CO-OPERATION SUCCEEDS!

LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Proves power of collective action. Several hundred Socialists headed by Job Harriman have demonstrated that they can carry on extensive ranching, agricultural, horticultural, stock raising and industrial enterprises on a co-operative basis.

These pioneers in a new field of action have proven the value of joining their forces. They are heeding not the cries of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and "It ain't in Das Kapital!" They are building for themselves and for you, firmly and on sound financial foundation, homes and security for the future.

Llano del Rio Colonists are not doctrinaire debaters, quibblers or pliers. They are men and women of decision and action. For two years they have borne the brunt of the hardships and inconveniences incident to modern pioneering. Now they have celebrated their second annual birthday. They have achieved more than the founders had dared to predict.

Why don't you join your comrades in this great enterprise? They need more men and women. They need nearly every class, trade and occupation.

Subscribe for their snappy, brightly illustrated monthly magazine. THE WESTERN COMRADE, and keep posted on the progress and achievement of this great co-operative enterprise. For full information address

LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY
OF NEVADA
RENO, NEVADA

FROM DOOMSDAY TO KINGDOM COME

By Seymour Deming

A masterly presentation—by the author of A Message to the Middle Class and The Pillar of Fire—of the meaning of the developments of the past quarter-century in the world's progress, with special reference to the United States; a real interpretation of the bearing of the European war on the present and the future of mankind. A book that will go far. Narrom 12mo. Cloth, Net, 50 cents.

CLEAR AND IMPRESSIVE

"This literature should live. It has impressed me more than all I have read on the war. The public owes you a big debt for the information imparted and for a superb method of expressing it."—From a letter of one of the most prominent American socialists.

BUSINESS—A PROFESSION

By Louis D. Brandeis

LARGE 8vo. CLOTH. NET $2.00. EIGHTEEN CHAPTERS.

Business—A Profession; The Employer and Trades Unions; Hours of Labor; Organized Labor and Efficiency; The Road to Social Efficiency; Our New Peonage; Discretionary Pensions; The Incorporation of Trades Unions; How Boston Solved the Gas Problem; Life Insurance; The Abuses and the Remedies; Savings Bank Insurance; Successes of Savings Bank Life Insurance; Trusts and Efficiency; Trusts and the Export Trade; Competition that Kills; New England Transportation Monopoly; The New Haven—An Unregulated Monopoly; An Aid to Railroad Efficiency; The Opportunity in the Law.

"He has set out to clear the roads between fortified camps of capital and the unAlied camps of labor, and he has gone at his task with a clearness of vision and a faith of purpose that have made criticism futile."—Boston Post.

"Mr. Brandeis has in a high degree the gift of clear and forcible statement and the papers here collected are an important contribution to the history of labor and face some of the most important contemporary issues."—The Living Age.

SOCIALISM AND WAR

By Louis B. Boudin


This book is an eminently successful attempt at a Socialist interpretation of the great war. It is the first book of its kind published in this or any other country. It includes a discussion of the general problems of Socialism and War, Nationalism and Internationalism.

Price, One Dollar

THE MASSES BOOK STORE
33 West 14th Street, New York.
FICTION


The Confession, by Maxim Gorky. Translated and with introduction by Roland Strusny. Gorky’s most artistic and philosophical work. A remarkable piece of fiction with a vivid Russian background. $1.35 net.

The Unchastened Woman, by Louis Annaparcher. A remarkable picture of a worldly modern woman and her influence. Mr. Annaparcher’s greatest success and New York’s success of the season—a play to read as well as to see. Net, $1.25.


The Scarlet Woman, a novel by Joseph Hocking. Price, $1.50.

The Bomb, by Frank Harris. Emma Goldman says: “It’s not the monument at Waldheim that will keep alive these great heroes—heroes in their innocence and simplicity—but it will be ‘The Bomb.’” Published, $1.50; our price, 75c.

Green Mansions, by W. H. Hudson; introduction by John Galsworthy. A romance of the tropical forest which combines scientific observation of nature, poetic imagination, and polished style. $1.60.


Our Miss York, by Edwin B. Morris. Story of a successful business woman who had to choose between her career and marriage. $1.25 net.


The Best Short Stories of 1915 and the Year Book of the American Short Story. Edward J. O’Brien, Editor. The twenty short stories in this volume are those selected by Mr. O’Brien as the best that were written during the year 1915. His survey of the whole field forms the basis of his authoritative article published, as an annual estimate of the output, in the Boston Evening Transcript, an article which has attracted wide discussion. Net, $1.50.

The Harbor, by Ernest Poole. A novel of remarkable power and vision in which he depicted the great changes taking place in American life, business and ideals. Under the tremendous influence of the great New York harbor and its workers, a young writer passes in the development of his life and work, from a blind worship of enterprise and efficiency to a deeper knowledge of humanity. $1.50 net.

Fair Haven and Foul Strand, by August Strindberg. These stories show Strindberg in a comfortable mood. Send $1.25.

The Little Angel, by J. N. Andrevey. You are acquainted with Andrevey’s plays. But his stories represent his best work. Ask anyone who knows. Here are fifteen of them. $1.25.


The Man of Promise, by Willard H. Wright, author of “Modern Painting,” etc. One of the most penetrating and unusual novels of this generation, marking a new epoch in American fiction. Net, $1.35.

History of Mr. Polly, by H. G. Wells. “Mr. Wells at his best.” Price, $1.35.

The Conscript Mother, by Robert Herrick. “Perhaps the finest bit of short fiction the war has produced.” 60 cents postpaid.

The Old House and Other Stories. Translated from the Russian of Fedor Sologub by John Cornons. Price, $1.50.

The Pastor’s Wife, by the author of “Elizabeth and Her German Garden,” etc. Extracts from a recent review in Tagesspiegel—“... better than H. G. Wells ... the story of almost every woman who marries almost any man in a distributing book—Doubleday, $1.45.

Behold the Woman! by T. Everett Harré. In the character of Mary, the powerful Alexandrian courtesan whose beauty was the ‘glory of Egypt,’ the author presents the struggle of womanhood in its integrity and nobility with man’s age-long exploitation. $1.45 postpaid.

The Dark Forest, by Hugh Walpole. A story of Russia in the war. It is rich with art and wonderful with a tremendous experience. It will live beyond the war novels as such. It is literature. Net, $1.35.

The Return of Dr. Fu-Manchu, by Sax Rohmer. A new collection of the charmingly weird mystery stories. $1.35 net.

Beggars on Horseback, by E. Tennyson. Short stories that range from fantasy to reality. $1.25 postpaid.

Korolenko’s “Makar’s Dream and Other Stories,” translated by Marian Fell. This living Russian’s writings have been likened to “a fresh breeze blowing through the hungry air of a hospital.” $1.60 postpaid.

The Strange Cases of Mason Brant, by Nevil Monroe Hopkins. Illustrated in color by Gayle Hoshins. $1.25 net, postage extra. The author is a scientist of international reputation. A more fascinating character than Mason, you’ll never find—more weird problems, as suggested, have been portrayed.

Love in Youth, by Frank Harris. “A career city with this courageous and original English author’s peculiarly distinctive work will soon be as necessary a mark of the really modern reader here as it is in England.” Net, $1.25.


POETRY AND DRAMA

Three new plays just received from England:

Youth, by Miles Malison. 40 cents.
The Dear Departing, from the Russian of Andrevey. 25 cents.
Theatre of the Soul, from the Russian of Evreinoff. 25 cents.
The three books sent for $1.00 postpaid.

