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MASSES

The MASSES

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(*Continued on page 26*)

Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

Soldier Praying by the Roadside

Galicia, June, 1915

The MASSES

Vol. VIII. No. 6 APRIL, 1916 Issue No. 58

THE CAPITALIST

John Reed

YOU know how Washington Square looks in a wet mist on November nights—that gray, luminous pastel atmosphere, softening incredibly the hard outlines of bare trees and iron railings, obliterating the sharp edges of shadows and casting a silver halo about each high electric globe. All the straight concrete walks are black onyx, jeweled in every little unevenness with pools of steely rain-water. An imperceptible rain fills the air; your cheeks and the backs of your hands are damp and cool. And yet you can walk three times around the Square with your raincoat open, and not get wet at all.

It was on such a night that William Booth Wrenn, strolling from somewhere to nowhere in particular, stopped under the two arc lights near Washington Arch to count his wealth. It was almost midnight. William Booth Wrenn had just received his compensation for doing—no matter what. It amounted to sixty-five cents in all. This was the third time he had counted it.

A hasty glance at Mr. Wrenn, if you were not particularly observant, would have convinced you that he was an ordinary young man in ordinary circumstances, perhaps a clerk in some flourishing haberdashery shop. His tan shoes showed traces of a recent shine, his hat was of formless English cloth, and his raincoat was of the right length. There was an air about him as of a young man who knew how to wear his clothes. The indulgent mist aided this impression. One must appear so if one is hunting a job in New York. But if you had looked closer, you might have noticed that his high collar was frayed and smudgy-looking; if you could have peered beneath his coat, you would have seen that the collar was attached to a mere sleeveless rag that was no shirt at all; if you could have examined the soles of his shoes, you would have discovered two gaping holes there, a pair of drenched socks coming through. How were you to know that the raincoat was "slightly damaged by fire" within? Or that the English hat was fast ungluing in the wet? After reckoning up his resources, William flipped a coin in the air. It came heads; he took the right-hand path across the Square, jingling the coins cheerfully in his pocket.

Between two arc lights on that path there is a dreary stretch of hard wooden benches. In the dim light, he made out two persons occupying opposite sides of the walk. One was a sodden bundle of a drunkard, uncomfortably draped across the iron arm rests which the city rivets there to prevent tired, homeless people from sleeping. His bloated face was turned blindly skyward, and he snored raspingly. Tiny drops of water thickly encrusted him, twinkling as his chest rose and fell. The other occupant was an old woman. A strong odor of whisky emanated from her. A green cheesecloth scarf, glistening with dew, traversed her scant gray hair and was knotted under her chin. She sang:

"Oh, I know my love (hic) by his way o' walkin' (hic),
And I (hic) know my love by his way o' (hic) talkin',
And I know my (hic) love by his coat o' blu-u-ue,
And if my love left me (hic)——"

At that, she seemed to hear the jingling of Williams' coins, and suddenly broke off, saying, "C'mere!"

William stopped, turned, and lifted his hat with a courtly gesture.

"I beg your pardon, madam?"

"C'mere! I said." He sat beside her on the bench and peered curiously into her face. It was extraordinarily lined and drawn, withered like the faces of very old scrubwomen that one sometimes sees after hours in office buildings; the lower lip trembled senilely. She turned a pair of glazed, faded eyes upon him.

"Gawd damn your soul!" said she. "Ain't (hic), ain't you got better manners 'n to jingle yer money at that feller an' me?"

William smiled.

"But, my good woman—" he began in his best manner.

"Good woman (hic) be cursed to you!" said the old lady. "I know ye—you rich fellers. I bet ye never worked one minute fer yer money—yer father left it to ye—now didn't he? I thought so. I know ye—" she sought the right word——"ye *Capitalist!*" A pleasant glow of satisfaction pervaded William. He nodded complacently.

"How'd you guess?"

"Guess!" laughed the woman unpleasantly. "Guess! (hic). Don't ye think *I* worked in fine houses? Don't ye think *I* had rich young fellers—when I was a young gurrul? *Know* ye? Wid yer jinglin' money an' yer dainty manners? What one o' ye would take off yer hat (hic) to 'n old souse like me—if ye weren't jokin'?"

"Madam, I assure you—"

"My Gawd! *Listen* to 'm! Aw, yes; many's the fine rich young lover (hic) I had when I was a young gurrul. They took off their hats *then*—"

William wondered if this hideous old ruin had ever been beautiful. It stimulated his imagination.

"When I was a young (hic) gurrul—

"Oh, I know my love—

"Say-y-y . . . I was a-thinkin' when I heard that money jinglin'— Ain't it funny how ye jingle everything ye got? You do—I do— Everybody does. I say, I was a-thinkin' (hic), wouldn't you like to come along with me and have some fun?" She leaned over and leered at him, an awful burlesque of her youth; the smell of bad whisky fouled his nostrils. "C'mon! Give you a goo (hic) good time, kid. Wan' go somewhere, have some fun?"

"No, thank you. Not to-night," answered William gently.

"Sure," sneered the old lady. "*I* know ye, ye Cap'tal'sts! Give us work w'en we don't want it. But ye won't give 's work w'en we (hic) want it. Take yer hand out 'o yer pocket! *I* won't take yer dirty charity. . . . Had enough o' charity. I *work* fer what I get. See? (hic). No decent woman 'd take yer charity. . . . C'mon, give ye a good—"

"Why are you sitting out here? You'll catch cold—"

"Why you— Wot t'ell do ye think I'm sittin' out here for? I just can't stay 'n my boodwar these here fine summer evenin's! If I got paid fer wot I done, think I'd be sittin' out here? Jesus!" She blazed out at him furiously. "You b'long to the City?"

William shook his head. He drew from his pocket a cheap cigarette box, and opened it. There were two cigarettes.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" he asked politely. The old lady stared at him.

"Do I mind if you smoke! What t'ell you want, young feller? Why d'ye ask me w'ether you c'n smoke? W'at business is it o' mine w'ether you—sure, I'll take one—" He struck a match.

"Yer a Cap'tal'st," she went on, the cigarette trembling in her lips. 'Ye wouldn't be so p'lite to *me* if you didn't want sumpin' . . . *I* know ye . . . You don't b'long to the City? If you did, *you'd* be gettin' paid. I don't get paid, an' I (hic) belong t' the City. . . . Look at this here." She fumbled in the bosom of her dress, and produced a brown card. Stooping so as to catch the rays of the arc light, he read:

"Pass Mrs. Sara Trimball for one month from date to Randall Island. . . . To visit Daughter."

"That's me," said Mrs. Trimball, with a kind of alcoholic pride. "Work up t' Ran'all's Island—sort o' git-along-there-do-this-do-that fer the nurses 'n' doctors (hic). We get paid to-day. I come all the way down to City Hall: Get there at fi' minutes past three, 'n' I don't get m' money. Y'un'erstand? Don't get *any* money till next Friday (hic). Ain't that hell? The nurses an' doctors they get *their* money up t' five 'clock. . . . W'y can't I get my money? *They* know I ain't got no place t' sleep. . . . W'y—? So I say (hic) 'aw-right,' an' go sleep in the park. Jus' b'fore you come, a big cop comes an' says, 'get out o' here.' City won' pay me w'at I work fer. . . . I go sleep in City Park. . . . City cop comes an' drives me 'way. . . . Where'll I go? Go t' the devil. *Ain't* that a round o' pleasure (hic)?"

"You have a daughter there?"

'Sure got a daughter. . . . Sixteen years old. Here's 'nother funny thing (hic). If I didn't work up there, I c'd keep 'er there fer nawthin'. But I work up there, an' it costs me two dollars a week to keep her there."

"Why do you work up there?" William protested

loftily. "That's criminal extravagance for a poor person like you—"

"Hear 'm talk, the dirty loafer!" she responded with heat. "Don't ye think I wan' to *see* 'er sometimes. O Gawd, what *do* I do 't fer? She ought to be out on the streets, earnin' enough to take care o' me in my old age." . . .

"Of course she ought. It's ridiculous—"

"*I* don' know w'y I keep her shut away like that. . . . It ain't (hic) got any sense to it. Will ye tell me w'y I don' want my kid to be like me? *I* always had a good time—*I* always lived happy. . . . W'y don't we want our kids to be like us? She oubht to be out workin' fer me—but I go on keepin' her there, so she won't be like me. . . . W'at difference does it make (hic)? W'en I'm gone she'll have to, anyhow." . . . Mrs. Trimball began to cough, slightly at first and then more violently, until her whole body was wrenched. The mist came steadily down. William felt the subtile chill of it stealing through his body. The sleeper across the way suddenly swallowed a prodigious snore, sneezed, and slowly sat up.

"Why can't ye let a guy sleep?" he mumbled. "All that damn coughin'—"

"O Gawd," said Mrs. Trimball weakly, the paroxysm past. "I wisht I had a drink."

"How much does a room cost?" asked William suddenly.

"A quarter. You wan' a room? I know a good place right down Fourth Street. . . . Naw, w'at you givin' us? *You* don' want no room." . . .

"No, but *you* do. Wait a minute, please! I'm not going to offer you charity." He held out a quarter. "You can borrow it from me; I'd do the same with you, you know—and you can pay me back sometime—when you get paid." He dropped it into her shaking hand. She clutched at it and missed. The coin clinked upon the pavement and rolled. Quick as light a long, ragged arm shot out from the opposite bench, and the sleeper was reeling away down the path with his precious find.

Mrs. Trimball half rose from her seat. "You drunken bum!" she screamed shrilly. "Come back with that, you dirty thief—"

"Never mind," said William, his arm on hers. "There's plenty more at home like that. Here's another." This time she clutched it. . . .

"I'm thankin' you very much," said Mrs. Trimball with dignity. "Between friends borrowin's all right (hic). I'll ask ye to give me your name an' address, an' I'll return it to you." She fumbled in her bag and produced a much-bitten pencil and a letter. "Perhaps ye might be able to put another dime on that, so 's I can get a drop to warm me stomach."

William hesitated only for an instant. "Certainly," he agreed. Then he set his wits to work, conjuring up all his remembrances of the Society Page in the Sunday papers. He wrote upon the letter:

"Courcy De Peyster Stuyvesant
Hotel Plaza"

"Didn't I tell ye?" cried the old lady as he orated this. "I know ye (hic). *I'll* have no truck wid ye. You gettin' yer money from yer pa, and me workin' on my knees seven days out o' the week. Ain't that a hell of a name to have wished on ye? Are ye ashamed to walk a few steps with an ol' souse like me, Mr. Cursey Dee Poyster Stuyvesant?"

"Not at all. A pleasure, I assure you." William rose stiffly to his feet, and took the old lady's arm. He shivered. It seemed as if standing up exposed to the chill other parts of his body that had been fairly warm while he remained seated. . . .

"Look at us!" remarked Mrs. Trimball. "Here we all elect a President of the United States . . . the very feller that promises to make everything all right (hic). I say, here we elect a Presid'nt, an' all we get is—Police."

William bluffed magnificently. "But, dear lady, we *must* safeguard society" . . .

Mrs. Trimball turned at her door. "You're a good enough young feller for a Cap'tal'st. You got the stuff in you. All you want is a little hard work."

"If you working people weren't so extravagant, you'd save enough to make you comfortable in your old age." . . .

William Booth Wrenn walked back into the Square. His feet were without feeling, but the dampness had worked through his thin clothing, and all his body was damp and chilled. He sought the bench he had just quitted, fingering the nickel in his pocket. In a dry corner underneath the seat, between the iron and the wood, he found the stump of his cigarette. After four trials, a damp match was induced to sputter into blue flame. He lighted the tobacco, drew a long breath of it into his lungs, and warmed his hands over the match.

Just then a well-nourished, cape-muffled policeman appeared, motioning with his club.

"Move on," he said briefly. "You can't sit here."

William took another puff at his snipe, and, without moving, drawled insolently, "My man, do you know who I am?"

The policeman took in the dirty collar, the cheap hat, the wet shoes. Policemen's eyes are sharper than old ladies'. Then he leaned forward and peerd into William's face.

"Yes," he said, "I know who you are. You're the guy that I chased out of here twice already last night. Now git, or I'll fan you."

"NIGGER TILLY"

THE best cook
And the slickest thief
In the state of Texas.
She would have stolen the golden candle-sticks
From the very throne of God,
To light the way for one she loved—
And she loved me.
That was Tilly's code.

Generous, insane, romantic,
An ape even to copying the jerking limp of her mistress,
A slave where she loved,
A viper where she hated—
That was Tilly's character.

An ashy face greased with bacon rind,
A ragged scar on her left cheek—
From lip to ear,
Where
One raging Othello
Had nearly loved her to death.
Fat breasts, uncorseted,
That hammocked my head to sleep.
Long gorilla arms that reached me
No matter where I hid.
A heart so big it made me wonder
That one skin could house so much of goodness—
That was Tilly!

A dead shot with a rock—
I have seen her toss a pebble
And end the merry-making of a fly;
I have seen her hurl a stone
And pick off my neighbor's fan-tail pigeon. . . .

ON THE DEATH OF THE FAMILY HORSE

"PORE old Clebeland—
Dar he lay,
An' his sperret ain't to trubble
Till de jedgement day,
But he carcass guine be meltin'
Widout no hope—
Into yaller wropped packages
Of soap, soap, soap!

TILLY'S APOLOGY

"I'S down-right bad, Miss Rosie,
But the good Gawd know'd I'd be,
When he gone squanderin' pashion
Like he done done in me!

She raised us all
Then hung about without any usefulness,
A dark, expected spot on the landscape,
Something with its roots driven deep into the memory of things—
Ignored
Like a weather-beaten hitching-post
After the family is driving a six-cylinder.
One day there was a new look in her eye—
The white shot with red,
The black stretched and greedy.
She threaded the handle of her dish pan with a ribband
And marching 'round and 'round the house
Thundered upon the tin with an iron bar
Chanting:—

"My poker am my fife,
An' my pan am my drum;
Gawd damn de niggers—
An' a BUM! BUM!! BUM!!!

They came—those officers—
And chased Nigger Tilly;
Ten million years back she went,
Clawing her way up into an acorn tree,
And there on a branch she chittered and jibbered,

"My poker am my fife,
An' my pan am my drum;
Gawd damn de niggers—
An' a BUM! BUM!! BUM!!!

Down she fell
And lumped
Like the sack of carrots in the cellar.
They shoved her onto a board and hurried away,
All that mangled goodness still murmuring—

"My poker am my fife,
An' my pan am my drum;
Gawd damn de niggers—
An' a BUM!!—*bum!—bu—"*

JANE BURR.

Arsenic in the Soup

"I BELIEVE the navy of the United States should be unconquerable," said the President. "The greatest in the world." It is fair to say that Wilson did not believe, when he started West, that we should engage in a naval race with Great Britain. He was evidently convinced by his own air of earnest sincerity.

BETWEEN the President's sentiments of a year ago and those of to-day, the average Democratic Congressman seems to be maintaining a position of timid neutrality.

TAFT says we should have a "reasonably adequate army" and a navy "as big as the importance of the country in the family of nations demands." How can a man who talks as meaninglessly as that deny that he is a candidate for President?

ELIHU ROOT'S keynote address proves that he is not too proud to fight but far too old.

AS it looks from the outside all the Republican party needs is a candidate whom more than three people want and a device by which they can round up the German-American votes while strafing the Germans.

IT is said that Justice Hughes will reverse himself and consent to see America through this crisis. Proving anew that whenever we have a crisis somebody will arise to meet it—and vice versa.

IT now appears that the reason Garrison's army was called "continental" is that Congress didn't give one.

THE army and navy fans have given notice that we must squander no money this year on roads, harbors or public buildings. The rule is that money spent by the government must be utterly wasted; if it shows traces of human usefulness, it is called "pork."

TO be consistent, the yellow jingoes should run headlines like this: "French Lose Three Hundred Yards of National Honor," "Future Civilization Captures Village in Turkish Armenia."

OUR salutations to those bold spirits who write to the *Tribune* deploring our national moral cowardice and sign themselves "Constant Reader," "True American" and "Not Too Proud to Fight." As long as we remain at ignominious peace there is no point in offending one's German employer or customers.

THE anthracite operators say that the cost of wholesome recreation for miners has not risen much. Not only that, but there is a rumor that golf balls are going down.

IT is further explained that if the miners' demands are granted domestic coal must be boosted 60 cents a ton in order that they may compete with bituminous in the steam sizes. A thought to keep one cheerful while stoking the family furnace—with every shovelful I am helping those brave fellows to meet bituminous competition in factory coal.

WARD & GOW have installed fireproof newsstands in the subway. Perhaps on account of the incendiary literature they handle.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

Drawn by Arthur Young.

