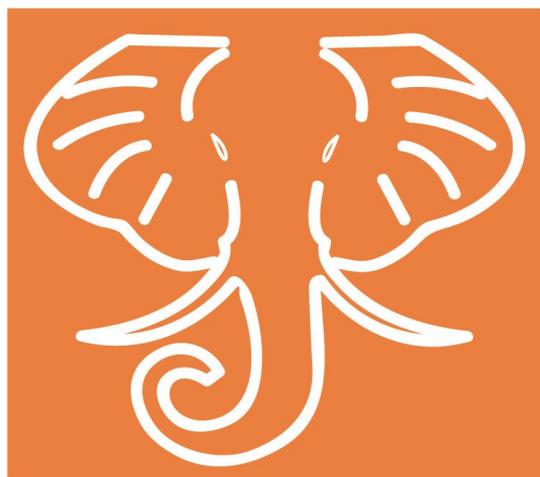


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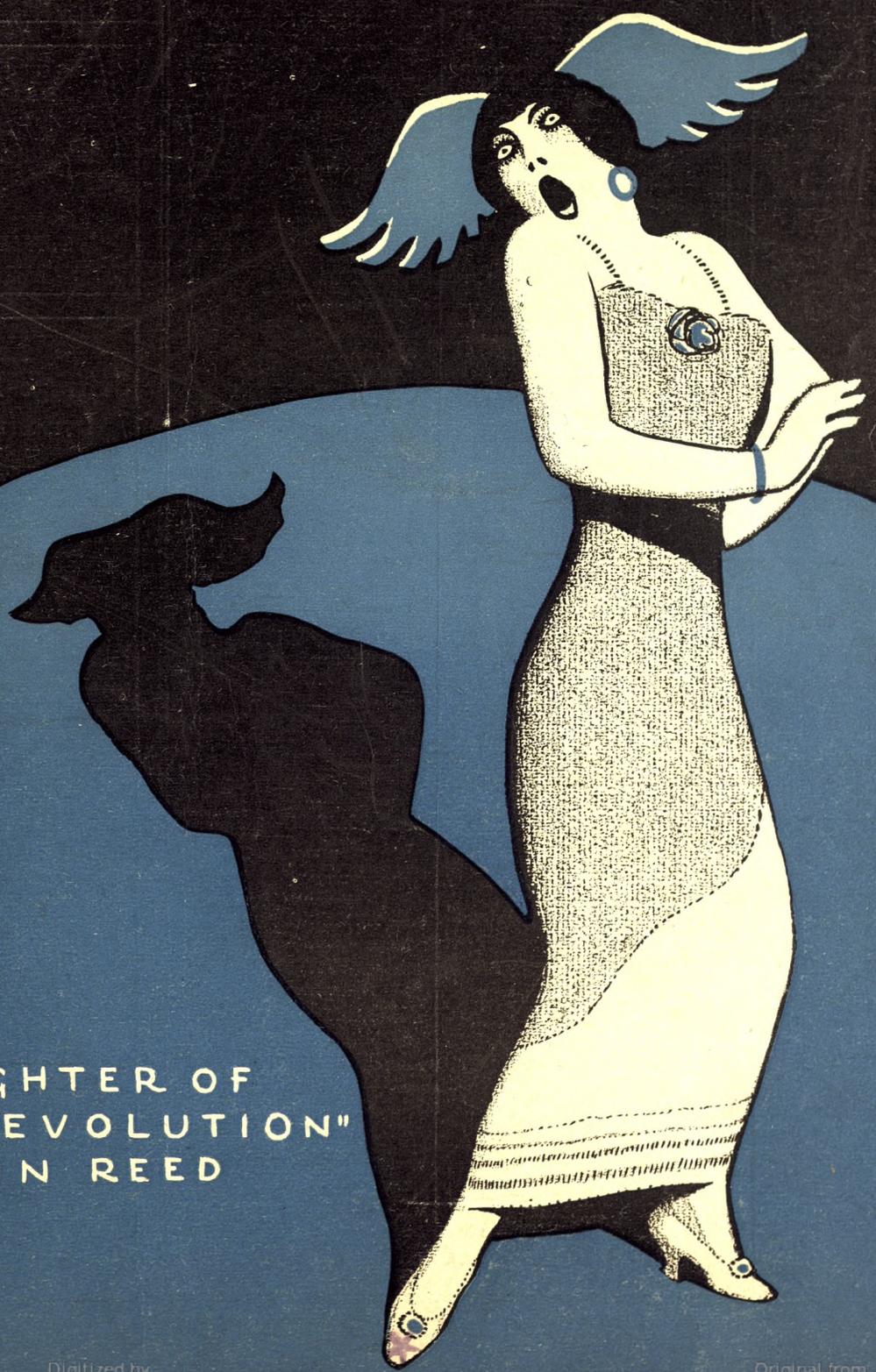
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M A S S E S



"A DAUGHTER OF
THE REVOLUTION"
BY JOHN REED

FRANK
WALTS
14

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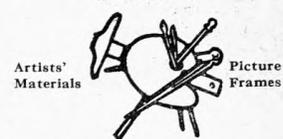
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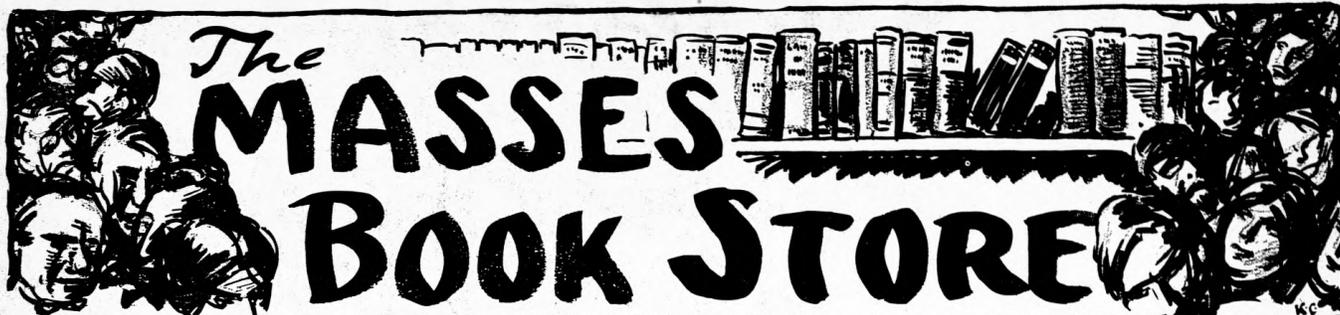
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(Continued on page 22)



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The MASSES

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FEBRUARY, 1915

Issue No. 45

A DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION

John Reed

THAT night there was one of those Paris rains, which never seem to wet one as other rains do. We sat on the *terrasse* of the Rotonde, at the corner table—it was a warm night, though November—Fred, Marcelle and I, sipping a Dubonnet. The cafés all closed at eight sharp because of the war, and we used to stay until then almost every night before we went to dinner.

Next to us was a young French officer with his head done up in a bandage, and his arm comfortably around Jeanne's green-caped shoulder. Beatrice and Alice were farther down along under the glare of the yellow lights. Behind us we could peek through a slit in the window-curtain and survey the smoke-filled room inside, an uproarious band of men sandwiched between girls, beating on the table and singing, the two old Frenchmen at their tranquil chess-game, an absorbed student writing a letter home, his *amié's* head on his shoulder, five utter strangers and the waiter listening breathlessly to the tales of a muddy-legged soldier back from the front.

The yellow lights flooded us, and splashed the shining black pavement with gold; human beings with umbrellas flowed by in a steady stream; a ragged old wreck of a man poked furtively for cigarette-butts under our feet; out in the roadway the shuffling feet of men marching fell unheeded upon our accustomed ears, and dripping slanted bayonets passed athwart a beam of light from across the Boulevard Montparnasse.

This year all the girls at the Rotonde dressed alike. They had little round hats, hair cut short, low-throated waists and long capes down to their feet, the ends tossed over their shoulders Spanish-fashion. Marcelle was the image of the others. Besides, her lips were painted scarlet, her cheeks dead white, and she talked obscenities when she wasn't on her dignity, and sentimentalities when she was. She had regaled us both with the history of her very rich and highly respectable family, of the manner of her tragic seduction by a Duke, of her innate virtue—and had remarked proudly that she was no common ordinary street-walker.

At this particular instant she was interlarding a running fire of highly-flavored comment upon what passed before her eyes, with appeals for money in a harshened little voice; and I thought to myself that we had got to the bottom of Marcelle. Her comments upon things and persons were pungent, vigorous, original—but they palled after while; a strain of recklessness and unashamed love of life held only a little longer. Marcelle was already soiled with too much handling.

We heard a violent altercation, and a tall girl with a bright orange sweater came out from the café, fol-

lowed by a waiter gesticulating and exclaiming: "But the eight anisettes which you ordered, *nom de Dieu!*"

"I have told you I would pay," she shrilled over her shoulder. "I am going to the Dome for some money," and she ran across the shiny street. The waiter stood looking after her, moodily jingling the change in his pockets.

"No use waiting," shouted Marcelle, "There is another door to the Dome on the Rue Delambre!" But the waiter paid no attention; he had paid the *caisse* for the drinks. And, as a matter of fact, the girl never reappeared.

"That is an old trick," said Marcelle to us. "It is easy when you have no money to get a drink from the waiters, for they dare not ask for your money until afterward. It is a good thing to know now in time of war, when the men are so few and so poor."

"But the waiter!" objected Fred. "He must make his living!"

Marcelle shrugged. "And we ours," she said.

"There used to be a *belle type* around the Quarter," she continued after a minute, "who called herself Marie. She had beautiful hair—*épatante*,—and she loved travelling. . . . Once she found herself on a Mediterranean boat bound for Egypt without a *sou*,—nothing except the clothes on her back. A monsieur passed her as she leaned against the rail, and said, 'You have marvellous hair, mademoiselle.'"

"I will sell it to you for a hundred francs," she flashed back. And she cut off all her beautiful hair and went to Cairo, where she met an English lord.

The waiter heaved a prodigious sigh, shook his head sadly, and went indoors. We were silent, and thought of dinner. The rain fell.

I don't know how it happened, but Fred began to whistle absent-mindedly the *Carmagnole*. I wouldn't have noticed it, except that I heard a voice chime in, and looked around to see the wounded French officer, whose arm had fallen idly from the shoulder of Jeanne, staring blankly across the pavement, and humming the *Carmagnole*. What visions was he seeing, this sensitive-faced youth in the uniform of his country's army, singing the song of revolt! Even as I looked, he caught himself up short, looked conscious and startled, glanced swiftly at us, and rose quickly to his feet, dragging Jeanne with him.

At the same instant Marcelle clutched Fred roughly by the arm.

"It's *défendu*—you'll have us all pinched," she cried, with something so much stronger than fear

in her eyes that I was interested. "And, besides, don't sing those dirty songs. They are revolutionary—they are sung by *voyous*—poor people—ragged men—"

"Then you are not a revolutionist yourself?" I asked.

"I? *B'en* no, I swear to you!" she shook her head passionately. "The *méchants*, the villains, who want to overturn everything—!" Marcelle shivered.

"Look here, Marcelle! Are you happy in this world the way it is? What does the System do for you, except to turn you out on the street to sell yourself?" Fred was launched now on a boiling flood of propaganda. "When the red day comes, I know which side of the Barricades I shall be on—!"

Marcelle began to laugh. It was a bitter laugh. It was the first time I had ever seen her un-self-conscious.

"*Ta gueule*, my friend," she interrupted rudely. "I know that talk! I have heard it since I was so high. . . . I *know!*" She stopped and laughed to herself, and wrenched out—"My grandfather was shot against a wall at Père Lachaise for carrying a red flag in the Commune in 1870." She started, looked at us shame-facedly, and grinned. "There, you see I come of a worthless family. . . ."

"Your grandfather!" shouted Fred.

"Pass for my grandfather," said Marcelle indifferently. "Let the crazy, dirty-handed old fool rest in his grave. I have never spoken of him before, and I shall burn no candles for his soul. . . ."

Fred seized her hand. He was exalted. "God bless your grandfather!"

With the quick wit of her profession, she divined that, for some mysterious reason, she had pleased. For answer she began to sing in a low voice the last lines of the *Internationale*.

"*C'est la lutte finale*—!" She coquetted with Fred.

"Tell us more about your grandfather," I asked.

"There is no more to tell," said Marcelle, half-ashamed, half-pleased, wholly ironical. "He was a wild man from God knows where. He had no father and mother. He was a stone-mason, and people say a fine workman. But he wasted his time in reading books, and he was always on strike. He was a savage, and always roaring 'Down with the Government and the rich!' People called him 'Le Farou.' I remember my father telling how the soldiers came to take him from his house to be shot. My father was a lad of fourteen, and he hid my grandfather under a mattress of the bed. But the soldiers poked their bayonets in there and one went through his shoul-

der—so they saw the blood. Then my grandfather made a speech to the soldiers—he was always making speeches—and asked them not to murder the Commune. . . . But they only laughed at him—” And Marcelle laughed, for it was amusing.

