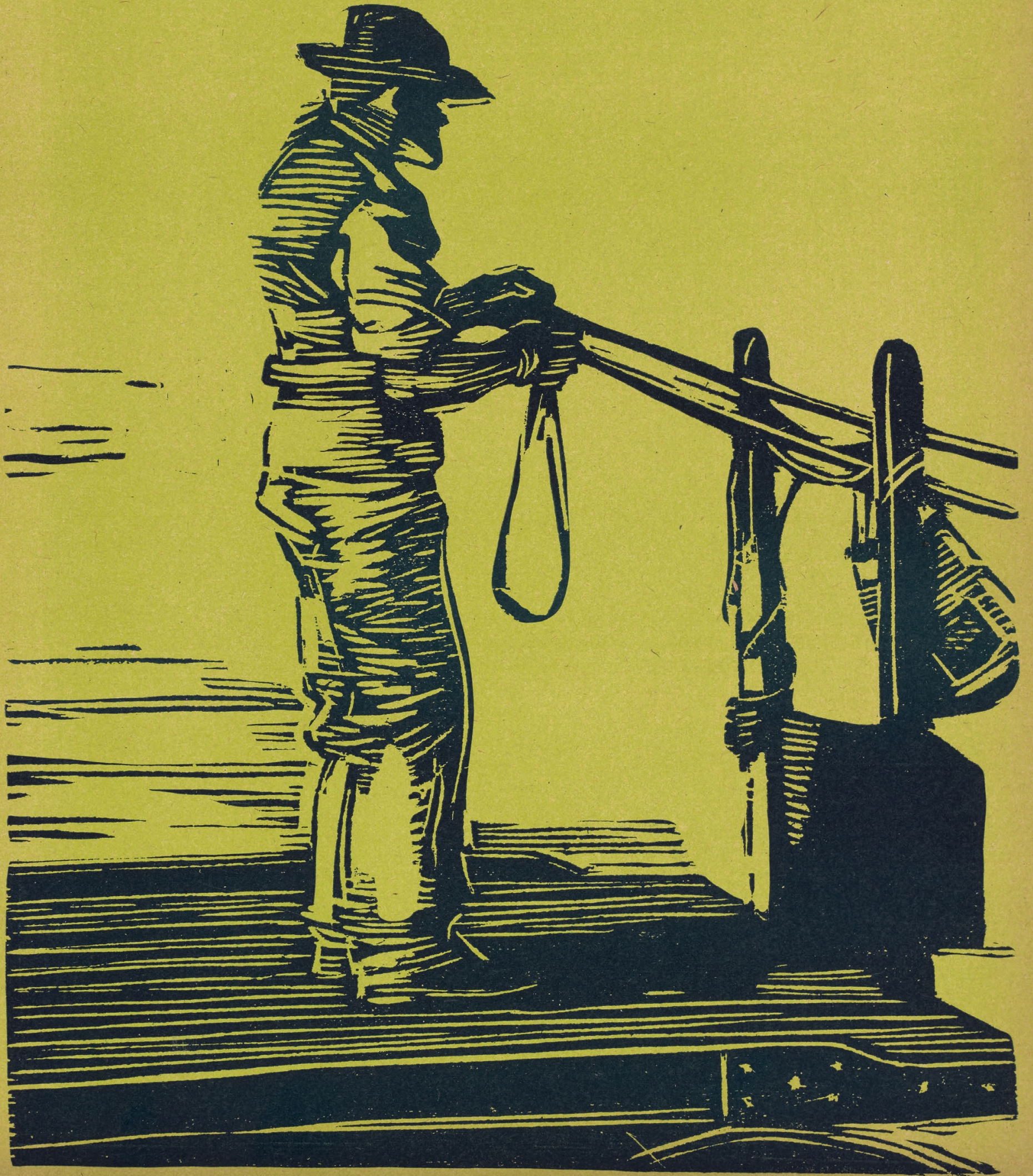


MARCH, 1916

10 CENTS

The
MASSES



Drawn by H. Smith

The MASSES

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Cornelia Barns
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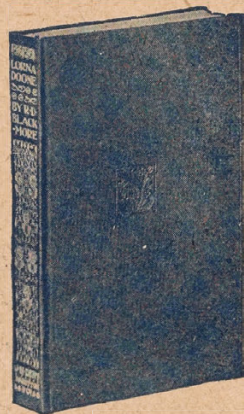
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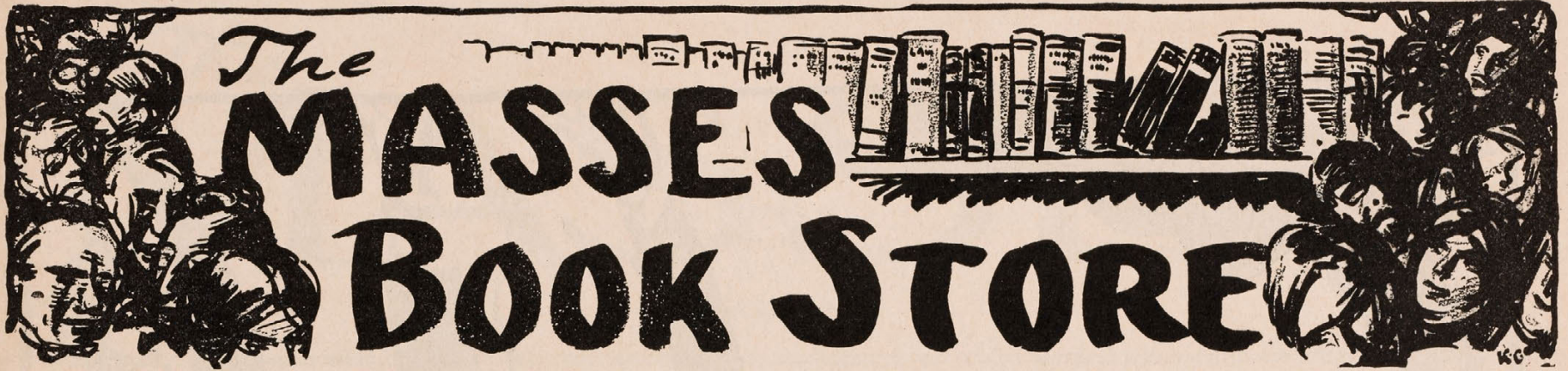
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WOMEN

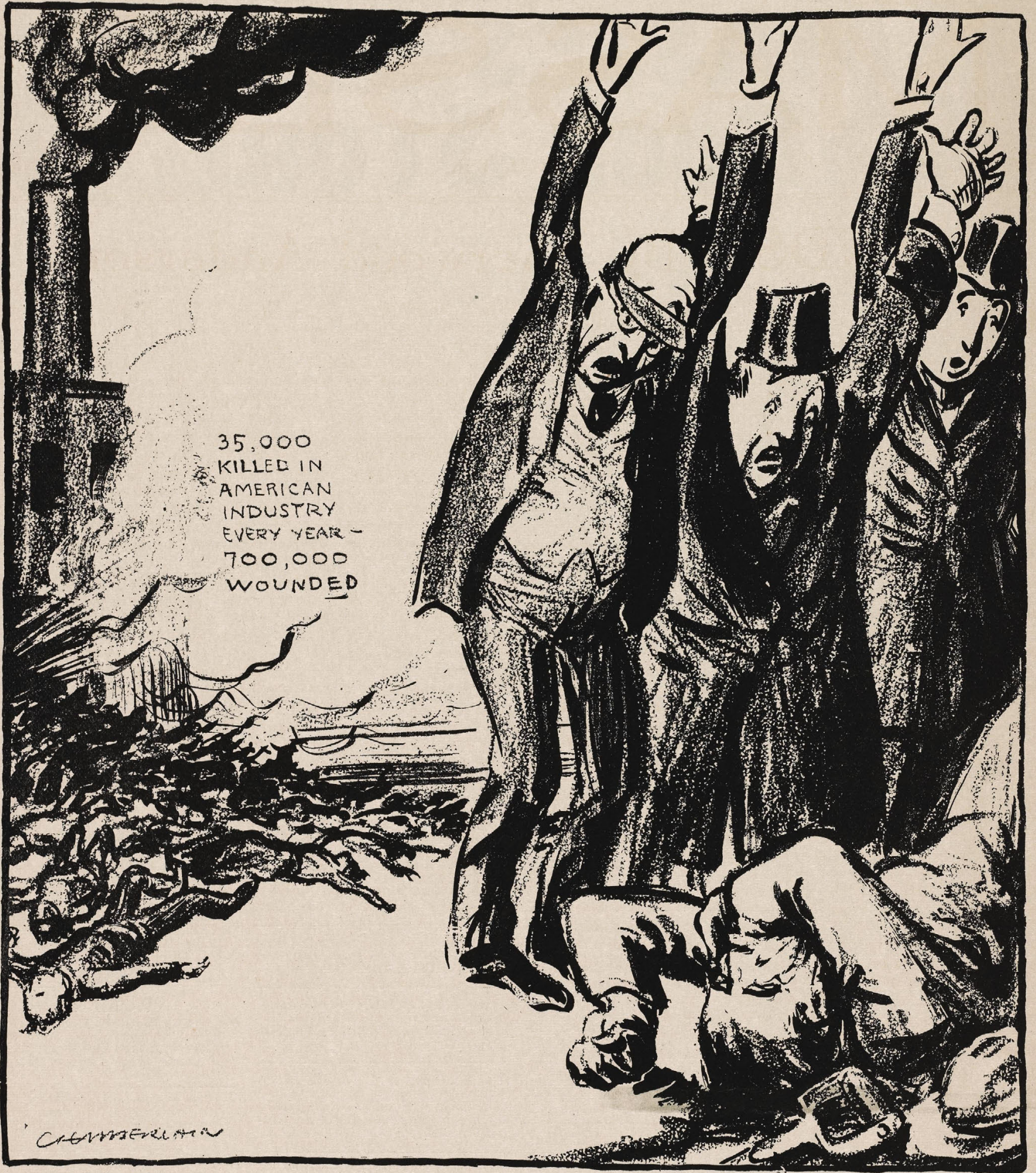
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(Continued on page 24)



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

PATRIOTISM

The Editor, the Munition Maker and the Investor: "Outrage! American Killed in Mexico! War!"

The MASSES

Vol. VIII. No. 5

MARCH, 1916

Issue No. 57

HANDS—By Sherwood Anderson

“OH, YOU Wing Biddlebaum! Comb your hair! It's falling into your eyes!”

Wing Biddlebaum, a fat, little old man, had been walking nervously up and down the half decayed veranda of a small frame house that stood near the edge of a ravine. He could see, across a long field that had been seeded for clover, but that had produced only a dense crop of yellow mustard weeds, the public highway. Along this road a wagon filled with berry pickers was returning from the fields. The berry pickers, youths and maidens, laughed and shouted boisterously. A boy, clad in a blue shirt, leaped from the wagon and attempted to drag after him one of the girls, who screamed and protested shrilly.

As he watched them, the plump little hands of the old man fiddled unconsciously about his bare, white forehead as though arranging a mass of tangled locks on that bald crown. Then, as the berry pickers saw him, that thin girlish voice came mockingly across the field. Wing Biddlebaum stopped, with a frightened look, and put down his hands helplessly.

When the wagon had passed on, he went across the field through the tall mustard weeds, and climbing a rail fence, peered anxiously along the road to the town. He was hoping that young George Willard would come and spend the evening with him. For a moment he stood on the fence, unconsciously rubbing his hands together and looking up the road; and then, fear overcoming him, he ran back to the house and commenced to walk again on the half decayed veranda.

Among all the people of Winesburg, but one had come close to this man; for Wing Biddlebaum, forever frightened and beset by a ghostly band of doubts, did not think of himself as in any way a part of the life of the town in which he had lived for the last twenty years. But with George Willard, son of Tom Willard, the proprietor of the new Willard House, he had formed something like a friendship. George Willard was reporter on the Winesburg Democrat, and sometimes in the evening walked out along the highway to Wing Biddlebaum's house.

In George Willard's presence, Wing Biddlebaum, who for twenty years had been the town mystery, lost something of his timidity and his shadowy personality, submerged in a sea of doubts, came forth to look at the world. With the young reporter at his side he ventured, in the light of day, into Main street or strode up and down on the rickety front porch of his own house talking excitedly. The voice that had been low and trembling became shrill and loud. The bent figure straightened. With a kind of wriggle like a fish returned to the brook by the fisherman, Biddlebaum the silent began to talk, striving to put into words the ideas that had been ac-

cumulated by his mind during long years of silence.

Wing Biddlebaum talked much with his hands. The slender expressive fingers, forever active, forever striving to conceal themselves in Wing's pockets or behind his back, came forth and became the piston rods of his machinery of expression.

The story of Wing Biddlebaum is a story of hands. Their restless activity, like unto the beating of the wings of an imprisoned bird, had given him his name. Some obscure poet of the town had thought of it. The hands alarmed their owner. He wanted to keep them hidden away and looked with amazement at the quiet, inexpressive hands of other men who walked beside him in the fields or passed driving sleepy teams on country roads.

When he talked to George Willard, Wing Biddlebaum closed his fists and beat with them upon a table or on the walls of his house. The action made him more comfortable. If the desire to talk came to him when the two were walking in the fields, he sought out a stump or the top board of a fence and with his hands pounding busily talked with renewed ease.

The story of Wing Biddlebaum's hands is worth a book in itself. Sympathetically set forth it would tap strange, beautiful qualities in obscure men. It is a job for a poet. In Winesburg the hands had attracted attention merely because of their activity. With them Wing Biddlebaum had picked as high as a hundred and forty quarts of strawberries in a day. They became his distinguishing feature, the source of his fame. Also they made more grotesque an already grotesque and elusive individuality. Winesburg was proud of the hands of Wing Biddlebaum in the same spirit in which it was proud of Banker White's new stone house and Wesley Moyer's bay stallion, "Tony Tip," that had won the "two-fifteen" trot at the fall races in Cleveland.

As for George Willard, he had many times wanted to ask about the hands. At times an almost overwhelming curiosity had taken hold of him. He felt that there must be a reason for their strange activity and their inclination to keep hidden away, and only a growing respect for Wing Biddlebaum kept him from blurting out the question that was often in his mind.

Once he had been on the point of asking. The two were walking in the fields on a summer afternoon and had stopped to sit upon a grassy bank. All afternoon Wing Biddlebaum had been as one inspired. By a fence he had stopped and, beating like a giant woodpecker upon the top board, had shouted at George Willard, condemning his tendency to be too much influenced by the people about him. "You are destroying yourself," he cried. "You have the inclination to be alone and to dream and you are afraid of dreams. You want to be like others in

town here. You hear them talk and you try to imitate them."

On the grassy bank Wing Biddlebaum had tried again to drive his point home. His voice became soft and reminiscent and with a sigh of contentment he launched into a long, rambling talk, speaking as one lost in a dream.

