THE BOOK FOR THE POETRY LOVER

"A series of these annual volumes for twenty years would furnish the best spiritual history of our generation."—BOSTON TRIBUNE

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915

AND

YEAR BOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY

Edited by WILLIAM STANLEY BRAGHTWASTE

Price $1.50

CONTAINS

The one hundred distinctive poems of the year selected by William Stanley Brah- twaste. A critical summary of fifty suitable volumes of poetry of the year. A...
FICTION

The Story of Jacob Stahl, by J. D. Beresford. In three volumes: The Early History of Jacob Stahl; A Candidate for Truth; The Invisible Event. Floyd Dell places this trilogy among the six best novels. Perhaps the finest work of contemporary English fiction. Each $1.35. The set, $4.75.

Crainquelle, by Anatole France. Translated by Wimifred Stephens. Send $1.74. The story of a con- mographer who is turned from a dull-witted and insensitive creature by the honing of the police and rigor- ous law into a desperado.


The Genius, by Theodore Dreiser. A novel of monumental proportions not to be briefly dismissed now and here. $1.60, postpaid.

Sets of Poe, Scott, Hugo, Dumas, Lincoln, Kipling, Dickens, Stevenson, Shakespeare: 6 vols each set. $1.00 the set, delivered.

An Anarchist Woman, by H. Hap- good. This extraordinary novel points out the nature, the value and also the tragic limitations of the social rebel. Published at $1.25 net; our price, 60c, postage paid.

The Harbor, by Ernest Poole. A novel of remarkable power and vis- ion in which are depicted the great changes taking place in American life, business and ideals. Under the tremendous influence of the great New York harbor and its workers, a young writer passes, in the develop- ment of his life and work, from a blind worship of enterprise and ef- ficiency to a deeper knowledge and understanding of humanity. Send $1.50.

Violette of Peres LaChaise, by Anna Strunsky Waling. The story of Violette shows the spiritual develop- ment of every individual, the ad- justment of everyone to life and death. And more, it is the author's ideal for humanity, if everyone could be free. $1 net; postage, 10c.

The Rat-Pit, by Patrick MacGill. A novel which voices the life and struggle of inarticulate unskilled labor. Realism fused with imitation and sympathy. A new genre in contemporary fiction. Send $1.25.


To All Masses Readers. You are urged to buy books through "The Masses Book Store," which is the name given this page. Here is an inter- esting assortment, many books being new. The Masses has made ar- rangements with the publishers to offer these books to you. You pay no more—often less—for books purchased through us than from dealers and your patronage will assist us in the great problem of publishing The Masses without loss. No one is trying to make money out of The Masses, but we do want its receptions to pay the cost of publishing. If you want any book for it, Address "The Masses," 33 West 44th Street, New York. Send check, money order or post- age at your expense. When the price is given "Net" please add five per cent, to the published price, to cover cost of mailing. If west of the Mississippi add 10 per cent.

"Wood and Stone," by John Cowper Powys. A new departure in English fiction. It suggests Dostoievsky rather than Mr. Wells, and Balzac rather than Mr. Galsworthy. In its attempt to answer some of the more dangerous dogmas enunciated by Nietzsche, it does not scruple to make drastic use of that dramatic psychologist's devastating insight. More than 600 pages. $1.50 net.

Moyle Church-Town, by John Tre- vena. A virile, delightful romance. $1.40.

The Scarlet Women, by Joseph Hocking. Send $1.45.

Jim, by Reginald Wright Kaufman. A book about radicals written in a radical way. Send $1.35.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE

Great Russia, by Charles Sarolea, au- thor of "The Anglo-German Problem," etc. A brilliant popular sur- vey of the country and the people. $1.25.

Ideals and Realities in Russian Li- terature, by P. Kropp. Generally considered the best history of Rus- sian literature that is available in English. $1.50.

The Millionaire, by Michael Artzi- bashvili. A novel, containing some unforgettable novels as well as an autobiographical pref- face by the author. The New York Times referred to the volume as "one of the most notable books of the present season." $1.25 net.

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

Chelkashe, by Maxim Gorky. A selec- tion of the best work of this famous Russian writer. The publication of his autobiography this season is going to make Gorky more talked about than ever. $1.25.

The Precipice, by Ivan Goschevarov. One of the fine Russian classic novels, $1.35.

Sanine, by Artzbashhev. The sensa- tional Russian novel now obtain- able in English. $1.35 net. B. W. Hoeber.

Maxime Gorky, Twenty-six and One and other stories from the Yage- bond Series. Published at $1.25; our price 60c, postage paid.

The Spy, by Maxim Gorky. A novel of the revolutionary movement in Russia. Sold at $1.50, our price 90 cents.

Homo Sapiens, by Stanislaw Przybysz- zewski. A modern love-story which is as well the greatest work so far written by Poland's greatest living writer, a work to which Eu- ropean critics have already assigned a very high place in the literary his- tory of our time. It should sweep America as did the work of Sienkiewicz a generation ago, and it is almost certain to be the most talked about book this season. Send $4.60.

Dead Souls—Nikolai Gogol's great humorous classic translated from the Russian. Stokes. Send $1.35.

Taras Bulba: A Tale of the Cossacks. Translated from the Russian of Nic- olai V. Gogol by Isabel F. Hapgood. Send $1.35.

The Treasure, by David Pinsky. A drama, translated by Dr. Ludwig Lewinsohn. A token of the renais- sance of Jewish culture. $1.10, post- paid.

The Signal and Other Stories, by W. M. Garshin. $1.45, postpaid. Seventeen short stories translated from the Russian.

My Childhood, by Maxim Gorky. Send $2.15. Tells the story of the life of the famous Russian novelist from his earliest recollection to the age of seventeen.

POETRY AND DRAMA

Rhymes and Vowymes, by Fuller Miller. "Readable, radical, liberal in thought, and all popular."—Portland Oregonian. "He has projected against the world a new form of futurist verse which he calls vowlimes."—S. F. Call. "The verse it- self, like the prade, in which these forms and the plea for freedom from conventions is made, is revolu- tionary."—Minnesota Journal. Cloth. 60c.; leather, 80c.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915, by W. S. Braithwaite. Price, $1.50 net.


Songs of Love and Rebellion. Cor- ington Hall's best and finest poems on Revolution, Love and Mac- laneous Visions. Send 60c.


Child of the Amazons, and other Poems by Max Eastman. "Mr. East- man has the gift of the singing line."—Vida D. Scudder. "A poet of beau- tiful verse..."—Wm. Marion Reedy. $1.00 net.


WOMEN

Women as World-Builders, by Floyd Dell. An exhilarating book, truly young with the strength and daring of youth," says Chicago Tribune. Send 55 cents.

Why Women Are So, by Mary Rob- erts Cooleedge. A fearless discuss- ion of the modern woman. Send $1.60.


How It Feels to be the Husband of a Suffragette, by "Him," Illustrated by Mary Wilson Preston. Price 50c; postage, 5c. See adv. on page 22.

(Continued on page 24)
PATRIOTISM

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

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

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

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

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

Among all the people of Winesburg, but one had come close to this man; for Wing Biddlebaum, ever frightened and beset by a ghostly hand of doubts, did not think of himself as in any way a part of the life of the town in which he had lived for the last twenty years. But with George Willard, son of Tom Willard, the proprietor of the new Willard House, he had formed something like a friendship.

George Willard was reporter on the Winesburg Democrat; and sometimes in the evening walked out along the highway to Wing Biddlebaum's house.

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

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

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

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

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

As for George Willard, he had many times wanted to ask about the hands. At times an almost overwhelming curiosity had taken hold of him. He felt that there must be a reason for their strange activity and their inclination to keep hidden away, and only a growing respect for Wing Biddlebaum kept him from blurting out the question that was often in his mind.

