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Marx Eastman

**ART EDITOR**

John Sloan

**MANAGING EDITOR**

Floyd Dell

**CONTRIBUTING EDITORS**

**LITERATURE**

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Isak Dinesen

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Mary Austin

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Robert E. Brown

Alice Beach Winter

Max Eastman

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E. J. Glidden

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Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915, by W. S. Braithwaite. Price, $1.50 net. (Continued on page 21)
Y. M. C. A. Sport: "Le' me ash you, young feller—Do you b'lieve in the teachings of Jesus Christ?—Well le' me say to you, tha' when you're arguin' with me, you're up againstit—When you argue with me you're arguin' with a CHRIS-SSIAN."
THE WORLD WELL LOST

John Reed

The Serbian town of Obrenovatz is a cluster of red tile roofs and white bulbois towers, hidden in green trees on a belt of land, around which sweeps the river Sava in a wide curve. Behind rise the green hills of Serbia, toppling up to blue ranges of mountains upon whose summit heaps of dead bodies lie still unburied, among the stumps of trees riddled down by machine-gun fire; and half-starved dogs battle there ghastly with vultures. Half a mile away on the bank of the yellow river, the peasant soldiers stand knee-deep in inundated trenches, firing at the Austrians three hundred yards away on the other side. Between, the rich hills of Bosnia sweep westward forever like sea-swells, hiding the big guns that cover Obrenovatz with a menace of destruction. The town itself is built on a little rise of ground, surrounded by flooded marshes where the river is high, where the sacred storks stalk seriously among the rushes, contemptuous of battles. All the hills are bursting with vivid new leaves and plum tree blossoms like smoke. The earth rustles with a million tiny thrills, the pushing of pale green shoots and the bursting of buds; the world steams with spring. And regular as clockwork, the crack of desultory shots rises unnoticed into the lazy air. For nine months it has been so, and the sounds of war have become a part of the great chorus of nature.

We had dinner with the officers of the Staff,—good-natured giants, who were peasants and sons of peasants. The orderly who fell upon his knees to brush our shoes and stood so stiffly pouring water over our hands while we washed, and the private soldiers who waited on us at dinner with such smart civility, came in and sat down when coffee was served, and were introduced all round. They were intimate friends of the Colonel.

After dinner somebody produced a bottle of cognac and a box of real Havana cigars, which Iovanovitch laughingly said had been captured from the Austrians two weeks before, and we strolled out to visit the Serbian batteries.

Westward over the Bosnian hills a pale spring sun hung low in a shallow sky of turquoise green. Line after line of little clouds burned red-golden, scarlet, vermilion, pale pink and gray, all up the tremendous arch of sky. Drowsy birds twittered, and a soft fresh wind came up out of the west.

Iovanovitch turned to me:

"You wanted to talk to a Serbian Socialist," he said.

"Well, you'll have the chance. The captain in command of the battery we are going to see is a leader of the Serbian Socialist parties,—or at least he was in the days of peace. No, I don't know what his doctrines are; I am a Young Radical myself," he laughed. "We believe in a great Serbian Empire."

"If all the Socialists were like Takits," said the Colonel, puffing comfortably at his cigar, "I wouldn't have a thing to say against Socialism. He is a good soldier.

In a deep trench, craved in half-moon shape across the corner of a field, four six-inch guns crouched behind a screen of young willows. There was a roof over them almost on the level with the field, and on this roof suds had been laid and grass and bushes were growing; to hide them from aeroplanes. At the sentry's staccato challenge the Colonel answered, and hailed "Takits!" Out of the gun-pits came a man, muddy to the knees and without a hat. He was tall and broad; his faded uniform hung upon him as if once he had been stout; a thick, unkempt beard covered his face to the chinbeard, and his eyes were quiet and direct.

They said something to him in Serbian, and he laughed.

"So," he said, turning to me with a twinkle in his eye, and speaking French that halting and hesitated like a thing long unused. "You are interested in Socialism?"

I said I was. "They tell me you were a Socialist leader in this country."

"I was," he said, emphasizing the past tense. "And now—"

"Now," interrupted the Colonel, "he is a patriot and a good soldier."

"Just say 'a good soldier,'" said Takits, and I thought there was a shade of bitterness in his voice. "Forgive me if I speak bad French. It is long since I have talked to foreigners,—though I once made speeches in French—"

"And Socialism?" I asked.

"Well, I will tell you," he began slowly. "Walk with me a little." He put his arm under mine and strolled at the earth. Suddenly he turned swiftly, preoccupied, and shouted to someone invisible in the pit: "Peter! Oil breechblock number one gun!"

The others strolled on ahead, laughing and throwing remarks over their shoulders the way men do who have dined and are content. Night rushed up the west and quenched those shining clouds, drawing her train of stars like a robe to cover all heavens. Somewhere in the distant stretches voices sang a quavering Macedonian song about the glories of the Empire of the Tsar Stefan Dooshan, and an accompanying violin scratched and squeaked under the hand of a gypsy "gooslar." On the dim slope of a hill far across the river in the enemy's country a spark of flame quivered red. . . .

"You see, in our country it is different than in yours," began Takits. "Here we have no rich men and no industrial population, so we are not ready, I think, for the immense combining of the workers to oppose the concentration of capital in the hands of the few." He stopped a minute, and then chuckled, "You have no idea how strange it feels to be talking like this again! . . .

"Our party was formed then to combat the regular Socialists, to apply the principles of Socialism to the conditions of this country,—a country of peasants who all own their land. We are naturally communists, we Serbians. In every village you will see the houses of the rich sadrugas,—many generations of the same family, with all their connections by marriage, who have pooled their property and hold it in common. We didn't want to waste time with the International. It would hinder us,—block our program, which was, to get into the hands of the people who produced everything and owned all the means of production, the means of distribution too. The political program was simpler; we aimed at a real democracy by means of the widest possible suffrage, initiative, referendum and recall. You see, in the Balkans, a great gift separates the ambitious politicians in power and the mass of the people who elect them. Politics is getting to be a separate profession, closed to all but scheming lawyers. This class we wanted to destroy. We did not believe in the General Strike, and the great oppressed industrial populations of the world could do nothing with us, except use us for the furtherance of their economic programs, which had nothing to do with conditions in Serbia."

"You opposed war?"

He nodded. "We were against war—" he began, then stopped short and burst out laughing. "Do you know, I had forgotten all that. It seems so silly now! We thought that the peasants, the people of Serbia, could stop war any time if they wanted to, by simply refusing to fight. God! There were only a few of us,—not a great solid working-class as in Germany and France,—but we thought it could be done. Why on God's earth did no one in Europe realize what a contempt army means? We thought war was brutal, bloody, useless, horrible. Imagine anyone who could not see how much better war is than peace and the slavery of industry! Think of the thousands of people killed, maimed and made unfit every year by the terrible conditions in which they must live to support the rich, even in prosperous times. No. In war, a man dies with a sense of ideal sacrifice,—and his wife and mother and family miss him less, because he fell on
THE MASSES

Poetry Comes Back

Proofs of this long expected renaissance point in from every side. Whitman prophesied it over fifty years ago. And while literary England had not yet recovered from its love of tiresome romanticism, Yellow Bookishness and an aesthetically distorted speech, Syrge wrote:

"In these days poetry is usually a flower of evil or good but it is the timber of poetry that wears most surely,—and there is no timber that has not strong roots among the clay whereon it was planted. The mere verse that is made to be human again must it learn to be brutal. . . . Many of the shades of to-day such as Villon and Herrick and Burns may make their stuff of their material, and the verse written in this way was read by strong men, and thieves and demons, and not by little cliques only."

