

THE DECEMBER 1915 10 CENTS
THE MASSES



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IN THIS ISSUE
"THE ONLY WAY TO END WAR"
BY MAX EASTMAN

The MASSES

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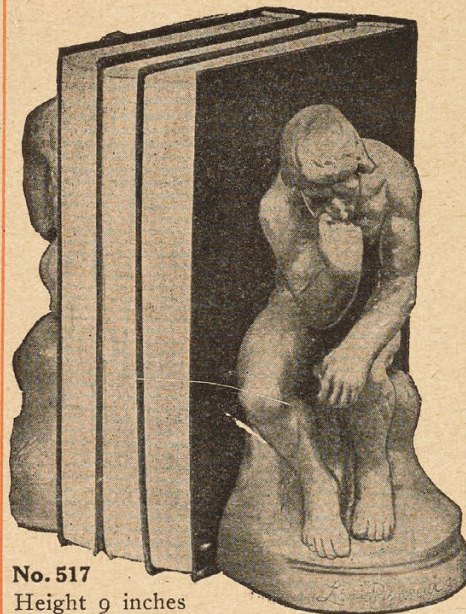
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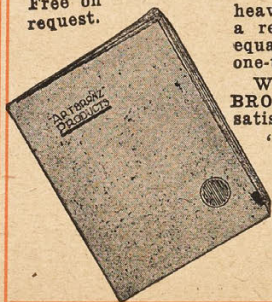
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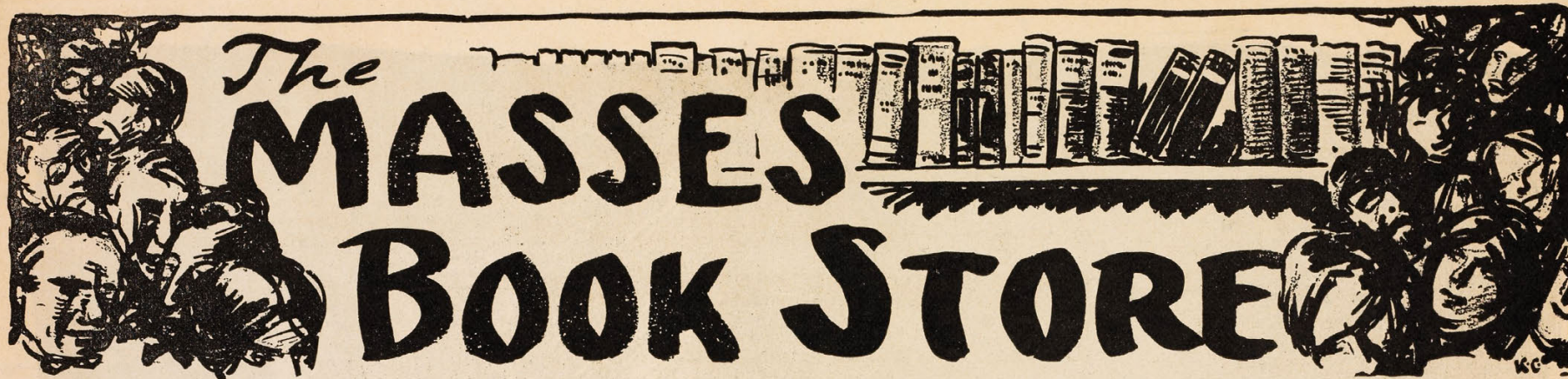
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(Continued on page 23)



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

VOTERS

The MASSES

Vol. VIII. No. 2

DECEMBER, 1915

Issue No. 54

THE AMERICAN PASSENGER

John Bartram Kelley

THE forty-seventh exchange of notes with Germany had taken place. Twenty American ships carrying contraband of war rested on the bottom of the sea. Two big liners owned in England and hundreds of other British vessels had been torpedoed. The difficulty of getting munitions to the continent was growing. Although the administration maintained its point that Americans shall ride anywhere under any conditions, the Americans themselves preferred to see America first. The situation was horrible. But American genius has often proved that it can rise to any occasion, no matter on what pinnacle that occasion may perch.

After searching New York persistently for three months, they found an American named William Johnson, who consented to be the American passenger and convoy the big British freighter, "Rule the Waves," to her anchorage in Liverpool harbor. He was as black as ebony and his occupation was passing towels to men before they could reach for them, and brushing their backs as they tried to get out of the hotel wash-room in a hurry. He knew very little about the war because he couldn't read the papers. But still he felt a little uneasy, until it was explained that the ship was going to Reno, Nevada, to a peace celebration, and all he had to do was to wear a patriotic bathing suit when the captain told him to.

When he had been given three checkered suits, six pair of pale green silk sox, four pair of scarlet sox, a fine striped silk shirt and a free hand at the necktie counter, besides a promise of three dollars a day and expenses, he was proud to do what was asked of him, and to unconsciously undertake the great spiritual mission of daring the Huns to sink a ship on which there traveled a free born American.

Fortunately he had slipped his favorite dice into the pocket of his gabardine raincoat before going aboard, in a hope that he might have a chance to "roll de bones" with some of the seamen, thus enhancing his fortunes at the same time that he whiled away the days and nights. Luck favored him, for he almost immediately found that the freight clerk, an Ulsterman, who himself carried personal dice, was willing to entertain him. At once Mr. William Johnson became so immersed in the game that he was quite oblivious to the touching picture presented by a throng of anxious patriots from the munition factories who had come to see him off.

He had already won the Ulsterman's watch and was busy trying to hang it on one of the hooks on the back of his waistcoat, when the ship cast off to the solemn and appropriate chorus of "Brittania Rule the Waves."

On the bridge the captain did a few of the more dignified steps of the hornpipe. His eyes blazed with the

determination to be a hero. He would never permit a German submarine to sink the "Rule the Waves," so long as a hundred million people had entrusted their beloved citizen to his care. He knew he was a fine specimen of the modern English sea dog. How they had developed since the days of Drake and Raleigh, developed and blossomed out in to the great modern school whose lights are Ismay and Turner! And now he proudly thought of the cargo of false teeth which he was hastening to the doddering old lion's jaws. He dismissed the thought of the Huns from his mind.

As the "Rule the Waves" ran into a long swell off Sandy Hook Mr. Johnson felt that something was undermining the pleasure of taking the Ulsterman's clothes and tobacco away from him. He felt that he didn't care to see those dice rolling about and finally staggering into his stateroom he fell limply on his bunk and moaned dismally. Slowly the thought came to him that he was dying. Rolling his eyes he said to the cookee who had put his head into the room, "Dis chile am a gone niggah!" The way he said it impressed the cookee. The cookee passed the word to the second mate, who in turn told the first mate that the American was dying. The first mate sprang to the bridge and hoarsely told the captain, who rushed into his quarters to read international law and find out whether dead Americans had the same nautical rights as live ones. He ordered the engines reversed until he could make sure. Why hadn't he brought two Americans!

The steward stepped in and announced that Mr. Johnson was resting easier, though he had no appetite and the noise of the engine made his head ache. The captain ordered the engine stopped.

The next bulletin announced that Mr. Johnson slept deeply if noisily. The captain experimented with the machinery and found that the ship could continue on her course without disturbing the American passenger. From this time the choicest morsels of food were reserved for Mr. Johnson. A wheel chair was made for him, the wheels being manufactured out of the tops of kegs. He got his exercise by having a seaman push him along the deck. Only one thing disturbed his peace of mind. The Ulsterman had developed a winning streak, and by the second day out Mr. Johnson's wardrobe was reduced to one pair of scarlet sox. He became ill again and the captain divining the cause, threw the ship's clerk under hatches after returning Mr. Johnson's finery. The first mate was then ordered to "roll the bones" with the American passenger. At the end of two days more the mate was clad in a burlap smock which Mr. Johnson showed him how to construct by skilfully cutting three holes in a gunny sack. Through these three holes the arms and head found

gress. The mate squirmed a bit but the captain only thundered at him.

Mr. Johnson began to feel bored and wanted to roll the bones with someone who had something to lose, but the captain was threatened with a mutiny if he ordered anyone else to amuse the embodiment of American principles any further. Most of the crew were married and needed their pay and those who weren't had no desire to go ashore in a gunny sack.

Mr. Johnson was beginning to take an interest in "disshere Reno" and continually asked where it was. Nobody knew, and this made the American passenger roll his eyes. "How's 'at you don' know weer disshere Reno's at?" he asked suspiciously. "Why fo' you tell me you don' know weer disshere Reno's at? White man, why fo' you tell me 'at?" he reiterated rapidly. The mate finally told him that the "Rule the Waves" was bound for England, whereupon Mr. Johnson nearly collapsed. "My Gawd!" was all he could stammer. "If you wear that bathing suit no one will hurt you," the mate told him.

"Dat flag-suit, I ain't got dat flag-suit no mo'. Gemmen in dar got dat flag-suit." The eyes of the American passenger rolled fearfully as he pointed to the hatch beneath which the Ulsterman was imprisoned.

This was news indeed. The mate rushed to the captain who sprang aft and shouted to the freight clerk to pass up that swimming tog. The Irishman said he'd "smoke and singe first," and added that if anyone made a pass at him he'd tear the bally thing to bits. The captain ranted and swore and begged and plead and promised and wheedled. From the hold came the Ulsterman's answer. He 'oped the Dutchmen would sink the bally ship. Then he asked for a "bit of meat." The wily skipper seizing a straw shouted out heartily, "Why, come up, my man, I was a bit hasty putting the blame on you, a bit hasty. Come up and we'll have a bite together."

"You was a bit hasty. I'll stay right 'ere, and if you makes a pass at me I'll tear the bally thing to bits." He seemed to take pleasure in this threat, and he would have been still better pleased had he seen the face of his captain.

After a few rapid turns about the deck the captain got an idea. He ordered the hatches removed from the after hold and posted two sentries with orders to keep out of sight and seize the Ulsterman when he tried to sneak out. But the Ulsterman didn't try to sneak out. He ordered food and threatened to "tear the bally thing to bits if he didn't get it lively." He got it lively. Then he called for pipe and tobacco and a bottle of "licker." They appeared as by magic. After that, but for occasional snatches of song, nothing was heard from the after hold.

The American passenger was in one of those moods of deep melancholy. He retired to his stateroom and moaned and rolled his eyes.

"Ah sayd ah was gwine tu Reno. Oh, Lawd! Ah wants to go to Reno. Why fo' should dis niggah go tu England, huh? Oh, Gawd! gimme back disshere flag-suit."

The door of his stateroom burst open and the mate sprang in, and, seizing Mr. Johnson's arm, half dragged him out on deck to a group that were gathered around the after hatch. Every face was chalk white under its tan. The American passenger looked from one to another. Then he grinned. "Any gemmen want roll de bones?" he asked, rattling his friendly dice in his pocket.

No one heeded him. The captain was speaking down the hold, "Mr. O'Leary, I give you just thirty seconds to come up with that bathing suit. A periscope has been sighted less than two miles to port."

A wild laugh rang out and Mr. O'Leary shouted drunkenly, "'Twas Bill the Kaiser, 'Twas Bill the Kaiser," to the tune of Mr. Dooley.

A hush followed and the captain said to the American passenger, "Run aloft, my man, and show yourself."

"He means go up the mast and tell them you are an American," interpreted the mate.

"You al can't bamboozle dis niggah, no mo'," the American passenger shouted to everyone who would listen, that is, all the officers and crew of the "Rule the

Waves," except her freight clerk, who was crooning a sea ballad.

"You all stahts fo' Reno and now you ends in England and wants me to climb de mas'. Say! what you all take me fo'? Don' you get me rile'. Ah say, don' you get dis chile rile'." He looked about him belligerently.

The captain and the mate stepped aside for a short parley. "I'll swing him up on a derrick arm and wave him," said the captain half doubtfully.

"Yes, sir," said the mate. "Of course, sir, it isn't quite regular, sir, without the national colors flying on 'im. But it ought to help. Dod gast that O'Leary!" From the hold came the chorus of "Tipperary," rendered with great power.

"Hold your noise! Sing the 'Star Spangled Banner,' you fool," roared the captain. Mr. O'Leary ceased singing and began to weep.

The captain ordered the American seized and hoisted on a derrick arm and waved hard. This was done and before Mr. Johnson realized what had happened he was swinging through the air like a great pendulum. "Oh, Lawd, if ah evah gith mah thumbs in dat Capting's haar, ah'll pull his haid off," shouted the American convoy.

The submarine was now very close to the "Rule the Waves." Through the periscope the commanding officer watched the strange proceeding. He thought it was a good old-fashioned Hindu lynching, and his heart was touched, but it was another chance to fool England and spoil the fun. "Put him out of his misery," he ordered. A gun was trained on Mr. Johnson and a shell struck him on the head. It almost stunned him.

Then the commander gave the crew eleven seconds to take to the boats. They had four to spare. As the last boat was getting away a wild figure sprang out of the hold. It was a man dressed in the red, white and blue bathing suit that had been designed by Mr. Schwab. On the chest glittered the stars, while around and round the stomach and down the legs ran the stripes. It was O'Leary. As he ran for the rail he sang the "Star Spangled Banner." He was magnificent. He dived and was pulled into the boat.

Then a torpedo was sent into the "Rule the Waves" and she gallantly sank, carrying down all the British lion's false teeth and the American passenger.