“But my father—” she went on; “Heavens! He was even worse. I can remember the big strike at the Creusot works,—wait a minute,—it was the year of the Great Exposition. My father helped to make that strike. My brother was then just a baby,—eight years he had, and he was already working as poor children do. And in the parade of all the strikers, suddenly my father heard a little voice shouting to him across the ranks,—it was my little brother, marching with a red flag, like one of the comrades!

“Hello, old boy!” he called to my father. ‘*Ca ira!*’

“They shot many workmen in that strike.” Marcelle shook her head viciously. “Ugh! The scum!”

Fred and I stirred, and found that we had been chilled from resting in one position. We beat on the window and ordered cognac.

“And now you have heard enough of my miserable family,” said Marcelle, with an attempt at lightness.

“Go on,” said Fred hoarsely, fixing her with gleaming eyes.

“But you’re going to take me to dinner, *n’est-ce pas?*” insinuated Marcelle. I nodded. “*Pardii!*” she went on, with a grin. “It was not like this that my father dined—hè! After my grandfather died, my old man could get no work. He was starving, and went from house to house begging food. But they shut the door in his face, the women of my grandfather’s comrades, saying ‘Give him nothing, the *salaud!* he is the son of Le Farrou, who was shot.’ And my father sneaked around the café tables, like a dog, picking up crusts to keep his soul and body together. It has taught me much,” said Marcelle, shaking her short hair. “To keep always in good relations with those who feed you. It is why I do not steal from the waiter like that girl did; and I tell everybody that my family was respectable. They might make me suffer for the sins of my father, as he did for his father’s.”

Light broke upon me, and once more the puzzling baseness of humanity justified itself. Here was the key to Marcelle, her weakness, her vileness. It was not vice, then, that had twisted her, but the intolerable degradation of the human spirit by the masters of the earth, the terrible punishment of those who thirst for liberty.

“I can remember,” she said, “how, after the Creusot strike was ended, the bosses got rid of their troublesome workmen. It was winter, and for weeks we had had only wood that my mother gathered in the fields, to keep us warm—and a little bread and coffee that the Union gave us. I wasn’t but four years old. My father decided to go to Paris, and we started—walking. He carried me on his shoulder, and with the other a little bundle of clothes. My mother carried another—but she had already tuberculosis, and had to rest every hour. My brother came behind. . . . We went along the white, straight road, with the light snow lying on it, between the high naked poplars. Two days and a night. . . . We huddled down in a deserted road-mender’s hut, my mother coughing, coughing. Then out again before the sun rose, tramping along through the snow, my father and my brother shouting revolutionary cries, and singing

*Dansons la Carmagnole
Vive le son—Vive le son—
Dansons la Carmagnole
Vive le son du canon!*”

Marcelle had raised her voice unconsciously as

she sang the forbidden song; her cheeks flushed, her eyes snapped, she stamped her foot. Suddenly she broke off and looked fearfully around. No one had noticed, however.

“My brother had a high, little voice like a girl, and my father used to break off laughing as he looked down at his son stamping sturdily along beside him, and roaring out songs of hate like an old striker.

“*Allons! Petit cheminot,—you little tramp you!* I’ll bet the police will know you some day!” And he would slap him on the back. It made my mother turn pale, and sometimes at night she would slip out of bed and go to the corner where my brother slept, and wake him up to tell him, weeping, that he must always grow up to be a good man. Once my father woke up and caught her. . . . But that was later, at Paris. . . .

“And they would sing—

‘*Debout freres de misere!
(Up! Brothers of misery!)
‘Ne voulons plus de frontieres
(We want no more frontiers)
‘Pour egorger la bourgeoisie
(To loot the bourgeoisie)
‘Et supprimer la tyrannie
(And suppress tyranny)
‘Il faut avoir du coeur
(We must have heart,
‘Et de l’energie!
(And energy!)*

“And then my father would look ahead with flashing eyes, marching as if he were an army. Every time his eyes flashed like that, my mother would tremble,—for it meant some reckless and terrible fight with the police, or a bloody strike, and she feared for him. . . . And I know how she must have felt, for she was law-abiding, like me—and my father, he was no good.” Marcelle shuddered, and gulped her cognac at one swallow.

“I really did not begin myself to know things until we came to Paris,” she went on, “because then I began to grow up. My first memory, almost, is when my father led the big strike at Thirion’s, the coal-yard down there on the avenue de Maine, and came home with his arm broken where the police had struck him. After that it was work, strike,—

work, strike,—with little to eat at our house and my mother growing weaker until she died. My father married again, a religious woman, who finally took to going continually to church and praying for his immortal soul. . . .

“Because she knew how fiercely he hated God. He used to come home at night every week after the meeting of the Union, his eyes shining like stars, roaring blasphemies through the streets. He was a terrible man. He was always the leader. I remember when he went out to assist at a demonstration on Montmartre. It was before the Sacré Coeur, the big white church you see up there on the top of the mountain, looking over all Paris. You know the statue of the Chevalier de la Barre just below it? It is of a young man in ancient times who refused to salute a religious procession; a priest broke his arm with the cross they carried, and he was burned to death by the Inquisition. He stands there in chains, his broken arm hanging by his side, his head lifted so,—proudly. *Eh b’en*, the workmen were demonstrating against the Church, or something, I don’t know what. They had speeches. My father stood upon the steps of the basilica and suddenly the *curé* of the church appeared. My father cried, in a voice of thunder, ‘*A bas* the priests! That pig burned him to death!’ he pointed to the statue. ‘To the Lanterne with him! Hang him!’ Then they all began to shout and surge toward the steps,—and the police charged the crowd with revolvers. . . . Well, my father came home that night all covered with blood, and hardly able to drag himself along the street.

“My step-mother met him at the door, very angry, and said, ‘Well, where have you been, you good-for-nothing?’

“‘At a manifestation, *quoi!*’ he growled.

“‘It serves you right,’ she said. ‘I hope you’re cured now.’

“‘Cured?’ he shouted, roaring through the bloody toothlessness of his mouth. ‘Until the next time. *Ca ira!*’

“And true enough, it was at the guillotining of Leboeuf that the cuirassiers charged the Socialists, and they carried my father home with a sabre cut in his head.”

Marcelle leaned over with a cigarette in her mouth to light it from Fred’s.

“They called him *Casse-tête* Poisot—the Head-breaker, and he was a hard man. . . . How he hated the Government! . . . Once I came home from school and told him that they had taught us to sing the Marseillaise.

“‘If I ever catch you singing that damned traitors’ song around here,’ he cried at me, doubling up his fist, ‘I’ll crack your face open.’”

To my eyes came the picture of this coarse, narrow, sturdy old warrior, scarred with the marks of a hundred vain, ignoble fights with the police, reeling home through squalid streets after Union meeting, his eyes blazing with visions of a regenerated humanity.

“And your brother?” asked Fred.

“Oh, he was even worse than my father,” said Marcelle, laughing. “You could talk to my father about some things, but there were things that you could not talk to my brother about at all. Even when he was a little boy he did dreadful things. He would say, ‘After school come to meet me at such and such a church,—I want to pray.’ I would meet him on the steps and we would go in together and kneel down. And when I was praying, he would suddenly jump up and run shouting around the church, kicking over the chairs and smashing the candles burning in the chapels. . . . And when—

PROMETHEUS

A CROSS the clean canopy of night the mighty planets revolving,

Each on its destined track through trackless space and through incalculable aeons,

Measuring miles by the million million, measuring time by the unit of eternity—

Silent, serene:

In a filthy ten-foot alley the man that cannot grow taller than seventy-two inches, whose brain is compressed in a cell of bone;

Entombed, and tearing the fleshy walls of his tomb with yearnings for an endless life, whose life is three score years and ten;

Wearied if he walk a dozen miles, surrendering to sleep if he remain awake above sixteen hours:

Which is the happier, stronger, greater?

The stars that see not the man, that perform prodigies because they are ordained to perform them?

Or the man that sees the stars obey and yet refuses to obey?

The stars serve and live,
The man defies and is slain:
But the man defies!

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.



Drawn by John Sloan.

The Bachelor Girl

ever he saw a *curé* in the street, he marched along right behind him crying, "A bas les calottes! A bas les calottes!" Twenty times he was arrested, and even put in the Reformatory. But he always escaped. When he had but fifteen years he ran away from the house and did not come back for a year. One day he walked into the kitchen where we were all having breakfast.

"Good morning," he said, as if he had never gone away. "Cold morning, isn't it?"

"My step-mother screamed.

"I have been to see the world," he went on. "I came back because I didn't have any money and was

hungry.' My father never scolded him, but just let him stay. In the daytime he hung around the cafés on the corner, and did not come home at night until after midnight. Then one morning he disappeared again, without a word to anyone. In three months he was back again, starving. My step-mother told my father that he ought to make the boy work, that it was hard enough with a lazy, fighting man to provide for. But my father only laughed.

"Leave him alone," he said. "He knows what he's doing. There's good fighting blood in him."

"My brother went off and came back like that until he was almost eighteen. In the last period,

before he settled down in Paris, he would most always work until he had collected enough money to go away. Then he finally got a steady job in a factory here, and married. . . .

"He had a fine voice for singing, and could hold people dumb with the way he sang revolutionary songs. At night, after his work was finished, he used to tie a big red handkerchief around his neck and go to some music hall or cabaret. He would enter, and while some singer was giving a song from the stage, he would suddenly lift up his voice and burst out into the *Ca ira* or the *Internationale*. The singer on the stage would be forced to stop, and

all the audience would turn and watch my brother, up there in the top benches of the theatre.

"When he had finished, he would cry 'How do you like that?' and then they would cheer and applaud him. Then he would shout 'Everybody say with me 'Down with the Capitalists! A bas the police! To the Lanterne with the flics!'" Then there would be some cheers and some whistles. 'Did I hear somebody whistle me?' he'd cry. 'I'll meet anybody at the door outside who dared to whistle me!' And afterward he would fight ten or fifteen men in a furious mob in the street outside, until the police came. . . .

"He, too, was always leading strikes, but had a laughing, gallant way that made all the comrades love him. . . . He might perhaps some day have been a deputy, if my father had not taught him lawlessness when he was young—"

"Where is he now?" asked Fred.

"Down there in the trenches somewhere." She waved her arm vaguely Eastward. "He had to go with the others when the war broke out, though he hated the Army so. When he did his military service, it was awful. He would never obey. For almost a year he was in prison. Once he decided to be promoted, and within a month they made him corporal, he was so intelligent. . . . But the very first day he refused to command the soldiers of his squad. . . . 'Why should I give orders to these comrades?' he shouted. 'One orders me to command them to dig a trench. *Voyons*, are they slaves?' So they degraded him to the ranks. Then he organized a revolt, and advised them to shoot their officers. . . . The men themselves were so insulted, they threw him over a wall.—So terribly he hated war! When the Three Year Military Law was up in the Chamber, it was he who led the mob to the Palais Bourbon. . . . And now he must go to kill the *Bôches*, like the others. Perhaps he himself is dead.—I do not know, I have heard nothing." And then irrelevantly, "He has a little son five years old."

Three generations of fierce, free blood, struggling indefatigably for a dim dream of liberty. And now a fourth in the cradle! Did they know why they struggled? No matter. It was a thing deeper than reason, an instinct of the human spirit which neither force nor persuasion could ever uproot.

"And you, Marcelle?" I asked.

"I?" She laughed. "Shall I tell you that I was not seduced by a Duke?" She gave a bitter little chuckle. "Then you will not respect me,—for I notice that you friends of passage want your vice seasoned with romance. But it is true. It has not been romantic. In that hideousness and earnestness of our life, I always craved joy and happiness. I always wanted to laugh, be gay, even when I was a baby. I used to imagine drinking champagne, and going to the theatre, and I wanted jewels, fine dresses, automobiles. Very early my father noticed that my tastes led that way; he said, 'I see that you want to throw everything over and sell yourself to the rich. Let me tell you now, that the first fault you commit, I'll put you out the door and call you my daughter no more.'

"It became intolerable at home. My father could not forgive women who had lovers without being married. He kept saying that I was on the way to sin—and when I grew older, I wasn't permitted to leave the house without my step-mother. As soon as I was old enough, he hurried to find me a husband, to save me. One day he came home and said that he had found one,—a pale young man who limped, the son of a restaurant-keeper on the same street. I knew him; he was not bad, but I couldn't bear to think of marrying. I wanted so much to be free."

TO A SOAP-BOX ORATOR

HOW can we hate enough to fight?

