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Max Eastman

ART EDITOR
John Sloan

MANAGING EDITOR
Floyd Dell

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Arthur Young
John Sloan
Louis Untermeyer
E. W. Chamberlain
Howard Breckner
Maurice Becker
Mary McLeod Bains
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Alice Allen Beach
Winter Max Eastman
Charles A. Winter
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George Bellows
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Floyd Dell
Glen O. Coleman
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PATRIOTISM

The Editor, the Munition Maker and the Investor: "Outrage! American Killed in Mexico! War!"
Patriotism

The Editor, the Munition Maker and the Investor: "Outrage! American Killed in Mexico! War!"
HANDS—By Sherwood Anderson

Oh, YOU Wing Biddlebaum! Comb your hair! It's falling into your eyes!

Wing Biddlebaum, a fat, little old man, had been walking nervously up and down the half decayed verandas of a small frame house that stood near the edge of a ravine. He could see, across a long field that had been seeded for clover, but that had produced only a dense crop of yellow mustard weeds, the public highway. Along this road a wagon filled with berry pickers was returning from the fields. The berry pickers, youths and maidens, laughed and shouted boisterously. A boy, clad in a blue shirt, leaped from the wagon and attempted to drag after him one of the girls, who screamed and protested shrilly.

As he watched them, the plump little hands of the old man fiddled unconsciously about his bare, white forehead as though arranging a mass of tangled locks on that bald crown. Then, as the berry pickers saw him, that thin girlish voice came mockingly across the field. Wing Biddlebaum stopped, with a frightened look, and put down his hands helplessly.

When the wagon had passed on, he went across the field through the tall mustard weeds, and climbing a rail fence, peered anxiously along the road to the town. He was hoping that young George Willard would come and spend the evening with him. For a moment he stood on the fence, unconsciously rubbing his hands together and looking up the road; and then, fear overcoming him, he ran back to the house and commenced to walk again on the half decayed verandas.

Among all the people of Winesburg, but one had come close to this man; for Wing Biddlebaum, forever frightened and beset by a ghostly band of doubts, did not think of himself as in any way a part of the life of the town in which he had lived for the last twenty years. But with George Willard, son of Tom Willard, the proprietor of the new Willard House, he had formed something like a friendship. George Willard was reporter on the Winesburg Democrat, and sometimes in the evening walked out along the highway to Wing Biddlebaum's house.

In George Willard's presence, Wing Biddlebaum, who for twenty years had been the town mystery, lost something of his timidity and his shadowy personality, submerged in a sea of doubts, came forth to look at the world. With the young reporter at his side he ventured, in the light of day, into Main street or strolled up and down on the rickety front porch of his own house talking excitedly. The voice that had been low and trembling became shrill and loud. The bent figure straightened. With a kind of wriggle like a fish returned to the brook by the fisherman, Biddlebaum the silent began to talk, striving to put into words the ideas that had been accumulated by his mind during long years of silence.

Wing Biddlebaum talked much with his hands. The slender expressive fingers, forever active, forever striving to conceal themselves in Wing's pockets or behind his back, came forth and became the piston rods of his machinery of expression.

The story of Wing Biddlebaum is a story of hands. Their restless activity, like unto the beating of the wings of an imprisoned bird, had given him his name. Some obscure poet of the town had thought of it. The hands alarmed their owner. He wanted to keep them hidden away and looked with amazement at the quiet, inexpressive hands of other men who walked beside him in the fields or passed driving sleepy teams on country roads.

When he talked to George Willard, Wing Biddlebaum closed his fists and beat with them upon a table or on the walls of his house. The action made him more comfortable. If the desire to talk came to him when the two were walking in the fields, he sought out a stump or the top board of a fence and with his hands pounding busily talked with renewed ease.

The story of Wing Biddlebaum's hands is worth a book in itself. Sympathetically set forth it would tap strange, beautiful qualities in obscure men. It is a job for a poet. In Winesburg the hands had attracted attention merely because of their activity. With them Wing Biddlebaum had picked as high as a hundred and forty quarts of strawberries in a day. They became his distinguishing feature, the source of his fame. Also they made more grotesque an already grotesque and elusive individuality. Winesburg was proud of the hands of Wing Biddlebaum in the same spirit in which it was proud of Banker White's new stone house and Wesley Moyer's bay stallion, "Tony Tip," that had won the "two-fifteen" trot at the fall races in Cleveland.

As for George Willard, he had many times wanted to ask about the hands. At times an almost overwhelming curiosity had taken hold of him. He felt that there must be a reason for their strange activity and their inclination to keep hidden away, and only a growing respect for Wing Biddlebaum kept him from blurting out the question that was often in his mind. Once he had been on the point of asking. The two were walking in the fields on a summer afternoon and had stopped to sit upon a grassy bank. All afternoon Wing Biddlebaum had been as one inspired. By a fence he had stopped and, beating like a giant woodpecker upon the top board, had shouted at George Willard, condemning his tendency to be too much influenced by the people about him. "You are destroying yourself," he cried. "You have the inclination to be alone and to dream and you are afraid of dreams. You want to be like others in town here. You hear them talk and you try to imitate them."

On the grassy bank Wing Biddlebaum had tried again to drive his point home. His voice became soft and reminiscent and with a sigh of contentment he launched into a long, rambling talk, speaking as one lost in a dream.

Out of the dream Wing Biddlebaum made a picture for George Willard. In the picture men lived again in a kind of pastoral golden age. Across a green open country came lean limbed young men, some afoot, some mounted upon horses. In crowds the young men came to gather about the feet of an old man who sat beneath a tree in a tiny garden and who talked to them.

Wing Biddlebaum became wholly inspired. For once he forgot the hands. Slowly they stilled forth and lay upon George Willard's shoulders. Something new and bold came into the voice that talked. "You must try to forget all you have learned," said the old man. "You must begin to dream. From this time on you must begin to shut your ears to the roaring of the voices."

Pausmg in his speech, Wing Biddlebaum looked long and earnestly at George Willard. His eyes glowed. Again he raised the hands to caress the boy, and then a look of horror swept over his face.

With a convulsive movement of his body, Wing Biddlebaum sprang to his feet and thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets. Tears came to his eyes. "I must be getting along home. I can't talk any more with you," he said nervously.

Without looking back, the old man had hurried down the hillside and across a long meadow, leaving George Willard perplexed and frightened upon the grassy slope. With a shiver of dread, the boy arose and went along the road towards town. "I will not ask him about the hands," he thought, touched by the memory of the terror he had seen in the man's eyes. "There is something wrong, but I don't want to know what it is. His hands have something to do with his fear of me and of everyone."

And George Willard was right. Let us look briefly into the story of the hands. Perhaps our talking of them will arouse the poet who will tell the hidden wonder story of the influence for which the hands were but fluttering pennants of promise.

In his youth Wing Biddlebaum had been a school teacher in a town in Pennsylvania. He was not then known as Wing Biddlebaum, but went by the less euphonic name of Adolf Myers. As Adolf Myers he was much loved by the boys of his school.

Adolf Myers was meant by nature to be a teacher of youth. He was one of those rare, little understood men who ruled by a power so gentle that it passes as a kind of lovable weakness. In his feeling
SKETCHES BY JOHN SLOAN
COMING TO PORT

OUR motion on the soft still misty river
Is like rest; and like the hours of doom
That rise and follow one another ever
Ghosts of sleeping battle-cruisersloom
And languish quickly in the liquid gloom.

From watching them your eyes in tears are gleaming,
And your heart is still; and like a sound
In silence is your stillness in the streaming
Of light-whispered laughter all around,
Where happy passengers are homeward bound.

Their sunny journey is in safety ending,
But for you no journey has an end;
The tears that to your eyes their light are lending
Shine in softness to no waiting friend;
Beyond the search of any eye they tend.

There is no nest for the unresting fever
Of your passion, yearning, hungry-veined;
There is no rest nor blessedness forever
That can clasp you, quivering and pained,
Whose eyes burn forward to the unattained.

Like time, and like the river’s fateful flowing,
Flowing though the ship has come to rest,
Your love is passing through the mist and going,
Going infinitely from your breast,
Surpassing time on its immortal quest.

The ship draws softly to the place of waiting,
All flush forward with a joyful aim,
And while their hands with happy hands are mating,
Lips are laughing out a happy name—
They see you pass amongst them like a flame.

MAX EASTMAN.

A Remarkable Governor

HERE is an important piece of news that comes,
not through the newspaper, but through the publicity service of the Committee on Industrial Relations. It is about Governor George W. P. Hunt of Arizona.

Five thousand copper miners are on strike in Arizona. Contrary to the precedent established in Colorado, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and other states, Governor Hunt, after discovering that the cause of the strikers was just, sent the militia to protect the strikers against the corporations; moreover, he prohibited the importation of gun men and strike breakers. The sheriff, following the governor's example, appointed strikers as deputy sheriffs. As a result, not a single worker has been killed or wounded: there has been no violence. This is almost the first time anybody as high up as a Governor ever did anything for labor.

