

THE MASSES

Frank
Waltz



The MASSES

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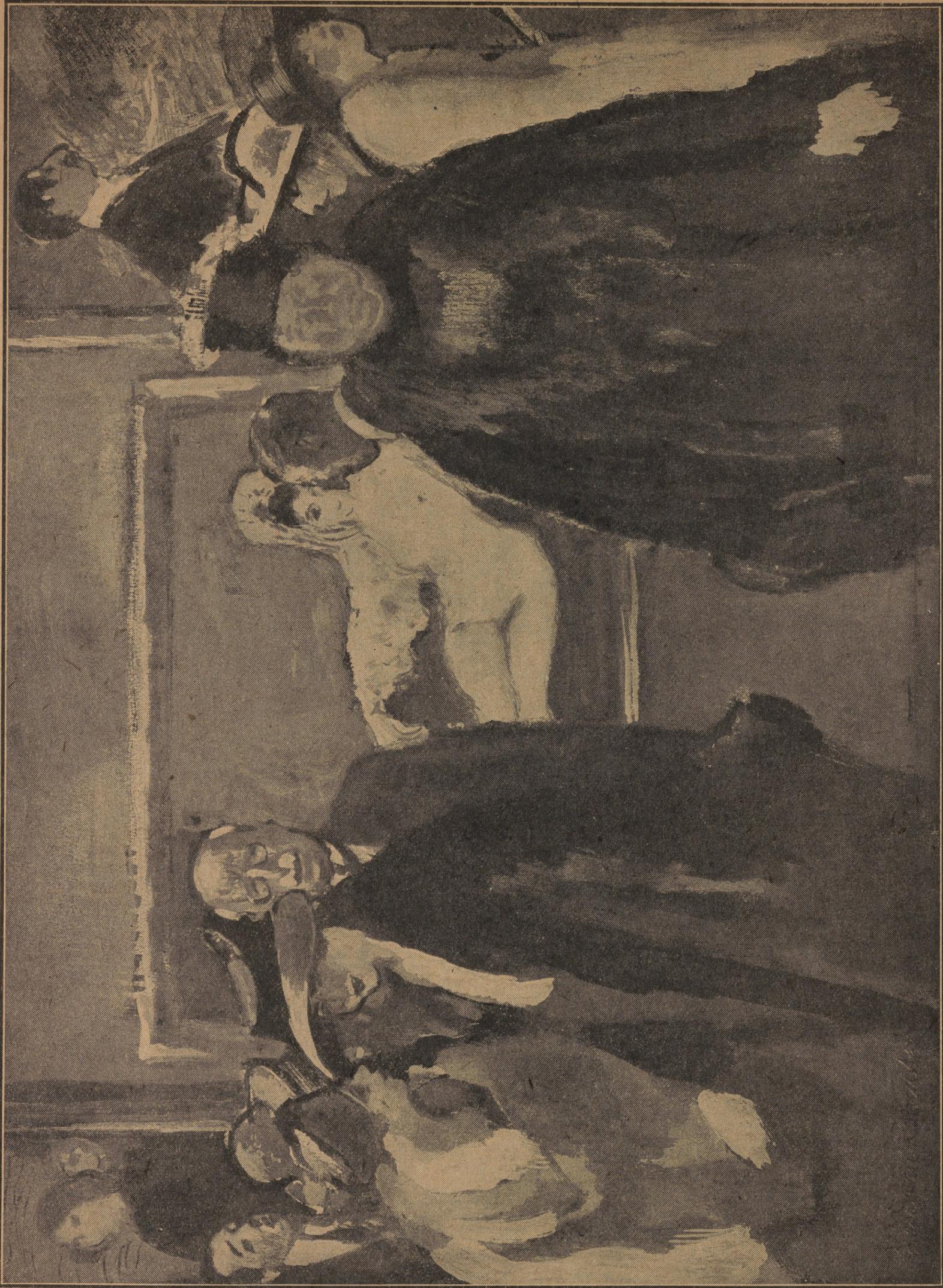
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SOCIETY DOING ZULOAGA

The MASSES

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MARCH, 1917

Issue No. 69

FORELADIES

Adriana Spadoni

I HAD never worked in a Factory before and I was afraid that the forelady would instantly recognize my superiority. I dimly remember believing that this superiority might count against my getting a job. Therefore I hid it under assumed humility as I made my way between the whirring machines to the being at the far end designated as Her.

God made Heaven and earth in seven days. On the eighth He made foreladies. They are a special creation.

"Do you need any help?"

I had modulated my tone to the proper shade between indifference and respect. I expected her to understand. I don't know what—just to understand. Instead she looked at me. She looked at me for centuries and all the time she was looking I was sliding, down, down to a bottomless abyss. When she caught the last faint echo of my plop at the bottom of that incalculable abyss, she moved her eyelids.

"Green?"

I shrank between two dust motes in that dust-laden air.

She shrugged. "Wait here." She annihilated me to an unencumbered spot in the ether and disappeared.

I waited. Giant wheels tore round. Belts whirred through mysterious holes in the floor and ceiling. The floors trembled and the walls shook. The huge loft stretched on and on across the earth. Small boys ran about with great crates of white stuff on little trucks. And the air was filled with fine gray dust. It was all alive, quivering. All except the hundreds of girls, bent forward at their machines, their eyes fastened to the flashing points of the needles. There they sat all bent forward at the same angle, each feeding the Thing before her. They alone were motionless. Like the dead kings of Egypt, rigid on their stone thrones, they sat before the living machines.

I wanted to turn and run. Real fear of those human machines, those motionless women, seized me. Rivers of white cascaded from those glittering needles. I felt unable to move, to make my way across that vibrating floor, among those moving belts. I felt that I should stand there forever, be finally engulfed in that silent river of white. The small boy with the big crate on the little truck shrieked for me to get out of the way. Like a volcanic eruption long ends of white trailed from the white mountain. The small boy was quite lost.

Then suddenly she reappeared. She came from behind a partition and walked straight down the aisle towards me between two rows of her stone women. A few feet away she stopped and beckoned me with her eyelids. At the far end of the loft we stopped before an empty machine. With her eyelids she indicated a place on the wall for my hat. When I returned she was sitting before the Monster. The gnome dragging the white mountain came and upset the mountain beside her. She lifted one end of many miles of cuffs and fitted it under the foot. Then with her heels she pressed on the treadle and the Monster began to gobble its food. In a moment It had swallowed yards. She pressed with her toes and It stopped. She rose and indicated with her eyelid that I was to try. I sat down. I fitted the cuff under the needle. I pressed with my heel. The whole factory rose and came at me. With a demoniacal snort the Monster tore through the white goods.

"Stop. Press with your toes."

I have wished since that I had looked up and caught the look I felt in the middle of my back. But I lacked the courage. I extricated the mangled cuffs and waited. Again she sat at the machine and showed me with an insulting patience. I wondered whether she had been born a forelady, whether she had never mishandled the Monster. When I had stitched several miles to her satisfaction she left me.

I arranged the first link in the endless chain of cuffs. I pressed with my heels. The creature began to masticate quietly. I forgot everything, everything except to keep feeding it evenly, steadily, hour after hour. Twice the girl immediately across the table glanced up at me. She must have been very expert or she would not have dared to move her eyes from the needle. I did not lift mine, but I felt hers.

Iron bands closed about my head. A sharp knife buried itself just below my shoulder blades. My wooden wrists guided the supply of cuffs. My eyes came to the very edge of their sockets. Once I shut off the power and pressed them back again. The only living, conscious, thinking things were my fingers. For a long time before I became conscious of nothing at all. I watched them. They were separate, quite apart from myself. They guided the cuffs so skilfully, just to the edge of the moving needle. I know now how engineers can sleep at the throttle.

How mothers wake at the slightest motion of their babies. The only thing that penetrated the frozen numbness of my aching body was the tightening of a thread, the least change in the motions of the Monster. Then I was all alert soothing it by personal attention until the numbness in me conquered again and I went on feeding it mechanically.

At twelve o'clock the machines stopped with a final roar. The floor, the walls, contracted in one convulsive spasm and were still. In a moment the loft was deserted. Only at the distant end, the forelady, aloof and superior, moved toward the special peg reserved for her hat and coat. There they hung on the empty expanse of a side wall, as if the entire factory had been designed for this particular nail.

"Well, how did it go?"

"I don't know," I said stupidly; "I'm too tired to think."

"Ain't used to power." For the first time she became human, in the tremendous scorn for my powerless past. "You'll git used to it." With that articulate eyelid she consigned me to an eternity of pressing treadles, guiding small white oblongs under a flashing needle.

Long before the end of the week I believed that she was right. Forever and ever, through all the æons to come, I should sit there stitching cuffs. The only difference would be in the color of the cuffs. Now I was making bright yellow cuffs with purple lines.

She had been right. My back no longer ached. The knife had gone from under my shoulder blades. The muscles at the back of my neck had petrified to permanent insensibility. She was right. I had gotten used to it. So used that I no longer

even FELT the human beings about me. The pity for their silent rigidity was gone. I also shared this rigidity. The humanity of the whirring machines seemed ridiculous now. I no longer breathed the dusty air with difficulty. I was unconscious of the heat, the noise, the vibrating floors. My material world consisted of a steel thing before which I sat nine hours a day. My social world consisted of myself, first and foremost, myself to be considered before all others and faint duplicates of myself, the other girls. And far above us, on a superior plane, the Forelady, a Being to be deceived, wheedled, placated at any cost.

Suddenly I was saved. I lost my job. The rush season was over and with ten others I went. The Forelady had never liked me and so I went. For days I was furious. Like a fiend deprived of his dope I wanted my Monster back. I had grown used to it. It required no thought and my brain had atrophied. I had become USED to it. If I could have gotten a job in another shop I would have taken it gladly.

But I couldn't. There was no work anywhere. All the white garments in the world had been made. Against my will I was saved.

Looking back now I wonder what would have happened if I had not been fired. Would I have gone on forever sitting patiently before that steel Thing? Perhaps by some miracle I would have been a Forelady.

Would I, too, then have walked among my stone women and seen no tragedy in their patient eagerness? Found nothing to pity in their willing speed?

Perhaps.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT

EVEN yet they *will* not know it is war!
Cripple Creek—Calumet—Trinidad—speak in vain.
Yet though battles and blood should teach not, fain
Were we to think they might read portents as plain
As to the elder-world the terrible Blazing Star!

As when the heavens hang on the breathless verge of
storm,
And even nerves of beasts are tense with the strain,
So ere wars and tumults—throne-shattering Change—
Ever the human emotions give the alarm,
Breaking forth into forms grotesque and strange.

Then the warrior paints his skin and dances the dance
of death;
Then the faith-frenzies rage, and the great brute throat
of lust
Looses the roar and blast of his furnace-breath.

And though for better things the heart of mankind we
trust,

We know not what comes on as the swift hours roll,
Or whether it be but a step to the barricades in the
street
And sound of the grinding of swords and lilt of the
carmagnole. . . .

If it comes with less or more of strife and blood,
It will come—and beautiful on the hills its feet;
It will come—the Day—with its light like a golden
flood,
The Day to seers and singers of old made known,
When Man, ah Man, at last shall come into his own.

Though the light of its splendorous rising I may not
hail,
And little it be I know of fate's decrees,
And little it be of trust in gods I know,
Yet I know—the Morning cometh! It cannot fail.
The great unresting tides that through Time's eternity
flow,
The stars in their courses that ever do battle for these,
And the ultimate Will of Man, will have it so.

ELIZABETH WADDELL.

Leaks!

THE bitter cry of Thomas W. Lawson: "Help, help, the cabinet is leaking."

IF everybody that Lawson named leaked information, the thing might better be called a pour.

WILSON'S peace proposal met with the united opposition of the reactionaries of all countries including Germany and the United States. It was like old home week in the international house of Bourbon.

THE Allies' reply makes everything nice and clear. Conquests by people speaking German or with a German accent is robbery, but when carried on in English, French, Italian or Russian is progress and liberty.

THE conquest of Belgium was an atrocity, but when Russia captures Constantinople that will be civilization.

YOU can easily believe this with a little practice. As the White Queen said to Alice, try believing impossible things for a half hour every day.

THE Allies have rather put the Germans in a hole by their willingness to state terms. In thus complying with Wilson's request they are somehow supposed to have slapped the Presidential face.

THE Kaiser says the world needs a ruler with enough moral courage to free it from the weight of war and that he is the guy for the place. About a nickel's worth of moral courage on his part in July, 1914, would have helped some.

DR. JACQUES LOEB, America's foremost biologist, laughs at the idea that war is a necessity to national strength of character. He brings furthermore the cheering news that the exact sciences are working on a new type of statesmanship to replace those poorly balanced individuals with a homicidal mania who now clog up the world's council chambers.

SCIENCE should be given a free hand in this work even if it has to vivisect a couple of gunmen.

THE New Jersey explosion of 400,000 shells intended for the Russian government is the first authentic record of an Austrian victory.

THE Billy Sunday trail hitters who recently visited New York included, we are gravely informed, "railroad executives, manufacturers, lawyers, ex-saloonkeepers, policemen and

former barflies." People who work for a living will be glad to hear that such gentry are trying to lead a better life.

"FORTUNATELY," said Thaw's physician, "no serious damage was done." A doctor has to talk that way. He is not allowed to have opinions on the larger social good.

SENATOR OWEN thinks this is not a free country because the Supreme Court can declare a law unconstitutional. To prove that he is wrong they are threatening him with contempt proceedings.

THE truth seems to be that the Supreme Court is the guardian of the Constitution but the Constitution doesn't know about it yet.

ANYWAY, the Supreme Court has upheld the law forbidding the shipment of wetstuffs into dry territory.

HERE'S a good, permanent job for the Leak Committee.
HOWARD BRUBAKER.



Mahonri Young.

SENSE AND THE CENSOR

Gelett Burgess

THIS page represents a Paris newspaper—or, rather, a composite of newspapers—dated, say, April 15, 1915.

But one moment, please, while I tell you the story of the old maid. Only after infinite machinations it was that Matilda succeeded in bringing her swain to the point of proposing. But as he popped the question in a high wind,—they were watching the roaring surf—Matilda never heard the long awaited words. And alas, like Shakespeare her faint-hearted wooer never repeated. Well, the high wind which in Paris is now blowing away the most import—things in the papers is named Jules Gautier.

As soon as Paris was put under martial law, we began to see articles th
chopped up by the Censor
this way and
tantalizingly provoc
imagination
curiosity. In fact,
during the first days of the war, what
frightened Paris most was not the news
that was printed, but the news that was
not.

Sometimes those ominous white spaces
showed a ragged edge like this where
scis

and paragraphs were distressingly mutilated. Later, neater operations were performed, leaving tidy white parallelograms with a real decorative effect, thus:

Some housewifely editors, however, re-
sented such holes, and endeavored to darn
up the crime of the shears with periodic
.....stitches.....like this.....
(I quote from the *Echo de Paris*).....
.....
This was in order, perhaps, that (as is
provided in some dictionaries).....
the reader might write in on the dotted
lines.....what he thought.....
.....ought to be there.

These alarming gaps left by the Censor
are of all shapes and sizes. Frequently



whole articles are removed; sometimes, however, the Censor kindly leaves the title and the author's name. Many editors, no doubt, save considerable money by printing what would otherwise be costly contributions in this form.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE AN AUTHOR?

(Imagine, however, this space to be one or two columns long!)

Anatole France

Really, that sort of thing might be tried to advantage in the United States. Not only would we get more interesting reading, but, no matter how high this price per word, every newspaper and magazine could afford to publish in every issue articles (of oo words) by Kipling—or even Burgess!

Still, after all, why waste so much good clean paper? As almost the only things that aren't cut are the cuts (you know how Liberal Paris is with Art—if not, send for post-cards), it occurred to some editors that they might fill up the empty frames with interesting pictures. Wherefore, *Le Cri de Paris* proceeded, whenever a spicy bit of gossip was splashed, to illustrate the process, thus:



and, nowadays, one scarcely sighs to find an anecdote telling How Rostand Ran Away, or German Spies in the Sewers, or The Real Truth About Sarah Bernhardt's Le



like that top stair you expected, not there—missing in the dark.

At the beginning of the war, the curious began to collect the expurgated proof-sheets, but they soon gave it up. Too many. Why, in all six papers of April 15, I estimated that there were nearly four square feet of blank space.

