The Masses

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A Lecture
MODERN PROPHETS AND THEIR MESSAGE:
With reference to Blake, Emerson, Walt Whitman and Tolstoy

By MR. FRANK HARRIS
Formerly Editor of The Evening News and Vanity Fair, of London, and the English Literary Periodicals, The Fortnightly Review and The Saturday Review. Now Editor of Pearson's.

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This is what

“THE NEW STATESMAN”

Bernard Shaw’s London Paper, says of “THE MASSES”

“A t least one American paper has produced throughout the war cartoons superbly drawn as well as striking in comment. That is the Masses. It is a large, freely illustrated Socialist monthly with a colored cover; and it is entirely put out by the propagandist comic journal in the world. Its reading-matter is not uniformly good, though much of it is exceedingly amusing and some of it inspiring; but the pictures are always first-rate. The crusades and squabbles of our civilization are not their only subject; social satire generally has a place. For instance, in the current number we have a drawing by Cornelis Barns of two appalling men talking at a bar to a tooth-displaying female nut: “Was this the Face That Launched a Thousand Ships?”

The war has not entirely diverted the Masses artists from their normal preoccupations with what Mr. Dyson comprehensively calls “Fat.” But they have done unusual good things on it. Their attitude with respect to the contending parties is detached. They old-fashioned, and, leave others to speak, then they are the business of deciding who was the immediate cause of the war. Their tone is set by a cartoon at the beginning of the war. On various patches of Europe stood small uniformed figures, all stretching their arms upwards in supplication to the sky. High in the cloudy heavens a gigantic nebulous figure reposed, smiling abstractly and stroking his beard. Without denouncing one country more than another, and, speaking continually on Carlyle’s text of the dozen British and the dozen French peasants who had no quarrel, the Masse cartoonists have escaped monotony. It is a feat!”

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New York
Hope Springs Eternal
Hope Springs Eternal
Railroads and Revolution

Helen Marot

The railroad trainmen did not do any of the things that revolutionists would like them to do. They did not strike. They did not turn to the million or more trackmen, car men, and laborers working on the roads but ineligible at present in the Brotherhoods, and consolidate the interests of all in an aggressive organization.

The scarcity of labor gave them an opportunity to do that. From the point of view of working class politics the very perfection and strength of their organization made the move obligatory. Their position would have been impregnable (troops could not have been mobilized) and the basis for working class solidarity might have been started.

They did not do it because their point of view is— I was of course going to say—middle class. What it really is, however, is American—specifically New England. It is characterized by a simplicity of confidence that your own uprightness will pay. There is idealism in the Brotherhoods which might have emanated from Brook Farm. Mr. Garretson personifies this spirit and radiates it in his organization.

For over thirty years, true to their traditions, Mr. Garretson and his fellow officers have tried to gain advances in wage conditions for their members without seriously interfering with the business of the country or impairing the status of the railroads in the financial world. That is why Mr. Garretson’s cheeks were wet as he stood by the table in the rooms of the Interstate Commerce Commission and refused the appeal of President Wilson and Senator Newlands to recall the strike order. “When the President of the United States asked me to postpone the strike I had found my Gethsemane; on the one side I faced the condemnation of every one of those powers that go so far to shape public opinion. Anarchist, rebel, no term is too evil for me. Do I feel it?”

He did—and that is the point. He had always expected that when the managers recognized that the trainmen were adamant on some point, they would submit. He expected they would, because he knew that they knew that the Brotherhoods would not push them to the breaking point, and that their demands were not disproportionate to the gains of the railroad corporations.

Of course if Bill Haywood had been in Mr. Garretson’s place he would have thrilled with the thought of the managers at the mercy of the men, and he would have had no mercy for them. But then Haywood represents “the worst element” in society.

“On the other side,” Mr. Garretson continued, “I faced the trusting loyalty of the men who expect me to lead them where they want to go. To do what the President asks, what you ask, would be treachery. It means that across the fair record of thirty years would be written the word ‘traitor.’ Can I face that?”

The Railroad Brotherhoods knew the industrial situation. They knew, as Mr. Hill of the Great Northern Western stated, that his road was doing thirteen times more business this last year than it had done five years ago. It was Mr. Hill’s position that, as there was that business to be had, all surplus income must be reserved for the capitalization it required. Mr. Hill did not have to remind the trainmen, and he did not of course, that when business is slack wages cannot be increased either. “What sort of prosperity is it,” Mr. Garretson asked the Commission, “that piles up great fortunes for the few and leaves the pockets of the masses empty? If that be prosperity, then prosperity is a damnable thing.”

There seems to be an inference that that is not what prosperity is, that it is not damnable; that with it come concessions to organized or unorganized workers. But Mr. Garretson is a keen man. He knows that prosperity is damnable, and he is working to make it something else. I am wondering, however, how Mr. Garretson really estimates the settlement of this year’s controversy. Of the demands of his organization, how he values the concession given by Congress.

The Brotherhoods’ demonstration of power in successfully forcing from the country what the directors of the roads refused, must have thrilled into consciousness many thousands of unorganized workingmen and heartened the organized. Another point gained through the legislation voted by Congress is the extension of wage regulation and wage increases, not only to the men or the class of men who are eligible to membership in the Brotherhood, but to all railroad workers. The universality of the act of Congress accomplishes what the union had been unable or unwilling to pay for, that is, an equalizing of economic gains among all the workers in the railroad industry. This fact eliminates many difficulties in the way of “one big union” in the railroad industry; it transfers from profits to wages (and to wages of the less skilled railroad workers) many hundreds of thousands of dollars which the original demands of the Brotherhoods for their own men never contemplated.

But it is now, by virtue of the act of Congress, the function of the government to fix wage conditions as it is its prerogative to fix rates. For the time, and I believe permanently, unless the Supreme Court declares the action of Congress unconstitutional, the fixing of the wage condition of trainmen is shifted from collective bargaining to politics and legislation. The trainmen are in almost the same relation to the government, so far as a strike for wages or hours is concerned, that they would be under government ownership. A strike could not, perhaps, with the same plausibility, be called mutiny, but the enactment of the eight-hour law by Congress is an assumption of responsibility of the Federal Government; it leaves the workers bound by obligations which the country will expect them to live up to. Corporations of financiers may in secrecy or even openly force concessions from Congress without paying for it, but an organization of workingmen cannot in the light of day.

The railroad directors say that they are going to test the constitutionality of the act of Congress that gave the men eight hours. The President of the Atchison and Topeka has already announced that they would not observe the law, and they knew they would be upheld by the Supreme Court. They probably know their Supreme Court. I wonder if they remember that the seeds of rebellion have flourished in the hearts of just such gentle and righteous people as Mr. Garretson and his Brotherhoods represent?

The Brotherhoods did not want a settlement through legislation. In collective bargaining their course is direct and known; in the labyrinths of rational politics it is unknown. But rather than involve the country in a strike, they accepted it. They do not believe in legislative regulation of wages as a method, but they do believe in their country. If the Supreme Court reverses the decision of Congress—the country sells out the trainmen. When that happens, we may—I do not say we will—but we may have to face the wrath of good men. I hope they will reward us for its postponement.
The Campaign—An Operetta by Seymour Barnard

TIME: Autumn of 1916.
PLACE: A Doubtful State.

President Wilson and ex-Justice Hughes are discovered searching the ground carefully, creeping along on hands and knees.

WILSON AND HUGHES
Eminent nominees,
Voters confronting,
On our uncommon knees
Issues are hunting:

Now to the right of us,
Now to the left,
Witness the plight of us,
Wholly bereft:

Sadly we undertake,
Sadly confine,
Factions to keep awake,
Parties alive:

Eminent nominees,
Groaning and grunting,
On our uncommon knees
Issues are hunting.

