Mr. Huebsch’s list includes books by

Hauptmann
Schnitzler
Rodin
Sorel
Wells

Ellen Key
Keir Hardie
Hребев
Gorky

Bergson
to Bernstein
Scott Nearing
John Spargo
A. L. Benson

and other popular foreign and American authors.

Here are three suggestions for Masses readers:

THE DEATH OF A NOBODY
By Jules Romanes
Translated from the French by Desmond MacCarthy and Sydney Waterlow.
Cloth, $1.25, net.

The life of one of other minds—the “social consciousness” about which the sociologists have developed abstruse theories—is portrayed explicitly, with a fascination which the “Nobody” dies in the second chapter. It is not only a masterpiece of literary art, but might well be used as the concrete text of the mind of the crowd.

ATTA TROLL
By Meinrich Heine
Translated by Herman Scheffauer; introduction by Oscar Levy; Illustrations by Willy Pogany.
Board sides; parchment back, $1.25, net.

Brunetière wrote of Atta Troll: “Lyric poetry in its most personal and subjective form, and satire in its most mordant and ironical phase have never been more closely united, nor more indissolubly and indestructibly welded into an harmonious whole than in this work. Like Gulliver’s Travels, it is unique of its class.” This satire of which a dancing-beat is the hero, applies to political conditions of all times and countries and attests the universal mind of its creator.

THE OTHER KIND OF GIRL
by ANONYMOUS
Cloth, $1.00, net.

A street girl tells her story, not the “shocker” of beat-up, nor the “white slave” story of terror; but a harrowingly veracious account of a life thousands voluntarily adopt because, as children, their normal instincts were perverted through the neglect of their parents. By implication the “other kind of girl” criticizes the moral standard of rural communities and many of our respected institutions such as hospitals, charity organizations, department stores, reformatories, jails, and—churches.

B. W. HUEBSCH, Publisher, 225 Fifth avenue, New York

The Most Powerful Book Of Short Stories

GRAPHICS

These fifteen tales by Harris Merton Lyon are done by a man of rare genius—a man whose work you the public must know if you are interested in short-story masterpieces. No consideration of present day American literature is complete without an inclusion of Lyon’s masterful studies of our life. GRAPHICS ranks shoulder to shoulder with the shorter work of Hauptmann, Sudermann, Tchekov, de Maupassant. The unforgettable “Sooth Christmas” is known to Socialists the world over.

Published by William Marion Reedy, St. Louis, Mo.

TWO NEW LOWRY BOOKS

"HERSELF." By Dr. E. B. Lowry on sexual hygiene contains full and precise and straightforward as well as trustworthy information on every question of importance to women concerning the physical nature. Send $1.10.

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Offered by Forbes & Co. through

THE MASSES BOOK STORE
142 W. 23rd St., New York

SAY—

If I could sit down for a half-hour with you this evening with this book in my hand we would surely laugh and perhaps weep a bit—but we would have had time.

The spirits of the Spoon River villagers come back and tell us the truth about themselves and others—such humorous, pathetic, tragic and human truth that we must needs laugh and weep.

Deacon Taylor really didn’t die of eating watermelon—bombe from Trainor’s drug store killed him.

Poor Doc Hill! His wife hated him and Em Stanton was the real mourner at his bier.

“Bless of every soldier is a woman,” sighs Lydia Puckett.

Doctor Meyers tried to help out the poetess Minerva when she came crying—She died. The doctor died in disgrace and his wife of a broken heart.

Every bit of spirit doubts him. But Minerva’s spirit tells the truth.

Mrs. Williams, the milliner says: “The stealers of husbands— Weiss, powder and trinkets, and fashionable hats. Wives, wear them yourself.”

“Take note, ye prudent and pious souls,” that Chase Henry, town drunkard, lies in a grave close to banker Nicholas and his wife Priscilla.

Did Rev. Feet or Editor Whodon contribute to the public treasury? Well, every time Judge Arnett fined Daisy Franz, the ten dollars and costs went into the school fund.

Rev. Sibley lied, both to himself and his bosses—There’s a bitter story, for you.

“All, all, are sleeping on the hill.”

SAY—

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Just send $1.25 for

SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY

By Edgar Lee Masters

“A COMEDIE HUMAINE”

The hit of the season—

Send to

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The Story of the Masses, by Theodore Dreiser. A novel of monumental proportions not to be briefly discussed now and here. $1.60, postpaid.

The Freelands, by John Galsworthy. Send $1.45. A romance of young love, intertwined with and to some extent depending upon social and economic problems.

Pale First—Francis Perry Elliott. "It is not often nowadays that a writer can completely fool his reader as to the outcome of his story, but that palm at least belongs to Francis P. Elliott."—Pioneer Press (St. Paul). $1.30 net. Harper & Brothers.

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God's Man, by George Bronson-Howard. One of the few works of fiction that deserves to be called a novel, in the sense of the word when we speak of Dickens, for instance. Scans, New York and Long Island time, present day; purpose, to show through the lives of three men the social injustice of modern civilization. Powerful, dramatic, absorbing, original in both substance and style. Thirty-five speaking characters live in its four hundred and seventy-five pages and tell to our every emotion. Price, $1.40 net. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Invisible Might, by Robert Bowman. Send $1.20 postpaid. A graphic picture of Russian life.

The Signal and Other Stories, by W. M. Garshin. $1.45, postpaid. Seventeen short stories translated from the Russian.

Sanina, by Artzibashel, the sensational Russian novel now obtainable in English. $1.35 net. B. W. Huebner.

An Anarchist Woman, by H. Hapgood. This extraordinary novel points out the nature, the power, and also the defects, of the social rebel. Published at $1.45 net; our price, 60c., postage paid.

The Star Rover, by Jack London. Daring in theme and vivid in execution, one of the most original novels Jack London has written. A California professor, condemned to death, spends his last hours writing a MSS, which is at once a protest against capital punishment and a speculation on the adventures of the soul in various personalities and times throughout the ages. Send $1.50.

The Rat-Pit, by Patrick MacGill. A novel which voices the life and struggle of inarticulate unskilled labor. Has the gift of the evil imagination and sympathy. A new genre in contemporary fiction. Send $1.25.


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Songs of Labor. Translated from the great Jewish poet, Morris Rosenfeld, by Rose Pastor Stokes. Suitable for gift. Send 75 cents.

Child of the Amazonas, and other Poems by Max Eastman. "Mr. Eastman has the ringing line."—Vida D. Scudder. "A poet of beautiful form and feeling."—Wm. Marion Reade. $1.00 net.

The Poet in the Desert, by Charles Eakins Smith. A collection of rebet poems from the Great American Desert, dealing with Nature, Life and all phases of Revolutionary Thought. Octavo gray boards, Price, $1.00. For sale in New York, Brentano's; The Masses Book Store, 142 W. 23rd St., Mother Earth, 20 East 125th St., in Chicago, Walter Hill, Marshall Field Building, 5th Avenue at 32nd Street, New York City, The White House, New Beginnings. (Continued on page 21)
THE PAST AND THE FUTURIST

"That's the way with you people, you're always copying."
"Well, at least we're not copying you."
THE PAST AND THE FUTURIST

“That's the way with you people, you're always copying.”

“Well, at least we're not copying you.”
Frank Bohn

THE RELIGION OF GERMANY

I n the private office of the secretary of the Y. M. C. A., at Dresden, a copy of the well-known picture of the boy Jesus at twelve years of age, measured three inches square. Above it, in purple and gold and white and red, filling a frame two and a half feet square, was the full figure of Kaiser Wilhelm der Zweite.

"Yes," said the secretary, "war has done much for the spiritual life of the German people. In the four centuries since the German Reformation the Catholics and Protestants of Germany have not been so close together. At the front we attend each other’s services. We distribute each other’s tracts. War has brought about spiritual unity in Germany."

On the train from Leipsic to Dresden, a kindly, intellectual gentleman, the postmaster of Weimar, had permitted himself to become considerably wrung up in our conversation. "You shall see," he said to me, in a tone of voice which caused his wife to call him to order, "You shall see! Your Roosevelt will never again be received by the German Emperor as he was before. Just let him try to call on the Emperor again. He will be greatly disappointed. Next year you may keep your Christmas gifts, we don’t want them. I wish we might collect those of last year and send them back to you. The idea! To send us a shipload of Christmas gifts for the children and then follow it with hundreds of shiploads of ammunition for our enemies to kill us with!"

