THE MASSES

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Yearly, $1.00
Half Yearly, 50 Cents
Rates on bundle orders and to newsdealers on application

Entered as second-class matter, December 27, 1910, at the postoffice of New York City, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by The Masses Publishing Co., By Greenwich Avenue, New York

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THE WAR

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Germany's Madness, by Dr. Emil Reich, a revolutionist, Prof. Reich, late of the University of Berlin, of the processes by which many Germans have come to the belief that it is Germany's destiny to rule the world. 950 net. Dodd, Mead & Company.

(Continued on page 26)
Waiting for the Bomb

"The detectives were disguised as scrubwomen, usheresses, etc."
See p. 16.
KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

Concerning Optimism

IT IS pitiful to see people who had lived on visionary expectations of Universal Brotherhood, hunting for some gale straws of hope in these gloomy times. Lucky we who were born of little faith—who can go on fighting for the fight’s sake.

"In seed-time or in berry-time,
When brown leaves fall or buds peep out,
When green the turf or white the rime,
There’s something to be glad about."

That pathetic little rhyme of optimism, with its guileless but persistent accent upon something, hovers in my mind today. And thinking how sad the person must have been who wrote it, and how sad many of the "spiritual" people are in this "year of our Lord," I feel almost reluctant to bring out another issue of these pages of protest.

And yet there are so many people, so many journals, so many committees, foundations, salaried press-agents, engaged in the manufacture of artificial optimism, that it becomes almost an honest duty to remain in a state of gloom.

THE worst nightmare that crosses my mind is the thought of those innumerable millions of books that are going to be written about this war after it is over. All the clean vigor of the intellect of Europe is destined to waste itself for a hundred years, deciding whether General Such-and-Such came to the reinforcement of Colonel This-or-That’s brigade of light artillery—and nobody will have the slightest idea whether he came, after they get it all settled in the twenty-fifth century.

Couldn’t we contrive to insert into those celebrated terms of peace, a provision that only one book shall be written on the war by each nation, and that only ten feet thick?

STUART DAVIS was walking in a downtown street with a friend the other day, and saw some pitiful Belgian of the industrial war making for the interior of a garbage can, in search of a bite of food.

"Look—he knows I’m a Masses artist!" said Davis, with that peculiarly Masses humor of his.

THE "Committee of Fourteen" gives us a bright little column of hand-polished hopefulness. After selecting R. H. Macy’s department store (on the Consumers’ League black list) as an institution "sincerely desirous of establishing and maintaining good conditions in their store," the committee proceeds to discover:

(1) That "small wages in themselves do not appear to be a cause of immorality; and indeed the general testimony is that there is probably more immorality among the higher than the lower (not the lowest) paid."

(2) "There is not a ten-room hotel which was erected or converted so as to meet those requirements of the Liquor Tax law which to-day rents rooms to couples, and there are very few ordinary saloons or hotels which will even serve liquor to a known prostitute, though she be accompanied by a man. Those that do, are called sharply to account by the brewer interested as soon as he knows of the dereliction."

Thanks to brewers and low wages, it would seem (not lowest) that we are on the high road to salvation.

A third joyful reassurance the committee leaves with us:

(3) "The poison-needle cases which attracted so much attention last winter were investigated without a single actual victim being found."

A Historian

PROFESSOR SHEPARD of Columbia University was preening at a banquet the other day, and he said, in praise of neutrality, that nobody could tell what had happened until a hundred years afterward anyway.

He said that impetuous people were always eager to make up their minds, but as a historian he thought it was better to reserve judgment. I thought this would make a good definition of a historian—a man who serves his judgment until everybody’s dead, including himself, but of course he was dead all the time.

Columbia’s Education

SPEAKING of Columbia—there was a sudden termination of business relations between The Masses and the University Book-Store on the campus, a little while ago. We sent a boy up to know why, and he was told:

"You attack the church too much."

About the same date the University Library terminated its subscription to The Masses. I wrote to the Librarian, asking the reason, and received this reply:

Columbia University, Jan. 5, 1915.

Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of the 4th I inform you that although subscription to one copy of The Masses was discontinued, we are still subscribing for a copy, which is on file in the School of Journalism. Very truly yours,

FREDERICK C. HICKS,
Assistant Librarian.

In answer to that I wrote:

Dear Sir: My reason for writing to know why The Masses was removed from the Columbia library is an editorial
THE MASSES

Signs of the Times

To a New Subscriber

Prison Literature

To Eve a New Subscriber

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., subscribed to The Masses the other day, and I feel warranted in extending him a little personal advice. In objecting to Mr. Walsh's candid championship of the oppressed as Chairman of the Industrial Relations Commission, Mr. Rockefeller said:

You are stirring up exactly that industrial unrest which your Commission was appointed to allay.

Now, by some unhappy accident, Mr. Rockefeller, the federal commission was not appointed to "allay" industrial unrest. At least nobody ever was foolish enough to say so. It was appointed to "investigate the causes" of unrest. And in ushering the Rockefeller Foundation, your own little optimism faction, into the same field, I recommend that you cling to the established terminology. Your own partiality must not become too obvious—especially when you are objecting to Mr. Walsh's.

In other words, the "allaying" should be brought in on the side. The people of the country have enough self-respect to demand that, even if they haven't enough to wipe your now perfectly transparent effort off their...
In The Social Whirl

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, the well-known lecturer, recently paid a flying visit to Washington, D.C., where he concluded a lasting peace between this country and Uruguay.

ST. PATRICK'S Cathedral in New York reports a gratifying increase in attendance and interest on the part of bomb makers and detectives.

P. B. VON HINDEMBURG of East Prussia is visiting points in Russian Poland and is returning the call recently made by the Grand Duke Nicholas.

THERE is a movement in the younger set at Singapore to foster a spirit of independence and self-reliance among the Indian troops. Thus far it has had to proceed without encouragement from the British authorities.

PRESIDENT WILSON reports a comfortable and restful trip to the Panama Exposition by wireless.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT and four sons have organized themselves into an Assistant Standing Army. They expect to admit other persons of good character from time to time.

MEMBERS of the New York Public Service Commission have recently been subjected to considerable annoyance by a committee from the legislature which persisted in asking questions about transportation matters. Danne Rumor has it that the commissioners will soon be able to resume their social and athletic duties.

THE familiar figure of Elihu Root is again seen upon the streets of New York. Mr. Root will be pleasantly remembered by some as the chauffeur of the 1912 steam roller.

AFTER an almost uninterrupted association of two years, Congress and the United States have separated for mutual refreshment.

THE Prince of Wales, disguised as a young officer, recently spent a few minutes upon the firing line and returned to safety just as the worst for the rash adventure.

RUSSIA has apparently adopted her ally's motto, "Business as Usual." The police recently searched (and partly burned) the home of Tolstoy's widow for documents of a revolutionary character.

PROSPECTIVE tourists in the near east will learn with pleasure that the Dardanelles are undergoing a thorough spring cleaning and may soon be free of unsanitary mines and forts.

THE Portuguese season of internal dissension and political unrest has opened promisingly and shows no signs of having been injured by the war.

IT is rumored that the Unspeakable Turk, who has been visiting enemies in Europe and environs for 62 years, is about to return to his old home in Asia.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

Christian Patriot, will you call on your God to help you when your country goes to war?
"SUBMARINES"

Ernest Poole

"You graft a first class compartment," I said. I began to like him. I liked the twinkle in his gray eyes.

"Well, and what do you think of the war?" he asked.

"It's interesting," I replied. He blew some smoke.

"Be frank with me—quite. I'm no Chauvinist."

"It's damnable," I confided.

"I am very pleased to meet you. I have been very lonely," he said.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"A soldier."

"Who were you?"

"A playwright."

"Where from?"

"Hamburg. I wrote plays which were not acted."

I drew nearer.

"So did I write plays," I told him.