Practical Christianity

THE Rev. Wesley Purdy Spillwex delivered a powerful and eloquent sermon on "Christian Money-making" at Infinity Church last Sunday. In ending he said: "I may say by way of illustration that I have myself, with the assistance of Providence, cleaned up twenty thousand dollars on war-stocks in the past two months. But it took all the character, all the moral stamina, all the blessed gumption I possess, to put it through." These remarks affected his hearers deeply, and left most of them in tears.

As is well known, this eminent divine and popular clergyman is the author of the "How to Succeed" series, in sixty-seven volumes, which have had a sale of fourteen million copies. Not content with teaching others, the Rev. Spillwex has ever made practical use of his knowledge, to the greater glory of God. He turned over, at a splendid Christian profit to himself, eight thousand square miles of Florida swamp land last year; and the year before, he exploited a radium mine on the top of Mt. McKinley. The Rev. Spillwex is universally beloved by his congregation, who especially admire his simple way of driving home the truths of the Beatitudes.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

"Lay up Treasures for Yourselves—"



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

LICKING HIS TRACKS

Internationalities

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

THE commander of the Sons of Veterans denounces as damnable the song, "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier." He thinks it is a reflection upon the way he raised his father.

AT last some genius has discovered the cure for New York's financial ills: stop having books of fiction in the public libraries. They cost a lot of money and people only read them and wear them out. This is the best suggestion that has been made since Comptroller Prendergast proposed to avert bankruptcy by abolishing river baths for the kids.

IT must not be assumed that the big newspaper campaign of advertising now being carried on by the Standard Oil Company has had anything to do with the widespread commendation of young John D. and his new line of bunc. It was an approximately pure coincidence.

AS revised by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis: "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor speculators." He might, at least, have put his money into Bethlehem Steel.

THE GERMANS have beaten the British at the latter's own game, throwing the bull into Bulgaria.

ACCORDING to Republican critics of the administration, if Wilson had only hurried a little he might have got a nice war started with Germany before the supply of submarines ran out.

THE Greek reservist was on his way home to abolish his detestable enemy.

"But who is your enemy?" some quibbler asked. "That," he replied, "will probably be decided by the time I get there."

HOLLAND during the past year has nationalized many of its industries. This would seem to confirm the long standing rumor: The Dutch have taken Holland.

THE cry now in Italy, the papers say, is "wool, wool, wool." They ought to have saved what D'Annunzio pulled over their eyes.

THERE is complaint in some quarters because a captain has been ordered from Texas to West Point to coach the football team and his expenses paid under the head of "military necessity." The army believes in preparedness—against the navy.

"HENRY FORD discusses peace with Wilson and navy efficiency with Daniels." A word of advice, Henry, from one who has tried earnestly to make your celebrated product go forward and backward at the same time.

YOU'LL stall your engine that way.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

The "Loyalty" of India

THE British censors have given us to understand that India is "loyally" pouring out its blood and money in behalf of the British Empire. But dispatches from Singapore, Ceylon, and nearly every part of British India have reached us with evidence of widespread if not general revolt. Loyalty seems to be limited to the Nawabs and Bogums and their mercenaries.

It is a good time to recall a few items of India's indictment of British rule:

Item—In fifty-eight years of undisputed British rule the people of India have made scarcely any advance; during the same period Japan, with a less favorable

position and one-fourth the population and resources, became one of the eight Great Powers.

Item—British rule in India is very similar to the rule of the Czar in Russia. In both countries the taxes bear chiefly on a starving peasantry, the overwhelming majority of the population. Not only does this make all substantial advance of the people impossible, but it prevents the development of agriculture and so also of domestic capital generally—since these are agricultural countries. In neither country is there any guarantee or any real beginning of democracy, individual liberty or free speech.

Item—Indians are only second-rate citizens of the British Empire. They do not have the rights even of non-British immigrants in Canada, Australia, or South Africa.

How does the British censor expect us to believe that the people of India (except a few mercenaries) are fighting voluntarily, side by side with their enemies of these "white democracies," and their oppressors in India?

The truth is that India is praying for a long war and hopes that the British Empire will be weakened until it can be driven out of India.

The people of India are in the same state of mind as the people of Russia. Every defeat of the Czar is welcomed if it does not go so far as to promise a final victory for the far more efficiently despotic government of the Kaiser.

Similarly every calamity that befalls the armies of King George—short of the establishment of the still more hated dominion of the Kaiser—is regarded as so much clear gain for the people of India.

Such is the much heralded loyalty of India. Is it not clear that all India would be glad to see England compelled by further defeats to call upon her for new forces to save the British Empire, and to grant self-government to India in order to secure such aid?

The British censors can deprive us of most of the news, but they can hardly hope to deprive us of our brains—whatever success they may have had in this direction in the British Isles.

W. E. W.

THE LOVER SINGS OF A GARDEN

O BEAUTIFUL are the flowers of your body,
The flowers of your body are fair;
Blue flowers of your eyes
And dusk flower of your hair;
Dew flower of your mouth
And peony-budded breasts;
And the flower of the curve of your hand
Where my hand rests.

HELEN HOYT

THREE POEMS

INTERLUDE

STRANGE that even here
In the shy gray light,
Remote,
Of poplar and hemlock,
Friendly to the naked pleasure of lovers
Who have escaped from trim gardens
Of dowagers,
To young girls who have borne
A little too much from their mothers,—
Unseemly this fair quiet should be blurred
By dim church-music wafting upward
From pious villages.
As vapors lift from morning valleys,
Dissolving in light before they reach the sky,
So the vague sound passes,
And the sighing of waters far beneath me,
And the gurgle of cow-bells
Resume their gentle spell.

SELF PORTRAIT

I PUT up with intimations,
Smother the urge that tears me inwardly
For naked clasp of limb to limb.
I am veiled over with milk of opal—
Reputed gentle.

TO VIRTUOUS CRITICS

ISN'T it well that I make
poems
Of my delicate lusts and sensa-
tions,

To soothe me with their warm
Rich-colored folds,
Like a proud Paisley shawl,
When I am old?

CLARA SHANAFELT

SKETCH

A MYRIAD curious fishes,
Tiny and pink and pale,
All swimming north together
With rhythmical fin and tail;

A mountain surges among them,
They dart, and startle, and float,
Mere wiggling minutes of terror,
Into that mountain's throat.

MAX EASTMAN

TWO POEMS

I. AUTUMN SONG

A LITTLE song I tried to sing upon a summer's
day;
A song that turned a traitor, an air that used me
wrong—

It minded me of springtime and the happy, happy way
When I was a young thing I sang the selfsame song.

I looked at my old hands, I harked to my old voice—
(Oh, voice that was, the song was different then!)
I minded how the yellow sunlight made my heart
rejoice
When I was a young thing and unbeknown to men.

II. DOWNWARD

SOMBER green and gold-vermilion flashes
Of swift fins and tails; strange dim red coral trees
And the pale-bellied fishes that glide through the sea-
forests;

Dank gardens, why does my soul turn to you
After the hot and sunlit heights of the mountains?
All the days are alike, all the nights are unchanging,
Time is not, and dawn and dark are unheeded
Where the only light is the green and deep infiltration
slow-moving, drowned, dead.

Bosoms green and clothed in the long-woven sea-slime,
Narrow eyes, round eyes, cold and myriad, gleaming
without passion, without feeling;
Clasping fins, a cold love that is voracity,
A love without interest, inevitable, slow, like the rythm
of the tides,

Without volition, a rythm, like weed swaying in the
tides,

Even a love like this I crave, who have known the
swift searing flame,
The merciless consuming of the soul, the weak and
delirious ardor

That we whose veins are hot call love.
O sea-swell, O slow-enchaining, pallid enchantment
Draw me down in the depths; and when it is over
This sold and emerald episode, then devour me—
That all remaining is coral,
Pearl, curved shell, green weed, or a whirling current.

LYDIA GIBSON

THE MOUSE

THERE was a little Clerk we called The Mouse,
A timid man, worn smooth by petty strife,
Who dragged his days out in a boarding house,
He was a nibbler at the crumbs of life.

By day he cast up figures in a book,
Made neat accounting of his brother's gold,
Sat in a cage, and wore the prison look.
The years had left him neither young nor old.

His window faced the sea. . . . He saw the ships
Come with their cargoes, but to him it meant
Only an ink-stain on his finger tips,
A balance struck, a penny earned or spent.

He blotted romance with a business phrase,
Marked bold adventure down upon a slate,
A little Mouse, caught in a trap of days,
Who did not even wonder at the bait.

The god of habit ruled his sunless mind,
Locked out experience, kept each drab thought
Where he could touch it, for his soul was blind!
He was the price by which our world is bought.

One twilight, when the sky bloomed like a rose,
In April's garden, and the world was sweet
With that slow smile of heaven in repose,
The Mouse came treading primly through his street.

And suddenly, as though a hand were thrust
To draw him to his fate, the wind in glee
Snatched off his hat and whirled it in the dust;
He stood the victim of a tragedy.

A sense of nakedness, of being bare,
Gripped at his soul. He gave a startled cry,
Plunged after it. . . . His lungs drank deep of air,
He saw the scarlet flower of the sky.

The light fell on his eyes and blinded him,
He shook his naked head, ran on—ran, ran,
Till earth and all its purposes grew dim,
His heart sang on his lips: "Thou art a man!"

Out of the shadow of the Piers there came
A great-wheeled truck. . . . A shout; then curses,
screams,

Voices . . . "He's dead." "Get
back there." "What's his
name?"

The Mouse lay smiling as one
smiles in dreams.

DANA BURNET

TRICOLOR

RED are the poppies,
Blue are the cornflowers
Over the dead;

White are the crosses
Flecking the young wheat
Far and wide;

Soft are the breezes
Bending the blossoms
Blue and red,

Over the wheat-birth
Tenderly crooning
Where they died.

PAUL SCOTT MOWRER



DRAWING BY ILONKA KARASZ

THE ONLY WAY TO END WAR

Max Eastman

NOTHING compels admiration and hope of man's nature more than to see him wage war. War has kindled the people of Europe to a sustained excess of energy and sacrifice. Each soldier like a heated engine functions better than his power. He inhabits a sturdier self. He performs, endures, faces what he had no blood to face. Of nine hundred and ninety-nine in every thousand of those marching boys, their neighbors would have to say, "I never thought he had it in him!" And these neighbors too, with quiet nerve, and uncomplaining penury, and work, and sacrifice of sacred habits—though they stay at home, they share the elevation of all human power. For that is what an ideal common purpose, fitted to our native instincts and re-echoed through a social world, can do. It can drag up out of our torpid abdomens a force we never dreamed of. It can stampede the energies of men, and hold them at a higher level over years.

Some day this miracle will happen for a greater purpose than the mere defense of nationalities. Some day men will *wage* a more fruitful pursuit than war. That is the hope one brings home. And to that end we ought to plan, with science and with care, the steps that must be taken in America to make war itself unnatural.

Peace advocates are of two kinds: those who seek to alter the external mechanisms through which war is engendered, and those who seek to alter the tendency of people to fight in loyalty to a nation.

The Survey tabulated the proposals of the former under these heads: Concert of Powers, Reduction of Armaments, International Police, Territorial changes, Democratic Control of Foreign Policy, Guarantees of Democratic Government, Economic changes, Abolition of Indemnities, An Immediate Convention of Neutral Nations.

The New Review, a journal of international Socialism, has emphasized the opposite kind of proposals, those which look to a change in the attitudes of people—Anti-nationalism, Revolution against War, against Militarism, International Solidarity of the Working Class, Anti-patriotism. It is indeed the orthodox view of Socialists that war will be ended only with a realization by the workers of all nations that they have no quarrel with each other, their quarrel is with their masters. Socialists do not seek to alter the motives of people, but they seek to educate that self-interest which they assume to be the ruling motive.

Norman Angell relies upon the same method—but he preaches his gospel rather to the business and leisure class. His demonstration of the commercial and cultural futility of conquest in modern war, is the classic of our bourgeois peace movement. But his belief that by teaching the people this great fact he can ultimately dispose them to cease going to war, and arming against threats of invasion, is not dissimilar to the faith of the Socialists. It looks to a change in people's attitudes.

Arthur Bullard, writing in the *Century Magazine* for August, 1915, advocates even a more radical alteration of man. "One school of philosophy," he says, "has taught that the motor force of life was 'will to power,' and that war was a normal activity. If this is true, we must change our natures and develop a will to justice. There is no other foundation for peace."

The churches, though they set us a weak example in the Lusitania crisis, stand upon the same extreme hope.

Not to enlighten the minds of men, but to reform the impulses of their hearts, that is the way to peace.

And many of the workers in the Women's Peace Party think also that a change of the popular attitude, especially the attitude of those who teach children, is the only beginning of the end of war.

To me all these attempts to remove from man's nature the bellicose-patriotic—whether by moral exhortation or by mental enlightenment—appear utopian and a waste of strength.

