

THE

SEPTEMBER 1917

15 CENTS

MASSSES



CARLO -
LEONETTI

The MASSES

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Orchids and Hollyhocks

To A Schoolmistress

I

ARE you so sure:—you with the weary eyes
And lips grown bitter nursing a hungry heart—
To urge with sneers, the vilest female art,
Your boys into the shambles,—is it wise?
Grant him a hero who for country dies,
And with full knowledge chooses such a part;
He may face smilingly the Reaper's dart,—
Mere boys cannot prepare that sacrifice.
Ah, you, who never knew the pangs of birth
Nor those long patient years of motherhood;
When these lithe bodies clutch the reddening earth,
Guts hanging out, breasts torn, the clotting blood—
Are you so sure it was *pro patria*,
Not covetous anger of a hungry heart?

II

CHILDLESS and heartsick, weary,
you and I
Have tasted life and found it bitter woe
And disillusion; fain are we to go.
In any cause how gladly would we die
Had we the courage—we whom Life flung by
Unworthy better service, fit to sew
Patches upon Youth's garments. Ah, I know
How much you envy those who are to die—
With strong hearts beating high and the acclaim
Of a whole nation ringing in their ears,
We with sick bodies covetous of fame
Have missed by weakly yielding to our fears.
What,—shall we send to slaughter any man
Who have not borne one, no, nor ever can?
E. S. S.

Hands

HANDS!
Twin partners of the soul,
Independent yet affinities,
Proud, self-sufficient,
And beautiful as music over calm waters;
I see them waving gracefully,
As if explaining some dumb
Hidden friend that has not
Words with which to speak.
Hands!
Soft, slender, pliable, eloquent,
Interpreting the soul with
Graceful gestures.

JAMES SHANNON.

Desires

MY heart is full of desires.
Desires that patter across it
Like the fleet footsteps of dancers,
Whirling, changing, and mingling
Their pretty caperings hurt me,
But not so much as the pain
That will some day come to me,
When my heart is still and grass grown,
And desires have ceased their dancing.
RACHEL LYMAN FIELD.

The Battle to Maintain Liberty in the United States Is Fast and Furious

Meetings are being broken up, men and women searched without warrants, men and women arrested for reading the constitution in public, or wearing a button "Our Rights, But No War," for asking Congress to repeal conscription, for talking on behalf of conscientious objectors, or for no reasons at all.

THE AMERICAN LEGAL DEFENSE LEAGUE was formed to fight for the freedom of speech and of the press, the right peaceably to assemble and petition the government.

YOU know the fight we have been making in the courts for all kinds of defendants, before Congress and by articles and speeches and advice to all kinds of people all over the United States.

The people of the United States will continue to have as much liberty as they have the courage to hold and fight for. YOU can help those who fight your battles for liberty. We need funds immediately. Send at least "\$1 for liberty" if that is all you can spare. If you can afford a larger contribution, now is the time to make it. Make cheques payable to

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What Happened to the August Masses

1. August issue presented for mailing at New York post office, July 3d.
2. Copies of August issue forwarded to Washington for "examination." The Solicitor of the Post Office Department, the Attorney General, and Judge Advocate General Crowder, of the United States Army, conferred about excluding it from the mails and decided that this should be done.*
3. Letter received July 5th from T. G. Patten, postmaster of New York City, informing us that:
"according to advices received from the Solicitor of the Postoffice Department, the August issue of The Masses is unmailable under the Act of June 15th, 1917."
4. The business manager of THE MASSES interviewed in Washington Solicitor Lamar, who refused to state what provisions of the Espionage Act the August MASSES violated, or what particular parts of the magazine violated the law. (July 6th.)
5. THE MASSES retained as counsel Gilbert E. Roe. Bill in equity to federal court, to enjoin postmaster from excluding the magazine from the mails, filed July 12th. Motion made returnable before Judge Learned Hand on July 16.
6. Hearing postponed till July 21st, the Post Office Department being unprepared.
7. Argument lasting all day, July 21st, on motion for injunction.

The Postoffice Department was represented by Asst. U. S. District Attorney Barnes. He explained that the Department construed the Espionage Act as giving it power to exclude from the mails anything which might interfere with the successful conduct of the war.

Four cartoons and four pieces of text in the August issue were specified as violations of the law. The cartoons were Boardman Robinson's "Making the World Safe for Democracy," H. J. Glintenkamp's Liberty Bell and Conscription cartoons, and one by Art Young on Congress and Big Business. The Conscription cartoon was considered by the Department "the worst thing in the magazine." The text objected to was: "A Question," an editorial by Max Eastman; "A Tribute," a poem by Josephine Bell; a paragraph in an article on "Conscientious Objectors"; and an editorial, "Friends of American Freedom."

Gilbert E. Roe, on behalf of THE MASSES, urged that the Espionage Act was not intended to prohibit political criticism or discussion, and that to permit the Postoffice Department to use it as cover for arbitrary acts of suppression, would be to recognize a censorship set up without warrant of law.

* Date of conference unknown; rumor that the Generals, in spite of pressure of war-business, celebrated Independence Day by deciding to suppress THE MASSES, cannot be verified.

8. Preliminary injunction against postmaster granted by Judge Hand.

Judge Hand, in an extended decision, sustained THE MASSES' contention at all points. The construction placed by the postal authorities on the Espionage Act was shown to be invalid. The specific provisions of the law, he points out, are not violated by the magazine. Its cartoons and editorials "fall within the scope of that right to criticize, either by temperate reasoning or by immoderate and indecent invective, which is normally the privilege of the individual in countries dependent upon the free expression of opinion as the ultimate source of authority." The expression of such opinion may militate against the success of the war, but Congress has not seen fit to exclude it from the mails, and only Congress has the power to do so. The pictures and text may tend to promote disaffection with the war, but they cannot be thought to counsel insubordination in the military or naval forces "without a violation of their meaning quite beyond any tolerance of understanding." The Conscription cartoon may "breed such animosity toward the Draft as will promote resistance and strengthen the determination of those disposed to be recalcitrant," but it does not tell people that it is their duty or to their interest to resist the law. The text expresses "high admiration for those who have held and are holding out for their convictions even to the extent of resisting the law." But the expression of such admiration is not a violation of the Espionage Act.

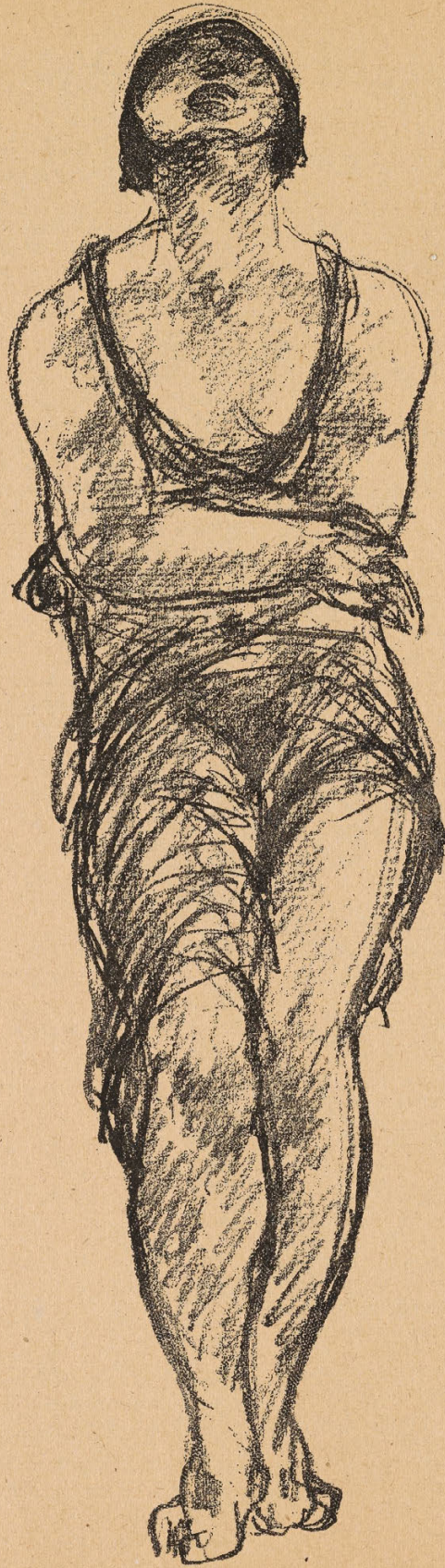
9. Formal order, requiring postmaster to transmit the August MASSES through the mails, served on District Attorney, July 25th, with notice that it would be presented to Judge Hand for signature, under the rule, the following day.

10. *United States Circuit Judge C. M. Hough signed at Windsor, Vt., an order staying execution of Judge Hand's order, and requiring parties to appear before him at Windsor, Vt., Aug. 2, to show cause why stay should not be made permanent pending an appeal which had been taken the same day by Postmaster Patten and which cannot be heard for several months.* Some one must have been waiting before Judge Hough to get his order for a stay at the very time Judge Hand had his order before him for signature. For the orders were signed the same day, and the judges were hundreds of miles apart.

* * * *

That is the history of the case—so far. Our attorney will oppose the staying of Judge Hand's order. If he succeeds, you will get your August issue through the mails—unless the Department thinks of some other way to stop it. If our attorney doesn't succeed, we will have to adopt other ways and means.

We will do our best to reach you. We publish THE MASSES because you want it. THE MASSES is your property. This is your fight as much as it is ours. We are not going to quit. We do not believe you are, either. We need money to help pay expenses. We need subscriptions. We need bundle orders for the magazine for sale or distribution. You know the facts. The way in which you will help us is up to you.



A. Walkowitz

The MASSES

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Issue No. 75

One Solid Month of Liberty

John Reed

IN America the month just past has been the blackest month for freemen our generation has known. With a sort of hideous apathy the country has acquiesced in a regime of judicial tyranny, bureaucratic suppression and industrial barbarism, which followed inevitably the first fine careless rapture of militarism.

Who that heard it will ever forget the feeling of despair he experienced when Judge Mayer charged the jury in the Berkman-Goldman trial:

"This is not a question of free speech," he said, "for *free speech is guaranteed under the Constitution*. No American worthy of the name believes in anything else than free speech, *but free speech does not mean license*. . . . Free speech means that frank, free, clear and orderly expression in which every man and woman in the land, citizen or alien, may engage in *lawful and orderly fashion*. . . ."

The italics are ours. The definition is the new American definition of freedom—the freedom for which countless millions have died in the long uphill pull of civilization—which is, in effect, "freedom is the right to do what nobody in power can possibly object to."

Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman were not convicted of the charges upon which they were ostensibly tried; they were convicted by the Assistant District Attorney's constant stress of the term "Anarchist," and by the careful definition of that term, brought out by both Judge and Prosecutor, as one who wishes wantonly to overthrow society by violence.

After conviction the prisoners were brutally hustled from the court to the trains which whirled them to their prisons, without even the customary respite granted to prisoners to settle their affairs. Moreover, not only was their bank account seized, including money belonging to other persons, but part of their bail was held up *while its sources were investigated*—ostensibly to find out if any of it belonged to the defendants, but actually with the effect of intimidating those who put up the bail. And last outrage of all, the clerk of the court claimed and took out of the amount of bail some \$500 as his rightful fee!

Next in order is the wholesale suppression of the radical press by the Post Office, some eighteen periodicals, among them THE MASSES, being denounced as "unmailable" under the Espionage Act, without any specific grounds being specified.

"Because," Solicitor Lamar is reported to have said to the representative of one paper, "If I told you what we objected to, you'd manage to get around the law some way."

Now I happen to have been one of those who lost a good many pounds fighting the original censorship provision of the Espionage Bill in Washington. And we licked it, finally, in the face of the whole Administration. But what did the Administration care? It does what it pleases, and finds a law to back it up. If the entire Espionage Act had been defeated, some obscure statute passed in 1796 would have been exhumed, and the radical press suppressed just the same.

All of which goes to prove that in America law is merely the instrument for good or evil of the most powerful interest, and there are no Constitutional safeguards worth the powder to blow them to hell.

The attack of soldiers and sailors in Boston upon the July first parade and the Socialist headquarters, which sent a thrill of rage through the heart of every lover of liberty in this country, was followed by two horrors more sinisterly suggestive.

The first was the race riot in East Saint Louis, where the large negro town was sacked and burned, and more than thirty black people, men and women, were butchered. Eye-witnesses tell how innocent negro passers-by were pursued by white men with smoking guns, who shot them down in the streets and then kicked their dead faces to jelly; how white women with streaming hair and foaming lips dragged negroes from street cars and cut them mortally in the breasts with knives.

All this of course outdoes the feeble German atrocities. It rivals the abominations of Putumayo and the Congo. The "war for civilization" begins to lose its drawing power. And the spirit of our own American soldiers in battle is beginning to appal those who know it. Read Arthur Guy Empey's "Over the Top" if you want to know how barbarians revel in sheer butchery. I met a friend who had served in the British army. "I have killed eight Huns with my own hands," he boasted, "and I want to kill ten more. Greatest sport in the world." Killing niggers is, of course, also great sport.

Anent this matter, Colonel Roosevelt and Colonel Samuel Gompers had a tiff upon the platform at Carnegie Hall, where both were patronizing the Russian revolutionary mission from

the standpoint of our superior democracy. Colonel Roosevelt thought that the workmen who killed the negroes that were brought in to take away their jobs ought to be hung. Colonel Gompers seemed to think that the negroes were to blame for allowing themselves to be brought in to take the jobs. Neither of the Colonels referred to the gentlemen who had brought the negroes north in order to smash trades-unionism forever.

The second mile-stone in the history of the New Freedom was the wholesale deportation, at the point of a gun, of some hundreds of striking workmen from the mines in Bisbee, Arizona, into the American desert. These strikers were loudly heralded as "I. W. W.'s" in an attempt to bemuse the truth; but it is slowly leaking out that the mining company deported from Bisbee all the men who were striking in an orderly fashion for decent living wages and conditions, whether I. W. W.'s or not. And not only that, but all sympathizers with the strikers, *and even the strikers' attorney!* Many of these men lived in Bisbee, owned property there; some of them were torn from the arms of their wives and children. They were loaded on cattle-cars and sent to Columbus, N. M., whose outraged citizens promptly shipped them back north, until they halted in the middle of the desert—foodless, waterless, homeless.

At the present writing the United States Army is feeding these dangerous characters, and there is talk of interning them for the balance of the war—on the ground that they have been subsidized by German gold. And in the meanwhile, the Phelps-Dodge corporation, which owns the mines—and Bisbee—is not allowing any one to enter the town without a passport!

Samuel Gompers protested to the German trades-unions against the deportation of Belgian working-men. But even the Germans didn't deport Belgians into the middle of a desert, without food or water, as Bisbee did—and yet Gompers hasn't uttered a single peep about Bisbee.

Out in San Francisco, the bomb trials go merrily on. In spite of the exposure of Oxman, the utter contradiction and discrediting of the state's witnesses, Mooney is still going to die. Mrs. Mooney has only with the greatest difficulty been acquitted, and District Attorney Fickert asserts that the other prisoners will be vigorously prosecuted. Alexander Berkman has been indicted in the same case, and Bob Minor is threatened with indictment.

District Attorney Fickert no longer relies upon the evidence. Like Prosecutor Content, he cries, "This woman is an anarchist. Either you must destroy anarchy, or the anarchists will destroy the state!" And so the most patent frame-up ever conceived by a Chamber of Commerce to extirpate union labor goes on, and indictments rain upon all who have dared to defend the Mooneys.

This country-wide movement to wipe out organized labor, which was launched a year ago in Wall Street with such a flourish of trumpets, and which Mr. Gompers defied at Baltimore with quotations from Shakespeare, is developing quietly but powerfully. An investigation recently made in Omaha, Nebraska, by Carl Sandburg, shows the business men of that community organizing along the lines of San Francisco, sending out invitations to scabs everywhere, and evidently framing up something on which a union man can be railroaded to the electric chair, as they railroaded Tom Mooney on the coast.

Meanwhile, organized labor lies down and takes it—nay, in San Francisco, connives at it. Gompers is so busy running the

war that he has time for nothing except to appoint upon his committees labor's bitterest enemies. I suppose that as soon as Tom Mooney and his wife are executed, Gompers will invite District Attorney Fickert to serve upon the Committee on Labor.

The suffrage pickets in front of the White House, set upon by mobs of government clerks, then by the police, arrested time and time again upon no charge, and finally committed to the work-house for sixty days, were, as the world knows, hurriedly pardoned by the President as soon as it was evident how prominent they and their husbands were. But at the same time that he pardoned them for their "crime," he intimated that he was too busy over his "War for Democracy" to give any attention to their petition—which was a petition for the fundamental rights of citizens.

It is the blackest month for freemen our generation has known.

Pen-Point

SURELY H. G. Wells does not expect to catch the popular fancy with the title, "God, the Invisible King." It should be, "God, the Invisible Democratic Government."

"YOUNG LADS FIRST"

THE grey-beards sat in the fateful room
 Resolving an empire's certain doom,
 Statesmen shrewd and forum-tried,
 Heavy-paunched and crafty-eyed;
 The thing they plotted had come to pass
 And Fate held up her looking-glass.
 Sage, they nodded their heads together,
 "War, my friends, is windy weather,
 Every bird has a nest to feather."

The young men laughed in the friendly sun,
 And shoulder to shoulder the work was done;
 Boyish-hearted they only knew
 That youth was good and friends were true,
 That girls were merry to have and hold,
 That the wisest men were always old,
 That honor was fair, and life was brave,
 A man's own country was his to save . . .
 I hear them laugh from the bitter grave.

The grey-beards from their councils came
 To set the young men's ears aflame:
 "Honor!" was the cry they flung,
 For they were old, and the others young.
 So . . . some young men called others foes,
 And died death-grappled in stinking rows,
 While the grey-beards nodded their heads together,
 "War, my friends, is windy weather,
 Every bird has a nest to feather."

Willard Wattles.