One of the Contrasts of Our Civilization

The Copper Strike

THE strike of the copper miners in Arizona, of which we told last month, was won. It is a significant victory in more than one way. Anton Johannsen writes: "Half of the five thousand men involved were Mexicans. White labor in this state never had any confidence in the staying ability of the Mexican workman, but here is such a notable exception that it will have a great influence on the labor movement in Arizona and Texas, and will, in my judgment, bring labor closer together than ever before in this neck of the woods."

The Ward & Gow Censorship

MANY of our friends have written to us asking what they can do about the Ward & Gow censorship of our magazine. You can help us, right now, in the big effort we are making to overcome this handicap by getting five thousand more yearly subscribers. Pretty soon we may ask your help in a more exciting plan, but just now—thank you!

FROM A HUMORIST

I AM loth to be yoked up with Ward & Gow, but THE MASSES tastes bad to me. My sentiments about it were expressed in *Life* for December 16, 1915, in this paragraph:

"GOING FAST TO POT

"It is interesting to notice what the law allows; as, for example, this in THE MASSES:

"'A number of middies have been dismissed from Annapolis for participation in hazing. And quite properly, too. We must have no brutality in the training of our future assasins.'

"The *Fatherland* would hardly go so far.

"The curious progress of THE MASSES to the old Boy is most noticeable just now in its attention to the concerns of sex. In that it follows, no doubt, the usual course and exhibits phenomena that familiarly attend a loss of balance.

"Not unlikely, however, it is satisfied that it cannot make a living and hopes and practices to be suppressed. An undiluted gospel of hate is not even good business. Lubricity can't save it. It tastes too bad."

I don't stand for a minute for a paper that rates midshipmen as our "future assassins."

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD S. MARTIN.

"Life," New York City.

Baby Bunting's Electric Chair

To THE MASSES:

I AM a little girl six years old, and I believe in capital punishment. I do not believe enough people are being executed in New York state, so I am enclosing a dime to start a fund to buy a new electric chair for Sing Sing. I want the state of New York to execute more criminals than any other state in the Union. I believe all the other little girls in the state will join in, too.

MARJORIE BUNTING.

P. S.—Call the electric chair "The Maiden's Prayer."

TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND

WHILE you weep
For your men, blind, legless, broken
Or only dead perhaps—
While you despair—

We dance and shop
And feel annoyance when upon the street
They hold a box for pennies in our faces
And beg for food for little children
And bandages and socks
For soldiers somewhere.

And you raise your heads
Eyes dull with tears and peer across the sea
In wonder at our callousness.

We women have a right to dance and shop
And to refuse you pennies.
We have never—
Yet—
Pinned a feather on a boy and killed him.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

TO A WEEPING WILLOW

YOU hypocrite!
You sly deceiver!
I have watched you fold your hands and sit
With your head bowed the slightest bit,
And your body bending and swaying,
As though you were praying
Like a devout and rapt believer.
You knew that folks were looking and you were
Quite pleased with the effect of it.
Your over-mournful mien;
Your meek and languid stir;
Your widow's weeds of trailing green;
Your grief in resignation clad. . . .
You seemed so chastely, delicately sad.

You bold young hypocrite—
I know you now!
Last night when every light was out,
I saw you wave one beckoning bough
And, with a swift and passionate shout,
The storm sprang up—and you, you exquisite,
You laughed a welcome to that savage lout. . . .
I heard the thunder of his heavy boots.
And in that dark and rushing weather,
You clung together;
Safe, with your secret in the night's great cover,
You and your lover.

I saw his windy fingers in your hair;
I saw you tremble and try to tear
Free from your roots
In a headlong rush to him.
His face was dim,
But I could hear his kisses in the rain;
And I could see your arms clasp and unclasp.
His rough, impetuous grasp
Shook you, and you let fall
Your torn and futile weeds, or flung them all
Joyfully in the air;
Like buoyant flags to sing above
The stark and shameless victory of love.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Heavenly Discourse

GOD and Jesus are standing on the extreme edge of Space, looking beyond.

GOD: What was that hit me in the ear?

JESUS: A prayer.

GOD: Who threw it?

JESUS: It came from the earth.

GOD: The earth? Oh, yes, I remember. See who threw it.

JESUS: The Christians of the United States of America.

GOD: Who are they? I never heard of them.

JESUS: I don't know. They are strangers to me.

GOD: What does it say?

JESUS: "Almighty God, all wise and all merciful. We thank thee that thou hast kept far from us the slaughter, misery and devastation of war and hast permitted us to pursue our peaceful and Christian avocations. We thank thee that our homes are not made desolate, nor the air heavy with weeping. We thank thee that, secure in thy holy protection we receive the bountiful blessings at thy hands of an unexampled prosperity and that thou hast turned our factories into hives of industry. Continue thy blessings in the name of thy beloved son, Jesus Christ."

GOD: Oh, stop. That fellow makes me sick.

JESUS: Who?

GOD: Satan. That's his prayer. I know his style.

JESUS: Do you think it is his?

GOD: Is it any of your people?

JESUS: Oh, Father!

GOD: You and I know what that "prosperity" is. Gunpowder and shells to scatter limbs, heads and bowels to the air. Murdering at a safe distance for profit. "Love your enemies," "Blessed are the peacemakers." What do you think of it now, my son, after two thousand years?

JESUS: Father, why is it all such a failure?

GOD: Shall I tell you why?

JESUS: I beseech you.

GOD: Have I ever stayed the rush of the avalanche, the flooding of the tides, or the planets in their courses to save lives or to please you, myself or any one?

JESUS: No. Father; your laws are immutable.

GOD: And my law for these earth vermin is self-interest. Give power to one of them and self-interest will twist it into tyranny and robbery. The powerful few will hold all others slaves and fight amongst themselves in competition. "Blessed are the peacemakers," "Love your enemies" are sterile cries, my son, till the power of the overlords to gain anything through war is destroyed. Peace must appeal to self-interest. Then we will have peace. It is my law.

JESUS: Oh, Father, think of the poor fellows bravely dying.

GOD: Yes, poor fools, for their masters.

JESUS: But they are so honest, so self-sacrificing.

GOD: Toilers in peace, soldiers in war; fools always. Such self-sacrifice is death.

JESUS: But, Father, they endure so patiently.

GOD: Patience is stupidity.

JESUS: Poor fellows, they never had a chance.

GOD: And never will. It is their own fault. Let them die. Stupidity should always die. If they had the sense to join on all sides in common cause against their masters, or rather against the system which breeds masters, I might think them worth saving; but then they would not need me; they would save themselves. As it is, their battles interest me no more than the combats in ancient cheese. Let my laws take their course. Wars there will be while for each nation the competing self-interest of a few govern.

JESUS: Be they never so stupid, the Poor are my brethren.

GOD: They need you. The rich are able to take care of themselves. What did you do with that prayer?

JESUS: Here it is.

GOD: Throw it down to Hell.

That prayer will make good fuel for the Devil.

JESUS: Some one is coming.

GOD: Who would come so far? Can't I ever be left alone? Well speak of the Devil and here he is.

JESUS: I wonder where he is from?

GOD: The earth, of course.

JESUS: Yes, of course. I wonder what he wants?

Drawn by John Barber.

GOD: Looking for his prayer, I guess.

SATAN: How do you do? I hope you are both well. I am very glad to see you.

GOD: I wish the pleasure was reciprocal. How are you?

SATAN: I am very well these days. In fact, I feel better than I ever did in my life. But I want to see you about——

JESUS: Here it is.

GOD: Did you throw that at me a little while ago

SATAN: I don't remember. I do, of course, try to get your ear sometimes. Let me see it.

GOD: Give it to him.

SATAN: Well, I should say not. Whatever you may say of me you can't say I'm a rotten, sanctimonious hypocrite.

GOD: That sounds a great deal like you.

SATAN: Oh, you do me an injustice. It's from a lot of Christians in the war munition business. They copy my style. I admit I'm in with them. That's what I came to see you about.

GOD: What is your business? Wait. Here comes Peter in a hurry.

ST. PETER: Oh, Lord. Ha! Hm! Excuse me. Wait a minute till I get my breath. There now. I was afraid this Devil, this enemy of mankind, this unscrupulous——

SATAN: Oh, get down to business. Titles are out of fashion.

ST. PETER: Would deceive you.

GOD: Deceive who? Me?

ST. PETER: Not exactly deceive you, but I thought you ought to know that a short time ago he came to the heavenly gate——

GOD: Who is at the gate now?

ST. PETER: It is locked.

GOD: Go on.

ST. PETER: And said he had a business deal to propose.

SATAN: Exactly.

ST. PETER: He said he was in with all the kings, emperors, cabinets and feudal overlords on both sides—I think that's what he called them—And if you would permit him and his friends to keep this war going just one more year he would make your son independently rich.

SATAN: Exactly. It is the chance of a life-time.

ST. PETER: I told him to go to Hell.

GOD: Well, Peter, you are always orthodox.

SATAN: But listen. You'll admit every real Christian is frightfully poor. They're a miserable lot.

JESUS: Alas, they are.

SATAN: Well, I'm a partner in all these munition plants and shipyards, and if you'll let me keep the slaughter going for only one more year we'll have all the money in the world and I'll give your son here a hundred hospitals, a hundred orphan homes and a hundred churches. I'll put them wherever he likes. Why, our plant at Bethlehem is turning out——

JESUS: Where?

SATAN: Bethlehem.

JESUS: Turing out what?

SATAN: Guns, shell and shot.

JESUS: Are you making murder-tools at a place called Bethlehem?

SATAN: Sure. Why, our profits at Bethlehem alone—

JESUS: Father, I give up.

GOD: Now, you get to Hell, or earth—it's immaterial—as quick as you can fly, or I'll give you a toss will make your tumble at the hands of John Milton seem like a playful somersault.

Show him down, Peter.

Come, son! don't be discouraged. Brotherhood will come when men get rid of the system that builds privileged overlords. That is my law.

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD.

Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

Filth, squalor and brutality were found by the charities investigation in various New York orphanages under religious control. One of them ironically bears the name seen in the picture.

Drawn by Maurice Becker.

Patriotism

Journalism: An Unbelievable Fantasy

Seymour Bernard

As Performed Daily by Our Leading Newspapers.

Time: Interminable. Place: Dark Row.

(The rising of the curtain reveals a group of New York newspapers asleep in each other's arms: The *Sun*, New York *Times*, The *Globe*, New York *Tribune*, The *World*, New York *Herald*, New York *Evening Post*, and the *Wall Street Journal*. At the back are the various offices. Towering over the buildings are the banks, The Frightful Guarantee & Bust Co., the Bankers' Lust, etc., etc.

(From the stage can be heard the notes of a chant, as of a band of pilgrims approaching. As it grows louder the newspapers awaken. One by one they arise until all are standing together facing the limelight.)

ALL.

HERE are epitomized things journalistical;
Dignified Dailies of substance and pride;
Pardon the hint of a mien egotistical,
Time we have conquered, transition defied:

Progress may pester our minds reportorial,
Reason assil us, or logic distress;
Steadfast to-day as from time immemorial,
Changeless, impregnable, firm is the Press.

(The singing off stage grows louder. The words of the chant can be distinguished. A band of pilgrims, pitifully small in number, enters. It is made up of such papers as are still called "Progressive" in their respective communities. Having no longer a "Cause" they proceed hesitatingly.)

PILGRIMS.

Hand in hand with cautious tread,
We the path of Progress thread;
'T is no reckless course unsought,
Ere we journeyed we took thought:
Where this fearsome path may lead
Never wonder, never heed;
Yonder region, at this rate,
We shall never penetrate:
Hand in hand and cautiously,
Down the path of Progress we.

THE ASSEMBLED NEWSPAPERS. (Wonderingly, to the Pilgrims.)

We have seen what none could prove,
Daily journals on the move:
Viewing your progression thus
Is a wracking thing to us;
Join our static company,
Our collected coterie;
Put the staff and scrip away,
List to what we have to say;
We our virtues now will state,
You in time may emulate.

(The pilgrims seat themselves. The others prepare their parts.)

THE SUN (stepping to the front first, with a matter-of-course air).

Twice a penny
Purchase me,
Journalism's A. B. C.
Roughest, toughest stuff is done
Subtly, subtly
In the Sun.

Twice a penny
Purchase me,
Journalism's apogee;
Just a gruesome grind or so
To maintain the *status quo*.

(Failing of an encore, the Sun beckons the Tribune. The latter is an elderly gentleman, dressed like a youth. He is mumbling to himself, a habit common to old age.)

THE TRIBUNE (to himself).

Order your arms to your furthest possessions;
Guard with your navy your seas and your shore;
Marshal your males into countless processions,—
Women and children, if need be for more;
Summon the aged, and arm the infirm of you,
Hunt up your geniuses, rally your poor,
Nourish the braggart, belligerent germ of you;
Peace that is righteous will follow for sure.

(After some time he becomes conscious of the crowd. To the crowd.)

When popular opinion
Of a sudden turns about,
And we're left with deep convictions
We had better be without.

When the populace outstrips us,
And the reading public sours
On political opinions
Most peculiarly ours.

Then the ethics we rely on,
And the conscience we obey,
Will have to stretch and straddle
In the same old way.

ALL. (Dance.)

Round about the bush we go,
Let us strain a point or so.
What was "Yes" we twist to "No,"
Round the bush we heel and toe.

THE GLOBE. (He is laden with market baskets.)

Bread and sausage,
Cheese and eggs,
Mostly things material;
Mouldy meat
And mutton legs;
That, for things ethereal!

Let the butcher
Taint his meat,
Poisoning the nation—
Hit the wretch,
(And spare his chief)!
Boost the circulation!

ALL.

You may hit the cost of living with a heavy editorial,
Expose the grinning grocer with a well-indited thrust,
And with a labored leader for the democratic reader, bore
A puncture in the all-absorbing, o'er inflated trust.

But hold your ammunition till you're sure what you are shooting at;
To vent your animosity most carefully select;
Avoid the laws concerning cause, at fundamentals learn to pause,
And in a thousand fragments smash the innocent effect.

(A raid from the wings. The proceedings are rudely interl rupted. A number of grotesques tumble to the footlights. They have extraordinarily large heads and no bodies to speak of. Under their chins are large red scarfs. They are the Hearst Newspapers.)

(Shouts of horror and indignation from the orthodox newspapers, who make frantic efforts to reassure the pilgrims.)

THE HEARST NEWSPAPERS. (They tumble about and sing.)

Running with red!
Running with red!
What is a column except for its head?
Larger the letters
And longer the line!
Printing a journal is painting a sign.

Running with red!
Running with red!
News is a nuisance that's not in a head!
Pride of the people!
By plutocrats cursed!
(A living delectable levied for Hearst.)

(Enter the *Call*. He makes for the Hearst Newspapers, who scamper off at sight of him. Confusion amongst the orthodox. They endeavor to shield the pilgrims from the distressing scene.)

THE CALL (bellowing wrathfully).

O, I'm the keeper of a cult,
A connoisseur of schism;
A plague to that which is not ult-
Imately Socialism.

The consummations I invoke,
I instantly perceive them,
As but the crafty masters' yoke
When they, not I, achieve them.

(Here the newspapers surround the *Call* and edge him from the stage into the wings.)

ALL. (To the *Call*.)

O, his crudeness and his crassness
Shock our gentle middle-classness,
And his mobness and his massness
Do our polished selves appall.
Read of shockingest conditions
In our Sunday best editions,
But you'll never find a mention
Of the New York *Call*.

Exit *Call*.

(The New York Times, oblivious to anything that is going on, looks up from her spinning.)

TIMES. (Reflectively.)

When trusts and those who made them
Need the government's attention,—
(And it's our polite opinion
'T is a most unlikely state)
Your legislatures,—trade them,
Or retire them on a pension,
For the magnates *they* are qualified
Themselves to regulate.

When banking, say, needs measures
Of a governmental nature,—
(And again it's our opinion
That is very seldom true)
Why reduce the hours for pleasures
Of a burdened legislature,
When the *bankers* best are qualified
To tell us what to do?

When Labor's cause has need of laws
To thwart some wicked toiler,—
(Then leave it to the workingmen,
You *think* I'm going to say)
We recognize the mental flaws
That mar the muddled moiler,
And we summon his *employer*
To direct him on his way.

DIVERTISSEMENT.

(A discordant blare from the orchestra. The newspapers take the back of the stage. The Ballet of Colored Supplements enters.)

(They dance and sing.)