Once he had been on the point of asking. The two were walking in the fields on a summer afternoon and had stopped to sit upon a grassy bank. All afternoon Wing Biddlebaum had been as one inspired. By a fence he had stopped and, beating like a giant woodpecker upon the top board, had shouted at George Willard, condemning his tendency to be too much influenced by the people about him. "You are destroying yourself," he cried. "You have the inclination to be alone and to dream and you are afraid of dreams. You want to be like others in town here. You hear them talk and you try to imitate them."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

OUR motion on the soft still misty river
Is like rest; and like the hours of doom
That rise and follow one another ever
Ghosts of sleeping battle-cruisers loom
And languish quickly in the liquid gloom.
From watching them your eyes in tears are gleaming,
And your heart is still; and like a sound
In silence is your stillness in the streaming
Of light-whispered laughter all around,
Where happy passengers are homeward bound.
Their sunny journey is in safety ending,
But for you no journey has an end:
The tears that to your eyes their light are lending
Shine in softness to no waiting friend;
Beyond the search of any eye they tend.
There is no nest for the unresting fever
Of your passion, yearning, hungry-veined;
There is no rest nor blessedness forever
That can clasp you, quivering and pained,
Whose eyes burn forward to the unattained.
Like time, and like the river’s fateful flowing,
Flowing though the ship has come to rest,
Your love is passing through the mist and going,
Going infinitely from your breast,
Surpassing time on its immortal quest.
The ship draws softly to the place of waiting,
All flush forward with a joyful aim,
And while their hands with happy hands are mating,
Lips are laughing out a happy name—
They see you pass among them like a flame.

Max Eastman.

A Remarkable Governor

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

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

This is almost the first time anybody as high up as a Governor ever did anything for labor.

Meanwhile, in spite of Governor Hunt’s assistance, five thousand copper miners and their families are being starved into submission. Their funds have long since been exhausted, and unless organized labor and its friends come to their aid with liberal contributions, the strike will be lost.
SOLIDARITY AT YOUNGSTOWN
FIRE IN THE STEEL TRUST
FRANK BOHN

I t was a real battle—not a ridiculous piece of medi-
evalism such as is now going on in Europe. It was a Twentieth Century conflict such as is be-
coming a familiar story in the newspapers. The unarmed militia of the working class, like the forces of Jackson at New Orleans a hundred years ago, won a qualified victory from the organized and disciplined army of capitalism.

"No, I tell you, I never see anything like it. I was there in Pittsburgh in 1877 among the railroad men. Somebody folled an engine and five cars full of coal, set it afire, and ran the forty miles an hour into the round house where the Pinkertons was Irin'. But this East Youngstown business! In my forty years a' strikes an' strikers I never see the like. It was a patch a' hell 'n' sitz'in' in its own juice.

I had just come to town and a few old friends were entertaining me in the "Puddlers Saloon."

Another one of the old ones agreed heartily with the view already expressed. "It looked at first," he said very quietly, "as though the golden dreams of my youth had come true. I had read in the labor papers about such things as twenty thousand unskilled, un-
organized men coming out on strike and standing togeth-
er like a rock, but I had never imagined what it was to see it with my own eyes. I too have waited a long time. I was slated to make such a speech from the wagon in Chicago in 1887 when the 'stool' pitched the bomb. When I heard it blow of course I skedaddled. I ran home and says to the wife—"I says 'We K. of L. officials has got to cut the town.' I went on a train with over a hundred others and we dropped off any old place on the prairie. At three the next morning the Pinkertons and the Police came to my house to arrest me. Well, there times is gone and the real fight is at last."

The Might of the Mass

The Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company employs 15,000 men. Two-thirds of these were unskilled and they received 1956 cents an hour before the strike. This concern spent $7,000,000 in improvements last year. Its common stock since the war started has risen from 85 to 350. Not a single group of workers received a cent increase. On December 27th, 1906 "Hunkies" struck. Two weeks later they carried the 5,000 skilled and semi-skilled on and up for a ten per cent. increase. The Republic Iron & Steel Company employs 9,000 men and the Carnegie Steel Company, which is part of the Steel Trust, has 10,000. All these received a flat ten per cent. increase.

Thirty cents a day more might not seem very much to a New York bricklayer, but the steelworker in Youngstown has literally starved on his 1956 cents an hour. Three days more a day has given him a taste of victory—which is more to be desired even than a taste of fresh meat.

Before the strike the craft unions did not have a single organized group of workers in the steel indus-
try. Since the strike a half dozen organizers, machinists, pipe-fitters, etc., have been here on the job, suc-
cessfully organizing their crafts in every steel mill in Youngstown.

Youngstown

To get a view of Youngstown fixed in your imagina-
tion, concieve on the horizon fifteen miles distant a
dark and ugly cloud. If it is night, this cloud is illu-
minated by flashes of fire. You come closer and at
last into the clouds—you are among the suburbs of this workshop of 119,000 inhabitants. On one side the mills of The Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company occupy exactly four miles of the Valley of the Mahoning River. Above it is the Republic Iron & Steel Company. On the other side are hundreds of acres of dingy shacks. You conclude at once that they are the cheapest and finestest habitations occupied by human beings in the whole world.

The central part of the town is like other American industrial cities of its size. A few thin skyscrapers shoot up at intervals. There is a beautiful new post-
office paid for by the Federal Government, of course. There is one good hotel. Citizens tell you that the new court house cost just two millions of dollars. The rear

wall and top story made of cement blocks are already cracking in the continuous dirt—dust—dirt—dirt—dirt—dirt—dirt. Prosperous looking business men with dirty faces and dirty hands and dirty linen. Every-
body breathing dirt, eating-dirt—they call it "pay dirt," for Youngstown clean would be Youngstown out of work and out of business and starving to death. So dirt is the one essential part in the life of the com-
munity. Everybody loves it.

The Strike

On December 27th fifty pipe fitters in the Republic Iron & Steel Company struck for an increase of 23 cents a day and won in about five minutes. The news was too good! Two hundred laborers went out in a body for 25 cents a day increase and began to picket the gates. They "made it stick." Skilled and semi-skilled couldn't work without the Hunkies. Then, too, the skilled were not averse to an increase them-

selves. On the third and fourth day the furnaces were stopped—which is the essential thing in an iron and steel strike.

On January 5th the Electric Shock of the real thing ran along the lines of the strikers' army. Its sure sign was the battle cry. "General Strike." Nobody knows who started it. There has been a small Slavic Local of the I. W. W. at Youngstown. A dozen or more A. F. of L. organizers, Craft Unionsists and general headquarters men had come to town. Probably no or-
ganization and no individual was responsible. It was instincive. Crowds of strikers moved upon the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company plant. Voluntary committees organized themselves and went to New Castle, to Sharon and to Niles. Their demands had focalized—25 cents an hour minimum for a ten-hour day, time and a half for overtime and double time on Sundays and holidays.

The officials of the Steel Trust, who manage the Car-

Inenegie Steel Company at Youngstown, were wire. They saw what was coming and at once posted bulletins in-
forming their workers that 22 cents an hour for un-
skilled labor would be raised February 1st and that everybody would get a 10 per cent. increase.

Jim Campbell Wants the Militia

The dominant mind among the employers was Mr. James Campbell, President of The Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company. Everywhere is a perfect represen-
tative of his class—the "self-made" American Capi-
talist. From a clerk in a flour and feed store he has become the employer of 15,000 men in a town of 119,000 men, women and children. "Jim" Campbell usually has his way about most everything in Youngs-
town. Now the effect of "Jim" Campbell worked quite as correctly as that of the strikers. The strikers kept saying to one another—"Keep together, stay in bunces; if 20 of you speak 17 different languages, make motions and laugh and shout. Everybody come out night and morning when shifts are changed. Speak sweedly to the men who are going to the mill and plead with them with tears in your eyes to join your forces. If that doesn't help, try some other method, but keep it up."

As a matter of fact nearly everybody had come out of the shops, except stationary engineers and firemen and the clerks, who kept up a bluf of work among the furnaces.

"Jim" Campbell said to his colleagues that crowds who would have to be dispersed—that the assembling of crowds meant success for the strikers, that what they wanted was a full brigade of militia, 2,000 strong, who would keep East Youngstown swept clean of "dis-
order" and "lawlessness." They appealed to the Gov-
ernor through the local authorities.

On Friday morning Adjutant General Weybright came from Columbus and looked over the situation. He went into conference with Mayor Cunningham, the Sheriff, "Jim" Campbell and other capitalists. In that conference he declared that the militia was not needed and that he was sending back the militia.

"The militia not needed," shrieked Campbell and his distinguished fellow citizens—25,000 men asking for a twenty per cent. increase in wages and the militia not needed. What are we supporting the militia for, any-
way?