The Social Significance of the Modern Drama, by Emma Goldman. “The masterpieces of the works of Scandinavian, German, French, Irish, English, and Russian drama, revolutionary only as truth is revolutionary; its teachings are consistent with Miss Goldman’s long battle for her own ideas of growth and of freedom.”—The Review of Reviews. $1.00 net.


And Other Poets, by Louis Untermeyer, author of “Challenge,” etc. $1.25 net. The modern Parianasian Frost, Masefield, Masters, Yeats, Amy Lowell, Noyes, Pound, “F. P. A.” etc., are the victims in this irreverent volume of mirth and thought provoking parodies.


Towards Democracy, by Edward Carpenter. With portraits. 50 cents. This is Mr. Carpenter’s greatest work. In ways it resembles Walt Whitman’s “Leaves of Grass,” but it is more modern, more an interpretation of our own age. $2.00 net.
MASSES BOOK SHOP

Spoon River Anthology, by Edgar Lee Masters. The richest mine of the new poetry that has yet been opened up. Price, $1.25.


Chicago Poems, by Carl Sandberg. $1.30 net. The Quags Ride by and trenchant attack on social criticism and by its vision of a better social order. Carl Sandberg wrote the famous "Billy Sunday" poem in The Masses.

Others: An Anthology of the New Verse, edited by Alfred Kreymborg. Contains selections from the work of about fifty American poets who are experimenting with the new verse forms. $1.50.

Songs and Satires, by Edgar Lee Masters. The author of "Spoon River Anthology" has here a new collection of poems showing the same qualities that won attention to that first volume. $1.25.


The Lord of Misrule, by Alfred Noyes. All Mr. Noyes' lyric poetry since "Collected Poems" in 1913. With all the rich imagery and spontaneity of his earlier work his later poems show more strongly Noyes' philosophy—a protest against the small men and joyless materialism of the present. Net, $2.50.

Humorous Poems, by Ignatz Breinig. Do you remember how he has to you is one dull, dark, dismal woman. If, however, you see laughter to this even amidst the crashing storm, then get busy. And, after you read it, don't lend it, for your friend will pass it along and you'll never get it back. $1.10 postpaid.

Today and Tomorrow, by Charles Hanson Towne. Author of "Manhattan Inn," and also of several other volumes. Mr. Towne is recognized as one of the foremost of the younger American poets. Net, $1.00.

Community Drama and Pageantry, by Mary Porter Beegle and Jack Randell Crawford. A practical manual with beautiful photographs. $2.50 net.

HEALTH

The A.B.Z. of Our Own Nutrition, by Horace Fletcher. Complete account of Mr. Fletcher's experience, his foods. Appears with articles from Chittenden, Pavlov, Foster, Cannon, and others. $1.30 postpaid.

Eat and Be Well, by Eugene Christian. America's first food expert. This book tells you what and how to eat to keep and get well. 140 pages of sound advice for $1.00.

Diet for Children, by Louis E. Hogan. What food to give children and at what times. 75 cents postpaid.

The Health of the Child, by O. Hillman, M.D., B.Ch. 55c.

Health for the Middle Aged, by Seymour Taylor, M.D. 55c.


Throat and Ear Trouble, by Maceo Yarborough, F.R.C.S. 55c.


Science of Muscular Development, by Albert T. loaf, assisted by Miss Edna Tempest. The author is the winner of the $1,000 prize for the most perfectly developed man in the world. $1.00.

Meatless Cookery, by Maria Melville Gilmore. Intro. by Dr. Louis P. Bishop. "Eat less meat!" the doctors say, and here are meatless menus that are delicious. $2.00 net.

HISTORY

Trojan Women of Euripides, by Professor Gilbert Murray. One of the Greek series recommended by Tns Masses editor. Price, 84c postpaid.


The Russian Empire of To-day and Yesterday, by Nevins O. Winter. The country and its people and review of its history and a survey of its social, political and economic conditions. Send $3.25.

EDUCATION

Honesty: A Study of the Causes and Treatment of Dishonesty Among Children, by William Healy, Director of the Juvenile Psychopathic Institute. $1.00 net.

Self-Reliance, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. This book helps children to help themselves which every sane mother or teacher knows they may fail to practice in the hurly and hurry of domestic life. $1.00 net.


The Montessori Manual, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Shows how the teacher or teacher aid by Dr. Montessori's principles in a practical way. Send $1.35.

Education Unmasked, by Rev. Ealer. A protest against the mental slaughter of teachers. 25c.


SCIENCE AND ART

Thinking as a Science, by Henry Half. Telling us how to think, and how to search for the rules and methods of procedure. Which will help us in thinking creatively, originally and, not least of all, surely, correctly. Net $1.00.

The Psychology of Relaxation, by George Thomas White. A notable and unusually interesting volume explaining the importance of sports, laughter, profanity, the use of alcohol, and even war for furnishing needed relaxation to the higher nerve centers. $1.25 net.

The Unconscious, by Dr. C. Q. Jung. Authorized translation by Beatrice M. Markham. "The translation is a marvel of the Neurological Department of Cornell University and the New York Post-Graduate Medical School." 84.

The Psychology of Reasoning, by Albert Binet. Translated by Adam Gowans Whyte. 35c.

Three Introductory Lectures on the Science of Thought, by F. Max Mülle. 35c.

Three Lectures on the Science of Language, by F. Max Muller. 35c.

The Diseases of Personality, by Th. Ribot. 35c.

The Psychology of Attention, by Th. Ribot. 35c.

The Psychical Life of Micro-Organisms, by Alfred Binet. 35c.

Diseases of the Will, by Th. Ribot. Authorized translation by Merwin-White. 35c.

Art, by Clive Bell. The author, well known as a critic, warmly champions the cause of the post-impressionist school. "An admirable digest of the teachings of all known schools of philosophy down to that of the present day." Galveston News. $2.25 postpaid.

Contributions to Psychoanalysis, by Dr. S. Ferenczi (Budapest). Authorized translation by Ernest Jones, M.D. An extremely important work by one of the world's leading exponents of psychoanalysis. $3.50 postpaid.

A Critical History of Philosophical Theories, by Aaron Schuyler. A scholarly, discriminating examination of the theories of the philosophers of all known schools of philosophy down to that of the present day." Galveston News. $2.25 postpaid.

The Evolution of Man, Boelorsche. Darwinism up to date, in simple language, with complete proof. Illustrated, cloth, 50c.

The Vocation of Man, by Johann Gottlieb Fichte, translated by Dr. William Smith. Price, 50c.

Enquiry Concerning the Human Understanding and Selections from a Treatise of Human Nature, by David Hume, with Hume's Autobiography and a letter from Adam Smith. Edited by T. J. McCormack and Mary Whiton Calkins. 45c.

Aunts and Some Other Insects, by August Forel. 68c.

The Metaphysical System of Hobbes, Selected by Mary Whiton Calkins. 35c.

Locke's Essay Concerning Human Understanding, Selected by Mary Whiton Calkins. 68c.

The Principles of Descartes's Philosophy, by Benedictus De Spinoza. Translated and arranged with an Introduction by Halbert Hains Brit- tan. 45c.

SOCIOLOGY


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

Inviting War to America. A timely book by Allan L. Benson, the Soc- ialist candidate for president. $1.00.

Above the Battle, by Romain Rolland (France), author of "Jean Chris- tophor." These essays were sup- posed to be published in France they declared war and called upon social- ists in France and Germany to de- clare a strike. $1.00 net.

The Principles of Suffrage, by Na- thaniel C. Fowler, Jr. "Presents reasons in favor of votes for women which cannot be punctured or de- stroyed." Price, 30c. postpaid.

How to Obtain Citizenship, by Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr. Plain and simple for the alien or foreigner who would become a citizen of the United States. Price, 25c. postpaid.