HUGHES
(To himself. Wilson listens unobserved.)
Beyond the ken of common men,
Where thought is all judicial,
There came for me a call to be
A more mundane official;
And instantly I came to see
What heretofore I couldn’t,
That those intent on government
Were doing what they shouldn’t.

WILSON
(Smiling confidentially.)
Watch and wait,
Watch and wait,
Warest, willingest candidate—
Who would champion,
Who would choose,

Economical,
Carping Hughes?
(A sudden chill is felt. Shadowy shapes appear at right. A procession of political ghosts enters—George Washington, Roosevelt, Bryan, and others well known to historians. Taft and Root are seen among the pro-Revolutionary group.)
(The ghosts carry the issues of past campaigns.)

Roosevelt
(Vociferously)
In early youth I learned this truth;—
That people love to hear
Of vigor, vim,—in short, of him
Who is devoid of fear:
So, by and by, imagined I
A mighty man, and more—
A man of pluck, a man of myth,
And called him Theodore:

I imitate his sturdy gait,
His collar and his tie;
And shout it out till none may doubt—
"This Superman is I!"

Washington
(Shuddering, to Wilson and Hughes.)
You may dispense with presidents
With little loss to-day,
For, though long dead, the things I said
Still guide the U. S. A.

The undulating ship of state,
On which I did my turn,
Has at its bow the rudder now,
The lookout at the stern:

The little brat republic that
I did my best to save,
Is sitting by sarcophagi,
Or listening at a grave.

Wilson and Hughes
(Whispering together.)
One well may dread to move ahead;
We'll linger till the last;
There may be no to-morrow and

We're certain of the past:
For us the ancient counselor,
For us the tried and true;—
O, some have won a second term,
Avoiding what is new.

Bryan
(Indicating the ghosts.)
From off the strand of spirit land,
Where life is all vacations,
And one may bide till satisfied
A-writing resignations,—

Among the hosts of genial ghosts,
A limited selection,
May quit the Styx for politics,
Along about election:

We bear tides of past decades
To get the crowd's attention;
And Issues vexed which once perplexed,
To keep alive dissenion.
(The ghosts spread their Issues on the ground.)

Taft
To take your choice you may proceed:
Here are the Philippines unfreed!

Bryan
Here is my famed "Free Silver" scism.

Roosevelt
(At the top of his lungs, drowning out Washington.)
Here is the true Americanism

(Wilson and Hughes make for Roosevelt. A scuffle ensues.
They emerge, each with a fragment of Roosevelt's issue.)

Wilson and Hughes
(Tubularly.)
O, Politics, O, Politics,
Some deem you but to be
The art to teach, the part to preach,
Till others think as we:
But, let us state, a candidate
To get the vote to-day,
Must test the mind of humankind,
And learn to think as they.
(They march off.)

Curtain.

ACCESSORIES BEFORE THE FACT

Mary Heaton Vorse

THE country of the Mesaba Range—where are the richest mines of iron ore in all the world and where Steel is again fighting organized labor—is a country of great, gory pits with men and teams crawling, small as flies, at the bottom of chutes so vast that they seem to be the result of some cataclysm of nature and not the work of the hand of man: towns, and the pits which are the mines surrounding them. There are other sorts of mines, holes in the earth, a series of tunnels, vast, mysterious, ending in blackness, tunnels shored up each foot of the way with heavy timbers: water drips from the walls, the place is full of small, disquieting noises. Now and then the darkness is pierced by the wavering light of a lamp on a miner's coat.

All about the mine are vast stock piles of ore, and everywhere one sees cars, train after train of little red cars loaded with red ore, trains so interminable that they cease to seem real, seem like some interminably repeated stencil.

Long red roads join one range town to another, along whose length lounge gummen—large, brutal and given to strong drink. On the same roads at night the darkness is forever broken by the gummen's fires by the roadside or by the flash of an electric light on the passing cars. There are gummen of all kinds from the property gummen the mine owners show visitors and the respectable company guards, to plug-uglies reeling drunk down the street of a sordid, forsaken camp. But wherever you turn, now silhouetted against the skyline, now crouching by the roadside—there, watchful and on the lookout for trouble.

At first you smile at them, many of them are such caricatures: later you do not feel like smiling when you have seen the bruises on the bodies of women caused by their hands and clubs, and after you have heard the excited women in the little bleak villages tell in broken English stories of fights for water, of arrests and abuse.

They lurk at the back of strike meetings, audiences of serious Finns with their blonde and powerful wives. of Croats, of Italians, of Australians, of Greeks, all that population that the steel companies brought on the range from Europe to break the strike of 1907 when they blacklisted three strikers and sent them forth to find homes for themselves in the wilderness.

I have in my ears the voice of one of these strikers as he shouted "Scabs" at some miners, and a poignant memory of their shamed and beaten look. All the intensity of the struggle was in that word. It summed up that new morality which decrees that scabbing is for a worker what desertion is for a soldier.

These are some of the pictures I have of the Mesaba Range, but I have also the picture of the other part of the story in Duluth, where a fat, kind-hearted sheriff's wife sat rocking on a porch outside a jail.

"I don't know what to do with her," she lamented.

"I want her to let me take the baby out for air. But she's afraid—she thinks I'll kidnap it. You can't make her understand. She just cries and cries something..."
awful! She don’t understand what it’s all about. Sometimes I think it’s lucky she don’t understand, for the girls in the jail—you know the kind—talk awful.”

It happens that Mrs. Masonovitch is in jail accused of murder. Just why she’s there it’s hard for anyone to understand. It’s not much wonder she cries and cries, and that she won’t even trust that kind, comfortable Irish body, the sheriff’s wife. In the other part of the jail is her husband and their three boarders, all held for the murder of Deputy Myron.

There, too, are Carlo Tresca, Joe Schmidt, Sam Scarlett and two other organizers who were all conveniently gathered in as accessories before the act.

This is what happened to Mrs. Masonovitch in the interests of law and order on the Mesaba Range: the miners on the range went out on strike in June and early in June a striker was shot and killed by a deputy. No arrests were made for that.

Philip Masonovitch and his three boarders were striking miners. He lived in a bleak little frame house near the county road about a mile from Biwabik. It is an isolated place with woods behind and a mine not far off. On the afternoon of June 3rd the woman sat, with the baby in her arms, the other children played around, the men sat playing cards. Into this peaceful household walked Deputy Myron and three other Deputies. They didn’t knock; they just came in and told Masonovitch he was “wanted.” Just why they came is obscure. Some say there was no warrant, that it was manufactured afterwards. Some say that Masonovitch had trespassed on company land to get water instead of going a mile and a half to town; for one of the ugly features of this strike has been forbidding the strikers the use of wells on the company land. Almost every mine has its little cluster of houses around it, sometimes on company land, sometimes not, but the well is more often than not on company land. There is a third report as to why Masonovitch was wanted and that was that he had a “blind pig.”

He started to get his shoes from an inner room when a Deputy named Dillon, an ex-bouncer of a disorderly house, hit him on the head with a club. The woman with the baby still in her arms, now arose, and another deputy clubbed her. This caused trouble. A big Austrian, one of the boarders, knocked down the deputy and the brawl was on.

Myron drew his gun; the boarders grappled with him. The deputy who had been knocked down fired his gun. According to his own testimony the bullet that killed Myron came from a distance and as though fired by someone on the floor—but none of the strikers had guns.

This wasn’t the end, although the State of Minnesota wasn’t interested in anything that happened after the death of Myron.

During the struggle the other two deputies vanished, and a passing driver of a pop wagon heard the shots and came running toward the house. He was shot and killed by a deputy who must have thought him some other striker come to help.

There were no arrests made for his death.

It was an ordinary clash of strikers and deputies, for this was during the period of wholesale arrests. Many another striker has had his home entered and has been told to come along, but its tragic ending played into the hands of the mining companies.

