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The
MASSES

SEPTEMBER, 1914

10 CENTS



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

Whom the Gods Would Destroy They First Make Mad

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CHALLENGE

By Louis Untermeyer

(Published by The Century Company.)

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SINCE the declaration of war, there have been about five thousand cartoons picturing death on the battlefield. Mr. Average Man looks at them and says to his wife: "Mother, war is a terrible thing"—and right there and then I can hear a lot of living-deaths (less spectacular than the battle variety) cracking their jaws with laughter.

It's a grim joke on the poor boob who is dogged daily by these deaths far more cruel than going down once and for all with the bugles.

I hope cartoonists will go on drawing pictures of the horrors of war. But war is only one big evil—and merely the result of a greater—the struggle for profits. Death lurks in every move made by this profit system. Children are waiting for parents to die to get insurance—food is poisoned—minds are killed—souls are assassinated—hearts are broken—brother fights against brother to a finish, in a world that was meant for joy.

ARTHUR YOUNG.



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

“ You Will Pardon Me, Messieurs. If I Postpone This Congress a Moment While I Step Out and Abolish the Slavic Race. ”

Count Berchtold, the Austrian premier, who was to be Honorary Chairman of the Peace Congress in Vienna in September, is the man who signed the first declaration of war.

The MASSES

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SEPTEMBER, 1914

Max Eastman, Editor.

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

War for War's Sake

IT IS not only the waste of blood but the waste of heroism that appalls us, and makes all emotion inadequate. If we could only dip up that continentful of self-sacrifice and pour it to some useful end!

Probably no one will actually be the victor in this gambler's war—for we may as well call it a gamblers' war. Only so can we indicate its underlying commercial causes, its futility, and yet also the tall spirit in which it is carried off. A better informed pen than mine has indicated some of its causes on another page. And I will only add a protest, on the one hand against those prophets of praise-and-blame who think they have fulfilled the function of intelligence in such a crisis by pointing a finger of reprehension against something they call "Germany," and on the other hand against those German wiseacres who reply by sighing, "Ah, you do not understand—it is the conflict of racial cultures—of the Teuton against the Slav for the destinies of civilization."

But we dare to assert that racial animosity the world over is animosity against an economic rival. There is, of course, in us a survived impulse of suspicion against a man of alien traits, but the common qualities of human nature can very quickly smooth that over, as they have done a thousand times in history, when it is not rubbed up by a real or imagined clash of interests. The father of the "Pan-Slavic" idea was, I am told, an Armenian, Loris Melikoff, who became premier of Russia, and recognized a good business idea as soon as he saw it. And the fathers of the "Teutonic Civilization" idea are those fighting barbarians, the ruling classes of Germany, the least civilized people in Europe.

So let us drop the race rant forever, and let us not confuse the pleasant-hearted people of the Rhine, who love a sweet song and a quiet thought just as much or as little as any of us, with their archaic rulers and all the retinue of physical and intellectual lackeys that come with them out of the past. It is not a national trait but a class trait that has given to Germany the position of grandiose aggressor in this inevitable outbreak of commercial war. Her rulers have preserved a kind of pugnacious ego-mania that may once have accorded well with their station in life, and they are ready to undertake with a flourish of swords matters which the modern bourgeois rulers of France and England would go about both more hesitantly and with a more cultivated cunning.

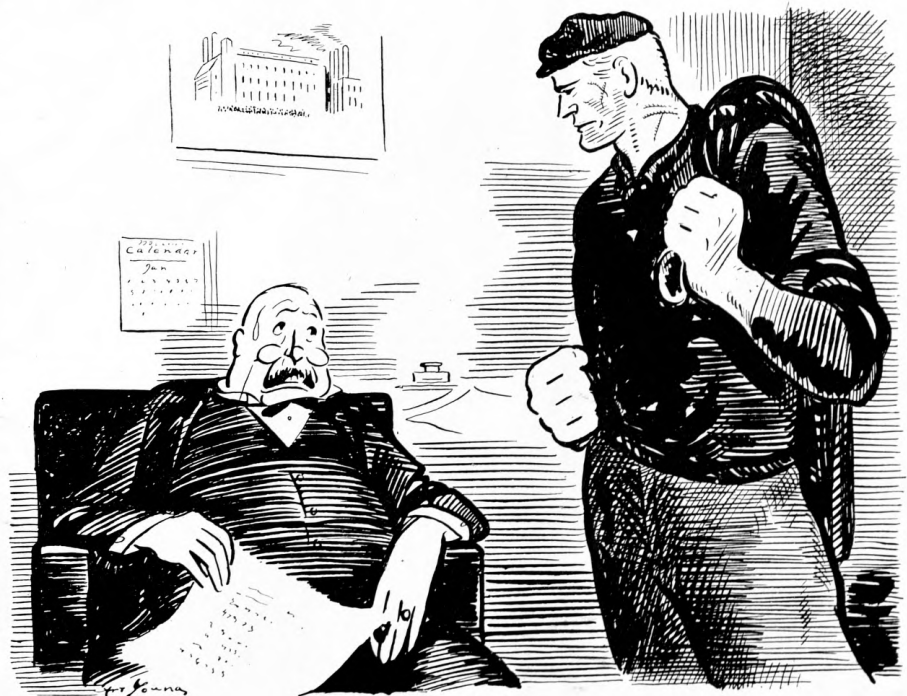
There is reason to hope that this undertaking will be their last—that Germany in defeat will become a republic. It seems at least as though one more harvest of death and devastation with the Kaiser in command, might disillusion a few eyes.

But is there not even a greater and more novel hope? Will not the progress of industrial and true liberty in all the nations be furthered by this final experience of imperial carnage? The progress of liberty itself is a fight, and we need have no fear that it will faint on the battlefield. The spirit of benevolent reform may faint on the battlefield, but the fighting spirit of liberty will flourish. That is the great hope.

I do not believe a devastating war in Europe will stop the labor struggle. I believe it will hasten the days of its triumph. It will shake people together like dice in a box, and how they will fall out nobody knows. But they will fall out *shaken*; that everybody knows. Nothing will be solid as it was before, no title, no privilege, no property. Discontent among the poor will be enormous. And the ideal of industrial democracy is now strong enough and clear enough to control that discontent, and fashion it to a great end.

Indeed, if this tragic gamble, once begun, is carried to the point of devastating Europe, the gamblers will find themselves facing a most unexpected power. For with untold labors of reconstruction to be done, and inadequate numbers of workers to do them, it will be time to bow down and beg from what workmen there are. It is the ever-waiting army of the unemployed that makes it so easy to exploit labor. And when they have made labor scarce, they will find labor proud.

It was only thirty-one years after the Black Death had decimated the population of the British Islands, that Wat Tyler marched into London with thirty thousand kings at his back, and told the crown and court of England just what he wanted, and where, and when, and not why. And the crown, and the court, and the church, and the bench, and all the elegant elaborate props of feudal exploitation, bowed down to a man



Drawn by Arthur Young.

AFTER THE WAR

THE CAPITALIST: "WE'VE GOT A NATIONAL DEBT OF TWENTY BILLION TO SETTLE."

THE WORKER: "I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY THE DEBT. I DID THE FIGHTING."

THE CAPITALIST: "BUT I CAN'T. IT'S ALL I CAN DO TO GET MY BUSINESS RUNNING."

THE WORKER: "JUST STEP ASIDE. I'LL RUN THE BUSINESS, AND TO HELL WITH THE DEBT."

whose name had been unknown in the kingdom eight days before. Things can happen, you see!

So the spirit of industrial liberty will not die with the death of soldiers. It will burn right through the ranks of the armies that fight. We will hear little of it. We have not heard much of the anti-military demonstrations of Socialist and Labor bodies through France and Italy, and of the martial despotism that breaks them up in Germany and Austria and Russia. We have heard little of the noble mutinies and patriotic treasons that are the glories of this war. The best news will not come to us, because of the censorship of the press. But we can imagine it.

The assassination of Jaurès, the great political leader of the working people of France, was a significant prelude to a general European war, for he was a leading spirit of the world in the working-class struggle against war. He had declared in a convention of the International Socialist party that at the first threat of hostilities the workers of France and Germany ought to lay down their tools in a general strike, for they have no interest in shooting each other to serve the commercial interests of their masters. And do not think, because you hear nothing to the contrary, that the message of Jaurès and thousands of agitators like him, is being forgotten by all the workers of Europe. It will be spoken by soldiers in the camps, and it will be spoken by the wives of soldiers, the waiting mothers of their children—"Workers of the world—you have no quarrel with each other—your quarrel is with your masters—unite!" And it will be remembered by them all in the long run, because it is true.

Miners and Machines

THE scabs who were brought into the southern coal-fields of Colorado in the strike of 1904 stayed until 1914 before they joined the union for a strike. The scabs brought in last fall and winter are joining the union for a strike now.

Generalized, this means that the rate of acceleration in the labor movement is about 1000 per cent. in ten years.

The same paper that tells us Frank Hayes, Vice-President of the United Mine Workers, is in Trinidad for the purpose of recruiting these strike-breakers for a second strike, tells us that the Western Federation of Miners and the United Mine Workers are to unite in a great industrial union. The metal miners, the coal miners, and the "scab" miners, all making a stand in one big union, presents almost the appearance of a class struggle!

AGAINST this we have the successful operation in one of the mines of Pittsburgh of a "coal-mining machine." "One peculiar feature of the machine that impressed the spectator," says a press dispatch, "is that it seems to be fully as flexible as the human coal-miner. It is estimated that the machine will cut the cost of coal-mining in half."

As is well known, there are certain respects in which a machine is more flexible than a union miner, and these ways will doubtless rapidly be availed of.