Out of the dream Wing Biddlebaum made a picture for George Willard. In the picture men lived again in a kind of pastoral golden age. Across a green open country came clean limbed young men, some afoot, some mounted upon horses. In crowds the young men came to gather about the feet of an old man who sat beneath a tree in a tiny garden and who talked to them.

Wing Biddlebaum became wholly inspired. For once he forgot the hands. Slowly they stole forth and lay upon George Willard's shoulders. Something new and bold came into the voice that talked. "You must try to forget all you have learned," said the old man. "You must begin to dream. From this time on you must begin to shut your ears to the roaring of the voices."

Pausing in his speech, Wing Biddlebaum looked long and earnestly at George Willard. His eyes glowed. Again he raised the hands to caress the boy, and then a look of horror swept over his face.

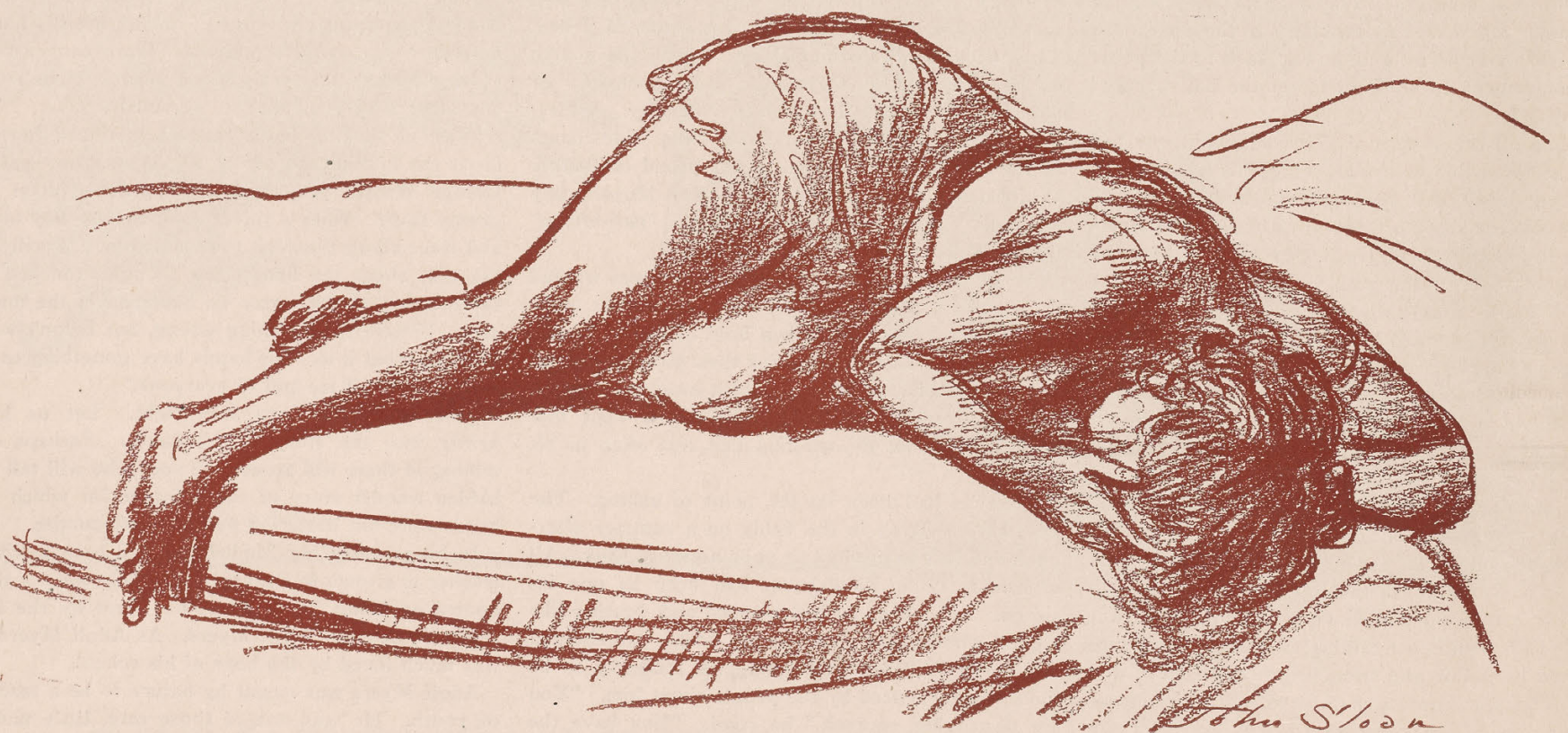
With a convulsive movement of his body, Wing Biddlebaum sprang to his feet and thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets. Tears came to his eyes. "I must be getting along home. I can't talk any more with you," he said nervously.

Without looking back, the old man had hurried down the hillside and across a long meadow, leaving George Willard perplexed and frightened upon the grassy slope. With a shiver of dread, the boy arose and went along the road towards town. "I will not ask him about the hands," he thought, touched by the memory of the terror he had seen in the man's eyes. "There is something wrong, but I don't want to know what it is. His hands have something to do with his fear of me and of everyone."

And George Willard was right. Let us look briefly into the story of the hands. Perhaps our talking of them will arouse the poet who will tell the hidden wonder story of the influence for which the hands were but fluttering pennants of promise.

In his youth Wing Biddlebaum had been a school teacher in a town in Pennsylvania. He was not then known as Wing Biddlebaum, but went by the less euphonic name of Adolf Myers. As Adolf Myers he was much loved by the boys of his school.

Adolf Myers was meant by nature to be a teacher of youth. He was one of those rare, little understood men who ruled by a power so gentle that it passes as a kind of lovable weakness. In his feeling



SKETCHES BY JOHN SLOAN

(Continued from page 5.)

for the boys under his charge he was not unlike the finer sort of women in their love of men.

And yet that is but crudely stated. It wants the poet there. With the boys of his school he had walked in the evening or had sat talking until dusk upon the schoolhouse steps lost in a kind of dream. Here and there went his hands, caressing shoulders of the boys, playing about the touseled heads. As he talked his voice became soft and musical. There was a caress in that also. In a way the voice and the hands, the stroking of the shoulders and the touching of the hair was a part of the schoolmaster's effort to carry a dream into the young men's minds. By the caress that was in his fingers he expressed himself. He was one of those men in whom sex is diffused, not centralized. Under the caress of his hands, doubt and disbelief went out of the minds of the boys and they also began to dream.

And then the tragedy. A half-witted boy of the school became enamored of the young master. In his bed at night he imagined unspeakable things and in the morning went forth to tell his dreams as facts. Strange, hideous accusations fell from his loose-hung lips. Through the Pennsylvania town went a shiver. Hidden, shadowy doubts that had been in men's minds concerning Adolf Myers were galvanized into beliefs.

The tragedy did not linger. Trembling lads were jerked out of bed and questioned. "He put his arms about me," said one. "His fingers were always playing in my hair," said another.

One afternoon a man of the town, Henry Bradford, who kept a saloon, came to the schoolhouse door. Calling Adolf Myers into the school yard, he began to beat him with his fists. As his hard knuckles beat down into the frightened face of the schoolmaster his wrath became more and more terrible. Screaming with dismay, the children ran here and there like disturbed insects. "I'll teach you to put your hands on my boy, you beast," roared the saloon keeper, who, tired of beating the master, had begun to kick him about the yard.

Adolf Myers was driven from the Pennsylvania town in the night. With lanterns in their hands a dozen men came to the door of the house where he lived alone and commanded that he dress and come forth. It was raining and one of the men had a rope in his hands. They had intended to hang the schoolmaster, but something in his figure, so small, white and pitiful, touched their hearts and they let him escape. As he ran away into the darkness they repented of their weakness and ran after him, swearing and throwing sticks and great balls of soft mud at the figure that screamed and ran faster and faster into the darkness.

For twenty years Adolf Myers lived alone in Winesburg. He was but forty, but looked sixty-five. The name of Biddlebaum he got from a box of goods seen at a freight station as he hurried through an eastern Ohio town. He had an aunt in Winesburg, a black toothed old woman who raised chickens, and with her he lived until she died. He had been ill for a year after the experience in Pennsylvania and after his recovery worked as a day laborer in the fields, going timidly about and striving to conceal his hands. Although he did not understand what had happened, he felt that the hands must be to blame. Again and again the fathers of the boys had talked of his hands. "Keep your hands to yourself," the saloon keeper had roared, dancing with fury in the schoolyard.

Upon the veranda of his house by the ravine, Wing Biddlebaum continued to walk up and down until the

COMING TO PORT

OUR motion on the soft still misty river
Is like rest; and like the hours of doom
That rise and follow one another ever
Ghosts of sleeping battle-cruisers loom
And languish quickly in the liquid gloom.

From watching them your eyes in tears are gleaming,
And your heart is still; and like a sound
In silence is your stillness in the streaming
Of light-whispered laughter all around,
Where happy passengers are homeward bound.

Their sunny journey is in safety ending,
But for you no journey has an end;
The tears that to your eyes their light are lending
Shine in softness to no waiting friend;
Beyond the search of any eye they tend.

There is no nest for the unresting fever
Of your passion, yearning, hungry-veined;
There is no rest nor blessedness forever
That can clasp you, quivering and pained,
Whose eyes burn forward to the unattained.

Like time, and like the river's fateful flowing,
Flowing though the ship has come to rest,
Your love is passing through the mist and going,
Going infinitely from your breast,
Surpassing time on its immortal quest.

The ship draws softly to the place of waiting,
All flush forward with a joyful aim,
And while their hands with happy hands are mating,
Lips are laughing out a happy name—
They see you pass among them like a flame.

MAX EASTMAN.

sun had disappeared and the road beyond the field was lost in the gray shadows. Going into his house he cut slices of bread and spread honey upon them. When the rumble of the evening train that took away the express cars loaded with the day's harvest of berries had passed and restored the silence of the summer night, he went again to walk upon the veranda. In the darkness he could not see the hands and they became quiet. Although he still hungered for the presence of the boy who was the medium through which he expressed his love of man, the hunger became again a part of his loneliness and his waiting. Lighting a lamp, he washed the few dishes soiled by the simple meal and, setting up a folding cot by the screen door that led to the porch, prepared to undress for the night. A few stray white bread crumbs lay on the cleanly washed floor by the table, and setting the lamp on a low stool, he began to pick up the crumbs, carrying them to his mouth one by one with unbelievable rapidity. In the dense blotch of light beneath the table the kneeling figure looked like a priest engaged in some service in his church. The nervous, expressive fingers, flashing in and out of the light, might well have been mistaken for the fingers of the devotee going swiftly through decade after decade of his rosary.

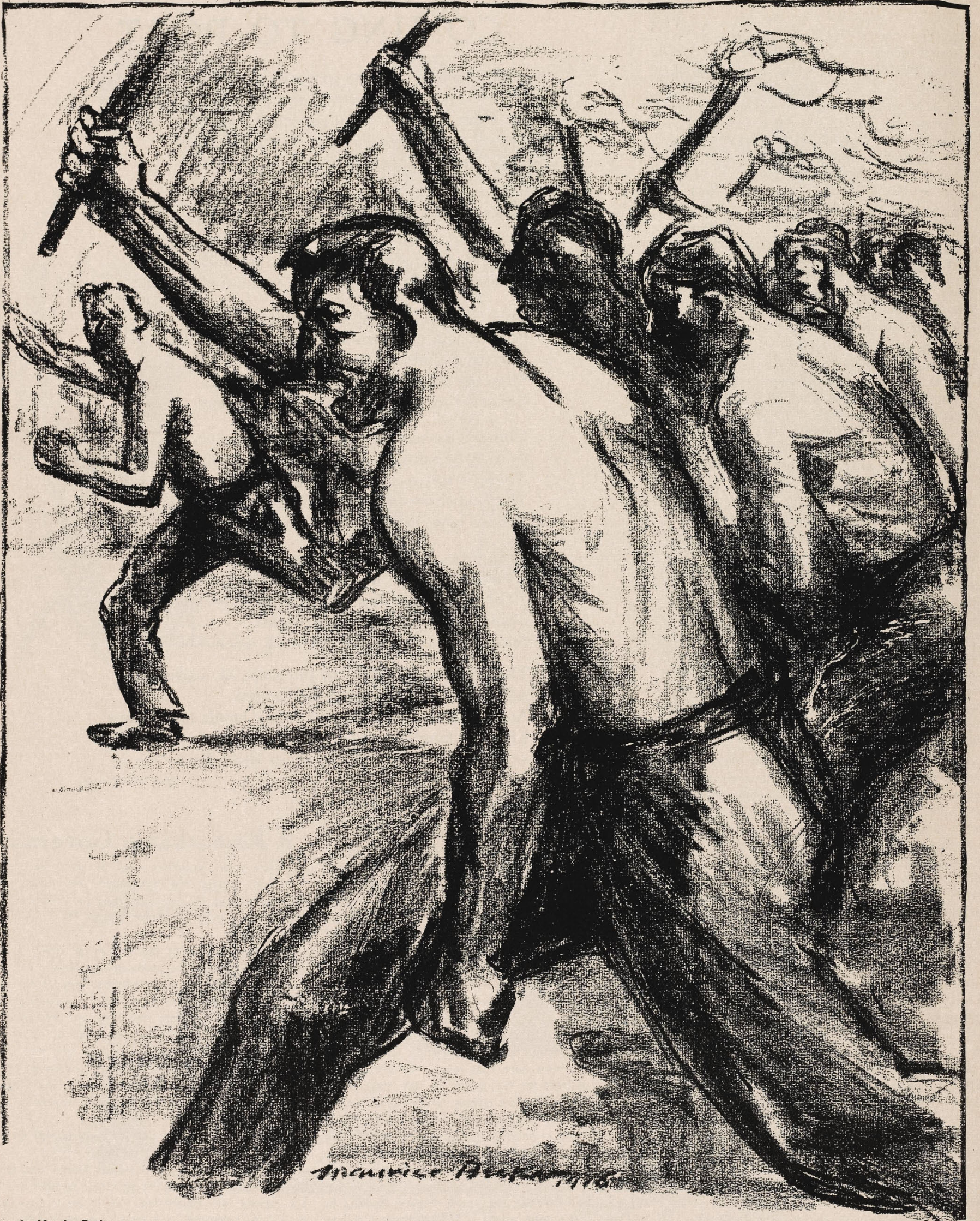
A Remarkable Governor

HERE is an important piece of news that comes, not through the newspapers, but through the publicity service of the Committee on Industrial Relations. It is about Governor George W. P. Hunt, of Arizona.

Five thousand copper miners are on strike in Arizona. Contrary to the precedent established in Colorado, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and other states, Governor Hunt, after discovering that the cause of the strikers was just, sent the militia to protect the strikers against the corporations; moreover, he prohibited the importation of gun men and strike breakers. The sheriff, following the governor's example, appointed strikers as deputy sheriffs. As a result, not a single worker has been killed or wounded: there has been no violence.

This is almost the first time anybody as high up as a Governor ever did anything for labor.

