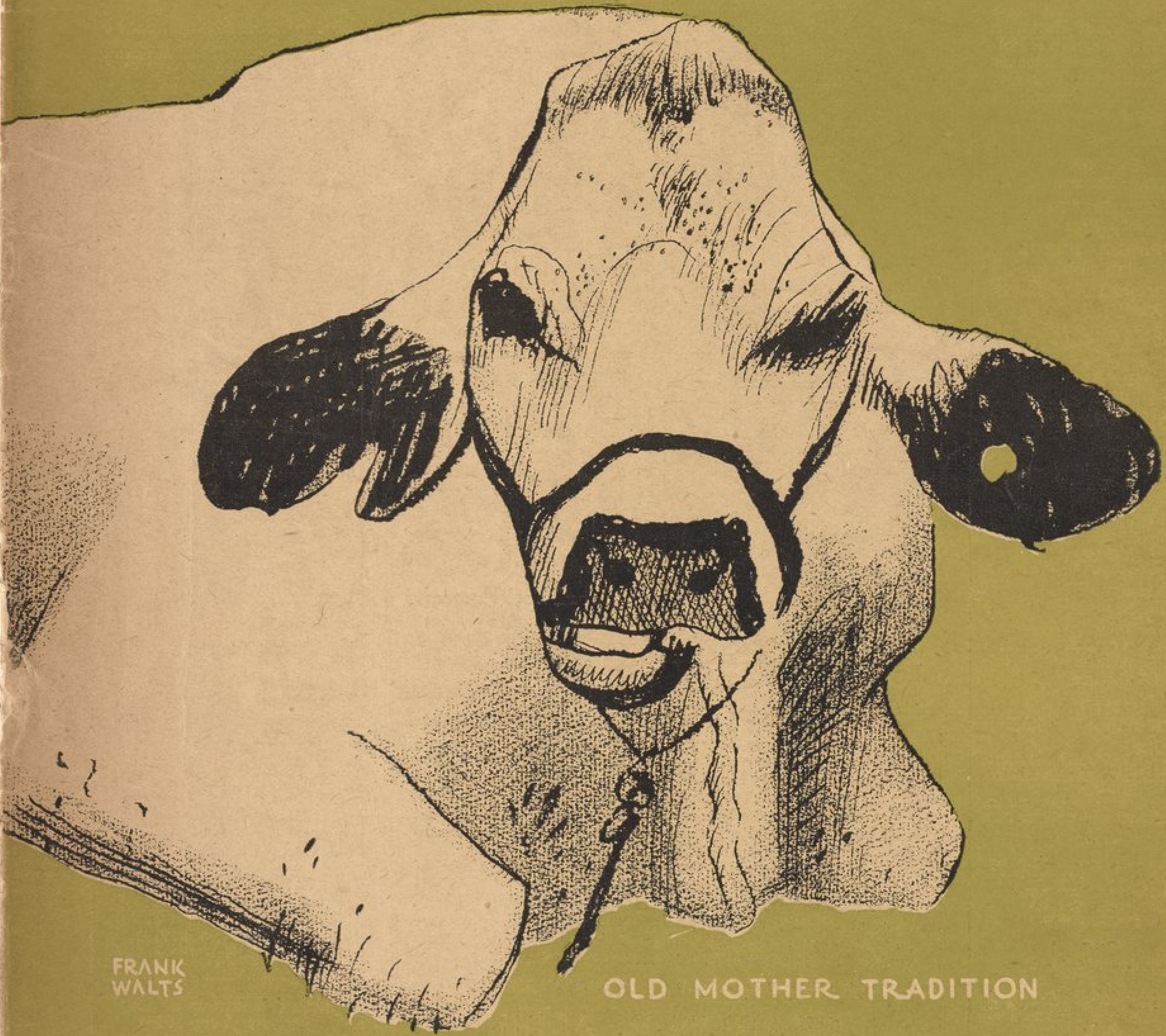
THE JUNE 1915 10 CENTS

MASSES


FRANK
WALTS

OLD MOTHER TRADITION

The MASSES

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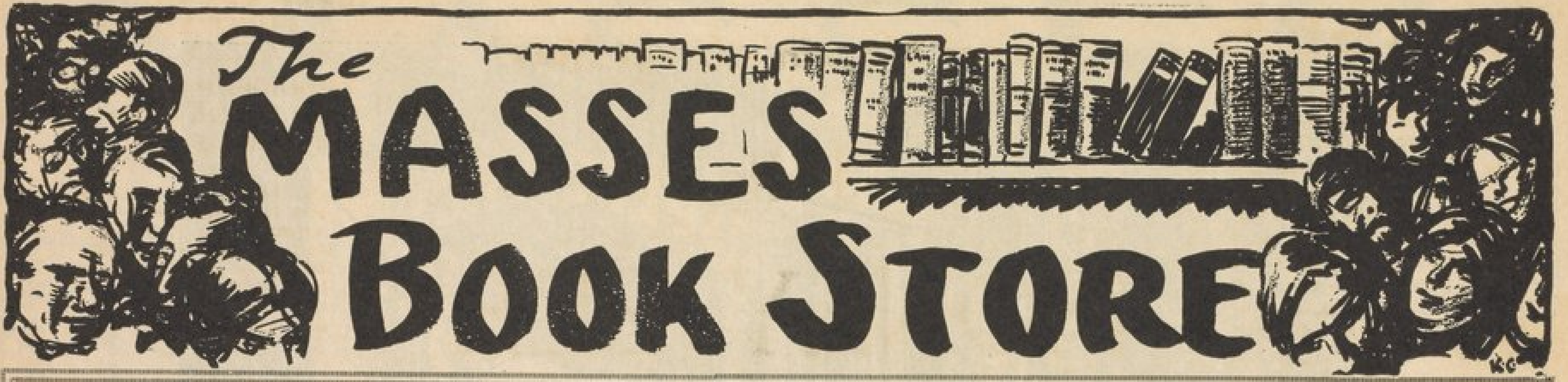

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SOCIOLOGY

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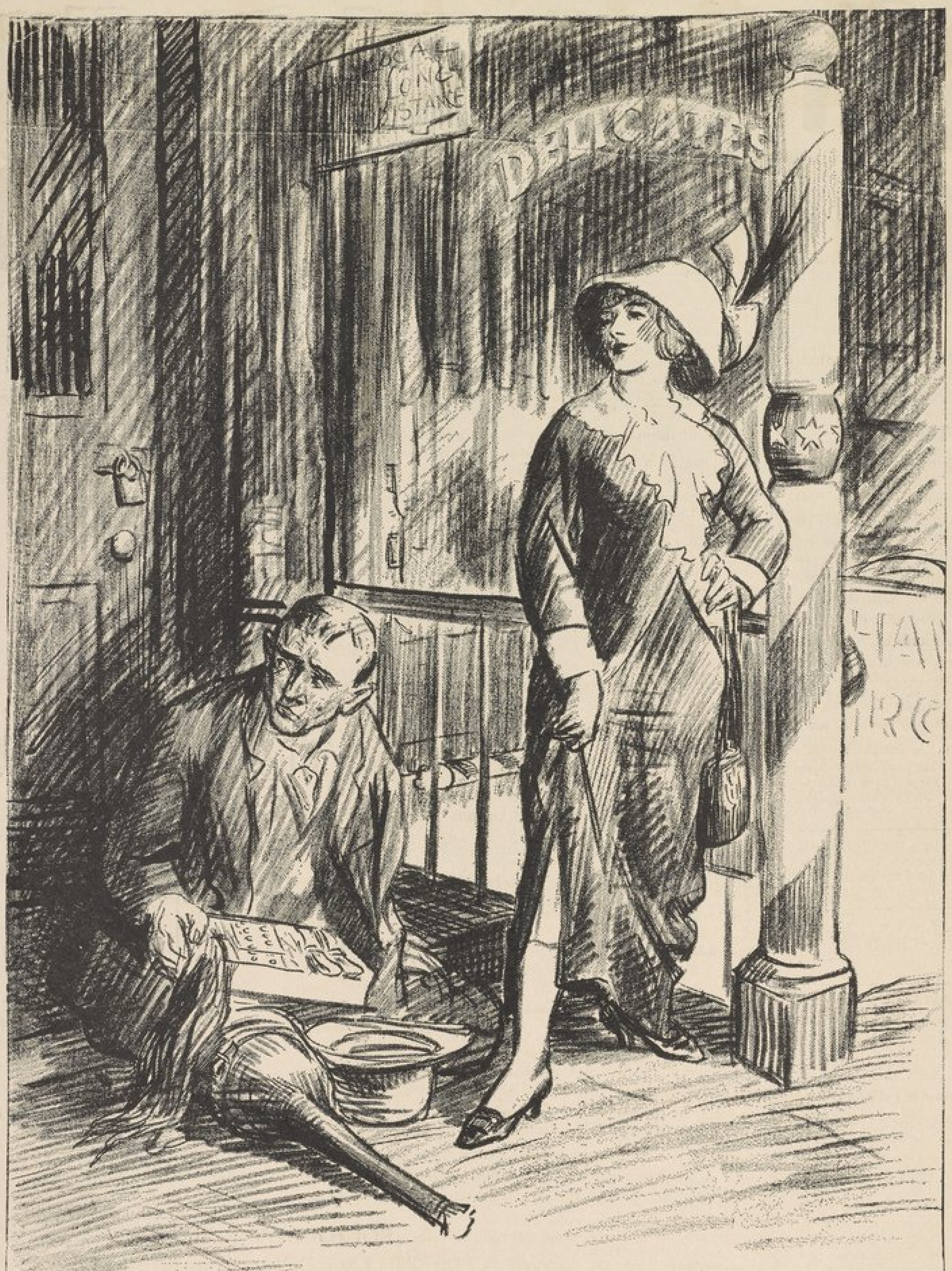
(*Continued on page 24*)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Vol. VI. No. 9 JUNE, 1915 Issue No. 49

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

Riot and Reform at Sing Sing

A YEAR ago one hundred and eighty prisoners in the knitting mills at Sing Sing dropped work upon a signal from their leader, and succeeded in balking the course of affairs for five hours. This was a protest against Governor Glynn's refusal to sign a bill allowing convicts to apply for parole after one year. The spirit of self-dependent rebellion had been carried down by imprisoned strike-leaders to this lowest class in society—the class that works for nothing and without citizenship.

They did more militant things than stop work, too. They rioted; they razed a building to the ground. Lives were doubtless sacrificed. But that silent assertion of united power was the most impressive, and perhaps the most revolutionary.

Changes followed. A new warden gave the prisoners an hour outdoors in the afternoon, an opportunity to talk. Life was made a little more supportable.

Then more trouble, and still other changes. I do not know the sequence, and I am not pleading a case of simple cause and effect. Nothing could have been more dramatically complex than the circumstances,—Mr. Osborne's rearing in the shadow of Auburn prison, Donald Lowrie's book about his life in San Quentin, Mr. Osborne's reading that, his going to jail at Auburn for a taste of it, his money power, his political connections, and then the unmanageableness of Sing Sing—circumstances that led to the great thing that is being done there now. I merely ask, in the interest of riots in general, that the benevolent enthusiasts who are so happy about Mr. Osborne's reforms should remember, among other things, that the Sing Sing riots occurred.

We published in the MASSES a review of Mr. Osborne's book, "Within Prison Walls," by an agitator confined in Auburn at the time Mr. Osborne was there. It was not a very complimentary review. If you were an agitator in prison you would find it hard to compliment a millionaire who spent a week there, known to the keepers, and then wrote a celebrated book about it. Even if it *were* a simple book, offered in a humble way for what it was worth, you'd never say so. And our agitator didn't say so. He made Mr. Osborne seem almost like a bad man.

Well, my impression is that Mr. Osborne is an extraordinarily good man. If we were going to be fastidious, we might even say almost a little too good. A shade of that determined saintliness we have been taught to fear!

But the work he has done at Sing Sing is truly great, an event of American history. And the way he does it is great.

The confinement of men and women in stone cells under physical contempt, voiceless, vacant of purpose, subject to assault from trained criminals, their keepers, sick and sex-hungry, is the blackest thing the stars see. And so far as the law and his appropriations allow, Mr. Osborne has removed this thing within the walls of Sing Sing prison. I walked about that enclosure, in and out of the shops and yards where seventeen hundred prisoners are working, conversing, going freely to and fro with intention in their eyes, for fully twenty minutes before I sighted a single "keeper." And when I sighted him, I sighted a man out of a job, nonplussed, worried, forsaken of the vice he was addicted to.

Fifteen hundred prisoners eat at once in the great mess-hall without an official in sight or hearing. And where sixty keepers with drawn clubs failed to maintain order before, order maintains itself like the tides.

"You're in the toughest shop in the place," said one of the prisoners in the knitting mill. "Six fights a day was about our average here in the old times, and I haven't seen but two scraps in over two months."

"How do you account for it?" I asked.

"Why, we're responsible. We elect officers, and they appoint sergeants-at-arms, who police the prison. You can start a fight here, but it's over before it's started. We stop it ourselves. Our own officers stop it."

"Do you work as hard?"

"Do we work as hard? We're putting out exactly 50 per cent. more goods from this shop than we did under the old system. We're a little interested in doing it."

After work at four o'clock the men play ball, or what they will, for an hour. Then supper. Then to their cells for the count—ten minutes or so. Then two shifts to the assembly hall for entertainment or lecture if they choose, and not if they choose not.

"It isn't that you want to hear a lecture every night," said a prisoner. "You want to be *asked* whether you want to or not. Do you see?"

A year ago they were locked up in black holes of solid masonry with a solid iron door, containing a grating the size of a kitchen-chimney flue, from quitting time in the afternoon, till work-time in the morning.

Those black holes remain, and the men sleep in them at night. It would take money from the state to change it. But that is all they see or smell of them.

In the afternoon a judicial committee composed of prisoners appointed by their own elected officers, meets to hear cases brought before it by sergeants-at-arms, or on complaint from any prisoner. It apportions penalties for misconduct, the person disciplined having an appeal to the warden's court, composed of warden, physician, and head-keeper. The decision of this court is of course final, but practically its only function so far has been to mitigate the severity of penalties for disorder inflicted by the judicial committee composed of the prisoners themselves.

All prisoners are free to attend the sessions of both these courts. And they do attend in enthusiastic numbers. It is quieter than church.

These simple instruments of self-government, combined with a little social freedom, have absolutely removed the drug-habit from Sing Sing. I have this both from the warden and from the prisoners. It is only one thing, but perhaps the most unique in prison history that Mr. Osborne has accomplished.

Nothing I tell, however, will convey the change that democracy under a humane despot has wrought at Sing Sing. Nothing the prisoners could tell. They open their hands dumbly when you ask them. "At least we're human beings."

There is still poverty of interest, poverty of instruction, poverty of *remediation* at Sing Sing. It is a thin life for sick men, a dull life for rebels. But all that a fearless will and an exceedingly wise human heart can do, under the law and with the appropriation, Mr. Osborne has done or is doing in that notorious and forlorn place.

It has long seemed sure that, following along with the liberation of women, prison reform is to be the next drastic step in American civilization, prison reform and the reform of our inhibitive attitude toward those we imprison. It is also the reform which is most interesting to a revolutionist. For it stands, a little more than any other great reform does, apart from the issue between capital and labor. It can be in some measure accomplished without rectifying the distribution of wealth; and, rectifying the distribution of wealth will not accomplish it. For even apart from defending property, all society is committed to the policy of crushing and inhibiting certain "objectionable" people, and only a very wide and active understanding of men and nature can alter this.

No one knows, or will know, until the day it is tried, how greatly "crime" will diminish when opportunity is equal. No one knows how much or what nature of "protection" society would need, if society were just and democratic. These questions, offering so fine an opportunity for flaming assertions, will be answered often enough, but they will not be answered well until experience answers them. In the meanwhile at least we might make bold to arrive, after two thousand years, at the long-waiting wisdom of Plato, and we might make bold to pass a little beyond it.

"For no one punishes an evil-doer," said Plato, "under the notion or for the reason, that he has done wrong—only the unreasonable fury of a beast acts that way. But he who desires to inflict rational punishment does not retaliate for a past wrong, for that which is done can not be undone, but he has regard to the future, and is desirous that the man who is punished, and he who sees him punished, may be deterred from doing wrong again."

We might pass a little way beyond this, and realize that we ought not to "punish" an "evil doer" at all.

But we ought to give him all possible opportunity to escape from the prison of his own misfortune—whether that be sickness, or reckless good health mixed with poverty. To teach criminals to escape from prison—that will be the aim of prison reformers. And as they learn to adopt that aim, may they borrow at least this much from the creed of revolution—not to demand from their prisoners humbleness, and gratitude, and goodness, and other stultifications of spirit, but to welcome from prisoners an arrogant *demand* for even a better justice than they so benevolently hand down. For without that, without both pride and power from below, neither the system, nor the spirit of the system will ever be completely changed.

Liberty

I WAS holding in my lap a little yellow book by J. B. Bury, M.A., F.B.A., Hon. D. Litt., Hon. LL.D., of Cambridge University. The book is one of the Home University Library Series, and is called "A History of Freedom of Thought." I read works like that on the subway because it distracts my mind from the noisy pressure of modern reality. The twice Honorable Bury had just been saying:

"At present, in the most civilized countries, freedom of speech is taken as a matter of course and seems a perfectly simple thing. We are so accustomed to it that we look on it as a natural right. But . . . it has taken centuries to persuade the most enlightened peoples that liberty to publish one's opinions and to discuss all questions is a good and not a bad thing."

As I rested, the conductor handed me a copy of the *Echo*, a church paper.

"Do you believe in that?" I asked.

"Na, there was a nice old lady in here as't me to give 'em out," he answered. "I don't believe in anything."

"You don't?" I said.

