

NO MAIL TO GERMANY.

Letters, parcels or packages mailed in the United States and destined for Germany, Austria-Hungary, Luxembourg, Bulgaria or Turkey will be returned to the sender immediately or sent to the dead letter office at Washington. This information was contained in a bulletin order received Wednesday by Postmaster B. M. Burgher.

The postmaster also was notified in another bulletin that the exchange of postal money orders between the United States and Germany has been suspended. He was ordered to discontinue the issuance of money orders payable in the German Empire, and to decline payment on orders drawn on this office by German offices.

cotton.

To whom shall I write for information about Indian property and homestead lands in Oklahoma?—E. G. Avoca, Tex.

Write to the U. S. Land Office at either Guthrie or Woodward, Ok.

How many men are in the U. S. army at present, and how many volunteers and discharged men are available? 2. How many men are in the navy, and how many discharged men are available for the navy?—K. M. Athens, Texas.

Our present actual standing army, not including provisional force, hospital corps and quartermaster corps, is 87,248. There are about 132,194 men enlisted in the militia. 2. The navy has been recruited to 52,667, and will at once be raised to the full emergency strength.

Dear Comrades:
I have enclosed some
clippings. Which will
show some of the things
we have up against
here.

Yours in war
[redacted]

L

SOCIALISM
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SOCIALISM

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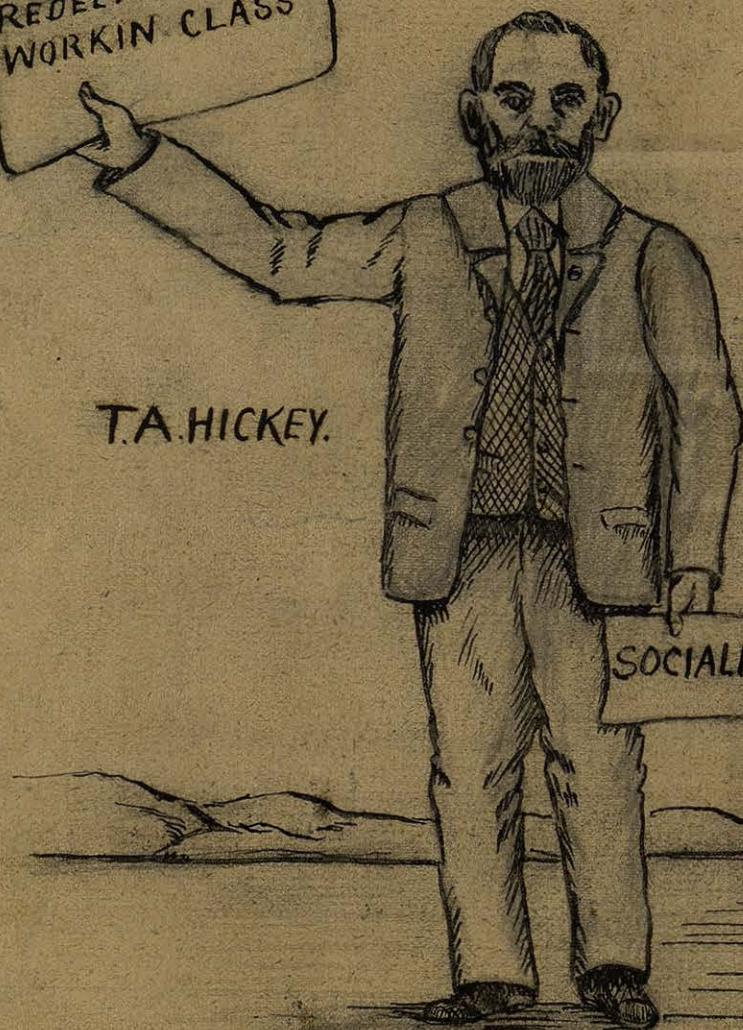
Rev J. L. DAVIS

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ANY THING TO SKIN HE WAS
ON THE END,

E.R. PEEPLES

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M A G A Z I N E

Edited by FRANK HARRIS

Secret History of To-Day

By FRANK HARRIS

Democratic Massacres

in East St. Louis

"Graft" in Washington

Heine and Shaw on America

Czechs' Bohemia

SEPTEMBER 1917

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

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SECRET HISTORY OF TO-DAY

By Frank Harris

THE August number of *The Masses* has been shut out from the mails; in fact, suppressed. We are informed that the parts objected to by Mr. Lamar, the Solicitor-General of the Postal Department, are an article demanding the repeal of the Conscription Law, an essay by Max Eastman which tries to prove that President Wilson has reversed his policy in the last six months without any justification, and another article which asserts that there is now an opportunity of making peace which should be utilized, and a cartoon by Glindenkamp called "Conscription," in which the bodies of men and women are shown bound to a cannon.

Now, the section of the Espionage Law that is said to apply is the one referring to "matter . . . intended to obstruct the recruiting or enlistment service of the United States."

Naturally, a lawyer would argue that all these articles, as well as the cartoon, were "intended to obstruct recruiting"; but in view of the fact that the Censorship bill was rejected by Congress and that even Judge Mayer has admitted that we may advocate the repeal of any law, it is not easy to see why any of these articles should be regarded as "unmailable."

Those of us who understand how readily the politician becomes more of a royalist than the King himself will guess that the article which caused the suppression was the one in which Max Eastman set forth the President's change of policy, and just because I don't altogether agree with this article of my friend Eastman, I am the more

inclined to defend him and show Solicitor-General Lamar that he should have held his hand and let *The Masses* alone.

First of all, it is necessary to clear President Wilson of the charge brought against him, and in order to do this completely and once for all I shall reproduce Eastman's accusation word for word: it is circumstantial and detailed under five heads.

Last fall the President's views could be summarized as follows:

"1. The singularity of the present war is that its origin and objects never have been disclosed. They have obscure European roots which we do not know how to trace."

"2. The objects, which the statesmen of the belligerents on both sides have in mind in this war, are virtually the same, as stated in general terms to their own people and to the world."

"3. The outcome most to be desired is a League of all the nations to ensure peace."

"4. This must be founded upon a 'Peace without victory.'"

"5. It also requires absolute 'freedom of the seas.'"

Since our entrance into the war, the President's views are:

"1. The war was begun by the military masters of Germany. . . . The facts are patent to all the world."

"2. The object of Germany is to 'bring the whole world' under its 'mastery.' The object of the Entente is to 'set the world free.'"

"3. The outcome most to be desired is a league composed only of 'the demo-

cratic nations.' (Japan, perhaps, to sit in by special invitation.)

"4. This can be attained only by victory over Germany. We must not even be satisfied with 'a restoration of the status quo ante.'"

"5. Instead of the freedom of the seas, the one specific thing now insisted on is the freedom of the near East from German domination."

Max Eastman declares that these points are "squarely contradictory," which I admit, and he continues:

"And yet nothing in the way of historic fact or logical argument has risen to change them. What was true and what was ideal last fall is true and ideal now. The President himself offers nowhere any rational ground for changing his opinions."

Now all this simply shows that Max Eastman is entirely ignorant of the secret history of the break with Germany. If he had read PEARSON'S for April carefully he could not have brought these charges against President Wilson without qualification.

I propose, therefore, to retell briefly what happened, and I believe I shall thus convince Eastman that his charge is ill-founded, and at the same time persuade the Solicitor-General that he would have done better to have let *The Masses* alone.

Toward the end of 1916 Germany made definite proposals of peace: the main points were that there should be no acquisitions and no indemnities, and that wherever possible the principle should obtain that nationalities should decide their allegiance. Ambassador Bernstorff laid these proposals before

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"Eugene Christian was raised on a farm in Warren County, Tennessee. He was educated for a physician but lost faith in medicine by studying it and noting its results. He went into commercial pursuits and was successful. His health broke down at thirty-five; not knowing what else to do, for there was no food for scientists then,—he went to his brother physicians for help. Actual experience under the care of the best doctors in the country convinced him that his early opinions in regard to medicine were right.

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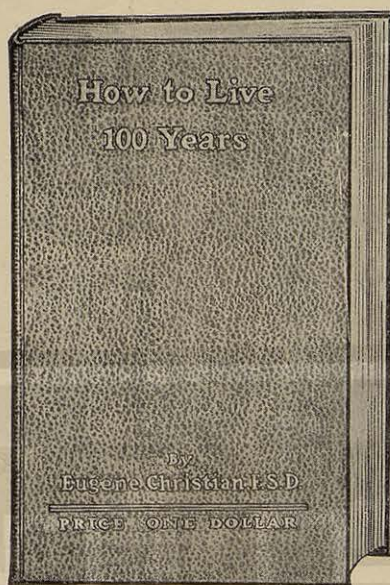
"From the science of food chemistry and the science of physiological chemistry Christian has formulated a new science—the science of human nutrition.

"In his books he has told the story of—First, how to prevent disease; and

"Second, how to treat and cure disease by removing its causes.

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President Wilson, and was delighted to find that the President welcomed them as fair bases for negotiation. He did more: he pressed them upon the British Ambassador as reasonable, and advised him to take the mind of his government as to their acceptance. About the same time the President made his famous speech, belauding "peace without victory."

A few days later the British Ambassador informed President Wilson that in view of his strong feeling that the German proposals should be accepted as bases for negotiation, His Britannic Majesty's government could not refuse. It was further suggested that an armistice should precede the Peace Conference.

On Friday, January 26, all preliminaries were settled, as I wrote on the 5th of February (which appeared in PEARSON'S for April): "One could feel the beating of the wings of Peace in the hushed air. Our hearts stood still: hope held us breathless."

President Wilson and Ambassador Bernstorff were at no pains to conceal their satisfaction: life, normal healthy life would soon be resumed in Europe: the dreadful nightmare of war was over.

Ambassador Bernstorff cabled the glad tidings to his government, and received in reply the curt notification that the U-boats would be loosed to slaughter and that he must notify the President of this change of policy.

On the first page of the April number I wrote:

"In a moment all our hopes were dashed to the ground, negotiations broken off, President Wilson's efforts foiled: Bernstorff slapped in the face. What did it all mean? Had Germany gone mad? Nobody knew. Nobody knows. One thing is sure, that 30th of January is the worst day in all German history."

In answer, President Wilson sent Bernstorff his papers, and Bernstorff could only beg the President for time; he besought him, indeed, to do nothing irrevocable till he had seen the Kaiser. With rare magnanimity, the President consented. Bernstorff asked for three or four weeks, at most; the President gave him five, and then told Congress that a state of war existed between the United States and Germany. Still hearing nothing, gave him three weeks more, and only declared war in April.

Now, in view of these facts, Max Eastman cannot argue that "nothing has arisen to change the President's views." Think of his position and give him credit for ordinary good faith. President Wilson wanted peace, of that there can be hardly any doubt. Throughout the war, however, his sympathies have been with the Allies. Those of us who have read his various speeches and writings before the war realize that he was naturally pro-English. I

say "naturally," for it is very difficult, indeed, for a cultivated American to escape the infection of English views and English ideas: the tie of language is light as air and yet as binding as iron. In his earlier writings Woodrow Wilson proclaimed his English sympathies and English sentiment. But he had striven to be as impartial as he could: the *Lusitania* affair was not sufficient to drive him to act: he tried to hold the balance even, and when the Germans proffered fair terms of settlement he used all his power and all his influence to get them accepted.

Then, in an hour, he saw he had been befooled: the German government had proposed peace probably to keep their own Socialists quiet and without any idea of giving up their conquests. At once it became to President Wilson the enemy of peace, the enemy of humanity itself.

If the Imperial German government could play tricks like this with the most sacred hopes of mankind, anything, everything was possible to them: they were the foe, and in the interests of peace and justice had to be conquered. They were probably responsible for the war as they were assuredly responsible for its continuance: they were determined to keep the territory they held, it was almost a natural inference that their purpose was "to bring the whole world" under their "masterly."

This is how I explain President Wilson's apparent right-about-face, and no sensible man can deny that his change of attitude was abundantly motivated, if not perhaps completely justified.

For think of what happened! Bernstorff did not hold the view that Germany had been insincere in offering reasonable peace terms. It seemed to him that there were two main currents of opinion in Germany, as there are in most countries, and therefore two policies. The Kaiser, he argued, and the Chancellor were in favor of peace, enduring peace, peace without victory; whereas Von Hindenburg and his Junkers and the Pan-Germans believed that they were victorious and if war were vigorously waged the Allies would have to give in. Bernstorff professed himself confident that if he had an opportunity of stating the whole position to his master, the Kaiser, the U-boat proclamation would be withdrawn and the peace conference accepted. President Wilson gave him the time he needed and more.

But Bernstorff failed, and the Russian revolution occurred in the nick of time to strengthen the Pan-Germans and Von Hindenburg, and now we are in the war to prevent the Germans securing their conquests through victory. History will surely record that it was the German government and not President Wilson who threw away peace and forced on a continuance of the war.

For now we know, beyond doubt, that though Germany talked of accepting "peace without acquisitions and without indemnities," through Count Czernin, the Austrian Premier, expressly offered these terms to Russia, official Germany has never dreamed of accepting them. Germany has reduced her boundary line on the east against Russia from over 2,000 miles to some 850. Before the war the Russian frontier was within 230 miles of Berlin; today it is more than 600 miles away. Germany will fight America, the world, indeed, rather than give up such valuable conquests.

But is it not well, Mr. Lamar, that such a truth should be brought out and established? Without a knowledge of it the conduct of President Wilson would be inexplicable. The mistake of *The Masses*, as soon as corrected, must have a good result. For it is impossible to imagine that the right-about-face of our President in February last should escape notice and criticism. Here is the *New York American* in its issue of July 11, drawing particular attention to his complete change of front on another subject. The *American* begins a most important editorial (I think the best yet written on the war in the daily press) by pointing out that our government now proposes to place embargoes against Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway in order to starve those neutral countries and so compel them to aid in the blockade of Germany.

Only a few months ago Mr. Lansing, by direction of Mr. Wilson, issued a protest against this same blockade of neutral countries and of Germany . . . as fundamentally "illegal and indefensible."

"These are the exact words which Mr. Lansing used in the formal protest against the English blockade of Germany and of the neutral Dutch and Scandinavian kingdoms.

"It is hard to see how a blockade against neutrals was illegal and indefensible in 1915 and 1916 and legal and defensible in 1917."

The *American* goes on to insist most pertinently that President Wilson's change of front was too complete and is fraught with danger to America, and this contention of the *American* is also mine. The right of neutrals to trade with belligerents is fundamental. It is guaranteed by the Declaration of Paris, by the Declarations of The Hague, and by the Declaration of London. It has always been our American doctrine; we fought for it in 1812.

In my article on Arthur Balfour and his visit to Washington I pointed out that his success had been too complete, that his influence on President Wilson was most mischievous. And here is the *New York American* echoing my warning:

"To be perfectly frank we both dislike and fear the increasing disposition

of our government to copy foreign methods . . . to act as a follower instead of a leader . . . an imitator of autocracy instead of a champion of freedom and democracy."

Our initial mistake was that early in the war our government took up the position that the Entente Allies could rightly enforce starvation upon the people of Germany, including the women and children, not only by a partial blockade but also by coercing neutrals and preventing them from trading with Germany, while Germany could not resort to ruthless warfare on Great Britain by submarines, the only naval weapon Germany possessed.

The pro-English *Times* may now in-

sist on bullying and starving Switzerland, Holland and Scandinavia; but suppose they rebel against this "illegal and indefensible" compulsion and throw in their lot with Germany? If we press these free and high spirited peoples too far they are sure to resent it, and if they enter the war against us, the victory of the Allies would be rendered almost impossible.

When Germany loosed the U-boats our proper attitude would have been to unite the other neutral powers with us and to confine "our protest and our resistance to Germany's submarine activity against the United States and other neutrals."

But if we now join in coercing and

starving the neutral European nations we shall sooner or later find ourselves at war with them. It is well said by the *New York American* that "we should scrupulously respect the rights of other Neutrals in order to justify our going to war in defense of our own neutral rights. Most certainly we should not attempt to compel them to be our Allies by denial of their rights and by coercion, which our government has denounced as 'illegal and indefensible.'"

We are not fighting for gain but for humanity. It is incumbent upon us to fight fairly. The rights of neutrals in war are a sacred trust to all who believe in human progress.

KING ROCKEFELLER AND HIS CAPITAL NEW YORK

By Henry H. Klein

NEW YORK is like Issachar in the Bible—a strong ass stooping down under many burdens; it suffers under the cost of living, cost of government and cost of public utilities service.

The cost of government has reached a stage which threatens bankruptcy for every small property owner.

The budget of this year is \$212,000,000, an increase of thirteen million dollars over last year. The budget next year, *without* a direct state tax, will be at least \$225,000,000. The direct state tax will be about ten million dollars, making the total budget about \$235,000,000. The budget for 1919 and 1920 will be between \$240,000,000 and \$250,000,000 each year, or about the taxation of Great Britain and Ireland when they had over thirty millions of inhabitants.

How can this condition be remedied? How can the tax rate and the budget be reduced to save property owners from ruin? The city must get large revenues from other sources besides real estate. The public utilities of the city produce about \$70,000,000 profit each year.

John D. Rockefeller is the chief beneficiary of all the public utilities in the city. He controls the Consolidated Gas Company, which owns the Edison Company, and virtually every other lighting company in the city. Mr. Rockefeller's holdings in these companies today are worth about \$100,000,000, though his investment is about one-fourth this sum. The balance is due to excess earnings over and above a fair return on capital invested. In fact, Mr. Rockefeller has already taken out of the lighting companies in dividends and interest more than he invested in the company, and he still has about one

hundred million dollars of their securities. The gas and electric companies have surpluses exceeding sixty million dollars.

Most of the gas franchises have lapsed and belong to the people of the city, and the Edison franchise is void because of fraud on the city. The Consolidated Gas Company acquired \$45,000,000 stock of the Edison Company for \$18,000,000, and the Edison Company is earning 50 per cent a year on the Consolidated investment—most of it extracted from the people through excessive charges. The city pays \$5,000,000 a year to the Rockefeller gas and electric companies, and the people individually pay them \$70,000,000 a year. The city is robbed of at least one million dollars in excess charges, and the people individually are robbed in proportion.

The telephone trust also gouges the people. Its monopoly is based on a city franchise, and the city has charged for years that it has been defrauded by the company out of vast revenue under the terms of the franchise. Yet the city pays the telephone trust \$400,000 a year for service to transact city business, and the people pay individually about \$30,000,000 a year besides. The telephone rate is extortionate. You can go into any store in any city or town where there is telephone competition and use the telephone locally free. The storekeeper has an unlimited local call rate for less than the lowest limited call charge allowed by the telephone company in this city. Mr. Rockefeller is one of the principal factors in the telephone trust.

The traction companies in this city want two cents extra for a transfer on surface cars, on the ground that the earnings are not sufficient to allow in-

terest and dividends and pay expenses. Is there any wonder that an extra fare is demanded for transfers even though the average ride per passenger is only about three miles (including use of transfer) when the traction trust guarantees from ten to twenty-one per cent dividends to subsidiary lines? John D. Rockefeller is probably the largest bondholder in the surface lines, his attorney being a director in the New York Railways Company.

The subway and elevated companies, controlled by the same combination of traction magnates, earn extortionate profits from the people. The subway company pays twenty per cent dividend and has a surplus accumulated in twelve years of operation of \$18,000,000, in spite of the fact that the company spent several million dollars last year to crush a strike of employees who wanted a living wage. The elevated system is controlled by John D. Rockefeller, who owns about twenty-five million dollars of the stock (market value), on which the city, through the subway contract, guarantees seven per cent. The company earns ten per cent on its total capitalization of \$100,000,000, a large part of which was originally water.

The high cost of living in New York City is in a large measure due to excessive freight, terminal and warehouse charges and to inadequate market facilities. Most of the foodstuffs come into the city over the railroad lines, the New York Central carrying about thirty per cent. If railroad, terminal and warehouse charges are high, the price of foodstuffs and merchandise must be high. Not only that, but if the farmer and other producers cannot secure a fair return for their provisions, they will not send them. The strike of upstate dairymen a year ago disclosed the

fact that the farmers and dairymen were not receiving a fair return from the big distributors in this city. The big distributors were squeezing the producers and robbing the consumers. They gave the dairymen about three cents a quart for milk with cream, while they sold the milk from eight to fourteen cents a quart, and cream extracted from the milk they sold separately. The milk trust controls the system of distribution in this city and taxes the people excessively for it.

Mr. Rockefeller is largely interested in the milk trust. He is the largest individual stock- or bondholder in all the railroads that have their terminals in this city and lease city piers. He draws the largest individual share of profits from corporations that serve the people of the city of New York. He is the chief beneficiary of monopoly in the United States. Mr. Rockefeller's income from the people of the city of New York is approximately \$20,000,000 a year—about \$4 from every man, woman and child in the city. His total annual income is about \$100,000,000. His total wealth is estimated at \$2,000,000,000—two thousand mil-

lion dollars. Why should the people of this city continue to be taxed through excessive prices to the extent of tens of millions of dollars annually for the benefit of only a few persons while the cost of living, cost of government and cost of public utilities service mount beyond the reach of ordinary incomes and ordinary property owners?

Mr. Rockefeller owns between one hundred million and two hundred million dollars of city bonds on which he draws from three to eight million dollars a year interest. This sum is included in the twenty millions which he draws annually out of the people of the city. He can save New York City from bankruptcy and its small property owners from ruin and its people from impoverishment if he will cancel his city bonds, turn over his stocks and bonds in the public utilities to the city and transfer the bulk of his holdings in industrial corporations and inter-state railroads, etc., to the Federal government. Will he do it? The city would then draw the income Rockefeller now draws out of the public utilities, and it would save the interest charges on city bonds now paid to Mr.

Rockefeller. The tax rate in this city would be reduced about twenty points in consequence of this transfer, and the value of real estate would increase because of diminished taxation. So long as Rockefeller controls the public utilities and owns the largest share of city bonds, so long must he seek to control the city government.

It is interesting to recall that William P. Burr, former assistant corporation counsel, who won the city's eighty-cent-gas fight against the Rockefeller companies, was dismissed from office after years of faithful service, when he attempted to recover public utilities franchises that had lapsed, and because of his efforts on behalf of the people in the New York Central-Riverside Drive matter. Mr. Burr was dismissed by direction of Mayor Mitchel, according to former Corporation Counsel Polk.

The people must recapture the government of New York City from the money power that controls it through those now in public office, and in order to do this they must defeat the candidates of the money power at the next election. If Mayor Mitchel is re-elected, the city will be brought to bankruptcy.

MUNICIPAL SOCIALISM IN GLASGOW

By Alexander Scott

THE newspaper item which follows tells a wonderful story. It is from the Glasgow (Scotland) *Herald*. Read it and get wise. Read it and get inspiration to go on with your fight against the traction trust of your city. It is the most important, the most wholesome piece of news that has been printed for a long time. Read it:

"Yesterday's issue of the *Electrician*, one of the leading journals devoted to electrical science and engineering, contains the following editorial remarks on the fact that the capital liabilities of the Glasgow tramways have been extinguished, and that the undertaking is now free of debt. The article must prove gratifying to the citizens: 'We have been accustomed to look upon the tramway undertaking of Glasgow as the municipal ideal towards which all other similar undertakings should strive as far as possible. This feeling of the ideal will be still more pronounced in future now that the Glasgow Corporation has succeeded in entirely freeing the undertaking from debt.'

"The history of the Glasgow tramways is noteworthy. In 1894 the tramways which were then run by private enterprise, were taken over by the Corporation, and in 1901 the system was converted from horse traction to the overhead trolley system. Since then there have been various extensions, and

the capital expenditure has risen to a total of £3,835,156 (over 19,000,000 dollars). During those years not only has the usual sinking fund been accumulated, but a large fund has also been set aside for depreciation and renewals. The latter has now reached such a figure that it was decided at the last meeting of the Corporation to transfer such a sum as would raise the sinking fund from £1,835,156, its then value, to the figure given above (£3,835,156) for the capital expenditure. Thus the whole capital debt, including that for all extensions, additions to and improvements of rolling stock, and so forth, has been wiped out in the remarkably short period of 16 years. It may be thought that this achievement has been obtained by a cheese-paring policy. This, however, is by no means the case. The whole undertaking is in excellent condition, and the tramway fares are stated to be the lowest in the world. In future there will be no capital charges, and this will result in an annual surplus of something like £200,000 to £300,000 (1,000,000 to 1,500,000 dollars). This noteworthy result is partly due to the well-known fund in Glasgow which is called the Common Good. It seems to be a sort of savings bank of the Corporation, being the recipient of all sorts of profits and properties, and dates back to about the end of the 12th century. The result

is that a fund of several millions has been accumulated, which is always available for undertakings which are unquestionably for the common good, such as city improvements, housing, widening of streets, and so forth. It would be an excellent thing if other cities would start a fund of this kind instead of impoverishing their undertakings by aiding the rates."

Be sure, gentle reader, that you have grasped the full significance of what you have just read. A lot of genuine municipal reformers have all along believed municipal administration and ownership of public utilities to be municipal socialism. This was a mistake. It is not municipal socialism when a municipal service has to pay toll in the shape of interest to private capitalists. And most municipal enterprises have to do that. There is no other instance in the world of a municipal enterprise, or in fact a private enterprise, like the street car system of Glasgow being run free of interest. Interest is looked upon as being a necessary and legitimate burden in a system of society that is based on interest.

So what has just taken place in connection with the municipal tramways of Glasgow marks a new epoch in the history of public enterprise. It is municipal socialism—the real goods this time. Glasgow's municipal tramways

have always been one of the very best arguments in favor of municipal ownership. What shall we say of them now that they have fired the capitalist after paying him handsomely? And in the space of 16 years! Extremely efficient, isn't it?

But let us tell the story from the beginning.

The first tramway line in Glasgow was constructed by the City, and opened for traffic on the 19th of August, 1872. The Glasgow Tramway and Omnibus Company, Ltd., operated the service for 23 years, on a lease which expired in 1894. By the terms of the lease, the City was not required to pay a cent to the company, but received a total of 225,000 dollars in rentals.

Under the old tramway company the service was very poor. Profit being the first consideration, naturally, of a private enterprise, overcrowding was common, fares were high, the wages of employees low, and hours of labor long. The harsh treatment accorded the car crews by the overseers of the company, reacted on the passengers. A polite conductor was a scarce article in Glasgow in those days—as scarce as in New York at the present time.

Five years before the termination of the company's lease the city opened negotiations for its renewal. But the terms offered did not suit the company, and they were finally refused after many attempts at bargaining. While negotiations were going on, the citizens showed great interest, and a strong feeling in favor of the municipal operation of the tramways arose. The avarice of the private company had aroused general indignation, and the question of municipal operation became the political issue of the municipal elections until 1896, when municipal ownership won.

The arguments of the opponents of municipalization were many and varied, and vehement, like the arguments of anti-municipalists everywhere. The increase of municipal debt would strangle the city; it would not pay; taxes would soar; graft would increase; politicians were not capable of managing business enterprises; it was against the principles of freedom and democracy; would destroy initiative and ambition; was rank socialism, etc., etc., etc.

But the logic of these arguments did not percolate through the skulls of Glasgow citizens, and the upholders of British independence and the Glasgow Tramway Company were sore. So sore that when the city offered to take over as a going concern the whole of the Tramway Company's heritable property—horses, plant, and general equipment—at the termination of the extended lease, the company refused to sell. The city was therefore forced to build new depots, and obtain the necessary equipment and staff before July 1,

1894—two and a half years later. *This was done.*

The day after the lease of the company expired, the city placed on the streets an entirely new service of cars, cleaner, more attractive, and more comfortable in every way than their predecessors. And the service was started and continued without a hitch from that day to this. John Young, who had previously been manager of the street-cleaning department, was now managing the municipal tramways.

Then began an attempt by the Tramway Company to impede the progress of the municipal tramways, and to prove their theories that private enterprise alone was capable of managing such things. They flooded the tram routes with omnibuses to compete with the municipal cars. It was their Waterloo. Competition proved to be the death of trade—for them. The city had many other difficulties to contend with. Their horses were new and untrained. Their staff was larger than had been the staff of the old company, and the men were unused to the work. Notwithstanding all this, they introduced one-cent fares, and lengthened the distance for two-cent fares. They raised the wages of the employees, and reduced their hours from 11 to 10 per day. They refused to disfigure the cars with advertisements, thus losing a handsome revenue, and yet at the end of the first ten months they were able to show a profit of 120,000 dollars, which found its way into the Common Good fund of the city. Since then improvement after improvement has been made, and fares reduced one half.

Electric traction was first started in Glasgow in 1898, and by 1902 there was not a single horse car on the streets. More proof of the inefficiency of public enterprise!

Let us break off abruptly now to summarize a few facts regarding the Glasgow car service before going back to the interest proposition.

Glasgow builds its own cars. There are a thousand of them.

Nearly one million passengers are carried every day.

The average fare in Glasgow is a little over one cent.

The employees are treated decently, and get an annual holiday of two weeks with pay.

Every car is fitted with automatic safety wheel-guards, which makes it almost an impossibility to get injured. In consequence accidents are rare.

The tracks are laid in a bed of solid Portland cement concrete, six inches in depth, and extending eighteen inches beyond the outer rails. The cars run so smoothly that the passengers can discuss in whispers while the car is running at full speed. There are no joltings.

The per capita cost of tramway transportation in Glasgow is 5 dollars. In New York it is 16 dollars.

Now we get back to the main point. Here is a table which explains itself:

TABLE II DIGEST OF REVENUE ACCOUNT	
<i>Glasgow</i>	
Population, 1,000,000	
Passengers Carried, 311,000,000	
<i>B. R. T.</i>	
Population, 2,000,000	
Passengers Carried, 530,000,000	
<i>Glasgow 1913</i>	<i>B. R. T. 1914</i>
<i>Income</i>	
\$5,038,000.. Passenger Receipts	\$25,794,000
312,000.. Other Receipts	1,200,000
\$5,350,000	\$26,994,000
<i>Expenditure</i>	
\$2,141,000.. Traffic & Gen'l Expenses..	\$8,444,000
715,000.. Maintenance	4,704,000
240,000.. Power	2,825,000
\$3,096,000	\$15,973,000
\$2,254,000.. Balance	\$11,021,000
<i>NET REVENUE ACCOUNT</i>	
\$1,078,000.. Renewal & Depreciation...	\$102,000
44,000.. Rent of Leased Lines, etc..	2,634,000
409,000.. Int. on Borrowed Capital..	4,518,000
67,000.. Taxes	1,539,000
485,000.. Sinking Fund	?
5,000.. Miscellaneous	
\$2,088,000	\$8,793,000

Note in this table the item of Interest on Borrowed Capital. It is among the largest of the items of expenditure. It is the capitalist's pound of flesh. Note now the large amount (for Glasgow) of Sinking Fund. This is the private capitalist's too, for it is set aside to pay off the debt. These two items added together give us the sum of 894,000 dollars. Now look.

From these figures it is plain that—

The private capitalist gets more than a sixth of the total income of the people's car service.

The payment of loan and interest is the third largest item of expense.

It costs between a third and a fourth as much to pay the private capitalist as it costs to actually run the cars.

And that on the most honestly and efficiently managed system of municipal tramways, as you will find. In most private enterprises of a like nature the toll of the financial capitalist is equal to about one-half of the total cost of operation. Don't you believe it? Study the report of the B. R. T., or any private railway company, and it will become clear. You will, of course, have to read these reports carefully. They are not intended to be clear. You will have to guess often what "etc." means.

The financial capitalist is the fellow who sits heaviest on the shoulders of the people today. Few people understand that 25 to 50 per cent of nearly everything they spend goes to the financial capitalist in the shape of interest. But it is true!

Now we understand and appreciate the importance of what has been done with the Glasgow municipal tramways. The Glasgow tramway management, through hard work, have thrown off the burden of the interest parasite. The Glasgow car service—the best in the world—is now the common property of the people of Glasgow, and not one penny of profit will find its way into

(Continued on page 142)

SIR HERBERT TREE

AD MEMORIAM

By Frank Harris

ONLY the other day I lunched with Herbert Tree at the Plaza Hotel, and we had a great talk.

"No, Frank," he said, "I don't agree with you about the war. The Germans must be beaten to their knees and we must win. If the Germans win, the world won't be worth living in."

In vain I argued that there was an alternative, a way out of this dilemma: "Peace without victory, or the *status quo ante*: 'peace without acquisitions or indemnities,' as the Russians phrase it."

But he would not hear of it. And yet Herbert Beerbohm's (Bierbaum) parents were both German, and he sometimes spoke of a great-uncle who had been aide-de-camp to King William I. and tutor to King William II. Julius Bierbaum, his father, was a London merchant, who had Anglicized his name into Beerbohm, which Herbert further Englished into Tree.

By tacit consent we soon stopped discussing the war and talked of other things, especially of one thing that interested me intensely.

He had spoken of the poetry of his daughter Iris. "Really first-rate I think it," he assured me; but then, all Tree's geese were swans, which was indeed a part of his charm, a part of the lovable nature of the man who was nothing if not kind-hearted. I turned a deaf ear to the idea of promising to publish Miss Iris's verse before seeing it.

"But you have some poetry," I cried, "that I'd love to publish—the poetry of your brother Julius. Can't you get it for me? You promised to more than once. Now do it. It's a shame that his genius has not yet been recognized."

Tree nodded his head reflectively.

