

THE AUGUST 1917 154

MASSSES



FRANK
WALTS



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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
THE MASSES PUBLISHING CO.
Editorial and Business Office
34 Union Square East
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Rebellion

CLOSING my office door, I turn the key
And wander down into the surging street
Where through the radiant light the wind blows sweet,
Bringing a tang of salt from distant sea.
I merge into the crowd that jostles me
And drift alone, with not a friend to greet.

Strong with the strength of youth and health am I!
Success is mine, quoted at market rate.
But I am stifled with a bitter cry,
I scorn my fruitless body and my fate.
Daughter of pioneers, I hate my barren years,
When heart and soul and blood long for a mate!

A mate, greater than I, of splendid mould,
With keen eyes seeing clear and strength to do—
A man, with skilful hands and heart of gold,
Eager for beauty, passionate and true—
My hopes and fears and my rebellious tears
Are spent in wanton, wistful quest of you!

Back at my office door! I turn the key,
Shutting away the clamor of the street.
I am alone—alone. I can take my seat
Before the piled up work awaiting me.
Far out beyond my window lies the sea,
Freedom—great spaces where the wind blows sweet.

JEANNETTE EATON.

A Greek Coffee House

IT is late May
And yet they sit about the stifling room,
Playing at cards or pool
And drinking coffee endlessly.
One flickering yellow arc-light
Casts weird shadows on their faces,
Half obscured by soft slouch hats,
On shirt sleeves, and on dark suspenders
That alone appear to bind
Body and soul together.
A cold base-burner takes the place
Of moon and stars
To these strange forms
Who herd within four dingy walls.
The door and two blurred windows
Are tight shut,
And every puff of smoke
Poises,
Or drifts inertly on the lifeless air.
* * * * *
Yet these are men who might know love
Or passionate hate.
With some blind instinct they have closed all doors
Against the scent of lilacs,
And against the dense black loneliness
And stifling heart-ache
Of the wide cool summer night.
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The MASSES

Vol. IX. No. 10

AUGUST, 1917

Issue No. 74

Revolutionary Progress

Max Eastman

Syndicalist-Socialist Russia

WHAT makes us rub our eyes at Russia is the way all our own theories are proving true. Nothing else could give us this crazy feeling of surprise! One by one the facts fall out exactly as they were predicted by Marx and Engels and the philosophers of Syndicalism. To me the distance of Russia, combined with the almost comic patness of everything that happens, makes me feel that I am not watching history, but a kind of William Morris' dream or a Gilbert and Sullivan staging of the Social Revolution in Comic Opera. All the esoteric terminology of the Marxian theory that used to be locked up in the Rand School Library, or employed to enliven in Jewish accent the academic deliberations of East side debating societies, is now flashed in the despatches of the Associated Press from one end of the world to the other. The theory of the Class Struggle, the Bourgeoisie versus the Proletariat, the Expropriation of the Capitalist, the International Solidarity of the Working Class—these abstruse matters are explained on the front page of the metropolitan dailies. The names of our theories have become the names of current facts. And the literati who conduct our newspapers cut some ludicrous capers in their attempt to be glib with these names and these facts.

One of the reporters for a New York paper heroically worked out the translation of a motto which was put up on the facade of the Imperial Palace in Petrograd. "Proletarians of every country, join yourselves together!" he wrote. And he was moved to admire the skill with which this significant watchword had been "evolved from the brains of ignorant Slavic peasants"!

Perhaps the most ludicrous touch, the most suggestive of Comic Opera, is the figure of Elihu Root, a hasty if aged emissary dispatched from the United States to quiet all this tumult of Marxian lingoes that he can not understand, with the old fashioned fluid of Republican oratory. I imagine he spent some considered moments with Charles Edward Russell on the way across the ocean, trying to find out just what Socialism is from an oratorical standpoint. He made such a mild little amateurish venture to hint at it in his address to the Council of Ministers:

"We believe in the competence of the power of democracy

and in our heart of hearts abides faith in the coming of a better world in which the humble and oppressed of all lands may be lifted up by freedom to a heritage of justice and equal opportunity."

We mustn't smile. It was an intellectual effort, and a noble stretch of heart, for Elihu Root to acknowledge that there might be a better world than the one he has spent his life defending. Charles Edward must have taught him that. But Charles Edward himself never read the books; he was an emotional, a sort of journalistic, evangelical Socialist; whereas this Russian revolution seems to be conducted in the terms of the most erudite modern interpretations of the straight Marxian science. I do not see how even Charles Edward's overflowing heart can pilot the old man with his eighteenth century mind, through those peculiar tumults of nineteenth century theory and twentieth century fact. I am sorry for him. I know he is going to become pessimistic over there.

One feature of the drama surpasses in its truth to Marxian theory, anything that might have been conceived by a poet. The books never painted it plainly enough. That is the arising, side by side with the bourgeois political government, of an unauthorized government representing the economic and military power of the working-class. A Parliament of proletarian deputies, entirely unofficial politically—a body like an American Federation of Labor convention with a majority of I. W. W.'s—is in essential control of Russian affairs. And this although the representatives of "The People" are sitting officially at the same capital. This industrial parliament is edging gradually, it appears, into all the human functions of government, leaving only ritual and war and diplomacy to the political branch—and growing rather weary of those! It is this fact that our newspaper wise men, who never heard of the economic interpretation of history, or the class theory of government, can absolutely not understand. They fail altogether to comprehend the sovereign power of a non-political government.

To us it is merely an amazing visualization, or embodiment, of the truth we learned long ago and have been telling ever since—that either through, or aside from, political forms, the economic forces always rule. The reason why the Russian State is compelled to obey the mandates of

Russian labor, is that labor is in actual or potential control of the economic forces. Aside from the extraordinary influence of a vast army, recruited from the workers and expressing their class power with especial poignancy, the secret of the situation—it seems to me—must lie in the factories and on the land. The following excited despatch which I quote from the *New York Times*, and which predicts “economic collapse” for Russia, describes the economic fact which must constitute and fortify the power of the workmen’s delegates:

“The outstanding features of the labor situation are as follows:

“An investigation shows that virtually the same difficulties prevail in all the big factories in Petrograd, and apparently authenticated reports from the Moscow, Donets, and Ural districts indicate general disorganization. In many of the factories the demands by the workmen for increased wages are actually greater than the entire profits of the factories under the best conditions of production. The workmen, through their committees, are in virtual command of the factories, and all business has to be submitted to them for approval. Wages in a majority of the factories have already been increased from 100 to 150 per cent. But there has yet been no offset by an advance in prices of the output.

“In one of the works in Petrograd the workmen recently demanded the immediate payment of 13,000,000 rubles—normally \$6,500,000—to cover an increase of 15 kopecs per hour for each workman since the beginning of the war. The directors of the organization immediately communicated with the Government and asked to be placed under voluntary arrest as protection against the threats of the workmen, which, as usual, accompanied the demand.

“An eight-hour day has become effective in all factories.

“An ironical feature of the difficulties confronting the employers is the fact that, though suffering serious loss, they do not dare to close the establishments owing to threats of bodily and material vengeance. The power of the workmen’s committees so far has superseded the authority of the owners. No man in a factory can be dismissed without the consent of the committees.

“In eighteen metal establishments in the Donets district with a capitalization of 195,000,000 rubles and annual profits of 75,000,000, the workmen had demanded an increase of 240,000,000 rubles. The owners had agreed to 64,000,000, but the workmen refused to accept this.

“In some of the works, according to the statement of a representative of the union, the owner decided to cede all the profits to the workmen, but even this did not meet their exorbitant demands.”

To those who assume that private profit on capital is an essential condition of modern production, this situation must, indeed, mean economic collapse. But to those already familiar with the idea of a workmen’s syndicate simply taking over, along with the conduct of an industry, the capital and the profits, it means Industrial Democracy, or the genuine prosperity of the people. And it is this transfer of economic control, prospective or already accomplished, which, with the democratization of the army, explains, and also certifies, the power of the workmen’s and soldiers’ parliament. In the long run they who control the forces of production control the state. And those expert emissaries of our “democracy” in which less than ten per cent. of the people control the forces of production and control the state, will find it difficult indeed to comprehend the revolution which involves, perhaps, an actual transfer of capital stock to the people. They will think the world has run wild. They will not believe in the syndicalist-socialist Russia. They will predict failure.

And it may be, of course, that their prediction will come true. That Russia should issue with a single convulsion from Czarism to the industrial democracy is far more than I can learn, in so few days, even to hope. But never mind—the events have

already verified our hypothesis, and confirmed us in the whole direction of our thoughts and deeds. And whether this revolution wins to the extreme goal, or falls short, may be accounted incidental to its success in clearing and verifying the way forward. It has established us and made us sure. A working-class will yet own the tools with which it works, and an industrial parliament will yet govern the co-operative affairs of men.

It Is True

AFTER I sent those paragraphs on Syndicalist Russia to the printer I lost heart a little about publishing them. They were good, perhaps, but weren’t they a little too good to be true? Did I quite believe that story quoted from the *Times*? Could it be possible that only ten years after I began to learn the meaning of the dream of expropriation, the working class of a whole country should be in physical possession of the machines? I am not sure I would have published those paragraphs if Lincoln Steffens had not arrived from Petrograd before the proofs were corrected. Now I know that the whole dream is true. The control of the factories by the workmen’s unions is “practically universal.” In some cases these unions are “allowing” their employers a slight dividend as a matter of temporary courtesy, but in practically no cases are the employers in a position to demand it.

The Council of Workmen’s and Soldier’s Deputies is in absolute control—so far as there is a control—of Russian affairs. And even they are afraid to exercise extreme power, because they are so directly followed up and coerced by the groups of individual workmen and soldiers whose servants they are. For once in the world, as Steffens says, “The mob rules.” And it rules well. Peace and pleasure and quiet usefulness prevail in Russia.

I call Lincoln Steffens the friend of Revolutions. It was inevitable he should be the first one at Petrograd and the first one home to tell us. He is always a little more interested in the spiritual condition of men than I am. So inspired by the fact that an entire population, including thieves and capitalists, can live in a state of ideal mutual tolerance and friendly goodwill under virtual anarchy, in the exaltation that follows a democratic revolution—so inspired with this, that I can hardly persuade him to tell me the facts I most want to know about the conduct of industry and the location of the economic power. But he always has these facts, and he really knows more about what happens when there is a revolution than anybody else. He knows what makes it happen. And when Lincoln Steffens, after five weeks in Petrograd, tells me that he will never be sad again—I know that the essence of liberty is there. And the essence of liberty is possession by the people of the sources of income.

Mobilizing Ideas

PRESIDENT WILSON’S talent for mobilizing noble ideas in support of whatever he has decided to do, will be almost as helpful to the Entente as his armies. There are signs that the plain people of the world, in their weariness, are growing dubious of a war whose concrete purposes are kept secret from them. They are tactless enough to keep wondering, and even asking to know, what they are fighting about. Russia takes the lead in posing this question to the Entente, because in Russia



K. R. Chamberlain.

Faithful to the End

the official crust has been lifted off, and the people are able to stand up and speak. But the question is there in all the countries, and the gentlemen in charge are exercised to know how to answer without telling any facts. President Wilson shows them how to answer with abstract ideas, and that is why he is so popular with the statesmen of the Entente.

I want to show what I mean by his gift for mobilizing ideas in support of his purposes. Last fall his purpose was to keep this country out of the war, and he gave elevated expression to all the wise reasons, both historic and prophetic, for doing so. He said:

1. "The singularity of the present war is that its origin and objects never have been disclosed. They have obscure European roots which we do not know how to trace."

2. "The objects, which the statesmen of the belligerents on both sides have in mind in this war, are virtually the same, as stated in general terms to their own people and to the world."

3. The outcome most to be desired is a League of all the nations to ensure peace.

4. This must be founded upon a "Peace without victory."

5. It also requires absolute "freedom of the seas."

This spring, his purpose is to prosecute war against Germany, and both his prophetic ideals and his account of the historic facts are quite opposite to what they were.

1. "The war was begun by the military masters of Germany. . . . The facts are patent to all the world."

2. The object of Germany is to "bring the whole world" under its "mastery." The object of the Entente is to "set the world free."

3. The outcome most to be desired is a league composed only of "the democratic nations." (Japan, perhaps, to sit in by special invitation.)

4. This can be attained only by victory over Germany. We must not even be satisfied with "a restoration of the *status quo ante*."

5. Instead of the freedom of the seas, the one specific thing now insisted on is the freedom of the near East from German domination.

Germany must not have a corridor through Asia Minor to the East—that is the substance of the great Flag-day speech. The fact or logical argument has risen to change them. What was Great Britain, by virtue of her control of the seas, is now completely forgotten.

I believe I have taken the five intense points in the President's intellectualizing of last fall, and of this spring. They are squarely contradictory. And yet nothing in the way of historic fact or logical argument has risen to change them. What was true and what was ideal last fall, is true and is ideal now. The President himself offers nowhere any rational ground for changing his opinions. He merely tells us that German attacks upon our national rights made it impossible for us to be neutral any longer. "It is plain enough how we were forced into the war. The extraordinary insults and aggression of the Imperial German Government left us no self-respecting choice but to take up arms in defense of our rights as a free people and our honor as a sovereign Government."

Resentment of insult and a self-interested motive to defend our honor and our rights, are the things, then, which have changed the President's purpose. But once that purpose is changed, once he is committed—on these emotional grounds—to the war against Germany, he musters-out his former ideas and

opinions, and musters-in the ideas and the opinions that will support his new purpose. We are asked to swallow the myth of a German conspiracy to subjugate the whole world; we must see the aims of the Allies to be godlike and those of the Central Powers satanic; we must excitedly exaggerate the difference between democratic countries and empires, blink the existence of Japan, found our league of nations upon victory rather than peace, and upon the exclusion of Germany from the corridor without regard to control of the seas.

This is what I mean by mobilizing ideas in support of a purpose, instead of using them to determine or clarify a purpose. It cannot be called scientific thinking, and we must turn elsewhere if we wish to be guided in the pursuit of truth.

A Working-Class Peace

WHAT we have been writing in THE MASSES seems to some of the emotional patriots, pro-German. That is because they see no conflict going on except that between the belligerent nations, and they think we must of necessity line up on one side or the other of that conflict. But there is another alignment coming to crystalization in the belligerent world, and it is in that alignment that we are seeking to take our place. We are on the side of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, the first Industrial Parliament of the world, in its diplomatic conflict with the political governments of all Europe and America—a conflict in which, we are sorry to say, it is also opposed by a large portion of the international Socialist movement.

In the issue of that conflict lies the hope of a democracy more democratic than this war's apologists dream of. We have faith in the coming of that democracy—a faith that is realistic enough to make it seem relatively unimportant to us whether the present Germany has a corridor to Bagdad, and whether the present Britannia rules the waves.

In a reply to Albert Thomas and Arthur Henderson and Emile Vandervelde, who objected to the calling of an *International Socialist Conference* until after the *Socialists of the Allies* had reached a private agreement, the Russian Council made clear its position, and its position is ours:

"The Russian revolution," says the statement, "which is a revolt of the people not only against the tyranny of Czarism, but also against the horrors of the world war, the blame for which falls upon international imperialism, has placed before all countries, with extraordinary acuteness, the urgent need of concluding peace."

"At the same time the Russian revolution has indicated to the nations a way for realizing this problem, notably a union of all the working classes to combat all attempts of imperialism to prolong the war in the interests of the wealthy classes and to prevent peace without annexations or indemnities."

"Regarding your desire to obtain a previous complete agreement between the allied Socialists, the way in which we put the problem renders futile any such understanding. We consider that the conference can succeed only if the Socialists consider themselves, not the representatives of the two belligerent parties, but the representatives of a single movement of the working classes toward a common aim of a general peace."

This is not, as you see, either pro-German or pro-Ally. It is the working-people against the gentlemen of the world. We believe that if there were a Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, conscious of its power, in every belligerent country, they would all join their voices and join their hands in this



Conscription

H. J. Glintenkamp.

demand for a working-class peace. The Council in Russia speaks for the working-classes of every country, and for us the hope of democracy lies in those classes, and in none of the governmental institutions now in charge of the war.

Never before in history have the kings' governments and the gentlemen's governments been compelled to treat with deputies of a militant working-class. To-day they are compelled. The ministry of Great Britain writes conciliatory and evasive notes to the Russian Government, meaning nothing and expressing nothing but fear of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies. Woodrow Wilson musters his most indefinite rhetoric with the same import. The French war aims assume a new humility. Albert Thomas, Henderson, Vandervelde, Charles Edward Russell are despatched to Petrograd as conciliatory ambassadors from the governing bodies to the Parliament of the working-class.—People whose eyes are so filled with the flutter of flags that they cannot see the sheer and vital alignment of interests represented in this diplomatic struggle, will inevitably call us pro-German. We call them blind.

The newspaper organ of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, after quoting two English newspapers to the effect that the declaration of the Provisional Government and the pronouncements of the revolutionary leaders show that the Russian peace formula coincides with the Anglo-French war aims, says:

"You are deceiving yourselves, gentlemen, or, rather, you are vainly striving to delude your fellow-countrymen concerning the real policy of the Russian revolution. The revolution will not sacrifice a single soldier to help you repair the 'historic injustices' committed against you. What about the historic injustices committed by yourselves, and your violent oppression of Ireland, India, Egypt, and innumerable peoples inhabiting all the continents of the world? If you are so anxious for justice that you are prepared in its name to send millions of people to the grave, then, gentlemen, begin with yourselves."

M. Tchernoff, the Socialist Minister of Agriculture, addressing a congress of delegates from the front, said:

"Peace must be concluded in which there are no victors and no vanquished."

The Official Bulletin of the Council, speaking of the Russian note to the Allied Governments, demanding that they declare for peace without annexations or indemnities, said:

"It is necessary to reply distinctly and clearly yes or no. If yes, then there should immediately follow an offer to start peace negotiations. If no, then the Allied Governments take equal responsibility on themselves with the Governments of Germany and Austria-Hungary for the continuance of the war. No evasive reply is acceptable.

"The statements of the French and British Governments in their Parliaments, notwithstanding all their greetings, do not satisfy and cannot satisfy the Russian revolutionary democracy. Our Ministers will see that there is brought about a position of clearness that will not allow the question of war or peace to be sunk in the waters of diplomacy and evasion."

Instead of replying distinctly and clearly yes or no, the Allied Governments did carefully endeavor to sink the question in the waters of diplomacy, and the Council has correctly characterized both the British note and President Wilson's note as rhetorical evasions. The question is still at issue between them. And the question, simply stated, is this: Will the Russian working-class fight to help England prevent Germany from gaining a sphere of influence extending from Berlin to Bagdad? That is what the British note meant by stating that to her original objects in the war (1) to defend the existence of her country, and (2) to enforce respect for international agreements, "has now

been added (3) that of liberating populations oppressed by alien tyranny." It does not mean liberating India, or Ireland, or Morocco—it means liberating from German tyranny the populations between Berlin and Bagdad. That is what President Wilson meant by stating that the meshes of the German intrigue "must be broken, but cannot be broken unless wrongs already done are undone; and adequate measures must be taken to prevent it ever again being rewoven or repaired."

To these communications the semi-official replies published in its bulletins indicate that the Council of Workmen and Soldiers will decline to co-operate with the Entente in this fundamentally nationalistic enterprise. And, as a next step, Great Britain has threatened these Russian workingmen—also semi-officially—with invasion from Japan in case they decline to fight.

That is the present status of the diplomatic class struggle.

It seems to us that in threatening republican and socialistic Russia with attack from the feudal Empire of Japan, England has given a death-blow to the theory of a "war for democracy." Japan is the one and the only great power actually backward of Germany in her political evolution. She is a nation of retainers to an imperial dynasty which holds its rights from gods. If England is going to use Japan and the "slant-eyed Czar" to coerce the new Russia, in order to subdue Germany, then England is not fighting against dynasties, she is fighting against Germany. The war is not democratic, but nationalistic.