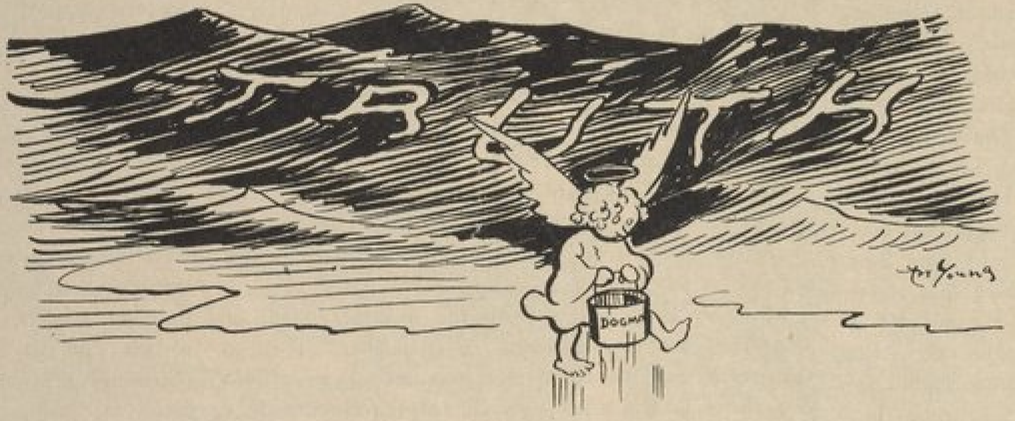
"Not when I'm dressed in these clothes!"

"How about unionism?"

"I'm sorry, old man, but a fellow in a uniform like this can't believe in unionism. We tried to call a meeting here a while ago, and there was ninety of us laid off the next morning. You take one of us fellows when we're home in bed, we might have an opinion."

Shall we allow anyone to say "Liberty" in the twentieth century, I asked, but those who attack the economic causes of restraint?

ART YOUNG sends me this little picture through the mail, and I publish it in place of a long editorial answer to numberless correspondents who "want to know just what this magazine is trying to do." It is trying *not* to try to empty the ocean, for one thing. And in a propaganda paper that alone is a task.



A Conversation

"ARE you going to vote for the suffrage amendment?" said the professor. He was a teacher of psychology.

"No," said the judge. "Women haven't got enough sense. They don't know anything about politics."

"That proves that they have sense, doesn't it?" said the professor.

"Why?"

"Wouldn't they be fools if they all took the trouble to *learn* about something they can't *do* anything about? What did you study law for?"

"In order to practice it," admitted the judge.

"I guess women will study politics when they can practice it. At least they are to be congratulated upon not having studied it when they couldn't."

THERE is one thing to be glad about. It is just possible that the war in Europe will emancipate the United States. It may start a few of our standard people thinking there is something nobler to do in society and art, than imitate the culture and manners of western Europe.

CITY DAWN

GRAY dawn comes over the purple rooftops,
Leprous dawn, white-headed, heavy, torpid,
Ancient-footed, gravid with unborn thunders,
Comes to the city.

Houses sleep:—the house of pain and of wonder,
Rearing, ward on ward, and story on story,
Up to the sky, the battle of generations
Unborn and dying.

Houses sleep:—the house of lust and loud music,
Prudently veiled, discreetly hooded and silenced,
Sodden with sleep and fruitless futile exhaustion,
Sleeps in the dawning.

Purple roofs to the far horizon—
Oh ye sleepers!—dawn comes to your byeways!
Leprous dawn, ancient-footed and gravid
With unborn thunders.

LYDIA GIBSON.

The Boss Bossed

AGAIN we give thanks that Roosevelt got all through playing President before these days arrived. It is a safer entertainment to see him floating in a death-grapple with William Barnes, Jr., on a sea of commonplace political scandal.

Since the Syracuse trial could not teach us anything we did not know about bossism and political corruption, and how it mixes with its powers the excellent sentiments of friendship, we are justified in seeking there, as most of us have, nothing whatever but amusement. And we find that at its best in this letter from Governor Roosevelt to his boss of the old days, Tom Platt. We omit a sentence or two:

> *My Dear Senator:*
>
> *I have thoroughly enjoyed being Governor. . . . I would like to be Governor for another term. . . . Faithfully yours.*

PYROTECHNICS

I AM an intellectual.

I have three stages of growth—idealism, materialism and cynicism.

I feast on pre-digested facts, peptonized principles and sterilized dogmas until I succumb to mental obesity.

I live by my wits, just like kings, preachers, politicians and burglars.

I hob-nob with royalty and revile the proletaire; I mix with the masses and ridicule the rulers: I minimize the sublime and exaggerate the common-place and withal act as a shock absorber over the rough roads of social evolution.

I am enemic and round-shouldered yet I make a fetish of strength and beauty; I shun toil yet I rave about the dignity of labor; I faint at the sight of blood yet I glory in the horrors of war; I smoke, drink, love foolishly and frequently yet I sermonize on the wickedness of tobacco, alcohol and women.

I thrive on inconsistencies, contradictions and paradoxes.

I am an intellectual.

MAURICE KORSHET.

GRAVES

I DREAMED one man stood against a thousand,
One man damned as a wrongheaded fool.
One year and another he walked the streets,
And a thousand shrugs and hoots
Met him in the shoulders and mouths he passed.

He died alone
And only the undertaker came to his funeral.

Flowers grow over his grave anod in the wind,
And over the graves of the thousand, too,
The flowers grow anod in the wind.

Flowers and the wind,
Flowers anod over the graves of the dead,
Petals of red, leaves of yellow, streaks of white,
Masses of purple sagging . . .
I love you and your great way of forgetting.

CARL SANDBURG.

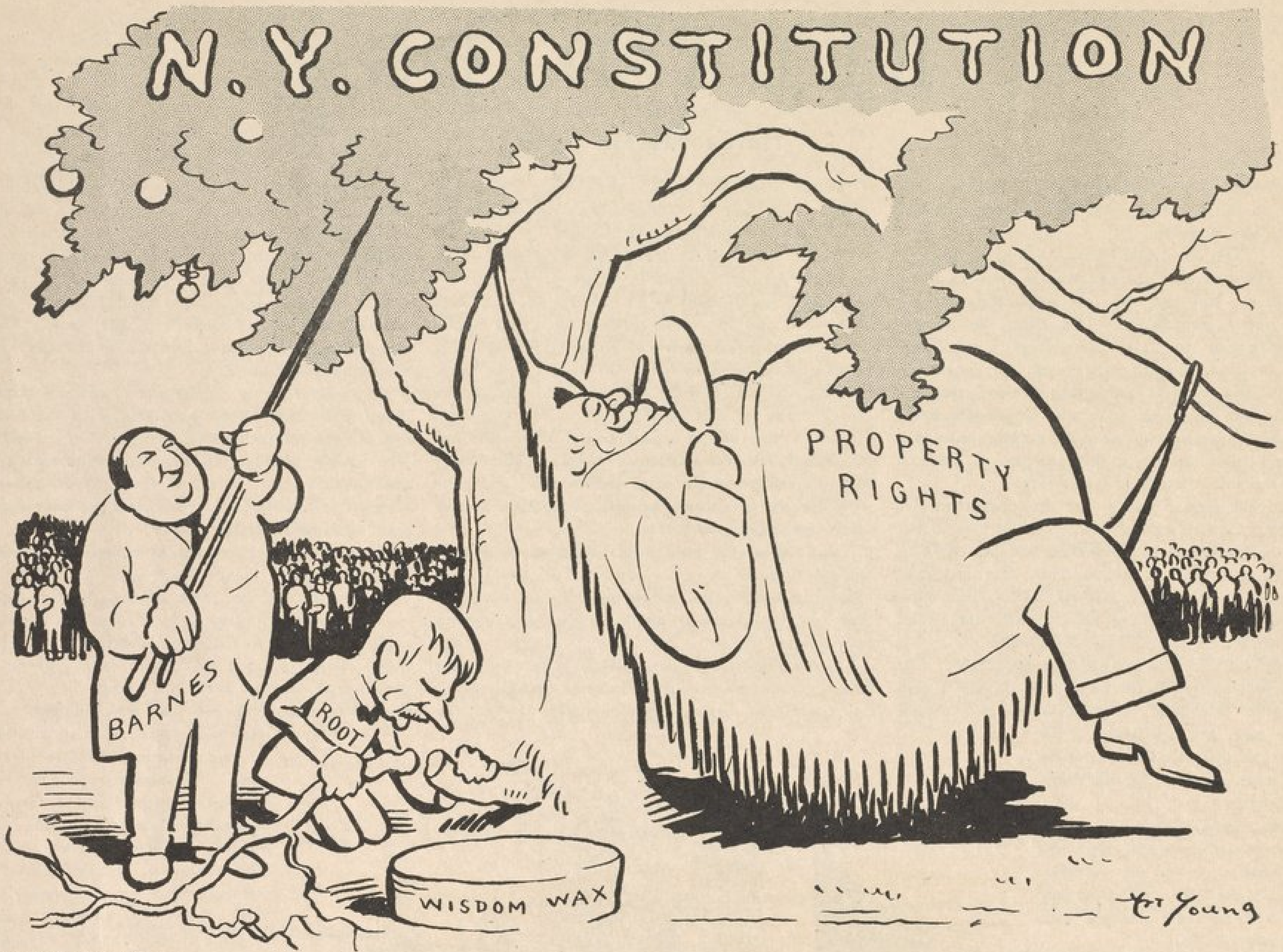
War Note

FASHIONABLE women who entered Red Cross work demanded a supple corset, therefore this charming Barreiros model "La Femme Nue," of jersey de soie.—Vogue.

AGNES DE JONG, aged fifteen, was among those who told Billy Sunday that she would like henceforth to work for the Lord. Evidently she is looking for a better job than she now possesses—eight hours a day in the Savoy Shirt Mills at $4 a week.

OURS, as we have frequently been told, is a government by party; but in Massachusetts an ex-Democrat was recently observed offering a Republican nomination to a Progressive leader.

THE New York *Times* has a fine sense of word values. It refers to Monte Carlo in the headline, "Where Opera and Pleasure Rule."



Drawn by Arthur Young.

TRIMMING THE CONSTITUTION

The Spotlight

ROBERT T. LINCOLN, head of the Pullman car company, hopes nothing will be done to interfere with porters' tips, because he does not think that the $27.50 a month paid by the company is a living wage. Still it must be worth something to the porters to be working for the son of the emancipator of their race.

EVERETT P. WHEELER complains that all the pessimists are for woman's suffrage. There are grounds for optimism here.

PRESIDENT WILSON is said to be outraged at Chairman Walsh's premature attack upon John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Up to the hour of going to press he is not reported to be losing any sleep over John R. Lawson's life sentence in the penitentiary for being the leader of the tent colony at the battle of Ludlow.

AN Ohio statute prohibiting an employer from discharging an employee for membership in a labor union has been declared unconstitutional upon a U. S. Supreme Court precedent. Together with the final kibosh on the boycott this makes everything perfect and complete and agitation will kindly cease.

BILLY SUNDAY thinks maybe the Almighty is using the Allies to punish Germany for the heresies spread from the universities, and to drive the Turks out of the Holy Land; also He is using the Kaiser's troops to punish France for her immorality. "Do you mean to tell me," he inquires, "that the civil war was not planned by the Almighty?"

Well, since you ask, we don't.

FIFTH AVENUE is presented with the perplexing problem of how to carry on manufacturing without having that handsome thoroughfare invaded by "uncouth" workers. The papers say they are particularly offensive at the noon hour when they stand around and ruin the scenery. Why not have them shot just before lunch?

NOT to be too pointed about it, Danville, Illinois, having shipped Joe Cannon back to Washington, waited almost two months and then went dry.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad declares itself willing to let its employees organize under proper auspices, provided the open shop is maintained and the union has no entangling alliances with outside organizations and the interests of the railroad are not imperilled in any way. This generosity makes ex-prexy Eliot look like a tight-wad.

THUS far the most jovial solution of the Sunday liquor problem occurs in a decision by a Chicago judge. "You do not have to pay for drinks you get in saloons on Sunday."

THE recent attempt to mitigate the horrors of Sing Sing has had the unexpected effect of stimulating a desire for freedom amongst those not confined. The boys of Ossining are now demanding the convicts' privilege of playing ball on Sunday.

WILLIAM LE QUEUX'S book, "Britain's Deadly Peril," suppressed by the British censor, charges the government with secretly feeding the German army. An examination of the book forces one to the conclusion that it is more to be pitied than censored.

THE Italian king and his ministers decline to attend the unveiling of a Garibaldi monument lest that act might be construed as indicating hostility toward Austria. This would seem to confirm a rumor that has persisted for a number of years.

YET, surely, all the lying is not being done beyond the Alps.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

ELLA DIES

Harris Merton Lyon

A YEAR and a half before, her baby had died at birth. And now she was dying, at the age of thirty.

The doctor said it was Bright's disease.

For fourteen years she had been married to Mike, and for the last two she had been ailing, as her family put it, "dreadfully." The family was present now, expecting the death: her father, a bricklayer with a solemn, puzzled expression; her mother, a matter-of-fact Scotch immigrant, already thinking of the casket and of the mourning she should wear; one sister, highly nervous, who did nothing but wring her hands, and another, deeply phlegmatic, who did all the nursing, cleansing, laundering.

The dying woman was by far the most attractive one of the lot and gave a sense, possibly due to her nearness to eternity, of possessing a depth of spirit which none of the rest of them had. Her dark eyes lay like pools of mourning in her face, seldom moving, staring at the ceiling above, while her puffed hands worked in passion over her crucifix.

Rarely did her lips move, even in prayer. She never spoke—never in the early days showed a sign of emotion, save once. That was when her husband tried to enter the sick room. With a horror all the more potent because it was mute, she fixed her moribund eyes on him.

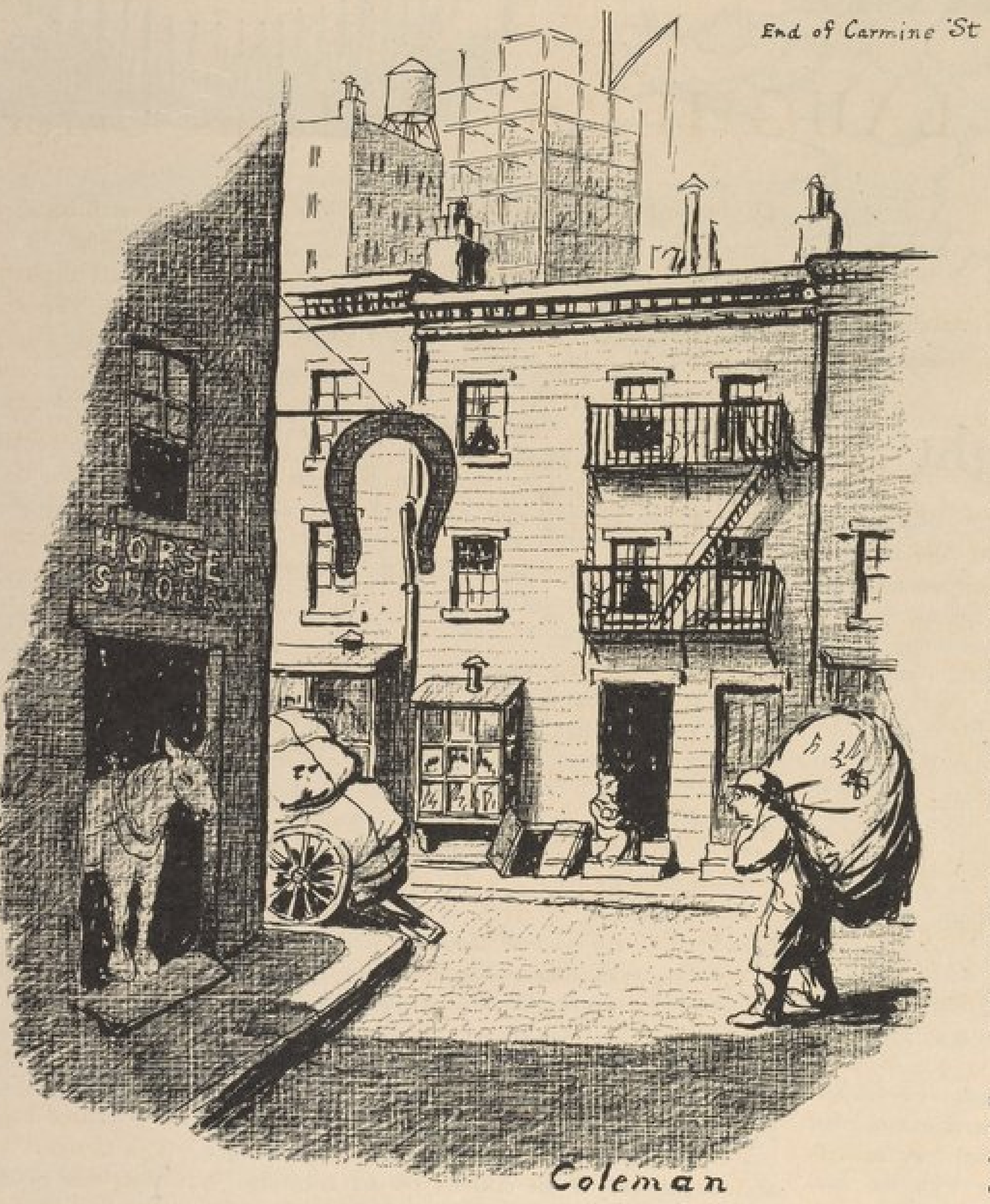
He stammered: "Why, Ella——"

She beckoned her nurse sister and said, harshly, in a dry whisper through cracked lips: "Get that man out of here and never let him near me as long as I live."

Mike Dugan was a good looking young Irishman with, however, none of the Irish gaiety in him. He belonged to the other sort—the "tough" young Irishman, stolid, treacherous. Before his marriage he had "run with a tough gang." And he kept it up after his marriage. He never looked straight at you. Even if he was talking to you, he would stand at an angle away from you and gaze straight ahead. You received his conversation in corners and out of corners—the corners of his mouth. For a young man, his nerves seemed stricken with a curious palsy. Another curious detail was his inability to stand still, as if he were driven by a continual itching. Among the bricklayer's family into which he had married he passed for a peculiarly neat man: he even allowed no one but himself, since his wife was ill, to wrap up his wash and take it to the laundry. He had a boil on his neck which constantly troubled him. By trade, he was a street car conductor.

"Why don't Ella want you 'round, Mike?" asked the bricklayer, heavily.

"Aw, I don't know," said Mike, from where he stood looking out the window.



Drawing by Glenn O. Coleman

"Seems funny," pursued the father, "and her dyin'." Not that the oddness was suspicious, but that it was something to talk about.

"Women has their tantrums that way," announced his wife, crisply, without a shade of feeling. "I remember Aunt Katharine, in Paisley, when she was dying——" and she went clicking off a dull narrative to which neither man paid any attention. This woman bored anybody when she talked. She knew nothing, she felt nothing. Neither did any of the rest of them, for that matter.

"Here's the doctor," announced Mike, and he rushed out into the hall to meet him. There they could be heard mumbling in low voices.

