

THE

JANUARY 1917

15 CTS

THE MASSES



FRANK
WALTS

The MASSES

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Curse and Be Merry

SPEECHES and arguments come as they go,
 Out of intention and over the board,
 All of them glorious—yea, even so,
 Better, perhaps, than the bomb and the sword.
 All of us fall for it, all of us try,
 All of us hate things and fritter and sweat,
 All of us reach for things—all of us die—
 And where do we get? Where do we get?

Hot with desire to better the world,
 Keen with ambition to thrust and to fight,
 Ideals expounded and epithets hurled,
 Seizing our pencils, we fluently write
 Stately indictments and graceful applause
 Routing out smugness and praising the true—
 Manuscripts, manuscripts bolstering a cause—
 But what do we do? What do we do?

Little, too little, but better by far
 Than sitting contented and happy and glad.
 Here's to the malcontents, tame as we are,
 Here's to the malcontents, merry and mad.
 Dream on and argufy—blaspheme and swear,
 Letter phillipics in fire and gall,
 Nothing may come of them—what do we care
 Nothing at all—nothing at all.

J. THORNE SMITH, JR.

To a Girl on a Magazine Cover

YOU smeared and smirking little bag,
 You plump, appealing little brute,
 you,
 Displayed to please when senses flag,
 You little paper prostitute, you:

You seem to fix on us afresh
 Those eyes imploring and unwinking
 Which speak the promptings of the flesh
 And set some lusty fellow thinking:

And with a pittance for your price
 The lightest laggard may dethrone you;
 So little matters it, suffice
 It profits some those men that own you!

The men who drew the soul from you
 And left an empty, painted body;
 Who found less profit in the true,
 A ready market for the shoddy:

And to the lure within their snare
 Came gifted youth with all its treasure,
 And fouled its fairest, freshest ware,
 To sate the tradesmen with the measure:

And so, you little clap-trap queen,
 There's scarce a seemly name to suit you
 Who might have a Giaconda been,
 You little paper prostitute, you.

SEYMOUR BARNARD.

"The Rumor of my Death is Greatly Exaggerated"

HE was to give a lecture that night in London. The papers printed a report that he was dead. They hastened to send messengers.

He greeted the messengers himself and sent back these words: "The rumor of my death is greatly exaggerated." And the world breathed freely and laughed.

The world breathed freely at that time, but it was a dark day a few years later when that bright and brave spirit passed serenely to rest.

MARK TWAIN

But he would not have you weep for him. He would have you find comfort in laughter, as he did himself.

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A DRAWING BY MAHONRI YOUNG

The MASSES

Vol. IX. No. 3.

JANUARY, 1917

Issue No. 67

"TILL DEATH—"

Helen R. Hull

HE ate his breakfast without a sound except the great gulps with which he swallowed his coffee. Once he turned his head, to thrust an empty plate toward the woman who bent over the tub in the corner. She ladled potatoes onto the plate, her eyes darting at him under tightened brows. The kitchen was so small that steam from the boiler of clothes swirled around the man's head; so small that his silence was a bludgeon above the woman's stooping back.

She jumped aside as he shoved his chair back. Wringing out a pair of long stockings, she peered after him as he entered the next room. He stood by the couch, looking at the blankets tossed in a heap across it. The stockings twisted in her hands, ell-like, as he wheeled on her.

"You—you—think you can go on—doin' what you please—" His small gray eyes ran full of red. "I stayed here last night—to-night—you sleep there—" He jerked his thumb at a door—"Or I'll find some un as'll be glad to sleep with me. You see?"

"The doctor said I needed to be let alone—"

"There's plenty as'd be glad of the chance."

"Just till I feel better—"

"Stay home where you belong and you'd feel better fast enough. I've told you." He dragged the blanket to the floor. "You see! Some things a man ain't goin' to put up with. What for's he got a woman—"

"Sh!" she cried. "Letty!" Across the room a child poked her head wearily into the doorway. "Letty, you go get dressed."

"Yeh—" The man revolved toward the door. "Yeh!" The child drew her tangled head back. "You won't stay a-bed all day when I get you that job, now will you!"

"Hurry, Letty. You can help me with the clothes."

"Yeh! Hurry!" The man pulled his cap from the hook and stepped back into the kitchen. "Hurry and do your ma's work so she can run off to her stylish job and get the store doctor to tell her some more how she ain't to let her lawful husband come near her." He snatched up his lunch pail. "You understand? There's plenty others'd be glad."

"They wouldn't be glad long."

"Plenty of 'em."

"You'd use your money for that—and you won't pay for your own food you eat? Use it to bring some awful sickness here to those children—"

"Pay! I paid till you went crazy, didn't I? I ain't supporting no woman what's working out."

"I do your work same as always." The woman flung the stockings into the basket of clothes and dragged others out of the tub. "Every bit of it—you might have some pride about paying for your food—"

"What for pride? If a man's wife won't stay to home she ain't worth supporting. You thought I'd be soft, eh? Let you dress up in silks off what you earned, and the children runnin' the streets. I ain't forgot how you worked there a month, deceiving me—till I found out! Pay! If you ever get a raise, I'll let you pay the rent, too."

The door banged behind him.

For a moment the woman stared at the dark, soapy water, her thin cheeks sucked in against the sob she choked down. Then she dropped the last stocking into the basket, and rubbing her hands dry on her apron, went into the little sitting room.

"Letty!" she called, as she stooped for the blankets and folded them.

"He an't been so mad for a long time, has he?" Letty appeared in the doorway, wriggling into her dress. "Will he put me to work?"

The woman buttoned the child's dress with swift fingers, which closed around the straight, thin arms before she spoke.

"You're getting to be a big girl, aren't you? Big enough—" She looked at the child's elf-wise eyes. "Letty—to-night, when I come home—I'll tell you what we're going to do. What I been working for. You won't go to work. You'll stay in school, and we—" She gave the child a push. "Go wake up for talking."

She set on the breakfast for the two children, straightened the rooms, slipped out of her wrapper, and presently stood at the kitchen door herself, surprisingly neat in a black suit, a black hat on her fine, dull hair, her cheeks flushed from her haste.

"Watch Molly at the crossings, Letty. Get your lunch at school to-day—I haven't put it up. Set the potatoes over just at six."

In the dark hallway she stopped, leaning against the wall to catch her breath in the thick air.

"Funny"—she pressed her hand on her lips—"this sick feeling's come three mornings."

Later, behind the ribbon counter in the great store where she clerked, she felt better. No matter how weary she came to her work, she found strength enough for the day. For there, working, she had her shoulders braced to push off the load; at home she lay supine, helpless. She saw no end, yet, to the struggle; at least she found hope in tautened muscles.

She liked the ribbons. To her they were hair ribbons for Letty and Molly, crisp sashes for their dresses, perky bows for their little hats. The shoppers helped her to keep courage; she saw so many of them, women, with no fear in their eyes, no dread behind their leisurely critical inspection of her ribbons.

This morning she had no interest in the shoppers' faces. She was eyes only for a black hat with a stiff white quill; she saw it a dozen times before it actually appeared over the basket of bright remnants she was arranging.

"Good morning!" The doctor nodded briskly. "Can you come up for a moment during your noon hour? She fingered a ribbon, and added, "I want to finish the examination—"

"Oh, yes." The woman moved her hand vaguely toward the doctor. "I—was waiting to ask you. I needed to see you."

She watched the quill disappear down the aisle toward the elevators, until a sharp query jerked her back to the ribbons.

Toward the end of the noon hour the woman sat down in the inner office of the doctor. In an outer room the nurse moved softly, setting things in order. The woman pinned her collar in place, her eyes on the doctor, who was making entries on a card.

"Are you—putting down what I've been telling you?"

"No, no." The doctor dropped the card into place in the file. "Only some notes on the examination. They have to go down—for the system."

"Because they aren't things I'd like written down anywhere." The woman's fingers quivered, as she pressed her palms together in her lap.

The doctor swung her chair around.

"Do you dislike your husband very much?" she asked, with impersonal graveness.

"I don't mind him—except when he bothers me—" The woman pressed her palms still closer. "When he does—it's like the nightmare I told you about—the awful spider—I suppose I might have gone on putting up with that. Women do. He's not a hard drinking man. But the children—they've got to have a chance. He says girls don't need learning. Maybe—I don't know—he might have been jealous of me, because I had more—. I can't have Letty going to work. She's worth more than that."

"And your plan was to leave him and start this little store—"

"As soon as I get money enough. I don't earn enough here to take good care of them."

"How much have you saved?"

"I might have had enough—" She drew in her cheeks. "But I told you—he made me use it. The raise last month—I've put all that by. And I might get a little more. You have to start with some capital."

"Would you have enough in three months more?"

The woman shook her head.

"Another year—I thought—if he'd let me alone! I get so scared, worrying—if he got me with child—what could I do! There's ways—but I don't know 'em."

The doctor tapped her lips with her pencil.

"It's just the worrying," the woman went on, "That makes me feel sick. He won't let me be. Somehow, though, telling you has sort of braced me up. I haven't talked about it. Tonight I'm going to tell Letty—I mean about the store—and keeping her in school. She's thirteen; she understands a good deal. She's smart past her years."

"Your husband would support you and the children if you didn't work?"

"He did—before I got this job." The woman thrust her head out, the cords in her throat tightening. "You—you don't mean you think I ought to stop!"

The doctor leaned forward, drumming slowly on her knees with a clenched hand.

"If I had seen you a few months ago—I might have been of some use." She closed her eyes an instant; when she opened them, the professional clearness had vanished, and in its place was a hopeless pity. "There's nothing I can do now. It's too late. You will have to go back."

The woman cringed away from her in the chair; her eyelids folded back until the light lashes were lost; her feet twisted together. Her hand ran up to her lips, the fingers curving, claw-like.

The doctor rose, laying her firm hand over the woman's stiff fingers.

"You are pregnant now." She spoke slowly. "You—you must make the best of it—for the children."

The woman stared, her face wrinkling slightly, as if fanned by a hot wind.

"The children?" Her lips moved over the words. Then she relaxed, slumping into a heap, her face in the angle of her arm. "Oh, the children! The children."

A HOUSE WITH GREEN BLINDS

I WANT a white house with green blinds
And a roof all painted red,
With alder trees to shade it,
And the blue sky overhead.

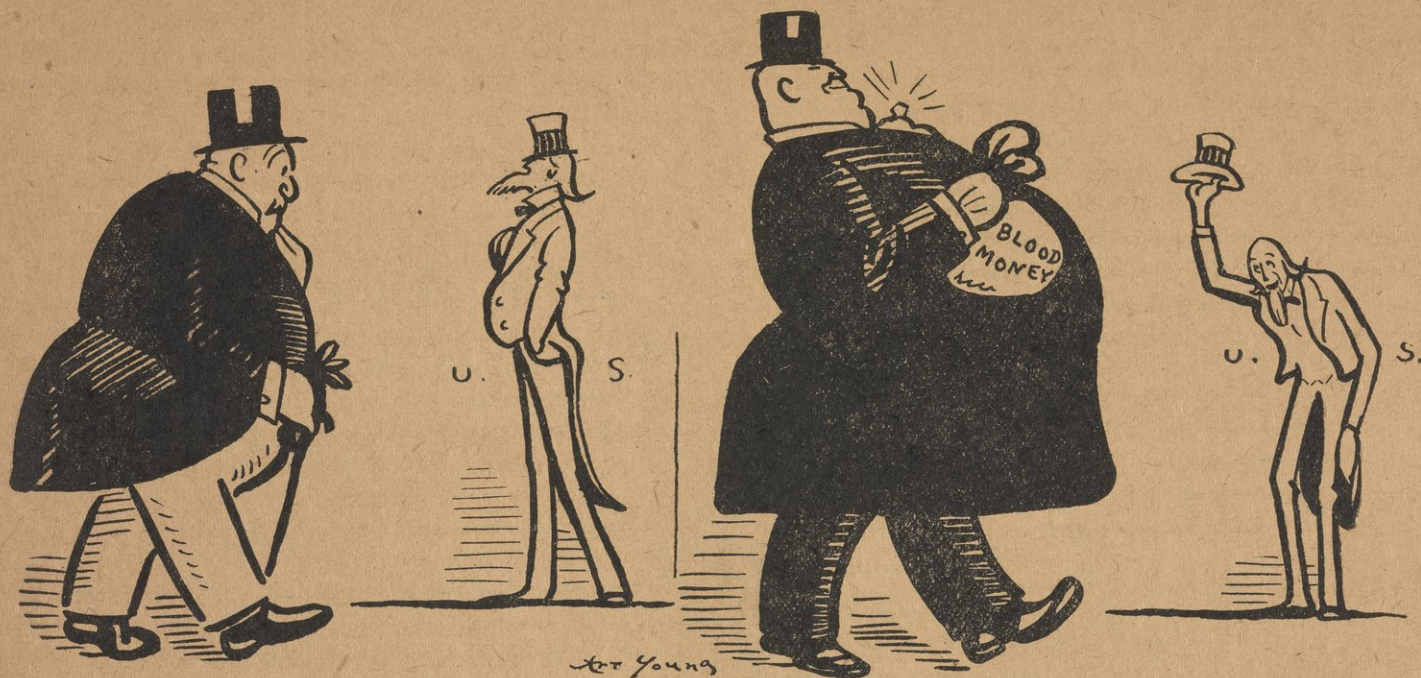
And all about the level lawns,
With a flagged walk to the gate,
Where iron spears have found their roots,
In peace instead of hate.

And the long tree-shadowed street,
Of some old-fashioned place,
Where maids in flowered dimities
Their blithe, light footsteps trace.

And where in long June twilights,
The lovers meet and pass,
And evening brings the scent of flowers,
And fresh smell of the grass.

I never knew a house like this,
But I can see it plain,—
Some homesick girl of long ago
Must live in me again.

Virginia Brastow.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

The whiskey manufacturer is not in good standing because he deals in a product that injures human life—

But the munition manufacturer is a respectable citizen.

The Late Unpleasantness

THE American people thank Mr. Hughes for his kind invitation to feel ashamed of themselves for not being in a couple of wars, and regret

NEW HAMPSHIRE, as this is written, seems to have gone fearless and unashamed by a majority of seventy, but Minnesota is clinging to the rock of national honor by one toe.

IN New York on election night the claimers were only a lap or two ahead of the conceders in announcing a Hughes landslide, but the palm belongs to the *Tribune*. It "flashed the news into the night" at 7:29, beating the *Herald* by 1 minute, the *World* by an hour and 6 minutes and the *Times* by an hour and 23 minutes. The poor old plodding *Evening Post* doesn't know about it yet.

ROOSEVELT got in under the wire with a pledge not to appoint the next cabinet.

AS he contemplates the G. O. P., this T. R. must feel like the boy who took the clock apart and couldn't put it together again.

THE end was clearly visible on Wednesday night. The President went to bed at 11:10 and the pretender stayed up until midnight. Showing that Hughes was fifty minutes nervouiser than Wilson.

AS between the two chairmen, McCormick was the bigger liar but Wilcox showed greater endurance. As Thanksgiving approaches the Republican manager has just begun to admit that the Hughes vote will fall below 300.

INDIANA'S misfortunes never come singly. In losing its job as a pivotal state it elected Jim Watson to the Senate.

FASHION NOTE: Mormons are now being worn upon the other foot.

THE election resembles those which have gone before in only one respect. The Socialists lose most of the hopeful districts, but the vote goes marching on.

PROFESSOR WILSON'S position in the Electoral College begins to bear the earmarks of a steady job.

"I MEAN exactly what I say," said candidate Hughes early in the campaign; whereupon he proceeded to say exactly nothing whatever. After five months his opinions are as much a mystery as his chin.

ACCORDINGLY Mr. Hughes will not devote himself to the problem of unemployment.

WHATEVER the short-comings of the next administration, there is one thing that will always be said for Wilson:

HE kept us out of Hughes.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

PORTRAIT OF A PATRIOT

"I DO not want to speak of it," he said,
 And told me that the war was a disgrace,
 A blot, I think he said, upon the face
 Of Progress. Man must hang his head
 Each morning when he reads of men left dead
 Upon the blood-soaked fields. Only one place
 Preserves the high ideals of the race—
 America, where bullets turn to bread.