How can we think enough to win?

It is a reeling summer night,
And you, young man in the street-lamp's glare,
Tell us the world and all's our share. . . .
You might as well talk of eternal sin!
What does it matter? What do we care? . . .
With noises and smells all soaking in,
And the pressing crowds and beckoning eyes. . . .
Your words come hot and urgent and wise,
But . . . it's Saturday night—and a dime to spare!

FREDA KIRCHWEY.

We started, Fred and I. "Free!" Wasn't that what the old man had fought for so bitterly?

"So that night," she said, "I got out of bed and put on my Sunday dress, and my everyday dress over that, and ran away. All night I walked around the streets, and all the next day. That evening, trembling, I went to the factory where my brother worked and waited for him to come out. I did not know whether or not he would give me up to my father. But soon he came along, shouting and singing with some comrades. He spied me.

"Well, old girl, what brings you here?" he cried, taking my arm. "Trouble?" I told him I had run away. He stood off and looked at me. "You haven't eaten," he said. "Come home with me and meet my wife. You'll like her. We'll all have dinner together!" So I did. His wife was wonderful. She met me with open arms, and they showed me the baby, just a month old. . . . And so fat! All was warm and happy there in that house. I remember that she cooked the dinner herself, and never have I eaten such a dinner! They did not ask me anything until I had eaten, and then my brother lighted a cigarette and gave me one. I was afraid to smoke, for my stepmother had said it was to bring hell on a woman. . . . But the wife smiled at me and took one herself.

"Now," said my brother. "Well, what are your plans?"

"I have none," I answered. "I must be free. I want gaiety, and lovely clothes. I want to go to the theatre. I want to drink champagne."

"His wife shook her head sadly.

"I have never heard of any work for a woman that will give her those things," she said.

"Do you think I want work?" I burst out. "Do you think I want to slave out my life in a factory for ten francs a week, or strut around in other women's gowns at some *couturière's* on the Rue de la Paix? Do you think I will take orders from anyone? No, I want to be free!"

"My brother looked at me gravely for a long time. Then he said, 'We are of the same blood. It would do no good to argue with you, or to force you. Each human being must work out his own life. You shall go and do whatever you want. But I want you to know that whenever you are hungry, or discouraged, or deserted, that my house is always open to you,—that you will always be welcome here, for as long as you want.' . . ."

Marcelle wiped her eyes roughly with the back of her hand.

"I stayed there that night, and the next day I went around the city and talked with girls in the cafés,—like I am now. They advised me to work, if I wanted a steady lover; so I went into a big Department-store for a month. Then I had a lover,

an Argentine, who gave me beautiful clothes and took me to the theatre. Never have I been so happy!

"One night when we were going to the theatre,—as we passed by my brother's house, I thought I would stop in and let him know how wonderful I found life. I had on a blue charmeuse gown,—I remember it now, it was lovely! Slippers with very high heels and brilliants on the buckles, white gloves, a big hat with a black ostrich feather, and a veil. Luckily the veil was down; for as I entered the door of my brother's tenement, my father stood there on the steps! He looked at me. I stopped. My heart stood still. But I could see he did not recognize me.

"*Va t'en!*" he shouted. "What is your kind doing here, in a workingman's house? What do you mean by coming here to insult us with your silks and your feathers, sweated out of poor men in mills and their consumptive wives, their dying children? Go away, you whore!"

"I was terrified that he might recognize me!

"It was only once more that I saw him. My lover left me, and I had other lovers. . . . My brother and his wife went out to live near my father, in St. Denis. I used sometimes to go out and spend the night with them, to play with the baby, who grew so fast. Those were really happy times. And I used to leave again at dawn, to avoid meeting my father. One morning I left my brother's house, and as I came onto the street, I saw my father, going to work at dawn with his lunch pail! He had not seen my face. There was nothing to do but walk down the street ahead of him. It was about five o'clock,—few people were about. He came along behind me, and soon I noticed that he was walking faster. Then he said in a low voice, 'Mademoiselle, wait for me. We are going the same direction, *hein?*' I hurried. 'You are pretty, mademoiselle. And I am not old. Can't we go together some place?' I was in a panic. I was so full of horror and of fear that he might see my face. I did not dare to turn up a side-street, for he would have seen my profile. So I walked straight ahead,—straight ahead for hours, for miles. . . . I do not know when he stopped. . . . I do not know if now he might be dead. . . . My brother said he never spoke of me. . . ."

She ceased, and the noises of the street became again apparent to our ears, that had been so long deaf to them, with double their former loudness. Fred was excited.

"Marvelous, by God!" he cried, thumping the table. "The same blood, the same spirit! And see how the revolution becomes sweeter, broader, from generation to generation! See how the brother understood freedom in a way which the old father was blind to!"

Marcelle shot him an astonished look. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"Your father,—fighting all his life for liberty,—yet turned you out because you wanted *your liberty*."

"Oh, but you don't understand," said Marcelle. "I did wrong. I am bad. If I had a daughter who was like me, I should do the same thing, if she had a frivolous character."

"Can't you see?" cried Fred. "Your father wanted liberty for men, but not for women!"

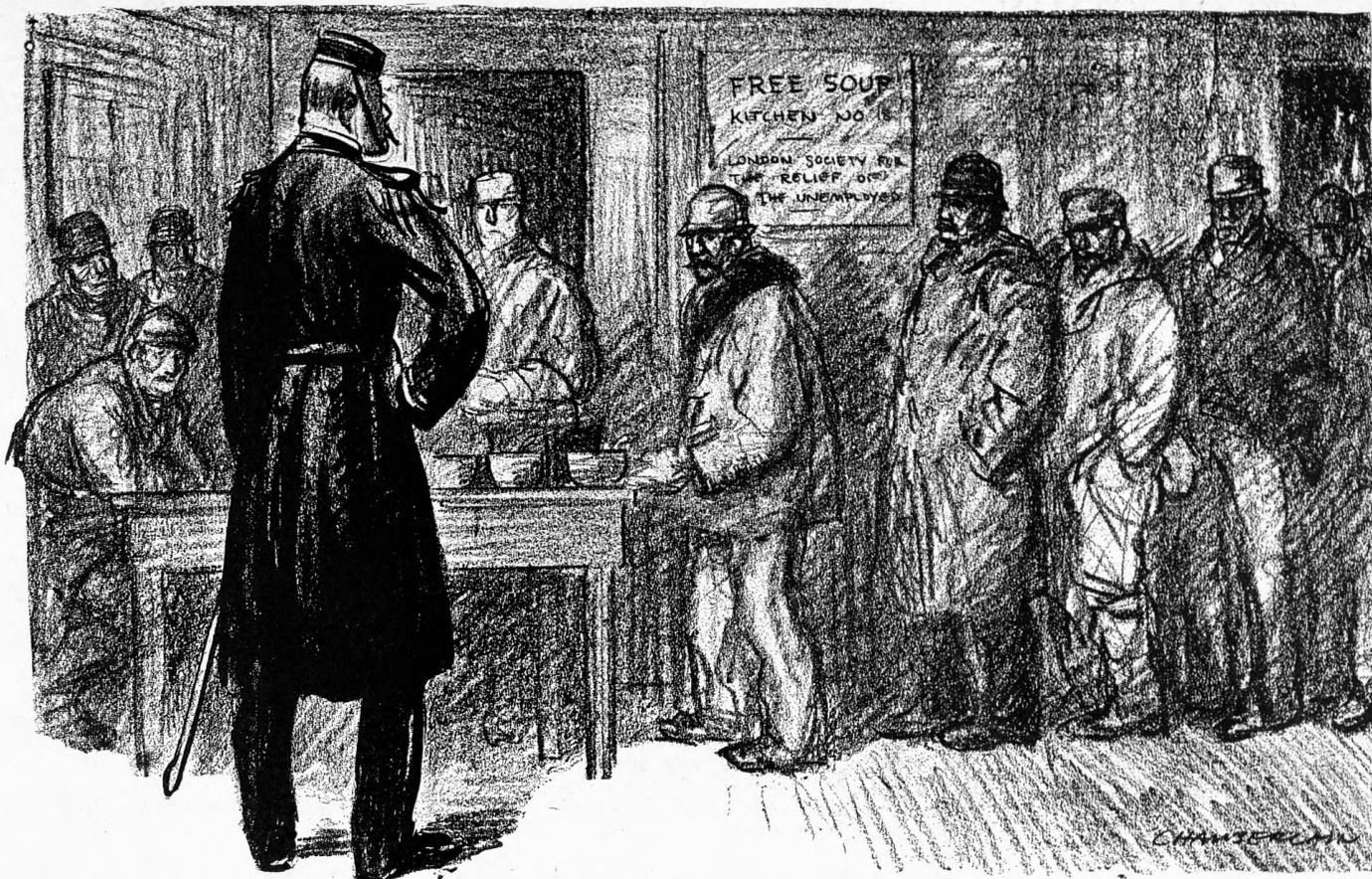
"Naturally," she shrugged. "Men and women are different. My father was right. Women must be—*respectable!*"

"The women need another generation," sighed Fred, sadly.

I took Marcelle's hand.

"Do you regret it?" I asked her.

"Regret my life?" she flashed back, tossing her head proudly, "*Dame*, no! I'm free! . . ."



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

Recruiting Officer: "I am looking for Mr. Thomas Atkins, veteran of three wars. The time has come when his country can use him again."

"Utopia or Hell"

WE have to accept either his "peace of righteousness," so the High-Priest of Righteousness informs us in the *Independent*, or war, *i. e.*, hell. Most of us would prefer hell.

The peace of righteousness has two parts:

First, preparations to interfere by force in the affairs of other nations, which is called "duty" and the demands of a "lofty international morality." Thus we should be making war on Germany at the present moment in behalf of Belgium.

Second, stipulations preventing other nations from interfering in our affairs, and allowing us to wage war in case they do so. The League of Peace is to have no jurisdiction over a nation's "vital interest."

The decision of such questions is to be left to war between the nations involved. Other questions are to be left for war between the League of Peace and "recalcitrant" nations.

No other peace plan proposes two entirely separate and distinct methods of engendering war.

And Frank Tanenbaum?

THE well-fed ladies with a heavy sense of their social responsibility to the poor having been called to order in the Green Room at the McAlpin Hotel, Mr. Henry Bruere, City Chamberlain of New York City, was introduced as the speaker of the day. Mr. Bruere had for his topic the poor and their

sorrows. He pinned medals, metaphorically, over the Mayor and the Administration for seeing, within a year, a great light. He told of the foolish way that the poor had been clubbed by the police a year before. He told of the way the Municipal Lodging House had been made merely the front door to jail, with long maple night sticks to welcome each fourth-nighter. He even told of the stupid policy of the churches that drove the hungry and the homeless back when they applied for shelter.

All these foolish ways, he asserted, were gone with the cold of the winter that saw them happen. Now, he pointed out, the Municipal Lodging House was being humanized. The maple night sticks, and the cops that bore them, were banished. The rear exit of the lodging house had ceased to open into jail. Even the churches, he said, were rushing forward to spread welcome mats before the poor--were inviting them in, before they should themselves demand that they be taken in.

But how about Frank Tanenbaum?

If we know anything about the Light the City Fathers saw, Frank Tanenbaum played the role of torch bearer to it. And all through the year while the Fathers have labored to bring about a new deal, Tanenbaum has languished in a filthy jail. It's all right for Bruere to pin medals on the Fathers, but wouldn't it be a perfectly pious idea under the circumstances, to make it unanimous by welcoming Tanenbaum out of jail with a little medal-pinning party just for one, at the City Hall? C. M.

The Libel Case

WE understand that our trial for alleged libel of the Associated Press is soon to occur. It will be well reported here, and we enjoy a policy of watchful waiting upon those who care.

Prize Press Pearl

A WOMAN wrote to the Philadelphia *North American* telling how she feeds a family of six (her husband, self, and four children) on \$3 a week: "The *North American* . . . hereby publicly acknowledges its admiration for such a fine manager. A few of this same sort in each community in the land soon would put an end to the high cost of living agitation."

You Turned

YOU turned to me on the street,
Smiling your professional best;
And in a soft flash of memory
I recalled my baby's first smile
Which I had thought was for me
Until the nurse heartlessly said it came with colic.

ROBERT CARLTON BROWN.

TO AN OLD MAN

TERROR you bring into this room;
Your smile and cheerful mien are lies,
There is no youth within your eyes,
And though your cheeks still bravely bloom
You are in league with death and doom;
Therefore you come with laughter bright,
With wine and flowers of the night
And flashing in a fool's costume.

We hate the jest upon your tongue,
The merriment of your glad song,
Your happiness will do us wrong,
Who, unlike you, are really young,
You stifle us, who have not sung,
And when you dance with ease and grace
There is a look upon your face
That leaves us shaken and unstrung.