It was the error of St. Paul to suppose that by "mortifying the flesh," which means suppressing the instincts in a spiritual exaltation, one could permanently change the hereditary nature of man. I think the subsequent history of Christian civilization and its present culmination in Europe, are enough to prove the grossness of that error. But biological science holds it proven in a more definite way. The nature which a man or any animal inherits, according to that science, is transmitted to his offspring unaffected by his personal education, or by any qualities that he may acquire during his life. So that even when you have made an expert saint of an individual, you will have to start the task all over again at the same point with his children. And furthermore, since all men inherit many instinctive modes of conduct, and these modes of conduct cannot often be balked and suppressed without ill-health and disaster, there is a decided limit to that "infinite improvability" even of the individual nature. What that limit may be, no one can declare in final detail. But we can wisely assure ourselves that any "improvement" which involves an off-hand suppression of *universal hereditary tendencies*, will be exceedingly precarious. It will not be transmitted in heredity, and it will have to depend for its enforcement upon an almost unanimous weight of social tradition. For underneath it in the neural structure, laid down forever, lie the paths of the old tendency it denies.

So we have to lay aside the mortification method of reforming the world as a brave and stupendous error. But it is also an error to suppose, as the orthodox Socialists and Norman Angell incline to, that there is but one tendency original in man; the tendency to preserve his own economic well-being; and to imagine that in proportion as his understanding is "enlightened," he will invariably act merely as an economic self-preserved. The conduct of the anti-military workingmen of Europe when the war broke, and the conduct of the business pacifist also, have made evident the falsity of that assumption.

The disposition of European people, grouped in nations, to wage war when their nation is threatened, and to believe it is threatened upon a very light excuse, seems to be fixed in the nervous tissue like self-preservation itself. Men who would not contribute a peaceable eight cents to the public weal, drop their cash, credit, and commercial prospects, and go toss in their lives like a song, at the bidding of an alien abstraction called the state. Do you think that is a trick they have acquired by culture, and which you can stem by telling them something else when they are young? It is an organic aptitude more old and deeply set by evolution than any of the impulses that would enlighten it.

War is a functioning of at least two instinctive dispositions—"pugnacity," and "gregariousness," or the "herd-instinct." I find in my books of psychology, that the disposition called pugnacity (and that called rivalry) lie near the root of our hereditary endowment;

and that the tendency of man to identify himself with his clan, his tribe, his nation, although of later origin, has been grafted deep into the souls of European people by centuries of bloody and drastic group-selection. These dispositions belong to the original nature of man, the unlearned nature, fixed by evolution, and inherited anew by every child, no matter what intellectual medium he may be born in. And any purely cultural or calculative suppression of them would be both temporary and unreliable. It would depend upon a perfectly perpetuated tradition, and it would never give certainty that when a sufficiently poignant occasion arose, the original nature would not break through and function in spite of all.

Patriotism is not, as Mr. Angell, from his readings of Lecky, supposes, a trait like militant religious zeal, which many human cultures never have possessed, and which can be rooted out in one generation by the training of young children. It is a disposition that lies fixed in the hereditary structure of all civilized races, and neither early education nor Mr. Angell's panacea, "hard thinking," can remove it.

That Mr. Angell has no apprehension of the difference between the original or "unlearned," and the cultural or acquired characteristics of man, appears clearly in his chapter on "Changing Human Nature."* He quotes a variety of common sayings whose purport is that "you can't change human nature." And then he answers in a kind of exasperation:

"What do these phrases mean? These, and many like them, are repeated in a knowing way with an air of great wisdom and profundity by journalists and writers of repute, and one may find them blatant any day in our newspapers and reviews; yet the most cursory examination proves them to be neither wise nor profound, but simply parrot-like phrases, phrases which lack common sense, and fly in the face of facts of every-day experience."

But this itself is a rather journalistic rejoinder, to those who remember that in the laboratory of science steps have already been taken to determine in what characters and dispositions you can permanently change human nature, and in what characters you can not, except by selective breeding. And most scientists, I believe, would agree that a basic disposition to identify self with a social group, and to be pugnacious in the gregarious way that nations are, is one of the unchanging attributes of man. Culture can, and doubtless has, inflamed and overdeveloped it. A different culture can mitigate its strength. But it is there, no matter what you teach. You can never build a structure of learned attitudes so deep and solid that it will not tumble into air, when that organic coil is sprung.

It is not beyond the power of nature to produce peaceable types. They occur as variants—as reformers often—in our own race. And in races whose character has not been determined by those savage centuries of intertribal war, they may be the dominant type. Nansen says of the Esquimaux that, "War is quite incomprehensible to them and abominable; their language has not even a word for it, and soldiers and officers who have been trained to the killing of people are to them simply butchers of men."

The struggle of the Esquimaux, through the long ages that fixed their character, was a struggle not against a too numerous humanity, but against a too rigorous environment. And for the few that nature

* "The Great Illusion," by Norman Angell.

would let live, a mutual indiscriminate helpfulness was the very condition of their continuing to live. But for us that mutualness, like every other sane engagement of our time, must cease and the recoil be instant at the note of tribal strife, which always threatened our existence. And thus we are and thus we will be, in spite of all superficial changes that cultural suggestion can install, militant patriots at heart.

We International Socialists, in our hope that the workingman's patriotism might be taught to cling in a crisis to his class in all nations, rather than to all classes in his nation, were nearer than the others to a scientific hope. We did not seek to suppress or deny the patriotic disposition altogether; we offered it a new object. But we underestimated the importance to that disposition of personal contact. It is the group *surrounding us* with whom we rush together for defence. The abstract thought of kindred groups in other countries, powerful as it may be in times of security, is too chilly in the turbulence of impending war to check our fighting union with the group we *feel*. That is what this war should teach the Socialists. In that famous faith of theirs that solidarity of economic interest among the workers of all countries, could avert international wars, they nursed a dream. The anti-patriots are nursing a dream. And those who imagine that disarmament, or "popular control," would avert war between nations, also are nursing a dream. There is nothing so inhuman in the nature of the people as that. They will react more slowly, but not in essential contrast to their delegates and their rulers. For we are all touched with this mania the moment that a crisis comes. It is our fate.

The patriotic and pugnacious tribes survived—we are those tribes. Write that motto over your peace palaces, your tribunals, your international congresses, and some result may come of the deliberations within.

For there is one method of handling original instincts, more practical than selective breeding, and more sure and permanent than cultural suppression. That is to alter the environment in such fashion as to offer new objects for these instincts to adhere to, and similar but less disastrous functions for them to perform.

A Scotch collie has an incurable disposition to run and bark at moving animals; in the country, where he was bred by selection, this is an excellent practical virtue, in the city streets it is a dire nuisance and will cost him his life. Now you can perhaps, by giving undivided attention to the matter, train him to "behave" in the city. His pups you will have to train all over again. And you will never be sure even of him, when he sees another dog run and bark. A wiser method is to give him his exercise in the park.

Well—something of that is the lesson we must learn in dealing with the savage heredity of men. Men are incurably rivalrous and pugnacious, but this rivalry and pugnacity would find vent in other forms of conflict and display, if the *occasions* of international warfare were removed.

Such is the true science of the matter. And for that reason is to be urged that all anti-military effort be directed, not to a utopian reform of native human attributes, but to a practical alteration of the external mechanisms through which war is engendered.

But men are also incurably patriotic—destined to identify themselves with a social group surrounding them, whatever group has a strong traditional existence. And by *identify themselves* is meant all that the words can mean. Their nation is their self. And it needs but saying this to prove that even of those practical reforms, the lesser ones, such as a Concert of Powers, Reduction of Armaments, Territorial Changes, Democratic Control of Foreign Policy, Abolition of Indemnities, and the Removal of Economic Barriers,

can not prevent the starting of a fight. Fights will start between nations a little more ponderously perhaps, but in exactly the same manner as they start between selves.

The Kafir people have two words for a *self*. The *idhlozi* is "the individual and personal spirit born with each child," while the *itongo* is "the ancestral and corporate spirit which is not personal but tribal, or a thing of the clan, the possession of which is obtained not by birth but by certain initiatory rights." And the Kafirs merely focus in these common nouns something that is to be seen in all the peoples that we call civilized.

I could summon my placid neighbor, Mr. Cogley, out of his house, and inform him that a certain Mr. Hohenzollern of Germany desires to prevent him, Mr. Cogley, if necessary by force of arms, from riding into England on a British ship carrying certain articles. Mr. Cogley, as I know him, would reply:

"Oh, all right! I don't know the gentleman, but if he feels that way I'd just as soon ride on one of our own ships. I wasn't going to England anyway!"

That is Mr. Cogley's *idhlozi* speaking. But when I inform him that his *clan* is to be prevented from riding into England on a British ship, or from any other little thing they may proudly please to do, by the clan Hohenzollern, then my neighbor's *itongo* grasps hold of his mind, and it will actually carry his body into the trenches to face death over that inconspicuous and to him altogether inconsequent proposition. That is the way in which patriotism, which is a belligerent self-identification with the group, actually possesses the actions of men at the least occasion. Can we meet that with little tinkering and trimmings up of the skirts of nations?

There is but one peace plan which has practical hope and cogency: *Offer that instinct of self-identification a larger group to cling to.* It clings more strongly now to the United States, which has not even a name of its own, than to Massachusetts or Rhode Island. And we already in our loyal moments call these United States "America." America itself might command the strength of our loyalty, if America as an integral group existed for us. The name of our country is the name of our task.

Arthur Bullard has well displayed the folly of our crying peace to Europe, while we are not willing to arbitrate our petty differences with the smaller states of America. The first step toward permanent peace for the world may be taken by the United States, but it will be taken at home. No mixing of our self-conscious nationalism into the nationalistic settlement of Europe will be such a step.

A conference of Independent American Republics, looking to the preservation of their common interests, would be easily welcome at this time. And if our statesmen at such a conference proved far-sighted enough to relinquish on this continent every form of that dominance which they so deprecate in the European ambitions of Germany, there might evolve out of it the beginnings of the American Federation. This must become a true Federation, a supra-national entity with power and delegated sovereignty like those of our federal government—a congress of representatives, who can express and adjudicate the differences between nations, while engendering above them a conspicuous state to which a portion of that tribal loyalty that so controls their citizens may learn to adhere. In such an absolute creation—and in all the activities and thoughts and moods of international unity, which must lead to it—lies the one hope of destroying war.

There is a blind wisdom in the mood of those who advocate national defence, now that they see how lightly a monstrous war can arise. They will not blind them-

selves to the fact, and they want to *do* something about it. Who does not want to do something? And "Peace" is nothing. Peace is a negation. Nobody will ever wage peace. Nobody but a few tired people, and people suffering from shock, will ever kindle to a negative ideal. American Union, International Union, the Union of the World—that is an ideal that has action and affirmation and distance in it. It is a campaign that can be waged. It is a campaign, moreover, the very first steps of which—a conferring and uniting of American Republics—offers the bold and economical substitute for that infinitely multiplying labor of national defence which threatens our progress.

We are lucky indeed to find in the ultimate dissolver of international wars, an aim which can appeal to so many immediate interests of our time. There is the growing power of international capital, waiting to be taught that through such a mechanism only can its interests be guarded for the future. There is the labor movement in all countries, less powerful, less international, but already committed to a creed of internationalism. There is that new social force, the will of independent women, who, especially in the absence of war, are disposed more strongly against it than men. It seems as though the times were never more ready and expectant of a great initiator. President Wilson holds this hope of the future, for the moment, in his hands.

It is a distant hope, and many wars may intervene before the habit of loyalty to a greater state is fixed in our traditions. But it is a true hope; no science contradicts it.

Ultimately our patriotism may embrace the Earth, the Earth be our nation, and we go out to fight the enemies of what we deem a terrestrial well-being. There is nothing Utopian in that. But to hope that patriotism can be cut out of the nervous organization of the true-bred man of the west, or that war, which is both the parent and the child of patriotism, can be made so horrible to him whose ancestral food was war—that is Utopian.

THE SHADOW-CHILD

DEEP in the shrine of my heart there sits
White as the driven snow,
The drooping form of a little child,
Sobbing—sobbing low.

Oh! he breaks my heart with his sweet soft limbs,
And the curve of his neck is pain,
As he bows to the storm of my drenching grief
Like a bud in the summer rain.

Fruit of my spirit—Shadow-babe
Dwelling within my heart,
I dread the day, should it ever come,
When he and I must part.

The crown of Life is not for me,
It would wither at my touch,
For I am among the conquered—
And the crown is not for such.

I know the joy of living,
I know what Love is worth—
And I only long to lay my limbs
To rest in the quiet earth.

And I pray to Christ it may never come,
The day of my baby's birth,
That the gift of grief my Mother gave
May be buried with me in the Earth.

SUSAN RICHMOND.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

SCRAPS OF PAPER

Two Boys—By Charles W. Wood

I.—J. Scott Dawkins, Boy Preacher

THE "Boy Preacher," J. Scott Dawkins, was conducting evangelistic services in Tent Evangel. One night I went up and listened to the preacher. Next day I went up and tried to find the boy. "Will you tell me about your boyhood?" I asked. "New York has been looking at you as a fifteen-year-old phenomenon. Audiences of 2,000 or more have come out to hear you preach. The newspapers have acclaimed your success and they have remarked on your extraordinary grasp of theology. But we don't know anything about *you*, about your own intimate boy life."

"I was twelve years old," he answered, "when I consecrated my life to the ministry. It was then when I received my first spiritual awakening. It was then when I first understood the meaning of experimental religion."