And amongst them I found these two announcements. From *L'Oeuvre*:

L'Eclair Suspended

Our contemporary, *L'Eclair*, has just been condemned for the fifth time to a suspension of forty-eight hours. It will reappear on Sunday morning.

while simultaneously *Le Rappel* published:

Our contemporary, *L'Eclair*, has just been condemned by the Censure for the fifth time to a suspension of forty-eight hours. It will reappear on Sunday morning.

Now can you tell me why *Le Rappel* was permitted to publish the words "by the Censure," and *L'Oeuvre* was not? But this inconsistency is mild compared with what a Parisian editor is used to, nowadays, and we hardly call a newspaper really censored unless it appears like the *Journal du Peuple*, or *l'Homme Enchaîné*, a very checkerboard of gray and white squares: or like the *Revue Bleue* of March 25, with page after page absolutely blank, leaving us to wonder what dire indiscretion was in that missing play entitled "America First!"



At first it aroused his ire and protest; but now, after a copy of the edition is sent to Rue de Grenelle, the Paris editor, his proofs and blue-pencil in hand, patiently waits and listens humbly at telephone to know his fate.

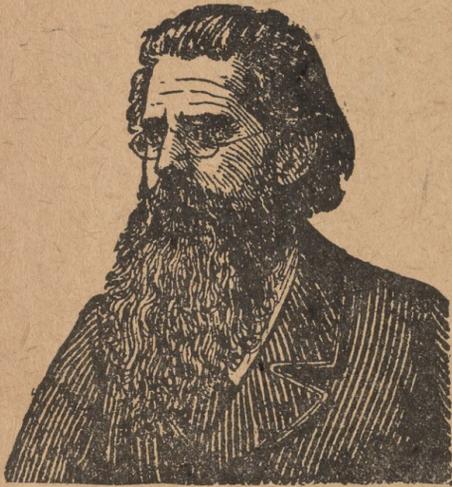
No wonder he has grown sarcastic. No wonder that Maurice Barrès, of *La*



Victoire, assembles his risky paragraphs under such a heading as this:

Dare One Say It?

Dare one say, for instance, that, since the advent of a civilian censor, Jules Gautier, ex-Director of Public Instruction, the abounding whiskers of that schoolmaster have at least given the editors at last a chance for comedy? As when that black sheep of the Parisian press, *l'Oeuvre*, fills the censor's blank with the censor's portrait?



There was no law against the publication of whiskers. Whiskers had no military, diplomatic or political value. M. Gautier should have been delighted to see his own picture. Perhaps he was. Perhaps that was why his portrait became more and more of a caricature at each insertion, until



all Paris laughed. But why trouble to show the top of M. Gautier's head? So argued M. Téry, director of *l'Oeuvre*. The only impressive thing about the Censor was his whiskers. Wherefore we read one day that at the battle of Verdun the German Staff was



remarkably like the tail of a horse, you see; meaning no disrespect to the German Staff, but bringing us (at last) to

Sainte Anastasia

Many Frenchmen I asked without discovering just how Anastasia had become the patroness of the Censure. Some said that, originally, she had been a Roman maid with blue stockings; and all agreed that, since the Second Empire, she had been the plague of journalists.

But, whoever she is, this fickle and impertinent mistress of the God of War has played havoc with free speech and a free press. Parisian tradition endows her with senility and scissors, and thus, on her fête day, April 15, she was portrayed in many French papers as the recipient of mocking tributes.

And surely never were scissors more arbitrarily, more inconsequently used than the 370 pairs which, it is said, have been requisitioned in the Censor's department since the beginning of hostilities. After the advent of Jules Gautier—who is to-day by far the oftenest-mentioned man in the Parisian press—all previous laws of common sense, if indeed there ever had existed any, seem to have been abandoned. The censor is running amok. Absolute authority has seldom, in the history of the world, been allied with great discretion, and the recent Star Chamber editing of the press seems almost incredible to an Anglo-Saxon.

That a censorship is necessary in time of war, all, of course, are agreed; although there is probably not a newspaper editor in Paris whose loyalty could not be trusted to avoid printing any news of military or diplomatic value which might in any way assist the enemy. But at the outbreak of literary mayhem which has followed the institution of the censorship every lover of free speech and a free press cannot but stand aghast or laugh.

"The bees sharpen their stings." Can you, can anyone, even though it is known that the reference is to the deputies, un-



derstand why that one sentence should be cut out of a paragraph of the *Nouveau Journal*, of April 20th?

Or, can you see why it should be necessary to mutilate, in the *Tunis Journal*, the simple story of a boat on fire in this childish manner?

"THE GOOD NEUTRALS"

"The cargo which arrived in our port the 8th was taking on a load of mineral from Djebel-Ressas, when the attention of an agent was attracted, Tuesday morning, by the words cried out by one of the crew. The admiralty, informed, started a search a fire had started in the bow of the boat, while the after part was being searched while firemen mastered the fire a detail from the 4th Zouaves guarded the vessel."

Why, also, was *La Liberté* forbidden, on May 20, to print in its correspondence from Salonica the fact that Capt. Giannotti, who had already arrived in Paris, carried with him the flag from the Zepelin brought down on the marshes of Vardar? Why was it permitted to print it, next day, after other papers had?

Why was *Le Carnet de la Semaine* forbidden to publish on its cover, a caricature of Briand seeking inspiration at the tomb of Napoleon?

Why was the *New York Herald* on March 17th, in its account of a session of the Chamber of Deputies, forbidden to print the words, "A shout of 'Bosches!' came from someone in the Press Gallery," while it was allowed to print "Yells of 'Bosches!' from Press Gallery" in the head-lines of the same story?

Why, when the *Dépêche de Toulouse* had published the insulting question: "Who ever heard of a millionaire or a priest in the front trenches?" did the provincial censor suppress another paper's list of loyal fighting priests in answer to the question?

Why, last year, was *Le Cri de Paris*



forbidden to designate by a discreet allusion, a celebrated restaurant in Bordeaux which, till July 15th still employed 14 Germans?

Why were two phrases, taken from the Government report on the Morocco situation in July, 1914, and printed in the *Journal Officiel* in February, 1916, cut, this May, from an article in the *Annales Coloniales*?

Why, ever since the beginning of hostilities have all the Paris papers been forbidden to publish the official German *communiqués*, while every day one can get them in the *Journal de Genève* on sale at every news kiosk?

Why, why, and why? These are only a few of the more trivial "why's" that are being asked every day in Paris. Wherefore one paper, *La Tribune Libre*, formally invites its clientèle to call at the office and read proofs of the articles the censor has denied insertion in the paper.

So great is the Censor, so mysterious his ways, that if you will believe it he does not hesitate to blue pencil even his superiors, his employers! The editor of a well-known paper in Paris told me of sending one of his reporters to interview M. Briand, the Prime Minister of France and President of the Council. Two days afterward, and up in his fifth floor office, lo, a little bell rang. In the telephone there came a suave, apologetic voice. "My dear confrère" (it was Jules Gautier himself, he of the goat beard), "it is very annoying, but really I shall have to ask you to omit a part of the Minister's remarks. There are certain subjects which I am forbidden to permit discussed."

All along Newspaper Row—Rue du Croissant, Rue Montmartre, Rue Dronot I heard such tales—"in confidence," also most of them, for these be parlous times. I tried a weekly.

"No, I have not yet been suspended," the editor of the *Cri de Paris* informed me, "but I have come near to it." With merry gray sparkling eyes M. Ephraim smiled up from the blue pencilled proofs that had just come back from the Censor, as he pasted innocuous substitutes for expurgated articles into his dummy. A weekly cannot afford you know, like a daily, to come out with half its pages white, and so has to be ready a whole day earlier than usual,—and be re-composed. M. Ephraim has a hooked nose, a sense of humor, and a patriarchal gray beard. He leaned back and stroked that beard.

"It was when M. Benoist, a deputy and member of the Institute, contributed an article in imitation, mind you, of Montaigne's Essays, and with purely fictitious names. The Censor demanded its total suppression. Yes, I was indignant; I telephoned to the Maison de la Presse that I refused to accede to so arbitrary an act; but afterwards I decided to cut out at least all the names that might provoke the least susceptibility. 'Bonnie' did for instance sound a bit like 'Malvy' (Minister of the Interior). In the afternoon I was warned that if the Montaigne page appeared the number would be seized and that the *Cri* would pay for it with two months' suspension. Well, in order not to throw my employés out of their jobs I submitted; but the Censure had no confidence in my word. At eight o'clock that evening the press room was invaded by a Commissaire and ten agents with orders to prevent the printing of the page by force if necessary. And the joke of it was that I had left in

one *bona fide* paragraph of Montaigne, and it took them two hours and two taxi-cabs to make sure of it, and get permission for it to remain on the page."

Of such arbitrary acts one might cite hundreds. Often what all Paris knows may not be set down in print. Answers are cut and questions left, questions are cut and answers left. And what the local prefects do as censors in the provinces, anyone who knows anything of the ridiculous ways of the French Bureaucracy can easily imagine.

But it is not of such mere vagaries of judgment that French editors most complain. A far more serious charge against the censorship is its partiality. For it would seem that there are papers vulgar and papers sacrosanct. Certain journals, like the *Journal*, the *Matin*, the *Petit Parisien* and the *Petit Journal*, are never molested. If they are blue-pencilled, they defy the order. On May 26th, for instance, all the Parisian papers were warned to say nothing of the third escape of the aviator Gilbert from Switzerland. The favorites of Anastasia snapped their fingers at the prohibition and printed the item. No fear of seizing withheld them. But *l'Homme Enchaîné*, *Le Radical*, *l'Oeuvre*, *l'Elclair*, *l'Heure*, and *Le Journal du Peuple* have been punished again and again. The Censor, evidently has two sets of scales. In the one he weighs those newspapers who support the Government, and in the others those who voice the opposition.

So, from a military and diplomatic precaution, the service has become what is virtually a political distatorship. Again and again, papers outside the pale of partizanship—or ownership—have been forbidden to reprint articles already published in the privileged journals. Nor is the slightest protest permitted—that is censored, too, and the editor is lucky if he gets off with only a prohibitive "X."

Wishing to know how and why the *Eclair*, as cited above, had been suspended, I paid a visit to the editor's office. M. Ernest Judet, as he sat all alone, buttoned up in a sort of reefing jacket, in his dim grim office, seemed depressed and care-worn. When I entered for my promised *rendez-vous* he was already fumbling a fat little bale of papers, all proofs of articles that had been expurgated from time to time by the Censor; and, as I sat down he continued seeking the answer to my question, his gray-blue eyes peering through his glasses, his lips, under his grizzled moustache muttering, "*Ce n'est pas ça, ce n'est pas ça, ni ça, ni ça; VOILA!*" and he fished from the bundle a sheet of printing entitled "Our Fifth Suspension."

But alas, although even the small boy is permitted to tell why he is spanked, a Parisian editor must take his medicine and hold his tongue as well. That leader never was published; the columns appeared stark naked, and so, because M. Judet might not explain, I shall. His paper was suspended because he dared to publish a conversation of M. Briand which had already been printed in the *Giornale d'Italia*. How in the world the least sensible and most sensitive of censors could find in that article anything to condemn, and why with such strange persistence, he was singled out for persecution, was what, plaintively, M. Judet was inquiring of me, as he drew forth another and another of his suppressed essays.

"The Alsatian Concord"—a genial comment on that scene in the Vosges when General Joffre announced to the repa-

triated Alsacians, "I bring you the kiss of France!" The *Bulletin des Armées* had already printed it, why should not *l'Eclair*? Also, "For my Readers"—a discussion of the projected Japanese intervention, hinting that the British colonials were opposed to fighting with the yellow men. And more, and more, and more.

M. Judet ran his hand through his sparse gray hair. "It's the indignity of it," he said, mournfully; "to think that we journalists who think, who have read and studied, who have learned how to write, should be at the mercy of this literary *sabotage*, and have the articles we have toiled over so conscientiously, slashed here and there regardless of reason or of style! It costs money, these seizures. Why, if I were even permitted to announce the suspension in advance, without comment, so that my readers might know what to expect, I would submit more willingly. But for protesting against that injustice my paper has been suspended; and although both Millerand and Viviani in October, 1914, assented verbally to this arrangement."

Next to *l'Eclair*, perhaps *l'Oeuvre* has most suffered from the partiality of the censor. It was in that immense and sombre editorial office, while two pretty stenographers in the corner held hands and regarded me pityingly, that Monsieur Gustave Téry, a majestically important looking large dark man with a black imperial, handed me an old proof sheet of his paper, pointing with a thick forefinger at the last word in the title: "Alsace-Lorraine and Metallurgy."

"The Censor," he said, "formally forbade us, under pain of suspension, to publish this article. Of course I struck it all out." He handed over the slip. "But, to amuse my readers—and myself,"—and as a king might smile, so smiled Gustave Téry, "I left in that one word, 'Metallurgy.' Just one word. Very well. At four o'clock in the morning, behold, a horde of policemen appeared in the press-room. They seized the 30,000 copies of *l'Oeuvre* that had already been printed. It was not until I had promised to chop out that seditious word 'Metallurgy' from the plates that I was allowed to recommence printing; missing my provincial edition, and delaying my sales in Paris for four hours. And paper, you know," he added with the grimace of a pension keeper who sees you wasting the sugar, "paper has quadrupled in price since the war began!"

This April in a single week three papers were suspended in Paris; and two of them, actually, for reprinting what had already been published in the *Matin*. Imagine the *New York Telegram* suspended for copying an article in that morning's *World*!

But that article has sent a buzz all over Paris—it concerned the *haut commandement*, being an account of the early days of the battle of Verdun in which the amazing statement was made that, before Castelnau arrived on the scene, orders had been given by the French Commandant to evacuate the whole right bank of the Meuse. True, the battle was not yet over; true, the article did make amazing military statements; true, the news was immediately and officially denied. But why, then, was not the big *Matin*, the original disseminator of the agitating news suspended, and not the poor little *Bonnet Rouge*, and the *Journal du Peuple*? And, to complete the fairy tale, when *l'Oeuvre*, refusing to print the official denial of that early blunder at

Verdun, told editorially why it considered it patriotic not to do so, why was a whole column bleached snow white? As M. Téry sarcastically asked, "After having been so many times seized and suspended when it tried to speak, is *l'Oeuvre* now to be suspended, as it is now censored, because it wished to say nothing?"

Indeed, the Censor can go even farther than that in inconsistency. The Paris edition of the *New York Herald* has its fourth page printed in French. But frequently it happens (as when telling of the little grouch of the German and Turkish ministers at Madrid when the Spanish King received the visiting French Academicians), that the very same story will be printed *in extenso* in French, while being at the same time expurgated in English. The same thing happened with regard to the fact that the house of the Minister of the Interior had been entered, long ago, by burglars, when the Government was at Bordeaux, surely a stale and trivial occurrence. On the other hand, to show that there is no prejudice to the language of the Allies, it permitted the *Daily Mail's* account of Dillon's treasonable outburst in the House of Commons, and censored it when it was copied in French, in the "*Information!*" There was one time, at least, when a poor rule worked both ways.

Now, it was on the 5th of August, 1914, that a decree was promulgated by the President of the Republic and his ministers, restricting the indiscretions of the press in time of war,



in giving military information except that officially supplied by the Government. It especially prohibited such news as the movements and operations of troops, lists of effectives, works of defense, location of munitions and even items of sanitary installation, or names or changes of *personnel*. The penalty was fixed at from one to five years' imprisonment, and from 1,000 to 5,000 francs' fine. This interdiction could be ended only by a decree of the President or the conclusion of peace.

The Censor's working staff were installed in the Rue de Grenelle. About its members there is much mystery. Originally it contained several men of letters, journalists and publicists; but, whether through a distaste for the work of mutilation, or for other reasons, the best-known *littérateurs* are gone. Marcel Boulenger is gone—and Glaser, Rageout and Corpechot are gone. The *personnel* is now largely military, wounded officers mostly, "reformed" from the front; and rumor has it that such posts as are vacant in this monitorial department are exceedingly unpopular and hard to fill.

Three relays of censors work day and night, reading and expurgating from 8 a. m. to 1 p. m.; from 1 p. m. to 8 p. m.; from 8 p. m. to 3 a. m. Orders coming from the Chief Censor are received by him from four several departments; the Ministers of War, of the Interior, of Foreign Affairs, and the General Headquarters of the Army, without counting a representative of the Belgian Government, and a "friend of Gabriel d'Annunzio." Agents of the aforesaid ministers are constantly on hand at the Censor's department, ready to make quick decisions on important and urgent subjects.