Meanwhile, in spite of Governor Hunt's assistance, five thousand copper miners and their families are being starved into submission. Their funds have long since been exhausted, and unless organized labor and its friends come to their aid with liberal contributions, the strike will be lost.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

SOLIDARITY AT YOUNGSTOWN

FIRE IN THE STEEL TRUST

FRANK BOHN

IT was a real battle—not a ridiculous piece of medievalism such as is now going on in Europe. It was a Twentieth Century conflict such as is becoming a familiar story in the newspapers. The unarmed militia of the working class, like the forces of Jackson at New Orleans a hundred years ago, won a qualified victory from the organized and disciplined army of capitalism.

"No, I tell you, I never see anything like it. I was there in Pittsburgh in '77 among the railroad men. Somebody filled an engine and five cars full of oil, set it afire, and run it forty miles an hour into the round house where the Pinkertons was livin'. But this East Youngstown business! In my forty years a' strikes an' strikers I never see the like. It was a patch a' hell sizzlin' in its own juice."

I had just come to town and a few old friends were entertaining me in the "Puddlers Saloon."

Another one of the old ones agreed heartily with the view already expressed. "It looked at first," he said very quietly, "as though the golden dreams of my youth had come true. I had read in the labor papers about such things as twenty thousand unskilled, unorganized men coming out on strike and standing together like a rock, but I had never imagined what it was to see it with my own eyes. I too have waited a long time. I was slated to make a speech from the wagon in Chicago in 1887 when the 'stool' pitched the bomb. When I heard it blow of course I skedaddled. I run home and says to the wife—I says 'We K. of L. officials has got to cut the town.' I went on a train with over a hundred others and we dropped off any old place on the prairie. At three the next morning the Pinkertons and the Police came to my house to arrest me. Well, those times is gone and the real fight is on at last."

The Might of the Mass

The Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company employs 15,000 men. Two-thirds of these were unskilled and they received 19½ cents an hour before the strike. This concern spent \$7,000,000 in improvements last year. Its common stock since the war started has risen from 85 to 340. Not a single group of workers received a cent increase. On December 27th 10,000 "Hunkies" struck. Two weeks later they carried the 5,000 skilled and semi-skilled on and up for a ten per cent. increase. The Republic Iron & Steel Company employs 9,000 men and the Carnegie Steel Company, which is part of the Steel Trust, has 10,000. All these received a flat ten per cent. increase.

Thirty cents a day more might not seem very much to a New York bricklayer, but the steelworker in Youngstown has literally starved on his 19½ cents an hour. Three dimes more a day has given him a taste of victory—which is more to be desired even than a taste of fresh meat.

Before the strike the craft unions did not have a single organized group of workmen in the steel industry. Since the strike a half dozen organizers, machinists, pipe-fitters, etc., have been here on the job, successfully organizing their crafts in every steel mill in Youngstown.

Youngstown

To get a view of Youngstown fixed in your imagination, conceive on the horizon fifteen miles distant a

dark and ugly cloud. If it is night, this cloud is illuminated by flashes of fire. You come closer and at last into the clouds—you are among the suburbs of this workshop of 110,000 inhabitants. On one side the mills of The Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company occupy exactly four miles of the Valley of the Mahoning River. Above it is the Republic Iron & Steel Company. On the other side are hundreds of acres of dingy shacks. You conclude at once that they are the cheapest and meanest habitations occupied by human beings in the whole world.

The central part of the town is like other American industrial cities of its size. A few thin skyscrapers shoot up at intervals. There is a beautiful new post-office paid for by the Federal Government, of course. There is one good hotel. Citizens tell you that the new court house cost just two millions of dollars. The rear wall and top story made of cement blocks are already cracking to pieces. Everywhere smoke—dirt—dust—mud—grime. Prosperous looking business men with dirty faces and dirty hands and dirty linen. Everybody breathing dirt, eating dirt—they call it "pay dirt," for Youngstown clean would be Youngstown out of work and out of business and starving to death. So dirt is the one essential part in the life of the community. Everybody loves it.

The Strike

On December 27th fifty pipe fitters in the Republic Iron & Steel Company struck for an increase of 25 cents a day and won in about five minutes. The news was too good! Two hundred laborers went out in a body for 25 cents a day increase and began to picket the gates. They "made it stick." Skilled and semi-skilled couldn't work without the Hunkies. Then, too, the skilled were not averse to an increase themselves. On the third and fourth day the furnaces were stopped—which is the essential thing in an iron and steel strike.

On January 5th the Electric Shock of the real thing ran along the lines of the strikers' army. Its sure sign was the battle cry, "General Strike." Nobody knows who started it. There has been a small Slavic Local of the I. W. W. at Youngstown. A dozen or more A. F. of L. organizers, Craft Unionists and general headquarters men had come to town. Probably no organization and no individual was responsible. It was instinctive. Crowds of strikers moved upon the Youngstows Sheet & Tube Company plant. Voluntary committees organized themselves and went to New Castle, to Sharon and to Niles. Their demands had focalized—25 cents an hour minimum for a ten-hour day, time and a half for overtime and double time on Sundays and holidays.

The officials of the Steel Trust, who manage the Carnegie Steel Company at Youngstown, were wise. They saw what was coming and at once posted bulletins informing their workers that 22 cents an hour for unskilled labor would be the rate after February 1st and that everybody would get a 10 per cent. increase.

Jim Campbell Wants the Militia

The dominant mind among the employers was Mr. James Campbell, president of The Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company. "Jim" Campbell is a perfect representative of his class—the "self-made" American Capitalist. From a clerk in a flour and feed store he has

become the employer of 15,000 men in a town of 110,000 men, women and children. "Jim" Campbell usually has his way about most everything in Youngstown. Now the mind of "Jim" Campbell worked quite as correctly as that of the strikers. The strikers kept saying to one another—"Keep together, stay in bunches; if 20 of you speak 17 different languages, make motions and laugh and shout. Everybody come out night and morning when shifts are changed. Speak sweetly to the men who are going to the mill and plead with them with tears in your eyes to join your forces. If that doesn't help, try some other method, but keep it up." As a matter of fact nearly everybody had come out of the shops, except stationary engineers and firemen and the clerks, who kept up a bluff of work among the furnaces.

"Jim" Campbell said to his colleagues that crowds would have to be dispersed—that the assembling of crowds meant success for the strikers, that what they wanted was a full brigade of militia, 2,000 strong, who would keep East Youngstown swept clean of "disorder" and "lawlessness." They appealed to the Governor through the local authorities.

On Friday morning Adjutant General Weybrecht came from Columbus and looked over the situation. He went into conference with Mayor Cunningham, the Sheriff, "Jim" Campbell and other capitalists. In that conference he declared that the militia was not needed and that he was going back to Columbus.

"The militia not needed," shrieked Campbell and his distinguished fellow citizens—25,000 men asking for a twenty per cent. increase in wages and *the militia not needed*. What are we supporting the militia for, anyway?

The Massacre

In the afternoon there was another conference without the Adjutant General. That conference closed at 4:30. At five o'clock about 200 strikers were in the vicinity of the bridge-head on the raised street, from which the employees cross the bridge over a dozen railroad tracks to get into the plant. Six company guards, armed with repeating rifles, came out and took up their station on the bridge. There was not a single striker on the bridge, which is company property. They were in the public street. It was the orthodox Greek and Russian Christmas. The strikers had been celebrating by parading in quaint costumes and feasting in their homes. There were thousands in the streets who were not specially interested in picketing on such a holiday.

The six company guards first raised their rifles and fired one shot over the heads of the pickets, who refused to retreat. The guards then emptied their repeating rifles into the crowd. They were at a point blank range—not over forty feet away. Forty dead and dying men fell to the ground.

The Fire of Revenge

Probably every striker in East Youngstown was on the scene within ten minutes. What they accomplished was told in headlines throughout the country next day. The guards retreated to the far end of the bridge and took cover. It was impossible for the strikers to get into the mill or lay hold of the guards.

Their action was absolutely instinctive. Society had committed treason and murder against them. In their power was a half million dollars' worth of property,

about which was thrown the guarding power of the sanctity of the law. They took such revenge as the situation made possible. Here, unprotected, was the bank and post office, an office building or two and a dozen considerable stores. Scattered among these were a score of smaller buildings. The mob made no distinction. It threw dynamite through the windows and doors and retreated long enough for the fuses to set it off. A shoe repair shop owned by a Slavic Socialist and strike sympathizer went with the rest.

"How *could* they dynamite the bank?" asked an astounded and perplexed small business man. "Didn't they have their savings in it?"

Mr. Jim Campbell got his militia the next morning—two full regiments of them. There was no more picketing, no more crowds on the street. Every informed working man in Youngstown knows that 25 cents an hour would have been secured had it not been for the "riot" and fire.

The "riot" and fire lasted from 5:15 in the evening

until one o'clock in the morning. The East Youngstown police ran away. At two o'clock the next morning, when the streets were deserted except by a few drunks, a posse of brave citizens moved like ghosts among the ruins and drove the few remaining intoxicated men away from the beer cases and whiskey casks which had been carried out of the burning saloons and piled in the open. This act of heroic public service has resulted in a rancorous debate as to who is to be first in public esteem and praise. The argument resembles that between the friends of Sampson and those of Schley after the battle of Santiago. City Solicitor E. O. Diser says that he did it. He will be rewarded with nothing less than Republican Nomination for Congress. His claim is disputed by the friends of the Honorable Mr. Martin Murphy, democrat and former constable of East Youngstown.

East Youngstown has 8,000 inhabitants and 400 voters. The kind of government resulting therefrom may be imagined. "Justices of the Peace," when they fine a

prisoner \$5.00 and costs, are permitted by law to pocket \$3.95 of the five dollars. Before the strike a foreign working man was arrested for "trespassing" on the railroad track while going to work: "a dollar and costs," said the Justice. The laborer had just been the recipient of a month's pay and in his innocence he drew out a twenty dollar gold piece. The Judge saw the coin and quickly changed the fine to twenty dollars and costs.

Professor Faust Reaps a Harvest

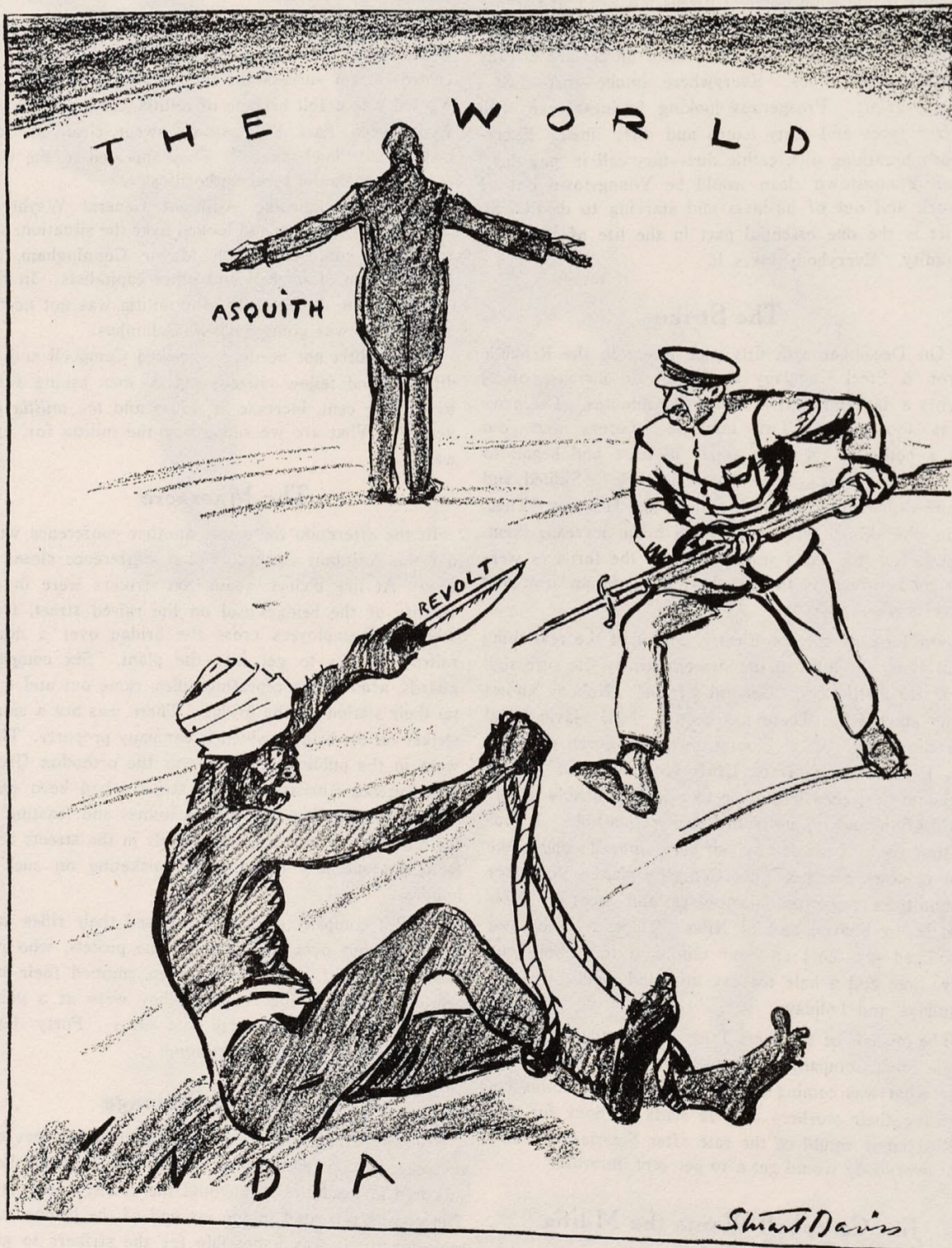
In Youngstown there is a principal of a school known as Professor Faust. The Professor lacks none of the philosophic qualities of his great namesake. But, of course, modern industrial America has changed the means of expression. The Faust of classical lore never had such an opportunity as came to the Youngstown savant.

For Professor Faust has just recently been elected Justice of the Peace.

After the militia came, the police returned to town and under their protection arrested some three hundred strikers. The cells were packed and Prof Faust held court in the county jail. He came close to his game for fear some might escape him. There was no jury impaneled. There was no evidence taken. No witnesses were called. Whether the prisoners had been present or not in East Youngstown during the riot and fire did not concern the "Court." Only one distinction was made. Those who had lawyers to defend them were fined \$1.00, \$2.00 and \$3.00 apiece. Those that came before the Professor undefended were fined from \$10 to \$50 apiece. During the four days that followed the strike, Prof. Faust's share of the fines amounted to more than a year's salary as Principal of Schools. It amounted to exactly 1,648 units of the coinage of these United States of America—each one of the sixteen hundred and forty-eight bearing on the one side the insignia "Liberty," and on tother side "In God We Trust."

