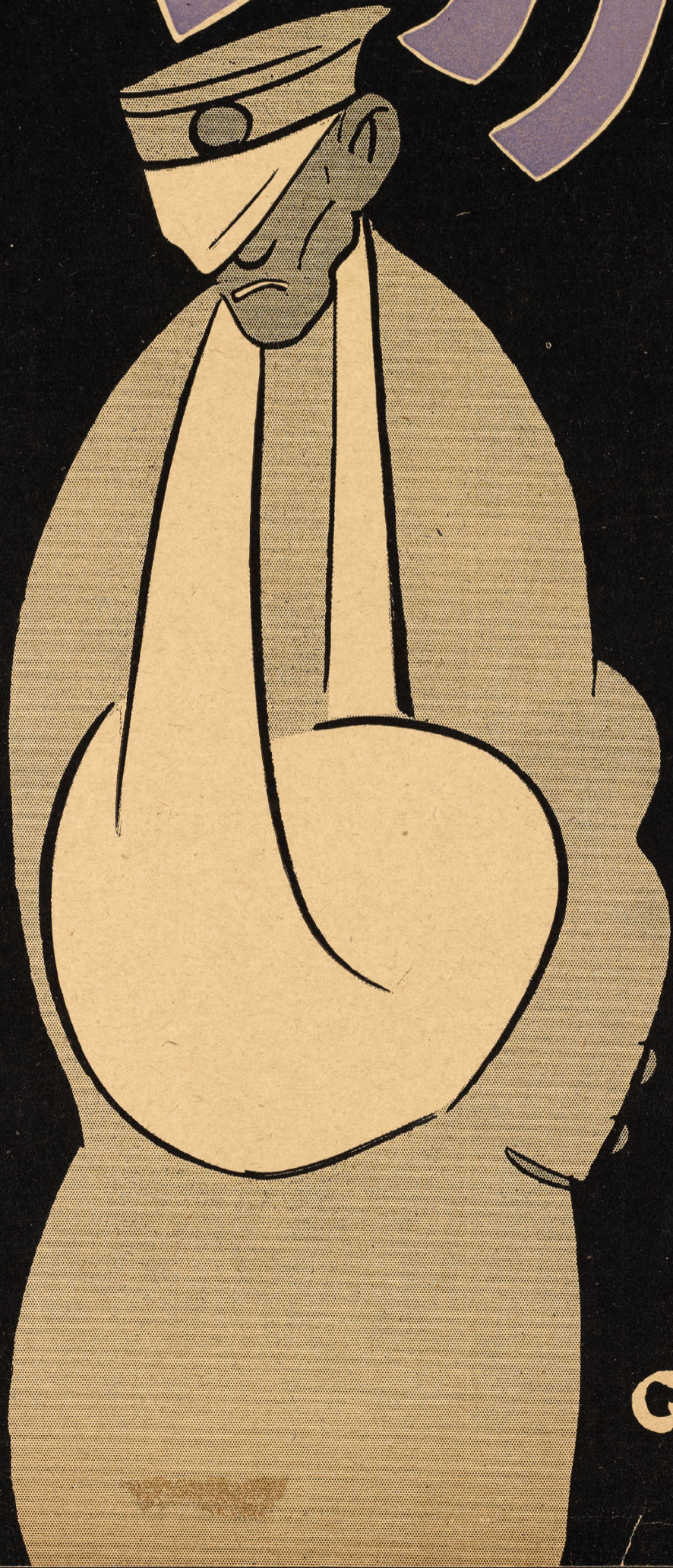


The Masses



JUNE

1916

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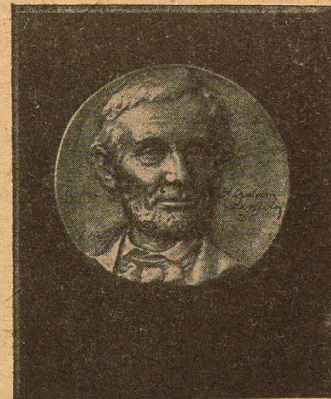
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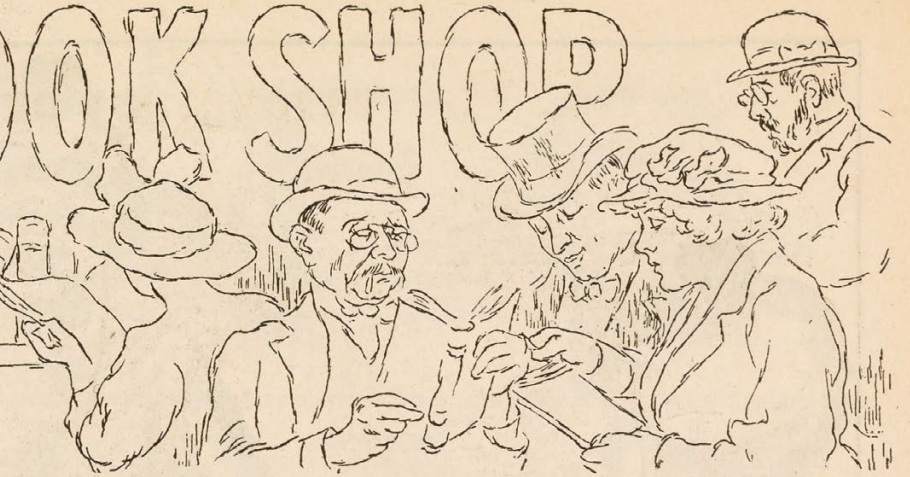
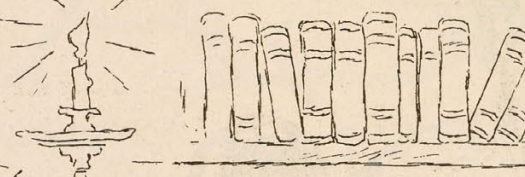
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Recommended by
Louis Untermeyer

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- The Sexual Question,** by August Forel, \$1.60.
- Mothers and Children,** by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, \$1.25.
- The Child and the Book,** by Gerald Stanley Lee, \$1.50.
- Are Women People?** by Alice Duer Miller, 60 cents.
- The Cry for Justice,** edited by Upton Sinclair, \$2.00.
- Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915,** edited by W. S. Braithwaite, \$1.50.
- Spoon River Anthology,** by Edgar Lee Masters, \$1.25.
- North of Boston,** by Robert Frost, \$1.25.
- Chicago Poems,** by Carl Sandburg, \$1.30.
- Six French Poets,** by Amy Lowell, \$2.50.
- What Nietzsche Taught,** by Willard Huntington Wright, \$2.00.
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- God's Puppets,** by William Allen White, \$1.25.
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- The Way of All Flesh,** by Samuel Butler, \$1.50.

I have not tried to arrange this list of twenty books in any but the most casual sort of groups. Nor is the order in which they appear supposed to indicate their relative importance. With one exception. And that is the very first book on the list—first, typographically and figuratively. "The Psychology of the Unconscious," by C. G. Jung, is not only, as its publishers announce, "a brilliant contribution to the science of psychoanalysis and analytic psychology," but it is the greatest contribution to the history of thought that our generation has produced. This profound and revolutionary volume has been splendidly translated by Dr. Beatrice M. Hinkle, who has added to the wealth of the original work a preface of her own in which occurs the clearest and most concise explanation of the Oedipus complex, the unity of the antique and modern psychology, the ideas of resistance and regression, and the whole theory and method of psychoanalysis that has yet been written. Against a background of myths Dr. Jung has co-ordinated the half-blind groupings of the race; in all the various manifestations of energy, which he calls *libido*, he shows man reaching through sex

(Continued on page 31)

Poetry and Drama

Towards Democracy, by Edward Carpenter. With portraits. 530 pages. This is Mr. Carpenter's greatest work. In ways it resembles Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," but it is more modern, more an interpretation of our own age. \$2.00 net.

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Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

“Aw, somebody sat on the eats!”

The MASSES

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JUNE, 1916

Issue No. 60

CHIVALRY—By Elizabeth Hines Hanley

IT was more than the stinging cold of the early dawn that made Sally Miller shiver as she let her husband into their draughty, unboarded, "double-pen" log house that winter morning. She knew what he had been doing, and, although he had been on a similar mission a time or two before, the thought of it now, somehow, chilled her like an icy wind. She couldn't look at him when he came in, and he noticed it.

"Here!" he said, swinging her around by the shoulder. "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothin'," she answered meekly, but still unable to make herself look at him.

Tightening his grip on her shoulder, he stooped and blew his breath in her face.

"Is it that?" he sneered.

She knew he was still "braced" with the "Red Eye" that had nerved him to go out on that soul-damning errand, and that she was a fool to irritate him, but, even if it were to save her life, she couldn't force herself to turn her eyes to him.

"No," she said then, twisting her face away from his heavy breath. His hand shot out and jerked her head around and back so that her widening eyes stared up to his.

"Then, by God! why don't you want to look at me?" he blazed. "I own this house an' everything in it—you, to boot—an' I'm goin' to be treated like it! I won't have anybody actin' like I'm not fit to look at!"

"It—it ain't that, Joe," she disavowed with servile hastiness. "It's—it's—"

Her voice broke in a gasp of actual horror. She belonged to that great army of women in the wilds of the world everywhere to whom the husband still stands as the oracle of heaven and earth. Even to question him in her heart is a heresy impossible to a wife of proper mind and morals. The realization of this suddenly gripped Sally Miller like a literal hand on her throat. But she was one of a breed of fighters, also, ready always to die for principle or conviction. So, almost in the moment of her weakening, she came back stronger to the contest.

"It's the lynchin'!" she cried then ringingly, facing him squarely with challenging eyes. "You didn't know that man was guilty—nobody did. It seemed more like he was innocent, an' until it was proved he wasn't, he ought 've been allowed to live!"

He stared at her a moment, then shook her with sudden rage.

"So you've been readin' them damn outside papers!" he bellowed. He gripped her as if he were going to beat her head against the wall behind. "Maybe you think the hound was innocent, too. Do you? Do you?"

"Yes!" she gasped undauntedly. "The evidence

left no doubt except to them that didn't want to see it!"

He couldn't answer her, and, in a sort of mad exaltation, she took advantage of the opportunity to pour out, particularly, what had perhaps been seething in her, generally, for years.

"An' killin' a thousand men wouldn't do that poor little girl no good! All you men would much better have done something for her while she was livin'—seen that she got her growth an' education before she was sent up against the dangers of the world! I've got a daughter, too, an' it's the thought of her that's made me feel like this. I don't want men murderin' for her when she's dead—I want 'em to see she is safe an' sheltered an'—an' happy while she's livin'." Her voice rose almost to a maniacal shriek, and she veered off into half-hysterical irrelevance. "Anyhow, I don't see as it's any worse to be killed outright than by degrees, as thousands of men are killin' women all the time. They ought to be lynched if the others are—there's just as much cause an'—an' justice!"

She ended from utter prostration, and sagged limply in his grip for a moment like a worn-out rag doll. Then he jerked her up stiff and tense.

"An' you're a Southern woman!" he rasped in

the tone of a growling dog. "Born an' bred in a land where chivalry is a household word—"

Despite herself, her lip curled, and the sight enraged him beyond reason. He released her with a push that sent her staggering against the wall, and the violence stirred to a sudden flame the long-banked spark of her self-respect.

"An' that's all it is!" she cried, backing against the wall like a rat at bay. "Only one thing ever makes it more, an' women pray to die rather than be the cause of that. They'd ruther rouse it when it'd be a help, like restin' them, now an' then, from buildin' fires an' cookin' an' sweepin' an' dustin', an' makin' beds an' tendin' children an' chickens an' dogs an' gardens, an' countless other things, day in an' day out, until they drop into the grave! That's how I feel, an' I don't keer what you do to me for it—I just don't keer!"

She raised her arms along the wall and threw back her head between them in the position of one nailed to a cross, and waited as if for him to do something to her—thrust a spear in her heart, perhaps. But he stood gazing at her in a sort of stupefied consternation, and, presently, she inclined her head and looked at him.

They stood so for an instant, staring curiously into each other's eyes, then abruptly he broke into a cackling laugh.

"This thing's strained your mind," he said facetiously. "You want to keep to the work you're used to—that ain't ever drove nobody crazy yet!"

"Yes it has!" she contradicted with the vehemence of abandon—"your own Aunt Jinny, an' ole Miss Slaughter, an'—"

"An' that's enough!" he interrupted with the quick snap of an ended patience. "I'm not goin' to argue with a woman. I'm boss in this house, an' as long as you stay in it' what I think, you think—hear?"

Suddenly, the thought of her children—of that same daughter who needed her—burned like a hot coal in her brain.

"Yes," she answered hurriedly, and clutched again at the wall.

"Then heed it!" he warned. "An' remember, if it wasn't for that same chivalry you despise, I'd—"

There was no need to finish—it was the eye of the slave-driver that glowered into hers, the hand made to wield the whip-lash that wavered above her cowering head. Lower she sank along the wall, and hung there a moment, staring up at him with eyes in which the spirit slowly went out, like a snuffed candle, then, still bent, she turned and shuffled off.

"I'll get you some breakfast," she said casually, without looking back, and slunk out, her feet once more firmly set on the treadmill of her daily slavery.

INDEPENDENCE HALL

THERE is an old, old city
Beside the Delaware,
Whose life flows round the cloister
Called Independence Square;

Beneath the cool green arches
Reared by its quiet trees,
Through all the long hot summer
There runs a little breeze.

A breath of air that rises
And dies away again,
As fleeting as the longings
Of tired workingmen,

Who sit there on the benches
Too tired to move or laugh,
With eyes fixed on Old Glory,
Drooping from the tall staff;

And there they talk together
About the shady Square
And wonder why that building
Should still be standing there.

SAMUEL MCCOY.

A Hall Bedroom Nun—By Adriana Spadoni

EVERY third day at one in the afternoon she went out, carrying a little bundle neatly wrapped. She always went very quietly, closing the door at the end of the long dark hall almost noiselessly. In two hours, never more, she returned, carrying the same sized bundle, wrapped in the same way. She never glanced in at my open door, although I always hoped she would. Nor did I ever summon the courage to speak to her. There was something about the quietness of her that precluded intrusion. She seemed to move through a mist of solitary silence like a figure through a fog.

If she did not stop at my door, neither did she hurry by, so that in time from brief glimpses I built the portrait that I can see now when something recalls that dingy house, that air heavy with the odor of millions of dead dinners, those awful months of loneliness. She was a little above the average height, with a strong, bony frame that somehow did not seem quite finished. She was oddly like a building that had been commenced and abandoned, with only the skeleton erected. It was as if she had inherited the frame and then been quite unable to feed and clothe it properly in keeping with its promise. Her high cheek bones and the scrawny wrists and the knuckles of her thin fingers seemed to resent their nudity and to call attention to their unfinished state. There was something subtly assertive about those cheekbones and those knotted wrists above the short black cotton gloves, something out of harmony with the almost obtrusive silence with which she came and went. Story after story I built about her and the detached and lonely life she lived. For all the part she took in life she might have been a nun of the middle ages. A strong woman, for some reason shut off from life, vowed to silence and fasting. Her pale skin, stretched tightly across the prominent cheekbones, looked always slightly damp as if with great fatigue, and her large thin lips were almost colorless. But her eyes were neither bitter nor tragic and story after story that I wove went down before the memory of her eyes. They were small and blue and dead. In the very few times that I caught their glance direct, they reminded me of a clock that has run down. Something happened to her at some time, I decided, and she just died. I knew that she had lived in that same room five years and made fancy collars for a big factory downtown. I used to wonder what she thought about as she stitched day after day in that cell.

Then suddenly one day the deathly stillness of our third floor was broken. The big front room was rented by a young couple, scarcely more than boy and girl. They were very happy and very noisy. From the sounds that came through the walls to me they must have gamboled about like young puppies. There was always the noise of furniture being pushed about, and thuds upon the floor and the soft plop of pillows hitting the wall, all cut by squeals of laughter from the girl and deep happy chucklings from the boy.

Every morning, a few moments after twelve, the telephone rang and the girl went flitting through the hall and down the stairs, the high heels of her bedroom slippers tapping gaily, clouds of cheap perfume floated from the flimsy kimono she gathered about her as she ran. In the silence of that lonely house the high pitch of her city voice came clearly up the narrow stairs.

"Me? Course it's me, you old silly. Oh, go wan—sure, YOUR Birdie.—I am, too—well, I guess." Then a little interlude of the silliest, happiest giggling, followed by another insistent, "Sure. Your bugs, honey-

boy. Six? Gee, that's late." More laughter. "Yes. Sure. I will." And then she would come running back, humming gaily to herself, the heels tapping madly and I would hear her singing to herself.

It was perhaps the third day after the telephoning had begun that, going into the hall, I saw the Nun's door was open and I caught the broken outline of her figure sitting with her hands in her lap. Now, never in the four months that we had shared the solitude of the third floor had I seen her door open and I wondered for a moment whether she were ill. As I stood hesitating whether to go and speak to her, Birdie came humming from the floor below and the door at the end of the hall closed gently. The next day when the 'phone rang something impelled me to stop my work and listen. Very softly I heard the Nun's door open and I knew that she was listening. I could feel her there at the end of the hall, listening to the high pitched, silly giggling below, for by this time the daily conversation, always the same, always accompanied by the same jokes, punctuated by the same almost hysterical giggle, the tap, tap of Birdie's heels, the heavy fragrance of the cheap perfume had begun to annoy me. I tiptoed to my door and looked out. Her door was open and I saw her as before, sitting with her hands in her lap. Then the voice below stopped. The door closed quietly. Birdie came tapping back upstairs.

For perhaps two weeks things went on exactly the same. Then the 'phoning stopped. There was no more laughter or rough-housing in the big room. No pillows plopped against my wall. For two days a stillness as heavy as lead reigned before their coming lay over the front room except in the morning just after the young man left for work. Then I could hear Birdie crying, sobbing like an angry child. On the afternoon of the third day an expressman came for their trunk. A few moments later Birdie went, her head held high, defiant under her waving plumes. I laughed. It must have been such a ridiculous little quarrel.

Now it happened that the Nun was out when the expressman came for the trunk and I did not think of her in connection with the young people's going until a few days later when a little after twelve I heard her door open quietly. It stayed open for perhaps ten minutes and then closed softly. The next day the same thing happened and the next. On the fourth I heard her coming down the hall. At my door she stopped.

"They're gone?" she said simply, nodding towards the big room.

"Oh, yes. They went three days ago."

THE STORMY STAR

THE stormy star of freedom
Sits steadfast in the sky;
Its light shakes not nor falters
While clouds go pouring by.

Poised in the topmost zenith
It beckons from afar;
Kings climb in vain against it
With ridge on ridge of war....

And though all banners claim it
And rumors fill the night—
It knows no flag of battle,
Its only voice is light.

HARRY KEMP.

She stood looking at me quietly. "I'm sorry," she said at last. "I got terrible used to hearin' her 'phone. I used to like it, didn't you?" Her tone included herself and me in some real misfortune. I hadn't the courage to tell her that Birdie had got on my nerves.

"I suppose," I began and stopped, for the woman in the door was smiling at me, but I knew she was not thinking of me.

"She always said the same thing, did you notice? 'Oh, go wan. Sure. Honeybunch.'" The slang came weirdly from those colorless thin lips. "You must have been able to hear most everything they said." She nodded toward the dividing wall. "These houses ain't got very thick walls. It must have been nice evenin's." The tone was quite natural, innocent of offense.

"I—I don't believe—I listened. You see," I added, fearful she might construe my words as criticism, "when I'm home at nights I generally read."

The coldness in her small blue eyes softened with regret for the opportunity I had missed. "Oh, people are lots more interesting than books. I used to read when I was younger; I used to read all the time. But now, somehow book people don't seem real. I don't feel like I knew 'em, not like I knew—Birdie. I did feel like I knew what she was thinking. Now, couldn't you just tell she'd wear them high heeled pumps by the way she used to say, 'Go wan, Honeyboy?'"

I stared. But the woman in the door was simply thinking aloud.

"And that Lily of the Valley—why, I could tell the pattern of her kimono the first morning I smelled it in the hall."

"I'm afraid you'll miss her," I said. "That room doesn't rent very well."

"No. It doesn't, but it's better in the winter, although men generally has it then and they don't get home till night and most times they're out in the evenings. And I do like to have people round. I can just sit and listen and think about them. I *never* get tired of people. They ain't like books. They're *alive*."

I opened my lips and then I closed them—to listen to the People! for in between the periods of her silence I could hear the huge city, the millions and millions of people, all *alive*. So I only nodded. With a laugh she moved from the door.

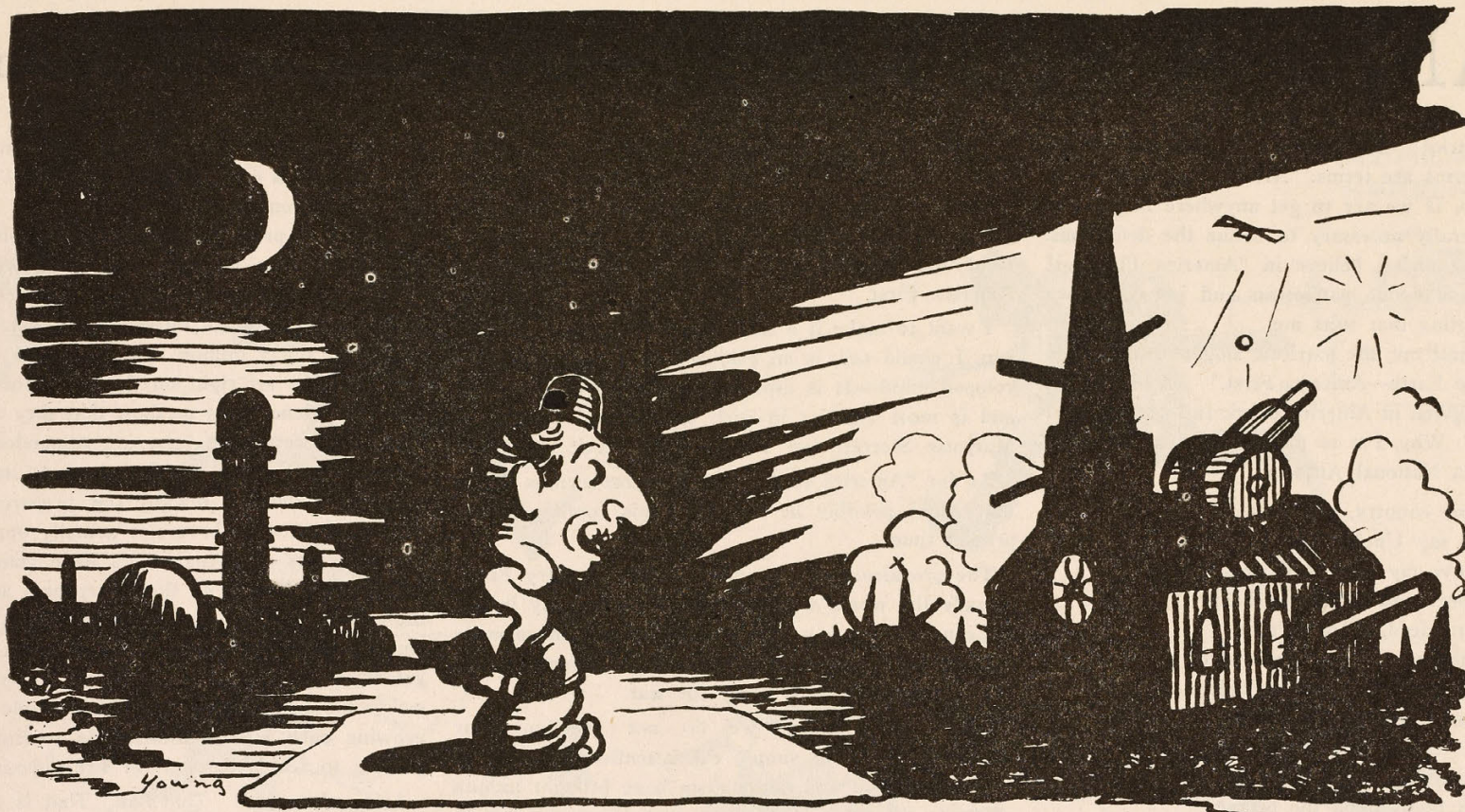
"Well, I'll never get my collars done if I stand here. Ten dozen to be ready Thursday."