Meanwhile, in spite of Governor Hunt's assistance, five thousand copper miners and their families are being spurred into submission. Their funds have long run out and the strike might have been mistaken for the fingers of the devotee gone swiftly through decade after decade of his rosary.
SOLIDARITY AT YOUNGSTOWN
SOLIDARITY AT YOUNGSTOWN
FIRE IN THE STEEL TRUST

FRANK BOHN

IT was a real battle—not a ridiculous piece of medi-

evilism such as is now going on in Europe. It

was a Twentieth Century conflict such as is be-

coming a familiar story in the newspapers. The

unarmed militia of the working class, like the forces

of Jackson at New Orleans a hundred years ago, won

a qualified victory from the organized and disciplined

army of capitalism.

"No, I tell you, I never see anything like it. I was

there in Pittsburgh in '77 among the railroad men.

Somebody fired an engine and five cars full of oil, set

it afire, and run it forty miles an hour into the round

house where the Pinkertons were livin'. But this East

Youngstown business! In my forty years' a' striking

an' strikers I never see the like. It was a patch a' hell

dozin' in its own juice."

I had just come to town and a few old friends were

entertaining me in the "Puddlers Saloon."

Another one of the old ones agreed heartily with the

view already expressed. "It looked at first," he said

very quietly, "as though the golden dreams of my

youth had come true. I had read in the labor papers

about such things as twenty thousand unskilled, un-

organized men coming out on strike and standing to-

gether like a rock, but I had never imagined what it

was to see it with my own eyes. I too have waited a

long time. I was slated to make a speech from the

wagon in Chicago in 1889 when the 'stool' pitched

the bomb. When I heard it blow of course I fled.

I run home and says to the wife—I says 'We K. of L.

officials has got to cut the town.' I went on a train

with over a hundred others and we dropped off any

old place on the prairie. At three the next morning

the Pinkertons and the Police came to my house to

arrest me. Well, those times is gone and the real fight

is on at last."

The Might of the Mass

The Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company employs

15,000 men. Two-thirds of these were unskilled and

they received 75 cents an hour before the strike. This

concern spent $7,000,000 in improvements last year.

Its common stock since the war started has risen from

85 to 340. Not a single group of workers received a

cent increase. On December 27th 10,000 "Hunkies"

struck. Two weeks later they carried the 5,000 skilled

and semi-skilled on and up for a ten per cent. increase.

The Republic Iron & Steel Company employs 9,000,000

and the Carnegie Steel Company, which is part of the

Steel Trust, has 10,000. All these received a flat ten

per cent. increase.

Thirty cents a day more might not seem very much to

a New York bricklayer, but the steelworker in

Youngstown has literally starved on his 75 cents an

hour. Three dimes more a day has given him a taste

of victory—which is more to be desired even than a

taste of fresh meat.

Before the strike the craft unions did not have a

single organized group of workmen in the steel indus-

try. Since the strike a half dozen organizers, machin-

ists, pipe-fitters, etc., have been here on the job, suc-

cessfully organizing their crafts in every steel mill in

Youngstown.

Youngstown

To get a view of Youngstown fixed in your imagina-

tion, concieve on the horizon fifteen miles distant a
dark and ugly cloud. If it is night, this cloud is illu-

minated by flashes of fire. You come closer and at

last into the clouds—you are among the suburbs of this

workshop of 110,000 inhabitants. On one side the mills

of The Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company occupy

exactly four miles of the Valley of the Mahoning River.

On the other side are hundreds of acres of dingy shacks.

You conclude at once that they are the cheapest and

meanest habitation occupied by human beings in the

whole world.

The central part of the town is like other American

industrial cities of its size. A few thin skyscrapers

shoot up at intervals. There is a beautiful new post-

office above it is the Republic Iron & Steel Company.

There is one good hotel. Citizens tell you that the new

court house cost just two millions of dollars. The rear

wall and top story made of cement blocks are already

cracking to pieces. Everywhere smoke—dirt—dust—

mud—grime. Prosperous looking business men with

dirty faces and dirty hands and dirty clothes. Every-

body breathing dirt—dirt—dirt—they call it "pay dirt."

for Youngstown clean would be Youngstown out of

work and out of business and starving to death. So
dirt is the one essential part in the life of the community.
Everybody loves it.

The Strike

On December 27th fifty pipe fitters in the Republic

Iron & Steel Company struck for an increase of 25

cents a day and won in about five minutes. The news

was too good! Two hundred laborers went out in a

body for 25 cents a day increase and began to picket

the gates. They "made it stick." Skilled and semi-

skilled couldn't work without the Hunkies. Then,

too, the skilled were not averse to an increase them-

selves. On the third and fourth day the furnaces were

stopped—which is the essential thing in an iron and

steel strike.

On January 5th the Electric Shock of the real thing

ran along the lines of the strikers' army. Its sure sign

was the battle cry, "General Strike." Nobody knows

who started it. There has been a small Slavic Local

of the American Federation of Labor with 1,000 at

the head of it. A dozen or more A. F. of L. organiza-

tions, Craft Unionsist and general headquarters men

had come to town. Probably no or-

ganization and no individual was responsible. It

was instinctive. Crowds of strikers moved upon the

Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company plant. Voluntary

committees organized themselves and went to New

office, paid for by the Federal Government, of course.

On February 1st and that everybody would get a 10 per cent. increase.

Jim Campbell Wants the Militia

The dominant mind among the employers was Mr.

James Campbell, president of The Youngstown Sheet

& Tube Company. "Jim" Campbell is a perfect repre-

sentative of his class—the "self-made" American Capi-

talist. From a clerk in a flour and feed store he has

become the employer of 15,000 men in a town of

110,000 men, women and children. "Jim" Campbell

usually has his way about most everything in Youngs-
town. Now the mind of "Jim" Campbell worked quite

as correctly as that of the strikers. The strikers kept

saying to one another—"Keep together, stay in bunces;

if 20 of you speak 17 different languages, make motions

and laugh and shout. Everybody come out night and

morning when shifts are changed. Speak sweetly

to the men who are going to the mill and plead with them

with tears in your eyes to join your forces. If that

doesn't help, try some other method, but keep it up."

As a matter of fact nearly everybody had come out

of the shops, except stationary engineers and firemen

and the clerks, who kept up a bluf of work among the

furnaces.

"Jim" Campbell said to his colleagues that crowds

would have to be dispersed—that the assembling of

crowds would be a success for the strikers, that what

they wanted was a full brigade of militia, 2,000 strong,

who would keep East Youngstown swept clean of "dis-

order" and "lawlessness." They appealed to the Gov-

ernor through the local authorities.

On Friday morning Adjutant General Weybright

came from Columbus and looked over the situation.

He went into conference with Mayor Cunningham,

the Sheriff, "Jim" Campbell and other capitalists.

In that conference he declared that the militia was not

needed and that he was going back to Columbus.

"The militia not needed," shrieked Campbell and his

distinguished fellow citizens—25,000 men asking for a

thousand per cent, increase in wages and the militia not

needed. What are we supporting the militia for, any-

way?"

The Massacre

In the afternoon there was another conference with-

out the Adjutant General. That conference closed at

4:30. At five o'clock about 200 strikers were in the

vicinity of the bridge-head on the raised street, from

which the employees cross the bridge over a dozen

railroad tracks to get into the plant. Six company

guards, armed with repeating rifles, came out and took

up their station on the bridge. There was not a single

striker on the bridge, which is company property.

They were in the public street. It was the orthodox

Greek and Russian Christians. The strikers had been

celebrating by parading in quaint costumes and feasting

in their homes. There were thousands in the streets

who were not specially interested in picketing on such

a holiday.

The six company guards first raised their rifles and

fired one shot over the heads of the pickets, who re-

fused to retreat. The guards then emptied their re-

peating rifles into the crowd. They were at a point

blank range—not over forty feet away. Forty dead

and dying men fell to the ground.

The Fire of Revenge

Probably every striker in East Youngstown was on

the scene within ten minutes. What they accomplished

was told in headlines throughout the country next day.

The guards retreated to the far end of the bridge and

took cover. It was impossible for the strikers to get

into the mill or lay hold of the guards.

Their action was absolutely instinctive. Society had

committed treason and murder against them. In their

power was a half million dollars' worth of property,
THE MASSES

about which was thrown the guarding power of the sanctity of the law. They took such revenge as the situation made possible. Here, unprotected, was the bank and post office, an office building or two and a dozen considerable stores. Scattered among these were a score of smaller buildings. The mob made no distinction. It threw dynamite through the windows and doors and retreated long enough for the fuses to set it off. A shoe repair shop owned by a Slavic Socialist and strike sympathizer went with the rest.

"How could they dynamite the bank?" asked an astounded and perplexed small business man. "Didn't they have their savings in it?"

