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# The MASSES



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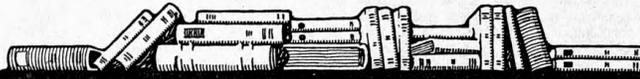
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(Continued on page 42)

Miss Sarah Clarkson

11-4-1924

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You yourself, much as you may love the little ten cent's worth of ebullience we send you whenever the Business office thinks of it, could not have resisted the temptation to publish all the wise and beautiful articles and important news-stories and editorial arguments and book-reviews that keep coming into this office. People seemed to think The Masses was a universal magazine, and would hold anything. And so they made it a universal magazine. We didn't.

What we did do, however, was this. We decided that, although the misfortune is inevitable that we should all grow up, it is not inevitable that we should leave our youth behind us. We decided to bring ours along intact. And so you will find in the part of this magazine that we call The Masses all the effervescence of vitality and super-wisdom that you enjoy. And if we just have to supplement this every month with a little wisdom and hard thinking in The Masses Review—don't bear it against us. We have no more respect for our wisdom than you have. We simply submit to it as one of the inevitable products of evolution.

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We have solved more than one problem, therefore, by enlarging our magazine at just this time to the fifteen cent size. And we ask you to blame everything that you don't like about the change upon the war, and only credit us with the improvements, as doubtless you would be courteous enough to do. With a scapegoat as convenient as the European war on hand, there is no reason why anybody should blame his friends for anything.

We will give you The Masses and The Masses Review for one dollar a year still, if you will pay your subscription before September first. After that the subscription price, as well as the newsstand price, will be increased. We expect you to pay us fifteen cents a copy and a dollar and a half a year, with the same alacrity with which you used to pay us ten cents a copy and a dollar a year and then

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They will receive The Masses and The Masses Review, until the amount of their unexpired subscription to the New Review has been balanced. Then they will be asked to suspend this watchful waitingness and come in.

### A QUESTION

**B**ELIEVING as we do, that youth and maturity both have a certain right to exist, we have combined these two magazines to the extent of binding them together. It would be possible, however, by calling The Masses Review, "The Masses, Section II," to bind it separately and mail it with The Masses at the same price. This would enable you to divide the two, and give the benefit of our serious reflections to your children and the younger members of your family, without at the same time giving them the unnecessary pleasure they would receive from The Masses. The educational advantages of this plan are obvious.

And there are some other advantages. If we once got them well separated we could put things in The Masses that belong in the Review, and things in the Review that belong in The Masses, and our readers would never know whether they were being intellectual or emotional at any given time, which is an excellent thing for the brain.

However, we are in a state of suspended judgment about this, and we ask you to contribute your opinion. Does The Masses inhibit the Review from being itself? Does the Review inhibit the Masses from being itself? Is a universal magazine an utopian ideal of ours? Shall we separate them, or shall we go ahead and put between these covers everything good that we make, or you send us, and let each reader go in and find what he wants?

**MAX EASTMAN.**



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

" Mommer ! The Merry-go-Round ! "

# The MASSES

Vol. VIII. No. 10

AUGUST, 1916

Issue No. 62

## SOLDIERS OF FRANCE

James Hopper

THROUGH a village full of troops resting in houses half or three-quarters destroyed by artillery, we came to a road which we crossed, then a field, and went down two steps made of earth. Our feet were in what seemed at first a furrow. But as we walked it deepened; its sides rose to our knees, to our waists, to our shoulders, higher than our eyes; we sank gradually till we were filing through the plain with our heads beneath its level.

Under our feet was a little walk made of round pieces of wood laid across and held together by longitudinal strips. To the right and the left,—so close to each other that they left not much more room than needed for broad shoulders—the sides of the trench rose vertical, freshly re-cut, yellow and gleaming.

We began to come to cross-galleries, and to widened spaces where several of these would meet. At the intersections, signposts were stuck, bearing jocular names, such as Boulevard des Italiens, or Place de la Concorde. We met a general coming out after his tour of inspection. His shoes were caked with mud, his plain old greatcoat was plastered with it. He stopped to chat a moment amiably. "I've just been on my little morning walk," he said.

Meanwhile we had been getting deeper into the zone of fire. To the right and the left, ahead and behind, rifle shots were crackling, sometimes several together or in quick succession, sometimes a lone shot between two silences, some far, some near, some seemingly almost at our elbows. But the impression, somehow, was not of war, but rather a festive one. We could not see those who shot. And blind in the depths of our narrow gut, with the cool gray morn overhead, we got out of that irregular and brick crackling a vision of a hunt passing above us along the surface of the plain, of guests in corduroy shooting partridges courteously.

We had been passing now and then fatigue parties of soldiers, with picks and shovels, with objects being brought out or in, once with a mitrailleuse in need of repair; always these men had stepped off the walk for us and had stood in the mud of the little channel dug to carry off the water, their backs against the wet trench-wall, their stomachs sucked in. But now we came to a party which did not make way, at the first disturbing sight of which it was we, this time, who went in the ooze of the gutter, with our backs against the wall. First came two men bearing a stretcher between them. A gray cloth had been thrown over the stretcher; its folds blurred, but left still eloquent, a rigid outline. A second stretcher passed, also covered, also of significant and immobile silhouette. But the third was not covered, and, some difficulty in rounding a sharp corner ahead of the first stretcher, stopped this one for a full minute against me, beneath my eyes.

On the stretcher lay a little dead *piou-piou* in red

pants. His head was covered with a blue sweater which recalled to me the days of coming winter when all the women of France had been knitting. He lay on his stomach, his knees brought up slightly beneath him, as if he had been struck while vigorously butting forward, and because of this position, which shortened him, and because of the gay red pants, he looked like a child.

He lay so that the soles of his shoes were turned up toward me. These shoes were too large for him. And the way the toes were curled up, the way the big hobnails were worn down and the sole between them corroded, the way the mud still caked them and the way the red pantaloons were turned up above them—all this told so strikingly how well and with what innocent alacrity the little *piou-piou* had tramped and toiled and charged for France!

For a moment the finger of reality lay on our shoulders, then again was gone. The haze above, the ghostly sun, the great silence which, heavily, muffled all sounds and filled all the interstices between sounds, all this placed us in a sensation of dream. We were in a second-line trench now; we were told to speak only in whispers because of the Others watching so near. Already, as a matter of fact, we had been speaking in whispers; but it was not because of the Others; we could not believe in the Others. Once I sprang up to a step cut into the earth and looked over the parapet. All I saw was the ground sloping gently into a wall of fog. A hand seized my elbow, pulled me down. "You're going to get your head broken," the captain growled.

Every once in a while we came to a little gut opening in the trench, and if we entered it, we came in a few steps to the mouth of a cave, and, sticking our heads within, saw four, or five, or six soldiers sleeping in there, bedded in straw, their sacks beneath their heads, their guns and bayonets along their flanks. They did not stir at our presence; they slept, without a movement, without a sound; as if they had slept thus a hundred years. A little farther we would come to another such cave, with its five or six sleeping soldiers. And at length we gained from this a vision of the plain with its intricacy of trenches and galleries (two hundred and fifty miles of trenches and galleries to each fifteen miles of front) and its innumerable little caverns filled with sleeping soldiers armed and equipped. We saw the great plain, bare and dead above, murmuring with life within, the great hollow plain with its legions waiting under enchantment for the stamp of the foot and the call of the Voice.

Suddenly, on the ground above, so near that we could not tell where, a tremendous explosion cracked the air. I saw the captain just ahead of me flatten himself against the wall of the trench, and then, as if by magic, flowers of mud crystallized on his kepi and his coat like an instantaneous mushroom growth. "Ca y est," said

the captain. He looked at his watch. "Ten o'clock. That is their regular time here." A second explosion followed, not so near this time, but with that same crackling abruptness which seemed to split one's bones. Then there was a third, five or six more, and we saw that the shells were dropping in front of our trench. "They are short," someone said. And, as if in denial, a shell now passed overhead. It passed with a soft, blurry sound and a small musical creaking like that of a pigeon's wing, and seemingly so slowly that we had time to look all upward and search the fog instinctively for the silhouette of some great bird.

We were now in a gut between the second and the first line trench, not more than a few feet from the latter which, in turn, was only seventy-five yards from the first line German trench. But the officers stopped now, gathered and consulted. I guessed that they were worried about our precious persons and wavering in their promise to let us into the first-line trench, and so, very quietly. I slid along the last necessary few feet.

I obtained just one good look before I was called back, but what I had seen was enough. I had seen the soldier of France of this war. The soldier of France in the last of the kaleidoscopic guises which through the centuries he had assumed, each time supremely. The same fighter who stopped Attila, who, cuirassed and cased, led in the mystic surge of the Crusades, who, in the hundred years' war fought the longest and most stubborn defensive in history, in the sixteenth century the most gallantly futile skirmishes; the same man with the chameleon exterior and the eternal soul whose War of the Revolution is the type and model and ideal of all revolutionary wars, and whose Napoleonic period, only a few years after, presents the arch example of the War of Conquest.

He stood on a step cut out of the earth, his belly against the oozing trench-wall. His feet were in a tub full of straw, and because of the many woollens he had piled on beneath his capote, his silhouette was cubic. He had wrapped a scarf over his soggy kepi, past his ears and under his chin, and within that, his face was a bramble of wild beard. And his whole bulk, the scarf, the beard, the dark blue uniform with its blackened buttons, all of him was enveloped in an armor of mud which held him stiff, and seemed a part of his vigilance.

He stood there, absolutely motionless; out of the bramble of his beard I could see against the light his eyelashes, level and steady toward the German trenches; his gun lay on the parapet before him, and his hands lay also on the parapet, one on each side of the gun, flat, easy and very patient; you could imagine with what an oily, sure gesture he would take up that gun. Thus silent and immobile, he waited; wrapt in the soil of France as if in the folds of a flag.

## The Treacherous Greaser

"YAIR," said the private standing by the blazing recruiting poster, "a feller sees a lot of life in the army.

"For instance, I just come in from Mexico myself. No, I wuzn't chasin' after this here Viller, but I wuz in a border town where we got a lot of excitement just the same.

"If it didn't come by itself the boys'd go out and help it along. Things never got slow.

"No, none of us ever liked the greasers. They wuz always a slew of 'em around the fort, but we never trusted the stinkers. Treacherous, you know, and readier to stick a knife in your ribs than billy-be-damned."

"Did they ever stick any of the army boys?"

"No," with a chuckle, "we wuz always too slick for that. We seen to it that they never got the chanct, the mangy buggers. We always beat them to the first punch.

"Just before I came north there was a little run-in between our boys and a couple of the cattle. One of the fellers in my troop had been makin' eyes at a little peach of a greaser girl, and though all the greaser women are whores at heart this one wouldn't look at him. So one night he grabbed her as she was coming through a lonesome part of town. She went home and made a awful holler to her father and brother, and in the morning the Colonel got an earache with their noise.

"But of course, he didn't do nothin', 'cause they wuz no other proofs but the girl's word, and Johnson, the feller who did it, proved that he was at the canteen with two other guys when the thing was said to have happened. Everyone laughed when they heard how easy Johnson got away with it.

"But, say, that old greaser and his son went away sore! They were madder than boiled owls, and all the old-timers in the regiment told Johnson to watch the snakes, 'cause they'd pull something dirty surer than hell. That's the way Mexicans are—proud, and easy to insult, and takin' revenge for every little thing. So after that Johnson took more care about going out alone nights, and he kept away altogether from the Mexican quarter.

"About two or three weeks later he wuz out walking through the American part of the town, when he spies the two greasers leaning against the window of a saloon. It wuz late in the afternoon, and both of them wuz half-shot and woozy. They looked after Johnson with mean, black eyes as he passed, and cursed at him under their breaths.

"Johnson wuzn't afraid, but he worried a lot, and all the way home he wondered whether they were following him, and whether they would try to get him that night. About eight of us were sitting in the canteen when he came in, and we sort of got him to tell us what wuz eating him.

"'Hell!' said one of the boys, a hell-roarer named Franky Boyle, when he heard the yarn, 'we can't stand for that sort of thing. Let's go back and run the rotten greasers out of town. This ain't their country, anyway.'

"We fellers always practised sticking by each other in such mix-ups, and so after lapping up a ball or two apiece we hiked it to the saloon where Johnson had seen the greasers.

"Sure enough, there was the pair of them, propin' up the window and lookin' half-foolish and half-nerderous with the heat and the drink they had in 'em. They turned pale when they seen us, and the

father flashed something quick in greaser-talk to the son.

"'No funny business, now,' Frankie Boyle hollered at him, grabbing his arm. 'You two is got to get out of this town and stay out, see? Come on with us.'

"We caught 'em tight by the arms and marched 'em through quiet streets to the border line, they dragging spitefully along and not saying a word.

"At about a mile out we let them loose, and Frankie Boyle, who was runnin' the party, pointed to the empty desert where Mexico began, and said: "'Now beat it! *Vamos*, you nigger dogs, while the hoofin's good.'

"Then, Jesus! before a man could bat an eye, the old greaser all of a sudden jumped on Frankie and hacked at him with a dagger. The younger one made for Johnson, and for the next five minutes or more we wuz in the neatest little riot you ever heard tell of. It sure was fierce going, and I got a scar yet under my ear where one of the boys clipped me by mistake with the butt of his gun.

"Them greasers could fight, too, and they slashed five of us before they dropped all bloodied and cut

up on the sands. They was so bunged-up that they didn't even let out a whimper, and Frankie Boyle, holding a handkerchief onto his bleeding face, kicked one of the bodies and turned away.

"'Guess they're dead,' he said, 'and damn good riddance, too.'

"So we left the greasers there in the sun, and hiked back to barracks, a pretty sick-looking mob, I can tell you. We had to cook up a story for the Colonel that wouldn't let it look like we had started the thing, but that was easy, and the Colonel knows what treacherous snakes the greasers are anyway.

"The only trouble we had out of the affair wuz the lies the girl spread in the Mexican quarter after it happened, getting all the greasers down on us so that we had to be transferred."

I started to move away. The private seemed disappointed, and looked after me wistfully.

"Ain't you really thinkin' of joinin' the army, young feller?" he said. "It's a great chance to save money and see the world at the same time, you know."

IRWIN GRANICH.

## FROM A STATISTICAL CLERK

Helen L. Wilson

LITTLE black figures in rows,  
 Little crooked black figures.  
 Numberless columns  
 To add,  
 To distribute in square little spaces.  
 Strutting black insects,  
 Imposters  
 Who juggle our tragedies.  
 "Vital statistics!"  
 Marriages,  
 Babies dead,  
 Broken lives,  
 Men gone mad,  
 Labor and crime  
 All treated in bulk with the tears wiped off,  
 Numbered  
 These are not real,  
 Nor the huge lie of Life  
 That is crushed down within me  
 Choked with dead words.  
 Nothing exists  
 But the little black figures  
 In rows.  
 Live things on a pin.  
 Broken-backed,  
 Sprawling, with legs like flies,  
 Reaching up out of the page as I gaze,  
 Then cringing down thru the desk,  
 Leering, malignant.  
 I shut my eyes.  
 Something—  
 The murmur of stars high over my ceiling—  
 No, only the swarming blackcreatures.  
 Into my brain they press  
 Down, down,  
 Till the world is spread out in a flickering black sheet  
 With a green hedge.

## THE TENANT FARMER

Elizabeth Waddell

HIS lean cattle are luxuriating on his neighbor's green wheat, and presently his neighbor will have them impounded.  
 His fences are rotten and broken; he is not so shiftless as merely discouraged.  
 Last year he gave one-third of his crop to the landlord, and this year he will give two-fifths.  
 His corn was late-planted because of the rain, and then it was overtaken by the drought.  
 If the prices of grain and potatoes rise, the prices of shoes and sugar are up betimes before them.  
 His thirteen hours of work are done, and his wife is on the last of her fifteen.  
 She has put the children to bed, and is mending overalls by the light of the oil lamp.  
 Her heavy eyes go shut. She blinks wildly to keep them open, and starts up after each lapse, fiercely attacking her work.  
 It is coming on to rain and his roof will leak, and in the lowering dark a mile away his cattle are grazing, rip, rip, rip, reaping great swaths in the green wheat, for every mouthful of which he will have to pay—  
 But he knows it not. He is oblivious to all.  
 He has read for an hour, and now the paper has dropped from his loosened fingers.  
 Already he with a valiant handful, himself the leader, has somehow, he doesn't clearly remember how, taken a hundred yards of enemy trenches.  
 He is lying in bed, an arm missing. He is exalted in soul but body-shattered, unable to move a muscle—  
 And someone has just pinned a decoration upon his breast, and he is peeved considerable because he cannot tell and no one will tell him  
 Whether it is the Victoria Cross, the Iron Cross or the Cross of the Legion of Honor.



Drawn by Beardman Robinson.

# "GOD"

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# WAR AND POLITICS

Max Eastman

## An Issue At Last

**T**HE Democratic convention taught the politicians of the country that there has been a war in Europe, and that people have been thinking about it. The extent to which their thinking has changed them will appear, we believe, next fall when, in spite of every old-fashioned reason for a Republican victory, Woodrow Wilson will be re-elected. He will be re-elected because he has kept us out of war, he has attacked the problem of eliminating war, and he has not succumbed to the epidemic of militarism in its extremist forms.

Still more he will be re-elected because his party's delegates took the convention away from their stupidly astute leaders, and turned it into a glorious demonstration against war, against maniac nationalism, and against military diplomacy. The democratic convention expressed the will of the people on these new topics that they are thinking about. The Republican convention and the letter of acceptance of Mr. Hughes expressed nothing but stupidity and bigotry, and utter incapacity for growth.

It is militarism against democratic good sense. Brassy nationalism against the beginnings of international sympathy and union—by far the most real and critical issue between the old parties since Lincoln.

(The above nice editorial was written before the complete breakdown of Wilson's anti-war policy appeared imminent. If he gets into war with Mexico, because he insanely insists upon occupying Mexican territory with American troops, the last hope of his election drops. He can be elected as a "Peace Under Provocation" candidate and no other way. In case of war we might still *hope* for a Democratic Congress, but the issue between the two parties would hardly be worth talking about. They will all go crazy when war begins.)

## Intervention Accomplished

**T**HE ignorant folly of leaving our troops in Mexico, "until a repetition of the border raids becomes improbable" passes belief. So long as our troops are there, border raids are not probable but inevitable. The least knowledge of human nature includes that. The best I can do for Wilson in the present situation is leave it an open question whether he is playing a contemptible game for re-election, or is utterly stupefied with the pride of patriotism.

## Lost Their Promoter

**T**HE good Progressives wept when Roosevelt suggested a compromise upon Senator Lodge. He simply slapped their progressiveness in the face. But he was quite unaware of it. As we have said before, he has exactly the vision and action of a mule with blinders on. He can see only the one thing he is headed towards. Four years ago it was democracy and social justice. This year it is Americanism and Preparedness. He has completely forgotten that those former principles exist. Lodge is with him in this year's manias, and so he thought Lodge was the all-round man for the Progressives.

It is a great gift to see so exclusively, and advocate so intemperately, whatever lies within a narrow

range of vision. It is the gift of a promoter. Roosevelt is the born promoter. Some of the Progressives realized that this is the whole of his talent, but they made the mistake of thinking the cause in which it operates is determined by some ideal principle.

Up to the day of his death Roosevelt will enthusiastically and sincerely "promote" anything that he can see. He can see what he is pointed towards. The prevailing motive that points him is egotistic ambition.

## A Deeper Failure

**T**HEY are disillusioned of the great "Teddy," those Progressives. Perhaps they will never again rest their hopes entirely in a person. But are they yet disillusioned of Social Virtue as a political policy? Have they learned that politics is a play of interests and not of ideals. Can they see that if they want to change the government they must align themselves with some class whose vital instincts of life demand the change, rather than merely gather round them a bunch of idealistic good souls who would like to see it happen?

They have that lesson to learn. (The only going *interest* they ever caught step with was the Harvester Trust.) But to learn that lesson would involve a revolution in their entire habit of thought and feeling. Most of them are too old. But we can teach things to their children.

## Another Failure

**H**ARPER'S WEEKLY was launched by Norman Hapgood on the same principle—a magazine for us "good people" to gather round and voice our policies in. It never represented the organic impulse of any economic group. It died, as all floating ideologies die unless they are seized on and used by people who want to get something.

When we emotional idealists learn to *use the powers*, instead of just *preaching the ideas* of progress, the whole thing will start moving.

## Proud

**T**HEY tell me that Wilson insisted on his nationalistic anti-hyphen plank (against the will of the party) because he cleverly believed he could force Hughes into an anti-American position, or else compel him to repudiate the German-American vote. A more stupid piece of cleverness could hardly be imagined. He insisted on it because he is a tart and intolerant disciplinarian. It irritated him beyond measure to find some foreigners tampering with the job he bosses.

## Pacifists

**T**HE worst thing about war is that everybody thinks about it. We are so full of fight that a fight absorbs our attention before everything. From the standpoint of the life and progress of the whole world, international wars are, to say the least, futile episodes; and yet they fill our histories, and while they are in progress every other enterprise of mankind suspends.

That is the reason why everyone who is deeply interested in some enterprise of mankind hates war. Not alone is war bloody and a denial of life—but war is a negative thing practically, it is an obstacle, a waste of heroism. The people who implacably oppose war—call them pacifists if you must—are those who have something great that they wish to achieve with mankind.

It may be that the thing they wish to achieve can be won only by fighting. (It may be that democracy can be won only by fighting.) They will not be averse to such fighting, for they are not excessively pacific. But they are averse to fighting for a negative result, or an abstraction, as the soldiers do. They have found within their nation, or interpenetrating all nations, a more absorbing thing to fight for. They do not wish to be called off by war.

## On Characterizing Nations

**I**N conversation and newspaper philosophy we speak of nations as though they were individual people.

"The English are hypocritical," we say.

"The Germans are brutal."

"England is self-righteous."

"Germany is sentimental."

We seriously argue such propositions; and we attach to the collective name of millions of individuals, having every kind and degree of human character among them, emotions which properly pertain to a particular individual of a particular character. The result of this is that our newspapers and our conversation contain almost no cogent reasoning or valid feeling on the subject of nationality.

When I say that "England is self-righteous," three genuine meanings are possible. I may mean to characterize the public policy and utterances of the present British government. That is a definite and somewhat solidary group, which at least acts as an individual, and can be so characterized.

Or I may mean that a *greater number of people* in England are self-righteous than in other countries. In that case I ought to spend my thoughts deciding how many and what particular classes of people; and in this process I should find that much of the glibness, if not all of the certainty, had evaporated out of my remark. It would no longer be any fun saying it!

Or finally I might mean that the people in England who *are* self-righteous, are *more* self-righteous than the people who are also self-righteous in other countries. And that is so complicated and difficult a quantitative proposition to handle that I should probably give up the attempt before I had drawn any very passionate conclusions.

No more quieting counsel can be given the excited nationalist of any country, than to ask him to be very sure that everything he says means something.

## In Retrospect

**T**HE *Lusitania* incident was perfectly characteristic of human nature at war when it is cornered. Navally Germany was cornered. Her enemy was sailing freely across the seas with ammunition—probably enough ammunition in the *Lusitania* to blow up more German patriots (at the usual average per man) than there were passengers on the boat. If I were there at war and commanding, in those circumstances, a statistical computation of the number of women's babies on the *Lusitania* would not occupy my mind. I would long ago have learned to *prevent* such things from occupying my mind at such times; otherwise I would not be there. That is the bitter discipline of war. That is the truth, not of German, but of human nature.



