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<p>Published Monthly by The Masses Publishing Co., 87 Greenwich Avenue, New York</p>	<p>SUBSCRIPTION RATES</p> <p>Yearly, \$1.00 Half Yearly, 50 Cents</p> <p>Rates on bundle orders and to newsdealers on application</p>	<p>Entered as second-class matter, December 27, 1910, at the postoffice of New York City, under the Act of March 3, 1879.</p>

TO A WAR POET

YOU sang the battle—
Boldly you called for the muskets to rattle,
You, in your slippered ease.
And bade the bugles lift to the breeze.
Glory you sang—from your couch—
With a weak and sagging pouch
You uttered your militant prattle—
You sang the battle!

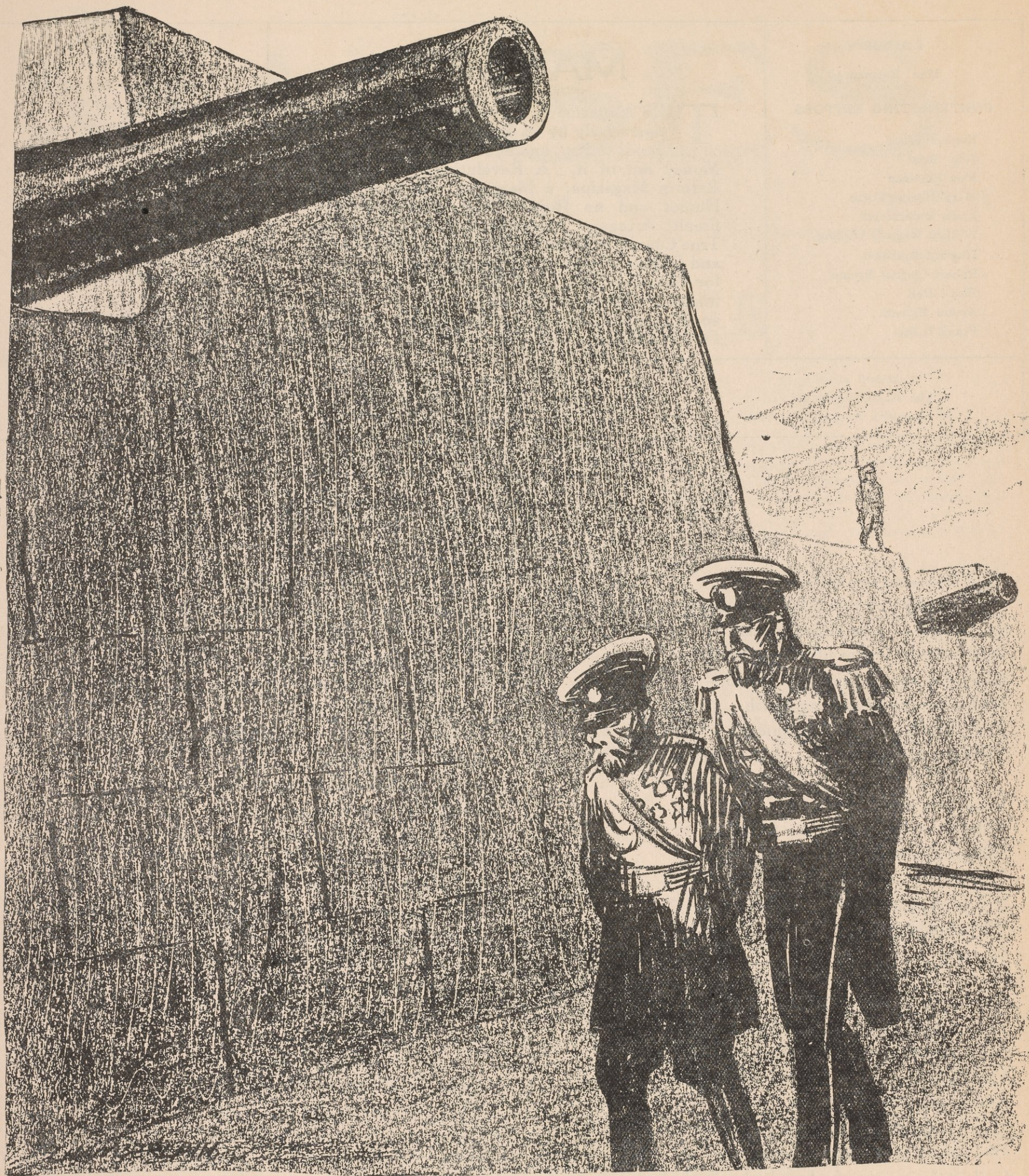
What was your singing for,
With its two-penny craving for gore;
With its blatant and shoddy glamor
False to the core?
Evil enough is the poisonous clamor—
Why should **you** yammer
Of war?

Safe in your club or your den
You watch them go past you again;
Other than when you first sung them,
(Thankful that you're not among them)
Soldiers no longer, but men.
Men—and young boys—who were hot with the breath
Of your ardor and noisy ferment—
Look at them now; they are broken and spent. . . .
Are you not glad that your doggerel sent
Hundreds of these to their death?

Go now—stop clearing your throat;
Drop those fat hands that smote

Your twanging and trumpery lute.
Go now—and learn from that battered recruit
Of his jubilant sixty days!
Of the horror that crowded the dawn;
Of a fragrant and peace-breathing lawn
Turned to a roaring blaze;
Of frantic drums that blustered and beat
A nightmare retreat;
Of the sickness, the death-dealing stench;
Of the blundering fight through the sleet
Waist-high in the water-filled trenches.
Of women ravished in a gust
Of horrible, hasty lust;
And children conceived with the crippling weight
Of frenzied and cancerous hate. . . .
The dusk settling down like a blight,
Screening unnamable hordes;
Searchlights stabbing the night
With blinding and bodiless swords;
Of a sudden welter of cries
And death dropping down from the skies. . . .
What was your singing for?
This music that dared to enamor
The crowd with the clamor
It could not ignore. . . .
Go—with your falsetto roar;
Go—with your ready-made glamor.
Why should you stay here to gurgle and stammer
Of war?

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

At Petrograd

Russian Officer: "Why these fortifications, your Majesty? Surely the Germans will not get this far!"
The Czar: "But when our own army returns---?"

The MASSES

Vol. VI. No. 4.

JANUARY, 1915

Issue No. 44

THE MIRACLE

Wilbur Daniel Steele

THE afternoon was very hot. On the close-clipped grass before the parlor window a sprinkler dragged its famished arms around and around, very slowly. After a time it stopped altogether and stood dripping. The street beyond sweated oil under the sun. The maples along its edges were torpid and covered with dust.

A woman sat in the parlor, watching through the front screen all these phenomena of the great heat. She watched them, but she did not perceive any of them. She sat, not as one sits on a sweltering day, but stiffly upright, her back not touching the back of the chair. The muscles of her face were rigid and immobile, as though held taut by a continued exertion. It was almost a grimace—this contortion of her features.

After a long time her eyes moved from the window-space and fixed upon a photograph, framed above the mahogany "what-not"—the portrait of a young man in a mortar-board and gown. Then, for the first time, the woman made a sound.

"Eddie—Oh, Eddie!"

Perhaps there have been poorer histories of the world written than just that meagre cry of three words. That grimace of control which had been on the woman's face was gone. She huddled down in the chair, exactly like a very small girl, and sobbed and sobbed in the hanging quiet, covering her face with her hands. The tears came out between the hard, poorly kept fingers and trickled down her wrists.

From far away down the next cross-street came the sound of a trolley's gong, and the woman straightened up once more, wiped her eyes and her hands, and resumed the grimace.

"Have I got to tell him? Oh, dear Lord, have I got to tell David?" she mumbled. A paper, opened and folded at a paragraph, lay on her knees. She looked down at it, made as though to tuck it out of sight behind her, and then laid it back on her knees.

"I have got to tell him—God help me!"

The invisible trolley droned nearer and nearer. The note of its buzzing dropped abruptly to a minor bass and ceased like a bumble-bee coming to rest on a flower. After the space of seven counted slowly, he would appear from behind the hedge bulbs at the corner. He would be walking toward her with a sedate jauntiness, swinging his hands—the God-fearing man—whose son had done *this*.

After the space of seven, counted very slowly indeed, he came into sight. The woman in the parlor

leaned forward, and then she groaned. She would not have to tell him, after all. His hands were not swinging to-night. In one of them he carried the evening paper. Perhaps three times in the year he bought it on his way home. Dully, the waiting woman was conscious of a man coming out of a neighbor's house and hesitating for just a wink as he caught sight of the other. Then he went forward with a half-diffident eagerness and held out his hand to David. He was a good man—this minister of theirs—a progressive man—no shilly-shally of outworn forms. Only the Sunday before he had worn a shirtwaist in the pulpit, and his congregation liked him the better for his radicalism.

And so *he* knew. Everybody knew.

Her husband came into the room and without a word sat down in the green plush rocker. It was his custom to say, "Well, Mother?" Now both of them stared out of the window. There was a curious resemblance between the two, seen so, perhaps because they had lived so many years together. Both of their faces were lined with the story. When they spoke at last it was with emotion—in her case sorrow—in his, anger. Her hands moved slowly in one another—his remained gripping the paper with a sinister stillness.

He sat silent again for a time, his lips still framed, his eyes lowered, and a forefinger traveling in slow jerks across a column of the paper.

It seemed an hour before he opened his lips.

"My son," he said, with an abrupt loudness. "My son."

A young man who called himself James P. Hunter started to make a speech in advocacy of concerted defence by the strikers. "You are afraid of violence now," he said, in part. "But one day you may not be so afraid. For one day, by violence, either physical or moral, you and I are going to tear down this Temple of Property and rebuild it in three days, and it's going to be a different sort of a place to live in." At this point the meeting was adjourned by a body of reserves from headquarters, who put the speaker under arrest, along with the chairman of the meeting and four or five strikers who happened to be near. For a moment it looked as though there might be a rush to retake the prisoners from the body of the hall, but the police made their exit from a side entrance and whisked their captives away to the Passaic County jail, where they now await probable indictments next Tuesday.

"Tuesday," the man repeated to himself. Then he raised his right hand and crashed it down on his knee. "And I hope to God they send him to prison for the rest of his life. I do. I do."

The woman neither moved nor spoke, but a light of horror came into her eyes. For the moment she was

actually afraid of this stranger who sat so tense and quiet in the gathering gloom. And then sympathy and understanding and long familiarity swept back upon her, and she hitched her chair nearer and took his hand in her own.

"Father," she whispered. "Father—please. It's so hard!"

And then it was he who let himself go, collapsing upon himself. His hands dropped and hung beside the rungs of the chair, his head fell forward; tears ran down his unhidden cheeks and soaked into the green plush, and he choked and choked. No one had seen this man weep since the morning, twenty-four years ago, when his son was born.

It became quite dark in the room. The tumult of the man's grief wore itself away, and only an occasional hiccough marred the stillness. By and by the woman got up and lit the parlor lamp. Going to a small table in the corner, she took up a book and brought it back and laid it on the man's knees.

"Read a verse, David," she said, running a hand over his sparse gray hair. The familiar formula appeared to soothe him. He pressed the forefinger of his right hand against the gilt face of the closed leaves, opened where the pressure split the pages, and read where his eyes first fell.

Then released he Barnabas unto them; and when he had scourged Jesus, he delivered him to be crucified. Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the common hall and gathered unto him the whole band of the soldiers.

He did not stop with the verse, but continued to read, lulled and softened by the cadence of the familiar words, and the woman, too, relaxed a little from her watchful tenseness and her hands lay quiet.

Outside, a gentle wind began to stir through the trees, brushing off the films of dust and letting them breathe the new coolness. An arc light pricked out here and there. Windows glowed into life up and down the street. Even the sprinkler began to revolve its arms very slowly. The man closed the book, got to his feet and moved to look out at the welcome night. He came back to his chair and knelt down.

"Let us pray, Mother."

He prayed. And while he prayed there, there became manifest in that room a miracle—for the age of miracles is not past. The miracle was the prayer itself.

"Our Father in Heaven," he prayed, "accept of us our belief in Thee. For we do believe in Thee, and we believe in Thine infinite kindness and in Thy mercy broader than the sea, and in Thy power to save Thy

children who have wandered from Thy blessed path. We pray for Edward—we beseech Thee to forgive his sins, to enter into his heart, to make him open his eyes to Thy blessed light, to turn him from the ways of wickedness and make him whole again, and let him walk again among his fellows, upright, untarnished, unsmirched, fearing Thee and respecting humbly the laws of this our land. For thou hast given us these laws, even as Thou hast given us all things wherewith to furnish our lives, and in Thee is everlasting mercy and power and wisdom. . . . Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come"

Their voices, droning in unison, finished the prayer. And they were comforted.