But when the train drew into Dresden the old gentleman’s heart relented. "Have you a place to stay in Dresden?" he asked. "No," I replied.

"Then come with us. We are going to the ‘Christliche Hospice.’"

The “Christliche Hospice” turned out to be the Y. M. C. A. Hotel. Two blocks from the main railway station in Dresden, it was situated in a spacious, shady garden. There, as in many Y. M. C. A. hotels in the United States, one has excellent room and board for little more than half the regular price. I took a long walk in the great park of Dresden and then spent the evening at the Y. M. C. A.

Now, the strangest thing about the human race, as most everyone finds out, sooner or later, is that the different sections of the species are so much alike. The Y. M. C. A. at Dresden was exactly like the Y. M. C. A. at Boston, or Indianapolis, ought to be, although I have never been in the latter places and cannot say for sure. The young man who showed me about the Dresden Y. M. C. A. during the evening was the same good, kind, harmless soul who is on hand at the Y. M. C. A. every evening the world over. He was lately from the country and wore a celluloid collar. It was perfectly evident that from the day of his birth he had not committed one evil deed or permitted an impure thought to enter his mind. The father of the Y. M. C. A., whom I met later, was a Landwehr Captain. He welcomed me with his whole soul. Would I do them the honor of seeing all they had, staying as long as I possibly could, and carrying off all I wished when I left? . . . I visited the library, the cafe, the small and the large room for prayers, the boys’ playrooms, and so on and so forth. When I got to the gymnasium in the basement it was quite late. A hundred boys were being drilled a Feldwebel (First Sergeant). "Why were these boys being drilled?" I asked the virtuous young man. "They are being prepared for service, in case Germany is invaded," he said. I went to my room and to bed and tried to go to sleep.

The open window of the gymnasium was just below my open window. I heard the stentorian tones of the drill sergeant as he gave his orders. A German major, while commanding his battalion, may give evidence of some note of personality. But the voice of a Feldwebel has a measured sound, like the noise of a strong man driving spikes with a sixteen pound hammer. He told the boys that their first duty was to obey, absolutely, that that was the one law of life for them. If he told them to sit on the floor, they must sit on the floor. If he told them to stand on their heads, their position must be instantly reversed. This was no boy scout company drilling. The boys were kept at it, hour after hour. The voice of the drill sergeant grew louder and louder. The commands suggested to me the deep-mouthed bark of a big dog. I sat up in bed and thought about it all. Everything now happening in Europe seemed plain to me at that moment, although I have forgotten the conclusions I then came upon.

Later in the evening some further entertainment developed. A men’s choir assembled in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium for a practice hour. It was evident that the choir had lately lost many of its members and was breaking in recruits. Nevertheless they did very well. They sang the wonderful songs of home and country which are the heart and soul of German music, and of which there are twenty in German for every one in English. There was tremendous power in the singing, and the love of loyal hearts, and infinite hope. Their music was a part of the national defense, as much as the Krupp guns and the Zeppelin Corps.

As dreams came “to mix themselves with my thoughts and thoughts ran on to dreams,” the last mundane psychic state that I recall was a compari...
The Red Cross Lie

THERE are lies that one has the will to accept. Usually these are of the genre of love-lies, or lies that wear the mask of pity.

The most unworthy of these and the one gaining the widest acceptance is the lie that Red Cross organizations are humane and peaceful. Let the truth be said forthright: Red Cross organizations are part of the system of war; a part of the business or organizing killing and of maintaining the killing organizations in a higher state of efficiency, of increasing their power and lengthening their lives. A Red Cross body that has rescued 100 men broken on the battlefield, cleansed their bodies, healed their wounds, restored their health and revived their spirits, and returned them to the killing zones to continue their work of death, has recruited 100 soldiers for the war makers.

Moreover, it has recruited too soldiers by the help of the pacifist and by the leave of our most humane feelings.

On the credulity of succoring the wounded and rescuing the fallen the Red Cross has enlisted the prayer of the peaceful in its partnership with murder and used the power of the neutral to sharpen the swords of the combatants, and while it feeds its restored soldiers to every battle line it admits it has not an enemy in all the world. Publicity and his hoary friend Time had torn from War's brow the halo of his glory, when came this new lie. It was a lie from birth. It did not ask us for our faith and substance to keep the warrior's standard flying in the winds of passion. No—we were done with that. But it said—Of your charity, kind friends, in the name of Christ, give to stop the wounds of your brothers.

And those multitudes on whom the plea of red glory could have no claim, those multitudes who were wrung in anguish and smitten in pity, gave—to the demonstrable result that their brothers have suffered more grievous wounds.

Feeling their pity and surmising their anguish and their sickness of heart, I am constrained to shout to them across the world—"The Red Cross is war's reddest lie."

And to whisper to myself—"But, alas, a most credible lie."

E. McK.

Press Pearl

"Benjamin E. Davis will be hanged shortly after daylight this morning. . . . Dr. William L. Smith, jail physician, visited him and said his condition had improved and that he could see no reason why he should not be hanged, from a standpoint of health."—Baltimore Sun.
Little Submarines

"EVENTS which have passed since December 1, thanks to the Almighty..." thus begins the Sultan’s speech from the throne. With the Kaiser and the Sultan hokumming with the Almighty, it must be hard for poor old Roosevelt to put up with Etelskiel.

ALL we are asked by the Flattsburg dynasty to believe is that the last billion dollars was wasted, but the next will buy a fine job lot of national honor.

AT LEAST it is a relief to know that our new army and navy are to be founded upon solid European precedents. They are to be used only for defense.

THE opening of the New York grand opera season was a brilliant success owing to the presence of many New Haven directors who were in town attending the autumn prosecutions. The papers express relief because Broadway did not fall into the subway that night and mix the upper and lower classes.

ANYONE who found a boom floating around after the sinking of the New York Constitution is requested to return it to its owner, Elisha Root. It has only a sentimental value. Advt.

CONGRESSMAN MANN’S solemn warning that the Republican Party "cannot win with a two-spot" was followed, for some reason, by the withdrawal of Governor Willis of Ohio.

THE Republican position on the Philippine question is now clear. The administration of the islands by the Democrats has been so bad that it proves the natives incapable of self-government.

A RECENT meeting of 5,000 in the tabernacle at Syracuse was berated by Billy Sunday, because the collection amounted to only $75,38. Still, that’s more than they collected from the same number at the Sermon on the Mount.

YOU never can tell. Just when Britain’s military situation looked the darkest, it won a brilliant victory over the London Globe.

ALTHOUGH the Interstate Commerce Commission had just ruled that students are not livestock, a member of the Georgetown football team was put out of the game for biting. Now we’ve got to have a new rule: civilians are requested not to bite the army.

THE New York Times speaks of "the half-baked theories that prevail in most of the suffrage states." Are the western states hungering for the theories that father used to bake?

IT is a pleasure to learn that the postmaster who was suspended for criticizing the President’s engagement has been reinstated. A man’s fitness to handle mail should be judged solely by his attitude toward the tariff and Andrew Jackson.

JAPAN is sending ammunition to Russia. How times change! In the last big war, the Russians had to call for it personally.

"GERMANY shuts off meat two days a week." Every day'll be Friday bye and bye.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

God and the Military

IT is a pity nobody can start an army without dragging God into the business. God has not figured in American politics for some months, but no sooner does the President desert himself and every courageous word he has spoken out of his own heart, military, than he goes and drags up a Divine Providence to help him sin.

"We are a God-fearing people. We agree to differ about methods of worship, but we are united in believing in Divine Providence, and in worshipping the God of Nations." This is a plea for preparedness.

What nonsense!

If we fear God, why do we arm against men? And if we believe in Divine Providence, why do we arm at all?

The one really hopeful thing about our getting ready with our guns is that it shows we do not fear God, and we do not believe in Divine Providence. We have that much sense.