The charge of murder as Accessory before the fact is an old acquaintance of anyone who has followed the labor disturbances of the past years. With this convenient law it can always be alleged that a death was the result of incendiary talk on the organizer’s part.

That’s why Carlo Tresca and the others are in jail. The wife of one of the imprisoned men wheels the baby up and down before the jail all day. Joe Schmidt’s wife is in Pennsylvania expecting her second baby.

Eleven people in jail for the chance killing of Deputy Myron, and no arrests for the shooting of the striker or the driver of the pop wagon.

There’s nothing new in the situation. It’s hard to write about it, for the strike has gone its appointed way. It’s the same case as that of Ettor and Giovannetti: we’ve seen a similar state of things in Colorado and in California.

This case may be in some ways more flagrant, for the range is sixty miles long and the organizers were rounded up on all parts of it. Nor will the men get off easily. Any more than any of the strikers have gotten off easily for small charges. They have a judge up on the range whom the miners call “Old Ninety-days.” When there is trouble between gunmen and strikers the strikers get ninety days and the gunmen go free, even for murder. That’s another familiar strike feature—the gunmen.

The strike technique is something like this.

A strike is called. At this the mine-owners cry “outside agitators.” Next (continued on page 22)
Decoration by Arthur B. Davies.
Decoration by Arthur B. Davies.
Two years ago he pretended to feel so sorry for Belgium.

—Now he not only expects to walk over Mexico, but steal it.

Two years ago he pretended to be horrified by Prussian militarism—

American Militarism: 
Costs, Draft, Conquer and forcing children to become soldiers.
AN HEROIC PACIFIST

John Reed

In my travels along the various fronts of the fighting armies in Europe, I was struck by the astonishing fact that military heroism is the cheapest of all virtues. For example, there are, let us say, some three millions of men—or more—at present in the German trenches, perhaps the same number in the French trenches, more in the Russian trenches, a million or so in the English trenches, and countless others in the active armies of Romania, Serbia, Belgium, Bulgaria, Turkey, etc.—all equally brave. Perhaps the most astonishing fact which has been brought home to us at length, that the physical courage of men in battle is the rule, not the exception. And in all history, it has never required half as much bravery to yield to the ugly emotionalism of the mob—keyed up to kill and burn by the promise of truth and justice against "persecution" and "blood-lust.

If anything is needed to convince the neutral observer that the claims of the belligerents to be Defenders of Freedom, Democracy, Civilization, Culture, etc., are equally insincere, it can be found in the way the various Peoples have treated those men who dared to champion their own rights. Notably, the unscrupulous course of Austria, England, the journals which dared to tell the truth about the Causes of the War, the "patriotic" exploitation of workers by the rich, the military and government crimes and corruption—who dared to criticize the brutalities and falsehoods of their own Governments—were ruthlessly suppresses; and the men who had the contempt and contemptible matters, if insignificant, were ruthlessly done away with; if prominent, were imprisoned, threatened, banished, or declared enemies of the State. To mention a few, there were Kosty of Russia, condemned to death and refugee in Switzerland; Liebknecht of Germany, imprisoned; Romain Rolland of France, threatened and exiled. But these are citizens of countries ruled by military bureaucracies for truth and justice against "persecution" and "blood-lust."

In England also, England, the Champion of Liberty and Democracy, the Home of Free Speech, the Defender of Small Nations—the same thing obtains. Francis Neilson, a member of Parliament who resigned when the War began and came to America, wrote a book called "How Diplomats Make War," which expounds, versus Mr. Stephen, the unscrupulous course of English diplomacy; and the London Times called him "an enemy of England." Norman Angell is now a virtual prisoner in London, forbidden to leave. And Bertrand Russell, Rector in Logic and Principles of Mathematics at Trinity College, Cambridge, probably the first mathematician in Europe, and England's most stimulating philosopher, was sentenced to prison, fined, dismissed from his high position in the faculty of Trinity College, and finally refused a passport to America, so that, incidentally, he cannot keep his contract to lecture at Harvard this autumn.

In England "Conscientious Objectors" are nominally excused from active military service. But like so many guarantors of human rights" in both England and America, this provision is largely a bluff. If the Tribunal is satisfied that a man has real "conscientious objections" to the War, he is drafted into the Medical Corps, the munitions-factories, or some such non-combatant corps; but, as Bertrand Russell pointed out, this "is an insult to Conscientious Objectors." Though not actually killed with their own hands, these men make possible the killing by others. But as a matter of fact, the Tribunal often decides that "conscientious objections" are not valid; and the Objector has to either fight or submit to the most terrible punishment. In many cases men have been kept in solitary confinement, in irons, for weeks,—fed on bread and water, and even tortured.

The No-Conscription Fellowship is a body of from fifteen to twenty thousand Englishmen who have "conscientious objections" against military service. Over one hundred have been already arrested and handed over to the military authorities, and the arrests continue at the rate of 150 a week—for simply refusing to serve in the armies of England. It has never tried to prevent men from enlisting, nor enlisted men from serving; it has not tried to create new Conscientious Objectors; its purpose is to defend the principle of Liberty and Equality.

Bertrand Russell's crime consisted in writing a leaflet for the Fellowship exposing the treatment meted out to a young teacher, E. Everett, who refused to obey an order given by the military, and was given two years imprisonment at hard labor. The pamphlet said:

"You are now suffering this savage punishment solely for refusal to accept the disgraceful and lying persecution of a fight for liberty and against religious persecution, in the same spirit in which martyrs suffered in the past. Will you join the persecutors? Or will you stand for those who are defending conscience at the cost of obloquy and pain of body?"

Distributors of this leaflet were arrested and punished. Then Bertrand Russell boldly declared himself the author of the leaflet, and invited arrest. Defending himself before the Lord Mayor, in June, on the charge that the pamphlet was liable to prejudice recruiting,

"There was a time when we boasted that England was a free country. That time is past. Freedom now has few friends among us, and these few can only proclaim their love of freedom at the risk of being declared criminals."

The resistance of the Conscientious Objectors is not manufactured by those who champion their right to resist. . .

I can well believe that inquiry to discipline results from their resistance; but the responsibility for this inquiry rests not on those who merely tell the civil world what is happening, but on those who, against the express desire of all Parliament, have forced these men into the Army. The way to prevent inquiry to discipline is to restore three men to civil life, not to conceal what they are doing from all the soldiers.

"We wish it to be known that men who are profoundly convinced of the immorality of fighting are suffering persecution. We wish this known, not so much on their account, since to speak of their suffering is cold comfort and a happiness, but for the sake of the nation, because liberty has been hitherto the most precious of our national possessions."

His conviction under the Defense of the Realm Act was followed by the action of the Council of Trinity College. Tremendous protest followed, even from Trinity students, members of the Trinity faculty, and well-known Englishmen of all opinions. Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, for example, could write this:

... the disgrace is that of the College and also of the University. Mr. Russell's offense was political, and it consisted in an endeavor to vindicate those rights of conscience and of the person which hitherto have been dear to Englishmen. Mr. Russell wrote a leaflet describing the treatment that had been meted out to a Conscientious Objector, who had been subjected, as so many have, to rigours contrary to the intention of the Military Service Act of Parliament, and to the public pledges of Ministers.

Mr. Russell would probably be called "coward" by Colonel Roosevelt and the other militarists; but to my mind it took more sheer courage to do the thing he and the Conscientious Objectors did, than to fight in the trenches. . .

But Bertrand Russell has done even a braver thing: he has published a book* called: "Justice in Wartime," which is by far the finest exegesis of opinion written by one in a belligerent country during the War. Romain Rolland's "Above the Battle" is disappointing to the reader who is searching for an absolutely fair discussion of the War from an ethical and really international standpoint. "Justice in Wartime" is not a cold, logical setting-forth of principles; it is written by an Englishman who loves England and all its great traditions, and who hates "persecution" and all its developments—but who loves truth and humanity and hates lies and brutality more, and is not blinded by patriotism. To him the crimes of England, France, and Russia, are as terrible as the crimes of Germany and Austria; the excellencies of the Central Powers are just as much as excellencies as those of the Entente; and the thing he professes Edward Thomas was true:

Caught With the Goods

THOSE worried looking men are the railway presidents wondering how they can conceal that billion dollar surplus. It is not easy to make a twenty per cent. road look like a bread line.