The Japanese Government, only a few years ago, hanged the little group of Socialists they had, on the ground that they were conspirators against the Mikado. In Germany, Socialist deputies threaten a republican revolution on the floor of the Reichstag, and go free; and even the arch-revolutionist, Karl Liebknecht, convicted of attempting high treason against the Kaiser's government receives only six years in jail. They dare not hang him. Japan, permitted by England to conspire against the life of the Chinese Republic, in an effort to bring the populations and resources of the Orient within her power and influence, is a more unmitigated menace to democracy than Germany, with her Liebknechts, can be. And when the Mikado trains his guns on the Russian working-man, in order to "make the world safe for democracy," a great many plain people in all the countries will begin to see this war as it is. It is a war of national prestige—a war about the route to Bagdad and about the control of the sea. We join our voice to that of the great council of democracy in demanding of our government *an immediate offer to discuss terms of peace.*

A Question

OFTEN I wish we had a continuing census bureau to which we might apply, and have a census taken with classifications of our own choosing. I would like to know to-day, how many men and women there are in America who admire the self-reliance and sacrifice of those who are resisting the conscription law on the ground that they believe it violates the sacred rights and liberties of man. How many of the American population are in accord with the American press when it speaks of the arrest of these men of genuine courage as a "Round-up of Slackers"? Are there none to whom this picture of the American republic adopting toward its citizens the attitude of a rider toward cattle is appalling? I recall the Essays of Emerson, the Poems of Walt Whitman, which sounded a call never heard before in the world's literature, for erect and insuppressible individuality, the

courage of solitary faith and heroic assertion of self. It was America's contribution to the ideals of man. It painted the quality of her culture for those in the old world who loved her. It was a revolt of the aspiring mind against that instinctive running with custom and the support of numbers, which is an hereditary frailty of our nerves. It was a determination to worship and to love, in the living and laughing present, the same heroisms that we love when we look back so seriously over the past.

I wonder if the number is few to whom this high resolve was the distinction of our American idealism, and who feel inclined to bow their heads to those who are going to jail under the whip of the State, because they will not do what they do not believe in doing. Perhaps there are enough of us, if we make ourselves heard in voice and letter, to modify this ritual of contempt in the daily press, and induce the American government to undertake the imprisonment of heroic young men with a certain sorrowful dignity that will be new in the world.

Strafe for Democracy!

YOU can prove anything by as big a war as this: Miss Alice Hill Chittenden finds it a convincing argument that—yes, you're right—a woman's place is in the home.

THE aeroplanes which dropped bombs on East End school-houses and tenements were so high up that nobody could see them. Here is a chance for the Germans to tell us that those bombs came from the Kaiser's well-known Ally.

WORD of a new revolution may be expected from the southward at any time; compulsory bathing has been instituted in Mexico City.

GOVERNOR WHITMAN says that in our effort to carry on the war without hate we have gone too far and thrown the country into apathy. According to the Governor we must make the world strafe for democracy.

"ANOTHER futile, tinsel monarch shaken from his throne," says the New York Tribune. Also (begging the censor's pardon) a just as futile and equally tinsel monarch set in his place.

IN Roosevelt's new map of Europe Luxemburg is to be annexed to Belgium or France. T. R. would have us fight for the rights of small nations but not microscopic ones.

SAYS Geraldine Farrar in *Musical America*: "Somebody has got to eat lobster and caviar, otherwise there would be great economic waste." Does this come under the head of economics or comics?

THE cheerful idea of the Steel Trust is to charge the shipping Board \$100 a ton for plates. This is three times the price in 1910, but then we are three times as patriotic.

"I HATE the Potsdam gang," said Dr. Van Dyke in a recent sermon. Stealing Billy Sunday's stuff?

ON the last day of his New York meetings Sunday gave his audience the choice of shaking hands with him or going to hell. Apparently there is nothing in the bible permitting people to get to heaven by shaking hands with John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

"IF only ten per cent. of the trail-hitters stick," said Young John D., "it will still be a good business proposition." S. O. C. has a new meaning: Souls, Oil, Coal.

MANY a ball player will envy Germany her opportunities; whenever the submarine batting average falls off it can stop publishing the official scores.

KING GEORGE is doing his bit by hoeing potatoes. Perhaps he was starting a back-to-the-soil movement the day he fell off his horse.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



Cornelia Barns

To-night will be Army and Navy night. Any man who will sign a pledge at a desk inside the tent of the Alley Theatre to go to a recruiting office and make a sincere effort to enlist in the army, navy, or marine corps, will be

formally kissed by one of "a number of society girls," whose names are being withheld. Additional police protection will be provided to keep the waiting crowds from breaking out of line.

—New York Times.

God Is Love

Irwin Granich

POVERTY had imprisoned nine old men in a shaky loft downtown, and had sentenced them to addressing envelopes forever. Endless, sickening envelopes they were, white and flat and inane, to be addressed with squeaky pens in the fierce and gloomy silence which attends all piece work.

A perpetual grimy twilight hung to the old loft. Brownish air and light came from a mouldering air-shaft; the walls were once white; spider-webs floated like banners of evil from the dusty rafters. Sometimes it rained or snowed in the strange world outside, and then the stale-green old ceiling ran with great, blistery drops.

The pens squealed, often one of the old men broke into a fit of spitting, the spiders wove and plotted their malicious snares in the caverns of the room. And this is all that ever happened in the old loft. It was a horrible cell for innocent "lifers."

Seven of the old men had adapted themselves to this trap poverty had set for their old age. They had always been meek, and so now they found nothing new to revolt against. But the other two old men possessed what are commonly termed souls, and therefore they were unhappy.

One of these two was a fine, red-cheeked old oak of a man, who had once been a sailor. Rheumatism had cheated him out of an honorable death on the waves, and here he was now, diddling with pen and ink for a livelihood.

He was huge and strong, with great tattooed fists and arms, and a head like one of those giant crags that are lifted in defence by the land against avaricious surfs. His mass of hair was white and wild as spray, and he had blue, far-seeing eyes, colored deep by the skies and seas they had known.

He was a heavy drinker, because he needed something in which to plunge the hate he had for the loft and its fungus atmosphere. For he had been fashioned for heroism and deeds, for the open air. He grew sick for the swing of a deck under his feet, for the sharp kiss of brine on his face, for the free winds, tremendous skies, all the drama and strife of the great seas.

Sundays he would sit on a bench at the Battery and look out to the Atlantic with the eyes of a lover, his heart big with loneliness for the deep, broken waters. In the loft he never spoke to the others, but dreamed as he scribbled of strange ports lying in exotic sunshine, of gales and the rank songs of sailormen, of women and fierce moonlight, of the creaking perfumed cordage of a tops'l schooner. . . . He hated the loft and the city with the consuming hate of a caged lion. He was drunk every night, and some of the days. . . .

The other old man dreamed of God. . . . At one time he had been a minister, and what is more, a minister who truly sought God. He had been unfrocked many years back after a lascivious woman of his congregation had snared him into "sin,"

he never knew how. He had been glad to find a refuge in the bleak fog of New York's underworld after the scandal. The shameful lot of dish-washing and porter-jobs and begging he had regarded as a penance and cross, and he had hugged his sorrows to him in an ecstasy of atonement.

But latterly he was beginning to doubt. The exaltation was leaving him, and the chill of reality was settling down. He sometimes dared to imagine that he had long since expiated his crime, and he wondered why God demanded more of him.

Some nights he would wake and sweat with terror to think that perhaps there was no God of justice. He would reach out as if to catch something that was slipping from him. . . .

"My God, my God, why art Thou forsaking me?" he would weep into his hard, lousy pillow at the lodging house. And there would be only the nauseous smell of the bed-bugs and the swinish snores of the men in the silence. . . .

Yet all things are finally answered, and it was through the other old man with a soul that the minister got his own terrible reply and sigh from the heavens. He was going home in the enfolding gloom and scarlet of an October twilight, a little, round-shouldered old man in a flappy old suit, an umbrella and reading matter in his embarrassed clutch. . . . One knew him for the typical failure of the cities, the amiable, unmilitant kind of a man who has love for man and beast in his watery blue eyes, and is so social that there is no place for him in society. . . .

The other old man with a soul, the sailor, had not come to work that day. . . . He was probably on another spree, and the minister got to thinking wistfully of him. He also thought of God, and this with the dim, cool mystic autumn winds in the twilight conspired to make him very melancholy. . . . It was all so sad, the huge, cryptic sky, the winds out of nowhere, the dying summer and the purposeless throngs of workers. The great tenements hung black and solemn against the last silver stains of light, and somebody was singing in a window. . . .

And then the old minister suddenly befell his fellow-toiler at the loft. The sailor was staggering out of a glaring, hiving saloon, his head lolling and his brave old eyes blurred with drink. He was very drunk and very helpless, and the old minister grew tender for him, and came up and touched him.

"Good evening, brother," he said, taking the other's loose hand in his own. The sailor looked at him stupidly and muttered, "Hello."

"I missed you at the loft to-day," the minister said, gradually edging the other away from the saloon door.

"Yeh, I wasn't feeling so good," the sailor mumbled out of his confused mind. He swayed a little, and hiccoughed. "Come an' have a drink," he stammered thickly.

The minister did not answer, but took a bolder grip on the other's arm, and insinuated him down the street. The old sailor

had lost his hat, and his beautiful pure white head was like a kingly plume against the sombre night. His clothes were dusty, and he had also been stripped of his collar and tie. All the fools of the city turned and looked after the two old men as they trod a complicated way through the traffic. The fools wagged their heads sagely, and clacked their tongues.

A hurdy-gurdy shot the night through with music, and the old sailor broke into a few flinging bars of the hornpipe, moving with that mechanical gaiety which is so pitiful in old drunkards. He meekly stopped when the minister begged him to, and was meek until the two came to the next corner, where another teeming saloon gave off a great glitter.

Here he balked flatly, and would go no further. He wormed himself stubbornly out of the clutch of the frail little minister, and dragged to the door.

"Must have a drink," he repeated again and again in a sullen passion. He shook the minister's appealing grasp off him, and stumbled violently through the saloon door. There was a hum of raucous voices, the swift, hot breath of whiskey, sour beer and tobacco, the bluff welcome of the bartender.

Then the little minister was alone. He grew very sad again, for he had dreamed of rescuing the other from a night of degradation. He wandered vaguely down Ninth Avenue, wondering whether he ought to go home now and leave the sailor to his chances. And the life of the city night smote in on his thoughts and submerged them in its great surf of movement.

The sound and fury of the city night! The elevated roared like an aroused monster overhead; the people stirred and sifted in black masses on the sidewalks; peddlers barked, pianos jangled, light flowed in golden sheets from gaudy store windows; three young girls fled with locked arms down the street, laughing and screaming with joy as three lads pursued them. Chatter, gabble, laughter, hardness, fluidity, on and on the hosts poured, as if this were all of life, raising their complex and titanic anthem of nothingness to the sky!

The old minister looked at the sky and fell to thinking of God again, and so grew sadder and sadder. He thought how alien the sky was over this brick and mortar, how intrusive the stars in the lives of these pushing, screaming people. There was no God of justice, for there was no justice. There was only pain and futility. The sky was a pitiless, needless mystery. There was a void behind its curtain, but no God. What sign was there of a God in the world?

The old man moved in the city night, his soul falling endlessly in bottomless gulfs of negation. And then, fevered and overwrought, he almost fainted when there came to his simple imagination what seemed to him a miraculous answer to his questions.

Sitting on the garbage-laden step of a tenement he beheld a slum mother nursing her infant. There was a light on her face from a nearby store window, but to the old minister it was divinity. His heart melted for love of them both—the famished, ground-down mother, the helpless, trusting child. . . .

"Love," murmured the old minister ecstatically. "God is Love!"

He stood and looked at them long and long, his eyes great

and shining. He thought of the life of the mother—how her days were a cycle of woes, and her moments breathed in constant pain. She lived in a pit of despair, and yet she loved. She loved and sacrificed because something moved in her that was divine—something that was God.

It was God. In the life of man God had ever been, even as He was here now on this ash-heap of poverty. God was wherever men died for an ideal, wherever mothers hovered over the babes for whom they had paid in blood and agony.

God was strong. He lived where all else seemed to have died. He stirred men to deeds that were superhuman; he gave weak women a power that was above empires. Yes, God was in the world! He was a flame that lit up the dark marshes of poverty, oppression, pain. God was love!

It was clear now. And one must love in order to know God.

So the old minister searched his heart, and found that he had not loved the world and his fellow-men for many a month. He had almost come to hate, and that was why God had seemed to fail him. He must love again! He must love his fellow-men at the lodging house, the bestial, rum-soaked men who swore so terribly! He must love the silent and soulless men who worked with him at the addressing loft! He must love the fate which had thrust him into these sordid, foul-smelling scenes, for this was his cross, and he must learn to love even his cross!

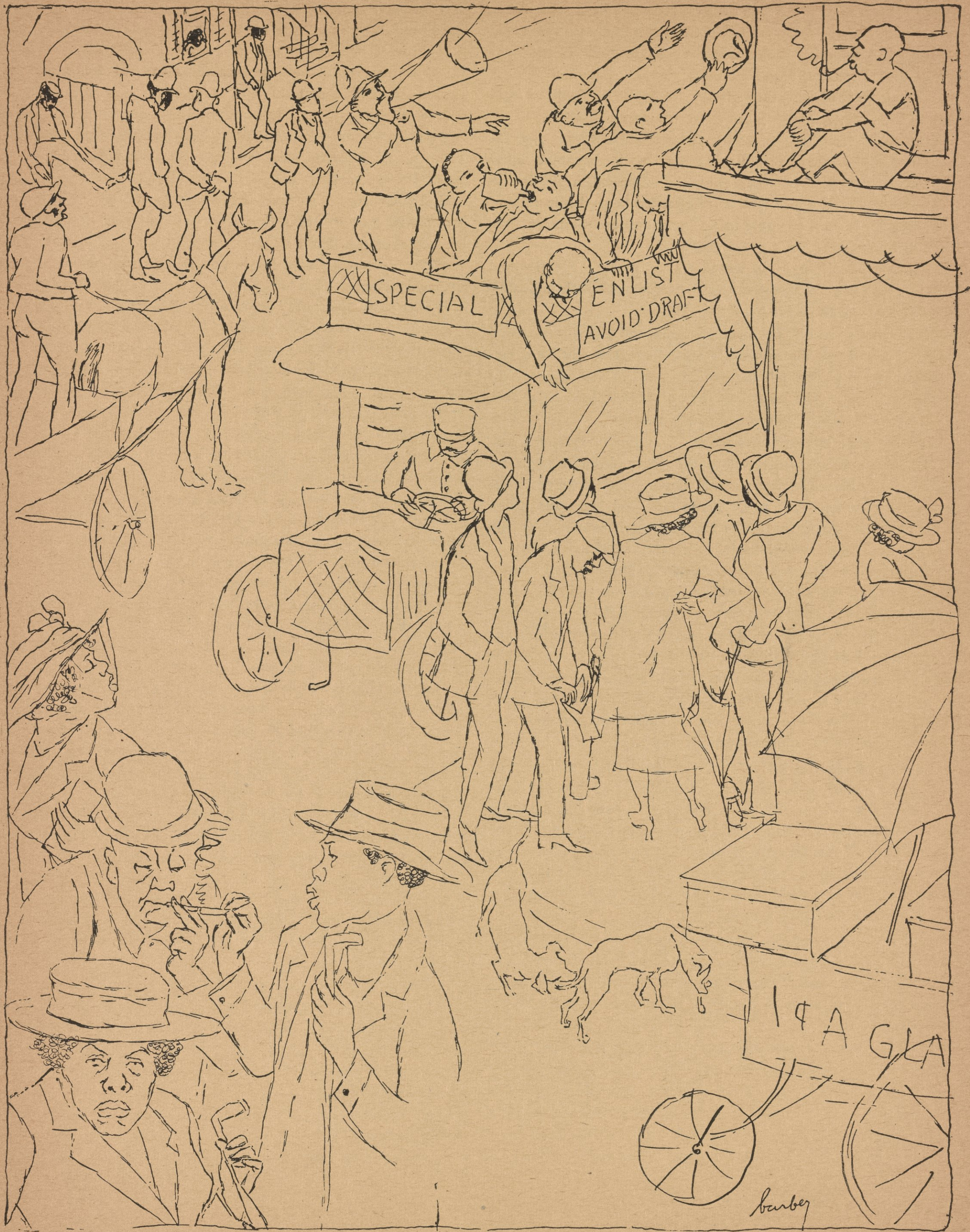
Love! He would go back to the old sailor and rescue that other drifting life by the power of love. He would go back to the saloon and convince the men there of God, convince them by the love overflowing from his heart and eyes.

So he went back under the bellowing elevated to the saloon. Squalling with light, it was the brightest, most beckoning spot in the dark wilderness of the streets. But its confident hard glare brought all his ingrained shyness up to defeat him. He walked timidly up to the doors and peeped into the noisy stew of the saloon. Dim in a bank of tobacco smoke he could see the great white head of his sailor friend, also the rough, cruel faces of a rout of other men. Suddenly he knew that he could not go in there and speak of love and so he went back to the sidewalk and waited for the sailor to come out.

The city night closed in and owned him again. It moved fitfully about him with its turmoil, with its cats and babies and sweaty, hard-bitted men and women. He studied a fly-specked whiskey advertisement in the saloon window for more than fifteen minutes. It pictured in poisonous green-and-blue "The Old Kentucky Home." The old man thought it beautiful, and it made him homesick for the soft fields of Ohio from whence he had been exiled.

A foul old woman came up and talked to him. She was dirty and leering, and she proposed a horrible thing to him. But he could almost kiss her for love, for as he noted her smirched dress and repulsive, smutty face there came to him the thought of his dear, new-found God of love. . . . How beautiful He made everything. . . .

Then the old man grew lonely for a while. He read a newspaper by the saloon's brilliant glow. An hour passed, and the old sailor did not appear. . . . The old man paced the street in front of the saloon restlessly, almost impatiently, but could not bring himself to the point of going away. . . . Some-



Drawn by John Barber.

Shouting the Battle-Cry of Freedom in Fifty-ninth Street

thing stronger than himself held him there. . . . God. . . .

And then finally the old sailor did come. The saloon doors opened outward with a crash, and through them lurched the impotent hulk of the befuddled old sailor. He could hardly stand, and a mean, city-faced bartender stood behind him and pushed the big, unyielding form with contempt and righteous exasperation.

"Out of here, you old bum," he sneered, shoving. "Out before I clip ye one. . . . Ye've made enough gab tonight for such an old son-of-a-bitch. We run a decent, respectable saloon, we do, and I'll have ye know it. . . . Out!"

The sailor looked at him glazy-eyed and unknowing. He resisted automatically, only because he was stubborn of temperament. Dully he would try again and again to push back into the barroom, and every time he did the bartender would kick him in the stomach and send him sodden to the sidewalk. Four times this happened, the old man muttering stupidly all the while. Once in the four times he hit the side of his cheek on the pavement, and it burst open, bleeding copiously.

The minister wrung his hands and tried to interfere, but the sailor thrust him aside. A group of people gathered, but none of them tried to stop the spectacle. Then at last the old sailor was too weak to get up, and lay writhing in the street.

The bartender cast a last withering look at him, and spat with slow scorn at the twisted form.

"It's guys like you what gives a black eye to the saloon business," he said bitterly as he went inside.

Then the old minister elbowed forward and bent over his friend. With difficulty he lifted the heavy body to its feet, while everyone eyed him curiously and even cynically. His meagre muscles strained as he supported the old sailor, but his heart was torn even more for the other's humiliation. . . . The old sailor went with him feebly, like a sick child, mumbling weak complaints. . . .

He would take him to his room, and let him sleep there while he himself walked the streets for the night. . . . In the morning he would come back and talk to him, and help him. . . . The old minister went out in a great flood of pity to the other. . . . The sailor must be given Love . . . he must be taught of God. . . .

