

The
MASSES

MARCH, 1914

10 CENTS



Drawn by Frank Walters

Contributing Editors

LITERATURE

- EUGENE WOOD
- JOHN REED
- ELLIS O. JONES
- MAX EASTMAN
- HORATIO WINSLOW
- MARY HEATON VORSE
- LOUIS UNTERMEYER
- WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING
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Bound Volumes
The Masses

JANUARY, 1913 to JANUARY, 1914

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

MAX EASTMAN, Editor
FLOYD DELL, Managing Editor
BERKELEY TOBEY, Business Manager.

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- ARTHUR YOUNG
- ALICE BEACH WINTER
- M. J. TURNER
- CHARLES A. WINTER
- MAURICE BECKER
- GEORGE BELLOWS
- CORNELIA BARNES
- STUART DAVIS
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GOING UP
NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS

	1913			
Aug.	-	-	-	104
Sept.	-	-	-	173
Oct.	-	-	-	226
Nov.	-	-	-	235
Dec.	-	-	-	392

WANTED—31 MEN OR WOMEN

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BUSINESS MANAGER—THE MASSES,
91 Greenwich Avenue, N. Y.

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FOR THE YEAR 1914

Edited by HIPPOLYTE HAVEL

A Book for Rebels in Social Life, Art, Science and Literature. Contains essays, poems and articles by

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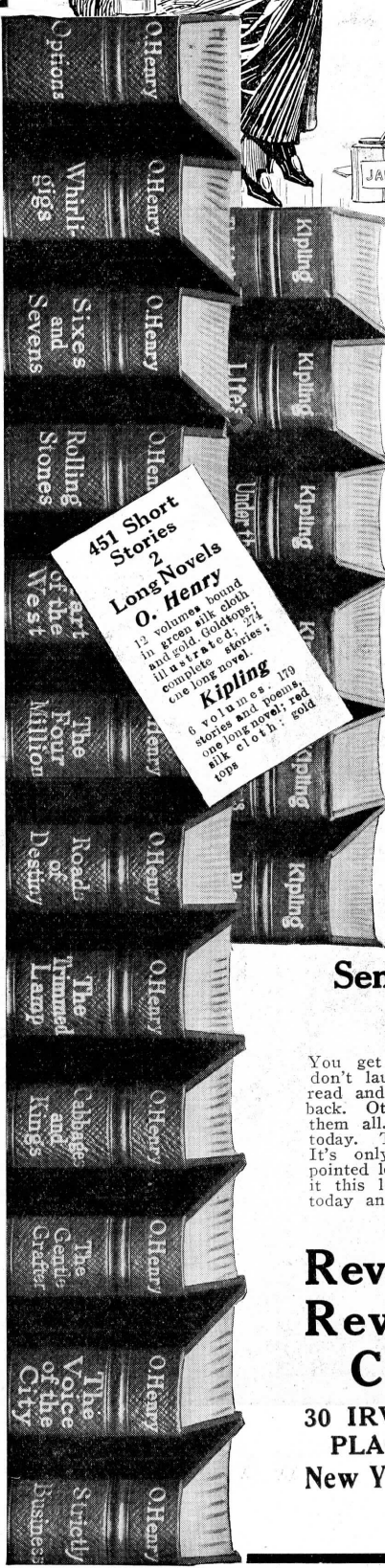
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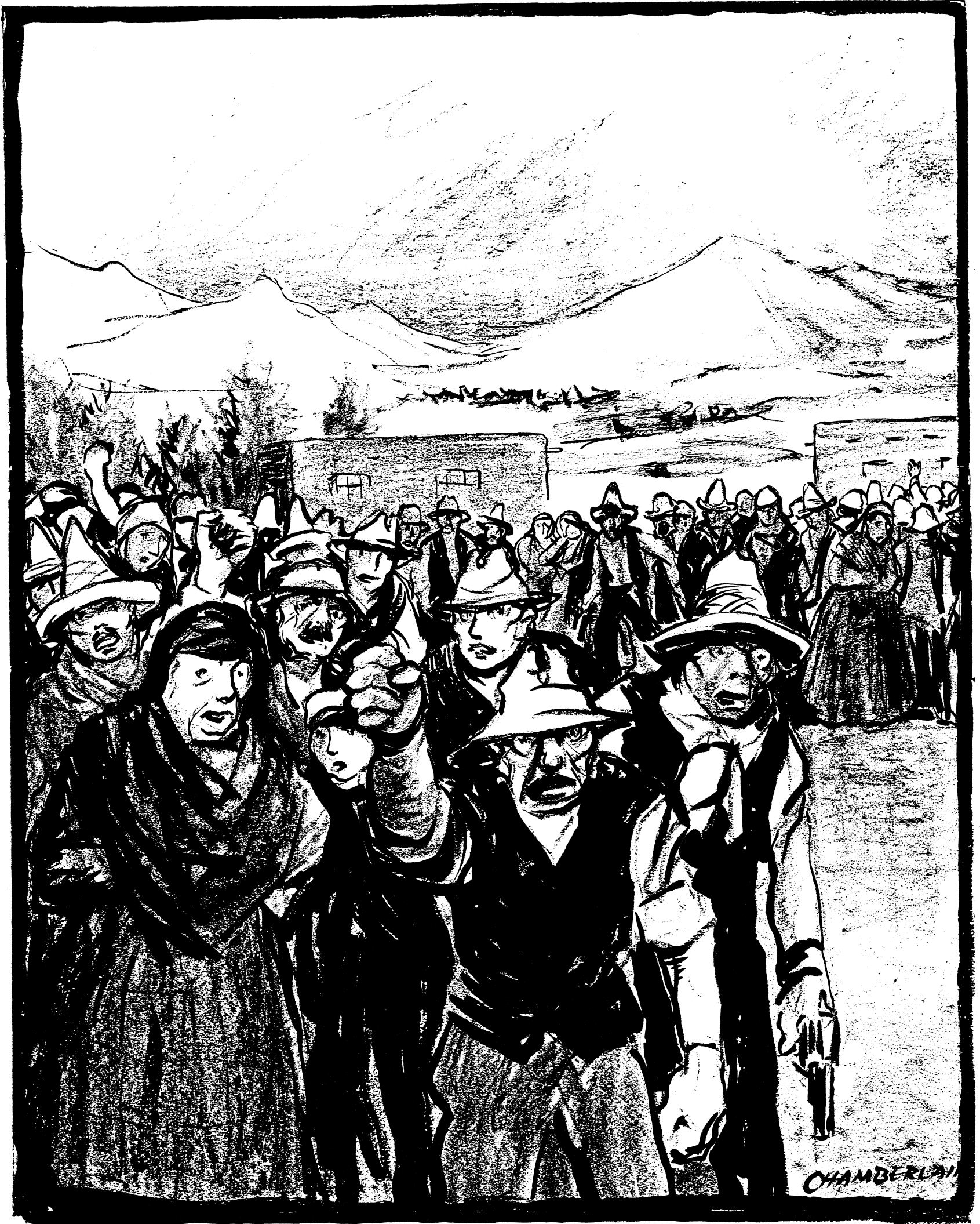
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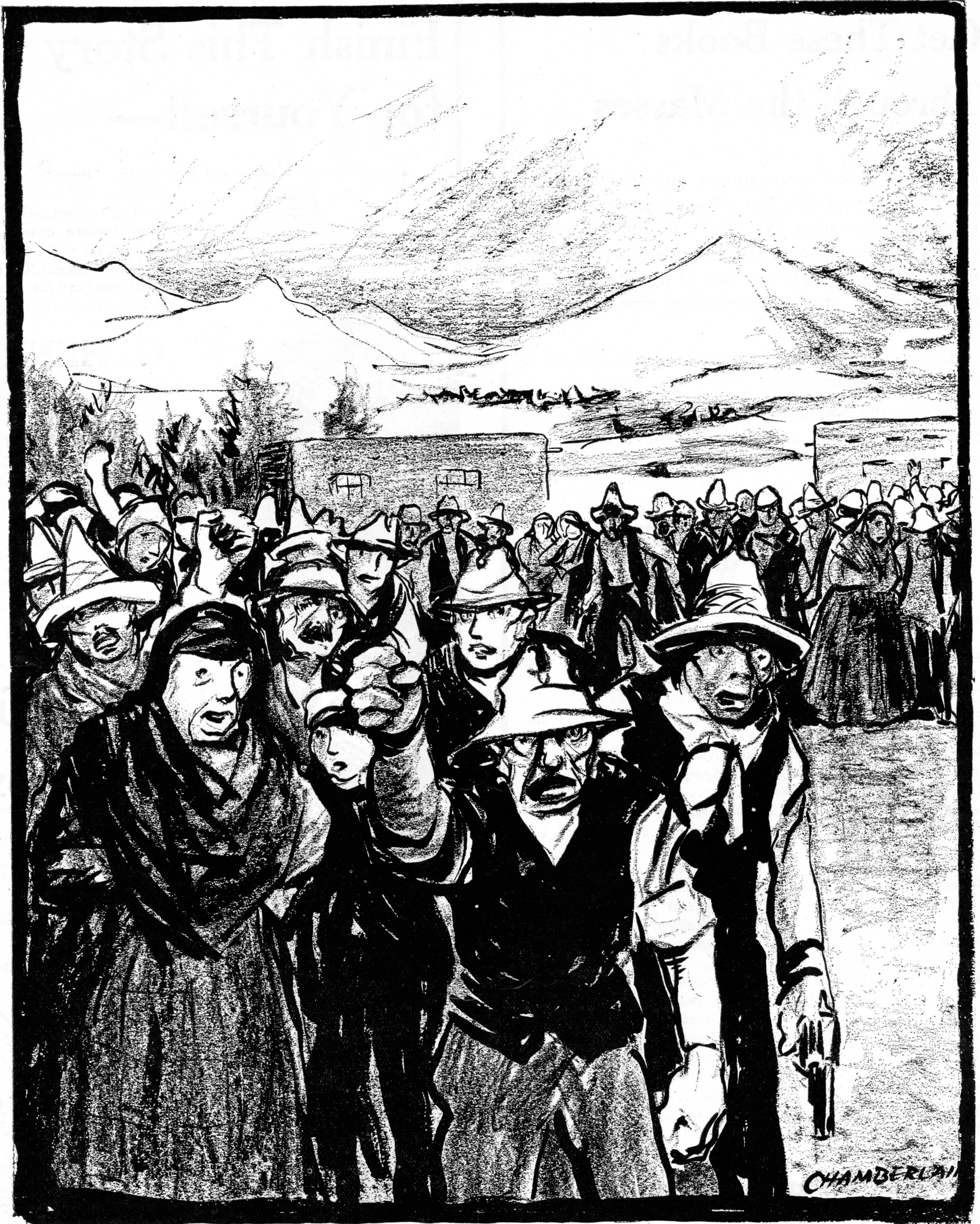


Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

WAITING FOR THE CHARGE

(SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

AT WHEATLAND



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

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(SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

The MASSES

Vol. V. No. 6: Issue No. 34.

MARCH, 1914

Max Eastman, Editor.

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

Why Not Send Them To Siberia

IT is spoken of as the Wheatland Riot. It was not a riot, but a cool and peaceable strike of two thousand men, women, and children gathered to pick hops on the ranch of the millionaire Durst brothers, near Wheatland in Yuba County, California. They were brought there by advertisements—"Come and have a delightful picnic. Come and bring your families." When they arrived they found conditions of life filthy and rotten, conditions of labor intolerable, rates of payment fraudulently cut down. They quit work together, nine nationalities of them, and joined in one irresistible protest.

On August fourth, while they were holding a perfectly peaceable outdoor meeting, Mr. Ralph Durst collected arms and ammunition from his neighbors, summoned the sheriff of Yuba county, filled two automobiles with deputy sheriffs, and rode into this meeting, firing the first shot into a mixed crowd of men, women, and children. The effort of some of that crowd to defend themselves constituted the "Wheatland Riot." A Porto Rican and an English striker, the district attorney of Yuba county, and a deputy sheriff, were killed.

And on February third, Herman Suhr and Richard Ford—the leaders of the strike—were convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to life imprisonment, although nobody in the world knows who fired the fatal shots and nobody testified that either of these men fired a shot.

We are informed that torture, threats of indictment for murder, kidnapping, and the suppression of news, have been the weapons of the prosecution.

Magistrates and the district attorney have refused to file complaints of assault under color of authority against those deputy sheriffs, who were the actual instigators of violence, and who fired the first shots. The assistant district attorney in charge of the prosecution was the son of one of the men who was shot. Change of venue from the county where the events happened, and where every avenue of publicity is controlled by the Dursts' financial and social influence, was denied.

This is Justice under the republic as it is meted out to the poorest classes—the nomadic, unskilled laborers that are unorganized, and must be kept unorganized because they are hungry, and the hungry are dangerous when they travel in a pack.

But if the aroused working people of California have their way—and they sometimes do—more will be heard of this case before those two men descend into a living tomb. This is only to let you know about it. The ordinary news-agency does not consider these little issues a matter of public importance.

Times Change

THAT a bill has passed the House of Representatives excluding from the shelter of the United States immigrants guilty of violence in a political revolution, is a grave sign for those who think that our country was founded upon the principle of human liberty. It must seem to them that the thing most precious to us is dying out of our hearts.

But to those who think it was not human liberty but the liberty of property-owners against kings and nobles, upon which our country was founded, the sign is not so grave. The love of liberty is growing, and the torch of revolution is more and more menacing these property owners themselves as kings and nobles, and that is why their representatives in Congress are less eager to welcome that torch from over the seas. There is something here that it can kindle.

Freedom And Advertising

THIS is a free Magazine. We are not controlled by any advertising, and we are not going to be.

Under a new plan we propose to become an advertising medium without losing our liberty.

Our plan is this—instead of charging for space, we deduct a commission on sales made through us.

If you want what we advertise, our commission on what *you purchase* pays for the advertising.

We are under no obligation to the advertiser. He has not paid us any money, and can not expect editorial favors in return.

This is a big experiment. Its success depends on your buying through us. Read our advertising pages—we assume that you read everything else.

Treason Or Self-Defense?

THE conviction and sentencing to prison of eleven mail-wagon drivers for deserting their wagons in a strike, presents to the Progressive party the biggest question it has to answer. These men were convicted of "conspiring to obstruct the United States mail." As ordinary strikers they are guiltless, but as government employees they are guilty of a crime that tastes to the courts somewhat like treason.

What are you advocates of increased government ownership going to do about this? Are you going to follow the dictates of your capitalist backers, and make your employees wage-slaves in the most literal meaning of the word? Or will you stand by your war-cry "democracy" and let them be free men? If your patron saint has anything to say about it, anything similar, to what he has said in the past, they will be model slaves. It will remain for some other party to champion their liberty.

It is time, indeed, that the Socialists took for granted a rapid extension of capitalistic government ownership, and set forth in their platform with clear meaning the difference between this and Socialistic government ownership. A few million minds in this country ought to be thinking about that distinction before next fall. And perhaps the cardinal point of it all would be *the right of government employees to strike.*

Platonic

"ARE you a member of the Socialist party?"

"No, but I'm for the Social Revolution."

"Don't you think it's a little priggish not to belong to the party these days?"