DURING the New York street car strike, service in the subway and elevated was above normal. Suggesting to strap-hangers the interesting idea that it might be above normal all the time.

THE low rumbling we hear in the south is the boys on the border wishing they had not raised themselves to be soldiers.

THE barrel straighteners have gone on strike at Bridgeport. Those who expect to have their barrels straightened this winter will have to pay well for this pleasure.

CARL LIEBKNECHT, on appeal, had his sentence increased to four years' penal servitude. But at least he had the honor and the pleasure of being expelled from the German army.

HOW, somebody asks, can a conference in New London, Connecticut, settle the affairs of far off Mexico. It can't, of course. The only way to settle the Mexican problem is to get a gun and chase somebody around in the cactus for a while.

THE ex-heads of the New Haven railroad are now being sued for $160,000,000 and the public is getting its face ready for a hearty laugh. Charles S. Mellen as the Pirate King has a strong hold upon the affections of the amusement loving people.

HENRY CABOT LODGE went to a country fair recently in a cart drawn by eleven yoke of oxen. Symbolizing in a subtle, cultured way, the relationship of Henry Cabot to the people of Massachusetts for twenty-two years.

THOSE anti-suffragists who are going around upon the Hughes campaign train might take this opportunity to tell the women to stay at home and keep out of politics.

WHATEVER the result of the election may be, it is clear that Hughes has the record for uninspiring campaigns formerly held by Alton B. Parker against fierce competition by Taff. Judges all.

IF you want to know how Hughes feels about the Germans read Roosevelt's Maine speech. If you don't want to know, read Hughes's.

IF I W. W. had stood firm for the divine principle of arbitration and let the railroad strike come on, what would candidate Hughes have said then? Nobody is entitled to more than four guesses.

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned cartoonist who pictured the Republican party as the friend of the working man?

AND Prosperity, too; that was born and brought up in the G. O. P. and now look what kind of a life it is leading.

HENRY FORD believes that law, not dynamite, should settle international questions; therefore the Chicago Tribune calls him an anarchist. When they make a word mean as much as that, they ought, as in "Alice in Wonderland," to pay it extra.

FORD is using the Tribune for $1,000.00 libel and all he will have to do is to convince twelve plain men that he needs the money.

DANIELS predicts the end of all warfare and rushes work on the new navy. Probably for museum purposes.

ANYHOW we can't call it Reminiscia any more. HOWARD BRUBAKER.

AFTER THE STRIKE

"Na, we're back on vests again. It's over, and vat did we get out of it?"

"Vell, anyboye, ve got a rest."

Sumner vs. Forel

YOU may have heard that John S. Sumner, the successor of Anthony Comstock, paid a visit to our office recently, confiscated all the September numbers of The Masses on hand, and arrested our circulation manager, Merrill Rogers. The reason was that we had advertised and sold "The Sexual Question," by August Forel—a book recognized as one of the great authoritative works on the subject of sex. The case will be fought to a finish in the courts. In the meantime it is interesting to have a personal statement from John S. Sumner, made to one of our editors, explaining his animus against the Forel book. He says: "It advocates sodomy!" Our readers have our word for it that it does, of course, nothing of the sort. If our recommendations had any weight with the authorities, we should suggest that some of our prominent vice-experts be detained for observation in Bellevue; their minds really do not seem to us to be normal. For the time being, however, they dictate what you shall buy and read.
AFTER THE STRIKE

"Nu, ve're beck on vests again. It's over, and vat did ve get out of it?"
"Vell, anyhoe, ve got a rest."
AFTER THE STRIKE

"Nu, ve're beck on vests again. It's over, and vat did ve get out of it?"
"Vell, anyhoe, ve got a rest."
“WHY don’t we just go off and get married?” is a question sometimes asked by an impat-er lovey. And the answer expected by us, if not by him, is: “How could we? What would they think of us? It would be so incon siderate.” The girl knows that “they” will feel cheated by the lack of an engagement, and that the less kindly among them will not only grumble about not having been “told,” but will remark upon the indecent haste of some people to get married.

People do not like to be “taken by surprise” and betrothal ceremonial—betrothal gifts, visits, festivity, betrothal taboo—offers the desired opportunity for adjustment to the novel situation. The opportunity is rather for outsiders than for the betrothed themselves. For them it is comparatively seldom a time (as we describe it) for getting acquainted. In many communities they are forbidden each other’s company and even the sight of each other is taboo. When a little girl is betrothed in New Britain she pays a visit of four days to the village of her boy fiancé; but at the time of her visit he is packed off to another village. She does not learn his name, nor he hers. In the practice of infant betrothal in Albania it was customary for the girl, once the engagement was announced, not to speak to the boy and his kindred and even to keep out of their sight.

In other instances the pair may have been familiar enough too before their betrothal, but once engaged they have to avoid each other. From the day of his engagement a Benui of the Red Sea has to keep away from his fiancée and, let us note, from her mother. Were the girl to meet him unexpectedly, she would lower her face and any friends with her would so surround her as to hide her from his sight. And yet before this the youth may have been quite free with her; he may even have chosen her himself. An Abyssinian maiden once betrothed may have nothing to do with her fiancée. She may have played with him before her betrothal, but should she catch sight of him on his visits to her father, she would cover her face and run off screaming. After an Ostiai has settled about the bride-price, he must not see his fiancée, and if he visits her parents, he must walk into their house backwards and never look them in the face.

In these cases it may be that the avoidance taboo has been prompted by a sense of embarrassment in the couple themselves, caused by the idea of the change in their relationship. This explanation is far more probable than that usually advanced by ethnologists, the theory that the taboo is due to the apprehension of over-familiarity, of an untimely anticipation of conjugal rights. On his hypothesis, why in the cases I have cited at least, why should the taboo extend to the kindred of the betrothed? The taboo may often include mere acquaintances too. No, betrothal taboo is not so much a safeguard, however you take it, for the betrothed themselves, as it is a safeguard for outsiders, for family and friends. The sight of the engaged couple together causes discomfort. Is not any slip into love-making in the open apt to be apprehended? “Letters appear in the newspapers every summer,” writes the author of “How to Be Happy Though Married,” “letters complaining of want of reserve in love-makers at fashionable seaside resorts. The writers of the letters were made shy and uncomfortable when they passed the lovers.”

Even separate, lovers may be disquieting. And so it is a common enough practice to forbid their presence on given occasions, better still, to force them or at least the girl, the more pliable of the two, into seclusion. An Abyssinian fiancée is kept indoors the three or four months of her engagement; a Tavetan is kept away from the sight of other men while her engagement lasts, perhaps for years. Among us it has been considered bad form for an engaged girl to go into general society for the few days prior to her wedding.

But even for girls seclusion is not always feasible. The alternative to it is a thoroughgoing advertisement of the engagement. In New Guinea as soon as a Koita girl is betrothed she is taken out of her territory to the village of her fiancé. The Loango fiancée was painted red; the Corean wears a red jacket, notices everyone more conspicuously than the engagement cards sent out in Germany or than our own engagement ring.

Outside of modern circles a man may also advertise his engagement. In one of the Bedouin tribes he wears in his turban a twigg given him by his prospective father-in-law.

Alternative too to the separation of the betrothed is their more or less compulsory association. To others their conduct must be circumspect, to each other conspicuously devoted. Bracketing them together enables their public to keep out of their way, to ignore them, or at any rate to consider their relation only ceremonially, just as after marriage it will be considered.