For years the journals and pedagogues, clinging to their pale classicism and dusty traditions, fought this threatening revival with scorn and silence and deprecating patronage. And now, within the last year, witness the complete right-about face! Most amazing of all the manifestations are the following lines from the New York Times, November 30, 1915—only fifty-four years after Whitman's prophecy.

"When the twentieth century came in, upon a great wave of social responsibility, sweeping away the debris of worst and most obscene fashions, etc., in its wake, and the boot and shoe. In making itself new channels of service to the race, poetry was the first of the arts to respond to the mood of the time; for poetry was already vitiated, infected with new blood, by the robust genius of Whitman. Romanticism had spent itself, it had vanished in the art of the reaction, in a wreath of beautiful foiity. Poetry had shrived away from life, in epileptic vapors. "Art for art's sake" was in the cry of the decadents, the last of the schools of the nineteenth century. To this languishing art the message of Whitman came as a breath of remication. Not only did poetry revive, it was regenerated. An entirely new spirit was born in it, and the revention of Whitman against romanticism that had come to its hour of decadence, the revolution in form and message that is in the work of Whitman, is now expressing itself in the naturalistic movement,—the new freedom of our poetry."

But an added and most important proof is a series of magazine anthologies that have been appearing for the last three years. In this latest one "there is ample evidence that poetry has ceased to be a diversion to be enjoyed only by the over-cultured and erudite, an excuse for the parlor, an embroidery of archaic words over a pattern of archaic sentiments; that it has freed itself or been freed from the shackles of classicism and mere decoration,—and that it is a thing that interests many people because it expresses the things that many people are interested in.

And this volume shows something more. It shows that, as poetry has come nearer to people in thought, it has come closer to them in speech. It is using the language of the twentieth century. It is a plat, democratized speech the poets are using today—as rich and racy as the soils from which they flows. One of the newest voices, Robert Frost, with a directness equalled only by Edwin Arlington Robinson, reveals a wealth of poetic quality in hitherto unpoetic names and things.

Both he and Edgar Lee Masters show us, in the cross-sections of a community, a world of new poetic possibilities. And with these fresh vistas, they are bringing in a fresh influx of words from the vernacular—new sounds, new "glamor." Vachel Lindsay is another successful experimenter. He too has discarded the faded and moth-eaten loveliness of tradition; he, however, has exchanged it for a verbal coat of many colors, and sounds, taken not only from people but from fire-engines and automobile horns and Chinese nightingales and negro camp-meetings. In this volume one also finds James Oppenheim, with a fire and music as old as the Psalms and words as new as today. Here also is Amy Lowell, another discarder of patterns; not vigorous and versatile of women-poets writing at present. Here and there are many of the other "daring young radicals" (I thank the Times for teaching me that phrase), differing in temper and tendencies—and it is gratifying to find so many names from The MASSES—Clement Wood and Margaret Wildsomer and Witter Bynner and Lydia Goss and Elma Mitchell and Margaret French Patton and the inimitable others. Mr. Brathwaite's inclusiveness makes all the more perplexing his omission of Carl Sandburg and Max Eastman. An anthology of the year's poetry with nothing from the pen of either of these poets is incredible. But here it is—with this fault as well as the manifest exclusion of Mr. Brainard's "the wailing's head—a record of new beginnings, of spiritual no less than literary breaking of bonds. With the crumbling of the aristocracy of the pedants comes the art of the people.

Poetry has gone out of the actual world at various times—following the Elizabethans, during the eighteenth century, with the backwash of Tennyson—it has been ruffled and ribboned and tricked out; but in spite of every effort to pervert or prettify it, it has the habit of shaking off the decorative disguises and revealing itself in a sudden and most surprising manner. There is even a naked boldness in its return; a challenge to the traditionaries and censors. And so once again Poetry has come back.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER

Ford

WHAT shall we think of the Ford Peace Ship? If it strikes too near to our hopes and fears for us to contemplate it closely, all is well. Let us only notice the fact that it is now only a small step from the rubberuddy's raid on Harper's Ferry: we might have deplored it, as most good people did, as a folly which would only hurt the cause of emancipation. But we can, if we wish, anticipate the verdict of history on this latest of the sublime follies of the utopian mind. However the war ends, and whether late or soon, this mission of peace will be remembered as a rash and splendid act, fixing by its impossibility the thoughts of the world on Peace. Even those who hate, or scorn, or laugh at Mr. Ford as a crazy and ignorant millionaire, have been touched by the magic of his courageous folly. The act will leave its mark indelibly on the world's history.

Many who regard such a peace mission as being at this moment a practical plan, have been outraged or driven to tears by the manner in which the Ford mission was conducted. A word as to that. The modern art or science of publicity consists chiefly in suppression, in seeing that the wrong things do not get into the newspapers, that the wrong people are not allowed to be heard at all. Judged by these standards, the Ford Peace mission was misconstrued in a preposterous manner. All the great, the respectable, the dignified, the eminent, in a word, those who have reputations to preserve, were frightened away from Mr. Ford's mission, and only those who had a touch of daring or of wildness went. The great reputations were frightened because Mr. Ford did not take a publicity manager who could shut all the idealists' mouths. Mr. Ford, however, seems to have done this on principle. It was by his wish that everyone connected with the project said anything he felt like, even to the frivolous clerk whose foolish answer to a reporter's foolish question was blazoned in headlines across the nation as "Ford Re- pudiates Bryan." Mr. Ford's idealism is not businesslike, it is idealistic; and that in a land of institutionalized, respectableized, conventionalized idealism looks like mere foolishness. We may regret that this wild and beautiful act of faith was not run on business principles, but we must give Mr. Ford the credit of being an idealist to the limit.

Liberty

FORT WORTH (Tex.), November 19.—An enraged crowd of citizens yesterday at Arlington sought to attack the Liberty Bell party because a member of the party raised a neon light to the car and let her kiss the relic. To avert trouble the train pulled out, leaving the crowd shaking fists and throwing stones."

—San Francisco Examiner

Society Note

THE social center of New York shows a northerly trend of 300 feet a year and is now at Fifth Avenue and 69th Street. The MASSES is a long way from the social center even in its new office, but it is gaining a little. —"The Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915," edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. (Gomme & Marshall. $1.50 Net.)
IT'S A GREAT COUNTRY

The munition maker has made us hated in Europe, and now we must buy munitions from him to defend ourselves against that hatred.

The Periscope

HE is perfectly happy and the most optimistic person in New York City," said Andrew Carnegie's secretary on the boss's 80th birthday. "Last summer when he wanted to go fishing and the captains were afraid of rough weather he would always say there were no storms for him. I think that expresses his whole attitude toward life."

Or you can sing it:

If there be no storms for me
What care I how wet you be.

Whitney Warren, who recently returned from France, wants our government to support the Allies. But who will support our government? The Collector of the Port says he found $6,000 worth of undeclared stuff in the Warren family trunks.

A Brooklyn man was fined one dollar for spitting. He paid and put on his hat to leave the court-room; was called back, also down, and fined two dollars. Having spent all his money for spitting he could not pay for putting on his hat, and was sent to jail. The criminal may be denounced under the name of Sears and the magistrate under that of Krotel.