"I never thought of it that way. I don't belong to the I. W. W. either. I never could find any organization I wanted to join. My father and mother were dyed-blue Presbyterians and brought me up as a church member until I was eighteen. Then I quit, and I have never been able to join anything since."

"I see. The trouble with you is, you want to join a labor organization *in the same way* that your father and mother joined the church."

"Maybe that's it—and I can't."

"No, you're too intelligent for that. But you're not intelligent enough to join these organizations in another way."

"What way?"

"Well—just the way you might pick up a bucket or a dish, or almost anything, if you were running to a

fire. It isn't a question of choosing the Absolute. It's a question of seizing any instrument and all the instruments that will be of help toward the end you have in view."

"I see what you mean. It doesn't have to be something you can worship."

"No—just something that will hold water! I'll tell you what I think. I think a revolutionary movement that didn't give birth to a new organization with a new idea every few years would be infertile and dead. It would certainly never give birth to a revolution."

"Perhaps you are right. But you don't make me feel any more like joining these organizations!"

"No—I don't expect to. Your parents did their work too well. You belong with them to the past. You are merely seeking a substitute for *Jesus paid it all*. I cannot provide one. I can only hope you will never deceive yourself into thinking you have found one."

"You mean it would be a bad thing if I found a revolutionary organization that I could put my whole faith in?"

"Yes. The world is already burdened with people who think they are very radical and even better than that, very wise, because they have exchanged an old god for a new. Whereas there is just one radicalism, there is just one wisdom, one thing that makes this age superior to all others, and opens the door for the wings of hope, and that is, that intelligence has been set free. For those who have courage and self-dependence it is possible now, for the first time in history, to dismiss the Absolute in whatever form it may appear, and use all things, and all ideas too, as instruments and lights merely, for the responsible endeavors of man."

WE don't mind kickin'
The other fellah's hound,
But we hate to kick
Our own dogma round.

Out For Murder

A GROUP of blood-thirsty Bourbons gathered at the Colony Club in New York last week and organized a "Society for Furthering the Project of a State

Constabulary for New York." Some of the wealthiest citizens of the metropolis were present. They seemed very much exercised over the "unprotected condition of the rural districts."

Major Groome, head of the Pennsylvania Constabulary, which is responsible for more murdered working-people than any other single group in the United States, was there.

Seth Low was there—president of the Civic Federation, a body dedicated to the proposition that "the interests of capital and labor are identical."

He explained that the Cossacks would be very useful on those occasions when labor and capital become so riotously convivial that nothing short of a cavalry charge will separate them.

He did not offer to volunteer his services for one of these neighborly occasions, but doubtless he would be willing to enroll.

I do not believe those people at the Colony Club know what they are doing. The inauguration of a special mounted police for the express purpose of quelling the workers in their struggle for a greater life, is a certain guarantee of red riot and bloodshed for years to come. Because that struggle is doomed to continue until it is won. All the blood, horses and gunpowder of history could not stop that. Nor could they essentially alter its issue. It is a conflict of economic powers, and it will be fought to the same conclusion whether in peace or war. Why not then so far as possible in peace?

I do not believe those people know what they are doing, and I think they would better find out. They can secure from Charles H. Maurer, 428 Washington street, Reading, Pa., a book called "The State Constabulary of Pennsylvania," which will tell them the whole story, shedding a strong yellow light on the doings of Major Groome.

It is a fine thing that the women of New York's fashion parlors should come out to the Colony Club and get social consciousness—and learn to realize themselves. But if they do not want to go down to history as the Bloody Marys of a worse than worthless aristocracy, I would advise them to realize themselves in some game that does not involve the lives of the people they are exploiting.

The Anarchist Almanac

I CALL it by that name, because the choice by its editors of the name "Revolutionary"—as though that were an exclusive possession of those who look to the abolition of the state—smacks to my mind of a little Bohemian priggishness. I do this also because the word *revolution* is for me defined and consecrated to the uses of science. And its meaning, as so defined, has little to do with programs of the future constitution of society. As to what may issue when the working classes win to power, those who enjoy speculation have every reason to speculate—but the concern of the revolutionary as such is that the working classes should win.

However, the crowing is mostly on the covers, and you will find within the almanac a quantity of matter for joy and meditation. I am, for my part, confirmed in one or two tentative opinions concerning the philosophy of Anarchism by reading it—confirmed at least to the point of putting the opinions where my Anarchist friends can read them.

Anarchism has always seemed to me to hark back to "literary" times, whereas we live in the times of science. And what I feel in this almanac, again, is a strong literary infatuation, a love of the flavor of ideas of revolt, rather than a concentrated interest either in an end to be achieved, or in ideas as working hypotheses for its achievement. There is small satisfaction for the spirit of experimental science—which is the only new thing among us all—in these pages. And there is a good deal of rather indiscriminating hurrah. At least so it seems to me.

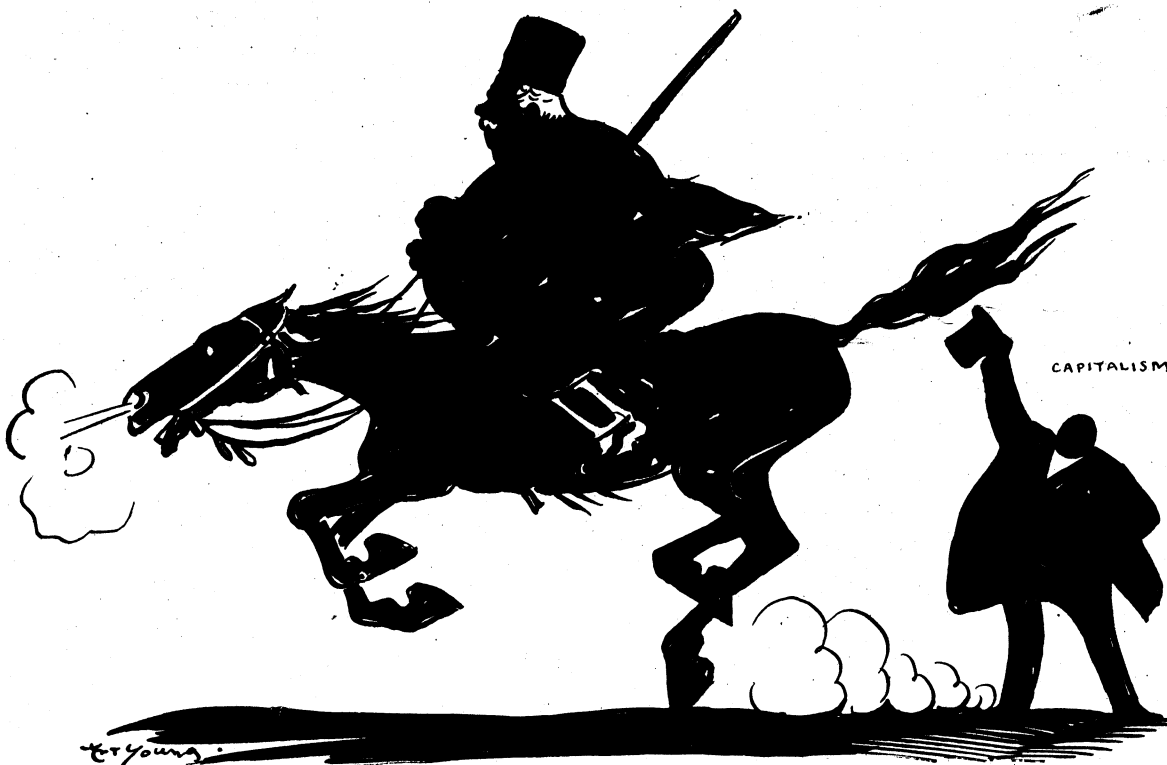
I would not traduce some of the quotations, like this from James Russell Lowell, by naming them literature:

"They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse—"

But still I do think there is an undue predominance of what we used to call "English" throughout this almanac. I emerged upon that back cover with so little additional knowledge, and so few ideas indicating definite action in the complex of our own life, that I was not altogether sorry to see THE MASSES omitted from the "revolutionary" publications listed there. It gave me a kind of corroboration, and at the same time an opportunity to say all the mean things I could think of about Anarchism without appearing to have started the argument.

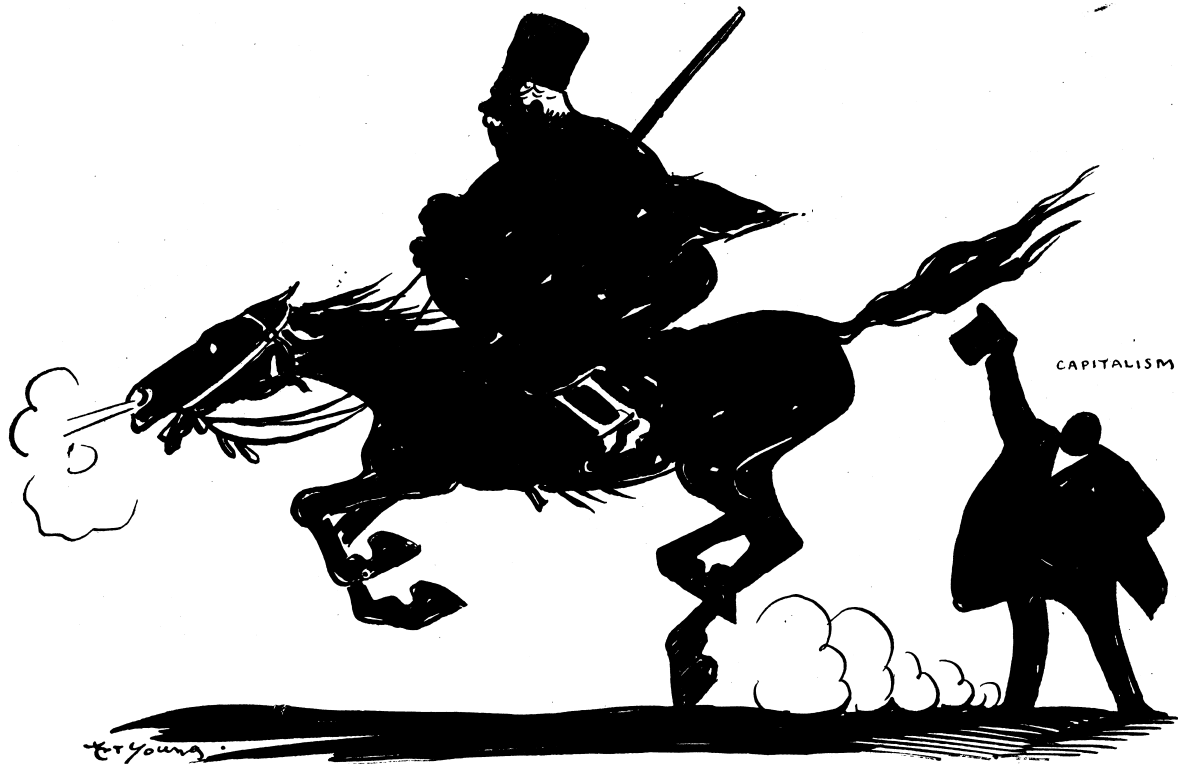
The state-of-mind propagated by Anarchists as such, besides being literary, is negative and therefore un-compelling. Anarchists do, to be sure, along with all other revolutionists, radiate that brotherly-rebellious spirit which promotes the hope of industrial democracy. But in so far as they are distinguished from the rest, they are distinguished by a negation. *Anarchy* is a privative word. It is a word that merely denies. When you grasp it, there is nothing in your hand. And the spirit of man will never be kindled to high endeavor by such a word, no matter how negative the actual thing he has to do. He will act with a creative vision when he acts to a great end.

It is this weakness, I think, that drives the editor to quote so much from men and women who would not touch the philosophy of Anarchism, and from others who have touched and rejected it. And it is this, too, that has driven the Anarchists so joyfully to the banner of the I. W. W. That organization, with its strike program, its plans of an industrial organization of society, gives them a chance for affirmation. And in so doing, perhaps, little as they suspect this, it brings them nearer to co-operation with their ancient enemies but potential friends, the Socialists. Of that the future can judge.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

SETH LOW AS A COSSACK



Drawn by Arthur Young.

SETH LOW AS A COSSACK



Drawn by John Sloan.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS IN REGARD TO MADONNAS

"PHILADELPHIA MILLIONAIRE BUYS COWPER MADONNA FOR \$600,000."—*News Item.*

What Do You Know About This?

"**A**RE you a Feminist?" we asked the stenographer.

She said she was.

"What do you mean by Feminism?"

"Being like men," she answered.

"Now you are joking!"

"No, I'm not. I mean mental independence. And

emotional independence, too—living in relation to the universe rather than in relation to some other person."

"All men are not like that," we said sadly.

"Then they ought to join the Feminist movement!"

Feminine Foible

A PHOTOGRAPHER requested permission to take a picture of Katherine B. Davis, the new Com-

missioner of Correction for New York. She smilingly asked for time to fix her hair. There was laughter at this, and Dr. Davis explained that "no woman could entirely rid herself of a woman's vanity, so that men in business and professional life would have to tolerate this foible."

The reason men don't fix their hair so much is that they haven't so much hair to fix.

CONFESSIONS OF A FEMINIST MAN

ON the day that I left business college, thirty years ago, the odd little old maid in the office slipped a pamphlet into my hands as she bade me good-bye and good-luck. "Read it," she said, glancing around as if afraid that the efficient president of the college might just then bustle into the room.

In the hall I looked at the title. It was "The Rights and Wrongs of Women." I was not surprised, for I had heard that Miss Milliken believed in woman suffrage. I had also heard that she was going to be fired from her position as secretary because she had not caught "the spirit of the institution." I stuck the pamphlet in my pocket and went out to look for a job.

I had caught the spirit of the institution all right; and when before the day was over I had got a job as shipping clerk in a paint factory, I felt that my future was assured. I knew that success must come to a young man who was capable, shrewd, energetic, and who gave his whole mind to his work. That was me.

And sure enough, before the year was out I was an accountant. I proved that I had a head for figures. Life meant to me simply success in my career, and naturally enough I forged ahead. Five years later I was making forty dollars a week in another office, ready to step into the shoes of the general sales manager when his asthma should get a little worse. I was a rising young business man.

I was so much of a business man that when I fell in love I felt disturbed about the time and thought that the girl was taking from my business. One of my reasons for an early marriage was the idea that when we had settled down I would be able to concentrate my mind again on affairs at the office. So we were married, and after a month's honeymoon in the Maine woods returned home to settle down.

That is to say, after a month of continual association with a woman, a sharing equally of work and play, I tried to go back to my womanless world of business and give to it my old singleness of devotion. I almost succeeded, but there was one fatal flaw. That was breakfast.

At night I was too tired to go to the theater with my wife, or read with her, or talk with her; for I had to get up at six-thirty o'clock and ride for an hour on the cars to get to my office at eight o'clock. Only the excitement of a game of cards could keep me awake in the evening after ten. But in the morning I lingered over my coffee, finding my wife an interesting and delightful companion. I didn't want to leave the house. And she didn't want me to go—for she, too, liked companionship and felt the need of it. I resented the arrangement of life which took me so inexorably from the side of a pleasant playmate. For the first time I was late to work, and listless at my desk.