The advocates of "law and order" in Youngstown thought that the "fair name of their city" would not be clean of the aspersions cast upon it by the newspapers of Akron, Canton and New Castle unless at least a hundred strikers were sent to the penitentiary, but the big employers wouldn't listen to this. Workers are mighty scarce these days, and "Jim" Campbell and his colleagues didn't care a rap about the small business men who lost their little all in the fire. Three days after the strike the Youngstown newspapers began to say that the community was more or less responsible for what had happened, that the "poor working people" had never been brought close enough to the tender bosom of the community. As soon as magnates began to talk about the dangerous scarcity of labor and to express fear that foreign working people from other towns would be kept away by drastic action, the Youngstown *Vindicator* began to editorialize in answer to the question as to what "Christ would do to the striking workers if he came to Youngstown." So, although there are still over a hundred workers in jail, some of them every day are enabled to borrow the amount of their fines from loan sharks. In the end probably not more than fifteen or twenty of them will have to go to the penitentiary.

NOTE.—As I am hurriedly completing this statement, the attorney for several of the men in jail calls and informs me that the prosecuting attorney is selecting the Socialists and I. W. W. members for criminal prosecution—that not the slightest effort had been made to arrest a single company guard, and that nothing would be left undone in the way of furnishing "an example" to future strikers. "The Iron Heel," says their attorney, "is coming down on their necks."



England Before the World

PREMIER ASQUITH: "WE SHALL NOT FALTER OR PAUSE UNTIL WE HAVE SECURED THE SMALLER STATES OF EUROPE THEIR CHARTER OF INDEPENDENCE, AND FOR EUROPE ITSELF FINAL EMANCIPATION FROM A REIGN OF FORCE."

The Café des Aviateurs

Arthur Bullard

PAU is the deadest place you could imagine this winter. The Palais d'hiver—where in normal years there are concerts and shows and "Les petits chevaux," is a hospital. Three out of four of the grand hotels along the Boulevard des Pyrenees are closed. The ones which are open are only working half time. There are almost no tourists. . . . I've only become acquainted with two. One is a rich young Parisian Jew who is writing a book on Philosophy—running a race with a bad heart—hoping to finish his last chapter before his heart stops. The betting I think is even. The other is a Scot who every day in the summer plays golf—and very bad golf—on the links at St. Andrews and has come here every winter for twenty years. He is a sleeping partner in a ship building establishment. Born rich, he is getting richer with dozing; spent, these days. He is proud of coming here in spite of the War. He thinks it demonstrates the solid—and stolid—British virtues. If Gabriel should blow his horn before he had finished his morning round, he would pretend not to hear.

The few visitors sit in bath chairs along the Boulevard des Pyrenees, while the sun shines, and gaze endlessly at the snow on the mountain peaks and discuss among themselves unpleasant details of the digestive system.

I've only found one place where there is Life with a capital "L." It is in the Café des Aviateurs—that isn't its real name, but that's what everyone calls it. For there is an aviation school at Pau. One doesn't see much of the élèves. They seem to be kept pretty close in their barracks and are under a regime which we would call "training" in football circles at home. They do not come to the Café. It is the "instructors" one sees.

They are quite wonderful. They are men sent back from the front. It seems that flying in the face of death is a trying trade. Sooner or later—sometimes weeks, sometimes months—something happens to the nerves. Not long ago one of the most famous flyers—a man who had broken all sorts of records before the War—had a strange psychological adventure. Ordered to go up one morning on some scouting duty he forgot—simply, crudely forgot—to look at his gasoline tank. He started up with it more than half empty. He got nicely over the enemy's line when his motor began to miss fire. In the restful quiet of a German prison camp he has probably recovered his "nerve" by now. I've heard several such stories here.

Taught by such experiences, the commandants of aviation camps keep a sharp eye on their men. And when a flyer seems to be on the verge of such fatal forgetfulness he is ordered back to one of the schools as instructor. The billet, which is a snap, does not last long. After a few weeks he goes back to the front. After the War I suppose that figures will be published to show the normal mortality rate among military aviators. The statistics haven't yet been collected. But the gossip here is that very few ever come back as "Instructors" a second time. They come and go, and are not seen again. The ones who are making this Café lively these days do not expect to come back.

"Carpe diem" seems to be their motto. It is a bit uncanny to one raised as I was. Their way of pre-

paring for death is not in accordance with the Puritanical traditions of my childhood.

In Paris, these days, one wonders what has become of the more dainty and smarter of the demi-mondaines. These more expensive ladies, who used to ornament the tango palaces, have disappeared. Some of them have come here. In spite of the "dead season," the dearth of tourists, etc., there are quite as charming ladies in the Café des Aviateurs as Paris ever boasted of.

From three to four is the hour when crumbs from the table of joy fall to mere civilians—gouty and apopleptic old gentlemen and very young boys buy bright colored drinks for these ladies, and reap a harvest of perfunctory smiles and a few very unenthusiastic kisses. Apparently the "lessons" in the Aviation School are over at four; soon after that the instructors begin to come in and the mere civilians fade away.

For some reason the aviators make a parade of Anglomania. They buy "tea" for the ladies, "whiskey and soda" for themselves, and use loudly all the English words they know.

Their favorite game is an emasculated form of poker. All the small cards are thrown away, so it is rather hard to hold less than three kings. And whenever any of the girls—for they play, too—holds a full house, it is the rule for all the aviators to kiss her. There is a touching communism in regard to the kissing—and also in regard to the chips. The ladies bet with those nearest to hand and never bother to buy any. Gambling is the smallest part of the game. The real object is to force a full house on one of the girls.

They are a superstitious lot, these aviators. The other day I got to talking with some of them. The Lieutenant Pratelle—a plebian who used to be famous before the War in professional sporting circles as a dare-devil motorcyclist—wears a fine gold chain outside of the stiff collar of his tunic and on it hangs a very cheap lead medal, stamped with the insignia of the Seven Sorrows of the Virgin. "It is from my little daughter," he explained to me. "She is in the school of the Good Sisters. She is but seven. It is her first prize. I have not been hit. But," he added, "it is not so good as the charm of Charles." And Charles, who is a count as well as a captain, took out of his breast pocket a five franc piece of the First Empire which was heavily dented in the center. "My great-grandfather carried it through the Russian campaign. My grandfather wore it as a charm in the Italian wars. It saved his life. See the bullet mark, an Austrian bullet at Solferino. And my father carried it in '70 and was not touched, and now I carry it. . . . I would not go up without it. . . . and I have not been touched. Often my machine has been hit. Yes. And once my mecanicier was killed. I am not a mecanicier, I am an observer. Yes. He was killed. It was above St. Mihiel."

I remembered reading the story some weeks ago. I bowed towards his brand new ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

"And you brought the machine back safely yourself?" I said.

"Oh, yes," he blushed, but tried to turn it lightly. "It was a bit awkward, leaning over the mecanicier. But, you see, he was not quite dead. He could tell me what to do. A good fellow. He had taken me up

often. And then," he added in disgust, "They sent me down here—thought I'd lost my nerve."

But it was five o'clock and further gains were impossible. There's a regular performance every day at five. Cyrano de Bergerac comes in. That isn't his right name and he hasn't an overgrown nose. In fact, he's exceptionally good looking. But he has the manner of Cyrano. He is small and slight and has the grace of a girl—or of a celebrity's dancing partner. He always comes in just as the clock strikes five. And he comes in with an effect. He waves his kapi and shouts: "Bon jour a toute le monde!" And All the World stop their games, their letter writing, their kisses, and call back, "Bon jour, Jacques!" And then with a Cyrano sweep he throws open his cloak and on his breast you see all three medals, the Legion of Honor, La Medalle Militaire—most coveted of all—and the Croix de Guerre, with three pale branches on it. Three times cited on the Order of the Day for conspicuous valor.

He is very dudish. His clothes are spick and span. Fresh shaved, his hair carefully—rather too carefully—brushed. But—the necessary touch of originality, the thing which saves him from banality—his finger nails are black. I think that every day as a tribute to his machine he rubs grease into them.

He hangs up his coat and begins his rounds. It is a regular formality. The ladies are all on the qui vive. He goes to the first, takes her hand with some gallant compliment, and kisses it superbly, as a noble lord of Versailles would have greeted Marie Antoinette. He extemporizes his compliment—always new, always gay and spirituelle—as Cyrano extemporized his ballade during the duel. And having kissed the lady's hand and having brought real color to her cheeks beneath the paint and powder, he grasps it firmly, jerks her to her feet—into his arms—and kisses her loudly on her mouth, throws back his head, laughs, and proceeds to the next lady. For each a new and more ardent compliment, for each the dainty salute to the finger tips, then the same rough kiss and ringing laugh. When he has finished his round he goes to the comptoir and kisses the hand of Madame la Patronne and threatens to jerk her off her high stool into his arms. She is no longer fair and more than fat and more than forty. But she looks as if she hoped that some day he would fulfill his threat. And while he kisses her he looks over the assortment of expectant—younger—ladies.

At last he makes his choice and sits down beside her. The poker game recommences. He will not play. "Poker!" he says. "Bah! one can play that at the front. Why wait till she draws a full house?" He doesn't wait.

And whenever he is not kissing the lady of his choice, he is laughing gayly.

It is hard to tell why everyone loves him. Mere bravery is rather at a discount in this Café des Aviateurs. But everyone does love him. Even when he laughs there is a poignant wistfulness about him that—

Damn! As I was writing that, it struck me that the Café was quieter than usual this afternoon. I looked up at the clock. It is after five. Jacques has not come today. There's Pratelle. I'll ask him. . . . "Yes," he said, rather gruffly, when I asked, "Jacques has gone back to the front." And then he turned back to the game—one of the ladies had drawn four Kings.

From Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

DO you believe in patriotism? What an odd question to ask revolutionists! Might it not be better put, "American Socialists, have you the courage of your principles? Shall it be 'America First' or 'Workers of the World, Unite!'"

Count me for *Labor First*. This country is not "our" country. Then why should the toilers love it or fight for it? Why sanction the title deeds of our masters in the blood of our fellow-slaves? Let those who own the country, who are howling for and profiting by preparedness, fight to defend their property.

I despise the rule of Rockefeller and Morgan as much as that of King or Kaiser, and am as outraged by Ludlow and Calumet as by Belgium. Joe Hill was as cruelly martyred as Edith Cavell, and I cannot work myself into a frenzy of patriotism wherever a contraband ship is sunk and we lose a few prominent citizens.

I save my concern for Quinlan, Lawson, Ford and Suhr, and the innumerable victims of the class war.

The majority of our workers are foreigners, one or two generations removed, and with their European home-ties and American environment, internationalism becomes the logical patriotism of a heterogeneous population.

America—not as a melting-pot, that produces a jingoistic, mercenary, one-mold type, but as a giant loom weaving into a mighty whole the song, the poetry, the traditions, and the customs of all races, until a beautiful human fabric, with each thread intact, comes forth—would stretch forth a myriad hands of brotherhood to the four quarters of the globe.

The train on which I write rushes by factories where murder instruments are made for gold. I would be ashamed to be patriotic of such a country. In the black smoke belched from their chimneys, I see the ghostly faces of dead workers—our poor, deluded slain brothers. I re-affirm my faith, "It is better to be a traitor to your country than a traitor to your class!"

From Elsie Clews Parsons

THE other night I was with a company discussing nationalism. Each had been asked to state what his sense of nationality amounted to, how often he thought about himself and others as American nationals, how much from day to day he cared about the rôle of national and when it was he acted in that rôle. Out of twenty-one all but two protested they were patriots; all but five or six straightway set forth their views on the attitude of the United States towards the European war and none told how he or she thought or felt in the day's course about being a member, not of one economic class or another, not of one professional group or another, not of one music or art or science loving group or another, but of that group of ninety odd millions colled American citizens.

When it came my turn in our confession of faith I said that since I agreed with those who preceded I would merely be stating directly what each had stated indirectly. In short, I did not think or feel or act in terms of nationality at all. The groups I co-operated with and spiritually responded to were not national and, if patriotism were defined as the emotion attaching to the concept of nationalism, I was non-patriotic.

DO YOU BELIEVE

From Will Irwin

PATRIOTISM? I do and I don't. We'll never get war out of the world until we replace smaller group-consciousness by larger group-consciousness. That smaller group-consciousness, dressed up with a lot of buncombe, at present passes as patriotism. And yet, if another group, inspired to action by false ideas of patriotism, starts to wipe out your group, what can you do? Use a little buncombe yourself in order to work up in your group an emotion so strong that men will be willing to die for it. But the whole tendency of progress is toward a wider group-consciousness; and if the race ever becomes what we hope to make it, patriotism will go into the scrap-heap with a lot of other worn-out ideals.

From Inez Haynes Gillmore

DO I believe in patriotism?
Yes and no.

Yes—because love of country is as inevitable to living in a country as love of family to living in a family.

No—because we have tarnished and commercialized and rendered perishable what should be shining and priceless and immortal.

We could abolish love of family if, at birth, we took children away from their parents and moved them from family to family, never permitting them to stay long anywhere.

We could abolish love of country if, early in life, we took people away from the place in which they were born and moved them from country to country, never permitting them to stay long anywhere.

Perhaps that would be desirable. It seems to me foolish and wasteful. It seems to me wiser to develop love of family and love of country into something bigger and better than itself.

I believe that we should use love of family as the unit to teach children to love all people as their people. I believe we should use love of country as a unit to teach children to look upon all countries as their country.

An earth-family—a world-country.

I believe in that kind of patriotism.

Still I don't know but what I'm talking foolishness.

From Sara Bard Field

I BELIEVE in the patriotism of John D. or Billy Sunday, because this land has furnished enough exploitation possibility in the material realm for the one; in the spiritual realm for the other, to make both men rich. Their patriotism is a sound reaction from the stimulus of wealth thus acquired. Their patriotism is a practical and natural gratitude to the country for value received—a sort of scented note of thanks. I despise the patriotism of the disinherited poor—the great army of toilers, for to them the country has yielded nothing but the chance to be fuel for the fires of the rich. Their patriotism is an idiotic gratitude for something less than no value received—it is grace said at a bare table. I believe in the love of the local soil that gives men the things that mean abundant life—comfort, health, beauty, security, companionship. When all men are thus served by the soil, patriotism will not only be intelligent but justified.

Patriotism is not made out of flags and kings' birthdays and battle dates and soldiers' monuments. Patriotism is a question of latitude and longitude; of climate and soil; of things which man does not control; of things which make a Slav a Slav and a Latin a Latin. Patriotism is the result of the forces that make French literature, German music, Norwegian philosophy and Japanese art.

These same forces will localize and intensify a man's love for his special abiding place and communal expression, no matter how great his belief in internationalism, exactly as the force of love localizes and intensifies a man's affection for some particular woman no matter how universal is his regard for the race.

I believe intelligent patriotism is the instinctive recognition on the part of people of what has made them what they are and given them what they possess.

The awful thing about this noise which Europe and American preparedness advocates call patriotism is that most men, under present conditions, are nothing and possess less than what they are.