And will that fifty per cent. more of profit be divided among the workmen in the mines and the inventor of the machine? No, indeed, the inventor of the machine must be kept poor enough so as not to escape the "stimulus of the competitive system"; and the coal miners, besides being reduced in number, will be reduced to a status of subordination to the machine in

which, requiring less skill, they will command less money

A weakening of the one powerful Socialistic union in the federation of labor, and a mighty increase in the proportion of wealth that goes to capital, will be the broad, obvious results of the invention.

AGAINST which, again, there is but one recourse for the miners—extend the principle exemplified in the amalgamation of the two big unions, until about the whole of the working class of America, machine operatives, unskilled, unemployed and all, are fighting together industrially and politically—but that is the old story.

REPRESENTATIVE EVANS of Montana has introduced a bill into the House of Representatives preventing the carrying of strike-breakers in interstate commerce. While our peace advocates are resting on their European laurels, here is a little home enterprise worth fostering.

Stubborn and Stupid

POTATOES have refused to profit by their freedom under the new tariff law. Only 3,500,000 bushels came over in the eleven months ending May, 1914, as against 7,000,000 in the same months of 1912. And the import price was 97.9 cents a bushel this May, to 75.4 cents last May. But what right have we to expect intelligence in a potato, when we haven't got any ourselves?

The rising cost of living is not a domestic accomplishment, and why should we hope that custom-house arrangements will alter it? The rising cost of living



Drawn by Arthur Youna.

THE PRESIDENT: "COME DOWN, I SAY. DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S TO BE AN ELECTION SOON?"

THE POTATO: "EXCUSE ME. I'M HARD OF HEARING!"

is an international discovery. It is an accidental result of increasing gold production and the extension of credit, if we may trust the learned. This happy accident becomes a rather refined and sophisticated substitute for the simple old-fashioned blessing of low wages. And so, while it is distressing, there is really nothing new about it, and why worry?

THERE is one rather dangerous thing about an increasing cost of living as a method of exploitation. It exploits a number of people who do not really think they are "meant" to be exploited—people, that is, who are not wage-earners. It thus tends to recruit to the ranks of revolutionary discontent, an army of middle-class mourners, who will truly profit by revolutionary changes, but might not otherwise be led to see it.

Conspiracy

LET us not forget in imagining the horrors of Europe, that fourteen innocent and penniless men are in danger of execution and death for preaching the gospel of industrial liberty in our own state of Texas.

It seems that the weightiest piece of evidence adduced to prove Rangel, Cline and their associates guilty of conspiracy to murder an American deputy sheriff, was the fact that they carried a red flag inscribed with the words "Land and Liberty." With that flag they were proceeding toward Mexico. They were attacked twice by deputy sheriffs and "law-abiding citizens" who did not favor their strike-propaganda, and as a result of these attacks three men were killed—a deputy sheriff and two of their own associates.

No investigation of the death of their associates has been made, but for the death of the deputy sheriff the entire group of fourteen labor-agitators have been put on trial for their lives. Some have been convicted, and appeals are pending. Others are still to be tried. All have been lying in jail in San Antonio and Cotulla, Texas, since September 13, 1913.

There is one hope for these men and one only—that their friends in the working-class movement, and the friends of justice everywhere else, will give money and publicity to their defense. Funds may be addressed to the secretary of the Rangel-Cline Defense Committee, Room 108, Labor Temple, Los Angeles, Cal. And information for purposes of publicity may be secured from that source.

Conspiracy is a dire thing—and the conspiracy to "get" labor agitators by a misuse of the conspiracy law is the direst of all. The courts themselves do not know what constitutes conspiracy under the law. "The great difficulty," says ex-Chief Justice Shaw of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, "is in framing any definition or description to be drawn from the decided cases which shall specifically identify the offense—a description broad enough to include all cases punishable under this description."

A definition, however, or at least a description of the workings of the conspiracy law, has been framed by Fred H. Moore, attorney for workingmen, which conveys the essential truth.

"Under the law of conspiracy everyone who cooperates in any organized movement is responsible for each and every act of each and every individual co-operating along the line of that movement, even though the act which the individual does is really



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

And All the Pennies Going to Buy War-Extras!

outside of the range of the purpose of the original programme, provided that a jury sees fit to say, when influenced by prejudice, malice and ill-will, that a conspiracy had been formed."

It is by such procedure, that J. A. Serrato and Lino Gonzales were sentenced to twenty-five years and six years respectively, and J. Gonzales to ninety-nine years, and Leonardo Vasquez to fifteen years (after a trial lasting only two days) *although not one of these men was even charged with having been present at the time of the shooting of the deputy sheriff.*

It is by such procedure that Ford and Suhr, leaders of the Hop-pickers in California, have been jailed

for life. It is by such procedure that the best idealists of our age are likely to be gagged and bled at any time.

The First Victories

A THOUGHT to offset the crimson gloom. In Oregon the lowest wage legally paid to women workers of one year's experience is \$8.25 a week. This is more than double the wages paid to many women in Eastern territory. And yet Oregon merely sets the pace in progressive legislation for the rest of the coun-

try. I think we may expect this much beneficence from capitalism in all the States. I think so because, as all the reformers are pointing out, and many employers beginning to learn, it will pay. It will pay to give enough money to workers in employment to keep them out of a state of destitution. And the fact that it will pay, that it will not alter the *proportion* in which wealth is distributed, that it will not weaken the existence of caste or class rule in the least degree, ought not to corrupt our satisfaction in this great and certain gain of human comfort. We only turn to our own heavier task to abolish caste and class rule forever with a more cheerful enthusiasm.

T H E W A R S M E L L

James Boyle

THE drowsy Chinamen one by one vacated the benches and stumbled homeward through the dark to a deferred sleep. Soon the little park became so quiet that a gray cat, going courting, halted to complete its toilet. The windows of Chinatown grew blind, and only the faint throb of a drum in the distance, denoting the labors of a band of religious enthusiasts, broke the silence.

A man sat at my side. Like the cat, he had furtively crept out from one of the many alleys which make Chinatown, to ask me for the money to get something to eat. His clothes reeked with the disagreeable smell of opium, and I wanted to get him away. When I gave him a dollar and asked him to bring me back the change, I thought it would end our acquaintance. But here he was, back again at my side, spilled out on the bench—the sighs of contentment subsiding as the friendly drug gradually soothed the tortured nerves. The spasmodic quivering of his body ceased as he gained control of himself.

The drum in its all-night crusade through the tenderloin drew nearer and halted. One o'clock boomed out from some tower. A stronger breeze whisked out from the narrow alleys the over-ripe odor of Chinatown and flung its decay across the little park, smothering the fresh scent of grass and trees.

"Was it Yen Shee?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, surprised, "but how did you know?"

Our mutual knowledge of the brown powder put us on a friendly footing. Soon, under the thawing effects of a comradeship without patronage or exhortation, we were discussing the submerged life of Chinatown.

As the drug gripped and knit together the shredded nerves, his mind, responding, rambled on with suggestive detail. The drum had drawn nearer as we talked, and halted only a few yards away to punctuate the chant of the religionists. "Are you washed—are you washed—are you washed in the Blood of the Lamb?"

The man's droning conversation stopped as they approached, and he looked at them as they formed their little circle with an expression of disgust and fear. As they commenced to sing the hymn, his body curled up on the bench, as if his nerves were set on edge.

"Take me away!" he moaned. His fingers were stuffed in his ears, and he helplessly tried to stand up. "Take me away!" Astonished, I supported him beyond the reach of their voices.

"God!" he cried. He sat in the shadow of a doorway recovering his strength. "God! what blood-madness! Washing! Ugh!"

We adjourned to Ah Ling's. He had become personally interesting. There, deep below the level of the street, while a guttering candle kept shadows dancing on the grimy ceiling, he explained himself. "I was in the Philippines," he said.

"With the other boys of the nation," he went on, between sips of Chinese gin, "I caught the war-contagion scattered broadcast by the yellow journals. I don't remember which of us first suggested my becoming a soldier. Mary, like myself, was aflame with patriotism. We were to be married when I was twenty-one, and we had six months to wait. She gave me a scapular when I kissed her good-bye. Christ! It seems a century ago, and it's only five years.

"Well, I went, and saw most of the scraps. The enemy sent children to fight us; boys of sixteen and eighteen, armed with old toy weapons. Sometimes our

shells tore and scattered their legs and arms apart as separate as the joints of meat on a killing floor. Death isn't nice at any time, but when it pulls you apart, and the tough corded muscles follow where they are held tightest . . . I tell you there must be a keener pain there than any we know of."

Here he sank into a reverie. When I awoke him from it he went on bitterly. "If there is a God, if there is a hell, He will surely damn me in it. But I don't fear Him; I don't fear His hell, for I cannot see it, I cannot smell it, I cannot hear its agonies. But I can see, and smell, and hear—Christ! I have even tasted the bodies of those I murdered in the war! They come to me in the night, and in the night they are most horrible, they are most real, then they overpower reason, their wickedness is more than human, it's fiendish.

"They laugh with unformed sounds, the half-natural gibbering of apes. Their hands are cold and clammy as the hands of lizards, and their eyes burn venom or implore mercy—eyes never indifferent, questioning, questioning, questioning."

After a pause in which his eyes smoldered down to indifference and then seemed to shamefully apologize for the intensity of his speech, he continued: "I only saw two men that I knew I had killed.

"After shooting the first fellow, I turned back when the fight was over. There were dozens of dead men lying in queer huddled positions, limp as wet rags, the position a dog or a sleeping child assumes. But without paying any attention to the dead or to the groans of the dying, I walked straight for the tree which had sheltered the man I had just shot. Before I got there the blood-madness had oozed out of my heart. My stomach was sick, my nerves were raw, and though I went forward I prayed that I might not find him."

"Well," I said, prompting him while I watched the emotions flit across his unhealthy yellow face, "was he dead?"