All the printed matter has, however, already passed through two sieves of censorship. In the first place, the telegraphic censors skin and seed all news coming in over the wires—as most news does. Imagine the face of a New York telegraph editor if a "flimsy" were handed to him reading like this: "M. Blumenthal is to give a lecture to-morrow upon . . ." And yet, nothing, nowadays seems to so inflame the censure as that small word "Peace."

Even the Censor's own despatches are censured, curiously enough; a fact which provided another charming little comedy of errors, when Jules Gautier, wishing to suppress the sale of *l'Oeuvre* in the Auvergne, had his own telegram ordering the seizure held up so long in Clermont that all the copies were received and sold an hour and a half ahead of the arrival of his message!

Next, every item of news provided by the news agencies is carefully sterilized before coming into the newspapers' editorial rooms. But still the Inquisition of the Rue de Grenelle where editors are given the Third Degree, is kept busy and eye-sore, watching, through their blue glasses, lest Peace, or Alsace, or Metallurgy be mentioned, or the feelings of a no longer perfidious Albion be hurt.

Three captains are in charge, one on each shift of expurgators. And it is for that reason no doubt that many of the inconsistencies arrive, for, not only are the orders from the different ministers frequently contradictory, but what Capitaine Fargues may pass or refuse in the morning, Capitaine Cardot or Capitaine Musillard may refuse, or pass, in the afternoon or evening.

Over all this waves the magnificent beard of Jules Gautier, Censor-in-Chief. He is the Pontius Pilate whose duty it is to reconcile the different contradictory orders. But even Gautier himself, contrary to most people's opinion, is not an executive. A paper may dare to go against his veto, and print what his pencil has X'd, and still escape. The *Journal*, as I have illustrated, the *Matin* and other papers with a "pull" do it frequently. The Censor merely reports the disobedience, and leaves it to the Government to ignore or punish the liberty. And, on the other hand, even what he *does* permit to be published may cause punishment. Such an occurrence was the suspension lately, for 3 months, of *Les Hommes du Jour*, whose proofs were read and O. K.'d in the Censor's office.

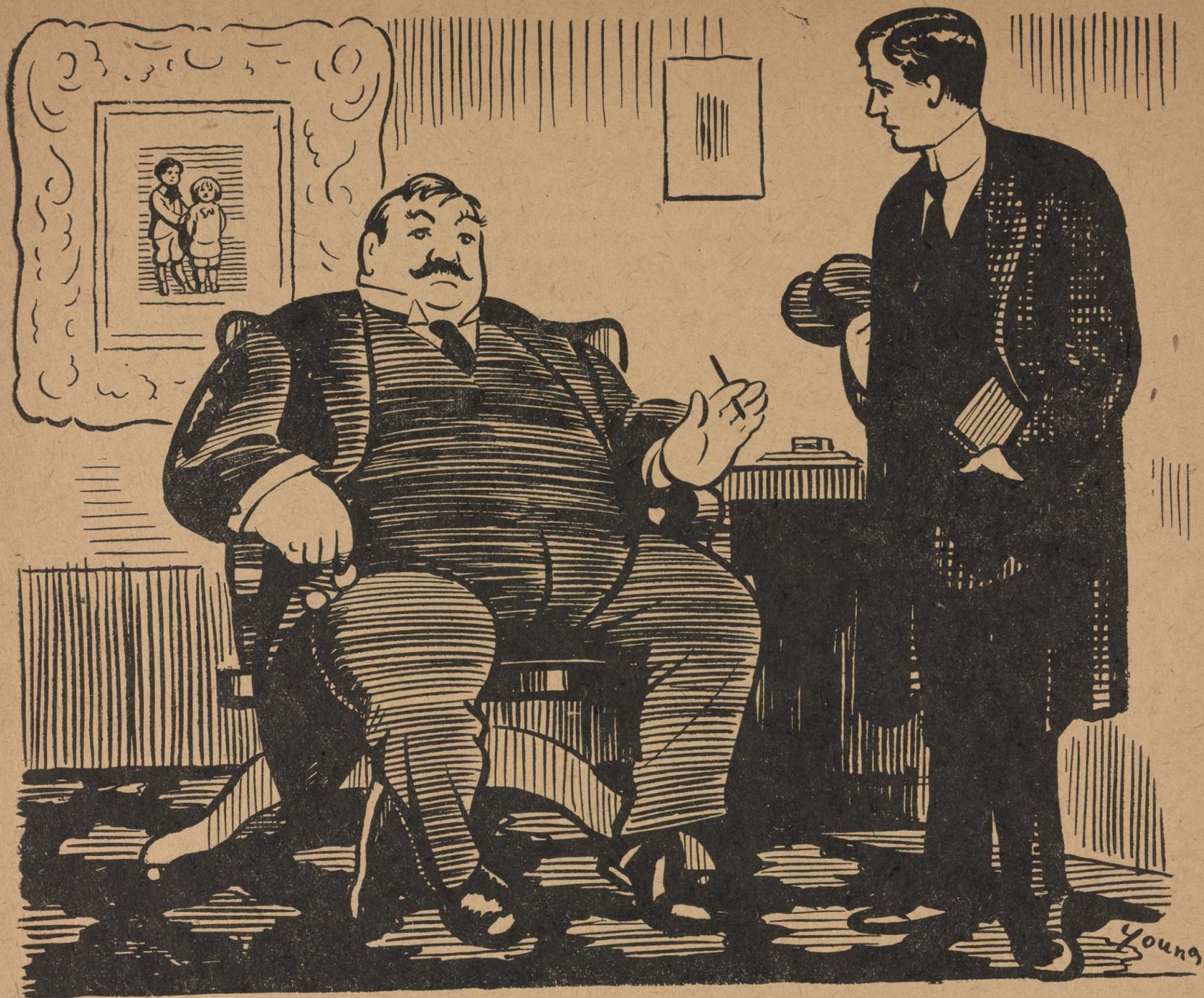
Innumerable have been the suspensions so enforced through the Military Governor of Paris; but, so far, I believe that only one absolute and permanent suppression—that of P. Rabiet's "*Le Vengeur*" for which piece of absolutism, he asserts, no reason whatever was given the editor.

As may be imagined, so clumsy a system involves considerable rigmarole. Max Raymond, editor of *l'Heure*, sitting in stately magnificence, glasses on his nose, a sort of French Joseph Chamberlain, illustrated to me a few wheels of the machinery of the Censure. For, amongst other extraordinary things forbidden the press, such as papers being cried out on the street by the newsboys—(they still bear the notice—*Ce journal ne peut être crié*) newspapers are forbidden to carry three-column "heads" to their articles. Max Raymond, however, seeing that the *Matin* was permitted the practise, once essayed it in *l'Heure*. This is what happened:

1. A soldier wrote letter No. 1 of complaint.
2. Jules Gautier signed it.
3. Cyclist No. 1, carried it to the Military Gov. of Paris.
4. Soldier No. 2 wrote Letter No. 2 conveying orders to a Captain.
5. Cyclist No. 2 Carried it to the Captain.
6. Captain dictated Letter No. 3 to demand the presence of the editor.
7. Cyclist No. 3 delivered it to me, Max Raymond!

But *why*, and again, Why, Why, is such a reign of nonsense endured by the press? Ah, it evidently depends mainly upon whose ox is gored. Why should *Le Matin* worry because the *Bonnet Rouge* is suspended? *Le Matin* has influence—it is immune—no danger of that important sheet ever falling under the ban. At the office of *l'Intransigeant*, a blonde square-bearded Frenchman smilingly polite, gracefully shrugged his shoulders in delicate incredulity at my story. What? A paper seized for leaving one single word out of an entire article? Impossible. Surely I must be mistaken. No; not at all; he thought the censorship quite justifiable in time of war. Perfectly fair to all. Yes, at times perhaps it *was* a bit inconsistent but that was only because of the number of clerks. He was *quite* sure that there was no partiality. Oh, no, *l'Intransigeant* had never been suspended. And all his grace and all his affability said as loud as words could say it, "Of course *not*; we have friends at Court."

Why then does not the Syndicate of the Press take up the matter in defense of the proscribed papers? Ah, the President



Arthur Young.

"It's the struggle, my boy—poverty makes young men successful and develops character."

"Of course you are going to insist that your children grow up in poverty?"

of the Syndicate, M. Jean Dupuy, is the proprietor of *Le Petit Parisien*, a paper which claims the Largest Circulation in the Entire World and he has scant sympathy with the lesser fry. There is little *esprit de corps* amongst French journalists, and, as Alice said, "The less there is for you, the more there is for me!" Those that are immune don't care, those that suffer don't dare to protest.

Their only weapon is ridicule, and so every day the smaller and the more radical journals are at Jules Gautier, stinging him with irony. And perhaps the most persistent stinger has been that biting clever humorist de la Fouchardière.

A bristling bearded, brown-eyed journalist, with the *verve* of a wire-haired Airdale fighter is de la Fouchardière; with a temperament spirited and artistic—and, well—no one would

ever call *him* a fop. One would expect him to live in Montmartre rather than in such a quiet spot as sleepy Auteuil. I imagined that there had been considerable rumpling up of that brisk brown hair before he had written his scathing "Poem to St. Jules," and his political satire "Cassandra," and many a flash of those bright eyes as he compiled a comic list of the celebrated "Ancestors" of M. Gautier—beginning with Gautier of Antioch, the ancient chronicler, and ending with that Albin Gautier, chemist of the Second Empire, who demonstrated that human saliva contains a venom analagous to that of the serpent.

De la Fouchardière's latest scream was to resurrect the portrait of an old patent medicine quack, the Dr. Munyon of France, one "Docteur de Cock, inventor of a power-panacea (Insist on the Trade Mark: "The Man with the Hammer!" who

resembles, as to whiskers at least, M. Jules Gautier, and whom he compared, quite to his advantage, to the "Man with the Scissors." And so, as the policeman says in "Iolanthe," "Taking one consideration with another," the Censor's life "is not a happy one."

But, by all the signs in the political skies, it is likely to be still more stormy as the days go by.

In the Senate, the revolt has begun. M. de Lamarzelle, on the first day of the recent reopening, read a letter from General Roques, the Minister of War, which the Censor had cut out of an article the Senator had written. And of what treasonable subject had the Minister of War inquired? Simply, whether or not soldiers at their depôts had the right to go to Mass!

"How can you ask for intelligence in people who practise such a trade as censoring?" M. Henry Cheron interrupted; and the Senate laughed.

"The Censure adds enigma to enigma!" de Lamarzelle continued, "Instituted to prevent involuntary errors in subjects of military or diplomatic interest, it has rapidly encroached upon the purely political field. It has consecrated its ingenuity to the re-establishment of delicate situations touching no national interest but purely personal ones."

In the Chamber of Deputies also twice previously had a very short, stout, bald, fiercely gray imperialed pugnacious member from Montmartre, Charles Bernard, attempted to protest against permitting the Censor's "limits of absurdity extending to idiocy."

"You even suppress provincial journals because they give the name of the streets where soldiers have died!" he thundered. And the amused Chamber only laughed and applauded ironically. The joyous Deputy continued, "One of our colleagues wished to announce that *l'Éveil*, the journal of Jacques Dhur, was to become a daily. 'Are you sure?' demanded M. Jules Gautier, 'for if you are *not* sure of it, I cannot allow you to publish it!'" Well indeed might he question, it would seem to an American, how this information, true or false, could affect the safety of France!

It was after the refusal of his demand to interpellate the Government that I sought out the combative apothecary, in his *Pharmacie Populaire de Clignancourt*. In a narrow parlor behind his prescription desk, assisted by two thousand-franc bull dogs, he filled my ears with Gascon sarcasm. And the burden of it all was, that France was asleep. Why was it asleep? Because it had been chloroformed by the censorship! No wonder then, that no great poet, no great prophet or seer or leader had arisen out of this dire combat—any really great utterance surely would forthwith be "caviardé" by the Censor. He showed me a bale of newspapers filled with the leprous white patches with which a Free Press had become diseased, and he quoted to me from his coming onslaught—if it ever is permitted to come—in the Chamber of Deputies. And truly, it would appear, Charles Bernard travels in good company. Listen:

"The Censure has served as an auxiliary to imposture and has been the scandal of France." BENJ. CONSTANT.

"The fact of the Censure is of itself destructive of all government." CHATEAUBRIAND.

"Every citizen has the right to print and publish his own

thoughts if he signs them, with no previous censorship, except as to the legal responsibility he incurs in the publication."

NAPOLÉON.

As figure-head of the Censorship, Jules Gautier naturally bears the brunt of all attacks. But why attack poor Gautier? Surely it is not he, it is not even Briand, "the man higher up," who is to blame. The fault surely is with the Chamber and the Senate themselves. It has, it would seem, deliberately adopted the Prussian policy of "*nicht raisoniren*." But as the recrudescence of this reign of silence happened to coincide with the advent of Jules Gautier, it is upon him naturally, that the journalistic arrows fell. But Jules Gautier is of course incapable of taking an initiative without definite orders. He cuts merely because he is told to cut, and takes no chances; first prohibiting, and then referring to his chiefs when the question seems obscure. It was his timidity, probably, rather than his zeal which, on May 2nd at 10 a. m. brought a Captain to the office of "*l'Heure*" with an order of suspension of the paper for five days, for having published an article on the Greek situation which had appeared previously in both the *Journal* and the *Petit Parisien*. It was probably because one of the Censor's many masters had intervened that, fifteen minutes later, the order was rescinded.

Why, no; a much more absurd figure is cut, one must acknowledge, by one of his victims. Clemenceau, the editor of *l'Homme Enchaîné*, whose paper appears almost more frequently than any other in this modern black-and-white patchwork style, has for twenty-odd months submitted to his degradation, and, although a Senator of France and a former Prime Minister, has never once voiced his protest in the tribune of the people.

No, not the Government ministers are most responsible for the comedy of injustice, but the two houses of parliament from which the ministers derive their authority, and which have given their silent assent. The vote of either one of the two assemblies would have freed the press and put the censorship upon the basis of impartiality and common sense. Yet Charles Bernard's attempt in the Chamber of Deputies to interpellate the Government, although he questioned only the abuse, and not the legality of the censorship, only found 189 supporters out of 684. The Deputies, apparently, fear liberty, and have sacrificed it on the altar of politics. Whether this severity may have served the national defense will not be known until peace is declared, and the political pot whose cover is now so firmly held down, in France begins, as it surely will, to boil over.

What is the real reason? Indubitably, the Deputies, for so long smarting under the constant attacks of the Press, are only too glad to have that snapping dog well muzzled, and are in no hurry to set him free. But, meanwhile, they are not preventing the expression of a real public opinion, a dangerous thing for any government, monarchical or republican to attempt even in time of war?

In time of war, it is true, it may be that such a romance as "Le Torpilleur No. 127," by Paul Blaise, published 35 years ago, should be refused permission to be reprinted because, as the Censor wrote to the publisher, it treated of an imaginary war between France and England! although it stretches one's credulity to the point where, as the staid old Lieut. Colonel



MILITARISM

Maurice Becker.

The Menace in the Schoolroom

Rousset, of the *Liberté*, says, sadly, "the least impatient are commencing to be tired." But, at Gautier's latest triumph of censorship, that forbearance cracked with an explosion of mirth.

Who is the latest victim? Why, who but Demosthenes, poor old grandpa Demosthenes, oh, did he ever think his Philippics were prophetic and that the "sacred union" of France and England would be jeopardized by the rivalries of Sparta and Athens?

And yet, when M. Fleury, a Parisian publisher, submitted as a mere matter of form, this request to reprint the Philippics, he got back from Jules Gautier the proof stamped with the Censor's seal with the words: "Under the express condition of eliminating the passages crossed out in blue pencil." Behold then, some of the dangerous sentences of Demosthenes' classic, the italics showing what were considered too inflammatory:

"You always let the favorable occasion pass. . . . As to the conduct and preparation of the war, all is left without order, without direction, without rule."

Dear old Demosthenes, did you ever dream that, in two thousand years and more, for "Philippus," a bearded schoolmaster, would read "Guillaume?" But in very truth that First Philippic does make rare reading to-day. Listen to more official Bowdlerizing:

"One thing astonishes me. None of you Athenians have reflected with indignation that you have commenced the war to chastise Philippus, and that at the end of the reckoning, you seek for nothing but shelter from his blows."

This was, it would seem, the last straw that broke the Censor's back, for, even as I write, word comes that Jules Gautier is at last deposed, and he has been superseded by one Pierre Maruéjols, heaven help him! Briand has convoked a general meeting of the secretaries of the Paris newspapers and they are to formulate their grievances.