ORGIE MANTACLE



EDITOR

CAPITALIST

POLITICIAN

MINISTER

Having Their Fling

A Great Program

THE Program of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party, which is in complete control of the political government of Russia, is unique among Socialist programs in many ways. We quote it in full, but with our own italics where we wish to draw the attention of American Socialists to a paragraph.

What is most invigorating about this document is the mountain-calm manner in which it proposes extreme revolutionary measures merely as aiming to "develop the abilities" of the working-class to "wage war for liberation." The demands of the party are:

"1. Self-government by the people, viz., the concentration of all the supreme powers of government in the hands of a *legislative assembly of one chamber* made up of representatives of the people.

"2. The right of universal equal and direct balloting in the election of all members whether in the supreme legislative chambers or in all local instruments of government by *citizens and citizenesses who shall have attained their seventeenth year*; the use of the secret ballot; the right of every elector to election in any representative assembly; a two-year life of parliament; salaries for national representatives.

"3. Broad local self-government; provincial self-government in localities in which special conditions of life and of population exist.

"4. Inviolability of person and of domicile.

"5. Unlimited freedom of conscience, speech, press, *strikes and organization*.

"6. Freedom of migration and of occupation.

"7. The abolition of [political] classes and the granting of full and equal rights for all citizens of either sex and of whatever creed, race and nationality.

"8. The right of every part of the population to receive an education in its native tongue, provided at the expense of the state, with a full equipment of all the necessary instruments of self-government; the right of every citizen to express himself in his native tongue in all public assemblages; the introduction of the native language on an equality with that of the state in all local public and state institutions.

"9. The right of self-assertion for all nationalities that enter into the composition of the state.

"10. The right of every individual to bring legal proceedings against any local official.

"11. The *election of judges*.

"12. The abolition of the standing army and the establishment of an armed nation in its stead.

"13. Separation of church and state and of school and church.

"14. *A free and compulsory general and vocational education for every child of either sex up to sixteen years; the supply, at the expense of the state of food, clothing and text books to poor children.*

"As the foundation of the democratization of our state organization the Russian Social Democratic Labor party demands the abolition of all indirect taxation and the establishment of a progressive tax on incomes and inheritances.

"For the development of the working class in physical and

moral regeneration and also for the development of its abilities to wage war for liberation, the party demands:

"1. The limitation of the work day to eight hours in all wage-earning occupations.

"2. The establishment by law of a weekly rest period of twenty-four consecutive hours for all wage earners of either sex in every branch of our national industry.

"3. The rigid prohibition of overtime labor.

"4. The prohibition of night labor (from 9 o'clock in the evening until 6 o'clock in the morning) in every branch of our national industry, with the exception of those occupations where it is made obligatory by technical considerations, and in such cases only with the approval of the labor organizations involved.

"5. The prohibition of child labor during school age up to the sixteenth year, and the limitation of the working hours of minors (sixteen to eighteen years) to six hours a day.

"6. The prohibition of the labor of women in any branch of industry in which labor is injurious to women; the prohibition of women's labor for a period of four weeks before and six weeks after bearing a child, with the payment of the normal wage due for the entire period.

"7. The establishment in every industrial institution, factory or other enterprise where women work, of nurseries for nursing and other minor children; the liberation from work at three hour intervals and even less of every nursing woman for a period of half an hour.

"8. State insurance of workingmen against old age and partial or complete disability from a special fund to be derived from a tax on capitalists.

"9. Prohibition of the withholding of wages earned on whatever consideration and in whatever form, such as fines, deducting, etc.

"10. The appointment of a sufficient number of factory inspectors in every branch of national industry and the extension of factory inspection to every enterprise employing hired labor, not excluding public and domestic labor; the appointment of women inspectors in branches where women are employed; the participation of elected workmen and paid state representatives in the inspection of factories, and also in matters involving wage lists, the receipt and the rejection of material and the valuation of the output of labor.

"11. Inspection, by the officials of local self-governments, with the participation of elected workmen, of the sanitary condition of dwelling places provided by employers, with a view to the internal arrangement and condition of those dwelling places and the terms of their occupation, and also *to prevent any interference of employers in the lives and activities of employes as private citizens and individuals.*

"12. The establishment of a well regulated sanitary inspection in all employments by means of sanitary and medical bodies entirely independent of the employer; free medical aid to workers at the expense of the employer, with support of the workman during the time of illness.

"13. The complete and supreme responsibility of employers for any violation of the law governing labor.

"14. The establishment in every branch of national industry

of courts made up equally of representatives of labor and of employers.

"15. The obligation of the authorities for local self-government to establish offices for the engagement of local or of outside workers (chambers of commerce of labor) in every branch of industry, with the participation in their administration of representatives of the labor organizations.

"With a view to the abolition of the remnants of feudalism which are weighing heavily and directly upon the peasants, and in the interest of the free development of the struggle of the classes in the villages, the Russian Social Democratic Labor party demands:

"1. The abolition of all class pressure upon the person and the property of the peasant.

"2. The abolition of all imposts and obligations imposed upon the peasant class and of all peasant obligations of a class character.

"3. The confiscation of church, monastery and state lands and their transfer to the local authorities in order that these lands, together with forests and water of importance to the state, shall be surrendered to the control of the democratic state.

"4. *The confiscation of privately owned lands, with the exception of the small holdings, which shall be placed at the disposal of democratically elected local officials, the minimum standard of exemption from seizure to be fixed by the superior local authorities of self-government.*

"Indorsing fully the revolutionary demand of the peasantry for the confiscation of the landowners' properties, the Russian Social Democratic Labor party always and uncompromisingly will oppose every attempt to halt the advance of economic development. Aiming with the victorious development of the revolution to transfer the confiscated lands to the control of the democratically constituted local authorities, the party, in the event of conditions being unfavorable to such a solution, will advocate the division of the land among the peasant tenants thereon, who are actually carrying on their cultivation or to whom they are essential by proximity.

"This party, under all circumstances of democratic agrarian reforms, imposes upon itself the problem of aiming unswervingly toward an independent class organization of the rural proletariat, will endeavor to impress upon it the irreconcilable opposition of the village bourgeoisie to the vital interests of the peasantry, and finally to demonstrate the absolute necessity of complete social reorganization as the only means of destroying every form of oppression and exploitation.

"Aiming at the attainment of its immediate purpose, the Russian Social Democratic Labor party will support every oppositional and revolutionary movement against the policies of the dominant classes which run counter to the interest of the working class. It will resolutely reject any project of reform tending in any way to broaden or re-establish police and other official control over the toiling masses."

Benjamin R. Tucker

I TAKE the earliest opportunity to publish the following letter from Benjamin R. Tucker, which came too late for the August issue. Mr. Tucker is the well-known American Anarchist Editor, now living in Paris, I believe. He sent us a long time ago a communication dealing with the war and with the treatment of conscientious objectors in England. The first part of what he wrote was a justification of the war of the Allies on Germany, but it was unfortunately so extreme in

its language that the editors—two of them—who read it assumed that it was satirical, a sarcastic exaggeration of current public opinion, written from the standpoint of anarchism. We were interested in the latter part of what he wrote, but we felt that its force was destroyed by what appeared to us a piece of irrelevant and unconvincing satire, and so we took, rather rashly, but in entire good faith, the liberty of omitting his introduction, and his article appeared merely as an account of the maltreatment of conscientious objectors.

It appears from Mr. Tucker's letter that this introduction was not satirical or exaggerated, but expressed his forthright judgment about the war, and thus we appear not only to have mutilated his work, but to have misrepresented his position. His introduction is long lost, but I am eager to make clear his true opinions to those who saw the article we published, and so I quote both his letter to me and an extract from a letter he wrote to a friend in America.

"Sir: Heretofore I have been under the impression that you were an honest man. The June number of THE MASSES convinces me of my error.

"I think that it was about a year ago that I offered a short article to your magazine. In a few introductory words I made it clearly apparent that my attitude toward the war is the contrary of yours. Then, in the body of the article, I made it equally apparent that I deplore and severely condemn the conduct of certain participants in the war toward whom I am as hostile as you are. In doing this I aimed first to serve truth and justice, and, second, to make a generous concession to honest opponents, such as I deemed you to be, with whom unhappily concerning the war in general, I am unable to see eye to eye. You have held this article in your possession without a word of acknowledgment, and I had concluded that you deemed it unworthy of publication. But suddenly you publish it in your June number in a mutilated form, carefully omitting the introductory portion with the clear intention of deceiving your readers as to my position toward the war. In so doing you have met my truth with a lie, and my generosity with meanness. In other words, you have shown yourself a rascal.

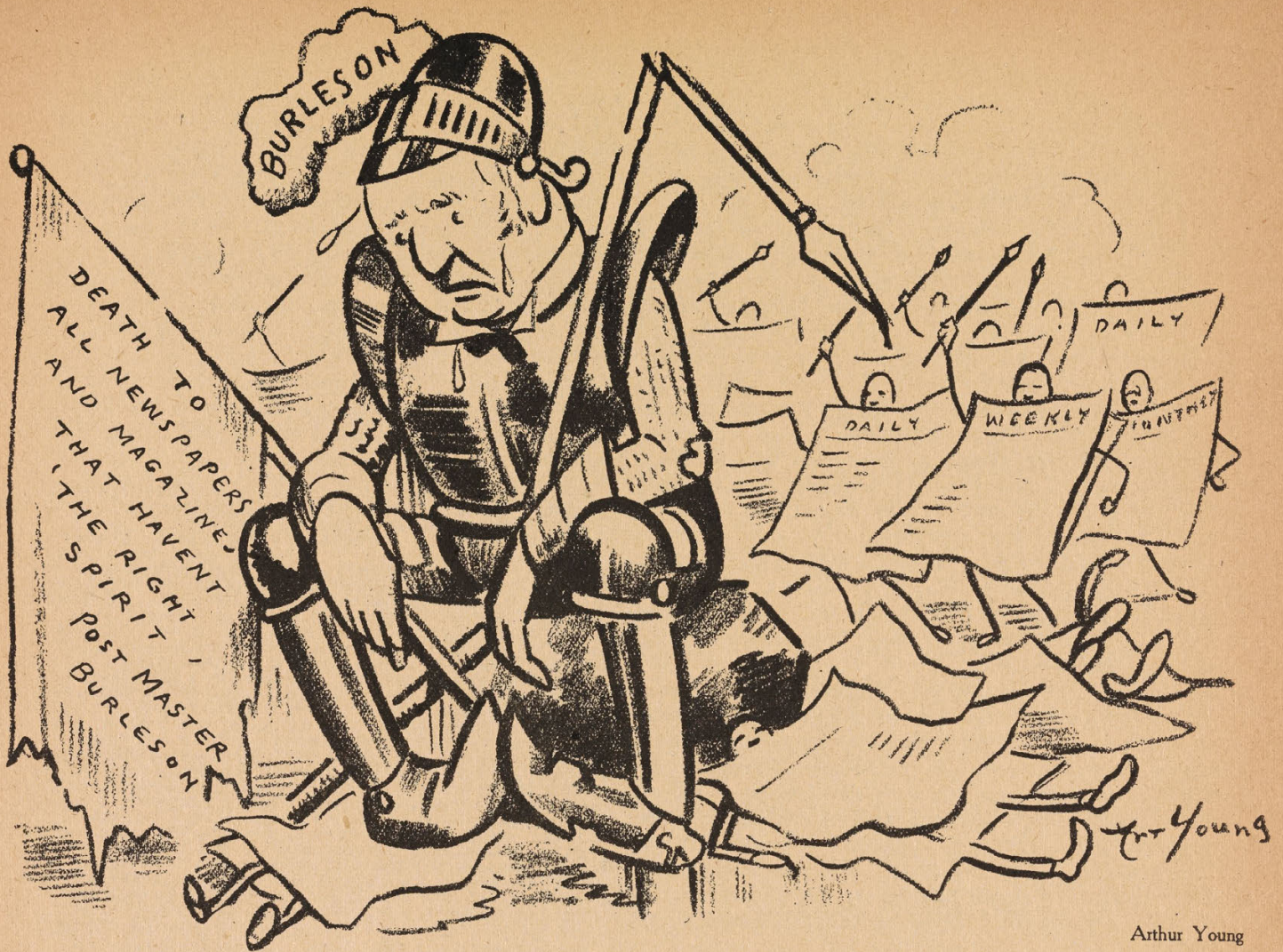
"You have me at a disadvantage. I have not, as in former days, an organ of my own, and therefore you can escape my public condemnation of your course. But I believe that I have the esteem and confidence of numerous valued friends of yours, and I can assure you that in the near future there will issue to these, from this household, something less than a bushel of letters, in which you will be exhibited in your true character.

(Signed) "BENJ. R. TUCKER."

Extract from a letter to an American friend: "Germany's onslaught on civilization in August, 1914, confronted all liberty lovers with a horrible alternative: either to offer no resistance, and thereby suffer, at Germany's hands, a well-nigh total and probably permanent annihilation of our liberties: or to resist, and, to make the resistance effective, suffer, at our own hands, a partial and possibly only temporary annihilation (or suspension) of those liberties. I take it that any earnest man who could hesitate in his choice must be so blinded or dazzled by idealism, as to be incapable of interpreting the march of events with even the smallest degree of realism. For me, at any rate, there was but one road, and I took it promptly. From the start I have favored war to the limit—war till Germany (rulers and people alike) shall be so whipped and stripped that never more shall she have the will or the power to renew the aggression. In choosing this course I deliberately accept, though with soreness of heart, the evils involved in it, to none of which am I more blind than Max Eastman himself or any other pacifist. Among those evils I accept conscription, though conscription, which must commend itself to every believer in the State equally with taxation so far as principle is concerned, is entirely counter to my political philosophy. I accept also the incidental evil of having to cooperate for a limited term with a considerable number of brutes. But I reserve the right to square accounts with brutality after the liquidation of l'union sacrée, and it was to give notice of this that I sent an article to THE MASSES entitled 'Lest we Forget.' That you may know what treatment this article received, and may appreciate accordingly the character of the editor of THE MASSES I transcribe below a letter which I have posted to Max Eastman."

This letter to an American friend appears to be one of the bushel that Mr. Tucker threatened me with, and so I judge I must have been too dilatory with my reply to him, for I did promise to save him all that trouble and postage by publishing his opinion of me, as well as of the war, in THE MASSES. His letter to me was received the last of June and I let it go until July 11th. I am sorry. But knowing him as an anarchist, and a protagonist of brotherly love, I didn't think he would move quite so fast in a matter of hate.

MAX EASTMAN.



Arthur Young

O SORRY PLIGHT!

One Day After Another

A STATISTICIAN with time on his hands might figure out how long it would take all these commissions of our allies, marching end to end, to pass a giving point—the giving point being the U. S. Treasury.

THE Council of National Defense is doing valiant and efficient service for the prosecution of the war. All it asks is that it may buy things from itself on the principle of justice tempered with mercy.

THE operators who were willing to sell soft coal to the government for less than they wished they could get must be subscribing heartily to the theory that republics are ungrateful.

THE *Saturday Evening Post* denounces as “copperheads” those who favor peace along democratic lines. That term is not being used by the best people any more for fear of offending a noble industry which helped to get us into trouble and which is selling the government ten cent copper for a quarter.

THE layman is not qualified to judge of the merits of the Goethals-Denman controversy. All he can do is to guess who knows the less about ships, a soldier or a lawyer.

SECRETARY DANIELS is reported by the *New York Call* as saying that this is a rich man's war and he must pay for it. This will increase the unfavorable impression of Daniels that began when he suggested that some of the naval officers should go to sea.

THE only good news that has come in lately is from Yucatan. They have a universal eight-hour day with extra pay for overtime, so they are working only overtime.

THE agitator who was sent to the workhouse by a New York magistrate for distributing copies of the Declaration of Independence on July 4th has been freed by a *regular* judge. Obviously allowances should be made for misconduct on the Fourth of July.

WASHINGTON warns us not to get up any peace hopes out of the crisis in Germany. Yet one cannot help feel-

ing that a government would have to be pretty sick before it would call in old Doc. Michaelis.

ANYHOW the Crown Prince has at last won a victory.

THE doctors have come to the conclusion that infantile paralysis is not spread by flies. By what then; Germans?

THAT fight between Gompers and Roosevelt looked like a disloyal plot to make the Russian Commission feel homesick.

THE national guardsman who shot at his wife and missed her is another glaring example of our unpreparedness.

THE government's idea of how to get rich off of the magazines seems to be to raise the postage rate on them and then forbid them the mails.

"FOR all the rest of the world cared," says the New York Times, "the Germans might have slept in their Procrustes bed for all eternity." Yet those who did care and said so daily and Sunday were "enemies of society" to papers like the Times.

DOES everybody remember the sickening orgy of adulation indulged in by our press at the Kaiser's twenty-fifth anniversary?

WHAT with rain, Gould weddings, Russian crisis and overturns in China one summer day is very much like another.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

Liberty Bondage

A SARDONIC comment on our undertaking to bring the fruits of liberty to Germany is furnished by Elizabeth Watson's discovery of the conditions of labor in the Federal Bureau of Printing and Engraving. That is where the "Liberty Bonds" are manufactured. Miss Watson is an investigator in the employ of Jeannette Rankin, the representative from Montana, and here are some of the kinds of liberty which she discovered there:

Out of about three thousand women and girls, 81 per cent. were working twelve hours or more every day, *seven days a week*. Girls unable to work over twelve hours have been obliged to present a doctor's certificate in order to go home at the end of a twelve-hour day.

One girl whose mother was dying, wanted to leave work at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon; she was denied permission, and only permitted as a great favor to get away at nine p. m. The mother died at four a. m. Monday morning.

Many girls work fourteen, fifteen and sixteen hours. Workers not reporting for work Sundays were demoted and put on night shifts. Women with children at home requiring their care at night were told to take positions (at re-

duced wages) in departments not requiring so much overtime. Others were told to resign, and were handed resignation blanks to fill in.