"I'll get it for you if I can. I'll really do my best. His widow has it. It should be published. Do you think it really good?"

"It's better than good," I exclaimed, "or why should I bother about it? I remember one sonnet in particular that would live in English literature, and his erotic verse was as amusing as Swinburne's or Dowson's. What a shame to leave it all unknown and unappreciated!"

Herbert Tree promised finally to do his best to get Mrs. Julius Beerbohm to send me her husband's poetry, and now, only a month or so later, I learn from my morning paper that Herbert Beerbohm Tree is dead—heart failure!

The world is grayer to me through

his loss, for we have been friends these thirty odd years.

His life falls naturally into decades; born in 1853, from 1878 on he was studying his art; in 1887 he entered into successful management at the Comedy Theatre and the Haymarket; in 1897 he built His Majesty's and tried to fill Irving's place; in June, 1907, he was knighted by King Edward, and in May, 1917, the curtain fell for the last time.

It was his performance of Joseph Surface in the early eighties that made us acquainted. I thought his acting excellent, and said so loudly. But I did not know him really till he took the Comedy Theatre in 1887 and produced "The Red Lamp." Tristram's play was merely melodramatic, but Tree lent brains to the villain, and his Demetrius was a noteworthy piece of character-acting. I can still hear him saying "I wonder, I wonder!" which became a sort of catchword in London smart society for a season. Emboldened by this success, Tree leased the Haymarket Theatre and went from success to triumph. A few years later he threw down the gauntlet to Irving by playing "Hamlet," and while his rendering lacked the distinction of Irving's, the presentation pleased the public, though it failed to satisfy the judicious.

This taught Tree a bad lesson, the worst, indeed, any artist can learn, that you can easily aim too high in this world and hit esteem while missing popularity. After this he often said that he preferred the notice "Sold Out" to the praise of any critic. Had his "Hamlet" failed, as it deserved to fail, Tree might have been a great actor, for he had it in him to do good work; but "Hamlet" filled the house and Tree's pocket and he went on to court popularity and long runs.

Yet Tree had taken his production of "Hamlet" seriously. He was even minded, like Wilson Barrett, to introduce emendations into the text. He could not believe, he said, that Hamlet was fat, and so, when the Queen Mother lends him her napkin, for he's "fat and scant of breath," Tree proposed "faint and scant of breath," oblivious of the fact that a napkin is not a cure for faintness. Neither did the anti-climax strike him, and when I told him that Goethe had accepted the idea that Hamlet was "wohlbehagen," he snorted and defied me to adduce any real reason for imagining that Hamlet was stout.

Thereupon I quoted the lines:

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,

Thaw and dissolve itself in dew . . ."

—surely the language of a fat man if language has any meaning. Tree pursed his lips:

"You may be correct, Frank; I'm inclined to believe you are; but I prefer to think of Hamlet as thin—'faint and scant of breath,' Frank," and so he recited it.

And yet there was more than a touch of genius in Tree, and, like many more of us in these self-indulgent times, he strove manfully to serve God as well as Mammon.

He had made a fortune in the Haymarket from 1887 to 1897, and when he built His Majesty's he really intended to found a National Theatre and give yearly a cycle of Shakespeare plays. In all he staged sixteen of Shakespeare's dramas; the most successful was, perhaps, "The Merchant of Venice," and Shylock was assuredly his most characteristic part. He turned Shylock into a sort of Hebrew prophet, and his great height lent a certain fitness to the grandiose conception; but those of us who had seen Ernst Possart in the part could only praise Tree with a difference. Tree gave us a romantic Shylock, as Irving had given us an heroic Shylock; but Possart was the Jew to the life, and his magnificent performance demonstrated once for all how much more imagination there is in realism than in all the superhuman posings.

Tree's "Julius Caesar" was perhaps his finest achievement. The play was superbly staged; the scenes and costumes had enough of old Rome in them to satisfy a generation nurtured on the pseudo-classical pictures of Alma Tadema; the mob was as well drilled as possible, and Tree was by nature adapted to render surpassingly the rhetoric and romance of Shakespeare's Antony.

One humorous story may find place here.

Mrs. Tree was originally, I believe, a governess; but when she married she took up acting, and when her husband became the most successful actor-manager in London she developed a taste for "smart society," and became even better known as a "climber" than she had ever been as an actress.

It was an open secret that the pair did not get on well together; but every now and then Mrs. Tree insisted on playing a part in one of her husband's productions. She did not mind playing the smallest, "the most modest

part," she took care to inform the world; but she could not abandon the stage completely. Her humility, true or feigned, was gratified in "Julius Caesar"; she played the part of the boy Lucius. Though a very intelligent and clever woman in some respects, she did not realize that a woman of forty-odd, however thin, can hardly make up to look like a page of fifteen. Besides, her voice was singularly unpleasant, "like a slate pencil scratching glass," someone said, and consequently her performance of Lucius was almost catastrophic.

Tree had given me a box, and he came round between the acts to know what I thought of the production. Luckily, I could praise it almost without qualification, and I did. I told him he was the best Antony I had ever seen or ever hoped to see, and Miss Constance Collier as Cleopatra suggested Eastern voluptuousness and was the gypsy queen of Shakespeare's passion to the life.

Tree was delighted at my enthusiasm and proposed that I should go with him behind the scenes and tell Miss Collier and the rest what I thought. But suddenly he remembered— "And my wife, Frank; what do you think of her work?"

"I don't think of it, Tree. Please let me forget it."

"But you can surely say something nice to her about it?" he persisted.

"I can't!" I cried; "don't ask me. Truth is my only talent. You know I would not have praised you or Miss Collier if I hadn't felt it. You mustn't ask me to praise Mrs. Tree."

"Tell her the truth, then, Frank!" he retorted, with a spice of malice; "like all women, she always says she wants the truth; test her; she's really clever and may stand it," he added, reflectively.

"You don't want me to tell her the truth?" I asked in wonder. "What is the truth?" he retorted.

"She looks like a bad photograph," I cried.

"Why a bad photograph?" he asked.

"Because she's over-exposed and under-developed."

"Oh, Frank!" he cried, "I must tell her that; she's really witty, and she'll appreciate it."

He did tell her, and she appreciated it in so far that whenever we met afterward I felt claws in the air.

Tree's Shakespeare productions were like the candles devout Catholics dedicate in churches: they represented the homage he paid to high genius; but he served Mammon for the rest of the year with heart and mind and body. Topical stories by Robert Buchanan followed translations from the French, and melodramas, like "Captain Swift," were sandwiched in between cheap adaptations of popular novels: all the while Tree added to his fortune at the expense of his artistic reputation.

He needed a great deal of money for various reasons, some of which can hardly be set forth here. To do him justice, he was by nature full of the milk of human kindness, and free-handed to a fault. For twenty years he kept his brother Julius and his family, and no one with any claim on him ever went unsatisfied. He treated his employees—even the flotsam and jetsam of his stage—with a regal generosity; in this respect he lived up to the high tradition first established by Henry Irving.

Tree's worship of monetary success prevented him from reaching greatness as a manager: Barrie's "Peter Pan" was first offered to him; but he rejected it, though it turned out to be the greatest success of the contemporary stage. Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," too, was brought to him; but by this time he had come to distrust any appeal to intelligence, and after much discussion he rejected it.

His acting, too, did not improve. His low opinion of the public revealed itself in his careless work. He would often play superbly for the first two or three performances of a new piece, and afterward merely walk through his part.

I remember when he played Falstaff in the "Merry Wives" for the first time. Sir William Gilbert, playwright and humorist, was in the theatre and came round behind the scenes afterward to assist at Tree's triumph. Again and again Tree tried to get some praise out of Gilbert, but Gilbert put him off with phrases such as: "Your make-up, Tree, is astonishing," as, indeed, it was, Tree being an artist in make-up—a real artist. I still have the great mirror from his dressing-room in which he painted himself as Svengali and as Bardolph in grease paint on the glass—a marvel of artistic similitude.

Annoyed at length by Gilbert's reiterated praise of his make-up, Tree said: "But, my dear Gilbert, what do you think of my acting?"—wiping his brow at the same time because he had to be enormously padded to mimic the rotundity of Falstaff.

Gilbert could not resist the opportunity for a witty thrust. "I think your skin is acting superbly, Tree," was the scathing reply.

The story of Tree's knighthood is worth telling for the light it casts on English conditions.

In 1908 we were living opposite each other on the top of Putney Hill; in fact, he had bought the house from me, having taken a fancy to it when I lived in it. Naturally enough, being close neighbors, we saw a good deal of each other.

One evening he came over and said he wanted to see me particularly. After a long preliminary talk about my play on Shakespeare which he had accepted he said:

"There is a very important, personal

matter I want to talk to you about. I really think I stand well with the Court, and my position is surely equal to Irving's. Why should not I get a knighthood?"

"My dear Tree," I replied, "I should think there would be nothing simpler. You only get honors in England by asking for them."

"Really, Frank?" he exclaimed; "really; but who am I to ask? I want to be in the next list of Birthday Honors," and he pruned himself.

"I believe the Birthday Honors' list," I said, "is composed of two lists; one made up by the King himself and the other by the Prime Minister. I suppose you know Asquith?"

"Of course, of course!" he cried. "I know him intimately."

"Then your course is plain," I went on. "Ask Asquith to lunch, or perhaps it would be better to go direct to him in Downing Street. I would say I had to see him on a private matter of some importance. The way to get what you want is to take a very high hand. Irving, of course, was a Conservative, but you are a Liberal—always have been, and it seems very strange to you, indeed, now that the Liberals are in power that they do not reward their adherents, as the Conservatives did theirs. You think it extraordinary that you have been passed over when the only thing that can be brought up against you is that you are a Liberal."

"I see, Frank," he said, "I see; that is a good idea; but would you say that right off to Asquith?"

"Certainly," I replied; "he will probably apologize for neglecting such an obvious duty," and we both grinned.

"Now that I have given you the good counsel, you must promise to tell me just what happens, because I think I know Asquith well enough to know that he will really apologize."

A few days later Tree came in again, wearing an air of mystery cloaking undisguised satisfaction.

"Frank," he said, "it was wonderful. I found the part a little hard to play, but I think I played it to the life; the rôle of a person whose dignity was just slightly offended by cavalier treatment. I told Asquith exactly what you said, and added the pathetic touch—that I felt pained at having been left out because it reflected on my Liberalism, and you must know, I added, that I have always been a Radical."

"What did Asquith say?" I interrupted.

"He said: 'My dear Tree, I'm awfully sorry; of course you shall have your knighthood. I do not know that your name can be in the next list, because that is already made up, but in the course of a year or so, certainly.'"

"I bowed and thanked him. I told him that I thought the position of the actor in modern life had risen so astonishingly as really to deserve recognition.

The public treated us now as artists and no longer as mere mummers, but as people with a high moral mission.

"Asquith nodded his head like a mandarin and said:

"Yes, yes; quite true!"

"Frank, I believe he likes moral platitudes," and again we burst into uncontrolled laughter, like the Roman augurs.

"He will keep his word, don't you think?"

"Sure," I replied. "What does the knighthood cost him? Nothing. Unless some scandal comes out, you are sure of it."

"Frank," said Tree, "you don't think anything will come out, do you? I have been so careful; I have always guarded appearances most carefully."

"Yes," I said, "and provided lavishly for your *faux pas*, which is a still better feature of your character." And again we smiled.

In the course of the next six months Tree fell into despondency. Asquith had not done anything, and he did not like to jog his memory. Would I do it? And I did it at once in *Vanity Fair*, setting forth Tree's real claims to honor, and Tree came round in due course and thanked me for the article, though he evidently regarded it as a scant tribute to his incomparable genius.

"It will refresh his memory, Frank."

"Yes," I said, "and Asquith is enough a lawyer to know the exact value of a 'refresher'" ("refresher" being the name given in English slang to the intermediate fee a barrister receives in a long-drawn-out case).

The next summer Tree was knighted. We read the announcement one Sunday morning. Tree was in the country for the week-end.

As luck would have it, a friend from New York was staying with us. Just before midnight a ring at the doorbell and Tree came in. "You've seen it?" He was delighted and bubbling over with joy like a child.

"Of course we've seen it, and congratulate the whole order on your accession to it."

"I'll never forget what I owe to your advice, Frank. You made the path easy for me, and it was really kind of you." Then the joy again, the pride: "Already, you know, porters and people have called me 'Sir Herbert.' I like it, I must confess."

A little later he seemed to be putting on airs, I thought, and annoyed at being told one day that he was too busy to see me, I wrote him that his grandeur seemed to have removed him from the obligations of friendship. He protested at once that it was not true, and was eager to remove the impression: "As if I could alter to a friend!" But his satisfaction went deep, and no wonder: the title did more than flatter vanity.

"You know, Frank, it has made the very greatest difference—monetary dif-

ference, I mean; the receipts of the theatre have gone up 30 per cent. Anyone who wants me to act now offers me almost double what I was offered before. It has made from ten to twenty thousand pounds a year difference to me. You would call that the snobbishness of the British public, wouldn't you?"

"Surely!" I cried; "there can be no other name for it, unless you believe that the title has improved your work in some unheard-of way."

"Well, Frank," he said, "I really think it has a little. I am inclined to take the better play now more than I was. The greater position enables me to take a small part, too; for instance, I am going to play Wolsey in 'Henry VIII,' and I am going to ask Bouchier to play the King. I could hardly have done that before. I was not superior enough to Bouchier to propose it to him, but my knighthood gives me the—the authority. It really makes the most enormous difference to me: you have no idea in how many ways it helps."

The naïve vanity of the man was rather charming, as indeed the faults of a dear friend usually are, and long before this I had found out that Herbert Tree was very loyal to his friends and defended them behind their backs.

In order to complete this portrait of Tree, I should tell something about his more gifted brother, Julius, for their relations throw into full light Tree's astounding magnanimity. I ought to write, too, of Max Herbert Tree's half-brother, who is as gifted with pencil as with pen, being indeed easily the first caricaturist of this time in London; but some other opportunity may offer and for the moment I have perhaps said enough.

BLACKBERRY BRANCH

By Ruth Pickering

Blackberry branch with bending grace,
Wild rose with your petals four,
Lifting shy a tender face—
Take my spirit evermore.

I would be a sweet wild rose,
Or a berry blossom white,
Fragrant where no creature knows,
Moonlit through the silent night.

You who idly feel no past,
Dew and star your only care—
Pity human hearts harassed,
Growing wise—not free nor fair.

HOLY RUSSIA

By Iris Tree

The ghostly blood of thee is in my veins,
Back through the centuries of death
and birth;
Sometime I thrilled with thy gigantic
pains,
My kin lie somewhere covered with
thine earth.

And ever as in dreams I seem to see
Those streets and people with their
colors bold;
Thou hast the singing hungers of the
sea,
The tides of restless passion ages old.

I know thy humors and thy contradic-
tion,
I know thy fevers and hallucinations,
I see beneath the painted mask of fiction
Thy face of fire and weary exulta-
tions,—

Thou that hast touched the mystic
wounds of God,
And blessed with broken hearts the
Virgin's feet,
Feeling beneath the burden and the rod
His justice and Her pity in the street.

I fear that afterwards, when all is won,
We shall forget the meaning of thy
deed—
And man will creep, as he has always
done,
Along the little gutters of his greed.



Drawn by Clara Tice

BRISTOW OF KANSAS DENOUNCES "GRAFT" IN WASHINGTON

By L. F. Filson

WHEN the funeral party was on its way to Canton, Ohio, with the body of the late President McKinley, Mark Hanna besought President Roosevelt to remove Joseph L. Bristow from the post office department. That was in 1901. Bristow had cleaned the Cuban postal system of graft and put some of Hanna's henchmen behind bars.

On June 2, 1917, Congressman Guy T. Helvering (of Kansas) wired Governor Capper asking that Bristow be removed from the chairmanship of the Public Utilities Commission. Bristow had again assailed graft, and, as was the case sixteen years previously, a demand for his removal from office was forthcoming.

In the latter instance, however, Bristow had not only attacked graft, but in doing this he had championed the right of free speech that a liberty-loving people in a free land had come to feel was being taken from them. He dared to speak out against avarice, though it wore a sheep's skin of patriotism. He wrote an editorial for his paper, the *Salina (Kansas) Evening Journal*, which brought down upon his head the wrath of politicians and the metropolitan press. They attacked him viciously, demanded his removal from office and threatened him with jail; but in a little out-of-the-way town in Central Kansas a group of God's common people nightly on bended knees are praying to the Almighty that Bristow's strength and courage may not fail him as he battles for the rights they hold as dear as life itself. And the prayers of these devout men and women of Salensburg, for that is the name of the village, voice the sentiment of a great mass of people in the Central West, at least. That makes their expression of feeling at this time significant.

Bristow was in Washington in the latter part of May. He was there for the Kansas Public Utilities Commission fighting the proposal of the railroads to increase the freight rates of the country fifteen per cent. He knows Washington from six years in the United States Senate and eight years spent as Fourth Assistant Postmaster General.

"Never, except at inauguration times," he wrote, "have the hotels at Washington been so jammed as now. Hundreds of contractors, salesmen and manufacturers besiege the departments and special boards in desperate efforts to get their share, and more, of the seven billions which Congress has authorized to be spent in carrying on the war. . . .

"This assemblage is a fitting concomitant of war. Cupidity and greed, gloating appetites for pillage and plun-

der. . . . Behind it all, in the dimly concealed background, are the giant financial and industrial organizations that are to make billions out of the war."

This, and more, was printed over Bristow's signature in his paper at a time when all criticism of conditions at the seat of government had been suppressed. The entire country has been hushed. A fear to speak out oppressed the masses. In this atmosphere graft promised to wax fat and flourish.

Bristow, with a courage that has characterized him throughout his public life, dared to break the silence. As soon as his statement reached Washington, Helvering telegraphed his demand to Governor Capper for Bristow's removal from office, and newspapers from Texas to New York vilified him.

Bristow's friends wondered what he would do next. Had he been squelched? The suspense was not long. The Governor had not answered Helvering's telegram, so Bristow did, dedicating another editorial to that service. After quoting his original statements from Washington, he said: "Now, my dear Mr. Helvering, we beg to advise you that those statements are true.

"You know, or ought to know, that the estimated cost of the construction of cantonments has been increased, through excessive profits, from 75 millions of dollars to 150 millions.

"You know, or ought to know, that the lobby of the munition makers was strong enough with the Senate Committee on Finance to have the tax on munitions removed from the revenue bill and a tax on tea, coffee and other articles of universal consumption substituted therefor.

"You know, or ought to know, that the lobbies that now swarm in the corridors of the Capitol have induced the Senate Committee on Finance to remove from the revenue bill the increased surtax on excessive incomes of more than \$40,000 per annum, that was put in the bill on the floor of the House, on motion of Mr. Lenroot, of Wisconsin, and that as the bill now stands the tax on great incomes will not be half that imposed by Great Britain.

"You know, or ought to know, that under pressure from innumerable lobbies this revenue bill is being so shaped that great corporations with watered stock will practically escape taxation, and that large industrial concerns are going to be permitted to pass the tax on to the consumer."

"You know, or ought to know, that the amount of money to be raised by taxes on wealth and income is to be reduced and the amount obtained by the sale of bonds to be increased, so that

the poor man will not only carry the burden of this war on the field of battle, but also carry the load of taxes for years to come.

"You do know that thousands of men have flocked to Washington and are using every device known to the ingenuity of man to obtain and are obtaining soft berths for themselves, their relatives and political friends. Yet, because the editor of this paper called the attention of the country and the administration to this condition, you pronounce him a traitor. Apparently, instead of trying to correct the evils, you seek to hide them. . . .

"I beg to advise you that the traitor is not he who exposes graft, but the man who covers it up. You may think it patriotic to draft the youth of this land to die in the trenches of Europe and to permit the bloated munition makers to escape proper taxation and keep their blood-stained gold, but we do not."

Following its appearance in Bristow's paper, this editorial was scored by a bitterly hostile press. The common people saw through the sham patriotism of the politicians and metropolitan journalists. They read the vituperative criticism directed against Bristow and then sat down and wrote him letters of soul-felt encouragement.

These letters show an intensity of feeling strained to the breaking-point and portray a condition of the mind of the masses that forecasts a political upheaval, if not something more serious, in the near future.

Who, then, is behind the fight now being waged against this man? Here are a few facts that to some, at least, furnish an answer: As head of the Utilities Commission of Kansas he went to Washington and fought the application of the railroads before the Interstate Commerce Commission for an increase of fifteen per cent in interstate freight rates. There is now pending before the Kansas Utilities Commission an application of the railroads to increase state freight rates twenty per cent. If both of these applications were granted, they would increase the revenues of the railroads considerably over a million dollars a day. The railroads know Bristow's attitude against the interstate increase, and they knew he will not permit an increase of state rates unless it is merited. So wouldn't it be a good idea to get Bristow off the Kansas Commission? Well, perhaps so, since the Governor, who would, of course, name Bristow's successor, has said in an editorial in his paper that the railroads ought to have their rates increased.

DEMOCRATIC MASSACRES IN EAST ST. LOUIS

By Martha Gruening

FOR a week I have been in East St. Louis trying to learn why several hundred innocent Negroes—men, women and children—were shot, stoned, burned and otherwise tortured to death here on July 2. What I have seen and heard convinces me that the cause of the recent riots lies in the unparalleled cruelty, arrogance and race snobbery of the white American. There were other immediate causes for the outbreak—the Negro influx with the ensuing competition between Northern white labor and the Negro, political corruption, criminality among a certain element of both Whites and Negroes. But none of these is in itself sufficient to account for a massacre of such proportions and of such peculiar fiendishness. At the worst, competition and sex-viciousness only intensified the base and corroding race hatred, which is the obverse of the patriotism of the ordinary American white man.

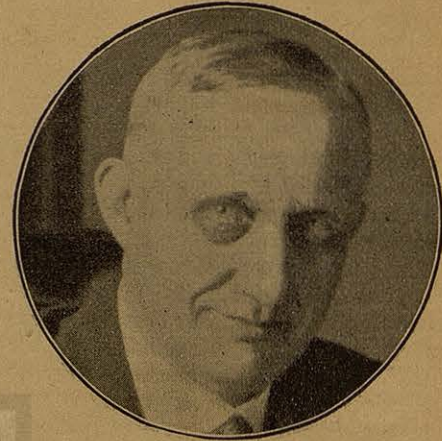
I came to a fire-stricken and devastated city, but—and I cannot put this too strongly—to one neither horrified nor humbled by its tragedy. I found the white portion of East St. Louis sullen, a little frightened, very anxious to escape the consequences of its acts, in particular and publicity; but not infrequently a little gleeful over the acts themselves. The death of the Negroes and the exodus of the survivors, I found regretted by several large employers of cheap labor, by two retail merchants who informed me that the Negro buys the best of everything and pays cash; by a white landlord, most of whose property had been burned; by one minister, who thought the behavior of the mob unchristian, and by three or four white women. It is significant that most of these stated emphatically that they did not wish to be quoted.

On the other hand, I talked with numerous men and women on the street—leading citizens, editors, buyers of Liberty Bonds and supporters of the Red Cross, if their buttons did not mislead me—whose sympathies were, on the whole, with the rioters; not perhaps to the extent of saying with East St. Louis Postman No. —: "The only trouble with the mob was that it didn't get niggers enough. You wait and see what we'll do to the rest when the soldiers go." But to the extent of explaining the riots somewhat as follows: "Well, you see, too many niggers have been coming in here. It's the fault of the capitalists and politicians for bringing them. We've had as many as six thousand (sometimes the figure given was seven or eight thousand) come in

the last year. They were taking away white men's jobs. That was one thing—and then when niggers come up North they get insolent. They think they are as good as white men and that makes trouble. They vote and ride on street cars—push into the cars and sit down next to some white woman. That's the kind of thing that starts bad feeling."

East St. Louis is the largest industrial city in Southern Illinois, having a population of approximately 90,000 and the second largest railroad center in the country. Dusty, smoky, filled with the stench of chemical and fertilizer plants, it sprawls in dreary hideousness over mud flats reclaimed from the Mississippi River and houses the greater part of its working population, both white and colored, in miserable wooden shanties.

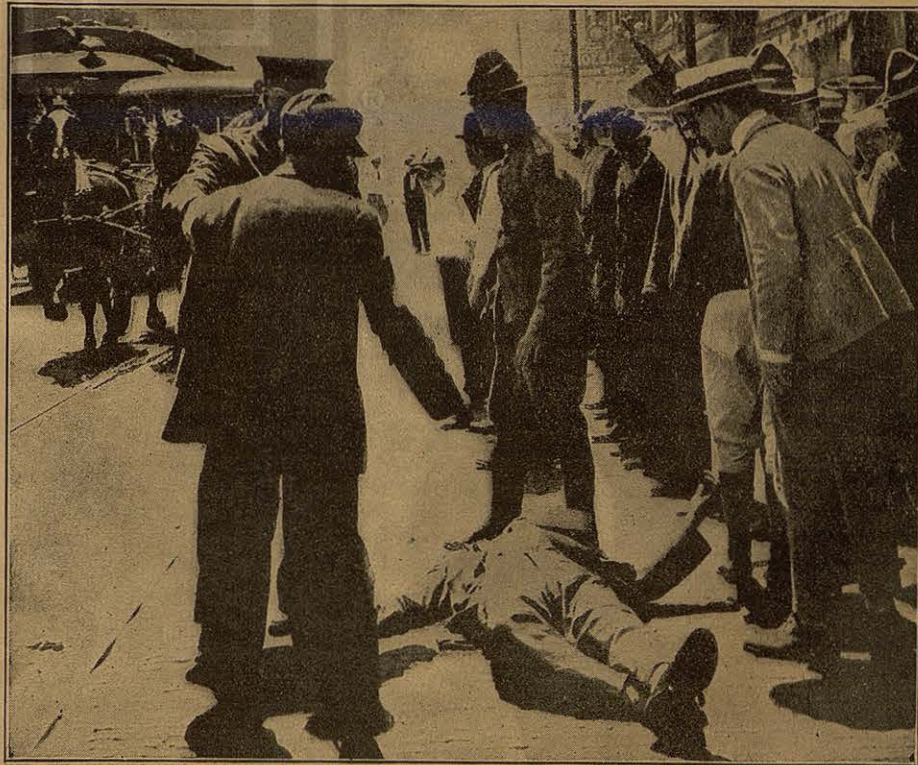
Into East St. Louis, as into all northern cities, Negroes have been pouring ever since the war cut off the supply of foreign labor. They have come joyously and hopefully to better their condition, leaving wages of \$1 and \$1.50 a day to make \$2.50, \$3.50 and even \$5 a day as common laborers. They came to get these wages, to join relatives and friends who had come before, to secure better education for their children and greater freedom and consideration than they could enjoy in the South. That is why the Negro laborer came. The Negro criminal came for the same reason that the white



FRED MOLLMAN
Mayor of East St. Louis

criminal did, because East St. Louis was a town notoriously friendly to criminals of any color. Crooked politics is one of the few fields in which the color-line is not drawn, and the Negro gambling den and house of prostitution will get the same police protection where the Negro is a voter as those of his white competitor. There is no evidence that the proportion of Negro criminals to the total Negro population was greater than that among the white people.

A far more important element to my mind, and one habitually underestimated, in such cases, is the unceasing and insidious propaganda against the Negro conducted by his arch enemies of the South; a propaganda which man-



POLICE HOLD THE MOB FROM A DEAD NEGRO UNTIL THE AMBULANCE ARRIVES

ages always to keep abreast of his movements, to sow distrust of him in advance, and to fan into flame any resentment that may arise on the part of white labor when it meets the Negro as a competitor. This was never more true than at the present time when the white South wishes above all things to keep its cheap Negro labor.

It is charged by the labor forces that certain big corporations in East St. Louis, particularly the packing houses and the Aluminum Ore Packing Co., imported Negroes by the carload for the purpose of breaking strikes and supplanting white labor. Although this has been denied by the managers of the plants in question, it is generally believed to be true, not only by the labor men, but also by other business men of East St. Louis. The tendency here has been to blame the capitalists unreservedly for such importation. There is no doubt that insofar as they have been guilty of it, their aim has been to undermine labor standards and to stamp out labor organization, but labor itself is not without its share of responsibility in making a strike-breaker of the Negro. Until the unions cease to discriminate against him, in fact as well as in theory, he not only will continue to be but ought to be a strike-breaker. The I. W. W. is the only labor organization which has so far had vision enough to see this and welcome the colored working man.

These were the general conditions making for unrest in East St. Louis. On April 18 two thousand employees of the Aluminum Ore Packing Co. went on strike, charging the company with failure to live up to an agreement signed with the workers in the previous October. The special grievances of the strikers were low wages and discrimination against union men. Within a few days the company, which was working on war contracts for the government, had secured from a Federal Judge an injunction restraining the strikers from picketing the factory, and troops were brought in to guard the plant. Meanwhile the company was importing strike-breakers, among others, colored strike-breakers. On April 28 the strikers and their sympathizers called a meeting at the City Hall to protest against this importation, and were assured by Mayor Mollman that he would do everything in his power to stop it. Several inflammatory speeches against the Negroes were made and one speaker, himself a lawyer, was responsible for the suggestion that there was "no law against mob violence." Just as the meeting was breaking up word was received that two white men had been held up by a negro burglar in a neighboring street, and that one of them who had resisted had been shot. The rougher element in the crowd seized on this opportunity. The cry, "Stop Negro importation," changed to

"Drive out the Niggers." Unoffending Negroes were dragged from street cars and beaten and windows of Negro stores smashed.

From this point there is every indication of connivance on the part of the city officials, if not in the actual massacre, at least in the wholesale terrorizing and driving out of the Negroes. Though trouble was clearly brewing, the only precaution taken by the authorities was the issuance of an order preventing the sale of firearms to Negroes, which did not improve the situation. Attacks and reprisals occurred on both sides. Meanwhile the strike had been lost, the men whose places had not been filled returned to work and the Federal Guard was withdrawn. The Negroes became increasingly uneasy and a movement started among them to se-

crowd and the Negroes opened fire, killing Detectives Coppedge and Wodleigh and wounding four other men. It is the general belief that the Negroes thought this was the same car from which shots were fired earlier in the evening and feared another attack, but there is also conflicting evidence tending to show that they knew Coppedge to be a police officer and killed him deliberately. Whatever the truth of the matter is, it was this incident which furnished the excuse for the slaughter by the whites on the following day, of several hundred Negroes who had no known connection with this mob.

Early next morning the rioting began, but it was desultory and lacked conviction. It could easily have been controlled by a few determined citizens or officials. Mayor Mollman and Chief



NEGROES, SAVED FROM THE MOB, IN THE MUNICIPAL LODGING HOUSE

cure arms in spite of the ordinance. An attempt is now being made to show the existence of a huge plot among them to massacre the white population. No evidence of this has been produced and none will be. If such a plot had indeed existed, the story of the 2d of July would have been a very different one and more than eight white men would certainly have been killed. The truth of the matter is that the criminal Negro element was already armed just as the white criminal element was and the better element also sought arms for self protection, not trusting to the police protection. There is also reason to believe that with the growing tension the Negroes did fear an organized attack and also organized for defense. On the night of Sunday, July 1st, a Ford automobile full of white men drove rapidly through the streets of the Negro quarter in the southern part of the town, firing into Negro homes. Shortly thereafter a church bell in this quarter was tolled—a danger signal previously agreed on—in response to which a crowd of armed Negroes gathered near the church. Another Ford automobile full of policemen, several of whom were in plain clothes, came to disperse this

of Police Payne, however, apparently threw up the sponge at the first indication of serious trouble. They both took the attitude that the colored people could expect no protection from the police—which was indeed the case. After telephoning to the Governor to send troops, Mayor Mollman seems to have thought his responsibility was at an end. When horrified citizens called upon him to interfere he stated that he was powerless. Before long word had spread through the crowd that the police were willing they should "Go to it." By ten o'clock companies of militia began to arrive. The officer in charge, Colonel Tripp, now explains that they were, unfortunately, without ammunition. There are other versions that they had ammunition and used it—on the Negroes. I have heard of one or two instances in which police and soldiers offered some assistance and protection to the Negroes who were attacked, but they are far outnumbered by the instances in which they refused such assistance and even lent a hand to the rioters.

A dozen eye-witnesses have told me Negroes were searched for weapons by the police and militia and then handed

back to the mob to be beaten, robbed and killed; Negroes who ran to militia-men for protection, forced back into the crowd by the soldiers' bayonets. There is no doubt that soldiers and police preceded the crowd into Negro homes to search for weapons and then called out to the crowd to come in—it was safe. The current explanation for all this—one that has been offered me several times in all seriousness—is that the majority of the militia-men came from small towns in Southern Illinois where Negroes were not tolerated; towns whose railroad stations are graced by the sign "Nigger, don't let the sun set on you," so that there was nothing to make them understand they were really expected to protect Negroes. As to the police, two of their comrades had been murdered by Negroes the night before, so that they, too, could hardly be expected to bestir themselves on behalf of any colored people.