From Ernest Untermann

I BELIEVE in patriotism, or matriotism, as I believe in father or mother love, as things that are bred in human beings by thousands of years of natural development. They exist as inevitable necessities and cannot be abolished by verbal fireworks. So long as they are inevitable products of evolution, they serve a useful purpose. They may become abnormal, or they may be misused or abused. They may be corrected more or less in single individuals, but when they play a rôle in mass movements, they cannot be abolished or modified by the curses or tricks of minorities. Patriotism serves the same useful rôle for nations that self-respect plays for individuals. When they assume the shape of abnormal spleens, they become unpleasant and sometimes dangerous, but so do all peculiarities run through the sieve of evolution. Before patriotism can be rubbed out, nations must be wiped out. So long as nations exist, patriotism and national pride will be cogs in the world wheel rolling towards internationalism. Without nationality and without national patriotism, internationalism is impossible. Those who champion a mental internationalism without nationalism believe in a forest without trees. Scoundrels may misuse the natural sentiment of patriotism for criminal ends, but lovers of humanity can and will use it as a cornerstone for the temple of international brotherhood.

From John Haynes Holmes

YES, I believe in patriotism as one of the necessary and beneficent upward steps in the idealistic development of the race. From the standpoint of parochial prejudice, tribal passion and selfish individualism, patriotism must be regarded as one of the noblest expressions of human devotion. At the present moment it undoubtedly marks the high water mark of spiritual evolution. The trouble comes when, as in the case of the great majority of people, patriotism is regarded not as one "stepping stone to higher things," but as the final goal itself. From the standpoint of racial unity, international concord, pure humanitarian-

IN PATRIOTISM?

ism, patriotism must be counted as a narrow virtue and, as in this Great War, almost a sin. In this case, as in every other, we must remember that no absolute judgment can be passed. Evolution is the law of ethics as well as of biology. Hating war with an unqualified hatred, I yet bow in reverence before the pure devotion now being displayed in Europe by unnumbered millions whose highest ideal is that of love of country. On the other hand, I yearn for the coming of the time when love of country will merge as completely into love of humanity as devotion to our separate commonwealths here in America, in the old states' rights days, is now merged into devotion for the nation as a whole. Patriotism is not a thing to be denounced; rather is it a thing to be enlarged and purified. Its essence is love; what it needs is the larger rather than the smaller object of devotion.

From Stuart Davis

I

I DO believe in patriotism. I would rather have this country mismanaged by Americans than by French, Germans or the Russian and his soul. Should we be invaded by any foreign nation I am quite sure that I would find discussion of the superiority of Americans most interesting. I would agree by the hour with the frock-coated, silk-hatted, fat-stomached gentleman whom we now all draw and label "Capitalism."

If I were acquainted with the way Anatole France or Bernard Shaw ate their food I am quite sure that in case of invasion by either one of their respective countries I would recall it with disgust. I would have a mental picture of Shaw stowing away pears, and it would be a symbol of the peculiarities of his awful race.

Yes, I am undoubtedly patriotic and, like the street car conductor, am fundamentally against "them foreigners."

II

I do *not* believe in patriotism. The teaching of the superiority of "our country" certainly prods on the racial differences of the nations and makes for war. The child is taught that he must be ready to bear arms and lay down his life for his country. This is as much as to say that the country can live only by the annihilation of other countries. It teaches that war with gold lace, blue suits and cannon is one of the common facts of nature from which there is no appeal. It leaves no room for any speculation on the subject. It seems reasonable to suppose that if the children in schools were taught to hate war it would at least encourage any tendency on the part of a child for better things instead of stifling it. If the money that Congress proposes to spend for defense in the same old fashioned way were utilized in intelligent propaganda thro' the medium of the theatre in all countries it would seem to be a better defence than a barricade of dead people. This is as deep as my mind goes on this subject.

CENSORED

By Ward & Gow because they do not "approve of its contents," THE MASSES has been permanently removed from the subway and elevated news-stands of New York. This means a loss of three or four thousand readers—unless they subscribe, or take the trouble to buy it on the other stands.

From John Sloan

IF I had to love a country I could love no country but this, nor could I find a fitter one to hate.

I put Patriotism with the other isms,—Militarism, Anarchism, Capitalism, Individualism, Socialism, Dogmatism, Catholicism, Protestantism and Rheumatism (I had almost written Catechism), but I am answering your question. I hope that social progress will eliminate all isms—though in the case of Futurism we have a hard one to catch.

Patriotism licks the boot of Capitalism and until the earth-worms get the latter's carcass, he will need patriots. As the wage system will never enable the people of any country to consume all their products with a profit to the owning class, foreign markets are a necessity to be fought for. Patriotism is a potent means of providing the fighters. Conscription is another powerful persuader and Our Country has both (see Dick military law passed by Congress in 1903 and 1908).

Yes, I believe in Patriotism, but I have none of it; I don't like the present day variety, nor that of the past, but I have great faith in that of the future—till then, yours,

JOHN SLOAN.

From Charles Erskine Scott Wood

DO I believe in Patriotism? No. But stop. How can I disbelieve in that noble quality which makes men and women go to the scaffold or the battlefield embracing death gladly,—not for self, not of necessity, but because of an heroic soul? What is Patriotism? Is it not the same quality which made Greenwood pass his whole gang through the air chamber of the Hudson River tunnel and remain to die? Peace is full of that quality of the soul which makes up patriotism. But if I ask what is Patriotism, the common answer is, "Love of Country. Willingness to die for the Fatherland." But what is that country? That Fatherland? Is it the generous fields, the benevolent rivers, the profligate mountains, or is it a certain machine called Government? The fields, the rivers, the mountains do not ask their children to die. What is Government? Is it all the people each governing the other (That is nonsense), or is it a few governing all the people? And what few? The privileged, the rich, the powerful, governing the unprivileged, the exploited and submissive. Is the German Government the fine German people, or the Kaiser and his plutocracy, called aristocracy? Is the Government in England, Russia, France the whole people, or the privileged plutocracy? What quarrel have the peoples with each other? What to gain by war? Who makes wars? Not the peoples. Every war has been made by a Government. Would our young men have died for Patriotism in a war with Mexico?—or for Wall street's heavy investments in Mexico? I may admire the young man's heroic sacrifice who dies for such patriotism, but I cannot admire the inside of his skull.

If you define Patriotism to be "The lure to fools to die for their masters," I do not believe in Patriotism. Even were you to say that Patriotism is willingness to die for one's country, I must know what that means. Is that "country" worth dying for? I could easily answer that I would be willing to have the land drenched with the blood of the young men if that sacrifice forever over-turned this feudal system which automatically breeds poverty at one end and plutocracy at the other, and I would not spend a drop of blood to save it.

From Charles Edward Russell

IT depends upon what you mean by patriotism. If you mean that we should be the champions of this country merely because it is ours I have not much use for that kind of patriotism. If you mean that we should champion and defend this country for the sake of its ideals, aspirations and history, for the sake of what it has stood for and will stand for, champion it as the last barrier against the tide of reaction and absolutism now running over Europe, I most heartily and unfeignedly believe in it.

From L. O'Dell

YOU have got more or less of a wrong hunch in regard to the cause of war—you judge men by that part of their heads that lies back of their ears, when the principal, real cause of men going hundreds of miles to kill a stranger is a little bump on top of our heads called veneration—that is, we go because someone that we venerate tells us that we should.

Take the veneration out of patriotism and there will be but damn little of it left, for the necessities of modern warfare have abolished battle flags and fancy uniforms, and therefore the superstitious worship of emblems, and there is but little national hatred left between white men—perhaps because many wars have tended to kill off the type that makes "patriots." In one sense they are a loss, for with them humanity lost much of its combativeness and individuality. That is war's greatest curse. Also it is the why war-like nations don't last—and the Jews do.

PREPARED

AS long as I can hang a Jew and burn a nigger,
Or ride the labor agitator on a rail;
As long as I can put any man I don't like
In jail, and keep him there
On the flimsiest pretext or none,
And shut the mouth of the fool
Who cries for free speech and assembly—
When for chastity's sake, I jail the prostitute
After I'm through with her; when, revering mother-
hood,
I snatch the bread from the lips of the working mother;
When unwritten laws proclaim my belief
In the sacredness of lust, jealousy, possession and re-
venge,
And the written law's limit is given those who stir up
discontent;
When I can throttle science and art and the right to
belief and opinion,
My prejudices squatting like toads in the path of free-
dom;
When God is officially my pal and does my dirty work,
And I can kill a political rival with the terms "Atheist"
And "Free-lover"—even though my own life smells to
heaven;
When I can put a ban on truth and make obscenity pay
dividends;
When American life is kept cheap and American profits
sacred,
Why shouldn't I stand prepared to defend American
freedom?
Why shouldn't I shed my blood as well as the blood of
my neighbor
To guard these inherited rights against any alien in-
vader?

MARTHA GRUENING.



HERE—LINE UP!

Editorial

THERE is no such thing as German militarism. That is the important thing to remember.

The Germans are not a different race, or a different kind of people from the English. They are the same race, and the same kind of people. Only they are placed in different circumstances. And because of those circumstances they have retained and developed a monarchic-military form of government.

Chief among those circumstances is their geographic position—the fact that they are an inland nation wholly surrounded by potentially hostile neighbors.

Chief among the reasons why England developed so early a parliamentary form of government, protected by an immense navy, is *her* geographic position—the fact that she is an island nation, and her freedom from invasion, combined with her commerce and manufacture, early gave to her commons a greater wealth, and a greater power, than the landed aristocracy possessed.

Chief among the reasons why we of the United States have neither a large army nor an immense navy, is *our* geographic position—the fact that no power adequate to invade and injure our territory is within striking distance. We retain, and we can develop still further if we keep our heads, the rudiments of democratic civilization.

But we are not keeping our heads, when we denounce "German Militarism" in one breath, and advocate "Military Preparedness" in the other. These two things are one and the same.

Militarism is not a trait of any race or nation. It is a certain way of spending human life and energy, and has exactly the same characters wherever it appears. German militarism is simply highly expert, effective militarism in rather large quantities. Its characters are perhaps adequately described by Professor and Dr. Ernst Troeltsch, of Berlin, in these laudatory words:

"All the things of which I have spoken, monarchy, army, school, administration and economy, rest upon an extraordinary instinct for order, combined with stern discipline and an earnest sense of duty. * * *

"Order and duty, solidarity and discipline are the watchwords of our officialdom, of associations and corporations, of large and small business concerns, of our labor unions, and of the great social insurance undertakings."

But the same truth is indicated with equal clarity for those who can see, by F. S. Oliver, the friend of Lord Roberts, in his new book, "Ordeal by Battle," in which he advocates universal military service for England.

"Army and Society in conscript countries," he cries with envy, "are one and the same." And he does not imagine that an army, or an army-society, can be conducted on the principles of democratic liberty. He makes that clear in a good half of his book, which is devoted to berating the manner in which English parliamentary leaders are forever wondering how much the people will stand for. He does not want England to become a "democracy," he wants her to remain only a "representative government" which he perceives to be a very different thing.

A more brutal statement of the nature of militarism, however, than either England or Germany has officially produced, will be found in these words of Major General John F. O'Ryan, commander of the New York State Militia (N. Y. *Times*, October 21, 1915):

"The war in Europe has demonstrated that the conduct of war requires absolute co-ordination, unity of purpose and absolute command. In this country we are

very much better off for material things than we are for soldiers. The recruit does not know how to carry out orders. His mental state differs from that of the trained soldier, who obeys mechanically. We must get our men so that they are machines, and this can be done only as the result of a process of training.

"When the feeling of fear—the natural instinct of self-preservation—comes over a man there must be something to hold him to his duty. We have to have our men trained so that the influence of fear is overpowered by the peril of an uncompromising military system, often backed up by a pistol in the hands of an officer. We must make the men unconsciously forget their fear. All these matters of standing at attention and 'Sir, I have the honor to report,' are valuable to put him through the biological and social process by which he becomes a soldier.

"That is the reason why we cannot have any military force simply by having dinners and entertainments. The recruits have got to put their heads into the military noose. They have got to be 'jacked up'—they have got to be 'bawled out.'

"A second defect is that the National Guard of the forty-eight States constitutes forty-eight little armies, each with its own ideals and methods. In most of the States the National Guard is run by an Adjutant General who is a political officer. Viewing the matter broadly, this proposition of forty-eight little armies violates the military principle of unity of control. It must be a one-man power."

That is what militarism and the military spirit is, the world over. If you love it, adopt it, although the geographic conditions which privileged your country to escape it continue exactly what they were before the war. Adopt it for its own sake.

But if you hate it, do not delude yourself into imagining it is Germany you are hating. It is yourselves as you will become, if the dreams of your munition-makers and gold-braided patriots are realized. Your own militarists are trading upon your hatred of Germany in order to foist upon you, without the excuse that Germany has, the very thing which you hate in Germany, and which is hers through the unfortunate accidents of history and geography.

Do not let them make you hate Germany.

Hate militarism.

And hate it hardest where you have the best chance to do something against it. Hate it here.

America first!

M. E.

TOLERANCE AND TRUTH

SOMETIMES, when I hear people mouth the word "toleration,"

I am moved by a fury, and a kind of pity too.

Because I know they have run too long with Compromise,

That girl of easy virtue,

Who yields to all with a slack smile,

And weakens her paramours by their quick and musty victories.

How different they who seek Truth,

She whose radiant virtue is a beacon in strange places.

No man can wholly possess her;

But they become strong who follow her searching footsteps;

Strengthened by that slow and rigorous pursuit—

And the hope of her shining surrender.

JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER.

John S. Sumner, the New Censor, Takes Office

ANTHONY COMSTOCK is dead, but censorship reigns in the person of John S. Sumner, his successor.

A record of his beginning activities includes the arrest of Alfred A. Knopf, a publisher, and the partial suppression of a novel, "Homo Sapiens"; the arrest of the publishers of the *Parisienne*, and the confiscation and destruction of an issue of that magazine; and incidentally, a warning through the newspapers to "a magazine" published in New York City which "occasionally prints nude pictures," that he has his eye on it.

It is a remarkable situation. An obscure person, not elected by the people but hired by private individuals, has in his hands a power greater than law itself! The mere accusation of obscenity frequently means the suppression of a book by the retailers—even though, as happened with Mr. Knopf, the case be dismissed by the court. A whole issue of a magazine can be confiscated, even though a jury may later find a verdict of "not guilty" against its publishers.

Anything that Mr. Sumner does not like he can suppress. That is what it comes down to. It is to our minds a vicious, an immoral, an obscene fact. But it is a fact. We do not believe that the public generally know this fact, or that if they did know it they would stand for it. That is not the way things are supposed to be done in America. We believe that Mr. Sumner is permitted to pursue his preposterous and extra-legal activities simply because people do not know what the situation is.

We of THE MASSES regard it as a duty to recognize facts when they exist. We see no reason why we should pretend that Mr. Sumner is not the supreme power in American publishing life. He is. He can suppress any issue of THE MASSES he does not happen to like. And we have no way of knowing whether he will like our magazine or not, unless we show it to him beforehand and get his permission to print it. So we intend to ask his permission.

