

The

May 1917

15 cents

Masses



Frank
Watts

A MESSAGE

FROM THE

Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) in America

To Our Fellow Citizens:

In this time of crisis when our country's highest good is the common aim of all, we voice this deep conviction of patriotic duty.

We rejoice that even at this time, when the world is crazed by war, so many men are judging war by moral and spiritual standards, and by ideals of sacrifice. The causes for which men fight—liberty, justice and peace—are noble and Christian causes. But the method of war is unchristian and immoral. War itself violates law, justice, liberty and peace, the very ends for which alone its tragic cost might be justified.

Further, the method of war is ineffective to these ends. Might does not decide the right, ideals cannot be maintained by force, nor can evil overcome evil. True national honor is a nation's own integrity and unselfish service. Only unswerving honesty and self-control maintain it. Rights, the rights of all, are securely defended between nations as between individuals by mutual confidence, not suspicion; by universal cooperation and law, not by private armed defence.

The alternative to war is not inactivity and cowardice. It is the irresistible and constructive power of good-will. True patriotism at this time calls not for a resort to the futile methods of war, but for the invention and practice on a gigantic scale of new methods of conciliation and altruistic service. The present intolerable situation among nations demands an unprecedented expression of organized national good-will.

Unpractical though such ideals may seem, experience has taught that ideals can be realized if we have faith to practice now what all men hope for in the future. The American Nation, as a more perfect union of States, as a melting pot of races, as a repeated victor through peace, has proved practical the methods of generosity and patience. Throughout many years of an adventurous belief in the Christian principle of human brotherhood, the Society of Friends has seen the triumph of good-will in all forms of human crisis.

The peoples of every land are longing for the time when love shall conquer hate, when cooperation shall replace conflict, when war shall be no more. This time will come only when the people of some great nation dare to abandon the outworn traditions of international dealing and to stake all upon persistent good-will.

We are the nation and now is the time. This is America's supreme opportunity.

Unflinching good-will, no less than war, demands courage, patriotism, and self-sacrifice. To such a victory over itself, to such a leadership of the world, to such an embodiment of the matchless, invincible power of good-will, this otherwise tragic hour challenges our country.

Friends National Peace Committee

20 South Twelfth Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

Orchids and Hollyhocks

The Clock

WITH bloated and blotched and
pasty face
You leer over the city.
Like a mouldy cheese

No use, you lying old timepiece,
To put on so smug a mug,
Or to set up to be a public benefactor,
You whose works are forever breaking
down!

I know what is going on beneath that
scrofulous mask,
You blurred lantern of the law:—

There are broken old fathers and
mothers
With their youngest girl,
Now swollen-eyed and smirched before
your bench;
There are ladies with golden purses in
their hands,
Seeking justice on the slavey who dared
to share
What gleams through those bright
meshes;
And a drunken negress shrilling gro-
tesque complaint

Against her lawful captor;
There are sodden old women
With obscene flesh, once lissome and
desired,

Rotting upon their bones,—
They snivel in fear of another night
spent in your shelter
Instead of in the gutter—outside.

I know your hirelings, your plain-
clothes pussy-foots,
Young men chosen, like concubines, for
their beauty,

Who prostitute the comeliness given
them of the gods.

To fill your pens.

They loiter on street-corners,—

Lamps luring pitiful moths of girls;

They spread their shining webs

And wait for the little fly-by-night
creatures to tangle their feet,—

Then pounce and fatten.

Their fresh young Greek lips curl in
incorruptible virtue

As they hold the flutterers up before
the judge and the court-room,
agape.

No, there is no use, Jefferson Market
clock,

For you to hide your lascivious grin
With your prim hands!

MIRIAM KEEP PATTON.

I Wanted

SHE came
Into my heart,
Like the mellow robin
Who takes possession
Of the old cherry tree,
Every spring.

ROUTLEDGE CURRY.

He walked with Kings

He could not know, standing
there in his bare feet and his rough
clothes, with his little schooling,
that kings would do him honor
when he died, and that all men who
read would mourn a friend.

He could not dream that one day
his work would stand in Chinese,
in Russian, in many languages
he could not read—and from
humble doorman to proudest em-
peror, all would be gladdened at
his coming. He could not know
that through it all he would re-
main as simple, as democratic,
as he was that day as a boy on
the Mississippi.

Frontispiece from A. B.
Paine's "Boy's Life of
Mark Twain"

MARK TWAIN

He made us laugh, so that we had
no time to see that his style was sub-
lime, that he was biblical in simplicity,
that he was to America another Lin-
coln in spirit.

To us, he was just Mark Twain—
well-beloved, one of ourselves, one to
laugh with, one to go to for cheer,
one to go to for sane, pointed views.
Now he is gone, the trenchant pen is
still. But his joyous spirit is still
with us.

His Dauntless Soul

The road ahead of that
boy on the river bank
was a hard one. Before
"Mark Twain," a dis-
tinguished, white-haired
man, and the King of
England walked and
talked together, his path
was set with trouble. It
was a truly American
story—a small beginning
—little schooling—hard

work—disaster—good humor—and final,
shining, astounding success.

Because he was of high and brave in-
tellect, because he had humor as deep
and as true as the human heart, and
because he had struggled with life, he
was a great man. So his works are
great.

The Great American

He was American. He had the ideal-
ism of America—the humor, the kind-
liness, the reaching to-
ward a bigger thing, the
simplicity. In his work
we find all things, from
the ridiculous in "Huckle-
berry Finn" to the sub-
lime of "Joan of Arc."
His youth and his laugh-
ter are eternal; his genius
will never die.

25 VOLUMES

Novels	Essays
Short Stories	Travel
Humor	History

Beautiful, dark green basket
weave cloth, stamped
in gold, gold tops. Illus-
trated profusely.

Send Coupon at Once Before the Half Price Sale Stops

Before the war we had a contract price for paper. But now the
price of paper has gone up. It has almost doubled in price. Even
the price of ink has gone up. So it is impossible to make any
more sets and to sell them at the present low price.

The last of the half price edition is in sight. When it is
gone, there will never again be a set of Mark Twain at
the present price.

Remember that it is because Mark Twain sacrificed
some of his royalties that you can have a set at this
price at all. Take advantage of that kindness that
was so characteristic of him.

Get your set before these go. Remember,
never again will a set of Mark Twain be
offered at such a price as this. When this
edition is gone there will be no more.
Send the coupon herewith at once.

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1817-1917
NEW YORK

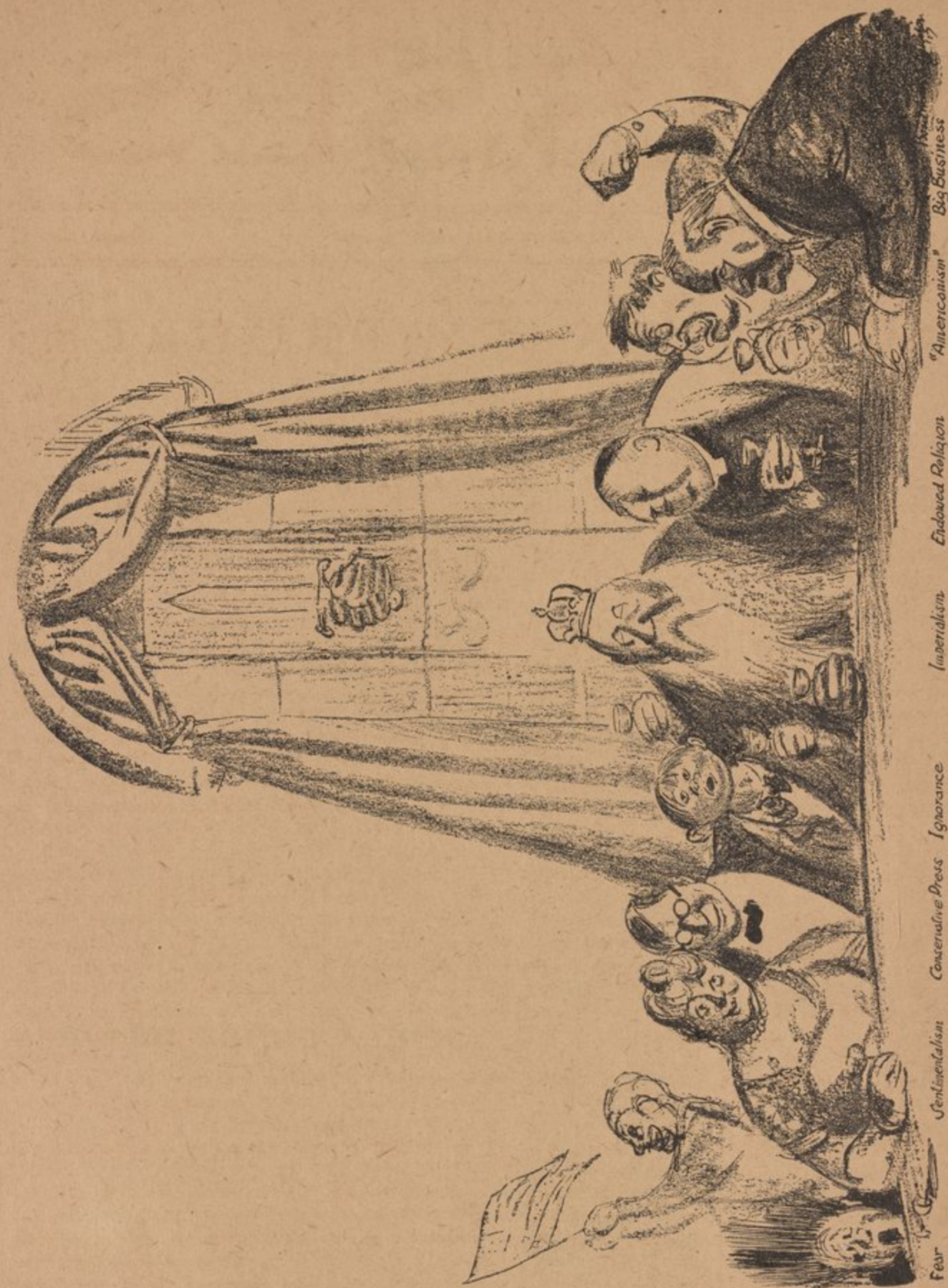
Masses
4-17
Harper
& Bros.
New York

Send me, all
charges pre-
paid, a set of
Mark Twain's
works in 25 volumes,
illustrated, bound in
handsome green cloth,
stamped in gold, gold
tops and untrimmed edges.
If not satisfactory, I will
return them at your expense.
Otherwise I will send you \$2.00
within 5 days and \$2.00 a month
for 12 months, thus getting the
benefit of your half price sale.

Name

Address

10% added to Price in Canada because of
duty.



Patrons of War

Beardman Robinson.

The MASSES

Vol. IX. No. 7.

MAY, 1917

Issue No. 71

REVOLUTIONARY PROGRESS

Russia

John Reed

I HATE to set up as a prophet, but it seems to me I diagnosed the situation leading to the present revolution in Russia pretty well in my book, "The War in Eastern Europe," published a year ago.

I quote from Part III:

"For the last ten years Russia has become more and more a German commercial colony. Every embarrassment of Russia was taken advantage of by Germany to increase her trade advantages in the empire; as, for example, in 1905, German interests exacted enormous concessions by overt threats of aiding the revolutionists. The Germans also crept into government offices, even into the army administration. They dictated the plans of the Russian strategic railways on the German frontier. And in the Imperial Court, in the entourage of the Tsarina—herself a German—they exercised a sinister and powerful influence.

"Russian merchants, manufacturers, and bankers have long bitterly opposed the German power in their country, and this has made them enemies of the corrupt and tyrannical Russian Government—which is bound up with the Germans—and allies of the revolutionists. So in this war we have the curious spectacle of the Russian proletariat and the middle class both intensely patriotic, and both opposing the government of their country. And to understand Russia now one must realize the paradox that to make war on Germany is to make war on the Russian Bureaucracy."

This is not the first manifestation of that internal struggle which has been going on in Russia since the very commencement of the war. In the summer and fall of 1915, the treachery of Soukominov, Minister of War, of General Masdeiev; the dismissal of the Grand Duke Nicholas from command of the western armies; the wholesale corruption of the Intendancy; the traitorous activities of the Tsarina's German entourage; and the cynical ascendancy of the reactionary party, with wholesale deportations to Siberia, massacres of Jews, and repression of the Duma—all this had forced the Liberal elements of the Russian

people into a defensive alliance. Moreover, it was the scarcely-veiled purpose of the autocracy to make a separate peace with Germany, a move which was bitterly opposed by both the middle and the Russian middle class.

"In the face of the wholesale corruption of the purchasing department of the government, the Association of Zemstvos, or county councils, undertook to buy army supplies for the government—a job which it accomplished with real ability. This is an important fact, as the Association represented to a large extent the Russian middle class.

"All this time the Duma, limited as it was, had been getting more and more frankly critical. For example, one speaker said that Russia had a government which was extraordinarily inefficient, extraordinarily corrupt, and extraordinarily traitorous. In addition, it began to name specific grafters and traitors and hinted where the trail led, and it recommended that committees of the Duma be put in charge of the buying of supplies, in conjunction with the Zemstov, and also the manufacture of munitions. Besides all this, there was rapidly growing popular unrest manifested all over the empire. And it was the discontent of patriots that determined Russia should win the war."

In September a premature revolution broke out in the form of a strike at the Peteelov Armament Works at Petrograd which was ruthlessly suppressed. Thirty leaders were sent to Siberia, and many pickets shot in the streets. The Tsar suddenly dissolved the Duma. Widespread strikes of transport-workers, railroad and public service employees followed in Moscow, Kiev, Odessa, and other cities. The Association of Zemstvos and the Association of Cities sent a joint committee, headed by Prince Lvov (who is said to be the head of the new government), to the Tsar direct, threatening that unless he liberalized the Government they would favor revolution. The Tsar refused to receive this delegation.

Then the Allied censorship settled down on the situation, and I wrote:

"Is there a powerful and destructive fire working in the bowels of Russia, or is it quenched? Rigid censorship and the suppression of news within the empire make it very difficult to know; but even after the prorogation of the Duma there were wholesale dismissals of Intendancy officials, and a com-

plete military reorganization of the western armies, and even as I write this same powerful, quiet menace, as yet vaguely defined, has forced the Tsar to reopen the Duma with Imperial pomp. And Boris Sturmer, the new premier, though a Reactionary of the worst type, has assured the Duma that 'Even in war time the work of internal organization must go on.'

Since then Russia has swung back again to reaction, and through the shifting clouds of the censorship we have caught glimpses of the autocracy more and more tightening its hold. The result was inevitable.

I repeat that this is a middle-class revolution, led by business men, publishers, and the progressive country nobles. The army is with them, because they are in favor of continuing the war against Germany; the Duma, because they stand for untrammelled representative government; the workingmen, peasants and Jews, because they have proclaimed the most democratic program since the French Revolution. Some people may be skeptical of bourgeois promises; but it is a fact that the new Russian middle class has ideas which antedate the ideas of bourgeois Western Europe and America by a hundred years. If the Russian revolutionary program fails, indeed, it will be because the French and English middle classes are afraid to allow it, on the ground that it might interfere with the value of their Russian investments.

It is interesting to note that the powers that be in England and France have abandoned their policy of whitewashing Russia, of explaining how "liberal" the Tsar's government was and of suppressing all news that reflected upon it. In the last few months these gentlemen have been strangely silent; and now we suddenly wake to find the taboo gone. That in itself is to me proof enough of the tremendous power of Russia's house-cleaning.

Hare and Tortoise

IN Russia the red flag has been raised on all the national buildings, and so unanimous is the enthusiasm that a group of policemen who were imprisoned by the revolutionists "scraped together one hundred and fifty rubles as a contribution to the revolutionary cause."

On the East Side of New York a small group of Russians tried to celebrate the revolution by parading the street with a red flag, and they were dispersed by the police.

How long do you suppose it will take Russia to catch up with us?

Patriotism Absolute?

JOHN DEWEY has done more to exorcise the Absolute from the affairs and judgments of men than any other one in America. He has so devoutly consecrated himself to this task that one receives almost a religious shock in seeing his name signed to a declaration of "absolute and unconditional loyalty to the government of the United States."

The Commercial Policy of Conscription

Amos Pinchot

WHETHER we call it democracy or liberty, the best thing we have here in America is a national ideal toward which the progressive forces, and especially the labor movement, are constantly working. This ideal is that the citizen shall have the most possible freedom and initiative in thought and action, and the best possible opportunity to make a living; and, at the same time, to develop along natural lines. This American ideal vigorously repudiates the old European system, which forces the citizen into a rigid mould designed for him by the governing classes of society. If the fight for democracy is to be won in this country, we have got to keep one thought clear and one principle sacred. The initiative and independence of the average man must be protected.