Of course, under such conditions disorder spread like wildfire. Every white criminal was protected. No Negro, however innocent, was safe. The white element, which was not already armed, broke into pawnshops and looted them of guns and knives without encountering any opposition, while the Negroes' weapons were taken away from them. By noon incoming trolley cars were being pulled from the tracks and searched for Negroes, who were dragged out and beaten and stoned to death. White women joined in these attacks, dragging out black women and beating them with clubs, stones and fists. When at the close of the day these amusements became too tame, the Negroes' homes were fired while the mob stood guard outside to pick off any who might try to escape. Firemen who attempted to quench the blaze were threatened with death and turned back. When the Fire Department of St. Louis came to the rescue the mob cut the fire hose. They cut electric light and telephone wires, cutting off communication with St. Louis and plunging a great part of East St. Louis into darkness. At the City hospitals and in the emergency room opened up in the City Hall, physicians operated on the wounded by the light of candles and police flashlights.

A few—very few—white men and women tried to protect the colored people and they did so at the risk of their lives. It is significant that the majority of them prefer to remain unknown, as life is still none too safe for Negroes and their protectors in East St. Louis. One of them, however, Mrs. Luella Cox of the Volunteers of America, is known to have saved the lives of a dozen or more wounded Negroes by sheer nerve, staying by them after they were down and protecting them against further attack until ambulances could reach them; and this was no small service to render, for finishing off the

wounded was one of the mob's favorite diversions. It was Mrs. Cox who told me of seeing a crowd of white women tear a colored woman's baby from her and fling it into a blazing house. The mother herself was shot by the crowd while these women held her and her body also flung into the flames. This is one of the many unbelievable things I have learned to believe since I came to East St. Louis.

For, in spite of myself, I now believe that a crowd of ordinary white Americans in a northern State will set fire to the homes of innocent black Americans and wait outside with guns and rocks to cut off their retreat. I can believe that their victims will be roasted alive in large numbers rather than chance their savagery by coming out and falling into their hands, because I have actually talked with some of those who made this choice and were afterwards saved by accident. I know absolutely that they will in cold blood perpetrate cruelties on defenseless people as vile as any of the atrocities said to have been committed by the Germans in Belgium, and that they will do these things in the name of race superiority and economic warfare. I have spent a week talking with eye-witnesses, with members of the mob, and with its victims, and what I have heard compels me to believe this. I have heard their stories from the lips of people so hideously disfigured that I could not look at them. In St. Mary's Hospital I talked with a woman seventy-one years old, who waited in the burning house in which she had lived peaceably for thirty years, until the walls fell in, because "They were hollering and shooting outside, and I was scared they would get me," and with another younger woman who escaped after the mob, which broke into her house, had shot her three times, whose twelve-year-old son was shot dead before her eyes, and whose husband is still missing. I have talked with countless refugees whose families have been killed or scattered, and whose homes and possessions are in ashes; and the other morning I talked with two militiamen who are still standing guard at a bridge over Cahokia Creek, and who laughed as they showed me the spot in the Creek where "they threw in seven Niggers and rocked them every time they came up till they was all drowned." I put to these boys the question I have frequently put to white men in East St. Louis and have found an astonishingly safe one, if not always rewarding: "How many Niggers did you get?" And they laughed again as one answered: "Well, we ain't giving any numbers, but we didn't shoot to miss any." When I asked if they had seen any Negroes committing crimes, the answer was, "No, all we seen was Niggers flying."

Through all this tangle of horrors I

have searched patiently and well-nigh vainly for one expression of real human feeling in white East St. Louis. What seems to me cause for concern is the fact that in the face of the story of such overwhelming and sickening cruelty on the part of the white race, the seeker for information is generally met with complacent talk about insolent Niggers and colored prostitutes. I say advisedly that there is no real horror in East St. Louis over the atrocities that happened there. There is a clean-up movement headed by an energetic young minister interested in the upholding of law and order and by some members of the Chamber of Commerce who wish to restore the credit of their city. There is some concern on the part of capital for the protection of its cheap labor, and there is a hope on the part of labor, very mildly expressed, that further trouble will not be necessary. Of the rights of the Negro as such to protection and increased opportunity, of compensation to him for his losses, and for the injustice done him, I have not heard a word.

The race riots in East St. Louis have an economic basis, just as the similar riots which will undoubtedly follow in other northern cities will have, but I cannot help believing that race prejudice, a prejudice entirely irrational, deliberately and maliciously engendered, is the more fundamental cause. The spread of such a prejudice among us indicates the triumph of the reactionary spirit of the white South. For some reason, we have allowed it, the least significant and intellectually vigorous section of the nation an undue influence in shaping our national thought, just as we have given it a disproportionate representation in national elections.

We have become infected with its mischievous propaganda of race superiority and social inequality until we have come tacitly to accept the fact that the black man has no rights which the white man is bound to respect. In the last thirty years, however, Negroes have been disfranchised, segregated, robbed and murdered with impunity, while under the present administration they have lost the last vestige of protection in their constitutional rights.

While we have plunged into war to protect American lives on the high seas, American Negroes have been butchered in every State from Pennsylvania to Texas without the slightest protest from our national Government. President Wilson's silence in the face of the present calamity is entirely in keeping with this policy. He has shown no concern over the massacre of the Negroes, and probably feels none. Their protection in the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is of no part of the program of the man who has led us into war because "The world must be kept safe for Democracy."

NIGHT COURT AGAIN

WHEN I began this series of articles on the New York Night Court for Women, I was assured on all hands that I was merely wasting my time:—"We know all about our courts and are satisfied with them in the main."

I felt sure, however, that any society, even American, even New York society, must be a body corporate with an entity, an individuality of its own; with its own peculiar vices and its own virtues. It did not much matter, therefore, where one began to study it; but there could be no better place to begin than a law court, for the judge is the true king of a democracy and in his dealings with outcast women, his spirit, whether democratic or despotic, must show itself most clearly.

Gradually I brought New York magistrates and New York judges before the bar of public opinion. They proved to be very commonplace persons. Entrusted with the administration of justice, they took the line of least resistance and made themselves the aides and helpers of the police; they were to an extraordinary degree self-sufficient, at once off-hand and despotic, careless of law, contemptuous of justice. Worst of all they showed themselves subservient to political influence.

Their chief faults spring from their circumstances; they are miserably underpaid; they have no security of tenure and no retiring pension. In consequence they are the tools of the politicians, and are at once hungry and servile.

Only the other day Judge Murphy sent a man to prison for ninety days for publishing, as a pamphlet, parts of the Declaration of Independence. It would be incredible had it not happened; a paragraph of the pamphlet was not in inverted commas, by a printer's error; this was seized on by the learned judge and declared to be revolutionary: "treasonable and revolutionary," were his words as reported.

Again and again Judge Mayer has sentenced this and that unhappy person to the uttermost penalty of the law, though a moment's reflection would have convinced any reasonable person that the offense was not the worst possible. Even if we accept Judge Mayer's view of anarchists as public enemies, surely anarchists like Miss Goldman and Mr. Berkman, who swore they did not advise people to break the law, but contented themselves with trying to get the law repealed, are not so guilty as the anarchist who glories in his intention of breaking the law and of inducing others to break it. Judge Mayer has already destroyed the moral effect of a maximum penalty by constantly misusing it. Judge Mayer is the judge of the Night Court over again and more need not be said.

Now the influence of the ordinary judges and magistrates upon American life and American well-being and happiness is a thousandfold greater than the influence of the government at Washington. If your judges are high-minded, independent, impartial, the whole community will feel the blessing; if, on the other hand, the judges are arrogant, petty despots who revenge themselves for their servility to authority by bullying the defenseless and insulting the outcast, you may be sure the whole body politic will suffer.

Take one instance, and this time the Chief Magistrate, Mr. McAdoo. He went off at half-cock recently by declaring, in answer to my criticisms, that he would abolish the Night Court for Women and so prevent some "dirty rascals" and "pseudo-philanthropists" from turning it into an "obscene vaudeville" performance. But Mayor Mitchell slapped his face by saying that the Night Court should not be abolished on any such ground, and the Mayor was undoubtedly right in this decision.

The importance given to Mr. McAdoo's statement in the press induced him to improve the occasion and attack PEARSON'S directly. He chose our account of the Silver prosecution and stated that Mrs. Silver was not only condemned in the New York Night Court for prostitution, but that she had been "previously convicted" in New Jersey. Her husband wrote to me that this was untrue, that his wife, the late Mrs. Silver, had not only not been "previously convicted" in New Jersey, but she had never been in New Jersey till he took her there after her condemnation in New York. Accordingly, in the August number of PEARSON'S, I called on Chief Magistrate McAdoo to back his statement with proofs, to give the time and place of Mrs. Silver's "previous" conviction.

He has not answered my challenge. Now, in my opinion, this conduct is worse than anything I have brought against the ordinary judges or magistrates. Here is the word of the Chief Magistrate directly contradicted. Any man of honor would know that he has one of two things to do: Prove the truth of his statement or retract the falsehood and apologize for making it. A gentleman would have seized the opportunity of immediately righting the dead woman he had unintentionally wronged. But Mr. McAdoo prefers to remain silent. The Chief Magistrate of the City of New York is convicted, therefore, by default of libelling a dead woman by a falsehood. The falsehood seems wilful or careless: as he knew of the prosecution and condemnation in New Jersey, he knew the date of it, knew that that conviction came after and was indeed a result of the conviction in New York. For I took the

statement from Mr. Silver that Mrs. Silver's unjust conviction in New York had practically broken her heart and spirit, ruined her, body and soul. After that she drank to gain oblivion and had not enough courage even to wish to live. When I implored her to pull herself together and talked of her husband's belief in her and love of her, she broke down, sobbing: "I can't, I can't; I'm finished."

It was the unjust conviction in the New York Night Court that ruined her and there was no previous conviction.

Chief Magistrate McAdoo and Mrs. Silver—I prefer Mrs. Silver!

ONE MORE CASE OF AWFUL INJUSTICE

When Chief Magistrate McAdoo and Commissioner Burdette Lewis thought fit to attack my arraignment of the Night Court and the Night Court judges, they asserted loudly that I had not proved any case of injustice. The public, I think, know now which of us to believe. I have asserted and proved again and again that virgins and impotent cripples have been punished in the Night Court as prostitutes. Here is another case and the testimony of Rabbi Goldstein will hardly be impugned. He writes:

"For years I was a Jewish Prison's Chaplain in this city. I was away from duty once for a brief vacation. When I returned my *locum tenens*, Rabbi H. L. Martin, a kindly rabbi of good standing and character, reported to me a case of a foreign Jewess of 28 years of age, who had been convicted of 'prostitution in a tenement house,' before the Manhattan Court of Special Sessions. She was remanded for the usual week before sentence was pronounced. The penitentiary or Bedford Reformatory seemed inevitable. With bitter tears streaming down her cheeks she made a certain confidential statement to Dr. Martin. This led to his procuring a physical examination of her by competent medical men, and it was indisputably proved that the alleged prostitute was *virgo intacta*. The Court, in consequence, graciously 'suspended sentence.'

"When the case was reported to me I took immediate steps toward reinvestigating the whole matter with the special view of punishing the witnesses who apparently had committed perjury. But the unhappy woman had disappeared and I was unable to find her. Without her statement and presence I could not effect anything, so, perforce, I abandoned my contemplated campaign for justice."

[Next month I shall give other instances of similar soul-shocking blunders.]

THE CZECHS AND THEIR BOHEMIA

By Guido Bruno

IT was in the fall of 1897. I was a boy and the paradise of my dreams a long, low brown house in one of the oldest parts of Prague. Vacation had a double value for me if I was allowed to spend it in this house of my grandparents.

The magic city, Prague! With its old narrow streets lined with serious, time-honored buildings, with arched passageway where one's steps sounded hollow and mysterious, with bridges where one had to pay a penny in order to pass, with glittering church spires and heavy monasteries, with broad gay avenues in the newer parts, while romantic hills surround you on all sides! How idyllic the river with its little islands and old-fashioned paddled-wheeled steamers! Cemeteries, parks, monuments, old institutions of learning, many hundreds of nooks and corners and a world-renowned history! Did I feel these charms as a child, these charms of the old and of the new which seem to meet so naturally in the old capital of the Bohemian kings?

But in November, 1897, the sleepy streets, even of old Prague, seemed transformed: men and women filled the sidewalks, talking excitedly, policemen with revolvers, in addition to their usual equipment, kept one from crossing certain streets, military patrols marched purposeful, noisily giving loud commands. And in the evening we could hear from the other side of the river the uproar from thousands of men, wild screams of women, heart-rending cries of agony, and shots, shots—a fusillade. At first I heard the discharge and the whistling of the bullets; then the beating of drums, trumpet signals, the measured tramp of marching soldiers, and again the muffled detonations of many, many rifles; dreadful screams, too, which I shall never forget so long as I live.

"Now they are driving them like cattle," said my grandfather. "The cavalry must have arrived. They are riding right into their midst, smashing under the hoofs of their horses men, women and children. But it is late, you must go to bed." And I remember that I asked whether the soldiers were killing men on the streets, and he answered, "They are not as merciful as that. They are slaughtering them. . . . But that's nothing for little boys to think about," he added.

"What have the men on the streets done?" I asked before I left the room, obediently to go upstairs to bed.

"They have done nothing. They are just Czechs."

The uprising of '97 and the riots which cost so many lives have passed into oblivion. The little house, whenever I think of it, seems to me like

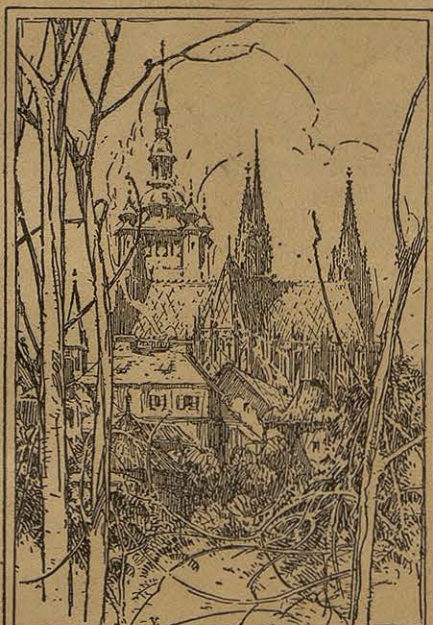
Paradise Lost. My good grandfather died long ago, but in later years I understood what an offense it was to be a Bohemian in Bohemia.

We live in times when Democracy is writ in red, glaring letters on the banner of every nation which wishes to be successful. "That small nations must have their independence" is the accepted battle cry of modern democracy.

What, then, of Bohemia? What of its unique position in the present world struggle? Until 1526 Bohemia had its own kings of Czech origin, its own language, its own literature, its own art, its own culture, which counted among the highest expressions of civilization.

John Huss, who led the fight for freedom of conscience against the whole of Europe, preceded Luther by one hundred years. The Czechs had their Bible in their own language before any other nation in Europe. Komensky was a great educator and pedagogue and ranks even to-day among the greatest men of his calling. Peter Chelcicky preached the gospel of Tolstoy four hundred years ago. The Czech hero of battlefields, Zizka, was one of the originators of modern strategy. The house of Premysl carried the fame of Czech arms from the Adriatic to the Baltic.

Bohemia under its own kings developed into a strong European power. Great were the political aspirations of its rulers. The power of the sword became as great as the power of the pen. Prague was the worshipped seat of learning. Its university, founded only two years after the first Alma Mater of the world—Paris—became



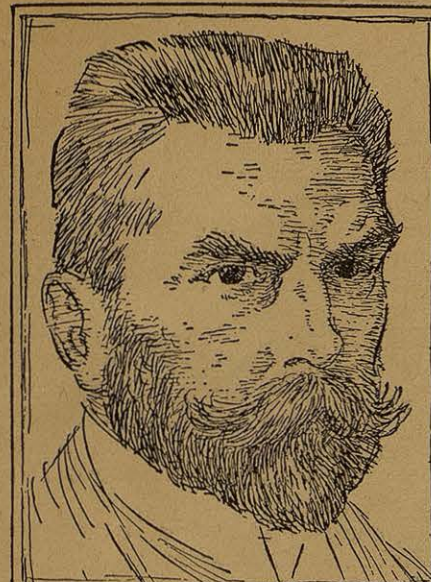
The Cathedral of Saint Vitus at Prague, founded in the tenth century, completed in the year 1384

the rendezvous of all great men of science and literature.

The ominous year 1526 brought the Hapsburgs to the throne of Bohemia. They had come as a free choice of the Bohemian people. They had promised to protect the ancient rights of Bohemia, to confirm its liberties and privileges. Bohemia remained an independent kingdom, bound to Germany and to Austria only by the person of the common king. And now began the tragic history of the country. The Hapsburgs always tried to centralize and to Germanize. Bohemia wanted to shake off the chains of slavery, it demanded independence, it demanded the restoration of its old rights, and lost and lost. At first the destruction of the autonomy of Bohemian cities in 1547, then rebellions, subdued by the promises of the Hapsburgs, a period of patient waiting, a period of doubt, then a new rebellion, and again promises by the Hapsburgs which were never fulfilled, not even to this day.

In 1618 the Hapsburg king had sent two emissaries with new promises to the representatives of the Bohemian nobility—promises and demands. The Bohemians listened to the arrogant message; for answer they threw the king's emissaries out of the window. They rose, and this time dethroned the Hapsburgs and elected a new king. Their choice was very unfortunate.

The year 1620, in the battle of White Hill, was erected the tombstone over Bohemia's dreams of independence. Twenty-seven leaders of the revolution were executed. The 21st of June, 1621, "the Bloody day of Prague," is the day which Bohemians may be able to forgive, but never can they forget. Their nobles were tortured, hung and quartered, decapitated, their heads placed on spikes and carried through the streets, their right hands nailed to the Tower of Prague and the Hapsburgs succeeded in putting the "fear of the Lord" into the hearts of the Czechs. They succeeded because the executed nobles had been the spiritual leaders of their people. Proscription lists were published daily by the Commission on Confiscations; out of 728 landowners 658 lost their properties. The choicest estates taken from the rebels were reserved as private property for the Hapsburg family. From Spain, Italy, Germany and even far-away England came all sorts of adventurers who had served in the armies of the Hapsburgs and now desired the domains of the Bohemian nobility. And, of course, the Catholic Church, the great ally of the Hapsburgs, received rich endowments and started its black work to sustain the great Hapsburg cause and fight for "unity of faith and tongue"



Dr. CHARLES KRAMARZH, Leader of the Bohemian (Czech) delegation to the Parliament at Vienna. Is now in prison, after his sentence of death had been commuted to a term of fifteen years at hard labor

among their adherents. The Jesuit fathers poured into Bohemia in 1620. At once they took charge of the intellectual life of the country, the printing of books was suppressed, a special license was necessary which could only be obtained through the Jesuits. More than sixty thousand Bohemian books, printed between the years 1614 and 1621, were destroyed. The choicest Czech literature was lost forever in these Jesuitic-Hapsburg "auto-da-fes." Everybody who didn't care to accept the Catholic faith was expatriated. Thirty-six thousand families (and some of these families counting up to fifty persons) preferred exile to slavery in their own country. Then came the Thirty Years' War with its devastation. From 151,000 farms only fifty thousand remained; Prague alone had five hundred vacant houses. According to Swedish field reports of those days, 138 cities and 2,171 villages were destroyed.

Every Hapsburg, from the beginning, has believed that he renders a great service to his various peoples if he can force them "to unlearn the barbaric language of their sires, which isolated them from the rest of the world." The Czech language met the fate of the languages of other independent people. Two hundred years were passed in gloom and mental slavery. The peasants alone preserved the language and dared to speak it. Czech was tabooed as uncivilized and the time came to pass when Czechs were ashamed to use their own language in public places.

Slowly but steadily the Czechs regained their national consciousness. It would be a heart-rending task and far too large a theme for the space allotted me to picture how noble, unselfish men sacrificed their lives in their endeavors to blot out three hundred years of slavery and to establish the old independent Czech nation once again. Publicists arose here and there and

astonished the Czechs by their fearless demands. In addition to their fight against Hapsburg rule they had to convince their fellow-countrymen that this fight was necessary and would lead to victory; to an independent Bohemia. Palacky, "the father of his country," undertook to write its history.

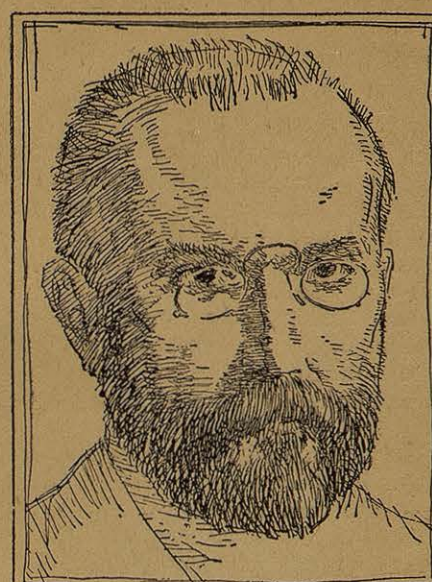
The terrific police restrictions of the year 1848, which practically prohibited Czechs from doing anything but breathe and be obedient, accounted for the uprisings in later years, the continual rebellions against the Hapsburgs. Newspapers were published all over the country to fight iniquity which resembled slavery. They were suppressed and others, new and stronger, arose.

The Emperor Francis Joseph signed the "Rescript Patent," in which he promised to be crowned as King of Bohemia and thereby admitted that his coronation must take place in order to make him King of Bohemia. He had a long life to make his further promises good, but he never did.

"We want schools where we can teach our children our language," was the demand of the Czechs until the outbreak of the present war. We all have followed the little victories which seemed insignificant at the time but which proved so far-reaching. For instance, in 1848 one of the regulations was that all streets must bear German names. Accordingly, purely German signposts, painted in the Austrian black and yellow colors, with street names in German, were placed on all the street corners and public places of Prague. Some years later a concession was made to the Czechs and the Czech street name was permitted to be placed beneath the German name. A decade later the black and yellow street names disappeared and white and red ones were put in their place bearing the Czech names above the German names. Many years later these signs were taken down and the Czech appellation of the streets remained alone.

Bohemian is being talked publicly and with pride, the Czech literature ranks among the most important literatures of the present day, the Czech soul has become articulate.

The revolution of the mind preceded the revolution of arms. The gigantic European war over-clamored the Bohemian nation's cry for independence and has placed the Czechs in a more tragic position than they have ever been in before. As Austrian subjects they were forced to take up arms side by side with their Teutonizing oppressors. Czech leaders were imprisoned and court-martialed for no apparent reasons. Bohemian newspapers and books were suppressed and confiscated. The property of all those who had worked for the independence of Bohemia in previous years and who had fled to foreign countries was confiscated and their relatives reduced to beggary. The Czech pro-



Prof. T. G. MASARYK, Member of Austrian Parliament, Leader of movement for Bohemian (Czech) Independence. Sentenced to be executed on apprehension; his daughter was imprisoned without trial

fessors of the University were indicated as dangerous and subjected to special surveillance in the army. Professor T. G. Masaryk, Czech member of the Austrian parliament and president of the national committee for foreign affairs, was condemned to death "in contumaciam." Women and men were shot as spies after a formal court-martial, from which the public was excluded. The Czech poet, Machar, was put in prison for treason. He had published a poem of anti-Austrian tendency in a Czech newspaper in America. Doctor Kramarzh, foremost politician of Austria, was sentenced to death and his sentence has not yet been commuted.

Professor Masaryk recently concluded a speech before the Czech National Alliance in Great Britain: "The Austrian Government has abdicated in favor of the Prussians and undertakes to carry out the measures of Germanization dictated by Berlin. The rights in connection with the use of the Czech language in administration, in the law courts and on the railway, rights which were won by the desperate efforts of two generations of Czech politicians, have been abrogated by a single stroke of the pen. The management of the railways has been placed in the hands of Prussian military officials; the use of the Czech language has been suppressed in the administration, where it had formerly been lawful; the Czechs have been denied access to the magistrature and to public offices, whereas they had occasionally succeeded in being masters in their own country. These are the first stages in Germanization, and the absorption of the Czechs by the Germans."

Autonomy was the highest dream of the Czech nation and the goal of Czech politicians. That was before the war.

Today the Czech nation demands its independence with a government of its own; a republican government based upon the highest principles of democracy.

MUSIC AND MEDICINE

By Carlo Edwards

THE World War has made strange bedfellows. The German Kaiser has wedded the Grand Turk. Only the other day we saw the red flag of the social revolution waving in the aristocratic face of our Mayor as he drove up Fifth Avenue beside the representatives of radical Russia. And now it is music and medicine, Orpheus forming an affectionate alliance with no less a worthy than old Hippocrates. This is how it came about.

At a recent meeting of the Verdi Club, Dr. Rowland Pendleton Stanley, about to depart for France, was guest of honor. Toward the close of a perfect evening Mrs. Florence Foster Jenkins, who was in the chair as president of the Society, proposed an idea which had been forming in her mind during the evening; that the Verdi Club declare itself godmother of Dr. Stanley's ambulance unit. This was hailed with enthusiasm alike by the doctor and by members of the club, and now the Verdi Club is godmother of ambulance unit No. 7. This arrangement, I think, is a new departure in warfare.

Mrs. Jenkins told me of the project with heartfelt enthusiasm. The ambulance unit at the front is to call upon the club for its various needs, and the club is going to bestir itself as never before to do the greatest possible service.

"Here," cried Mrs. Jenkins, "is aid of the most practicable and available sort. I know of no way by which we can half so readily translate our impulses into actual help. The tragedy has been that so many of us have passionately wanted to do a little something toward alleviating the frightful suffering in Europe, but either we did not know of anything really helpful to do, or at any rate we could never have the satisfied feeling that our efforts were really doing anything. We could never feel our own hands giving aid. Now, we of the club are in personal touch with the front. The doctors will send immediately to us for supplies, often so desperately needed, and we are going to meet our duty as duty has never been met. What an incitement to us in our musical work! All the funds derived from club performances are at the disposal of the men at the battle front. It is as it should be: art the handmaid of humanity."

MUSICAL STRATEGY

Many projects are afoot in the musical world for national service, and this seems to me to be one of the most plausible. There have been

grandiose plans of supplying the troops with ukeleles, and only the other day I heard of a scheme for helping win the war by giving our soldiers a severe training in the most abstruse phases of the musical science. The reason for this singular proposal is that the Germans, it seems, with hunnish ingenuity are serenading the allied soldiers with Schoenberg's music, a process calculated to shatter the nerves of anyone save the most hardened Teuton.

Our troops will be much better able to withstand this devilish trial if they have had a thorough grounding in the musical science, which gradually accustoms the ear even to the most ferocious combination of sounds.

This, by the way, brings to mind



MRS. FLORENCE FOSTER JENKINS

the fact that music has had a profound effect upon the course of the war. Of this phase of current history the general public is in complete ignorance. It will be recalled that during the early part of the war, the allied forces were astounded by the violence of the German bombardment. It lasted for days, and was of dreadful volume. A new wrinkle in warfare, everybody thought and still thinks. Not at all; it was pure art.

Several months after the war started, the papers stated that the Kaiser by some chance or other had heard "Tipperary" and had fallen into a terrible fright that this gigantic masterwork of art would eclipse German music altogether. In desperation he commanded Dr. Richard Strauss to write a war march, as a rival of Tipperary—a truly

desperate remedy for a desperate situation. The war march was written; was performed, and the dreadful bombardment that had so grieved the allied forces was simply the cannon part, written and rendered in truly Straussian style.

But the proper function of Music is not in such deeds of frightfulness. Rather is it in the gentler field of relief work, and the Verdi Club declaring itself godmother of an ambulance unit is assuredly relief work of the best sort.

A musical club is in a strategic position. Should a surgeon need a vacation, after a trying spell of bone-sawing, what better present could he receive than a slide trombone, which would not only furnish him with the refreshing diversion of art, but would also keep his saw-wielding arm in superb practice.

I expounded this idea to a friend of mine, a physician. He demurred, said that apparently I had never seen a saw-bones in operation, that the elbow grease expended on a slide trombone was slight in comparison and would prove negligible in keeping the amputating arm in practice. I told him roundly that if it was apparent that I had never witnessed a bone-sawing operation, it was equally apparent that he had never seen, heard, or played a vigorous slide trombone.

Again, certain music could be supplied as an anæsthetic for patients whom neither chloroform nor ether can subdue. I should recommend music of Bruckner or De Koven!

Then, of course, there is the sum of it all, money. A musical club is in a position to raise large amounts for relief work, especially a club under so able a manager as Mrs. Jenkins.

Mrs. Jenkins has distinguished herself as an organizer of musical affairs. She was the first in America to put on Society Opera. Under her direction "Cavalleria," "Pagliacci," "Rigoletto," "Faust," and other operas were staged by the Euterpe Club. Artists from the Metropolitan and other large opera companies participated as well as talented amateurs. She is an artiste as well as an organizer and a dilettante, and enjoyed the distinction of singing at the White House for President Taft.

Mrs. Jenkins is chairman of music of the Drama Comedy Club, of the Euterpe Club, President of the Verdi Club, and is prominent in the affairs of many other artistic societies in this city. She is excellently placed to do propaganda work for this new idea.

The ladies are making war more and more their own.

HOT NEW YORK

IN the dog-days I decided to be a stranger in New York and go sight-seeing. To make the illusion very strong, I rode up to Grand Central Station, walked twice through the vestibule, where so many happy people purchase their tickets to leave New York. I went out through the Forty-second Street entrance, stopped for a moment and tried to impress upon myself that I was amazed at the grandeur of the elevated structure, the eternally torn up asphalt, the marble stairs that lead to the Belmont Hotel, and at the crowds hurrying somewhere in all the directions of the winds. And then I tried to be very timid, and approached the sinister-looking cop on the corner.

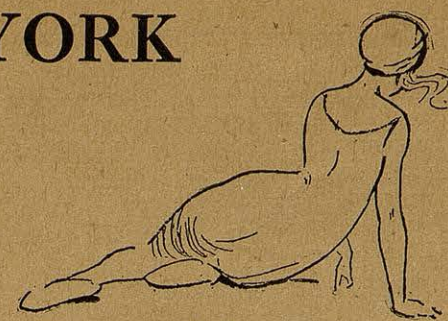
"Could you direct me," I asked of him, "to some place where New Yorkers amuse themselves?" It was a Sunday afternoon. He wasn't too busy with the traffic. He looked me over benevolently.

"How much money do you want to spend?"

"I don't mind spending a few dollars," I answered. "I'd like to go somewhere where all this crowd seems bound for," and I pointed to all sorts of men, women and children in their Sunday best.

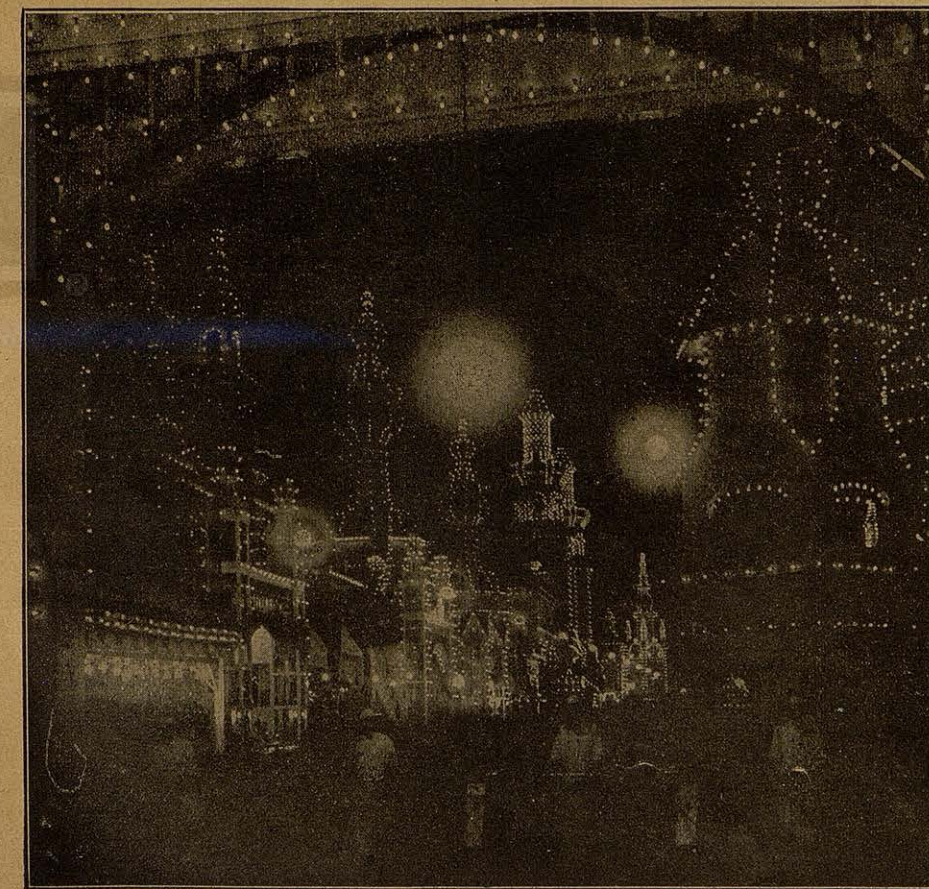
"Go to Coney Island," was his suggestion. "Take the subway right here, change at Brooklyn Bridge. You will be there in about thirty minutes."

The ride in the new subway to Coney Island on a Sunday afternoon is unique.