Those breakfasts, which were my first concession to a standard of life alien to the womanless world in which all my thoughts had centered—those breakfasts played an important part in my career. For I decided not to wait on the sales manager's asthma to give me more leisure. I took another place, where work began at the civilized hour of nine, and which was only half an hour's ride from my home. I had time for my breakfasts now. And I was more of a human being in the evening. I read with my wife, talked with her, went about with her. And I did not regret that my new position offered no such possibilities of promotion as the old.

I had begun to feel that the one-sexed world in which I had been living was inadequate to human needs—that life ought to be lived and shared by men

and women together. The reality of my feeling was soon tried by children and illness. I had the choice of assuming a perfunctory responsibility for the affairs of my home, while giving my real energies to my work, or—honestly sharing them. So I ceased to be simply a business man. I became a woman's friend and helper. It wasn't until later, when the panic threw me out of a job, that I realized the heavy economic disadvantage of the transformation.

I then realized that in losing my original indifference to everything but my work I had lost my original chance for success. Other men, unmarried or able to leave to women what they called "women's affairs," had passed me by. I was, in a business sense, a dead one.

A man who is out of a job may be forgiven many things. I saw myself, who had started out so promisingly on the road to success, thrown aside in the gutter. And why? Because of the enervating influence of a woman. I became bitter, not against my wife so much as against womankind. I saw femininity as a force that softened the masculine will and misdirected its energies. I grew to hate the sight of the pictures of pretty women on the covers of popular magazines. That—I said—is what is sapping the strength of mankind. And once when a little reform organization that I belonged to was considering timidly the project of admitting women to membership, I made a violent speech against it. I said: "Things are going to hell on account of women. I don't want to have any more truck with them. I want to get back out of this feminized, sentimental wallow of a world into a clean, strong, sane, masculine civilization." . . . But when I found an account of my speech in the morning paper, I wanted to hide it away from my wife.

I had another job by this time. But I was still obsessed by the thought that I had lost my chance for business success. And so I had. I couldn't devote myself heart and soul to my work. The fact was, I didn't want to. I had other things to think about. I was changed. And on account of that change I despised myself and hated womankind.

I had at any rate begun to take women into account. I was now selling insurance, which gave me some time to myself. And I spent a good deal of that time thinking about women. I soon got over my bitterness, but I kept on thinking about them. I was trying to see their side of the case.

Then one day, in unpacking a box of books, I came across an old notebook of my wife's. Written on the cover was the title, "New Year's Resolutions." I smiled and opened it.

The page before me was dated two years before our wedding, when she was nineteen years old. It read: "I want my life to count for something in particular. I want to be a definite part of the world. Surely there is some one thing I can do. I have a brain and two hands. I am going to find a use for them."

The vague aspirations of youth! I turned to the next year's page. "I know now," it read, "what I want to do. I really know a little about architecture. I will study, and learn more, and then go to work at it. I mean—earn my living by it. That is my job."

I thought of the plans she was always sketching out for our hypothetical house in the country; of the pictures of cathedrals and towers and temples that she pinned to the walls; of the architectural magazine that found its way every month into our home. It was an interest of hers that I had never taken seriously. Now I realized that it might have been a serious matter to her. These things which I had carelessly noticed might

be the shattered fragments of her plans for happiness.

I turned to the next page. It was blank. On the first new year's day after our wedding she had no plans to make; they were already made for her.

The rest of the book was empty, page after page, until at last I came on this, written on the first day of the year of my own bitterness—just two sentences: "I did not deliberately decide to spend the rest of my life sitting in a house and taking care of children. It just happened to me."

I had never read any feminist literature, but I suppose I formulated in my mind that day the whole theory of feminism. I saw that this girl had as much right to resent the limitations which another sex had placed on her life, as ever I had. She had been pent up in a flat, and condemned to spend twenty-four hours of the day with her children. It is true she loved them—I loved them, too, but I was glad to get away from them some of the time. She had been prevented from doing the kind of work she wanted to do. She was tied down to a job that didn't satisfy her, and that she couldn't change. And she got no wages—only support. She was shut off from the life of the world. She wasn't a citizen in the real sense. Nobody asked her what kind of laws she wanted. Nobody cared whether she liked the laws or not. She took care of an individual's children and looked after an individual's meals. But she herself wasn't an individual. She wasn't a free human being. So it was that I became a feminist.

I am now forty-five years old. I have been a failure in my chosen career. I have long since ceased to regret that, for it was a poor career at best. But I have just realized that I deserved to fail.

The other day my wife brought home from the office of a suffrage paper a little pamphlet, yellow with age and carefully bound. It was a copy of "The Rights and Wrongs of Women." I thought of the odd little old maid in the office of the business college. "Read it!" she had begged. I sat down to read it. Thirty years ago I had dropped it on the sidewalk before I went into the paint factory to get my first job and commence my life career.

The first sentences of the little pamphlet that I had never read, came home to me. "A woman," it said, "is the same kind of creature as a man. The fact that a woman bears children in her own body does not mean that she has not the same kind of hands and brain that a man has, the same faculty of using them, and the same desire to achieve through their use her own happiness. So long as any woman is denied the right to her own life and happiness, no man has a right to his; and every man who walks freely in his man's world, walks on an iron floor, whereunder, bound and flung into her dungeon, lies a woman-slave."

Rhetorical, yes—but the truth. And when I read that, I knew that it was only just that my life and my happiness, as I once conceived them, should have been wrecked for me by a woman—a woman with her rights and wrongs, of which I knew nor cared nothing, and which I must suffer a little with her to learn.

THE Pope says: "No Catholic can be a Socialist."

The I. W. W. says: "No trades unionist can be a Socialist." The Socialist says: "No Billhaywood can be a Socialist." The Anarchist says: "Who the hell wants to be a Socialist?"

Now, boys and girls, all together and let's hear how it sounds!

J. O'B.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

"MAMMA, WHAT'S THIS MEAN?"

"IT MEANS IF WE SIT HERE LIKE THIS, WE'LL SIT HERE FOREVER."

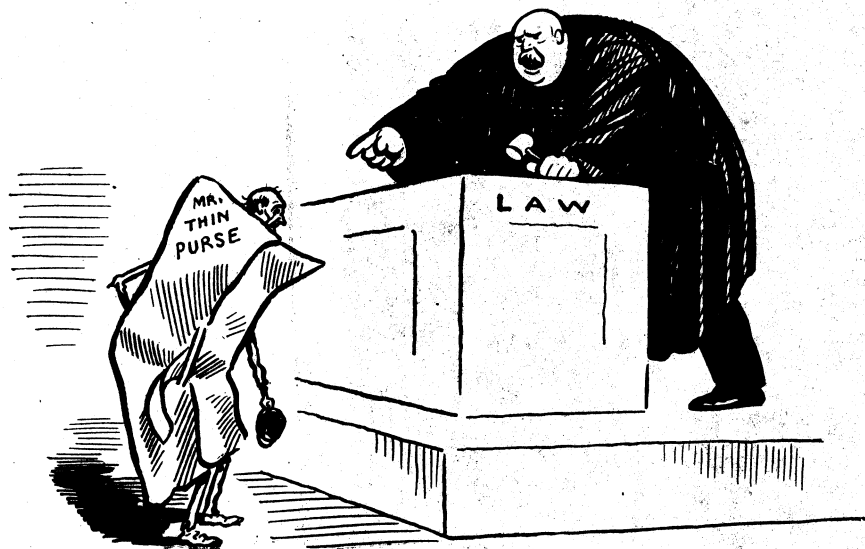


Drawn by Maurice Becker.

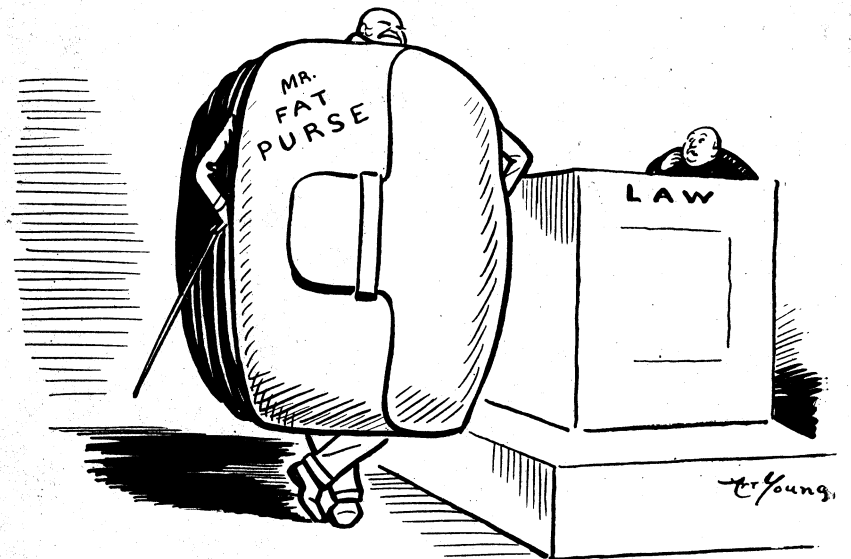
"MAMMA, WHAT'S THIS MEAN?"

"IT MEANS IF WE SIT HERE LIKE THIS, WE'LL SIT HERE FOREVER."

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW



Drawn by Arthur Young.



The Library Table

IT seems we cannot have a literature in America because we have a Library Table.

The magazine must not look kindly upon the story when it is revealing, or upon the article too informing or illumining. Why? Why, because the magazine is to lie upon the Library Table, and does not the Library Table exist in order to keep life out of literature?

The publisher must go to jail if he publishes a book not suited to the Library Table.

But is life to be arrested just because we have amassed a little furniture?

The Library Table has given itself insufferable airs. The function of a reading table is to hold reading matter, not to denaturalize it. Let us take the Library Table out and chop it up for kindling.

If there were no Library Table, magazines would not have to confine themselves to stories written for it. Instead of issuing a magazine for a table, the editor could begin getting one out for living beings! And if there were no Library Table how could the publisher be sent to jail for publishing what should not lie upon it?

And then we could have individual tables. Are mother and father never to have roast beef, or lobster salad, just because babe is on Mellen's Food? Let daughter have her own table—then everybody need not be confined to what people who do not in the least understand her think it meet daughter should read. Then there can be pink-face literature, and just plain literature. Conscientious publishers can issue such statements as: "For Mother's Table, but *not* for Father's." And think how that will stimulate father's desire to read!

Perhaps even the editor, having watched the Library Table go up in smoke, will begin to take an interest in literature.

To be free of the Library Table! To write for the bed-side table, and the bath-side—for the tea-side and the beer-side and the fire-side!

SUSAN GLASPELL.

Preserving The Peace

THE police have invented a new game. It is almost as much fun as their old but still popular double-cross-tag, "The System." They call it "Preserving the Peace." To play it, all they need is a little strike and a crowd of reasonably curious gentlemen—the shabbier the better. Either is easy to get these days.

Next start a cat fight near some Private Property—a street car franchise, for instance. The ten gentlemen naturally coalesce. So do the police. Presently somebody says to everybody in particular, "Get off my toe."

That is enough. Anyone can see that the Fundamentals of Government are in danger, and probably the Constitution. After that comes the Violence. If it doesn't immediately materialize, the police must supply the deficiency by clubbing one of the gentlemen. It doesn't matter which—the fellow with the toe will do. If he objects, arrest half a dozen around him.

The Peace has then been sufficiently preserved.

If anyone in court should raise the indelicate question of who was disturbing it, the police magistrate should quickly give the answer, "Fourteen days," and end the game.

The game may be repeated indefinitely until an Aroused Public Opinion has broken the strike.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

The Professor Gets Mad

HE attracted my attention the moment I walked into the room. It was with an effort that I kept my eyes on the people to whom I was being introduced. In his general appearance he resembled a very, very straight piece of copper wire. That is, to represent him to yourself, you just have to put together the qualities, thinness, longness, redness and very-very-straightness. His deep-set eyes were completely hidden by shaggy eyebrows. But, though I could not see those eyes, I felt that they were looking upward, looking right through the ceiling, and watching the curves made by the invisible stars above.

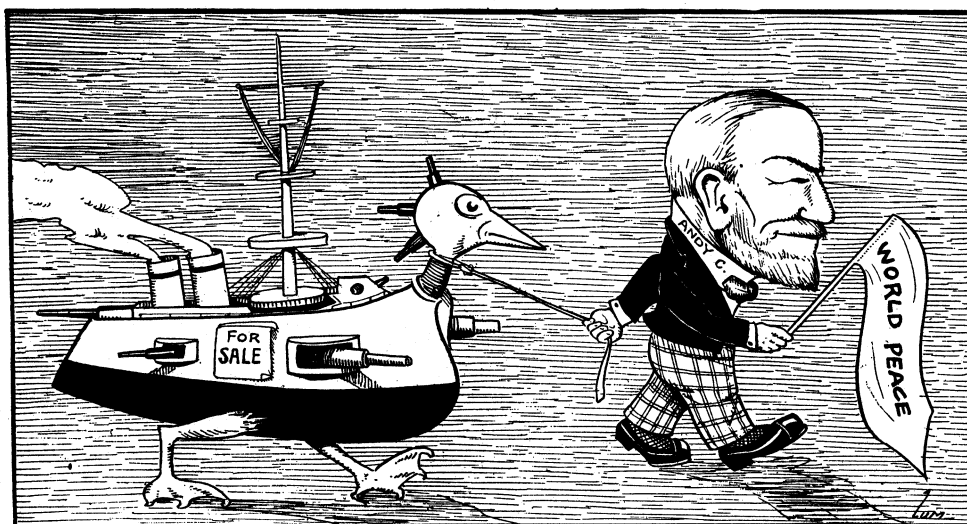
He was the last person to be introduced to me. He raised those shaggy eyebrows slightly in response to my greeting. As I stood before him, I had a queer sensation. I wondered where I had felt it before. I recollected. It was my first time in the algebra room when I saw on the board, $X_n + 2y = \frac{1}{2}$. Just as then, I felt that I was before something unknowable.

We sat down at the table to eat. There was a short, awkward silence. Then the weather was discussed; the professor frowned. We talked of science; he looked displeased. We spoke of art; he was silent. We talked of politics; his shaggy eyebrows moved slightly, his features changed. I repeated a complimentary remark about the I. W. W. which I had heard that morning. The eyebrows rose high, the mouth opened; his eagle eyes were fixed on me. He began to talk.

He must have talked fully a quarter of an hour. Science, history, art, politics, even the weather, were called upon to prove me an ignorant fool. I was helpless from fright.

But through it all I had a feeling that persisted over the tumult of his words that this I. W. W. business was something that I had to look into—that it was important. If this copper wire could be galvanized by the idea of the I. W. W., then it was something that I could not afford to know only by hearsay.