You take a boy of eighteen or nineteen, at the time when he is just beginning to build the permanent structure of his character; you put him in a uniform and drill him; you make his body automatically obedient to the orders of his officer (generally a member of the privileged class); you subordinate his will and conscience to that of another person; you give him a thousand orders, to which he must respond a thousand times with unthinking reflex obedience—do this and you develop in that boy, not only unthinking physical obedience to his officer, but unthinking obedience in general to authority, to that of the employer, the boss, the politician, the state, the force above him.

I am not against every necessary kind of defensive military preparation for this country. I am not an extremist. I value the safety of the United States as much as any member of the Security League, but I earnestly believe that, if we adopt the wholly unnecessary expedient of compulsory military service, it will do for us substantially what it has done for Germany. It will cripple the initiative and independence of the average citizen, enslave labor, and build up the mastery of the privileged, military and official classes. This is not a guess or a vague prophecy; it is simply the reasonable working out of a practical human law—a law that the German governing classes have fully understood and employed to the limit of their ability.

Professor Jacques Loeb is today perhaps America's most distinguished biologist. He is the head of the department of biology of the Rockefeller Institute, a recipient of the Nobel prize, and a keen and practical thinker. I asked him in a letter what, in his opinion, was the effect of military training in Germany, and what would be its effect here. He replied:

"It is an actual experience in Germany that men who have received that drill are afterwards much more willing tools of anybody whom they are liable to consider as belonging to the officer class or caste. The German Junker has no difficulty with young men on his estates if they have served in the army. His mere imitation of the voice and manner of an officer who gives command at once crows his slaves into submission. This is the way by which the German Landrat or bureaucrat in general rules the masses. . . . The greatest danger of militarism lies exactly in the direction you indicate, the abolition of initia-



Eugene Higgins.

A Vision of Revolt

tive and spirit of freedom. Germany shows that even the highest development of modern science is not able to overcome the conditional reflexes produced by militaristic drill and by the glorification of the military intriguers and exploiters in nursery and school.

"I have been depressed over the recent developments in this country. I left Germany because I felt that I could not live in a regime of oppression such as Bismarck had created at the time I left Europe. When I reached America I felt like a free being. It is a keen disappointment to realize now that my sons are likely to face the same tyranny in this country, to which I had come in the hope that it would remain free from the curse of that personal despotism which finds its expression in a militaristic regime."

Many sincere believers in compulsory service point to France as a country where universal service and democracy have existed side by side. This is, to a large extent, true, although before the war, democracy in France had begun to feel the effects of military service and there was a strong movement to abolish it, which was checked only by the German menace.

Let us admit that French democracy has survived in spite of military training; why has this been? There are three main reasons. In the first place, under Louis XIV and Napoleon, the French had their experiences of militarism and imperialism. They discovered they were bad investments for the people and reacted strongly from them into democracy. In the second place, the whole thought of the French people was long ago very thoroughly impregnated with democracy by the great independent French writers and philosophers—Rabelais, Voltaire, Rousseau, Montaigne, Calvin and a score of others. The principles of these men still live in France; their thoughts have become the thoughts of the common people. They have filled France with a self-reliant democracy, that even compulsory service cannot destroy. And finally, France had her terrific popular revolution, in which the working people shed their blood in rivers before the altar of freedom. That was only a little over a hundred years ago, and it made democracy a durable power in France, that nothing has so far been able to break.

But while France is practically immune from the effects of militarism, or was up to the present war, Germany and the United States are comparatively defenseless against it. Until recently, Germany had not had her disease of imperialism. She is going through it now, while we are apparently at the beginning of our attack. And neither Germany nor the United States has ever developed a line of great popular democratic leaders, whose thought has profoundly affected the psychology of the nation. Military service has enslaved the German people; and yet, by nature, the Germans, since Caesar's time, have been a fierce and liberty-loving race. In time—it may take longer here than it did in Germany—military service will make the same mark on us. All nations are pretty much of the same clay and will act alike, under similar conditions.

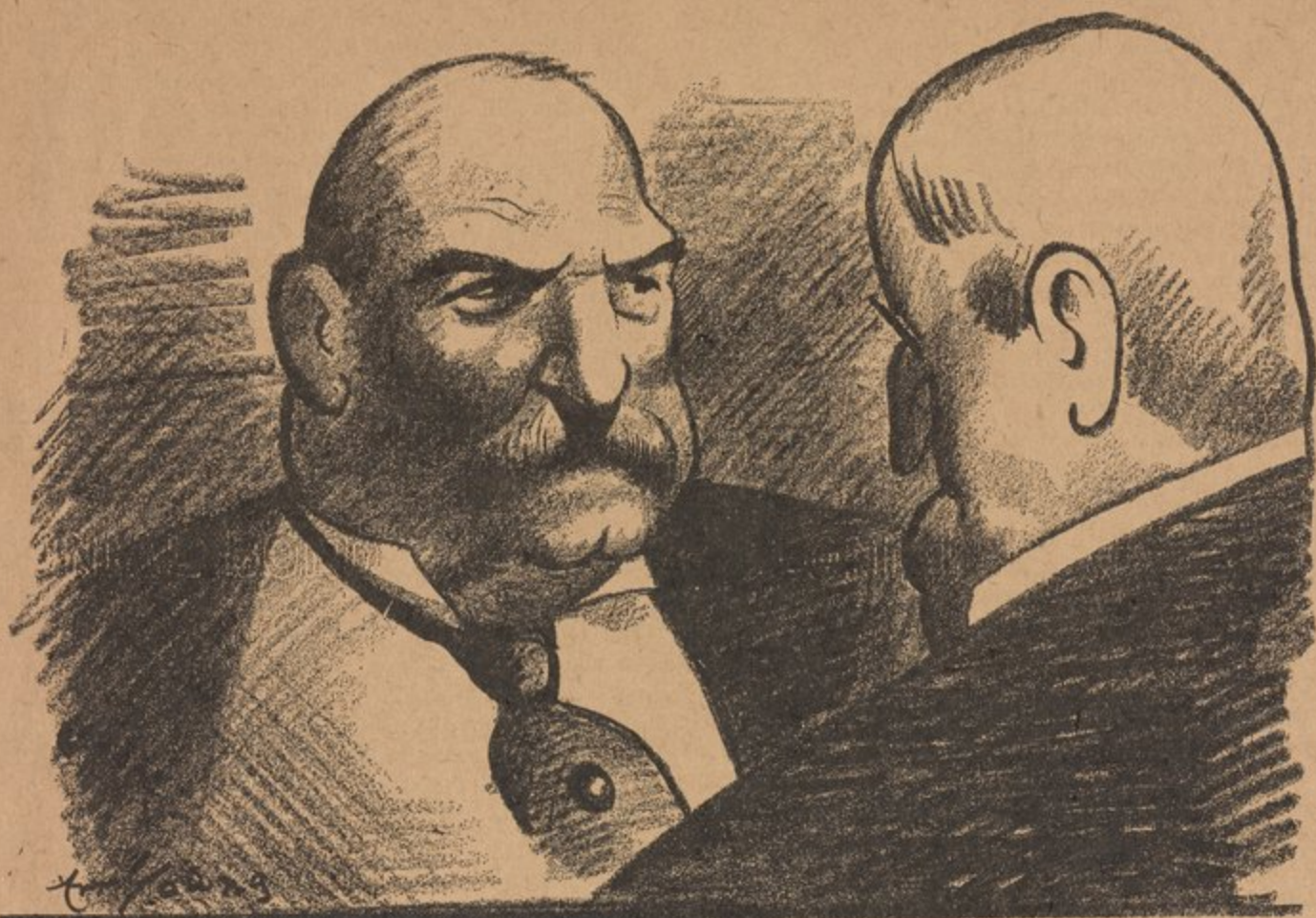
It is the same old story. These men, who are calling for the disciplining of the people through military service, are thinking more of defense of their own investments than of the country's borders. They are what Lincoln called "the advocates of the mud-sill theory." "A Yankee," said he, "who

could invent a stronghanded man without a head, would receive the everlasting gratitude of the mud-sill advocates." "According to that theory," said Lincoln, "a blind horse upon a treadmill is a perfect illustration of what a laborer should be—all the better for being blind, that he could not kick understandingly." The mud-sill theory is as typical of the American exploiter now as it was in 1859, when Lincoln spoke. But today there is a better chance of its fulfillment. Today, the mud-siller has a definite program, backed by powerful interests and spread in the name of patriotism and national security.

Make no mistake about it; it is not the present crisis, or the country's military position of the future that the interests behind conscription have in mind. Germany's armies are surrounded, her navies bottled up. She could not ship a regiment to America if we invited her to. No, conscription is a great commercial policy; a carefully devised weapon that the exploiters are forging for their own protection at home, and in the interest of American financial imperialism abroad. Behind their statements about the physical advantages of military training (which the best authorities deny); behind all this sentimental talk about the "democracy" of having the workman and the millionaire sleep in the same dog tent; behind this glorification of the Swiss Army (which, in reality, is a pretty feudal and undemocratic army, used consistently to crush organized labor); behind the claim that compulsory service is the only democratic service, because it calls everybody to the colors at the same time in case of war (an arrangement that is economically and humanly unjust, because those on whom others depend should, as a matter of right, not go to war until there is real necessity, while the independent, foot-loose should go to war, and do as a matter of fact volunteer whenever there is a call); and back of the cry that America must have compulsory service or perish, is a clearly thought-out and heavily backed project to mould the United States into an efficient, orderly nation, economically and politically controlled by those who know what is good for the people.

In this country so ordered and governed, there will be no strikes, no surly revolt against authority, and no popular discontent. In it, the lamb will die down in peace with the lion, and he will lie down right where the lion tells him to. In it, we will beat our swords into plowshares, or our plowshares into swords, in accordance with the will of the "wisest," which is to say richest citizens of the republic. In it, there will be government for the people, plenty of it, extending into every detail of life; but there will be mighty little government of or by the people. In it, the common man will gradually cease to be an American citizen and become an American subject. This, if we cut through the patriotic pretext and flag-waving propaganda, is the real vision of the conscriptionists—not of the many conscientious, mistaken followers of the movement, but of the few who devised it and are supplying the main sinews of the campaign.

But it is not the vision of the American people—far from it—nor of the labor movement. Europe has abolished, or is abolishing, the divine right of kings, and our people know better than to set up in its place a new tyranny, the divine right of a state absolutely controlled by a privileged class.



Arthur Young.

THE BUSINESS MAN: "YES, INDEED, BISHOP, WAR WILL PROVE A GREAT SPIRITUAL BLESSING TO THE NATION."

THE BISHOP: "AND, ON THE WHOLE, BENEFICIAL IN ITS EFFECT UPON BUSINESS, I HAVE NO DOUBT."

Business and Spirituality

Two Clippings from "Financial America"

WAR AS A BLESSING

GRADUALLY but surely the perception is gaining ground among the American business public that our participation in the war and our sharing in its sacrifices would be a spiritual blessing to this country.

This perception is evident in statements by an increasing number of business men throughout the Union. The nation is becoming keenly conscious that profits and material prosperity, attractive though they be, are far less to be desired than the vindication of righteous principles and the maintenance of justice and self-respect; that war, with its sacrifices, is preferable to wealth, when the latter means loss of honor and a decadence of the individual and national moral fibre.

BUSINESS AND WAR

READERS of that department of this newspaper in which are presented the views of banking and brokerage institutions on trade conditions may have noted the significant unanimity of opinion among this professional element as to what effect our entrance into the war is likely to have on business conditions. Assuming that our participation in the conflict means an accelerated movement for real preparedness, it is accepted that the result will be industrial activity on a great scale. And since a policy of preparedness must be and is the forerunner of entrance into the war, it follows that the stimulation of domestic trade must make prosperous conditions in advance of actual war and in expectation of it.

A Friend at Court

John Reed

THERE is a man in the United States Senate who has been a friend of democracy all his life—Robert M. La Follette. Almost alone he restored the government of the State of Wisconsin to the people. Almost alone he went down to Washington and tried to restore the government of the United States to the people. The birth and growth of the Progressive movement are due to this man's courage and intelligence more than to any one other thing. He staggered the world by bucking an economic despotism and shaking it on its foundation. Then along came the arch-compromiser, Theodore Roosevelt, and varnished himself with the shellac of Progressivism, and stole the mantle from La Follette's shoulders, and betrayed the cause. And since that time La Follette has stayed in the Senate, stubbornly believing in the virtue and intelligence of the people, doggedly fighting their battle. The world has moved past him—backward to where it was when he first began his fight. The tide of Progressivism petered out with Hughes in the backwaters of Wall Street and Oyster Bay. Wisconsin is in the hands of the Stalwarts. I was present at the Republican convention in Chicago last summer, when La Follette's delegate read that brave, hopeless liberal platform of his, to the accompaniment of sneers and laughter. He is sixty-two years old, again alone in the Senate, absolutely undismayed, his spirit youthful, his mind more powerful than ever. And for a splendid climax to his life, La Follette has smashed the Armed Ship Bill, and stood up against the will of the strongest President since Lincoln, the desperate resolve of the great financial interests, and the organized hate of all America.

The so-called Armed Ship Bill authorized the President to supply guns for arming American merchant ships fore and aft, and to equip these guns with sailors from the United States Navy. Besides, it told him to go ahead and use whatever other "instrumentalities and methods" he saw fit to protect these ships in the "barred zone," and handed him \$100,000,000 of the people's money to do it with. That means that these ships may fire on submarines at sight. That means that merchantmen so armed, if they resist "the public armed vessel of a nation with which we are at amity" (I quote the United States statute on the matter), are nothing more than pirates. The manning of the guns with American naval gunners makes them ships of war. The uncontrolled use by the President of "instrumentalities and methods" means that he could declare war and send the Navy out without Congress's permission, if he chooses. And the \$100,000,000—well, that means the smile on the face of the tiger.

And it was not only that this Armed Ship Bill was a war-measure which moved La Follette and the rest. Although the President admitted, when he came before Congress on February 27th, that the submarine situation had not changed since February 3d, nevertheless he waited until six days before the close of the Congressional session to ask for these powers. The Naval Appropriation Bill, carrying colossal and hasty expendi-

tures of half a billion dollars, was held back until the last few days. The Army Appropriation Bill, the largest Army Bill which ever came before Congress, carrying a form of compulsory military service; the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, providing for the expenses of the entire federal government; the Espionage Bill, practically abolishing the free institutions of the republic at the President's will; and the Revenue Bill, voting enormous bond issues to pay for all this, and saddling uncouthed future generations with the payment—all these came up together, and an attempt was made to jam them through, the Armed Ship Bill among them. And anyone who tried adequately to discuss these measures, anyone who questioned an appropriation bill, was threatened with being called "filibuster."

La Follette fought the Navy Bill. He fought the Revenue Bill, and the Espionage Bill. They passed, over his head, and the press was silent concerning the bitter and searching truths he told there, unafraid, on the floor of the Senate. But when he opposed the Armed Ship Bill, and not being allowed to speak, refused to let it come to a vote, a burst of public wrath poured upon his head, and he and his companions were compared unfavorably with Benedict Arnold.

The Congressional Record silently tells the story of the Armed Ship Bill in the Senate. It was introduced on February 27th, but the majority fiddled along, hearing conference reports and discussing other measures, until March 2nd at 4:30 o'clock—just 43½ hours before the close of the session. This time Senator Hitchcock, in charge of the bill, still further reduced to 35 hours by moving that the Senate recess from 12:40 a. m. March 3d to 10 a. m. The opposition, accused of filibustering, had nothing to do with all this delay. Indeed they protested against it on the floor. *And of the 35 hours consumed in debate on the Armed Ship Bill, more than twenty-four hours were taken by the Senators who favored it, and less than eleven hours by the opposition.* Senator Stone, who was willing at all times to let the bill come to a vote, spoke for a little more than four hours; Senators Works and Norris, about two hours each; Senators Cummins and Clapp, about one hour each; Senator Lane, about thirty minutes. Senator La Follette, and several others, were not permitted to speak at all, being absolutely refused recognition by the Chair. A more disgraceful piece of political trickery has never been seen in the Senate.

The most powerful supporters of the bill believed it meant war, and said so in public debate. Senator Lodge, Senator Fall and Senator Brandegee, all war-shouters, declared that the effect of arming the merchant ships would be war against Germany. The war party in the Senate was jubilant when the President came before Congress to ask for authority to do this thing, and predicted war in two weeks. And even the pacifists among them admitted that they favored the bill only "because they trusted the President to keep peace."