The hospital of the Bureau is fitted up with beds, and ambulance tables or cars which are wheeled out into the workrooms to pick up workers who have fallen by their machines—four overwork cases are reported of girls having to remain in the hospital all night, unable to gather strength enough to go home. One girl fainted at her press and was taken into the Bureau hospital and treated. Some hours later she started home, but fainted again in the street, and was picked up by the ambulance and returned to the hospital.

Girls helping printers on power presses (making bank notes, Liberty Bonds, etc.) lift their arms six thousand times in a day of eight hours. Twelve hours of this is exhausting and the accumulative effect of thirteen, fourteen and fifteen hours drives them to the point of insanity.

One girl's schedule was:

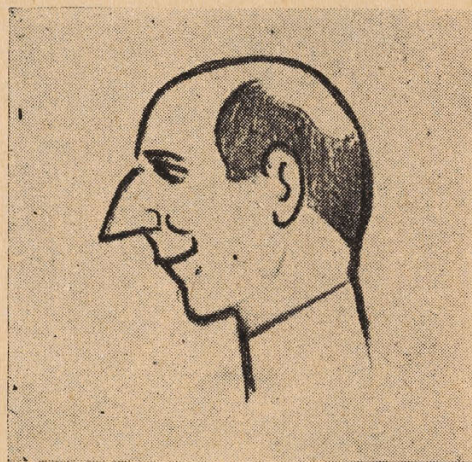
At first—8 a. m.-8 p. m.

Then—8 a. m.-10 p. m.

Then—8 a. m.-11 p. m.

And it remained 8 a. m. to 11 p. m., including Sundays, until the facts were made public by Miss Watson's investigation. Many of the girls say that when they do get home they are too tired to sleep; they wake up screaming, or cannot go to sleep at all.

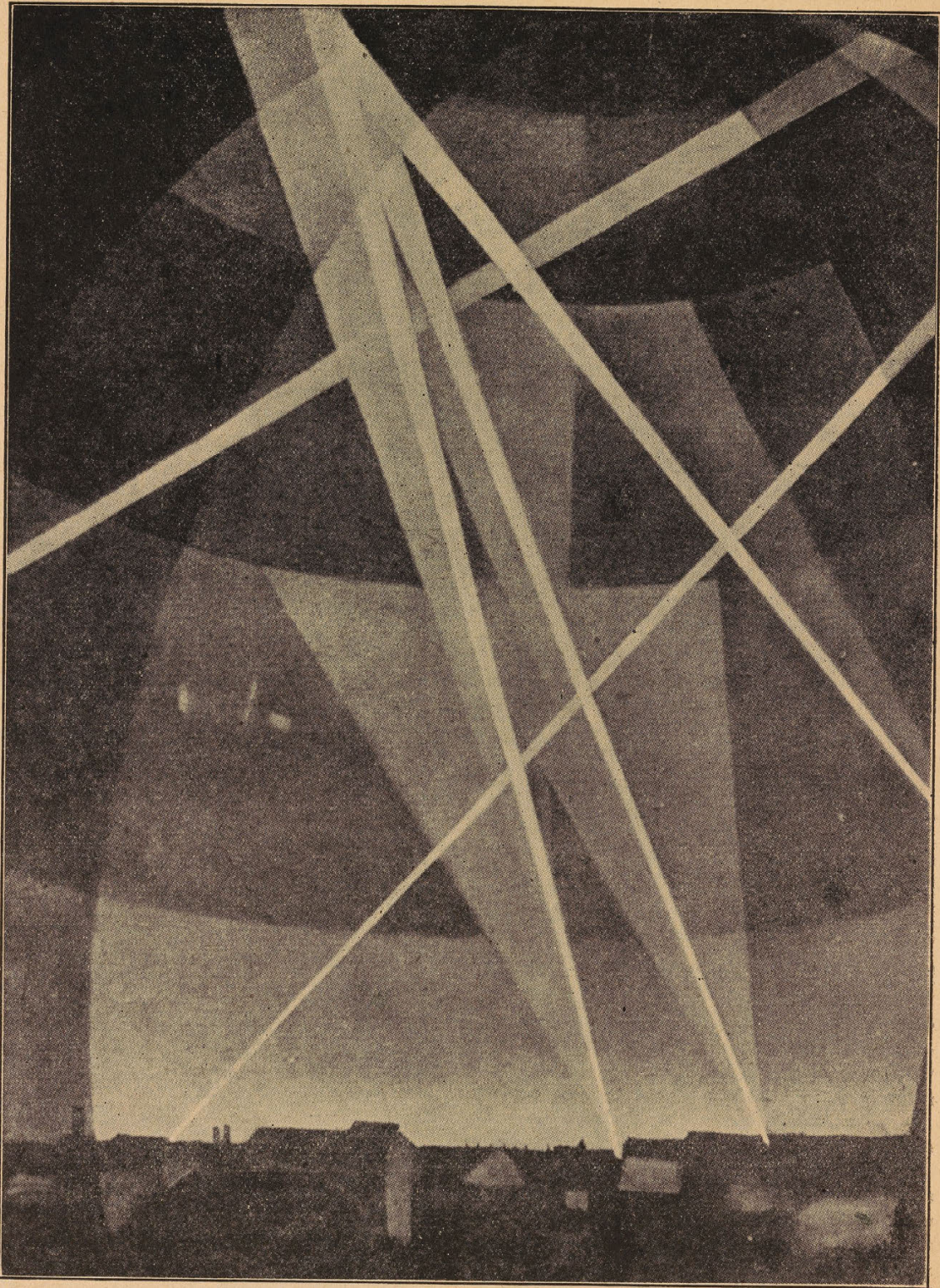
Overtime work is paid for at the same hourly rate as regular work. All of the workers denounced the long hours; and, with very few exceptions, although dissatisfied with their wages, they would prefer shorter hours to the extra pay.



Arthur Young

Assistant District-Attorney Earl B. Barnes DEFENDER OF RELICS

"The Liberty Bell cartoon, sir, to my mind, is objectionable, because it shows that time-honored relic in a state of complete collapse."—Argument before Judge Hand to show why "The Masses" should be excluded from the mails.



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Searchlights

REVOLUTIONARY PROGRESS

Max Eastman

Atrocities

THE United States has a more extended record of atrocities to her credit than any other nation of the civilized world. The number of negroes lynched in this country since 1885 amounts to one in every four days. Some ironical god or destiny must have brought this long story of bloody public crime to its culmination in East St. Louis last month, just as we set forth on our chivalrous crusade to rid the world of "German" frightfulness.

And the irony of this god was not satisfied with reminding us of our pogroms, our massacres, and mutilations in peace times. He must show us a Belgian deportation, too. And so the Phelps-Dodge corporation, which is a fair representative of the industrial Kaiserdoms which rule us, rounds up fifteen hundred of our free citizens in a corral, blind to the tears of mothers and children, and deaf to petition and the demands of those in other parts of the country who love justice or mercy or liberty or any other decency of civilized existence, herds them into a train of stinking cattle-cars and ships them to a dump in the desert, where there is not only no work for them to do (as there was for the deported Belgians) but where there is neither food to eat, nor water to drink, nor shelter against the torrid heat of the sun. The United States government has to come with an army and rescue its own citizens from its own Kaisers, and feed them and shelter them, and try to find something else to do with them besides send them home clothed in their rights, which is the thing it dares not do.

Let us not cast any aspersions on the enterprise in Europe, but let us remember that within every country of the earth—except Russia, perhaps—there are Kaiserdoms to conquer, and there are indemnities to be paid to the working-class.

"Blood and Iron"

THE saddest words we have heard in many years are the words of Alexander Kerensky announcing that he would adopt a policy of "blood and iron" if it was necessary to compel Russia to fight with the Allies—Kerensky, champion of Russian revolutionary liberty. These words and the tragedy they imply—the wanton destruction of the highest of all human achievements in the interest of an unintelligent war, are a direct consequence of the refusal of our government to declare its adherence to the just and democratic peace terms proposed by Kerensky as an object for which free Russia would fight.

Kerensky's proposal—as developed in the Bulletins of the Workmen's Council—was that the Allies should offer to make peace with Germany on a basis of no punitive indemnities, no forcible annexations, and free development for all nationalities. All disputed territories were to decide by popular plebiscite to what sovereignty they would belong, and the belligerents were to pool the responsibility for building up devastated territories, each to contribute to his object in proportion to the amount

that it has expended in waging war. This was a perfectly definite and statesmanlike proposal. There was nothing the matter with it. It was perfectly well known to the governments of the Allies. It was perfectly well known to Woodrow Wilson. But it was ignored and evaded by Great Britain for the simple reason that Great Britain was afraid the German people might compel their government to accept it, and its acceptance would not mean an imperial victory for the British Empire. And it was ignored and evaded by our government in exactly the same fashion, and whether for the same reasons we do not know. We are not permitted to know. We only know that Kerensky proposed a solution of the European problem for which he believed free men would fight—in Germany as well as among the Allies. And if he is compelled at this hour to betray the hopes of free men by adopting a Kaiser policy of blood and iron the guilt for this tragedy is on the heads of those capitalistic rulers who declined to respond to his high, wise and altogether democratic proposal.

The Pro-War Socialists

IF this magazine has contributed anything to social revolutionary philosophy in America, its contribution has been a resolute opposition to bigotry and dogmatic thinking of all kinds. It has insisted upon the recognition of variety and change in the facts, and the need for pliancy in the theories of the revolution. It has insisted that the world can no more be saved by a single ism—syndicalism, socialism, single-Taxism, anarchism or whatever—than it was saved by a single God. Along with theology, we have urged the dumping of theological methods of thought. We have asked our readers to use all general ideas as working hypotheses, and not as havens of rest. We have foresworn the absolute and the abstract and the predetermined, and tried to meet each fresh and developing situation with a fresh and developing mind.

The reason for rehearsing this matter just now is that we wish to bespeak a respectful hearing for those socialists who have resigned from the party in the sincere belief that this war must be fought to a finish for the liberation of the world. We think they are entirely, and somewhat pathetically, wrong. But we also think that there was no antecedent, *prima facie*, *overhead* certainty that they *would be* wrong. It was, and is, altogether possible that a situation should arise in which a national war must be fought to a finish for the liberation of the world. Time holds more various wonders in her womb than our intellects can ever prepare for in advance. And in these days above all, we ought to know it. We can not merely lie back upon an orthodox throne of grace and laugh at these men and women as faint-hearts and apostates. That is too easy. In a world like this—headstrong and changeful and challenging thought—the burden of proof really lies with the man who sticks by his opinions. We ought to be a little ashamed, offhand, that



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The Mitrailleuse

we have the same attitude to war that we had before so much happened. We ought to be liberal-minded toward these enterprising deserters, and a little concerned to defend our own less flexibility.

A liberal mind is a mind that is able and willing to imagine itself believing anything. It is the only mind that is capable of judging beliefs, or that can hold strongly without bigotry to a belief of its own. I have been practicing my liberality a little on Upton Sinclair's address to the Socialist Party. I quote the parts that seem to contain the essence of his pro-war position, and I urge those Socialists who are so afflicted with certitude, that they did not even read it in their party organ, to join me in this wholesome exercise.

Sinclair's Resignation

"The adoption by a 12 to 1 vote by the membership of the Socialist party of the so-called 'majority report' on the subject of the war brings us to a painful decision. Except for two or three periods of continued residence abroad, I have been a member of the party for 16 years, and during that time have given practically all my energies to the task of helping to build it up; but now I find myself so far out of agreement with the membership on the most important of all immediate issues that for me to remain in the party would be to misrepresent both the party and myself.

"I cannot but believe, Comrades, that the difference between our opinions comes from the fact that I have lived in Germany and know its language and literature, and the spirit and ideals of its rulers. Having given many years to a study of American capitalism, as it exists in the domain of the beef trust, the steel trust, and the coal trust, I am not apt to be blind to the defects of my own country; but, in spite of these defects, I assert that the difference between the ruling class of Germany and that of America is the difference between the seventeenth century and the twentieth.

"I find those with whom I talk here in the West utterly unable to conceive what the Prussian ruling class is. They cite its modernness, its use of science; failing to realize that this is precisely the thing which makes it dangerous—a beast with the brains of an engineer. They cite the good care it takes of its workers; failing to realize that every farmer who fattens animals for the slaughter house does the same thing, and from the same motive.

"But this question of autocracy versus democracy cannot be settled by force, you tell me; no question can be settled by force, my pacifist friends all say. And this in a country in which a civil war was fought and the question of slavery and secession settled! I can speak with especial certainty of this question, because all my ancestors were Southerners and fought on the rebel side; I myself am living testimony to the fact that force can and does settle questions—when it is used with intelligence.

"If the civil war had not been fought out, if Horace Greeley and the other pacifists had been able to call a truce, the chances are a hundred to one that I today should be a slave-owner and a pro-slavery propagandist.

It is certain that there would be standing armies of several million men on each side of the Mason and Dixon line, European empires in Mexico and South America, European intrigues and alliances in this country and Canada, and participation of the North and South on opposite sides in the present war.

"In the same way I say that if Germany be allowed to win this war—and by her ruling caste it is clearly understood that 'to win' means to escape from their predicament with their hold upon Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey unbroken—then we in America shall have to drop every other activity and devote the next 20 or 30 years to preparing for a last-ditch defense of the democratic principle. This is what I foresee; and how, when I see it, can I fail to warn the American working class?

"I say that this war must be fought until there has been a thorough and complete democratization of the governments of Germany and Austria, and I say that any agitation for peace which does not include this demand is, whether it realizes it or not, a pro-German agitation. The argument that we have no right to say under what institution the German people shall live seems to me without force. The Germans did not scruple to make war on the French and to set up a republic in that country. They did this because they believed that a republic would be less formidable from a military standpoint; and it is now on the cards that the world shall do the same thing for the Germans, and to the same purpose.

"For these reasons, Comrades, I cannot follow you in your declaration that this is 'the most unjustifiable war in history,' or in your policy of mass opposition to the draft. But I would not have you think that I have gone over bag and baggage to the capitalist system. I believe that there is a work of enormous importance to be done by the forces of radicalism in the present crisis.

"We have to compel a clear statement of peace terms by the allies, and to see that those terms contain no trace of the imperialist programs of the aristocracies of England, Italy and France. We have to fight the efforts of our own exploiters to saddle the costs of the war upon the working classes of the next generation by means of an enormous bond issue. We have to keep up the fight for decent terms for labor. In this and a thousand other matters we are needed—and we are rendering ourselves impotent by taking the anarchist attitude that all governments are equally bad, and must be opposed without discrimination.

"I have done what I could within the party. I pleaded against the majority report, but I could not even be heard. The Appeal to Reason, a paper to which I have been a continual contributor for 16 years, refused to allow me to put my ideas before its readers.

"And now comes the news that the Appeal has been suppressed; and along with it the American Socialist, the Masses, the International Socialist Review.

"The whole party press has been practically wiped out—just as the party organization will be wiped out if it endeavors to carry into effect its formally declared policy of mass opposition to conscription. Once before in American history there was mass opposition to conscription—in the streets of New York; all students of



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Before the Storm

our history know how it was dealt with by that arch despot and destroyer of human liberty, Abraham Lincoln.

"I intend to go on working for Socialism as hard as I can, and when this crisis is past, when the breakdown of the Prussian caste system seems to me to have progressed far enough, I may come back and ask you to take me in again. You will then decide whether or not you care to do so. Yours for social revolution,

"UPTON SINCLAIR."

When I let go and imagine myself believing all this that Sinclair so earnestly sets forth, I find that doubt assails me at three points inexorably. I doubt in the first place, his judgment of fact—that the ruling classes of Germany have a sufficient hold upon the people ever to perpetrate an overt policy of conquest over the democratic nations—and such a policy must needs become overt, before it could involve us in the "last ditch defense" which Sinclair foresees. I know that the habit of loyalty to a dynasty is difficult to eradicate, and it has become thoroughly "jelled" in the nervous sys-

tems of the German people. But I see in every paper that comes to my hand indications that it is breaking up under the tragedies of war and under the uses of industrial civilization. I believe that the revolutionary democrats in Germany have, if they could be gathered together, millions of followers now, and that there is a mass of contrary passion and understanding in that country strong enough to prevent any emperor-soldier that ever may come, from launching such a feudal gesture over the modern world. I still believe in the economic determinants of democracy, and I know that these determinants obtain in Germany as elsewhere, only they came late to that empire.

The most learned and brilliant man in America, and the man best able to write a proof—if proof could be written—that the German dynasty must be conquered from the outside before the world will be free, is Thorstein Veblen. And I have read every page of Veblen's book* with studious zeal

*"An inquiry into the Nature of Peace and the Terms of its Perpetuation." Macmillan & Co. 1917.

to discover such proof, only to be convinced again by the failure of his ingenious mind to find it, that it does not exist. He has never written a book in which that magniloquent scientific satire, his unique contribution to the world's literature, is so well sustained, and he has never written a book so clearly and confidently reasoned. But the main points that you would ask him to prove, namely: (1) that "it is in the nature of a dynastic state [such as Germany] to seek dominion, *that being the whole of its nature*," and (2) that the habits in the German people of loyalty and subjection to the dynastic state, can not be supplanted (or confused) in time to avert an attempt of the German empire at world conquest *unless the Allies conquer now*—these points are in no wise established. There is no more a hint of real proof for either one of them in Veblen's learned volume than there is in Sinclair's clear-spoken letter. Both Sinclair and Veblen seem merely to have accepted the war myth, not only neglecting to advance any points in its favor, but ignoring all the indications to the contrary.

Sinclair speaks of a "last-ditch defense" for America in the future. If America expended the wealth which she will throw into the war upon coast defenses, there is no power in the possible future of Europe that could ever approach her.

For the military fact most absolutely established by this war is the impregnability of coast defences against attacks from the sea. Germany's submarine bases on the coast of Belgium are not ninety miles away from the exclusive dominion of the greatest sea-power in the world. They are the points at which it would be supremely desirable for that power to attack and weaken her enemy. The fortifications of these bases moreover were not long prepared in advance, but have been for the most part improvised since the German occupation during the war. And yet the great British fleet of ships built for the sole purpose of outdoing Germany, and now riding just out of range, is powerless and puny as a cockleshell before these fortifications. What would be the strength of a German naval attack conducted on the other side of two thousand miles of ocean? This is one of the questions that arise even after we grant, for the argument's sake, that the German people might allow a German emperor to *try* to conquer the world.