We would rather not. It is inconsistent with our notions of the dignity of the press; it is inconsistent with our notions of the freedom of America. We wish the facts were different. We wish there were no censor with power to cripple us if he happened not to like what we printed. But there is a censor with precisely that power, and his name is John S. Sumner. So we shall go to Mr. Sumner and ask him to pass upon the contents of our magazine before we print it. Then we can safely go to press.

You may therefore expect to see once a month a little parade winding through the streets of New York with banners advertising the fact that "THE MASSES' ARTISTS AND WRITERS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO ASK THE CENSOR IF THEY CAN GO TO PRESS." Arriving at Mr. Sumner's office, the editors will bring before Mr. Sumner the proposed contents of the next issue. Mr. Sumner will be asked to listen to the reading aloud of every story, poem and article and requested to pass upon every picture. It is no more than just that having the powers of a censor he should also have the censor's burdens. He cannot expect us to run the risk of offending him; he must see the eminent reasonableness of our attitude; and, if he is to maintain the dignity of his censorship, he cannot but accede to our request.

Other magazines will doubtless adopt the same plan for their protection, and the whole mass of periodical literature will presently come to bear the stamp, "Passed by the Censor, John S. Sumner." Whether the reading public will like this, remains to be seen. If they don't, it will be up to them to decide what to do with Mr. Sumner and the Censorship.



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

SOLDERS OF FORTUNE

Communiqué

AN interesting controversy has arisen between Governor Whitman and the rest of the population of the United States and dependencies over whether or not he should be the next president. The result is still in doubt.

ELIHU ROOT'S voice shook with emotion as he told the Bar Association we must arm in the spirit that ruled at Concord. The last time he gave his voice a good shake-out was over the state constitution.

HERE is a ready made argument for the protective tariff. The American baseball war collapsed because it was unable to stand foreign competition.

IT must be puzzling to the average Sing Sing resident to see a man let out for bad behavior.

FRANK SIMONDS, manager of the shame department of the *New York Tribune*, has found a splendid piece of shame in the White House garbage can. Wilson has won his protest against German's lawlessness, but at what a cost! He is pledged to protest also against the lawlessness of Great Britain.

THE Pennsylvania bull moose has joined the Republicans to assure the return of Philander C. Knox to the United States Senate. "Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils shrunk to this little measure?"

MONTENEGRO says she will continue to fight to the last man. And one could name a couple of nations that will just about let her do it.

YUAN is still hesitating over ascending the throne. Maybe he is pulling the delayed steal.

ACCORDING to the plan, the British and the Russians were to meet at a point on the Tigris and proceed to Bagdad where they would avenge the vio-

lation of Belgium and everything. The only reason why they didn't meet was that neither of them got to the place.

REAR ADMIRAL STANFORD has made the most damaging charge of all. "Our Navy," he said, shedding a bitter tear, "is too weak to be a bully."

IT was a relief to learn that the jury could not agree in the New Haven case and that it will have to be tried some more. The New Haven trial has come to occupy a firm place in the affections of the pleasure-loving metropolis.

MEANS of communication between this country and England continue bad. The king's advisors believed that making W. W. Astor a peer would be pleasing to Americans.

THEY are going to abolish the annual ninety-mile test ride for field officers. At any rate our army is larger around the waist than it was in Roosevelt's day.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

Shy

HE was a shy boy—so shy that he never went outside the front gate alone until he was ten years old. Then they led him round the corner to school, but that gave him night-terrors and he had to be taken home. At twelve he began to study with a private tutor, and by fourteen he managed to face the staring publicity of a class of six pupils. At nineteen when he fell in love with Sallie Utly, and just had to go round there and wait at the front door, and face her family in the parlor, it gave him more misery than pleasure.

Sallie was a brass-faced girl, too, and she led him into all kinds of conspicuous agonies. She had a soft, big figure that she loved to show off. And she had loud neurotic ways of showing it. Once her father sent her away to a sanatorium. Most people thought she was a little crazy, chasing all the men in town who could run, and finally landing this little fellow who was too scared to get away.

But he was in love with her. He wrote her letters that were pathetically sweet, considering her size.

"Dear baby," he would say, "I do love you, darling baby. I love to look in your limpid eyes and pat your

soft skin with my hands. Be sweet to me, dearie, and come walking in the fields to-morrow."

But she would not walk in the fields, because there would be nobody there to see them. And out of that difference their troubles grew. And they grew so fast and so large, that one day when she made him kiss her goodbye at the corner of Main and Water Streets, he went home and wrote her that it was all over, he couldn't stand it any longer.

Nobody but her family knows just what happened then, but she was in the house all the time. And then they sent her to that sanatorium. And then she came back. And one morning a large handbill containing prints and fac-similes of the sweetest of his letters to her was found pasted up in conspicuous places all over town. There was one on the big glass window of the bank where he worked.

"Dear baby," it began.

He saw it there at nine o'clock in the morning. That night he crept out of his house, trembling and faint in every muscle, and slinked down along the dike beside the river south of the town. He crawled down to the edge of the water, dreading the thought of some people's finding and staring at his body in the morning, imagining what they would snicker and say.

"Never mind, I will be dead," he thought, "and it won't make any difference." And that faint glimmer

we get of the idea of the total non-existence of everything passed through his thoughts. It made him add aloud,

"What difference does it make, anyway?"

And so he sank down by the water, and became brave enough to face the insignificant reality of himself.

"Whatever I am," he thought, "that is what I am, whether anybody knows it or not. And what am I? I might just as well be feeling sick and trembling this way, because something important about me was not published all over town, as because it was. That is just the trouble with Sallie. She is so in love with herself that she has to show herself off. She is crazy, I suppose.

"So am I. I am so in love with myself that I have to hide, for fear everybody won't see me just right."

So the face of death showed him like a mirror what he was. And he paused in his sickly determination. He spent the whole night there, looking into that pale mirror, and in the morning at nine he came into the bank. His eyes were sunk and his face ghastly, but there was a sweet force in the position of his lips.

"Well, Bill," he said to his desk-mate, "that was one on me."

"It's all right, old man," said Bill, "I guess everybody understands."

MAX EASTMAN.

A Letter From Bob Minor

PARIS is full of one-legged, one-armed men. The streets are dotted with men, boys, cripples, and hospital aides in a thousand nondescript uniforms.

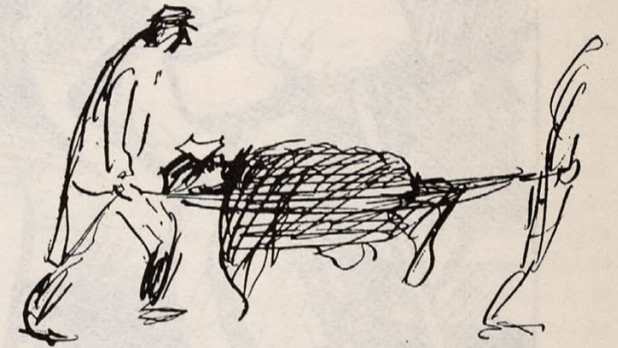
I happened by where a train-load of wounded came in at night. My luck was unusual, as they don't want the public to see such things. They were short of "hands" and I gave a lift. French, Moroccans, Negroes

from African colonies, every sort and color were there, and every "cut" of man was there. It looked as though the only part of the human body sure to be found on the stretcher was the head. Now and then a half-a-man would go by, the upper half with a piece of paper pinned to his cap to give his name in case he should become unable to tell it.

Here was a man with his eyes and nose shot off, there, one with his lower jaw gone, another with both legs and one arm off, asking me for a light, having become tired of waiting for his neighbor (a fortunate fellow with two arms and one leg) to solve the interesting problem of a patent cigar lighter.

This is just a sample. C'est la guerre!

—It was a terribly disagreeable trip over. The journey was long, the weather bad and the food and tempers rotten. One man went crazy and tried to throw me into the sea. I was too big for him. He jumped into the sea himself and drowned, though I gave the alarm and the ship turned back to look for him. As he went into the water I threw a life-buoy, but he swam away on his back, looking up at me with a superior smile.



Then another man got into an argument about the war and though they all agreed except in small details, some hot-tempered passengers wanted to throw him overboard. The hysterical purser wanted to arrest the arguer and keep him locked up on the trip. At Bordeaux the man was denounced as a German spy, but it developed that the denouncer was an "insoumi" or semi-deserter from the French army, who wanted to divert suspicion from himself!



Drawn by Robert Minor.

A "Poilu" Bidding Good-Bye to His Sweetheart

Margins

THE war has done Walter Lippmann good. His new book¹ offers a definite, simple, affirmative suggestion towards internationalism, and offers it, on the whole, humbly. He seems to be transcending both of the faults which made it difficult to speak warmly of his other books. First, the fault of having nothing affirmative to say, and second, the fault of saying those rather obvious negative things with an air of bland and somewhat smug superiority.

I always wanted the sky to fall on Walter Lippmann and make him suffer. I hate a style like this:

"I have been told that this is a time for deeds, not words. There is no lack of deeds in the world. They happen, however, to be monstrous deeds."

Everybody hates it who apprehends its feeling-tone.

That was the prevailing tone of his other books. They were the cleverly readable editorial department of an annual newspaper, lucid running comments on current problems, exposing the obvious folly of the conservative's ignorance and everybody's enthusiasm, paralyzing all practical action with a feeling that the author's superior knowledge made it futile. In the end you would only be summed up by Walter Lippmann.

Well—this book is not so clever. A blessing which results from the author's having thought of something positive to say and prove.

What he says is that world-wide international government is "a valiant dream which will be realized if this planet is to fulfil man's best hopes," but the first steps in realization of this dream are not Hague Courts, Leagues to Enforce Peace, nor world-wide performances of any kind, but localized International Governments, to deal with specific questions. The Algeciras Conference on Morocco was such a government. It should have been made permanent and been given administrative power. This is a new and valuable idea.

Walter Lippmann thinks that all the essential causes of war relate to Colonial matters. I don't know. But he makes it very convincing that Colonial matters offer the natural opening for international patriotism. He makes it convincing, he makes it clear, he makes you feel like doing something about it. I wish the diplomats would read his book, and I wish the men behind the diplomats would read it. And I wish Walter Lippmann would write something equally affirmative, and equally not-so-clever, about things inside of the nation.

THERE is sublimity and yet brimming reality in C. E. S. Wood's poem.² A sublimity biblical, and yet pagan as so much of the Bible is, in those excellently chiselled lines. It is a poem of pantheism and anarchy, they say. But what is anarchy, or even pantheism, compared to a poem?

I would like to omit a little of the theorizing, especially what is erroneous.

POET:
Show me this Harpy of the world,

TRUTH:
The State! Force! Authority!
Hater of freedom; oppressor of the poor; creator of poverty:
Foster mother of crime.

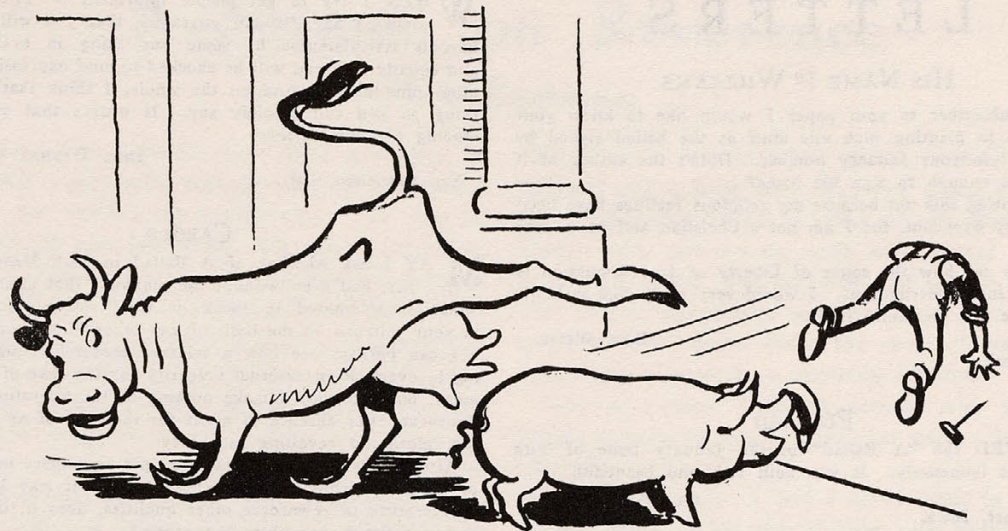
That is neither poetry nor truth.

A pity the literary revolutionists cannot realize what the scientific revolutionists have known so long, that the state is but an instrument, a creature, and not a creator, of the power that exploits.

Also I would like to eliminate all the stage-properties.

¹"The Stakes of Diplomacy," by Walter Lippmann. Henry Holt & Co.

²"The Poet in the Desert." Order form THE MASSES Book Shop.



Animal vs. Human Legislation

RESOLUTIONS have been introduced in Congress authorizing the printing of 400,000 copies of reports on diseases of cattle and the hog. About the same time resolutions ordering 114,000 copies of the report of the Industrial Relations Commission were introduced.

If you have watched legislation you are pretty safe in assuming that the reports on the diseases of cattle and the hog will go through without much debate and that the report on the nation's industrial diseases will be objected to with oratorical frenzy.

ARTHUR YOUNG.

If I could tell you, C. E. S. Wood, what happened to my soul when at the end of that psalm of the western desert—where I, too, have lain with solitude, and with the infinite reality—you suddenly stopped singing and announced,

"Enter Truth with shining wings,"

you would want to call back your poem and publish it over again.

If I were J. P. Morgan, I would hire a librarian whose function would be to eliminate from books, before I read them, most of what the authors were foolish enough to put in them. He would have to be a mighty satisfactory librarian, though. I am afraid he would have to be myself. And if I were J. P. Morgan, I wouldn't want to hire myself. It would be too expensive.

I am just running away from my subject, because I don't want to write about it. I want to read it. I dislike to "review" poetry. The introductory stanzas, and many other passages, of C. E. S. Wood's poem, are simply wonderful beyond any words except their own.

MAX EASTMAN.

TO ONE WITHOUT WORK

YOU with the will to live and work
Who are given a chance to starve and die,
There is labor still, unless you shirk,
There is death to profit by.

If it be death must cure and end
The hunger and the human need,
Kill not only yourself, my friend,
But one of these who feed,

Who feed too well and will not see
The starving mouths and hearts about.
Kill, with yourself, a king—or me—
To help you work it out!

WITTER BYNNER.

An Incendiary Play

IT is an odd and interesting fact that of all the plays on the American stage, the only one which exhibits vividly the most important event now occurring in America is a play written by a German dramatist some years ago. "The Weavers," as presented by Emanuel Reicher and his company at the Garden Theater, might have been written yesterday. The situation with which the play specifically deals is one that formerly existed in Germany; but over and above that it is a situation that still exists everywhere—it is America, it is Paterson, it is Youngstown. It is industrial oppression and industrial revolution.

