

THE

MAY, 1915

10 CENTS

THE MASSES



Drawn by W. J. Jones.

WHAT I SAW IN PRISON - - BY FRANK TANENBAUM

NEWS FROM THE FRONT - - BY ROSIKA SCHWIMMER

The MASSES

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

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Max Eastman

ART EDITOR

John Sloan

MANAGING EDITOR

Floyd Dell

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

John Reed
Max Eastman
Mary Heaton Vorse
Louis Untermeyer
William English Walling
Howard Brubaker
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Yearly, \$1.00
Half Yearly, 50 Cents
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Entered as second-class matter, December 27, 1910, at the postoffice of New York City, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

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Association Books

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

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

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

THE LABEL SHOP, 14 E. 37th St.
Thurn, Lina L., 15 E. 52nd St.
Stein & Blain, 8-10 W. 36th St.
Lichtenstein, 584 5th Ave.
Van Smith, 12 E. 54th St.
O'Hara, 21 E. 49th St.
Dunston, Inc., 31 W. 57th St.
Wheeler & Hannan, 26 W. 47th St.
Rosenfeld, 7 E. 45th St.
Weingarten, M. & I., 467 5th Ave.
Weingarten & Pearl, 516 5th Ave.
Anthony, E. G., 16 W. 46th St.
Charles & Ray, 20 E. 46th St.
Greenstein, B., 4 E. 46th St.
Jacobs, I., 49 W. 46th St.
Lieberman & Seigel, 6-8 W. 46th St.
Milgrim Bros., 122 2nd Ave.
Pocker, M., 16 W. 46th St.
Brandon, B., 11 W. 46th St.
Brodsky, J., 20 W. 39th St.
Haas Bros., 10 E. 56th St.
Keen, J., 7-11 W. 45th St.
Fox, J. M., 10 E. 57th St.
McNally, 15 W. 51st St.
Mary Anderson & Warner, 665 5th Ave.
Lourino, F., 75 2nd Ave.
Apisdorf, 2542 Broadway.
Chalk, B., 2817 Broadway.
Dutka & Co., 2565 Broadway.
Franklin Simon & Co., Fifth Ave.
National Cloak & Suit Co., 207 W. 24th St.
Gidding & G. M. Co., 564 5th Ave.
Lane, Bryant, 25 W. 38th St.

(Signed)

Mrs. J. Sergeant Cram

By request of

Ladies' Tailors and Dress-makers Union, Local 38.
Jacob L. Banach, Secretary-Treasurer.

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as a vacation center for radical writers, artists, musicians and students. "Maple Hill Farm" is in Dutchess County, 70 Miles, 2½ hrs. from New York City, car fare \$3.10, round trip, 125 acres, two houses, near lake, charming country.

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Camping sites \$2 for the season.

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The most revolutionary uprising of slaves in the history of class-ruled society.

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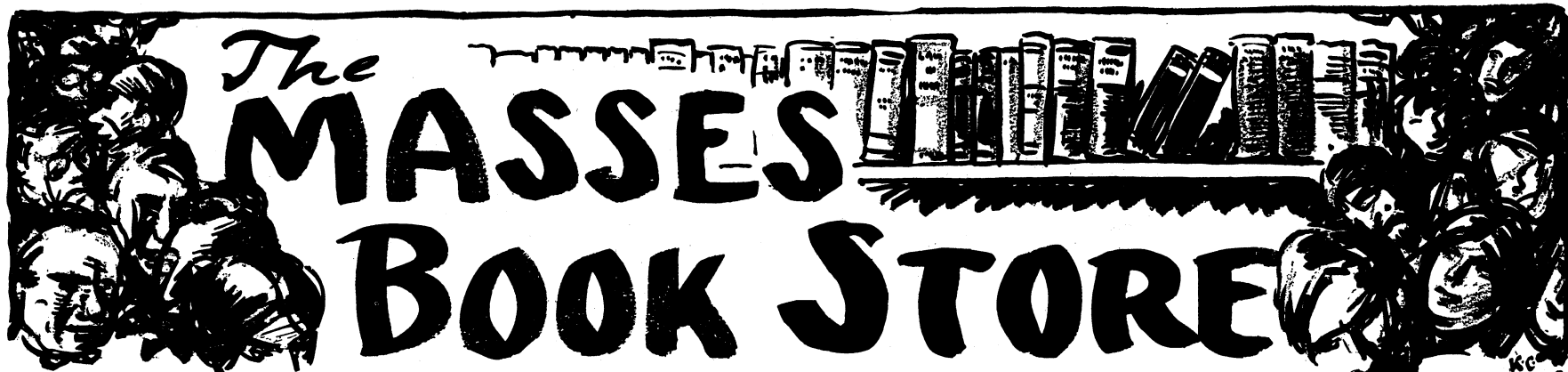
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of the Armament
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upon America on the
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The Time to act is
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the

WAR AGAINST WAR



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(Continued on page 21)

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Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

"Gee, I love Spring!"
"Gee, so do I!"



BARNAS

Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

"Gee, I love Spring!"
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The MASSES

Vol. VI. No. 8

MAY, 1915

Issue No. 48

ANARCHY WHILE YOU WAIT

Joseph O'Brien

THE agent-provocateur has received the endorsement of a jury and the sanction of a judge and may now be reckoned as an American institution. Carmine Carbone and Frank Abarno were found guilty of trying to blow up St. Patrick's Cathedral and some hundreds of devout worshipers with a tin can full of fireworks material, on March 2. The conviction carries with it the penalty of from twelve and one-half years to twenty-five years imprisonment. Carbone is eighteen years old and Abarno is twenty-four. This is how it was done, take it from Amadeo Polignani, a detective who now steps into his niche in history.

After the Lexington Avenue explosion in which Caron, Hanson and Berg were killed on last Fourth of July, the police department developed a severe case of Haymarket nerves. Captain Tunney of the Detective Bureau organized an Anarchy Squad, composed of detectives who could disguise themselves as honest workingmen and penetrate the inner circles of the Reds. One of these was Polignani, an Italian new to the force and eager to distinguish himself. He found the Gaetani Bresci Study Circle, which held Sunday meetings in East One Hundred and Sixth Street, and camped there.

The Bresci group is made up of Italian Anarchists, Socialists, Syndicalists, and other radicals. Polignani represented himself as an unemployed worker and was given the job of sweeping out the hall in which the group met every Sunday afternoon. These meetings were public and had been going on for three years without so much as the sound of a pop-gun. But Polignani found that those three years of peaceful propaganda had been merely preparation for the great plot.

In the minds of two boys was then matured this dastardly plot to destroy the stately Catholic edifice on Fifth Avenue and such members of the faith as might be gathered there at the moment of vengeance. They confided their plot not to their intellectual leaders and teachers, but to Polignani. It is a coincidence which Judges and juries ignore that that plotter of this character inevitably distrust their tried and true friends and hunt around for a police spy.

Polignani did not discourage them. He admits that. When he learned that they wanted to make a bomb and blow up the Cathedral and Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller, his attitude was, "Go to it, boys." But they didn't know how, so he bought them a book, a sort of Anarchist cook book, containing approved recipes for bombs. When it came to purchasing the ingredients of a bomb, such

as antimony and chloride of potash throat gargle and powdered sugar, the two boys were shy; so Polignani, the ever-helpful, bought it for them. They had no place in which a tin bomb might be safely manufactured, so he rented a room for them and kept the key in his pocket. When the ingredients weren't being stirred they were hidden in a trunk, and of that trunk Polignani had the key. And when the bombs, two of them, were all mixed and tinned and tied together with string, he took one of them and Abarno took the other and they sauntered out. Polignani bought a couple of cigars which were to be used to touch off the bombs, and puffing at these the two went to the Cathedral early in the morning of March 2.

Waiting for them at the Cathedral were detectives disguised as ushers, scrub-women, and worshipers; alert young reporters ready for a beat, and a taxicab. Abarno didn't know this, of course, but Polignani and Captain Tunney and Commissioner Woods had arranged it all beforehand. When they went into the Cathedral the ushers and scrub-women and worshipers of the Anarchy Squad seized them, bore them out and into the waiting taxi-cab and to the police station.

It was a very complete job. Polignani had worked hard and deserved the enthusiastic praise which Commissioner Woods bestowed upon him in the first triumphant moments. Capt. Tunney also modestly asserted his claim to fame, but when an incredulous press and public began to talk about agent-provocateurs, silence fell upon the department. However, the job had been done and done well, and one might reasonably have expected an end of it. But the police are thorough.

The following Sunday the Bresci group to the number of about three hundred met as usual and speakers discussed the Cathedral comedy. After the meeting adjourned one of the leaders was held up by a man in front of the hall with a demand for money. This was a signal for eight or ten men in plain clothes, each armed with black jack and gun, to rush out from a corner saloon and charge the group. Luigi Campanello was beaten into insensibility, his nose broken and his scalp shredded with black jacks. Carlo Tresca, editor of *L'Avenire*, was held up at the point of a gun thrust into his stomach. Pietro Allegro, Cuneo, Mandese and several others were beaten, and their assailants slipped away into Second Avenue. Campanello was sent to a hospital. The others were treated by physicians in the neighborhood.

The Italians declared that their assailants were detectives. Commissioner Woods said he didn't be-

lieve them, and that ended the matter. The next Saturday Allegro, at an I. W. W. meeting in Union Square, pointed out in the crowd a man who, he said, had beaten him and others. The man was taken into Inspector Schmittberger's temporary office in the Union Square cottage, where it developed that he was Thomas J. Coy, one of Captain Tunney's vigilant Anarchy Squad. Allegro swore positively that Coy was one of those who had attacked the Italians in front of their hall, even describing the hat and clothing the detective had worn at the time. Inspector Schmittberger in his telephone report to Commissioner Woods, said it was a perfect identification.

The next day Commissioner Woods was asked what he was going to do about it, and he replied that he did not wish to prefer charges against Coy because he was afraid that such a step would incense the police against the Anarchists. The Bresci group was notified that it could no longer hold meetings in the hall, and there that phase ended.

Then came the trial before Judge Nott and a jury in the Court of General Sessions. The witnesses for the defence were excluded from the court room and from the moment the trial started until its close they were herded, harried, bullied and insulted by the court officers and Captain Tunney's detectives. Their attitude was so provocative that I wondered at the restraint of the men and women whom they continually harrassed. I personally saw these witnesses pushed around and bullied as if they were cattle in a pen. I saw court officers menace them, dare them and invite them to start something. I saw a distinguished woman writer, who tried to get into the half empty court room, twice pushed across the corridor and insulted by one of the officers on the door. Nothing was left undone by these men to create in the minds of the jury a feeling of hostility toward the prisoners and those who sought to befriend them.

This culminated in one of the most extraordinary episodes that ever marked a criminal trial, when one of the unfortunate witnesses for the defence was dragged forth from the herd, by Polignani and another witness for the prosecution, charged with having made the "death sign" at Polignani, and sent to Blackwell's Island. He never testified.

The acquittal of these two boys would have covered the police department with ridicule and contempt. Therefore they had to be convicted. Legal defense was useless.

There is a logical complement of the agent-provocateur and I am certain that Judge Nott and Commissioner Woods have not thought of it. It is assassination.

The Masses and the Negro

A Criticism and a Reply

MY dear Mr. Eastman:
There is one thing about THE MASSES that strikes me as totally inconsistent with its general policy: it is the way in which the negro race is portrayed in its cartoons. If I understand THE MASSES rightly, its general policy is to inspire the weak and unfortunate with courage and self-respect and to bring home to the oppressors the injustice of their ways. Your pictures of colored people would have, I should think, exactly the opposite effect. They would depress the negroes themselves and confirm the whites in their contemptuous and scornful attitude.

Believe me,
Very sincerely yours,
CARLOTTA RUSSELL LOWELL.

MISS LOWELL makes the most serious charge against THE MASSES we have heard. We have been accused of bringing the human race as a whole into disrepute often enough, and our love of realism has borne us up under the charge. But if that same realism when engaged in representations of the negro, seems to align us upon the side of the self-conceited white in the race-conflict that afflicts the world, it is indeed tragic.

One of the pictures we published with greatest enthusiasm was a drawing by Art Young, in which a band of dignified colored people under a banner of their own organization, were driving one of these same white race-maniacs off the corner of the page in terror.

Another picture was a protest against the Supreme Court's prejudiced decision on the Jim-Crow Law.

But doubtless it is not what we say under the pictures, it is the actual character of the drawing, that leads to Miss Lowell's complaint against us. Stuart Davis portrays the colored people he sees with exactly the same cruelty of truth, with which he portrays the whites. He is so far removed from any motive in the matter but that of art, that he cannot understand such a protest as Miss Lowell's at all.

Some of the rest of us, however, realize that because the colored people are an oppressed minority, a special care ought to be taken not to publish *anything* which their race-sensitiveness, or the race-arrogance of the whites, would misinterpret. We differ from Miss Lowell only in the degree to which a motive of art rather than of propaganda may control us. And, of course, her letter will have its effect upon our minds in that particular.

As illustrating this conflict between the aims of propaganda and the aims of art which is ever present to our editorial board, it is interesting to contrast Miss Lowell's letter with a remark of John Sloan's in regard to Stuart Davis's work:

"Davis is absolutely the first artist," he said, "who ever did justice to the American negro!"

This may be an unsatisfying answer to your letter, Miss Lowell, but at least it gives you a near view of the scrimmage line in all the battles that occur within the editorial board of THE MASSES!

M. E.

"What Is Truth?"

A Friendly Discussion With an Historian

DEAR Mr. Eastman:
At the banquet which we attended some time ago you will remember that you spoke on "What is humor and why?" Your amusing reference to me as a historian, printed in a recent number of THE MASSES, is much appreciated, therefore, both for its ingenuous misquoting of my own remarks on that occasion, and for the orthographic sample it furnishes of the errors that "creep through the portals of a young mind."

The chief business of a historian, I take it, is to ascertain the truth about what has happened and what is happening in the world, and why. Now, belonging, in your estimation, among the "dead ones" who man the mortuary battery of mummified intellect at Columbia, 'tis as a voice from the Morningside tomb that I would ask, in tones befittingly sepulchral, what is truth in editorial assertions—even in the concionary utterances of THE MASSES—and why?

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM R. SHEPHERD,

Professor of History, Columbia University.

MY EMOTION on reading this letter from Professor Shepherd was surprise. A journalist grows so accustomed to treating public characters merely as symbols, impersonal and impervious, that when he lights by accident upon a private citizen who is not hardened to

the business of symbolizing his job, the recoil is quite rudely shocking. I am sure I'm as much hurt as Professor Shepherd that my remarks should seem to have any personal application!

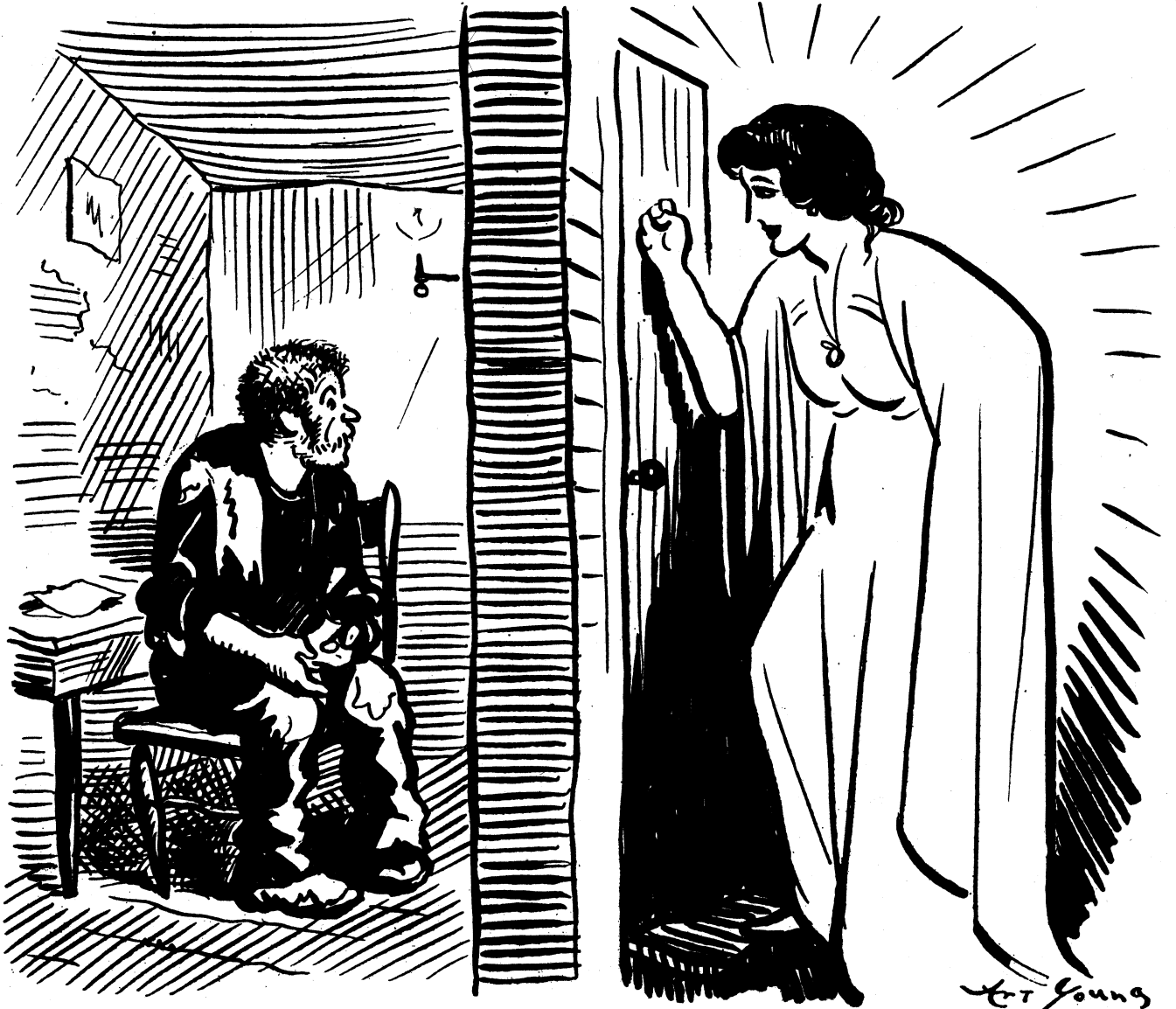
That they should not seem true is perhaps less surprising. I do not suppose either Professor Shepherd or I know exactly what he said at that banquet. But I know he said something, and that after he said it I turned to Frank Harris, who sat the other side of me, and remarked: "That would be a good definition of a historian—a man who reserves his judgment for a hundred years."

Something must have warranted Harris's nodding approval, and responding, "Until he is dead, in other words," and our then discussing in a brief whisper the inevitable question whether he hadn't been dead all the time!

Now what it was that Professor Shepherd said, can only be inferred at this late day from its effects. But if our definition of Truth does not allow a little of that kind of inference, certainly it will be arduously difficult to write current editorials, and as for past history—well, the job simply will not exist. So I am sure Professor Shepherd will not press home that ancient and terrible question, *Whadde ye mean, Truth?* any further.

M. E.

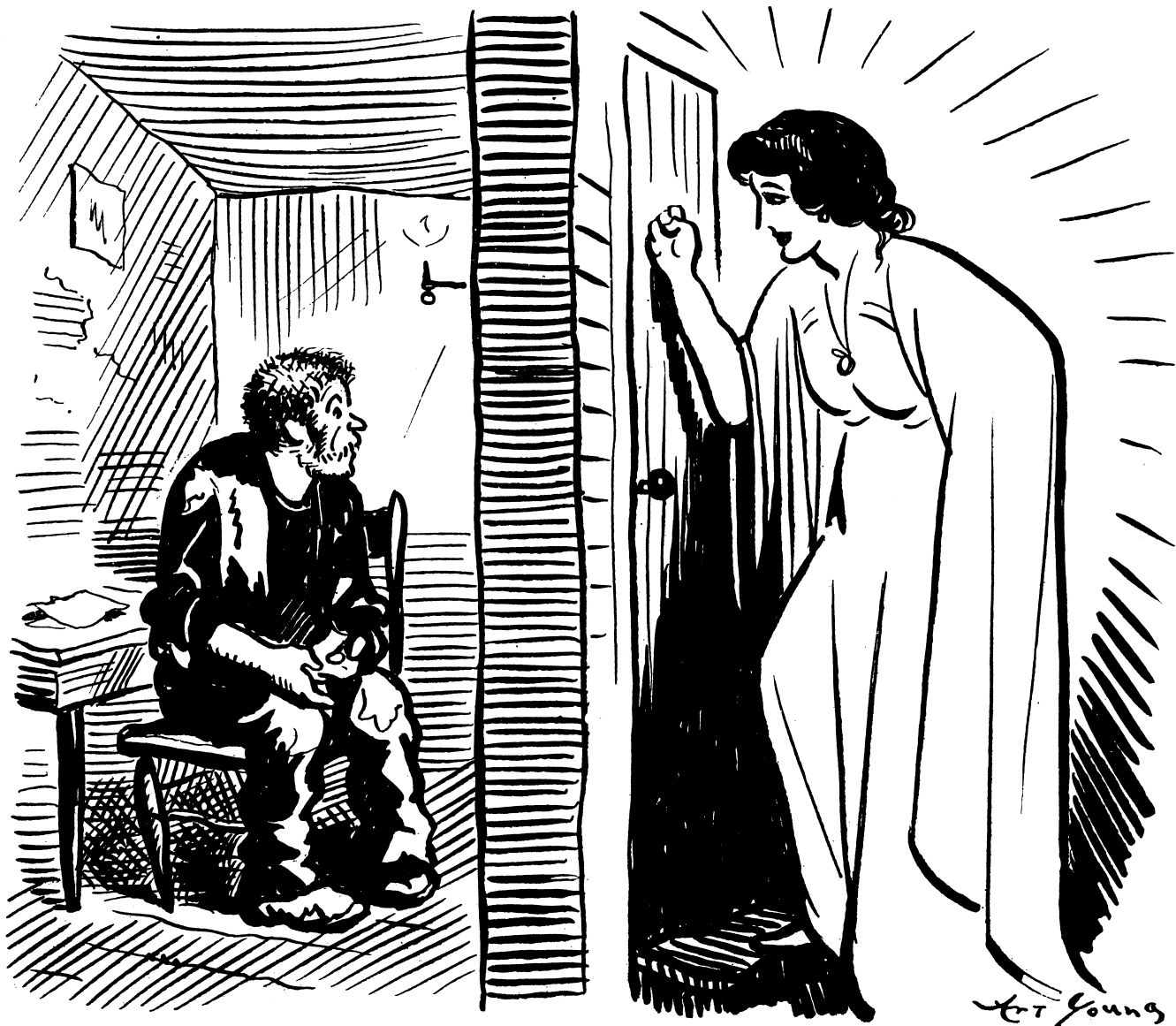
I must add, for my fellows in ignorance, that I looked up *concionary*, and it means "preachy."



Drawn by Arthur Young.

"Opportunity Knocks Once"

Opportunity: "Mike! Have you got \$5,000 handy? Now's your chance to make a million."



Drawn by Arthur Young.

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Opportunity: "Mike! Have you got \$5,000 handy? Now's your chance to make a million."



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

Portrait of American Citizen agonizing over his inability to participate in a war providentially close at hand

As It Were

NOW that the white race has regained the championship of the universe, it can go on and eliminate itself with a light heart.

A PROPOS of King George's threat to mount the water wagon his private secretary explains "that nothing but the most vigorous measures will successfully cope with the grave situation now existing." Something tells us that the useful private secretary is about to receive an appointment as Teetotaler to H. M. the King.

NEW YORK, which originated the idea of a public utilities commission, was also the first to demonstrate the futility of the idea. In the procession of the equinoxes New York marches close behind the band.

INFORMATION has seeped through by way of private letters that there was after all a scandalous amount of fraternizing in the trenches on Christmas day. In one instance, at least, the Germans and French compared notes and agreed that they were precisely the

same kind of damned fool. Happily the night put an end to these amenities and the war was saved from ruin.

EVER since the sobering influences of public office were removed from him, W. H. Taft has grown constantly faster and looser in his utterances. Now he writes to a total stranger: "I believe that the success of our popular government depends on the continuance of the public school system."

AS we understand the new telephone rate schedule in New York, it silences the grumbling subscribers and doesn't hurt the company and the employees ought to be glad they have lived as long as they have.

THE imported deputies who shot down the strikers at Roosevelt, N. J., have been granted an imported jury for fear the murderers cannot get justice from domestic citizens. This lets the Roosevelt people out easy; all they had to furnish was the targets.

GALE threatens to publish the names of all freshmen who refuse to contribute to the support of athletics. For God, for country and blackmail!

"CONSTITUTIONAL Delegates Not Excited." So runs a headline on the eve of New York's convention. Neither is anybody else. Calmness appears to be unanimous.

THE best way to revise the New York state constitution would also be the simplest.

Anybody got a match?

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

The Jolly, Jolly Artist

THERE is a new kind of art exhibit in town. It is called the Salon of American Humorists, not because the pictures are necessarily comic, but as an invitation to visitors to take the pictures as a pleasure, instead of going about sadly on tiptoe. But the curious thing is that under this title all sorts of pictures which under more solemn auspices have never seemed funny, here reveal their qualities of humor, justifying the theory of Mr. Baury, who got up the show, that the true genius of American art is humorous. The exhibition may be seen at the Folsom Galleries, 396 Fifth Avenue, until May first.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

Portrait of American Citizen agonizing over his inability to participate in a war providentially close at hand



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

Portrait of American Citizen agonizing over his inability to participate in a war providentially close at hand

WHAT I SAW IN PRISON

Frank Tanenbaum

THE first day I was brought to Blackwell's Island, I was taken down to the photography room, undressed, measured and photographed. I was seated in a chair. The man came over and clapped an iron hood over my head as if I were an inorganic object to which he was attaching an iron hood or piece of metal. Then he ordered, "Stretch your arms," "Put out your foot," then called out a number.

Until that minute I had been treated by the police, and the court, in the Tombs, as if I was human. There was always a very slight element of conscious human feeling in my relationship to my fellow man. But this was the first of a series of experiences where I had ceased to be a man and had become a number. Until that moment I was aggressive, defiant, uncompromising, but after that single experience, for at least the next few hours I was the most humble, obedient, I might almost say the most broken-spirited person imaginable.