I suspect that within a few months Sinclair will begin to seek for reasons why it will not be so altogether hopeless for democracy if the Allies fail to conquer Germany. And the reason he will seek them is that it will gradually dawn upon his mind that perhaps the Allies *can not conquer* Germany. That, at least, is the second point at which doubt assails me when I imagine myself in Sinclair's attitude. He writes all these urgent sentences, directing that we pour out our blood to defeat Germany, without ever asking whether we can defeat Germany or not, and if we can not, whether we would not better save a little blood for some other enterprise.

I do not think the Allies can win a decisive victory over the Central Empires. I suppose I will be locked up in jail by some crime-clerk in the United States Post Office if I am caught saying this.—It is considered unpatriotic or cowardly, or treasonable, to consider the chances of failure in undertaking a war-like national enterprise. But it is obviously more important to consider this than to consider anything

else under the sun, and I cannot help letting it creep into my mind occasionally.

We can make a peace with Germany which will give her a sphere of considerable influence toward the East, and also restore her colonies. But I doubt if we can do more than that, now that Russia has lost her interest in imperialistic war. They are so happy in Russia that they have a hard time hating anybody; and that has greatly, and I believe permanently, weakened the arms of the Allies. This is all a technical question, however, and I have no more information than Sinclair has. I only wonder—since he never mentions it—whether he ever thought of this question in making up his mind to the war.

Assuming that he has thought of it, and that to him victory over Germany seems as possible as it does desirable—and agreeing with him in my imagination—I find a third doubt assailing me. What shadow of assurance have we, I ask myself, that the outcome of this nationalistic victory will be "a thorough and complete democratization" of the Central Empires? I see no disposition on the part of the English ruling classes—who boss the Allies—to write this laudable plan of Sinclair's into their peace terms. Has Sinclair any guarantee that England will go on fighting for "democratization" after she has gained a territorial victory, and has he any guarantee that she will stop fighting for a territorial victory in case the "democratization" comes first?

Sinclair and Walling have gone over to this war with a kind of enthusiasm, as though they were going to direct it. Sinclair says that "any agitation for peace which does not include this demand (for democratization of Germany and Austria) is pro-German." Well, that shows that Sinclair himself is perfectly sincere and thoroughgoing in supporting the war as a war for democracy. But it does not show that it is a war for democracy, or that capitalistic political governments are going to adopt this idealistic basis of judgment. Sinclair writes his own terms of peace and goes to war along with the Allies; but I read the terms of peace that were written by the governments of the Allies, and I stay at home. That seems to be a final great difference between us.

I doubt his judgment of the facts about Germany. I doubt his judgment of the possibility of conquering her, and even when I grant his facts and his possibility, I doubt the result which he seems to be so sure—because he wants it—will come. So I am about as far away from him as I can be. And after reading his document sympathetically, I come back to the purpose of the Socialist majority, and the Syndicalists, and the I. W. W., to fight the militarization of this country at the hands of our industrial feudalism, as one comes back to the dry, hard, disreputable fact, after reading a grand romance about a struggle for liberty that was honorific and stylish and popular with the press.

Nevertheless I want to assert that it is possible to read his document sympathetically. It is possible to imagine oneself seeing these facts and potentialities exactly as Sinclair does, and as all those others do who have resigned with sincerity and intellectual courage from the group whose sympathy and support they have had so long. It is possible and important for us to do this. We are not—thank God—a church. And disagreement is not heresy and resignation is not apostasy. And I, for my

part, have faith enough in the underlying motives of the pro-war Socialists, and the anti war Socialists, to believe they will most of them be working together along the main highway of industrial liberation as soon as this present extreme turmoil of passions and opinions is past.

Wiped Out?

UPTON SINCLAIR'S prediction that the Socialist party will be wiped out of existence because it has braced itself to fight something, is not in accord either with probability or with fact. Having dwindled to 67,000 in April, the membership of the Socialist party increased in May and June to 81,000, and bids fair to reach 100,000 again in July.

The "majority platform," which was confiscated as "treasonable" by certain agents of the Department of Justice, and which caused the resignations of Sinclair and J. G. Stokes and Rose Pastor Stokes and John Spargo and English Walling and one or two others who favor the foreign war, was adopted in referendum by the party membership with a vote of approximately ten to one.

Belgium's Conquests

GENERAL LE CLERCQ, of the Belgian Commission, informs us that Belgium has won from Germany in Africa "a territory of incalculable value, with a population of 8,000,000, and an area twice as large as Belgium itself." General Le Clercq was illustrating the valor of the Belgian arms, in whose praise we heartily join our voice. But we

cannot help it if, to our inconvenient and "unpatriotic" sense of justice, this makes the Belgian indemnity problem look very simple to solve.

Logic

DR. IYENAGA is at great pains to explain to us that Japan is a democracy, in spite of her Mikado, and her junkers, and her "centralized government," and the efficiency of her army and navy. To us this seems obvious without any explanation. Japan is one of our allies, and we are fighting a war for democracy, therefore Japan is a democracy. What is the use of complex reasoning when the thing is so easily and simply proved?

Democracy Begins at Home

A PROGRESSIVE HOUSEWORKERS LEAGUE has been organized in Vancouver, and its members refuse to work more than eight hours a day and forty-eight hours a week. They also demand that their employers shall address them as equals, and not use their first names unless they expect the same familiarity in return. This is more interesting and promising than anything that has happened in the direction of democracy for a long time. The last stronghold of snobbery and the caste-system is the servant class. And when they demand recognition, when they learn to think of themselves "as ends and never as means withal," then the spirit of individual right and liberty is flourishing toward a great fruition.

Tom Hickey

WHAT the rebellious writers in Russia fought for, Tom Hickey has been fighting for in Texas—the socialization of land.

Hickey says his paper was not exactly suppressed by Mr. Bureson of Texas—it was more like an assassination.

The *Rebel*, published at Hallertsville, Texas, through years of struggle had gained a 25,000 circulation, mostly among farmers. It was barred from the mails June 7th under the Espionage act that was passed one week later, and Mr. Hickey was notified on June 21st that it was held up.

The *Rebel* has voiced the opposition of the farmers of the Southwest to the war and conscription.

Thomas Aloysius Hickey is an Irishman. He was a reporter on *The People*, N. Y. He is a short, energetic man, with plump cheeks and bright eyes. He has been an interested and interesting figure at recent free-press conferences in New York City.

Hickey says he doesn't care so much for his own fate and that of his paper as he does for a score of men, most of them his friends, who were arrested with himself for "conspiring against the government."

Hickey will be tried in October. Frank Walsh is his attorney. The others will be tried in September.

ART YOUNG.



TOM HICKEY

Contra Bonos Mores

Austin Lewis

ALESSANDRO SELVAGGI made the mistake of wearing his coat when he was at work among the machinery. A wheel caught him by that loose coat and whirled him round several times, finally flinging him off, with four ribs broken and irreparable damage to his internal machinery.

If the accident had happened a few years before, Alessandro would have had nothing, because it was the result of his own contributory negligence. Moreover, he had been told several times by the foreman that the wearing of a coat among the machinery did not make for length of days. But the Employers' Liability Law had practically abolished contributory negligence, except in cases of drunkenness or where the negligence was almost insanely gross. So Alessandro received sixty-five per cent. of his wages, pending the time when the extent of his permanent injuries could be actually determined.

Then began quite a contest. The insurance company which had assumed the liability for the employer hired eminent physicians and apparently spared no effort and expense to show that Alessandro had really not been injured at all and that the whole affair was the consequence of an irredeemable Latin romanticism. Alessandro, on his part, having no money, went looking for friends among the radicals and labor men. They sent him to various doctors. These doctors rendered various opinions, which seemed to be conflicting, if not mutually exclusive.

In the meantime Alessandro could not get another job and was trying to keep the family on sixty-five per cent. of twelve dollars and ninety-eight cents a week, to wit, eight dollars and forty-four cents. The said family consisted of his wife, Rosa, and three little ones from five years old, down. Poor Alessandro; he tried hard to work and now and again he got a job, but those

Rosa left the children at home and went to work. But she was not as strong as she thought she was and the confinement in the peculiar and much discussed insides of his invariably developed symptoms after a few hours' work, and he was compelled to spend the night, sitting up, propped with pillows and suffering agonies. factory brought on a cold which developed into a cough and the city nurse thought that she was beginning to show signs of something much worse.

Just as affairs were like this Alessandro came to me. Something very dreadful had happened; he had been sued for fifteen dollars by Carmellino Apollonia. It was the last straw. The shock of the service of the summons had caused those recalcitrant insides to misbehave again and his face was white with agony and damp with sweat.

Now, just why had Carmellino Apollonia sued him? He explained that it was treachery in a torrent of mingled English and Italian, in the midst of which he stopped for breath and held on to the corner of the table. He could not, no, he really could not sit down. The very thought was absurd. How could anyone sit down when such a thing had been done to him?

I looked at the complaint. Carmellino Apollonia was charging him with the non-payment of fifteen dollars for the care of the children.

"How is this?" I asked, and the whole story gushed forth, carrying a whirling debris of Italian invective and strange oaths. It appeared that when Alessandro had been hurt he had to go to the hospital. He was put into a cheap ward and he could not pay for food. So his wife had to take the food to him. Every day she walked three and a half miles to the hospital with it and three and a half miles back. She left at ten in the morning after having washed and fed the children and was back at two in the afternoon. But the children had to be looked after.

Carmellino had volunteered to keep them until the mother returned; she did so for four days and then other neighbors volunteered. Every morning the children were washed and fed by Rosa and she took them to the neighbor's, with their lunch. Alessandro came out of the hospital, the journeys of the wife ceased, and the children stayed at home. The group had done its duty by them and everybody was satisfied.

Then suddenly came the lawsuit. At the time Alessandro had a light job and an attachment was put on his wages by a collection agency. This was released upon an affidavit and through the agency of a kindly justice. Finally, the case was set for trial.

Such a trial as it was. Carmellino brought two daughters and other relatives as witnesses. They made a tribal matter out of it. The sanctity of the oath was pulverized. Against the Apollonia family was arrayed the whole of the rest of the Teresa street group. One after another the women took the stand, hot with indignation. Mrs. Saunders, a colored woman, slight and graceful and with a wonderfully sweet voice and quite a distinguished manner, told how she had taken her turn at looking after the children. A number of Italian women testified to the same thing, and the story of Carmellino that she had made an agreed price for looking after the children was beaten down under the positive testimony of these women as to the group practice in such cases.

But their testimony was as nothing to their scorn. Indeed, if Carmellino's claim had held good the entire economic structure of Teresa street would have fallen to pieces. They calculated that each would help the other out with the children when there was an accident, and the man was rendered helpless so that the wife had to go out and scrape together the means of living. If there was to be a charge for this, heaven alone knew what would become of them. So the claim of Carmellino struck at the very root of their existence. Teresa street was a unity against her. It could not afford anything else. No tax, no impost ever levied upon them by the most tyrannical government could possibly have had the impoverishing effect of this brutal charge of Carmellino.

As I examined the witnesses it seemed to me that they had combined to make an end of her. Their testimony was so won-

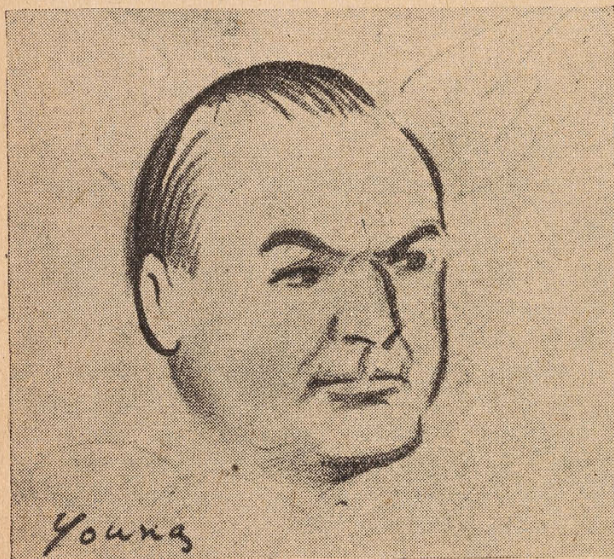
derfully uniform as to be monotonous. They swore unanimously to occurrences which they could never have simultaneously witnessed; they did it without turning a hair, without the least diminution of their complete positiveness. The attorney for the collection agency tried in vain to stem the overwhelming stream. Cross-examination brought no benefit. The more closely they were questioned the more firmly did they asseverate. The trial of an evicted Irish tenant could not have produced a more solid and unshakable array of testimony, even in the palmiest days of the Land League.

The result was a foregone conclusion, and when the justice said that when he was brought up on Teresa street he was certain that nobody ever charged anything for looking after the children of neighbors, it was all over.

Carmellino had violated the ethics of the clan, she had sinned against the mores of her group, and her punishment had to follow inevitably. Henceforth Teresa street knew her not, she was an exile.

Her outraged neighbors would no longer tolerate her; they would not even speak to her when she passed; they ostentatiously ignored her at the corner grocery. She would have to leave Teresa street. That fact slowly dawned on her and she had lived in Teresa street ever since she had first come from Italy twenty years before. Often she had done kindly acts. Some of the women who now most vehemently boycotted her had been nursed by her and petted by her in their childhood.

But why had Carmellino thus transgressed? I asked myself this question over and over again. The judge and I talked it over after court on several occasions. We both knew the Teresa street people and the almost fanatic passion with which they uphold their social code and their group ethic. We could find no motive strong enough to impel a woman inhabitant of the street to run counter to the code. A feud or a sudden fit of passion might have explained it, but we agreed that we had never known a similar case.



Art Young

DUDLEY FIELD MALONE

Who Offered to Defend the Suffrage Pickets in Court

I met my city nurse friend, however, and talked the matter over with her, putting to her the question which had so puzzled the judge and myself.

"You never would have found out," she said, "for Carmellino never could have told. She has suffered a martyrdom. Her youngest daughter was in trouble and Carmellino needed the money for the doctor."

The President and the Pickets

PRESIDENT WILSON'S treatment of the suffrage pickets indicates his profound understanding of the non-essentials of liberal government. The pardoning of the imprisoned women was (as the current phrase has it) the "gesture" of not only a humane but an enlightened ruler. No doubt it was in part motivated by the natural repugnance of a Southern gentleman to the idea of women of his own social class being cast into dungeons (however carefully swept and, as it were, garnished, beforehand). But, more important, it signified his recognition of the right of political malcontents to remind the executive of their wrongs—to parade, in the most literal sense, their grievances before him. It was probably in such a light that the situation was presented to him by Dudley Field Malone, Collector of the Port of New York, an appointee of President Wilson; and we have Mr. Malone to thank, along with the militant suffragists, for securing thus dramatically a ratification at Mr. Wilson's hands of one of the principles which we inherit from the Magna Charta. (In view of our recent happy reunion with the Mother Country, we speak by preference of an English rather than a Colonial Document). And, during a war in which, in order unselfishly to establish democracy in Germany, it appears to be necessary to forego its benefits in America, this salvage of a fragment of our liberties is a matter to be grateful for.

We understand that the President is being much sympathized with in official circles in Washington over the social embarrassments of the militant suffrage campaign. When a woman who is, incidentally, the wife of one your political supporters, and who has dined with you the evening before, and whom you are pleased to pardon out of jail, not only confronts you unrepentantly next day on your afternoon ride with her challenging banner, but writes you a letter asking indignantly what you mean by pardoning her without stating your reasons! . . .

Aesop Revised

THE Frogs had been ruled for many years by a Log, when a Stork presented himself as a rival. Some of the Frogs were in favor of turning out the Log in favor of a more enterprising ruler. But the rest of the Frogs said "No. We are a peaceful folk, and King Log has never done us any harm." So the Stork departed ruffled. Whereupon the Log opened one eye, and wiggled its long scaly tail, and it was perceived that it was a Crocodile. It stirred a little, and opened its mouth, saying, "Jump in, quickly, 675,000 of you." And as it said this, it wept bitterly. And the Frogs said, "It is plain to be seen that this hurts him more than it does us." So they jumped in.

MORAL—Frogs will be frogs.

1125.

Letter From the Wife of an English Conscientious Objector

MY tale is a long one and to answer all your questions would take weeks. D—, as you surmise, is an absolutist, an out-and-outer, and requested his firm not to appeal for him, although such an appeal would have been upheld as his work is of "national importance." The Tribunal was most anxious to exempt D— but not to give him absolute exemption, as they want to bind you somewhere. Almost every absolute exemption on conscientious grounds alone (of which there were few) has since been quashed on the military appealing against it. Some tribunals have given more hope to the C. O.'s than others (choice being between going on the land, into provision trades, Friend's, ambulance units, Red Cross, Non Combatant Corps, or remaining in present occupation when that is important to the national interest.) Many of these conditions have been cancelled as the need for men has increased. The imprisonment into which over 4,000 C. O.'s have gone, is the result of not obeying the calling-up notice.

The police arrest you and take you before an ordinary magistrate, and unless you have an exemption certificate you are just "handed over to the military." This happens, of course, to absentees of all kinds—slackers, vagrants, together with the C. O.'s. When the latter are handed over, they refuse all orders at barracks and are remanded in guard room for court martial. This comes off in a few days.

In the early days of conscription, in many barracks determined attempts were sanctioned by the officers and non-commissioned officers to break down the spirit of the C. O.'s. They were in many cases grossly ill-treated, even to scrubbing naked, beating naked, mock trial with fire arms, dragged about behind carts, kicked, kicked down steps, flung onto the floor, marched with heavy implements tied around their necks, kept in their cells on bread and water, strung up as per "field punishment No. 1," called "crucifixion."