"Pitiless Publicity"

WASHINGTON, Any Monday Noon.—Just came from one of Wilson's "conferences" with the newspapermen. The meeting took place in the President's circular office, quiet, green and white, and remote. We stood around the back wall while Wilson stood around behind his desk, and about three officials, including Joe Tumulty, stood around in the northeast part of the picture.

We were all polite about the questions we asked. We are allowed to ask anything we want to, but we find that we don't want to ask many questions on some subjects: Such as wages and poverty, and whether the Democratic party represents the working people. These questions get chilled on our lips. If by any chance we ask one of them we are rebuked, not in words, but by the dignity of the President and by the holy quiet of the circular room, the bare desk, and the three officials, like open-faced spies, watching.

The only things we found out to-day were that the President is still interested in the same legislative program that he was interested in last week; that he hasn't yet made up his mind about those appointments; that there isn't any truth in the despatch this morning from El Paso; that the troops have not yet been ordered withdrawn from Colorado; that there is no warrant for the Government's taking over the mines.

We herd ourselves out of the round room, the more elaborate of us bowing to the Presence, and walk back to report this news to the world. A man who might have talked through our hands and over the wires to the people, had nothing to say. That he said it eloquently was the greater pity. He had no vision to set before the country this morning.

W. L. STODDARD.

Indelicate

THE papers say that the outcome of the Siegel case is unfortunate because it tends to give encouragement to those who claim that we have one law for the poor and another for the rich. Obviously, then, it would be bad taste to call attention to the fact that Jesse Carle was sentenced to five years in a California penitentiary for stealing one dollar.

A Distinction

SINCE the war tax went into effect it costs ten cents more to be married, but divorce costs the same as always. It is apparently the opinion of our lawmakers that marriage is a luxury and divorce a necessity of life.

Our Honorable Seth

WHEN the laws against labor by children in the Southern cotton fields threatened to pass it was the Honorable Seth Low's National Civic Federation which started a one-sided inquiry to prove that the advocates of child labor laws were liars and careless thinkers in whom the spirit of truth could not abide.

When there was scandal in Westchester County, N. Y., because strikers at Hastings and at Mamaroneck were being shot down by gunmen hired from strike-breaking detective agencies there was a great cry for a change. Gunmen from detective agencies, it was held, were not just the most appropriate kind of shooters down. Pennsylvania, with its State mace-bearing constabulary, had attended to that thing better. And so Westchester could well do what Pennsylvania— But, then, who was it heard Westchester's call out into the night?

Why, the Honorable Seth, our Honorable Seth, Chairman of the President's Commission on the Colorado situation. Seth Low worked his hardest—his National Civic Federation hardest—for the Constabulary.

I happen to know a little about one of those strikes that made the demand for this constabulary. "Wops" started it. They were on a road job. The law duly made and provided in the State of New York was that these men should work only eight hours a day, and should have a payday every two weeks, and should receive at least \$2 per day.

The official of the State government named to carry out the requirements of the government, and see that

the law was obeyed was a man named Stewart—Division Engineer Stewart, of the State Engineer's Department.

Now, I came upon the scene of carnage just after twenty gunmen had fired upon 200 men who quit their jobs—had fired into unarmed men and then had fled. There came also upon the job one Sheriff Doyle, of Westchester County. Sheriff Doyle was a man with a heart, as it chanced. He rounded up the scared gunmen, shivering behind their shotguns in the police station at Mamaroneck, a mile from the cross roads where they had opened fire. Sheriff Doyle took away the shotguns and said he guessed his deputies and himself could handle the men who struck. Then came in the leader for a conference. I heard him make his plaint: No paydays when paydays were due, pay often three weeks overdue. Hours two hours longer each day than the law. Wages 25 cents a day less than the minimum of the law. Altogether an outrageous condition, which made the labor camps a living hell.

And why was all this? Sheriff Doyle and the Coroner sought to find out from the contractor. And who do you think bobbed up as Mr. Contractor's spokesman? *A brother of this self same Stewart*, highway engineer! He was the contractor's labor boss, hired by the contractor, as his brother was by the State, to see that the law was obeyed!

The case was too raw a one to let pass. I went to the Governor with it. It was when Sulzer was beginning to break with the machine. Sulzer took action. Stewart, the State official, not the labor bossing brother, is now in jail. That is, if a sentence to jail, which he got in a highway scandal, really meant that he had to go there.

And it was right on top of that scandalous situation that the Honorable Seth Low, President of the American Civic Federation, blossomed out as champion and advocate of a State constabulary.

And is that all? Ask the Rev. John Wesley Hill whether Ralph Easley, secretary of the Honorable Seth Low's American Civic Federation, ever financially consorted with him in organizing an anti-Socialist crusade in these fair United States.

The Honorable Seth may be a great little fixer in Colorado. But I think his friends were better little fixers in Washington when he was put over on the President.

I. R.

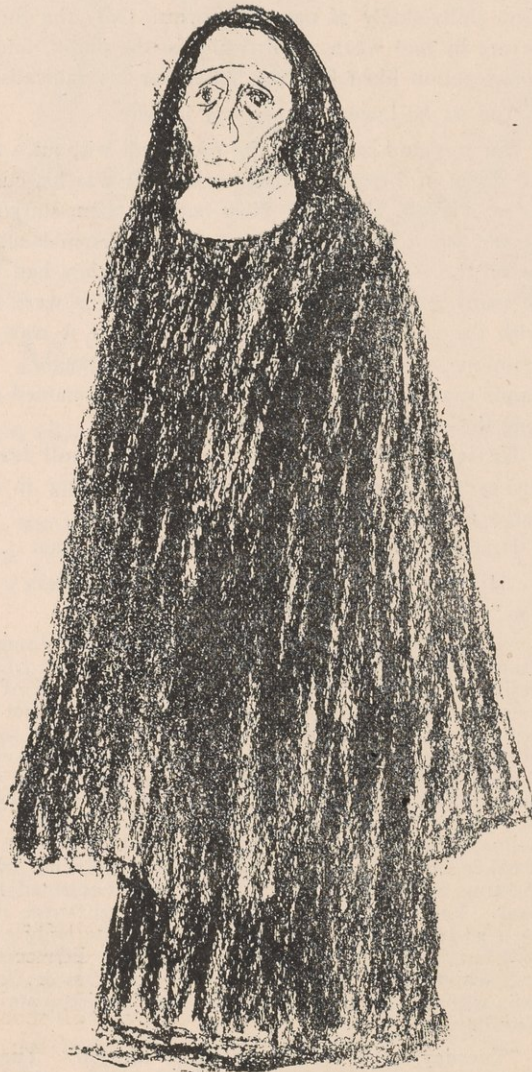
National Economy

DURING the five years' operation of the workman's compensation law the United States paid out \$1,800,000 for accidents to government employees. Stated thus the sum seems large, but the prevailing compensation was only from twenty-five to fifty dollars for the loss of a limb or an eye; and for the loss of both legs the government paid only \$377. Since the federal law went into effect in 1908, twenty-four States have adopted similar statutes. But there is not one of them which will not pay a better price for assorted portions of their employees than our, in some respects, lavish national government.

Query for a Philanthropist

THE Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor recently accepted from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., a gift of money for pensions for an approved selection of widows. Will the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor put the widow of Louis Tikas on its list and pass it along for approval?

I. R.



Maurice Becker.

Uniform for Teachers

A Suggestion to the New York school board



Drawn by G. S. Sparks.

Mars to Mammon

"But do you think it is safe for us to be seen together?"

Little Drops of Lyddite

ENGLISH and German writers still seem unable to find ground for agreement. Bernard Shaw says that Germany was caught between the upper and nether millstones, and had no alternative but to fight, while Maximilian Harden declares that the Fatherland made war for territorial expansion. These critics must have passed each other somewhere.

ONE gathers from the indignant critics of Bernard Shaw's pronouncement that what he said was essentially true, that it was a crime to say it, and that it doesn't matter in the least, because nobody ever pays any attention to Shaw.

THE function of the State, as we understand the Bernhardian theory, is to preserve internal order and external disorder. Therefore in the interest of peace, the world must be made as internal as possible.

PETER COOPER HEWITT, the inventor, announces that he is getting close to the perfection of the transatlantic wireless telephone. Mr. Hewitt

need not hurry the matter unduly; the kind of language that is being used in Europe now is not suitable for a telephone central to hear.

TO accommodate patriots of small stature, Lord Kitchener has consented to the organization of a "bantam brigade" of volunteers. England now expects every man to do his duty, no matter how short his legs are; it officially admits that a heart may beat true to its country even though comparatively near the ground. The five-foot soldier will not prove deficient in courage or capacity; besides, he will be easier to clothe and harder to shoot.

TWO soldiers, according to a Dutch observer, became separated from their respective German and French detachments in the darkness, and the next morning indulged in the dangerous trade of shooting at each other. After a time they wearied of this and declared an armistice, shared each other's food and drank convivially out of the same canal. They had enough language in common to get along with, and it was discovered that the Frenchman was a stamp collector while the German went in for butterflies. The

war had apparently gone somewhere else over night, so they had time to develop a firm friendship. When the armistice was over they could not bear to shoot each other, so they fled together across the line into Holland, and gave themselves up to be interned. Everybody seemed to be reasonably happy except the Dutchman who told the story to Corey of the *New York Globe*.

"I tell you," he said, "they are not good soldiers. Suppose every soldier acted that way!"

Or, worse still, suppose diplomats and rulers got to acting that way.

EX-PRESIDENT TAFT announces that he is "sitting up in an apple tree watching the course of events." I thought Mr. Taft was in favor of conservation of our natural resources!

GERMANY continues astonishing the world with evidence of its complete preparedness for all military emergencies. As long ago as 1906 a handbook was issued containing a form letter for denying charges of atrocity.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

AMERICAN MILITARISM

Amos Pinchot

We are Headed the Way Europe Went
and how to Stop in Time

WHILE we have under consideration the question of armament and particularly the recommendations which American militarists are now making, let us trace the psychological source of the militarist's desire to make the United States a first-class war power. We have recently seen in Germany both the expression of this desire and its results. General Frederick von Bernhardi, in his book "Germany and the Next War," says:

We can, fortunately, assert the impossibility of these efforts after peace ever attaining their ultimate object in a world bristling with arms, where a healthy egotism still directs the policy of most countries. "God will see to it," says Treitschke, "that war always recurs as a drastic medicine for the human race."

Every means must . . . be employed to oppose these visionary schemes. They must be publicly denounced as what they really are—as an unhealthy and feeble Utopia, or a cloak for political machinations. Our people must learn to see that the maintenance of peace never can or may be the goal of a policy. . . . The appeal to arms is a sacred right of the state, but it must keep this conviction fresh in the national consciousness. The inevitableness, the idealism, and the blessing of war, as an indispensable and stimulating law of development, must be repeatedly emphasized.

Here is an eloquent appeal for war on the ground that war is a national necessity—a kind of medicine to quicken and stimulate a nation's development. But Bernhardi's appeal for war is not only based on its alleged necessity to national development, but on a narrow and twisted idea of patriotism, which convinces him that a nation must consider its own good only, and be utterly oblivious of all obligations to people of other races. He says:

Christian morality is based, indeed, on the law of love. "Love God above all things, and thy neighbor as thyself." This law can claim no significance for the relations of one country to another, since its application to politics would lead to a conflict of duties. . . . Christian morality is personal and social, and in its nature cannot be political. . . . Christ Himself said: "I am not come to send peace on earth, but a sword." His teaching can never be adduced as an argument against the universal law of struggle.

Mr. Roosevelt, in writing of the Monroe Doctrine (the abolition of which, by the way, would do more to guarantee peace than all the battleships we can build) expresses, to a certain degree, Bernhardi's belief in the necessity of war. His philosophy is also that of a sincere and intense, but narrow, patriotism. To him, as to Bernhardi, the so-called fighting virtues are the cardinal virtues upon which all sound nationalism is built; and these virtues are not to be employed with any large regard for the rights of other countries. After discussing the necessity of "the cultivation of fighting virtues" in America, Colonel Roosevelt says:

Every decent Englishman is devoted to his country, first, last and all the time. An English-

man may or may not dislike America, but he is invariably for England and against America when any question arises between them; and I heartily respect him for so being.

In other words, Mr. Roosevelt is inclined to take the internationally perilous position that we must be for America, right or wrong, and not as Carl Schurz is quoted as saying: "For America, right or wrong, to keep her right when she is right, and make her right when she is wrong."

Of course, the moment any man says that he is invariably for his country and against any other nation in any question which may arise, this man logically becomes a militarist. He has no choice. For, having taken the position that he will make his stand on what he calls patriotism rather than on the right or wrong of things, there is nothing but militarism left. For only superior force can protect a man with such views from other men, whose rights he insists on subordinating to his own.

The militarist is not primarily a militarist because he wants armies and navies, but because he wants his country to have things which the claims of justice do not uphold, and which can only be gained by force of arms.