Joy's ebullition
In carmine and blue!
(Drop the pet poodle in somebody's stew.)
Shriek scintillations
In yellow and red!
(Tip the teakettle on grandfather's head.)
Purple and green
Their jocosity rain!
(Tie Uncle Bob to the back of a train.)
One-two-three, one-two-three,
Pit-a-pat-pit,
Certify humor and label your wit.

Exeunt.

(Enter a troop of Sunday Editions. They are obese to the point of helplessness. The assembled newspapers aid them in reaching the footlights.)

(They dance clumsily.)

Bulky as battle-ships, heavy as lead;
Thud-thud-thud-thud,
Taxing your nerves withouttroubling your head;
Thud-thud-thud-thud.
Of things unimportant we tell with dismay,
Of the woes of the world in a nonchalant way;
O, here, for the hardy, is reading to-day:
Thud-thud-thud-thud.

Exeunt.

The action is resumed.

(The Wall Street *Journal* advances. He wears a fur lined coat and a silk hat, and carries a walking stick.)
(The assembled company touch their foreheads to the ground. Rising, they sing:)

"Heel to the chief
Who in triumph advances."

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL (examining ticker-tape, absently, as though from force of habit):

Denude your daily papers of
Their various disguises,
The Common Cause each vapors of,
The politics it prizes.
Reduce an editorial
Until you reach the kernel,
And, by things reportorial,
You've got a Wall Street Journal!

(A paper takes up the "Hymn to Property". All join in heartily.)

ALL.

With majestic measure we
Hymn the tidy treasury;
Let the riches that accrue
Mark the merits of the few.
And each dollar-making penny
Reprimand the needy many
For the chance they failed to seize
To increase their treasuries.

Once the wish for wealth conceded,
Honest toil is all that's needed;
Note the working wealthy classes;
Note the leisure of the masses.

(Re-enter the *Call*. This time he is followed by *Vorwaerts*, and other radical foreign-language newspapers. All make for the Wall Street *Journal*.)

THE CALL AND COMPANIONS. (Rushing about, knocking over all who are in the way.)

Scramble and scrimmage,
Jolt and joy;
Roistering, menacing
Hoi polloi!
Who shall stay us,
And who shall stop
Yank and Yiddish
And Mick and Wop?

Frenzy and fracas;
Saw ye? Say,
Something trembled
And broke to-day!
A mighty being
Has run amuck;
The Giant Toiler's
Fist has struck.

THE WORLD (to the Pilgrims, so that it may be audible to the *Call*):

A critic of society
Whom we're *obliged* to notice,
Or such a sad anomaly
As woman with the vote is,
A socialistic diatribe
Compelling publication,
An agitator's jarring gibe
At those above his station.

ALL (in the same vein).

What they exhort about
Best to be short about,
Give them a line as it strikes you;—
Each as he chooses,—
And that's what the news is,
The public may learn if it likes to.

(Exeunt *Call* and Followers.)

THE HERALD. (Shocked at what has been going on.)

To one whose affair is
An office in Paris,
A yacht off the Battery wall.
O, life is a matter
Of gentle folks, chatter,
The beach, the barouche and the ball.
A concert enthralling,

A lecture appalling,
Of opera regal and rare,
A drama of merit,
Demolish or spare it,
But judge by the people who're there.

ALL. (Hands 'round the *Herald;* faster and faster until exhausted.)

A page of you, a page of me
Is sacred to Society;
O, letters, learning, life and art,
Must play in us a smaller part.

A page of you, a page of me
Is sacred to Society;
O, letters, learning, life and art,
Must play in us a smaller part.

THE PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENTS. (They elbow the others aside and monopolize the front of the stage.)

Throw your presses on the junk;
Printed things are mostly bunk;
Let the relic hunter swipe
The historic linotype.

Here are topics of the day
In a limitless array,
Pictured perfectly, and, O,
The *exalted* things we show.

Here's a baby at his play;
Ordinary, did you say?
Let the caption here attest
He has millions by bequest.

Here are cats of priceless worth;
Here are dames of wealth and birth:
Pets like these are hard to find
(Either dumb or human kind).

Here is carnage after strife;
Here's a glimpse of leisure life;
Here's a giggling chorus-ite;
Not a useful thing in sight.

(They display themselves to the pilgrims.)

THE POST. (A gentle voice, scarcely heard.)

Sedate, select,
The cultured's boast;
Sophisticated
Evening Post:
Ordained to preach
Where others prate,
Too dignified
To circulate:
I trace a rumor
To its source,
Aghast at scandals
And divorce;
And murders which
May shock the land,
I mention briefly,
Out of hand,—
Perhaps as topics
Of the day,
A line or two
To hide away.

For, all the yellows
Have narrated,
You'll find in me
Abbreviated;
And, what to me
Should mean omission,
The yellows give
A whole edition.

O, virtue was,
And virtue is
A matter mere
Of emphasis.

ALL. (Respectfully.)

O, virtue was,
And virtue is
A matter mere
Of emphasis.
The ripest, rankest
Thing will go,
If mentioned in
A line or so.

(The pilgrims have suddenly risen to their feet. They fall in line, facing toward their promised land.)

THE PILGRIMS. (Indicating the *Post.*)

Thanks, a thousand thanks that we
Are not half so good as he.

Though we're less to contemplate,
We'd prefer to circulate.

Where the moral tone is thus
Is no biding place for us.

(They walk backwards, taking up their chant.)

Hand in hand we trudge to-day;
Face the future,—back away.
Where this fearsome path may go,
We'll pretend we do not know.
Yonder region, walking thus,
Ne'er shall feel the feet of us.

Exeunt.

THE ASSEMBLED NEWSPAPERS (taking a long breath of relief):

With majestic measure we
Hymn the mighty powers that be.
Let the discontented range,
We, together, laugh at change.
Tell of pleasure, tell of ease,
We've an unctuous class to please.
Bid the bad quiescent be,
Give the good publicity.

(One by one they sink to sleep.)

CURTAIN.

Jones

MEEKNESS is a scripturally commended quality. Yet it neither inspires the respect of the less perceptive of one's fellow men—and one's fellow women should be particularly mentioned—nor does it always bring to its possessor the rich inheritance so unconditionally promised. Rather is meekness an extra-human quality, toward which aspiration only is commendable, and then on condition that the aspiration leads never to its goal.

But Jones was a meek man. He was employed in cutting threads on bolts in a railroad repair shop. The demands on the shop were so heavy that Jones and two or three others did nothing from the morning whistle to the evening signal of the same steam-lunged monotone but cut innumerable threads upon innumerable bolts. When the day was done Jones listened to the gossip of his boarding house. Thereafter did he drink of beer, a meek drink, standing at the bar in a hesitating attitude. Not for him was the confidential slouching position with one foot on the rail and one's friends in an hilarious company around. Jones drank his beer alone, standing back lest some other imbiber desire more elbow room. Then, mayhap, he sat on a camp chair, feet pigeon-toed, to watch other shopmen play egregious, aimless games of pool. A moving picture show attracted him occasionally. And after these simple diversions he would slip furtively away to his tiny room with its rickety wash stand and corrugated mirror and enjoy his sleep humbly and without ostentation.

Women were quite out of Jones' scheme. His unaggressive soul had never dared aspire to the favor of these unattainables. On his own powers of initiative he was surely doomed to single meekness for his life. This, however, fails to take account of Marie Mercier.

Marie was by vocation a waitress, but for some time past her devotion to work had decreased while her splendor of raiment increased. She had become a fine, dashing, bold beauty, wearing black and red and black and white, those combinations of color with which certain types of femininity delight to blare noiselessly down the street.

Following the law of contraries, no better law appearing invokable, Marie, hot blooded, barbaric, taking what she pleased without a by-your-leave, decided to marry Jones. It was not that she was particularly attracted by Jones, but the truth was that despite her aggression, her flinging of favors and capricious recalls, her amazonian fervor and blatant hats and dresses, Marie, in her minor moods and at rare intervals, was a woman. At some such period she conjured for herself a picture of a real home in which there was furniture, a cook stove, a canary and a husband. While the installment houses could furnish most of the necessaries, the matter of a husband was not so eaily arranged in Marie's circle. So Marie in her man hunt found Jones. A month later Jones was meekly married.

So pleased was he at his sudden absorption by this queen among women, as she appeared to his newly opened eyes, that he was almost betrayed into exultation. But exultation goeth not with true meekness, and Jones was not able to transend the limits of this sotto voce quality. As for Marie, the novelty of a home and the sudden acquisition of a respectability which she had previously flouted when she thought of it at all, gave her pause in her turbulent career for two full months.

But some two months after her assumption of the dignities and rewards of wedlock, Marie met Hermanson on the street. Hermanson's shirt drew tightly at the arm pits and his sleeves were filled with muscle. His always open shirt showed a neck that wore a fat man's collar, but scorned an ounce of fat. Hermanson it was who had lifted the pony truck from the body of old man Andrews, and Hermanson it was who had picked up a rail to relase a jammed hammer head that had struck askew an engine frame in the welding. It was also this same man of the tight sleeves and the flat back who gave handicaps in all the shop wrestling matches.

His wooing of Mrs. Jones was tumultuous and muscular. Their second meeting saw this dominating creature of the weaker sex borne upward in Hermanson's arms three full flights of stairs to come down when the moon had played for an hour on quiet streets and find her way home, a backslider to the oldest profession in the world.

When Marie entered the room in which her husband was sleeping she lighted the lamp and looked at him in-

Drawn by H. Smith.

DADDY

tently. His meek face, the unresistance of his sleeping form, the almost babyish naturalness with which his arm escaped the covers and hung limply over the side of the bed, irritated her. The brute strength, the muscular splendor, the kingly amiability of Hermanson swept from her all sense of proportion, all sense of wifely duty, and she lunged into bed in fierce disgust of the meek figure beside her.

Within a week Jones found his furniture, cook stove and canary superfluous property. His wife had gone, and coincident was the absence of Hermanson's name from the payroll. But Jones kept the useless home, spent his evenings there in sad self-interrogation as to wherein he had disappointed his absent spouse, and slept there even more meekly than when his wife had so contemptuously shared his bed and board. He vaguely understood that Hermanson and Marie were in a larger city nearby, but active inquiry was quite foreign to him, even in this critical affair.

Hermanson and his stolen mate lived riotously and exultantly. He earned an adequate living as a steel worker on a new cloud-piercing structure. Up it went, eighteen, nineteen, twenty stories, and with each story rose Hermanson's fame as a strong man, a hard fighter and a good sport. Every afternoon at five Marie awaited her lover in the street below. With upturned face she watched him as he swung the last steel beam of the day into place, and held her breath as he descended from his perilous position. Then they went forth to eat, to drink, to see, to hear, to carouse and to enjoy to the utmost all that tempted their fancy or their passions.

The structure had risen another floor and as the day closed Hermanson, balanced on a six-inch girder two hundred feet in the air, reached for a smaller girder swinging lightly from the crane. As he reached with his left hand, his body poised on his knees, the fingers of his right hand closed over a greasy spot on the girder whereon he kneeled. There was a hoarse, suddenly checked cry from the crowd below. Marie, startled, turned from a jeweler's window.

She did not need to look up. Almost as she turned around there came from the street a sound like that of a pasty lump of dough thrown on the kneading board of a baker. Hermanson—no, it was not Hermanson. Instead of that bull neck, the swelling chest and the stretched sleeves; there was a mass of something curiously mixed with cloth like that of overalls, through which ran blood and from which, like the white sprouts of potatoes kept overlong in dank cellars, protruded splintered bones, some strangely festooned with shredded flesh. The face of him was blotted out against the pavement.

A profound dizziness and nausea seized Marie. She cried out in her misery, but not from grief. She felt no grief. The identity of Hermanson had vanished with the impact of his body on the stones of the street. Hermanson was gone. That was all. Her only sensation was one of physical disgust, fear and loathing of this bloody mass before her. She turned and fled into a side street.

A month later Jones's meek meditations were disturbed of an evening by the reappearance of Marie. There was a masterful calmness about her, an imperial disdain of explanation of her absence. But Jones was quietly happy and omitted reference to events that might have interested a husband less pliant and docile. He took up his married life where he had left it. The furniture and the cook stove came back into use.

But Marie soon begain again to chafe under the monotony of so placid a domesticity. She ate well and slept soundly. Her appetite was undisturbed by memories of Hermanson and her slumbers were not broken by any nightmare of shapeless flesh and cloth which bled at her feet. But the old disgust of Jones, his quiet ways, his vegetable-like existence, grew upon her until she taunted him with his spineless acquiescence in her shame, and voiced, as only such a woman can, her utter contempt and hate.

About this time Jones took to reading of nights. He read romances in which lace sleeves, rapiers and the stagey honor of stagey gentlemen played a large part. And it was all very new and very real to him. He made personal application of the dialogues touching the conduct of outraged gentlemen under circumstances similar to his, and became profoundly sad with the conviction that he was a spiritless worm having neither the courage to defend his own hearth nor the capacity to understand his wife's crude, heartless and animal infidelity. While he was uncertain as to the proper action, he was convinced that something had to be done.

Then did Jones buy him a revolver, the first one he had ever owned. On his way home he fired an experimental cartridge at a tomato can in the ditch, and ascertained that the new weapon would really shoot. At dawn the next morning he arose, dressed and went out into the back yard. He cautiously drew the revolver from his pocket and placed the muzzle against his right temple. There was a sharp report and Jones, with the self-satisfied smile of one who has at last done his gentlemanly duty, meekly departed.

G. C. M.

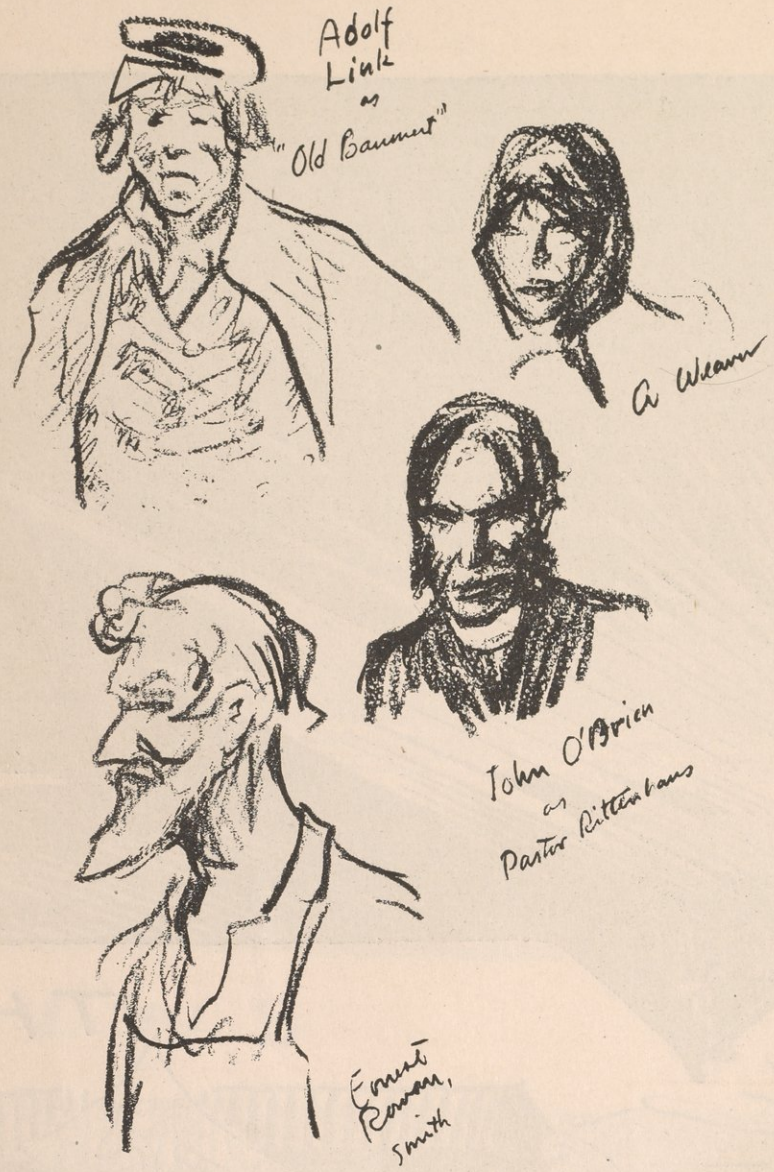
Drawn by Ilonka Karasz.