If it isn't asking too much, would the United States please not get into a war with the Teutons over some indignity to a Standard Oil steamer?

A traveler in Germany reports that there is now more bitterness toward America than toward England. The bulletins of the Kaiser's hate department should read: "Subject to change without notice."

The National Defence Association proposes to issue drinkers' licenses and revoke them if the holder has over two jags a year. The trouble is people will put things off until the last minute. Motto for procrastinating boozers: Do your Christmas sopping early.

Representative Bailey says we should have no more preparedness than we are willing to pay for at once by direct tax. He makes a noise like a Byzantine logothete.

It is proposed in the Reichstag to raise soldiers' pay to 1155 cents a day. It is too bad to see commercialism creeping into outdoor sports.

A Paterson silk manufacturer is going to sell his million dollar art collection instead of giving it to the town as was hoped. Perhaps this is a rebuke to those abandoned characters who claimed that the silk-workers were underpaid.

"Peace talk will persist," press-pearls the New York Tribune. "The weak, the foolish and the designing, here as in Europe, will continue to use the casualty list and the spectacle of human misery and suffering as a text and as an argument."

It doesn't seem possible that such people exist!

Judging by the depressing effect of the Balkan campaign, one suspects that the German General Staff sold short on Anglo-French bonds.

Within the past four years the names of Wilson, Bryan, Hughes, Roosevelt and Mayor Thompson have been withdrawn by request from some ticket or other in the Nebraska primaries.

I'll be the goat. What is the matter with the Nebraska primaries?

Howard Brubaker.
The A.F. of L. Convention: An Impression

Inez Haynes Gillmore

Once when I was a very little girl, I was present at an enormous political meeting in Boston when the young Henry Cabot Lodge made one of his brilliant incisive speeches. That speech, perhaps because of his youth, was shot with poetry; it was all a—again perhaps because of his youth—with ambitious purpose. We believed that a young liberal could be turned against us and we rose to him. (Rose to Henry Cabot Lodge—their eyes on David.) Well, times have certainly changed. Again in France, I was present when a huge gathering of Russian revolutionists, with Anatole France in the chair, assembled to welcome Vera Figner from her twenty years' imprisonment.

The door of the Russian jail had closed on her a beautiful girl; it released her still beautiful, but a middle-aged woman. I saw that crowd at that time; I have never known her voice rise as one creature and pelt her with flowers until the white-robed figure, moving, expressionless as though it had dropped from a marble frieze, stood knee-deep in roses, the color of blood. Again in Paterson, I was present when thousands of strikers held an outdoor dance; they sung that song and felled and in that speech I felt that I heard the voice of the best fighters of a nation. In comparison, the chief officers of an army and navy would have seemed mercenary, bureaucratic, outworn, futile. For these men were fighting for an ideal—a world ideal—they stripped off their coats and fought with any weapon they could find—they stripped to the buff and fought with teeth and nail—at times tearing off the best vestiges of sectionalism and nationalism, they stripped to the very soul.

There are two types, I take it, of the fighting spirit: the desperate and the confident. The fighting in that convention was the fighting of the confident; of an army, trained and tried, who have gone against the enemy again and again and yet again; an army that had won more times than it had lost; an army that would continue to win more times than it would lose. There was something magnificent in that confidence, that fearlessness; it accounted for the assured swing of those great bulks as they moved down the aisle; for the straight-glancing directness of those clear eyes, their swift appraisal, their histrionic patience—that perpetual bubbling good nature, playful at all times, which at a touch could make the longest, bitterest fight turn them into a den of young bears.

I was there four days and a half. Three of those four days ran into evening sessions, two of them until after midnight. Most of what passed on the floor was clear enough, especially of course when the subject under debate was of broad general interest—a universal eight-hour-working-day for instance. Some of the innumerable juridical-fights were a little hazy. Occasionally argument grew unintelligible. The thing that struck me most forcibly first, last and always was how much they knew. Working conditions you would expect and Parliamentary law. But they knew living conditions; the economic laws behind them; world-movements; the universal laws back of them. "Here are citizens," I said to myself again and again, "citizens in the best sense." And then suddenly one of those flashes of knowledge came to me—flashes that seem like revelations of white truth until you discover that everybody else has discovered it long before. The only institution in this country that offers a training in citizenship is the trade union. The public schools don't train citizens—in the face of this bloody world-holocaust they are still teaching a war-hating patriotism. The colleges don't train citizens—they are still turning out highbrows. Politics can't teach citizenship—a real citizenship means the end of politics.

Gradually from the crowd, personalities began to stand out: Morrison, secretary; O'Connell, vice-president; Lennon, treasurer; Wolfe, of the Photo Engravers; Cannon, of the Western Federation of Miners; Alessandro, of the Hod-Carriers; Hayes, of Typographical; Furushet, of the Seamen—the Furushet whose long life of service to the men who go down to the sea in ships has at last flowered in the Seaman's Bill—tall, big, gaunt, the lines of the iron framework of his body thrust through his thin white shirt. Strong yet delicately, the spirit, heroic and ascetic, burning off the last fibre of superfluous flesh and imprinting its beauty on the very bone. Casey of the Teamsters. Gallagher, president of the San Francisco Labor Council. And dominating them all the small figure, the great brain and the overpowering personality of the little cigar-smoker who brought this tremendous structure into being: Gompers. Gompers; fighting eternally and internally for labor; sixty-six years old, yet working with the strength and dauntlessness and conviction and hope of twenty-one; averaging during the convention three hours of sleep to twenty-one of conflict; presiding for long hours over what, when its fighting blood is up, is probably the most unordered, yet managing, manageable and immovable body in the world. At times his job of chairman was that of the man who would tame a cage of wild-cats by reading the Golden Rule. All ways more work to be done in two weeks than can rightfully be done in a month. Each delegate a separate rebellion in himself, bristling with information, bursting with eloquence, armed with every parliamentary trick and doggedly determined to fight for his organization to the last ditch. Eternal noise—hurry—confusion. To this Gompers brought a Parliamentism, unceasingly active; equal quantities of force and diplomacy; logic; cajolery. Sometimes he gave them their head—sometimes he pulled them up with a jerk; he argued, advised, pleaded, joked, scolded, ridiculed, praised, scorned. Sometimes it looked as though the wave of conviction on the floor were growing turbulent beyond control; cataracts of assertion—rapids of contradiction—whirlpools of defection. It made forward here into a little wave of progress; it swung back there into a little eddy of reaction; sometimes with incoherence and mystery it seemed to stand still. But always the figure on the platform, insignificant in stature and tremendous in head, with its amazing combination of beauty and ugliness, its voice elastic, apple, vibrant, resonant as an actor's—one instant nasal, grating, hard, harsh; the next clear, rippling, soft, musical—brought them back not to his but to their own control—brought them back through sheer force of will, brain and personality-power.

It was like being present when a body of world generals planned a world-war for humanitarianism; a war which will have sought of bloodshed or death; war in which the guns are ideals and the ammunition, ideas.

Sometimes in the smoke which hung over that council of generals, I seemed to see standing back of them, in serried ranks, shadowy grayly, the millions of workers that had sent them there. And those workers said—"Thus far can ye go, O ye who represent us, thus far—and no farther."