Why the Capitalists? by Frederick Hall, L.L.B. In this book a law- yer throws down the gauntlet to the defenders of capitalism. The book is a brief in refutation of the doc- trines prevailing in Conventional Political Economy. Send $1.00.

Socialism in America, by John Macy. A vivid and interesting description of Socialist principles and tactics from the revolutionary point of view. 300 pages. $1.00.

Socialized Germany, by Frederic C. Howe. A book that foreshadows the future. $1.50 net.

The New Womanhood, by Winifred Hart. A book based on her admirable popu- lar studies; a sane exposition on Feminism by a noted writer. Price, $1.00.

Socialism in Theory and Practice, by Morris Hillquit. Former price $1.50, now 50c.


(Continued on page 43)
AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

THE MASSES has grown up. And it isn’t our fault. We tried our best to keep it young and unintellectual. But the child was so attractive that people started firing wisdom into it from the very beginning, and of course you can’t prevent a thing from growing.

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 it to you as one of the inevitable products of evolution.

CONCERNING THE NEW REVIEW

THE readers of The MASSES Review will probably be mad when they find out that The MASSES has combined itself with their publication. We never intended to do that. At first we were going to publish the New Review separately, and we had elaborate plans for it, and made our announcement in its last issue. But the providence that overrules us all, a pecuniary providence, decided to the contrary. The former managers and editors of The MASSES Review, however, appreciating our situation, have very generously agreed to help us as though the magazine were still under its own covers. We believe we can convince those who subscribed to it that the best elements of the New Review are still here, and we ask a policy of watchful waiting on their part.

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 waiting and come in.

A QUESTION

BELIEVING 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 on 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.
"Mommer! The Merry-go-Round!"
SOLDIERS OF FRANCE

James Hopper

AUGUST, 1916

Vol. VIII. No. 10

Issue No. 62

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 flung 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 vertically, freshly 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 ozone 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 gray pants, he looked like a child.

He lay so that the soles of his shoes were turned 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 came on 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 bare 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, huddled 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 casqued, 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 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; wrapped in the soil of France as if in the folds of a flag.
THE MASSES.

The Treacherous Greaser

"Y AIR," 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 wasn't chasin' after this here Villa. 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 chance, the mangy buggers. We always beat them to the first punch."

"Just before I came north there was a little rum 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 grease 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 woody. They looked after Johnson with mean, black eyes as he passed, and cursed at him under their breaths.

"Johnson wasn'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.

"'Hello!' said one of the boys, a hell-raiser 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 lappin' 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-murderous 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 Franky 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 nearest 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.

To add,
To distribute in square little spaces.

Sizing 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 teats 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 peevish 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.
War and Politics

Max Eastman

An Issue At Last

The 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 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

The 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 stupid with the pride of patriotism.

Lost Their Promoter

The 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

They 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 scouts who would like to see it happen?

They have that lesson to learn. (The only going interest they ever caught step wise was the Har- vesters 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

Harper'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 emotiol ideals learn to use the powers, instead of just preaching the ideas of progress, the whole thing will start moving.

Proud

They tell me that Wilson insisted on his nationalist 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

The 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 life and progress of the whole world, international wars are, to say the least, futile episodes; and yet they fill our histories, and although 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 interpreting all nations, a more absorbing thing to fight for. They do not wish to be called off by war.

On Characterizing Nations

In 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 solitary 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 gibes, 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

The 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.
THE MASSES.

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, antihyphenation, 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.

“The 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 bitched 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 cried out 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 UNTERMAYER.
Clinic Doctor: "What's Your Name?"
Patient: "Now Doctor, I've Had This Trouble for Two Years and—"
Doctor: "WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"
Clinic Doctor: "What's Your Name?"
Patient: "Now Doctor, I've Had This Trouble for Two Years and—"
Doctor: "WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"
THE MASSES.

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 gracefully to the people while his wife, aby 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 up 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 gesture 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 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 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 her 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 ears 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 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 themselves as a mass yet siding 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 stand 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 the 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 ser-
mon, 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 re-
porter, who sat in the office of the Winesburg Eagle,
trying to write a story. Along the street to the church
went the minister, glowering 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
trampling 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 chittered.
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 fan-
tasy, so that he had, by an exercise of will power, to
force himself back into consciousness, Kate Swift sud-
ddenly 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 of 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 him-
self 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.
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 afoof,
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: now
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 together;
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 book 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 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. Whatever is it you have? is it true? 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'nt 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 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 soft. 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 anymore?

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?

(Interrupted.) 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 must, don't you smell it?

The Condemned (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 unclean. 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 have's- (He turns about and tramples the cards.) And then, my beard . . . . that begins to itch . . . . What good do you think it will do you 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 smart; 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 been off hers—l 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 tamed me enough; it's my own turn today.

The Condemned (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 you 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 choler a all by himself; somebody must pass it along to him. My lawyer was demanding my acquisit 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 Condemned (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 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, must. 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 fangs.)

The Condemned (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 dunkey! 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 cramming

*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 apotheosis; 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 glaring 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 build 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 shudder "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 must, 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 lack 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 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 screws. . . . 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 acquaintances, a woman's story and some exasperating 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, missieurs 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 knockings. 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 'imbecile fringe.'" And by "imbecile 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 Progressivism 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 crowd 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 merely 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
THE MASSES.

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 tide flows tempestuously in the wind, the unfurled banner of his heart amid:

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

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

And 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 toils 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 inexiguous.

Amdist the red omens of war, in the fulness of the day,
In the whiteness of the moonlight,
In the city of dread and uproar.

ARTURO GIOVANNITI.
PITTSBURGH
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: I know.
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 it 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.
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—

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!

SENIOR 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.
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.

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!
NEITHER PLATFORM WILL DO.
THE MASSES.

Mayor Mitchell 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 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 Mitchell, his police and his magistrates might read history and forge new tools to the advantage of the interests which they serve.

Helen Marot.
W

AGE-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 nationalist 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 nationalist 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 constitutions. 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-tingo. 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 revolutionaryism 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 defined

---

* 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 points of the globe, and for the benefit of bankers and manufacturers, including the viewpoints of the arms industries. It is a pre-creative war provoked conjointly by the war parties of Germany and Austria in the obscurity of semi-declarations and secret diplomacy. It is also a Bonapartistic enterprise tending to demoralize and destroy the growing labor movement. Thus 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 racism. 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."
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 was weak, 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 unapathetically 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 revolutionary. 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 thoroughest teaching of class-conscious internationalism will ever produce an average human nature among workingmen 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 ideology 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 boldly 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

There 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 not 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 en-dow 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 worshippers. 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

WOMAN 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.

THIS 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.
3. Pan-American co-operation in solving the problem of Mexico.

THE 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.

THE 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 industry's 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 recasting 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**

OME 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 be 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 MASSES REVIEW.**

31

**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 TRANQUILLITY 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 one which aims at the expropriation of the capitalist class, and that all other uprisings are futile and childish, whatever they are not altogether reactionary; thereby amusingly 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 reaction arise 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 sanguinary 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 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. Wherever 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 potential 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 over-
bearing outsiders. If there is a class war, then the ruling classes
are attacked only 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 op-
posite the world over, only in nations where national homogeneity
and political unity have been effected, a class-conscious revolu-
tionary movement of the workers takes place.

The International, which properly originated in France and
Germany—two countries which had enjoyed national independ-
ence 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 overbrows 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 revolu-
tionary incentive as a force of internal transformation, is con-
siderably attenuated, if not altogether nullified. Further still, all
nations that never resented foreign invasion and domination are
entirely devoid of any revolutionary feelings. (Canada, Lapland,
Lithuania, Ukraine, and, to a greater extent that it is commonly
believed, Australia.)