"Why, look," he warmed up to his noble text,
 "Look at this country's great neutrality;
 And how we've prospered in it. If that strife
 Continues through this summer and the next,
 No one can tell how prosperous we'll be . . .
 Just one more year—and we'll be made for life!"

Louis Untermeyer.

"He Loved Her So"

THE girl was obviously ill favored of visage. Her features were irregular. The sallow jaundiced skin of her face, slightly concealed by a liberal application of rouge, was too plainly apparent in the bright sunshine. All the cunning of the dressmaker's art could not wholly conceal the ungainly outlines of her raw-boned figure.

Fortune had otherwise been kind to her. Her apparel,—the expensive custom made boots encasing the awkward feet; the coat of genuine sable hanging from the square shoulders; the too large jeweled hands, and the imported Parisian creation surmounting a head of wiry dull brown hair,—all these connoted wealth.

She well knew that no man could want her because of any beauty he might find in her person.

But in her heart she knew that *he* loved her.

Her faded blue eyes gazed affectionately upon him as he sat close to her on the park bench, beside the bridle path, where they were resting during their afternoon walk.

Other lovers she had by the score. None of them had been able to hide from the shrewd understanding she had inherited from her millionaire father the real object of his protested affections.

His love was a pure love, untarnished by the dross that had attracted the others. He loved the soul of her; a beautiful soul others had not the penetration to divine.

For more than a year he had proved his affection. Openly and frankly he laid bare to her the innermost secrets of his soul. Not by a deluge of mere meaningless words had he wooed her. A devotion that needed not the reinforcement of cleverly turned phrases or impassioned speeches had attested for her a love such as the possession of wealth cannot enhance nor the rigors of poverty make less.

The channels of true love flow silently from the heart of the lover to the heart of the beloved.

He was handsome to look upon; dignified in appearance, she thought, as she fondly regarded him, sitting so quietly beside her.

The keen invigorating wind of the north, blowing across and rippling the surface of the lake, struck her scrawny neck, sending a sudden chill through her. She arose to continue their walk. . . .

"Come Jack," she said. The majestic wolf hound slowly arose, descended from the bench, and followed her.

J. STEPHEN DODD.

The Minnesota Trials

MANY of our friends fail to appreciate the magnitude of the Minnesota strike, involving 15,000 miners and the United States Steel Corporation, and are beguiling themselves into the belief that the murder cases pending are not serious.

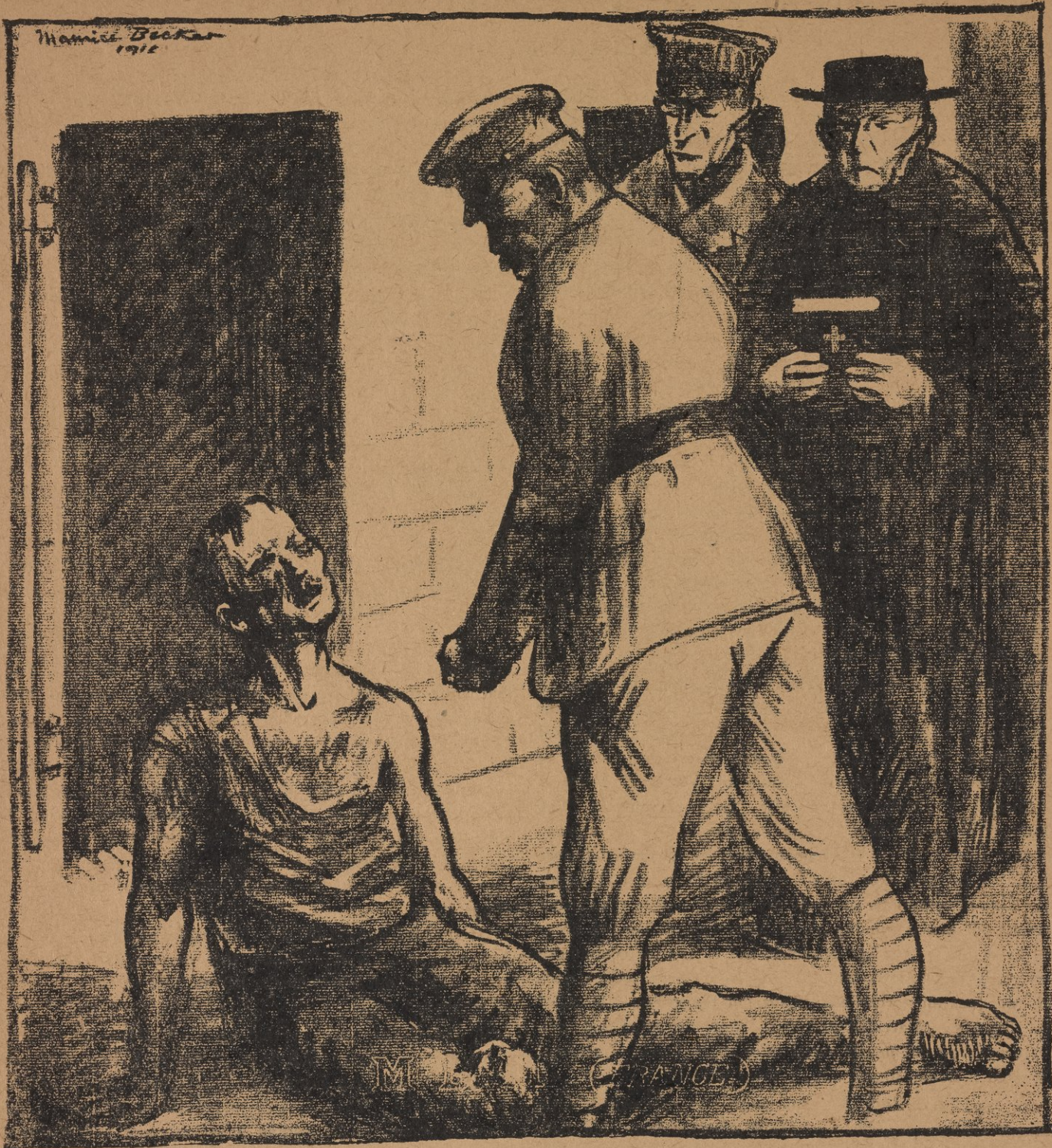
Mrs. Masonovitch, the woman prisoner, wife of one of the strikers, is a particularly pathetic and appealing figure, a young and beautiful Montenegrin woman, mother of five children, one a nursing baby. She speaks little English, does not understand the proceedings, looks frightened and bewildered and clings frantically to her children. If the parents should be convicted these little ones would be practically orphans. The older ones, twelve and eight, bright, nice boys, tell very clearly what happened on July 3, the night of the tragedy, how the deputies came to arrest their father, how one struck their mother and threw her to the floor, how the fight then started in which Mr. Myron was killed, and how Nick Dillon, the notorious gunman, shot and killed Thos. Ladvalla, a bystander. If the episode was not connected with a strike, it would be comparatively easy to clear these poor people.

The other group of defendants are the organizers, Carlo Tresca, Sam Scarlett and Joe Schmidt. They are charged with first degree murder though not with directly participating in the trouble since they were miles away, but are alleged to have made inflammatory speeches. The old "blanket" charge of conspiracy is made against them, preceded on the Chicago anarchist cases in 1886. This same charge, you will remember, was tried unsuccessfully against Ettore and Giovannitti in Lawrence, successfully against Ford and Suhr in California, and Lawson in Colorado. The lawyers here, including Judge Hilton of Denver, a famous criminal lawyer, believe that this case can be made historic, that it is a clear cut labor fight which can be used to break once and forever the hold of the Chicago precedent on the courts.

For so many defendants and such a complicated case, we require several excellent lawyers and have engaged John A. Keyes of Duluth; Mayor Power of Hibbing, Arthur LeSeur of People's College, Fort Scott, Kansas, and Judge Hilton of Denver. The cost we have estimated at \$25,000.00, which may seem large, but is relatively small considering the reputation of these lawyers and the costs of similar trials elsewhere. The Moyer-Haywood Pettibone case cost \$300,000.00; the Ettore-Giovannitti case \$60,000.00. The scene of action, the Mesaba Iron Range, is sixty miles long and twelve miles wide and witnesses must be secured from every town in which the organizers spoke. We have at least twenty serious strike cases still on hand besides these, to be tried shortly.

Donations should be sent directly to James Gilday, Treasurer, Box 372, Virginia, Minn.

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

"NOW will you enlist?"

"No! It's against my God and my conscience."

"To hell with your God and conscience. This is a war for civilization."

LUCKY SWEASY!

Austin Lewis

"TALK about a squeak, it was the nearest I ever had," said Fellow Worker Sweasy.

Sweasy had dropped in to my office in Oakland, Cal., to borrow a dollar. He had just struck town, and a policeman, seeing him loitering by Seventh and Broadway, had told him that if he was seen around there again he would be locked up.

It was the time of year when the municipal authorities dislike to see any migratory laborers about. This species is welcome just after the close of the fruit season and the harvesting. Then he has a few dollars in his pocket and the saloon men and the cheap lodging-house keepers are glad to see him. The second-hand Jew-stores at the lower end of Broadway hail his arrival and in the old "wide-open days" he used to wend his way to the red-light district after he had had a bath and bought a suit.

But the migratory's money is soon spent, and then he has to be got rid of. At first they simply locked him up. Jail sentences fell thickly, until it permeated the dull brain of the business man that it cost money to keep men in jail; and the police judges, bowing to the popular criticism, began to give "floaters" orders to get out of town within twenty-four hours or serve on the chain-gang. The chain-gang is forced labor employed in quarry work, under conditions peculiarly hard at the time when the migratory is unpopular.

So when his work is done, that is to say when the migratory laborer has reaped the harvest, picked the fruit, dried the raisins, gathered the hops, and done all the canning of the State, thereby adding millions of wealth to the community, he finds leagued against him the whole of organized society—economically, juridically and ethically. He is an outcast. The scientific-efficiency solution, I suppose, would be cold storage until next season. That being impossible, the migratory festers in frowzy dens, and ekes out an existence in municipal wood-yards. But if conditions of trade are a little worse than usual he breaks out like a running sore. Then riot, arson and occasional murder testify to his existence, and a virtuous community makes ready the gallows and the prison, arms the police with deadly weapons and occasionally calls out the militia.

Now Sweasy had arrived just at the time the migratory was about to undergo his annual persecution at the hands of society. He wanted a dollar to get out of town with.

Sweasy was my friend. He was gaunt and red-headed, with prominent cheek-bones, his age about twenty-seven. He had a hunted (not a furtive) look. He was not of the criminal type, and his hands gave evidence of having worked hard. He was middle-west Irish and had been an agricultural worker. He said that he knew all about farming. He was an Industrial Worker. I remember once saying to him, "Look here, Sweasy, cut out all the revolutionary guff that you have learned, and tell me just what you want." The answer came pat—"One Big Union!"—the formula of soap-box agitation. "Oh, I don't mean that!" I told him. "Right down in yourself what do you want? You're no leader, and you're no speaker. Now what would you

think the movement ought to get for you?" He thought a minute and then said quite with conviction, as if he had at last found his irreducible minimum: "I should think that what I want most is to be clean and have some nice girl take notice of me." Not an unnatural wish for unmarried twenty-seven.

Sweasy got his dollar. "When I was in jail—" he began.

I was surprised. "I did not know that there had been any street speaking fights lately," I said.

"No, there hasn't. I wasn't in jail for street-speaking. They wanted to hold me for robbery.

"It was like this. I was coming through Montana, working my way West. You know I always come to the Coast in the winter because the sleeping-out is pretty good. I had fifty-seven dollars in my pocket, that I got by harvesting, and I came into the town on a freight to save fare. It wasn't bad traveling, because the harvest wasn't quite finished in the mountain districts, and they always let us ride pretty free as long as the harvest lasts.

"But when I struck this town in Montana, they arrested me. Then searched me, and found the fifty-seven. Then they took me before the chief of police and sweated me something awful.—Say, where you ever sweated?

"Day after day they went at me, sometimes for five or six hours on end. Sometimes they struck me in the face. You see that white mark there on my cheekbone? That scar was made by a ring on the finger of a detective. They asked me things that I didn't know anything about, and when I didn't answer they beat me up. They examined me in a room with the shades all up, and after they had beaten me and twisted my arms behind my back, they threw me into a dark room. Then they brought out fake conversations which they said that I had had with myself in the dark room. They were made out of whole cloth, because I didn't know anything at all about it.

"It seemed there'd been a train robbery about seven miles down the line. I didn't know this, because the robbery had been carried out three weeks before, and at that time I was in Kansas.

"I had never been in that part of Montana before. I showed them letters addressed to me in Kansas, just about the time that I was supposed to have been mixed up in the train robbery. They just despised those letters. I asked them to write to the people who had sent the letters, but they wouldn't do it; they told me that I couldn't put anything like that over on them.

"It began to strike me about then that I was going to be sent to jail for a crime that I hadn't even heard of. Every day it looked blacker and blacker. I asked for an attorney, because, you see, I had those fifty-seven dollars. When I said 'attorney,' they just hooted. They said I could have an attorney when it was time to go to Court. That meant that they were going to cook me proper without any show. It may sound foolish, but I tell you I cried at night when I

ORGANIZED LABOR



NATIONAL CONFERENCE BOARD.

Drawn by Arthur Young.

A NEW READING OF AN OLD PARABLE

The Capitalist: "We have come down to bind thee."
 Samson: "Go to it!"

was all alone. I could see myself in a striped suit doing time for ever, for the railroad is pretty strong in those parts, so I heard, and the judges hold their jobs by the railroad influence.

"Then it began to look still worse. Men and women and a few kids came and looked at me. They stood off and kept their eye glued to me for a quarter of an hour at a time. The cops told me to look this way and that way, to turn round so that they could see my face or my back or my right or left side, just as the whim struck them. And I had to stand for it.

"After two days of that they told me that eleven of them had identified me as being in the place and the neighborhood where the robbery was committed. Eleven of them were ready to swear that they had seen me round the depot, and on the track and in the saloons and begging at the doors. They were sure of it. So the police advised me to admit my

guilt, and confess that the fifty-seven dollars was part of the loot. They told me they had a clear case against me, and that I'd better come through, and that if I did they'd see I got a light sentence.

"Believe it or not, I was tempted to do it. I felt that the whole thing was against me. They would bring in the witnesses and the money and I would be held for twenty years. I had no friends—the police who were my enemies were the nearest thing to friends I had. I was just on the point of making my fake confession when I had a hunch. I asked to have till next day to think it over.

"They agreed. I guess they were sure of me this time. "I lay awake all night, and I felt pretty mean I can tell you. It was a mighty hard dose to swallow, and I gagged a lot over it. I went to sleep about daybreak, clean worn out. I had tramped up and down that cell and beaten the bars with my hands, and my head, too, if you want to know

the truth, and I was sore all over. I had kicked myself and scratched myself and done all sorts of things to myself. I guess I was crazy, I don't know what else to call it, and by daybreak I was all in.

"I went to sleep and I didn't wake up till it was nearly noon. I know it was that, because there was a prisoner cleaning up the jail, and I shouted through the grating of my cell and asked him what time it was.

"I thought that it was funny the police hadn't come to take my confession down in shorthand, as they said they would. But the time went along till it was pretty nearly two o'clock. Then—who should come into the jail but the chief of police himself!

"Get to hell out of here," he said. "We don't want you round any more. If you're picked up in this town after four o'clock we'll have you bagged."

"I could hardly believe it. I felt real faint for a minute.

"Go to the property clerk and get what belongs to you," he said, 'and beat it.'

"I had fifty-seven dollars," I said when the property clerk

handed me seven dollars and my pocket knife and one or two other things like a key chain and a packet of cigarettes.

"You sign that receipt," he said, "and keep your jaw shut."

"Well, I was pretty scared—you know I was scared—so I signed the receipt and got out of that town safe with seven dollars in my pocket."

"But how did it all happen?" I asked.

"I didn't find out for a day or two," said Sweasy. "But I got on to it at last. The train had been robbed all right, and there was a reward out for the capture of the robber. There was some ill-feeling between the police and the sheriff's office. Each of them had a man for the reward and I was the man the police had. I suppose the sheriff could make a better case against his man, so the police had to let me go. It was a pretty near squeak. . . . I wonder if the sheriff's man was in the same fix as me." I wondered myself.