The voice of labor is a roar, deep as though it came from a throat of iron, penetrating as though it came through lips of silver. One day that voice will silence all the great guns of the world.
"Girls Wanted"
THE MASSES

About Schools

A FRIEND of mine assures me that the "Gary plan" is an infamous scheme to introduce religion into the American public school system which provokes me to the following reflections.

At eighteen, I went out into the world, a product of the American public school system. I could read, write a bad hand, do simple arithmetic with difficulty, and I had a smattering of history, geography, botany, chemistry, algebra, geometry, Latin. I could not saw a board straight, nor carry a can, nor repair a bicycle, nor dance, nor sew on a button, nor pay a compliment, nor tie a shoestring so it would stay tied. I was very unlikely to know the name of any particular flower, tree or bird. I was habitually unservvant of everything that went on around me.

With this magnificent equipment for life, to which the public schools of three American towns (of from 2,000 to 4,000 inhabitants) had laboriously contributed, I went out into the world.

Now I have just been reading John and Evelyn Dewey's book, "Schools of Tomorrow," and I find there what I already suspected, that this was not an education at all. I find that my education began the moment I left school. It began when, deceived by my air of intelligence, a foreman offered me six dollars a week to run a cooler in a candy factory.

It was for me a painful process and for him an expensive one. I put in the wrong quantities of sugar and glucose, I let it burn, I nearly let it blow up. I forgot to oil the steam engine, I mixed up my daily reports, and I burned my arm on the steam-pipe every time I reached up to turn off a valve. What with my clumsiness and the just wrath of the foreman, I passed a miserable existence. But all the time I was learning—learning the nature of machinery, the necessity of being careful, the disastrous results of inaccuracy. The foreman thought I was running a candy factory, and I thought I was earning a living; but I was getting an education which I ought to have got ten years before.

Of course I was fired. The printing and lithographic trades successively and for brief periods took up the burden of my education. A truck farmer most rashly sacrificed his melons and beans to the process. The public library helped along. And the socialist local transformed me from a shy and speechless youth into a person capable of expressing his thoughts in public. Teachers in the guise of novelists and playwrights gave me notions about the world and about my place in it. And one day, very timidly, having just been fired from my latest job, I went to a newspaper office and asked if they had anything I could do. To my great surprise and immense gratification, they made me a reporter on the spot.

I was not, as may be imagined, the best reporter in the world; but I did know a little more about people and things than when I left school. Under the spur of necessity and interest I mastered that mysterious machine, the typewriter, in something over five minutes; I learned to take an interlocutor in my fellow human beings, to ask questions, to distinguish between a lie and the truth. And I learned a good deal of what was being enacted in the world about me. And what with newspaper work and the socialist local and the public library and the conversation of my friends I began to be in some sort educated.

In this world outside of school I discovered, moreover, what to do with my passion for ideas, my love of argument, my fondness for books, which had been at school a kind of honorable oddity. I found for the first time an opportunity to use and develop these passions, not as an idiosyncrasy, but as a part of the business of life.

At eighteen I suffered the most bitter and poisonous humiliations in my contacts with a world which I had not been educated to enter. At twenty-eight I have the self-confidence which comes from having done a few things successfully. Mathematics is farthest from my heart, and I do not love machinery, but if it was absolutely necessary for me to andit the books of a bank or fly from here to Boston in an aeroplane, the task would not be so hard as my own ignominiously turning to it as I once felt in undertaking some of the very simple things for which I was being paid. If education does not fit one to take part in the activities of the world with a confident and joyous spirit, then it is not education.

As I understand the new theory of education, it undertakes to turn out from the public schools young men and women who are all around human beings; who are strong, healthy, self-confident, acquainted with flowers, birds, trees, tools, machinery, knowing something about the world. They will have learned easily many things, because there was a good reason for their learning them. They will learn arithmetic because it is a part of life, and Latin (if they choose) because there are interesting things to read in that language. They will go from school into a world which they will know how to deal with, because their school has been like the world. They will not have to go through the painful process of being educated by employers who, after all, have other ends in view, and are not the most patient of teachers.

All this will presumably happen some time; it is happening here and there—in Gary, Ind., in the colored district in Indianapolis, in Fairhope, Ala., and to the children of the rich in the Francis Parker school in Chicago. But it would seem altogether improbable that anything so sensible should be generally done in our lifetime, except for the miraculous and hardly credible fact that in Gary the new system has been found to be cheaper than the old.

New York City, on the verge of bankruptcy, considers the adoption of the Gary system. It is such a thing as only happens in fiction.

Of course, even if it is adopted, it will have its imperfections. But the mere idea that New York City may try, in however blundering a way, to make education a part of life and life a part of education, makes me wonder if I am not dreaming.

And then my friend speaks up and tells me that because the Gary system provides a couple of hours a week in which children may, if their parents wish, go to the Catholic Church, to the Unitarian Church, or the Church of the Social Revolution, for religious instruction, instead of getting excited at some inconvenient time for the same purpose—because of this, my friend tells me it is an infamous scheme to introduce religion into the public school system.

Somehow I am not a bit alarmed.
THE MASSES

"The Pillar of Fire"

"The Pillar of Fire" is a book about college life and about life by a man who knows about both. The elaborate inutility of college studies, the withdrawal of college from the affairs of the world, the upbuilding of a petty college principality with a ridiculous little college patriotism, manners and standards of its childish own; the contact of that secluded world with the great world only through the medium of commercialized amateur sport; the parochialism college intellectuality—Mr. Deming knows these things well. He knows, too, what is going on in the great outside world—the battle of keen minds and generous souls against ugliness and injustice, the struggle to recreate the world. And he has not lost hope in the possibility of transforming the college into a men of education in some true sense, a means of awakening the young mind and heart to the significance of that battle.

His book may be said to be the manifesto of revolutionary democracy in the higher education. It is addressed to college students: he calls it "a profane baccalaureate." But never before has there been such a baccalaureate address. It pays to his audience the high compliment of assuming them capable of being interested in matters of real importance; of being capable of thinking clearly, candidly and courageously. It calls for these qualities; perhaps it will call them forth. One cannot despair of college even as it is, when a man like Mr. Deming can hope to find there a response to such a call.

Everywhere, now, one finds men and women who regret their college life as a waste of time, or worse—a hurtful, sap-destroying process. These will find in Mr. Deming's book the basis of a new optimism—the grounds of a hope that the next generation may go to colleges and really get something of what the soul of youth unconsciously looks for now and does not find. Before that can happen, many respected things will have to be shown mercilessly as they are, analyzed, ridiculed, and marked for destruction. Mr. Deming has addressed himself to the beginning of this task with a logic, a wit and an authentic eloquence which makes his book one of the liveliest pieces of writing ever produced in America.


An Extreme Case

ALFRED SCHWITKOFSKY is serving a sentence of twenty years in Sing Sing for assault and burglary. He was arrested in 1917 because he was an ex-convict. He was found guilty, on evidence which was afterward confessed to be perjured. As a result of the efforts of Samuel Untermyer the state board of parole investigated the case, and recommended Schwitkofsky's pardon. But Governor Glyn felt obliged, so he is reported to have said, to leave the decision to his recently-elected successor, Mr. Whitman. Inasmuch as it was Mr. Whitman who as district attorney was in some sense responsible for this miscarriage of justice, Governor Glyn's refusal put the new governor in the position of having to admit the mistake which had occurred in his office. Governor Whitman has so far refused to act.