"Dead?" he replied. "Oh, yes! He died shudderingly while I held him, died with his eyes imploring mine to help him live. He was young. After I laid him down, I saw a scapular around his neck with exactly the same Latin words on it as on the one Mary gave me. We were brothers in the faith, and I had murdered him.

"I don't know how long I stood there watching his rigid body become limp and cool; it might have been an hour, a week, or a minute. To me time had ceased, while I became both judge and culprit, weighing my acts.

"No man can appeal from the judgment of his own soul. I wrote to Mary that night that I wanted to desert and not lose her love. But San Francisco was a long ways off, a city sweet with the familiar things that keep us healthy-minded and sane, and she could not understand. Her answer intimated that I was either too nervous, or else cowardly. So I stayed. But I commenced to haunt the battlefields.

"The dead pulled me out to view them. I tried to preserve my health by reasoning out the morbid fascination they exerted upon me.

"I couldn't speak to the fellows about it—you know how men are. And I had lost the old ideas which justify war. For me there existed no moral excuse for my acts as a soldier. God could not strengthen me when the dead and bloated bodies stewing under a tropic sun called insistently for me to come. So I

went, as mechanically as a murderer is said to return to the scene of his crime.

"It was a compulsion. But when I sneaked shamefully away from my companions, I pretended to myself that I was seeking facts for my letters to Mary which would make her see war with my eyes. And so when I crawled back weak and nauseated from my surfeit of horror, I wrote to her, picturing over and over the gruesome details—flesh, hair, teeth, blood, leering distorted faces, everything which pertains to a good day's work for a soldier.

"Christ! I was insane to endanger her affection. But you know how a boy behaves. He finds his first intimate companionship with a woman, and he opens his heart to her, in the belief that she understands. . . . Why, look here, when you were a boy, did you ever have to kill some old pet dog of yours that had become incurably sick? You saw how mercifully necessary it was, but you hated the job, and when it was done, the wag of his tail and the look in his eyes, expressing confidence in you, his playmate—that stuck with you, and bit into your mind for weeks after you'd shot him. God! I saw the same friendly look in a man's eyes, and saw it swiftly replaced by surprise, amazement and terror. He had been ripped by a shell, and his steaming intestines were spilled out on the ground. I was running by where he lay screaming in agony, imploring the aid I could not give. I—I ended his pain. I wrote to Mary of this. And then I began to drink. I had saved for our marriage, and the money was at my disposal. So I drank craftily and alone.

"I had to drink! Soldiers should be cannibals—I couldn't eat meat except when I was drunk. I lost the companionship of my fellows, and finally her love.

"Well, I gained by losing her. . . . For my mind had begun to play me a hideous trick: I could not think of her without also thinking of those dead and mangled bodies. Bodies bloated by the sun, with putrid masses of flesh hanging like rags to the disclosed bones, swam leering into my vision of her. And sometimes in sleep I saw her moving over some battlefield, walking like a sleepwalker in a fascinated search for a more gruesome impression. Seeing her, I would shout, 'Now you know I'm no coward! Now you see what war is! Filthy! There's blood on the hem of your dress, and men's brains are sticking like mud to your shoes. Go home! Go home! Go home!'

"I always woke up from this dream in the middle of the barrack floor, with two or more fellows hanging on to me. And my awaking meant the hospital and a dose of morphine.

"Lord! those were pleasant days in the hospital—the feel of the clean linen to my limbs, the quiet of the ward with its noiseless attendants, the lassitude induced by the drug. The doctors asked me foolish questions about my stomach. Ha! ha! my stomach!

"Then, for no apparent reason except that I excluded all thoughts of Mary from my mind, I regained my mental health. The horrible visions ceased to visit me. I was back at my soldier's work, but I had become callous to suffering. Seemingly I had exhausted my fund of squeamishness. Gruesomeness had lost its power to command my will. And when in the course of my work I had to deal with dead bodies, they no longer set my flesh creeping. I felt like a reprieved criminal, and in the reaction I was more than normally happy and companionable.

"But it was a short respite. I was soon to experience the most appalling and yet the least-mentioned disease of war, a disease with which war afflicts both conqueror and conquered—Insanity.

"You were never in the Philippines: well, the darkness is not absence of light, it's the presence of soot—an impalpable soot without weight or stain—moist and suffocating. You breathe with difficulty, your heart flutters, you are always tired.

"Lord! the strange sounds at night on outpost. Sometimes it's insects with queer, raspy voices. You feel them near you in the darkness, and wonder if they are poisonous. Then the croak of the talking lizards, with their taunting words which seem addressed to you, and which explode upon the silence with the regularity of a pulse-beat.

"The jungle grows stifling hot as the night progresses, but above the tree-tops you know the wind is moving when the trees scrape against each other,

making weird sounds like wet fingers drawn on glass. Everything challenges attention, and lacks the sense of security given by familiar things. Life becomes unreal, nightmarish.

"The tall, slender bamboos, losing their heads in the darkness above, bow with gravity and suppleness like old-time gallants at a funeral. At such times one muses and broods until reason scolds for giving way to fancies, as when you strain your ears toward the camp behind, fearing lest they have deserted you.

"I had been able to quiet my fear of insanity only by keeping the thought of Mary out of my mind. The thought of her was inseparably linked with the horror I felt at war.

"But alone one night in that alien jungle, my nerves keyed to its strange sounds, memory began to torment me. I thought of the lovers' plans we had made together, the hopes we had built. I struggled against it, but already the thought of Mary had made my present

loneliness unbearable. The oppressive isolation bore in on my weakened will, crushed it—and I turned to thoughts of her. There was one moment of sweetness like a peaceful drug.

"Then. . . . God! I can't describe it. In a moment from out the shadowed places there swam toward me all that I had seen of bloated, distorted dead bodies. From all sides, from every tree, through the reeds—they came, grinning, to kiss me, to crush their putrifying flesh against mine, to attain me with their decomposition. And panic-stricken I ran—ran until the jungle whipped my clothes to shreds, and left me naked and spent, to fall exhausted into the arms of another form more loathsome and leprous. . . .

"They say that in the asylum I was happy when washing my hands, and clothing, and body. They questioned me about it. But I never told them. . . . I wanted to remove the smell.

"It is all that remains with me now—the smell."



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

"Honestly, Julia, Which Do You Prefer—Brain or Brawn?"

THE TROUBLE IN BUTTE

M. Rhea

[Editor's note.—This account of the recent labor riots in Butte, Mont., and the causes leading up to them, is from an outside professional investigator.]

ON June 13, 1878, Butte Miners' Union was organized, and every year since then the miners of the camp have celebrated the day in an appropriate manner. It is known in Montana as 'Miners' Union Day,' and is observed much the same as Labor Day in other sections of the country. There has scarcely ever been less than five thousand miners in line. To the music of brass bands, these human earth worms marched with becoming pride through a bank of cheering humanity, for all Montana bows with religious reverence to these sons, who, with pick and shovel, have contributed so much to her greatness. But surely something has happened, for, on June 13, 1914, scarcely five hundred miners are in line, and it is noticed that these are old men, and that, as they march, they hang their heads. Instead of the jaunty step of pride, they dog through the streets to the music of bands they do not hear. On the sidewalk are massed thousands of people; they are there not to cheer, but to jeer.

One's curiosity naturally prompts one to inquire into this sudden change. And what one discovers is as interesting as the human struggle itself, for it is the human struggle.

Butte Miners' Union, No. 1, has been touted as the greatest single labor union in the world, and perhaps, judged from the American Federation of Labor standard, where the collection of per capita tax is of the greatest importance, it was. But this jeering, cynical crowd of angry people on the sidewalks proved beyond a shadow of doubt that neither the people of Butte or the rank and file of the miners thought so on June 13, 1914.

Suddenly, from out of the crowd, angry miners ran; and rushed straight for the ponderous form of Bert Riley, the president of the union. Bert Riley was on a horse, his head hitting the stars, for he was leading the parade. But many men think they are leading a parade when they are actually leading a funeral cortege.

The parade was dispersed, and Bert Riley and the other officers fled for their lives. "To the hall!" someone shouted, and thousands of feet turned toward the old historical Miners' Union Hall on North Main Street. The crowd smashed out the windows and crawled into the building. Immediately papers, typewriters, cash registers, journals, ledgers, desks, chairs, etc., were hurled through the windows into the street. Then upstairs the crowd surged, and broke into the room where the clerks and judges, ten in number, had already been eleven days counting about six hundred ballots cast at the last election. Then, out of the second-story windows, came ballot boxes, ballots, whiskey kegs, wine cases, beer kegs, champagne cases, the acting Mayor, chairs, tables, radiators, carpets, chandeliers, the charter; then down the steps came tumbling the twelve hundred dollar piano. It was a nice wreck—I might say picturesque.

While all this was taking place, about twenty men were attacking the great safe with sledges. This great safe stood in the corner window and was one of the first things to attract the attention of curious visitors. Great miners, used to "slinging the sledge," beat upon it, pried it about, but it was "burglar proof." The Sheriff and police force came down with a truck to rescue the safe, and take it to the City Hall. The safe was put on the truck by perspiring policemen and

Deputy Sheriffs. After it was safely aboard, a miner mounted on top of it.

"All those in favor of taking it to the City Hall, say Aye," he called to the crowd, but there were no "Ayes." "All those in favor of taking it to the Court House, say Aye." No "Ayes." "All those in favor of taking it to the Flat, say Aye." Five thousand "Ayes" filled the air.

The police and Sheriff force began to protest. The Sheriff began to threaten. The miner on top of the safe lit a cigarette, seated himself, crossed his legs, tilted his hat back to a very waggish angle, clasped his knees in his hands, blew some smoke in the Sheriff's face, and said, "I should wiggle." Then he turned to the driver, "To the Flat, Mike," he said.