This trusting the President! Has there ever been a President so trusted as Woodrow Wilson? Half the liberal-minded people I know are always "trusting the President." And yet his course of action with regard to this bill was not very reassuring. He made no bones of his anxiety to get this power of making war into his own hands, and then sending Congress home. He held back the news of the Zimmermann note until



Cornelia Barns.

May Night

March 1st, the day the bill came up in the Senate, and then let it out—to the Senate? No, to the press! And when La Follette and his friends succeeded in preventing a vote without reasonable discussion, he called them "a little group of wilful men, representing no opinion but their own," and declared that they had rendered the United States "helpless and contemptible" before the world. And with the angry reaction of the whole country beating upon the Senate, he used the opportunity to force a change in the rules which would make that body as subservient to his wishes as the House of Representatives.

There remains only the "round-robin," that statement signed by seventy-six Senators declaring that they were in favor of the bill—a bludgeon to still further coerce those "wilful men." And with a storm of denunciation lashing him such as no public man has experienced in our time, La Follette cried stubbornly,

"I object!"

La Follette doesn't believe that we should plunge into the European maelstrom because Germany, in her bitter desperation, has incidentally inconvenienced us. He doesn't believe that we should go to war to protect our unneutral traffic in munitions, and to safeguard our ships full of food for England, when our own people are rioting for bread. He thinks that the United States should keep out of it so as to bring her mighty uninterested influence to bear in the consideration of peace terms, for the future of liberty and justice in the world.

Is it true then that he "represents no opinion but his own"? Is it true that the American people are unanimously in favor of going to war—or anyway, of unreservedly trusting the President? Write to him at Washington, so he may know that all the world has not gone mad.

Statement by Tom Mooney

I DO not know why I was denied the poor privilege of making a statement in the court room where I had just listened to the sentence of death. It could hardly have been fear upon the part of my accusers that I would, in such an hour, say something that would arouse them to a realization of the crime they had committed against me, and so incline their hearts to a tardy justice. One brought to the shadow of the gallows for a deed that he has not committed, and of which, indeed, he has had no knowledge other than common report, could perhaps, from the outrageousness of his situation, find words otherwise denied him. But no man, stand where he will, or face whatsoever horror, could find words to quicken the conscience of those who for weeks have—almost nonchalantly—engaged themselves with the weaving of prejudice and perjury, of hate and fear and even so hideous a thing as the greed of blood money, into a hangman's noose for one guiltless of other offense than devotion to what he conceives to be the rights of his kind.

I do not know why life, as we workers have to live it, is sweet, but it is. I do not know why one should wish to prolong this unceasing battle, but I do. Because of this feeling which may be little more than a man's instinct to live, I would have uttered one final protest—futile there no doubt, but not without avail, I trust, in the ear of the public, which when permitted to know the truth is always committed to justice.

I wanted to ask the gentlemen of the jury if they had voted to take my life because of the testimony of Oxman, who writhed in the witness chair and could not meet my eyes, or if their verdict rested upon the evidence of the miserable creature called McDonald, whose baseness was proclaimed in every feature and attitude; or if they believed both of these pillars of the prosecution, though each contradicted the other.

I wanted to inquire of the twelve men who, virtually without deliberation and certainly without heed to the evidence in my behalf, have convicted me, whether they believed these damning statements of the Edau women, sworn to with glib assurance at my own trial or the equally glib but utterly incompatible statements made by them at the trial of Warren K. Billings.

I wanted to ask the prosecution why, when it had used in the Billings trial one set of witnesses to establish a certain part of its theory, it abandoned those witnesses in my own case. Having deserted one set of willing witnesses because of the exposure of their characters and their motives, will it desert another, similarly exposed, when my innocent companions come to trial?

I wanted to talk of my alibi and that of my wife. I wanted to hurl into the teeth of my condemners that which they can not and will not deny, but can only bluntly and without conscience disregard—the fact that sixteen photographs and twenty-five witnesses have given indisputable evidence that we were far distant from the scene of the explosion at the time that it occurred, yes, at the exact time that the witnesses for the prosecution, from motives which they themselves best understand, swore that we were assisting in the placing of the instrument of destruction. No such conclusive, impeccable alibi has ever

been produced and disregarded in any case of note, and I wanted to look into the eyes of the prosecutors and those who by manufactured testimony have brought about my conviction, and read there the evidence that some faint spark of conscience yet remained alive within them. The shadow of the gallows is black—black even when one will carry to the grave, if he must die, the consciousness of innocence, and faith that his death shall not be utterly in vain; but that shadow will be immeasurably deepened if I must go to the end with the knowledge that the struggle for existence has produced men so monstrous as to be without those humane emotions and natural compunctions which we have been wont to believe have shed a redeeming light upon the most abandoned soul.

As I stood before the tribunal which was the visible manifestation of the machine of the law—a machine utilized by selfish and sinister powers to bring to an end a career which, though humble and of little account, has been devoted to a justice against which they have set faces of flint and hands of steel—I wanted to shout that the death of one man or of four men and a woman, or of all the victims of the struggle for living wages and tolerable working conditions for those who toil, cannot hinder the movement to which we have given whatever we had of energy and devotion. I wanted to laugh at the fatuous blindness of those who hope to smother the cry for justice within prison walls, or strangle it with the hangman's noose.

I am under sentence of death. Whatever may be the legal equivocation, the crime of which I have actually been convicted is not that of having thrown a bomb into a throng of innocent people which included my wife's brother-in-law, to whom we are both tenderly attached; but that of having striven with what strength I had for the alleviation of the industrial wrongs that labor has suffered, and the establishment of the rights which naturally belong to labor. I do not believe—I cannot believe—that because I have thus exercised the simple privilege of a human being, I must meet death on the gallows. The fury engendered by industrial strife may defeat justice in a given locality, but so deeply imbedded in the hearts of the people is the desire for justice that it must inevitably find expression in a court of review. In that faith I am content.

[EDITORIAL NOTE: Unless Tom Mooney's faith in the American people's desire for justice is justified—unless help comes—he will be hanged May 17th. Contributions may be sent to the MOONEY DEFENSE FUND, care of THE MASSES, 33 West 14th street, New York.]

An Experiment

FOR three months beginning with this number, the art-editorship of THE MASSES will be vested exclusively in the group of contributing art-editors listed on the inside cover. They will accept or reject, publish and edit, all pictures and titles of pictures, without suggestion or interference from the editor, managing editor, or contributing literary editors. The responsibility and the glory is theirs.

You are invited to watch this experiment in art publication, and before the three months are over, tell us what you think of it.

Fatten the Calf!

THERE is nothing like a war to bring the erring children back within the fold. As Mr. Kipling once so stirringly put it—

"Hale and crippled, young and aged, paid, deserted, shipped away,
Tumpty-tumpty, tumpty-tumpty, they will all come back that day."

They do come back, these erring ones, and they are forgiven—the black sheep of art and literature no less generously than other rogues of the ordinary sort—such as were recently assured by a British general that "no matter what they had done before they joined the army, they were sure of entrance into heaven if they died in this war." The forgiveness is sometimes hasty and even reckless, as in the case of Bernard Shaw, who has been discovered to be a true British patriot (and not, as was at first suspected, a German spy) because he subscribed heavily to the war-loan; though he explained that he had to invest his savings some way, and the offer was really too tempting to neglect. Nevertheless, it is now publicly understood that his heart is in the right place, and his fame is assured henceforth throughout the Empire as a lovable though eccentric old chap.

It was the same with our own Walt Whitman. Before the Civil War he was generally considered a vulgar and immoral young literary fakir. After the war he was admitted to the text-books on American literature as a kind old fellow who nursed wounded soldiers and wrote that sweetly-sad poem about Lincoln entitled "O Captain! My Captain!"

Such are the beneficent and Christian effects of war that his utterly shameless celebration of the body and its joys was forgiven—and forgotten. He was henceforth "The Good Gray Poet." And such, we apprehend, will be the fate of the greatest revolutionist that America has produced since Whitman. Though it would be incongruous to compare the achievements of Walt Whitman and Isadora Duncan, they were both young and rebellious demi-gods of art. Walt Whitman, like a magnificent and savage Titan, tore up trees, stones, houses, rivers, whole States, and hurled them at Olympus, striding nakedly up and down the continent and chanting exultant Songs of Himself. It was with a more quiet though none the less new and terrible beauty that the art of Isadora Duncan came to disturb mankind. It did come, as all great art comes, with a shattering effect, upon souls too narrow and poor to house it. And it was but natural that America, which is unaccustomed to the visits of the demi-gods, should refuse to the menacing loveliness of her art the hearty affection it accorded to the *Saturday Evening Post*.

But war works miracles. When Walt mentioned Old Glory, the populace suddenly perceived that it had done Mr. Whitman an injustice, and—for what is Art between patriots?—asked him to write an Ode for the World's Fair. He had, in fact, become in their eyes the Average Man he had always in his titanic naïvete supposed himself to be. It has been a generous and rash dream of Isadora Duncan's to establish the beauty of her art firmly upon American soil—to bring it down to earth.

Perhaps she may now be said to have succeeded. Though

it was for some of us, who have cherished the dream and the dreamer, a sufficiently startling success, when at the conclusion of her glorious dance of that universal song of revolution, the Marseillaise, we found ourselves suddenly transported into the climax of a patriotic musical comedy by George M. Cohan.

Isadora Duncan's art has indeed come down to earth; and now, decently swathed in the folds of the American flag, it should commend itself to our more mundane enthusiasms. It is no longer a disturbing miracle; and it may soon become a familiar and honored institution, like fireworks on the Fourth of July. It has only to prove itself an efficient assistance to the recruiting sergeant, and it will find not merely the theaters, but even, we confidently predict, our best metropolitan churches opened in welcome to its wholesome influences. It will be recognized for what we used to name it in our secret hearts—a sacred ceremony. . . . And when, some day, as an honored and respected octogenarian patriot, Miss Duncan publishes her reminiscences in the *Atlantic Monthly*, we may expect an appreciative foreword by General—or, as he will be affectionately termed, "Grandpa"—Roosevelt. After that there will be nothing to look forward to except—Our National Hall of Fame.

F. D.

An Interview with the Pope

NOW that most of the pragmatic radicals "*s'en vont en guerre*" (I hear that Walling and Upton Sinclair are ready to defend the munitions-ships, and that Hutchins Hapgood is drilling to be an officer), it might be interesting to hear what Charles Edward Russell has to say at this time.

His Holiness will be remembered by the older generation as a martyr to his beliefs, among other things, in the days when Socialists couldn't say what they thought and get paid for it; also as the one-time Socialist candidate for President. He is now connected with a news service which is spreading the gospel of war-hate in the press. He believes that we ought to go to war, not only because Germany has violated our alleged rights, but because the Allies "are fighting the battle of democracy against autocracy, and if they are defeated, the progress of the world toward Socialism will be set back several centuries."

I want to be fair toward His Holiness, without altogether kissing the pontifical toe. While enlightening me, he sat at a desk and gazed meditatively at the wall before him, throwing off papal bull—if I may put it that way—in an infallible voice. He did not give me any of the stuff he puts out in the press about "rights," or "national honor," or "cowardice"; no, he spoke his heart honestly, a hate-song born of observation and reason.

"War," he proclaimed, "is inevitable under the capitalist system."

"What we call peace is only war in another form. There is no difference between them."

"I have always said so."

"Why then advocate armed strife?" I asked. "Some of us think what we call peace is better than war, for the simple reason that there is a certain amount of free speech and free thought

allowed in peace which helps to destroy the capitalist system, and that this is impossible in war."

He shrugged his shoulders wearily. "None of us like the censorship, the military state," he said, "but all that is the logical result of the capitalist state. We cannot destroy the capitalist state. It must destroy itself. I want to see it work itself out to its logical conclusion. Let us go through with it."

"Then you don't believe in propaganda?" I asked.

"No," he said. "Men cannot change this world by talking about it, or by willing it."

"Thought is of little value."

"The world is moved by economic forces which men do not understand, which men cannot control."

"So we all might as well shut up and drift?" says I.

"War is coming. No one can stop it. Those who put themselves in its path will get run over. It is only by some great cataclysm like war that the world can be brought to a realization of the evils of the capitalist system."

"And afterward?"

"I believe that the war is already bringing about a new democracy all over the world. In every country old obstructive institutions are going overboard. If the Allies win, the world will be fertile and ready for change. The Allies represent the forces of democracy combatting the forces of autocracy in the German group."

"If I thought that," I said, "I would be in favor of war. But my experience in Europe does not lead me to believe that any increase of liberalism will be the result."

"I have wide and certain sources of information," he said, "and they all agree."

"Since the beginning of the war I have been painfully thinking it all out, and searching my heart."

"What is more, if the United States, by staying out of the war, permits the Germans to win, then the world faces a military despotism more awful than it has ever seen, and a war more colossal than this one. The German violations of international law, no less than the laws of humanity, must be punished and made to cease."

"How about violations by the Allies?"

"For instance," he asked.

"The rape of Greece, the sowing of mines broadcast in the North Sea—"

"The Germans sowed mines in the North Sea first," he answered. "No, my friend, I do not know of a single illegal act committed by England during this war. As for the United States, I hope we go to war immediately, and I hope that universal military service is adopted here."

"But," I said. "What's the difference if we don't? Isn't it the capitalist system which is our universal enemy? Isn't this capitalist system destroying itself by going to war. Why should we take a gun and go out and kill our brothers in such a cause?"

"I regret it as much as you," he pronounced mildly, turning away to more important matters. "But it is inevitable."

I crossed myself rapidly and beat it.

JOHN REED.

A Separation

DEAR EASTMAN:—You and Reed take exactly the same view of the duty of Americans at this juncture as the Kaiser, Bethmann-Hollweg and Zimmermann. Of course, I desire to disconnect myself from you. Heaven knows what perverse emotion or pseudo-reasoning have brought you to support Militarism in this grave crisis!

WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING.

IT pains us to see Walling take the same view of American duty as the Czar of Russia and Sir Edward Carson and Theodore Roosevelt, but we regard that as accidental and not in itself a condemnation of his position. He thinks that the cause of liberty against militarism demands our opposing Germany. We think it demands our opposing war. The question is not which is in the worst company. The question is which is right.

For my part, I am not an absolute pacifist. I should have wanted to fight in the battle of Marathon, and if I knew a little history I could perhaps name other national wars, a few, which really involved liberty or civilization. I am so constituted that I simply could not "advocate" a war to which I was not personally going—that makes me more pacific than my loudest-yelling neighbors—but I am not an absolute pacifist. My reasons for believing that those who love human liberty should oppose this war, rather than oppose Germany, are concrete reasons founded on the current situation and its future possibilities. I might sum them up in outline as follows:

1. The German State is indeed a monster, an old-fashioned military autocracy wielding a modern social and industrial efficiency. It will go the way of all monsters, however, in the course of its internal development. The heroes are already inside of it who will slay it—four or five hundred thousand revolutionary followers of Liebknecht, and hundreds of thousands who will join them after the patriotic fever subsides. The monster will never be slain by anybody else. And what these heroes need to help them is a *failure* of Germany, but not a humiliating defeat. A humiliating defeat would inflame German nationalism as much as a signal victory would. It would drive Germany into a new reactionary alliance; it would paralyze the efforts of those men and women within Germany who are the only real hope of deliverance.

I want Germany merely to fail of conquest.

I want England and Russia to fail too. The British Empire is an octopus. It strangles and devours in remote places with its snaky arms, while keeping up that suave self-righteous immobility of the central maw and countenance. British imperialism girding a world conquered by the blood of France—that is horrible to me. It holds no hope of liberty from militarism or plutocratic rule. If Germany is politically the most class-owned, England is economically so. And though I should dread to see England crushed even more than Germany, I do not hanker to have the British junkers established in the domination of the world, for the sake of a nationalistic

spanking which will not really promote the democratic evolution of Germany.

I want England also merely to fail—to fail of strengthening her position. And nothing seems more probable in the international situation as it now stands than that both England and Germany will fail. Therefore I do not want to alter the situation by adding a new power to either side.

2. The hope of some international coming together for the reduction of armaments and the eradication of nationalistic war-policies is in President Wilson's mind. It is one of the greatest hopes of civilization. If we can stay out of the quarrel our opportunity to establish that hope is enormous. What we may do there will be worth more to the struggle against militarism all over the world than even the political revolution in Germany would be, for no overthrow of political institutions anywhere can stop the tide of military bureaucracy and state-control which is sweeping over all countries out of the storm of the war. The world is becoming Prussianized on a basis of industrial autocracy, and those who can not see this because of the size of the Kaiser's helmet, have a bad perspective. They may not be thinking nationalistically, but they are certainly not thinking in forms of the "economic interpretation." The place to fight the economic autocracy, the oligarchy of the future, the militarism, the Iron Heel, is the place where you are. And the way to begin the fight is to refuse to give them their war.