One of my favorite cousins, C— B—, whom you will remember at school, went through some of the worst of this with 34 others, in small batches, was taken to France and after further rigorous and continuous threats of death, was court-martialled and sentenced to die. This was commuted by Sir D. Haig to ten years penal servitude. He is serving it now in — Prison. Not one of the 34 flinched. Some of these have accepted alternative service, but the Absolutists like D— and B— have refused to sign away their liberties or agree to any scheme to help solve the problem of militarism. There are about 800 in prison up to now. D—'s first sentence was 56 days. All the C. O.'s were removed from military prisons (as they refused to drill and were ill-treated for it) and all the first sentences have been served at Scrubbs Prison, London. There their claims for exemption were considered by a Central Tribunal. If adjudged genuine, they are offered work of "national importance." The majority of the unmarried C. O.'s took it. Of the older and mature objectors the absolutist stand is more general. Many of the young ones give in to alternative service because they are afraid of the effects of close confinement on their minds (several have become insane) or of their business affairs becoming hopelessly involved, as they may not write

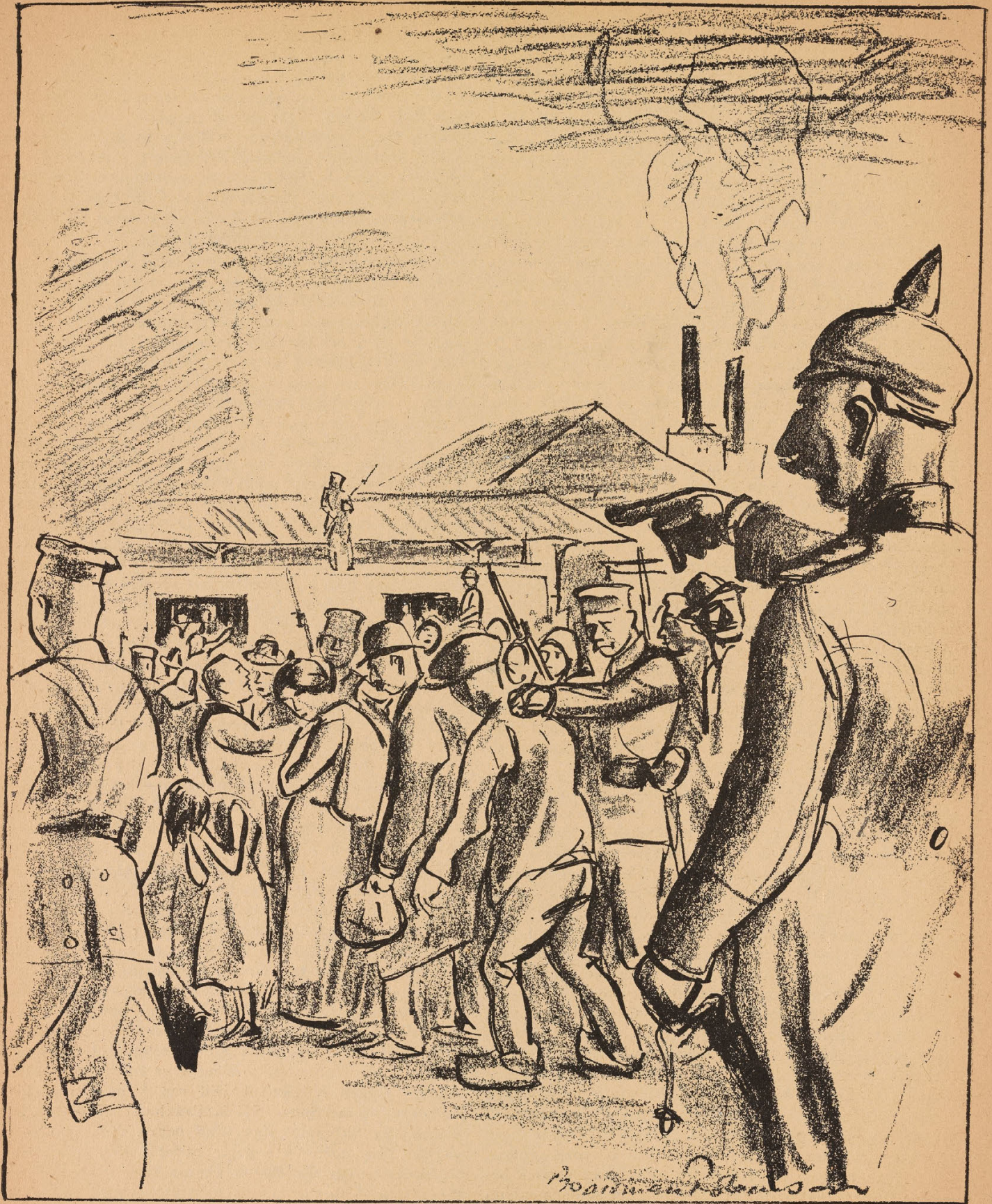
other than according to prison regulations, while in the Home Office Camp they are free after work and on Sundays. All leave has been stopped at the Dartmoor Colony and a five-mile limit put on the peregrinations of the men. Some of the men are of an atheist or anarchist turn of mind there and these have brought the whole place a bad name as, of course, the Northcliffe press makes a great talk of anything likely to further prejudice the Cause. Products of the Quakerism and the Socialist Sunday Schools are amongst the pick of the lot, and there are men of the highest university attainments, journalists, heads of businesses of all kinds, and, of course, plenty of a humbler sphere.

Regarding letters and visits, one letter in and out, and one visit at the end of 2 months, then at the end of 6 weeks more and then each four weeks continuously. The length of a visit varies from ten to thirty minutes—warden listening, and one or more barriers, according to the prison regulation or the length of sentence. In Scotch prisons the regulations allow exchange of letter and a visit each three months only. That's why I have only had one so far.

Regarding D—: after his first 56 days, he was returned to his unit and offered a uniform, which he refused as before. He was then confined in a guard room and court-martialled and sentenced to one year hard labor. While serving, the Government decided to release men at the end of six months in case they'd give in. D— was released at the end of five months, one month taken off because of good behavior, and taken back to his unit. They all welcomed him, treated him very kindly, and seemed to recognize him as a man. With so many objectors of his stamp, the impression made in the barracks, camps, prison and police courts is considerable. This time he got two years.

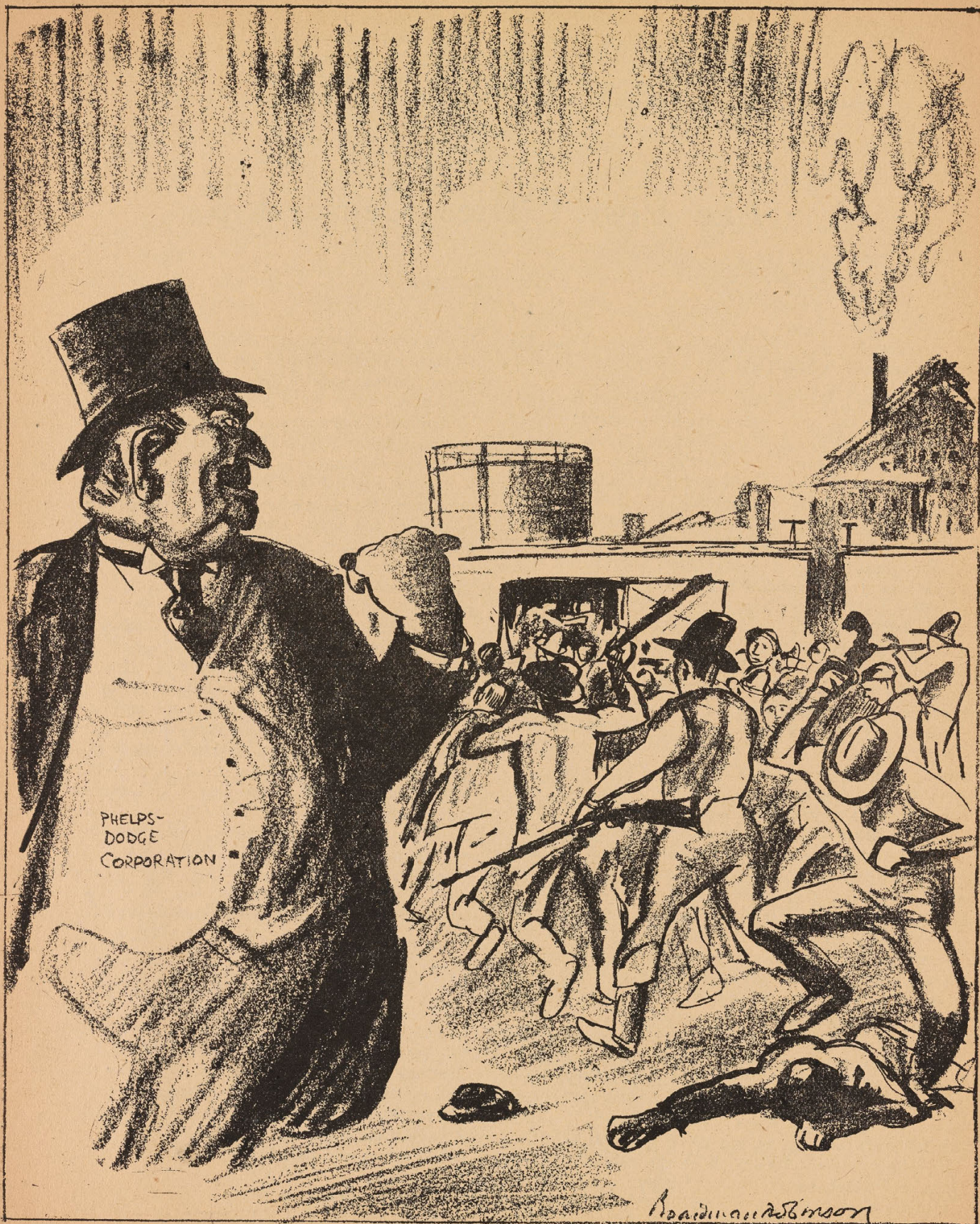
We are not friendless. Opposition to the war has been strong in certain not uninfluential quarters, and it keeps growing all the time in the Churches and Socialist groups. Men and women rushed temporarily off their balance by a sudden appeal to patriotism or to fear are now beginning to retrace their steps. Even the colonel praised D— and said that he should have been exempt—this to a visitor who disapproved of his stand. Of course, the military are not like this everywhere. There are many barracks yet learning to respect the pacifists.

The Society of Friends has these organizations—Friends' Service Committee and the Prisoner's Visitation Committee. The No Conscription Fellowship runs the *Tribunal Weekly* (privately circulated) and another paper to record all Parliament says in regard to Objectors, peace and like matters. The N. C. F., like the Service Committee, keeps records of all the objectors, their histories and movements, whether members of the Society of Friends or not. The Council of Civil Liberties, The Union for Democratic Control, the Fellowship of Reconciliation (a more religious lot) all run their own papers, of necessity in a more or less private way, and another rather religious crowd run "The Crusader" and has open air meetings. Sylvia Pankhurst's *Women's Dreadnought*, the Suffragist East End paper, does good pacifist work. Then there is a paper called *Satire*, which has reproductions from the *Masses* (brave thing—that—and clever; the *Masses* I mean) and is a rather flippant and youthful rag. The *Cambridge Review* tends to a wide idea of life and prints articles and poetry the censor can't abide. The



Belgium

Two Deportations



U. S. A.

Boardman Robinson

Take Your Choice

Nation, as you know, can't go abroad, as its ideals are liberal rather than conservative like the Government's. Above all these the *Labor Leader* stands first. It has stood all along for peace, and by sheer force of circulation and backing, has been left to misbehave. Lesser Socialist weeklies come

and go—generally go. Generally the editors get prison terms at the bidding of our lady Dora (Defense of the Realm Act). But very few of our meetings have been spoiled and the crowds are interested. Folks seem to feel that the war won't last many weeks longer now.

The Post Office Censorship

Max Eastman

(A speech at a Free Press Conference called by the Civil Liberties Committee in New York City, July 18, 1917.)

THE worst thing I can say for this situation is that it actually surprises me. I spent the whole winter trying to think up the worst possible consequences of our going to war, and advertise them in the public press, but I never succeeded in thinking up anything half so bad as this. I used to say that there was nothing very peculiar about Prussia except that she was organized for war, and that if we organized for war we would turn into another Prussia. But I thought it might take us a little time to do it. I didn't know we had so much imperial talent already in office. The suppression of the Socialist press has actually been more rapid and efficient in this republic than it was in the German Empire after the declaration of war. And as for our celebrated Anglo-Saxon tradition of free speech—it is the memory of a myth. You can't even collect your thoughts without getting arrested for unlawful assemblage. They give you ninety days for quoting the Declaration of Independence, six months for quoting the Bible, and pretty soon somebody is going to get a life sentence for quoting Woodrow Wilson in the wrong connection.

A good many honest democrats feel comfortable and even happy about this, because they tell themselves that it is necessary for democracies to prove that they are able to fight, and in order to fight they have got to suppress themselves, or compress themselves, and put on the armor of tyranny and dictatorship temporarily in a hurry. Colonel House explained all this to me one night, and told me I needn't worry, because we have a man in the White House who hates war and hates militarism and the autocratic rule that goes with it, and he will restore all the dear old institutions as soon as the war is over.

Now that is perfectly sincere and all right for those soft-headed idealists who think that the destinies of human history are really presided over by a man in the White House, or by any number of men in any number of architectural houses where they manufacture laws and oratory.

The difference between us and these optimists who laugh at our indignation and gloom about this situation, is that we have got the habit of thinking about history as very largely determined by the development of economic forces. And we knew years ago that the principalities and powers of the economic world who want to strangle the liberties of this people and establish here a feudal system based on the control of industry are already in existence. It is not a

return into mediaeval feudalism that we are afraid of. It is progress into the industrial feudalism. It is the Iron Heel that we are getting ready to fight. And we know this war is their big chance.

Instinctive human nature is the same that it was in the middle ages, and if an industrial feudalism can be established in this century by the powers who would profit by it, it will be established. Words are not going to make any difference. Words are nothing. The words in the mouths of politicians are made out of gas, and the words on the statute books are only made out of ink and paper, and neither of these materials is strong enough to stand up against the aggressions of class-interest when it is equipped with power.

You certainly will not place much reliance on the meanings of words in these days when everybody who makes an effort to stop the war gets arrested for disturbing the peace.

There is danger that the whole body of the American people may be led off on a grand tilt against German militarism in the name of democracy, and when they get back they will find German militarism on their own backs and nothing but the name of democracy left. We are not going to let this happen if we can help it, and, as I understand it, that is why we are here. For if we cannot rescue from the military bureaucracy this one basic right to express our opinion both of the foreign policy of the U. S. and of the laws that have been passed by Congress, then we can do nothing at all. We might as well move into the cyclone cellars and start writing the memoirs of the republic.

HUNGER

I HAVE heard that the tides yearn for the moon,
 And the hearts of men for the Spring,
 That the mountains reach eternally to the stars,
 And the winds hungering, cry in waste places,
 I have heard of a youth long ago,
 Who died for a dream;
 But is it not odd that I should see
 In one face,
 The angular, gray face
 Of a worked-out, dull old woman,
 Staring into a shop-window,
 All of these things?

Hortense Flexner.

THE WIND OF DEATH

THE wind of Death blew down the world
 And every shutter made
 A little chink to let it in
 As broad as a sword blade.

The wind of Death blew down the world,
 But those who shuddered saw
 The ravelled rose-leaves driven like rain
 Before the bugling flaw.

The wind of Death blew down the world—
 And down all roads they went;
 Youth in a gust of red rose-leaves,
 Drunk with the roses' scent.

The wind of Death blew down the world;
 But sure, the dear God knows
 There lurks the smell of the long-dead
 Where such a black wind blows!

The wind of Death blew down the world,
 And God must hear the cry
 In every bitter root that gave
 Red roses to the sky!

Leslie Nelson Jennings.

SEA-SHORE

THE wind blows in along the sea—
 Its salty wet caresses
 Impart to all the ships that be
 A thrill before it passes.

The tide is never at a stand,
 A mountain in its motion,
 Forever homing to the land,
 And ever to the ocean.

And on its fickle, mighty breast
 The waters still are moving,
 With love in every running crest
 And laughter in the loving—

Light love to touch the prows of ships
 That slip along so slenderly.—
 I would as lightly touch your lips,
 And your heart as tenderly,

If you would move with all that move,
 The flowing and caressing,
 Who have no firmness in their love,
 No sorrow in its passing.

Max Eastman.

HER VEINS ARE LIT WITH STRANGE DESIRE

HER veins are lit with strange desire,
 A force of earth, but more than earth;
 The burst of spring, the summer's fire,
 Is in her mirth.



A. Walkowitz

A mad, wild essence is her blood,
 She hears the storm when winds are still,
 And all the rushing torrent flood
 Is in her will.

Quenched fires, stopped flood, defeated spring,
 Desire stone-dead within the mould,
 And Love that brought you everything—
 Has left her cold.

Annette Wynne.

OUR CRIMSON SIN--By Charles W. Wood

"**T**HOUGH your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

That's me, brethren. That's us. But a few short weeks ago we were a stiff-necked generation. Now we are redeemed by the blood of the Espionage Bill. Thanks to Isaiah, Justice Mayer and the United States Post Office, we will commit no dramatic criticisms this month. I, for one, have renounced the devil and all work. I've quit thinking. I ask forgiveness for every thought I ever had and will hereafter, until further notice, rattle along with the emptiness and ease of a New York Times editorial.

I hereby declare that every show I have praised in these columns is rotten and every rotten one was good. I wish Billy Sunday would come back and let me apologize. I am redeemed, brethren, redeemed. My brains, which were red like crimson, are fast gathering wool, and my thoughts which were as scarlet, have become whiter than the snow on Pearl Street about the last of February. Now is the time for all good men and true to rise and sing the Star Spangled Banner and corner the brightness where we are.