Drawn by Elizabeth Grieg.

Clinic Doctor: "What's Your Name?"

Patient: "Now Doctor, I've Had This Trouble for Two Years and—"

Doctor: "WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"

**Tweedledum vs. Tweedledee**

THE paramount issues of this campaign as defined at Chicago and St. Louis are Americanism, anti-hyphenation, peace if possible—otherwise war—women's suffrage for any State that cares for that sort of thing, preparedness within reason and prosperity for all.

As to the candidates, T. R. is quoted as saying that the only difference between them might be removed by a barber in ten minutes.

Hughes does not believe that Supreme Court justices should mix up in politics and Wilson is opposed to second terms.

Roosevelt's agreement to support the candidate must have been based upon a private pledge that Hughes would not move the White House to Berlin.

For busy readers we set forth a summary of all Republican editorials upon the war with Mexico: We are going to stand by the President and gosh how we dread it!

Society note.—Clarence Frelinghuysen Vandercoop of Newport, who joined the National Guard under a misconception as to its plans, will spend the summer in southern Texas.

"There is no such thing as a women's vote; no solidarity of sex," declares the *New York Times*. Bang goes another menace!

The Democrats should have had a rehearsal before the big show. In the mob scene they did all their cheering at the wrong place.

War is a great broadener of men's minds. Since the Mexican trouble the New York National Guard has stopped discriminating against Jews.

The European idea of changing the clock seems to be to give everybody more time to sit in a ditch.

The North Sea fight was a vast improvement over the old-style battle in which one side lost. Why not, on the same principle, give the Crown Prince his medal as conqueror of Verdun and call it off?

"We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord," said the Colonel four years ago. According to the disgusted Progressives the speech was amended this year to read: "We sit with Crane and Smoot and we battle for Cabot Lodge."

Anyway, the Progressive Party ought to have an epitaph.

"It hitched its wagon to a falling star."  
HOWARD BRUBAKER.

**To England**

*(Upon the Execution of the Three Irish Poets—Pearse, MacDonagh and Plunkett—After the Uprising in Dublin.)*

Saviour of Little Folk; no less!  
You, with your heritage of hate!  
Champion of little people—yes;  
And murderer of the great.

Thief of the world, you stole their lands  
And shot them down, or made them hang;  
Not for the sword within their hands  
But for the song they sang.

A song that flamed and would not die  
Till it had burned the fetters free,  
And spurred men on, and given the lie  
To your pretense of liberty.

Why then put by the guns and whips;  
Take them, and play the champion's part  
You, with a prayer upon your lips  
And murder in your heart.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

# THE STRENGTH OF GOD

Sherwood Anderson

THE Reverend Curtis Hartman was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Winesburg, Ohio, and had been in that position ten years. He was forty years old, and by his nature very silent and reticent. To preach, standing in the pulpit before the people, was always a hardship for him, and from Wednesday morning until Saturday evening he thought of nothing but the two sermons that must be preached on Sunday. Early on Sunday morning he went into a little room, called a study, in the bell tower of the church, and prayed. In his prayers there was one note that always predominated, "Give me strength and courage for Thy work, Oh Lord," he pleaded, kneeling on the bare floor and bowing his head in the presence of the task that lay before him.

The Reverend Hartman was a tall man with a brown beard. His wife, a stout nervous woman, was the daughter of a manufacturer of underwear at Cleveland, Ohio. The minister himself was rather a favorite in the town. The elders of the church liked him because he was quiet and unpretentious, and Mrs. White, the banker's wife, thought him scholarly and refined.

The Presbyterian Church held itself somewhat aloof from the other churches of Winesburg. It was larger and more imposing and its minister was better paid. He even owned a carriage of his own and on summer evenings sometimes drove about town with his wife. Through Main Street and up and down Buckeye Street he went bowing gravely to the people while his wife, afire with secret pride, looked at him out of the corners of her eyes and worried lest the horse become frightened and run away.

For a good many years after he came to Winesburg things went well with Curtis Hartman. He was not one to arouse keen enthusiasm among the worshippers in his church, but on the other hand he made no enemies. In reality he was much in earnest and sometimes suffered prolonged periods of remorse because he could not go crying the word of God in the highways and byways of the town. He wondered if the flame of the spirit really burned in him and dreamed of a day when a strong sweet new current of power should come, like a great wind, into his voice and his soul and the people should tremble before the spirit of God made manifest in him. "I am a poor stick and that will never really happen to me," he mused dejectedly and then a patient smile lit up his features. "Oh well, I suppose I'm doing well enough," he added philosophically.

The room in the bell tower of the church where on Sunday mornings the minister prayed for an increase in him of the power of God, had but one window. It was long and narrow and swung outward on a hinge like a door. On the window, made of little leaded panes, was a design showing the Christ laying his hand upon the head of a child. On a Sunday morning in the summer as he sat by his desk in the room with a large Bible open before him and the sheets of his sermon scattered about, the minister was shocked to see, in the upper room of the house next door, a woman lying in her bed and smoking a cigarette while she read a book. Curtis Hartman went on tiptoe to the window and closed it softly. He was horror-stricken at the thought of a woman smoking, and trembled also to think that his eyes, just raised from the pages of the book of God, had looked upon the bare shoulders and white throat of a woman. With his brain in a whirl he went down

into the pulpit and preached a long sermon without once thinking of his gestures or his voice. The sermon attracted unusual attention because of its power and clearness. "I wonder if she is listening, if my voice is carrying any message into her soul," he thought, and began to hope that on future Sunday mornings he might be able to say words that would touch and awaken the woman, apparently far gone in secret sin.

The house next door to the Presbyterian Church, through the windows of which the minister had seen the sight that had so upset him, was occupied by two women. Aunt Elizabeth Swift, a gray, competent looking widow with money in the Winesburg National Bank, lived there with her daughter Kate Swift, a school teacher. The school teacher was thirty years old and had a neat, trim looking figure. She had few friends and bore a reputation of having a sharp tongue. When he began to think about her, Curtis Hartman remembered that she had been to Europe and had lived for two years in New York City. "Perhaps after all her smoking in secret means nothing," he thought. He began to remember that when he was a student in college, and occasionally read novels, good, although somewhat worldly women, had smoked through the pages of a book that had once fallen into his hands. With a rush of new determination he worked on his sermons all through the week, and forgot, in his zeal to reach the ears and the soul of this new listener, both his embarrassment in the pulpit and the necessity of prayer in the study on Sunday mornings.

Reverend Hartman's experience with women had been somewhat limited. He was the son of a wagon-maker from Muncie, Ind., and had worked his way through college. The daughter of the underwear manufacturer had boarded in a house where he lived during his school days and he had married her after a formal and prolonged courtship, carried on, for the most part, by the girl herself. On his marriage day the underwear manufacturer had given his daughter five thousand dollars and he promised to leave her at least twice that amount in his will. The minister had thought himself fortunate in marriage, and had never permitted himself to think of other women. He didn't want to think of other women. What he wanted was to do the work of God quietly and earnestly.

In the soul of the minister a struggle awoke. From wanting to reach the ear of Kate Swift and through his sermons to delve into her soul, he began to want also to look again at the figure lying white and quiet in the bed. On a Sunday morning, when he could not sleep because of his thoughts, he arose and went to walk in the streets. When he had gone along Main Street almost to the old Richmond place, he stopped and picking up a stone rushed off to the room in the bell tower. With the stone he broke out a corner of the window and then locking the door sat down at the desk before the open Bible and waited. When the shade of the window of Kate Swift's room was raised, he could see, through the hole, directly into her bed, but she was not there. She also had arisen and gone for a walk, and the hand that raised the shade was the hand of Aunt Elizabeth Swift.

The minister almost wept with joy at this deliverance from the carnal desire to "peek," and went back to his own house praising God. In an ill moment he forgot, however, to stop the hole in the window. The

piece of glass broken out at the corner just nipped the bare heel of the boy standing motionless and looking with rapt eyes into the master's face.

Curtis Hartman forgot his sermon on that Sunday morning. He talked to his congregation, and in his talk said that it was a mistake for people to think of their minister as a man set aside and intended by nature to lead a blameless life. "Out of my own experience I know that we, who are the ministers of God's word, are beset by the same temptations that assail you," he declared. "I have been tempted and have surrendered to temptation. It is only the hand of God, placed beneath my head, that has raised me up. As he has raised me so also will he raise you. Do not despair. In your hour of sin raise your eyes to the skies, and you will be again and again saved."

Resolutely the minister put the thought of the woman in the bed out of his mind, and began to be something like a lover in the presence of his wife. On an evening when they drove out together he turned the horse out of Buckeye Street and, in the darkness on Gospel Hill above Waterworks Pond, put his arm about Sarah Hartman's waist. When he had eaten breakfast in the morning and was ready to retire to his study at the back of his house, he went around the table and kissed his wife on the cheek. When thoughts of Kate Swift came into his head, he smiled and raised his eyes to the skies. "Intercede for me, Master," he muttered; "keep me in the narrow path intent on Thy work."

And now began the real struggle in the soul of the brown-bearded minister. By chance he discovered that Kate Swift was in the habit of lying in her bed in the evenings and reading a book. A lamp stood on a table by the side of the bed and the light streamed down upon her white shoulders and bare throat. On the evening when he made the discovery, the minister sat at the desk in the study from nine until after eleven, and when her light was put out stumbled out of the church to spend two more hours walking and praying in the streets. He did not want to kiss the shoulders and the throat of Kate Swift, and had not allowed his mind to dwell on such thoughts. He did not know what he wanted. "I am God's child and He must save me from myself," he cried in the darkness under the trees as he wandered in the streets. By a tree he stood and looked at the sky that was covered with hurrying clouds. He began to talk to God intimately and closely. "Please, Father, do not forget me. Give me power to go tomorrow and repair the hole in the window. Lift my eyes again to the skies. Stay with me, Thy servant, in his hour of need."

Up and down through the silent streets walked the minister, and for days and weeks his soul was troubled. He could not understand the temptation that had come to him nor could he fathom the reason of its coming. In a way he began to blame God, saying to himself that he had tried to keep his feet in the true path and had not run about seeking sin. "Through my days as a young man and all through my life here I have gone quietly about my work," he declared. "Why now should I be tempted? What have I done that this burden should be laid on me?"

Three times during the early fall and winter of that year Curtis Hartman crept out of his house to the room in the bell tower, and sat in the darkness looking at the figure of Kate Swift lying in her bed, and later

went to walk and pray in the streets. He could not understand himself. For weeks he would go along scarcely thinking of the school teacher, and telling himself that he had conquered the carnal desire to look. And then something would happen. As he sat in the study of his own house hard at work on a sermon, he would become nervous and begin to walk up and down the room. "I will go out into the streets," he told himself, and even as he let himself in at the church door he persistently denied to himself the cause of his being there. "I will not repair the hole in the window, and I will train myself to come here at night and sit in the presence of this woman without raising my eyes. I will not be defeated in this thing. The Lord has devised this temptation as a test of my soul, and I will grope my way out of darkness into the light of righteousness."

One night in January when it was bitter cold and snow lay deep on the streets of Winesburg, Curtis Hartman paid his last visit to the room in the bell tower of the church. It was past nine o'clock when he left his own house, and he set out so hurriedly that he forgot to put on overshoes. In Main Street no one was abroad but Hop Higgins, the night-watchman, and in the whole town no one was awake but the watchman and young George Willard, the town reporter, who sat in the office of the *Winesburg Eagle*, trying to write a story. Along the street to the church went the minister, plowing through the drifts and thinking that this time he would utterly give way to sin. "I want to look at the woman and to think of kissing her, and I am going to let myself think what I choose," he declared bitterly, and tears came into his eyes. He began to think that he would get out of the ministry and try some other way of life. "I shall go to some city and get into business," he declared. "If my nature is such that I cannot resist sin I shall give myself over to sin. At least I shall not be a hypocrite, preaching the word of God with my mind thinking of the shoulders and the neck of a woman who does not belong to me."

It was cold in the room of the bell tower of the church on that January night, and almost as soon as he came into the room Curtis Hartman knew that if he stayed he would be ill. His feet were wet from tramping in the snow, and there was no fire. In the room in the house next door Kate Swift had not yet appeared. With grim determination the man sat down to wait. Sitting in the chair and gripping the edge of the desk on which lay the Bible he stared into the darkness thinking the blackest thoughts of his life. He thought of his wife, and for the moment almost hated her. "She has always been ashamed of passion and has cheated me," he thought. "Man has a right to expect living passion and beauty in a woman. He has no right to forget that he is an animal, and in me there is something that is Greek. I will throw off the woman of my bosom and seek other women. I will besiege this school teacher. I will fly in the face of all men, and if I am a creature of carnal lusts I will live then for my lusts."

The distracted man trembled from head to foot, partly from cold, partly from the struggle in which he was engaged. Hours passed and a fever assailed his body. His throat began to hurt and his teeth chattered. His feet, lying on the study floor, felt like two cakes of ice. Still he would not give up. "I will see this woman and will think the thoughts I have never dared to think," he told himself, gripping the edge of the desk and waiting.

Curtis Hartman came near to dying from that night of waiting in the church, and also he found in the thing that happened what he took to be the way of life for him. On the other evenings he had not been able

to see, through the little hole in the glass, any part of the school teacher's room except that occupied by her bed. In the darkness he would sit waiting, and then the woman would appear, slipping into the bed in her white night-robe. When the light was turned up she propped herself up among the pillows and read a book. Sometimes she smoked one of the cigarettes. Only her bare shoulders and throat were visible.

On this January night, after he had come near to dying with cold and after his mind had, two or three times, actually slipped away into an odd land of fantasy, so that he had, by an exercise of will power, to force himself back into consciousness, Kate Swift suddenly appeared. In the room next door a lamp was lighted and the waiting man stared into an empty bed. Then upon the bed before his eyes the woman threw herself. Lying face downward she wept and beat with her fists upon the pillow. With a final outburst of weeping she half arose and, in the presence of the man who had waited to look and to think thoughts, the woman of sin began to pray. In the lamplight her figure, slim and strong, looked like the figure of the boy pictured facing the Christ on the leaded window.

Curtis Hartman never remembered how he got out of the church. With a cry he arose, dragging the heavy desk along the floor. The Bible fell, making a great clatter in the silence. When the light in the house next door went out he stumbled down the stair-

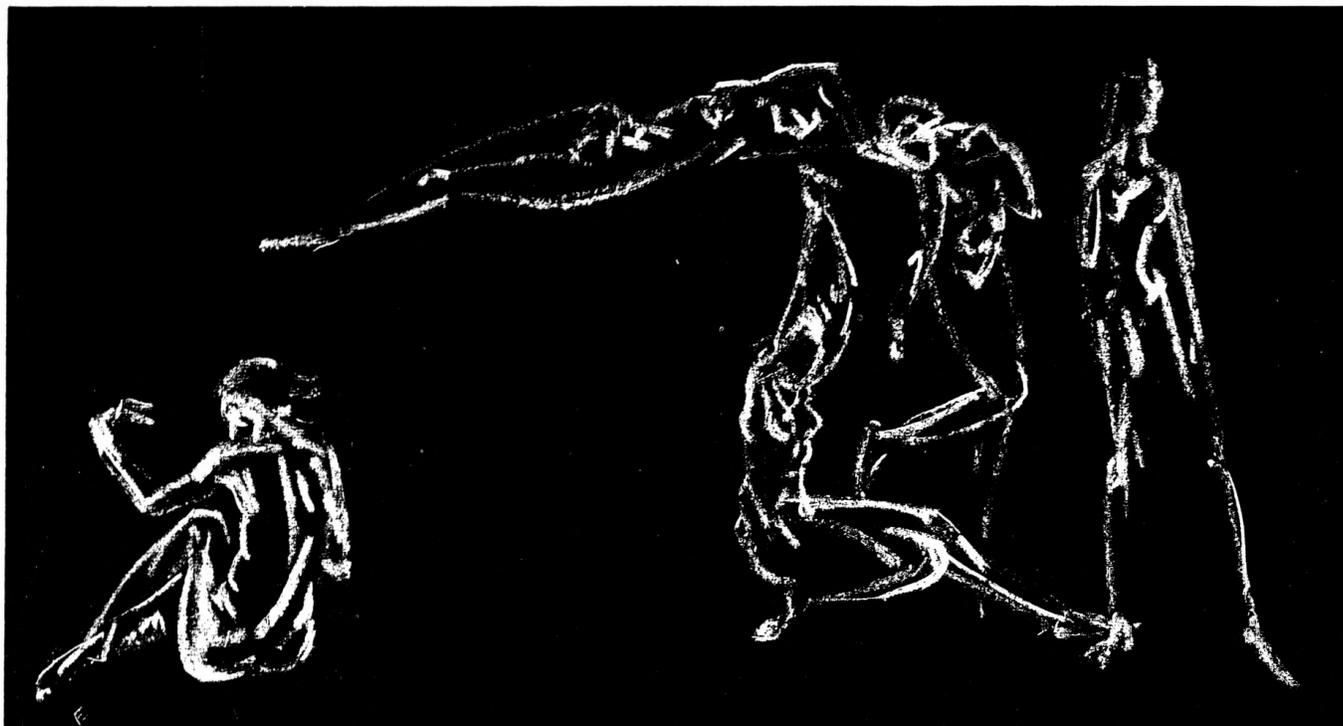
way and into the street. Along the street he went and ran in at the door of the *Winesburg Eagle*. To George Willard, who was tramping up and down in the office trying to work out the point of his story, he began to talk half-incoherently. "The ways of God are beyond human understanding," he cried, running in quickly and closing the door. He began to advance upon the young man, his eyes glowing and his voice ringing with fervor. "I have found the light," he cried. "After ten years in this town God has manifested himself to me in the body of another." His voice dropped and he began to whisper. "I did not understand," he said. "What I took to be a trial of my soul was only a preparation for a new and beautiful fervor of the spirit. God has appeared to me in the person of Kate Swift, the school teacher, kneeling on a bed. Do you know Kate Swift? Although she may not be aware of it she is an instrument of God, bearing the message of truth."

Reverend Curtis Hartman turned and ran out of the *Eagle* office. At the door he stopped and, after looking up and down the deserted street, turned again to George Willard. "I am delivered. Have no fear." He held up a bleeding fist for the young man to see. "I smashed the glass of the window," he cried. "Now it will have to be wholly replaced. The strength of God was in me and I broke it with my fist."

SHERWOOD ANDERSON.



Drawn by Arthur B. Davies.



"Melodies," designed by Arthur B. Davies.

## POEMS—By Helen Hoyt

### Golden Bough

LET it not be, love, underneath a roof,  
Closed in with furniture, and four walls  
round;  
But we will find a place wild, far aloof,  
Our room the woods, our bed the sweet-  
smelled ground.

There at the soft foot of some friendly tree  
With grass and leaves and flowers we will lie  
Where all is wide and beautiful and free—  
Free as when love first loved beneath the sky.

No lock or curtain need we in the shade  
And silence of the forest's inmost fold:  
And none save us shall know where we are laid  
Or guess what nuptial day those woodlands  
hold.

There fitly may we bring our loves to greet  
That ancient love, more old than wind or  
sod;  
Fitly where beasts and flowers wed shall meet  
Our lips, our limbs, beneath the look of God.

### In the Art Institute

AT last we let each other go, And I left: no  
Left the demand and the desire of you,  
And all our windings in and out  
And bickerings of love:  
And I was presently  
Wandering through corridors and rooms of  
pictures;

Waiting for my mind to sharpen again  
Out of its blur.

Now was stern air to breathe;  
High, rational; Clear of you and me;  
Impersonal air.  
The gold and bronze medals in their ordered  
cases—  
Round, clean-edged—  
Cooled me.  
The tossing and tumbling of my body drew  
itself into form,  
Into poise,  
Looking at their fine symmetry of being.

### FLIRTATION

HE whistled soft whistlings I knew were for  
me,  
Teasing, endearing.  
Won't you look? was what they said,  
But I did not turn my head.  
(Only a little I turned my hearing.)

My feet took me by;  
Straight and evenly they went,  
As if they had not dreamed what he meant,  
As if such a curiosity  
Never were known since the world began  
As woman wanting man!

My heart led me past and took me away;  
And yet it was my heart that wanted to stay.

### Gratitude

I LOVE thy body:  
It is good to me.  
After its touch  
I seem to be  
As if kneeling to thee.

Oh I must go apart  
And say to God  
How good to me thou art:  
Oh I will sing my thanks  
Into His Heart!

### Ravelling

NOW let me unknit my life away from yours:  
So closely, So tightly,  
In so perplexed a pattern are they knitted to-  
gether;

Stitch with stitch,  
Thread with thread;  
Twisted over and under—  
O seamless. . . .  
Though with knives we rend and tear,  
We must unknit those strands;  
Those intertwining,  
Those soft tight-woven fibers,  
That tangle and cling—  
Now we will unknit those strands.

### Finis

THE bee has fed  
And homeward sped;  
The flower is dead,  
The petals spread.



# DELIVERANCE--A Play In One Act

Translated from The French of Rachilde

By Arturo Giovannitti

*(The Scene takes place in a prison cell. The prison of this provincial town is situated in a convent, and the cell of the doomed man is the crypt, with a single tall and narrow barred window which barely permits the light to filter in. This cell is fitted out with a bunk fastened to the floor and a heavy wooden bench, also chained down, which serves both as a seat and a table. As the action begins the Condemned and the Guard are playing cards astride on the bench. The Condemned is a big, well-built fellow with an honest mien; the Guard, a small man with restless manners, who turns now and then towards the door of the cell, a somber door with a shining lock on the rear wall. He seems to be waiting for somebody or something.)*

THE CONDEMNED. Hey there! Wake up! You are playing all wrong. The queen takes it . . . and it's your trick, in spite of your looks.

THE GUARD. Do you think it is so very amusing, this everlasting game of yours? We look like two schoolgirls who can't play at anything else.

THE CONDEMNED. I, myself, never knew any other game. All battles are alike, and they're all good. It's life. You see, my little man, what with battles of queens, wars of kings, quarrels of knights—without counting the bad humor of the aces—one can't do anything else but fight. . . . It's a business of killing time. It amuses me because I do it without thinking, while I wait for death—like the rest of the world.

THE GUARD. I believe, old man, that you're shamming. Have you, perhaps, guessed more than you are supposed to know? Have you read any papers, by

chance? After all, I am here to listen to your thinking aloud. Well, go ahead.

THE CONDEMNED. Again? It's surely a worse bore than this card war. What good will it do you to know the why and how of my history? I have killed, I let myself get pinched, and I must be killed; all this, at least, is quite sure. I am not asking you why you make so much noise, these last two days, in a cozy town like this which is generally so quiet. I am already going to bed with the dead. I have no explanations coming, but you might as well admit that they are putting up *my boards!* A fine move, indeed. It's up to you to confess, my fine chap. (He plays.) Queen of spades! She's got it on me, the chicken! Come along and put up your queen of hearts . . . it'll be as if your bitch was biting mine.

THE GUARD (*startling at a muffled sound which seems to come from the outside*). Why, no. The boards are in Paris, and to get down here by tomorrow morning . . . well, it's frozen stiff outside. Reassure yourself. We have other lambs to . . . fleece just now. You're not in it, yet, fortunately.