I wasn't finding the boy fast enough to suit me and I tried again. "Before that?" I asked. "Let me know something of your childhood before it became dominated by the call to preach."

"I lived under condemnation," he said. "I had no consciousness of sins forgiven. I had joined the church at ten but I was still worldly."

"In what way?" I urged, feeling that I was going to find the boy at last.

"I do not mean," he said, "that I ran around with the boys in the street. I had generally been kept at home as a child. My favorite game was to play church with a lot of chairs. I enjoyed going to church, too, and would make it a point to sit very still even if I could not understand all the minister said. But even

after I had joined the church, I was seemingly as interested as ever in worldly amusements. I went when I could to shows, even to some of the most trashy and sensational melodramas. I enjoyed them and wanted to continue to enjoy them, in spite of my church connection. But after my spiritual awakening it was all different. These things had no further lure for me. I did not have to proclaim it. People could see that I had lost interest in them."

"Christian training?" I asked.

"No," he said. "My parents were ungodly. But after I had begun to read and study my Bible in this new light, I was soon the means of bringing my mother to Christ."

Young Mr. Dawkins is a Philadelphian, a student in the theological preparatory course of Temple University. He is a regularly licensed exhorter in the Siloam Methodist Episcopal Church of his home city and preaches almost every Sunday in some near-by pulpit. He also conducts evangelistic services two or three evenings each week, is supporting himself, paying his way through school and helping largely in the support of his mother.

I had an idea that boy preachers were excessively emotional. Mr. Dawkins was the most unemotional person I have ever interviewed. He granted the interview graciously, and I couldn't guess whether it was a pleasure or a cross. He gave me his hand with unreserved indifference and left me wondering what to do with it. He answered every question I could think to ask him and asked none himself, not even regarding my own spiritual welfare. I once interviewed an auto-

matic chess-player and found it hysterical in comparison.

In the pulpit, the boy preacher is equally unemotional. He preaches "straight doctrine," justification by faith, sanctification, eternal life for all who accept the Atonement and eternal hell for the wicked and those who don't believe.

"But I also tell my own experience," he said, "and I find that it is sometimes very effective." At the close of his Tent Evangel meetings, he invited sinners who wanted salvation to come up and take his hand. Whether he put any human enthusiasm into *those* handshakes I was unable to find out. His success, however, was unquestioned. While there was no headlong rush for the saw-dust trail, there was always some response; and many a white-haired believer was overcome with emotion at witnessing the result.

"My one ambition is for souls," he told me, "souls brought into the Kingdom. I do not want to be pastor of any particular church. I want to be a great Evangelist showing the way of salvation to the masses everywhere." I had asked the question and he answered it—answered it as though he were answering a question on an examination paper. Then he gave me his hand again. It remained limp in mine for a second or two until I very carefully put it back.

II.—Philip Kronhart, Boy Rebel

IT WAS an "unemployed meeting" in the Church of the Messiah. The unemployed themselves were induced to come and to talk. Several hard luck tales had been told, and one father of a family had brought tears to the eyes of the well-dressed section of the audience by



Drawn by H. J. Glintenkamp.

He: "Did you know that I am an Anarchist and a Free-lover?"

She: "Oh, Indeed!—I thought you were a Boy Scout."

a heart-rending plea for a job. Then an unknown boy from the East Side, apparently about 18, took the floor.

"Whaddayamean snivelling for a job?" he hissed. "This meeting ain't meant for that. It's to give these guys a chance to see you parade your misery.

"Youse people," he added, turning to the well-dressed ones, "think the unemployed is a bunch of freaks. It's some kind of a dance you've got up, some kind of a show, somethin' you can sit through an' weep an' be happy. Why, youse swells don't want to abolish unemployment. If you did, yous'd have to go to work yourselves, an' that's the last thing on earth you do want.

"Say," he went on, in words and tones that shocked even the ultra-radicals, "youse ain't got so much on me as you think you have. I got money and I didn't work fer it, neither. Whaddaya think? Think I'm

goin' to starve? Not on yer life I ain't. And I ain't goin' to the Municipal Lodgin' House, either, where you have to file out in the morning lookin' like a wet-wash an' everybody can see by your steamed clothes just where you've hailed from. Don't worry about me. I'm going to get a living; I'm going to collect it. But yous'd better get wise an' worry about yerselves, until you fix things up so's a man's got a right to live."

That was six months ago. The other day I set out to find Philip Kronhart. I wanted to know how he had made out collecting a living. And I wanted to know what influences of city life could account for a speech like that. I found him behind a refreshment counter under the Third Avenue "L."

"Sure, I'm working," he said. "I've been working nine years and I ain't any further ahead than I was when I started. But what I said goes. Any time I

can't get a job I ain't goin' to snivel about it, and I ain't goin' to starve. Call it crooked if you want to, but I know what I'm talkin' about. You can't go straight in a crooked world, an' the only difference between me an' most people is that I don't pretend to."

And this was the story of his life. Born in Russia, raised in England, dropped in New York's East Side at the age of ten. Sold papers, peddled canes, fans and novelties, carried grips. Job at 11, \$3 a week, errand boy for leather house. Worked up to \$6 in two years, discharged to make place for another \$3 a week applicant. Messenger boy for Western Union, supported whole family at 14. Learned several easy ways to make money. Went into boxing game, \$1 for three rounds, "collecting a living" on the side. "A fellow," he explains, "don't live on saw-dust and sand-paper—or on a dollar a week."—At 18 bright, intelligent, wise to the world, but unschooled and untrained in any trade or occupation which could be of use to him. Discouraged, down and out, tries to join army. Rejected because of injury received while boxing. Drifts into Church of the Messiah and Church of the Ascension. Drops a little of the philosophy life has hammered into him and is surprised to find that it is surprising.

"Why, I looks at it like this," he explained. "I don't want to go to jail, but if I'm goin' down and out anyway, I might as well take a chance. And what do you s'pose? They finds a job fer me—\$7 a week and not a chance in the world for a raise. I'm 19 now. I tries to figger how much better off I'd be if I kept that job till I was 90. Nothin' doin', says I, so I chucks it. I'll work for nothin' a week if I can see daylight ahead, but I'll be hanged if I'll work for nothin' with nothin' at the other end. That's just doin' time and if yer goin' to do time, one sort o' jail's about as good as another.

"That's the trouble with the messenger service. It leaves a guy flat. He makes easy money while it lasts, but when he gets to be seventeen or eighteen, he's ashamed to follow it any longer. An' all he's learned meanwhile is how to get money the easiest way. First thing you learn as a messenger is overchargin'—most everybody will fall for it. Then you gets to swipin' services, doin' errands on your own hook, an' you learns to soak 'em all the traffic'll bear. Then it's easy come, easy go. You don't save nothin', only just enough to let you into a crap game."

"Tell me about your boyhood in New York," I asked. "How did you amuse yourself mostly?"

"Swipin' from the push-carts was the usual recreation," he answered. "Then when we'd get a nickel, we'd go to Coney Island. We used to pay our first fare and watch the gate at the other end for a big family to come along. Then we'd sneak in ahead an' motion to the ticket chopper that the folks behind was payin' for us. We could always swipe enough hot dogs an' things on the inside to last through the day, an' we'd get off the train comin' back when they come to collect fare. Then we'd get on the next train and sail home like regular guys.

"Sorry for it? Not so you could notice it. The only way we could get anything out o' life was to take it out, an' I'm only sorry we couldn't take more things worth the trouble. I wish I could write. I can't because I never learned to spell. If I could get the stuff across, I'd make a rebel out of every kid in New York.

"Say," he confided, "you seem almost human. You don't think, do you, any guy likes the kind o' stuff I've been up against. Do you think anybody wants to be mean or bad or crooked. Not by a jugful, he don't. What youse people have been callin' crime is just one way of tryin' to live in a world where they don't intend to let you."

LIFE'S LOOKING-GLASS

A YEAR or two ago I read the first two volumes of a trilogy by J. D. Beresford. The first volume was called "The Early History of Jacob Stahl." It told about a boy who seemed doomed, by a childhood accident, to spend his life in a wheel chair, until an energetic aunt came along and insisted on his learning to walk. He didn't want to learn. It was hard work. It was painful. He would much rather not. But she made him, and so he commenced life anew on two legs, with merely a slight limp as a relic of the life he had left behind him.

That was the opening episode of a fascinating picture of life, seen from a new point of view—the point of view of *will*. Jacob was, as may be imagined, a person of rather weak will. He did many things he didn't want particularly to do, because it was expected that he would. He was shoved into learning to be an architect. By his side in the office was a youth who *wanted* to be an architect, and won prizes and got along, while Jacob neglected his work for a love-affair with Madeline, a gorgeous young female animal of the aristocracy, who had a precocious certainty as to just what she wanted out of life. Jacob was inducted with some bewilderment into a life which considerably disturbed his accustomed notions of right and wrong. Under the successive tutelage of various young women provided by contemporary custom for that purpose, and with some aid from Herbert Spencer, he undertook to find out what life was like. Such teaching is in some respects unfortunate, and it is certainly inadequate, but it is the best that civilization commonly affords. So that it is no wonder that Jacob was not immensely edified.

Presently he married, and set up as an architect. He dreamed vaguely of success in business, and happiness in love. . . . It turned out very quickly that he had no aptitude at all for his profession; and that his wife was a neurasthenic of frightfully jealous temper. For the revelation that life was like that, Jacob was not prepared. He didn't know what to do about it. He did nothing, which on the whole was the easiest thing to do. He "put up with things" as best he could.

He might have put up with them forever, except that business and human nature have their own limitations of endurance. He met his old sweetheart and, in sheer exasperation with the misery of marriage, surrendered to the charm of her exuberant animal vitality; whereupon his wife left him. At the same moment his long neglected business gave up the ghost and expired.

Breathing for this relief much thanks, Jacob, penniless and free, began life anew.

So the first volume ended. The second volume was called "A Candidate for Truth." Jacob is discovered as distinctly "down and out." He can't get a job, he can't pay the rent of his miserable room, he can't raise the price of a meal. At this point he becomes a "case" for some church-settlement workers. They discuss him. He is "weak," they say. "No grit." They lend him a helping hand. They decide that his character must be sociologically rehabilitated, and that a reconciliation must be effected between him and his wife. Happily, reformers also have their limitations of endurance; and Jacob was so hard to reform, so apparently hopeless a case, that they got tired of him and kicked him out before much mischief had been done.

Jacob had wasted his time in the interval with a hopeless attempt at novel-writing. He has decided that he wants to write; but when he visits his brother Eric, a superior and successful person, who possesses three thousand books and reads French literary reviews, he

becomes discouraged. The idea of thinking he could write!

Jacob gets a job and becomes respectable again; and a rich widow decides that she will have him for a pet. Jacob, remembering the way he drifted into marriage, faintly realizes what is about to happen. It almost happens, too—but it seems that the lady's toes turned in as she walked; and Jacob knew enough by this time to know that he *didn't* want to be the pet of a woman whose toes turned in. So—awkwardly, discredibly, he escaped. You see, Jacob *was* learning one of the two chief lessons of life—not to do what he didn't want to: an important lesson, which the generality of mankind never learns.

The other chief lesson—to do what you do want to do—presented itself in the course of his acquaintance with a girl named Betty.

Betty was the daughter of a country parson. She had come to London to get away from home—though perhaps she did not quite know that was why. She was the working partner in the boarding house where Jacob lived. And she was young and intelligent and lovely. And Jacob fell in love with her.

Meanwhile he had kept on writing, and by this time he was more than half certain that he could become a novelist—especially if he had Betty, who liked his writing, at hand to encourage him. And he was wholly certain that he could be very happy with Betty.

Betty thought so too. But—he was married already, and his wife wouldn't divorce him. Now Jacob had argued himself long ago out of any respect for current law and custom in the realm of sexual morality. But he had just sense enough to know that he couldn't argue Betty out of it. At least, when he tried it, it worked the other way—it alienated her.

Well, there was his task plainly before him—the conquest of happiness, the achievement of success in life. It was easy to give up, as he had given up so many times before—from the time he had sat in his wheel chair rather than walk. What he had to do was dangerous and difficult. The one weapon he had efficiently learned to use—dialectics—was worse than useless. His natural instinct was to put it up to the girl and, if she refused to come with him, tell himself that she was a coward and let it go at that. But he knew that would be shirking the issue. It was his responsibility, and he must not evade it. It was a task for all that a man had of courage and tact. It required character. It required will. He must commence life anew.

How Jacob, the will-less, rose to the occasion, threw up his job, went out in the country to write his great novel, and secured from Betty, the clergyman's daughter, the promise to close up her boarding-house and come and live with him *sans* marriage, occupies the last pages of the second volume. . . . I closed the book, eager for the rest of the story. I felt as much concern over the affairs of Jacob and Betty as if they were my intimate friends. How did it turn out? Did Betty come? Did Jacob write his novel? What happened?