Dope

One of the hardships of Blackwell's Island is that the men are kept in their cells all day Sunday, on Monday as well if it be a holiday, and if Tuesday should rain the "outside" men, those who do not work in the shops, are kept in them, too. The men use dope to pass the time. If they were given a chance to get out of their cells they would avoid this. In Sing Sing Osborne keeps the men out of their cells most of the time. This keeps them away from the dope. I know of one case of a boy on Blackwell's Island who had never used dope until he came to jail. He left jail a dope fiend. The cells are 3½ by 7 feet. You can take only three steps. Some of the men haven't patience to read, some of them can't read, so there is nothing for them to do.

Visitors

They have peculiar visiting rules on the Island, to add to the misery. You are allowed only one visitor the first month, afterward two, but always the same person. You can only make a change once. (In other institutions each prisoner can have a different visitor each month, if he wishes.) Most prisoners can have visitors only on Saturday and Sunday, as their relatives and friends work during the week. Since the visiting days at the prison come on a week day, many prisoners are absolutely deprived of visitors.

The men working in the shops on Blackwell's Island never see the sun. I worked in shops for six months. Outside of walking to my work and walking back again, I never saw the sun. In Sing Sing the men are given an hour's exercise every day, but this is not given at Blackwell's Island.

Letters

When you first come to Blackwell's Island you are allowed to write one letter the first month. This letter is written on one small piece of paper. The second month you are allowed two small sheets of paper. This is not enough for the men. There is constant friction between the Warden and the men on this score.

One man had an important letter to write. He wrote on both sides of paper and not having finished

all he wished to say, he asked the Warden for a second sheet of paper. "You write at the bottom of your letter 'Continued next week,'" said the Warden.

This rule works against the institution, because the men get letters out by secret methods. The first day I was in jail I got out two underground letters.

Jim Winters, one of the prisoners, got a letter out for a friend of his. The friend had a wife sick outside and was worried. Winters got the letter out, but the letter was caught. Winters was put in the cooler for ten days.

The Warden wanted him to "squeal" to whom he had given the letter. A keeper had taken it out, but Winters wouldn't tell.

So he was kept in solitary confinement for five weeks, and then went crazy. I heard him beg the Warden for work. The Warden said to Jim, "How much time have you got to do, Jim?" Jim said, "Five months more." "How much time did you lose?" asked the Warden. "Twenty days," replied Jim. "Well," said the Warden, "you take five months and add twenty days to it and I will let you out of your cell on that day." Long before that time Winters was sent to Matteawan.

In Sing Sing the men are allowed to write as many letters as they want to at the expense of the institution. Letter-writing is an important thing. It is the only way these men have of keeping up their interest in the outside world. If they cannot communicate with their friends they are forgotten, and when they come out after serving their terms they are in a strange world.

Newspapers

The men on Blackwell's Island are not allowed to read a newspaper. To do so is considered a crime punishable with ten days in the cooler. Needless to say the men in jail are more anxious to read than if they were outside. Not to keep in touch with the world is to lose interest in it—to lose the feeling of being one of a community. But the men get newspapers, anyway. They steal them. They are called "stiffs" in jail, because they are rolled up into a stiff cylinder form and hidden down the legs of the trousers. After a man reads the paper he passes it on to the next prisoner. Thus it circulates throughout the entire jail. It may be torn in fragments, but these are carefully preserved and passed on.

I had got hold of a new newspaper once. I read it and passed it on. About a month later a man said to me, "Frank, would you like to read a newspaper?" I said "yes," and received the original newspaper. It tickled me, but I took great pleasure in reading it over again. The news was quite fresh again after a month.

No matter how many rules you make in jail, the men will find a way to break them. I broke every rule of the institution the first day I was there. I never was caught for months.

We put the newspapers in magazines and read them so. Keepers can't see it. I was caught reading a paper by a keeper a great many times, as he passed by. One day he said, "Jesus, I can't pass this place without finding you reading a newspaper. Where in hell do you get them?"

Newspapers are forbidden as a punishment. It is an instrument for keeping your interest alive and

would help to keep you free from contamination of the jail.

The Prison Library

They have a small library, not catalogued.

The prisoners can't get the books they want and are forced to take any book given them. It often happens that a man gets a book that he cannot read, or he may have read it before. Men often destroy books that they cannot read. I went to the Warden and asked him if I might catalogue the library and put up a list of the books where the men could see it. The Warden said to me, "Any time, Tanenbaum, that we want your help to run this institution, we will call for it."

The men in the institution are not allowed to have any tooth paste, or soap, and are sent to the cooler if they are caught with it. A jail commissary from whom the men could buy this stuff would help.

Pictures

The men are not allowed to decorate their cells. Forced to have them empty. You cannot imagine what it means to the men to have pictures on the wall, pictures of some one dear to them. Some of the men showed real artistic ability in decorating their cells, which they do despite the rule. If they are caught the wardens tear up the pictures of their mothers and sisters before their eyes. Two men were sent to the cooler the day before I left for decorating their cells.

Smoking

The men are allowed to smoke but are not allowed matches. They get a light twice a night. This is not enough, so they destroy hundreds of dollars worth of materials, shirts, trousers, etc. They make rags of these, which they call tinder, then they make a "buzz" and this with a piece of stone supplies a spark, this ignites the material.

The institution is 350 years behind its time. It was four hundred before Miss Davis got hold of it.

The men are not allowed to have knives, but they get them anyway. They make one out of a piece of tin, or they steal a carving-knife from the kitchen and cut it down to make a small one.

Pencils

The men are allowed to write letters, but are not given pencils. They are evidently supposed to write letters without them. They do, too, so far as the Warden knows. But they get pencils, stealing them from the keepers if necessary. They cut a large pencil up into tiny pieces about two inches long and share them with the other prisoners. One of my friends used to complain that my letters were not intelligible. I don't wonder.

One of the peculiar things about the jail rules are made up by the keepers to suit themselves. Many are being punished for breaking rules that do not exist. If a keeper doesn't like your face, he punishes you by standing you against the wall, depriving you of food, or shuts you up in the cooler.

The Cooler

The cooler is a cell without a bed, only one blanket, and bread and water. A prisoner is kept there as long as the Warden likes. When I got out

of the cooler after seven days I was so weak I couldn't stand. But there has been one "reform" introduced by Miss Davis. You are now given a little piece of bread in the morning and a little piece of bread at night. Same amount of bread as before, only instead of getting a whole piece once a day it is divided into two pieces and given to you twice a day. This is Miss Davis' method of "humanizing the cooler." The blanket in my cell in the cooler was so dirty that I preferred to lie on my side until I was numb to turning over, because if I turned a tornado of dust would have been raised.

The Solitary

Then there is the Solitary. When a prisoner is in solitary confinement he gets no exercise whatever. They are put there mainly because of a grudge of the Warden's.

Just a few days before I left, the Warden put a man in Solitary who had fourteen months ahead of him to do, and told him in my hearing that he would keep him there for all that time. That man will never stand it. Long before the fourteen months are up he will be insane.

I wasn't very much liked by the Warden. Out of the eleven months I was in prison, I spent seven and a half in punishment. I was in Solitary two months. I will tell you why.

In the Quarry

I had been working out in the quarry. After getting into trouble, I was transferred from the shop to the quarry. It was relief to me since it took me out of the building and put me in the air. The head-keeper over the quarry, a bully, believed in treating his men as if they were dogs and acted as though he were God's special avenger. I stood him for about four months. I bit my lips and swallowed all I could. As I already had a reputation for being a rather unruly prisoner, I wanted to keep out of trouble. One cold day in December, he refused to give us a fire. Out in the quarry there is a lot of wood which the men take out of the river and saw up and which they are supposed to use for warming themselves in the winter. As that was a particularly cold day and we stood shivering behind a ledge of rock, in the shade, poorly clothed, we wanted him to give us a fire. He thought it wasn't sufficiently cold. We were all numb and frozen, but the boys were afraid to go up and speak to him about it, as he always threatened them with the cooler. I went up to him and said: "Mr. Keeper, won't you give us a fire?" He said to me, "Go on down below or I will put you in hock." I said, "I have been there before and am not afraid to go there. You can put me there any time you want to, but you give the men a fire, because it's cold." He said, "You are mighty particular, aren't you, afraid you will freeze, hey?"

I said, "You aren't cold, of course. You have heavy underwear, a sweater, heavy gloves, good shoes, felt hat, laps over your ears. Of course you aren't cold, but what about us?" "Never mind all that," says he, "you go down or I am going to put you in hock." I lost my temper. I called him a bully, said I didn't consider myself any worse than he was, etc.

He didn't put me in hock that day because a few minutes later the second warden came out and asked him why he wasn't giving his men a fire when it was so cold. But he found a pretext next day and put me to the wall and charged me with insolence and refusing to work. Being put to the wall means that you are ordered to stand against the wall without anything to eat. The warden may come by a hundred times but asks no questions until evening.

The warden came along and asked, "What have you

done?" I answered "Nothing." Then he asked the keeper what I had done. The keeper said I was insolent and refused to work. I denied it. I said, "The keeper is telling a lie." The warden said, "I can't help that; lock him up." I was locked up in the cooler for a couple of days. About the fifth day the Warden came to me and said, "Do you think you can get along with the keeper at the quarry, now?" I said, "I am afraid he can't get along with me." So I was placed in Solitary and kept there for two months. He took me out the morning I came home.

I was deprived of all reading matter. I was never taken out of my cell except for three minutes each morning to wash and every week to take a bath. I was fed in my cell, and that although I offered to go to work anywhere else in the prison except with the keeper in the quarry. In Solitary, to keep myself in good condition, I took three thousand steps a day. I

could just take three steps and to do this had to put up my bed as the cell was only 3½ by 7 feet.

I refused to go to work for the keeper at the quarry for one simple reason. This keeper is probably the most hated man on Blackwell's Island, except perhaps the Warden. Just drives his men on as if they were a set of dogs, and any time these men are given a pretext they would pounce on him. I felt that for me to go back to the quarry would have meant trouble for him and trouble for me. He was sure to nag at me again, and I would have lost my temper and done something which would give the other men a chance to throw a hammer at him, and then I would be sent up to Sing Sing for the rest of my natural life. I didn't think the end worth the means. I preferred to remain in Solitary than to take this chance.

I will tell more about "What I Saw in Prison" next month.

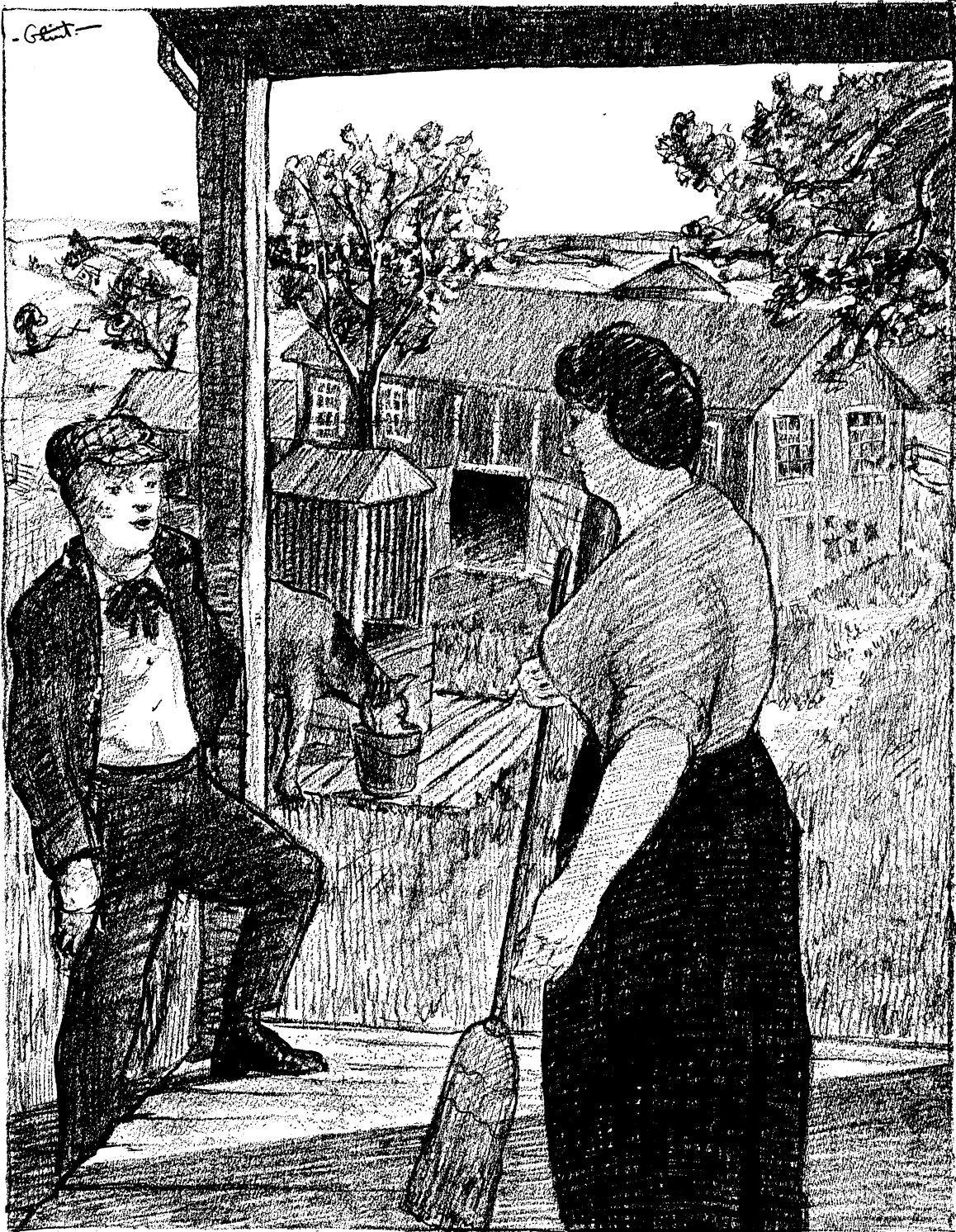


Drawn by H. J. Glintenkamp

TRAVELING AGITATOR: "ARE THERE ANY SOCIALISTS IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD?"

"WAL, I DUNNO, BUT IF THERE ARE, YOU'LL FIND THEIR SKINS ON THE END O' THE BARN.

MY MAN, HE'S A GREAT HUNTER, AND HE'S GOT SOME OF EVERY CRITTER THERE IS."

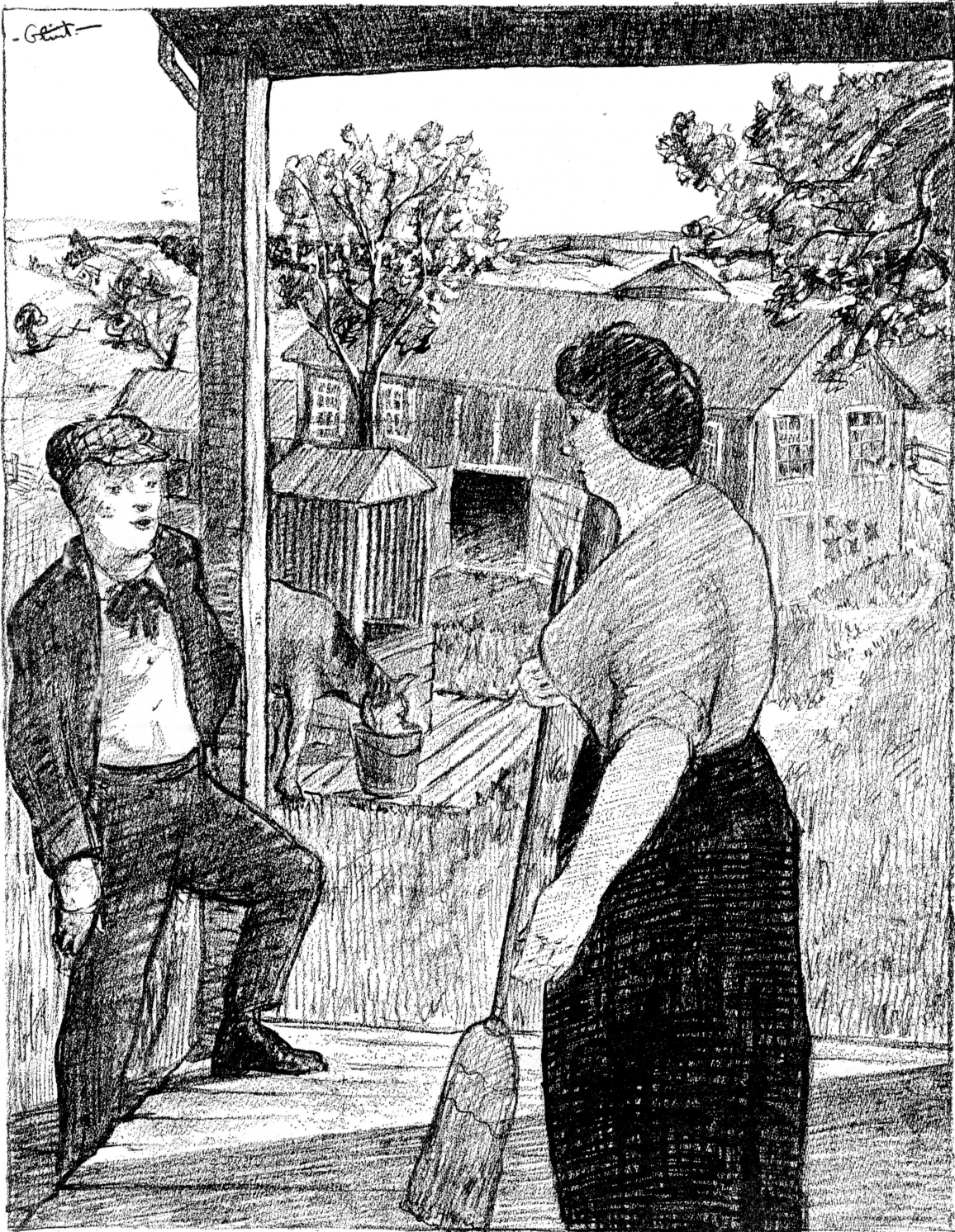


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NEWS FROM THE FRONT

Rosika Schwimmer

(Buda-Pesth)

[Madame Schwimmer is one of the leaders of the feminist movement, an eloquent orator and a propagandist of radical ideas. She has just gone to the Women's Peace Conference at the Hague after a speaking tour in America.]

PEOPLE begin to yawn over their daily papers, the war game grows too monotonous. The reports of this gigantic new sport tell you today that the Allies gained five yards of ground which yesterday had been conquered by the Germans. It gets pretty tiresome to watch, for months, twenty-five millions of able-bodied men move five yards this way and five yards that.

They give you careful information about the number of men and guns captured back and forth. Figures, neat and business-like as in the ledger of a respectable merchant's office. Then, as a pleasant break in the tiresome statistics, comes some interesting information about Victoria and Iron Crosses bestowed upon heroes. Regularly five or six ships, dreadnoughts, submarines, go to the bottom of the sea, ornamenting the military reports like the brass buttons on the coats of the generals.

This is how the game is reflected in the mirror of the press. The dry military reports stand between you and the real happenings like a screen. It is only in letters from the front that we can see what War is. I have one in my hand:

"I never shall forgive myself not to have shot the man who, lying on his stomach, tried to raise his head, and in a voice which I never shall forget, screamed out to me to have mercy. 'Kill me, don't let me suffer as I do.' I see the glazed eyes, the mortified green face, I see the wild, agonized look in the eyes—I see the upper part of a body rising—I see an open abdomen out of which the entrails flow like the train of a woman's dress. Oh, the horror of it! And the horror of my cowardice, that I didn't shoot the man." He keeps on torturing himself with this accusation.

"I have been sent home for three days, and I wonder how I will be able to stand again what haunts me day and night," writes another friend of mine who had the privilege to serve as war correspondent instead of fighting. "I cannot forget the picture of a woman on the Southern battlefield, the corpse of a young woman, her skull broken open, the brains flowing out and a pig eating on that brain."

"I saw the inhabitants of a destroyed city fleeing in masses," I heard an American war correspondent telling, "and I saw, myself, women overcome with pains giving birth to children on the road, taking the newborn babes in handkerchiefs and running on as if they had stopped for nothing more important than to blow their noses." The paper of this same war correspondent is registering every cannon and every inch of soil conquered and reconquered by the opposing forces, giving an accurate account in every edition of the military side of the war, but I don't find a single word about this human, or, shall I say, inhuman side of the war.

A Hungarian girl who went to care for the Galician refugees tells me in a recent letter the story of a poor Polish woman who said: "I wanted to protect my children, and when the Russians came I ran with the other inhabitants of the village and I took my baby in a shawl on my back, the two others hung onto my skirts. I ran fast, as fast as I could, and when I arrived at the station, I had the two children hanging on my skirts, I had the shawl on my back, but I had no baby and I don't know where I dropped it."

No, they don't want us to find out that there is no honor, no glory, no heroism, no patriotism, no love for anything noble, nothing but butchery and slaughter and rape. War means that. You know the story of the War-brides. You know how God's agents in charge of the different churches compete with the military rulers in glorifying this kind of prostitution. But do you know of the *concentration camps with compulsory service of women*? You may have seen, in the March issue of the *New York Times' Current History of the War*, the full reports of the atrocities committed on Belgian women. But you didn't get the other reports about the same kind of atrocities committed by all armies on female human beings between the ages of five and eighty-nine in all the countries where the game of war is being played.

"I was sent here after I had been so severely wounded that they had little hope of early sending me back to the front," a Hungarian man writes in a letter that I have seen. "I found my village invaded by the Russians, and I found my wife, my own daughter of fifteen and my niece of fourteen living in my house, pregnant by Russians. Down to children of twelve, the other women of the village share their fate."

Of course, there are people who strongly doubt whether they should call an outrage on a woman an atrocity. A Russian general, of whom a letter that I recently received tells, certainly does not consider it from any such "sentimental" standpoint. "You know he was a remarkable man," my friend writes. "He had quite an unusual sense of the sacredness of private property. Being put in charge of the city —, conquered by the Russians, he proclaimed that he would punish any of his soldiers who took advantage of the situation and did anything illegal, and he kept his word by punishing every soldier who was accused of having stolen something. The complainants often pleaded for the offenders when they saw how cruelly these men were beaten for a stolen ring or something like that. But the first man whose complaint was refused and

who was rudely insulted for his complaint, was a man who came to accuse fifteen soldiers who violated his wife. 'Serves you right!' shouted the general who had such an unusual sense of the sacredness of private property, 'Serves you right, why did the women of this place flee when we settled? Why didn't you leave women enough for my soldiers?'"

"I am in charge of eighteen French women pregnant by German, Turko-Hindoo and other exotic soldiers," I saw in a letter of an American woman. In place of the intellectual and industrial Internationalism which the militarists so successfully smashed down, they encourage a new "internationalism." Their only complaint is that women are not clever enough to manage that all these international little lives which tortured women are bearing shall be *males*. Certainly another proof of the inferiority of the breeding machines.

Yes, the military authorities keep the world in ignorance of the human side of their massacre, because they know if people really knew what war means, no decent men and women could stand by and allow the diplomats to wipe out Europe. If people really knew, they would say, as those who know *do* say, "Diplomats and Governments made war, dragged the people to the slaughterhouse. *People* are going to make peace, demanding that Europe shall be saved from suicide by immediate cessation of hostilities."

A Letter to The Masses From a Distinguished Citizen

IT is the duty of all patriotic citizens with red blood in their veins to denounce as peculiarly base and criminal the movement toward birth limitation, that is not only condoned, but actively and wilfully defended by THE MASSES.

I, myself, and all men who are not moral cowards or mollycoddles, are heartily in favor of child bearing, because it is right. I favor as genuinely all things that are right, as I oppose all things that are wrong. And to deny that what is right is right is simply a case of conscious and infamous wrongdoing.

Let me repeat, any one who is opposed to the bearing of children by women is guilty of outrageous and flagrant conduct, which is precisely as evil for the man of great wealth as for the wage-earner or small business man.

I heartily favor the law limiting the period of gestation to three months. If this were done, there is no adequate reason why any woman with a single spark of patriotism should not bear at least four children a year. It is literally incomprehensible how any man of average intelligence can tolerate the limitation of progeny or permit his wife to have less than four healthy and vigorous babies annually. To do so is to act with wanton and indefensible baseness.

It is common knowledge that the prevalence of such standards in American society is due to the criminal failure of Messrs. Wilson and Bryan to protect the American flag in Mexico. The utterly preposterous action of President Wilson, who has knowingly chosen to remain at ease in Washington, rather than shoulder a gun and knapsack and die for his country in Mexico, has jeopardized the political future of the United States and reduced the morale of the government to the level of Dahomey.

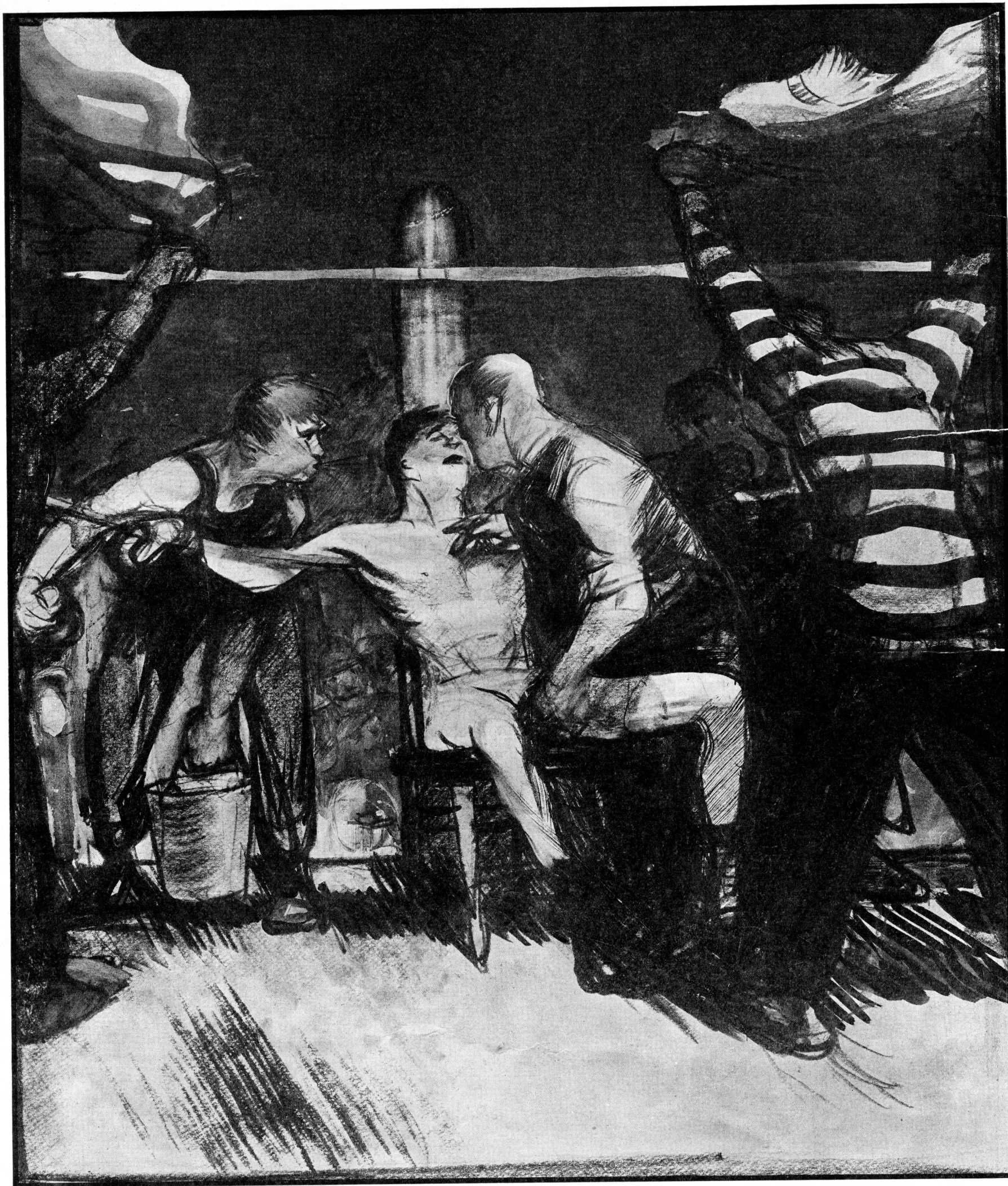
MURMURINGS IN A FIELD HOSPITAL

(They picked him up in the grass where he had lain two days in the rain with a piece of shrapnel in his lungs.)