They walked a few blocks in this nightmare fashion, in the hum of the avenue. Then the old sailor drew a little out of his stupor, and all the evil of the alcohol in him began to speak. He stopped flat in his tracks before a garish window in which candies and fruits were displayed, and made as if to punch the glass in with his hand, shouting.

The old minister pulled him insistently away, saying gentle, soothing things all the while. But the old sailor was half-crazy now and he tried to shake himself free of the other again and again. He grew impatient and querulous with the minister.

"Who in hell are you anyway?" he demanded. "I don't know you. Lemme go."

"I am your brother," the old minister would say gently. "I want to take you to my room where you can be safe and sleep till morning."

And over and over again with sickening insistency the old

sailor would answer, "You ain't my brother. You're a thief, that's what you are. You want to rob me."

He had fallen upon this crazy suspicion in his ramblings, and it gave him a peculiar delight to repeat it over and over. He leered shrewdly and cruelly as he said it, and the minister's heart broke within him. But his kindness did not leave him, nor his great love for the other helpless old man. . . .

The old sailor particularly delighted in shouting his insane charges when he felt people staring at him. . . . They would invariably cast suspicious eyes at the minister . . . and one or two strangers spoke reprovingly to him, and looking for a policeman, could not find him, and so did not interfere. . . .

And then the two old men, in their difficult passage of the rushing, noisy avenue, came again within the bold illumination of a saloon. Hordes moved before and around it, and its hot, strong breath came out in an assault upon the sweetness of the October wind. The old sailor's eyes kindled as he saw it, and he shook himself like a big dog in the grip of the other.

"I'm going in there," he muttered, struggling to be free. "Lemme alone."

"Brother—" the minister pleaded, holding as tightly as his strength let him.

"Lemme go. I want to go in there."

"Brother, there is nothing in there for you," the old minister said.

"Lemme go, I tell ye. I want to go in and lick that bartender."

"That's not the place," the minister cried. "Don't go in. Come home with me."

"Lemme alone, you thief, you. I'm not going with you, you thief."

The old sailor tried to wrench himself from the other's grasp and was too successful, for he toppled into a bleary heap on the pavement. The minister bent over him sadly, and lifted him to his feet again. A little stunned, the sailor walked a few steps in a docile daze. Then the alcohol madness fell upon him again, and he began his muttering and struggle.

"Lemme go, you thief!" he said more violently than before. "LEMME GO!"

He gave a sudden shout, and made a great muscular twist which almost threw the minister to the ground.

"Thief, thief," the old sailor shouted rabidly in his huge voice. One of his big whirling fists caught the feeble little minister square on the mouth, and the blood spat out. Sick and dizzy, the old minister clung to the other still, with the hope in his mind that the sailor would soon tire.

But the old sailor lashed himself into a greater fury, as the blind fighting devils in him woke in his brain.

"Thief! thief!" and he mauled the other with great vicious blows, leaving marks wherever he struck. The two wrestled to the pavement, and black flowing waves of people turned aside from their usual channels along the avenue and foamed about as about the center of a whirlpool. There were wits in the crowd. One cried out above the dinning of the street noises, "Go it, you old roosters!" Another shouted, "My bet on the big guy," after the sailor had pounded his iron fist into the other's eye with a distinct crash. Everybody laughed at these

witticisms; everyone in the crowd was in fine humor. The crowd spread and grew constantly, grew to sudden feverish immensity with curious men and boys, and pale, pitying and amused women. The antics and ridiculous contortions of the old men brought forth gales of laughter, cheers and hootings.

The little minister yielded to it all with a sick sorrow, taking the beating as he lay in the dirt without an ounce of resistance. He was too broken-hearted to fight, but shut his eyes and suffered each blow in silence, only groaning a little and weeping weakly through it all. . . . It was as if he did not care any more. . . .

The elevators stormed overhead, the street-cars clanked by, wagon wheels rattled, the peddlers barked hoarsely, the young girls still screamed joyously as they ran from pursuant lovers. Beyond the hanging dark, the sky watched as stonily as before. . . .

And—a hurdy-gurdy rang out. The two old men thrashed about in the swill of the street, bruising themselves terribly. And the crowd stood about and sucked Olympian bliss out of the farce. Then a wide form in blue battered through the crowd and loomed over the two old men.

"A cop, a cop," rustled the crowd with respect. It hushed before authority, and in the silence could be heard the repeated cracks of the policeman's loaded club on the poor sides of the old men. . . . He began hitting instantly. . . .

And soon the sailor collapsed, and lay limp on the limper form of the other. The policeman lifted both of them by the scruff of the neck and held their swaying forms steady with each of his big hands.

"You bastards, you!" he spat with loathing, as he regained his breath. . . . He hated them, for they had given him work to do. . . .

"You bastards!" . . . He hauled them to a telephone, and the old minister heard through a red daze the patrol wagon clattering up a few minutes later. . . . He wondered what they would do with him, and did not care. . . . He felt hollow and dark within, and his body was a hammer that beat endlessly against itself. . . . He wept. . . .

And then they threw the two old men with souls into the depths of the van. And the crowd ebbed away grinning, chewing the happy cud of reminiscence.

The hardy old sailor slept as the wagon bounced over the cobblestones, snoring away all his aches and pains. But the old minister could do nothing but weep, holding his shredded face in his hands and weeping sorely.

One of the policemen pulled away his hands and asked, "What's the idea?" not unkindly.

But the old man did not answer, for he really did not know why he wept so terribly. He could only feel his agonized, welted body, and more terribly he could feel a quivering void within him, from whence something had become uprooted. . . .

There was a recurring, overmastering, soul-shaking sense of desolation which came over him like a darkness, the feeling that Someone or Something had tricked him. . . . He wept and wept. . . .

He wept as the sergeant at the desk took his name and charged him on the books with having been drunk and disorderly. He wept as he was led into the dark basement of the station house where the cells were.

In the sickly gaslight a keeper came forward rattling great keys. He had a bristling, round head, and narrow, cold eyes, and he stared at the two old men with hard and blasé impersonality.

"We're all filled up to-night, John," he said to the officer. "I guess we'll have to put these two in with crazy Billy-Sunday nigger."

A cell was unlocked, and the old minister felt himself jammed into it by a single positive push of the keeper's hand. The sailor fell into a grotesque heap on the boards of the cell, and sprawled there, snoring almost immediately. But the other man leaned against the bars, his face in his hands, weeping.

He could do nothing but weep. There was no light in his brain; and he had lost all he had ever owned. He was all alone at the bottom of a black sea of pain; alone. He sobbed and sobbed. And then through his pain he heard a singing and a muttering from the obscure part of the cell. He put his hands away and looked there, and saw strange, burning eyes. And in a shrill, inhuman and piercing strange voice he heard sung a hymn he had loved—

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide—"

The minister shuddered. He sobbed. He felt he could not suffer much more. "Hallelujah praise the Lord" burst out from the corner of the cell. Then the insane negro sang again the hymn with its burden of trust and yearning and love of God:

"When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
O Thou who changest not, abide with me."

He sang it again with hysterical fervency. Chaos, despair, inextinguishable loneliness fell upon the old minister. . . . The disastrous, whirling sense of having been betrayed returned to him . . . the stifling voice . . . the sense of having been betrayed by One he had loved.

"Abide with me, fast fall . . ."

The words twisted like inquisitorial screws into the brain of the old man. Their significance made him writhe. He could not bear this hurt any longer. It was as if the whole night had conspired to torture him. Something must snap. It was his soul which suddenly broke with a great shudder and spilled like poison through his blood. At the fifth time the negro sang his hymn the old minister gave out a great cry of madness. He flung himself fully and madly at the face and chest of the insane negro.

"Don't, don't, don't, don't," he sobbed fiercely. But the negro gave a queer scream like that of some night-prowling carnivore. He turned on the old minister and tore at him with teeth, claws and feet . . . hungrily. . . . Blood spurted on the dark cell air. . . . And nobody heard or came to rescue the gentle old man who had sought God all his days. . . .



F. Morse Holcomb.

THE RIVAL RAJAHS

The Bright Side of Getting Licked

NOTE this news-item from the *Journal*:

JASSY, Rumania, May 24.—Premier Bratiano today has announced to the Chamber of Deputies that the Government requests Parliament to insert in the Rumanian constitution the principle of universal suffrage and expropriation in favor of the peasants.

The Government is also considering the Jewish question.

This is encouraging. Among the Allied powers fighting for liberty and the rights of small nations and of people to live their own lives, Rumania was an eye-sore. In all western Europe there was only one civilized, highly-organized country where the common people were more miserably poor and oppressed than in Rumania—and that was Belgium.

The *Sun* asks rhetorically, in an editorial, "Was not the attack of Germany upon Belgium an attack of autocracy upon democracy?" It was not. Whatever else it may have been, it was not that.

People were freer in Germany than in Belgium, better fed, better educated, and they had more say about their government. Few classes in Belgium had the vote. Their wages were unbelievably small, their working conditions incredibly bad. There were horrors in Belgium every bit as bad as in the Congo. I know—I have seen them.

Perhaps defeat may open the eyes of the Belgian ruling class, as it has of that of Rumania. Then Belgium's sacrifice will not have been in vain.

JOHN REED.

Hail Brothers!

SMALL MAINE TOWN KEEPS UNTO ITSELF

Seceded from the Union in '61 and Never Came Back

Augusta, Me., June.—Loudville, the home of 150 persons living on Loud's Island, enjoys an anomalous distinction as an American town.

Loudville legally is part of Maine and the United States, but it won't admit it.

Loudville seceded from the United States when the South did—and never came back.

When a federal officer went to Loudville to enforce the civil war draft he was met with a shower of hot potatoes. He went away.

Loudville pays no taxes, has no streets, no sewers, no lights, no boat landings and pays for no mail. It merely permits mail to be thrown ashore twice a week.

Loudville claims it is neutral in the war.

—*Newspaper Item.*

Militarism at Play

John Reed

WE always used to say that certain things would happen in this country if militarism came. Militarism has come. They are happening.

I am going to describe briefly what I witnessed at two "peace" meetings before the draft registration day.

The first one was the great meeting in Madison Square Garden, held by the American Conference on Democracy and Terms of Peace, with such respectable (no longer) persons on the platform as Daniel Kiefer, of Cincinnati, Rabbi Magnes, Bolton Hall and John Milholland. There were at least 15,000 people in the hall and half as many again outside.

The seats back of the platform were reserved for delegates to the Conference, and the ushers were instructed to that effect. Four or five big, ugly-looking men brushed their way past one of the girl ushers, and when she remonstrated, one of them snapped at her:

"Go to hell, you damned little kike!"

In tears, she came and told the head usher, who went over just in time to hear one of the men say to another usher—this time a young boy, who was asking for their tickets: "Say, God damn you, you shut your mouth, or something'll happen to you!"

The head usher proceeded to throw them out of the section; but as they reached the rope, the spokesman turned to him. "Look out what you're doing, young feller. We're Government Secret Service men!" He flipped his coat open and showed his badge. The head usher asked who was in charge, and the thug pointed to the platform, where a pleasant-faced but shifty-eyed individual was parading around with a badge on labelled "Delegate." "Who are you?" asked the head usher.

"I represent the Farmers' Associations of North Dakota," responded the other, cordially.

"That's not true. You're a Government Secret Service man."

The "delegate" scowled evilly, and snarled at him, "You shut up, or we'll get you!"

Two Russian sailors from the *Variag*, the first Russian Warship to join the revolution, now lying in New York harbor, were invited to sit upon the platform, and for the first time seeing Liberty dawn in their own land, to watch it snuffed out in America. They were not disappointed.

Three Federal stenographers sat at the front rail, taking down the speeches in shorthand. Round about were hundreds of Federal Secret Service men, many of them stirring up whatever trouble they could. (By the way, it was at that meeting that I heard that the Government had just hired thirty thousand strike-breakers and private gunmen as Secret Service operatives.)

Across the hall sat a little knot of a dozen or so soldiers and sailors. As the great hall slowly filled, they shouted and sang patriotic songs, waving American flags about. Nobody objected. Indeed, when they first entered the place, we all thought they had come because they believed with us—and we cheered them thunderously.

However, hardly were we seated than two young sailors detached themselves from the group, came across the hall and climbed to the platform.

"Say," they said, blustering down front and pointing to the Russian sailors. "We can't allow those fellers to sit here." This meeting is against the Government, and we won't have any uniforms sitting up here——"

The crowd was very patient. It was explained solemnly that these men were revolutionists, liberals—that they had been invited to the platform. The sailors were nice, stupid boys. "Well," they said, "if they've been invited——" It was a poser for the naval intellect.

Ten minutes later two soldiers appeared, also young, also arrogant.

"We're going to take these two men out of here, you understand?" bawled one. "I don't give a damn what they're here for. It's an insult to the uniform to have them here."

Morris Hillquit stepped up. "Where's your warrant?" he asked smoothly.

"Warrant," sneered one of the soldiers. "Say, you open your face to me again, you dirty yid, and I'll knock you cold!" Whereat, he doubled his fist and hauled back. At this point one of the Government stenographers took hold of the boy and began to whisper in his ear.

"Well," said the soldier, finally. "I'll ask them if they want to go."

During all this time the Russians had looked on with pleased incomprehension. Somebody translated the soldier's invitation; smilingly they shook their heads.

All the rest of the meeting, the bunch of soldiers and sailors across the hall shouted, yelled, sang and interrupted in other ways. Every time the speaker proposed something liberal or democratic, the soldiers hissed. For example, they hissed loudly when it was proposed to tax the rich to pay for the war, and contrary-wise, whenever there was mention of bloodshed, tyranny, suppression and starvation, the soldiers and sailors cheered.

This was extremely puzzling to the Russian sailors. . . .

Next day some boys and girls, arrested distributing literature, were placed on trial, and as a witness a certain Sergeant Silverman, of the Eighth Coast Defense Command, testified that he had received orders from his superior officer to go around to these lawful "pacifist" meetings and break them up.

From that time on, Sergeant Silverman and his little band of soldiers and sailors appeared at all meetings of protest in the city.

On June 4th, Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman held a meeting at Hunt's Point Palace, up in the Bronx, to protest against conscription and ask for the repeal of the draft law; again it was a monster crowd that gathered—tens of thousands.

The day before the meeting I got a private tip that there were to be two hundred soldiers and sailors sent up to Hunt's Point Palace to break up the meeting. I called up Police Headquarters and informed the Commissioner's secretary, also Deputy Commissioner Lord. The Commissioner's secretary, as well as the Chief Inspector's office, informed me that no police would be inside the hall, and that no police protection could be given the speakers against the soldiers—unless trouble started. Deputy Lord, however, promised police protection.

By the time the meeting was called to order the hall was packed, and fifteen thousand people had gathered in the streets all round, surging back and forth and singing the "Internationale." As soon as they could, the police closed the hall to the public, on the plea that it was overcrowded—but they kept freely admitting anybody who wore a uniform, until there were more than a hundred soldiers and sailors inside.

Unmolested by the police, these men in uniform went up to the front of the galleries and began to shout at the speakers and interrupt affairs. Pretty soon they began to throw things. Among other things, they threw three electric light globes onto the platform.

I went down stairs and found the captain of police, and told him. "Will you go up there and stop that?" I asked. "The crowd is getting ugly, and I'm afraid of trouble."

He looked at me sourly. "I will if I feel like it," he said.

The moment the meeting was over the militia boys made a rush for the platform, and began to jostle people around, "frisking" the pockets of some people for "incendiary literature." Up in the corner was a poor, half-mad little old woman, a familiar sight around the Federal building for years. She was giving out circulars, which she had had printed herself, which were just incoherent jumbles of crazy words.

A big brutal soldier had her by the arm, bawling, "Sergeant Silverman! Sergeant Silverman!" Another soldier came bustling up, and gave the old lady a shove. "Keep hold of the old bitch!" he shouted, with a string of curses. They led the old lady away, and three or four reporters pressed forward eagerly to give their names as witnesses against the old lady if they were wanted.

Afterward the soldiers and sailors formed a little parade and marched insolently up and down, shoving the crowd around. Under the Elevated station they resumed their rifles, fixed bayonets, and marched some more. A man on the sidewalk laughed as they passed; one militiaman dashed into the crowd after him. There was a fight, and suddenly men and women, shrieking, were scrambling back in a panic before the clubbed rifles of the soldiers and the billies of the police. They filled three ambulances with the wounded. . . .

I was crossing the street when a hand fell on my shoulder. It was the police captain.

"Say," he said, severely, "You're the feller that told me they was throwing electric light globes off the gallery, wasn't you?"

"Yes."

"How many did you say was thrown down there?"

"It looked like three to me."

"Well," he said, sternly, "You was wrong. It wasn't three. I went up there, and all I could find out about was *two*."

To date, Sergeant Silverman's squad has grown bolder and bolder at meetings, until it has taken over the powers of the police, made arrests on any or no charge, and has so mauled and bullied citizens without warrant that in many cases the police have had to interfere to protect civilians. On June 14, at Emma Goldman's Forward Hall meeting, Police Inspector O'Brien saved a young girl from the clutches of the soldiers.

Since the close of draft registration, the soldiers have been attending meetings, arresting young men and demanding their

blue cards. They have jammed them against the wall by the neck, kicked and beaten them.

Wednesday, June 13, some soldiers, without warrant invaded Socialist headquarters in the 26th Assembly District, placed the members there under arrest, barred the door, and turned the desks inside out, confiscating many private papers.

Friday night, June 15, soldiers invaded a meeting at Arlington Hall, made a disturbance so the meeting had to stop, and then tried to search the audience going out for registration cards. On the street outside the soldiers took rifles and fixed bayonets, and began to march up and down, until a riot was started—when the clubbing and beating began again. But this time the crowd was not so docile.

Just wait, boys, until the crowd finds that clubs and butts, and even bayonets, don't hurt so much, and that there are too many heads to crack!

Tom Mooney

WE gave the impression last month that Tom Mooney was out of danger. That is not the fact. The death penalty still hangs over him, and as we go to press the prosecutors are confidently demanding the death penalty for his wife, now on trial in San Francisco for alleged complicity in the preparedness parade bomb case.

Undue hopes were aroused among the friends of labor by the exposure of Oxman, the chief witness for the prosecution. Oxman has apparently fled from the state, after the supreme court pronounced the evidence against him was "overwhelming," and that he must be tried for attempting to suborn perjury. The attorney general, nevertheless refuses to admit error in the conduct of the Tom Mooney case. And according to our San Francisco correspondent, *Mooney is almost certain to be hanged*.

This, in spite of the fact that the case against the labor people has legally collapsed. Three of the state's witnesses have already sworn to the contrary of Oxman's story. Two other witnesses, Mrs. Edau and her daughter, have been proved to have given false testimony in both the Billings and the Mooney cases. This is proved by the evidence given by Chief of Police Peterson of Oakland, Police Inspector Smith of Oakland, and three other witnesses, as well as by the Oakland police records. (Mrs. Edau confessed perjury to Chief Peterson and others).

But the prosecution announces a new set of witnesses to take the place of the men now proved to be perjurers.

The Chamber of Commerce has pledged its million dollar fund to aid in hanging the defendants, and to protect Oxman. The Chamber of Commerce has employed Charles W. Cobb as special prosecutor. Cobb sits in the court room directing the prosecutor.

The prosecution bases its demand for the death of Mrs. Mooney on an absurd story that she obtained a quantity of nitre eleven days before the bomb explosion. Absurd or not, the story promises to put her on the gallows at the side of her husband, unless money is obtained for fighting the case to the highest courts. Funds may be sent to the MOONEY DEFENSE FUND, care of The Masses, 34 Union Square, New York.



Drawn by Hugo Gellert.

FANTASIE

HIGHWAYS

WHO'S learned the lure of trodden ways
And walked them up and down,
May love a steeple in a mist,
But cannot love a town.

Who's worn a bit of purple once
Can never, never lie
All smothered in a little box
When stars are in the sky.

Who's sipped old port in Venice glass
May thirst for better brew—
He's drunk an amber wine of sun
And wet his mouth with dew!