I have just read the final volume of the trilogy, now published after this long interval by a different publisher, who is bringing out all three volumes in a set.¹ It is called "The Invisible Event." I wish he had chosen the first instead of the last part of the quotation for his title. It is from that scene in "Hamlet" in which the prince sees Fortinbras riding with reckless confidence into a battle in which he stands an excellent

chance of being killed. "Making brave mouths," says Hamlet, "at the invisible event." Well, I am not going to tell you what happens in the third volume, but it is the stimulating spectacle of two lovers making brave mouths at the world, at life, at accident, at the unknown destiny which awaits them. . . . I don't want to tell it, because I want you to read all three volumes for yourself. You need not think I have told you the story already, for I haven't. I have only sketched a few contours of what is really a great prose epic, written with a simple dramatic quality which surpasses anything I know in contemporary English fiction. I dare not tell you how great a writer I think J. D. Beresford is. But I will tell you that you have your chance now of being among the first and few to appreciate what a beautiful and tremendous thing has just happened in the history of story-telling. F. D.

THE LITTLE CREATURES

WHAT are they,

All those little white creatures running to and fro?

Are they white mice?

But, no, they are too small for mice,

And they cannot be lice, for they are larger and far more active.

Is there such a thing as a white cockroach?

Because, if there is, that is surely what they are.

No, you say, they are not exactly roaches,

Examine them and you will be able to tell by their habits

What they are

They run to and fro,

They scurry off behind things and under things,

They run behind table legs and chair rollers,

And seek refuge under a bookcase,

They slide into a crack

And lie there flat, hoping they may not be noticed,

In a flurry they make for a bureau or bed or wash-stand

And secrete themselves beneath,

They burrow under the edge of a rug,

Clinging fast with all their legs to the textile above them,

Suffocating,

Their noses embedded in it.

If you rout them out they flee, flee, flee,

Run and tear here and there,

Anywhere,

Over things and under things

And through the narrowest spaces that almost catch and hold them,

For, being disturbed, they are bewildered, frantic,

Frenzied for shelter they seek whatever seems to them safest,

But they never get off the floor.

What are they,

These myriads of miserable little white creatures running to and fro?

They are the little white souls of those who are afraid.

They scuttle away from a great blaze of light,

They flee from your gaze,

Mad with fear of what they do not comprehend

They scamper from scrutiny,

They run in misery from the new, the untried, the potent.

They are not exactly roaches, no,

They are the unpleasant little white souls

Of those who are afraid.

MARY MACMILLAN.

¹"The Early History of Jacob Stahl"; "A Candidate for Truth"; "The Invisible Event," by J. D. Beresford. George H. Doran Company. \$2.50 the set.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

“ BRE



ED!''

THE WAYS OF LIFE

Floyd Dell

ROY GIVINS lay asleep in the bedroom over the little cigar store on Seventh Avenue. The April daylight came in at the window and struck him a vivid blow across the eyes. He opened them.

His first thought was not that this was his birthday—his twenty-first birthday—that he was a man. His first thought was to wonder if he were still alive.

He put his right arm—a plump, unmuscled arm—across his chest and pressed his palm against his ribs. Yes, his heart was beating. But it might not have been!

Ever since he was old enough to understand what his mother was talking about, Roy had known that unless he was careful he might at any moment discover that he was dead. Within the shell of this preoccupation he moved cautiously and had his delimited being.

Warned by the smell of things frying in the kitchen, Roy arose, and dressed slowly. Without a twinge of pained vanity, he inserted his body into the spotted blue serge suit he had worn for two years, and yesterday's collar—which looked clean enough. As he stood before his mirror, tucking his "made" tie, of a magenta shade, into his blue vest, it occurred to him suddenly that this was his birthday—that he was twenty-one years old.

This idea was associated in his mind with another, which led him to tip the mirror and look at his face. Like his body it had a kind of unhealthy plumpness. He put up a large soft hand and with a deliberate motion stroked his cheeks, which were covered with a pale, irregular, unwholesome-looking, mouldy fur. It was this mouldy fur he was now considering.

He was wondering whether he ought to begin, on his twenty-first birthday, to shave. He only wondered ineffectually, and then without troubling to make a definite decision, he let the matter slip from his mind.

There was one thing necessary to complete his costume. It hung there on the back of a chair by the bed—a flat blue cap with a cracked patent-leather visor, which he always wore, indoors and out. He took it up, fitted it down tightly over his pale head, and went out into the kitchen.

Mrs. Givins looked at him with the appraising glance one bestows on an invalid, and said that his egg was getting cold.

Roy did not say anything as he sat down; but what was in his mind was the impatient thought: "I mustn't be hurried." His rights as an invalid were being disregarded. His attitude toward the stocky, gray-haired, unsmiling woman, who sat opposite to him in a black skirt and a loose white sack of a bodice that hung down over her waist, was that she was an incompetent nurse and caretaker.

When they had finished a heavy breakfast, they went downstairs, through the little living room at the back, into the narrow shop. Mrs. Givins unlocked the door and swept out the place, while Roy with slow movements wiped off with a damp cloth the glass of the cigar counter and the candy counter, and then straightened up the piles of boxes of cigarettes and of composition books behind on the shelves. Then Mrs. Givens with a plump forefinger rang up "No Sale" on the cash register, and left the till half open so that Roy would not have to strain himself by jamming down its rusty keys.

As soon as she had gone upstairs again, Roy remembered that he had meant to tell her to light the gas, for the morning was already dark with the presage of

rain. The light was turned on by the mere pulling of a chain; but he had been warned against raising his arm above his head, and he looked a long time at the chain before he ventured to lift his arm. He stood there a whole minute, before the sluggish juices of life teased his muscles into cautious movement.

The light went into action with a pop, glinting back from gaudy lithographs hung high up near the ceiling, bringing out the parade of vivid colors in the boxes of cigarettes, and penetrating in beyond them to the gold lettering on the back of a book hidden away there.

This book the young man removed, opened to a bookmark, and seating himself on a low stool behind the counter commenced to read.

The title on the back of the book was "A Boys' History of Travel and Exploration, by Jules Verne." The book contained a record of five hundred years of tragic adventure, of the most terrible hardships, of starvation and shipwreck and disease in perilous parts of the world, of lonely and lingering deaths under desert suns and in the arctic snows, of incredible heroisms.

In this book the youth read eagerly, and with what was for him a kind of excitement. He read it to the last page, shut it regretfully, and put it aside. He thought: "My mother will be through work upstairs at nine o'clock, and then I will go over to the branch library and get another book."

The bell at the door jangled, and in came half a dozen laughing and shouting school children. The oldest of them was a prim, scholarly miss of ten, the youngest a boy who had to stand on tip-toe to look into the candy counter. One, a little girl, lisped. Roy dropped their pennies into the half open till of the cash register, and stood waiting for them to go out. He was not interested in them in any way.

At nine o'clock his mother did not come down. He was occupied with a slight annoyance with her for not coming down, and hardly noticed a girl who presently came in and stood before him. She was the girl from the millinery shop next door. She came in every morning to buy a cake of milk chocolate to stay her appetite until luncheon. If Roy had been an ordinary youth he would have known that her name was Lonnie, and her disposition pleasant. But he stood there behind the cigar counter with no recognition even of her existence in his round face, waiting for her to speak.

The girl herself was not interested in him, but she was perfectly well aware that he ought to be interested in her. Piqued by his unawareness, she said mockingly:

"What cigar would you recommend to me? Have you a special ladies' brand?"

Roy looked at her puzzled, and she burst out laughing. Her face with her high cheek bones and her small round chin, her red mouth and white teeth, had the charm of youth and health. Her careless brown hair seemed to invite a caressing hand, her dark eyes shone with friendliness, and her plain black bodice revealed the swell of firm breasts. But the youth looked at her as at a page printed in a foreign language. These things spelled nothing to him.

"Well," she said impatiently, "don't pretend you don't know who I am. Give me my cake of chocolate, and be quick about it." She smiled at him to soften the rebuke.

"I wish," he thought to himself, "people wouldn't try to hurry me." He moved over to the candy counter, took out the chocolate and handed it over. She smiled,

threw down her nickel, and ran out, jangling the bell.

The youth looked after her disapprovingly. "She bounces about," he said to himself with a vague, stupid frown.

In a moment the bell jangled again, and the door was flung wide open with the entrance of Mert Fletcher. Mert was the boss of the plumber's shop next door, and the most prosperous and exuberant customer that the little cigar store had. He was an open-hearted, free spoken man—except to his customers. In his trade he carried himself with a bullying swagger, as though he were afraid someone would discover that he was not a plumber at heart, and had no right to charge five dollars a day. But to all the rest of the world he appeared a big, gentle, generous man. Roy liked him.

As he entered Roy reached mechanically for the box of his favorite cigars. Mert stuffed two of them in his pocket, lighted the third and leaned confidentially over the counter.

"What do you think!" he said. "I saw one of those new guns this morning, in the window of a gunshop down on lower Broadway. You know, the one we were looking at in the catalogue. I went inside, and when I got it into my hands, I knew I'd have to own it. So I'm going to put money in my pocket, and go straight down there and buy it."

Mert had a passion for hunting, which he was able to indulge for a month every fall out of the profits of a boss-plumber. But he did not talk about it to everybody. Some curious instinct had made him pick out this sick boy behind the counter as a confidant.

Roy expressed his skepticism of the superlative merits of the new gun. . . . For Roy, who if he wished to live must never put a loaded gun to his shoulder and pull the trigger, had theories on the subject of guns. And Mert, with magnificent courtesy, ignored the difference between theory and practice, and discussed the new gun with him as an equal.

But talking about the gun only made Mert the more anxious to have it in his hands.

"Criminy!" he said, "I'll just go and get it, and then I'll show you how it works. I'll be back with it in an hour."

He hurried out.

Roy looked wistfully at the door at the back, through which his mother did not appear. Twice he looked at the clock. It was half-past nine. Then he went back into the little living room, and called up the stairs.

"Ma!" he said. "Can't you come down and take care of the shop while I go over to the library and change a book?"

As soon as she came down, he tucked the "Boys' History of Travel and Exploration" under his arm, jammed his flat cap tighter on his blonde head, and went out of the door. He walked carefully, so as not to slip on the wet pavements.

Along the walls of the little branch library ran old-fashioned wooden shelves, stretching in tier on tier high above one's head. The upper shelves were empty, except for damaged books—books with torn or missing pages—which the attendants put up out of reach against the time of their repairing.

It was in a row of these inaccessible books that the boy, after searching vainly in the proper section, saw the book he was looking for. It was Captain Scott's account of his almost discovery—his magnificent hundred mile miss—of the South Pole. Since he wrote that book, Roy knew, he had tried again, and suc-

ceeded, only to find that another man had been there before him; and he had perished in trying to get back.

It was a story to which the boy's imagination could respond. He could understand this, that a man should force himself into unknown and perilous places of the earth.

He saw an attendant coming and he turned away. But he had not surrendered his desire. He had a scheme, a stratagem in mind. In fulfillment of the preliminary part of that stratagem, he went over and sat down at a table and pretended to read a magazine, with one eye anxiously on the clock.

Mrs. Givens did not expect Roy back for an hour. But when he did not return at eleven she was annoyed, for she wanted to get dinner ready. And when he did not return at noon, she became anxious.

At five minutes after twelve Mert came in, beaming, with his new gun under his arm, enclosed in a brown waterproof case. He asked for Roy, and offered to go over and look for him at the library. But Mrs. Givens was too much alarmed to be willing to wait in the shop any longer.

"If you could just stay here and look after the shop for me for a minute, Mr. Fletcher!" she said.

"Sure!" said Mert, and she put on a shawl and hurried out.

Mert was a little worried about the boy himself. A bad heart was a dangerous thing to have with you. He served one or two customers with a frown. Then as nobody else came in for a few minutes, his mind went back to his gun. Anxious to look at it, he carried it into the back room, and sat down on the couch to strip it of its covering.

The bell jangled as someone entered the front door, but he failed to notice it. The person who had entered strolled curiously back to the living room. Mert looked up to see Lonnie, the girl from the millinery shop, framed in the doorway.

She stood there laughing, not curious for the moment as to his being there, but enjoying the encounter. She had always liked him. She had tried to tune her visits to the little shop with his, so as to exchange a few words of banter with him. This was the first time they had ever been alone together. She realized her opportunity, and intended, with a swift decision not of her brain but of her blood, to make him as conscious of her existence as she had been for months of his.

"Come here, Lonnie," he said. "Do you know anything about guns?"

The girl came over and sat close beside him. She smiled into his eyes.

"No," she said, "I'm not the least interested in guns."

Mert Fletcher was not a romantic man. The cult of woman had never appealed to him. He preferred to go out in the cool of October, with the comfortable weight of a gun under his arm, to sitting up with a girl. And that fund of mystic devotion which is in the heart of man for outpouring upon God or the Absolute or Beauty or Woman, had fixed upon the mechanism of sport as its object. But now, at the call of an impulse which makes havoc of all established ways of thought, he laid the gun aside, and turned to face the girl with a troubled look.

His hands were moving of their own volition to lay themselves upon her. He saw them touch her, and then with a violent effort he took them away.

The girl could not look away from him, but her eyes seemed full of fear. Her red young mouth was slightly open, and her quick deep breaths agitated her bosom. When he touched her she drooped forward, her muscles relaxing. And when he took his hands away, an expression of pain flashed over her face, and she grew tense again.

They waited, in an electric stillness that became in-

tolerable. It was with a feeling of ineffable relief that she saw that he was going to kiss her. She leaned forward to meet the kiss, quivering with the excess of life.

