THREE BOOKS BY POWYS

WOLFPANE, Rhymes by John Cowper Powys (Ready March 28th).
This book expresses the gall and venom of a sensitive nature offended to the top of its best by constant contact with uplifters, push-handlers, wolves in sheep's clothing and wotdy moralistic hypocrites.

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A profoundly original interpretation of life by the great lecturer's hermit brother. John Cowper Powys says that compared with the deep originality of his brother, his own work is a mere matter of receptivity and repetition.

1.00

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The irresistible drag of sexual attraction, the subterranean vindictiveness of opposite human types, the perverse and implacable hatred engendered by too close propinquity, the heart breaking struggles of pure and noble spirits caught in the world trap, the strange occult influences exercised by the planets upon human destiny—such are some of the principal notes in this extraordinary book.

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William Marion Reedy says, "Powys keeps you wide awake in the reading because he's thinking and writing from the standpoint of life, not of theory or system."

2.00

Mr. Shaw announces that he will publish a second novel by the author, "The Miners" (present title), in March, in the fall and second volume of essays in the spring of 1917 also.

Obtainable through any bookstore or The Masses Book Store.
THE MASSES

Book Store

Twenty Books, Recommended by Floyd Dell:

See page 27 for description.
The Red and the Black, by Stendhal, $1.75.
The Revolt of the Angels, by Anatole France, $1.75.
The Pastor's Wife, by M. A. Armin, $1.45.
The History of Mr. Polly, by H. G. Wells, $1.45.
The Idiot, by F. M. Dostoevsky, $1.50.
—and Other Poets,” by Louis Untermeyer, $1.25.
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First and Last Thoughts, by H. G. Wells, $1.00.
Boon, the Mind of the Race, by H. G. Wells, $1.45.
Shakespeare, by John Mason, 50 cents.
The Greek Commonwealth, by A.
The Trojan Women of Euripides, translated by Gilbert Murray, $.55 cents.
Hippolytus and Bacchae of Euripides, and Aristophanes' Frogs translated by Gilbert Murray, $1.75.

FICTION

The Mission of Victoria Wilhelmina. The story of an unmarried mother. By Jeanne Bartholow Magoun. Lilian D. W. Kelly, Henry Street Settlement, New York, says: "It is a simple story that carries a message which ought to take its place in the propaganda for instruction on this important matter." Send $1.08.
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My Marjoryn, by Robert Carlton Brown of The Masses, Phantom and verse, of distinct originality and personality. One of the few few notes sounded among American writers of to-day. Boards, net, $1.25.

Rhyme and Vowels, by Fuller Mower. Full of rich and varied thought, and all popular."—Fort- worth, "We have projected against the world a new form of futurist verse which he calls vowel- "—F. P. Cull. "The verse it- self, like the perfume, in which these forms and the plea for freedom from the machine is, is revolution- utionary."—Oregon Journal. Cloth.

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Children of Fancy, Poems by J. B. Stoughton Holborn. Blue Buck- ram-Silver Stamping. 250 pp. $2.00 net. Mr. Holborn saved the manu- script of these poems from the Lusi- tania disaster, of which he is a sur- vivor. A beautiful cover design, in Keltic Art, by the author, makes the book a specially suitable present to any of the thousands who know the author as the most successful lecturer on Art on the platform.

Turns and Movies, by Conrad Alkin. Reed's Monthly calls this "the most remarkable of all recent free verse."—It's not. The best work Conrad Alkin has done." 75 cents net. Houghton Mifflin Co.

(Continued on page 36)
Soldier Praying by the Roadside
Galicia, June, 1915
YOU know how Washington Square looks in a wet mist on November nights—that gray, luminous pastel atmosphere, softening incredibly the hard outlines of bare trees and iron railings, obliterating the sharp edges of shadows and casting a silver halo about each high electric globe. All the straight concrete walks are black oys, jeweled in every little unevenness with pools of steely rain-water. An imperceptible rain fills the air; your cheeks and the backs of your hands are damp and cool. And yet you can walk three times around the Square with your raincoat open, and not get wet at all.