We were tightly pressed in, men, women and children, unable to move. A few girls were faint, and came to alternately. Babies got blue in the face and screamed. They all seemed to have very healthy lungs. Several young men started an argument with the guard, and as they could use no other persuasion, they did not refrain from powerful language. A few old women, who were seated somewhere invisible, moaned because they had wanted to take a local train, less crowded. A few more brutal scenes and the doors were safely shut. Two bells, and we started off. The train whizzed under the river, came to the surface in Brooklyn. I looked about me. Wonders! Faces were not grouchy. On the contrary, all seemed happy, perhaps in anticipation of coming pleasure.

At least a quarter of a million people crowded the narrow streets of Coney Island. One had to elbow one's way through the mobs. There were restaurants and cabarets, music halls, motion-picture places, shooting galleries, bowling alleys, old-fashioned Curiosity museums, jumbled together. The tables inside crowded, almost as bad as in the



NIGHT LIGHTS OF LUNA

By H. O'Hara

subway—everybody eager to pay admission fees, handing out dimes here and dimes there, and once in, no one seemed to pay any attention to the exhibitions themselves. All were joking and talking in fifty different languages and idioms, apparently having a bully time. But not because of the places in which they were, but because they enjoyed their mutual company. Laborers and their wives, clerks and their sweethearts, a good many soldiers with cheaply over-dressed damsels, crowds of girls who had come by themselves, and boisterous men, who tried to make up to them. Their hands were labor-hardened, and surely the money they spent there was the fruit of toil.

I went into famous Luna Park. Ten thousand people swarmed like black ants on the board-walks. All seemed anxious to pay their dimes, admission fees for rides on carrouseles, to loop the loop, mountain rushes, steeple chases, toboggans, Ferris wheels. Some had their fortunes told for a quarter, others gazed in astonishment at the "Chinese Mystery," or were thrilled by Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show. All seemed restless, wandering from one place to the other, perspiring, men's collars and neckties disarranged by the hot weather, the faces of the women comically grotesque, their cheap paint dripping down on white waists and dresses.

Very, very young girls trotted and whirled bizarrely over the immense floor of a dancing pavilion. Their partners were half-grown boys, who seemed delighted to wriggle their bodies fancifully to music, which came boisterously from somewhere above.

An intelligent-looking fellow, whose girl was riding on a carrousel, stood next to me. He seemed a fair representative of the millions of people who seek recreation here after six days of drudgery.

"Tell me, why do you come here?" I asked him.

He mopped his perspiring brow, smiled congenially.

"The girl wants the fun."

"Isn't it fun for you, too?" I asked.

"It is, because I can be with her the whole afternoon and evening, and she likes the attractions. And then we dance—"

"Where would you like to go to spend your Sunday?" I inquired.

"Somewhere out to the country, fishing. One can scarcely speak here, it is so noisy and crowded, and it costs a lot of money, and the food is not of the best."

The carrousel was about to stop and he looked for his girl.

"Would you permit me to ask your lady why she likes to come down here?"

She approached us, and I put my question rather abruptly before her.

"Why? All the girls come here with their fellows," was her answer.

"I don't want to tell my friends in the shop tomorrow, if they ask me where I was, that I went with Joe, fishing."

I walked over to a restaurant and stood on the balcony of its second floor. I took in the picture of our "four hundred millions" amusing themselves. This, then, was the paradise of the little shop girl, the dream of her social ambitions: to get a "swell fellow," who would take her here and pay innumerable dimes as admission fees for her.

No peace, no quietude, no beauty. Sweatshop and factory all the week to earn a few dollars. Perspiration and physical discomfort on Sunday to spend the money saved.

They do not care for the hustle-bustle of amusements, which have no other earthly purpose than to earn a lot of money for their proprietors. They want a place where they can find themselves, where they can be free for one day, where they can talk and laugh in company, and enjoy their youth.



Can it be that they know how to find solitude in crowds? I doubt it. They lose their best instincts in the pleasure of mobs. Money becomes the key to their happiness: the admission dime to side shows that they don't want to see. I remembered the beer gardens of Germany, the Café Grounds of Austria, the picnic places of France, the lottery festivals of Italy—how families sit quietly around their tables, sipping their beverages, listening to music, to good, well-played music. And I was sad, so sad for these misled people, who are cheated of the innocent pleasures of the Sabbath Day by hypocrites preventing the sale of liquors in public music gardens and permitting these vice-breeding, money-grafting amusement resorts.

I went over to Brighton. Very little difference between the paradise of the rich and that of the poor. The people are better dressed—restaurants and cabarets less crowded—the dancing more modest—and, curiously enough, most of the women are not in the first bloom of their lives. Bathers walk to and from the beaches, but how they manage to take a dip in the ocean seems a mystery. Beach and water were crowded, like the subway train.

Evening had settled over the city—myriads of electric lights illuminated the water front, with its sky scrapers, and Mr. Woolworth's "Cathedral of Commerce" was a fitting symbol for the crowd on the steamer which I had taken back to Manhattan. It would have been an enjoyable ride up the river had the boat not been so crowded. No seating capacity, no standing capacity. Passengers heaped one against the other.

I hurried home, dressed and went out

to see how the rich amuse themselves. I resorted to another cop, a friendly looking chap, who stood with a bored expression near the Hotel Astor.

"Where would you advise me to go tonight?" I asked. "No, I don't care for a show."

"Why not go to a roof garden?" he suggested. "It is cool there—singing and dancing."

I thanked him for his advice, and didn't go to one, but to a dozen. In some I had to register at the hotel office, received a card of admission. In others I just walked in. But everywhere it was the same. A girl or boy would snatch my hat and cane, the head waiter escort me to a table, put the menu and wine card before me, an unattentive waiter would persist in my ordering quickly, and left to myself I could watch the well-dressed crowd laboring hard to keep up a shouted conversation. Some singers sang, some dancers danced. The orchestra played; nobody seemed to pay any attention to these attractions.

I feel sure that most of these people would gladly forego music and cabaret if they had a quiet airy place where they could sit and talk peacefully and have a glass of something or other, according to their inclinations. It is a very heavy toll which they have to

pay for the privilege of spending their free evenings in company.

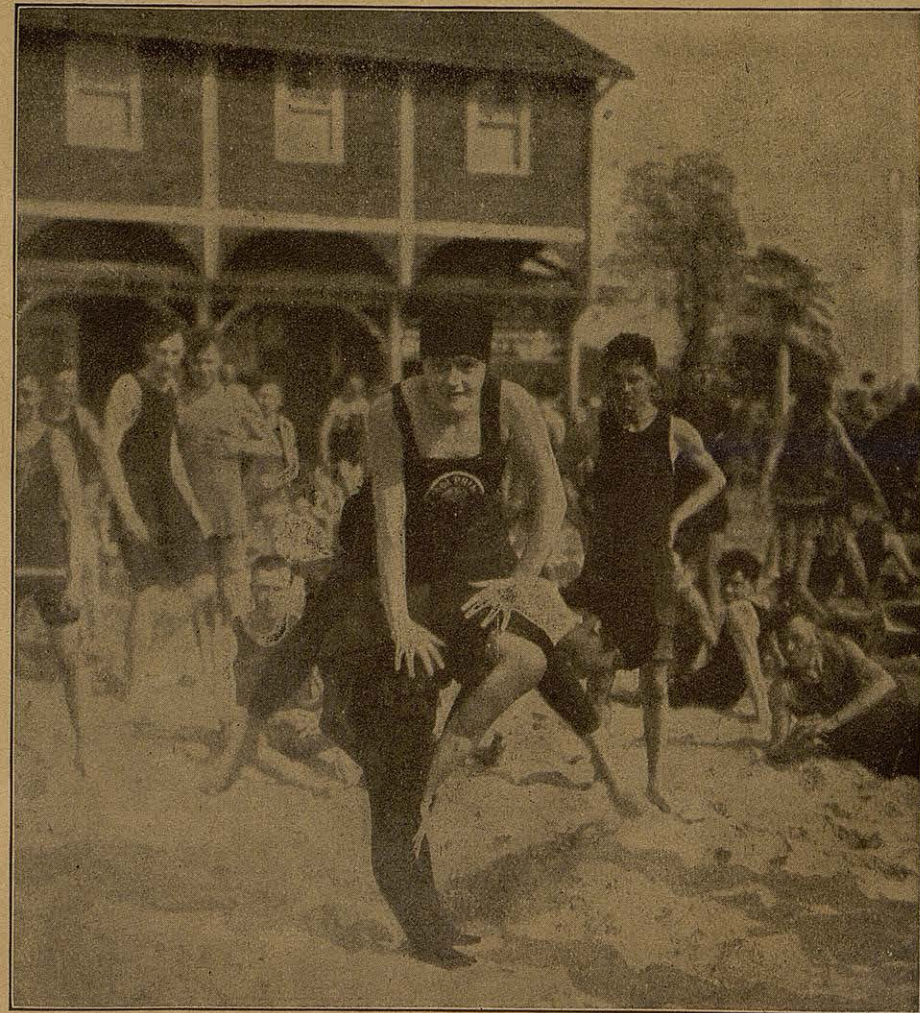
I walked through Central Park, with its overcrowded benches and sidewalks. Even the darkest paths were filled with promenaders. Endless rows of automobiles wound their way through the driveways. People are loud here, too, carrying on conversations at the top of their voices. The moon was on her nightly journey, throwing a few shafts of silver into the lake and into silent bushes. It was an idyllic night, even here in hot New York. But I looked in vain for silent couples walking arm in arm and gazing at the moon, exalted with loving hopes. Do they not know in New York how to whisper?

I walked down Fifth Avenue. The long rows of lights shone upon deserted sidewalks. A bus or an automobile would pass quietly on its way. The big department stores and business houses lay in peaceful lethargy. Those who people them in daytime were in Coney Island or at roof gardens paying dimes or dollars as admission fees.

Rich and poor seem inspired by the same thought day and night:

To work and to earn money; to amuse themselves and to spend money.

But can money alone really recompense work? And can money purchase the joy of real amusement?



ON THE BEACH AT PALISADES PARK. 500 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL

UP A BLIND ALLEY

By Ruth Pickering

MY name is Myrtle Hovey. I am twenty-five years old. I am a stenographer. Stenography, I have been told, is the open door for women into that larger world where at present the king of beasts struts and laughs, swaggers and enjoys himself all alone. I am envious of him. I feel sometimes that I should like to use that feminine subtlety, that he will insist we have, absolutely to his ruin. I feel so now more than ever, because I am in a dilemma.

I have not advanced in these two years since I left my father's pathetic little law office back home. I am the timid, absolutely self-effacing interpreter of a man. And I had some ambition—not to be famous, but to be independent. I wanted to feel myself, my own power, if I have any.

I am private secretary to Mr. Buckmaster. Mr. Buckmaster looks like a minister. There is something seedy about him. His hair is beginning to be sparse and has not so much dropped out as just worn off. His face is boyish, bright at times, and merely innocent at others. His lips are much too soft and girlish. As for me—I am pretty, really. My hair is light; not much to boast of. But my dark, rather deep and well lit eyes, white teeth, and excellent healthy physique, quite fluent and slender, are what I depend on at first to win people. I depended on them to win Mr. Buckmaster.

Mr. Buckmaster thinks calmly and slowly and accurately, which irritates me to the greatest degree. I take his dictation and know three words ahead of him what he will say. He gives me directions and I am out of the door and at the job before he is finished. But I am flighty minded to a pitiful degree compared with his boresome, unshakable logic. I am not stupid in transcribing his notes, but I am abominably shiftless and careless sometimes, until I realize I am treating him too disgracefully.

However, the point of this confession is that I am his jealous slave, even though I comprehend his weaknesses and scorn them often. And more than that, I am less independent than I have ever been in my life—here on the edge of the business world which allured me so, waiting for a chance to jump in.

You see, I am not altogether bold and self-assertive. I am shy. I can't bear to have others dislike me. It's a very discouraging inheritance from my father. I have seen him umpire a game between the town's Cubs and the visiting Rats and give the decision to the side every time that bullied him most. And I submit to the bully which doesn't exist in Mr. Buckmaster simply and solely because he is masculine.

He dictates a letter to some strange

creature upon whom I have never laid an eye, and I flood that letter with my sympathy. I would defend his opinions against a regiment of his enemies. I guard him from untimely visitors with a feline sly watchfulness. And I give to these visitors an impression of his excessive cordiality but, at the same time, of the international importance of his work. It puffs me with pride to be able to write "Mr. Buckmaster asks me to tell you," etc. I minister to his office comforts. I bring him his pipe, his ink, his pencils. I clean his desk (to his irritation and my really pathetic humiliation sometimes), I spare him every annoyance. It is actually exciting to hear the buzzer ring that brings me to his side.

If other executives in the office borrow my time from him for a while, I am paralyzed with resentment. I sulk; I misunderstand their dictation; I blur the typewritten page. I will belong to none else.

He feels this devotion, I think, and his office life might be a bit empty without it. But my coming or going would never block his career, as his coming seems so successfully to have blocked mine. His growth conditions my growth. If he undertakes a larger piece of work I move up with him, only to learn another filing system, perhaps, and act the Greek chorus to his fresh ideas.

Did the primitive woman act otherwise? Could my trumpeting pride about independence and "feeling myself" have a more disastrous fall than this?

Nor are my thoughts about him above reproach. I have deliberately passed him a book or a paper that his fingers might touch mine. I remember now that I have looked occasionally at his red lips. I wear the clothes I think he likes; and I have flounced ever so gracefully out of the door with the hope that his eyes might turn toward me as I left the room. Once or twice he has taken a kindly interest in my personal life, and such moments are intense. Save, however, for these daring little subtleties, to which he is quite impervious, my attitude toward him is impeccable—simply to smooth the creases out of his business day.

He would be frightened should he know of my affectionate solicitude. Worries about the science of management and how to get his wife and children into the country for the summer are sufficient for him. Besides, he couldn't imagine my wanting anything more, when my pay is good and my hours short, and his demands upon my time, out of hours, studiously considerate.

But I do want more. I should like somehow to exert my initiative and my will, rather than my imitative faculties and my sympathy, even though an in-

definable glow of excitement didn't make the day's work rosy.

* * *

Today, on this sunny spring afternoon, my buzzer rang. I had on a fresh dimity frock for the new season. I felt airy light and venturesome. I thought Mr. Buckmaster looked rather frankly and lingeringly at me as I entered. But he started immediately to dictate in his sober and convincing manner. Then at the end of a note:

"What would your wife say if she saw the fine young lady you were dining with yesterday? Please remember me to Mrs. Frost and the children, etc."

That was a jocular little nudge for the Imperturbable. I glanced up from my note book. He blushed faintly as our eyes met, looked shy, and turned hastily to the next letter. I knew that he felt refreshed and rather victorious. Dictation went on. He worked mightily; I absorbed; our intimacy grew.

He picked up the last letter. There was a word he couldn't read. I went to his side and leaned over his shoulder to study it. Suddenly Mr. Buckmaster turned on his swivel. He took me by the shoulders, drew me close, and shook me un rhythmically until my hairpins fell to my neck. His bland cheeks were ruddy. He looked into my face with grotesque determination. He fairly glowered. It was a fearful task he had undertaken. "I want you to kiss me!" But I didn't, and he didn't. I saw his thin hair; his pouting lips. And I drew away, smiling. Of course, the simple fellow had been to lunch with some other men and he had picked up the unique notion that one always kissed his stenographer. Probably he had been tweaked for excessive domesticity.

But I was chagrined that my foibles should have been so ignored until now, only to culminate in this left-handed outbreak, which was after all merely an attempt to prove to himself his capacity for deviltry. I was contemptuous of his ineffectual braggadocio, of his utter lack of charm. And I was laughing inwardly—he did look so foolish. Perhaps he guessed my amused detachment. At any rate, he gradually paled to normal as he watched me, and then turned sheepishly in his chair, puzzling in his startled brain how best to ease the situation off. "It is five o'clock, Mr. Buckmaster. I will mail the letters as I leave." Let the ignominy of such awkward moments be retrieved within his own sturdy conscience! I pitied him heartily as I said good night.

And for me, as I sit here and write, I know the spell is broken. The mild and plodding Mr. Buckmaster, and my task as office-wife have lost all glamour. I shall work for him only a day or two longer. Somewhere up another street is a better job for me.

HEINE AND SHAW ON AMERICA

HEINE ON ENGLAND AND AMERICA

NO writer interests me more than Heinrich Heine. He would have been as great as Goethe had he had an equal power of thought. His appeal to the heart is as pathetic as Shakespeare's, and his humor even more spontaneous. He calls himself "the best of all the humorists" and the self-praise is well deserved. There is in him the tears and laughter of all time.

The other day I came across a little volume of his memoirs edited by Engel, of Hamburg, in 1884, as a supplementary volume to his works. There are in it only a couple of hundred small pages, twenty or thirty of which are given up to poems.

With the rest of the world I believed that Heine had burnt all his memoirs before his death except that small portion of them which appeared in his book on Boerne. These which I have before me are hardly to be called memoirs at all: they are so mild, that we can only explain them by the fact that his brother Maximilian read them in MSS. after the poet's death, and destroyed about one-sixth of them—no doubt the best part—still these pages show here and there what the world lost on the day when Heine burnt the two volumes in his "mattress grave" in Paris.

Every lover of Heine knows why he burnt the book which he regarded as his masterpiece, spoke of indeed again and again as "the crown of all his work."

His rich uncle, Solomon Heine, had died and Karl, the son and heir, wrote to Heine warning him that if he wrote anything more about "the family" he would cut off the pension of 4,800 francs yearly which Solomon Heine had allowed him. Hereupon Heine wrote the following poem which I regard as one of the most wonderful lyrics ever written:

"Wer ein Herz hat und im Herzen
Liebe traegt, ist ueberwunden
Schon zur Haelfte; und so lieg' ich
Jetzt geknebelt und gebunden.

Wenn ich sterbe, wird die Zunge
Abgeschnitten meiner Leiche,
Denn sie fuerchten redend kaem' ich
Wieder aus dem Schattenreiche.

Stumm verfaulen wird der Todte
In der Gruft, und nie verrathen
Werd' ich die an mir veruebten
Laecherlichen Frevelthaten."

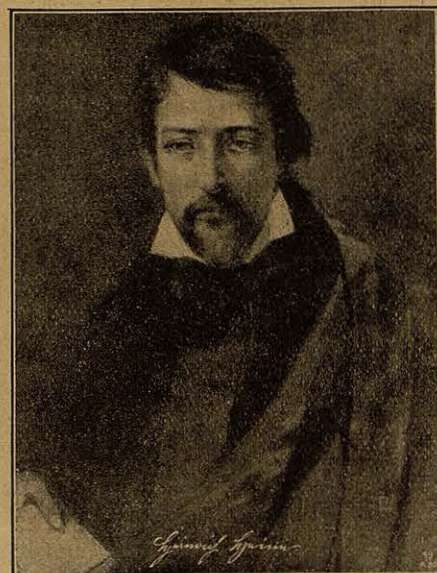
This is poor Heine's way of saying that he, too, like Shakespeare, was more sinned against than sinning.

And so when he thought of his wife and her need and recalled Karl Heine's meanness, he burned his memoirs. Of course they were worth more than Karl Heine's soul and fortune and all the

Heines since—infinitely more. I always couple Karl Heine in my mind with Judas of Kerioth, for he, too, killed something better than himself.

Even this little book of later memoirs has some delightful pages in it. Here, for instance, is a characteristic mood of Heine, and curiously enough it was written in Heligoland just after the July revolution of 1830.

Heine says that he is tired—tired; declares that he would love just to play the poet and to watch the cloud islands sailing across the blue while he thinks out the dying fall of some new verbal cadence or loses himself in the wonder of some old folk-tale. And instead of being allowed to do as he wishes, he is compelled to write political stuff and continually tweak poor German Michael's nose in order to wake the sleepy fellow up; but all he can get, he says, is a sneeze from the giant. He plucked his pillow away once; but Michael



HEINRICH HEINE

only turned over and grunted; another time, in despair he tried to set his night-cap on fire, but it was so wet with the sweat of thought that it would only smoulder, and Michael smiled and continued to snore.

"I am tired," Heine goes on, "and ache for rest. I, too, would like to get a German night-cap and pull it over my ears; but where can I lay my head to rest? Not in Germany; for a policeman would soon wake me up.

"And I can't go to England where all exiles go; for whenever I think of England I remember that the machines there are very like the men and the men very like machines. Boredom lies like a fog over the whole island. Every Englishman is enveloped in the choking deadly gas of ennui. You cannot see it in England, for the whole atmosphere there is heavy with it, but if you come across a traveling Briton in Italy, for instance, or in France, you can see this

gas of boredom like an aureole round his head.

"Englishmen believe that their boredom has something to do with the place they happen to be in and so they travel about all over the world seeking to get rid of it.

"They remind me of the story of the German soldier who overslept himself one morning. His comrades put some filth on his upper lip just under his nose to wake him. It succeeded. When he awoke the soldier cried:

"My, what a beastly smell; worse than usual in this room," and he hurried out into the open air. But there the smell persisted, and he came to the conclusion that the whole world stank."

And so the Englishman believes that the whole world is foul with boredom, whereas he carries it about with him.

HEINE ON AMERICA

Or should I go to America—that vast Liberty-prison, where the unseen chains cut deeper into the spirit than the iron chains in Germany cut into the flesh. For America is ruled by the most disgusting of all tyrants—common opinions and common ideas—the domination of the ordinary that forms the vilest despotism. (Heine might have been reading how the Socialists were attacked the other day in Boston by soldiers and how the police took sides with the aggressors.)

"Oh, yes, you good German peasants; go out to America, where there are neither princes nor nobles; where all men are equal, equally common, equally stupid; with the exception, it appears, of some millions who have either black or brown skins, and who are, therefore, treated like dogs. The real slavery does not disgust me so much as the brutality with which free men treat the colored people; whoever has got a drop of colored blood in his veins is there subjected to insults and injustices which appear to us like a bad dream. (Heine might have been reading of the recent mob attacks on the colored people in St. Louis.)

"And at the same time these Americans make a great to-do about their Christianity and go regularly to church. This loathsome hypocrisy they have learned from the English, who, indeed, seem to have bequeathed to them some of their worst qualities. Sordid self-seeking is their only religion and gold their only god, and he is almighty.

"Of course, many a noble heart weeps in silence even in America for the universal sordid self-seeking and injustice, but whoever dares to oppose it must suffer a martyrdom worse than is dreamed of in the most benighted part of Europe. (Heine might be thinking of the trial and sentence of Louis Kramer or of Emma Goldman.)

"I believe it was in New York where a minister of the Gospel was so dis-

gusted by the ill-treatment of the colored people that he married his own daughter to a negro by way of protest.

"As soon as this Christ-like deed was known the people stormed the house of the preacher, who only escaped death by flight; his house was destroyed brick by brick, and his daughter, the poor human sacrifice, was seized by the people and tarred and feathered, and so, naked and shamed, dragged and driven through the town.

"Oh, Freedom, thou art an evil dream!"

MR. BERNARD SHAW ON THE AMERICAN STATE AND CHILD

Judge Henry Neil, of Chicago, is now in England for the purpose of interesting members of the House of Commons in the Mothers' Pension system, which he has helped to introduce

into thirty out of the forty-eight States of the Union.

He wrote on the subject to George Bernard Shaw, and received the following characteristic reply:

"Child poverty is the only sort of poverty that matters. The adult who has been poor as a child will never get the chill of poverty out of his bones; but he will make room for a better-nourished generation.

"There are no doubt property owners in America who tell Judge Henry Neil that it is confiscation to tax one man's property to pay for the education of another man's children. We have scoundrels of that sort in England, too. Some day they will perhaps have the opportunity of saying it to a higher judge than Henry Neil. He will send them to the place he reserves for those

who have learned to say 'Our Father,' but have not learned to say 'Our Children.' The one without the other is a blasphemy. Also it is unbusinesslike folly. Neglected children cost more than well-nourished ones to everybody except their immediate parents.

"The principal business of a policeman at present is to prevent hungry children from obtaining food. The proper primary business of a policeman is to seize every hungry child and feed it, to collar every ragged child and clothe it, to hand every illiterate child over to those who will teach it how to read and write.

"If America cannot see this, there is no future for America. And it is because she has been slow to see this, that so much of her past is shameful and so much of her present miserable."

IVAN'S MOTHER

By Henry Goodman

IVAN could not understand his mother.

When he heard that his brother was being brought home, the loss of his foot having made him worthless on the battlefield, his own heart beat wildly. What? Stepan hurt? Stepan's foot gone?

But his mother—Ivan could only wonder at her. She, who loved Stepan so much, did not shed a tear. What was worse, she did not even go to meet Stepan when the wounded train arrived. Her face became stony with some strange resolve. In silence she waited at home—in an absorbing silence that made him glad to leave the house. She sent him to meet his brother. "Go," she said; "go and look around at their feet which they have left on the fields for the Czar; may he soon lose his; at their hands which they have not; at their wounded heads."

Stepan was a changed man. It was as if a bitterness had come into his body with the knife that cut away his foot. He was morose . . . black.

"Ah, Ivan, is it you? Where is mother? . . . So, she could not come? And you, you have been called already?"

"No, not yet," answered Ivan. "But it is said they will call us soon. They have exhausted the men of twenty-five, and now they are taking those of twenty-three. But what are we staying here for? Mother will want you."

They came to the house. Only then did Ivan recognize the mother he had known of old. When they stood in the doorway, Stepan and he, she rushed swiftly toward them, then stopped and cried as she had when she became a

widow. It was the beginning of the crying spells which she had for weeks.

One thing was strange. She had been concerned with his going away when he should be called to service. Now she never spoke to him about it. He wondered if she had forgotten.

She seemed to have new concern in Stepan. What care she had for him! Always she was with him, talking to him, telling him he knew not what, for when he approached, quietness came upon the two. Once he found her and Stepan in tears. It left him wondering.

One day Stepan, who had learned to use his crutch, called him to the yard.

There was the new load of logs on the ground. It would have to be sawed up soon. There was the saw, and the sharp, gleaming hatchet near the block.

Stepan said to him, "Nu, Ivan, you have heard they are to call you soon?"

He had not heard.

"But do you want to go?" asked Stepan.

"That is not the question," said Ivan. "The question is, they call; you go."

"I say you shall not go," Stepan looked significantly at his crutch.

"And the Czar says I shall; and the Commissaire says I shall; and the Gendarmes with their swords say I shall."

"But if you are sick they do not take you. If you have not the finger to shoot with, they let you stay at home."

He looked at his brother. In his eyes he saw that which frightened him.

"Do you mean—what do you mean?"

"I mean that we can keep you from losing, maybe your life, maybe your foot. See, with the hatchet—"

They argued. Couldn't he take his chance on the field?

But Stepan knew about the field. Men went mad; were crippled; were killed.

To lose his finger! It would hurt so as if his soul were being torn. But his life? Yes, that was worth more. It was such a little thing, after all; to put his finger on the block; to look away. It would be over.

He reached out his hand; saw his brother stoop to the hatchet. In the dizziness and sharp pain that followed the thud he heard Stepan scream: "Mother, it is done!"

A MESSAGE

By Henry Boerlein

When you see my little love,
Tell her that I greet her,
And that in the realms above
Some day I shall meet her.

Tell my darling that I die
With old memories aided,
But if bitterly she cry
Say my love had faded.

HOW VAUDEVILLE IS MANUFACTURED

By Maude Martin

VAUDEVILLE is America's national amusement. Drama and musical comedy are mostly out of the reach of our purses. Grand opera is the privilege of the very rich, symphony concerts or concerts of any kind are vested with the mystery of a secret rite; but the vaudeville house is usually at a nearby corner and a quarter, or, at most, half a dollar secures admission.

The continuous performances usually start at 12 o'clock noon and the curtain rings down a little before midnight. The house is almost always filled to capacity and long rows of people are lined up in front of the box office awaiting their turn to enter.

They are representatives of all classes and social strata, from school boys and school girls up to feeble grandmothers and tired business men.

I had just received my quarter's worth of vaudeville, consisting of a topical review of events on the screen, one melodramatic photo-play, twenty-two minutes of black-faced comedians, a quarter of an hour of a spectacular sharpshooter who called himself "General" and appeared in an Italian uniform; two circus riders with four

Ad booked by U. B. O.



ONE OF THE MORIN SISTERS

horses, who recalled to my mind old-fashioned circus days, a grotesquely dressed boy and a lightly clad woman who interpreted "Society dancing," a company of sixteen people who acted, sang and danced a condensed musical comedy. The house had applauded the show enthusiastically, everybody seemed happy, and while I walked out through the thickly crowded theatre I marveled at the simple minds which could burst into fits of laughter over jokes and horseplay they must have heard or seen dozens of times before. I was astonished at the bad taste displayed by applauding the crude acting, music and dancing. Or was it the false and repulsive sentiment at the end of almost each of these acts "that got them"? The sharpshooter had displayed the American flag, the comedians in the playlet had revelled in "mother-love," dragged in by the hair of the head, so to speak.

With the exception of a few palatial buildings that house the so-called high-class vaudeville and are as outrageously dear as musical comedies, the sanitary conditions in these show-houses, especially in the summer-time, are abominable. Thousands of people come and go constantly for almost twelve hours. In rainy weather they bring their dripping umbrellas and their wet wraps. On hot summer days their perspiration fumes from the parquet up to the galleries and mingles with the odors of roasted peanuts and chocolate almonds which are being sold without interruption during the performances. It is just like riding in the subway, like eating in cheap restaurants . . . if you don't like it, there are taxi-cabs for hire on every corner, and the head captain in the Astor will be glad to reserve a table for you. . . . You haven't got the money for such extravagance? Then you must be content with what you can get. If you can't pay two dollars for a musical comedy, you must suffocate in your uncomfortable chair in the vaudeville house.

I asked a girl who had appeared for several past seasons in vaudeville, "How do you go about it to get your act and to get your bookings?"

"There are two kinds of acts on our vaudeville stages," was the answer. "Those owned by the actors who appear in them and others controlled by financial interests, that pay the actors for their work. In the first case, one has to have money. Art, good taste and individuality do not enter into the question. Your only aim is to produce something that the booking agent thinks will be liked by the public. In reality they take only such acts as they like themselves. There are certain tricks that will bring instantaneous applause from

the audience for almost anything presented to them. I had been for several seasons with a musical show. I grew tired of the constant traveling about the country and I decided to go into vaudeville. I borrowed five hundred dollars from a relative and went to New York. I had not the slightest idea what I wanted to do in vaudeville, but I knew that I wanted to dance, to sing a song or two and, if possible, let my talents shine in a playlet. I didn't worry much about the plot, words or music of my 'sketch.' You can buy all those things in New York very cheaply. Would you want to meet a man who is the grand-daddy of half-a-hundred vaudeville acts, playing at present on hundreds of stages of the United States? I am going up there just now to pay him my royalties for the last month."

I was only too glad to accompany her.

We went to the Columbia Theatre Building on Broadway. It is a so-called theatrical building, all its offices occupied by men connected with the theatrical profession. The elevator boys are extremely rude; large signs in the entrance-hall display a not very respectful spirit toward the visitors of the building. There is, for instance, "Artists are advised not to loiter on the sidewalk in front of this building." Another one reads: "Get out at once after you have finished your business." "Burlesque girls of all sorts wanted; enquire in No. 801," and many others.

I understood quite readily that art has nothing whatever to do with the vaudeville profession and that operators on ladies' garments are hired with more tact and critical discrimination than show girls and burlesque choruses. We went up to the eighth floor, past a long line of women who seemed anxious to get an interview in Room 801, and my companion pointed to a door where a sign read, "Charles Horwitz, Author and Playwright."

He seemed very glad to see my companion and still more glad after she had produced a few large bills for which he wrote an elaborate receipt. He is a little man, hard of hearing and very businesslike. The walls of his den were covered with pictures of playlets he had written. At first he thought I had come to order a vaudeville act and he didn't even try to hide his disappointment when he learned my quest.

MAKING THE PLAYLET

"I have been in this game since 1895," he said. "Then I and George Cohan were the only ones who understood how to write good, clever playlets for vaudeville. At first, after a man or a woman come in here to give

me a commission, I find out if they are financially able to carry it out. After I am satisfied on this point, I examine their personality and their individual inclinations. Some are Irish comedians, others are Hebrew comedians, some are good dramatic actors, others dancers; some have a good voice, others have a physical deficiency that has to be taken into consideration; many have their minds set upon a character part, others upon an eccentric part. I always have in my mind thirty or forty plots which can be made into an attractive playlet lasting from eighteen to twenty-five minutes. I submit to them some of these plots and we talk the matter over. They suggest something, I study their personality closer and we finally agree. Then I ask them at once whether they wish to purchase the playlet on a cash basis, paying me once for all or whether they would like to enter into a 'royalty agreement.' But before I even write the first word of the sketch I must receive my first payment. Every business man has his own principles and that's one of mine. If they decide to pay outright it will cost them from five hundred to seven hundred and fifty dollars. If they prefer the royalty basis they will pay down two hundred dollars and the balance of the amount in weekly installments as long as their act is being played.

"It takes me six to ten days to write a playlet. Then we hire a room somewhere and I supervise the staging and the acting. It will take perhaps a week or ten days to whip the act into shape. Then we go to a try-out house. There are vaudeville houses in towns near by New York who save a good deal of booking expense by permitting new acts to be tried out on their stages and on their audiences. I usually go to Yonkers or to Port Huron. Representatives of booking managers are invited to attend the performance and then there the fate of my production will be decided. If they like it, they will book it. There is the U. B. O. time (United Booking Offices). There is the Fox time and the Loewe time. These are the best liked booking circuits because the performers are assured of a long stay in New York and suburban cities.

