be generous. They want to give food and clothes and a little home with lace curtains to some woman.

Men want the sense of power more than they want the sense of freedom. They want the feeling that comes to them as providers for women more than they want the feeling that comes to them as free men. They want some one dependent on them, more than they want a comrade. As long as they can be lords in a thirty-dollar flat, they are willing to be slaves in the great world outside.

They are afraid that women will cease to ask them to do things, and say "Thank you!" They are afraid women will lose the timidity and weakness which make them turn to men for help. They are afraid that woman will emancipate her legs with trousers. (And so she will; only they will not be so ugly as the garments at present worn by men, if Paul Poiret has anything to say about it!)

In short, they are afraid that they will cease to be sultans in little monocromar barons. But the world doesn't want sultans. It wants men who can call their souls their own. And that is what feminism is going to do for men—give them back their souls, so that they can risk them fearlessly in the adventure of life.

The fact is that this Occidental barren with its petty lordship over one woman, and its inefficient voluptuities after the day's work, is not a fit place for a man. Woman has long since discovered that it is not a fit place for her.

The fit place for men and women is the world. That is their real home. The women are going there. The men are already there in one sense, but not in another. They own it, but do not inhabit it. They do not quite dare. The world is a home only for the free:

"For there's blood on the field and blood on the foam, And blood on the body when man goes home. And a Voice valetudinary, 'Who is for Victory? Who is for Liberty? Who goes Home!'"

Sweethearts and Wives.

IT IS a time-honored masculine generalization that sweethearts are more fun than wives. This proposition really implies another, that wives and sweethearts are two distinct and different things. If we admit the validity of the latter proposition, the former stands unquestionably true.

This is, as somebody once pointedly remarked, a man-made world. Certainly the distinction in theory and practice between a wife and a sweetheart is a masculine creation. No woman, it may be affirmed, having once been a sweetheart, would ever cease to be one of her own free will and accord.

For observe what it means to be a sweetheart. In the first place, there is the setting, the milieu, the scene of action. This is definite by virtue of its remarkable diversity. One is a sweetheart in the park, in the theater, in the elevated train, on the front steps, on the fire escape, at soda fountains, at baseball games, in tea shops, in restaurants, in the parlor, in the kitchen, anywhere, everywhere—that is to say, in the world at large. When two people are being sweethearts, they inhabit the world.

And they inhabit it together—that is the next thing. It is one of the conditions of being a sweetheart that you are always "along" whenever possible—and it is generally found possible. It seems to be the proper thing for one sweetheart to be always where the other one is. There is never any reason, or any excuse, for a sweetheart staying at home. The fact that a man cannot take his sweetheart to work with him is universally held to justify him in neglecting his work.

But when he plays, he can take her with him, and he does. He takes her to the theater, he takes her to the baseball park, he takes her out to Duck creek and teaches her how to fish.

That is the third thing about being a sweetheart. She is not shut out from his society by reason of differences in habits or tastes. The assumption is that their habits and tastes ought to be alike. If she doesn't understand baseball, he explains it to her. If he likes golf, he teaches her how to play. If he loves poetry, she sits up and reads her his favorite poets. He doesn't permit any trivial differences to come between them. If she has been brought up with the idea that it is wicked to drink, he will cultivate her taste in cocktails. He will give her lessons in Socialism, poetry and poker, all with infinite tact and patience. And he will do all of these things very humbly, with no pride in his own superiority. He will treat her with the most cherished ideas anxiously to her for approval, and listen to the most genuine respect to her criticisms. They plan their future with the solid democratic equality of partners in the business of life.

Which is all very delightful. But in the course of time they are married, and very shortly after that the sweetheart becomes a wife. She is still the same person—she hasn't changed. But the conditions have changed. . . . There was once a man—I don't pretend to approve of him—who had a wife and also a sweetheart, and he liked the sweetheart so much better than the wife that he persuaded his wife to divorce him, and then married the sweetheart; whereupon he simply had to get another sweetheart, because it was just the same as it had been before. The poor fellow never could figure it out. He thought there must be some mysterious and baneful magic in the marriage ceremony that spoiled things. But that superstition need not detain us. Proceed we to an inquiry as to where the difference really is.

There is the matter of rendezvous. The whole spirit of meeting a sweetheart is that one is never quite certain whether she will really be there. Usually, as a matter of fact, she is late. One is anxious or angry, but one is never complacent about her coming. She may have misunderstood or misremembered the street corner. She may be waiting somewhere else. Or she may have changed her mind—a devastating thought.