Now, if we could only fear ourselves and believe in our principles, we would get ready with something better than guns. We would get ready with every kind of international apprachement that we can think of. We would bind these States of America together so close that they couldn’t fight, and then we would tackle Asia and Europe. It is a long, steep, hazardous, temedious task ahead of us—to abolish nationalism. And that “God of Nations” will never help us. But it is the only thing that will ever unburden the blood of the world from the vampire of international war.
ADAM AND EVE: HER FIRST MISTAKE
The Industrial Committee

The Commission on Industrial Relations had a militant statesmanship which made some people glad and others sorry that its existence would soon come to an end. Its official existence has now ended, but every fighting lover of liberty will be glad to know that it is to continue its work, unofficially, as a "Committee on Industrial Relations." It has been reorganized; the representatives of the employers (who refused to sign the Commission's report) will not be members, nor will that academic and "disinterested" person, Professor Commons, who joined with Mrs. Harriman in a minority report which outlined a method for the scientific and bureaucratic enslavement of the workers, by way of replacing the crude methods of exploitation now in vogue. Others have been added to the committee: Frederic C. Howe, Amos Pinchot, Helen Marot, Bishop Williams of Detroit, Dante Barton, former editor of the Kansas City Post. Basil M. Manly, who wrote the Commission's report, will be the executive secretary of the committee.

With this personnel, the Industrial Committee will continue the work so auspiciously begun by its public hearings and its official report. This report is the most remarkable official document ever published in this country. If you have only read about it, you have missed something. In clear and illuminating words it shows how the employing class in America has overthrow democracy, abolished justice and created poverty. It finds the chief hope of establishing freedom and a general well-being, in the strengthening of the working-class organizations which are engaged in fighting the employing class. Imbued with a distinctly American idealism, it faces candidly and courageously the necessity of extreme changes in our laws and institutions. It is not a document which can fairly be tagged by even the most orthodox Socialist as "reformism." It is the beginning of an indigenous American revolutionary movement.

The Committee will find its work and do it. But we believe this work will be best accomplished if it does not hope for too much from our legislative machinery, and does not spend its energy in lobbying for new laws. Its best function will be, as it has been so far, publicity. In a nation where, for various reasons, the newspapers distort and suppress the facts about our industrial conditions, the Committee can do better work than bringing the truth before the nation. It can do with regard to each particular strike as it occurs what it has done for the industrial situation as a whole in its Report, and what it has done, after a lapse of time, for the Colorado strike.

The Committee has an opportunity to become a permanent bureau of publicity for the American revolt that is being waged silently and desperately, in many places, that revolt of which we learn through the newspapers next to nothing. In the practical death of a free press, the Committee can tell us what is going on, event if it has to send out the news on a postal card. And since Silence and Misrepresentation are the greatest indirect aids of our industrial tyranny in maintaining itself, we shall have in this Committee a Public Servant of first-rate revolutionary importance. There still remains the struggle, but for the first time in our history we shall be enabled to see the issues clearly, and have a chance to help, but not hinder, those who are fighting the obscure battles of American freedom.

THE NEUTRAL

Hated by all for her hypocrisy,
Made sleek with gain, the Neutral Ally stands,
Heap ing the profits up with eager hands,
Protesting loud her dread neutrality
That turns the death of men into a fee—
A marvel and a hissing to all lands!....
Woe to her, if the Kaiser's ruthless bands,
Or the World's Bully, turn the victory!

Faithful to none, and faithless unto all,
And waxing fat on hatred, woe, and war;
The clash of counted gold, her bugle call—
A shell marked U. S. A. her only star—
What will she do when other bugles sound
And tramp of angry armies shake the ground?

HARRY KEMP.
"BUSINESS AS USUAL"
THE ORIGINALS

JOE

[Joseph O'Brien died October 27th, 1915]

It's strange without you. I do not like it.

I want to see you coming down the street in the gay woolly stockings and that bright green sweater.

I want you to open the door of my house and brightly call "Hello!"

We used to rage about the way you kept us waiting—

Honest now, were you ever on time anywhere?

But I'd wait—oh, I can't say how long I wouldn't wait if there was any chance of your finally swinging along and charming away my esperation.

That was a mean advantage—

Letting us wait and then spoiling our grievance with a smile.

I want to sit over a drink with you and talk about the I.W.W. and the damned magazines and the Germans; I want to argue with you about building book shelves and planting bulbs.

I want awfully to tell you a joke I heard yesterday.

And now that you are gone I want intensely to find you.

What were you, Joe? I don't think any of us really know.

Many are talking about your warmth, but there was something diamond hard in you.

Something unyielding and inexorable to all not you.

Many are talking about your gayety; none of them loved it more than I did.

But I want now to know about those reservations; I want to know the you that brooded and lived alone.

They say you were so sunny; but ah, you were so subtle.

Much I do not know, but this I know—

You saw things straight; nobody put it over very hard on you.

The thing in you that thought was like a knife blade, Muddling and messing made you sick.

Your scorn put the crimp in a lot of twaddle that goes on among our kind of folks—

How I'd like to hear you cuss some of them out again!

Graceful levity—fiery dissatisfactions. Debonaire and passionate.

Much I do not know and never shall, but this I know:

I feel the sway of beauty when I think of you.

A fresh breeze; a shining point; Pure warmth; pure hardness. Much given and something withheld;

A jest—a caress—an outrageous little song. A gift. A halt in speech—a keen, grave look of understanding. Undependable and yet deeply there:

Vivid and unforgettable.

Is that at all you? Would you laugh if you saw this?

Well, laugh, but I say, again.

Unforgettable.

Strong clear violet; the flash of steel;
The life of the party—a tree way off by itself.

Oh, what's the use? I can't.

I only know my throat's all tight with the longing to have you open the door of my house and brightly call "Hello!"

— SUSAN GLASPELL

Protection

"Helpless Albanians, we will protect your property," say the Italians, as they seize Avlona, and take all the provisions so that people starve in the mountains.

"Helpless Albanians, we will protect your neutrality," say the Serbians, as they make a devastating drive through Albanian territory to reach the Austrians.

"Helpless Albanians, we will protect your civilization," say the Montenegrins, as they commit pillage, rape and murder under the protection of stronger races.

"Helpless Albanians, we will protect your lives," say the Greeks, as they seize Kortsche, and turn loose a fanatic soldiery upon unarmed Mohammedan peasants.

"Helpless Albanians, we will protect your sepulchers from desecration, when you have been exterminated," say England and Russia, the protectors of small nationalities.

"The Inwardness of Events"

Last summer a group of corporation lawyers headed by Elihu Root, together with the political machines, prepared a constitution for the benefit of the State of New York. On election day the people of the State rejected this corporation-made document by one of the most crushing majorities in American history.

Thus was ended an effort to reduce American State government to a form closely resembling the centralized bureaucracies of the Kaiser and the Czar.

The older stories of New York acknowledged their defeat—including even the "intellectual" and academic stories of the Evening Post and the City Club. Not so with our younger "intellectuals" of the New Republic. Far from accepting the spanking the people had administered them, they came back with the following:

"Probably the most progressive state constitution which has been offered to the American people."

The defeat of the constitution was due largely to the political machines of both parties.

The voters were "jeopardizing the future prosperity and even the future safety of democracy itself."

"The people don't know what they want to vote for so they vote according to their interests. . . ."

But the New Republic felt the popular rebuke keenly. A great crisis was at hand. And nothing less than a brand new sociology would do for the occasion.

Hence:

The deplorable result was not due to any conflict of interests between corporations and people. Oh, no! It was due to a merely intellectual difference of opinion and ideas between insiders and outsiders:

"The insiders with their minds open to the problem of administration and their minds closed to the feelings and needs of the ordinary voter; the outsiders blind to the importance of a powerful executive, but emotionally true in their judgment of the kind of men who have been their executives." Just a slight slip of the pen and Mr. Lippman would have stated the whole truth, namely, that the people's judgment of their executives is correct, as well as "emotionally true." (What insufferable condescension in that expression!)

And what is the conclusion of this new political science? The outsiders (the people) must compromise with the insiders. Why? Because the insiders are on the inside and they alone know and understand what is going on.

The insider is "in on the illuminating chatter of events." To the outsider "the inwardness of events is a closed book."