"Of course there are dozens of other booking combinations, but the dream of every act is to get on the Keith circuit. It has more than fifty magnificent houses in the large cities of the United States, with a great reputation for a humane and dignified treatment of performers and vast resources for publicity. I was the first man to produce a typical American sketch in a London Music Hall. Don't you remember 'The Matrimonial Substitute,' with Grace Hughes? It was a tremendous success."

I had to acknowledge that I did not recollect it, and he shook his head in

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disappointment. "Yes," he continued, "there is not much fame in writing vaudeville plays, therefore I insist upon getting the cash. I have written during the last twenty-five years three hundred and fifty to four hundred vaudeville playlets. There are about fifty of them being daily presented to hundreds of thousands of people all over the Union. But who knows to-morrow what has happened yesterday?"

We left his office and my companion remarked rather sharply: "Cash isn't a bad substitute for fame and old Horwitz surely knows how to get the cash."

THE KEITH CIRCUIT DREAM

Every vaudeville performer I spoke to had bashfully mentioned an engagement with the Keith Circuit as a sort of secret hope, a beacon light in dark hours of disappointment. Mr. Albee is the general manager and head of the Keith theatrical interests. For the last thirty-six years he has built show-houses in every part of the Union, has engaged stars who have become household words in America; he has seen the vanities of theatrical fame and he has been the "father-confessor" of the most fortunate and the most unfortunate women in the profession. His spacious office in the Palace Theatre reminds one more of the sanctum of a real theatrical manager than the office of any other manager I have ever visited. Mr. Albee is about sixty years of age, looks hardly forty. He talks with fondness of his theatres, of the thousands of people who are playing on his stages.

"I do not know much of other vaudeville houses. We cater only to the highest tastes of the best American public and I never pay much attention to what is going on in the cheap stands. But I understand that there is a movement on foot to purify the whole theatrical profession, to get rid of men who don't know how to eliminate unbearable sanitary conditions in their theatres and moral outgrowths back of their stage.

"Every one of our houses considers first the comfort and the taste in the auditorium and we try to make our actors behind the stage as comfortable as possible. We treat the ladies who appear on our stages with the respect that is the tribute due to every professional woman and I know they live up to the reputation that a connection with our institution ensures.

"In the selection of our new acts we use not only our own judgment, but we pay a great deal of attention to the criticisms of our audiences. A single letter from someone unknown to us who attended the performance may lead to a radical change in an act.

"The public's taste is our only guide. Take, for instance, Madame Langtry. Several years ago she came to us with

a very good sketch. We at once made a contract with her, covering another season. She came back with her contract and a new sketch that was unsuited to her personality and was otherwise without value. The public didn't like her. We did not renew her contract. There is Madame Nazimova, who was a wonderful actress. Her representative came to us submitting three sketches. She had a big name, but we thought the sketches without strength and we did not enter into a contract with her, though her name would surely have been a big drawing card. Then she brought us her "War Brides." At once we felt that that was the thing the public wanted and she played it for several seasons from coast to coast.

"I feel that the standards of all vaudeville theatres will constantly rise until they shall be far above all criticism; the very best will be given in respectable places at moderate prices to suit the most refined taste."

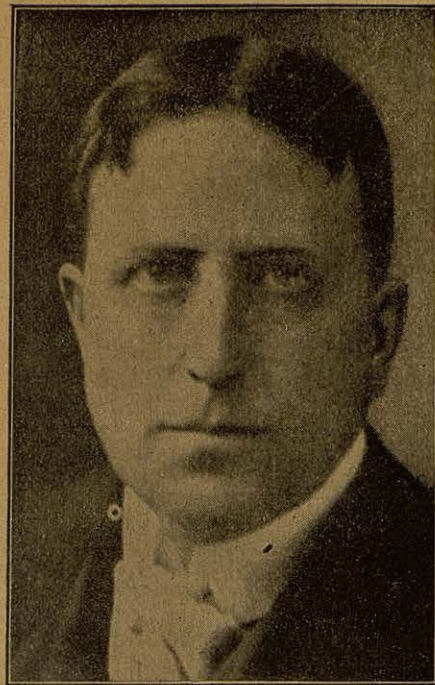
Mr. Albee spoke gravely; and his statement seemed to come from his heart, but how long will it take until theatrical managers and owners of vaudeville houses will think as much of their mission in American life as they do now of their purses?

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VIVIAN LELAND

MEN AND WOMEN: IN THE LIME-LIGHT



WILLIAM J. LOCKE

SO Mr. William J. Locke has written a war novel entitled "The Red Planet," the title being evidently taken from Longfellow's poem on "the red planet, Mars."

Mr. Locke has in him the genius of kindness. No doubt there will be another Beloved Vagabond as the hero of the story, and no doubt, too, some ideal girl who will represent the zenith of womanhood to Mr. Locke.

The funny part of it is that Mr. Locke always refers to Balzac as his favorite author, but there is not a page of realism in any of his own books, hardly, indeed, a sentence. His favorite characters are sketches of lovable men and angelic women. The hero is tacked on to humanity by some little amusing or amiable peculiarities—"travers," as the French would call them—but never made real by vices or vileness or baseness. And his women remind me of Milton's Eve as seen by Adam—

"... Thou in thyself art perfect,
And in thee is no deficiency found."

Mr. Locke turns his head strenuously away from the seamy side of life. He never introduces it into his books, and we do not blame him, for he makes a very large income by using honey instead of ink, and has sense enough to spend it very pleasantly with his wife, who is a very pretty and charming woman, and a little adopted girl, whom both Mr. and Mrs. Locke love and cherish as their own.



WILLIAM J. LOCKE
A Recent Photograph

"The United States went into this war although the only thing which most nearly approached a general public expression of opinion in regard to the war was the election of a Democratic President and a Democratic Congress upon a programme and pledge of peace, after a convention and a campaign in which the question of peace and the peace record of the Democratic party were formally declared to be the chief issues before the citizenship."

"Every nation in this world war has been precipitated into the war by its rulers, and no nation has gone into the war through a referendum vote of the people. The only way actually to prevent war is to repose the right and power to declare war with the people alone."

"If no country could go to war until the question of going to war had been submitted to the people and had been approved by the people by a referendum vote in which both the men and women participated equally, there would be no more aggressive warfare."

I am not at all sure that a referendum would put an end to war; but it would certainly diminish the number of wars and so prove itself an unmitigated blessing.



As seen by Jo Simpson

MR. LLOYD GEORGE seems determined to make himself ridiculous. When the Allies began the great drive on the Somme in 1916 Mr. Lloyd George, speaking at Criccieth, Wales, said:

"I am satisfied with the way things are going. I feel that for the first time in two years the nippers are gripping, and before long we will (sic!) hear the crack."

Well, the nippers did not bring about the crack. The Allies lost some 500,000 men and gained practically nothing. Now on June 30, in the following year, Mr. Lloyd George tells us that "we have driven the great army of Germany underground; it is the beginning of the end; ... we are pounding a sense of inferiority into every pore of the German military mind."

All this is merely the measure of Mr. Lloyd George's want of imagination. Only the other day he had to beg for the help of America; help in money; help in food. Now he is crowing about German military inferiority. A writer in the *New York American* speaks of him as "the ablest statesman in the world." Such praise is ridiculous; he is fast losing ground as Premier. The last Zeppelin raid over London has demonstrated his want of foresight and his recent "list of honors" has been bitterly criticized.

English titles remind me of the old verse:

My Lord Tomnoddy is thirty-four;
The Earl can last but a few years more.
My Lord in the Peers will take his place:
His Majesty's councils his words will grace.

Office he'll hold and patronage sway;
Fortunes and lives he will vote away.
And what are his qualifications?—One!
He's the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

MR. ENGDAHL is the editor of the *American Socialist* and it appears that the last three issues have been suppressed as unmailable.

The *American Socialist* planned a Liberty edition for June 30, setting forth why the conscription act should be repealed which, according to Judge Mayer, is part of the privilege of free speech, but that number too was held up, though the post-office authorities did not even advise the paper of the fact. Yet now Judge Rose, of Baltimore, has declared that there was nothing criminal in the number and "criticism is lawful."

All radical and socialist publications have grown enormously in popularity in the last six weeks, persecution having increased the demand. The clause in the Espionage act is being stretched as far as possible by Mr. Lamar, the Solicitor-General. It is a pity that lawyers should be allowed to construe such enactments. Mr. Lamar would find that a prayer for peace was intended to obstruct registration, but he has gone too far, as Mr. Gregory went too far with his Gag act, and we shall soon have free speech again in these United States.

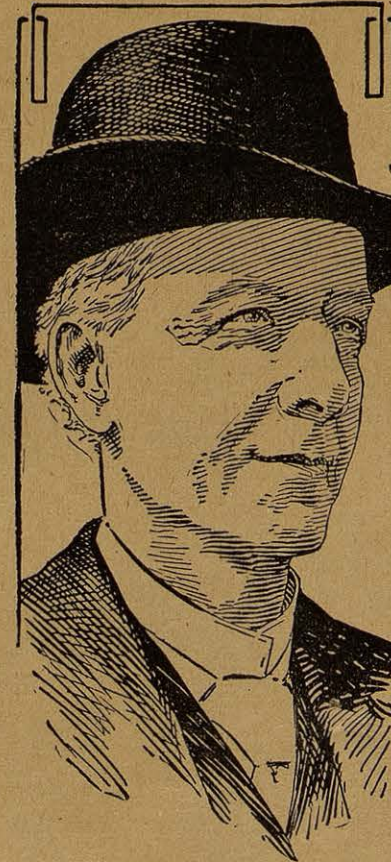
Meanwhile, I am glad that Mr. Engdahl writes to me as follows:

"The *American Socialist* intends to keep on fighting for the things it believes to be right and just. Its voice may at times not be heard as loudly as at other times. But it will always be heard."

Courtesy of N. Y. Call



J. L. ENGDAHL



LUTHER BURBANK

LUTHER BURBANK has discovered a super-wheat. The *New York Call* quotes him as saying: "I have perfected the most productive wheat ever evolved. Where 15 bushels are now garnered, 40 to 70 is the measure of the new."

FOR one hundred and fifty days suffragists of the National Woman's Party picketed in front of the White House, silently protesting their political disenfranchisement. They unfurled their banners, some plain tricolor, some with the words: "Mr. President, you say 'We are fighting for the things we have always held nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government.'"

There is no law in the District of Columbia forbidding the carrying of banners. Suddenly, however, the police—under orders from those much higher up—took to arresting the women, 28 in all, for "obstructing traffic." On July 4, eleven went to jail for three days. But there's plenty more bunting for new banners at the National headquarters and plenty more women to carry them, so the suffragists say.

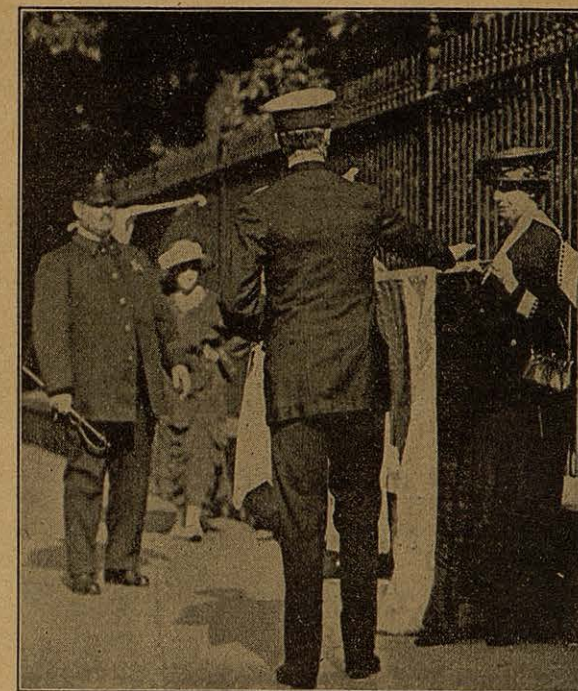


MISS MARGARET ANDERSON is a remarkable personality. She edits *The Little Review*, which tells people about the best poetry and the best pictures in the world.

Miss Anderson is something more than an artist and lover of good poetry. She has also highly developed and most sensitive social sympathies—the more praiseworthy in her because she is not one of those who suffer. Like Shelley she can say:

"I am the nerve o'er which do creep
The else unfelt oppressions of mankind."

Miss Anderson has not escaped scot-free. She has been summarily ejected from her premises on the Van Beuren Estate, and Frederick T. Van Beuren, Frederick T. Van Beuren, Jr., with John W. A. Davis, landlord, and Edward W. Gilbert, agent, signed her notice to quit, because she begged money for Emma Goldman's bail.



ARREST OF SUFFRAGISTS BEFORE THE WHITE HOUSE

A RECORD OF STEADY PLUGGING

By A. M. Simons

THE lime-light of publicity is unlike the rain that drips upon all alike. The persons, events and organizations that fill the first pages of the press are comparatively few in number and often of least importance. But they possess, or have thrust upon them, some dramatic quality that makes them "good copy." Roosevelt and Harry Thaw, baseball and birth control, the D. A. R. and submarines—who shall say there is any connection between their prominence in the cosmic scheme or to the cosmic eye?

So it is in the field of labor. There are unions that can scarcely move without disturbing the public mind, that leap to the headlines almost without reason. Other unions are Cinderellas, never heard of except by their members, spending their lives in that steady plugging which yet carries the world forward.

Ask the next man you meet to name the unions engaged in transportation. He will tell you of the engineers and firemen. He may know of the conductors, and if especially well-informed, of the telegraphers. Then, unless he is an active unionist, he will begin to stammer and finally recall the switchmen, because every now and then they make their presence known by tying up some important terminal. But few will ever stop to think that engines and cars wear out, that high-pressure railroad-making makes havoc of rolling stock and that without eternal vigilance in caring for deteriorating cars there would soon be no trains to pull. The engineer holding to the throttle in the face of danger, the brakeman daring a hazard in which death wins almost as frequently as in the European trenches—these things thrill the imagination. But these hazardous occupations would be far more deadly if there were not a great army of men watching and removing the weaknesses created by constant use.

This red cross army for the recovery and cure of wounded cars is organized as the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen of America. To their mammoth hospitals all cars come at last, and some cars many times, until all nursing and operating is in vain and the remnants are buried in the junk heap to await resurrection through fire into materials for new cars. On the skill of these men in detecting and repairing defects depends the safety of those who use or operate trains. Salvage work, like the materials with which it deals, is a confused jumble. There are almost as many trades involved as there are varieties of articles to be handled.

The "qualifications-for-membership" section of the constitution of a union is

always the most important section. Carefully examined it usually tells a long story of the character of the organization, and frequently forecasts the line of future evolution. The carmen have the longest section on this point of any union I have ever seen, and it is well worth reading through to the very end, even if it does not look inviting. Here it is:

"Any male white person over the age of 17, who believes in the existence of a Supreme Being, and who is free from hereditary or contracted diseases, of good moral character and steady habits, who is employed at the time he seeks to join as Railroad, Electric or Motor Car Builder and Repairer, Car Inspector, Car Oiler, Coach Cleaner, Coach, Gas and Steam Pipe Men, Bench Carpenters, Locomotive Carpenters, Locomotive Coach and Car Painters and their Helpers, Material Men, Tank Men, Tanners and Upholsterers, Axle Lathe Men, Wheel Boremen, Wheel Press Men, Bolt Cutters and Tappers, Nut Tappers, Pipe Fitters and their Helpers, Car Foremen and Assistants, Millwrights and Boiler Lagers, Axle Light Men who work on wood or steel cars, Wrecking Engineers and their wrecking crews, also Patternmakers who work in car department or carry on car department contract work, and all others employed in the car department, shall be eligible to membership in this order."

English grammar is not the only thing that is strained in that sentence, and it is certain that those who wrote it were much less worried about rhetoric than they were about a long list of other things. That classification tells of a grab-bag trade, the hardest of all to organize. It tells and foretells a long list of jurisdiction squabbles with other trades who would fish for members in this same grab-bag. It speaks of conflicts of interest, of diversity of wages and working conditions. It is a complex record of the evolution of an industry. Its theological, moral and medical introduction tells of a time when the union was a little association of kindred souls, seeking only the "uplift" of themselves and their trade. To the skilled reader of such documents I would not need to explain that this union was started on the safest, sanest and most conservative lines.

It began with no intention of fighting for better conditions against the will of employers. Its first declaration of principles is so completely opposite to the popular idea of the objects for which unions are formed and is such an epitome of old-fashioned economics that it deserves perpetuation.

"The members of this brotherhood do declare," it piously promulgates, "that it is the purpose of the Brother-

hood to promote Friendship, Unity and True Brotherly Love among its members.

"First: To exalt the character and increase the efficiency of carmen, to bring greater proficiency into their department by a mutual interchange of ideas and a discussion of the best and most economical methods of performing labor.

"Second: To benefit our employers by raising the standard of our craft.

"Third: To establish mutual confidence and create and maintain harmonious relations between employer and employee.

"Fourth: To care for our dear ones in distress or when disabled or removed by accident or unavoidable adversity."

This declaration of principles was adopted at the first convention, held at Topeka, Kans., September, 1890. Even in this convention two organizations had already started to germinate. Within the two organizations there merged was the germ of future conflict and diverse lines of evolution. One organization was formed by Frank L. and W. H. Ronemus, to whom is to be ascribed the highly moral conservatism of the order. The other owed its existence to Sylvester Keliher, later to play a prominent part by the side of Eugene V. Debs in the storm-tossed voyage of the American Railway Union. No signs of the coming struggle appeared at this convention, however, and both of the Ronemus brothers as well as Keliher were chosen as officials of the organization. However, there was little contest about offices as there were no funds with which to pay salaries and headquarters were located under the hats of the officers.

The next two years brought what is conventionally described as "steady healthy growth," until by 1893 160 lodges had been enrolled, agreements had been secured with two railroads and some gains in wages and working conditions had been secured. No person can write the story of the next years in the life of railway labor without rousing war dogs that still sleep very lightly. In June, 1893, that most remarkable of American labor unions, the A. R. U., began its meteoric flight across the orbits of the slower-moving labor bodies. As it shot along it gathered to itself great chunks out of the bodies it passed. Upon none was its fatal attractive power more deadly than the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen, from whom it took Keliher to become the General Secretary-Treasurer of the new organization. With Keliher went a large number of lodges of the older organization en masse. When the re-

sults were reckoned up, but 38 lodges remained in the Carmen's union.

Then came the Pullman strike, the panic of 1894 and the long period of bitter war upon organized labor by the railroad corporations. During the years 1894-7, the officers of the union were compelled to return to their trade while still preserving the skeleton of the organization and keeping alive the breath of life within the almost bare bones.

When the fifth convention met at Dallas, Texas, in October, 1896, but seven lodges were represented. Frank L. Ronemus was graciously chosen as Grand Secretary-Treasurer of the organization he had founded, and promised that as soon as he could save \$100 by working at his trade, he would resign his wage-earning position and devote his time, while the \$100 lasted, to organizing. He kept his word and succeeded in organizing four new lodges before the savings were exhausted. This was the turn in the tide. Bottom had been touched. Henceforth there were some heart-breaking times, but they were short and each year saw the order larger and stronger.

The union had started a paper, *The Carmen's Journal*, in 1890, but the hard times of succeeding years had forced suspension. By 1899 sufficient strength had returned to permit a resurrection of the *Journal*. At the convention in St. Louis in 1903 nearly 20,000 members were represented, and the present editor, W. J. Adames, of Winnipeg, was placed in charge.

Even these faint signs of prosperity enticed a rival into the field. The Brotherhood of Railway Carmen was not affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, and in 1901 the latter

organization chartered a dual union called the International Association of Car Workers. The new union charged that the Brotherhood was ultra-conservative, indifferent to the condition of its members and unwilling to fight the employers, seeking only, in the words of its own declaration of principles, the "Establishment of mutual confidence and harmonious relations between employer and employee."

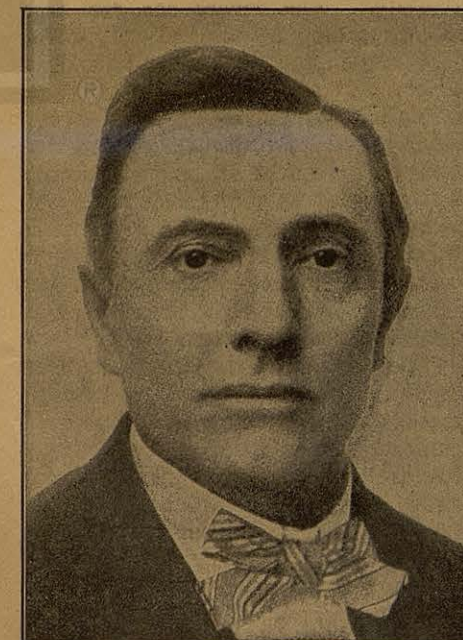
In spite of the rivalry, or perhaps partially on account of it, the Brotherhood grew steadily. By September, 1903, it had 19,283 members. But the new wine was straining the old bottles. There was much criticism of the non-resistant attitude toward the employers. Wages were disgracefully low, and hours almost endless. The demand for a more energetic and assertive policy grew. As the rival union was outdistanced and rendered insignificant the sentiment in favor of affiliation with the American Federation of Labor increased.

The two currents came to a final clash at the Atlanta convention in 1909, where Frank L. Ronemus, in spite of his long and honored years of sacrificial service to the union he had done so much to create, was pressed aside in favor of M. F. Ryan, who represented the younger, more aggressive element. The jurisdiction of the union had already been extended to include the carpenters, shopmen and others of a more skilled character than those originally composing the union.

This new element had made affiliation with the A. F. of L. another plank in its platform, and at Atlanta but two delegates voted against such affiliation. The federation accepted the Brotherhood, and several succeeding conven-

tions of the American Federation of Labor were enlivened by the bitter fights of the rival carmen. These finally reached a dramatic climax when President Richardson, of the International Association of Carmen, having been ordered to amalgamate with the Brotherhood and refusing to do so, laid the charter of his organization upon President Gompers' desk at the Toronto convention of the A. F. of L. This was the turning point in both organizations. The International has steadily dwindled into insignificance, while the Brotherhood has grown with swift upward leaps.

Affiliation with the A. F. of L., extension of jurisdiction, a more aggressive policy—all were signs of new and vigorous life. The carmen in the beginning included only car inspectors and car repairers. The inspectors are the men who look the cars over, diagnose their diseases and decide upon the treatment needed. The repairers did little more than "tack a nail here and tack a nail there," with now and then a bolt, nut, wheel bearing, etc. If either did their work poorly a wreck costing thousands of dollars in damage and delay and perhaps killing and maiming employes or passengers resulted. Yet for performing this critical part in the work of transportation these men were paid only from \$40 to \$60 per month. Please note that they were paid by the month. This meant that they did not work by the day or hour, a fact that seems rather superfluous to relate until you recall that in a month of 30 days there are 720 hours, and if you are working by the month, with corporation instead of union rules, you may be required to be on duty all of the 720 hours.



FRANK L. RONEMUS
Grand Chief Carmen



M. F. RYAN
First Vice-Grand Chief Carmen



W. J. ADAMES
Editor Railway Carmen's Journal

Sometimes, indeed most of the times, or there would have been no carmen left to form a union, they were only required to be on duty 12 hours. But that was the minimum. That applied only to the easy days. If the rush of "bad order" cars was heavy, or the need of turning out good order cars was urgent, then the hours stretched out at each end until they crowded together around midnight. Of course there was no allowance for overtime.

Right here we come to another of the very many reasons why it is hard to win a carmen's strike. Inspection and repair of cars is something that can always be put off for a few days. Delay may cause some wrecks, but no one ever saw a railroad weeping or tearing up its ties because of that. If the road saw a strike coming, it rushed its repairs and then let the public be damned while the men were on strike.

There has never been such a thing as a really successful union of unskilled men. And car inspection and repairing is not much of a skilled trade. Mechanics in other lines, car builders, machinists, carpenters and other workmen who had kept close company with cars in any capacity for a sufficient length of time to learn their weaknesses and how to cure them, could follow the trade and even keep up with it.

There were so few inspectors and repairers in any one place that they could hardly make much of a union. In order to mobilize a fighting force you must first find your force. The carmen found their army by extending their jurisdiction and taking in the men working in the car shops. They began with the carpenters who built the old wooden freight and passenger cars. When these had been included the union was ready to talk hours and wages. It could not talk very loud at first. But it could talk louder than its wages, whose voice did not rise above a whisper. The wages of inspectors and repairers were, as I have said, between \$40 and \$60 per month.

Still the union spoke gently. Conferences were secured with the corporation managers and many agreements were signed. Whether there was a sense of shame because of the low wages, or what caused the employers to yield with but little resistance, it is now hard to tell. It was a time of rising wages and industrial unrest, and the railroads probably did not wish to start any additional trouble. At any rate, most remarkable increases were secured from the very beginning. The first request was for payment by the hour. In most cases a rate of 20 cents was secured, which at once advanced wages as much as \$40 or \$50 a month, or nearly 100%. This was for car inspectors who were working from 12 to 16 hours daily.

Slight increases were also secured for nearly all shopmen who belonged to the

union. Those outside the organization saw the effect of united action and flocked into the union. So the jurisdiction was extended some more, until it reached the grab-bag sweep of the present qualifications for membership.

From then on progress was fairly regular and today inspectors, repairers and oilers receive 30 cents an hour, but still work 12 hours a day and 30 days a month. The first step toward a shorter day in this line of work is seen in the provision that "time and a half" is to be paid for all over the 12 hours. In a few places the higher rate begins after 11 hours.

Coach carpenters, cabinet makers, upholsterers, pattern makers and others who classify close to these now get 40 cents an hour, with time and a half Sundays, holidays and overtime. Most of these still work 10 hours, but there are several shops with the eight and nine hour day and all begin to see this shorter time in sight. Some of the other shop trades get 35 cents an hour, with the overtime provision.

The average wage of all these workers before they joined the union was 20 cents an hour. Now all this sounds dry, "cataloguey" and uninspiring. But just suppose you had been trying to raise a family on 20 cents an hour, with so many hours that you forgot the faces of your children, and a union came along and doubled the wages and gave the boss an incentive to send you home after even 10 hours of work. The story of that union would be as interesting to you as "Treasure Island" was the first time you read it.

Best of all, there is always a better chapter coming. Just now the union is gathering its strength and enthusiasm for a universal demand for an eight hour day and 50 cents an hour. They will probably do like a lot of other unions have been doing and spoil this chapter of their story by "releasing" it in the realm of reality before the public gets time to read my prediction.

At the present time the union has agreements with nearly all the great railroad companies, and is steadily gaining ground. The rate of progress is not so slow as this piecemeal story might seem to indicate. At the convention held September, 1913, the president of the union reported that agreements signed between that time and April, 1910, had brought an additional \$584,000 in wages into the pockets of its members, and would continue to bring a similar sum for many years to come.

Like every union, the carmen are at present passing into a new stage of organization. The process of concentration in railway ownership and management, the system of interlocking directorates and mutual ownership of stock, has brought about a corresponding movement among the unions. This has taken the form of the "Fed-

eration of Federations," embracing a large number of unions closely related to the work of building and repairing cars, especially the blacksmiths, carpenters, steam fitters and sheet metal workers. This Federation of Federations was formed at Kansas City, April 15, 1912. It was, to a large extent, a result of the Harriman consolidations in railroad management. The Harriman interests recognized the threat involved in the formation of a federation as extensive as that already formed by the railroad capitalists, and declared war upon the new movement. The result was the great Harriman strike. For more than two years this struggle continued, costing many lives and millions of dollars. The corporations employed their usual tactics, hired unlimited thugs, corrupted courts, purchased injunctions, tried to kill union organizers and operated their trains with such incompetent employees as to cause a host of expensive and deadly strikes. All of these charges are proven to the hilt over and over again in the records of courts along the Harriman lines.

Finally, the union was defeated, in that the corporations refused to make an agreement with the Federation of Federations. But in the meantime the almost invariable synchronous events were happening. While losing this particular strike they were winning the same demand in a dozen other places without striking. Today the railroads everywhere are beginning to recognize that they must deal with these great system federations. The consolidation in ownership has again, as it always has, been met with reciprocal consolidation among the employees.

Has the new aggressive, fighting policy paid? In 1909 the union had \$71,000 in debts and \$2,000 in the treasury. The report for the three months ending March 31, 1917, shows \$291,229 in the treasury and no debts. The report of the treasurer to the Atlanta Convention, 1909, showed that during nineteen years of an almost non-resistant policy the organization reached a membership of 17,534. In the eight years since then, in spite of what its enemies declared to be one of the worst defeats ever undergone by a union (the Harriman lines strike), the membership has risen to over 43,000.

The story of the carmen's union ends with the same moral that points the history of every union: Labor organizations are formed to fight, they live to fight and by fighting, and, strangest paradox of all, the harder they fight the more they gain without fighting and the more peaceable their relations with their employers. Only the organization that refuses to fight is forced to fight or die. The militant union, with ample resources, can and does compel respect and concessions without open breaks.

GETTING BY THE SPHINX

By Michael Monahan

THE naturalist tells us that there is pursuit and slaughter under every blade of summer grass. We do not accuse a blind Nature for this, but an intelligent humanity should be governed by a higher ethic. And such a higher ethic it will one day work out in a rational form of socialism. Then at last will be abrogated that terrible law which Christianity has so far failed to shake—that the strong shall devour the weak.

I notice that, as a rule, those persons who are fond of saying that God has done all for the best have excellent reasons for believing that He has done the best for them.

The secrets of Heaven are well kept, says Emerson. With a million signaling spires and a host of priests posing as the familiars of Deity, no authentic message ever comes to us from without. God is within ourselves.

In youth we are immortal, and so take our pleasures carelessly. Not until the term of life is in sight do we begin to enjoy ourselves with deliberate purpose. That is why the indulgences of the middle-aged are so often fatal.

The religion that promises a bright, warm, comfortably upholstered heaven will always be held by the majority of mankind. Skepticism has hitherto failed because it has not been able to meet the bid.

The Priest stands outside his Church and looks at me as I come along. I had thought to go in, but now I must pass by—that one look of his turns the Church into a Prison!

Insist on yourself, says Emerson. But first be sure of yourself, for this is the law of the suicide of the weak and the salvation of the strong.

It is more agreeable to be loved than feared for your talent, but you will get more advantage from the latter.

If your friend were to show you his whole mind, you could not breathe the same air with him. Never forget that the closest friendship is only a truce.

Do not fear the man who is quick to show his anger—the deadliest antipathies I have ever known were hidden in a smiling eye and a cordial hand-clasp.

Do not confound cunning with ability—a very common error. A very cunning man is seldom a really able one—cunning is provided as a cloak for defects.

The mind in its integrity neither fears nor worships, and admits no wonder in the universe greater than itself.

To be simple, candid, honest, brave, one should have either the fortune of a prince or the wallet of a beggar.

No matter how poor you may be, there is a thing all men are eager to take from you—your individuality!

Religion and Common Sense could never keep house were it not for their brother Morality.

To preserve the freedom of your mind and the whiteness of your soul—that is to lead the ideal life.

"Had I the power," said Ingersoll, "I would make health as contagious as disease." Theologically, this sentiment alone was enough to damn him.

Young men appeal to friendship; older men to self-interest. Age is a sloughing of the generous virtues.

Not a single religion in the world credits God with possessing a sense of humor. Perhaps this only goes to prove how great a humorist He is!

Two things you should carefully avoid—the jealousy of an old man and the friendship of one too young.

There is hardly anything in the world you may not have if you can only make people believe that you take them at their own valuation.

Happy the man who is wise enough to say "Nay, Nay," and sidestep the Sphinx.

Nature hears no cry for mercy and answers no flag of distress.

Life is so interesting—living such a tiresome business!

Man and Woman

Important difference between the sexes: the woman who wrongs her husband in the way that commonly justifies divorce always hates him—she really has to! But in the reverse case the man is not at all apt to hate the woman. Is this because Nature has made the obligation of chastity more binding upon the female partner?

Marriage is a feud, said Balzac, and in his own case the feud seems to have begun in the honeymoon, long as those lovers had waited for their bliss. But is marriage really a feud? I guess yes . . . if you don't look out!

Yes, dearie, my mistake has always been to set my loves and friendships too high, whence I have suffered some cruel disillusion and am indeed ever bleeding from the same cause. But I am not sure that I would have it otherwise: every perfect joy casts a shadow, and when love is gone there are at least our wounds to kiss.

Those who are not in spiritual accord and understanding with us—that is to say, who do not truly love us—are as if they were not present in our lives, save for the unhappiness of an enforced relation with them. Twenty years' breathing the same air, living in the same house, even going through the physical forms of the closest union, will not change the condition. At the end of that long period we are, by the Law of Spirit, as hopelessly separate, as mutually repellant as ever.

We perish by our passions, but we will have them, though a grinning Death stand visibly behind.

I once knew a philosopher who would contend that woman's virtue was a quality invented by men for their pleasure, convenience and protection.

Trust a woman while she loves you; a man while he has reason to fear you.

Beauty is a very desirable thing in your wife, but don't forget that it has to be paid for, to the last drachm. He sleeps well that gladly turns away from the face on his pillow.

No one ever dared to accuse God of immodesty, and yet He wrote the enduring poem of the sexes.

Love without calculation is the glory and disaster of youth.