But with a wife it is different. It is im-

CANNED INNOCENCE

Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.
possible for her to forget the place, for there is only one place. It is neither at the elevated station nor in the park nor on the library steps. It is a place quite out of the world. And she will always be there. Or, at least, if she isn't there, she ought to be. "A woman's place is in the home."

This saying applies only to wives. It does not apply to sweethearts. No man ever thought his sweetheart belonged at home. He regards her home with hostility and suspicion, and keeps her away from it as much as possible. It is only when she is a wife that he begins to think he has a right to expect her to be there. When he thinks of her, it is always in that setting. He thinks of her in that setting complacently. When he goes there to meet her he does not go anxiously, with a beating heart. The home is not a rendezvous. It is not one of the delightful corners of the world where two companions can meet for an adventure. It is a place out of the world where one keeps one's wife.

Home is a place quite different from the rest of the world. It is different by virtue of the things that are not done there. Out in the world, anything is likely to happen. Any restaurant may hatch a business deal. Any barber shop may be a polling place. But business and politics do not belong in the home. They are as out of place in that atmosphere as a "jag" or a display of fireworks. And from not being done in the home, they come not to be thought about there. Cooking, clothes, children—these are the topics of interest for the inmate of a home. These things are interesting. They are as important as baseball or politics. But they lack a certain imaginative appeal. They are not Homeric enough. A new dress is an achievement, but not the same kind of achievement as a home run. A new kind of salad is an interesting experiment, but one does not stand around offering to bet money on the results. In a word, the home is a little dull.

When you have got a woman in a box, and you pay rent on the box, her relationship to you insensibly changes character. It loses the fine excitement of democracy. It ceases to be companionship, for companionship is only possible in a democracy. It is no longer a sharing of life together—it is a breaking of life apart. Half a life—cooking, clothes and children; half a life—business, politics and baseball. It doesn't make much difference which is the poorer half. Any half, when it comes to life, is very near to none at all.

Of course, this artificial distinction does not strictly obtain in any particular marriage. There is an attempt to break it down. It is an honorable attempt. But our civilization is nevertheless built on that distinction. In order to break down that distinction utterly it will be necessary to break down all the codes and restrictions and prejudices that keep women out of the great world. It is in the great world that a man finds his sweetheart, and in that narrow little box outside of the world that he loses her. When she has left that box and gone back into the great world, a citizen and a worker, then with surprise and delight he will discover her again, and never let her go.

Women and the Vote

If the cult of masculine superiority is to be maintained, there must be some things that women are not allowed to do.

From the Polyneians with their sacred mysteries which women are not allowed to witness, to modern gentlemen in their exclusively masculine clubs, there has always been the instinct to dignify the male sex by forbidding certain of its privileges to women.

Counteracting this instinct is the instinct of comradeship. Man as a comrade of woman violates gracefully the taboos set by man as a male.

As a male, man has reserved for himself the ceremonial vices of drinking and smoking. As a comrade of woman, he finds it fun to initiate her into these mysteries.

As long as men were comrades only with special classes of women, excluding their wives, smoking and drinking tended to be restricted to actresses, dancers and courtesans. But now their wives have appropriated these habits, partly to the delight and partly to the scandalization of men. There is a lingering resentment at this infringement of a manly custom.

It is the same way with games. There is no reason why women should not have their competitive athletic exercises just like men. They do, and the men let them, expressing their half-conscious resentment only in their jeering attitude. But they do resent it.

It is the same with clothes. They pass ordinances to keep women off the streets when they venture to wear the new trouser-like skirts. They gather in crowds and hoot at the shameless female who cannot even let a man keep his pants to himself.

Swearing—yes, it is the same way with swearing. And it is the same way, precisely, with the vote. All the reasons that men give for not wanting women to vote are disingenuous. Their real reason is a deep annoyance at the profanation of a masculine mystery. The vote is all we have left. The women have taken everything else that we could call ours, and now this—it is too much!

"Can't we be allowed to do anything by ourselves?"

Another Negro Outrage

The worst offense of the Negro in the South is not, as some have imagined, his color. His worst crime is that he won't work. He won't go to a factory at six in the morning and work until six at night for fifty or sixty cents a day, and acquire a vocational disease. No, uncivilized creature that he is, he prefers to sit in the shade and eat watermelon.

It is useless to talk of training him up to meet our industrial demands. He is hopeless from the cradle. This fact was brought out in the hearings of the Federal Commission on Industrial Affairs, which, among other things, Miss Elizabeth Watson, of the International Child Welfare League, presented a report of conditions in the Southern cotton canneries. Her report was one which might well fill the bosoms of the National Manufacturers' Association with loyal pride in the stamina of the white race, showing as it does their amenability to industrial demands from early infancy. She had seen—she quoted from the New York Times—"a child of three years working for six hours at a stretch 'shucking' oysters. Of 51 children employed in this canner, 38 were under ten years of age."