There is no sure thing in Europe. There is one sure thing here—this country is not yet Prussianized. You can save a country if you stay out of war. You can't save a speck of the world if you go in.

MAX EASTMAN.

Flattering Germany

ANY Government which could indulge in the colossal slapstickism of offering Mexico her "three lost provinces,"



Street Corner

Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, as the price of her military co-operation against the United States, must be regarded with amused exasperation; and the fear and fury with which our own Prussians publicly discuss the German-Mexican folly is evidently just a part of their deliberate campaign to scare us into war.

But the War Party had better look out that it doesn't over-reach itself.

Lately the Anglo-militarists having been blaming German intrigue for all opposition, not only to militarism, but also to plutocratic arrogance. Naturally, every manifestation of Pacifism has incurred the charge of "German money," although the names of contributors to Pacifist organizations have been made public. The twelve Senators at Washington who dared to fight the Administration's attempt to jam war measures through Congress, have been almost universally stigmatized by the jingo press as "the Kaiser's Senators." That is to be expected. But another phase of this agitation may prove a boomerang.

Have you noticed how every advocate of democracy, of liberalism, has been accused of pro-German sympathies? The sinister interests which never give up their dream of intervention in Mexico, say that Mexico is governed from Berlin. The American sugar kings who exploit Cuba under the scarcely-veiled autocracy of Menocal, protest that the Cuban revolution, an uprising of peaceful people goaded to violence by the shameless suppression of the right of free ballot, is financed and directed by Germans. Those candid imperialists who approved the rape of Panama, are fighting against a partial reparation by the United States to Colombia, on the ground that the Germans have stirred up enmity in Colombia toward the United States. Our repudiation of the decision of the Central American High Court of Justice, that the Nicaraguan treaty with us is illegal,

is sustained by these same gentlemen because, forsooth, there are Germans in Cartagena!

Look at our own country. The Railway Brotherhoods are pro-German because they insist upon the rights guaranteed them by law. German money has corrupted the street-car workers who have just gone on strike in the National Capital for the bare necessities of life. Those of us who are trying to get before the public some information about the ghastly Labor frame-up in San Francisco, in which one innocent man has been condemned to death, and the outright murders of workingmen in Everett, Washington, are pro-German for even mentioning such things at this time. One of the officers of the National Association for Popular Government has been stigmatized as a German by a member of Congress, because he tried to have the Association's annual report read on the floor of the Senate.

Traitors all. It seems almost as if the only patriots we have are the munitions-makers, the bankers, the reactionary manufacturers, the private detective agencies, the stock-brokers, the ministers of religion, the imperialist politicians, and that part of the public which thinks the American flag is sacred in itself.

Up to this time a lot of democratically-minded folks have considered Germany as much in the wrong, if not more so, than the other side. But if it is continually flung in our faces that any man who speaks for freedom and justice is therefore pro-German, perhaps we'll come to believe it after a while.

JOHN REED.

The Real War

By Lieutenant "X" of the French Army

This article was written by a young French officer, who before the war was known as a writer. He served several months at Verdun, where he was decorated for bravery, and is at present somewhere on the Somme front. The French censor refused to allow this article to pass through the mails, and it was accordingly smuggled over by an American returning from France. The present text is, of course, a translation from the original French.

THE public has a very natural tendency to picture this war, and all wars, according to a certain theatrical conventional form adopted by battle painters, by innumerable stories and romances of battle, and even by official reports. The press, which only infrequently has access to the theater of operations, is led to comment upon events in the same fantastic style, and in order to preserve the "morale" of the armed nation, an aureole of "warlike beauty" is accorded to even the most dismal, the most monstrous scenes of the present drama.

In the interests of the future and of the civilized world, however, it would be well for everyone to know the war as it is, and not as one may imagine it without participating in it, or as one would like it to be when one is in favor of it.

Even among the bravest soldiers, I have never seen any who liked to fight, and felt in their element. It is only in newspapers that troops are impatient to go under fire and that they rush forward as to some pleasant entertainment.

In this war, the form of courage and individual heroism is new and deceptive. There is no grandeur in the method of fighting; there is no individual grandeur for the combattant. What soldier of the present day can win glory or nobility from his exploits? The aviator, perhaps. He alone, when he meets and attacks another aviator in the open sky, is "sans peur et sans reproche," like a knight who challenges his foe to equal combat, face to face. Yet this war without honor has dishonored even some aviators whom it has obliged to throw bombs at nights on sleeping towns.

The brilliant horseman no longer has any part to play, or at least, so small and so exceptional a one that he would do well to leave his horse for an aeroplane.

The artillery has as its motto: Kill from hiding, far from the enemy, and without even seeing him.

As for the poor mass of infantry, its role is merely passive. It marks up the points on this devastated checkerboard, where

hostile cannon with instruments of precision have engaged in a primitive struggle, a cowardly and ferocious combat. It has been said that Germany has dishonored war. I think there was no need of Germany's doing this, and that war has always dishonored mankind. But Germany, in substituting the technique of destruction for the art of fighting, has at least thrown the ignominy of war into a crude light, and deprived it of its last seduction. Thus ugliness, stripped of all ornament, makes us hate it the more.

But to come back to the infantry.

Battle stories, magazine illustrations, and even some official reports show us the infantry in the assaults of the present day much as we have been taught to imagine the zouaves at Sebastopol, or Bonaparte at the Arcola bridge. We hear of "superb onslaughts," of "magnificent dash," and of positions taken in "fine style." The reality is different, and more poignant. The foot soldier who leaves his trench, like the foot soldier who is attacked in his trench, has less to act than to endure.

Let us consider the succession of events in one of these attacks, like so many which have taken place in Champagne, at Verdun or on the Somme.

There is a line or several lines of hostile trench to be taken. Given the terrible defenses with which these lines are provided, barbed-wire, machine-guns, trench artillery, and so on, they cannot possibly be approached unless they are entirely destroyed, levelled, evacuated. A formidable artillery brought up for the purpose accordingly proceeds to carry out this work of destruction—a work which has been long and minutely prepared by aviators. It is also necessary to destroy as much as possible of the adverse artillery charged with keeping up a curtain of fire; and as each of the innumerable batteries has a definite role, preparatory firing goes on for nights and days. During this time the infantry which is to take the desired position is crouching in its trenches and shelters. The enemy's guns reserve their fire, are silent, and make no disturbance; they are completely occupied with preparations; they wait.

The men, packed in first and second line, and in reserve, knowing that they are about to fling themselves toward the terrible unknown, have endless hours to think about it and wear out their nerves. This tension of waiting is an ordeal a hundred times harder than a spontaneous, unpremeditated fight. They cannot really rest, but they doze under the noise of their own artillery rolling infernally behind them. Generally they do not know where they are. They have come up in the night by an interminable march full of detours, stops, difficulties, which has ended in a hopeless labyrinth of communicating trenches. They have been transported from another sector and brought here for the attack. For it is never the troops who have held a sector a long time, and are thoroughly familiar with it, who make an attack in this sector: they would know too well how redoubtable is that which is opposite them, and all soldiers will tell you that experience kills courage in this war, where carelessness and lack of reflection are almost always the conditions of heroism.

So the infantry waits, nervous, tense, feverish, or prostrated. The men do not laugh and joke as much as they are said to do

in newspaper stories. Or if they do, it is to overcome something which is not exactly fear, but which weighs upon the stomach and tightens the throat: a profound and tenacious anguish. When the moment of attack comes, they will consider it as a relaxation, a deliverance. This moment does come. As no man is capable of dashing coolly toward a machine gun in action, and as the artillery may have spared some enemy works, they are given a drink of spirits at the last instant. Some officers or soldiers even calmly set about intoxicating themselves. I have seen one man, exalted by this means, scale the trench wall long before the time and start all alone toward the enemy, vociferating. And at last they spring forward, stunned and dazzled, accepting their duty, and once more fondly hoping to bring about a solution, and hasten the end of their troubles.

They run and run. They are not in order; they go as fast as they can to avoid the curtain-fire which is not yet accurate or perhaps has not yet begun. The ground is overturned; they stumble, fall, pick themselves up, twist their feet, and lose breath, loaded as they are with grenades, cartridges, and their rifles—the latter elongated and made heavier by the cumbersome and almost always useless bayonet. They are surprised and happy at meeting no enemy. They cross a volcanic chaos which was the hostile first line; they see inert arms and legs, torn and bloody human debris. They discover here and there a few poor trembling beings, exhausted, pitiful, visibly inoffensive, whom they have no desire to kill. The resistance of these survivors had nevertheless been foreseen. Certain men, under the name of "trench cleaners," armed with long cutlasses, were to run through and inspect the conquered lines, killing all who resisted in hand-to-hand fights. But such scenes rarely take place save in the imagination of staff officers who do no actual fighting. In reality, if it occasionally happens that some brute stabs or clubs an unarmed enemy half buried under ruins and ready to surrender, this act arouses general disgust and indignation. I speak at least of what I have seen among French troops.

So the infantry simply send their few lamentable prisoners to the rear; they look them over curiously and often with commiseration; then they go on. The greater part of the enemy's units have retired long ago from this chaos where the enormous shell holes are so close together that they overlap.

At last the objective is reached. "Halt!" comes the cry. And the breathless men flatten down in what remains of a trench. For nearly two years a trench has been their element. They are no longer used to being exposed to shells and bullets. So they set to work in great haste and with all their strength to reconstitute the trench, to dig and scratch, and rearrange debris and material of all sorts.

It sometimes happens that the enemy tries to take back the lost lines by an immediate effort. But already machine guns have been put in place, and artillery observers are watching. The counter-attack cannot get started.

Thus the conquerors have not had any real fighting to do. Their artillery has scored "one point," and they merely mark this point by their presence, which at most they manifest by



Maurice Becker.

The Wife

firing a few restless rifle shots at random, without seeing any adversary.

But the enemy's artillery is not long in determining the location of the new position, and the inverse game begins. Then on the barely reconstituted trench falls a sudden rain of shells, ever more numerous and accurate.

There is nothing to be done. One can only stay there, stay there stoically, be wounded or die. Ceaselessly the big shells whirr through the air like machines, then, with a formidable noise, shake and blow up the earth just before or just behind the trench, or right in it. The men, pressed against one another in precarious shelters, in the smallest spaces where they can

find, if not protection, at least the illusion of being protected—the men during hours and hours, with all their nerves and muscles tensed, and even their very brains, suffer this hardest proof of all: to be a passive target, a gage for the enterprise of death, exactly like some animal which marksmen have tied to a stake to practise on.

Fragments wound or kill men here and there; then more accurate shells cause catastrophes, mingling the blood of twenty crowded bodies. There are heads crushed in, arms blown off, legs torn to red shreds.

As a curtain-fire cuts off all communication with the rear, the wounded cannot be transported. All those who have not the strength to drag themselves along and try to escape unaided from this hell, will stay here and die, hear their comrades who have to hear them moan and rasp a whole day or an entire night.

Meanwhile the losses are too great. Water and food no longer arrive; communication becomes impossible, and despite the stupendous efforts of the exhausted survivors to repair the trench between two shell explosions, it is destroyed and rendered indefensible. It must be evacuated, under cover of night, during a momentary calm. The survivors return to the old position.

At dawn, the enemy's infantry once more takes possession of the bloody gage, scoring up one point in turn for its own artillery.

And the same operation begins over again indefinitely, marked by reciprocal, odious and inevitable tenacity, until the

stronger and more accurate of the two artilleries finally wins.

This game of attacks and counter-attacks has lasted months near Verdun, at Douaumont, Thiaumont, Vaux, Fleury, and the Morthomme.

The two infantries have had no other part to play than that just explained. They are doing nothing different from this today on the Somme front. I know an infantryman who has been in most of the attacks and counter-attacks of the last six months. He did not make them with his useless bayonet; he carried his gun strapped at his back; and held in one hand his wife's letters and in the other, photographs of his children. It is with such weapons that he "struggled," that he awaited death or deliverance.

The poor "poilu" smiles when, to flatter him, doubtless, to compensate his martyrdom somewhat, the official report, true to tradition, tells of his brilliant action, his initiative, his exploits. For his part, he prefers, as being closer to the bitter truth, the cold articles of specialists, where in the same columns mention is made of cannon, munitions, and "human material."

His real merit is sad and inglorious. He is still told, and it is said of him on all occasions, that he is a hero. No! This ignoble war will not allow him to be that; it is a false word, and moreover, a word far too flattering, if not for him, at least for it—for the war!

The man who has been suffering and dying in the trenches for the last two years is not a hero; he is a martyr.

Moon Madness

Eileen Kent

SHE got up quietly from the low chair and walked slowly to the window and looked with strained eyes up the semi-lit road. Yes, he was coming,—she could see him swinging along about a block away. She had known he would come—how silly to be afraid. She looked again. No, the man had turned into a side street. All up the street nothing moved but the ghostly poplars in their autumnal nakedness. A quickly stifled cry burst from her lips—no, not a cry, not a sob, but an indescribable sound, half sigh and half moan, like a little child who is being punished for something she doesn't understand. She turned away from the window and going back to her chair, picked up the book she had been reading and tried feverishly to become interested in it. From another room, her mother stirred, got up a moment and then called out:

"Isn't it getting a bit late, Edith? I thought he was coming early."

"Oh, is it, Mother? I didn't realize—is it eight o'clock already? I have been reading my book."

"Eight o'clock, why, it's almost nine! I guess he isn't coming. Don't you think you are a little silly to expect him when you have no definite engagement?"

"Maybe he isn't coming. I just thought perhaps he might, you know ... it's Friday night. It doesn't matter."

"You'd better come in here and read, dear. The light's better."

"No, Mother." And this time her painfully controlled voice nearly faltered. "I'm all right. I think I'll lie down—he may come even now."

Softly, almost stealthily, she again walked to the window.

"Oh, he's got to come, he's got to come!" she whispered fiercely. "He couldn't fail me tonight, not tonight—Oh, God, let him come!"

Backward and forward she paced, her little hands twisting and untwisting. She was so little, and so pitifully young, and her wide gray eyes held such a horrible pain, such a hunted stricken look, and still so wondering; as if she was trying, vainly, to think out clearly and logically some problem that had long since passed beyond her understanding. And yet even deeper than the pain and wonderment was something of innocence and fearlessness; such a look proud young soldiers wear before they have known the awfulness of war and death—not their own death, but that of some comrade, or even just the man next in line!



H. J. Glintenkamp.

At Carnegie Hall

Again the little hurt sound broke from her and she tried to change it into a laugh.

"Are you coughing, Edith?" came her mother's voice.

"No, Mummy, dear, just laughing—I—I am reading such a funny book."

With the last word she caught up a cushion near her and strained it to her mouth, trying to keep back the screams of heart-break that she felt she could hold no longer. With almost unbelievable violence she forced herself to become quiet, and once more took up that nervous pacing up and down, up and down, her hands only showing their trembling when she tried involuntarily to brush away that burning, stinging feeling in her eyes. Suddenly she stopped, and almost running into her own room, threw herself on her bed, still fighting for control, her whole young body shaken with this terrible thing that had taken possession of her. Gradually the trembling grew calmer. Sitting up on the foot of the bed, she leaned her flushed face in her now icy hands ... pressed so tightly that when she took them away for a moment to dry a lingering tear, long, white, scar-like marks stood out on the fevered flesh. She stared un-

seeingly into the mirror, and then slowly her gaze riveted itself upon that strange reflection. Her hand faltered a little as she pushed back the soft, dark hair that clung in moist rings to her forehead, and she stared at herself as if she saw something she could not believe.

"He—is—not—coming," she whispered tonelessly. "He is not coming."

It was like a little child repeating a hated lesson that must be learned. Slowly her eyes filled with tears that fell softly down her cheeks and on to the soft neck, but she still gazed with a steadiness that was not quite sane at her tired eyes, until the very fever of the strain burned up the tears and turned her eyes into two sockets of fire that looked like something apart from her face ... something that tried to speak to her, and could not ... something that tried to explain this awful pain that was throbbing, throbbing in back of her eyes, but could not.

As she stared she seemed to see all the little happenings that had gone to make up this little courtship, this "Puppy love affair." It had been everything to her, though; more than the past or the future. . . .