"Did you? Were they acted?"

"Some of them were."

"Oh."

"But they failed. They made no money."

"Ah! I find that splendid! Let us talk about plays," he said.

Strindberg was his favorite. He liked Oscar Wilde and Synge, and he talked of certain German writers I had never heard of. Sudermann and Hauptmann were both hopelessly bourgeois.

"Do you know," he said, "in three months I have never talked of art. I have not even thought. My mind has been dead. It has been drowned in this silly war. I shall recall this hour with you as a light, a spot-light in the dark."

"Thanks. I'll do the same," I said. "We're a couple of lonely travelers."

"We are," he agreed. "What has war produced? Dead bodies, blood and hatred—and not even hatred well expressed. I have searched the papers and magazines for some good poem, one passable story, one real piece of writing—but no. I find only cheap rubbish and sentiment. The most awful patriotee bosh."

"Tut, tut," I gravely admonished. "Can it be that you are not a patriot?"

"I am a patriot," he declared. "I can think of no more dismaling prospect than to abolish nationalities and all talk Esperanto. What a flat, hideous future for art. No. I want to stay German. And as a German I want to compete with Frenchmen, Russians, English, with Swedes and Norwegians, with Turks and Americans—forgive me, I am speaking of plays. But all this silly nonsense about white papers and red blood, what is it? What does it decide? Shall I tell you. It decides for us that every little lieutenant is God—not only here but in England and France. He is God off all to whom we bow down—forgive me again, I should say salute. He is to be our God for years. Around him will be written plays that make a man sick to think about, and by him and his standards the crowd will be a hundredfold more ignorant and brutalized than they were before the war. They will be worse than bourgeois—they will cultivate prize fighters' souls. And I feel bitter against all this—and bitter against bloodshed—bitter against machine guns, howitzers, French Seventy-fives! I am against all this bloody farce! And my bitterness does me no good at all. It is an ocean and I am drowned. I am a submarine far down. And my engine is stalled—I cannot rise."

"Are there many like you in Germany?"

He made a despairing gesture.

"Did I not tell you," he demanded, "this is my first real talk in three months?"

I leaned over to him.

"Have another cigarette," I said. "I've been hunting for you, brother; that's the main reason why I came. I've been in England and Germany hunting around for submarines."

"Well? And have you found some?" he demanded eagerly.

"Yes. Not many, but a few—and those few danno lonesome."

"And their engines stalled,"

"but I only said, all not all dead ones yet—things may be happening pretty soon."

"What things?" he asked me urgently.

But the train was slowing down. Outside in the dreary rain a long bleak line of buildings slid slowly past the window—shattered buildings, ghostly hulks of what had once been houses. And a voice called out, "Loomed, held up a spade every morning, and presently from the French trenches an answering spade appeared, whereupon both French and Germans climbed out of their holes and there was a truce of ten minutes—one of the toilet arrangements of war. Later came talk about trench food. Finally somebody wondered how long the war was going to last.

And then the lean faced man, the watcher, began to talk to these comrades whose faces he had studied so carefully one by one. His talk at first was careful, too.

"We're a hard crowd of fellows to beat," he de-
THE MASSES

He threw a vigilant glance along the row of faces.

"And when you come to think of it," he continued quietly, "it is not so bad, what those fellows did. You must obey your officers—because this is war—and if we fellows didn’t obey, everything would be all mixed up—and the French would charge and kill us all. But if whole regiments everywhere jumped out of the trenches, as he said, and all the Frenchmen did the same and we met in the middle of the field—then there would be war no more—and no need of officers."

There was a long, uneasy silence.

"I don’t like this talk," muttered the good-natured peasant. "It is not good to talk of this."

"You are right, brothers," another growled. "You will get us all into trouble," he said, turning angrily to the speaker. "Look out!"

"Oh, there’s no trouble," the speaker replied. "I just told you what that fellow said. Perhaps he was wrong and perhaps he was right. Let’s talk about something else instead."

The talk ran to other things. The old jokes and stories of blood and steel, the old boasts of butchery, all went on. But through it all from time to time I noticed two or three of the group would grow silent and frown and stare intensely out of the window, apparently thinking of something hard.

The lean-faced man had resumed his paper with a relieved expression, as though he had put through his job for the day.

It is pleasant in such traveling, where you feel submerged in this ocean of war, to meet these submarines now and then.

His engine is not stalled.

POEMS—By Clement Wood

A PRAYER

To that true god I call myself,
Whose form lay huddled in the earliest womb of fiery mist;
Who slowly grooped to life through the long and bloody generations,
Maker of all the gods, as childish playthings of joy and terror;
Retirer of all the gods, save himself, when he stood towering,
Shining up to man’s estate and man’s affairs:

God, in high loneliness apart I talk with you—
Give me always this precious communion.

Give me strength to fling aside the false gods,
Even to the last of them—
The childish toys of the race;
The fear-spurring ghosts; the faltering beliefs.

Give me the vaster strength to see and build for myself
Man’s business, and man’s customs.
Keep me from the chains of ownership,
From wallowing myself in a comfortable litter of books and pictures, clothes and possessions,
That drain my soul from my larger work.

Keep me from too-great love—
Love of father, that makes me but an echo of a dying hero;

Love of mother, that clips my wings and manacles me to the prison of the past;
Love of woman, that bids me grow, flesh into flesh and soul into soul,
Until we sink, strangled in the embrace;
Love of friend, that plants my foot in the footsteps before me,
Shunning the rougher, straighter path.

Love of mother, that clips my wings and manacles me to the prison of the past;
Love of woman, that bids me grow, flesh into flesh and soul into soul,
Until we sink, strangled in the embrace;
Love of friend, that plants my foot in the footsteps before me,
Shunning the rougher, straighter path.

Give me great love of myself—
Love that will whip me to unfold my full flowering
In the blighted gardens of men.

Keep me from dream-ridden indolence,
That softens the sinews of my spirit.

Send me forth, adventuring,
From the quick-mud of the gutter
To the clasp of the thin golden fingers of the stars.

Let me will life,
And its hearty, freshness struggles.

And when the small word comes to me that the end of this road is near,
God, do not let me flee my certain end;
Let me will death... .

Glady, with clear vision, as a conqueror,
Let me serenely pass on the light to lighter gods,
And go forth to farther roads,
Knowing that death will come when I will have it come.

THE GOLDEN MIRACLE

Do ye ask for a sign, O ye of little faith?
Do ye doubt and stand slant-eyed
When bread and wine become the blessed body and blood
Of dear Lord Jesus Christ?

De ye summon your Baals, Science and the Modern Spirit,
To bear witness for you?

Truly ye are a perverse and bally generation!
For every day ye see a greater miracle,
A more wonderful transformation, never resting,
Yet belting the world;
The lift and glow of youth, the vigor of maturity,
The trembling haste of age, become gold;
The splashed blood of workers on the spread rails
And the keen-edged machine-blades,
The fragrant smell of sacrificial woman-flesh on the lust-altars,
The toiling children, grayer than gray age,
Turned into gold;
The packed slums and lean farm-houses, the loathsome,
Some bread, the water swimming with death,
Aye, and the souls, the light, of humankind, all have become gold—
Dumb gold, that can hardly tell its breathing origin.

I am ashamed of my feeble God and his well-known
And their elementary miracles! Ye scoffers and doubters, scoff and doubt no more!
Look upon this greater miracle, and worship!
MEETINGS

"Isn't it curious," I said as we sat before the fire of a winter night in my New England farmhouse, "Isn't it curious how different one meeting is from another? I don't mean according to circumstance, but according to the nature of him you meet." She looked at me, interested. She was an older woman, and I had always believed, a wiser one. I poked a log over and went on.