Mr. Jim Campbell got his militia the next morning—two full regiments of them. There was no more picketing, no more crowds on the street. Every informed working man in Youngstown knows that 25 cents an hour would have been secured had it not been for the "riot" and fire.

The "riot" and fire lasted from 5:15 in the evening until one o'clock in the morning. The East Youngstown police ran away. At two o'clock the next morning, when the streets were deserted except by a few drunks, a posse of brave citizens moved like ghosts among the ruins and drove the few remaining intoxicated men away from the beer cases and whiskey casks which had been carried out of the burning saloons and piled in the open. This act of heroic public service has resulted in a rancorous debate as to who is to be first in public esteem and praise. The argument resembles that between the friends of Sampson and those of Schley after the battle of Santiago. City Solicitor E. O. Dizer says that he did it. He will be rewarded with nothing less than Republican Nomination for Congress. His claim is disputed by the friends of the Honorable Mr. Martin Murphy, democrat and former constable of East Youngstown.

East Youngstown has 8,000 inhabitants and 400 voters. The kind of government resulting therefrom may be imagined. "Justices of the Peace," when they fine a prisoner $5.00 and costs, are permitted by law to pocket $3.05 of the five dollars. Before the strike a foreign working man was arrested for "trespassing" on the railroad track while going "a dollar and costs," said the Justice. The laborer had just been the recipient of a month's pay and in his innocence he drew out a twenty dollar gold piece. The Judge saw the coin and quickly changed the fine to twenty dollars and costs.

Professor Faust Reaps a Harvest

In Youngstown there is a principal of a school known as Professor Faust. The Professor lacks none of the philosophic qualities of his great namesake. But, of course, modern industrial America has changed the means of expression. The Faust of classical lore never had such an opportunity as came to the Youngstown Professor.

For Professor Faust has just recently been elected Justice of the Peace.

After the militia came, the police returned to town and under their protection arrested some three hundred strikers. The cells were packed and Prof Faust held court in the county jail. He came close to his game for fear some might escape him. There was no jury impaneled. There was no evidence taken. No witnesses were called. Whether the prisoners had been present or not in East Youngstown during the riot and fire did not concern the "Court." Only one distinction was made. Those who had lawyers to defend them were fined $1.00, $2.00 and $3.00 apiece. Those that came before the Professor undefended were fined from $10 to $30 apiece. During the four days that followed the strike, Prof. Faust's share of the fines amounted to more than a year's salary as Principal of Schools. It amounted to exactly 1,484 units of the coinage of these United States of America—each one of the sixteen hundred and forty-eight hearing on the one side the insigne "Liberty," and on other side "In God We Trust."

The advocates of "law and order" in Youngstown thought that the "fair name of their city" would not be clean of the aspersions cast upon it by the newspapers of Akron, Canton and New Castle unless at least a hundred strikers were sent to the penitentiary, but the big employers wouldn't listen to this. Workers are mighty scarce these days, and "Jim" Campbell and his colleagues didn't care a rap about the small business men who lost their little all in the fire. Three days after the strike the Youngstown newspapers began to say that the community was more or less responsible for what had happened, that the "poor working people" had never been brought close enough to the tender bosom of the community. As soon as magazines began to talk about the dangerous scarcity of labor and to express fear that foreign working people from other towns would be kept away by drastic action, the Youngstown "Indicator" began to editorialize in answer to the question as to what "Christ would do to the striking workers if he came to Youngstown.

So, although there are still over a hundred workers in jail, some of them every day are enabled to borrow the amount of their fines from loan sharks. In the end probably not more than fifteen or twenty of them will have to go to the penitentiary.

Note.—As I am hurriedly completing this statement, the attorney for several of the men in jail calls and informs me that the prosecuting attorney is selecting the Socialists and I. W. W. members for criminal prosecution—that not the slightest effort had been made to arrest a single company guard, and that nothing would be left undone in the way of furnishing "an example" to future strikers. "The Iron Heel," says their attorney, "is coming down on their necks."
England Before the World

Premier Asquith: "We shall not falter or pause until we have secured the smaller states of Europe their charter of independence, and for Europe itself final emancipation from a reign of force."
England Before the World

Premier Asquith: "We shall not falter or pause until we have secured the smaller states of Europe their charter of independence, and for Europe itself final emancipation from a reign of force."
The Café des Aviateurs

Arthur Bullard

PAU is the deadest place you could imagine this winter. The Palais d’hiver—where in normal years there are concerts and shows and “Les petits chevaux,” is a hospital. Three out of four of the grand hotels along the Boulevard des Pyrenees are closed. The ones which are open are only working half time. There are almost no tourists. . . . I’ve only become acquainted with two. One is a rich young Parisian Jew who is writing a book on Philosophy—running a race with a bad heart—hoping to finish his last chapter before his heart stops. The betting I think is even. The other is a Scot who every day in the summer plays golf—and very bad golf—on the links at St. Andrews and has come here every winter for twenty years. He is a sleeping partner in a ship building establishment. Born rich, he is getting richer with doing; spent, these days; he is proud of coming here in spite of the War. He thinks it demonstrates the solid—and stolid—British virtues. If Gabriel should blow his horn before he had finished his morning round, he would pretend not to hear.

The few visitors sit in bath chairs along the Boule-
vard des Pyrenees, while the sun shines, and gaze endlessly at the snow on the mountain peaks and discuss among themselves unpleasant details of the digestive system. I’ve only found one place where there is Life with a capital “L.” It is in the Café des Aviateurs—that isn’t its real name, but that’s what everyone calls it.

There is an aviation school at PAU. One doesn’t see much of the pilots. They seem to be kept pretty close in their barracks and are under a regime which we would call “training” in football circles at home. They do not come to the Café. It is the “instructors” one sees.

They are quite wonderful. They are men sent back from the front. It seems that flying in the face of death is a trying trade. Sooner or later—sometimes weeks, sometimes months—something happens to the nerves. Not long ago one of the most famous flyers—a man who had broken all sorts of records before the War—had a strange psychological adventure. Ordered to go up one morning on some scouting duty he forgot—simply, cruelly forgot—to look at his gasoline tank. He started up with it more than half empty. He got nicely over the enemy’s line when his motor began to miss fire. In the restful quiet of a German prison camp he has probably recovered his “nerves” by now. I’ve heard several such stories here.

Taught by such experiences, the commandants of aviation camps keep a sharp eye on their men. And when a flyer seems to be on the verge of such fatal forgetfulness he is ordered back to one of the schools as instructor. The billet, which is a snap, does not last long. After a few weeks he goes back to the front. After the War I suppose that figures will be published to show the normal mortality rate among military aviators. The statistics haven’t yet been collected. But the gossip here is that very few ever come back as “instructors” a second time. They come and go, and are not seen again. The ones who are making this Café lively these days do not expect to come back.

“Carpe diem” seems to be their motto. It is a bit uncanny to one raised as I was. Their way of pre-
paring for death is not in accordance with the Puritanical traditions of my childhood.

In Paris, these days, one wonders what has become of the more dainty and smarter of the demi-
mondaines. These more expensive ladies, who used to ornament the tango palaces, have disappeared. Some of them have come here. In spite of the “dead sea-
son,” the death of tourists, etc., there are quite a few charming ladies in the Café des Aviateurs as Paris ever boasted of.

From three to four is the hour when cuffs from the table of joy fall to mere civilians—gouty and apoplectic old gentlemen and very young boys buy bright colored drinks for these ladies, and reap a harvest of perfunctory smiles and a very few en-
thusiastic kisses. Apparently the “lessons” in the Aviation School are over at four; soon after that the instructors begin to come in and the mere civilians fade away.

For some reason the aviators make a parade of Anglomania. They buy “tea” for the ladies, “whiskey and soda” for themselves, and use loudly all the Eng-
lish words they know.

Their favorite game is an emasculated form of poker. All the small cards are thrown away, so it is rather hard to hold less than three kings. And whenever any of the girls—for they play, too—holds a full house, it is the rule for all the aviators to kiss her. There is a touching communism in regard to the kissing—and also in regard to the chips. The ladies bet with those nearest to hand and never bother about any Gambling is the smallest part of the game. The real object is to force a full house on one of the girls.

They are a superstitious lot, these aviators. The other day I got to talking with some of them. The Lieutenant Pratelle—a plenian who used to be famous before the War in professional sporting circles as a dare-devil motorcyclist—wears a fine gold chain outside of the stiff collar of his tunic and on it hangs a very cheap lead medal, stamped with the insignia of the Seven Sorrows of the Virgin. “It is from my little daughter,” he explained to me. “She is in the school of the Good Sisters. She is but seven. It is her first prize. I have not been hit. But,” he added, “it is no good as the charm of Charles.” And Charles, who is a count as well as a captain, took out of his breast pocket a five franc piece of the First Empire which was heavily dented in the center. “My great-grandfather carried it through the Russian campaign. My grandfather wore it as a charm in the Italian wars. It saved his life. See the bullet mark, an Austrian bullet at Solferino. And my father car-
ried it in ’70 and was not touched, and now I carry it . . . I would not go up without it . . . and I have not been touched. Often my machine has been hit. Yes. And once my mecanicien was killed. I am not a mecanicien, I am an observer. Yes. He was killed. It was above St. Mihiel.”