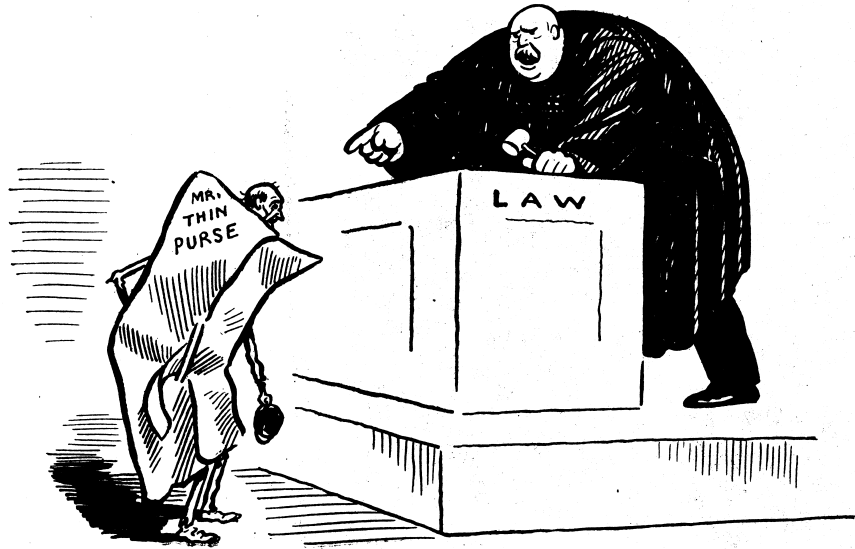
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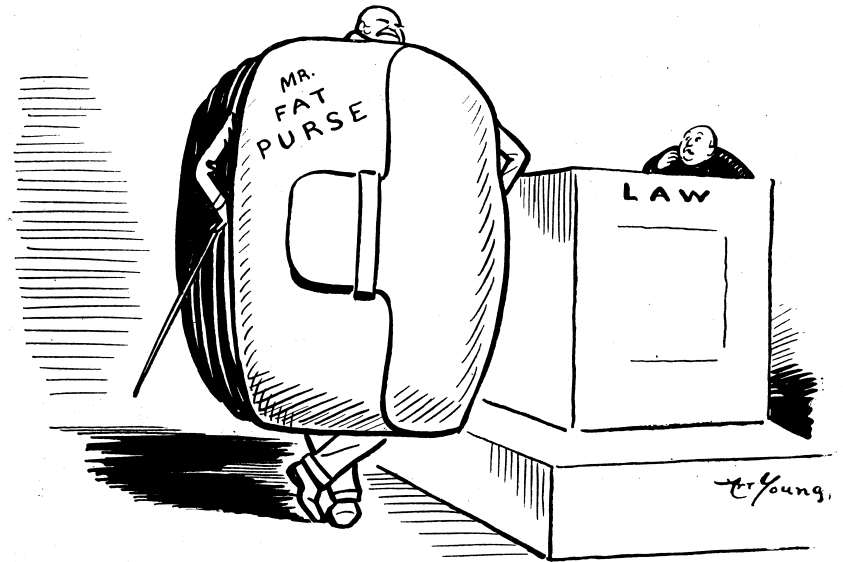
Drawn by Fred Zumwalt.

THE DOVE OF PEACE

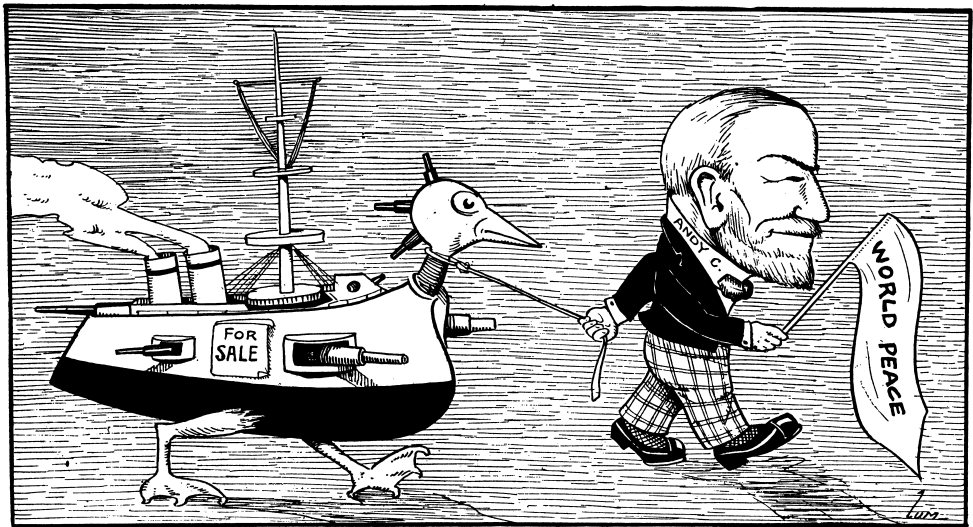
THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW



Drawn by Arthur Young.

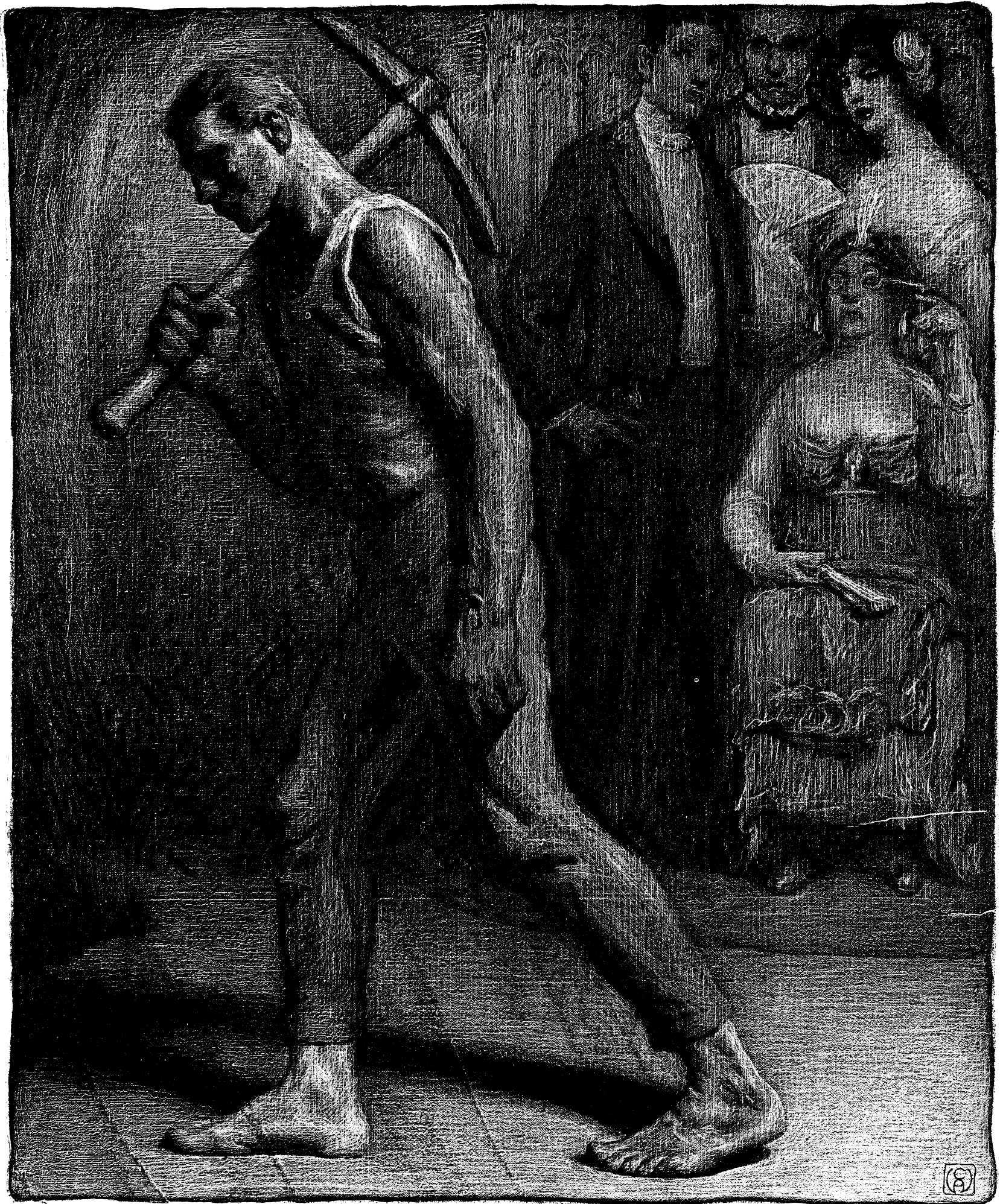


Arthur Young.



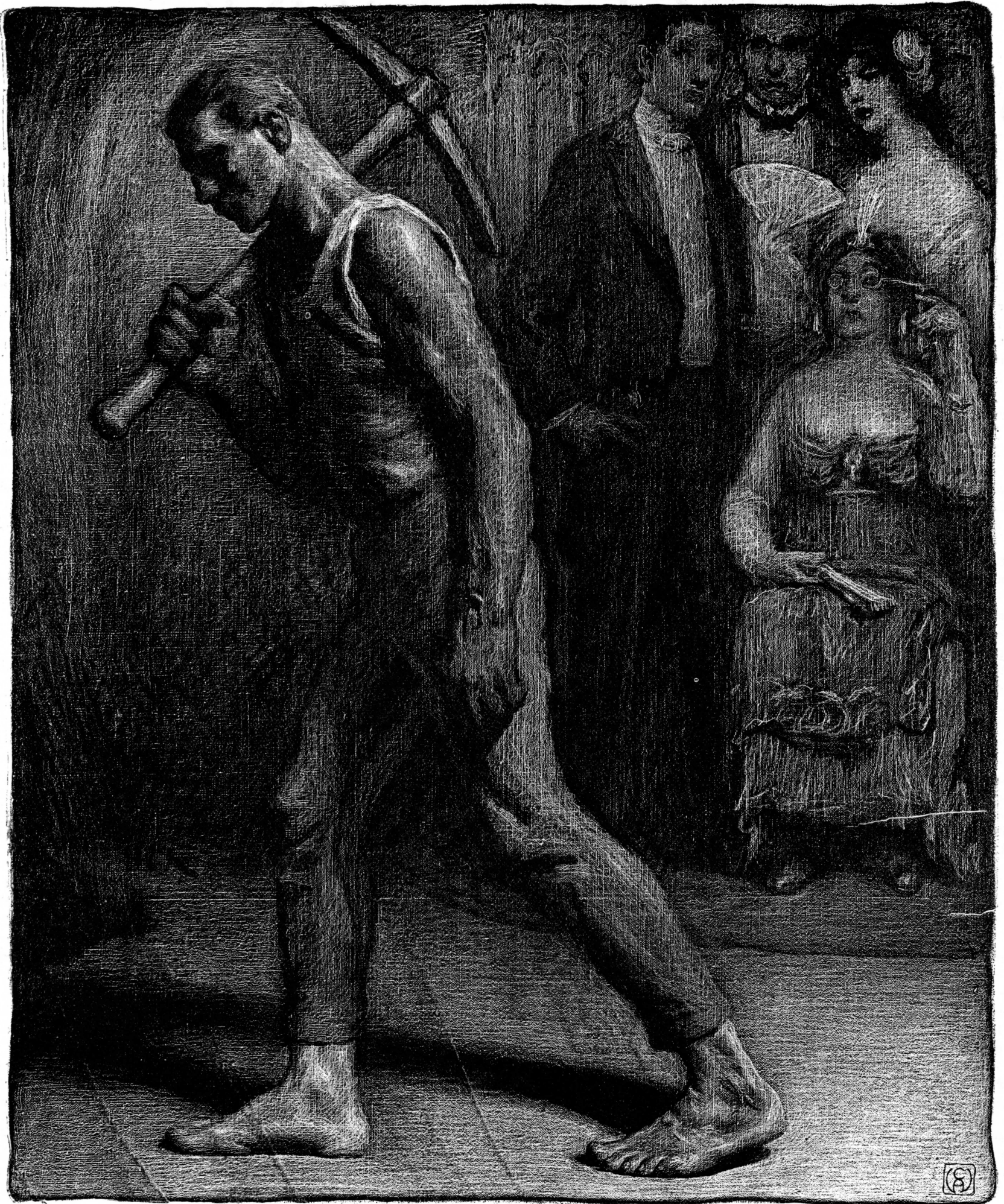
Drawn by Fred Zumwalt.

THE DOVE OF PEACE



Drawn by Charles A. Winter

THEIR ONLY VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT



Drawn by Charles A. Winter

THEIR ONLY VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT

ADVENTURE

Floyd Dell

"WHAT'S the matter?"

Margaret looked with haughty resentment at Mrs. Edom, the plain and ineffectual woman who kept house for her. She did not reply. Instead, she threw down the little brown report book in which she was entering her pupils' weekly marks, and said, "I am going down to the postoffice."

She knew that her eyelids were red and swollen, and she did not want to face the curious scrutiny of this woman, whose older years estranged her and whose kinship she resented. Mrs. Edom had never ventured to ask her directly about her affairs, but her looks and casual remarks were a constant irritant. The woman had doubtless heard her crying last night; that itself was an offense, and this question by which she confessed it was an impertinence.

Outside, the breezes refreshed her, and she walked light-heartedly down the long village street. The warm June breezes were laden with the delicious smell of rain-drenched earth. A freight train passed, and its roar faded into the distance. Then, as the girl approached the postoffice, she noted the sound made by the limb of a big maple tree, broken last night in the storm, and now dragging back and forth over the tin roof.

Margaret had cried herself to sleep last night, her stoicism broken down by the fierce and melancholy sounds of the wind and rain; and now, though her eyes were full of summer sunlight, there were fears brushing uneasily against her heart. The ugly rhythm of the twigs and leaves as they scratched to and fro across the roof vaguely accompanied these faint importunings of her anxieties. Tapping her foot nervously on the floor, and thinking in quietly, she waited at the little wicket for her mail.

There was a letter from Conde Herbert—and the Chicago newspaper. She half tore open the letter, and then started prudently over to the farther corner of the little room.

As she passed the window she glanced out, and saw a familiar figure come out of the barber-shop across the street. It was her uncle Timothy. She paused for a second, long enough to make sure that he was coming straight across to the postoffice. Then, clenching her letter tightly in her hand, she walked over to the battered desk in the corner, and unfolded the newspaper.

"Mornin', Miss Maggie!" he called. The "Miss" was a title added in deference to her position as a school teacher. He himself was a director. Margaret turned at his call, and faced him. "Good morning, Uncle Timothy," he said coolly.

His glance caught and fixed upon the letter clenched in her hand. "Heard from your brother?" he inquired genially. "What's the news? Still makin' flyin' machines, is he?" Uncle Timothy had not adjusted himself to the contemporary view of aeronautics, and flying machines were to him still a comic subject. He regarded his reference to young Roy Miller's occupation as a witticism.

Margaret was glad to have his attention turned that way. "Oh, he's doing very well," she replied disingenuously. "Here," she said, turning to the newspaper spread out on the desk, "is where he's putting in his time." She pointed to the headlines telling of the Air Meet in Chicago.

Uncle Timothy frowned at her incredulously. "You

don't mean to tell me," he said in a slightly indignant tone, "that he's going *up* in one of them things!"

Margaret laughed—a laugh that caught and broke. "No, no," she assured him, "just looking on, and attending to the machinery."

Nevertheless, her uncle's remark had touched and awakened a secret fear in her heart, and she began an instinctive search of the page. She did not know what she was looking for. Perhaps for her brother's name. She scanned the first columns of the story, and turned to an inner page, not hearing what her uncle was saying.

