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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM

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Some of the articles to appear in future issues of

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Vol. I.

MARCH 1, 1913

No. 9

Imperialism Rampant

All despatches from Washington concur in stating that President Taft and his cabinet "were much relieved" by the fall of Madero, which, however unavoidable it might have been in the long run, was hastened by the base treachery of his own commander-in-chief. The same feeling of relief was, no doubt, experienced by all the plutocrats, from W. R. Hearst to the Guggenheims and the Southern Pacific crowd. During the reign of Porfirio Diaz these worthies acquired, by all sorts of honorable means, of course, vast possessions in Mexico, which they are anxious to exploit and to extend under a regime of "law and order." And whatever other motives they may have had for opposing Madero and giving aid and comfort to the rebels, the deposed President certainly had shown himself unable to establish law and order, that is to say, to create the conditions under which the exploitation of labor and the making of profit might proceed in a regular and uninterrupted manner.

To create and maintain these conditions is the primary requirement of all government under capitalism. For a government to fail in this respect, is to fail in everything. To create and maintain these conditions, loans are made to bankrupt Russian governments, armies are sent into distant China, and a Napoleon III. is permitted to make a *coup d'etat*. Members of the possessing classes may be liberal or conservative, progressive or reactionary, but on this one point they are all agreed. Whatever minor differences there may be between Taft and Roosevelt, Wilson and Bryan, they all are in perfect accord as

to the necessity for establishing and maintaining law and order in the American "sphere of influence," although they may differ as to the extent of that sphere.

And after the occurrences of last week the inclusion of Mexico in our "sphere of influence" is no longer to be doubted. Our government, it is true, shrank back, for good and sufficient reasons, from the decisive and irrevocable step of armed intervention. According to the presumably well-informed *Army and Navy Journal*, Mr. Taft, after listening to representations from the war party, sent for one of his military advisers and asked him what a war with Mexico would require. The answer was 200,000 men for two years and a half and the expenditure of a million dollars a day. Mr. Taft expressed great surprise, for he had been told that it would cost but five millions and would be over in thirty days. Our military informant adds that he knows of no authority that does not regard the first estimate as conservative, "and many estimates go far beyond this." Any government may well shrink from embarking on a military adventure the money cost of which is conservatively estimated from the start at one thousand million dollars in round figures.

Assuming this conservative estimate to be correct, a Mexican war would of course cost us, in dollars and cents, infinitely more than the above-named sum. The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* suggests that possibly the appropriation by the present Democratic Congress of \$185,000,000 for pensions, nearly half a century after the close of the Civil War, may have had something to do with diminishing the ardor in official circles for an invasion of Mexico, so vociferously demanded by the yellow press. Nor would the money cost of such a war be exhausted in these two items. Intervention in Mexico would, without the slightest doubt, gravely complicate the relations of the United States with all the Latin-American states, as the *Army and Navy Journal* admits. There would ensue diplomatic entanglements, and in addition, the distrust of the United States, which is always latent in South America, would be roused and intensified to bitter resentment. There would surely result a great loss of trade, there might even be proclaimed a universal boycott on American goods throughout Latin America. Thus we see that there are good and valid and, above all, thrifty reasons for pausing before taking the last and irrevocable step of armed intervention.

Meanwhile, however, our government has, through its agent in the capital of Mexico, intervened in a hardly less effective,

though certainly in a less alarming manner. It may be hazardous to assert that General Huerta's treacherous plot was concocted with the knowledge and approval of Ambassador Wilson, but it is certain that no sooner was this truly Oriental palace revolution accomplished than Huerta notified the American Ambassador of what had been done and asked him to permit the use of his office "as a channel for negotiations with the rebels" under Felix Diaz. The report in the *Evening Post* then goes on to say that "Ambassador Wilson replied by agreeing to act as intermediary, and an exchange of notes was then begun with Diaz, "which terminated in a complete accord." A day later (February 20) we read in a despatch from the City of Mexico in the same paper that "Mr. Wilson, who has taken such keen interest in the establishment of the new Administration, was in council with Gen. Huerta and Diaz to-day, and was made the recipient of frank confidences from both." And not only were the stipulations with regard to the formation of the new government made at conferences at the American embassy, but even the selection of its cabinet ministers was made there, as the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* informs us. He adds that the Taft Administration would have preferred Diaz to Huerta as dictator of Mexico, and that further troubles may be looked for.

We have dwelt on these incidents at some detail, not merely because they fasten responsibility for the triumph of the cold-blooded assassins who now lord it over Mexico upon the shoulders of the American ambassador and his government, not merely because they reveal to some extent the intrigues of the Washington government against the regime of Madero, but also for the reason that they serve to illustrate the gradual and almost unobserved advance of the ambitious imperialist schemes of our rulers. The great majority of the American people are grossly ignorant of the succession of steps by which, ever since the war with Spain, a virtual American protectorate has been established over a large part of the lands bordering on the Caribbean. In this connection people generally think only of Porto Rico, Cuba and Panama. As a matter of fact, however, nearly all the governments of Central America are mere puppets of our State Department. Senator William Alden Smith has just given out for publication a letter showing the meddlesomeness of the Washington government with the internal affairs of Nicaragua in 1910. Both this republic and Honduras are mere appanages of American High Finance, which controls them either directly,

through loan arrangements, or indirectly, through the powerful United Fruit Company or other corporations. Santo Domingo is under the absolute control of American bankers, and its customs have, since 1905, been administered by an agent of the Washington government. In fact, while the anti-imperialists have been confining their attention to the Philippines, an American empire has been arising much nearer home, where our capitalists need fear no Japanese or Russian or any other rival. The steady enlargement of our navy, which the present Democratic Congress is pushing forward with the same vigor as its Republican predecessors (having just voted a naval appropriation bill of nearly \$147,000,000, or \$29,000,000 more than last year), is largely due to the ever growing demands of our voracious imperialists, who are to be found in each and every capitalist party and who meet with practically no opposition. Nor need they fear any effective opposition either to their imperialist schemes or to their wasteful expenditures on the army and navy until such time as the working class of America shall have realized that in order to safeguard and advance its own interests it must look beyond the immediate needs of the moment and must oppose the ruling classes at all points, tooth and nail.

In Luck

We still have the right of asylum in this country, but its preservation is due to the grace of Mr. Taft and the courts, and not to the vigilance of a liberty-loving people. We are in luck, no doubt of it. The immigration bill that issued out of the conference committee, with all its startling and vicious provisions aiming at the virtual abolition of the right of asylum for political refugees, was vetoed by the President, and his veto was sustained by Congress—in a negative sort of way. The bill was favored by the leaders of the American Federation of Labor because of its provision for a literacy test, and it was because of the literacy test that Mr. Taft vetoed it. The other and infinitely more vicious provisions, surreptitiously destroying the right of asylum, nobody paid any attention to; at any rate, they were ignored in open debate. Mr. Taft, most likely, favored them, and the A. F. of L. leaders, with equal likelihood, did not. But the

literacy test was the sole rock of contention. Each side was equally ready to sacrifice its political interests, that is to say, its large, enduring and ideal interests, for petty immediate, material interests. "Cut off a part of the labor supply," said the A. F. of L. leaders, "and we will gladly pay for it with the abolition of the right of asylum." To which Mr. Taft replied: "The right of asylum is a nuisance, to be sure, but an abundant supply of cheap and docile labor is a necessity."

In both houses of Congress the confusion of motives was no less apparent. The Senate passed the bill over the President's veto by a vote of 72 to 18. Among the majority were found such progressives, both Republican and Rooseveltian, as Borah, Bourne, Bristow, Cummins, La Follette and Poindexter. But in the House no two-thirds majority against the veto could be mustered, the vote standing 213 to 114. Victor Berger, we are glad to record, voted with the minority. But the large vote cast against the veto shows the gravity of the danger which, for the present, we have escaped by sheer good luck.