The play begins with that familiar fact of American life, a reduction in wages—wages that are already too low to live on. It is the one touch too much of insolence and injury that is needed to kindle the spark of rebellion in the heart of misery. That spark, unnoticed by the masters, becomes a tiny flame of protest and of hope. Of useless protest and of hopeless hope, it seems; but it grows and gains headway until it becomes the roaring, devastating fire of revolt. Terrible and joyous, it sweeps on from town to town, destroying tyranny as it goes, leaving a clean heap of ashes in which to dig the foundations of a glorious tomorrow. At the end one feels that though this little revolt may be checked, and the old order restored for the moment, it is the beginning of a greater revolution which cannot be checked.

"The Weavers" is a warning and a summons. It is a warning to the employing class that the soul of man, however sunk in poverty and degradation, can be insulted once too often. It is a summons to workingmen to lift their heads, to dare greatly, to strike hard.

It is an "incendiary" play. That the American working class is permitted to see it can only mean that the powers which put Quinlan and Lawson out of the way believe that "art" is harmless. It isn't, though.

LETTERS

HIS NAME IS WILLIAMS

AS a subscriber to your paper I would like to know your idea in printing such vile stuff as the ballad signed by "Williams" in your January number. Didn't the author of it have nerve enough to sign his name?

I am writing this not because my religious feelings have been hurt. They have not, for I am not a Christian and never was one.

I fail to see how the cause of Liberty or free discussion is helped by such contributions. I would very much like to know what merit can be found in it.

ROSE WEISS.

New York.

PLEASED

I ENJOYED the "A Ballad" in the January issue of THE MASSES immensely. It was both rich and beautiful.

EMIL GRIEBEL.

Davenport, Iowa.

AGGRIEVED

AFTER reading the January issue of THE MASSES, I wrote asking to have my subscription cancelled. I have just received another issue, which I return unopened. Please do not let me receive the paper again.

MARY R. SANFORD.

New York.

NOT AFRAID

I DO not quite agree with all you print but I am not afraid to read what I do not agree with. I suppose though that I will agree with you before I get through with the pesky thing. Anyway, THE MASSES is refreshing—as refreshing as an icy shower bath.

C. J. ROBERTS.

Menoken, N. D.

THE PARTY?

I GET a good deal of fun and considerable intellectual stimulus out of THE MASSES, but I seriously doubt whether it does not do more harm than good to the Socialist cause. Each issue of the paper ought to contain a disclaimer absolving the Socialist Party from any responsibility for it, and if you really wish to further the cause of Socialism, I think you ought to rule out anything like the Ballad by Williams in the January number. I consider it a remarkably good thing, and as I am a heathen, it shocks me not at all, but I cannot see how it can possibly do the cause any good, and am sure it can do it harm. The fact is that THE MASSES is run, not for the benefit of the cause, but as an outlet for intellectual sparks that would not otherwise see the light. And say, couldn't you blot out a lot of the blotches which you call illustrations?

Yours sincerely,

H. GIFFORD, M.D.

Omaha, Neb.

I READ with interest the criticisms of Heavenly Discourse. Every one I know, including myself, thought it a perfect thing. One religious person only was shocked.

MIRIAM DENT.

Brunswick, Ga.

THE trouble with THE MASSES is that you fellows have a perpetual grouch. J. H. R.

New York, N. Y.

YOU bet I want to continue my subscription. THE MASSES is as fresh as the morning air, as bright as a Summer day, and so it cannot help but be refreshing.

G. SELMER SCHLYTTER.

Wittenberg, Wis.

IT is unfortunate THE MASSES underrates its educational value by publishing such a Ballad on page 13 of the January issue. No wonder it causes resentment even from a newsdealer.

HELEN MASSEY.

Trenton, N. J.

IT is more than I can tell you—what "A Ballad" by Williams brought to me. With all good wishes for THE MASSES.

Los Angeles, Cal. P.

SOME of your articles are fair enough—most of the art at least conveys a very definite idea, but your poetry is execrable.

FLOYD E. THOMAS

Pioneer Press, St. Paul, Minn.

ALLOW me to congratulate you upon the enemies you are making.

Los Gatos, Cal.

WM. O. POST.

WHEN I try to get people interested in THE MASSES, I always say, "I can guarantee that you will be pleased beyond articulateness by some one thing in every number, and equally that you will be shocked beyond expression by some other one thing." And on the whole, I think that's as fine a thing as you can possibly say. It proves that you're alive, moving on and fearless.

INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE.

San Francisco, Cal.

CAROLS

MAY I ask whether, if A Ballad in THE MASSES, December, had been without the piquancy that attaches to that which is warranted to shock, it would have found a place in your columns on the basis of any other literary merits?

I can perhaps see how a tolerant censorship might be willing to overlook an external vulgarity for the sake of underlying merit, but I confess I make nothing of the toleration that condones an utter absence of merit for the sake of an accompanying, gloriously revolting indecency.

After all, is not *the blasphemous* per se a mere modest violet of a poetic virtue at the best; and, while it may be employed in literature to re-enforce other qualities, does it, in its purity and unassisted, constitute the poetic?

By strange coincidence I have heard more carol-singing this Christmas than any other of my life. I didn't hear one of them without thinking of your Joseph the Carpenter. I couldn't help wondering whether you like carols, and if you do, why.

RUTH GEORGE.

Washington, D. C.

AND CAROLS!

YOUR "Ballad" in the January number has quite the quality of the old English folk-carol. Instead of trying to describe it, I will quote one from the collection of Cecil J. Sharp, as sung in Gloucestershire. This is found in all the representative carol collections. I am sure Mr. Ward and Mr. Gow would faint away if they saw it on their news-stands:

THE CHERRY TREE

Joseph was an old man,
An old man was he;
He married with Mary,
The Queen of Glory.

Joseph took Mary
In the orchard wood,
Where there were apples, plums, cherries,
As red as any blood.

Then bespoke Mary,
So meek and so mild:
"Get me some cherries,
For my body's bound with child."

Joseph he's taken
These words so unkind:
"Let them get you cherries, Mary,
That did your body bind."

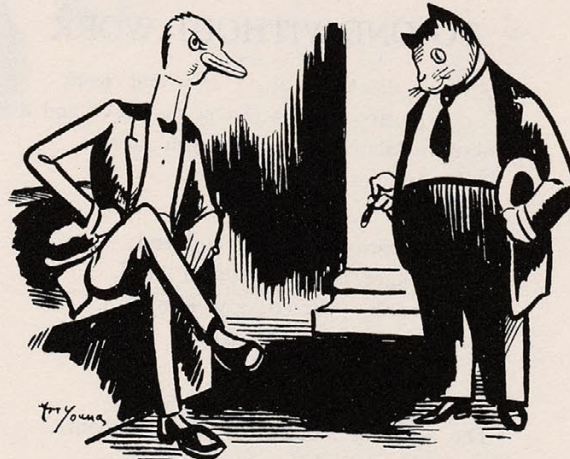
Then bespoke Jesus,
All in his mother's womb:
"Go to the tree, Mary,
And it shall bow down."

The highest bough of the cherry tree
Shall bow down to Mary's knee,
And she shall have cherries
For her young son and she.

Mary got cherries
By one, two and three;
Mary got cherries
For her young son and she.

WALTER G. FULLER.

London, Eng.



"WOMEN ARE SUCH GEESE!"
"YES—AND SO CATTY!"

I WONDER if all of your editorial staff like the sort of thing that has kept you off the news-stands. I confess that when THE MASSES prints a thing like your Nativity Poem, it reminds me of a Cook's tourist in an historic cathedral. He slyly whittles a bit of wood from a chair in the choir, tries to chip off a piece of a saint's robe, writes his name high up on the marble wall in a scrawling hand, and then he goes home to giggle about it.

MARY W. OVINGTON,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TOUCHED

ENCLOSED find check for \$1.20 for twelve copies of THE MASSES, which is the number which was forbidden to be sold on the news-stands.

H. SPERBER.

Providence, R. I.

DIRTIED

SOME misguided person gave you my name as a subscriber to your so-called paper, THE MASSES. Kindly discontinue the subscription as I do not care to dirty the office waste paper basket with this piece of paper.

Very truly yours,

ED. O. LEIGH.

Seattle, Wash.

AMUSED

DO not fail to print a fair proportion, or at least the most "touching," of the letters of protest, rebuke, condemnation, and, alas, the cancellations, that are bound to reach you in recognition of "A Ballad," in the January number.

These epistles from the sensitive, over-sensitive and super-sensitive, whether conservative libertarians, radical conservatives or whatnot, rank well with your best contributions of humor. The subtlety of unconscious humor is at its best in the form of righteous indignation.

Then, too, I have a truly proletarian admiration for the brickbat—when directed at heads other than my own. The latter qualification, I trust, you will not consider proof of monumental selfishness, but merely evidence of a natural human trait.

Heretofore I have been a regular purchaser of THE MASSES at newsstands, but realizing the growing uncertainty of these mediums of circulation among the haunts of respectability in the Metropolitan district, I am enclosing a remittance for a year's subscription for your disturber of the cosmic dust, and the American Socialist, as per your combination offer.

WILLIAM J. FIELDING.

Newark, N. J.

USELESS

THERE is no good done and only folly committed in bunting against the cherished reverence of the great mass of the people. Reverence is the immediate jewel of the soul, it is that without which soul perishes. It may be in close connection with rank superstition, but it is the priceless thing in human beings.

THE MASSES commits many offenses of this kind and to no purpose and to no good end. The Ballad and the Heavenly Discourse in the September number are examples of what I mean.

There is such a thing as being too awfully defiant of common feeling and conventions, of being so independent as not to be standing up straight, but leaning backward, out of the correct position required by the center of gravity. Now I glory in the independence of THE MASSES spirit and I hate to see it make such suicidal breaks. There is a vast field for THE MASSES but it will forever and a day be trotting around in a little paddock if it commits such useless offenses.

(Rev.) S. E. E.

Elmira, N. Y.

SPIRITUAL

RENAN in his life of Jesus says: "Jesus sprang from the people, his father was Joseph and his mother was Mary." This statement, it is evident, is a denial of the miracle of the birth of Jesus, the immaculate conception. Voltaire, I think, believed His father to have been a Greek soldier. Yet with all these differences of opinion as to His parenthood, none deny the divine character of Jesus—the divinely good.

Your poem in the last issue, for which it seems you were removed from sale on the subway stations, seems to me a very real and beautiful interpretation by a simple coarse man with love and reverence for goodness. Not only was Jesus, but Joseph, too, for him was divinely good.

What is there shocking in this? Because he speaks his belief in unliturgical terms—with the simplicity and rough feeling of his nature, we feel our refined spirituality has been offended. There is no refined spirituality—there is only spirituality—and this man had it.

THE MASSES lets us speak without fear and with truth what is said generally in whispers or behind musty volumes.

Yours for truth and fearlessness.

ETHEL BERWIND.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

WISH I might meet "Williams."

St. Louis, Mo.

GUSTAVUS TUCKERMAN.

A RHYME FOR THE SWINE

SWINE, Swine, Swine,
Wallowing, swallowing swine,
How they slosh in the swill
That the farmer doth spill
In the pen that is south of the hill.

See! see! The Big Pig
Was asleep in the sun;
Now he comes on the run!
Thrusts a flexible snout
Through the wallowing herd—
Shoves the others aside from the succulent swill!
Puts his feet in the trough, gives a squeal and a cough,
And wallows and swallows and gobbles his fill!

BERNARD SEXTON.

Press Pearl

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has discovered the reason why we Americans are so superior to all other peoples. The reason is this: we do not discriminate against the colored races!

"The peculiar fortune of the United States still consists in the dominance here of certain principles of justice and freedom. There are rulers in other lands, with public opinion to back them, who hold that some races must be kept under."

Horrors! Thank God we Americans do not discriminate against Negroes, Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, or Mexicans! It only remains to carry the glad tidings to the aforementioned races, which seem—unaccountably—to have an entirely different impression.

The Fate of a Republic

CHAPTER I—The President of the Chinese Republic decides to make it a Monarchy (with himself as monarch).

Chapter II—The Monarchs of Japan, Russia and Great Britain rally to the defense of republicanism and protest against the proposed change.

Chapter III—The other two Great Republics of the world (France and the United States) refuse to join in the protest, giving their tacit support to the cause of monarchism.

Chapter IV—The Republics win and the world has one less republic.

W. E. W.

Afraid

"IF you are afraid to print this," we read at the top of a manuscript just received, "send it to *Mother Earth*." How our correspondents love to twit us upon our timidity! This must be some unusually frank and fearless person, we think, as we start to read his manuscript. . . . Yes, he believes that promiscuity is a far more noble, beautiful and intelligent ideal than monogamy. . . . Who is this frank and fearless person? Ah, he has carefully omitted his name. . . . We sent it to *Mother Earth*.

Travel

THE U. S. A. lithographs say, "Join the army and see the world!"

But the U. S. R. R. chorus suits me best—"See America first!"

F. A. C.

A Sermon on Reverence

Max Eastman

SO many virtuous people have been preaching to me this month, that nothing short of a homiletic explosion will restore my equilibrium. The text of your preaching was reverence. The text of mine is reverence. You exhort me to have reverence for a false idea. I exhort you to revere the reality of life.

The difference of opinions between us is nothing, as compared to the difference of our attitudes toward the world. Some of you believe perhaps in the story of the virgin birth of Jesus, and you revere the story. But that is not enough cause to bring down your philippic on me because we published in *THE MASSES* a different story—a story of Jesus conceived and born in the manner of nature. The cause of that lies in your *not revering nature*. Only so can it outrage and violate your reverence to hear told in the language of plain people, in simplicity, and with excellent lyrical skill, nature's story of Jesus.

To you there is something unholy in the bodily union of Earth's lovers, in the tragedies of passion's way with us. To you there is something unholy in reality, and you have fled away from that to take refuge in your sacred myth. But understand it is not your affirmation of the myth that separates us, it is your denial of the sacredness of reality. You are so morbidly out of love with the very core of human nature as it is forever, that even to hear it recited among sacred things rasps your souls. Your souls are tender with sickness, and they are irreverent towards what is of highest import in the actual conduct of life. Ours are healthy and reverent. That is the difference between us.

And this is true not only of you who are outraged because you *believe in* the virgin birth of Jesus, but also of you who are outraged because it is "a religion with so many," "a beautiful poem," "a sacred tradition," and so forth. You would not suffer from such hyper-aesthesia upon the topic of this tradition which you consider beautiful, nor would you have such exaggerated solicitude for the hurt feelings of others, if your own feelings, and your own sense of beauty, were not violated—if it were not true that you cannot see, and feel, and hold supremely sacred the beauty of reality. The religion of reality and its possibilities—that is what separates us—not the religion of Christ.