"There's John, for example. We've never shaken hands that I remember and once only has he kissed me when we met. But in these latter years we've never met without a sense of rejoicing. It isn't always articulate. I may see it in his eyes or in the very quietness of his waiting. But it's there always, fresh and poignant. If I feel like chattering, I chatter. Or perhaps I don't say much, or John either—just as we feel. To each the meeting is both a renewal and a starting point. To me above all else it is an unconstrained happening, a gracious, unconstrained happening."

"Yes, I understand," said my companion. "You and he are in luck." She smiled. "Do you realize it?"

"To realize it I've only to recall my meetings with George," I answered. "Years ago I would go to meet George, anticipating the delight of it. You've seen George kiss me in a railway station or when he comes home to tea. He's always done it. Just what that kind of a kiss means to George I don't know, but I find it depressing. It was particularly trying at first, when I cared so much. It was depressing, but I'd get over it quickly and begin to express my joy in our meeting. It generally took the form of eagerness to tell him about whatever interesting or amusing things had been happening in his absence, or perhaps the book I'd just read or the story I'd heard or some new idea exciting me. George would listen in a taciturn sort of way, sometimes almost as if he were irritated. Sometimes he'd shut me up with a sarcasm, sometimes and still more effectually with a joke about my hat or the coat he didn't like. That sort of thing went on for years. The same anticipation on my part, the same disappointment. I was a hopeful young fool. And the funny part of it was that when I became irregular about going to meet George weekly at the station, for example, he didn't like it; it really upset him a lot. He was used to my meeting him. So I became regular again; but now I am taciturn too and full of the same kind of inhibitions George feels. We open the conversation with inquiries—weather, children, health, you know the sort of impersonal thing."

"Yes, I know," she said. "It takes the heart out of you, I know that too. Well, well! Life does repeat. When I was about your age, there were two men whom I would go to meet as much as you meet John and George. And your descriptions describe my meetings very fairly, except perhaps the manners of my John—she smiled—"were a little more polite, more earnest, as your grandmother would have said—the fashion of our day, you know—but his spirit was just as much with me—even if he did shake hands and in company call me by my married name."

"Were your two men at all like my two?" I asked her, confessing with the egotistical interest one gives to a story that will cast light on one's own experience.

"No, I was coming to that. They are different kinds of men for the most part, and whatever likenesses exist are differently distributed. I mean your John is really more like my George and your George like my John."

She smiled again, naming them like that plainly amused her.

"Yet in behavior the two Johns are alike and the two Georges," I observed. "Leaving you to infer," she continued, "that the character of a meeting is not determined after all by the character of the man you meet, but by other circumstances."

"Just so, by other circumstances."

"By such a circumstance, I in turn queried, "as marriage?"

She looked at me gravely. "By such a circumstance as marriage."

There was nothing more to be said. It was getting late. So I put up the fire screen and turned out our lamp, and kissed my wise and friendly mother good-night.

ELISE CLARKSON.

Overlords of Charity

NEWSPAPERS throughout the land are commenting on the fact that the Charity Organization Society of New York City spends, as stated in its annual report, the sum of $1,500 in organization expenses for every $1 it places where it will do the most good among the poor.

Some of the papers roost the Charity Organization Society for absorbing so much in expenses. Others explain that if we are going to have organized charity at all the overhead expense is necessary, and must not be complained against.

I want to write about this overhead expense here, but I do not want to complain about it. Not at least, on its own account.

The overhead expense is only an incident in the coming of professionalism into philanthropy.

And professionalism has come. We have Dr. Edward T. Devine, in a circular advertising the School of Philanthropy comparing careers in professional philanthropy with careers in the law, in medicine, in letters. We have both Dr. Edward T. Devine and W. Frank Parsons, secretary of the Charity Organization Society of New York City, telling us it is none of the public's business what they personally get out of their professional services because the money comes from private sources.

But does it come from private sources? We hear in the land also the ribald filing at the learned doctors of philanthropy, "What do you mean 'private sources' when you flaunt the poverty of the poor in the faces of the rich for a living?" Isn't the public entitled to an accounting on that?

Is it the heads of the powerful charity organizations merely engaged in the public welfare with money showered upon them, without their having to lobby for it, to coax it, to study the rich and how to coax it out of them, then for one could largely forgive them all and let them go their way.

But in these days even a blind man knows that there are many things the rich want, in regard to the poor, besides the want to give them a little charity. They want, for one thing, to save their own claws from being clipped.

Charity folks must never follow their own inclinations if these inclinations lead them to the conclusion that changes in the laws of property are the things most to be desired. I have seen charity folk follow their inclinations to this point. I have seen what happened to them within their organization. They were cast out of countenance, out of favor, were refused promotion. I might fill whole pages with the stories those who were in and revolted against the Charities Hierarchy and now are out.

And those who stay in...

We have seen how the movement for pensions for widowed mothers fell afoot of the private charity organizations and how they maintained a lobby at Albany to kill the bill.

And why a lobby? For the good of the poor, which are supposed to be the concern of the private charity workers? Of course not. For the good of the rich, who after having had this bill served up to them dead upon a platter, would feel just in the spirit to "contribute."

"We have felt in New York," said Mrs. John M. Glenn, a leading power in the Russell Sage Foundation, when she was asked to speak on pensions for widows at the Conference of Charities and Correction at Menlo Park last year, "that we do not wish to have a new form of care introduced in New York City. To demand of the state that it shall give relief to the widow and her children tends to lessen the family's sense of responsibility for its own."

It was all very beautiful of Mrs. Glenn to speak up that way. But ALSO, relief for widows by the state calls for taxes—taxes on the rich. A lobby maintained by Organized Charity to kill the bill means the saving of the rich from taxes.

Is it any wonder there is a nation-wide cynicism about Charity? IRVIN RAY.

[5 QUESTIONS TO THOSE WHO EMPLOY MALE SERVANTS.

Have you a Butler, Groom, Chauffeur, Gardener, or Gamekeeper serving you who at this moment should be serving King and Country?

Have you a man serving at your table who should be serving a patient in a hospital, or a man driving your car who should be driving a transport wagon?

Have you a man spending your money who should be spending the money of a sick or needy person?

Have you a man fighting your garden who should be digging trenches?

Have you a man driving your car who should be driving a transport wagon?

A great responsibility rests on you. Will you sacrifice your personal conscience for your country's need?

Ask your men to enlist TO-DAY.

The address of the nearest Recruiting Office can be obtained at any Post Office.

GENTLEMEN, THE KING!

He pleads with gently to permit
Mere servants to enlist;
If it could spare their services,
Their lives would not be missed.

If only Britters were men
How quickly they would sing
Their anthem to a call like that
And end—"God damn the King!"

W. T. BERNSTEIN.

Jury Duty

THE ordinary citizen is exempt from serving on juries. This is, from the point of view of academic art, a judicious proceeding—not because the ordinary citizen wouldn't be about as good a "picker" as the gentlemen George Bellows has faithfully represented on the opposite page, but because—well, there are some secrets that are best kept. The moving spectacle of the giant intellect of the connoisseur in the left foreground, straining itself to its aesthetic utmost, and at last bringing forth its prodigious judgments, is one fit only for the contemplation of his peers. It wouldn't do for the art-public to know too much about the workings of academies. Respect for established institutions is at 'twere ebb as it is.
First Skunk: "Have you contributed anything to the Foundation?"
Second Skunk: "What Foundation?"
First Skunk: "To investigate the cause of the smell around this section."
THE MASSES.

BILLY SUNDAY

He raised his hands high and he clenched his fists tight,
He jumped to the left and he leaped to the right,
He sat on the floor and he stood on a chair,
He ruffled his shirt and he tussled his hair,
He howled and he yelled and he twisted and squirmed,
He crawled and he sprawled and he wiggled and warded,
He ranted and raved and his face became red,
He danced and he holtered and stood on his head,
He ratted, he prattled, he ripped and he tore,
He chattered, he splattered, he stamped and he swore;
He cracked a poor joke and he told an old story,
He pointed the way to his heaven and glory;
He took off his coat and he tore off his tie,
He swore every faith but his own was a lie.
He drew a fine line with a thin piece of chalk
And declared if thereon you were careful to walk
You'd arrive in his heaven and all would be well,
But that all other ground was the pathway to hell.
He told us the devil for each of us waited,
He shouted, he shouted, he gesticulated,
He roared and he shrieked and he foamed at the mouth.