The truck moved down the street. The miner on the safe insolently surveyed the upturned faces of the jeering, cheering, applauding crowd; his head, too, was touching the stars. The police and Sheriff's force came along unmolested and unmolested. It was some jubilee.

On every corner the vote was repeated, with the same result. When the mob reached the city limits, the police force returned. When they got to the Flat, the miner on the safe got to his feet, and said, "All those in favor of dynamiting her, say Aye." A multitude of "Ayes." "All those opposed, say Aye." No "Ayes."

"You keep the crowd back," the miner said to the Sheriff's deputies, "so they won't get hurt." Then, in a very leisurely way, they proceeded to dump the safe off the truck and prepare the dynamite; the Sheriff's force was very busy keeping back the curious, in much the same manner as if they were keeping back the eager fans at a ball game.

After the safe had been "blown," they took out the money (\$1,600) and valuable papers, then turned them over to a "red-headed stranger," who, after giving his sacred word of honor that they should be preserved, tucked the little black tin box under his arm and disappeared in the crowd.

That is what occurred, and for the following reasons: Butte Miners' Union has, from the earliest days, been used as a political tool. That has been its mission in the world. Daly used it. Clark used it. The Amalgamated used it. And, while it is true that the miners have received some benefit from being the tool, those who used the tool were always the greatest gainers. Clark paid off a mortgage on the hall and they helped to make him United States Senator. Heinze gave them a temporary increase in wages and they elected his ticket to the Legislature. When this aggregation got to the Capitol, they proceeded to pass the miners' eight-hour law, which is still in force. After that the world was Heinze's.

After Heinze lost control, the Amalgamated used the union; more particularly in the control of conventions than in any other way. But, while they were doing so, a new element began to appear—the radical propagandist. Some of them taught Socialism, some anarchism. But there was no one familiar enough with, or interested enough in, the two doctrines, to distinguish between them. But they, nevertheless, after years of effort, succeeded in electing a city administration. But those who were mentally "direct actionists" and those who were simply pure "parliamentary actionists," although having made common cause against a common enemy, found that they could not work in harmony. The city

administration could do but little more than give a good, clean administration—which it did. But the direct actionists wanted some great dream to come true.

But while this propaganda work was going on, the company, through the union's inner circle, was fighting the Socialists as hard as it could, the question finally narrowing down to the matter of control.

The inner circle, or the "clear ins" of the union, consisted of Dennis Murphy, Jerry Egan and Jim Shay, all good Irishmen and good Democrats. Then, just around the outside of this aggregation, were the "near ins," or the Republicans. Murphy was running for the Legislature and all the other lesser lights were helping him. On the night before election they pulled this off:

The Democrats had a band wagon and appropriate fireworks—and air works, of the Westinghouse brand, which are always used to put on the brakes—and when the crowd had been worked up to about the right pitch, Egan grabbed a flag and jabbed it into a bystander's face, "Kiss it, you damned Socialist," he yelled.

But, as the stick on the flag had jabbed the fellow in the eye, he naturally brushed it away hastily. The flag was dropped to the ground trampled upon by the crowd, then, with a yell, they broke after the fellow who had been jabbed in the eye, but he succeeded in getting away, so they just took right after another fellow, who was chased through the streets by thousands of patriots, who claimed that the "damned Socialists" had torn down the flag and trampled on it. When the mob cornered and finally caught the "scamp," they made the pleasing discovery that he was a Republican. But the ruse worked and it beat the Socialists.

This incident is one of many which have engendered bitterness in the union, for the Socialists contend that they are the only ones who could help the miners, and with their ideas most of the miners are in sympathy; and when the men these miners are paying a salary, or have paid a salary to, deliberately band themselves together and fight the Socialists in such a mean and petty way, it adds fuel to the flame.

As the majority that was back of the "clear ins" and "near ins" became smaller, more drastic and arbitrary methods were used by them to keep control, until even the semblance of democracy had disappeared. Men were ejected from the hall, hooted down, intimidated, insulted. As a last resort, the miners in the Black Rock and Speculator—who were most active as a group against the "clear ins"—were allowed to lapse in their dues. This was done in order to exclude them from the coming election.

The feeling against the American Federation of Labor is perhaps responsible to a large degree. The laboring men in this camp have come to the conclusion that craft unionism has done everything it can to advance the interests of the working class. They view the contract of a craft union with an employer as a partnership arrangement. They contend that the craft union seeks only to better the conditions of the craftsman to the exclusion—except in a few instances—and detriment of the common laborer. They contend that the capitalist is placed in much the same position today as the feudal lords were when they had, finally, to take into partnership the lesser chiefs and leaders of robber bands in order to perpetuate their domination over the masses of those times.

The A. F. of L. believes in the partnership of

the ten per cent.—this will be denied by their leaders but it is true even though they may not be conscious of it—the simon pure industrial unionist believes in the partnership of the one hundred per cent. And the latter idea, so they contend, is gaining ground every day, and in all parts of America. In Butte it is merely more acute, more pronounced, better understood by the rank and file, and was one of the big contributing causes of the riots which were the means adopted of putting the “clear ins” and “near ins” out.

Perhaps the second riot could have been avoided had not the “clear ins” and “near ins” joined hands on a “stick to it” program. Of course they made some concessions, such as the resignation of all local officials and a willingness to submit to a new election, but the industrial idea would not be conceded.

On the night of June 23, the “clear ins” and “near ins,” and the faithful old miners who have stuck through thick and thin, met for the purpose of hearing the above plan read by Mr. Moyer. A crowd of curiosity seekers and secessionists gathered about the hall. The latter were plainly there for the purpose of intimidating the timid and “joshing” the “stick to its” who intended to attend the meeting. I do not believe there was any organized understanding as to violence, although there might have been. The crowd, as all such crowds will do, edged closer and closer about the entrance to the hall. Some in the crowd were shouting, calling and threatening. The sentinel, who was stationed at the door to examine cards, deserted his post. As soon as he did so, a “stick to it” by the name of Bruno approached the door. The crowd began intimidating tactics. Bruno turned in the doorway and said to the crowd: “I do not interfere with you and you can’t interfere with me.”

Now the psychological effect of all this upon those upstairs must be taken into consideration: the door-keeper had deserted his post under the impression that the crowd intended violence; Bruno coming to the door and making a speech naturally led them to believe that some agitator was actually urging them to rush the hall; then, when Bruno turned and started upstairs, they imagined that he was leading the attack. The firing down the stairway followed, and Bruno was hit in the face. Those in the anteroom upstairs immediately rushed to the windows, threw them up and fired on the crowd outside, wounding two bystanders and killing another.

The sight of Noy, who was killed, and Bruno, who was thought to be fatally wounded, so incensed the crowd that all restraint was thrown aside. Many, perhaps a score, drew revolvers and began firing at the hall. Others ran for high-power rifles, which were used with supposedly good effect. The desire of at least some of the crowd was to kill every man—some two hundred—in the hall. But soon it dawned upon the crowd, which had suddenly been transformed into a mob, that the rifle and revolver shots were futile. A small number then withdrew in search of dynamite. They went to the Stewart mine and, after holding up the engineer, were lowered into the mine, taken to the powder room, where they helped themselves to 250 pounds of giant powder, and returned to the hall. A second trip was made later.

Now, a peculiar thing occurred. The first frenzy was gone and an orderly determination to blow down the hall with the least possible fuss had taken its place. I have been told by numerous eye-witnesses that it was the “most orderly crowd of cut-throat murderers and dynamiters ever assembled in the world.” Some six or eight men took charge of the situation and went about their work with such a cheerful assurance of ultimate success as to excite the admiration and applause of the multitude. Some there were who wanted to put the entire 250 pounds under the hall and blow

it skywards in one blast, but this was objected to by one very cool-headed individual of about nineteen years, for, as he contended, that would not only destroy the “Hall,” but also most of the other property in the city. The job was then turned over to him, and he proceeded to place the “shots” in such a way, and in just such amounts, as to blow down the hall instead of blowing it up.

When a shot had been set and the fuse lit, these calm dynamiters would run out into the street and shout “Fire! fire!” and at the same time shoot about fifty times into the air. Instantly the crowd would turn and take to their heels. Down the hill they would go helter-skelter like leaves before a mad autumn wind. And away would go the police and sheriff’s force with them. In fact, there are some who testify to the fact that the police and sheriff’s force must have been appointed for their sole ability to run, for most of them showed speed far superior to the rest of the crowd.

There was one spectator who didn’t run, and that a yellow cur dog, who took up a position directly in

front of the hall, and no amount of dynamite or flying brickbats could budge him from his place of vantage. At every blast—and there were twenty-three in all—ranging from ten pounds to sixty pounds of dynamite at a time—this good dog would wiggle his tail, but that was all.

But, fortunately, the occupants in the hall had escaped. John C. Lowney says, “It was a masterly retreat.” Those 200 men had to get down a fire escape in the teeth of at least some armed men, and from the very fact that they went down in an orderly, cool and determined manner shows that the “clear ins,” “near ins” and “stick to its” were men of mettle. In fact, there was a blind miner, who weighed 180 pounds dressed, in the hall. It was absolutely impossible for him to get out, and yet he had to get out. So Jerry Egan just took him on his back and carried him down, which explains, perhaps more than anything else, just why Jerry is one of the “clear ins”!



Can He Save Her?

The fear of a general strike undoubtedly held Italy back from taking sides at the beginning of the war. A revolutionary uprising of the workers a short time ago showed the government what it might expect.

Drawn by Maurice Becker.



Drawn by John Sloan.

THE MASSES, Sept., 1914.

His Master: "You've done very well. Now what is left of you can go back to work."

No Jingoism Here!

"ALL the world knows that the struggle against Germany is civilization against barbarism."