COME to me only with playthings now . . .
A picture of a singing woman with blue eyes
Standing at a fence of hollyhocks, poppies and sunflowers . . .
Or an old man I remember sitting with children telling stories
Of days that never happened anywhere in the world . . .

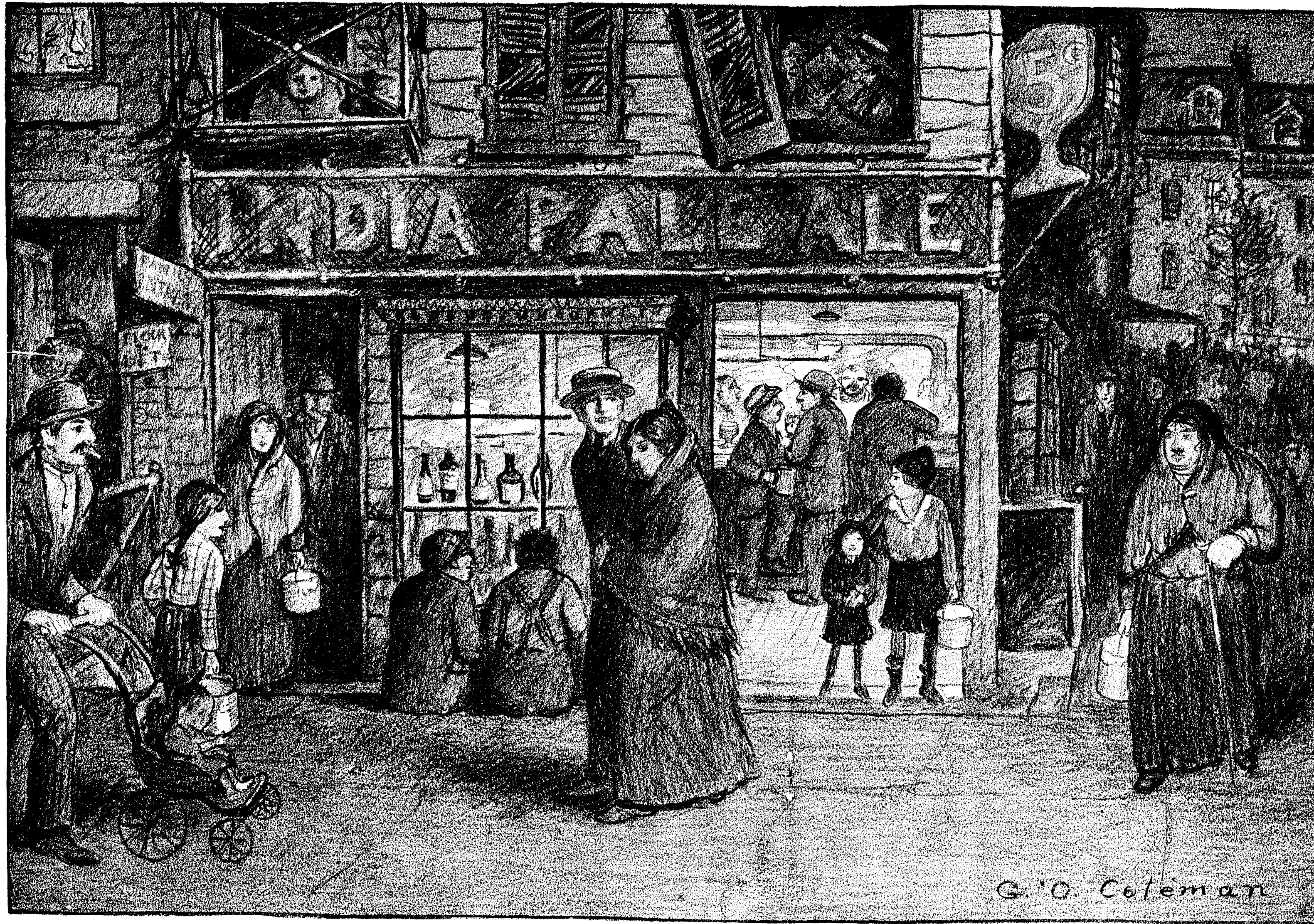
No more iron cold and real to handle,
Shaped for a drive straight ahead.
Bring me only beautiful useless things.
Only old home things touched at sunset in the quiet . . .
And at the window one day in summer
Yellow of the new crock of butter
Stood against the red of new climbing roses . . .
And the world was all playthings.

CARL SANDBURG.



Drawn by George Bellows.

The Savior of His Race



Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

The Sawdust Trail



Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

The Sawdust Trail



G. O. Coleman



Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

The Sawdust Trail

THE MASSES, May, 1915.



G. O. Coleman



Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

The Sawdust Trail

THE MASSES, May, 1915.

Excitement

A MAN with square-cut shoulders sat across the restaurant table from me, and we talked of many things; finally about the war.

"I was a soldier once," he announced. "I fought against the Boers. . . . Hell, no; they never did anything to me. I just wanted excitement. I was young, adventurous, and tired of the small town I lived in, and so I ran away to Canada and got into a regiment bound for South Africa.

"We got there eventually, and sweated and baked and drilled around for weeks before we got a chance to move against the enemy. But at last the order came and we were happy. We were crazy to shoot something, you see—to kill a man, to smell blood. We were on edge for any kind of excitement.

"But we didn't get much at first. The Boers just lay around among the kopjes and picked us off by ones and twos and dozens while we fumed and swore and went through our little daily set of motions as laid down in the military book of rules.

"The Boers had some cracking' good sharpshooters, and don't you forget it. There was one in especial who got on our nerves. He had a roost up on a hillside between a couple of twin rocks and when he was feeling good he could bag half a dozen men a day. We tried all sorts of schemes to trap him or dislodge him, but all of them failed.

"I had got some reputation as a shot before we left Canada and I thought I knew what was coming when one day the colonel's orderly came around and said the old man wanted me.

"Go out and get the beggar," says the colonel. That suited me. I was as happy as a small boy with his first air-rifle. I sat up most of that night tuning up my gun. Before daybreak I was out beyond the lines where I dug myself a hole in the sand within range of those twin rocks where the sniper hung out. At sun-up we started popping at each other and kept it up nearly all day without any damage on either side.

"Along about 4 o'clock in the afternoon there was a silence and then all of a sudden I saw my friend the

enemy standing up in plain sight between his twin rocks. I can't imagine why he did it, unless it was to show he had decided a British soldier couldn't hit the side of a house with a baseball bat.

"Anyhow, he was foolish; I drew fine sight on him and dropped him like a jack rabbit. Then, like the kid that I was, I went running over to look at my game, never thinking it might be a frame-up. But he was dead all right.

"I had hit him in the breast and he had hardly moved, except to draw his feet up and down a few times. I could see where his heels had dug little trenches in the sand.

"I looked down at him and then I looked all around, but there wasn't a sound to be heard or a living creature in sight. There was just me and the dead man, with the desert all to ourselves.

"He was an old, old farmer, as I could tell by his big, rough and scaly hands. Likely enough he was a patriarch and a prophet in his home community. His slouch hat had fallen off and his rheumy old eyes stared straight up at the sky. His sparse hair was white and silky. He was thin and bloodless, as I could see by his unbuttoned shirt that showed his withered chest. Blood was still oozing from the hole in his breast and drying as it trickled down his side.

"I felt queer and sickish. I wanted to get away from there. I would have given anything if I could have brought the old man around again. It would have been the joyfulest thing in the world for me if he had jumped up all of a sudden and beat hell out of me. I felt like saying, 'God knows I didn't mean to do it, grandad; I didn't know it was you.' . . . No, I'm in the advertising game now, and say, business is rotten."

PHILLIPS RUSSELL.

WHERE SYMPATHY PAYS

SHE has such feeling for the wretched poor!

—Yes, that's her limousine!—

She writes those tales about the working girls
In ———'s Magazine.

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK.

ALMOST

MY sweetheart has the supplest arms
So full of tenderness and fire;
They almost cheat her other charms
They way they rouse and still desire.

My sweetheart has the kindest breast,
Two heavens with each a single star;
They give me everything but rest—
So strange these rosy pillows are.

My sweetheart has the hungriest lips
That beg and press unsparingly;
They cling so close she almost slips
Among her kisses into me.

My sweetheart's body is a cry,
A poignant and resistless call;
It almost makes me wonder why
She hasn't any mind at all.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Honorable Mention

"MR. FRICK is better known as a steel magnate than as an art collector."—*Literary Digest*.

From Horace Traubel

THE MASSES came to me this morning up in the war country. I've been helping myself to it till I'm fed. It's a noble piece of work. Somebody's to be congratulated. You, maybe, or some others, or many others, I don't know. Somebody. And America's to be congratulated. America don't know it's in luck. But there's the luck nevertheless. I like the brutal kindness of THE MASSES almost as much as I like its kind brutality. It's like a big storm, doing harm and meaning none, doing good without the consciousness of virtue, clearing the air, making it easier for life to be lived after it has passed on. I feel glad for you who can achieve so much for the ideal without a club,
Love always.

Brantford, Ontario.

TRAUBEL.

To Our St. Anthony

O ANTHONY, St. Anthony, we humbly bow to thee;
To thy most holy ignorance and matchless purity.
Thou seizest our magazines, but even though we've
missed 'em,

'Twas for our moral uplift that we built the postal system.

Oh, speed the day, we pray thee, to that pure and virtuous
ending

When all shall be as dull as thee and Nature'll quit offending.

Protect our brains, dear stupid saint, from everything that's
human,
Especially from the loathesome thought that we were born of
woman.

Oh, speed the darkness that shall spread from Maine clear
down to Texas,

When no American shall know the secret of the sexes;
When all shall presuppose, with minds forever free from sin,
That woman's shape does not extend far down below her chin.

Unsex our drama, Anthony, by taking woman out;
Destroy all art; for goodness sake, put literature to rout.
Burn all those awful books that tell how chickens come from
eggs;

Burn all those awful pictures where the ladies all have legs.
And may our postal laws, dear saint, drop heavily, kerchug,
On every sexual reference to man or brute or bug.

And dost thou not, dear saint, perceive a great contamination
In books about the doings of the vegetable creation?
Thy holy mind, undoubtedly, must view with eyes askance
Those dreadful, lewd directions how to fertilize the plants.
Oh bless us, saint, with all the virtuous ignorance we need,
To keep our minds protected from the secret of the seed.

We trust that thou wilt drape the curs that wander past our flat
And put at least a fig leaf on our neighbor's Thomas cat.
Go out into our pastures, please, and civilize the herds; .
And while thou'rt at it, Anthony, put pants upon the birds.
From horrid sights of Nature we would be forever free;
If need be, gouge our eyes out so we'll be as blind as thee.

And when thou'rt finished, Anthony, with art and Nature, too,
And all that's male or female has come under thy taboo;
And when at last all things in sight are stamped with thy
approval,
Or else with some anathema that calls for their removal;
We hope that thou wilt guide us where our sinful nature fails,
By stamping every woman with:

"EXCLUDED FROM THE MALES."

CHARLES W. WOOD.

SPRING!

HHEY, old world, old lazy-bones, wake to the Spring-tune!

The music of the spheres is quickened to a jig—
Wobble a one-step along your flashing orbit, with the
moon for your light-tripping partner!

Shove your staid bonnet over your ear, proper old lady,
And sway along the streets, tipsy with the Spring!

Here are the young men, gay in their festive lids,
Carolling vigorously the joy within them!
What matter if the tune slide up and down?
Spring is alive, and the maidens tremble to you, as you
to them.

I thrill with it too—
I long to hie me to His Honor the Mayor,
And slap him vigorously on the back, disturbing the
proper set of his derby,
And shout, Wake up, old chap, it's Spring!

Let the solemn judge shrug off the ermine, and join
the revellers!
Let the pompous financier sing a naughty trio with his
wife and the placid chauffeur!
And this to the Police Commissioner—
Furnish the foremost pair of your marching guardians
of the peace with mandolins and guitars,
And let the ranks behind decorously do the toe dance.

Oh, the quickening of the world!
The push of the agile leaves, the fluttering mating of
birds,
The delicious unquiet of the love-hungry earth!
The awakening spirit is everywhere;
Nothing escapes; nothing can resist dancing to its ab-
surd and delightful melody.

CLEMENT WOOD.

The Scar

JIM worked in the basement. Perhaps lived in one,
too. For he so much resembled a subterranean
shoot, tall, thin, of a greenish yellow color. Like any
vegetation that sprouts in the dark.

His gait was a sort of shove; no elasticity in his
step, as if the spring were broken and the body dragged
along by aimless feet. He was not dressed. A soiled
shirt and a pair of trousers were just hung upon him.
Though after work, he changed for what appeared a
better outfit. His hair, coarse and colorless, was
greased down, unevenly. His face looked like a con-
gealed mass with a membrane drawn over it, to hold
it together. It was devoid of all emotion, even pain.
Occasionally there would flicker on this membrane a
grin, a surface grin, all hollow and meaningless. The
nose was well shaped, but the life was all squeezed
out of it. There was a blueness in the lips that in-
tensified the greenish yellow of his skin.

His hands were large with knotted fingers. Several
of the finger nails were split and one entirely missing.
The veins stood out like rope, and on the protruding
knuckles the skin hung chapped and bleeding. His
palms were callous. Basement work is rough.

When the water bottle Jim was adjusting broke in
his hands and red blood gushed forth, it seemed so
strange—red blood from a green stalk. How the blood
ran! Yet there was no indication of pain on his face.
Not a sound escaped him. Not even when the ambu-
lance surgeon probed with his instruments for broken
glass in his wounds. When the stitches were being
put in, the head became erect, and the mouth a knot;
the shoulders twitched a little, but that was all.

Several days later, I enquired of Jim how his
wounds were getting along. "All right," he replied,
narrowing his eyes. That slant of the eyes, the drawl
in the "All right" made it quite apparent that all was
not right.

"What is wrong, Jim?" I asked.

He regarded me for a second, as if to convince him-
self that my interest were real. Then bending forward,
his face very much agitated, "I am afraid," he said
painfully, "it's going to leave a scar."

JEANNETTE PEARL.

A Liberal Censorship

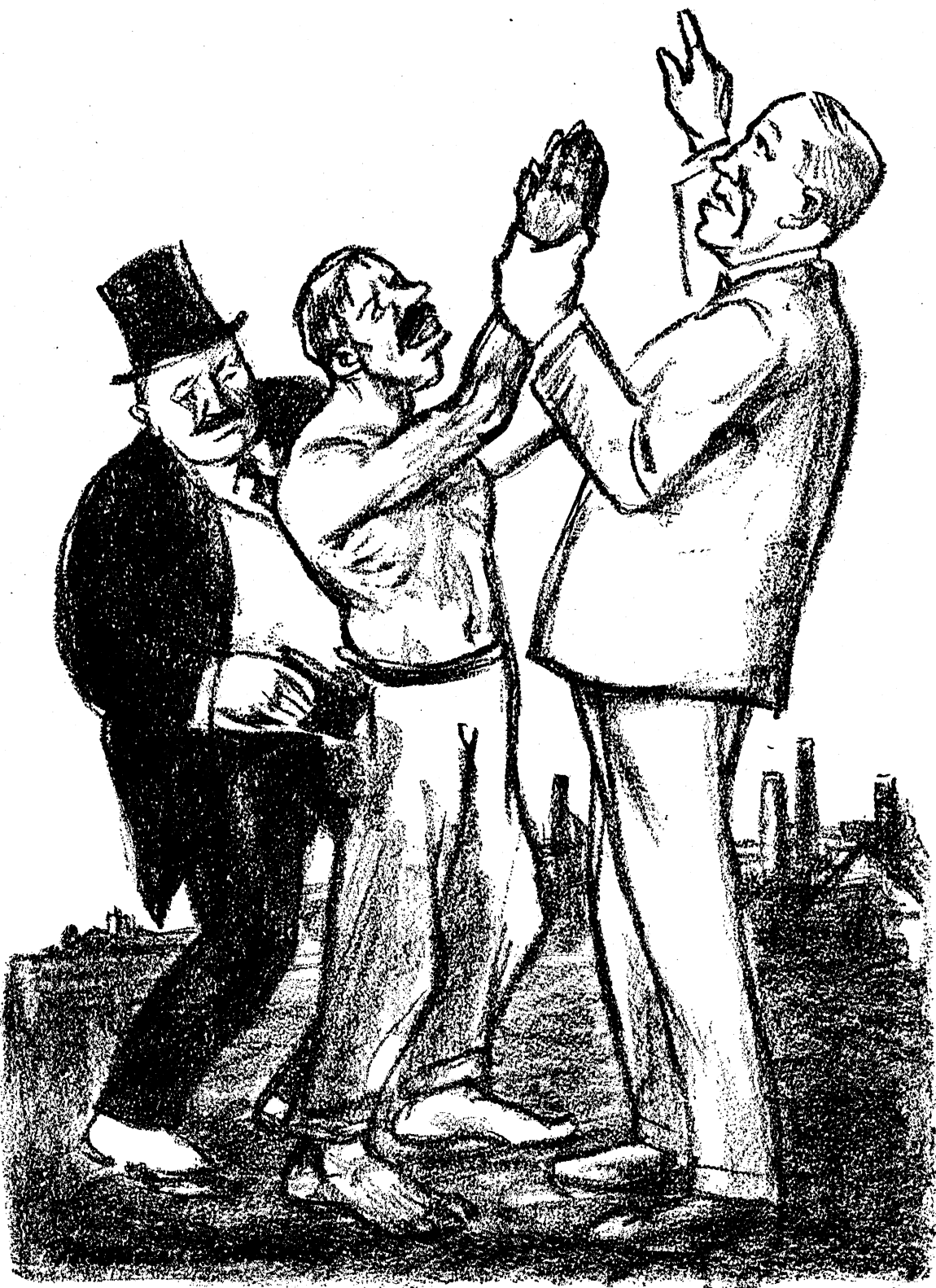
THE board of censorship which passes on the mo-
rality of films has given its sanction to one called
"The Birth of a Nation," made from a book by the

notorious Negro-hater, Thomas Dixon. It shows what
horrible things happened (according to Mr. Dixon)
when the Negro was given equal political rights with
the white race. It teaches that the Negro is a monster
that must be deprived of all human rights, and lynched
occasionally to keep him "in his place." It glorifies
the outrages of the Klu Klux Klan and libels the Negro
character with malignant ferocity. It perverts history,
incites race-prejudice and justifies crime.

Our censors are getting "liberal." But there is one
more stage of liberality.

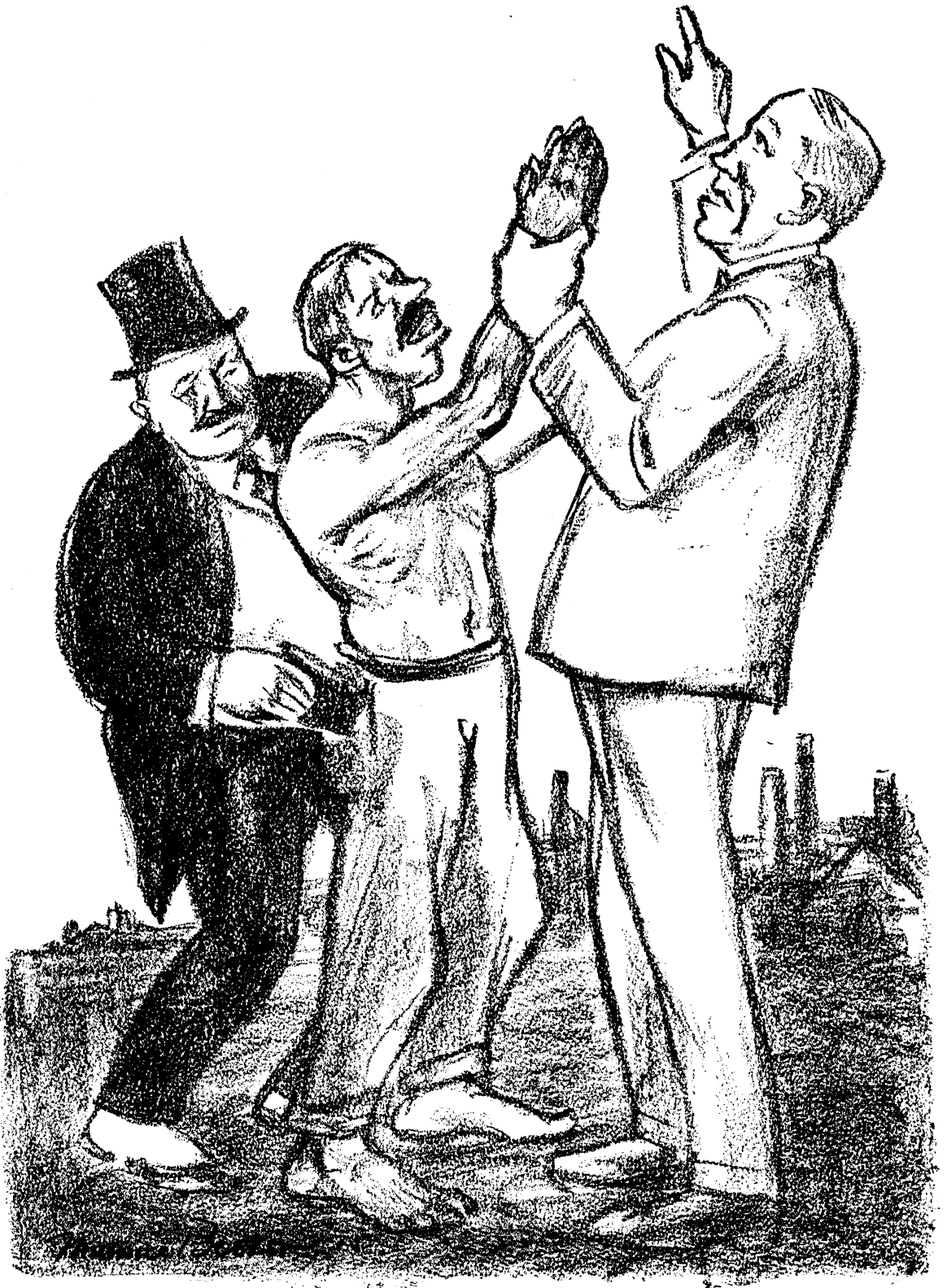
It is possible to say: "We will take the risk of this
picture doing harm. We will take the risk of any pic-
ture doing harm. We will prohibit nothing." That is
an honorable, if difficult, thing to say.

Let the board of censorship say that, and resign.



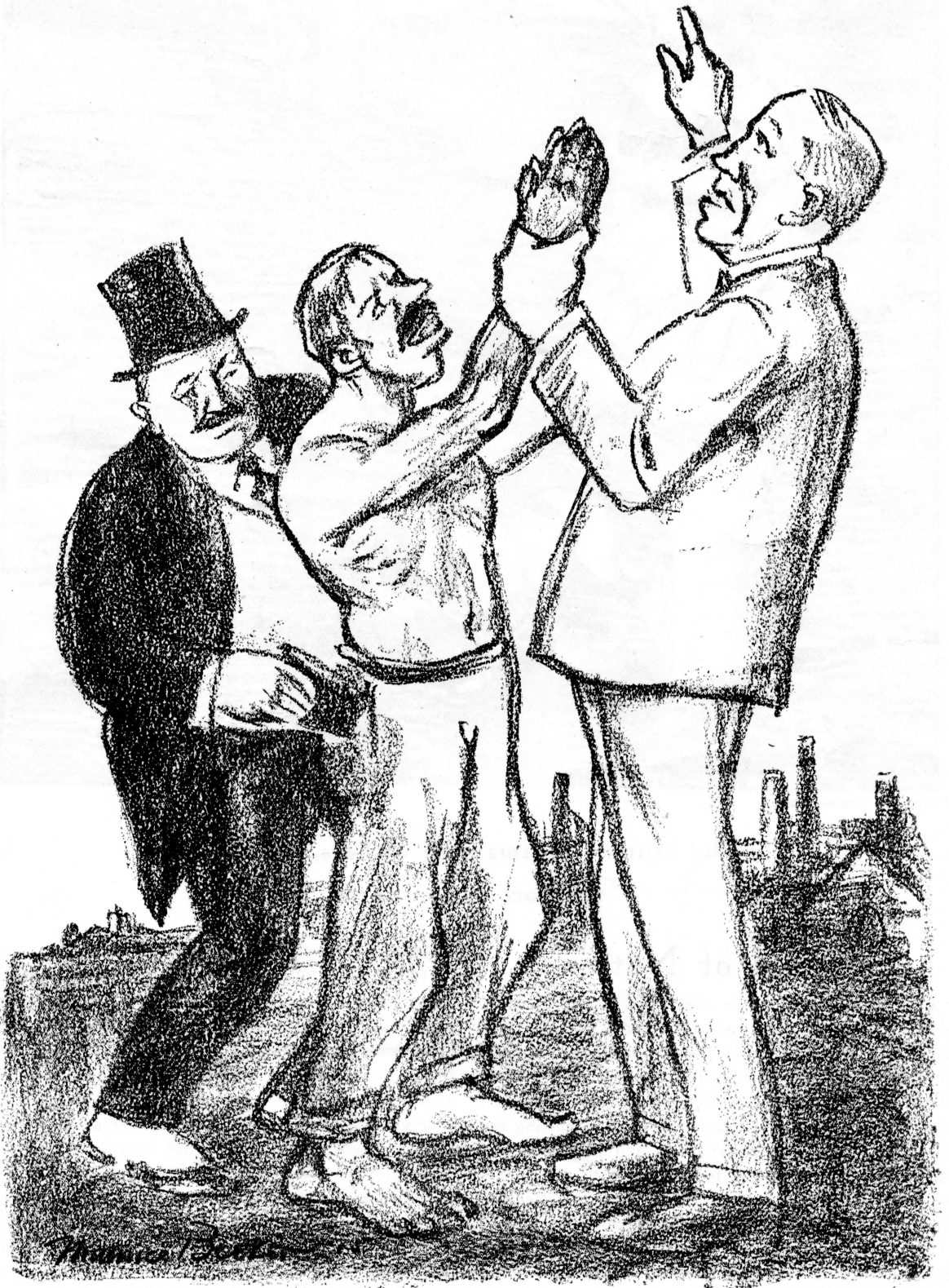
Drawn by Maurice Becker.