The words you say are fine and sweet,
And every step you take is sure,
And seemingly you shall endure
When we are dust within the deep.
You walk erect while still we creep.
No blunders mar your perfect parts—
Master you are of human hearts,
And yet with evilness replete.

Such wit as yours we cannot spin,
Nor so much kindness show to man,
And with such delicacy span
The awkward breach 'twixt right and sin.
But still you lose, who always win,
And in the moment of your gain
We mark the poignant rush of pain
That makes your victory harsh and thin.

You are a ghost by Time begot,
You are a thing that should not be.
Startled at times we sharply see
Ourselves in your exquisite rot.
Some day we, too, shall share your lot
And be so faultless and bizarre,
The sheen of some soft silver star,
Whose light lives on, though it is out.

JOSEPH BERNARD RETHY.

REMINISCENCES

THE other side of Death, one night,
Walked out a youth and maid;
And they reviewed (as children might
A game that they had played)
The battle they had died to fight,
The cost they both had paid.

"I heard—or seemed to hear," she said,
"Far voices, seemed to see
St. Michael point me to a sword
To set my country free;
With men, a man, I fought," her head
Drooped forward wearily.

The boy assented with a nod,
"Like me," he said, "beguiled.
A dove—a voice from heaven—odd
My fancies were, and wild!
I thought I was the son of God,"
He said, and, sadly, smiled.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

SISTERS OF THE CROSS OF SHAME

THE Sisters of the Cross of Shame,
They smile along the night;
Their houses stand with shuttered souls
And painted eyes of light.

Their houses look with scarlet eyes
Upon a world of sin;
And every man cries, "Woe, alas!"
And every man goes in.

The sober Senate meets at noon,
To pass the Woman's Law,
The portly Churchmen vote to stem
The torrent with a straw.

The Sister of the Cross of Shame,
She smiles beneath her cloud—
(She does not laugh till ten o'clock,
And then she laughs too loud.)

And still she hears the throb of feet
Upon the scarlet stair,
And still she dons the cloak of shame
That is not hers to wear.

The sons of saintly women come
To kiss the Cross of Shame;
Before them, in another time,
Their worthy fathers came.

And no man tells his son the truth,
And no man dares to tell;
And Innocence goes laughing through
The little doors of hell.

The Sisters of the Cross of Shame,
They smile along the night,
And on their shadowed window sills,
They place a scarlet light—

They place a scarlet light to draw
The soul that flutters by—
And still the portly Churchman prays,
And still the young men die.

And still the portly Churchmen pray,
And still the Senate meets,
And still the scarlet houses stand
Along the bitter streets—

And no man tells his son the truth,
Lest he should speak of sin;
And every man cries, "Woe, alas!"
And every man goes in.

F. DANA BURNET.

TOP O' THE POT

I HAD an old grandam and she was blind,
And she had lived from time out of mind.
And she knew all the sage old saws
That ever were known since the gray world was.

And when she heard one who vaunted himself
Of his 'pedigree's length or the pride of his pelf,
Then with a wag of her knowing head,
"The top o' the pot is the scum," she said.

The edge of her tongue was a thing to fear;
Heedless she was who might hear.
"He thinks he's God; and Who but He!
But the top o' the pot is the scum," said she.

ELIZABETH WADDELL.

BUTTONS

I HAVE been watching the war map slammed up for
advertising in front of the newspaper office.
Buttons—red and yellow buttons—blue and black but-
tons—are shoved back and forth across the map.

A laughing young man, sunny with freckles,
Climbs a ladder, yells a joke to somebody in the crowd,
And then fixes a yellow button one inch west
And follows the yellow button with a black button one
inch west.

(Ten thousand men and boys twist on their bodies in
a red soak along a river edge,
Gasping of wounds, calling for water, some rattling
death in their throats.)

Who by Christ would guess what it cost to move two
buttons one inch on the war map here in front of
the newspaper office where the freckle-faced young
man is laughing to us?

CARL SANDBURG.

TO THE SUICIDES

UNHALLOWED Ones;
Your vice was Impatience:
You might have done better
Had you waited for War.

Then Kings had praised you,
Bishops had blessed you,
Calling you holy—
Women had knitted for you
Mittens and socks,
Holding the needles and yarn cutely
On their Laps
In the Theatre
Between the Acts—
Poets had sung of you,
Calling your dying heroic.
Civilization—poor hussy—had wept for you
Out of her Million Eyes—
Bankers and Gamblers,
Profiteers and Dealers in powder,
Students and Doctors and Dustmen—
All, all had wept for you,
Sniffing, Blubbing, Culture and Duty—
Calling you Saviors.

Unhallowed Ones,
Your Vice was impatience.

EDMOND MCKENNA.

VENUS AND MARS

VENUS and Mars looked from the cloudless blue.
Down on the bloody and disordered field
Where buzzards, surfeited and heavy, flew.
"See, Love," said Mars, "this is my choicest yield.

"And I need men. The farmer when he fears
The pinch of famine, more abundant sows.
I pray you dry the women's flood of tears
And make love blossom in them like a rose.

"Lure each, though weeping, to embrace a man,
No matter who, so that his strength be good.
Breed for my banquets, 'tis a goodly plan:
For when I drink I drain the best of blood."

"My lord, my warrior," smiling Venus said,
"I will seduce them to your high behest;
And though the father lie among the dead,
His son shall wait for you beneath the breast."

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD.

VESTED RIGHTS IN CHARITY

THE grand orgy of hymn singing which broke out at Chicago to the first Bull Moose tune of Down With Poverty, having resounded through the land for many months, it came up at last in a Legislative Program. And in New York State the legislative program took the form of a bill, duly brought before the legislators, to let widows keep their babies at home, as wards of The People.

The idea called for doing away with the farming out of half orphaned babies to institutions, where they mostly live through a blighted youth, and a percentage dies that is appalling.

But the bill did not ride a smooth course towards the Governor's signature. No, indeed. The first thing heard about it was that Private Charity Organizations were conducting a secret lobby to *kill the bill*. The name of the lobby's gunshoer even got noised abroad.

I wish he would write to us telling us all about his activities in Albany against the bill to compensate widows. And will he kindly add just how much his work at Albany against the bill to let mothers keep their half orphaned babies in their own homes cost his backers? And just who these backers were, and how much he got out of this kind of work for Private Charity?

A popular mass meeting was held in Cooper Union to demand that Private Charity take its cold hands off the neck of this rather warm-hearted little measure. And shortly after that the bill died in Albany.

Instead of passing it they appointed a commission, and by and by this commission brought before it some of the folks who back private charity. Not the charity workers who look upward for money with which they can afterwards look down upon the poor, but the rich men who give to Charity with one hand, while with the other hand they do things it would not be polite to mention on a Charitable afternoon.

You might say these men who appeared as witnesses are the Bruce Ismays of the Titanic journey on which Private Charity is now embarked. They overlord the skippers of the expedition. Perhaps they will bring it to grief.

When you hear about Charity in the public prints you usually hear about the Relief it gives. We here pause to offer it a new designation:

THE CHARITY ORGANIZATION SOCIETY
RELIEF AND LOBBYING DONE

Well, Otto T. Bannard came forward as a witness before the Commission on Widowed Mothers' Relief. And this is what he said:

"Widowed Mothers Pensions present the strongest sentimental appeal and the very best case for this entering wedge towards state Socialism. The battle cry is not alms, but their right to share. The subsequent steps are old age pensions, free food, clothing and coal, to the unemployed and the RIGHT to be given work. It breeds candidates for alms, multiplies upon itself, represses the desire for self help, self respect and independence and inflicts upon its beneficiaries what is termed in England the Government stroke of paralysis. It is not American; it is not virile. The necessities of life, so far as my limited observation goes, are provided for through private charities."

Bannard is honest. It is important to keep this in mind.

Absolutely honest. That is what makes his testimony so illuminating to our problem. If he were a hypocrite, as well as a pharisee, he would have said that pensions for widows are a good thing, and then would have fed out cash for legislators to choke them off. But he tells us just where he is at.

There are stories that legislators, while they were killing the widowed mothers' bill received telegrams from Bannard telling them to vote against the bill. We never saw such a telegram. But we say it to his credit, we believe Bannard would have fought that way—directly out in the open, if he had fought at all against the bill.

Let us turn to the view of compensation for widows of another Big Giver of the charity overlords. There came to the stand the man whose name floats around in references to that great body of wealth known as The Russell Sage Foundation,—the body of wealth that is supposed to devote itself with a heart hunger that is something fierce, to the plight of widows who have kiddies they would scrub for if they had to, on the floor even of a District Charity Office.

Robert W. De Forest, king-pin of the Charity world, to the witness chair, and here's his testimony:

If the duty of helping their less fortunate neighbors were taken off the shoulders of those who are able to help by having the city or state assume the burden, *much of the neighborly intercourse between the poorer and the richer would cease.* Public outdoor relief [the technical Charity term for help given outside of an institution to which kiddies have been committed] *makes for class separation and the enmity of classes. Private charity makes for brotherhood of men.*

"Private charity makes for the brotherhood of man." Well, after all this fuss about it, it occurred to The Association For Improving the Condition of the Poor to do some pensioning of widows. It had never occurred to this Association before to do

much pensioning. Rather it had been making printed records in which you could read of widows "saved" by being put to work as cleaners in the District Charity offices. But under this threat of state pensions it suddenly became advisable, and financially possible, for the Association to do a little private pensioning. And we knew Mary, a washerwoman. Mary had washed in homes we knew about with a glad heart,—because her toil was going to keep her four kiddies in food after a father had deserted them. We suggested to Mary that it would be a fine thing for her to get an A. I. C. P. pension.

We thought that if ever there was a deserving case it was Mary's, because to restore such a woman to her home and let her boss it as it ought to be bossed, with all her time and energy, would make a great thing out of Mary's motherly life.

So she went on the trail of a pension—and came back with a broken heart and an outraged sense of motherhood. The case had got round on reference to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and this Society made the awful discovery that Mary—a weazened up old woman who had bent over wash tubs daily for five years, to my certain knowledge—*was immoral, shockingly immoral.*

There were boarders in her humble flat, it seemed, and not enough doors or curtains, or something, to make sure that all slept with due regard for morals. Of course there were boarders. To keep her kiddies together Mary hired out as janitor in a flat house, and janitored night and morning, after taking a turn at the neighborhood's wash tubs. And because all this still left her below the margin of a living wage, she had the usual "lift" of exploited folks of that sort from boarders who paid a little for their keep.

The Immoral Mary lost her babies. They were kidnapped for an institution. And broken hearted she still works on, hoping each week to have money enough for a visit up the Hudson to the place where they are held.

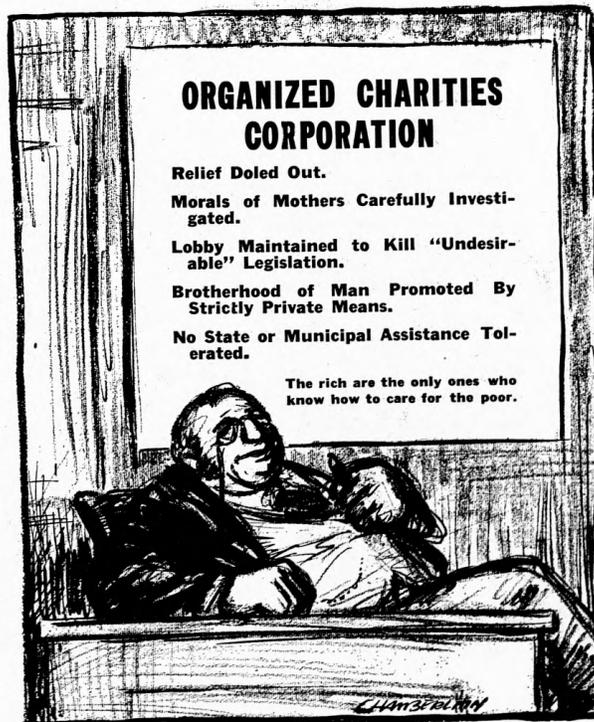
Sometimes you hear stories of scandal in Private Charity's way of grabbing kiddies for institutions. It is described as a sort of kidnapping game. The institutions, you know, get fees from the public treasury for the kids they capture—that is, *obtain*, through court commitment on the recommendation of the private charities. And as the Widowed Mothers' Compensation Commission sunk in its probe, there were many who cried that this "commitment" evil was one of the big inside scandals of the Private Charity game.