I remembered reading the story some weeks ago. I bowed towards his brand new ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

“You and you brought the machine back safely your-
self?” I said.

“Oh, yes,” he blushed, but tried to turn it lightly. “It was a bit awkward, leaning over the mecanicien. But, you see, he was not quite dead. He could tell me what to do. A good fellow. He had taken me up often. And then,” he added in disgust, “They sent me down here—thought I’d lost my nerve.”

But it was five o’clock and further gains were im-
possible. There’s a regular performance every day at five. Cyrano de Bergerac comes in. That isn’t his right name and he hasn’t an overgrown nose. In fact, he’s exceptionally good looking. But he has the manner of Cyrano. He is small and slight and has the grace of a girl—or of a celebrity’s dancing partner. He always comes in just as the clock strikes five. And he comes in with an effect. He waves his kapi and shouts: “Bon jour a toute le monde!” And All the world stop their games, their letter writing, their kisses, and call back, “Bon jour, Jacques!” And then with a Cyrano sweep he throws open his cloak and on his breast you see all three medals, the Legion of Honor, La Medaille Militaire—most coveted of all—and the Croix de Guerre, with three pale branches on it. Three times cited on the Order of the Day for conspicuous valor.

He is very dashing. His clothes are spick and span. Fresh shaved, his hair carefully—rather too carefully—brushed. But—the necessary touch of originality, the thing which saves him from banality—his finger nails are black. I think that every day as a tribute to his machine he rubs grease into them. He hangs up his coat and begins his rounds. It is a regular formality. The ladies are all at the quick.

He goes to the first, takes her hand with some gallant compliment, and kisses it superbly, as a noble lord of Versailles would have greeted Marie Antoinette. He extemporizes his compliment—always new, always gay and spirituelle—as Cyrano extemporized his ballade during the dust. And having kissed the lady’s hand and having brought real color to her cheeks beneath the paint and powder, he grasps it firmly, jerks her to her feet—into his arms—and kisses her loudly on her mouth, throws back his head, laughs, and proceeds to the next lady. For each a new and more ardent compliment, for each the dainty salute of the tips of the fingers, then the same rough kiss and ringing laugh. When he has finished his round he goes to the comptoir and kisses the hand of Madame la Patronne and threatens to jerk her off her high stool into his arms. She is no longer fair and more than fat and more than forty. But she looks as if she hoped that some day he would fulfill his threat. And while he kisses her he looks over the assortment of expectant—younger—ladies.

At last he makes his choice and sits down beside her. The poker game recommences. He will not play. “Poker?” he says. “Bah! one can play that at the front. Why wait till she draws a full house?” He doesn’t wait.

And whenever he is not kissing the lady of his choice, he is laughing gaily this afternoon.

It is hard to tell why everyone loves him. Mere bravery is rather at a discount in this Café des Avia-
teurs. But everyone does love him. Even when he laughs there is a poignant wistfulness about him that . . .

Damn! As I was writing that, it struck me that the Café was quieter than usual this afternoon. I looked up at the clock. It is after five. Jacques has not come today. There’s Pratelle. I’ll ask him . . . “Yes,” he said, rather gruffly, when I asked, “Jacques has gone back to the front.” And then he turned back to the game—one of the ladies had drawn four Kings.
DO YOU BELIEVE

From Will Irwin

PATRIOTISM? I do and I don't. We'll never get war out of the world until we replace smaller group-consciousness by larger group-consciousness. That smaller group-consciousness, dressed up with a lot of buncombe, at present passes as patriotism. And yet, if another group, inspired to action by false ideas of patriotism, starts to wipe out your group, what can you do? Use a little buncombe yourself in order to work up in your group an emotion so strong that men will be willing to die for it. But the whole tendency of progress is toward a wider group-consciousness; and if the race ever becomes what we hope to make it, patriotism will go into the scrap-heap with a lot of other worn-out ideals.

From Inez Haynes Gillmore

Do I believe in patriotism?
Yes and no.
Yes—because love of country is as inevitable to living in a country as love of family to living in a family.
No—because we have tarnished and commercialized and rendered permissible what should be shining and priceless and immortal.
We could abolish love of family if, at birth, we took children away from their parents and moved them from family to country, never permitting them to stay long anywhere.
We could abolish love of country if, early in life, we took people away from the place in which they were born and moved them from country to country, never permitting them to stay long anywhere.
Perhaps that would be desirable. It seems to me foolish and wasteful. It seems to me wise to develop love of family and love of country into something bigger and better than itself.
I believe that we should use love of family as the unit to teach children to love all people as their people. I believe we should use love of country as a unit to teach children to look upon all countries as their country.
An earth-family—a world-country.
I believe in that kind of patriotism.
Still I don't know but what I'm talking foolishness.

From Elsie Clews Parsons

THE other night I was with a company discussing nationalism. Each had been asked to state what his sense of nationality amounted to, how often he thought about himself and others as American nationals, how much from day to day he cared about the rôle of national and when it was he acted in that rôle. Out of twenty-one all but two protested they were patriots; all but five or six straightway set forth their views on the attitude of the United States towards the European war and none told how he or she thought or felt in the day's course about being a member, not of one economic class or another, not of one professional group or another, not of one music or art or science loving group or another, but of that group of ninety odd millions called American citizens.

When it came my turn in our confession of faith I said that since I agreed with those who preceded I would merely be stating directly what each had stated indirectly. In short, I did not think or feel or act in terms of nationality at all. The groups I co-operated with and spiritually responded to were not national and, if patriotism were defined as the emotion attaching to the concept of nationalism, I was non-patriotic.

From Sara Bard Field

I BELIEVE in the patriotism of John D. or Billy Sunday, because this land has furnished enough exploitation possibility in the material realm for the one; in the spiritual realm for the other, to make both men rich. Their patriotism is a sound reaction from the stimulus of wealth thus acquired. Their patriotism is a practical and natural gratitude to the country for value received—a sort of scented note of thanks. I despise the patriotism of the dispossessed poor—the great army of toilers, for to them the country has yielded nothing but the chance to be fuel for the fires of the rich. Their patriotism is an idiotic gratitude for something less than no value received—it is grace said at a bare table. I believe in the love of the local soil that gives men the things that mean abundant life—comfort, health, beauty, industry, companionship. When all men are thus served by the soil, patriotism will not only be intelligible but justified.

From John Haynes Holmes

YES, I believe in patriotism as one of the necessary and beneficent upward steps in the idealistic development of the race. From the standpoint of parochial prejudice, tribal passion and selfish individualism, patriotism must be regarded as one of the noblest expressions of human devotion. At the present moment it undoubtedly marks the high water mark of spiritual evolution. The trouble comes when, as in the case of the great majority of people, patriotism is regarded not as one "stepping stone to higher things" but as the final goal itself. From the standpoint of racial unity, international concord, pure humanitarian-
IN PATRIOTISM?

From John Sloan

If I had to love a country I could love no country but this, nor could I find a fitter one to hate. I put Patriotism with the other isms—Militarism, Anarchism, Capitalism, Individualism, Socialism, Dogmatism, Catholicism, Protestantism and Rheumatism (I had almost written Catechism), but I am answering your question. I hope that social progress will eliminate all isms—though in the case of Futurism we have a hard one to catch.

Patriotism licks the boot of Capitalism and until the earth-worms get the latter's carcass, he will need patriots. As the wage system will never enable the people of any country to consume all their products with a profit to the owning class, foreign markets are a necessity to be fought for. Patriotism is a potent means of providing the fighters. Conscription is another powerful persuader and Our Country has both (see Dick military law passed by Congress in 1903 and 1906).

Yes, I believe in Patriotism, but I have none of it; I don't like the present day variety, nor that of the past, but I have great faith in that of the future—till then, yours,

JOHN SLOAN.

From Charles Erskine Scott Wood

Do I believe in Patriotism? No. But stop. How can I disbelieve in that noble quality which makes men and women go to the scaffold or the battlefield embracing death gladly,—not for self, not of necessity, but because of an heroic soul? What is Patriotism? Is it not the same quality which made Greenwood pass his whole gang through the air chamber of the Hudson River tunnel and remain to die? Peace is full of that quality of the soul which makes up patriotism. But if I ask what is Patriotism, the common answer is, "Love of Country. Willingness to die for the Fatherland." But what is that country? That Fatherland? Is it the generous fields, the benevolent rivers, the profligate mountains, or is it a certain machine called Government? The fields, the rivers, the mountains do not ask their children to die. What is Government? Is it all the people each governing the other (That is nonsense), or is it a few governing all the people? And what few? The privileged, the rich, the powerful, governing the unprivileged, the exploited and submissive. Is the German Government the fine German people, or the Kaiser and his plutocracy, called aristocracy? Is the Government in England, Russia, France the whole people, or the privileged plutocracy? What quarrel have the peoples with each other? What to gain by war? Who makes wars? Not the peoples. Every war has been made by a Government. Would our young men have died for Patriotism in a war with Mexico?—or for Wall street's heavy investments in Mexico? I may admire the young man's heroics sacrifice who dies for such patriotism, but I cannot admire the inside of his skull.