Sweasy rose wearily to go. "Me for the Imperial Valley," he said. "I'll bring the dollar when I come North next spring."

HEAVENLY DISCOURSE

C. E. S. Wood

Scene I.

JUST inside the outer battlements of Heaven, near the Earthly Gate, the battlements glittering with Angels and Archangels. The gate surrounded by Guards, their wings restlessly flashing. St. Peter and a group of Angels removed some distance back on an eminence. The gate opens a slight crack and the soul of Billy Sunday comes in.

ST. PETER: Michael, I thought the gate opened. Did something come in?

MICHAEL: No, nothing.

ST. PETER: Didn't the gate open?

MICHAEL: Just a crack. The smallest soul in the universe couldn't have got in.

ST. PETER: Your eyes are better than mine, Michael; but something certainly seems coming this way.

MICHAEL: Is there a heaven for monkeys?

ST. PETER: Oh, yes; but this isn't their gate.

MICHAEL: Well, it's a monkey. Got in by mistake. That's what the gate opened for.

RAPHAEL: I don't think it's a monkey. See it roll over and over.

GABRIEL: It's like nothing on Earth or in Heaven.

GEORGE ELIOT: Or the waters under the Earth.

ST. PETER: I can distinctly hear it bellowing.

MICHAEL: It is frothing at the mouth.

GEORGE ELIOT: Perhaps it is an idiot or insane person.

ST. PETER: They do not come here. Well, it is now running toward us very fast, tossing arms and legs. We shall soon know.

(Billy Sunday's Soul runs up, breathless. Puts out his hand to St. Peter.)

BILLY SUNDAY: Well, old Pal. Here I am at last. Knocked

the ball over the fence. Home run. Beat the Devil to the plate. The dirty, stinking, brimstone scab. He got his filthy claws on me, but I swiped him one in the guts that made him kiss that putrid hoof of his and forget his mother. Where's the kid?

ST. PETER: Who?

BILLY SUNDAY: Your boy. Jesus.

ST. PETER: I am Peter.

BILLY SUNDAY: Oh! Thought you was God. That's one on me. Where is God? Didn't he know I was coming? Me and him's been chums. Thick as thieves. For years. Pardners. I sent up more souls than anybody since that crazy guy, Peter the Hermit. Bet I just about filled up this old tabernacle. Prospered at it, too. Talk about muzzling the ox. You can't muzzle me. I ain't no ox. I'm a bull, that's what I am. And I can make any bull of Bashan look like a Jersey heifer. I've been sending a stream of souls up here, like they was played out of a fire nozzle and at a discount, too. Bargain-counter rates. Trot out a gang of my souls, Pete, heifers and all. They'll want to see the fellow that umpired the game for them. Ain't none of my souls in this bunch?

ST. PETER: What is your name?

BILLY SUNDAY: Who? Me?

ST. PETER: Yes.

BILLY SUNDAY: My name?

ST. PETER: Yes.

BILLY SUNDAY: Don't you know me?

ST. PETER: No.

BILLY SUNDAY: Ain't this Heaven?

ST. PETER: It was. I guess it is.

BILLY SUNDAY: Oh, Ballyhoo. Take me up to the boss.

ST. PETER: Who?

(Continued on page 14.)



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

"Your man called to the front, Mrs. 'Awkins?"

"Yes, an' I 'ope 'e does as bad by the Germans as 'e 'as by me!"

BILLY SUNDAY: Take me up to the Old Man. He'll know me. This is ridiculous. I'll bet I've stocked this place. I'll bet you couldn't swing an arm, right hand or south paw, without hitting a soul I've sold his ticket to. While you fellers have been sitting around on clouds, drawing bellyache out of harps that ain't in tune, I've been putting pep and ginger into the work. Going right down to Hell and kicking the rotten cowardly Devil on his stinking tail and dragging souls out of the brimstone by their hair, and them in the baldheaded row by the slack of their breeches. Take me up to God. He'll know me. I ain't got time to waste on porters and lackeys and gatekeepers.

GEORGE ELIOT: Just as I told you. Crazy.

MICHAEL: I don't understand him.

RAPHAEL: There's a mistake. He doesn't belong here.

ST. PETER: Gabriel, take him to the Throne.

BILLY SUNDAY: Did you fall-guys ever get left? Pete is on to his job.

(Puts his thumb to his nose and wiggles his fingers at the angels. Goes out with Gabriel.)

Scene II.

God is on the Throne of the Universe. Jesus is standing beside him and millions of Angels shine on either hand. Gabriel and Billy Sunday approach.

GOD: What is it, Gabriel?

GABRIEL: Here is something Peter sent me with. We don't know what it is.

BILLY SUNDAY: It's me, God. Your pardner, Billy Sunday. You know my holler. I'll bet I've shook that throne a thousand times and made the Devil run like a yellow cur with a tin can and a bunch of firecrackers to his tail. I fought the old Brimstone Belcher to the finish, but I had to take the count at last, and here I am. Where is my brother, Jesus?

GOD: Jesus, is this your brother?

JESUS: I do not know him.

BILLY SUNDAY: Why, I have introduced you and your father to some of the biggest audiences ever got together. Glory! Glory! The Devil is turning poor sinners on his fork in the fires of Hell. Too late for them, not too late for you. Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus! Glory! Glory! Salvation is free. God has got his foot on the Devil's neck, holding him while you can escape into Heaven. Jesus holds open the gate. Come to Jesus! Be not too late! Glory! Glory! Don't wait a minute. Come to Jesus now. Now. Right now. . . . That's the stuff. Recognize it?

GOD: No. I never heard it before.

BILLY SUNDAY: Don't you really know me?

GOD: No. I never heard of you.

BILLY SUNDAY: Why, this place must be jammed with souls I sent here.

GOD: No. None of them got here.

BILLY SUNDAY: Not one?

GOD: Are there any, my son?

JESUS: No, not one. I never even heard of one.

BILLY SUNDAY: Where are they?

GOD: I don't know.

BILLY SUNDAY: Are you sure this is Heaven?

GOD: Perfectly sure.

BILLY SUNDAY: Well, I want to tell you right here if this place isn't packed with my souls like a circus-tent on the Fourth of July, it isn't the old, reliable, genuine Heaven. Some one's been asleep at the switch.

GOD: This is Heaven, and none of your souls are here.

BILLY SUNDAY: They must be somewhere.

GOD: Not necessarily.

BILLY SUNDAY: Well, something is wrong. I must have got into the wrong pew. Aren't you Jesus of Nazareth in Galilee—that was?

JESUS: Yes.

BILLY SUNDAY: Well, I've been calling you my brother for years, as loud as I could holler.

JESUS: My brothers are the pure in heart, without malice; whose law is love.

BILLY SUNDAY: There is some mistake. Is there any other Heaven?

GOD: Many of them. There is one for poor African savages who shout and howl and jump around as you did just now. Maybe you will find your friends there. It is near the Monkey Heaven.

BILLY SUNDAY: Why, there is Herman Morgenstern. I sent him to Hell. He kept a family beer garden on Fourth avenue. I sent him and the whole rotten, putrid, stinking, cowardly bunch of saloonkeepers to Hell. They are so low down they will need an airship to reach Hell. What is he doing here?

JESUS: I liked him. He was a gentle, charitable soul.

BILLY SUNDAY: But kept a saloon.

JESUS: I lived with Publicans and Sinners.

BILLY SUNDAY: And there is Margaret Hartwell. She had an illegitimate child. She sold her body. She was a harlot. I sent her to Hell. How did she get here?

JESUS: I liked her. A great mother heart. The one with her is Mary Magdalene.

BILLY SUNDAY: She sold her body.

JESUS: Who sold her body?

BILLY SUNDAY: She did, Margaret Hartwell.

JESUS: Are you sure? Did you ever think that your friends, the Wealthy Manufacturers and Bankers and Money Lords, sold her body?

BILLY SUNDAY: Oh, you are wrong there. They are my very best friends.

JESUS: They were my worst enemies.

BILLY SUNDAY: They pay liberally to save souls and keep the people quiet. I teach the slaves to put their trust in God and hereafter, patiently submitting now. That was my great stunt. I was booked two years ahead when I cashed in.

GOD: When you what?

BILLY SUNDAY: Cashed in. Hopped the twig. Croaked. Died.

GOD: Oh! Gabriel, what is that bad smell?

GABRIEL: I don't know. I have noticed it for some time, but I don't know what it is.

GOD: See if anything is wrong with the sewer to Hell.

(Gabriel goes out)

BILLY SUNDAY: I don't understand this. Who is that big angel?

GOD: That's Bob Ingersoll. He fought superstition all his life.

BILLY SUNDAY: Oh, let me get out of here. Let me out. Not a soul here I know and harlots, saloonkeepers, infidels; a rotten, putrid, dirty, Hell-begotten—

GOD: Don't jump so. Don't get excited again. Remember, you are dead.

BILLY SUNDAY: Sin-livered, soul-stinking bunch. I fought them all my life and when I died—

GOD: Now, be quiet. You are foaming at the mouth.

BOB INGERSOLL: I know his kind. Campmeeting exhorter. Hysterical, epileptic.

BILLY SUNDAY: When I died, I said to my wife, "Nell, send for the butcher and have him skin my hide and tan it into drumheads and hire men to go around saying, 'Billy Sunday still lives and he will fight Satan and the dirty, rotten, stinking bunch of winesellers till they are in Hell, where they belong. For Jesus' sake.'"

JESUS: Leave me out of your imprecations, poor wretch. I

think I know who this is. He is the one I cast into the swine.

(Gabriel comes in.)

GOD: What is it?

GABRIEL: The sewer is all right. It is this soul.

GOD: I thought so. Horrible!

GABRIEL: I noticed it when I was bringing him up, but was ashamed to think any soul could smell that bad.

GEORGE ELIOT: He has used "Rotten," "Putrid," "Stinking," too often.

BOB INGERSOLL: It has struck in.

GEORGE ELIOT: He imagines he is a windmill.

BOB INGERSOLL: Or a baseball-pitcher.

GOD: Gabriel, tie his arms and legs. I can't stand it. You know those old pits where the sulphur-fumes come up from what was Hell?

GABRIEL: Yes, Lord.

GOD: Take him over there. Clean him, bleach him, fumigate him and drop him down to that heaven where the African Medicine Men are.

THE RE-ELECTION OF WILSON

Frank Bohn

WITH the re-election of Wilson the American nation takes up the normal course of development which has marked its whole history except for the period of the slavery contest. The history of the United States is a story of labor. A people conquered the wilderness by toil. Now those who wielded the ax and held the plow handles have always borne a fell-founded grudge against the people who owned the banks and the stores, the ships and the railroads and later the factories. This conflict between the farmer and the capitalist is the one main line of cleavage running through our politics. It began with the settlement of the country and it elected Wilson on November 7th.

Cutting a cross section through this conflict came the slavery struggle in the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century. This sectional conflict assumed importance in 1830 and became critical in 1850. From the Compromise of 1850 until 1876 it completely dominated public life. After the War the Democratic candidate for President was always from the North or West until Wilson of Virginia appeared over the horizon. Meanwhile into the current of the old stream there plunges the vital strength of the new social tributary—the working class. The Wilson regime marks the change of direction forced by this new social element. Beginning his public career as a simple-minded representative of old-fashioned, individualistic America, he finds himself now face to face with the social problems of the new industrialism. It was the old America, its mind just touched by the inspirations of the new time, which re-elected Wilson. His election is a victory for progressivism. Four years ago Mr. Wilson was a conservative who had turned against the Big Business machine in New Jersey because he is honest personally. Four years' experience of national progress has made of him the ablest progressive yet produced by our politics.

The failure of the so-called Progressive party of four years ago as an organization was evident from the conditions of its birth. It was organized for the purpose of venting the spleen of one man. That man is a political fakir of the lowest type. The place of Theodore Roosevelt in our politics parallels that of Billy Sunday in the Church. A study of the careers of these two celebrities shows indeed a most marvelous likeness as regards their character, their methods, their purposes and the sort of minds to which they appeal. The organization of the Progressive party was the worst blow which true progressivism ever received in America. Perhaps one of the most felicitous results of this election is the final eviction of Mr. Roosevelt from national political life. In other years he has played the fakir. This year he played the fool. A million voters, the heart and soul of the Progressive party in the middle and far West deliberately turned from Mr. Roosevelt's advice and voted for Wilson. Roosevelt will try to come back. He can't.

A word concerning the radicalism of Mr. Bryan may not be amiss here. Mr. Bryan represented a very old political current in American history—that of cheap money. A frontier class is always a debtor class. A debtor class always demands cheap money. Mr. Bryan's campaign of 1896 represented the last kick of the belt-ridden farmer who had just taken up new land in the West. Since 1896 Mr. Bryan has forgotten nothing and learned nothing. Historically he is undoubtedly America's greatest orator since Wendell Phillips. Too bad that, except in the cause of peace, he never had a single useful idea to put into his speeches!

When the final reports in California showed that Mr. Wilson had been re-elected, some of the Eastern papers wailed editorially over that perpetual subject of Republican gloom—the Solid South. The editor of an average metro-

politan paper knows as much concerning the "Solid South" as he does about the Far West—that is, he is in a state of abysmal ignorance as regards both of them. One of the funniest paragraphs which was ever printed on paper appeared in a post-election editorial in the *Boston News Bureau*. The *Boston News Bureau* is the official organ of financial Boston and is much read throughout New York and the East. The "Republican captains," it says, "too confident of holding their own in traditional Western bailiwicks, failed to gauge the soft menace of Circean contentment among the farmers and among the newly enfranchised women. Especially the lure of pacifism along the Pacific belt, as a cloak for so much else, was not adequately pierced and exposed."

State street, as everybody knows, is instinctively war-like, a veritable Jeanne d'Arc to grasp the sword on a moment's notice in every good cause. So it sets out to berate the farmers and skilled workers of Ohio and the miners and lumbermen of California and Montana. How disgusting for them in their pampered lives, enjoying plush slipper and rocking chair ease while blasting rock in a sixteen hundred foot hole in Butte, or standing in four feet of icy water in a spring log-drive, to refuse to follow the lead of war-worn heroes of progress like the *Boston News Bureau*.

The farmer of the South, like his brother in the West, is progressive. He is for a low tariff. He is ready to vote for government ownership of railroads. Though less advanced than the Westerner as regards the principles of progressivism, the Southern farmer is learning. Meanwhile, let us have done with the fool attitude of the plutocrats of Boston and New York concerning the "backward" South and the "erratic" West.

Wilson was re-elected primarily because of his successful foreign policy, and his moderate labor reform policies.

Of course, the old-fashioned impossible attitude on the part of some Socialists—that of hating every radical because "he steals our thunder," and so on, has no place in the minds of intelligent persons in 1916. Every Socialist who has horse sense is glad to see Mr. Wilson victorious over Mr. Hughes. We are only sorry that, by reason of his limitations, he will be unable to accomplish much in the future.

For, while Mr. Wilson's heart is good, he has no large vision. Like King Henry of Navarre he wants to see every peasant happy in the possession of a fat fowl to boil with his vegetables. With his head uplifted and his happy smile illuminating the landscape he moves serenely down stream without the slightest notion of the wild rapids ahead. One instinctively feels sorry for him. He has no word to say about the public ownership of railroads. A great strike always finds him in the position of the old farmer who drives his Ford in the automobile race at the state fair. What he knows of the labor movement he has learned recently from the Gompers crowd. Still, during these coming four years there will be great progress toward an eight-hour day. Whenever a governor orders state troops to shoot up strikers the regulars and the Federal courts will, quite likely, keep their hands off. Let us admit that that is better than if they helped in the shooting. But that is about all the labor movement can hope from Mr. Wilson.

Successful Law-Breaking

THE movement for Birth Control is a strictly illegal success. In practically every state we find laws forbidding the dissemination of contraceptive knowledge, yet this knowledge is being given out freely everywhere.

An active campaign of law breaking is being openly carried on, yet surprisingly the more frankly the law is defied the more rapidly do the women of America come forward with approval.

Look at the facts. Two years ago Dr. W. J. Robinson was almost alone in urging that this vital information should be available to the public. Of course he knew, everyone knew, that it was obtainable by the privileged few who could evade the law in secret, but the women of the poor were ignorant that there was any information to obtain. Then into the heart of law-abiding America came a little auburn-haired woman with the pamphlet "Family Limitation," written by herself, herself being Margaret Sanger. Quietly and simply she began to distribute it. Now it flies all over the country by the tens of thousands of copies. Mrs. Sanger has been twice arrested, but in neither case was it for giving out her pamphlet. Successful law-breaking!