"Why does he always run out and meet the doctor first?" asked the bricklayer.

"Oh, I spose the poor boy is worried to death," said his wife.

"Seems funny"; and he resumed his puzzled, solemn look, sitting there dumbly without a thought in his head.

The doctor was a little, greybearded, bushy headed fellow. Doubtless he did really know enough . . . but there was something essentially tawdry and mean about him. He was unkempt, lacked precision, averted his eyes behind his spectacles. He was querulous, nervous, jerky and seemed continually in a position of not being sure of himself in that particular menage. He made little childish mumbling sounds with his lips. He rubbed his grey green, knotted old hands hastily together; and, ducking and toddling, disappeared into the inner room where the dying woman lay.

He spoke entirely to the nurse, and his phraseology was the common phraseology of the people and not the technical phraseology of the profession. The nasty mumbling of his chops punctuated his questions.

"How is she to-day? No better, of course. Of course. How air them sweats?"

The nursing sister in a dull monotone replied, fumbling for hope.

The doctor took her pulse, applied his stethoscope . . . needless routine; then, his head askew, combed his gritty beard with a shaking hand. "Well, there's nothing much to do," he said. "Hope for the best, of course. Well, lemme see . . . Continue the treatment——" and toddled out. The treatment consisted of administering in capsule form a mixture of mercury and potassium idodide, technically known as KI, and of giving an occasional dose of digitalis. This doctor had got this case because Mrs. Clancy, of the floor below, had recommended him as "a good doctor." And Mike, after first making a cautious visit to him, had called him in.

Out in the outer room the bricklayer stopped him. In the pride of his ignorance he wanted to display himself as conversing with the doctor; also, he thought he might pick up some free information which would save calling in a doctor some day. "Doctor," he asked, with the quizzical pucker of the eyelids of one who is putting a stiff question, "Bright's disease don't ginerally attackt people so young as Ella, does it?"

"Well, of course there are exceptions—exceptions. Yes, young folks younger'n Ella can have it and have had it. I must be going."

"I've seen cases—Uncle Andrew, you remember, ma"—he addressed his wife, but detained the man of medicine. "Wasn't anything like Ella's. So I just wanted to get the straight of it. You'd say for sure it was a Bright's attackt?"

The doctor exhibited impatience, anxiety, restlessness. He talked over the head of the stupid bricklayer, in order to get rid of him. "Your daughter has contracted—er—something special, I should say, of a sort; of a sort. And a sort of spinal paralysis has resulted with you might say a sort of loss of control of the bladder and so forth. And, of course, certain organs of her body have undergone . . . process of degeneration . . . lesions . . . some intercurrrent infection . . . quick death very possible." He shook hands suddenly and popped out the door, leaving the old man staring in a bewildered fashion.

"Lor'," he said slowly, "so that there's Bright disease."

Inside, the dying woman moaned and clutched her sister's hand: "If I could only tell you! I know that it wouldn't do any good now; it's too late . . . I guess. But I want to tell—I want to tell somebody."

"Tell me, Ella."

"No. It's a secret between Mike and me. Nobody else knows but Father Ryan."

"What makes Mike give Father Ryan money all the time? Every day he hands him a dollar or two and says, 'Here, father, is that money I owe you.'"

"I don't know. He don't need to. But I guess Mike's afraid. May God forgive him, he's afraid for his mortal soul!" She lay back exhausted.

Toward six o'clock in the evening, three days later, she startled her sister by saying:

"Send for Mike."

When he came in, "Lock the door," she said to her sister, "and prop me up higher." When it was done she began:

"Mike, I'm going to die." Her voice broke, and for the first time in her illness the tears ran from her big dark eyes. "Me—at thirty—at thirty! Going to die. Oh, God, God, God. And I wanted to live *so* much. I don't want to die. I'm too young to die. And what did I do that I should be made to die? Nothing, except that I loved you, Mike, and married you. I was a pure, clean girl all my life, Mike—you know that. Why couldn't you have told me about this sooner? You were older than me and you know how innocent I was. *I* didn't know what it was—and you kept letting it go on year after year. Then when you did tell me, and I didn't quite understand, you kept saying, 'the shame, the shame, the shame'—d'you think that if I'd known it was killing me I'd have cared about the shame part of it? I'd rather have had the shame than be dead at thirty, just when I love life so. To think—to think that I could have been cured!" She stopped and burst out wailing, in a ghastly voice: "I don't want to die! I want to live! Oh, I don't want to die!"

Her sister wiped her tears away and patted her shoulder. She looked at her husband in fury and shouted: "There ought to be a law against your kind ever getting married! There ought to be a law against it! A priest ought never to marry you off—a doctor ought never to let you out amongst people. What business has the likes of you having babies?" At the notion she broke out into a vicious laugh and cried: "Thank God, my baby's dead! Thank God for that. Thank God for that. Oh, thank God my baby's dead."

The sister moved over to him and whispered: "You'd better get out. This is just making her worse."

As he unlocked the door the sick woman raised herself with difficulty on her elbow and shrieked:

"You never cared for me or you would have helped me. All you wanted me for was to use me. And you did use me. I was clean and you made me rotten. More than that, you've killed me! You've killed me, d'you hear, you——"

He slammed the door viciously behind him.

She fell back among her pillows, moaning: "Oh, I don't want to die—I don't want to die." Later she called her sister closer and hissed in a harsh, dry whisper: "I heard him out there telling what all he was going to do with the furniture. Mind you, he don't get a thing; not a solitary stick of it. Tell father that it's all mine and I want him and mother to have it. And . . . if Mike asks for my wedding ring tell him I said I'd be buried with it."

She became slightly incoherent. Later she lost consciousness.

Several days later, at dusk, the dull-eyed sister stepped out and commanded: "Send for Father Ryan."

At seven-thirty she died.

As the priest came out of the death chamber, Mike took him aside nervously and began talking to him in an eager tone. He wanted a solemn high mass of requiem for Ella. It would cost him maybe fifty dollars, but, as he put it, he wanted to do the square thing by her.

THE LAUGHERS—By Louis Untermeyer

SPRING!
And her hidden bugles up the street.
Spring—and the sweet
Laughter of winds at the crossing;
Laughter of birds and a fountain tossing
Its hair in abandoned ecstasies.
Laughter of trees.
Laughter of shop-girls that giggle and blush;
Laugh of the tug-boat's impertinent fife.
Laughter followed by a trembling hush—
Laughter of love, scarce whispered aloud.
Then, stilled by no sacredness or strife,
Laughter that leaps from the crowd;
Seizing the world in a rush.
Laughter of life. . . .

Earth takes deep breaths like a man who had feared he might smother,
Filling his lungs before bursting into a shout. . . .
Windows are opened—curtains flying out;
Over the wash-lines women call to each other.
And, under the calling, there surges, too clearly to doubt,
Spring, with the noises
Of shrill, little voices;
Joining in "Tag" and the furious chase
Of "I-spy," "Red Rover" and "Prisoner's Base";
Of the roller-skates whir at the sidewalk's slope,
Of boys playing marbles and girls skipping rope.
And there, down the avenue, behold,
The first true herald of the Spring—
The hand-organ gasping and wheezily murmuring
Its tunes ten-years old. . . .
And the music, trivial and tawdry, has freshness and magical swing.
And over and under it,
During and after—
The laughter
Of Spring! . . .

And lifted still
With the common thrill,
With the throbbing air, the tingling vapor,
That rose like strong and mingled wines;
I turned to my paper,
And read these lines:
"Now that the Spring is here,
The war enters its bloodiest phase. . . .
The men are impatient. . . .
Bad roads, storms and the rigors of the winter
Have held back the contending armies. . . .
But the recruits have arrived,
And are waiting only the first days of warm weather. . . .
There will be terrible fighting along the whole line—
Now that Spring has come."

I put the paper down. . . .

Something struck out the sun—something unseen;
Something arose like a dark wave to drown
The golden streets with a sickly green.
Something polluted the blossoming day
With the touch of decay.
The music thinned and died;
People seemed hollow-eyed.
Even the faces of children, where gaiety lingers,
Sagged and drooped like banners about to be furled—
And Silence laid its bony fingers
On the lips of the world . . .
A grisly quiet with the power to choke;
A quiet that only one thing broke;
One thing alone rose up thereafter . . .
Laughter!
Laughter of streams running red.
Laughter of evil things in the night;
Vultures carousing over the dead;
Laughter of ghouls.
Chuckling of idiots, cursed with sight.
Laughter of dark and horrible pools.
Scream of the bullets' rattling mirth,
Sweeping the earth.
Laugh of the cannon's poisonous breath. . . .
And over the shouts and the wreckage and crumbling
The raucous and rumbling
Laughter of death.
Death that arises to sing,—
Hailing the Spring!

ART AND HUMOR—By Edmond McKenna

THERE was an unpretentious exhibition of work at the Folsom galleries last month, called the American Salon of Humorists, and got up by Louis Baury, in which my prejudices romped unhindered by learning or piety. For I am only casually acquainted with the terrible ways of the art critic, and his blasting finality of judgment, so innocent of passion and prejudice.

Most of the men whose work is at the Salon are those we call the MASSES group of artists; fellows whose pictures in that publication have made them infamous to the narrow-minded, the wrinkle-hearted and the sour-faced. They have an appreciation of the importance of life, so they are good artists. They have an appreciation of the lack of importance of life, so they are great humorists. The importance of life is relative, you know. A death in the family is important; but in relation to the general scheme of death as it is being worked out in Europe this week, the private family death is unimportant, so to speak. Private and mitigated sentiments on the death subject might demand sentimental or even ghastly portrayal, but the artist with a profound knowledge of life and a realization of the relation of a single death to the scene on a European battlefield would give you neither the sentimental nor the ghastly. He would give you a picture that would connect your little front parlor with the death pits that stretch from Dunkirk to Constantinople. And realizing that picture you would come to understand death a little better; and yet if you are a certain kind of serious person you may think the artist was making fun of your little private death. Such is humor; a spiritual intelligencer.

Perhaps this is an extreme instance, and therefore unhappy. John Sloan and Art Young and some of the other MASSES men work in a manner somewhat like this, in relation to blessed institutions like Child Labor, Christianity, Political, Judicial and Charity Graft, Industrial Exploitation and Wage Slavery. They can show us these institutions through object and incident only, yet the central object selected usually connects with the widest circumference of effect, and we are enabled through their knowledge and spiritual intelligence to see the grinning soul of the whole system of exploitation. Mostly the picture has a humorous quality, for humor knows and humor is an analyst and not a funny man.

Let me be emphatic here, and digress a bit. Humor is no trifler; Humor is in earnest. There's Bernard Shaw—"a humorist, y'know"—standing in England, alone among publicists, showing up hypocrisy, withering up cant, defying danger and impervious to scorn and contumely, the white soul in him hot over the infamy of war; raising common sense into a religion, and keeping the faith.

And so quite naturally in the initial exhibition of the American Salon of Humorists, out of twenty-three exhibitors of pictures we find that twelve of them are constant contributors to the MASSES.

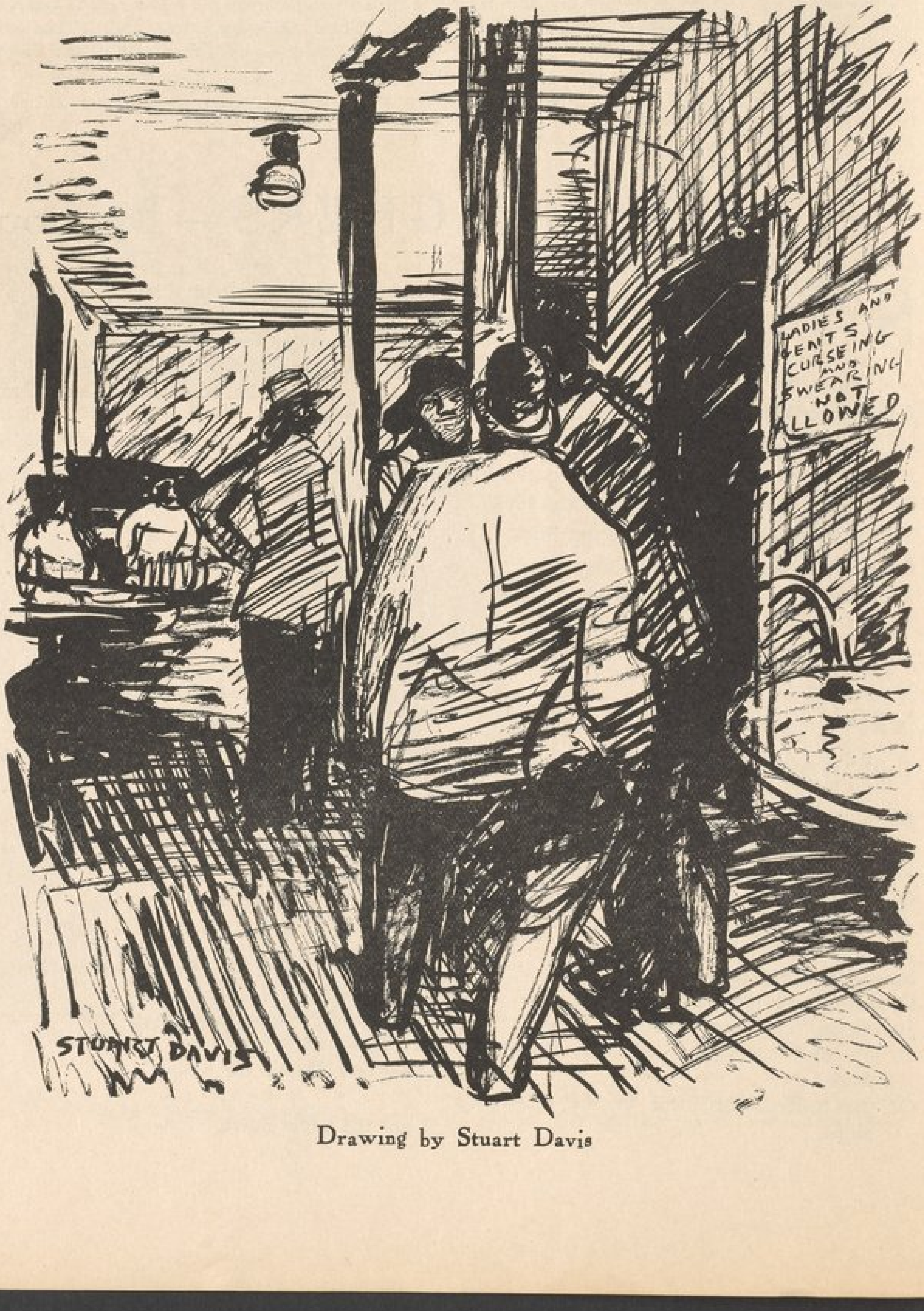
Giving the other exhibitors all the credit due them—and that is much, for they have everything except occasionally what we might call the socially organic sense —I will confine myself without apology to the MASSES group.

Let me consider Glenn O. Coleman first; frankly because I like him best. He makes the strongest appeal to my prejudices; that's why. To me Coleman is uncanny. My first impression of this young man's work was that he wasn't an artist at all, but that he was a conjurer, a fellow who found great joy in doing tricks with atmosphere. He has a selective process by which he converges the salience of a whole neighborhood into a little patch of street corner—he selects the impressions of a district, coaxes them down to a saloon and there works his will with them. The result to me is absolute and fascinating realism, giving a conception that is somehow beyond the real; realism, mind you, with a brave jocund spirit in it, for there is joy in mean streets, although the sociologist missed it.

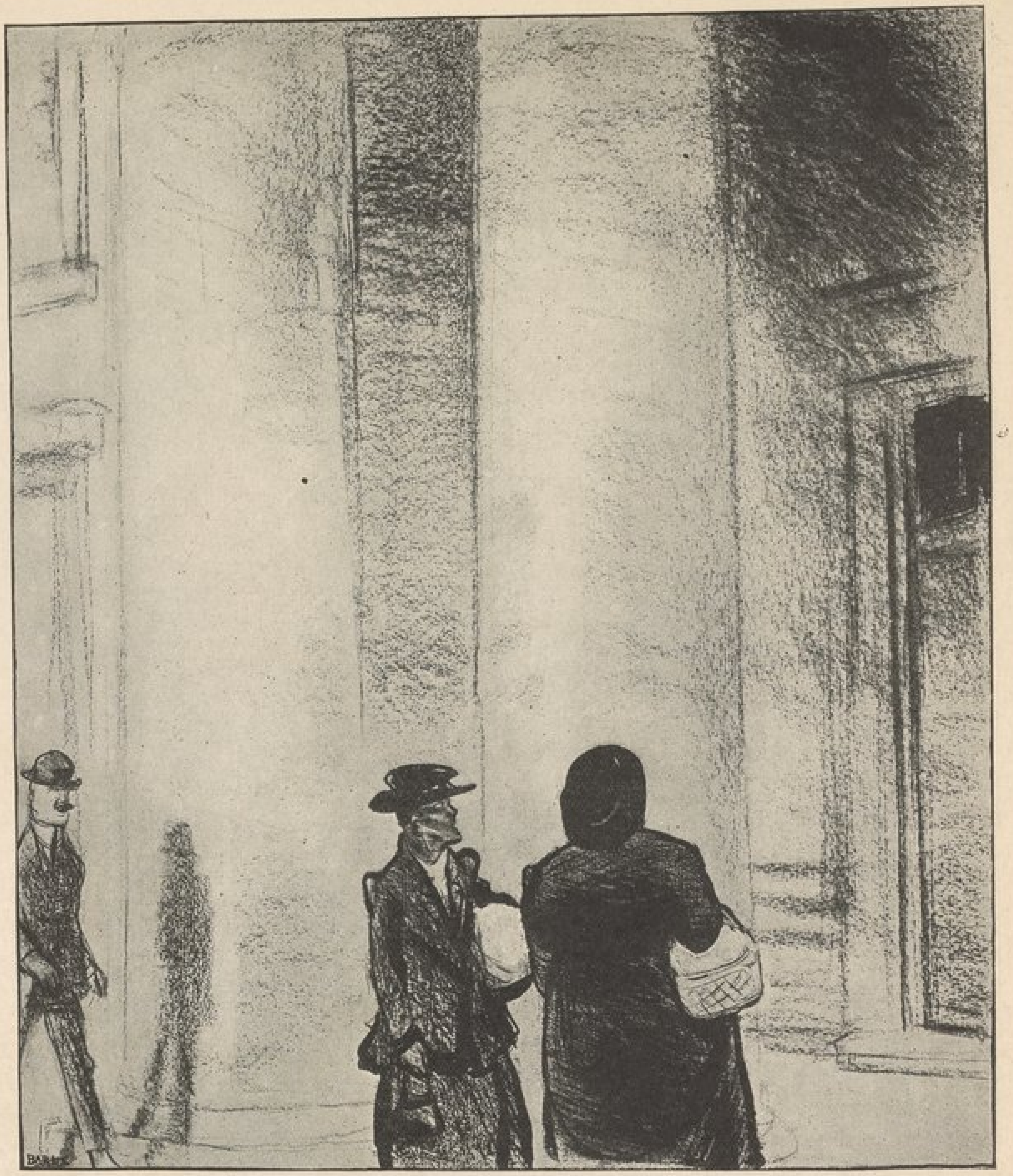
And although Glenn Coleman blarneys the soul of a neighborhood he has a resolute way with its externals; he makes them keep their places. He tolerates no monkey-business from them. He knows what they are good for; they are skeletons on which he drapes, with refined and fascinating intimacy and that uncanny delicacy of his, the meaning of the place. If I excelled in the use of the terminology of art critics, I could say great things about Coleman's work.