Who's ground the grist of trodden ways—
The gray dust and the brown—
May love red tiling two miles off—
But cannot love a town.

Leslie Nelson Jennings.

GRAY OLD MOTHER

GRAY old mother with the sun-worn face,
Seek ye your fine lad in this torn place?
Nay, he is yonder where ye will not find him,
Best forget him, mother, better never mind him.

Yes, I saw him pass with a swinging shoulder,
Scarcely could the lad be one week older;
Then my husband left me, left his babe behind him,
Best forget him, mother, better never mind him.

Now the baby wakens crying in his sleep,
They say that graves in Flanders are barely two feet deep;
You've no baby, mother, and you'll never find him,
Best forget him, mother, better never mind him.

Husbands may come home again . . . any likely lad
Will make a man to cling to when the days grow bad;
But your light-foot lad is gone, leaving you behind him,
Best forget him, mother, better never mind him.

Willard Wattles.

DIALOGUE AT SUNSET

Translated from the French of Pierre Louÿs by Walter Adolphe Roberts

CHARACTERS

Arcas A goatherd
Melitta A shepherdess

Place—A road in Pamphylia.

Time—550, B. C.

(The stage represents the bare earth of a road, a section of rustic fence on one side only. The back-drop should be gray-green, suggesting the landscape of Asia Minor; an occasional cypress and wind-blown olive trees. The lighting should give the effect of a rich, golden glow, gradually fading out until toward the end of the dialogue the stage is almost in darkness. The curtain rises on Arcas and Melitta, he leaning on the fence toward her, she erect on the other side, timid yet defiant. Arcas is dressed only in a sheepskin, Melitta in a plain white Greek tunic. Both carry crooked wands, roughly trimmed. There should be a brief silence before Arcas speaks.)

ARCAS: Young girl with black eyes.

MELITTA: Do not touch me.

ARCAS: That I do not do. You see that I stay far away, O sister of Aphrodite, young girl with hair curled like tendrils of the grape! I stop by the side of the road and I cannot go away—you see it—neither toward those who wait for me, nor those whom I have left.

MELITTA: Go! Go! You talk in vain, O goatherd without goats, wanderer along uncertain roads! If you can follow the highway no farther, cross the fields; but do not enter my meadow, you whom I do not know; or I shall call.

ARCAS: Who, then, will you call in this wilderness?

MELITTA: The gods. They will hear me.

ARCAS: Ah, little girl! The gods are farther away from you than I am now, and even were they at your side, they would not forbid me to tell you that you are beautiful. For they glory in your face and they know well that it is their masterpiece.

MELITTA: Be silent, goatherd! My mother has forbidden me to listen to any man. I am here to watch my fleecy sheep while they crop the grass until sunset. I must not hear the words of young men who pass on the road with the evening breeze and the winged dust storms.

ARCAS: Why?

MELITTA: I do not know. My mother knows for me. It is not yet thirteen years since I was born on her couch of dry leaves, and I would be very rash if I did not do all that she orders for me.

ARCAS: Child, you have not understood your mother, who is so good and so wise and so beautiful and so honorable. She spoke to you of those savage men who sometimes invade the countryside, a shield on the left arm and a sword in the right hand. They would deal evilly with you, for you are weak and they are strong. In the cities they have taken during the dreadful wars, they have killed many young maidens almost as beautiful as you and they would not spare you if they found you in their path. But I, what could I do to you? I have only my sheepskin on my shoulder and my crook in my hand. Look at me. Am I, then, so terrible?

MELITTA: No, goatherd. Your words are soft and I could

listen to them a long time. But the softest words are lies, they tell me, when the mouth of a young man whispers them to one of us.

ARCAS: Will you answer me if I ask a question?

MELITTA: Yes.

ARCAS: Of what do you think, under the dark olive tree, when I pass?

MELITTA: I do not wish to tell you.

ARCAS: Yet I know it.

MELITTA: Tell it to me.

ARCAS: You must let me come close to you, or I shall remain silent. I can only tell this in your ear, softly, since it is your secret and not mine. You will let me come close? *(Approaches.)* Take your hand? *(Takes it.)*

MELITTA: What do I think about?

ARCAS: Of your marriage girdle.

MELITTA: O, who betrayed it to you? Have I spoken out loud? Are you a god, goatherd, that from so far away you can read the eyes of young girls? Do not look at me thus. Do not seek to read what I am thinking even now.

ARCAS: You are dreaming of your marriage girdle and of the unknown who shall unknot it, murmuring some of those soft words that you fear. Will they also be lies?

MELITTA: I have never heard them.

ARCAS: But you hear mine and you see my eyes.

MELITTA: I wish never to see them again.

ARCAS: You see them in your dream.

MELITTA: O, goatherd!

ARCAS: When I take your hand, why do you quiver? When my arm closes about your breast, why do you lean toward me? Why does your feeble head seek my shoulder?

MELITTA: O, goatherd!

ARCAS: How could you yield thus to my arms, if I were not already almost your husband?

MELITTA: Ah, no, you are not that! Let me go! Let me go! I am afraid! Go away! I do not know you. Let me go! Your hands hurt me. Let me go! I do not want you.

ARCAS: Why do you speak to me, little girl, with the mouth of your mother?

MELITTA: No, it is not she, it is I who speak. I am prudent. Leave me, goatherd. I would be ashamed to be as Naïs, or as Philyra or Chloë, who did not wait for their wedding day to learn the secrets of Aphrodite. No, no! I shall not yield to you. Were you to tear my tunic, even then would I not yield to you, goatherd. Sooner would I strangle myself with my hands.

ARCAS: Again, why? And what have I done to you? I have touched your tunic; I have not torn it. I have kissed your girdle; I have not unknotted it. Ah, well, so be it! I abandon you. I set you free. I leave you Go away! Why do you not go away?

MELITTA: Let me weep.

ARCAS: Do you think that I love you so little that I would steal you from yourself? You are listening to my words now. Would I use such words, if I asked you only for a moment of pleasure such as any of the shepherdesses could give to me? Have

my eyes not told you? . . . But you no longer look at my eyes. You hide yours, and you weep.

MELITTA: Yes.

ARCAS: Nevertheless, had you willed it, I would have known great joy in passing all a lifetime of love and tender words at your feet. I would have placed both my arms about your body, my head on your breast, my mouth under yours, and you would have unknotted your hair so that it might fall about us and hide our kisses. Listen, if you had willed it, I would have built for you a hut, green with flowering branches and fresh grass, alive with singing cicadas and golden beetles, precious as jewels. Every night you would have held me prisoner there, and on the white couch of my cloak, our two hearts would have beaten eternally one against the other.

MELITTA: Ah, let me weep a little longer!

ARCAS: Far from me?

MELITTA: In your arms in your eyes.

ARCAS: My love The evening lengthens; and the light departs, like a winged being, toward the sky. Already the earth is dark. At a distance, we can see nothing but the milky way of the rivulet that sparkles like a stream of stars about our little world. Yet there is too much light.

MELITTA: Yes, there is too much. Take me away.

ARCAS: Come. The wood where we shall slip between caressing branches is so deep that even in the daytime the gods are afraid of it. One never sees in the paths the cleft hoofs of satyrs following the light feet of nymphs. One never sees between the leaves the green eyes of hamadryads holding the timid eyes of men. But we shall not be afraid, because we are together, only we two, you and I

MELITTA: We shall not be afraid. I weep in spite of myself, but I love you and I follow you. A god is in my heart. Speak to me. Speak to me again. A god is in your voice.

(They commence to walk very slowly across the stage.)

ARCAS: Twine your hair around my neck, place your arms around my waist and your cheek against my cheek. Be careful, there are stones. Look downward, there are roots. The moss slips under our bare feet and the earth is fresh. But your breast is warm under my hand.

MELITTA: Do not seek for it. It is little, it is young, it is not beautiful. Last autumn my breasts were no larger than on the day of my birth. My friends mocked at me. Only this springtime did I see my breasts grow with the buds on the trees. Do not caress me thus. I can walk no longer.

ARCAS: Come, nevertheless. We have reached the shadows. I no longer see your face. We are neither you nor I. Cease giving me your lips; I wish to see your eyes. Come as far as the old tree, yonder, beyond the moonlight. Its great shadow almost touches us follow there

MELITTA: It is as vast as a palace.

ARCAS: The palace of our love, which opens for us in the heart of the blessed night

MELITTA: I hear a noise the sound of palm leaves.

ARCAS: The rustling palms of the nuptial cortege.

MELITTA: These stars

ARCAS: They are torches.

MELITTA: And these voices

ARCAS: They are gods.

MELITTA: O, goatherd, I have come here, virgin as Artemis, who lights us from far off between the black branches and who, perhaps, hears my vow! I do not know if I have done well to

follow you, as I have followed; but a breath was in me, a spirit which your voice brought to birth and you have given me the joy of an immortal in giving me your hand.

ARCAS: Young girl, with black eyes, neither your father nor my father have arranged our union before the altar of their hearths by exchanging your wealth and mine. We are poor, therefore we are free. If any one marries us this night—raise your eyes—it is the Olympians, protectors of shepherds.

MELITTA: My husband, what is your name?

ARCAS: Arcas, and yours?

MELITTA: Melitta.

CURTAIN.

THE LONELY BATHER

LOOSE-VEINED and languid as the yellow mist
That swoons along the river in the sun,
Your flesh of passion pale and amber-kissed
With years of heat that through your veins have run,

You lie with aching memories of love
Alone and naked by the weeping tree,
And indolent with inward longing move
Your slim and sallow limbs despondently.

If love came warm and burning to your dream,
And filled you all your avid veins require,
You would lie sadly still beside the stream,
Sobbing in torture of that vivid fire;

The same low sky would weave its fading blue,
The river still exhale its misty rain,
The willow trail its weeping over you,
Your longing only quickened into pain.

Bed your desire among the pressing grasses;
Lonely lie, and let your thirsting breasts
Lie on you, lonely, till the fever passes,
Till the undulation of your longing rests.

Max Eastman.

O IT'S JOY TO SING WITH THE HAIR FLUNG FREE

O IT'S joy to sing with the hair flung free,
And a thousand, thousand petals blowing from the tree;
A thousand, thousand mad songs go racing thru my head,
For the living can sing—but never the dead!

A thousand, thousand petals may fall on the stone,
Where the lovely dead lady is lying alone;
But she will not sing in the cool spring air,
Nor catch the falling petals, nor fling out her hair.

Annette Wynne.

POEMS—By Lydia Gibson

SILENT

YOU lie in death; your flesh that burned
In sudden love and sullen heat
So pitiably does entreat
Fire and earth lest it be spurned.

You lie as one who longs to flee—
Whose limbs would rise and bear him hence—
Who, bound in this cold impotence
Stays, yet would go most eagerly.

O hands that touched, O feet that sped
Joyfully through the summer day—
Farewell!—I hail you on your way
Silently to the silent dead.

ON A HILL

HERE there is a golden hill—would that I could sing!
Here the forest trembles still and the winds bring
All the saltiness of the sea
And its voices unto me.

Here the yellow summer sod and the live-oaks green
And the clouds with fleetness shod and the leafy sheen
All are moving, only I
Motionless in silence lie.

And I think that I am dead, cold to everything;
Yet the flowers are gold and red; would that I could sing!
Or that stealthily the sea
Would drown the tired heart of me.

A RIVER IN DROUGHT

I AM as shallow
As a river in drouth,
My spirit is fallow
And silent my mouth.

No more the sorrows
Of earth fill my breast,
Nor yesterdays nor morrows
Drive me from rest;

But light as the air is
I am blown here and yon,
And I know not where is
My lonely spirit gone.

A HANDFUL OF SAND

AS a handful of sand
Runs through the fingers—
As the last grain lingers
In a fold of the hand,
So the charm of you
Runs through my heart
Grain by grain. You depart
But the charm of you lingers,
As idly drifting through
My thoughts as the sand
Through my idle fingers.

DUST OF DREAMS

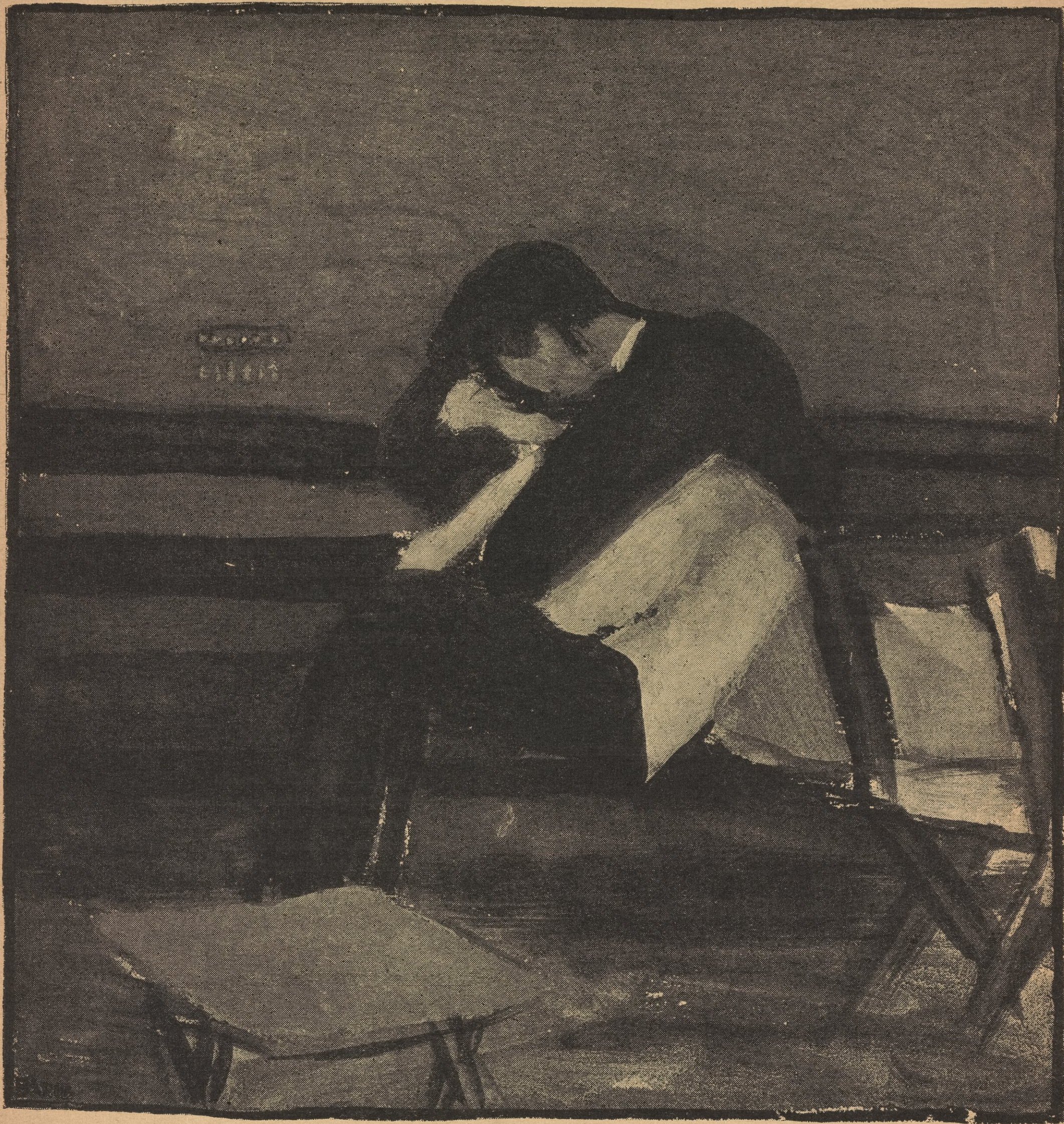
O WIND of yesterday
Stirring the old dreams
That lie like dust on the floor—
How empty is the chamber
With the spirit away!
The dead stir, it seems,
In that wind's ghostly sway;
The motes shine in the beams,
Until the door
Slams—and the dust of dreams
Settles once more.

A GROVE

EUCALYPTUS leaves
Curved glittering scimitars;
Silver trunks, rosy branches,
Violet limbs from the earth upspringing;
Leaping downward in the pool,
Reflections
Silver, rosy, violet.

NOT YEARS

NOT years, not the close dear daily living, not the sweet
savor
Of life, I ask of you; nor the flavor
Of day-by-day; nor hand covering hand without haste;
(These are to others; these we shall not taste.)
But surely, maybe silently, before age overtake us,
Before the sweet firm strength of our bodies is laid waste,—
Two days or three
Without question, without past, without future,
Somewhere in the hills, somewhere in sight of the sea.



From a water-color by Cornelia Barns.

Submarines Notwithstanding

Masse
Dell, Oct 1917

THE CHANCES OF PEACE

WE who do not believe in war and who believe it possible to eliminate it from the world, have hoped too greatly for America. We have wished to see her assume daringly and successfully the rôle of peacemaker. And now that she has taken up the sword, it is perhaps natural to despair—to feel that America has lost, and lost forever, her chance to earn the everlasting gratitude of mankind. Perhaps that tragic view is, indeed, the true one. But there are some reasons for at least hoping otherwise.

It is as the great potential peacemaker that the United States has been regarded, almost universally, from the beginning of the war. The only question was, how we should go about to make peace? By assisting one faction to defeat the other? Or to persuade both sides to negotiate with each other?

If we assisted either side, it would, of course, be that of the Allies, since Germany's desperate courses in Belgium and upon the high seas, together with her apparent responsibility for starting the war, had progressively served to alienate American sentiment from her altogether. Thus we could bring peace, or so it was thought, by joining the war.

The history of American foreign policy for the first two years of the war is a record of indecision between these two ways of making peace. On the one hand, after considerable hesitation, a program of military preparation was put through Congress, as a preliminary to a possible adoption of the war-method, toward which circumstances appeared to be pushing us. On the other hand, in spite of provocations too numerous to mention, hostilities with Germany were held in abeyance, and the way kept open for a possible proposal of peace negotiations.

Finally the moment seemed to the administration to have arrived when peace negotiations might be fruitful of results, and in a momentous document President Wilson assumed for America the role of peace-bringer. The desired results could hardly have been expected to be immediate, but the effort was brought to an abrupt close by Germany's announcement of unrestricted submarine warfare.

Even then the Administration hesitated at accepting this as a *casus belli*; and when the decision for war was made, it was definitely an adoption of war as the apparently only practicable method of bringing about a satisfactory peace.

The irony of this fact should not blind us to its practical significance. However mistaken or futile such a policy may be, it must be regarded as an attempt to fulfil our mission as a maker of peace. And if it can be shown to be mistaken and futile, there is at least the possibility that we may discard it, and return to our alternative policy, to which indeed we are hardly less definitely committed.

We do believe war to be a mistaken and futile method of making peace. But it is small comfort to reflect that it will be discovered to be so in the next five or ten years. The hope that we must cherish until it has proved vain is that the war-method of making peace will meet with sufficient disapproval now, in the next few months, to commend the alternative method to the Administration.