No, this is not an English politician or a French general speaking. It is Henri Bergson, distinguished philosopher, addressing the French Academy, and speaking for it. "Our Academy," he went on, "has especial right to say so. Devoted mainly to the study of psychologic, moral and social questions, the Academy is simply doing its scientific duty in recognizing German brutality and cynicism as a retrogression to a savage state."

In an equally "scientific" mood a German savant was recently heard to explain that the interests of civilization required a German victory in the war. With the German "libido" for expansion satisfied, he stated, Europe would progress to undreamed-of heights of culture. He remarked that he was not actuated by any "patriotic" motives in saying this—he was speaking as a disinterested scientific observer.

But M. Bergson, further in his speech, said: "Our colleagues, the Grand Duke Nicolas Mikhailovitch, is now with the Russian army. Let us send him the salutation of the Academy and France."

This calm philosopher should be given credit for allowing some share of the "clan vital" which pushes mankind upward and on, to another country—even if it is a country which sends men to Siberia for their opinions.

The Dumping-Ground

SOME congressman wants a law to prohibit the return of workmen who went back to Europe to fight. A law anticipating the influx of the banished riff-raff of European royalty after the war would be more to the point.

A Stirring Week

The Horrors of War as Viewed by a Gentleman in Wall Street

WEDNESDAY, July 29.—A ticklish time. "Kronprinzessin Cecilie" sailed for Plymouth and Cherbourg with \$10,000,000 in gold and \$3,000,000 in silver. Praying that Europe will keep her self-control until it arrives.

Thurs., July 30.—Bad news. Shells struck Franco-Servian and Androvitch banks in Belgrade. M. Androvitch wounded. Protests lodged at the German legation. They should be more careful.

Fri., July 31.—Worse. New York Stock Exchange closed. Three failures. Relatives and friends in Europe cannot cash checks. This is serious.

Sat., Aug. 1.—Grave anxieties. "Kronprinzessin Cecilie" not heard from.

Sun., Aug. 2.—Rumored "Cecilie" will proceed direct to Bremen. Will Germany confiscate gold? This suspense is awful.

Mon., Aug. 3.—Bankers confer with McAdoo and plan to meet crisis. Rumor "Cecilie" captured by English warships. Strong men break down and weep all over their mahogany office furniture.

Tue., Aug. 4.—"Cecilie" back in American port. Gold safe. All is well!

Distinguished Conduct

"A GERMAN officer and several German soldiers who surrendered in the course of the fighting at Liege said that they did so because they were Socialists and believed the aggression of Germany to be unjust."

This paragraph in the news dispatches, coming via Brussels and London, may be untrue, but it is confirmed by another dispatch from Paris. If it is true, it spells more for Germany's future than a victory won by machine-like, opinionless legions. The courage it takes to defy military tradition in the interests of conviction, is a courage that will make the armies of a German Socialist republic invincible against the world.

LAUGH IT OFF

HAVE the Trusts devoured your pay?

Laugh it off.

Do they cheat you night and day?

Laugh it off.

Don't make tragedy of trifles,

Don't shoot butterflies with rifles—

Laugh it off.

Has the landlord raised your rent?

Laugh it off.

Have you spent your bottom cent?

Laugh it off.

If it's sanity you're after,

There's no recipe like laughter—

Laugh it off.

BOLTON HALL.

A Menace to Morality

DURING the European war only the most important items of domestic news will be given a place in American newspapers. One of the events which, along with the patriotic activities of our bankers, is found worthy of chronicling in metropolitan newspapers, is the protest of summer colonists at Patchogue, L. I., against the conduct of the women of Patchogue, "said to be mostly millhands," in bathing in their nightgowns and then changing into their clothes "in the tall grass" near the beach. By careful watching, and by the aid of field-glasses, these shameful facts have been established, and an indignant protest to the Town Board is the result. A strong police patrol for the beach is asked for. Even the prospect of the downfall of civilization in a universal Armageddon cannot render us insensible to the defiance that these actions of the millwomen of Patchogue offer to Christian morality, which as everyone knows is bound up with the conventional two-piece bathing suit, and stands or falls with the bathhouse at 25 cents per.

On the Waiting List

"CHINA has declared her neutrality." So there will be peace in that quarter of the globe—but will there?

The tyranny of Yuan Shi Kai has been upheld only by his army, paid with European gold. The European bankers need their money.

But the withdrawal of that money means the collapse of Yuan Shi Kai's power.

And meanwhile Sun Yat Sen is in Japan organizing another Chinese revolution.

True, If Interesting

A YOUNG man writes us that he recently applied for help at the employment bureau of the Y. M. C. A. They took his fifty cents, and three months later sent him to see a prospective employer. The employer gave him a job on a week's probation.

Before the week was up the young man received a bill from the Y. M. C. A. for \$17.50—half a week's salary plus a year's membership dues in the Y. M. C. A. He wants to know our opinion of the Y. M. C. A.

We think that he should hold up an all-night restaurant and pay his dues.

In the course of a year's association with the Christian gentlemen who manage the Y. M. C. A. he could learn enough about the principles of successful business to lay the foundation for a prosperous career.

This "bill for services" may be the turning point in a life destined to go down to posterity in the text-books of "Success."

Fashion Note

ONE of the results of the war will be that the women will wear Belgian blouses next year. Or—perhaps—red sashes in honor of a "Berlin Commune."



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

HEARST: "MY, WHAT INHUMAN BRUTES THESE EUROPEANS ARE!"

The Importance of Being A Good Dog

"THE Canine Factor in Industrial Efficiency in the South," would make a good title for an article in one of our success magazines. The facts, which we glean from an article in the *Presbyterian Continent*, should be interesting alike to efficiency-enthusiasts and dog-lovers.

It seems that "a hound-dog with a good nose for scenting [Negro] convicts is an object of no little pride and care in a turpentine camp." Once a week the dogs are "rehearsed" in their work. On Sunday evening one of the convicts is chosen to assist in a "nigger chase." He is set loose in the woods, and the hounds and guards follow. Thus the dogs are kept in training for the real event, which occasionally takes place—the escape of a Negro convict.

The importance of the dog's work will be realized when it is stated that the convicts have been "leased" by the camp contractor for \$400 a head from an association, which in turn leases them from the State ["not only in Florida but in Alabama and other States"] for \$281.60. The loss of a few of these men would be a serious matter "even for a camp where the profit from turpentine and resin the year before is said to have been \$25,000."

The Negroes, of course, are secured by the State through the operation of the criminal laws, and in a dearth of real offenders, by means of the Vagrancy law. Vagrancy, as everyone knows, is simply being out of a job and without visible means of support. Thus the indirect effect of the arrangement is to solve, in a statesmanlike and efficient manner, the problem of unemployment in the South.

The writer in the *Continent*, who has observed these facts, is distressed at the lack of "systematic mission work" among the convicts.

Economy

WE see by his recent biography that if the books and pictures which Anthony Comstock has seized "were to be transported," this would require sixteen freight cars, fifteen of them loaded with ten tons each and the other nearly full. If the persons arrested were to be transported, sixty-one passenger coaches would be required, each with a seating capacity of sixty persons—sixty cars filled and the other nearly full."

Yes, but why transport them? Why not just transport Anthony?

Dangerous Foreigners

THERE is some truth in the bourgeois opinion that all "foreigners" are "dangerous"—this much, at least, that foreigners are not so easily paralyzed by patriotism.

A foreigner is a man away from home. And a man away from home is more likely to exercise independent judgment, both about home matters and other matters, than one who never got out of the hole in his own doorstep.

A boy is never free until he has gone away to work. It is the same case. Piety and patriotism are both yielding somewhat to the development of transportation.

THE DRUG CLERK

Eunice Tietjens

THE drug clerk stands behind the counter,
Young and dapper, debonair.

Before him burn the great unwinking lights,
The hectic stars of city nights,
Red as hell's pit, green as a mermaid's hair.
A queer half-acrid smell is in the air.
Behind him on the shelves in ordered rows
With strange abbreviated names
Dwell half the facts of life. That young man knows
Bottled and boxed and powdered here
Dumb tragedies, deceptions, secret shames,
And comedy and fear.

Sleep slumbers here, like a great quiet sea
Shrunk to this bottle's compass, sleep that brings
Sweet respite from the teeth of pain
To those poor tossing things
That the white nurses watch so thoughtfully.
And here again
Dwell the shy souls of Maytime flowers
That shall make sweeter still those poignant hours
When wide-eyed youth looks on the face of love.
And, for those others who have found too late
The bitter fruit thereof,
Here are cosmetics, powders, paints—the arts
That hunted women use to hunt again
With scented flesh for bait.
And here is comfort for the hearts
Of sucking babes in their first teething pain.
Here dwells the substance of huge fervid dreams,
Fantastic, many-colored, shot with gleams
Of ecstasy and madness, that shall come
To some pale twitching sleeper in a bunk.
And here is courage, cheaply bought,
To cure a sick blue funk.
And dearly paid for in the final sum.
Here in this powdered fly is caught
Desire more ravishing than Tarquin's, rape
And bloody-handed murder. And at last
When the one weary hope is past
Here is the sole escape,
The little postern in the house of breath
Where pallid fugitives keep tryst with death.

All this the drug clerk knows, and there he stands
Young and dapper, debonair. . . .
He rests a pair of slender hands,
Much manicured, upon the counter there
And speaks: "No, we don't carry no pomade.
We only cater to the high class trade."

THE TRADERS' WAR

[This article is written by a well-known American author and war-correspondent who is compelled by arrangements with another publication to withhold his name.]

THE Austro-Servian conflict is a mere bagatelle—as if Hoboken should declare war on Coney Island—but all the Civilization of Europe is drawn in.