He brought her back sharply. "I say," he repeated loudly, "that the next time you write to your brother I want you to give him a message from me."

She knew from his challenging tone what was coming, and lowered her voice in reply. "Yes, Uncle Timothy," she said softly, "what do you want me to tell him?"

A lower tone was the only concession he made to her. "I want you to tell him that I said he'd better be here takin' care of his sister, than tinkerin' with flyin' machines in Chicago." He looked sharply at her as he delivered the thrust, and the girl's hand closed tightly with an instinctive movement on Conde Herbert's letter.

The next moment she smiled. Instinctively she put on her most feminine manner, and rallied him with her glance and tone. "Why, Uncle Timothy," she protested, "I'm twenty-three, and earning my own living. You've told me yourself that I'm the best teacher in the district."

It was sophistry sweetened with feminine coquetry, such as a girl may legitimately use as a weapon against the tyrannous interference of a male relative. But almost instantly there came a revulsion against this role of deception. She disdained to be the pink-and-white creature that does not tolerate plain speaking. An aroma of freedom from all her talks with Conde Herbert rose in her brain like an intoxicating fume. Something of self-offended vanity, of vindictiveness against Williamsburg conventionality, thrust upon her a kind of feminist histrionism.

"What makes you think I need to be taken care of?" she demanded.

"All women need to be taken care of," grumbled Uncle Timothy evasively.

Margaret almost laughed. She had a vision of Uncle Timothy's wife—fat, mentally placid, physically industrious to an incredible degree. She wondered if Aunt Jane had ever given Uncle Timothy any trouble.

"It ain't necessary for me to go into the subject with you," he said, backing down. "I'll say what I've got to say to your brother."

"No—say it to me," insisted the girl.

"That's all I've got to say to you," he replied stubbornly, and turned to go.

The girl laughed. So that was all Uncle Timothy had to say to her!

Uncle Timothy turned back, and Margaret laughed again—an ironical, feminine laugh. She was thinking of the difference between what she seemed to this man, and what she was. She seemed to him a pink-and-white creature of weakness and ignorance. And that she should seem to him such a creature filled her for a moment with astonishment. She saw herself with the knowledge and strength that she knew was hers; she had a sudden sense of the sophistication

hidden behind her innocent look, the muscular power hidden behind the amiable contours of her clothing, and from both those disguises she stood forth to her own view for a shining instant. Suddenly she thought: this is what Conde Herbert has made me. And she felt a glow of gratitude toward the man who had rescued her from the domination of that innocent look and those amiable clothes. He had made her see that in such things woman is not to be truly found. All the other girls in Williamsburg might strive, if they chose, to identify themselves with their dimples or their lingerie; she would be a woman.

Uncle Timothy reluctantly took up the gauge. "You know you ain't behavin' right," he said.

"Am I neglecting my school work?" she demanded, by way of getting down to the facts.

"You know what I mean," said Uncle Timothy.

Stung by the challenge, the girl replied quickly, "Yes, I do know." Voices within her clamored faintly for silence, but she took courage and went on. "You mean that I'm going around with Conde Herbert, and that all Williamsburg is talking about it. You mean that he is a divorced man. You mean that he has a bad reputation, and that I'm a silly little country girl. You think things have gone as far as it's safe to let them, and that something ought to be done. Isn't that it?"

Margaret's knees were trembling, but she was curiously happy. It seemed very natural and wholesome to be speaking in this way.

As for Uncle Timothy, he had never been talked to in this manner by a woman, and he did not know what to make of it. He was really shocked. But some instincts of the man-of-the-world deep down in his rural soul forbade him to betray his surprise. He would not let the girl know how much she had staggered him. He strove to keep his composure. "Well," he said, "you seem to understand the situation."

Margaret answered: "I understand the situation all right. I admit every single thing, except one. You are mistaken about that. I'm not a silly little country girl. I'm not the person you think I am. That makes a difference."

There was a pause, while someone came in for mail and went out. "You're a smart young woman," Uncle Timothy went on, "but I think you've still got things to learn." He was determined to write and tell young Roy Miller about this affair, and have a stop put to it immediately. But outwardly he must appear to continue to play the conversational game.

"What have I to learn?" demanded the girl, fixing him with her disconcerting look.

Uncle Timothy became crafty. "I suppose," he said, "you're interested in this fellow because he can talk about books."

The girl drew a long breath before replying, and her mind prayed to itself instantaneously for courage. "That's part of it," she said. "But there are other things. I like him because he knows how to make love."

Beyond a certain point, there was no shocking Uncle Timothy, and he took this coolly. He had an inspiration, and brutally used it. "That is what Millie Stevens said about him. I don't suppose you remember about Millie?"

Margaret had an answer ready. "Conde told me all about it. I wasn't allowed to hear anything of it at the time."

Uncle Timothy thrust again. "Did he tell you what became of her?"

"Yes. She went on the stage, and later went to Europe with a Brazilian millionaire, who sent her to school and then married her. They are living in Florence. It's an edifying story, isn't it?"

Uncle Timothy would not give up the contest yet. "Has he told you of his other doin's with women?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Margaret. "They weren't so many as Williamsburg gives him credit for. All but one—that one he won't tell me anything about." She was being wanton, deliberately trying to shatter him with her frankness. "The girl is now one of the properest matrons in Williamsburg"—her voice was cruel with irony—"and he says if he gave me any details I would know who it was."

Then she began to laugh, but she stopped, for she heard in her voice a strange note, which might be the prelude to hysteria. She realized that she was keyed too high. She began to desire frantically that the conversation should end. She turned to the desk, feeling that she must get away. A picture of a biplane in the newspaper caught her eye and gave her a sense of relief. She began to read, as though that could steady her, the story of the Air Meet in Chicago.

"Your brother——" began Uncle Timothy.

"My brother?" said Margaret. "Yes, my brother!" A paragraph has caught her eye and transfixed her. She pushed the paper into Uncle Timothy's hands. He read:

Another new airman is Roy Miller, who has just joined the Wright forces. He is expected to take part in some of the spectacular monoplane events.

Margaret sat down on the window sill, breathing heavily. She dropped her letter to the floor and then picked it up, and rolled it tightly in her hands. She was not thinking, she was only enduring like a wound her sudden sense of helpless fear.

"It's all foolishness," said Uncle Timothy, staring at the paragraph. But his voice was uncertain. He was for the first time taking this preposterous thing seriously.

"No," Margaret said. "He's really going to do it. I know. I knew all along. I knew he would, sooner or later. Now it's come."

"Don't you believe it," said Uncle Timothy. But she was not listening to him. She was holding herself steady by the edge of the desk, trying to think.

But she could not think—she could only feel. And there was the sick conviction at the bottom of her mind that now, at last, the inevitable had happened. . . . It was bound to happen.

One day he had written her a long letter. She had worried over it until she could hardly attend to her classes. Any one else would have seen in the letter only a youth's enthusiasm over "the conquest of the air." But Margaret knew what it meant for him to turn from the body to the soul of aeronautics. She understood how such an interest could obsess him. He had ended jestingly, "You may expect me to come flying down to Williamsburg in a biplane one of these days."

In that sentence there was for Margaret the terrible menace of the eternal masculine.

Uncle Timothy was talking, ineptly. Something that he said caught her attention.

"He'd have written you about it, if it was so," Uncle Timothy was saying. "He didn't say anything about it in his letter, did he? What did he say?" And Uncle Timothy extended his hand for the letter which she held crumpled against her bosom.

Unconsciously she yielded him Conde Herbert's letter. He had torn it open and half unfolded it, before she realized what she had done. She snatched it back, read its brief contents in a glance, and threw it on the desk. Uncle Timothy stared in surprise.

"It isn't from him," she said dully.

Uncle Timothy made a bewildered motion toward the letter. "Not from him?"

"No," she said, in the same tone. "It's from Conde Herbert. Here—read it. You'll be glad to hear the news. You can stop worrying about *me*." She pushed the letter over to him.

While he read, she seemed to see again, as though burned on her retina, the words of that letter:

MARGARET: I can't be there Saturday, after all. And my train for the West leaves Sunday morning. So we sha'n't see each other for—how long? I wonder. CONDE.

Uncle Timothy put the letter back on the desk, and stood silent before the girl, who was lost for a moment in thoughts of her lover.

So there was to be no farewell meeting that afternoon. It was all over. . . .

Her uncle's voice floated to her across the void. "What does it mean?" he was asking suspiciously. She came back to the present—to the present and its fears.

"Mean?—it means that Conde Herbert has gone away for good. Out West. A timber claim. I've seen the last of him. It's all right. But my brother. We must *do* something. We must!"

Her voice had taken on a tone of hysterical appeal that comforted even while it alarmed him. This was the fearful, ineffectual kind of female he knew. He rose to the occasion.

"I'll tell you," he said, "I'll take the next train to Chicago, and put a stop to the whole business!"

Margaret put her hand on his shoulder, and struggled with a sob. "You're a nice Uncle Timothy!" she said.

"Steady! steady!" he cautioned. When she had braced up, he bade her good-bye, and hurried off home to change his shirt for the journey.

But as soon as he had gone away, her mood changed. She was angry. It was an anger streaked through with fear, but it moved her toward action. She conceived a plan, and with one glance at the clock, made up her mind. She left the postoffice.

Down the little sidewalk that skirted the muddy street she walked hastily, toward the railway station. Already she had formulated her brief and peremptory telegram, and she was thinking out the rest of her course of action. She tried to think very calmly, but every minute she would be stabbed by the thought of her brother's insane daring; for a moment she would droop, quivering all through with the hurt of it; and then she would recover herself and go on with her soberer thinking.

She reached the railway station, and called for a telegram blank. The writing of the message, with its reticent and imperious phrases, gave her courage. He would have time to catch the train, and would be here in Williamsburg at noon. And once he was here . . . Margaret was the head of the family still.

She met him at the train. He had come with a hastily packed suitcase and a face of anxiety. He was a fine boy of twenty-one, with the country red still in his cheeks. To Margaret he looked beautiful and fragile. She thought: in an airship, falling!

As she kissed him, she was conscious that her kisses were different from those she used to give him. Her kisses had been brief before she knew Conde Herbert; now, they were soft and lingering. She was a little embarrassed.

"I thought something had happened," said Roy.

"Something did happen," she answered lightly. "I got terribly lonesome for you, Roy-boy!"

He suppressed his impatience, and they walked on home. "I'm crazy about seeing you," he said. "but it's awfully inconvenient just now. You know we have to be on hand to tinker the machines."

"It's so good to see you," she responded, irrelevantly, pressing his hand under her arm.

"If there isn't anything else," he said, "I'd like to get right back. Suppose we have dinner and a nice talk, and then I'll take the next train back."

"I'm sorry you can't stay longer," she said.

During the dinner she asked him questions about his work—questions to which he returned reticent replies. Did he get to see much of the meet? Yes, he was located at one of the Wright hangars. Did the men in the shop ever try the machines themselves? Sometimes. Had he tried them? Yes, he had gone up as a passenger several times. Not alone? Yes, he had done that, too. How did he like it? He liked it all right. Wasn't it dangerous? Not so very. Didn't lots of the airmen get killed? Oh, well, lots of people got killed in railroad wrecks. "Think," he said, "of the danger you made me run when you sent for me to come down here!"

Her tactics were so far successful, but there was a fear at the bottom of her thoughts that was turning her mind sick as she spoke. She perceived in this candid boy a concealed purpose that frightened her. She sought to lure it forth that she might strangle it. But while she bent her mind upon her strategy she saw how easily she might fail.

Mrs. Edom, according to her self-sacrificing habit, took the dishes out into the kitchen. Margaret became more direct. "Are you going to keep it up?"

"I don't know."

"Roy!" she challenged.

"You saw that piece in the paper," he cried in return.

"Yes," she said. "Is it true?"

"No, it's not true. I never was in a monoplane. I don't like the things."

"But you were going to take part in the meet?"

"No, I was not."

Margaret was silent, seeking the truth in his eyes. He was uneasy, troubled, but she could not think that he was lying.

"It's no use," he said, "my trying to keep it from you that I want to go into the business. But I had no idea of entering this meet."

"Why didn't you tell me you had been up?" The immediate future, she thought, was secure, but she wanted to win a victory all along the line.

"I didn't want to worry you, sis."

"Do you think you have a right to risk your life without saying anything to me?"

"Well, isn't it my life?"

"Suppose you were crippled?"

"I'd shoot myself," he flashed, "—you wouldn't have me to take care of."

She rushed to him, and put her arms around him. "Oh, Roy," she cried. "Why do you say such things!"

"Well," he said, half shamed and half angry, "you drove me to it. You don't know what it means to try and take a man's ambition away from him that way. You think it's a little thing. It's not. You don't know, Margie, how I've thought and worked and dreamed about it. It's—it's the big thing of my life. Suppose everyone thought like you: there wouldn't be any advance, any progress."

"You don't imagine," she asked, "that aeronautics will stop if you don't go into it?"

"No, but I'll stop if I don't go into it. I'll fret my life away and be no good for anything. You think that's a joke. But when once you've gone up— Oh, I can't describe it! But what's a little danger? Why, that's a part of it."

The girl looked up. "What do you mean?" she asked.

He became confidential. The shield dropped from before his soul for an instant. This was something that he wanted to tell. "Well," he said, looking candidly

with his blue eyes into hers, "I don't know how it is when you get used to it, but at first . . . Potter, one of the new Wright men, told me the same thing. . . . You don't know whether you are going to get through or not—you like it—I can't describe it, but—it fascinates you—" He tried hard to put it into words: "You enjoy the uncertainty, the fear. It's—it's adventure!"

This was pure insanity. Margaret stood up. "Roy," she said, "I've been the head of this family, and I still am. I say you shan't do it. And what is more, you shall stay right here with me till this meet is over with. When you say things like that, I can't trust you."

Roy rose too, and his face grew purple-black. Then, his countenance clearing, he came around and kissed her. "Well, Margie," he said, "this can't be settled in one argument. I'm going to have you come up to Chicago pretty soon, and you'll get as crazy about the machines as I am. You'll be asking me to take you up before long."

He looked at the clock. "I must go," he said. "Now come along with me to the station, and I'll tell you a secret."

Margaret knew that he was beyond her control, and so she obeyed. She feared this thing that he was going to tell her: She knew that it referred to some feat of incredible folly that he was about to perform. She had left unused her weapons of anger, weeping, hysteria, because she no longer had confidence in them. She was afraid that all she could secure would be a lying promise (from Roy—a lying promise!) and she would rather know the whole terrible truth. She felt that their arguments had been only a skirmish. That there had been fought in silence a great battle between their wills and that she was shattered. She walked submissively beside her brother back to the station.

"Here is the secret," he said, after awhile. "I told you I didn't intend to go up in this meet. I haven't had practice enough to do any fancy stunts. But long distance flying is different—if you know anything about your business it's perfectly safe. Now, I've done a good many long distance flights on the q. t., and I'm understudying Potter for the flight to Springfield. That starts, you know, this afternoon. Now, you know Potter's gone and hurt his thumb. It may not make any difference, and he may go just the same. But it's my chance, and I've got to be on the spot."