I rose and followed her a little way down the hall. "When you're tired doing collars," I ventured, "or lonely, won't you come in? I get rather lonely myself sometimes."

She turned quickly. "You mustn't do that, dearie. You mustn't get the habit of being lonely. There's such lots of things to think about. Lots of people."

I wanted suddenly to cry. To put my head down on that broad, hollow breast and cry. Instead I smiled. "But that's just it. I *do* get lonely because there *are* so many people in the world."

A really worried look came into her eyes. "You mustn't, dearie. There ain't no call to be lonely when there's so many people everywhere. I ain't got nobody that really belongs to me, but I just make believe they're *all* mine. Why, I feel like I knew everyone of them women that takes work from the factory I get my collars and I don't believe I've spoke to half a dozen of 'em. Watching people makes you feel like you knew 'em. When you get lonely, dear, some nights just come in and I'll tell you about 'em. You'll like 'em, too."



Drawn by Arthur Young.

TURNING TO CHRISTIANITY

Rev. W. E. Strong, Secretary of the American Mission Board, reports that "one of the effects of war has been to increase the individual Turk's respect for Christianity. He has been looking at Christianity and the Christian people with new eyes, with more wonder, interest, respect. He has been buying the New Testament of late. . . ."

"Dead or Alive"

THE play, "Major Barbara," turns upon the question of the propriety of the Salvation Army's accepting a fat check from a munition maker. We may expect Bernard Shaw to become almost unbearable when he hears that T. Coleman du Pont has contributed \$10,000 to the American Salvation Army.

THE president of the Delaware and Hudson complains that automobiles have cut into the passenger traffic of his railroad. As the automobile industry helps the freight business enormously, there is only one safe rule for pleasing a railroad man—buy 'em but don't ride in 'em.

THE Plattsburg Camps offer four weeks of instruction for \$55.00. Cheap enough when you consider that it includes the privilege of being ordered around by your betters.

ONE of the Standard Oil companies has declared a dividend of 100 per cent. This may help to explain why so many motorists are wearing a gasocean and hungry look.

"WE are a two-ocean nation and should have a two-ocean navy."—Rear Admiral Peary. What have they gone and done with the Panama Canal?

THE Germans continue to prove themselves masters of the science of substitution. The olive branch extended by Bethmann-Hollweg proved upon close inspection to be poison ivy.

THOSE patriots who indignantly demanded an investigation of Maurer's insult to the flag only to find that he was quoting a member of their cherished

Pennsylvania Constabulary, might write an instructive article upon the habits and customs of the boomerang.

THE defense leagues continue to whoop it up for preparedness and the private manufacture of war material. Munitionaries to the heathen?

FIVE hundred prominent Americans have signed a paper expressing their sympathies with the Allies, who are "struggling to preserve the liberties of the world and the highest ideals of civilization." This, no doubt, was kindly meant, but it will be a shock to the poor old Czar.

THE militarists are trying to pin a new title upon our Uncle Sam—The Slayboy of the Western World.

A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Thaw, though a "model youth," cannot keep the wolf from the doors of his triplex apartment on less than \$25,000 a year. This might reasonably be established as a minimum wage for the unemployed.

A CONSTANT but ill-natured reader of the *Outlook* has discovered that the Colonel was in an unheroic mood about Belgium in September, 1914, and urged "neutrality and non-interference." Roosevelt and Wilson disagree with themselves almost as much as with each other.

GOVERNOR BRUMBAUGH, of Pennsylvania, admits having sulzered away a \$1,000 campaign contribution.

BANG goes another boom!

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

Our Own Thrift Campaign
With Apologies to the Evening World

Thrift Editor of *The Masses*:

I RUN an elevator daytimes for \$8 a week. Since reading the *Evening World*, I decided to save money: so I got an additional job as a night watchman for the same salary, and gave up my room. I now get \$16 a week and haven't any time to spend it.

Yours for economy,

G. W. B. Q.

Thrift Editor of *The Masses*:

I AM a poor workingman, but find it easy to save money. When my wife and I take the subway to work, she goes through the gate first. The chopper then tries to get two tickets out of me, but I fool him.

Yours for money in the bank,

R. K. FELLER.

Thrift Editor of *The Masses*:

I USED to walk to work on Third Avenue and save only five cents carfare. Since reading the *Evening World*, I always walk down Fifth Avenue and save ten cents.

Yours thrivingly,

H. DUBB.

WE feel awfully good about this number of THE MASSES. We begin this month to publish *The Masses Review* (just back of the double-page cartoon). We also call your attention to the extra pages this month—and what is printed on them!

THE EDITORS.

AM I A PATRIOT?—By Charles W. Wood

AM I a patriot? Do I believe in "America First"? Well, terms are terms. Always they have to be defined. Then, if we are to get anywhere in particular, it is generally necessary to define the definitions. I am a patriot and I believe in "America First"—if you will let me define patriotism and put "America First" in a setting that suits me.

Framed to suit me, the patriotic slogan would read: "We Want the Earth—America First." I'd like to see all the workingmen in America chuck full of that kind of patriotism. Why, I'm so patriotic in that way that I once wrote a National Anthem:

I love my country, yes I do,
I love my Uncle Sam.
I also love my steak and eggs,
And beer and beans and ham.
If I went dead, I couldn't eat,
And though I'd not be missed,
I'd miss my feed—oh, yes, indeed—
I guess I won't enlist.

I love the flag, I do, I do,
Which floats upon the breeze:
I also love my arms and legs
And neck and nose and knees.
One little shell might spoil 'em all
Or give 'em such a twist
They wouldn't be no use to me—
I guess I won't enlist.

I love my country, yes I do,
I hope her folks stay well:
Without no arms or legs or things,
I think they'd look like hell.
Young men with faces shot away
Ain't fitten to be kissed:
I've read in books it spoils their looks—
I guess I won't enlist.

There was a lot more to it. Additional stanzas can be procured at 20 cents a dozen. I quote only enough to convince my readers that I love my country—all of it that is mine—and that, if I were called upon to defend something I never heard of, I'd see America First.

It has just been running through my mind that some people wouldn't call this fine emotion of mine patriotism. They would call it Sordid Materialism. It has also been running through my mind that those same some people are not very far from right.

And we revolutionists are in pretty small business if we seriously pretend to be patriotic.

Of course we may quibble if we care to. We can prove logically that we are the only genuine patriots; and we can do it so well that the average patriot will pass us as orthodox at heart, even if he does disapprove our methods and conclusions. Internationalists can pretend to be nationalists, in order to put over their internationalism. But I have reached the conclusion that internationalism can not be put over that way.

Isn't it time to speak plainly; to speak in the language of the people we are talking to? We have no misgivings as to what the average man means by patriotism. We know what he means by "America First." We know that he means something fundamentally opposed to the ideals which we as internationalists stand for. Why confuse the issue, why befuddle our propaganda by pretending to those stricken with patriotism that we have the same disease.

I had the disease once and I got over it. I'm going to say so and I wish more internationalists would help me. In the language of the people, the only language we who assume to talk to the people have a right to use, I am not a patriot. I do not believe in America First.

I want to make it a little plainer if I can. Patriotism, I would say, is an evidence of a small or undeveloped mind. It is especially a disease of childhood and is most virulent in such undeveloped persons as Marjorie Sterrett and Theodore Roosevelt.

As for "America First," it is the most vicious slogan that could possibly be raised in this country at the present time.

The prevalence of nationalism—"My Country First"—made the world war possible. I do not say it was the cause of the war, but its absence would have made fighting on a great scale impossible. Every cry of "My Country First" is a cry for war.

—No, Mr. Wilson, we do not question your "Americanism": we simply call attention to it. Just as provincialism and nationalism have brought infinite agony to the other hemisphere, you do your worst to generate provincialism and nationalism on this.

"America First!" Some of us are for Humanity First and we were just simple enough to think that you would be.

Personally, I am not only for Humanity First, but I fail to see any reason why I should be particularly partial to the United States. There are some things I like about it, I admit, but is that any reason why I should be partisan?

I was born in Ogdensburg, N. Y. I might have been born in Prescott, Ont., a mile or so further North. In case of war between England and the United States, does anyone think that mile or so would count with me? Should I go out and shoot Englishmen because I was delivered in Ogdensburg, or shoot Americans because I was delivered in Prescott? According to Boy Scout minds like Roosevelt, of course I should. But I mean in the minds of intelligent people.

Then, why should I pretend anything else? Why should anyone whose mind is big enough to cross the nearest county line pretend that it has to stop at a National boundary?

In case of war between the American government and some other, I intend to remain perfectly neutral;

AND THOU, TOO, AMERICA?

WE blaze at what the Teuton sword hath done,
And of the war, with cursing hearts, men say
"Above all other nations it was they,
The armed, the well-prepared, who brought it on."
Yet the same men of Congress ask anon
For ships and troops a hasty, huge outlay,
While poor men's children still in gutters play,
And poor men's lungs still rot for want of sun!
Is this authentic? Will my country, then,
Rather invest in tools for killing men
Than save the little children of her poor?
Speakest thou so, my country? Then be sure
Thou in thy heart dost not so much condemn
These German lords of war, as envy them.

SARAH N. CLEGHORN.

at least, until I am convinced by reason, not geography, that one side is entitled to my support. I believe every real internationalist feels the same way. Why should we hedge or pretend or dodge or quibble? The time may dawn upon us very soon when we can't speak openly on such matters as this; all the more reason why we should make ourselves understood just now. There are thirty million workers in the United States waiting to be set right on this all-important question. All the evidence goes to show that they are not hopelessly patriotic. They have not responded at all satisfactorily to the call for enlistments; and they have been so lukewarm toward the preparedness propaganda, where they have not actually opposed it, that the advocates of preparedness have gone to scolding frantically. Almost all the newspapers and almost all the politicians of all the parties have been working violently to rouse the country; and all admit that it is not yet aroused. All of which to me looks hopeful. It makes me feel that the American people may be outgrowing such fool sentiments as patriotism and beginning to feel a passion for life unbounded.

Life unbounded! That's it. That is Sordid Materialism: let us plead guilty to that, too, and get the whole thing straight. Anyone who fights for the realities of life is a materialist. The idealist fights for symbols and flags and vague intangible shadows which he calls National Honor and other incomprehensible names.

The materialist won't fight for his country unless he has a country to fight for: the idealist will not haggle over technicalities like that.

The idealist gives his life for geography and "colors." The materialist saves his for concrete, tangible things like wives and children. The realities of life—the things we want and know we want—are material. The lies, the frauds, the things that turn us from our real purposes and make us the slaves of other people's ambition, these are uniformly handed to us in the guise of ideals.

Isn't it time we freed ourselves from this whole dead-weight of idealism? Isn't it time we left the maze of pretense and went directly, confessedly, for the things we want? We are opposed to nationalism because it is little and narrow, because it limits the joy of life, keeps us out of a hundred worlds worth knowing and makes us slaves. And because it breeds war. Not a vague or idealistic reason in the bunch, but they are enough for me.

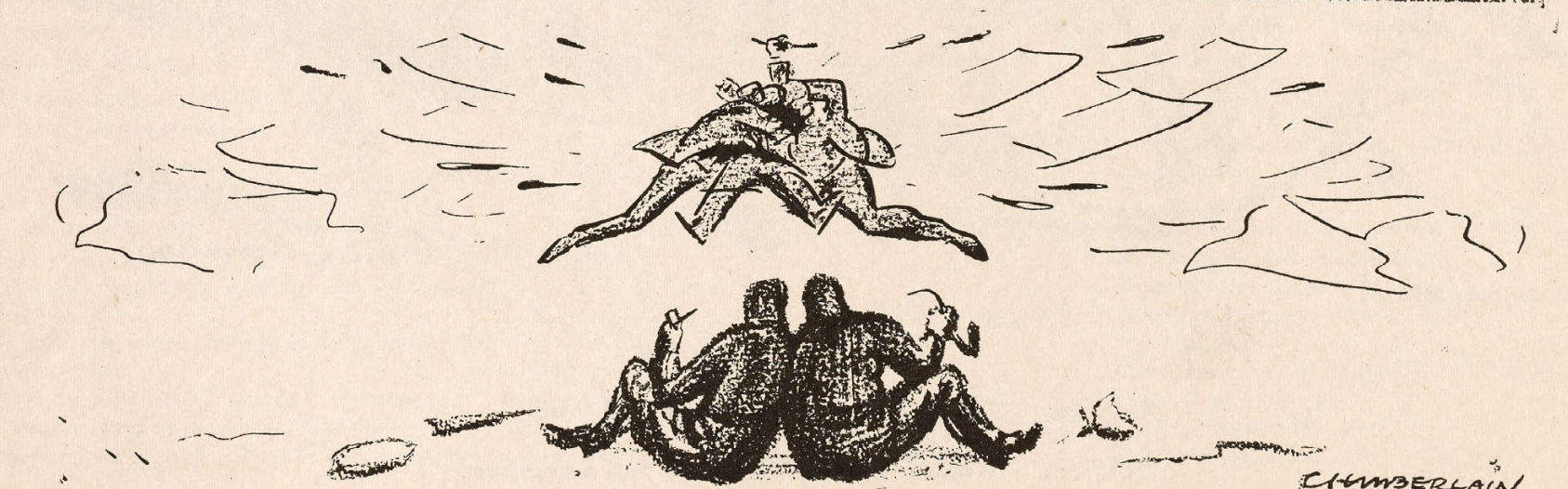
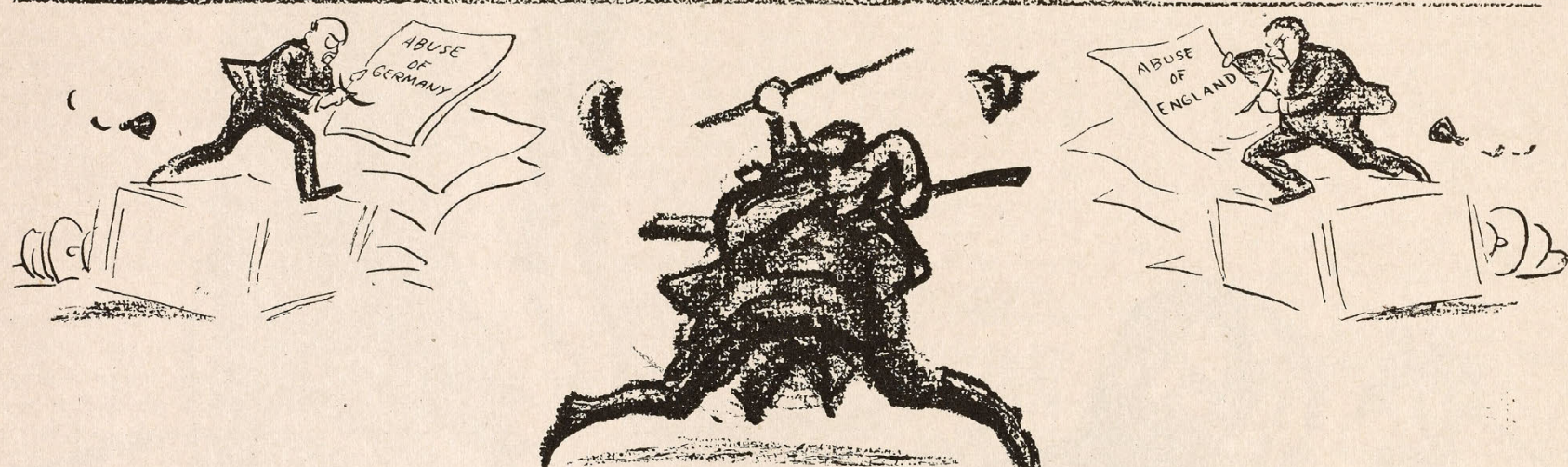
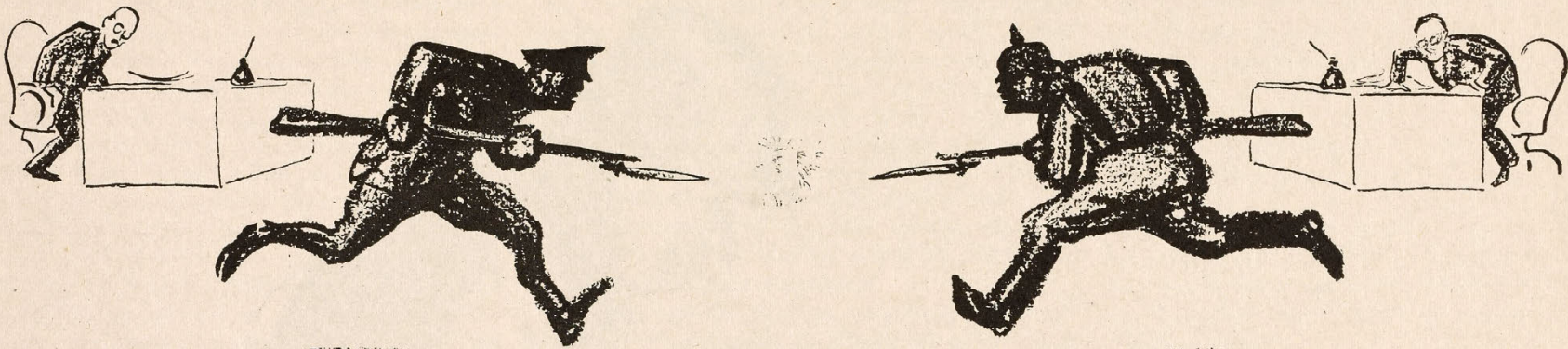
And we are opposed to war because it limits life still further. Because it cuts off arms and legs and husbands and fathers and liberties and loves. Materialistic reasons all, but sufficient ones. Why try to add to them the pretense that we are interested in any such indefinable ideal as honor? I have been asking everybody I know for the past two years to tell me what honor means. None of them has come across with a definition yet. Nobody knows what honor is; and so, of course, every man with ideals will fight for it. Ten million men are fighting for it today, when every last one of them would rather be doing something else.

Here's for a bold, bad move. Let us chuck the whole thing, not even pretend that we stand for it, and set out straight for the things we want. Let honor and such truck go to the devil; we'd rather have lungs and livers and whole faces and whole families and a whole material existence.

Why Not?

KIPLING

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN



CHAMBERLAIN



Boardman Robinson

Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

Civilian: "Well, what do you think of war?"

Soldier: "Rotten—there's no time for atrocities!"

The Mexican Tangle — By John Reed

AT last we have got ourselves into the apparently inextricable snarl in Mexico that the interventionists have always wanted. When Villa raided the town of Columbus, New Mexico, there was so much evidence that certain American interests were concerned in inciting him to cross the line and murder American citizens and soldiers, that even President Wilson made a public statement to the people of the United States warning them against "the sinister influences at work in this country" to force intervention on any pretext. The preparedness advocates, equally unscrupulous in their desire to make this a military nation in order that a strong army and navy shall be built up to encourage wholesale exploitation by American business men abroad, and to guard foreign interests of American speculators when they are obtained, do not hesitate to twist the events of the life and death struggle of the Mexican peons for freedom so as to bolster up their arguments. When Wilson refused to recognize Huerta, a treacherous murderer and adventurer, and when Huerta refused to be unrecognized, they told us that America was being "humiliated" and that "Mexico was laughing us to scorn." When an irresponsible minor officer refused to salute our stainless flag, they said again that "Mexico was making a laughing stock of us." When Villa, with a hundred odd followers, came over and shot up Columbus, they talked about the Mexican people "invading" the United States.

Once before the interventionists and the military party forced our army and navy to Vera Cruz, whooping it up for war and conquest all the time; stock in dishonestly obtained American concessions in Mexico flew skyward. But the President managed to get us out of Vera Cruz again without any damage being done.

When the punitive expedition went after Villa a month ago, there was another cry that intervention was coming, and this time those of us who know Mexico believed, and still believe, that they were right.

Things have grown to look more and more sinister down there. First it was our request to be allowed to use the Mexican railways to transport supplies and troops to the "punitive expedition"; re-

fused by Carranza. Then came the rumors from Washington that Carranza had asked Washington to withdraw the American troops from Mexico, since confirmed. All this time a hundred different Mexican sources gave out their scarcely veiled hostile opinion that the Carranza soldiers could capture Villa unaided, and that the Americans never could. It was quite evident that the Mexican army was making very little attempt to do so. This is not astonishing; it looks like a miracle of self-restraint that the armies of the various Mexican generals have not united to attack the Americans before this. That attack is to be expected, for the Mexicans know as well as we do that this is the end of the working out of their revolution.

On April 14th the *de facto* government of Mexico gave out for publication the dispatches in the secret exchange of notes between Carranza and the United States, and revealed Carranza's terrible anxiety in the untenable position in which he now finds himself. If he permits the American army to march all over Mexico and stay months in the illusive chase of a bandit whom even Diaz's ten thousand *rurales* could not capture in twenty years, the Mexican peons will turn against their leader who encourages those *gringos* whom all Mexicans secretly feel are the enemies of Mexico; if, on the other hand, he orders the American troops to withdraw, why then he knows that we will refuse and that the peons will try to drive us out by force. In either case there is not much chance for the President to accomplish his desire of capturing Villa, and there is not much chance for Mexico.