Even *le Temps*, now that it has been attacked itself—has lifted up its voice and says, this week, between two still-more-significant blank paragraphs:

"Let the public powers reflect besides, that it is to their interest to permit the papers to speak the truth on the faults that have been committed. . . . A country like France has need to understand in order to believe. Do not place an enigma before us, show us the things as they are!"

And again *le Temps* has appeared, striped like a zebra, in an expurgated article on Salonica and Greece. . . . O tempora, O mores! Perhaps those very white patches are more eloquent than any editorials now written; do they too not contradict, do they not criticize, do they not accuse? It is the sole method Frenchmen now have of protesting, but, if the Censor does not soon show sense, those white patches may make more trouble in France than the most incendiary article that ever was written.

Paris, to-day, is filled with rumors. France is by no means satisfied with Verdun, and the *Matin's* sensational article has brought the subject to a focus and resulted in the project of a secret committee to investigate the preparations for and the prosecution of the battle. Why was not the railroad built into Verdun in time to rush on men and munitions? How many generals were court-martialed after the first retreat? Did the French lose fifteen thousand men taken prisoners during

those first days? All these things, and more, are told.

Now Frenchmen cannot believe that reputable newspapers noted for their staunch patriotism and devotion would try to publish, every day, news that would seriously menace the safety of the nation. Wherefore, the appalling and increasing number of white spaces in prominent papers has created a growing feeling of insecurity. People wonder if important news, perhaps dire news is not being suppressed, and their imagination deduces exaggerated and dangerous opinions. Common sense on the part of the Censure would restore a sane or confidence in France.

Other papers are more hopeful of relief, though as says the *Radical*, "if the Censure continues to be left to itself an hour will come when it will prove to be the orange peel on which the French Government will be sure to slip." Indeed, is it not for that very liberty of free speech and free development of opinion, now denied them, that a million of Frenchmen are daily giving up their lives?

No editor in France, you may be sure, wishes to complicate in any way the heavy task of the Government, and every editor is willing gladly to accept any reasonable sacrifice. But the people which has passed for being the most nervous in the world has given both in its officers and its journals a supreme example of reserve and discretion. But when it comes to pass that a patriotic newspaper feels obliged, as a means of accelerating the ultimate victory, to defend ideas that do not happen to please the Powers that be, one thing they do demand: that the authorities shall credit the press, as the press unanimously credits the authorities, with the motive of a desire, ardent, honest, for the highest welfare of France.

And yet, France is not gagged and pinioned alone. Although half our letters are opened and read, and repasted with the label of the *Contrôle Militaire* (which appears to regard most suspiciously bills and advertisements and permits free passage to such letters in cipher as my *teinturière*, for instance, showed me yesterday from her husband, showing his location at the front), yet in England it appears to be even worse.

There, I hear, love letters from the front and elsewhere are suppressed because they end in the immemorial fashion with a mysterious row of X's.

Well, doctors have always said that kisses were dangerous, but it has taken a modern censorship, one more fantastic even than that of poor Jules Gautier, to find in them a peril to the military and diplomatic affairs of an Empire!

Sport

"IN the few intervals in which no striker's head appeared to serve as a target, Lieutenant Murvin Woerth varied the action by bringing down pigeons with his riot gun loaded with buckshot."—*New York Tribune*.

WILSON seems fated to be always a little behind the times. Now he is advocating a league to enforce peace which Roosevelt boosted two years ago and is already denouncing as an immoral quack nostrum.

PROPAGANDITTI

HE was thin and very dirty—red nose, bleary eyes:
 “Unfair house!” He walked ten steps and turned:
 “Do not patronize!”

Ten weeks of strike, ten weeks of losing fight:
 And now the cafe crowds paid no heed, but spurned
 His strident plea: “Don’t be a scab!”

My girl held my arm the closer. “It’s not right
 To permit that,” she said—
 “I think it’s criminal,” wagged her head
 And lightly dropped the subject without knowing
 How I almost hated her.

To bind her closer to me I would convert her!
 Dreams I had of saying things to hurt her—
 Wreck that fatuous content, kill her God:
 I planned to roil her placed soul with my rod
 Of indignant propaganda.
 I planned to talk to her of hours, wages,
 Steel mills; statistics from the sages
 Of Marxian lore;
 Lousy bunk-shacks, wandering workers of the world;
 The pathology of prostitution,
 All that and more!

I knew not what I planned to do....
 ...Here was I with that clinging brat
 Named Conscience—sympathy, pity, “spirit
 Of gravity”—heavy, toadish fat,—
 I had it, I say, squirming in my hands:
 Face up, looking at me and gurgling in its throat—
 Tear-spiller, sapper of my greatest strength,
 Riding me, riding me, riding me until I
 Talked of “sacrificing self”: *Now cry
 Your last cry for I’m done with you....*
 ...I say....
 I know now what I planned to do.

We walked one night to the glow
 Of Market street, and then away from it,
 Going to Pochini’s. We hummed a slow
 Little melody... My father’s God! We were happy
 With a clear, singing happiness that I
 Never believed came to any one.
 I held tight her arm, conscious always
 Of the warmth of it,
 Close enough to breath the odor of her:
 “*Fragrance of her hair*”; she strode
 As I strode: “*Made for one another*,”
 “*For ever and ever down the road
 Of life*”—Old phrases of the erotic code.

But I believed them! Oh, I had said them before,
 And lied. Lies I thought them always—

Lies like politics and God: I swore
 I knew them lies, like all cosmologies.
 But the warmth of her arm was not a lie,
 And the memory of the pressure of her lips
 On mine....
 By God’s pallbearers,
 A living truth is in that lie!

And as we walked I thought of her,
 How like a cat she loved a fire, the purr
 That one expected became a wordless singing,
 Soft and childlike, adequate expression
 Of her content:—
 Clinched her hands, moved her legs beneath the clinging
 Silken skirt, stretched herself and sent
 A sensuous little sigh into the quiet.
 And in the mornings—this she thought a secret—
 She sang in bed!
 They had told me; once I heard. No threat
 There of awful problems; she need not ask her head
 To make a speculative feather bed
 Of categorical imperatives!

I remembered one white night upon the beach,
 Pale light of moon and stars low hanging
 In a thick black sky, near enough to reach;
 Friendly, sibillant swish and boom of surf;
 Two others sitting close like lonesome cows

In shadow-talk and kisses for a night like that!—
 But she ran like the wind from me,
 And when I caught her far down the beach,
 She dropped her cloak and, body-free,
 Whirled into a running dance: a fine line
 Of some bright color, across the dark monotone of the sea,
 Rose her singing, singing for me.

We were going to Pochini’s . . . She patted my arm:
 “Tell me the dream,” she pleaded.

But before I heeded,
 A ragged, dirty bohunk stepped from out the shadow.
 Faded overalls, heavy boots, his gnarled hands
 And crooked back named him migratory worker,
 Wanderer through the lands,
 Harvester of wheat, builder of railroads, lurker
 In the ghastly agencies on Howard street.
 Poisoned by the “coffee-and” of winter waits
 In cities, poisoned by the air of bunk-shacks,
 Womanless, childless, terribly alone—
 Harried slave: he asked a dime for bed.
 She turned her head
 Away from him. She said in careless tone,
 “It’s warm tonight, warm enough for you



Eugene Higgins.

A. D. 1917

To sleep outdoors." In his face there was no clue
Of what he might have answered her.

. . . She repeated: "Tell me the dream, dear."
"Of you," I said. And laughed aloud.

*(Still have I my choking pity; sometimes I fear
I'll never master it. My bad conscience, spirit
Of gravity, that brat I've plucked from off my
Shoulders, forced it face to face. . . . 'Now cry
Your last cry' But still it lives with me,
Even though Old Nietzsche
Connive with me to murder it.)*

I laughed, for suddenly I knew
What I had planned to do. This brat of mine
I thought to perch on her dear shoulders:—

She who owned good instincts that lined
Her world with velvet, that made her blind
To misery unless that misery threatened her
Own good peace; this healthy one . . .
This Dionysian, if you please, singer, dancer;
Possessor—by the whiskers of that mad German—
Possessor of a freedom from some certain ills
For which I'm seeking with all my errant wills.

"Sweetheart," I said, "Placid one, calm-eyed,
Calm-hearted, cool as are the maids of that far
Northern country from whence our people came,
If my cephalic interior were like yours you'd hate
Me; were yours like mine it would be the same.
Keep that sympathy of yours discriminate;
Hold tight your stupid God so I won't hurt you,
Pray that you won't change. I won't convert you!"

NORMAN H. MATSON.

THE COURAGE OF THE CRIPPLE

Amos Pinchot

COLONEL ROOSEVELT has supreme confidence in war. Billy Sunday, Lloyd George and the bishops of England have a steadfast faith in it; so apparently have most Christian clergymen in America. But can those of us who are without faith believe that going on fighting until Germany is brought to her knees will free the world from the threat of Prussian militarism?

Nations and individual men follow the same psychological progressions. For instance, the history of the nation Germany is paralleled with amazing faithfulness by that of the man William the Second; and indeed by the lives of many men, who, like William, began life handicapped, and yet had the vitality and will-power to overcome or compensate for early disabilities. Not only do such men and nations often succeed in compensating; they frequently end in over-compensating to a point where to all outward appearances, they are stronger and more aggressive than they would have been, if at the outset they had started on even terms with the rest of the world.

1. The boy William was born with a physical inferiority. He was a delicate child with a withered arm. When he came to manhood and the throne his sense of disability was increased; for Bismarck was master of Germany and William was permitted to be Emperor only in name. Then William's compensatory process began. In the Austrian controversy, he made Bismarck's position untenable; and the Chancellor resigned, leaving him supreme. As for the withered arm, if William could not make it sound, he has at least developed a great right arm, and with it lifted so terrible a sword that the world has forgotten about the other one.

2. In early life, Theodore Roosevelt was shelved by bad health. With a determination we now speak of as characteristic, but which may not have been so then, he went West, lived for years the life of the open and built up a constitution more than ordinarily robust. He came back, went to the legislature, was police commissioner, governor, a great president, a recipient of the Nobel prize and a writer of sorts. But these accomplishments were not enough; they did not slake Mr. Roosevelt's thirst for the purely physical qualities he once lacked and set up as his model. They did not literally enough assure him that he had compensated successfully. Consequently, Mr. Roosevelt selects other lines of action that emphasize possession of physical strength. He goes in for the strenuous life, and becomes our main apostle of virility. When occasion offers, he naturally assumes the rôle of the cowboy, because the cowboy is highly symbolic of the vital type he once fell short of. Next, in the Spanish War, he appears as a rough-rider; a distinct promotion in the scale of virility, the rough-rider being in essence the cowboy plus the added feature of participation in the virile game of war. Later on, as an explorer, plunging into jungles and living among wild men and beasts, he approaches still nearer to the primitive male; until finally, in the recent

Mexican crisis, Colonel Roosevelt reaches his apotheosis, for, lo! he stands before us proposing to raise a whole division of cowboys, rough-riders and explorers and to be supreme over this entire congress of virilities in the capacity of Major-General.

3. Page, the American high-jumper of a generation ago, began life a cripple. His problem was to walk as other men. But this accomplished, he wanted to run, to jump, to jump higher than any man ever jumped, and he succeeded. Why? Because a constant vision of the thing beyond, soundness of limb, created in his years of invalidity impulses so durable as to still urge him forward after their mission of bringing him to equality with other men had long been accomplished.

4. In his maturity, Nietzsche was Germany's most distinguished preacher of aggression; to him is attributed, rightly or wrongly, much of the ruthless power-worship of intellectual Germany of today. But Nietzsche as a child was a weakling. After his father, the pastor of Röcken, died, the boy was brought up mainly by grand-parents and female relatives; by them, as well as by the parochial conventions of a provincial village, he was kindly, but none-the-less cruelly repressed. Soon in this restless, non-conforming spirit the compensatory process commenced. His will to power philosophy, calling upon mankind to join him in repudiating all cultural restraint, expresses the swing of the pendulum from early impotence to mastery. Like the Kaiser, Roosevelt and Page, Nietzsche's aggression was rooted in weakness, not in strength; like their's, his insistence on power is reminiscent of a time when, in spite of natural capacity, he was shut off from it by very positive inhibitions. Like them, too, he sought to be the superman, because he once fell so short of the average man in power and opportunity to function. Nietzsche died insane, believing he was God.

5. Why is Germany aggressive? Why is she militarist? Why have people who understand Germany little hope of ending her militarism through war? And, why are those who want a lasting peace and yet protest against an early one—why are these well meaning believers in war working against the end they have in view?

Germany has had only a few years of nationality. In '71 Bismarck, Moltke and the old Emperor made a unification of unsympathetic, half-hostile states. The unification was not a natural growth, not a popular movement, but a feat of strength performed by a handful of men who said, "Let there be a nation." But if the foundations of the German nation are insecure, the soil in which they were laid is still more so; from the Ninth Century to the unification, the German story is one of attempted empire that rose, towered and crashed into disorganized fragments. In 1843, the Treaty of Verdun made Charlemagne's son ruler of a loosely joined empire. By the Tenth Century it had grown to include what is now Germany

and also Holland, Belgium, and a part of Poland and Italy. Though not a nation in the modern sense, still there was distinct consciousness of nationalism. Then came disintegration, which continued for several centuries until, in the Thirty Years War, Germany lost all semblance of nationality; her population went from twenty to six million; her people starved and wallowed in ignorance; her princes fled and lived abroad in more civilized courts. The project of German nationalism was over for the time being.

By Frederick the Great's time, reconstruction had begun, but it had not gone far. Though he was a Prussian and a Brandenburger, no one more frankly than Frederick admitted this; he said that the Germans were still barbarians and the rear-guard of civilization. And, on the whole, Germany seems to have agreed with him; she was unsure of herself, tender of her past, without confidence in the future, and aggressive in proportion to her lack of self confidence.

Next came the Napoleonic period of humiliation. Bonaparte crushed Prussia, made his headquarters in the palaces of the Hohenzollerns; said of the latter and the Prussian aristocracy in general: "I will make this noblesse beg bread in the street," and forced a division of German troops to fight in the French army. That success in the Franco-Prussian War did not remove from the German soul the humiliation of 1806 is shown a hundred years later, when, through the mouth of William the Second, Germany is still talking *revanche*, still proposing to wipe out with blood the score chalked up against her honor by Bonaparte.

The psychology of modern Germany has been profoundly influenced by her history. A picture of continuing failure, amounting, in fact, to a racial tragedy, has entered deeply into German subconsciousness and become a sort of permanent background, against which are judged the phenomena of recent times. And Germany's geographical position has powerfully reinforced the fear element aroused by her history. Germany grew up, like a lonely imaginative child, surrounded by menacing giants and ogres. There was Russia to the north, huge, slow moving, drowsy, of unmeasured strength; some day Russia was sure to wake up and move across Europe like a tide. France to the west and south, tempered, flexible and at home with ideas,—the despair of raw, unformed Germany. Also, to Germany, France has been a country of infinite possibilities, first because she had her diseases of militarism and French kultur experiences under Louis XIV and Napoleon, and reacted into democracy; and second because popular revolution, a thing that Germany has almost wholly lacked, has unified the French people and made them sure of themselves. But more important than either Russia or France, there was England, with mastery of the oceans, success in colonization and a long established supremacy in trade. England most of all has given Germany a compelling sense of impotence, loneliness, newness and comparative poverty.

Starting from a history that rang the changes of calamity, and a geographical position that stimulated the fear complex formed by such a history, Germany has unrestingly carried on her fierce compensatory struggle; and it has been a successful one, at least in a material sense. From Bismarck's time up to the present war, there is a pulling together of the states, not a

spiritual union, but, at all events, a strong political one. Nationalism, driven on by a consciousness of past failure and present superficiality, has been cultivated in a subservient people by the government, by school and university, until it has become a religion and finally a fanaticism. There has also been an industrial renaissance; a perfected, smooth-functioning state absolute has arisen; and in the last ten years, Germany has become the first military power of the world.

But all this is not enough. As in the case of the Kaiser, Roosevelt, Page and Nietzsche, arrival at the point of equality with others has only been a signal for departure for goals beyond. Those vital compensatory forces, created through centuries of fear and disability, still hold Germany and drive her on—to supremacy in arms because she was humbled in arms; to supremacy in nationalism because she had none; to supremacy in culture because, while Europe was semi-civilized, she was savage; to world conquest, because she had been taught to see herself ringed by hostile nations crouching to spring.