Lifting and Uplifting in Paterson



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

Lifting and Uplifting in Paterson



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

Lifting and Uplifting in Paterson



Drawn by Stewart Davis.

The Human Animal and Others, Walking the Face of the Earth

Apropos of Nothing

A NEWS ITEM to the effect that Donald Lowrie, ex-convict and prison-reformer, had been "run in" somewhere in California for being drunk, was printed recently in every newspaper in the country. That fact did not in judicious minds militate against the value of the work Lowrie has done in making the people of California know about, and improve, their prison-conditions. But it is interesting to find in his new book, "My Life Out of Prison," Mitchell Kennerley, \$1.50 net, a reference to his drinking.

He tells of a time when he was still "on parole," when getting drunk would have meant going back to prison. He went into a café with some casual friends, and they insisted on treating. It was 4 o'clock in the morning when he managed to escape. "Thanks,

fellows," he falsified. "Hope I'll meet you all again."

"I can still," he writes, "see their hands waving a merry good-night as the machine drew away from the curb. Yes, I still see the waving hands, hands that had never known the 'rock-pile.' They were fine fellows, jolly, good-natured, and had not permitted me to spend a cent. Yet they had taken me into places and had encouraged me to do things which, so far as they knew at the moment, might result in my imprisonment."

Mr. Lowrie doesn't ask us to sympathize with him in regard to his enforced abstinence. But we insist on sympathizing with him in regard to the undue attention given to an incident which only proves his common humanity.

He breaks his heart to get publicity for the horrors of San Quentin; city editors aren't interested. He gets taken to police court one night;—headlines!

The Gift of Candor

WE have heard a good deal about the Russian soul since the war began, chiefly from English and French writers and in terms of lyric enthusiasm. These writers get their information about the Russian soul chiefly from Dostoevsky. Well, judging from Dostoevsky's own accounts of that soul, it isn't a pretty thing. It is full of cruelty and forgiveness, violence and meekness, ardor and stupidity, vast darkness and blinding light; and it has an ineffable candor. Thus it is that the Russian invents vodka, the worst drink on earth; and, on the other hand, takes a thing like the stage, which is so degraded all over the world that it is shunned and despised by its sister arts of painting and music and sculpture—takes this vile thing and makes a wonderful and beautiful religion of it, as in the Moscow Art Theater. Unlucky at drink, lucky at art, unlucky at love—for the Russian soul is, according to the documents, too mystical to understand sexual love at all. It isn't a nice, companionable, civilized soul. But there is one thing it seems to do to perfection—and that is, understand itself and reveal itself in fiction.

That quality or gift of self-revelation is something which English prose literature has always very sadly lacked. But deep-hidden under its reserves and pretences, the capacity for telling the truth is there. And one of the encouraging and inspiring things about recent English fiction is that it has at last begun to be candid.

American writing hasn't yet, with the fewest exceptions, started in to try. One of those exceptions is Donald Lowrie. Perhaps being in prison gave him a chance to find out what he was like. Perhaps coming out suddenly made the world seem very vivid. Anyway, he tells the truth about himself and it. The result is a book of singular fascination. It is exciting, too, as all true books are. "My Life Out of Prison" is the most interesting book I have read this year, excepting only George Moore's "Vale," the last volume of this astonishing trilogy of memoirs. That is a true book, too.

Mr. Lowrie and Mr. Moore wouldn't like each other. Mr. Lowrie would disapprove of Mr. Moore, and Mr. Moore would find Mr. Lowrie too Christian to suit his pagan tastes. But the books get along well side by side on my shelf, the one dedicated to "true fiction." . . . There are few books on it. F. D.

"The First Few Books"

OUR series of articles advising Lincoln Steffens, at his request, what books he ought to read will be continued next month. Meanwhile—

AFTER reading the letter Lincoln Steffens wrote to THE MASSES, I made this choice from my own reading of the past five years. While mature and more concentrated thinking would probably alter this list somewhat, I feel that the time spent in reading these books would not be set down as wasted:

"Jean Christophe," by Romain Rolland.

"Sons and Lovers," by D. H. Lawrence.

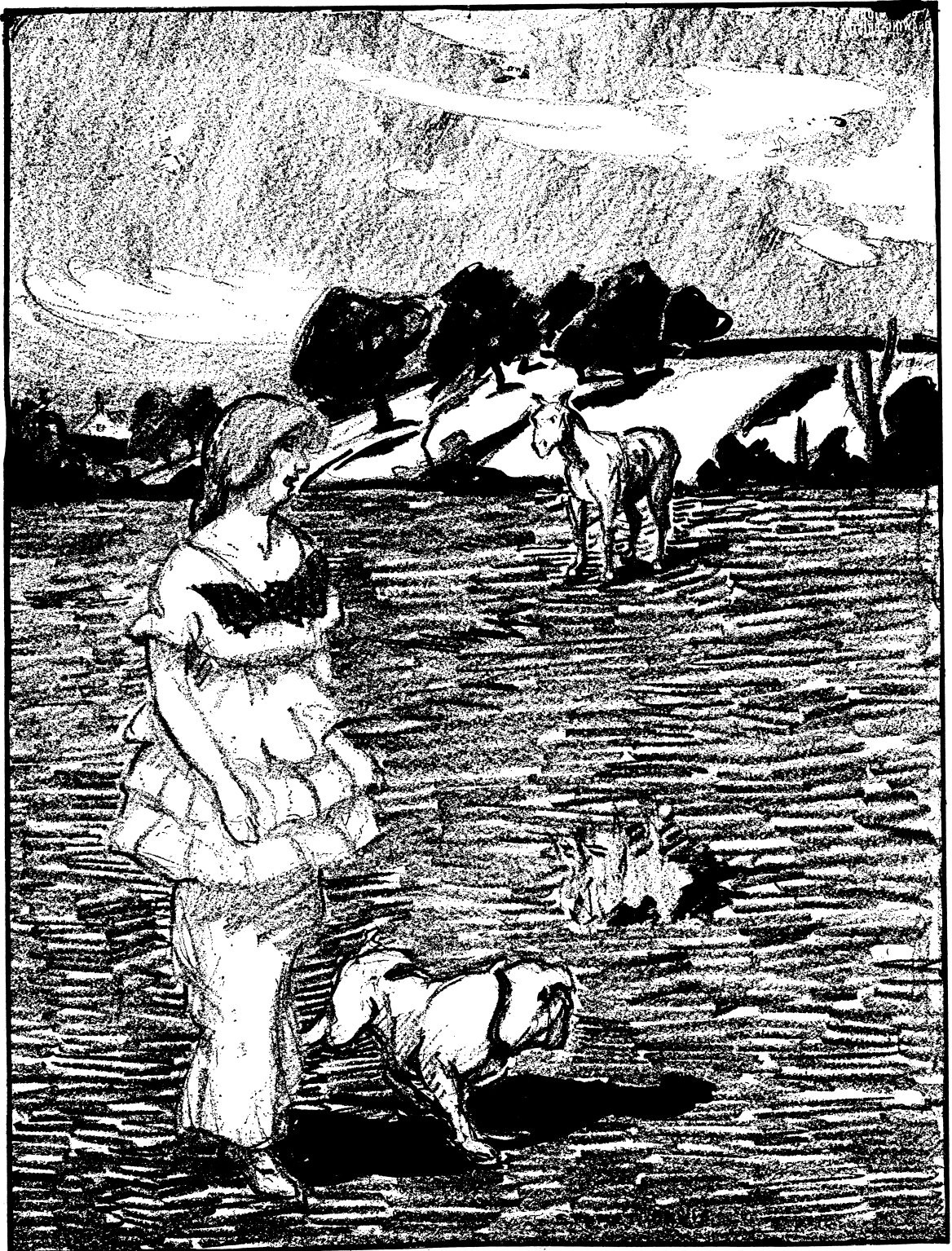
"Insurgent Mexico," by John Reed.

"The Life of the Fly," by J. H. Fabre.

Preface to "Misalliance," by G. B. Shaw.

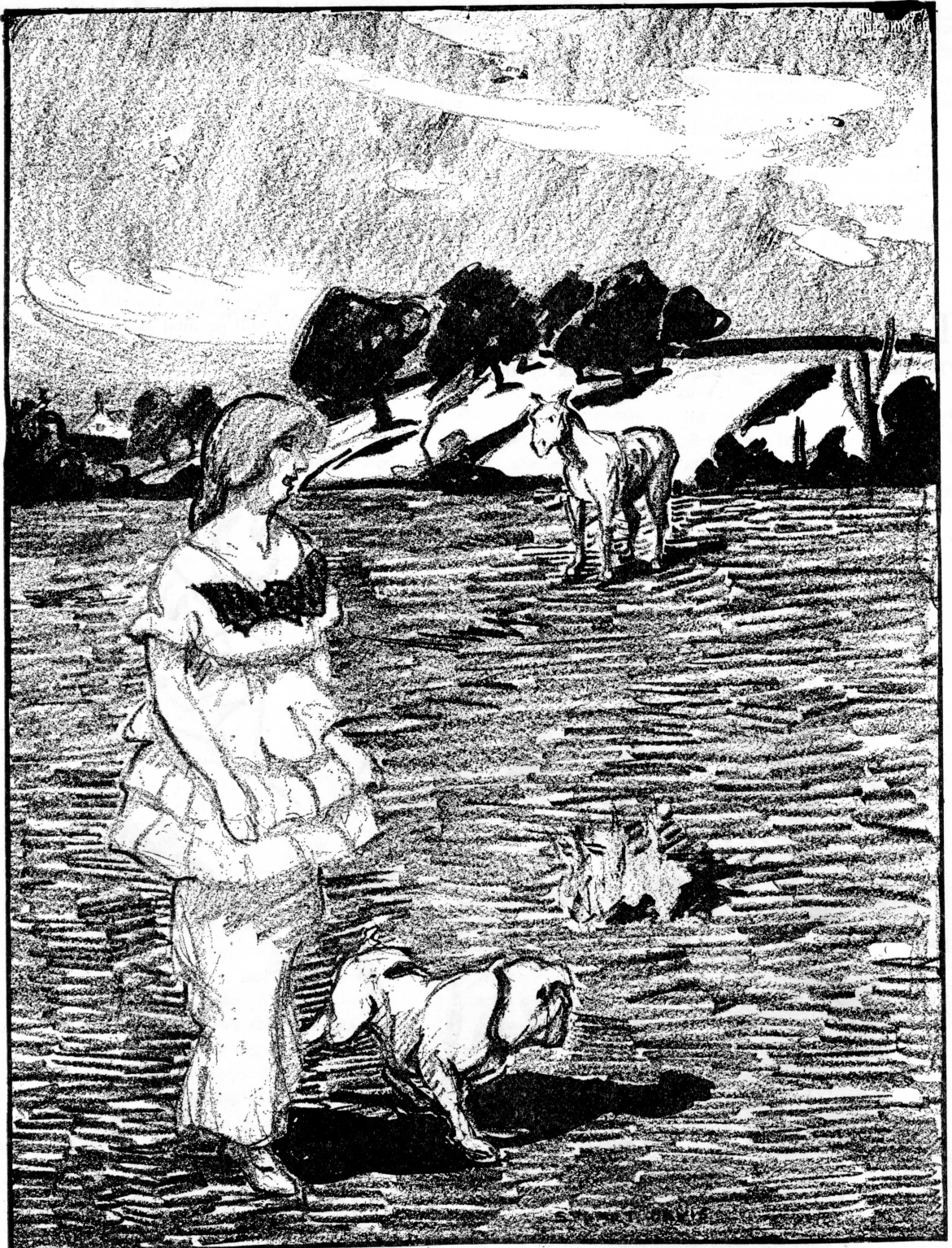
GERTRUDE TRAUBEL.

LET me recommend to Mr. Steffens "The Art of the Theater," by Gordon Craig. It is in its field as revolutionary as the theories of Freud. R. J.



Drawn by Stewart Davis.

The Human Animal and Others, Walking
the Face of the Earth



Drawn by Stewart Davis.

The Human Animal and Others, Walking
the Face of the Earth



Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

"What's the celebration about, M's Milligan?"

"Sure, me boy's comin' home today. He was sentenced to ten years
in the penitentiary, but he got three years off for good conduct."

"Ah! I wish I had a son like that!"



Boardman Robinson '14

Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

"What's the celebration about, M's Milligan?"

"Sure, me boy's comin' home today. He was sentenced to ten years
in the penitentiary, but he got three years off for good conduct."

"Ah! I wish I had a son like that!"

THERE MUST BE AN END

Meyer London

THE world is disappointed at the failure of the International Socialist Movement to prevent the war.

There is a compliment in this disappointment. There is some consolation in the thought that mankind expected the Socialists to overcome national prejudice, and national hatred, to defeat the secret plans of cabinets, to overpower the gigantic physical forces at the disposal of the rulers of the world.

It is true that in almost all of the Parliaments of the world, the Socialists have vigorously opposed militarism and cheerfully accepted insult and ridicule from patriots and saviors of the nations.

Some went to prison for opposing militarism, others bravely faced the charge of high treason.

As an international force, sad though it may be to confess, Internationalism has so far failed to assert itself.

One of the charming religious ceremonies of the orthodox Jew ends with "Jerusalem next year." But next year finds us still in New York. We put off Jerusalem till next year again.

In a way, International Socialism has had the same fate.

No serious attempt has ever been made to practise it, and no sentiment has any value in life until it is practised.

The advocacy of the general strike as a means of preventing a European war, did not find favor with the leaders of the movement.

It must be assumed that the leaders knew their armies, and that they doubted the readiness of the masses to bring sacrifices for a remote ideal.

Be it as it may, the general strike idea did not prevail at the International Socialist Congresses.

Jean Jaures, who was to renew his fight for the general strike at the Congress which was to be held in Vienna on the 1st of August, 1914, was assassinated by a madman, just as he strained every effort to prevent the conflagration which is now destroying Europe.

The assassination of Jaures was a fit prelude to the long drama of madness which has seized the nations.

For many years the Socialists have been warning the ruling powers that it was dangerous to accumulate explosives, and to permit the incubus of militarism to settle itself upon the peoples of Europe.

But when the explosion came, and the universe itself shook to its very foundation, and reason, and science, and the International law of the "upper classes" and the International solidarity of the "lower classes" were blown into atoms and scattered to the winds, the Socialists, together with the rest of their co-nationals, were drawn into the maelstrom of confusion.

The hallucination was complete. The nightmare had full sway.

The proletarians of the world have been at each other's throats ever since.

But if some excuse or explanation can be found for the Socialists of the belligerent nations, what can be said in defense of the attitude of the Socialists in the neutral countries?

Of course, even for them it could be said that the calamity has overwhelmed the minds of men by its very magnitude.

But we have had plenty of time to look around. We,

as Socialists, cannot take seriously the accusation of barbarity brought against any of the belligerents by any of the others, nor can we accept the narrow view that it was one ruler and one nation that brought about this cataclysm.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

To us, German militarism is no more attractive than British navalism, nor has the prospect of the Cossacks' rule any particular charm for us.

But while we are neutral, we must not and cannot remain indifferent.

It is not true that nothing can be done by the neutrals to help terminate the war.

There is in each of the belligerent countries a large number of men who are opposed to the war.

Karl Liebknecht is leading the revolt in Germany.

The Independent Labor Party of England has voiced its protest against the intrigues of diplomacy and the machinations of cabinets.

We must lend courage and strength to the struggling minorities.

Had the neutral countries been mere innocent on-lookers, the situation would not be so grave, but the neutral countries have not remained neutral. They have been adding fuel to the fire. They have been sending food and ammunition to the belligerents, and the greatest sinner in this respect has been the United States of America.

THE WINDS OF SPRING

ALL day have the winds of spring blown in,

At the grating above our heads,
All day have the warm, sweet winds puffed in,
While we watched the running threads,
Blown over the chimneys, up from the streets,
And the loose-board, alley sheds.

O, we may not stop, nor lift an eye,
We may not stop to see,
Where the shoals of the mackerel clouds float by,
Lest a snapping thread swing free.

But I know for all the whirr of wheels,
And the clack of the loom's gaunt frame,
That the winds are calling, calling away,
From the factory's gray-faced shame,
Are tugging like tiny hands at my skirt,
And singing in tears my name.

O, mad, young wind, from far and near,
Wind of the hill and sea,
I may not stop for your song, nor hear,
Lest a snapping thread swing free.

HORTENSE FLEXNER.

I say food and ammunition. It is just as wrong to send food to Germany as it is to send ammunition to the Allies.

We have been preaching against war. We have been advocating internationalism. We have taught the world to look upon the United States as the champion of peace.

Does not history offer a great opportunity to the American people? Cannot the working class of America refuse to make arms and ammunition? Is it not our duty to refuse to export any article which may be used by either of the belligerents?

How can the Socialist movement remain indifferent? How can the American Federation of Labor permit its members to directly aid in the work of destruction?

One can hardly blame the Government of the United States for refusing to put an embargo on food and ammunition. After all, the Government is a mere agent. The people have not spoken. Every group of the community is absorbed in its own little group interests. All that the Government can do is to maneuver skilfully between the rocks of conflicting interests.

It is up to the working people to act.

A general strike of the workers engaged in the manufacturing of ammunition, and in the exporting of articles of food, would undoubtedly bring a great deal of distress; would upset industry and involve great sacrifice.

But is not the entire history of labor a story of martyrdom? Has not labor been compelled to undergo deprivation and inflict injury upon itself in its struggle upward?

Has there ever been a decrease of hours of labor, or an improvement of any condition, without sacrifice?

The workers have struck for wages. They have struck for the ballot. Can they be made to strike for International Peace?

Can labor rise to its mission and its opportunity in this great crisis of the world?

Mutiny

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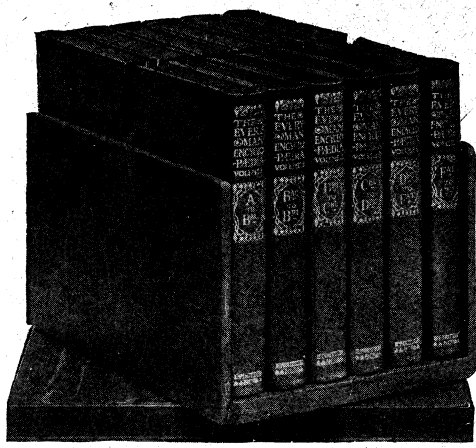
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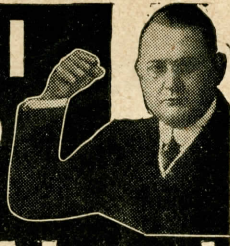
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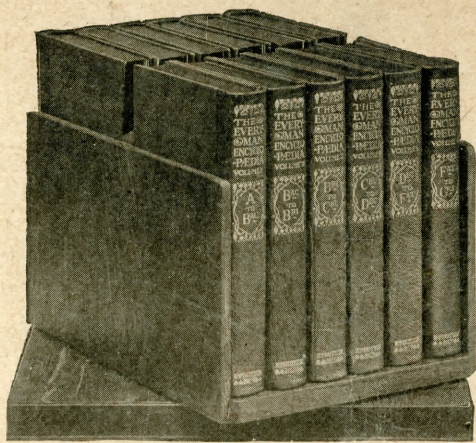
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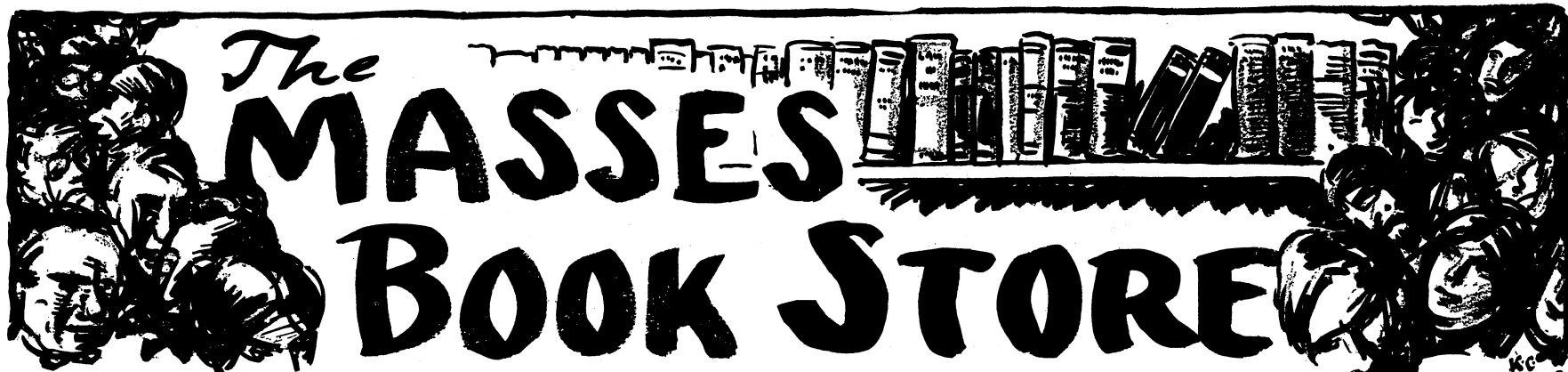
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(Continued on page 21)

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"Gee, so do I!"

The MASSES

Vol. VI. No. 8

MAY, 1915

Issue No. 48

ANARCHY WHILE YOU WAIT

Joseph O'Brien

THE agent-provocateur has received the endorsement of a jury and the sanction of a judge and may now be reckoned as an American institution. Carmine Carbone and Frank Abarno were found guilty of trying to blow up St. Patrick's Cathedral and some hundreds of devout worshipers with a tin can full of fireworks material, on March 2. The conviction carries with it the penalty of from twelve and one-half years to twenty-five years imprisonment. Carbone is eighteen years old and Abarno is twenty-four. This is how it was done, take it from Amadeo Polignani, a detective who now steps into his niche in history.

After the Lexington Avenue explosion in which Caron, Hanson and Berg were killed on last Fourth of July, the police department developed a severe case of Haymarket nerves. Captain Tunney of the Detective Bureau organized an Anarchy Squad, composed of detectives who could disguise themselves as honest workingmen and penetrate the inner circles of the Reds. One of these was Polignani, an Italian new to the force and eager to distinguish himself. He found the Gaetani Bresci Study Circle, which held Sunday meetings in East One Hundred and Sixth Street, and camped there.

The Bresci group is made up of Italian Anarchists, Socialists, Syndicalists, and other radicals. Polignani represented himself as an unemployed worker and was given the job of sweeping out the hall in which the group met every Sunday afternoon. These meetings were public and had been going on for three years without so much as the sound of a pop-gun. But Polignani found that those three years of peaceful propaganda had been merely preparation for the great plot.

In the minds of two boys was then matured this dastardly plot to destroy the stately Catholic edifice on Fifth Avenue and such members of the faith as might be gathered there at the moment of vengeance. They confided their plot not to their intellectual leaders and teachers, but to Polignani. It is a coincidence which Judges and juries ignore that that plotter of this character inevitably distrust their tried and true friends and hunt around for a police spy.

Polignani did not discourage them. He admits that. When he learned that they wanted to make a bomb and blow up the Cathedral and Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller, his attitude was, "Go to it, boys." But they didn't know how, so he bought them a book, a sort of Anarchist cook book, containing approved recipes for bombs. When it came to purchasing the ingredients of a bomb, such

as antimony and chloride of potash throat gargle and powdered sugar, the two boys were shy; so Polignani, the ever-helpful, bought it for them. They had no place in which a tin bomb might be safely manufactured, so he rented a room for them and kept the key in his pocket. When the ingredients weren't being stirred they were hidden in a trunk, and of that trunk Polignani had the key. And when the bombs, two of them, were all mixed and tinned and tied together with string, he took one of them and Abarno took the other and they sauntered out. Polignani bought a couple of cigars which were to be used to touch off the bombs, and puffing at these the two went to the Cathedral early in the morning of March 2.

Waiting for them at the Cathedral were detectives disguised as ushers, scrub-women, and worshipers; alert young reporters ready for a beat, and a taxicab. Abarno didn't know this, of course, but Polignani and Captain Tunney and Commissioner Woods had arranged it all beforehand. When they went into the Cathedral the ushers and scrub-women and worshipers of the Anarchy Squad seized them, bore them out and into the waiting taxi-cab and to the police station.

It was a very complete job. Polignani had worked hard and deserved the enthusiastic praise which Commissioner Woods bestowed upon him in the first triumphant moments. Capt. Tunney also modestly asserted his claim to fame, but when an incredulous press and public began to talk about agent-provocateurs, silence fell upon the department. However, the job had been done and done well, and one might reasonably have expected an end of it. But the police are thorough.

The following Sunday the Bresci group to the number of about three hundred met as usual and speakers discussed the Cathedral comedy. After the meeting adjourned one of the leaders was held up by a man in front of the hall with a demand for money. This was a signal for eight or ten men in plain clothes, each armed with black jack and gun, to rush out from a corner saloon and charge the group. Luigi Campanello was beaten into insensibility, his nose broken and his scalp shredded with black jacks. Carlo Tresca, editor of *L'Avenire*, was held up at the point of a gun thrust into his stomach. Pietro Allegro, Cuneo, Mandese and several others were beaten, and their assailants slipped away into Second Avenue. Campanello was sent to a hospital. The others were treated by physicians in the neighborhood.