Slumming

Enemies

THE Committee on Industrial Relations has been in existence three months. In that short time it has developed a character; good, according to the labor unions which are supporting it financially; bad, according to the *Iron Trade Review*, which proclaims that "it is high time for the administration at Washington to suppress this mischief making coterie which has no legal existence and ought to be driven from the national capital." The Committee is "hateful" to Miss Frances Kellor for showing up her National Americanization Society; it was "hateful," she thought, for Frank Walsh to tell the members to their faces at their meeting at the Bellevue Stratford in Philadelphia that an organization was a sham that pretended to lift up the immigrant workingman to enjoyment of a beautiful life, when its membership was made up of such notorious exploiters of the immigrant as Edward T. Stotesbury, Samuel Rea, Jacob H. Schiff, Clarence H. Mackay, Howard Elliot, Frank Trumbull, C. H. Markham and Elbert H. Gary.

The Committee is also in bad with another illustrious group. It drew forth the wrath of John Corbin, secretary and director of the Drama Society of New York, for giving out for public notice the fact that his organization had refused to endorse Emanuel Reicher's production of Hauptmann's great play, "The Weavers," which was having a run at the Garden Theatre in New York. The Committee on Industrial Relations through its backing has saved this play from the extinction which it merited, according to the Drama Society, because the poverty and revolt of the workers of Silesia in 1840 "has no bearing on conditions in this country."



SKETCHES FROM "THE WEAVERS"

By K. R. Chamberlain

The sketch to the left shows the mob of starving weavers breaking into the house of the rich manufacturer, Mr. Dreissiger. The bearded man is Old Ansorge, through whose slow and halting mind the idea of Revolution, of brotherhood, and of the Great Tomorrow, has just pounded its way.

Drawn by Arthur Young.

April F

Fool

Two Judges

SOMETHING almost like a miracle has happened in Portland, Oregon. It happened to two judges. When it happened, one of them ceased to be a judge. And the other—but here is the story.

John S. Stevenson was a poor, lonely and ambitious youth. He always had to work hard for everything he ever got. When he was a reporter he studied law at night. By unceasing perseverance, at the age of forty, he became Municipal Judge. That was two years ago. It was a real achievement for him. He felt some satisfaction with life. When he took the bench he had no sympathy for the man who failed.

Judge Stevenson is an absolutely honest man. The *limit* sentences he imposed and his harsh attitude towards the shivering unfortunates who stood before him in those first days, were an honest expression of his own feeling about life. His own struggle had left him hard. He had worked, he had achieved. Why couldn't they?

About a year ago something happened to Judge Stevenson's soul.

It was during the winter and there was the usual problem of the unemployed. It happened to be worse that winter than ever before. Men slept, by the hundreds, most of them without blankets, in the breezy tabernacle that was built for Gypsy Smith's revival meetings. Those who could not get in roamed the streets. Every morning the police court overflowed with "vags." They didn't have room in the jails for them.

One morning Judge Stevenson said, "I am not going to send any more men to the rock pile because they can't get jobs when there are no jobs."

A few days ago he resigned.

When the papers interviewed him on his unusual action, he said that the police court is a failure, that men were never reformed by being sent to jail. He said: "Crime is a relative proposition. Environment, opportunity and temptation converge together in making a man a criminal; not alone is it human weakness. Under the same conditions and circumstances I would probably have done the same things as the men I sentence." He said that he was sick of the whole thing and had had his share of the misery of it. And so he retired into private life.

William N. Gatens, the other judge, was also a poor boy and an orphan. He earned his own living from the time he was twelve. Physically he is very frail. His vigorous activities cost him a mighty effort.

When he was head of the Juvenile Court he said publicly that it was a failure; but nevertheless it may be remarked that little boys and girls never came before him trembling with fear, and they always shook hands as equals when they left. He never said very much to the children, but he said a good deal to the people who brought them there. Things they never wanted to repeat. He was removed from the Juvenile Court because of the honest statements he made concerning it.

During his last two years as judge of the District Court he has handed down some of the most remarkable decisions that were ever made. He is not afraid of anything and is unshakable in his knowledge of the law.

It was he who, when Emma Goldman was on trial for distributing birth control literature and a smart young assistant city attorney was flourishing the "obscene" sheet, said: "Ignorance and prudery are the milestones about the neck of progress. Everyone knows that we are all shocked by things publicly stated that we know privately ourselves," and he dismissed the case.

It is Judge Gatens who has worked untiringly for years to pass a law to legitimatize illegitimate children. He has worked for equal suffrage and every other liberal cause that has come up in the state. He will give you a divorce in his court if you don't love the person you are legally tied to.

He has made people in Oregon think. He looks pretty tired sometimes, but he stays on the job.

Now I wonder what the readers of The Masses think about the different way these two men acted when they discovered the truth about their jobs. You honor the action of the judge who resigned, as you must honor every sincere and noble action. But the man who stayed—didn't he do something better still? What do you think?

LOUISE BRYANT.

THE NAME

MY heart hath heard thy step afar
For all its lightness,
Though the wet grass 'neath thy foot
Hath not lost its whiteness;

And I know, the while thy lips
Have not confessed it,
All the sweetness of thy name—
My heart hath guessed it.

By the light about thy face,
Thou art called Morning.
By the white flower in thy hand,
Thou art called April.

ANNE W. YOUNG.

Horizontal Talking

THE other day, as a piece of literary penance, I forced myself to read a chapter of that very dull old novel, *Vanity Fair;* and in it I found this passage:

"It seems like yesterday, dont it, John?" said Mrs. Sedley to her husband; and that night in a conversation which took place in a front room on the second-floor, in a sort of tent, hung round with chintz of a rich and fantastic India pattern, and *doublé* with calico of a tender rose-color; in the interior of which species of marquee was a feather-bed, on which were two pillows, on which were two round red faces, one in a laced nightcap, and one in a simple cotton one, ending in a tassel:—in a *curtain lecture,* I say, Mrs. Sedley took her husband to task. . . ."

Note the extreme caution with which Mr. Thackeray approached the subject. Mrs. Sedley and her husband were in "a front room on the second floor," by which you are to understand a bedroom; they were in "a sort of tent," by which you are to understand the old-fashioned curtained bed. A delicate subject! Mr. Thackeray did not regain his composure until he had come to the night caps. Once there, he is fairly safe, for a nightcap is comic, and no well-regulated reader could possibly be stirred to improper feelings by thinking of a nightcap. And when he came to the phrase curtain lecture, the day was saved for Mr. Thackeray. Under cover of that current and respectable phrase, he could go on and tell the conversation which Mr. and Mrs. Sedley, aged fifty-odd, had that night in bed.

The phrase *curtain lecture* has vanished with the curtained bed. And with the nightcap, that saving touch of comedy, has vanished all reference in fiction to the fact that people do talk in bed.

The bed itself remains in fiction, but as a purely erotic adjunct. It is rather a pity. The bed is in reality a much more versatile piece of furniture than fiction gives it credit for. It is used for all sorts of pleasant purposes—for reading, for eating breakfast in, even for sleeping. But one of the most delightful uses of the bed is for talking in.

Judging from the few references to talking in bed which have crept in fiction, one would gather that a man and his wife refrained from talking in bed until they became forty and funny, and that then their conversation consisted in her scolding him—the "curtain lecture." Perhaps that was true in Mr. Thackeray's time, but it is not true in our own. For any well-married young couple the bed is the scene of the pleasantest conversations in the world.

For one thing, the day is so full of a number of things that it is not until bedtime that they really have time to talk their hearts out. Work, play, dressing, dinner and sociability take up the hours. And during that time a hundred ideas, observations, comments, stories, are stored away by each one for the other's benefit. A glance exchanged at dinner means "Did you see that? Yes—we'll talk about it later." In the evening, their friends come in; but do they say everything that is in their minds to their friends, or do their friends say everything to them? By no means—that is put off till later. The heart and soul of every gathering is in the aftermath—a couple in this bed and a couple in that bed, and not wearing nightcaps, either, remembering, commenting, criticising, judging, laughing, talking, talking, talking.

If any novelist had it in his heart to give a real picture of a happy marriage, he would tell about some of these conversations in bed. They would be well worth the telling, for the subject is a charming one. It is unnecessary to emphasize the presence of the girl—it is obvious that if it is agreeable to talk to any girl under any circumstances, it is one of the chief boons of this dusty life to talk to the nicest girl in the world in bed. Perhaps her voice comes mysteriously out of the dark at your side; perhaps the moonlight comes in and teases the scene into magic. The room has a quality of its own—in the winter, with a fire dying in the grate and throwing flickering lights on the ceiling, while the cold wind sweeps in through the open windows; then the bed with its warm coverlets seems a citadel against the cold. In the summer perhaps there will be twin beds, two little oases of coolness in the sultry night, two little friendly islands, with two voices floating pleasantly back and forth.

The scene is capable of infinite and delightful modifications. The novelist has only to put down the truth. There is the young man I know who works for a morning newspaper, and gets home about one o'clock in the morning. Does he slump dully to sleep, and his wife resume her slumbers with a pout at being awakened by his coming? Not they! They are not to be cheated out of their bed-time talk by the inconvenience of the hour. Sleepy but forced awake with the excitement of all that she has to tell him, and all that he may have to tell her, about the mere happenings of the day and their respective thoughts, she sits up, smiles, rubs her eyes, and says, "Give me a cigarette." He lights the lamp, turns it low, and side by side they smoke and talk to their heart's content. An hour later the light is out and they are asleep.

FLOYD DELL.

Railroad Issues

IT is the custom of railroad managements to overload their trains, so much so that mileage cannot be made within schedule time. The practice pays good profits. The Railroad Brotherhoods are demanding overtime pay. . . . That is different.

While the Brotherhoods are raising the issue of overtime pay for overtime work, the directors are trying to evade it by putting this question up: Shall there be a national regulation of railroad wages, administered by a special national board?

THE WASH

MRS. DRIGGS came in and dried her hands.
The doorway, before the door swung shut,
Showed two long lines of wash hung in the yard—
They hid the view where the fields beyond
Ran far to find the woods,
Gray with young winter.
The room was now in shadow,
And the woman,
Crumpling her apron, hand about hand,
Sighed.

"They're coming, mother!"
Called from somewhere front in the house a girl's voice
Shrill and excited;
"Mrs. Watson's got new furs,
And old Mrs. McGrey's fit to go to church,
And so's the minister's wife.
I've set the parlor chairs."

"Bring them in here, Alice," said Mrs. Driggs,
"And you go find and watch Maudie and Ben."
And presently Alice showed them into the kitchen
And they sat down in a row on the kitchen settle,
Mrs. Watson, Mrs. McGrey and the minister's wife—
The church Relief Committee—
And Mrs. Driggs stood wet before them,
Waiting.
Alice slipped out.

A thread of steam trickled up from the boiler on the stove,
The water bubbled against the rusty tin.

Mrs. Watson fidgeted
And threw back the fine fox-skin from her neck,
And spoke.
"Where are little Maudie and Ben this nice day?
Playing?"

"I guess," said Mrs. Driggs. "They're always playing.
I don't have time so's to keep after them as I should."

Mrs. McGrey leaned forward, loosening her dry, wrinkled throat,
And smiled,
And tried to make her voice understanding and merciful.
"Of course, Mrs. Driggs," she said, "we know.
We have your letter to the Committee."

"Then I *do* hope you'll do the way I asked in it!"
The washer-woman crumpled and uncrumpled her apron
And then pushed back a straggle of hair from her eyes.
"It would help me lots more than just the wash.
You're good to give that to me, so much of it,
But a little ready money instead
To lessen the need of my having to do all of it,
To ease the work,
Would give me more time—and it's that I want;
More time to be able to look after the children.
Now they're running wild, and I'm afraid—
I'm afraid there's wickedness in their blood, though I should say it,
Young as they are, Ben five and Maudie seven.
But I keep thinking of their father and my boy Herbert
Taking the drink like him.
Maybe if I'd had more time
To watch and keep after him and teach him,
He wouldn't be the same;
But I had the work then like I have the work now."

Drawn by John Barber.

HOMEWARD BOUND

"Haven't you heard from your husband or Herbert lately,"
Asked the minister's wife.

"No, Mrs. Elliot.
George has been in the city, I guess—God knows—
A month now. Herb was in last night a space.
He'd been drinking. I wouldn't give him the money he wanted.
And he left. He hasn't come back."

"You see," said Mrs. Watson, "that would be the trouble
If we were to let you have the allowance
Instead of sending you our wash and the congregation's—
As much of it as you can do.
Your boy or your husband would be after it.
I think the plan as it stands now is better."

"But I didn't give it to him.
I've got my need of it.
And what I asked you for
Was only two dollars, not so much wash the week.
"Look," she pointed suddenly out the window,
"Since I came to this town six years ago,
With George taken to the drink and Herb already going,
Those two lines have been hanging there like that,
Heavy and flapping, outside that window,
Making dark this room."

"You shonld have been glad, Mrs. Driggs,
To have the work,"
Said Mrs. McGrey.

"And so I was, and am.
But I want the time more than the work,
With a little to keep me going easy—
Time to watch Maudie and Ben,
And a little on hand to feed them.
If I'd had the time, who knows,
I might have trained Herby up to be right,
I might have made a good fellow of him.

But while I was washing the clothes
He was dirtying his young soul and body,
Just as Bennie and Maud may be dirtying theirs,
For all I know.
Then there's Alice."

Mrs. Elliot stole a furtive glance at the other women.
"Yes," she said, "there's Alice.
Alice is getting pretty and—mature.
It might be well, of course, to watch *her*."
Mrs. Elliot twisted on the settle.

"You're meaning the trouble she got in with the Roberts boy."
Mrs. Driggs ceased plving with dumb hands of habit
That vice, her apron.
Rugged and blue

In the vague light, she stood
And faced the tribunal on the settle.
And she said in a voice that boiled
And choked like the old tin boiler,
"I suppose you are blaming her for it.
Well, it's not her fault—it's mine
That I've got to work, and it's yours
That you make me work.
I ask you for two dollars a week
Instead of so many clothes for the line,
So's I won't have to scrape and scrape
And wash and wash, and dry and iron and carry,
Letting my children go untaught, uncared, almost unprayed for,
Just to keep them in food and cover,
Nourishing them that sin and time will make rotten,
When they had better die right off
And lie safe in the ground,
Who never should have come into the world,
With their chance!
It won't end with Alice—that's what frightens me.
Maudie and Ben will follow;
It's in them, poor little wild scraggy things.
What have they to do but pick up evil,
Never knowing.
Children get to be curious, little;
Littler than the Roberts boy, Mrs. Watson,
Who was curious about Alice without *her* knowing,
And I dare say she curious about him.
It's terrible and awful to say,
But, while I'm in here with the tubs and boiler
Or out yonder hanging up and taking down,
Those two, Maud and Ben, may be getting curious about each other,
Learning things they shouldn't that'll dirty their little lives like poison."

Mrs. Watson, Mrs. McGrey and Mrs. Elliot
Suddenly shuddered and stirred along the settle.
Mrs. McGrey said,
"What an awful thought, Mrs. Driggs."

"Then will you give me the money?"
She asked.
"That's the only way out I know.
I can give them some of my time then,
Learn them what is safe and likely to keep them clean,
And give their minds what children's should have, a proper weeding."

"But you haven't tried sending them to Sunday school,"
Said Mrs. Elliot, "have you?"

"You don't know that our giving you the money
Without your earning it,
Wouldn't hurt your pride and respect
Or make you feel dependent and grow careless—
I don't mean to be rude, Mrs. Driggs,
But you haven't thought of its doing that,
Have you," spoke Mrs. McGrey.

"And have you thought, Mrs. Driggs,
That two dollars wouldn't mean so much—
By way of lightening your work, I mean—after all,"
Said Mrs. Watson.

The three sat stern on the settle.
They were like the Fates.
Outside the air went windy and in beauty through the sunlight.
Mrs. Driggs stood in her prison
And considered the thread they spun for her
And how they would cut it,
And she answered:

"Yes, I have thought of all that—
Nights and days,
Mending their clothes and washing yours,
I've thought of it—
How they would look, Mrs. Elliot,
In your husband's Sunday school,
Beside your own little girl dressed pretty as yourself,
They sitting there, torn and patched,
Ignorant of the good of the Lord and the words thereof,
Heathens in and out of church,
Because their mother couldn't cherish them
And letter them;
And I've thought, Mrs. McGrey, how hard it would be
To take money I wasn't paying for—with sweat and heartache and the salvation of my little ones—
How it might make me feel too easy,
And like sitting in the sun, sleeping like an old pauper;
How I might work no more,
But live on that two dollars
And fatten my family,
Till we all sunk with laziness
And got carted to the poorhouse;
And, Mrs. Watson,
I've thought of the difference that money would make—
Just the time, or more,
Of doing the week's wash of any of you ladies—
A precious morning and afternoon,
As washing and wringing and drying and ironing and doing up
Goes—
The time it takes you to go in your automobile any sunny day
From this town to the city
To shop and back—
Twelve hours of light and air and freedom—
Twelve blessed hours given me by the Lord to take care of my children in,
Which you have taken away;
I've thought so long and so deep and so hard
That if I didn't need your money for the work of my hands,
I'd say,
Go!
And never darken my door again,
For the sins of Herb and Alice are on your heads,
And the sins that may be of Maudie and Ben,
And my own tears and toil too."