"I do not think that these gentlemen have a right under the existing laws to exclude you from the subway stands," writes a great lawyer to me, "so long as you publish nothing that is illegal. But I am bound to admit that I think the poem in question is in bad taste, to say the least. It is bound to offend the religious sentiments, not only of Catholics, but of all Christians, and anything that does that ought not to be published."

Most of your admonitions were like that. They were vicarious. It was not that *your* religion was offended, but that you could not bear to see others suffer. I am disposed to suspect this exaggerated altruism. Everybody that is mature in these days has his gods; he has his attitudes of at least negative worship; he may not adore, but he will not offend where sacred things reside. And if he has renounced with his intellect the old miracle gods, without affirming in his heart the new natural gods of today—then he still worships in that negative and faint-hearted way the old. He is afraid that the new, which do not seem sacred to him, will offend the old. He is afraid that reality will offend a false

ideal. He is half-hearted. He is looking a little forward and a little back, and not going at all.

It is this that I feel in most of you free-thinking friends who remonstrate with me because we published that poem. You are only half way to anything. You cannot take things quite seriously. You are irreligious in the worst sense, the sense of not heartily committing your souls to anything whatever.

Here is a letter from an actress, who would be known to most of you, if I told her name. It is characteristic:

"O, Max Eastman, I feel I never want to see *THE MASSES* again. I am sick at heart over that atrocious poem entitled 'A Ballad.' How I wish I had not read it. It disgusted me—it slaughtered a most beautiful ideal, and will cause unspeakable offense to the religiously inclined. Even if we don't believe these things, let us at least respect them for the sake of the thousands that do—"

Only a week before that letter came, its beautiful author had told me something that offended me so much I wanted to beg her to stop talking, and let me forget that it was true. It concerned the bringing up of a child, her niece. All her family had renounced their faith in the religion of the church, but when it came time—according to the clock of convention—to have the child christened, they held a family counsel and decided to put her through the ceremony in due form. And so with some rather stiff and difficult kneeling and mumbling, and much invisible humor on all sides, the performance was gone through with, and the child initiated with hypocritical sacrament into a solemn and monumental lie. That is what I call irreligious. I do not know that it "shocks" me. It makes me angry and contemptuous. Childhood and Truth at least ought to be sacred. But the trouble with all you kind friends who preach to me, is that you have never heroically and affirmatively declared for truth. You are serious, but you are not serious enough. And you are gay, but you are not gay enough. The world will never get its rebirth from you.

RESURRECTION

I HOPE there is a resurrection day,
For bodies, as the ancient prophets say,
When Helen's naked limbs again will gleam
Regathered from the dust of death's long dream,—
When those who thrilled the ages, being fair,
Will take the singing angels unaware
And make God's perfect meadows doubly sweet
With rosy vagrancy of little feet.

HARRY KEMP.

THE YOUNG GIRL WITH RED HAIR

I AM reminded of her, as a clearly-carven cameo
Reminds one of strange other lands.
The shadow of her ruddy hair
Over her old-young eyes' unshaking glow—
The nervous slender seeking hands—
The thin mouth that so secretly
Upon its dreaming smiled and smiled—
The slender flanks, the cool white hips and feet—
This autumn day has brought them back to me:
Were you, then, so sweet,
O strange and delicately haggard child?

LYDIA GIBSON.

The Speech of Matthew A. Schmidt

THE whole American public ought to read these last words from a man who will spend the rest of his life in prison because he served too well the cause of labor. It is the speech of Matthew A. Schmidt, spoken in the court room at Los Angeles when he stood up to receive sentence after having been found guilty of murder in the first degree for his alleged connection with the dynamiting of the Los Angeles Times Building.

"I believe I have the right to speak before I am sentenced."

The judge fumbled the sentence he held in his hand, and nodded. "Yes—yes, I will hear you."

"If the court please, I will avail myself of this opportunity—not that anything I can say will affect this court, but for the reason that, if this verdict stands, this will in all probability be the last opportunity I ever will have to say anything in public.

"If I for a moment diverge from the path, I hope I may be accorded the same courtesy which I have given throughout this trial when matters foreign to the question of my guilt or innocence of this charge were brought into court—matters which were brought in here to overcloud the issue and to overwhelm the none-too-well developed minds of the jurors.

"I have very carefully listened here to a recital of detailed violence and dynamiting done throughout the East, and asked myself what could have been the cause for all this trouble. I remember that for every effect there is a cause, and I know that very frequently we mistake the harvest for the seed.

"About one year ago J. P. Morgan, in testifying before the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, was asked if he considered \$10 per week enough for a longshoreman's wage. He replied that he did not know, but he presumed it was—if that was all a longshoreman could get and took it. If, in connection with that, we remember that Mr. Morgan is the chairman of the Finance Committee of the Steel Trust, and if we keep in mind a statement of young McClintock that they would like to run 'closed shop,' but if they were to do that they could not get steel, in my opinion, we find the key to the whole difficulty.

"That was the condition which confronted the iron workers at every turn; that was and still is the motive back of the 'open shop' policy; that is the spirit which is the origin of the labor wars; and it is these forces which insist that they must deal with the workers individually and not collectively. They demand that the workers enter the industrial arena disarmed and there meet the trained forces of greed and gold.

"In the industries of this country more than 35,000 workers are killed and 700,000 injured each year—and all in the name of business. Who ever heard of a district attorney attempting to protect these victims or to obtain for them redress, unless perchance the employer happened to be a political enemy?

"If we for the moment grant that all of the explosions recited here were caused by the iron workers, what do we find? For every ounce of steel, and for each broken bolt or rivet, I can show you a dozen lives snuffed out that profits might not be disturbed.

"And to whom, pray, could the workers go for redress—to a Woolwine or to a Noel, or to a Judge Anderson? Not likely. Their sympathy for the sweat that drops from the brow of the toilers is only shown during political campaigns. After election neither the sweat nor blood of the toilers can command their attention or assistance."

At this point the judge broke in with violent objec-

tions: "Stop! Stop! That will be enough," he said. Attorney Coghlan jumped to his feet and demanded that Schmidt be heard. The judge hesitated and then finally nodded to the prisoner to proceed.

"Labor has often made the charge," recommenced Schmidt, in even tones, "that it did not get a square deal in the court. The Zeehandelaar letter to the special prosecutor regarding the drawing of the Grand Jury which indicted me seems to prove this charge.

"Your Honor ruled that such a letter was not material in the case; nor could you very well do otherwise. The forces back of my prosecution would have pulled you from this bench and besmirched your name even as they secured my conviction. Your Honor has before you the example of Altgeld, Tanner, Darrow, Lindsay and various other men who have had the temerity to insist that labor get a square deal.

"I want to call your attention to a curious coincidence: The same forces back of the prosecution of my case have opposed at each and every turn each and every measure for the relief of the toilers.

"And these measures toward right and justice have been aided during the last fifty years chiefly by the forces of organized labor. Every measure for the welfare of the great majority has had the backing of the labor movement. I need only call your attention to the fight for the abolition of child labor, better working conditions for women workers, workmen's compensation for the victims of industry, safety appliance laws and public ownership of public utilities.

"I have said that my case was not a murder case. No one really believes that it is. I want to give you some facts not brought out in the evidence. A few days after I arrived here from New York, Guy Biddinger, formerly a Burns man, came to me and asked me why I did not get in and get some of the reward money. He said: 'They don't want you, nor do they want Caplan. They want to hang Tveitmoe and Johannsen, and you can help them and then you will be free.' That, in connection with the report that Otis has promised to finance Woolwine's political campaign, provided he secured a conviction, will give you the key to the activities of Woolwine and Noel. That also explains the testimony of Phillips, who has always been a scab and union hater ever since he was employed in the foundry of Fox & Jones, at Troy, N. Y., more than forty years ago. That also explains why Donald Vose said I made a confession of guilt to him. Let me ask you: Do you believe Donald Vose? You would not whip your dog on the testimony of a creature like Vose. No honest man would. Any man who would believe Vose would not deserve to have a dog.

"I do not know what happened to the Times building, but I do know that blowing up the Times is not going to help people acquire an ideal. And it is only when the great mass of people realize that life and light and service to our fellow-man are the only things that are worth while, that such creatures as Otis, Woolwine and Noel will cease to exist.

"And if it should finally come to pass that I must live the remainder of my life behind prison walls, then I shall say, with Lovelace:

'Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an heritage.'

"I understand the despair and horror that haunt the poor victims of the rotten industrial centers of the East, and I know the sacrifice made by their families and friends that they may bring their shattered lungs

and wasted bodies to this land of balm and blossom, only to find that they must pay tribute to men who have capitalized their misfortune. It was almost wholly from this latter class of vultures that I was compelled to select a jury.

"I feel very deeply the suffering of those who lost their relatives and friends in the Times disaster, and I feel this more keenly than do any of the men back of my prosecution, for I cannot rid my memory of such cases as Ludlow, Lawrence, Bayonne, Coeur d'Alene and hundreds of other places where the workers have been slaughtered by the vassals of capital.

"If all of this misery and suffering shall hasten the lifting of the curtain of darkness and superstition so that men and women may be free and that children may not be robbed of their childhood, and that 'peace on earth and good will to men' may be something more than an empty phrase, then who shall say that the victims of the Times disaster died or that the men who are colloquially spoken of as the 'dynamiters' shall have lived in vain?"

The prisoner sat down. The judge spread out the papers in his hands and read the sentence, which ended with the words "for the term of your natural life."

SATURDAY NIGHT

DOWN through the passionate street, an infinite glory is streaming,

Touching the restless pageant with glamour and light;

And a mirth is stripping their sloth and prodding them forth to a dreaming,

Tugging, tugging away at their heart in the night!

And oh, to what hot desires does this endless pageant surrender?—

This mist of eddying faces—this hungering throng!

For over it, over it all, an ineffable, conquering splendour

Wakes the heart, the heart of the night to song!

There's a bleary, carrotty woman that shambles along and grumbles;

There are white-faced smiling mothers forgetting their woe;

There's a groggy, besotted drunkard who blankly blinks and mumbles,—

He cannot know what it means—this glamour and glow!

And there, past a riot of color, where flaunting windows are flaring,

Come the adventuring youths, careless and free;

And faces of laughing girls challenge them forth to a daring....

Faces of Helen....sea on triumphant sea....

Down through the passionate street, an infinite glory is streaming,

Touching the restless pageant with glamour and light;

And a mirth is stripping their sloth and prodding them forth to a dreaming—

Tugging, tugging away at their heart in the night!

And oh, to what hot desires does this endless pageant surrender?—

This mist of eddying faces—this hungering throng!

For over it, over it all, an ineffable, conquering splendour

Wakes the heart, the heart of the night to song!

LOUIS GINSBERG.



MOTHER

A DRAWING BY CORNELIA BARNES

THE MASSES BOOK STORE

(Continued from page 3)

The Trade Union Woman, by Alice Henry. Send \$1.60. A concise account by the secretary of the National Women's Trade Union League.

A Survey of the Woman Problem, by Rosa Mayreder. A profound study of the whole field, to which the author devoted fifteen years. \$1.60, postpaid.

The New Womanhood, by Winifred Harper Cooley. Indispensable popular studies; a sane exposition on Feminism by a noted writer. Price, \$1.00.

Woman and Labor, by Olive Schreiner. "A heart-stirring book, conceived and brought forth with prophetic ardor."—Current Literature. \$1.35, postpaid.

What Women Want, by Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale. A treatment of Feminism bound to interest everyone; to sum up and illumine the movement for those who already believe in it, and to persuade the conservative to a more modern point of view. Send \$1.35.

The Upholstered Cage, by Josephine P. Knowles. With an introduction to American women by Belle Lindner Israels. It takes up the problem of the unmarried daughter as no other book has done. Price, \$1.50.

SEX

Sexual Knowledge, by Winfield Scott Hall, Ph.D. (Leipzig), M.D. (Leipzig). Sexual knowledge in plain and simple language; for the instruction of young men and young women, young wives and young husbands, fathers and mothers, teachers and nurses, and all others who feel a need of proper and reliable information on Sex Problems and When, What and How to impart sexual knowledge to boys and girls. 320 pages, cloth, \$1.

The Crime of Silence, by Dr. Orison Swett Marden. Written for those who do not know. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Price, \$1.00.

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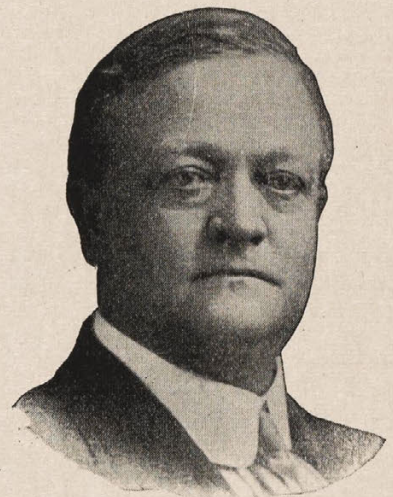
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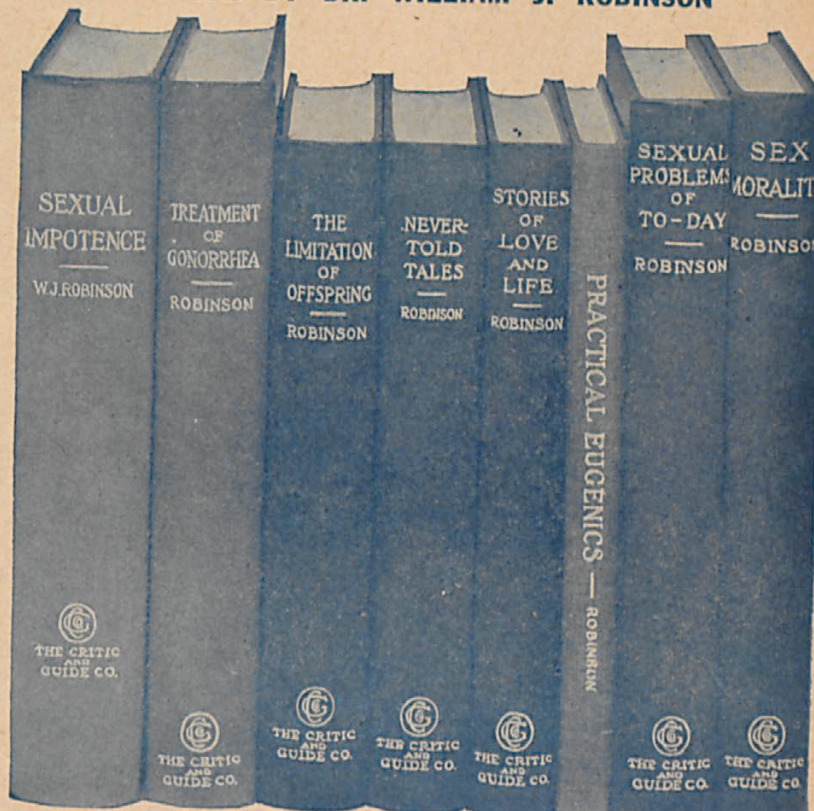
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