Love is the *primum mobile*—the great motive which produces the miracles of genius and all that we recognize as the work of higher powers. Happy the artist whom it blesses and fructifies to the end!

A house divided against itself offers to the Devil his most congenial loafing-place.

A charming woman complains that I do not understand her at all. Of course, I don't—show me the man who thinks he understands a woman, and I will show you the perfect fool.

What an artist would that man be who should know woman to the soul, without giving up his freedom to her!

Love has the last word.

EUGENE FIELD: POET AND HUMORIST

By Eugene V. Debs

TWENTY-FOUR years ago, in April, 1893, I first met Eugene Field. He was then in his forty-third year, but in spirit and manner seemed more like a boy of twenty. I never met a man to whom I took a readier liking. He was full of rollicking humor and the soul of geniality and kindness. We at once became friends. Within a few hours after our introduction he brought me copies of his books, beautifully inscribed, which I still treasure among my literary possessions.

Eugene Field, born in St. Louis in 1850, was of Puritan stock, but there was no trace of narrowness or asceticism in his nature. He loved the world and he mingled freely, joyously with all sorts and conditions of people. He had many admirers among the rich, but his heart was with the common man. Best of all, however, he loved children and in turn was fairly idolized by them.

When Eugene Field left college he was inclined to take up the law, but changed his mind. It is fortunate for him and for the world of letters that he did not become a lawyer. He was temperamentally too poetic and imaginative to succeed in the legal profession. He was an excellent mimic and had marked dramatic ability. For quite a while he had an eye on the stage. In that he would have succeeded better. But the poetic instinct predominated and he was destined to court the muses and achieve fame in the literary world.

Eugene Field began his professional career as a paragraph writer for a St. Louis paper. In that capacity he excelled from the start and his pithy, humorous and sarcastic jottings were copied widely by other papers. From St. Louis he went to St. Joseph and thence to Kansas City, where he remained a year and a half engaged in newspaper work. The lure of the West was fairly upon him and from Kansas City he found his way to Denver. This was in the summer of 1881. Denver was just blossoming out as a typical western city. The free, easy-going unconventional life of the people of the plains and mountains appealed to the romantic nature of young Field and here he began to write the dialect "Western Verse" which so endeared him to the common people among whom he had cast his lot, and which soon found its way into the channels of circulation and introduced the gifted young author to thousands who had never before heard his name. It was here that Field indulged to the limit his propensity for practical joking. The gentlest of beings himself, he yet enjoyed immensely a practical joke at the expense of a friend. He laughed

uproariously at the results of his own mischief, which was nearly always of an innocent and harmless nature. The older residents of Denver still tell of the pranks of Eugene Field and the dismay of victims of his capricious plottings.

A friend of Field's who kept a grocery store in Denver found himself one morning in a plight he did not soon forget as the result of one of the poet's practical jokes. It was early in the summer. The first ripe watermelons were being shipped in from the South. An innocent-looking paragraph in Field's paper announced that his grocer friend had just received a carload of fine, juicy melons and that they would be handed out free of charge at his door to the colored people of the city. Soon after the paper appeared the report spread over the city and within an hour or two the whole colored population swooped down upon the unsuspecting grocer and demanded the ripe, juicy melons which had been promised them.

The mining camps of Colorado, nestling far up in the cañons and hugging the rugged sides of the Rocky Mountains, were a source of inexpressible delight and inspiration to Eugene Field. He loved the plain, honest, sturdy folk that made up the primitive communities a few decades ago. He loved the large-hearted, care-free, happy-go-lucky prospectors and miners. They were kind and generous and brave, and in their cabins there was peace and content. There was little law in the camp, but as a rule the square deal and even-handed justice prevailed. The cowardly practice of carrying concealed weapons was unknown. Every man had his six-shooter on his hip in full view. Short shrift was made of the crook and thief, and the "bad man" was not long in coming to his own. The peace of the community automatically kept itself—and life in a rough-and-ready gold camp was more secure and justice more swift and certain than in New York City, with its army of police and its almost countless courts and churches.

The gold and silver camps as they then existed are no more and the free and jocund life of that day has practically disappeared. "Civilization" has closed in on the rugged mountain communities which knew neither riches nor poverty, but respected a man for what he was—communities composed of the "black sheep" of the families back in the states who had the spirit of adventure and were not satisfied to stay on the old farms cultivated by their grandfathers; who had little polish of manner and none of the artificial graces of conventional society, but instead had

abundance of the milk of kindness in their breasts, boundless love and sympathy for their fellows, and a whole-hearted generosity that was limited only by the resources at their command.

In these early camps in the Rocky Mountains there were saloons and gambling houses and dance halls galore but there was no city hall, no police court, no court house, and no churches. Drinking there was, to be sure, but drunkenness was exceptional. The rarest sort of democracy prevailed. Men were not only their brothers' keepers but their brothers' brothers and lovers. The camp was a family. Every man was trusted unless and until he forfeited the confidence of his fellows and then he was promptly given his passport or brought to more summary justice.

There was something wondrously stimulating about the primitive mountain settlements and about the pioneers and prospectors who flocked there in quest of the golden fleece. They were above and beyond the prosaic and deadening influences of the conventional and cramped existence they had left behind them. They were far up in the cañons and mountain fastnesses, surrounded by the snow-capped peaks. The brooks and streams, cool and clear and sparkling, gushed from the earth beneath their feet. The pure, crisp and vitalizing air filled them with energy and enthusiasm. For once indeed these adventurous spirits breathed the air of freedom, and they were happy and content. There was not a fine residence in the camp, nor a poorhouse—nor a hungry man, woman or child. Every mother's son of these hardy mountaineers would have felt himself personally disgraced if an animal, to say nothing of a human being, had been found suffering for the want of food or shelter. They were rough-spoken, blunt in manner, but tender-hearted as children. They did not give alms to strangers but gave themselves instead. They were human without veneer, and their rugged honesty had the gleam of the gold they dug from the mines. Often, very often was I their guest, sat in their cabins and enjoyed their warmth and hospitality; and readily therefore can I appreciate the love inspired by such men and such scenes and surroundings in the breast of a nature-lover and humanitarian such as Eugene Field.

The old camp is gone and only memory remains. They who know that free, unrestrained, joyous life of a generation ago may regret its passing, but the change was inevitable. Civilization now has sway in the regions once deemed inaccessible to its conquering march. Law and order have superseded the six-shooter and the

slip-noose—courts and churches now abound, and so also do jails and poor-houses, tramps and vagabonds, beggars and criminals, the same as in all other civilized communities.

Eugene Field was never more at home than among these sturdy pioneers who opened the treasure chambers of the Rocky Mountains and scattered their gleaming secrets broadcast over the continent. They were after his own heart and he rejoiced like the big boy he was, in having found his way to the Golden West and in living for once among God's own people. No wonder the change came upon him like a revelation and attuned his muse to the sweet minstrelsy that was soon to carry his name back to the Hampshire Hills where he had spent his childhood days and echo his fame to the remotest parts of the country.

The "Red Hoss Mountain" and "Casey's Table D'Hôte" are fondly celebrated by the poet who knew them in the days of their glory and cherished the happy scenes they recalled among his most treasured memories:

"Oh, them days on Red Hoss Mountain, when the skies wuz fair 'nd blue,
When the money flowed like likker,
'nd the folks wuz brave 'nd true!
When the nights wuz crisp 'nd balmy,
'nd the camp wuz all astir,
With the joints all throwed wide open
'nd no sheriff to demur!
Oh, them times on Red Hoss Mountain in the Rockies fur away,—
There's no sich place nor times like them as I kin find today!
What though the camp hez busted? I seem to see it still
A-lyin' like it loved it, on that big 'nd warty hill;
And I feel a sort of yearnin' 'nd a chokin' in my throat
When I think of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd of Casey's tabble dote!"

Casey, the proprietor of the new restaurant in which the "tabble dote" was introduced for the first time to the simple-minded denizens of Red Hoss Mountain, was a typical character in those days and Eugene Field drew his picture with rare felicity and fidelity:

"This Casey wuz an Irishman,—you'd know it by his name
And by the facial features appertainin' to the same,
He'd lived in many places 'nd had done a thousand things,
From the noble art of actin' to the work of dealin' kings.

"The bar wuz long 'nd rangey with a mirror on the shelf
'Nd a pistol, so that Casey, when required, could help himself;
Down underneath there wuz a row of bottled beer 'nd wine

'Nd a Kag of Burbun whiskey of the run of '59;
Upon the walls wuz pictures of hosses 'nd of girls,—
Not much on dress perhaps, but strong on records 'nd on curls!
The which had been identified with Casey in the past,—
The hosses 'nd the girls, I mean,—and both was mighty fast!
But all these fine attractions wuz of precious little note
By the side of what wuz offered at Casey's tabble dote."

"The very recollection of them pud-din's 'nd them pies
Brings a yearnin' to my buzzum 'nd the water to my eyes."

Truly did the poet lament the passing of his old comrades of the mountain mining camps, and in all the sweet and sentimental tributes they evoked from his sympathetic pen he poured out his love freely to their hallowed memory. He had shared their homely hospitality and been deeply touched by their simple faith and their whole-hearted loyalty and devotion to their fellow men. How could he, the great-hearted, generous, sentimental Field, fail to love these homely, honest, trusting souls, and celebrate their simple annals in immortal song!

If the spirit ears of the pioneers who sleep way out yonder on "Red Hoss Mountain" are attuned to earthly benedictions their hearts will be touched indeed and the mist will come into their eyes as they listen to the offering, tender, tremulous and pathetic, from their old friend:

"And you, O cherished brother, a-sleepin' way out west
With Red Hoss Mountain huggin' you close to its lovin' breast,—
Oh, do you dream in your last dream of how we use to do,
Of how we worked our little claims together, me 'nd you?
Why, when I saw you last a smile wuz restin' on your face,
Like you wuz glad to sleep forever in that lonely place;
And so you wuz, 'nd I'd be too, if I wuz sleepin' so.
But, bein' how a brother's love ain't for the world to know,
Whenever I've this heartache 'nd this chokin' in my throat,
I lay it all to thinkin' of Casey's tabble dote."

In 1883, when Eugene Field was in his thirty-third year, he was called from Denver to Chicago by a tempting offer from the *Daily News*, with which paper and the *Daily Record*, by the same publisher, he was connected during the remainder of his brief life. His work as a writer and his fame as a poet had long been recognized. His newspaper writings had caught the pub-

lic eye years before and he was widely quoted and copied. At Chicago he became the author of the famous column of "Sharps and Flats," which came to be recognized as the spiciest and most attractive feature of the paper and was eagerly followed by thousands of readers. In this column he commented in prose and verse upon current events and he gave free reign to his exuberant fancy. He had a rare faculty for putting a simple thought into a pungent paragraph. His wit was keen and subtle and his humor spontaneous and good-natured. His pen was "sharp as Ithuriel's spear," but never evened. He knew no malice. He had the heart of a child and once when by chance he stepped upon a little chick, he wept with pain and sorrow.

During the eleven years he spent in newspaper work in Chicago, Field was never idle. The scope of his literary work was broadened and his pen was ever active. His more serious poems and prose writings began now to appear. He haunted the bookstalls for rare old volumes and became a close student of the classics. To him a rare old book was the choicest bit of luxury. He turned its musty pages with reverent hands and fondled it as a thing of life.

The beautiful lullabies that rippled from Field's sweet and sympathetic soul gave the truest insight to his noble character. He loved with incomparable tenderness not only his own children but the children of all the world. To him a child, any child, was a delight and an inspiration. His hearty "hello" was given to every youngster he passed upon the street. He would desert almost any gathering of grown-up people to romp and play with the little folks.

Once he came to Terre Haute with George W. Cable, the Southern novelist, with whom he was then associated on the Lyceum platform. The opera house was crowded. Field at once captured the audience and each of his numbers brought him enthusiastic applause. With a child's artless simplicity he repeated his bits of charming childhood rhyme and won his way to the hearts of the people. He had wonderful dramatic resources and in his pathetic passages his audience was moved to tears. The tender, touching lines in "Father's Way" and "To My Mother," in which the poet paid loving tribute to his parents, were rendered with such deep feeling that only sobs broke the solemn silence of the audience.

At the close of the entertainment Field, who was my guest, was invited to the home of a friend and here occurred an incident that revealed his passionate love for children, of whom a number were in attendance. After a time the little folks withdrew to an-

other room to seek their own enjoyment. Not long afterwards, Field also disappeared. The reason soon became apparent. Peels of laughter issued from the adjoining room. Hilarity was evidently at high tide in the child-world. And no wonder. Field had gotten among them and was both ring-master and clown of the show, and when the door was opened he was found minus his dress coat, down on the floor on all fours, and cutting such antics as made the little folks scream with delight.

Eugene Field had a strong personal attachment for James Whitcomb Riley. One day he said to me: "Riley is too modest. He is blissfully unconscious of his high standing in the literary world. He has no equal in his line and need not hesitate to measure up with the best of the literary lights in the cultured East." Field and Riley and Bill Nye were a great team when they were together. Never before nor since has such a unique combination appeared before the American people. Each was the master of his art and their wits were equally matched and blended to perfection.

Field had only the kindest words for his associates. Never a trace of jealousy of a rival in the bid for popular favor. Generous to a fault, he rejoiced wholeheartedly in the applause that came to those associated with him. He was big and broad and chivalrous in the real sense, and no degrading envy ever darkened the doorway to his lofty soul.

He was as generous with his poetic gifts as he was improvident in his financial affairs. He had absolutely

no sense of money values, but the highest conception of moral obligation to his fellow-men, especially to those less fortunate than himself, who looked to him for sympathy or for some act of more substantial kindness. It was not in him to say "no" to an appeal for aid, and the only trouble was that his pockets were chronically empty and he never had money enough by half to see him through.

Unlike most gifted people he did not have to be coaxed to entertain his friends and the friends of his friends. He took genuine delight in responding to the requests made upon him. One night we were invited out together. He was the idol of the gathering, but did not seem to realize it. His modesty was even greater than his genius. All evening and until late at night he entertained his delighted admirers. To each request he responded graciously "with pleasure." To each guest he rendered cheerfully his or her "favorite" selection as if he himself were receiving instead of dispensing the evening's favors.

The love and loyalty of Eugene Field for his friends cannot be told in words. When you clasped his hand you felt his generous heart beat, and when you looked into his eyes you saw his great soul revealed.

During the troublous times of the Pullman strike in 1894, I came to know Eugene Field as one of the truest friends and noblest of men. My arrest had been decreed and I was soon to be lodged in Cook County jail. Eugene Field heard of it and at once started out to find me. Failing in this, he went to my hotel and left a note in my box saying that I would

soon need a friend and that he wanted to be that friend. It was in that dark day, that trying hour, when bitter hate had sway and friends were not too numerous, that Eugene Field proved himself a real man and a true friend. Some of his rich admirers were amazed that he should have anything to do with a "common criminal," but what he said to them in answer they did not repeat to others.

In the summer following I was at Woodstock and here there came to me the last message I received from Eugene Field. In a characteristic note he wrote me jokingly: "Now that you are settled in your summer quarters I shall soon be out to see you." But the intended visit was not to be. I never saw Field again. He went to bed soon after the message was written and fell asleep to awake no more. It was a terrible blow to his family and friends, and when the sad news came to me I was pained and shocked beyond expression.

When the call of the invisible summoner came Eugene Field was but forty-four; he was still in the flush of his splendid young manhood. His greater work, the work for which he was now so eminently fitted and which should add so immeasurably to his fame, still lay before him. But the end came with startling suddenness and the beloved poet and friend passed to his reward "while the shadows still were falling toward the west."

The life of Eugene Field was cut off in its prime, but he lived long enough to render such precious service to his fellow-men that his work and worth will be cherished and his memory honored by coming generations.

BELL-BUOYS

By Henry Goodman

The breath of Night
Sweeps across the sea,
Putting out the light
Utterly.
And a serpent, Mist,
Fear and horror-kissed,
Crawls all silently.

Now the tide
Swings wide:
Look out,
Look out,
Look out!

Who shall count
In the scheming dead?
Whose mingled breathings mount
Overhead;
Making the gray Mist,
Serpent, terror-kissed,
Crawl the slimy bed?

The tides roll—
We toll:
Look out!

Their monstrous hate
From their eyes, green holes,
Sweeps a tidal fate.
Lacking souls,
They create a Mist
Which man cannot resist,
A spirit of the ghouls.

How it creeps
Over deeps!
Look out!

A roaming Thing
In the dark of night;
Fangs alert to sting
Left and right:
Helpless cries and wild
Of woman and of child,
In Horrible affright.

Moving slow,
Grim woe:
Look out!

Beneath the wave
The populace of dead,
In many a gloomy cave,
Inhabited,
Awaits the shrieking toll
That sinking, finds its goal
On ocean's oozy bed.

Lo! Their Mist
Poison-kissed:
Look out!

Oh, Insatiate Lust
Of Dead beneath the sea,
To murder living dust
Mercilessly.
And only in the Dark
Like pallid Fear, all stark,
To kill unwarnedly!

And the tide
Swings wide:
Look out,
Look out,
Look out!

TELLING THE TRUTH AT THE WHITE HOUSE

By
Marie Jenney Howe
and Paula Jakobi

SCENE: Court room. Audience hall crowded with curious throng. Loud whispers.

OFFICER (raps his club authoritatively): Silence! Silence in the name of the law!

(Enter thirteen prisoners bearing suffrage banners, two other white women and two colored women. The prisoners take seats at one side. The two colored women are in front.)

FIRST COLORED WOMAN: Say, they's a lot o' white folks heah today! What they in foh? They been drinkin'?

SECOND COLORED WOMAN: No, you nigger! They don't drink.

FIRST C. W. (intently): They been anykine disorderly?—fightin' maybe?

SECOND C. W.: Not that I knows of—Say, I ain't God Almighty!

FIRST C. W. (edges over to white prisoner seated next to her on the bench; she has been looking very thoughtful): Doan' mine, Honey! doan' mine! You ain't never been there before? 'Tain't bad I tells you! You can get anything you like ef you got the price, scusin' whiskey!

(The white prisoner smiles at her.)

SECOND C. W. (hums): "Miss Lizzie King's a coal black lady, Her husband's a colod man!"

OFFICER (tapping vigorously): Order in the court!

(The Judge and the District Attorney enter. All except the colored prisoners rise.)

JUDGE O'NEIL: What is on the docket today?

CLERK: Your Honor, these 13 women (the 13 rise).

JUDGE O'NEIL: And these? (indicating the two negroes) We'll have these two cases first.

(The 13 sit.)

CLERK (indicates First C. W. Officer makes her rise): Drunk and disorderly.

JUDGE O'NEIL: 14 days in the workhouse. Next case.

CLERK (indicates Second C. W. Officer makes her rise): Drunk and disorderly.

JUDGE O'NEIL: 14 days in the workhouse. Next case.

CLERK: Your Honor, these 13 women have been arrested for obstructing the traffic.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Your Honor, let me request that you do not hear these cases separately. If you do you will hear 11 suffrage speeches. Each of these women can speak on endlessly. I wish to spare your Honor.

MRS. HEWIS: Your Honor, we insist that our cases be tried separately.

JUDGE O'NEIL: Well, really, ladies, really—I want you to regard me as your friend. I wish to help you, but 11 suffrage speeches—really!

MRS. HEWIS: We demand separate trial. Each woman will act as her own attorney.

(Judge makes a gesture of resignation and taps on his desk.)

JUDGE O'NEIL: Proceed with the prosecution!

D. ATTORNEY: These women stood on the sidewalk obstructing the traffic, to the great annoyance of the President of the U. S. A.

MRS. REED: Your Honor, may I ask a question?

JUDGE O'NEIL: Granted.

MRS. REED: Is it not the right of every peaceful citizen to stand on the sidewalk?

D. ATTORNEY: But they carried banners, your Honor, they carried banners.

MRS. REED: Has not a citizen the right to carry a banner?

JUDGE O'NEIL: Not unless he moves up and down.

MISS STURDEVANT: We did move up and down, your Honor. We kept moving. I know I kept moving. No matter in which direction I turned I moved against the chest of a policeman. (She pauses.)

JUDGE O'NEIL: Well, well, what then?

MISS STURDEVANT: Then he arrested me because he got in my way.

JUDGE O'NEIL: Three days' imprisonment or 25 dollars fine!

MISS STURDEVANT: But, your Honor—

JUDGE O'NEIL: Don't make it any harder for me. Can't you see how I hate to do this?

D. ATTORNEY (turning to Vera Hollenden): This young woman is guilty of leading the procession.

JUDGE O'NEIL: State your defense.

V. HOLLENDEN: On the fourth of March I led a thousand women around the White House. No objection was made. Yesterday I led four women a half a block and we were all arrested. I can't understand the reason why. I don't understand law.

JUDGE (leaning over his desk): Well, law is very difficult to understand. It takes a special training and a special aptitude. Let me explain the law as it applies in this case. (Consulting his law-books.) The law holds that though you may be doing nothing illegal, yet if you cause someone else to act illegally you are guilty; that is, you are the proximate cause. The precedent established goes back to 1660, at which time a tradesman in Shropshire, England, displayed goods in his window in so attractive a manner that crowds gathered to stare and admire. An ox-team was unable to pass by this shop. Were the people guilty of traffic obstruction? No. The man who caused the trouble was guilty—the shopkeeper—a clear

analogy. The tradesman was arrested for obstructing the traffic, although he remained unseen inside his shop.

MISS BALDERHEAD (demurely): Then, your Honor, if it was the shopkeeper's fault that the crowd collected before the window, by clear deduction it is the fault of the man who remained inside the White House that the crowd collected outside its gates.

JUDGE O'NEIL: Silence! this is treason! (Great emotion.)

LUCY BARNES: Your Honor, allow me to quote from the English law a precedent of a much later date. In 1890 a group of Salvation Army workers were followed by so great a crowd that the traffic was obstructed, but the police arrested not the Salvation Army but the curious mob.

JUDGE O'NEIL: My dear lady, you do not understand the law. These Salvation Army people did not know they would be followed by a crowd.

LUCY BARNES: Excuse me, your Honor (reads from the law-book): "The Salvationists, knowing they were certain to be followed" . . . (her voice trails off into silence.)

JUDGE (mopping his brow, sinks back disconcerted): Well, well—that's not like any law I ever studied. (He leans over to the District Attorney and shakes his head.) What shall I do? What shall I do?

ELIZABETH STURDEVANT (rises): Let me quote another case, your Honor.

LUCY BARNES (who has been watching the Judge, pushes the picket back into her seat, with stage whisper): For heaven's sake keep still or we'll be acquitted. (Whispering to them all) Not another word. Alice Paul will never forgive us if we don't go to jail.

D. ATTORNEY (trying to prove his case): This young woman when arrested was carrying a banner on which were printed traitorous and seditious words.

JUDGE (severely): What was printed on your banner? (Picket unfurls banner. Judge leans forward and reads): "We shall fight for the things we have always carried nearest our hearts, for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments." Hm! Hm! Sounds like anarchy. Who said this?

PICKET: The President of the United States.

JUDGE O'NEIL (hastily turning to another picket): What was on your banner? (Picket raises banner. Judge reads): "All just governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed." (Sternly) Young ladies, perhaps you do not realize that these words are taken from the Declaration of Independence, therefore they should

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SUMNER AND HIS VICE

By Frank Harris

THERE is a deep-rooted instinct in human nature that one who accuses other men of crime should himself be, at least, above the average in conduct. Torquemada, as Chief Inquisitor, carried weight and inspired respect, for his private life was spotless, his motives above suspicion; if he tortured the body, it was to save the soul, as everyone knew.

In spite of that fact, the Inquisition was soon felt to be intolerable and Torquemada's virtue has become a warning and not an example. At the bottom of our hearts we men know that we are not bettered by punishment, and we resent the infliction of it as a survival of the brutal past, and a barbarism.

Mr. Sumner, as Chief Inquisitor, is a tragicomic creation like Mr. Dubbs, running amok with knife and pistol. Though his job is invidious and disagreeable, he is content to take it on at \$4,000 a year; that's the salary he's satisfied with. If he could make as much or more in the ordinary practice of his profession as a lawyer he would assuredly resign his position, hang out his shingle and earn his living decently. But that's the utmost of his ambition, \$4,000 a year; for that he'll do almost anything from hoarding indecent photographs to persecuting men like Dreiser, spoiling books like Susan Lenox, and seeking to defame great reputations such as that of David Graham Phillips.

Is the little creature a bigot, coterred in conventions, priding himself on his immaculate virtue, on living according to the strictest tenets of the moral law? That I submit is the only possible excuse for him, and he practically admits this himself, for, writing in October, 1915, in defense of Anthony Comstock, who had been attacked, he says:

"Trusting that the above will . . . strengthen your assurance as to the high standing of Mr. Comstock in his life and work."

The Chief Inquisitor, then, according to Sumner himself, should be a man of "high standing."

But lo! according to ordinary business standards Sumner is exceedingly loose about money; as a trustee dealing with other persons' cash, he is more than careless. He will put a cheque, sent to the Society for its "permanent fund," in his own private account and when it is inquired after will tardily disgorge it and then manipulate the books of the Society, transfer the cheque to the account of the previous year and spend it on current needs, as I proved in our last issue.

He will do even worse than this.

On June 10, 1916, Mr. C. Clarence Swift, who was Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Society for the

Suppression of Vice for the three years, 1913-14-15, issued a leaflet in which he accused the Society formally of "sending out" false statements in order to get increased contributions.

HOW MONEY IS OBTAINED

The first false statement read:

"In 1915 we ran behind nearly \$3,000, but through the kindness of four of our staunchest members, this shortage was overcome."

Mr. Swift thereupon published the balance sheet of the Society for 1915, which shows a balance and not a deficit and asks:

"Who were the four staunch members?" Showing that this detail, too, was a mere invention!

But the question is: are public officials in New York allowed to publish false statements in order to induce the public to part with money?

Mr. Swift goes on:

"Second false statement: 'Additional funds are required for 1916 to keep the Society up to its modern standard of efficiency and avoid a deficit of our bare actual expenses.'"

Mr. Swift again proves that on February 9, 1916, when this appeal was going about, there was a balance of \$2,943.13, so that at the close of 1915 there was a balance of nearly \$3,000 instead of a shortage of nearly \$3,000, as falsely stated.

Now here is a direct and plain issue, a plainer, indeed, could hardly be imagined:

Either these accusations are true or false; if they are true, Mr. Sumner is not a fit and proper person to play public prosecutor; if they are false, then their falsity should be demonstrated, and we should be compelled to retract as openly as we have made the charge.

THE VICIOUS FARCE

The whole thing to me is a sort of obscene farce: Sumner, the vulpine attorney at \$4,000 a year, gloating over filthy photographs and manufacturing deficits in order to get money while arresting Bruno for a story which the Grand Jury could find nothing in worthy of prosecution, and summoning me for an account of court proceedings, taken word for word from the record with the salacious paragraphs carefully cut out—all a sickening farce. And think of the wrong done: when Sumner arrested Bruno he took away some hundreds of his books, ruined his business, forced him into bankruptcy. When he was beaten by the Grand Jury refusing to indict Bruno, Sumner should at once have sent back the books as tardy and partial reparation of his blunder; but no; he sticks to the books to which he has no right or title—in defiance of justice.

When I think of the Sumners and their vicious activities, I am forced to the conviction that an aristocratic society, such as the English, comes nearer justice than our present anarchic condition in New York. No magistrate in London would have issued a warrant against Bruno. His first question would have been: "How long has this book been out?"

Sumner would have been compelled to say, "about two years."

"Why, then, apply for a warrant?" would have been the magistrate's retort. Warrants are not issued lightly, but only in cases of urgency; here a magistrate helps to ruin an innocent man without a second thought.

I don't want to speak of my own case, but I published bolder criticism again and again in London than I have yet published in New York, and was never proceeded against personally for libel or indecency.

But take the case of Dreiser's "The Genius." If any Sumner of London had attempted to proceed against a man of Dreiser's eminence in letters, the magistrate would have discouraged him in a very effective way. He would probably have remarked, "I've read the book with a good deal of interest and found nothing in it reprehensible; but you can have a summons at your own risk if you insist on one." This would simply mean that if Sumner lost his case he would be proceeded against for malicious prosecution and the magistrate's words would be used against him most effectively.

IS SUMNER FIT?

But, now, this is how the matter stands: Is Sumner scrupulous in his money dealings? Scrupulous in regard to the statements he and his Society puts forward? If I have convicted him of looseness and worse in both these functions, why should he be employed as an "acting and active secretary" in prosecuting and persecuting better men than himself? I think the District Attorney should long ago have taken the matter up. I regard it as disgraceful that such a subversion of justice should be allowed in New York City, but apparently the powers that be are careful only to keep their jobs and make as few enemies as possible.

Love

Love cometh to the proud as a strong wind upon little ships,
Confounding them;
Unto the meek it cometh as April to the wayside,
Scattering joy.

—Horace Holley.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE: SWINBURNE AGAIN

SWINBURNE is having a sort of revival; the revival that always comes to a genius underestimated during his lifetime. Very soon after his death the younger generation makes itself heard authoritatively. Careless of their forerunners' prejudices the "young ones" flaunt their appreciation, are inclined even to exaggerate it.

Of course Swinburne's full value was understood by some few of his contemporaries; Meredith wrote and spoke of him as "the greatest of English lyric poets—perhaps considering the language—the greatest of all lyric poets." This praise is overpitched: Swinburne may be the greatest lyric poet of youth; up to sixteen he had no competitor in our love; but he had not brains enough to rank among the greatest. Browning, Heine, Hugo even, make a deeper and higher appeal; are set, therefore, on loftier thrones.

Still, Swinburne, while he lived, was usually depreciated in England because he was supposed to have written erotic verse. Puritanism revenged itself by denigration; we are now witnessing the apotheosis by reaction.

Luckily for us, Swinburne had a peculiar habit, unsuspected even by his crony, Watts-Dunton, who lived with him in Putney for over thirty years and to whom he left his whole fortune of one hundred thousand dollars. He used to let documents accumulate on his writing table till they became a nuisance. He would then tie everything in a newspaper, throw it on a shelf and forget all about it.

All round Swinburne's sitting-room there were discovered after his death unsightly rolls or parcels tied up in old newspapers, some of them looking as if they had not been opened for half a century. These were found to contain proofs, bills, letters, prospectuses, and every species of rubbish, together with occasional MSS. in prose and verse.

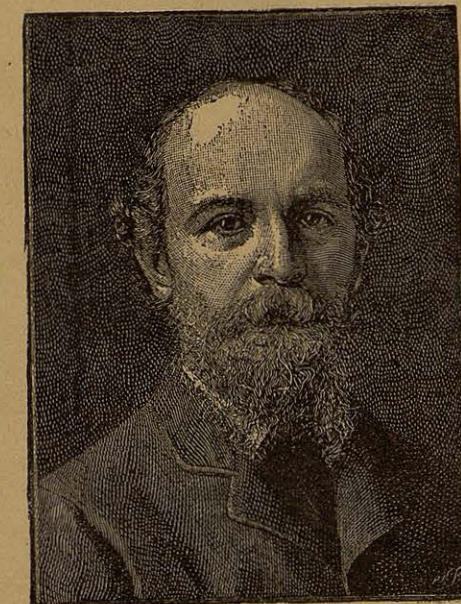
Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. T. J. Wise, who has a great collection of Swinburne's MSS., went carefully through the accumulated sweepings of half a century, and discovered here and there a number of interesting poems. These are now republished under the title "Posthumous Poems."

Mr. Gosse, the editor, is a peculiarly English critic. He has published some minor verse that is not without merit; he knows a smattering of two or three languages, and on the strength of his poetry and his linguistic talent was taken more or less seriously, or we should perhaps say hopefully, as a young man in London. He was found to be eminently "safe"—not likely to say or do anything that would annoy the oligarchy or disturb the established order of things, and so he came to honor swiftly. He was made something official at Cambridge University, which provoked the ire of Professor

Churton Collins, who attacked him bitterly in a famous review in the *Quarterly*. Mr. Collins was a scholar if nothing else, and because of a very bad memory, was most scrupulous in verifying his facts. He found in some book that Gosse had edited, some eight hundred errors, and he flogged him with them much as Macaulay had flogged Mr. Robert Montgomery.

But in spite of this terrible exposure Mr. Gosse got on and is now, I believe, Librarian of the House of Lords at ten or twelve thousand dollars a year salary—one of the many prizes in England, not of literature, but of obsequiousness.

In some ways Swinburne was badly served by Fortune. He had for thirty years Watts-Dunton as a sort of dry nurse, who inflamed him with his own wild Imperialism and got him to write diatribes against Kruger and the Trans-



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

vaal Boers, despite the fact that his earliest and best work had been done in defense of republicanism: the friend and worshipper of Mazzini and Hugo became in old age the eulogist of Joseph Chamberlain and Arthur Balfour.

And now we have his biography by Mr. Edmund Gosse, who naturally is "most careful to publish nothing that might injure Swinburne's reputation in any way." This biography is one of the worst ever published. There is very little of the real Swinburne in it.