The real War, of which this sudden outburst of death and destruction is only an incident, began long ago. It has been raging for tens of years, but its battles have been so little advertised that they have been hardly noted. It is a clash of Traders.

It is well to remember that the German empire began as a business agreement. Bismarck's first victory was the "Zollverein," a tariff agreement between a score of petty German principalities. This Commercial League was solidified into a powerful State by military victories. It is small wonder that German business men believe that their trade development depends on force.

"*Ohne Armee, kein Deutschland*" is not only the motto of the Kaiser and the military caste. The success of the Militarist propaganda of the Navy League and other such jingo organizations depends on the fact that nine Germans out of ten read history that way. There never was any Germany worth talking about except when, under the Great Elector, Frederick the Great, and Bismarck, the Army was strong.

It is this belief, that the power and prosperity of Germany depends on its Army, which explains the surprising fact that one of the most progressive, cultured and intellectually free nations on earth allows the Kaiser to kaise.

The progressive burghers of Germany would have put an end to "personal government" and military domination long ago if they had not believed that they were threatened by their neighbors, that their very existence hinged on the strength of their Army. They have grumbled under their grievous taxes, but in the end they have paid, because they believed they were menaced.

And they were menaced.

After the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 came the "grunderzeit"—the "foundation period." Everything German leaped forward in a stupendous impulse of growth.

The withdrawal of the German mercantile marine from the sea has reminded us of the world wide importance of their transportation services. All these great German fleets of ocean liners and merchantmen have sprung into being since 1870. In steel manufacture, in textile work, in mining and trading, in every branch of modern industrial and commercial life, and also in population, German development has been equally amazing.

But geographically all fields for development were closed.

In the days when there had been no army and no united Germany, the English and French had grabbed all the earth and the fulness thereof.

No colonial markets—on which her rivals subsist—were left open to Germany except some scattered tribes of African Negroes, who will buy nothing but calico and rum.

England and France met German development with distrust and false sentiments of Peace. "We do not intend to grab any more territory. The Peace of Europe demands the maintenance of the Status Quo."

With these words scarcely cold on her lips, Great Britain took South Africa. And pretended to endless

surprise and grief that the Germans did not applaud this closing of another market.

In 1909, King Edward—a great friend of Peace—after long secret conferences, announced the *Entente Cordiale*, whereby France promised to back up England in absorbing Egypt, and England pledged itself to support France in her Morocco adventure.

The news of this underhand "gentleman's agreement" caused a storm. The Kaiser, in wild indignation, shouted that "Nothing can happen in Europe without my consent."

The Peace-lovers of London and Paris agreed that this threat of war was very rude. But they were getting what they wanted without dirtying their hands in blood, so they consented to a Diplomatic Conference at Algieras. France solemnly promised *not* to annex Morocco, and above all pledged herself to maintain "the Open Door." Every one was to have an equal commercial chance. The storm blew over.

The unbiased observer must admit that the Kaiser had made a rude noise. But after all, why should anything happen in Europe without Germany being consulted? There are half a hundred million Teutons in Central Europe. They certainly have a stake in the fate of the Continent.

It was bad form for the War Lord to let off bombastic epigrams and to "rattle his sword." But it was *bad faith* for pretended advocates of Peace to conspire in secret conclave to back each other up in repudiating their engagements to preserve the Status Quo.

One example out of a thousand of how the French observed their pledge to maintain an Open Door in Morocco is furnished by the method of buying cloth to uniform the Moorish army.

In accordance with the "Act of Algieras," which required that all contracts should be put up at international auction, it was announced that the Sultan had decided on a large order of khaki to make uniforms for his soldiers. "Specifications" would be published on a certain day—in accordance to the law—and the cloth manufacturers of the world were invited to be present.

The "Specifications" demanded that the cloth should be delivered in three months and that it should be of a certain width—three yards, as I remember. "But," protested the representative of a German firm, "there are no looms in the world of that width. It would take months to build them." But it developed that a far-seeing—or fore-warned—manufacturer of Lyons had installed the necessary machines a few months before. He got the contract.

The Ambassador at Tangier has had to hire extra clerks to forward to Berlin the complaints of German merchants, protesting against the impossibility of France's "Open Door."

For a couple of decades the Germans have felt that their normal industrial development was being checked on every hand—not by the forces of nature, nor their own shortcomings, but by wilful, hostile, organized opposition.

Perhaps the most exasperating thing of all has been the row over the Bagdad Railroad. A group of German capitalists secured a franchise for a railroad to open up Asia Minor by way of Bagdad and the Persian Gulf. It was an undeveloped country which offered just the kind of commercial outlet they needed. The scheme was blocked by England on the pretext that such a railroad might be used by the Kaiser to send his army half way round the world to steal India.

But the Germans understood very well that the English merchants and ship owners did not want to have their monopoly of Indian trade threatened.

Even when they scored this big commercial victory—the blocking of the Bagdad Railroad—the English diplomats protested their love of Peace and their pure-hearted desire to preserve the Status Quo. It was at this juncture that a Deputy in the Reichstag said, "The Status Quo is an aggression."

The situation in short is this. German Capitalists want more profits. English and French Capitalists want it all. This War of Commerce has gone on for years, and Germany has felt herself worsted. Every year she has suffered some new setback. The commercial "smothering" of Germany is a fact of current history.

This effort to crowd out Germany is frankly admitted by the economic and financial writers of England and France. It comes out in a petty and childish way in the popular attempts to boycott things "Made in Germany." On a larger scale it is embodied in "ententes" and secret treaties. Those who treat of the subject in philosophical phraseology justify it by referring to the much abused "Struggle for Existence." But at any time in the last few years sincerely liberal ministries in Paris and London could easily have made friends with Germany—and the Kaiser would have crumbled into dust.

There can be nothing surer than that the Germans as a whole are not bellicose, that they support the Kaiser and all the heavy charge of militarism because they know they are menaced.

Instead of granting the few concessions called for by their young and aspiring rival, England and France tighten their strangling grasp. Posing as Apostles of Peace, the smotherers say "Don't struggle" to their victim. "Above all, don't draw the sword—that isn't Christ-like."

There is no reason to doubt that in this sudden crisis the statesmen of London and Paris sincerely desired "Peace." War is a gamble. The "peaceful," bloodless process of smothering is surer—and safer.

"Every year of peace," another leader of German public opinion exclaims, "is for us a defeat!" And every German business man believed him. And every German workingman, who thinks that his own welfare depends on the prosperity of his employer, believed it, too.

No wonder that the industrial classes of Germany—although they are better educated than their English competitors, more alive and progressive than their French rivals—support the military tyranny of the Kaiser. Peace means gradual ruin. In the appeal to arms there is at least a chance of victory.

No one can have a more utter abhorrence of Militarism than I. No one can wish more heartily that the shame of it may be erased from our century. "It is neither by parliamentary oratory nor the votes of majorities that the great questions of the day can be solved but by blood and iron"—"*durch Eisen und Blut*"—these words of Bismarck's are the motto of the Reaction. Nothing stands more squarely in the path of democratic progress.

And no recent words have seemed to me so ludicrously condescending as the Kaiser's speech to "his" people when he said that in this supreme crisis he freely forgave all those who had ever opposed him. I am ashamed that in this day in a civilized country any one can speak such archaic nonsense as that speech contained.

But worse than the "personal government" of the Kaiser, worse even than the brutalizing ideals he boasts of standing for, is the raw hypocrisy of his armed foes, who shout for a Peace which their greed has rendered impossible.

More nauseating than the crack-brained bombast of the Kaiser is the editorial chorus in America which pretends to believe—would have us believe—that the White and Spotless Knight of Modern Democracy is marching against the Unspeakably Vile Monster of Medieval Militarism.

What has democracy to do in alliance with Nicholas, the Tsar? Is it Liberalism which is marching from the Petersburg of Father Gapon, from the Odessa of Pogroms? Are our editors naïve enough to believe this?

No. There is a falling out among commercial rivals. One side has observed the polite forms of Diplomacy and has talked of "Peace"—relying the while on the eminently pacific Navy of Great Britain and the Army of France and on the millions of semi-serfs whom they have bribed the Tsar of All the Russias (and The Hague) to scourge forward against the Germans. On the other side there has been rudeness—and the hideous Gospel of Blood and Iron.

We, who are Socialists, must hope—we may even expect—that out of this horror of bloodshed and dire destruction will come far-reaching social changes—and a long step forward towards our goal of Peace among Men.

But we must not be duped by this editorial buncombe about Liberalism going forth to Holy War against Tyranny.

This is not Our War.

A Good Lawyer

EDWARD B. STANWOOD, the District Attorney of Yuba County, California, secured a sentence of life-imprisonment for Ford and Suhr, two leaders of the hop-pickers' strike last summer. He did this by turning the case over to a gang of Burns detectives who tortured and intimidated the necessary witnesses to a "conspiracy to murder." Even so, he could not have won the case, in face of the evident innocence of the prisoners, had not wealth, newspapers, and "influential friends" wanted it won.

Stanwood himself is so distinguished a power in these proceedings, that when he was called before the Supreme Court to present an argument on the appeal, they say he forgot it was a "conspiracy to murder," and argued for a conspiracy to resist arrest! Carlin, the special prosecutor in the first trial (also special attorney for the Hop-Growers), was so disgusted he stamped out of the court room; and the judges so merciful that they stopped the trial and asked for written briefs!

The Time Has Come

THE German Socialists just before the war had collected 37,000 cases of "military cruelty." Remember that all the victims in these cases, soldiers, civilians and their friends, are looking for revenge. There is a war within this war, but don't expect to read about it in the censored press dispatches.

Open Shop Feminism

A PROUD-MINDED man and a proud-minded woman have to fight it out, in Mrs. Peattie's feminist novel,* as to which shall give up a "life work" for the other. They fight to a climax in the last chapter when, after wrestling each through a sad lonely night, they meet upon a mountain top within shouting distance though separated by a narrow gorge, and there strike colors to each other—or nail their colors to the mast together, as you may wish to see it.