If you define Patriotism, to be "The lure to fools to die for their masters," I do not believe in Patriotism. Even were you to say that Patriotism is willingness to die for one's country, I must know what that means. Is that "country" worth dying for? I could easily answer that I would be willing to have the land drenched with the blood of the young men if that sacrifice forever over-turned this feudal system which automatically breeds poverty at one end and plutocracy at the other, and I would not spend a drop of blood to save it.

From Charles Edward Russell

IT depends upon what you mean by patriotism. If you mean that we should be the champions of this country merely because it is ours I have not much use for that kind of patriotism. If you mean that we should champion and defend this country for the sake of its ideals, aspirations and history, for the sake of what it has stood for and will stand for, champion it as the last barrier against the tide of reaction and absolutism now running over Europe, I most heartily and unfeignedly believe in it.

From L. O'Dell

YOU have got more or less of a wrong hunch in regard to the cause of war—you judge men by that part of their heads that lies back of their ears, when the principal, real cause of men going hundreds of miles to kill a stranger is a little bump on top of our heads called veneration—that is, we go because someone that we venerate tells us that we should.

Take the veneration out of patriotism and there will be but damn little of it left, for the necessities of modern warfare have abolished battle flags and fancy uniforms, and therefore the superstitious worship of emblems, and there is but little national hatred left between white men—perhaps because many wars have tended to kill off the type that makes "patriots." In one sense they are a loss, for with them humanity lost much of its combativeness and individuality. That's war's greatest curse. Also it is the why war-like nations don't last—and the Jews do.

PREPARED

AS long as I can hang a Jew and burn a Nigger,
Or ride tie labor agitator on a rail;
As long as I can put any man I don't like
In jail, and keep him there
On the simplest pretext or none,
And shut the mouth of the fool
Who cries for free speech and assembly—
When for charity's sake, I jail the prostitute
After I'm through with her; when, reversing motherhood
I snatch the bread from the lips of the working mother;
When unwritten laws proclaim my belief
In the sacredness of lust, jealousy, possession and revenge,
And the written law's limit is given those who stir up discontent;
When I can throttle science and art and the right to believe and opinion;
My prejudices squatting like toads in the path of freedom;
When God is officially my pal and does my dirty work,
And I can kill a political rival with the terms "Atheist" and "Free-lover"—even though my own life smells to heaven;
When I can put a ban on truth and make obscenity pay dividends;
When American life is kept cheap and American profits sacred,
Why shouldn't I stand prepared to defend American freedom?
Why shouldn't I shed my blood as well as the blood of my neighbor;
To guard these inherent rights against any alien invader?

MAURA GREENING.
THERE is no such thing as German militarism.
That is the important thing to remember.
The Germans are not a different race, or a different kind of people from the English. They are the same race, and the same kind of people. Only they are placed in different circumstances. And because of those circumstances they have retained and developed a monarchic-military form of government.
Chief among those circumstances is their geographic position—the fact that they are an inland nation wholly surrounded by potentially hostile neighbors.
Chief among the reasons why England developed so early a parliamentary form of government, protected by an immense navy, is her geographic position—the fact that she is an island nation, and her freedom from invasion, combined with her commerce and manufacture, early gave to her commons a greater wealth, and a greater power, then the landed aristocracy possessed.
Chief among the reasons why we of the United States have neither a large army nor an immense navy, is our geographic position—the fact that no power adequate to invade and injure our territory is within striking distance. We retain, and we can develop still further if we keep our heads, the rudiments of democratic civilization.
But we are not keeping our heads, when we denote "German Militarism" in one breath, and advocate "Military Preparedness" in the other. These two things are one and the same.
Militarism is not a trait of any race or nation. It is a certain way of spending human life and energy, and has exactly the same characters wherever it appears. German militarism is simply highly expert, effective militarism in rather large quantities. Its characters are perhaps adequately described by Professor and Dr. Ernst Troeltsch, of Berlin, in the following words:
"All the things of which I have spoken, monarchy, army, school, administration and economy, rest upon an extraordinary instinct for order, combined with stern discipline and an earnest sense of duty. Order and duty, solidarity and discipline are the watchwords of our officialdom, of associations and corporations, of large and small business concerns, of our labor unions, and of the great social insurance undertakings."
But the same truth is indicated with equal clarity for those who can see, by F. S. Oliver, the friend of Lord Roberts, in his new book, "Ordeal by Battle," in which he advocates universal military service for England.
"Army and Society in conscript countries," he cries with envy, "are one and the same." And he does not imagine that an army, or an army-society, can be conducted on the principles of democratic liberty. He makes that clear in a good half of his book, which is devoted to berating the manner in which English parliamentary leaders are forever wondering how much the people will stand for. He does not want England to become a democracy; he wants her to remain only a "representative government" which he perceives to be a very different thing.
A more brutal statement of the nature of militarism, however, than either England or Germany has officially produced, will be found in these words of Major General John F. O’Ryan, commander of the New York State Militia (N. Y. Times, October 21, 1915):
"The war in Europe has demonstrated that the conduct of war requires absolute co-ordination, unity of purpose and absolute command. In this country we are very much better off for material things than we are for soldiers. The recruit does not know how to carry out orders. His mental state differs from that of the trained soldier, who obeys mechanically. We must get our men so that they are machines, and this can be done only as the result of a process of training.
"When the feeling of fear—the natural instinct of self-preservation—comes over a man there must be something to hold him to his duty. We have to have our men trained so that the influence of fear is overpowered by the peril of an uncompromising military system, often backed up by a pistol in the hands of an officer. We must make the men unconsciously forget their fear. All these matters of standing at attention and 'Sir, I have the honor to report,' are valuable to put him through the biological and social process by which he becomes a soldier.
"That is the reason why we cannot have any military force simply by having dinners and entertainments. The recruits have got to put their heads into the military noose. They have got to be 'jacked up'—they have got to be 'bowed out.'
"A second defect is that the National Guard of the forty-eight States constitutes forty-eight little armies, each with its own ideals and methods. In most of the States the National Guard is run by an Adjutant General who is a political officer. Viewing the matter broadly, this proposition of forty-eight little armies violates the military principle of unity of control. It must be a one-man power.
"That is what militarism and the military spirit is, the world over. If you love it, adopt it, although the geographic conditions which privileged your country to escape it continue exactly what they were before the war. Adopt it for its own sake.
"But if you hate it, do not delude yourself into imagining it is Germany you are hating. It is yourselves as you will become, if the dreams of your munition-makers and gold-braided patriots are realized. Your own militarists are trading upon your hatred of Germany in order to foist upon you, without the excuse that Germany has, the very thing which you hate in Germany, and which is hers through the unfortunate accidents of history and geography.
"Do not let them make you hate Germany. Hate militarism. Hate it hardest where you have the best chance to do something against it. Hate it here. America first!"

TOLEERANCE AND TRUTH

SOMETIMES, when I hear people mouth the word "toleration."
I am moved by a fury, and a kind of pity too.
Because I know they have run too long with Compro-
mise,
That girl of easy virtue,
Who yields to all with a slack smile,
And weakens her paramours by their quick and dusty victories.

How different they who seek Truth,
She whose radiant virtue is a beacon in strange places.
No man can wholly possess her;
But they become strong who follow her searching foot-
steps;
Strengthened by that slow and rigorous pursuit—
And the hope of her shining surrender.

John S. Sumner, the New Censor, Takes Office

ANTHONY COMSTOCK is dead, but censorship reigns in the person of John S. Sumner, his successor. A record of his beginning activities includes the arrest of Alfred A. Knopf, a publisher, and the partial suppression of a novel, "Homo Sapiens"; the arrest of the publishers of the Parisienne, and the confiscation and destruction of an issue of that magazine; and incidentally, a warning through the newspapers to "a magazine" published in New York City which "occasionally prints nude pictures," that he has his eye on it.

It is a remarkable situation. An obscure person, not elected by the people but hired by private individuals, has in his hands a power greater than law itself! The mere accusation of obscenity frequently means the suppression of a book by the retailers—even though, as happened with Mr. Knopf, the case be dismissed by the court. A whole issue of a magazine can be con-
sicatated, even though no verdict of "not guilty" against its publishers.

Anything that Mr. Sumner does not like he can suppress. That is what it comes down to. It is to our minds a vicious, an immoral, an obscene fact. But it is a fact. We do not believe that the public generally know this fact, or that if they did know it they would stand for it. That is not the way things are supposed to be done in America. We believe that Mr. Sumner is permitted to pursue his preposterous and extra-legal activities simply because people do not know what the situation is.