Still an engagement can never be as satisfactory to the outsider as a marriage; there is generally too great an element of suspense about it, and suspense is troublesome. Nor is it without practical inconvenience. Hence, except where the betrothed are mutually taboo, and for a very definite period, tranquilizing conditions almost eliminating suspense, people are apt to say they do not approve of long engagements. And the mother of an engaged girl is quite likely to say to her, according to one authority on marriage, “You’ll want to see your young man every day, and if I don’t go with you to places people will talk. Then there must be as many rooms reserved for you as for Royalty, and if your father smokes cigars, he won’t like it and other young men will become shy of the house, and your sisters will be bored, and, my dear, if you are going to be married, marry soon, and have done with it.” In the Islands of Torres Straits the fact that a suitor would keep parents from sleeping at night and would greatly hinder work in the garden by day was given as one of the reasons for female infanticide.

In a spirit somewhat the same as that of the Papuan or English parent outsiders too will say, sometimes rather querulously, “If they are not engaged they ought to be,” or, “Why don’t they make up their minds and get married?” To most of us it is more satisfactory to have people engaged than merely in love, more satisfactory to have them married than merely engaged. It is even more inconsistent of lovers not to settle down than not to tell us they intend to, inconsistently, we mean course of, ourselves. That lovers should consider themselves is quite an unaccustomed thought.
"Youth"

"YOUTH"—a splendid name for Miles Malleson's play (published by Henderson's in England, and on sale at THE MASSES Book Store)—for it is precisely this swift and suiting quickness that runs throughout these three acts. It is a comedy and, as all good comedies should be, a serious one. And it is thus doubly accurate for the young man, and dead as well as the contrary. Nothing so serious as youth. Back of the surface flippancies and skylarking and irresponsibility is a restless intensity—. The searching curiosity that probes and questions with all the fervor of the wisest and most middle-aged analyst. Miles Malleson’s hero, let us call him the leading young man, is such a questioner. He is more than curious about life—he wants, what one rarely finds, the answers. And he moves through the double plot, a poignante and perfect figure.

The double drama is in itself, an arresting piece of writing. For it is not only a play within a play, but a play about a play—and a radical, fiery sex-drama, at that! It is hard to say which is the more engaging—the story of Douglas Hetherly, gradual success as a person or the story of his initial failure as a dramatist. The former motif is developed against the latter, which acts as a background for the entire action taking place in the present. Realistic, yet in no sense dreary, the play takes place during the rehearsals and production of young Douglas Hetherly’s first play. The following scraps of dialog during the rehearsal may give a suggestion of the difficulties that the embryonic Shavian play to contend with:

Cecil: (an actor.) I love you... and you love me... you've just said so. But how can we know that you and I are going to love one another, and one another only, for a lifetime? All the promises that the Law and the Church demand—that my life is to be complete without any other love. I'm only trying to get for truth. There's only one thing I'm certain of: that this love between us now is good. My dear, can't we begin together just that way? You know even if we were married, we couldn't afford a little one.

Douglas: (the producer.) I want that last line cut.

Gunn: Cut? Why?

Douglas: And the Revue opposite packs the house twice nightly!

May: Ah! now o' boy, you're talkin' nonsense... that's a dam'd attractive show.

Douglas: Of course it is. A beauty chorus, Eastern music and a play called "The Next Morning" about some poor lonely devil who finds himself in a mess, and the story of his love at his "hero" and ends by laughing with him. And there are several other surprises in store for the reader; notably—... But I see no reason to play it down or be upset by the words out of Mr. Malleson's mouth. Meanwhile, I suggest a careful study of the third act; and I suggest particularly the study of it under thick branches with sunlight on them, with a light wind, and a heavy line of all your favorite cigarettes at your elbow and your favorite feminine voice reading you the speech of Nina that begins:

"It's not a man remembers after tea at the little white house and the earth smelling so good... and we were there, listening to the hum of millions of little—"

The Will To Believe

The Future of Democracy, by H. M. Hyndman, $1 net. [Charles Scribner's Sons.]

MR. HYNDMAN believes that democracy has a future, a fairly immediate future; he believes that it is not yet accomplished, that the result of the present war is not yet known to the book any grounds for his belief except its determination that it must be so. That is an excellent reason for any belief, and few of us have a better one for ours. And as Mr. Hyndman remarks, apropos of something else: "In all the affairs of life, when decision has been made, it is essentially to pull down the shutters on one side of the intelligent discussion is at an end: determination takes up the tale." Mr. Hyndman is in this happy frame of mind. He has, like many other Socialists, decided that this war must and shall subserve the interests of democracy. He has pulled down the shutters of the intellect against doubt, suspicion, cynicism and all the moods that paralyze the will. He is now engaged in working to make the war bring about democracy.