The immigration bill was scotched, not killed, by a fortuitous concurrence of conflicting interests and motives, but the decisions of the courts in the cases of Castro and Mylius are clear-cut and decisive. Ex-President Castro of Venezuela refused, on examination, to incriminate himself. Hence our wise immigration authorities, including the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, concluded that he was a criminal. But the court, in releasing Castro, has re-asserted the principle that immigrant aliens have rights under the laws, which administrative officials must not override. In the case of Mylius, also, the court ruled that the crime of libel, of which he was convicted in England, involved no "moral turpitude." It is, however, to be regretted that the political aspect of his crime seems to have been ignored by the court. But again it must be emphasized that in each of these cases the court ruled according to the existing law, and that if the conference immigration bill, for which an overwhelming majority of both Houses voted, had now been the law of the land, the decisions of the courts might, and very likely would have been different. Therefore, it behooves all lovers of liberty to be on their guard. They cannot always count upon being in luck.

H. S.

The International Co-operative Alliance

By ALBERT SONNICHSEN

"This international alliance will serve in like manner as a barrier against the unbridled hatred of that revolutionary socialism which leads us back to barbarism through destruction," etc.

It was in 1886, when he pleaded with the co-operators of England to join him in founding an international alliance of co-operators, that E. de Boyve, a Frenchman, expressed the above and similar sentiments regarding the Socialist movement. I quote it because his words express one of the principal motives that animated almost all the other founders of the International Co-operative Alliance, the same Alliance which the last International Socialist Congress indorsed, "urging all Socialists to join."

It would seem, therefore, that the instinctive antipathy against co-operation so strongly felt not long ago by Socialists, and not yet quite dead, is based on something more substantial than blind prejudice. On the other hand, antipathy that survives a legitimate reason is no more intelligent than prejudice.

It is probably not unfair to say that the International Co-operative Alliance was founded for the sole purpose of checking Socialism, though it was not so much the Socialism of the Socialist parties that alarmed its founders so much. To follow the results of their efforts, to distinguish the warring elements that entered into the Alliance, and to realize what each of those elements stood for, is to grasp the full significance of the modern co-operative movement. And the Alliance, when it expresses coherent thoughts or ideas, is significant, for it represents over ten million individual members; the vast majority, workingmen and women.

Though the co-operative movement is older than any of the Socialist parties of to-day, it has developed much more slowly. Like capitalism, it has advanced without a guiding theory. It has persistently refrained from stepping beyond the guidance of its own practical experiments.

In 1886, when de Boyve first agitated the idea of an international alliance, the co-operative movement was already well developed, at least in Great Britain. All over England and Scot-

land were organized societies, engaged in the collective distribution of food stuffs. In both countries they had formed national federations, which first bought collectively in huge quantities for their constituent societies, then established factories and manufactured for them. For which reason this system of collective industry was called "federal production."

Within the movement itself, however, was a group of theorists, brilliant, educated men, who, while they believed in the distributive store societies, looked with horror on the idea that they should engage in production. In a previous article I have explained their theory: that all industrial plants should be owned and controlled by the workers actually employed within the four walls of each plant. Most of them were rich men and had given vast sums of money in financing workshops based on this principle. It was this idea that de Boyve represented in France.

To their minds the distributive societies should exist for no other purpose than to serve as a market for their workshops; a convenient market that needed not to be drummed up and advertised. And for many years the societies actually did serve this purpose. Therefore, when the federations, the wholesale societies, began to appear and to prosper, the advocates of the individualist form of production saw in them rivals that threatened them with the loss of their chief market. To them the new tendency was nothing less than rank treachery on the part of the distributive societies.

For years the Christian Socialists, as they called themselves, fought federal production within the movement itself, protesting against it at the yearly national congresses of the societies. They denounced it as State Socialism and paternalism; why, does not seem very obvious, for in France and elsewhere on the continent they demanded and received state aid. But all their efforts proved futile against the obvious superior practicability of the federal system.

It was to the Christian Socialists that de Boyve made his appeal. As yet federal production had not been established in the continental countries, but on the other hand, "revolutionary Socialism," which was even then behind the co-operative stores in Belgium, was growing rapidly. Instinctively they must have felt some affinity between that and the idea of federal production. "Revolutionary Socialism," said de Boyve on another occasion,

"which knows only how to destroy and proposes no escape from the ruins it would cause, is increasing every day the number of its disciples, gathered from all who are discontented and all who have nothing to do. They, too, have an international society; therefore should we oppose to it a co-operative international union."

The British Christian Socialists responded to his appeal. They had failed to destroy federal production from within the English movement; now they could at least prevent its further growth and spread into other countries by creating a higher body than the national organization, one whose influence should be on their side. They would organize an international movement which should adopt their principles from the beginning and, refusing to countenance the federalists in Great Britain, cause them to wither in isolation.

From the beginning they sought to exclude the British Co-operative Union, the propaganda body of the British movement. But with all their fierce hatred of their opponents' idea, in spite of the tenacity with which they clung to their own theories, they were essentially opportunists. From the very beginning they found little popular support; their annual meetings were attended by people who represented only themselves. The continental distributive societies had not responded. So they turned in another direction and made an appeal for support from private capitalists. Any private joint stock company that would share profits with its employees might be represented at their congresses. They invited into their membership agricultural societies, those combinations of farmers organized to raise the prices of their products, and the German Schulze-Delitzsch banks, societies composed of the very tradesmen whom the distributive societies were putting out of business.

This motley collection of heterogeneous elements, together with a very few consumers' societies and a great many private individuals, formed the first rudiments of the International Co-operative Alliance. But for many years the Alliance failed to gain a permanent footing. Its constituent elements were too divided in interest, except in their antagonism toward Socialism, to coalesce. Finally, after the death of Vansittart Neale, leader of the English Christian Socialists and the most energetic promoter of the International Alliance, approaching dissolution

forced them to appeal to the British Co-operative Union for support.

Naturally the Union, representing the one million organized consumers in the distributive societies, refused to recognize a conclave in which its official delegates could be outvoted by the representatives of a gas company or by individuals who represented nothing but their own opinions. Rich men had grown tired of supporting an organization that was showing no results; the choice was between bankruptcy and the terms of the Union. So private companies and unattached individuals were excluded and the Union joined the Alliance. Then, in 1895, the first International Co-operative Congress was held in London and the International Co-operative Alliance was formally established.

With the moral and financial support of the Co-operative Union the Alliance began to grow and to prosper. The consumers' societies on the continent, among them the Socialist societies in Belgium, began joining. On the other hand, the agricultural societies and the German tradesmen's banks were not increasing their support.

At last came the crisis; in 1904 the Alliance held its sixth international congress in Budapest. Dr. Hans Muller, a Swiss delegate, had been scheduled to read a paper on rural organization, a subject that promised nothing startling. While Dr. Muller represented the consumers' movement in his country, he was by no means a Socialist in the political sense; he did not belong to the Socialist party. Toward the close of his address he made a few extemporaneous remarks. The co-operative movement, he said, had for its ultimate aim the destruction of the capitalist system and the substitution therefor of universal co-operative industry, for the benefit of the whole people.

An uproar and a hot debate followed. Dr. Cruger, representing the German Schulze-Delitzsch banks, was especially indignant. But the final outcome was the passing of a strong resolution supporting Dr. Muller. As Dr. Cruger wrote later, with much bitterness, the debate closed with a "victory for the advocates of co-operative Socialism."

With this first definite declaration of its principles, showing the awakening consciousness of the movement, the Alliance began to undergo a rapid change in composition. The German tradesmen's banks withdrew in a body. One by one the agricultural

societies dropped out and finally organized a separate international alliance of their own. But for all that the Alliance lost, it more than made up in the many new societies that rushed in. The few Socialists among the delegates were joined at the next congress by many others and were pushed to the front by their constituents: such well-known Socialist party members as Louis Bertrand and Victor Sewry of Belgium, Dr. Karpeles of Austria and von Elm of Germany, all of whom are now on the central committee, the executive body of the Alliance.