It was notorious that Swinburne had drunk a good deal in his hot youth, had indeed injured his constitution by his excesses; of course no hint of this is given in Mr. Gosse's biography, who contents himself, like a maiden aunt, with a bare mention of Swinburne's "racketings" and "most debilitating irregularities." Besides, as might have been guessed, the author of the "Praise of Venus" and of the bitter attack on Robert Buchanan, took keen pleasure in

writing erotic verse and lampooning his contemporaries. Now we are delighted that these poetic exercises have been preserved and may yet see the light in spite of Mr. Gosse, for in his preface to the "Posthumous Poems" he says:

"There is a section of Swinburne's lyrical writing which has often been talked of, but will not at present escape our guardianship. Once, in the sixties, Jowett drove the poet home from a dinner, and someone asking the Master afterwards how Swinburne had behaved, Jowett answered with an indulgent smile, 'Oh, he sang all the way—bad songs—very bad songs.' The world is growing less and less censorious, and more and more willing to be amused. Perhaps a future editor, perhaps even we ourselves, may one day venture in this direction, but not yet."

Shakespeare tells us that "there is some soul of goodness in things evil,"—and so the excess of Mr. Gosse's prudery holds for us one compensation; sooner or later an editor will come who will give us an unexpurgated edition of Swinburne. Our one hope is that Mr. Gosse will not "venture in that direction at all," but will leave the work to some one conversant, at least, with human nature and in sympathy with the great generative forces of the world.

This volume of posthumous poetry can add nothing to Swinburne's reputation; yet it is fairly representative of his talent; it includes a set of eleven border ballads which were written when Swinburne was about twenty-five and had been staying in his beloved Northumberland. Mr. Gosse, it seems, once suggested to William Morris that Swinburne might be asked to edit a selection of Border Ballads for the famous Kelmscott Press.

"No, no," was Morris's reply; "that would never do; he would be writing in verses that no one would be able to tell from the original stuff." Some of these ballads justify Morris's fear. They are indeed curiously like the original stuff. In texture of style and haunting music they come nearer to it than any other man's work:

The kisses that are her mouth within,
There is no man knoweth of any one;
She is a pure maid of her body,
The best that standeth under sun.

In spite of the prudish editing, this volume is interesting. There is an "Ode to Mazzini," written before Swinburne was twenty, which is really fine, and another poem, "In the Twilight," written in 1887, that could be put beside his best work. In fact, this volume contains specimens of Swinburne in nearly all his moods except the most characteristic—the mood in which he gives expression to passionate love and to that despair which made deathless "The Garden of Proserpine."

MISS GOLDMAN'S TRIAL

OPPRESSION has dragged revolt before the tribunal of the Grand Inquisition. Dead words of the Law lay ready as instruments of torture. The District Attorney acted as accuser for the offended divinity. In the box sat the jurors, men with set faces, steadfast worshippers of the dogma. Soldiers and detectives formed nine-tenths of the audience; only a few friends of the accused had been fortunate enough to gain admission to the Court.

On his elevation beneath the purple canopy—stretched by another generation—in his solemn high-backed chair behind the huge table laden with law-books sat the Judge, the almighty of the hour.

It was the afternoon of the seventh of July, in the Federal court-room situated on the fourth floor of the old Post-office Building in New York.

City Hall Square below was crowded with thousands of people who had assembled to witness the spectacle of the City fathers welcoming the Russian Commission on the steps of the City Hall, just across the square. The Russian tricolor in close embrace with the Stars and Stripes flew from buildings and flagpoles. It was a sunshiny, jubilant afternoon, the Friday which the people of New York had chosen to show their love for the new Russian democracy and to try Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman for conspiracy.

From the windows of the court-room we could see the festive procession, the waving of flags, the enthusiastic faces that hailed the dawn of a new era, we could hear the music of the band playing that grandest of all songs of liberty, "The Marseillaise," and the cheering of the crowds, who, in the bottom of their hearts, believe in freedom. But the people of New York could not look into the Court-room on the fourth floor of the Post-office Building and could not hear the cry of strangled Liberty, nor the strains of the dreadful litany that tells of prison and punishment and death.

The air was heavy, the audience quiet and subdued, the soldiers in their uniforms among the spectators watchful and defiant. The court attendants in their blue uniforms and shining badges used both gestures and looks to intimidate the awed spectators. Officers were posted at the doors to refuse admission to the people of New York who tried to get in.

I sat there at the press table amidst the representatives of our daily papers. Some were older men who followed the proceedings with the mellow superiority of experience. Young reporters were busy making notes, which would never be published.

And there, opposite me, sat Alexander Berkman. A strong, fighting face;

decision and action written all over him. Around his mouth plays the tired smile of the fighter who knows what it means to meet stupidity face to face. His hands are clenched, he is armed against attacks and lies, against rudeness and against injustice. He has come to fight. He does not know how to compromise. He does not know how to bow politely to the court, how to invoke in flowery language the attention of the District Attorney or how to arouse the sympathetic interest of his peers—the jurymen. The principles for which he is fighting, which brought about his indictment, are now his only weapons and his only shield. He is a non-conformist who believes in liberty and in freedom uncurtailed in any way.

My memory goes back a few years. I see the very same man surrounded by little children, laughing and merry-making with them. I see him amidst the pupils of the Ferrer School, telling them fairy-tales and admonishing them always to remain brothers and sisters after they have left school and grown up to be adults.

There is Emma Goldman, sitting behind him. I don't see hatred in her eyes but determination; to do to the last minute what she thinks so important for the happiness of future generations. She is reading some report introduced as evidence by the District Attorney. There is a grave seriousness on her features and that wonderful, final resolve that has ever since time began—caused men to be crucified, to be burned alive, hung, drawn and quartered; the resolve and purpose which have brought to humanity all the good things it possesses.

There is the jury! Twelve men representing the people of New York; the peers of the defendants! I look at their faces, some are old men, some are middle-aged, some are bald-headed and some have gray, black or blonde hair. Some have mustaches and others have not. Some have pepper-and-salt colored suits, others wear suits of brown, black or light-gray. Sometimes they look at the defendants. When they do it is not for long. It is the casual look at something repulsive, at something that one might be curious enough to look at though one knows that it is bad because it is so different from what newspapers print and politicians praise.

These representatives of the people of New York let their eyes rest with an expression of content upon the District Attorney, that Archangel who guards the gates of their Paradise. Some of the jurors dare, now and then, to glance shyly up at the judge's throne beneath the purple canopy.

His Honor seems uncomfortable in the clear rays of the sun which pour

By An Old Playgoer

in through the shining window panes onto his face. He must face the sun because his duty compels him also to face the jury and the defendants. He is seated and only his head can be seen above the table, his head on his broad shoulders. A thick, sensitive upper lip, between nose and forehead an angle of about 160 degrees, a small chin, big jaws, his eyes hard, not by experience but by purpose. He seems to me to be a man who would really go and do what you bade him do or what he thought was expected of him.

Now he rises. The black toga of his office seems too heavy upon his shoulders and he throws it back with a tired gesture. Or does he feel too warm? His arms are very short and he is a little man.

I try to read his face. I am very near him, I search for something in his eyes. Nothing is written upon his face, nothing in his eyes.

The witnesses! Everybody in the court-room knows that the District Attorney must prove what the witnesses have to answer, what the jurymen must decide in their minds, what the Judge will pronounce as sentence . . . a dreadful monotony—an iron ring presses tighter and tighter around our heads.

The District Attorney is reading part of a speech delivered by Emma Goldman to the effect that the people themselves should be called upon to decide whether there should be war or not: the same thing one reads in the *New York American* editorials. A witness is swearing that he has heard her utter such sentences. And, like mockery, from across the Square come the sounds of "The Marseillaise," played in honor of the Russian rebels, guests of the people of New York.

And now! "The Star Spangled Banner." Life comes into the Judge. He rises. He gesticulates wildly with his short arms: "Everybody must rise in the room," he shouts, with a voice which seems unused to give command. The soldiers poke their neighbors, court attendants run about the room pushing men and women into patriotic attention. Some persons refuse to get up. The Judge excitedly issues orders. The objectors are dragged out. Everyone who wears a badge seems eager now to earn his livelihood by bullying people into patriotic attention. . . . All is over. The jurors again sit down indolently in their seats, the witness continues his narration.

Hopeless monotony again! The English anthem is being played outside on the Square, but the Judge does not command us to stand up. We are allowed to remain seated.

Again the "Star Spangled Banner"!

(Continued on page 143)

THROUGH THE EDITOR'S EYES

WELL DONE, MR. JUSTICE BRANDEIS!

Mr. Justice Brandeis has granted a writ of error, and not only Miss Goldman and Alexander Berkman but also Louis Kramer and Morris Becker are allowed to appeal to the Supreme Court and will now be set free on bail. I have no words to express my joy and hope. Differ with her as you will, it is impossible to deny that Miss Goldman is one of the great leaders in the Liberation war of humanity. It is not to be believed that the Supreme Court of these United States will close the mouth of such a woman, much less send her to prison. We may still be stupid enough and heartless enough to punish deeds; but thoughts and words must be free or the boasted liberty of these States is only a figment.

IS THE U-BOAT TRIUMPHANT?

Once again, at long last the Truth emerges! Week by week the English assured us that the U-boat activity was diminishing, but at length the *New York Times*' correspondent in London cables the truth uncensored: 600,000 tons a month of loss is admitted—admitted, too, that this is not all. Against that we have the detailed German account: February, 781,500 tons; March, 885,000; April, 1,091,000; May, 869,000; June, over a million, with many reports still to come, or the frightful total of 4,750,000 tons sunk in five months. The German Commanders have practically kept their word that they would sink one million tons a month. Now, in a year and a half, Mr. Goethals hopes to build 3,000,000 tons; but that can hardly affect the result. The U-boats are sinking ships more than twice as fast as the world can build ships. If this continues, in February, 1918, the British will be famished and the French exhausted: both nations would have to accept the German terms. It is up to the United States to save the situation, and a more difficult task can hardly be imagined.

Nor can it be said that the authorities at Washington are alive to the needs of the situation. Fancy wasting time on futile gag bills and the prosecution of live men, Socialists and Radicals, with such a job on hand. Men can't save the game, ships can't save it; gags only waste energies; the only chance is in some invention or in airships. The invention belongs to the area dominated by what we call chance; let us, therefore, put our hopes in airships. Ten airplanes are needed, the French tell us, in order to have one always ready for service; 10,000 airplanes then on big ships, protected by destroyers, twenty miles from Heligoland, would be able to drop 1,000 tons of explosives each night over Heligoland port, Kiel, the Canal and the docks and slips at Wilhelmshafen. The ob-

jective is not large; but as yet the effect of bombs dropped from airplanes has been insignificant. Still, poor as the chance is, it is the only one we have and all our energies should be concentrated on it, if as patriotic Americans we wish to win the war and settle the terms of peace.

It would be wiser and better to try to make peace at once: the speech of Chancellor Michaelis makes it possible for our President to open, or rather reopen, negotiations on the accepted basis of "no acquisitions, no indemnities." Surely Mr. Wilson is too wise to miss a single chance!

THE OIL AGE

In the dispute between Mr. Denman and Mr. Goethals every person who understands the issue is on the side of Mr. Goethals. Wooden ships belong to the past; they may serve Britain's turn at the moment; they are no good to us. But Mr. Goethals is figuring on steel steamships, whereas the British government has already ordered 100 steel motor ships with oil as the motive power. These will certainly be the cargo ships of the future: oil does not take up more than a fifth of the space of coal and is far more easily and cheaply handled. Besides, in oil production we Americans hold the whip-hand. Standardized steel motor ships, please. We are sorry that General Goethals resigned; but now that Denman has been forced to follow suit, perhaps the new men may get the work done.

MEA CULPA—ANOTHER BLUNDER

I FIND that I made a mistake last month, for which I must apologize to my readers and incidentally to Judge Julius Mayer. I called the sentence he passed on Kramer "preposterous" and reflection only deepens my condemnation of it. He gave the youth the utmost penalty of the law for speaking against registration: two years' imprisonment and a fine of ten thousand dollars. These fines I understood had to be worked out at the rate of \$1 a day, but Judge Mayer writes that under the Federal law Kramer has simply to make an affidavit that he is not able to pay the fine and the law is content to exact an additional punishment of 30 days in prison. I regret that I did not know this.

Justice Mayer, when correcting me, was at pains to add that he is "not interested in anything I may write."

Take care, Mr. Justice Mayer. Your victims may be pardoned and get out of jail, but you will never get out of the inferno in which Frank Harris puts you. Long after your death you will be preserved in his pages like a fly in amber and the doors of that prison no one can open. Dante's enemies are all there still netted in his immortal verse, and those who professed them-

selves indifferent are branded with the words of supreme contempt: "They are hateful," Dante says, "both to God and to the enemies of God."

THEN AND NOW

I owe the *Call* this little bit of history which might be relieved out in letters of gold over the White House at Washington. When Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States an editor in the east made a vicious personal attack on him. Some official person, hoping to curry favor with his superior, began a prosecution of the editor under the sedition law still in force. Jefferson rebuked him sternly, writing that:

"It was of infinitely more importance that freedom of speech and press should be upheld than that any one should be punished for uttering lies about him, no matter how infamous they might be."

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL

It is an axiom that in any healthy state criminal acts are punished before criminal words, but the reverse seems to be the order under the present Administration in Washington.

Solicitor-General Lamar, in charge of the postal department, is doing his best to suppress free speech and free criticism. Meanwhile the coal lords have riled Mr. Daniels and Mr. Baker by demanding \$3 a ton for coal when Mr. Daniels asserts that coal only costs \$1.20.

Now such extortion is far more dangerous to the state than a page in favor of peace or even against conscription in any socialist organ, and yet the law officers in this Administration are madly eager to punish every independent word and let real criminals pass unpunished and unreprieved.

SECRETARIES BAKER AND DANIELS

Two officials in this Administration have been coming steadily to the front as successes. One is the Secretary of War, Mr. Baker, and the other the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Daniels.

Mr. Daniels has won golden opinions from all sorts of men, and is evidently the right man in the right place, and Mr. Baker seems to be traveling on the same line, through high conscience to efficiency.

Continual complaints are being sent to Mr. Baker about the I. W. W.'s: they are "paralyzing industry and terrifying the population," according to the capitalist press. Meanwhile the I. W. W. men and women are everywhere being beaten up and then deported by armed mobs; and yet it is said that Secretary of War Baker is awaiting formal requests from the governors of the various States before ordering federal troops to protect the workers. We hope that Secretary Baker will soon see his way clear to

establish law and order even in Arizona, though the Governor of the State may be slow to requisition his assistance.

RESPECT FOR NATIONALITIES

The French Premier, Ribot, is a force of some importance in spite of his seventy odd years. He is an able man with special experience and knowledge of finance. He declared recently before a Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate that Alsace would be made French whether Alsace liked it or not—a declaration which may yet embarrass Mr. Wilson. Here are his words: "We have an inalienable right over Alsace-Lorraine, which has been torn from us by force. We cannot admit a plebiscite. That is the opinion of the entire government."

MR. LANSING

Secretary of State Lansing has taken a holiday, we were told, and forthwith everyone breathed more freely and hoped that he would never come back. He has been one of the distinct failures of the Administration. He was almost more responsible for the Gag bill than Mr. Attorney-General Gregory himself, and the rejection of that stupid act would have involved the

downfall of both gentlemen in most countries.

Mr. Bristow, of Kansas, is denouncing graft at Washington, but the Attorney-General seems to think that all is well so long as the present Administration is not criticised. Oh, these lawyers!

MR. HAROLD CONTENT

Everyone is condemning Mr. Harold Content, the District Attorney, who, it appears, is responsible for the meanest act of persecution in the whole unhappy history of despotic actions. He has not only confiscated the private bank accounts of Miss Goldman and Alexander Berkman and annexed their few hundred dollars (that was perhaps his duty), but he is holding up \$20,000 of the bail supplied by Miss Goldman and Berkman on the pretext that part of it may belong to them, heedless of the wrong and suffering done to dozens of working people, school teachers and poor intellectuals, who subscribed their last dollars in defense of the defenseless.

From the little I know of him I had formed a high opinion of Mr. Harold Content, but he seems here to have abandoned himself to the common opinion that Anarchists are public ene-

mies and that he should stretch the law against them.

The worst of it is that both Mr. Content and Judge Mayer belong, I believe, to that Jewish race which has suffered more from persecution than any other and ought, therefore, to have keener sympathy with the persecuted.

RUSSIA'S WEAKNESS

Russian weakness in fighting has brought forth requests for reasonable terms of peace from Senator Borah and from Mr. Asquith, the English ex-Prime Minister. Secretary McAdoo's demand for \$8,000,000,000 more for this first year of war seems to have shocked the Senate, as well it might. Enough will be spent in this first year to give every needy workman's family in the United States \$1,000 dollars as a nest egg for a rainy day. Senator Borah appears to be taking much the same stand that we have taken: America should refuse to sacrifice herself for the aggression of Imperial England or the arrogance of Imperial Germany. "Peace without victory" should be our slogan; "peace without acquisitions and without indemnities," and peace as soon as possible, for it is the supreme good.

THE GERMAN FOOD SITUATION AFTER THE WAR

By Chancellor Michaelis

THIS article was written by the present Chancellor quite recently. At the time Dr. Michaelis was Under-Secretary of State and because of his official position in the Food Bureau was regarded as the first authority in Germany on the food situation. But now he has become Chancellor this utterance of his takes on a new significance: it shows us the man, a careful, painstaking realist with a sincere desire to see things as they are; but with no spark of imagination; a good lieutenant; but not a Bethman-Holweg even; too inferior a man to be more than a stopgap. Who will succeed him? Some say Ludenbug; I hope Bernstorff may yet be chosen, for he is an advocate of peace. The Chancellor begins:

"Everyone believes that as soon as peace is concluded all unnatural conditions will be done away with; that the shortage of food will cease and everyone will again be able to buy as much as he wants and to consume as much as he pleases. Unfortunately this hope is delusive. It will be necessary for us, perhaps for several years to come, to submit to restrictions on the consumption of food and to a fixed ration of our most important food staples.

"In the first years of peace, Germany will have to depend, at first almost exclusively, upon the food supplies produced within her own bound-

daries. This situation will arise out of the conditions of trade and prices. The shipping tonnage available for importation will be exceedingly small and will be taken up by raw products which will be needed by our manufacturers. The fall in our exchange, too, will tend to limit importations and make us concentrate our whole attention and energy on increasing our exports. We have to take into consideration all sorts of possible coalitions among our enemies who may try to prevent our free intercourse with foreign nations, even long after the war has been concluded.

"The crops in all neighboring countries have diminished, and in the Teutonic nations there will arise a great shortage of food products after peace has been proclaimed . . . if not an actual famine. Then the curious fact will be disclosed that Germany, who was to have been starved out by her enemies, will be found to be the best off as regards food.

"Even if the occupied countries can be utilized for food production, a shortage of crops will be felt for years. Bread, fodder and therefore animal fats will be in great demand. Germany, in normal conditions, is not able to produce all the bread and fodder needed inside her boundaries. The harvest, in very good years, is sufficient only if rationed. On account of our

present war administration, the productivity of German agriculture has been decreased. Of course everything was done which could possibly be done. Those who have remained at home have worked with their utmost energy; but it will take years before full normal crops and harvests can be expected from our soil which had to be partly neglected during these years of war; the number of laborers was unnaturally small; in especial many farmers who worked their own lands had to be replaced by less efficient laborers. Artificial fertilization was restricted to a minimum, agricultural machinery could not be used because of a shortage of coal and of insufficient transportation facilities. Production was curtailed in all its branches.

"Even after the restoration of peace we shall have to tighten our belts. Germans will have to live on war rations. We shall have to produce crops exclusively that can be utilized for the production of human foodstuffs, and we shall have to regulate its consumption at the storekeeper's counter.

"Relief will come to us gradually. When it comes we shall welcome it with glad hearts, but even after peace is established we must not expect an immediate return to anti-war conditions. The cry of the masses, 'Give us peace; give us more bread,' is, therefore, somewhat unreasonable."

ON THE TRAIL

CHAPTER VI

RANCH LIFE

NOT a moment of the day hung heavy on Dave's hands. The breaking in of colts palled a little till an incident took place which taught him that if he had an excellent seat in the saddle he had still a good deal to learn about horses. An unbroken black mare was brought out one morning, saddled and bridled, and Dave jumped on her back. Instead of bucking or kicking, the animal simply stood stock still as if carved in stone. Dave played with the bridle, coaxed her; the black took absolutely no notice. One of the men passing by gave her a sharp cut across the hind-quarters with a quirt and an encouraging shout. The mare did not even turn her head or seek to brush the pain away with a switch of her tail. She seemed hypnotized with fear.

The boys soon began to chaff Dave; but he had sense enough to take no notice, and the noise brought Reece out to see what was the matter. Dave felt that in sitting still he had Reece's approval, so he smiled at the boys and paid no attention even to Charlie, whose chaff was the loudest. At length Reece said, "Why don't you get on, Charlie, and show the tenderfoot how to ride?"

"I'd soon make her go," said Charlie, glad to show off; but after ten minutes of useless efforts he altered his tune.

"No one can make that mare stir, except Bob," he said viciously as he dismounted. Without a word Reece went over to the mare, handled her, pulled her ears gently once or twice, then got on her back and the mare walked away at once.

"How did you do it?" asked Dave, running alongside.

"Search me," answered Reece, laughing. "I don't know."

"How did you get such power?" Dave persisted.

"When I was young," said Reece, "I used to break in all our colts and a lot of 'em were thoroughbreds with any God's quantity of spirit—that taught me. Breakin'-in's the best practice in the world."

"Has Bob got your power?" Dave sounded jealously. Reece nodded his handsome head.

"Really?" Dave exclaimed.

"Bob knows more about cattle," Reece summed up dispassionately, "than any one I ever saw. He's not so good with horses. For instance, his seat ain't anythin' like so good as yours; but he knows all animals, I guess, and what he don't know about steers and bulls ain't worth considerin'. He's a wonder! You should take Bob as teacher," he added, smiling.

"I was right, wasn't I?" asked Dave, eager for a little praise, "to sit the mare without beating her?"

"Sure, sure!" replied Reece. "She was frightened with all the novel experiences. What would you have done if they had put a bit in your mouth all of a sudden? To punish her could only make her worse; that's why I came out. These Western men believe too much in brute force—like all young people," he added as if thinking aloud.

From that moment Dave resolved to make a friend of Bob and so get the heart of his mystery sooner or later. Meanwhile he went on with his breaking-in persistently morning after morning and soon realized that half the bad temper of horses being pure fear, gentleness and patience were infinitely more effective than whip or spur or rough usage.

In the afternoon Dave usually went out after game. Peggy, the Indian cook, always wanted deer-meat or quails or turkeys and continually appealed to Dave. One day, Dave, having no luck nearer home, mounted and pushed into some forest-clad hills on the verge of the Indian territory; he was rewarded by bringing down a deer. Next day and the day after he went further afield, in spite of Reece's warnings "not to get lost," and suddenly while riding along the edge of a brush-covered ravine, he saw two eyes staring at him out of the thicket almost at his feet. Without thinking he threw up his gun and fired; the next moment there was a terrible hullabaloo and a bear, looking as if his head were covered in red flannel, stumbled up the gulch and out on to the prairie.

Again without thinking Dave reined in Moll, who had sprung away from the noise, and then as the bear came for him fired at point blank range. The beast at once rolled over and over, tearing up grass and clods with his great paws. A moment later he lay still, and after Dave managed to soothe Moll, he dismounted and approached carefully in order to see if the brute was dead. It was dead enough. The small shot at that range had balled and made a fearful wound.

Riding and shooting were not the only amusements on the ranch. Dave had often wondered why there were so many dogs about the place and especially a sort of mongrel he had never seen anywhere else—an animal almost as big as a setter, but more powerful. Reece told him that this was a cross between greyhound and bull terrier, a rare combination of the speed of the hound with the great jaws and courage of the bull terrier.

"I bred 'em," he added, "for huntin' coyotes."

Dave's astonishment and eagerness to see such a hunt brought it about. The next Sunday morning about daybreak half the ranch turned out. Bent thought it all "foolishness" and several of the men stayed behind with him; but most of them mounted and set off with a

pack of some thirty dogs at heel. They had ridden for some hours before finding their first prairie wolf; then the Boss spied one stealing across a ridge a quarter of a mile to the right. They all went after him. As they came to the top of the wave in the prairie where the coyote had disappeared, Reece said to Dave, "Take it easy for the first twenty minutes or so, then we'll have a chance of catchin' him in a quick burst and you'll see some fun."

As soon as the dogs picked up the coyote's scent, off went the whole pack as hard as they could go, barking, yapping, baying and squealing, crazy with excitement and the men after them at top speed, for there in the hollow was the yellow coyote loping along as if the infernal row had never reached his ears.

Bit by bit, as he kept on in the hollow, they drew upon him till at the end of a mile they were within perhaps eighty yards and could see him plainly. Still keeping his easy, leisurely pace, the coyote turned to the swell of the prairie and began loping up it. In an eighth of a mile the riders began to drop back and only the foremost dogs came nearer the quarry. Reece, who till then had been in the rear, suddenly came alongside Dave with:

"Now's our chance. Let's get with the hounds. In another half mile they were with the best dogs on the top of the ridge and curiously enough Ford was close behind; all the others were out of sight below them. With a regular "View hallo" Reece cheered on the hounds that strained forward and for a minute or so the coyote kept loping along the crest of the ridge as if mocking them. But soon Dave saw they were gaining, gaining, and he looked across at Reece, who was still holding Shiloh in, wondering what would be the next move and delighted to find Moll moving beneath him with that long, smooth stride that nothing seemed to affect. Suddenly Mr. Coyote became aware that his enemies were nearing him and in a flash he turned down the hill. Like every cowardly expedient, it was a bad move.

"Come on," yelled Reece, and taking hold of Shiloh's head he raced him down the slope. Dave followed his example, delighted to find that Moll could keep stride for stride with the race-horse. They gained now at every stride, and the foremost hounds knew it, too, and fairly flew. At the end of the dip they were within ten yards of their prey, when suddenly the coyote stopped and turned at bay. Dave caught one glimpse of the little brown animal with fierce eyes and open, foam-flecked mouth and then he had to swing Moll to the right to avoid riding over the fight; but the last glimpse had shown him half a dozen great hounds springing at the prey and the wolf snap,

snap, snapping, pivoting on his hind legs, his white fangs everywhere!

In a jump or two he had drawn Moll to a standstill and turned round. The hounds were still worrying, tearing the yellow fur; but the next moment it was all in wisps and each dog seemed to have a bit, and he noticed that Reece had dismounted and was loosening the girths on Shiloh while the Boss was loping up on Pete. Dave jumped off and tried to better Reece's example. He loosened the girth on Moll and had just begun to pull her ears when he was aware of a new sensation and looked up to see the rest of the dogs topping the crest and streaming down the slope followed by the other riders.

After breathing the horses they mounted and rode on; the Boss finding the word for the situation: "If the old 'un hadn't tried the easy way down hill we'd never have caught him."

Dave had never had such an exciting, thrilling half-hour, yet he could not get his glimpse of the coyote at bay out of his mind; nor the painful impression of the dozen great brutes hurling themselves upon the one small demon who had turned so bravely to face his enemies. The cruelty in the "sport" affected him, diminished his pleasure. When he tried to tell Reece his feelings he was surprised to find him insensitive on that side. "Coyotes are like Indians," said Reece; "the dead 'uns are the only good 'uns. You needn't waste pity; you're not likely to see any more of 'em killed today. We'd do better to go right home."

It had begun to get warm before they sighted their next coyote, who had a little better start than the first one; but he loped along in front of them apparently unconcerned, as if he knew they had no chance of catching him. A quarter of an hour's hard riding showed the crowd that they had no chance and the dogs were not keen, and just as this impression became dominant, the coyote stopped and turned round to look at his pursuers. A young fellow named Capper, from Wyoming, had got his rifle out at the first halt and now stopped, took a snap shot at the coyote, and as luck would have it, broke his leg, though the coyote must have been six or seven hundred yards away. "A good shot," cried Reece, pulling Shiloh to a standstill. "What did you sight for?"

"Seven hundred yards," said the youth casually; "this Winchester is real good," he added modestly. Somehow or other his manner pleased Dave.

After waiting for the dogs and the majority of the men who had ridden on eagerly to enjoy the catching of the wounded coyote, they all set off homeward, and a very tired, excited crew sat down to dinner on the ranch that day: Charlie, of course, the loudest of the bunch. He kept on praising Capper's shot till even Dave saw purpose in it

and at last he came out flat-footed with the conclusion:

"Joe Capper's the best shot in this camp," but nobody seemed to pay much attention to him till he said: "I'd like to bet a month's pay on Joe against any of you 'uns."

Bob took him up.

"I cover your fifty dollars," he squeaked. "Bent's a better shot."

Bent, to Dave's astonishment, didn't say a word. In fact, was about the first to leave the table and go about his business. But the money was staked in the Boss's hands and the match fixed for the next Sunday at six in the morning.

The test was a true Western one, and is usually reserved for winter when the snow is on the ground. A turkey was buried, leaving only neck and head above ground. Perhaps because it was so closely caged, the bird's head was not still for a second. The constantly moving mark, Dave thought, brought an element of chance into the contest. The shooting line was drawn at first one hundred yards from the turkey. Capper was there with his Winchester, surrounded by Charlie and others, laughing and joking.

Bent, on the other hand, stood by himself making careful preparation. To Dave's astonishment, he drew the cartridge of his Winchester and refilled it, measuring the powder most carefully in a little steel measure before pouring it into the shell. "One would think," said Dave, "that good shooting depended on a single grain of powder."

"That's it," remarked Bent quietly, "that's the fact." Dave stared at the man.

They were to shoot alternately at three turkeys apiece. Capper knelt down, fired quickly and missed. The second shot killed the turkey. Another bird was put in and again he killed it. Charlie was jubilant.

"Go in and beat that if you can," he cried jeeringly to Bent. Another turkey was in position and Bent knelt down. He aimed, as it seemed to Dave, an interminable time and then fired. Before the smoke cleared away, showing the turkey was killed, he had risen as if in no doubt of the result, opened his rifle and cleaned the barrel out with an oiled rag. By that time another turkey was ready and he knelt and again killed the bird.

"Good, good!" cried Dave, almost beside himself with admiration of the man's uncanny skill. "But why do you take so long to aim?"

"There's a little wind," Bent replied simply; "I wait till it's still."

Again quietly he killed his bird, and won a hearty cheer from the boys. Charlie insisted that Capper, too, should have another shot, the first shot should not have counted, and so forth.

In silence Capper knelt down. This time Dave noticed he also took a long time to aim—and killed his bird.

Going back to the ranch Dave stuck close to Bent. He wanted to know how he had learned his marksmanship. Was it merely long practice?

"An' the rifle," Bent corrected: "Fine shootin's all in the gun. Capper, I guess, is as good a shot as I am or anybody else, if he'd take care and load properly and use his brains. He missed the first time through not taking thought of the wind."

"Do you mean," questioned Dave, that anybody could be a first-rate shot?"

"I reckon so," Bent replied, "Anybody with good eyes. Anybody," he went on, "can learn to hold straight." Bent's matter-of-fact simplicity and carefulness made a great impression on the tenderfoot.

When the sun went down about 8:30 o'clock the men usually went to bed. They had been tossing hay or getting it stacked all day and were ready for sleep. Often no lamp even was lit for them. They used the last moments of sunlight to get into bed. But in the Boss's room two lamps were always lighted and Dave would have liked to have read; but there were no books. Even Ford didn't care for reading.

Dave resolved to go into Eureka the next Saturday afternoon and buy some books. A number of the boys took horse about the same time. He soon found that they were all going to buck against a faro game.

After buying half a dozen books he went after the boys to the gambling saloon. There were tables for several games of chance in the place, and Dave like the rest was attracted to a roulette table with two zeros to 24 numbers. He didn't realize at first that these odds were colossal, *tragic*; but he soon saw that everyone was losing and wondered why they went on giving their money away for an occasional win.

Suddenly the whole thing was explained to him by one incident. There was a big lump of a fellow on the ranch named Pete, half Indian or more, a man with a heavy, browned, tanned face. He sat by himself with a pile of dollars staking one on red and one on black. Every five minutes or so zero would turn up and he'd lose both stakes. A muttered curse and again he would stake a dollar on black and red.

"It's impossible he can win, isn't it?" Dave asked Charlie. "Sure," was the reply. "The redskin don't know what he's doing."

"But why should he want to lose his money?" protested Dave.

"Why do we all come here and lose?" replied Charlie. "It's a change, a bit of life; lights, excitement, meeting other men." That was the very truth, Dave felt.

He was soon to learn a wilder and more desperate excitement than any to be found at a roulette table. F. H.

(To be continued)

THE WRECK IN TEXAS

By Tom Hickey

EDITOR OF "THE REBEL"

I HAVE been in a head-on collision in the Lone Star State, due in a measure to the hysteria that is prevalent because of the war. I scarcely know where to begin to describe the rush of events that I have had to deal with since the 17th of May, when I was kidnapped in West Texas. A mass of facts relative to the land situation boiled down in a hurry, may explain:

Texas is a mighty empire, larger than Germany by 59,000 square miles. Its area is 268,000, Germany 209 and France 207 thousand square miles. Reduced to acres, Texas has 172,000,000 acres graded as follows: 16,000,000 acres good for grazing purposes only; 12,000,000 worthless, unless oil and minerals should be discovered; 27,000,000 cultivated; 117,000,000 acres of the best tillable land in the world lying idle; its bosom unscarred by a plow, just as it was when Adam delved and Eve span.