We of THE MASSES regard it as a duty to recognize facts when they exist. We see no reason why we should pretend that Mr. Sumner is not the supreme censor in American publishing life. He is. He can suppress any issue of THE MASSES he does not happen to like. And we have no way of knowing whether he will like our magazine or not, unless we show it to him beforehand and get his permission to print it. So we intend to ask his permission. We would rather not. It is inconsistent with our notions of the dignity of the press; it is inconsistent with our notions of the freedom of America. We wish the facts were different. We wish there were no censor with power to cripple us if he happened not to like what we printed. But there is a censor with precisely that power, and his name is John S. Sumner. So we shall go to Mr. Sumner and ask him to pass upon the contents of our magazine before we print it. Then we can safely go to press.

You may therefore expect to see once a month a little parade winding through the streets of New York with banners advertising the fact that "THE MASSES ARTISTS AND WRITERS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO ASK THE CENSOR IF THEY CAN GO TO PRESS." Arriving at Mr. Sumner's office, the editors will bring before Mr. Sumner the proposed contents of the next issue. Mr. Sumner will be asked to listen to the reading aloud of every story, poem and article and requested to pass upon every picture. It is no more than that having the powers of a censor he should also have the censor's burdens. He cannot expect us to run the risk of offending him; he must see the point of our attitude; and, if he is to maintain the dignity of his censorship, he cannot but accede to our request. Other magazines will doubtless adopt the same plan for their protection, and the whole mass of periodical literature will presently come to bear the stamp, "Passed by the Censor, John S. Sumner." Whether the reading public will like this, remains to be seen. If they don't, it will be up to them to decide what to do with Mr. Sumner and the Censorship.
Communiqué

AN interesting controversy has arisen between Governor Whitman and the rest of the population of the United States and dependencies over whether or not he should be the next president. The result is still in doubt.

ELIHU ROOT’s voice shook with emotion as he told the Bar Association we must arm in the spirit that ruled at Concord. The last time he gave his voice a good shake-out was over the state constitution.

HERE is a ready made argument for the protective tariff. The American baseball war collapsed because it was unable to stand foreign competition.

IT must be puzzling to the average Sing Sing resident to see a man let out for bad behavior.

FRANK SIMONDS, manager of the shame department of the New York Tribune, has found a splendid piece of shame in the White House garbage can. Wilson has won his protest against German’s lawlessness, but at what a cost! He is pledged to protest also against the lawlessness of Great Britain.

THE Pennsylvania bull moose has joined the Republicans to assure the return of Philander C. Knox to the United States Senate. “Are thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils shrunk to this little measure?”

MONTENEGRO says she will continue to fight to the last man. And one could name a couple of nations that will just about let her do it.

YUAN is still hesitating over ascending the throne. Maybe he is pulling the delayed steal.

ACCORDING to the plan, the British and the Russians were to meet at a point on the Tigris and proceed to Bagdad where they would avenge the violation of Belgium and everything. The only reason why they didn’t meet was that neither of them got to the place.

REAR ADMIRAL STANFORD has made the most damaging charge of all. “Our Navy,” he said, shedding a bitter tear, “is too weak to be a bully.”

IT was a relief to learn that the jury could not agree in the New Haven case and that it will have to be tried some more. The New Haven trial has come to occupy a firm place in the affections of the pleasure-loving metropolis.

MEANS of communication between this country and England continue bad. The king’s advisors believed that making W. W. Astor a peer would be pleasing to Americans.

THEY are going to abolish the annual ninety-mile test ride for field officers. At any rate our army is larger around the waist than it was in Roosevelt’s day.

Drawn by Cornelia Burne.
SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE
SOLDERS OF FORTUNE
Shy

HE was a shy boy—so shy that he never went outside the front gate alone until he was ten years old. Then they led him round the corner to school, but that gave him night-terrors and he had to be taken home. At twelve he began to study with a private tutor, and by fourteen he managed to face the staring publicity of a class of six pupils. At nineteen when he fell in love with Sallie Utly, and just had to go round there and wait at the front door, and face her family in the parlor, it gave him more misery than pleasure.

Sallie was a brass-faced girl, too, and she led him into all kinds of conspicuous agonies. She had a soft, big figure that she loved to show off. And she had loud neurotic ways of showing it. Once her father sent her away to a sanatorium. Most people thought she was a little crazy, chasing all the men in town who could run, and finally landing this little fellow who was too scared to get away.

But he was in love with her. He wrote her letters that were pathetically sweet, considering her size.

"Dear baby," he would say, "I do love you, darling baby. I love to look in your limpid eyes and pat your soft skin with my hands. Be sweet to me, dearie, and come walking in the fields to-morrow."

But she would not walk in the fields, because there would be nobody there to see them. And out of that difference their troubles grew. And they grew so fast and so large, that one day when she made him kiss her goodbye at the corner of Main and Water Streets, he went home and wrote her that it was all over, he couldn’t stand it any longer.

Nobody but her family knows just what happened then, but she was in the house at the time. And then they sent her to that sanatorium. And then she came back. And one morning a large handbill containing prints and fac-similes of the sweetest of his letters to her was found pasted up in conspicuous places all over town. There was one on the big glass window of the bank where he worked.

"Dear baby," it began.

He saw it there at nine o’clock in the morning. That night he crept out of his house, trembling and faint in every muscle, and slinked down along the dike beside the river south of the town. He crawled down to the edge of the water, dreading the thought of some people’s finding and staring at his body in the morning, imagining what they would snicker and say.

"Never mind, I will be dead," he thought, "and it won’t make any difference." And that faint glimmer we get of the idea of the total non-existence of everything passed through his thoughts. It made him add aloud.

"What difference does it make, anyway?"

And so he sank down by the water, and became brave enough to face the insignificant reality of himself.

"Whatever I am," he thought, "that is what I am, whether anybody knows it or not. And what am I? I might just as well be feeling sick and trembling this way, because something important about me was not published all over town, as because it was. That is just the trouble with Sallie. She is so in love with herself that she has to show herself off. She is crazy, I suppose.

"So am I. I am so in love with myself that I have to hide, for fear everybody won’t see me just right."

So the face of death showed him like a mirror what he was. And he passed in his sickenly determination. He spent the whole night there, looking into that pale mirror, and in the morning at nine he came into the bank. His eyes were sunk and his face ghastly, but there was a sweet force in the position of his lips.

"Well, Bill," he said to his desk-mate, "that was one on me."

"It’s all right, old man," said Bill, "I guess everybody understands."

MAX EASTMAN.

A Letter From Bob Minor

PARIS is full of one-legged, one-armed men. The streets are dotted with men, boys, cripples, and hospital aides in a thousand nondescript uniforms. I happened by where a train-load of wounded came in at night. My luck was unusual, as they don’t want the public to see such things. They were short of "hands" and I gave a lift. French, Moroccans, Negroes from African colonies, every sort and color were there, and every "cut" of man was there. It looked as though the only part of the human body sure to be found on the stretcher was the head. Now and then a half-a-man would go by, the upper half with a piece of paper pinned to his cap to give his name in case he should become unable to tell it.

Here was a man with his eyes and nose shot off, there, one with his lower jaw gone, another with both legs and one arm off, asking me for a light, having become tired of waiting for his neighbor (a fortunate fellow with two arms and one leg) to solve the interesting problem of a patent cigar lighter. This is just a sample. C’est la guerre!

—It was a terribly disagreeable trip over. The journey was long, the weather bad and the food and tempers rotten. One man went crazy and tried to throw me into the sea. I was too big for him. He jumped into the sea himself and crowned, though I gave the alarm and the ship turned back to look for him. As he went into the water I threw a life-buoy, but he swam away on his back, looking up at me with a superior smile.

Then another man got into an argument about the war and though they all agreed except in small details, some hot-tempered passengers wanted to throw him overboard. The hysterical pursuer wanted to arrest the arguer and keep him locked up on the trip. At Bordeaux the man was denounced as a German spy and it developed that the denouncer was an "insoumi" or semi-deserter from the French army, who wanted to divert suspicion from himself!

Drawn by Robert Minor.

A "Poilu" Bidding Good-Bye to His Sweetheart
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Margins

THE war has done Walter Lippmann good. His new book offers a definite, simple, affirmative suggestion towards internationalism, and offers it, on the whole, humbly. He seems to be transcending both of the faults which made it difficult to speak warmly of his other books. First, the fault of having nothing affirmative to say, and second, the fault of saying those rather obvious negative things with an air of bland and somewhat smug superiority.

I always wanted the sky to fall on Walter Lippmann and make him suffer. I hate a style like this:

"I have been told that this is a time for deeds, not words. There is no lack of deeds in the world. They happen, however, to be monstrous deeds."

Everybody hates it who apprehends its feeling-tone.

That was the prevailing tone of his other books. They were the cleverly readable editorial department of an annual newspaper, lucid running comments on current problems, exposing the obvious folly of the conservative's ignorance and everybody's enthusiasm, paralyzing all practical action with a feeling that the author's superior knowledge made it futile. In the end you would only be summed up by Walter Lippmann.