Such ultimatums as "Huerta must go," "The flag must be saluted," and "Villa dead or alive," leave very few loopholes for us to keep from conquering Mexico. When we don't do what we threaten to, the interventionists find a great opportunity to shout that we are "humiliated." Even after making these stern and dreadful boasts, the President up to now has had the courage to draw out of Mexico before it has been too late. But it looks as if he won't be able to do it this time.

We have refused to order the troops out of Mexico until Villa is captured. And it is almost impossible that Villa should be captured.

This morning (April 15) the papers tell of the second attack upon United States soldiers on the outskirts of the town of Parral. Parral is the center of the old Villa country. Villa himself passed through there a week ago, bound south for the desolate Durango Mountains, where live a race of insolent and independent Indians who have never known oppression, and who are Villa's blood-brothers. Even in the palmiest days of the Diaz regime the *rurales* kept out of that region. Criminals who escaped into the hills south of Parral were safe from further pursuit. It is an arid country of stony peaks, covered with cactus and sword-plants, without water; of bewildering trails winding through deep canyons and to the far camps of the charcoal-burners, who are Urbanistas and Villistas to a man—and *gringo*-haters as well.

All this part of the country was fed for twenty years by Villa and his band of outlaws, and protected against the rapacity and expropriation of the Diaz government officials and the rich. A large section of Carranza's army, commanded by Luis Herrera, comes from this region. Besides this, most of the Carranza soldiers drawn from Northern Mexico are Villistas at heart, and the rest consider him a half-mythical monster with a charmed life, who is always victorious in battle. The Mexican regular soldiers would probably not aid Villa against Carranza at this stage of the game, because Carranza is now promising all that Villa once promised, and Carranza's party is now the stronger. But when it comes to choosing between Villa and General Pershing, then Villa will get almost every Mexican's adherence.

Remember it was the townspeople of Parral who fired on the American troops. In other words, it is at last the Mexican peons, the workingmen, the *rancheros*, their children and their wives, who are rising against further American advance into Mexico. And as the American troops go farther south they enter more and more deeply the Villa country, the country of the *gringo*-haters, the region where Madero lived and where he first talked to the people, and where after his death the revolution against Huerta began.

BIRTH — By Jean Starr Untermeyer

SOMETIMES in the hollow dark,
 Sometimes in the crowded day,
 Comes the memory of your room.
 The air, warm and faintly aromatic—
 The starched rustle of the nurse's gown—
 The hushed stir, the busy whispers—
 The wide bed, tightly folded in
 And your young body, gracious even in pain.
 Your head turned sideways on the pillow
 Was flushed and stern,
 The cords of your neck swelling
 Up under the edge of your soft brown hair.
 In that strained quiet
 You seemed caught up in some vast, harmonious
 rhythm,
 Your limbs consenting dumbly to an unheard marking
 of time;
 Attaining in your labor a grandeur of beauty
 That shamed your usual saucy prettiness.
 I longed then, I remember, for the heroic marble

That would hold this triumph immortal.
 You held hard to my hand.
 Only your restless fingers were eloquent with pain.
 And I marvelled at your composure
 And dignity,
 You—the petulant, spoiled child!
 Your lips moved soundlessly;
 Little drops of moisture beaded your forehead;
 Tiny tendrils of hair began to curl around your
 brow;
 And I remembered seeing it so on early summer
 mornings
 When we, two sisters, slept together.

At last your cry!
 So sharp and smiting, and echoing like a call from a
 far place.
 And then, after a tense moment,
 Trembling on the turbulent warmth,
 Came the tentative whine of your child.
 Your hands loosened and I left the room,

Somehow stumbling past the anxious faces,
 Avoiding the banal, questioning mouths,
 To where the air was cool
 And where I could recover
 From this miracle. . . .
 For I had seen the naked mystery of birth
 unfold itself;
 Tortuous, heavy and slow.
 And I had watched, alert and curious
 To learn the meaning. . . .
 And here I was more dazed and baffled than before.

Compelling my mind, stabbing my soul to courage,
 Sometimes in the hollow dark,
 Sometimes in the crowded day,
 Comes the memory of your room.
 And once again I feel
 The terror and the triumph of that loneliness
 That wraps us round,
 Each in his greatest hour,
 With exultation and with fertile pain.



HUGO
GELLERT

Drawn by Hugo Gellert.

A SONG OF BEAUTY

I KNOW what Nature is and her largesse.
I know that her beauty is infinite.
Her freedom perfect and her tenderness everlasting.
My throat yearns to sing a song of beauty,
For my soul keeps in its secret chamber
The madness of a wind-swept hilltop,
Where, from under a shading laurel,
We watched the white clouds lure the winds, their
lovers,
Down into the caverns of the sky,
And all was freedom.
The little birds fluttered in and out the leafy coverts;
The hawks slanted to the breeze,
And the squirrels ran about,
Sitting erect, suddenly, questioning.
The flowers blossomed without a governor,
And the beautiful madrona-trees,
With limbs smooth as the limbs of nymphs,
Whispered to the roving winds.
But you, my brothers and my sisters,
Cannot watch the depthless blue
From under a wide-spreading oak.
There are hills for all and oaks for all,
And the airy blue covers the world;
But you may not lie at ease awhile upon a hilltop,
And examine your souls.
You sit under a dark roof through which
Filters neither sun, nor stars.
You are robbed of your inheritance.

From the hilltop may be seen the skyey threads
Which are the rivers.
I may go down to them and lie by them,
Refilling the vessels of my soul;

But what to you, oh work-worn, weary ones,
Are the secret conversations of the waters?
Do they carry you afar, enchanted and enthralled,
Like half-heard, mystic, murmured incantations
Of soft-shod, hushed magicians
Who lift you, sleeping, and in Lethean languor
Bear you unto the perfect meadows?
Do the white-handed nymphs await your coming
And hide within the fragrant fringes,
Slender rushes, mint and mallow?
Do you, Life-cheated brothers,
Hear the continuous warble of the hidden nymphs?
Their far, faint laughter?

Young lovers lie upon the grass
And listen to the river's muttered conversations;
Little children splash their white bodies
With bright crystals,
And the indignant magpies fly, screaming,
From the willows; royal fellows in black-and-white,
Who surely were once a princess, appareled in
ermine;

All the beasts and fowl of the Desert,
In the evening, come to drink,
And the river refuses not life to any.
Far down its course, it is led out
Upon the alfalfa-fields, where the poplars
Watch about the garden,
And an old man stands upon the bank.
To him the voices of the water murmur, "Peace."
They are calling to him the call of Eternity.
But, to the haggard ones who toil,
The conversation of the waters
Comes as the sullen voice of Moloch,

Grumbling and growling in the roll of the wheels
Which grind up flesh,
"Work! Work! Work!"
Endless as the river's flowing.
"Toil! Toil! Toil!"
Ceaseless as the river's murmur.
Never! Never! Never!
Knowing peace or beauty.

I am consumed with pity for the millions of weary
workers
Who drudge till their last shred snaps,
And over them, cowering, clouding,
Like a sentinel-ghost threatening, terrifying,
Ever stands the all-degrading Penury of Age;
A Dread, shadowy but relentless,
Which perches on your backs, my brothers and my
sisters,
As a magpie perches on the back of a lean cow,
Awaiting death by the dry water-hole;
Patient, persistent, never leaving.

The toilers know not the song of the waters,
Nor the sympathy of the grass;
They bathe not their souls in the pools of leisure,
Nor ever cast their eyes upward
Where the clouds, reckless, set their silver sails
upon the upper main,
Nor ever look upon the meadows where the carefully
tended cattle lie among the buttercups.
They know not the sweet, respected weakness of
age.
Age cannot work, and Death delays too long.

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD.

Servants of Hospitality

WE print the following account of conditions which affect the women workers in one of New York's best-known hotels, with a view of showing the necessity for the organization of hotel workers for their own protection into trade unions. We do not believe the conditions described are peculiar to this hotel, but in view of its reputation the existence of such conditions is a particularly flagrant case requiring the fullest publicity. These conditions, which are dealt with fully below in an account written by a girl who experienced them as an employee, may be summarized briefly as follows:

Food unfit to be eaten.

Filthy and unsanitary dining-room.

Sleeping quarters infested with rats and vermin.

Refusal of the management to protect the women workers from insulting and degrading treatment by male employees.

Any complaint on the part of a worker invariably followed by discharge.

To which must as a matter of course be added:

Unreasonably long hours of work for unreasonably small pay.

A medieval lack of mechanical aids in the performance of work.

Complete neglect of any provision for the elementary social needs of employees.

The first-hand account from which this summary is drawn, follows. THE MASSES vouches for its truthfulness.

"One Tuesday afternoon in April I went to the Hotel Martha Washington to see if I could get a job there as chambermaid. The next morning at half past eight I had my pass key and had started work. The references I had given, I found out later, had not even been looked up.

"I had twenty-one rooms to attend to—some with two beds. All the work was done in the old-fashioned manner with broom, carpet sweeper, feather duster, etc., and one vacuum cleaner which came around by request of the guest, but never oftener than once a week to the same room. There were endless trips down the long corridors carrying heavy pitchers of water, etc., to and from the one public bath, and never-ending excursions to the linen room four floors below to get linen, which was doled out to the maids three and four pieces at a time, all damp and hot from the laundry.

"At eleven thirty we went down stairs to dinner. The dining room, which the chambermaids share with the Greek house men and cleaners, is in the basement, reached through a pantry where we picked our way through water which was gushing forth from an open drain. The dining room had no outside window, no ventilation, and its walls were dark with the dust and cobwebs of years.—On a partition of wooden bars which divided off part of the room into a kind of store house, an ancient suffrage banner sagged dejectedly—'Colorado Women Won the Vote in 1898.'

"We sat at long tables covered with dirty oilcloth, and our meal consisted of a kind of meat stew, corned beef, boiled potatoes and bread and

butter. The bread was good, the beef was impossibly tough and salty, the stew disgusting, and the potatoes (boiled in the skins) were very small and cold and water-logged. One could not even bear the smell of the butter—much less the taste. There were pitchers of milk, three-fifths water and other foreign substances—and a very thin and disagreeable soup which I was warned against as I reached for the pitcher. The girls who sat on either side of me ate the bread, and drank tea which they themselves had provided together with the sugar for it. There was tea and coffee in the pantry which no one but the Greeks dared drink. When I tried the coffee one of the women said—'Sure and you'll not live till the morning should you drink that.' This seemed to be the feeling about all the food, and though I tried everything, I soon came to the same conclusion. Sometimes I could not even endure the odor from the platters of meat and fish near by, and I, too, soon came to the bread and tea diet (the tea my own) with sometimes potatoes.

"After dinner we hurried back to our floors. The first few days I didn't get the work done until five or six, after which I still had the towels to distribute. The towels were supposed to be up from the laundry by three, but sometimes it was nearly six before they were given to us, and even if our work had been finished by two o'clock we were obliged to stay and wait for our towels. After that, we were free until the next morning, unless we were 'on watch' that night—on which we stayed on the floor until ten o'clock.

"The girls' rooms were in an old house adjoining the hotel, where we slept—as many as eight in one bedroom. There were also rats and bugs. There was no place at all to receive a friend, or read, or write, or amuse oneself. If anyone had no friends to go to, there she sat in a straight-backed chair—or put on her best clothes and set out to 'pick up a square meal.' Just so long as she reported for work in the morning, no one cared.

"Breakfast is much the same as other meals. There is a tasteless porridge—but the same flies buzzing from the open barrel of garbage by the door to the food upon the dirty plates. The girls really can eat very little; we would rather go hungry than eat what we suspect to be horseflesh, and were it not for the scraps left over on the trays of the

guests, and the presents of food they sometimes give us, we should fare very badly.

"Many of the guests seem to know what we were up against, in some cases they had even brought to the management complaints about such conditions as I have been describing. The girls tell me, however, that rooms being in great demand here, those guests find that under such circumstances, their room is better than their company in the Hotel Martha Washington, which was opened, I believe, some fourteen years ago as a home for working girls and women.

"Things have changed since then, and now—even with the magnificent salary of \$15.00 a month, the Martha Washington finds it very difficult to induce its working girls and women to regard the hotel as their permanent home. Of course the girls do get some tips. I got seventy-five cents the first week, though as the amounts usually given are five and ten cents, the total, you can see, is not very large, and I tell you we earn what we get. If you could see the girls drop on to their beds after work you would know how tired we get. And one day I walked up and down the four flights of stairs between my floor and the linen room carrying heavy armfuls of linen, rather than ride in the elevator with a certain elevator man who had stopped the car between floors, caging me in alone with him and helpless to escape his unpleasant attentions,—until the bell happened to ring. So after this I walked. Incidents like this were common, and it was useless to complain to the management, as it would have meant simply that the complainer would be fired. And the one certain way to get your 'time' is to whisper the word 'strike!'"

VACATION PROTEST

MOONLIGHT

And white sand,
And limbs of white
Pacing all night.
O free and unbewildered sky!

And is it I
Who on the morrow must return to work
In fourteen articles of clothing
And a derby?

O Night, my Mother,
You have my secret when I say
That I regard with loathing
The world that men epitomize
In fourteen articles of clothing
And a derby.

For in that world
Faith, hope and charity
Wear fourteen articles of
clothing each,
And each a derby.

H. C. LONG.

IN HEAVEN

NAY, Lord, if this should be
That all our lost delight
Be garnered for eternal days,
And all that we had dreamed
Return to heal our loss
And bring forgetfulness,
It were not worth the pain
Of one lost child,
Crying within the night
And none to heed.

JEAN MORRIS.



Drawn by Hugo Gellert.

ROOFS

I STOOD upon a little hill,
And there before my eyes
Were all the roofs that ever man
Did sinfully devise.

Here was a great cathedral tower,
And there a dome of gilt;
No bit of April green showed through
These things that hands had built.

And turrets square, and turrets round,
And turrets tall were there;
A Gothic forest arrowed up
To prick the sooty air.

And humble cottage roofs of thatch
With slates were huddled in;
Gray spires flung shadows of the cross
On roofs that sheltered sin.

Low eaves and fretted cornices,
And leagues of ruddy tile—
Why, there were roofs of every age
And roofs of every style!

"Hullo!" says I, "and here's a sight!
This must be London Town;"
And sure! I met a hatted man
Who bade me foot it down.

"We've roofs enough to house the world,
And roofs to spare," says he;
"Come, take your head from out of doors—
Here's hospitality."

And there I stood, all in the dawn,
Upon that little hill,
And that strange, hatted, smiling man,
A-wishing of me ill.

"Walk down," says he, "and choose your inn—
As pleasant as you please;"
And all the while I smelt the moor,
Dew-sweet upon the breeze.

"I'm for the Road again, man dear;
I'll find a roof," says I;
And there upon that little hill
I gave him gay good-by.

LESIE NELSON JENNINGS.

THE SOUND OF THE NEEDLES

I TOO, hold the knitting in my hand,
But my needles are still—
I am listening, listening to the sound
That other women's needles make.

I

How quietly the women sit—
Do they count stitches as they knit?
Click, click, click, click.
Do women count the dead that fall?
Did that one hear a dead man call?
Click, click, click, click.

For every stitch a man laid low,
And sixty stitches in a row—
How fast the women's needles go!

II

What marching time the needles keep!
Will dead men hear that sound and sleep?
Click, click, click, click.
Can sophistry of court or king
Shout down the song the needles sing?
Click, click, click, click.

For every stitch a man lies dead—
But that is not the sound I dread,
The steady dropping of the lead.

III

Citoyens, aux armes! aux armes!
Do women sound that dread alarm?
Click, click, click, click.
Will deathcarts rumble on the ground?
Will women knitting near be found?
Click, click, click, click.
Do murderous thoughts like molten ore
Through ravaged brains and bodies pour?
They count aloud—"one, two, three, four."
MARGARET FRENCH PATTON.

THE HUMORIST

HE was a perfect Cheshire Cat of a man—
With grin inextinguishable.
His every ready prank and joke and explosive laughter
Welcomed him to every bar room clique.
Even now,
Though for a breath
His moon face slumped,
As he glimpsed the corpse in its black casket
At last peaceful in the candles yellow flicker,
The next his face glowed again.

He turned to the earth-worn widow
With babe crushed to her breast.
"Jim's had his last souse, lady,"
He smiled at the humor of it.

The woman's dull stare wavered
An instant—
Then returned again to the coming hollow years.

PATRICK C. HANBURY.

The Big Laugh

"LAFF? I don't know anything I ever got a
bigger laff out of," the property man told us.
"It was that rich.

"You know Sadie Gross—her that was always
going with Eddie Daniel. Said he was going to
marry her. Straight as a die she is—or was. Well—

"Sadie was a pretty good fellow. Straight, you
know, but—well, broad-minded. She'd come up here
to the club with Eddie, and toss off her liquor like
a man. And think nothing of it. Only, she liked
to remind everybody now and then that she knew
just how far to go with everything, and when to
stop. Most of the other girls who come up here—
oh, you know how it is: they don't care. There's
got to be all sorts o' women.

"It was the night before Thanksgiving, and there
was the liveliest crowd up here you ever saw. Full
of the very devil. Sadie was going to meet Eddie
up here, but he was late, and she just sat around
with the rest of us, kidding along, drinking, and all

that. You know. I reckon she must have drank a
good deal. We all did.

"Then Eddie came, and they sat off together at a
table, and talked. And drank, like good fellows
together.

"For the rest of us, it got to be consid'able night.
You know how it is. Some sessions just turn out
to be regular parties, even if you haven't planned any-
thing in that line. We were loud, and wild.

"After a while, Eddie and Sadie were going home,
but we locked the doors on them. They were good
fellows, though, and didn't mind much, and the party
proceeded.

Of course, it wasn't so long before some of the
bunch began to fall by the wayside. Went to sleep
in chairs, or under the table, or on the sofa, and on
the pool table. There was Mike. We filled his
pockets with Swiss cheese and his hair with mustard,
and put lumps of coal in his hands. And he sat
there with his head on one side, holding the coal and
snoring. It was rich. You know how a bunch gets,
though.

"Eddie was one of them that went under. He was
always that way. Gus, the fiddler, wrote down the
notes that Eddie's snore made, and played them on
his fiddle. And Sadie helped us take off one of
Eddie's shoes and throw it out of the window. Nine
stories.

"And soon there was only me and Gus on our feet.
Sadie was awake all right, but she was holding on to
the door with both hands and crying and saying
she'd got to go home. All I could think about Sadie
was that she was the girl who was always telling
us she knew how far to go. It was rich to see her
standing there. But the idea that popped into my
head was richer. Well—

"I told her I'd take her home, Gus and me, and
between us we lifted her down the stairs. Nine
stories. The elevator don't run at two o'clock, you
know. We went over to Joe's hotel—a regular flop-
house, you know—and put her in a room. She was
asleep that quick. Then we went back to the club.

"Gee, that climb. Nine stories and dark most of
the way. But Gus and me, we were giggling all the
time over the big laugh we were going to have.

"We roused somebody. I don't know who it was,
now. That piano player, maybe, or maybe it was
Mike, with the mustard in his hair, and all. I be-
lieve it was Mike. Anyhow, he couldn't keep his
feet. He was awake, and that was all. You know.

"We took him to the hotel and up to the room.
Sadie's room. To make it better, we locked the
door. Well—

"Gus and me, we laffed—say, I thought I would
die."

TARLETON COLLIER.

JUSTICE

SING a song of lawyers,
Pockets full of dough,
Four and twenty legal lights
Defending rich John Roe.
When the case is opened
Lawyers 'gin to say,
"Judge, this is misuse of power
To treat the man this way."

Jury in the jury box think it's awful funny,
Witnesses are planning what they'll say to earn their
money,

Judge begins to think it's 'gainst the interests of the
place

To try a wealthy citizen—he decides to quash the case.

MARY FIELD.



Drawn by John Barber.

TRYING TO RECOVER FROM CIVILIZATION

The War For Equality

OVERHEARD in the corridor of the Savoy Hotel, London:

"Yes, I've enrolled at Oxford."

"What, going back to school—at your age?"

"Of course not, but we may have conscription. I must put myself in position to get a commission if I have to enlist."

"What has Oxford got to do with getting a commission in the army; is Oxford a military school?"

"No, no; but it shows one's class, you know, and one gets a commission. The British 'Tommy' will only follow a gentleman."

"How about military training?"

"Oh, I get that afterwards."

IN England, last December, I saw in the newspapers the statement that Lord Kitchener had given his word that no schoolboys under eighteen would be given commissions thereafter. It is taken for granted in the street talk of London that the son of a "gentleman" must be made an officer. A letter from a bishop or a peer is considered far more influential than a military training in getting a commission.

THERE appeared in the London Daily Chronicle about December 17th, a serious argument to this effect: When a middle class man is forced, through their being "not enough commissions to go around," to join the ranks as a common soldier, his wife and children should receive more compensation from the

government than the family of a working man. For a wife must not be expected to "give up a fifty-pound husband for the same compensation as given for a ten-pound husband."

THE Czar of Russia just *must* be helped to preserve Equality.

ROBERT MINOR.

INCARCERATED

AH, I could weep sometimes to go to the public schools

And see little children sitting in long rows

On hard board seats!

So many hours a day away from the green lanes and butterflies,

So many hours away from the faces of mothers, the ministries of home;

Sitting, sitting, oh, so patiently, expectantly—

Sitting in long rows on hard board seats.

The smug, pleased face of the school mistress!

The sour, lined face, the peaked, petulant, neurotic face of the school mistress!

But once in a hundred times the face of a true Teacher—pedagogue—leader of children.

What is it all for, this wholesale incarceration of childhood?

I demand of you to show cause why it should be.

And I come to you with Nature's writ of habeas corpus,

That you release these children sitting so patiently, pathetically—

Sitting in long rows on hard board seats.

ELIZABETH WADDELL.

THE CONQUEROR

THAT man who sees her lips love-red is gay as a child—strong as a conqueror.

That man who sees her lips love-red whistles for strength.

He throws out his arms and dances with his feet.

That man who sees her lips love-red lives as the lion lives:

He shakes his wavy mane, he looks out of steady eyes and he is careless!

O, how he smiles and stretches his limbs lazily.

That man who sees her lips love-red—as a poppy red—that man lives!

He whistles and dances, his eyes are no less powerful than the sun at mid-day.

But her eyes?

Her eyes are like the shimmering stars—bright, misty, and far away.

They do not burn.