He pawed the air north and he split the air south,
He sneered and he snarled and his eyes became wild—
And all in the name of the Christ who was mild.

The people were pleased with these elegant scenes,
They yelled their approval and gave of their means,
They filled his hat full to the brim with their gold,
To hear the glad tidings that hell is not cold.

FREDERICK W. RAFFEN.

The Incentive

I saw a sickly cellar plant
Droop on its feeble stem for want
Of sun and wind and rain and dew—
Of freedom; then a man came through
The cellar, and I heard him say,
"Stay, foolish plant, by all means stay
Contented here: for know you not
This stagnant dampness, mould and rot
Are your incentive to grow tall
And reach that sunbeam on the wall."

Even as he spoke, the sun's one spark
Withdrew, and left the dusk more dark.

SARAH N. CLECHORN.

WAS THIS THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS?

Drawn by Cornelia Board.

“We need a constabulary in this state to police the rural districts.” — Factful New York Gentleman.

The proposed New York state constabulary is modeled after that of Pennsylvania, which proved its usefulness notably in the great strike of 1910 in Philadelphia.” — Caustic Pennsylvania Editor.
AFTER THE STRIKE

[Patrick Quinlan went to prison Feb. 27, for from two to seven years.]

Bring your young courage and the white resolve that puts all fear aside;
Bring your loud bantering and your crowd valor,
Your thin and borrowed gift of threatening the foe:
Bring your high tenet of Democracy, And look on this.
This man and woman kissing through the bars of a jail gate;
This man who clothed you with vision and with power,
Who made the weakest brother one with the strong,
Whose speech, practical and prophetic, filled the streets with clamor for the common good,
Who put tongues that spoke for freedom into your silent heads,
And made speech, winged for war with Mammon, to fill each silent mouth—
Behold this man, essence of your purpose and your wish,
Stand calm, unbroken and uncowed behind this jail gate:
And look upon this woman
Smiling with her uncomplaining eyes.
Come and behold
And see them kiss through the bars of this jail gate.

Edmond McKenna.

Pat Quinlan

Patrick Quinlan has gone to jail. He is sentenced to from two to seven years with a $500 fine in addition. Denied a re-trial by the court of original jurisdiction, there remains nothing but a very unlikely appeal to the Federal Supreme Court or a pardon after six months in prison.

The original trial judge refused a re-trial on the ground that the new evidence presented was cumulative, not decisive in its nature. This new evidence included an affidavit from one Mancini alleging that he had uttered as an interpreter words similar to those which Quinlan was alleged to have used. Mancini did not show up at the trial. Presumably he had become frightened lest he should then be indicted and his confession used against him. The Court did not make any effort to get Mancini. It seems that the action of the Court was technically correct, or rather legally permissible.

The following are the facts in brief:

Patrick Quinlan, who is Irish, and who is a thoroughgoing Socialist, went to Paterson, N. J., on the eve of the general strike of the silk workers which was set up on February 25, 1913. Already, the silk workers of Lakeview, N. J., were on strike. Quinlan addressed himself particularly to the violation, as he saw it, of fundamental civic rights, involved in the sending of policemen to the strikers' meetings.

On the following morning, Quinlan returned to Paterson, intending to address a general meeting of strikers, but he arrived late. The meeting was over and the strikers were partly out of the hall when Quinlan got there. The remnants of the meeting went onto the hands of the police, who interrogated a crowd that remained in the hall. Quinlan joined the throng, but on being quizzed by the police, replied importantly, that "as an American citizen he was not subject to interrogation by policemen." Thereupon Quinlan was arrested. He was charged with inciting a riot. He was charged with having spoken as follows:

"I make a motion that we go to the silk mills, parade through the streets, and club them out of the mills—no matter how we get them out, we get to get them out."

Quinlan is a highly educated, and rhetorically careful man; to place this particular series of words in this manner was characteristically inept.

There was a mis-trial, and a second trial at which a verdict of guilty was reached. The prosecution's testimony was given by policemen. No citizens testified for the state. A large number of witnesses, both strikers and non-strikers, swore that they had been present in the hall and that Quinlan had not appeared at the meeting. The prosecution, through its witnesses, placed in Quinlan's mouth sundry remarks of various agitators and especially alleged incendiary utterances of Italian-speaking members of the audience which had been translated by an interpreter who occupied the stage.

Meanwhile, the Paterson strike went on its stormy way, and Quinlan remained in the midst of it. He incurred particular hatred from the police, also from the judges, the councilmen, the mayor, and the whole political machine, by coming down to particulars and alleging various sorts of corruption in the municipal government. Quinlan adds a social worker's viewpoint to his socialist viewpoint; he might have been acquitted, he almost certainly would not have been proceeded through higher courts, had he confined himself to the generalities of industrial warfare.

The appeal to the Supreme Court of New Jersey and the subsequent appeal to the Court of Errors and Appeals, was, of course, not made on questions of fact. The jury had decided that Quinlan was present at the meeting, and that he had incited to riot. The jury had elected to believe the policemen, who were unanimous, and not the strikers and citizens, who were equally unanimous. Still, so much irrelevant testimony designed wholly to arouse feeling in the jury, had been introduced by the state, that those familiar with the case have taken for granted a reversal of the verdict.

As an example of such irrelevant matter, may be mentioned the fact that witnesses for and against Quinlan were cross-examined as to remarks alleged to have been uttered by other speakers, and radical witnesses for Quinlan were baited to give extreme utterances in Court to their views on violence, sabotage, and the like.

The fundamental issue, which of course could not be placed before the courts of review, was of the competence of the jury to pass on the facts of the case where the interests of the petty bourgeois were identical with those of the battling capitalists, and where an enemy was on trial before a jury of his enemies and not a jury of his peers.

Not often do we find so clear-cut an example of the reality of class sentiment, the miscarriage of the jury system, and the irreligious incapacity of courts of review to pass on the central and relevant issues which really determine justice. Meantime, and humanly speaking, Quinlan is to be jailed for several years because he muck-raked the Paterson city government.

Putting One Over on Woods

When Commissioner Woods took office as head of the New York police force a year ago, he brought with him some enlightened ideas about the relation of the police to the public. A week before, a meeting had been held at Union Square which by police interference had been turned into a bloody riot. A week later another Union Square meeting took place, with the police under orders to "let them talk." The meeting passed off peacefully.

Thus the enlightened views of the new commissioner of police were vindicated. The right of free speech, and of free opinion, was conceded as not being a menace to civilization.

But a police force which is enabled to exist and enjoy its peculiar privileges by virtue of protecting the public against imaginary dangers, could not see its position undermined in this way. It was necessary to persuade the public that Socialists, Anarchists and I. W. W.'s were plotting murder and destruction. The public was prone to accept this melodramatic view, and Commissioner Woods, being an intelligent man, was inclined to be cynical. So it became necessary to "put one over on Woods."

They framed it up in the regular police fashion. A clever young Italian detective named Pulignano, it appears from the evidence, was promised a raise of salary and a medal if he would engineer a bomb-plot.

Pulignano got hold of two Italian boys—not anarchists or socialists, but religious fanatics—and urged them on to blow up St. Patrick's Cathedral. He planned the deed, bought the materials of destruction for them, and promised them when they wanted to pull out of the plot the night before. The next morning, at great risk to an innocent public, the bomb was carried into the cathedral, lighted, and then the dozens of policemen and detectives, disguised as scrubwomen, etc., rushed in to save civilization.