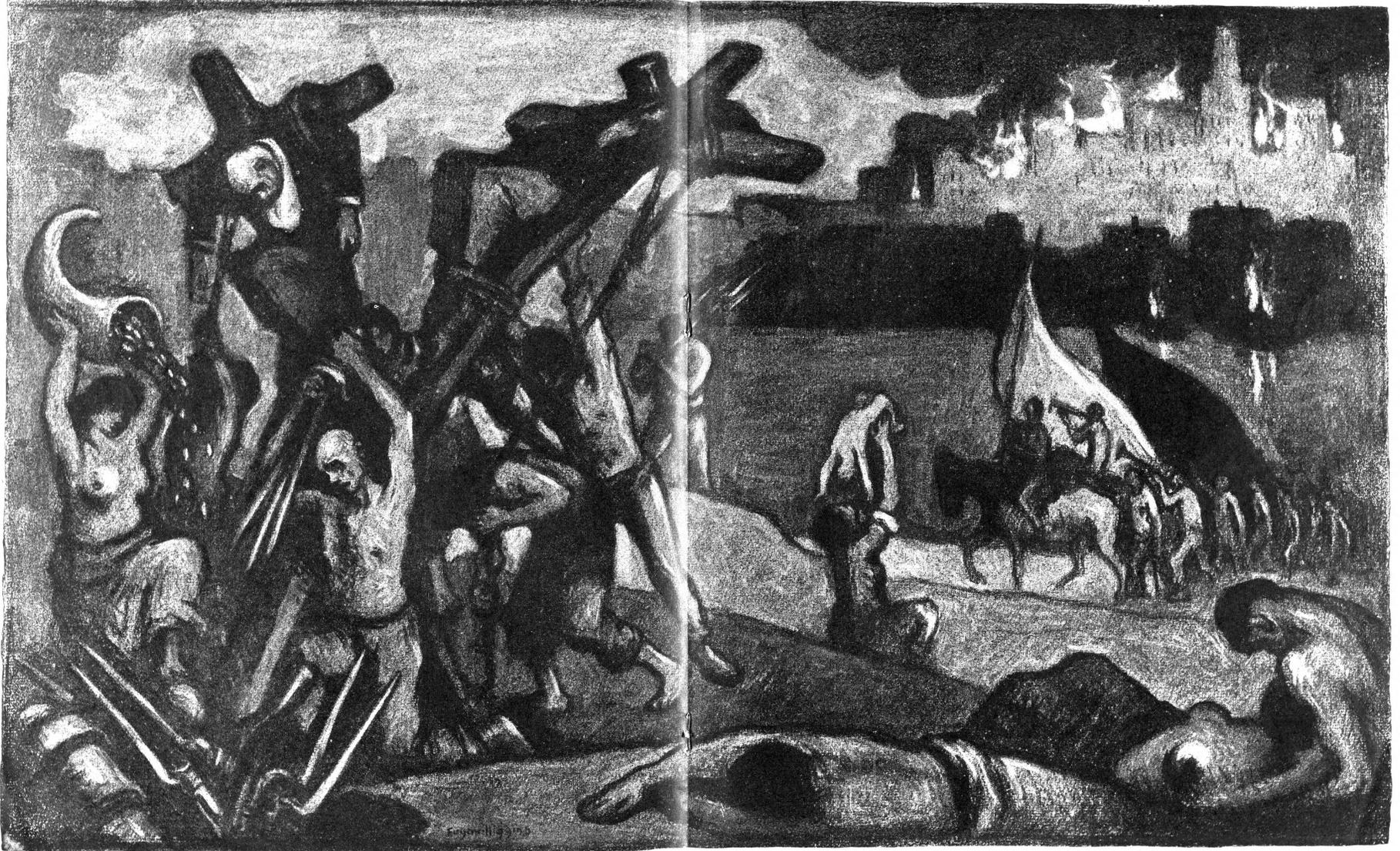
Re-read at this point Otto T. Bannard's testimony. Get his spirit towards the poor and what they *deserve*. Get the fact that he is honest. Then remember that he is just as honest as the Vanderbilt who said, "The Public Be Damned," and Divine Right Baer who spoke right out in meeting in thanks of the way God had chosen certain rich men to rule this world and its affairs.

What shall we call him?—"Just You Leave the Poor to the Rich Bannard."

Bannard and DeForest are not the bosses of the S. P. C. C. They are not even interested in it directly, we suspect. We merely have to thank them for a wholly honest and frank statement about an attitude that runs through private charity everywhere you touch it. Is it any wonder then that the time has come for private charity to go to the hell box?

CHRIS MORTON.





Painted by Eugene Delacroix.

THE NEW CALVARY

THE MASSES, February, 1835.

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

Negative Pacifism

The Great Socialist

THE solitary vote of Karl Liebknecht in the German Reichstag against the war credits is to me the greatest event of the war. He was denied the privilege of speaking upon his vote or of having a statement printed in the official record, or published in the German press. But it was published in a Dutch Socialist daily, and has been translated into English. I quote from the *New York Call*:

"My vote against the war credit is based upon the following considerations:

"This war, which none of the peoples engaged therein has wished, is not caused in the interest of the prosperity of the German or any other nation. This is an imperialistic war, a war for the domination of the world market, for the political domination over important fields of operation for industrial and bank capital. On the part of the competition in armaments this is a war mutually fostered by German and Austrian war parties in the darkness of half absolutism and secret diplomacy in order to steal a march on the adversary.

"At the same time this war is a Bonapartist effort to blot out the growing labor movement. This has been demonstrated with ever-increasing plainness in the past few months, in spite of a deliberate purpose to confuse the heads.

"The German motto, 'Against Czarism,' as well as the present English and French cries, 'Against Militarism,' have the deliberate purpose of bringing into play in behalf of race hatred the noblest inclinations and the revolutionary feelings and ideals of the people. To Germany, the accomplice of Czarism, an example of political backwardness down to the present day, does not belong the calling of the liberator of nations. The liberation of the Russian as well as the German people should be their own task.

"This war is not a German defense war. Its historical character and its development thus far make it impossible to trust the assertion of a capitalistic government that the purpose for which credits are asked is the defense of the fatherland.

"The credits for succor have my approval, with the understanding that the asked amount seems far from being sufficient. Not less eagerly do I vote for everything that will alleviate the hard lot of our brothers in the field, as well as that of the wounded and the sick, for whom I have the deepest sympathy. But I do vote against the demanded war credits, under protest against the war and against those who are responsible for it and have caused it, against the capitalistic purposes for which it is being used, against the annexation plans, against the violation of the Belgian and Luxembourg neutrality, against the unlimited authority of rulers of war and against the neglect of social and political duties of which the government and the ruling classes stand convicted.

(Signed) "KARL LIEBKNECHT.

"Berlin, December 2, 1914."

With so many millions acting from mere instinct and social suggestion, we can only greet these solitary evidences of intelligent judgment with a sad reverence. Intelligence and the knowledge of truth do survive in a few hearts, and when the time comes, when all these millions of animal activities have spent and wrecked themselves—in the quietness of devastation, they will issue forth and begin their sacred work again.

BUT in our tribute to Karl Liebknecht must lie also a tribute to thousands of German citizens who stand with him. They are few at this hour, by comparison with the mass, and perhaps their function for a while is to store and preserve the truth—"unto the day"—rather than fight for it.

And yet who knows? We may see the rebellion of Liebknecht's followers in spring, or when the summer levies and the new campaigns begin. Are we ready to do our part?

THE President's message was wise in a negative, half-way fashion. At least he declined to become hysterical upon the question of armament, and just half suggested, with perhaps a twinkle in his diplomacy, that these militarists are not the fighters, but the ones who are unnerved at the idea of a fight.

But is there not a bit of sense in the opinion that we must do something affirmative to prevent war? Some of us are having a merited laugh at Herbert Croly for saying, in effect, that the way to promote peace is to encourage all countries to go to war and fight for it. That is foolish enough. But is anyone—except possibly a Christian—and there are no Christians—going to maintain that peace will come by the road of mere non-resistance? No, we will either have an armament, and the question of more or less becomes secondary, or we will have some effective mechanism for preventing hostilities.

In brief, it is the hour and the day for President Wilson to take the first step towards international federation. He has it in his hands to make his administration a momentous event in planetary history—a thing not for historians, indeed, but for biologists, to tell of, because the elimination of war will profoundly alter the character of evolution.

Will he do this, or will he rest satisfied with that ludicrous incantation, the national petition to God? Is he capable of a man's prayer, a great act of resolution?

Cant

"ANY young man with brains and determination," she said, "can succeed in the world as it is. Only he must believe in himself. Never say *can't*—that is my motto."

"But do you not see that with 10 per cent. of the people owning 90 per cent. of the instruments with which wealth is produced, it is mathematically impossible—"

"My dear boy," she interrupted, "you *can't* make the world over in a day!"

From a Terrorist

THERE is a woman living at Yonkers—an assassin—whose story is a breath of joy to the saddened idealism of these times. At sixteen she was arrested as a revolutionary labor agitator in Russia and exiled to Siberia. After years of confinement there, she escaped—miraculously—still young in years—still full of the joy of life. And where then to enjoy it? Back into Russia, to plan and execute with her own hand the death of a governor who was murdering and persecuting her people. To Siberia again, and again breathlessly and incredibly escaping, across the Pacific to America, where, awaiting events in her own country, she pauses to tell us the story.*

It will do you good, if you are as sad now as some of us over the wasted heroism of the world, to read this tale of spontaneous and effective devotion to the highest hopes of man. It is written with the graphic and simple intensity that we expect of a Russian novel, and yet also with the magic of personal truth.

*"The Life Story of a Siberian Exile," by Marie Sukloff. The Century Company. \$1.60 postage prepaid.

I asked Miss Sukloff of the state of mind of the people in Russia, and her view of the present hopes of revolution, and this is a part of her letter:

"There is no longer that spirit of submissiveness which paralyzed their will in the Japanese war. That war and the revolution which followed immediately after it have, by their dreadful consequences, taught the Russian people that they must take a more conscious interest in their own life and that of their country. The peasants and workingmen, although deprived of any opportunity to study, most of them illiterate, have grown spiritually within these ten years. They no longer await the unknown liberator who was to come and lead them out of autocratic bondage. They understand that neither individuals nor even whole revolutionary parties are able to free them from the despotic regime, that their liberty is in their own hands. And at the time when the makers of the unsuccessful revolution were languishing in far-away Siberia, when reaction was in full sway, the Russian peasant and workingman emerged from obscurity and set out on an independent course.

"It is true that the very chains of autocracy are still impeding the movements of the people, that the more or less Radical organs of the press are suspended, that the prisons and frozen Siberian hamlets are filled with Russia's best sons and daughters. But the millions of Russian soldiers who are willingly giving their lives for the defense of their country are not the same whom the czar compelled to fight the Japanese in 1904. Their contact with their more enlightened brothers-in-arms, the free sons of France and England, will not fail to leave traces in their hearts and minds. And when this war is over, they will show to the whole civilized world that the Russian bayonet is not only capable of supporting the falling throne of the Romanovs, that this same bayonet, which will help rid Europe of the menace of German militarism, will also strike a mortal blow at Russian autocracy."

Fatuous Feebleness

I QUOTE this from the *New Republic*:

"From Bakunin to the McNamaras and Alexander Berkman, the terrorist has been more of a nuisance to the labor movement than to the social order which in his fatuous feebleness he hoped to replace."