A short time ago, when I was still dead in sin, I refused to do anything for my country. Now I have decided to pray for it.

A short time ago I didn't see any sense in sending Emma Goldman to jail. Now I'd like to send everybody to jail.

A few weeks ago I criticized Billy Sunday for sending certain people to hell. Now they can all go to hell.

Poor Emma Goldman! Now that she has time to reflect in her cell upon the justice of the laws she transgressed, let us hope that she will acquire the virtues of meekness and ladylike behavior. Granted that she is an idealist: does she expect a nation at war not to imprison its idealists? It has to be done. It had to be done in Rome, in Carthage, in Egypt—to make the world safe for democracy.

It is not a crime to be an anarchist and she was not imprisoned for that. Some good people may have been anarchists. We can't know what any one thinks; we can only know what they do and say. None of you can know what I am really thinking now. The Post Office Department doesn't know. Justice Mayer doesn't know. But what I'm *saying* will pass any censorship on earth. Since the dawn of time, since the days of Moses, Jeremiah, Jesus and John Brown, all good people have, in the words of Attorney-General Gregory, obeyed the law and kept their mouths shut.

I hope Emma Goldman remembers this. I hope Alexander Berkman remembers it. I hope Morris Becker and Louis Kramer remember it. I knew Kramer quite well. He used to express his thoughts to me, and it is with a heart full of praise for my wonderful salvation that I remember how I used to express my thoughts to him. Never again shall I express my thoughts, without finding out beforehand what those in authority would have me say.

Poor "Nietzche" is now in jail. That's what we used to call him, because we never knew exactly what he was driving at. I wonder how a jury could have found him guilty; they must have understood him better than I did. At any rate, I'm glad he's gone. The world is safer for democracy now. I would have been sorry once. I would

have thought only of the useless agony of the imprisoned boy, of the repression, the dullness, the gradual snuffing out of aspiration and self-respect, or the straining, cracking, breaking of manhood itself under our prison regime. But I cannot think of those things since my change of heart.

"When a nation's life's in peril, we've no time to think of men." What matters it if every man, woman and child in the country is lost if only the nation be saved?

Because I have become conservative, I do not want any one to think I have become a bigot. It is just that I have gained the larger view, that's all. I have sympathy for these poor wretches we are sending to jail, but I realize how necessary it all is. If we were to allow free speech now, thousands, perhaps millions of Americans would be working day and night in opposition to the war. If they should influence the minds of the American people generally, what would happen? It seems foolish to suppose it, of course, as we all know that the American people favor the war and no amount of argument against it would have the slightest effect. But you can't be too sure. It's best to take no chances with the public mind when we are making the world safe for democracy.

Justice Mayer and I feel no hatred against these people. We despise them, of course, just as Justice Mayer would have despised me, had he known me a few weeks ago, before I was cleansed of my Crimson Sin. But we do not hate them. We recognize Emma Goldman's ability and only wish that she would put it to some good account. I for one wish she were a Federal Judge. If I am elected President and she repents as I have, I think I shall appoint her.

But let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. I myself may become a castaway. And if I do backslide, who knows but I may go up to Coney Island and review the sinful place for our next issue?

Calling the Bluff

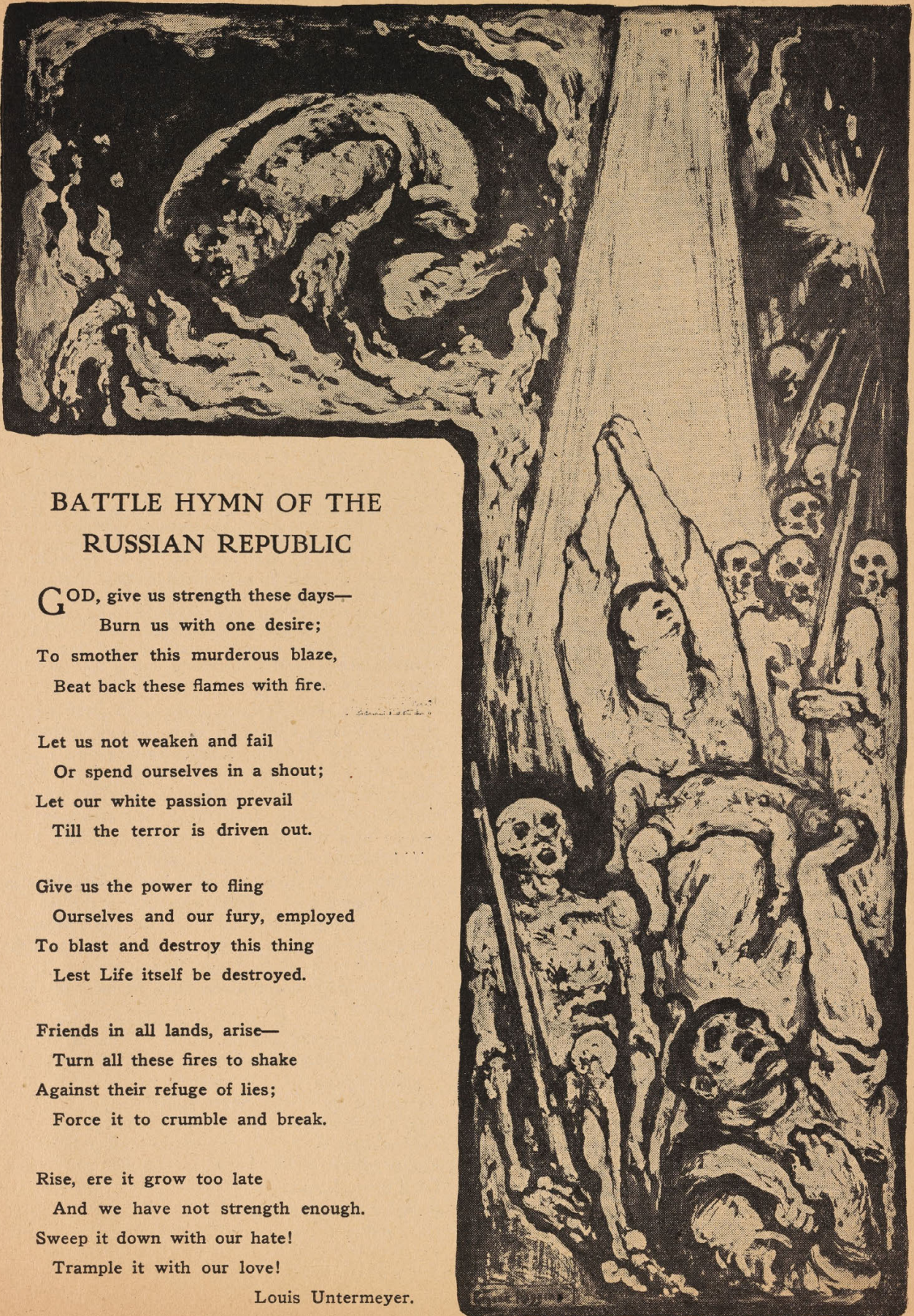
THE Congressional Union pickets called the President's bluff in the matter of "war for democracy" by demanding equal suffrage, and it appears that the warden of the Occquan workhouse called some of the pickets' bluffs by demanding that they eat at the same board with negro prisoners.

"Gentlewomen," we read, "compelled to eat with negroes!"

For us, we have always found negroes of any class so much more "gentle," so much finer in their native instincts than Anglo-Saxons of the same class, that we consider the horror of going to prison not one bit augmented by this circumstance. And we suspect it is husbands and press agents, rather than the warriors for democracy themselves, who raised so much furor at the expense of the feelings of an oppressed race.

Speaking of Patriotism

"**L**ET us never speak, then, of profits and of patriotism in the same sentence," said President Wilson to the trust magnates. And a sounder piece of advice about how to speak was never given them.



BATTLE HYMN OF THE RUSSIAN REPUBLIC

GOD, give us strength these days—
Burn us with one desire;
To smother this murderous blaze,
Beat back these flames with fire.

Let us not weaken and fail
Or spend ourselves in a shout;
Let our white passion prevail
Till the terror is driven out.

Give us the power to fling
Ourselves and our fury, employed
To blast and destroy this thing
Lest Life itself be destroyed.

Friends in all lands, arise—
Turn all these fires to shake
Against their refuge of lies;
Force it to crumble and break.

Rise, ere it grow too late
And we have not strength enough.
Sweep it down with our hate!
Trample it with our love!

Louis Untermeyer.

BOOKS THAT ARE INTERESTING

A MONTHLY REVIEW CONDUCTED BY FLOYD DELL

The Book of the Month

A German Deserter's War Experience. \$1 net. [B. W. Huebsch.]

I READ the "German Deserter's War Experience" just after returning from Washington, where I had been to see my esteemed friend, Judge Lamar, Solicitor of the Post Office Department. I wanted to find out how to get out an honest magazine without going to jail. He didn't exactly tell me. But he advised me to study the Espionage Act. I have done nothing but study it ever since. Its phrases are vague, but terrifying. There is, especially, a whole lot in that Act about "discouraging recruiting." I am by nature a very cautious individual. Besides, I believe in freedom and democracy, and inasmuch as this is a war for freedom and democracy—my experience in Washington proved conclusively to me that the government is simply drunk with the idea of freedom and democracy—I want to do my bit to keep the world safe, etc.

And that is why I advocate, with the utmost patriotic fervor, the immediate suppression of the "German Deserter's War Experience." For, in order to achieve Democracy, we must have war, and in order to have war we must have soldiers, and if this book ever attained any considerable circulation among the militant youth of the country (it is already in its second printing) they would be so plumb discouraged that there wouldn't be any soldiers, or any war, or any democracy or anything.

The author, for obvious reasons, has not divulged his name. He is a socialist, an internationalist and an anti-militarist who in that fateful August, 1914, was flung head first and against his will into the inferno which men who stay at home call the romance of war. Written very simply and to the point, a running narrative of individual experience and reactions, the book stands out as one of the most horrible I have ever read. War is a something which transforms peaceful, kindly citizens into fighting, stabbing, murderous beasts, from whom the fierce contact of hand-to-hand fighting and the matching of life against life has driven most of the milk of human kindness. It generates callousness and selfishness of the worst sort; it generates hatred. There is nothing of the sublimity or beauty or sacrifice or spiritual awakening which we are told comes from war—there is only moral and physical and spiritual degradation.

The author was among the first troops sent to Belgium and his descriptions of the scenes enacted flash out with extraordinary vividness. Atrocities?—yes; atrocities committed by insane, desperate beasts who have tasted blood. He follows the fighting through the streets of Belgium, the advance into French territory, the sacking of some of the cities and the great battle of the Marne.

Here are some of the "close-ups":

"One of the older reservists proposed that we should simply refuse in future to execute a command to shoot a condemned man; he thought that if all of us clung together nothing could

happen to us. However, we begged him to be careful, for if such expressions were reported they would shoot him for sedition without much ado. Nevertheless, all of us were probably agreed that the reservist had spoken exactly what was in our minds. The bitter feeling was general, but we would not and could not commit any imprudent action."

"Man against man! That "man against man!" is the most terrible thing I have experienced in war. Nobody can tell afterwards how many he has killed. You have gripped your opponent, who is sometimes weaker, sometimes stronger than yourself. In the light of the burning houses you observe that the white of his eyes has turned red; his mouth is covered with a thick froth. With head uncovered, with disheveled hair, the uniform unbuttoned and mostly ragged, you stab, hew, scratch, bite and strike about you like a wild animal. It means life or death. You fight for your life. No quarter is given. You only hear the gasping, groaning, jerky breathing. You only think of your own life, of death, of home. In feverish haste, as in a whirlwind, old memories are rushing through your mind. Yet you get more excited from minute to minute, for exhaustion tries to master you; but that must not be—not now! And again the fight is renewed; again there is hewing, stabbing, biting. Without rifle, without any weapon, in a life-and-death struggle. You or I. I? I?—never! You! The exertion becomes superhuman. Now a thrust, a vicious bite, and you are the victor. Victor for the moment, for already the next man who has just finished off one of your mates, is upon you. You suddenly remember that you have a dagger about you. After a hasty fumbling you find it in the prescribed place. A swift movement and the dagger buries itself deeply in the body of the other man."

There is a superb picture of the flight after the battle of the Marne, of huge masses of men, demoralized by defeat and crazed by the frightful carnage, striving desperately to crowd across the bridges under the continuous fire of the French artillery; of officers losing their nerve, blowing up the bridges and hurling into eternity hundreds of their own men; of the river swollen with thousands of struggling men who had seized on this thousand-to-one chance of safety.

Underneath it all runs a bitterness against the clean, neatly-tailored "gentlemen officers" who stay in the rear or commission the high-powered motor cars in the retreat. And, too, like a recurrent motif in some great symphony, is the sense of the brotherhood of man and hatred towards the system of capitalistic government which hurls brothers at the throats of brothers.

There are some brighter spots. There is the beauty of a Christmas respite after months of torturing trench warfare—a glowing beauty killed suddenly by the crack of a rifle and the resumption of the interminable hell.

It is a good book to read and think about. And you are very glad when the author acquires—rather ludicrously—a skin disease which sends him to the hospital and enables him to make good his escape to Holland and to America. It is a good book for clergymen to read, for editors and congressmen, for club-room patriots and sentimental women. But it is a very bad book for soldiers to read. It is a very bad book, indeed.

It tells too much about war.

MERRILL ROGERS.

The Religion of Middle-Age { €

God the Invisible King, by H. G. Wells. \$1.50 net. [The Macmillan Company.]

IT would be hard to find among written words as striking a support of the definition of religion as the sublimation of desire as "God, The Invisible King." But the peculiar interest of this psychological record is in the kind of desires it expresses, the desires natural to middle-age. The author has been indeed as he says but scribe to the spirit of his generation, *i. e.*, age-class.

Of his time of life a desire for steadfast affection as contrasted with gusty passion is characteristic. A loving habit of companionship is what the middle-aged heart craves. To this mellow love, the love of a middle-aged man for his middle-aged wife, love of the Invisible King is compared. This love is "like the love of a man and a woman who have loved and been through much trouble together, who have hurt one another and forgiven, and come to a complete and generous fellowship."

For such fellowship there is ampler opportunity in our society than for the more passionate relationships of youth, marriage being essentially a provision for the middle-aged, but even in contented middle-age there are moments of spiritual loneliness. Middle-age rarely quite forgets youth, now and then the settled soul is surprised by beauty or wit into sensuous elation or a sense of romance. Then, as usual in cases of disharmony between urgency of desire and potency, religion may afford the most convenient satisfaction. Thus the sporadic, ineffectual sex desire of middle age is satisfied by "the immediate sense of God . . . the attainment of an absolute certainty that one is not alone in oneself." "Thereafter one goes about the world like one who was lonely and has found a lover."

In middle-age, impulse is less sustained, not only in questions of sex, but at large. The will begins to tire. And so the will seeks comparatively facile objects on which to spend itself, persons comparatively non-resistant, for example, rather than indifferent natural conditions, or rigid social circumstances, or else the will seeks extraneous support or satisfactions by vicarious means. What means are more effectual than "the identification of the individual life with the immortal purpose of God?" Welcome indeed to the slack will is the assurance "that there is a Power that fights with us against the confusion and evil within us and without."

Slackness, and, with slackness, self-boredom and a sense of staleness, beset middle-age. One longs to get away from oneself. That longing is justified in the belief that towards God there must be "self-surrender and the ending of self." The godless "has not really given himself or got away from himself." But the believer in the new god cannot only escape himself in that divinity, he can see himself refreshed and magnified. "This goodness that I thought was within me and of myself and upon which I rather prided myself, is without me and above myself, and infinitely greater and stronger than I." In God am I glorified.

Middle-age wants not only the assurance of glory or power outside of what its own conceit or endeavors can give it, it wants assurance of an orderly life, a life stirring,

yet orderly, progress, not mere change. Futility and waste become very repugnant to those whose sense of resourcefulness diminishes, and the mischances and misadventures of social life and of nature become intolerable. Middle-age has an acute craving for teleological assurances, for "salvation from the purposelessness of life." Of late years the progressive has had to satisfy himself with what teleology he could impute to science. Religion had failed him. Obviously there was a gap in religious teaching which only a new god, a god of progress, could fill.* And now the new god is at hand. The new god "has an aim." "He has his own ends for which he needs us." "He is the collective purpose of the human race. His kingdom on earth is to come as "the close and inevitable destiny of mankind." . . . "In but a few centuries God will have led us out of the dark forest of these present wars and confusions into the open brotherhood of his rule."

This progressive god should be, of course, a youthful god. The middle-aged like to have the young about them. In so many words we do read that "the third thing to be told of the true God is that *God is Youth.*"

Because the middle aged have begun to die, because death seems possible to them as it never did in youth, they long to insure themselves against death. The longing, like so much middle-age longing, is covert and shamefaced. It grows bold only where it can be voiced in indirect terms. Thus, for example: "As God gathers power he uses it to an end that he is only beginning to apprehend—It is the conquest of death, first the overcoming of death in the individual by the incorporation of the motives of his life into an undying purpose, and then the defeat of that death that seems to threaten our species upon a cooling plant beneath a cooling sun."

Because the new god is so expressive of the desires of middle age and so satisfying, to very many persons dwelling in that psychological region, he will prove vastly consoling. Nor would one have it otherwise. Consolation as such may never be denied. It is only when sources of consolation forget their place that they challenge controversy. For the new god and for his middle-aged devotees there is a place in the world—would they but keep it, foregoing theocracy and the hectoring of youth. It was no doubt merely reaction against the bullying of middle-age that made a famous surgeon once declare that every man over forty should be chloroformed. (How much more consequential it might have been had he said war-conscripted!) Just as it is the arrogance of theocracy the middle-aged would set up that arouses antagonism. Were the Invisible King to accept the position of spiritual inferiority due him, he would come into his kingdom unmolested.

Indeed all that is asked of the new god is admission that his divinity is not for youth, for youth whose desire is strength, for youth which is both humble and unsundering, which never sees itself an instrument of righteousness, which never turns from the adventure of trying to understand, of youth whose purpose, however vagrant and bewildered, is not to put the unknown into petty formulas of self, of youth which, unafraid of reality, is pitying and gallant.