Force—superior force—the ability to meet and master any opponent to whom we are unwilling to accord full justice, is the only logical refuge when we once adopt a patriotism that asks for something better than a square deal.

In this same article about the Monroe Doctrine, Mr. Roosevelt says:

In this country there is not the slightest danger of an over-development of warlike spirit, and there never has been such a danger. . . . Preparation for war is the surest guarantee of peace.

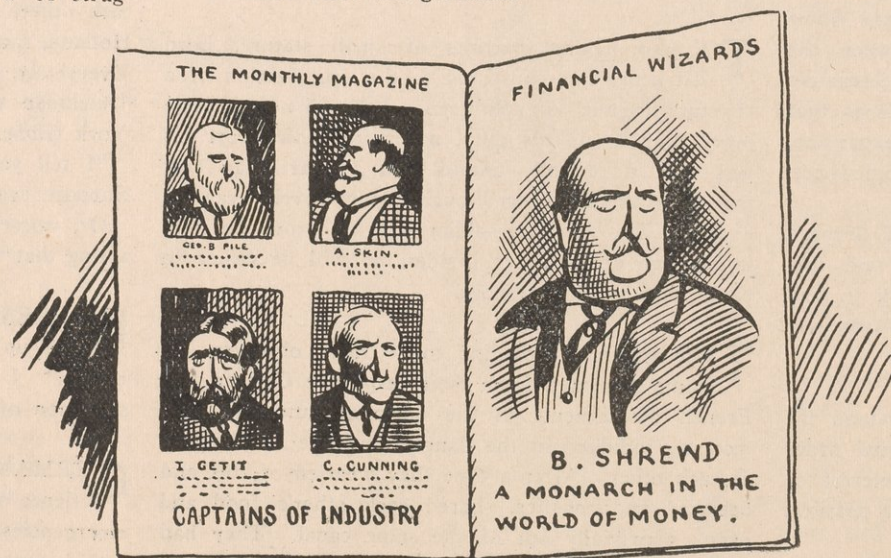
Popular sentiment is just when it selects as popular heroes the men who have led in the struggle against malice domestic or foreign levy. No triumph of peace is quite so great as the supreme triumphs of war.

There are higher things in this life than the soft and easy enjoyment of material comfort. It is through strife, or the readiness for strife, that a nation must win greatness.

We have here, as in the writings of Bernhardi, a strong tendency to believe that war is not a necessary evil so much as a desirable course of national training, which counterbalances the soft and easy enjoyment of material comfort and results in honor and recognition. Colonel Roosevelt and General von Bernhardi are both victims of a common error. To the mind of each of them there are apparently presented two alternatives: On the one hand, a nation without war, sunk in materialism, and, on the other hand, a nation trained, hardened and ennobled by war. "There are higher things," says Mr. Roosevelt, "than the soft and easy enjoyment of material comfort. It is through strife, or the readiness for strife, that a nation must win greatness." "God will see to it," quotes Bernhardi, "that war always recurs as a drastic medicine for the human race."

The falseness of such a position is evident. Neither in this or any other country are the majority of the people sunk in the "soft and easy enjoyment of material comfort." The so-called ruling class, and the bourgeoisie are perhaps to some extent softened by conditions of luxury and the lack of keen struggle; but the great mass of the citizens of all countries do not lack struggle in their lives. And it is because Mr. Roosevelt and General von Bernhardi see life in terms of the ruling classes or of the bourgeoisie, rather than in terms of the majority of the people, that they believe the war element is a necessary and potent alternative, which civilization can ill afford to dispense with. As a matter of actual fact, there is no example, either in present or ancient history, of the thing which the militarists fear—the sapping of the strength of the people themselves through luxury. What country can be mentioned where the average man exists in such luxury and with such a lack of struggle as to make him soft and helpless? Does Mr. Roosevelt believe that this is the case in the United States to-day?

As a matter of fact, the proof that modern life is not lacking in struggle sufficient to develop fighting qualities is so abundant and obvious that it hardly needs comment. It is only necessary to cite the case of the people of Belgium in order to set at rest the theory that unwarlikeness degenerates a nation's morale. Neither military life, nor the maintenance of that war spirit which the militarists value so much, makes modern soldiers efficient. It is rather the steadfast courage and endurance which the average man has gained in the competitive struggle of existence which gives modern nations their wonderful fighting power. The assertion that through lack of war or war spirit this element of struggle will disappear in the United States or in Germany, or any other country, and that races of mollycoddles will be the result, is so thoroughly controverted by facts as to be almost unworthy of considera-



Where are the Captains of Yesteryear?

tion. What is necessary for the human race is peace, not war. And peace cannot be assured by strife or the psychic states of strife. Peace will only exist when the cause of war is gone; and that cause, as we know, is almost always the race for industrial supremacy.

When a century and a half ago we went to war with England it was because England's desire for industrial supremacy made her close American commerce to all nations but herself; we could only sell to England and buy from England. We could not sell to or buy from Holland, France or Spain, nor could those nations deal with us under conditions which made commerce possible. Such was the arrangement of import and export duties which England saddled upon America. The writings of James Otis, the records of the Virginia Committee of Correspondence, and the speeches of Burke, Camden and Chatham prove beyond question that the underlying cause of the Revolutionary war was the desire of the colonies to cast off England's commercial monopoly.

On the 19th of April, 1774, Burke, in summing up America's case, addressed the Speaker of the House of Commons, as follows:

Permit, me, sir, to lead your attention very far back; back to the act of Navigation; the cornerstone of the policy of this country with regard to her colonies. Sir, that policy was, from the beginning, *purely commercial*, and the commercial system was wholly restrictive. It was the system of a *monopoly*. No trade was let loose from that restraint, but merely to enable the colonists to dispose of what, in the course of your trade, you could not take; or to enable them to dispose of such articles as we forced upon them, and for which, without some degree of liberty, they could not pay. Hence, all your specific and detailed enumerations; hence the innumerable checks and counter-checks; hence that infinite variety of paper claims by which you bind together this complicated system of the colonies. This principle of *commercial monopoly* runs through no less than twenty-nine Acts of Parliament, from the year 1660 to the unfortunate period of 1764.

Exactly the same principle is the keynote to the situation in Europe to-day. Just as England tried to establish a trade monopoly for herself in the American colonies a hundred and forty years ago, every nation is to-day trying to gain for itself special opportunities of commerce, and to close these opportunities to other nations. It is this practice of establishing trade monopolies, in which other powers will be, to a greater or less extent, frozen out, that has always threatened the peace of the world, and will continue to do so until it is abandoned.

Some years ago, Loria, the Italian historian and economist, made a study of the causes of *two hundred and eighty-six wars*. He found that *two hundred and fifty-eight* were due to economic causes, principally trade monopolies; and that the remaining twenty-eight, though apparently religious, also had economic influences behind them.

If each nation could sell to the best market and buy from the cheapest market on fairly equal terms with every other nation, not only war, but the cause of war would disappear. The monopoly system in international commerce must be attacked before armament or disarmament can offer any real hope of security.

If American and European leaders of thought, instead of concentrating their minds upon the necessity of armaments, would buckle down to the long task of securing more equality of opportunity in commerce, as between the nations, the armament question would solve itself. If this task is Utopian, then peace is Utopian, and the more armed men there are in the world, the more Utopian it will be. Countries which demand special advantages in commerce by tariff or otherwise, at the expense of other countries, are



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

"Cheer up, Bill -- time next Christmas comes around, we may be prisoners of war."

simply keeping alive the inevitability of war. If the European war fails to make this lesson clear as sunlight, the whole list of its terrible disasters can be chalked up to the debit side of humanity's account. The world must study the war question and solve it as a fundamental economic problem—not as a race question—or make up its mind to more war as soon as humanity has recuperated—and to some extent forgotten.

In the meantime, let us beware of militarism, and especially of the dangerous variety of patriotism which lies back of it.

Socialism and the Sword

IT is strange that those who believe in the virtues of war have not been able to see those virtues exemplified in the war of workingmen against capitalism. We are told to admire endurance, heroism, self-sacrifice. And when workingmen go out on a strike, and battle with gunmen and militia, and blow up mines and bridges, and starve, and die, these military virtues, these heroisms, these acts of endurance and self-sacrifice are deplored by the same gentlemen who preach the value of war in bringing out the finest qualities of the human spirit.

We do not say that they are the finest qualities of the human spirit. But we say they are necessary and good qualities. We applaud the heroism of the Colorado miners when at the risk of their lives and in the just conduct of their war with the mine owners, they burn and dynamite and destroy the property of their enemies. We doubt if it is as fine a thing to destroy as to create. But the men who have created these things know when the time has come to destroy

them. We glory in their heroism when they take up arms, and fight and die for more wages and better conditions. We think it is a more beautiful thing to live and enjoy life, to do the work one likes to do, to love, and beget children, and be happy. But it is a noble and necessary thing to fight and die in order that others may have the right and the power to do these things.

We are told that there are some questions which cannot be settled by discussion, by arbitration, by political means—questions which can only be decided by an appeal to arms. We are ready to believe it. We know of only one question worth fighting about, one cause worth dying for. But we are willing to fight and die for that—the question of who shall own the earth, the cause of the working class.

We do not disbelieve in war. We have always preached war—the war of workingmen against capitalism. We believe in the class struggle. And when that struggle assumes the actual shape of war—as it did in Colorado, as it will in many places before the end is reached—we stand for war.

They tell us that peace is a dream—that permanent peace is impossible. That we do not believe. When the one thing worth fighting for has been achieved, we expect an end of war, and of the crude nobilities of war. We do not think that the soul of man will degenerate in that peace. For in the conflict of man with nature, and in the subtler conflict of man with man for the thing which they both desire—a civic wreath of victory or a woman's love—there will be enough of struggle, of endurance, of self-sacrifice, of pain, to keep in the soul its ancient qualities of fire and steel.

F. D.

NOBODY'S SISTER

James Henle

THE clock in the corner marked twelve-thirty. The waiter, having brought our drinks, lounged wearily against the wall. My companion set down his glass, looked at me with a deep, impersonal earnestness, and began to speak in a slow, quiet tone that seemed hardly to keep pace with his thoughts:

"I call her nobody's sister. As a matter of fact, she is the sister of us all, though no one ever thinks of her as anybody's sister. She is everywhere and she sees all things, and she knows more than we guess. She meets us at our weakest and our worst and leaves us angered and degraded. Yet has she faith, and the courage of the meek, and the charity born of suffering.

"She endures much, and she unwittingly and unwillingly avenges on us the misery she cannot escape. We pay for our sins and she pays for them, too, so the Devil is satisfied in double measure. And who pays for her sins? My friend, your connection with her may at times have been close, but it is plain you do not understand the honest, simple-hearted little creature. Sins?—she has none, none save those we force upon her. . . . And perhaps when the galleys are emptied and the last form is locked up and the Final Edition goes to press, we, even we, may be found to be blameless.

"Honest? If I cared to be flippant, I would say that she is as honest as the day is long. And even at night. . . . She is honest if honesty consists in giving what you offer for value received. True, she does not give much, but she has not much to give. She gives her body, and with it neither lies nor sighs. She may murmur nothings, but they are part of the conventions of her profession, and are not accepted nor meant to be accepted as more. Other women are different. Mary in 'The Passionate Friends' would have run with the hare and hunted with the hounds. That is the secret desire of every 'straight' woman—to receive all and to risk nothing. It is only when we force her to be 'crooked' that she realizes the futility of attempting to eat her cake and have it too. . . . She is satisfied with dry bread.

"You may call this sickly sentimentality. You very probably have done so. Let me tell you of a friend of mine, a true friend, for our friendship is secure. It is not founded upon moping and moonshine.

"I had spent several hours in her apartment. You could call them joyous hours or sensuous hours or wicked hours. I shall call them plain 'hours.' She had given herself to me as freely as though she loved me, which certainly she did not, and I—well, I had at any rate been ordinarily sociable.

"I rose to go. I noticed that she was getting ready to go, also. It was three o'clock in the morning. 'Where on earth are you going, Marjorie?' I inquired. (What an improvement such a relation is upon the marital state! A husband under the same circumstances would have asked his wife where in hell she were going.)

"'I'm going to see a friend,' she replied. 'She's had an operation performed on her. She has to keep in bed, and she can't sleep all the time.'

"Bats! They are called that because they flit about

after nightfall. But Marjorie, whom I now know that I respect in a deep and true sense—you are the kindest and gentlest of little winged creatures. I see you now, dressing to sally forth in the cold, windy, winter darkness, you to whom all men and all hours are alike! I took you to your friend's house and on the steps held your hand for a moment. If I had told you what I thought you would have laughed . . . or cried. For you like to be respected, much as do people a great deal worse, such as politicians and poetasters and pimps.