God made man, including the capitalist; and then came Art Young shaking an omniscient pencil. Art and the Almighty differ in certain respects. When the Almighty gives us a sunset we never see John W. God signed in the lower right hand corner. When Art gives us a picture he always signs Art Young in the lower right hand corner; why he should do this is not at all plain. 'Tis his humor, as Shylock said when insisting on his right to the pound of flesh. The signature is not needed, for no one could make a picture like Art Young. I doubt if anyone could make a capital A like him—an A that kicks up its left heel in the face of all tradition, that is incisive and rollicking and truthful and that scorns to be anything but a capital A. Art Young's A can't be bluffed. I wonder if it hasn't a rapier in its bootleg. Art is a symbolist and that A but a symbol of Art, himself. We feel that it could rip a Capitalist open from the place where his hair ought to be to the breeches belt. What could an art critic say about his work? Nothing; an art critic is not an inventor, and here he has no standards of comparison. This is where my untamed prejudices make good. I don't need standards, so I go right on.

Young knows more about the uses of fat than Armour, Swift and the whole Chicago coterie. The Bureau of Animal Industry could get many pointers by a study of some of his fat male Capitalists. There is a study of his at the exhibit called the Survival of the Fattest in which an ape that has gathered all


LADIES AND GENTS CURSEING AND SWEARING NOT ALLOWED
STUART DAVIS

Drawing by Stuart Davis



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

"Yes, my husband put up that building—yes, yes, he carried the hod for eighteen years."

the cocoanuts in sight apologizes for his fatness with human eyes, and a Capitalist who has gathered everything in sight flaunts his fatness like a proud bull. One accepts the ape's apology.

Young is a great humorist, and happiness is not possible for a man who knows his work well. When finally the fat goes into the fire, Young will have contributed a good deal to the conflagration.

A reflection: if God were making man over again He could steal from Art Young to His great advantage.

Abraham Lincoln emancipated the Negro, somewhat, but not quite enough. Stuart Davis does the rest. It is the irony of fate that Davis abhors politics. Now and then he draws a white man, but mostly his time is taken up elevating the Negro. It took the Negro a long time to get a little political justice, and long and bloody were the fights over his political status. Davis gives him artistic justice as a matter of course. He makes him vigorous and graphic and human and lovable, draws him just as he is. It is a great joke on the American people, but it is not to laugh.

Besides being an emancipator, Davis is a telling artist. Davis is a realist whose realism has its feet on the ground, sometimes in the ground, or preferably in the snow above the shoe tops. Quite apart from his graphic power, there is charm to his work. I think the charm of him comes from a certain quality of the incongruous. A straightaway, so to speak, presentation of the incongruous seems to startle most people, especially people who idealize the incongruities out of life and make it all flat and rosy. The incongruities that beguile Davis into working are the incongruities of real life—the things one sees on the street. The professors say these things should be harmonized, modified, blended, made over to fit. The harmonizing, modifying, blending—that is Art, they say. If that is so Davis makes his pictures out of what the Artist ignores. That is Davis. I prefer Davis. He is not an intellectual worker, like the professor. He sees and feels life with his senses, and his artistic reactions are those terrible, mocking, ironic drawings of his. "The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told," says a great poet. Davis doesn't bother about that. He tells it without batting an eyebrow. He puts the wronged, unshapely things in THE MASSES.

If the Feminists had a vivid sense of Humor, they would make Cornelia Barns a queen and raise a triple crown upon her head. But the Feminists haven't, so we men are safe for a while, God wot. That is, we older men.

Humor is not merely an element in Miss Barns' work. Here Humor predominates—the humor that opens the month and speeds the resolving laughter on its way. It is all so obvious that I must hasten to explain it.

For years and years, O a long time, every piffling little drawer that got a job on a newspaper or a chance at a magazine, misspent his time drawing pictures of the follies and fashions and foibles of the immature American female, till one looking over the public prints wondered how she got understanding, or sympathy, or respect. Wondered if she had or ever could have heart or brain or feelings, or what she was good for, or even what she was. Then came along Cornelia Barns, a woman humorist with genuine powers of observation. She saw something. It was so obvious that no one had ever seen it before. She saw the young American Male, callow, sallow, silly. She made pictures of this Lord of all he leered at and sneered at. In cigar stores, by the soda fountain, in street cars and in pool rooms she tracked this callow cub and set him down just as he is, as an example and for a warning.

When I see one of these pictures by Cornelia Barns I praise whatever Gods had anything to do with it that I had grown to maturity, in outward appearance anyway, before her day.

If the American Feminist movement doesn't come along with that triple crown for her brows, it can only be because it hasn't seen these things.

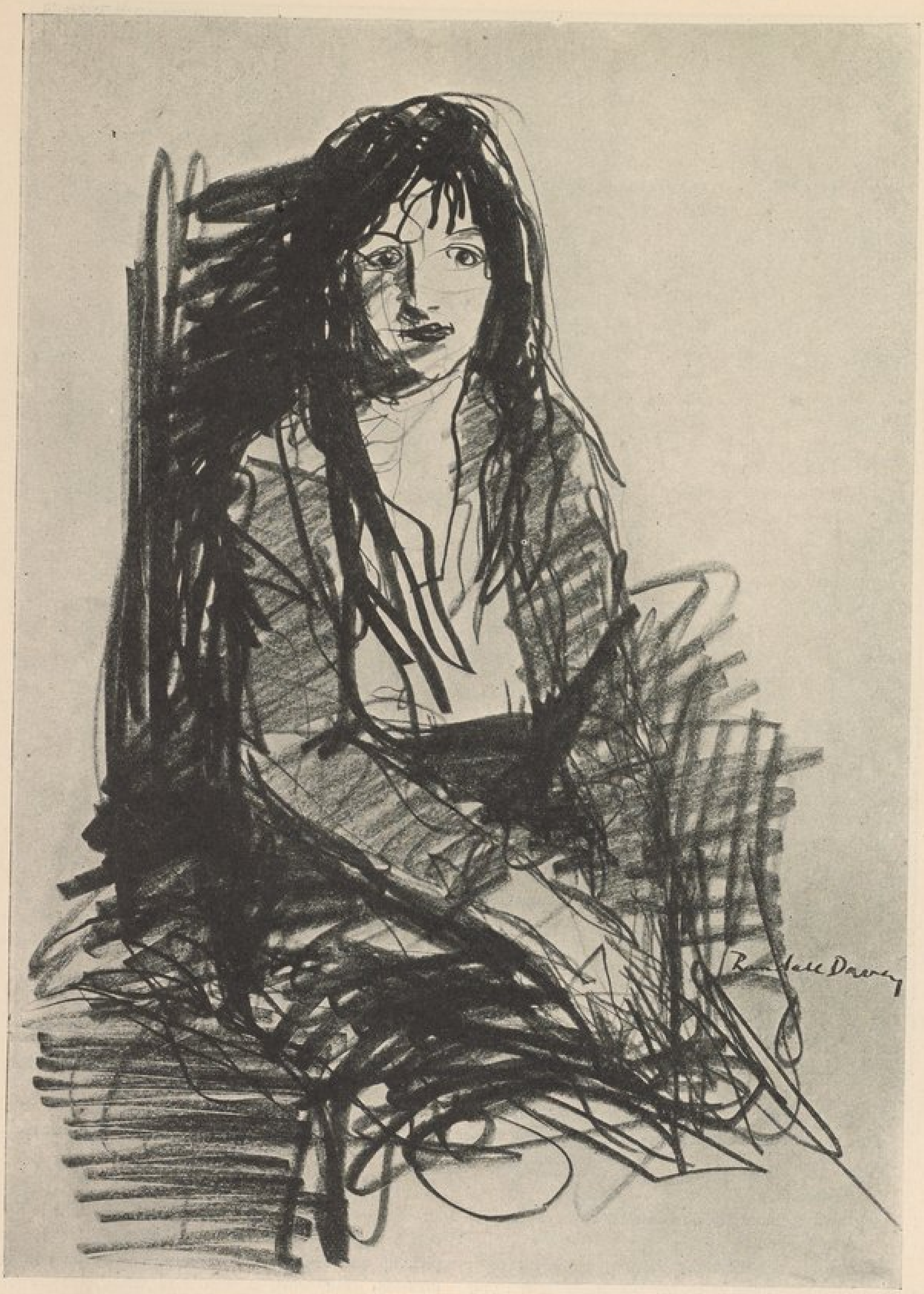
Maurice Becker and K. R. Chamberlain: I couple these two young men at the risk of pleasing them both. Neither can be much over twenty-one years, so they should not be pleased. Chamberlain is able, clever, adaptable, a fine user of tools, and in the present state of his work without much understanding of life, except indirectly, but with great possibilities. He's a cartoonist who can put over the idea and the idea is valuable, purposeful as a cartoon should be. The ideas of both men are ideas figured out, read out of the news perhaps, primarily products of other intellects to be illustrated rather than subjects selected from the welter of life. Becker is to me more vigorous and more graphic than Chamberlain, but not so artistic. Both seem to miss the fascinating thing that Coleman gets from his studies of life directly, which is the great fount of his inspiration.

H. J. Glintenkamp is our truest exponent of the "I should worry attitude" in art. Funny, fortuitous, with an occasional gesture of hilarity, and quaint, it is difficult to connect him into a criticizable whole. He can pick up and realize with genuine artistry an odd impression. His work is droll and funny. It disports itself in a technique that is wayward, but it has the authentic play instinct. Nearly all his animals have a good time in a Rabelaisian way.

In a recent number of THE MASSES he had a picture of two skunks that was delightful. One was credulous and inquiring and the other had such a look of moral indignation as not even Billy Sunday could assume. I call that picture the best example of Glintenkamp.

Boardman Robinson is comparatively a newcomer to THE MASSES. Few men in the country can draw as well as he. His work has been primarily the cartoon, and to this mode of expression he brings more artistic qualities than any other man of our day. While his method derives directly from the French illustrators, his ideas are so simple and strong and so artistically presented that they answer all the uses of art and argument.

George Bellows: a more difficult subject to handle than Mr. Robinson. Bellows, besides being a powerful



Drawing by Randall Davey

draughtsman, has a penchant for the popular that puts him in a class by himself. Few painters or cartoonists with his powerful qualities have been as popular as he. Hitherto high qualities in art and popularity have hardly been on speaking terms. Bellows has a picture in the exhibit which had it been drawn of a mediæval moralist would have won for the artist the leading part in a burning-bee in the public square. Think of picturing a moralist who according to his own report has scrutinized 3,984,063 obscene pictures and is out looking for more, and you will understand the magnitude of the task that confronted Bellows.

Then there are his pictures of Billy Sunday in one of his famous bouts with the Devil (both gentlemen of this Club) before a large and appreciative audience, or should it be attendance, for most of the people look as if they saw visions and heard nothing. The figures at the ringside are each one a good picture and very striking, but the mass seems to me to lack what should have produced a more powerful total effect. What I say is that a little of the Coleman conjuring with atmosphere would have done the trick and made the picture as uncanny as the reality is. I feel that Coleman would have put the very breath of hysteria in there. However, Coleman would have left something out, so there you are.

And then there is John Sloan. Who dares to criticize John Sloan? I do. Do many people penetrate below the smashing realism of Sloan? I don't think so. There is a great deal of sentiment in his work, especially in his etchings. Underneath there is a tinge of pessimism with nothing of melancholy, but fighting and not resigned and never sordid or pathetic, a kind of large muscled pessimism.

A picture of an industrial victim by Sloan suggests an army of the same. Yet there is no persiflage in it and no pity, but it has a quality that meets our human need to know that this subject will not be everlasting.

That's Sloan's kind of sentiment, not vapory, or philosophic, or metaphysical or wavering, but inexorable; inexorable sentiment if you can think of that. Wasn't there a kind of inexorable sentiment in the Prophets? Those old fellows expressed human tribulation, lamented it and prophesied more and more. When we get to the end of their chapter we find that illusion taught them to hope. Later on in history hope got all tangled up in the process of evolution. The pessimism and inexorable sentiment I find in Sloan's work gets itself tangled up in a kind of evolution that compels me to think there is a better day coming.

Whenever fellows who declare they know art and pictures and all that sort of thing, and who therefore are not in my class at all, get together over Sloan's work they talk about anatomy. They compare Sloan with Leach, a great Englishman. Some of them, and perfectly sober men, too, take the subject back as far as Michaelangelo, comparing his work very favorably with Michael's work as far as anatomy goes It's a long way to Michaelangelo. It's a long way to take a MASSES artist for purposes of comparison. But I had to go back some distance myself. It's a longer way to Jeremiah and Isaiah.

Who was it said that Art Is Long? It is. Also he said Time Is Fleeting, nearly in the same breath. It's time to close.

John Lawson's Return

A LITTLE knot of miners and mine union officers stood in the Union Station at Denver and met John Lawson as he stepped off the Trinidad train. He was returning from his murder trial at which a verdict of guilty with a sentence of penitentiary for life had been returned against him in a court presided over by a Colorado Fuel and Iron Co. Judge.

Among the crowd that greeted him were two women. One threw her arms about him and kissed him, crying out that he was a victim of capital. The other quietly waited and shook his hand, saying that she hoped he'd win out.

Then a miner stepped up and seized his hand, saying, "It's a damn shame, John."

Another asked what the union was likely to do. But Lawson seemed to have something else on his mind. At length he said:

"At the industrial relations commission's investigation in New York John D. Rockefeller, Jr., shook hands with me and remarked, 'I am sincere.' I wondered what he meant."

"Just stand around this way and smile a little," broke in a newspaper photographer.

"I am smiling," Lawson replied.

CHARLES GREY.

THE "L" EXPRESS

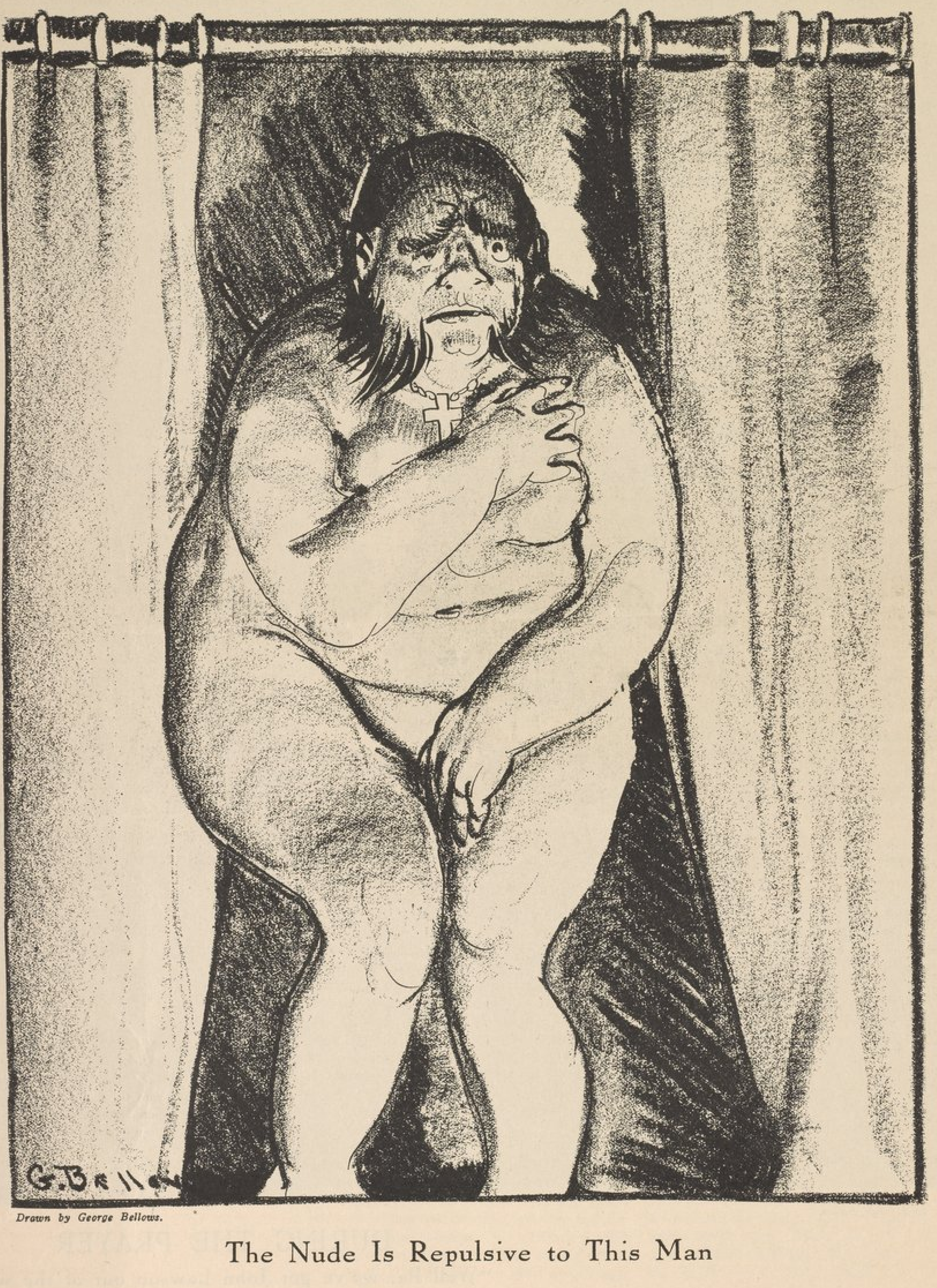
RACKETY—rackety—ziz—ziz—rack,
The cars of the Elevated clack along the track.
With a jerk and a whirr and a devil-may-care,
Along we go racketing, up in the air.