THE CONDEMNED. You want to put me to sleep, but it's no use, I tell you. One thinks when one da'sn't shut the eyes any longer, and I have almost found peace by keeping mine wide open in the blackness. Yes, I did a man, and I am the man who's going to be done. To me it seems much easier to recognize the fact than to tire myself out hammering with my fists

<sup>1</sup> The scaffold of the guillotine.

on the walls. Of course, I have been hunting faithfully for a hole to sneak out, even if it's only a mouse hole, but in these old abbeys there isn't a chance to slip a needle out. They knew quite well, the old fellows, how to shut poor devils up in a corner. There's no hope in this world. Of course, it's true that they allowed us to believe in the One-Up-There. . . . If it was to begin all over again, I'd want to be a priest, for it's a fine business that of manufacturing hope. Take our chaplain. What a fine chap! He cries all over you to make you soften up. He isn't like *you*, an old stiff who babbles about everything. You, well, you are just an inquisitive old cuss who makes fun of my ignorance, because I have no education. You want to repay yourself with my head, and when it'll be down the basket you'll be aping the judge and saying, "Justice is done." And you don't know any more about justice than you do about my crime. You were born to eat hay at every manger. . . . What time is it?

THE GUARD (*looking at his watch*). Three o'clock.

THE CONDEMNED. Why doesn't the prison clock ring any more?

THE GUARD (*hesitating*). She is so old that she rattles something fierce . . . so we stopped her.

THE CONDEMNED (*laughing*). She, too. The monks' clock a prisoner of the gendarmes. Well, well, life is funny! But the village chimes, are they shut up too? (*Brusquely.*) Perhaps I have become deaf. After one month in this rotten cell I must have lost my hearing while waiting to lose my head. (*He rises and throws his cards on the floor.*) Moreover, I am losing



battles without being able to strike a blow. It's hell when one is feeling so blooming well. (*He goes towards the barred window.*) Some air, God blast you, some fresh air! It smells mildewed here, and something's burning, too. Say there, you mutt, don't you smell it?

THE GUARD (*going near the window*). It ought to smell of the powder rather. . . . I mean saltpeter. You know they make powder out of saltpeter and there are loads of it on these walls. Also the corpses buried under the flagstones might be throwing off sulphur. These old convents are full of ugly mysteries.

THE CONDEMNED. You're always thinking of other people's secrets, you. But I'm telling you that I haven't—(*He turns about and tramples the cards.*) And then, my heard . . . that begins to itch. . . . What good do you think it will do me now to tell you that yarn. . . . You can't do anything, nor can I. It's too late. What happened to me is what happens to all fools of my kind. I had enough pride to shut up and play the smarty; I thought it was up to the judges to unravel the thing without me. No, no, I have not killed just for the pleasure of the killing, get me right. One must be either a lawyer or a physician to invent such tommyrot. I was only jealous of a guy; and of my woman, who couldn't make her eyes behave. But unfortunately she was not my "legitimate," I was not married to her, and so it couldn't be forgiven. The curate was telling me again yesterday: the power of the sacrament is always respectable. And I know a little about phrases and words, too. I have been attending meetings in strike-times. I know damn well that when it comes to women, a sacrament is worth a padlock. Just the same I did not want to marry a strumpet, no sir. "Put yourself in my place," I said to the curate. "Well," says he, "why did you have to mutilate your victim?" You see, that's quite true; I ripped up his portrait something awful, that beau of hers—I tore off his nose and ears and clawed up his chest. . . . I was getting drunk with blood,

and the more gushed out, the redder I saw! I said to myself, "She'll see what's become of him now, and she'll be disgusted for the rest of her life" . . . and little did I know that he was already dead. You know I am a tanner, that's my trade, and in the heat of that job I was only sorry I could not use my flattening tool, the one which straightens out the skins till the grains break up. . . . I should have liked to make flowers, designs, funny tattoos, regular works of art on that dainty skin of his. . . . Say, here, you! Aren't you listening to me? You don't look like you were having much fun, and yet I am giving you full measure. You've tanned me enough; it's my own turn today.

THE GUARD (*shaking his head*). No, I am not surprised. I am not afraid of what you're telling me. All that is all right . . . we can explain it . . . but there are tougher things, though.

THE CONDEMNED (*growing impatient*). Well, if that don't beat hell! Here you've been heckling me for a month to find out my case, and now that I'm telling you turn up your nose. There's nothing tougher, no sirree, and you mustn't sneer at my job. . . . It's a fine job which deserves its punishment ten times over. I was jealous, but jealousy is a passing fever. Just now, it's myself who cannot understand how I did it. I am almost falling in with the doctors who felt'me all over to make me spit out the fine word that I was a sick man, crazy. It's probable, but just the same there is always a reason to every disease. One does not get the cholera all by himself; somebody must pass it along to him. My lawyer was demanding my acquittal on the ground that I was a degenerate, but I didn't catch on that I had to play the fool to get out of it. After all one must have an idea of revenge to tap so hard on a man's head—battles and war, that's where it comes from. But I was rather ashamed on account of the woman. . . . I didn't want to show her up like a fast piece. . . . One has his own ideas of honor, after all. (*Deep booming noises from outside.*)

What's that? Is it still grumbling? This time I heard it right—it's the thunder.

THE GUARD (*rising and walking up and down the cell nervously*). Yes, yes, I believe the storm is about to break. Yesterday it was only a false alarm. Really it feels much better here than on the top of a church or under a tree in the open country. (*Sympathetically.*) My poor Laurent, we are friends, we two, in spite of your crime. Have courage. The trouble with life today is that we are all prisoners, all sentenced to die. I mean that . . . you know. . . . We are all mortals. . . .

THE CONDEMNED (*chuckling*). I know that anthem: "My Brother, get ready for Monsieur Diebler's<sup>2</sup> visit. I haven't read any papers here, but I read them often elsewhere on this business of public executions, and I know how they slip off their smooth talks. Don't put yourself to any trouble, mutt. Then it was my planks they were putting up in front of the prison, eh? (*He runs his hand slowly about his neck.*) You damned mongrel, couldn't you keep it to yourself till tomorrow morning? (*He shows his fists.*)

THE GUARD (*falling back*). No, no, I swear it . . . you're mistaken . . . it's something else, it's much more serious than that. . . .

THE CONDEMNED (*furiously*). More serious than that? Is it my pardon, maybe, they're about to bring me all nice and warm on a silver platter? You think it isn't anything, this question of life and death, you flunkey? All you damned guys are getting around a poor man to do him up: the warden, the turnkey, the lawyer, the curate, the stool-pigeon, and after all you're nothing but the accomplices of another murder. Isn't that a man's job, eh? (*Straightening up.*) I shall have lots of honors and lackeys: those who shall make my toilette, those who'll clip my hair, my attorney, my ordinary or extraordinary corporal with his execution squad, the whole parade of boobies and louts craning

<sup>2</sup> The Paris executioner.



their necks to see me; the executioner who will put on white gloves, the chaplain who will give me a farewell kiss. . . . Isn't it gorgeous? It will be what they call a regular apo . . . apothe . . . yes a regular pot of roses. . . . I'd be a hard man to please if this didn't satisfy me. . . . Now can you think of anything more serious than that? How much do you want, you hog? (*He falls on his bed and continues with a trembling voice*). No, I don't want to see myself there! And you're going to leave me all stripped naked before the Eternal Father, if there really is one, which is not impossible, seeing this lack of family spirit on this earth. What will you leave me to cover up the shame of my having known that daughter of perdition? . . . And you're there watching and spying on me like a cat glares at a wounded rat, and you say that it smells powder. . . . Why, it's rot that it smells. You swell society fellows don't know anything about the work of men's arms and the price of life; one must be poor to find out that there's nothing better than to have one's hands free. My lawyer said: "He is an excellent worker; he's neither a drinker nor a high-liver and is full of courage at the right moment." Well, let them send me to hard labor for life and see if I don't hustle. I shall built a tannery all by myself, houses, a whole town, and I shall tan all the dirty human skins you want. . . . Say! I don't know what I shall do! It's enough to make one shout "Long live Anarchy," and surely I am not a bad guy at bottom. One feels like slaughtering the whole world when one is the victim of such a terribly good society. . . . Oh, if I only had a few bombs, or even one cartridge of anything, I'd blow up the whole prison and myself with it. . . . My prison! . . . Ha! ha! it's no new experience; don't you make any mistakes about it, we poor guys are always in prison: the school, the army, the factory . . . you're always building prisons and the best of them all is always the one where we can eat for nothing. . . . I've killed the man who was

taking my wife away from me. If she wasn't my wife before the law, she was so before Love, which is the god of the poor, and I have taken myself the right nobody wanted to grant me. That's all. I know lots of people who killed their "legitimates" and were acquitted, in spite of the fact that it's always a dirty piece of business to kill the woman when you can do up the man. I am innocent, at bottom I am an idiot. Come there, you mutt, can't you fix it up for me, you who have seen so much?

THE GUARD. Poor devil, you're worrying about yourself as if you were the center of the universe. But really you don't amount to much on the earth at this particular minute. You represent only an atom, in spite of your royal conceit . . . a plain common law criminal . . . and you babble about justice. . . . Justice! Right! Pshaw! (*Shaking his head*). You don't realize your luck, man, your great luck of living in a ditch, in a cell like this.

THE CONDEMNED (*jumping from his bed and at the guard*). Ah, you're making fun of me, are you? But I haven't the straight-jacket on yet. . . . I must be satisfied in this dirty hole, eh? You wait a minute, my beautiful lamb, and I'll decorate your picture with fine red drawings. . . . (*He tears off the guard's tie*). What is it? A battle of kings or jacks?

THE GUARD (*covering himself with his elbow*). Help! Help! Murder! He's going to kill me! Laurent, my dearest Laurent. . . . I beg you, calm yourself. . . . Are you getting crazy again? I'll tell you the truth, the real truth, what's in the papers and you don't know. I was ordered to keep dumb because the crooks were talking of a mutiny . . . but there is nothing to fear from those in solitary. . . . They must be left there, since we cannot empty their cells any more, unfortunately. . . . Laurent . . . don't you hear these claps of thunder?

THE CONDEMNED (*not listening*). Oh yes, the great thunder of God and all the din you're making around

the guillotine . . . that won't do any longer. . . . You're afraid, little one, and you think I am crazy. . . . I'll show you in a minute. . . . Oh, I'll not strangle you if you don't put up any more swings. . . . Answer me yes or no. Am I to climb up tomorrow morning? Don't parley . . . weigh your word well, and think that it's only one. (*Still holding the Guard by the collar*). Be reasonable, you damned cockroach, or I'll squash you. You make me tell you all my troubles, open my whole heart to you and then you call me an atom and a common criminal. . . . Is that fair—to insult a man who must go in with his head? And haven't you considered that I could only lose it once? It's possible that I don't take up very much sidewalk space, but just now I am the whole universe, for you don't seem to count much. (*He lets the Guard go, and looks at the door which is being opened*).

THE WARDEN (*crossly*). No strong play, fellows! This is no time for fun. Here' you, get your soup. (*He puts down a tin dish on the bench*). There is a lot of it this time, as we are not sure to eat again tomorrow. I don't care a rap whether you understand or not. It really thunders too loud and near to lose time on discussions. *The soldiers* are already there and turning everything topsy turvy.

THE GUARD (*respectfully to the Warden*). I would really like to go, but perhaps it would be too dangerous. My job is at an end, and I shall make my report if your really care for it: No accomplices, a woman's story and some extenuating circumstances. . . . Nevertheless I think we had better be prepared for any emergency and put him in a straight-jacket.

THE WARDEN (*harshly*). I have no orders. He is waiting for the end (*making a significant gesture*), and the end is getting near for everybody now. (*To the prisoner*). The best spot just now, young fellow, is a nice snug cell like this, well dampened and . . . without straw.



THE CONDEMNED (*humbly*). I don't want to do any harm nor beat up a comrade, if you only tell me what's all this noise about. If the soldiers are already there, that means that it will be tonight. I should wait quietly for my end, if I only knew the hour of it. Just put yourself in my place, Monsieur. . . .

THE WARDEN (*opening his arms*). Your end? Or is it the end of the world? I don't know, my dear chap. The governor has gone on his vacation in a country where he will surely be granted a perpetual pension. . . . As to you, well, fix it up between yourselves with or without the straight-jacket. I wash my hands of it. My wife, though, is looking for this cell to hide the kid in. . . . The little one won't stop crying since she saw the rifles. I have no more time to advise you. Good evening. (*He goes out, forgetting to shut the door.*)

THE GUARD (*taking his forehead in his hands*). It's enough to make everybody crazy. But just the same, this is still the best place to be, in spite of our dangerous neighbors. (*A loud explosion. The window is lighted by a red glare.*)

THE CONDEMNED (*melancholically*). Why didn't the bolt choose my cell, and deliver me? . . . I have no luck at all; it had to fall on the street.

THE GUARD (*suddenly*). Listen a minute to me, murderer. What would you do if I gave you back your freedom?

THE CONDEMNED (*panting*). Freedom! What do you mean by that? I am mistrustful. . . . Something is wrong in this house today. . . . You want to drive me to the limit. . . .

THE GUARD (*goes to the door, opens it, and then closes it cautiously*). Do you get that? It will be his fault. . . . he forgot to lock it.

THE CONDEMNED (*bounding to the door*). You are a brother, all right, a real brother. . . . But won't

you really call out? Aren't you going to shout? (*He looks about himself with sudden anxiety*). Ah. . . . they are behind the door with the straight-jacket. . . . That's what you want, because I have scared you and you don't dare put it on me yourself. . . . Let me see. . . . I am not dreaming. . . . Is it really for me, the condemned, that the soldiers have come? There aren't any more ghosts coming back to ask for their skins, *he's skin* full of holes? Damn it. . . . it's a funny smell all right. . . . it smells powder, sulphur or perhaps. . . . dirt. . . . (*Hasty footsteps and a woman's cries are heard outside the door.*) Can it be, perhaps, that the damned place is on fire?

THE WARDEN'S WIFE (*bursting into the cell with a child in her arms*). It's here! It's here! Let me hide my child here. . . . it's too small to look at such things. . . . Lock us in, please. . . . Perhaps they'll miss us. . . . I shall pray God for you, messieurs les soldats. . . . Protect us, Mr. Condemned Man. . . . Save my child. . . . they would cut its hands off. . . . You wouldn't be so cruel, you. . . . Have mercy. . . .

THE GUARD (*trying to force the Condemned man out*). Go on, hurry up before the whole place burns out. It makes no difference, anyhow, whether you finish one way or the other. If I come back, I promise to write to the Procurator and make him consider your confession, as your lawyer is dead now, too,—*gloriously*, as the phrase runs. But decamp, damn you, hurry up. Air draughts are murderous in time of fire. (*Pulling the woman in roughly.*) You're mad, madame!

(*Some infantry soldiers in field uniform rush into the crypt. One of them kneels before the window firing his gun. Another explosion. The woman wraps her child in her shawl to stifle his cries, while the*

*Guard crouches by the bench. The Condemned stands straight, his arms crossed, eyes fixed, struck with speechless bewilderment.*)

THE SOLDIERS (*firing through the window*). Look here, prisoner—your eyes are sharp enough. Pick up a gun and blaze away here. Your affair does not concern us. If you don't want to save yourself, help us save the others.

THE GUARD (*terrified*). Don't give a weapon to that criminal! He's been here in solitary for a month.

THE SOLDIERS (*gravely*). And he doesn't understand the situation because you kept it secret, naturally. (*Handing a gun to the Condemned*). My boy, the Prussians are in France. They have bombarded the city, which is now burning up, and we are fighting from street to street against the most ferocious of invaders. It is war, the Great War. . . . Do you understand?

THE GUARD (*in despair*), Laurent! Don't touch that gun. . . . don't touch it! . . . Laurent, what are you going to do?

THE CONDEMNED (*suddenly dazzled by a jet of flame*). What am I going to do? . . . I am going to defend my prison!

CURTAIN.

## ATROCITY

PERSONS who like to exclaim over the atrocities of other nationalities, will find some nice ones recorded of our Civil War soldiers by Walt Whitman in his "Specimen Days" (p. 49 of the "Complete Peace"), or they will find helpful reading in *The Crisis* which keeps a monthly record of the picturesque lynchings which characterize our own precious "nationality" in times of complete peace.

# Roosevelt Sold Them Out

By John Reed

THE Editor of the *New York Evening Mail* was advising the German-Americans to vote for Roosevelt. Someone asked him why. He replied, "I know he is anti-German, but the Germans should support Roosevelt because he is the only exponent of German Kultur in the United States."

When Theodore Roosevelt was President, a delegation from the State of Michigan went to Washington to plead with him the cause of the Boer Republic, then fighting for its life against the British Government. One of the delegates told me that Roosevelt answered them, cold as ice: "No, the weaker nations must yield to the stronger, even if they perish off the face of the earth."

When Germany invaded Belgium, Colonel Roosevelt, in *The Outlook*, told us that was none of our business and that our policy of isolation must be maintained even at the expense of the Belgian people.

These instances showed the peculiar Prussian trend of the Colonel's mind, and we were at a loss when he subsequently took up cudgels for that same Belgium which he had so profoundly damned, and came forward as the champion of the "weak nations." Could it be chivalry? Could it be a sympathy with the cause of democracy? We held off and waited, skeptical as we were, and soon the Snake was discerned gliding through the Colonel's grass. All this talk about Belgium insensibly changed into an impassioned pleading for enormous armies and navies in order that we might live up to our international obligations, and into a violent attack upon the Wilson administration for not doing what the Colonel had told it to in the first place. And the particular point he kept emphasizing was the administration's cowardly refusal to crush the Mexican people!

After General Leonard Wood and the ambitious military caste in this country had whispered in the Colonel's ear, and after the munitions makers and the imperialist financiers had given the Colonel a dinner, and after the predatory plutocrats he fought so nobly in the past had told him they would support him for President of the United States, "Our Teddy" came out for the protection of weak nations abroad and the suppression of weak nations at home; for the crushing of Prussian militarism and the encouragement of American militarism; for all the liberalism, including Russia's, financed by the Anglo-French loan, and all the conservatism of the gentlemen who financed it.

We were not fooled by the Colonel's brand of patriotism. Neither were the munitions makers and the money trust; the Colonel was working for their benefit, so they backed him. But large numbers of sincere people in this country who remembered Armageddon and "Social Justice" imagined that Roosevelt was still on the side of the people. Most of these persons had flocked to his standard in 1912 flushed with a vision of regenerated humanity, and had given up a good deal of their time, money and position to follow Democracy's new Messiah. Four years of dictatorship by George W. Perkins and the Steel Trust, four years in which the Colonel had patently allowed his crusaders to perish politically in droves, four years of contradiction and change until he was screaming at the top of his lungs for blood-thirstiness, obedience and efficiency, had not dimmed their faith. These people were not militarists; they were for peace, not war; they were not for universal service of any kind, nor obedience to

corporations. They were for Roosevelt; they thought that, after all, he stood for Social Justice. So they blindly swallowed what he advocated and shouted, "We want Teddy!"

In 1912 Theodore Roosevelt issued his Covenant with the American People, assuring them that he would never desert them, and affirming the unalterable principle of Social Justice for which he stood. This Covenant was the Progressive Party's reason for being. Indeed, if they had not believed the Covenant with the American people would be resuscitated, I doubt if the Progressives, after those four long years of silence and neglect, would have risen to blindly follow Colonel Roosevelt again. They had had their knocks. They had made their sacrifices. They knew that as Progressives they could not come to power in 1916. But when that call came, all over the country in a million hearts the spark of almost extinct enthusiasm burst into flame, and the feeling of a holy crusade of democracy which had stirred men and women four years ago, again swept the country.

Not the intelligent radicals—no matter how much they wanted Teddy, they knew he would betray them when it suited him—but the common, ordinary, unenlightened people, the backwoods idealists, as it were,—they trusted Teddy. Hadn't he said he would never desert them? It was to be another Armageddon, and they would sacrifice to the cause as they had sacrificed before.

Little did they know that Theodore Roosevelt, in New York, was referring to them as "rabble," and planning how he could shake himself free from enthusiasts, from idealists, from the dirty and stupid lower classes. Little did they know that he was saying impatiently about them "You can't build a political party out of cranks. I have got to get rid of the 'lunatic fringe.'" And by "lunatic fringe" he meant those people who believed in Social Justice and wanted to put it into effect.

The call to the Progressive Convention spoke of trying to reach a basis of understanding with the Republican Party. To this the Progressives assented; some because they wanted to get back into the Republican fold, and others because they wanted to force Roosevelt and Social Justice upon the Republicans and upon the country. And if the Republicans would not take Teddy and Progressiveism why then hadn't Teddy made a covenant with them? They would go it alone again as they had in 1912—the Party of Protest, the noble forlorn hope. And so they came to Chicago, inarticulate, full of faith, stirred by a vague aspiration which they would put into words later. Teddy was not Teddy to them; he was Democracy—he was justice and fairness and the cause of the poor. Also he was Preparedness; but if Teddy said Preparedness meant Justice and Liberty, then Teddy must be right. The platform of the party shows how completely these crusaders of 1913 had replaced principles with Roosevelt—their is no social justice in it.

I looked down from the platform of the Auditorium in Chicago upon that turbulent sea of almost holy emotion; upon men and women from great cities and little towns, from villages and farms, from the deserts and the mountains and the cattle ranches, wherever the wind had carried to the ears of the poor and the oppressed that a leader and a mighty warrior had risen up to champion the Square Deal. The love of Teddy filled those people. Blind and exalted, they sang "Onward Christian Soldiers!" and "We Will Follow, Follow Teddy!" There was virility, enthusiasm, youth in that

assembly; there were great fighters there, men who all their lives had given battle alone against frightful odds to right the wrongs of the sixty per cent. of the people of this country who own five per cent. of its wealth. These were not Revolutionists; for the most part they were people of little vision and no plan—merely ordinary men who were raw from the horrible injustice and oppression they saw on every side. Without a leader to express them, they were no good. We, Socialists and Revolutionists, laughed and sneered at the Progressives; we ridiculed their worship of a Personality; we derided their hysterical singing of Revival Hymns; but when I saw the Progressive Convention, I realized that among those delegates lay the hope of this country's peaceful evolution, and the material for heroes of the people.

On the platform was another crowd—the Progressive leaders. Now at the Republican Convention I had seen Barnes and Reed, Smoot and Penrose, and W. Murray Crane and those other sinister figures who fight to the death against the people. Well, the crowd on the platform of the Progressive Convention looked much the same to me; George Perkins of Wall Street, James Garfield, Charles Bonaparte, etc. Among this furtive, cold group of men there was no spark of enthusiasm, no sympathy for Democracy. Indeed, I passed close to them once and I heard them talking about the delegates on the floor. They called them "the cheap skates!" And yet this inner circle, whose task it was to use the Progressives as a threat to the Republicans, but not to permit them to embarrass the Colonel, were, as I knew, Theodore Roosevelt's confidants, his lieutenants in the Convention.

The Republican Convention was sitting only a few blocks away, thoroughly controlled by Penrose, Smoot, Crane, Barnes, et al. This the Progressive delegates learned; and they learned that Theodore Roosevelt could not under any circumstances be nominated there. They clamored for Teddy. Roaring waves of sound swept the house, "We want Teddy! Let's nominate Teddy now!" Only with the greatest difficulty did the Gang persuade them to wait. "The call for a Convention," they said, "had emphasized the necessity of getting together with the Republicans in order to save the country. We ought to appoint a Committee to confer with the Republican Convention as to a possible candidate that both parties might support."

"We want Teddy. We want Teddy!"

"Wait," counseled Perkins, Penrose, Garfield and the rest of the Gang, "it will do no harm to talk with them."

Governor Hiram Johnson of California thundered to the delegates: "Remember Barnes, Penrose and Crane in 1912! We left the Republican Convention because the bosses were in control. They are still in control. The only word we should send to the Republican Convention is the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt!"