Well—this book is not so clever. A blessing which results from the author's having thought of something positive to say and prove.

What he says is that world-wide international government is a "valliant dream which will be realized if this planet is to fulfil man's best hopes," but the first steps in realization of this dream are not Hague Courts, Leagues to Enforce Peace, nor world-wide performances of any kind, but localized International Governments, to deal with specific questions. The Algeciras Conference on Morocco was such a government. It should have been made permanent and been given administrative power. This is a new and valuable idea.

Walter Lippmann thinks that all the essential causes of war relate to Colonial matters. I don't know. But be makes it very convincing that Colonial matters offer the natural opening for international patriotism. He makes it convincing, he makes it clear, he makes you feel like doing something about it. I wish the diplomats would read his book, and I wish the men behind the diplomats would read it. And I wish Walter Lippmann would write something equally affirmative, and equally not-so-clever, about things inside of the nation.

There is sublimity and yet brimming reality in C. E. S. Wood's poem. A sublimity biblical, and yet pagan as so much of the Bible is, in those excellently chiseled lines. It is a poem of pantheism and anarchy, they say. But what is anarchy, or even pantheism, compared to a poem?

I would like to omit a little of the theorizing, especially what is erroneous.

Poet:

Show me this Harper of the world,

Truth:

The State! Force! Authority!

Hater of freedom; oppressor of the poor; creator of poverty; foster mother of crime.

That is neither poetry nor truth.

A pity the literary revolutionists cannot realize what the scientific revolutionists have known so long that the state is but an instrument, a creature, and not a creator, of the power that exploits.

Also I would like to eliminate all the stage-props.

Animal vs. Human Legislation

RESOLUTIONS have been introduced in Congress authorizing the printing of 400,000 copies of reports on diseases of cattle and the hog. About the same time resolutions ordering 114,000 copies of the report of the Industrial Relations Commission were introduced.

If you have watched legislation you are pretty safe in assuming that the reports on the diseases of cattle and the hog will go through without much debate and that the report on the nation's industrial diseases will be objected to with oratorical frenzy.

ARTHUR YOUNG.

An Incendiary Play

IT is an odd and interesting fact that of all the plays on the American stage, the only one which exhibits vividly the most important event now occurring in America is a play written by a German dramatist some years ago. "The Weavers," as presented by Emanuel Reicher and his company at the Garden Theater, might have been written yesterday. The situation with which the play specifically deals is one that formerly existed in Germany; but over and above that it is a situation that still exists everywhere—it is America, it is Paterson, it is Youngstown. It is industrial oppression and industrial revolution.

The play begins with that familiar fact of American life, a reduction in wages—wages that are already too low to live on. It is the one touch too much of insolvency and injustice that is needed to kindle the spark of rebellion in the heart of misery. That spark, unnoticed by the masters, becomes a tiny flame of protest and hope. Of useless protest and of hopeless hope, it seems; but it grows and gains headway until it becomes the roaring, devastating fire of revolt. Terrible and joyous, it sweeps on from town to town, destroying tyranny as it goes, leaving a clean heap of ashes in which to dig the foundations of a glorious tomorrow. At the end one feels that though this little revolt may be checked, and the old order restored for the moment, it is the beginning of a greater revolution which cannot be checked.

"The Weavers" is a warning and a summons. It is a warning to the employing class that the soul of man, however sunk in poverty and degradation, can be insulted once too often. It is a summons to workmen to lift their heads, to dare greatly, to strike hard.

It is an "incendiary" play. That the American working class is permitted to see it can only mean that the powers which put Quinlan and Lawson out of the way believe that "art" is harmless. It isn't, though.

If I could tell you, C. E. S. Wood, what happened to my soul when at the end of that psalm of the western desert—where I, too, have lain with solitude, and with the infinite reality—you suddenly stopped singing and announced,

"Enter Truth with shining wings;"

you would want to call back your poem and publish it over again.

If I were J. P. Morgan, I would hire a librarian whose function would be to eliminate from books, before I read them, most of what the authors were foolish enough to put in them. He would have to be a mighty satisfactory librarian, though. I am afraid he would have to be myself. And if I were J. P. Morgan, I wouldn't want to hire myself. It would be too expensive.

I am just running away from my subject, because I don't want to write about it. I want to read it. I dislike to "review" poetry. The introductory stanzas, and many other passages, of C. E. S. Wood's poem, are simply wonderful beyond any words except their own.

MAX EASTMAN.

TO ONE WITHOUT WORK

YOU with the will to live and work,

Who are given a chance to starve and die,

There is labor still, unless you shirk,

There is death to profit by.

If it be death must cure and end

The hunger and the human need,

Kill not only yourself, my friend,

But one of these who feed,

Who feed too well and will not see

The starving mouths and hearts about...

Kill, with yourself, a king—or me—

To help you work it out!

WITTER BYNNER.
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Arthur Young.
THE MASSES

W HEN I try to get people interested in The Masses, I always say, "I can guarantee you that you will be pleased beyond antithesis by some one thing in every number, and equally that you will be shocked beyond expression by some other one thing." And on the whole, I think that's as fine a thing as you can possibly say. It proves that you're alive, moving on and fearless.
San Francisco, Cal.
JINN HAYNES GILLMORE.

CAROLS

MAY I ask whether, if A Ballad in The Masses, December, had been without the piquancy that attaches to that which is warranted to shock, it would have found a place in your columns on the basis of any other literary merits? I can perhaps see how a tolerant censorship might be willing to overlook an external vulgarity for the sake of underlying merit, but I confess I make nothing of the toleration that condemns an utter absence of merit for the sake of an accompanying, gloriously revolting decency. After all, is not the blueshjemawer so am a mere motive of a poetic ease at the best; and, while it may be employed in literature to re-enforce other qualities, does it, in its purity and unassisted, constitute the poetic?

By strange coincidence I have heard more card-singing this Christmas than any other of my life. I didn't hear one of them without thinking of your Joseph the Carpenter. I couldn't help wondering whether you like carols, and if you do, why.
Washington, D. C.
RUTH GOLBERG.

AND CAROLS!

YOUr "Ballad" in the January number has quite the quality of the old English folk-carol. Instead of trying to describe it, I will quote one from the collection of Cecil J. Sharp, as sung in Gloucestershire. This is found in all the good representative card collections. I am sure Mr. Ward and Mr. Gow would find it near if they saw it on their newsstands:

THE CHERRY TREE

Joseph was an old man, An old man was he; He married with Mary, The Queen of Glory.

Joseph took Mary In the orchard wood, Where there were apples, plums, cherries, As red as any blood.

Then bespoke Mary, So mild and meek: "Get me some cherries, For my body's bound with child."

Joseph he's taken These words so unkind: "Let your cherries, Mary, That did your body bind."

Then bespoke Jesus, All in his mother's womb: "Go to my cherry tree, Mary, And it shall bow down."

The highest bough of the cherry tree Shall bow down to Mary's knee, And she shall have cherries For her young son and she.

Mary got cherries By one, two, and three; Mary got cherries For her young son and she.

London, Eng.
WALTER G. FULLER.

TOUCHED

ENCLOSED find check for $1.26 for twelve copies of The Masses, which is the number which was forbidden to be sold on the news-stands.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
H. SPECKER.

DIRTYED

SOME misguided person gave my name as a subscriber to your so-called paper, The Masses. Kindly discontinue the subscription as I do not care to dirty the office waste paper basket with this piece of paper.
Seattle, Wash.
Very truly yours,
EO. LEIGH.

AMUSED

D O not fail to print a fair proportion, or at least the most "touching," of the letters of protest, rebuke, condemnation, and, alas, the cancellations, that are bound to reach you concerning "A Ballad," in the January number.

These epistles from the sensitive, over-sensitive and super-sensitive, when conservatively of conservativeness or whatever, rank well with your best contributions of humor. The subtlety of unconscious humor is at its best in the form of righteous indignation.

Then, too, I have a truly proletarian admiration for the bricket—when directed at heads other than my own. The latter qualification, I trust, you will not consider proof of monumental selfishness, but merely evidence of a natural human trait.

Heretofore I have been a regular purchaser of The Masses at newstands, but realizing the growing uncertainty of these mediums of circulation among the hordes of respectability in the Metropolitan district, I am enclosing a remittance for a year's subscription for your disturber of the cosmic dust, and the American Socialist, as per your combination offer.
Newark, N. J.
WILLIAM J. FIELDING.

USELESS

T HE is no good done and only fully committed in bunting against the cherished reverence of the great mass of the people. Reverence is the immediate jewel of the soul, it is that without which soul perishes. It may be in close connection with rank superstition, but it is the priceless thing in human beings.

The Masses commits many offenses of this kind and to no purpose and to no good end. The Ballad and the Heavenly Discourse in the September number are examples of what I mean.