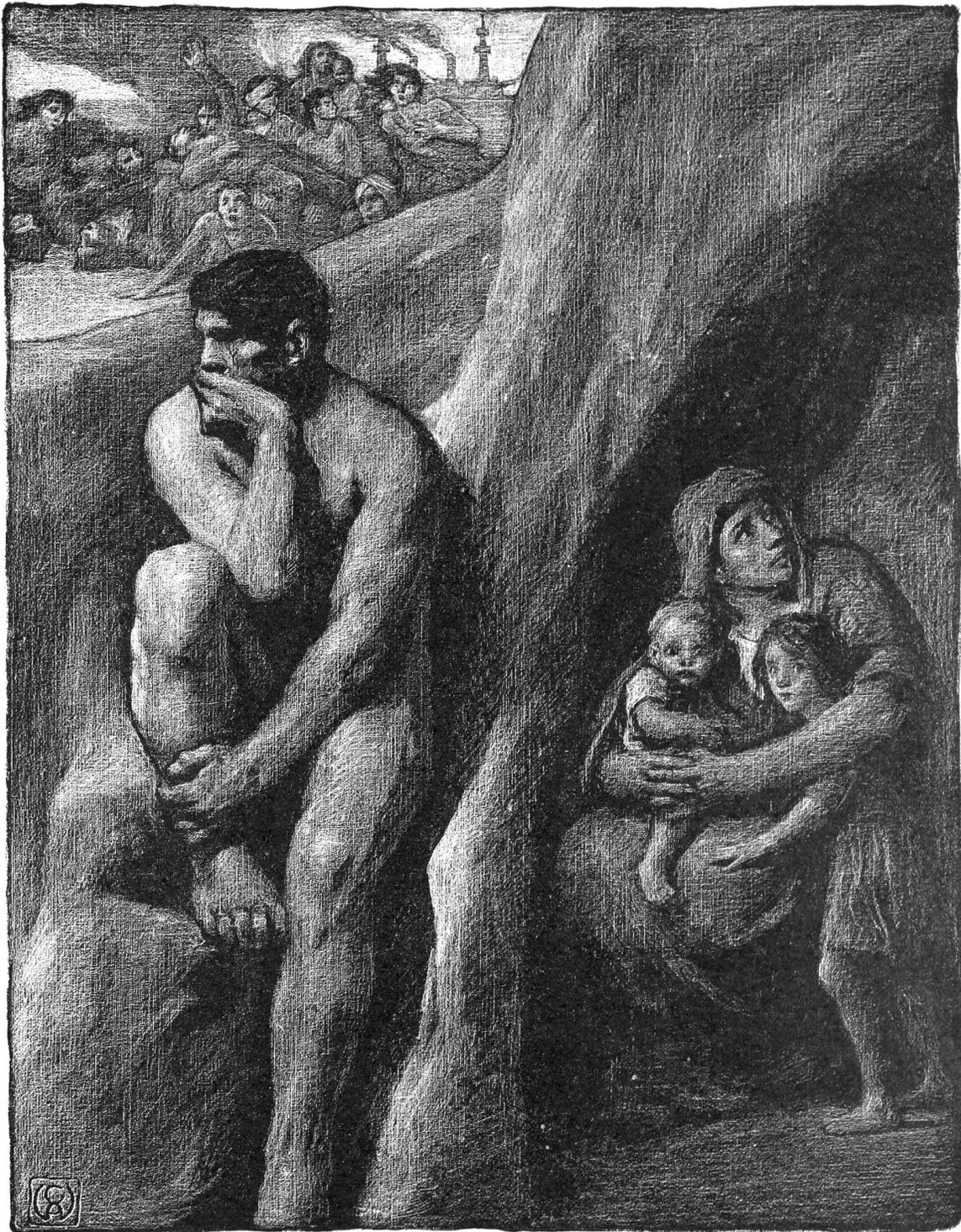
I quote it because it is so exhilarating to think of those mighty young bronze beasts who edit the *New Republic* deriding in just that spartan fashion the "feebleness" of men and women whom the sight of hunger and oppression has driven to offer up their life's blood in one supreme act of protest.

Harvard Spirit

MASSACHUSETTS favored a law prohibiting the bearing of a red flag in public processions. This little law accidentally applied to the Harvard crimson, and the *Outlook* has this pearl on the subject:

"To the credit of the spirited undergraduates of Harvard, acquiescence in this remarkable law has been complete on their part."

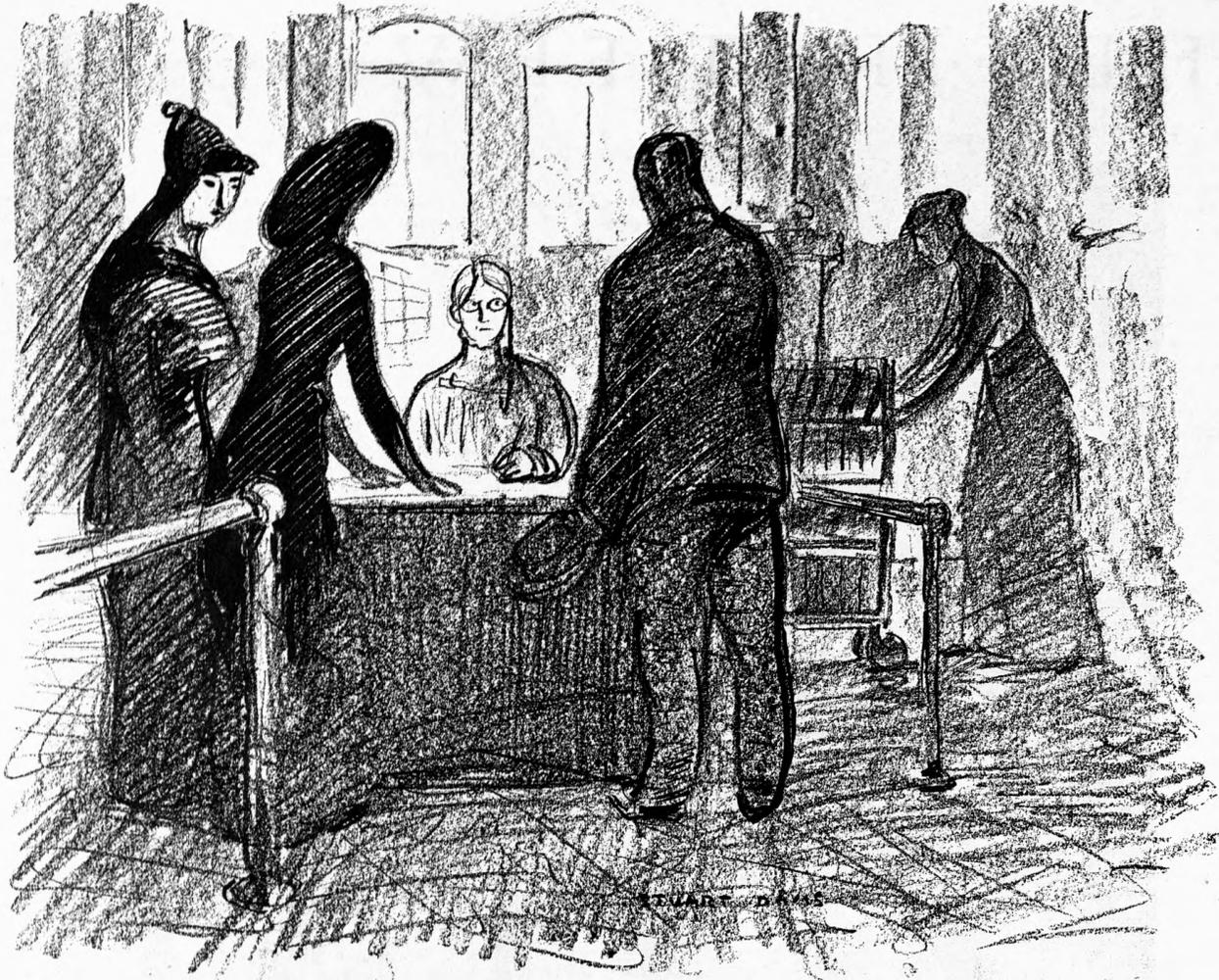
Let us hope some of the Socialists will be a little less "spirited."



Drawn by Charles A. Winter.

“And shall ye rule, O kings, O strong men? Nay!
 Waste all ye will and gather all ye may,
 Yet one thing is there that ye shall not slay—
 Even Thought, that fire nor iron can affright.”

—Swinburne.



Drawn by Stuart Davis.

At the Newark Library

Grey-colored Librarian (to Stuart Davis): "No, young man, you're too nervous to read.
Gorky—Miss Smith, get a copy of Robert W. Chambers' latest novel for these young ladies."

THE TAIL OF THE WORLD

THE world is a beast with a long fur tail,
With an angry tooth, and a biting nail;
And she's headed the way that she ought not to go
For the Lord he designed and decreed her so.

The point of the game is to drag the beast
While she's headed sou-west, toward the nor-nor-east;
God made the beast, and he drew the plan,
And he left the bulk of the haul to man.

So primitive man dug a brace for his sandal.
Took hold of the tail, as the logical handle;
Got a last good drink, and a bite of bread,
And pulled till the blood ran into his head.

At first he gained till it looked like a cinch,
But then the beast crawled back an inch;
And ever since then it's been Nip and Tuck,
Sometimes moving, but oftener stuck.

Most of the gains have been made by the crowd—
Sweating nobly, and swearing aloud.
Yet sometimes a single man could land
A good rough jerk, or a hand-over-hand.

They say Confucius made her come—
Homer and Dante—they each pulled some!
Bill Schopenhauer's foot slipped, rank,
While Shakespeare, he fetched her a horrible yank.

The beast has hollered and frequently spit,
Often scratched, and sometimes bit,
And the men who were mauled, or laid out cold,
Were the very ones with the strangle hold.

Why he did it, I don't know;
But the Lord he designed and decreed it so.
Of course he knew that the game was no cinch,
So he gave man some trifles to help in a pinch.

One was an instinct, that might be read:
"Lay hold of something, and pull till you're dead!"
Another, that can't be translated as well,
Was, "Le' go my tail—and go to Hell!"

But the strongest card in the whole blame pack
Was the fine sensation that paid man back;
For the finest feeling that's been unfurled
Is the feel of the fur on the tail of the world!

John Amid.

THE FIRST FEW BOOKS

From Lincoln Steffens

To the Editor:

I am way behind in my reading, and apparently most of my friends are, too, for when I ask them for a list of the books published in the last five years that I ought to read, they say they also are behind, and would like to see and use such a list. Why can't you make one for us? I mean now to make the shortest possible list. These are books to buy, not borrow. We want to know the books we have to read, and they should be picked not only with a view of putting us up on a level with the best and most recent thought and knowledge, but also the most perfect and artistic expression of that thought.

If you yourself and your editors are too illiterate to do this, get your readers to help. I can contribute one or two titles myself.

Yours sincerely,

LINCOLN STEFFENS.

The First Answer

IT is gratifying that Lincoln Steffens is willing to listen while we tell him what books he ought to read. Still more, that he will let us tell him what books he ought to buy, because, of course, this is largely a scheme for advertising our book-store. We begin by exhibiting an eminent customer and an accomplished salesman.

I have asked Floyd Dell, who edited the *Friday Literary Review* in Chicago for four years, and really knows what books have been published lately, to answer Mr. Steffens this month. I've asked him to name the first few books of the last few years he would advise a person escaping for a moment from the wilderness of popular journalism to begin on for his welfare and refreshment. Next month one of the other editors, or a contributor, will answer the same question. And so on for a while; and then when we get all through advising Steffens we'll ask Steffens to advise us.

"A few" means five, or so.

M. E.

PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY, in an address delivered in London not long ago, said that the Socialist movement, and the awakening of the working class to its place in the world, was bringing about a state of affairs comparable only to that of the ancient Greek world.

The Greek world, as we know, was one pre-eminently interested in its own affairs, and yet imbued with what we may call a propagandist spirit. It was highly conscious of its superiority to the rest of the world, and willing to spread its light wherever darkness was found willing to permit it; and more than that, very ready to fight against encroachment upon its domain by the powers of darkness, superstition and ignorance. The Greek world was not without its own superstitions, its own barbarism; but it was intellectually flexible, curious and courageous to an extraordinary degree. If it sometimes forced its greatest

men to drink hemlock, or sent them into exile, it had nevertheless first learned of them lessons which it could never forget.

This likeness may well be a reason for the revival of interest in Greek literature and art. It perhaps accounts for my own feeling, that the most significant books of recent years are those which relate more or less directly to the Greek world.

First among them I would put "The Greek Commonwealth," by Alfred A. Zimmern.¹ It is a book which seems to deal as much with our own time as with that of Pericles. For one thing, Mr. Zimmern is a democrat, and he has seen the essential likeness between the democracy of the modern period and that of the Greeks. And for another, he knows too much about Greek life to present us a picture of perfection, a statuesque, marble loveliness, as the life of Greece. His Greeks are people like ourselves—as unbeautiful, as imperfect, as struggling, as ourselves—but struggling toward a beauty, a perfection which we see as well as they, even if our sculptors cannot figure it for us so clearly. With his Greeks we are friends at once. In their problems we see our own. It is a book which clears up for us immensely the life in which we are immersed, and the future toward which we, even as the Greeks, strive with many failures.

It is to the most modern of the Greek dramatists that we turn for sustenance—to Euripides, rather than to Aeschylus and Sophocles, with their spectacles of tragic grandeur presided over and controlled by an inscrutable Fatality. And these plays of Euripides, as translated by a modern and a democrat, Gilbert Murray, seem to me some of the most distinctive and important contributions to modern literature.

Gilbert Murray has translated some five of Euripides' plays, besides one by Aristophanes in which the plays of Euripides are eloquently satirized.² I have gone to sleep over enough other translations of Euripides to know whereof I speak, when I say that these of Gilbert Murray's are incomparable. They are couched in the loveliest and most intelligible of English verse; they are moving and splendid.

As a background to these magnificent dramas, Gilbert Murray has written several books about Greek literature;³ a reading of which, I believe, sets one in tune with the best that this age of our own has produced in prose and verse. Let me say no more of Gilbert Murray than that he has made Euripides a

¹"The Greek Commonwealth." By Alfred A. Zimmern. \$2.50 net. Oxford University Press.

²"Euripides: 'Hippolytus,' 'Bacchae'; Aristophanes' 'Frogs.' Translated by Gilbert Murray. \$1.50 net. Longmans, Green & Co.