At the library, Roy rose from the table where he had been pretending to read, and walked back to the place where stood the forbidden book. He had been waiting until the rush of borrowers at the noon hour should occupy all the attention of the attendants, and give him his chance.

There was the book, inaccessible, put away. It was the one book he wanted. No one would give it to him. It was up there overhead, out of reach. He stood beneath, and looked up. Of course, there was his weak heart to be considered. . . . He had not really made up his mind to do it.

He looked around. No one was looking. He put one foot experimentally on the lowest shelf, and took hold of the one above with his hands. He hesitated. He thought of his weak heart. And then he thought of the book.

Then it happened. All his desire for life as he knew it, all the passion of his being, went into an eager upward thrust of his right arm. He touched it, clutched it—and then with the book in his hand fell backward weakly to the floor.

WINDOW SHOPPING

SOME of the women are wearing dark blue coats, suits,

Carefully hiding all their lacy blouses,
And all their brushed and satin-burnished tresses
Are primly gathered under stern black sailors.
These and the other women, dingy and motley,
With skirts pulled out of shape by anemic children—
All of the women are gazing into windows.

Gazing at waxy figures in filmy dresses,
Dancing gowns of lace bedraped with roses,
Opera cloaks of oriental colors,
Scarfs and jeweled bags and artful slippers,
Persian-patterned cloth in pastel shades;
As if the world's whole treasure-trove were gathered
Here under glass and priced and labeled "Paris."

Some of the women return to close-shut houses,
Where blank forbidding doors shut in the beauty
Of dull harmonious walls and rugs and silver,
And shut out the light of moon and star and sunset:
The others turn to streets where all that is ugly,
Out and in, is unconcealed and shameless.

But we who sit here making conversation,
Hiding our thoughts in words polite and pleasant,
Or sad and scornful—endlessly pretending—
What have we done with last night's moony magic,
Savor of dawn, with flush of new adventure,
Vigor of passionate sorrow and joy, and motion, and
music,
Fervor and faith and all-fulfilled desire?
All shut up in the world's shop-window of dreams.

ANNA LOGAN HOPPER.

Joe Hill

JOSEPH HILLSTROM has again lost in his fight for life, before the Utah Pardons Board. He has been sentenced to be shot November 19th.

The various real and fictitious activities of the I. W. W. were introduced as a background to justify their final refusal. This young man was arrested but once, in a strike, and discharged for lack of evidence of any infraction of law, yet "a long criminal record" of raiding the Mexican border, dynamiting buildings, stealing

horses, etc., is alleged to exist because of his membership in the I. W. W.

I am making this final plea, asking you to telegraph W. Mont Ferry, the speaker of the Utah Senate, urging him to use his influence to secure clemency for Hillstrom. Will you do this?

Also, if you can afford it, a final plea to President Wilson might help, and wires to Senators Smoot and Reid of Utah.

Let us at least feel if Joe Hill must die, we have left no stone unturned to save him, and that the eleventh hour anti-labor spirit injected into the case does not pass unchallenged.

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN.

A Perfectly Bully Idea

SENATOR ROOT has been nominated for the Presidency by the Republican Club of New York.

This is a bully idea. In these days of ignorant and wicked attack on private monopolies and the rich who run them, it is refreshing to hear this venerable institution sound a clear note of encouragement to capital.

Root has served rich men long and well. He has probably made more rich men richer and more poor men poorer than any other corporation lawyer in America. For Root has always been, through thick and thin, the friend of private monopoly.

The first monopolist for whom Root was counsel was a rather lowly one; it was poor Bill Tweed, who was the humble originator in New York of the gentle art of robbing the people in a public and organized way. Then Root became counsel for the gas monopolists. In the interests of his client, Thomas Fortune Ryan, he put over, with the aid of Lou Payne, Gas Addicks, Thomas Platt, and others, what is known as the Astoria Gas Grab, which fastened a gas monopoly on the people of New York City.

After being Ryan's lawyer for a considerable period, Mr. Root naturally became a specialist in the art of concentrating wealth into proper hands. He became counsel for the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, helped load the city with a traction monopoly, and otherwise acquitted himself with such distinction that every strap-hanger on our subways and elevated roads at the present moment has reason to think of Root with a peculiar feeling of regard.

Mr. Root became a director in Ryan's Bank of Commerce, Ryan's Morton Trust Company, Ryan's Title Guarantee & Trust Company, Ryan's Mutual Life Company, Ryan's American Surety Company, etc. He also became a director in the Washington Life, and between times counsel of the Tobacco Trust and the Pennsylvania Railroad. But above all, he endeared himself to capital as a director of Ryan's State Trust Company.

We might mention other equally distinguished services which Mr. Root has rendered, and which attest his resourcefulness and amply qualify him for the Presidency. But we consider those we have mentioned sufficient guarantee of his election.

Mr. Root has always succeeded in protecting the monopolist class; and now the monopolist class, which always pensions its ancient servitors, is going to reward him. It is going to make him President, and have him live in the White House. Could anything be fairer than that?

But Mr. Root does not answer. Perhaps he doesn't want the job. Good and faithful servant of privilege as he has been, perhaps he feels that service has been its own reward. Not even Professor Taft of Yale and Gallinger, Smoot, Penrose, Murray Crane, and those other staunch Republican special agents of private monopoly, to whom Root has been as the shadow of a great rock, can force the Presidency upon him.

What an example to American Youth! Cincinnatus has nothing on Elihu, who now, covered with years, honors and Peace Prizes, returns to plow the humble furrow of Plutocracy.

OBEDIAH.

TO WAT TYLER—A Ballad

EIGHT days of mortal history
Are your immortal soul—
So brief survives the mystery
On England's ancient scroll.

Yet fifty thousand kings you crowned,
And fifty thousand braves
You moulded out of beaten ground,
The sons of sons of slaves.

You came like life through London gate,
You made dull London ring
With fighting love and fighting hate,
And treason to your king.

High treason on high Tower Hill,
Most high the sacred word,
When five old sores of England's ill
Were cured with a hot sword:—

Was cured that bloody Treasurer,
Sir Robert Hales—and worse,
Old Legge, the royal usurer,
Who packed his bloody purse;

Was cured the King's High Chancellor,
And higher and more near,
The good confessor, Apuldore,
Who kept His conscience clear;

And last and not least sinister,
Though saintly white his hand,
The Bishop and Arch Minister
Of meekness through the land,

Who poisoned freedom with a word,
Of all the drugs most dread—
His Church, his Pope, his God the Lord
Could not defend his head.

The King, with still a kingly air,
But more than kingly speed—
Got forth to meet you in the square,
Stood asking by your steed.

You laughed a level laugh, they say,
And shook him by the hand:
"We'll be good comrades—some fine day!"
Your laugh was a command.

I know the charters that you won
Were fashioned of your breath,
Were lost like light of a lost sun
The instant of your death.

I know that fighting liberty
A full five hundred years
Has wrestled death and agony
In poverty and tears,

Since you first raised the vision
Of workmen proud and free,
In fighting high derision
Of caste and tyranny.

And yet those eight exampled days
No time can overwhelm;
They are the height of England's praise,
The hope of her dull realm.

MAX EASTMAN.



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

Wat Tyler and England's Heroes

TURNING from the present war, as a rather monotonous spectacle of men struggling doggedly in close-line formation against men struggling doggedly in close-line formation, toward no end that is of any value to any of them, I took to wandering through the past in search of wars that had some gaiety of aim, some noble chance and color in them. And of them all it seemed to me that none excelled the little master rebellion of England's history that we were taught to associate with the scandalous name of Wat Tyler. I well remember in the little country school room, where the free American republic is supposed to celebrate its glories of equal liberty before the young, how I was led to deprecate the deeds of this inflammatory rascal, who rode out in drab clothes on a tiny little horse and sassed the king of England.

I did not know then how very inflammatory he was, and neither did my teacher. Her prudence was instinctive. But I find now in reading a book that really values liberty, and loves the vivid story of its fight, that Wat Tyler and his men were moved by a clear and true ideal of Social Revolution.

They had listened to the preachings of John Ball, and John Ball took the religious dignity and equal importance of the souls of men right out of the dim air of the church, and flashed it in the open street and meadow. And he knew what was necessary. "The tares of England," he preached, "are her oppressive rulers, and the time of harvest has come. Ours it is to pluck up these tares and make away with them all—the evil lords, the unjust judges, the lawyers, every man indeed who is dangerous to the common good. Then should we all have peace for the present and security for the future. For when the great ones have been rooted up and cast away, all will enjoy equal freedom, all will have common nobility, rank and power."

So here "for the first time in the whole history of the middle ages," as Gairdner says, the project was "to set up a new order of things founded on social equality."

"When Adam delved and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman?"

they sang—just as we sing today in our heavier fashion: "Before the institution of private property in slaves, where was your class-superiority and class-rule?"

It was one of the signal years of all history, 1381, when those scarce and precious laborers of England, thinned with plagues and taxes, gathered together along the roads to hear John Ball preach a militant and bloody brotherhood of man. Such hours demand a deed. And for this deed, which the Black Death, the Statute of Laborers, and John Ball's eloquence together had prepared, a doer was born. And that was Wat Tyler—by all accounts the bravest, high-heartedest, gay and noble rascal that ever enjoyed a necessary crime.

"For eight days, and eight days only," says my book about liberty,* "does history allow us to follow the career of this remarkable man. He commands a vast army of men; he confronts the king as an equal; orders the execution of the chief ministers of the crown; and wrests from the king promises of fundamental social importance. Then, in the very hour of victory, an unexpected blow from an enemy strikes him down, and death follows. Surely to few men is it awarded to achieve an immortal reputation in so brief a public life."

I wish all English speaking people knew the stories in this book—as the French would. But the "Constitu-

* "Leaders of the People," by Joseph Clayton. \$2.50 net. Mitchell Kennerley.

tional History of England," the "Evolution of Civil Liberty," and other such ponderous matters, have occupied the shelves where these heroic tales belong, and William Fitz Osbert, Stephen Langton, Wat Tyler, Jack Cade, Robert Ket, John Eliot, Hampden, Pym, Lilburne, Cartwright, Ernest Jones, are minor and half forgotten prophets. English history is still purveyed in terms of Kings.

M. E.

The Battle Cry of Peace

THAT mysterious title, "The Battle Cry of Peace," has intrigued my curiosity ever since I first saw it. Variants, just as elusive, have been running through my mind, such as "The War Cry of Friendship," "The Death Rattle of Life," "The Love Song of Hate," until at last I have been obliged to see the motion-picture play itself in the hope that I should thus solve the problem. The educational value of this rare and refreshing entertainment has been so highly praised by the National Security League, and the Army League, and the American Legion, that I feel that I ought to testify publicly to the several important facts which I myself have learned from this film, as follows:

That Mr. Hiram Maxim, like Noah of old (to whom I imagine Mr. Maxim bears a close physical resemblance), is a wonderful old gentleman, whose prophecies of impending doom are shockingly disregarded by his light and frivolous fellow-countrymen and women, with the exception of a choice little group of about a score of patriots, who, like all audiences shown in moving-pictures make up in enthusiasm and unanimity what they lack in numbers.

That the pacifists, most of whom appear to be very unpleasant-looking foreign spies, are in full control of the destinies of this unhappy country.

That the invading army, when it comes, will spend most of its time smashing the furniture (most of it very ugly stuff) in our homes, and making very violent and disagreeable love to young American ladies, whose abhorrence of the enemy is doubtless greatly increased by the hideous uniform he wears. It is also very clear—and here is a crumb of comfort for poor Mr. Maxim—that the enemy's soldiers are very bad marksmen, for they completely fail to hit the hero, even when shooting at him with a machine-gun at a distance of about ten yards.

That according to some ingenious diagrams which are presented on the screen during the progress of the play, like the powder in the jam, the population of America may be represented by a great figure of a man about as tall as the Statue of Liberty, but alas, the army and navy of this miserable country are seen to be represented by a little figure about the size of a baby kewpie. This distressing fact, and others equally gloomy from the point-of-view of the author, Commodore Blackton, were received with roars of laughter by the audience, which it may be supposed is what usually happens, for there quickly appeared on the screen a reproachful message from the gallant commodore himself, saying, more in sorrow than in anger, "Ah, but this is no laughing matter."

Washington, Napoleon, Lincoln, Grant, and Lee, when they appear on the screen to give their hearty support to Gen. Leonard Wood, Col. Roosevelt, Capt. Jack Crawford (the Poet Scout), and the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in their plea for preparedness and a billion-dollar loan, are seen to be very pleasant and friendly, not to say familiar gentlemen, obviously of like passions with ourselves.

That it is clearly the Commodore's opinion that here as in Europe war is an old man's game, for all the chief supporters of this plea for "preparedness" are either septuagenarians or octogenarians beginning

with the fiery old Irishman, a Veteran of the Civil War, who begins the play, exciting our admiration by his vigor and enthusiasm rather than by what he says. Then various pictures show us Mr. Maxim, Dr. Lyman Abbott, and a group of hoary admirals including apparently a twin brother of von Tirpitz (to whose appeals for a bigger navy nobody listens but the hero), and lastly eight hundred members of the G. A. R. all waving little American flags and looking very self-conscious and uncomfortable.