The Italians declared that their assailants were detectives. Commissioner Woods said he didn't be-

lieve them, and that ended the matter. The next Saturday Allegro, at an I. W. W. meeting in Union Square, pointed out in the crowd a man who, he said, had beaten him and others. The man was taken into Inspector Schmittberger's temporary office in the Union Square cottage, where it developed that he was Thomas J. Coy, one of Captain Tunney's vigilant Anarchy Squad. Allegro swore positively that Coy was one of those who had attacked the Italians in front of their hall, even describing the hat and clothing the detective had worn at the time. Inspector Schmittberger in his telephone report to Commissioner Woods, said it was a perfect identification.

The next day Commissioner Woods was asked what he was going to do about it, and he replied that he did not wish to prefer charges against Coy because he was afraid that such a step would incense the police against the Anarchists. The Bresci group was notified that it could no longer hold meetings in the hall, and there that phase ended.

Then came the trial before Judge Nott and a jury in the Court of General Sessions. The witnesses for the defence were excluded from the court room and from the moment the trial started until its close they were herded, harried, bullied and insulted by the court officers and Captain Tunney's detectives. Their attitude was so provocative that I wondered at the restraint of the men and women whom they continually harrassed. I personally saw these witnesses pushed around and bullied as if they were cattle in a pen. I saw court officers menace them, dare them and invite them to start something. I saw a distinguished woman writer, who tried to get into the half empty court room, twice pushed across the corridor and insulted by one of the officers on the door. Nothing was left undone by these men to create in the minds of the jury a feeling of hostility toward the prisoners and those who sought to befriend them.

This culminated in one of the most extraordinary episodes that ever marked a criminal trial, when one of the unfortunate witnesses for the defence was dragged forth from the herd, by Polignani and another witness for the prosecution, charged with having made the "death sign" at Polignani, and sent to Blackwell's Island. He never testified.

The acquittal of these two boys would have covered the police department with ridicule and contempt. Therefore they had to be convicted. Legal defense was useless.

There is a logical complement of the agent-provocateur and I am certain that Judge Nott and Commissioner Woods have not thought of it. It is assassination.

The Masses and the Negro

A Criticism and a Reply

MY dear Mr. Eastman: There is one thing about THE MASSES that strikes me as totally inconsistent with its general policy: it is the way in which the negro race is portrayed in its cartoons. If I understand THE MASSES rightly, its general policy is to inspire the weak and unfortunate with courage and self-respect and to bring home to the oppressors the injustice of their ways. Your pictures of colored people would have, I should think, exactly the opposite effect. They would depress the negroes themselves and confirm the whites in their contemptuous and scornful attitude.

Believe me,
Very sincerely yours,
CARLOTTA RUSSELL LOWELL.

MISS LOWELL makes the most serious charge against THE MASSES we have heard. We have been accused of bringing the human race as a whole into disrepute often enough, and our love of realism has borne us up under the charge. But if that same realism when engaged in representations of the negro, seems to align us upon the side of the self-conceited white in the race-conflict that afflicts the world, it is indeed tragic.

One of the pictures we published with greatest enthusiasm was a drawing by Art Young, in which a band of dignified colored people under a banner of their own organization, were driving one of these same white race-maniacs off the corner of the page in terror.

Another picture was a protest against the Supreme Court's prejudiced decision on the Jim-Crow Law.

But doubtless it is not what we say under the pictures, it is the actual character of the drawing, that leads to Miss Lowell's complaint against us. Stuart Davis portrays the colored people he sees with exactly the same cruelty of truth, with which he portrays the whites. He is so far removed from any motive in the matter but that of art, that he cannot understand such a protest as Miss Lowell's at all.

Some of the rest of us, however, realize that because the colored people are an oppressed minority, a special care ought to be taken not to publish *anything* which their race-sensitiveness, or the race-arrogance of the whites, would misinterpret. We differ from Miss Lowell only in the degree to which a motive of art rather than of propaganda may control us. And, of course, her letter will have its effect upon our minds in that particular.

As illustrating this conflict between the aims of propaganda and the aims of art which is ever present to our editorial board, it is interesting to contrast Miss Lowell's letter with a remark of John Sloan's in regard to Stuart Davis's work:

"Davis is absolutely the first artist," he said, "who ever did justice to the American negro!"

This may be an unsatisfying answer to your letter, Miss Lowell, but at least it gives you a near view of the scrimmage line in all the battles that occur within the editorial board of THE MASSES!

M. E.

"What Is Truth?"

A Friendly Discussion With an Historian

DEAR Mr. Eastman: At the banquet which we attended some time ago you will remember that you spoke on "What is humor and why?" Your amusing reference to me as a historian, printed in a recent number of THE MASSES, is much appreciated, therefore, both for its ingenuous misquoting of my own remarks on that occasion, and for the orthographic sample it furnishes of the errors that "creep through the portals of a young mind."

The chief business of a historian, I take it, is to ascertain the truth about what has happened and what is happening in the world, and why. Now, belonging, in your estimation, among the "dead ones" who man the mortuary battery of mummified intellect at Columbia, 'tis as a voice from the Morningside tomb that I would ask, in tones befittingly sepulchral, what is truth in editorial assertions—even in the concionary utterances of THE MASSES—and why?

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM R. SHEPHERD,

Professor of History, Columbia University.

MY EMOTION on reading this letter from Professor Shepherd was surprise. A journalist grows so accustomed to treating public characters merely as symbols, impersonal and impervious, that when he lights by accident upon a private citizen who is not hardened to

the business of symbolizing his job, the recoil is quite rudely shocking. I am sure I'm as much hurt as Professor Shepherd that my remarks should seem to have any personal application!

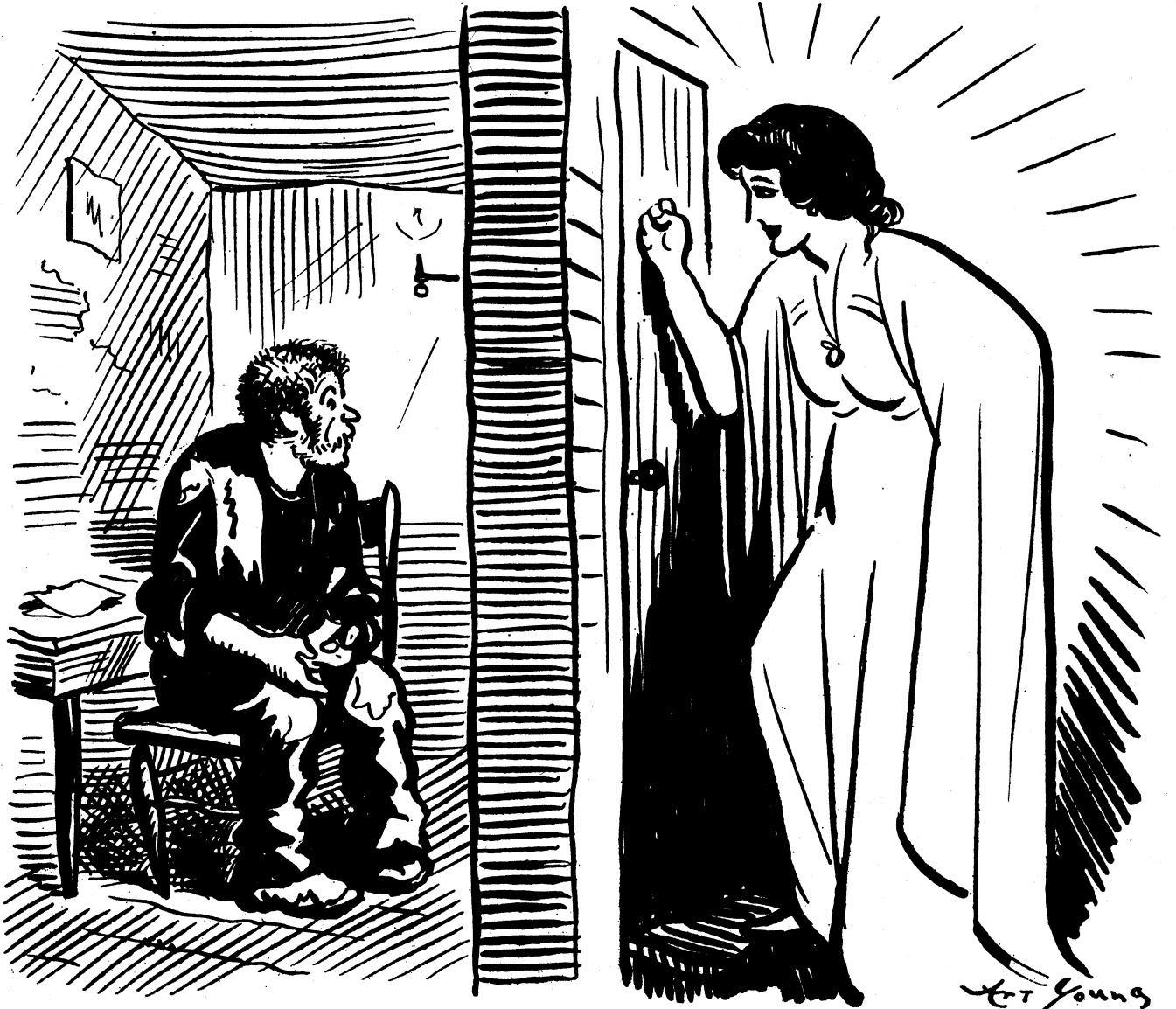
That they should not seem true is perhaps less surprising. I do not suppose either Professor Shepherd or I know exactly what he said at that banquet. But I know he said something, and that after he said it I turned to Frank Harris, who sat the other side of me, and remarked: "That would be a good definition of a historian—a man who reserves his judgment for a hundred years."

Something must have warranted Harris's nodding approval, and responding, "Until he is dead, in other words," and our then discussing in a brief whisper the inevitable question whether he hadn't been dead all the time!

Now what it was that Professor Shepherd said, can only be inferred at this late day from its effects. But if our definition of Truth does not allow a little of that kind of inference, certainly it will be arduously difficult to write current editorials, and as for past history—well, the job simply will not exist. So I am sure Professor Shepherd will not press home that ancient and terrible question, *Whadde ye mean, Truth?* any further.

M. E.

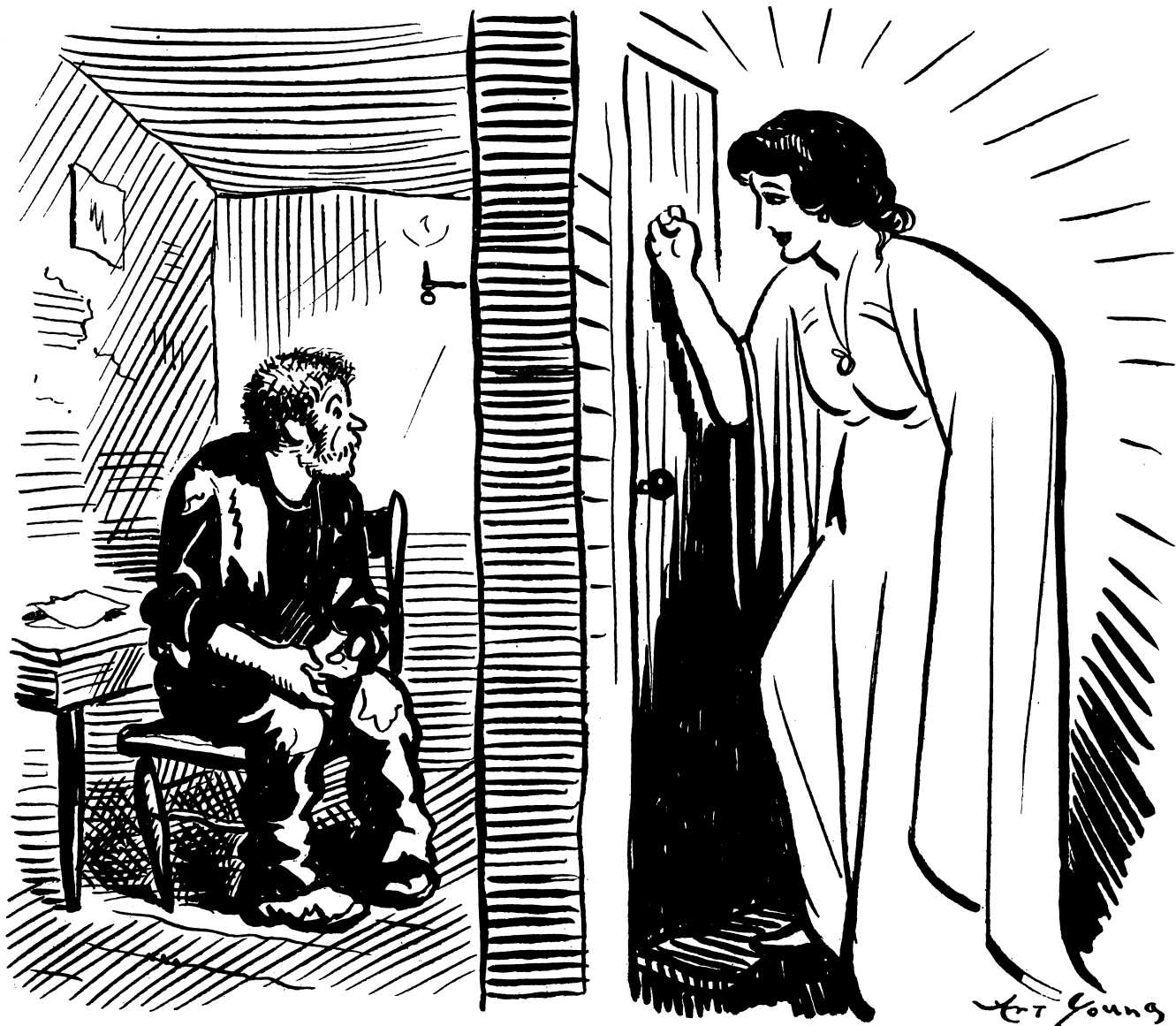
I must add, for my fellows in ignorance, that I looked up *concionary*, and it means "preachy."



Drawn by Arthur Young.

"Opportunity Knocks Once"

Opportunity: "Mike! Have you got \$5,000 handy? Now's your chance to make a million."



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“Opportunity Knocks Once”

Opportunity: “Mike! Have you got \$5,000 handy? Now’s your chance to make a million.”



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

Portrait of American Citizen agonizing over his inability to participate in a war providentially close at hand

As It Were

NOW that the white race has regained the championship of the universe, it can go on and eliminate itself with a light heart.

A PROPOS of King George's threat to mount the water wagon his private secretary explains "that nothing but the most vigorous measures will successfully cope with the grave situation now existing." Something tells us that the useful private secretary is about to receive an appointment as Teetotaler to H. M. the King.

NEW YORK, which originated the idea of a public utilities commission, was also the first to demonstrate the futility of the idea. In the procession of the equinoxes New York marches close behind the band.

INFORMATION has seeped through by way of private letters that there was after all a scandalous amount of fraternizing in the trenches on Christmas day. In one instance, at least, the Germans and French compared notes and agreed that they were precisely the

same kind of damned fool. Happily the night put an end to these amenities and the war was saved from ruin.

EVER since the sobering influences of public office were removed from him, W. H. Taft has grown constantly faster and looser in his utterances. Now he writes to a total stranger: "I believe that the success of our popular government depends on the continuance of the public school system."

AS we understand the new telephone rate schedule in New York, it silences the grumbling subscribers and doesn't hurt the company and the employees ought to be glad they have lived as long as they have.

THE imported deputies who shot down the strikers at Roosevelt, N. J., have been granted an imported jury for fear the murderers cannot get justice from domestic citizens. This lets the Roosevelt people out easy; all they had to furnish was the targets.

GALE threatens to publish the names of all freshmen who refuse to contribute to the support of athletics. For God, for country and blackmail!

"CONSTITUTIONAL Delegates Not Excited." So runs a headline on the eve of New York's convention. Neither is anybody else. Calmness appears to be unanimous.

THE best way to revise the New York state constitution would also be the simplest.

Anybody got a match?

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

The Jolly, Jolly Artist

THERE is a new kind of art exhibit in town. It is called the Salon of American Humorists, not because the pictures are necessarily comic, but as an invitation to visitors to take the pictures as a pleasure, instead of going about sadly on tiptoe. But the curious thing is that under this title all sorts of pictures which under more solemn auspices have never seemed funny, here reveal their qualities of humor, justifying the theory of Mr. Baury, who got up the show, that the true genius of American art is humorous. The exhibition may be seen at the Folsom Galleries, 396 Fifth Avenue, until May first.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

Portrait of American Citizen agonizing over his inability to participate in a war providentially close at hand



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

Portrait of American Citizen agonizing over his inability to participate in a war providentially close at hand

WHAT I SAW IN PRISON

Frank Tanenbaum

THE first day I was brought to Blackwell's Island, I was taken down to the photography room, undressed, measured and photographed. I was seated in a chair. The man came over and clapped an iron hood over my head as if I were an inorganic object to which he was attaching an iron hood or piece of metal. Then he ordered, "Stretch your arms," "Put out your foot," then called out a number.

Until that minute I had been treated by the police, and the court, in the Tombs, as if I was human. There was always a very slight element of conscious human feeling in my relationship to my fellow man. But this was the first of a series of experiences where I had ceased to be a man and had become a number. Until that moment I was aggressive, defiant, uncompromising, but after that single experience, for at least the next few hours I was the most humble, obedient, I might almost say the most broken-spirited person imaginable.

Dope

One of the hardships of Blackwell's Island is that the men are kept in their cells all day Sunday, on Monday as well if it be a holiday, and if Tuesday should rain the "outside" men, those who do not work in the shops, are kept in them, too. The men use dope to pass the time. If they were given a chance to get out of their cells they would avoid this. In Sing Sing Osborne keeps the men out of their cells most of the time. This keeps them away from the dope. I know of one case of a boy on Blackwell's Island who had never used dope until he came to jail. He left jail a dope fiend. The cells are 3½ by 7 feet. You can take only three steps. Some of the men haven't patience to read, some of them can't read, so there is nothing for them to do.

Visitors

They have peculiar visiting rules on the Island, to add to the misery. You are allowed only one visitor the first month, afterward two, but always the same person. You can only make a change once. (In other institutions each prisoner can have a different visitor each month, if he wishes.) Most prisoners can have visitors only on Saturday and Sunday, as their relatives and friends work during the week. Since the visiting days at the prison come on a week day, many prisoners are absolutely deprived of visitors.

The men working in the shops on Blackwell's Island never see the sun. I worked in shops for six months. Outside of walking to my work and walking back again, I never saw the sun. In Sing Sing the men are given an hour's exercise every day, but this is not given at Blackwell's Island.

Letters

When you first come to Blackwell's Island you are allowed to write one letter the first month. This letter is written on one small piece of paper. The second month you are allowed two small sheets of paper. This is not enough for the men. There is constant friction between the Warden and the men on this score.

One man had an important letter to write. He wrote on both sides of paper and not having finished

all he wished to say, he asked the Warden for a second sheet of paper. "You write at the bottom of your letter 'Continued next week,'" said the Warden.

This rule works against the institution, because the men get letters out by secret methods. The first day I was in jail I got out two underground letters.

Jim Winters, one of the prisoners, got a letter out for a friend of his. The friend had a wife sick outside and was worried. Winters got the letter out, but the letter was caught. Winters was put in the cooler for ten days.

The Warden wanted him to "squeal" to whom he had given the letter. A keeper had taken it out, but Winters wouldn't tell.

So he was kept in solitary confinement for five weeks, and then went crazy. I heard him beg the Warden for work. The Warden said to Jim, "How much time have you got to do, Jim?" Jim said, "Five months more." "How much time did you lose?" asked the Warden. "Twenty days," replied Jim. "Well," said the Warden, "you take five months and add twenty days to it and I will let you out of your cell on that day." Long before that time Winters was sent to Matteawan.

In Sing Sing the men are allowed to write as many letters as they want to at the expense of the institution. Letter-writing is an important thing. It is the only way these men have of keeping up their interest in the outside world. If they cannot communicate with their friends they are forgotten, and when they come out after serving their terms they are in a strange world.

Newspapers

The men on Blackwell's Island are not allowed to read a newspaper. To do so is considered a crime punishable with ten days in the cooler. Needless to say the men in jail are more anxious to read than if they were outside. Not to keep in touch with the world is to lose interest in it—to lose the feeling of being one of a community. But the men get newspapers, anyway. They steal them. They are called "stiffs" in jail, because they are rolled up into a stiff cylinder form and hidden down the legs of the trousers. After a man reads the paper he passes it on to the next prisoner. Thus it circulates throughout the entire jail. It may be torn in fragments, but these are carefully preserved and passed on.

I had got hold of a new newspaper once. I read it and passed it on. About a month later a man said to me, "Frank, would you like to read a newspaper?" I said "yes," and received the original newspaper. It tickled me, but I took great pleasure in reading it over again. The news was quite fresh again after a month.

No matter how many rules you make in jail, the men will find a way to break them. I broke every rule of the institution the first day I was there. I never was caught for months.

We put the newspapers in magazines and read them so. Keepers can't see it. I was caught reading a paper by a keeper a great many times, as he passed by. One day he said, "Jesus, I can't pass this place without finding you reading a newspaper. Where in hell do you get them?"

Newspapers are forbidden as a punishment. It is an instrument for keeping your interest alive and

would help to keep you free from contamination of the jail.

The Prison Library

They have a small library, not catalogued.

The prisoners can't get the books they want and are forced to take any book given them. It often happens that a man gets a book that he cannot read, or he may have read it before. Men often destroy books that they cannot read. I went to the Warden and asked him if I might catalogue the library and put up a list of the books where the men could see it. The Warden said to me, "Any time, Tanenbaum, that we want your help to run this institution, we will call for it."

The men in the institution are not allowed to have any tooth paste, or soap, and are sent to the cooler if they are caught with it. A jail commissary from whom the men could buy this stuff would help.

Pictures

The men are not allowed to decorate their cells. Forced to have them empty. You cannot imagine what it means to the men to have pictures on the wall, pictures of some one dear to them. Some of the men showed real artistic ability in decorating their cells, which they do despite the rule. If they are caught the wardens tear up the pictures of their mothers and sisters before their eyes. Two men were sent to the cooler the day before I left for decorating their cells.

Smoking

The men are allowed to smoke but are not allowed matches. They get a light twice a night. This is not enough, so they destroy hundreds of dollars worth of materials, shirts, trousers, etc. They make rags of these, which they call tinder, then they make a "buzz" and this with a piece of stone supplies a spark, this ignites the material.

The institution is 350 years behind its time. It was four hundred before Miss Davis got hold of it.

The men are not allowed to have knives, but they get them anyway. They make one out of a piece of tin, or they steal a carving-knife from the kitchen and cut it down to make a small one.

Pencils

The men are allowed to write letters, but are not given pencils. They are evidently supposed to write letters without them. They do, too, so far as the Warden knows. But they get pencils, stealing them from the keepers if necessary. They cut a large pencil up into tiny pieces about two inches long and share them with the other prisoners. One of my friends used to complain that my letters were not intelligible. I don't wonder.

One of the peculiar things about the jail rules are made up by the keepers to suit themselves. Many are being punished for breaking rules that do not exist. If a keeper doesn't like your face, he punishes you by standing you against the wall, depriving you of food, or shuts you up in the cooler.

The Cooler

The cooler is a cell without a bed, only one blanket, and bread and water. A prisoner is kept there as long as the Warden likes. When I got out

of the cooler after seven days I was so weak I couldn't stand. But there has been one "reform" introduced by Miss Davis. You are now given a little piece of bread in the morning and a little piece of bread at night. Same amount of bread as before, only instead of getting a whole piece once a day it is divided into two pieces and given to you twice a day. This is Miss Davis' method of "humanizing the cooler." The blanket in my cell in the cooler was so dirty that I preferred to lie on my side until I was numb to turning over, because if I turned a tornado of dust would have been raised.

The Solitary

Then there is the Solitary. When a prisoner is in solitary confinement he gets no exercise whatever. They are put there mainly because of a grudge of the Warden's.

Just a few days before I left, the Warden put a man in Solitary who had fourteen months ahead of him to do, and told him in my hearing that he would keep him there for all that time. That man will never stand it. Long before the fourteen months are up he will be insane.

I wasn't very much liked by the Warden. Out of the eleven months I was in prison, I spent seven and a half in punishment. I was in Solitary two months. I will tell you why.

In the Quarry

I had been working out in the quarry. After getting into trouble, I was transferred from the shop to the quarry. It was relief to me since it took me out of the building and put me in the air. The head-keeper over the quarry, a bully, believed in treating his men as if they were dogs and acted as though he were God's special avenger. I stood him for about four months. I bit my lips and swallowed all I could. As I already had a reputation for being a rather unruly prisoner, I wanted to keep out of trouble. One cold day in December, he refused to give us a fire. Out in the quarry there is a lot of wood which the men take out of the river and saw up and which they are supposed to use for warming themselves in the winter. As that was a particularly cold day and we stood shivering behind a ledge of rock, in the shade, poorly clothed, we wanted him to give us a fire. He thought it wasn't sufficiently cold. We were all numb and frozen, but the boys were afraid to go up and speak to him about it, as he always threatened them with the cooler. I went up to him and said: "Mr. Keeper, won't you give us a fire?" He said to me, "Go on down below or I will put you in hock." I said, "I have been there before and am not afraid to go there. You can put me there any time you want to, but you give the men a fire, because it's cold." He said, "You are mighty particular, aren't you, afraid you will freeze, hey?"

I said, "You aren't cold, of course. You have heavy underwear, a sweater, heavy gloves, good shoes, felt hat, laps over your ears. Of course you aren't cold, but what about us?" "Never mind all that," says he, "you go down or I am going to put you in hock." I lost my temper. I called him a bully, said I didn't consider myself any worse than he was, etc.

He didn't put me in hock that day because a few minutes later the second warden came out and asked him why he wasn't giving his men a fire when it was so cold. But he found a pretext next day and put me to the wall and charged me with insolence and refusing to work. Being put to the wall means that you are ordered to stand against the wall without anything to eat. The warden may come by a hundred times but asks no questions until evening.

The warden came along and asked, "What have you

done?" I answered "Nothing." Then he asked the keeper what I had done. The keeper said I was insolent and refused to work. I denied it. I said, "The keeper is telling a lie." The warden said, "I can't help that; lock him up." I was locked up in the cooler for a couple of days. About the fifth day the Warden came to me and said, "Do you think you can get along with the keeper at the quarry, now?" I said, "I am afraid he can't get along with me." So I was placed in Solitary and kept there for two months. He took me out the morning I came home.