³"The Trojan Women." Translated by Gilbert Murray. 75 cents net. Longmans, Green & Co.

"Medea." Translated by Gilbert Murray. 75 cents net. Longmans, Green & Co.

"Electra." Translated by Gilbert Murray. 75 cents net. Longmans, Green & Co.

⁴"Ancient Greek Literature." By Gilbert Murray. \$1.50 net. D. Appleton & Co.

"Euripides and His Age." By Gilbert Murray. Homer University Library. 50 cents net. Henry Holt & Co.

contemporary, and has made us who read him conscious of our kinship to Pericles.

If the art of the Greeks has its meaning for us, the thought of the Greeks has its meaning no less. One of the great triumphs of contemporary philosophy has been its capacity to throw aside the metaphysical speculations of the last few centuries, and return to the simple philosophy of the Greeks. In pragmatism may be seen such a return to the philosophy of Heraclitus; but the writings of James, however rebellious they may be against the philosophy of Kant, are couched in an outworn terminology. I prefer, myself, the simpler writing of H. G. Wells, in a book which I believe to be one of the most significant published in my lifetime: "First and Last Things."⁴ In the clearest of language it repudiates Infinity, Eternity, and the Absolute, and brings us down among the things we can understand. It leaves us, moreover, with a high courage to face the ills and accidents of the universe, and a keen curiosity which no ill or accident can overthrow.

Another significant book which I will mention is a fantastic romance by G. K. Chesterton, "The Napoleon of Notting Hill." To refer this preference of mine to the Greek world may seem absurd. But it is not an accident, I think, that the Greeks did not invent the realistic prose novel.

They were accustomed to view the lives of their traditional heroes, and the history of their own race, in the light of a magnificent and tragic Determinism—a beautiful and terrible coming to pass of things that could not be otherwise. But they would, I think, have rebelled at the idea that the life of Glaucon, the Mr. John Smith of his time, was ruled by an inexorable fatality. For all their penchant for seeing tragic fatality in the events of the past, they were believers in free will, these Greeks, and they were far from regarding themselves as victims of superior forces.

The present belonged to themselves. The life of today was what they could make of it. In a word, they were romantic. In politics, at that time an honorable profession, their romantic quality shines out. Did they not invent democracy, and is not democracy the most romantic of all institutions? The men who voted to banish Aristides because they were tired of hearing him called "the Just" were the most whimsical of romanticists. And in war their romanticism was glorious and absurd. The Funeral Oration of Pericles is a defense of romanticism—and not even Mr. Chesterton could have uttered it more eloquently.

This brings us back to "The Napoleon of Notting Hill."⁵ It is, if I am not wrong, a statement of the other half of the Greek view of life—the view in which life is a glorious and comic and sublime adventure. And that is why I put it in instead of the best examples of realistic fiction—of which I am, incidentally, an admirer. I admire realism because it is art. I enjoy romance because it is life. FLOYD DELL.

⁴"First and Last Things." By H. S. Wells. \$1.50 net. G. P. Putnam Sons.

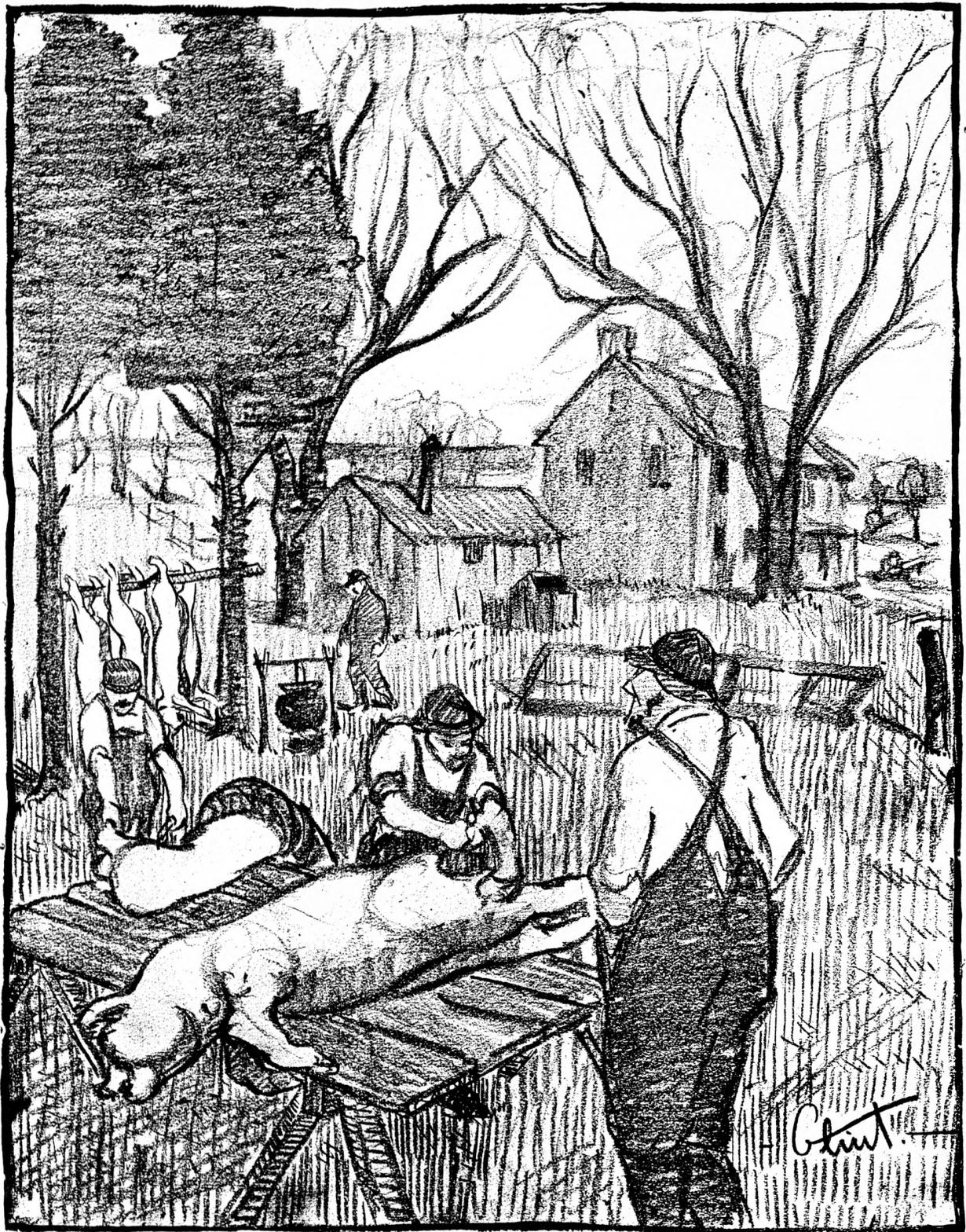
⁵"The Napoleon of Notting Hill." By G. K. Chesterton. \$1.25 net. John Lane Co.

WE have conducted a novel experiment in our advertising columns the last few months. We have sold hundreds of dollars' worth of books, on which we received the regular agent's commission. It helped us, it helped our subscribers, it helped the publishers. It demonstrated to the publishers that *The Masses*—because of the persistent loyalty of its readers—is a good selling medium. Publishers are now willing to pay us a small sum for the display in our "Book Store" of the name and qualifications of a book, and still give us the agent's commission on all copies that are sold through us.

You know what that means—it means solid and secure income for *The Masses* derived from its own natural work of popular education. If you have even a good wish to give us—give it by ordering through us the books that you are going to buy.

Isn't this easy? You simply give to us, instead of to some other middleman, the agent's commission.

You can order books that are not listed—any book you want. Just remember that *The Masses* is a book-store, your book-store. If every reader who is with us in our fight will do this, our future is happy and secure.



Drawn by H. T. Glintenkamp.

“Would you go to the war if the United States should mix in?”
 “Na—I got all the war I want right here killin’ hogs.”

RUPERT HUGHES AND THE CONSTABULARY

THE chief difficulty of militant journalism is the difficulty about friends. It is easy enough not to be corrupted by money—morality is against it—but not to be corrupted by friends, that is a lonelier problem.

An editor makes a wide acquaintance, and some of the loveliest souls he meets are the leading champions of reaction. Satan, for instance, is a fine fellow to have a drink with, and even the Pope, they say, is an estimable gentleman, saving his ignorance. But that has nothing to do with progress, and it has nothing to do with truth. What can a man who loves truth do, but abstain from all friendly intercourse, or else serve notice on his friends that he is likely to "swat them in the eye" in a public capacity at any minute?

Which is only an introduction to a charming, if rather bloody, letter from Rupert Hughes, who wants to be a friend of *THE MASSES* and a friend of the Civic Federation all in the same generous heart, if the thing can possibly be achieved.

"As an admirer of your incessantly interesting publication, I may be privileged to call your attention to an error which, I am sure, you would be heart-broken to continue, since one of your ideals is 'searching for the true causes.'

"You have printed two attacks on the project for a state constabulary, and are doubtless planning others. Please leave Mr. Seth Low out of it. In the first place, he is about the finest specimen of the rich man that I know of and has devoted an extraordinary part of his life to the cause of humanity; in the second place, your idea of the purpose of the constabulary is false.

"I am only slightly acquainted with Mr. Low and have never had a conversation with him of more than a word or two in casual greeting, but he is a near neighbor of mine, and his reasons for advocating the state constabulary are those of the rest of us who live on farms up here in Westchester County.

"You printed a cartoon in which the constabulary was employed in the pastime of trampling laboring men and women under their hoofs. An article in your last issue gives the same expression of its purpose. This is unjust to such a silly degree that it ought not to appear in a periodical with a sense of humor such as you show in other matters.

"Our reason for wanting a mounted police is this: the great water conservation works and the large road-building achievements called into Westchester and the neighboring counties a sea of Italian laborers. When this tide receded, it left pools of Italians in odd corners of our villages. They are a picturesque and useful feature of our region. They are, as a class, as industrious and honest as the average. But their criminal element has unusual advantages in that it is difficult to forestall, or pursue, owing to the difference of language and the natural loyalty of the race for its own sinners.

"Some years ago the station-master at Croton Lake, a lonely little station, was murdered, and the criminals made an easy escape, since the country up here is surprisingly like a wilderness considering its proximity to New York City.

"Last year a laboring man, a paymaster, on a building being constructed near my farm, was shot by two Italians. He rode his motor cycle into the nearest yard and died on the lawn. It was an hour before the sheriff could get up from White Plains and organize a pursuit. The murderers were never caught.

"The stenographer of a Columbia professor who lives here was held up and robbed as she walked to her home in the next village.

"A few months ago two little children escaped with difficulty from a tramp.

"An elderly gentleman who was ill and has since died, received a few weeks ago a threatening letter from the Black Hand demanding three thousand dollars on the peril of his life. The criminals were very cleverly traced and captured by our village police, before they could carry out their threat.

"These are a few of the incidents that make us desire a police force to patrol the lonely roads and to take up a pursuit with promptness. When the big dams were building hereabouts there was a mounted police force. We desired that it be continued.

"This desire for the protection of wives and children and laborers and our homesteads from thieves and assassins is so remote from any desire to prepare a horde of repressive Cossacks to charge upon helpless labor unions, that your harping on the note is almost intolerable.

"I am as eager as you are that the downtrodden and the lowly should have every advantage the world can give them. Mr. Seth Low has done vastly more for their good than any of us. It seems a pity that you should besmirch the purity of your own cause, by throwing dirt on everybody that happens to have money, without regard to the way he got it or the way he spends it.

"Seth Low has devoted his whole life to social betterments, to political reform, to scholarship, and to the settlement of labor troubles. Up here he has given his energies to the improvement of the conditions of farmers and farming, he has conducted at great expense of capital and labor a co-operative association for the farmers small and large. He is a man of the simplest, kindest benignity. To pelt him with obloquy as an oppressor and murderer of poor workmen is the very sublimity of ludicrousness.

"Please don't misunderstand this letter. Needless to say, Mr. Low is not aware that I am writing it. I hope it won't provoke further cocoanuts on his unoffending head.

"In closing, let me compliment you again, as I have done before, on the many splendid things you are achieving.

Yours faithfully,
"RUPERT HUGHES."

Bedford Hills, N. Y.

Let us concur in the opinion that Seth Low is "a man of the simplest, kindest benignity." He certainly looks the part very exactly, and we are happy to agree with the general judgment of his class both upon his warmth of heart and his personal integrity. He is probably to the depth of his soul a peacemaker, one of the children of God.