The writer is not pro-German; he is what is called pro-Ally. He loathes the German state, because it forces the individual into a rigid government made mould; he thinks that authority, especially military authority, has made Germany a poor place for the average man to live in. He believes that the German government has been the main, though not the only, aggressor; that it prepared for and forced war; that the enslavement of the Belgians and the Zeppelin raids are atrocities, although, in fact, mere fringes of the huge fabric of cruelty woven by the super atrocity of war. Above all, he sees in German militarism a sword over peace—a worse menace even than England's navalism or American militarism as promoted here by our own absolutists and commercial buccaneers. And, for these very reasons, he looks with dismay at the futility of the plan of crushing militarism by prolonging the war.

Even if it were possible to annihilate the German armies, it is wholly impossible to crush German militarism. For generations, German militarism has flourished, like a weed in a barnyard, upon crushing. Only Germany's own liberal thought and democracy can put an end to it: and, as long as the fear complex lasts, and the bulk of the people are convinced, as they now are, that they are fighting a desperate defensive war, there will be no liberal thought or democracy, no effective reaction against militarism. Extreme pressure from without, fear, humiliation and a virtual repetition of old disasters will only strengthen militarism, justify it, harden it, and make the crust of official absolutism, that now covers Germany, so metallic that democratic impulses will be unable to germinate and break through. And, above all, these things will set the stage on which the old progressions from inferiority to compensation, from compensation to over-compensation and from over-compensation to aggression will be re-enacted in another tragedy for Germany and the world.

But yet our apostles of violence are undismayed. They continue to assure us serenely that the smashing prescription will do the trick. Especially they advise that the war must proceed, so that the Kaiser, the military class, etc., may be thoroughly punished. They want Germany to repent, confess her sin and acknowledge the saving grace of countries with more guns of

heavier calibre. They cannot see that the Kaiser and the military class are effects not causes, only a superficial expression of something that is going on in the German soul. They confidently insist also that a nation of seventy million people can be permanently broken and incapacitated for war, as simply and as satisfactorily as we permanently break men and boys in our prisons and incapacitate them for rebellion against society. They do not take into account the fact that fifteen years from now, Germany, left with a grudge, will have practically as many men of fighting age as she would have had, if the war had never been fought, and probably a good many more than she has today. They fail to consider that Germany's material resources will not stay crippled, because her lands and her industries cannot be destroyed and her children will continue to grow into men and women. Early peace, they say, would also be a calamity, because Germany has not suffered enough. The loss of seven thousand young men a day, more or less, for two years and a half, mourning in almost every home in the empire, hunger, bankruptcy and the rest of it—apparently in the eyes of our Christian friends faithful to war, these do not add up to enough misery to put the fear of God into Germany as completely as our friends desire.

We do not question the sincerity of those who have faith in war and believe in the efficacy of force. The world is filled with men who believe in it; it is part of an inheritance coming to us from the time when we ate our food alive. Our economic system is deeply rooted in it. We thoroughly believe they believe in force, honor it, trust it, and gladly accept this opportunity of recommending it. But whether these good people are not really a good deal more deeply interested in justifying and exalting force than they are in ending militarism or bringing about a lasting peace is something that we, and perhaps they

themselves cannot answer. Nevertheless we cannot help seeing *that* these men who are most tireless in telling us that the war must go on, so that militarism will be destroyed in Germany, happen to be the same men who are most tireless in booming the spirit of militarism in America, and in urging the United States to get into the war, or, at least, to take a position that would mean war. They are sowing, here, the same narrow nationalism, the same fear of other nations, the same spirit of aggression that, for a generation before the war, was sown in Germany by its militarists, its clergy, its politicians and power-preaching professors. But here, they tell us, it is not for aggression, but all purely in the interest of national defense. So it was in Germany; and no amount of argument, even if carried to the point of reducing Germany as did the Thirty Years War, will ever persuade the average German that his nation was organized for anything but to repel boarders.

What, then, is the answer to those who, like Colonel Roosevelt (who, by the way, does not seem to have been rendered less aggressive by recent political birchings), who, like our bishops, munition-makers and evangelists tell us that the peace of the world depends upon fighting it out till Germany is whipped?

To them no answer can be made that will carry conviction; for they do not think in terms of history or human psychology, but in those of primal instincts. But to the liberal thought of the world, the answer is simple. No matter how much she may or may not deserve it, Germany cannot be whipped either into impotence or consciousness of her own aggression. The aggression itself must be attacked through a policy that is understanding of its deeper causes. And the first step in this policy is to switch the controversy from the physical into the realm of reason.

TO MY HUSBAND

HE wears a little ruff, your soul,
Stiff-starched and pointed, very prim;
And all his thoughts are measured thoughts,
And all his ways are ruled and trim.

Up and down his world he goes,
Turning each corner sharp and square,
And to each strange uneven step
Gives the crisp challenge: "Who goes there!"

So neat, so disciplined a soul
I have not seen on any mart—

What is this dear defenseless thing
Crumpled and warm upon my heart?

Anonymous.

A MANHATTAN YARD

MY small room opens on a city yard
Where never a space for Spring's dance can there be
For the cold, huddled stones with faces hard
Heed not at all the gray Wind's minstrelsy.

And yet—when darkness falls, I feel out there
Most certainly an orchard's murmuring
As though small buds in rain-washed April air,
Were lifting up their heads to smell of Spring.

Perchance long years ago in this bare place
An old Dutch garden grew in grave delight.
And now pale buds and flowers with phantom face
Slip back to dream away the wistful night.

Florence Ripley Mastin.

Revolutionary Progress

Inez Milholland

WHEN I think of Inez Milholland the thing that makes me happy is the way she always told the truth. I do not believe anyone was ever more open to these glamorous temptations and influences that lead us to fill our time with petty lies and hypocrisies than she was. She loved to be happy, and she loved to be admired; she loved to admire others, and make them happy. But she never in her life purchased a moment's admiration or happiness, for herself or any other, by obscuring or denying or neglecting to express the truth. She loved truth better than happiness. She loved it better than love. There was something almost superhuman in the way this young and beautiful girl passed among all the classes and kinds of people, sowing and reaping the joys of life, and yet never losing her *self*, never shaping or coloring her true nature and her true purpose and belief for the sake of a smooth half hour with anybody. Truth burned in her like a flame, and sentimental or hypocritical people were scorched by it. She made them uncomfortable. She was not afraid to make them uncomfortable. She was brave enough to be true.

And this was not only the supremely beautiful thing in her beauty, but it was the heart of her strong influence. It needs no saying that she believed with consecration in all the things we are doing to make men free and to make women free; but if everyone of us who believe were possessed of that drastic courage she had to make our belief known and felt in our words and acts always, how much more quickly we should win the world. We pretend that we are trying to win people by our pale casuistries and dilute forms of conduct, but what we are really doing is making the job a little softer for ourselves. We are trying to have a good time as we go along, which is all right. But what Inez Milholland's life proved is that it is possible to have a glorious good time, and yet stand like iron for the knowledge of truth and the liberty of man on every occasion.

The greatest change that will have come to the world in our day is the liberation of the genius and energies and beauties of women. As future historians of the people look back they will see that in these years that we are living, there awoke in the stream of man's life a new current, a new dynamic impulse. It is not a date in history, but an epoch in evolution when one half of the race, which had been inhibited to the sole function of bearing and rearing, wakes up to the joy of being and becoming. It is an epoch in evolution because it does not only mark a change in the culture and education which we *hand down* to our descendants. It marks a change in their heredity, a change in the very kind of descendants we generate.

So long as the social ideal was a repressed and petty-minded woman, that type of woman was selected to become the mother of the majorities of posterity, and by an inexorable law she handed on, to sons and daughters alike, the limitations of her nature. But as we learn to love the ideal of the woman who is great, we tend to make her the mother of the majorities of

posterity, and thus the very quality of the human stock is enhanced. The amount that any one person can do towards so vast a change by bearing and rearing children is tragically small, but the amount that one can do by showing to the world in fearless outlines of grace that can not be ignored the new ideal, is unmeasured. And I love to think of Inez Milholland as typifying, in her flashing and heroic beauty of color and gesture, this new ideal that is bringing to the world an enhancement of life more deep and sure than any that was ever written upon a page of history.

MAX EASTMAN.

England After the War

MR. W. L. GEORGE observed in a recent number of *The English Review*, "Very few [suffragists] have sufficient taste for economics to organize women workers into unions; if they had they would be doing it now. During the war no women's unions have been created, the old unions have gained very few members. . . . The old suspicion against women's unions still stands."

I would like to invite Mr. George to apply his test to the gentlemen of the Reform Club, who have a world-wide reputation for a "taste for economics." I never heard of their organizing workingmen into unions, or of any other English gentlemen submitting their refined taste for economics to such fiery trial.

Mr. George is enabled to use this illustration to test the case of the suffragists, because at intervals they have tried to help in the organization of working women's unions. It was their unusual manifestation of interest, their interest in the application of economics rather than their taste for it, that suggested the challenge to Mr. George's unsuspecting mind.

He says that no new women's unions have been created during the war. How many unions of men could have been created under the domination of militarism and state regulation of the industries?

There are in England, he writes, 1,500,000 "new women workers" holding jobs which have been traditionally men's. He believes that "in the organized trades women will be expelled; in the unorganized trades women will stay." He continues: "Women will need to make a living and will return to the labor market, ready and compelled to undercut the men. Now, women have always been ready to undercut men; it was the only way in which they could secure employment; in the past they went down all the same because as a rule they were unskilled and uneducated. That is no longer the case. The new women workers will have served their apprenticeship of anything up to three years; already many of them are as skilful as men, quite as strong when assisted by labor-saving machinery; many of them have discovered that manometers, galvanometers, punches, dies, rolling mills, combination tools are not at all complicated when you know them. Women will stay in the skilled trades. One good reason is that they are there. Such



1916

Albert Sterner

Albert Sterner.

immobility is the secret of England's greatness."

Mr. George has evidently made up his mind about women. If an American had forecast a situation, offering conditions as unusual as these—a condition where women are actually preferred to men in skilled trades—he would have taken for granted that new results would follow. But I suppose Mr. George's failure to do so is part of that secret which has made England great. If it is true that after the war women will be preferred to men in some of the skilled and important trades in England, that new industrial relationship will be of revolutionary significance for women. Women have always held their position in industry on sufferance, their asset was their cheapness; as unpreferred workers they were forced to underbid or forego the chance to work. No workers, either men or women, have ever been able to organize against unemployment, and that is what the organization of an unpreferred class of workers comes to. If it is true that women will be preferred to men after the war in skilled trades, they will organize, for they will have for the first time the same basis for organization which men have had, the basis which has made organization possible for them.

My reason for taking up Mr. George is because he offers so good a chance to restate that the organization of women on an even basis with men requires (what everyone would know if they could remember that women are people), an even industrial basis. But having disposed of the principal contention of Mr. George, it is still necessary to observe that all prognostications about labor after the war will fail which do not take into consideration the great outstanding and obvious fact, that the war has given England the opportunity of breaking through, when peace is declared, that "immobility" in English industry which Throstein Veblen has shown was *one* secret of Prussian greatness. *The* secret of the greatness of industrial Germany, is not a secret to England's leading statesman, Lloyd George.



Art Young.

Santiago Iglesias

He recognizes the value of state supremacy over industry, including the mobilization of labor in times of peace.

The British Committee on Labor Problems has just issued the statement that it will take six months to demobilize less than 1,000,000 soldiers. That means it will probably be from three to five years after the war is over, before demobilization has been completed. The process of demobilization will give the government, in connection with employers (and possibly a few representatives of the strongest unions), the chance to mobilize industry on a basis of efficiency, such as will insure England's place in the world market. If women in a given industry are more efficient than men they will be retained, and the Tommies can emigrate; or if that is denied them they will be forced to accept those places which the employers and the government in their infinite mercy assign them.

The British ministry, the Committee on Labor further reports, will have on its hands between 6,000,000 and 8,000,000 workers who are now employed for war purposes by the government. All of these workers, the Committee believes, will not be discharged simultaneously. What an opportunity for creating out of hand a State Socialism and beating Germany at the game of peace as she will be beaten at the game of war! Does anyone think that the present English Premier will miss a chance so to his own liking? "Oh," it is said, "you can't put that sort of thing over on the Britisher; he loves his freedom too well." There is in this country now a handful of Conscientious Objectors who have been through purgatory in England for the freedom they love. Ask them what the British Government can put over.

H. M.

Freedom for Porto Ricans

SANTIAGO IGLESIAS has come from Porto Rico to Washington to advertise the obscure section of H. R. 9533 called "And other purposes." The name the bill goes by is "A Bill of Rights" and its supposed purpose is to confer on the Porto Ricans the right to live, to own, to sue and be sued. They ought to be grateful for these human privileges. Some of them are. The Governor of Porto Rico is, and so are the bankers and the corporations. But they are particularly grateful for those things which come under the heading "other purposes," which confides the making of laws for Porto Ricans to men who own taxable property exceeding \$500 or \$1,000. That is a Porto Rican can make laws in the Porto Rican Senate if he has \$1,000 or more; or he can make laws in the Porto Rican House if he owns \$500 or over.

This bill now before the United States Congress goes still further in its "other purposes." It beats the Spanish monarchy in managing "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," for the Porto Ricans. It disenfranchises for ten years about one-hundred and seventy-five thousand working men, who had under Spanish rule for sixteen years before the United States acquired the islands, handled "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" for themselves.

"But," said a friend of mine who had visited Porto Rico, "I do not see what else the United States could do; the mass of



BARNES

Cornelia Barns.

"So the men want another raise!"

"Yes, the robbers would take the bread from our mouths."

Porto Ricans are a very low class of ignorant working people." I am inclined, however, to accept the statement of Iglesias that "there is a true and real awakening in all trades." Strikes, he tells us, have been more frequent and numerous than at any other time . . . the coal workers, the longshoremen, employees of the railroads and warehouses have gone on strike and all of their demands have met with success. Also the engineers and firemen, the workers in the building trades, in the foundries, in the blacksmith shops, the female labor in the tobacco industry as well as the meat cutters and butchers, have put in demands for better wages and hours, and have struck for them. They have not all been —as successful as the coal workers and railroad employees, but ten thousand of them are carrying on an organized fight for control over their labor.

Without the property qualification some of these strikers might secure seats in the Senate. The framers of the bill knew more than my friend about the intelligence of the mass of Porto Ricans.

The United States Shipping Board

IT is becoming a commonplace to observe that we live in an epoch of transition. The fact is we are now in the very midst of social revolution itself. Not to realize this is not to be able to think and act intelligently in matters of public concern.

The establishment of the United States Shipping Board is one of a series of events which mark the transition of the national government of the United States from a political to an industrial character. The first of this particular series of events happened in 1887 when the Interstate Commerce Commission was founded.

Our old political government has been an institution based upon farm property. Originally the farms located along a single river or on a bay tributary to the Atlantic formed a

colony and later a state. The new states in the West were replicas of the original states. These states, for administrative purposes, were divided into counties and united in a federal system.

Then came the machines and the railroads and the whole new interwoven social order based upon modern mechanical relationships. So long as the nation left all such economic factors and economic relationships "to private initiative" and individual caprice the political government rattled on in much the old way, except that every conceivable sort of private influence and corruption worked into its cog-wheels and its steering gear.