The grounds for such hope are these, in brief:

(1) The apathy, ranging from indifference to cynicism, which seems to us to permeate the whole American people, with the

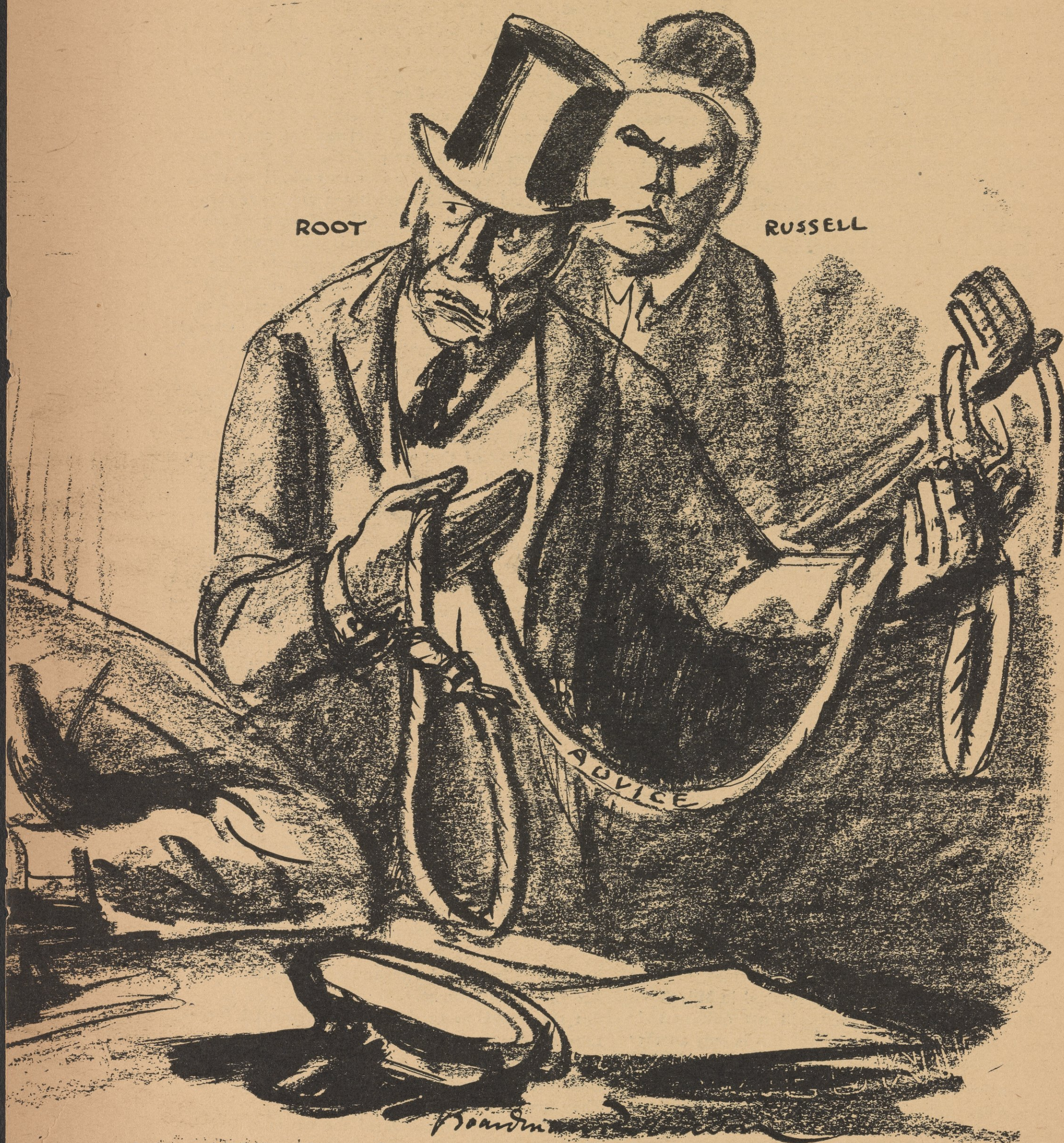
exception of a few small, though influential groups, in regard to the war.

(2) The panicky ruthlessness with which the war-program is being advanced by the small group of its devotees, and by their official servants. The great example of this is Conscription. No doubt President Wilson amiably believed that this was to be "in no sense a conscription of the unwilling," but rather an opportunity for the nation to volunteer *en masse*. But his advisers knew better, and the conscription law stands confessed as the symbol of the *fear* of the war-party—the fear, plain to read, that without conscription there would be no army and no war. It was not, moreover, with such a sublime confidence as the President's in the readiness of the American people to turn overnight from a peace to a war program, that the war-party uttered so loudly its threats of a year's imprisonment for failure to register, and hinted so menacingly to surprised pacifists at machine guns and bayonets held in readiness. Of the nation that volunteered *en masse* under these conditions, from 50 to 75 per cent. is said to have claimed exemption—an edifying fact. As for the "conscription of the unwilling," that remains to be seen. But if, as we believe, the war-party is conscious of its precarious existence, its savage treatment of the "unwilling" will provide the American mind with some home-made outrages to brood over, which our services in behalf of liberty abroad will not wholly rob of their due effect. The meaning of ruthlessness, here as in Germany, is Fear. There are other illustrations of this Fear: the refusal of Secretary Lansing to let the Socialist delegates attend the peace conference at Stockholm, and the warning issued by George Creel to the press against discussing probable terms of peace. Such measures are not undertaken by an administrative group which feels that it has popular backing for its war-policy, and the tenure of power by an administrative group which pursues such desperate courses in a democratic state is doubtful. It can maintain itself only by autocracy, more autocracy, and still more autocracy—a process of which we have seen the beginning, but not the end.

(3) The reluctance of Congress to break with the American people. In Congress we have an instrument imperfectly representative, but on the whole responsive to popular will. That popular will, so far as it had an opportunity to manifest itself, as in the election of President Wilson, was revealed as a will to Peace. The President, for reasons scarcely apprehended by the nation at large, felt at liberty to disregard that mandate. But Congress itself felt committed to the peace policy. The decision, however, did not rest with Congress. The war-policy was initiated by the President, preliminary to consulting Congress. And Congress, with a manifest and solemn reluctance, only backed up an accomplished act when it voted for war. This reluctance is the key to the legislative paralysis which, to the alarm of the war-party, threatens to delay indefinitely the carrying out of our official promises to the Allies. At this date (June 27) there is no food legislation, which means that important help to the Allies in that direction has been delayed for a year; and all other war-legislation is notoriously in a desperate muddle. The heart of Congress is not in the task. Its slowness and inefficiency in executing what its leaders have



Making the World



Drawn by Boardman Robinson

Safe for Capitalism

characterized as the greatest blunder in history, are the first signs of the breakdown of the Administration's war policy.

These, then, are the bases for such hope as exists, of changing our policy before we have paid too dearly for our mistake. Against this hope there stands the pride of the Administration, the munition-makers with their greedy dreams of hundred-dollar steel, the great newspapers, the sentimental classes, and, above all, the simple fact that we are at war. Perhaps the worst thing about war is that it involves a progressive suspension of all those intellectual faculties by which alone peace can be achieved. There is at this moment an honorable way open to the Administration to secure peace, on the very lines previously indicated by itself—the way proposed by Russia: "no annexations and no indemnities," which is a practical version of "peace without victory." It would be fortunate if our American reluctance to push the war should become so manifest this summer and fall as to commend this alternative program anew to the Administration.

Its virtues are obvious. No one in his senses seriously expects the map of Europe to be rearranged satisfactorily by armed forces. President Wilson is very well aware that the real task of effecting such an international arrangement as will secure a lasting peace, is a task that must be undertaken *after* the war. Any possible results of a purely military process are bound to be unsatisfactory. The effectuation of permanent peace is work for the brain, not the bayonet. So much for annexations. And as for indemnities, if they are confined to reparation for material wrongs, they will be (as Professor Charles A. Beard has aptly remarked in the *New Republic*) so infinitely less than the cost of continuing the war, *even for a few days*, that they are not worth haggling over; while, as for other wrongs, there can be no reparation for them and they must be forgotten.

If this definition of their war aims is adopted by the Allies, it will make clear to the German people that the Kaiser is not, as they have believed, continuing the war in order to save them from utter national destruction. Moreover, if the German Government should reject these terms, the leaders of the German Social-Democracy assert that the result will be that which President Wilson is reported most earnestly to desire—a German revolution. And, if these aims, as stated by Russia, are not acquiesced in by the Allies, the result, as Russia has warned us, will be her withdrawal from their ranks.

President Wilson's first approach to this delicate subject, in the message to Russia defining our war aims, scarcely does credit to his sagacity. It appears to be the product of a wearied brain, which has permitted him to commit the grave error of lecturing Russia as if Russia were a roomful of boys and he their teacher. His message, moreover, shows too much resemblance to the one in which Milyukov undertook to state Russia's war-aims to the Allies, and which resulted in Milyukov's resignation. Phrases about democracy will not quite satisfy Russia. While as to "undoing past wrongs," this is only another version of the idea of repairing "historic injustices," which the Russian Republic has so unmistakably repudiated.

Clearly this is a bad beginning; and if we are not, as we have already been warned that we must expect, to take the place of Russia next year, the Administration will have to see a new light—or rather, be illuminated by its old one—on the subject. From a purely military point of view the defection of Russia promises

to be so serious a loss, and the danger to the maintenance of the war-policy in America so grave, that only a resumption by the President of his former attitude toward peace can avert the most serious consequences, of one sort or another.

But if the worst happens, and America, taking the place of Russia, goes in for a war which, barring the unexpected, promises to be long-drawn out—even then America's rôle as a peacemaker would seem to be only tragically delayed, by a few years. It must be remembered that the United States is not invaded, nor in danger of invasion, and that we are remote from the scene of the conflict. Whatever may be the views of the Administration, the country at large has acquiesced in the war on the theory that we were to strike a decisive blow and end the war. If that decisive blow is not struck, if we continue to pour out our blood and treasure without any more results than have so far been achieved by the Allies, if the great spring drive and the great fall drive end as usual, year in and year out, it will be vain to expect the American people to abide by what will appear very clearly to be a mistaken policy. It may require several terrible years to teach us that we cannot make peace by making war. But when the fact has been thoroughly demonstrated, we shall inevitably revert to our alternative policy, and undertake to bring about peace by negotiation.

The consequences of such a delay in offering possible terms of peace will be sufficiently costly to America in hideous wastage of life; and because of the inevitable chagrin and anger of the nation because of that waste, there may be consequences even more serious for the classes which have led us astray. We can afford to contemplate cheerfully such consequences as these latter, but the classes who are now in charge of our destinies cannot. The possibility of a revolution in America is no longer, after the events which we have seen elsewhere, to be dismissed as a Utopian fantasy, and it is a possibility which those who wish to avert it would do well to ponder seriously at this moment.

Peace negotiations are inevitable; it is almost equally inevitable that they will be initiated by America. The only question is, when?

FLOYD DELL.

A TRIBUTE

EMMA GOLDMAN and Alexander Berkman
Are in prison,

Although the night is tremblingly beautiful
And the sound of water climbs down the rocks
And the breath of the night air moves through multitudes
and multitudes of leaves
That love to waste themselves for the sake of the summer.

Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman
Are in prison tonight,
But they have made themselves elemental forces,
Like the water that climbs down the rocks:
Like the wind in the leaves:
Like the gentle night that holds us:
They are working on our destinies:
They are forging the love of the nations:
.
Tonight they lie in prison.

Josephine Bell.

Conscientious Objectors

WE publish below a number of letters written last year from English prisons by conscientious objectors. It is as yet uncertain what treatment the United States government will mete out to its thousands of conscientious objectors, but we believe that our protestors against governmental tyranny will be as steadfast as their English comrades. It is not by any means as certain that they will be as polite to their guards and tormentors, but we hope they will remember that these are acting under official compulsion and not as free men.

Some discussion has arisen as to whether those whose objection to participating in war is not embodied in a religious formula, have the right to call their objection a "conscientious" one. We believe that this old-fashioned term is, however, one that fits their case. There are some laws which the individual feels that he *cannot obey*, and which he will suffer any punishment, even that of death, rather than recognize as having authority over him. This fundamental stubbornness of the free soul, against which all the powers of the state are helpless, constitutes a conscientious objection, whatever its original sources may be in political or social opinion. It remains to be demonstrated that a political disapproval of *this* war can express itself in the same heroic firmness that has in England upheld the Christian objectors to war-as-murder. We recommend to all who intend to stick it out to the end, a thorough reading of the cases which follow, so that they may be prepared for what is at least rather likely to happen to them.

* * *

Rendel H. Wyatt, aged 23, graduate of the University of Cambridge, master at the Downs School, Malvern, was refused exemption on the grounds that his was not a certified occupation. Appealed. Granted exemption from combatant service: unable to accept this form of exemption. Arrested. Fined and handed over to the military. Upon refusing to perform military duties was imprisoned for eight days in the Circular Redoubt, Harwich. At the expiration of his sentence, was immediately re-sentenced, with others, to 28 days' imprisonment.

Letter of Rev. H. C. Carter, M. A., Cambridge, May 4:

"I got two pencil scrawls from Wyatt, posted on April 28, saying—

"For refusing to drill we were put in irons for an hour to-night and shall get six hours to-morrow morning.

"There are eleven of us in dark cells. This is all I know."

Wyatt was one of those sentenced to death, sent to France, and reprieved.

* * *

G. Basil Robert, 26, of Clifton, Bristol, son of a Baptist missionary. Clerk. Granted non-combatant service by both tribunals. Arrested, fined, taken to the barracks. Sent to Wyke Regis Camp, court-martialled. Sent to Gosport.

Ernest Roe, 30, of Bedminster. House and Ship Joiner. Arrested, fined, and sent to Horsfield Barracks. Then sent to Wyke Regis Camp. Court-martialled, sent to Gosport to undergo 112 days' detention.

Letters from G. Basil Robert:

"Roe and I are just off under escort to Weymouth. We have been in cells until now. Roe has had a rotten time and been threatened with court-martial. Both of us have been told that if we didn't obey orders we are liable to be shot. Both

of us have been forced into khaki after many protests. Sunday morning I was told to parade for church but refused, so was clapped into a cell. This morning was brought before the Colonel and told that, as a British subject, I must obey the law. I reminded him of God's law, which he said he could not help. He read out army regulations about defiance of military authority and so on, meaning the liability to be shot. . . . He told me to be a good lad and obey orders. They took me back to the cell and forcibly stripped me of everything. They threatened that if I refused to undress and they had to do it for me they would not mind if they hurt me. I said that they might hurt my body, but I could not put on the uniform."

"Walden Davis and Pane were taken out before the rest of the Non-combatant Corps last evening and their sentences read out to them, which were two years hard labor apiece. They were taken back to their cells and not allowed to sleep with the rest of us in the detention room. Roe and I expect to hear our sentences on Wednesday or Thursday, so that we will probably follow them before the end of the week."

"Just a line to let you know we have received our sentences, two years' hard labor, commuted to 112 days' imprisonment. Where or when we are going, when they remove us from here, we do not know, but whatever happens to us, we know that all will be well."

* * *

Ormond Sidney Pink, 27, married, of Bedminster. Awarded non-combatant service by the tribunals. Arrested, sent to Horsfield Barracks. Later sent to Wyke Regis.

Letter from O. S. Pink to his wife:

"Of course I have had a fairly rough time of it, but it only makes me more determined to stand out. . . . They tried to get me to sign a paper for an allowance to you, and one or two other things which I could not make out clearly; so I refused and signed nothing. Nor have I done anything up to now, nor do I mean to. They came in and told me that it was no use to ask help from the Almighty, because he could not help. That was when I could not drill nor go out to drill. I have not been able to read my Bible yet, as I have had it taken away until to-day."

Note—It appears to have been a practice at Horsfield Barracks to take from these men their Bibles.

* * *

Letter from E. Sellars, 6 Coleshill Road, Teddington:

"I saw personally the eight men who are at present confined in Wandsworth prison under sentence by the Hounslow Court-martial. The two Andrews were kept for 24 hours without food at Hounslow, and then being offered something to eat if they would sign the army papers. . . . The others suffered from exposure—their clothes being taken and their uniforms forced on and handcuffed so that they could not remove them."

* * *

A letter from B. S. Parkes, Detention Cells, Rifle Depot, Winchester:

"The best of the day has been spent in solitary confinement. The authorities do not yet understand the conscientious objector. Passing over the events at Camberwell, this is what happened at Whitehall. When I arrived there I was taken into an office, where I refused to give any information, at the time stating my reason for so acting, that I was a conscientious objector and so forth. I was then placed in the guard room, and shortly afterward told I should be shot down for refusing to give information.

"It was after a talk with the sergeant, in which I was alternately insulted and a bayonet placed at my heart, that I was taken into the next room to be shot. A rifle was pointed at me, and I was graciously pardoned.

"For a time I was left alone, and was dozing, when he came in with another soldier who, in the course of conversation, placed his hand over my mouth and threw me to the ground. A few more words, and the sergeant said, 'Shake hands with me,' which I refused to do, after such disgraceful treatment. Again he said he would shoot me, and I was taken into the next room. A rifle was loaded, and he ordered the other man to fire. After that I remained in the guard-room till next morning, when I was taken to Winchester."

(Parkes was subsequently sentenced to twelve months' hard labor at the Detention Prison, Gosport.)

* * *

Letters from J. H. Collins, Hordcott Camp, Wilton, Salisbury:

"I have just been forced into khaki. The sergeant tells me that if I disobey orders I shall be sent to Parkhurst for two months. I am already feeling very ill after one day's imprisonment, and I feel confident the other would kill me. . . . Under the circumstances I think it most advisable to submit."

"I do not expect I shall be able to write again for some time, because, when we are under sentence, we are not allowed to have letters unless they are censored. We are not allowed to read, or to write to friends, or to have visitors except when serving time, and we have only half-rations. I can assure you that the life of a conscientious objector is almost unbearable."

* * *

Letter from Frank Ward, Northampton:

"They have used all the threats possible, but God made us absolutely fearless, and we have won the respect of the men, I am sure. We treated the colonel quite politely, expressing our regret, but stating quite firmly our determination. He read out the Army Act, with the death sentence clause. We said we knew about that."

* * *

J. Mills Whitham, Pericomb, North Devon. Novelist. Granted exemption from combatant service only, by local Tribunal. Appeal dismissed by the Appeal Tribunal. Permission to appeal to Central Tribunal refused.

Letters to Miss Willcocks, from the Cells, Exeter Higher Barracks:

"Here I am, 5:30 a. m. Wednesday, in a foul cell with six other 'consciences,' who came in last night from Plymouth. At 6:30 I go before the Colonel—second time this morning. Shall be sent back here and kept probably until court-martialed. The situation by no means unendurable, but very smelly and itchy. I met Chilcote in the cell here last night; he is doing 48 hours detention, which is 96 hours in further refusals to see doctors, and so on. Then to court-martial. I think the men in the cell here will stand firm. My letter-paper, books, everything, will be taken from me this morning, so fear cannot get another letter through just yet, and this one is doubtful."

"I write in a sort of whitewashed Black Hole of Calcutta, with seven men sleeping in their clothes and infested blankets. About 8:30 eight 'consciences' from Plymouth arrived, and refusing orders, were dumped in here. One, my immediate board companion, is a junior master at some school; a Cambridge man. The rest good fellows. . . . Have not had any food officially yet, but apart from that, the smells and other discomforts not much to grumble at."

Letter from Miss Willcocks, Exeter:

"I saw Mr. Whitham on Friday for half an hour. . . . One boy has broken down, another has given in and is going into the Navy. I rather fancy that this boy's misery and the trouble about it has been the worst thing Mr. Whitham has had to endure."

* * *

A letter from a soldier, Chatham South Barracks. Name withheld for obvious reasons.

"Four conscientious objectors were brought here on Fri-

day, and one more appeared this morning. I do not know their names, nor have I yet been able to speak to them, as they disappeared after parade, though I do not believe they are put in cells, but just confined to barracks. I may however get a word with them later on. Three are brothers. Their treatment is very bad. The first day they were put out on the barracks square—it was terribly hot—each under an N. C. O., who used to kick and beat them into drill positions. One N. C. O. took his man and ran him off the square, punching him just under the ribs at every step. This poor fellow used to be let lie down at odd times, so he must be on the verge of collapse. Another corporal, however, tried to let his man down lightly, and simply confined himself to pulling his man into positions. Yesterday one was put into our squad for physical drill. The Corporal is one of the decentest in the regiment, always trying to keep his men from getting into trouble. He, however, took it as a personal insult when the objector refused to drill, and put the man into the middle of the squad, and ordered the men behind him to drag him along when we doubled, which I fear they did gladly. After a drill I saw another N. C. O. smacking this man across the face because he refused to do up his tunic. Today they dragged another to church, which struck one as rather blasphemous. The opinion in the ranks is that they deserve what they get, but already I notice a slight, but very slight, change in the demeanor of some of the men, chiefly old soldiers or men who have knocked about the world. The Corporal who beat his man on the face expressed great respect for him in my hearing, but doubted whether he could 'hold out against such a mighty big machine.' . . . Of course I am committing a serious crime in writing this, so I must ask you to be rather careful in using this letter. But of course, if necessary, don't hesitate to use it or my name. But if not necessary I would just ask you to spare me unnecessary trouble."