Garbage in the alleys bursts its dirty cans,
Backyard washing gets the dust a quick breeze fans,
Slattern women gossip on a rickety stair—
Grime and ugly living and a stale despair!

Rackety—rackety—ziz—ziz—rack,
Back and forth and back again, we clack along the track.
Why are we journeying, and where, where, where?
Hurry! hurry! hurry! we've no time to care!

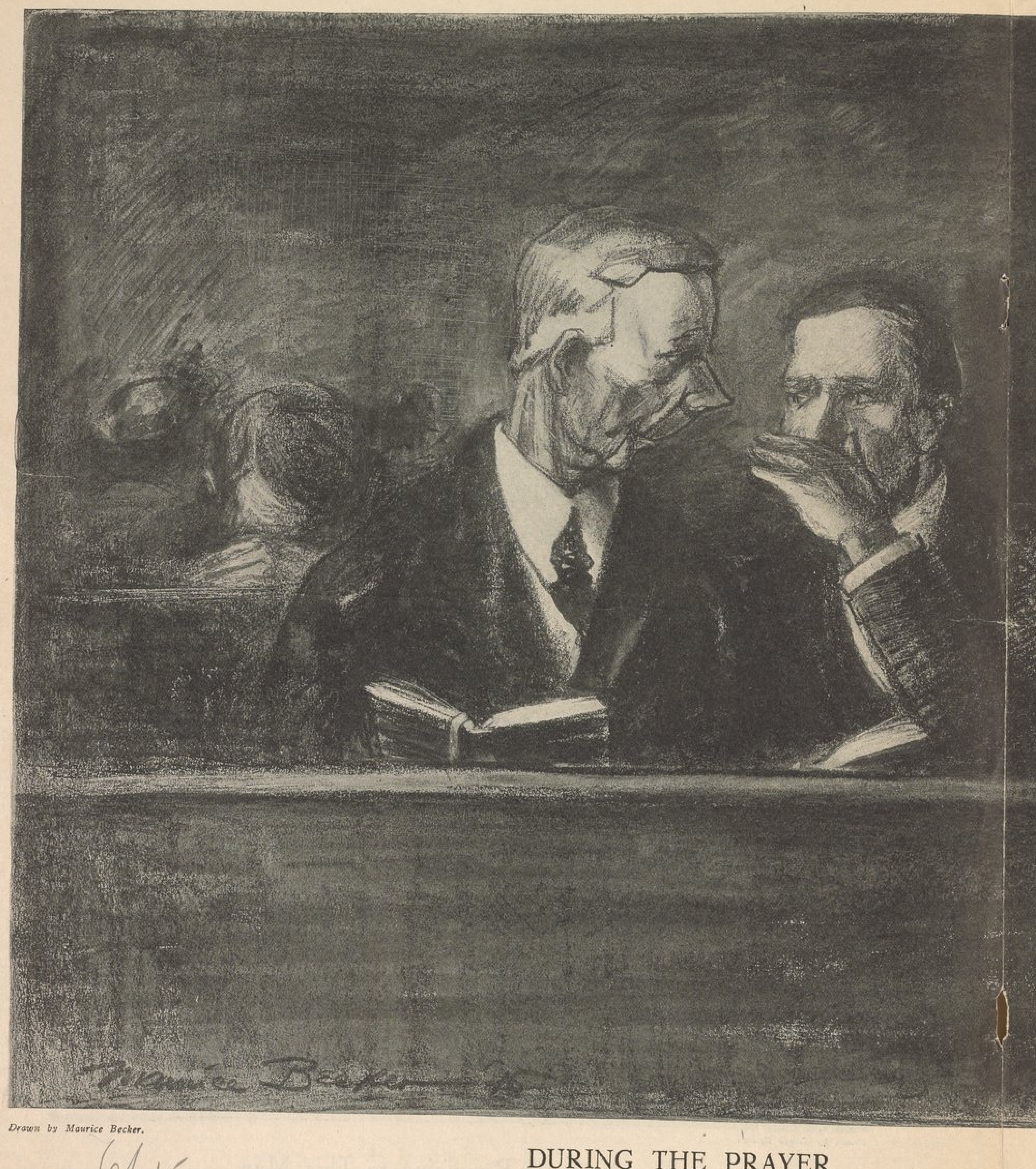
FLORENCE KIPER FRANK.

EXPOSED AT LAST!



Drawn by George Bellows.

The Nude Is Repulsive to This Man

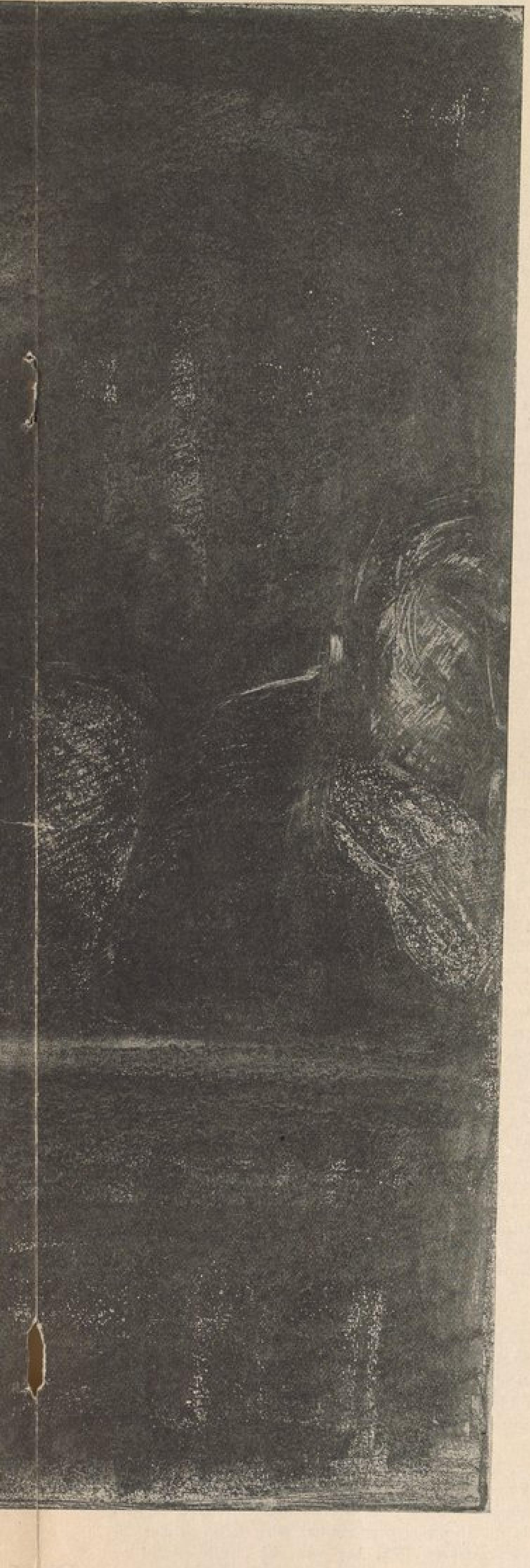

Maurice Becker '15

Drawn by Maurice Becker.

6/15

DURING THE PRAYER

"Well Pa, we've got John Lawson out of the way!"



ANOTHER COLORADO CRIME

My friend John Lawson, for being the best and finest hearted of men, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to life imprisonment.

This is the first fruit of a series of criminal legal conspiracies against the life and liberty of strike leaders in Colorado.

It is being frankly so discussed, so grinned over, by the officials of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in Denver and Trinidad. It is being so discussed, if with a more detached polish, in the offices of 26 Broadway. Chairman Walsh's discovery of letters from Rockefeller to the Denver officials during the strike leave little doubt of this.

In one of those guerrilla skirmishes between gunmen and striking miners along the wooded foot-hills above Ludlow, a year ago last October, John Nimmo, among other professional shooters, was shot. That is all anybody knows about it, from Rockefeller's detectives, to the man who must have shot him.

But John Lawson is found guilty of murder.

Why?

Because a man of his integrity and restraint and clear-headedness is a danger to the interests that own the courts and hold a sword over the juries of Las Animas County.

His conviction of murder, his sentence to life imprisonment, is a tribute to his virtue and intelligence. To the owners of Colorado, and to every conscious citizen who holds his peace now, in the face of this conspiracy, it is a seal of infamy. M. E.

FACING RACE SUICIDE—By Elsie Clews Parsons

SENTIMENTALITY is always a costly luxury, but one form of it, the indulgence in emotions over the irrelevant or the non-existent, is peculiarly extravagant—and peculiarly American. Encourage an American to express himself, on the native birth-rate, for example, and he will talk to you about the high cost of living, pampered wives, nationality, or the god of an alien, ancient race, all facts, more or less, but irrelevancies, each capable enough of arousing an emotion for itself, but none holding any relation whatsoever to the emotion of regret over the fallen birth-rate which always warms up the speaker's peroration.

If it seems worth while, perhaps you point out to him by way of preliminary that children are no longer economic assets in the family, nor does he want them to be; that army and navy can be as well recruited from other countries as from factory or public school or university; that the supernatural sanction has become a negligible factor in our life; that if intelligence and character are to be reproduced as race traits, only women who want children should bear them, not women who are mothers despite themselves—and he will probably agree with you on all these points.

The air cleared, you may go on to ask him why the kind of woman you and he both admire, or say you admire, the woman of intelligence and character, why should she or why does she have children, any children? I doubt if he has ever thought about it—in this way, as he will say—and as thinking may make him feel uncomfortable and restless, he is almost certain to change the subject—with some appeal to your sense of humor. Having one of course, you drop the subject, or—him.

Why *does* a woman, the kind of woman let us concede we admire, bear children? Surely not from sentimentality, not from powerlessness, not from ignorance. Why does she bear children? Because motherhood is to her an expression of herself, either a direct, simple expression or a more complex expression through her love for another.

Modern as this conception of childbearing is, it is being forced upon the attention of even those conservative and alarmist moralists, the race-suicide croakers. What are they going to do about it? Are they willing to eliminate distinctions between legitimacy and illegitimacy, distinctions inherited from a culture in which this conception of childbearing was undreamed of? Are they willing to reform many other social conditions, economic and non-economic, which at present make childbearing impossible or possible only at great sacrifice for the women they consider desirable mothers?

We have here, I think, a measure of their insight and a touchstone of their sincerity. At present, they are, they must admit, in an *impasse*. Do they not see girls brought up to conceptions of themselves and of life, of life's duties and privileges, to conceptions which in very many cases the girls find, when they meet life, they are expected to forego or refute, a surrender likely to make of them the colorless, untemperamental, unsexed women Europeans consider the American type? In brief, do they not see that the woman of whom they approve has been educated for a life she is not allowed to live, taught to seek self-expression and then denied it because of the narrow limits within which love and maternity are open to her, limits incompatible with her education? Instead of criticising her because she hasn't fallen in love with the "right" man or because she hasn't borne more children, her critics ought in fairness to be satisfied with having the population maintained by immigration, or by the birthrate among those immigrants whose peasant education is consistent with the conditions for mating and childbearing obtaining in America—or in that part of America, shall we say, represented by the Board of Education that excludes the teacher-mother or bv the State Legislature that makes the control of conception illegal.

The Lusitania and War

THE sinking of the Lusitania is not only a shocking event, it is to us in America a peculiarly illuminating one. It gives us a taste of the quality of war.

If anything is clear from the pages of history, it is that otherwise sane and decent nations will in the madness of war descend to just such unspeakable deeds as this present one of Germany's. There is not a civilized nation today, including our own, which has not committed just such atrocities in colonial wars. And now we know what it is like.

The murder of unarmed neutral passengers arouses us because it is new. But in our abhorrence of the act, we need not vainly imagine that there is only one nation capable of it. And if we do not wish to become as familiar with this new atrocity as we are with the old ones, we will put an end to war.

THE BLACKWELL'S ISLAND HELL

Frank Tanenbaum

IF some one had come to me before I went to Blackwell's Island and described the criminally unsanitary and filthy conditions, and then told me that that was how a public institution where thousands of men go in and out of each year, was run, I wouldn't believe him and would say he was a damned liar. But seeing is believing.

The conditions in there are so unsanitary that they are horrible. Men who reek with disease of all kinds are locked up with perfectly healthy men, two in a cell. The men are forced to use the same bucket, the same cup, often the same towel. Convalescent persons are kept in solitary. Men who need the air and sunshine to recover their health are given a half hour's exercise and are then locked up in the "flats" in the South prison. Men who have contagious diseases are working in the shop, in the dining room, in the kitchen. Quite recently they had a man working in the bake shop whose face, hands and body were full of syphilitic sores. Finally one of the keepers said, "Why don't you take this man out of here? We have got to eat this bread." Only then was he taken out. Men of his kind serve the food in the dining-room and cook it in the kitchen.

The cells in the old South prison reek with dirt. When I was transferred from the new prison to the old, I was placed in a cell that had so many bedbugs in it that after five weeks' battle with them, I couldn't succeed in driving them out. I killed them by the thousands. They got in between the covers of my books, they crawled over me as I slept, and I couldn't burn the bed out with kerosene because I would have been put in solitary. After five weeks battle with the bedbugs I was saved from being overpowered by getting into trouble and going to the cooler and then into solitary. The blankets in the prison are never fumigated or cleaned.

In the summer time the men have no underwear at all, so that they have to sleep in the same trousers and shirt that they wear during the day. These trousers are never washed. I leave it to the imagination to picture the cleanliness and health of the prisoners of Blackwell's Island.

There are today about eighteen hundred men on Blackwell's Island. There are about ten shaving cups. When the quarry gang shaves they use an old rusty pail for water, and this one pail serves for a gang of about one hundred and thirty men. Every man takes the cup from his neighbor and dips it into the same pail that he dipped it in. After a little while the lather occupies three parts and the water the other part. The cups go from hand to hand, from prisoner to prisoner, regardless of the fact that some of the men are diseased or otherwise unclean. The underwear of the prisoners is usually changed about every three weeks on an average. But when I was there I saw it stretch to eight weeks. But that wouldn't be so bad if the change of underwear was clean. But I have seen it come back with live vermin on it, so that the men preferred to wear old underwear to the clean underwear they were offered. Then, too, a man doesn't get his own underwear. He gets any underwear that chance or God may bring him, regardless of the fact that his neighbor may have been diseased.

A Pleasant Anecdote

To anyone having a sense of decency or cleanliness, the business of shaving becomes nauseating. Here's a little story. A week before I went out, I was taken out of my cell to shave. A boy with syphilitic sores on his face had to shave just before me. I was next. The keeper said "Next," to me. I said, "Oh, no, not me." "What's the matter?" said the keeper. "That man has syphilis," said I. "Well, what of that?" said he. "What of it? Do you think I am going to take a chance of getting sick?" "Well, you are damned particular," said he. "Well, rather, about my health," I told him. "Well, if you are, you don't get a shave." So I washed the lather off my face and said, "There are some things worse than no shave for a week."

The Cooler Again

Let me say a few things about the cooler. The cooler consists of about eighteen cells which were usually kept full by the Warden. His chief function seems to be making the life of the men miserable, and also his chief pleasure. Men are put in without a hearing and for the most trivial causes. In the cooler they are forced to sleep on the floor, lie next to an open bucket that is never cleaned, or at least it never was while I was there, and I was there three times. The smell of that bucket is so bad that it takes several days to get used to it. You are given a dirty blanket, not allowed to wash your face or hands, and when you get out you "stink." The blankets are never cleaned. They are taken off the floor and given to the next man, who may be diseased. They take off all your clothes except shirt and trousers. After you have been there ten or twelve days the warden comes along and says, "Well, my boy, how do you feel to-day? It's a nice day, isn't it?" One day he said that to me and I said, "You remind me of Lucifer reincarnated." His business seems to be to break the spirits of the prisoners.

Warden Hayes

Warden Hayes is totally unfit for the position he holds. He has been there for thirty years. If he ever had a heart in him, a thing which I am doubt, he hasn't any now. I wouldn't put him in charge of seventeen hundred dogs, and I told him so one day. It is a social crime of the worst kind to place him in charge of seventeen hundred men, because at best he is worse than the worst of them.

He thinks he has a sense of humor and to give you an idea of his calibre, let me tell you some of the jokes he cracks at every opportunity.

The Warden's Little Jokes

One day, one of the boys was working in the outside gang in the winter time, shoveling snow. His shoe was torn and the snow and water used to make his feet wet. They would get wet, freeze and he would suffer from it. One day he went to the Warden and asked for a pair of shoes. "So, my boy," said the Warden, "I see you have a hole in only one side of your shoe. Cut a hole in the other side and let the water run in one side and out of the other." That may be a good joke for a man with a good pair of shoes on.

Another good joke of his is this. Just recently, before I came out, the men wore their suits of underwear for eight weeks without a chance to wash them. One prisoner went to him and said, "I have been wearing my underwear eight weeks and I can't take it off because I have no other." The Warden said, "Well, wear it eight weeks longer and it won't have to be taken off; it will fall off." That may be a joke to a man wearing a clean shirt.

Another joke is this: One day one of the boys found a mouse in his soup and he went to the Warden and told him. The Warden said, "Well, my boy, don't tell it to anyone, because we are short of meat and they will all want it." Another little story about him is also told of a man going to him and asking him to give him a sheet of paper—his wife was dying. The Warden said, "Well, come back when she is dead and I will give it to you then."

Pleasures of the Imagination

There are some things about the cooler that I shall never forget. One thing is this—the wonderful power of visualizing good food the hungry man has. After being in the cooler for five or ten days with bread and water and half starved, we would all talk about the good things we had had to eat. We would vie with each other in describing the fine foods, the clean white table cloth, the fine silver, the taste of the food and the number of courses, and so on, until our mouths would water. We would sit there half stupified and sensuous until some poor devil would cry out, "For God's sake, cut it out and lie down."