But she is not one to be discouraged by so small a thing as being arrested. So after looking over the fields of Europe and after consultation with medical advisers she opened illegally a clinic in Brooklyn where women might receive instruction as to the best methods of birth control. It remained open ten days and at least five hundred women received advice. Then the Law lifted its head of Justice and Mrs. Sanger and her two assistants spent the night in jail.

At her preliminary hearing on Nov. 3d, the court found her guilty, but would not name the section of the criminal code under which she was arrested, nor has it yet done so. Mrs. Sanger's lawyer demanded her release under a writ of *habeas corpus*, but this was denied and she is now out under \$500 bail awaiting trial in Special Sessions. In the meantime she has reopened her clinic and fear-haunted women come in a steady stream, blessing the law-breaker.

Three other cases of arrest for giving out birth control information were disposed of on Oct. 30th. Percy Mavor, Stewart Kerr and Jessie Ashley. The men got fifteen days each, the woman ten days or a fine of \$50—although Justice McInerney in the sternness of his virtue thought she should be jailed for thirty days. She paid the fine and will appeal the case. The interesting thing in these trials was that the court made a distinction between selling the information and giving it away. The law makes no such distinction. All three of the judges, however, seemed anxious to have the law tested by appeal.

This will probably be done quite thoroughly, as Margaret Sanger intends to appeal her case and no doubt Ida Rauh will do the same if found guilty when her case comes up in General Sessions before a jury. Miss Rauh will be represented by very distinguished counsel.

Other recent arrests were Bolton Hall, who was as innocent as a lawyer should be, and was discharged; and Emma Goldman, who is never innocent, of course, but this time did not commit the crime. As one judge observed, "If any of them [them being us, the law breakers] says they didn't do it, I believe them



Drawn by H. S. Smith.

"This Hughes has got a judicial temperament—he won't congratulate Wilson till he gets the official returns."

"He wasn't so judicial about acceptin' congratulations when the first returns came in!"

because they all seem so proud when they have done it."

The one tragic figure in the illegal class is Van Kleek Allison, who is out on \$2000 bail for giving out birth control leaflets in Boston. His case comes up for trial Nov. 20, and the feeling in Massachusetts seems to be one of great severity. To have this young man sent to jail for a long term would be a very serious thing. It would no doubt stir up great indignation and help the cause of birth control immeasurably, but Allison himself would suffer most unjustly.

While the law-breakers are successfully and merrily breaking the way the law-abiding advocates are also busy. More than twenty Birth Control Leagues have been organized for the purpose of repealing laws and preparing educational literature. They open headquarters and hold meetings, crystallize and utilize all the facts medical, legal and social, that the times bring to light.

The New York County Medical Association has formally

resolved to study the medical aspects of Birth Control. The American Public Health Association has adopted a resolution to investigate the situation created by the existing laws. More promising still for practical purposes is the fact that women's organizations are taking up the study of the subject with a view to getting the laws repealed. A meeting of this sort was held on Nov. 17 by the Women's City Club of New York City.

And even the judges who sit to hear cases of crime such as stealing, are beginning to discharge cases where poor women steal bread for starving children. Judge Wadhams, for instance, referred to the laws preventing the dissemination of birth control as vicious laws and blamed those laws for the crime of the woman who stole bread.

Perhaps it may soon be a crime in the eyes of the law to have too many children, just as it is a crime in the eyes of humanity now.

JESSIE ASHLEY.

WHAT THE ELECTION MEANS

Amos Pinchot

IT means a lot of more or less unimportant things and one important one.

Among the former are: We have escaped a Senate owned and operated by the Old Guard; for the rule of seniority would have made the following senators chairmen of important committees, if the Republicans had won: Senator Warren of Wyoming, Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. Warren is the wool man, whom Senator Dolliver spoke of as the greatest shepherd since Abraham. He was the gentleman who tacked on to the appropriations bill \$60,000.00 for a public building in Sundance, Wyoming. Dolliver looked up Sundance and found that in 1900 its population was about 350 and in 1910 about 250. He suggested that, when Mr. Warren's appropriation went through, the whole population would be able to move into the public building, use its elevators, baths, etc., and be quite happy.

Cabot Lodge would have been Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Knute Nelson, bosom friend of Rome C. Brown, of Minneapolis, counsel for the waterpower trust, would have been Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, with jurisdiction over the waterpowers. Reed Smoot, of Utah, a pillar of the Mormon Church, and classed as a Southern Pacific Railway senator, Chairman of Committee on Public Lands. DuPont, of Delaware, Chairman of Committee on Military Affairs; Clark, of Wyoming, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, which has always been a graveyard for progressive legislation; William Alden Smith, Chairman of Committee on Naval Affairs. It was Senator Smith who, during the Titanic inquiry, delighted an English sea captain who was on the stand by asking why the passengers could not have escaped by hiding in the watertight bulkheads. The most important committee in the Senate—*i. e.*, the Finance Committee, would have been presided over by Senator Boise Penrose, of Pennsylvania, while Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, who never said or did a progressive thing so far as the memory of man runs, would have been President pro-tem. of the Senate and Chairman of the Committee on Rules. The election blocks senatorial rule by this particular group of reactionary hacks. But this does not matter very much either, for we have before now fought, dispersed and seen reassemble this old guard which, unlike Napoleon's famous regiment, surrenders but never dies.

The election means that the great male one of Oyster Bay, and other people who are professionally on the side of manhood, must revise their geographical standards of virility; for it was the peace vote of the border cowboy states that re-elected Mr. Wilson. Henceforth we of the red blood must class any man who wears a Stetson hat, rides a bronco, carries a gun or hails from west of the Alleghanies, as a spineless and deplorable spectacle; whereas we are to recognize in poor, misjudged Wall Street and the once effete East, the real champions of heroic-minded America. But this too is unimportant, for we know that the pre-election dust raised about American honor and American manhood was, in fact, dust, and had to go the way of dust.

The election means that there has been a drift of power from Wall Street toward the people; but then there have been other drifts of power in the past—that have continued, until the tide turned back.

The election means that the surface reform groups all over the country—I mean those good people who want to help the poor without interfering with the privileges of the rich—have received a set back. Some of the gloss of their Respectability is a little scratched by the election. But there have also been times in the past when the Mammon of Righteousness has seemed indisposed.

But there is one result of the election which does amount to a good deal. For the President we re-elected has raised a new flag, or, at all events, a flag that no other president has thought or perhaps dared to raise. It is the flag of internationalism. Mr. Wilson has taken the first step toward a public realization that narrow nationalism is out of date, that "America First," "America for America Only," is not only the most contemptible slogan ever invented, but, in the long run, the stupidest and the most dangerous. Historians who study the world in terms of life, and not in terms of battles and dynasties, have begun to realize that individuals and nations live by the same laws. If Smith, or Jones or Robinson boasts a motto "Smith First," "Jones First," or "Robinson First," his career in the community is not apt to be a happy one. If America adopts as its motto "America First," its career in the community of nations will be as unfortunate as was that of the individual who so brashly asserted his claim to preferential treatment. President Wilson has thrown into the debate the principle that patriotism does not demand an unjust preference for our country over other countries. He asserts that any bargain except a just bargain, is, in the long run, a bad bargain. It remains to be seen what America, what the world, will say to him.

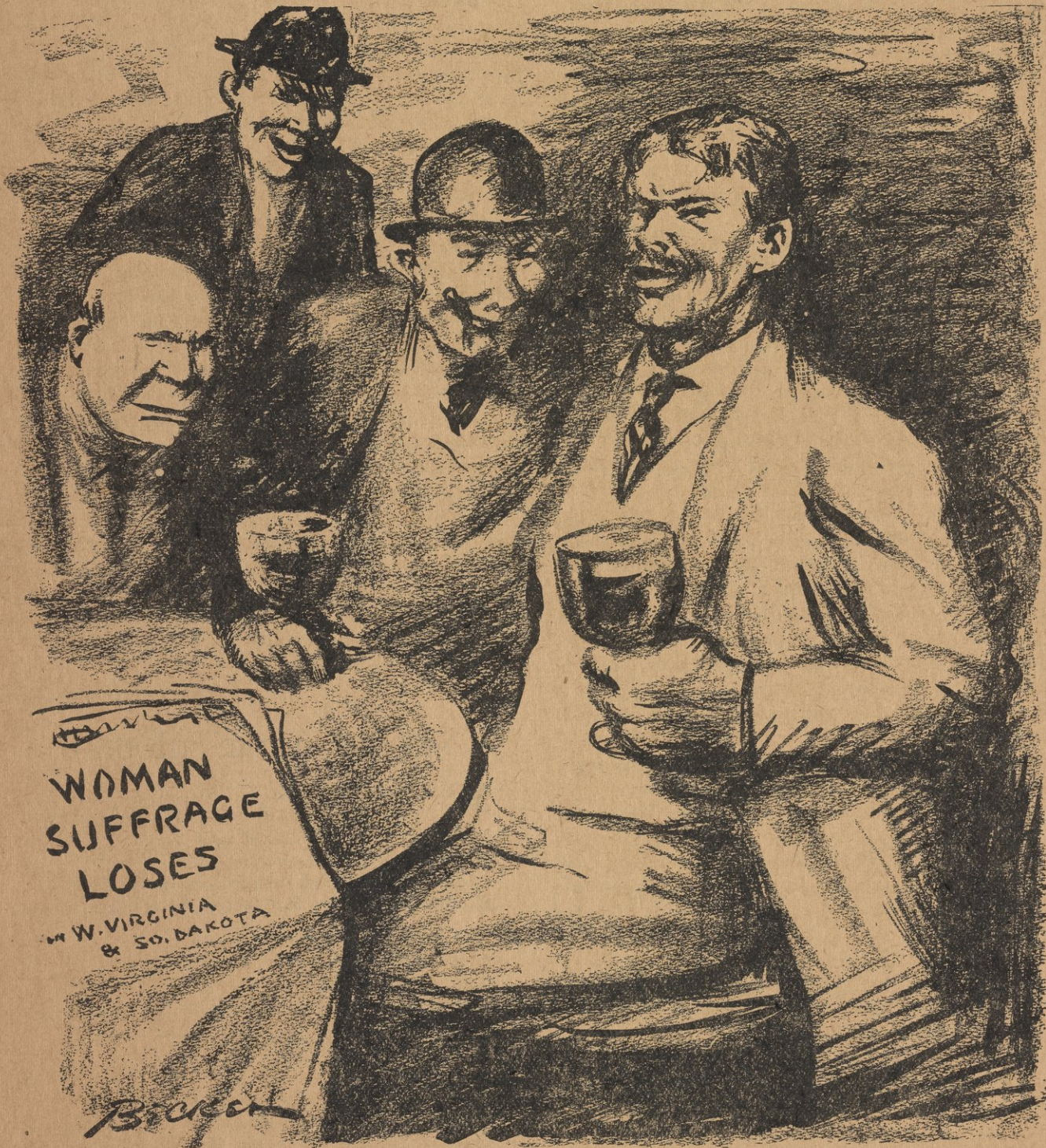
Some of us believe that narrow nationalism, the spirit of inter-race selfishness, suspicion and hatred almost invariably ends in disaster, and generally in war. Some of us think that the war in Europe is merely a case of the flowering of narrow nationalism, of claims made by one people that they are entitled to something more than justice from other people. They have been hating, fearing and envying each other for forty years over in Europe; and it is perfectly natural and consequential that they should now be killing each other. "Germany First," "England First," "France First," "Russia First,"—these are the mottoes that have kindled the bonfire. Does it remain for "America First" to excel the world by starting, in truly American fashion, a still bigger blaze?

The United States ought to know something about narrow nationalism. Our Revolutionary war was a case of it. Though England treated us well or better than any nation treated its colonies, though we were the best governed and least governed colonies in the world, nevertheless the English foreign office was narrowly nationalist; it acted strictly on the principle of "England First." It considered America as a farm, to be worked for the benefit of English commercialism. If we read

the speeches of Burke, Pitt, Fox or Camden, and other members of the so-called American Party in Parliament, we find them a continuous protest against the narrow-nationalism of the King and the ministry.

In the discontent of the colonists, there was absolutely no wish for independence. There was only a desire for just treatment in trade. We loved the King quite slavishly, we wanted to be governed by the mother country. But we could not make hats, because it interfered with the monopoly of the London

hatters, nor textiles, on account of Manchester's looms. The law of 1750, passed by a strong Birmingham and Sheffield lobby in Parliament, made it a crime for Americans to erect a forge or furnace, or any machinery with which to make steel or iron beyond the grade of a horseshoe nail. Fine and imprisonment were the penalties for shipping American goods in anything but English ships, and finally prohibitive export duties levied in American custom houses on every pound of American product that went from the colonies to any country but England, com-



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

"They Aint Our Equals Yet!"

pleted England's tyranny of preferential patriotism in both export and import trade. So England became an England-First tariff protected monopolist. She patriotically became America's sole buyer; she patriotically became her sole seller; she patriotically became her enemy in trade, and she soon patriotically became America's enemy in war—and, patriotically narrow nationalist to the end, lost America.

Mr. Wilson, in his action toward the six-power Chinese loan, toward Mexico, toward Colombia, toward Europe in the case of the Panama tolls controversy, in his moderate treatment of belligerents, now asserts a wiser, more courageous and, I believe, more practical policy. If he continues along the line of internationalism which he seems to have started, and if public education is equal to the strain of understanding what the President is trying to do, he may accomplish a service perhaps larger than that of any other president

Aid and Comfort

THE article "Sect or Class?" in the December number of THE MASSES is well worth perusal, especially to the Local of the Socialist Party of which Mr. Max Eastman is a member.

Mr. Eastman—I call him "Mister" because it sounds less "sectarian" than "Comrade," and not as attempting to forestall party action—Mr. Eastman enunciates in this article a truth well worth the italics he puts it in when he says "The world will not be saved by cranks." Gur-reat! That's w-ONderful!

It reminds you of Shakespeare. It is even reminiscent.

"Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason?"

When it doth prosper, it is never treason."

Similarly, when the world is saved, the 49 per cent. of the electorate cannot well call the 51 per cent. functioning as saviors "cranks." In the meantime, though, it will be cranky to disapprove of the scab, political or industrial.

Mr. Eastman confesses that he has been irritated by denunciations from the "keepers of the sacred dogmas" who didn't like it because he came out for Wilson. But others have a right to be irritated, also. Here is the situation:

No so-called Progressive movement this year to draw off votes from Socialism;

The Republicans and the Democrats with platforms that might have been written by the same man, so much alike they were;

A choice between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, Wilson and Hughes;

A high probability that the Socialist Party would poll a big enough vote, and elect enough legislators in the Congress and the State Legislatures to make it "the political instrument of the working-class,"

And then, on the cue, at the psychological moment, a mob of revolutionary Socialists rush on the stage, shouting: "Hooray for Wilson!" William English Walling, Ernest Poole, Ellis O. Jones, John Reed, Max Eastman, and "Mother" Jones—it needed "Mother" Jones.

Result: The one lone Socialist in Congress just gets by with a diminished plurality and if our national vote holds up to what it was four years ago, we'll be pretty lucky.

We who have kept the faith, if we're whom you mean by "the keepers of the sacred dogmas," we who have made some sacri-

fices, have ripped the lining out of our throats barking against noises on chilly street-corners, we who have got up Sunday mornings at 6 o'clock to distribute leaflets, we who have had bags of water thrown on us by people who cried: "Hooray for Wilson!" the same as you,—Don't you think *we* have a right to be irritated?

I have had it thrown up to me that you and a lot of prominent Socialists had come out for Wilson, and why shouldn't I? If you don't mind my saying it, Mr. Eastman, I feel pretty damn sore at the way you've acted.

Because, it isn't as if you were a complete innocent. When the Woodrow Wilson Independent League asked you for a statement, what did you think they meant to do with it? Heh? What did you think they meant to do with it but to use it to draw Socialist votes away from "the political instrument of the working-class," so it wouldn't be the "political instrument of the working-class" for four years anyhow?