"What did you mean by staying up here?" she asked him. "I was terrified—"

"I came up to think things out."

"Have you?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Kate, we must be married."

"Yes," laughed Kate, "I know it."

"But—"

"Yes," called Kate, "that's it. But—"

"But you shall do your work: I shall do mine."

"I know," said Kate, "that's what I meant to say to you. There's more than one way of being happy and good."

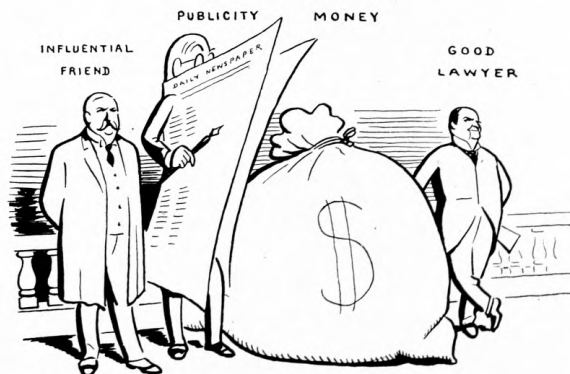
That is one thing to be learned from Mrs. Peattie's book. Another is that a thoughtful person like the author, a free woman ready to go that length in "feminism," may still be willing to remain totally ignorant and unsympathetic toward the vivid fight for human liberty that is in progress around her.

Is it absolutely essential to art, I wonder, that every bourgeois novelist should refer to the walking delegate in a labor dispute as "drunk and irresponsible"? With all his faults the walking delegate practically never is drunk. But even suppose he were, do the workers follow him because he is drunk? They follow him because, drunk or sober, he tells them something they believe and know.

I notice that Mrs. Peattie says, when she's speaking of militancy in the woman movement, "If men were fighting for some new form of liberty, we should think them heroic."

That is to justify Mrs. Pankhurst. But in her Colorado labor camp where the men *are* fighting for a new form of liberty, namely the liberty guaranteed by collective bargaining, she talks about them as though they were a pack of dirty, spying, blood-thirsty fools. She

* THE PRECIPICE, by Elia W. Peattie. Houghton Mifflin Co.



Arthur Young
Drawn by Arthur Young.

HOW TO WIN A CASE.
(Otherwise Drop It.)

talks like the ignorant middle-class women of Trinidad, voting citizens of Colorado. Only give them a chance to block the struggle for human freedom in the name of social consciousness, that's all they ask.

Well—never mind! The book will be read by ladies who are already horrified at walking delegates. It will not alter their opinion, and it will tell them some things about their own lives at least.

Friends and Enemies

THE Germany of Goethe and Beethoven has not an enemy on earth," says Bernard Shaw. "We have had enough of the Germany of Bismarck, which all the world loathes."

We have had enough, too, of the England of big battleships and colonial imperialism. We have had enough of the Russia of pogroms and the knout. We have had enough of Gallic "revanche."

"Germany," says Shaw, "is so important a factor in the work of civilization that we must aim finally at the conservation of her power, to defend her Russian frontier."

So the Allies are to conclude the conquest of Germany by a war among themselves, *a la* the Balkan allies—England and France against Russia?

The Russia of Dostoevsky, of Tchaikowsky, or for that matter, of Mordkin, has not an enemy in the world. The Slavic genius is so important a factor in the work of civilization that we must aim finally at the conservation of its magnificent powers.

Socialists are not to be fooled by capitalism's old trick of setting up this race or that as the enemy of civilization. Not Germany, or Russia, or Turkey, or Japan, or China, is the enemy of civilization. The enemy of civilization is Business For Profit.

Apology

WE shall refrain from explaining in detail the movements of the armies and navies of the warring nations this month, as the man whose cousin was once in the militia is out of town, and the man who owns a yacht is indisposed. This puts us at a disadvantage with the magazines which have "military experts" on their staff, but we must ask our readers to bear with us.

Speaking of Women—

INDIGNANTLY, in a recent number of *Life*, Edward S. Martin bursts out and asks Robert Herrick, the novelist, what he thinks of the kind of feminism preached in the July number of *THE MASSES*. We don't know; but we don't mind saying that we like Mr. Herrick's kind of feminism, as set forth by implication in his new novel, "Clark's Field" (Macmillan). Mr. Herrick is dissatisfied with women. He wants them to get on faster—to think, feel and act up to the standards of civilized life. Mr. Martin is dissatisfied with them, too—they are getting on too fast. He bids them remember their grandmothers. Which is one reason why they prefer Mr. Herrick. They don't like to be scolded—but they know the difference between a living voice and a dead hand.

Two Women

REBECCA EDELSON, while protesting in a speech at Franklin Statue against a possible war with Mexico, was mobbed. The police, with their easy discrimination, arrested her and not her assailants. And although Franklin Statue is the recognized place for open-air speaking in down-town New York, and although nothing could be proved against Miss Edelson but an expression of humanitarian sentiment, she was sentenced to three months in prison for "disorderly conduct."

To her, and also to many disinterested people, this sentence appeared to be an instance of judicial persecution. And her decision to make the protest of a hunger-strike against it, was taken with deliberation. It was taken also with full knowledge of the fact that, being an anarchist, she could not have the sympathy of influential radical women at large that a militant suffragist might have, and that the issue might be an unnoticed sickness and death.

The hunger-strike began on July 20th. After about eight days of it, Katherine Davis, the Commissioner of Corrections, gave to the press a statement that Miss Edelson, although not eating the prison fare, was receiving food from some underground source. This statement was based avowedly upon the fact that the Commissioner had seen Miss Edelson, and she did not look as if she had gone without food for eight days.

After three or four more days, when the interest of the general public was aroused by Miss Edelson's heroism, and even the reasons for her imprisonment were becoming a matter of comment, Miss Davis issued a decision that hereafter no information would be given to the public as to the "health and conduct of Miss Edelson."

After that Miss Edelson's friends received letters by an underground route, telling of her continued starvation and growing weakness, and finally in one of the papers has appeared a rumor of her death.

I wonder if we of THE MASSES are in a minority of those who care about humanity, in judging this attitude of the Commissioner of Correction to be another instance of official tyranny. Since last spring it has been a frequent comment in our editorial meetings that Miss Davis seemed actuated rather by a smarty wish to behave like the ordinary male in her new office, than by any of those ideals of humane conduct and regard for the rights of life which some have hoped women would bring into the affairs of government.

And now, with this final show of high-handed inhumanity, both toward her prisoner and the public, these comments have echoed from so many sources of good judgment outside, that, while perhaps we cannot print them in full, we can at least take the initiative among feminist organs, in saying that the lady-commissioner appears to be another human failure. And the cause of her failure, as so often in those afflicted with official success, appears to be an aggressive self-importance combined with the efficiency mania.

MAX EASTMAN.

Practical

BEFORE Germany invaded France, the working-people of Paris gathered twenty-five thousand strong on the Boulevards to protest against war. Shouting "Long live Peace," they picked up bricks and laid out a half-dozen policemen. The beautiful thing about the French is that when they have an ideal, they always want to do something about it.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

Weak Spots

PROFESSOR TAFT has pointed out the weak spot in Socialism—it disregards human nature. This has been done before by people who had not enough intellectual energy to find out what Socialism is. Socialism differs from all reform movements exactly in this, that it names a *method* by which a new society can be engendered, even taking human nature at its worst.—But it always was easy to point out the weak spot in Professor Taft.

Leaders of Revolts

POLITICAL discussion in Europe has been called off on account of the war. Even the English militants have stopped their activities. But happily no such patriotic duty devolves upon us in America. We can still talk politics—if anybody will listen.

One of the political events which holds our interest is the desertion of the middle class by both of its great rival protagonists, Wilson and Roosevelt. In the case of the Great Opportunist, this should cause no surprise. The recent publication by Mr. Amos Pinchot of the facts concerning the suppression of one of the radical planks of the Progressive platform by Roosevelt's friend Perkins, has shocked no one. Nor has the continued support of Perkins by Roosevelt in the face of these facts been unexpected. The principal thing the incident has served to bring out is the nature of the alliance between Roosevelt and the middle class Progressives. It is an alliance effected in spite of the distrust and contempt which each party feels for the other, an alliance for purposes of expediency on both sides. The middle class Progressives wanted the advertising value—at one time greatly overestimated—of the Colonel's name. The Colonel wanted a place where he could rest his foot until the waters of economic unrest receded. Mr. Roosevelt is fully aware of his capacities as a ruler, and he intends to exercise them—if not as the leader of a radical middle class party (as for a moment in 1911 seemed possible), then as a leader of Progressive Big Business. At all events, he will be a leader, and he will not be a leader without a party.

In this respect the career of Mr. Roosevelt offers a striking parallel to that of the late Joseph Chamberlain. Having made his political *debut* as a great municipal Socialist, he went over to the Conservatives when it

became plain to him that he had no opportunity for a successful career in the former field. The London *New Statesman* offers for him this remarkable apology:

"What nonsense it is to talk of him as misled by ambition (he who died plain Joe Chamberlain!) when it is as plain as the sun in the heavens that he aimed at nothing but the opportunity to exercise his remarkable political ability in a dignified and secure position."

Big Business offers Mr. Roosevelt the opportunity to exercise his powers of rulership in a dignified and secure position—that is, if he can persuade Big Business that he is "safe." So the Colonel is on probation.

In the same way, President Wilson is on probation. He has given hostages to Big Business. He doesn't want to lose his opportunity to exercise his remarkable political abilities in a dignified and secure position.