If this contention is true, as I believe, it follows that dis-
carding all wars of aggression and expansion as another and
perhaps a greater deterrent of the revolutionary spirit, revolu-
tions are the outgrowth of a surpassed national strife for au-
tonomy, 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 for-
eign rule by a direct struggle of its people, that nation instinct-
ively 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 per-
mitted and even encouraged by the ruling house of Sweden, with-
out 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 work-
ers, 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 homo-


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.

Antonomy 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 pacific 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. Longnet'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 unchanged. 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 29th, 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 absolutism. It also stated that the purpose of one group of belligerent nations to "divide the world again in order to increase its share" was not worse than the effort of the other group of belligerent nations "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

If 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, cannot 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 commensurate 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. Fels' 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 Kiaochow. 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 diplomats 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 how 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 firecrackers, 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 go 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 yoke 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 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 arrive at a comparatively full in the hostilities theory of Mr. Wells' doctrine. 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 deadletter 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. It is called "The War in Eastern Europe," and the honest preface hastens to explain that "it was our luck everywhere to arrive at a point in the lives of people it is important. 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 account, 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 plotted among their Nixon Serb idea of the first term's 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 tubs of sewage into our hospital wells, we have something of the same fine pride over the pinacoloids 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 door, your encounter was tables decorated with flowers and covered with silver and snowy linens, 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 terror 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 over there, 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 woolens 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 oxen's and the oxens' heads were bound with purple lilac branches. Through the streets raced mad young gypsy girls in Turkish trouses of extravagant and gorgeous colors, their bodies 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, prosessive, guileless, thorough Romanians, crushed to the last degree of ignorance by a comic-opera aristocracy; Greeks, shrewd, commercial, cosmopolitan—these, and Russians, Turcomans and Turks,
The Turcomans, for instance, a tribe of horsemen—"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 prosperity; if a horse is killed, and 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 hundred of one 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 my mind as the final impression of the Balkans. It was at Gievigli, which shared with Valievo the distinction of being the worst plague-spot of Europe, 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 wildflower 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 orchis! He scowled and fixed the secret-service man with a menacing eye. "Is it not of the family of the orchis?" The secret-service man did not think so, and the soldiers around broke into a hum of argument. "Da! Orchis!" "Ne je orchis!" "What do you know of orchids, George Georgievich? At Balja, where you come from, they haven't even grass!" A laugh, and the fat man's voice rising above it, insistent, passionate: "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 a rare orchid!" returned Reed hotly. "It is formed very like the lady's-slippers that we see in American wood..."

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, 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 reached 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 loneliness, 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 glamour 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 waited with interest for 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, 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 stimulates 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 it is 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 face.

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 personal sympathy for me most 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 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 sound I seem to hear again the chorus: "O ye deathward-going tribes of men, what do your lives mean except that they go to nothingsness?" 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 Prometheus hero, if the tragedy is to be a Prometheus 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 Aesclus, 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 is it the sole intention of my letter to ask you this—why do you not write the American novel of rebellion?

FLOYD DELL.
Old Men And Infants

"T HE American College" is the title of a little handbook by Isaac Sharpless, President of Haverford College. 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 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 tireless 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 irremediably 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 not double the 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 round 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 hope was 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 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 De- crepit. 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 bohoyd, or rather some qualities of bohoydness, 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 me.<br>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 Dill.

The Printed Word


**O NE (and possibly the number should be even larger)** of the losse 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 abscend-ing "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 it is always the hope that some where, 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 polysyllabivs, the entire German history, I turned to its literary columns and—this rare flower of thought blossomed styly but insinuat- ingly. I plucked it, and I transplanted 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-seekin in manner and in matter, vers libra, 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 eternally and didly 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 malignant press continues to justify itself. . . . I still gloat over the "tender imagination," the "ethereal 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

**N** Boston there has been started a new magazine which is both surprising and significant. Significant, for one thing, because it has been started in Bos- ton. It is a monthly called The Flame (published at No. 3 Bellingham Place), and it is already gaily burn- ing in the very center of traditional and musty "Cul- ture" and the hot-bed, or rather the cold bed, of our crumbling conservatism. But (and this is the pur- pose of this note) for what advantage does 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 Kel- scott; an article on "Birth Control" by Dr. W. J. Rob- inson; a typical Horace Traubel diatrise by Horace Traubel; an incisive poem, "At a Prayer Meeting," by Arturo Giovannitti; several pithy editorials; drawings by Maurice Becker and Steinaln, and other contribu- tions by Seymour Deming, Clement Wood, Mary Caro- lyn Davies and Alice Stone Blackwell.

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

L. U.
JIM 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 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 gun-men 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 does—"John Smith, you're a damned through and through. 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 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 in the turmoil 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 overwork at underpay; 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 bully-rags them or chubs them or shoots them."

Lord was speaking then particularly of the Youngstown steel strike. These are the conditions at the moment:

"Jim, did you ever write any of this damned riot 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 taken and jailed by the police. Why? Because they are bold advocates of free land and free men in Mexico—to the terror of the land speculator and exploitor. The Magonos are charged, in the federal court, with "Depossiting 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 living of their country, they cautioned the peons to retain their arms until they gained full possession of their land and not to trust the gnomes 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 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 the 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 Dist 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, handing in dummies to Kirk and Farnam—trying to defend 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 Enemys.

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

Fraternally yours,

EUGENE PINCHON,
General Secretary, Workers' International Defense League.

My Reasons for Quitting the Army and Navy

BY a constant reader of The Masses I would like to confide the reasons, which I believe are absolutely genuine, I had for quitting my service in the United States Army a few weeks ago. I felt it necessary to do so because of the way the American government is lying about the war.

Vallejo, Cal.

Fraternally yours,

G. W. M.

FIRE:—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 scabs and not true Americans in the true sense, and they after a few years' service can get out of the army and live like lords forever. Lurk a hundred dollars on the taxpayer, receiving more money from the government while doing so than any enlisted man receives for actual services.

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 they get 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 submissive and 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.—Business men open up the departments of immigration so that there would be 50 men for each job, enabling them to pay 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 somewhat as 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 now contaminated by their "salt 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 noble and the manly thought of country, flag, the rest of it, when the太平洋 war is over and no more anything.

Ninth.—The power invested in Officers makes them "swell headed," domineering, and everything but what democracy stands for. Their orders do to 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 M.E.N.
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 feel 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 workingmen 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 patriotic 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 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 for all, the rights 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 reactionary—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 Duwan, General Secretary Syndicate of Electricians; Crescencio Flores Diaz, Carpenters' Syndicate; Nabor Fernandez, President Seamen's Union, Port of Progreso; Prudencio 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 by the official socialist in the minority 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 nationalist parties, the "jingo socialists" in a sort of "separate peace." The New Statesman justify this action with an argument which undoubtedly voices the opinion of nationalist 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, glassworkers, etc., 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 movement was 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 Zimmerwald Conference and otherwise—to the more sectarian basis of the first International, to an alliance of minorities, if not of proscribes 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 L. I. P. Conference adopted, without one dissentent vote—all its half a dozen Members of Parliament being absent at Westminster—the resolution moved by Dr. Alfred Salt, 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 any 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 members, a couple of millions, company determined 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 profusely dislikes. The British Socialist section, which represents the Socialist movement of this country in the International Socialist Bureau, maintains its support of the opportunity policy of the President and Secretary MM. Emile Vandervelde and Camille Huysmans."