At this very improving entertainment even the programme is not without its lessons. It begins with an earnest and pathetic, not to say maudlin, address by the gallant Commodore to the "Mothers of America" to whom the play is dedicated "with respect, reverence, and admiration." Though not a mother myself, I could not refrain from reading this soul-stirring appeal, so full of simple home truths like, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," and "let us have peace," and "we must be the champions of the laws of humanity." But it is surely a somewhat doubtful compliment that the Commodore pays to his naval and military friends when he tells the mothers of America that "no body of men are half so anxious for peace as are the army and navy!"

On the second page of the programme is set out prominently a quotation from the writings of the Prophet Ezekiel (doubtless the Rev. Lyman Abbott discovered this choice morsel for the Commodore, . . . "what damned error but some sober brow will bless it and approve it with a text"). On the same page the Fire Notice caught my eye. I imagine we do not have to thank the Commodore for this warning, though indeed the note of preparedness is struck here also—but in another key. This fire notice ends with these words which seem to me to have a deeper significance than is intended: "In case of disturbance of any kind, to avoid the dangers of panic, *walk*, do not run." . . . Here, I think, Fire Commissioner Adamson gives us better advice than does either the Prophet Ezekiel or the Commodore Blackton.

WALTER G. FULLER.

Anti-Enlistment League

THE MASSES invites its readers to join the Anti-Enlistment League, the purposes of which are explained in the following statement:

"In view of the fact that the advocates of armament are gathering in leagues of defense those who hold themselves ready to serve their country by killing other men, it seems that the time has come for a roll-call of those of us who are prepared to serve our country by a refusal to engage in or endorse the murder called war.

"The establishment of a new peace society is not contemplated, but rather the banding together in a personal policy of those whose opposition to war has become unconditional. Women, as well as men, are invited to enroll as refusing their support to enlistment; but we ask the support of no persons who have not carefully weighed the arguments concerning war both offensive and defensive." This statement is issued on behalf of the League by Jessie Wallace Hughan and Tracy D. Mygatt.

ANTI-ENLISTMENT PLEDGE

I, being over eighteen years of age, hereby pledge myself against enlistment as a volunteer for any military or naval service in international war, offensive or defensive, and against giving my approval to such enlistment on the part of others.

Name
Address

Forward to Anti-Enlistment League, 61 Quincy street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Editorial Policy"

HERE is a limit to one's desire to be "understood." One desires to have his mood felt. But points of misunderstanding arise between THE MASSES and some of its readers, which hinder a possible concord of feeling. For instance, a correspondent objects to our "tone of perpetual protest and rebellion."

"Isn't there anything all right?" he asks. For Heaven's sake show us a pretty woodland scene or tell us a happy story. Life isn't all sweat and struggle."

Well—we would be glad to publish happy stories and woodland scenery in THE MASSES if we had plenty of room, and money to pay for them. As it is, we do not pretend to reflect the whole of life. We do not imagine THE MASSES to be the only thing you read in a month. It is a part of what you read, a part of life reflected, a part of American journalism, and—if we may explain—a very definite part.

It is the part that doesn't pay.

Now, if you would remember this—remember that nobody was ever paid a cent for any paragraph or picture that appeared in THE MASSES—you would begin to enter the mood of understanding it. Artists and writers, like human beings, want to live and have a good time occasionally, and for that reason they do not automatically give away what they can sell for a fair price. Indeed there is no reason for giving things to THE MASSES, which would attain a wider circulation in a magazine that paid for them. THE MASSES exists to publish what commercial magazines will not pay for, and will not publish. It can not, therefore, cover the whole range of what has value in current literature and art. It tends to cover the range of what has value without having commercial value.

Woodland scenery (with nymphs) is worth several hundred dollars a yard, and optimistic stories retail in New York at five cents a word. *Life* buys cupids by the pound. Those things are "economic goods." They are staples. Pictures of girls in bathing suits with their skin slippery from the water, are standard coin in the magazine realm. And we do not deny that all these things are a part of the routine enjoyment of life; we feel that they are adequately advertised and distributed by the commercial magazines. Our function is supplementary. We come around afterwards, and offer you the goods whose value is too peculiar, or too new, or too subtle, or too high, or too naked, or too displeasing to the ruling class, to make its way financially in competition with slippery girls in tights, and tinted cupids, and happy stories of love.

And if you don't want these supplementary goods that we offer at all—why, don't subscribe! None of us are depending on you—we get our living elsewhere.

Mr. R. M. Little, the general secretary of the Society for Organizing Charity in Philadelphia, is one who doesn't want our wares, and he writes us a perfectly acceptable letter about it.

Dear Sirs:

I write to utter a protest against the blasphemous articles published in THE MASSES for September. I have never read coarser and lower toned articles than the ones "To Billy Sunday" by Carl Sandberg, and "Heavenly Discourse" by Charles Erskine Scott Wood. Such articles make your paper too indecent and outrageous to touch. *Cancel my subscription at once.*

Very truly,
R. M. LITTLE,
General Secretary.

We like a letter like that. It doesn't leave any points in dispute. It doesn't give us that troubled feeling so many letters do, that we have failed to convey our message to someone who might have received it. And then also we are relieved to think that Mr. Little will

not be troubled either—as maybe he was before. He will simply never look at us again. That is one of the great superiorities of writing over talking. If you talk out loud, everybody within range of your voice is compelled to hear you, but when you write, you can be perfectly sure that no one who is not really attracted to what you say, will read you through to the end.

On August 23rd there came to our desk two of these letters which leave no doubt or troubled feeling in their wake. I quote the essential paragraph of each.

Just read some of THE MASSES, it should be spelled *Asses*—Foul and filthy—Why don't you cut it out?—Good men and women should fight everything that emphasizes vileness—you cannot find inspiration in a sewer nor can you touch filth, physically or mentally without being contaminated. K. C. G.

I have bought and watched THE MASSES since it began. It is like a ray of light when one who loves his kind becomes discouraged. I often wish I were rich, so that I could give money to it. However, the years have taught me that simply to get the word into print to a few thousands is all money can do for propaganda. C. A. W.

Those two letters are typical of our correspondence. It is full of that violent contrast which assures the editors that they are publishing something.

Here are two more communications of the summer:

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to you artists! You are publishing the only drawings comparable in truth and vividness of line to the famous satirical magazines of France and Germany. Your letter-press is mostly pure tommyrot. Your editor has few wise words to say. But here's luck to the first magazine of art in America!

Yours,
Emery Stoughton.

Dear Sir:

I oil up my little typewriter for the purpose of registering a gentle kick. In the name of all that's unholy where does the art editor get the junk he uses for cover designs and distributes thru the otherwise immaculate pages of THE MASSES? "Otherwise immaculate" is not written with irony, sarcasm or double meaning. The written matter in THE MASSES is a model of lucid concise English and gives pleasure to and cultivates the tastes of the readers. On the other hand I repeat, what in God's name do the illustrations mean? They turn the stomach. For example, in the July number you print a crude drawing showing three ships on an inky ocean. The title was "Munitions of War for Europe" or something to that effect. What is illustrated that needs illustration in this sketch? It might just as well have been entitled "Bibles for China" so little does it illustrate the title given. Meaningless sketches, however, can be endured, but meaningless sketches combined with gruesomeness and repulsiveness insult both the eye and the intelligence and give just cause for protest.

Hoping you are the same, Yours truly,
CHANNING S. BARKER.

All those letters leave us happy.

But there is another kind of letter we receive, which makes us think there is something the matter with language, or something the matter with pencils and paper. We want to call the writer up on the telephone, and make an appointment for a companionable parley on the question of life's values. Here is a man who lives in Bethesda, Maryland (whatever that is), and he writes a letter that almost makes us cry.

Editor MASSES,

Dear Friend:

I am in receipt of postal card asking for sub to THE MASSES. I am sorry I cannot comply with your request. I did subscribe from one of your agents in March, more out of sympathy for his economic condition, but as for appreciating THE MASSES I must frankly confess I don't. You may mean well all right, but THE MASSES is too crude for me, I am some crude myself but your paper is too much for me. Perhaps I don't catch the ideas right that are attempted in some of your cartoons. One I remember entitled "putting the best foot (or leg forward, I failed to get the sense of it, other than one of sensual brutality. I may be wrong. Another I remember, a big fat fellow and something about decency was repulsive. The really good thing was that strike-breaking cartoon. Anyhow THE MASSES of the people are crude and brutish enough without having to be pandered to by such crude stuff as we find in THE MASSES. I do not think it of you yourself, Mr. Editor. I believe you are refined and artistic and maybe you think it necessary to produce such a magazine as THE MASSES. But is it? You will please excuse me but I cannot push THE MASSES.

Yours Fraternally,
H. HENDERSON.

Bethesda, Md., Aug. 7th, '15.

Now what can you say to a man who gently avers

that he believes you are "refined and artistic," after all the crude and repulsive horrors you have inflicted on him, and seems really sorry you did it, because he would like to give you a dollar just out of the kindness of his soul, if you could only be a little more decent! A letter like that is unsettling.

Here is another of the same kind from Riverside, California:

Dear Sir:

Your postal card asking me to secure a friend as a subscriber to THE MASSES has been forwarded to me here.

After reading an article in one of your last numbers purporting to be dialogue between God and Jesus Christ, I can not refrain from entering my protest against a spirit which to me is blasphemous. Is it a necessary part of your propaganda to cause many of your readers pain in handling religious feelings thus? Many of us who are Christians can stand for the Church being made a target of abuse but we feel that the line should be drawn somewhere.

I should like on my return to New York in the fall to drop in your office some time and have a word or two with Mr. Eastman or some of your members of the staff and state my standpoint as a subscriber.

I do not write this for publication at all—simply for your information. That article left a bad taste in my mouth: so I am not answering your postal request to find another subscriber with enthusiasm. You say in it "the magazine is more yours than ours"—hence I take this liberty of making my sentiment known.

Keep hammering away at the failure of us who profess faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—we need it: we must never think we are following his ideals as closely as smug complacency suggests. But please do not serve up in your columns more of such articles as that to which I have referred, which alienate without benefiting—and which are in bad taste, I firmly believe.

Such a letter one can hardly answer at all, so remote is its view-point, and yet so warm its good will. It is as if a being from some other planetary system should write in, asking why we assume that every heavy thing drops to the earth. We wonder how this being who lives under the Lord Jesus as an anthropomorphic God, ever wandered into the orbit of THE MASSES—and yet, now that he is there, we would like to hold his interest and faith, for he evidently has a little faith in us.

And perhaps there is some ground for it. We believe in Jesus. We believe that he lived and died laboring and fighting, in a noble atmosphere of disreputability, for the welfare and liberty of man. To us his memory is the memory of a hero, and perhaps a good deal of our indignation against the Church, rises from that. We are indignant, not only because the Church is reactionary, but because the Church betrayed Jesus. The Church took Christ's name and then sold out to the ruling classes. The Church is Judas. And to us that little immaculate ikon that sits at the right hand of the image of God in Heaven, is a part of the whole traitorous procedure. Whoever puts Jesus up there dodges him down here—that has been our experience. Look into your mind and find out whether it is Jesus of Nazareth that you want to defend against satire, or a certain paste-and-water conception of him which assuredly needs your defense.

To us a dialogue that ridicules, with exquisite art, this translated Christ and denatured gospel of a church that justifies exploitation and comforts with sanctimonious emotions those whose pockets profit by it—such a dialogue expresses the very sharpness of our reverence for the memory of Jesus.

It happens indeed that these dialogues are written by a man who is, to a greater extent than we are, and perhaps even than our correspondent, a spiritual follower of Jesus—a man of sublime imagination and gentle good works, who is not afraid to call himself an anarchist, who is not afraid to confess in the face of respectability that he *really* believes a few of the things that Jesus taught.

C. E. S. Wood is now risking his reputation as expert counsel to the corporations in Portland that can pay him money, in order to go down to Los Angeles and

defend the forlorn hope of two of the reviled and persecuted, Schmidt and Kaplan, who will be put on trial for their lives this fall. We wonder if our correspondent in Riverside is gearing his Jesus up with the current reality any better than that.

And while we are in the pleasant business of appreciating C. E. S. Wood, let us say that humor in an absolute idealist is like water on a mountain peak, and we hope the Heavenly Dialogues may prosper along with the defense of the prophets.

This discussion was to have ended there, but one more coincidence adds itself on October 4th. I dined last night with Frederick C. Howe, the Single Taxer, Immigration Commissioner, author of optimistic books about realizing democracy. We discussed THE MASSES. "That Heavenly Discourse," he said, "was about the best thing you've ever had in there. That was great."

This morning I find on my desk the following letter from Vida D. Scudder, the Professor of Literature at Wellesley College, who is also noted for books about realizing democracy:

Wellesley, Mass., Oct. 4, 1915.

Editors of THE MASSES,

Gentlemen: You sent me an appeal for subscribers. Slowly and lazily I had just reached the point of getting you one when I received the *Heavenly Dialogue* in your last month's issue. You will get no subscribers through me. I am not afraid of blasphemy, as I do not think the eternal verities are ever injured by it, and I like and approve sharp, clever attacks on all that is false and conventional in religion. But the smart and cheap vulgarity of that thing was too much for me. It is a pity.

I have read few remarks about the war that struck home to me as did those by Max Eastman in the same number.