Portrait

Another thing which I shall never forget. After the riot we had some twenty-eight men in the cooler. The man taking charge of the cooler at that time was called by the boys "Chippy-chaser." He seemed to hate every living thing, even the birds. When a little chippy would alight on the window he would chase it away with a stick. This man was about fifty-five years of age, tall, lean, smooth-shaven, stoop-shouldered, yellow faced, with squinty deep set eyes, narrow browed, bald-headed with a yellow fringe of hair around the lower side of his head. He was toothless. He had the cruelest face I have ever seen. He was himself a prisoner. He was a "rat," or stool-pigeon. It was his business to clean out the cells when one prisoner was taken out and before another was put in. His great pleasure seemed to be exciting the men in the cooler. He would do everything to get us mad. Now, men in the cooler are not in the best of tempers anyway and are easy to excite. He would begin by cursing us and calling us names. If that didn't work he would spill water into our cells and make them wet, or smear dirt on the doors so we couldn't put our hands on them. Since we couldn't get out at him to kill him, we would shout at him, spit at him, rattle the doors, bang with buckets on the floor and raise a din loud enough to take the roof off. Then he was happy. He would chase himself up and down the corridors, rub his hands in glee and shout at the top of his voice, "This is hell and I am the devil!"

Beatings

There is one more thing about the cooler which I want to tell. It is about a beating one of the men received while I was there. I know of at least three other beatings inflicted upon the men, one of which I witnessed myself—but to proceed. One Sunday morning, when I was in the cooler, when they brought in the bread and water, one of the boys below me in the lower tiers in cell No. 1 refused to take the water. He had been ill. He told the keeper to wash his feet in it. It was a very natural thing to say under the circumstances. The boy was sick, had received no medical attention. I know the name of the keeper and I know the name of the boy, I know the date, but

I don't care to mention these things just now. This boy was lying on the floor when he said this to the keeper. He had not attacked the keeper, and there was a closed door between them. The keepr said, "I will show you how tough I am when I get started. I will take some of the toughness out of you. You are another tough guy." He opened the door in a hasty manner and the next thing I heard was the sound of blows, and cries of "Help!" and "Mercy!" and more blows. Then the keeper said, "This will show you how tough I am." Then he locked the door.

The boy lay in his cell all day with his hands and shoulders bleeding. The doctor came the same evening and looked into the cell. The boy showed how his hands and shoulders were bleeding. The doctor said, "Oh, is that all, only your hands and shoulders?" Two days later I was taken out with the boy and for the first time I saw who he was. He was a small, emaciated, country boy from Connecticut—a boy whom I could have taken and broken with my hands—yet he was taken and beaten with a wooden police club.

There are two more beatings that I know of. One of them happened a little while after I got there. These men, who were in the South prison in solitary confinement, were making a noise because they wanted to get out. The Warden had them taken out of their cells and beaten so brutally that one of his own keepers pleaded with him to let the men go. The keeper pleading, said, "For God's sake, Warden, knock off; you have children of your own; think of them."

I know the names of the boys who were beaten, I know tne name of the keeper who pleaded for mercy, and I know some of the other keepers who participated in the beatings. One of the boys had his head so cracked that after a year the scars still show. This beating took place in the prison in sight and hearing of the other prisoners locked in their cells.

This is not all. After beating them they turned the fifty-pound pressure hose on them, knocking them unconscious. Then they were dragged into their cells, allowed their one blanket and forced to sleep on the floor covered with six inches of water.

The third beating that I know of, and to which I have two witnesses, is this. The boys in the solitary were hollering one day. The Warden and five keepers stepped in. One man, a prisoner, Joseph Costello, was taken out of his cell in the fourth tier in the cooler, thrown down the stairs by one keeper, grabbed by the throat by another keeper, and then beaten by the rest until he was unconscious. Then he was grabbed by the hair and dragged into a cell on the "flats" and forced to lie without a blanket on the cooler floor. Then the Warden stood back, folded his hands and grinning, looked up at the tiers where the men were and said, "Why don't you make a noise now, hey?"

Let me give you one more instance of cruelty which I witnessed a few days before I left. There were a number of men in the cooler and one of the things that the boys do in the cooler to pass the time away is to sing. The Warden ordered that the windows be opened, as a punishment. That week happened to be so cold that with the window opened in the cooler the water froze. Let me repeat that the men in the cooler wore only shirt and trousers and received only two small pieces of bread, one in the morning and one at night. These windows were kept open three days and three nights. The boys begged and pleaded that the windows be closed. I heard them as I was in solitary a few doors away from the wall of the cooler. They would holler, "Close the windows," and then make a racket. Then a keeper would step in and threaten them because they were making a noise. As soon as the keeper would close the door the men would begin hollering again, "Close the windows! Close the windows!" Finally I called the keeper over to me and said, "Why don't you close the windows if you want the men to keep still? Isn't it bad enough as it is?" He said, "I know it, Frank, but it is the Warden's orders."

Comrades

There are ten-inch rats in the cooler. They make very good company lying beside you at night to keep warm.

Next month I will tell some more.

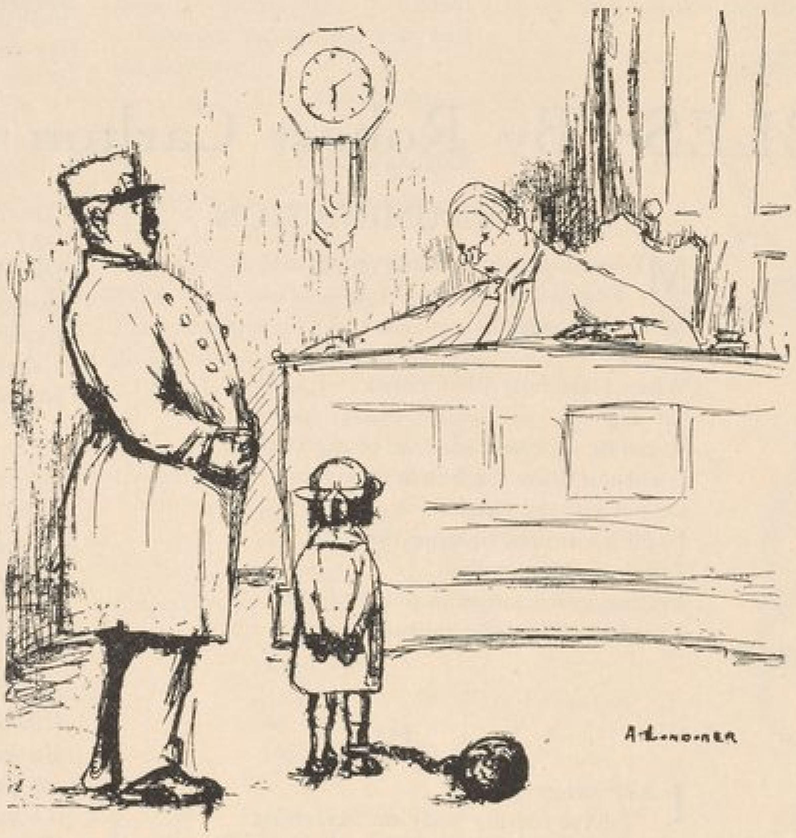
THE THREE DREAMS

THE DREAM OF GOD:
I have created a world,
And men can devise no changes my heart could forgive;
I have shorn them of power,
And so I feed them with visions to make it less hateful to live.

The Dream of Man:
I have come out of the depths,
And no one shall carry the burden I cast from my back;
I have ascended the heights,
And simple as simple to follow the light I lit on my track.

The Dream of Woman:
I was the plaything of beasts,
And now I have chained their desires and escaped from my den;
I was the servant of life,
And now I shall never be happy until I share it with men.

JOEL ELIAS SPINGARN.



Drawn by A. Londoner.

"OFFICER, WHAT IS THE PRISONER CHARGED WITH?"
"SHE SAID 'OH YOU,' TO AN ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL, YOUR HONOR."
[FOR FURTHER DETAILS SEE NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS, MAY 7-12.]

EVOLUTION

"Ho! mystical Science, where are you going,
With your Cause and your fistful of Laws,
And your burden of broken Gods on your back—
Where are you going so merrily,
Traveling all the day?"

"The where I am going there is no knowing,
And there is no reach of human speech
That can stay me a minute or call me back.
I don't know where I am going
But I am on my way."

One of the Reasons

HE was a barber. He was a mild, blue-eyed German, with a middle-aged face full of good-humored stolidity.

He pointed with his clippers at the sprawling headlines of a divorce case. "Some more alimony foolishness," he grunted. "It iss a shame."

I shifted my head slightly, as the clippers knicked my ear. "Why?"

"It iss this way. I always wass against this alimony business. If a woman cannot keep a man, for why should he pay his money to her? Isn't that right?"

I pondered. "What if the man is to blame?"

"Now you know a woman iss always to blame if a man loves another woman. It iss her job to keep him. . . . And a man oughtn't to pay a woman money anyways. She hass no business with it."

I gulped, as his arm disturbed my Adam's-apple. "Not even to his wife?"

"What does she need money for? At home she has her clothes, her food, her little drink too if she wants it; if she wants money beyond that, it iss for bad purpose. Like expensive hats. Or new clothes. Now she doesn't need *them,* does she? She iss married, isn't she? That iss all she ought to have then."

I feebly suggested: "Mightn't she like to go to a show now and then?"

He responded kindly but firmly: "Ach, show—she hass enough show at home. If she does her work, if she cooks and washes and cleans up the house and the kinder, she will have show enough. If she hass any time left, she can look out of the window. . . . Mm, well, I take my wife to a show say twice a year. But that iss enough surely. If all women were like that, there would be no alimony and no divorce. . . . Ach, this divorce! It is all caused by society and women's clubs. For why should a woman go to a club, I ask you? They meet and talk about men—they talk too much, they learn too much—they get divorced. Let them stay at home, and we will have no divorce."

After a silence I asked: "Then you don't believe a woman ought to vote?"

He shrugged expansively. "Mm, yes—when she haf six kinder. Then she should vote."

I scented an idea here. "You mean when the kinder are grown up, and she has time on her hands?"

"No, I mean when she has sir kinder. It iss her work. A man hass his work; he does it. This iss a woman's work; she does it; why shouldn't she vote, if she wants to? . . . Anything else, sir?"

"No, thanks; that's quite enough. Give my regards to your wife. . . ."

CLEMENT WOOD.

A VACATION FROM SOCIOLOGY

THERE is a mood in which one revolts against being instructed: and that is pretty much what the best part of our contemporary fiction is—a literature of instruction. They are all at it,—Wells, Galsworthy, Shaw, the lot of them: telling us things we ought to know, castigating our faults, pointing us the way to new virtues. And, most of the time, we enjoy it. We want to be made over into the perfect human being who shall inherit the earth and dwell righteously therein; coveting not street-railway franchises from our fellow-citizens, nor being unduly wroth with our neighbor when he taketh away our wife; these being the great virtues of the New Age. Mostly we listen with gratitude to these teachings, and say "Abba, father!" But sometimes we don't want to be good; we don't want to be "constructive"; we don't want to be Citizens of the New Time. We are tired of sociological generalizations; we want to get down to the romantic, un-modern, eternally fascinating facts of human nature.

Of course, we could find those facts in Galsworthy and Shaw and Wells—if we hadn't trained ourselves to miss them. They are there. That is why Stupid People find these writers immoral. They see what we don't see. They hear Wells reciting stories straight out of the Decameron; whereas we hear him lecturing on the way in which sex interferes with the Higher Social Efficiency. They feel disturbed by the lewdness which Shaw drags up out of the decent dark; while we feel only the glacial logic with which he proves its harmless naturalness. They note with discomfort how even Galsworthy tells in book after book the details and circumstances of unhallowed passion; where we note only how very difficult it seems to be to do right even when you try sincerely. We simply cannot understand how anybody can find grossness in these austere teachings. But Stupid People find it unerringly. For it is there: a healthy grossness, an honest pleasure in selfishness and lust, without which, indeed, these books would be unreadable because untrue. But we cannot find it there, so we must look elsewhere.

Now there are two ways in which we variously prefer to have selfishness and lust given to us—for have it we must, as cattle must have salt. There are great salt-licks in literature, eroded by the eager lapping of millions of tongues—books to which respectable and worthy citizens have been drawn in all times, the learned and the ignorant, the saint and the politician, the young and the old. Salt! We must have it or we grow spiritually sick. But some of us don't want it in that large frank measure which wise old Anatole France, following the example of his master Rabelais, serves out. No! We want it as a delicate and pervasive but ineluctible taste.

Very well. That is all right too. It is sometimes called hypocrisy when people want selfishness served to them as romantic daring, and lust as romantic love. But that is a harsh view. Let us rather concede them their right to have selfishness and lust on their own romantic terms. If they want it mixed with sugar and sand, from the shop of Robert W. Chambers or Owen Johnson, we bid them good day. We leave them to their dyspeptic fate. But if they really want the flavor of life, the sharp essence of effort and desire, without sociological sauces, they might be advised by us to seek it in the novels and short stories of Joseph Conrad.[1]

Joseph Conrad is the great romanticist of this period. He is not interested in sociology. The one book in which he intrudes upon sociological ground is to me unreadable for that reason. I cannot bear to have him romanticising about the Russian revolution, in what seems to be stark staring ignorance of all the facts except those gathered second-hand from Turgeniev and Dostoievsky. But generally he keeps off such grounds. He lays his stories in the Arabian Sea, or the Indian Ocean, or the South American republics, or the Congo, or the islands of the Pacific. Not having any sociological prejudices about those places, one is free to enjoy what he puts there.

And what he puts there are fascinating, mind-gripping, emotion-rousing tales of love and adventure and mystery. There is battle, murder and sudden death: heightened all of them, by being made to take place in the soul as well as in the external world. There are heroes and villains in whom one believes. The adventures are stupendous, but never incredible; the mysteries nerve-racking, but inescapably convincing; the men and women magnificent, but made out of breathing life.

Here is romance in the most realistic terms—fantasy solid as bricks; beautiful and wonderful and tragic dreams that seem more true than waking life. And in these fantasies, these dreams, these romantic fictions, one finds that salt of human nature which the imagination needs for sustenance. Courage and cowardice, aspiration and fear, love and revenge, all the passions walk in splendor. And when I say in splendor, I mean in the romantic garments of Conrad's imagination, and not in their primal nakedness: for Conrad is chaste-minded to a fault. If you don't like the passions in romantic garb, read Anatole France. If you do, read "'Twixt Land and Sea," "Nostromo," "Almayer's Folly," "Lord Jim" (better not commence with "Lord Jim," for reasons), "The Secret Agent," "A Set of Six"—everything but "Under Western Eyes." One of the best of the lot (though it is a literary heresy to say so) is "Romance," written in collaboration with Ford Madox Hueffer. The newest of all is "Victory." (Doubleday, Page & Co., $1.35 net.) I grieve for the minds of those who cannot enjoy such books, and I rejoice with those who do.

They are a vacation for modernists, and as such I recommend them. We will all return to our muttons, the slowly-to-be-masticated fiction of our critical novelists. We will read what is a little less true, and a little more instructive, about the nature of man. We will learn what we ought to think about everything and everybody. We shall go back to School. But let us adventure with Conrad while we may! F. D.

BUBBLES—By Robert Carlton Brown

I.

A THING need not be high-sounding,
Puffed with importance,
To prove its right to existence.
It may be only a glint,
A gleam,
A glimmer,
As simple as this suggestion,
To be interesting
And worth a printer's trouble
Dirtying his hands
To set it up in type.

II. DUMB, BUT WELL-DRESSED

A DANDY, pert little fellow
Talked to me the other day.
He was sunny and breezy,
Clever, glib of tongue and well-bred.
But he didn't say anything.
All the time he was talking
I had a mental picture of him
Strutting up a conventional Fifth Avenue of Thought;
Out with his Ego on a leash
For an afternoon's airing.

III. ILLUMINATION

MY sad moments are never my best.
People like me
And I like myself
Better
When I am fully illuminated,
Lit up,
A candle in every window of my house.
I will not draw the blinds of my soul
Or put out the lights.
I will go around lighting them all,
Trimming the wicks,
Putting new candles in place of old,
Keeping every light burning.

IV.

I AM hungry,
I have fed my body on beefsteak,
Camembert and brussels sprouts;
My mind on books,
Plays and argument;
My emotions on love, anger and sorrow.
But my psychic self is starved.
I hear it hollering for a good meal
Of fourth dimensional food.
Something more than victuals for
Body, mind and soul
I crave.
I should like to take a big bite
Out of the red-cheeked cosmos.

V. COB-WEBS

COB-WEBS in the corner,
Grey and dusty,
Let them stay,
They make the room look lived in.

Cob-webs in my brain,
Grey and dusty,
I'll keep them there
To catch butterflies
That might flit through
If I kept cleaning out
(Like an efficient housewife)
All the funny little corners
Of my mind.

Heavenly Discourse

GOD is at the wheel of the universe, turning the stars. Jesus enters.

JESUS: Father, are we Jews?

GOD: For my sake—Hush!

JESUS: Why, what's the matter?

GOD: Where is Peter?

JESUS: He is at the gate.

GOD: Bother the gate. He has a perfect mania for that gate.

JESUS: He makes money by it. It's his toll-gate.

GOD: Bah! There hasn't a soul applied for an age. Tell him to come take the wheel.

JESUS: Shall he lock the gate?

GOD: No. For goodness sake, let anybody in that wants to come. Tell him I want him.

(Jesus goes out and presently returns with St. Peter. God turns over the wheel to St. Peter and, beckoning Jesus to follow him, they go apart.)

Now, my son, what did you say?

JESUS: Are we Jews?

GOD (Looking cautiously around): We are. We are the only pure-blooded Jews alive.

JESUS: But I thought Jews——

GOD: Well, they are. *We* are the only Jews moving in high society.

JESUS: But if you and I are good enough for Christians——

GOD: Yes, I know. But your people, my son, are very inconsistent.

JESUS: I know it. But Peter over there is a Jew?

GOD: Of course. And Matthew and Mark and Luke and John and Paul—and all your disciples.

JESUS: Was mother a Jew?

GOD: Certainly.

JESUS: But if the Christians take you and me and mother and the others and their religion and their Bible from the Jews, what's the matter with the Jews? Are there no good Jews?

GOD: Yes, many, but the Jews reject you.

JESUS: So do the Christians. All the Jews of two thousand years ago did not reject me, only the plutocrats and the priests. Were there not Martha and Mary and Magdalene and the Apostles and all the multitude of poor?

GOD: You need not argue with me, my son. Talk to your Christians. Who told you we were Jews?

JESUS: The Devil.

GOD: The Devil. Is he back?

JESUS: Not to stay. He says you couldn't hire him to stay. But he wants a contract to light the stars. He says he can generate enough power in hell to light the universe.

GOD: Hell is abolished.