She remembered that first night. It had been a fraternity dance, and he was one of the out-of-town men. They had not been particularly attracted to each other ... just the healthy, normal friendliness that any man would feel for such a charming little bunch of shyness and coquetry, sweetness and hauteur. And so it went on. They met, each time a little more eagerly, at the several dances that went to make up the younger-set season. It was three or four months after the first meeting that he decided to take rooms in her town. They went to the dances together then, and when spring started they were often seen speeding along the dusty roads in his low slung racer, or swinging along, tennis racket in hand, toward the country club. That some day they should be married was taken as a matter of course, vaguely, as to details, but both were quite sincere. She couldn't think even now how it had happened. She had always been a bit cold and severe to the other boys, and the occasional man; having, of course, her little likes and dislikes, sometimes stronger for one person than another, but there had always been a reserve, an unresponsiveness to any advance of a loverlike nature. It had been almost overwhelming, this sudden rush of feeling that came over her when his hand touched hers, or his voice got a little husky with young tenderness. What was it that stirred her so? Passion had been thus far an unknown quantity. She didn't even know what it was, quite ... a word accompanied by an upward, laughing glance once, a casual descriptive another time. But what could it mean? She was in love—in love, and he loved her!

So it had happened, just another case of moon-madness—two young things playing with the insanity of love and not quite knowing how to resist it. How do those things happen—who can tell? Surely it is not wickedness, this letting one's self go! She remembered she had come home after that wild, sweet night, when they had strolled a little too far into the warm, listless darkness, with only a pale moon to see, and all the mystery of night blinding their senses ... she had looked unbelievably at her reflection in the glass just as she was doing now. There had been the same flushed cheeks, the same tear-stained eyes, but while there had been a look half fear, half wonder, above it all was a sort of fierce sweetness and tenderness, a vast pity for the awfulness of love, but still a joy. Life had gone on just the same. She hadn't felt any different, not bad or guilty, her days were just the same as they had been before. Oh, there were moments when it would come to her in a blinding flash what it all meant, what it might mean, and there had been solemn promises to stop, to part, to get away from this thing that held them, but somehow, they always came back to each other; he with a fierce longing, his boy passion crying for her love, she with a sweetness, sometimes maternal, oftener just submissively tender, wondering at times at the strength of his emotion, but accepting it as part of his love. And nothing had seemed different. She still had the same high, clean ideas about things. She wondered vaguely sometimes just how this thing had happened to her, but surely it was not wicked to love—it was something else that people spoke of with horror, something base and vile, something that changed one's whole life and made it horrible, not just loving, and giving in love. That was not bad.

And now, it had come, that half-feared, half-unbelieved thing that had haunted them both. They had made uncertain little plans, mostly kisses and assurances that all would be well, for such a happening, and now it had come!

Her eyes held only fear now. That something that had been love for him had seemed to snap inside her. Strangely, she could not think of him at all, but what to do—how to keep her mother safe from this thing that had come to her! Her mother would understand, would forgive and help her, she knew that, but she could not let her know; she could not bear to see that hurt, shocked look that would creep up into her eyes when she thought of what had happened. No, not that, anything but that. But what did people do? There had been their half-formed plans for the future, but he had not come. He had known, and he had not come. A wave of self-pity surged into her heart for a moment but she pushed it down, a quick, scornful little laugh springing to her lips. It was funny that she couldn't feel about him any more; she just simply couldn't feel anything. It was as if he had died. Only a strained desire to solve this thing, solve it now before it was too late, before she lost control of herself and perhaps told her mother. And oh, how she ached to do just that!

Hardly knowing what she did, she fluffed her hair into place, and passed the powder puff over her face. She had the answer: she must go away. She didn't want to go away. She wanted to stay and live the same life as she had been living—queer little pictures of the coming parties danced before her eyes. How absurd! You couldn't go to dances when you had done something wrong and were going away so as not to hurt people. She walked softly from her dresser to the closet, putting things into her bag. How fortunate that she had just had a birthday—you could go a long ways on twenty-five dollars. Maybe she could sell some of her jewelry. People did that sometimes. She had heard some girls talking about it once.

She walked down the hall to where her mother was sitting.

"Why, where are you going, Edith? It's nearly ten o'clock."

"Just to the corner, Mummy, just to the corner. I want to post a letter for the last mail."

It was so easy to think of things to say. She never would have thought she could act so well. If only her mother wouldn't look at her with that sweet, faintly amused smile. She almost told her not to smile, that one didn't smile at such a time, but she checked it with another hysterical laugh.

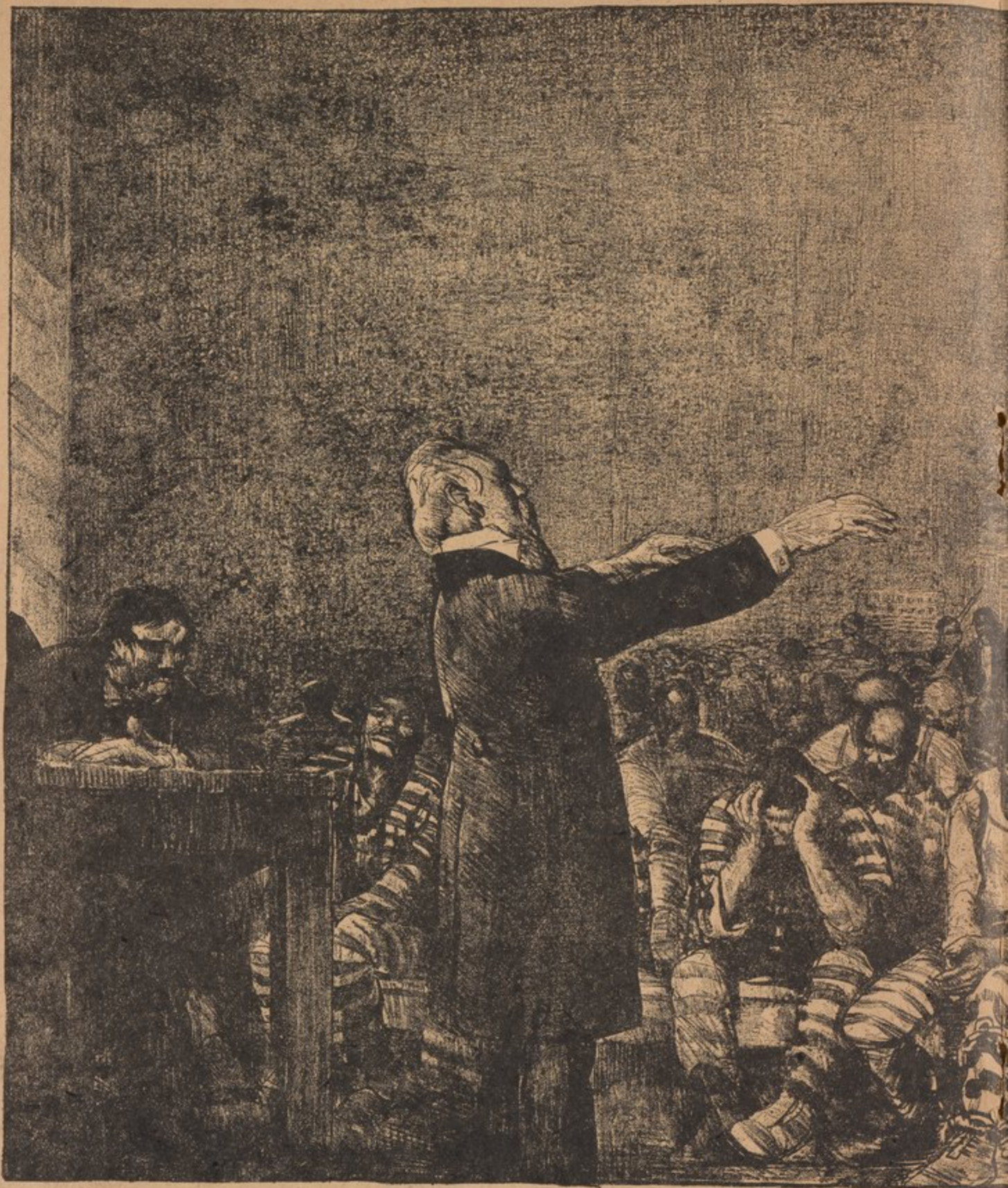
"Your face is so hot, dear. I am afraid you will catch cold. Come right back."

"Yes, Mummy, dear, right back. I'll come right back."

She fled down the hall, picked up her bag and slipped carefully down the stairs. It was very quiet out, and the night was darker than she ever remembered it. She clutched the bag tighter and held her head a little higher. It was all right; she was going away. No one would be hurt now.

Her mother slowly closed the book she had been reading, closed her eyes a moment and smiled.

"Poor little girl," she murmured. "She takes things so seriously. I really believe she felt quite badly because Gerald didn't come to see her tonight!"



George Bellows.

Benediction in Geor

THE MASSES, May, 1917.

Painting the Lily

THE Little Father is dead; long live the Little Brother!

IT proved so easy to push Nicholas off his throne that Russia must be wondering why it twiddled its thumbs for twenty-two years.

THERE will be complaint in some quarters that the Russian revolution was not accompanied by the necessary number of important funerals, but it is, of course, impossible to please everybody.

THE papers indicate that the friendly relations which have so long existed between Germany and Russia are about to be broken off.

ONE hopes that Mr. Romanoff's new house will have all the modern conveniences including an attic where he can store the divine right of kings.

IF the news ever reaches Columbia University, it will probably be regarded there as a deliberately unfriendly act.

THERE is an unconfirmed rumor that Siberia is to be opened for emigration.

THE railway brotherhoods insist that the eight hour law shall be enforced, and you know very well what that is—Anarchy.

HUMANITARIANS will be glad to know that members of Congress were allowed time between sessions to collect the mileage for the theoretical trip home and back.

THOSE who have been urging us to go to war on behalf of suffering Belgium were no doubt gratified to learn that the first concrete result of our break with Germany was that the American relief work was kicked out.

FREDERIC R. COUDERT says that a pacifist is really a murderer. Yet, so complex is the human organism that in his private life a pacifist may be a kind husband and an indulgent father.

GENERAL WOOD complains that the activities of pacifists tend to slow up recruiting. Slowing up recruiting in this country must come under the head of painting the lily.

THE President has put all postmasters into the civil service. Bang goes the one poor little issue of the late Mr. Hughes.

THE Germans did not seem to have any better luck in coming to an understanding with Mexico than we did.

TAFT to be 20th Century Paul Revere for Universal Training."

RESPECTFULLY referred to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.
HOWARD BRUBAKER.



THE TEACHER SPEAKS

THEY have passed and gone up the windy hill
 And the room is dim and still . . .
 And four o'clock this afternoon
 Drifts in the pale white moon.
 Over the floor of dust and stains
 It makes soft, pearly lanes.
 And I sit in my chair and think, and think—
 Watching the great room shrink.
 The ghostly desks are facing me—
 Each one is facing me.
 And I feel in the winter dusk the heart
 Of the old room touch my heart . . .
 Outside the pane, a tree sways black
 Like a dwarf with a heavy pack,
 A pack of stars from the twilight hill—
 And the room is very still—
 The day has emptied my jeweled pack.
 It must brim ere they come back,
 Starry lads and girls who speak,
 Dreaming, so near my cheek.
 Ah! I must steal from the sky each gem
 And fashion it bright for them;
 Else how shall I meet their morning eyes,
 Their eyes that are young and wise?

Florence Ripley Mastin.

TWO POEMS

IN WINTER

SOMETIMES I think with longing more like lust
 Of Summer, and the feeling of hot days
 When the green trees are breathless, when white dust
 Parches the clover by the roads, ablaze
 With late July; and the apparent heat
 Twists the thick air in lines like wrinkled glass
 When, body stretched full length in the complete
 Dispassionate enfolding of the grass
 One feels the Summer like a passion whose
 Problem-suspended interval is dense
 With such august phenomena as Birth,
 Death, and Decay, and the strained mind must lose
 Its doubt, and in the splendid fact of sense
 Find reason for the being of the earth.

A THRENODY

I KNEW a spendthrift and she died
 Little she left behind
 A frivolous empty purse, a wide
 Wound in the heart; a blind
 Longing to catch at her generous hands—
 God, the spendthrift, understands.

Charles William Brackett.

Wanted: Higher Education in Sin

Charles W. Wood

I HAVE about made up my mind to start a College of Sin. I am a fairly accomplished sinner, as sinners go today, but there's lots more I want to learn. I am convinced that sin has great possibilities, in spite of its apparent failure and the very obvious fact that Broadway is a fizzle.

When I stand in the way of sinners on Broadway, I am usually overwhelmed by a desire to join a church. It is only when I go to church that I prefer Broadway. The temples of sin and the haunts of righteousness have both reached a sorry plight. In the interest of clean sport, both sin and righteousness should be revived. They should be cultivated and raised to their highest possible development.

No minister with a sense of fair play could object to this. Where sin abounded grace did much more abound: and where sin is as flabby as it is today, grace is bound to get flabby too. Give them both a chance. Give them every possible oppor-

tunity. Then let them go to the mat in a genuine contest and whichever wins will be a real champion. If righteousness wins out under those conditions, I for one will take off my hat to righteousness.

It might be well to remind the reader right here that the foregoing observations are by way of a dramatic review. They were inspired by witnessing "The Wanderer" at the Manhattan Opera House. "The Wanderer" is supposed to be a Biblical play by Maurice V. Samuels. Actually it is a story of Hackensack and Broadway in Biblical trimmings. For vice and virtue are both so deadly dull throughout that there is really no choice between them.

The scene is in the Valley of Hebron, about 1,000 years before Christ, in the dreary home of Jesse, a most august hick of the period. The story is of Jesse's Prodigal Son, Jether, who demands his portion from the old man and presently

spends it in alleged riotous living in the house of Nadina in Jerusalem. Madame Nadina is a gold-digger who outdoes even the New York cabaret proprietors. Few of them, I believe, would capitalize their own daughters in promiscuous deals, as Nadina does, but of course I'm not altogether certain.

Nadina is a sinner, after a fashion, and the story is supposed to prove that sin doesn't pay. It doesn't prove anything of the kind. It only proves that when sin is as uninteresting as it is on Broadway, a man might just as well save his money and be good.

Poor Jether had a rotten time at home. All he had to amuse himself was a flock of sheep and a big brother who was an efficiency expert. No audience could blame him for disappearing, if they hadn't seen what he disappeared with. The chap who "lured" him was as winsome as a Jersey swamp, but anything must look good to a fellow who is trying to shake an efficiency expert. At any rate, Jether made for the white lights and the second act shows him in the clutches of the Broadway grafters of the period. They land on him like a flock of hat-checkers and you know from the start that his roll won't last. Nadina, it appears, gets a rake-off from every conning, and Jether finally balks. He refuses to buy a neck-lace for Mademoiselle and the young lady turns him down a la mode.

Now Jether descends to the sub-cellar of iniquity. The girl challenges him to prove his love in a scientific way. He must renounce Jehovah or lose his last chance on her. On the face of it, this may not seem scientific, but she probably knew that there is a subtle connection in adolescent males between sex longing and religion.

What a choice—to illustrate the struggle between good and evil! Jehovah or the woman?

And such a woman!

And such a Jehovah!

Frankly, I can't see where there was any choice to make. Serving Jehovah had bored poor Jether to death: but it was a cinch from the start that he wouldn't have any more fun with a dame like this. To be sure, she was physically seductive, and Florence Reed played the part, such as it was, with extraordinary skill: but why should a Broadway grafter with a rake-off on every dollar you blow be held up as a typical temptation?

Broadly speaking, sin consists of doing what you long to do and righteousness consists of following the rules. There is a real issue involved in that; or there would be if good, vigorous examples of each could only be provided. What I object to, in the life of today as well as in the drama, is making them both so uninviting.

Jether chooses the girl but he doesn't get her. He loses both her and Jehovah instead. Also his roll and his credit and finally his best suit. Mother Nadina strips him of that. There was only one little rag left on Jether when her fit of anger subsided. There'll be an awful scandal on Thirty-Fourth Street some night if Nadina becomes a degree more strenuous.

Act III. Home again. Feast. Fatted calf. Big brother sore. And after that, the old life of supreme boredom.

Let us all pray for a revival of sin and righteousness. Until we get it, plays with a moral will remain uninteresting.

WHILE we are on the subject, I wish some reader of THE MASSES would introduce Mr. J. Hartley Manners to some sinful girl. Mr. Manners is an artist at delineating character. If he ever saw a real, live, female sinner, I am sure he could dramatize her wonderfully. In two acts of "The Harp of Life," at the Globe Theater, there was an exceptional combination of charm and realism which completely surprised me. I knew that the play was fairly popular but I didn't know it was great. In those two acts it was. Then came the last act and the whole edifice tumbled.