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

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 indu-
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 strife-breaking 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 as hawks or as doves—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 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 litter 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 wordly 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 religious beliefs that I know of are a big pile of nonsense. That real religion of the 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 down stairs underneath the court house I know I would have been successful in getting away. they only thing stoped me was my mother was down to see me one day and she looked so Pale and worrifice looking. I told her to cheer up that I would be all right. then I told her of my intentions."

"I thought shee 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 singing every month and that I would come out sometime. She told me I would disgrace them family particularly my Brother brother-law who are Police men. She ask me promise her faithfully I wouldn't do it when the rest of the 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 wrong 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 priso. I wanted to stand trial and take the chair but evreyone insisted on me taking a plea. So not to be obstinate I took it. Suicide 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 entusiastic over what you told me. they reason was I didn't care I was going to die. I had a poten of Poison all ready to take that night. I will tel you what it was.

"I took to 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 ciga-rettes ashes. I think that would have done the trick. If it hadn't 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 your doubts tell me I am not afraid to hear it. I do not want to do a month over five years. dont bluf me you will only be prolonging my misery. Its easier for me to die than to spen years in jail and I am not afraid to die. I dont fear the next word. I gess I would have been dead now only'you came to see me. I wait for Rileys. 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 anec morder. I go away Tuesday morning 9 A. M. I hope you will excuse my spellin 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 1839, 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. Consant.

An Australian in Revolt

A self-sufficient spirit in hope and desire for the Day to Be.

A self-sufficient spirit in hope and appreciation of the manly, many pleasant and enlightening hours I have spent reading the columns of your— and my— paper, The Masses. It has been of great value to me, and has added to my knowledge in Sydney, New South Wales, Aus.

tralia. I have been here for some six months seeing labor conditions for myself and my conclusions are, from the pro.

Australasian point of view, that it was an egregious mistake for Columbia to discover America.

David J. B. Elliot.

Information

THE following letter was sent to The Masses by mistake:

Dear Sir:

I have worn your Belt about 2 weeks and I can see as I have got any Benefit from it I am sick about 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 prevented in the mails. Information on the subject of birth control is a crime, punishable by fine and imprisonment.

The Masses—Warning to Students

O TO rational," the librarian cries—Don't read it:

"Tis blasphemy—another sin—Don't read it.

It makes one mad,鬓白豹, dazed.

To steady you it never tries,

But hits you "Bling!" between the eyes—Don't read it.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. S. D. Mitchell

Right You Are

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

Cleveland, O.
THE PICNIC

A Drawing by Cornelia Barns
THE PICNIC

A Drawing by Cornelia Barns
An Introduction to the Study of Sociology, by Professor Edward Cary Hare. University of Illinois. The latest, most up-to-date volume in its field. 710 pages. Send $2.50.

Feminism: Its Fallacies and Pollies, by Mr. and Mrs. John Martin. $1.50 postpaid.


A B C of Socialism, by J. G. Savoy and M. O. Teed. This book is not academic. It is written for the every-day reader who having but a few hours a day to devote to study wishes to gain a fundamental knowledge of the basic principles of Socialism. It is a book of big ideas in small words. 60c. postpaid.

SEXOLOGY


Love's Coming-of-Age, by Edward Carpenter. The truth about Sex, told frankly, boldly, wisely, charmingly. Price, $1.00.


Problems of Sex, by Prof. Thomson and Geddes. Regular price, 50c.; by mail, 35c. postpaid.

Sex Problems in Worry and Work, by William Lee, M.D., 4th edition. Discoveries of tremendous importance to you and your race and individual are here set forth for the first time—the most important book on sex ever written. $1.00.


Kisch on the Sexual Life of Woman. Medical Edition, $5.00. Student edition, $1.50 postpaid. This is the first time that Prof. Heinrich Kisch's exhaustive book on the secrets of love is obtainable by the lay reader. Jurists, officers, social workers and writers will all find this famous work of inestimable value.


The Sexual Question, by Prof. August Forel (Zurich). A scientific, psychological, hygienic, legal and sociological work for the cultured classes. By Europe's foremost nerve specialist. Medical edition $5.00. Priced the same book, cheaper binding, now $1.60.

Sexual Knowledge, by Winfield Scott Halsey, Ph.D. (Henderson, D. Pe- rig). Sexual knowledge in plain and simple language; for the instruction of young men and young women, young wives and young husbands. $1 net.

The Small Family System: Is it Injurious or Immoral? by Dr. C. V. Drysdale. An exhaustive examination by a scientist, proving that both public and private health and morals are improved by control of births. $1.10 postpaid.

Rational Sex Ethics, by W. F. Rohje, M.D. Sold only to members of the medical and legal professions. From an investigation of the sex lives of several hundred normal, right-thinking men and women. $4.25 postpaid.

The Limitation of Offspring by the Prevention in Infancy, by Dr. Robinson. Send $1.10.

Never Told Tales, by Dr. Robinson. It should be read by everyone, physi- cian and layman, especially those contemplating marriage. Cloth. Send $1.10.

Sex Problems of Today, by Dr. W. H. Fruchey. A book very radical should read. Send $2.15.

GENERAL

The Doom of Dogma, by Dr. Henry Frank. Third Edition of this remarkable work. 400 pages. $1.50 postpaid.

Above the Battle, by Romain Rolland. "No saner counsel has yet been heard above the turmoil and conflict." He sees his mission in upholding the ideals of brotherhood that all hatreds have broken down. $1.00.


The War in Eastern Europe, de- scribed by John Reed and pictured by Boardman Robinson—two welcome contributors to THE MASSES. They viewed not only the battle fronts, but obtained the homely, unfamiliar life of the people at the front line. $2.10 postpaid.

The Antique Greek Dance, by Mau- rice Emmanuel. Translated and intro- duced by Jean Beaulé. Illustrated with over 150 drawings after painted and sculptured figures. Written by one who loved both Greek art and the dance with a deep interpret- ing affection—Maurice Emmanuel, of the Paris Conservatoire. Now available to students, $1.00. Sold only to physicians, jurists, clergy- men and educators.

The German Republic, by Walter Wellman. Is this possible? How is the Social Empire ever to end? What is to come after the war? "This remarkable book has vision, and is one of the few which the soul of civ- ilization speaks." Send $1.10.

Tennis As I Play It, by Maurice E. McLoughlin. New Revised Edition. Millions have seen the fantastic illustrations, with elaborate com- ments on each detail of them by the author. The most important outdoor book of the year! Net, $1.50.

Over There, by Arnold Bennett. War Scenes on the Western Front. Drawings by Walter Hae. Here in France and Flanders Arnold Bennett has seen what things look like, feel like, now. Net, $1.25.


What Every Business Woman Should Know, by Lilian C. Kearney. Gives much information that the average woman in business or out should know. By a practical business woman of many women's experience. Arranged alphabetically. $1.70 postpaid.

Photography for Young People, by Tudor Jenks. Gives the reader an insight into the principles and photog- raphic processes, to do developing, printing, etc. Net, $1.25.

Unmentionable, by Rev. E. Eorer. Small leaflet on the most hidden and vital of all subjects. 10c.

Drops from a Bleeding Heart, by Rev. Eorer. Shows the wondrous results of man's intellect. 35c.


The Soul of Woman, An Interpretation of the Philosophy of Feminism, by Paul Jordan Smith, English De- partment, University of California. Price $1.00 postpaid.

Visions and Revisions," by John Cowper Powys. A book of essays on literature. The New York Times said "it is too brilliant, that is the trouble." 300 pp., $2.00 net.


Emerson's Essay on War with Intro- duction and a Notes on peace is not the cause of coward- iced." Send 20 cents.


Enjoyment of Poetry, by Max Eastman. By mail $1.35.