He looked at her confidently. She smiled at the mad irony of that confidence. He wanted her sympathy. He wanted her to hope that he would get his chance. She could not even solace herself by hoping that he would not get it. She was sure that he was doomed to make the flight. Perhaps he would come home safely from this flight, but afterward—

She hardly heard him while he went on to tell her that the course of the Chicago to Springfield flight lay directly over Williamsburg and to make various optimistic prophecies as to his management of the biplane en route. She was feeling that she should have fought longer with him, that she should not have given up. While she pondered the situation despairingly, they reached the station. The train was seen coming in the distance.

Roy began to explain just exactly what was the matter with Potter's thumb. Margaret followed him on board.

She made one last futile effort. Standing there beside him on the car platform, she put her arms around him and kissed him. Tears that had gathered in her eyes ran down her cheeks as she spoke. "Roy," she begged pitifully, "think—what could I do if anything happened to you? Please, Roy, don't do it. Don't do it—just for me, Roy!"

A few moments later the train had started, and she was standing on the station platform. She could see,

The Libel Case

ON February 10th, a demurrer to the second indictment of Max Eastman was argued before Judge Rosalsky in the Court of General Sessions. This indictment charges the defendant with libelling Frank B. Noyes, the president of the Associated Press. Art Young has been indicted upon the same charge but has not yet been arraigned. A decision on the demurrer will be handed down later.

On February 10th, a motion was also made for an order to allow the defense to take depositions from the Pittsburgh office of the Associated Press as to the news actually sent out about the West Virginia strike. This motion was opposed by Arthur Train, the assistant District Attorney in charge of the prosecution. Mr. Train stated that the first indictment (charging libel against the Associated Press) was going to be dismissed, and that the depositions were therefore unnecessary.

Mr. Roe responded that "a good time to dismiss it would be now." He asked that his motion remain of record, and on February 17th, the indictment not having been dismissed, the motion was argued before Judge Wadhams. And although Mr. Train again tried to prevent these depositions being taken, the motion was granted.

Mr. Train declared, in the course of his argument, that when a motion is made to take these same depositions under the second indictment, he will object upon the ground that they are not admissible as evidence concerning the alleged libel of Mr. Noyes, for the reason that the truth or falsity of Associated Press reports is immaterial to a personal charge against Mr. Noyes.

Apparently, then, if the District Attorney's Office succeeds in its design, no investigation of the records of the Associated Press will be possible. Whether what THE MASSES said about that organization is true or false, will have nothing to do with the case.

In the light of the often repeated assertions of the Associated Press and its representatives, that they are pressing this case *merely for the purpose of securing a public examination and vindication of their operations*, that will be, to say the least, an interesting development. F. D.

through her tears, that Roy was signaling to her through the window of the moving train.

As she went back, her mind turned to Conde Herbert. A shadow on her face, she loitered along the lonely road that led back to her lonely home. She thought of the afternoon that she was to have had, that she would never have now. It was a gay party that they had planned for their last. They were to have packed some sandwiches and driven out to their own secret picnic ground to talk and kiss the afternoon away, and then drive back in the lovely dusk. Thinking of her lover, Margaret became conscious of the beauty of the world; she looked at the blue sky, with its few wisps of white cloud. She felt the warm June breezes, her soul drank up the green of grass and trees as though it were the last goblet of some wonderful wine.

Well, it was no matter now that he could not come, since her brother had been there at the hour they had planned to meet. She could not even have seen him to say good-bye. Her brother must not know. And Margaret's face assumed the proud and defiant look which her association with this man had made her wear of late, as a shield against the tones and glances of Williamsburg.

Conde Herbert! Who was there in Williamsburg capable of understanding him? She knew there was no one capable of not misunderstanding his influence upon her. She tried to imagine any one in the village seeing it as a good influence. She thought of her brother, and smiled, a little wistfully. It was too bad that Roy should not understand. Or would he, perhaps, if she told him about it? No—she must never give his crude

prejudices such a theme to mangle. And yet . . . it was too bad that a man would not try to understand a woman!

Now he was gone. It was the last of him in her life. She put no trust in his phrase, "for—how long?" If she knew him, it was for ever. She had always realized, since their first meeting, on Christmas Day, that she must take what she could of his friendship while he was here, for once gone he would never come back to Williamsburg. Mingled with her disappointment there was, too, a little relief. She knew that she did not really love him, any more than he loved her. She loved the charm of their perilous friendship, but if it was over, that was a good thing.

She was still brooding over that aspect of the situation when she entered the quiet house. She was glad and sorry.

Of course, Uncle Timothy was right. There had been danger in her association with Conde. But that was what life was like—its delights did not come without dangers. She was glad that she had not shirked it. She knew that if, through fear, she had stopped, in herself or in him, any gesture of tenderness—if she had lingered on the frontiers of friendship—she would always have regretted it. It had been a wonderful time. Well, it was over now, and she had justified herself—she had proved that she did not need the busybodies of Williamsburg to look after her.

To be sure, she had not had to stand the test of that farewell meeting. She had recognized clearly the intention with which he had proposed it. It was an intention which had been implicit in his attitude almost from the first, but her frank recognition of it, her lack of fear of it, had served practically to discount it. But in a last meeting it might not be so easily discounted. She knew herself well enough to realize that she did not know herself fully: there were emotions in her, which, played upon simultaneously, produced chords of feeling too beautiful and terrible to be withstood. It was these, the unknown possibilities of things well known, that she looked on with eyes of fascinated fear.

She had said to herself a thousand times: "I do not love him." But what name then would she give to this passionate friendship, in which, great as was the part of mind, the part of sex was greater? She had said: "I will give unhesitatingly to this friendship all that really belongs to it." And her conception of what really belonged to it had grown greater with their every meeting.

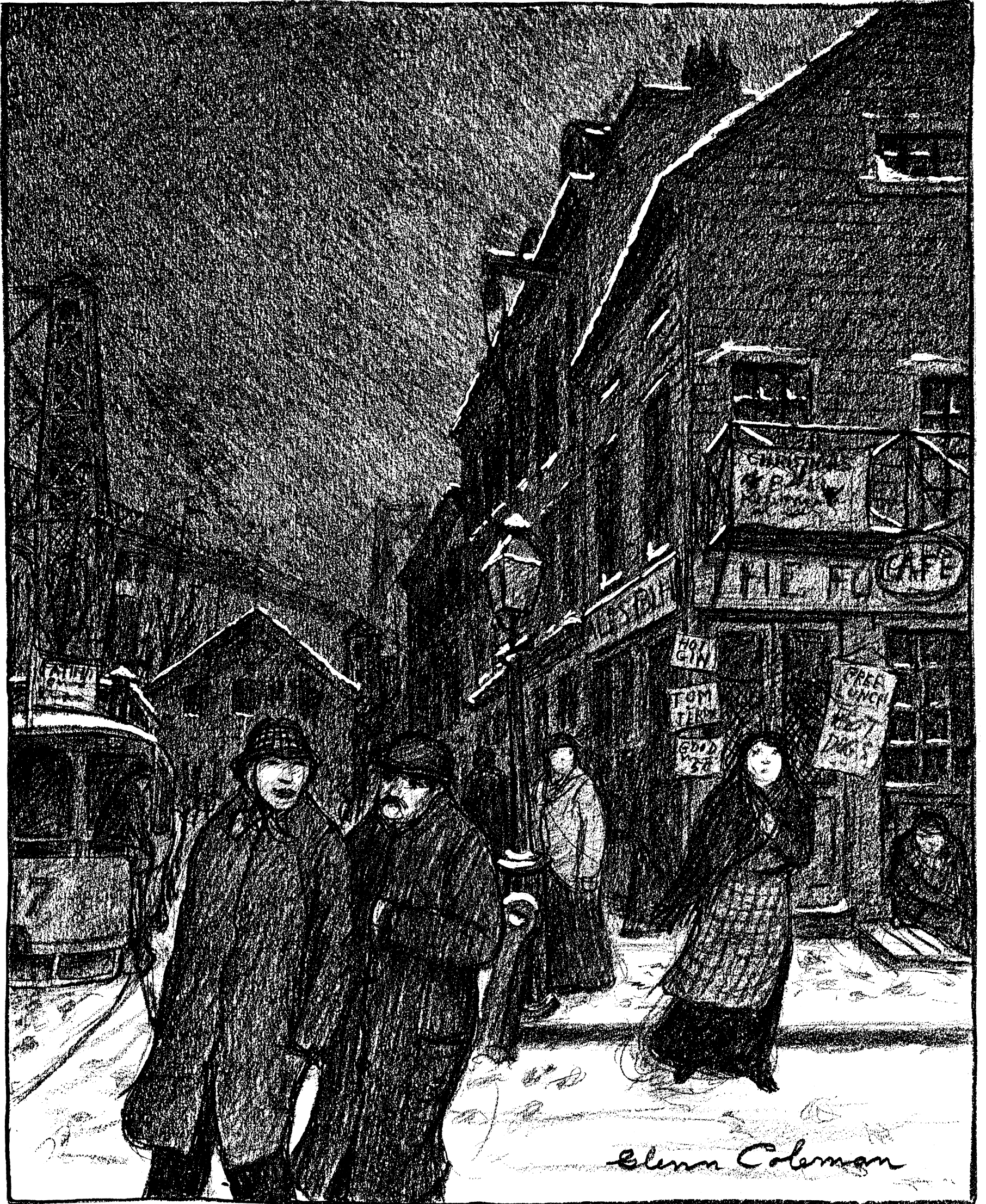
She thought of the last time they had talked together. He had casually told her how the man who had been looking after his timber claims had been shot—dangerously wounded. "And you," she asked, "are going to take his place?" He had said, "Yes, but I won't be hurt. What will happen is that we will put some fellows into jail." There had been an intoxicating taste to that conversation. He had turned from the question of his fate to the book of Henley's poems that he had brought her as from the accidental to the significant. Margaret tried to remember something he had said about Henley, but forgot everything except the magic of his melancholy eyes.

The telephone bell rang. . . . It was Conde Herbert's voice. "I am here after all," he said. "A little late, but— Will you come?"

The sun was setting. Its glamour filled all the earth, and turned the woods to a blaze, while the sky was like a banner flung out over some magnificent adventure.

"Look!" whispered the man, and pointed upward.

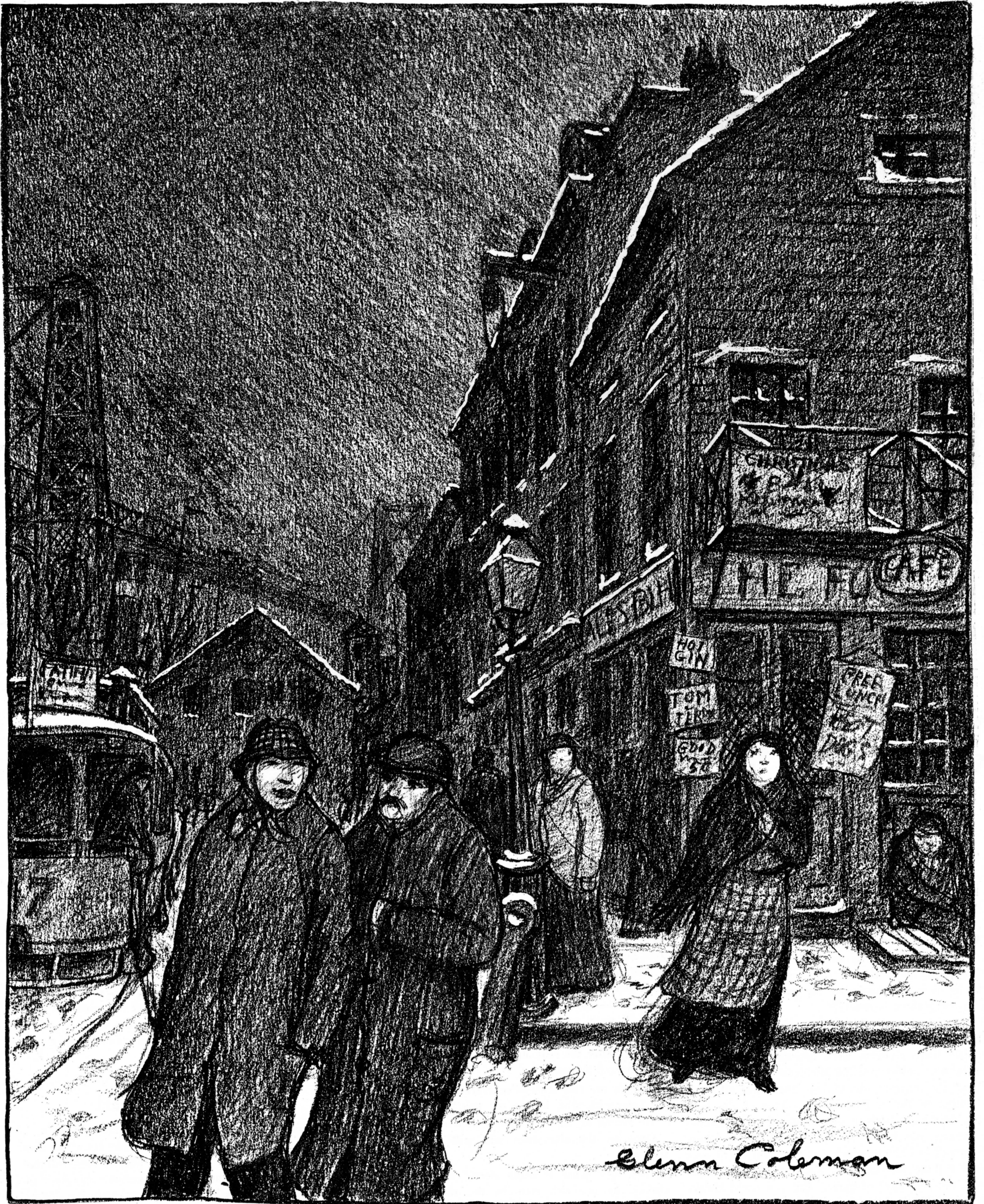
But the girl lay motionless upon the grass, silent, with closed eyes, breathing slow deep breaths, while overhead there sounded, clear and clearer in the twilight stillness, the throb of a motor, like the beating of an indomitable heart.



Drawn by Glenn Coleman.

CLASS-CONSCIOUSNESS

"YOU WASN'T IN THE NEW BREADLINE LAS' NIGHT."
"NAH—THEY DON'T USE THE UNION LABEL."



Drawn by Glenn Coleman.

CLASS-CONSCIOUSNESS

"YOU WASN'T IN THE NEW BREADLINE LAS' NIGHT."
"NAH—THEY DON'T USE THE UNION LABEL."

ANTI-SUFFRAGE MEETING



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

"UNITED WE STAND!"

Good Hunting

"YES, I will admit that there is a gulf," he was saying, "but it is an artificial gulf, created by snobbishness on one side and envy on the other. But why must you emphasize the gulf, instead of trying to bring about harmony?"

The speaker was a clergyman who shared a seat with me in a crowded day coach in Michigan. Across the aisle three civilians were listening to a man in the sergeant's uniform of the Michigan National Guard.