Then change in public opinion followed the change in industry. Groups of people began to say—"We must have government regulation of private business." The first people to demand industrial regulation *en masse* were the Western farmers, who insisted upon controlling the railroads. They wanted the rates fixed and the worst accidents prevented and the over-capitalization to cease. When the politicians in Congress, who at home were small-fry lawyers, ward politicians and retired plutocrats, were put up against the task of legislating for the railroads they very quickly and very discreetly said to themselves: "We know absolutely nothing about railroads, so how can we legislate for them without running the trains off the tracks?" They saw at once, when faced with the practical task of industrial government, what a majority of the socialist politicians haven't yet discovered—that is, that an eighteenth cen-

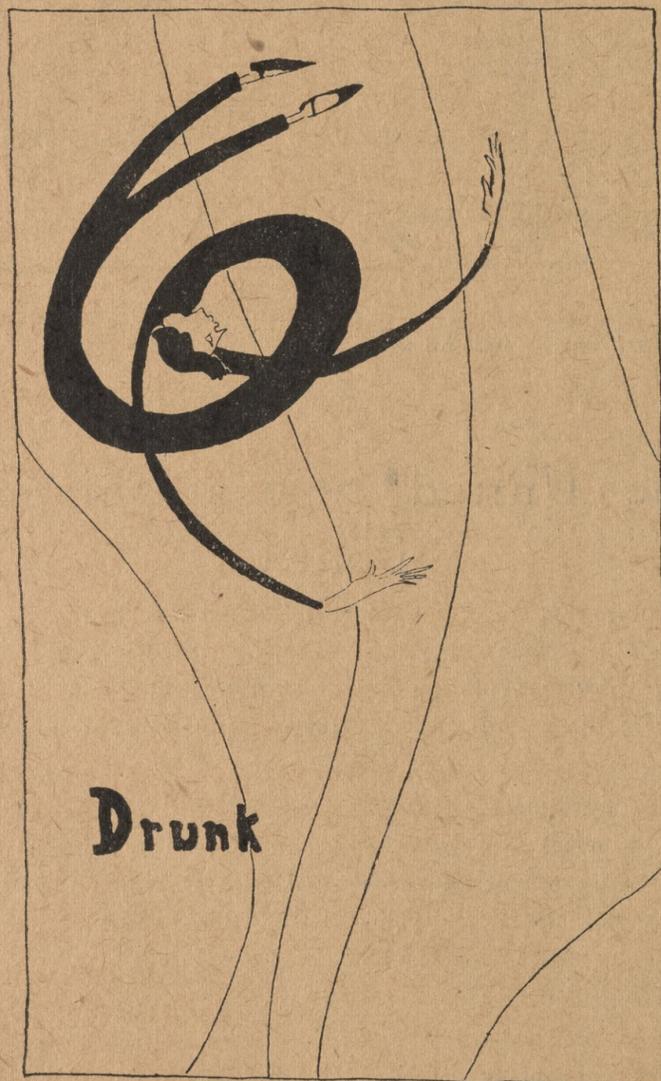
tury political system cannot be used as a means to manage modern industries. So Congress and the President, with the consent of the Supreme Court, turned over the job of controlling the railroads to the Interstate Commerce Commission. This was in 1887. During the past four years, while the country has been having the advantage of its first progressive administration, we have seen the organization of three more permanent federal commissions. These are the Federal Corporations Commission, the Tariff Commission and the United States Shipping Board. We should soon have provision made for three more—dealing respectively with agriculture, with mining and with forestry. Then will come the separate industries commissions, beginning with those for metals and machinery, textiles and clothing, and food products.

The United States Shipping Board is by far the most important of the commissions yet established. Beside being given complete control over all internal waterways and ocean shipping, it takes the next great step in national industrial development. It is given the stupendous power to buy, lease or build ships and operate them upon any routes it may select. For the execution of this policy \$50,000,000 is furnished by the government. The organization of the Shipping Board is thus one of the most important events in the history of the United States. At last the federal government has entered into competition with the private capitalists in a great primary industry.

The immediate cause for this drastic action is not far to seek. The La Follette law for the protection of seamen demanded a relatively high standard of service for the crews and for the protection of the traveling public. The ship-owning capitalist said: "We cannot keep to that standard and make money." "Very well," replied the government; "don't risk your money, the nation will own and operate its own ships."

Of course there will be some anarchists and some old-fashioned political socialists who will violently oppose this and other federal commissions. The old-fashioned political socialists are still saying that they "want the representatives of the people to control the industries." Right here is the great difficulty with those socialists who get their socialism entirely out of books of theory written in Europe fifty years ago. They wish to keep democracy and they wish to realize public ownership. But they look at the industries from the point of view of the political ballot-box instead of looking at the political ballot-box from the point of view of the industries.

Imagine a Congress elected by districts and states making an effort to manage the nation's industrial machinery. To begin with, every Congressman would have to be completely conversant with the utmost details of every industry in order to make "good laws" for all of them. Even a socialist Congressman would find it hard to include in his mind's grasp every important fact and factor which develops in all the industries of the United States and its colonial dependencies. At home in New York, let us say, he was a lawyer and made his living by running from court to court and getting the people who hired him out of their scrapes. Now, as a Member of Congress, he is suddenly asked to legislate on education and agriculture, coal-mining and cattle raising, king-making in Mexico and foreign commerce, and so on and so forth.



Herbert Seligman.

A mind which still conceives that our old-time political legislatures can deal adequately with our industrial problems and take government into the era of public ownership is living in the remote past. A mind is thinking in terms of government as evolved before the factory system developed, before the first mile of railroad track was laid in 1829.

The nation is now literally forced to develop government by expert commissions. These commissions, or industrial government departments, must be appointed by the executive until such time as the workers in the industries are educated and organized sufficiently to elect them and thus again effect democratic government. A coming event which will rank high in current history will be the assembling of all the federal commissions in one chamber for the discussion of general economic interests. That will be our twentieth century federal legislature or congress.

Our native American people learn socialism more rapidly than any other people in the world, when socialism is intelligently presented to them. All that needs to be done is to apply the principles of democracy to which they have been born and bred and which they understand, to our new industrial system which they do not understand. No American citizen can argue effectively against socialism. No Americans but the plutocrats and a few blind reactionaries will argue against it, if we stop quoting Marx on the theory of value and talk about democracy and liberty in the industries.

FRANK BOHN.

On Trial for Blasphemy

MICHAEL X. MOUCHKUS, a free-thought lecturer, was invited to speak before a free-thought group of Bohemians in Waterbury, Connecticut, last fall. He did so, and in the course of his lectures, read from the Bible: "And God said, If ye eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, ye shall surely die." He remarked: "They did eat—and they did not die, according to the Bible. Now if the account given in the Bible is true, God is a liar." These words were taken down by a policeman, and Mouchkus was arrested and charged with blasphemy under the Connecticut statute, enacted in the year 1642, which reads:

"Every person who shall blaspheme against God, either of the persons of the Holy Trinity, the Christian religion, or the Holy Scriptures, shall be fined not more than one hundred dollars, and imprisoned in a jail not more than one year, and may also be bound to his good behavior."

Mouchkus was tried and found guilty. An appeal was taken for a new trial, and this appeal was argued—before Judge Francis J. Reeves of the district court early in December. The hearing was almost concluded when Theodore Schroder, the free-speech attorney, heard of it, and hurried up from Cos Cob, Conn. After a conference with Mouchkus' attorneys, permission was asked for Mr. Schroder to re-argue the appeal. The permission being granted, Mr. Schroder proceeded to attack the constitutionality of the statute. The case then taken under advisement, and decision on the constitutional points raised by Mr. Schroder will be rendered in the spring term.

Mr. Schroder's argument is especially interesting, forming as it does a model for legal attack upon the various antiquated

statutes which we inherit from previous centuries, and which, though they are generally unenforced, may at any time be revived by the reactionary elements of society as a weapon against their foes—as was done in this case by the Catholic priests of Waterbury.

It was pointed out by Mr. Schroder that the word "blaspheme" in the Connecticut statute of 1642 was to be understood as the lawmakers of 1642 meant it to be understood. Then by a résumé of the ecclesiastical and legal situation in the seventeenth century, both in America and in England, he showed that this statute was founded upon and intended to conserve the identity of church and state which then existed, but which was in later times formally abolished by the Constitution of the United States.

He showed moreover that this statute, as understood by those who framed it, made punishable such heresies as the opinion that "witches" should not be killed, or even the doubt that there is such a thing as witchcraft—two beliefs which have the authority of the Bible behind them; in fact, as understood by the men who made the statute, it included as blasphemous the rites of the Roman Catholic church, so that the priests who pressed the charge and testified against Mouchkus could themselves have been punished under its provisions. This was made clear through an elaborate examination of colonial documents.

If this seventeenth century statute was aimed at all who did not share the peculiar views of the Hartford colonists as to what Christianity was, and what constituted blasphemy against it; and if it was intended, moreover, to punish the enemies of Christian religion as being *thereby* enemies of the state: then the statute is in conflict with the Constitution of the United States, which disestablished the Christian religion and established the freedom of speech on all subjects, including that of religion. The statute should therefore be held unconstitutional. Such, in brief, was the argument made before Judge Reeves. Those who are concerned about the preservation of our constitutional liberties will await with deep interest the judge's decision. There is no doubt that, if the constitutionality of the 1642 statute should be upheld, the precedent would be used by reactionaries in a desperate attempt to suppress the liberties of utterance which we now customarily enjoy. It is to be hoped that the decision rendered will be such as to make unnecessary the renewal of a bitter conflict.

F. D.

IN A HOSPITAL

NEARER the cot she leant,
To look at the shattered clod.
"So this," she whispered, "was what he meant
By doing his bit for God."

Slowly she rose and turned.
"His bit and his God," she said
Her bosom heaved, and her two cheeks burned,
But her eyes, her eyes were dead.

HAROLD CRAWFORD STEARNS.

BOOKS THAT ARE INTERESTING

A MONTHLY REVIEW CONDUCTED BY FLOYD DELL

The Book of the Month

Why Men Fight, by Bertrand Russell. \$1.50 net. [The Century Co.]

BERTRAND RUSSELL is one of the romantic facts of contemporary English history. The descendant of one of the great families of England, grandson of a Prime Minister, presumptive successor to a title; one of the world's greatest mathematicians, occupant of a chair at Cambridge; and for all of this a man of views so repugnant to the military autocracy of England that he is removed from his position at Cambridge, and denied a passport to America for fear of what he might tell us about what is happening to the liberties of England. His book, "Justice in War-Time," in which he describes the persecution of conscientious objectors in England, was I believe, suppressed by the military authorities. His letter to President Wilson telling why the war should not go on, had to be smuggled out of England. And now this book, revealing new aspects of him. And with this book, he ceases to be a romantic fact, and becomes something infinitely greater.

For the occupant of a chair at Cambridge, the presumptive successor to a title, the grandson of a Prime Minister, might have been what more than one of the romantic rebels of English history has been—a mere cranky individual. He might have taken his heroic stand against the war, and, in the other departments of his mind, been all that the descendant of a hundred earls should be. Instead of which we find him not merely abreast with the most significant thought of his time, from syndicalism to Freud, but a philosopher in his own right, a seer of the widest, clearest and most sympathetic vision.

He has written the most interesting, profound and illuminating book that has appeared since the war. To say that, it would seem, is to say little enough, when one thinks of the literature produced by the war—the sentimental heroics, the maudlin arguments, the hysterical screaming for vengeance. But not all minds have cracked under the strain, though many have retired to adjust themselves to the burden of new truths, in silence. The war has upset all our theories. It has been necessary to think things out anew. The effort to see clearly, above the fogs of passion, has not been in vain. And already the effort to speak truly and sanely has begun. England notably has furnished her share of such utterances. But of all the voices that have yet spoken, Bertrand Russell's comes with the clearest accents of prophetic understanding. It is the answer, not in detail, but in broad and simple outlines—to our groping questions as to what we must hope and fear and labor to achieve henceforth. Other books will be written, other programs outlined for us as mind after mind recovers from the delirium, and fresh unpoisoned brains take up the effort of thought for mankind; but this book seems to me to occupy

toward our own future some such relation as that of the "Vindication of the Rights of Woman" toward the epoch of feminist endeavor, or of the "Communist Manifesto" toward the class struggle of the period that has just closed. It is a star for the next century to steer by.

At this point it seems to be necessary for me to give some idea of what Bertrand Russell has to say about war—and peace; for his book, while written with the war and its problems in mind, is really, as the English edition of it was entitled, an essay on "Social Reconstruction." But to describe a book like this, just after reading it, is not only difficult—it is contrary to one's instinct. One wants to go off and think about it—to let the thoughts which it has started in one's mind grow into some fruition. Suppose you had read "The Origin of Species" the day it was published, and had to write a review of it. . . . What would you say? "Mr. Darwin, whose excellent book on earthworms we have previously noticed in these columns, has come forward with . . ." and you would stop and think dizzily, with a sense of old cosmogonies reeling from their pedestals. . . . All that has happened to the thought of the world in the last half century would adumbrate itself in your mind. . . . You would take up your pen deliberately, and write: "Chapter I deals with . . ." and so on; and then you would go out for a long walk, and think and think and think.

Well, then—this book consists of a series of lectures. In the introductory one he looks—not to reason, not to the desire for justice—but into the welter of blind impulses which lie in the hollow darkness of the human soul—deep down below reason, below even desire itself—impulses that must, in the present organization of our lives, bring war into the world—here he seeks to find some impulses which can be used to bring peace on earth and good will among men. Nothing less fundamental than a passion can be used to overcome a passion; and only the passions that lead toward life can overcome the passions that lead toward death. He finds them: poor, pitiful impulses which are half stifled and almost wholly despised in our modern industrial world, passions which we are taught to repress, to be ashamed of, instincts which we starve and deny and ignore—and which, if they were to be allowed to grow, would revolutionize the death-going civilization in which we live. With these stones, rejected of all the builders from Moses to Mill, he builds the foundation of our new civilization. Thenceforward through the book, in successive essays on the State, Property, Education, Marriage and Religion, he deals with the changes that will be required to give free play to the life-passions. And I am bound to say that, calm and sane as is his discussion of these changes, they are not such as would command the instant enthusiasm of the present guardians of our political, economic and moral destinies. . . .

Utopian? Yes, as utopian as Jules Verne's sometime account

of a submarine. Meaning that it can't all happen right away. But there is a final essay telling "What We Can Do Now." It might be entitled "How To Be Happy Though Living in The Twentieth Century," and I heartily commend it to all alive and troubled souls. It contains the only certain recipe. F. D.

Childhood

The Unwelcome Man: A Novel, by Waldo Frank. \$1.50 net. [Little, Brown & Co.]

MR. WALDO FRANK has written a novel about an unhappy child who became an unhappy man. The first part of the book I read with great sympathy, because I was an unhappy child myself. Not that there is anything unusual in that: most children, as I believe, are unhappy a good deal of the time. Happiness is a sense of having found one's place in the world; and childhood, except in the most insensitive or fortunate of children, is a time when the world is strange and cruel. The fortunate child is the one who learns, day by day, what the world is like, and how to master it, and whose vanity, the deepest thing in the souls of all of us, is fed by that sense of mastery. Most children are happy and unhappy by turns. Childhood is a paradise built very unsubstantially over a hell of torment, grief, heartbreak, loneliness and despair. One feels all those things in a world one does not understand. You see them crying in the corner; you know they will get over it pretty soon. But it is a grief more terrible while it lasts than any but the most excessive griefs that adults ever have to endure. A child may be surrounded by a doting family, and yet, in such recurring moments of grief, be devastated by the sense of being utterly lonely and absolutely unloved.

Mr. Frank writes so vividly of such a childhood, he recalls so clearly those childish illusions, that I supposed his book was going to deal with the gradual discovery by his young hero, Quincy Burt, of the fact that the world is not so harsh and cruel, after all; the fact that grown-up people can be dealt with as equals; the fact that he himself amounts to something in the scheme of things; all those great discoveries of childhood which rank with the discovery, by primitive man in a hostile universe, of fire, and tools, and speech. The adventure of life thenceforth may be painful, but it is good.

Mr. Frank's hero does not find it so. He retains his childish illusion of being "unwelcome." Now it is necessary to the health of the soul that one have a sense of communion with one's fellows. Lacking that, one may find a substitute in the sense of communion with God, and become a saint; or with some race of beings yet unborn, and be a prophet. But one dare not stand alone. Mr. Frank's hero does: and I am not surprised at his wanting to commit suicide in the latter pages of the book. What I am surprised at is that he did not gain long before that the saving sense of being a part of things, which keeps people from suicide—even when, as in Quincy's case, a girl has declined an eleventh-hour invitation to celebrate the New Year in one's company!

Most people, even the most sensitive, do manage to grow up.

But then Quincy Burt's experiences are not the ones which usually assist in this process. Quincy seems to have had no playmates, no sweethearts, no friends, in any real sense. It is playmates, sweethearts and friends that lead one out of the home into the world. They are the great teachers of the art of life.

"The world," says this paper cover, "is full of Quincy Burts." I don't believe it. It is practically impossible to escape the tutelage of playmates, sweethearts, friends. One can hardly fail to learn, in twenty years, enough of the art of living to minister to one's profoundest instinct, vanity. The unhappy child does not become the unhappy man. I can remember a child so sensitive that if anyone looked crossly at him at the table (because his clumsy little hands had spilt the gravy), he had to get down from the table and leave the room to keep from bursting into tears. I am seated at the table of life at present and enjoying myself greatly, and I'd like to see anybody drive me away. If there are cross looks, I am unconscious of them—and there well may be, for I still with my clumsy hands occasionally spill the gravy! F. D.