And Woods fell for it. He swallowed the whole sensational business. They have got him. He is their hero, and henceforth their faithful tool.

Reaction is in the saddle. "All radicals to be expelled from the city," says a headline. A card catalogue of I. W. W. sympathizers. Socialism under the official bann. Free speech doomed.

So they hope. At least it means that the fight has for the lovers of liberty begun again. But one wonders a little about Arthur Woods. He is on their side now—the apologist of so infamous and criminal an agent provocateur as ever sent a foolish boy to the gallows. But will Woods fail to see how he has been used by the police in this latest attempt to crush freedom in the interest of a privileged group? Is he as much a fool as they think?
"We Seen 'im Say It"

Patrick Quinlan was convicted on the testimony of policemen. Their testimony was unanimous and letter-perfect, and absolutely contradictory to all the other evidence. See opposite page.
THE HAPPY WOMAN

Mary Heaton Vorse

"This woman I'm tellin' you about, Mr. Rob'n's, had a queer life, an' I come to know about it in a queer way. Take it altogether, her story's the story of a happy woman. An' there's so few of 'em that I'll tell yah about Mollie Toosey."

"Gawd knows how many years ago it was that all this happened. I was young enough an' fool enough to do anything that Phelan tol' me to, I know that. Every woman when she marries oughta learn right off to say no w'en her husban', after havin' planned a pleasin' without her, plans how she's gonna spend her time in his lamented absence. It's reel curious what dull things a man can think up for his young wife to be amusin' herself with while he's away. That was how it come to be in a little town up in Canady, all alone by myself waitin' for Phelan to come home from shootin' deer."

"Phelan made me think I was a happy woman to be so close to him when he was on a vacation, an' that goin' around afterwards to see Quee-beck an' Montreal was goin' to be like a second honeymoon. Yah could promise me a glimpse of the Holy City, an' a first, second an' third honeymoon packed into one, an' yah wouldn't ketch me sittin' in no such dump for two weeks waitin' for no man now."

"You can see how 'twas through my heart leaped when there come along a little no-account circus. The most elegantodee I see sinceol never seem to me like that circus did. I was sittin' havin' a gran' time when all of a sudden my eye rests on a lady sittin' a seat ahead of me. Sittin' beside her was a gent you could tell was her husband—you know how 'twas, when a woman's been married a spell you can always tell if the gent with her's her husband or not. See I, 'Where've I seen before a nose that looks jus' like the beak of a fowl when it's goin' to peck? I know that pro-file,' I see to myself. Jus' then the lady quirks her head on one side jus' like a hen for all the world an' flutters the little program, noivons-like. Somethin' or other in my brain jus' then brings up the name 'Toosey.' "I must be dippy," thought I to myself, for 'twas the name of a friend of my mother's an' my Aunt Vinny's. Torridle swell was she an' awful rich off. I used to see her to our house when I was a young girl."

"I'm so mitty," thinks I, "that I better look out for spo'nels," but still my mem'ry keeps insistin' 'Toosey,' 'Toosey.' 'An' all the time I was struggling with some other mem'ry about her, an' I couldn't catch it. You know me, Mr. Rob'n's. On then let me see a face an' bear the name that belongs to it an' somethin' in my brain clinches an' I never let go again. So, in the intermission I leans forward an' sez I."

"I guess you don't remember me, Mis' Toosey. I'm Lily Regan that was. I used to see you to Ma's an' to my Aunt Vinny Sullivan's."

"Well, Mr. Rob'n's, I don't wanter be so taken back as I was at what happened then! They toined round an' looks at me an' at the sight of me they grew gray."

"Yes, sir, all o' the color left their faces. Their scared eyes stared at me an' their mouths hung open an' their tongues wagged like they tried to say some-thin' an' couldn't. There with the light shinin' on 'em and us, and a while back with a look as broad as a great piana gallopin' aroun' the ring, them two poor old things looks at me like they could have sat to make statutory called 'Fears.' 'Twas jus' as if the whole place was crumpled up before my eyes like in a night mare. An' to make things worse, without answerin' at all, they gathered up all things around 'em an' makes a break for the door."

"Well, I felt limp. I jus' dropped back in my seat an' I couldn't see the circus an' the clowns. I was sittin' there jus' like they left me when a kid brought me a note signed 'Mollie Toosey.'"

"Can you come down now an'speak to me out-side?" it say. I beat it outside quick an' found 'em waitin' for me. They didn't explain nothin' but started to walk down the dark little streets."

"Oinct I hear him mutter, 'Eleven years! My Gawd, the least time in eleven years!'"

"She told me, fully, they'd just come up to the lake, and was lodgin' with a widdled lady frien' o' theirs. That was all she said until we got to her house. When I went inside I seen she was changed more than I thought at first. When I had known her she was the crime de la crime, an' style—why, she was dressed like a lady always! There was no one o' my trystin' to explain to you how she was dressed when I seen her last, Mr. Rob'n's. 'Would take a woman to understand what a back-woods French Canadian dress'er could do to yuh!"

"Mr. Toosey excused himself with a grin' bow, an' we two sat down an' didn't neither o' us speak for a minute. Then, see she, jus' as sudden as a gun firin' off, "Hain't you heard about Mr. Toosey's death?"

"Well, I suppose I musta stared at her, because 'twas Mr. Toosey who'd been with us until a minute ago. I suppose I musta looked as if I was wonderin'—like I was—which o' the two o' us was house' o' a monkey."

"You know anyhow," sez she, 'about Mr. Toosey's misfor-tune?"

"'No,' sez I, I 'never heard that I can remember.'"

"What? sez she, you didn't hear about Mr. Toosey's misfor-tune?" She spoke like the end o' the world had happened an' I hadn't noticed it. 'Why, sez she, I didn't know there wasn't no one in the world who didn't hear o' Mr. Toosey's misfortunes! But I s'pose you was young at the time an' it went in one ear an' out o' the other. His misfortune was torridle-purtykeely torridle!"

"The kind o' rich way she spoke sort o' showed me how torridle it had been."

"Was it business reverses he had?" I asks, for I felt that I wouldn't feel so dippy if I could get a fact or two outa her."

"Yes," sez she, 'not twas more'n business, Mr. Toosey was in—twas in—twas in—twas haute finance, as the French say. That's what made his misfortune so torridle, comme as it did at such a time, an' on topa everything, too. Oh, if it had come in any other time—an' as he was in a position to make everything all right. He's got the highest feelin's o' obligation, Mr. Toosey has."

"'I'm sure of it,' sez I."

"The highes' feelin's," she repeated over again an' she looked at me as if she was darin' me to distrust it."

"The vurry highes' feelin's," sez she, 'an' she. But jus' at the wrong moment everything all came to-gether an' Frank'd always had good luck, too. There wouldn't ha' been a richer man in America than Frank, but for the awful way things went. Everybody against him o' course—people who'd trusted him for years against him. Frank sez to me that in two weeks he'd ha' been outa the wood, but the trouble all came about so queer an' started in such a strange sorta way."

"What started it?" I asks her."

"The directors' meetin'," sez she. "'Twas the un-expected directors' meetin' that done it. Two weeks later—"

"They musta shown fierce judgment," sez I. I felt like I was talkin' in my sleep."

"Bad judgment?" sez she. "Bad judgment? Pouflece fools. They lost millions, if you like! O' course, we lost everything—allmost. But what they lost— An' it served 'em right! If they'd waited two weeks, only two weeks, nothin' coulda happened. She reeled it off like a young one reelin' off a multiplication table it's learned by heart. She sounded jus' as if they always sat in their room and said these same things to each other over and over.