Schwitzkofsky's wife, who was last seen as apparently on the verge of dementia, has disappeared, with her child, and the prisoner himself is reported to be in danger of going insane. The facts of the case, as discovered by the board of parole, leave no doubt as to Schwitzkofsky's innocence. It only remains for Governor Whitman to admit that a mistake has been made. Will he do it, or will an innocent man be driven insane?

A BRAINS

"Here it is in the paper—ain't I been tellin' ya that women's brains ain't the equal o' man's?"

The President Impressed

The national convention of the Congressional Union brought to Washington an imposing number of women voters from the West, representing a vast multitude of women voters at home, all determined to use their political power against the party that refuses to support the passage of a suffrage amendment to the national constitution. In the midst of their labors to prepare bills appropriating large sums of money for inland forts, arsenals and army posts, the congressmen had time to be impressed. Two years before it was a pleasant diversion for a congressman to attack suffrage; gone are those days, for congress has felt the menace or the actual impact of woman's political power.

Mark, too, the tone of President Wilson in explaining that he cannot accede to their request to put such a proposal for a suffrage amendment into his message to Congress:

"I can only say to you this afternoon that nothing could be more impressive than the presentation of such a request in such numbers and backed by such influences as undoubtedly stand back of you. Unhappily, it is too late for me to consider what is to go into my message."

With Congress and the President thus impressed, it would seem that the proper time had come for those suffragists who disapprove of the methods of the Congressional Union to be impressed also at least to the extent of letting that organization conduct its fight for the common cause in its own way.

The women of the Congressional Union seem to us already to have the political wisdom which will come to all women after they had had a little political experience.
THE HIGHER EDUCATION

A Reform for Harvard University Suggested by Her Most Illustrious Graduates

As To Patriotism

The editors of the New York Globe honored us with a public denunciation for offering to our readers an anti-enlistment pledge. They seem to think we are almost as bad as Christ. For they accuse us of opposing enlistment not only in the future but in the remote past.

"If Editor Eastman had been in Sparta when the Three Hundred were recruited who defended democratic Greece against the oppressing autocracy of Persia, he would have urged them not to enlist."

That is a wild inference. Suppose an editor announced that fighting with swords and spears was out of date, would that be a betrayal of Leonidas? Every once in a while we have to decide that something has seen its day. Every once in a while we have to take an inventory of our stock, and throw away what is rotten and useless. War is rotten and useless.

If the editors of the Globe will read a book by Norman Angell, called The Great Illusion, they will find very cogent proofs offered of the proposition that victory in war between modern nations brings no substantial benefit—moral, political, cultural or even financial.

The book is not about Leonidas, it is about us. But it throws a backward ray of light over the whole history of nationalism that makes war look rather futile and ridiculous. We are not sure Greek culture and the democracy of the maritime cities (all maritime cities were democratic if you didn’t see the slaves) would have lost much through Persian conquest.

It is possible that a Persian conquest would have spread Greek culture beyond Greece and Ionia.

The fact that Leonidas was a hero need not prevent our seeing this. If we have not attained a higher ideal than Leonidas died for, we have not fulfilled the promise of his death.

We have in fact attained a higher ideal than nationalism—the ideal of a free humanity. And in some of us this ideal, we are happy to say, has supplanted patriotism altogether.

And while it might conceivably happen, that this ideal should demand our enlisting in a national army—to fight either against our own country or with it—it is in the highest degree improbable. It is so improbable that people of the pledge-signing disposition may very well be encouraged to express in that way their absolute renunciation of the patriotic ideal, and its military retinue, as essentially barbaric, inane, and homicidal.

We suspect that those who signed that pledge would be the first to bleed, were the cause of industrial liberty at stake.

ZENOBIA

O. Caesar’s legioned army, victor-led,
A sight to glad and pride the Roman eye!
Wrinkled and monster elephants sweep by,
Making the earth to quake beneath their tread;
Caesar, himself, with laurel on his head,
Rides next, and all his banners flame the sky.

But now the eager concourse gapes and hums,
For She who makes the triumph-march complete,
Zenobia, naked and imperial, comes,
With gold chains chiming from her hands and feet—
Her kingdom overthrown, herself a prize—
Yet no capitulation in her eyes!

Harry Kemp.
Utah Justice

WELL, Utah did it. Utah put four bullets into the heart of Joseph Hillstrom, the I. W. W. agitator, after finding him guilty of a murder that somebody committed.

We beg the Governor of Utah's pardon for mentioning the I. W. W., as though that had anything to do with the case.

Of course it was a plain case of murder, and the idea of punishing the I. W. W. was the last thing the honorable courts of Utah thought of.

Under the circumstances, as the New York World pointed out, it was abominable for the I. W. W. to take a murderer for their hero and sanctify Hillstrom with a funeral service in Chicago.

The I. W. W. had absolutely nothing to do with it—it was a plain case of murder, in which the murderer was convicted because the circumstances pointed towards him.

This fact is important to keep in mind. It is so important that Supreme Court Justice Straup of Utah went out before the world proclaiming against all agitations and all agitators, and declared all I. W. W.'s should be in prison and that no prison should adopt any of the crazy ideas of Thomas Mott Osborne and other cuddlers of the wicked.

The Utah people had no quarrel with the I. W. W. when they shot Hillstrom to death. They were so innocent of any thought of the I. W. W. that when President Wilson interceded for Hillstrom they did nothing more violent than to refer to him all up and down the state as Woodrow I. W. W. Wilson.

It was just a plain, simple murder case—but when Hillstrom was shot to death the newspapers printed in black type on the front page the message of congratulation to the Governor that came from an official of The Utah Fuel Company—a corporation that ran the Colorado Fuel Company a close second as an oppressor and devastator of the lives of workmen in the coal fields.

It was a downright wrong upon the good people of Utah to bring in this I. W. W. business. So much so that when Major Myton, gun man and professional deputy marshal, shot down in cold blood Roy Horton, who was speaking on a street corner in Hillstrom’s defense, the Elks' Club held a daily reception in Myton’s cell in jail.

And more than that, the good people of Utah were outraged by the foolish claims that Myton shot because of his hatred of the I. W. W. He shot because he thought Horton might have a gun on him. That made a lot of difference. It made so much difference that when the lower court sent forward papers charging murder they were sent back so that other papers could be prepared reducing the offense to voluntary manslaughter, so that Myton could be haled out and receive the adulations of the eager populace.

Murder is murder and no I. W. W. can be kept from paying the penalty of his supposed crimes even when the only evidence against him is a supposition. That is the lesson of the Hillstrom case as the capitalist press teaches it to us.

I. R.

THE SINGING MOUTH

(In Memoriam J. H., Murdered by the State of Utah, November 19, 1913.)

O SINGING MOUTH! We kiss thee, but no more
Shall kisses waken song from thee, or bring
From those bruised lips the music of revolt!

Stamped to dead ashes the rebellious fire
Which blazed in song to an unheeding world;
And thou art one of that long outcast roll
Whose scourging life has come to nothingness!

Poor crude and stammering chords of a great heart—
Clumsy and weak, untrained by leisure thought,
Struck out to the surged sound of factories,
And mingled with the groans of earth upheaving
In long crushed agony—how shall they live?
What is there left of all thy bitterness?

Lies not thy struggling soul in utter death?

No!—from thy weary silence comes a voice,
And it shall call till every wind of earth.
Catching that sound, shall stir the hearts of men
To vowed endeavor, to a destined war.