By insensible changes of feeling, Mr. Wilson has come to look upon the banking interests as the bulwark of national greatness. He is eager to allay the suspicions of undue radicalism in the breasts of Big Business on behalf of his administration. In his anxiety to do justice to his friend Mr. Jones of the Harvester Trust, he gave personal assurance to the Senate of "facts" which Mr. Jones himself had to deny flatly when questioned by that body. The appointment of Warburg also discloses the way in which our radical President has identified himself with established institutions.

In this period of compromise one looks with curiosity to see how great will be the resistance of a group which is under peculiar temptations—the Progressive suffragists. In New York State the Progressives have shown little hesitation in throwing over suffrage by coming out for the anti-suffrage politician Hinman. And Roosevelt has advised a certain suffrage leader that "the suffragists had better keep their hands off Hinman."

"We shall see!" said the suffragists.

Neutrality Maintained

"THE priests read the declaration of war, a Te Deum was sung for victory for the Russian arms, and their majesties venerated the holy cross and the ikon."—Press dispatch from St. Petersburg.

"And now I commend you to God. Go to church and kneel before God and pray for His help for our gallant army."—Emperor William.

It is a pleasure to note that Christ is on both sides as usual.

AT last the Progressives have something to fight and bleed for—the Colonel's stirring slogan, "fusion in spots."

ROCKAWAY BEACH

THE dance pavilion stains the night
With a white blotch of hazy light,
And, pairing black motes, to and fro,
Two by two the dancers go,
While winds make faint or loud-convey
The echoes of the orchestra.
Without, the vast mysterious tide
Murmurs, night-haunted, far and wide.
Whence have ye gained the soul to dance
With such light-moving elegance
'Mid all this menace of the dark,
Ye motes who throng life's tiny spark?
Why are we brave, my fellowkind?
Are we gods, or are we blind?

HARRY KEMP.



"Socialism is the menace to our civilization!"
 "It will destroy the Church!"
 "It will ruin business!"
 "It will break up the home!"

Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

Prophetic Reflections

WHEN the Russian government comes out bankrupt, and France and England too poor to slip her any more coin to pay cossacks to shoot down her subjects, then what will her subjects do to her?

2. When French capitalists have lost the \$8,000,000,000 they lent Russia to shoot down her subjects and fight Germany, besides the incredible sums invested in her own campaigns, and able-bodied French workingmen are so scarce they can dictate their own terms to capital—then what?

3. When Austria gets through "defending Teutonic Civilization" with her population of Bohemians, Poles, Magyars, Roumanians, Slovaks, Croats, Serbs, Slovenians, Ruthenians, Russians, Italians and Germans—then what?

4. When the peaceable common folk of Germany, who've been fooled by their ruling class into thinking they had to fight for life and prosperity, find out they get nothing but death and bankruptcy—then what?

5. When the front end of the British lion is busy on the continent of Europe, what will the fervent revolutionary patriots of India be doing to his tail?

6. "If the order to fire should persist, if the tenacious officer should wish to constrain the will of the soldiers in spite of all. . . . Oh, no doubt the guns might go off, but it might not be in the direction ordered."—Briand (before he deserted the Socialists).

Then what?

Sign of the Times

THE *Atlantic Monthly*, that oracle of literariness refinement, descends to fourteen pages of revolutionary propaganda. "A Message to the Middle Class" by Seymour Deming in the July number drills deep and plants a charge of true feeling.

The author learned his truth—that the prime idealism of to-day is fighting and disreputable like the idealism of '76 and the '50's—during an I. W. W. strike at a town he calls "Elmport," where there was "religious conscience enough to float off a revival in sinner's tears," but "not enough social conscience to wet an eyelash." We suspect the town's name is Ipswich.

His message to the middle class is this:

Dear friends, I am sorry for you. You are unhappy and you are ignorant of what is doing, and the worst is yet to come. "The now fluid racial and class alignment will solidify and gripe our national vitals with a class-struggle, within a generation. . . .

"And you lend a credulous ear to any politician with contempt enough for your intelligence to assure you that it can be mended by tariff-revision, currency-reform, restriction of immigration, control of trusts, or any or all of these, including an underdone hash of economic compromise styled Progressivism."

You are ignorant, but you can't help it. "If your ignorance is more perilous to society than the righteous discontent of an idealistic working-class you have at least the excuse that the machinery which, if it is to go on, must keep you in the dark, has well-nigh perfected a process whereby you are automatically misinformed, or not informed at all. . . . Do not suppose, therefore, that it will be easy to obtain the kind of information you need from the three great organs of public information—the colleges, the churches and the newspapers. . . . Their every mental process is so colored by subserviency to a class view of affairs that they are honestly not aware of any constraint upon



Drawn by Arthur Young.

"HAS IT BLOWN OVER, POP?"

their tongues—which is quite the most hopeless part of it."

"You have one refuge; to cast in your lot with the under-dog. . . . You have always been taught that once you had scrambled through the doorway to the employing and owning class you would be safe. You have seen that doorway contract. You have seen it grow harder and harder for your sons to fight their way in. . . . You have seen the struggle turn murderous. . . . Does it ever occur to you that hope lies in exactly the opposite direction—in keeping out, in persuading others to keep out, and in joining forces with the plundered and the outcast? Does it ever occur to you that if your pity drew you to take sides with the oppressed, your unlooked-for reward would be a sudden and overwhelming power to end oppression? Does it ever occur to you that, once you joined forces with the poor (who, you have been told, cannot help you), together you would be suddenly invincible and need no longer dread each other—nor the rich, nor poverty?"

To this truth-telling about the middle-class and their hopelessness of ignorance and misinformation, the middle-class editor of the *Atlantic* makes an ignorant and misinformed reply, which is of the nature of a Q. E. D.

THE SMOKERS

IN the rear of the car we sat,
The stranger and I.
He was big and fat,
With the fleshiness of a pig.
His round, moon-face
Was as barren of thought and feeling
As the face of a drowsy cow—
And the soft rolls of meat
Overhung all sides of the seat.

Both of us puffed at fragrant cigars,
Flushing our lungs with huge mouthfuls of smoke
Which afterwards oozed out from the nostrils
In thin spiral waves—
And we sighed contentedly.
For a lingering second our eyes met
And we smiled—
The smile of an ageless comradeship.

MAX ENDICOFF.

Silver Linings

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER is stranded in Europe.

We no longer have to read humorous sayings by Vice President Marshall.

A deluge of pictures of Sir Thomas Lipton wreathed in smiles has been averted.

Lieutenant Porte has stopped postponing the date on which he will not sail across the Atlantic in an airship.

People no longer say: "Preparation for war is the surest guarantee of peace."

S. S. McCLURE on his return to America declared that Ireland would never accept home rule and that the Kaiser would never carry out his war bluff. Home rule fans, take renewed courage.

"DEMOCRACY ON BOARD"

THE headline is furnished by the New York *Tribune*; the story by an American refugee, Perry Tiffany. Do your own laughing.

"One humorous side of the situation was the fact that the butler and the maid from the yacht sat with us at the same table on the tramp ship."

THE New York *Times* in an editorial six inches long joshes Ford, the automobile man, because his latest publicity venture ran foul of the war news. As usual with the *Times*, this editorial carried its refutation with it.

AT the hour of going to press Beloochistan was greatly depressed and humiliated because it had not received any kind of ultimatum from the Kaiser.

THE Kaiser, besides being all the officers of the German army and navy, is an admiral in the British and Russian fleets as well as those of Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Greece. He also holds odd jobs in Austria and Spain. Why not let the Kaiser put on all the uniforms he is entitled to and fight himself to a finish?

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

The End of the War

THE real triumph of militarism will come when these soldiers decide to use their own intelligence and will to destroy the barbarous power that trains them. Many have decided now. Dispatches say that a whole regiment of Bohemian soldiers refused to go to war and one in every ten was shot down. A rumor that several leaders of the Social Democracy in Germany have been shot or imprisoned is persistent. Perhaps a universal mutiny is not impossible. Such a universal mutiny, the end of war and the beginning of the Social Revolution, is pictured by Arthur Young on the opposite page. Who knows?

A Message from Prison

"REPENTANT! I am, sir, the most repentant prisoner a New York City jail ever sloughed into a cell. Let another Ludlow massacre happen, I would repeat my deed. So far from life in prison having wrought in me a penitential work, it has tightened and reinforced in me a remonstrant mood."

So Bouck White of the Church of the Social Revolution writes to Governor Glynn in regard to the plan to "pardon" him.

A meeting to protest against his imprisonment will be held at the Hippodrome, Sunday afternoon, September 13, and Debs will speak on behalf of Free Speech.

That will be the beginning of Bouck White's congressional campaign—a campaign conducted on "revolutionary lines."



Drawn by Arthur Young.

The Triumph of Militarism

EUGENE V. DEBS

WILL SPEAK AT THE

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The Call of the Carpenter.

BOUCK WHITE, Author of "THE CALL OF THE CARPENTER"

is now in a cell on Blackwell's Island, New York. He committed the "crime" after the terrible Ludlow Massacre, of attending the Rockefeller church and asking a question. His publishers have consented to issue a "BLACKWELL'S ISLAND" EDITION of 10,000 copies (paper cover) of the "Call of the Carpenter." This is the only opportunity to secure this book at less than the publisher's price of \$1.25 a copy.

This edition will be sold for the purpose of aiding in the support of THE CHURCH OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION, of which BOUCK WHITE is founder and leader.

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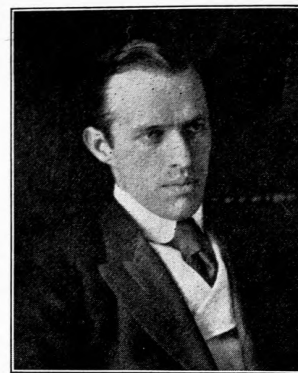
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