What a magnificent tribute to the qualities of the white race! But...

"Are there any Negroes among them?" asked Secretary Garretson.

"Very few. They won't stand the treatment."

It should be clear from this evidence that the Negro is utterly incorrigible. He objects to working except under decent conditions. And, worst of all, he manages to get away with it. While the white-skinned heirs of all the ages are docilely giving up their youth to make profits for the employing class, the Little Negro boy sits under a tree enjoying his watermelon. And yet some people pretend to think that the Negro is a valuable racial element in civilization!

Is that all the liberty you have?" asked Georg Brandes, when the Statue of the Goddess was proudly pointed out to him in New York harbor.

Not at all! We have something in Colorado at least called Freedom of Contract.
THE MASSES

The Book of the Month

ROBERT TRESSALL was an English housepainter and Socialist who wrote a book and died. Now his book is making the world take notice.*

It is a book as grim in its outlines as the skyline of a factory district. The author, unschooled, friendless, a toiler from childhood, is imbued with an almost irrefutable passion for the truth. Nothing stands in his way. Hardly a gleam of humor, a touch of friendliness, or a spark of human sympathy shows in his book. But like a scalpel, rigid and impersonal, his mind cuts away the surfaces of civilization and shows the economic workings beneath.

He shows mercilessly the brutality, the dishonesty, the self-complicity of the exploiting class. But he is no less merciless in his realistic analysis of working men who accept their lot with stoical apathy or who worse still—swallow in their muddle of ignorance.

There is no plot, no effort to build a conventional literary structure. The book has the irregular, uneven sweep of life as it is lived. The setting is a small industrial town, representative of thousands of its kind throughout the United Kingdom. The principal characters are men working in various crafts for a firm of building contractors. In the background are bosses, agents, petty politicians. The look, the "feel," the atmosphere of this life, with all its interactions, the housepainter author has transported directly from life to the pages of his book. It is a canvas as large as Zola's, but its people are not obscured by the setting. They are delineated in the most careful detail, and they come only a little short of living as they live in the works of great literary artists.

It is a book which will make its impression on the literature and life of to-day. Max Endicott.

*"The Ragged-Tabbed Philanthropist," by Robert Tressall. (Frederick A. Stokes Company).

Stealing from Convicts

A LAW was passed in Missouri in 1907, providing that 5 per cent. of the total monthly earnings of convicts shall be set aside for their own use and that of their wives and children.

This law has never been complied with. The fact has come to light through the announcement of the Attorney General that at the last meeting of the Board of Prison Inspectors he would introduce a resolution directing the warden of the state penitentiary to obey the law.

Since 1907, the convicts of Missouri have earned—for the State—two million, six hundred thousand dollars. They were entitled by law to 5 per cent. of those earnings. They did not get them. They have been robbed of $130,000.

Prize Press Pearl

"W E have always had great admiration for the ability of Mr. Charles S. Mellen as a railroad manager, but we have not much to say in his favor as a gentleman of finest instincts. Perhaps a good many things that were done by the management deserve criticism, but the world has little faith in an informer and little use for a squealer. If J. P. Morgan were alive, he might be able to refute some of the sensational statements Mr. Mellen has made."—Leslie's Weekly.

S it illegal to work in a laundry; it may be unpleasant or unhygienic, but is it illegal? A government inspector thought it was and arrested Lou Chu, a youth who was admitted to this country as a student. The judge ruled, however, that even a Chinese student must live, so Lou was released.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

IN EGYPT I was a prince in the household of Pharaoh, but when I beheld the wrongs of my brethren in bondage, I lifted my arm against the oppressor and slew him, and fled from the face of the King and cast in my lot with my people to deliver them.

In Israel I was a prophet—denouncer of priests and kings; I foretold the doom of the mighty—and I perished between the horns of the altar.

I was a voice crying out in the wilderness, bringing to light the sins of the people; but when I named the sins of Authority—they severed the head from my body.

And I was a Christian slave that mocked the order of a great empire and set at naught its laws; and the fires of Caesar and his legions were kindled to consume me.

I defied the power of the prevailing church till out of my protest there grew another church; again I protested against that church and there was born another—any many more after the same manner.

And I am here in your midst to-day, O blind Brothers of mine (for lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world) and wherever I lift up my voice it shall happen again (and yet again many times) that I shall be cast out from among you—into prison—scourged—broken.

Seek not for me among the many—not among the respectable—nor among such as put safety first—for I am not of them, nor ever was, nor ever shall be.

I am your martyr, prophet, saint—O Posterity!—NINA BULL.

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