There was a silence
Like that after close thunder.
Then the door came open with the wind,
Secretly,
And the women as one looked out into the yard,
And Mrs. Driggs cried out.
They saw Maudie and Ben
Under the hiding dank lines of the wash.
The sun shone thinly in,
Lighting the kitchen and the faces
Of Mrs. Watson and Mrs. McGrey and Mrs. Elliot,
And Mrs. Driggs.

WILTON AGNEW BARRETT.

Prize Press Pearl

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER gave up $25,000 (of his time) the other day just to meet Billy Sunday, champion evangelist, in Lakewood, N. J. "It's a great work you are doing," said John D. to Sunday. "He's a great old man," said Sunday of John D.—*Wisconsin State Journal.*

WOOLWORTH CATHEDRAL

LOST in a climbing forest of sky-scrapers
Trinity sulks, a deserted shrine;
Her few worshippers walk tremblingly,
Sniffing the musty air from her buried dead,
Senselessly mumbling over and over
The ritual of a dead god.

Towering aloft into the conquered sky
The Woolworth Temple soars above its neighbors—
A triumphant monument of the millions of worshippers of the true God of today. . . .
Raised by blood-soaked and vice-stained pennies
Squeezed out of weak and pitiful girls,
Robbed of life and beauty,
That it might first kiss the morning sunshine;
Raised by trickling nickels and dimes
Levied on needy families,
That it might be a glory and a dream
In the soft gray shine of dusk,
And a pillar of white splendor at night,
Outsparkling the other lights of the city,
And the poor imitations passing slowly above it,
Night after night.

O Shrine of the God of Gold,
O Temple to the true God of Today,
Who will reign until we have made a new god, Man,
To rule in earth and heaven,
I pause for a moment,
To lay a worshipper's tribute before you!

CLEMENT WOOD.

"The Pastor's Wife"

SOMEBODY, I feel is very much to blame for not having told me that I ought to read "The Pastor's Wife," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." To be sure, the publishers did tell me so—but then, publishers will tell you anything. True, also, I was assured by a friend that it was better than H. G. Wells—but that was too preposterous to believe. Nevertheless, it is true.

"The Pastor's Wife" is a deceptive book. It pretends to be the story of an English girl who married a German clergyman who was chiefly interested in fertilizers. Under this guise, it tells the story of almost every woman who marries almost any man. It is deceptive in another way. It pretends to be funny. It is tragic. It is supposed to be a light satire on Teutonic ways of thinking and living. It is a serious satire on mankind.

For some years H. G. Wells has devoted himself in his novels to analyzing the situation which occurs when a woman and a man undertake for one reason or another to live together the rest of their lives, and which is commonly called marriage. What Wells has done with a heavy-handed scientifico-sociological pedantry, and with an occasional flash of poetic insight, this writer does with lightness, with precision, with brilliance, with humor, and with intimate reality.
done in the pages of "The Pastor's Wife."

It is, as all truthful novels are, a disturbing book. I had just read a Russian novel in which some dozen people committed suicide, after discussing with Slavic intensity the question of whether life was worth living. I rose from that book cheerfully, with an unaltered conviction that life is very amusing and quite worth while. But even while laughing at the adventures of Elizabeth—and they are deliciously funny—I am compelled to wonder what (to put the question in a theological form) God was up to when He made this world. Which is one of the highest achievements of literary art.

IMMIGRATION AND MILITARISM

THE restriction of immigration, which has long seemed to many trade unionists one of the solutions of the American labor problem, has been automatically brought about by the European war. Immigration has not only been cut down, as trade unionists proposed, but it has been cut off completely; and not merely cut off, but the ranks of immigrant labor already here have been depleted by the call to military duty from the warring governments.

The trades unionists have not failed to take advantage of this situation; they have gained here a ten per cent. increase in wages, there a reduction of hours, and they are planning an eight-hour campaign in all organized trades.

But meanwhile, what is capitalism doing? Capitalism is also making plans. A glimpse into some of these plans is afforded by the recent speech of Elihu Root, which was headlined in the newspapers as "NATION MUST ARM!" Arm against what? Mr. Root, with a candor not very characteristic of his class, did not mention German militarism, or the British navy, or the ungodly ambitions of the Japanese; no, he told his brothers of the bar association that we must arm to defend our individual liberties against "a monarch or a majority." There is no monarch in sight, and Mr. Root did not dwell on this vague peril; instead, he turned to the peril presented by those "more insidious foes from within," the "millions of immigrants," that is to say, the workers who have been in this country long enough to want higher wages and shorter hours, and who, by the present accidental restriction of further immigration, are trying to get them. To Mr. Root's mind, it is the common laborer that offers the gravest peril to the class which he represents, and he proposes an internal militarism to keep them in their place. Mr. Root is well persuaded that the American "institution" of low wages and long hours is not safe in the keeping of these millions of immigrants if they get a chance at it. Under cover of the general panic about "preparedness," he undertakes to see that their unpatriotic aspirations are nipped with the bayonet.

But Mr. Root's friend, Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, has a plan in hand, far more reaching; a plan to keep up the cheap labor supply. He says in his letter to stockholders, issued from the National City Bank, "Generally throughout the industries in which male labor is required, the limit of capacity with the present labor market has been reached." Facing that fact, Mr. Vanderlip and his friends, representatives of all the great trusts of the country, organized the American Industrial Corporation to extend the labor market to South America and South Africa and other "cheap labor" countries.

To this scheme militarism is still more necessary. As Rear Admiral Chadwick said, "Navies and armies are an insurance for the wealth of the leisure class of a nation, invested abroad." Or, as Mr. Depew very frankly said in a speech to the Republican Club in New York, "There will never be a foreign commerce until the Government protects American business and American rights in foreign countries." He mentioned Mexico as an illustration.

Even the temporary gains wrenched by trade unionism from a capitalism unprepared to meet the crisis created by the war are to be nullified by an internal militarism which will keep down wages at the point of the bayonet, and an external militarism which will protect the American capitalist in his desertion of the American labor market for more profitable fields in other countries.

Meanwhile the program of the industrial militarists is to be put through with the consent and approval of the working class! In the childlike words of President Wilson, "I for one do not doubt the patriotic devotion of our young men or those who give them employment—those for whose benefit and protection they would in fact enlist."

If American labor can see straight into the future, it will not rest on the illusory gains of restricted immigration. And it will begin its work of self-protection by killing all appropriations for military purposes now before Congress.

HELEN MAROT.

Spoon River Critics

LIKE most critics, they contradict each other. And, like most people, they find in "Spoon River Anthology" exactly what they look for and always find in Life. The pre-determined democrat finds in it "the democracy of the arts"; the student of the sciences finds in it "a mechanistic interpretation of the forces that pull the world"; the recent disciple of Turgenen & Dostoieffsky puts on his new and poorly adjusted pessimistic spectacles and discovers "a transplanted Russian fatalism." Only the mere reader is undisturbed. To him it is a much larger and much simpler thing. To him it is a glowing cross-section of a typical mid-western community—a revelation of its pettiness and greatness, of its purposes and passions, its hates and sacrifices and jealousies and callousness and frustrated dreams. To him it is a canvas crowded with life, and not one character in the crowd that is not arresting and brimming with life. Some one has said that Masters' Spoon River cemetery has more action than Forty-second Street and Broadway; there is no doubt that his dead people are more alive than most of the living characters of most of our contemporary authors.

From a wholly personal and altogether prejudiced angle I must confess that the volume leaves me with the proverbial "mixed emotions." The book stimulates and startles, and irritates me. It rouses me constantly to combat with Mr. Masters and with myself. There are times when I do not know whether it is greater as a novel than a novelty. And there are times when I am positive that it is America in microcosm. There are moments when I feel that the author has seen his environment through a haze of disillusion, that he has not reached far beneath the surface dramas of his people, that he mistakes the grocery-store gossip for the foundation and superstructure of the village. And in another mood I am convinced that no contemporary writer has been more faithful to his characters and to the age and the back-grounds that has produced them.

And this interplay of emotion and analysis is possibly my final tribute to the "Spoon River Anthology." To be roused to quarrel with the author is a sign of a book's vitality and genuineness. And, first and last, this is what this volume will accomplish. It will rouse every reader to a fresh sense of values, to a more decided choice of differences. It is this which sets Masters' book apart from nine-tenths of our novels. We regard most of the others with a bland indifference. It takes life to rouse life.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Note

THE MASSES' cover this month is a sketch by Frank Walts of Mary Fuller, in the film-play, "The Heart of a Mermaid."

Birth Control

THE National Birth Control League has prepared two bills, in the form of amendments to the federal and New York State obscenity statutes, which would remove from the scope of their provisions the whole subject of birth control.

The time has imperatively come for such a change in the law, in accordance with the change of public opinion. The dismissal of the case of Margaret Sanger and the arrest of Emma Goldman point the same moral with a different emphasis.

The case against Mrs. Sanger, which has been pending for a year and a half in the federal courts, was dismissed, and the indictment quashed, at the instance of the assistant district attorney. The reluctance of the federal authorities to press the case, and the final decision to drop it, indicates that the government is somewhat amenable to the force of civilized opinion. Meanwhile the law remains in force, affording a convenient pretext for the arrest of anybody whom the authorities desire, for any other reason, to have in their power. The recent arrest of Emma Goldman on the charge of breaking this law, is a case in point. Miss Goldman delivered a speech on the subject of birth-control in New York a year ago. No notice was taken of it until the police became agitated over the "Anarchist soup-poisoning plot" in Chicago. It is a rule of the police, whenever any Anarchist does anything anywhere, to arrest Emma Goldman. So the "obscenity" statute was made use of.

This state of affairs is intolerable in a decent society. Most enlightened people—including, as we have pointed out, the judges and district attorneys who administer the law—possess and make use of this prohibited knowledge. It is impossible to keep it from being imparted. And imparted it shall be, until every woman has the power over her own destinies which such knowledge gives. It is only a question of whether this teaching shall be denominated a "crime," or whether it shall receive the sanction of the law as well as that of sane public opinion.

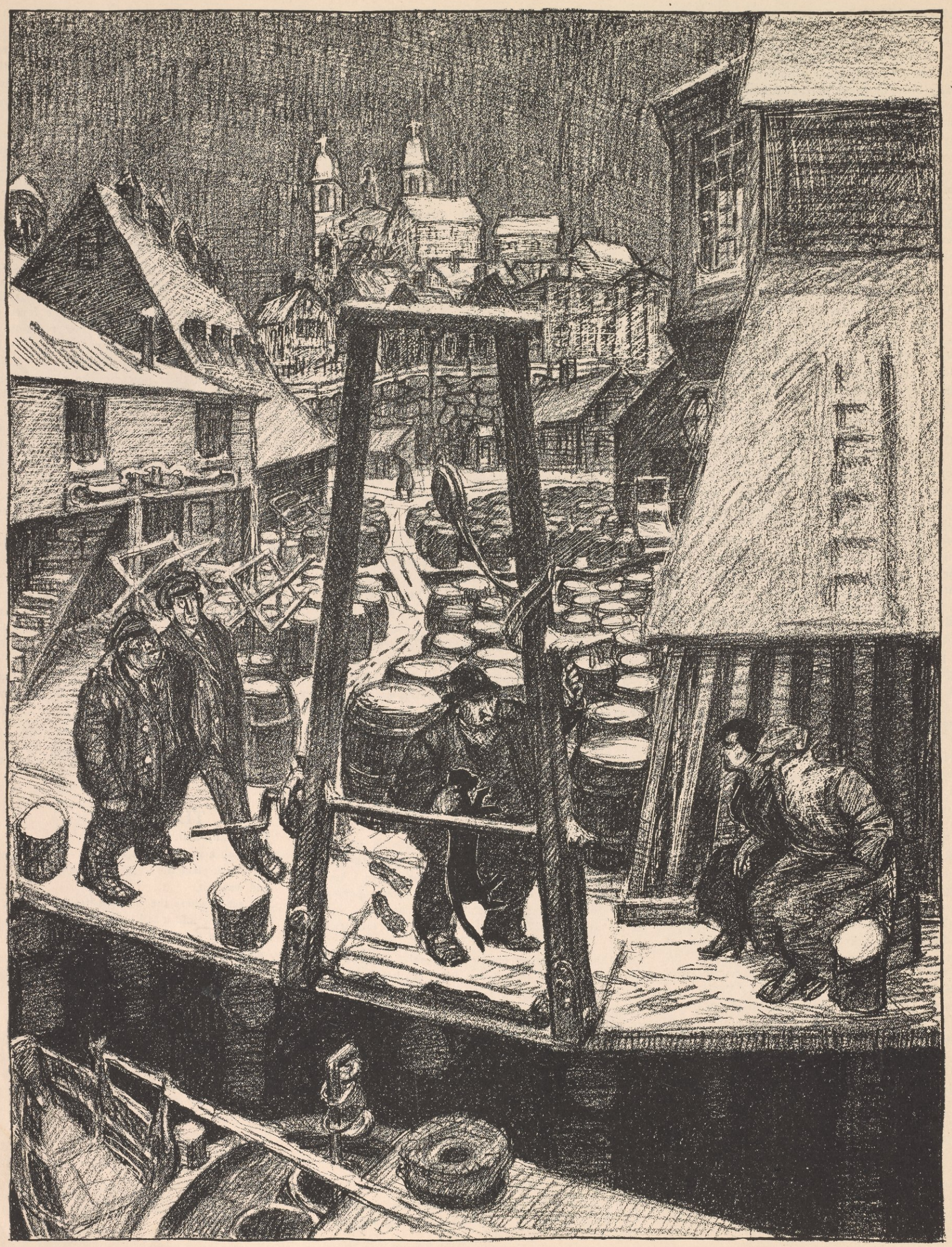
All who do not desire to have our laws seem, and be, ridiculous and disreputable, will support the bills proposed by the Birth Control League. The time has come to push them to enactment.

THE POEM

IT is only a little twig
With a green bud at the end;
But if you plant it,
And water it,
And set it where the sun will be above it,
It will grow into a tall bush
With many flowers,
And leaves that thrust hither and thither
Sparkling.
From its roots will come freshness,
And beneath it the grass-blades
Will bend and recover themselves,
And clash one upon another
In the blowing wind.

But if you take my twig
And throw it into a closet
With mousetraps and blunted tools,
It will shrivel and waste.
And, some day,
When you open the door,
You will think it an old twisted nail,
And sweep it into the dust bin
With other rubbish.

AMY LOWELL.



A DRAWING BY STUART DAVIS

"What Does It Mean?"

EVERY month we get a lot of letters about the pictures in THE MASSES. Some of our correspondents tell us that we publish "the best drawings seen in this country." Others assure us they are the worst in the world. But most of the letters ask what the pictures mean.

"When you have the inclination and time," writes one correspondent, "do explain some of the glimmerings of art found in your most interesting magazine. They have 'got' me, so I presume they are above my head—or eye—and I desire to become enlightened."

I would begin this way: Each of us lives in a world of his own: a world that, in proportion as one is really an individual, is different from any other person's world. The artist is one who has the power to show the rest of us what his world is like. John Reed, for instance, lives in a world in which more interesting things happen to the square minute—curious, odd, fresh, surprising, funny, terrible things—than in almost anybody else's world I know about. In order for these things to happen, there must first be John Reed—that is to say, a man with curiosity, a *flair* for the unusual, a virginal imagination, a sensitiveness to shock, a robust humor, an underlying sense of awe. For his world consists not merely of the circumstances among which he exists by preference or accident, but more essentially of the way he regards those circumstances. John Sloan lives in a quite different world—a world whose values are to be apprehended in a more contemplative and reflective way. A strange and inevitable beauty, half compounded of ugliness, a disorder surprised and yet studied calmly, until it reveals some deep-lying trait of human nature, an accidental intimacy pursued with grim and yet wistful thoughtfulness—these are aspects of that world. But we would not know anything of either world if these men were not able, one in line and color and the other in words, to express it. And it would mean nothing to us then if we ourselves did not recognize it after all as another revelation of the world in which we ourselves live.

To make others see the world as he sees it is the gift of the artist. To see the world as the artist sees it, is the privilege of all of us. But we must either want to see the world his way, or we must go about our business and let him alone.