Your opinion goes for something. You've got to consider what you say and what will be the effect of what you say. Caesar's wife can't go around beefing that it's a hell of a note if a perfect lady can't be seen coming out of a dollar hotel with a nice young man at 2 o'clock in the morning, without doctrinaires and sectarians flapping their dirty mouths. "Let us allow ourselves the natural emotions of our species," say Caesar's wife and Max Eastman.

Of course, it was only an accident of the make-up that this advice to the voter to go back to work in the struck shop of the Democratic Party should have been followed by the glad news that THE MASSES, which, a month ago, was in danger of having to cease publication, was now all right again. I attach no importance to the unfortunate conjunction. Others will, though.

Still and all, you're a good prophet when you say: "The membership falls off though the vote increases." Fifty-fifty is pretty good for a prophet, and though you may be wrong about the increase of the vote (thanks to you and the others), if there isn't a falling off in the membership of the Party at the next business meeting, it will be a mighty funny thing, I tell you.

Aid and comfort to the enemy.

EUGENE WOOD.

MORNING-AFTER THOUGHT

ME! Me! I shrieked . . .
Flaunting the red ribbon of my personality,
Before his kind, bewildered eyes . . .
When he stood alone in quiet places
I sought him out and dragged him to the light—
All the while talking loud, above the revelers' shouts.

"See—see—am I not flamboyant . . .
Aren't my little comments nice and clever—
Can't I turn a phrase brilliantly . . .
And please regard my bold, challenging person . . .

Me! Me! Me! I shrieked . . .
How could he know—
That it was only a slim, wistful voice in me,
Crying out for a quiet moment of understanding—
Groping humbly for a bit of contact with what
seemed to be the fulness of his soul. . . .

Nan Apotheker.

Revolutionary Progress

The Betrayal

REVEREND WILLIAM T. MANNING, rector of Trinity Parish, New York, has declared himself in favor of teaching all young boys how to slaughter and mangle each other in hatred for the honor of the flag. He says that nothing could be better for their spiritual development. Not content with this sanguinary employment of his own influence as a moral leader, he drags Jesus Christ into his company, and allows his words to convey the impression that Jesus too was both military and nationalistic.—And yet there is nothing outrageous or unusual about this rector. He is entirely *au fait* with his parish, in good standing with Churchdom, a loyal representative of the institution that pays him. It is not this rector, but that institution as a whole—both Protestant and Catholic—that has betrayed its Master, and delivered him into the hands of the enemy. This is proven by the fact that “Our Lord Jesus” as a nationalistic military trainer, preached by the second highest authority in the parish, at a great anniversary gathering in the chief temple in America, evoked no revolt, no remonstrance, no expression of surprise even, from anybody. There is no one left in the whole parish loyal enough to draw the sword.

We say again—the Church is Judas Iscariot.

M. E.

Kinds of War

WE are not advocates of violence, but as between two current misfortunes we much prefer domestic to international violence. For in domestic violence it usually happens that some definite benefit is being fought for, and not infrequently the fighting holds a possibility of gaining the benefit; whereas in international wars the fighting usually arises at the bidding of blind tribal instincts wholly maladjusted to the present real world, and even where concrete ends are aimed at, they are habitually lost and forgotten in a welter of hereditary patriotic emotions long before the war ends. When a man is impelled to the extremity of taking up arms, we like to think that he has deliberated about some concrete end that he has in view, and the relation to that end of the means he employs, and not that he is merely responding automatically to a stimulus in the manner of these hereditary instincts. Such deliberation about ends and means is, in fact, the distinguishing feature of moral conduct. And we venture to say that all seriously moral people have a general preference for civil over soldierly violence.

The young man who attempted to blow up a New York subway-station as a protest against the tyranny exercised by Messrs. Shonts and Hedley over their motormen and conductors, is a case in point. “I would gladly give my life,” he said, “for 14,000 men.” It may certainly be questioned whether at this time and in this place he could actually help those 14,000 strikers, and their struggling wives and families, by this act of violence. His judgment may have been hasty. But at a time when

ministers of the gospel of Christ Jesus are advocating that all our boys should be taught the art of organized murder for such sentimental and vaguely conceived purposes as “the honor of the flag,” we can only give thanks that he thought about the consequences of his act at all. In all the blood-shouting here was one man at least whose taste for violence was moderate, and who was able to state in concrete human terms the purpose of his sacrifice. Would it not improve the morale of our community to lock these sanguinary ministers in jail for advocating unreasonable and inconsequential violence, and send this young man into their pulpits to preach a gospel of thoughtful incendiarism?

M. E.

ANYONE feeling the need of light and harmless amusement is advised to reread the New York papers of Wednesday morning. Hearst was sure the election was mostly about his property in Mexico. The *Sun* took an omnibus gloat up and down the line. The *Tribune*, generous in its hour of triumph (hour is correct), did not have any harsh words for Wilsonism except spurious, base, meretricious, indolent, unheroic, cheaply sentimental, demoralized, corrupted, slothful, feeble spirited, loose talking, lax thinking, political window dressing, dawdling, dodging, criss-crossing, futile, saddening, depressing and chicken-hearted.

H. B.

In a Free Country

THE following letter was addressed by the Vice-President of the Municipal Council in Paris to the Prefect of Police. The Vice-President of the Council would correspond roughly to an Acting Mayor in this country. We translate from a French newspaper of October 14th:

“Monsieur le Prefect,

I am informed by the newspapers of an incredible measure taken at the direction of the Metropolitan [Subway Company] in regard to the newspaper *l'Événement*, the sale of which has been forbidden on all the newsstands at its stations.

Such an arbitrary act is a scandal, and I do not doubt that, if it had been brought to your attention, you would already have given orders to have it stopped. At least I assume that no sanction was given to such an act of prohibition against no matter what lawful publication.

I have then the honor to inform you that I will bring up this subject at the next session of the Municipal Council, in order that the Council may put an end, once for all, to such attempts at censorship in the newsstands, which were built upon a concession from the city of Paris.

Please accept, Monsieur le Prefect, the expression of my distinguished consideration.

DHERBECOURT,
Vice-President du Conseil municipal.”



"Our Lord Jesus Christ does not stand for peace at any price . . . Every flag lowered in dishonor . . . I wish to say that, not only from the standpoint of principle . . . I believe there is nothing that would be of such great practical value . . ."
—Rev.

Then Judas, which betrayed him, answered and said,
Master, is it I? He said unto him, Thou hast said.

Matthew 26:25.



Every true American would rather see this land face war than see her
standpoint of a citizen, but from the standpoint of a minister of religion
benefit to us as universal military training for the men of our land."
Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, Rector of Trinity Parish, New York City.

Military Praying

STRONG opposition to a prayer for the army and navy was put up in the House of Deputies of the Protestant Episcopal Church by the Christian Socialist deputies. The church is revising its prayer book.

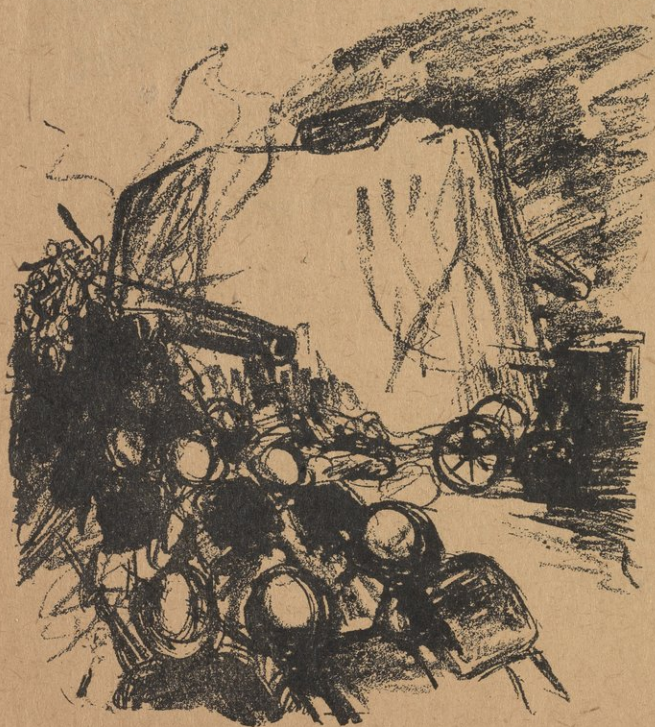
"If we put a prayer like this before the youth of our nation," said Dr. Melish, the leader of the opposition, eloquently ignoring the question of putting the prayer before God, or measuring its probable efficacy upon the army and navy. When a man becomes as reasonable as that, it is about time he was excused from the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Back To The Dark Ages?

THE citizens of Everett, Washington, take a medieval view of their city. They do not, apparently, regard it as part of this nation, to all the inhabitants of which certain rights have been guaranteed by the Constitution. They regard themselves as a separate political entity, with the privilege of doing exactly what they please. They have pleased to erect a de facto oligarchy, composed of business men, and this oligarchy has expelled from the city limits some American citizens whom the oligarchy regards as undesirable residents. The return of the exiles in force, and the battle between the armed forces of the oligarchy and the returning exiles, is only the logical consequence of that medieval conception of a city. But it is not the last consequence. If Everett—and other cities—are going to keep themselves to themselves, they will have to go the limit, and put up a wall around the town. The exiles will buy howitzers—and I for one will contribute to the fund—and siege will be laid. The newspapers will contain such headlines as these:

LOS ANGELES ENTERED!

I. W. W. FORCES BREAK THROUGH SOUTHERN WALL
AND DESPERATE BATTLE RAGES IN THE
STREETS—TWO THOUSAND KILLED



Either that, or the business men of such cities must come to their senses, realize that they are part of the United States of America, read the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, and fight their battles with their employees with the ordinary legitimate weapon of starvation, which is still legal and proper in the year 1917.

F. D.

Socialists For Wilson

IN every country on earth where there is a progressive party, Socialists have found a way of co-operating with it—both in legislatures and at elections. In Europe not even the most revolutionary Socialists object to this cooperation. Only American Socialists have as yet failed to find a way by which—under our peculiar political conditions—such cooperation may be had without obscuring for the voters the lines that separate bourgeois and Socialist progressivism, or endangering the independence of the Party.

But whether the American Socialist organization has found a way or not the voters have found a way. In the special crisis we passed through on the 7th of November hundreds of thousands of Socialist voters temporarily transferred their support to the party of Woodrow Wilson. This took place from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but it was specially marked in Chicago, where the male vote showed only one-half of previous figures.

In fact, Socialist voters have found several ways of supporting the progressives. A second way has been when they have split their ticket radically, as they did in this election in nearly every state of the Union. This might mean several different things. It does mean—in the overwhelming majority of cases—one thing and one thing only. These electors voted the Socialist ticket, but they also voted to elect Wilson.

A third and new means of supporting Wilson seems less open to Socialist objection. A large number of New York Socialist voters (not Party members, of course) acted on the following preconcerted plan (it was especially popular at Columbia University):

They voted the Socialist ticket except as to President.

As to President, they voted for the three most prominent Socialist electors, and for the other forty-two democratic electors.

Thus their protest vote counted—100 per cent—for Benson and would so appear in the total Socialist vote.

At the same time they give Wilson forty-two forty-fifths, or, let us say, 95 per cent. of their vote.

Thus they devised a sort of impromptu second ballot—in accord with the scientific principles of proportional representation—and they used this ballot precisely as it is used by every Socialist Party on the Continent of Europe.

The American Socialist Party may continue to dodge or postpone this question. The Socialist voters will continue to solve it as they go along. Their solutions may sometimes be crude, and sometimes wholly mistaken—but they can no longer be persuaded to shut their eyes and accept the Party's assurances that the issue does not exist.

WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING.

An American Type

THERE was a photograph circulated a few months ago of an American holiday. It showed a crowd of sleek, well fed, smugly clad men, a few women, and a few children held high on the shoulders of the men, watching with boisterous enthusiasm the hanging of a young negro to a tree. I had never seen a lynching and something in me, perhaps it was patriotism, had made it difficult to visualize the sort of people who took part. It is not difficult now, after seeing that photograph. It never should have been difficult. I had been told many times that the men who did the lynchings and those who took part in the celebration were a type distinctly American, the sort of creatures who measure themselves not by any accomplishment of their own, not by what they do, but by the failures around them; the sort whose idea of getting on is to stand as near as they can, nearer anyhow than someone else, to people who hold power over the lives of others.

The men whose faces I recognized in the photograph, as I know from personal experience, do not confine their pastime and their expressions of patriotism to lynching. They do the detective work for employers and the police departments in times of strikes; they hire the thugs for the employers to beat up strikers. I recognized the men in the photograph as the same that hang like vultures around picket lines. They are the same men that make up Citizens' Alliances, the Law and Order men. They were prominent in the Free Speech fights a few years ago on the Pacific Coast. They handled the men in those fights, the men who were an annoyance to local employers, with rather more consideration than the lynchers handled the negro. They did not hang them to a tree or burn them at a stake, but with consummate coolness they escorted them out of the towns to which they came, tarred and feathered them, left them in a desolate, uninhabited district to recover, if their constitution was strong enough.

There may be other countries as civilized as ours where these eminently respectable citizens give the Law practical lessons in administration, but my impression is that outside of America the eminently respectable citizens consider it beneath their dignity to do themselves the dirty work which the law is supposed to do. The purpose of the Law is to keep up their gentlemanly appearance.

H. M.

American Law

IT is, I suppose, a sign of advancing American culture that American Law is taking over the methods of the Citizens' Alliance and giving our citizens an opportunity to assume the appearance of the gentlemen that they are at heart.

We used to think that we were badly treated by police and detectives, when as sympathizers we were arrested, insulted, or pushed off the sidewalk because we took our places in a picket line and helped the strikers. But the people who started out for Bayonne recently to help the strikers never even got there. They were met outside the strikers' meeting place and forbidden entrance, not by a Citizens' Alliance, but by the police and the sheriff: they were met down the street or at the entrance to the town and given the choice of turning back or going to jail.

In Wilkes-Barre, where the street-car men have been on strike for thirteen months, and where in that whole period the working class population has refused to ride on the cars, the jitneys which were run for the convenience of the sympathizers were prohibited by the magistrates of police courts from entering the town. It was also at the entrance to the town of Everett, Washington, that the sympathizers with the striking shingle weavers were held up by the law and turned back. When, a little later, a privately chartered boat of sympathizers undertook to dock in Everett, they were told by the sheriff on the pier that they could not land, and their resistance to his order was answered with a shower of bullets which killed several and injured many. The fact that the sympathizers returned the fire and killed several of the sheriff's posse, will not obscure for any free-minded person the fact that the regularly appointed authorities for the administration of law and order refused men entrance to a city because they came there to help other men who were on strike against terms of employment.

But the lawlessness of the law in its treatment of labor sympathizers is mild in comparison to its revised methods of handling labor leaders. It used to charge leaders engaged in the direction of strikes with disorderly conduct and let them out on bail pending an appeal or prosecution. It has, as in Lawrence, charged the leaders with murder and effectively disposed of them during a strike. This latter method is now being pursued, but there is every evidence that it is not a part of the new policy to stop at indictment or prosecution of labor leaders, but to carry the framed-up cases through to conviction. "Hang them," "Jail them for life"—either accomplishes the purpose.

No one suggests the indictment of the Manufacturers' Association or the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce as accessories before the fact of conspiracy, murder, falsified evidence, corruption of government, corruption of the courts. Yet they subscribed \$1,000,000 each to clean up the unions and rid the country of the undesirable labor leaders, and the undesirable leaders are in jail for life or awaiting death sentence in the West and in the East, and there is no evidence outside of the activities of the law that the \$2,000,000 is at work.

H. M.

A National Counsel

LABOR can not bring such facts as the above into Court. Labor does not go to the Courts as prosecutor, it is dragged there as defendant. And, in spite of the anarchist advice to waive defence, when labor is taken to the Court as defendant, it has found that the place serves as well as another for a forum. It is indeed quite as good a place as street corners, where the freedom of speech is almost equally curtailed.

The new National Defense Counsel will give the most defenseless labor group a better opportunity than it has had to turn the defense of its victims to important account. With the Counsel in action the employers will find that it requires more than one or two million dollars to deprive labor of its leaders and friends. It will not take one million dollars to finance the Counsel; it will take \$5,000 to capitalize it and this must be subscribed at once if the pending cases are to realize the advantage of the support and advertisement which the Counsel can give them.