Even some of the Socialist members had feared that the declaration of war against the capitalist system would split the movement in two, but no such result followed. At the Budapest Congress of 1904, when the declaration was made, 295 delegates represented 213 organizations. At the next congress, in 1907, 380 delegates were present, representing 177 organizations. The difference in proportion between the number of delegates and organizations was due to the amalgamation of small societies into national unions. And at the last congress, in 1910, there were 595 delegates, representing 311 organizations. To-day the total membership of all the societies affiliated with the Alliance approximates ten millions; 2,700,000 in Great Britain, 1,400,000 in Germany, 800,000 in France, 500,000 in Austria, 200,000 in Belgium and about a quarter of a million each in Switzerland, Italy and Russia. Even Japan and India were represented in the last congress.

And, of course, the principle of federal production has triumphed. There are now approximately twenty national federations, represented by wholesale societies, most of which are now actively engaged in manufacturing. Seventeen societies reporting in 1911 did a total business of fifty million pounds sterling; nearly a quarter of a billion dollars. Each and every society showed an increase over the previous year's trade; the total increase was \$18,000,000. In considering these figures it must be remembered that the wholesale societies deal only with their own members, the constituent societies. And nearly all of these wholesale societies have been established within the last ten years.

There still remains much house cleaning for the Alliance to do. As the obnoxious elements are eliminated, the purposes of the movement will be more coherently expressed and greater

unity, in organization and in action, will be attained. Already in England the question of political action has come prominently to the front; in a late number of the *Co-operative News* appears the announcement of a joint committee meeting with the Labor party. In Belgium a member of the co-operative society becomes automatically a member of the Labor party; he must subscribe to its platform. It is doubtful if either the Labor party or the co-operatives have gained by that system. As the indorsement of the International Socialist Congress declared, it is desirable that the co-operative movement stand independent of any party. Structurally it is suited only to carry on an economic warfare with the capitalist system. But as such it can be, next to the fighting labor unions, the most powerful ally that the political Socialist movement can have.

The Right of Asylum

By MOSES OPPENHEIMER.

The founders of our republic declared solemnly that this country should be "a haven of refuge for the oppressed of all nations." For a long time we considered the right of asylum for political refugees one of the fundamental parts of our political edifice. We admitted and sheltered refugees fleeing from political or religious persecution. They came from Great Britain, from Ireland, from Poland, Russia, Germany, Hungary, Italy, France, Spain—from anywhere and everywhere. Many of them achieved fame and honor among us.

Of late years a change has taken place in the sentiments of our ruling class. Political refugees are no longer treated with the feelings with which men like Kosciusko, Pulaski, Garibaldi, Kossuth, Schurz and Sigel were received. Our so-called public opinion has become first lukewarm, then more and more indifferent to the right of political asylum. Latterly it shows a decided tendency to ignore or even to undermine and to destroy it.

The first open manifestation of that changed attitude took place when the Cleveland administration, under the leadership of the Southerner Bayard, agreed to an extradition treaty with

Russia. Nominally that instrument exempted political offenders from extradition. In fact, however, the rights of political refugees were so poorly safeguarded in that instrument that in later years it required a tremendous struggle to save political refugees from the bloody clutch of the Czar. As it was, one of the intended victims, a Lettish peasant, Jan Janoff Pouren, had to stay here in jail for fifteen months at the simple request of the Russian government before the Political Refugee Defense League could secure his release. In the prolonged fight for Pouren's freedom it was mainly the working class that took sympathetic and active part.

This condition warrants a brief inquiry as to the origin and development of the whole problem.

The idea that under certain conditions an offender against the established laws should obtain protection instead of punishment is very old. The Bible shows provisions for an asylum to which offenders may repair for safe shelter. The law of Moses commanded that six cities should be "cities of refuge." In the days of David and Solomon we find that rebels against royalty flee to the sanctuary, seize "the horns of the altar," and thereby expect to escape the consequences of their acts of treason.

In the pagan world, and later on in medieval Christianity, the temples of the gods and the churches and monasteries devoted to the worship of Christ were regarded as sanctuaries into which the social offender must not be pursued by the minions of the avenging law.

Still later, when the State evolved more and more as the chief instrument of the ruling classes, it no longer recognized the Church as the dispenser of exemption and protection. Reasons of state instead of religious prerogatives now governed. Leaders of rebellions, chiefs of defeated factions became pawns on the political chessboard. They might come in very handy in time of trouble and war. Thus we see Irish and Jacobite refugees received with open arms by France and Spain when those powers had reason to anticipate conflicts with the government of Great Britain. Turkey gladly welcomed rebel chiefs from Hungary, using them against the then powerful realm of the Hapsburgs and in the last Russian war. The political refugee became a political asset.

Still later we find that the dethroned princes of the house of Bourbon, Orleans, Braganza, Vasa and Bonaparte are treated with consideration by the governments of the country to which

they flee after their downfall. Nobody dreams of demanding their extradition or expulsion, except in the few cases when the refugees, as pretenders under the Divine Right doctrine, foment serious trouble and threaten material interests of the parties directly concerned. The rulers instinctively recognize community of interest. When Bonaparte seizes the Bourbon Prince of Enghien at Ettenheim, near the French frontier, where he conspired for the re-establishment of the house of Bourbon on the throne of France, a howl of rage issues from every legitimist quarter. The execution of the conspirator is lamented as one of the most hideous acts of the unscrupulous Corsican. The same people who even in our generation vehemently condemn this act have not a word of blame for the summary slaughter of thousands of men, women and children after the downfall of the Paris Commune. A glimpse into the workings of the Class Struggle!

Right here we come back to the present status of the Right of Asylum in America. Our ruling classes have no longer any real interest in its maintenance. At an earlier period of our history the able, energetic and resourceful rebels from other lands were welcome material in developing this vast continent. We "needed them in our business."

But the period of bourgeois risings against feudalism is now practically at an end. Revolutionary activity is directed against bourgeois society established under George F. Baer's famous Divine Right doctrine for the benefit of "Christian gentlemen." Plutocracy is conscious of its international character and its community of interest. The rebel against its rule in Russia, Italy, Spain or any other country is more than likely to remain a rebel here.

Hence, the first bold stroke of the leaders of plutocracy: the law excluding alien anarchists from admission to our shores.

No widespread and effective opposition appeared among the bourgeois element when the anti-anarchist laws discriminated for mere opinion's sake by closing our gates against any foreigner who "disbelieves in organized government," no matter how peaceful or inoffensive such belief might be.

Theodore Roosevelt, the coiner of catch phrases, the poseur *par excellence* of "Americanism," the prototype of the American middle class, was the chief promoter and advocate of the exclusion measure.

Why this change? What is back of the abandonment of a

doctrine apparently an integral part of consistent freedom of thought and belief?

Simply this. As long as the bourgeois class was compelled to struggle for power, for a place in the sun, against the tottering remnants of feudal institutions, just so long did it vehemently proclaim and demand freedom in all its consequences. It needed freedom as a potent weapon in its death struggle with medievalism. But when that struggle ended with a complete victory for the new social and economic forces, the zeal for abstract liberty began to cool. The concept of liberty underwent a change until it dwindled down to the property ideal of the "freedom of contract" and Eliot's historical celebration of the treacherous strikebreaker as the ideal American hero.

Triumphant plutocracy full well realizes its community of interests reaching beyond national boundary lines. Plutocracy is class-conscious. It draws no distinction between native and foreign-born antagonists. Hence, the rebel against bourgeois rule in Russia, Italy, Spain, France, Germany or any other country is likely to become a rebel against American capitalist class rule. He is not wanted here, he should not be permitted to come in.

On the other hand, the only revolutionary element in present day society is the class-conscious proletariat with its proclaimed policy of international Socialism. It is from this element that victims of the struggle may be forced to seek shelter and safety after a defeat.

Therefore we see that the old institution of the right of asylum is now chiefly invoked and maintained by international Socialism. All over Europe, for more than a generation, this has been the fact.