"It won't do any harm to talk it over with them," counseled the gang. "We have here a telegram from Theodore Roosevelt recommending that we discuss matters with the Republicans." And they read it aloud.

Flaming Victor Murdock leaped to the stage. "You want Teddy!" he cried. "Well, the only way you will get him is to nominate him now!"

"I will tell you the message we ought to send to the Republican Convention," shouted William J. McDonald. "Tell them to go to Hell!"

Well did they know—Murdock, McDonald and Johnson—that the Colonel was liable to sell them out. Well

did they know that the only way to put it up squarely to Roosevelt was to nominate him immediately, before the Republicans had taken action.

"Wait!" counseled the Gang, cold, logical, polished and afraid. "It will do no harm to appoint a Committee to consult with the Republicans. If we go it alone, Theodore Roosevelt and Social Justice cannot be elected."

And so the Committee of Conference was appointed, because the delegates trusted Perkins, Garfield, Bonaparte—and Roosevelt. What the Republicans thought about it was indicated in the composition of their Conference Committee: *Reed Smoot, W. Murray Crane, Nicholas Murray Butler, Borah and Johnson.*

"God help us!" cried Governor Hiram Johnson. "Tonight we sit at the feet of Reed Smoot and Murray Crane!"

And literally he did; for he was appointed as one of the Progressive Committee upon which sat *George W. Perkins and Charles J. Bonaparte.*

Upon the platform of the Progressive Convention the next morning word was spread quietly around that the Colonel, over the telephone, had requested that his name not be put in nomination until the Republicans had nominated their man. The Committee made its report, inconclusive from every point of view, and little by little the feeling that Roosevelt must be nominated grew as the time went on. Only the Gang held the Convention in check by insisting that the Committee must have another session with the Republicans. And then, like a thunderbolt, came Roosevelt's second message from Oyster Bay, recommending as a compromise candidate the name of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts! Henry Cabot Lodge, the heartless reactionary, who is as far from the people as any man could be! It threw a chill over the assembly. They could not understand. And now the nominations had begun in the Republican Convention, and the Gang in control of the Progressives could control no longer. Bainbridge Colby of New York was recognized and nominated Theodore Roosevelt; Hiram Johnson seconded the nomination; and in three minutes the rules had been suspended and Roosevelt was adopted by acclamation. "Now," said Chairman Raymond Robins, "the responsibility rests with Colonel Roosevelt, and I have never known him to shirk any responsibility, no matter how insignificant or tremendous it might be. I believe that Colonel Roosevelt will accept." And the convention adjourned until three o'clock.

How the Republicans nominated Hughes by an overwhelming majority is now ancient history; and how the Progressives, full of hope and enthusiasm and girding themselves for the great fight, returned to receive Roosevelt's acceptance, I saw. The bands played, and exultingly, like children, the standards moved up and down the aisles. Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard raved about the hall waving a huge American flag.

"No one man or two men or three men can own the Progressive Party," shouted Chairman Robins, referring directly to George W. Perkins. "This is to be a people's party, financed by the people. I call for subscriptions to the campaign fund from the floor." In twenty minutes, with a burst of tremendous enthusiasm, \$100,000 had been pledged by the delegates in the gallery. It was a magnificent tribute to the spirit of the "cheap skates."

And then it began to be whispered about the platform that Theodore Roosevelt's answer had arrived; it said that if the Convention insisted upon an answer at once, he must decline—that before accepting the Progressive nomination Colonel Roosevelt must hear Justice Hughes' statement; that he would give the Progressive

(Continued on page 26.)

## THE DAY OF WAR

Madison Square, June 20th

**A** HAWK-FACED youth with rapacious eyes, standing on a shaky chair,

Speaks stridulously in the roar of the crossways, under the tower that challenges the skies, terrible like a brandished sword.

A thin crowd, idle, yawning, many-hungered, beggarly, rich with the inexhaustible treasures of endless hours of dreaming and scheming.

Imperial ruins of the Mob.

Listens to him, wondering why he speaks and why they listen.

The fierce incandescence of noon quivers and drones with the echoes

Of distant clamors, grumbling of voices, blarings of speed-mad fanfares;

But as the roar reaches the group, it turns and recoils and deviates, and runs around it,

As a stream runs around a great rock,

And his voice alone is heard in this little island of silence.

His arms go up as he speaks; his white teeth fight savagely with his black eyes,

His red tie flows tempestuously in the wind, the unfurled banner of his heart amidst the musketry of his young words.

He has been speaking since dawn; he has emerged from the night, and the night alone shall submerge him.

They listen to him and wonder, and grope blindly in the maze of his words,

They fear his youth and they pity it,

But the sunlight is strong on his head,

And his shadow is heavy and hard upon their faces.

Suddenly, like a flash of yellow flame

The blast of a trumpet shoots by, its notes ramming like bullets against the white tower.

The soldiers march up the Avenue. The crowd breaks, scatters, and runs away, and only six listeners remain:

A girl, a newsboy, a drunken man, a Greek who sells rugs, an old man, and the stranger I know.

But he speaks on, louder, with the certainty of the thunder that only speaks after the bolt.

"Workers of America, we alone can rehabilitate this generation before history. We must and shall stop this war."

The Greek vendor moves on; wearily the old man turns towards a seat, far away.

But he speaks on.

"The great voice of Labor shall rise fearlessly today, and the world shall listen, and eternity shall record its words."

The drunken man grumbles, stares at his open hands and lurches away towards the approaching tramway.

But he speaks on.

"Our protest and our anger shall be like a cloudburst, and the masters shall tremble. Brothers, don't you see it? The Revolution is at the threshold."

The newsboy swings his bag over his shoulder and dashes away through the park.

But he speaks on.

"As sure as this sun shall set, so will injustice and tyranny go down. Men and women of America, I know that this is the great day."

The stranger I know shrinks in the hollow places of himself; he fades; and vanishes, molten in the white heat of that young faith.

But the girl stands still and immobile, her upturned face glowing before the brazier of his soul,

As from the tower one by one drop at his feet the twelve tolls of the clock that marks time, the time that knows and flows on until his day comes.

And the girl, and the tower, and he

Are the only three things that stand straight and rigid and inexpugnable

Amidst the red omens of war,

In the fulness of the day,

In the whiteness of the noonlight,

In the city of dread and uproar.

ARTURO GIOVANNITTI.



*Drawn by Robert Miner.*

# PITTSBURGH



## Pedigreed stock at Newport

Drawn by Arthur Young.

### HEAVENLY DISCOURSE

GOD is standing on the upper back verandah of the universe—contemplating his finger nails. St. Peter enters.

GOD: Well, Peter—what now?

ST. PETER: I've lost a soul.

GOD: Well?

ST. PETER: I say I've lost a soul.

GOD: That was careless. How did it happen?

ST. PETER: I don't know. I had it with me when I started.

GOD: Where did you put it?

ST. PETER: I didn't put it anywhere. I didn't dare to for fear I would never find it again—I just held it between my thumb and forefinger.

GOD: Was it so small?

ST. PETER: The smallest I ever saw—you could hardly see it. If you took your eyes off it a moment you couldn't find it again.

GOD: Whose soul was it?

ST. PETER: I forget his name, but he was a rich man—

GOD: Did you see if the camel would go through the needle's eye—

ST. PETER: Yes, sir—

GOD: Did he—?

ST. PETER: Yes, sir—I had to beat him a little, but he got through. This man had given a lot to your church.

GOD: My church? Your church, you mean, Peter—yours and Paul's. What was his business?

ST. PETER: He was a very charitable man. He sent food to the starving Belgians.

GOD: Did he do anything for the starving of his own country?

ST. PETER: No, I don't think so. You see, they are nothing unusual.

GOD: Well, was that his business? Looking after the starving?

ST. PETER: No—no—that wasn't his main business.

GOD: What was it?

ST. PETER: He was a munition maker.

GOD: What's that?

ST. PETER: He manufactured gunpowder or guns, or shells. Something like that.

GOD: What for?

ST. PETER: Well, just at present for the Poor Allies.

GOD: The Poor What?

ST. PETER: Allies.

GOD: Who are they?

ST. PETER: They are the people on earth who are fighting the Germans.

GOD: O yes. I remember the War on the Earth. Fools killing Fools for their rulers.

ST. PETER: Yes.

GOD: Why did he manufacture munitions?

ST. PETER: Because he was neutral. His country was neutral.

GOD: What's that?

ST. PETER: They are willing to help both sides.

GOD: To kill each other?

ST. PETER: Yes, sir. But in fact he only helped to kill Germans.

GOD: Why?

ST. PETER: The Germans didn't need any help.

GOD: But why did this—this soul manufacture munitions?

ST. PETER: Why?

GOD: Yes, why? Did he love the Allies and hate the Germans?

ST. PETER: No, he didn't care.

GOD: Then why make munitions to kill Germans?

ST. PETER: Well—er—

GOD: To make money?

ST. PETER: I suppose so—

GOD: To give to your church?

ST. PETER: Only a little of it.

GOD: And a little to starving widows and orphans he helped make?

ST. PETER: Well—you see, the Belgians—

GOD: See here, Peter—all starving people look alike to me—even those in this fellow's mines or factories . . . Let me cast my all-seeing eye over you—I don't like that soul being loose around here—which hand was it?

ST. PETER: This one—

GOD: Let me see. (God looks carefully for some time.) Here it is.

ST. PETER: Where? I don't see it.

GOD: No, your eyes aren't as good as mine. Look carefully there. Under your finger nail, that speck of dirt.

ST. PETER: O yes, that's it.

GOD: Peter, you hold it there carefully and go outside the wall to that old sewer that used to run to hell and drop it in.

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD.

### Congratulations!

SENATOR JAMES W. WADSWORTH has telegraphed his resignation as an officer of the New York cavalry on the ground that he can be more useful in the Senate than on the firing line.

We are informed on good authority that a number of privates of his regiment will do likewise on the ground that they can be more useful at home voting for this fearless patriot than chasing Villa and Carranza in Mexico.



Drawn by John Barber.

## THE BOTTOM OF NEW YORK

### From Manhattan Bridge

#### A Careful District Attorney

THE District Attorney of New York County is a man of refinement and discrimination. He has said semi-officially that he has no objection to birth control propaganda, provided that it is carried on in decent language and in secluded places. As, so far, it has been carried on in this wise for decades, chiefly in the language of the bourgeoisie and in the secrecy of fashionable boudoirs, even among those charming coteries which include such men as Mr. Swann, the honorable gentleman has risked practically nothing by such an apparently revolutionary utterance.

This, however, does not satisfy the advocates of birth-control as a force of social betterment. They want longshoremen and washerwomen to know about it, and therefore they want to propagate it in plain words and in the open squares. Hence the arrest of Ida Rauh who gave out printed information on the subject to the rabble in Union Square, and hence the

polite bowing out of Rose Pastor Stokes on the part of the police, after she had done the same thing in Carnegie Hall.

The discrimination is both fair and just, for, while as a matter of fact these two young persons meant to do exactly the same thing, for the same purpose, and did it, a fine difference lies in the amount of wealth that each has at her disposal. The rich, no matter what they think, say and do, can commit no wrong. This, which heretofore was still a theory open to debate and argument, has now become a proven fact, thanks to Rose Pastor Stokes, who has demonstrated it voluntarily and definitely. We hope Mr. Swann will never arrest her and deprive us of a fine illustration of the class character of all laws.

Meantime this is a fight to a finish, and Ida Rauh is not going to jail.

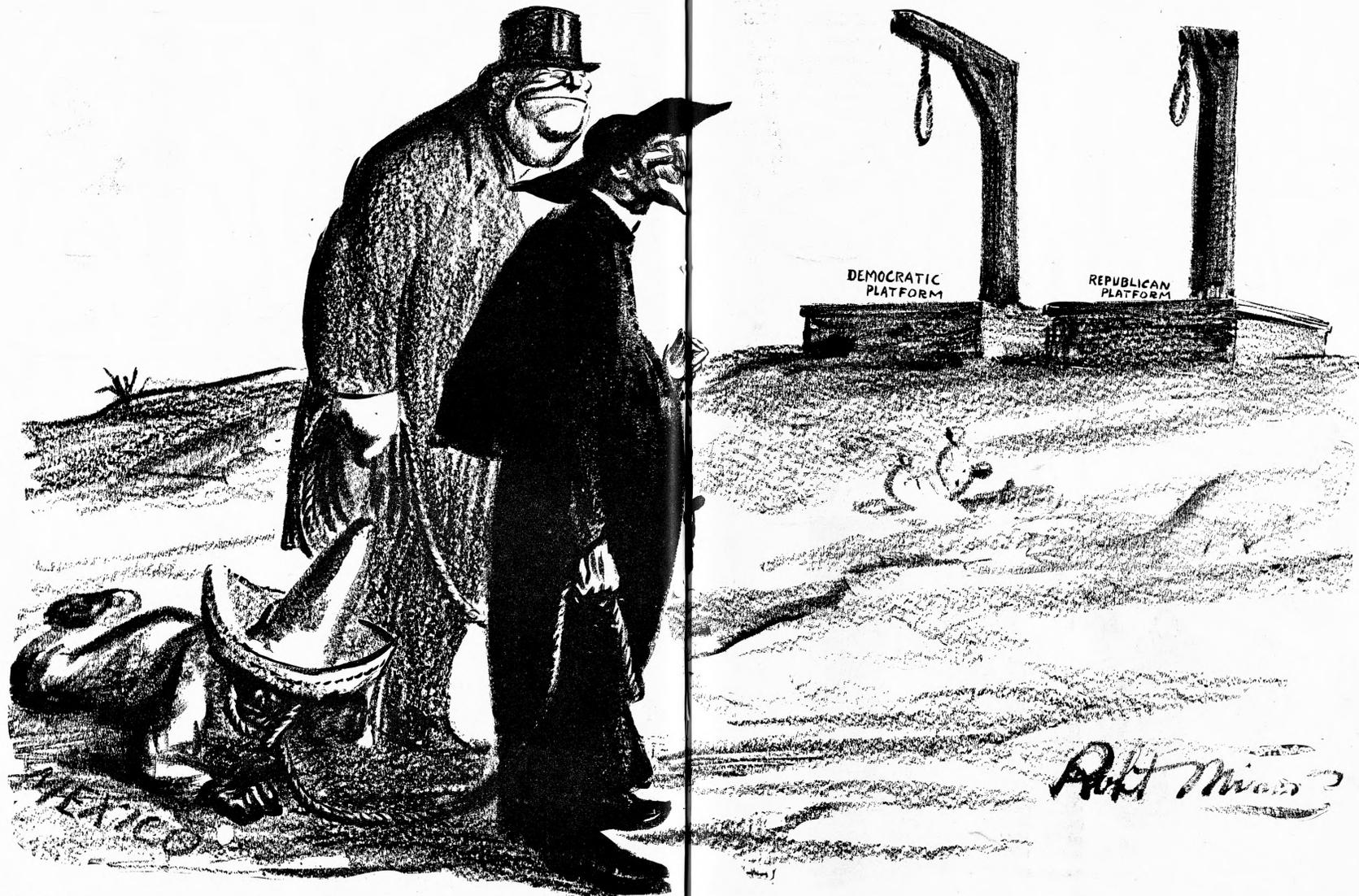
A. G.

#### The Acid Test

THIS is from the President's Memorial Day address:

"I heard the President of the United States Chamber of Commerce report the other evening on a referendum to 750 of the Chambers of Commerce of the United States upon the question of preparedness, and he reported that 99 per cent. of them had voted in favor of preparedness. Very well, now, we are going to apply the acid test to those gentlemen, and the acid test is this: Will they give the young men in their employment freedom to volunteer for this thing?"

You can see why it is so easy for employers to be military patriots. The acid test to which their patriotism will ever be put is this: Will you be willing to let some poor devil whom you employ go out and do your fighting for you, because if you are selfish and want him to stay at home with you then you are no patriot!



*Drawn by Robert Minor.*

THE MASSES, August, 1916.

**EITHER PLATFORM WILL DO.**

(Continued from page 20)

National Committee his answer on June 26th; that if the Committee thought Justice Hughes' position on Preparedness and Americanism was adequate he would decline the Progressive nomination; however, if the Committee thought Justice Hughes' position inadequate, he would consult with them upon what was best to be done. This we, the newspapermen, and George Perkins and the Gang knew for an hour before the Convention adjourned, yet not one word was allowed to reach the delegates on the floor. Skilfully, Chairman Robins announced that in accordance with the will of the delegates, he was going to see that the Convention adjourned at five o'clock sharp—though no one had asked for this. The collection of money went merrily on, and those who gave did so because they thought Theodore Roosevelt was going to lead them in another fight. Only Governor Hiram Johnson and Victor Murdock sounded the note of bitterness and the certainty of betrayal.

"God forgive us," cried Governor Johnson, "for not acting the first day as we ought to have acted!"

Victor Murdock was even more disillusioned. "The steam roller has run over us," he cried. "We must never again delay making our decisions."

And then, at four minutes to five o'clock, Chairman Robins announced perfunctorily another communication from Theodore Roosevelt, and read it; and before the Convention had time to grasp its meaning, it had been adjourned and was pouring, stunned and puzzled, out through the many doors into the street. It took several hours for the truth to get into those people's heads that their Messiah had sold them for thirty pieces of political silver. But they did understand finally, I think.

That night I was in the Progressive Headquarters. Big bronzed men were openly weeping. Others wan-

dered around as if they were dazed. It was an atmosphere full of shock and disaster. Yes, the intelligent radicals had known it would come, but they did not think it would come this way, so contemptuously, so utterly. They thought that the Colonel would have left them some loophole as he left himself one. They did not realize that the Colonel was not that kind of a man, that his object was to break irrevocably with the "cranks" and the "rabble"—to slap them in the face by the suggestion of Henry Cabot Lodge as a Progressive candidate. But now they were left, as one of them expressed it, "out on a limb and the limb sawed off."

As for Colonel Roosevelt, he is back with the people among whom alone he is comfortable, "the predatory plutocrats." At least he is no longer tied to Democracy. For that he undoubtedly breathes a sigh of relief. And as for Democracy, we can only hope that some day it will cease to put its trust in men.

### IN THE SUBWAY

THE pale lipped workers do not move me so

As these complacent seekers after joy.

They never come to grips with anything;  
Their soft hands have not touched the rough of life  
That brings raw blood to the surface. They have  
felt

No stabbing lust for beauty or bold sin.  
Warm furred and decent, smiling so dreamlessly,  
They hurt my heart; their eyes, so unafraid,  
Fill me with terror. God! they know it not,  
But they are wistful,—earth's most wistful ones!  
The thin, dark workers, burned as though with fire,  
Swaying in pallid sleep and pinched with want,  
Are not so pitiful, so stark as these.

FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN.

### Mayor Mitchel and the Holy Ghost

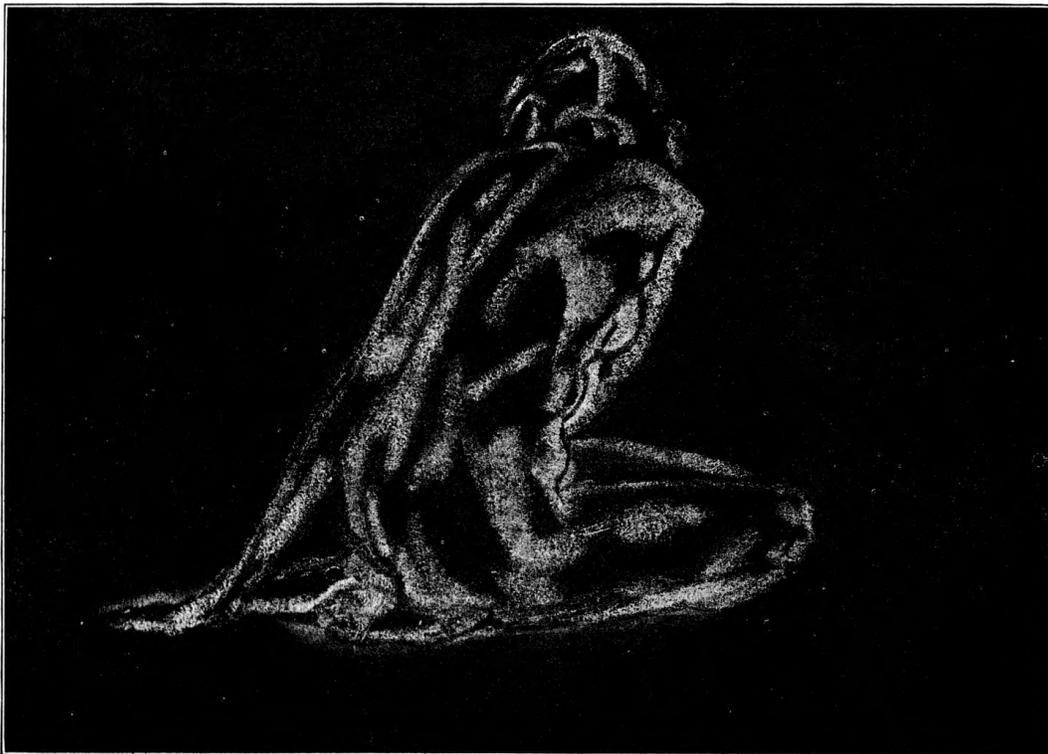
THREE hundred years ago the authorities in New England tried to get rid of the Holy Ghost. When a Puritan mother showed any evidence that she was giving it shelter, she was burned at the stake. In time the authorities discovered that burning the mother did not destroy the Ghost, so they gave up trying to reach it that way. The virtue we made of their surrender we call Progress.

On Thursday night, June the first, in the rear yard of the Church of the Social Revolution, 125 West 25th street, New York City, there occurred a ceremony. The flags of England, Germany, Austria, Greece, Sweden, Russia, Japan and the United States were burned. After the national emblems had been cast into what was called "the melting pot," after brief prayers in the several languages of the nations represented, had been said, after those who took part had clasped hands in token of internationalism, the red flag of world federation was unfurled. On one side of the flag were the words, "Industrial Democracy International"; on the other side was a globe encircled by linked hands and the inscription "Humankind our Fatherland."

This twentieth century incantation excited the City Fathers. They reverted to the tactics of the New England fathers, 300 years ago. They again got after the Holy Ghost. Instead of throwing the ten men who performed the ceremony in the fire they jailed them.

The Holy Ghost must be pleased. Burning, jailing, electrocuting, and hanging is his meat and drink. Mayor Mitchel, his police and his magistrates might read history and forge new tools to the advantage of the interests which they serve.

HELEN MAROT.



Design by Arthur B. Davies.

# THE MASSES REVIEW

Combined With the New Review

DEVOTED TO THE SCIENCE OF PROGRESS TOWARDS LIBERTY AND DEMOCRACY

## War Psychology and International Socialism

Max Eastman

WAGE-WORKING people have no property and no privilege to defend in fighting for their country. They have very little fun living in it. And for that reason it seemed natural they should be the ones to refuse to fight. Almost every pacifist looked to the working-classes of Europe, organized under the standard of internationalism, to prevent a world war. It seemed incredible that so many millions of "rational animals," conscious of their class, should go out and die for a country which furnished them nothing but a bare living. It was not good sense, and it was not good economics.