"But it's no good," sez she. "There's no good think-'bout them two weeks now. Everything happened jus' as it did, and o' course Frank had been living under a torridle strain all along, an' there wasn't anybody to be sorry for poor Frank who'd done so much. An' I think a loan was a criminal thing—but there!—you ain't no idea o' the graspingness o' the financial world, if you've never been in it. Huge sums o'money—huge, sez she, 'usta pass through Frank's hands every day. Often we sit in our little room an' Frank sez, 'It don't seem possible what huge sums of money used to come through my han's!'

"My brain was moast' boistin' tryin' to put together the shudder pictures she give me."

"Well, sez she, the crash came! I shan't never forget that night. Frank come home to me. Sez he, 'It's all up!"

"What's all up?" sez I. "If it's anything disagreeable, don't tell me!" For I'd jus' been gettin' into a new house and I felt I couldn't stan' another thing. Everything 'ad gone wrong, juss'iff folks knew, some-way, we weren't never goin' to live in that house—for live in it we never did. "On topa everything else I've had to stan';" sez I to Frank, 'don't tell me nothin' more!"

"Well, you'll have to know," Frank said, an' he told me everything. You can imagine how I felt!"

"What yah goin' to do?" I asked him."

"Kill myself," sez he, jus' as ca'm as that! "Kill myself; there ain't anything else to do!" An' then he walked up and down the floor with his han's above his head, sayin', "Oh, the fools—the fools! They've brought this on 'emselfs. If they'd waited two weeks!"

"But I didn't pay no attention to his talk, for when he said he was goin' to kill himself, it seemed 'f'st every drop o' blood had stopped still in my body. I shan't never forget that queer feeling I had. Did you ever have your blood stop inside you?"

"No," I told her, 'never did. I set there, my brain sendin' off questions like a pin wheel."

"Well, there's no feelin' like it that I know o', sez she. "When I could get my breath I sez to Frank, 'How you talk! What's goin' to become o' me I'd like to know if you go an' kill yourself!'"

"Oh, I've thought o' you all along," sez he. "I've got a little sum salted down for you all along—Twon't be what you're used to, of course, but it'll be enough to live on. You don't think I'd leave you un-provided for, do you? Frank's always been so thoughtul o' me"
"Well, then why can't you live on it, too?" sez I.

"I can't face 'em, he sez. "I can't face 'em. It's too trenches a misfortune. I'm goin' to get out before I see one o' them. You know what it means if I do see 'em! It's the penitentiary."

"Oh, it wouldn't come to that," I sez.

"O' course it 'ud come to that," sez Frank. "Think o' the tyrrible disgrace to you."

"Don't talk o' disgrace to me," sez I. "You've never done a thing I wouldn't do myself!" An' that's the way I've always felt about it. I couldn't bear to think o' that happenin' to Frank. Then it seemed to me that every bit of sense I'd ever had gathered itself up inside o' me.

"W'y," sez I to him, "shouldn't you jus' pretend to be dead? You've got some money, ain't you?"

"Oh, I got enough to clear out with," said Frank, "pretty for that—an' more."

"An' then I jus' tol' him all the plan, as it had come to me, and I had him sit down then and there an' write me a goodby letter. We fixed everything up right then. Frank's gotta splendid executive head—they lost a treasure when they lost Frank—but o' course they lost everything else at the same time.

"I shall never trouble you again," sez Frank. "O' course after this awful thing you won't want to see me again."

"I didn't argue that point with him. I'd got my way on that night, an' I know where to stop when I get my way. I only made him promise that he'd let me know where he was. Then Frank kissed me.

"You're a brave woman," he sez. "There ain't many women like you," an' awful as everything was, I felt happy when he said that to me. Someway, I jus' knew everything'd turn out right.

"An' my dear—" here she leaned over toward me. Mr. Robbin's, an' shook her forefinger at me, 'there was never one blink in it from start to finish! I'll tell you there are some things that make yah believe in Providence. They even found his body in the river!"

"Found his body in the river! sez I like a parrot.

"'I went down an' identified it at the Morgue,' sez she, reel proud. 'Oh, I was crazy them days—it didn't take any actin' tah make me seem crazy. I was that noisiv that I seemed to act, jus' the way I oughta all the time! I'd go inta huge strikes for nothin', I was that noisiv for fear they'd find out after all. An' when I went down an' identified that body, why, I thought I'd go off the handle! An' you wouldn't believe it when I tell you that in spite of bein' nearer to the asylum than I ever expect to be again. I was just as clear-headed, way deep down in me, when I saw that corpse in the morgue—I jus' gave one shriek an' fainted—it was an awful sight! Did you ever see anybody-drowned—that's been drowned an awful long time?"

"Even after so many years it made her shiver, an' there you see, Mr. Robbin's, if she hadn't had all the high strikes she wanted, she never coulda pulled it off.
THE UNEMPLOYED
Meyer London

This winter a young girl who had been working in the garment trade was laid off. She tried to get work, and her money ran out while she was still trying. She was given a little help by various agencies, and then an end came to that. She couldn’t see any way to keep on living. So she poisoned herself.

What, in the presence of her dead body, can civilization say for itself?

Her act was only a tragic emphasis of a condition in which a multitude of working-people find themselves today. That condition, to which we give the colorless name “unemployment,” is the darkest side of our civilization—darkener even than war.

That men and women should want to live and be unable to find the means of living—nothing shows so clearly as that the hollowness of our civilization. In the presence of desperately jobless men, all talk about justice, ethics, co-operation, brotherhood, appears so much cant.

Despair

Is it strange then that some of these jobless men should repudiate law, citizenship, and the methods of orderly life?

In such a situation, the bonds which are supposed to unite the individual with the whole community, wither and disappear. In all sincerity the individual can say to society, “You do not seem to care whether I live or not, whether I support my children or not, whether I die or not. You recognize no obligation to me. I owe none to you.”

Many a noble soul is tempted to advise such a man to do the utmost harm to a civilization which has done its utmost harm to him.

But what right have we to encourage a helpless man to knock his desperate head against solid walls of stone, with every chance that it would be his head that would be broken, and not the wall.

Nor do I feel that these isolated protests against the great wrong of our civilization can serve us even as examples. By the light of these shooting stars we cannot find our way. We must have the daylight of concerted action. No individual rebellion, however heroic, can help us. The individual rebel is effective in bringing the daylight only in so far as he joins with his fellows in collective revolt. For it is in only such collective revolt that will have the power to end this cruelty and chaos.

“Labor Exchanges”

The economists, who have given us some useful information, have lately evolved as their best plan of palliation a system of “labor exchanges.” These labor exchanges are to be national in extent, a network embracing every industry in every region. They are to “bring the worker and the job together.” They are a step in the right direction, if only by promising to reveal to us the hugeness of the problem, and the inadequacy of such means of coping with it. For they cannot bring together a worker and a job when there are no jobs to be had.

We must rather turn to the class directly concerned, the workers, for hope of a solution. Yet not to the immediately unemployed. For organization, which must be the basis of any solution, is practically impossible for them. An organization of such shifting elements as compose the army of the unemployed would be—with apologies to the sincere agitators who have attempted to effect it like an organization of marriageable girls. Further, the great majority of the unemployed are precisely those who have never learned the value of organization of any kind. And finally, we cannot offer them anything sufficiently attractive to organize for—a definite plan or program giving hope of release. As a Socialist, I believe that we must proceed on the principle that unemployment is imminent and inevitable in the present chaotic system of industry. It cannot be removed by the unemployed.

The Need of a Program

But when we turn to organized labor, we are confronted with the greatest difficulty of all—the fact that organized labor has never taken the question of unemployment seriously, and has not prepared itself for those periods when unemployment reaches the critical state it has reached in the United States today. It, too, lacks a program.

If to organized labor, as the greatest force in our national life which can be brought to bear on this situation, we offer a program, what shall it be? The democratic ownership and management of industry seems too distant just now—though no one can tell how soon society may take that plunge into the unknown. Often we underestimate the forces of discontent and revolt. But going on the theory that we are not ready at present for a complete change of society, what practical program can we offer?