But what of America with its Socialist party? An insidious scheme is now on foot to destroy the right of asylum through the new Immigration Bill. It is not a frontal attack, it is a sneak measure. But it bids fair to become a good enough weapon in the hands of our bourgeois rulers. Political refugees, henceforth, seeking our shores will have to face inquiries based on secret information furnished by the international police authorities. The immigration service will be in a position to act under the administrative method. We get beautifully around the meagre formalities prescribed by existing extradition treaties. The Secretary of Commerce and Labor becomes the final authority to open or to close our doors. And any bourgeois secre-

tary, whether appointed by Taft or by Wilson, will understand what the triumphant plutocracy expects of him.

Such being the case, one would naturally have expected that the Socialist party would see what is at stake, would sound the tocsin and call our working class to vigorous action. But no, silence reigns. We are busy formulating dogmas and hunting alleged heretics. That seems to be our conception of political action.

The Panama Canal and American Protectionism

By M. PAVLOVITCH (Paris).

It is a notable fact that American capitalists are by no means satisfied with the natural advantages, due to geographical position, which the Panama canal offers them. These advantages they wish to increase by purely artificial means. This is the one dark spot on the bright tableau which the opening of the great route presents to the world.

The United States government is trying in all possible ways to prevent Europe from deriving any benefit from the canal. While the canal does not shorten the distance between the European coast and the continents of Asia and Australia, it does bring Europe nearer to San Francisco, Valparaiso, and other American ports on the Pacific. Thus the distance between Plymouth and Callao will be shortened by 4,000 miles, between Plymouth and Valparaiso by 1,500 miles. And though New York will gain still more in the shortening of its routes, that is not enough for the greedy capitalists of America.

On August 7, 1912, by a majority of 47 votes to 16, the United States Senate voted in favor of a bill which (1) entirely prohibits passage through the canal to vessels owned by railroads and engaged in coastwise trade between United States ports; (2) completely exempts from charges for passing through the canal vessels plying coastwise between United States ports; and (3) abolishes tolls on American men-of-war, and also merchant-

men whose owners bind themselves to place them at the disposal of the United States government in case of war.

This bill is a most cynical violation of the solemn promises made so many times by the United States with regard to opening the canal on terms of equality for all nations. Likewise is the new bill in violent contradiction with the Hay-Pauncefort treaty of 1901. Article III, of that treaty reads as follows:

"The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations observing these Rules, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic, or otherwise. Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable."

This is perfectly clear. The spirit and the letter of it are not subject to diverse interpretations. The regulation of the Panama canal is identified with the regulation of the Suez canal, which is accessible to all nations on equal terms. Taft has during his whole career as a statesman prated so much about respect for existing conventions and treaties and about settling all international disputes and conflicts by arbitration, that he now has to resort to sophistry to justify his attitude toward the question of canal tolls. It is true, admits Taft, that we have given a promise to open the canal to vessels of all nations on equal terms. But "all nations" must be construed all *foreign* nations exclusive of the United States, which has built and fortified the canal at its own expense without the participation of other countries and therefore cannot be deprived of the natural right to manage the canal at its own pleasure.

So the canal is treated as "inland American waters," absolute jurisdiction over which naturally belongs to the government of the United States. This is a heaven-crying distortion of the Hay-Pauncefort treaty.

Another sophistry of Taft and his partisans, which illuminates the question from an opposite angle, is as follows: The exemptions and prohibitions formulated in the bill apply not to the vessels of this or that nation, but to definite voyages and classes of vessels, regardless of the flag under which these vessels might be sailing. Thus it might appear that the new bill did not grant any special advantages to American vessels.

Let us analyze the bill. The first clause entirely forbids the use of the canal to vessels owned by railroads. This is directed chiefly against Canada, whose Canadian Pacific Railway owns a great fleet of steamers, and may perhaps be intended to punish her for rejecting the treaty of reciprocity projected by Taft.

which aimed at weakening the bonds uniting Canada and England and paving the way for tariff-union between America and Canada and, ultimately, annexation of the latter. It is well-known what an impression was created throughout Canada and England by Roosevelt's revelations of Taft's utterances regarding Canada. Quoting Taft's letter to him in January, 1911, Roosevelt, who, in his fight against his adversary, did not stop short at any means, even at divulging state secrets, tried to show that Taft, but a tool in the hands of the bosses and the trusts, had conceived an anti-Canadian plot and was pursuing a policy of adventure toward a neighboring country. And indeed, from the letter which Taft was forced to make public it is manifest that the President views the tariff agreement as a means that would lead to the absorption of Canada by the United States. Taken in conjunction with the unwise declaration of Representative Clark as to the inevitable annexation of Canada in the near future, and with Congressman Bennett's absurd proposal to begin negotiations with England for the annexation of Canada, Taft's letter stirred up alarm in England as well as in Canada. The Liberal Canadian ministry, headed by Sir Wilfred Laurier, which had aimed at demolishing the tariff wall between Canada and the United States, suffered utter defeat at the September elections of 1911 and was succeeded by Borden's Conservative ministry. In order to strengthen their positions, the Canadian Conservatives, who had come forward as champions of national independence and the retention of the bond with Great Britain, shrewdly availed themselves of the American imperialists' rash utterances. Many organs of the Canadian press, which had formerly supported the policy of *rapprochement* with the United States, now greeted warmly the words of Mr. Forster, who declared in his Ottawa speech that "the facts disclosed buried reciprocity forever," since there had been brought to light "an attempt at our independence and our bond with England, which we shall never forget." Utter failure was the result of the American imperialists' attempt to weaken the ties binding Canada and England by means of a tariff agreement that should annex by economic means this completely autonomous English colony to the United States.

In the first clause of the Canal Bill the American imperialists "donned their fighting gloves" against the Canadian government and began an offensive war against their Northern neighbor. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company owns a whole fleet of steamers in both oceans, while the American railroads have al-

most no steamers of their own, except one company which owns three. In general it must be remembered that so far the merchant fleet of the United States has played a very insignificant role in the foreign commerce of the republic. Thus according to official data, in 1910 this fleet conveyed but 8.7 per cent. of the total tonnage of the foreign commerce of the United States. This fleet which has been too weak to oppose foreign competition, will henceforth be put on a privileged basis. Canadian-Pacific steamers will lose the chance of using the Panama canal. The western provinces of Canada, its entire Pacific coast, will thereby be placed at extreme disadvantage in comparison with the Pacific coast of the United States. In order to send their agricultural products to the European market, the western provinces of Canada will be obliged either to carry them over the transcontinental railways, a distance of several thousand miles or to send them by steamers that will have to sweep the entire Pacific coast of the American continent from North to South, in order to go up again northward by a long route. In this way western Canada's agricultural products will be in no position to contend in the European markets with the competition of the United States and will be practically driven out of Europe. By this bill, all western Canada will be similarly cut off from Brazil and Argentina, the entire Atlantic coast of South America.

Clause II of the bill completely exempts from canal toll the vessels plying coastwise between American ports. But the point is that foreign vessels cannot engage in coastwise trade, this being under American law the privilege of vessels flying the American flag. In this way the fleet of the United States which plays a trifling role in foreign commerce, holds undivided sway in commerce between American ports. Clause II, like Clause I, will be of exclusive advantage to the American merchant fleet. Nay more, American vessels sailing from Europe to western America will need but to call on their voyage, say at New Orleans, and as vessels sailing from one American port to another, they will pay no charges in passing through the Panama canal. Thus in both foreign and domestic commerce the American fleet will be placed on a privileged basis.

Clause III of the bill, freeing from toll the merchant vessels which in time of war will be placed at the disposal of the United States government, is naturally inapplicable to foreign ships. As for the American steamship companies they will all give such a pledge gladly. Thus the practical result will be that the entire American merchant fleet will enjoy the right of free toll through

the canal. Clearly the above bill, signed by President Taft on August 20, 1912, is a direct violation of the treaty of 1901. This bill establishes in disguised form discrimination for vessels of different nationalities. It caused an outburst of indignation not only in the English and Canadian press, which vainly demanded that the question be submitted to the Hague tribunal for arbitration, but also in many organs of the American press. Several influential newspapers criticised the bill as a blot on American honor. But of course these fiery protests and appeals to American honor did not affect the American protectionists, who hinted that the opponents of the bill did not at all care for great national interests, but were paid to look out for the interests of the railroad companies, which feared that a considerable share of freight would be taken from the transcontinental lines.