Nevertheless they did. And besides painfully disappointing many optimistic hearts, they have thrown certain severely theoretical minds out of their tracks. The European Socialists—and those of Germany especially—have been warmly denounced as traitors to the cause by thinkers who had coldly counted upon "economic determinism" to make them loyal to it. It is not very scientific to denounce a fact for refusing to come under your hypothesis. It is wiser to scrutinize the fact with a view to remodelling, if necessary, the hypothesis. And that is what I wish to do with the fact of human nature revealed in the Socialist workingman's support of a nationalistic war.\* Does it mean that the motives of nationalism lie deeper than the economic interests? Does it counsel us to give up the ideal of an "international" that will survive a serious war crisis? Or does it merely mean that our internationalists were not yet as powerful or as conscious of their class as we had thought, and were overwhelmed by the public opinion propagated through a nationalistic press? Shall we still look to them for the abolition of war?

To my mind there has always been a crack in the argument that workingmen should oppose war because they have no property to defend. It implies that other people go to war to defend their property. And while in the ancient days of conquest, the romantic wars we remember, this was often true, in the actual conflicts of modern nations it hardly ever is. A defeat or a victory in modern war involves no change of property holdings drastic enough to make millions endanger their lives. People do not go to war for their property, they go to war for their country. And though their property and privileges undoubtedly enhanced in the first place their love of country, still these things were not the basis of it. People were patriotic, in the sense of a fighting loyalty to their tribe, before they were propertied; and they continue to be patriotic after they have been robbed of their property with the help of the government. This fact has been ignored by those immersed in the economic interpretation, because the instinctive nature of man was not

discovered until after economics got well under way. But we might as well acknowledge it now. The motive to patriotic fighting is not a mere derivative from business interest; it is a native impulse of our constituitions. The backbone of the sentiment of patriotism is hereditary. This does not prove that international propaganda and Socialist education cannot do anything to it, but it gives a true and far more difficult picture of what they have to do.

One of the characteristics of the human inheritance is that it has a wide range of variation in different individuals. And thus although we can assert that man is in general a patriotic animal, we shall find all types of men, ranging from the utter anti-patriot\* to the maniac-jingo. Among the European Socialists a good many were found who could vigorously resist the patriotic stampede, and we were more than surprised to discover who some of them were. In England and France and Russia the most "revolutionary" leaders of the Socialists—those who had been readiest to fight the government and the bourgeois society—were the first to turn patriot when the war broke. Those who had been "reformist" (which is to say "mollycoddle") in time of peace, held out more bitterly against the government's war. This makes us think the revolutionaryness of some people is more temperamental than reasoned. They have a great predilection for fighting, and when a resounding fight is on, why postpone their satisfaction into the future?

In Germany, on the other hand, it was the uncompromising revolutionaries who stood out against the patriot's war. Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, Clara Zetkin, and their four or five hundred thousand followers seem to have lived according to what they *knew* before August 1914. They still know it, they still perceive it, they are still ready, so far as they are able, to act upon it with intelligence. Karl Liebknecht's address to the Reichstag when he alone voted "no" on the war-loan of December 2, 1914, is a document of heroic significance. It is high proof of the power of intellect to resist the suggestions of an almighty social environment.† For Liebknecht not only defied

\* The anti-patriot in this organic sense must not be confused with the opponent of some particular state or national group, whose patriotic emotions are attached to another entity or conception. I mean that there are people who lack altogether that sense of fighting loyalty to a group.

† "This war, which none of the peoples interested wanted, was not declared in the interests of the Germans or of any other people. It is an imperialist war for capitalization and domination of the world markets, for political domination of important quarters of the globe, and for the benefit of bankers and manufacturers. From the viewpoint of the race of armaments, it is a pre-emptive war provoked conjointly by the war parties of Germany and Austria in the obscurity of semi-absolutism and secret diplomacy. It is also a Bonaparte-like enterprise tending to demoralize and destroy the growing labor movement. That much is clear despite the cynical stage management designed to mislead the people. This is not a defensive war. We cannot believe the government when it declares it is for the defense of the fatherland. It demands money. What we must demand is an early peace, humiliating no one, peace without consequent rancor. All efforts directed to this end ought to be supported. Only the continuous, simultaneous affirmation of this wish in all the belligerent countries can end the bloody massacre before all the interested people are exhausted. The only durable peace will be peace based on the solidarity of the working classes and liberty. The Socialists of all countries must work for such a peace even during the war. I protest against the violation of Belgium and Luxemburg, against the annexation schemes, against military dictatorship, against the complete forgetfulness of social and political duties as shown by the government ruling classes."

\* In "The Socialists And The War," William English Walling has compiled, with admirable impartiality, documents which reveal the wartime reactions of Socialist majorities and minorities in all the countries involved.

the patriotic state, but he defied the whole officialdom of the Socialist party as well, whose rule was strict that Socialist members should vote as a unit, and those who could not vote with them should abstain from voting. We have proof here of the highest possibilities of anti-patriotic heroism in times of war—a dauntless rationality such as the economic interpretation calls for.

There are then two kinds of Socialist leaders who have been able to resist the war panic—those whose idealism is soft, who hate fighting, and those of unusually intellectual motivation, who know too much to be patriotic to a state they wish to revolutionize. Both types of character are rather unusual. The majority of men are pugnacious in their patriotism, and few indeed are profoundly influenced in a crisis of feeling by what they know. For my part, though the utmost admiration goes to Liebknecht, and much to Ramsay Macdonald and the Socialist members of the Duma, I do not think their example offers a great hope that the masses of men will ever in a crisis of "National danger," control their patriotic reflexes in the interest of the international solidarity of labor.

The only country in which the rank and file of working people have shown a rebellious mood against the government's war is England. This may be a little because England gives a minus nothing to her working people, a little because free speech is free in England, but more generally I believe, it is because the war did not appear to be England's war. Geographically she was not involved, and though her national pride of position was, this did not obviously appear. Her high moral pretense in entering the war would be disgusting to any moral person. And so it was not difficult to find British workmen refusing to help, and saying amazingly unpatriotic true things about the government's war. There would be few of these independent bodies left, we can imagine, if England were once cleanly invaded by a hostile army. It would be as it was in France and Belgium—hardly a murmur of anti-state or anti-war from any revolutionist. And yet in either of these countries, in Belgium above all, it would have been good economics for the working people to withhold their hands from war. Good economics—and yet imagine a Frenchman withholding, when foreign soldiers invaded the fields of France!

What we know, if we would but formulate it, is that ordinary human nature may feel international and pacific before a war, or even during a war; but at the outbreak of war the instinctive animal gets loose. At this date, after two years of fighting, one-third of the French Socialists in conference are against the war. Eugene Longuet, the grandson of Karl Marx, who explained to me in Paris last June the ideal necessity of nationalistic war, is against it now. He is unpopular. He has recovered his revolutionary wits. In Germany, which was not invaded, the recovery was more rapid. In December, 1914, Rosa Luxemburg in a greeting to the British Socialists declared that "already after a few months of war, the jingo intoxication which animated the working classes of Germany is passing away \* \* \* their sense is returning." This same process of intoxication and recovery I watched in a Russian Terrorist of my acquaintance, who was caught up in a fever of patriotism for the Russia whose national power she had fought with fire and dynamite. Even so far away from her people, it was months before her mind could transcend the feeling that, revolution or not, she must fight the patriotic war. When those who carry bombs, go to battle for the czar, we can be sure there is something astir in the masses besides economic bad judgment!

What we have to learn from the European experiment is that war-time psychology is a thing of its own kind. It is comparable to a stampede, or a sexual or religious orgy. This tribal fighting loyalty is an organized instinct latent in us, and any time that we are jogging along most reasonably attending to our self-interested business, the storm may hit us and we

get into a frenzy of sacrificial patriotism. The problem is not merely to oppose a falsely conceived interest, with the truth of the matter; we have to oppose an instinctive emotional spasm, and if the spasm is extreme, truth is a wholly inadequate corrective. It is extreme when one's country is actually invaded, and it is extreme also when the enemy is near, and the menace of invasion is, or can be made to appear, imminent. I do not believe that the thorough teaching of class-conscious internationalism will ever produce an average human nature among workmen that can withstand the panic of patriotism so inflamed. For ideas do not reach down to these instinctive levels, and only where the instinct is abnormally weak (as in the extreme pacifist) or where the ideation is abnormally strong (as in the intellectual hero) can we expect our philosophy to survive that excitation of the organic nature. The masses of mankind will support war, whenever in any menace of danger to the national prestige, real or apparent, war is declared. That is the conclusion I draw from the trying out of our theories in all the countries of Europe.

The practical indications of this opinion are three-fold.

First, we ought to concentrate our efforts upon the anti-military propaganda. If the war psychology overthrows our economic wisdom, we must make the most of that wisdom in times of peace. We must prevent these elaborate war preparations which we can quietly see to be a waste of *our* money. We must coldly calculate that the danger of going into an unavoidable war ill prepared is preferable to the danger of going into an avoidable war just because we are prepared. We must fight the effort to militarize our minds and the minds of our children, to fill us full of the bigotry of nationalism in peace times, which is an hypertrophy of the patriotic organs. We must never make military obedience the habit of our bodies, nor war the habit of our thoughts. For though we may be lost after the declaration of it, our united power can many a time, put off the day.

If the German Socialists had refused to vote the great war loan in the peace of the winter of 1914, it is barely possible that no European war could have occurred. Then, and not in August, the politicians of the party failed of the conduct that we might reasonably demand of them. The Frenchmen were fighting the three-year law; it was theirs to fight "Preparedness." We ought to make sure that no such betrayal of the international hope shall occur, if we have power to stop it, in this country\*.

And then we ought to throw our best help into the Bourgeois movements for international federation. It is evident now that wars between the great nations are detrimental to the larger interests of capital. As combination has proven profitable in private business, it will prove profitable in national enterprise. And we need only encourage the powers that already control our destinies, and show them the way, to make wars unlikely and unnatural. As Karl Kautsky says, "Every farsighted capitalist must call out to his associates: 'Capitalists of all lands unite!'" We should join our voices in that call. And then while these capitalists, as a matter of Christianity and good business, attend to the abolition of war, we can the more assiduously attend to our gentle crime of abolishing capitalism through the class struggle.

And finally, with somewhat chastened understanding, we must organize the international anew. For it is important that the working people of the different countries should co-operate in peace to check the militarism of their governments. It is important that they should unite for the wage-struggle in proportion as their employers unite for international business. Every argument for industrial unionism is an argument for the international. It need not dampen our zeal to remember that war is a universal madness, which when it hits us we are lost. This

\* These American Socialists who denounced the German politicians as traitors for voting the war-loan, and yet are now advocating, or condoning, increased "Preparedness" in this country, are in a position they can never before the eyes of truth defend.

ought to stimulate our will to build a structure that can help to stave it off.

There may be even a higher destiny for the international in some countries. Those bourgeois pacifists may move too slow. The day may come when a civil war of labor against the tyranny of capital is itself so ready to break that the declaration of a foreign war will start it. In that happy accident our hopes of labor's pacifism could be realized. For though understanding and deliberate purpose can hardly check the patriotic stampede, a stampede in the opposite direction might check it. All those loyal belligerent emotions might be caught off in a fight, and

that rather intellectual entity, the working class, acquire more definition and more force upon our instincts than even the nation has in danger. But this would be revolution rather than international solidarity, and to me it seems more remote than that federation of the commercial nations which will make great wars improbable. At any rate until that day of revolution, we shall do well to recognize that war has us in a strangle grip through the misfortune of our heredity, and our single effort must be directed to preventing its very appearance upon the horizon. *United anti-militarism and Federation of the Bourgeois States* should be the rally-call of the new international.

## Revolution and the Garment Trade

Helen Marot

THESE are explanations for the paradox that the Russian Jews in the sewing trades, who almost without exception are Russian revolutionists, have sacrificed the democratic features of the trade union in their own organization.

There are other trade unions more highly systemized than the unions of the garment workers, that have not sacrificed the democratic features to the same extent. The most flagrant departure (unique in trade unionism) from democratic practice among the garment workers unions, is the admittance to office on the various boards of men and women who are neither members of the trade, the union or the working class.

Almost any one of the officials will undertake to explain this unexpected departure. All of the officials I have known, and I have known a good many, have said to me in words which hardly differ: "You don't understand the psychology of our people if you think that they can be left alone to come to final decisions on matters of common interest. A minority cannot rest overnight on a majority decision of their own people, a decision made among themselves. Our people will suffer exile, life imprisonment, or any martyrdom to secure the semblance of liberty. But that does not mean that they are eager for democracy, or that they like it when they get it. When they get the chance, which they have in their unions, to elect someone to power, they prefer the man who is in some way their superior; or some one whom they can endow with superior qualities. Such a person seems to personify for each individual what he feels that he is or what he aspires to be. The man whom they put in office must seemingly defer to the rank and file and show at the same time that he does not need their support. What we want is an officer who is a superman. We don't always succeed in finding such a man, and failing that we require that he make a bluff at being one. We won't stand his compromising our ideal. We make no end of a row if the semblance of referendum is neglected, but we have no respect for the common will. We don't want a common anything over us. We are hero worshipers. The next best thing to being a hero is to feel that the man you take directions from is one."

The Russian Jews, who dominate the sewing trades, are generally socialists and members of the Socialist Party who with peculiar devotion support the German position in the present war, and explain with sympathy the position of the German socialist majority. One reason for this is, of course, their enmity for Russia. But there is a deeper reason for this sympathetic understanding. Very much like the Germans, they are more at home when they are guarding their ideals from use and putting up for use some sort of a substitute.

If the substitute fails them, their ideal is not compromised, and it is the ideal for which they die and suffer exile.

Revolution to Americans is something more substantial. We are surprised to find the trade-union of Russian revolutionists not revolutionary, because we have taken for granted that their conception of what constitutes a revolutionist is the same as ours. The Russian Jews in our sense are not revolutionists, they are not democrats, and their unions are of course what they are.

Ten years ago the garment trades were in hopeless confusion and disorganization. The effort to bring order out of the situation was carried on unceasingly, but with discouraging results. The workers in the trade were always talking revolution in industry, and failing—beyond a perennial indulgence in shop strikes and a union membership in recurrent stages of disintegration—to give permanency to their efforts.

Today the organizations can call out a general strike or a whole trade in New York, Chicago, Boston or Philadelphia. The old contract system has disappeared. The sweat shops of New York have been transferred from Division street to Fifth avenue, and transformed into organized factories. Price lists are periodically and systematically worked out according to time and skill; hours have been regulated and reduced; wage rates have been increased.

The other day in the "ladies' garment trades" in New York City the manufacturers, whose traditions and inheritance are, by the way, the same as the workers, declared a lockout. This meant that the manufacturers were bearing with less docility than the workers the restraining influence of the "representatives of the public," who figure on the joint boards of management for the regulation of working terms.

If this lockout is successful the industry will return to the old condition of anarchy and life and death competition. Nevertheless the change from chaos to organization which was effected was a great administrative accomplishment. The Russian Jewish leaders of the union are as proud of it as though they had done it without outside assistance. They are rather more proud of it than if they had done it alone because it proves their ability to supplement their weakness and command co-operation of people who have a standing in the community.

But there are thousands of Italians in the industry and in the unions who don't understand the manipulation and don't like it. The Italian conception of revolution and democracy is not the conception of the Russian Jews; it is more nearly ours—or, I would rather say, ours is more nearly Italian.

# Rejected Platforms

**W**OMAN Suffrage occupied more time in the deliberation of the Resolutions Committee of both big conventions than any other topic. The resolution favoring a Federal Amendment, advocated by the Congressional Union, was defeated by only two votes in the Democratic Committee.

**T**HIS plank was submitted to all three conventions by the American Union against militarism:

We stand for Democracy in our own country and for the hope of Democracy throughout the world, and we believe that a great program of military and naval preparedness on our part, which the monarchs of Europe can point out to their people as a menace, will strengthen those governments to resist and destroy the new impulse toward democracy which we believe will follow this war in Europe.

We declare our belief in the practical possibility of World Federation, and would pledge America's service to that end.

Meanwhile we emphasize the importance of putting into immediate practice the principle of international action for the solution of international difficulties, and therefore go on record for:

1. Conference of neutrals over invasion of common RIGHTS.
2. International Commission for Oriental difficulties.
3. Pan-American co-operation in solving the problem of Mexico.

**T**HE Association for the Advancement of Colored People submitted this plank:

To correct the evils affecting our 10,000,000 colored fellow-citizens we pledge ourselves (1) to establish equal congressional representation for all sections of the country by apportioning seats in Congress in accordance with the voting population; (2) to put an end to lynching—which is a national crime calling for national action; (3) to abolish all forms of race segregation, particularly as they affect the District of Columbia and interstate commerce; (4) to enforce the Thirteenth, or Anti-Slavery, Amendment of the Constitution by the suppression of peonage; (5) to provide a national guarantee of civil rights; (6) to secure to all a proportional share in the benefits of public expenditures, including equal facilities in the public schools; (7) to provide equal opportunities in public office and public service, including the national defense; and (8) to repeal all statutory recognition of race for residents of this country.

This is especially interesting for two reasons: Section five assumes that the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution is not operating, and does not even design to mention its existence. Section eight would abolish the legal prohibitions of intermarriage between white and colored people which exist in several states. It would emancipate the natural process of evolution in those states, or at least it would get these little laws out of the way of that process and save them from being smashed up and rolled under.

**T**HE plank which the Committee on Industrial Relations submitted to the Democratic National Convention, declared that the problems of society and government of this time are economic and industrial, rather than political; it recognized the peril described in the reports of the Commission on Industrial Relations, where two per cent. of the people own sixty per cent. of the wealth, and sixty-five per cent. of the people own five per

cent. of the wealth of the nation. It accepted as proved the statement that the causes of industrial unrest are:

1. Unjust distribution of wealth and income.
2. Unemployment and denial of an opportunity to earn a living.
3. Denial of justice in the creation, in the adjudication and in the administration of law.
4. Denial of the right and opportunity to form effective organizations.

It denounced the practice, which prevails in no other civilized country, of permitting private interests both to employ the state and national soldiery and to employ armed guards and detectives to crush out unions, which are organized to promote the industrial interests of the wage workers. It also denounced particularly in this connection the importation from one state to another of such armed guards and of machine guns, armored cars, motor cars and the like. It pledged the enactment of all possible legislation to prevent such private usurpation of power.

Specifically, it declared for the eight-hour day in industry. A federal law against child labor. The maintenance of the Seamen's Act. The importance of the inheritance tax and income tax laws, not only as measures of revenue production, but as measures of social protection to prevent the accumulation of great fortunes. It recommended the vigorous and unrelenting prosecution to regain all land, water power and mineral rights secured from the government by fraud. A general revision of our land laws, so as to apply to all future land grants the doctrine of "superior use," and provision for forfeiture in case of actual non-use. The forcing of all unused land into use by making the tax on nonproductive land the same as on productive land of the same kind, and exempting all improvements. The national public ownership of railroads, telegraph and telephone lines; and coal deposits. The conservation of the water power. The re-casting of our credit system with particular reference to the needs of the rural worker and the system of credits based on the privilege of bankers and investors rather than on the rights and necessities of farmers and other workers; the plank submitted by the committee concludes:

"We condemn to the strongest possible degree the efforts of financiers and monopolists to create and use the army and navy to put the United States into entangling alliances with other nations. We condemn the efforts of such persons to use or to have ready for use the army and navy to exploit or bully little nations and to place them under huge debts for which they receive no adequate compensation. We believe that our commerce should win its way abroad upon its own merits and without the influence of militarism that inevitably breeds wars and fosters national and international cruelties. In this connection we declare our abhorrence of making profit out of war. We declare that so far as the manufacture of munitions of war of any or all sorts may be necessary to the moderate needs of an unmilitary nation, that this country should manufacture such munitions itself.

"We declare that scientific management, so called, is both unscientific and intolerable. It treats the human being as a machine and sets him or her at the mercy of a stop-watch or other device of speeding up workers beyond the limits of normal and workman-like ambition. We believe that whatever good can be procured in industry through scientific management will come through creating for the workers an interest in their work founded on proper pay, proper hours and conditions of labor,

and such a general readjustment of industrial relations as shall make the worker prosperous and secure.

"We find that the limitation of the right of suffrage to men has been a most serious handicap to women in industry in their long and splendid struggle to secure compensation for their labor, humane working conditions and protective laws. We therefore pledge the Democratic Party to do all in its power to extend the right of suffrage to women as quickly as possible and by every means available."

### A TESTIMONIAL TO CARRANZA

SOME of the protests of American business men in Mexico, make us think Carranza is a great man. The following direct quotation from an appeal to the President for intervention, signed by a hundred "outraged" American profit makers in Tampico, indicates that the very core of Mexico's trouble is being attacked by the *de facto* government:

"A military decree was issued some months ago providing that lands might not be leased in the State of Vera Cruz for oil purposes without the consent of the State government and this decree has been modified until now no foreigner is permitted to acquire leases, real estate or assignments of leases from a native.

"In this State an American may not acquire real estate nor may he lease land from a Mexican, nor will he even be permitted to lease a house or apartment for over one year without a special permit.

"The military government of this State has instructed the stamp office not to issue certificates of transfer where one American sells to another and the Governor refuses to certify to the signature of the notary in any contract or other instrument in which an American appears. The effect of this procedure is to prevent Americans from transferring their property to other foreigners.

"A decree was issued a few days ago by the local military authorities providing that labor should be paid and merchandise should be sold on a basis of Mexican gold, the consideration to be paid in Mexican paper money at an arbitrary value fixed by the Government, regardless of the commercial value of this paper money as regulated by supply and demand.

"Night before last an American citizen was arrested because he refused that afternoon to pay a wage greatly in excess of that agreed upon between himself and his laborers. He was arrested on a verbal order, and detained in prison for three hours."

## Ireland and the Social Revolution

Arturo Giovannitti

THE Irish revolution, which has just come to a tragic end, or perhaps has just begun, has been denounced from many quarters and many viewpoints, both in print and by word of mouth, even by men and women who in time of peace abroad and tranquility at home love to style themselves as social revolutionists.

It is to the latter, more than to the acknowledged and avowed conservatives that I wish to present the case of the Irish Rebellion of last month and discuss briefly the theoretical effects of national revolutions upon the class struggle of the proletariat. Many of my Socialist friends have seen fit to remind me that the only revolution worth while is the one which aims at the expropriation of the capitalist class, and that all other uprisings are futile and childish, whenever they are not altogether reactionary; thereby smilingly inferring that my Irish sympathies were out of tune with my ideas of internationalism.

Now, I am not one of those who have a purely emotional and sentimental interest in revolutions, nor do I sympathize with all sorts of insurrections solely because they imply discontent and revolt against an oppressive government (not even reactionarise rise violently against anything that is not oppressive or contrary to their interests); but I do firmly believe that any direct effort of a people to overthrow an objectionable state of affairs, whether of a political or an economic order, is another step towards the ultimate establishment of a real human society through the dictatorship of the proletariat.

In this respect it seems to me that these friends of mine who refuse to interpret the Irish Rebellion as the initial step of the Irish proletariat towards their economic emancipation, make the same mistake Marx and Bakunine made when they frowned upon the activities of Mazzini and Blanqui, the two arch-conspirators of all times, solely because their social ideas were strongly seasoned with nationalistic passion. My ultra radical friends seem to forget that the very conception of the social revolution developed out of national aspirations and inspirations, and that the International itself was the spurious child of another European

conflagration, in just as crucial a turnpoint in history as the present one.