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

*See the prediction of "A Progressive God," in the "New Review," June, 1916.

Half-Holiday

The War, Madame. . . . By Paul Géraldy. Translated by Barton Blake. 75 cents net. [Charles Scribner's Sons.]

WELL-BRED French fictionists have the habit of avoiding the banal. And through that mere avoidance, in dealing with such romantic themes as love and war, they frequently achieve a superior candor—even when they are most devoid of such austere intentions. "The War, Madame . . ." is polite, graceful, almost pretty, but because the author does not condescend to say the usual things about war, it is, to us at least, for its veristic qualities that it is agreeable. Through a literary atmosphere befogged by the romantic mendacity apparently native to the British-American mind, this little picture from France shines with the fresh and vivid colorings of truth.

Maurice Vernier is a young officer, Parisian born and bred, who, in an interval between hospital and the trenches, and after a year at the front, is given by a happy chance a half-day in Paris. He is an intelligent and sensitive young man; a nice young man, in fact—and if his parents had been in Paris at the time I am afraid he would have spent his afternoon and evening dutifully under their roof. But happily they are in Sologne, and he has Paris all to himself. Ten hours! What shall he do with them?

Maurice tells his own story, very delightfully; but since you will doubtless spend a pleasant half hour reading the book for yourself, you will not object if I tell it—differently. For Maurice rather thought he was enjoying himself in Paris; and I don't. My account of his thoughts and sensations will be quite different from his own, and will at least not spoil your pleasure in the story.

To begin with, Maurice knew that it was the last time he would ever see Paris. I say he knew it. True, he would have denied thinking such a thing; in fact, as he explains at length to the mother of an old friend, on whom he calls that afternoon, soldiers do not think about death. Not at the front, perhaps, where death is too familiar and commonplace to have any particular significance. That, in a sense, is what one is there for. But Paris is not a trench; it is not simply a place to die in. It is a place to live in. To be a condemned man walking the streets of Paris—well, doubtless it is an odd, and hardly an agreeable, sensation. There is something so silly about it, so meaningless. To be in a place meant for life and love and work and happiness—and to be there as a stranger, a guest as it were, from the underworld: that is the way it feels, doubtless, to be a ghost. . . . But Maurice wasn't a ghost; he was alive, young, ambitious, capable of taking his place in that world, capable of life, but dedicated to death. Of course, Maurice would, as I say, have denied that he was thinking this. Exactly; but he was very busy not thinking it. The chief thought in his mind was precisely the one he didn't allow himself to think. It would have spoiled his half-holiday. So he thought about everything else.

He thought about women, as he sat in the subway, looking at them with the shy hunger of a man starved for feminine beauty. "Lord, how pretty they are!" And there he stops . . . he dare not go on thinking about them, because they are a part of life, and he. . . . He pauses in the street at the end of his journey to look at the facade of the Louvre. "Heavens, there's no mistake about it's being good to look at! What order, what concert, what rhythm! I am flooded in the harmony of it." And then—"I break away." He dare not think too long

about art, for that too is a part of life. . . . He lunches, in a fashionable restaurant, a little awkwardly after his long divorce from the amenities of the table, thinking, "How droll that I should be here, I who tomorrow will be out there again . . ." Droll, indeed.

He has not ventured, so detached does he feel from this living world, to make up his mind to visit any real person; but he finds himself looking up presently at the windows of an apartment-house, whither his feet, remembering, as it were, an old path, have carried him. Half vexed at himself and saying, as if reassuringly, "Perhaps she won't be home," he goes up. She is at home.

Fabienne is beautiful, young, full of an instinctive and careless love of life. And he is vexed with her. With *her*? Or is it that for the first time he finds a human object on which to vent his unconscious bitterness, the spleen natural to a man who finds himself while still alive cut off irrevocably from life? Fabienne is simple, natural, charming . . . and, as he concedes even in his anger, not a silly. Why, then, is he angry at her? Because she talks light parlor nonsense. Because she doesn't seem to know that there is a war going on. Because she has remained the same through it all.—But, Maurice! we thought you wanted a holiday? Did you not indeed want to get away from the war for a half day? Didn't you want to see the little Fabienne you used to know? Out of all the women of your acquaintance in Paris you chose unerringly her, because in your opinion (an unfeminist opinion, perhaps, but yours, not mine) she was so superbly and essentially feminine that even this cataclysm couldn't change her. And now that she is, in delightful flesh and blood, just what you wanted, you sit and frown at her. Why, Maurice? Because she is so much alive—so much more alive in being utterly untouched by any influences from your world of death. And so you meditate revenge upon her; you think of making her suffer, lashing her with brutal words, describing the filth and blood and misery from which you have just come! You say to yourself that if you die, as it were, for her, she should in return have some appreciation of what your death means. But do you expect life to understand death? No—and you are silent. And when she invites you to dinner, you make foolish excuses, and hurry away. You feel the contrast too keenly. But what you say is that Frenchwomen are light-minded—until your visit with Madame Baumer reassures you.

She at least has not been untouched by the influences of the world of death from which you have just come. She has a son there, your friend Jean. She lives as in a trance, oblivious to the life that goes on about her. Her heart is there in the trenches . . . and, comforted by the presence of one who is, in her preoccupation with that world of death, even more detached from life than you are, you become cheerful. You tell her amusing stories of trench life. You comfort and encourage her. For the first time today you feel really alive!

Maurice departs, laughing. And in a few minutes he is in a telephone booth, calling up Fabienne. He will have dinner with her, after all, if he may—She is delighted, she says. They will dine alone at her apartment. Cigarettes, a taxi, and he is off. He finds an exquisite Fabienne—happy, alert, with hair rearranged. "Take off that awful helmet," she says. "You look like a fireman." Not the proper tone, perhaps, in which to address one who is to die for France. But Maurice does not mind her levity; he has forgotten for the moment his status, and her treatment of him as a person amenable to the familiar

and delightful usages of common life enchants him. In fact, when she asks what he thinks of the Russian campaign, he deliberately brings her around to "more feminine" subjects. (I intimated that Maurice was not exactly a feminist!) He looks at her with pleasure, delighting in her gestures, and in the play of light emotions in her pretty face. "Play something, Fabienne!" She seats herself at the piano. . . . All this is quite as if there were no war . . . and under the influence of that mood, and as if in these last hours of life to prove to himself that he has the rights of a living being, he takes her in his arms. She implores, grieves, weakens. . . . They dine peacefully. "The confidences of the flesh do so simplify relations." They do more, they establish as nothing else can, one's status in the world of the living. I talked with a man who had been condemned to life imprisonment and who had found himself half incredulous of his liberty when he was released after a score of years. On the train the day of his release, a young and beautiful girl kissed him: he would never forget it, he said; for then he knew that he belonged to the world of the living. . . .

But Maurice knows better. There is a clock in his mind that ticks off inexorably the minutes of his sojourn in the world of life; and already, as the hour of his departure approaches, he begins to dislike Fabienne again. Why, Maurice? Because her kisses cannot undo the spell which binds you to the world of death? The hour strikes, and you go quickly, hurrying toward the place that claims you inexorably as its own. And as the evanescent magic of her caresses fades from your chilled senses, you murmur to yourself, "Women are of little importance, after all."

The dark suburbs . . . the city gate, in the rain . . . the railway station . . . night . . . the trenches at dawn . . . corpses . . . Again the "deadened heart" . . . Maurice is back.

An extract from the Official Journal ends the story: "Vernier, Maurice . . . gravely wounded while . . . has succumbed to his wounds." Yes, Maurice is dead. Officially, legally and statistically dead. He does not have to walk about Paris now, among the living, with a vague resentment. He does not look at the Louvre and hurry away. He does not hate Fabienne for being so vividly alive. He does not have to keep from thinking about being dead. Nothing will spoil his long holiday.

FLOYD DELL.

Un-Modern Love

Helen of Four Gates, by An Ex-Mill Girl. \$1.50 net. [E. P. Dutton & Co.]

IN the spring, with the first appearance of organ-grinders and strawberries in the city, the very little girls in the school yards stop playing "Farmer in the Dell" and take up another perennial singing-and-dancing game which goes to these words:

"Water, water wine-flower, growing up so high,
We are all young ladies, and we are sure to die,
All excepting Mary" (or any other little girl).
"She is the fairest flower,
Fie for shame, fie for shame,
Hide your face and tell your beau's name."

Then follow some blithe verses about the ring, and the wedding preparations. But, alas! Georgie becomes sick, and is "ready to die." And then comes the last line, surprising in its mature unromantic philosophicalness—

"Mary, Mary, don't you cry—you'll forget him by and by."

The modern attitude toward love appears to me to be quite in the spirit of that childish ballad. Quite a cult has been built up on the theory of "Mary, Mary, don't you cry—you'll forget him by and by." The cult has taken pretty complete possession of the whole intellectual field. The conversation of intelligent people is conducted upon that premise. Novels more and more take it for granted. And in the personal lives of the devotees of this cult it is a kind of religious dogma. Love—or rather, love affairs—should be taken as passing phases, or as joyous adventures, or as new experiences—or, most discouraging of all, as incidents in an erotic education. The idea of permanence is dismissed as old-fashioned. According to this theory, love is taken too seriously. There is too much romance in the world. Romance leads to jealousy, and suicide, and other disagreeable incidents. Best be philosophical about it.

What they will think of "Helen of the Four Gates" I don't know.

It tells of a love so profound as to be, I am afraid, quite unintelligible to them. It is a love, moreover, conducted among incidents of so romantic a nature that if it were not for the passionately convincing quality of the narrative, they need only call it "melodramatic," and pass on. But life is sometimes melodramatic, and this book has the stuff of life in it.

It is a story as simple and terrible and beautiful as one of those tragic old English ballads that the Fuller sisters sing. Helen, a girl living in the wild north of England, is an orphan, the daughter of a woman who had once changed her mind about marrying one Abel Mason, and married his best friend instead. By evil destiny, the orphan child falls into Mason's charge after the death of her parents. He has never forgiven her mother for marrying the other man; and, moved by a streak of insanity in his blood, he plans a dreadful revenge upon the helpless child. His plan is quite simple. He simply lets her think that she is his own daughter; and when she falls in love with Martin—quite, quite in love—he tells them that the girl has inherited the family insanity, and sends the lover off to the insane asylum to visit an imbecile aunt, as living proof of the impossibility of their marriage. This insane malignancy of his changes a pastoral romance into a tragedy of the most poignant kind. The hate of the insane old man; the fearful love of Martin; the fearless love of the girl—here are the elements of a terrific struggle. The author neglects none of the terrible possibilities of the theme, but it is filled with the flame of an intense beauty.

"Lass—"

He bent over her. His lips parted with some utterances great with fate for both of them. The breath of the words were on his lips. Helen felt it. Eye met eye. Martin's weakened under the challenge of hers. Martin was giving in. The gods had sent him to her, through the wood that knew her spell—that she might take him unawares, with their aid. She sat up, and clung to him, like a white flame.

A throstle was singing some yards away in a green bush. "Thy e'en are as black as neet now," Martin said. His own were shining with that rare softness that occasionally lit them up.

"I wonder," he said musingly, "why no woman's flesh thrills me as thine does?"

"Why does the quail of the moor choose one mate and leave another?" Helen answered. The bare scientific fact became poetry as she spoke it and the clod of earth at their feet was shot through with a more vivid glory.

It is a book remarkable in a period when the tradition of "Wuthering Heights" has been almost forgotten. Whoever the author is, she is a writer of extraordinary power. But I

think I like it most of all, aside from its literary merits, because it tells the story of a man and a woman who can love each other, in spite of everything, to the end.

D. D.

Modern War

Modern War. Paintings by C. R. W. Nevinson. With an essay by P. G. Konody. London: Grant Richards, Limited; New York: Robert M. McBride & Co., 1917, \$3.00.

THOSE who approach an artistic expression of this present war by way of their feelings and emotions, must necessarily be overwhelmed by the sheer stupendousness of its horror. It requires the very greatest strain on man's resources to suggest even a minor aspect of the ghastly whole, and to strain to the limit emotionally is to become insane. The only way to reflect this war truthfully in all its baleful manifestations, is to intellectualize it, to sublimate it, as it were, to transform its macabre into organized graphic representation. It is only through symbols that man can play with infinitudes. The artist must devote his energies entirely to fixing his material into some intensely enduring type, to moulding a grim tragic mask to conceal the seething mass within.

Just because he has attacked the problem in this way, C. R. W. Nevinson has been one of the first to react creatively to the reality of modern war. Both by temperament and by training he is fitted to undertake such a critique of war. He has thrown himself heart and soul into all the movements of his day and age: "Every artist," he says, "of living force has always been and must be an outgrowth and spokesman of his time. It is impossible to express the scientific and mechanical spirit of this twentieth century war with the languishing or obsolete symbolism of Mediæval or Classic Art." His training, too, seems to have been toward to this very end. A study of Van Gogh stimulated his sense of significant exaggeration; Cezanne, his power of heightened actuality; the Futurists, his search for lines of vitality and force, and a method of essential emphasis. So well has he fused this habit of abstraction with a stark and uncompromising realism that his pictures are at once dynamic and intelligible and universal in type.

As you look at these paintings of Nevinson's you reach a very obvious conclusion about modern war, namely that the individual soldier does not exist. All the actors on the scene, the soldiers serving the machine guns, or marching on in endless columns, the wounded writhing in pain, are not men but mannikins, gaunt conventionalized creatures, veritable slaves to routine and machines, all of them looking and acting alike, weary and sodden and lifeless. The subject, for instance, of the painting of the field hospital "La Patrie" is not so much wounded soldiers as it is gestures of agony. Likewise "A Dawn: 1914" is a study of blank inertia or discipline rather than a picture of a marching convoy. Even the gruesome figure of the man "In the Observation Ward"

* Three of these remarkable pictures are reproduced in this issue. It is, of course, impossible to secure so good a reproduction on our paper as the reader will find in the volume.—ED.

is more than a picture of a demented person, it is the synthesis of the wreck of mind and spirit under the awful strain of trench fighting. Of course not all the paintings are as horrible in theme as this: there are thrilling pursuits of aeroplanes, gorgeous patterns of searchlights and bursting shells, or studies of the thrust and power of ocean waves, as in "Naval Patrols." But in almost every one you can discover some casualty to life and freedom and humanity. This conclusion is all the more telling because the artist started out as an ambulance driver at the beginning of the war with the glib Futurist belief in war as "the hygienics of the world."

Nevinson's intellectual aloofness is extraordinary. In the painting, ironically entitled "Bravo," a detachment of soldiers marches through a street amid the farewells of townfolk. He has stripped the scene of all its glamour. You wonder what hidden force makes these pitiful marionettes strut forward in ordered sequence. You wonder why the children jump about like jackanapes. You wonder why the trumpeters play so blithely. His vision shatters the evils of self-deception and illusion, and displays the lumps of matter underneath it all. His detachment is like a traveller's from another world probing the reactions of those queer creatures called human beings. In this way he is dispassionate and restrained amid stupendous horrors. He is an artist turned loose in the pit of hell. He holds fast to his patterns, his angles and planes, his essential lines and significant gestures; by their aid he weathers many a tight place where another might have gone under. He does not grow faint with horror nor melancholy with hopelessness nor desperate with rage at the sights he has to see: he leaves that to you when you look at his pictures.

CARL ZIGROSSER.

The Single Tax

The Principles of Natural Taxation, by C. B. Fillebrown. A. C. McClurg & Co. Chicago. \$1.50 net.

THE time seems to have arrived when the increasing volume of resentment at the injustice implied by the private appropriation of ground rent should be translated into scientific terms in a way that will compel the attention of economists and legislators. This has been partially done or faintly foreshadowed in the past by such writers as John Stuart Mill, Patrick Edward Dove, Sir John Macdonell, Henry George, and so recently as 1895 by Thomas G. Shearman. Today the more advanced among the students of economics will cordially welcome the appearance of "The Principles of Natural Taxation," by C. B. Fillebrown, of Boston. In this book the best opinions on the subject of taxation as a science are brought to bear upon the author's conviction that Nature gives a clear leading in the matter of raising public revenue, and that most of our social ills are due to our blindness to the lessons she teaches.

Much has been said and written as to man's natural and inalienable rights to the soil and all its resources, but comparatively few have had the patience to pursue their thinking far enough to perceive how worthless this postulate is for practical purposes. Henry George did recognize the mechan-

ical impossibility of apportioning to each citizen of a country an equal share in the natural bounty, but notwithstanding this fact, many of his followers have continued to base the agitation for land reform on the assumed postulate of equal right to land. The joint right to rent which the theory of Natural or Scientific taxation affirms, is not based upon this hypothetical equal right to land, a right, be it noted, of which nature gives no hint. It is based upon the patent fact that the users of land pay ground rent because of the value they get in social service—in good government, good roads, police and fire protection, postal facilities, etc.; and upon the obviously just conclusion that this ground rent ought to flow back as payment to the authority by whom those services were rendered.

When a glimpse is caught of this plain truth that men willingly pay ground rent for one reason and for one only, i. e., that it is worth while to do so—that the social service received in exchange is good value, that it pays better to give a high ground rent in a city than to use free land in Saskatchewan, a flood of light suffuses the situation.

"If we can find in actual operation," says Mr. Shearman, "in every civilized country, a species of taxation which automatically collects from every citizen an amount almost exactly proportioned to the fair and full market value of the benefits he derives from the government under which he lives and the society which surrounds him, may we not safely infer that this is natural taxation? Such an automatic, irresistible, and universal system does exist. All over the world men pay to a superior authority a tribute, proportioned with wonderful exactness to these social advantages. Each man is compelled to do this by the fact that other men surround him, eager to pay tribute in his place if he will not. The just amount of this tribute is determined by the competition of his neighbors; who calculate to a dollar how much the privilege is worth. This tribute when paid to private individuals is called ground rent."