That man who sees those shimmering stars leaps his path as a flame, cuts his path as a sword, sweeps his path as a scythe.

His strength never wavers, his joy never ceases nor his youth.

But his wisdom is as high as the tall towers of the rich merchants of America.

He is guided.

He is conqueror.

He is king.

BARONESS VON FREYTAG.

ACTORS AND TEACHERS

AT a meeting of the Actors' Equity Association, recently held in New York City to consider the question of joining the White Rats, which is the trade union of vaudeville actors, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, only one of the eight hundred members present rose to object.

His solitary protest, sounding oddly amid the enthusiasm with which the eight hundred commenced their new adventure, was an appeal to their feelings as artists. He knew they must stand together to get their rights, he said, but why must they put themselves in the same class as bricklayers and hodcarriers? Why must they tie up with labor unions? Why not have their own separate organization?

The question only exasperated the meeting; and when the chairman, Francis Wilson, explained to him that the actors had tried it and found that it didn't work, the storm of applause which followed signified that they were all of one mind on that subject. They had tried standing alone as artists, and it didn't work; they must fight for their rights as workingmen.

The organization of a trade union of actors has been in the air for some time. It was precipitated at a performance of Hauptmann's labor play, "The Weavers," at the Garden Theater. The "Weavers" company, which was managing its performance co-operatively, gave an invitation performance to the actors in New York City, and between the acts one of the officers of the Actors' Equity Association made a speech, in which he told the thousand or more actors who were present that the only power which had saved labor today from suffering the conditions endured by the weavers of 1840, was class-conscious organization. He advised them to apply the lesson which common labor had learned, to their own profession. This was followed by a call to a meeting of the Actors' Equity Association to consider the question of becoming a trade union. Meetings were held simultaneously in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston. John Drew, Francis Wilson, John Wesley and Grant Mitchell presided at four of them. At every meeting it was voted, in some cases unanimously, to instruct the delegates at the annual meeting in May to vote for affiliation with the White Rats.

At the New York meeting, a representative of the White Rats was one of the speakers. He said he understood the reluctance of actors to taking any action which would seem to imply that they were workingmen rather than artists. But, he told them, their pride in being artists rather than workingmen was the managers' stock-in-trade; it was good business for the managers to encourage them in thinking that way; for his power over them would end the day they commenced to think of themselves first and foremost as human beings with human wants and necessities. He asked if there was anyone in the room who had not gone through some such experience as this: discovering himself on waking before daylight, on a cold winter morning in an out-of-the-way inn, his engagement having terminated the night before; the only train out of town leaving at an hour which gave him no time for breakfast; walking two miles to the station, and riding in a train with no dining car; arriving in time for rehearsal in a performance in which by luck he had secured a part by wire the night before, and going through the long rehearsal and the ensuing performance, knowing that he would not get time to eat until midnight. "Do you call that Art?" the White Rat asked. "A bricklayer would call it work, and he

wouldn't do it, and his union wouldn't let him."

It came out in the discussion that the actors were tired of rehearsing or playing at extra performances without pay; they were tired of making engagements for a season, and at the end of a week finding themselves with a broken contract and unemployed because the receipts did not promise the manager the profits he could secure from some other venture; they were tired of having to pretend that managers were gentlemen; they were tired of pretending that their own needs were different from those of the electricians and stage hands who had made their fight for extra pay for extra work and won it. They were glad to assert themselves as human beings.

They wanted to belong to a trade union because that was the clearest possible demonstration of their change of heart. It made clear their position to themselves and their fellow actors, and, what was still more to the point, to the managers. It made the straightforward announcement that they were in business to get a living and as decent a living as could be got.

It was an interesting coincidence that on the evening of the day when the actors held their meeting, two thousand New York public school teachers voted to carry forward an agitation among their fellow teachers for trade union organization. This movement among teachers and actors is an indication that some breaches are being made in the social barriers which have so long kept apart those who make their livings in slightly different ways. One must not take those breaks in the walls too seriously, however; the walls are still there. Making a pleasure of their necessity, the actors and teachers are enjoying the unwonted sensations of democratic enthusiasms. But, however integrated with the trade union movement, they will be called "labor's aristocracy"; and they will be. The actors were reassured by various speakers that affiliation with the A. F. of L. did not oblige them to invite teamsters and longshoremen to tea. It was explained that they did not have to strike in sympathy with the stage hands if they didn't want to. And somehow one feels that it is probable that they will *not* want to. I did not attend the teachers' meeting, but I understand that nothing was said about the value of solidarity between teachers and janitors of school buildings.

These changes are not based on deep-seated instincts of democracy, and anyone who hopes for any striking emergence of that sense among professional people, is likely to be disappointed a little later on. But these changes do offer a hope of substantial social benefits,



Drawn by Anne Moon.

which their professional pride will help to bring about. Both the actors and the teachers hold, in social estimation, commanding positions in their respective fields of effort. The social tradition that teachers are the authority in matters of education is very strong, in spite of the fact that the governing power in education is lodged in the hands of trustees who are politicians and business men. It is the actors and not the theatrical managers who command the interest and regard of theater patrons; a large part of the play-going world is unconscious of the existence of managers, and pays its respect whole-heartedly where it is really due, that is, to the actors. And we may be sure that neither teachers nor actors are behind the public in appreciation of the importance of their work. These facts make it seem likely that their organizations, when finally established on a realistic basis, will commence a struggle, not merely for control of hours and wages, but for control over the administration of the schools and the stage.

The actors and the teachers have been driven into the labor movement because it is the only movement which has proven its ability and its intention to fight modern business as it is constituted. It is fortunate for the labor movement that conditions in the theater and the schools have made this necessary; for the "aristocrats of labor" are extremely unlikely to use their newfound strength solely in a fight for a few hours a day less or a few dollars a week more. It is in the nature of the situation that the organizing of the teachers will mean a fight to relegate board of education meddling with their business, to the dust-heap. The organizing of actors will mean a struggle to convert managers into elected and paid servants of the actor's union. Any measure of success they may achieve will establish in the minds of the people the revolutionary significance of trade union organization, inspire labor with a new desire for power, and initiate an era of real industrial democracy.

HELEN MAROT.

THE DREAM

IS it not strange that in this costly silk,
As exquisite as a flower, I should be sad?
Upon my breast is lace like moonlit haze
Of blossoms. See! the folds as white as milk
Across my shoulders, and my gems ablaze.
Yet never has this splendor made me glad.

Last night I dreamed. . . . And now I know. . . .

They came,—
A ghostly crowd of girls with eyes too bright
And wistful—Ah! I could not hide my tears!
One child, as vivid as a slender flame,
Was fashioning June roses with her shears.
Their crimson petals left her young lips white.

Another little one with hands as pale
As the soft, misty lace her touch caressed,
Wove all her star like loves and fantasies
Into its web until its beauty frail
Was part of her; but yet,—with aged knees
This little one crept homeward dimly drest.

Ah God! A third with hair as bright as corn,
Who flashed her slender needle in a dream,
Looked up at me. Her eyes were dark with pain.
Then I awoke and it was sunny morn—
But in the dawn there was for me no gleam,
—And I can never wear the dress again.

FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN.

THE GROCERY

Amy Lowell

"HULLO, Alice!"
 "Hullo, Leon!"
 "Say, Alice, gi' me a couple
 O' them two for five cigars,
 Will you?"
 "Where's your nickle?"
 "My! Ain't you close!
 Can't trust a fellow, can you."
 "Trust you! Why
 What you owe this store
 Would set you up in business.
 I can't think why Father 'lows it."
 "Yer Father's a sight more neighborly
 Than you be. That's a fact.
 Besides, he knows I got a vote."
 "A vote! Oh, yes, you got a vote!
 A lot o' good the Senate'll be to Father
 When all his bank account
 Has run away in credits.
 There's your cigars,
 If you can relish smokin'
 With all you owe us standin'."
 "I dunno as that makes 'em taste any diff'rent.
 Yer ain't fair to me, Alice, 'deed yer ain't.
 I work when anythin's doin'.
 I'll get a carpenterin' job next Summer sure.
 Cleve was tellin' me to-day he'd take me on come
 Spring."
 "Come Spring, and this December!
 I've no patience with you, Leon,
 Shilly-shallyin' the way you do.
 Here, lift over them crates o' oranges
 I want'er fix 'em in the window."
 "It riles yer, don't it, me not havin' work.
 Yer pepper up about it somethin' good.
 Yer pick an' pick, and that don't help a mite.
 Say, Alice, do come in out o' that winder.
 Th' oranges can wait,
 And I don't like talkin' to yer back."
 "Don't you! Well, you'd better make the best o'
 what you can git.
 Maybe you won't have my back to talk to soon.
 They look good in pyramids with the 'lectric light
 on 'em,
 Don't they?
 Now hand me them bananas
 And I'll string 'em right acrost."
 "What do yer mean
 'Bout me not havin' you to talk to?
 Are yer springin' somethin' on me?"
 "I don't know 'bout springin'
 When I'm tellin' yer right out.
 I'm goin' away, that's all."
 "Where? Why?
 What yer mean—goin' away?"
 "I've took a place
 Down to Boston, in a candy store
 For the holidays."
 "Good Land, Alice,
 What in the Heavens fer!"
 "To earn some money,
 And to git away from here, I guess."
 "Ain't yer Father got enough?
 Don't he give yer proper pocket-money?"
 "He'd have a plenty, if you folks paid him."
 "He's rich, I tell yer.
 I never figured he'd be close with you."
 "Oh, he ain't. Not close.
 That ain't why.

But I must git away from here.
 I must! I must!"
 "Yer got a lot o' reason in yer
 To-night.
 How long d' you callate
 Yer'll be gone?"
 "Maybe for always."
 "What ails yer, Alice?
 Talkin' wild like that.
 Ain't you an' me goin' to be married
 Some day?"
 "Some day! Some day!
 I guess the sun'll never rise on someday."
 "So that's the trouble.
 Same old story.
 'Cause I ain't got the cash to settle right now.
 Yer know I love yer,
 An' I'll marry yer as soon
 As I can raise the money."
 "You've said that any time these five year,
 But you don't do nothin'."
 "Wot could I do?
 There ain't no work here Winters.
 Not fer a carpenter, there ain't."
 "I guess yer warn't born a carpenter.
 There's ice-cuttin' a-plenty."
 "I got a dret'ful tender throat;
 Dr. Smiles he told me
 I mustn't resk ice-cuttin'."
 "Why haven't you gone to Boston,
 And hunted up a job?"
 "Hev yer forgot the time I went expressin'
 In the American office, down ther?"
 "And come back two weeks later!
 No I ain't."
 "You didn't want I should git hurted,
 Did yer?
 I'm a sight too light fer all that liftin' work.
 My back was commencin' to strain, as 'twas.
 Ef I was like yer brother now,
 I'd ha' be'n down to the city long ago.
 But I'm too clumsy fer a dancer.
 I ain't got Arthur's luck."
 "Do you call it luck to be a disgrace to your folks,
 And git locked up in jail!"
 "Oh, come now, Alice,
 'Disgrace' is a mite strong.
 Why, the jail was a joke.
 Art's all right."
 "All right!
 All right to dance, and smirk, and lie
 And then in the end
 Fer a livin',
 Lead a silly girl to give you
 What warn't hers to give
 By pretendin' you'd marry her,—
 And she a pupil."
 "He'd ha' married her right enough,
 Her folks was millionaires."
 "Yes, he'd ha' married her!
 Thank God, they saved her that."
 "Art's a fine fellah.
 I wish I had his luck.
 Swellin' round in Hart, Schaffner & Marx fancy suits,
 And eatin' in rest'rants.
 But somebody's got to stick to the old place,
 Else Foxfield'd have to shut up shop,
 Hey, Alice?"
 "You admire him!

You admire Arthur!
 You'd be like him only you can't dance.
 Oh, Shame! Shame!
 And I've been like that silly girl.
 Fooled with yer promises,
 And I gave you all I had.
 I knew it, oh, I knew it,
 But I wanted to git away 'fore I proved it.
 You've shamed me through and through.
 Why couldn't you hold yer tongue,
 And spared me seein' you
 As you really are."
 "What the Devil's the row?
 I only said Art was lucky.
 What you spitfirin' at me fer?
 Fergit it, Alice.
 We've had good times, ain't we?
 I'll see Cleve 'bout that job agin' to-morrer,
 And we'll be married 'fore hayin' time."
 "It's like you to remind me o' hayin' time.
 I've good cause to love it, ain't I?
 Many's the night I've hid my face in the dark
 To shet out thinkin'!"
 "Why, that ain't nothin'
 You ain't be'n half so kind to me
 As lots o' feller's girls.
 Gi' me a kiss, Dear,
 And let's make up."
 "Make up!
 You poor Fool.
 Do you suppose I care a ten cent piece
 For you now.
 You've killed yourself for me.
 Done it out o' your own mouth.
 You've took away my home,
 I hate the sight o' the place.
 You're all over it,
 Every stick an' stone means you;
 An' I hate 'em all."
 "Alice, I say,
 Don't go on like that.
 I can't marry yer
 Boardin' in one room,
 But I'll see Cleve to-morrer,
 I'll make him ——"
 "Oh, you fool!
 You terrible fool!"
 "Alice, don't go yet,
 Wait a minute,
 I'll see Cleve ——"
 "You terrible fool!"
 "Alice, don't go.
 Alice ——" (Door slams.)

AMY LOWELL

TRUTH

YESTERDAY Truth was a rock
 Of granite immutable
 On which to stand, a bed
 Unshakable on which to lie,
 Our grandfathers believed, nor questioned why.
 Today on a hollyhock
 Truth lights, an inscrutable
 Changeling, now here then fled
 To another flower, a butterfly,
 "Ephemeral insect truth!" our children cry.

MARY MACMILLAN

CHURCHLY ROCKEFELLER

Max Eastman

OUR magazine has been thrown out of the subway stands and rejected by the distributing agencies in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and many small towns, besides being prohibited from the Dominion of Canada, because of its attitude toward churchdom. That churchdom as a whole is against the struggle of the lower classes toward liberty, is against discontent, is against rebellion, is against the arrant assertion of human rights, is against clear thinking as well as heroic action toward a free and happy world—that is our attitude. And to it we add the surmise that Jesus of Nazareth was more than half in favor of these things, and that the churches maintain their position by denying and betraying him whom they profess to believe divine.

Meekness and preoccupation with the next world, or with "spiritual" blessings, and "gifts of grace," are the qualities of mind which make it easy to deprive people of their material rights and the enjoyable profits of their toil. They are the qualities which have become most carefully associated with churchly worship in the modern world. It is no surprise, therefore, that Mr. Rockefeller, Jr.—the arch prince of our benevolent-looking despotisms—should announce that he will give away churches of all kinds, free for nothing, to any of his mining towns in Colorado where "permanence of worship" can be guaranteed.

He was not willing to give back any of the money, or any of the liberty, he had taken out of those towns. He was not even willing to *talk about* such matters with his serfs. He would not allow them to form unions, but he will *give* them churches. They could not meet to discuss their rights in this world, but he will build them beautiful places in which to pray for a chance in heaven. Permanence of worship among his employees is permanence of peace and profit to him. This is the underlying and most true explanation of Rockefeller's un-Christlike zeal to cherish the souls of his workers while ignoring the demands of their human natures.

It is underlying and true, whether Rockefeller knows it is or not.

The other day I was talking to a material scientist who works in Rockefeller's laboratory, and he told me that—all appearances to the contrary—Rockefeller is a sincere man. His zeal for the welfare of his fellow-men is simple and genuine. "He is the kind of a fellow that would light the light and get up at night, trying to think what he could do for people!"

This is perfectly possible. It has been true of a great many others, who nevertheless carefully guarded their personal privilege and source of income against every accident. The larger part of our mind is unconscious, and it knows how to take care of these emotions. We agonize over the misfortunes of others, but our agony quite automatically *forgets* to get around to the real point at which, by sacrificing *our own power*, we can relieve them.

Woodrow Wilson is an astoundingly candid man. He always tells you everything that comes into his mind. But he is so delicately adjusted by nature that nothing ever comes into his mind except what he wants to tell you.

Doubtless a similar if more insidious thing is true of Rockefeller. He was the "shrewdest" witness that Frank Walsh brought to the pillory before the Industrial Relations Committee. I am inclined myself to

doubt if a conscious hypocrite could be so shrewd. The delicacy, the suavity, the perfection of poise with which his answers clung to the paths of churchly and conventional morality along which his hideous power and tyranny might remain justified, surpassed any astuteness I am willing to credit to his conscious mind. I gladly acknowledge that he defends his self-interested despotism with those abstract ideals in entire childlike ignorance of what motives control him.

It becomes the more necessary for us to unveil those motives. We can show others what he is doing. And perhaps even—the miracle was suggested by the material scientist—we can show him. Far be it from me to oppose any wonders that look possible to a member of the Rockefeller Institute!

An Exception

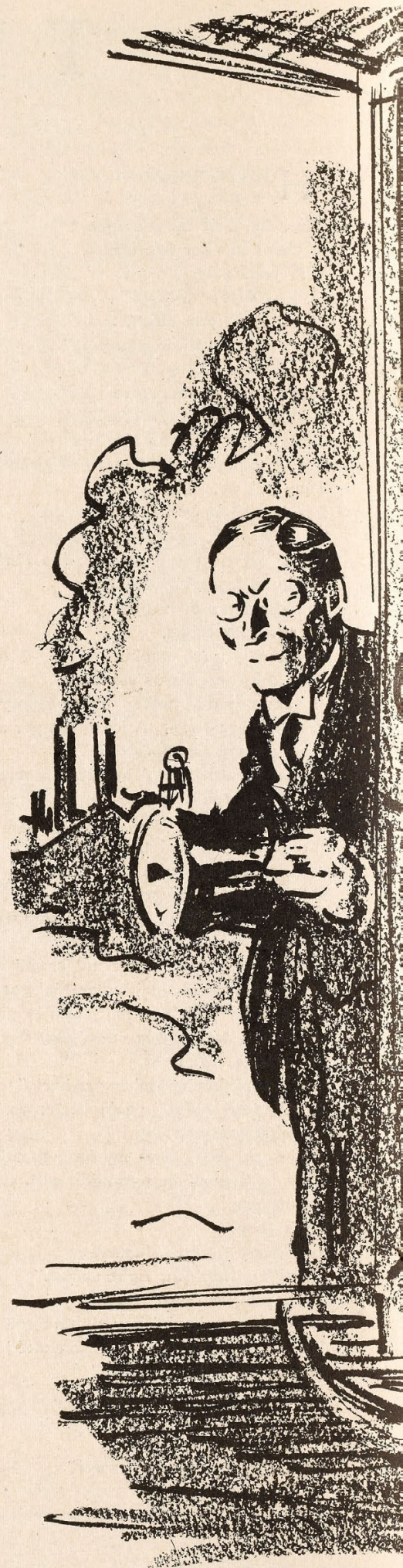
I HAVE lately been reminded that in sociology exceptions will be found to every general truth. There are ministers and there are congregations who will even stand up for the revolt of the poor. I was reminded of this by an experience in Detroit, where one minister seemed willing to go almost as far in defending a lecture on the class struggle, as another went in vilifying the lecturer. The latter, a Presbyterian, when he heard that the editor of *THE MASSES* was to speak in the Parish House of the Universalist Church, denounced him in his pulpit as a blasphemer, and protested against his being allowed to "pollute" by his presence the house of God, or any of its outbuildings. He brought along *THE MASSES*, and endeavored to read to his congregation a ballad in praise of Joseph the Nazarene, which we printed in our January number. But his courage failed him. "I can not go on," he said, "it is too horrible."

To his protest the Universalist, Rev. Willis A. Moore, who conducts an Open Forum in his Parish House, replied that his forum was really open, and that he had no idea of curbing in his parish house the sincere expression of any man's truth.

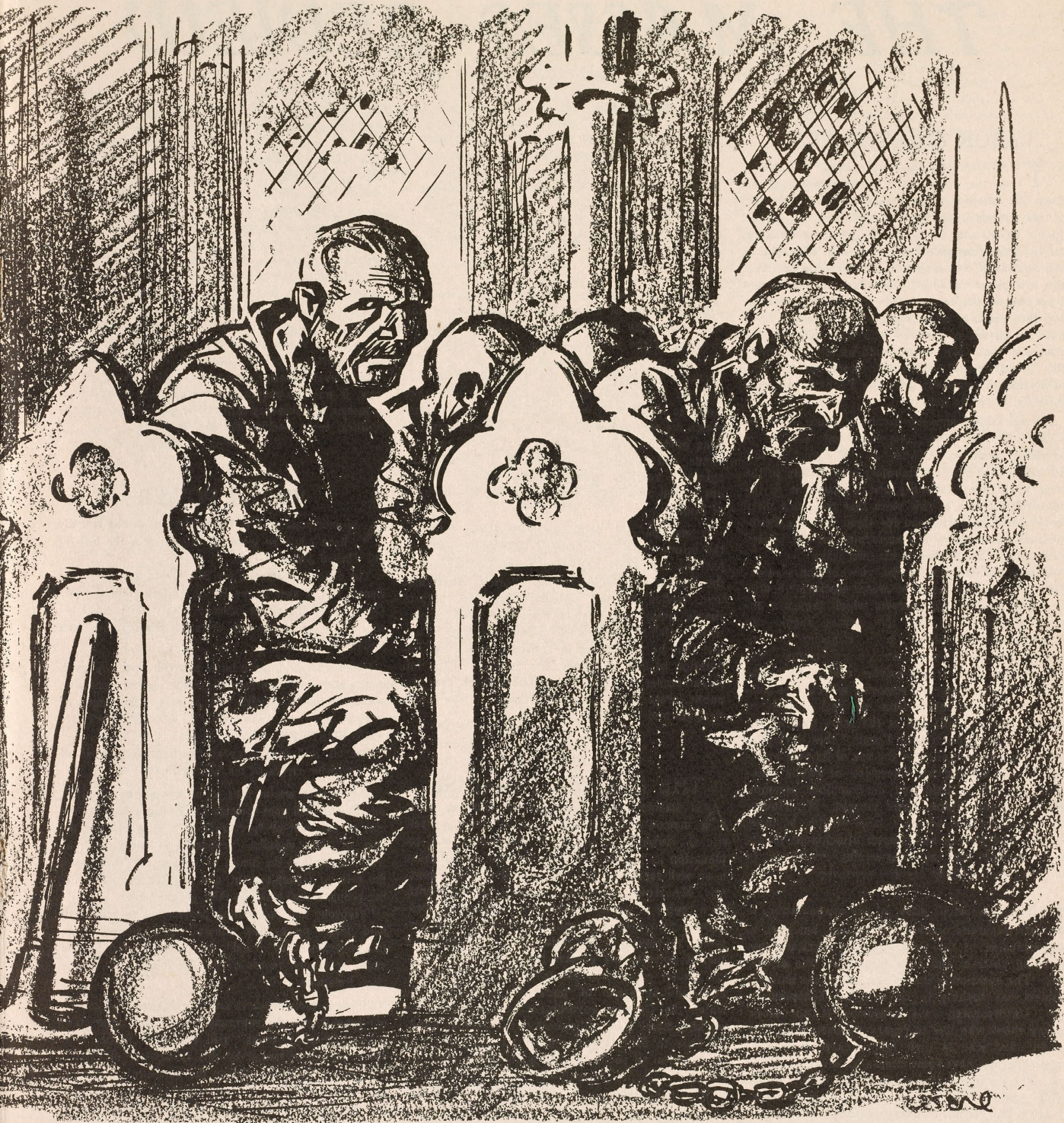
After the lecture the Presbyterian returned to the ring with a challenge to Dr. Moore in the public press to read the ballad to his congregation.