The Massacre

In the afternoon there was another conference with-
out the Adjutant General. That conference closed at 4:30. At five o'clock about 200 strikers were in the vicinity of the bridge-head on the raised street, from which the employers cross the bridge over a dozen railroad tracks to get into the plant. Six company guards, armed with repeating rifles, came out and took up their station on the bridge. There was not a single

strike on the bridge, which is company property. They were in the public street. It was the orthodox Greek and Russian Christmas. The strikers had been cele-
brating by parading in quaint costumes and visiting in their homes. They were thousands on the streets who were not specially interested in picketing on such a holiday.

The six company guards first raised their rifles and fired one shot over the heads of the pickets, who re-

laxed to retreat. The guards then emptied their repe-
ting rifles into the crowd. They were at a point blank range—not over forty feet away. Forty dead and dying men fell to the ground.

The Fire of Revenge

Probably every striker in East Youngstown was on the scene within ten minutes. What they accomplished was told in headlines throughout the country next day. The guards retreated to the far end of the bridge and took cover. It was impossible for the strikers to get into the mill or lay hold of the guards.

Their action was absolutely instinctive. Society had committed treason and murder against them. In their power was a half million dollars' worth of property.
about which was thrown the guiding power of the sanctity of the law. They took such revenge as the situation made possible. Here, unprotected, was the bank and post office, an office building or two and a dozen considerable stores. Scattered among these were a score of smaller buildings. The mob made no distinction. It threw dynamite through the windows and doors and retreated long enough for the fuse to set it off. A shoe repair shop owned by a Slavic Socialist and strike sympathizer went with the rest.

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

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

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

East Youngstown has 8,000 inhabitants and 400 voters. The kind of government resulting therefrom may be imagined. "Justices of the Peace," when they fine a prisoner $5.00 and costs, are permitted by law to pocket $3.95 of the five dollars. Before the strike a foreign working man was arrested for "trespassing" on the railroad track while going to work; a dollar and costs, said the Justice. The laborer had just been the recipient of a month's pay and in his ignorance he drew out a twenty dollar gold piece. The Judge gave the coin and quickly changed the fine to twenty dollars and costs.

**Professor Faust Recaps a Harvest**

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

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

After the militia came, the police returned to town and under their protection arrested some three hundred strikers. The cells were packed and Prof Faust held court in the county jail. He came close to his game for fear some might escape him. There was no jury impaneled. There was no evidence taken. No witnesses were called. Whether the prisoners had been present or not in East Youngstown during the riot and fire did not concern the "Court." Only one distinction was made. Those who had lawyers to defend them were fined $100, $200 and $500 apiece. Those that came before the Professor unfettered were fined from $10 to $20 apiece. During the four days that followed the strike, Prof. Faust's share of the fine amounted to more than a year's salary as Principal of Schools. It amounted to exactly 1,508 units of the coinage of these United States of America—each one of the sixteen hundred and forty-eight bearing on the one side the insignia "Liberty," and on the other side "In God We Trust."

The advocates of "Law and order" in Youngstown thought that the "fair name of their city" would not be clear of the aspersions cast upon it by the newspapers of Akron, Canton and New Castle unless at least a hundred strikers were sent to the penitentiary, but the big employers wouldn't listen to this. Workers are mighty scarce these days, and Jim Campbell and his colleagues didn't care a rap about the small business men who lost their little all in the fire. Three days after the strike the Youngstown newspapers began to say that the community was more or less responsible for what had happened, that the "poor working people" had never been brought close enough to the tender bottom of the community. As soon as magistrates began to talk about the dangerous scarcity of labor and to express fear that foreign working people from other towns would be kept away by drastic action, the Youngstown "F indicator" began to editorialize in answer to the question as to what "Christ would do to the striking workers if he came to Youngstown." So, although there are still over a hundred workers in jail, some of them every day are enabled to borrow the amount of their fines from loan sharks. In the end probably not more than fifteen or twenty of them will have to go to the penitentiary.

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

Arthur Bullard

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

The few visitors sit in bath chairs along the Boule-
vard des Pyrenees, while the sun shines, and gaze
endlessly at the snow on the mountain peaks and
discuss among themselves unpleasant details of the
digestive system. I've only found one place where there is Life with a capital "L." It is in the Café des Aviateurs—that isn't its real name, but that's what everyone calls it. For there is an aviation school at Pas. One doesn't see much of the aviators. They seem to be kept pretty close in their barracks and are under a regime which we would call "training" in football circles at home.

They do not come to the Café. It is the "instruc-
tors" they are.

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

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

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

In Paris, these days, one wonders what has become of the more dainty and smirker of the demi-mo-
daines. These more expensive ladies, who used to ornament the tango palaces, have disappeared. Some of them have come here. In spite of the "dead sea-
son," the deaths of tourists, etc., there are quite as
charming ladies in the Café des Aviateurs as Paris ever had.

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

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

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

They are a superstitious lot, these aviators. The other day I got talking with some of them. The Lieutenant Pratelle—a pilot who used to be famous before the War in professional sporting circles as a dare-devil motorcyclist—wears a fine gold chain out-
side of the stiff collar of his tunic and on it hangs a
very cheap medal, stamped with the insignia of the Seven Sorrows of the Virgin. "It is from my little daughter," he explained to me. "She is in the school of the Good Sisters. She is but seven. It is her first prize. I have not been hit. But," he added, "it is not so good as the charm of Charles. And Charles, who is a count as well as a captain, took out of his breast pocket a five franc piece of the First Empire which was heavily dented in the center. "My great-grandfather carried it through the Russian campaign. My grandfather wore it as a charm in the Italian wars. It saved his life. See the bullet mark, an Austrian bullet at Sorferino. And my father car-
ried it in '70 and was not touched, and now I carry it —I would not go up without it—.

I have not been touched. Often my machine has been hit. Yes. And once my mecanicier was killed, I am not a mecanicier, I am an observer. Yes. He was killed. It was above St. Miheil." I remembered reading the story some weeks ago. I bowed towards his brand new ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

"And you brought the machine back safely your-
self?" I said.

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

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

He is very dodish. His clothes are spick and span. Fresh shaved, his hair carefully—rather too carefully... brushed. But—little touch of originality, the thing which saves him from banality—his finger nails are black. I think that every day as a tribute to his machine he rubs grease into them.

He hangs up his coat and begins his rounds. It is a regular formality. The ladies are all on the qui
vive. He goes to the first, takes her hand with some gallant boast. "Do you know me?" he asks. And Lord of Versailles would have greeted Marie Antoin-
ette. He extemporizes his compliment—always new, always gay and spirituelle—as Cyrano extemporized his ballade during the duel. And having kissed the lady's hand and having brought real color to her cheeks beneath the paint and powder, he grasps it firmly, jerks her to her feet—into his arms—and kisses her loudly on her mouth, throws back his head, laughs, and proceeds to the next lady. For each a new and more ardent compliment, for each the dainty salute to the finger tips, then the same rough kiss and ringing laugh. When he has finished his round he goes to the comptoir and kisses the hand of Madame la Patronne and threatens to jerk her off her high stool into his arms. She is no longer fair and more than fat and more than forty. But she looks as if she hoped that some day he would fulfill his threat. And while he kisses her he looks over the assortment of expectant—younger—ladies.

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

And whenever he is not kissing the lady of his choice, he is laughing gayly.

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

Damn! As I was writing that, it struck me that the Café was quieter than usual this afternoon. I looked up at the clock. It is after five. Jacques has not come today. There's Pratelle. I'll ask him.

"Yes," he said, rather gruffly, when I asked, "Jacques has gone back to the front." And then he turned back to the game—one of the ladies had drawn four Kings.
DO YOU BELIEVE

From Will Irwin

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

From Inez Haynes Gillmore

DO I believe in patriotism? Yes and no.
Yes—because love of country is as inevitable to liv

From Elsie Clews Parsons

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

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

From Sara Bard Field

I BELIEVE in the patriotism of John D. or Billy Sunday. I have been living enough exploitation possibility in the material realm for the one; in the spiritual realm for the other, to make both men rich. Their patriotism is a sound reaction from the stimulus of wealth thus acquired. Their patriotism is a practical and natural gratitude to the country for value received—a sort of succinct note of thanks. I despise the patriotism of the disinherited poor—the great army of toilers, for to them the country has yielded nothing but the chance to be fed for the fees of the rich. Their patriotism is an idiotic gratitude for something less than its value received—it is grace said at a bare table. I believe in the love of the local soil that gives men the things that mean abundant life—comfort, health, beauty, security, companionhip. When all men are thus served by the soil, patriotism will not only be intelligent but justified.