Hot mother of the white and living Peace:
And vindicated Truth shall stoop to touch
Thee, her own brother, with her free-flying wings.

Holy rebellion breathes within our air;
We are dream-goaded to a prophet's deed,
And aspiration is made sharp with hope!
Still singing mouth, thy voice shall be a cry
To urge us to the sacred wrath of war,
God shall look down and bless our singing brother,
And make his death a sweetness in the world!

Miriam Allen BeFord.

"Suppressed"

THE January issue of The Masses did not appear on the New York subway and elevated newsstands. It did not appear because Ward & Gow, the distributors, disapproved of the contents of the issue. The features which were pointed to as objectionable were an "imperialistic" cartoon and a "blasphemous" poem. Judging by the increase in sales on other newsstands, the public seems to believe that there is a serious purpose in our "blasphemies" and much point to our lack of "patriotism."

"S COTCH" Heather is Worn in Compliment to Blood of Bridesroom," headlines the New York Times. This looked like a splendid murder story, but it was only a wedding.

THIS headline artist also had a mean disposition: "Cannon Stricken in Church Pulpit." It was the ex-senator, not the ex-speaker. Uncle Joe would have to be stricken before they got him into a pulpit.
THE MASSES

ROSEY

A LBERTA SIMMONS wanted to swear out a war-
rant for Perse Bogert. Perse had been living
with Alberta’s daughter, Rosey, and things had gone
from bad to worse.

Alberta was inclined to blame it on Rosey’s father.
“She gets all this contraryness and not doing as says
the Bible and the law, from him: ‘why, he’s living with
Tess Prickett down in Pacific County right today.”

There sat Alberta in the county prosecutor’s office,
all perspiration and wriggling—clutching on to her shoe-
string bag for dear life. No getting around it, she
was dressed up—in a mannishly checked petticoat,
and dragging a fine piece of millinery with all the
flowers that bloom in the spring on it.

She wanted to know what charge she could bring
against Perse. In order to determine this, it took a
good twenty minutes to get started at the right end; a
good twenty hanging Perse’s character; compute fifteen
for celebrating the true goodness of the easily influ-
enced Virgin Rosey; throw in frequent bribe offers
for weeping, and an easy ten to put on the brakes. Then
the prosecutor interrupted to tell her that Perse would
be arraigned before the grand jury during their present
sitting—he supposed. The charge would be Adultery.—
She went.

In about three minutes she sneaked in again. “Would
you drop me a card when you want me to come, and
say a day or so in advance—I live up country some
twenty mile.” She was assured vividly. (And I heard
the prosecutor sigh, “God’s hat and coat!”)

Late in the afternoon after court had huddled down,
and there came a pause in the day’s occupation—chiefly
sneers for the illegal sale of liquor—the prosecutor had
just pulled out a fine smoke when in stalked the stalwart
Virgin, Rosey herself, and squatted.

This was her story. On Tuesday, when the baby
wasn’t two days old, Rosey had walked the three miles
to town, for Perse had said, “You get out o’ this here
house with that brat and never show your God-awful
grizzle around here again.”

“What was I to do?” said Rosey. “I knew Fanny
Hosley would take me in, so I had to walk in—just
as weak as this here baby. Perse is nothin’ short of
a brute. I brought this here baby into the world
without a bit of help except a table-leaf and a piece o’
gauze—not home from school and he fetched me a little o’ hot water. I covered the
baby up when he come, but he heard it—and I said I
found it in the stove.”

This touched the prosecutor—and he gave her some
silver and told her to get a feed, and asked me to send
Doc Foster to look her over. But Rosey was not
through relating her biography. “It’s not the first time
he put me out—and all I done for him!”

Perse was digging potatoes when I met
him, making from five to six dollars a day
—not a union day, however. Perse was
why, with a gaze, an unconscious artist in
his attitudes. His speech was sparse but
effectual.

He made a seat on the top of his spade
handle, took in the seriousness of being
confronted by an officer of the law, and
slowly unfolded his side.

“You see, Angeline Smith and me was
married some ten year back. Rosey came
along and never relaxed till she broke up
our smooth traveling. We had a nice
family, and after Rosey had been prowling
after me for some time—guess it was a
couple years—Aggie got huffy, and I never
seen her since.—

“THAT was three year back this last May. Yes,
Rosey’s had three since she’s been with me—but I
ain’t sayin’ they’re all mine. If she says I put her out
she’s lying. She put my wife out, and I shouldn’t
a been so weak. I knew that Ma o’ horn would make a
mess—the old Hairpin—for I did chase her out.

“Yesterday I did up the baking and fixed up some
vittles, and went to the city ter the Employment
office for a housekeeper. She’ll be here on the 5:31. And I
got Gay Scott keeping the tail of his eye out for the
kiddies.”

We saw them, and they were charmers. On the way
over, he said that the county would have to care for
them if he was sent up, and with that he cried and
cried quietly.

We met the rural mail carrier, and Perse got three
letters. He showed them all to me; all from Rosey,
telling him of the sweet baby and how much it looked
like him; how people would talk; he’d lost a good
friend—and the last one, “when can I come back?”

C. S.

THE PENDULUM

M Y greatest grand sire was the Scythe,
That swung and swung and in its swing
Lopped off, shore through, and left to write
Each morbid and evil thing.

Men robbed me of my trenchant steel,
Gave me a silvery golden face,
And fitted me to cog and wheel
To swing forever in my place.

I mark the night that creeps toward day,
The day that tires of light and dies,
Eternally I tick: my way
From compromise to compromise,

Until the times grow sick of waste,
This wasted strength: that goes for nought,
And set me free and bid me taste
The blood of evil deed and thought.

Oh! some strong man shall whet my blade
And, zinging, swing me in the sun,
’Till all the tangles Man has made
Are hacked and blazed, that he may run
His spacious pathway, clean and clear,
To where the holy city lies.

From compromise to compromise.

ROBERT ROSES.

YELLOW HAIR

P EDRO’S house stood high on its four legs, al-
most the last straggler among the huts of the
Portuguese mill hands which crept up to the marshes
outside the town. For six months Pedro had ap-
proached it at the end of his mill day with a ritual-
istic definiteness. His eyes on the ground, away
from the sight of the cold, smokeless chimney, he
would climb the rickety steps to the door. He would
stand there for a moment—wonder as he would take
from the scanty concealment of the old tomato
can the key to his house. Pushing open the door, he
would thrust his head forward, and make a halting,
somber survey of the kitchen. Finally, having closed
the door, he would walk across the room and look
into the tiny bedroom beyond. After a moment, with
the clutch of forefinger he touched the woman’s
untidy light hair.

“He—he hit me——” she cried suddenly.

Pedro straightened, and with a stride reached the
door of the bedroom. On the low wooden bed slept
a child, one hand curled under his cheek, moist
yellow hair about his face. Pedro pulled the edge of
the ragged quilt over the child’s body, waited as it
stirred, and when it slept again, turned back into
the kitchen.

“You bring him back—my boy——” he whispered.
The fear fell like the woman’s face. She nodded.

“You come back to me? You be my girl again?
Black Pedro’s girl?” There was a dogged humility
in Pedro’s dark eyes; the cords in his throat were
taut. “You stay?”

“You’ll be good to me?” The woman’s eyes glin-
ed. She rose, tipping her head back to look up at
Pedro, her throat swelling white out of the dirty
blouse.