H. M.

Street Car Strikes

THE New Yorker knows that a street car strike can not depend for success on popular sympathy. He knows this because he has seen it. But New York is not Wilkes-Barre or any other town. It is just New York, as the New York and Wilkes-Barre strikes prove. It is 13 months since the employees of the Wilkes-Barre street car company went on strike. The cars have been running without hindrance and running empty.

John A. Burrows writes: "The people are boycotting the cars, and if anyone wants to see a wonderful sight, let him come to Wilkes-Barre and see this traction strike which is thirteen months old and in as good a state today as on the day it started. The company tried to force an arbitration award on the men which the state representatives repudiated. They imported Wadell strike breakers and by creating an anti-Catholic issue, got the boys from the country to take the places of the strikers.

"The company found that their appeals to the public did not bring any revenue. The strikes threatened ruin until the company played a bold stroke. The City Council had drafted an ordinance at the beginning of the strike providing that anyone who operated a jitney bus had to give a surety bond to the extent of \$2,500, and regulated the number of persons a jitney might carry. At the request of the counsel of the Allied Trades, which had been formed for the support of the strikers, the City Council agreed not to put the ordinance into operation until the strike was over. That did not suit the company, which appealed to the local courts. They rendered decision that the ordinance was legal and demanded its enforcement. Consequently, the jitneys were driven off the streets of Wilkes-Barre the following Monday. That was a memorable day in the history of the city. The mayor, who had gone over body and breeches to the company, had the streets which gave access to the city policed as if the Russian steam roller was about to come through the hills and invade the valley.

"The Black Cossacks the city police were stationed at every entrance, and no jitney could enter the city. But the workers

stayed at home when they could not get to work save on the cars.

"The Allied Trades drafted amendments to the jitney ordinance and submitted them to city councilmen individually. The mayor announced that he was opposed to them because they had come from the Allied Trades.

"The Allied Trades then engaged an attorney and began proceedings to get from the State Supreme Court a writ of super-sedas that would act as a stay on the enforcement of the jitney ordinance. After a month's delay the court handed down the writ and again the jitneys came back to the city.

"The council of the Allied Trades got out a leaflet, asking the people outside the city to buy their goods at home. This was their retort to the Chamber of Commerce. Thirty thousand of the leaflets were distributed, and some of the merchants had rather a hard time as a result.

"The first night of the enforcement of the jitney ordinance the mayor turned loose the Black Cossacks and they lived up to their reputation. They rode down the citizens, clubbed and broke heads, and generally raised the hell! they are supposed to suppress.

"But after that circular of the Allied Trades got to working the mayor had a change of heart. The Black Cossacks were kept off the streets, and the city police did the work of keeping the peace. They rode the cars to protect the passengers, though the passengers had no need of protection. Then something broke. The city police, to the number of twenty-three, resigned rather than assist the Traction Company and ride the cars with strikebreakers. And so the matter stands to-day."

Improbable Epitaphs

Here lies the body of
HENRY R. WATKINS,

Late private, Co. K, Kentish Rifles, who fell at Ypres, March 20, 1915. He died to establish the supremacy of British over German tin pie plates in the markets of Tierra del Fuego. Hence this monument, erected in grateful memory by

The Sheffield Manufacturers' Association.

Here rest the remains of
HANS SCHMIDT,

cook, 118th Regiment, Bavarian Landsturm, who died of exhaustion at Pozieres, France, July 25, 1916. He sacrificed himself on the altar of the Fatherland in order that its goods might no longer suffer unjust discrimination at the customs house in Shanghai, China. Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Here is the resting place of
MIKAIL MIKAILOVITCH,

89th Siberian Cavalry, who gave up his life in battle at the crossing of the Stokhod River, July 22nd, 1916, in order that the Russkoye Import & Export Company, of Moscow, might have a Warm Port on the Atlantic Ocean.

PHILLIPS RUSSELL.



Drawn by G. T. Hartmann.

SILENCE

“RUBY,” said Fannie at last,
 After all the small-talk had been exhausted,
 And clothes, food, relatives, Leander’s school-work,
 The new Methodist minister, the changed hours at the
 railroad shops,
 The young doctor who had taken the place of the old
 one,
 And a score of other similar topics
 Had been mentioned, questioned about, exclaimed over,
 And decently interred conversationally.
 “Ruby, it’s been nearly five years since I’ve seen you,
 And then it was just for a short time, when *he* died,
 And you were so upset we couldn’t talk.
 And before that it had been three years—no, four—
 Since we had talked for any length of time.
 Ruby”—here she shifted her seat a little further from
 the table,
 Applying herself more assiduously to her darning,
 “Ruby, we used to have great talks together
 When we were girls here, and after,
 When you had married Jake Mudd and I, Henry
 Brown;
 And after your Leander was born. . . .
 And—somehow—we don’t have those same talks now;
 Something is in the way, and I’m not rightly sure
 what,
 But I don’t think it’s in me.
 What’s happened to you, Ruby, that has changed you
 so?”
 She stopped, half-appalled at her daring,
 Half-consciously virtuous at doing her duty by her
 friend.
 The other sat quietly,
 In repose almost for the first moment of the morning;
 But her two restless hands were held taut;
 Then they suddenly fluttered, like the wings of a bird
 in distress,
 Fluttered up to her neck, and pressed her collar a bit
 wider.
 And then she turned to Fannie, and the tears did not
 come.
 Something was unlocked, something loosened,
 As she started speaking quietly and very rapidly:
 “There is something, but I can’t lay my fingers on it;
 It’s not something you can touch, or rightly speak of;
 Nothing nobody’s done,—but it’s here just the same,
 Realer than the table there, or this henrietta I’m
 working on.
 I can’t tell rightly how to talk about it, Fannie;
 It’s nothing that happened since *he* died—that was a
 part of it;
 And now it’s Leander, too, and Jake’s brother Aaron
 who lives here,
 And the house, and everyone I meet,—
 Even you. . . .
 You know we used to laugh, Fannie,

That you, as quiet as a mouse, had drawn Hank Brown,
 As noisy as a house afire,
 And I, who chattered like a trill-sparrow,
 Had married Jake, who never said a word
 Unless you squeezed it out of him. . . .
 Jake *was* good, you know, Fan; he *was* good to me,
 And he did love me; but he couldn’t talk.
 He used to come in, night after night, from his work,—
 We two were alone then—and never say a word,
 Just leave his tin and derby and coat in the hall,
 And walk through the kitchen, and sit in the dining-
 room
 Reading his paper. . . . At first he used to pat
 me as he passed,
 Just a tap on the shoulder, to take the place of a hello;
 Then he stopped even that.
 At first I would say, ‘What’s in the paper, dear?’
 Anything to get a word out of him,
 Sitting there like a very silent Sphinx itself—
 And he would hand me the paper without a word.
 Supper the same; evening the same;
 Day after day, night after night,
 With Sunday a longer silence. . . .
 I used to rattle and slam the pans about, to get a kick
 out of him;
 Nary a word.
 I used to scold and jaw and almost shake him;
 Nary a word.
 I used to talk and talk and talk and talk—
 Nary a word.
 And then Leander came. . . .
 He never cooed and bubbled as other children do,
 He was quiet and dour and gloomy then,
 Just as you see him today.
 I would talk louder and louder,
 Anything to break the silence—
 I talk too loud now. No use.
 He died—. In some crazy moments
 I wonder if he didn’t do that too to spite me,
 Partly to be shut of my tongue,
 Partly to take away from me even the sound
 Of his shutting the door as he left for work in the
 morning,
 And shutting it again at night,
 And walking quietly around the house;
 He went where he could be entirely silent.
 And Aaron—when Jake’s brother came here,
 I said to myself, ‘The man *must* talk sometimes’;
 He doesn’t. . . .
 I’ve grown afraid of this silence—it’s got on my nerves,
 It’s all I can hear. . . .
 I seem to go about, groping my way in it;
 Sometimes it comes over me so
 I stand shaking like a leaf,
 Ready to scream, to do anything, to break it. . . .
 Those boarders I took, hoping they would cheer things
 up,—
 But do you know, Fannie, as I am a living woman,

I've heard this silence so long, I couldn't rightly hear
 what they said!
 Except that silence. . . .
 Fannie, I sometimes think I can't hear rightly
 Except that silence. . . .
 Even your talk is something outside of me, way off,
 Something that can't outtalk this eternal silence. . . .
 So I talk louder and louder—it does no good. . . .
 Sometimes I think—I haven't words to say it—
 The time will come when I can't hear
 Even my own voice, even my own scream,
 Everything smothered in the silence. . . ."

CLEMENT WOOD.

SHELLS

THOUSANDS of shells washed up on the beach—
 Exquisite empty forms . . .
 Here a few (shining ones) for the children of the
 race to play with . . . delightedly . . .
 for a time;
 There a few to swell the vast collection . . .
 endlessly preserved;
 But nearly all to crumble into sand—the great up-
 bearing sand—
 And never a one to house again the soft little life of
 the shell-builder.

Nina Bull.

BY A STREAM

SHE walks across the meadow
 Bathed in pale sunlight;
 Long green alder wands by the stream
 She is like you,
 Swaying slightly.
 Wind, touching her curled hair
 Does it remind you
 Of the little alder-buds
 On the wands by the stream in spring?

THE SWIMMER'S SONG

ALL day the cool waters
 Run smoothly for the swimmer,
 With little leaves floating
 And little green fishes;
 And wonderful pebbles
 In the bed of the stream.

But at night the wind rises
 And the red leaves are drowned,
 And pebbles grate and drift
 In the current of the waters,
 And the happy feet
 Of the swimmer are gone.

Lydia Gibson.

Non-Combatants

Sketched By Jo Nivison

Strikers' children entertained at luncheon by the
 Authors League while their fathers are fighting for
 more wages and better conditions.



BOOKS THAT ARE INTERESTING

A MONTHLY REVIEW CONDUCTED BY FLOYD DELL

Anatole France

THE other day some of us were discussing Anatole France. To some of us his sudden appearance as an ardent patriot seemed another pathetic instance of the *bouleversement* of intellect which the war has brought about among the intellectuals of all nations. In his case it seemed not only pathetic but rather amusing. For when a man has a reputation for detachment, for disillusionment, for utter cynicism, when his career is founded upon his freedom from sentimental attachments to existing institutions, customs and ideas, he cannot suddenly offer his heart's devotion to one of these objects without appearing somewhat ridiculous. Anatole France is known as a satirist of his country's army, of his country's history. In one of his books he depicts his fellow-countrymen as penguins, and accounts for their absurdities on the ground that they are not really human beings at all. At the conclusion of this book, moreover, he prophetically describes the present war, representing the acme of their penguinian folly. No one could have imagined that the author of these pages would presently be writing patriotic rhetoric about the glorious armies of France.

But, as a matter of fact, there was no such sudden change in Anatole France. His reputation for detachment was in part at least undeserved. If anyone will go to the first volume of the John Lane edition of his "Life and Letters," he will find there the same patriotic Anatole France who was the subject of our surprised discussion. It seems that an ex-soldier had written a novel about army-life, in which he described the French soldier as a low-down, lustful, lying, thieving creature—as being, indeed, much like most of the people in Anatole France's books. Now this novel had been found in the possession of a soldier, and he was punished for reading it, and the book was burned on a dung-heap. This piece of silly military malice is described and commended by Anatole France; and the "general order" in which this course is prescribed in the event of another copy of the book being found in barracks, is quoted by Anatole France, with the comment that while he does not admire the style of this document, he approves of its spirit.

The book itself M. France denounced as a lie. He roundly asserted that the French soldier is not a low-down, lustful, lying, thieving creature. And in any case he does not want anybody to be allowed to defame the French Army. He has, he says, always stood for the freedom of letters; but there is a limit. "If anything is sacred"—

Yes—if anything is sacred to Anatole France, what is it? Not the reputation of God, nor the institution of marriage, certainly. Not, one would have said, anything in heaven or earth. What is there that he has not laid impious hands upon, laughed to scorn, torn to pieces, mocked at as an absurdity? What is sacred?

"If anything is sacred, it is the Army."

You may think this is satire. But read the original passage and you will be convinced. Anatole France is, and apparently always has been, a militarist, of the ordinary sentimental sort.

In the same volume there is a passage in which he describes the maneuvers of a cavalry brigade with all the delight of a uniform-struck young girl. It is in an essay in which he has denounced Zola for misrepresenting the French peasantry—who, according to Anatole France, are good, simple, pious, and chaste. He fears, moreover, that this book of Zola's will please the Germans. Yes, Anatole France has always been a good Frenchman.

Disillusioned? Detached? Cynical? He was all of these things, truly enough. But why should these things be taken to mean that a man is capable of straight thinking? They are, in fact, sentimental reactions, of but the smallest intellectual significance. People—and, especially, women—have behaved badly in the eyes of M. France; and because he loves people so much, he has been forced, in self-protection, as the armory of a wounded soul, to try to despise them. When he finds someone who seems really to think people are poor wretches, he forgets his wounds and rushes to their defense. No, it is not because Anatole France has conceived of a nobler humanity, but because he is too fond of us as we are, that he satirizes us. It is not because he has conceived of a new and greater league of nations, but because he is in love with France, that he has mocked at her. He has suffered no change of heart since the invasion of France—he has only dared to let his heart be seen. F. D.

The Lady With The Lamp

SUPPOSE that all the male members of the Royal families of the warring nations, and all the Premiers and Presidents and Cabinets, and all the Army Councils and Commanders in Chief and their staffs, and the Editors of all the leading journals, and the Presidents of all the big Banks, were compelled to go up to the front line trenches,—and stay there. We need not put them—alas! that we can do this thing only in our imagination—at Verdun or on the Somme. Let us give them a chance. A "quiet" portion of the line would do. And to this brilliant company let us add the leaders of opinion in America who believe that this country is the laughing stock of the rest of the world, and is eternally disgraced because we are not fighting against Germany or against the Allies. Then let us suppose just a couple of shells to burst amidst these great ones of the earth—these chosen rulers of the people—these Statesmen.—And perhaps a passing aeroplane might drop a bomb of poisonous gas among them. What would happen? Ellen La Motte can tell us better than anyone else, more truthfully than Kipling, with more vigor than Wells, with more passion than Arnold Bennett. She has written a book called "The Backwash of War" (Putnams. \$1 net)—thirteen short chapters of pity and pain, thirteen tales of agony and bloody sweat, of anguish, cruelty and despair beyond endurance, of patience beyond belief.

Let Ellen La Motte tell us what would happen to our Kings and Captains in the trenches. Undoubtedly some of them would be killed outright—perhaps Asquith and King Albert and Count Zeppelin and the Editors of *The Outlook* and *The Fatherland*

and *Punch*. The rest of them would be more or less badly wounded. This is Ellen La Motte's story of a French soldier named Marius, one of the rank and file, but it would do just as well for one of the Commanders in Chief.

"In a field hospital, some ten kilometers behind the lines, Marius lay dying" [just as it might be the Crown Prince or Lord Northcliffe, or Colonel Roosevelt]. "For three days he had been dying and it was disturbing to the other patients. The stench of his wounds filled the air, his curses filled the ward—For three days, night and day, he screamed in his delirium, and no one paid much attention thinking it was delirium. And all the while the wound in the abdomen gave forth a terrible stench, filling the ward, for he had gas gangrene, the odor of which is abominable,—He shouted with laughter,—he knew himself so near death, and it was good to be able to say all that was in his heart. An orderly approached him. He raised himself in bed, which the orderly knew, because the doctor had told him, was not a right position for a man who has a wound in his stomach, some thirty centimetres in length. However, he was strong in his delirium, so the orderly called another to help him throw the patient on his back. Soon three were called to hold the struggling man down,—His was a filthy death. He died after three days cursing and raving. Before he died, that end of the ward smelled foully, and his foul words, shouted at the top of his delirious voice, echoed foully. Everyone was glad when it was over."

See that man in the next bed, it might be Sir Edward Grey or Poincaré or Bethmann Hollweg.