I was deprived of all reading matter. I was never taken out of my cell except for three minutes each morning to wash and every week to take a bath. I was fed in my cell, and that although I offered to go to work anywhere else in the prison except with the keeper in the quarry. In Solitary, to keep myself in good condition, I took three thousand steps a day. I

could just take three steps and to do this had to put up my bed as the cell was only 3½ by 7 feet.

I refused to go to work for the keeper at the quarry for one simple reason. This keeper is probably the most hated man on Blackwell's Island, except perhaps the Warden. Just drives his men on as if they were a set of dogs, and any time these men are given a pretext they would pounce on him. I felt that for me to go back to the quarry would have meant trouble for him and trouble for me. He was sure to nag at me again, and I would have lost my temper and done something which would give the other men a chance to throw a hammer at him, and then I would be sent up to Sing Sing for the rest of my natural life. I didn't think the end worth the means. I preferred to remain in Solitary than to take this chance.

I will tell more about "What I Saw in Prison" next month.

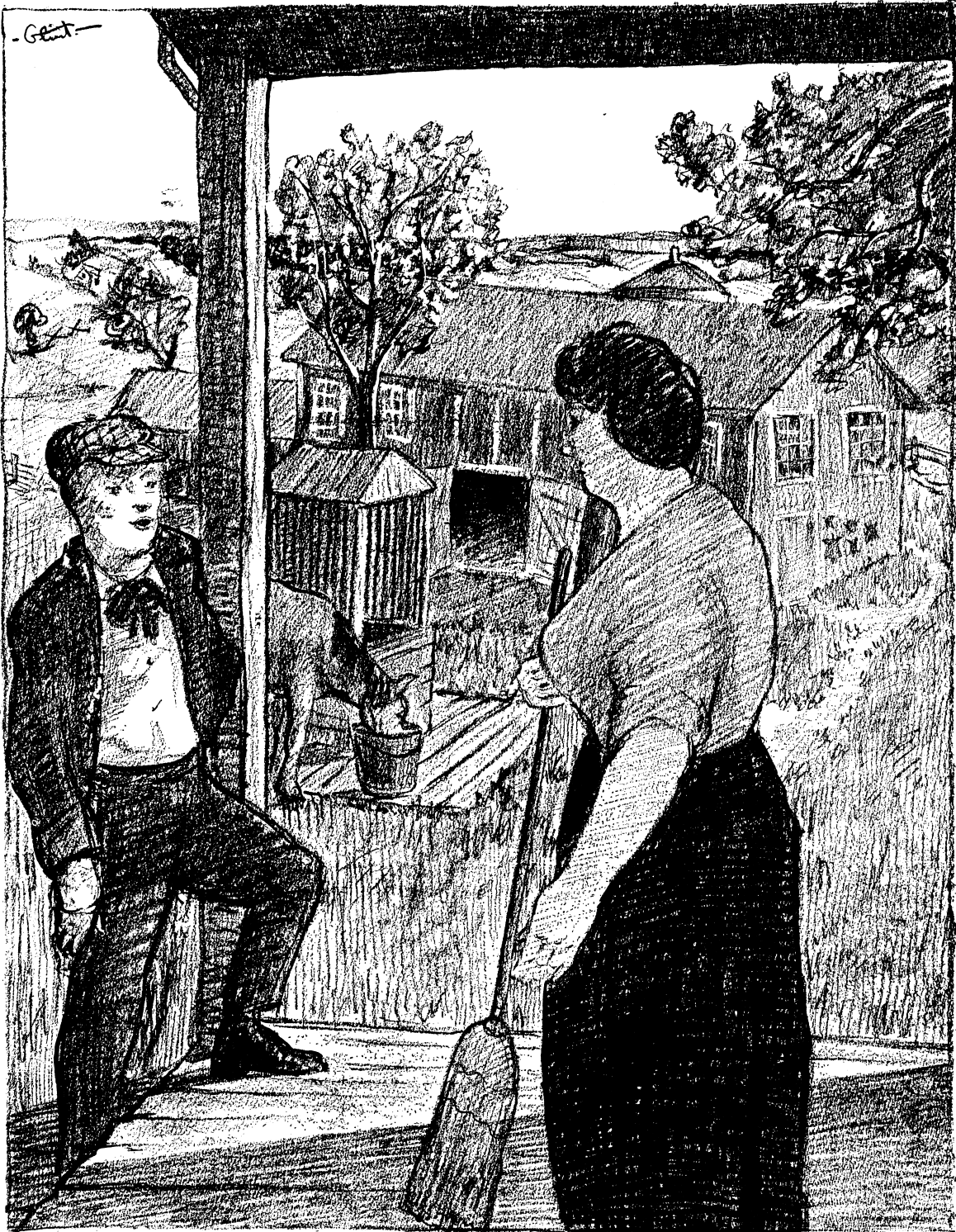


Drawn by H. J. Glintenkamp

TRAVELING AGITATOR: "ARE THERE ANY SOCIALISTS IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD?"

"WAL, I DUNNO, BUT IF THERE ARE, YOU'LL FIND THEIR SKINS ON THE END O' THE BARN.

MY MAN, HE'S A GREAT HUNTER, AND HE'S GOT SOME OF EVERY CRITTER THERE IS."

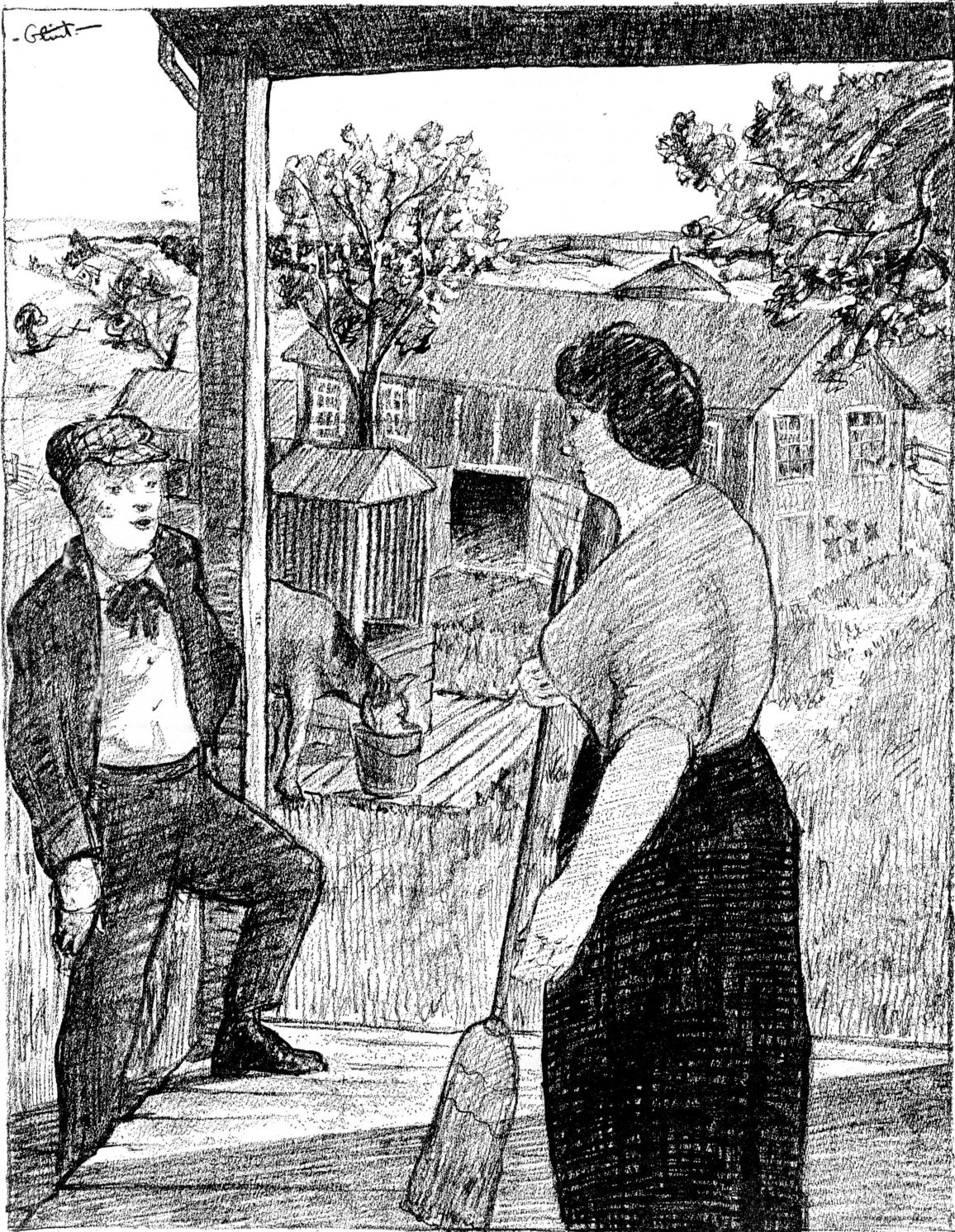


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NEWS FROM THE FRONT

Rosika Schwimmer

(Buda-Pesth)

[Madame Schwimmer is one of the leaders of the feminist movement, an eloquent orator and a propagandist of radical ideas. She has just gone to the Women's Peace Conference at the Hague after a speaking tour in America.]

PEOPLE begin to yawn over their daily papers, the war game grows too monotonous. The reports of this gigantic new sport tell you today that the Allies gained five yards of ground which yesterday had been conquered by the Germans. It gets pretty tiresome to watch, for months, twenty-five millions of able-bodied men move five yards this way and five yards that.

They give you careful information about the number of men and guns captured back and forth. Figures, neat and business-like as in the ledger of a respectable merchant's office. Then, as a pleasant break in the tiresome statistics, comes some interesting information about Victoria and Iron Crosses bestowed upon heroes. Regularly five or six ships, dreadnoughts, submarines, go to the bottom of the sea, ornamenting the military reports like the brass buttons on the coats of the generals.

This is how the game is reflected in the mirror of the press. The dry military reports stand between you and the real happenings like a screen. It is only in letters from the front that we can see what War is. I have one in my hand:

"I never shall forgive myself not to have shot the man who, lying on his stomach, tried to raise his head, and in a voice which I never shall forget, screamed out to me to have mercy. 'Kill me, don't let me suffer as I do.' I see the glazed eyes, the mortified green face, I see the wild, agonized look in the eyes—I see the upper part of a body rising—I see an open abdomen out of which the entrails flow like the train of a woman's dress. Oh, the horror of it! And the horror of my cowardice, that I didn't shoot the man." He keeps on torturing himself with this accusation.

"I have been sent home for three days, and I wonder how I will be able to stand again what haunts me day and night," writes another friend of mine who had the privilege to serve as war correspondent instead of fighting. "I cannot forget the picture of a woman on the Southern battlefield, the corpse of a young woman, her skull broken open, the brains flowing out and a pig eating on that brain."

"I saw the inhabitants of a destroyed city fleeing in masses," I heard an American war correspondent telling, "and I saw, myself, women overcome with pains giving birth to children on the road, taking the newborn babes in handkerchiefs and running on as if they had stopped for nothing more important than to blow their noses." The paper of this same war correspondent is registering every cannon and every inch of soil conquered and reconquered by the opposing forces, giving an accurate account in every edition of the military side of the war, but I don't find a single word about this human, or, shall I say, inhuman side of the war.

A Hungarian girl who went to care for the Galician refugees tells me in a recent letter the story of a poor Polish woman who said: "I wanted to protect my children, and when the Russians came I ran with the other inhabitants of the village and I took my baby in a shawl on my back, the two others hung onto my skirts. I ran fast, as fast as I could, and when I arrived at the station, I had the two children hanging on my skirts, I had the shawl on my back, but I had no baby and I don't know where I dropped it."

No, they don't want us to find out that there is no honor, no glory, no heroism, no patriotism, no love for anything noble, nothing but butchery and slaughter and rape. War means that. You know the story of the War-brides. You know how God's agents in charge of the different churches compete with the military rulers in glorifying this kind of prostitution. But do you know of the *concentration camps with compulsory service of women*? You may have seen, in the March issue of the *New York Times' Current History of the War*, the full reports of the atrocities committed on Belgian women. But you didn't get the other reports about the same kind of atrocities committed by all armies on female human beings between the ages of five and eighty-nine in all the countries where the game of war is being played.

"I was sent here after I had been so severely wounded that they had little hope of early sending me back to the front," a Hungarian man writes in a letter that I have seen. "I found my village invaded by the Russians, and I found my wife, my own daughter of fifteen and my niece of fourteen living in my house, pregnant by Russians. Down to children of twelve, the other women of the village share their fate."

Of course, there are people who strongly doubt whether they should call an outrage on a woman an atrocity. A Russian general, of whom a letter that I recently received tells, certainly does not consider it from any such "sentimental" standpoint. "You know he was a remarkable man," my friend writes. "He had quite an unusual sense of the sacredness of private property. Being put in charge of the city —, conquered by the Russians, he proclaimed that he would punish any of his soldiers who took advantage of the situation and did anything illegal, and he kept his word by punishing every soldier who was accused of having stolen something. The complainants often pleaded for the offenders when they saw how cruelly these men were beaten for a stolen ring or something like that. But the first man whose complaint was refused and

who was rudely insulted for his complaint, was a man who came to accuse fifteen soldiers who violated his wife. 'Serves you right!' shouted the general who had such an unusual sense of the sacredness of private property, 'Serves you right, why did the women of this place flee when we settled? Why didn't you leave women enough for my soldiers?'"

"I am in charge of eighteen French women pregnant by German, Turko-Hindoo and other exotic soldiers," I saw in a letter of an American woman. In place of the intellectual and industrial Internationalism which the militarists so successfully smashed down, they encourage a new "internationalism." Their only complaint is that women are not clever enough to manage that all these international little lives which tortured women are bearing shall be *males*. Certainly another proof of the inferiority of the breeding machines.

Yes, the military authorities keep the world in ignorance of the human side of their massacre, because they know if people really knew what war means, no decent men and women could stand by and allow the diplomats to wipe out Europe. If people really knew, they would say, as those who know *do* say, "Diplomats and Governments made war, dragged the people to the slaughterhouse. *People* are going to make peace, demanding that Europe shall be saved from suicide by immediate cessation of hostilities."

A Letter to The Masses From a Distinguished Citizen

IT is the duty of all patriotic citizens with red blood in their veins to denounce as peculiarly base and criminal the movement toward birth limitation, that is not only condoned, but actively and wilfully defended by THE MASSES.

I, myself, and all men who are not moral cowards or mollycoddles, are heartily in favor of child bearing, because it is right. I favor as genuinely all things that are right, as I oppose all things that are wrong. And to deny that what is right is right is simply a case of conscious and infamous wrongdoing.

Let me repeat, any one who is opposed to the bearing of children by women is guilty of outrageous and flagrant conduct, which is precisely as evil for the man of great wealth as for the wage-earner or small business man.

I heartily favor the law limiting the period of gestation to three months. If this were done, there is no adequate reason why any woman with a single spark of patriotism should not bear at least four children a year. It is literally incomprehensible how any man of average intelligence can tolerate the limitation of progeny or permit his wife to have less than four healthy and vigorous babies annually. To do so is to act with wanton and indefensible baseness.

It is common knowledge that the prevalence of such standards in American society is due to the criminal failure of Messrs. Wilson and Bryan to protect the American flag in Mexico. The utterly preposterous action of President Wilson, who has knowingly chosen to remain at ease in Washington, rather than shoulder a gun and knapsack and die for his country in Mexico, has jeopardized the political future of the United States and reduced the morale of the government to the level of Dahomey.

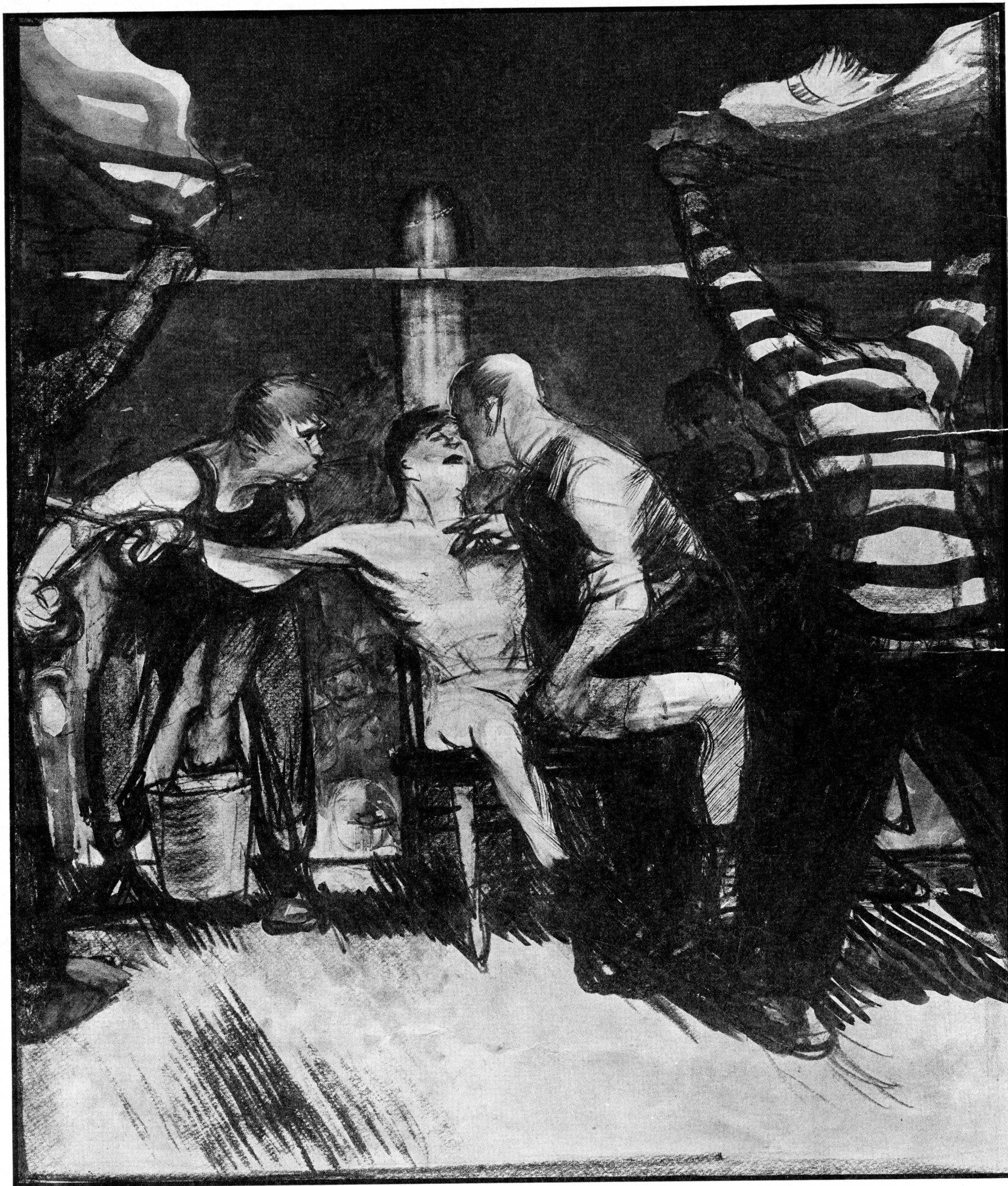
MURMURINGS IN A FIELD HOSPITAL

(They picked him up in the grass where he had lain two days in the rain with a piece of shrapnel in his lungs.)

COME to me only with playthings now . . .
A picture of a singing woman with blue eyes
Standing at a fence of hollyhocks, poppies and sunflowers . . .
Or an old man I remember sitting with children telling stories
Of days that never happened anywhere in the world . . .

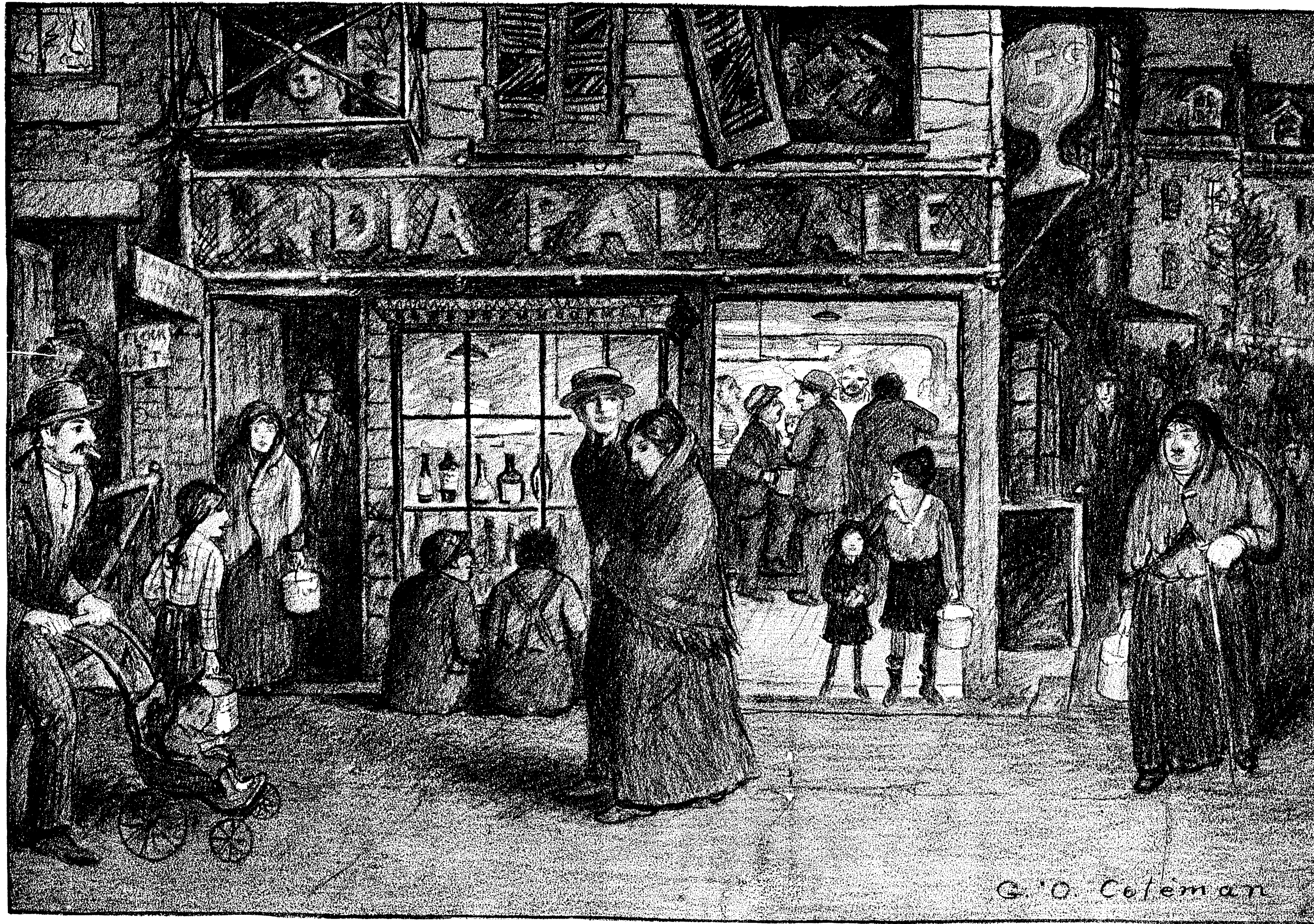
No more iron cold and real to handle,
Shaped for a drive straight ahead.
Bring me only beautiful useless things.
Only old home things touched at sunset in the quiet . . .
And at the window one day in summer
Yellow of the new crock of butter
Stood against the red of new climbing roses . . .
And the world was all playthings.

CARL SANDBURG.



Drawn by George Bellows.

The Savior of His Race



Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

The Sawdust Trail



Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

The Sawdust Trail



Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

The Sawdust Trail

THE MASSES, May, 1915.



G. O. Coleman

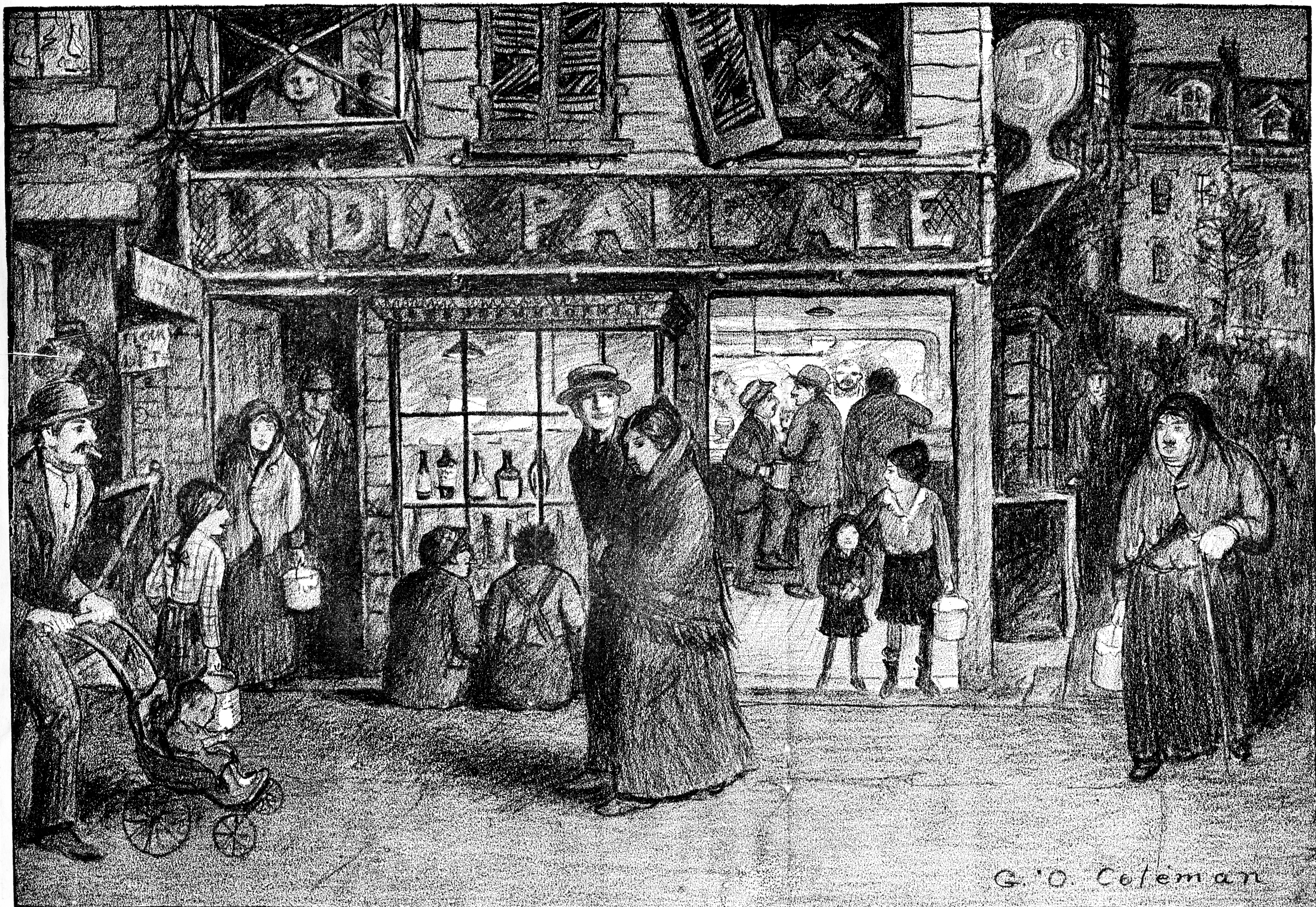


G. O. Coleman

Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

The Sawdust Trail

THE MASSES, May, 1915.