Are you in on the inwardness of events? If not keep out. The illuminating chatter of events—and the control of the earth—is not for outsiders.

W. E. W.
MILLIONS FOR "DEFENCE"
WHEN a healthy nervous system has an idea put in at the top, some sort of action results in the lower parts. I try to keep nine healthy when I sit still and read, by having a pencil in my hand and jotting down swear words along the margins of my book. But that is hardly satisfying, and I often think how undignified those expletives must look to anyone who reads a book after me. Perhaps if I precipitate these margins, and set them out in a form that can be understood—at least by the authors of the books—it will be still better for my nerves.

At last Dewey has got out a book[1] about schools that can be passed around. You won’t have to go to see him, to find out what his theory of education is. But he didn’t write the book. Evelyn Dewey wrote it. I think he wrote Chapter I, and the criticism of Montessori. Evelyn wrote the rest very well.

A little indistinct and repetitious as a book by two authors always is.

With what characteristic gentleness and appreciation he lays Madame Montessori back on the shelf!

With what characteristic self-forgetfulness he attributes the whole theory of the “School of To-morrow” to Plato and Rousseau, and the whole practice to various teachers just born the last year or two, when he himself started a “School of To-morrow” in Chicago fifteen years ago!

But Dewey can’t kill his reputation. It crops up somewhere else every time.

Evelyn says that Mrs. Johnson of the Fairhope School in Alabama, doesn’t make children learn to read until they spontaneously want to. “We must wait for the desire of the child, for the consciousness of need,” says Mrs. Johnson; “then we must promptly supply the means to satisfy the child’s desire.” The desire generally appears at eight or nine years, but Mrs. Johnson even “goes so far as to prevent children from learning to read at too early an age.”

“I don’t know whether the joke is on Evelyn Dewey or Mrs. Johnson. But that kind of going far—so far you come around behind where you started, is the danger to every angel. And most of all to the highest of all—the evangel of letting people be themselves. I LIKE to praise Anna Walling’s book,[2] because both her authors and her heroine seem so foreign to me, having that intensity of sustained fervor of life in reality, that seems only for Russians and Jews. They burn with hot fire. Their being is self-justified. They live and are sources of life. I used to wonder if they ever sleep, for I could not imagine them sleeping. As for me, I loaf, and smolder, and dodge life, and tinker with trivialities, until at last some momentary conflux of stimulus and impulse creates me, and I do enter into those ecstatics and agonies that flesh was never made for, and lie limp and melancholy very soon after. I think I like to praise her book, because I want to assert that although I can not be these things, I can at least hate them.

It is a beautiful book, and not like any other—especially any other of this day and place. Exalted when all the rest are being sophistication; exalted without being exalted; exalted without falling down in any sentence.

A BOOK I picked up at The Poetry Bookshop in London, that is made out of reality by a real person, is “The Contemplative Quarry,” by Anna Wickham.[3] I call Anna Wickham mighty wise and sassy. I never got more fun and truth out of a little paper of poems.

She has about the same attitude to rhyme and meter that she has to “male and proper man.” Use him, and—well, love him (you can’t help it), but don’t be fooled.

“I have to thank God I’m a woman, For in these ordered days a woman only Is free to be very hungry, very lonely. . . .”

But “Meditation at Kew” is a poem that suggests what is in the book.

A LASM all the pretty women who marry dull men, Go into the suburbs, and never come out again, Who lose their pretty faces, and dim their pretty eyes, Because no one has skill or courage to organize.

What do these pretty women suffer when they marry? They bear a boy who is like Uncle Harry, A girl who is like Aunt Eliza and not new. These old dull races must breed true.

I would enclose a common in the sun, And let the young wives out to laugh and run; I would steal their dull clothes and go away, And leave the pretty naked things to play.

Then I would make a contract with hard Fate That they see all the men in the world and choose a mate, And I would summon all the pipers in the town That they dance with Love at a feast, and dance him down.

From the gay unions of choice We’d have a race of splendid beauty, and of thrilling voice.

The World whips frank gay love with rods, But frankly, gaily, shall we get the gods.

**The Contemplative Quarry, by Anna Wickham. London. The Poetry Bookshop. 6d net.**

RESERVED SMITH, of Vassar College, sends me this letter from the Journal of Psychology called "Luther’s Early Development in the Light of Psycho-Analysis." The heart of it is that Luther’s doctrines of the bondage of the will and salvation by faith, and his break with the church, were the result of unmanageable concupiscence and auto-erotic habits in a monk of neurotic temperament. Such the foundation of Protestantism!

Rather shocking to one piously reared in the economic interpretation of the Reformation.

YOU rarely read through a book by a professor. Because professors write one book for every thought, and you are more likely to find the thought if you don’t read too much of the book.

But Horace M. Kallen’s[4] book on Henri Bergson and William James is written with a brain that has blood as well as serum in it. I read it through.

To condense Bergson and James, heart and mind, into a small volume—and expound with illustrations a Freudian interpretation of the whole history of philosophy at the same time—is no professorial trick. That kind of thing would wreck the professorial business.

I like Bergson’s Absolute Reality better than any other Absolute Reality in the whole of philosophy, but I agree with James that there isn’t one anywhere outside of philosophy.

What a shearing and fire-tracing pen James had! Stars and the world!

Sometimes I feel almost superior, though, to James’ philosophic declarations. James merely thinks in philosophic.- which every sensible man thinks of, and brilliantly and passionately he declares that the universe is pluralistic.

"Whaddaye mean, pluralistic?"

"Why—why—there’s more than one thing in it!"

"God a’mighty, did you have to write a book about that?"

Could you, I ask myself, even supposing you had the genius, be brilliant and passionate about so obvious a thing? Well, you could if you had stayed long enough trying to live and breathe in the atmosphere of academic metaphysics. You would think that obvious thing needed saying terribly. We don’t yell for open windows when we are on the outside of the house. And we naturally think they look a little frastatic in there.

I feel that way sometimes about James. I told him once, after his lecture at Columbia defining the meaning of an idea as “its result in action,” that the meaning of that idea was to resign your chair of philosophy. He pretty well agreed.

But that is too true to be good.

After all, the sensible man is lucky rather than wise—he is free of metaphysical knowledge, but he is not immune. James offered the world immunity from that disease, forever. He died, as you might say, to save us. For his passing from science to philosophy was a kind of death.

Horace M. Kallen tries to do at the beginning of Chapter III what he can not do—write reality like James. I didn’t read that through.

Bergson—it seems to me—talks well to science. Science might learn from him to be more philosophic.

James talks to philosophy. Philosophy learns from him to be wise.

---

"A BALLAD"

The biggest man in creation
It was Joseph the Carpenter.
He was a carpenter and a farmer
And Mary was his wife.

When he came to visit, he was a carpenter
And Mary was his wife.

He was a carpenter, he was a farmer
And Mary was his wife.

President Wilson: "But I don't want them—there isn't any enemy to fight."
Morgan, Schwab & Co.: "You buy these guns and we'll get you an enemy!"
President Wilson: "But I don't want them—there isn't any enemy to fight."

Morgan, Schwab & Co.: "You buy these guns and we'll get you an enemy!"

"Wallstreet."
A BALLAD

THE Biggest man in creation?
It was Joseph the Nazarene.
Joe, the Yiddisher "carpenter stiff."
The husband o' Heaven's Queen!
Joe, that was smitten o' Mary,
Joe, that was game as grit—
When she came weepin' to 'is arms,
Needin' a father for it.

Joe was as right as the compass,
Joe was as square as the square.
He knew men's ways with women,
An' Mary was passin' fair!
Passin' pretty an' helpless.
She that he loved th' most,
God knows what he told th' neighbors,
But he knew it warn't no Ghost.

He tuk th' tale as she told it,
And never th' bat o' an eye.
E'en tho' 'is 'eart was breakin'
Under the load o' the lies—
Steady an' game an' tender,
When she needed a strong man's care,
An' then he saddled the ol' jackass,
An' took 'er away from there.

Took 'er away from th' neighbors,
That spoke o' th' fit o' 'er gown,
Took 'er away from th' gossip,
That made 'er th' talk o' the town,
Comforted, soothed and coddled,
Just as he might ha' done,
If it that was heavy within 'er
Was Joseph's, the Carpenter's son.