Sometimes the world of the artist is suffused, colored, lighted up, by some strong social emotion such as mirth or anger, which he desires intensely to share. Then he goes out of his way to make us share it, putting his world in A B C so that he who runs may read, and laugh or be angry along with him. That is, the cartoon. Art Young doesn't ask anything of anybody but a minute of their time: he'll do the rest, and if they don't laugh or grow angry with him it is because they look the other way. Nobody ever writes in to ask what Art Young's pictures mean. If they did, he would take to farming, or commit hari-kari. He wouldn't have any fun if he couldn't share his world with everybody else all the time. Art is a social being.

But not all THE MASSES' artists are so social, or at least not all the time. There's Stuart Davis. His world is a fascinating world—the oddest, maddest world that ever was, but as real as brass tacks. There is a glimpse of it in the picture opposite. Do you want to know what it means? It means that Stuart Davis is the kind of person who can see that in a Hoboken dockyard. If you were at once as sophisticated and as child-souled, as sensitive and as harsh, as cynical and as romantic, you would see it, too. And in the degree that you have these qualities in your heart, you will enjoy this picture straightaway without puzzling for hidden significances that are not there.

In a word—enjoy THE MASSES' pictures, if you can. If you can't, forgive the people who made them. For artists will be artists! F. D.

THE BARBER SHOP

I SPEND my life in a warren of worried men.
In and out and to and fro
And up and down in electric elevators
They rush about and speak each other,
Hurrying on to finish the deal,
Hurrying home to wash and eat and sleep,
Hurrying to love a little maybe
Between the dark and dawn
Or cuddle a tired child
Who blinks to see his father.

I hurry too but with a sense
That Life is hurrying faster
And will catch up with me.

Right in the middle of our furious activity
Two soft-voiced barbers in a little room,
White-tiled and fresh and smelling deliciously,
Flourish their shimmering tools
And smile and barb
And talk about the war and stocks and the Honolulu earthquake
With equal impartiality.

I like to go there.
Time seems slow and patient
While they tuck me up in white
And hover over me.
The room gives north and west and the sunset sky
Lights the gray river to a ribbon of glory
Where silhouetted tugs
Like tooting beetles fuss about their smoky businesses.

Besides, in that high place
No curious passer-by
Can see my ignominious bald spot treated with a tonic,
Nor can a lady stop and bow to me, my chin in lather
As happened once.
So I go there often
And even take a book.

There's another person, all in white,
Who comes and goes and manicures your nails
On application.
One can read with one hand while she does the other.
Because I felt that Life was hurrying me along
With horrid haste
Soon to desert me utterly,
I used to take my Inferno in my pocket
And reflect on what might happen
Were I among the usurers.

One day a low-pitched voice broke in.
I listened vaguely,
What was the woman saying?
"Please listen for a moment, Mister Brown,
I've done your nails for almost half a year
You've never looked at me."

I looked at that,
And sure enough the girl was young and round and sweet.
She colored as I turned to her,
And looked away.
I waited, silent, enjoying her confusion.
The words had been shot out at me
And now apparently she wished them back.
"What do you want?" I said.
Again a silence while she rubbed away.
I picked up my Inferno with an ironic thought
Towards Paradiso waiting on the shelf,
"Well, rub away, my girl,
You opened up, go on."

The book provoked her—
"I'm straight," she said,
I never talked like this before,
The fellows that come round—
Well, I can't stand 'em,
The things they say!
The shows they take me to!
You're different, I want to know
What's in that book you read
I want to hear you talk—
Oh, Mister, I'm so lonesome
But I'm straight, I tell you,
I read too every evening in my room
But I can't ever find
The books you have,
I expect you think I'm horrid
To talk like this—but
I got some things by an Englishman
From the Public Library,
Say, they were queer!
He thinks a woman has a right
To say out if she loves a man,
He thinks they do the looking
Because they want—
Oh, Mister, I'm so terribly ashamed
I'll die when I get home,
An' yet I had to speak—
I'd be awful, awful good to you, if only—
Please, please, don't think I'm like—
Don't think I'm one o' them!
Whatever you say, don't, don't think that!

She stopped, and turned to hide her crying.
I looked at her again,
Looked at her young wet eyes,
At her abashed bent head,
Looked at her sweet, deft hands
Busy with mine. . . .

But—
Not for nothing
Were my grandfather and four of my uncles
Elders in the Sixth Presbyterian Church
Situated on the Avenue—
Oh, not for nothing
Was I led
To squirm on those green rep seats
One day in seven—

And now
The white-tiled, sweetly-smelling barber shop
Is lost to me,
What a pity!

MARY ALDIS.

BLACKWELL'S REVISITED—By Frank Tanenbaum

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Some of the friends of THE MASSES complain that we don't print cheerful news very often, and don't go out our way to give credit where it is due. We invite their attention to this article. For the most part we prefer to let our readers get their news of "how much better the world is getting day by day" from the newspapers, which specialize in such information. But we feel it to be peculiarly appropriate that THE MASSES should report the improvements in the management of Blackwell's Island, since it was in THE MASSES that Frank Tanenbaum's series of blasting exposures of that institution originally appeared. These articles drew attention to the state of affairs existing there, provoked several investigations in which all of Tanenbaum's charges were confirmed, and resulted in the retirement of the old warden and the commencement of a better regime. In this article Frank Tanenbaum compares what he sees as a visitor to the prison under the new regime with what he experienced as a prisoner for eleven months, when he was sent to the Island for leading the army of the unemployed to the churches of New York City to demand food and shelter in the tragic winter of 1913-14. It is an amusing bit of irony that certain arbiters of the elegancies of revolution have lately decided (as appears from an editorial in our contemporary, *Revolt*), to regard Frank Tanenbaum as a lost soul, inasmuch as he insists on telling the truth about Blackwell's Island even when the truth has ceased to be scandalous and horrible.

I HAD heard rumors about the wonderful changes that had been made in Blackwell's Island Penitentiary since my release, but I did not believe them. I offered to bet that if I went over I would find things just about as bad as they were when I wrote about them in THE MASSES last year.

Soon after that, I had a chance to go. I talked with Bardette Lewis, the present Commissioner of Correction, City of New York, and he told me about the changes. I told him I wanted to find out for myself. So on New Year's day I found myself on my way to the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island.

Going down Fifty-first street towards the dock, I saw across the river the gray, dark, massive stone buildings, with the little windows and iron bars, behind which I had been a prisoner for a year. There arose in me a peculiar feeling of hatred and pain, which was unlike anything I had ever felt before.

It was with a fast beating heart that I stepped from the boat and walked towards the prison. I had gone there before on a dreary, gray Friday morning, handcuffed to a tall negro, who was doing his best to lighten the dejection that had settled on the two score of us on our way to the prison that morning.

A little way from the prison in a shed I met a guard keeping watch. Seeing me approach, he stepped out into the road and said, "Where are you going, what are you doing here?" for he recognized an ex-convict. "I am going to see the commissioner by appointment." "Are you a department man now?" he asked. "No, I just have an appointment with the commissioner." "All right." He walked me up the gate. And as the big, iron door swung open, Carney, a guard, whose reputation under the old system was not of the best, stuck his hands through the bar and said, "Happy New Year, Frank, glad to see you come in the front way." And then after letting me in went to get the Warden, who was up in the Chapel.

The large room in which I found myself was the one where our pedigrees were taken on our first visit to the prison. I remember the little window, behind which sat an old, little, gray-haired clerk with a big cigar in his mouth and asked me what Church do I belonged to. "To none." "What Church shall I put you down to?" "Anyone you please, I don't care." "I will put you down to the Jewish Church." "All right, let it be the Jewish Church." Taking the cigar out of his mouth, he leered at me and squinted up his eye, saying, "If you are caught going to any other Church you will be punished." I recalled too that after we had our hair clipped and given a bath, our possessions were taken away from us, amongst which were some books which I had. I asked to be permitted to retain at least one of the books; Carney picked out a soft covered one, looked at the title and handed it to me, saying, "We permit prisoners to bring in anything that is religious." It was William Morris' "News from Nowhere"!

The large room has since been painted and decorated; the keepers I met there held no clubs—certainly an innovation to Blackwell's Island since the days I knew it. A few seconds later, the Warden, John J. Murtha, came down and greeted me with a twinkle in his eye and a smile on his face, "Glad to see you, come upstairs where the boys are giving a Minstrel show."

As I walked into the Chapel, I found it crowded with boys, who were chatting and laughing, and as they saw me enter they greeted me from all over the room with "Hello Frank! Happy New Year, Frank!" This too was a change.

I remember the chapel as we used to go to it on a Saturday or Sunday to escape from the misery of our small dark cells, and in the hope that we would see some of our friends, and also in the hope that we would be able to exchange a few words, for talking was prohibited. Many a man went to the "cooler" for talking in the Chapel. I remember one day on Yom Kippur, when two of the boys were talking and one of the keepers grabbed them; the other men in the room jumped to their feet and shouted, "Let them alone!" One of the boys grabbed a chair. The keeper drew his gun, backed up against the wall, and after everything quieted down the boys went to the cooler, of course.

The show being given was by the boys themselves; they had been given time to learn their parts. It is a new thing in the history of Blackwell's Island.

Later on I walked down through the prison and met one of my friends in the corner, smiling, very glad to see me. "Hello Red!" "Hello Frank, gee, but it is good to see you come in like this." I said: "Red, tell me how things are now. I want you to tell me the truth." "Well, you see Frank," he said, "it is all different, everything is changed; the men are treated like men now; we have a League of our own, and we can read newspapers and write all the letters that we want to." Here he stopped and putting his hand on my shoulder, said, "You know the kite I got out for you the first day you came here." I did indeed. I had not been in the prison two hours when Red supplied me with paper, stamps, and envelopes for two letters, and got them out for me, running the risk of going to the cooler and losing his privileges. He said, "You know I have just been thinking of it. How things do change, don't they?" I asked: "What about dope, do you still peddle that?" "No, why Frank, the boys wouldn't stand for it now. Why, even I wouldn't stand for it. The boys don't need it any more. We can play baseball, basketball, have regular drills every day, and we get concerts, and the men are not put in the cooler so often. Yes, I think if a man goes to the cooler now it is his own fault."

A little further on I saw Jimmy. He said, "You remember I could not decorate my cell and got into trouble. Look at it now, it is number eleven." I did. Jim is quite an artist. He used to be an incorrigible man when I was there. He used to get into trouble almost oftener than I did, and I spent seven and a half months out of eleven in one or another form of punishment.

I walked all over the prison; I saw everything I wanted to, spoke to everybody that I wanted to speak to, visited the cooler, the laundry, the kitchen, the dining room and the different cell blocks, and I found that the prison was an altogether different institution from what it was the day I left there, both in its spirit and in its physical environment.

I am not defending the present prison system, but I can't help but say this place is different and better than it was.

I found that all the demands I had made for the men, had been given them; and they numbered some twenty-five. In fact, they had been given more than that. A good number of the keepers, who were most hated by the men, have been transferred from the island. Renegy, on account of whom I spent two months in solitary, is not there any more.

The following definite changes have been made: The men are taken out of their cell Saturdays and Sundays and permitted to play baseball and basketball; the men have a glee club; they can read newspapers, write all the letters they want, the sick are segregated, the laundry has a steam machine, and a sterilizer is used; the cells of the new prison have been painted, and those in the old prison are washed regularly to keep the bugs down. I asked about fifty men in regard to it and they all agreed there were very few bugs. The blankets are famigated and cleaned before given to new men; beds have been put in the cooler, and the men are given something to read while there and are given three meals a day.

While I was there I had to sleep on the hard stone floor with a little piece of bread and water every twenty-four hours, next to an open bucket of filth, with a torn blanket and ten-inch rats for company. I broke the handle off the bucket and scratched geometric figures on the wall to keep me from going crazy.

The men now decorate their cells, and their League serves as a stay-off against any persecution that might be permitted by the keepers.

For the warden, I want to say that he is a clean, capable man, doing the best he can with the situation, anxious to do better whenever possible. It is true that he does not believe in self-government for prisoners as does Thomas Mott Osborne, but then there are not many in the prison world who see as far as Osborne does.

I want to conclude this article by a letter I received recently from one of the boys, and which made me very happy:

"Friend Frank—I was really surprise when I saw you marching in the main hall with the warden. My hearts delight was when you came here as a guest and it also done me good to speak to you in the Chapel. It reminded me of the old times and besides the boys here think the world of you for the great work you have done in this prison."

LETTERS

A Complaint

——— ——— — — ———![1]

I wish I could get a copy of The Masses' current number. I am a subscriber, but about half the time it seems that the gentleman who does the mailing gets weary and goes home to bed before he has progressed through the alphabet as far as the letter P.

Of course P is quite a way along, and mailing The Masses to men subscribers is no doubt uninspiring work; but now that we can't buy The Masses from the subway and elevated newsstands, the subscriber is constrained to ask that The Masses be sent to him—cost what it may in sheer drudgery to the office force.

Therefore I ask, I beg, that in spite of the cost in human toil and trouble and spit, and notwithstanding the long precedent to the contrary, a copy of The Masses should be sent to me every month that I am a subscriber. I do not deny that there is a fine arrogance, an independence and scorn at the money power of the world, in giving little heed to the fact that one has paid his subscription, but still in this world of injustice and oppression we must all give a little to the pressure of greed and gold, in order to more strongly do battle with Mammon even as we bow to Mammon.

Yours, hoping for a favorable decision,

A. P.

[1]Censored.

[We hesitate to disabuse anyone of the idea that our business office is conducted on such extra-revolutionary, debonair and charming lines, but Truth compels us. Under considerable difficulties, with many anxieties and an inflexible rigidity of conscience, we endeavor to get The Masses to our subscribers. Our motto is, of course, "The subscriber is always right." But it would help us if the subscriber remembered to notify us of changes of address, for deeply as we are in sympathy with our clientele, we must have a minimum of information as to their whereabouts. Then the Postoffice, too, occasionally slips a cog. But a postal card to the editor will usually set things to rights. Try it!]

Too Good

THE Masses is too good to be true. I enjoy everything about it from the cartoons to the poetry, which—(the poetry) seems to be at arresting at any thing we get anywhere.

San Diego, Cal. F.

God Laughs Too

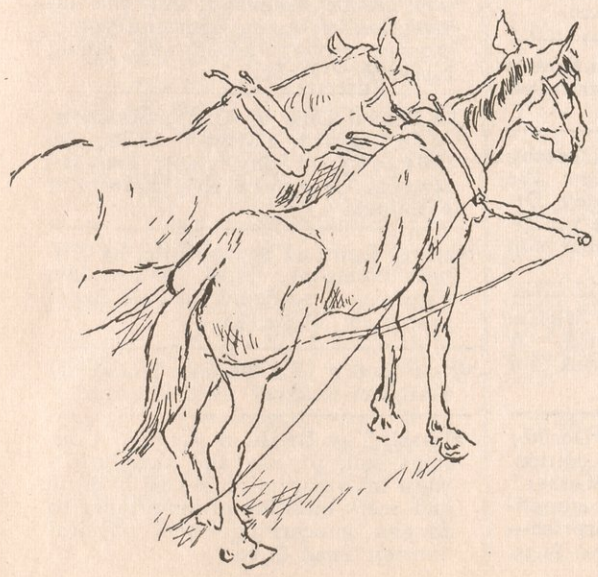
AFTER reading "Editorial Policy" in your last issue I am impelled to tell you what I think of that "Heavenly Discourse."

It struck me at the time I read it as one of the funniest things I ever ran across. It's a scream. How scathingly it arraigns our artificial and unnatural ideas about sex relationships. How it ridicules anthropomorphism, that bogy, that nightmare that has oppressed the slowly awakening mind of man for so many centuries. I believe God himself smiles at such wit.

I do not pretend to appreciate, to see or hear all that your artists and writers would convey, but the impression I get from The Masses is that it represents the inarticulate cry of anguish that humanity sends up in its longing to realize, to give expression to those things that it cannot realize, cannot give expression to because of their strangulation by economic conditions.

H. A. Haskell, M.D.

Hudson, Ill.



Drawn by John Barber.

From London

WE find The Masses a most stimulating production (the illustrations AND the letter-press!) and wish we could boast anything as fresh and vigorous in the Socialist world on this side of the Atlantic.

M. E. Paul.

London, Eng.

College Opinion

I AM at college here and every time I receive my Masses there are great discussions about it. The things said against it are that it is nasty, dirty, smutty, harmful, immoral, blasphemous and destructive, rather than constructive. They don't seem able to say anything for it that is definite, though many of them concede it has good points.