G. O. Coleman

Excitement

A MAN with square-cut shoulders sat across the restaurant table from me, and we talked of many things; finally about the war.

"I was a soldier once," he announced. "I fought against the Boers. . . . Hell, no; they never did anything to me. I just wanted excitement. I was young, adventurous, and tired of the small town I lived in, and so I ran away to Canada and got into a regiment bound for South Africa.

"We got there eventually, and sweated and baked and drilled around for weeks before we got a chance to move against the enemy. But at last the order came and we were happy. We were crazy to shoot something, you see—to kill a man, to smell blood. We were on edge for any kind of excitement.

"But we didn't get much at first. The Boers just lay around among the kopjes and picked us off by ones and twos and dozens while we fumed and swore and went through our little daily set of motions as laid down in the military book of rules.

"The Boers had some cracking' good sharpshooters, and don't you forget it. There was one in especial who got on our nerves. He had a roost up on a hillside between a couple of twin rocks and when he was feeling good he could bag half a dozen men a day. We tried all sorts of schemes to trap him or dislodge him, but all of them failed.

"I had got some reputation as a shot before we left Canada and I thought I knew what was coming when one day the colonel's orderly came around and said the old man wanted me.

"Go out and get the beggar," says the colonel. That suited me. I was as happy as a small boy with his first air-rifle. I sat up most of that night tuning up my gun. Before daybreak I was out beyond the lines where I dug myself a hole in the sand within range of those twin rocks where the sniper hung out. At sun-up we started popping at each other and kept it up nearly all day without any damage on either side.

"Along about 4 o'clock in the afternoon there was a silence and then all of a sudden I saw my friend the

enemy standing up in plain sight between his twin rocks. I can't imagine why he did it, unless it was to show he had decided a British soldier couldn't hit the side of a house with a baseball bat.

"Anyhow, he was foolish; I drew fine sight on him and dropped him like a jack rabbit. Then, like the kid that I was, I went running over to look at my game, never thinking it might be a frame-up. But he was dead all right.

"I had hit him in the breast and he had hardly moved, except to draw his feet up and down a few times. I could see where his heels had dug little trenches in the sand.

"I looked down at him and then I looked all around, but there wasn't a sound to be heard or a living creature in sight. There was just me and the dead man, with the desert all to ourselves.

"He was an old, old farmer, as I could tell by his big, rough and scaly hands. Likely enough he was a patriarch and a prophet in his home community. His slouch hat had fallen off and his rheumy old eyes stared straight up at the sky. His sparse hair was white and silky. He was thin and bloodless, as I could see by his unbuttoned shirt that showed his withered chest. Blood was still oozing from the hole in his breast and drying as it trickled down his side.

"I felt queer and sickish. I wanted to get away from there. I would have given anything if I could have brought the old man around again. It would have been the joyfulest thing in the world for me if he had jumped up all of a sudden and beat hell out of me. I felt like saying, 'God knows I didn't mean to do it, grandad; I didn't know it was you.' . . . No, I'm in the advertising game now, and say, business is rotten."

PHILLIPS RUSSELL.

WHERE SYMPATHY PAYS

SHE has such feeling for the wretched poor!

—Yes, that's her limousine!—

She writes those tales about the working girls
In ———'s Magazine.

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK.

ALMOST

MY sweetheart has the supplest arms
So full of tenderness and fire;
They almost cheat her other charms
They way they rouse and still desire.

My sweetheart has the kindest breast,
Two heavens with each a single star;
They give me everything but rest—
So strange these rosy pillows are.

My sweetheart has the hungriest lips
That beg and press unsparingly;
They cling so close she almost slips
Among her kisses into me.

My sweetheart's body is a cry,
A poignant and resistless call;
It almost makes me wonder why
She hasn't any mind at all.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Honorable Mention

"MR. FRICK is better known as a steel magnate than as an art collector."—*Literary Digest*.

From Horace Traubel

THE MASSES came to me this morning up in the war country. I've been helping myself to it till I'm fed. It's a noble piece of work. Somebody's to be congratulated. You, maybe, or some others, or many others, I don't know. Somebody. And America's to be congratulated. America don't know it's in luck. But there's the luck nevertheless. I like the brutal kindness of THE MASSES almost as much as I like its kind brutality. It's like a big storm, doing harm and meaning none, doing good without the consciousness of virtue, clearing the air, making it easier for life to be lived after it has passed on. I feel glad for you who can achieve so much for the ideal without a club,
Love always.

Brantford, Ontario.

TRAUBEL.

To Our St. Anthony

O ANTHONY, St. Anthony, we humbly bow to thee;
To thy most holy ignorance and matchless purity.
Thou seizest our magazines, but even though we've
missed 'em,

'Twas for our moral uplift that we built the postal system.

Oh, speed the day, we pray thee, to that pure and virtuous
ending

When all shall be as dull as thee and Nature'll quit offending.

Protect our brains, dear stupid saint, from everything that's
human,
Especially from the loathesome thought that we were born of
woman.

Oh, speed the darkness that shall spread from Maine clear
down to Texas,

When no American shall know the secret of the sexes;
When all shall presuppose, with minds forever free from sin,
That woman's shape does not extend far down below her chin.

Unsex our drama, Anthony, by taking woman out;
Destroy all art; for goodness sake, put literature to rout.
Burn all those awful books that tell how chickens come from
eggs;

Burn all those awful pictures where the ladies all have legs.
And may our postal laws, dear saint, drop heavily, kerchug,
On every sexual reference to man or brute or bug.

And dost thou not, dear saint, perceive a great contamination
In books about the doings of the vegetable creation?
Thy holy mind, undoubtedly, must view with eyes askance
Those dreadful, lewd directions how to fertilize the plants.
Oh bless us, saint, with all the virtuous ignorance we need,
To keep our minds protected from the secret of the seed.

We trust that thou wilt drape the curs that wander past our flat
And put at least a fig leaf on our neighbor's Thomas cat.
Go out into our pastures, please, and civilize the herds;
And while thou'rt at it, Anthony, put pants upon the birds.
From horrid sights of Nature we would be forever free;
If need be, gouge our eyes out so we'll be as blind as thee.

And when thou'rt finished, Anthony, with art and Nature, too,
And all that's male or female has come under thy taboo;
And when at last all things in sight are stamped with thy
approval,
Or else with some anathema that calls for their removal;
We hope that thou wilt guide us where our sinful nature fails,
By stamping every woman with:

"EXCLUDED FROM THE MALES."

CHARLES W. WOOD.

SPRING!

HHEY, old world, old lazy-bones, wake to the Spring-tune!

The music of the spheres is quickened to a jig—
Wobble a one-step along your flashing orbit, with the
moon for your light-tripping partner!

Shove your staid bonnet over your ear, proper old lady,
And sway along the streets, tipsy with the Spring!

Here are the young men, gay in their festive lids,
Carolling vigorously the joy within them!
What matter if the tune slide up and down?
Spring is alive, and the maidens tremble to you, as you
to them.

I thrill with it too—
I long to hie me to His Honor the Mayor,
And slap him vigorously on the back, disturbing the
proper set of his derby,
And shout, Wake up, old chap, it's Spring!

Let the solemn judge shrug off the ermine, and join
the revellers!
Let the pompous financier sing a naughty trio with his
wife and the placid chauffeur!
And this to the Police Commissioner—
Furnish the foremost pair of your marching guardians
of the peace with mandolins and guitars,
And let the ranks behind decorously do the toe dance.

Oh, the quickening of the world!
The push of the agile leaves, the fluttering mating of
birds,
The delicious unquiet of the love-hungry earth!
The awakening spirit is everywhere;
Nothing escapes; nothing can resist dancing to its ab-
surd and delightful melody.

CLEMENT WOOD.

The Scar

JIM worked in the basement. Perhaps lived in one,
too. For he so much resembled a subterranean
shoot, tall, thin, of a greenish yellow color. Like any
vegetation that sprouts in the dark.

His gait was a sort of shove; no elasticity in his
step, as if the spring were broken and the body dragged
along by aimless feet. He was not dressed. A soiled
shirt and a pair of trousers were just hung upon him.
Though after work, he changed for what appeared a
better outfit. His hair, coarse and colorless, was
greased down, unevenly. His face looked like a con-
gealed mass with a membrane drawn over it, to hold
it together. It was devoid of all emotion, even pain.
Occasionally there would flicker on this membrane a
grin, a surface grin, all hollow and meaningless. The
nose was well shaped, but the life was all squeezed
out of it. There was a blueness in the lips that in-
tensified the greenish yellow of his skin.

His hands were large with knotted fingers. Several
of the finger nails were split and one entirely missing.
The veins stood out like rope, and on the protruding
knuckles the skin hung chapped and bleeding. His
palms were callous. Basement work is rough.

When the water bottle Jim was adjusting broke in
his hands and red blood gushed forth, it seemed so
strange—red blood from a green stalk. How the blood
ran! Yet there was no indication of pain on his face.
Not a sound escaped him. Not even when the ambu-
lance surgeon probed with his instruments for broken
glass in his wounds. When the stitches were being
put in, the head became erect, and the mouth a knot;
the shoulders twitched a little, but that was all.

Several days later, I enquired of Jim how his
wounds were getting along. "All right," he replied,
narrowing his eyes. That slant of the eyes, the drawl
in the "All right" made it quite apparent that all was
not right.

"What is wrong, Jim?" I asked.

He regarded me for a second, as if to convince him-
self that my interest were real. Then bending forward,
his face very much agitated, "I am afraid," he said
painfully, "it's going to leave a scar."

JEANNETTE PEARL.

A Liberal Censorship

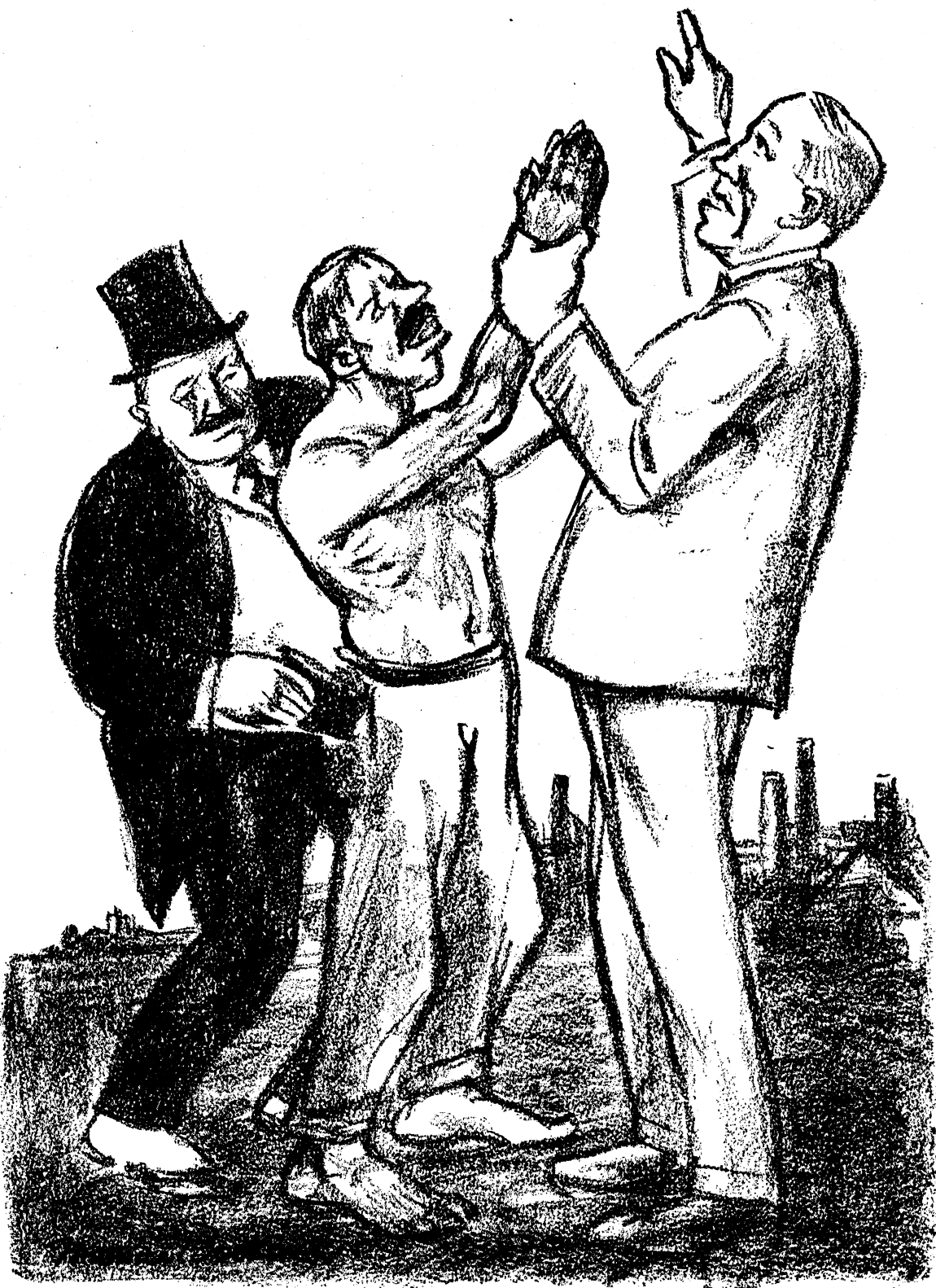
THE board of censorship which passes on the mo-
rality of films has given its sanction to one called
"The Birth of a Nation," made from a book by the

notorious Negro-hater, Thomas Dixon. It shows what
horrible things happened (according to Mr. Dixon)
when the Negro was given equal political rights with
the white race. It teaches that the Negro is a monster
that must be deprived of all human rights, and lynched
occasionally to keep him "in his place." It glorifies
the outrages of the Klu Klux Klan and libels the Negro
character with malignant ferocity. It perverts history,
incites race-prejudice and justifies crime.

Our censors are getting "liberal." But there is one
more stage of liberality.

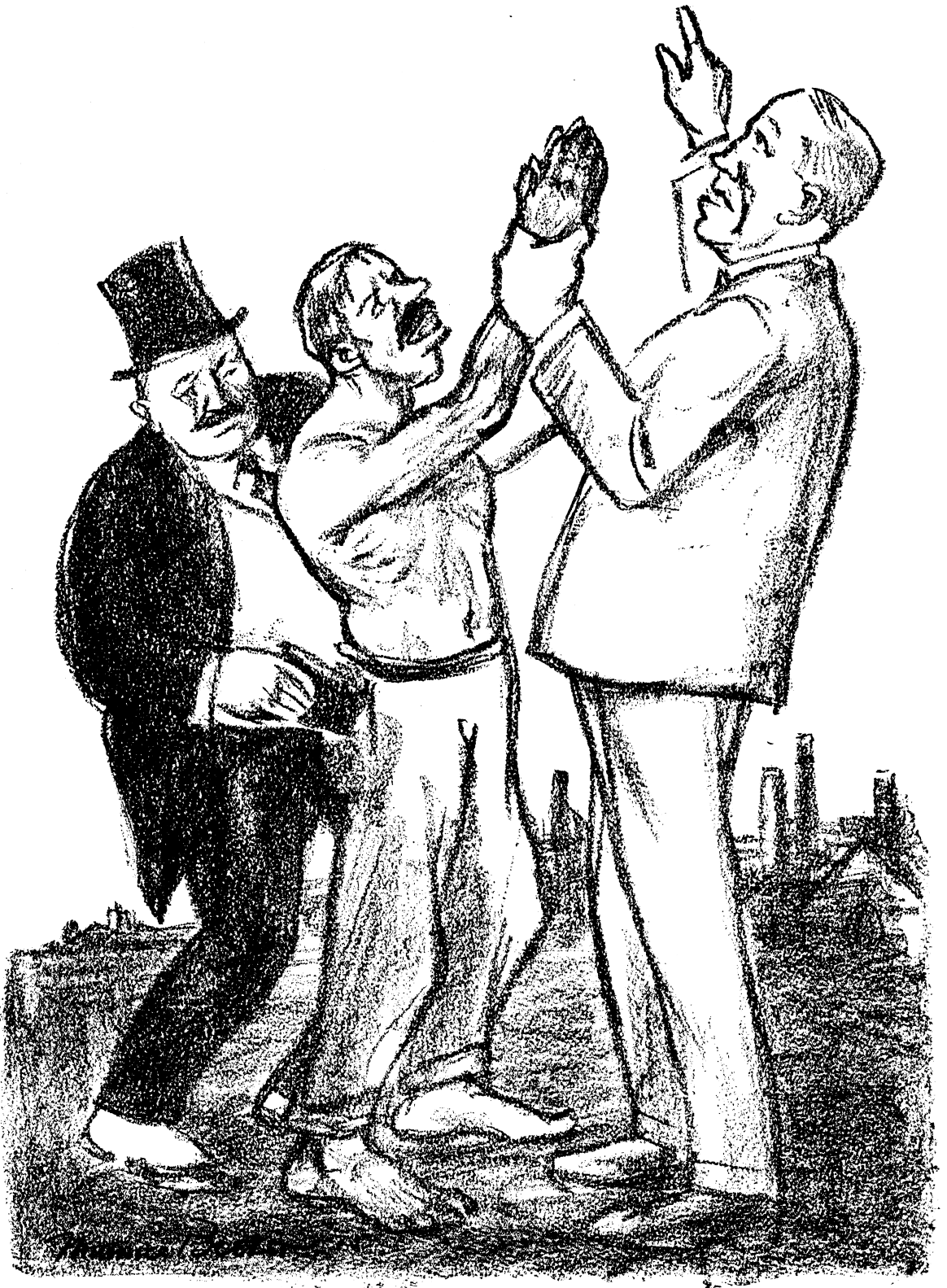
It is possible to say: "We will take the risk of this
picture doing harm. We will take the risk of any pic-
ture doing harm. We will prohibit nothing." That is
an honorable, if difficult, thing to say.

Let the board of censorship say that, and resign.



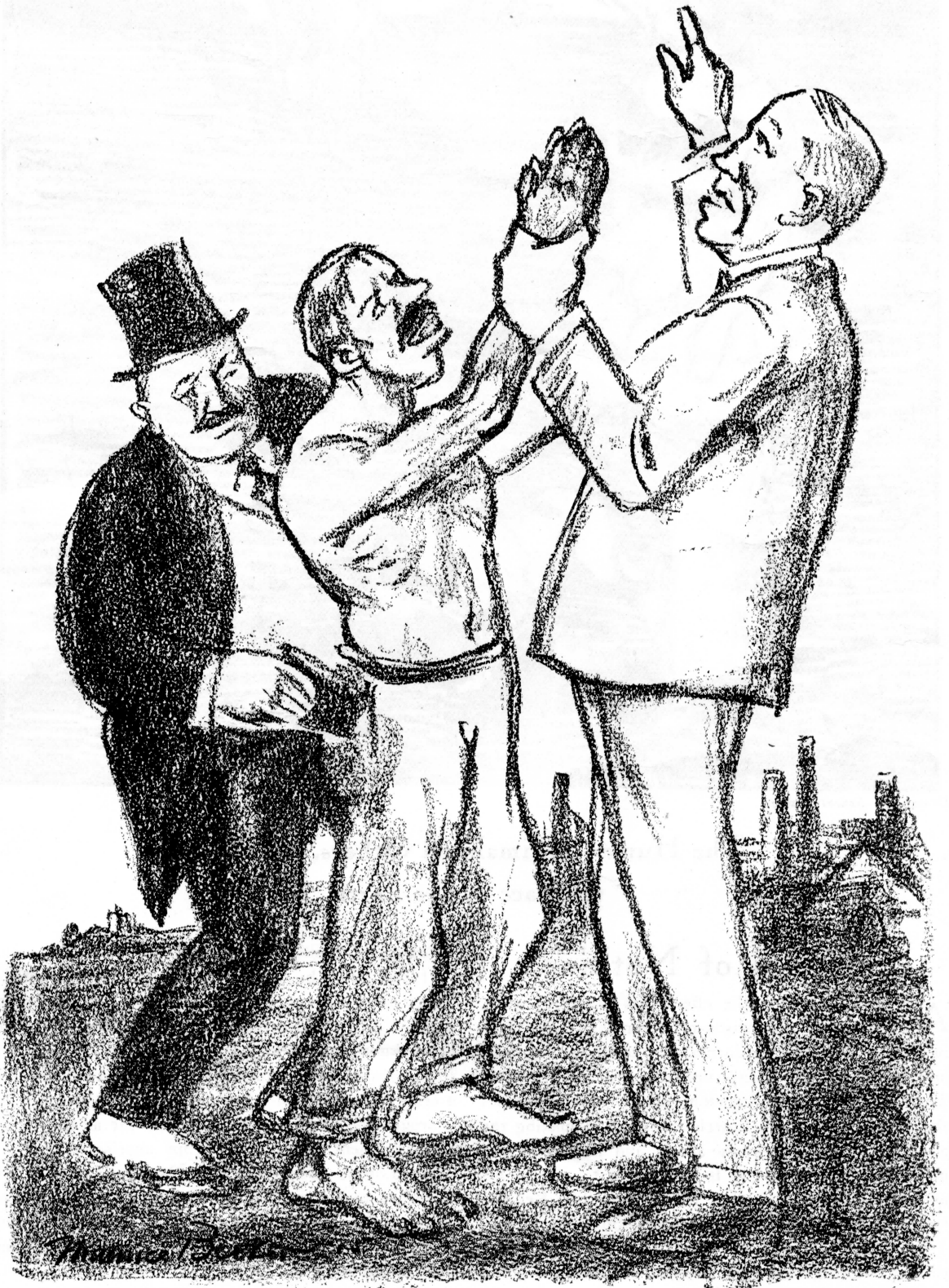
Drawn by Maurice Becker.

Lifting and Uplifting in Paterson



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

Lifting and Uplifting in Paterson



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Lifting and Uplifting in Paterson



Drawn by Stewart Davis.

The Human Animal and Others, Walking the Face of the Earth

Apropos of Nothing

A NEWS ITEM to the effect that Donald Lowrie, ex-convict and prison-reformer, had been "run in" somewhere in California for being drunk, was printed recently in every newspaper in the country. That fact did not in judicious minds militate against the value of the work Lowrie has done in making the people of California know about, and improve, their prison-conditions. But it is interesting to find in his new book, "My Life Out of Prison," Mitchell Kennerley, \$1.50 net, a reference to his drinking.

He tells of a time when he was still "on parole," when getting drunk would have meant going back to prison. He went into a café with some casual friends, and they insisted on treating. It was 4 o'clock in the morning when he managed to escape. "Thanks,

fellows," he falsified. "Hope I'll meet you all again."

"I can still," he writes, "see their hands waving a merry good-night as the machine drew away from the curb. Yes, I still see the waving hands, hands that had never known the 'rock-pile.' They were fine fellows, jolly, good-natured, and had not permitted me to spend a cent. Yet they had taken me into places and had encouraged me to do things which, so far as they knew at the moment, might result in my imprisonment."

Mr. Lowrie doesn't ask us to sympathize with him in regard to his enforced abstinence. But we insist on sympathizing with him in regard to the undue attention given to an incident which only proves his common humanity.

He breaks his heart to get publicity for the horrors of San Quentin; city editors aren't interested. He gets taken to police court one night;—headlines!

The Gift of Candor

WE have heard a good deal about the Russian soul since the war began, chiefly from English and French writers and in terms of lyric enthusiasm. These writers get their information about the Russian soul chiefly from Dostoevsky. Well, judging from Dostoevsky's own accounts of that soul, it isn't a pretty thing. It is full of cruelty and forgiveness, violence and meekness, ardor and stupidity, vast darkness and blinding light; and it has an ineffable candor. Thus it is that the Russian invents vodka, the worst drink on earth; and, on the other hand, takes a thing like the stage, which is so degraded all over the world that it is shunned and despised by its sister arts of painting and music and sculpture—takes this vile thing and makes a wonderful and beautiful religion of it, as in the Moscow Art Theater. Unlucky at drink, lucky at art, unlucky at love—for the Russian soul is, according to the documents, too mystical to understand sexual love at all. It isn't a nice, companionable, civilized soul. But there is one thing it seems to do to perfection—and that is, understand itself and reveal itself in fiction.

That quality or gift of self-revelation is something which English prose literature has always very sadly lacked. But deep-hidden under its reserves and pretences, the capacity for telling the truth is there. And one of the encouraging and inspiriting things about recent English fiction is that it has at last begun to be candid.

American writing hasn't yet, with the fewest exceptions, started in to try. One of those exceptions is Donald Lowrie. Perhaps being in prison gave him a chance to find out what he was like. Perhaps coming out suddenly made the world seem very vivid. Anyway, he tells the truth about himself and it. The result is a book of singular fascination. It is exciting, too, as all true books are. "My Life Out of Prison" is the most interesting book I have read this year, excepting only George Moore's "Vale," the last volume of this astonishing trilogy of memoirs. That is a true book, too.

Mr. Lowrie and Mr. Moore wouldn't like each other. Mr. Lowrie would disapprove of Mr. Moore, and Mr. Moore would find Mr. Lowrie too Christian to suit his pagan tastes. But the books get along well side by side on my shelf, the one dedicated to "true fiction." . . . There are few books on it. F. D.