"I wonder if the world realizes just how much Marjorie is always willing to do for a companion. Do you know that if Marjorie should die and, for such things happen, leave behind her a little one, the baby would be taken care of tenderly and later given a good schooling and a 'chance in life,' better it may be, than Marjorie herself had? This would especially be true if Marjorie were the sort that lived in a 'house' and at her death left behind her half a dozen intimate associates who would assume charge of her child. And please do not laugh when I say that Marjorie herself is the most devoted and faithful of mothers when she is assigned that rôle. I know that this doesn't agree very well with the popular notion of gayety and laughter and abandon, nor with the 'uplift' one of anatomical charts and microscopic slides, but I am not responsible for the wrong impressions of others.

"The second point of view is nearer the truth than the first. There is very little gayety in Marjorie's life. Fundamentally my sister (nobody's sister, if you will) is honest. Do not forge that. It is difficult and it hurts her to pretend that she is what she isn't. She must seem glad to receive your embrace—and she might be, but she has received so many embraces. . . . It is nothing against you personally. . . . And to the end she shrinks from certain liberties you take. . . . Upward and downward there are many steps to the ladder. Marjorie may be upon one of them—and so may you. You may not like your work, but you must earn a living; Marjorie may recoil in every nerve when, wearied and worn, she must receive you. . . .

Not a Sparrow Falleth

A DECENT distance from the mercy seat
I stood, one judgment day. A little shy,
A little confident. I could rely
Implicitly upon my winding sheet,

Modish, yet not extreme. Without conceit
Even such an ultra-nothingness as I
Might hope for modest quarters in the sky:
With falling sparrows dared not I compete?

Suddenly stood an old man, noble, blind,
Before the throne. An angel took his card.
The overtasked Creator read the same,

And reread, puzzled. Then, his head inclined,
He spoke with much politeness to the bard:
"John Milton? Yes, I think I've heard your name."

PHILIP LITTELL.

Sometimes she seeks to forget this in whiskey or cocaine, and then is the beginning or the end.

"It is strange how much of the old morality Marjorie has preserved. She is 'loyal.' Shakespeare tells us that she dupes all men and is duped by one. I challenge the first clause. Marjorie is too simple and straight-forward and business-like to dupe anyone very long. But she is usually duped by some one. And in spite of everything that he may do she remains true to him, not geographically true, of course, but deeply and spiritually true. He may be, and usually is, a man of unspeakable vices—because men without these vices demand something that Marjorie with all her virtues cannot give. But, vices or no vices, Marjorie is loyal to him to the end, ready and willing to give him her last cent, to shield him and protect him, and to lavish upon him all the kindly care she gets such little chance to give free play. It is silly to say she loves him. It is something bigger than that. He is at once her domineering lover, her stern father and her naughty, erring son.

"I am afraid that I have idealized slightly upon this relationship. Like marriage, it never works out exactly as it should. Too often its golden—or green-back—simplicity is marred by brutality and suspicion, and lack of Faith and Charity. Too often will he accuse her of Holding Out, too often will she reply with bitter recriminations. Let us turn the leaf upon this unfortunate phase of the subject.

"But do not imagine that Marjorie never follows the fortunes, or the fortune, of a 'good man.' Sometimes she marries such a one, and then in most cases she becomes a model wife. . . . She has had her taste of ashes.

"What does Marjorie think about herself and us and the world? What goes on inside her mock-sophisticated little head? It may surprise you to learn that she is not in the least revolutionary. She does not feel that she is greatly wronged. Though she is somewhat dubious concerning the virtue of other women, she half believes that she is suffering for her sins. As a rule, she blames no one for the path she follows, not even that First. 'I was a fool,' is the way she puts it. She makes few excuses. She condemns her own weakness, where wiser people do not, though the cause lay in the cruelly low wages she was receiving. She is something of a stoic. Enduring so much now, she believes that she should have endured more then.

"She thinks that what she does is wrong. There is no attempt at justification, no blind hatred of society. It would be better if there were, but there is no room for such emotions in her kindly little heart. Sometimes she is timidly religious. I doubt not that she prays more sincerely than most of our professed and obsessed reformers. I do not think that she prays for rain.

"So Marjorie is Nobody's Sister. When you approach her you lock your soul and open your purse. To that other world of womankind she is a painted plague. She is cursed and hounded and mulcted and jailed for earning her livelihood by the only means she knows. I wonder if God loves her the less for all this. Nobody's Sister . . ."

BOOZE AND REVOLUTION

BELOW we print a number of letters from readers on the subject of a "pure liquor law," suggested in the last number of *THE MASSES*, and of the wider subject of prohibition and the working-class movement. Next month we shall print some more letters; meanwhile our own attitude is that of curious but impartial inquiry.—*THE EDITORS*.

Mixed Feelings

To the Editors:

I would like to write you an enthusiastic letter on the subject of prohibition, but one cannot be very enthusiastic when he contemplates the total suppression of some of the choicest spirits of the country. But I will say that I have mixed feelings on the subject. Sometimes I am inclined to approve the remark of an English bishop to the effect that he would rather see England free than sober. I am not sure that the eminent gentleman of the cloth was not later discovered to have been among the titled and clerical holders of stock in Burton's or Bass's. At other times, when I see persons of ability and promise wrecked simply because we have put saloons on every corner, I am inclined to want to suppress the business altogether, even at the risk of some personal discomfort.

It is about the only thing in the United States that can be done "without due process of law," and that is one inducement. A liquor license is not a contract whose sacred obligation cannot be impaired, and it is not like a street railway franchise, which a town council can give away but the people have to buy back.

I am not among those who are distressed at the thought of depriving the poor man of his beer while the rich man has his choice liquors at his club. Such people are usually willing to deprive the poor man of a chance to strike for higher wages, and I think doing without decent wages is worse than doing without beer.

Perhaps if the workingmen, instead of rushing off to the saloon after supper, had to sit home in the evening with "the old woman," surrounded by the family wash in process of drying, the "emancipation of women" would come a bit quicker.

Balancing all things at this safe distance from the firing line, I am about convinced that the country would be better off without spirituous liquors. By better off, I mean that working men and women would have more time to think and more money to spend improving their living conditions. I am not one of those cheerful persons who hold that only when the working classes have sunk to the bottom will there be a revolution for the better. On the contrary, I think they are more likely to fall through to the basement after they have reached the ground floor. It is the person who has some sense and a few cents that is most likely to want better things and to know how to get them.

Columbia University.

C. A. B.

A Woman's Opinion

To the Editors:

You ask, would a federal pure liquor act which put an end to the sale of all drinks containing more than 5% alcohol "make for liberty and life in the long run." It certainly would make for liberty and life of non-drinking wives and children. I, for one, would be more than willing to cut off the

excess of liberty of selfish husbands, in the interest of a new liberty for wives and children.

I wish that we had the power to apportion the penalties of drink far differently from the present visitation. I would arrange the solar system so that those who drink would suffer all the penalties in their own persons, and so that others would be spared any penalties at all. This would make for the liberty and life of all non-drinkers—an increasing host of men, women, and children.

Yours for liberty—especially for wives.

Palo Alto, Cal.

ALICE CLARK.

Stay Off

To the Editors:

I am forinst the masses getting on the water wagon—it is not a tenable place.

Pure liquor laws would not get the results you desire, any more than pure food laws have improved or purified living.

Laws are made to break; profits will for a while determine the adulteration. Yours for industrial freedom.

WM. D. HAYWOOD.

Chicago.

Rum vs. Religion

To the Editors:

The progress of the "dry" wave over the United States may well be aided by all who believe that revolt needs intelligence to nurture it.

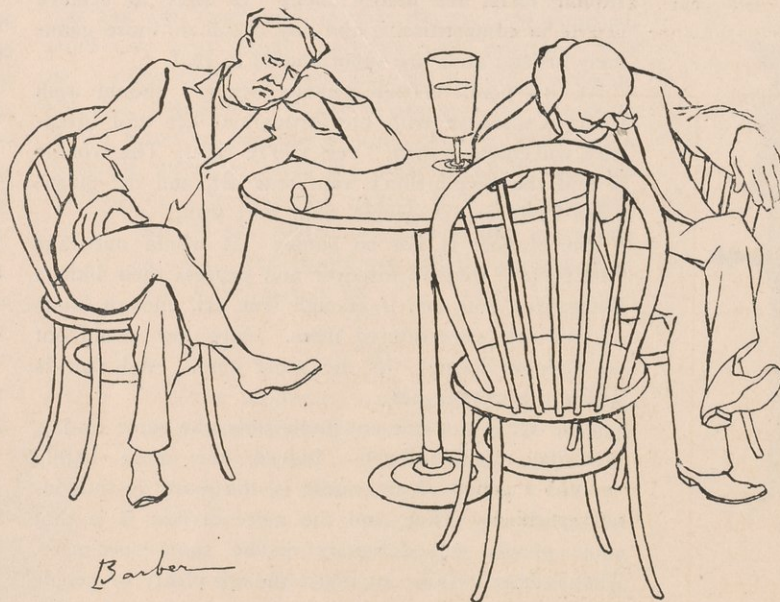
Rum and religion are mighty forces blocking the way of mental advance for the working people; each of these is a means of making thought futile; each furnishes a means of forgetfulness, a balm for the buffeted, dreams of bliss for the disinherited; each adds a touch of the esthetic and anesthetic to lives of humdrum toil and pain.

Let one of these great evils put forth all of its power to exterminate the other—the Doctor of Divinity vs. the Demon Rum—need we care which wins? It's a good fight, and perhaps to a finish.

Be sure that if downing the Demon results in an increase of mental efficiency along with working efficiency the masters will order the Demon unchained, but maybe too late.

New York.

J. S.



Drawn by John Barber.

"Yours for the Revolution"

From a Saloonkeeper

To the Editors:

I write this letter in a dual capacity—and stick to my guns in both rôles! As a Socialist I want to tell you how much I appreciate and enjoy the columns of your restless little monthly. But as a liquor dealer I want to protest with unusual vehemence against the ideas embodied in a paragraph of the December number, entitled "To All Readers." Of all the dogmatic, doddering and destructive propogandas, this is the worst! But your philosophy is worse than pernicious—it is cross-eyed; you do not seem to be looking at the problem at all, but squinting at it.

For instance, you say "When employers have gone the limit in making their men *efficient*, they will find they have incidentally made them *healthy* and *intelligent*, and when that time comes the hopes of the labor movement are far more bright." What sort of pious taradiddle is this? Health and intelligence are all very well in their limited way, but they are mighty weak qualities compared to so low-brow a pursuit as happiness. I frankly admit that the merchant who sells happiness by the bottle may occupy a less exalted sphere than the reformer who is hopefully banging on a broken bass drum, but I do not think that sphere is duller. On the contrary, he lives in a more common but colorful world. In the vein of my friend, Mr. Chesterton (one of the few men who really understand me) he dispenses Beauty as well as beer, Wisdom as well as whiskey, Romance as well as rum.

From the Socialist's standpoint as well as that of the humanitarian liquor-dealer's I wish, therefore, to register my hearty disapproval of any "Pure Liquor Act"—particularly such a malicious one as you outlined in your reprehensible paragraphs.

In the name of the Communist Manifesto re-inforced by the Constitution of the United States, I ask you, pertinently enough, is this a free country or is it not? Yours truly,

THOMAS G. WOLFART.

South Orange, New Jersey.

P. S.—Reading over this letter I realize I have left out my main argument. And that is, that happiness increases in direct proportion to the amount of alcohol per drink. If five or six per cent. (which is your anemic limit) can bring enough joy to make a dozen *inefficient*, *unhealthy* and *unintelligent* laborers feel like lords and creators, think what fifty to sixty per cent. of this same magical "poison" would accomplish!

In Defense of the Cocktail

To the Editors:

The only reason for drinking alcoholic liquors is the effect they produce—the kick. "Soda pop" will quench the thirst better than beer on a hot day. Tea is more refreshing than mint julep. Coffee is a real stimulant where whiskey is a fake one. So if we want alcoholic drinks at all, we want those with a "kick" to them. It is absurd to keep alcohol, and legislate against the "kick." Your "pure liquor law" would preserve the inefficiency; it would only banish the magic of the instant release from tired sobriety to Dionysiac aliveness. I would prefer a world without alcohol. But so long as it stays, let us cherish the cocktail.

L. M.

WHAT IS THE MATTER

Max F



SKETCHES BY FRANK WALT'S

DRAWING is destined to a high place among the arts, for drawings, like music, can be adequately reproduced and widely distributed. And while this has appeared a detriment in the light of aristocratic ideals, in the light of democracy it is a fine virtue. The ideal of democracy has indeed given to many artists of our day a new interest in drawing. Some of the best painters in America would draw for the popular magazines, if popular magazine editors had an interest in true art.