"He's dying too. They trepanned him when he came. He can't speak. He wants to write. Isn't it funny! He has a block of paper and a pencil, and all day long he writes, writes, on the paper. Always and always, over and over again, he writes on the paper, and he gives the paper to everyone who passes. He's got something on his mind that he wants to get across, before he dies. But no one can understand him. No one can read what he has written—it is just scrawls, scribbles, unintelligible. Day and night, for he never sleeps, he writes on that block of paper, and tears off the sheets and gives them to everyone who passes. Once we took the paper away to see what he would do and then he wrote with his finger upon the wooden frame of the screen. The same thing, scribbles, but they made no mark on the screen, and he seemed so distressed because they made no mark that we gave him back his paper again, and now he's happy. Or I suppose he's happy. He seems content when we take his paper and pretend to read it. He seems happy, scribbling those words that are words to him but not to us. Careful! Don't stand too close! He spits. Yes, all the time, at the end of every line he spits. Far too. Way across the ward. Don't you see that his bed and the bed next are covered with rubber sheets? That's because he spits. Big spits, too, far across the ward. And always he writes, incessantly, day and night. He writes on that block of paper and spits way across the ward at the end of every line. He's got something on his mind that he wants to get across. Do you think he's thinking of the Germans? He's dying though. He can't spit so far today as he did yesterday."

Or take the case of that nameless soldier in the chapter "Pour la Patrie." It might be Lloyd George, or Von Turpitz, or William Randolph Hearst. He did not want to die, he fought against it. He wanted to live, and he resented Death very bitterly. Capolarde, the priest, was with him giving him the Sacrament.

"Down at my end of the ward—it was silent, summer afternoon—I heard them very clearly. I heard the low words from behind the screen."

"Say: 'God, I give you my life freely for my country.'"

The priests usually say that to them, for death has more dignity that way. It is not in the ritual, but it makes a soldier's death more noble. So I suppose Capolarde, said it. I could only judge by the response. I could hear the heavy, laboured breath, the choking, wailing cry.

"Oui! Oui!" gasped out at intervals.

"*Ah mon Dieu! Oui!*"

Again the mumbling guiding whisper.

"*Oui!—oui!*" came sobbing, gasping, in response.

So I heard the whispers, the priest's whispers, and the stertorous choke, the feeble, wailing, rebellious wailing in response.

He was being forced into it. Forced into acceptance. Beaten into submission, beaten into resignation.

"*Oui! Oui!*" came the protesting moans. "*Ah Oui!*"

It must have been dawning upon him now. Capolarde is making him see. . .

"*Oui! Oui!*" The choking sobs reach me. "*Ah, mon Dieu, Oui!*" Then very deep, panting, crying breathes:

"*Dieu—je vous—donne—vie—librement pour—ma—patrie.*"

He was beaten at last. The choking, dying, bewildered man had said his noble words.

"God, I give you my life freely for my country!"

After which came a volley of low toned Latin phrases, rattling in the stillness like the popping of a mittaileuse.

Suppose this fancy of ours came true, and we had these Emperors and Presidents and ex-Presidents at the front digging themselves in, how long would it be before peace was declared? A week, you say? Oh! not so long—not half so long as that. George V would have had enough before sunset on the first day. If you doubt it—read Ellen La Motte.

"The Backwash of War" is more than a book—it is a scenario for moving pictures,—Griffiths would make a great film out of the chapter "Heroes," it is a series of pamphlets,—the Woman's Peace Party should ask leave to reprint the chapter "Women and Wives," and the American Union against Militarism should reprint "Pour le Patrie"; it is a theme for a great War symphony; it is a collection of a thousand ideas for cartoons; it is a bitter, angry laugh at Churches, at discipline, nationalism, patriotism, at the whole military system, at the crime and madness of War.

Ellen La Motte writes with the simplicity and directness of the man who translated St. Luke's gospel,—she has all of Thomas Hardy's emphasis of understatement. As we read her pages, we can see her late at night, going the rounds of the hospital wards. Her duty done she does not rest, she does some thinking—and writing. And this immortal book is the result. Her's is a brighter lamp than Florence Nightingale's. It burns for us in this book, and throws a fierce light upon the secret, hidden places of the war. As she moves her lamp to right and left and holds it high, we stand aghast at the sights she shows us.

Meanwhile ships leave our ports every day, with more and more doctors and nurses to carry on the good work, and more and more shells and guns, to give the doctors and nurses more of the good work to do. And so it goes on, to the Glory of God and Freedom,—and J. Pierpont Morgan. W. G. FULLER.

The Book of the Month

I WROTE to the publishers this month for half a dozen very interesting-looking books, but so far only one of them has arrived. But what a book that one is! It is Ellen La Motte's "The Backwash of War," just reviewed by Mr. Fuller. I cannot refrain from adding my praise to his admirable account of that book. It is, it seems to me, a book more likely than any other so far produced by the war, to last beyond the war. And this, not because it describes war's horrors, but because it describes them with a curious anæsthesia. It tells unsparingly all that there is to tell—all that has never been told before—but with a quality of art which partly anæsthetizes some of the emotions and appeals directly to the mind—a tremendous artistic achievement. If you don't want to miss one of the best books written in the last ten years in the English language, you must read this book.

F. D.

Mr. Beresford and the Hero

IN his Jacob Stahl trilogy, Mr. Beresford related the history of a man without a family. In that lay the secret of Jacob's delightful, painful and fascinating modernity. To be an orphan, a person without ties, a wander upon the face of the earth, a derelict, a discoverer of one's own way of life, a person responsible to no fixed and pre-existing group or institution for one's mistakes, and one to whom success, if there be any success for such an one, comes with a breathless flush of accident and surprise—that is the recipe for modernity. And Jacob Stahl was all this to the letter. He was literally an orphan; he had so little a fixed place in the world that he was being continually jolted by circumstance out of one plane of existence into another. Even marriage could not secure him; he slid out of that holy ordinance as negligently as he slid out of his profession; one minute he is tramping the streets looking for a job, and the next he is kissing a Countess in a cab: and all with a bewildered earnestness which is not the least part of his modernity, as it is not the least part of his charm.

In creating this kinless hero, Mr. Beresford followed an ancient literary tradition. Story-tellers have from of old been irked by the institution of the Family. For it was clear that if the Hero were brought up in the regular patriarchal atmosphere, if his life were circumscribed by the traditional rules of conduct laid down for the guidance of the younger generation, he would not be a hero at all.

And most people are as a matter of fact not heroes; and Mr. Beresford knows it. The world at large is yet in the firm hold of what remains of the old patriarchal system—a hold which not even the much advertised influences of capitalist industry have been able to break. Even in America, where the family is popularly supposed to have lost its ancient authority, what person is there who really decides, without reference to his Family, what he shall think, how he shall vote, whom he shall love, or even when he shall eat and sleep? The truest story, then, is of a person whose decisions are hedged about, and whose rebellions take place within four walls. It is such a story that Mr. Beresford has now undertaken to write.¹

Dickie Lynneker, the hero of the book, is obviously not going to be any such sky-rocket as Jacob Stahl. His father is a rector; Dickie himself is expected to take orders; and there are two elder brothers who, having been brought up to be what a Lynneker should be, are ready to give their assistance in bringing up Dickie in the same way. Nevertheless, the first chapter finds Dickie in rebellion against the family in the person of one of these brothers. Dickie has had the audacity to say that one of the "answers" in the back of the mathematics text-book must be a misprint. This is not the Lynneker attitude towards established things like text-books, and Dickie's brother expostulates. "If you're calmly going to say that every answer in the key's wrong when it doesn't agree with your own, what on earth's the good of—of anything?" And to prove that Dickie is a fool, he twists Dickie's arm behind his back. Dickie knocks him down. His brother, discovering that Dickie is the better fighter, drops the argument of force, and takes up the method of moral suasion. "Rotten little cad," he says.

That is the Lynneker comment on people who don't conform to the Lynneker rules. It is the comment of a whole section of the English population upon disturbers of their traditions. And it is all, apparently, that they can do—utter their anathema. Usually it is enough. The disturber hastily conforms. But sometimes one of them doesn't. Dickie doesn't. He doesn't even mind—after thinking it over—being called the cad.

Of course, he isn't a cad. He is a particularly high-minded and considerate young man. When the family is in financial difficulties, he goes into a Bank—thereby breaking the family tradition, it is true. He is successful in the financial world, and at a crucial moment of his career throws it up to do some other work he prefers, at a meager salary. He is, in fact, one of the finest products of such a system as the one to which he belongs—finest of all in his continuous rebellions against it. These rebellions, none of them spectacular, are delineated by Mr. Beresford with such subtlety and justice that one is persuaded to accept them as the stuff of heroism.

But Dickie is, after all, a Lynneker. He falls in love—once only, at the very end of the book. It is the great event of his life. It means everything to him. The girl's father is a recluse and a cripple, and wants her to stay by him in his old age. As for Dickie, his father is dying, and Dickie is attending to his needs—particularly those needs in which the helpless and delicate-minded old man prefers not to call upon the assistance of the womenfolk of the household. The pages in which the courtship proceeds, in the intervals between services to a dying man and a crippled recluse, are among the most terribly and quietly satiric that I have read from any modern pen. Youth meets youth—the splendor of new love flames up in two hearts—and they go back to their duties. In the last chapter Dickie goes to a certain spot in the wood to meet the girl. He waits for her, watch in hand, for he must be back at his father's side at ten o'clock. She comes. "He felt her heart throbbing violently against his; and they clung to each other like two frightened children. There, in the stillness and the darkness, the world had vanished and they were alone; and afraid; and yet passionately desirous to draw closer together. 'Oh, Dickie, I do love you so,' she whispered. . . ." And then the time is up, and Dickie goes back to his father.

Something leads me to predict for these lovers an intense and bitter disappointment in their marriage. I do not mean that elderly gentlemen should be left to die alone. I would not have blamed Dickie if his concern for a sick kitten had made him altogether neglect that tryst in the wood. But it wasn't a genuine emotion—it was this Lynneker business: the doing of the right, the proper, the traditional thing. I am sure it is but a fair deduction that Dickie will make a failure of love: for he will inevitably lapse into the right, the proper, the traditional thing; and I shall not blame the girl if she runs off with some fellow like Jacob Stahl.

The Greek myth-makers were right. The Hero must get free of his Family entanglements at the outset, if he is to be a real Hero. And I hope Mr. Beresford, now that he has proved that he can write about ordinary people, will turn his attention to the Poet, the Artist, the Vagabond, the Criminal—anyone who has by hook or crook escaped, as Jacob Stahl did, the doom of being a member of a Family—anyone who shifts for himself.

¹ *These Riese Lynnekers*, A Novel, by J. D. Beresford. \$1.50 net (George H. Doran Co.)

Is Seeing Believing, and Other Questions

Charles W. Wood

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is one of my most promising pupils. We are both misunderstood in much the same way, as anyone is bound to be who has such a simple faith in life. We both have an undeserved reputation for being clever. Several million people say Shaw is clever. One man says the same thing about me. That, in fact, is the main difference between us: it is only a trifling difference, as the average intelligence of both groups of appraisers is about the same.

We are not clever. We are not as clever as many of our critics. The things we say sound clever only because they are so simple—because of our childlike acceptance of life.

Everybody indulges in sin, for instance, but nobody but myself actually favors it. I like sin fully as well as I like salvation. I've tried both and I know. As far as I can see, everybody else likes it too, although nobody else says so. Now, it isn't the least bit clever of me to say so. When I sin, I'm glad, but when clever people sin, they're sorry. That's the stamp of cleverness—getting one's psychology all tied up with complicated contradictions.

It wouldn't do, of course, for everybody to be like me. If people weren't sorry for their sins, we wouldn't have any religion. And if they didn't like to sin, there wouldn't be any people. For now, as formerly, we are conceived in sin: and until some other equally pleasant method is discovered, we shall doubtless stick to that.

And so, perforce, most everybody is compelled to become a philosopher. A philosopher is a person who ignores the evidence of his eyes and ears and solves the problems of life through the time-honored system of kidding himself. G. B. S. and I are not philosophers. We are different from most people, but the difference is the other way around. Most people won't believe their eyes and ears, even when they have good ones. They either kid themselves on their own hook, or swallow whole the dope that somebody else kidded himself with some sacred centuries ago.

But here's the point. And it is one that must be grasped in order to understand such people as Shaw and me. That is, that people's eyes and ears don't always lie down on the job just because their philosophies and religions tell them to. And ever and anon, we who have escaped from said philosophies and religions say something startling. It is startling because your eyes and ears believe it but your philosophy and religion don't.

"That's all wrong," says your philosophy. "It's contrary to Scripture." Or, "It doesn't agree with Article II, section 6."

But your eyes and ears understand it and applaud. They tell you it's just what they've been waiting for. They say it agrees exactly with what they've been listening to and looking at since they were knee-high to a philosophy-hopper.

This is incipient rebellion and the reigning belief is perturbed. And so from the throne of your sacred belief, you answer, cleverly,

that we are clever; that we don't mean what we say; that we have a cunning knack of twisting things out of their right relation, and that we are not to be taken seriously but to be enjoyed. Shaw and I are two delectable sins, according to you, to be enjoyed and atoned for.

This is really clever—of you—letting your senses accept us while your beliefs go serenely on. It is your way of granting limited autonomy to your eyes and ears in order to ward off a revolution in your thinking department. It happens every time a Shaw play comes to town.

Look at "Getting Married," playing at the Booth Theater. Critics have been calling it clever simply because it isn't. It is a sensation simply because it presents the case for matrimony just as it actually stands, instead of presenting it in the usual kid-yourself fashion. One critic wrote half a column of guesses as to whether Shaw actually believes in marriage.

Of course we believe in marriage. We have seen it with our own eyes. If we were as clever as some of the Christian Scientists, say, we might not believe in it even then. We might think it was an error, a psycho-optical illusion, a metaphysical mirage, or whatever the proper name is for something that exists and doesn't.

Would people get married if they knew what they were in for? That's the big question in the play. Shaw doesn't answer it. He makes the audience answer it, and the New York audience loudly answers "No." That's what makes the audience mad. Shaw's appeal to their common nonsense. For the audience has seen matrimony too, even while they are kidding themselves into thinking that they haven't.

It should be explained that men would marry even if they did know what was ahead. So would women, even if they saw the thing clearly. But if the man and the woman both knew—that's a different matter.

A man is often willing to descend from the glory of the lover to the dull business of being a husband, because those are the terms which society imposes. If he knew that the act would wreck and ruin his sweetheart's life as well, he might also see it through. She usually prefers ruin to loss of reputation: that's her lookout and a fellow can't spend his whole life in being kind to somebody else. But if she knew also what the terms of marriage really are—physically, socially, economically and psychologically—if she knew it meant good-bye to romance, if she knew it meant that her lover could court her no longer, what then? She might still want children, but "Getting Married" deals with that as well. Lesbia, who wanted children but didn't want a husband around the house, is by no means an overdrawn character. There are thousands of Lesbians, only those in actual life kid themselves into thinking they want the husband too. Then when they get him, they beat him up—either with broomsticks and pokers or with reproaches or dumb agony.

Incidentally, Shaw knows how to give the devil his due. When the average religious playwright depicts a clergyman, he

makes him as big a ninny as himself. Shaw created a bishop who is a real man. William Faversham catches the idea and, philosophy aside, "Getting Married" is one of the keenest pieces of good drama that I ever saw.

D ID you ever wonder what sort of drama the extreme left wing of the radicals would thrill to most, if they had their own untrammelled theater? Fortunately, you don't have to wonder any longer. The secret is out. Right in the greenwich villagest part of Greenwich Village, at the extreme left of the Liberal Club, they now have such a theater. They call it the Playwrights' Theater, and its' owned body and soul by the Provincetown Players. The players are all radical, the playwrights are radical, the audience is radical. Everything about the place, from the opening hour to the atmospheric pressure, is radical. And one number on the radical bill sent the whole audience into several minutes of thunderous applause. What do you suppose it was.

It was a sketch by no less a radical than Eugene G. O'Neil. It was called "Bound East for Cardiff," and depicted in a masterly way a tragic scene on shipboard where a dying sailor was saying his last goodbye to his pal. It was a realistic sketch with lines that rang true throughout, and it was acted by George Cram Cook, William Stuart and others in a way that would do credit to the best-trained professional cast. The hard life of the sea was the theme, the longing for a simple home in the country and for the realization of a pure woman's love its human appeal. Any man or woman who was human could scarcely escape being affected by it, and I did not wonder at the dozen or so curtain calls.