On the 27,000,000 acres in cultivation, there are 250,000 families of tenant farmers; and with six to a family this means 1,500,000 souls homeless in this mighty empire; add to this 69,000 heads of families who are occupying mortgaged farms and are going through the Sisyphean task of "paying out" under the largest usury rates in the world. To illustrate: John Skelton Williams, controller of the Currency, reported to the Government last year that 304 banks in Texas charged from 12 to 2,400 per cent per annum. Two years ago I had a photograph made of a typical Texas farm land note and printed on the front page of my paper, showing that the farmer was paying 80 per cent. The note was made payable to the present Governor of Texas, and, indeed, was executed by him.

Yet within the lifetime of men now living, Texas land was literally sold for a song. In 1860 a cattle man dismounted at a tent saloon in San Angelo, and when the bartender, a moment later, placed his favorite bottle in front of him, he was unable to pour out the red liquor because he was shaking with suppressed mirth.

"What are you laughing at, Mr. Brown?" asked the bartender. "Well, sir, I just met a durned fool from Coke County. I swapped him a section of land for a calf; the blamed fool couldn't read, so I worked off two sections on him." This land is now selling at \$100 an acre and is still virgin.

On the Eufala ranch in West Texas, four sections of land have been taken up in the name of "Happy Jack." It has since been learned that "Happy Jack" was a one-eyed gray mule that was called "Happy" because he kicked

his heels up so often. A suit to settle title occurred in Wharton County last year, in which it was shown that four sections had been taken up in the name of a dog. Land Commissioner Robinson reported last year that cowboys, famous actresses and pugilists have land taken up in their names that they know absolutely nothing about. By such devious methods the State has gone into the hands of comparatively few people, most of whom live hundreds and thousands of miles away.

Here are a few of the tracts of land that are held out of use for speculative purposes. The Capital Ranch in West Texas, managed by Captain Hobart Chatfield; Chatfield Taylor, champion polo player of the United States and Canada, has three million acres in the panhandle; Mrs. King has one million four hundred thousand acres in the Gulf Coast Country; C. P. Taft, the ex-president's step-brother, has 325,000 acres; Colonel Slaughter, of Fort Worth, has 800,000 acres in the panhandle; Mr. C. A. Swenson, of New York, has 700,000 acres in West Texas. These are but a few of the great land owners of Texas, to which might be added the railroads, who have received 36½ million acres, and so 117,000,000 acres are held out of cultivation.

That a revolt against such conditions should occur was inevitable. For some thirty years past the farmers have been struggling through various organizations, that blossomed for a while and quickly died. We have had the grange, the Wheel, the K. of L., the Farmers' Alliance, the Farmers' Union, the Renters' Union and the Farmers' and Laborers' Protective Association.

As invariably happens in the labor movement, the men in Texas have learned that a union is never born in vain. The new union benefits by the experience gained in the mistakes of the union just passed away, and so it has happened that the two latest unions, the Renters' Union and the Farmers' and Laborers' Protective Association, confined their membership to those actually engaged in the tilling of the soil. The old unions admitted bankers and preachers and lawyers and newspaper men to membership. The new unions denied them admission and restricted their membership to occupational base, just as the printers and coal miners and other industrial unions. This has led to intense hostility between the bankers and lawyers who formerly sat in the councils of the farmers and laborers and may, in a large measure, account for the fact that fifty-five members of the Farmers' and Laborers' Protective Association were indicted in Dallas, Texas, last May on seven

counts, and are to appear at a special session of the Federal Court that will be held in Adeline on September 1.

The indictment charges them with conspiring to resist conscription in various forms. As a matter of fact, they have not resisted conscription, they did not even threaten to resist conscription; what they did was this:

They held a regularly recalled convention in Sisco, Texas, on May 5, to discuss the draft. One hundred and eighty-five delegates were present, representing 205 locals. They were in session thirteen hours; fiery speeches were made by half a dozen hotheads, some, presumably, of the *agent provocateur* variety. But the convention ended after thoroughly repudiating wild measures of violence that were proposed by the above-mentioned hotheads.

Then came a special session of the grand jury in Dallas, Tyler, Abilene and San Angelo, and over five hundred subpoenas were served on members of this organization. Altogether seventy-three men have been indicted by the different grand juries.

The strange thing about these wholesale indictments is that most of those arrested are extremely conservative socialists.

For instance, of the 55 that are to go to Abilene 53 are red card members of the Socialist Party and 51 of the 55 are land renters. The state secretary of the Socialist Party, Tom Webb, was not a delegate to the Socialist Party, yet was indicted. The National Committeeman of the Socialist Party, Carr Rosson, a machinist in Palestine, Texas, was indicted and, although the membership is democratic in party politics, it appears that none erred according to the authorities except peaceful socialists.

As to what happened to myself, as to how I was kidnapped and driven 80 miles at night in an automobile, with no warrant save Colt's automatics, as to why my paper, *The Rebel*, was suppressed and other matters of that sort, why, their interest is chiefly personal.

At the moment, suffice it to say that I will step in at the Federal Court in Abilene, Texas, when the regular session of the grand jury is held on October 1, next, and face my accusers.

One of the political developments arising out of this struggle is the organization of the Non-partisan League that has been so successful in North Dakota, and it is just possible that in the *ides* of November, 1918, the Lone Star State may take its revenge on those who persist in misrepresenting it.

This is sufficient for the moment, and as Kipling would say, "It's a sad tale, mates."

A Habit That Pays

With little or no deliberate effort we read a great deal of advertising. On the highways and the byways, on car walls, in programmes, in the daily, the weekly, the monthly periodicals, there are announcements that so dominate the surroundings that we cannot help seeing and reading them. We get to know what they say and we get to do what they suggest.

Then there are advertisements that approach us with the dignity of the cloth. They calmly persuade us to look their way, to do their bidding. And last, but by no means least, there are the little fellows, the great army of small ads. Some of them never grow up. They just stay small and persist. We see them everywhere at all times. They toil and spin and win. Some of the little ones do grow. They reach the page and poster stage. Then everybody must see them.

Ads grow and advertisers succeed because the public is educated to the fact that it pays to read advertisements—pays the reader, the advertiser, the publisher. The reader who carefully reads the advertisements keeps abreast of the times, a little more posted and up to date than the reader who reads them not. Many things that count in your daily life have come to you at first through the medium of an advertisement. If you will remember that to be successfully advertised, an article must have merit, you will realize that by keeping in touch with advertisements you are gaining knowledge of what is best to eat, to drink, to wear; in fact, what is the latest, the best to do in every way.

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DEAR SIR:

I read and reread your article on "Lord Northcliffe, Mr. Hearst, Mr. Munsey," with profound interest. Let me say from the outset that my opinion of Mr. Hearst is so low as to warrant comparison with the now eclipsed "Dr. Cook of N. P." fame.

I literally jumped to the article as a cat skips for her prey. Your judgment of the first and last mentioned was splendid, but you tripped terribly on Mr. Hearst. The man who preached the assassination of Mexico as an independent state (because of his numerous mines there) is characterized by the Editor's pen as the gentleman "who more than any other divines and sets forth the true policy of these United States." What a blunder! What nonsense!

"A Kingdom for an explanation."

Respectfully yours,
MORDECAI WILGUS.

[I was simply praising Mr. Hearst for some of his recent editorials; I stated this distinctly. I don't thereby approve his policy in Mexico any more than his policy in the Spanish war, or his persecution of Mrs. Mooney. But he did more than any other man to stop the "Gag" bill put forth by Messrs. Gregory and Lansing and for that I thank him.—Editor PEARSON'S.]

"A NIGHT COURT GIRL"

MY DEAR MR. HARRIS:

Since the unfortunate episode which first brought me to your notice, I have been following the articles of your worthy magazine with more than the usual interest.

The fact that you stated my case so truthfully in your May number gave me great joy, for it made me feel that in the eyes of everyone who read it I was vindicated.

About the time of that issue I was leaving the hospital where I had been confined for many weeks, following the last operation. The fact that you, Miss Moscovitz, Mr. San, Mr. Levy and a few other staunch true blue men and women believed in my innocence, gave me the courage to go on and take the threads of a broken life, which I have somewhat straightened out. I would not wish a dog to suffer as I have. For seven long months I had one constant pain, which neither medicine nor science could cure, and now, thank God and the able surgeon who operated on me a few weeks ago, I am almost cured. I am working and very happy; in brief, I have taken up my life where it left off when I first became ill last September, and peace reigns again, with one exception, that

this grave indignity which has been put upon me is not yet lifted, in spite of everything you have done.

In this month's issue of your magazine, I notice in a letter which Commissioner Burdette G. Lewis writes you, that he says in referring to some of the evidence presented, "much of it was perjured." If two practising physicians, one in medicine and the other in surgery, two people of high repute, would take the witness stand and under oath swear to falsehoods, why are they allowed to practise their profession?

Perhaps some of the facts I shall state in this letter will be new to Commissioner Burdette G. Lewis. I hope they are, and if he has one ounce of decency, I hope he will correct the abuses I shall point out and so save many another soul from the misery of the Night Court.

After my conviction, Dr. Van Slyke took me to the Women's Hospital, where I was given every care for three weeks. On the 10th of February, Miss Henrietta Moscovitz, at my request, called for me at the hospital and took me to the Young Women's Christian Association. She then proceeded to seek a home for me where I would be under the constant care of reputable people.

She took me to the Margaret Switzer Home for Working Girls, and she paid my board. I then proceeded to look for work. I was there about five days, when the matron one morning at about 7.30, in the presence of the other young ladies living there, in a loud voice accused me of being "A Night Court Girl," and said that she could not keep me another hour. She told me that someone from the Court had telephoned to her the night previous, saying that I was a woman of the streets and not fit to be with the girls living there, and that the same person would be at the home at 9.30 that morning to substantiate the statements.

I left the home immediately and went to Miss Henrietta Moscovitz's home, where I aroused her and told her my troubles. She quickly calmed me by telling me that her home was mine until such time as other arrangements could be made, and for three weeks I occupied her rooms, she in the meantime living with friends.

Mr. Harris, I was without funds and in poor health, afraid to venture on the street for fear of recognition and persecution, and after having been hounded from place to place, I surely knew what persecution meant. What should I have done if I had not had Miss Moscovitz to help me? Another girl placed in the same circumstances would have had no other solution but the streets.

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TELLING THE TRUTH AT THE WHITE HOUSE

(Continued from page 129.)

not be displayed on the White House grounds. These sentiments are appropriate when spoken by a Fourth-of-July orator, but (shaking his finger sternly) the Declaration of Independence is too sacred to be carried on a banner by a woman. During this trial you have shown clear minds—judicial minds, I might say (mopping his brow), but I promised—at least—it is quite clear, that you are guilty. (They sigh with relief.) I can't exactly say of what, but, to the sorrow of the court, it has decided that you are guilty and it sentences you to three days or \$25. (Imploringly) Now, ladies, I earnestly recommend that you pay these fines.

LUCILLE FIELDS: I shall not pay the fine!

JUDGE O'NEIL: You are not strong enough to go to prison.

LUCILLE FIELDS: I shall not pay the fine!

JUDGE O'NEIL (aside to District Attorney): What shall I do?

THIRD PICKET: Nor I!

JUDGE (turning to Third Picket): Your mother paid the fine for you. You are discharged.

PICKET (weeping): How could she? How could she do that to me?

JUDGE (turning to the prisoners): You have enough money to pay the fine, and if you haven't I'll loan the money to you. I'll give you the money. I'll pay the fine myself, only don't go to jail. You've no idea, ladies, how the place smells. There are rats. How can I sleep in my comfortable bed when I think of the cockroaches and the—and the—O, ladies, don't go to jail! (He leans over persuasively) You did obstruct the traffic, you know, now didn't you?

M. VERNER: We destroyed no property, we injured no one and we broke no law. Therefore, I say it was the police and the police alone who created the disorder, obstructed the traffic and disobeyed the law.

JUDGE O'NEIL: But, ladies, we have to arrest you, you know, for annoying the President.

M. VERNER: But the law under which you arrest us is for obstruction of the traffic.

JUDGE O'NEIL: Well, you see there isn't any law yet against ladies annoying the President. But it's a grave offense, a very grave offense. I want to give you one more chance. I can't think of you in prison—the shame—the stigma of having been there—ten promising lives. . . . If you will promise me not to picket for six months I will let you off. You can all go home and sleep in your clean sheets and in your quiet homes and have a comfortable night, and I, too, can enjoy a comfortable night.

(Continued on next page.)

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LUCY BARNES: We make no such promise. It is our duty to protest against injustice.

JUDGE O'NEIL: Anyhow, you ladies ought not to annoy the President. He is overworked and tired.

MABEL VERNER: So are we—most awfully overworked and very, very tired. If we annoy the President he can put an end to the annoyance by calling the Federal Suffrage amendment a war measure. It will then be voted on by Congress. Two-thirds of the Republicans are pledged to vote in favor and two-thirds of the Democrats are ready to vote for the amendment as soon as the President says the word. The bill would be passed in less than an hour, and the annoyance be removed from Congress.

JUDGE O'NEIL: Why don't you put all this energy into some patriotic direction?

LUCY BARNES: We call it essential patriotism to demand a real democracy at home before we try to give democracy to Europe.

JUDGE O'NEIL: The case is closed. I sentence you to three days in prison and I warn you that if you ladies continue this unladylike behavior you will receive a longer sentence for your next offense.

PICKETS (in chorus): Thank you, your Honor.

JUDGE (distractedly): What is it? What is that you say? You thank me? (Sternly) I understand. The more severe I am, the more I play into your hands. (Sadly) I am the only one who suffers by the sentence I impose. The court is adjourned. (The Judge leaves the court-room.)

(Matron of the detention house enters. She is fussy, officious, desirous to please.)

MATRON: O, Ladies, I hope I'll make you comfortable. I've fixed up everything. The prisoners are all prepared to be most respectful. (Enter porter with suitcases.) Here are your clean clothes from home. We hope to provide you with every comfort. Is Mrs. Belmont here? O, I'm so disappointed. I did so want to meet her. (Matron exits, then returns.) I understand that Miss Hollenden sings beautifully. I regret that we have no piano in the cells. The prisoners would be so pleased to hear her sing. (She exits. Puts her head in the door) I'm sure I'll do everything to make you comfortable. (Exits, returns) O, I forgot. (Finds a small package and hands it to one of the pickets. Exits.)

PICKET (reading card on the package): Five pounds of Huyler's candy from Judge O'Neil!

(Prisoners bearing their banners aloft are ushered from the court-room by the officers, singing the "Marseillaise.")

CURTAIN

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For over sixty years we have been in the business of diamond banking—lending money on high grade diamonds, watches, and other jewelry. When the money you lend is not repaid, we must sell the diamonds.

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Cluster Solitaire. Unpaid loan diamonds remounted into this new style cluster, synthetic sapphire center—all stones set in platinum. An amazing bargain and a handsome ring. Try to match at \$80.00. Unpaid Loan Price \$29.85

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Among our graduates are thousands of accomplished amateur players, as well as prominent professional players, successful teachers and leading composers. We have enrolled more students so far in 1917 than in 1916 and 1915 combined. This is due to the many distinguished musicians, educators and men of affairs who would not recommend any Course but the best.

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Write to-day, using postcard, letter, or Free Book Coupon for our new 64-page book, "How to Study Music." It is the most complete explanation of modern teaching methods ever published by a Conservatory. It tells how much the lessons cost, gives the records and opinions of our students, and much other valuable information. Our Tuition Fee is greatly reduced just now on account of our Twenty-fifth Anniversary Offer. Investigate without cost or obligation NOW.

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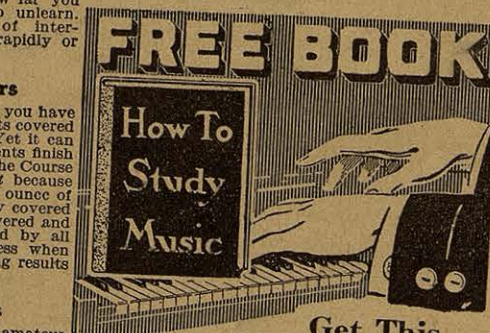
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search free. Send sketch or model. 1917 Edition, 90-page patent book free. My patent sales service gets full value for my clients. Prompt service. Personal service. GEORGE P. KIMMEL, Patent Lawyer, 276 BARRISTER BLDG., WASHINGTON, D. C.

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(Continued from page 143.)

He finished and the jurymen look with set faces at the District Attorney, with the faces of men who care only for the dogma.

Emma Goldman speaks in her defense.

Her speech goes to the heart of everyone in the court-room, even of those whose hearts are made sound-proof and who would never permit other gods to take the place of their own gods.

She speaks of the twenty-seven years of her rebellion against existing conditions.

She stated her unshakeable principles of independence and of liberty.

Her speech is one of the important documents of our century. It will live as the great plea of our time for liberation from ancient customs and institutions.

"There never has been a human ideal that was within the law. Jesus was put to death for not being within the law. The signers of the Declaration of Independence were without the law—the anarchists of their time.

"Evidence of this is found in the fact that even today that document is considered so dangerous that a man was given 90 days in jail by a magistrate for distributing copies of extracts from it.

"I even claim the right to be wrong," she said, "and only through freedom of speech and press can the 'wrongs' be converted.

"I shall not give up my ideals unless you prove me wrong, and I would rather be shot than change my beliefs because of fear of imprisonment.

"We love America, but love it with our eyes open. Our love does not blind us to its faults nor make us inarticulate to the outrages committed in the name of patriotism."

The jury goes out and the jury comes in. "Guilty."

The Judge gives the heaviest punishment he can; these are the worst offenders possible.

The government takes possession of the prisoners at once.

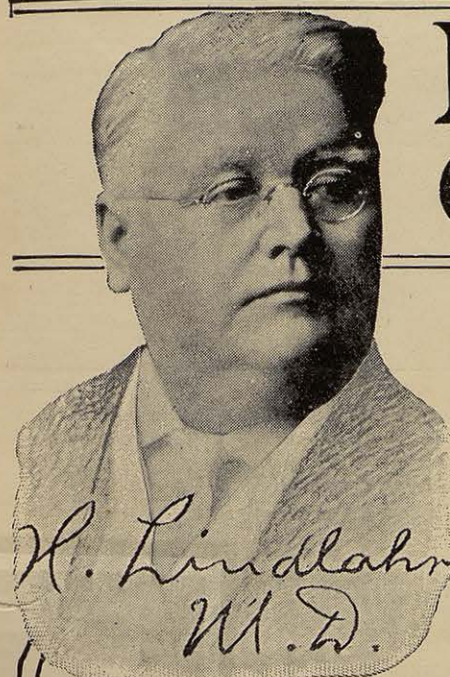
The Judge refuses to grant them time to attend to their personal affairs, to take counsel with each other, and a few hours after the sentence had been pronounced, they are on their way to their prisons.

Emma Goldman to sew women's garments in the prison of Jefferson City, Mo., and Alexander Berkman to do some sort of manual work in the Federal prison at Atlanta, Ga.

Freedom is a great vision. It appears upon the horizon of each of us. Some fear even to look in its direction. It dazzles their eyes.

Some retain the shallow name and use it as a bait to fill their coffers or satisfy political ambition; others cherish it in their hearts.

They are hung or sent to prison.



Pull Your Disease Out By the Roots—

Some twenty years ago I first learned, from my own experience, that disease can literally be "pulled out by the roots." I was then almost a physical and nervous wreck, suffering from what doctors told me, and what I myself firmly believe, was an incurable case of diabetes and other serious complications. And I was doing the usual thing—suppressing every symptom by the orthodox method of dosing myself with such medicines and drugs as the medical profession declared could afford me only a small measure of temporary relief.

Nature Cure Brings On the Healing Crisis

It was at this juncture that a book on Nature Cure fell into my hands. It appealed to me as the true philosophy of life, health and disease. I put its teachings to the test. The test did not fail me. Through the husbanding of what vital force I had remaining; through building up my impoverished blood on a natural basis and promoting the elimination of waste matter and poisons from the system—in short by giving Nature's own healing forces, the ascendancy over the disease conditions, a healing crisis was brought about and the disease, itself, was banished as completely as if it had never existed. Today I am hale and hearty, vigorous, full of life and vitality. And I am positive in my knowledge that Nature Cure will do for other disease ridden sufferers all that it did for me.

I have proved conclusively that in the course of any disease, healing crisis can be brought about by Nature Cure Treatment. And when, through the bringing on of the healing crisis, the disease has run its course and normal health has been restored, the system, having undergone its purge, is stronger, more vigorous than before the disease attack. This has been demonstrated in thousands of the worst chronic cases which I have helped to restore to normal health.

Nature Cure an Exact Science

Since turning to Nature Cure for relief from his own sufferings, Dr. Lindlahr has elaborated upon the earlier Nature Cure teachings and has reduced them to an exact science, marvelous in its simplicity, so easy it is to grasp and put into practice. Quite recently he has put into book form a full and complete explanation of Nature Cure philosophy, together with simple directions which make it easy for you to

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There is nothing that is vague or mystical in this book—"NATURE CURE." In Dr. Lindlahr's inimitable style and with remarkable clarity of expression, it throws the cold, white light of Scientific Truth upon the inconsistencies and contradictions of the hundreds of cults and isms which have so long bewildered those who are earnestly seeking health. It deals in a way that you can readily understand, with the simple, fundamental laws and principles of Nature that control the processes of life—birth, health, disease and cure. It gives clear and explicit directions for applying to each individual's case at home, the same methods of Nature Cure treatment which Dr. Lindlahr himself employs at his two famous health institutes—The Lindlahr Sanitarium of Chicago and the Lindlahr Health Resort at Elmhurst, Ill. It tells you why, and gives you proof of the fact, that every acute disease is in itself, the result of a healing and cleansing effort of Nature. And it shows you how to bring about, either in acute or chronic diseases, the healing crisis which lead to recovery. You will find this book a revelation in the art of right living—a never-failing well of inspiration and understanding for anyone who suffers from disease in any form. It is a book which should be in every home throughout this broad land.

Dr. Lindlahr considers his book, "Nature Cure," of such great importance to the business of mankind that he will send a copy to any address merely upon request. Write now—today—and by return mail receive your copy of this book. You will keep it five days which will give you ample time to read it and then convince yourself that the truths it reveals, the directions it gives, are so simple and so easy to follow, that you will want to keep it. But please remember, this well worth ten times the small cost of the book, is yours only for five days. If you do not wish to keep the book, return it.

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No organization shall have more than three delegates.

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They are hung or sent to prison.

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Shell for a Sub. to the Voice of the
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Fraternally yours for
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Dec. 10, 1918



H. F. Triplett,
City.

Dear Sir:

The December meeting of the Board
of Directors, will be held in the Directors room
at the Bank, Wednesday Dec. 11th at 3:00 P. M.

We were unable to get a quorum
during the month of November so no meeting was held.
In view of this we trust you will make unusual
efforts to be present on the above mentioned date.

Very truly yours,

Active Vice President.

GWB-LCG

A. L. Soffar
P. F. D. 1, Box 291
Houston Tex.

Dear Mrs T. A. Hickey
Enclosed find a money order
for one dollar.

I wish to hear from
Mr Hickey some good news
and wish him good health
an good luck

Respectfully
A. L. Soffar

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WHAT THE KOSSE C. OF C. SAYS:

THE FOLLOWING letter from Jas. C. Wright, secretary of the Kosse Chamber of Commerce, was received Saturday by the Fort Worth Press:

The Press Publishing Co.,
Ft. Worth, Texas.

Gentlemen:-

In yesterday's issue of your paper, we are very much surprised to read in bold faced type, the announcement that the Kosse field is dry.

While we are in whole hearted sympathy with your effores to expase the unscrupulous promoter, we are not subscribers to the doctrine that "ends justify means" except in cases where the evils being combated exceed the evil of the means employed to defeat it.

We feel that we would be as near justified in publishing to the world the statement that "FortWorth daily papers tell nothing but lies," just because they do occasionally do so, ~~as~~ as you are to advise the world at large and the citizens of Fort Worth, in particular, that the Kosse field is dry, just because one or two wells have passed the depth at which the discovery production was obtained.

The statement that "efforts to extend the field beyond the immediate vicinity of the Humphreys-Jones well are said to have met with flat failure" is equally as far-fetched as those made by the most fanciful promoter. We understand, of course that the three words, "are said to," leave you a clean slate, as far as legal action is concerned (even tho the field should prove to be a TAMPICO). But you have carried the same thought to the reader of your paper that would have been conveyed had you left them out entirely. This is what the promoter, whom you are fighting, does. He does not say "I will pay you \$1,000 for every one you invest now;" but he leads his readers to believe that he has said that very thing, which is just as bad, in principle.

For your information, there has been only one well drilled deep enough to become alarmed over, that of the Humphreys Co. on the Bassett tract-- and Colonel Humphreys says he will make a well out of it. Nothing has

been drilled deep enough to have possibly produced, either west, North or immediately east. Why, then, if we may ask, a "dry field"?

Your attention is invited to a bit of recent history made by the Mexia field. How many months does your dapper sheet (not meaning the Press) say elapsed before the second well, the Deussenberg, was brought in and how many dry holes does history record during this lapse of time? Would you have been doing your readers and Mexia Justice to have called it a dry field during this time? History is replete with other parallel experiences, of countless oil fields.

As already stated, we are with you so long as you adhere to the principles which you advocate for the other fellow, but only so long.

It is an easy matter to get the real facts pertaining to any given proposition in the Kosse field or to the field as a whole. It only costs 2 cents and the necessary amount of energy to make inquiry of the Chamber of Commerce. We will welcome an inquiry ~~at the~~ from you at any future date that you may become interested in the progress of the field, or in the merits of any given proposition claiming holdings in this field. If after receiving such a report, you are still skeptical, you can say "are said to" or "we are told", without doing the damage to legitimate industry honest operators and ambitious investors which your recent article has done.

We will pay the expenses of your representative to Kosse and return any time he wishes to check up on what we have said, here or hereafter, if he doesn't find it to be correct in every detail.

In common decency and fairness, we feel justified in asking that you give a like amount of space and prominence to the real facts about Kosse, as set out herein, that was given the other- the false side of the story.

Yours very truly,
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.
BY JAS. C. WRIGHT: SECRETARY.

Sir!

You will see by the accompanying letter what I am after. I gave this case to a well known lawyer here in Port Arthur but without any tangible results, I am sure the money I have paid out is just wasted. Will you kindly take up this case sir, I am convinced that I am in my right, and those people have treated me worse, than ever I have been treated in my life, and I am just trying to get square. Please sir, let me know your opinion and if it is necessary for me to appear in Columbus, I will surely come.

Respectfully

Yours truly
[Redacted]

My Ad:

Vincent Paulin

Procter St. No. 300

Port Arthur.

I am Vincent Paulin, i was married in
Austria with Anna Döberck, we had one
child. We were married about 25 years ago.
there is at the present time two men here in
Texas that were at my wedding, Antonio
Sacha (Granger) and Frank Klamica
(Hobard Tex) (Born 91). We lived together for
about a year and a half in Hallettsville.
Before i came to Hallettsville, my wife made
her living by working as a midwife, at least
so i was told, she got acquainted with a
man named Virel Praseck, they did not
live together, but their relations were very
intime, eventually they married, a brother of the
man named Joseph Praseck was a witness.
Now it is this way, i dont want my wife
back, he can keep her, but she swindled me
out of about 500 Dollars, he with some help
gave me a beating, and threw me out of
the house, and put me in jail, altogether
i claim from them 1000 Dollars. This
Praseck is on the Police Force at present.

Respectfully Yours

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Alex. L. Suffer
P. F. D 1 Box 291
Houston Tex.

Dear Comrades Hickey

Enclosed find a \$1⁰⁰ money
order. I wish you good luck
and will be glad to hear from
you that you succeeded in
in your efforts

Yours for freedom
of mankind

[Redacted signature]

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THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

OF THE FASTEST GROWING TOWN IN THE FASTEST
GROWING STATE IN THE FASTEST GROW-
ING COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.

DIRECTORS:
J. V. Minton
R. Q. Garrett
A. J. Jennings
C. D. Phifer
A. J. Rich
Lee Brady
W. C. Witcher

Kosse, Texas

Forbes Merc. Co./	\$37.50
First National Bank	25.00
Kosse Bakery	10.00

✓ Forbes Merc. Co.		\$37.50	*	✓ B. K. Arnet X	10.00
✓ First Natl. Bank		25.00	*	✓ Kosse Hdw Co. X	20.00
Kosse Bakery		10.00	*	✓ C. O. Robertson X	20.00
✓ A. J. Jennings X		20.00	*	L. L. Robertson	10.00
✓ Fletcher Allen		10.00	*	✓ J. V. Minton	20.00
✓ W. D. Allen		10.00	*	Robertson Bros. Mkt.	5.00
✓ Harpers Garage X		10.00	*	M. J. Whaley	2.50
✓ E. S. White X		20.00	*	L. M. Crabb	1.00
✓ Corley & White		10.00	*	✓ R. A. Bryant	2.50
X G. P. Cain	3.33 & 5.00	8.33	*	✓ Birdwell Drug Co.	5.00
J. T. Meek	1.67 & 250	4.17	*	✓ Kosse Motor Co. X	15.00
✓ W. H. Harper		5.00	*	Modern Cafe	5.00
✓ O. K. Garage X		5.00	*	✓ Bradley Lumber Co.	5.00
W. B. Lofland		5.00	*	✓ Kosse Power & Light Co. X	10.00
Buttermilk Bar	6.67 & 10.00	16.67	*	F. C. Arbuckle	1.00
✓ Markham Ainsworth Lumber Co. X		20.00	*	James E. Niday	1.00
C. D. Phifer		5.00	*	Robertson, Allday & Dale	3.00
Topic Cafe		2.50	*	<i> Jas. O. Jones R. B. Lincoln Besworth & Davies X P. J. Cassidy Cinderella Cafe </i>	
✓ Mitchell & Mitchell (Doctors) X		10.00	*		
Palace Cafe		5.00	*		
Mrs. A. P. Humphreys		5.00	*		
✓ Farrar Lumber Co.		10.00	*		
✓ Mayor Hewit <i>pm</i>		10.00	*		
✓ Munroe Bros. Drug Co.		10.00	*		
Chocolate Shoppe	1.34(?)	2.00	*		
✓ T. A. Griffin X		10.00	*		

The view of a one horse barmer
where oh where is that great
Christian influence for good.
That the Preachers have been
telling us about what attitude
are the Churches taking in
the great world war. Did you
hear that great cry for Peace
that was sent up by Christians
when this nation entered the war
did they get down on their
knees and ask their God to keep
us out of this maelstrom of
destruction.

That that any body heard of
is it not as plain as any thing
can be. That Christianity is a
fraud. That its mission is to
befuddle the workers mind
so he will fall an easy prey
to the Ruling classes fight.

For it is a fact that when
a man gets full of this Religious
dope. he has not got sense enough

(2)

to stay out of the fire.
much less war.

is his God a war God. certainly
he is. didnt he tell his
Chosen people to over run that
country. and not to leave a
thing that breathed.

did Christ come to Bring Peace
or a sword.

is God a running the world to suit
him now. if he is dont you
think it would be a good idea
for him to let the devil try
some of his Reform measures that
he has been advocating so long.
Christianity is a failure as a
base to shape the nation destiny
why. because it is built on a
false Basis. it has never done
any thing But pull the hood
of ignorance over the eyes of
slaves while their masters
took the dough.

(37)

but the world war has done
one thing. it has proved that
the Church stands for the
Ruling Class. the Russian people
have dethroned the Czar. now
they had better take the advice
of Thomas Paine and look
behind the altar

one loose banner

P.S. I don't want my name used
for personal reasons. you can
publish this if you think
it worthy

my name is M. A. Collins

at Racogeloches Tex

R. 3.

Editor the Rebel

Dear Sir.

Wake up. Hickey

They don't no more aim to send us to Germany to fight than nothing in the world they aim to take us undesirable workers that are striving for our rights and sink us in the ocean. And the ones on the other side aim to do the same thing. Listens.

The other day I was talking to a man named --- at the town of --- he is one of the men that they have sent out to see if the people need any hired help.

this is what he said.

I ask him of what does the registration consist. The answer

They ask what are your Politics and what are you religiously what kind of fire arms have you and how many Cartridges have you and if they are not in

favor of the administration we are going to unarm them.

I ask him what is Wilson's Select that they speak of. The answer.

he (Wilson) said that he was going to send the ones that are not at work first and the ones that say they are not going to go are the ones that we are going to send we are going to fix things so it will be safe for you. and then all we will have to do will be to step to the phone and have the war officer take charge of them.

Do you understand the ones that are not in favor of the administration are the ones they want to get shot of. The Pope's Vatican

was built at Washington 15 years ago, what was it built for?

why do they ask what are you

Religiously? and what are your Politics? this man was not a worker by no means he is their General Roast about and he said he had been in every state County in the state the last month or so

be sure and do not
publish this for there are
men here in this town that
are none too good to do any
that is mean
me and two of my friends
will start in a few minutes
in my auto for Fort Worth we
will spend a couple of weeks
there I have friends there that
~~that take the rebel~~ so if you
get this please put a red X
like this X at the top of your
next paper.

Please don't publish this but
get your Studying Canon.

I will mail this some
where on the road.

ever your friend

They don't allow any mail to go
to Germany and if they sink
them how are we going to find it
out.