Justice in War Time, by The Hon. Bertrand Russell. Emeritus Professor of Philosophy. Price, $1.00.

Free Speech for Radicals, by Theo- dore Schleinitz. A new and enlarged edition of one of the most important books on Free Speech ever written. Price, $1.50.

From Doomsday to Kingdom Come, by Seymour Deming. A masterly presentation of the meaning of the great character in the world's progress, with special reference to the United States. 55 cents.

One Hundred Best Books, compiled by Louis Post. It contains a commentary on each book and an essay on "Books and Reading." 25 cents.

Oratory: Its Requirements and Re- wards, by John P. Altgeld. "This is one of the best books for the promotion of good citizenship—efficient, pro- active good citizenship, I mean—that I know of. It fills one full to overflowing with civic spirit and shows him how to inspire others."—Louis F. Post. Cloth, 50c. postpaid.

The Forks of the Road, by Washing- ton Irving. Beadle's New Classic Library. Offered by the Church Peace Union for the benefit of war and peace. A powerful indictment of war. $.50.

Too Late to Classify

FICTION

The Woman Gives, by Owen John- son. "Women are the givers of this world's beauty, devotion and beauty with carelessness." $1.50 postpaid.

Jean-Costhrophe, Romain Rolland's work fashioned in France. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. In three volumes, each complete in itself. $1.50 net per volume. "Hats off, gentlemen—a genius." It is moderate praise, for Edmund Gosse, author of "the noblest work of fiction of the twentieth century."—Springfield Republican.

SOCIOLOGY

Socialism and War, by L. B. Bondin. "This book is a masterly review and summing up of the war from a Socialist viewpoint and deserves the widest possible reading and circulation."—Eugene V. Debs. "Boudin's work is well worthy the attention of every careful student of the problem raised by the war."—Joshua Wurpa. Handsomely bound in cloth, $1.10 postpaid.

Marx's Capital. Greatest of all Social- ist books. 3 vols. Price, $6.00 post- paid.

Principles of Constitutional Govern- ment, by Frank J. Goodnow, LL.D., Professor of Law, Harvard University. $2.00 net.

EDUCATION

Sel-Reliance. Practical methods of developing initiative and responsi- bility. By Horace Kallen. Em- canfield Fisher, author of "A Mon- (Continued on page 43)
MASS BOOK SHOP

(Continued from page 42)
tessori Mother," Mothers and Children," etc. Send $1.10.

Criminality and Economic Conditions, by William Adrian Borger; tr. by H. P. Horton; with an editorial pref.

Criminology and Economic Conditions, by William Adrian Borger; tr. by H. P. Horton; with an editorial pref.

The Night Clock, by Paul Bourget; tr. by C. Frederic Lees. $1.35 net.


The Real Motive, by Dorothea Can.


The Cruise of the Jasper B., by Don Marquis. tr. by V. Ed. Gallatin. The last in the series of popular books by Don Marquis, a commonplace newspaper editor, Clement J. Clagett is a volcano of romance. This is the story of his unexpected acquisition of half a million.

Industrial Arbitration, by Carl H. Mete. $1.50 net. A valuable work. It surveys and records experiments and laws in the United States, New Zealand and Australia, Canada, England, Germany, and France, which deal with disputes between labor and capital through arbitration.

Latching to Maine Woods and Waters, by Walter Emerson. $2.00 net. An account of the recreational possibilities and facilities of the State which has become perhaps the principal vacation resort for the city dwellers of the East.

The New Cookery. "Dieting a Delight," by Lenna Frances Cooper, head dietitian Battle Creek Sanitar.

The Art of Massage. Revised and enlarged edition, by J. H. Kellogg. M. D. $2.50 postpaid. This work pictures as clearly as possible the various procedures of massage as practiced at the Battle Creek Sanitar.

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE

But Your Nose?

In this age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you wish to lead in the most satisfactory of lives, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly or otherwise by the face. A nose has to stand as the most noticeable feature in the face. Sometimes it is wise to operate on noses with operation easily, safety and permanently, while there are others who advocate daily operations. The nose is one of the most distinctive features of the face, which tells you how we were formed. After.

M. THALFIRE, Nose Specialist,
306 Avenue B, Springfield, N. Y.

THE MASSES BOOK SHOP

OUR advertisers believe in The Masses. Encourage their faith, and it will encourage us. We are not publishing The Masses for profit, but we do want to have it self-supporting. Patronize our ad-

The Sexual Question

By Prof. August Forel

The world famous scientist of Zurich.

New Edition Price $1.60 Postpaid

Translated by Dr. C. H. Marshall, of London.

Should be read by every social worker, police officer, physician, sociologist and writer. This book has been translated into every European language as well as the Japanese. Only the English edition obtainable at this time.

Send $1.60, and if dissatisfied with the book, return it after two days and money will be refunded. Special prices to Large orders.

33 West 14th Street - New York

Made from identical the same plates as the expensive medical edition.

The only difference is in paper and binding.

THE SEXUAL QUESTION

By Prof. August Forel

The world famous scientist of Zurich.

New Edition Price $1.60 Postpaid

Translated by Dr. C. H. Marshall, of London.

Should be read by every social worker, police officer, physician, sociologist and writer. This book has been translated into every European language as well as the Japanese. Only the English edition obtainable at this time.

Send $1.60, and if dissatisfied with the book, return it after two days and money will be refunded. Special prices to Large orders.

33 West 14th Street - New York

30 Cents Postpaid

THE CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA

Why do we dream? What is thunder? What makes the rainbow? Why do sea-shells "roar"? Why are the lips red? Why have fish fins? Why have we two eyes?

"Arranged with this little manual, which is admirably indexed, and profoundly illustrated, one could face the most insidious stranger, or even the infant son with perfect equanimity."—San Francisco Chronicle

I Can Make You a Convincing Speaker

I Can Make You a Convincing Speaker

Can you grow young at 70? Read how Sanford Bennett did it.

OLD AGE—ITS CAUSE AND PREVENTION

By Sanford Bennett

Price $1.50 Postpaid

One new subscription to The Masses and the book together for $1.50.

A most remarkable book of practical benefit by a most remarkable man.

Sold by

The MASSES BOOK SHOP
Spoon River Anthology
By Edgar Lee Masters

"The natural child of Walt Whitman and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow...."

THE NEW YORK TIMES

"At once takes its place among those masterpieces, which, as a matter of fact, are not of a time or a locality. - Boston Transcript.

"A work of classic importance, marvelous in the artistry of exclusion yet full of life, a splendidly organized and exquisitely analytical character, of plastic facility of handling, apprehension under

- T. S. Eliot

Price $1.25 Postpaid

THE MASSES BOOK SHOP

Three great books on the Birth Control question by DR. WILLIAM J. ROBINSON
Never Told Tales, $1.10 Postpaid
The Limitation of Offspring, $1.10 Postpaid
Sexual Problems of Today, $2.15 Postpaid
Three all sent postpaid for $4.00

THE MASSES BOOK SHOP

TWO BOOKS BY POWYS
WOOD AND STONE, a novel by John Cowper Powys (Second Large Edition)...$1.50
The irresistible drama of sexual attraction. In the light of human type taking breakers of all the world, man and woman in a Central radiator a creation of a

W. H. Auden

Price 9.00

THE MASSES BOOK SHOP

How I Jumped from $1500 to $50,000 Yearly
"Power of Will Was My Guide"

"Three years ago I was making $1500 a year and working day and night. Today I make a thousand dollars a week and have time for other things as well. To the lessons in 'Power of Will' more than any other thing do I owe this sudden rise."

These are the exact words of an owner of "Power of Will."