“When you go—I say I kill you—or—” He held
out his great clenched fists, shaking
them. A grimace twisted the woman’s
lips. “A Portuguese kill his woman. But
you—different. Not Portuguese. Me—
I’m—black—You—all white—and yellow
hair.”

“Not many white women’d love you,”
said the woman, slyly. “An’ I fetched him
back.” She pointed to the bedroom. “F
’tain’t been fer him, I’d been treated bet-
ter.”

“You stay?” inquired Pedro.

“Sure.” The woman shrugged. “Set
down and eat our potatoes I cooked. An’
after supper——” she paused, a smile at
one corner of her full lips.

HELEN R. HULL.

THE REVOLUTION IS ON!
LEARNING THE STEPS

Drawn by K. E. Chamberlain.
The Book of the Grotesque

The writer, an old man with a white mustache, had some difficulty in getting into bed. The windows of the house in which he lived were high and he wanted to look at the trees when he awoke in the morning. A carpenter came to fix the bed so that it would be on a level with the window.

Quite a fuss was made about the matter. The carpenter, who had been a soldier in the Civil War, came into the old writer's room and sat down to talk of building a platform for the purpose of raising the bed. The writer had cigars lying about and the carpenter smoked.

For a time the two men talked of the raising of the bed and then they talked of other things. The soldier got on to the subject of the war. The writer, in fact, led him to that subject. The carpenter had once been a prisoner in Andersonville prison and had lost a brother. The brother had died of starvation and whenever the carpenter got upon that subject he cried. He, like the old writer, had a white mustache, and when he cried he puckered up his lips and the mustache bobbed up and down. The weeping old man with the cigar in his mouth was ludicrous. The plan the writer had for the raising of his bed was forgotten and later the carpenter did it in his own way and the writer, who was past sixty, had to help himself with a chair when he went to bed at night.

In his bed the writer rolled over on his side and lay quite still. For years he had been beset with notions concerning his heart. He was a hard smoker and his heart fluttered. The idea had got into his mind that he would some time die unexpectedly, and always when he got into bed he thought of that. It did not alarm him. The effect in fact was quite a special thing and not easily explained. It made him more alive, there in bed, than at any other time. Perfectly still he lay and his body was old and not of much use any more, but something inside him was altogether young. He was like a pregnant woman, only that the thing inside him was not a baby, but a youth. No, it wasn't a youth, it was a woman, young and wearing a coat of mail like a knight. It is absurd, you see, to try to tell what was inside the old writer as he lay on his high bed and listened to the fluttering of his heart. The thing to get at is what the writer, or the young thing within the writer, was thinking about.

The old writer, like all of the people in the world, had got during his long life a great many notions in his head. He had once been quite handsome and a number of women had been in love with him. And then, of course, he had known people, many people, known them in a peculiarly intimate way that was different from the way in which you and I know people. At least that is what the writer thought, and the thought pleased him. Why quarrel with an old man concerning his thoughts?

In the bed the writer had a dream that was not a dream. As he grew somewhat sleepy but was still conscious, figures began to appear before his eyes. He imagined the young, indescribable thing within himself was driving a long procession of figures before his eyes. You see, the interest in all this lies in the figures that went before the eyes of the writer. They were all grotesque. All of the men and women the writer had ever known had become grotesques.

The grotesques were not all horrible. Some were amusing, some almost beautiful, and one, a woman all drawn out of shape, hurt the old man by her grotesqueness. When she passed he made a little noise like a small dog whimpering. Had you come into the room you might have supposed the old man had unpleasant dreams or perhaps digestion.

For an hour the procession of grotesques passed before the eyes of the old man and then, although it was a painful thing to do, he crept out of bed and began to write. Some one of the grotesques had made a deep impression on his mind and he wanted to describe it.

At his desk the writer worked for an hour. In the end he wrote a book which he called "The Book of the grotesque." It was never published, but I saw it once and it made an indelible impression on my mind. The book had one central thought that is very strange and has always remained with me. By remembering it I have been able to understand many people and things that I was never able to understand before. The thought was involved, but a simple statement of it would be something like this:

That in the beginning when the world was young there were a great many thoughts but no such thing as a truth. Man made the truths himself and each truth was a composite of a great many vague thoughts. All about in the world were the truths and they were all very beautiful.

The old man had listed hundreds of the truths in his book. I will not try to tell you of all of them. There was the truth of virginity and the truth of passion, the truth of wealth and of poverty, of thrift and of prodigality, of carelessness and abandon. Hundreds and hundreds of truths there were and they were all beautiful.

And then the people came along. Each as be appeared snatched up one of the truths and some who were quite strong snatched up a dozen of them. It was that made the people grotesques. The old man had quite an elaborate theory concerning the matter. It was his notion that the moment one of the people took one of the truths to himself, calling it his truth, and tried to live his life by it, he became a grotesque and the truth he embraced became a falsehood.

You can see for yourself how the old man, who had spent all of his life writing and was filled with words, would write hundreds of pages concerning this matter. The subject would become so big in his mind that he himself would be in danger of becoming a grotesque. He didn't, I suppose, for the same reason that he never published the book. It was the young thing inside him that saved the old man.

Concerning the old carpenter who fixed the bed for the writer, I only mentioned him because he, like many of what are called very common people, became the nearest thing to what is understandable and lovable of all the grotesques in the writer's book.

Sheehan Anderson.
THAT GOD MADE

This is the Earth that God made. These are the Timber and Coal and Oil And Water Powers and fertile Soil That belong to us all in spite of the gall Of the Grabbers and Grafter who forestall The natural rights and needs of all Who live on the Earth that God made.

These are the Corporate Snakes that coil Around the Timber and Coal and Oil And Water Powers and fertile Soil Which belong to us all in spite of the gall Of the Grabbers and Grafter who forestall The natural rights and needs of all Who live on the Earth that God made.

These are the Lords of Mill and Mine Who act as if they were divine, Who can't read the writing on the wall But admire the skill and excuse the gall Of the Grabbers and Grafter who forestall The natural rights and needs of all Who live on the Earth that God made.

These are the Parsons shaven and shorn Who tell the workers all forlorn To pray for contentment night and morn And to bear and to suffer want and scorn And be lowly and meek and humbly seek For their just reward on the Heavenly shore, But not on the Earth that God made.

WILL HERFORD.

“Raising” Babies

In an article entitled “Futurist Baby-Raising,” the New York Evening Post had a good deal of fun at the expense of the new co-operative apartment house to be erected by the Feminist Alliance in the vicinity of Washington Square. The plan, in its general outlines, is the one suggested by Charlotte Perkins Gilman fifteen years ago, and recently restated by the English feminist, W. L. George, in his new book, “Woman and Tomorrow.” According to the Post, “You put the baby and the breakfast dishes on the dumbwaiter and send them down to the central kitchen-nursery-kindergarten-laundry to be cared for until needed.” Since it appears further on in the article that the children’s apartments are “in the upper part of the house, with large French windows opening upon roof garden,” the previous description is probably a trifle inaccurate.

But, since the responsibilities of the Post are so stimulated by the idea of Futurist baby-raising, we wonder how they would be affected by the following instances of the present method, briefly retold from items clipped from a single newspaper in a southern city, in the course of one winter. All occurred in this one town, or in the neighboring country and villages.