From John Haynes Holmes

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

From John Sloan

If I had to love a country I could love no country but this, nor could I find a fitter one to hate.

I put Patriotism with the other isms—Militarism, Anarchism, Capitalism, Individualism, Socialism, Dogmatism, Catholicism, Protestantism and Rheumatism (I had almost written Catechism), but I am answering your question. I hope that social progress will eliminate all isms—though in the case of Futurism we have a hard one to catch.

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

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

From Charles Erskine Scott Wood

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

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

From Charles Edward Russell

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

From L. O’Dell

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

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

Prepared

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

YOU BELONG HERE—LINE UP!
THE MASSES

John S. Sumner, the New Censor, Takes Office

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

It is a remarkable situation. An obscure person, not elected by the people but hired by private individuals, has in his hands a power greater than law itself! The mere accusation of obscenity frequently means the suppression of a book by the retailers—even though, as happened with Mr. Knopf, the case be dismissed by the court. A whole issue of a magazine can be confiscated, even though a jury may later find a verdict of "not guilty" against its publishers.

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

We of the Masses regard it as a duty to recognize facts when they exist. We see no reason why we should pretend that Mr. Sumner is not the supreme power in American publishing life. He is. He can suppress any issue of The Masses he does not happen to like. And we have no way of knowing whether he will like our magazine or not, unless we show it to him beforehand and get his permission to print it. So we intend to ask his permission.

We would rather not. It is inconsistent with our notions of the dignity of the press; it is inconsistent with our notions of the freedom of America. We wish the facts were different. We wish there were no censor with power to cripple us if he happened not to like what we printed. But there is a censor with precisely that power, whose name is John S. Sumner. So we shall go to Mr. Sumner and ask him to pass upon the contents of our magazine before we print it. Then we can safely go to press.

You may therefore expect to see once a month a little parade winding through the streets of New York with banners advertising the fact that "The Masses' Artists and Writers Are on Their Way to Ask the Censor If They Can Go to Press." Arriving at Mr. Sumner's office, the editors will bring before Mr. Sumner the proposed contents of the next issue. Mr. Sumner will be asked to listen to the reading aloud of every story, poem and article and requested to pass upon every picture. It is no more than just that having the powers of a censor he should also have the censor's burdens. He cannot expect us to run the risk of offending him; he must see the eminent reasonableness of our attitude; and, if he is to maintain the dignity of his censorship, he cannot but accede to our request.

Other magazines will doubtless adopt the same plan for their protection, and the whole mass of periodical literature will presently come to bear the stamp, "Passed by the Censor, John S. Sumner." Whether the reading public will like this, remains to be seen. If they don't, it will be up to them to decide what to do with Mr. Sumner and the Censorship.

TOLERANCE AND TRUTH

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

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

JEAN STARZ UNTERMEYER.
Communique

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

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

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

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

SOLDERS OF FORTUNE

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

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

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

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

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

Rear Admiral Stanford has made the most damaging charge of all. "Our Navy," he said, shedding a bitter tear, "is too weak to be a bully."

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

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

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

Howard Bubaker.
Shy

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Dear baby," it began.

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

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

"What difference does it make, anyway?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Max Eastman.

A Letter From Bob Minor

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

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

This is just a sample. C'est la guerre!

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

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

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

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

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

Everybody hates it who apprehends its feeling-tone.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Poet:
Show me this Happy of the world.
Truth:
The State: Force; Authority; Hate of freedom; oppressor of the poor; creator of poverty; Foster maker of crime.
That is neither poetry nor truth.
A pity the literary revolutionists cannot realize what the scientific revolutionists have known so long, that the state is but an instrument, a creature, and not a creator, of the power that exploits.
Also I would like to eliminate all the stage-properties.


Animal vs. Human Legislation

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

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

Arthur Young.

An Incendiary Play

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

"Enter Truth with shining wings."

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

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

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

Max Eastman.

To One Without Work

You with the will to live and work,
Who are given a chance to starve and die,
There is labor still, unless you shirk,
There is death to profit by.

If it be death must cure and end
The hunger and the human need,
Kill not only yourself, my friend,
But one of those who feed.

Who feed too well and will not see
The starving mouths and hearts about,
Kill, with yourself, a king—of me—
To help you work it out!

Winter Byrner.
THE MASSES

WHEN I try to get people interested in The Masse, I always say, "I can guarantee that you will be pleased beyond question by some one thing in every number, and equally that you will be shocked beyond expression by some other one thing." And on the whole, I think that's as fine a thing as you can possibly say. It proves that you're alive, moving on and feasting.

San Francisco, Cal.

LAURENCE GILMORE

CAROLs

MARY I ask whether, if A Ballad in Two Masses, December, had been without the propensity that attaches to that which is warranted to shock, it would have found a place in your columns or the basis of any other literary merits? I can perhaps see how a tolerant censorship might be willing to overlook an external vulgarity for the sake of underlying merit, but I confess I make nothing of the intimation that condones an extra-abuse of merit for the sake of an accompanying, gloriously reviving indelicacy. After all, it is not the dyspepsia per se as a mere gradient violent of a poetic virtue at the best; and, while it may be employed in literature to re-enforce other qualities, does it, in its purity and unmixedness, constitute the poetic.

Washington, D. C.

RICHARD CARL

AND CAROLS!

YOUR "Ballad" in the January number has quite the quality of the old English folklore. Instead of trying to describe it, I would quote one from the collection of Cecilbuttons Sharp, as upon: "Here's a score of good women, and none of them fair. This is found in all the representative carol collections. I am sure Mr. Ward and Mr. Gore would find it awful if they saw it on their newstands.

THE CHERRY TREE

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

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

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

Joseph he's taken
Three words so seldom:
"Let them get you cherries, Mary,
That did your body bind."

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

The highest bough of the cherry tree
Shall bow low to Mary's knee,
And all the branches,
For her young son and she.

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

Londo, Eng.

WALTER C. FULLER

WONDER if all of your editorial staff like the sort of thing that has kept you off the newstands. I confess I do, and I'm sure that if this were pocket-book size and if it reminded me of a Cook's touristic in an historic cathedral. He it is, a手册 of wood from a chair in the chaste, try to chip of a piece of a saint's robe, writes his name high up on it, and then he goes home to giggle about it.

Mark W. OSTERBERG,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

TOUCHED

ENCLOSED find check for $2.89 for twelve copies of The Masse, which is the number which was forbidden to be sold on the newstands.

H. STETTRA,
Providence, R. I.

DIRTYED

SOME misguided person gave you my name as a subscription to your so-called paper, The Masse. Kindly discontinue the subscription as I do not care to dirty the office waste paper basket with this type of paper.

Very truly yours,
E. G. LEGER,
Seattle, Wash.

AMUSED

DO not fail to print a fair proportion, or at least the most popular, of the humorous and sentimental, so your newstand is not only a church but a cathedral as well.

Newark, N. J.

USELESS

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

The Masse commits many offenses of this kind and to no purpose and to no end good. The Ballad and the Recently Disclosed, in the September number are examples of what I mean.

There is such a thing as being too awfully decent of common feeling and conventions, of being so independent as not to be standing up straight, but leaning backward, out of the correct position required by the center of gravity. Now I am not saying the independence of the little people and a little woman who can see in it the true element which can be made to revile the fair and the tender.

There is a vast fall for The Masse but it will forever and a day be treading around in a little puddle if it commits such useless offenses.

Eleniae N. Y.

SPRITUAL

FRANZ in his life of Jesus says: "Jesus sprang from the people, his father was Joseph and his mother was Mary." This statement, it is evident, is a denial of the miracle of the birth of Jesus, the immediate conception. Voltaire, I think, believed Jesus' father to have been a Greek soldier. Yet with all those differences of opinion as to His parentage, there is the deep divine character of Jesus—the divinity good. Your poem in the last issue, for which it seems you were removed from side to the side railroad stations, seems to me a very real and beautiful expression of a singlechrome man with love and reverence for goodness. Not only was Jesus, but Joseph, too, for him was destined divine. What is in this shocking in this? Because he speaks his be kind in every manner—towards the simplicity and rough feeling of his nature, we feel our refinement and generosity has been offended. There is no refined spirituality—there is only spirituality—and this is the beauty of it.

The Masse lets us speak without fear and with truth what is said generally in whispers or by muttered feeling. Yours for truth and fearlessness.