THE BENEFACITOR

"IT'S not your job to right the world's wrongs, son,"

You said, and smugly lit a cigarette.

Till loveliness and beauty I forget,

Till wretchedness and ugliness have won,

Or till my little stretch of life is done,

I shall remember something of the debt

I owe to you. You stabbed me with regret

For all the years I smiled and angered none.

Now I shall be a hornet, and my tongue

Shall leave no man complacent I can reach.

I have no gift of leadership or speech,

But I shall make them writhe whom I have stung.

And maybe for their very hate of me

The blind shall try to answer and shall see.

Harrison S. Hires.

PATRIOTIC bargain hunters will be interested to know that at Barton & Reed, 5th Avenue jewelers, small American flags of diamonds, rubies and sapphires may be had at the nominal price of twelve hundred dollars.

NOW that this country has been taken back into the British fold, some unreasonable sulkers have started an agitation for representation in Parliament under the unheard-of slogan of "No taxation without representation." R. S.



DAVID STARR JORDAN

Drawn by Arthur Young

Treasurer of the People's Council for Peace and Democracy

The People's Council

THE immediate hope of freedom in this country lies in the People's Council for Peace and Democracy, to meet in New York City on August 4, 1917, and to sit until the war ends.

The Council is called in obedience to resolutions unanimously adopted by 15,000 people assembled in mass meeting at Madison Square Garden on May 31.

It is the response of the American democracy to the appeal of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates in Russia to the citizens of the Allied Nations; "You must not allow the voice of the Russian provisional Government to remain isolated from the union of the allied powers. You must force your Governments to proclaim resolutely the platform of peace without annexations or indemnities and the right of the people to settle their destinies."

The purposes of the People's Council, so far as they can be determined in advance of its own deliberations, are:

I. To secure an early, democratic and general peace in harmony with the principles outlined by New Russia, namely:

No forcible annexations. No punitive indemnities. Free development for all nationalities.

II. To urge international organization for the maintenance of world peace.

III. To induce our government to state concretely the terms upon which it is willing to make peace.

IV. To work for the repeal of the conscription laws.

V. To safeguard labor standards.

VI. To preserve and extend democracy and liberty within the United States.

What further it may do and decide, the Council itself and the future course of events must determine. But if you believe that there is need for a direct voice of the American people in this crisis, give your support to the People's Council for Peace and Democracy. The address of the organizing committee is 2 West 13th St., New York City.

Ishmael

Among the reforms promised in Germany, it is rumored that the Jewish soldier will not hereafter be debarred from attaining an officer's rank.—News Despatch.

A GAIN the wanderer starts out
To alien battles; and we see,
Beneath the welter and the rout,
The ancient, tragic irony.

He goes, too dumbly to be grim,
Down to the dead, the chosen ones;
While nations that rejected him
Accept his flesh to stop the guns.

Plunged in a war he never sought,
Hurled at his brothers' gaping lines;
Blinded, bewildered, scattered, caught—
A sudden ray of promise shines. . . .

He stops—the guerdon seems too great!
Then, with a deep and trembling breath,
He goes to meet a thundering fate
And die, perhaps, a captain's death!

Pariah, outcast—he delights
In struggles that should drive him mad.
He lives upon defeat; and fights
To save a home he never had.

Louis Untermeyer.

THE BARGAIN

TRAINED nurses catch many glimpses of the truth through the cracks of family closet doors. But narrow cracks and solid doors come with our well-to-do patients. As we go down to the lower strata of society the cracks begin to widen. Further down, the doors warp—standing crookedly half open; finally they fall off their shaky hinges and truth stands unconcealed.

Last spring when I did some tuberculosis visiting for the city, I heard this story. It came out bit by bit from the girl, each of my professional visits giving me a few words, a few sentences, a paragraph or so more. This is how it finally shaped itself in my mind. . . .

It was a bitter winter day during one of those sub-zero waves that strike New York every dozen years or so. And the icy north wind that swept through West Fiftieth street required good red blood and hope and happiness to withstand its piercing strength. Struggling slowly westward against the wind came a thin girl—thinly clad—a spot of color on each cheek, a feverish brightness in her eyes.

Beyond Eleventh avenue she stopped, gasping for breath; then turning, climbed the high wooden steps of an old frame house—a fourth rate rooming house. The inside of the house was shabbier and dingier even than the outside; three flights of stairs, a long, weary pull, and the usual tiny back bedroom, repellant and unfriendly.

The girl pushed to the door listlessly and sank on the rumpled bed. Her face, in spite of the marking hand of unkind disease, had a sweet pleasant air—with the sadness of unused possibili-

ties in the winsome curve of the mouth and the tender outline of the chin. As the color which the wind and the struggle had deepened beyond even the fever's daily flame died out, the drab pinch of starvation and the white blankness of despair came slowly through and bleached her face of all evidences of potentiality. She was numb with cold and lost hope and fear, and the only sensation piercing this numbness was dull hunger. As the hours dragged on and the early winter twilight fell, the frozen look on her face broke up—slowly she gathered together all the physical and moral forces left her and crushed them into one passionate expression of resistance.

If she could only die without hunger! Nothing else mattered!

She paid no attention to a heavy tramp, tramp up the stairs—to a gentle knock on the door. The broad-shouldered fellow who entered stood leaning against the jamb, his feet a little apart—sailor fashion—as if he expected the floor to lift deck-wise. He had been working all day on one of New York's skyscrapers—an able seaman turned iron riveter—and physically he was perfectly, even over-developed. Standing there, a powerful kind animal, he made a vivid contrast to the feverish girl with the too early sunset of the spirit still faintly glowing on her sick face. Turning, she waited for him to speak.

"Miss Doyle—Maggie—I've bin watch'n' yer—an' I've see'd how things were go'n' with yer—this long while—pretty clear. I've know'd what starv'n' was m'self. Why won't ye come across the hall? Give the ole lady notice. My cabin's bigger—got two winders and straik o' sun mornings. An' yer understand, don't yer understand plain? I'm not a mar-ryin' man—don't want a misses and kids. But I pays for the other thing regular—why not pay you in larger quarters, a bit o' sunshine and grub?"

Quietly the girl lifted her pale face and looked long and steadily into his eyes. Then a rare smile crossed her face. "It's a straight, clean bargain, you're offering me, Jim—with no talk of love that you don't mean—and" with a slight catch in her throat—"I'll come. Want me to bring my things in now, tonight?"

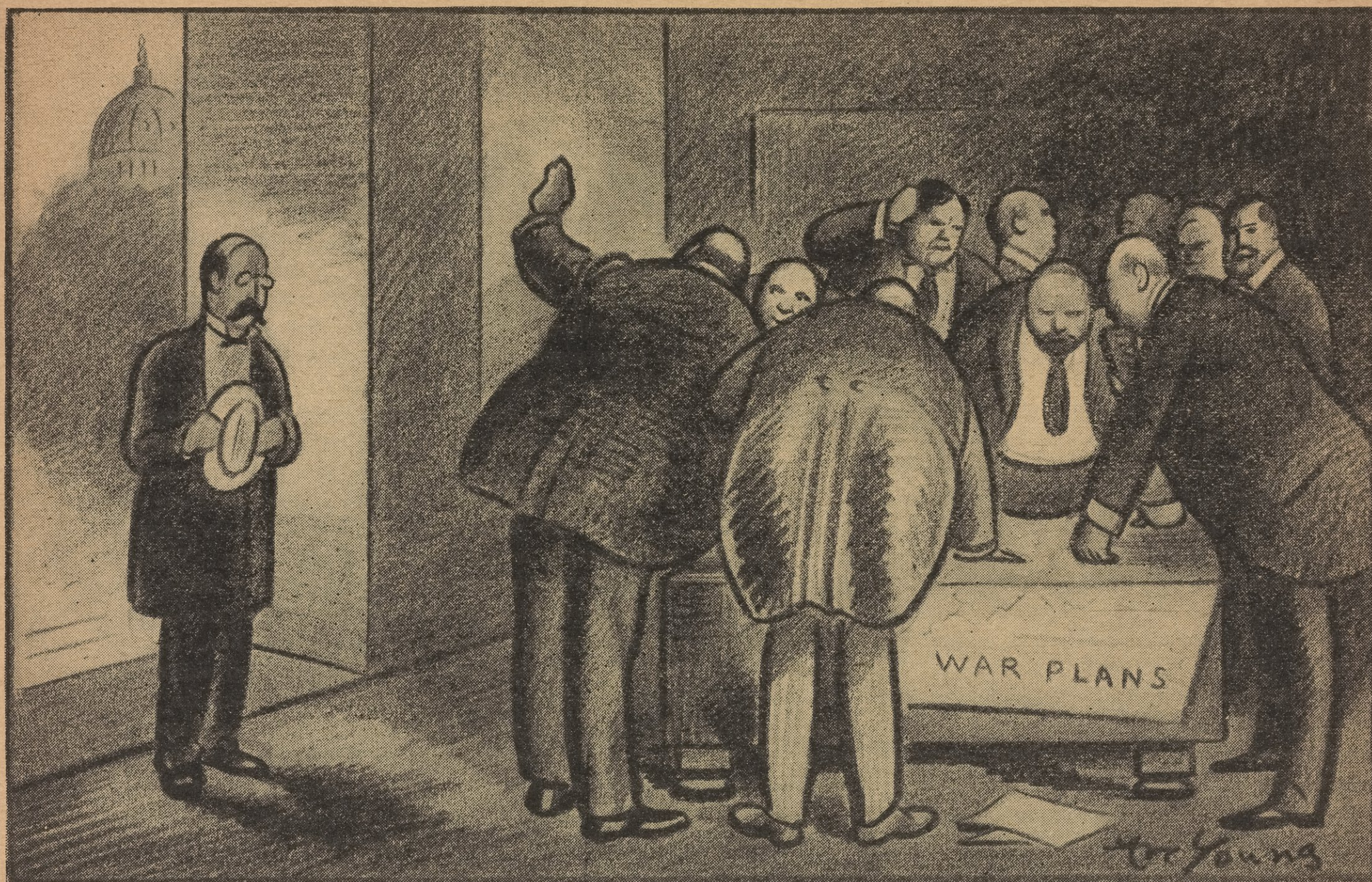
And they never touched on the side of the thing uppermost in both their minds—that there was no need to put a time clause in the contract—the white dial of the girl's face limited the days and hours all too plainly. . . .

The last time I saw her she was happy—quite happy—with a clear unfrightened sight of the end. To the other phases of the case haunting my professional mind—the danger of contagion to the man—the drain of their relationship on the waning strength of the woman—she seemed oblivious. She saw around her those things every day under the protection of legal relationships. So why should they trouble her?

But I lay awake until the blue daylight edged my drawn shade, pondering Life's primitive needs. Her everyday common things—hunger—shelter—all immediate desires. Faith—fine thinking—divine thirst—God surely meant these only to begin when those others are satisfied. My complacent moral standards toppled before the impact of elemental facts.

On my final visit I saw only the landlady. In answer to my questions, she gave me a few details, ending with—"And what d'ye think! He took his savin's from the bank and gave her a real stylish funeral—the grandest funeral we ever had from *this* house. Believe me."

EUPHENIA WHITTREDGE.



Arthur Young.

CONGRESS: "EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN—WHERE DO I COME IN?"

BIG BUSINESS: "RUN ALONG NOW!—WE GOT THROUGH WITH YOU WHEN YOU DECLARED WAR FOR US."

The Spirit of Old Russia

THE spirit of autocracy and reaction dies hard. When you down it in one place, it bobs up perseveringly in another. It is like the demon which cannot be cast out utterly but which must be commanded to seek its habitation within some other beast. So it is with the spirit of Old Russia. No sooner has it been cast out by the giant hand of the Russian people, than it must needs find reincarnation in another country. The spirit of Russian absolutism has flown to our own country, to the United States. Autocracy is dead! Long live autocracy! In what other country has there been such a steady accumulation of power in the hands of central authorities? In what other country have free speech, free press and constitutional liberty been so quickly and openly denied? In what other country have the police so completely become our intellectual and moral guardians? What other country would have sent Elihu Root as an envoy to a democratic country? Even our geographical location qualifies us for the undertaking. Do we not own Alaska—a country contiguous and similar in climate and resources to Siberia—to which we may exile our political prisoners?

How long will it be before Alaska replaces Siberia as the symbol of the forces of reaction and oppression?
Z.

The Eagle's Talons

FOUR labor men in Seattle, Wash., made their protest against conscription and are now in jail. They are Hulet M. Wells, former president of the Central Labor Council of Seattle, twice Socialist candidate for mayor, and member of the Electrical Workers; Sam Sadler, ex-President of the Seattle Longshoremen's Association and delegate to the Labor Council; Aaron Fislerman, Secretary of the King's County Socialist Party; and R. E. Rice, a member of the Socialist Party.

These men, for criticizing conscription *before it became a law*, are now in danger of long imprisonment and heavy fines. Their defense is being undertaken by the International Workers' Defense League, representing forty-five Seattle labor organizations. Funds are needed, and should be sent to Paul S. Parker, treasurer, Box 86, Seattle, Wash.

The Passion of Peeking, and Other Problems

Charles W. Wood

I WISH every millionaire was a beast. I wish every big boss was a degenerate and every society leader a loathsome prostitute. What an easy time we'd have getting rid of them then!

But, darn it, they ain't. Many millionaires are partly human, many society women have some decent traits and many big bosses wouldn't think of skinning a kitten or torturing a child unless, at least, there were some ulterior object to be gained. That's one of the reasons why it is so hard to start a revolution. These people are able to hang on to their graft largely because they are moral and charitable and good. It's hard to stir up personal feeling against them, and it's very hard to incite rebellion without stirring up personal feeling against the tyrant. People generally fail to grasp abstract principles—like justice or democracy; but they are very keen to hang any individual they hate. And so, if "high society" were in reality anything like it is represented in "Our Betters," there wouldn't be any "high society" to speak of in very short order.

"Our Betters," by W. Somerset Maugham, had a considerable run at the Hudson Theatre last Spring, and I understand it is to be continued this fall. In my judgment, it was just a little worse than any other play I have seen in New York; and so, of course, it made a hit. It was all about alleged evil doings of the American smart set in London; and, if Mr. Maugham's characterization is correct, they are one no-good bunch.

I wish to state right here that I am not intimately acquainted with high society in any community of more social importance than Rotterdam Junction, New York; and even there some of the best families used to leave me off their invitation lists. But still I can't help suspecting that Mr. Maugham has slandered "Our Betters." I think there must be lots of days in these circles when the ladies don't have any improper affairs at all; and when they do have one, I doubt if they talk so raw about it.

I think I know, however, why the play succeeded. If you have a passion for looking through peek-holes; if you like to snoop around in front of Fifth Avenue palaces and scrutinize the faces of the women guests who arrive, and if it gives you any satisfaction to imagine that some of them are up to high jinks with men who are not related to them by marriage; if you aren't particular about drama, so long as you can overhear something "suggestive" and "risqué," even if it is nonsensical and dull; and if Chrystal Herne's voice doesn't get on your nerves, you might enjoy "Our Betters."

"THE best play of the season," said the *World*.

"One of the loveliest plays of the era," said the *Morning Telegraph*.

"Smashing good P-L-A-Y—the audience literally howls with delight," said the *Journal*.

"Thorough, satisfying fun—will appeal to all classes of theatre-goers," said the *Globe*.

"The kind of uproarious success it is a glorious relief to tell about," said the *Mail*.

And so forth, and so forth and so forth, including the *Times*, *Sun*, *Evening Sun*, *Herald*, *American* and *Tribune*.

And the funny part of it is they were all right. At least, the

New York public sustained them by a big majority. This play had by all odds the longest run of the season in New York. As this is being written, it is still turning away money and bids fair to go on indefinitely. What manner of play is it, think you, which can win such a reception as that? Listen!

First, it has three or four young men and three or four young women. The men are all "characters": that is, they are all stage-worn types who never existed and—let us hope—never will exist off stage. Ambitious playwrights should keep this in mind. If you would produce the hit of the season, don't pick your characters from life—get them ready-made in the first character-factory you come across. It's an awful bother to impersonate real people, but any bright young boy who is willing to learn can impersonate a stage-crook, a stage detective, a stage-deacon, a stage-Jew or a stage-rube. Think also of the audience. If the audience sees something like a real person on the stage, it never knows what he is going to do, any more than it knows what a person will do in real life. But when it sees one of these old stand-bys, it has no such difficulty. It doesn't have to guess, think or wonder from then on, as far as that particular character is concerned. The audience can just sit back and look—as happy as a typical New Yorker gazing at some mechanical jimcrack in a drug-store window.

Next, the young women must all be characterless. Women are people only when off the stage. On the stage (that is, on the stage where hits are played), good women have but one function, to stick around till the last act and get hugged by the proper characters. Only bad ones can be people.

No, I don't mean that it is a love-story. Love is human, and the hit of the season mustn't have anything to do with human emotions. But the play wouldn't be regular if they didn't line up for the weddings in the last act. The boy wouldn't know when to drop the curtain or anything. Then, how else could you use the girls? You've just got to have the latest gowns in the hit of the year, and that means you've got to have girls to wear 'em. If you've got girls, you've got to have some plausible excuse for their being there, and every writer of hits knows that there's only one excuse for a "good" girl's existence.

Next, there is a stage-mother. A stage-mother is just like a stage-girl, only she reads the Bible more and doesn't get married in the last act. She never has an idea. She never has any fun. She is never cross, never wrong and never anything but a stage-mother. She is sickeningly sweet—like a harp solo or a scented cigarette.

Given such a set of "characters," every hit-going audience knows exactly what is going to happen. Mother's boy will go wrong, but he'll gather with the redeemed at the final curtain and marry the right party. The Jew will haggle over the price of second-hand clothing, the deacon will try to skin somebody, the crook, if he is the scowling kind, will be miserably foiled; if he has a sense of humor instead, he'll fool the deacon and keep him from foreclosing the mortgage till mamma's boy and the playwright have had a decent chance.

And the whole mess will fairly drip morality. No moral problems, be it understood, but simple and comfortable morality



Cornelia Barns.

HERO

TO OUR NEWS-STAND READERS AND SUBSCRIBERS

THE MASSES must be made to reach every man and woman who can be influenced in these critical times.

I have enclosed a loose subscription blank in this issue.

If each one of you who reads this will undertake to get one more subscriber, the power of THE MASSES will be doubled.

You know at least one person who would eagerly read THE MASSES.

Will you be responsible for that one?

MERRILL ROGERS,
Business Manager.

which it won't require too much effort to grasp. On such questions as the beating of mothers, such a play should take a firm stand. It should also come out strongly, as this one did, against stealing your father's coin, getting an innocent man sent to Sing Sing in your place and then going and trying to marry his girl. This furnishes the "appeal to all classes," which the *Globe* talked about, the "loveliness" heralded by the *Telegraph*, and the "howls of delight" heard by the *Journal* critic.

The play is called "Turn to the Right" and is said to be by Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard. In all essentials, however, it is the play which has been the hit of the season for many, many years. It changes a bit, undoubtedly, from year to year, but it is still as unrelated to life as it ever was. There are melodramatic versions and pastoral versions and plain comedy versions, but they all add up about the same. The Smith-Hazard edition is "comedy." It left out the saw-mill where the handsome hero used to be tied until the girl rushed in and stopped the machinery, just in time to keep him from being slit into planking, and they never once said "Curses!" and "Take that—and that—and that." I cannot believe, however, that this loss will be permanent. The authors of "Turn to the Right," I am sure, would not intentionally discard any genuine antiques of the great American drama. Doubtless they are saving them for the hit of next season.