Can anything be plainer than that (in the words of Mr. Fillebrown in the introduction) "rent is a social product" and ought therefore to be regarded as the normal revenue of governments and local authorities? And if this principle of balancing the differential advantages of locations by ground rents of varying amounts, is Nature's method of producing equality of opportunity, should we not expect that Nature would also provide the machinery or agencies for carrying out her intentions? She has done so. She has appointed her own rent collectors and named them landlords; and if these collectors did what collectors are always supposed to do—if they handed over their collections to the people's representatives who had authorized them to function in this manner, minus a percentage as payment for their trouble, all would be well, and perfect justice would be secured as between each member of the community and the natural resources of the country. Natural or scientific taxation then, simply means the laying of the burden of public income upon those revenues which the landlords collect year by year—and the simultaneous unburdening of industry and the products of industry.

For a full exposition of the subject, we have seen few books equal to Mr. Fillebrown's latest effort. After an introduction, setting forth the author's intention to trace the complete transi-

tion which has taken place during the last thirty years from the postulates on which tax-reform theories then rested, to the present claim of the "joint right to rent," there are a series of critical articles on the Authorities, with suitable quotations from each, beginning with Adam Smith, and closing with Shearman. These are followed, by "Side-Lights" from the series of pamphlets by which Mr. Fillebrown has been known for some years, particularly the familiar "Catechism." The book closes with an appendix containing appreciations of the work of some economists (including the French Physiocrats) whose writings have aided in clearing the public mind for the reception of the great truth that natural taxation is simply that system of quid-pro-quo payment for social service that goes on before our eyes day by day.

While treating of "Natural Taxation" chiefly from the fiscal side, and as being the one right way among a thousand possible wrong ones of raising public revenue, it is evident that the author fully recognizes all the remoter implications and ultimate results in bettered social conditions that are bound up with the reform advocated. He quotes for example, with approval, the words of Father McGlynn on "the evil utility of giving to the owners of land the power to reap where they have not sown, to take the product of the labor of others without giving them an equivalent—the power to impoverish and practically to reduce to a species of slavery the masses of men," and his conclusion "That the appropriation of the rental value of land to public uses in the form of a tax would abolish involuntary poverty, . . . since in such case no one would hold lands except for use, and the masses of men, having free access to unoccupied lands . . . would not be compelled to work for employers for wages less than absolutely just wages, namely the equivalent of the new value created by their labor."

Let me close with a question and answer from Mr. Fillebrown's Catechism:—"How would the Single Tax increase wages? By gradually transferring to wages that portion of the current wealth that now flows to privilege. In other words, it would widen and deepen the channel of wages by enlarging opportunities for labor, and by increasing the purchasing power of nominal wages through reduction of prices."

ALEX. MACKENDRICK.

SONNET

HOW futile is all thinking against this!
 How exquisite is the air grown, and the skies;
 The moments flutter by like butterflies:
 Bright butterflies, whose passage is a kiss,
 Leaving upon our faces a bright bliss;
 A longing and desire beyond surmise
 Within our hearts; a loveliness which is
 Now here, now there, and now within your eyes.

Now changing, now expiring, now reborn,
 Now silent and now singing; glorious
 Across the world at evening and at morn:
 Ah, if our death should find our Heaven thus,
 As the exquisite moments flutter by,
 Colored and perfumed, each a butterfly!

Edwin Justus Mayer.

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Robert Smillie, President of Miners' Federation of England, in Presidential speech at Leeds at Inauguration of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council of England.

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"DAISIES have a hundred petals,
primroses have five,
So she used to count them when she
was alive;

"Daisies have a hundred petals, butter-
cups have seven,"
So she sits and sings it in the fields of
heaven,

Making clover blossoms quaintly
For the fields of Paradise.

"Daisies have a hundred petals, butter-
cups have seven,"

Other children pass her in the fields
of heaven.

"Come and play with us," they call her
through the sapphire noon.

"All my shining flowers," she answers,
"must be finished soon,"

And their laughter trails out faintly
As they run across the skies.

"Daisies have a hundred petals, prim-
roses have five,"

It was all they taught her when she
was alive;

It is all she knows now; passing angels
hear her say,

"I must make buds for the bonnets
they will wear on Easter day,
Crocuses and snow-drops dainty
And sweet bluebells like their eyes."

"Daisies have a hundred petals, butter-
cups have seven."

Oh, the day is long and long in the
fields of heaven!

"Twenty rosebuds fashioned neatly,
they will give a copper penny,
Pennies ten are bread and butter for
the mouths that have not any,"

And she makes the blossoms quaintly
For the fields of Paradise.

LOISE ROBINSON.

Broadway at Night

I.

I WENT to look for pleasure
I saw only children
Whom God was chastening;
And one old person
Dimly,
In a glass.

II.

You in scarlet,
I in gray,
Have walked tonight the great White
Way.
I, clinging to a lawful arm;
You, fearless in the midst of harm.
I, shocked, yet thrilling through and
through,
Liking the crowd, the lights—and you.

Were you not there for me to see,
The street would be quite dull for me.
I quite believe you'd miss me too
Were I not there to stare at you.

When safe in bed at my hotel
I heard a horrid Dream foretell
That on parade at Judgment Day
I'd be in scarlet
You in gray,
And at this change miraculous
The Saints would stare at both of us.

FRANCES SHAW.

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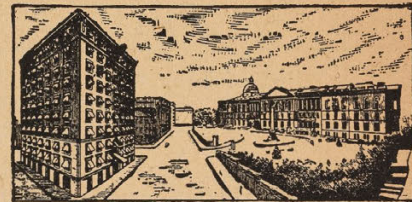
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For Lyric Labor

"It wouldn't be so bad if they would only let us sing at our work."
—Attributed to an Italian girl of the Garment Workers.

CHILD of the Renaissance and little sister
Of Ariosto and of Raphael,
If any hush the song within your bosom,
By all your lyric land, he does not well!

One day a traveler from our songless country,
Passing at morning through Saint Mark's great Square,
Marvelled, from workmen on the campanile,
To hear a song arising on the air.

Marvelled to see those stones of Venice rising
To Labor's matin chant intoned so clear,
As the great towers builded by Amphion
Rose to the lyre's strong throbbing, tier on tier.

Give us, O Child, the gifts we lack full sorely—
Give us your heritage of art and song,
The soul that in our fathers grew, sun-nourished,
Soaring above its poverty and wrong.

Of singing vintagers and laughing reapers
Teach us your happy, sunland way, nor we
In blind greed longer lay a stern prescription
Upon your song, O Heart of Italy!

Free and serene, in his reward unstinted,
The workman's hand shall mould his rhythmic thought;
How candid to the keen-eyed gods' appraisal
Shall be the work of Man's great ardor wrought,

When our young land, reborn in Beauty's image,
Unto the Morn of Prophecy shall Come,
And every tower be raised with mirth and music,
And every harvest brought with singing home.

ELIZABETH WADDELL.

Comfortable

MY husband has a happy brain—
It rests in warmth before the fire,
(Companioned by a pipe and chair).
He never teases it with problems that are hard to solve;
He never prods or even tickles it;
But lets it rest in quiet and in peace
Before the fire—
(Enveloped in the smoky wreaths);
His happy, happy, HAPPY brain!

CLAIRE BU ZARD.

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A LETTER TO PEARSON'S SUBSCRIBERS

Orchids and Hollyhocks

Red Cross

THE women sit at long white tables,
 Clad in straight white aprons
 Like shrouds;
 Snipping and folding and stitching all
 day
 That each small unit of their work
 May be quite perfect.

What are they thinking of, these women
 Bent so intently on their work?
 Perhaps the mothers are thinking of
 their sons
 Who may need a woman's care,
 And the young girls are thinking, may
 be,
 Of their proud young sweethearts
 Full of unthinking eagerness for war.
 Or perhaps they are only thinking
 How they must make their work quite
 perfect
 So that the women of the Baptist Church
 May see and envy
 The patriotic zeal of the Presbyterians.
 E. W. P.

The Professors

STRANGE, shoddy men play chess
 with words up there
 Upon the Hill, and think their
 game is life.
 They think their little squared-off
 board reflects
 Upon its white and black, the aspir-
 ations
 And passions of the world. They
 think they've found
 In their poor dusty studies, patterns
 for men
 To live by. And they cannot under-
 stand
 Youth's strange irreverence and won-
 dering.
 Sometime they'll die,
 And never having lived, they'll go to
 heaven
 And play with words eternally.
 JULIA EISENBURGH.

Freedom

WHILE the parrots gnaw
 At the wires of their cage
 And squall for freedom,
 And a red-headed bird
 Marked "sold"
 Flops around in his cage
 And peers with an eye
 Through the meshes of wire
 Craving freedom,
 And the gold fish
 Flutter and flounce
 As a man with a syphon
 Cleanses their water,
 The parrakeets sit
 In a row on their perch
 Like birds of wood
 Painted yellow and green.
 No squawk or beating of wings
 Against wire
 From the parrakeets.
 They are the philosophers:
 "So long as we sit
 In a row on our perch,
 The wires of our cage
 Might as well not exist.
 So long as we sit
 We have perfect freedom."
 GEORGE F. WHITSETT.

I am giving this letter to the radical press in the form of an advertisement because it is of the utmost importance that every lover of liberty should know its contents. In appealing to the radical public for support I do not wish to be selfish. I am, of course, concerned about preserving PEARSON'S, but I want to help preserve ALL of our radical papers and magazines.

I am not an alarmist. On the contrary, I realize that I have been too conservative. I could not believe even one month ago that the administration at Washington would resort to a press censorship after Congress had refused to grant such power. I am now convinced that the radical press of America has been sentenced to death. The only thing that will prevent the execution of this sentence is a nation-wide protest backed up by dollars.

A. W. RICKER.

The Pearson Publishing Company

A. W. RICKER, President
 34 Union Square New York

July 25th, 1917.

Dear Friend:

Absence from my office during these trying times was a serious matter, but I "took a chance" and went West for a month to see the heads of the Farm Organizations in the interest of the People's Council.

Last night on my return I was handed the staggering information by my Paper-House that I must buy and store by the 15th of August enough paper to last till November, as during the intervening period there is grave danger, they say, that the Government will be using the Railroads with a probable result that no shipment of paper can be made.

This means that to avoid the risk of having to suspend for lack of paper I must have on the 15th day of August not less than \$5,000 in cash—for paper these days is sold like Postage Stamps—cash in advance. And I know I will not have \$5,000 unless I raise it by extraordinary means.

I have put in some anxious hours and will have more of them until I hear from you for I am facing the solemn fact that I may have to suspend PEARSON'S.

Many of you chided me three months ago for asking you for so small a War-chest as \$10,000. You assured me that I would need much more once the War was started. I could not foresee all the difficulties and I acted on my best judgment at the time, but I now know I should have asked for twenty thousand dollars instead of ten.

During the last month six Radical publications have been denied mail privileges by the Government and others interfered with to such an extent as to do them great financial injury. Mr. Harris and I have both used our utmost care to avoid coming in conflict with the Censor, believing it better to save the Magazine even at the cost of putting restraint on our convictions than to have it stopped.

Practically all the periodicals of this nation urged on by a plea of Patriotism, have passed under the hypnotic spell of the War power. Thousands of ill-informed editors do not realize that in giving unqualified support to the War they are supporting not only the War, but an impending Industrial oligarchy as well.

There remains true to Democratic principles only the radical press, and that is being silenced or cowed into submission by the Post Office Department.

I believe that a reaction is coming in public opinion; that the People who must pay the cost of this wild orgy of War and War-profits, will in due time rebuke their public servants at the Only place in America where such a rebuke is possible—viz., the Ballot-box.

If you who think clearly in these doubtful days can save our Press until the reaction comes then all may be well. If I did not believe this possible I would give up and ask you for no more money.

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In making this second call for money I cannot promise that I will not make a third call or even a fourth. Let all understand this. We must give money outright and give it liberally or our Press must go.

I am writing this letter on Sunday, July 22d, and sending it out in a plain envelope with the hope that it will reach you. Take just enough time to show it to every man and woman who shares your views. Ask each to contribute something. Refuse no contributions, however small. My only hope is that I may get at least a little from every one who reads this message. Then, when you have done this, send your remittance in a check if you can. If not a check, an express money order. If possible register your letter and ask for a Return receipt.

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Like a hound have you leaped the hedges!
Like a bird have you lifted your lovely head
And sung, sung, sung to the Great Round Sun!
Oh, Little White Body, must I leave you?

MARY CARMACK McDUGAL.

In The Hallway

MY poor little sister—
Why must she always meet her lover in the hallway—
Starting at every sound she hears
In the midst of her shy, sweet kisses.
Sometimes a dark, menacing figure passes them . . .
They draw apart, standing stiff and conscious—
Her lover mumbles something indistinct . . .
She laughs a nervous laugh . . .
The shadow vanishes . . .
They draw together again—
Somewhere a door is shut—a loud lock clicks
My sister stirs and sighs. . . .

* * * * *

And now, a little later, here she stands—
Undressing before the mirror—
Rays from an outer room frame her in light—
Her hair is a cloud of shadow round her head—
Her eyes, adream and soft and wondering—
Her lips, touched with a sweet expectancy . . .
Her form with all the tender little curves
Of adolescence passed just yesterday—
Her soul lit with the sheer, young joy of living . . .
My poor little sister?

NAN APOTHEKER.

To Susan B. Anthony

I THINK of the tug boats on the river
Steaming, strong and self reliant
Alongside the great white ship,
Coaxing, encouraging,
Until the beautiful timid maiden
Feels her strength
And goes sailing
All over the strong seas, alone. F.

The Scare-Crow

I LAUGH, Caw, Caw,
When I fly in the sky,
And look down on the fields
And see
What men think they look like. F.

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by

ELISE DUFOUR

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AUGUST NUMBER

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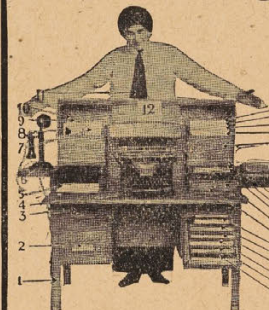
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Orchids and Hollyhocks

The Fool

I CAME unbidden into Life
From my Utopian Way;
The Host and Hostess at the door
Smiled as they said me nay;

But while They smiled, God let me
through—
How cruel 'twas of Him
To leave me lying in the Dark—
Me, with no Lamp to trim;

While Others play among the lights,
I laugh beside the Dark,
And, hungry, snatch my bread and
drink,
Tho' I be clothed or stark;

Unbidden at the Feast of Life,
I know not whence I came,
And no one holds my wavering hands
Nor teaches me the Game;

And now I have no wish for Light,
For God and Life, no hate:
Ha? They may smile—I dance and
laugh—

Last night I found a mate.
MARGARET HUNT HETZEL.

Spring

SPRING comes
The sky is blue.
Little white clouds kiss the tops of the
hills.
Birds sing before their mating.
The apple orchards are pink with
promise.
Lovers tremble with yearning.

The fields are sponges of blood.
The too-green woods cover corpses—
rotting.
Carrion birds glut themselves.
Monsters—pieces of men—go about.
Women, with dead souls, live on.
Children know horrors.
Under the fire of the guns and the roar
and the shriek of the shells,
Hate and Death each make glad the
other.

Yet, all serene, unmoved, in beauty,
The Spring has come!
And, after Spring, Summer, silent, hot,
growing,
And after Summer, Autumn, all purple
and silver, and scarlet and gold,
Celebrating fruition.
And after Autumn, Winter, her sheet
covering beautifully Earth's dead
things
Till they decay.
And, then,—another Spring!

ANNE ARNOLD.

Trilium

FINDING myself in a great field of
Trilium—
Indifferently I asked the meaning of
the three leaves,
Colored a delightfully frank dingy red.
They claimed they stood for insou-
science, mockery and madness,
Lying with my face near the ground, I
kissed them—
Regardless of their repugnant odor.
PEGGY BAIRD JOHNS.

To MacDowell

OH, I would love to be mad
With the madness of beauty! Be
Engulfed in a tempest of wonder
As froth on a turbulent sea!
A blanching of foam on a mountainous
Surge of resplendent unrest,
A wisp of white foam on the passionate
Green of the ocean's breast!

Thus was it not that you found it,
Maker of beautiful song?
Say, was it wonderful? Give me
Word of the sea, of the throng
Of the lash of the wind laid upon you,
The heave of the billows of lust,
Ere I wither away in the sun,
Smother and die in the dust!

Tell of the green bolt's shriek
In the savage blackness above,
And the staggering toss of the terrible
Wave of imperious love!
Tell of the hate that sweeps
In an insolent red typhoon
Of a feverish sea that seethes
In the clasp of an haggard moon!

Would I were there in the marvellous
Tumult of wind and of wave,
Mad as a violet ghost
In the violent gale of the grave!
Flung with a wild desire
Out of the trough of despair
To the crest of an amorous rage,
And the hands of the wind in my
hair!

There, when the wind should abate
And the vasty billows decrease
And the scurrying wind-whipped venery
Over the sea should cease,
Soft on the undulous ease
Of the glimmering noon-day ocean,
Blind with desire I'd be,
Drunk with the white emotion.

Tell me of strange wild things,
You who have felt them urging—
Madness of beautiful winds,
Storm wrought billows upsurging!
For I choke in the dust,
Shudder and wither away,
Sane, with a practical life,
Yoked to a routine day.

LEONARD LANSON CLINE.

Earth and Stars

I HAVE looked at the stars too long,
I think,
For my soul hangs lonely above the
brink
Of a wild, bright chasm, a strange, far
sea,
Where only my dreams float out to me.
There is light and splendor and lifting
wings,
But the aching wonder of untouched
things.

Night wind, blow me a breath of soil,
Fresh-turned by the plowman's eager
toil;
Of blossomy hedges with birds asleep,
Of mint-grown gardens where house
cats creep,
Of a rose-wreathed porch and a lover's
song.
I have looked at the stars too long.

ROSE HENDERSON.

You can read it plainly at night



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