EXTRAV BERNARD,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

WISH I might meet "Williams."

GURVITZ TUCKER,
St. Louis, Mo.
A RHYME FOR THE SWINE

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

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

BERNARD SEXTON.

Press Pearl

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

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

Horrors! Thank God we Americans do not discriminate against Negroes, Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, or Mexicans! It only remains to carry the glad tidings to the aforementioned races, which seem—unaccountably—to have an entirely different impression.

The Fate of a Republic

CHAPTER I—The President of the Chinese Republic decides to make it a Monarchy (with himself as monarch).

Chapter II—The Monarchs of Japan, Russia and Great Britain rally to the defense of republicanism and protest against the proposed change.

Chapter III—The other two Great Republics of the world (France and the United States) refuse to join in the protest, giving their tacit support to the cause of monarchism.

Chapter IV—The Republics win and the world has one less republic.

W. E. W.

Afraid

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

Travel

THE U. S. A. Lithographs say, "Join the army and see the world!"

But the U. S. R. R. chorus suits me best—"See America first!"

F. A. C.

A Sermon on Reverence

Max Eastman

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

The difference of opinions between us is nothing, as compared to the difference of our attitudes toward the world. Some of you believe perhaps in the story of the virgin birth of Jesus, and you revere the story. But that is not enough cause to bring down your philipics on me because we published in Tax Max. False idea, that is reverence, that is the teaching of the Church.

To you there is something unholy in the bodily union of Earth's lovers, in the tragedies of passion's way with us. To you there is something unholy in reality, and you have fled away from that to take refuge in your sacred myth. But understand it is not your affirmation of the myth that separates us, it is your denial of the sacredness of reality. You are so morally out of love with the very core of human experience that your sense of beauty, your appreciation of the sacred, is forever lost among sacred things raps your souls. Your souls are tender with sickness, and they are reverence towards what is of highest import in the actual conduct of life. Ours are healthy and reverence. That is the difference between us.

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

"I do not think that these gentlemen have a right under the existing laws to exclude you from the subway stands," writes a great lawyer to me, "so long as you publish nothing that is illegal. But I am bound to admit that I think the poem in question is in bad taste, to say the least. It is bound to offend the religious sentiments, not only of Catholics, but of all Christians, and anything that does that ought not to be published."

Most of your admonitions were like that. They were vicious. It was not that your religion was offended, but that you could not bear to see others suffer. I am disposed to suspect this exaggerated altruism. Everybody that is mature in these days has his gods; he has his attitudes of at least negative worship; he may not adore, but he will not offend where sacred things reside. And if he has re-nowned with his intellect the old miracle gods, with-out affaining in his heart the new natural gods of today—then he still worships in that negative and faint-hearted way the old. He is afraid that the new, which do not seen sacred to him, will offend the old. He is afraid that reality will offend a false ideal. He is half-hearted. He is looking a little forward and a little back, and not going at all.

It is this that I feel in most of you free-thinking friends who renounce with me because we published that poem. You are only half way to anything. You cannot take things quite seriously. You are ir-religious in the worst sense, the sense of not heartily committing your souls to anything whatever. . . .

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

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

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

RESURRECTION

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

HARRY KEMP.

THE YOUNG GIRL WITH RED HAIR

I AM reminded of her, as a clearly-caven cameo Reminds one of strange other lands.

The shadow of her rosy hair Over her old-young eyes' unstaking glow— The mellow sight seeking lands— The thin mouth that so secretly Upon its dreaming smiled and smiled— The slender flanks, the cool white hips and feet— This autumn day has brought them back to me: Were you, then, so sweet, O strange and delicately laggard child.

LYDIA GIBSON.
The Speech of Matthew A. Schmidt

T
HE whole American public ought to read these last words from a man who will spend the rest of his life in prison because he served too well the cause of labor. It is the speech of Matthew A. Schmidt, spoken in the court room at Los Angeles when he stood up to receive sentence after having been found guilty of murder in the first degree for his alleged connection with the dynamiting of the Los Angeles Times Building.

"I believe I have the right to speak before I am sentenced."

The judge bumbled the sentence he held in his hand, and nodded. "Yes—yes, I will hear you."

"If the court please, I will avail myself of this opportunity—not that anything I can say will affect this court, but for the reason that, if this verdict stands, this will in all probability be the last opportunity I ever will have to say anything in public.

"If I for a moment diverge from the path, I hope I may be excused on the same courtesy which I have given throughout this trial when matters foreign to the question of my guilt or innocence of this charge were brought into court—matters which were brought in here to override the issue and to overwhelm the not-so-well developed minds of the jurors.

"I have very carefully listened here to a recital of detailed violence and dynamiting done throughout the East, and asked myself what could have been the cause for all this trouble. I remember that for every effect there is a cause, and I know that very frequently we mistake the harvest for the seed.

"About one year ago J. P. Morgan, in testifying before the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, was asked if he considered $30 per week enough for a longshoreman's wage. He replied that he did not know, but he presumed it was—if that was all a longshoreman could get and took it. If, in connection with that, we remember that Mr. Morgan is the chairman of the Finance Committee of the Steel Trust, and if we keep in mind a statement of young McClintock that they would like to run 'closed shop,' but if they were to do that they could not get steel, in my opinion, we find the key to the whole difficulty.

"That was the condition which confronted the iron workers at every turn; that was and is still the motive back of all of the 'fair wages' policy; that is the spirit which is the origin of the labor wars; and it is these forces which insist that they must deal with the workers individually and not collectively. They demand that the workers enter the industrial arena disarmed and there meet the trained forces of greed and gold.

"In the industries of this country more than 25,000 workers are killed and 790,000 injured each year—and all in the name of business. Who ever heard of a district attorney attempting to protect these victims or to obtain for them redress, unless per chance the employer happened to be a political enemy?

"If we for the moment grant that all of the explosions resulted here were caused by the iron workers, what do we find? For every ounce of steel, and for each broken bolt or rivet, I can show you a dozen lives snuffed out that profits might not be disturbed.

"And to whom, pray, could the workers go for redress—to a Woolwine or to a Noel, or to a Judge Anderson? No, the sympathy for the sweat that drops from the brow of the toiler is only shown during political campaigns. After election neither the sweat nor blood of the toilers can command their attention or assistance."

At this point the judge broke in with violent objections: "Stop! Stop! That will be enough," he said. Attorney Coghlan jumped to his feet and demanded that Schmidt be heard. The judge hesitated and then finally nodded to the prisoner to proceed.

"Labor has often made the charge," Schmidt, in even tones, "that it did not get a square deal in the court. The Zeethankeurra letter to the special prosecutor regarding the drawing of the Grand Jury which indicted me seems to prove this charge.

"Your Honor ruled that such a letter was not material in the case; nor could you very well do otherwise. The forces back of my prosecution would have pulled you from this bench and beardummeg your name even as they secured my conviction. Your Honor has before you the example of Altgeld, Tanner, Darrow, Lindsay and various other men who have had the temerity to insist that labor get a square deal.

"I want to call your attention to a curious coincidence: The same forces back in the prosecution of my case have opposed at each and every turn each and every measure for the relief of the toilers.

"And these measures toward right and justice have been aided during the last fifty years chiefly by the forces of organized labor. Every measure for the welfare of the great majority has had the backing of the labor movement. I need only call your attention to the fight for the abolition of child labor, better working conditions for women workers, workmen's compensation for the victims of industry, safety appliance laws and public ownership of public utilities.

"I have said that my case was not a murder case. No one really believes that it is. I want to give you some facts not brought out in the prosecution. A few days after I arrived here from New York, Guy Birdinger, formerly a Burns man, came to me and asked me why I did not in and get some of the reward money. He said: 'They don't want you, nor do they want Caplan. They want to hang Tvetmoe and Johannsen, and you can help them and then you will be free.' That, in connection with the report that Otis has promised to finance Woolwine's political campaign, provided he secured a conviction, will give you the key to the activities of Woolwine and Noel. That also explains the testimonies of Phillips, who has always been a nab and union hater ever since he was employed in the brewery of Fox & Jones, at Troy, N. Y., more than forty years ago. That also explains why Donald Vose said I made a confession of guilt to him. Let me ask you: Do you believe Donald Vose? You would not whip your dog on the testimony of a creature like Vose. No honest man would. Any man who would believe Vose would not deserve to have a dog.