I DON'T want to scold. There must be a solid reason somewhere in human psychology why "Turn to the Right," subnormal in its construction, and, at the best, mediocre in its presentation, made the hit of the season while such a play as "The Fugitive" failed. I'm not content to pass the problem up with the cheap observation that the public has no taste. I like a whole lot of things that the public likes; and, on the other hand, I wasn't crazy over "The Fugitive." But "The Fugitive" was a Galsworthy play, which means that it was a finely drawn sketch of some of life's great realities, and it contained a goodly lot of genuine drama; also it was played with distinction by Emily Stevens, a popular favorite, with an exceptionally good company to boot. The story was that of a young wife who went wrong in a way that a young wife might actually go wrong, instead of in the way that stage-wives err. She didn't have a good excuse, from the conventional standpoint, for her

husband was good and respectable and drove her into hysterics by the usual process of suffocating her soul. The theme was interesting and wasn't above the public's head. The show wasn't great, but it was good, and I wondered at its sudden taking off.

Here's a guess. It was on account of the war. I doubt our seeing many good dramas again until the war is over.

I believe there is a good, psychological reason for this. Since war was declared, and for some time before, the people hereabouts—or, rather that fraction of the people who sometimes have two dollars and are known as theater-goers—abandoned themselves to patriotic emotions. No, I'm not saying a word against patriotism. If they had abandoned themselves to booze, the effect upon their intellects would have been just as bad. There is much to be said, I know, in favor of getting drunk—with religion or highballs or something that lets the feelings have their utmost fling—but while the jag is on, it is an inevitable corollary that one's judgment, one's sense of proportion and one's sense of humor depart.

The fellow who is thoroughly drunk may laugh, but he has to have something to laugh at. He responds in good form to the ridiculous situation of a hat smashed down over somebody's ears, or of somebody being clouted from behind with something that explodes on landing—but the finer subtleties are wasted on him.

Likewise, when a public is drunk with patriotism, it is in no mood for high-class comedy. It wants comedy, but it wants the kind that it doesn't require brains to follow. It wants each joke conspicuously labelled, and the more familiar, the label, the more acceptable will the contents be. If I were a playwright, I think I'd take the hint: give them the cheapest stuff you can find for a while yet and save your real ideas until the jag is over. That is, unless your play is highly patriotic—something that will add to the general souse.

In the meantime, I don't want anyone to think that I am getting sore on intoxication. Only I do hate to see so many people getting drunk at once. If the city could only be divided into zones, and the patriots would have their jag out, one ward at a time, we might still retain some real drama in the theater.

Friends of American Freedom

ALEXANDER BERKMAN and Emma Goldman have been arrested, charged with advocating in their paper, *Mother Earth*, that those liable to the military draft, who do not believe in the war, should refuse to register. That they would be arrested, on some charge, and subjected to bitter prosecution, has been inevitable ever since they appeared as the spokesmen of a working-class protest against the plans of American militarism. Whatever you may think of the practicability of such a protest, you must, with their friends, pay tribute of admiration for their courage and devotion.

Alexander Berkman is one of the few men whose character and intelligence ever stood firm through a quarter of a lifetime in prison. Emma Goldman has followed her extreme ideal of liberty for thirty years, up and down, in better places and worse than the federal penitentiary. They can both endure what befalls them. They have more resources in their souls, perhaps, as they have the support of a more absolute faith, than we have who admire them. But let us give them every chance for acquittal that the constitution of the times allow. Let us give them every chance to state their faith. THE MASSES will receive funds for this purpose.

BOOKS THAT ARE INTERESTING

A MONTHLY REVIEW CONDUCTED BY FLOYD DELL

The Book of the Month

Doing My Bit for Ireland, by Margaret Skinnider. \$1 net. [The Century Co.]

EASTER WEEK, 1916, and the long months that seemed to stretch into years of waiting before the outbreak and the courageous spirit of defiance that mitigated the failure of the Irish revolution—this is the story that Margaret Skinnider tells. It isn't a long story. It's entirely too short. The whole account covers 200 pages. And the rest of the volume is given over to Irish revolutionary songs, old and new.

Margaret Skinnider is a little Glasgow school teacher, who lived in Glasgow, but whose country was Ireland. She was brought up on Irish histories, written by the Irish, and all the ballads and songs that exiled mothers croon to their children in the dusk.

In preparation for the revolution Margaret joined the Irish volunteers and the Cumman-na-Ban, an organization of Irish women, and became an expert marksman.

Christmas week, 1915, the real story begins. Margaret's vital work began then under the direction of Constance Gore-Booth, who, by her marriage with one of the Polish nobility, became Countess Markievicz. Simply and unemotionally, the girl tells of how she went over to Ireland with detonators for bombs secreted in her hat and the wires wrapped around her body under her coat (the wonder is that she lived to tell her tale, for she fell asleep in her steamer chair with her hat as a pillow!); how she helped raid a ship that was lying in a harbor, getting all the explosives there were on board; how she helped collect dynamite, arms and ammunition which were hidden in out-of-the-way places for the coming revolution. It was when they found out that a shipload of arms would be shipped to them from America, to arrive on Easter Sunday, that they decided upon the date of the uprising.

In February, 1916, when conscription began in Scotland, all the Irish who were drafted fled to the hills of Ireland and remained in hiding there in a camp, training for the revolution and making ammunition. "It was the rich and the poor, dock-workers, school teachers, poets and bartenders," the author says, that

helped in the work. And their courage carried them on even when they saw the ship of ammunition which they had counted on pursued by a British patrol boat, and in full view of the harbor, blown up, crew and all, rather than surrender to the English.

Margaret was a despatch boy during the action, fighting, going about the city on her bicycle while bullets rained on all sides of her, and when there were no dispatches to carry she shouldered her gun, too, and took part in the fighting. It was only when the end was near that she was wounded. She and four men had gone out to fire some buildings to cut off the retreat of the British when she was wounded in three places. It was while she was still in bed that the surrender came and the Irish revolution had failed once more.

Then comes the story of the execution of the leaders. They were shot down, some without trial.

In spite of the fact that all the rules of war had been observed on the part of the Irish, and that they had surrendered formally, there was nothing but death waiting for the leaders. The death sentence of the Countess Markievicz was commuted



From "The Ploughshare." Drawn by J. F. Horrabin.

to penal servitude for life. It was only because Margaret Skinnider was raving in the hospital with three wounds and pneumonia that they failed to imprison her. The other dispatch girls and nurses, and even the Fianna boys (boy scouts) were temporarily imprisoned.

Perhaps the chief attractiveness of the book is that it makes revolution seem so possible by making it seem so homelike. The premonitions of the Irish Revolution are such things as happen here in New York—incidents like the Hunt's Point meeting—but with an Irish quality all their own. There was the incident of "The Englishman's Home," a recruiting play picturing the invasion of England by the Germans. On the first night the Countess Markievicz took the Fianna boys with her, occupying pit and gallery, and at the first appearance of the Germans on the stage, the boys got up and started singing "The Watch on the Rhine." All the officers in the audience arose with "God Save the King." But it was not safe to sing "God Save the King" in Dublin. A riot ended the first and last performance of "An Englishman's Home." While the strikes and massacres which were the prelude of revolution in Ireland were simply their Ludlows and Bayonnes.

"If any proof were needed of the unbroken spirit of our men after the rising," she writes. "There could be none better than in the gay and challenging tone of many of the songs written and sung at the internment camp at Frongoch, Wales. One can imagine the intense irritation of the English guards at hearing songs like these floating out on the breeze:

"For the Germans are winning the war, me boys,
And England is feeling so sore, me boys,
They're passing conscription, the only prescription
To make Englishmen go to the front, me boys.

"The English are losing the war, me boys,
And they want us all killed before, me boys,
The great German nation has sworn their damnation,
And we'll echo the curse with a will, me boys."

"Some in a convict's dreary cell
Have found a living tomb,
And some, unknown, unfriended, fell
Within the prison's gloom;
But what care we, although it be
Trodden by a ruffian band?
God bless the clay where rest to-day
The felons of our land!

"Let cowards sneer and tyrants frown,
Oh, little do we care!
The felon's cap's the noblest crown
An Irish head can wear!
And every Gael in Innisfail
Who scorns the serf's vile brand,
From Lee to Boyne would gladly join
The felons of our land!"

It's not likely that this will be the book from which school children in America will be taught about the Irish Revolution. But fortunately the book is cheap. Provided the author (who is at present in hiding) is not seized and jailed and her book suppressed—we don't know why this should happen, but things like that are happening every day now—we have the true facts of the unfortunately unsuccessful rising, Easter week, 1916. Will some one write us an equally simple account of the Russian revolution? For revolution is a subject that we have begun to realize we need to know about in America.

DOROTHY DAY.

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

I, Mary MacLane, by Mary MacLane. \$1.40 net. [Friedrich A. Stokes Co.]

"I HAVE a womanly quality which seems uxorious," says Mary MacLane. "I am somewhat a Right Shape and Size to be somebody's wife. My bodily and astral dimensions—" and I can't pursue this interesting quotation any further. We'd all like to know just what bodily and astral dimensions she had, but unfortunately my father got hold of the copy I was reviewing, and, putting it immediately in a class with Havelock Ellis and Greenwich Village and short hair and other radical things, tore it into small bits. Though I read perhaps enough of the book to be able to review it, it is extremely difficult to quote any of the passages without being forced to terminate them rather abruptly.

The only way to convey an impression of the book is to quote from it. You can't really express an opinion unless you are a psycho-analyst. Some people read it and say, "What a darn fool," or else, "That's just the way I feel." Sometimes they say both.

I can't help having the feeling that Mary MacLane was putting something over on the public when she wrote her second book. Lots of girls write stuff like "The Story of Mary MacLane," which came out twelve years ago. Only they keep it hidden away in diaries on closet shelves, or under the mattress, and swat curious brothers who get hold of it and guffaw over it. But when Mary found that everybody was interested in her curious personality, which is somehow like everybody else's, she did it again. Can't you imagine her sitting down with a plate of hot fudge which she spent so many pages rhapsodizing over, and till all hours of the night, intermittently writing and chuckling over it? And can't you imagine her waking up her sister—if she had a sister—to insist upon reading bits of it to her, and jumping up and down on the springy bed with glee?

If she didn't—God help her! She is in a bad way.

"I listlessly change into my black dress for a listless dinner time, and all my thoughts is that my abdomen is beautifully flat and that I must buy a new petticoat.—I rub a little rouge on my mouth and idly recall a clever and filthy story I once heard.—I have fits of laughter all to myself.—I am quite the most interesting person I know; and with it all, the most appealing, the most sincere—in my own false fashion.—As I read this book, it makes me clench my teeth savagely; and coldly and tranquilly close my eyelids. It makes me love and loathe me, soul and bones." These bits, unharmed by my father's demolishing wrath, are quite entrancing when taken alone. But they come in such large doses—the book is a large one—that one rebounds to Nick Carter or something not so analytical. From the fervid unsociability of this book, one would never believe that Mary MacLane had been adventuring for the last twelve years.

The first story of Mary MacLane is more appealing with its aching loneliness and gleams of hope and bits of description of wild walks. Written by a nineteen year old girl, there was some excuse for the story. But "I, Mary MacLane," written in the same adolescent style after twelve years of association with all sorts and conditions of people, is not half so interesting as my father thought it was.

D. D.

The Sons of God

The Mythology of All Races. In 13 volumes. Louis Herbert Gray, Editor. George Foot Moore, Consulting Editor. Vol. I. Greek and Roman, by William Sherwood Fox, assistant professor of classics, Princeton University. \$6 the vol. [Marshall Jones Co., Boston].

I HAVE myself, a passionate interest in myths, because they breathe to us the most authentic intimations of the beginning of that process which has given us, in its progressive refinements, all our science, our literature, our art, our religion, our politics, our philosophy. Myth-making is the trait which distinguishes our human race from the other animals. We have conquered the earth not alone because our simian ancestor had a thumb, enabling him to establish masterful relations with the external world through the medium of the club and the stone, but also because he had a mind capable of grasping, in an equally rude and useful way, certain ideas about life. If you remember that our poor ancestor had, at some previous period, strayed from the path of instinct, and had lost that esoteric knowledge of the world which is possessed by the other animals, along with the power to adapt himself functionally to that world, you will realize that he was dependent on such makeshifts as clubs and ideas, in lieu of horns and fangs and an inherited knowledge of the way to get along. But his club became modern machinery, and his myths became modern thought. If you saw the first club ever used in the conquest of the world by man, it would thrill you—even if ten thousand generations had whittled at it until it looked rather like a fancy walking-stick. Well, in the same way, the first ideas that men had about the world thrill me—even if those crude primal myths have been refashioned by ten thousand generations until they are just pretty fairy-stories.

Some of them, however, still seem to have their original shape. And if one could read all the surviving myths of all the world, one might know a good deal about the origin of thought. That is why I am fascinated by the idea of this series, which in its thirteen volumes is to contain materials given for the first time to the English-reading public—including such recondite matter as Slavic and Finno-Ugric, Oceanic, Armenian and African mythology. Two volumes, one on Greek and Roman and the other on American Indian Myths, have already appeared. The latter volume I have not yet read. The former is a clear and scholarly account of the myth-cycles found in Greek and Latin literature, with some admirable illustrations, chiefly photographs of vase-paintings and sculpture. It contains a minimum of theorizing—a reaction against the fashion of the last generation of comparative mythologists, who mixed in a pound of theoretical interpretation with every ounce of myth. Belonging as I do spiritually to that generation, I shall not be able to refrain from following their example now; but the editor of this volume should not be held responsible for my divagations.

I read the book, in fact, as a history of the Sons of God. I wanted to follow the historical development, in the Greek mind, of the relationship of the young god to the old one. I had seen the beginnings of that relationship in Hesiod, and I wanted to know the rest of it.

In Hesiod, the relationship of the young god to the old one is very simple. The father hates and fears the son, and the son kills the father. The myths themselves make it quite clear why this is so. Ouranos, the Night Sky, and Gaia, the Earth, engender monstrous children of whom the father is afraid, and whom he thrusts back into the earth whence they came. Earth, on behalf of her children, plots against their father, and Kronos, youngest of the Titan-brood, attacks his father, brings his reign to an end, and supplants him in heaven.

In this crude savage myth, here expurgated of the details most offensive to modern taste, we have what appears to be one of the oldest and least revised Greek myths, and the type of the earlier, perhaps the earliest, conception of the Son of God. He appears as the Enemy and Supplanter of his father-god—naturally enough, since he is, almost literally, the sun, born of the night-sky, driving the darkness away, and reigning in its stead. Naturally enough, also, he fears to be slain and supplanted by his own son. Therefore he swallows all his children at birth. But Rhea, the new name of the Earth-goddess, plots against his life on behalf of her children, and hides the latest-born, giving to Kronos a stone wrapped in swaddling clothes to swallow. Eventually this youngest son, Zeus, puts an end to his father's reign, and rules in heaven in his stead. It is merely another version, hardly less savage, of the same story.

There are echoes of this primitive conception of the Son of God as Slayer and Supplanter, in the overthrow of the Titans by the young Zeus. And it would appear that Zeus himself feared to be overthrown and supplanted by some son* of his own—a fate which is prophesied by Prometheus. This prophecy appears to point to Herakles, the son of Zeus and a mortal woman. But Herakles, although he frees Prometheus from the bondage imposed by Zeus, does not carry out the full terms of the prophecy, for the reason apparently that the myth had reached a period in its development in which no such denouement was required. With Prometheus, indeed, the theme of rebellion against God breaks partly loose from the conception of son-ship. In the case of Prometheus, the anger of the god is incurred because he takes the part of Zeus' youngest children, the race of man, whom their father has grown angry with and planned to destroy. It is Prometheus who gives fire to mankind. As a fire-god, Prometheus seems to approximate to the relation of son-ship to Zeus, the Sky-god. We may say that with his gift of fire commences the great tradition of the Son of God as a benefactor of mankind, and with his torment, in chains upon the rock above Tartarus, the twin-tradition of a suffering God. The myth has now entered upon its second stage, in which the Son of God suffers at his father's hands, for helping mankind. It may perhaps be mentioned that the lame Hephaestus, a homelier version of the fire-god, a son of Zeus and a benefactor of mankind, is hurled in anger by his father from heaven. The significance of his lameness seems to have been lost in the polite satire of the Homeric period, but it is the equivalent of the torment of Prometheus.

* Or by a daughter. Zeus, warned that his child, Athene, will be wiser than he, swallows her, and she is later re-born from his brain.

With Herakles begins a third period in the development of the myth. The Son of God is now conceived as a God-Man. Born of a mortal mother, he is loved by his father. But he is hated by Hera, who cheats him out of an inheritance promised by Zeus, and who afflicts him with intermittent madness. By command of the gods he performs twelve labors on behalf of mankind, which are at the same time a series of dangers akin to punishments; he is sold into slavery, and compelled to wear women's clothes; and at the end of his career he puts on a fiery robe given him by mistake by his wife, and in agony mounts his funeral pyre. He is taken to heaven by a thunder-cloud sent by Zeus, is reconciled to the angry goddess Hera, and given the boon of immortality.

In this story we have all the materials which constitute the grandeur of the Prometheus myth, but they came to be overshadowed by the merely physical exploits. Herakles became a somewhat commonplace and romantic Strong Man, and in the hands of the satirists degenerated into a comic character. In his capacity of Hero he begins the popular tradition in which, divested of most of its tragic properties, the myth has descended to our own times, as in Rex Beachian fiction. He represents the young god in his most commonplace and, for ordinary purposes, most widely appreciated form.

The myth could not, however, be permitted to decay into mere popular fiction. The God-Man could not be permitted to become merely the Strong Man. And so in the worship of Dionysos-Zagreus as developed by a certain mystical cult, we find a revivification of the more significant aspects of the myth. Dionysos was born of a mortal woman, Semele, to whom Zeus appeared, at her rash request, in fatal thunders and lightnings. The unborn child Zeus sews into his thigh, whence it is later re-born. Dionysos performs good deeds for humanity, but chiefly in the form of miracles. Popularly known to us as the god of wine, he was more than that—he was the god of beneficent vegetation in general, of which the wine was symbolic. It will have been observed that in the earlier myths the God is a Sun or Fire God, and it is interesting to note the new values which are introduced when the God becomes the plant which is slain in the autumn and is re-born again in the spring, or the grape whose very blood is drunk by his votaries. The God suffers and dies for men, as before; but he is born again. Zagreus is torn asunder, and lives again. The Son of God has become the one who goes down into the underworld of death for the sake of man, rises from the dead, and is immortal. His life, the good deeds and miracles that he performs, are incidental, and his death is all-important. He dies that man may live. The Son of God has become the Savior of Mankind.

The significance of this latest development is in the new function that is added to the ritual of sacrifice. When the bull, symbol of the sun, is slain and offered to the sun god, it is to appease the wrath of an angry god, that man may live. When the blood of Dionysus is drunk ceremonially, it is to achieve a mystical union with the god, that man may live again.

This, then, according to the Greeks, is the history of the Sons of God. They first appear as mere successful rivals to an older tyrant. Then comes one whose rebellion against

the established order is conceived as an act of friendship to man: the Son, if not the Father, is on our side. Then follows a Son who is on good terms with his father, whose sufferings are not mere afflictions of Fatherly wrath, but labors on behalf of mankind. Soon one is born among us, the Son of Man as well as of God. We forget for a time that he is a God, we say only that he has a God's strength; we admire and applaud him. We even laugh at him. But when our need is dire, and human help is not sufficient, we turn again to God, and ask him to send another Son to us. But we have lost faith in heroism, and we demand miracles. We have lost faith, moreover, in the possibilities of this life, and we ask that he secure for us another life beyond the grave. And here, in Greek mythology, the story stops.