It is, indeed, quite easy to find out that, whereas the labor movement, as a definite organized effort of the workers to improve their conditions, rose autogenetically out of situations and circumstances of a purely economic nature, as a part of the struggle for existence transported from the biological to the social field; the concept of the revolution as a conscious spiritual aspiration towards an ultimate state of society, was engendered by a series of popular upheavals against foreign oppressors before it became an organized move against the internal ones. After all democracy in its origin was nothing but a reverberation within of a struggle that moved outwardly, in the sense that in the great majority of cases the struggle against the tyrant originated as the struggle against the intruder and the stranger. In no instance, moreover, was internal political freedom obtained, unless national autonomy and self-government had first been established. The idea of a free commonwealth is not compatible with that of submission to foreign rule or even foreign paternalism, there being a contradiction in terms between democracy and acquiescence to outside influences, even though those influences might be apparently working for the common good. Whenever the nation does not yet exist, the appearance of the idea of nationality implies a greater social consciousness, a larger spirit of solidarity and an aspiration towards a superior form of justice.

It is, then, quite safe to assume in this respect that the war of the classes cannot take a direct form of overt combat for the supremacy of a given economic category within a certain nation, unless that nation has first become an established unit.

The classes exist only in potentia when a life-and-death struggle for national recognition goes on—in order to be well delineated they presuppose national unity and the elimination of all problems that, whether real or fictitious, are the equal concern of all social and economic aggregates. There is no class war in times of great national distress, such as famines, earthquakes, plagues and even wars, nor can a violent struggle of the prole-

tariat against the ruling classes be expected when that national distress takes the form of universal resentment against overbearing outsiders. If there is a class war, then the ruling classes are attacked only in so far as they represent foreign domination or to the extent they have sought its protection and recognized it, that is, whenever they are suspected of being unpatriotic. I know of no instance in which the wealthy classes of a subjugated nation were set upon by the proletariat when they stood out for the national ideal, even though their exploitation of labor was not lesser than that of other capitalists in free autonomous countries.

In plainer words, the classes do not become distinct from each other and respectively counteractive in their separate economic fields, unless they have first become completely dissociated from each other, a thing they cannot do when they are bound by a common ideal that is realizable only by their mutual co-operation. The truth of this assertion is to be found in the fact that whereas the interests of employers and employees are divergent and opposite the world over, only in nations where national homogeneity and political unity have been effected, a class-conscious revolutionary movement of the workers takes place.

The International, which properly originated in France and Germany—two countries which had enjoyed national independence for centuries—could not gain any foothold in Italy until that country had become unified and the political dream had been realized and tested; nor could the trade union movement become a factor in the civic life of America, until the union of the States had again been re-established.

On the other hand, when the national feeling overbrims the national boundaries and becomes aggressive and actuated by a spirit of conquest, as is practically the case with England (a world-empire), and ideologically with Germany, the revolutionary incentive as a force of internal transformation, is considerably attenuated, if not altogether nullified. Further still, all nations that never resented foreign invasion and dominion are entirely devoid of any revolutionary feelings. (Canada, Lapland, Lithuania, Ukrainia, and, to a greater extent that it is commonly believed, Australia.)

If this contention is true, as I believe, it follows that discarding all wars of aggression and expansion as another and perhaps a greater deterrent of the revolutionary spirit, revolutions are the outgrowth of a surpassed national strife for autonomy, and that whenever that strife takes place, it is followed by a more or less radical reconstruction towards a larger form of democracy. Moreover, whenever a nation frees itself from foreign rule by a direct struggle of its people, that nation instinctively and fatally assumes that form of government which is most consistent with the spirit of its times, there being a strong current of sympathy between established democracies and any and all forms of revolution. The expulsion of the Manchu from China foreboded unmistakably a Chinese republic, rather than an empire. The same was the case with Portugal. An Irish monarchy is inconceivable, as inconceivable as was an American empire. If we had an Italian monarchy it was due to the fact that Italy was finally unified by a king-made war, while the people's movement there was strongly republican. Likewise the Norwegian monarchy rose out of secession permitted and even encouraged by the ruling house of Sweden, without a shot being fired. The single exception of Turkey is such only apparently, for in that case the revolution was partizan in character, rather than national.

This notion, which apparently controverts the Marxian theory that the movement of the workers issues from their economic conditions and the desire to control them, rather than out of pure spiritual leanings and aspirations, proves that no revolutions surge up automatically, but that they are rather colligated to each

other by a sort of lineal genealogy, to the extent that where there have been no previous successful revolutions it is extremely hard to transplant the notion of the proletarian one. This explains the lack of a true and proper socialist movement in Ireland, as well as Canada and other places which the reader will discover by surveying mentally the map of the world.

There is, for instance, no reason why the agricultural workers of Minnesota should be less class conscious than those of North Italy, nor is there a reason why the railway men of America shouldn't come up to the militancy of their French fellow workers, from the viewpoint of pure economic conditions. But the reason becomes apparent at once if we consider that while the former are still grappling with the problem of national homogeneity aggravated by the influx of foreign labor (even immigrants are to a certain extent considered as invaders), the latter have definitely settled that problem, or at least they had settled it before the present war injected new national issues.

At the same time, so far as nationalism holds out any hope, however delusive it may be and finally prove, of social, political and economic betterment, the working people, following the course of least effort, will instinctively associate themselves with the larger numbers, that is with their fellow citizens, rather than with their fellow workers. The national idea is an experience which every people must go through before they realize its futility. The experience of other nations will not act as a caution or deterrent.

It is, therefore, from the strict viewpoint of the revolution of the workers, that Socialists, Anarchists, Syndicalists and radicals must look with sympathy on and encourage and even aid the present uprising of the Irish people, keeping well in mind that whatever revolution takes place in the world today, and whatever its aims, it cannot fail to embody to a greater or larger measure a part of the economic program of the workers' movement. All popular uprisings, as we have stated before, are fatally bound to come up to the most advanced social and economic notions of the times, no matter what their original motives may be. There are, indeed, no reactionary revolutions and no unjust ones. The battering down of any old system implies the establishment of the most modern one. Those who don't believe it had better read the Irish proclamation of Independence, and they will find that the signers of it have proclaimed at least one ultra-modern measure—equal suffrage—which has not yet been established in any of the democratic and semi-socialist nations of the world. It is equally presumable that the Irish Republic would not have an upper house of Congress, as there are no Irish Lords in the English sense of the word, the big landowners of Ireland being considered as "foreigners," and therefore enemies to be counted out.

Like Mexico, Ireland would have to face the agrarian problem as the most important phase of its national construction, and it is logical to foresee that it would deal with it in a revolutionary manner. Further still, being more or less bound to recognize and take into account all elements which would fight the revolution, it could not very well ignore in its constitution the labor element which, such being the millennium traditions of the proletariat, will have been the most important factor in it.

The struggle of the classes in Ireland cannot be brought to the surface in any other way. The enemies at home cannot be discovered while everybody is focusing his attention and training his gun on the enemy abroad. What is true of France and other European countries in this time of war, is equally true of Ireland in this time of national crisis. There cannot be any Socialism in France while the Germans are there, nor can there be a revolutionary movement in Ireland till the English rule has been destroyed. The Irish Republic must be.

# Programs of Peace

William English Walling

UNDOUBTEDLY the most important effort yet made to organize and unify the whole peace movement is that of Henry Ford's Stockholm "Neutral Conference for Continuous Mediation." Recently this bureau issued the twenty-two leading peace programs of the world, and included among them five purely Socialist programs and several others in which Socialists are the leading factors. Seven of the programs were American. Five programs demanded "the right of oppressed nationalities to dispose of themselves," thirteen are international police or other military and international means of enforcing peace.

On April 19th, the Neutral Conference for Continuous Mediation announced its own peace program, made after a mature study of all the rest. Its demands are as follows:

1. *The right of nations to decide their own fate.*

A reconstruction of the difficult Alsace-Lorraine question is an absolute necessity.

The independence of Servia and Montenegro should be assured. The frontiers between Austria and Italy adjusted as far as possible, according to the principle of nationality.

Autonomy should be guaranteed to Armenia.

The union of the Polish nation as an independent people guaranteed.

The Balkan and Turkish questions settled by international agreement.

2. *Economic Guarantees.*

The chief applications of this principle are:—The return of the German colonies. The open door in all colonies, protectorates, and spheres of influence. Germany's access to the Near East to be guaranteed. The internationalization of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus.

3. *Disarmament by International Agreement.*

4. *Freedom of the Seas.* If gradual and partial disarmament is accomplished on land, then neutral sea powers will almost unanimously consent to a corresponding disarmament at sea, and a corresponding curtailment of the rights of belligerents at sea.

The Ford program is supported by the Scandinavian and Dutch Socialists. Its general principles seem also closely akin to those of the peace program of President Wilson, who both favors "freedom of the seas" and says that America holds that "every people has a right to choose the sovereignty under which they shall live," and that "the small states of the world have the right to enjoy the same respect for their sovereignty and for their territorial integrity, that great and powerful nations expect and insist upon."

The general principles above announced had been unanimously endorsed by all international, and most national, Socialist bodies before the present war—though, of course, the detailed applications of the Ford Bureau would have had little practical meaning before the present conflict, and were therefore not made. But now the European Socialists are not only divided along national lines, they are also split inside of nearly all the great nations. Let us notice first the latest Socialist peace discussions in France and Germany.

In France the large National Committee met on April ninth. By a vote of two to one it decided to maintain its previous ground, similar to that of the Ford Bureau. Nearly one-third of the delegates took a more radically pacifist position. All the well-known leaders except Longuet were with the majority, but the grandson of Karl Marx, now has with him at least half a dozen of the hundred Socialist members of the Chamber of Deputies. Longuet's chief point was that if the question of Alsace-Lorraine were

put before a gathering of the Socialist International, Germany could not retain her possession of these provinces for one minute. On this ground he and a third of the French delegates favored participation in the International Socialist Conference now being called at the Hague. His view would therefore also seem to be similar, at the bottom, to that of the Socialists supporting the Ford program.

But shortly after the French Conference, the "opposition" Socialists of Germany refined their position. This is that middle or "radical" group of the German Party which includes Haase, Kautsky, Bernstein, and Ledebour. The leaders of the revolutionary group, Liebknecht, Mehring, Rosa Luxemburg, and Clara Zetkin, have either been imprisoned or effectively gagged, so that their position at the present moment cannot be accurately known. But it only contains two Reichstag members. The middle or "radical" group which includes forty of the hundred and ten is far more important. Its position may be briefly indicated by the article published by Bernstein last year in *Die Neue Zeit*, in which he warned the French Socialists not to insist upon the right of the people of Alsace and Lorraine to decide as to their future allegiance, on the ground that neither the German Government nor a majority of the German people would consent to it, and the war would accordingly be prolonged. The Kautsky-Bernstein Group met in April and instructed their delegates to the Hague Conference to demand immediate peace "without regard to the military situation," which without exception, they hold, favors the contentions of the German Government. This is also the declared position of the German Government as to peace. Both organizations wish to have the military map recognized as unchangeable. Both wish to exchange conquests for other advantages Germany desires to gain or retain. But the opposition Socialists want to make a pledge that conquests shall be used *entirely* for trading purposes, while the Government feels it might possibly decide to retain them *in part*.

We now come to the second Zimmerwald Conference, which was held from April 24th to April 30th, in Switzerland. The first Zimmerwald Conference had been held last September and took the Kautsky-Bernstein position of demanding immediate peace without reference to the terms—which all delegates confessed would have been favorable to the German Government. The second Conference took the same ground. Both Conferences were important. Not only were the Socialist majorities of many countries represented, but delegates from the Socialist minorities of other countries were also admitted, including the minorities in Germany, France, and England. The Conference again declared this year that republics had not shown themselves superior to monarchies in the war nor parliamentary governments to absolutisms. It also stated that the purpose of one group of belligerent nations "to divide up the world again in order to increase its share" was not worse than the effort of the other group of belligerents "to protect what they had conquered during centuries." The Conference also took the ground of all factions of the German Socialist Party, including the supporters of the Kaiser, that the national independence of small nationalities is not desirable, but that it is sufficient if they are protected as minorities of the great nations by means of local autonomy and democracy. The Zimmerwalders, together with all German Socialists, oppose "the effort to create so-called independent governments which are not in reality capable of maintaining themselves." Illustrations were not given, but it is clear that the desire for independence on the part of some of the nationalities in disputed territories is referred to.

# Single Tax and The War Problem

Frank W. Garrison

**I**F the question of taxation was a vital one before the War began, it will be even more vital at its conclusion; for the governments of Europe will have piled up debts reaching an aggregate that is staggering. All countries will be more or less involved, because even the neutrals have spent large sums on preparedness, and preparedness is only less costly than war itself. There will be no attempt to pay off these debts. To raise the annual interest on the capital value threatens to strain the power of taxation to the breaking point.

The lesson of the war ought surely to make us beware of one form of taxation, namely, the tariff. The term not only constructs and complicates trade, but it is the great source of friction between nations. It forms a bulwark behind which are built up powerful combinations of capital eager to acquire foreign concessions and to secure their monopoly upon a world-wide basis. The pressure from such interests is an important factor in the demand for foreign intervention. It urged us on to the war with Spain, and may yet succeed in plunging us into a bloody conflict with Mexico.

Richard Cobden was perhaps the first to perceive the connection between commercial freedom and international peace. In a letter written in 1842, he declared that the free trade agitation and the peace movement were identical. "It has often been to me a matter of the greatest surprise," he said, "that the Friends have not taken up the question of free trade as a means—and I believe the only human means—of effecting universal and permanent peace. The efforts of the peace societies, however laudable, can never be successful so long as the nations maintain their present system of isolation."

With the removal of Custom Houses, the intercourse between nations, and especially between the States of Europe, would be immensely facilitated; and the mutual understanding and sympathy which is the result of knowledge, and which modern means of communication have so enormously extended, would tend to minimize the barrier of language. But most important of all, the false idea that the people of any country can profit at the expense of the foreigner, would disappear. We should know the truth of Anatole France's statement that "It is to our advantage to have the people of every race and color powerful, free and rich. Our prosperity and wealth depend upon theirs. The more they produce, the more they will consume. The more they profit by us, the more we shall profit by them. Let them rejoice abundantly in our labor, and we shall rejoice abundantly in theirs."\*

It is true that free trade has secured to England neither peace nor social order, any more than democracy has ensured these blessings to the United States. The defect is not in the principle of freedom, however, but in the failure to apply it thoroughly. England, even before the recrudescence of Protection in the late McKenna budget, still imposed taxes upon a considerable number of imports such as tea, coffee, cocoa, sugars, etc., making heavy inroads upon the economies of the poor. But even if all the duties were removed, and her Custom Houses demolished, England would have carried out the idea of free trade only as it relates to distribution. Trade cannot be truly free until the restrictions which hamper production are removed. The stream of trade is contaminated at the source by the poison distilled through land monopoly.

But land monopoly can be broken up, and the tariff and all other taxes abolished, by taking for public use the socially-created land values, leaving industry and commerce free to move unfettered within the limits set by nature. An enormous total

area, now held idle for speculative reasons, will be released; and its relinquishment will be comparable to the discovery of a new continent.

The late Joseph Fels foresaw the uselessness of peace societies so long as fundamental economic inequalities are ignored. In 1910 he wrote to Andrew Carnegie, who had just given \$10,000,000 to the International Peace Fund: "Donations, no matter how large, to suppress evils, no matter how great, can accomplish nothing unless they are used to remove the fundamental cause of the evils." The letter went on to explain the reasons that seemed to give the sanction of economic necessity to all aggressive wars. Taking the Russo-Japanese War as an illustration, he pointed out that the possession of Korea seemed essential to Russia because of the desire for a seaport free from ice and hostile customs regulations. Japan, on the other hand, felt that her independence would be endangered by the proximity of so strong a power, in view of Japanese trade restrictions. Under free trade "Russia would no more have felt the lack of an accessible seaport than does the state of Ohio," and Japan would have been spared the fear of aggression where success offered no hope of plunder for the conqueror. Answering the "foreign market" argument, Mr. Fels showed that the unemployed and partially employed population at home form a potential market greater than any a war of conquest could win. It is only necessary to give labor access to the natural resources now in the hands of private monopolists. Place upon the land a tax approximating its rental value, and the unused lots and mining and agricultural lands held out of use will automatically be thrown open to the people.

More than five years have elapsed since Mr. Fel's prophetic warning, and the impotence of peace societies which deal with the superficial aspects of a vital question has been demonstrated. The wealth of nations is being consumed in the vast conflagration, and the weakened generations to come will stagger under the weight of crushing national debts. And worse than the material loss, is the submergence of the spiritual forces which were making slow but perceptible headway in the governments of the world. Our civilization, founded upon inequality, has met disaster. Shall we be wise enough to place the new foundations upon the solid ground of justice to all in the use of the earth?

The subject that already absorbs the attention of governments is taxation to meet the waste of war. It is plain that present methods bear heavily upon industry. If persisted in, they will seriously retard the recuperative forces of Europe. Only by concentrating taxation upon land values can the incubus be removed, and industry be encouraged without the loss of revenue.

The principle has been tried sufficiently to prove the main contentions of its advocates. Although the present Tory-controlled ministry in England has held up the valuation which was to serve as a basis for the extension of the taxes on land values, popular sentiment is rapidly becoming enlightened, and may force an advance at any time. Germany has but to develop this same method at home on the lines of her successful experiment in her lost colony of Kiao-Chou. France has the highest authority for a like action in her great pre-Revolutionary school of economists, with whom originated the term "single tax," and who are yet to be duly honored in their own country. If Russian Czars could liberate the serfs, establish the Hague Tribunal, and with a wave of the hand abolish the national trade in spirits, it may be possible, in one of these magnificent flashes of sanity, to reform the land system, described by Tolstoi as "the great iniquity."

# THINKING ABOUT THE BALKANS

Floyd Dell

INTEREST in the Balkan question is a real test of our capacity for international-mindedness—especially for Americans. Those of us who grew up since the Crimean war can hardly be said to have had the Balkans on our map of the world. Except for an occasional massacre in Macedonia, which led us to wonder why the “unspeakable Turk” was permitted to remain in Europe, that section of the world did not obtrude itself on our consciousness. Our ignorance and indifference, at that, was only slightly greater than the ignorance and indifference of the expert diplomatists of Europe, who had in a fine careless rapture of civilized egotism arranged the boundaries of that part of the world to suit their own interests. The civilized world dropped the Balkans out of its consciousness; and was a little surprised when they were rediscovered by Anthony Hope for purposes of romantic fiction. Was it true that there were odd little kingdoms tucked away there in the west end of Europe? How interesting! Newspaper correspondents who had been there predicted among themselves when hell would break loose. But the First Balkan war was sprung on the world as a surprise; hardly more a surprise to the ordinary newspaper reader than to the rulers of Europe. Since then, Mr. Jones of the Bronx, and the professional arbiters of the destinies of Europe have begun to think about the Balkans—some fifty years or so too late. For that mass of unsolved problems proceeded to explode like a bunch of fire-crackers, faster than the world could think what to do about it—and the last little “pop” set off the whole powder-magazine of Europe.

H. G. Wells, who reflects so clearly certain obscure tendencies in social thinking, has taken to sending his heroes off on trips round the world, in the pursuit not of landscapes but of a new understanding of the problem of civilization. This is a fictional expression of the general discovery that we are living not only in our own parish but on the earth—the attempt to adjust ourselves to that important fact. If the world's problems are, after all, our own problems, then let us go about solving them: and in such a spirit Mr. Wells's heroes pass hopefully in review the discordant habits, philosophies, institutions and aspirations of India, China, Russia—all the stretches of the outside world.

It was in fact possible before the present war to conceive the whole world in such terms as enabled us to look forward with pleasure to the future. It was possible to see the advance of democracy in Russia, the revolt against militarism in Germany, the freeing of subject peoples, the reconciliation of the colonial ambitions of the various European countries—and so forth on to the millennium. It was possible—until this happy survey reached the Balkans. There it stopped, discomfited.

It wasn't a simple case of freeing a few million more people from the rule of the Turk. It wasn't a case of reconstituting ancient and satisfactory boundaries. It wasn't even a case of legitimate aspirations for territorial integrity being thwarted. It was all these, mixed in with preposterous and conflicting dreams of empire, of racial hatreds and religious feuds, all swimming in a sauce of raw ignorance and folly. So it appeared at the first

glance, and one of Mr. Wells' more impatient heroes delivered the verdict of annoyed civilization upon it by proposing to treat it as a menace to society and rid the world of it, as one might exterminate a horde of “mad dogs”!

Since then civilization has shown a few of its latent possibilities in the way of social hydrophobia, and we are long past the day when we can throw stones at the Balkan peoples. Nevertheless the situation remains, and the problem is still unsolved. How reconcile irreconcilable claims? How draw the boundaries of an inextricable medley of peoples? How satisfy impossible and conflicting dreams of empire? And—above all—how keep the Balkan peoples from fighting until Kingdom Come in a vain attempt to settle those questions? To expect the war to “clear things up” is merely to adopt a more timid form of the extermination theory of Mr. Wells' doctrinaire hero. Unless the Balkan peoples are all killed off, as the Serbs are perhaps in process of being, it will be necessary to settle those questions at the end of this war, with the penalty, if they are not settled pretty near right, of another explosion.

Every day brings us of the United States nearer to a severely practical interest in these matters. Our parish is being drawn into the currents of world politics in deadliest earnest, however much we may hope to remain the sanctuary of human sanity by keeping out. Nothing that man does is foreign to us—to our pocketbooks, to our desire for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, to our dreams of making the world a place fit for our grandchildren to live in.

Preliminary, however, to the mathematics of the Balkan question—into which we do not intend to go here—is its human aspect. The toy kingdoms of Zenda and Graustark were blown free from our imaginations by the news of the First Balkan war, just as the comic-opera conception of the Japanese, popularized by Gilbert and Sullivan, was shattered for Englishmen by the guns of the Russo-Japanese war. The “mad-dog” idea—corresponding somewhat to a popular American business-man's notion of the Mexicans—never had a chance to develop—the Teuton Bogie pushed it off the stage. What, then, is the human truth about the Balkan peoples?

There is much by way of answer to this question, in text and pictures, in a new book by John Reed and Boardman Robinson.<sup>1</sup> It is called “The War in Eastern Europe,” but the honest preface hastens to explain that “it was our luck everywhere to arrive at a comparative lull in the hostilities.” That was not their fault; but it is our good fortune: all battles are alike, after all. But the peoples whose circumstances, customs, ideas and prejudices create or are used to create battles, are different. “As I look back on it all,” says Mr. Reed, “it seems to me that the most important thing to know about the war is how the different peoples live; their environment, tradition, and the revealing things they do and say.”

The book is accordingly devoted to a lively ac-

<sup>1</sup>“The War in Eastern Europe.” Described by John Reed. Pictured by Boardman Robinson. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2 net. For sale by the MASSES BOOK SHOP.

count, at once sympathetic and critical, of the human nature of the Balkans. Something of its quality is revealed in the fact that on the return of the authors to Serbia, as Mr. Reed says, “we discovered that the Serbians had read our first two articles about themselves, and did not like them”—and they were threatened with expulsion from the country. Of course the Serbians would not like these articles—any more than the Irish liked “The Playboy of the Western World.” Reed and Robinson are too full of appreciation of their national traits, which are not, of course, the Parisian traits with which the Serbs would prefer to be credited! The young Serbian intellectual who piloted them through Nish, a hero of the first terrible retreat, and the son of generations of peasants, who averred that the country—“so pastoral, don't you think?”—reminded him of one of Beethoven's symphonies, would be hurt by the description of Serbian sanitation. . . .