JESUS: Well, what was hell?

GOD: What terms did he offer?

JESUS: We didn't get that far. He said he'd take a contract to be terminated only at his or your death, but I told him he was an infidel and we wouldn't deal with him on any terms.

GOD: What did he say to that?

JESUS: He said if we would give him a good contract he would join the church; that he had lots of friends there, and it was only a matter of form anyway.

GOD: By myself, he is a smart Devil. Go on.

JESUS: That is about all. He said he'd pray once a week, like the rest, and also on holy days, if we'd give him an allowance for overtime, but I said we only dealt with Christians.

GOD: I see. The English, the Germans, the Russians, the Turks, and such What did he say?

JESUS: Just laughed and laughed, and said, "This is the joke of all time. A Jew God, a Jew Christ, a Jew Bible, a Jew religion, and will only deal with Christians. Why, Son, the Christians have picked up the crumbs from the Jew's table."

GOD: He certainly is a smart fellow. What did you say to him?

JESUS: I said we were not Jews, and he said, "Huh! Go and ask your father." So I came to you.

GOD: Quite right. When I come to think of it, I don't see what there is to be ashamed of. Yes, my son, we are Jews. I was born a Jew.

JESUS: Were you born, Father?

GOD: Certainly; the Jews conceived me. I was conceived and born a Jew.

JESUS: When was that, Father?

GOD: Oh, a good while ago. I've forgotten. But I am very different now. I have reformed in many ways and think I am a better God. At least, I hope I am.

JESUS: Well, how did it happen that you became a Christian God?

GOD: I was kidnaped.

JESUS: Kidnaped?

GOD: Yes, the Christians, or those who are now Christians, couldn't make a God for themselves, so they stole me.

JESUS: Did they never have any gods of their own, Father?

GOD: Oh, yes. Really you did it.

JESUS: I?

GOD: Yes. About a hundred years or so after you died, they went crazy over you, so your mother and I were taken in because we were your parents. And I must say your people have built up the most powerful machine I know. If it were not for its honest but contemptible superstition it would be the greatest aggregation of hypocrisy the world has ever seen.

JESUS: Father, you never see any good in the church that bears my name.

GOD: It bears your name, my son. That's all. Just the name.

JESUS: Oh, see the shooting-stars.

GOD: Collision. That's what comes of leaving Peter at the wheel.

(Hurries back to his post, turning the wheel of the universe.)

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD.

CHOICES

THEY offer you many things,
I a few.
Moonlight on the play of fountains at night
With water sparkling a drowsy monotone,
Bare-shouldered, smiling women and talk
And a cross-play of loves and adulteries
And a fear of death
and a remembering of regrets:
All this they offer you.
I come with:
salt and bread
a terrible job of work
and tireless war;
Come and have now:
hunger
danger
and hate.

CARL SANDBURG.

Not on Sale

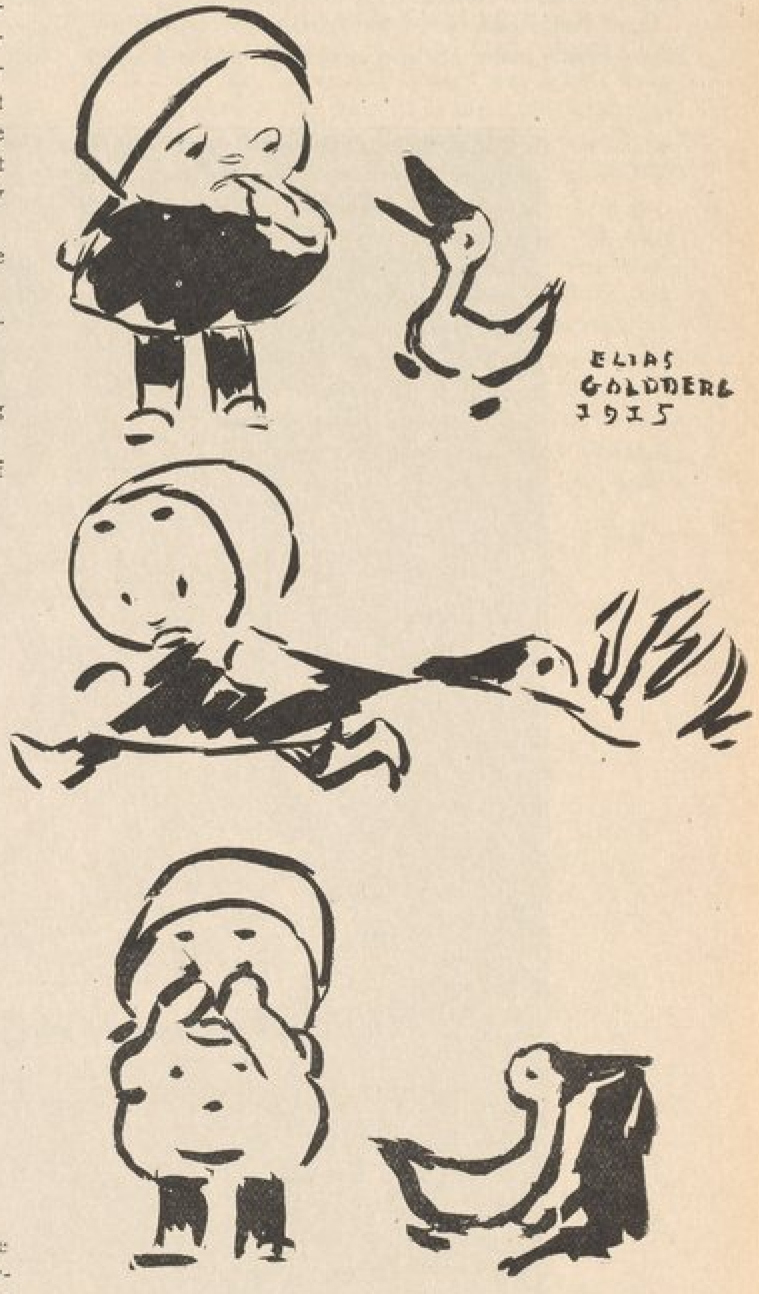
I TRIED to buy a copy of the MASSES in the book stands of the Pennsylvania Railroad terminal. I was told at each stand in the terminal that they did not carry the MASSES. When I asked for the reason the men in charge said it "was against our policy" to carry the MASSES, because it was "too Socialistic."

IRVIN RAY.

TO A MAD DOG

ALMOST!
You inconceivably almighty bitch,
You almost had me at the sewer ditch!
One more briar in that snaky wall,
And I'd be fertilizer—poems and all!
Yes—race your snout around the ladder,
You foaming whelp, you leggéd adder,
You just half guess that a passing jog,
A slippery scantling—you blue mangey dog!—
Would swing my soul to the eternal fog!
What's this we live in? Is this a world?
Just let me ponder—my legs are curled:
If you could leap as a greyhound can,
If I'd been a ten year older man,
If you hadn't dodged at the apple tree—
Why, any old if, and with wiry glee
You'd nip the life and the light from me!
From me, a power, and a poet, too!
Gods of the world! And who are you?
A low-lived, loitering neighbor's pup
I kick off the stoop when I first get up!

MAX EASTMAN.



Drawn by Elias Goldberg

NOT ALL ATROCITIES ARE CONFINED TO WAR

MR. DABKOWSKI TAKES A WALK

IF you had passed Mr. Dabkowski—say in a motor car—last summer, on a country road in Ohio, you would have wondered, perhaps, what he was like. For people do wonder about such things, this being an age of curiosity. You would have seen him tramping along the dusty road, in the direction of Cleveland, and you would have tried to imagine what were his experiences, his sensations and thoughts.

Well, we are in a position to tell you. For it seems that Mr. Dabkowski can write. When he went to Wheeling, W. Va., to get a job, his boss said to him: "Do you know what impression I got of you from your letters?" Mr. Dabkowski asked what. "I took you to be a married man, a good mechanic who had married a well-educated girl, and that your wife was writing the letters for you. Because as a rule a workingman does not write a very good letter."

So that is how we are able to tell you about Mr. Dabkowski. He has written us an account of his walk which we find too long to print, but which we cannot refrain from giving you in a shorter version, in which we hope some of the charm of the original still persists. Mind you, Mr. Dabkowski is not a fictitious personage. He is a cement-finisher, and he walked from Wheeling, W. Va., to Cleveland, O., to look for a job.

Mr. Dabkowski, when he started out, had a neat little bundle under his arm, a package of lunch which Mrs. K., his landlady, had put up for him. That bundle gave him, from first to last, a great deal of worry.

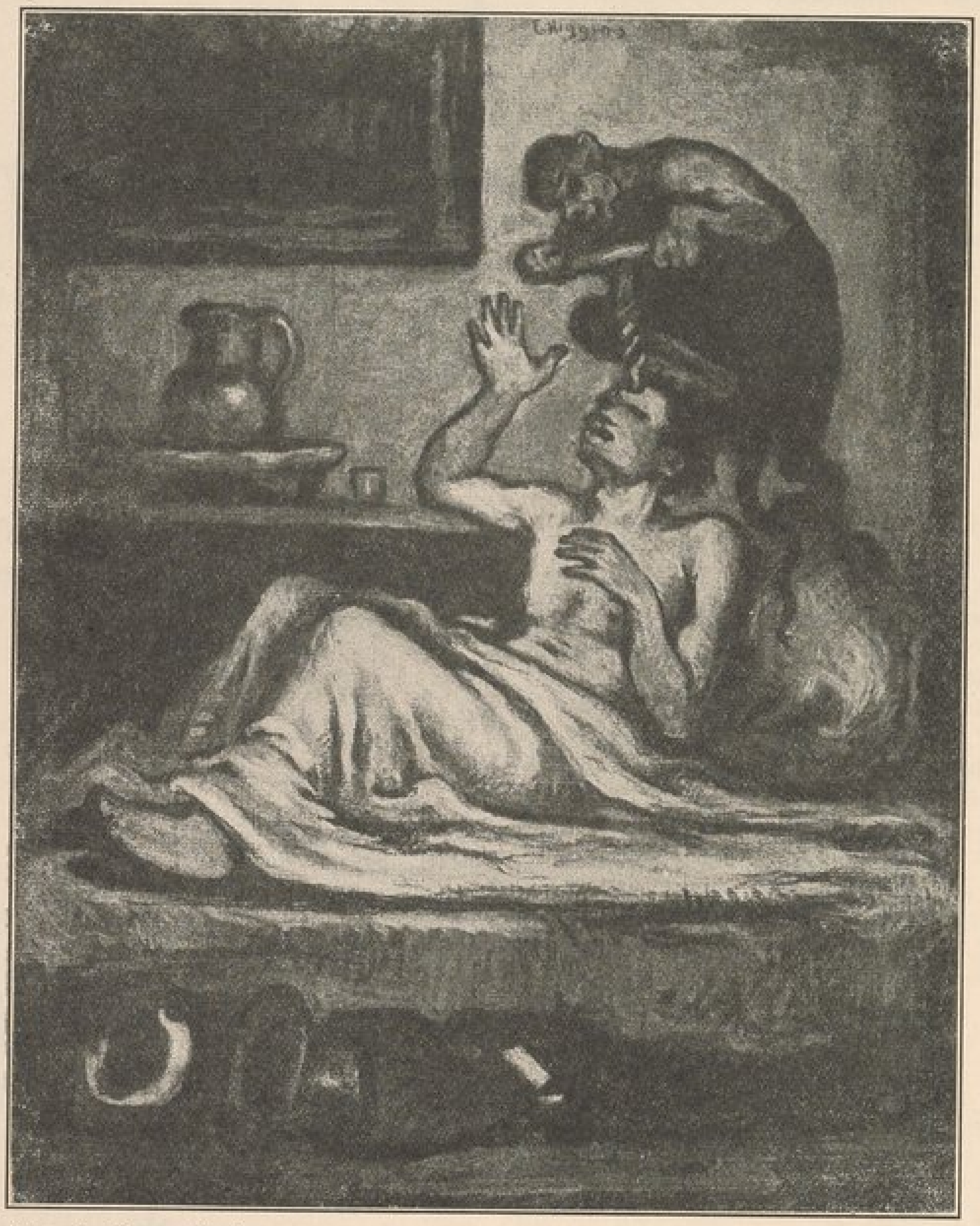
He was worried about whether he ought to offer to pay her for it. Finally he decided to ask her. She laughed at him good-naturedly, and he felt rather foolish.

It continued to trouble him. For when he had eaten half of it, at mid-day, he felt like throwing the rest away. He was sure he could get something warm by evening—and a bundle is a nuisance. Still, it didn't seem right to Mrs. K. to throw away the food she had taken so much trouble to put up. She would never learn of it, it was true. But his conscience could not dismiss the matter so easily.

Then he thought of Benjamin Franklin, going into Philadelphia with a loaf of bread under his arm, and that cheered him.

About that time Mr. Dabkowski discovered that he had taken the wrong road, and gone two miles out of his way. He started back, and then it commenced to rain. But Mr. Dabkowski had his umbrella with him, so he didn't get very wet.

It cleared up, and Mr. Dabkowski made the observation that the wagons going along the road went slower than he did. He could excuse them for being slower going uphill, but that they couldn't keep up with him going down was more than he could forgive.



Drawn by Eugene Higgins.

PROHIBITION AGITATION AT 5 A. M.

So Mr. Dabkowski finished the lunch he had under his arm, and then, for it was evening, he looked about for a place to sleep. He was in a little village, with many neat cottages—he called them cottages—so he went up to one and asked the lady of the house where he could get a room for the night. As there was no hotel or boarding house in the place, she said she guessed she would have to put him up there. "That will suit me very well," said Mr. Dabkowski, and walked in.

Regretfully declining her offer of a hot supper, he went up to his room. Here he found "some water, soap, a clean towel and a comb and brush." After fixing himself up a little, he came downstairs, and looked over the lady's library.

He was surprised to find that it included not only fiction, but "books like Plutarch's 'Lives,'" old philosophical works, histories, and excellent books of travel. "Besides, they had magazines which I," confessed Mr. Dabkowski, "only saw on the news-stands."

Presently Mr. Dabkowski went out on the porch, and held a conversation with the lady and her son, who had just appeared. When the lady was introducing him to her son, she paused for him to supply the name, which he hadn't mentioned up till now. "Dabkowski," he said. "What?" she said. He had to repeat it several times, and then teach them how to pronounce it.

They recognized it as Polish, and then they asked him if he had ever read "Quo Vadis." He had. So they said, "And of course you've read 'Thaddeus of Warsaw?'" But, although Mr. Dabkowski was born at Warsaw, he had never read about Thaddeus. Then the lady mentioned "a few Polish histories which she had read," and Mr. Dabkowski had to admit that he was ignorant of them.

So the lady discoursed amiably to Mr. Dabkowski about his fatherland, and ended by saying that if Kosciusko were to arise from his grave he would be rather ashamed to own Mr. Dabkowski as a countryman. Mr. Dabkowski did not take offense. He was glad to learn that country people were not as illiterate as city people are prone to imagine.

"Yes," says Mr. Dabkowski, "they spoke well of Socialism. Not that I brought the subject up first, but they did of themselves."

They continued to talk, and in one argument Mr. Dabkowski got the better of her. She had said that it was possible for a poor boy to rise by hard work to the highest place in America; she said that it was possible even for Mr. Dabkowski, if he worked *very* hard. So Mr. Dabkowski pointed out to her that the highest place in America is the Presidency, and that he couldn't be president, no matter how hard he worked, because he had been born in Warsaw. "I won," says Mr. Dabkowski. So everybody went to bed.

Mr. Dabkowski's room was "as neat and clean as a palace." Mr. Dabkowski felt like a king, and slept, he says, better than many a one. At 6:30 he was up and about. He went down to the back yard, and found the son of the house there cutting the grass with a scythe. Mr. Dabkowski offered to cut some, but the boy was afraid to trust him with the scythe, for fear he would cut himself in the shins with it. "And to be truthful in the matter," says Mr. Dabkowski, "the thing was dangerous that way."

After breakfast, which was all that a breakfast should be, he asked the lady how much he owed her. She replied in surprise that he didn't owe her anything. He explained to her that he didn't expect . . . and she explained to him that she couldn't charge him for a little favor like that. So he thanked her, "and to be honest in the matter," says Mr. Dabkowski, "I was not a bit sorry."

When he had got his hat and come downstairs, he found the lady cleaning off his umbrella with a wet rag. He had accidentally stuck it into some mud about a foot deep the day before, and it was very muddy. Of course Mr. Dabkowski appreciated the service, but at the same time it embarrassed him, and he protested. She did not heed his protest, and kept on cleaning it. "I don't know," says Mr. Dabkowski, "but she looked more as if she were doing it for her own son than for a stranger. I was a little embarrassed, I was delighted. Really, it was an embarrassingly delightful moment."

They accompanied him to the porch. It was Decoration Day, and the boy stuck a little flag in the lapel of his coat. He shook hands with them both, waved his hat, and started off on the second day of his tramp.

Decoration Day, he tells us, was a fine day. It was warm, and yet not hot. Nobody was working. Everybody seemed to be out walking, and happy. "Maybe," says Mr. Dabkowski, "people were working in the homes. Maybe people were working on the farms. And maybe people were quarreling and back-biting. Maybe people were sick and worried. Maybe people were dying and starving. I did not know. For the time being I did not care. I was too happy. The purity of the air, the beauty of the day, the hospitality of the while ago, made me feel as if I owned the whole world."

As it got warmer, Mr. Dabkowski cautiously raised his umbrella and used it for a sunshade. The lady at whose house he had stayed had suggested it. "And," says Mr. Dabkowski, "it did not look nearly as bad as I thought it would, or as ridiculous as it would have looked in the city."

Having missed his way once, Mr. Dabkowski decided he had better ask the way to the next town, which was Cadiz. He stopped a little farmer lad and asked him. The lad became a little frightened, and stammered out, "I—I—I don't know, but maybe Margaret knows." Mr. Dabkowski asked him who Margaret was, speaking to him as softly as he could, because he liked him and wanted to reassure him. The lad pointed up the road and said, "There she comes now." Margaret was a country girl of fourteen, and she told him he was on the right road. So he bade them good-bye and walked on. "The lad," says Mr. Dabkowski, "had an unusually intelligent face, and I think that some day he will make an impression somewhere."

As Mr. Dabkowski walked, he began to think about the evil of child labor, and other evils. But his thoughts were interrupted by something that came down the road. It was a horse dragging a broken-down automobile. The horse seemed to Mr. Dabkowski to have a twinkle in his eye. So Mr. Dabkowski thought about the competitive relations of the horse and the automobile until he became hungry.