There is such a thing as being too awfully decent of common feeling and convention to be so independent as not to be standing up straight, but leaning backward, out of the correct position required by the center of gravity. Now I glory in the independence of The Masses and I hate to see it make such suicidal breaks. There is a vast field for The Masses but it will forever and a day be trotting around in a little puddle if it commits such useless offenses.

(Rev.) S. E. E.

ELMIRA, N. Y.

SPIRITUAL

RENAN in his life of Jesus says: "Jesus sprung from the people, his father was Joseph and his mother was Mary." This statement, it is evident, is a denial of the miracle of the birth of Jesus, the immediate conception. Voltaire, I think, believed His father to have been a Greek soldier. Yet with all these differences of opinion as to His parenthood, none deny the divine character of Jesus—the divinely good.

Your poem in the last issue, for which it seems you were removed from sale on the subway stations, seems to me a very real and beautiful interpretation by a simple common man with love and reverence for goodness. Not only was Jesus, but Joseph, too, for him is a divinely good.

What is there shocking in this? Because he speaks his belief in unitary terms—with the simplicity and rough feeling of his nature, we feel our refined spirituality has been offended. There is no refined spirituality—there is only spirituality—and this man had it.

The Masses lets as speak without fear and with truth what is said generally in whispers behind musty volumes. Yours for truth and fearlessness.
ETHEL BERWIN.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

WISH I might meet "Williama."  
GUSTAVUS TUCKERMAN.
St. Louis, Mo.
"WOMEN ARE SUCH GEESSE!"
"YES—AND SO CATTY!"
A RHyme FOR THE SWINE

Swine, Swine, Swine,
Wallowing, swelling, swine,
How they slosh in the swill
That the farmer doth spill
In the pen that is south of the hill.

See! see! The Big Pig
Was asleep in the sun;
Now he comes on the run!
Thrusts a flexible snout
Through the wallowing herd—
Shoves the others aside from the succulent swill!
Puts his feet in the trough, gives a squeal and a cough,
And wallows and swalloweth and gobbles his fill!

BERNARD SEXTON.

Press Pearl

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has discovered the reason
why we Americans are so superior to all other peoples.
The reason is this: we do not discriminate
against the colored races!

"The peculiar fortune of the United States still con-
sists in the dominance here of certain principles of
justice and freedom. There are rulers in other lands,
with public opinion to back them, who hold that some
races must be kept under." [1]

Horrors! Thank God we Americans do not dis-
criminate against Negroes, Chinese, Japanese, Hindus,
or Mexicans! It only remains to carry the glad tid-
ings to the aforementioned races, which seem—unac-
countably—to have an entirely different impression.

The Fate of a Republic

CHAPTER I—The President of the Chinese Re-
public decides to make it a Monarchy (with him-
self as monarch).
Chapter II—The Monarchs of Japan, Russia and Great
Britain rally to the defense of republicanism and
fight against the proposed change.
Chapter III—The other two Great Republics of the
world (France and the United States) refuse to
join in the protest, giving their tacit support to
the cause of monarchism.
Chapter IV—The Republics win and the world has one
less republic.

W. E. W.

Afraid

"If you are afraid to print this," we read at the top
of a manuscript just received, "send it to Mother
Earth." I fear our correspondents love to twit us
upon our timidity! This must be some unusually
frank and fearless person, we think, as we start to
read his manuscript. . . . Yes, he believes that promi-
sility is a far more noble, beautiful and intelligent ideal
than monogamy. . . . Who is this frank and fear-
less person? Ah, he has carefully omitted his name.
We sent it to Mother Earth.

Travel

THE U. S. A. lithographers say, "Join the army and
see the world!"
But the U. S. R. R. chorus suits me best—"See
America first!"

P. A. C.

A Sermon on Reverence

Max Eastman

SO many virtuous people have been preaching to
me this month, that nothing shore of a homiletic
explosion will restore my equilibrium. The text of
your preaching was reverence. The text of mine is
reverence. You exhort me to have reverence for a
false idea. I exhort you to revere the reality of life.

The difference of opinions between us is nothing,
as compared to the difference of our attitudes toward
the world. Some of you believe perhaps in the con-
story of the virgin birth of Jesus, and you revere the
story. But that is not enough cause to bring down
your philippics on me because we published in The
Masses a different story—a story of Jesus conceived
and born in the manner of nature. The cause of that
lies in your not revering nature. Only so can it
happen that you believe that Miracles are a necessary
feature of the language of plain people, in simplicity,
and with excellent lyrical skill, nature's story of Jesus.

To you there is something unholy in the bodily
union of Earth's lovers, in the tragedies of passion's
way with us. To you there is something unholy in
reality, and you have fled away from that to take
refuge in your sacred myth. But understand it is
not your affirmation of the myth that separates us,
it is your denial of the sacredness of reality. You are
so morbidly out of love with the very core of human
nature as it is forever, that even to hear it recited
among sacred things raps your souls. Your souls are
rendered tender, with sickness, and they are irreverent
in a way that is of highest import in the actual
construction of life. Ours are healthy and reverent.
That is the difference between us.

And this is true not only of you who are outraged
because you believe in the virgin birth of Jesus, but
also of you who are outraged because it is "a religion
with so many," "a beautiful poem," "a sacred tra-
dition," and so forth. You would not suffer from such
hyper-aesthetication on the topic of this tradition
which you consider beautiful, nor would you have
such exaggerated solicitude for the hurt feelings of
others, if your own feelings, and your own sense of
beauty, were not violated—if it were not true that
you cannot see, and feel, and hold supremely sacred
the beauty of reality. The religion of reality and its
possibilities—that is what separates us—not the
religion of Christ.

"I do not think that these gentlemen have a right
under the existing laws to exclude you from the sub-
way stands," writes a great lawyer to me. "As long
as you publish nothing that is illegal. But I am
bound to admit that I think the poem in question
is an affront to the religious sentiments, not only of Catho-
lics, but of all Christians, and anything that does
that ought not to be published."

Most of your admonitions were like that. They
were vicious. It was not that your religion was
offended, but that you could not bear to see others
suffer. I am disposed to suspect this exaggerated
altruism. Everybody that is mature in these days
has his gods; he has his attitudes of at least nega-
tive worship; he may not adore, but he will not
offend where sacred things reside. And if he has ren-
nounced with his intellect the old miracle gods, with-
out allowing in his heart the new natural gods of
today—then, for all their deities, in that negative and
faint-hearted way the old. He is afraid that the new,
which do not seem sacred to him, will offend the
old. He is afraid that reality will offend a false
ideal. He is half-hearted. He is looking a little
forward and a little back, and not going at all.
It is this that I feel in most of you free-thinking
friends who remonstrate with me because we pub-
lished that poem. You are only half way to anything.
You cannot take things quite seriously. You are ir-
religious in the worst sense, the sense of not heartyly
accepting your gods to anything whatever.

Here is a letter from an actress, who would be
known to most of you, if I told her name. It is char-
acteristic:

"O, Max Eastman I feel I never want to see The
Masses again. I am sick at heart over that atrocious
poem entitled 'A Eallad.' How I wish I had not
read it. It disgusted me—it slaughtered a most
beautiful idea, and will cause unspeakable offense
to the religiously inclined. Even if we don't be-
lieve these things, let us at least respect them
for the sake of the thousands that do—"

Only a week before that letter came, its beautiful
author had told me something that offended me so much
I wanted to beg her to stop talking, and let me forget
that it was true. It concerned the bringing up of a
child, her niece. All her family had renounced their
faith in the religion of the church, but when it came
time—according to the clock of convention—to have
the child christened, they held a family counsel and
decided to put her through the ceremony in due
form. And so with some rather stiff and difficult
kneeling and mumbling, and much invisible humor
on all sides, the performance was gone through with,
and the child initiated with hypocritical sacrament
into a solemn and monumetal lie. That is what I
call irreligion. I do not know that it "shocks" me.
It makes me angry and contemptuous. Childhood
and Truth at least ought to be sacred. But the trouble
with all you kind friends who preach to me, is that
you have never heroically and affirmatively declared
for truth. You are serious, but you are not serious
enough. And you are gay, but you are not gay
enough. The world will never get its rebirth from
you.

RESURRECTION

I hope there is a resurrection day,
For bodies, as the ancient prophets say,
When Helen's naked limbs again will gleam
Regathered from the dust of death's long dream—
When those who thrilled the ages, being fair,
Will take the singing angels unaware
And make God's perfect meadows doubly sweet
With rosy vagrancy of little feet.

HARRY KEMP.

THE YOUNG GIRL WITH RED HAIR

I am reminded of her, as a clearly-carven cameo
Reminds one of strange other lands.
The shadow of her ruddy hair
Over her old-young eyes' unshaking glow—
The nervous slender seeking hands—
The thin mouth that so secretly
Upon its dreaming smiled and smiled—
The slender flanks, the cool white hips and feet—
This emitting day, hasting them back to me:
Were you, then, so sweet.

LYDIA GIBSON.
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