There is something very American in this. It is true, we do not regard it as cowardice to avoid germs, and we do not drain our typhoid sewage into our hospital wells, but we have something of the same fine pride over the pinnacles of our civilization, the same indifference to the mud at its base. Mr. Reed tells of a club at Nish, “where good food was to be got when half the town was starving. The entrance was through a pigsty, after stepping across an open sewer; and when you opened the club-room door, your astonished eyes encountered tables decorated with flowers and covered with silver and snowy linen, and a head waiter in smart evening dress, an Austrian prisoner by the name of Fritz, who had been head waiter at the Carlton in London before the war.” What is this but a barbarically dramatic representation of our own romantic American life? That was a scene set by the foreign diplomatic corps, however; here is one more authentically Serbian:

“It was the feast of St. George, which marks the coming of the spring in Serbia. On that day all Serbia rises at dawn and goes out into the woods and fields, gathering flowers and dancing and singing and feasting all day. And even here, in this filthy, overcrowded town, with the tragic sadness of war and pestilence over every house, the streets were a gay sight. The men peasants had changed their dirty heavy woollens and sheepskins for the summer suit of embroidered dazzling linen. All the women wore new dresses and new silk kerchiefs, decorated with knots of ribbon, with leaves and flowers—even the ox-yokes and the oxens' heads were bound with purple lilac branches. Through the streets raced mad young gypsy girls in Turkish trousers of extravagant and gorgeous colors, their bodices gleaming with gold braid, gold coins hung in their ears. And I remember five great strapping women with mattocks over their shoulders, who marched singing down the middle of the road to take their dead men's places in the work of the field.”

Serbs, generous, boastful, foolhardy, quick-minded, vain, sensitive; Bulgarians, stolid, practical, progressive, guileless, thorough Rumanians, crushed to the last degree of ignorance by a comic-opera aristocracy; Greeks, shrewd, commercial, cosmopolitan—these, and Russians, Turcomans and Turks,

## TALKS WITH LIVE AUTHORS

THEODORE DREISER

flow through the book with their native gesture and accent. . . .

The Turcomans, for instance, a tribe of horse-men—"never have I seen such beautiful horses." They make their horses the object of incessant devotion; they comb their manes with all the pride of a woman combing her daughter's hair, polish their hoofs, go over their glossy hides with pincers to pull out hairs that are shorter or longer than the others, swaddle them in blankets. The horses are their fortune and their pride: if a horse is killed in some trivial skirmish of patrols, his owner is ruined. And these men and these horses are being fed into the most wasteful of all war-machines, that of Russia, to whom a hundred thousand horses and a hundred thousand men is a matter of a little more or a little less. It is as if all the Hiroshige color-prints in the world were tossed into a paper-mill to make paper to print a hundredth of one per cent. of the Sunday edition of one of Mr. Hearst's newspapers. . . .

But it is a passage in one of the articles on Serbia that lingers in the mind as the final impression of the Balkans. It was at Gievgieli, which shared with Valievo the distinction of being the worst plague-spot in Serbia, in a street splashed with chloride of lime and quarantined with bayonets, in the midst of a crowd of soldiers, that a stout man in a smutty Panama hat stood with a small wild-flower in his hand, addressing a secret-service official volubly and excitedly. "See!" he cried. "This flower that I found in that field beyond the river. . . . It is evidently of the family of the *orchidæ*!"

He scowled and fixed the secret-service man with a menacing eye. "Is it not of the family of the *orchidæ*?" The secret-service man did not think so, and the soldiers around broke into a hum of argument. "*Da! Orhida!*" "*Ne je orhida!*" "What do you know of orchids, George Georgevitch? At Ralya, where you come from, they haven't even grass!" A laugh, and the fat man's voice rising above it, insistent, passionate: "I tell you it is an orchid! It is a new kind of orchid! It is unknown to the science of botany—"

Robinson, the book goes on to relate, caught the infection of the argument. "Orchid?" he said to Reed with a sneer. "Of course it's not an orchid." "It is an orchid!" returned Reed hotly. "It is formed very like the lady's-slippers that we see in American woods—"

So we all, in the midst of our pestilence-ridden civilization, surrounded by poverty and disease and the insanities that produce war, become excited about orchids. . . .

Geography, economics, religion, national ambitions, these must be taken account of if ever peace in the Balkans—or anywhere—is to be established. But a human understanding of the Balkans is the only foundation upon which any valid theoretical formulation of such a settlement can be erected; and for us, who are taking our first lessons in international theory, such a book as this has a value all the greater because it furnishes us with a background for our thinking.

FREUD'S Psychology is briefly and lucidly summed up in the first chapter of Edwin B. Holt's "The Freudian Wish" (Henry Holt & Co.). And a very sagacious application of it to the wisdom of life is made in the other chapters. Mr. Holt calls the wisdom of life "Ethics." Then he has to prove that ethics is nothing more than wisdom in conduct. Outside of colleges we just forget that word ethics and arrive at the same result.

I HAVE just been reading your latest novel,<sup>1</sup> and it brings me back to the time when I read your first. What a magical freshness there was about "Sister Carrie"! It seemed that American fiction had made a new start, had broken away from the accustomed ways of story telling, had begun to see life directly. At a thousand points that book departed from the familiar tradition, straying into paths of surprise and beauty because they were paths of truth. The story was simple: it was of a country girl who became an actress. The theme was simpler still: the oddness, cruelty, and above all the beauty of life. This came with all the force of a revelation. It was a book in which sad things and terrible things happened, but the effect was a strange beauty. You had given to these odd, pitiful and cruel things the glamor which they possess in the world of reality. It was a book as fascinating, as strange, and as true as life.

"Jennie Gerhardt" was a new revelation, not alone of the world but of your own powers. It was, I am told, and I suppose it is true, not so well written as "Sister Carrie"; but I liked it better. It was an old story, but told, I thought, more truly than it ever had been told before: the story of a woman whose emotional weakness, a weakness which made her the victim of man, of accident and of life, was so profound as to seem in the end strength. But after all it was not Jennie who made the book interesting; it was the quality of your pity for her—a pity that touched her poor little drab soul with a splendor it did not in itself possess. And, again, life was the theme of this book—life with its strangeness, its cruelty, its beauty. Before these things you seemed to stand in a kind of questioning awe.

I might have been warned by that. I should have realized that you were going to be interested in things in which I myself am not capable of taking a deep interest. Nevertheless I was disappointed when your next book, "The Financier," took up the story of—it is an open secret—Charles T. Yerkes. I was not interested in Charles T. Yerkes. I had, in default of an interest in your subject, to content myself with admiration for your powers as a story teller. You showed, in addition, a vast and marvellous knowledge of American business; but information, unless it subserves a fictional intention in which I am interested, bores me. And when in the second volume of your trilogy you related in detail the quite ridiculous sexual adventures of your hero, I began to suspect a flaw in your attitude toward the world: when things were funny you did not laugh. You still saw these preposterous follies as strange, pitiful, terrible and beautiful. And even though in the last volume of your trilogy you should pronounce upon the triumphs of your hero the ancient verdict of Solomon, I shall not be reconciled. To me all is not vanity, but the life of a petty-minded millionaire is a broad farce.

So I came to your new book with suspicions. Its title, "The 'Genius,'" prejudiced me.\* In spite of the quotation marks, I was afraid you were going to take seriously a kind of personage who is to me more of a joke even than the millionaire. My acquaintance with the Millionaire is limited, but I know the "Genius" well, and I cannot for the life of me keep from laughing at it. . . . Well, I was not mistaken; you do take your "genius" seriously, as you take everything; and in spite

\* "The Genius," by Theodore Dreiser, John Law Co. \$1.50 net. For sale by The Masses Book shop.

of that your book conquers my admiration. It triumphs by virtue of a powerful dramatic quality such as you have never before exhibited, and by your irresistible and overwhelming sympathy with your characters. Again I see you standing, puzzled, awed, but relentlessly questioning, before the strangeness, the cruelty and the beauty of life. It is a tremendous book.

Yet it does not content me. I ask from you, in your next book, something which "The 'Genius'" lacks. I will try to tell what I mean in this way. When Eugene, in your new story, is struck down at the height of his hopes by a thunderbolt of fortune, an echo awakens somewhere in my brain that whispers "Oedipus the King," and in your sombre prose I seem to hear again the chorus: "O ye deathward-going tribes of men, what do your lives mean except that they go to nothingness?" Chance in your story, as in the Greek fable the envy of the gods, has pricked the bubble of dreams and disclosed the nothingness inside. And then I recall that Sophocles missed, with his characteristic ineptitude, the point of the fable with which he was dealing: Oedipus was punished by the gods because he answered the riddles of the Sphinx and freed the people of Thebes from a divine tyranny. Because he freed the people, and not because he was happy, he had to suffer; it is a version of the Prometheus legend, which is found even among the tribes of Nigeria, so universal is the conviction that those who try to help mankind will be punished for it. It is necessary that the hero should be a Promethean hero, if the tragedy is to be a Promethean tragedy. I do not blame you for not thinking of this, when George Meredith, a far cleverer fellow than either you or Sophocles, missed it in his pretty version of the story of Ferdinand Lassalle, where the materials were ready to his hand. Because Lassalle hoped and planned to liberate mankind from the tyranny of wage-slavery, he had to fall in love with a foolish girl and get killed in a duel over her. It is still true, as it was in the time of Aesclylus, that something in the nature of the universe, or of the human heart, rises to blight with folly and shame the best plans of the brightest souls, lest we become as the gods.

Life at its best and most heroic is rebellion: and the story of those frustrated rebellions is the best theme of the tragic artist. I miss in your story of Eugene the account of his rebellion, which must have been there to tell, for all artists, big and little, are in their degree rebels. You yourself are a rebel. You cannot but understand the rebel soul. You must have for its effort the admiration you have for all splendid things, and the pity you have for all frustrated things. You know that behind the cruelties and vanities of the rebellious life there is that purpose, conscious or unconscious, to pull down the pillars of the world and create a new earth out of the ruins.

Why—and it is the sole intention of my letter to ask you this—why do you not write the American novel of rebellion?

FLOYD DELL.

SOME of the people who think the Mexicans are very backward because they cannot recover from five years of revolution without some banditry and bloodshed, will be interested in this fact:

**Not less than nine hundred citizens of the United States were killed in one State of the Union during seven months of the reconstruction period after our Civil War.**

## Old Men And Infants

"THE American College" is the title of a little handbook by Isaac Sharpless, President of Haverford College.<sup>3</sup> Its aim is "to give to the general reader a fair idea, hiding neither blemishes nor virtues, of that peculiarly national institution": and, if the blemishes are more apparent than the virtues, that is not his fault—though it is doubtful of he knows how apparent they are. Begotten, most of them, in theology, as he relates, American colleges have remained detached (though he does not say so) from the life of the nation. No American university has ever been the center of an intellectual conflict; it would be possible to write the history of the United States without mentioning an American university. The fact that Harvard had at one time on its staff as many as two distinguished men, James and Santayana, is an anomaly in American university history; and the sociological activities of the University of Wisconsin are more anomalous still. What is more characteristic of the American college is the fact that the greatest original thinker now living in America, Thorstein Veblen, is relegated to a subordinate position in the University of Missouri. Such is the American College. It is not strange that this tideless and stagnant backwater of American life should have no history—or a history so devoid of significance that it is adequately disposed of in a few pages of Dr. Sharpless' books. At first glance his account, covering the academic achievements of nearly three centuries in forty pages, may seem sketchy: but forty pages is enough—the brief and simple annals of the dull.

Escaping with apparent relief from this part of his task, Dr. Sharpless takes up with some enthusiasm, and in great detail, the subject of "College Administration." Dr. Sharpless has administered a college, he knows how it should be done, and he tells all about it. "The ideal president will be to the student a paternal adviser and a strict disciplinarian. . . . He will not seek information from the students against an associate. . . . His final attitude [in the case of the irreclaimably vicious student] will be more of sorrow than of anger or triumph. . . . He will know how to talk to his college as a whole, not too frequently, for much talking is a weariness to hearers and a weakness to himself, but wisely, tactfully, and, if he has it in him, humorously and interestingly. . . . Sometimes he will preach. When his heart fills with a desire for the good of the lives for which he has assumed a responsibility and words come unbidden," etc., etc.

It is, in fact, a primer for college presidents; and if any great proportion of his readers are going to be college presidents, the advice here given will no doubt be of value. But there are other passages of an informative nature. "The President, no matter how ideal," says Dr. Sharpless, "is in one sense an employee of the Board of Trustees. They have selected him, fixed his salary . . . and may discharge him." However, as Dr. Sharpless adds "It is better all around that this relation should be kept in the background."

Concerning freedom of speech and its limitation in American colleges Dr. Sharpless recounts the familiar facts: "There have been cases where professors have published economic or social theories which certain members of the Governing Board considered unsound and dangerous to have instilled into the thought of students. There have been cases where some hoped-for donor demanded to be propitiated by the sacrifice of an offending teacher." Dr. Sharpless thinks it is safe to "err" on the side of large freedom for an efficient and experienced teacher. But—"if a young man with more enthusiasm than judgment, and with views which most sensible people consider morally and

socially dangerous, unnecessarily and publicly advertises them"—I italicize the key words of the sentence—"it may be quite proper to drop him." Quite so!

But it is odd to find, as an instance of unjust limitation of the freedom of speech in colleges, the case of "a tried and faithful professor . . . dismissed in old age purely because a young, unmarried man would do his work for less money." The real trouble is that this is not done often enough. The ordinary American College is a Home for the Aged and Mentally Decrepit. A teacher can easily get fired for being young; but Age is a quality dear to the heart of American academicism.

But if youth is discouraged in professors, not merely youth but boyhood, or rather some qualities of boyishness, are carefully fostered in the student. Treated like a child, he studies like a child, plays like a child, is wilfully naughty like a child. Dr. Sharpless writes at length of these organized survivals of infantilism without understanding what he is dealing with. He accepts infantilism as an inherent part of college life, to be coaxed and punished in the nursery manner. It never occurs to him that college students can regard themselves, or be regarded by others, as men.

And perhaps he is right. And that is in the nature of a final criticism, a final dismissal, of the College as an institution of learning and of life.

FLOYD DELL.

<sup>3</sup>"The American College," by Isaac Sharpless. The American Books Series. 60 cents net. Doubleday, Page & Co.

## The Printed Word

ONE (and possibly the number should be even larger) despairs of the newspapers every once in a while. These periodic depressions vary—with some they occur once a week, with others once a day. But, then, every six months or so, along comes a murder, a society dinner in the dark, an absconding "pillar of the church," an heiress eloping with her chauffeur, the President's message or an editorial condemning the bill to prohibit child labor—and the daily journal takes on a new brilliance and interest. The reading of it becomes a ten-minute adventure; for there is always the hope that somewhere, in the dreary waste of pages devoted to facts, Sports, White Sales and Father John's Cure, one will light upon something really racy and intriguing like the above-mentioned items.

Such an attitude is sure to be rewarded. The prosiest pages will reveal its half-hidden jocund paragraph if approached in the proper spirit. Let me prove it. A few weeks ago I bought a copy of the *Boston Transcript*. Deferentially bowing to its dicta concerning the summer crops and the Russian Ballet, and cursing in polite polysyllables, the entire German history, I turned to its literary columns and lo—this rare flower of thought blossomed slyly but insinuatingly. I plucked it; and I transplant it here for the delight of posterity:

A note from "E. W.," tendering to the *Listener's* column the following striking little set of verses, remarks: "The poetic gift has not altogether perished—though now so rare—which is able in simplicity to touch the true tone, never to be struck by uninspired novelty-seeking in manner and in matter, *vers libre*, brutality, sensuousness, involved or perplexed thought. Mary F. Coleridge had such a gift and your readers will be glad to see this lovely specimen of it quoted in Scott-Holland's lately published "Bundle of Memories." Instead of the raw nakedness of the moderns, its tender imagination is ethere-

ally and fitly clothed in metrical form, thrilling with the Hebraic repetition:

Little Theo's gone away,  
Gone away;  
We shall never see her play,  
See her play,  
Here and there, the livelong day.

God in Heaven loves us all,  
Loves us all;  
Little Theo heard Him call,  
Heard Him call,  
And she let her playthings fall

God in Heaven loved her so,  
Loved her so.  
Little Theo, will you go?  
Will you go?  
And she left us here below.

Very gently let us sing,  
Let us sing,  
Theo now remembering,  
Loving more than anything.

At first I suspected this; there was a ring about the introduction that smacked of irony. But I was assured by several of the oldest (and the best) families of Boston that the editor of *The Listener* department had never made a joke since the *Atlantic Monthly* had printed a letter from him on punctuation in the colleges. Therefore I hailed this item as a renewed instance of how the maligned press continues to justify itself. . . . I still gloat over the "tender imagination," the "ethereally clothed form," and "the Hebraic repetition" of that "striking" poem. And I think how absurdly prodigal the press is to employ not only newspaper critics but newspaper humorists.

L. U.

## The Flame

IN Boston there has been started a new magazine which is both surprising and significant. Significant, for one thing, because it has been started in Boston. It is a monthly called *The Flame* (published at No. 3 Bellingham Place), and it is already gaily burning in the very center of traditional and musty "Culture" and the hot-bed, or rather the cold bed, of our crumbling conservatism. But (and this is the purpose of this mere advertisement) its light should shine further. Its editors (Irwin Granich and Van Allison) are something more than young enthusiasts; they have, in the absence of a program, a drive and vision that is more valuable than most "constructive" propaganda. The first number of this little sheet contains an excellent causerie on "Nakedness" by John Kelm-scott; an article on "Birth Control" by Dr. W. J. Robinson; a typical Horace Traubel diatribe by Horace Traubel; an incisive poem, "At a Prayer Meeting," by Arturo Giovannitti; several pithy editorials; drawings by Maurice Becker and Steinlin, and other contributions by Seymour Deming, Clement Wood, Mary Carolyn Davies and Alice Stone Blackwell.

It is altogether a splendid beginning, which has fulfilment as well as promise. It is admirable—but don't admire it. Buy it.

L. U.

*We shall continue to give in these pages each month a review of the revolution in thought and action all over the world.*

## JIM LORD ON AMERICA

Dante Barton

**J**IM LORD is to my mind the biggest man in the American Trade Union Movement.

I first met James Lord in the lobby of the Shoreham Hotel. I met him as the president of the Mining Department of the American Federation of Labor—a fine, upstanding, determined looking man. Under a derby hat and in conventional clothes, he was a replica of the American business man,—without the tired look or the crafty look.

Then I was sitting in the smoking compartment of a train going from Washington to Kansas City. A powerful hand pushed me along and in a rough voice some one said: "Why do you take up all the room?" When I turned and saw the size and build of the man I thanked my stars for the smile on the face and for the extended hand.

"Don't you know me, Barton?" he said.

"No, I don't," I replied. "But, thank heaven, you know me."

"I'm Jim Lord," he said, and took off a yachting cap and big tortoise shell glasses to prove it.

I learned a lot about industrial democracy and the struggles and trials of working men and women, and of the miners in particular, in the conversation that followed. I learned it in the intimate, inside experiences of a man who had lived those struggles and trials—who had come up through them dominant and indomitable, thoroughly individualistic but thoroughly class conscious and loyal in every thought to the interests of the workers.

There had been the time, for example, when Lord had been "approached" by the forceful, brutal overseer for an employers' group. The man had used gunmen and thugs to beat up Jim Lord's people, and Lord had gone to help them. The big, brutal overseer met him.

"Jim Lord, why do you line up with these wops?" he said. "Anybody can see that they are meant to be the drudges and beasts of burden for the rest of us. Come with us; you're the kind of man we're looking for."

The man got more savage and brutal as he talked. And Lord went after him savagely.

"John Smith," Lord said—that was not the man's name, but it will do—"John Smith, you're a damned throwback. Somewhere in the old country where you come from there is a God damned rotten streak and you throw back to it."

To get the full force of the following incident you must know that James Lord is the self-contained type of labor leader who has a philosophy of life and of industrial living, and who has the respectful fear of the men whose interests are on the other side. One of the most influential of these opposing men said to him:

"Mr. Lord, assuming that you are right and that we are wrong, what do you think will be the outcome of our policy if we persist in it?"

The man had nerve, but he blanched when Lord said quietly:

"You and your children are likely to be killed, Mr. Jones." Again the name is fictitious, but it will do.

"That is a terrible thing to say," the man replied.

"Yes, and it would be a terrible thing to happen," Lord replied, simply. "But it's a terrible condition that we are talking about. There is nothing on earth so dangerous as a man whose heart is on fire and who feels that he has nothing to lose by vengeance. Let neglect and greed and active cruelty starve a man's wife and kill his children, as children have been killed

by thugs in your employ, Mr. Jones, and—well, some time that may happen to a man or to men who won't be restrained by fear, or habit, or hope. Despair is a damned dangerous thing, Mr. Jones. And so is love for your children that has been turned to hate of the man or the thing that starves and kills them."

I had heard of these two interviews and had gotten a version of them substantially the same as this that I got straight from James Lord by questioning, and as I have set it down here.

Back of the tumult and the fighting that often go with a strike, "Jim" Lord sees the economic background. Out of that background step for him the desperate men or the hopeful men—and sometimes the sullenly brutal men—who may yet start in this country such a Year of the Great Fear as went before the French Revolution.

"You can't put men up against over-work at under-pay; you can't starve their kids at the starved mother's breast and in the starved mother's womb without planting hell in the man's heart. You can't forbid the discipline of organization to workers of all tongues and of one feeling, and then wonder that they riot when some damned little group of disciplined militia bullies them or clubs them or shoots them."

Lord was speaking then particularly of the Youngstown strike. Then he fired this question at me:

"Barton, did you ever write any of this damned rot about this bad treatment of workers in American industries being un-American? If you ever did, take it back. For, by God, it's only American. It's distinctively American. A foreign worker comes here, and it doesn't make any difference where he comes from—he is driven at longer hours, under a harder whip, than he ever worked or ever felt back in his home country."

If you meet Jim Lord and feel an impulse to argue with him about things he knows about, restrain it. He knows about them.

## An Appeal From California

May 15, 1916.

Comrades:

As you have heard, Ricardo and Enrique Magon, editors of *El Regeneracion*, Los Angeles, have been beaten and jailed by the police. Why? Because they boldly advocate free land and free men in Mexico—to the terror of the land speculator and exploiter.

The Magons are charged, in the federal court, with "Depositing in the U. S. mail, matter tending to incite murder, arson, and treason."

Their real offense, of course, is that instead of standing for the capitalistic looting of their country, they cautioned the peons to retain their arms until they gained full possession of their land and not to trust the promises of politicians.

Twice before the Magon brothers have suffered imprisonment for using the "constitutional right" of free press and free speech, and out of the ten years they have labored in this land of Liberty, five years they have been lost in our Christian prisons.

Shall they go for a third time?

The answer rests with us who are still free.

How will we support them? How loud and strong and bold will our voices be raised in their behalf? How determined will our Action be?

Judges and courts have ears—their very existence depends upon the workers!

Will the workers see their press killed entirely?

Already this year three radical editors have been jailed and three other publications suppressed by the same power that is using the U. S. army to crush labor in Mexico. *Alarm* and *Revolt* have been suppressed,

and now Alexander Berkman's *Blast* has been denied the mails—because it belittled the sacred dollar mark by printing it on a flag?

What are we going to Do?

In Los Angeles the workers and the radicals of all groups and nine different nationalities have organized The Workers' Defense League. It is holding mass meetings, sending out protests, has engaged Attorneys Kirk and Ryckman—veterans in the workers' fight—to defend the Magon brothers. We are going to demand and enforce a free press. Will you help? How much?