"Yes," the sergeant was saying, "there was all kinds of hunting in the copper country. One of the boys shot a deer right back of our camp. Our company—the battery, you know—did duty as mounted police. We weren't in Calumet much, but they sent us all over wherever there was trouble. No, I didn't hunt much myself, not that kind of game. But you could always hunt men. That's the real fun."

"Tell me, what do you mean by 'hunting men'?"

"When things got dull," the sergeant answered, pleased by this show of interest, "you'd ride around until you ran against a stray guinea or hunk. You'd give him some order, ask him where he was going or something like that, and he'd grin at you—couldn't understand English, you know. Then you'd call him a _____ of a _____. He'd understand that, all right, and snarl back, or cuss you in his own language, maybe. Then—hop to it!" The sergeant reached under the seat and drew from his pack a long club, marred by usage.

"Here's my riot stick—I've cracked many a wop on the bean with that, let me tell you."

He swung at the image of a wop in the aisle.

Opposite, the clergyman was still laboring gently with me.

"But look what is being done," he said, "by the church, by our rich men, by the state, to make it easier for the worker. I repeat, your bitterness discourages me. It is so unnecessary." L. S.

GARDENS OF BABYLON

HUDDLED chimneys grey, forlorn,
In the deadened light of a city morn.
Roof tops ranging, red and high,
Tenement windows glaring, dry.
And—Flower pots!
Gaily caparisoned flower pots!
Nodding against the sky!

Fire escapes alive with the green
Of scarlet runner and Indian bean,
Caught in a handful of black dirt
Carried home in a baby's skirt.
Flower pots!
Verdantly growing flower pots!
Lifting their blooms on high!

Jack and the Beanstalk's magic might—
Vines spring up in a single night.
Old faces soften, children stare
At the slender gardens in the air.
Flower pots!
Meagre little clay flower pots!
Bring the glow of the country there!

LAURA BENET.

The Test Of Class

ONE can almost always discover, in every age or country, some distinguishing mark and test, some shibboleth by which the aristocracy is separated from the vulgar herd. The mark of to-day, by which the elect can be distinguished from the mob, apparently is the ability to breathe the waste products of gasoline combustion, or in other words to feel comfortable in and around a motor car.

A walk along Fifth Avenue during the fashionable hours will convince anyone of this. Only the initiated can endure the odor, and it is thus that the Avenue maintains its exclusiveness.

As one scans the history and development of social institutions, one realizes how marvelous was their evolution and how orderly their continuity. So also with these esoteric marks and initiatory tests, one finds a constant upward progress, an increasing tendency to refined and subtle distinctions, a gradual narrowing in exclusiveness. In primitive times it was the man of strength who was the aristocrat and master—but then many other animals such as fleas and ants are proportionately stronger than man. Later the man who could bear armor and kill, was looked up to—but then horses and elephants can bear burdens and sharks and weasels can kill. In the times of the Troubadours, the aristocrats were those who could sing sweetly and play the game of courtship—but then birds also sing sweetly in courtship with their mates. To-day the aristocrat is he who can endure an offensive smell, a thing to which no other man or animal voluntarily submits—the very acme of exclusive distinction. Z.

Prize Press Pearl

"Henry Ford, the automobile manufacturer . . . is placing a temptation before his employees which they will not resist. Like most poor people, they will not save, they will imitate the extravagance of the rich. Their wives will spend the money on expensive clothes, expensive Victrolas, and expensive children."—Corra Harris in the *Independent*.

ANTI-SUFFRAGE MEETING



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

"UNITED WE STAND!"

ANTI-SUFFRAGE MEETING



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

“UNITED WE STAND!”

Income Tax Questions

Answered by Howard Brubaker

IN view of the ambiguity of certain features of the income tax law this department is established for harassed members of the working class.

QUESTION: I am an unmarried man without income or prospects of any kind. But if I should marry a lady with an income of \$3,000 a year I would as a married man be entitled to an exemption of \$4,000. Would I then have to earn \$1,000 to keep out of jail?—**ANXIOUS.**

ANSWER: As we understand the law you could not be sent to jail, for as one not living with his wife your exemption would then be reduced to \$3,000 and they would have no case.

Q.: I have accepted a position in an office at a salary of \$3 per week. My employer says that if I am a willing and industrious boy, working overtime without complaint and not smoking cigarettes, maybe I will some day be a partner in the firm. I hesitate to do this because after I pass the \$3,000 the more I earn the more the government will take from me. What do you advise me to do?—**WILLIE.**

A.: Go right ahead along the lines your kind employer suggests. Before you reach \$3,000 by that route the government will be paying dividends.

Q.: My income when I am working is \$500 per year. As a married man I am entitled to an exemption of \$4,000. (a) Does not the government owe me \$3,500? (b) Can I collect it?—**D. U. B.**

A.: (a) Yes; (b) no.

Q.: I am employed in road construction in New York State. According to the payroll I receive a fair income, but most of this is passed on at once to the organization. Do I have to lie about this or will Mr. Murphy do that?—**ANONYMOUS.**

A.: By your own confession you are an amateur prevaricator. This work can be done better by professionals.

Q.: I have invested my savings in the stock of the Fly-by-Night Gold-Mining Company of Iowa. When the dividends begin must I file my tax return in Brooklyn where I live or in Iowa?—**PERPLEXED.**

A.: You have no cause for concern.

Q.: A bets B that President Wilson will have destroyed the trusts and made everybody prosperous and contented by January 1, 1915. Will the winner have to include this sum in his income for 1914?—**A.**

A.: Yes; B will have to report his winnings, but can deduct his fine for violating the anti-betting law. You have nothing to worry about but the fine.

Q.: I have been promised a good job as soon as order is restored in Mexico. Will the income tax collector come after me or do I have to go to him?—**CASEY.**

A.: When he does come after you, better try to borrow something from him.

THE SNOB

HE said not even nothing very well.

After you spoke he reached, and slammed a door
Within his mind . . . and ponderous silence fell.

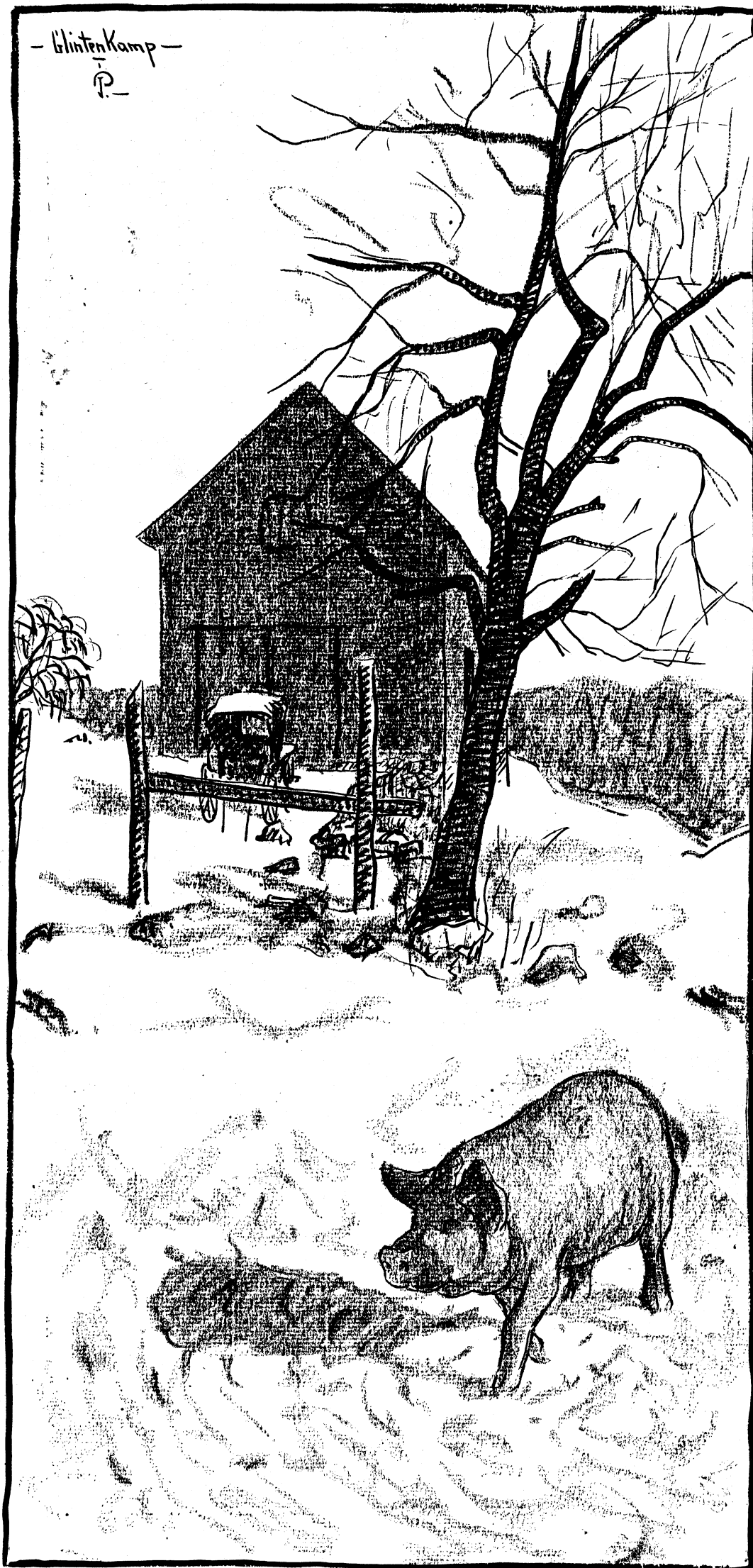
There were few things his sneer could not ignore.

His talk was obvious and trite enough.

None missed it then, and no one ever will.
But it must puzzle God to "call his bluff"—

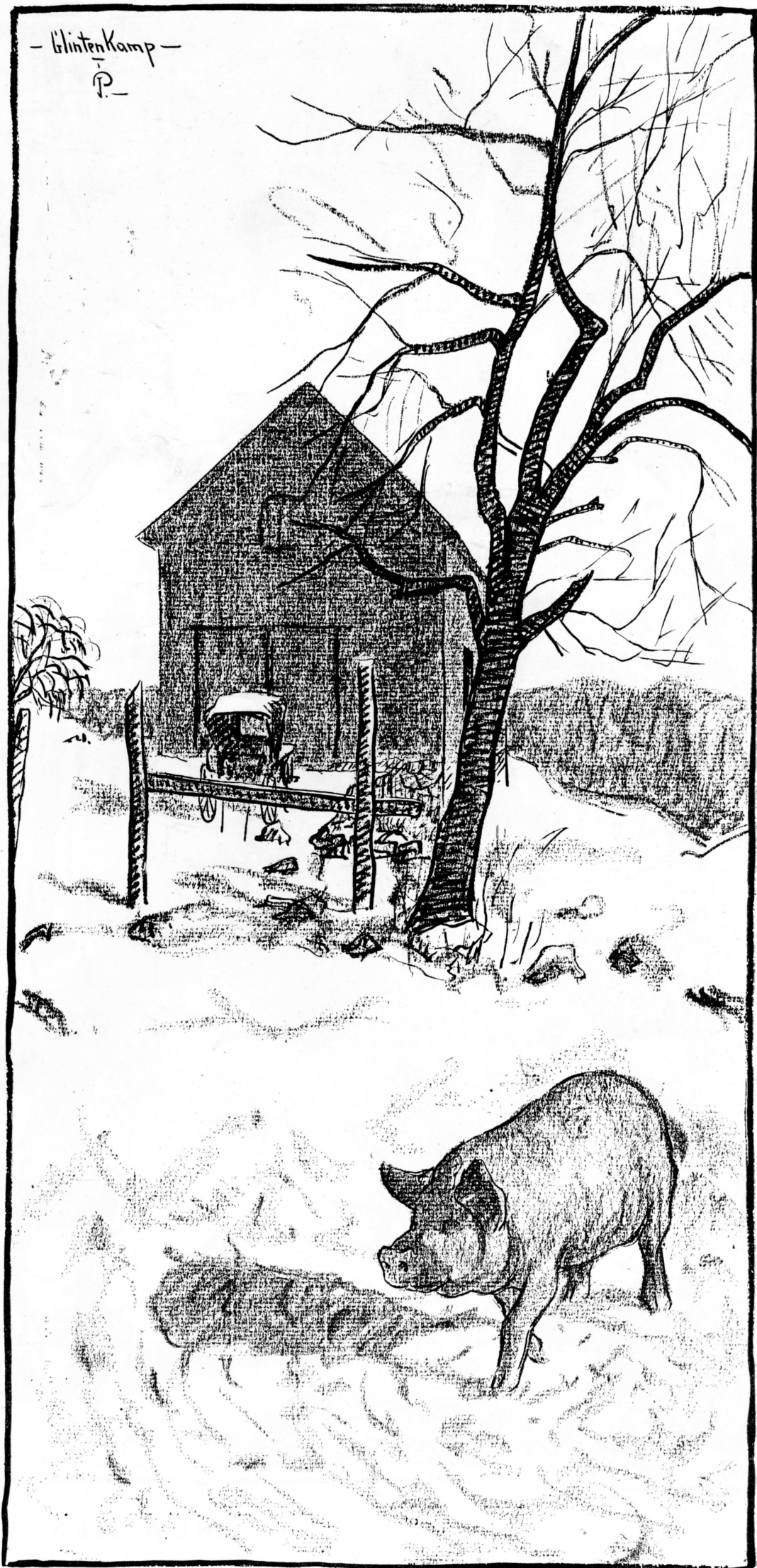
That horrible, complacent "keeping still"!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.