I thoroughly enjoy The Masses and think it highly entertaining. New ideas are naturally interesting to boys in their formative period, although they are apt to be dangerous. I have not yet studied religion scientifically, and as I am at the age when agnosticism is common, I don't try to understand or judge of the articles on religion. Nor am I able to judge or understand many of the articles on politics. Yet there is a lot that I think I understand and I find these ideas interesting, instructive and broadening. It gives me a viewpoint of life that is unique, to say the least. Although I know little of the subject, I agree with you on your stand on Feminism and Suffrage.

As to my opinion of my friends' verdict, which condemns The Masses to perdition, I think they know little of what they say and do not understand The Masses at all.

I read the February Masses from cover to cover to see if I could find the things they spoke of. I thought every article on every subject I knew a little of, neither smutty, harmful, immoral or blasphemous. There was only one article that seemed to me useless and possibly harmful. That was "Yellow Hair." What was its object?

C. A. Choate.

Williamstown, Mass.

From "The Little Review"

I.

SINCE coming in contact with *The Little Review* last December, I have more than enjoyed each issue with your own impulsive, warm-hearted, dauntless personality coming through its pages; and it is for that reason I do not hesitate to ask you for an explanation of a sentence that you wrote in the April number, which led me to subscribe for that horrible output, viz., The Masses. You pronounced it indispensable to intelligent living. On that I sent in a subscription, and whereas I am not so awfully stupid I cannot understand how you, who are evidently an artist with high ideals, could possibly have such a magazine on your desk. The cartoons are so untrue, so damnably vulgar,—which good art never is,—the insistent harping on the shadows of life, the exaggerated outlook which tinges the whole paper—quite as one-sided on its side as other papers are on theirs; all of which I know must be in complete contradiction to your self. It fills me with astonishment. We acknowledge with our ever-increasing complex civilization that we must more than ever perhaps help each other; but I don't just understand which class this perfectly rotten sheet is intended to reach. If it's the so-called down trodden, they are apt to have so much unhappiness any way I should say a good brace up does more good than harping on injustice in general; as for the class that "does not think," its inartistic drawings alone would be enough to queer it. When I am down and out—I happen to be a working woman too—I most decidedly *do not* want to be made more down and out by more woes, that often spring from lack of intelligence, that both rich and poor suffer alike from.—*Mrs. Jean Cowdrey Norton, Hempstead, L. I.*

II.

I will try to indicate very briefly why I think so much of The Masses. The group that is getting it out are real students who know the crowd with all its hope and despair, much betttr than the crowd knows itself. They are interpreting the crowd. The mass would never like The Masses. It is too true. It is not got up for them. *The Cosmopolitan* is the ideal of the mass. The Masses is for the few brave spirits who want to know life as it is, the shadows as well as the flights up into the sunshine. The Masses to my mind has as broad a range of feeling reflected in its pages as any magazine I know of. Humor, tragedy, light, shade, drama, color, yes, and mud too, as you say. But isn't mud a part of life? In some respects mud is the condition of life. The great need of the sensitive mind of today is contact with the vital life-giving things and ideas which come from the earth. The life of such a mind is like the life of a plant. Its roots must go down beneath the surface or it will die. The Masses to my mind is the spirit of the earth put into magazine form, and to read it understandingly is to put the roots of the soul down into the earth where they should be if a healthy growth is desired. One could get too much of that contact of course, but that is another matter.—*F. Guy Davis.*

Not Lonely Any More

THE Masses is a regular gold mine of originality and it makes a fellow feel that he isn't the only one "who sees things that way."

I like the "Art Pictures" you publish even if there are a lot of old mossbacks who think you ought to put asbestos covers on your magazine.

E. D. Ralston.

Schagticoke, N. Y.

Disadvantages of Travel

I HAVE heard very much about your magazine in Europe, but I could never buy a copy of it while there.

I read it for the first time last Saturday, when I bought a copy from a 42nd street newsstand. It interests me very much. Herewith enclosed please find twelve cents in stamps, for which please send me the January issue containing the now famous "Ballar."

Jos Bourgeois.

Garwood, N. J.

Revolution in Circles

LOOKING through the January number of that immensely vivid periodical, The Masses, one discovered that its avowed purpose in life is "Revolution, Not Reform." Now reform and revolution are commonly regarded as the comparative and superlative of "rotten," but actually they differ in kind as well as degree. For while reform implies a definite advance in a certain direction, revolution connotes the idea that the revolver ceases to be in motion at the identical point where it began. But is is equally plain that The Masses is not so much bent upon "moving rapidly upon the circumference of an imaginary circle" as upon causing others to so move. In any event the term "Revolution" is unsatisfactory. "KATHARSIS AND NOT TO KALON" would have been a better slogan than Revolution, Not Reform. It has the added value of not being intelligible to the Upper Classes, thereby exciting a prurient interest. This is quite the latest device in advertising, and never fails.

Cyril H. Bretherton.

Washington, D. C.

BEAUTY

THERE are two kinds of beauty in art—the beauty which is explicit in line and phrase, and the beauty which is implicit in the scornful or angry castigation of unloveliness. The Masses has both kinds. To hate ugliness is the same as to love beauty.

Enid Boyer.

New York City.

Truth

I CERTAINLY delight in your passionate love of Truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!

Conover Slack.

Central Y. M. C. A., Trenton, N. J.

Drawn by Mell Daniel.

THE MASSES BOOK STORE

(*Continued from page 3*)

Six French Poets. Studies in contemporary literature. By Amy Lowell. $2.50 net.

The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke. Introd. by G. E. Woodberry. Biographical note by Marg. Lavington. $1.25 net.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915 and Year Book of American Poetry. Ed. by Wm. S. Braithwaite. $1.50 net.

Plays of the Natural and the Supernatural, by Theodore Dreiser. Just out. Send $1.35.

Spoon River Anthology, by Edgar Lee Masters. Price $1.25.

Plays for Small Stages, by Mary Aldis. A book of practicable modern plays for amateur dramatic groups. $1.35 postpaid.

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Plays by Anton Tchekoff. Second Series. Containing "On the High Road," "The Proposal," "The Wedding," "The Bear," "The Tragedian in Spite of Himself," "The Anniversary," "The Three Sisters," "The Cherry Orchard." Translated by Julius West. $1.50 net.

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The Theory of Psychoanalysis, by Dr. C. Jung. Price, $1.60. A concise statement of the present aspects of the psychoanalytic hypotheses.

On Dreams, by Prof. Sigmund Freud. Authorized English translation by Dr. M. D. Eder. Introduction by Prof. W. Leslie Mackenzie. This classic now obtainable for $1.10.

The Evolution of Man, Boelsche. Darwinism up to date, in simple language, with complete proof. Illustrated, cloth, 50c.

Savage Survivals, a new illustrated work by J. Howard Moore, author of "The Law of Biogenesis." $1.00.

Literary Matters

THE business manager has given us some of his Book Store space this month, on condition that we fill it with literary news. As letters have always been considered a part of literature, we are going to start off with a letter from Anton Johannsen on the Clifton-Morenci copper strike in Arizona. Part of the letter is printed on page seven of this issue. The rest follows:

"The strike was called September 11, 1915. At that time a campaign of organization was in vogue in the Camps, and when the employers began to discharge men for union affiliation the men walked out. And those that failed to walk out were of course taken out by the wrath of the mob.

"When the employers demanded protection from the state, why they found a Governor that gave them more than they were looking for. He enforced the law which forbids carrying arms against every man in the camp, so the scabs were afraid to work. The Sheriff refused to place a star on any one that was a non-resident, and so the strikers in the main acted as police.

"At a conference of the Governor and his staff with the mine owners, they insisted on him declaring martial law. He told them promptly that if he did, every rich mine owner would look to him no better than the poorest Mexican.

"Well, the mine owners got cold feet. They never waited another day; but at once pulled their freight into El Paso, Tex., so they could escape being placed in jail.

"That is some Governor. I had a long talk with him; he is no crank but a straightforward man with strong human sympathy for the under dog. And he comes out much better than I thought he would, and Labor in this State is very proud of him.

"On one occasion they had a big parade of business boosters in Phoenix and the reviewing stand was built by scab labor, so he refused to sit in the seat reserved for him. The night before the parade the Carpenters Union built a stand and put the union label on it, so the Governor sat in that, much to the displeasure of the business men.

"To get back to the miners. The Strike was not endorsed by the Executive Board of the Western Federation, so these poor devils got little or no support in money from the International. Governor Hunt put in $100 himself and signed an appeal for funds to the general public. That sure is going some.

"For four months these 5,000 men stayed out, on a total of $60,000, so you may understand that they were the real stuff. When they voted to return to work there was about $140 in the treasury. Two men were here from Secretary Wilson's office and they helped bring about a settlement which gave the men better wages, and many other important advantages, and the organization remains intact, and the employer has to pay Mexicans the same wages for the same work."

We also want to print here an extract from a letter written by Gov-

(*Continued on page 27*)

SOCIOLOGY

The Story of Canada Blackie, by Anna P. L. Field. Introduction by Thomas Mott Osborne. A truly wonderul as well as a wonderfully true story is this. Net, $1.00.

Anthracite: An Instance of Natural-Resource Monopoly, by Scott Nearing, Ph.D. Dr. Nearing uses the private ownership of the anthracite coal fields to show the way in which consumers and workers may expect to fare at the hands of other monopolies of natural resources. The book is an incisive, stimulating analysis of a problem that is vital to every man, woman and child in the country. 242 pages. Cloth. $1.00 net. The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia.

The Cry for Justice, an anthology of the literature of social protest, edited by Upton Sinclair. Introduction by Jack Lodon. Contains the writings of philosophers, poets, novelists, social reformers, and others who have voiced the struggle against social injustice, selected from twenty-five languages, covering a period of five thousand years. 32 illustrations. $2 net.

Socialism in Theory and Practice, by Morris Hillquit. Former price $1.50, now 56c.

Why the Capitalist? by Frederick Haller, LL.B. In this book a lawyer throws down the gauntlet to the defenders of capitalism. The book is a brief in refutation of the doctrines prevailing in Conventional Political Economy. Send $1.00.

Socialism in America, by John Macy. A vivid and interesting description of Socialist principles and tactics from the revolutionary point of view. Price, $1 net.

Socialism and the War, by Louis B. Boudin, author of "The Theoretical System of Karl Marx." It is the first book of its kind published in this or any other country. Price, $1.

EDUCATION

Physical Culture for Babies, by Margaret and Bernarr Macfadden. Detailed information for the care and physical development of babies from birth to childhood. Price, $1.00.

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The Montessori Manual, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Show how the mother or teacher may apply Dr. Montessori's principles in a practical way. The W. E. Richardson Co., Chicago. Send $1.35.

How to Know Your Child, by Miriam Finn Scott. Price, $1.25 net. A clear, concise and lucid book for parents.

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Satellite Cities: A Study of Industrial Suburbs, by Graham Romeyn Taylor. A study of towns that have grown up around great industries, especially the living conditions of the workers. Send $1.65.

Learn How to Start the Right Economic System Now. Leaflet, 6c. H. E. Sawdon, St. Elmo, Tennessee.

The Future of Democracy, by H. M. Hyndman. $1 net. Essays: Social-democracy and the war; Nationalism and peace; Class-state socialism; The reorganization of English trade; The armed nation; Marxism and the future.

Marxian Socialism and Religion, by John Spargo. $1 net.

Socialism.. Debaters' Handbook Series. Compiled by E. C. Robbins. Price $1 net.

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In spite of censors, self-appointed and otherwise, The Masses circulation is booming. We are out for five thousand more subscribers. Are you doing your share?

SEX

Sexual Knowledge, by Winfield Scott Hall, Ph.D. (Leipzig), M.D. (Leipzig). Sexual knowledge in plain and simple language; for the instruction of young men and young women, young wives and young husbands. $1 net.

The Sexual Life, by C. W. Malchow, M.D. Third edition. Price, $3. Sold only to physicians, dentists, lawyers, clergymen, also students of sociology.

Natural Laws of Sexual Life, by Anton Nystrom, M.D., Stockholm, Sweden. Translated by Carl Sandzen, M.D. Price, $2.

What Every Girl Should Know, by Margaret Sanger. Send 55 cents.

"Herself," by Dr. E. B. Lowry. Contains full, precise and straightforward information on sexual hygiene and every question of importance to women concerning their physical nature. Send $1.10.

THE MASSES BOOK STORE

Sex Problems in Worry and Work, by William Lee Howard, M.D. 4th edition. Discoveries of tremendons importance to the welfare of race and individual are here set forth for the first time—the most important book in a decade. $1.00 net.

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The Limitation of Offspring by the Prevention of Pregnancy, by Dr. Robinson. Send $1.00.

Sexual Problems of To-day, by Dr. Wm. J. Robinson. A book every radical should read. Send $2.15.

Sexual Life of Woman, by Dr. E. Heinrich Kisch (Prague). An epitome of the subject. Sold only to physicians, jurists, clergymen and educators. $5.00.

Krafft-Ebing's Psychopathia Sexualis. Only authorized English translation of 12th German Edition by F. J. Rebman. Price, $4.35. Special thin paper edition, $1.60. Sold only to physicians, jurists, clergymen and educators.

Sexual Impotence, by Dr. Wm. J. Robinson. $3.

Never Told Tales, by Dr. Robinson. It should be read by everyone, physician and layman, especially those contemplating marriage. Cloth. Send $1.10.

Unmentionable, by Rev. Ealer (pseudonym). A plain statement about the most hidden of all subjects. Send 12 cents.

Love's Coming-of-Age, by Edward Carpenter. The truth about Sex, told frankly, boldly, wisely, charmingly. Price, $1.00.

Functional Periodicity: An Experimental Study of the Mental and Motor Abilities of Women During Menstruation, by Leta Stetter Hollingworth. Cloth, $1. Paper, 75c. Contributions to Education, No. 69. Teachers College, Columbia University.

What Every Mother Should Know, by Margaret Sanger. Send 30 cents.

Practical Eugenics, by Dr. Wm. J. Robinson. 50 cents.

Plain Facts About a Great Evil, by Christobel Pankhurst. One of the strongest and frankest books ever written, depicting the dangers of promiscuity in men. Send 55c. This book was once suppressed by Anthony Comstock.

Composts of Tradition. A book of short stories, each enforcing some attack upon the traditional attitude toward sex and domestic relationship, by Oscar Morrill Heath. A very aggressive contribution to the present sex agitation. Send $1.10. The Cultural Publishing Co., 37 S. Wabash ave., Chicago, Ills.

(*Continued from page 26*)

ernor Hunt of Arizona to George P. West of the Committee on Industrial Relations. Gov. Hunt says:

"The daily press of Arizona is so controlled by the corporations as to make it difficult for the people of the State to keep accurately informed regarding such developments as affect corporate interests."

Gov. Hunt gives credit to the weekly papers of Arizona, for their work in making public the facts of the Clifton-Morenci strike, and to the *New Republic,* which published an article by Mr. West entitled "A Strike Without Disorder." The news-service of the Industrial Relations Committee is being furnished to the newspapers of the country. If you want to know whether your newspaper is making use of this material and want to check up, we suggest that you write to the Committee at Washington, D. C., and ask to be supplied with bulletins as they are issued. We are not prepared to say how many bulletins the Committee can issue to individuals, but if you have some use for them you can doubtless obtain them. A letter to your newspaper asking why it does not print the news furnished by the Committee will in many cases produce results.

Another letter to which we want to call attention is one from Gifford Pinchot in the New York *Call.* Mr. Pinchot directs attention to the Shields bill, at this writing before the Senate, which "gives to the power interests without compensation the use of water power on navigable streams." Similar bills were vetoed during the past two administrations, but the power thieves hope to take advantage of the public preoccupation with "patriotism" to put something big across now. The Ferris bill as amended by the House, Mr. Pinchot points out, is similarly favorable to water-power monopoly. Sweet to the grafters are the uses of national adversity!

To turn to the other fields of literature, we wish to speak of a book which is of interest in connection with the propaganda of birth control. "The State Forbids," a play by Sada Cowan, is a forceful dramatic presentation of the situation which exists under our present laws, and it will appeal to many readers who are immune to direct argument. (Mitchell Kennerley. 60 cents net.)

We receive many requests from readers for plays which can be performed by amateur dramatic groups. "Plays for Small Stages," by Mary Aldis, contains five good, brief plays written for a "playhouse" near Chicago. They are very actable.

Moreover, they show that plays can be written for amateur dramatic groups, free from the tiresome and superfluous and wholly banal excellences of commercial drama, replacing these by fresh and agreeable and stimulating qualities. (Duffield. $1.25 net.)