China

Present-Day China, by Gardiner L. Harding. \$1 net. [The Century Co.]

THE transformation of China from an antiquated, old-fashioned, despotic monarchy, corrupt and rotten to core, into a Republic, is the greatest event of the twentieth century in Asia so far. It is even greater than the victory of the Japanese over Russia. It is symbolic of the great change that is coming over the East. The Revolution of China, which resulted in the establishment of the Republic, was a military failure. But politically (even socially) its success is the standing feature of Far Eastern life today. Mr. Harding gives a vivid account of the spirit that was behind the Revolution and of the men who brought it about. The significance of Mr. Harding's account lies in the fact that the spirit with which he credits the Chinese Revolutionaries and Nationalists is not an isolated fact of Asiatic life. It is typical and representative of the general awakening in the East. It found expression in the activities of the young Turks, in the efforts of the Persians to put the government of their country on a democratic basis. It is equally visible in India.

Mr. Harding says he is a partisan of the Revolution. Yet that fact does not prevent him from seeing and narrating the many fatuous blunders committed by the revolutionary chiefs on both the military and the civil sides. He considers the Chinese Revolution to be a "glorious failure." The Asiatics, however, consider it a glorious success in so far as it was a manifestation of the new spirit that inspires the different ancient peoples that inhabit that continent to stand up for their rights against their oppressors whether indigenous or foreign.

The second outstanding fact of Mr. Harding's book is the general impartiality with which he traces the doings of the civilized powers to coerce the young Republic into concessions which virtually make the government of China a slave of their

will in her own house. His delineation of the "waves upon waves of aggression" which have stripped China of her fortress and dependencies from Korea and Mongolia to Tibet and Tongking, which have placed the whole of her interior in the grip of foreign powers and enabled them to cut strategic thoroughfares up and down and across the heart of her dominions, is vigorous, lively, and interesting. We do not feel disposed to agree with him when he discriminates against Japan. The demands of Japan are only the logical consequence of the European aggressiveness in China. The concessions extorted by European power are as much the badge of ownership as those obtained by Japan.

The rapidity with which the world is moving on, to what goal one does not know, is best illustrated by the fact that certain events have happened in China since the book was published last year which already make it look out of date.

LAJPAT RAI.

The Disillusion of Magdalen

Magdalen. Authorized translation from the Bohemian of J. S. Machar, by Lee Wiener, Professor of Slavic Languages and Literatures at Harvard University. The Slavic Translations. \$1.25 net. [Mitchell Kennerley.]

"MAGDALEN," the first of a series of Slavic translations, represents the work of a popular Bohemian poet. It is, however, a prose translation, reading like a novel—and not a bad novel, at that. One loses, perhaps, as much as a Bohemian reader would lose in reading a prose translation of Byron's "Don Juan" or Masefield's "The Everlasting Mercy": but one does get an interesting story.

It is about a girl who under the influence of a young man leaves a house of prostitution to lead a respectable life. The sentiments which animate her are almost those of a religious conversion: and she is, in consequence, a finer person all through the story than the other respectable people with whom she comes in contact. They, not being animated by such exalted sentiments, being in fact quite ordinary people, continually disillusion her with the respectable world. In the course of what is in effect a brilliantly satirical description of provincial Bohemian society, she meets with so much meanness, vanity, coarseness, cruelty, lying and lust that the shock upsets her belief in respectability. The final touch is given by the young man, who in a moment of nobleness had persuaded her to give up her old life. He is not capable of living continuously on such heights; and he makes advances to her which have a catastrophic effect. The world becomes horrible to her, and she goes to drown herself. But lacking the courage, she goes back instead to the house where she had been told when she left that she would always be welcome.

Respectable Bohemian life, as described by Machar, appears considerably less human and decent than prostitution. This is probably an unwarranted compliment to the latter; but the fact that such a compliment could unconsciously be paid seems to indicate that respectable life in Bohemia is very much like respectable life in the United States.

F. D.

Notes on New Books

[Notice under this heading does not preclude a later review.]

War, a Play in Four Acts, translated by Thomas Seltzer, from the Russian of Michael Artzibashef. \$1 net. [Alfred A. Knopf.]

The Russians are our teachers still, when it comes to the art of literature. Quiet, simple, beautiful, terrible and profound, piercing the heart, this play has a power of conviction which propaganda cannot achieve—which only art can.

Witte Arrives, by Elias Tobenkin. \$1.25 net. [Frederick A. Stokes Co.]

The story of an immigrant who is *not* crushed into the industrial slavery of America. The early chapters are notable for their sympathetic and moving description of the hero's father, one of the finest types of the Jewish race, the possessor of an idealism foreign to our rational life, but which we shall be fortunate if we assimilate.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916, and Year Book of American Poetry. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. \$1.50 net. [Laurence J. Gomme.]

To keep in touch with what is happening in American poetry one cannot do better than buy and read this book. Mr. Braithwaite has a great deal of sympathy for the newer and experimental forms of verse—and is apparently heartily in accord with the spirit beneath them—but he has not become by any means blind to the beauty of the old and accustomed technique. One can find much to disagree with in the matter of his inclusions and exclusions and his prefatory remarks, but that itself is an excellent indoor sport.

The Sexual Crisis: A Critique of Our Sex Life, by Grete Meisel-Hess. Authorized Translation by Eden and Cedar Paul. With an Introduction by William J. Robinson, M.D. \$3 post-paid. [The Critic and Guide Co.]

An admirable addition to the serious social literature of sex, and should go on your shelves beside the works of Havelock Ellis, Ivan Bloch and August Forel. Review later.

Music and Bad Manners, by Carl Van Vechten. \$1.50 net. [Alfred A. Knopf.]

The author relates that Strawinsky once played some measures of "The Firebird" to his master, Rimsky-Korsakow, until the latter said, "Stop playing that horrid thing; otherwise I might begin to enjoy it." I stopped reading this book for much the same reason. It contains an infinite amount of amusing musical gossip, and deals, among other things, with Leo Ornstein and music in Spain.

For Pearl Divers

HASTY readers of THE MASSES—if there are such!—are warned that these are *not* the last pages on which reading matter is to be found. Some of our best things will be found this month, as usual, in the narrow columns at the back of the magazine.

Thoughts On God and Annette Kellermann

Charles W. Wood

WHOM the Lord loveth he chasteneth: which is one of the things I like least about God. If I love anybody especially well, I try my best to treat him especially well. I want to see him enjoy himself. I want him to be happy. Not so with God, and not so with the godly. I wish there weren't so many godly people on earth and we could have a lot better time. God loved Job so well that he sent him a cargo of boils. He loved his only begotten Son so well that He had him crucified. All of which is strictly God's business and I do not presume to interfere. But can't He make us miserable enough without our having to play the same game on each other too?

"This hurts me more than it does you," sainted parents used to say, as a prelude to whaling the tar out of their offspring. I liked the attitude of the children far better. Uniformly, in my observations, they were broad-minded in the matter. They were willing to accept the statement at its face value and call the whole proceeding off. That, doubtless, was because of their being totally depraved. Like me. Like all of us who want to see everybody happy. I wish everybody were totally depraved: Sanctified people are such nuisances. They love their neighbors as themselves: but they hate themselves, and it doesn't take much higher mathematics to see where the neighbors get off.

Unfortunately, however, a lot of grown-ups seem to be created in the image of God, and insist on chastening everybody they love. I began to think about this first when a godly farmer up in Jefferson County took an axe to his wife.

"I killed you because I loved you," he said through his tears. She loved another man. The other man made her happy. Mr. Farmer couldn't stand it to see anyone he loved have any happiness, hence the chastening.

I saw the same disagreeable godliness cropping out at a dance a few weeks ago. A beautiful young wife saw her cherished husband start to dance with another girl. The wife scrutinized the pair judiciously for a few moments. She didn't object to her husband dancing with another woman, if she could only be sure that he didn't want to. But close scrutiny convinced her that hubby was actually enjoying it. There was a look on his face which told of a strange new exaltation. The wife had been good company up to that moment. Forthwith she became heart-broken and has tortured her husband ever since. He, being ungodly, doesn't like to have her miserable. He can't enjoy himself very well when she is heart-broken. She knows this and stays heart-broken and altogether miserable. Why? Whom this sort of woman loveth she chasteneth. I'd almost as soon be loved by the Lord and have boils.

And so would a lot of others. Thank the Lord, the world isn't altogether godly yet.

Which leads me to explain to Mr. Arnold Daly, Mr. Benjamin F. Glazer, the Estate of Henry B. Harris and whom it may concern why "The Master" failed to fulfill its promises at the Fulton Theater.

"The Master" presented a most interesting problem. It was presented by Mr. Daly, one of the most loved and lionized of actors, with a very competent company including Edward Abeles. No expense was spared in the production; and the play, adapted from a successful German piece, seemed to be a sure-fire success. The popular Daly, in addition, was given such a rousing welcome at the first performances that the critics were disarmed and predicted a great run. When it failed to arouse enthusiasm, producers doubtless remarked: "You never can tell." But that is the difference between me and the producers. I'm telling.

The play presented a super-egotist, "The Master," rising above the ordinary little human emotions of love and hate. In his magnificent selfishness he takes what he thinks he may require, including his pretty private secretary; magnanimously arranging things soon after so that she shall marry one of his subordinate scientists. Incidentally, he coaches his subordinate not to worry if his wife turns out to be a little inconstant now and then: one must expect that of women, etc., etc., etc.

Eventually, however, he is confronted with the discovery that his own wife loves another man: at least, in her exclusion from his own inner life, she has accepted the devotion of another and they are caught together in a hotel fire. "The Master" is terribly shaken up in the ensuing emotional storm. How he calms and controls himself, how he refrains from murder, how in the end he decides that she has acted within her rights and represses his feelings to such an extent that he doesn't want her to ask forgiveness or to go away—this is supposed to be the climax of the drama. And all the time, a Japanese doctor, acting as a "foil" to the Master's attitude, presents what is supposed to be the opposite philosophy. It is all to the effect that where there is love, there must be hate—and shooting—if the love is dishonored.

This was hashed up as an intellectual drama and the poor producers expected it would be a success. It might have been—in 1857; when the world was ever so much more godly than it is at present.

Actually, there isn't a difference worth noting in the two attitudes of mind. "The Master," for all his intellect, wanted to kill somebody. Why? The only reason I could discover was that his wife had a few moments' realization of something she had craved. The Jap felt the same way, only he did not believe in repressing it. Nowhere is it suggested that any man could actually want anyone he loves to be happy.

Now, I'll admit that master egotists can't be expected to want any such thing: and the playwright was under no artistic compulsion to introduce any character who did. But play-goers are not artists: they are people. They are not radicals but they are human; and most of them nowadays live in the year 1917. And I know, if playwrights don't, that there are lots of people in 1917 who are quite willing, sometimes almost eager, to see

their loved ones happy. They won't admit it, of course, as it isn't respectable. But when they go to a 1917 intellectual problem play, they rather expect to see a little 1917 psychology in it. "The Master" contained none. No charges for the explanation.

NEW YORK is a city of five million people, most of whom are males and females. Its principal industry consists of keeping these sexes apart. Marriage is prohibited by the high cost of living. Free love is prohibited by common consent. Slave love, the only other kind of love known to modern science, is prohibited by statute, and monopolized by those who know their business.

New York (controlled by those who know their business) doesn't like freedom. New York wants everything paid for; and when people are discovered doing anything because they want to do it, somebody goes to jail.

If a girl hugs the man she loves at the beach, for instance, just because she wants to hug him, it means another case for police court. If she hugs someone she hates on the way out, just because she has to hug him, it means another nickel for the B. R. T.

In cool theaters hired girls may take off most of their clothes and shiver starkly for every man's amusement. On hot sidewalks they must keep them all on.

In winter gardens they may show their shapes, kick up their heels and flirt with anyone who has bought a ticket. In summer parks they are arrested for asking strangers to take a stroll: and if they should kick up their heels, all New York would be scandalized.

New York women are compelled to wear clothes except when they dance or have their pictures taken. On Broadway they can dance bare-legged, if they dance on the right side of the box office. On the Bowery they have to wear tights.

When New York girls swim for fun, they have to wear skirts, ridiculous contraptions to take the joy out of swimming. When they swim for the moving pictures, however, they may be perfectly naked.

Well, it marks some advance, anyway. I can remember when girls had to appear to be wearing something whenever they were seen in public. 'Tis so no longer: thanks be to the gods, and to that superb "Daughter of the Gods," Annette Kellermann.

Miss Kellermann seems perfectly naked through much of this performance at the Lyric. Nakedly perfect may be a better way to say it. She is so naked and so perfect that I wonder at the film being permitted, even though the so-called drama in which she appears is utterly innocuous and foolish. I wish I could say a good word for the film but I can't, aside from this exhibition of lovely nudity and the joyous, free swimming of Miss Kellermann and her associates. But that itself makes it more than worth while. I can't help thinking what it may mean to New York to have completely unadorned beauty allowed in the moving pictures.

I can't believe that this is the end. I hope it is a beginning. In a very few years, I hope, the boys and girls of New York will get accustomed to seeing human shapes in all their divine loveliness, instead of seeing them in gaudy tights under multi-

colored spotlights to the accompaniment of fool songs. Everybody goes to the movies. If beautiful girls can swim naked there, they may rebel against bundling up when they take a dip at Coney Island. Unbeautiful ones may take the same liberties, I admit, but I'll leave to anyone if they can make themselves more hideous than they do in the ill-fitting and unsanitary togs they swim in now.

Only a few years ago, groups of lascivious gentlemen used to hang around the Flatiron Building corner on windy days, in order to catch sight of women's calves when the uncertain air-currents caught their long and moral skirts. This is almost a lost art today because skirts are not nearly so moral as they used to be. Women are no longer ashamed to have calves; that is, if they have calves worth looking at. They are not ashamed of anything short of knees today, and who knows what another summer may bring forth in that respect? If the time ever comes when they are not ashamed of any part of their bodies, the whole art of lasciviousness will be lost forever.

Wouldn't that be a terrible blow to the New York drama? Think of trying to run a burlesque show in New York then. Musical comedies, too, would have to contain music; cabaret singers would have to be able to sing, and dancers would have to know how to dance.

Shame is the whole stock in trade of the professional purveyors of immorality. It is the cornerstone of the slave-love industry. The Pimps' Union should unite with the churches in opposing such shamelessly pure exhibitions as Annette Kellermann's. They know, if the ministers do not, that there is nothing sexually exciting about nudity, and that a people not ashamed of beautiful bodies would not be sexually attracted by anything short of sex attraction.

WHEN I started this department in THE MASSES, I confessed that I was not a dramatic critic. I'm glad I did. If I were a dramatic critic or an artist or a literary man, I should have to tell you how I enjoyed "The Yellow Jacket" at the Harris Theater. They all enjoyed it immensely; told me it was the greatest drama in town. Perhaps it is. I dunno.

"The Yellow Jacket" is Chinese. Anyone who likes Chinese drama should like this. Chinese drama, like Chinese cooking, leaves much to the imagination, and mine couldn't stand the strain. I am willing to admit that this is my fault, but I can't understand why the lines weren't Chinese too, which would have left more yet to be imagined. My imagination is limited, but I imagine that the average locomotive fireman of my acquaintance would rather go to another show.

I don't want to keep anyone away. I want it distinctly understood that "The Yellow Jacket" is great for those who like it. Let me suggest: get a first class Chinese short story: Read it: Then read a modern story in, say, the *Saturday Evening Post*. If you enjoy the Chinese tale best, go to "The Yellow Jacket." If you prefer the other kind, go to any one of a dozen successful plays.

Fortunately, you don't have to limit your choice to that. There is more variety in the New York drama this year than ever before.

The Neighborhood Playhouse is a notable example. Striking out fearlessly to produce plays that were worth playing, this organization taught Broadway a lot of tricks. It convinced some managers, for instance, that a lot of people would rather see good plays than poor ones; that they would rather see meaningful plays done by good actors than nothing at all done by stars.

Twice now the Neighborhood Players have appeared at the Maxine Elliott Theater; and multitudes have passed by all sorts of electric invitations to come and see their favorite stars, in order to see two one-act plays by Bernard Shaw and another by Lord Dunsany. I take it that this means something. I take it that Broadway managers are beginning to see that a whole lot of New Yorkers are not the half-imbecile type which they have been calling "tired business men." They are beginning to see that Shaw is not a curio to be exhibited to highbrows.