At all events the above bill is a challenge to all Europe. In this regard the imperialistic point of view as to the essence of contemporary international law has been stated most frankly by Senator Cummins of Iowa. In his speech during the discussion of the bill he declared that America must not mind the agreements signed by her and that the sword ought to be the only possible judge in all conflicts.

Having broken the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, the United States threw the gauntlet not only to Great Britain, which has made formal protest, but to all Europe. This justifies us in saying that in the question of Panama, the American bourgeoisie is applying the out-of-date Russian method of fighting competition. Ardent champions of the open-door principle in Asia, the American capitalists are not content at home with high protective duties on all foreign products, and are now building a customs-house for all Europe at the Atlantic entrance to the Panama canal, thus practically closing it to all European navigation. However, there can be no doubt that as soon as the relations between England and France on the one hand, and Germany on the other improve—and in that direction the Panama policy of the American imperialists can play a part—the protectionists of the United States will have to throw the Panama gates wide open to the European merchant ships.

At all events the energy with which many English, German and French steamship companies are preparing for the canal opening proves that Europe will not yield its positions in South America so easily to the United States. There are indications, even now, that certain European governments will grant premiums, openly or secretly, to those of their ships that pass through

the canal. Thus the American protective system regarding the canal will result but in a more acute economic struggle with Europe, will bear no positive fruit, and will fall as an extra burden upon the American proletariat. The building of the canal cost the colossal sum of \$400,000,000. The payment of interest on the sums expended, on the maintenance of the canal, on military expenditures for the defense of the canal—all this will cost \$30,000,000 a year at the least. Yet the revenues of the canal will be extremely insignificant as compared with that sum. This will not be denied by any one who has studied more or less attentively the question of possible future traffic through the canal. This protectionist canal bill, then, is in the nature of a challenge to all Europe. It will work only to the advantage of a coterie of capitalists. But upon the great masses of the American people who will have to pay annually from twenty-five to thirty million dollars out of their own pockets for the maintenance of the canal, it will fall as a heavy burden.*

*On February 17, Senator Root's proposed amendment to the Panama Canal law, to repeal the provision giving free passage to American coast-wise ships, was rejected by the Senate Committee on interoceanic canals. It is believed that this will prevent action in the Senate at this session.—Ed. N. R.

Finale!

By IDA CROUCH-HAZLETT

The barren, endless plain, ablaze and white
 With burnt-up sage-brush and short wiry grass;
 The white sun overhead, like molten glass,
 That rolls in pitiless, unclouded light;
 The long white trail that stretches out of sight
 Through dreary miles where scorching heat-waves pass,
 The white ridge of the mountains, a huge mass,
 That mock the fevered brain with their cool height.
 There is no heart, no help, no hope, no life;
 So groans the lonely horseman in despair,
 And imprecates the cruel, burning sky—
 A white-haired spent old man, who yields the strife,
 And drops beside the trail, and, moaning there,
 Pleads vainly for some water 'ere he die.

Woman Suffrage and Justice

By BERTHA W. HOWE.

I trust I am able to bear with becoming humility my share of the castigations lately meted out in these pages by Theodore Schroeder to the woman suffragists. It has been the well-exercised prerogative of the male man to formulate the opinions, be the revealer of the religion, and the regulator of the conduct of the female of the species ever since he began to furnish her and her children with a food supply. Man has been woman's monitor and master, and but for the thrice-blessed machine of modern industry, he would no doubt remain such indefinitely.

Mr. Schroeder is irritated because the demand for the suffrage is not based upon "a fine sense of justice," but is adulterated with all kinds of selfish motives. I think that not the women, but rather the laws of social development should be blamed for this. It may be deplorable, but it seems to be true, generally speaking, that we satisfy ourselves as to what is just by finding out what we want. If, in addition, we have imagination and can feel the pain of others, our sense of justice becomes finer. But who shall say when it is really "fine," or promulgate a dogmatic rule by which to measure its fineness?

I do not need to defend the suffragists, and have no wish to palliate any fact, only to explain it. It is not improper, therefore, to go further than Mr. Schroeder and to say that, narrow as their aims are, the suffragists, like all genuine reformers, have been compelled both by expediency and by the force of logic, as well as for very shame, to ask for a greater measure of justice than their own immediate ends demand. This is no reflection on the women. It merely tends to prove that it is the conscious needs of classes of human beings, and not an abstract sense of justice, which is the impelling force in human affairs.

The early advocates of Woman's Rights, who felt the old property and domestic relations laws to be irksome, were compelled to brave the anathemas of the church if they were to agitate against these laws, with the result that they became Free-thinkers.

And the temperance women, whom Mr. Schroeder excoriates with such evident zest, are also asking for much more than they

actually want. Naturally they desire that only temperance women be enfranchised, or at least only provincial and middle-class women; but their movement is too weak to risk so narrow a demand.

And the middle and upper class women who are just now so clamorous for the ballot, some from whimsical motives and others in their own property interest—they dare not, in the face of the growing intelligence and solidarity of working class women, leave them out of consideration at a time when their movement needs every bit of strength they can bring to its aid. They hope for the best should this element be enfranchised, but they must sooner or later see that their interests as part of the propertied class will be in danger from it. However, unless the politicians are shrewd enough to offer them a restricted ballot very soon, and before they have taken an advanced position from which it is impossible to retreat, they will be obliged ultimately to swallow the bitter pill.

Mr. Schroeder does not explain the reason for the narrowness of which he complains, except to say that the suffragists "lack a refined sense of justice," and he leaves us to infer that by an effort of the will alone they could acquire it. Perhaps they could; but it is safe to say that no large body of people has ever done so. As I have said, the usual road to justice is the shortest route to what we want. Mr. Schroeder might well have taken the time of the reader to explain that anyone who wants present day society, based on economic class rule to continue forever, is incapable of any consistent political demand which has not the defect of narrowness at some point. The pure and simple suffragists accept as fixed and immutable a false, burdensome and outgrown system of economic relations, and upon this they are trying to build as broad and consistent a reform as such a system will permit.

The only demand for the suffrage to-day which has not for its purpose the passing of purely sumptuary laws; which is not urged as an object in itself, but as a means to a great end; which would restrict no one from the exercise of it except natural incompetents, and which, by the very nature of its existence must claim equality for all, is that which is pressed for the purpose of ending wage slavery and the profit system, and the consequent emancipation of the wage-workers, historically the last of exploited classes.

The demand for the ballot upon this ground wins dignity and respect, even if not immediate success.

I Listened, the Other Night

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

I listened, the other night, to talk of the Wondrous Lady.
 Men were praising her beauty; women, her marvelous dress.
 They talked of the silks she wore, and the satins and regal linen,
 The roses adorning her hair, the pearls and the precious jewels.
 They praised her high exclusiveness, her travels, her many
 conquests,
 And the ultra-refinements that barred her off from the touch of
 the world,
 The coarse, contaminating world of every-day men and women.
 Apart in her sphere she dwelt, different from us, and better,
 Accepting our labor, our plaudits, but hedged from us all,
 completely.
 Yes, I listened, the other night, to talk of the Wondrous Lady.

Soon thereafter I saw the engineer of a "mogul."
 It was only a glimpse, at a crossing, as the long freight charged
 through the mist,
 Thundrous, titanic, earth-shaking, with a myriad crashing of
 wheels.
 I snatched a glance of the engine-man, blue-jeaned and pale and
 grimy,
 Lounging loosely in his seat, huge glove hooked over the throttle,
 And in his bulging cheek, a quid. The droop and hang of the
 shoulders
 Bespoke a torso superb, with statted thews and ligaments.
 In the engine-man's keeping rested the food of thousands,
 Rested tremendous possibilities of life, for many thousands.
 He was speeding the world's good, necessary things along the
 paths of life,
 Blue-jeaned, sooty and pale, with the quid in his bulging cheek.
 So he flashed by, in the arc-lit fog; and something thrilled in my
 soul;
 And I thought of the Wondrous Lady, shunning the touch of
 Man;
 And my thoughts were long, long thoughts, as the freight crashed
 roaring by.