His name is not published for obvious reasons, but will be gladly given in confidence on request to anyone ordering this book for a friend.

As remarkable as is his experience it might almost be called typical of what this wonderful course in Will Training has accomplished for thousands of men and women in every walk of life who are using "Power of Will" as the stepping stone to greater accomplishment.

What is 'Power of Will'? The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of obtaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without Will Power to "put them over." Yet the Will, hitherto entirely neglected, can be tuned into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the same very method, by intelligent exercise and instruction.

If you hold your arm in a sling for two years it would become powerless to lift a feather, and a lack of will in the will is as true a disease as the other. But if we continually have the same chance we become able to assert ourselves. What we will need is practice.

Power of Will by FRANK CHAMING HAYDON, Ph.D., a scientist whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Russell and Spencer. In the first thorough course in Will Power ever consecrated. It is the result of over 20 years' work in the field of Will. You will find every page in this 23 lessons written so simply that anyone can understand its purport and significance and get this practice at once with certain results right from the very start.

Meant for You
There are over 15,000 people in all walks of life who own "Power of Will." Among them are such names as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court of Judges; P. H. Hume; W. J. Ayres; the Honorable T. F. Howson; General and Chief of Staff; Governor of New York; Governor of Michigan; President of a large insurance company; President of a steel company; President of a large construction company; General Manager of a large railroad company; and many others.

Now in the history of self-help literature there has been such a rare book. A book which has come to us as a result of practical labors. It has been instrumental in changing the entire line of thought—making their dominant emphasis on the right to self-control and self-control in the light of the field of Will. This is the book which has made the biggest impact in the history of self-control literature. It is a book that has made the biggest impact in the history of self-control literature.

You will find it easy to read and understand. It is a book that will help you to conquer your weaknesses and achieve your desires. It is a book that will help you to think and act with power and courage.

Send No Money
Although "Power of Will" is a 420-page bound book containing more material than most 15,000, it is not the only book in the picture. It contains many more such books. It is available at all bookstores and libraries.

"Power of Will" is a book that will help you to conquer your weaknesses and achieve your desires. It is a book that will help you to think and act with power and courage.

Send for a free copy of "Power of Will." It will be mailed to you without cost.

Postage Extra. Send a dollar for these three hitherto unpublished books. Only 100 copies received.

The MASSES BOOK SHOP

FAKES IN AMERICAN JOURNALISM
By Max Shererover

A new edition of this big selling book of 50 pages. It takes you behind the scenes and exposes the tricks of the newspaper game. Tell your friends and why the facts about the Press. You can't be too careful.

25 Cents Postpaid
Three Copies for 50 cents

The MASSES BOOK SHOP

33 West 46th St., New York
Tuxedo is Guaranteed to Suit You!

This guarantee, printed in the top of every Tuxedo tin, is as definite and unconditional as the English language can make it. Read it!

We tell you positively that Tuxedo is supremely mild and deliciously fragrant—and we guarantee that it is. We tell you positively that Tuxedo will not bite your tongue or irritate your throat—and we guarantee that it will not. You are the judge. Tuxedo must be satisfactory to you in every particular—or your money back.

Tuxedo
The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

We know you'll like Tuxedo. The selected Burley leaf is aged in wood three to five years until it's as mellow and smooth as nature can make it—then every remaining possibility of bite or irritation is removed by the original "Tuxedo Process"—which was discovered by a doctor.

To get the fullest enjoyment from Tuxedo you must smoke it fresh. If you get a tin that isn't, or if for any other reason the tobacco does not suit you, take it right back to your dealer—our guarantee protects both you and the dealer.

Buy Tuxedo today—at our risk. See that it's fresh. Smoke it a week—and you'll discover new pleasure and comfort in your pipe.

Notice to Dealers: The Tuxedo guarantee protects you fully. If any customer returns a tin of Tuxedo to you, send it to your jobber, or give it to our salesman, and your money will be refunded promptly.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine-wrapped, 5¢
Famous green tin, with gold 10¢
misture proof pouch
In Tin Humidors, 40¢ and 80¢
In Glass Humidors, 50¢ and 90¢

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
The Sexual Life of a Woman
IN ITS
Physiological and Hygienic Aspect
BY
E. HEINRICH KISCH, M.D.
Professor of the German Medical Faculty of the University of Prague: Physician to the Hospital and Spa of Marienbad; Member of the Board of Health. Etc., Etc.

New Edition
Cloth, $1.60, Postpaid
The most exhaustive work on the subject, hitherto published exclusively for the physician at $5.00.

The heavy and unexpected demand by lawyers, jurists, educators, sociologists, clergy, and lay leaders among the teaching and cultured classes was the determining factor for this edition. All parts dealing with anatomy, laboratory experiments, pathological conditions and medical or surgical professional treatment, have been eliminated. In other words, all those passages which are of direct interest solely to the medical man have been omitted.

"What renders this book particularly attractive are the interesting and instructive excerpts which the author makes into the fields of hygiene and history..."
—Allgemeine Wiener Medizinische Zeitung.

"...It is a book for the practicing physician and the cultured lay reader alike..."
—Wiener Klinische Wochenchrift.

"The great attention given in this work to questions of education and personal hygiene makes it interesting..."
—American Practitioner.

"The book is free from the sensationalism which characterizes many of the works that have been written on this subject..."—Ohio State Medical Journal.

"There are so many attractive sides to this remarkable book that one is at a loss where to begin. It is interesting as a novel and while not in a class with 'Psychosephiak Sexualis,' it is far above it in real scientific interest..."
—Kansas Medical Journal.

"The book is pervaded by an atmosphere of moral cleanliness which is highly gratifying; it unceases the abnormal only to point a way of correcting it..."
—Pacific Coast Journal of Homeopathy.

"...It is the completing link in the chain wrought by Plutarch in 'Gay Weib in der Natur und Volkerkunde,' and by Kelaft in 'Psychopathia Sexualis.' This book deserves a big circulation, not only among members of the medical profession, but also among all thinking and cultured classes..."

"Gynaeceologia Heretica.

"This book stands in its own right, as the most complete and exhaustive, as well as the most erudite and fascinating account of the influences exercised by the reproductive organs during the time of development, maturity and involution on the life history of woman as an individual and her respective race or nation as a whole..."
—W. H. L., in 'Denom Medical Times.'

"Each section contains interesting and instructive matter. It is indeed a pleasure to find here discussions in a genuinely scientific manner a medical, historical and philosophical question which has been much abused in literature, and yet in every attractive way related to the medical man a constant source of new, startling, and enlightening facts...

—Wiener Klinische Wochenchrift.

CLOTH, $1.60, POSTPAID
The Masses Book Shop
33 W. 14th St., New York

Beginnin' with this num-
ber The Masses will cost
Fifteen Cents a copy, and
its subscription price will
be One Dollar and Fifty
Cents a Year. The reasons
for this change ought to be
obvious to every person
who looks at The Masses
close enough to find out
that from a twenty-four-page
journal that it was two years ago, it
has now grown to be a forty-eight
page magazine.

Without wanting to boast of it,
we cannot help stating that The
Masses as now edited and pub-
lished contains fully one-third as
much reading matter as any fifteen-
cent magazine in the market and
practically twice as much picture
space. That this steady growth in size and material has been
accompanied by a propor-
tional increase in the cost of manu-
facture—such as paper, composition,
print, engraving and binding—
is an obvious fact.

Without considering the in-
creased cost of everything, merely
figuring on the doubled size of
The Masses based on the cost of
production two years ago, it is
apparent that it ought to sell
now at no less than twenty cents
a copy and two dollars a year.