—While three mothers were doing their family washings in their back yards, three babies of the toddlerling age fell into the washtubs and were scalded to death.

—A mother, at work on some household task, spilled kerosene on her apron. A few minutes later a child cut her finger, and, as she leaned against her mother’s lap while the wound was being bandaged, her own dress absorbed the kerosene. When she went near the open fireplace, the dress caught fire, and she was burned to death.

—A mother was compelled to leave home for a short time, and, rather than take her six-months-old baby out in a storm, decided to leave him in the bathtub, which she pulped well with a blanket. She left the baby’s pet, a big Newfound and dog, to watch over it. While she was gone, dog, in playfully trying to reach its little playmate, turned the faucet, and the baby was presently found, drowned, in a tubful of water.

—A woman who kept a boarding-house left her five-year-old and her ten-year-old locked in a room for safety, while she went on an errand. Fire broke out in the house; the five-year-old shattered a window-pane and got out, cutting himself severely; he was trying to pull his little brother through the opening when help arrived.

—A woman, washing in the back yard, was driven to bicker mad with nervous fury by the walling of her two-year-old baby, begging to be “taken up” when she was busy, that she seized a buggy-whip that lay near and lashed his legs. When she had finished her washing, she found that the baby had a high fever; she knew then what had caused its fretfulness, and she sat up with it all night. The next day it died, and the poor mother went temporarily insane, repeating over and over, “He was too little to run—he had to stand up and take it!”

These cheerful incidents, which may be paralleled in any one of ten thousand newspapers throughout the country, may not prove the desirability of the new co-operative apartment house. But they may be fairly said to show two things: First, that the babies who suffer from the lack of maternal attention do not belong exclusively to emancipated mothers who have foresworn drudgery; and, second, that the present methods not being quite perfect, a futurist method may conceivably be as good—or better.

K. W. BAKER.

THE JOB

I SAW the young man with his wife on the day that he got news of his job. The long winter was over, and the Works that were shut down had opened their doors.

The wife was a slim, brown-haired young thing, mother of the month-old baby that lay in its crib. She was too pale for beauty, but the dawn rose in her face as the news was told.

They laughed aloud; they hugged each other, heedless of onlookers. Their faces were transfigured with happiness. They snatched the child from his cradle, and swung him in his little blue blanket merrily to a hummed dance-tune.

I have seen manifestations of exalted joy—
The dithyrambic ecstasies of religious emotion,
The worshipper, passionate, pouring out his soul upon the choral tide of praise;
Lovers on their marriage morning, with faces brighter than its sunlight;
The watcher vigil-worn to whom the doctor has just said, “Your dear one will live!”
The mother dreaming goldenly above the face of her first-born:

But never have I seen joy purer in quality or in expression more beautiful
(Holding within it something of the rapture of all)
Than that of the boy and girl over the good news of a job.

ELIZABETH WADSWORTH.

Two Congressmen Who Are Not Afraid of the Administration, the Kaiser or the Munition Manufacturers
PATRIOTISM—ACCORDING TO WILSON'S MESSAGE

Employees: "What about this, Sir?"
The Boss: "Sure, you'll be working for me as much there as here."

Osborne

THE enemies of Prison Reform have determined on the destruction of Thomas Mott Osborne, and they will stop at nothing. It is significant of their methods that William Willett, who was sentenced to prison for buying a judgeship, is reported to be conducting the prosecution from behind the scenes, and being given the aid of the district attorney's office in his efforts to break up the Mutual Welfare League by compelling Mr. Osborne to reveal privileged confessions made to him as warden. Failing in this, they have now gone to the length of charging Mr. Osborne with "unmentionable crimes." This may be the hysteria of those who fear they are beaten, or it may be the insolvency of those who know they can put over anything on the public. Is it possible at this day to destroy a man and his work for society with the hissing whisper of "unmentionable crimes"? We think not; but it will be necessary for all those who consider themselves friends of progress to stand behind Mr. Osborne in this struggle. Governor Whitman, incidentally, has presidential aspirations, and Mr. Osborne may appear to loom dangerously as a rival; on the other hand, a man with presidential aspirations cannot openly aet a scheme like this against Mr. Osborne. Pity the politician!

Osborne's Book

OSBORNE'S book shows a man who simply cannot regard prisoners through the cold medium of abstract theory. They are human beings to him—men. His book is the result of a short experience as a prisoner. He learned a great deal in that short time. "All I did," Mr. Osborne said to me, speaking of Sing Sing, "was to remove the unnatural and unnecessary restrictions upon their liberty of movement and action, so far as I could within prison walls. And all the things you see here are the results of their own efforts to help themselves." It is this lesson that he learned while serving his week in Auburn.

Osborne is bigger than his book. I got the book from him when I first visited Auburn after my release from Blackwell's Island, and I saw the results of his work before I read the book. I am glad I did, for his work far outstrips his book. It is a book that ought to be read because it shows Osborne the man, though only the beginnings of Osborne the prison reformer. FRANK TANENBAUM.

As It Should Be

NEWS of revolutionary progress comes from Hamilton, O., where during a machinists' strike the Socialist mayor, Fred A. Hinkel, swore in forty union men as special policemen, to protect the lives and property of the strikers from the gunmen, gangsters, and thugs imported by the Sheriff to serve the employers. The spectacle of organized labor patrolling a strike-bound city, and strike-breakers arrested for disorderly conduct and disturbance of the peace, is one which appeals strongly to our sense of ironic humor, of justice, and of revolutionary propriety.
The MASSES

To the Editor:

I have been reading that delightful bunch of letters, and it
imples me to project myself into your solar luminosity
with my howl and my wagging tail—a sort of non-day, you see.

Well, I, too, like Vida Scudder, am a teacher, one of the
lights of the great, renowned Boston educational system; and
I know the system so well that for the past ten years I have
felt my wages were paid me to make obscurantism more obscure.
But what can I do?

I thank God there is a paper like yours that can help
awaken the doped dupes I am hired to make. To me, your
pictures are the most admirable of the kind published in
America, uniformly excellent. How can anyone fail to get
the satire in “Putting the Best Foot Forward.” It is splendid,
if one has any realization of life. And as for the conversa-
tions with God—they are delicious. I wish you would publish
one every issue. Blasphemy! Not a bit of it! To me, it
simply shows up the absurdity of the God the hypocrites
pretend to be Christianity have manufactured to aid their
commercial schemes.

To the Editor:

I feel that it is tremendously important for The MASSES
to go on, and to go strong. It is a unique and necessary
institutions, and does enormous good. Some people say it
does not reach the unconverted; that is not. Its art and its
wit make lots of unravelling seats to the edge of the abyss, and
they look down into it, it looks so delectably interesting; and
when the devil reaches up and nails them, they succumb with
hardly a shirk.

Amen.

ANON. PITHCHET.

REQUIEM

INTROVERSION

What do you seek within, O Soul, my Brother?
What do you seek within?
I seek a life that shall never die,
none have to win
From mortality.

What do you find within, O Soul, my Brother?
What do you find within?
I find great quiet where no noises come.
Without, the world’s din
Silence in my home.

Whom do you find within, O Soul, my Brother?
Whom do you find within?
I find a Friend that in secret came.
His sacred Hands within
He shed a faint flame.

What would you do within, O Soul, my Brother?
What would you do within?
But door and window that none may see:
That alone we may be
(Alone! face to face
In that flame-burnt place?)
When first we began
To speak one another

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