Dr. Moore replied to this with some very spirited utterances, and concluded with the remark that he would challenge any Christian minister to read certain Old Testament passages which he would name. "They are not more fit for pulpit reading than 'A Ballade.' If these vile anecdotes are fit to be printed and circulated in the inspired Word of God, by the same token the poem is fit to be printed in *THE MASSES*." The real objection to the poem, according to Dr. Moore, is not that its message is blasphemous, but that it is worded in "the language of men at their work, uncouth and rude."

I do not rehearse all this because of any resentment against the Presbyterian minister. It gives one a pleasurable excitement upon entering a city to be denounced as a blasphemer, and also it gives one a splendid audience. The amount of publicity which this pious man and I divided among ourselves in the Detroit press for two or three days would have sold a hundred touring cars. I merely cite the opposition of these two ministers as an example of the breadth of possibilities which even so well retained an institution as the church may hold.



Drawn by O. E. Cesare.



THE MASSES, June, 1916.

“Permanence of Worship”

“Denver, April 9.—John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is willing to endow a Protestant or Catholic Church, or both, in every Colorado Fuel and Iron Company camp where adequate support and permanence of worship are assured.”

THE MASSES REVIEW

Editorials

LABOR AND THE FLAG

"TO hell with the stars and stripes!" According to the *New York Times*, *American* and *Sun*, this utterance was made by the President of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor, James H. Maurer, in a New York school building. An investigation made by the board of education at the demand of the mayor, established the fact that the newspapers had lied. Mr. Maurer had quoted a member of the Pennsylvania constabulary as making that remark, while engaged in breaking up a peaceful parade of strikers who were carrying the American flag. Mr. Maurer said he felt like telling the "preparedness" cranks who stood for the kind of patriotism represented by the Pennsylvania constabulary, to "go to hell."

The real significance of the lying attack made on Maurer by the *Times*, *American* and *Sun* is to be found, however, in what he *did* say. He told his hearers that the constabulary bill pending in the New York State Assembly was a guarantee to the financial interests of this state that the same dirty work would be performed for them that the Pennsylvania constabulary has performed for the United States Steel Corporation in his own state.

It was bad enough, in the view of these newspapers, for a labor leader to create sentiment hostile to a bill fathered by interests which they are engaged in protecting. But that anyone should use a public school building in a campaign to enlighten the public on contemporary affairs, was felt to be a blow at the private control of public affairs. By falsifying his remarks, it would be possible to divert attention from the real purpose of the constabulary bill; and at the same time to put out of business the "Labor Forum," that device by which the public is allowed the use of its own buildings in the evening for discussion of public questions. It was a bold and unscrupulous attempt, which was not without some success. Mr. Maurer has been discredited among a large number of those readers who have a sentimental attachment to patriotic symbols and an overweening confidence in the truthfulness of their favorite newspaper.

THE most injurious effect of the misquotation, in Mr. Maurer's opinion and in ours, has been in the confusion of the issue that has resulted from dragging abstract and alien issues into the discussion. The question of the respect due to the national emblem has nothing to do with the constabulary bill. Unfortunately, the confusion is not alone among those who like to regard themselves as "the public," and who in their ignorance of their economic interests have some excuse for muddled thinking. The confusion also exists in the radical camp. While some in the socialist and labor movements, of whom Mr. Maurer is a representative, are anxious to keep the issues between capital and labor clear of abstract obstructions, and to center attention on questions of wages, hours, opportunities to work, opportunities to organize, and freedom to speak and write about these questions, there are others who are only too ready to divert their energies from concrete matters to such theoretical questions as whether a flag ought to be spit upon or saluted. One can understand their point of view without

falling into their habit of mind. Their position is, "What does the flag stand for but a system of robbery? It is," they feel, "mere hypocrisy for an intelligent workingman to withhold the expression of his contempt for the symbol of industrial exploitation." It is not by fighting it out on this line, however, that the battle for industrial freedom will ever be won.

ANYONE who has ever broken away from the traditions of a long line of Quaker ancestors will know very specifically just how profitable the focusing of the energies of the human spirit into a hostility toward symbols, is likely to be. The Quakers, in the cause of the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God, refused to bare their heads to royalty. It was a logical and heroic stand, which we cannot but admire. But this uncompromising hostility toward symbols is at best a negative virtue, and at worst it has become a literal, unimaginative hostility toward art and beauty. It has not helped very far to bring about the Brotherhood of Man.

It may be said, with due apologies to both for the injury done their feelings in making the comparison, that there are many points of likeness in the Quaker and the Anarchist. Various Anarchists have scoffed at the proposal that Mr. Maurer should enter suit against the New York papers which falsified his remarks about the flag. They feel that he should not in any case resent the imputation of lack of respect for the flag. They fail to remember, in their hatred of symbols, that the public press is an important factor in the class-struggle and the flag is not.

HELEN MAROT.

THE GERMAN PARADISE

AN attempt to explain why the German workingman fights for the Kaiser is made by Frederic C. Howe in an article in *Pearson's*. His explanation is, in brief, that the German workingman is so well served by the state-socialism of his country. Mr. Howe illustrates his thesis, to begin with, by a report of a conversation with a German workingman who, after a thorough trial of America, preferred to return to his fatherland. This man felt that in spite of the greater freedom, better wages, and greater opportunity for advancement in America, he would be better off under the sheltering care which the German government bestows upon the working class. The willingness of the German working class to fight is represented as a by-product of its devotion to social insurance and "municipal socialism." Mr. Howe believes that a government which inaugurates such reforms will inevitably awaken the confidence and love of the working class. It is a far-fetched hope. For one thing, the case of Mr. Howe's workingman who preferred to return to Germany, which he takes as typical, is a rare one. Within a generation only a handful of Germans have returned to their native land, while hundreds of thousands have remained here, many of them choosing to cut intimate ties rather than endure the benevolent feudalism of their own country. Insurance and old-age pensions, municipal theaters

and municipal tramcars do not so easily compensate for military brutality, the three-class school and election system, the persecution of even moderate socialist opinion, and the practical impossibility for the children of workingmen to change their status. To offset German brutality in industrial situations, which is so efficient that the workers do not dare to riot, Mr. Howe cites the struggle of our West Virginia and Colorado strikers. But these instances prove that in America it is at least possible for the workers to rebel. Mr. Howe says that the only trouble with the German system is the undemocratic way it is worked. But if the results were so wholly beneficent, it would have been proved that democracy was not needed. Democracy is a means to achieve social happiness and well-being, and if these blessings can be achieved without it nobody would ever mention the word again. And, by the bye, is not the recommending of state-socialism as a means of achieving militaristic efficiency a strange position for a pacifist like Mr. Howe?

WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING.

WATER POWER

AN enormous grab at the public wealth has recently been made by big corporations *with the help of the United States Senate*.

The Shields Water Power Bill, which has passed the Senate and is now in the House of Representatives of Congress, is the worst attempt to get the natural resources of the people into private hands that has been pulled off in years.

Unless the people back home beat this iniquitous grab in the House of Representatives the biggest remaining source of public wealth will pass into the hands of private privilege, WITHOUT COMPENSATION AND FOREVER.

The bill will give away all the water power of all the navigable rivers of the United States.

The natural wealth thus to be lost to the people if this Shields Bill goes through the House would pay the cost of any sort of "preparedness." It would pay the cost of such rightful "preparedness for peace" as would safeguard the health of workers, at least lessen the evils of unemployment, and give the great body of the people a real stake in their government.

"Vigorous and unrelenting prosecution to regain all land, water power and mineral rights secured from the government by fraud" was recommended by the main, or Manly, report of the Commission on Industrial Relations.

"The enormous incomes and inheritances that imperil our republic and the enormous power over others that go with these fortunes," said Frank P. Walsh, in a recent statement issued by this Committee on Industrial Relations, "are based on the unnatural possession by a comparative few of our mines and our highways of commerce and of most of our richest farming lands."

The people, the workers, can stop this grab if they will act quickly and protest to their Congressmen. What is left of the people's earth here in America, and what can be taken back from Privilege grabbers, should be controlled and developed by the people for the people.

DANTE BARTON.

Committee of Industrial Relations.

INTELLECTUAL RADICALISM

An Interview with James Harvey Robinson

[James Harvey Robinson is professor of history at Columbia University, author of an inspiring volume of essays on "The New History" and a representative of the new type of scholar who seeks to use knowledge courageously for "The betterment of man's estate." Professor Robinson has been engaged in a historical study of the intellectual life of mankind. He was asked by one of our editors to tell us, in the light of these researches, what we have achieved in the way of intellectual progress, and what hope we have of the future. We print his answer below.]

IT is only within the most recent times, as biologists count time, that man has begun to use his mind freely. He has been living on the earth as an upright animal for a half million years—perhaps a million. Several hundreds of thousands of years slipped by before he began using chipped stone tools. Another 100,000 years and more passed before he emerged into the period of pottery, agriculture and rude dwellings erected with his own hands. Then from the time the first vestiges of Egyptian civilization began to appear, until the time when the Greek philosophers began to experiment with the use of their minds, was a space of something like 4,000 years. It is only in the last twenty-five hundred years that mankind has attempted to use directed thinking.

From the historian's point of view, that twenty-five hundred years is the time we now live in. Thales, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle are our contemporaries. If they did not discover as much about the world as Darwin and Marx discovered a few historical minutes later, it is not because their minds were not equal to it. As Lord Bacon says, they had no knowledge of antiquity and no antiquity of knowledge. Enchanted with the wondrous workings of the newly appreciated instrument of intellect, and placing too great a reliance upon its unaided operations, most of the thinkers sought to discover truth in *ideas* alone. These Greek thinkers had the good fortune to be gentlemen of leisure, but their leisure served them the ill turn of making them despise practical affairs as being the concern of slaves. Satisfied on the whole with the state of the world, they lacked the driving restlessness which would have made them examine the material facts of their existence. As it was, they demonstrated the capacity of our intellects in prodigious feats of intellection in the fields of ethics, metaphysics, logic and mathematics. They dealt largely in abstract conceptions.

But the abounding vitality, the vast speculative range, the profound philosophic penetration of that intellectual life, turned, as it was, away from the consideration of common things, led the way back into mysticism, and for the space of two thousand years one form of mystical thinking after another held the day. Stoicism, Neo-Platonism, Christianity, Catholic and Protestant, and a horde of popular cults from Asia, were so many attempts to discover truth without looking at the actual world. The re-discovered writings of Aristotle, in bad translations, gave aid and comfort to the unearthly logic of Thomas Aquinas.

The enthusiasm for this kind of ideation was still tremendously in vogue when, in the thirteenth century, Roger Bacon and others spoke with a prophetic voice of the unused possibilities of natural science. Roger Bacon said that it was better that all the works of Aristotle should be destroyed than that scholars should labor eternally to get at the sense of bad translations and neglect utterly the simple, honest things that farmers and old women knew about. He declared that experimental science

would enable men to move ships without rowers and carriages without horses. But it was not until some three hundred years later that scholars began to turn their attention seriously to the outer world.

This new period, which began with the Seventeenth Century, had its herald, its "buccinator," as he called himself, in Francis Bacon. He announced that the proper object of study was the "Kingdom of Man," and the end and aim of knowledge "the betterment of man's estate." He undermined the respect for the ancients by pointing out that we are their elders in knowledge. He proclaimed the *desire for progress*. With that proclamation the conscious intellectual progress of mankind may be said to have definitely begun.

Another bold spirit, Descartes, conceived the idea of casting out of his mind the old and presumably erroneous conceptions of the world with which it was filled, and starting anew to discover the truth about things. It is true that he found a ready excuse for putting back most of the old and erroneous notions he had cast out; he could not do otherwise. There was not in existence scientific experimental apparatus for discovering truth.

But those means were rapidly being provided. Galileo, Harvey and Newton were laying the basis of new sciences; the telescope, microscope, barometer and thermometer were discovered in the Seventeenth Century; Spinoza, Locke, and others were furthering a destructive criticism of old mystical conceptions. An epoch of free thought had opened, that within the course of a century and a half had founded the modern sciences of astronomy, physics, chemistry, anatomy and botany, broken the chains of authority and passed far beyond the bounds of Greek thought at its best. This experimental science, together with the idea of progress—stimulated without any question by an underlying change in the economic order of society—in the brief space of another hundred years revolutionized the whole aspect of the earth. And while this was going on, some new elements entered to widen the range of these conscious changes.

The first of these was the sense of democracy, a respect for the common man, which followed, perhaps naturally upon respect for common things. Of this spirit have been born the sciences of political economy, anthropology, the comparative study of religions, sociology and social psychology. Next, the industrial revolution has brought before the mind of man the difficult but exhilarating problem of consciously affecting such economic adjustments as will make Man the master and not the servant of the Machine. Most potent of all, the evolutionary point of view has reinforced our desire for progress with the knowledge that man *has progressed and that he can voluntarily progress*. It is impossible any longer to regard anything in the world as fixed and unchangeable. We see institutions, politics, religion, morals, in the light of historical knowledge as changing things. There are no more "eternal verities."

So vast has been the increase of our knowledge within this last period—so significant, even, the discoveries of the last twenty-five years—that we are now in a position to take up again the bold plan of Descartes, and commence all our thinking anew.

Descartes did not know where his ideas came

from, or why he held them. *We know*. The exploration of the world, the study of "primitive" peoples, the researches of archeologists and historians, the comparative study of myth, custom and religion, the researches into animal behavior, the new discoveries in psychology, have given us an understanding of the origin of the chief ideas now current in the world. We are able to test these ideas in the light of that knowledge and learn whether or not they have any validity as conceptions of the world we now live in.

It is not an easy task, in spite of all our new knowledge. Our very processes of thinking are largely survivals from an outworn past. Our language is cluttered up with meaningless words and phrases—"National Honor" and "National Insults" are two examples with which we have to reckon today.—We must criticise and perfect our tools of thought; we must shape language to fit our task. Language itself is infected with mystical tendencies that date from the dawn of human life. When our ancestors gave an artificial simplicity to various phenomena by dividing them into two categories, sacred and profane, they saddled us with a categorical habit of speaking and thinking which still does violence to facts. Thus a woman is still described as "pure" or "impure"—a singularly unimaginative point of view, and one which quite fails to exhaust the possibilities of the case.

In a word, we are at the beginning of a new period which should surpass that of the last three centuries as much as that surpassed the Greeks. With, for the first time in history, the basis of clear and fertile thinking, an exacter language, and minds partially freed from the tyranny of the past, we may finally hope to achieve that economic justice and social freedom which belong to man's estate.

That is the hope of intellectual radicalism. If it seems a large task and ourselves but poorly equal to it, it is because we have not fully understood the history of mankind. Indeed, the whole history of man and of the organic universe seems to justify this confidence in the future suggested by Maeterlinck. "Let us not say to ourselves," he urges, "that the best truth lies in moderation, in the decent average. That would perhaps be so, if the majority of men did not think on a much lower plane than is needful. That is why it behooves others to think and hope on a higher plane than seems reasonable. The average, the decent moderation of today, will be the least human of things tomorrow."

Mothers and the Gary Plan

A PUBLIC hearing was held before the Board of Education last month, at which the opponents of the Gary school plan presented their objections. Most of them were mothers whose children have been attending the schools in New York City in which this plan has been tried out in a limited and imperfect way. Some of the objectors had ulterior motives, and their criticisms could be discounted. But most of the criticisms were not to be so easily discounted. They were the impassioned utterances of mothers whose children had been, as they felt, hurt rather than helped by the Gary plan. They were opinions based on definite experiences. These mothers, however mistaken in some views, were right in standing up for their right to have a part in shaping the policies of an institution which has so fundamental an effect upon the lives of their children. No fair-minded person, hearing their criticisms at this meeting, could fail to be convinced that the mechanism of the Gary plan, as it has been put

into operation in New York City, is far from perfect. But more than that, it made plain the fact that it has become necessary to reckon on a more democratic basis with such critics. Their objections were in all cases to details; they did not criticise the principle of the Gary plan, because, as it seemed, they were unaware of it. They did not realize that the so-called Gary plan is the attempt to base education on our new knowledge of child-psychology, and is not simply a fixed scheme. Realizing that, they would be more ready to make allowance for the time necessary for the plan to adjust itself to the needs of their children, and of the community. They would regard it as a flexible plan which their objections should shape rather than shatter. The advocates of the Gary plan must suc-

ceed in making these things clear. It must also be made clear to such critics that they, as mothers, are not the only ones concerned. This point of view was interestingly exposed when they asked the President of the Board of Education if he had any children in the schools, the implication being that if he hadn't his opinion was negligible. There must come to be a general understanding of the school as the community's greatest social instrument, so powerful and so vast that everyone interested in the community must perforce have a voice in its policies. It has been suggested by Lucy Sprague Mitchell, of the Gary School Committee, that an "educational forum" in the public schools might furnish this needed service.

L. M.

PERSECUTION OF MEXICAN REFUGEES

John Reed

THE desperate anxiety of the Wilson administration to bring peace in Mexico at all costs is exemplified in the methods by which they have supported the Carranza government in this country. Through the Carranza party, which the President has supported in Mexico, no longer will or can support the President, we keep on shipping ammunition to the Carranza troops, trying to smooth down friction between Queretaro and Washington by negotiations—and now finally prosecuting Mexican exiles in this country who continue to advocate the only principles on which the Mexican revolution can be won.

On February 15, in Los Angeles, California, United States secret service men entered the office of *El Regeneracion*, organ of the Mexican Liberal Party, seized the papers and arrested two of the editors, Enrique and Ricardo Magon, beating up Enrique Magon so frightfully that he had to be sent to the hospital. The paper was suppressed and the two Magon brothers and William C. Owen were indicted by the Los Angeles Grand Jury, charged with using the mails to incite "murder, arson and treason"; the indictment is based upon certain passages published in a recent issue in which Mexican peons are warned against trusting in the good faith of the Carranza administration, and encouraged to continue the struggle for "land and liberty." The two Magons are in jail, their bail being fixed at \$7,500 apiece. William C. Owen, who was in the state of Washington, escaped and is in hiding—from where he is writing thousands of letters all over the country to acquaint the American people with the circumstances.

This looks like the good old days of Diaz, when under Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, United States Federal officers and secret service men relentlessly pursued the Mexican Liberals exiled in this country, and without legal procedure hustled them across the border to be stood up against a wall by a Diaz firing squad.

Since the days when Porfirio Diaz himself launched his armed revolution from American soil, the attitude of the United States toward political refugees from Mexico has changed. Three times during President Taft's administration the United States troops, contrary to all precedent, were ordered to the border to drive back into the hands of pursuing Diaz soldiers fugitives who attempted to cross the Rio Grande and save their lives on Texas soil. Those that were not driven back were captured by United States military authorities; in some cases the soldiers themselves led their prisoners to the border and drove them across, and in some cases

handed them over to the civil authorities, who kidnapped them without legal procedure or instituted proceedings against them on the charges of "murder and robbery somewhere in Mexico," or delivered them to the Immigration Department to be deported as "undesirable immigrants."

Under the "murder and robbery" excuse, whenever there was an uprising somewhere in the interior of Mexico, the Mexican government would have some Liberal who had long been residing in the United States arrested, and charge him with "murder and robbery" on that occasion. Often neither the time, the place, the victims, or the booty were named; and yet again and again men so accused in the United States were convicted and turned over to the Mexican authorities. Even some United States Federal judges before whom these cases were prosecuted declared that the accused had only committed political offences and thus could not be extradited.

Under the immigration laws a foreigner who has resided in this country three years cannot be deported as an undesirable alien. But in the fall of 1906, for example, ten Mexican Liberals were so deported, although most of them had been living in this country for many more than three years, and one of them had been editing a paper in Douglas, Arizona, for thirteen. They were of course arrested on crossing the line, some of them killed, and others given long terms of imprisonment. The charge against them was that they were members of the *Liberal Party!* In the Los Angeles District Court there was on file for many months a warrant for the arrest of Señor de Lara, his wife, a Mexican woman and an American, ready for service at any time; the charge was "violating the neutrality laws by having circulated a manifesto printed by the *Liberal Party.*"

The suppression of *El Regeneracion* is the first instance since Taft's time of the wholesale persecution of Mexican Liberal publicists that went on in this country under Roosevelt and Taft. But then it was common. In 1909 *Punto Rojo*, a Mexican anti-Diaz paper of Texas, was suppressed and ten thousand dollars reward was offered for the capture of its editor. The suppression of nine other Mexican papers along the border was accomplished through the agency of United States officials, as violations of United States laws.

In 1904 the Magon brothers and a small group of followers crossed the Rio Grande and established their paper *El Regeneracion* in San Antonio. The journal had been going a few weeks when a Mexican tried to murder Ricardo Magon with a knife. En-

rique Magon grappled with him, and was arrested and fined thirty dollars in the police court; the attempted assassin was not arrested. After that the Magons moved to St. Louis, where they re-established their paper. There the Furlong Detective Agency put operatives into the post-office and way-laid their letters, put operatives into their office and stole their subscription list, and set out to hunt for someone to bring libel proceedings against the paper. Then the Post Office Department revoked second-class mail privileges that had been granted *El Regeneracion*, saying that it objected to the "general tone of the paper." Two different parties were brought from Mexico to institute charges of civil and criminal libel against the editors, who were thrown into jail. The offices of the paper were broken into and the subscription list seized, and three hundred Liberals in Mexico were jailed and shot as a consequence.