Envy him, as we well may, for his possession of this state of mind, let us see how it is maintained, by what subsidiary beliefs. It is obvious that if one is to believe in the democratizing effects of this war, one must have a satisfactory conception of its origin. The theory that it is the inevitable result of economic forces is rejected at the outset: for the victory of one set of capitalists over another, to say nothing of the endless vista of further struggles, leaves little room for democracy as a result. It is necessary to have a simple explanation of how it came about, which will (Mr. Hyndman being an Englishman) make a victory of the entente allies a progressive fact. This explanation is found in the theory that the war was caused by the millions of Germany in its effort to (a) secure domination of the German state, and (b) put an end to the menace of the German social-democracy. "This, consequently, is not a carefully prepared war of capitalist aggression against rival capitalists. It is the final
effort of Prussian militarism to retain its predominance at home by conquest and annexation abroad. The results were not quite so disastrous as he supposed, but they were sufficient to shake his confidence in the wisdom of his policies. 3. Therefore, foreign war was deliberately engineered in order to save the domestic situation. 4. It is necessary, as a corollary, to believe that no other nation has a military caste, or at least to believe that what may seem the military castes of other countries are altogether different from the real German institutions; a corollary which is so easy for Mr. Hyndman to dispose of in a footnote. As to race-hatred, it is only necessary, in this scheme of thought, to concede its reality while believing that it may be overcome when it is "frankly recognized and sympathetically dealt with." Just what constitutes sympathetic dealing with race-hatred, Mr. Hyndman does not explain in detail. But frank recognition explicitly includes the maintenance of armies and navies for self-defense. And this brings us to the core of Mr. Hyndman's system the establishment of a citizen soldierly force. Mr. Hyndman, who believes that it is essential to the interests of civilization that England and her allies should win this war, objects to the unpreparedness of the English people. And at the same time he objects as well to a citizen army, to a decent citizen, to any conscription plan which would put the male population of the state in barracks for years at a time, deprive them of their civil liberties, and create an officer caste. He is therefore in favor of a "democratic national citizen army," in which all grown-up males should be at one and the same time both soldiers and citizens, in which offenders against civil or military discipline should be dealt with by the civil courts, in which, also, the officers who had proved their qualifications should be elected by ballot of the men over whom they should command. In order to believe in such a Citizen Army, it is only necessary to believe that it could not be used by militarists and capitalists for their own purposes; and that, if it could not be used by them, they would nevertheless allow it to create. But "the first necessity for the creation of a powerful democratic citizen army is the provision of educated democrats and physically capable citizens." That is to say, it is necessary for England to take care, as never before, of the education and health of her people—in both of which she has been neglecting. But to adopt such a policy would be to give up her ancient one of laissez faire, and to go at least into State Collectivism. And, indeed, the war has forced all the nations engaged into some kind of State Collectivism already. "This Collectivism in Great Britain is ill-considered and ineffective, because our rulers themselves had no previous conception of the form the transition organization must take. Their hand-to-mouth methods, which barely sufficed in quiet times, were precisely those least adapted to deal effectively and safely with a period of turmoil. Nevertheless, the inchoate State Socialism which has come upon us, unconsciously and unintentionally, is an inevitable step towards some form of democracy. The assertion of the rights of the whole community to control the actions of individuals and to limit freedom in many directions, in order to ensure efficiency, and with efficiency success, is not a mere passing attempt to bring order out of chaos. There is no going back on these great social experiments. What has been forced upon the nation, as a temporary expedient in a time of stress and strain, will be carried to a complete fruition, so soon as the people comprehend what has been done, and how they themselves have the power to turn the new jobbing bureaucratic domination to their own advantage." There is no going back? Not if Mr. Hyndman and the other British Socialists who are of his mind can push the nation forward. Their willingness to accept war as a premise is a measure of their sincerity, at least. "The mass of the people when the war began," says Mr. Hyndman, "were ignorant, unorganized, undisciplined, physically untrained, apathetic and indifferent. Their children were growing up like themselves. Great numbers of ill-paid wage earners were living under such deplorable social conditions that they were, and are, quite unfit to supply soldiers for the army or thoroughly efficient men and women for industry." (What a pity, says Mr. Hyndman, that this beneficial war did not come along sooner! For—"the exigencies of war have done much in a year to make the physically capable more vigorous, in body and in mind, and to teach them the advantage of disciplined cooperation. It is not a lession they are likely to forget. But it will take at least a generation to replace the etiolated millions of our populace by sound men and women." [Put down to profit and loss.] "War, I say, is teaching us much." It is written that he hath as much faith as a grain of mustard-seed can move mountains. So perhaps Mr. Hyndman and the other pro-war Socialists of Great Britain will succeed in getting a—something—out of this war. Who knows?—F. D. JESUS AND GEORGE MOORE The Brook Kerith; a Syrian Story, by George Moore. $1.50 net. [The Macmillan Co.] ONCE upon a time a lady gave a Bible to Mr. George Moore; and, what may seem stranger still, Mr. Moore read it. He found, to his surprise, that it was an interesting book. He did not so much care for the Old Testament, and least of all for the Prophecies of the Prophets; in a phrase full of self-revelation he deplored in them the lack of "piano passages." But he was vastly interested in Jesus; and being of that essentially religious turn of mind which is nowadays called irreverent, he proceeded to re-fashion the story of Jesus in his own mind. It may be noted parenthetically that a religion is alive only so long as it tempts people to tell it again, a little differently, a little more truly, or a little more consistently, or fancier. The fact that the four gospels contradict each other, that each evangelist presents a different Jesus, is a proof that Christianity was very much alive when they were written. And from the miracle-plays of the middle ages, those jocund and farcical comedies of the market-place in which God and the Devil and Jesus and all the saints appear as heroes and villains and comic characters at the pleasure of their authors,—from such evidence the historian can deduce that Christianity was at that time coming along. In the present morbid state of Christianity, when its stories are so sacred; i.e., dead, to be tampered with, Mr. George Moore appears, much to our surprise, as one of the few remaining Christians—that is to say, a man to whom the Christian story means so much that he must tell it again in his own way, with his own additions and improvements, in something of the spirit of the times, to the evangelists. For this thought occurred to Mr. Moore: suppose Jesus did not die on the cross, but was healed in the house of Joseph of Arimatha, who took his body from the cross, and suppose that in after years, when Jesus had returned to be a shepherd among the Essenes, Paul had visited their monastery: what would Jesus think of Paul—and what would Paul think of Jesus? Mr. Moore thought he knew; and he told the story of that meeting many times at dinner tables, until a few years ago it began to come back to him accredited to someone else! So he hastily sat down and wrote it out in the form of a scenario, with a few scenes presented at full length, and this was published. But being dissatisfied with that, he wrote the present version, in which the whole story is told at great length from the point of view mainly of Joseph of Arimatha. At great length; yes, at devastating length; with too much about Joseph of Arimatha and too little about Jesus. It is in fact only halfway through that the book commences to be really interesting; though the boyhood of Joseph of Arimatha is described with much charm in the early chapters. At last we get to Mr. Moore's Jesus; and without withholding my admiration for Mr. Moore's sincerity and honesty, I confess to finding his Jesus a little dull. The Jesus of Mark is far more interesting to me. And I think I know why: Mr. Moore, with his fondness for "piano" effects, has created a dulcet Jesus with not enough blood in him. That is a matter of taste. But Mr. Moore's preference seems to me to reveal itself as a fatal artistic weakness in the latter part of the book. Conceive the situation: a man who had believed himself to be the Son of God, born to bring the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth, suffers crucifixion, is saved from death, and creeps away to a monastery to live the rest of his life as a king-herd of sheep. The authors of crucifixion have not been without their effect; the courage, the austerity, the belief, is gone. He wonders why he should ever have set himself up for the Son of God, why he should ever have thought he could bring the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. He repents the vanity, the folly, the rash idealism of his youth. So much is credible. It is credible that a prophet—or a labor leader or a revolutionist—who has had a flash of splendid should be broken and tamed by life, and should be sorry he was ever such a fool as to believe anything. But— If you will believe it, Mr. Moore agrees with his hero that he has been a fool: he actually prefers the broken and tamed man, and he accepts the utterances of failure as the true wisdom. Mr. Moore has something-lacking in him. He does not understand heroism. It may be true that heroism is just as life ends in death. But to view the magnificent and incomparable millions of enterprises of idealism, from the plain of disillusion to fail to understand what it is all about. No, Mr. Moore has not written the Fifth Gospel. And it is not because he does not believe in Jesus as a God. It is simply because he does not appreciate Jesus as a man. It is not because he does not put his trust in Heaven. It is rather because he does not put his trust in Earth. For it is not necessary, in order to get the full values of this story, to believe in the Resurrection: but it is necessary to believe in Life. And Mr. Moore, poor devil, doesn't.—FLOYD DELL A NEW ENGLISH NOVELIST Casuals of the Sea, by William McFee. $1.50 net. [Doubleday, Page & Co.] FICTION is accustomed to deal with people who are either the masters or the victims of life. But ordinary people do not fall into either category—which is one reason why most fiction, even of the best, is false. Few of us, except in romantic daydreams, are masters of our fate; but most of us do, now and then, buck up and refuse to let circumstances imprison us in their accustomed way. We are none of us without our little triumphs. But it takes an unusual novelist
For this Sherwood Anderson was writing like—I had no other phrase to express it—like a great novelist. I felt myself in the presence of a powerful mind, with a magnificent grip on reality, pouring itself out in a flood of scenes—a mind vivid, profound, apparently in-exhaustible in its energy. A mind full of beautiful, intense and perilous emotions.

Then looking through the book, and, curiously shaken, went out to look for its author. I found him—a tall, keen, robust, laughing man, black-haired and blazing-black-eyed, in his late thirties—an advertising writer by profession. He had never sold a story in his life; but he had been writing novels for the last three or four years, and he had a trunkful of them. Upon my modest demand, he turned over the key of the trunk to me, and I proceeded to read some of the most extraordinary and, as I still think, some of the best novels ever written about American life.

This is one of them; and if I fail to write about it in the calmly analytical manner befitting a book-review, it is because the glow of that incredible discovery still lights up its pages for me. It is not every day that one stumbles upon a great novelist. Nevertheless, I will try to refrain from mere praise, and tell what the book is about.

It is about America. More specifically, it begins in the world of Caxton, Iowa, inhabited by people like Valmore and Freedom Smith and John Telfer, talkers and fighters, braggarts and dandies, drunkards and philosophers and failures too real ever to have got into American fiction before. Among these boisterous, jocund, turbulent and disturbing influences the boy Sam McPherson grows up, a seeker after he does not know what, listening curiously to the wisdom that is uttered by the town mayor and the town lunatics—listening and wondering and adventuring. He has in him, flitting tinnily, the soul of a dreamer; but he smoothes it, for a reason which appears to him good.