But it would appear, even so, that the Sons of God have done a great deal for us. They have given to our politics, our philosophy, our literature, those great traditions of the Rebel, the Martyr, and the Hero: to say nothing of their services, of which I have not spoken, to art. And the latest of them has given to our religion what most of mankind appear to desire, the assurance, through a ritualistic identification with himself, of his immortality. Perhaps God has really done all he can for us in the way of sons. Perhaps he has exhausted himself in his latter efforts, and we must turn, if we desire new aid and comfort, to her, the Goddess—

"The earth that is the sister of the sea;
The earth that is the daughter of the stars,
The mother of the myriad race of men."

—But this article is too long already.

FLOYD DELL.

Turning the Other Cheek

Profiles From China. By Eunice Tietjens. \$1 net. [Ralph Fletcher Seymour, Chicago.]

FOUR years ago the name of Eunice Tietjens was unknown to me. I saw it for the first time a year later as a signature at the end of a scurrilous article. The article was a deprecatory and, of course, unjust criticism of one of my books; a most reprehensible and shameless piece of writing. (I refer to the criticism.) It was, as I have been trying to explain, a bad review and it made me very angry. A few months later, when I was looking over some manuscripts submitted to THE MASSES, I saw the name again. It was signed to a poem, and it made me even angrier. For it was a disappointingly good poem. It even showed—and this was particularly exasperating—a promise of greater strength. That promise was fulfilled in increasing measure in her subsequent work; and my righteous scorn for the person became lost in a grudging admiration for the poet.

Now here is Mrs. Tietjens' "Profiles From China" and here also is my chance. . . . But something has happened to my vengeful temper;—the war or the Tribune editorials or association with radicals or something more foreign has softened the semitic anger and stubbornness that I depended on. I prefer to think it is a clear vision—although it may be the gentle virus of the Christian world that is working in me—that makes me call attention to this remarkable little volume. It is a book which is slight in bulk but in no other

way. The author achieves a sort of bigness that is rare; she has gone to a country she did not understand, and she has come back bringing with her no pretense of omniscience but a still deeper, yet, somehow revealing bewilderment. It is to her credit that never once does she write like the artists on tour. These pictures of dirt and beauty, of luxury and disease, of a gaunt and alien industrialism struggling in the midst of heavy torpor, are vividly real, because they are the emotional record of things seen—not thought out first and written afterward. "The Hand" is a powerful and sinister portrait; beneath its suave outlines we get a glimpse of the cool and cruel depths of the Orient. "A Scholar" is less striking but similarly illuminating; and "In the Mixed Court: Shanghai" one catches much of the same flavor sharpened by a more direct irony. And "Cormorants" has a fierce social undercurrent which—But, instead of talking about it, I will quote it:

The boats of your masters are black;
They are filthy with the slimy filth of ages; like the canals on which they float, they give forth an evil smell.
On soiled perch you sit, swung out on either side over the scummy water—you who should be savage and untamed, who should ride on the clean breath of the sea and beat your pinions in the strong storms of the sea.
Yet you are not held.
Tamely you sit and willingly, ten wretches to a boat, lurching and half asleep.
Around each throat is a ring of straw, a small ring, so that you may swallow only small things, such as your masters desire.
Presently, when you reach the lake, you will dive.
At the word of your masters the parted waters will close over you and in your ears will be the gurgling of yellow streams.
Hungriily you will search in the darkened void, swiftly you will pounce on the silver shadow.
Then you will rise again, bearing in your beak the struggling prey.
And your lousy lords, whose rings are upon your throats, will take from you the catch, giving in its place a puny wriggler which can pass the gates of straw.
Yet willingly you sit, lurching and half asleep. The boatmen shout one to another in nasal discords. Lazily you preen your great wings, eagle wings, built for the sky;
And you yawn.
Faugh! The sight of you sickens me, divers in inland filth!
You grow lousy like your lords,
For you have forgotten the sea.

Mrs. Tietjens is almost as successful in the lighter pictures like "The Dandy" and "Interlude." The only poems that are below the level of the volume (and how much sting I intended to put into this sentence!) are in the section, "Echoes." They are just that—and they are, at best, rather thin echoes which have been more lovingly and clearly reflected by several other mediums. But that section is the shortest and least consequential; the rest of the seventy-five pages lift far above it. It is good to know that among the many and various-voiced women poets today there is one who can write social criticism without ranting and who can feel pity without sentimentalizing. This blend of toughness and tenderness is revealed a dozen times in the volume notably in "Meditation," "The Chair Ride" and the splendid sketch "New China: The Iron Works," that begins:

"The furnaces, the great steel furnaces, tremble and glow; gigantic machinery clanks, and in living iridescent streams the white-hot slag pours out.
This is tomorrow set in yesterday, the west imbedded in the east, a graft but not a growth."

Together with these excellent examples, there are—But, with coals at ten dollars a ton, I feel I have heaped enough on one unregenerate head. Besides, I have been told that a long repression of our hates always finds its outlet in such things as drunkenness and war. I dislike any intoxicant that is not flavored with chocolate, and I have no intention of enlisting. So I buy a stiletto, a bottle of vitriol, and a dictionary of violent explosives—and wait for Mrs. Tietjens' next book!

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Note

THE cover design this month is a cryptic study of Mae Marsh's features, drawn by Frank Walts.



Adolph Dehn.

Suffrage and Sedition

THE suffragists who have been arrested for picketing the White House with banners demanding woman suffrage as a political right, deserve our heartiest congratulations. Their straightforward and courageous propaganda comes as a happy reassurance that the soul of the suffrage movement has not been corrupted by opportunism. It was perhaps to have been expected that many women would succumb to the temptation of bargaining with militarism for the vote. Yet the spectacle of women anxious to assist a military bureaucracy in depriving others of their liberties, as signified by their offer to help in the work of conscription registration, in order to gain a political privilege, has been viewed with intense chagrin by those who regard the political emancipation of women as part and parcel of human emancipation. It would be useless to point out to such bargainers that they will fail to receive their hoped-for reward at the hands of the militarists; they will have to find that out by pathetic experience; they will learn well enough who are their friends. But meanwhile this proof that politically sound and humanly decent tactics have not been discarded by the best elements of the movement, is welcome if expected news.

The incident which resulted in the arrest of the militants was sufficiently ironic. It is not to be wondered at that the police failed to recognize the "seditious and treasonable" inscription on their banner as the President's own words. But that fact, when discovered, only made their offence more serious. To turn the President's words against him, is to commit, apparently, a species of *lese-majeste*. It is all right to talk about liberty and self-government when you mean something to be instituted abroad by means of conscription and censorship at home; but if you want to make those beautiful phrases mean something at home, you are on the danger line—where all lovers of liberty belong, and where we are glad to see the militant suffragists taking a conspicuous place.

Knit a Strait-Jacket for Your Soldier Boy

(From the *Tribune*)

THAT the frequency of mental disease among soldiers has been the unexpected and staggering factor of the present war, was asserted last night by Dr. F. E. Williams, assistant medical director of the National Mental Hygiene Committee.

"The rate has gone beyond the bounds of expectation and of preparation, and in meeting the situation there has been chaos," he said.

In the normal civil population, Dr. Williams said, one person in one thousand suffers from mental disease. The mere strain of mobilization may be expected to show three to a thousand. In the Spanish War the rate was twenty to a thousand and in the Russo-Japanese War fifty. Canadian figures for the present war were given by Dr. Williams, on condition that they be not published, at the request of those from whom he had received them.

"The rate," he said, "has risen with the increasing use of high-powered explosives. The aluminum shell, which cannot be seen or heard until it bursts, but has a concussion powerful enough to throw a man to the ground at a distance of fifty yards, is especially devastating."

The Liberty Loan

NOW that the Liberty Loan has been oversubscribed by the patriotism of American citizens, and much has been made by the daily papers of this patriotic generosity, it might be well to point out that the democratic idea of conscription had a great deal to do with even this end of the war for humanity.

Here are two actual examples of American patriotism and liberty which have been personally noted by the writer.

In the employ of a downtown firm there is a widow with three children, who supports herself on fourteen dollars a week, holding the position of stenographer. When the Liberty Loan was announced her employers offered her the alternative of subscribing or resigning. As a consequence two dollars a week is being taken from her salary, on which four persons have to live, in order to pay her subscription.

Her employers are gaining space in the papers for their patriotism in buying large amounts of the bonds. The name of this company and the stenographer will be furnished on application. They are withheld here lest the woman in question lose her position for exposing the deal.

In an uptown department store this little dialogue took place:

CUSTOMER: My, but it's hot in here. How can you stand it?

SALESGIRL: (*A child of seventeen or thereabouts, looking to weigh about eighty pounds, colorless as to complexion and apathetic as to expression*): You ought to come in July. It's much nicer then. So nice and cool and airy!

CUSTOMER: How much do you make?

SALESGIRL: Ten a week. That is, usually. But I don't get that much now for a while.

CUSTOMER: Why not?

SALESGIRL: Well, you see, we have to buy Liberty Bonds. They take a dollar a week out of our salaries for that.

CUSTOMER: You have to buy them?

SALESGIRL: That or lose our jobs. What can we do? They don't give us any choice. And it just means that I get a dollar's worth of food less every week. But what can you do?

At this moment in the dialogue a band in the street started playing "The Star Spangled Banner," and the rest of the girl's speech was drowned out in the mighty cheers of patriotic citizens outside.

PATRICK KEARNEY.

MAKING A SAFE

MAKE a safe for democracy—shut it inside

To keep till the war's safely past—

Till the Powers that Be shall benignly decide

It is safe to unlock it at last;

And let the Combination be known

To the Powers that Be, and to them alone.

If they should forget it! . . . Oh never say die!

The people must blow up the safe by and by.

ELIZABETH WADDELL.

Petition to the President and Congress of the United States for the Immediate Repeal of the Present Conscription Law

IN pursuance of a war of offense to be waged on foreign soil, compulsory military service has been imposed upon the citizens of the United States. Believing this action to be in excess of the Constitutional authority granted you, and in violation of the fundamental tenets of democracy, we, the undersigned citizens of the United States, respectfully urge the immediate repeal of the present Conscription Law. In justification of our position we call attention to the following facts.

First: There was never afforded to the American people any opportunity of deciding for themselves whether or not this nation should enter the European war. And such expressions of the popular will as have been afforded, fail to substantiate the belief that conscription for such a war would be a "volunteering of the nation *en masse*." To wit:

The first national expression of popular feeling was the approval of President Wilson's course in keeping us out of war, shown by his re-election upon the slogan, "He kept us out of war."

A postal card referendum of 20,000 voters taken in the State of Massachusetts showed 66 per cent. against war.

In the city of Sheboygan, Wis., a referendum taken of the qualified electors resulted in a vote of 4,082 against war and 17 for war.

In a vote taken in the county of Sheboygan, Wis., outside the city of Sheboygan, 2,051 voted against war, and not one vote was cast for war.

A straw vote in the city of Seattle, Wash., showed 374 against a declaration of war and 31 for it.

A referendum taken by Congressman Lundeen of his constituents in the city of Minneapolis, Minn., brought returns from nearly 8,000 voters against declaring war, and from less than 300 in favor of such a declaration.

Five congressional districts east and west, city and country, circularized by their congressmen at the expense of the American Union Against Militarism, voted by heavy majorities against going to war. A manufacturing district in Pennsylvania voted 10 to 1 against war. A mining and fruit-growing district in Colorado voted 6 to 1 against war. The rural and small town population in a Missouri district voted 11 to 1 against war. An agricultural district in Texas voted 11 to 1 against war. Thirty congressmen, representing all sections of the country, reached through lists furnished mostly by organized labor and the granges, reported a vote running uniformly against war.

The one opportunity for the expression of the popular feeling concerning the Conscription Law—namely, registration of all men between the ages of 21 and 31—appears to show that fully one million men expressed their disapproval by refusing to register. Of the nine and a half million men that did register, fully 69 per cent. claimed exemption. The government has refused to make public the percentage of those claiming exemption on the ground that they disapproved of the war, and in the absence of evidence which would doubtless be forthcoming if it existed, the presumption must be that it is so great as to indicate that conscription is disapproved of by a very large proportion of those actually concerned.

Second: The conscription of an unwilling nation would not only give a tacit endorsement to the plans of the imperialistic elements in Great Britain, France, Italy and autocratic Japan, endanger the republican institutions of Russia and China, alienate the sympathies of the liberals in Germany and weaken their power of resistance to their own imperialism, but it would cast doubt on the sincerity of the motives of the United States in entering into this war. We who share the democratic ideals set forth by our President, cannot but believe that the present Conscription Law constitutes a fatal abandonment of those ideals. In the interests of that democracy of which the American people have made you the guardians, we ask the immediate repeal of the present Conscription Law.

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Of a Night

'TIS the devil of a night all hot and sweet

Till a sweat not ichor gets in the blood,
And we chafe and chide to be glued to a seat;
Damn it, I say, but I must abroad!

* in the night to wander, wander,
Out in the night with the sweet mad scent
Under the shadowy elm-arch yonder—
Shadows and sounds and odors blent!

Give me your arm; we'll strike forever
A stride to reach to the front of the day
Meet it and greet it! Ah, friend, did you ever
Feel lips of a girl like the Night's astray?

Over your brow and your cheek and your eyes,
Touching your hands, down neck so cool,
A shiver forever, mad, mad surprise?
—Wander we; who sleeps is a fool.

Wander, wander! The sky is yonder,
Up, aye a million miles out of sight;
And here walk we with souls to ponder
The bliss of a kiss from the Infinite!

Give me your arm; our stride be straight,
Over the world to the front of the day,
Breast to breast with the flaming Gate
When the marvel breaks with the mists away;—

Breaks untrammelled of scent or sound;
Breaks like God from his Word and is He;
Breaks as my soul leaps free of the ground—
Flung back, to arise at last and be!
HOWARD BUCK.

To R. A.

FROM this friendly raft of *vers libre*

I wave, as it were, a shirt,
Towards Philadelphia.

Meaning: I read your anonymous reminiscences,

And I recognize, with a peculiar pleasure your portrait of me at the blackboard,

Unutterably lost and unhappy among those rows of figures.

But you who were sorry for me, who wanted to help me—

(A possibility at which I never guessed, And which, doubtless, would have frightened me quite to death!)

Who, I ask myself, were *you*?

And finding no answer, I stand up on my frail raft

And signal wistfully toward the horizon.
F.

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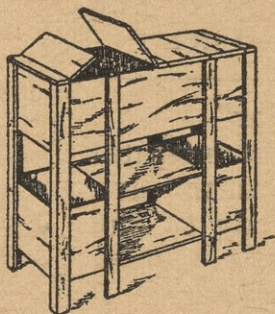
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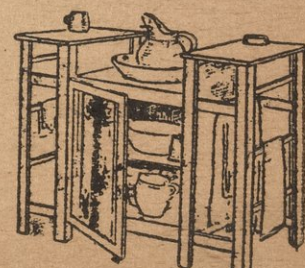


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A SOCIETY WOMAN
I WAS taught not to take anything seriously
Except dancing and the pursuit of a husband.
My husband will not allow me to have children
Because he admires a pretty figure
And he likes me to preside at his dinner parties. I do it well enough,
But on rare occasions when I see a dumpy mother
With joy in her eyes and a dirty baby or two clinging to her knees
I wonder if I am not missing something.

A CHILDLESS WIFE
I ALWAYS wanted to have a baby.
When I was a little bit of a girl
I loved my doll babies best of all my playthings,
Because I could pretend I was their mother.
Now they tell me I never can have one.
I thought for a long time there was something wrong with me.
While I was at the hospital
I heard some one whisper "Honey-moon appendicitis."
They thought I didn't hear,
But I heard and understood.
They say men are like that,
But—God! I never thought mine was.

A SUFFRAGIST
HOW can you other married women
Sit so smugly in your steam-heated houses
Placidly embroidering or reading the latest best-seller
Or shrieking over your auction scores
While millions and millions of women are being exploited by their employers?
But what do you care?
You are not even interested.
You are not aware that little children are whipped
To keep them awake in the canneries.
Or how could you continue to be house cats
Fed and warmed and petted and purring
Only rousing when your place on the hearth is threatened?

A MOTHER
MY children are gone all day
Even at noon
They have luncheon at school.
When they were little I stayed with them
Mended their little clothes and toys
Gave up my friends for them
Let my mind get rusty and didn't care
For they needed me.
But now they are away all day
And my husband is away too,
What is there for me?
There are so many things I'd like to know.
Why doesn't some one form a school
For women over fifty?
JANE SNOW.

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The others are saying it to hide their **Ignorance** of what is really behind prohibition, or because they haven't the **Courage** to tell the **Truth**.

What is the **Truth**?

That the basis of the prohibition movement is an artificial public sentiment created by **False Statements** as to the injurious effects of the use of alcoholic beverages.

To understand prohibition we must know what are the **Sources** of its **Strength**. These are:

1. The belief that evils resulting from the excessive use of liquor can be cured by prohibitory laws.
2. The superficial thinking that confuses **Cause** with **Coincident**, and blames liquor drinking for conditions of which it is merely a **Symptom**.
3. The **Cowardice** of weaklings who want the government to protect them against their own lack of **Self-Control**.
4. The attitude of **Privileged Interests** that wish the people to believe that liquor drinking is responsible for poverty, ignorance, long hours, low wages, child labor, and other social evils.
5. The widespread systematic campaign of misleading and invented statistics, and gross exaggeration of the injurious effects of liquor, conducted by **Professional Reformers**.
6. Ambition of politicians for Power and Profit, through agitation of the liquor question.

The Anti-Saloon League has an **Annual Income** of about **\$2,500,000**.

Where does this enormous campaign fund come from?

A part from misguided people who think that they are furthering the worthy cause of temperance.

The greater part from the **Privileged Interests**, that are trying to divert public attention from unjust economic conditions by raising the false issue of suppressing the liquor traffic.

The advocates of prohibition have manufactured public sentiment by **Deliberate Misrepresentations**, and **Unfounded Assertions**.

They dare not tell the people the truth as to the failure of prohibitory legislation to **Diminish Drinking**.

Nor do they dare to enact laws forbidding the **Use** of liquor.

All that they do is to prohibit its **Manufacture** and **Sale**.

Why is not the "**Use**" of liquor prohibited.

Because a law for that purpose **Could Not Possibly Be Enforced**, owing to the ease with which those desiring liquors could manufacture them for their own use.

Why do not newspaper editors expose the fallacies of prohibition?

Either because they are too indolent to study the problem, or because they are afraid to criticise the powerful interests that are using prohibition as a means of side-tracking the movement for **Social Justice**.

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Enchanted vines and trees,
That are paths that walk our wonder
Over seven hundred seas;
There are trails along the streamers
Of the moon and stars and sun,
But they never call to dreamers
Who have the legs to run.

The ways of iridescence
That set desire aflame
With a purple incandescence
That casts the shadow of shame
Are pressed with pathways beaten
By Virtue's phantom heels
That travel there to sweeten
The fragrance of ideals.

The fiery paths of trouble
That are gauntlets of the soul,
That rise and fall and double,
May sometimes reach a goal,
But having found fulfilment,
Dim and fade along the past,
Leaving those of unfulfilment
To lure and grip and last.

And the road whose lure is strongest,
Whose tracks are perfume-sweet,
The road that lingers longest
Is the path where little feet
Have pattered through a doorway
And out across a lawn
Where there wasn't any doorway
And there wasn't any lawn.

FRANK CORLISS.

The Autobiography of a Small Town Girl

THE neighbors talked about him
glowingly,
And in the Spring he spoke to me
Walking in the woods
Among the hepaticas and kisses.

In the Summer
The golden-roads waved on the hills,
And he said good-bye.

In Autumn I couldn't walk in the
woods
For the dizziness that came over me.
And he was gone.

Then the neighbors started talking
about me.

CHARLES DIVINE.

To One Loved

NOW you have grown so very dear
to me,
Your touch is precious as new leaves,
And your long look takes my thought
wavering
Off to the green hills
O, on this day of spring's return
Let us break our way into the budded
places!

FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN.

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SEVEN MILLION DEAD

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