That the editors have not an interest in true art is due, I suppose, not to any natural depravity in them, but to their struggle for existence under the prevailing system of journalism. And the system, briefly, is this:

A publication is a piece of goods manufactured and sold in competition with others for the benefit of a stock company that owns it. The stockholders as a group are interested in dividends. They hire an editor to put out a publication that will sell, and they pay him according to his success. Editors, like human beings, are prone to eat food, and beget families, which is to say that their tastes and ideas are subject to an economic interpretation. And so they seek to mix into their publication a little bit of everything that will sell. The editorial art is the art of ever attracting a new constituency without alienating the old. The result, an insane passion for variety, but a perfectly automatic toning down of every variant that appears. A profitable mediocrity—sometimes called a "golden mean"—is the editorial ideal.

And artists, like editors, are "economically determined." They learn to draw pictures that will sell, pictures that will attract ever new constituents without alienating the old. Or if their native impulse to be an individual, an object of hate as well as love, is too strong—then they do not draw for publication at all, which amounts to the same thing in its effect upon magazine art.

This then, is the diagnosis of published art in America. It is business art. It does not aim to achieve the beautiful, the real, the ideal, the characteristic, the perfect, the sublime, the ugly, the grotesque, the harmonious, the symmetrical, or any other of those ends that various schools of art and art criticism have with similar merit set before them. It aims to achieve profits in competition. And any or all of those genuinely artistic aims are subordinated to that.

At this point, certain persons whom I should wish to have disagree with me throughout life and literature, will chime in with, "Yes, you're right. The trouble is that the people don't want true art, and the magazines have to give people what they want."

The trouble is not so simple. It would not take "the people" long to discover and express their likings for true art, if enough true art, enough kinds of true art, were offered them. Only they would not all discover likings for the same kind. And that is where the trouble lies.

True art is not one and indivisible, the same to-day, yesterday, and forever. Indeed, the more highly evolved a group of art works is, the more do individual specimens differ, and the more certain it is that some people will definitely dislike some specimens. That is how it falls out that, although plenty of people would like true art, still the effort to please a great many people all the time and never displease any, results in a drab and mediocre semblance of art.

Might we not almost define good art—braving the

learned dogmas of the schools—as art which gives a high degree of satisfaction to those who like it? And does it not almost follow that it will give equal dissatisfaction to those who do not like it? But the aim of a money-making magazine is to give neither intense pleasures nor intense displeasures to a few, but to please everybody a little all the time—namely, about ten or fifteen cents' worth. Then only can the editors feel steadfast and sure in regard to those dividends.

Let us consider the prevailing features of magazine art in America, and judge if they do not sustain this diagnosis. We shall find that they each arise out of the desire to please everybody a little and displease none.

I.

Magazine art tends to be photographic. By which I mean that it tries to reproduce every portion of a figure, as seen from a certain point, with mechanical preciseness—eliminating all those lights and shadows, emergings and recedings, suppressions and distortions of external reality which the individual human factor puts into a perception. The trained magazine artist has carefully destroyed all his own warm and lovable idiosyncrasies, and turned himself into a reproducing machine which can "go over" a canvas from top to bottom, and "put in" with unerring accuracy everything that "ought to" be there. He is a highly skilled person. He knows how to draw men, horses, buttons, pants, books, hats, seltzer bottles, shoes, shoestrings, cats, frowns, kisses, hot-water bottles, anything and everything, scattered or combined; but how to draw a single human perception he has not the slightest idea.

Nor does he need one, for his accurate reproductions in skillful perspective, give a certain rudimentary satisfaction to everybody—the satisfaction, namely, of saying, "My, ain't that a good likeness!"

We have the authority of Aristotle that this—"the pleasure of recognition"—is most fundamental and universal of the aesthetic pleasures. But we do not need any authority, for every honest person—even the past-master of futurism—will have to confess that still the child in him takes a rudimentary satisfaction in this feat when it is well done.

At the time when I grew beyond a purely childish interest in pictures, I formed the habit of looking through the comic weeklies for drawings by Art Young. If anyone then had asked me why I liked these drawings better than others, I should have said: "I don't know—they're so funny looking." But I could say more than that now. I could say that Art was about the first popular draughtsman to quit drawing standard types, pictures of pictures of pictures of people, and begin drawing people—the people around him the way they look through his eyes. And that they look "funny," and look as they never looked before and never will again, was not a discovery peculiar to me.

Consider his "Nice Cool Sewer" picture from *THE MASSES* for last May. A critic on the *Evening Mail* declares that this drawing is "already a classic"—but I find people who do not like it. They think it is not "done." "Why, his hands look like mittens!" they say. "They're not hands!"

No—they are not hands, not objective hands, hands in the abstract, hands from a



Drawn by Arthur Young
"I GORR
"THERE
HOT STOVE"

Eastman

hand factory. They are a certain peculiar individual's perception of the hands of a certain peculiar man, a tired man, a man sunk onto a chair at the end of a dirty day's work, a man who feels bad and smells bad to himself, and wishes he were abed.

However, there is no entering a brief for the picture, no judging its artistic merit. The final truth about its merit is that some people will *see* the picture, and some will not, but those who see it will see it with great joy, for it is not a picture of a picture, nor yet even a picture of a man, but a picture of a perception of a man.

The difference between drawing a man and drawing a perception of a man, is akin to the difference between knowledge and experience. The thing an artist has to do is to transcend his knowledge and win his way back to experience. Take a crude illustration. If you, being as stupid about these things as I am, set out to draw a man going east, you would do it the first time in this fashion:



That would be a poor picture of a man going east, and you would decide that you know very little about physiognomy. On the contrary, however, you know too much. Your knowledge is what got in your way. You know, for instance, what is the shape of a man's eye, and you drew a picture of your knowledge instead of drawing the looks of an eye. Empty yourself of that knowledge, and you will draw it this way:



Somewhat the way it looks.

I here reach the limit of my artistic training, but no more is needed to show the usual progress toward real drawing. It is a progress away from *knowledge about* things toward *experience of things*, away from abstraction toward concrete perception.

And when we pass beyond the photographic, or kodak, style of art, we are only taking further steps in the same direction. For, strangely enough, a photograph is a good deal more like knowledge than it is like perception. It has perspective, to be sure, but that is all it has that resembles visual experience. When we *look at* an object we allow our own character, our memories, predilections, interests, emotions, ideas, to determine what we shall see and how we shall see it. We do something. We go out and seize the salient details of the object, and we over-emphasize, and perfect, and condense, and alter, and mutilate, and idealize—in short, we perform the creative act of perception.



"SORRY, I'M TIRED!"
"HERE YOU GO! YOU'RE TIRED! HERE I BE A-STANDIN' OVER A STOVE ALL DAY, AN' YOU WURKIN' IN A NICE COOL SEWER!"

And when artists draw creatively, when they draw with individuality, as we say, and with freedom, they are simply coming nearer to that natural act of ours. They are coming nearer to real experience.

Great artists have always drawn in this way. There is nothing modern that departs more freely from what we *know* the human proportions to be, than the drawings of Michael Angelo. There is nothing less like a photograph than the sketches of Leonardo.

But most magazine illustrators have never caught the fever of individual being. They have never declared themselves free and independent of customary knowledge; they have never gone beyond catering to the rudimentary pleasure of recognition. And in a commercial way, it is well for them. Because if they should put their own individual vision strongly into a picture, a great many people to whom their individuality is uncongenial, would dislike the picture, whereas the *mere act of easy recognition pleases everybody a little*.

II.

When magazine art is not photographic, it makes up for that by being neat and "slick." Perhaps *chique* is the technical word. I mean that if there is anything omitted or varied by the individual mind of the artist, the variation is so definite, arbitrary, and regular, as to carry us still farther away from a real perception instead of nearer to it. No one could accuse the usual magazine poster prodigy of being photographic. On the contrary, it is nothing but a pattern, a conventionalized symbol, a deft mechanically cut and trimmed diagram remotely suggesting a young lady in the agonies of fashionable attire.

Let us compare with it a drawing which is still less photographic. I choose one that was exhibited at the McDowell Society in New York a while ago. One of the chief virtues of this drawing, in comparison with the usual poster is that it is not a drawing of a girl. But that is not the virtue I mean to point out. I mean to point out that here is a drawing even more abbreviated, more incomplete, less filled up with meat, but which comes right back to reality, instead of going farther away from it. For those who can see it, this is a most true, intimate, and final picture of that dog—sketched with unerring loyalty to the eye, and sketched, moreover, with living sympathy and emotion. For those who see it, it is exquisite, but for those who do not, it is only a piece of old newspaper—the last thing in the world to pay money for. And so it is not a magazine drawing, while the other decidedly is. For neatness of execution—no matter how inhuman and foolish the subject matter—*pleases everybody a little*. Sometimes we call it "decorative"—and sometimes it is!

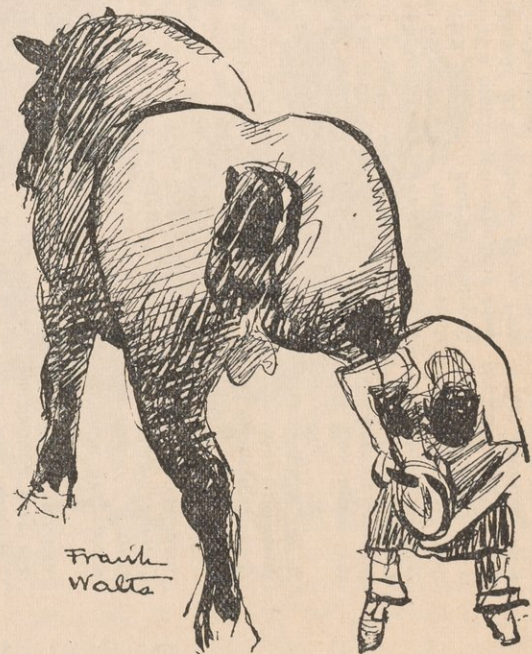
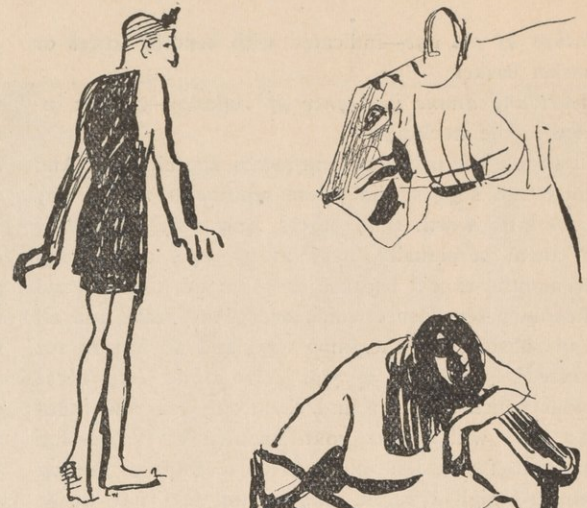
III.

When magazine drawings express feeling, the feelings they express are only the obvious and conventional ones of average people with coins in their pockets.

Wistfulness in a pretty girl—indicated by arching her eyebrows clear up into her hair.

Adventurous although stylish athleticism in a young man—indicated in the jaw and pants.

Romance in the meeting of the two—indicated by his gazing upon the earth, she upon infinity.



SKETCHES BY FRANK WALTS

Pathos of old age—indicated with bending knees or a market basket.

Sweet and divine innocence of children—usually indicated in the stockings.

These are the principal sentiments appealed to. And I would not suggest that these sentiments are of any less intrinsic worth than others, only why ding dong upon them perpetually, page after page, and month after month—except because they are the obvious and rudimentary sentiments which everybody feels, and all feel in substantially the same way, and all like to see expressed? Whereas, if you delve down into those passions which are deep and elemental, you find thousands who will resent your manner of expressing them; and if you drift out into those veins of feeling which are high-wrought, and subtle, and not to be named with names, you will find that people differ so much in these feelings that one will be attuned to one picture and another to another, and there is danger of losing the old constituency while you are attracting the new. And thus it is more profitable to hammer away upon the tonic chord of ordinary humane feeling, where we are all alike, and will go patiently out and pay down our fifteen cents for the same old song.

of the change in women, the profit upon female ridicule dwindled. The idea of the Eternal Feminine as a Perfect Lady grew a little less obvious than it used to be. And so Life one day graciously persuaded itself to bring out a "Pro-Suffrage Number," advertising among its artists for pictures expressing the values of a real woman. Now this little gamble on opinions is only a kind of frivolous example of the general art policy I have outlined—to attract ever a new constituency and yet not alienate the old. I believe that Life could profit now—just because people are beginning to acquire a degree of mercy toward men almost equal to that they feel toward animals—by dropping anti-vivisection and bringing out a Pro-Jewish number. And doubtless the artists would excel, as they did in the Pro-Suffrage number. For obviously no true works of expressive art can be created when the thing to be expressed is determined, not by the naturally unconventional promptings of native inspiration, but by an editor scared into a mania for the obvious. However, the very trick of cartoon expression, the graphic representation of an idea—any idea that is not radically displeasing in itself—gives a slight pleasure to almost anybody.