The reason is his father, a veteran of the Civil War, useless now and idle, a boastful old relic—"Windy McPherson." It is in short because his father is an incompetent idealist, who allows his wife to take in washing to support the family while he brags in the streets about the glories of his soldier days, that Sam in hurt boyish pride smoothes his own idealism. Ashamed and angry, he cries, "You may laugh at that fool Windy, but you shall never laugh at Sam McPherson." And he becomes the man of the family, hard-headed, practical, cold, and a little cruel, even as a boy. He is going to be successful.

He is successful. Halfway through the book we find the son of "Windy" McPherson rising rapidly in an arms-manufacturing company in Chicago. "I cannot see myself believing in the rot most business men talk," he writes to his sweetheart. "They are full of sentiment and ideals which are not true. Having a thing to sell, they always say it is the best, although it may be third-rate. I do not object to that. What I do object to is the way they have of nursing a hope within themselves that the third-rate thing is a first-rate thing, until the hope becomes a belief. . . . I would lie about goods to sell them, but I would not lie to myself. I will not stultify my own mind. If a man crosses swords with me in a business deal and I come out of the affair with the money, it is no sign that I am the greater rascal, rather it is a sign that I am the keener man."

His philosophy is put to the test when at the height of his career it becomes necessary for him to turn over the reins of his company to another—by which means he has achieved control of the company. He acts sensibly, and votes to throw the useless old man out. The old man does not act so sensibly; he broods over it and shoots himself.

That, naturally, does not improve Sam's relations with the old man's daughter, his wife. But the marriage was already moribund, without that. Sam had believed in his marriage—deeply; yet somehow it failed to be all that he wished. Here certainly his philosophy is master of the situation. He is, in fact, though he does not as yet realize it, a failure in life. But he grinds ahead.

Only one does not quite lose sight, in the hard and successful business man, of the wondering, puzzled, listening boy of Caxton, trying to get at the meaning of life. He still tries to be the man he had determined to be—the man he thought it best to be. When the news of his father-in-law's suicide comes to him, his comment is: "The old fool." A just comment, according to his philosophy. . . . But that same day he realizes that life has become meaningless to him. Whereupon he walks out of his office and disappears from the world.

It was either that or worse. When one's philosophy of life has broken down, one must find a new one or go insane. So, severing without a word every tie that binds him to the world, he walks out of Chicago, down a country road, seeking the truth—his truth.

Things happen to him: such things as might happen to a millionaire—or anybody else—who did such a rash thing as to go in search of the truth. Once, curiously enough, he tries to find it in the Socialist Party: but he and the Party, I regret to say, do not hit it off. . . .

What he finds, after what adventures, I will leave you to discover. After all, the story is not the most important thing. Nor, to me, is the important thing the emotional power and the rich humor of the book, nor its intimate truth to American life, nor the passion and splendor of its literary quality. The thing which captures me and will not let me go is the profound sincerity, the note of serious, baffled, tragic questioning which I hear above its laughter and tears. It is, all through, an asking of the question which American literature has hardly as yet begun to ask: "What for?"

The old facile answers are unsatisfying; the facile new ones not less so. Perhaps there is no answer. But we must ask. And the writer who puts that question in intimate and vivid terms of the lives of men and women, completely, fearlessly, candidly, is such an interesting man as the world so badly needs.

For it is that spirit of profound and unresizing questioning which has made Russian literature what it is. "Why? why? why?" echoes insistently through all their pages. . . . Turgeniev and Tolstoi, Dostoievsky and Tchekhov, Artibashew and Gorky. It echoes, too, in this book, like a great bell pealing its tremendous question to the musing-cowering, and awaking dangers within one's self something that one has carefully laid to sleep . . . perhaps one's soul, who knows?

FLOYD DELL.

Explanation

CONSIDERING how many other interesting things we left out of this issue (because, as we explained on page five, we didn't have enough paper), we feel that we have been very generous of space to the book-review section. Nevertheless, we had to leave out a lot of reviews of books—among them "Joseph Fels: His Life and Work," by Mary Fels; "Towards a Lasting Settlement," by G. Lowes Dickinson and others; and "New Wars for Old," by John Haynes Holmes; all of which we take this opportunity to recommend to our readers. In the new form of the magazine which we are now contemplating we expect never to have to make these explanations. We are as disappointed as you are.
THE MASSES

Why Is a Hippodrome?  
Beginning a New Department

The purpose of this new department in The Masses is to provide me with free tickets to New York theaters. I am not a dramatic critic. I'm a long way from being a dramatic critic. But, still, the New York shows are a long way from being drama. New Yorkers don't want dramas: they want shows. His Bridal Night with the Dolly Sisters is just the thing New Yorkers want to see. They let such a piece of supreme dramatic art as "The Weavers" struggle along for a few weeks and go broke.

New York approved of "The Weavers," and New York doesn't like anything it approves. But that's old stuff. I've just made a new discovery that's infinitely more important than that. It is this: New Yorkers are not attracted by things that interest them. Leave it to any veteran producer in town. Ask the manager of the "Big Show"—he knows, whether he will admit it or not.

I didn't go to the Big Show to see the Big Show. I went there to see Pavlova. It is a safe guess that more than half of the five thousand people who crowded into each performance have the same motive.

"Pavlova!" say all the signs. And unquestionably Pavlova draws the crowd. And when the crowd is sure that it has seen Pavlova, it responds with very courteous applause—and goes into raptures of enthusiasm over the Ice Ballet. Pavlova attracts them. The Ice Ballet merely interests and fascinates and satisfies. I never understood New York until I studied this Big Show. Now I understand it perfectly.

In the first place, the Big Show opens with a fool song by a dreary dummy of Uncle Sam who averts over and over that we are not too proud to fight when we've got a good excuse, or words to that effect.

Does the audience like that? It doesn't get enthusiastic, so that you can notice it, and you might think it doesn't care. That is, if you didn't understand applied psychology the way Mr. Dillingham does. But did you ever watch a thoroughly euphetic Methodist getting ready to wade into a fragrant hunk of roast beef? What does he do first? Sniff and lick his chops? By no means. He assumes a thoroughly bored expression, folds his pious digits under the table, points his closed fists toward the chandelier and mumbles a blessing.

Now, the audiences that travel to big shows hereabouts are not all Methodist. But they're near relations. They've got to have the blessing asked or else they won't bite. And the "patriotic" stunt is the only sort of blessing they know. Thanks be that patriotism in New York has got down to the mumbling stage.

The Hippodrome is exceedingly well policed. It's as safe as the Calvary Baptist Church. If anybody wanted to fight, excuse or no, he wouldn't have any more chance than a2Borgoff and Waddell choir. And that is just the place for the average New Yorker to acclaim his fighting qualities. I haven't heard that the recruiting offices have had to work overtime because of the Big Show and I don't expect to. Personally I won't care about this whether mine host asks the blessing or not and I'll never make an issue out of georgeehanian patriotism. It's the actual bill that counts. And the actual bill at the Big Show makes me warm up to New York.

I say that it amounts to something to see thousand people a day, throughout the year, so enthusiastic over such a purely beautiful spectacle as that Ice Ballet. It is too bad that they call it "ballet," as the word suggests the mechanics of tights and high heels and all the ding-a-ling tomb-foolery of sexless sex that goes to make up the average so-called "musical show." There are no automatic corpses in this ice ballet. Girls have to be alive to skate like that; and the resultant rhythm of their movements is no more to be compared to the cut and dried ballet than is the flying of Isadora Duncan's bare-limbed girls to be compared with the stilted toe-dancing of the Pavlova school.

I'm strong for the Big Show. And I'm longing to see the winters when the boys and girls of New York will have ice enough for all—and good skates enough, and the time and energy and enthusiasm to make skating a great communal art.

What is the funniest thing in life? The most absurd joke that a New Yorker can conceive of? It's marriage.