In the first two acts all the characters were respectable. There was a home scene, an almost ideal but still a real home. It wasn't a place of dull serenity, as most moralizers would have painted it, nor of serious family jars as most satirists would have insisted. It was just a home, with father, mother and son; with lots of love and a touch of gaiety, but something the least little bit uncomfortable in the atmosphere as well. Laurette Taylor is justly celebrated as the mother, but she deserves hardly more credit than Philip Merrivale and Dion Titheradge in the other roles. In both text and acting, those first two acts are superb.



H. J. Glintenkamp.

The Coon Shouter

Enter the adventuress in the third act, the fast young divorcee who has set a snare to marry the innocent but adolescent son. She is as fast as a show-window manikin, as sinfully human as a slot-machine: you just have to take the playwright's word for it that Leonard was interested. And it isn't the fault of the actress: no woman could play those lines and be anything but a dummy. And the mother, confronted by a dummy sinner, just naturally becomes a dummy too. If she had only been confronted by a real situation, now, I am sure there would have been no such anti-climax. Mr. Manners, like the rest of us, needs a higher education in sin—and I trust that the readers of *THE MASSES* will not turn a deaf ear to our pathetic appeal.



John Barber.

AND it came to pass in the land of Gotham that the people thereof were rough of neck and there was no art in them. And the rulers of the people took counsel among themselves and said:

Behold, now, let us build a theater and call this theater New: and the theater shall be conceived in uplift and dedicated to the things that the people ought to see. And the rulers were rich, and they poured out their offerings upon the altar of the theater, and built the theater, and dedicated it and said:

Behold, this is your theater, O people; come in and be uplifted. But the people hardened their necks and entered not into the theater, and the theater was known as the White Elephant.

And the rulers also entered not, for they said one to another: Lo, have we not done our share to uplift the people; must we also be uplifted? And they shook the dust of their feet against the theater, and the theater was called the Century.

For they wot that it would be a Century ere they would do this grievous thing again.

And it came to pass that one Dillingham arose in the land; and one Florenz whose surname was Ziegfeld. And they recked not to uplift the people: and when the people made as though to be uplifted, they said: Go to, now, behold the elevator.

And the people went to the elevators and were uplifted and beheld "The Century Girl." And they wot not why she was called "The Century Girl," and they recked not: but they poured

out their offerings unto Dillingham and Ziegfeld, saying:

Open the theater unto us, we beseech ye, and say not that we must wait three weeks to have a look: and great was the crush about the box office of the Century, and Dillingham and Ziegfeld waxed fat. And they took counsel one with another, saying: Lo, we have given the people what they want.

For the people of Gotham are tired business men who toil arduously for \$13 a week.

And the wives of their bosoms are unlovely in their sight: their eyes are red with weeping and their faces scarred by much combat with the high cost of living. And the tired business men like not to be reminded of the life that they have fled from, and they go to the theater to be entertained.

For who that is to be hanged on the morrow wishes to look upon a scaffold? And who that is up against it in Gotham wisheth to see a realistic drama?

But the legs of maidens are fair in their eyes and each dreameth that he hath a harem. And having fasted at Childs' for the space of a fortnight, they have the wherewithal to behold a ladies' seminary: and the knees of the students thereof, and the round lines about their thigh-bones.

Great is Hazel Dawn, for she is the Century Girl, and in Scene V she is a Lane Duck. And Vera Maxwell is a mermaid on wires and the Sunshine Girls are Lobsters: which maketh Frank Tinney to speak of twenty thousand legs under the sea.

Lo, this is the life for the tired business man, and it smacketh not of Bronx apartments, where the limbs of his women must needs be skirted and they tread not upon glorified turn-tables. Neither is there a revolving spot-light in the kitchen, for the vendor of electricity threateneth to shut off the meter.

Great is uplift and great are the words of them that speak of cultivating the people's taste. But greater yet are Dillingham and Ziegfeld, who know what the populace will pay real money for.

For is it not written:—Thus saith the ox and the ass who have fallen into a pit: Not one cent for art, but millions for anaesthetics.

P. S.—I am one of the populace. I liked it.

BOOKS THAT ARE INTERESTING

A MONTHLY REVIEW CONDUCTED BY FLOYD DELL

The Two Books of the Month

I. *Officeland*

The Job: An American Novel, by Sinclair Lewis. \$1.35 net. [Harper & Brothers.]

"THE Trail of the Hawk," flushed with youthful liberalism, was Sinclair Lewis's promissory note for a great American novel. "The Job" is honest partial payment. The book is so close-woven, so full of poignant description that one is disposed to regard it as a beautifully proportioned, breathing organism except in those rare instances when Mr. Lewis lets his characters speak in a mannerized Manhattanese of his own make.

Very definitely "The Job" is an illumination upon woman in relation to her work and her employer. The air is still full of rumors and half-truths from this, our least charted, most intriguing social field. We can still hear from the Right Wing that woman has no love of the job for its own sake, that she abandons it wholeheartedly and almost invariably at sight of The Man. On the other hand woman is revolutionizing every industry and profession, beating down every obstacle, the arch-feminists declare—rushing along to a kind of spiritual touch-down. Sociologists remind us that her capacities as well as her opportunities are still untested, and statisticians refer airily to that classic myth—woman's seven year span in industry. There's no health in it—and less information. Mr. Lewis comes along in the nick of time to relieve our boredom, and tie up a number of loose ends.

The story is the realistic recital of a girl's psychological reactions to her progressive jobs, employers and associates. The heroine, Una Golden from Panama, Pa., is quite the most conscientiously average young woman in modern fiction. She is equipped for the industrial race with nothing more distinguished than dullish gold hair, a helpless mother, eyeglasses and a brief course at Whiteside and Schlenser's College of Commerce. Had she been an upstanding young goddess, or on the other hand afflicted with a squint, her experiences would have been emptied of their universal social content. She is Any and Every Girl: laid off in the dull season; feverishly tenacious of her next chance; cluttered by routine; starved for companionship; full of suppressed desires; above all, resolved, not to be swept up with the heap of gray moths at forty.

It is the Saga of the Office—"A world . . . whose noblest vista is composed of desks and typewriters, filing cases and insurance calendars, telephones and the bald heads of men who believe dreams to be idiotic. It is a world whose crises you cannot comprehend unless you have learned that the difference between a 2-A pencil and a 2-B pencil is at least equal to the contrast between London and Thibet. . . . An unreasonable world sacrificing birdsong and the tranquil dusk and high golden noons to selling junk—Yet it rules us. And life lives there. Each alley between desks quavers with secret romance as ceaselessly as a

battle-trench or a lane in Normandy." The light is so clear that we seem to sense for the first time those "women whom life didn't want except to type its letters about invoices of rubber heels"—the eternal time-clock—and that recognized rustle of spring, poetic as Grieg's, fluttering among giggling typists while the office-boy whistles on the stoop. A world made or marred by the disposition or digestion of the boss!

In this land of the job the women are beautifully frank about their sex needs—or perhaps it would be fairer to say Sinclair Lewis is—yet there is no preoccupation with sex. The need of escaping "a cloistered vacuousness" lands Una in an outrageous, thoroughly rationalistic marriage with a "provider." How at thirty-one she has pulled out of the abyss, risen from secretary to real-estate agent, and finally that dizzy height—an executive position at \$4,000 a year—with love and the right and only man to complete it all, the author has told convincingly enough. It is a logical climb—putting the job first, making oneself indis-



George Bellows.

The Statuette

pensable and seeing with growing shrewdness the step just ahead. Such success is well within the possibilities, if not the probabilities, for any normally intelligent office woman, we'll grant with a string of ifs—If she hasn't a dependent family to hold her to one spot; if she but keep her health and nerve; if she doesn't have chil— But this is anticipating. Mr. Lewis leaves her here you see, married, successfully on the job and promising us she'll stay there. So far so good. But how about that baby Una has been wanting so expressly in every other chapter, Mr. Lewis? We magnanimously refrain from mentioning that baby's younger sister out of deference to New York apartments, but can't help wondering and wondering about Una's return to the land of the job after an absence of four years, maybe six. How is she going to score in competition with younger women and those "bright young men" she learned to dread years ago? It seems mean to keep on heckling Mr. Lewis, but for my part he might almost as well have concluded with a proposal in the moonlight. In fact if I keep on I'll be accusing him of shirking what modern women are accustomed to regard as their *only real job*—the reconciliation of motherhood and industry!

A clean way out would be a sequel, standing well up to the guns. Even a trilogy including Una the Average Woman of Fifty—children off on a long leash—would be delightful from Mr. Lewis. His atmosphere of clarity and high courage is one that we quit reluctantly.

FRANCES ANDERSON.

II. The Adventure of Life

Mendel, A Novel, by Gilbert Cannan. \$1.50 net. [Doran.]

"M^ENDEL" is the best English novel since "Jacob Stahl." And inasmuch as "Jacob Stahl" was the best English novel since "Tom Jones"—But wait a moment!

Before I go on, I will toss up a coin. If it is "heads," this review will be twelve pages long—a regular essay, in the best literary-scientific style at my command, full of the most impressive erudition of which I am capable, and designed to lead you before you are aware to agree with certain very improbable but wholly irresistible views. It will contain, as any really convincing Critique must, a history of English fiction. It will begin with "Beowulf," the first "thriller" written in English; it will touch lightly upon the short stories of Chaucer, the Irvin S. Cobb of his day, and upon "Piers Plowman," the prototype of the sociological novels of H. G. Wells. Thence to Defoe, who was the Father of Modern Journalism and the Greatest of All Special Correspondents. Next will come that remarkable person, Shakespeare, who was the founder of the tradition of Dostoevskian psychological fiction which petered out in Henry James; and who was at the same time the most delightful of all historical romancers, the Dumas *père* of the Elizabethan Age. So to Fielding, who created in "Joseph Andrews" the satirical conversation novel, relieved with melodrama and sex, which Anatole France has since so successfully made his own; and who established so magnificently in "Tom Jones" the chief fact about fiction—that its greatness consists, after all, and in spite of everything else, in the revelation of a great soul behind it, as Stendhal and Samuel Butler have since re-demonstrated. With

Dean Swift, who preceded Darwin and Maupassant in the discovery that we are tailless apes, the first phase of English fiction ends; and a few brief remarks on the failure of the Antimacassar or Victorian Age to contribute anything but impedimenta to its development, brings us to the present day. That will occupy the first six pages of the essay; and of the remaining six, three will be devoted to showing how in Beresford's "History of Jacob Stahl," Nexo's "Pelle the Conqueror" and Rolland's "Jean-Christophe" there were fulfilled for the first time the peculiar fictional aspirations of the age which had produced hitherto as its characteristic best such magnificent failures as Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina," Frenssen's "Holyland," Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" and anything you wish to name of Balzac's and Zola's. And so at last we shall come to Mr. Cannan's "Mendel." The front pages of the essay, after a discriminating analysis of its minor shortcomings, will place Mr. Cannan's novel in its relationship to modern fiction as the most significant event since the three masterpieces named above; and Mr. Cannan himself, by virtue of his exceptional qualities as a writer, as the most promising novelist on the whole literary horizon—a dawning sun in fact who should presently make a whole host of literary stars turn pale.

All of this, if the coin is "heads." If it is "tails," I shall be brief—and, I fear, unconvincing. For how, without some such array of critical apparatus, am I going to convince you that the appearance of this book is an event of considerable magnitude? I could tell you the story very briefly: it is the career of a Jewish boy who becomes a painter, and has adventures in a London bohemia which in many ways resembles Greenwich Village. It is an exceedingly candid picture of life, and a remarkable portrayal of an interesting and significant character—the realest person that I have met in fiction for years. Mr. Cannan "gets" the quality of life in a quite new and extraordinary way. And the book gives a most curious and refreshing sense of the amplitude of the author's powers. But to say this would not do any sort of justice to the novel. It is good in so new a way that the old kinds of praise really do not fit it at all.—The publishers of William McFee's "Casuals of the Sea," I understand, are offering a prize for the best review of it; and as that novel belongs somewhere in this new movement, I shall be interested to see if they really got a criticism of it that does not apply with more accuracy to "David Copperfield" or "Vanity Fair." My own attempt to praise it in these pages a few months ago, without saying the usual and quite irrelevant things, was a dull failure. Before novels of this kind can be properly dealt with, someone has got to do the job which I somewhat frivolously sketched above—discover the roots and trace the growth of fiction, clear away the mass of Victorian tradition about novel-writing, analyze the efforts and tendencies of the modern period, and show the real significance of the new Rolland-Nexo-Beresford school. Heaven knows I don't want to do it, especially here in THE MASSES, with the cost of paper so high! And think of all the books I would have to pretend to have read! But if the coin is "heads"—I pause to toss it. ... Thank heaven! it is "tails." I can simply say:

There is something new happening in fiction; and this is it. "Mendel," by Gilbert Cannan—remember the name, and buy it right away.

F. D.

SECOND AVENUE BARBER SHOP
ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON



Stuart Davis.

Truth?

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise, by David Graham Phillips. 2 vols. \$2.50 net. [D. Appleton & Co.]

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS had a curious literary fate. He hated the standards of popular American fiction. He disliked sentimental lying about life. His own ideas were brutally revolutionary. And he expressed them with utter candor and fierce earnestness. His characters were sometimes completely wooden—the true mark of the excited propagandist. These characters were generally, judged by ordinary standards, shamelessly immoral, and they had his open sympathy. He preached furiously against all that is popularly considered to be the true, the beautiful, and the good. And yet—the total impression of these furious and revolutionary and immoral fictions was—God rest his soul!—that of sentimental and romantic bosh in the good old American style. And so, instead of being prosecuted for immorality, he was received with enthusiasm by the public, and he shared with Robert W. Chambers the

chief honors that our magazines bestow upon the confectioners of pretty sweetstuffs.

"Susan Lenox" is a perfect example. Phillips wrote it to smash home his ideas about life. He believed, for instance, that sex, in its rawest sense, is the overwhelming interest of masculine mankind. He believed that the world is an ugly and evil place in which only the strong are happy. He believed that women will never be free until they learn to be strong—and ruthless. He believed that hunger and cold and bad food and poor clothes and overwork and misery are great and terrible and real evils—and unchastity, when it saves women from these evils, a virtue: though a virtue not to be attempted rashly by the weak. He desired to show these things in the story of a girl who experiences poverty and prostitution, and finds the latter the best—indeed, climbs by its aid not only to power and security but to freedom and personality. It was in a kind of savage anger against our fictional tradition of sentimental lying about life, that he wrote his story. And yet the story itself is one of the most wildly unreal, fantastic, and roman-

tically false novels ever written. In vain did he try to destroy the Hearst magazine conception of life: his effort was doomed to be published in a Hearst magazine. ... It was perhaps in despairing anticipation of this fact that David Graham Phillips committed suicide.

He was so anxious to tell the truth: and his book is such a romantic damn lie! Isn't it ironic?

Perhaps it isn't just because he doesn't do justice to his ideas. Perhaps they are as romantic and unreal as his plots.

Or perhaps only the person who isn't quite so sure that he knows what the truth is—who suspects that the truth may not be quite as it first seems—the artist, in fact—can tell the truth.

I should add, for the benefit of anyone who wants to know whether the book is interesting reading or not, that it is—as interesting as “Alice in Wonderland.” But if you want a document to give to young people which will teach them something about life, you must look elsewhere.

F. D.

Clement Wood

Glad of Earth: Poems, by Clement Wood. \$1 net. [Laurence J. Gomme.]

WHEN I announced that I was going to review Clement Wood's new book of verse, Louise said I ought to be tender with poets, because they are trying to do something. Nevertheless, I don't see why poets should need encouragement—they have all the best of it nowadays. Besides, I oughtn't to be reviewing books of verse at all, especially as I am bringing out one myself pretty soon (price \$1; order from THE MASSES), and my victims can retaliate; Wood, for example, can say anything he pleases in *The Call*. However, here goes.

Let me say to begin with that this volume of Clement Wood's is distinctly worth reading, because he has put into it as much of himself as he knows. The result is a portrait of a young man of our time—sensitive to modern social forces, seeing beauty not only in nature but in human life all around him, not afraid of living. The defects are also true to type.

It is divided into three parts, of which Part One bears the title of the book, “Glad of Earth,” and contains predominantly poems about Spring. I was edified to find Clement rejoicing in his delicate strength, climbing starward through the sod, identifying himself with the cosmos generally, and flinging himself sturdily into new and sweet directions. It was interesting to learn that the state of Alabama

“... seeded me, budded me, brought me thru bloom to fruitage.”
But somehow I didn't feel the authenticity of lines like those,
“The music of the spheres is quickened to a jig ...”
or

“Let the pompous financier sing a naughty trio with his wife and the placid (sic) chauffeur. ...”