Legislation

I am not a great believer in the all-curing power of legislation, and I doubt the wisdom of legislating new rules of conduct for people who cling to their old notions. I remember the fact that it was only in 1837...
that the American Congress quit imitating the English Parliament in wearing their hats during their sessions. Originally, in England, it had meant something—it was a mark of their independence, a gesture of defiance. But this obsolete and absurd defiance to an abandoned institution lingered on as a tradition of American law-making until Van Buren's time. I think a good many legislative practices are like that. And I am sure that benevolent intentions are not a measure of the value of laws. But I do believe that legislation does afford some hope of relief in this matter, in the shape of compulsory insurance against unemployment.

Insurance

Such a law as this is sufficiently radical to meet with the strongest opposition. But, though the present state of social conscience is rather obtuse, it seems to have awakened enough to concede to a man the right to live while he is looking for work. And the only way to assure him life while he is seeking work is the establishment of some fund to which he may look during that period for his means of support. Such a system of insurance must necessarily be national in scope, because no state can adequately manage it. And it would mean new life and hope to millions of American working-people.

I realize that it is not a solution of the problem. But it is more far-reaching than may at first be perceived. Once adopted, it would force society to move forward in the direction of a real solution. It would at least help in making employment more regular, more secure, and less dependent on the whims of Capital and capitalists. For the higher the rate of insurance to pay, the more anxious would the employing class become to introduce that order and regularity into conditions of employment which is one of the great tasks of the society of the future—and one which we might as well let the capitalists work out as far as they can.

Agitation

As far as the present moment is concerned, there must be an extension of public works in municipal, state and nation; the unions must enforce the distribution of work among as large a number of workers as possible; and we must all keep up the agitation about unemployment, taking pains to make sufficient noise that it shall be impossible for society to forget the existence of the problem. The clamor to give men the opportunity to live by work must grow strong enough and loud enough to awaken the indifferent and frighten the secure. And that clamor will frighten them, never fear.

Is that too humble a task, the task of noise-making? It is more than that. It is an effective means of changing our national psychology. For we are fighting, not only the great financial and industrial powers, but the habits of thought which these have created. The man with millions is hardly more dangerous than the man who with a penny in his pocket has a head full of the ideals which the millions of the other have bred.

You can help fight the psychology of slavery—and in fighting that, you will be helping to remove the curse of unemployment from the world.

Q. E. D.

SHOOTING what looks like an enemy
And then finding out that it was somebody's father—
This would be a pitiful thing, except that it is necessary
In order to maintain the dignity
Of various slices of earth.

Mary Carolyn Davies.

Drawn by E. Gomulka.

Sewing-Girl

Booze and Revolution

Prohibition has not reduced the sale of liquor, but if the ruling class can succeed in cutting down drinking by liquor legislation, will it speed the coming revolution?

Most assuredly!

Sobriety means efficiency, and "efficiency" movements have in all ages been the incubators in which revolutions were hatched.

The ruling class has always desired more efficient slaves. They bred them up to be more efficient, and then found that efficiency in producing wealth also produced a desire on the part of the slave to enjoy more. In order to secure more, the slaves revolted.

The onward march of efficiency has produced a race of workers that seems to approach Nietzsche's "superman." Men who conquer earth and air and sea, who subdue time and space and natural forces, will hardly be satisfied by a slave's hut, a serf's cot, or a modern city slum. When that efficient worker has built a world of beauty, comfort and luxury, he will not stop at the puny gates of private property with which the ruling class would shut him out of the Paradise he has created, but he will use the same efficiency with which he built the gates to hammer them down again.

The ruling class wishes sober workers to create more wealth for them, revolutionists need sober men to organize the workers to demand and secure the wealth they have created. A man whose brain is pickled in whiskey is of little value to the ruling class, and he is of inestimably less value to the working class. Efficiency oils the wheels of revolution.

Of course John D. Rockefeller does not realize the fact, but it is true nevertheless that the Hookworm Commission he is supporting in the South is doing more for the revolutionary awakening in Dixie than anything else.

God bless you, John! We are with you. You know, John, that you and the hookworms can't both feed on the same "cracker" at the same time, and we Socialists know that hookworms in theummy and revolutionary thoughts in the brain cannot exist in the same man at the same time. You eliminate the hookworms, Johnny, and we will put the revolutionary thoughts where they will produce results. An efficient man is a rebellious man. And anything that raises the efficiency of the working class will speed the Revolution.

Get busy, you middle class foes of booze! We guarantee that if you can keep men sober, we will organize them for revolution.

Kate Richards O'Hare.
THE MASSES

THE FIRST FEW BOOKS

(again we advise a popular journalist what few books of the last five years—The Editors)

STEFFENS, I have watched Floyd Dell and Louis Untermeyer pelt you with literature in this column until I can stand it no longer. What you need is not literature but science. And in that you are typical of the best democrats, the best rebels, the best friends, to be found in these days. Their philosophy of love-your-enemy-but-get-out-and-fight is probably the finest but specious way of literary moralism the world has seen. But the world is entering a century in which something more highly powerful than literary moralism is to dominate the atmosphere. And that is scientific technique.

You will find in a little book by John Dewey, called "How We Think," the essential nature of scientific technique set forward with clarity and the deepest comprehension. The book was written for normal schools. It was written to teach teachers how to teach. And anybody who can teach a teacher how to teach—well, he is a teacher!

Read that book, and you will perceive that one thing which distinguishes scientific from literary thinking is that before adopting a rule of conduct towards a goal, science makes a gigantic effort to define the facts involved. In the present situation, as well as to define the goal. Literature loves to dwell on the goal, and dwell on the rule of conduct, because these give a more edifying expression to the individual temperament of the author. But literature will never carry us beyond edification until that happy day when authors are scientists—or, still more happy, when scientists know how to write.

So I ask you to turn to those fields and laboratories of science where an experimental effort is really being made, for the first time in history, to find out the brute facts about human organisms in society, the unalterable data which must underlie all plans of progress.

The first volume of Edward L. Thorndike's Educational Psychology is called "The Original Nature of Man." And by that is meant the set of reflexes and instincts which a normal man inherits, and must count on as the crude unavoidable basis of culture and learning. Psychology has not finished defining this unfinished nature of man, by any means, but the effort to do so, the distinction made and celebrated in this book, is of basic importance in all forward thinking.

And from this book, if you like it, you will naturally turn to one of the books on Heredity. I suggest a very small volume by J. A. S. Watson. This will remind you in a wonderfully few words of those astonishing discoveries of Gregor Mendel, whose records made in 1855 were laid away and only rediscovered in 1900; and introduce you to the eager young science which is growing around them.

From that you will probably pass, by force of your own curiosity, to one of the books on Eugenics. But I would lead you in another direction. All of these studies of man as an organism, are painted against a background of great speculations associated with the name of Darwin. Darwin implanted in our minds the idea of the world as a process, and so filled these sciences full of the adventurous interest you find in them.


THE HARBOUR

Of course it had to come—the novel of the soul of industrial democracy. It has come unmistakably in Ernest Poole's varied and intense book, "The Harbour" (Macmillan Co.).

"The Harbour" is a book about modern America, and the lives of modern American men and women. But more specifically, it is a book about New York harbor.

In the harbour, as it appears in its changing aspects, are reflected the changing periods in the life of the man who is the central figure. Having first appeared to him in childhood as only an ugly place of fighting kids and drunken women, it came to seem, when he looked at it through his sweetheart's eyes, as a place of beauty. An ambitious young journalist, he makes the harbor his life assignment. He determines to see and know its last secret. But it is from the girl's point of view, a far-sighted engineer, that he gets his next vision of the harbor, this time as an instrument by which a group of master-capitalists can control the destinies of a nation.