Joe, he was silent an' tender,
Joe, he was game as grit,
But I'll bet when he walked by Mary,
To have been the father of it,
He'd a give all 'is 'opes o' heaven,
He'd a shot like a bat into 'ell,
The minute he knew for certain
That mother and child was well.

Patience surpassin' th' mountains,
Kindness shamin' the rain,
When th' sickness came upon her,
An' she cursed 'im in 'er pain;
So he came to the manger,
With Mary makin' 'er moan,
An' 'e 'eld 'er 'and while she labored
With a child than wan't 'is own:

He looked at th' brat in pity,
An' 'e held it up to 'is breast,
That ached with an awful feeling
That Mary never guessed.
And 'im an' th' brat they 'it it.
(Can't yer see 'im standin' there in th' shop lookin' at th' brat like 'is eyes o'd eat 'im up? Can't yer see th' tenderness when 'e'd show 'im th' 'ow o' th' 'omer an' saw? Can't yer see 'im ust lookin' at 'im, and lookin' at 'im, an' a-goin' over an' purrin' 'is arms around 'im an' sayin' to 'imself underneath 'is breath: "Yer mine, God dam it, yer mine anyway!" An' can't yer see 'eart brat, lookin' up, an' sayin', "Daddy"? Yes, 'im an' th' brat, they 'it it.)
An' after th' years had run,
Folks tho' no more o' th' gossip,
But called 'im the Carpenter's Son.

"Williams."
BURLESQUERIE: By Floyd Dell

With Illustrations by H. J. Glintenkamp and Stuart Davis

REFINED BURLESQUE!" Undaunted by the adjective, crowds were hurrying in—sailors, dock- hands, toughs, young men wearing the latest Arrow collar, and staid citizens of Hoboken, sometimes accompanied by their wives. The unswept streets of Hoboken were being scoured by cold and inefficient wind which picked up the litter of dust, straw and paper and flung it into people's eyes and mouths, giving them a taste of the city. Over a low-lying brick building the rigging of a ship rose in confused detail against a cloudy sky. Against all this shone the arc-lighted promise of the theater entrance.

In the front row, in an aisle seat, was a white-haired man at least two hundred years old; he had occupied that aisle seat once every week for so long a time that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Midway of the parquet floor sat a placid matron of fifty beside her complacent husband; their views on all subjects coincided exactly with those of Dr. Parkhurst; they were solid blocks in the fabric of our American civilization. About them was a dark grey mass of padded masculine shoulders, in which, here and there, girls in twos and threes made spots of color. Above, the balcony buzzed and the peanut gallery filled suddenly like the breaking of a dam. An orchestra of seven—the same seven who had played here since the theater was built—filed in. A bush, not of eagerness but of religious certainty, fell upon the theater. In fifteen hundred souls there was the calm which comes of absolute confidence in that which they are about to receive.

No one had come there in quest of novelty, any more than one goes to confession for that purpose. They came for the familiar and satisfying benediction of burlesque. The old rites have changed a little since the time of our fathers, but the heart of the mystery is still there. The piece pretends, after the new fashion, to be a musical comedy. But the tunes are those invented by Jubal, the father of those that play on the harp and the organs,—revised a little, a very little, year by year; the first chord awakens ancestral memories. There is a trace of plot on the program, and the name of an author, just as if it were something new! but no one is deceived. To put all doubts at rest, and to betray the fact that this production is simply the 10,000,000,000,000th performance of the dream-play imagined by Adam (after a hard day's labor pulling eucalyptus stumps in the wilderness to the westward of Eden), it is entitled "The Jolly Girls."

The immemorial orchestra plays its immemorial tunes, the sons of Adam lean a little forward with a beatific light on their faces, the curtain rises, and the dream begins. The stage is filled with beauty, in the form of four dozen female legs, while in the right wings waits Laughter, in the shape of a little man with a putty nose. The legs burst upon the scene in a blaze of light and sound, a kaleidoscope of calf and ankle, a whirl of soft pink feminine contours, a paradisiacal vision of essential Girl: the whole theater breathes forth a sigh of happiness, and the sons of Adam lean back in the seats, contented. The promise is fulfilled. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden . . ."

The legs, encased in pink tights, move forward and back, up and down; forward and back, up and down. Somewhere above them are lungs and larynaxes that pour forth a volume of sound, in time to the hypnotic throb of the music. Gradually, in the melée, arms become visible, and vaguely connecting the arms and legs, pieces of colored cloth that finally become definite as golden tunics, green sashes, scarlet bodices. Moreover, they have faces, but they are not real faces of weariness or anger to disturb the illusion—they are masks, painted to express an impersonal and uniform pleasure in the exhibition of their officers. Pink cheeks, bistrèd eyelashed depths that emit glances at the corners, carmined lips set in an imperishable smile—these are the perfect and sufficient symbols of a joy that never was on sea or land. But faces, after all, belong to another world, the world of reality; if one looks at them too long, one sees them, and the dream vanishes; they are extinguished presently by a row of flying legs, the stage becomes a chaos of feminine extremities, the music rises to a climax and stops as the chorus leaves the stage. Enter the little man with the putty nose.

He speaks to somebody—in a rapid, monotonous, unintelligible voice; it does not matter, he is telling what the plot of the piece is. His real function is revealed a minute later when two tramps, a tall one and a short one, enter and the tall one hits him over the head with a stick. The victim falls on his putty nose. The house rocks with laughter, and the gallery storms applause.

The cares of the day, the harsh realities of life, fade away when in the golden land of never-never a tall man enters with his short companion and hits the third man over the head with a stick. Nations may rise and fall, and Dean Swift or Bernard Shaw may force to our lips a painful smile with his comments on our folly, but the true inebriation of laughter comes at the spectacle of a man hit over the head with a slapping stick.

What secret wish is gratified when we see man who was created in the image of God falling bump on his nose? Irresistibly, by a profound impulse, we laugh. In the course of the evening, the small man is hit over the head fifty-seven hundred times; he rises but to fall again, more hopelessly than ever. He is kicked in the nose, in the ear, in front and behind. His nose is pulled into an infinite variety of shapes, being made to resemble every object under heaven from a telephone wire to a turnip. He submits meekly. Upon him the desire of the whole audience to see mankind made ridiculous is visited and revisited time without number.

Genially, casually, the tall man kicks him in the face whenever he notices him. The tall man has taken

Drawn by Stuart Davis.
In and out between these episodes floats the chorus, shaking its immortal legs. The legs and their owners classily themselves into three ranks or hierarchies of fleshly charm; in front the "little ones," the "ponies," in the next row the "mediums," and last and most sumptuous the "big ones," the "show girls." The "big ones" are the pièce de résistance. No frills, no sauces, but a satisfying superabundance. All that the hungry eye desires is bodied forth in these vast and shapely statues of feminine flesh, tipping the scale at not less than two hundred pounds. Two hundred pounds of arm and leg, bust and buttock; here is riches here is Golconda: two hundred pounds of female meat! A thousand hungry eyes feast rapturously on the sight.

But this is not the ultimate magic of burlesque.

A storm of applause, and a young women enters on one toe, kicking the zenith with the other. A young woman? A pinwheel, a skyrocket, a slender feminine firework! Feminine? Not with the obvious allurements of her sex. Her figure is like that of a boy; boyish is the mischievous face that sparkles behind the tangle of her short curls. She is like a sword blade in a poppy-field. Her soul is adventurous, like her legs; she kicks open the zenith with her boisterous boyish laugh. She defies the code of the dream-world in which women burn with the ready fires of miscellaneous invitation; she is remote, un Leslie, bewitchingly unsexed, cold as the fire-balls that dance in the Arctic rigging. She mocks at desire as she mocks at the law of gravitation; she is beyond sex. Nor is she mere muscle and grace. She has, in shining contrast to this inpersonal world of sex, a hint of personality, a will of her own, and existence independent of the wishes of the audience. She smiles scornfully, indifferently, mischievously—and triumphs. This touch of reality heightens the illusion.

The dream goes on.