Whenever THE MASSES comes I instantly pounce upon it lest it be seen by my innocent relatives. I read it in private, tear it into small pieces, and put it into the waste basket at once. I wish it could manage to avoid offensiveness with no sacrifice of its trenchant quality, and I think it could, perfectly well, if the editors chose to do so. If this were merely a personal opinion I should not be sufficiently impertinent or courageous to write it to you, but I hear the same feeling expressed over and over by straight radicals who like part of what you do so much that they are all the more exasperated by the way in which you cheapen yourselves and limit your appeal.

Fraternally and cordially,

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

Now about a large majority of matters Fred Howe and Vida D. Scudder would hold the same opinion. They are both free and clear-minded radicals. I am disposed to think this is a difference of personal environment. Miss Scudder is in a suburb of Boston; Fred Howe is on Ellis Island. Now that Heavenly Dialogue ridiculed the petty God and Jesus of churchdom, and their "holy matrimony" that suspends its sanctitude for the purposes of war, and it did this with the wit of everyday conversation. And I suppose it is natural to think that the writer of such a dialogue merely lacks reverence altogether, unless your own everyday conversation contains greater gods and sanctitudes. And everyday conversation in the cultured circles of New England does not often contain the greater gods. They dwell only in the minds of the few people there like Miss Scudder herself.

C. E. S. Wood's book* of pantheistic poetry and worship has been stolen from our office, as all the beautiful books are, and our praise of it too long post-

* "The Poet in the Desert," published in Portland, Oregon, by the author.

poned. But a quotation is more relevant here than any more praise, and I take these lines as they are copied by an admiring reviewer in *Current Opinion*. If THE MASSES could have continually all of the genius that appears in these lines and the Heavenly Dialogues, it would be happy "Singing the song of its being," even if the whole subscription list resigned. M. E.

"NEVER have I found a place, or a season, without beauty.

"Neither the sea, where the white stallions champ their bits and rear against their bridles,

"Nor the Desert, bride of the Sun, which sits scornful apart,

"Like an unwooded Princess, careless; indifferent.

"She spreads her garments, wonderful beyond estimation,

"And embroiders continually her mantle.

"She is a queen, seated on a throne of gold

"In the Hall of Silence.

"She insists upon meditation.

"She insists that the soul be free.

"She requires an answer.

"She demands the final reply to thoughts which cannot be answered.

"She lights the Sun for a torch

"And sets up the great cliffs as sentinels;

"The morning and the evening are curtains before her chambers.

"She displays the stars as her coronet.

"She is cruel and invites victims,

"Restlessly moving her wrists and ankles,

"Which are loaded with sapphires.

"Her brown breasts flash with opals.

"She slays those who fear her,

"She runs her hand lovingly over the brow of those who know her,

"Soothing with a voluptuous caress.

"She is a courtesan, wearing jewels,

"Enticing, smiling a bold smile;

"Adjusting her brilliant raiment negligently,

"Lying brooding on her floor which is richly carpeted;

"Her brown thighs bountiful and naked.

"She toys with the dazzlry of her diadems, smiling unscrutably.

"She is a nun withdrawing behind her veil,

"Gray, subdued, silent, mysterious, meditative, unapproachable.

"She is fair as a goddess sitting beneath a flowering peach tree, beside a clear river.

"Her body is tawny with the eagerness of the sun

"And her eyes are like pools which shine in deep canyons.

"She is beautiful as a swart woman, with opals at her throat,

"Rubies on her wrists and topaz about her ankles.

"Her breasts are like the evening and the day stars;

"She sits upon her throne of light, proud, silent, indifferent to her wooers.

"The sun is her servitor, the stars are her attendants, running before her.

"She sings a song unto her own ears, solitary, but it is sufficient.

"It is the song of her being. O, if I may sing the song of my being it will be sufficient.

"She is like a jeweled dancer, dancing upon a pavement of gold;

"Dazzling, so that the eyes must be shaded.

"She wears the stars upon her bosom and braids her hair with the constellations."



Mr Young

An Ode to Himself by Himself

O YOU sad and comic goulash,
Yet sprightly blue of eye—
Reflex of the soft-feathered dawn,
Of Yearnings and Ideals.
Blunt wanderer among ideas,—
With all people—
Particularly the failures and
Rough of neck.
You poor pathetic misnomer,
Don't you know that Propaganda
Can't be Art?
You chaser of chiaroscuro,—
Chase yourself!

A Constitution Expert

ELIHU ROOT, while laboring over our constitutional liberties in New York, became the sponsor of a sort of secret society to protect the constitution at Washington. According to a letter marked "Personal" and "Not for Publication," the National Association for Constitutional Government is quietly arming against "the forces desirous of radically changing the Constitution, thereby endangering the permanence of our institutions."

The letter is accompanied by an endorsement from Senator Root, and sent out (very appropriately) from the Colorado Building.

He Gets Our Vote

A SPEAKER in the British labor-union conference, held at Bristol recently, proposed that six of the leading editors of London should be hanged to lamp-posts.

MEXICO'S ENEMIES

Bernard Gallant

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR: Barney Gallant came in here the other day, just fresh from Mexico, and started in telling us a little of the real truth about Carranza and the Revolution. I don't know how we knew it was the truth, because Barney is a press-agent for the Mexican Revolution, but we did, and we sent out quick for a stenographer, and here it is.]

YOU hardly know there is a revolution going on. You can live there for weeks in the large cities, with the exception perhaps of Mexico City, and you would never know there is bloody war right next to you. There are only two things that indicate the struggle. You are bound to be awakened early in the morning, between three and four, by a terrific ringing of church bells. As you rush down-stairs in your pajamas, you are confronted by the gay music of a band. And when you approach the first stranger and make inquiries as to the cause of the commotion, you find that this commotion signifies that Villa has been defeated again and General Obregon has won another victory. This happens every morning.

The second thing that makes you realize there is a revolution waging is that you go to a hotel, and they take you quietly aside and in a very secret and mysterious manner assure you that intervention is sure to come within the next twenty-four hours, and that ten thousand marines will be landed at the nearest fort. You go to bed feeling that you will be awakened by

the bombardment of the city. After a few days you get used to this, and then there are no signs of the revolution left.

Vera Cruz is the capital and the home of General Carranza. He lives in a lighthouse which faces the harbor and the American gun-boats, whose muzzles are drawn upon the city and particularly upon this very lighthouse. When you go to see him, you are confronted by only one guard, and you tell him that you want to see the General. He opens the door for you to the inner sanctum. The surprising thing is that General Carranza hasn't been murdered at least many times. The approach to him is so easy.

Now when I came first to see General Carranza, I was in a very big hurry, and told him that I wanted an interview at once.

"You come in and have luncheon, and after luncheon we will talk about the interview."

I came, and we had a very simple and delightful luncheon, which was very much in the Indian-Mexican fashion. The only enjoyable feature in food was a small glass of cognac. After the luncheon I approached the General, and said:

"Well, I guess now we are ready."

He said, "Ah, after luncheon we must take a siesta. This is the custom of the country. One feels so heavy after luncheon. Well, suppose we take a little siesta now, and this evening, after dinner, by the moonlight, we will go along the road and talk about it."

We did not take a siesta, but I came again in the

evening and had my dinner, and after dinner he looked out upon the veranda and said:

"Ah, what a glorious night! Why talk about this matter now? It is such a wonderful night. Let us go automobile riding now. It is such a glorious night!"

And we went out for a long ride. As we returned home in the evening, he said to me:

"To-morrow morning, before breakfast, as the sun rises, then we will talk. I love to talk in the morning."

And thus passed four days. And after the fourth day I felt that I didn't need my interview any more, that he had talked his heart out, and that he had told me all that he had to tell. For Carranza is a man who is possessed of one idea, and this idea he talks and espouses continually, whether it is morning, night, or noon. His pet idea is the raising of the Indians and peons from the terrible misery in which they have been plunged by centuries of oppression and by the tyranny of the Catholic Church.

Carranza is not at all Latin in spirit. He reminds one of an Anglo-Saxon scholar. He is taciturn by nature, really. He does not talk to everybody or on every subject. But pity the one who touches his pet hobby!

The most striking thing about Carranza is his tenacity, what people who oppose him call stubbornness. Carranza would have been recognized long ago, had he been willing to kow-tow to the United States Government. But he had benefited by the experience of Francisco I. Madero, who paid for a compromise with his life, and he decided not to make the same mistake. Carranza had warned Madero, when he triumphantly marched into the City of Mexico. He told him that compromise with the enemies and the members of the Diaz regime would mean the downfall and the collapse of the popular cause. But Madero was a dreamer, and thought that he could work from within. He paid with his life for his dreams.

Carranza, notwithstanding the terrible pressure brought upon him by the United States Government and the Latin-American Republics, regardless of the bitter and unjust attack made on him by the press of the United States, refused to parley with either Villa or Zapata. He believes in the complete elimination of all enemies of Mexico, be they foreign or domestic. Carranza is not a military man. He is always champion to the man who never shouldered a rifle. In the five years of the revolution he fought only one battle, and although his forces outnumbered the enemy's, he lost the fight. Carranza is also a great champion of women's independence. He believes that they should be given an equal share in the reconstructive life of Mexico. It was he who suggested that Mexican school teachers be sent to the United States to get acquainted with our methods of education. And the great majority of the school teachers were women. That means nothing to you, but it means a great deal in Mexico.

Carranza surrounds himself with young men. "Although I am old and conservative myself," he says, "I want young men with radical ideas about me." He told me: "I would rather have young men and have them fail than have old men who succeed."

As to the attitude of the working people toward Carranza, an incident that occurred to me in the City of Mexico is illuminating. I met a workingman in the street—a syndicalist street-car worker. I asked him: "What would you do in case of foreign intervention?" He replied—I assure you that I quote verbatim—"I would defend my country not in the name of the vague chauvinism of the European workingmen, but with a



Drawn by Arthur Young.

Looking for Peace

serene patriotism which would mark my desire to retain the country for the workers of Mexico."

Carranza, I pointed out, is not a workingman; why, I asked, did the syndicalists fit out 3,000 men to fight for him?

"Well, we want to get Carranza in power because he is sincere and earnest in putting out foreign capital. We would rather have Mexican capital to fight than foreign capital. Foreign capital has vast armies."

It is an error to think that the Mexican upheaval is of an agrarian nature only. It is true that the land question plays an important part. In reality, however, it is also an industrial revolution. This social strife means the industrial awakening of that wonderously rich and yet so tragically poor country. It means Mexico's entrance in the industrial and commercial march of the world.

Mexico is facing to-day two problems, the land question and the industrial economic question. The people are victimized by both the landed aristocracy of Mexico, and the foreign capitalists who are trying to rob them of the natural resources of their country. When the revolution broke out, it was not only because the people did not have any land, but because they awoke to the fact that all the wealth of the country, all its commercial possibilities, were within foreign hands. When the influence of the United States along the borders of Mexico began to be felt and a few hundred or so young Mexicans attempted to emulate the Americans in a

commercial way, they were immediately confronted by the organized competition of the rich foreign interests whose power and activities were sanctioned by the Diaz regime. They felt that their few little thousands could not compare with the millions of the foreigners. With it came also the awakening of the Mexican workingmen. They realized that they were being exploited much harder and paid much less than the Americans for the same labor. They saw that the American workman lived better, was better clothed, and better paid. The result of these two forces—the commercial and the agrarian awakening—was the revolution.

When the revolution did start, the landed aristocracy of Mexico, the rich foreign capitalists whose interests were rooted there, and the Catholic Church whose interest was keeping the people in ignorance, combined, and the Mexican people had to face a three-fold enemy. And therein lies greatly the tragedy of Mexico. The foreigners constituted a force which fermented chaos and strife from the inside. Every foreigner, at some time or other, demanded from his government intervention in Mexico under some pretense or other, while the Catholic Church spread tales of horror and woe throughout the United States, and used all its influence to hamper the progress of the revolution.

To-day Mexico is practically in a state of siege. While the Washington Administration is pretending to have nothing but the best interests of Mexico at heart, the United States gunboats are blockading every Mex-

ican port, while the border along Texas is being guarded by our soldiers. It was an American ambassador that gave his approval to the murderer of the dreamer, Madero. American newspaper representatives in Mexico have been conducting a campaign of vilification and lies, and the purpose of it all was intervention.

From the beginning of the revolution up till the present moment the foreigners have done everything within their power to aid the reactionaries. The International Foreign Committee combined with the enemies of the revolution, working hand in hand with the Clerical Party, to get the Washington Administration to recognize the murderer, Huerta. Not for a single moment did they stop to think of the dreams, hopes and aspirations of a suffering people. They want a "strong man" who will let them exploit the country, and that is as far as their interest in Mexico goes.

But in spite of all hardship and discouragement, after five years of constant revolt, the Indians and peons are basking in the first flashes of the sun of their new found freedom. They have shaken off the last remains of the Spanish yoke, which fettered them for four centuries, and have torn away from the benighted influence of the tyranny of the Catholic Church. They have been liberated from their cruel masters, told to forget their heavy debts, which chained them to the huge haciendas, and which were passed from father to son, and they have been advised to do as they please. And now they are as happy as gay youths who are tasting the joys of first love.

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(Continued from page 3)

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