Seriously, there is in these verses a joyous feeling for flowers and trees, wind and sun. On the other hand, they seem to have been scribbled down as they poured out, indiscriminately. Time after time as I read them I felt, “This ought to end here; there's too much of it ... This isn't the word he wanted ... These are notes.” It is all free verse, of course; but in this “Spring” group you are conscious of that fact—and that annoys me. The whole of them is lovely, but there are very few separate pieces which satisfy; there are even very few lines or

groups of lines worth quoting. The two or three striking ones are all the more vivid, such as:

“The woodpecker's vigorous rivetting. ...
A solid repetitive rythm. ...”

and

“Here I am like a ripe apple
Tumbled away from a high tree. ...”

and that droll little flash,

“A solitary jet-topped limousine,
Like a placid beetle,
Gulped its silk-clad prey
And scuttled off.”

Of course there are other things besides Spring songs and epigrams in Part One; but the quality is extremely uneven, ranging all the way from the fine but everlong “Dust,” to “New Year's Eve,” which rambles sentimentally on for four pages and is full of “empty chairs,” “vague silences,” and “muffled sobs.” I want to mention particularly the “real life stuff,” out of John Masefield by Edgar Lee Masters, of “Silence” and “Heart of the Village.” Now I may be a Philistine, but I submit that such lines as these are what a friend of mine calls “vers libertin.” Listen.

“Her baby, they say, is a lovely infant;
What a pity it had a wen over its right eye.”

And do you catch the rythm in this?

“Just a minute, Missis Steele;
Jennie, did you order the cross-ribs from Norton's?
Excuse me a minute while I see to them.”

It is only a step from this to the telephone directory.

As for the sentiments expressed in “Love Out of Flesh,” I simply can't believe that Wood feels them. After making improper proposals to The Night, he says,

“Out of this flesh and this agonied brain
Come fiery floods of love, scorching the dead night.”

That for Part One. Part Two, “Comrades,” made up of love lyrics, is by far the finest and most sustained work of the book. Any poet would be glad to have written “Prelude” and “The Sea-Seeker.” I am sorry there is not space to quote one or both of them here; it is impossible to tear them to pieces. This group of poems is worth getting the book for alone. But there are several spots which strain the reader's imaginative powers severely, like this:

“But this I have and this you cannot take from me—
One perfect remembrance of your face. ...
... This I shall keep
Using it as a yard-stick to measure all other beauty by—”

The last division is called “New Roads,” and is the poet's reaction to the modern spirit of revolt in the structure of society and in art. These poems, too, are more real than those of “Glad of Earth,” though not up to “Comrades.” Possibly I am prejudiced in their favor by the fact that I know something of Clement Wood's own story; he having been a radical in the South, where such an attitude takes courage and intellectual strength. But the dominating note of this part of the book is that of growing artistic consciousness and independence, as expressed in “A Prayer.” I think his next book should be extremely interesting.

JOHN REED.

We Pause

TO remark that the cover this month is a study of Anita Loos, the film-playwright, drawn by Frank Walts.

Militant Pacifism

Understanding Germany, by Max Eastman. \$1.25 net.
[Mitchell Kennerley.]

NOTE BY THE BOOK EDITOR: I asked Arturo Giovannitti to write a review of Max Eastman's "Understanding Germany," and he went and wrote an article about Max Eastman. I will confess that I have not ventured to show it to Max Eastman himself. But it is very eloquent. I did not know that Max had so many virtues rolled up in him. I fear that I have not been treating him with proper reverence! But I reflected that if he did not read the panegyric, he would never know what a great man he is, and I could go on associating with him on the same old familiar terms. So I carefully destroyed the article—all except the end, which is about the book. You can just assume that you have read the preceding five thousand words, and go right on with what follows.

MUST I really talk about this book now? After all I have said about the author, I don't think it is necessary. Suffice it to say that I have read it twice and managed to make a very brilliant lecture out of one of its chapters, for which I got lots of praise and fifty dollars. I don't know how much Max Eastman made on it, but judging by a footnote in one of his articles in THE MASSES in which he says that nobody will read this book on account of its title, I am sure he would make more royalties by renting it out to me on a percentage basis. Anyway, why should anybody read a book entitled "Understanding Germany," when everybody is doing his level best to misunderstand her? And why has the realization of the terrible power of titles come to Max posthumously?

I am quite sure it was some American humorist who first said, "What's in a name?" American humorists, ever since Lincoln sprung that classic epigram about the impossibility of fooling all the people all the time, are famed for their cleverness in turning any tomfoolery into an eternal law by making a joke sound like an adage. There's lots of things in a name, including forgery and alimony, as I found out on repeated instances. Names are terrible things, and so are titles. Imagine what Max Eastman himself would amount to, if his name were translated into the mother tongue of civilization and read "Mekistos Auosanthropos!"

And so, if "Understanding Germany" ever reaches the next edition (as it surely ought to after this article), I advise Max to change its title into "Vivisectioning the Kaiser," or "Deviscerating Kultur," or some other magniloquence of the kind. Then everybody will read it, including George Sylvester Viereck who went as far as to change the name of his "Fatherland" into "Viereck's Weekly," since Wilson's notes began to mean more than words.

However, I don't give a hang whether Germany is understood or not. What do I care about Belgium, the Lusitania, atrocities and the rest, and whether those things were justified or not?

This may worry Eastman when he is in his academic robes, but I am sure he forgets all about it when he is in his pajamas, or whatever he wears when he is not writing books. What worries him and me all the time is not the ethics and proprieties of war, but the cause of peace and the defence of humanity against England as well as Ger-

many, against America, against Europe, against God Almighty himself if he happens to be in the way. I wanted to hear what Max had to say, not as an international lawyer who tries to prove that both parties are wrong, but as a thinker who keeps aloof from their brawls and thinks hard and straight how to make them impossible for the future.

And I found that. Yes. When he is thinking of that, Max Eastman rises above the fray like Romain Rolland, and says a word or two that are well nigh eternal, like the law of gravity. When he digs into the cavernous depths of patriotism, internationalism and such subjects as have perplexed the world for at least half a century, he says hard and disturbing things that will surely humble anyone who has a ready and handy remedy against war, whether he is a smug bourgeois pacifist or a cocksure Marxian.

His essay on "The Only Way To End War" is, to my opinion, the very greatest contribution that this world disaster has contributed to the cause of peace. On the strength of this single chapter of his book Max Eastman ought to get the next Nobel Peace Prize, or nobody else should. Noricow got the prize some ten years ago for an essay that was like a high school composition in comparison to this sober, deep, scholarly argument, and Noricow had no competitors then, while now everybody is scheming for peace. This is a great essay; its logic is unassailable, his conclusions inexpugnable. Whether and how they can be translated in terms of facts, and whether and how they will work, I don't know. We are concerned now with ideas that have not even become theories yet. This is a book, it is not a code of laws with policemen and soldiers enforcing them; it is not even a proclamation of corporate beliefs. But if war is ever to end between this coming summer and the year 5000, then, so far as one can prove in the abstract things that are yet to be, war is to end this way.

What this way is, I must let the reader find out for himself. He will also find out that the other ten essays are as powerful and as destructive as this one. This book was written with the same spirit one would throw a bomb, and like a bomb it hits everything around it, enemy, friend and innocent bystander. Some stray splinters will hit and hurt the reader also. Let him try. Let him buy the book. I cannot say more about it, for I am not reviewing it. I am simply advertising it.

And why shouldn't I? I don't know anything and don't care a fig about Eastman's feminism, and still less about his private understanding of Socialism; I am not at all interested in his psychological studies and researches, for the simple reason that once I paid four dollars to find out that I am immune from any danger of catching psychology; but I know that he is a pacifist in the militant sense of the word; I know that he has given his subject time and thought and the best part of his genial intellect, and so whenever he speaks on it I am going to yell as loud as I can that he **MUST BE** heard. And he must be especially heard when he finds fault with all the schools of pacifism, including my own.

We have heard all sorts of asses braying to cooing doves on pretty olive trees for the last three years, why shouldn't we hear now a man who speaks like a man amidst the howlings and snarlings of wolves and the whinings of cuddled rabbits?

Any enemy of war who hasn't got a dollar for this book ought to make an immediate application for the moral and intellectual poorhouse in which most of the American pacifists (damn the mucilaginous word) whimper their dotage away over the old family Bible and the Social-democratic catechism.

Wooff! There's lots of fresh air in this book. Open another window, Max!

ARTURO GIOVANNITI.

The Legendary Villa

PANCHO VILLA has become, with the lapse of time and the assistance of the Hearst papers, a sort of demoniac symbol with the American public. With his persistent deaths and resurrections, he has taken on the immortal qualities of a divine myth. And yet I have been close to him in the days of his early success, and I knew him to be a human being, a very human one.

These observations are prompted by the receipt of a pamphlet entitled, "Who, Where, and Why is Villa?" written by Dr. A. Margo, a Mexican, and published by the Latin-American News Association, which has done yeoman service in enlightening the American public upon the true state of affairs in Mexico, from the point of view of the Carranza government.

Dr. Margo's account of Villa's history agrees in some respects with the various biographies of him published in the press of this country during the past few years, and contains many details which I consider apocryphal. Is the name "Pancho Villa," as he says, a recurrent legend-name assumed by many persons before this one—a sort of title signifying "bandit", or "Robin Hood," or "protector of the poor"? I spoke to many peons and soldiers in Mexico about Villa, striving always to learn more of his story—but I never heard that. Is his real name Doroteo Arango? As far as I know, that tale was started by a young El Paso newspaper man who didn't even know him, and who had been into Mexico only as far as Juarez. Villa himself told me a good deal of his own life, as did intimates of his, such as old Tomas Urbina; but none of them mentioned Doroteo Arango. It is certain that during the years the *rurales* were after him, they knew him as Pancho Villa. Also there were living, at the time I was with him, several members of his family—among others his mother and his brother Hyppolito, all surnamed Villa; which presupposed a wholesale rebaptism, a thing hardly probable.

As for his being a trooper in the Rough Riders during the Spanish War, which Dr. Margo so flatly asserts, that seems to me on a par with all the different stories of his having served in the Negro Cavalry, the First New Mexico Volunteers, and even the French Foreign Legion! I was pretty close to Villa for about three months, and I can testify with some degree of assurance that in 1913 he spoke and understood no English whatever; and his incessant curiosity about American military matters, especially cavalry tactics, makes one believe that he couldn't have known much about him. Moreover, he denied these stories, though there was every reason for him to admit them in the otherwise startlingly frank anecdotes of his former life he told. The tale of his complicity with Abe Ruef in looting San Francisco bank ruins during the earthquake is really too much for my imagination. All this talk of Ameri-

can army service, however, is fairly well provable by examination of the different regimental records for the name "Doroteo Arango" or "Pancho Villa." Army officers I have talked with all pooh-pooh'd the idea.

However, with Dr. Margo, I believe that Villa was made the scape-goat of the Santa Isabel massacre and the Columbus raid. There is no proof that he had anything to do with either. The real perpetrators of these hideous crimes I believe to be American interests in favor of Intervention, with the foreknowledge of certain newspapers, and probably the complicity of American military authorities.

As to Villa's backers, I think Dr. Margo's suppositions are largely correct. But I also think that Villa never intended to sell out his people; he seemed too much in earnest for that. It seems to me a clear case of a wily half-savage meeting his match with the immeasurably more unscrupulous American business man. In the day I was with him, he certainly was not allied with the Terrazas interests, whose property he ruthlessly confiscated; nor with Hearst, whose cattle were saved by the intervention of one of Villa's own intimate friends, this friend being paid royally for the service; nor with the Guggenheims, if one could trust their anguished representatives at El Paso and the Santa Eulalia mines. However, there were concessions sold by Villa—as well as concessions generously given outright to his friends and relatives; he did sell confiscated cattle to the Armour plant; he did yield to the oily persuasion of certain sinister American figures who surrounded him, and gave away many things which belonged to the people. No one in his position could get money any other way. But thousands of dollars went to American firms for condemned rifles, rotten uniforms, defective ammunition. The man unaccustomed to the methods of American business and finance had a fat chance with the harpies that infested the border in those days.

The American invasion of Mexico was undoubtedly forced by our own dollar patriots. "Villa" was the excuse. I have no doubt that he is now living in retirement somewhere in the United States, waiting for things to clear up. And I have no further doubt that some thousands of peons in Northern Mexico are waiting for their King Arthur to return.

As for the American expeditionary force, it never should have gone into Mexico. It ought to be withdrawn immediately and sent to "get Wall Street, dead or alive."

JOHN REED.

Loneliness

IS it well to be unhappy in youth? In a recent book, "The Unwelcome Man," which will interest all sensitive people, Mr. Frank discusses this question at length. An emphatic negative is the answer to be drawn from this story of an easily depressed temperament, born into unfortunate surroundings. It may be argued that a very vital, even though keenly sensitive temperament, like Bernard Shaw's, for example, can rise above its uncongenial environment, and perhaps be driven by its very handicaps to great accomplishments, like a stream bursting from a dam. As Mr. Frank says, not to be unhappy is not to be destined to create. But a great majority of the sensitive and

indecisive temperaments, whose early impulses are nipped in the bud, results in stagnation and decay.

In a review of this book, the usually able Mr. Floyd Dell, who claims to have grown out of an unhappy childhood himself, does not see why Quincy Burt, Frank's hero, should not have grown out of his. Mr. Dell says that it is impossible to escape the tutelage of playmates, sweethearts, and friends. But supposing that the early complete stifling of impulse precludes altogether the forming of these ties? If we look seriously into the lives of many people we know, we will find them without a single real friend or sweetheart—their personal contacts are only with those among whom they are thrown involuntarily.

Side by side with the review of this novel was a notice of a most remarkable book by Bertrand Russell, "Why Men Fight," the psychology of which pointed out to me why Quincy Burts are "unwelcome." Russell tells us that direct impulse (Bergson's *elan vital*) is what moves us, and that the desires we think we have are simply a garment for the impulse. It is not more material good that men need, but more freedom, more self-direction, more outlet for creativeness, more opportunity for the joy of life, more voluntary co-operation and less involuntary subservience to purposes not their own. He emphasizes the fact that growth depends upon many *voluntary* contacts with other people.

Now Quincy Burt's involuntary contact with his family gave him a bad start. His poignantly sensitive mind reached out pitifully but vainly for sympathy to his father, who hated him, having resented his advent; to his contemptuous brothers and sisters, who ignored him; and to his stupid mother, whose brute-like affection finally maddened him, though in his early life there was in the child what Freud calls the Oedipus complex. Russell says: "When a man's growth is unimpeded, his self-respect remains intact, and he is not inclined to regard others as his enemies. But when, for whatever reason, his growth is impeded or he is compelled to grow into some twisted and unnatural shape, his instinct presents the environment as his enemy, and he becomes filled with hatred."

When Quincy's home becomes unbearable and he tries to leave it, impulse carries him back. And when he starts off to college, it is with a curious lack of ambition. He has "a desire not to

go on—a yearning to cease altogether. As the light of a star, after the star has died, pierces through space uncaring, so it seemed that Quincy pursued his goal, with his *source gone*." He is fearful of meeting his associates half-way. He seeks a vague barren freedom by cutting himself off from their limited activities and purposes. And this is not justified by accomplishment of a larger sort. For when he runs alone in the woods, it is without aiming at any goal. His one hopeful friendship, with a professor, leading to a short season of exaltation, is abruptly destroyed by an attraction toward the wife of the friend. This love, which cannot be straightforward, is distorted by the conflicting motive of loyalty to the husband, and is finally debased to a passion which kills itself with satisfaction. Again two major impulses are inhibited, this time neutralizing each other.

Although written before Russell's book, the novel in its final part is a still more striking concrete example of Russell's theories. Quincy drifts into business, and this man who might have been an instrument of genius becomes the City's "thing." The City is symbolized by the crippled, hideously malevolent brother—it, also, gains its eminence and reason from its shackles, from its myopia, from its deformities. No more hope of a joyous *elan* for Quincy. As Russell puts it: "A life governed by purposes and desires, to the exclusion of impulse, is a tiring life; it exhausts vitality, and leaves a man, in the end, indifferent to the very purposes he has been trying to achieve. Industrialism and organization are constantly forcing civilized nations to live more and more by purposes rather than by impulse." Thus the walls of Quincy's ego are hardened; instead of their forming a window through which he could look out on others with generous sympathy, these walls are become his prison.

There do exist many Quincy Burts; we do not recognize them because they have learned by great effort to conceal under outward and visible bravado an inward and pitiful lack and distress. The strongest man may be he that stands most alone, if he does so from an overwhelming ambition, a fanaticism religious or political. But the weakest man is certainly he who stands alone, if he does so from lack of impulse, and lack of power to co-ordinate himself with his environment.