At the place where he stopped they could not give him much to eat, for they did not have much. But they gave him a big pitcher of buttermilk. "Imagine," says Mr. Dabkowski, "after walking all morning (and you must bear in mind that the weather was rather warm), and especially if you are a lover of good buttermilk, how a big pitcher of nice cool buttermilk would taste. Well, it tasted fine." But Mr. Dabkowski did not want to seem greedy, so he left a little in the bottom of the pitcher.

Mr. Dabkowski walked on, noticing the large tracts of uncultivated land, and thinking of the unemployment in the cities, and wondering if something couldn't be done about it. That took him till supper-time.

But when he knocked at a door, which was ajar, he saw the young woman inside run back and get a shotgun. However, she decided to let him wait till her husband returned, and her husband decided that Mr. Dabkowski was all right.

At half-past eight everybody went to bed. In the mornings they got up regularly at 3:30 or 4 o'clock. But as to-morrow was Sunday they wouldn't get up till 4:30 or even till 5 o'clock. The man was a millworker, and he also had a farm which he worked before and after his ten-hour day at the mill. There was only one lamp in the house, and Mr. Dabkowski could not sleep well because the windows were all nailed down. They had pork and black coffee for breakfast. The three children stared at Mr. Dabkowski solemnly and would not say a word, but before he went he bribed them to smile by giving them each a penny.

That day he passed through larger towns. In Ulrichsville he met a fellow-Pole, and spoke to him in his own language. The man said he was staying at a charity institution, and all he received was his lodging, meals and clothes. Mr. Dabkowski said there might be some work in Cleveland, but Cleveland seemed to this man a place very far away.

Next Mr. Dabkowski passed a jail, and heard the minister preaching the gospel to the prisoners. He wondered if any of them took the minister seriously. He reflected a long time on crime and criminals, and the responsibility of society for them both.

After supper, which he took in a restaurant in Navarre, he set out for Richville, four miles distant. But when he was half way there an auto stopped, and the man inside asked him how far it was to Canton. Mr. Dabkowski pulled out his pocket road-map and looked it up. They fell into conversation, and when the man found they were both going to Cleveland he said, "Jump in."

Not liking to disoblige, Mr. Dabkowski jumped in. He had wanted to walk the whole distance, because some of the men at Mrs. K.'s boarding house had laughed at him when he talked of walking the whole 145 miles between Wheeling and Cleveland. He had walked eighty so far. However, he reflected, he would be all the fresher for job-hunting in Cleveland if he rode. It took six or seven hours to make that remaining 65 miles, which Mr. Dabkowski thought was a little long for the distance. "But then," says Mr. Dabkowski, "he did not know the roads very well, and besides, the road was very bad in places, and dark, so that in the end he did not do so bad after all."

"Perhaps," says Mr. Dabkowski, "it was not altogether right for me to have set aside my resolution and taken the ride. But I don't know. Work was what I wanted, and the sooner I got to Cleveland, the sooner would be my chances of getting the work." Mr. Dabkowski arrived in Cleveland shortly after midnight. At seven he arose, and began looking for the business agent of his union. At noon the business agent was found. And the next morning Mr. Dabkowski went to work.

THE QUESTION OF BIRTH-CONTROL

Dr. W. J. Robinson, Pioneer

DR. WILLIAM J. ROBINSON'S new book on "The Limitation of Offspring" is only the latest incident in a pioneering career.[1] Dr. Robinson has for years, through his journal, the *Critic and Guide*, advocated the legalizing of contraception.

He has persistently discussed its medical, legal, sociological and ethical aspects; answered all the objections to it that ignorance or fanaticism or intellectual perversity brought forward; and by his editorials, his contributions to other journals, his lectures, his pamphlets and his books, he made it a public issue.

Those who have known of Dr. Robinson's work will be glad to circulate this new book; and those who read him for the first time will find themselves in pleasant and enlightening contact with a sane, genial, cultured and essentially *human* personality.

His book treats of the prevention of conception, "the enormous benefits of the practise to the individual, society, and the race," and answers objections. There is only one thing lacking, and Dr. Robinson is not to blame for that. Under the chapter-heading, "The Best, Safest and Most Harmless Means for the Prevention of Conception," stands a blank space, with the note: "The further discussion of this subject has been completely eliminated by our censorship. . . . As soon as the brutal laws have been removed from our statute books, as soon as the censorship of scientific discussion of matters of vital importance to the race, has been abolished, this chapter, which is all ready, will be published, either in the body of the book or as a separate supplement."

The book also contains papers on the same subject, republished from the *Critic and Guide*, by Dr. J. Rutgers of Holland ("A Country in Which the Prevention of Conception Is Officially Sanctioned"), Clara G. Stillman, James F. Morton, Jr., Edwin C. Walker, L. Jacobi, M.D., and James P. Warbasse, M.D. It is a manual of argument, and should do much to batter down the remaining walls of unreason between us and freedom.

In New Zealand

To THE MASSES:

Although not an American, I should like to second your protest against the arrest of Mr. Sanger, and to tell your readers something of public opinion in New Zealand and New South Wales, Australia, concerning birth control.

The information contained in Mrs. Sanger's pamphlets is common knowledge in New Zealand. I have never heard of a law prohibiting the dissemination of the information in any way, public or private. Such a law may exist, but if so, it has long ago been allowed to lapse. Specialists and chemists sell preventives in all the New Zealand cities, and give such information as is asked for openly, and without fear of prosecution. Anything more ridiculous than to allow preventives to be on public sale everywhere, as they evidently are in New York, and yet to prohibit information concerning them, could hardly be imagined.

In New Zealand the facts of birth control have long been recognized as perfectly legitimate knowledge for all classes of the population. I cannot remember now ever to have heard a voice against it. We consider that it is positively indecent to have large families unless the mother has excellent health, and desires them, and unless the children can be adequately provided for. Some years ago, feeling in a small township I knew was so incensed against a man whose delicate wife went on having one child a year, that he was socially shunned, and finally approached by some of the men and told that if his wife had any more babies he would be kicked out. Information concerning birth control was sent to both of them. They had no more children.

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[1] *The Limitation of Offspring—By the Prevention of Conception*, by William J. Robinson, M. D., with an introduction by A. Jacobi, M. D., ex-President of the American Medical Association. The Critic and Guide Co., New York.

The knowledge of preventives is probobly more widespread in New Zealand than in any country in the world, unless it be France. But our birth rate is normal. Our population increased in the twenty years from 1890 to 1910 by one-third, in spite of preventives, and the fiercest immigration laws in the world. New Zealanders want children because they have decent homes to keep them in; because there are no slums, no tenements; because there is no child labor; and because New Zealand saves its babies, saves much more than double the number in the thousand under one year old that your United States does. We profess to value life. We believe in welcoming it, and bringing it into a decent world, and along with that belief goes our knowledge of the use of preventives.

The officials of New York State would probably call us immoral and obscene. We can smile at names from a State that keeps nearly half a million unemployed, and that owns a city like New York, with its ghastly tenements, its slow starvation, its appalling record of crime. New Zealanders are not immoral, for all their knowledge. No one has ever hurled that accusation at us. As a matter of fact, our knowledge saves us from immorality, and saves us from license. It has created healthy, open discussion, and a fine general standard of decency.

I would like to point out, too, that in New Zealand such methods as those used in the arrest of Mr. Sanger would outrage the public sense of justice to such an extent that even if the law were against him, no jury would sentence him. Just before I left Auckland, New Zealand, three years ago, a nurse was tried for procuring abortion for an unmarried woman, who then nearly died of blood poisoning, and who, thinking herself dying told a friend who it was who had operated on her. (We have these cases still, but rarely, and the law, stands against the person performing the operation.) There was some evidence of carelessness on the part of the nurse, and she was sentenced to seven years, the maximum penalty for a woman. But public opinion in New Zealand, and I thoroughly agree with it, has long considered it a cowardly thing for any pregnant woman to go in an emergency to beg help of another person, and then, when faced with death, to inform on the helper. And public opinion rose in this case, and protested so vigorously in the newspapers—and, by the way, our best newspapers are open to discussions on this subject—and stated so plainly that for everyone who was caught six probably went uncaught, and that the law would never stop it anyway, that the law itself reduced the sentence to two years, stating that one year of this was for the carelessness proved in the case. Such public opinion would emphatically protest against the method of arresting Mr. Sanger as simply a dirty trick.

Public opinion can regulate morals far better than can any laws. But even our laws are on the side of good morals. We have the single standard in New Zealand. Yes, we really have it. I believe we are the only country in the world to have it. And it does not mean that women have sunk to the level of men. It does not mean that we allow promiscuity, that we stand for free love. It means that we have no white slave traffic and no procuring. It means that we so heavily penalize men for taking any advantage of girls or women, that it has become so expensive for them to do so, socially, as well as legally, irrespective of their wealth or position, that cases of the kind grow rarer and rarer every year. We do not ostracize the child or the unmarried mother. I wish I had space to give some of the many stories I know illustrating this. And the fact that we do not ostracize them has not led, as the prude might suppose, to an increase in their numbers. Charity and understanding do not lead to license and immorality.

To come back to birth control. In New South Wales, the most progressive state in Australia, they agree with us in allowing the sale and use of preventives. The information may not be as widespread as it is with us, and whether public lectures would be allowed on the subject, I do not know, but I do know that anything may go through the post, and I do know that six years ago one of the cabinet ministers himself told me that most of the cabinet was in favor of having the use of preventives taught to the working classes, and that nothing would be done by the government to stop any spread of the information. Also, the same minister told me that he did not believe in conviction for illegal operations, that penalties only made scapegoats of a few, never remedied the evil, simply drove the operation into the hands of incompetent quacks, wrecked the health of thousands of women, and never deterred any woman from taking the risk. As the law works in New South Wales today there is no conviction for illegal operations. Any good surgeon can perform them. The officials there have the colossal commonsense to see that the law is powerless in some directions, that it is simply ridiculous, a travesty on justice, and that nothing but informed and intelligent public opinion is ever going to solve the problem of public morals.

And as for private morals—well, nothing but a clean inheritance and life under the best of economic conditions is ever going to make the majority of people healthy and sane enough to get and keep the balance between their mental and their physical bodies. And in order to give them those conditions; that inheritance, we have to begin elsewhere than by arresting sincere people for telling the much-needed truth.

Jane Mander.

Shall We Do It?

To The Masses:

I am the father of five children, all living and healthy, but I cannot give them half a chance to grow up: first, because they came too close together; second, my income is not large enough to provide the necessary things of life which is demanded in order to clothe, educate and feed a family so large. If an accident should befall me they would be thrown onto the world without any support. Besides, my wife's health is being impaired each time without a chance to regain lost energy. Now, I enclose 50 cents towards the Sanger fund and wish it was $50, but this is my all. I beg of you to send me Margaret Sanger's pamphlet, as I believe you can in some way give the necessary information to me in some way, law or no law. The laws are all in the capitalist interest, and we do no harm if we do not comply with all of them.

Yours for the Revolution,

C. L. W.

Other Correspondence

FROM A YOUNG TRUTH LOVER

To The Masses:

I am sending $1 to you to help along Mr. Sanger. I am 12 years old and my Mother has written for the Masses. She subscribed to it for me. I like it very much and sincerely hope that the dollars you receive will be enough to fully pay the legal expenses and also to publish the whole thing to

K. B.

THE WALTER LOAN CASE

To The Masses:

A subscriber of yours, Walter G. Loan, of 201 Green street, Wilkinsburg, Pa., will for the next year or three have a new address: namely, Box A—A 8602 Kilbuck station, Northside, Pittsburgh, Pa. In other words, he has been sentenced to the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania for not less than one nor more than three years for that most atrocious crime of crimes,—that of being an Anarchist and having the courage to say so in an orthodox community.

He was charged with felonious assault and battery upon a policeman. At his trial the boy established a perfect alibi, while the prosecution failed to identify him as the one who did the shooting. Altogether it was the rawest farce that has been "pulled off" in Allegheny County in a long time. We have this from several jurors: Five jurors wore Sunday school buttons; in fact the jury was packed with conservatives of this sort; the first vote stood 7 to 5 for acquittal; after an hour they stood 11 to 1 for acquittal; the stubborn juror was a deacon and a Sunday school superintendent of the Presbyterian Church of Sheriden, one Thomas Patterson, who said: "I will not leave this room with a verdict of acquittal. A man who denies both God and Government should not be at liberty. This man admitted that he is an Anarchist and all his witnesses refused to swear."

Finally the jury brought in a compromise verdict, as instructed by the judge, Joseph W. Bouton of McKean County, finding the prisoner guilty of the assault but innocent of the felony and recommending the most extreme mercy of the court. The court gave the prisoner the Limit, saying, "You are known to be associated with a group of those whose teachings are not conducive to the instillation of good citizenship and morals. You are fortunate that you are not being sentenced for murder."

Thos. R. Loan.

620 Wood St., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

FROM A DOUBTER.

To The Masses:

Your letter received with subscription blank enclosed. Really I am puzzled to know to whom to send them. My friends are not radical. Even the Socialists among them are conservative—and some of them relioious. However, I will send the blanks to some one. They will at least know that the Masses exists. I will send one dollar to assist the Sanger struggle. This world is scarcely worth saving or making a sacrifice for. But if people will sacrifice they must be helped. So we must help the Sangers. I had thought of sending a dollar to the Quinlan case. But will send it all to the Sangers. So small a sum is not worth dividing. With sympathy to those on the firing line of a great couse.

E.S.

[The world is always worth saving. It has been done many times, and it will have to be done many times more. But it isn't "sacrifice" to help save ti. It is self-expression. It's an interesting game, saving t hisold world, and live people just can't keep out of it. And don't despair of your friends—even the Socialists. They are worth saving, too.]

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John Lyons,
Assistant Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1915.

[seal] Abraham Zacker,
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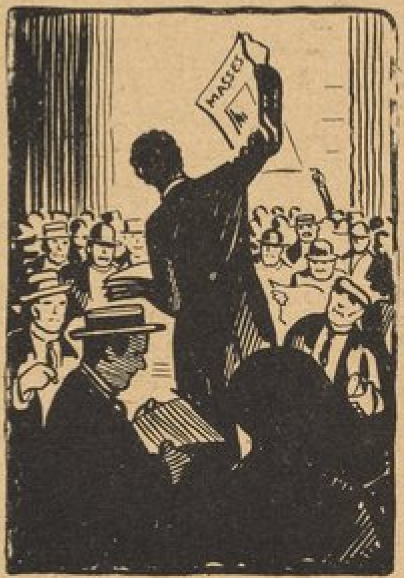

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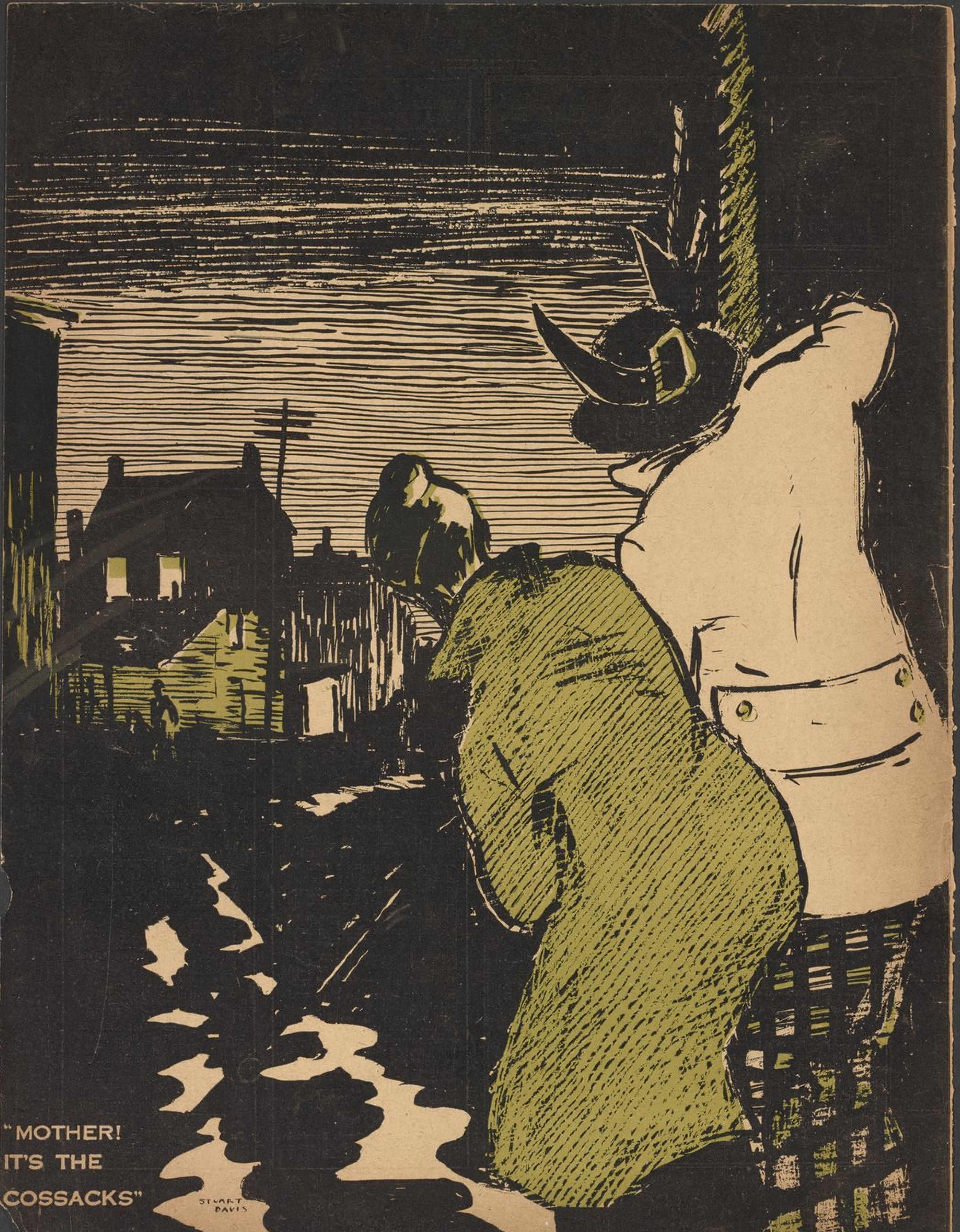

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