Free press and free speech are labor's first line of defense. We are going to defend our comrades on the firing line—and we need the assistance of every worker in the land. This is your fight. Prove yourself—give heroically to the heroes who have been captured by the Enemy!

Send contributions to P. D. Noel, Financial Secretary, 621 American Bank Bldg.

Fraternally yours,

ECCUMB PINCHON,

General Secretary, Workers' International Defense League.

## My Reasons for Quitting the Army and Navy

**B**EING a constant reader of THE MASSES I would like to contribute the inclosed article, representing my views acquired after serving in the Regular Army and Navy of the United States—the inclosed article being the true sentiment gained from 20 years of—a wasted life.

Vallejo, Cal.

Fraternally yours,

G. W. M.

First.—It is a life of comparative idleness leading to all things unmanly and indecent.

Second.—The Officers are an undemocratic lot. About 90 per cent being actual snobs, and not true Americans in the true sense, and they after a few years' service can get out of the service on a "Medical" and live the rest of their lives a burden on the taxpayer, receiving more money from the government while doing so than any enlisted man receives for actual service.

Third.—In the Army there is more favoritism and cliques than can be found in any business organization on the outside, and if a man is actually serious about soldiering he is classed as a freak, and discriminated against, because it is to the interest of all in the service to "Get by" without actually earning the money paid them by the government.

Fourth.—The American Army Officer prefers a Swede, German, or anything but a real American to be a Non-Commissioned Officer, they being more amenable to the life, more servile and fawning. A real American is out of place in the service.

Fifth.—The wealth of this country having been concentrated in the hands of a few big men, the ordinary man is not actually serving America any more, but simply protecting the wealth of these men, and are merely hirelings to that end.

Sixth.—Big business opened the flood gates of immigration so that there would be 50 men for every job, enabling them to spy what they pleased for labor, and to hire whom they chose and, therefore secure big profits, and today there is no more real America.

Seventh.—In the Navy a great topic of conversation is "Boys." A great many men talk sodomy as if it was a manly and ennobling subject of conversation. Some of the old salts are actually lower than any cur dog that ever lived, and the young men are soon contaminated by their foul talk.

Eighth.—Rather than die on a ship among such company the writer would prefer to be drowned in a sewer. Where can one find the ennobling thought of country, flag or anything else, when he is fighting with such things as these?

Ninth.—The power invested in Officers makes them "swell headed," domineering, and everything but what democracy stands for. Their orders to do a thing are rather an insult than an order to a man to perform.

Tenth.—The things called "Chief Petty Officers" are exactly what the word implies: "PETTY." The life of a man condemned to serve four years taking orders from a few of these specimens is worse than the same time in prison.

The author stands ready to help defend this country, but not with the regular Army or Navy of the United States. In dying he would like to die clean, and will do so if necessary, but with MEN.

If your subscription is about to expire, renew it now at the one dollar rate. After September first you will have to pay one dollar and fifty cents.

## A PLEA FROM MEXICO

"Listen, Workers of the United States!"

This is the plea which the Yucatan unions make in their Proclamation. Listen and understand what the Mexican revolution means to Mexicans. They tell their brothers across the border that they could not organize or strike as they could; they were killed if they tried to. The government had become a weak tool of foreign exploiters who had stolen their land, their great natural resources of wealth in oil and metals. But they can organize a great revolution and the purpose of this revolution is to restore to the real producers the property which has been confiscated. What they are fighting for is what the workers of the United States are fighting for, and the enemy is not a common one in the generic sense, but actually the same men who are the notorious oppressors of the workers in the United States. They try to make it clear that any workingman who enters the fight against the Mexican revolutionists strengthens the position of his own exploiters.

Very simply they say in the Proclamation:

"It looks as if they could put us American and Mexican workmen face to face on the battlefield. And this is just what Mexican organized labor is anxious to avoid by making a final effort, by appealing to you, our brothers in labor, not taking into consideration what ridiculous patriotism may say about our conduct and proceedings. . . .

"We want to say to the American toilers that the Mexican people do not hate the real American people. . . . We do not have any hostile sentiment of any kind against you American laborers.

"In the United States we only hate the great oil and railroad kings, all those who have utilized the richness of our land for their personal benefit; impudently stealing from us the fruits of our labor; the same as they do with you in your country; those very same compatriots of yours, whose only interests are their bank accounts, having no love of country, honor, or high ideals of life.

"Be on your guard, Workers of the United States. The Columbus raid, all the anti-Mexican agitation of the mercenary press of North America, all the meetings, lectures and publications of our foes in the great American cities, are only for the purpose of drowning in blood the desires of a brother people who have had the courage and the strength to rebel against their oppressors; to give an example of the only Social Revolution that honestly deserves such a name.

"Be on watch, North American Comrades. Do not allow any one to fool you with the lies of those who, as long as they can make money, do not care very much about the killing of thousands of laborers. Help us to secure, once and forever, the withdrawal of the United States troops. And if it is impossible to avoid a bloody struggle, then, Workers of the United States, do as we will do with our reactionaries—put at the head of your army all those who are responsible for the tragedy, the magnates of the Standard Oil Company and of the International Harvester Company, William R. Hearst, Harrison Gray Otis, of the Los Angeles Times, professional soldiers and others who in any form and by any means are looking for intervention in Mexico."

The Proclamation is signed by Jim. Duvan, General Secretary Syndicate of Electricians; Crescencio Flores Diaz, Carpenters' Syndicate; Nabor Fernandez, President Seamen's Union, Port of Progreso; Pru-

dencio Gonzalez, President Dockers' Union; Crescencio Sanchez, General Secretary Bakers' Syndicate; Manuel Ruiz, General Secretary Masons Syndicate; David Gonzalez, Union of Clerks, Cooks, etc., and of Hotel, Restaurants and Servants; Antonio Ramirez, President Commercial Clerks' Club; Alvaro Vargas, General Secretary Smelters' Syndicate; Nazario Pech, General Secretary Hackmen's Syndicate; Claudio Sacramento, President Yucatan Railroad Men's Union; Miguel A. Prado, Syndicate of Machinists, Blacksmiths and Boiler Makers.

Merida, Mexico, May 29, 1916.

### A Nationalist International

THE second International Socialist Conference held at Zimmerwald in May represented the majority of socialists of Italy, Russia and several smaller nations, and the minorities of the socialist sections of the International of Germany, France and England. This conference charged that the International Socialist Bureau, the official organization of the other section of the socialists of Europe, justified the voluntary support given to the war by the official socialist in the majority on the ground that all the socialists supporting the war in all of the countries were engaged in "national defense." The precise expression used by the Bureau was that the workers found themselves "compelled to fight against one another." Whether or not the Zimmerwald accusation was justified, it is evident that the Bureau avoided the real issue, that is, voluntary financial and moral support of the Socialist Party of the war on both sides.

The second Zimmerwald Conference discovered that there was an effort to bring together two groups or nationalistic parties, the "jingo socialists" in a sort of "separate peace." The *New Statesman* justifies this action with an argument which undoubtedly voices the opinion of nationalistic Socialists everywhere. It says: "The second International, which came into existence in 1889, and still continues, though its Central Bureau finds its work almost suspended, was of an entirely different and, as it seems to us, of more valuable kind. It was an alliance, analogous to those of the organized coal miners, cotton operatives, glass-workers, &c., of the organized, wage-earning class of the constituent countries, irrespective of their opinions on the particular political and economic issues of these countries, for the promotion of those working-class interests which were thought to be fundamentally identical throughout the civilized world. It was the internationalism at which Karl Marx aimed in 1848, when he summoned all proletarians to unite. As such, though this may not always have been foreseen, it was not and could not be anti-national, for the organized working-class of no country will consent to be against its own nation. Opinions may differ as to the value of an internationalism which is perforce consistent with the nationalism of every State, and which seeks, in fact, to raise each nationalism to its highest expression for the advantage of the whole. But nothing would be more calamitous, nothing in the long run more injurious to the progress of any real internationalism, than to dissociate the International Socialist Movement from its present foundation in an alliance of the organized wage-earners of each country, and to revert—as attempts are now being made to revert, in the Zimmer-

wald Conference and otherwise—to the more sectarian basis of the first International, to an alliance of minorities, if not of proscribed and exiles."

On this ground *The New Statesman* opposes the action of the minority section of the British Socialist Party and the Independent Labor Party, which are against even defensive war.

"We suggest that probably at no previous time have these two Socialist societies been more out of touch, not only with the general opinions of the wage-earning class of Great Britain, but even with the great mass of reasonable Socialist opinion in this country as in others. The delegates at the I. L. P. Conference adopted, without one dissentient vote—all its half a dozen Members of Parliament being absent at Westminster—the resolution moved by Dr. Alfred Salter, of Bermondsey, and seconded by Councillor Ayles, of Bristol, calling on the Socialists of all countries to "refuse support to any war entered into by any Government, and even if such war is nominally of a defensive character." Everyone who knows the mover and seconder of this resolution respects the sincerity of their idealism. But there is nothing in the history or principles of Socialism, as it has developed in any European country, to warrant its identification with either Tolstoyanism or Quakerism, any more than with vegetarianism or Buddhism.

"It is not clear whether the remnant of the British Socialist Party wishes to take up its affiliation to the Labor Party, or even whether it continues its affiliation to the British section of the International Socialist Bureau. The I. L. P., however, prudently refused to sever its connection with the larger movement, with which, on the question of the moment, it is violently out of sympathy. The Labor Party, with its affiliated membership of a couple of millions, continues determinedly to support the war, and therefore loyally to support the Government, even when the Government declares itself driven by circumstances to take action that the Labor Party profoundly dislikes. The British Socialist section, which represents the Socialist movement of this country in the International Socialist Bureau, maintains its support of the opportunist policy of the President and Secretary M. M. Emile Vandervelde and Camille Huysmans."

This position of *The New Statesman* is the old Fabian, opportunist attitude toward revolutionary action. But it is rather indiscriminating for such an intellectual organ as *The New Statesman* to lump the uncompromising opposition of the anti-militarist socialists to capitalistic warfare or warfare directed and promoted by a capitalistic States with Quakers, Tolstoyans or other professional pacifists.

#### Socialist Imperialism

The leading scientific organ of the German socialist majority believes that jobs for British and German workers depend to a large extent on the supply of cheap, raw material which can only be secured to them through the colonial possession or spheres of influence of their own home government.

Deputy Hue, head of the powerful coal miners union, while opposing the proposition that the French province Lorraine vote itself back to France said: "That leads me, from the standpoint of a labor representative, who is in the thick of the iron industry, to lay special stress upon the point that if Alsace-Lorraine were separated from the German Empire, it would deal, one might almost say a fatal blow at the German iron and steel as well as the mining industry, which together with the industries connected with them employ several millions of workmen."

The *Monatshefte* takes the same position. It refers to the importation of cheap food for the British workers from such colonies as India; it refers to the indus-

tries which have grown up in England on account of the enrichment of the English capitalists through the policy of imperialism, as policies commanding, if not deserving the emulation of civilized nations.

### French and German Minorities

The program of the German Socialist minority, is immediate peace. That is the program of the second Zimmerwald Conference.

The French minority of the Socialists oppose immediate peace because they are as much interested in the conditions of peace as in peace itself. They do not agree with the German minority that "a military decision of the war seems less likely now than at the beginning." They do not want peace at any price. They are in agreement with the French majority that the

conditions of peace must assure the people of Alsace and Lorraine and other districts in similar political positions the right of decision as to national allegiance. They differ with the majority only in their desire to discuss these terms with the German Party. This would be a difference of high importance if any section of the German socialists had indicated a willingness to leave such decisions to the people concerned. But even the German minority has failed to do that.

The event of great interest to all international socialists will be the position of the German minority when the German army is in a position of weakness instead of strength. Will it then stand for immediate peace?

WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING.

## CORRESPONDENCE

PERHAPS a short letter, from one who thinks he understands conditions in England may be squeezed into your columns. It is more than eighteen months since I was in England, but I am in close touch with many of the happenings over there. These are my impressions.

After the war there will be a new line-up of parties. There will be the Carson Northcliffe crowd—for capitalism, and for militarism: militarism for expansion, for defense and to keep the workers in order. But, it is quite feasible that at the very outset that party will be captured by a new capitalist party, standing for an international police force. The formation of such an organization would be a strong move, and it would receive the unqualified support of all extreme opponents of capitalism and extreme pacifists, unwilling to acquiesce in the formation of a machine for international strikebreaking and international exploitation of new markets. It is doubtful whether capitalism has advanced so far as to become entirely international or non-national. The threat of war and the appeal to patriotism are still effective. I believe that only a vigorous internationalism on the part of the workers can compel capitalism to become frankly international.

At any rate, immediately after the war there will be two parties in England opposed to the capitalist parties. There will be the Socialists, who have fought in the war or supported it—led by H. G. Wells, Robert Blatchford, etc. These men, and the party they are forming, are good, strong, honest Socialists. They will make big demands of capitalism. They are nationalists and advocate military defense and industrial defense, including a boycott of German goods. In one respect they are conservative-Socialists. It is "Britain for the British," not the world for humanity. The resources of the British Empire are to be socialized for the British people: that is the program. Resources obtained by ancient piracy, and multiplied by modern industry, finance, diplomacy and navalism are to be conserved intact for British men and women. The other Socialist party (has it any leaders?) will be non-national and will oppose capitalist armaments, national or world-wide, and will also oppose an armed democracy. Their members are now in prison, if of military age. But they hope for converts from the returning soldiers. Of course, the capitalist parties are opposed to them, so, also, are the national Socialists. As members of a no-conscription fellowship these non-national Socialists refused to take up military duties at whatever cost. Even so, that good old "Clarion" is bitterly hostile to them, and brands them as caring only for the sacredness of their own lives. So bitter is this opposition,

and so deep is the conviction of the national Socialists that some of the ruling classes are not sufficiently pro-British, that we should not be greatly surprised, if, after the war, a British Government seeks to establish its "pro-Britishness" by the shooting of the now imprisoned anti-militarists.

Those readers of THE MASSES who are internationalists or non-nationalists might watch events over there closely.

Yours truly,

J. B. C. WOODS.

### FROM A LIFER

"SO now that you may not be deceived in my true character I will give you a few condensed sentences of my thoughts while in sing-sing.

"I thought a lot about Life in general and of evolution, her are my impressions. That they systems and conditions of the world are entirely wrong. That they real criminals do not go to Jail only they ones that do not no how to steal go there. That 95 out of every hundred men are crooked. That all existing religions Beliefs that I know of are a big pile of nonence. That they real religion and the right kind of religion is known of but not established yet. I was raised a Catholic and all my people are very good Catholics. My Chief thought while I was in Prison was to Escape. I had my plans made out and would have been successful had they not take me down for my second trial. when I came back I quickly discovered that I had three chances of getting away in Brooklyn one from Raymond St. Jail they other from the court room and the other from the pen downstairs underneath the court house I know I would have been successful in getting away. they only thing stoppel me was this my mother was down to see me one day and she looked so Pale and worride looking. I told her to cheer up that I would be all right. then I told her of my intentions.

"I thought shede drop. She told me it would break her heart that she would never be able to see me again, she told me how she could come up to see me in sing-sing every month and that I would come out after sometime. She told me I would disgrace they family particularly my Brother brother-in-law who are Policemen. She made me promice her faithfully I wouldn't do it when the rest of they family came down they said they would never recognize me if I did it so I changed my mind. Some of these statements may sound to you as if I am wronge in the head but I am not I am perfectly normal. I am telling you my innermost thoughts. I have never spoken in this manner to anyone before in my life so after I gave up the thought of escaping I did not no what to do I could not think

of spending years in prison. I wanted to stond trial and take the chair but everwone insisted on me taking a plea. So not to be obstinate I took it. Suiccede never appealed to me. I always said I would die fighting but it was they only thing left for me to do I decided on it. Perhaps you noticed the day you (excuse writing my fingers are getting tired. I want to finish) were to see me that I didn't seem very entuziastic over what you told me. they reason was I didnt care I was going to die. I had a potion of Poison all ready to take that night. I will tell you what it was.

"I took the heads off of one box of matches ground them up and with a little water made a liquid. I then smashed up a Banana and mixed together with cigarette ashes. I think that would have done the trick. If it hadnt I would have repeated the dose stronger they following night it was bound to kill me. so now that I have told you everything I want you to be on the square with me tell me strait forward if you think I can be pardoned in five years or not. If you have youre doubts tell me I am not afraid to hear it. I do not want to do a month over five years. dont bluff me you will only be prolonging my misery. Its easier for me to die than to spend years in jail and I am not afraid to die. I dont fear the next would. I gess I would have been dead now only you came to see me. I wrote to mister Riley for your address that evening. I am trying to get another week stay so that I may hear from you before I go away. I may not get it. If this letter reaches you in time I could have an ancer monday. I go away Tuesday morning 9 A. M. I hope you will excuse my spelling I know I made a lot of mistakes.

"Yours truly,

(Signed) "CHRISTOPHER JAMES."

### PROGRESS

PATRIOTISM is what makes dogs bark at strangers, and Religion is what makes them bark at the moon. You are helping to get this out of our systems.

When I read that there were no public schools in the U. S. before 1880, 85 years ago, and when I remember there was no cheap light to read by until the kerosene lamp came, about 50 years ago, and that the whole Socialist press has developed the last 25 years, I am encouraged.

F. H. CONANT.

### AN AUSTRALIAN IN REVOLT

AS a fellow spirit in hope and desire for the Day to Be, I wish to extend greetings and appreciation of the many, many pleasant and enlightening hours I have spent reading the columns of your—and my—paper, THE MASSES. It first came within my knowledge in Sydney, New South Wales, Australia. I have been here for some six months seeing labor conditions for myself—and my conclusions are, from the proletarian view, that it was an egregious mistake for Columbus to discover America.

DAVID J. B. ELLIOTT.

### INFORMATION

THE following letter was sent to THE MASSES by mistake:

Dear Sir:  
I have worn your Belt about 2 weeks and i cant see as i have got eny Benefit from it i am sick abut half the time i was taken with a pain in my side so i am laid up now with that i am discouraged. Sincerely yours.

The kind of "information" which led this poor woman to buy a "Belt" is permitted in the mails. Information on the subject of birth control is a crime, punishable by fine and imprisonment.

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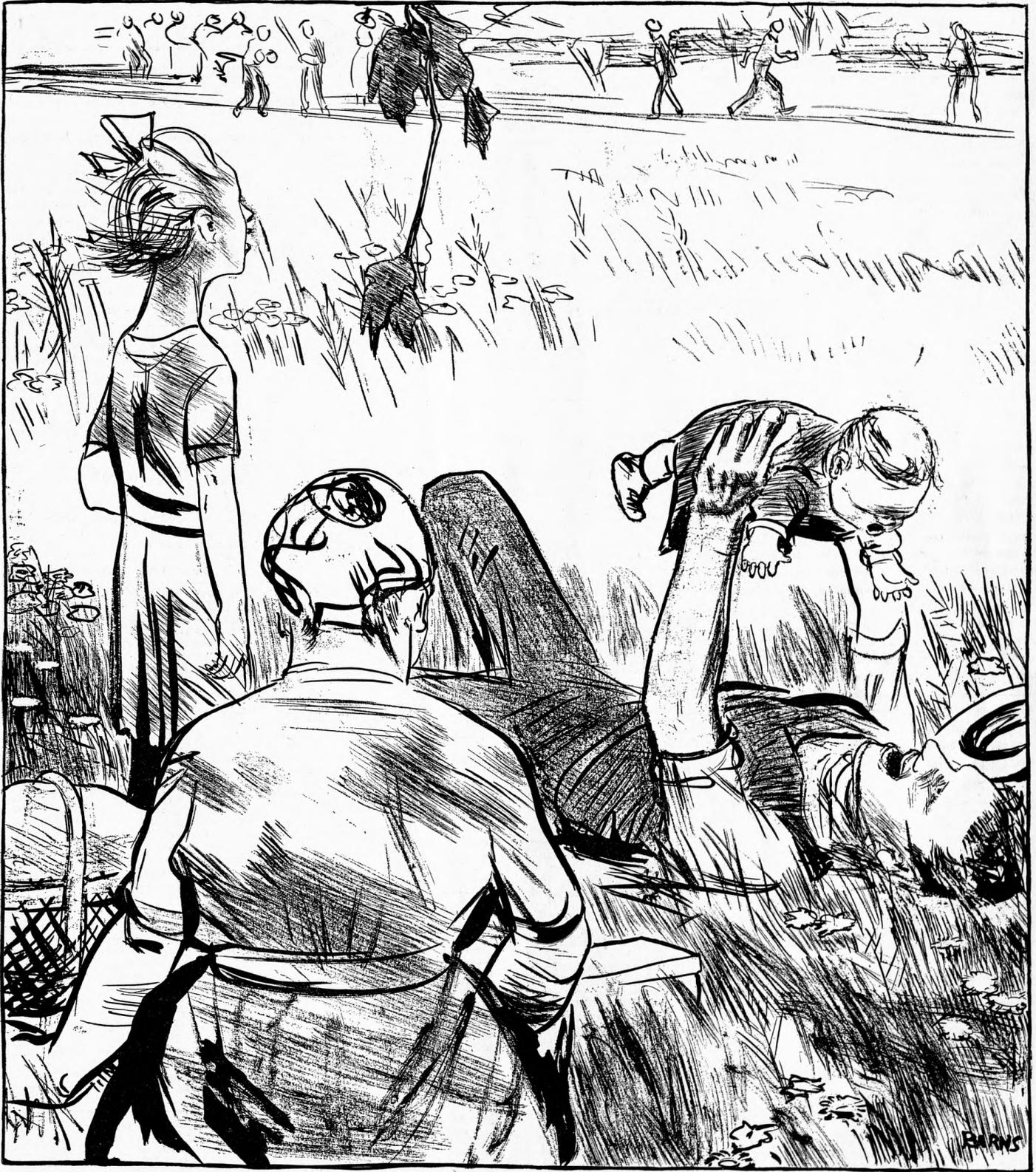
TOO radical," the librarian cries—Don't read it;  
"Tis blasphemy"—another flies—Don't read it.  
It nails the ancient, honored lies,  
To toady to you it never tries,  
But hits you "Bing!" between the eyes—Don't read it.  
—Montana Kaimin, University of Montana.

### RIGHT YOU ARE

DON'T be discouraged, and I guess you aren't, about the "Ballad." It's beautiful.

MRS. S. D. MITCHELL.

Cleveland, O.



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A Drawing by Cornelia Barns

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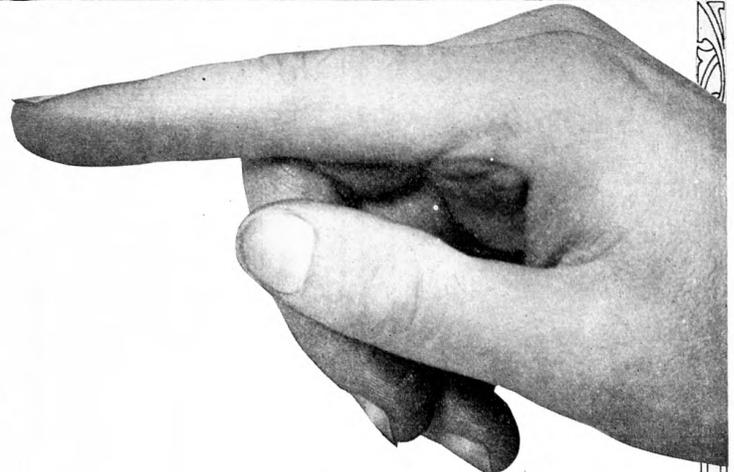
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