The music pounds itself with endless repetition through the senses into the soul. The rhythm of legs becomes the rhythm of the universe. The audience are absolutely at one with each other and with the genius of the slapstick, who talks to them familiarly, as his friends. Cries and handclaps of applause mingle with the rhythm. The heart of the little theater bears gigan tically, joyously, ecstatically, the unison. The play rises to its climax. To the tune of "Yankee Doodle" the young firework appears, turning hand Springs, an American flag on the seat of her pants. Walking on her ear, she crosses the stage, waving the flag in the faces of the audience. The audience applauds in patriotic frenzy. They would die for that flag.

The curtain falls, rises a foot from the floor, and discloses a row of legs—legs—legs, twinkling across behind the footlights. Into those legs are concentrated an infinite magic. . . . But it is time to go home. It is time to re-enter the world of reality—Another leg appears, the eloquent left leg of the tall comedian, clothed round with heavy winter drawers and clasped by a Boston garter. It says: "After all, my friends, a leg is only a leg! Look at this and know the truth." The spell is broken. With a last laugh the audience files out, into the gusty, dusty, cold, harsh street of life.

Snapshot

"I WAS married once."

Joe grinned, sunburn and all. I laughed incredulously: was not the occasion Joe's twenty-second birthday party?

"Sure thing! It was back East, wh... I was a marine. She was seventeen and I was nineteen."

"But you're not married now."

"Oh, no, I got my divorce a year ago. I lived with her two and a half months altogether. She was a hello girl at Central; that's how I met her. I was waiting for a number and I started to sing. You know that song—For when I walk, I always walk with Billy. When I got through she says, 'Great! Try it again! I got to kidding her, and finally I says, 'I'm coming up to take you home.' One thing led to another, and we was married.—It was a case of another man. I wouldn't a minded so much if she'd confessed, but she wouldn't, so I got my divorce." Joe lighted a reflective cigarette, and hitched up one sleeve of his bathing-suit.

"After the evidence I give at the trial, her father kicked her out of the house," he added, inconsequentially.

"Where is she now, Joe?" I asked.

"Don't know and don't care."

He cast a casual eye toward the setting sun, and yawned. "When's that man coming back with the beer?" he queried. "The last I heard, she was on the town."

Miriam Allen DeFord.
THE MASSES

In and out between these episodes floats the chorus, shaking its immortal legs. The legs and their owners classify themselves into three ranks or hierarchies of fleshy charm; in front the “little ones,” the “ponies,” in the next row the “mediums,” and last and most sumptuous the “big ones,” the “show girls.” The “big ones” are the pièce de résistance. No frills, no sauces, but a satisfying superabundance. All that the hungry eye desires is bodied forth in these vast and shapely statues of feminine flesh, tipping the scale at not less than two hundred pounds. Two hundred pounds of arm and leg, bust and buttock; here is riches, here is Golconda; two hundred pounds of female meat! A thousand hungry eyes feast rapturously on the sight.

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Drawn by H. J. Glittenkamp.
The Nature of Woman

If the value of a book is in its power to release those who read it from the tyranny of old ideas, then the three books I am going to mention in this column are among the most valuable books I have ever read. If I had a shelf devoted to the literature of intellectual emancipation, I should put these books alongside of Haeckel, Stirner, Havelock Ellis and Bernard Shaw.

Let me confess, although I am a feminist, and believe in the high destiny of women, I have never been able to disregard the historical fact that men and women have not in general been the inventors, discoverers, poets, artists, in short the creative geniuses of the world—I have not been able to regard this as an accident, due to environment and education. I have believed that there was an inherent difference—though I do not believe that not merely the practical genius but the creative genius of woman would add new splendors to the future achievement of mankind. I was restrained by the weight of pseudo-scientific authority. I have been freed from that obsession.

The third book, also by Leta Stetter Hollingworth, is entitled "Functional Periodicity: An Experimental Study of the Mental and Motor Abilities of Women During Mestruation." We know how the "reverberations of her physiological emergencies" has been adduced by a noted British surgeon as a reason why women should not be allowed to vote. That was going a little too far. But it is an extreme type of the superstitious prejudice which this book aims to destroy.

Here is a fairer example, and it is from Havelock Ellis:

"It is the outward manifestation of a monthly physiological cycle, which influences throughout the month the whole of woman's physical and psychic organism. Whatever organic activity we investigate with any precision, we find traces of this rhythm... Woman always lives on the upward or downward slope of a curve."

The general mental and sociological opinion is certainly that this period, which year by year occupies nearly the fourth part of woman's life, is a period of mental and physical incapacity.

Now this book is an account of the first scientific experiment on a large scale to determine the facts. Twenty-three women and two men were subjected for an hour a day every day for a period of several months to tests of muscular control, steadiness, speed and accuracy of perception, and fatigability. The subjects were of various ages from 23 to 45 years of age. The results are elaborately listed, analyzed, and a long red line is drawn up the result of this experiment to say that not only is it impossible to tell by the chart of any given case when the menstrual period is occurring, but it is impossible to tell whether a given chart is that of a man or a woman.

"Careful and exact measurement," as the experimenter puts it, "does not reveal a periodic mental or motor ineficiency in normal women." The reverberations of her physiological emergencies appear to be a product of the male imagination, stimulated by the tradition emanating from mystic and romantic novelists, that woman is a mysterious being, half hysterical, half angel.

To quote again: "From whatever source or sources the idea of woman's periodic irresponsibility may have arisen, it is certainly very widespread. Men of the most varied interests and professional equipment have written on the matter—historians, physicians, lawyers, philosophers, physiologists, novelists and educators." And all that they have written is, in the light of experimental science, not true.

THE POEMS—By Jean Starr Untermeyer

HIGH-TIDE

I edged back against the night,
The sea gawled assault on the wave-bitten shore.
And the breakers,
Like young and impatient hounds,
Sprang, with rough joy, on the shrinking sand.
Sprang—but were drawn back slowly,
Wrapped in a long, relentless pull,
Whispering, into the dark.

Then I saw who held them captive;
And I saw how they were bound
With a broad and quivering leash of light,
Held by the moon,
As, calm and unmusling.
She walked the deep fields of the sky.

THE ONE WISH

Oh that you could walk the world in a visible flame;
You could make the fire of my love
People would turn to you—thrice by this wonder;
But who would dare claim or touch you?
Men and women would draw back as you passed in your shining and terrible garment.

That fire would burn away the mists of Spring
And shed a great light over the hills.
Wrapped in that tender armor,
Shined by that valiant halo,
You would run the highroads of the world with a clear gaze—

A Teacher

It was late afternoon.
Wearily a yellow strand of sunlight
Fell through the blue net curtains,
Making greenish shadows on your face.
And over your heavy shoulders.
I watched you strain to sit straight
On the stiff chair by the piano's side,
While a heedless and hurrying girl
Stumbled over her scales,
And giggled out her excuses
With the gauche coquetry of fourteen.

I thought of your reaching aims,
And of how you were always giving
From your heart and brain;
Giving from the toil of years—
Giving yourself;
Of the many you urged to harder striving;
Of those who were eased and lifted—
And of those—like this thin-souled child—
For whom sacrifice was vain.

And when a patient smile lit up your face,
Warming your eyes, but deepening the rats of care,
I was reminded of lamplight in a well-loved room—
Lamplight that cheered, but whose drooping beams
Revealed the shabbiness of near-by chairs,
And deepened the shadows.
A NEW WOMAN?—By Dorothy Weil

Mrs. Knox is my cleaning woman. For six years and more now she's been coming to me every Wednesday regular, and never missed a day. And there never was a woman like her to clean straight through from top to bottom.

Wednesday morning, three or four weeks ago, when I was expecting her as usual, she called me up.

"I can't come this morning, Miss' Bullock," she said.

"Why, what's the trouble, Mrs Knox? Are you sick?"

"She answered kind of slow, "I'm going to the hospital."

"To the hospital! Whatever is the matter with you?"

"It's—it's—well, it's another child comin'," she said, so slow I could just barely get it.

I almost let the telephone drop bang out of my hand.

"What?" I managed at last. "Why, how can it? Your husband—"

Her husband's a good-for-nothing that she's had to get away from; though she, being a Catholic, couldn't divorce him once for all.

"Oh, yes, my husband right enough," she came back, with a bitter tone in her voice. "I told you he'd been givin' me money this last year. Well, no man ain't givin' no woman money for nothin' in this world!"