TWENTY BOOKS

Recommended by Floyd Dell

On another page of the Book Store is the list of books. Here is the ex-

(*Continued on page 28*)

The Sexual Question, by Prof. August Forel (Zurich). A scientific, psychological, hygienic, legal and sociological work for the cultured classes. By Europe's foremost nerve specialist. Medical edition $5.50. Positively the same book, cheaper binding, now $1.60.

Sexual Life of Our Time, by Prof. Ivan Bloch. Price, $5 net.

Love, by Dr. Bernard S. Talmey. A Treatise on the Science of Sex Attraction. For the use of physicians, lawyers, sociologists and writers on the subject. Price $4.

Stories of Love and Life, by Dr. Wm. J. Robinson. $1.

Sex Morality, by Dr. Wm. J. Robinson. $1.

The Crime of Silence, by Dr. Orison Swett Marden. Written for those who do not know. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Price, $1.00.

Diseases of Men, by Bernarr Macfadden. Self-diagnosis and self-treatment for the diseases of men wih simple home remedies. Price, $1.

Some say The Masses is caviar to the mental palate; others, that it is a necessity—both are right—and ought to help in the campaign for five thousand more subscribers.

HEALTH

Health—Beauty—Sexuality, by Bernarr Macfadden and Marion Malcolm. Plain advice to girls that will be found invaluable as they grow from girlhood into womanhood. Price, $1.

Old Age: Its Cause and Prevention, by Sanford Bennett, "the man who grew young at seventy." A remarkable book by a remarkable man, $1.50, postpaid.

Vitality Supreme, by Bernarrd Macfadden. Efficiency in health. Price, $1.

The Family Health, by Dr. Myer Solis-Cohen of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia. $1.

The Care of the Child, by Mrs. Burton Chance. $1.

Painless Childbirth (Eutocia and Nitrous Oxid-Oxygen Analgesia), by Dr. Carl Henry Davis, Associate in Obstetrics and Gynecology, Rush Medical College. The first book by a physician that discusses the various methods used to secure painless childbirth. Here is published for the first time the results of varied experience with nitrous oxid-oxygen analgesia in obstetrics, and strong, convincing proof is and strong, convincing proof is given that this is the safest and best method. A timely book of great importance. Send $1.10.

HISTORY

Social Forces in American History, by A. M. Simons. An economic interpretation of American history, describing the various classes which have ruled and functioned from time to time. $1.50.

An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution, by Prof. Charles A. Beard. $2.25, postpaid.

The Russian Empire of To-day and Yesterday, by Nevin O. Winter. The country and its peoples and a review of its history and a survey of its social, political and economic conditions. Send $3.25.

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Fundamental Problems. The Method of Philosophy as a Systematic Arrangement of Knowledge. by Paul Carus. 68c.

Diseases of the Will, by Th. Ribot. Authorized translation by Merwin-Marie Snell. 35c.

Primer of Philosophy, by Paul Carus. 35c.

The Prophets of Israel. Popular Sketches from Old Testament History. by C. H. Cornill. Translated by S. F. Corkran. 35c.

Philosophy of Ancient India, by Richard Garbe. 35c.

Chinese Philosophy. An Exposition of the Main Characteristic Features of Chinese Thought. By Paul Carus. 35c.

Discourse on the Method of Rightly Conducting the Reason and Seeking Truth in the Sciences, by René Descartes. Translated by John Veitch. Authorized reprint. 35c.

Enquiry Concerning the Human Understanding and Selections from a Treatise of Human Nature, by David Hume, with Hume's Autobiography and a letter from Adam Smith. Edited by T. J. McCormack and Mary Whiton Calkins. 45c.

The Psychology of Reasoning, by Alfred Binet. Translated by Adam Gowans Whyte. 35c.

A Treatise Concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge, by George Berkeley. Reprint edition. 35c.

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The Metaphysical System of Hobbes. Selected by Mary Whiton Calkins. 55c.

Locke's Essay Concerning Human Understanding, Selected by Mary Whiton Calkins. 68c.

The Principles of Descartes's Philosophy, by Benedictus De Spinoza. Translated from the Latin with an Introduction by Halbert Hains Britan. 45c.

The Vocation of Man, by Johann Gottlieb Fichte. Translated by William Smith, with biographical introduction by E. Ritchie. 35c.

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The Healing of Nations and the Hidden Sources of Their Sstrife, by Edward Carpenter. $1 net.

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Ventures in Worlds, by Marian Cox. Six extraordinary essays dealing with themes of universal interest. Musical Culture, Incestuous Marriage, Nervous Humanity, The Man-Made Woman of Japan, A Cup of Tea in Japan, Mr. Grundy and Eve's Dress. Price $1.25 net.

Brilliant Exotics of Realism, Fiction and Verse. Sample paragraphs and stanzas for stamp. Starr Co., 285, Live Oak, Fla.

Enjoyment of Poetry, by Max Eastman. "His book is a masterpiece," says J. B. Kerfoot in Life. By mail $1.35.

The Diplomacy of the Great War, by Arthur Bullard. Contents: I. The Struggle of a Generation. II. The New Elements of Diplomacy. III. The Liquidation of This War. IV. The United States and Europe. Price $1.50.

War—What For? by George R. Kirkpatrick. $1.

A Survey of the Woman Problem, by Rosa Mayreder. A profound study of the whole field, to which the author devoted fifteen years. $1.60, postpaid.

The New Womanhood, by Winifred Harper Cooley. Indispensable popular studies; a sane exposition on Feminism by a noted writer. Price, $1.00.

Woman and Labor, by Olive Schreiner. "A heart-stirring book, conceived and brought forth with prophetic ardor."—Currrent Literature. $1.35, postpaid.

What Women Want, by Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale. A treatment of Feminism bound to interest everyone; to sum up and illumine the movement for those who already believe in it, and to persuade the conservative to a more modern point of view. Send $1.35.

Affirmations, by Havelock Ellis. A discussion of some of the fundamental questions of life and morality as expressed in the literature of Nietzsche, Zola, Huysmans, Casanova and St. Francis of Assisi. Send $1.85

(*Continued from page 27*)

planation. It needs an explanation because it is rather an odd list.

Stendhal's "The Red and the Black" heads the list because I think it is the best novel ever written. I wish there were a cheaper edition of it, but it is worth the $1.75 the publishers charge. Then I put in "The Revolt of the Angels," not because it is the best of Anatole France's books, but particularly because of the chapter which tells of the Dream of Satan: a chapter which all revolutionists ought to read for the good of their souls and minds. "The Pastor's Wife," a delightful book, is described on another page of this issue. "The History of Mr. Polly" is the finest thing H. G. Wells ever did. And "The Idiot" is there because Dostoievsky, in spite of the total wrongness of his attitude toward life, is next to Stendhal the greatest novelist that ever lived. In a word, these books represent some enthusiasms of mine which I want to share with others.

Being a conservative in matters of art, I am not able to enjoy very heartily the books of Imagist poetry which are coming out so thick and fast, and Edgar Lee Masters' "Spoon River Anthology" is the nearest thing to "modernity" in my list. But I do enjoy Louis Untermeyer's parodies of the new poets, and I think you will too. His book is called "—and Other Poets." Chesterton's "Poems" is in the list on account of the magnificent "Battle of Lepanto" poem, and the dedication poem reprinted from "The Man Who Was Thursday." My most whole-souled enthusiasm goes to Arthur Davison Ficke's book, "Sonnets of a Portrait Painter." These sonnets are a union of beauty, irony and keen intellectuality which move me tremendously, and I want others to know about them and enjoy them too.

"The "Psychology of the Unconscious" is a book I have not yet read—it is just going to press as I write. But I have read everything of Jung's so far translated, and of all the writers on psychoanalysis he strikes me as the clearest, sanest and wisest. I expect to find in "The Psychology of the Unconscious" a profound and illuminating treatment of a great theme.

The four books on sex, by Ellis, Bloch, Forel and Malchow, are I believe the four best books on the subject. Malchow is an American physician who spent some years in prison for publishing his book. It is the most conservative, and not, I think, the wisest, of the four. Forel is rather conservative, too, in an honest German way. Bloch appears from his book, which is profoundly critical of capitalist institutions and morality, to be a revolutionary thinker—he is far more radical in his views of the sexual problem than most Socialists. Havelock Ellis' volume is indispensable to anyone who professes to be enlightened on the subject. A reading of these books, especially those of Ellis, Bloch and Forel, will throw a vast amount of light on troubled aspects of modern life.

Most of the other books in the list have been written about in THE MASSES before: Masefield's book on "Shakespeare," in the Home University Library, has a double interest at this time, on account of the Shakespeare celebrations now going on and the visit of the English poet and critic to this country. It is an admirable little book that has the power of making one freshly realize the quality of Shakespeare's mind.

Perhaps I may make, here in the privacy of these retired columns, a confession. I never liked Shakespeare until Bernard Shaw persuaded me to. Some people think Shaw dislikes Shakespeare. He is, on the contrary, one of Shakespeare's most judicious admierrs. Of course you have read Shaw's remarks on Shakespeare? If you haven't, you can find them in "Dramatic Opinions." Shaw, after all, has the last word on everything! F. D.

Nietzsche, by Dr. George Brandes. A study by "The Discoverer of Nietzsche," imported. Send $1.40.

My Childhood, by Maxim Gorky. Send $2.15. Tells the story of the life of the famous Russian novelist from his earliest recollection to the age of seventeen.

How It Feels to be the Husband of a Suffragette, by "Him." Illustrated by Mary Wilson Preston. Price, 50c.; postage, 5c. See adv. on page 22.

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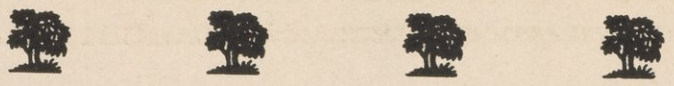

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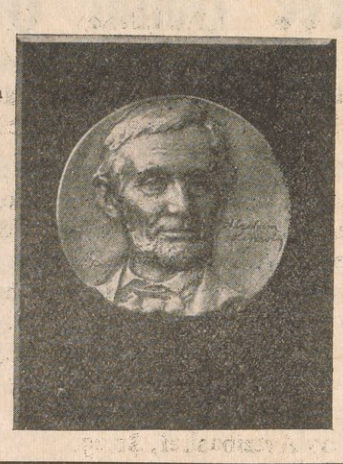

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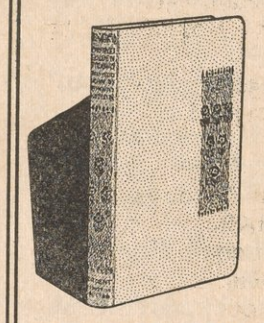

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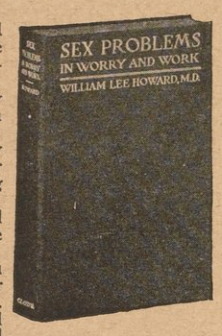

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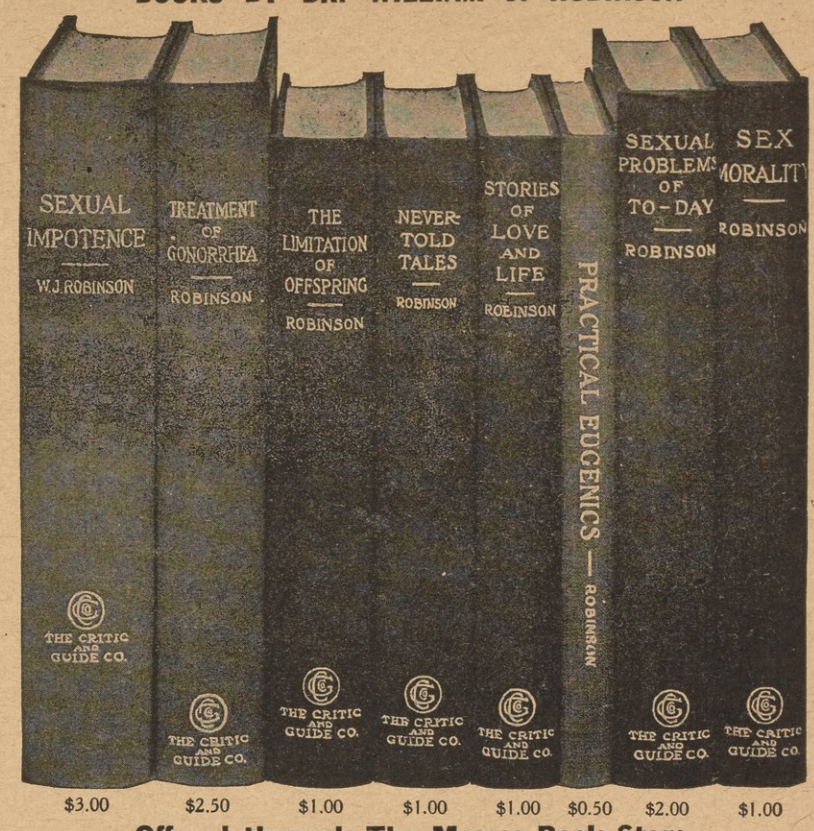

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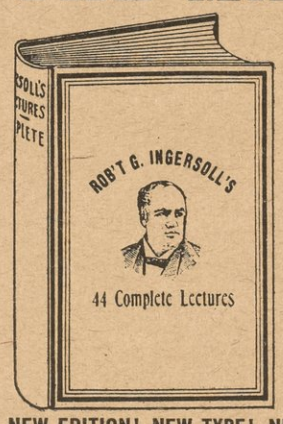

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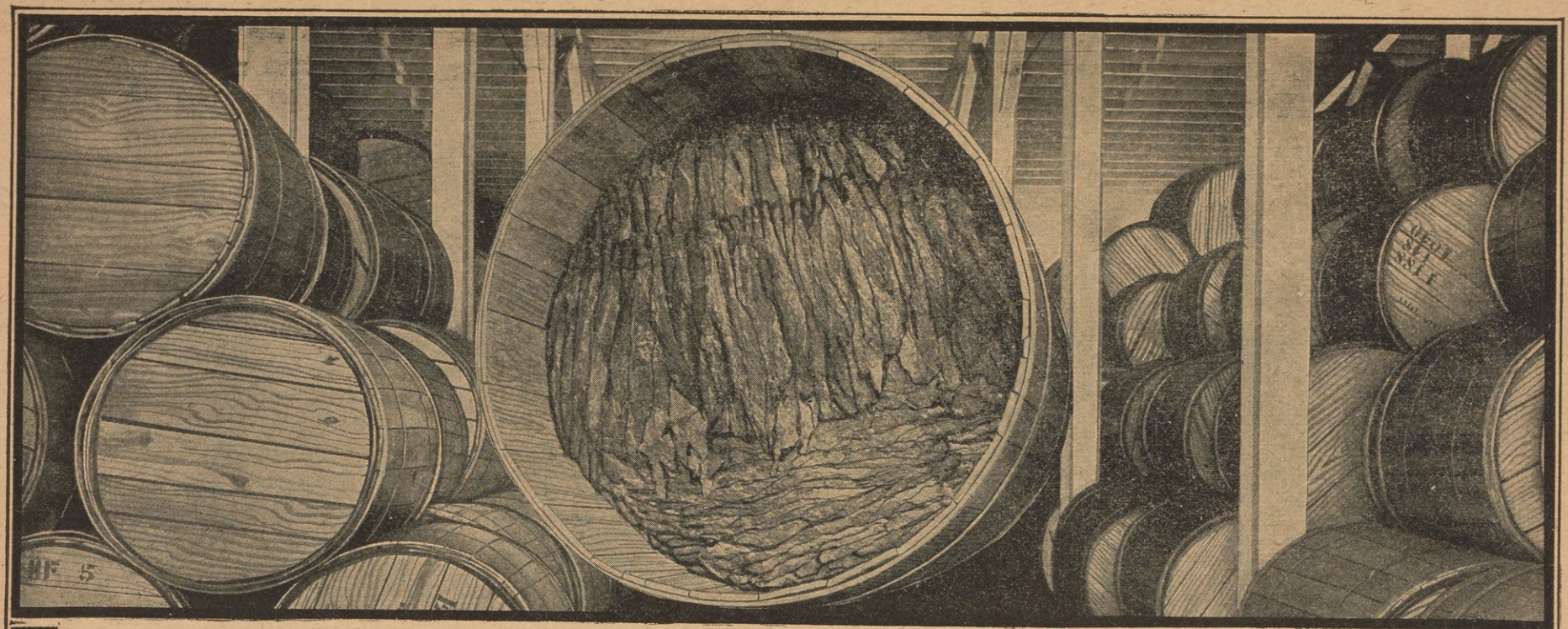

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