IV.

When magazine art expresses ideas, these also are the ideas most obvious and most current among those who can afford to buy.

Many years back, for example, Life has been profiting upon pictures in ridicule of the idea of woman suffrage, and the feminist movement in general. But after Mrs. Pankhurst woke up the press, and through that the world, to the biological significance and power

V.

Magazine art is monotonous. Well, everything there is much of is monotonous. But magazine art makes an ideal of monotony. "The Gibson Girl," "The Christy Girl," "The Stanlaws Girl," "The Harrison Fisher Girl"—these are features to be advertised on the front cover. And yet what is the advertisement, but an obituary notice of these men as artists? It certifies that they have given up their profession of



A Drawing by Maurice Becker

realizing in line the varieties of life's experience, and gone into the manufacturing business. They are now turning out an article that will sell widely in competition, because it is modelled strictly on the lines here indicated; and while they may find it profitable to vary the model a little from year to year, as progressive manufacturers do, the main lines were laid down in the first big sale, and no risks will be taken.

I do not want to lessen the glory that naturally adheres to these men for having created these types. Charles Dana Gibson is the original discoverer of the psycho-physical law that an anatomically impossible amount of space between the eye and the eyebrow of the female produces a romantic reaction in the male. This was a big discovery, in every way. It was long known that slight physical abnormalities are often a sex-stimulus. We found that out almost as soon as we came down from the trees, and we used to get the girls to alter themselves a little instead of just altering their pictures. At least, so the anthropologists tell us. But, at any rate, the art was forgotten, and the rediscovery of its charm was altogether a new thing and a big thing.

So big, in fact, that it seemed to overwhelm the artist, and he stopped there, and went into the business of manufacturing paper ladies—a business which quite wrecked his art, so far at least as the youthful female is concerned. In the characterizing of the male and the elderly female, Gibson has always been an artist, has always enjoyed within natural limitations of feeling, the varieties of life. He is the best magazine artist who ever learned the trick of pleasing everybody a little. Perhaps, however, his naturally small range of feeling—never transcending a genial and humane interest—has made this possible. So that even in these respects in which he is a true artist, Gibson is still an example of the monotony that is inevitable in pleasing everybody a little. Descend to the imitators—the millions of manufacturers of the girl of the far-away-look—and you find monotony so idealized, entrenched, and confirmed by commercial success, that you cannot characterize their separate styles at all. You can only say that the thought of a magazine cover makes you tired.

VI.

One kind of variety, indeed, has been found profitable by all editors—and that is variety in the shape of pictures and their disposition upon the page. And this variety has been cultivated as carefully as monotony in the pictures themselves. The principal function of art-editors is to fix a magazine so that when it is held loosely in the left hand, and the pages run off rapidly by the right thumb, a sort of kaleidoscopic motion-picture results. Black spots and queer blotches are seen dashing from one part of the page to another, and the effect is quite stimulating to the curiosity. This is no proof that after the purchase is made, anyone enjoys reading type which jumps across, over, under and around the misshapen angles of an extraneous insert. It is no proof that anyone enjoys looking at pictures which are jumped across, and poked into, by fragments of irrelevant letter-press. No—merely that this "variety of make-up" has the look of a circus as you pass by. And you never remember how you are fooled. You bite again at the next flutter.

This may be an extreme statement, but I doubt if anybody really likes a picture of a horse race with the rear-end of a horse racing off one page, and the forward quarters racing onto the other, and a half-inch white margin intervening. It is impossible to put

much speed into such a picture. It is impossible to put much heart into the creation of a picture that is to be so treated.

VII.

Besides being mutilated and vivisected, magazine drawings are belittled. And this is one thing that cannot happen to a story. A story may be lost in the scramble for advertising. It may be given a fairly formidable appearance at the front of the magazine, and then peter out into a long, dreary little tail coiling its way among tomato cans, and tobacco, and beer, at the back. But the story must needs be legible, if it is worth printing at all. And if it is legible, then it exists as a work of art. But not so the pictures. A picture may exist at eight-by-twelve inches, and be absolutely annihilated in the reduction to one-and-a-half-by-two. We might say that the average picture in our popular magazine is about half alive. The vigor is squeezed out of it by the engraver; and even then it is given no margin, no space in which to breathe.

All of which is but a further evidence of the commercial idealism that determines and controls this art. A magazine which is "chuck full of pictures and stuff" seems to be a fat bargain. No matter whether the pictures really exist or not—they look as though they did, and the number is large, and it takes a long time to crowd one's way through the magazine, and one feels as though he were getting his money's worth. And while this may be a small satisfaction for so much trouble, it is a satisfaction that *everybody enjoys a little*.

VIII.

Magazine drawings are mainly "illustrative." Their creation is usually initiated and accomplished somewhat in the following manner:

The editor hands a manuscript to a poor man who is—metaphorically at least—hungry. "We want two illustrations for this," he says, "and we must have them by the fourteenth—play up the woman."

The artist goes home and reads the story. He does not enjoy it, and he has no desire to illustrate it. He probably never had a desire to illustrate any story. Neither did the author have a desire to have anybody illustrate his story. Neither does the editor have any desire to see an illustration of the story. Neither does the reader consider the illustration an addition to the story.

All the reader cares about is that the magazine should not look dull when he approaches it; all the editor cares about is that the reader should be led to approach it; all that the author cares about is that he should have a popular artist's name attached to his story; and all the artist cares about is that he should sufficiently conform to the business standard of art so that the editor will give him a full, or at least a half-page, and pay him a full or at least a half-price.

Of course, these statements are sweeping and not strictly true. But they are more true than any other sweeping statements you could make about the popular art of illustrating stories. Except at those times when an artist and an editor spontaneously discover in themselves a real harmony of inspiration—and those times are rare—we may say that the illustrator's business is but an adventitious appendage to a real art. But it is an easy way to promote that variety of physical make-up which furnishes a slight pleasure to everybody and no great displeasure to any.

It would be pleasant to dwell in anticipation upon the nature of magazine art in the distant future, when the ideals of the business office have ceased to reign



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

TWELVE - THIRTY

supreme; but it would be impossible. For one cannot describe a thing whose very excellence shall consist in continual and surprising variation. Magazine art will be true art, and every work of true art is unique. The only way, therefore, in which it can be described in general is to say that it will be free from the tyranny of this demand that everybody be pleased with it—free to make enemies as well as friends.

Such art can never flourish under the commercial editor. To say nothing of the strain put upon his business by publishing something shockingly but surely great, he must also be ready to take chances upon that which is shocking but not surely great. Like the artist himself, or the poet, he must live the experimental life. Fear and a failure of the spirit of adventure are the death of art. Recklessness is its life. And if ever there appears on this earth such a thing as an editorial art, it will be when commercial timidity is removed from the inner office and a spirit of free and genuine sport is enshrined there.

We can perhaps point out, in conclusion, one or two little things that the true magazine art of the future will *not* be, and this will help people to recognize it when it begins to appear.

It will not be *carelessness of technique* taking the place of carefulness. No artist is free whose hand is not wholly under the dominion of his feeling or his idea.

It will not be an *imitation of foreign monstrosities* supplanting the native monstrosities of America. Art need have no national boundaries, but this does not mean that the imitation of Germans or Frenchmen is any more inspiring than the imitation of the folks at home.

It will not be *realism* supplanting idealism. It will not be love of the poignant supplanting love of the perfect, nor any one artistic ideal supplanting any other. They are all human and they are all divine, those ideals of art. And the important thing is that the appreciator—and here again, the editor—shall know how to judge each work by its own standard,

and not by the standard of something else. The function of the critic—if he has any—is to encourage every creator to be himself at his best.

It will not be drawings of the ugly and disgusting, the slops and drippings of a miserable civilization, supplanting the drawings of the festive and beautiful. A little while ago, a paragraph in *Collier's Magazine* presumed to denounce from the standpoint of morality some of the young artists of our times, and I quote it:

Many of the stern young moralists who are winning fame by their pictures in our magazines seem (to paraphrase a homely proverb) to have the same bad smell up their nostrils. Their people are gawky, greasy, febrile, and mean; they are doing contemptible things in a graceless, animal sort of fashion; their backgrounds are dingy, tawdry, and slovenly or unsanitary. Life is shown in the guise of the thriftless seeker after low pleasures. And yet these artists are intelligent, educated, alive, with the artists' deft hand and trained eye. They prove it by drawing a revolting bunch of cats and dogs prowling about some overturned garbage cans! The life of a great and eager city is all about them—you can see courtesy in the subway and devotion to duty in many a dingy shop, but they prefer the manners and labors of the roof garden. One may see men stopping in the street to stare up at the amazing beauty of our tall buildings against the misty blue of the September sky, but these are not artists, only low fellows whose immigration hither should have been prevented by law!

If this paragraph had been written from the standpoint of art, it would be but another proof of the fact that anything strong makes enemies as well as friends. But the paragraph was written from the standpoint of morality. And I have to say that it is a queer morality which can escape the grip of the tragic problems of our time by turning the eyes in another direction. If there is a tendency among free and democratic artists to linger among destitutes and prostitutes and those whom exploitation has driven to vagrancy and crime, this is not because these seem truer subjects of art, but because they are subjects of art which have so long been unrecognized. They are problems of moral reflection, furthermore, which have

too long been unstudied. It may, indeed, be true that freedom to see and sing these realities has turned the heads—or the hearts—of some poets and artists. They may have fallen a little in love with the sordid for its own sake, but certainly they are upon the heights both of health and virtue, when they are compared with those moralists who solve the profoundest questions of our civilization by the simple device of looking up into the sky where the clouds are floating so sweetly over the tall buildings. They may be "stern"—these young artists—but if the world, like the writer of that paragraph, proves too frivolous to face them, then it will be so much the worse for the world.

It is our part, however, to point out that not the painting of any particular truths will distinguish the art of the future, but the freedom to paint them all—a freedom which carries untold possibilities and untold dangers. If the new love of this freedom has arisen in artists who are big enough to stand it, then we are on the verge of a great era in popular art. But if these artists prove only little bantams, who have their heads turned the first time they find out they can crow—it is vain to hope for anything but a new series of monomanias. The fetters are removed—the wings are free—there is room for untrammelled and universal genius. But self-infatuation, attitudinizing, artificiality of technique, erotic attachment to a queer subject matter, these internal fetters are as quick and sure death to liberty as academic custom or ancestor worship.

If intelligence is given its sovereignty, and if men of universality arise, the twentieth century will see an age of art and poetry surpassing that of Elizabeth, because to the splendid paganism and great gusto of the free in those days will be added the ideals and the achievements of science and democracy. But if intelligence is renounced for temperament, if Art and not Life becomes the center of interest, if men prove too little for the adventure—then debauchment and dementia præcox are the harvest, and the hope is postponed.

Art and Impiety

THE quaintest example we have come across of the way in which the realistic vision of the artist shocks the piety of conventional people, is the examination of Paul Veronese before the Holy Office in Venice in 1573. The examination was held in regard to the alleged impieties of the picture of the Last Supper. Here are some of the questions and answers as reported in the verbatim record of the proceedings:

Q. In this Supper . . . what signifies the figure of him whose nose is bleeding?

A. He is a servant who has a nose-bleed from some accident.

Q. And the one who is dressed as a jester with a parrot on his wrist, why did you put him into the picture?

A. He is there as an ornament, as it is usual to insert such figures.

Q. Who are the persons at the Table of our Lord?

A. The twelve apostles.

Q. What is St. Peter doing, who is the first?

A. He is carving the lamb, in order to pass it to the other part of the table.

Q. What is he doing who comes next?

A. He holds a plate to see what St. Peter will give him.

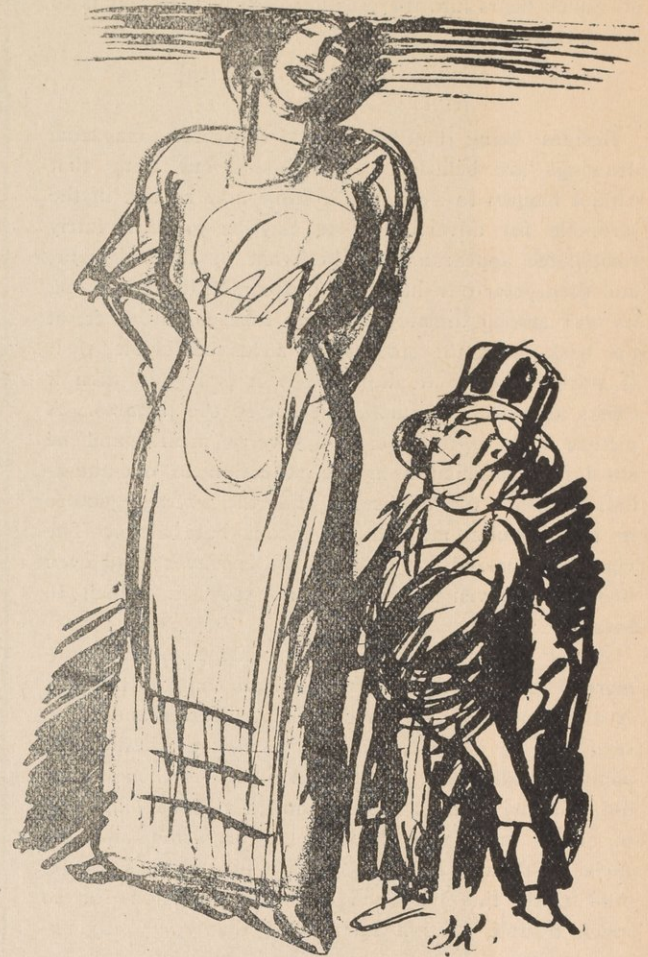
Q. Tell us what the third is doing?