"Why didn't you tell me about it sooner?" I asked.

"Why, you didn't seem to notice, ma'am, and somehow I couldn't bring myself to be a' tellin' of it. I'd it all fixed for someone else to call you up, if things hadn't been kind of sudden."

Well, what could I say? "Thers, there, Mrs. Knox, I hope it's all for the best," I said. And then I told her to send over one of the boys for some things I had around.

Of course Henry had to know about it. He talked about the "senseless follies of the working classes," which didn't have anything to do with it as far as I could see. I told him straight that Knox was her husband right enough, if he had been off like a vagabond for six years and more.

"See here, Henry Bullock," I said, "who're you and I, I'd like to know, that we should set up as the Lord Almighty to judge his creatures? I've an idea that we can't criticise a woman who slaves every day cleaning people's houses and every night scrubbing out office buildings, to feed her family. It appears to me that most anything she does after that deserves forgiveness even if it were a lot worse than hearing her own husband's children."

Well, I had to have a new cleaning woman. That was how Jennie Brill came to me. A pleasant young thing, but frail and consumptive looking. She couldn't come up to Mrs. Knox, but she was awfully willing. She seemed just terribly anxious to please me.

The second week she had just get in and was drinking some hot coffee to warm her, when in cameMrs. Knox, ready to go to work again. I hadn't the heart to send either one of them off without her day's work in that kind of weather, so I told them I'd keep them both and clean down the attic. Jennie looked so grateful, I was glad I thought of it. But they'd been working less than two hours when Mrs. Knox came to me all hot and excited.

"Mrs. Bullock," she says, "you've got to get that critter out of here. I'm a respectable woman, Mrs. Bullock, and the honest mother of a family, and I'll not be working next a woman unmarried who has a child."

For a minute I just stared at her. "How—how do you know?" I asked.

"She told me herself!"—and Mrs. Knox was so triumphant that, Lord forgive me, I couldn't resist saying, "Well, what of it?"

The minute it was out, of course, I felt as wicked as had been, but wasn't going to be so on it for all that.

"Wait a minute till I call her down," I said, "and we'll see what she's got to say for herself."

When she came in, "Jennie," I said, "what's this Mrs. Knox is telling me?"

"Yes'm," says Jennie, looking from one of us to the other and trying to see how to take us.

"You have a baby?" I asked nervous.

Jennie's face crinkled up, loving,—you know how I mean, if you've ever watched a woman talking about her children. "Oh, yes'm, I've got him right enough, bless his heart. I just couldn't keep quiet about him any longer when Mrs. Knox here told me all about her new one."

"Why should you keep quiet?" broke in Mrs Knox cainly.

"I don't know. I can't say as I feel anything wrong. But everywhere, every job I get—as soon as they find out about the child, off I go. It appears like a woman trying to earn a living for her child ought to hold a job better than if she's only got herself to work for." Jennie's big eyes were all troubled-looking.

"Yes, but the father? You're not married," I couldn't help saying, and Jennie came back with my own words to Mrs. Knox.

"Well," she said, "what of it?"

It was the vengeance of the Lord upon me and I couldn't answer a word; but that didn't stop Mrs. Knox.

"What of it?" she cries, "What of it? If you haven't got no religion to keep you straight, Miss Jennie, you might consider us respectable women that has, and our children. It's only to keep my children from the likes of yours that I've put up with a drunken beast all these years. It's only for that I've slaved through the days and nights. I won't work side by side with your kind. I know you."

"Well," says Jennie, "my work's honest and I don't see as anything else matters. I'm willing as another to work for my child. I'm working myself to the grave for him as it is," she said, and she coughed, stirred up as she was with excitement.

"Yes, but Jennie," I said, "there are other things that matter. How could you have the child? How could you do it? You look like a good girl, Jennie—"

"How could I?" Jennie caught me up. "Well, I didn't do it for money from nobody, ma'am, whether he calls himself my husband or something else. I suppose you'll not think me so good, ma'am, but I did it because I wanted to. Well, look at me! It ain't folks like you in your comfort that can judge me. It's only the women that works day and night and year in and year out, and stands beatings and starvings and freezings like mine that might have a word to say. That was why it seemed to me just natural to be telling Mrs. Knox here. I thought she'd understand. But I guess—with a mean laugh—"if a woman's got the intellect to understand the Catholic religion she ain't got none left for ordinary things."

I broke in at that. "Jennie, don't you dare to say anything about anyone's religion. That's her busi-

ness. I think you'd be the better for a little of it yourself. I feel as though I ought to call in my minister right away. I'm sure I don't know what to do with you, girl."

"Oh, please, ma'am," says Jennie at that, "I don't want none of your ministers. He'll call me a 'case' and send me to Denver or some place and put the child in a Home. It's only to keep the child, ma'am, that I'm living and standing all this, I tell you. You don't know what it is to earn for two of us, or you'd see I was dead in earnest to try it. This out-by-the-day stuff's terrible irregular, and people are always afraid they'll catch your disease, or that you'll die on their hands or something. And for anything else you need decent clothes, and then they don't want you either if you cough."

"Well, don't you see from that," I broke out (I haven't been a Willing Werker all these years without being equal to some arguments)—"don't you see you're putting the thing off? You'll have to be separated from the child sooner or later."

"Not as long as I can keep it I won't," said Jennie, and at that Mrs Knox broke in again.

"Oh, put the hussy out, ma'am," she said. "She's taught but a brazen thing, and we'll never get the attic done at this rate."

"Mrs. Knox," I said, "be quiet. This is more important than the attic!" Whatever had got into me to say things like that I don't know. But that stopped Mrs. Knox, so I hurried right back at Jennie.

"There's the authorities, my girl," I said. "I'm sure the authorities could take the child away from you on account of its health."

"Oh, please, Miss' Bullock," said Jennie, looking scared, "they can't if they don't know about me, and they won't if you don't tell them, ma'am. I ain't asked no odds of no one yet, so they ain't no one has got a right to butt into my private affairs. You won't tell 'em, Miss' Bullock; oh, please don't tell 'em. The boy'd be lots worse off than if I cared for him. I love the boy, Miss' Bullock, ma'am."

Was ever a woman in such a fix? Those big eyes of hers were running over with tears and I felt myself choking. And then Mrs. Knox, who has so many children I guess she'd as soon be rid of a few, gave a snort. "Mrs. Knox," I said, "if you'd rather be doing the attic you can go along. I don't know what to do, girl. I think you ought to tell me a bit more so's that I'd see clearer. How—how did you come to do it?"

I don't suppose I would have dared to ask a second time that way if I had been a real good woman, and remembered that the whole thing was taking place in Henry Bullock's bedroom; but I never gave Henry or his strict opinions one single thought!

"I'll tell you all I can, ma'am," said Jennie. And Mrs. Knox, seeing a story coming, sat down to listen to the face.

"Well, ma'am", Jennie began. "I was the oldest girl and my father had ten kids besides my oldest brother, who was always a regular tough and bum and is serving his six years now. And I've been taking care of babies and doing housework and washing and scrubbing always, so you can see I'm used to it, ma'am. From before I was twelve I been working a dozen hours a day in a box factory or a clothes shop or a hat factory or something else, depending on where we lived.
From Germany—Real News

Editor of The Masses:

Dear Sir,—I pulled him out of a vegetarian restaurant in Berlin and took him to my room at the Kaiserhof, in the faith that because he was reading Vorwärts he must have ideas.

"Are you a Socialist?" I asked when we were comfortably seated.

"I am an artist," he said, "and artists are individualists. We believe in the production of great men. Socialism suppresses the Individual."

I did not argue. I wanted to find some one who did not believe in war. Some one who was not patriotic. I wanted to find a German who disliked the German government as cordially as most enlightened Englishmen disliked the English government. I have been six weeks in Germany and talked with Fürsts and Fürstin, Graf and Gräfin, Doctors of 57 varieties, Geheimrats, Barons and Excellencies, Burgermeisters and Oberburgermeisters, Professors, members of the Reichstag, mere millionaires and real business men, bell boys and porters. They all agreed—Germany had to fight.