The Exhalation

BY ALLAN UPDEGRAFF.

I.

On the west side of the river the ground swept upward for perhaps a hundred feet, paused at a mile-wide plateau, and then rose precipitately to the hills beyond. On the east bank, separated from the green plateau by a thousand feet of smooth water, a gray, rounded, peninsular ledge stretched inland like the back of some monstrous amphibian rising from the river's bed. Near the outer edge of the plateau, a rich man had built a house. In the middle of the beast's back workmen and steam drills were scooping a wide hole. At intervals the land trembled, the river rippled, to the shock of blasting explosions.

While a particularly violent blast was still shaking the lethargy of the June morning, Hubert Wilton Marcour, owner of the country house, rushed up the rose-bordered walk to his verandah and sank into a settee.

"Elizabeth!" he called, as soon as he could get his breath; "O Elizabeth!"

A very pretty, very patrician young lady came to the door. A checked gingham apron covered her, anomalously enough, from throat to ankles.

Marcour waved an arm in the direction of the blasting.

"Know what they're doing over there?" he demanded, his thin, clear boy's face twitched by excitement and exhaustion. "Know what they're up to?"

"Well, what *are* they up to?" asked his wife, emphasizing the question by an impatient movement of her head.

"Building a new state's prison—that's all!" he exploded shrilly. "A prison—right across the river!"

The girl, losing her impatience, came out onto the porch. "A prison!" she repeated. The smooth brows above her little bird-like nose wrinkled into a frown. "But can't we stop it, dear? Why, we could buy up the land if necessary, couldn't we?"

"Oh, yes! Yes, we could buy it up!" He sniffed. "We could buy it up by paying about ten hundred times what it's worth—and bribing the state legislature! We'd have to get a special bill passed—and you know what that means. I've just been in the village, talking to a New York lawyer over the long distance. I wouldn't mind the money so much," he added disgustedly: "it's the dirty corruption, the bribery; I haven't descended to *that* yet, anyway!"

The girl stared across the river, silently absorbing the horror of the situation.

"Think of that thing following us, even up here!" Marcour burst out. "Worst part of their putrid civilization! Drainage of their big New York City swamp! Following us!" He shuddered. "I say: it's disagreeable, Betty!"

"It certainly is," she assented, smiling at him with a recrudescence of the tenderness of their recent honeymoon. "But at the worst, we can move away."

"Don't want to move!" he protested. "You know how much we've put into this place; and it suits me to a T." He scowled. "Doing the housework again?" he asked, noticing her apron.

"You know the cook and maid went last night," she returned, made suddenly chilly by the new subject; "and the new ones sent by that agency were utterly impossible. Nobody'll stay; there's no company, and I don't blame them. I wish—"

"Can't you try another agency?" he interrupted.

"I wish we lived nearer the village: or at least had some neighbors," she concluded, and went back into the house.

After a few seconds of brooding, Marcour walked over to the east end of the verandah, whence he could look across at the excavating, and stood in silent, disgusted contemplation of the swarming wound in the beast's back. The activity was more than a mile away, but he could almost see the greasy, sweating laborers, could almost smell the fetid breath of the drills. The contrast of the wide reach of river, motionless between fir-minaretted hills, struck him poignantly.

"Frightful!" he murmured, and returned to his settee. He hated all ugly, dirty, and laborious things. He had inherited the exalted idealism, as well as the sensitive mouth, high, narrow forehead and keen blue eyes, of a long line of French counts. "*La Belle Marcour*" they had called him at Harvard where no one else had ever taken half so well the difficult heroine's roles in the Alliance Francaise's presentations of romantic French drama.

He was a philosopher. To a great deal of Max Stirner—whose growing popularity disgusted him as he would have been disgusted had any of his own writings attained popularity—he had added something of Tolstoy, something of Edward Bellamy, and obtained a sort of composite individualistic idealism to whose working out he had consecrated his life. With Nietzsche he had passed beyond good and evil; with Schopenhauer he agreed that all men do what they are forced to do, and so are neither to be praised nor blamed for their deeds. Some six months previously he had realized his dream of a beautiful, isolated, perfectly equipped dwelling from which he could look down, in the person of an inhabitant of another sphere, upon the deformities of modern capitalistic civilization.

He had married because he believed, with Tolstoy, that the matrimonial relation is a necessary evil; and because he had met a pretty Wellesley graduate who was diverted by his ideas. Shortly after his marriage he had been surprised, delighted, and greatly disturbed by the experience of falling in love with his wife. The disturbing part of the experience was that it brought him a thousand little cares and worries of which he had hoped to keep free. His attitude toward these, and toward all the sordid things of life, was such as may be the attitude of the etherealized beings with which the purer civilization of a thousand years hence will replenish the earth. He often complained, with justice, that he had been born before his time; and he was often peevish, and at odds with Mrs. Marcour, in consequence.

When he was aroused by the purring of the motor that drew the prepared luncheon table from the kitchen to the dining room, his distress of mind had not abated.

"I suppose we might winter in the south of France," he suggested

to his wife; "and look for another location next spring. We might go in September, just late enough to miss the nasty rush of returning tourists."

"Can't we arrange to leave early in September?" she asked. "I'm getting deadly sick of housework and undependable servants. When we get another place, we'll locate near a village—or where there'll be some neighbors, at least."

Marcour looked warrantably surprised at this heresy to their, or now apparently to his, ideas. But he served the soup without other comment than an irritated, irritating, "Ah!"

II.

By the middle of August the hard, gray beast's back had put forth a harder, grayer protuberance. Almost every night the river mists blotted it out; and almost every morning the sunlight that dissipated the mist emphasized the solidity of its fortresslike, iron-gray walls. A half-hundred inmates of an overcrowded prison down the river had been transferred to the completed part of the main building. On clear days the sentries might be seen, sitting, with rifles in the hollows of their arms, in front of the little cone-topped sentry boxes on the walls. At night the watch was doubled, for the outer wall was not altogether raised, and electric arc-lamps made purplish smudges in the mist that exhaled from the warm river.

One night when a strong southeast wind was mingling Atlantic and river mist in chilling swirls that made the sentries glad of the protection of their boxes, two gray human shapes, almost as silent and tenuous as the mists that drove about them, flowed softly over the file-rough walls and fell to the rocks, twenty feet below. One of them lay still. The other got painfully to his feet, which were bare, and groped about him.

"Charley!" he whispered. "Charley!"

The prone man, a small, thin, grayish, shaven-headed man, drew himself up to a sitting posture and ran his hands slowly down his left leg. He made little staccato sounds in his throat, as if he were gagged and tortured: "Uh! Uh! Uh!"

"Say!" whispered the other: "it ain't broke?"

"Uh! Uh! Yep—I guess so!" gasped the sufferer, also in a whisper. "Catch holt my foot, and turn it up like it ought to be. Uh! Uh! Tha's better! Uh! Now you better beat it while the beatin's good."

The suggestion was plainly perfunctory. The other man wiped his hand, bloodied by contact with his comrade's bare foot, upon his pants' leg, and cowered down on his heels. He was a big-boned fellow, hairy as to his bare arms and chest, and so nearly bald of head that the shame of close-cropped hair was not evident. His heavy facial lines and bold, prominent eyes were reminiscent of later portraits of Bismarck.

"Beat it!" repeated the little man querulously. "I reckon I got to lay here and shiver till they find me, so's you can make your get-away. Only leave me have your shirt: I feel like I had a chill. Uh!"

The big man took him by the collar.

"Don't you be turnin' welcher in your old age!" he snarled. "You're goin' to ride me like I was one o' them dolphins you read about! Your Dutch uncle used to be the pride o' Coney Island; he'll git ye acrost!"