Marriage, in the popular notion, is a bigger joke than hell. That is because it is more sacred. There was a time when hell was a big joke, too, but that was when people believed in hell and held it sacred, too. Nobody believes in hell today, but most people still hold marriage so sacred that it must not be mentioned except in fun. Only the most radicals who oppose marriage take it seriously. The great public still laughs uproariously whenever it is mentioned.

If you want proof of these statements, take up any comic paper. Seventy-one and six-tenths per cent. of all the wheezes they contain must, by a standing editorial order, be accounted joshing their husbands, husbands lying to their wives, bluffs at fidelity which everybody can see through, post-honeymoon disillusions, etc., etc.

If you want further proof, go to a funny show in New York. "Seven Chances," by Roi Cooper Megrue, playing at the George M. Cohan Theater, is an excellent example. It just suits conventional New York, because it lambastes the most sacred institution all over the map. There is a married man in the play who demons his luck eloquently while the audience sneers at its delight. There is another married man who claims he is happy and the audience is politely silent. At one of his lines advocating marriage, one girl in the audience started to applaud, and everybody else kept her at her. Whether it was part of the show, I couldn't tell; but whatever it was, it was just what the play needed to keep it up. It was one of the best hits of the play.

The theme of the play is the agony of a fifty dollor a week clerk who has to get married in twenty-four hours in order to inherit twelve million dollars. Megrue's lines are snappy, the company is fairly good and the play can't help succeeding. But suppose some playwright would say in all seriousness, either that marriage is a sensible institution, or that it isn't. If he said the first, he would never get a hearing. If he said the other, we would raise as one flesh and send him either to Mattewan or Blackwell's Island.

"IT'S great!" I heard one man say of the Playhouse production, "The Man Who Came Back." "It's exactly true to life," said another. "It's artificial," said a third.

They were right. This play is surely true to life, as it is lived. And life as it is lived is decidedly artificial.

Listen! Can you imagine the son of a Big Crook in Wall Street going to perdition in the usual way until the governor throws him overboard to save his soul? And then, can you imagine the son of the big crook becoming a little crook, disgracing his father's crooked name in every old dump from here to Shanghai? And then, can you imagine his "coming back"—honest farming and all that—not another drop of boose—self-reliant, proud, honest for the first time in his life?

And listen again! There's a girl. She's a cabaret-singer—straight. When he's shanghaied to Shanghai, she pursues. She goes the display, intimately, hands the pipe; and the wreck of her meets the wreck of him in a hop joint. But presently he discovers that she has done everything but—"that." To the depths, then, she becomes his inspiration and accounts for his "coming back."

Do you see the moral? Why, if she had done "that," she would have spilled the beans. She couldn't have inspired him then. Now, I imagine, away up in my occasional brains, that I would rather have a girl I loved do "that" than to smoke hop. But that's not life, and this play is true to life. Isn't life damned artificial?

W. C. WOOD

"Intolerance"

Mr. Griffith has a savage hatred of intolerance.

No one who didn't have a genuine and deep emotion of anger at the way we misuse the gift of life, could have produced the film-play at Liberty Theater. Genuine emotion is always impressive; and "Intolerance" is to me particularly so. It seems to me the expression, unequal but always vivid, of a mind which loves life and beauty and joy, and is moved to rage and pity by the deliberate malice with which, in all ages, life and beauty and joy is strangled.

Slow to start, the play develops the simplest sort of story, which is, in effect, that people were happy and loved life in ancient Babylon, in Samaria, in old France, as they are happy and love life today. Against a spectacular or familiar background, the four stories proceed, with some elaborate and supererogatory assistance from the captions. People live and laugh and drink and dance and love. And then—the vials of intolerance are poured forth, and there is a great earthquake and the sun becomes black as sackcloth and the moon red as blood and the stars fall to the earth and the heavens are rolled up like a scroll. Or, to speak in less Apocalyptic language, we see the fall of Babylon, the crucifixion of Jesus, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the almost-execution of a man condemned to death as a murderer. Toward the end the swift convergence of the four tragedies is nothing less than tremendous.

There is much of loveliness in the play, both of spectacle and of human nature; and I only wish the exigencies of concentrating four centuries into one evening had not compelled Mr. Griffith to be so brief with some of them. But the thing which makes "Intolerance" more than a gorgeous and exciting spectacle is the portrayal of the most violent and extreme and terrible emotions. It requires one who loves beauty and tenderness to exhibit the horror of death and the fear of death, without offense. Mr. Griffith does it with the splendor of a great sincerity.

There are parts of the play that, for all Mr. Griffith's earnestness, fail of their effect; but I will refrain from instructing Mr. Griffith in the art of motion-pictures, except for the mild suggestion that some of the captions are unduly self-righteous, others are unduly informative, and half of them at least could be dispensed with.

There is, perhaps, something ironic in the idea of the producer of that hate-breeding film-play, "The Birth of a Nation," telling us to be tolerant. But it is not more ironic than the spectacle which some of us haters of censorship furnished when we tried to stop its production—and left a trail of film-censorships in our wake which it will take some five years to abolish! As a brilliant épigrammatist of an Oriental country once remarked, let him that is without sin cast the first stone.

F. D.
APPEAL

DEAR God, send me Nietzsche—
Moustache and all,
Bad breath, stomach ache, narcotics,
And grouch—he's been telling me
Stuff that sticks
In my memory.
That is, I've been reading
Those paragraph piles
He called books.
And I like his hierarchy,
Because, of course,
I'd belong on top—a marquis
Of the intellect.
I wish he'd come back
For a day or two to inspect
Things he hadn't seen when
He wrote, "A good walloh hawthorn"
Any cause?" Superman
And Will to Power?
I'd show him ten thousand
Bridges to the superman
Gone in an hour!
And "peace is a means to new wars!"
So said Nietzsche—
Never having heard the roars
Of trinitotololololol; never having seen
A clerk, "sick and boited"—
In-bred, sibilistic, stupid,—
Kill one thousand healthy ones—
By turning a crank.
The wisest of all,
As the stupidest.
Nietzsche, deifier of the abyss,
I tell you this:
What you said of Christ
Is true of Nietzsche!...
Had you lived till now
You would have died to disavow!
No doubt, Nietzsche,
A mighty one.
Rome and the people of his district.
Their favorite torment for you
Is to tell
How we Socialists, followers of the Jew.
Hug "Thus Spake Zarathustra."
To our hearts,
Laughing at those parts
In which you disown us.
N. H. Matson.

Vera Libertinism
A Challenge by Upton Sinclair

FOR some time I have been reading free verse, poly-rhythms, etc., in THE MASSES. Sometimes I have understood it, sometimes I haven't. The thing which troubles me most about it is this: Why don't they realize, by running
the lines straight along, for example:

Watson fidgeted and threw back the fine fox-skin from her neck, and spoke, "Where are little Mandie and John? It's such a nice day."

I don't know just how many lines that this is going to take in your type, but I imagine about three. As you run it, you use five for it. If, as all your poly-rhythmic propagandists proclaim, the free verse which they write has a definite form, a definite reason for being, it surely requires no external system of line division to indicate it. Anybody can see from the poly-rhythms where the poly-lines ought to begin.

You will understand, of course, that I am trying to be sarcastic. I don't believe that there are any reasons for those poly-lines except to be poly-
peculiar, and I hereby propose a test which all the merry-makers on THE MASSES ought to welcome with enthusiasm. Get you the best prize poly-rhythmic poet to write you what he considers his very best poly-rhythmic poem—say, a lot of poetic verse to contain for a test not less than a thousand poly-rhythmic words—have it read by no one but your editor, staff, pledge them to absolute secrecy, and then print it without the poly-divisions, but as plain, straight prose, and publish my challenge to all the poly-readers of THE MASSES.

My challenge is that these readers shall take the poem, study its poly-rhythms, divine its poly-forms, and

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