But what interested me most was this. "Bound East for Cardiff" was a sketch which I am sure would make a hit at the Palace, or any one of the ultra bourgeois vaudeville houses. There was not a line in it which any ordinary theater-goer would not wish his daughter to hear. There was not a suggestion anywhere of any antagonism to the sacred ideals of conventional society. It was just human, that's all, and mighty well acted. Just the sort of thing which radicals (and almost all other people) will thrill to most.

Oh, yes, they did have their fling of radicalism too. "King Arthur's Socks," by Floyd Dell, was somewhat devilish and somewhat more Dellish. Max Eastman as "Lancelot Jones"—no, I won't say it. Someone in the audience said something very much more to the point. He said that Lancelot Jones played "Max Eastman" remarkably well. Can a man love one woman and want to kiss another? Also, does a girl become bad if she wants to be bad and can't? These are problems which only the devil and Dell can answer, and they sometimes leave us guessing. But they come nearer being answered at the Playwrights' Theater than any other place I know.

W AR is just too cute for anything. The invasion of Belgium by those jolly German generals was awfully romantic. They never really had anybody shot. They just jollied the pretty American girls who happened along, had them married by sudden military orders to men they didn't intend to marry, and then gossiped with occasional chauffeurs concerning subsequent silhouettes on the curtains of the bridal chambers.

If you don't believe this is a correct picture of war, see "Arms and the Girl" at the Fulton Theater.

No, it isn't a farce. It's drama. It's realistic like a pair of rose goggles. Natural and free like a canary bird. People go to the theater, you know, to be amused. Blessed are the playwrights who know how to turn the trick. Grant Stewart and Robert Baker know how. They know how to keep all the disturbing things out of a play, like ideas and human life. And they know how to dress up what remains, so that it looks and sounds just lovely.

Most assuredly, "Arms and the Girl" will be a success. Why, I liked it myself, even while I was sore at myself for being lulled by this very evident euthanasia of stagecraft. Writers on THE MASSES ought in all conscience to hate such unreal drama; and they ought to hate it all the more for its plausible semblance of reality. But between you and me, they don't. They'll damn such plays roundly, and praise such productions as "Under Sentence"; but ten to one they'll sit through plays of the first sort with considerable more docility.

I WISH Irvin S. Cobb and Roi Cooper Magrue would rewrite Hamlet. I wish they would fix up the last act, at least, so that it would come out strong for psycho-analysis as a cure for melancholy. Then they might do for Shakespeare what they did for themselves when they manufactured the last act of "Under Sentence."

"Under Sentence" is a play of tremendous realism and no stagecraft. The plot is rankly unreal and melodramatic, but there are a few scenes of the tensest and most gripping sort. It is an extraordinary prison play; and if the authors had been content to let it go at that, it might have accomplished wonders for prison reform. But they were not content. They tried to make it a prison reform play; and trying to underwrite prison reform is too much like trying to dramatize the immediate demands of the Socialist Party platform. Due largely to the acting of Felix Krembs as a broken prisoner, the play is, with all its faults, one of the really big achievements of the season. In the interest of the propoganda, I wish they had cut the propoganda out.

D ID you ever swap wives with your next-door neighbor? It's lots of fun. No, not for you or the wives, but for the audience. When a couple of gentlemen do it these nights at the Shubert Theater, everybody laughs. I'd like to know why. Possibly it is because Charlotte Greenwood is so funny, but it seemed to me that the crowd saw a big joke in the idea itself.

"So Long, Letty" is a musical farce. Wife-swapping isn't done in really truly drama. It isn't done anywhere except in farce and in Brooklyn and a few other places. And when it is done in Brooklyn, nobody thinks it's funny. Everybody pretends to think it is disgusting. If it is funny at the Shubert Theater, why isn't it funny in Brooklyn? And if it is disgusting in Brooklyn, why isn't it disgusting at the Shubert Theater? I don't pretend to know. I'm just asking.

I knew a fellow once who married a woman and couldn't get along with her worth a cent. Still they stuck together. If they have farces after society becomes civilized, that ought to make a great theme.

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Pater Wilde and Harris

DEAR MASSES:

I am surprised that Cuthbert Wright wrote the letter of his that appears in the back pages of the November MASSES, and I am still more surprised that you thought it worth your space. In effect, all the writer does is to call Frank Harris a liar because he happens to be displeased by a story about Walter Pater told (by Wilde) in Harris' book on Oscar Wilde. Wright claims no acquaintance with the personages, to give his opinion any value; and this is not discussion, it is merely the irruption into literature of the manners of the barroom or the nursery.

I, for one, am sick of this ridiculous Paterolatry. Of course, Pater wrote some good stuff, or we wouldn't still be discussing him. But, on the whole, he was a solemn ass, without a glint of wit or a glimmer of humor; and in spite of a few unforgettably purple passages, and the occasional impressiveness of his turgid rhythms, most of the time he wrote English, in Max Beerbohm's delightful phrase, "as if it were one of the dead languages." Moreover, as anyone with half an eye for 'tween line reading can see in "Marius"—and as I could prove by chapter and verse if this were the time and place—he was a spiritual parasite and artistic prig, sucking spurious estheticisms out of dead faiths which derived whatever beauty they had from the blood and tears of men who really believed in them. Enough of this dreary old fraud! Far from "burning with a hard, gem-like flame," according to his famous recommendation, his own effect is more like that of a dirty stained-glass window on a wet day.

To me the incident of Pater's falling on his knees and kissing Wilde's hand is one of the most satisfying and significant of the many illuminating anecdotes in Harris' splendid book. Entirely apart from the question whether Pater was homosexual, about which nobody cares a damn anyway, it was just the sort of asinine, fatuously ceremonial sort of thing one would expect Pater to do, and bears the stamp of truth on its face. At that, Pater's poodle-instinct was right in its self-estimate, for whatever his limitations as man and as artist, Wilde was certainly the bigger man of the two. Incidentally, Harris tells me that when he asked Pater whether Wilde's story was true, Pater said his feeling about Wilde was so profound that he might have kissed his feet just as readily!

COURTENAY LEMON.

Whoever has married a prim woman must hand over his breeches and his purse, he will collect postage stamps in his old age, he will twiddle his thumbs and smile when the visitor asks him a question, he will grow to dislike beer, and will admit and assert that a man's place is in the home—these things come to pass as surely as the procession on the seasons.—James Stephens in "Here Are Ladies."

"That which is large enough for the rich to covet is large enough for the poor to defend."—G. K. Chesterton in "The Napoleon of Notting Hill."

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A Vision That Should Make Us Less Forlorn

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Customary Clothing covers many Sins and much Filth. Medical Men and other Knowing Ones are very slow owning up to the unnaturalness and disease-breeding propensities of Customary Clothing.

Most people believe in inhaling pure air, but they don't know that the only and right way is to throw off all clothing and absorb the Ozone or pure air through the pores of the Naked Body. Ozone is found everywhere, but more noticeably along Sea-shores and in Pine-woods and in the Mountains, and gives off a peculiar smell—the smell of purity, in fact.

A wireless electric Tower would be absolutely worthless if wrapped up in Clothing.

Plants by the Wayside, when covered with dust and the pores clogged up, will not grow.

Bird's Eggs will not hatch when dirty.

Scientists say that the efficiency of Mankind is only 50 per cent of what it might be. By throwing off all clothing, the writer of these lines has demonstrated to his own satisfaction that most all the ailments the human family is afflicted with can be avoided.

I live on Lake Mountain, where I have built a cabin by the side of a clear fresh-water mountain lake. I live by myself, wearing only shoes to keep the rocks from cutting my feet. I am 54 years old, but my figure is as slender and supple as that of a youth of 20. I can walk miles over the mountains and never tire. I have lived this way for four years, demonstrating to the World at large that a man can live without clothes winter and summer. But even wearing a gauzy Bathing suit in summer would suffice to insure mankind against disease and early death.

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Michael

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Restitution

LAST month we accidentally omitted the author's name from one of the most beautiful poems we ever printed. So we give it again:

BEREFT

O, brown Earth, warm and fragrant,
Make soft her tiny bed,
Oh, great Winds, in the darkness
Move gently overhead—

Be kind, you waving grasses
She gathered baby-wise,
And all you buds and blossoms,
Rest lightly on her eyes.

Oh, mothers, to your bosoms
Fold close and safe your own—
My little babe is sleeping
Beneath the stars . . . alone.

ANNA SPENCER TWITCHELL.

Reflections of A Strong Man

Recorded by Upton Sinclair.

[These reflections were reflected between twelve and one o'clock on election night. Later returns, while they illustrate the proverb of Solomon to the effect that all is vanity, do not seem to us to affect the authenticity of these reflections.]

I AM elected
A million people dance like dervishes,
They blow tin whistles
And shriek my name.

I am a strong man.
My strong teeth shine,
My children shout with glee,
My wife falls upon my strong bosom
And weeps,
But my strong soul is unmoved.

Alone, I bend my knees,
And thank Thee, Lord,
And my Saviour, Jesus Christ,
That I am a strong man.
That I studied the law and obeyed it.
That I worked hard over my cases and mastered them.
That I went every Sunday to the Baptist church.
That I was not too intimate with the Rockefellers,
And yet intimate enough.
That I did not get drunk.
That I did not fornicate.
That I did not sympathize.
That I did not have ideas.
That I am a strong man.

I thank Thee, Lord,
And my Saviour, Jesus Christ.
And pretty soon I will get busy,
And show the Mexicans and the railwaymen
How strong I am.

The Birth Control Review

THE first number of the *Birth Control Review*, the official organ of the movement in this country, will appear, it is announced, about the time this issue of *THE MASSES* reaches our readers. It is edited by Margaret Sanger, assisted by Frederick A. Blossom, first president of the Ohio Birth Control League. It is "dedicated to the principle of intelligent and voluntary motherhood." The publication office is at 104 Fifth avenue, New York. The *Review* will carry scientific articles, news of the movement here and abroad and notices of current books and articles on birth control.

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THE Man From Mars, in the course of his investigations and peregrinations, was traveling between St. Louis and Chicago one night when he met in the sleeper a sanctimonious young man with whom he fell into conversation.

"I am the Man From Mars," he began, by way of introduction. "I am engaged in making an exhaustive survey of your institutions and customs and therefore, if I should become too inquisitive, I trust you will pardon me."

"I am John D. Jocularfeller, Jr., and I am very glad to meet you. I trust that you go to Sunday school and save your pennies."

"Sometimes I do," replied the Man From Mars, "but it is something quite different that I wanted to speak to you about. Do you know anything about industrial disputes upon this planet?"

"Indeed I do," replied Mr. Jocularfeller. "There is very little about them that I do not know. At this very minute, in fact, I am coming back from Choleroado (sic) where I have been working out a scheme in which you ought to be very much interested. It aims to eliminate all friction between employes and employers."

"Splendid," exclaimed the Man From Mars. "I should be delighted to hear about it. Some such plan, it seems to me, is badly needed on your otherwise not unpleasant little planet."

"You may have heard of my strike troubles in Choleroado," continued the sanctimonious young man.

"Yes, I remember. Your men made a lot of demands that you didn't think were proper."

"No. That wasn't the way of it exactly. They made a number of demands that I was simply itching to grant them, but the whole trouble was that they went about it in the wrong way. They formed themselves into a union that was distasteful to me and so there was nothing left for me to do but have them shot down and cause their homes to be pillaged and burned. It was even necessary to kill some of their wives and children."

"I remember it well," rejoined the Man From Mars, sadly. "It was a very unfortunate and tragic affair."

"But I've got it all fixed, now," declared Mr. Jocularfeller, with all the satisfaction of a lion which has just stowed away a lamb in his interior. "Such a thing can never happen again. In the first place, I have convinced them that our interests are identical."

"How do you mean identical?" queried the Man From Mars.

"In this way. There is a certain amount of product accruing from the men's work in the mines and both employers and employes are trying to get as much of that product as possible. If one gets it, the other doesn't. See? What could be more identical than that?"

"You explained that to them, did you?"

"Well, I explained it to them as fully as I thought advisable. I didn't aim to make it too clear, of course. Then I proceeded to invent a patent, ball-jointed, back-acting, double-crossing union which will stand staunchly for the employers and the employes at the same time."

"Very interesting! Very interesting, indeed!"

"So now, you see, whenever the men

(Continued on next page.)

(Continued on preceding page.)

are dissatisfied with the wages they are paid or the number of hours they are compelled to work or their treatment at the company stores or the rent they have to pay for the company houses or the preacher they have to listen to at the company church or the alcohol they have to drink at the company saloon, the men have only to make known their demands through the medium of this new union."

"And will the demands then be met?"
"Yes. That is to say, they will be met in every case where the ideas of the men coincide with the ideas and the profits of the company and its stockholders. Otherwise, of course, they will not be met."

"I do not see that you need a union for that," observed the Man From Mars, thoughtfully.

"Ah, that's just the point," replied Mr. Jocularfeller. "As a matter of fact, the only union necessary is a union of stockholders, efficiently organized to squeeze out as much profits as possible. But, of course, it is practically impossible to convince the miners of such an obvious truth. And so, being simple-minded, they have to be humored."

"Do they like this new arrangement of yours?"

"They are compelled to like it. You see we took the little precaution of getting control of the state government and so, if the miners undertake to make any serious objections, all we have to do is to have the militia ordered out and shoot them down."

"Very interesting, I must say," declared the Man From Mars. "Now, I should like to ask one more question, if I may."

"Certainly."

"In a case where a militiaman is trying to shoot down a miner or his wife, would you say that their interests were identical?"

"Un, ah, that is a subject I would rather not discuss at this time."

ELLIS O. JONES.

Forest Hills, N. Y.

Anonymous

I HAVE long hoped your "Masses" would not be sold on the stands. Praise God—at last some one has stopped it—for shamed for putting such a book before the public.

ONE WHO HAS THE GOOD OF ALL
AT HEART.

(I would not dare sign my name, Perhaps to be murdered if I did.)

Silent Upon a Peak in Darien

A COPY of THE MASSES for July has just come to my hand. As I view in retrospect the contents of this issue I am all but silenced by the terror, the strength, the hell, the beauty and the sublimity of it all. That a magazine could become a living soul with the coarse rudeness of the wildness of Nature interwoven with classic beauty, is a dream come true.

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Thank you for this opportunity to say a word for the high standard set by the staff of THE MASSES.

Dennard, Ark.

VERNIE VAN NOY.



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How Strange

"But for me," said Prince Bismarck, in his latter years, "three great wars would not have taken place, eighty thousand men would not have perished, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, widows, would not have been plunged into mourning. I have settled all that with my Creator; but I have gained little or no joy from all my work."

Well! Well!

DEAR SIR:

Just
when I thought
Upton Sinclair
was dead
or grown rusty
he pops up
again
making believe
he doesn't like
"Free Verse."

Well, well,
one can't tell
by the label
a fellow may go about
editing anthologies
of social protest
one minute
and "knocking" "Free Verse"
the next.

It's the fad
nowadays
to "attack"
"vers libre."

Even
Don Marquis'
cockroach
is at it
now.
Amen.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT...

Two Poems

SICK AFRICAN

W. M. YATES, colored,
Lies in bed reading

The Bible—
And recovering from
A dose of epididymitis
Contracted while Grace
Was pregnant with
The twelve day old
Baby:
There sits Grace, laughing,
Too weak to stand.

CHINESE NIGHTINGALE

LONG before dawn your light
Shone in the window, Sam Wu;
You were at your trade.

W. C. WILLIAMS,
Rutherford, N. J.

Contacts

CONTACTS—that's all Louise and
I can get.
And I'm disgusted!
It's so unnatural for one soul
To run about
On two pairs of legs.

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LOST MUSIC

I REMEMBER you now,
My love.

It was eons ago
That I ran through the tangled woods
After butterflies. . . .

I came to a sparkling pool
And broke its smooth surface
With my white feet.

Suddenly I paused in the mad chase
And beheld you
For the first time.

You smiled
And held out your hand.
I went closer
Like a curious deer.

You were so beautiful
And so strong,
I had to keep gazing
Beastlike.

I looked so droll
Standing there . . .
That you laughed.

I can never forget
The silver music
Of your laughter.

That is how I remembered you
Today . . .
You laughed again.
But there is no joy
In your laughter now.

Oh, my love,
Let us go back
Through all the ages behind us . . .
Until we find the music
That was in your laughter.

LOUISE BRYANT.

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