"I'll drown ye!" whimpered the little man. "You know how I

fainted that time I got it through the stomach. I'll faint on ye in the water, likely enough."

"Put your arms round me neck!" commanded the other, pushing his back up against the injured man's side. "Now—bite both your lips together so's you can't holler when I raise up!"

The little man obeyed and was lifted, in quivering silence, from the stones. One slow step at a time, the bearer picked his way down the beast's back to the water. The river was pleasantly warm, and the tall man paused, when wavelets were lapping at his throat, and shivered with satisfaction.

"Hold onto my collar with one hand," he whispered to his companion, "an' let yourself down to your chin. When I begin to swim, maybe you can help by paddlin' with one hand. Try to keep the d'rection so's you can tell me if I begin to circle. I got a pretty good head for d'rection, but two heads is better'n one."

"I gotcha," said the other; and added: "you're treatin' me awful white, Dutch. God 'elp me, I—I—I— If I feel myself goin' to faint, I'll turn a-loose."

"You ain't goin' to faint," snapped Dutch; "an' you ain't goin' to turn a-loose! Don't try to do nothin' but just keep your nose out o' the drink, an' paddle easy with one hand. We're goin' to have a reg'lar Coney-Island dip, Chase, my son, free, gratis, for nothin'!"

He went a few steps further, with his face lifted to the grateful beat of the rain-mist, and then launched himself gently upon the current. The river's surface was wrinkled by many little waves that grew larger, as the shore receded, and sometimes slapped the swimmers in the face; but the direction of these waves, all running before the southeast wind, helped them to keep their course.

After some thirty minutes of slow, silent progress, Dutch's feet found and rested upon smooth sand. He stood panting for a little time, to get back his strength, and then made his way into shallower water. With his assistance the injured man was seated in a sandy shallow where the warm water covered him to the shoulders. Dutch settled down beside.

"A clean get-away!" commented the big fellow, splashing water on his glowing face. "There's 'nough rain in this mist to wash away the blood our feet left over there by morning. They won't know where we went over, 'specially seein' as we took the wall at the highest part; nor whether we lit into the woods or the water." He chuckled. "I wrote on my life-card I couldn't swim!"

"So'd I!" said Charley, imitating the chuckle. "Who wouldn't?"

"Oh, lot's of 'em wouldn't a-had the sense. Now lemme feel o' that leg."

Squatting on his heels in the comfortable water, he rolled up his comrade's trousers and ran his hand over the fracture.

"'Tain't so bad," he said. "Smashed above the ankle. Skin ain't broke, neither. You better be glad it ain't: I been worryin' 'bout that all the way over." He tickled the bottom of the foot that belonged to the leg. "Feel that?"

"Yah!" replied the little man, wriggling.

"That's good. Now hold tight, and don't holler. I'm goin' to give it a leetle pull. Got to do it."

"Uh! Uh! Uh!" panted the victim. "Uh! Oof! Hell, Dutch, what ye—"

"If ye got to warble like that," said the surgeon, encircling the fracture with a strong hand, "I'll have to gag ye!"

"Wha' d'ye think this is—the third degree?" sputtered the little man. "If ye're bound to take me apart, why'n't ye get a axe?"

"Aw, come off'n it! You ain't hurt—you're just puttin' on." Taking another grip, the big man began to pull again. "If you got to musicate, put your bean under the water!"

Charley ducked his head; Dutch pulled savagely. A muffled "Wow!" was followed by a splutter of bubbles, and that by the patient's gasping face.

"Steady, old man, steady!" the operator warned him. "I got her straight now; you'll feel better in a minute. Just stick your paws down here and hold like I show you, till I get my blouse off. Got to make a bandage, you know."

The little man, trembling with the exhaustion of pain, arranged his hands and gripped as directed.

"Gee, I been through a lot o' third degrees," he chattered; "but never none—"

"Your jokes is gettin' stale, old hoss," interrupted Dutch, pulling off his striped prisoner's blouse. "—I like to croaked a man once for springin' a stale joke on me," he soliloquized, biting and tearing the garment into strips. "He told me I was more'n welcome to anything he had—we was holdin' a little early mornin' chat in his bood-war—and then he up an' pulled a gun on me."

He began to bind the strips, layer upon layer, around the injured leg. Charley twitched with the pain of it, but he pretended to give his whole attention to the conversation.

"And how did ye reprove your frien's levity?" he asked.

"I took the dangerous weepion away from him," said Dutch; "an' slapped him to sleep with it. Of course I ought to a-done that in the first place; it's a lot better to have 'em in by-low land than tellin' you where they keep the silver. You can't trust 'em to play square."

"Ye can not," agreed Charley.

Dutch tied the bandage in place with the final strip.

"There ye are," he announced. "Soon's it gits a leetle light, I'll go ashore an' git some branches an' fix it better. Feel more comf'table now?"

"Fine's a fiddle!" declared the patient. "An' say; ain't that water 'bout right? Warm's a real bath! Mus' be noble to be a fish!"

The big fellow chuckled. "Think o' the hooks, all fixed up so nice with good bait! An' think o' the nets!"

"Wonder if they's any fish-cops?" mused Charley. "You speakin' o' nets made me think of it."

"Never in life! I'd ruther be a fish as a man, fur's that goes."

"Well, this bein' 'bout half an' half suits me," said Charley, blowing at the warm water around his chin. "An' if I ever get back to Allen Street, I'd like to see 'em git their hooks into me! Or their nets neither!"

Dutch dabbled, with his open palms, at the rippling liquid about his shoulders.

"I've never carried a loaded gun on any job," he said casually; "but when I gits back, I'm goin' to. The next time I'm pinched for a job means life, and I'd just as soon go t'rough the little black door. They'll never git me back in that dump again, less'n it's in croakers' row. I had my lesson; they's goin' to be ca'tridges in my gun after this, an' if I git cornered, somebody's goin' to croak."

"Same here," said Charley. "All of us that's served time, an' got any nerve, has got to come to it. But I ain't goin' to touch nothin' but safe jobs for a good while. Maybe it 'ud be a good thing if we hit the ties for Chicago?"

Dutch agreed; and, lolling side by side, they discussed the outlook and expressed their contentedness. Their happiness, based on vivid contrasts, was quite thorough, quite capable of casting out fear. In their surroundings of windy darkness and driving mist and warm river, they were much like two children, two barbarously innocent babes-in-the-water, too much pleased with their recent escape from supervision to worry about past crimes or future consequences. That one had a broken leg, that both had bare, lacerated feet, that they would soon be hunted with rifles and dogs, that their stomachs were already beginning to cry for food—these were details that scarcely troubled the surface of their vast content. They drew themselves backward and reclined at length, tucked in to the chins with warm water, on the soft sand of the river's margin.

III.

In the Marcour household, contention had reached an acute stage. Many little pricks from many little household nettles, acting on surfaces sensitive from disuse, had resulted in a sort of general inflammation. During one of their periodical servantless states, Betty's request, irritably given, that Hubert devote more of his time to the dish-washing machine, had precipitated matters. In an eloquent silence, Hubert had washed the dishes: that is to say, he had pressed a button, turned a tap, revolved a handle for a few seconds, turned another tap, and unlocked a steam-heated copper drum to allow the remaining moisture to evaporate. That night Elizabeth had occupied a lonely little attic room under the front gable of their compact, two-story house.

The semi-reconciliation that took place at the next morning's breakfast table had yielded to a matter of toast. Hubert thought it might have been cut a bit thicker; Betty was reminded, and reminded him, that he never cut it. So, for the second night, he had slept in their roomy bedroom alone.

The third day brought a sort of armed neutrality. After their late dinner, during which there was no conversation to speak of, they retired to the parlor and the library respectively. Along toward ten o'clock, Marcour interrupted his fitful reading to listen to the sound of his wife's foot-falls as she ascended the three flights of stairs to her attic seclusion.