"I do not know what happened to the Times building, but I do know that blowing up the Times is not going to help people acquire an ideal. And it is only when the great mass of people realize that life and light and service to our fellow-man are the only things that are worth while, that such creatures as Otis, Woolwine and Noel will cease to exist.

"And if it should finally come to pass that I must live the remainder of my life behind prison walls, then I shall say, with Loveace:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minda innocent and quiet tale
That for an heritage.

"I understand the despair and horror that haunt the poor victims of the rotten industrial centers of the East, and I know the sacrifice made by their families and friends that they may bring their shattered lungs and wasted bodies to this land of balm and blossom, only to find that they must pay tribute to men who have capitalized their misfortune. It was almost wholly from this latter class of vehicles that I was compelled to select a jury.

"I feel very deeply the suffering of those who lost their relatives and friends in the Times disaster, and I feel this more keenly than do any of the men back of my prosecution, for I cannot rid my memory of such cases as Ludlow, Lawrence, Bayonne, Coeur d'Alene and hundreds of other places where the workers have been slaughtered by the vassals of capital."

"If all of this misery and suffering shall hasten the lifting of the curtain of darkness and superstition so that men and women may be free and that children may not be robbed of their childhood, and that 'peace on earth and good will to men' may be something more than an empty phrase, then who shall say that the victims of the Times disaster died or that the men who are colloquially spoken of as the 'dynamiters' shall have lived in vain?"

The prisoner sat down. The judge spread out the papers in his hands and read the sentence, which ended with the words "for the term of your natural life."

SATURDAY NIGHT

DOWN through the passionate street, an infinite glory is streaming. Touching the restless pageant with glamour and light. And a mirth is stripping their sloth and prodding them forth to a dreaming, Tugging, tugging away at their heart in the night! And oh, to what hot desires does this endless pageant surrender?—

This mist of eddying faces—this hungering throng! For over it, over all, an ineffable, conquering splendour

Wakes the heart, the heart of the night to song!

There's a larvy, caroity woman that shambles along and grunts—
There are white-faced smiling mothers forgetting their woe;—
There's a groggy, besotted drunkard who blankly blinks and mumbles,—
He cannot know what it means—this glamour and glow!
And there's a past a riot of color, where flaring windows are flaring.
Come the adventuring youths, careless and free;
And faces of laughing girls challenge them forth to a daring:—

Faces of Helen...sea on triumphant sea...—

Down through the passionate street, an infinite glory is streaming,
Touching the restless pageant with glamour and light; And a mirth is stripping their sloth and prodding them forth to a dreaming,
Tugging, tugging away at their heart in the night! And oh, to what hot desires does this endless pageant surrender?—

This mist of eddying faces—this hungering throng! For over it, over all, an ineffable, conquering splendour

Wakes the heart, the heart of the night to song!

Louis Ginsberg.
MOTHER

A DRAWING BY CORNELIA BARNES
THE TRADE UNION WOMAN, by Alice Henry. Send $1.00. A concise account of the secret life of the National Women's Trade Union League.

A SURVEY OF THE WOMAN PROBLEM, by Rosamond Delgado, explores the whole of the field, to which the author devoted fifteen years. $1.50. Postpaid.

The New Womanhood, by Winifred Harper Cooley. Indispensable popular studies; a sane exposition on Feminism by a noted writer. Price. $1.00.


What Women Want, by Beatrice Forbes-Robertson. A treatise on Feminism bound to interest everyone; to sun up and illumine the minds of those who already believe in it, and to persuade the conservative to a more modern point of view. Send $1.35.

The Upholstered Cage, by Josephine P. Knowles. With an introduction to American women by Belle Lindley, N. J., takes up the problem of the unmarried daughter as no other book has done. Price, $1.50.

SEX

Sexual Knowledge, by Winfield Scott Hall, Ph.D. (Leipzig), M.D. (Leipzig). Sexual knowledge in plain and simple language; the instruction of young men and young women, young husbands and fathers, teachers and nurses, and all others who feel a need of valuable information on Sex Problems. $1.00. When and How to impart sexual knowledge to boys and girls. 320 pages, cloth, $1.

Sexism of Silence, by Dr. Orison Swett Marden. Written for those who believe that "precaution of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Price, $1.00.


Health—Beauty—Sexuality, by Bernarr Macfadden and Marion Malcolm. Plain advice to girls that will be found invaluable as they grow from girlhood into womanhood. Price, 75c.


What Every Girl Should Know, by Margaret Sanger. Send 35 cents.

"Herself," by Dr. E. B. Lowry. Contains a complete and straightforward information on sexual hygiene and every question of importance to young people concerning their physical nature. Send $1.10.

"Himself," by Dr. E. B. Lowry. It is regarded as the best book on sexual hygiene for men. Tells plainly all the facts about sex. Send $1.10.

Sex Problems in Worry and Work, by William Lee Howard, M.D. 4th edition. Discoveries of tremendous importance to the welfare of race and nation are here set forth for the first time—the most important book in a decade. $1.00 net.

Confidential Chats With Boys, by William Lee Howard, M.D. $1.00 postpaid.

Man and Woman, by Dr. Havelock Ellis, the foremost authority on the character of sex impulses. A new (3rd) edition. Send $1.50.

The Limitation of Offspring by the Prevention of Conception, by Dr. Promisley. Send $1.00.

Sexual Problems of To-day, by Wm. J. Robinson. A book every radical should read. Send $2.15.

Sexual Life of Woman, by Dr. E. M. Renzy. Kisch-Leber (Prague). An epitome of the subject. Sold only to physicians, jurists, clergymen and educators. $5.50.


Never Told Tales, by Dr. Robinson. It should be read by everyone, physician and layman, especially those contemplating marriage. Cloth. Send $1.70.


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

FUNCTIONAL PERIODICITY: An Experimental Study of the Mental and Motor Abilities of Women During Menstruation, by Leta Stetzer Hol- wingworth. Cloth, 1 PAPER, 75c. Contributions to Education, No. 69. Teachers College, Columbia University.

What Every Mother Should Know, by Margaret Sanger. Send 30 cents.

Plain Facts About a Great Evil, by Christopher Pankhurst. One of the strongest and frankest books ever written, depicting the dangers of promiscuity in men. Send 50c. This book was once suppressed by Anthony Comstock.


Here is the great sex book of the day! For, the "Sexual Questions are a scientific, psychological, hygiene, legal and sociological work for the cultured classes. By Europe's foremost nerve specialist. Chapter on "love" and other irradiations of the sexual appetite" a profound revelation of human emotions. Degen- eracy and sin. Birth control discussed. Should be in the hands of all who are interested in domestic relations. Medical edition $5.00. Same book, cheaper binding, now $1.60. Agents wanted.

SOCIOLOGY

The Story of Canada Blackie, by Anna P. L. Field. Introduction by Thomas Mott Osborne. A truly wonderful as well as a wonderfully true story this is. True is it not only to the facts in the case, but to the deepest facts of the human heart. Letters here quick flashes the very heart of prison reform. Net, $1.00.

Anthracite: An Instance of Natural Resource Monopoly, by Scott Nearing. Dr. Nearing presents his private ownership of the anthracite coal fields to show the way in which consumers and workers may expect to fare at the hands of other monopolies. Natural resources of the book is an incisive, stimulating analysis of a problem that is vital to the future of the nation and world, and opinion of the country, 242 pages. Cloth. $1.50. Published by John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia.

The Cry for Justice, an anthology of the literature of social protest, edited by Upton Sinclair, Introduction by Jack London. "The work is world-literature, as well as the Gospel of a universal humanitarian." Contains the writings of philosophers, poets, novelists, social reformers, and thinkers who have battled against social injustice, selected from twenty-five languages, covering a period of five hundred years. Inspiring to every thinking man and woman; a handbook of reference to all students of social conditions; a friend and counselor to all who are interested in human problems, 524 pages, including 32 illustrations. $2 net. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia.

CAUSES AND CURES OF CRIME. A popular study of Criminology from the socio-biological viewpoint. By Thomas Speed Mosby, former Pardon At- torney State of Missouri, Member American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, etc. 256 pages, with 100 original illustrations. Price, $2.

White Slavery—a necessity under the present civilization. By Ralph Brink. Send 50 cents.