After the Magons' attempted revolution, which was to have been launched from El Paso in October, 1906, and the betrayal and death of most of their companions, the Magons fled in disguise to California, where in Los Angeles they finally revived the paper under the name of *Revolucion*. There the detectives found them out, and while arresting them beat them brutally with pistols until Ricardo Magon lay bleeding and insensible on the ground. There was evidently a plot on foot to kidnap them, but they made such an outcry that the detectives were forced to take them to the police station, where the only charge against them was found to be "resisting an officer." The officers in question were detectives from the Furlong Agency. Attorney General Bonaparte was so interested that he wired the District Attorney in Los Angeles: "Restrict *habeas corpus* proceedings against Magon *et al.*, on all grounds, as they are wanted in Mexico." The Diaz government hired the best lawyers in California to prosecute the chief Mexican Liberals, and all sorts of flimsy charges were brought against them of imaginary crimes committed on the "blank day of the blank month in the blank State of Mexico." De Lara took their place as editor of *Revolucion*, and he, too, was soon arrested on a "murder and robbery" charge. After that only the printers were left to publish the paper; which they did until they, too, were arrested on the same kind of accusations. De Lara, when the absurdity of the charges against him had been proved, was finally released, but Ricardo Magon, Villarreal and Rivera remained in prison for nearly three years, for almost a year *incommunicado*. After all this time in jail the three Liberals were found guilty of "conspiracy to violate the neutrality laws of the United States," and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in the penitentiary at Florence, Arizona—which they served. In 1908 various departments of the American government made public the government's conviction that the charges of "murder and robbery" and of "undesirable alien" were too clumsy, and that it was the desire of the administration to deport Mexican political refugees as "common criminals." Failing that, our Department of Justice concentrated its energies on securing imprisonment for "violation of neutrality laws" or "conspiracy to violate neutrality laws." Half a hundred Mexicans were tried and kept in prison for months on these grounds; but when they came to trial the prisoners were almost always acquitted.

Now the Magons are again arrested, under the same kind of indictment as that which used to be handed down against Mexican Liberals in this country in the old days—the days before we allowed Madero to launch his armed expedition from El

Paso, whereby Diaz was overthrown. In the confusion resulting from the European war, perhaps the authorities, the backers of Carranza, hope that this incident will pass unnoticed. But it is up to all the

friends of liberty and to the working class in this country to realize that the Magons are friends of Mexican liberty, and that a blow struck at Mexican liberty is a blow struck at liberty everywhere.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL

Arthur Bullard

THERE is no gain in blinking our eyes at the fact that the outbreak of the war shot the International Socialist Movement to pieces.

In the last days of July delegates of the proletariat of the different European countries gathered at Brussels and worked together in a cordial spirit of cooperation to avert the threatening catastrophe. In less than a week all the accustomed comradeship had been blown to the winds. The "leaders" in the various national sections—a few days before friends—were calling each other traitors. And the rank and file believed what their leaders told them.

In France and England, the only ones of the belligerent countries which have gone through the form of holding national congresses, a large majority of the delegates have voted against any re-establishment of fraternal relations with the organized working class of the enemy—short of overwhelming victory.

The war did more than to disarrange the machinery of the International Movement momentarily. It killed it so thoroughly that in the many months which have passed since there is no indication of recovering health. The chasm which separates the working classes of the warring nations is wider today than in the first weeks of hostility.

I find European Socialists divided into three distinct classes in their attitude towards the future of the Socialist Movement.

There are those who refuse to admit that the International is dead. It is, they say, as Jesus said of Lazarus, not dead, but sleeping. And they are making as much noise as possible to rouse it.

The noisiest alarm clock act they have yet produced was the Congress in Switzerland last summer. (Zimmerwald, I believe, was the name of the village where they tried to pull off their miracle.) But the corpse did not stir. Various French Socialist organizations—National Executive Committee, local bodies, etc.—at once denounced the delegates who claimed to represent France. And although months have passed since it is still a regular formula for French Socialist meetings to report the denunciation. There is no evidence that this well meaning effort to resuscitate the International was any more favorably received elsewhere.

However, a great many Socialists are loath to admit the death. Active underground communications between some of the Comrades in the different countries are continuous. They do not seem to have reached any ground for an entente.

The French, as far as I can discover, are unanimous in thinking that their country was wantonly attacked and the only basis on which they are willing to listen to friendly overtures from the working class across the Rhine, is an acknowledgment of guilt in voting the military credits and an active denunciation of German Imperialism.

In Germany there is a pretty clear schism between the faction of Liebknecht and "the majority."

Liebknecht is in favor of holding out the olive branch to the French Socialists because the German Armies are so manifestly victorious (a contention the French deny) that the Germans, as victors, ought to offer peace. Some at least of those Germans, who have rallied to Liebknecht, have hinted that the war is the work of the Kaiser. But there are few if any of the German Comrades who are ready to admit the French contention that all the blame lies on Germany.

The Majority still holds firm to their original thesis that Germany is the victim of an unwarranted attack.

With the rank and file in the trenches it is quite impossible to do more than guess at the respective force of Minority and Majority. But it is certain that a very wide breach still separates the most international of the French Socialists from the most revolutionary element of the German Minority. If the war should end today it would be hopeless to expect co-operation between the working classes—or any large section of the working classes—on the two sides of the Rhine.

And the matter of "defensive war" has taken on an entirely new meaning during the course of the hostilities. In 1914 it was largely an academic discussion as to who started the war. Today—whether they were right or not in 1914 (I for one think they were wrong)—the Germans are right in talking of a defensive war. If their armies are defeated they have every reason to expect a ruthless punishment. No German can read the current French or English or Russian papers without a shudder of fear at the fate which awaits Germany in case of defeat. The Censors of the various countries—so quick to stop any news or argument which might lessen hate—freely pass any threat of vengeance. Even in case the Entente wins largely, there is small chance that any of these fantastic plans to dismember Germany, to smother it economically, to reduce its birth-rate—the commonplaces of the daily papers—will be put into practice. But the reading of them is not calculated to encourage any Germans to embarrass their government in the conduct of the war—which, whatever its inception, is now plainly one of defense.

The result is a deadlock. Endless well meaning efforts have been made—and will continue to be made—to revive the international relations of the proletariat. They have failed in the past. Each day that goes by, with its new list of casualties, accentuates the hate. There is less chance for the future.

There is another class who say: "The International is manifestly dead. Nothing of virtue dies. Therefore the International idea was wrong. Forget it." Gustave Hervé—undoubtedly the Socialist of France with the largest audience since the assassination of Jaurès—is the leader of this section. His argument, and he has a marvellous talent for journalistic eloquence, is that he—and his friends—were wrong in the past. The National idea is stronger than anyone thought. In the realm of theory it sounds true to say that the interests of the German and French workingmen are identical. But it is overwhelmingly obvious that in the world of practice their interests are opposed. He has changed the name of his paper from *La Guerre Sociale* to *La Victoire*. He not only believes that an overwhelming military defeat of Germany is desirable—the supreme interest of the French working class—but he very clearly says that there is no chance of him or his friends being tricked again by this mirage of Internationalism. He has developed a theory of National Socialism and preaches it with conviction. The French are the guardians of The Ark of The Covenant. They—possibly with some slight help from their present Allies—are going to usher in the New Day. Les Boches—who have no glimmer of an idea of freedom—are to have no part in building the edifice of his Future.

Hervé has come very near throwing over the Class Struggle along with Internationalism. He is now under accusations in the Party on this charge of heresy. Whether or not the indictment is founded, I am not sure, but he has certainly tended to include in his

army of the future elements of society which it was not formerly fashionable to call proletarians.

There is a third class—and I find myself in agreement with them—who frankly admit the death of the old International. They do not expect any miraculous resurrection. But they quite confidently expect that, with the return of peace, the logic of events which created the International Movement before will again exert its influence. The Internationale is dead, but it will be reborn.

As the months of war slip by, peace approaches. The human animal is so adaptable that there have been times when it seemed as if War was normal and that the present conflict might go on and on indefinitely. But today the belligerents—all the belligerents—are beginning to see the end of their resources—their resources in money and munitions and men. In this desperate fight which is going on as I write (March 1, 1916) about Verdun, each side—to take only one example—is burning mountains of munitions. In the Champagne offensive last September the French burned nearly four months' output of the combined munition factories of France and the United States. There is every indication that the consumption of shrapnel in this affair near Verdun is greater. The end may still be a long way off, but no one can reasonably dream of such consumption of wealth going on indefinitely.

Peace will come.

And there is very little prospect of its being anything we can call a Socialist Peace. Those who talk of the Socialist Parties in the various countries exerting a controlling influence on the peace proceeding simply do not understand the situation.

It is not only the International Organization which has been killed by the War. The National Formations are nothing but empty shells.

Walling very aptly stated in the Introduction of "Socialism as it is" that Socialism is a Movement: not a Theory. Well. The voting population of Europe is in the trenches. The "Movement" has stopped. There has been nothing approaching a democratic expression of opinion by the proletariat in the warring countries since the outbreak of hostilities. *L'Humanité* in Paris, the *Vorwaerts* in Berlin, are being published by Comrades who are too old or too sick for military service. The Socialist groups in the Reichstag or the Chambre des Deputies, the Labour Members at Westminster, have had no opportunity to get in touch with their constituents for a good deal more than a year. Their mandates are moribund and they know it. They cannot be expected to speak with authority. They have ceased to be representatives—and are no longer more than individuals.

A typical incident occurred the other day in the French Chambre. A Socialist was trying to wring from the government a categorical statement in regard to the terms of peace. He said that the working class of France did not want to wreak vengeance on the German Nation. A deputy in uniform, with the Cross of War on his breast and a captain's stripes on his sleeve, jumped up from the royalist benches and challenged his statement. "What right have you to speak for the working class of France? They are in the trenches. I have lived with them for a year and a half and I know you lie. The French workingmen are for the war *jusqu'à bout*."

There is no gain in asserting—as I believe—that the Socialist Deputy was right, the Royalist wrong. It will be impossible to prove such a statement till after the men have come back from the trenches. And this is a fact which temporarily renders the Socialist organizations impotent. They are nothing as soon as they cease to be democratic.

How can the Socialist spokesmen, left behind in the capitals of the warring countries—the old, the consumptive, the halt and the blind—speak with authority? They are hopelessly out of touch with their constituents.

There is every prospect that the peace which follows this war will be an old-fashioned peace—a peace of diplomats. Its terms will be decided before the men

are mustered out. It will not be a Socialist Peace. It will not even be democratic.

The bitterness between the hostile groups of European nations—no matter which side wins—will probably be tenser immediately after the peace than it is now.

The International of Karl Marx—and its late successor—was founded on the theory that the working men of all nations had the same enemies. The War has made almost everybody reject that theory. The French mason or miner who stands up to his knees in frozen mud beside a “capitalist,” turning the crank of a machine gun which the “capitalist” aims at charging Germans, doesn’t believe that he ought to hate the capitalist as much as he hates the Germans who are reputed to carry French babies about transfixed on their bayonets. The Belgian workingman, now in uniform, is sorer at the nameless German who set fire to his house than he is at the half-forgotten boss who used to underpay him.

The War has produced that strange phenomenon—which in France is called *l’union sacrée*, in Germany the Civic Peace, in England the Party Truce. It is an abnormal condition produced by abnormal circumstances. It is an entirely safe prophecy to say that it will not long survive after the re-establishment of Peace. Hervé, in France, thinks—or at least hopes—that it will. He is preaching a régime of internal good will. It is this which has laid him open to the accusation of abandoning the Class Struggle. But Hervé’s weakness has always been an undue optimism. His anti-patriotism, of five years ago, was based on an exuberant optimism. He really believed that the German Socialists were strong enough to pull the teeth of Prussian militarism. No one who knows Hervé well doubts his sincerity. He probably believes that the leopard of Capitalism will change its spots and that the ruling class of France will joyously recognize the debt they owe to the French workingmen and graciously come in on his scheme of “good will.”

But there is less reason for optimism here than there was in his earlier dream of abolishing frontiers.

L’Union sacrée already begins to crack. The War is by no means over, but already in every one of the belligerent countries the artificiality and the fragility of the Party Truce is evident. The farce of a pretence of Civic Peace is perhaps most evident in England. In spite of the War the Tories have been continually on the job. They have managed to postpone indefinitely justice for Ireland. They have manoeuvred to throw all the burden of taxation on the lower and middle classes. Not even the present appalling strain has seemed to them sufficient excuse for an equitable land tax. The working class took the Party Truce seriously at first; they have sacrificed more to the National Defence than any other category of citizens and today they know they have been stung. Autocratic Germany has done more to protect its proletariat from exploitation than democratic England. And there is more bitterness in England today in the Class War than ever before. The workers are still patriotic enough to postpone their grievances, to bear it in patience a little longer. But there’s going to be an honest-to-God Class War in England when the Peace is signed.

The Belgians have not yet been given universal suffrage. They are already disappointed. If they don’t get it at once after the war they intend to know the reason why.

In France the crack in *l’Union Sacrée* is not yet so obvious. But it is growing. Even the presence of the German Army on French soil was not able to make people change their minds on their theory of taxation. A few weeks ago the French Chambre was split into two hostile camps—just as in the good old days of Peace—over the Income Tax. The soldiers, coming back from the trenches after the War, will find Industry disorganized, many of their accustomed jobs held by women, work scarce. Besides all the old “social questions” will be the greater problem of unemployment. Les Poilus—who have “saved France” and know it—will not be in a docile mood.

And in Germany? The news in the French papers is necessarily superb. They are not in a mood to give a sympathetic consideration of German internal problems. But the situation must be the same—if not worse. We hear rumbles of bitter accusation in the Prussian Diet. The latest Swiss paper at hand—more neutral than the French papers—give a report of an acrimonious debate on the Censorship. The Socialist speakers claimed that the Censor was violating the Civic Peace, persecuting them and allowing free rein to the Reactionaries. One of the Junkers replied disdainfully, threatening the Socialists with a new edition of Bismarck’s “Exceptional Laws.” And the Socialist speaker laughed at him. “The men who have faced the enemy in the trenches for two years,” he said, “will not be afraid of your policemen’s clubs.”

Whether or not these words were actually said is a small matter. They should have been said. They are typical of the times. The men who come back from the trenches when the Peace is signed will not be modest in their demands nor are they likely to be submissive or gentle.

After the War the Socialist Movement will be National rather than International. It will be bitter in the extreme. It will be fierce in its demands and fierce in its methods. Respect for law and property—and life—has suffered a marked decline of late. It is a prospect to which we can look forward—perhaps with horror—at least with a large measure of certainty.

The facts of the Capitalistic Organization of Society have not been altered by the War. But fingers are quicker on the trigger than they were. Everybody has acquired the habit of reaching for their gun. “The men who have faced the enemy in the trenches for two years will not be afraid of policemen’s clubs.”

And just as certainly as the inherent logic of the situation will overthrow the various sacred unions and civic peaces, give birth to new and more bitter class struggles within in the framework of the nations—victors as well as defeated—so the same old arguments in favor of international action will regain strength and convincing force. Hervé to the contrary, no one country—not even France—can reach the Promised Land alone. Perhaps it will take years for the working class of France and Germany to shake hands again. But we may be very sure that the ruling classes of the two countries will not allow any such “sentimental” idea as hate to keep them from uniting to help the people “in their place.” And when the shipping business of Hamburg and Cherbourg and Liverpool unites in a new International Trust—as they surely will—the dockers will soon lose their blind patriotism.

I left America a few months after the outbreak of the War with a very ardent desire to see if anything could be done to resuscitate the International. I have lost interest in that proposition. The hope of the future—and my optimism grows—lies, I think, in a new International which will grow up spontaneously, as did the earlier ones, out of tense national struggles.

Military Schooling

THE acts of a legislature are not so serious as changes of popular custom. We are not very much worried by the militarist hysteria which expresses itself in legislative appropriations for increased armament. We are fairly certain that the American people will return to the normal sanity of human nature in a few years at the most, and that our military expenses will again become appropriate to our geographic position.

But in the private life of the people, it takes only a few years to make a custom appear venerable and hoary with age. And it is for this reason that we look with dread upon the movement to establish military training in our schools. The main strength of the American Union Against Militarism ought to be directed against this movement.

BOOKS

“Social Freedom”

H. G. WELLS once wrote a story called “In the Days of the Comet.” As the earth slid into the vast and gaseous train of this comet, things were going on about as usual in public and private life: England and Germany were on the point of war, and a young man was just about to shoot his ex-sweetheart and the other young man who had taken her away from him. But it seemed that the gas in the comet’s train had the peculiar power of dissolving the fixed ideas of men and nations: with the result that England and Germany suddenly realized that it would be a great pity to spoil an ingenious and pretty, if useless, piece of machinery like a battleship by having it shot to pieces—and the war was off; while the young man with the Smith and Wesson suddenly reflected: “After all, I do like them both. And if she loves him, that is no affair of mine!”

By this amusing allegory, Mr. Wells intended to suggest that we were passing under the influence of a force which is certain to dissolve the fixed ideas of men and nations, and to produce the most extraordinary changes in their conduct. That force is, of course, Knowledge.

We may conceive our scientists as producing this revolutionizing substance in their laboratories and libraries—as yet only in small quantities, like radium. And we like to think of ourselves as putting little bits of it here and there in people’s minds where it will have the most effect in disintegrating established modes of thought. But after people have suffered the first pains of seeing their old ideas destroyed, they commence to enjoy the process, and the best service we can render them is to send them straight to the storehouses where this revolutionizing substance is piled up.

Elsie Clews Parsons has been engaged for some years in distilling a particularly insidious and effective kind of knowledge. It concerns institutions which are so complicated with our emotions that it is hard to think straight about them. The Family, for instance. If we have enjoyed the benefits of that institution, and perhaps still more if we have suffered from its tyrannies, we are in no position to judge clearly the movements and forces which threaten on the one hand to destroy or on the other hand to rehabilitate it. It is necessary to know the origins of the Family, the forces that moulded it and the ends it served, and to be able to identify this or that among its activities as a survival lingering by force of habit anachronistically among changed conditions. With that knowledge, we are no longer the dupes of our emotions, struggling impetuously in the darkness. Knowledge has re-created our minds, and by our minds we shall re-create the world.

Three of Elsie Clews Parsons’ books, “The Family,” “Religious Chastity,” and “The Old-Fashioned Woman,” are devoted to just this sort of historical study of established institutions. In a more recent book, “Fear and Conventionality,” she delves deeper, and uncovers the psychological origin of institutions. Here she does more than provide guidance for minds already bent on revolt. She challenges us to recognize in our own minds a primitive institution-making instinct, the instinct of Fear, and raises the question of whether without a more drastic revision of our attitude toward our fellow human beings it is possible to do more than put new stumbling blocks to freedom in place of the ones we are so laboriously engaged in removing. It is impossible to do more, at this moment, than call attention to this tremendously revolutionary book.

Her present volume, "Social Freedom," is a further study of the harm that this institution-making instinct does. She considers it here simply as the instinct to create artificial social categories or classifications, and deals with the conflict between Personality and Class. In the chapters on "Age," "Sex," "Kin," "Caste," and "Place-Fellowship" she traces with expert historical skill the workings of this tendency to keep human beings artificially apart. In spite of the terrific compression of modern activities, many of these barriers between age and youth, male and female, relatives and non-relatives, and people born in this or that place, are shown as still powerfully operating, with their inevitable results in the delimitation of social freedom. To put two brief examples, we shall always have the blood-feud where the sense of kinship is stronger than the sense of personality, and war so long as we are less interested in personality than in birth-place. A long vista stretches before us of the gradual destruction of these irrational and anachronistic classifications.

The chapter on "Caste" is, I feel, much less valuable. To consider Caste a *social* classification seems to me an initial mistake which is bound to lead into incidental absurdities. The fact that it is good manners to lynch a negro in Georgia, where the black occupied only recently the economic status of slavery and still occupies the status of serfdom, and good manners to take tea with him in Paris, where no lower economic status complicates etiquette; or the fact that Yoshio Markino, the Japanese artist, was spit on in California, where the Oriental-low-wages problem is acute, and feted in London, where it isn't—these and a thousand other obvious facts should make it clear that Caste is more profitably to be dealt with as an economic and not as a social institution. A curious failure to see beneath the superficialities of Caste leads the author to describe Vera Zassulich, Diderot, Jefferson, Sorel, Haywood and Tom Mann as "belated preachers of a class consciousness curiously anachronistic in our modern world." It leads her to throw in her lot—with a pleasing reluctance—with the "social reformers" whose aim is "increased social opportunity" by all means except that of "giving industrial functions to the state." This is inevitable from a point of view which regards class struggles as artificial conflicts which it is within the power of man to dispense with, and revision of these views must wait upon a realization of the fundamental influence of economic conditions on human affairs.

The author's apparent lack of interest in the economic aspect of her subject leads her, in this chapter, to say that the Syndicalists desire "craft control of industry." The suggestion which the passage carries is that Syndicalism tends to widen the craft divisions which exist among workingmen who work in the same industry: the fact, of course, is the opposite. Syndicalism breaks down even the traditional barriers between skilled and unskilled labor, and is thus a force operating to destroy the sense of caste.

But Mrs. Parsons appears to mean rather that Syndicalism widens the breach between employer and employee. True—happily true. But anyone who can refer in these terms to the struggle of workingmen to *run the industries in which they work*, has yet to discover the significance of classes and class struggles.

It is not altogether with regret that I discover a scientific shortcoming in Elsie Clews Parsons. When we and all the world are so much indebted to makers of knowledge, it is a human pleasure to think that they too are not exempt from benefits similar to those they have bestowed upon us.

F. D.

"Social Freedom," by Elsie Clews Parsons. \$1.50 net. G. P. Putnam Sans. For sale by MASSES BOOK SHOP.

Poison vs. Play

THREE years ago Professor G. T. W. Patrick published in the *Popular Science Monthly* an illuminating study of the drinking habit, entitled "In Quest of the Alcohol Motive." His theory in brief was this: Alcohol has a depressing effect upon precisely those centers of the brain which were the latest to be developed and which are more and more strenuously called into use by an increasing civilization—the centers which make possible sustained voluntary attention, controlled association, concentration, and analysis, together with an inhibition of other older and easier psychic activities. It is the use of these centers which has lifted man from savagery to civilization, and which sustains him in the midst of an increasingly intense, complex and difficult culture. But the use of these centers is a terrific strain on man the animal. It is a strain, the continuous and unrelaxing endurance of which is felt to be almost intolerable. Alcohol provides an escape from this strain, by depressing those centers and thus setting free the older parts of the mind, in song and laughter, comradeship and lust, folly and crime—activities easy to the human animal and providing a rest from directed thinking and inhibited action. The desire for such relaxation shows that it is necessary. The device of drugging the brain with methyl alcohol, however, disastrously affects these high and delicate nervous centers which it serves to paralyze. Some other device must be found to give the needed relaxation in a harmless way. This device is ready to hand in Play. The activities of hunting, fishing, camping, yachting, dancing, even those of watching such sports as baseball, football, prize-fighting, horse-racing, etc., are activities which use "old racial brain paths" and give rest to the higher and newer centers. Play, therefore, is a substitute for drunkenness, serving the same end harmlessly.