In distressed, nerve-tortured debate as to whether he should follow and offer apologies, he paced the floor. After expending as much mental energy on the matter as if it had had to do with life and death, he compromised by deciding to shoulder all the blame, at the next morning's breakfast table, and to suggest that they go abroad at once. By virtue of this mental reparation, he felt that he had been made the more injured

party; and his thoughts flowed naturally toward the mighty troubles of married life, the advantages of bachelorhood, and the possibilities—really very remote but interesting, nevertheless, to contemplate—of divorce.

For some time after going to bed, his bitter reflections kept him from sleep. Perhaps an hour had passed and he was just entering the vision-filled ante-chamber of forgetfulness, when he was startled wide awake by the muffled tinkling of a little bell behind the head-board of his bed. Gradually the tinkling increased in volume. Another bell joined in. He forced himself to extend his hand and touch the button that stopped them.

Two tiny green lights, scarcely brighter than the glows of fireflies, were shining in the darkness over his head. He had to concentrate his mind for several seconds before he could grasp the full significance of bells and lights: his automatic burglar alarm was informing him that something, somebody, had tampered with the fastenings of the rear kitchen window.

Several possible actions occurred to him. He might throw the little switch that rang a gong in the village police station. He might call up the station by telephone. He might go and take council with his wife. In his uncertainty, he arose and tremblingly donned dressing gown and slippers. Pulling the warm gown about his thin, twitching body, he sat down on the edge of the bed to clarify his ideas.

His imagination had often dealt with such a crisis as the one that presented itself to him. At times he had even suited actions to imagination, and levelled his automatic pistol at the head of some imaginary invader. As he sat thinking, he remembered that the alarm had once gone off of itself, indicating the front windows of his library as the point of attack; and that only his wife's calmness had prevented him from shooting out several expensive window panes. He reached down his pistol from its niche by the bed's head, and examined it with shaking fingers. The muzzle of the splendid weapon expanded into the cylindrical lobe of a "silencer"; the magazine was full. Drawing back the little hammer that prepared the automatic mechanism for action, he threw the safety-catch into place. The feel of the cold, powerful thing in his hand roused his imagination, suggested action. He arose and stole toward the hall staircase.

With many pauses, during which his ears could pick up no slightest sound, he made his way into the dining room. The door that led into the kitchen was open, and faint light from the unclouded sky outside was shed over the glistening white tiles of the floor. He could not make out whether the window indicated by the alarm was fully open or fully closed; but the familiar, every-day look of the kitchen, the solemn, customary ticking of the kitchen clock, working upon a sort of torpid calmness that had succeeded the strain of his first excitement, inclined him to the belief that it was closed. The provision closet, the door of which was standing ajar, offered the only possible place of concealment.

"Now, a thief would take the trouble to break into a well-locked house like this," he argued with himself, glad to find his reason so untroubled by the situation, "only for the sake of the valuables, primarily the silver. Therefore, granted the house has been entered, the man is not in the pantry. And, since I can see the silver closet with perfect

plainness, there can, therefore, be no one in this room. Therefore, *quod est demonstrandum*, I was correct in my first surmise: the somewhat erratic, if highly ingenious, burglar-alarm has once more—"

A man shuffled slowly out of the pantry. His bare arms were folded about a number of lumpy parcels carried high on his chest. His cheeks bulged like an overfed chipmunk's, his jaws worked furiously, his face radiated hunger-satisfaction. His forehead was high and bald, and his heavy nasolabial lines and prominent eyes suggested alertness, ferocity, a sort of wild determination. Above the waist, he wore only a sleeveless undershirt; below, his pajama-like trousers terminated in tatters half-way to his knees. Light-colored rags, that might have accounted for the missing pajama legs, covered his feet. He limped stealthily, as if each step hurt, toward the rear kitchen window.

The fantastic undress of the thief, no less than his actual, unexpected presence, anaesthetized Marcour's thought-processes completely. The power that made him push forward the safety-catch on the butt of his pistol, that made him raise and point the weapon, was as purely reactive as that which determines an amoeba's change of direction. He had prepared his nerve-centres for these actions by imagining and acting-out just such a role as the one that was now thrust upon him. The actions followed of themselves.

The muffled pistol coughed twice before he could stop it: coughed with a strangled, distressed, scarcely audible sound—as a dog might cough to free his throat of a bone. One of the balls clicked cleanly through a window-pane; the other, deflected by contact with something, buried itself, with a sharp thud, high in the wall.

The thief's lumpy burden fell to the floor and rolled away in all directions. A whole roasted chicken went hopping across the slippery tiles and brought up, with its half-amputated limbs thrust stiffly toward the ceiling, beneath one of the windows. The thief himself dropped to his hands and knees.

"Gee?" he murmured, in a surprised, questioning voice. "Gee?"

He sank down, staring straight at his assailant, and lay at full length on the floor. Several drops of a dark liquid oozed from his bald forehead and spattered, like drops of ink, on the white floor. He closed his eyes, except for a little slit that showed a glimmer of white.

As if drawn, altogether against his will, by an invisible wire of terror, Marcour glided across the floor. He sank down on one knee, made as if to touch the prone man's shoulder, withdrew his hand in horror, and, overbalancing himself, sank back to a sitting posture.

"Man!" he gasped, rocking forward from his thighs: "before God, I didn't mean to kill you!"

The thief's jaws began to work again; he drew a deep breath, flexed his knees, and slowly raised himself to a sitting position. His face was the greenish-white color of whey.

"Well, you got me all right," he mumbled, beginning to feel about the wound on his head. "Huh!"

The color on Marcour's face might have been a reflection of that on the thief's; but his predominating expression of horror gave way before a flood of relief that left his very eyelids sagging. His arms fell limp on either side. "Don't know why I did it; certainly had no inten-

tion— Take anything—everything—” he stammered thickly, and gave way to a fit of retching that shook him like a rag.

A hand shot out from the thief's side, caught the pistol by the muzzle and swung it out and upward; it flashed back, butt-foremost, against Marcour's temple.

“There, now!” whispered the thief, ferocious with triumph. Scrambling to his knees as his enemy collapsed onto the floor, he poised an accipitrine hand above the throat of the prone man; but it was plain that throttling was not needed.

He got to his feet and, solemnly chewing the remnant of his huge mouthful, took account of conditions. There was a loaf of bread, a big round loaf, not far from Marcour's head; Dutch lifted the head and inserted the loaf by way of a pillow. “'Scuse me, old squeejo,” he apologized in a wicked whisper, “if I seemed rough, my natchrally genial instincts has been so corrupted by circumstances over which I had no control— Why, you skinny little— Wha' the Hell's the—”

Marcour's eyelids had opened to show a glimmer of white.

“*You* ain't puttin' that on!” decided Dutch. As if struck by the dawning of a disconcerting suspicion, he laid his ear over Marcour's mouth, then over Marcour's heart, and listened a long minute. When he lifted his head again, his face was filled with vague surprise, disgust, and fear.

“Huh!” he muttered; “by Gawd, I've croaked him!”

He stood up, suddenly calm and determined and dangerous as if he had been the Iron Chancellor whom he resembled. For a moment he gave his attention to the automatic pistol, examining safety-catch and magazine indicator with the sure swiftness of familiarity. “One room at a time!” he whispered, as if schooling himself in a terrific lesson. “Between the eyes—quick!” His face was twisted by a passing spasm of anguish. “Don't you welsh—don't you welsh!” he whispered into his teeth, nerving himself; “here's clothes, grub, swag, terbacker—an' it's the chair anyway!”

Like a fantastic ghost, as if moved less by his own muscles than by an outside mechanism that made him its puppet, he glided into the dining room.

In the little room beneath the front gable, Elizabeth Marcour lay awake, pondering the reprisals of a wronged woman; but she had left her door ajar, and she smiled when she heard soft steps on the stairs.

With only his face protruding from a great springy, fragrant heap of last year's leaves, Charley lay and looked out through a lace-work of evergreen foliage at the star-set sky. Occasionally he murmured, in a perfunctory manner, against Luck, his own Tragic Muse. By force of past experience and present hunger, he doubted whether Dutch would be able to circumvent her.