WHY I AM A SOCIALIST, by Charles Ed- ward Russell. A new section on World War and the Great War is the first gun fired in the world-wide class struggle that is bound to follow the War. You must read it to understand the world today. $1.00. Socialism in Theory and Practice, by Morris Utecht, $1.50, now 50c. 150c.


Why the Capitalist? by Frederick Haller, LL.B. In this book a lawyer throws down the gauntlet to the defender of the Capitalist System. The book is a brief in retutation of the doctrines prevailing in Conventionalism and Socialism. $1.00.

SOCIALISTS ENEMY OF SOCIALISM, by Rev. Edel (pseudonym). A statement of Socialist obstacles to the achievement of Socialism and of the Owenites, and No Tribute. 20 cents.

The Socialists and the War, by Wil- liam English Walling. No Socialist can adequately discuss the war without the knowledge that this remarkable new book holds. 52 pages. Complete documentary statement of the position of the Socialists of all countries. Send $1.50.

An Introduction to Sociology, by Ar- thur M. Lewis. Send 50 cents.

Anarchism and Socialism, by George Plechanow, translated by Eleano Marx Aveling. Send 50 cents.

Social Freedom, by Elise Clews Parsons, author of "The Family," "The Other Half," "The Divorce Year," and "Conventionalism," etc. $1.00 net.

An Introduction to the Study of So- ciology, by Edward Cary Hayes, Ph.D., Professor of Sociology, University of Illinois. The latest most up-to-date volume in its field. In addition to clear statement of theorey, it deals in a practical way with all the great social problems of the day, 710 pages. Send $2.65. D. Appleton & Co.

Within Prison Walls, by Thomas Mott Osborne. A human document all of humor and pathos and of unusual revelations. A volume every air minded person should read. $1.92 by mail.


Learn How to Start the Right Eco- nomic System Now. Leaflet, 6c. H. E. Sisson, St. Elmo, Tennessee.

EDUCATION

The Montessori Manual, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Show how the mother or teacher may apply Dr. Montessori's principles in a practi- cal way. The W. E. Richardson Co., Chicago. Send $1.35.

Schools of Tomorrow, by John Dewey and Evelyn Dewey. Illustrated. Send $1.60.


Physical Culture for Babies, by Mar- garet and Bernarr Macfadden. De- tails on the proper care and physical development of babies from birth to childhood. Price, $1.00.
You Men Who Have Pipes

—discarded and forgotten pipes—inactive, retired, "out-of-commission" pipes—pipes you've tried to smoke and couldn't smoke—you men try Tuxedo.

You can smoke a pipe—every man can—but you can't smoke every kind of tobacco without making your tongue rebel and your throat get angry. Put the blame where it belongs—the pipe was innocent—the tobacco was the guilty party.

Give your pipe another chance—fill it with fresh Tuxedo, packed firmly but not hard; smoke slowly; and you'll go into permanent partnership with Tuxedo. One week's trial and you'll know why so many men have forsaken all smokes, except Tuxedo.

Tuxedo
The Perfect Tobacco for the Pipe

Tuxedo is a good hearted, gentle, quiet, soft-voiced tobacco—it's as genial as a sunny day and as comforting as a raise in salary—no "fighting spirit" in it anywhere to muss up your tongue—or fuss up your throat—as "bite-less" as a baby.

That's because the rich, mellow leaf is first aged in wood from 3 to 5 years and then it's treated by the famous original "Tuxedo Process"—that takes every particle of bite and irritation out of tobacco.

Tuxedo has plenty of imitators—but there can't be another tobacco like Tuxedo, because no other can be made by the secret "Tuxedo Process".

Try Tuxedo this week.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine-wrapped, moisture-proof pouch 5c Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c
In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

Illustrations are about one-half size of real packages.
SCIENCE AND ART


Ancient Society, Morgan. The classic work on Pre-Historic Man. Cloth, $1.50.

The Theory of Psychology, by Dr. C. Jung. Price, $1.00. A concise statement of the present aspects of the psychoanalytic hypotheses.

On Dreams, by Prof. Sigmund Freud. Authorized English translation by Dr. M. D. Edinger. Introduction by Prof. W. Leslie Mackenzie. This classic, now obtainable for $1.25. New York.

Hypnotism. How it is Done; Its Uses and Dangers. James R. Coke. M.D. The author describes hypnotism of the supernatural, shows how it is done, and explains its rational basis. Its dangers are carefully described, and its usefulness outlined. $1.25.

The Evolution of Man, Boebehl. Darwinism up to date, in simple language, with complete proof. Illustrated, cloth, $0.60.


The Plays of Oscar Wilde contained in one beautiful volume of 622 pages. Contains Lady Windermere's Fan, A Woman of No Importance, The Importance of Being Earnest, An Ideal Husband, Vera, or The Duchess, Salome. This new series will contain complete works of the masterpieces in clear, readable type. Price for the Wilde volume, $1.38, postpaid.

RELIGION


The Religious Revolution of To-day, by Prof. James Shotwell. Send for a copy now.

The Progress of Science in America, by John Dewey. A text book on the history and a survey of the social, political and economic conditions. Send $1.35.

ESAYS

"Visions and Revisions," by John Cowper Powys, is a book of essays on great literature. The New York Times said "It is too brilliant, that is the trouble. While the Oakland Engineer said, "It is a good thing for us to meet a book which causes us to reel from it as from a blow; to read as author who is dramatic as if no other writing." Send for $2.65.

Affirmations, by Havelock Ellis. A discussion of some of the fundamental questions of life and morality as expressed in the literature of Nietzsche, Zola, Huysmans, Casanova and St. Francis of Assisi. Send for $1.00.

Enjoyment of Poetry, by Max Eastman. "His book is a masterpiece," says J. B. Kerfoot in Life. By mail $1.35.

HISTORY

Social Forces in American History, by A. M. Simons. An economic interpretation of American history, describing the various classes which have ruled and functioned from time to time. $1.50.

An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution, by Prof. Charles A. Beard. A splendid book. $2.00.

The Russian Empire of To-day and Yesterday, by Nevins O. Winter. The country and its peoples and a review of its history and a survey of its social, political and economic conditions. Send $1.35.

RELIGION


The Religious Revolution of To-day, by Prof. James Shotwell. Send for a copy now.

The Progress of Science in America, by John Dewey. A text book on the history and a survey of the social, political and economic conditions. Send $1.35.

ECONOMIC HISTORY

The Nearing Case, by Lightner Wit-
ner, Ph.D., Head of the Department of Economics, University of Penn- sylvania. No recent event in the struggle for free speech has so deeply stirred the country as thebüsting of Scott Nearing from the University of Pennsylvania. 50c, post- paid.


THE MOSHIER BOOKS
Books in Belles Lettres Issued in Choice and Limited Editions
Published By Thomas Bird Mosher,
Portland, Me.

THE OLD WORLD SERIES
Printed on a size of Van Gelder paper made for this edition only. Specially designed headbands and tailpieces. The limited edition done up in decorated flexible Japan vellum covers—originated by Mr. Mosher—with silk markers, parchment wrappers, gold seals and slide cases.

Each edition is limited to 250 copies and the type distributed.

Bound in the following styles:

- Japan vellum covers, flexible, with turned down fore-edges... $1.55 net
- Old style blue paper boards, white back and label... 1.50 net
- Flexible leather, smooth, dark olive color, gilt top... 1.75 net
- Japan vellum edition (numbered)... 2.00 net

- BURHATAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM, rendered into English by Edward Fitzgerald.
- AUGUSTIN AND NICOLET, done into English by Andrew Lang.
- KAMISAN OF JAIL, ANDRE ELVEZ, translated and annotated by His Friend.
- MODERN LOVE AND OTHER POEMS, by George Meredith.
- CITY OF DEADLY NIGHT, by James Thompson ("V.T.").
- SONGS OF INNOCENCE, from the works of William Blake.
- ISLE OF DREAMS, by F. W. Maturin.
- HOUSE OF POMPEIANS, by Oscar Wilde.
- SNOPHERING LAD, by A. E. Hougue.
- FELIX, by A. C. Swinburne.

AND FORTY ADDITIONAL TITLES.

THE BROCADE SERIES
Printed from new type on genuine Imperial Mills Japan vellum, specially imported by Mr. Mosher. This is a fact not generally known but should be borne in mind by all collectors who desire the choicest book-making at the least expense consistent with first-rate results.