"The First Few Books"

OUR series of articles advising Lincoln Steffens, at his request, what books he ought to read will be continued next month. Meanwhile—

AFTER reading the letter Lincoln Steffens wrote to THE MASSES, I made this choice from my own reading of the past five years. While mature and more concentrated thinking would probably alter this list somewhat, I feel that the time spent in reading these books would not be set down as wasted:

"Jean Christophe," by Romain Rolland.

"Sons and Lovers," by D. H. Lawrence.

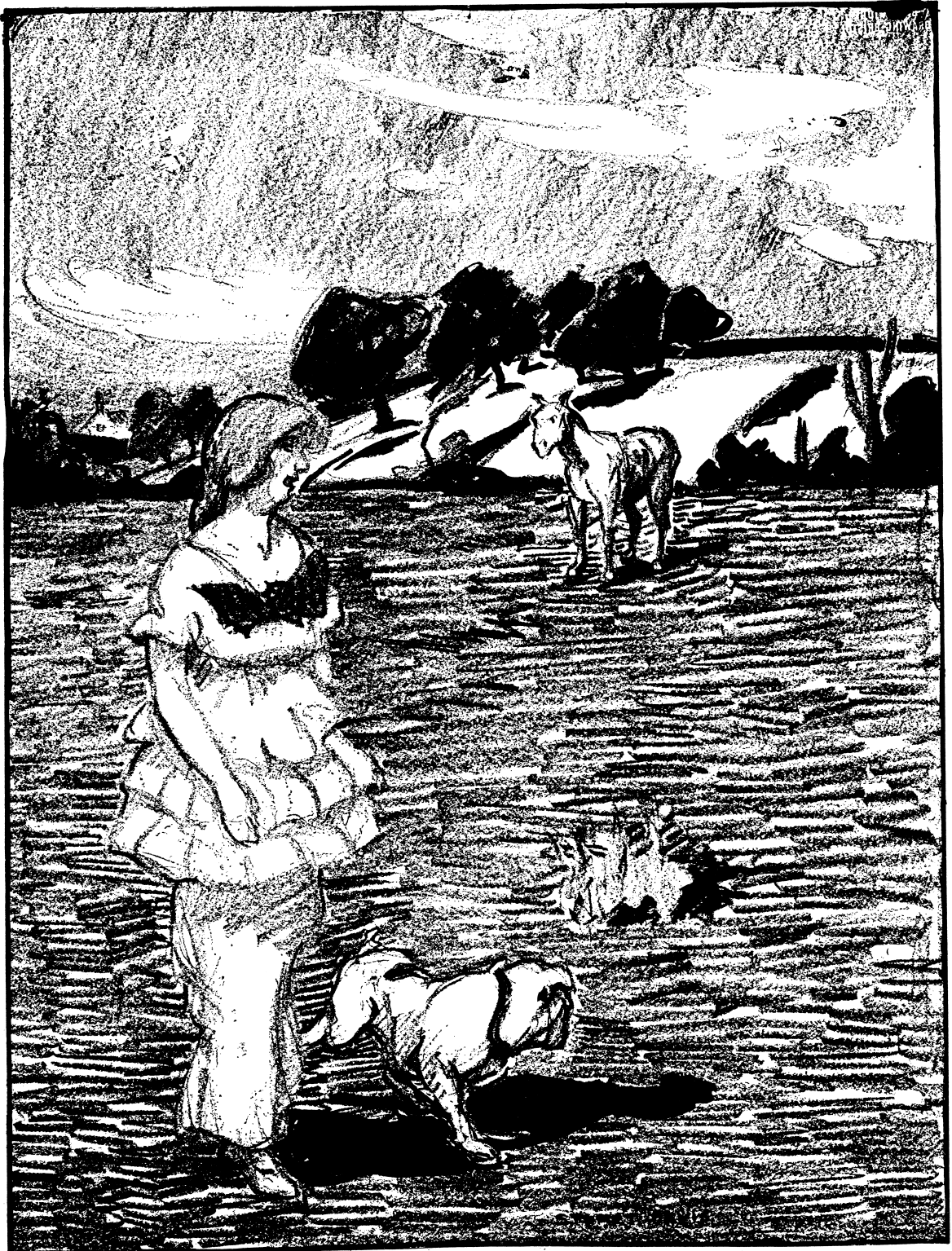
"Insurgent Mexico," by John Reed.

"The Life of the Fly," by J. H. Fabre.

Preface to "Misalliance," by G. B. Shaw.

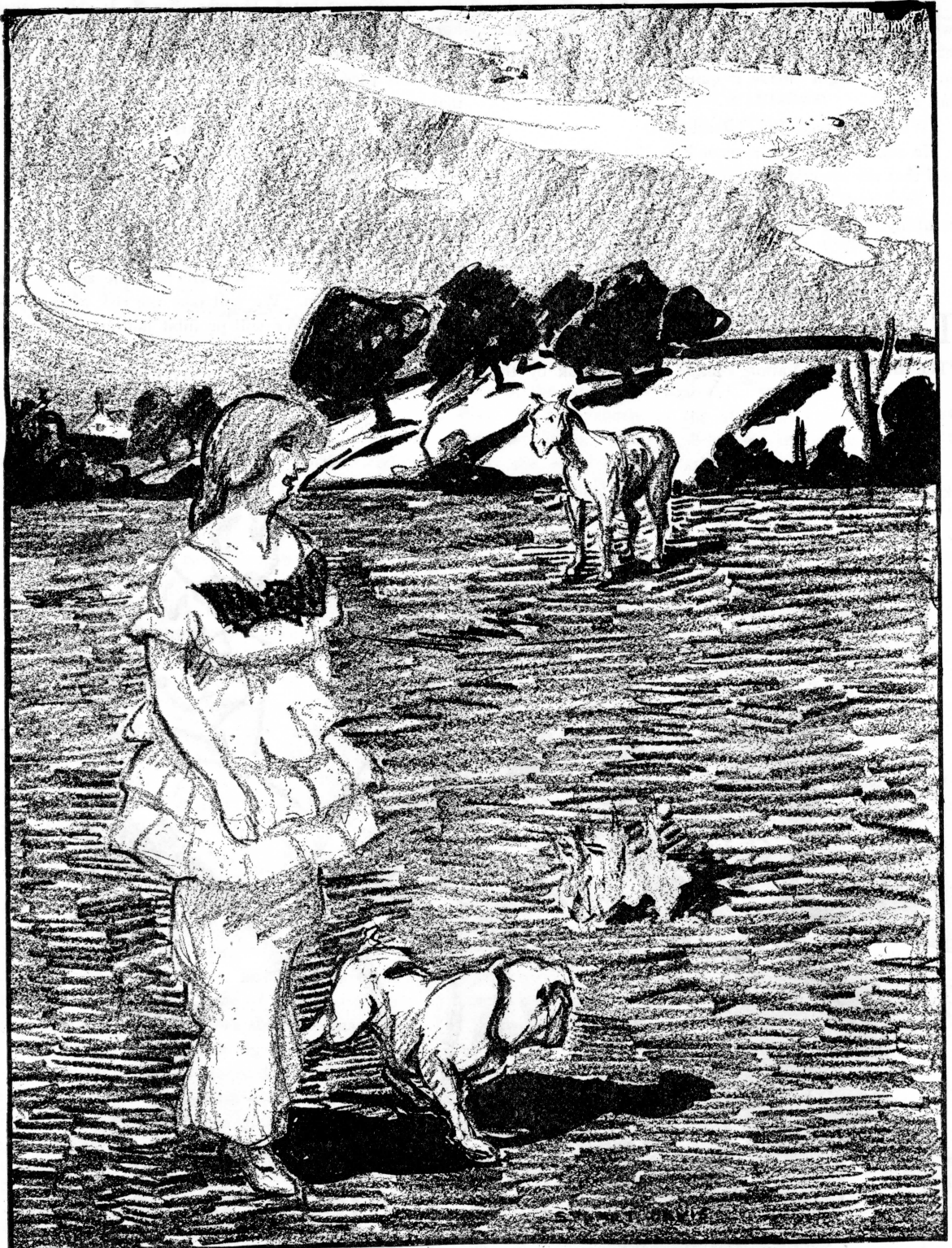
GERTRUDE TRAUBEL.

LET me recommend to Mr. Steffens "The Art of the Theater," by Gordon Craig. It is in its field as revolutionary as the theories of Freud. R. J.



Drawn by Stewart Davis.

The Human Animal and Others, Walking
the Face of the Earth



Drawn by Stewart Davis.

The Human Animal and Others, Walking
the Face of the Earth



Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

"What's the celebration about, M's Milligan?"

"Sure, me boy's comin' home today. He was sentenced to ten years
in the penitentiary, but he got three years off for good conduct."

"Ah! I wish I had a son like that!"



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THERE MUST BE AN END

Meyer London

THE world is disappointed at the failure of the International Socialist Movement to prevent the war.

There is a compliment in this disappointment. There is some consolation in the thought that mankind expected the Socialists to overcome national prejudice, and national hatred, to defeat the secret plans of cabinets, to overpower the gigantic physical forces at the disposal of the rulers of the world.

It is true that in almost all of the Parliaments of the world, the Socialists have vigorously opposed militarism and cheerfully accepted insult and ridicule from patriots and saviors of the nations.

Some went to prison for opposing militarism, others bravely faced the charge of high treason.

As an international force, sad though it may be to confess, Internationalism has so far failed to assert itself.

One of the charming religious ceremonies of the orthodox Jew ends with "Jerusalem next year." But next year finds us still in New York. We put off Jerusalem till next year again.

In a way, International Socialism has had the same fate.

No serious attempt has ever been made to practise it, and no sentiment has any value in life until it is practised.

The advocacy of the general strike as a means of preventing a European war, did not find favor with the leaders of the movement.

It must be assumed that the leaders knew their armies, and that they doubted the readiness of the masses to bring sacrifices for a remote ideal.

Be it as it may, the general strike idea did not prevail at the International Socialist Congresses.

Jean Jaures, who was to renew his fight for the general strike at the Congress which was to be held in Vienna on the 1st of August, 1914, was assassinated by a madman, just as he strained every effort to prevent the conflagration which is now destroying Europe.

The assassination of Jaures was a fit prelude to the long drama of madness which has seized the nations.

For many years the Socialists have been warning the ruling powers that it was dangerous to accumulate explosives, and to permit the incubus of militarism to settle itself upon the peoples of Europe.

But when the explosion came, and the universe itself shook to its very foundation, and reason, and science, and the International law of the "upper classes" and the International solidarity of the "lower classes" were blown into atoms and scattered to the winds, the Socialists, together with the rest of their co-nationals, were drawn into the maelstrom of confusion.

The hallucination was complete. The nightmare had full sway.

The proletarians of the world have been at each other's throats ever since.

But if some excuse or explanation can be found for the Socialists of the belligerent nations, what can be said in defense of the attitude of the Socialists in the neutral countries?

Of course, even for them it could be said that the calamity has overwhelmed the minds of men by its very magnitude.

But we have had plenty of time to look around. We,

as Socialists, cannot take seriously the accusation of barbarity brought against any of the belligerents by any of the others, nor can we accept the narrow view that it was one ruler and one nation that brought about this cataclysm.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

To us, German militarism is no more attractive than British navalism, nor has the prospect of the Cossacks' rule any particular charm for us.

But while we are neutral, we must not and cannot remain indifferent.

It is not true that nothing can be done by the neutrals to help terminate the war.

There is in each of the belligerent countries a large number of men who are opposed to the war.

Karl Liebknecht is leading the revolt in Germany.

The Independent Labor Party of England has voiced its protest against the intrigues of diplomacy and the machinations of cabinets.

We must lend courage and strength to the struggling minorities.

Had the neutral countries been mere innocent on-lookers, the situation would not be so grave, but the neutral countries have not remained neutral. They have been adding fuel to the fire. They have been sending food and ammunition to the belligerents, and the greatest sinner in this respect has been the United States of America.

THE WINDS OF SPRING

ALL day have the winds of spring blown in,

At the grating above our heads,
All day have the warm, sweet winds puffed in,
While we watched the running threads,
Blown over the chimneys, up from the streets,
And the loose-board, alley sheds.

O, we may not stop, nor lift an eye,
We may not stop to see,
Where the shoals of the mackerel clouds float by,
Lest a snapping thread swing free.

But I know for all the whirr of wheels,
And the clack of the loom's gaunt frame,
That the winds are calling, calling away,
From the factory's gray-faced shame,
Are tugging like tiny hands at my skirt,
And singing in tears my name.

O, mad, young wind, from far and near,
Wind of the hill and sea,
I may not stop for your song, nor hear,
Lest a snapping thread swing free.

HORTENSE FLEXNER.

I say food and ammunition. It is just as wrong to send food to Germany as it is to send ammunition to the Allies.

We have been preaching against war. We have been advocating internationalism. We have taught the world to look upon the United States as the champion of peace.

Does not history offer a great opportunity to the American people? Cannot the working class of America refuse to make arms and ammunition? Is it not our duty to refuse to export any article which may be used by either of the belligerents?

How can the Socialist movement remain indifferent? How can the American Federation of Labor permit its members to directly aid in the work of destruction?

One can hardly blame the Government of the United States for refusing to put an embargo on food and ammunition. After all, the Government is a mere agent. The people have not spoken. Every group of the community is absorbed in its own little group interests. All that the Government can do is to maneuver skilfully between the rocks of conflicting interests.

It is up to the working people to act.

A general strike of the workers engaged in the manufacturing of ammunition, and in the exporting of articles of food, would undoubtedly bring a great deal of distress; would upset industry and involve great sacrifice.

But is not the entire history of labor a story of martyrdom? Has not labor been compelled to undergo deprivation and inflict injury upon itself in its struggle upward?

Has there ever been a decrease of hours of labor, or an improvement of any condition, without sacrifice?

The workers have struck for wages. They have struck for the ballot. Can they be made to strike for International Peace?

Can labor rise to its mission and its opportunity in this great crisis of the world?

Mutiny

FROM one point of view, the most important thing that has happened in the war so far is the mutiny of the troops defending Przemyśl. The revolt of outraged human nature against the conditions of modern warfare has hitherto taken only such forms as insanity and what is mildly called "nervous breakdown." Mutiny is a happier reaction to the intolerableness of war, and Austria is to be congratulated on having inaugurated what may be expected to become during the year a popular form of self-expression.

Pat Quinlan

THE story of Patrick Quinlan is known to most of our readers. It was briefly told in these pages last month when his fight for freedom in the courts ended adversely, and to the chagrin of all lovers of justice, he went, an innocent man, to prison for seven years. That he should serve that unjust sentence is intolerable, and a strenuous effort is being made to secure a pardon for him. This effort is seriously hampered by the lack of money for expenses. As little as fifty dollars will help greatly. Contributions should be sent to Mrs. Anna M. Sloan, 240 W. Fourth street, New York City.



Drawn by Arthur Young.



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

Family Limitation—Old Style



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

Family Limitation—Old Style

Birth Control

AS a means of agitation for the repeal or amendment of the law prohibiting the circulation of information in regard to preventing conception, the Birth Control League has been formed. The board of this organization consists of Paul Kennaday, Jessie Ashley, Mary Ware Dennett, James F. Morton, Jr., Winthrop Lane, Felix Grendon and Clara Stillman. Those who wish to join may communicate through this office.

Public Opinion and the Law

(Remarks at the meeting for the organization of the Birth Control League, by Mary Ware Dennett.)

JUDGING by the recent experiences of several groups of representative people, there can be little doubt that the time is ripe for the action this meeting is called to take,—the organization of a Birth Control League.

Several groups have independently and spontaneously got together to do something, the impetus having been largely precipitated by the Sanger case.

Irrespective of the variation in programs, there has been marked unanimity on one point—that correct information about birth control should be freely obtainable. And it is an encouraging fact that this conviction seems to be held by all kinds of people, from the most cramped conservative to the freest type of radical.

It is true that among both radicals and conservatives there is to be found a certain timidity in regard to positive action which seems born of a fear that the sensibilities and prejudices of others must somehow be protected. Just *what* others no one seems to exactly know. They are mythical and elusive people just round the corner who disappear when we really hunt for them. All we can find are those who say, "Of course, personally, I entirely believe in it, but I think perhaps it would not do to say so, in any but a purely private way just yet."

Now since almost nobody can be found, except Comstock, who will say for his or her own self, "I think the present law is all right," the rest of us only need to simultaneously shed our "ifs" and "buts," which we have been holding for the undiscoverable other people, and join together to push for the change we all believe in.

It is a shame to have a law on the statute-books which is so seriously at variance with the degree of evolution already achieved by the race in the matter of the sex-relation. In spite of the all too many perverted and degenerating phases of sex life which exist at present, it is still true that there has been a wonderful evolution that is perfectly logical, natural and desirable,—that is, the recognition of the value of other precious results from the sex-relation beside children, the psychological, emotional and spiritual reactions, and, if I may venture to use the term without being misunderstood, the moral reaction also.

For the highly developed civilized human being there is no such thing as *natural* sex-relations, that is, in the animal sense. We do not, after the simple manner of the animals, have a mating season. We do not have an annual baby. It would be anything but ideal to do so. But instead we expand our creative impulses into other channels which are more beneficial and enjoyable for the race. We find creative scope in the whole wide field of science, art and community life. And along with this expansion, we are developing a conscious and unshamed appreciation of the invaluable reactions of the sex-relation upon the individual, quite apart from the question of children.

This faculty of appreciation,—this evolved use of the sex function seems to be peculiar to the human race, an evidence of its higher development and actual progress.

Therefore it is a specially grave mistake to allow the continuance of a law, which not only has no place in modern thought or idealism, but which is positively pernicious in that it links up with crime an element in education which is absolutely essential to individual and racial progress. It is already sneakily available for the well to do, but is still, alas, beyond the reach of most of the masses.

It is generally assumed, though often falsely so, that law does not exist till demanded by public opinion, and so the average mind is apt to more or less hold the law in respect. The result is that, in instances like this, the respect becomes hypocritical, and there is general shamefacedness in evading or defying the law, which is in itself demoralizing.

It is obviously a long job to make the statutes thoroughly reflect the best thought and ideals of the community, but that is no reason for postponing the effort.

The Sanger Case

ON behalf of the Sanger Fund, THE MASSES thanks its readers for their response to our last month's appeal for contributions. The sum of \$93.65 has been turned over to those in charge of the case. We publish below a few characteristic letters from our correspondence on this subject.

From a Working Woman

To THE MASSES:

As being a poor workingwoman I could not have any more children than I have at the present time. Now could you furnish me with information pertaining to family limitations, or direct me to where I could get the desired information? I am interested in the Margaret Sanger case and am prompted to write hoping you might enlighten me.

From a "Stodgy Bourgeois"

To THE MASSES:

Enclosed is a check, smaller than I could wish, to assist in the defense of the Sangers. I am a stodgy bourgeois and reprehend most of your doctrines very heartily, but even a stiffnecked royalist ought to support you in this.

Another Comstock Victim

To THE MASSES:

As you are on Mr. Comstock's trail, I would like to call to your attention the case of Mr. Moscowitz, proprietor of the Franklin Book Shop, 125 East 59th Street who is to be tried next month for selling "obscene" literature; otherwise books or plates more or less artistic which include figures, more or less nude, but, of course, far less objectionable than, say, some of Bakst's figures or those which constantly appear in the *International Studio*, or *Jugend*; in fact I imagine one could find worse in *Life*!

Like the usual victim of Comstock's attacks, he is a small man without the money or connection necessary for a proper defence and quite likely to spend six months in jail unless his case receives the publicity which it deserves and which might take it out of the ordinary routine.

I enclose a check for \$10. for the Sanger Fund.

PHILIP SAWYER.

From a Disembodied Spirit

To THE MASSES:

Propos to the Sanger controversy, I have a suggestion to make and a story to tell. It will doubtless be received with howls of derision. For of course it is but the wildest of fiction, impossible and unnatural. The suggestion is simply this: Has anyone ever heard of or considered sexual relations ONLY when children are wanted? Absurd, isn't it? Of course one cannot expect men and women to attempt to control themselves. They must needs resort to some artificial method of avoiding the result of their actions.

To me this wail about large families and this pathetic pleading for a preventative of conception, is but an admission that men and women are but senseless slaves of passion—utterly incapable of self-control. For have they not the means within themselves, of preventing that which they deplore?

And the story? That but concerns a few of my friends and my—if you like—mate and me. For years we have practiced the theory of having such relations only when children were wanted—and strange as it may seem—we are still living contented, happy lives. What is the recipe? Sincere love mixed with a little brains.

I cannot for the life of me, bring myself in line to sympathize with Mr. and Mrs. Sanger. For to teach a preventative of conception is but to foster that spirit that revels in the pleasures of the flesh yet shrinks at paying the price.

My comrades, do not think me heartless, I crave simple justice—nature's justice. Let those who indulge in sexual relations merely to satiate the yearnings of uncontrolled passion—let them pay the penalty—that of rearing large families.

Very truly yours, C. S. B.

P. S.—Should you care to print this letter I should be delighted. It would interest as well as amuse me to read the replies of a selfish, sensual humanity. In quoting me kindly use only my initials.

A FUND OF AT LEAST \$500 IS NEEDED for legal expenses in the Sanger struggle. More is needed for a campaign of publicity outside of the courts. This is your fight. The time to fight is now. You are asked to send as much as you can, and as soon as possible to the Sanger Fund, The Masses Publishing Company, 87 Greenwich Avenue, New York City.

Letters of Protest

An Englishwoman Protests

To THE MASSES:

As a reader of your pages I feel that I may be allowed to protest against an article in your March issue by Mr. John Reed called "The Worst Thing in Europe." It is a rather hysterical diatribe against violence.

There is a certain difference which Mr. Reed does not seem to appreciate between the driving by Christ of the money changers out of the Temple and the activities of Jack the Ripper. These two forms of violence are not, to every one, equally reprehensible.

Mr. Reed's charges against the Allied Armies are easily dealt with. They are quite simply not true. The French, of whom he speaks as not fighting well, have on the contrary, by their gallant courage and steadiness, won the admiration of all who have seen and known. The country as well as the army has responded with selfless devotion to the call of national defense.

Mr. Reed's phrase "The Russian peasants are knouted into battle for a cause they never heard of," so little represents the facts that lately a Russian radical, in answer to my question of what would happen if the Russian government tried to make a separate peace, replied "The Emperor would fall, the war, which is a war of the Russian people for the liberation of the Slav nations, would go on."

As for the allegation that a British officer wishing to punish a private tells his non-commissioned officer to "hit him," as the mother of an English officer knowing something of the regulations of the army, I am in a position to deny it absolutely. It is inconceivable that such an order should be given. If it were given the officer who gave it would be dismissed from the army.

Mr. Reed's description of the "undersized, debauched, diseased little men" of the English expeditionary force is equally imaginary. An army which could hold for nearly a week at Ypres against a German force estimated at from five to seven times greater than itself in numbers is not likely to have been composed of such material as Mr. Reed mentions. This description seems to be dictated more by malice than by knowledge, and I am surprised that an American, knowing, as Mr. Reed must know, that the Allied Armies are fighting the battle of democracy against the aristocratic military system of Germany, should find no better employment for his pen than making entirely unfounded accusations against men who are giving their lives for the cause of all free nations.

ANTOINETTE PINCHOT JOHNSTONE.

19 Seymour St., London.

A German Protests

To THE MASSES:

In your issue for March, 1915, Mr. John Reed gives two anecdotes of German officers which I take the liberty of commenting on. Tho' an American by blood and birth I had occasion to study the German army in the present war; and that at first hand, as a volunteer, in the garrison, in the front, and in the hospital. And my information is recent, as I left Germany less than a month ago.

The incidents cited in "The Worst Thing in Europe" are, to my knowledge impossible: no German officer is allowed to carry a swagger stick, no German officer or non-commissioned officer is permitted to strike or strike at a subordinate; and a sentry is for the duration of his stay on the post the superior in all matters pertaining to his post or instructions of any member of the army, save the commanding general, the officer in command of the town or station and the officers of the guard for that day. These statements will be borne out by anyone acquainted with the German army or by a perusal of the official manuals of instructions, or the records as far as they are public, of the trials of officers for misconduct.

I feel sure that Mr. Reed was misinformed on these matters, and therefore call the points to your attention: inaccuracies of statement and fact disturb one in a periodical with whose editorial policy one sympathizes.

Yours truly,

KARL N. LLEWELLYN.

Yale '15; ex-Sergt. 78th Prussian Infantry.

117 Congress St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Charity Official Protests

To THE MASSES:

I have just read the article in the MASSES for April entitled "Overlords of Charity," in which it is stated that I have said in substance that it is none of the public's business what I get out of my personal service, because the money comes from private sources. This is an absolutely false statement and does not accord with my views of the ethics of my profession.

I should be interested to know whether you can find a man who will tell you that I said any such thing. Sincerely yours,

W. FRANK PERSONS.

[The writer of the article has given us the name of an investigator who says Mr. Persons uttered the statement attributed to him, and we have furnished this information to Mr. Persons. THE MASSES is less interested in the question raised by these conflicting testimonies than in the attitude of the charity organization, which has within the last few weeks issued the first public statement of the salaries of its officials—a concession to public opinion which we are glad to chronicle.—Eds.]



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(Continued from page 3)

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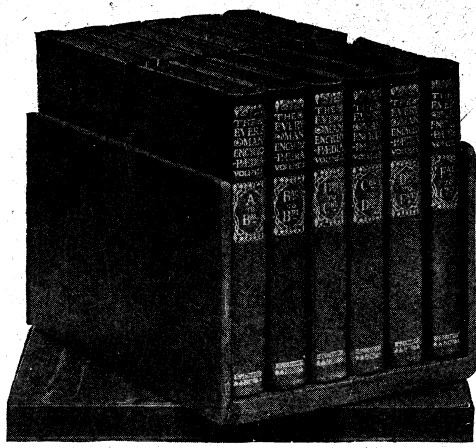
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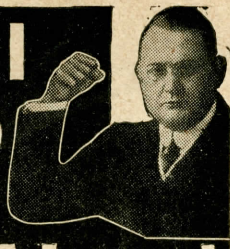
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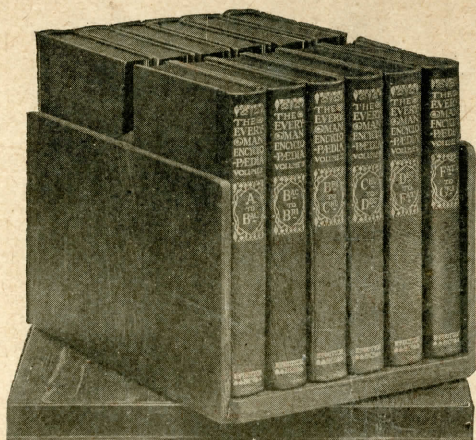
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