"I heard Liebknecht raise his lone voice in the Reichstag against the last credit of two billion dollars, which was almost hilariously voted by that composite body of Professors, aristocrats and shrewd business men which governs Germany. I wrote Liebknecht at once asking for an interview and received word that he had been sent to the front. He will not be kept there long—that is certain, for men like him are more dangerous than French or German bullets. But I could not talk with Liebknecht, and have not been able to find anyone here to curse Germany. I caught at my last straw—a vegetarian reading a Socialist paper.

"What do you think of the war?" I asked. Slowly he took out of his pocket a little paper called Die Aktion for July 4th, 1914, and read me an article called Von Patriotismus. It was the real goods, a choice denunciation of the fetish of Patriotism, written just a month before patriotism began to make Europe and up-to-date 20th Century Hell.

Next day after some inquiries I found the latest number of Die Aktion, the issue for August 21st, 1915. On the first page is a sketch representing war, that would delight Art Young. A sketch which is evidence that Germany grants more liberty to the press than many people suppose. The sketch is very modern art. Perhaps it is the art that enabled it to pass the Censor. Certainly it is not designed to bring comfort to patriots in these strenuous days.

It seemed to me the Editor, Franz Pfemfert, must be worth knowing. So I looked up his address and called. I think he was glad to see me. Unpatriotic editors are lonesome in Germany these days, and in spite of the fact that he knows no English, and my German is something like a Chinaman's English, we got along very well. I found that he had been in prison, which is sure evidence that he had not lived wholly in vain. He is also a graduate of the University of Berlin. That he has an accurate sense of values is clear from the fact that he did not show me his University diploma, but did show with some pride his jail sentence of three days for printing something the judge thought he should not have printed. It was only three days and that three years ago, and since then he has written on Patriotism and published uncomplimentary pictures of war, in war times. So don't get apoplexy denouncing Germany for lack of freedom. There is quite as much freedom in Germany to-day as in France or England, and the fact that Pfemfert has published Die Aktion during a year of war is evidence of it.
"Waiter, have you forgotten me?"
"No sir, not yet sir."
SOME MASSES ARTISTS SEEKING INSPIRATION
SOME Masses Artists SEEKING INSPIRATION
THE MASSES

To the Editor:
A number of people have written questioning the truth of my story "The White Brute," printed in the last issue of The Masses, and of my right as a Northerner to attempt to portray Southern conditions.

It is eight years since a Southern white woman of the Gulf States told me the story. It was evening, we were in her home, and she was nervous because her husband was out. He had recently, in his little newspaper, espoused the cause of a colored man against a white man of the town. I have forgotten the details, but he aroused the wrath of a dangerous element, and one night two rowdies assaulted him and so beat him that when he came home, his nose had been broken. He died. Her concern. She had not felt any especial sympathy for the Negro, she said, because she regarded him dead. Her concern was to tell freely, and to tell me of the difficulties the colored girl met with who tried to live a virtuous life. And then, in just a sentence, she gave me my tale.

What is impossible in life? The lynching! Last summer they lynched a colored man in Mississippi, making a holiday of it. The crowd was very large and by special arrangement many women and children were present to witness the sight. The fact that a colored woman was raped by a white man? Can any honest and intelligent person suppose that it is only the white girl who is in danger in the South? But the husband standing by! If I did not make the reader feel his inevitable helplessness, I shall never try to write again. I hope there are few brutes such as I have portrayed, but strip a race of its rights, make it a subject people, and sometimes, when the decent elements in the community are the brutes, gets his chance.

Perhaps I might misunderstand the story in Mississippi, for that is one of the few Southern States that I have never visited, but I said Mississippi because the incident occurred there. Since 1904 I have given the major part of my time to the Negro problem, and to work for Negro betterment. I began with the Negro in my own home, New York City, spending eight months in residence in a Negro tenement building, and visiting hundreds of neighboring homes. In the past ten years I have frequently visited the South. I have seen the Negro on the farm, as a farmer in his own right, more often as a share tenant. I have entered his cabin, followed his children to school, and talked with him as he worked upon his crop. I know some of the Southern cities well. There is no Negro quarter in which I have not visited in Atlanta and I happened to be in that city just before the lynching. I took a note of the rioting and wrote articles descriptive of the courts and of the exodus of the sober class of artisans as a result of the massacre of the Negroes by the white mob.

But, my Southern friends say, you cannot know the Southern Negro and Southern race conditions unless you have lived in the South all your life. But in this I am wrong. I lived in the city of Brooklyn for twenty-eight years when I was offered the position of Highway Worker at a settlement in Greenpoint, the city in which I now live. I took the job, which I had never before entered, rode through the sugar refining district, which I had never before seen, and reached a perfect fairyland. I knew that I, a white man, could be happy there. There I found a young woman from Michigan who had been in residence in the settlement neighborhood for two months, and in half an hour she showed me how to live and I came to know the Negro, her knowledge and my ignorance of a part of my city's life. The ignorance of the lives of the workers among the employ- ing class is common everywhere, and in the South, added to this, you have a fixed principle that the whites shall not mingle with the blacks. So your Southern woman may know where her cook lives, and as mistress may go into her cook's home, but she never enters the Negro section to take any part in its life. She never visits the schools, never goes to a colored church, and especially never meets on any terms whatever, the educated, well-to-do Negroes who are becoming a fairly numerous body. The ambitions, the stirrings of the growing Negro youth who is two generations removed from slavery she does not understand, she even refuses to believe the rights of the Negro in the community; but it is rather disheartening and trifling and will not work with the old time idea of the white race.—Mary White Ovington, Brook- lyn, N. Y.

ANTI-SUFFRAGE PAPERS PLEASE COPY.

"Yet so prevalent has the suffrage disease become that even the radicals have become infected with its virus. It was only to be expected, of course, that Socialist paper like others in the country, have endorsed them 'come,' but it is rather disappointing to find The Masses devoting an entire edition to 'Votes for Women.' Perhaps Mother Earth alone has any claim to women. Perhaps we alone believe women no longer need dolls; that women are capable and are ready to fight for freedom and revolution."—Emma Goldman in Mother Earth.

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TO THE EDITOR!

Please cross off my name from your list of subscribers—I do not enjoy the articles and fail to see how they can help any one. Probably my fault, but I do not want the magazine. Sincerely yours, Mrs. H. M. Paetl, 682 South Ave., T. C.

TO THE EDITOR!

I haven't the time but I can't resist adding my vote to the discussion of whether or not one should cut out The Masses because of one or more of its articles—"The Heavenly Dialogue" in particular. I confess that I skipped that article and only read it as the result of Vida Scudder's letter in protest. I skipped it because I never had any interest in an anthropomorphic god. But if one is necessary I confess that I prefer to be walking from star to star putting the acid test on the orthodox customs of our society rather than functioning as indicated in the orthodox hymn book. Candidly it is the hymn book that seems to me more indecent than the "Heavenly Dialogue."

Were The Masses to become decent, that is, decorous and proper, it would be desnated and useless. Its purpose is to shock the public mind into realizing the cruelties of organized society. I own that I have felt all the protest indicated by all the letter writers noted in the page headlined "Editorial Policy."

The public mind is being made to realize the cruelties of organized society. I own that I have felt all the protests indicated by all the letter writers noted in the page headlined "Editorial Policy."

There have been things in the brave little magazine that I simply felt I could not stand, but it never occurred to me to stop my subscription any more than to discard a friend because I revolted against the color of his necktie. If I liked everything in it I should think that there must be something the matter with it, and I would better move along to one that would not put me to sleep but would wake me up out of my snooze complacency.

I, too, have read my copy in secret, fearing its effect on that class of person who can be gently solicited along the paths of reform. I could not help it; I was young and green. I should like to keep it as I have it—full of zeal, full of protest. I do not want to see it changed. I think that there is something the matter with it, and I would better move along to one that would not put me to sleep but would wake me up out of my snooze complacency.

The binder is working on the cloth-bound volumes of THE MASSES for 1915. By the time your order reaches us we will have the books. Of course you want to have THE MASSES for 1915 in this permanent form. The supply is limited. Pin a $2 bill to a letter today and get this well-bound volume THE MASSES, 142 West 23rd St., New York.
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