The significance of play as a necessary part of healthful human life has always had popular recognition, and of late it has been the subject of scientific and historical study. The results of that study were set forth impressively by Professor Patrick in another article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, in which he correlated the various amusement "crazes," such as dancing, moving pictures, football, baseball and golf, and showed them as devices of varying value adopted by a race which was finding the strain of civilization too great for unrelieved endurance. His own contribution to the subject was marshalling of our scientific and historical knowledge into a clear, simple and satisfying explanation of the psychology of play, which makes plain the tremendous social importance of these relaxing activities.

These articles, together with others on "Laughter," "Profanity" and "War," have now been made into a volume, entitled "The Psychology of Relaxation." It is an important addition to the popular literature of science, dealing as it does comprehensively, briefly, clearly and convincingly for the most part with matters upon which we need scientific guidance to our opinion.

In his theory of escape from the strain of civilized thinking, Professor Patrick has found a clue to some long-discussed mysteries. Why do we laugh at a man who slips on a banana peel, especially if he was just lifting his hat to a lady? Why do we laugh at Sir Isaac Newton for boiling his watch while holding the egg in his hand? Why does an audience always laugh when any character on the stage says "Damn?" It is "the spontaneous outburst of joy whenever the old and natural suddenly appears amidst the restrained and artificial." It is "the sudden or momentary escape from the

constant urge of progressive forces. It is release from the decorous, the proper, the refined, the fitting, the elegant, the strict, the starched, the stiff, the solemn. The mind runs riot for a moment in the old, the familiar, the instinctive, the impulsive and the easy, knowing that the inevitable claims of civilization must soon force it into servitude again. Laughter thus represents a momentary and spasmodic rebellion against civilization, just as play and sport represents more deliberate periodic efforts to escape from it by resting a while before resuming the burden."

In the same way, following a fruitful hint of William James, he finds in War a large and general social revolt against the restraints of culture, a revolt "resembling a debauch." It will be remembered how Professor James spent a week in the model city of Chautauqua. He found a harmless and polite paradise, without drunkenness, disease or crime, with only lectures, music, landscape gardening and kindness. When he came out—

"Ouf! what a relief! Now for something primordial and savage . . . to set the balance straight again. This order is too tame, this culture too second rate, this goodness too uninspiring. This human drama without a villain or a pang; this community so refined that ice-cream soda-water is the utmost offering it can make to the brute animal in man; this city simmering in the tepid lakeside sun; this atrocious harmlessness of all things—I cannot abide with them."

Undoubtedly there is much validity in this psychological explanation of war. As Professor Patrick says, "Man is not originally a working animal. Civilization has imposed work upon man, and if you work him too hard he will quit work and go to war." To be sure, in war there is sorrow and suffering, hunger and hardship, "but these are old friends of the human mind." In a sense—which Bernard Shaw has amusingly exploited in a new play—war is easier and more natural than peace. Shaw's soldier, returned home on a furlough, finds himself in the midst of domestic and economic problems so complex and fatiguing that he requests leave to return to the simple life of the trenches.

But Professor Patrick is not content with tracing the relaxation motive through these different fields of human activity, and letting it explain what it will. He desires to believe that it is a full explanation of play, of laughter, of profanity, of drunkenness, of war. This is perhaps the reason why he neglects to take account of the Freudian researches into drinking, which trace the habit back to the release of primitive homosexual instincts. It is perhaps for the same reason that he constantly minimizes the rôle of *imitation*. His failure to recognize the importance of imitation with its twin branches of custom and privilege, allows him to repeat hoary nonsense about the inherent difference of the sexes, as in this passage: "We may understand not only the increased desire for alcohol in modern life, but also the lesser need for it on the part of woman. Woman is less modified than man and presents less variation . . . She is more conservative, representing the child type, which is the race type." This is like explaining the fact that few women smoke in restaurants without mentioning the fact that there are few restaurants in which women are allowed to smoke. Assuredly a considerable part of the drunkenness in the world is conditioned rather simply by the fact that drunkenness is an adult custom, a masculine privilege (encroachments upon it by women being looked on with disfavor) and—as Jack London has pointed out—an *open sesame* to a charmed circle of "red-blooded" acquaintance and activity. No one explanation can explain fully even the simplest fact of our complex life. It can only throw light upon it.

The obliquity of Professor Patrick to all lights

but his own is shown most of all in a remark about War. "From the beginning of the war," he says, "sociologists, economists, philosophers and political theorists tried their hands at explaining its causes, and with small success. Its roots must be sought in psychology and anthropology." As if war had no roots in political, social and economic conditions! . . . The search for a universal principle by which to explain all things, is an inheritance from the days

CORRESPONDENCE

The Wilson Question

THIS letter wishes to begin with the assertion that President Wilson is a great man and a fine one. Having obtained that concession, this letter is willing to concede that his greatness is of a past—no, of a passing, order. The President is forever going through the door from a room of past political democracy into a room of future economic democracy—and never getting through. He is probably the last of the Presidents who can be great and yet can insist that there is no class conflict—until there really isn't. For all his knowledge of the Bible he seems never to have considered the difference between the brotherhood of Cain and Abel and the brotherhood of David and Jonathan.

Thomas Jefferson wrote: "The government that would wield the arm of the people must be the strongest government possible." President Wilson evidently shares the belief that there is nothing incompatible between political democracy and strong leadership in that democracy. He really does take "common counsel," but then he puts his own views across—whether formed or modified by the common counsel it is sometimes difficult to say. And sometimes it is perfectly apparent that they are in spite of the common counsel. It is only fair to say that this statement of Mr. Wilson's belief in a political democracy with a backbone is made in commendation.

The President has one really great moral quality. He is not afraid of being called or considered a coward. Mr. Roosevelt is—that fact having been recorded earlier by the late Professor Harry Thurston Peck. The result is that most persons believe that Mr. Wilson is less of a coward than Mr. Roosevelt is, and that if the two men were left on an otherwise uninhabited island and then after some time the ship's company who left them there were to return, they would find Mr. Wilson sitting in the shade bossing the job while Mr. Roosevelt worked at it in the sun.

"These be precipitous times," as an old politician of Missouri used to say, and to prophesy how much militarism is back of the President's preparedness idea or program would be to imperil forever one's standing as a prophet. The hopeful view is that his men behind the guns will be democratic—if that is not a contradiction in terms—and that he is really trying for a mildly rational defense to avert a possible backward, panicky rush to Rooseveltism—as it might not be averted if nothing were opposed to it except opposition.

DANTE BARTON.

Stop The Raid

THE iniquitous Shields bill, giving away the water-powers on our navigable streams, has been driven through the Senate, but it has not passed the House. There is still a good chance not only to stop this raid on public property, but to pass a fair and honest waterpower bill in its place.

of Greek philosophising, when life seemed more simple than it does today. It is a habit of mind which may be useful in pushing a given speculation to the last difficult extreme, but it sometimes has the effect of philosophical absent-mindedness.

FLOYD DELL.

"The Psychology of Relaxation," by George Thomas White Patrick, Professor of Philosophy in the State University of Iowa. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net. For sale by MASSES BOOK SHOP.

Everything we have said about the Shields bill, was confirmed in the debate. According to its own supporters, this bill turns over to the power interests waterpower equivalent to twice the mechanical power of every kind now used in the United States, or enough to meet the needs of two hundred million people. This it does in perpetuity, although pretending to limit the grant to fifty years. Small wonder there is pressure to get it through.

On March 21 a substitute for the Shields bill was reported to the House of Representatives. Unlike the Shields bill, this House bill makes no perpetual grant of public waterpower, but wisely and in fact sets a limit of fifty years. Nevertheless, it is not yet a good bill. For example, it gives away the public water-powers without compensation. There is no reason why the waterpower corporations should not pay for what they get. The rest of us do. The House bill should be amended accordingly.

If the House corrects its own bill and then passes it, the good bill from the House and the bad bill from the Senate will go to conference, and the differences will be adjusted by the conferees. The managers of the waterpower campaign believe that a majority of the conferees will be friendly to them, and will report a bill in their interest. They will then try to rush the conference bill through, probably in the confused and crowded final hours of the session.

During the debate on the Shields bill, this course was openly advised. There was under discussion an amendment giving preference to the applicant for a public waterpower who offers the best terms to the public. One of the supporters of the Shields bill, Senator Nelson, of Minnesota, after referring to the amendment as "bad and vicious," went on to say: "It is something that we can eliminate in conference. * * * We might let it go in and then dispose of it in conference." (Congressional Record, March 8, 1916.)

We can beat this plan only by letting the people understand the facts. This the power interests have set out to prevent by confusing the public mind with interested statements and personal attacks.

I am asking for your help once more to get the House to pass a good bill, and then to stand by it, no matter what the conferees may do. If the House stands firm, the people will win this fight. But the House needs to know that the people are behind it.

Let me call your attention again to the Ferris bill, a good bill dealing with waterpower on public lands and National Forests, which has twice passed the House. An undesirable substitute, the Myers bill, now before the Senate, gives the public waterpowers away in perpetuity. Under it, the power interests could occupy and exploit the Grand Canyon itself.

The waterpower interests want everything or nothing. In the last eight years they have killed eight waterpower development bills that were fair both to the corporations and to the public. What the people need is waterpower development on equitable terms

without further delay. They can have what they want by letting the House know it.

Sincerely yours,

GIFFORD PINCHOT.

MILFORD, PA.

American Socialist Divisions

SINCE the socialist nomination of Allan Benson the impression is that the socialist program is ultra pacifist. But there are leaders in the Party who stand as strongly for universal military service as Benson stands opposed.

The argument of these leaders is that through the election of officers this extreme form of militarism can be made democratic, and that with rifle and ammunition in every home it might even aid working class revolution. A strange argument in view of the obvious development in centralization and the importance of expensive machinery in modern warfare.

Roosevelt favors compulsory service because it would make for "social solidarity." Seth Low favors it because it would end the class war. They are wiser surely than these socialist leaders.

It should be understood that the socialists are not united against every form of militarism, nor even in favor of peace-at-any-price except—invasion.

W. E. W.

The Color Prejudice in Education

IN the last issue of your magazine you refer to the segregation of colored and white people in St. Louis, which it is now proposed to extend from "Jim Crow" cars and separate schools to "white and black blocks."

I would like to point out that separate schools are the cause of most of all the other forms of segregation. In the separate school the children of each feel that they are different. The white child soon finds that on account of his color he must be segregated from his next-door playmates of darker skin. The black child soon realizes that his progress may be handicapped by his color. This ever-present feeling may prevent his giving his best to his work.

It is the consensus of informed opinion that race prejudice is proportionate to legalized segregation.

Human rights are not only injured, but human qualities, motives and instincts are detrimentally changed. If people who are interested in the welfare of the Negro only knew the intensity of his sufferings, I am quite sure it would deepen their advocacy of his cause.

Thanking you for your genuine interest in social justice for all men, I am,

Respectfully yours,

MARY E. CROMWELL.

Washington, D. C.

Militarism in the Schools

I AM disgusted. The New York State Senate, as you know, has passed the Welsh-Slater bill, which provides for compulsory military training in public schools and colleges, passed it with but one dissenting vote.

This measure seems to me to be the most subtly corrupting and dangerous program masquerading under the name of patriotism and love of country, etc., that has come to public notice. My greatest objection to a program for large armament is that we cannot be sure how future generations will handle such an armament; we cannot satisfy ourselves that a militarist party will not gain control of the government and use the armament which we intend for protection only as an instrument for commercial conquest. But this measure exerts a direct influence right now upon those generations and makes militarists of them. Can you imagine a more dangerous influence?

Is there any action in which I can take part against such legislation?

W. C. WHEELER.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

EMMA GOLDMAN'S DEFENSE

[On April 20th, Emma Goldman was sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment for delivering a lecture on Birth-Control. She conducted her own defense, and we print her speech below.]

YOUR Honor: My presence before you this afternoon proves conclusively that there is no free speech in the city or county of New York. I hope that there is free speech in your court.

I have delivered the lecture which caused my arrest in at least fifty cities throughout the country, always in the presence of detectives. I have never been arrested. I delivered the same address in New York City seven times, prior to my arrest, always in the presence of detectives, because in my case, your honor, "the police never cease out of the land." Yet for some reason unknown to me I have never been molested until February 11th, nor would I have been then, if free speech were a living factor, and not a dead letter to be celebrated only on the 4th of July.

Your Honor, I am charged with the crime of having given information to men and women as to how to prevent conception. For the last three weeks, every night before packed houses, a stirring social indictment is being played at the Candler Theatre. I refer to "Justice" by John Galsworthy. The council for the Defense in summing up the charge against the defendant says among other things: "Your Honor: back of the commission of every crime, is life, palpitating life."

Now that is the palpitating life back of my crime? I will tell you, Your Honor. According to the bulletin of the Department of Health, 30,000,000 people in America are underfed. They are always in a state of semi-starvation. Not only because their average income is too small to sustain them properly—the bulletin states that eight hundred dollars a year is the minimum income necessary for every family—but because there are too many members in each family to be sustained on a meagre income. Hence 30,000,000 people in this land go through life underfed and overworked.

Your Honor: what kind of children do you suppose these parents can bring into the world? I will tell you: children so poor and anemic that they take their leave from this, our kind world, before their first year of life. In that way, 300,000 babies, according to the baby welfare association, are sacrificed in the United States every year. This, Your Honor, is the palpitating life which has confronted me for many years, and which is back of the commission of my crime. I have been part of the great social struggle of this country for twenty-six years, as nurse, as lecturer, as publisher. During this time I have gone up and down the land in the large industrial centres, in the mining region, in the slums of our large cities. I have seen conditions appalling and heart-rending, which no creative genius could adequately describe. I do not intend to take up the time of the court to go into many of these cases, but I must mention a few.

A woman, married to a consumptive husband has eight children, six are in the tuberculosis

hospital. She is on the way with the ninth child.

A woman whose husband earns \$12 per week has six children, on the way with the seventh child.

A woman with twelve children living in three squalid rooms, dies in confinement with the 13th child, the oldest, now the mainstay of the 12 orphans, is 14 years of age.

These are but very few of the victims of our economic grinding mill, which sets a premium upon poverty, and our puritanic law which maintains a conspiracy of silence.

Your Honor: if giving one's life for the purpose of awakening race consciousness in the masses, a consciousness which will impel them to bring quality and not quantity into society, if that be a crime, I am glad to be such a criminal. But I assure you I am in good company. I have as my illustrious colleagues the greatest men and women of our time; scientists, political economists, artists, men of letters in Europe and America. And what is even more important, I have the working class, and women in every walk of life, to back me. No isolated individuals here and there, but thousands of them.

After all, the question of birth control is largely a workingman's question, above all a workingwoman's question. She it is who risks her health, her youth, her very life in giving out of herself the units of the race. She it is who ought to have the means and the knowledge to say how many children she shall give, and to what purpose she shall give them, and under what conditions she shall bring forth life.

Statesmen, politicians, men of the cloth, men who own the wealth of the world, need a large race, no matter how poor in quality. Who else would do their work, and fight their wars? But the people who toil and drudge and create, and receive a mere pittance in return, what reason have they to bring hapless children into the world? They are beginning to realize their debt to the children already in existence, and in order to make good their obligations, they absolutely refuse to go on like cattle breeding more and more.

That which constitutes my crime, Your Honor, is therefore, enabling the mass of humanity to give to the world fewer and better children—birth control, which in the last two years has grown to such gigantic dimensions that no amount of laws can possibly stop the ever-increasing tide.

And this is true, not only because of what I may or may not say, or of how many propagandists may or may not be sent to jail; there is a much profounder reason for the tremendous growth and importance of birth control. That reason is conditioned in the great modern social conflict, or rather social war, I should say. A war not for military conquest or material supremacy, a war of the oppressed and disinherited of the earth against their enemies, capitalism and the state, a war for a seat at the table of life, a war for well-being for beauty, for liberty. Above all this war is for a free motherhood and a joyous playful, glorious childhood.

Birth control, Your Honor, is only one of the ways which leads to the victory in that war, and I am glad and proud to be able to indicate that way.

YOU have just read THE MASSES REVIEW. If not, turn back and read it! We shall continue to give in these pages each month a review of the progress of the Revolution in action and thought all over the world.

The Threat of War

WE have been brought to the brink of war with Germany. Nobody—with the exception of a few war-mongers, and a little group of citizens who have forgotten for the moment that America is not one of the colonies of England—with these loud but negligible exceptions, nobody in America wants us to go to war. The President does not want war. Why are we walking straight into it?

Because of the diplomatic tradition which requires an official in Mr. Wilson's position to keep intact the established privileges which the citizens of his nation enjoy as "rights" under international law. Because that diplomatic tradition requires him to use the threat of war. And because there was no popular mandate bidding him take notice that the loss of those privileges would be less of a "crime against civilization" than the entrance of America into the war.

The McLemore and Gore resolutions were efforts to present such a mandate to the President. But Congress, not knowing what the will of the people was, and not having sufficient confidence in itself, reluctantly passed a vote of confidence in the President. He was thus left to tread the path of traditional diplomatic policy which has in Europe led straight into war.

There is the tradition, and it takes a stronger man than President Wilson to break it. The preservation of "rights"—the threat of war—then war. Only a powerful expression of the will of the people could—or can—turn him aside.

But there are limits to the operation of this diplomatic logic. We cannot go to war with both Germany and England at once, so we have found it possible to endure the transgressions of international law which England has been guilty of—transgressions of exactly the same kind as once, in 1812, provoked us to a rash war with her. President Wilson has weighed these offenses of England, and has decided, apparently, that it is compatible with national honor to suffer these wrongs for the time being. England is not being threatened with war. Where there is a will to keep on good terms with the wicked, there is found a way.

True, it is easier to come to such a conclusion with regard to England, because England has confiscated our property and left us our lives. Human life has in international politics a sanctity and a value which it does not possess in the internal affairs of nations—a value ironically in contrast to that set upon it when international politics have brought about international war.

The people of the United States undoubtedly approve—or will if they hear about it—President Wilson's decision not to threaten to go to war with England. Most of the people of the United States would have approved, we believe, a similar decision by Congress in regard to Germany.

It is due to the inertia of tradition, and the lack of any means in our imperfect democracy for the popular will to break the spell of that tradition, that we are now on the verge of an undesired war.

Before we have drifted into the European hell, will any national legislator propose a general plebiscite to find out if we really want to go?

THE RAILROAD STRIKE—By Frank Bohn

WILL they do it?

Will the two millions of railroad workers, having within their grasp more power than any five millions of workers outside their ranks—will these two millions strike for an eight-hour day this season?

When this question is in print the answer will be known to us.

Any movement which would take one-half the American railroad workers off their posts for forty-eight hours would be the most important event in the United States since 1865. We shall not attempt within the scope of this short statement to give the readers of *THE MASSES* anything resembling a clear conception of the railroad situation, but we wish to recommend very strongly to the intellectual people who read *THE MASSES* that they devote time and thought to understanding the railroad situation. We hope that all will follow the actual events from day to day with the interest the movement demands.

Why It Is Feared

If the railroad workers of America were to organize a single industrial union, they could force the railroad magnates to their knees and keep them there. They could force the Government of the United States to take possession of the railroads within a week after the call of a general strike. The two millions of railroad workers can do what they please with the railroads, with the labor movement as a whole, with the industries generally, with industrial civilization itself on this continent. An industrial movement among the railroad workers is more feared by the powers that be in New York, in Washington and in Chicago, by the ruling classes in this country everywhere, than the Yellow Peril, the Kaiser, or any other nightmare which their imagination may conjure up.

The railroad workers are divided roughly into three groups. There are the unskilled who keep the roadway in order. There are the skilled and unskilled in the shops who keep the trains in order. And there are the skilled workers who run the trains on the tracks.

The last report of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows a total of 1,815,000 workers. Since the nation's business has greatly increased since this report was issued, the number now, no doubt, totals at least two millions. Nearly one-half of these are unskilled laborers whose wages average less than two dollars a day. Then there the skilled workers in the shops. Finally there are the five groups of men who run the trains—the locomotive engineers, the firemen, the conductors, the trainmen, and the switchmen. All of these are organized into separate group or "class" unions. The subsidiary groups are chiefly the clerks in the offices and stations, the telegraphers and tower men, the baggage handlers and the Pullman employees—conductors, porters, cooks and waiters.

How It Has Been Staved Off

That great movement of labor as a class, resulting in the organization and efforts of the K. of L. and in the eight-hour-day mass movements of the '70s and '80s, culminated in the American Railway Union strike of 1894. This strike, under the leadership of Eugene V. Debs, has been the most important single event in the history of the American working class. It sent a shock of horror up and down the spines of every section of the American capitalist class. Had that strike been permitted to succeed it must have marked the beginning of the end of capitalism in America. To defeat it all the forces of oppression, physical and moral, financial and legal, were mobilized as at no other

time since the Civil War. Following the failure of the strike the railroad magnates consented to the organization of those travesties upon human intelligence—the railroad brotherhoods. These are: The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Order of Railway Conductors, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, and the Switchmen's Union of North America. The Switchmen's Union has been permeated by a spirit infinitely more progressive than any of the others. It has been fought bitterly by the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, which claims the switchmen as rightful members. The B. of R. T. has probably more switchmen organized than the S. U. of N. A. The situation places switchmen who are industrial unionists in a very difficult position. On the one hand the trainmen's union, in seeking to organize the switchmen, represents a broader and more correct principle than do the switchmen who promote a separate organization. On the other hand the switchmen's union is progressive, and its leadership has been infinitely more intelligent and honest. And through its national magazine, the *Journal of the Switchmen's Union*, it teaches the broadest sort of industrial unionism and states that it will surrender its identity only to a general union including all railway workers.

Unions Which Prevent Strikes

It is the business of the brotherhoods primarily to divide the skilled workers and prevent any organization or improvement of conditions whatever among 80 per cent. of the two millions of men on the railroads. The engineers are bribed by high wages. To a less extent this is true of the conductors. The firemen, trainmen and switchmen are kept quiet with crumbs. The chief business of the officials of these brotherhoods, whose salaries are as much or more than those of United States senators or governors of states, is to go to Washington and the state capitals to fight middle-class legislation regarding railroad rates.