- 496 copies on Japan vellum done up in flexible covers, with sealed parchment wrappers, and separate brocade slip cases. Sold separately, price 75 cents net. Complete set, 80 Vols., in two cabinet style boxes, $57.00 net.

- JEFFERIES (RICHARD). Five Idyls of Field and Meadow... 5 Vols., $2.75 net.
- LEE (VERNE). Three Studies in Aesthetic Personality... 3 Vols., $2.50 net.
- MACLEOD (PIONA). Studies and Stories... 3 Vols., $2.50 net.
- WILDE (OSCAR). A Men of Pomegranates... 1 Vols., $2.50 net.
- MILTON (WILLIAM). Old French Poems... 8 Vols., $7.50 net.
- STEVENSON (R. L.). Five Tales and a Study... 5 Vols., $2.75 net.
- TAYLOR (HAERTZEL). Imaginary Portraits... 6 Vols., $4.50 net.

AND OTHER TITLES.

Write for Special Catalogue.

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

THEY ARE READY!
Bound volumes of The MASSES for 1915, to be sent to any address in the United States, upon receipt of $2.00. Keep your files complete. Send $2.00 to-day to insure delivery, because the supply is limited.

THE MASSES
33 West 14th Street
New York

BOOKS BY DR. WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

Table of Contents
- SEXUAL IMPULSE
- PRAGMATIC TOLLS OF OFFERING TOLLS OF RATIONALITY
- SEX PROBLEM: MORALITY OF TO-DAY, LIBERTY
- PRACTICAL EVIDENCES
- SEX PROBLEM: MORALITY OF TO-DAY, LIBERTY
- PRACTICAL EVIDENCES

$3.00
$2.50
$1.00
$1.00
$1.00
$0.50
$2.00
$1.00

Offered through The MASSES Book Store

THE MASSES BOOK STORE
33 West 14th Street
New York

THE ACADEMY 1915

To Local Secretaries
If you want free literature for distribution
Write to the BUSINESS MANAGER OF THE MASSES

"SONGS of LOVE and REBELLION" by Corvinet Hall. A collection of his newest poems on Revolution, Love and Miscellaneous. Fine cloth bound, paper, single copies 50c; three volumes for $1.00; ten for $5.00. Postage prepaid.

MASSES BOOK STORE
23 West 14th Street, New York.

SOCIALISM AND WAR
By LOUIS B. BOUDIN

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

Price, One Dollar
THE MASSES BOOK STORE
33 West 14th Street
New York

PURE FOOD
In The HOME

IN ANY PURE FOOD competition in the world BEER would take all honors as the most perfect product.

MADE FROM THE FINEST GRAINS AND PUREST WATER by MASTER ARTISANS and CHEMISTS, and bottled under most perfect sanitary conditions——it is EVEN PASTEURIZED. What other food is?

Absolute Purity

Alfred A. Knopf
Has Just Published

GREAT RUSSIA

TARAS BULBA
Gogol's slashing tale of the Cossacks. One of the great prose romances of the world. $1.25.

THE PRECIPICE
By Ivan Goncharov. One of the five Russian classic novels. 35s.

MOYLE CHURCH-TOWN
John Trevena's newest work. A sprit and delightful romance. $1.40.

FOUR PLAYS
From the French of Anglier with a preface by Brieux. The chief work of one of the most important of 19th century dramatists. $1.50.

IDEALS AND REALITIES IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE
By D. Kropotkin. Generously considered the best history of Russian literature that is available in English. $1.50.

Mr. Knopf will be glad to send you his complete list as well as announcements from time to time of new and forthcoming books. Address

220 W. 42d St.
New York City

THE MASSES
33 West 14th Street
New York
Good Books Free with Subscriptions to The Masses

To increase its circulation, The Masses makes these extraordinary Premium offers. Most of these books are described in The Masses Book Store :: :: ::

This Offer Expires March 31st, 1916

Two Dollar Offer

For Two Dollars we will send The Masses for one year to two NEW Readers and mail one of the following books free to any address:

- The Spy, by Maxim Gorky, published at $1.50.
- Some Imagist Poets, published at 75c.
- Christianity and New Idealism, by Eucken, 75c.
- Never Told Tales, by Dr. William J. Robinson, $1.00.
- An Anarchist Woman, by Hutchins Hapgood, published at $1.25.
- Socialism in Theory and Practice, by Morris Hillquit, $1.50.
- Graphics, by Harris Merton Lyons, $1.00.
- Three Plays of Shakespeare, by Swinburne, published at 75c.
- Twenty Six and One, by Maxim Gorky, published at $1.25.
- What Every Girl Should Know, by Margaret Sanger, 55c.
- Violette de Pere La Chaise, by Anna Strunsky Walling, $1.00.
- Songs of Love and Rebellion, by Covington Hall, 55c.
- Songs of Labor, translated from the Hebrew (Rosenfeld), by Rose Pastor Stokes, 75c.
- Women as World Builders, by Floyd Dell, 55c.
- How It Feels to Be the Husband of a Suffragette, by "Him," 55c.
- The King, the Kaiser and Irish Freedom, by McGuire, $1.00.
- Love's Coming of Age, by Edward Carpenter, $1.00.
- Plain Facts About a Great Evil, by Mrs. Pankhurst, 55c.
- The Social Commonwealth, by Rosenblatt, $1.00.
- Why I Am A Socialist, by Charles Edward Russell, 60c.
- Why the Capitalist? by Dr. Fredk. Haller, $1.00.
- Struggle Between Science and Superstition, by Arthur M. Lewis, 55c.
- Schopenhauer's Essays, published at $1.25.
- Art of Speech Making, by N. C. Fowler, Jr., 55c.

Three Dollar Offer

For Three Dollars we will send The Masses for one year to three NEW readers and mail one of the following books free to any address:

- Spoon River Anthology, by Edgar Lee Masters, $1.25.
- The Sexual Question, by August Forel, $1.60.
- Wood and Stone, by John Cowper Powys, $1.50.
- Socialists and the War, by William English Walling, $1.50.
- What Women Want, by Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale, $1.50.
- Taras Bulba, from the Russian of Gogol, $1.35.
- Enjoyment of Poetry, by Max Eastman, $1.35.
- Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," $1.35.
- The Millionaire, by Artizashel, $1.25.
- Herself, by Dr. E. B. Lowry, $1.10.
- Himself, by Dr. Lowry, $1.10.
- Social Freedom, by Eltie Clews Parsons, $1.00.
- Child of the Amazon, by Max Eastman, $1.00.
- Cry for Justice, by Upton Sinclair, $2.00.
- The Genius, by Theo. Dreiser, $1.60.
- Schools of Tomorrow, by Dewey, $1.60.
- Visions and Revisions, by John Cowper Powys, $2.00.
- How to Know Your Child, by Miriam Finn Scott, $1.25.
- Four Plays from the French of Augier, $1.50.
- The Harbort, by Ernest Poole, $1.50.
- Income, by Scott Nearing, $1.25.
- What Shall I Eat, by Prof. F. X. Gouraud, $1.50.
- Six Volume Set of either Poe, Stevenson, Dickens, Shakespeare, Dumas, Hugo or Lincoln, published at $3.00.
- Jude, the Obscure, by Thomas Hardy, $1.50.
- Tess of D'Urbervilles, by Thomas Hardy, $1.50.

Five Dollar Offer

For Five Dollars we will send The Masses for one year to five NEW readers and send free any one of the following premiums to any address:

A. Any one book from the Two Dollar Offer and any one book from the Three Dollar Offer.
B. Standard Book of Facts, Edited by Harry Thurston Peck, Published at $4.50.
D. Forty Thousand Quotations (Indexed). Edited by Charles Noel Douglass. Published at $2.50 and $3.00.
E. Any two books from Thomas Mosher's list of books advertised in this magazine, in the $1.25 editions.

Twelve Dollar Offer

For Twelve Dollars we will send The Masses for one year to twelve NEW readers and send free any of the following premiums to any address:

A. Any five different books selected from the Two and Three Dollar Offers.

SPECIAL!

THE MOST REMARKABLE OFFER OF ALL—For Fifteen Dollars' worth of subscriptions we will send the magnificent India-paper edition of Webster's Modern English Dictionary, bound in beautiful flexible leather; thumb index, wonderful color plates, 2300 pages. Published at $21.00. F. O. B., New York.

The Masses Publishing Company

Editorial and Business Office and Book Store at 33 WEST 14th STREET, NEW YORK