A. He is picking his teeth with his fork.

Q. Did some person order you to paint Germans, buffoons and other similar figures in the picture?

A. No, but I was commissioned to adorn it as I thought proper; now, it is very large and can contain many figures.

That is the sort of discussion that might have con-



A Sketch by Boardman Robinson

tinued till doomsday. It has, in fact, continued down to the present, and every artist in turn confronts with some bewilderment and much determination the severe and ridiculous inquisition of judges whose authority he cannot recognize if he is to continue to be an artist.

Peace in Her Vineyard

IN happy contrast to the bloody vulgarities of European war, we offer this picture of a peaceful, fun-loving American community, as reported in the press dispatches:

"BAY SPRINGS, MISS.—More than seven thousand men, women and children witnessed the hanging here of Mose Johnson, the negro desperado.

"When Johnson was captured the Sheriff promised his posse the execution would be public, and the occasion was made a gala affair. The hanging was advertised extensively and the railroads ran special excursion trains here. Crowds began gathering last night and several thousand persons slept in the open and in vehicles of all descriptions.

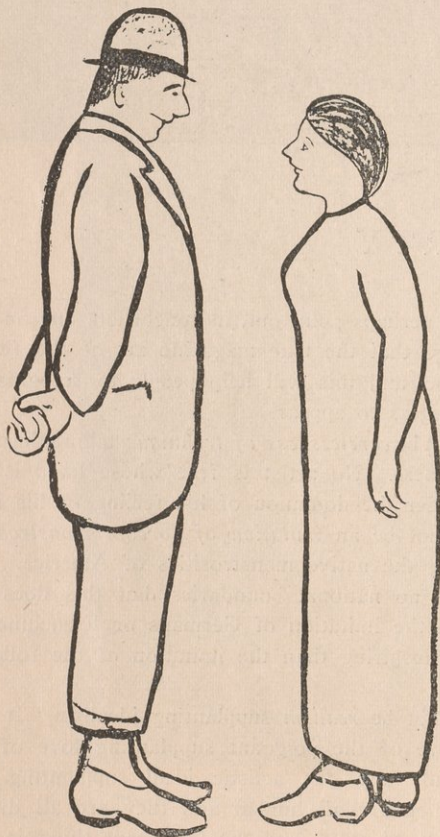
"The main street of the village was converted into a midway, where were displayed all kinds of wares. Many sideshows afforded amusement to the throng and barkers made the hamlet a bedlem.

"In the morning, after the arrival of several trains, the crowd surrounded Court House Square, where the hanging took place. Many women led and carried children.

"All this section of Mississippi made merry. Even the murderer was pleased with the attention he drew. With the noose about his neck, Johnson gave a dramatic sweep of his hand and shouted: 'So long, people. I'll meet you in heaven!'

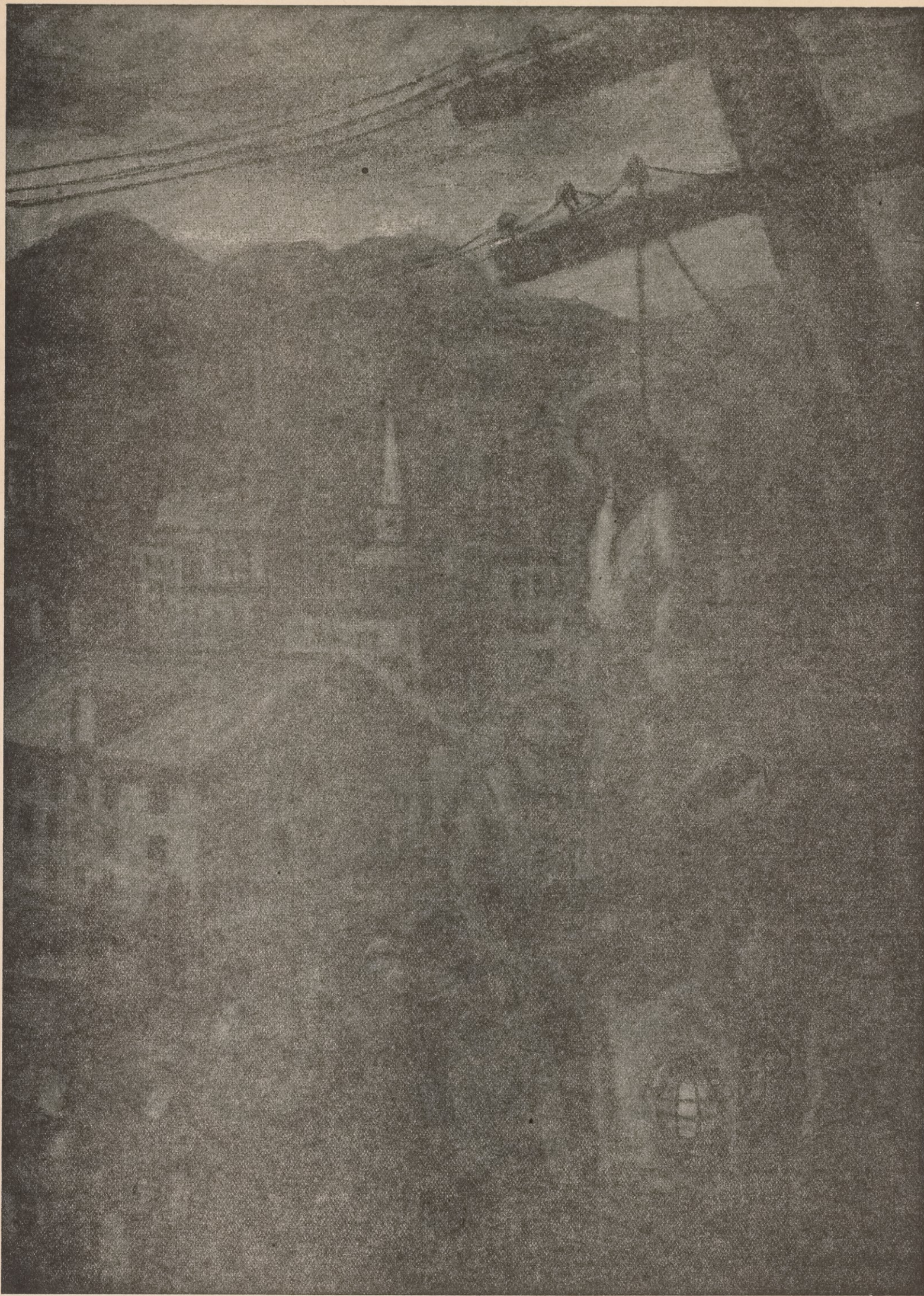
"Then the trap was sprung and the holiday was over."

We may congratulate ourselves once more on our moral superiority to the brutal nations of the old world.



G. S. Sparks.

On The Corner



Drawn by Stuart H. Tyson.

The Horrors of Peace

Poetry and Politics

Challenge

READERS OF THE MASSES will naturally think they have already read the best of Mr. Untermeyer's work* in its appropriate context—poems of challenge in a magazine of challenge. Perhaps that is true. But there is more than challenge in this volume—unless one interprets the word in a large way. There is a warm and sensuous love of life, an appreciation of earth's gifts of joy, and a tender appreciation of the twilight moods of feeling. These form a background to the sharp satire directed at social conditions, and the passionate demand for a reconstruction of the world.

And from all of this, more clearly than from any single poem, emerges a sense of a personality behind the work. It is a youthful personality, with the dignity that youth has in its expressive moments—when its restlessness, its violence of love and hate, its zest in ideas, its eager re-discovery of the actual world, seem to be impulses from that untamed energy which flows through the universe, among established forms, changing or cherishing them, making and marring, and turning the old into the new.

Youth is a curious thing (as an elderly person like myself may say without offense). It is full of contradictions. It is brutal and tender; it is at once sensitive and callous. Buoyancy is a kind of callousness, and this book is buoyant from cover to cover. It is the utterance of one who feels himself to be superior to life, one who feels that he can bend life to his will.

Its hatred of injustice is not the hatred of a man who suffers injustice. Under the sympathy there is a ring of pride; of pride in a self that stands above pain. Save for a few moments of poignant music that seem wrung from the deepest personal feeling, a few passages of hard, sure dramatic presentation of life, there seems a faint line separating the poet from his theme. He stoops insensibly to touch it. A bit of the Olympian.

Yet it is this very confidence in life, in self, in the power of the will, that makes one like the book. There are too many poets content to represent themselves as victims, to identify themselves with the will-less, hopeless creatures afflicted by life. It is a relief to find a poet who has the dangerous—artistically dangerous—gift of self-respect. F. D.

The Kaiser and the Socialists

HERE is a book about that "most interesting man," the Kaiser. It is an example of journalistic enterprise in book-making.† But its journalistic enterprise goes so far as to include two well-written chapters which will be of interest to Socialists, namely, "The Kaiser and the Reichstag" and "The Kaiser and the Socialists." The brief and picturesque sketch of the rather stormy relations between the hereditary warlord and an independent and self-respecting legislative body is interesting enough as illustrating the illusory character of the hostility which apparently existed between them. It is only six years since the Kaiser's "blazing indiscretions" brought down upon him the wrath of the lawmakers, and his bowing to their mandate of silence seemed then to be a milestone of republican progress. One might have imagined that the situation was somewhat analogous to the hostility between King and Commons which is one of the

features of English history at an earlier period. The only lesson to be drawn—though it is not a valueless one—is that appearances are deceptive.

The chapter on the Socialists and the Kaiser is a similar record of an ostensible hostility ending with the Kaiser's phrase, "I recognize no parties now—only Germans," and faced by a portrait of the Kaiser smiling the famous smile of the cat that has just swallowed the canary. The fact that Karl Liebknecht voted against the second war-credits shows that there is in the Reichstag at least one Socialist who stands out against the Kaiser's war. But it is interesting to cull from this chapter the Kaiser's remarks about the party which, according to report, is about to punish Liebknecht for his breach of "party discipline."

"Traitors," "a plague that must be exterminated," "a crew undeserving the name of Germans," "foes to the country and empire," "people without a country," and "Leave the Socialists to me!"

He might have said, "Leave the Socialists to parliamentarism." Brief as this sketch is, and gentle as is its treatment of its theme, it suggests the process

by which the German Social Democracy became dominated by parliamentary ambitions, became involved in governmental activities, accepted a share of responsibility for the conduct of imperial affairs, and finally arrived at the stage where it could vote the credits for the present war. This picture is quoted from a newspaper correspondent who saw the final tableau:

"It was an unforgettable scene in the Reichstag when the Chancellor said: 'Our army is in the field; our fleet is ready for battle; the whole German nation stands behind them!' All eyes were riveted on the Socialist benches. Would they hiss or would they cheer? They cheered. And then the Chancellor, turning to them, shook his fist, not this time in anger or defiance, but in a Bismarckian gesture of joyous gratitude as he repeated: 'Jawohl, the whole German nation!'"

Joyous gratitude! One may remark, in justice to the German Socialist tradition of revolt, that there are some—Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, Franz Mehring and Clara Zetkin among them—who choose to absent themselves from this felicity.

ANTHONY CRONE.



Drawn by Stuart Davis.

Good Lady: "Good morning, Jim; do you want to do some work for the Lord?"
Village Ne'er-do-well: "No ma'am, I've got a good job now with the railroad."

*CHALLENGE. By Louis Untermeyer. \$1.25 net. The Century Co., New York.

†THE KAISER: A Book About the Most Interesting Man in Europe. Edited by Asa Dan Dickinson. Illustrated. \$2.00 net. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.

WAR CHANGES

IT ISN'T that they have loosed a red wind of hate upon us,
Nor the blood they've spilt;
But that we must weave the threads of life into a tassel
To deck a sabre hilt.

It isn't that they have killed our young men in their wooing time,
Nor what their trumpet saith;
But that their cannons blow away our dreams of brotherhood
And wound our faith.

It isn't that they have made so many kings and cabinets
Exhaust their treasuries of lies;
But that they have put boasting in the mouths of boys we drink
beer with—
And bayonets in their eyes.