Well—we are not. We find ourselves directly opposed in principle both to God as he functions in the religion of a ruling caste, and also to all of his children. We do not wish to make peace, and we do not count it a service "to the cause of humanity" to make peace between capital and labor at the cur-

rent general rate of exploitation. Peace between capital and labor at just that rate is the dearest wish of capital: it is the sole wish and purpose of the powers behind the Civic Federation. And exactly because of his Godchildish tendency to make peace for peace's sake, has Seth Low become the favored servant and representative of those powers. Doubtless he is altogether forthright and sincere about it; if he were not that, he would be a less favored servant.

Thus we must separate our personal estimate of Seth Low's benign and gentle nature from our political estimate of his impact upon society, and that of the interests he represents. And I ask Mr. Hughes to note that not a word of personal reprehension against Seth Low crept into the attack we printed: It was an attack upon Seth Low's fitness to represent justice or the people in the question of the Colorado strike, or the question of the value of a constabulary, or any other question involving the opposed interests of labor and capital. Seth Low represents capital. His impact upon society, from the standpoint of the fighting wage-worker, is altogether bad, and will be fought by the true lovers of liberty to the last trench.

It will interest Mr. Hughes to know that five hundred thousand mine-workers, the most intelligent and clear-headed big body of men in the labor movement of America, have found the activities of Seth Low so perfectly detrimental to their interests that they compelled their vice-president, John Mitchell, to resign from Seth Low's Civic Federation on pain of dismissal from his office in the union. One can, indeed, be a friend of the gentleman, Seth Low, and



Drawn by Arthur Young.

"OF COURSE, IT'S TRUE THAT WHAT THE MEN ARE STRIKING FOR IS TO BE PAID ACCORDING TO THE LAW."

"OH, BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THOSE FELLOWS ARE ANARCHISTS. WE MUST SUMMON THE CONSTABULARY."

at the same time a friend of Labor in its struggle—that is, if the gentleman, Seth Low, will stand for it. But one cannot be a friend of the Civic Federation, or any of the rest of the peace-making and constabulary organizing public activities of Seth Low and at the same time a friend of labor in its struggle.

At a meeting of the "Society for Furthering the Project of a State Constabulary for New York" at the Colony Club last February, after several wealthy gentlemen had dwelt upon that "unprotected condition of our rural districts," which forms the body of Rupert Hughes' letter, it was Seth Low himself who pointed out, as a sort of by-issue or addendum, that the proposed constabulary would also be of great value in quelling riots at times of industrial warfare.

It is too bad that Westchester is so near New York and shares in some small degree the dangers of metropolitan life. But we cannot forget those Italian laborers of Westchester who were shot as *anarchists* a year ago last June for combining to demand that they be paid according to the State law. That is the bloodiest thing we know about Westchester. And we just cannot find it so important to protect Seth Low's property and charm and benignity, great as these may be, from the inevitable dangers of a metropolitan suburb, as it is to protect the right of those workmen, and all other workmen, to combine and struggle for the privilege of life.

The reporter who wrote our little essay last month on Seth Low has here a word to say. And his analysis of the quality of cruelty in a state constabulary is better than mine would be. M. E.

The Peculiar Virtues of a Constabulary

BY all means let Westchester be patrolled. Let the lonesome school teachers be protected, and let it be so that men and maidens may stroll in that county in perfect peace. But so long as the men who do the patrolling are citizens, so long as they are neighbors, so long as they have to stand socially responsible for their acts, then there will be a measure of justice in what they do—as there has been in what Sheriff Doyle has done in every strike situation he has mixed in in Westchester.

It is the essence of the case against the constabulary that these policemen with guns and maces can ride down and destroy strikers, and at the same time save the community that puts them on the job from any social flare-back. They can be brutal because they have no contact with the men they override, save that of their clubs and guns. They are a police force whose chief weapon is terrorism. The Pennsylvania constabulary even make themselves up like death messengers or executioners.

When Becky Edelson wanted to enjoy her right of Free Speech in Tarrytown the authorities of that town urged her and her companions to go to private property, where they said they would permit her to speak. They recalled to her that the City of New York permitted free speaking in the parks. An aqueduct embankment was handy—the Tarrytown city fathers told her to go there, since New York City owned it.

The Tarrytown police, being human beings, allowed the meeting to proceed, although they allowed young roughs, church deacons, vestrymen and other stalwart citizens to pelt Becky with mud and sand and bad eggs. Becky closed her meeting and with her associates reached the railway station—after which the aqueduct police arrived. These policemen, the near kin of a

constabulary, hurled themselves into the railroad train itself, and passed up and down the aisles clubbing the dirt-covered members of Becky's party right and left. The Tarrytown police, on the other hand, had made that march to the depot safe for Becky and her associates, because their plain human hearts were aroused, and they knew that the brutality the crowd displayed would hurt the neighborhood more in the end than it would help. Please, Mr. Hughes, don't play the baby defender of the game that calls for a constabulary. Go over into the labor camps. Get acquainted with some of the hardest driven men of our day. And get the Sheriff authorized to put resident deputy sheriffs on patrol, if a patrol you must have. I. R.

PORTRAIT OF A SUPREME COURT JUDGE

HOW well this figure represents the Law—
This pose of neuter Justice, sterile Cant;
This Roman Emperor with the iron jaw,
Wrapped in the black silk of a maiden-aunt.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

WHAT IS A NICKEL AT NIGHT

LOOSE of foot, with a jingling mind I'll dive out into night. Phosphorous flashes shall run along the edges of the world, crinkling and crackling like fire cracker fuse; laughing with me, lighting me on my way.

I'll place my feet with no surety. I'll stumble and skip and fall into a ditch with the best of them. I'll be on my way.

There will come silver-toned hailings through the night. I will answer. And though my voice crack it will be clear to the callers. My voice cannot crack.

Hobgoblins will follow me, thinking to scare me and I will turn back to play with them, for they, too, are children on their playful side.

I will stop to eat dew damp toad stools with gnomes and rub their brown velvet noses. I will stride through the rail bonfires of sleeping tramps and they will curse me, and I will curse back, it being my night as well as theirs.

I will flutter up to an arc light and stare it in the face, without getting singed. For I am asbestos. I am myself. Bold and brave. I will give it back hot glare for hot glare and it will know me and laugh with me when we meet again and are older. For the arc light is as much a moth as I when the sun puts in appearance.

Oh, I will stay the whole night through and never blink an eye. A cat will come and wink at me with his wise mossy green orb and I will understand and go with him. The roof tops we will walk together, never prowling, slipping along with padded foot, springily, skipping gutters, poising on chimney tops, raising our backs and laughing at the sleepers snug below.

I'll flirt with the lady in the moon and the bulge-faced man in the moon shall glower or grin. What care I? She is my lady as much as his. I will have no rivals.

And I shall stop to gaze at the orange, blue and red lights in the drug store and be glad that there can be something pretty in a drug store, a colored liquid to enjoy and not be forced to drink.

And then the garish light of a saloon shall lure me away. And I shall be so glad to be lured. I shall put my foot on the shining rail of brass and buy the bartender a drink; for if the world will not bring us together and set up the drinks I'll buy them myself. Five cents is a loaf of bread by day, but what's a nickle at night?

Oh, I'll chuck a dozing cabby under the chin and stop to help a bungling burglar pick an intricate lock. I'll throw good-morning kisses to the stars and go the round with the lamp-lighter, helping him happily in his motherly business of putting the night to bed. ROBERT CARLTON BROWN.



Drawn by Stuart Davis.

"Why, a fella' says to me only yestiday, he says, 'This ain't war, it's murder!'"



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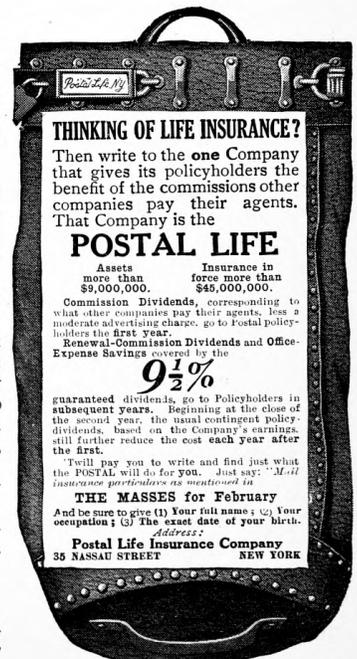
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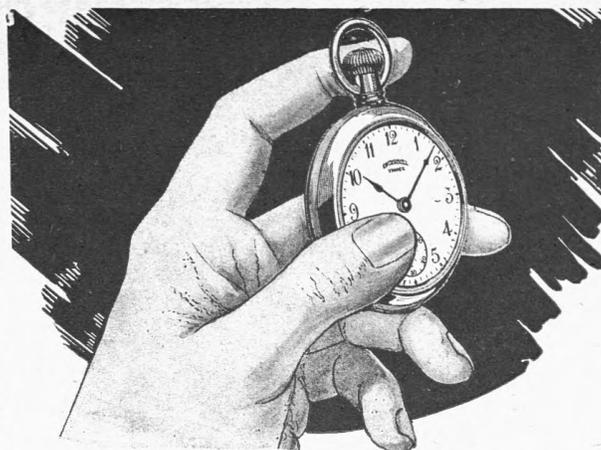
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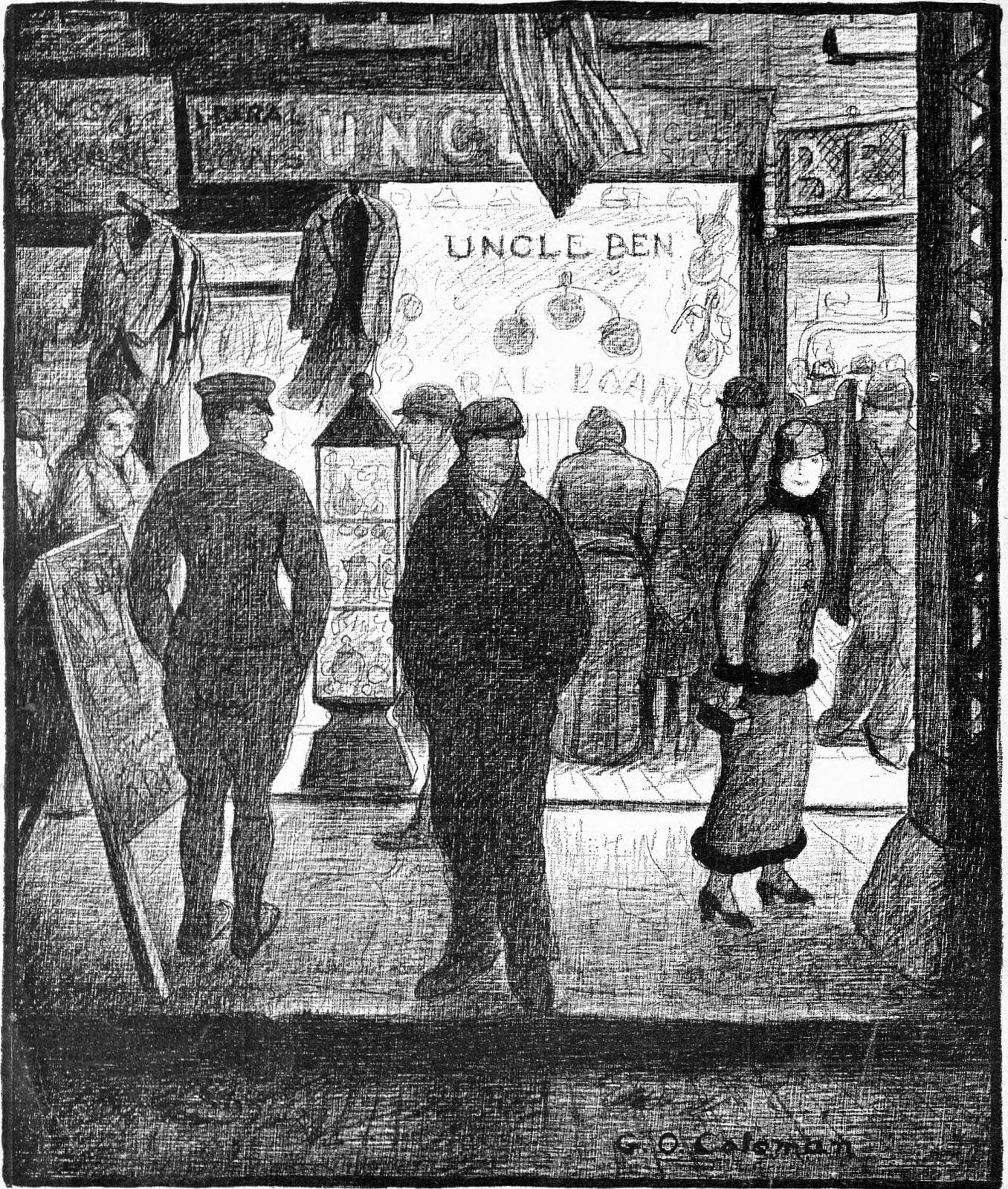
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