The members of the brotherhoods have been guilty, during these twenty-two years, of organized scabbery of a kind and to an extent beggaring description. They scab on one another as a matter of principle. They have run the trains during hundreds of strikes of the railroad shopmen; they have committed suicide in thousands of wrecks upon poorly kept roadbeds, never opening their mouths to say what they all knew—that their lives as well as the lives of everybody using the trains are in the keeping of the underpaid, undermanned and overworked force of track laborers. In a word, organized labor on the railroads has given the most striking example of what can be accomplished in the interest of profits by the division of labor and organized union scabbery. The eight hundred thousand skilled and semi-skilled workers on our American railroads are exceptional among American workingmen because of their individual intelligence, their physical strength and the moral qualities required for successful organization. Their weakness has been due, first, to the fact that they are scattered over three million square miles of territory; second, much overworked and living as they do disordered and unsettled lives, successful organization and democratic control of their unions is made unusually difficult; and third, the railroad magnates have a better detective and spy organization, a more efficient blacklist system and will spend more money to defeat the purposes of the unions than any other group of American capitalists.

During these twenty-two years following the A. R. U. strike the efforts of individuals and of groups of

industrial unionists among the railroad workers have been sporadic but continual. There has been a good deal of "watchful waiting." There has been a universal feeling, too, that "Our time is surely coming."

The United Brotherhood of Railway Employees planned to continue the fight of the A. R. U., but this union never organized any considerable numbers outside the offices and shops. The magnates fought it furiously, and its devoted leaders, clinging to their principles, were among the original founders of the I. W. W. But the I. W. W., even in the happy first year of its development, was never able to make headway on the railroads.

The Lesson Learned

The time for the great conflict in the history of the railroad seems now to be at hand. Volcanic eruptions here, mere rumblings over yonder, and the continual disturbances of one sort or another everywhere, are indicative. The essential tactical principles of the modern labor movement have been learned by large numbers of the railroad workers. The first is to unite all the railroad workers into one union. The second is to simplify demands, concentrating upon a single issue which will unite all the workers in the industry through their immediate interests and which can be neither dodged or equivocated by the magnates. This issue is the eight-hour day with time-and-a-half for overtime.

A brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad said to me last winter: "We don't give a damn how much they pay us, if they work us sixteen hours a day. We want time to eat, time to sleep and time to get acquainted with our families at home. And by God we are going to have it!"

It may be taken for granted that now, as during the twenty-two years, all the officials of the railroad brotherhood will labor mightily to prevent the strike or break it if they are forced to call out the men. But the hour of destiny for the railroad worker approaches. All his fighting forces are now being centralized around the American Federation of Railroad Workers, an industrial union with headquarters at Chicago. In the March number of their official organ, *The Railroad Worker*, President Richardson thus concludes his editorial: "Do not let them (the Craft-Union Officials) bamboozle you, and above all do not be afraid. Fear is only a state of mind. The man who is afraid never amounts to a row of pins. What the railroad workmen want is One Big Union. Actions speak louder than words."

Government Ownership

The strength of the general strike in the railroad industry results largely from the fact that the railroads are an immediate necessity of economic and social life. The present state of the middle class mind and of middle class political power is such that anything approaching a general railroad tie-up would throw the railroads into the hands of the government and end in government ownership and concessions to the men.

As a fighting force at present the various elements of industrial unionism on the railroads are too little organized to show much power. They represent an aspiration and a movement, rather than a real industrial organization. The largest immediate service of the American Federation of Railroad Workers must be to drive the craft-union and brotherhood officialdom into action. Only the event can determine what progress has been made and what hopes are justified by realities.



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

ANIMALS AT THE MASSES BALL

Heavenly Discourse

GOD is reclining on a bench on one of the piazzas of the universe, listening to the choring of the spheres.

Gabriel is asleep on another bench, his horn by his side.

St. Peter comes in.

ST. PETER: Excuse me, but—

GOD: Oh, Peter. Cannot I have just a little peace and quiet? Is Heaven, also, to become a place of restless torment?

ST. PETER: But this is very important. It relates to a lost soul.

GOD: That's not so important as you think it is, but as long as I am interrupted, what is it?

ST. PETER: There is a soul just outside the gate that performs the most ridiculous antics.

GOD: Why don't you open the gate and let him in?

ST. PETER: He won't come in.

GOD: Send a party out and shoo him in. I've told you, Peter, the great problem before you today is the falling off in immigration.

ST. PETER: Lord, don't I know it? That's why I came to you about this one. I have tried to shoo him in but every time any one starts out he puts his hands down in front of himself and scampers away like a wild goat.

GOD: What's the matter with him? Can't you talk to him?

ST. PETER: Not till he is safely hidden in the clouds.

GOD: What does he say then?

ST. PETER: Says he is naked.

GOD: What?

ST. PETER: He says he is naked.

GOD: Well, by Myself, did he expect to bring his trunk with him?

ST. PETER: I don't know. That's all we can get out of him, that he has no clothes on.

GOD: Oh, go back and tell him clothes are not of my manufacture; none of us wear them here.

ST. PETER: I have, but he won't listen. Says we are very indecent.

GOD: He's crazy.

ST. PETER: I know it, but I've never drawn the line on lunatics.

GOD: That's true. Are there any of those old halos left?

ST. PETER: Millions of them, but they are rusty.

GOD: Never mind. Get as bright a one as you can; rub it up a little and set it down by the wall near the gate. Tell him it is his and go away; then when he steals up to look at it some of you drop down from the wall and boost him through the gate. When you catch him bring him here.

ST. PETER: Yes, Lord.

(St. Peter goes out.)

GOD: I am sorry I made the Earth. It has been one everlasting nuisance. Clothes! Bits of thread and stuff to hang over you. To hide my work. To cover up my image. There is no end to the folly of those miserable wretches. Clothes! The poor insane fool. And my afternoon spoiled. Gabriel.

GABRIEL: Yes, Lord.

(Gabriel wakes up and stands erect.)

GOD: Call Jesus.

GABRIEL: Yes, Lord.

(Blows three blasts on his horn. Jesus comes in.)

GOD: My son, when you were with those animals you are pleased to call your Earthly brethren, did you ever hear anything about clothes?

JESUS: No. Oh, of course people wore garments to

keep out the cold, and sometimes for artistic effect. Some clothes were really very beautiful.

GOD: But you never gave out the idea that the body is indecent or that clothes were worn in heaven, did you?

JESUS: No. Ridiculous.

GOD: Do your people think when you ascended into Heaven you came up in your clothes?

JESUS: No, nonsense. Why?

GOD: Well, Peter has just been here telling me there is a crazy fool dodging about outside the gate apparently anxious to get in, but afraid. The poor idiot says he has no clothes.

JESUS: He is not from the Earth. He must be from some other place. None of my brethren are so silly.

GOD: You wait here and we will see. Peter has gone out to catch him. Here they come now. Why, what a curious spectacle.

(St. Peter comes in with the Soul crouched down, holding its knees close together and its hands between its thighs.)

ST. PETER: Here it is.

GOD: Well, for Heaven's sake!

SOUL: Excuse me. Please excuse me. I couldn't help it. They brought me by force.

GOD: What's the matter with you?

SOUL: For pity's sake, give me something to put on. Haven't you a robe or something?

GOD: A robe! Nonsense.

SOUL: Then give me a fig-leaf; just a plain common fig-leaf. Oh, haven't you even a little fig-leaf to spare?

GOD: A fig-leaf? What does he mean?

JESUS: I don't know.

ST. PETER: Nor I.

SOUL: Oh, you must know. What Eve put on when

she found she was naked.

GOD: What in the name of all that is heavenly is he talking about?

JESUS: I don't know. I don't understand him.

ST. PETER: That's what I told you. Crazy. Crazy as the Devil.

GOD: Peter, you get it out of your head that the Devil is crazy.

SOUL: No, I am not crazy. I am modest. Can it be that I am the only pure soul in Heaven?

GOD: I hope to Myself you are.

SOUL: Oh! Oh! There goes a female angel. Please, please give me something to put on.

GOD: Give him his halo, Peter.

SOUL: That won't do. I don't want a hat.

GOD: Well, what do you want? Stop your cringing and crouching and whining. Stand up like a decent soul and tell us what you want.

SOUL: I can't. I can't. Don't you see I can't. She is looking right at me.

GOD: Everybody is looking at you, you are making such a spectacle of yourself. Who is looking at you?

SOUL: That lady angel.

GOD: Well, stand up and look at her. What's wrong about it?

SOUL: Oh, God!

GOD: What ideas have you got in your head anyhow?

SOUL: Please excuse me, God, but don't you really see how vile and indecent it is for souls to look at each other naked?

GOD: Here, Peter. We need people, but I can't stand this. Take him to Hell.

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD.

Alcoholiday

IN the second act of "The Weavers," a group of submissive workingmen is shown in the process of transformation into fighting rebels. The transformation takes place in a saloon, and is apparently hastened by the drinks bought by a young man just back from serving his term in the army. This vivid dramatic linking of alcohol and revolution did not fail to escape the attention of my friend, H., who believes in both. "Alcohol," he says, "has in all ages been the handmaid of revolution. The workingman whose soul is dead after his day's work, is awakened by its touch to a consciousness of his need for joy and freedom. Alcohol whispers to him of age-old liberties, long forgotten. Alcohol quickens his senses to a hatred of oppression. Alcohol makes him feel within himself the courage to resist that oppression. In a word, alcohol convinces him that he is a man."

But, as I pointed out to my friend, the weavers of Hauptmann's play had tasted alcohol before, and it had not turned them into rebels. It was rather the taste of the new ideas which the young ex-soldier brought back with him, that roused them to action. He talked about "rights" and "freedom" and "standing together." It was the ferment of thought, and not the ferment of hops and barley, that made them go roaring and singing up the street to smash in the windows of the rich manufacturer's house.

It is true that alcohol may help set free the numb imagination to desire; it may even help set free the arm to strike. But it only hastens, for good or ill, a process of action that it did not initiate. In a world where there are other forces to create action, alcohol may give its clumsy and questionable if sometimes



Drawn by G. S. Sparks.

DIONYSIANS

spectacular assistance. But in a world where action is still to be initiated, a second-rate idea or even a third-rate desire is better than a first-rate drink.

Alcohol has a mission of its own; but it is not the mission of inciting to directed action. Alcohol teaches the same lesson as Christianity: to endure the temporal ills of the flesh. Like Christianity it offers paradise as a reward. It actually gives this paradise, too: an existence, for the moment, free from responsibility.

I remember the time that I learned the secret of drunkenness. It was at Provincetown, in a cottage on the edge of the sea, where we had sailed and bathed and sat on the sand all day—that sea to which my friend and his friends and I myself had been irresistibly drawn, as to the bosom of a great and universal mother, for rest after a hard year's work. In that sea there was something elementally peace-giving, and there was a strange comfort now in the dull boom of

the tides on the shore as we sat around H.'s fireplace drinking and talking.

It came over me at the height of the evening that drunkenness was an elemental thing like the sea: a universal mother upon whose deep bosom we sank for comfort and rest. The unintelligible precision with which J. had been elucidating his mystical philosophy, the flaming hatred of injustice which shone in H.'s splendid drunken eloquence, the extraordinary and satisfying lucidity of S.'s silent thinking, the abandon of the two girls, were a release from the oppression of the hateful, necessary arrangements of a civilization against which something in them was in revolt. As in the embrace of the sea, so in the embrace of those vast tumultuous subterranean tides of the older soul, down to which alcohol leads us with a strange certainty, there is release and rest.

But Revolution? Not that way.

FLOYD DELL.

MASSES BOOK SHOP*(Continued from page 3)*

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Savage Survivals, a new illustrated work by J. Howard Moore, author of "The Law of Biogenesis." \$1.00.

(Continued from page 3)

and savagery toward a greater self-consciousness and vaster creative possibilities.

Forel's "The Sexual Question" is a far more elementary work on only one phase of Jung's study. But it is so direct and comprehensive a treatment of that phase that it should be read by everyone. For a scholarly consideration of so puzzling a subject, the book, with the exception of one chapter, is amazingly free of technicalities; it is actually a primer of sex. And the portion of the book concerning sex in its relation to society is something no honest radical should miss.

Loosely related to this work, though written from an entirely different motive and angle, is Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "Mothers and Children." If Forel's book is a primer for people, Mrs. Fisher's volume is a primer for mothers. The chapters on "Discarding the Pretense of Omniscience" and "Maternity no longer a Position for Life" are signs of an alert revising of parental cant; they go far toward clearing up "the muck and muddle of rearing children." Gerald Stanley Lee's "The Child and the Book" deals ostensibly with the very prosaic problems of reading among children and young people; but it deals with them in anything but a prosaic way. And in such sections as "The Unpopularity of the First Person Singular" and "The Top of the Bureau Principle" he suggests vistas and horizons beyond our own.

Leaving other more erudite specialists to decide whether children are people, Mrs. Alice Duer Miller asks even more pertinently "Are Women People?" And she asks it in a little book of rhymes that is packed with "punch" and pungency, timeliness and truth—and much more in the same alliterative vein. It is the kind of book that W. S. Gilbert might have written had he been an ardent suffragist. The "cause" would be speedily advanced with more of such incisive rhymes and rhymers. "Poets for Women!"

From one cause to another. In "The Cry for Justice" Upton Sinclair has collected a great mass of humanist writings covering a period of over five thousand years. This anthology of the literature of social protest, selected from twenty-five languages, is something more than a challenge, it is an inspiration. "To see gathered together this great body of human beauty and fineness and nobleness," I quote from Jack London's introduction, "is to realize what glorious humans have already existed, do exist, and will continue increasingly to exist until all the world beautiful be made over in their image." Amen to that. And so, from this sonorous and splendid anthology, to W. S. Braithwaite's more limited "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915." Yet in the limits of one year we have here proofs of the great variety and richness that have revitalized the arts in America—and especially the art of poetry. This rejuvenation is further seen in an examination of half a dozen recent volumes of the new poets—Robert Frost's "North of Boston" and Edgar Lee Master's "Spoon River Anthology," in particular. Both books are so well known that they need no further recommendation; but I point to them once again as excellent examples of how ordinary life and ordinary speech have in them more of the root, stock and flower of living beauty than all the carefully-groomed tropes from libraries and warmed-over figures out of a musty mythology.

Another instance of the power and poignance in actual things is "Chicago Poems" by Carl Sandburg. This book is on the press as I write and I have only seen some of the proof sheets at

*(Continued on page 33)***SOCIOLOGY**

Socialism and the War, by Louis B. Boudin, author of "The Theoretical System of Karl Marx." It is the first book of its kind published in this or any other country. Price, \$1.

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MASSES BOOK SHOP

(Continued from page 31)

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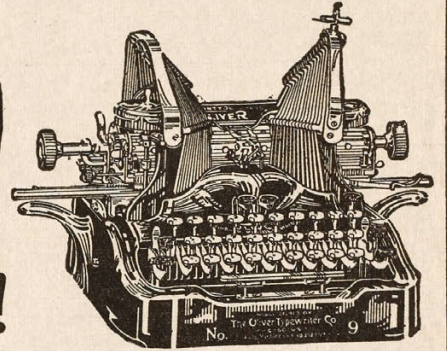
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(Continued from page 31)
 the publishers (Henry Holt & Co.), but I expect that this volume will rank among the most striking and notable literary matters of the year. Readers of *The Masses* are already familiar with Sandburg's strength and tenderness—qualities which I hope to speak of at greater length in a subsequent issue—so it is unnecessary for me to commend this first collection of his poems at present. I merely call attention to it.

Speaking of the new American poets makes me think of Amy Lowell. And thinking of Amy Lowell, makes me speak of her new book of critical essays on "Six French Poets." This is the first volume in English that reveals to us, in a series of lively studies, the lives and works of such individual and famous Frenchmen of the present day as Remy de Gourmont, Emile Verhaeren (who, though a Belgian, is included since he writes in French), Albert Samain, Henri de Régnier, Francis Jammes and Paul Fort. A similar volume of interpretation is Willard Huntington Wright's "What Nietzsche Taught." It is not only an illuminating exposition of Nietzsche's spirit but a detailed consideration and summing-up of each of the twelve great books; together with a brief but admirably-written biographical sketch. An invaluable summary.

Back to our own times—and to one of the most timely volumes, Walter Lippmann's "The Stakes of Diplomacy," in which occurs an analysis of patriotism, chapters on the relation of business and militarism, on the disunited state of these 'united' states and the clearest and most plausible suggestion so far advanced to avoid war by removing the prime cause of international friction. Personally, I prefer Lippmann's second volume, "Drift and Mastery," which, following "A Preface to Politics," began to build where the first book tore down. Brilliant these books are, but they burn; and they burn, not (as has sometimes been implied by his critics) with the showy sparkle of fire-works but with the keen and curious power of a restless search-light. For sheer incisiveness, however, I know no piece of contemporary literature greater than Hauptmann's "The Weavers." Emanuel Reicher's recent production of it sharpened the interest in this modern classic, whose background is industrialism, whose atmosphere is the strike, and whose hero is the slow-thinking, blundering but somehow upward-groping mob. I add the "Plays" of John Galsworthy because they contain "The Silver Box" and (with the exception of Hauptmann's) the greatest of all labor-plays, "Strife." And I add his "Justice" because it is being revived this month, and because it is particularly timely today with our investigation of prisons and penal conditions. Galsworthy is scrupulously fair to all his characters—even the prosecutors, judge and warden—he sees them all as human rods in the inhuman machine that pitilessly grinds out laws and mangles lives. Yet this balanced fairness makes his indictment of the whole prison system even more powerful. "Every reader must carry away from 'Justice,'" wrote the conservative William Archer, "some new realization of the gaps between law and justice, between justice and humanity, and a new attitude toward the first offender."

From the theatre to the screen is a very little step, especially these days, when a director like Griffiths shows all the love for details and ten times the poetic feeling of a Belasco. Vachel Lindsay's "The Art of the Moving Picture" has put forward a theory (several of them in fact) that should bring this most democratic art to higher levels—higher ones than it has even sought. The chapters on "The Intimate Photoplay," "Painting-

in-Motion," "The Picture of Crowd Splendor" and the half-fanciful chapter on the kinship of the movies to the Egyptian hieroglyphics and the use of symbols in both, are things to arouse the reader and inspire the producer. It is a book for artists and—well—people.

Two books of short stories—one, an old one, "Youth," by Joseph Conrad. I name it because it seems to me to represent the flower of Conrad's genius; two tales in this volume ("Youth" and "Heart of Darkness") would rank among the ten greatest short stories in our tongue. William Allen White's "God's Puppets" contains several sharply etched and acid-bitten portraits; it also contains "The One A Pharisee"—one of the most merciless arraignment of money-worship that an American writer has produced. Any reader who has thought of White as a placid, mid-Western, chronic optimist should get these uncompromising stories—and revise his estimate.

Now for the concluding novels. I had intended to include "The Abyss," by Nathan Kussy, but I have not read enough of it to advise. Still, as far as I've gone, it seems like an unusual and almost successful blend of Charles Dickens and Fyodor Dostoeffsky, without the artistry of either. Its background brings up thoughts of Edwards' "Comrade Yetta" and Ernest Poole's "The Harbor," to both of which splendid stories "The Abyss" might be compared—but I leave others to judge. I am less reticent about recommending H. G. Wells' "The Research Magnificent." This is the serious, searching Wells at his best; the Wells of "Love and Mr. Lewisham," grown more curious and less cautious.

There—the list of twenty is finished. But I add one more, Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh." I add it for two reasons. First, for good measure. Second, because it is, to my private and altogether prejudiced notion, the finest novel in the English language.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

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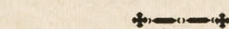
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The Labor Movement from the Inside



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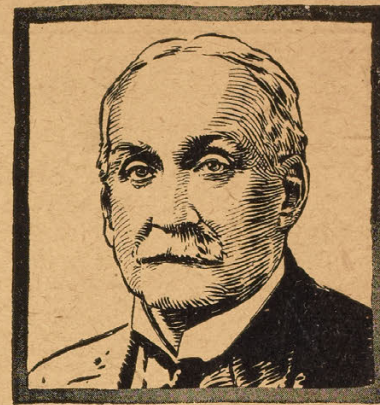
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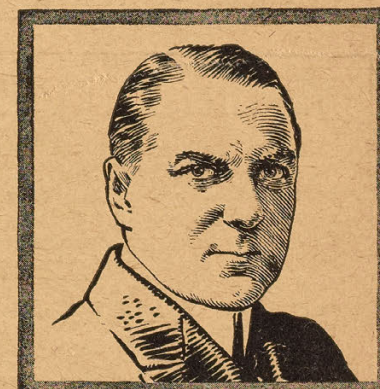
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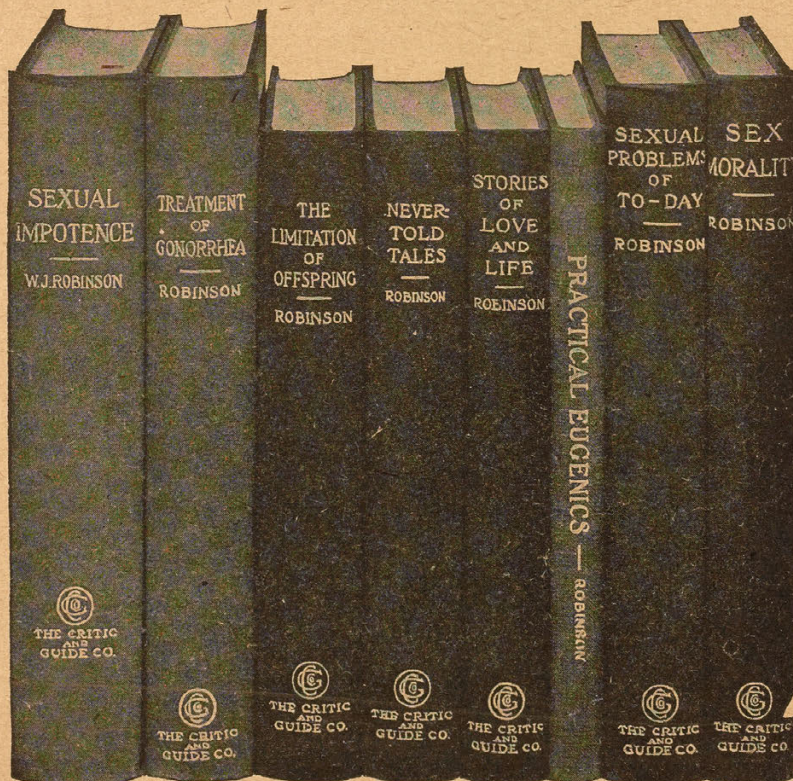
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