It isn't that their shells have battered down so many ancient shrines
And changed the old world's face;
But that they have made the little fenced-in yard behind the house
A very different place.

EDMOND McKENNA.

Injuring Non-Combatants

PAUL EHRLICH'S Salvarsan, the greatest medical discovery of the last fifty years, was patented in all civilized countries and sold to the Farbenfabrik at Elberfeld, where it was manufactured and dispensed to the suffering at a profit so large that you would not believe the figures.

The supply of this remedy is cut off by the war, and the health of hundreds of thousands of Americans and their children is in danger. Fortunately, England has abrogated all German patents, and the manufacture of Salvarsan in that country has perhaps already begun. We cannot manufacture it. Will it violate our neutrality if we import this treasure from England?

"Stop the War!"

THOSE who think it is our hope and not our judgment which expects revolution at the end of the war will be interested in this opinion of Hearst in the *New York American*: "If it is not stopped, there may be more than war, and worse than war. They may be riot and revolution and red anarchy in the centers of government and the relentless revenge of the outraged masses, regretful at their endless and needless sacrifice."



Justice

THE vaudeville juggler, thinking thereby the better to advertise his act, sent a man to walk up and down in front of the theater where he performed. But first he considered ways and means to make his man conspicuous. He arranged the device of a dummy, draped about the man who carried it so that it appeared, as it went up and down the street, to be a huge giant walking on its hands, with its feet high in the air.

The face, extending forward near the ground, carried about its neck a sign, "See Jagnow, the Strong-Arm Juggler, at Hammerstein's." Policemen saw the figure and the crowd that followed it. They grinned with the others and let it go by.

An agitator came to a corner where the crowd and the inverted giant paraded. He had in his hand a tiny flag on which was an inscription against war, and, being somewhat wrought up about war, he started on the corner a talk for peace.

"You are my prisoner!" shouted a policeman, on whose face the grin from seeing the inverted giant had not quite died away. "You fool, you; don't you know better than to parade in these parts?"

"What do you mean, parade?" replied the startled agitator.

"Carryin' a banner. Pipe yer flag. That's paradin', and it's you for the station house." They carried the agitator off in the patrol wagon, and he was duly given ten days for parading without a permit and causing a crowd to collect. In all of the ten days the inverted giant, which operated as an advertising device for something Commercial, continued its way up and down the street, and the policeman who had arrested the agitator continued to grin at it each time it passed.

I. R.

CONGRATULATIONS

to the designers of original American fashions now being exploited by the newspapers. (To the right we show the latest American fashions; to the left the latest Parisian fashions, as observed by Mr. Stuart Davis of THE MASSES staff.)

Bernard Shaw

TOLSTOY being dead, it was left for Bernard Shaw to say the one great word that has come from a belligerent country during the war. He points with a thrust of iron to the moral hypocrisy of the government he lives under; he denounces the folly of righteous indignation on any side, especially England's; he declares, in effect, that not from the standpoint of causes, but from the standpoint of results only, can the war of the Allies against Germany be justified. He states as clearly as any Socialist in a neutral country has stated it, the sole reason to hope for a German defeat—namely, that the military feudalism of Prussian Society is the fighting core of reaction and tyranny in Europe, and after one devastating defeat of German arms, this feudalism will speedily be smashed. This, it seems to us, and his denunciation of the power of secret diplomacy, which enables the foreign minister in a "democratic" country to sweep millions of people into a wholesale war, are the heart of what he said.

The soul of it for me, is the bare fact that he said it. One man—one more man, at least—was able to rise out of the animal fumes of patriotic fury, and play the part of intelligence.

We can only sadly regret that he must dull the edge and significance of the act with a touch of petty nationalism—a jesting confession that being an Irishman, he enjoys a dig at England. We must regret this, and reflect again as we have so often, that—well, if Shaw is not bigger than that, at least he is big enough not to pretend that he is! A man has spoken—that is the sum of it.

Sacrilegious Potato

WHEAT is scarce in Austria on account of the war, and potato flour is being substituted for it. Hence the following:

ROME, Nov. 29.—Dispatches from Vienna say that the bishops have warned the clergy to ascertain personally whether the wafers used in the Eucharist are made of pure wheat flour unmixed with potatoes.

The parish priests have been instructed to supervise the grinding of the wheat of which the wafers are made, and not to use the ordinary flours used in bread making.

Pie Crust

"RUSSIA will win," the Czarina is quoted as saying, "not the promise-breakers or neutrality violaters." From this it must be inferred that Russia has lost the promise-breaking championship of the world.



A. F. of L. Syndicalism

BY a vote of 11,000 to 8,000 the American Federation of Labor decided against agitating for an eight-hour law for all wage workers.

There are two possible explanations of this, and perhaps both are needed. First, many unions in the Federation have secured the eight-hour day for themselves by organization. They are skilled unions, closed to the common laborer, and they have the complacent conservatism of all aristocrats. To bring other wage laborers up to the level of their privilege would in effect destroy that privilege. They would be just as well off, except that they would be in want of somebody to look down on. The carpenters are even initiating the agitation for a six-hour day, and, of course, a legal standard of eight hours for all labor would militate against that agitation. No doubt this was a cause of the action of the Federation.

But also there is the cause avowed by the president of the Federation—that in undertaking political agitation for industrial gains, industrial organizations suffer. The unions lie back and wait for a law, when they could make a quicker gain by direct action; and then, even after they secure the law, they have lost the organized power to compel its enforcement. Political agitation should be confined to the establishment of the political rights and liberties of labor unions in a fight; the fight itself should be industrial.

In short, the spirit of Syndicalism, the anti-political-action wave, which caught up so many sincere revolutionary Socialists in this country, has also found congenial soil in the American Federation. The wave has been on the whole beneficial in recalling attention from the question of the political machine to the prior question of the power behind the machine.

But in this instance, as in many others, it has gone too far. An eight-hour day, established by law for all labor, would be a standard, even if it were not enforced, toward which labor would fight with far more confidence and support. And the solidarity gained in fighting for such a law would outbalance any loss of strength in present organizations it would entail.

The truth is, the opponents of the agitation are in every case those who do not apprehend the principle of class solidarity, whether they deserve the name of aristocrats or not. And it ought to be a lesson to the Syndicalists in every country to find themselves so close to the old-line unionists of America. For this is exactly the final criticism of Syndicalism as a revolutionary policy, that it allows the workers to advance in small groups, and will thus ultimately divide their power and waste it in numberless class fights within the working class. Political action, political thinking, with all its faults, retains this great virtue, that it enforces a degree of solidarity in large groups, whatever those groups may be.

And nothing at the present moment could more nearly weld the working class of America into a single constituency than a fighting practical campaign for a universal eight-hour day. It is the opportunity of the Socialist Party to do what the American Federation declined to do.

Prize Press Pearl

“THE rich have been economizing in recent years, but the farmer and the workingman have been growing ever more profligate.”—*The World's Work War Manual*.

Germany's Lone Anti-Militarist

BY refusing to vote in favor of the Kaiser's second war loan, the Reichstag representative from Potsdam, the Kaiser's home town, has at last spoiled the oft-repeated lie that the German people are unanimously for this war. Being not only a brilliantly sane gentleman, but also very popular, nobody has had the hardihood to say that he represents nobody but one Karl Liebknecht. But the consoling calculation has been made that this still leaves 112 "Socialist" members of the Reichstag in the Kaiser's camp.

Let us dispel this illusion. The son of the great Wilhelm Liebknecht jumped over the traces. But the Leipzig *Volkszeitung* reckons forty Reichstag members who share most of his views, but think they will be able to do more for the approaching revolution by preserving the outward unity of the Party. Another group, also revolutionists and republicans, and almost as numerous, supports the Kaiser now in the belief

that the best time to attack him will be when he is down. A third group does not believe it will be practicable violently to overthrow the Kaiser, but is planning to take away all his power by peaceful means. It is now doing its best to put a spoke in the Kaiser's war chariot by agitating secretly for peace—accompanied by a plebiscite in Alsace, Lorraine, Schleswig and Poland, and the neutralization of the Kiel Canal! A fourth group consisted of one man, Ludwig Frank, the rising young opportunist naturally also an ardent nationalist. He was the sole Socialist Reichstag volunteer on the firing line. But a French bullet—perhaps Socialist or Syndicalist, who knows—put an end to his nationalism. It is now safe to say that the remaining 112 are all against the Kaiser and his purposes in the war, though to very varying degrees, it must be confessed.

So this has turned out, after all, to be the story of Socialism's lone militarist, now deceased, rather than the story of Germany's lone anti-militarist.

W. E. W.



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

No--this isn't another picture of an outcast woman. It is William J. Burns in disguise on Fourteenth street.

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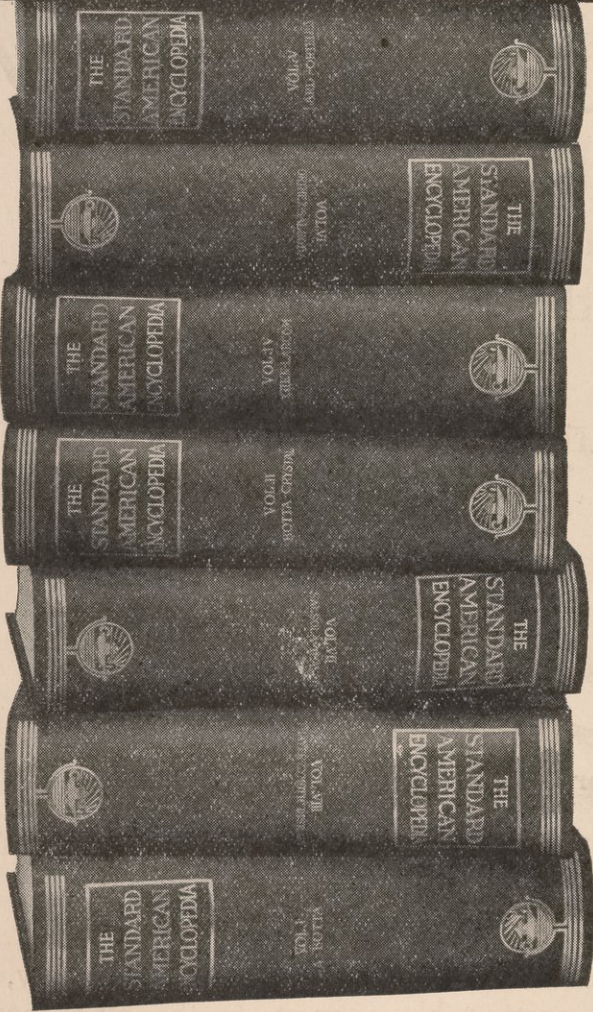
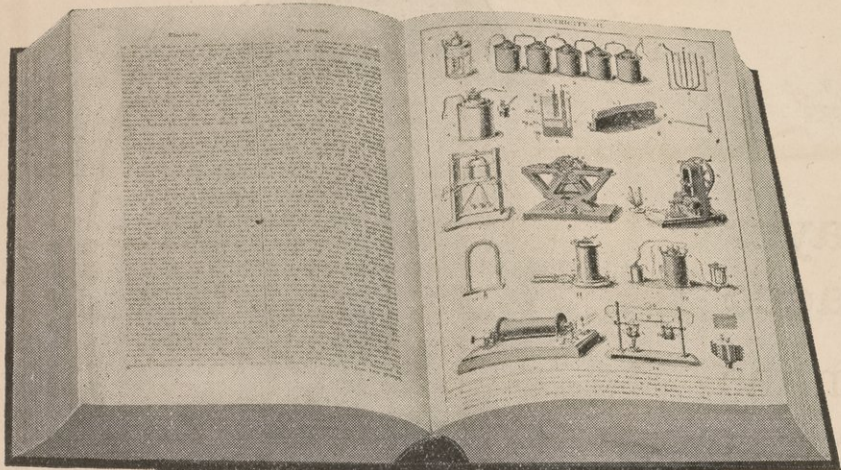
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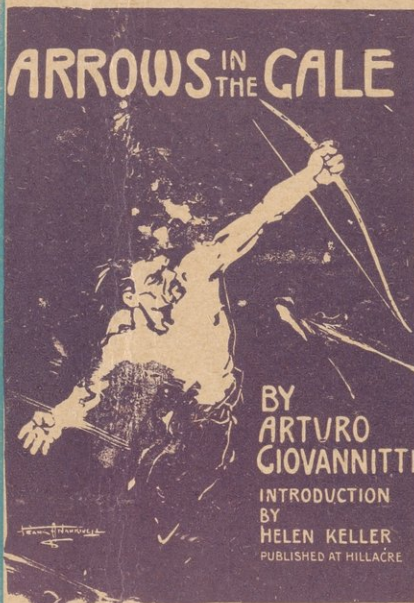
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