This view of the harbor, splendid in its immense practicality, fires his imagination. But suddenly at the touch of another hand it gives place to the harbor of working-class struggle. It is upon the scene of a great dock strike and its aftermath that the book closes, leaving us with a transformed hero as well as a transformed harbor. For the successful journalist and magazine writer has become a friend of strikers and radicals, and editors mourn him as a lost soul. Only the girl, whose relationship to him as sweetheart and wife is interwoven through the story, is able to understand, even if she does not wholly approve, the internal necessity of change in his soul which has come with his changing vision of life.

The harbor dominates the book. But the characters themselves, which include two splendid figures, the engineer and the strike-leader, and many charming ones, are drawn with a sincerity and intimate knowledge which makes them live and will make them be remembered.

"The Harbour" is a book of power and beauty, worthy of the theme it celebrates. Industrial democracy will have to advance to another stage before a better book can be written about it.

EDMOND MCKENNA.

THE LIKES O' ME

Those who have been struck with the freshness and beauty and strength of Edmond McKenna's poems as they have appeared in the Masses will want to possess a copy of his volume, "The Likes O' Me," published by the Hillarc Bookhouse at Riverside, Conn. (75 cents net). I am a devout admirer of most of these poems, and in spite of the inclusion in the book of one poem whose length far exceeds its interest, I think the collection entitles the author to a place of distinction among contemporary poets. The lyric reality of such poems as "Prelude" and "War Changes" denotes a mind and emotions which not even the tremendous impact of war can stun into second-rate utterance.
PROGRESS OR COMSTOCK?

By Our Readers

The arrest of William Sanger on a charge of circulating "obscene literature," by a Comstock detective who had begged, and received, from him a copy of Margaret Sanger's pamphlet on "Family Limitation," as told in these pages last month, has aroused a strong movement of defensive and aggressive protest throughout the public. We print below a few letters which show pretty unmistakably the determination to eject Comstockery from our laws.

To the Editor:

In the current number of The Masses you ask, "Is Truth Obscene?" The case which you bring before the attention of the public interests me so intensely that I cannot help writing to inquire whether any practical move can be made in order to save Mr. and Mrs. Sanger and to do away with the obnoxious law that makes the truth obscene. That law has long seemed to me an intolerable anachronism, but I have never felt it so keenly as I do upon learning of the Sanger case. In an age where every other married couple say publicly, "No, we shall not have children until John's practice is established"; "We have three children, and shall have one more, and then stop"—in this age, the law which makes it a crime to inform people of the means of preventing conception is a monstrous hypocrisy—and, as you say, it bears hardest upon those who most need such information.

There are two reasons why it is retained, which I think you did not mention. First, Catholics regard the prevention of conception as a sin, and all the power of the Catholic Church upholds the law. Second, many "good" people, fear that if means of preventing conception were known, there would be much extramarital intercourse, and hence "morality would be undermined." Closely related to these are the people who deplore modern "selfishness and individualism," and would have the unwanted, inconvenient child descend upon a household and break up all plans, for the good of the parents' souls. They have no faith in the instinct of parenthood, which would lead to wanted, planned-for children at suitable and convenient times; and so they would refuse to men and women the power of controlling parenthood.

Mr. Eastman, I would like to be one of a thousand women to sign a statement setting forth:

(1) That in our family relations we habitually exercise control of the birth-rate.
(2) That we believe this control makes for personal and domestic happiness, and lifts us out of the hands of fate and makes us self-directing human beings.
(3) That we believe society is better served by our bringing into the world children for whom we can and will care, than by having large families to depend on charity.
(4) That we believe it is better for the children themselves to come into the world with a prospect of being properly reared and educated than to come in large numbers to struggle for a bare existence, and to grow up ignorant and powerless.
(5) That we will agitate for the repeal of this law in both nation and state.
(6) That we will repeat these statements in court and take the consequences.

My fear is that none of this agitation would be admitted as having any direct bearing on the Sanger case. But it might do some good ultimately, if it rid our statute-books of this relic of tribal ideas and outworn religious conceptions. If this is impracticable,
THE MASSES

THE DEAR LITTLE BULLET

HOW dear to my heart are the scenes of the battle,
As every good soldier should find them to be!
How sweet are our Roustabouts in their musical rattle
Of the enemy's guns as he trains them on me!
But of all the delights that I have in full measure—
Though of wounds my idea is still rather vague—I
think it would be the most exquisite pleasure
To be shot by the bullet approved by The Hague.
The next little bullet, the clean-wounding bullet.
Hummie little bullet approved by The Hague,
How sweet in a non-vital part to receive it—
(That is safer to stand on my feet or my head?)
And when I'm removed from this loved situation
Where the enemy now I so gleefully plush,
I surely will find it a full compensation
To be killed by the bullet approved by The Hague.

The next little bullet, the clean-wounding bullet,
The dear little bullet approved by The Hague.
ELIZABETH WARDELL.

FROM UNPTON SINCLAIR.

I am very glad to see that you have taken up the issue involved in the case of Comrade Sanger. I do not believe there is any barricade, however high, that can bar the way to the obliteration of the spreading information concerning the prevention of conception. I have written upon the subject of the Carrie Chapman Catt, in the Cos-

FROM A GOVERNMENT SCIENTIFIC WORKER.

In the matter of the Sanger trial I feel I ought to come across. I enclose a small check drawn to you which you may direct as you see fit. Being broke, I have to send you a small one. You may be sure I will do anything I can to help out.

FROM AN ATTORNEY.

Have just read in my Mazins of the predicament of Mr. William Sanger, who has died run counter to the modern angels of morality, Anthony Comstock, and am enclosing two dollars to help defray the expense of defending him from the criminal charge against him. I hope some day to be able to do much more in this matter of kindness.

FROM A GOVERNMENT SCIENTIFIC WORKER.

I am very glad to see that you have taken up the issue involved in the case of Comrade Sanger. I do not believe there is any barricade, however high, that can bar the way to the obliteration of the spreading information concerning the prevention of conception. I have written upon the subject of the Carrie Chapman Catt, in the Cos-

FROM A WIRE.

I am very glad to see that you have taken up the issue involved in the case of Comrade Sanger. I do not believe there is any barricade, however high, that can bar the way to the obliteration of the spreading information concerning the prevention of conception. I have written upon the subject of the Carrie Chapman Catt, in the Cos-

FROM A BUSINESS MAN.

Your article in the March number of the Masses regarding Mr. Sanger was impressive, I must say. I am hereupon enclosing P. O. order for $80 to assist in purchasing Mr. Sanger's defense in his trial.

FROM AN ATTORNEY.

Have been in sympathy with the work of Mrs. Sanger and I sincerely hope Mr. Sanger will be out "Saint Anthony." This knowledge is as necessary in the country districts as in the cities. Only last week I had to witness the expulsion of a family with six children from the farm they had worked to clear, and after 12 years of hard unremittent toil, were forced to vacate. The cause, the mother after the birth of her fourth child became an invalid, in this condition she gave birth to two more, and after the birth of her last child, she remained in bed for three years, about six months ago she underwent an operation which removed forever the pos-

A FUND OF AT LEAST $500 IS NEEDED FOR legal expenses in the Sanger struggle. More is needed for a campaign of publicity outside of the courts. This is your fight. The time to fight is now. You are asked to give as much as you can, and as soon as possible to the Sanger Fund, The Masses Publishing Company, By Greenwich Avenue, New York City.

left except nausea, brutal obscenity—Will a morbid atmos-
phere of that sort make more light and wholesome the hearts of the economically miserable?

(F Witness the working women, by all means agitate that child bearing and caring mothers shall be pen-

nThe poor, that all children shall be pensioned, or kept, or in

Women are the workers of the world, by all means agitate the

MIRIAM E. OSTMANN
(Mrs. E. Osmann-Blachly.)

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THE MASSES
THE MASSES

THE MASSES BOOK STORE
(Continued from page 2)

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