Instead of that, we are
offering it to anyone who sub-
scribes between now and
the 1st of September at the
old rate of $1.00 a year, and
thereafter at the regular
price of $1.50 a year.

Those who want to subscribe
for more than one year, may do
so. We do not want to
subscribe at all, will have to pay
fifteen cents a copy on the stands,
equal to $1.50 a year, or stop
reading The Masses.

If they don't want to read it
any more, we are, of course, very
sorry, but cannot possibly go on
offering the magazine to news-
dealers at one-third less than the
price we pay for it to the printer.

This explanation we thought
we owed to our friends—those
who do want it and help The
Masses and the others—those who
only read us because it amuses them and don't
care how hard we work—well, we
would like to give it to them for
nothing but we can't.

Please send in your dollar
subscriptions before it is too late.

Anthology of Magazine Verse
FOR 1915 and
Year Book of American Poetry
Edited by WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE. Price $1.40
CONTAINS
The one hundred distinctive poems of the year selected by
William Stanley Braithwaite. A critical summary of fifty
notable volumes of poetry of the year.
A summary of the contents of the fifty-five volumes of the
year dealing with poets, poetry, and the art of poetry, together with
a list of articles and essays on the
same subjects.
The verses of the Authors of every
poem in twenty of the most
important magazines.

A War Time Bargain
PROBLEMS OF SEX
By Professor J. ARTHUR THOMSON
(University of Edinburgh)
and
Professor PATRICK GEDDES
(University of St. Andrews)
Authors of "The Evolution of Sex"
Edited from the manuscript
of Professor J. Arthur Thomson.
They are offered to Masses

35 CENTS
The Masses Book Shop
33 W. 14th St., New York
New Wars For Old

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Minister of the Church of the Mes- sians (Utalians), New York City, author, "The Revelation of the Modern Church," "Marriage and Divorce," "Is Death the End?" etc.

A statement of Radical Pacifism in terms of Force versus Non-Re- sistance, with special reference to the facts and problems of the Great War.

The Free Synagogue,
New York

RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE says:
"John Haynes Holmes continues as perhaps no other man in the American ministry, the great tradition of Theodore Parker. John Haynes Holmes is not a social reformer. He is a thinker, a writer, a religious leader, an advocate of religion that works. Since the begin- ning of the war, no American writer has spoken out against the horrors of war and on behalf of the sufferings and sacri- fices of peace with more forthright and impressive eloquence than John Haynes Holmes."

"A Counterblast to Militarism"

X. Y. Martin

Price $1.50 Postpaid

Dodd, Mead & Company
443 Fourth Avenue, New York

Offered through the Masses Bookshop

MARITAL RELATIONS

and Causes for Divorce

If you want to know the truth about them in a way that will make you sit up and take notice...

"His Bold Experiment"

By HEINRICH FREY, Author of "The
Doom of Dogsman," Etc.

Only 105 copies left. Plates destroyed. Thrilling, Realistic, Exciting.

Price, Postpaid, 50c. Stamps at Coin.

S. S. PENN, 1123 Broadway, New York City

THE MODERN SCHOOL, FERNER GOLOFF, STELTON, N. J.

HIGH SCHOOL COURSES

With the consent of teachers, Thurston Brown, assisted by A. Grosser, and at least one other teacher, we will organize a class for advanced pupils and offer a high school course, which will include the following subjects:

English Grammar, Composition and Literature; English History, including the history of its literature; American History and Literature; Economic Geography; German: Latin Grammar; Greek and Roman History; Bookkeeping; General History, Ancient, Medieval and Modern; Mathematics, arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, and Trigo-

ometry; General Science; Physiography; Sociology. If desired, special courses of study will be arranged in Comparative Religions, Psychology, and History of Science; Modern Drama; Comparative Literature; Course in the Old and New Testament Literature from the Modern and Radical Point of View.

SPECIAL: A limited number of pupils desiring to make us work for their country's sake, in the cause of peace, the income from the sale of this book will be accommodated by the student.

Terms: Tuition, $2.00 per week: special terms, for hard-working pupils. Board in private families, from $5.00 to $8.00 per week.

The families who board the pupils are members of Ferrer Colony and will work in harmony with you, giving the children the best meals and the best instruction.

Write for applications or information to Harry Kelly, The Modern School, Stelton, New Jersey.

All in The Pagan+

+ BELLOWS
+ SOLOCB
+ ROBERT HENRI
+ OPTAHSU
+ KNUT HAMOS
+ ROBERTO BRACCO
+ AEBERLACH

And Others as well as Others

One Dollar a Year Art & poetry * Literature

Ten Cents the Copy Originality

THE PAGAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
174 Centre Street New York

The Unique Monthly


The Most Precious Thing in Life

When I was a boy I used to write in a copy book, over and over again, this line:

"Time is Money"

It never meant much to me then. I had a good deal of time—and very little money; it was hard to see the connection.

Because I did have so little money, I took pretty good care of it; I kept track of it. Because I had so much time and kept track of it, I wasted it. If I had had a watch in those days, I believe I would have taken better care of my time; I would have wasted it instead of wasting it.

And every time a customer comes to me to buy an Ingersoll Watch for a boy or a girl, I wonder if that watch is going to last as long as the little time is going to last. But then I am thinking of the other watches that I am selling together. Most men find the Ingersoll a necessity.

SONGS OF LABOR

by

Morris Rosenfeld

Translated by

Rose Pastor Stokes and
Helena Frank

It is now more than a decade since the volume of transla- tions made by us appeared in the name of Morris Rosenfeld among the best little poems of the world. For a generation this great "heretic of the office" has been writing the poetry of his beloved world. Now, at last, the first attempt to render into English a selection of his work, acknowledged and accepted figure by his own people. It needs only the medium of another language to make him known to the world at large.

Chorus: "In the land of the Tobaco, in the land of the Jus- tori, the people who work toil. The people who work toil. The people who work toil." The English Transcript writes: "These poems are translated with perfect accuracy and knowledge. There is a poetic beauty in the English rendering."

Bound in antique boards, with striking frontispiece, 75 cents postage.

Supplied Through THE MASSES BOOK SHOP

JAP ART BRUSHES

TRADE MARK REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFFICE

COMMENTS ON THEM

By Two Artists of "The Masses"

A JAP Brush brush held to- gether becomes larger than any- thing, they are marvels, absolutely unique. We have written on them.

Marvin Brainard

Lena Schwarken

Our bulletin describes nineteen types—illustrated full size—write for it today

JAP ART BRUSH COMPANY
154 Nassau Street, New York

THE MASSES.

Red Hot

If you want for self or
friends, a paper that
combats all religious
dogmas, send 50c
for each
Agnostic
subscription.
切实 shipped
every day.
The Crucible, V.
Paper
1330 1st Avenue, Seattle.
PAPER
50 CENTS

If I use our list of
IMPROVE YOUR EYES
For the inquirers and
improvers of vision, a
message method that effectually strengthens the eye.
Also A most beneficial sensation. Also a most beneficial
improvement in the condition of the eye, thereby facilitating realiza-
tion and visual perception, in all, in all, in all.

MICHELLE BUILDERS
May soon step into your home
with a complete store of twenty-

cy.png
fifty, elected favorites for the

body. It is sent to any

as a present. Limited stock.

The Man Behind

For Men The Ingersoll
Watch is the kind of a watch many men like.
It is small and thin and keeps bang-up good time. It costs $5.00. Or there's the Eclipse, not quite so small but almost as thin, $3.00.

For Women the Ingersoll Millet—like the kind to carry in her handbag. They wear it round their necks on a chain or on a pin; or in the pocket of their blouses. It's a little thing to keep. The Ingersoll}
Lodgings
Lodgings