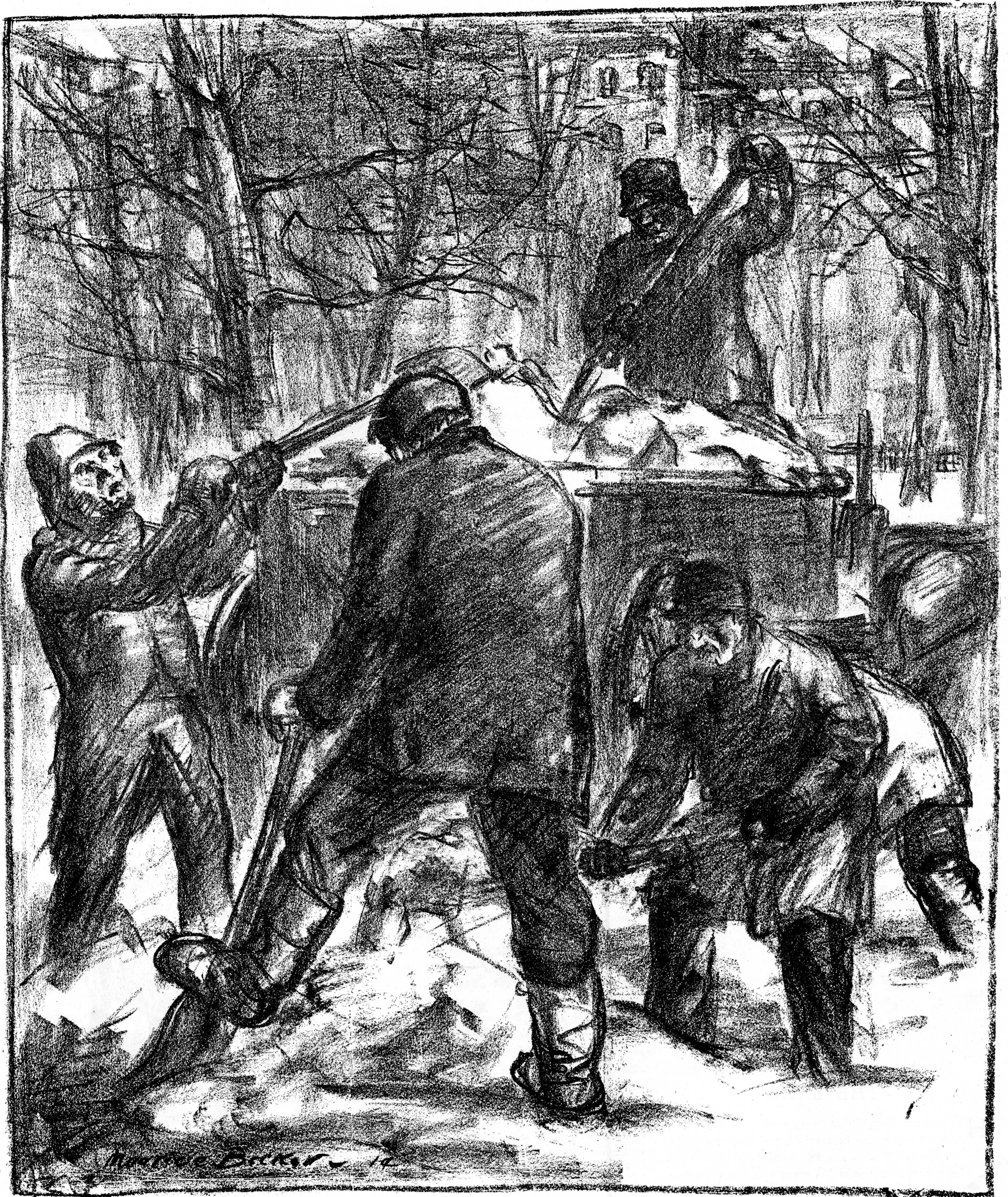
Drawn by Henry J. Glintenkamp.

A MORNING STROLL ON THE GREAT WHITE WAY



Drawn by Henry J. Glintenkamp.

A MORNING STROLL ON THE GREAT WHITE WAY



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

SNOW MEN

A POPULAR WINTER PASTIME AMONG THE LEISURE CLASS

Preparing For War

WE quoted from "Solidarity" in our December number, an estimate of the I. W. W. by Roger Babson, the leading statistical expert and counsellor of bankers and big business men in the United States. We quote a subsequent statement of Mr. Babson's. Written as a warning to those who would ward off the social revolution, it is a mighty confirmation to those who are fighting for the social revolution. A piece of encouraging news from within the fort!

The assertion has been criticised that the interests of labor and capital are economically antagonistic. "Possibly this was the wrong word to use," says Mr. Babson,—“but the great struggle of today is a three-cornered fight (between capital, labor and consumers) over the gross profits of business. Of course, so far as waste, efficiency and certain other factors which will affect these gross profits are concerned, the interests of these three parties (not simply two parties, as many think) are mutual; but when it comes to the division of such profits, the interests of all three are strictly competitive.” He adds that the sooner people recognize this fact, the better off they and their children will be. “Remember that organized labor throughout the entire world is only beginning to awake. . . .”

He says further: “Our industrial and cost-of-living problems will be solved only when the labor organizations and the consumers' organizations (for these are slowly now being formed) unite and 'put the screws' on capital to rob it of much of its present power. We hear much about the 'unconstitutionality of taking property without due recompense;' but how about when Lincoln freed the slaves by one stroke of his pen? Were not our Southern friends once deprived of hundreds of millions of property which was much more tangible than stocks or many bond issues? What happened to the slave owner in the United States has also been repeated in some manner in almost every country. Moreover, the same thing will happen in a limited way to capital again when the labor organizations and the consumers' organizations really combine.

“The income tax now passing the United States Congress is only an opening wedge. Ten years ago such a tax was thought of as impossible, and now is to become law without even a ripple. Wait until a system of national referendum becomes operative in America and England. If the people were today allowed to vote for a law compelling the government to seize all excess property over \$100,000 which any man might leave at his death, would such a law not pass by a big plurality?”

The well-to-do are advised to prepare for coming events as follows:

“(1) By contracting one's interest in certain kinds of business and gradually 'getting under cover.’

“(2) By purchasing only securities which are issued on a basis much below their liquidating value.

“(3) By developing health and other assets which are far more important than money, and which cannot be taken away.

“(4) By training one's children, both boys and girls, to become producers, and learn some trade worth while by which they can support themselves if necessary.

“There will always be a chance for the man of brains and industry to become powerful and rich. Courage and ability will always be in demand, and there is little danger of Socialism ever being tried. It will, however, continually become more difficult for the idle well-to-do to live without working. The entire world is awakening to the power which democracy gives and these powers will soon be tried. Those of us who have been lazily living on what we have inherited are in the

same position as were the rich monks of Europe before their properties were seized by the state. For centuries these church orders waxed rich because they were able to make the people believe in the sacredness of their organizations. The question now is,—how long shall we be able to make the people believe in the sacredness of property rights? A study of the trend of world politics is not very reassuring on this point.”

We

THIS is the way we look.

We are twenty-five feet high and more than correspondingly broad;

Our hat is Number Five-sixty-four and seven-eighths and when we think about the Tariff we have a cerebral expansion of ten inches;

Our features are regular but, though kindly, are distinguished by a thin trickle of smoke which issues from each nostril. This is not the result of tobacco; it is the product of some internal fire, probably the fire of genius.

We are responsible for all the progress the world has made in the last half century;

We elected every President, Governor, Judge and Constable now holding office. We do this every election and we expect to continue the practice;

We know everything about literature;

We know everything about politics;

We know everything about diplomacy;

We know everything about women;

In fact, when you get right down to it, we know everything about everything.

We never have been afraid and never expect to be; We couldn't. We'll get out any time of the day or night and trumpet to the world the doctrine that two and two make four, and that people who fall in the water are sure to get wet.

Money couldn't buy us—we're that honest;

And as for bad folks, we eat 'em alive—

Because we hate 'em—

Anyhow we hate 'em if they don't advertise.

Who are we?

We are the editor of a non-political, non-partisan newspaper with a large home circulation.

Which one?

Any one at all.

H. W.

“Once For Wilson”

PRESIDENT WILSON thinks in shorthand, according to that amiable authority, Harper's Weekly. “He observed once to a friend that if anyone wished to flatter him, he could do it by assuming that when he heard a thing once he could understand it. Nothing bores him so much as the needless expense of energy required to listen to a person who insists on reiterating and emphasizing everything he says.”

We are encouraged to proceed to say something to President Wilson. We shan't explain or amplify or emphasize, because that would be unnecessary. Here goes—once for Wilson!

“Widespread unemployment is an essential factor of competitive production. What are you going to do about it?”



Drawn by G. S. Sparks.

“DON'T BE ANXIOUS, MA'AM. IT'S ALL REG'LAR AND USUAL—JUST A PART OF THE SYSTEM.”



Drawn by G. S. Sparks.

"DON'T BE ANXIOUS, MA'AM. IT'S ALL REG'LAR AND USUAL—JUST A PART OF THE SYSTEM."



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PUZZLE: FIND THE RACE-PROBLEM

Absolute Slaughter

“TO send our troops into war as they are to-day would be absolute slaughter,” says no less an authority than Major-General Wood.

This is pretty near worth getting excited about. In the *patois* of the streets, absolute slaughter is “*some slaughter, believe me.*” And Roosevelt thousands of miles away! Is that then to be the end of all our lavish expenditures, the ignominious and futile finale of all the stirring talk of adequate defenses, wonderful discipline, efficient fighting forces and so on? Certainly an army has never been claimed to be worth while in peace and if it isn't to be any good in war, either, what, pray, is the use of keeping up the parade any longer? Perhaps General Wood has shown us a great light.

SARAH BERNHARDT, after being nominated many times for the Legion of Honor, and rejected each time “for reasons not made public,” has at last been given that decoration. Are we to assume that in consideration of her age, her sex and talents have finally been forgiven her?

Journalistic Poise

ONE can't help admiring the calm, judicial reserve with which our newspapers handled the shooting of Charles Moyer and his deportation from Calumet.

Knowing how much our newspapers hate violence and disorder when it is indulged in by laboring men against employers, there is always the fear that when the same methods are used by employers, the

newspapers will forget themselves and yield to the same fury of righteous indignation.

The Moyer incident was an unusually ticklish crisis of this sort, but they did not lose control of their emotions for a single minute, proving once again that our worthy organs of public opinion can be relied on to steer us unerringly through the intricate path of equal and exact justice for everybody, especially if he has money.

E. O. J.



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"THE ONLY TROUBLE, SAH, WITH THE SOUTH IS THAT WE KAIN'T MAKE THE NIGGERS WORK."

MAUD THE MUTT

A Tragedy In Five Lines, by Albert Edwards

PREFACE

THIS little drama is inspired by the works of G. Bernard Shaw.

I have been deeply impressed by the histrionic power of Mr. Shaw's introductions and the dramatic force of his stage directions. He, more than any of his predecessors, has domesticated the Drama. He has added it to the other forms of literature which one can enjoy in bed. The poetic drama—even when not remarkably good—afforded a mild sort of pleasure to the non-theatre-going public. Put until the advent of Mr. Shaw, the prose drama has been pretty difficult reading.

He has done much, and it is hoped that the present little tragedy will point the way to still further progress.

MAUD THE MUTT

(The rising curtain discloses the lower end of the Bowery as it looked at three in the morning of a February night in the Year of Our Salvation, 1913. A belated milk-truck clatters north. The skin of ice on the cobblestones makes the clash of the horses' hoofs ring clear and harsh. A train rattles south on the Elevated. Sleet has covered the third rail and the electricity flashes and sputters. Showers of sparks fall to the street, with an effect very like the Walpurgis scene in Faust. An effect, which is heightened by a flaring electric sign, down stage left, which—in foot-high red letters advertises "The Lyceum." From within comes the sound stirred by an industrious pianist, and someone with a sawtooth, but pathetic, voice

is wailing about "a grave in a village by the sea."

(There are but two persons discovered.)

(The Majesty of the Law, in the uniform of a policeman, crowds close into a doorway, down stage right, to avoid as much as may be the bitter wind. He swears softly to himself. It is much too cold to sleep.

(Opposite him, under the electric sign, stands "Jake-the-Puller-in," barker and bouncer for The Lyceum. The red light casts a ruddy glow over him as he stamps back and forth and slaps his arms about to keep his sick blood going and avoid freezing. There is no one about on such a night and he has nothing else to do. He is thinly clad and his face, which has an alcoholic flush in summer, is now a deep purple.

(The doors of the dive are pushed open and "Maud, the Mutt," steps out into the night. As the leaves of the door swing open the music sounds louder and harsher. For a moment the glare of the interior lights up the sidewalk. The hot, heavy air from within rushes out and freezes like breath from the mouth of a drunkard.

(Our heroine is—to use the language of the sixteenth century, when the antiquity of her profession was first recognized—"a paynted hoore." She is clad in a wrapper which was once light pink. She holds a worn shawl tightly about her bare shoulders—and shivers painfully. It is hard to realize that this rouge-smearing creature, with her flamboyant, peroxide hair, was probably more than usually pretty once. Her eyes are bleared, her hair a mess, even the paint on her cheeks is soiled and fouled. There is nothing

about her now which is not revolting. Much handling has worn off even her garishness.

(Jake regards her dispassionately.)

MAUD, THE MUTT: Nuttin' doin', Jake, nuttin' doin' fur the last week. I ain't et nuttin' since day b'fore yusturday.

JAKE, THE PULLER-IN: Awhell!

(The woman stands irresolute a moment, then staggers out upon the sidewalk, down front. Her teeth chatter audibly.)

MAUD: Ther' ain't nobody gives a damn fur me.

JAKE: I don't know nobody as does.

MAUD:

(But the last of the five lines of our tragedy is unwritable. It is half a snivel, half a sob.

(The woman's head rolls insanely as she stumbles off stage, back.

(Civilization, personified in the "Cop," looks on indifferently.

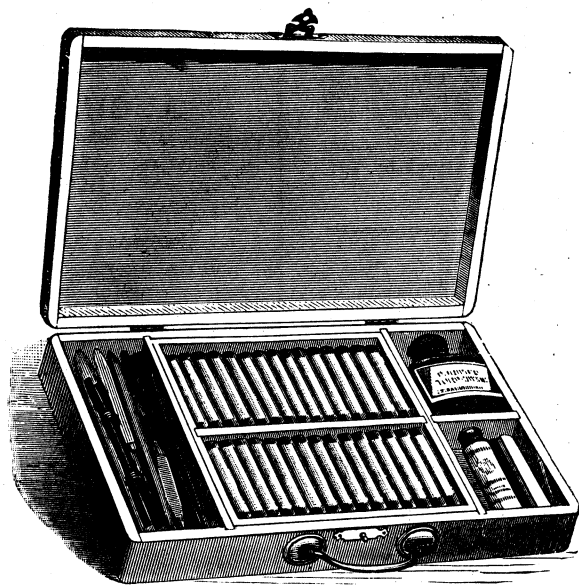
(A train rushes north on the Elevated, scatters a new shower of sparks and once more recalls the Walpurgis scene. It recalls to my mind, also, the venerable dictum, laid down, I believe, by Aristotle, as a canon of the play-writers' art—that struggle is the essence of tragedy. A dictum which is here once for all overthrown. Not struggle, but absence of struggle, is the supreme tragedy. Not the bitterest conflict or the bloodiest rout this world has seen can equal the tragic climax of a life without struggle. Inertion is the sublimation of tragedy.)

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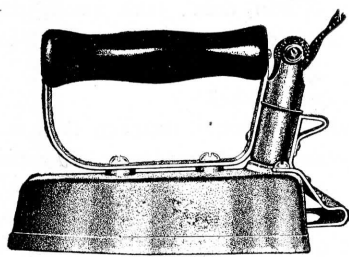
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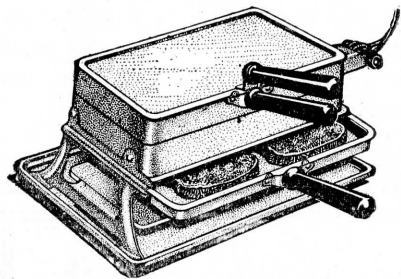


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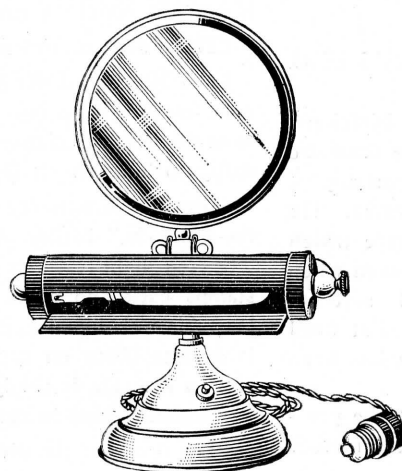
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