Comically, the Broadway habit couldn't be overcome and "Gertrude Kingston" in great electric letters is the high sign at the Elliott. Miss Kingston is not the attraction. G. B. S., whom Miss Kingston and her company interpret very well, is

"And So They Were Married"

An Intrusion by F. D.

BY an unhappy twist of fortune, I am now engaged in telling you about Jesse Lynch Williams' play,* while over at another typewriter my friend Charley Wood is pounding out his impressions of "The Yellow Jacket." It should have been the other way about. Charley Wood likes ideas, and loves to discuss marriage. In "And So They Were Married" he would have found almost all the ideas ever promulgated on the subject, and he would have added several perfectly new ones himself, and we would all have been happy. Instead of which he is telling you how "The Yellow Jacket" bored him. Actually! the profusion, color, surprise, charm, humor, pathos and sheer magical loveliness of "The Yellow Jacket" bored him. Of course, there are no ideas in that play; there is only beauty of the first order. But when I reproach him on his callousness, he looks up and with a forefinger poised severely over one of the keys, replies irrelevantly that he never pretended to be a dramatic critic. As if that had anything to do with it? The trouble is not that he isn't a dramatic critic (which he is), but that he isn't a child. He is grown up—excessively. At that, I think he really enjoyed "The Yellow Jacket" as much as I did; only he is ashamed to admit the fact. Five years ago, when "The Yellow Jacket" was first put on, I sat behind a stockbroker who laughed and almost cried by turns at the play, and then complained between the acts that he couldn't understand it. He understood it as well as I did—but he didn't know that what he understood was all there was to understand. Charley Wood is like that, only different. He wanted some Chinese sociology. Instead he got butterflies. He doesn't like to chase butterflies. Most everybody else does. But I do wish that when he finds himself unable to sympathize with

our childlike amusements he wouldn't pretend that he is too "low-brow" to do so. . . . I have just looked over his shoulder, and I feel compelled to state that Mr. Wood, as a matter of fact, never reads the *Saturday Evening Post* at all. He carries about with him Professor Santayana's "Life of Reason," in two large volumes.

Well, if I must, in spite of my incapacity for dealing with the subject, write about this marriage drama, I will begin by saying that it is better than Shaw's "Getting Married"—in spite of its labored propaganda, in spite of its selection of "types" for characters, in spite of everything. It is better than Shaw because it deals sympathetically with a situation the crux of which is that a man and a woman want each other—a desire with which Mr. Shaw prefers not to deal. These lovers happen, quite delightfully, to be idealists, and, quite naturally, they don't like to spoil their relationship by getting married. The man is, perhaps, not quite in earnest; he appreciates the comfort which accrues from behaving like everybody else, he believes himself strong enough to overcome the perils of matrimony, and he feels that almost inevitable masculine condescension toward the female which makes it seem his duty to "protect" her. But the girl is so much in earnest that a pack of scandalized relatives ramp up and down the stage for several acts trying to circumvent her horrific plans. Knowing as one does from the title that the marriage is going to happen, one is occupied for some forty minutes wondering how it *can* happen without a most abject crawl on the part of the playwright. The arguments against marriage have been so complete, the girl's determination is so final, that there seems no way out. But the author finds one which does not lose him our respect. I won't tell what it is; for sometime, it is to be hoped, the play will be seen on the regular stage, and it would be a pity to reveal the surprise. But if perchance you have a daughter whose rash idealism you wish to circumvent, the book is published by Scribner's.

But, after all, I think too much fuss was made over that ceremony. What's a little ceremony or two, between lovers? They would have been married just as surely if they had dispensed with it. For they were good-hearted, honest people who expected and intended the relationship to last forever. They were going to share the same house and have the same interests and the same friends and the same thoughts. Two different individuals, blown together from the ends of the world by the winds of a passion older than humanity itself, they expected to make of their momentary and illusory unity a social fact, to build their relationship solidly and securely into the world of work and friendship—and they expected the magic which made them yearn to each other across the gulfs of division, to endure within that elaborate structure. I hope it did. But I wish Mr. Williams would write another play, timed several years later. That would be a play about marriage. This one isn't.

We are Happy to State

THE cover design this month is a study of Nazimova from life, drawn by Frank Walts.

* Performed for the first time at the Belasco Theater, Jan. 12, by the pupils of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and the Empire Theater Dramatic School.

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Who will not starve
Nor sleep cold under the sky
If they receive no largess
Of mine.

Once lived a woman
Of great charity—

At last
Her own children
Begged for bread.

II
I WOULD make you love me
That you might possess
Desire.

For to your heart
Beauty is a burned-out torch
And Faith, a blind pigeon,
Friendship, a curious Persian myth
And Love, blank emptiness
Bearing no significance
Nor any reality—

Only Weariness is yours;
I would make you love me
That you might possess
Desire.

III
I S my love
Of flesh or spirit?
I only know, to me
Your eyes are wholly you.

Our glances Dart
Like the flash of a bird
Gone before the color of its wing
Is seen.

I have not bathed my soul
In your eyes,
My soul would drown.

IV
I HAVE starved to know your lips,
Yet my soul
Does not die of want.

For everything real is desire,
And fulfillment is an illusion.
There is but one fulfillment
Blind Nature's way—

My arms reach toward illusion
And I would carry mist against my
heart,
Starving, I hold my dream
Not the warm, heavy head
Of a sleeping child.

V
WHAT do you seek
Beloved?

When you have had
All of me
There will remain
One beautiful desire the less
For you.

You think you seek my love
But you seek
My denial.

Hunger, want,
Is the only pain
I would not spare you—
Alas, that too
Will die.

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GOODBYE, Sweetheart,
Please don't cry.
It's Dixie land, or I'm going to die!
It's the cypress trees and long grey
moss,
It's the old-time nigger, wid me for
de Boss!
It's society, Kiddy, the boosted kind.
Oh, Dicky, it's home, my home! all
mine!

Your North's an excellent country,
A very intelligent spot;
But who cares if they're ignorant
When it's the South they've got?
Now, I'd much prefer a pine tree,
Or a moss-covered water oak,
To all the intellect of Michigan,
With the profs put in to soak.
What do I care for your Darwin?
For hygiene, sanitation, health?
What do I care for learning
When I've got—Southern wealth!

A wealth of old traditions,
A wealth of cypress trees,
Long, gray moss a-floating
On a peaceful Southern breeze.
It's the South! the dear old South!
The Southland that I want.
I'm going home—back home.

But listen, little Sweetheart,
Don't be lonesome, please.
You remember how you wanted
Snow storms and Yankee breeze.
I've truly loved you—
I never lied but once.
You're all you ever could be,
It's me who is the dunce.
I did not choose my birth place—
Though I love it none the less.

And it's the cypress trees calling,—
And the moss, the long gray moss
Swaying on the oak trees,
It's the South that's calling, don't you
know?

It ain't that I've stopped caring,
God'll tell you that I do.
But when I hear a mocking bird,
How can I think of you?
I was born there, Sweet One,
In my dear old silly South.
And I want to go back home,
Once more.

Oh, I hate it! hate it! hate it!
The stupid, stupid South,
With never an idea—
All conventions, and all mouth.
But I want to feel the black dirt,
Dear old Black Swamp's peaty dirt.
I want it, don't you see?
And there ain't no packing firm
To ship it North to me.

So I'm going home, my darling,
To my dear old home down South.
Going to my grandma's grave again.
Do you know the moss is swinging
As it swung before she died,
Waiting there for me, too,—
When I go.
But I want to see a cypress tree.
I want to watch the cane grow.
To chase a Turkey gobbler 'cross de
cotton patch.

Goodbye, Sweetheart, dearest little Kid,
God made you a Yankee, I swear I
never did!
So it's goodbye, Dicky.
And the cypress trees for me,
With the good old Southern laziness
That never wants to be!

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Each with an extra orange in her hand.

Six little old ladies scuttling down to luncheon:

Cold meat, hot biscuit, compote, tea and cookies.

Six little old ladies scuttling back to their rooms,

Each with an extra slice of bread and butter.

Six little old ladies scuttling down to dinner:

Soup, fish, fowl, salad, brussels sprouts, potatoes, ice cream, cake, cheese and coffee.

Six little old ladies scuttling back to their rooms,

Each with an extra glass of milk and a cracker.

Six little old ladies in night-caps,
Windows down and locked,
Blankets pulled up over their heads—
Heavenly dreams of six meals on the morrow!

JANE BURR.

TO AN ARTIST ON HIS BIRTHDAY

ON this day that belongs to you,
My heart belongs to you also,
And the hearts of all your friends.
To you who have given much,
Today
We too give something.
Our gift may not be heavy upon your palms,
You may not feel its weight,—
Our thinking of you—
But sometime
When you are a little lonely
And when your fingers press
The dry tube of joy,
And no color flows from it,
Then
You may find the gift
And cut the string
And lift it from its wrappings,
This gift that we bring today
—Our thinking of you.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

APPLES

IN the orchard
Fall the apples
Tud—tud—tud—
And rot.—
The World hungers
For food
For love
For life
Yet—
In the orchard
Fall the apples
Tud—tud—tud—
And rot—
And the worms grin—

ROSS DAVID.

A War Time Bargain

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WHAT IS AN INTERNAL BATH?

By R. W. BEAL

MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but, strange as it may seem, the most important as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is, by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also they have almost no conception of how a little carelessness, indifference, or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable but preventable through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English, this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else

necessary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five to ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste poisons. Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your mind keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practice internal bathing and begin to-day.

Now, that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an internal bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of a multitude of hopeless individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker, and the housewife; all that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell at No. 134 West Sixty-fifth Street, New York City, and mention having read this article in the MASSES, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well? (Adv.)

A STRANGER IN THE CITY

IT is loneliest when the lights spring out,
When the city turns from working to pleasure,
And the shop girls put on rouge before the mirrors,
Anticipating, expecting. . . .
I stand on the stairs of the Elevated
And I see men and women, together everywhere,
Meeting in corners, turning into restaurant doors,
Expecting, anticipating.
Below me a girl joins a boy who holds violets,
Beside me another girl, older but bright-eyed,
Comes hurrying to a waiting man with her explanation:
"I got him to sleep first—I didn't want him to see me go—"
And their eyes meet tenderly as they go off together. . . .
Up past me the home going men climb,
Some with bundles or magazines,
And with the look of home-going in their eyes;
Men and women everywhere together. . . .
To my room in the boarding house or the movies—alone—
I go up the stairs slowly!

MARY BRADLEY.

JEALOUSY

HE went to the Ball alone,
And there he met his old associates
And former loves—
And one in particular,
To whom he was writing sonnets when I met
And appropriated him.

And now he is mine.
But
As they swayed in each other's arms . . .
The thrill . . .
Was theirs. . . .

MEDUSENHaupt.

THREE POEMS

LULLABY

COBWEBS for the meadow,
White mice for the moon,
Sea spray for the morning,
Marigolds for noon—
Say what for the blue night?
Hush, I'll come to you soon.

MONOCHROME

WHITE moon
Above the white birch
With the white stars all about you,
Have you seen the little white mushrooms
Down here?

OLD WOMAN

NOW I am old I am content.
But my heart is bitter in me
For the days when I was young
And unhappy.

ELIZABETH THOMAS.

MONOPOLY

I DON'T believe in monopolies.
But, hell! it hurts
Not to have a monopoly
On her.

HARRY SMITH.

WYRD

THE sunset glows upon my back.
I know it does, but watch it,
dream of it, I may not.
But I may face the man at the helm
And talk to him while he sends the ca-
noe like a shaft of light through the
waters.

I married him some years ago.
How many?
I have forgotten.
Perhaps I should not have married him.
I often think so.
The maids are putting to bed my chil-
dren who are said to be very beau-
tiful.
The man at the helm of the boat adores
me.
Sometimes, even though I have lived
with him—I have forgotten how
many years—
He is a stranger to me;
And the sunset and the canoe shooting
through the little white caps
And the wild birds screaming over my
head
Are my kinfolk.
I said yes to him in a moment when
the pathways of the stars had
crossed.

MARGARET E. HAUGHAWOUT.

PROTEST

AH, let me sing of love while I can:
While the young hot blood throbs
in my lips
And my heart can leap and tremble to
view a warm-white-throated dam-
sel or a blue-veined foot;
While I can smile to a rosebud.
Why make me hum of your "ics" and
your "isms"
When I feel I could woo every woman
in the world
And the butterfly is my brother?
As well hold a spray of the balsam fir
to the bill of the caged songbird
and bid him hush.
Why will you make me seek poetry in
the subway or at a mass meeting
when I have it in my own heart?

MORTON CARREL.

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SOME call him the "greatest presi-
dent since Lincoln."
Lincoln—that sombre-eyed giant of the
people:
Who sealed with the life-blood of his
great heart
The freedom of the weak, the helpless!
Today, when the mother of men
(Whipped by hunger
To the rattling loom—
The shrieking maker of seams)
Grows faint, weary of the barrenness
of life,
Sells her body to feed it...
Where is the Lincoln to free her—
To strengthen her arm for the battle?

Only a man from the South,
With a passion for freedom so reck-
less, so wild,
That he calls to the valiant dead,
To the living grown old in its service—
To the ardent, the eager and young:
"You can afford a little while to wait."

RUZA WENCLAW.

POSSESSION

I HOLD you fast; your hurrying
breath,
Your wandering feet, your restless
heart,
Are mine alone—for only death
You vowed today, shall make us part.

Your eager lips, athirst to drain
Life's goblet of its golden wine
Shall drink tonight, or thirst in vain—
I hold you fast, for you are mine.

And when I search your soul, until
I see too deeply, and divine
That you can never love me—still
I hold your fast—for you are mine!
MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT.

THE DANCE

R IOTOUS ragtime from the throb-
bing strings—
The booming horns and the drum's
rhythmic roar—
The ropes are loosened, and the golden
floor
Becomes a garden of gay human things.
Pale faces smile and the sad heart now
sings;
And dreams stir sweetly, and pain sleeps
once more
In those who know that dancing is a
door
To fairy fanes where naught but laugh-
ter rings.

A frail one joyous, in her lover's arm,
Like a weak flower enchanted by the
rain;
Forgetting toil, heat, steam, and the
alarm
Of mad machines that roared through
hours of pain.
To her young soul the dance is sweet
and warm,
Like light of spring where gloom and
cold have lain.

JAMES STEVENS.

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SUFFERING POLAND

"THE flame stifled,—that great,
 princely, artistic people,—
 Those temperaments of incalculable
 worth,—
 The throbbing, imperishable heart of
 Poland
 Torn out by the roots and rent apart by
 swine,
 By swine, I say,—worse than swine!"
 (for you were angry!)

I bowed my head—
 And then I said,
 "A Hunky would have a temperament,
 perhaps,
 If a Hunky ever had time for a tem-
 perament,
 Here as there . . .
 I believe the Hunkies are Poles?
 They were wise, you see.
 They sickened of tyranny,
 Of Junkertum, of oppression,—they be-
 came aware
 That we,
 Over here, were free—
 Had souls!
 "Bayonne! . . ." I murmured. "Christ!
 . . . if they only knew. . . ."
 But "Oh," you said, "don't you think
 that is different too? . . ."

WILLIAM ROSE BENET.

TIME-CLOCK

I HATE you, time-clock!
 I resent your lack of faith in me;
 But your stupid tyranny toward her,
 She of the light, little body and the un-
 tamed eyes,
 I cannot forgive.

HARRY SMITH.

EN ROUTE

AND the train went grumbling
 on.
 A huge, well-built American occupied
 a whole car seat,
 And he held
 The dearest, prettiest little girl of a
 wife
 On his lap,
 Unashamed.
 And his big face
 Wreathed with tremendous, silly love
 smiles,
 As he watched her sleep.
 It was 11:30 P. M.
 And the train went grumbling on. . . .

ROUTLEDGE CURRY.

TWO POEMS

THE MONKEY
 PENNIES, lice, children,
 Garlic, gutter-spouts, music,
 When I can swing by my tail in the
 tree-tops,
 Life keeps a cord about my neck.
 Pennies, lice, children,
 Garlic, gutter-spouts, music.

THE CRIPPLE
 HIS getting up, his sitting down,
 His life, so spent in midair,
 The swaying of his useless legs,
 His getting up, his sitting down,
 His gentle smile,
 It hurt me.

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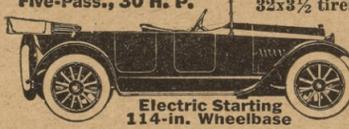
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