ELSA DE PUE.

THE FOOD RIOTS

WITH wealth of the autumn the
fruit trees were heavy—
With burden of red and with burden
of gold;
The vines of the vineyard were strong
in their bearing,
The olive-trees faithful, the apple-
trees bold;
The wide fields were brave with the
ripe yellow grain,
From the coast to the coast, North
and South, far and wide,
And great was the harvest to nour-
ish our pride,
Heaped high in the barns, filling train
after train.

But women are crying,
"Give food or we die—
The markets are full
But the poor cannot buy—
Give milk for our babies
And meat for our men
And bread that our bodies
May labor again!"

The cattle have bred and the flocks
are increasing,
The fowl have sent fledglings abroad
in the air;
The fish come in schools to the shores
of the ocean
Or leap in white streams for the people
to share.

The valleys are rich and the groves on
the hills,
Oh, fat is the land, East and West,
far and wide,
And fair are the prairies and great
is our pride
In the bounty that quickens, the beauty
that thrills.

But poor is the people
Whose women must cry,
"We work, but we starve—
Give us food or we die!
Give milk for our babies
And meat for our men
And bread that our bodies
May labor again!"

MARGUERITE WILKINSON.

MASSER BOOK SHOP

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I SIT alone and have my tea—
My windows open wide;
The silent gods, they sup with me
And the sweet world outside:

The tip-top branches of the trees
Wave their green hands in glee;
I wonder if they ever guess
How lonely I can be?

The pink and purple clouds sail by,
The blue lies in between
To let the sun look gaily through
And find my silver clean;

A little grey-winged bird or two
Cuts through my yellow light—
I wonder if they sense how much
My day is flecked with night?

And when the tender glow is fled,
And out come star and star,
I wonder if they whisper soft,
"How lonely Women are!"?

MARGARET HUNT HETZEL.

Ritual

WHY should I come to be baptized
to you, O Church, I that am
cleansed and freshened day by day
in the primordial mystery of
waters?

God forbid that I should break my daily
bread—essence of all green wheat-
fields—unmindful that His body lies
in the palm of my hands (and
ground and broken for my sake!)

Or taste of morning's milk and not be
made partaker of the Soul of all
the world,—sweet outflow of the
mighty breasts to creatures newly-
born?

Ripe golden fruit—butter and honey—
eggs—shall I feed on these things
all unaware . . . ?

Say, what have you to offer me, O
Church, with sacrament and holy
day?

Show me first the day which is NOT
holy; food which is NOT the body
of the Lord!

NINA BULL.

The Bath

WE bathed together.
We splashed, and slipped, and
lost the soap, and laughed.
Our shoulders shone wet and gleaming.
Sometimes we kissed.
The steamy heavy-sweet air stole on our
senses.
The sudsy water enveloped us like a
blanket,
Only more closely, more intimately,
Its insidious warmth creeping into our
bodies
Like a narcotic.
We almost dozed, with limbs entwined,
But we were swept by gusts of golden
kisses.

P. C.

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Orchids and Hollyhocks

Engaged

SHE sat at one end of a stone bench in the waiting-room. She was tall and well-built. A stiff black turban covered her dark hair—a veil was drawn back neatly over it. She wore a black suit, very severe in cut. Her high white collar and a slight tinge of gray in the hair above her ears gave a touch of light to her costume. She sat very erect and held her head stiffly. There was an air of sternness about her that made me hesitate to sit near her. I sat down at the other end of the bench.

Presently a man came along—a rather careless looking person, with a soft hat pulled down over his forehead and a grayish brown overcoat frayed at the collar and cuffs and reaching almost to his ankles. He had blue eyes and a dark, sunburned face which appeared pleasant but rather stupid. He came slowly toward the bench, puffing a huge cigar. He sat down quite near her—I wondered at his daring. His hands, I noticed, were very rough and an evident recent scrubbing had not succeeded in making them entirely clean.

He had been sitting there for a few seconds when she turned toward him and sniffed the air disapprovingly. "Do they allow you to smoke here?" she asked. He looked up at the ceiling without removing the cigar from his mouth. "There ain't no sign," he said. There was silence for a while. Then I saw her draw herself up more stiffly on the bench—she gave her head a defiant toss. I turned in the direction in which she and the man were looking. A young woman airily dressed was passing and nodded brightly. The man raised his hat. His neighbor set her lips more tightly; and without removing her eyes from the airily dressed young woman, remarked: "Morris, I hate that woman." She was evidently addressing the man beside her. She relaxed a little as the young woman passed out of the gate. "She was over Wednesday—came to find out if it was really true that I was engaged. I told her yes, of course. 'But haven't you got a ring?' says she. As if it is any of her business whether I've got a ring or not! 'Don't you think Morris can afford to buy me a ring?' I asked her. Of course I had to tell her I had one—what could I do? A one-carat diamond I told her I had." The sternness went out of her voice and a conciliatory expression crept into it. "Understand, I'm not complaining, Morris. If you think best not to give me a ring, why, I'm not the one to say anything about it. I just want you to see how inconvenient it is—it is queer before people, being engaged and no ring—" She had folded her hands in her lap and was looking before her as she spoke. Morris, still chewing on his cigar, had in the interval transferred his gaze a number of times from the ceiling to the floor and back again. He moved a little restlessly in his seat as she finished. They were silent for a while. Then "Do you want a maga-

(Continued on page 39)

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IN ITS
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HYGIENIC ASPECT

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Orchids and Hollyhocks

(Continued from page 37)

zine, Jennie?" he asked. She sighed. "No, thank you, Morris," she said. "I've got a book home I have to finish." She turned toward him and a little look of anxiety came over her face. "I wish you would read more, Morris," she said. "It's so broadening." Morris removed the cigar from his mouth and knocked the ashes from it against the toe of his shoe. "I ain't much in the reading line, Jennie," he said. "I can stand a story that you can get through right away—like them in the *Argosy*—any time. But when it comes to plugging through one of these here novels—I just give up. Somehow I can't stick it out." He smiled good-humoredly and resumed his cigar. The guard at the gate of the "Portchester Local" began to unfasten the chains. Morris and his fiancée rose and proceeded toward the gate. I saw her prod Morris to produce the tickets as they neared the guard. Then they disappeared down the incline.

ESTELLE ALBERT.

Sonnet

HEART-HAPPY, splendidly awake
and smiling;
Leaning with laughter, ripe with
thoughts to speak,
But not yet gathered; ever there to
seek
And see, but only seen in dreamful
whiling!

Heart-happy, lightly on tiptoe, beguil-
ing
My fancy out of faith by seeming
meek
In substance, shadow-cast and
shadow-bleak,
Yet smiling, splendidly awake and smil-
ing!

O could I gather you, ripe unto drop-
ping,
Shake laughter from you, and ripe
fruit of smile;
And pluck rich thoughts unspoken;
could I pile
All in my heart forever, never stop-
ping—

I could awake and smile and lean
with laughter,
Fling fancy off and cast its shadow
after,

ALEXANDER MCK. LACKEY.

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LIFE
Holds its mysteries
As the ocean
Holds its water,
—There for the taking,
A drop or a bucketful,
At a time.

Only,
The wader
May get drowned ...

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Orchids and Hollyhocks

Peace

THE peace of indifference!
The boon of love that wanes!
The calm of muscles that let go—
The ceasing of children crying!
Stems that yield and break,
Stems that withstand no longer
The lulling of billows to ripples,
Wet to the burn of the sun on tender flesh;
The caress of cool moss to parched feet.
The monotonous singing of wind that blows nowhere—
The murmur of wind that lazes of destruction—
The idleness of music that strays,
The ease of smiles that yield nothing,
The grace of interest that relinquishes,
The lightness of love that weighs little,
The lightness of lightened love—
The stilly cool of nothing
After love that burns!

LILLIAN FOX.

Her Breasts

THE stinging, urgent sea,
The rich-loamed furrow,
And the peaceful hills.
A challenge,
A summons,
And a lullaby.
Her breasts bewilder me.

HARRY DUGDALE SMITH.



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Orchids and Hollyhocks

The Mother

I WAS a mountain girl,
I know, now, they call us poor
mountain whites;
There is a school in the valley,
A college, where my little sister goes:
I was twelve years old when she was
born,
And in four years more I was married.
Married—but I had no courtship and no
romance—
I married a bloke, like my father and
my brother.
I could read little and Sue has brought
me books,
Books that have interpreted to me the
unsatisfied, longing ache of the
year:
When he asked me to mate up with him
it was only that,
As an animal might seek his kind;
The birds and flowers and youth and
spring and love meant nothing to
him:
And I (unknowing) married him.
I must have had beauty, then,
They say I looked like Sue does now.
And—now—when I am coming to know,
through books and Sue,
How it all might have been, I am faded
and old and coarse,
My teeth are yellow, my hands hard
with callous;
My skin has brown patches where once
the roses of spring bloomed.
Sue has a follower, a young professor
of the school,
Who has taught her, with his fine man-
ner and easy grace, to be a lady:
He reads poetry to her, and brings her
roses with dew on them;
And pictures, one a madonna and child;
I look and look at it and, then, I look
at my own daughter
And think of the mother I might have
been
And the father I might have given her.
Tonight, I shall tell her of my belated
vision and my dreams of her;
The callous on my hands shall grow
thicker with toil
That she may go to the college and learn
to be a lady.

FLORA SHUFELT RIVOLA

To Fritz Kreisler

LIKE one who knows the sword
He plays
And up from out the caves of tone
Leaps the wild vision
Of gods overthrown!

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT

Children Playing

(Incorrectly ascribed to another poet in
our last issue)

THE little blond babies and the little
brown babies,
And the Chinese babies like canary
birds,
Play in the street in the golden sleepy
evening,
And call and twitter without any
words.

LYDIA GIBSON

The Great Debate Between CLARENCE DARROW and Prof. SCOTT NEARING

on "Will Democracy Cure the Social Ills of the World?"

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Three Poems

LOOKING TOWARD O'CONNELL BRIDGE

IT cost two hundred lives!
What of it?
I got shot through the wind-pipe
And made a hideous noise
When I breathed.
But I laughed like hell
When I saw the green rebel flag
Waving in Sackville street.

THOROUGHLY PAGAN

A BOURGEOIS lady told me
That hers was a pagan mind. . . .
That she loved to dream of dryads
Dancing through autumnal forests,
Of weak sexless men,
Of powerful brutes in satin,
And of serious-faced monkeys, on gilded
chairs, in boudoirs decorated in Chinese red,
Listening to the music of flutes.

I CURSED A WOMAN

IT was the only time I cursed a woman . . .
She was prying into the private affairs
Of a wash-woman
Who had applied for charity . . .
That social investigator . . .
I called her a bitch.
I was angry at the time.
It was the only time I swore at a woman.

HALL ALEXANDER.

Reverie over a Demi-tasse

HAS a man a soul?
Is there an After Life?
How the earth has been twisting about
for these thousands of years!
And the plants—springing up and dying
and springing up again!
"Strong Son of God. . . Believing
where we cannot prove. . ."
What was that conversation now between
Emerson and the Congressman?
And that nihilist, Omar!
There is a certain infallible regularity
about the universe.
If Mars is inhabited as they surmise?
Why didn't Halley's Comet hit us as an
experiment?
If man has a soul. . .
Waiter, bring me a colorado perfecto:
one of those with the pink and
white bands.

MORTON CARREL.

Smouldering Volcanoes

I AM afraid.
The things I saw,
Looking into the eyes of my barber
As he shaved me.

HARRY DUGDALE SMITH.

THE MASSES

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Half Yearly 75 Cents

\$1.50 a Year. Foreign, \$2.00.

Rates on bundle orders and to news-dealers on application

Entered as second-class matter, December 27, 1910, at the postoffice of New York City, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by

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Editorial and Business Office

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Thousands have in the past so believed, some have so stood. Millions now believe but do not know their number or their power. Fight against no one, but work for the world. Hate no land or race or foe, but serve your fellow-man. Fear not the ridicule, scorn, threats or force. Endure all, bear all, but refuse to kill or aid in killing. Keep your land from war. Be a peacemaker.

To you, men: Subdue hatred and instil charity. Make not yourselves or your enemies sonless. Refuse to fight. Work and strive for peace and a federated world. Build the brotherhood of man.

To you, wives and mothers: Be keepers of your sons and husbands. Beg, implore, pray of them that they refuse to kill. Help them to build peace and co-operation. Let them not make your little children orphans, or you or other women widows.

To you girls: Keep your brothers, fathers and sweethearts from killing other girls' brothers, fathers and sweethearts.

To all: Be patriotic to your native land, the Earth. Love your fatherland, the World. Hate no one, love all, endure all things. Forgive all things. Bear all things. Never fail.

All who abhor war and love peace, resolve now that you shall not fight and that you will be peacemakers.

Let nothing on earth, or in the hell of preparing for or waging war, shake your unconquerable resolve.

Keep the faith of all humanity.

Work the good work.

Fight the loving struggle of the mind and heart and soul, but grasp no sword or gun.

Enfranchise the world. Take freedom from killing, or suffer death if need be.

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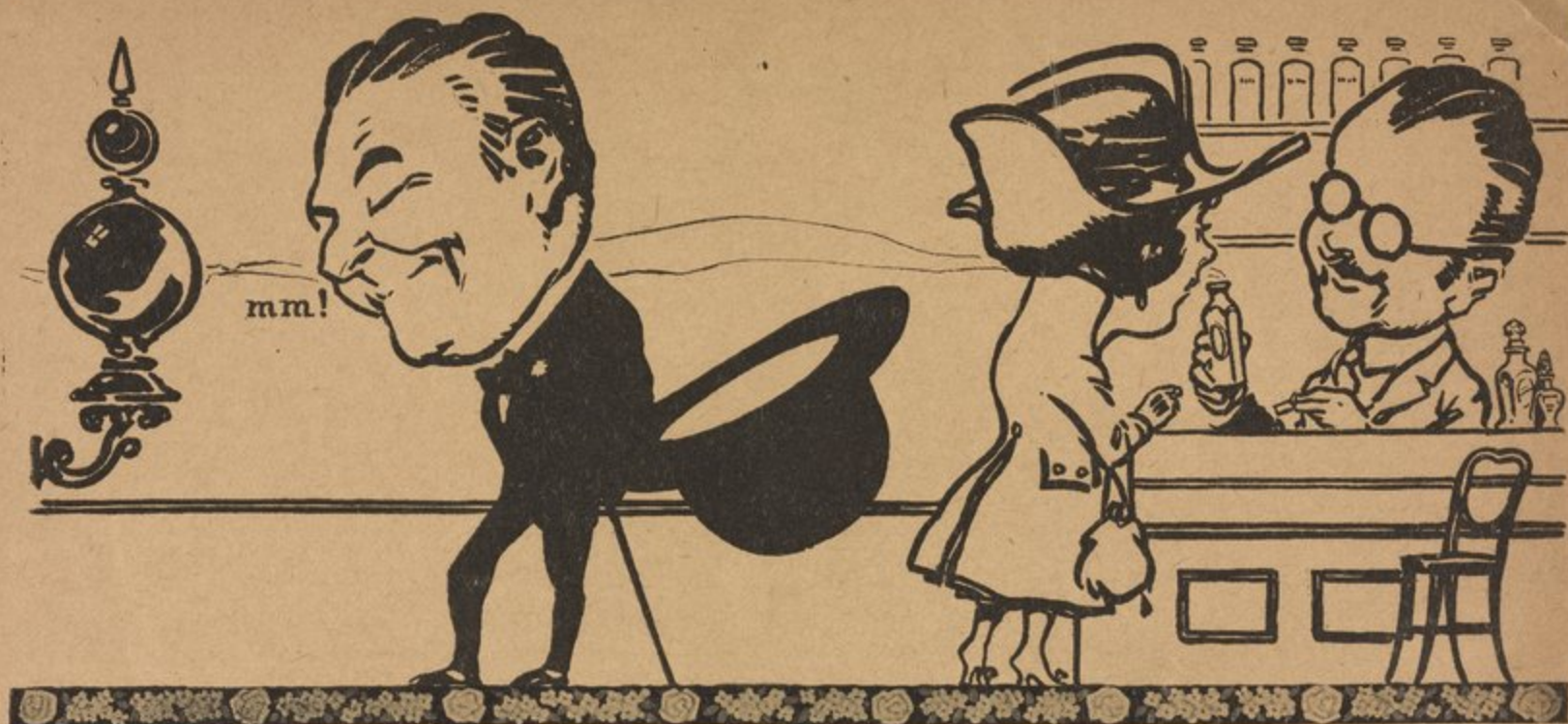
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