It was on such a night that William Booth Wrenn, strolling from somewhere to nowhere in particular, stopped under the two arc lights near Washington Arch to count his wealth. It was almost midnight. William Booth Wrenn had just received his compensation for doing—not knowing what. It amounted to sixty-five cents in all. This was the third time he had counted it.

A hasty glance at Mr. Wrenn, if you were not particularly observant, would have convinced you that he was an ordinary young man in ordinary circumstances, perhaps a clerk in some flourishing haberdashery shop. His tan shoes showed traces of a recent shine, his hat was of formless English cloth, and his raincoat was of the right length. There was an air about him as of a young man who knew how to wear his clothes. The indolent mood aided this impression. One must appear so if one is hunting a job in New York. But if you had looked closer, you might have noticed that his high collar was frayed and smudgy-looking; if you could have peered beneath his coat, you would have seen that the collar was attached to a mere sleeveless rag that was no shirt at all; if you could have examined the soles of his shoes, you would have discovered two gaping holes there, a pair of drenched socks coming through. Here were you to know that the raincoat was "slightly damaged by fire" within? Or that the English hat was fast ungluing in the wet? After reckoning up his resources, William flipped a coin in the air. It came heads: he took the right-hand path across the Square, jingling the coins cheerfully in his pocket.

Between two arc lights on that path there is a dreary stretch of hard wooden benches. In the dim light, he made out two persons occupying opposite sides of the walk. One was a sodden bundle of a drunkard, uncomfortably draped across the iron arm rests which the city rivets there to prevent tired, homeless people from sleeping. His bloated face was turned blindly skyward, and he snored rapsingly. Tiny drops of water thickly encrusted him, twinkling as his chest rose and fell. The other occupant was an old woman. A strong odor of whisky emanated from her. A green cheesecloth scarf, glistening with dew, traversed her scant gray hair and was knotted under her chin. She sang:

"Oh, I know my love (hic) by his way o' walkin' (hic), And I (hic) know my love by his way o' (hic) talkin', And I know my love by his coat o' blue-ure, And if my love left me (hic)."

At that, she seemed to hear the jingling of Williams' coins, and suddenly broke off, saying, "C'mere!" William stopped, turned, and lifted his hat with a courteous gesture.

"I beg your pardon, madam?"

"C'mere! I said," he sat beside her on the bench and peered curiously into her face. It was extraordinarily lined and drawn, withered like the faces of very old scavengers that one sometimes sees after hours in office buildings; the lower lip trembled senilely. She turned a pair of glazed, faded eyes upon him.

"Gawd damn your soul!" said she. "Ain't (hic), ain't you got better manners 'n to jingle yer money at that feller an' me?"

William smiled.

"But, my good woman—" he began in his best manner.

"Good woman (hic) be cursed to you!" said the old lady. "I know ye—you rich fellers. I bet ye never worked one minute fer yer money—yer father left it to ye—now didn't he? I thought so. I know ye—" she sought the right word—"ye Capitalist!" A pleasant glow of satisfaction pervaded William. He nodded complacently.

"I'd you guess?"

"Guess!" laughed the woman unpleasantly. "Guess! (hic). Don't ye think I worked in fine houses? Don't ye think I had rich young fellers—when I was a young gurlul? Know ye? Wid yer jinglin' money an' yer dunity manners? What one o' ye would take off yer hat (hic) to 'n old souse like me—if ye weren't jokin'?"

"Madam, I assure you—"

"My Gawd! Listen to 'm! Aw, yes; many's the fine rich young lover (hic) I had when I was a young gurlul. They took off their hats then—"

William wondered if this hideous old rain had ever been beautiful. It stimulated his imagination.

"When I was a young (hic) gurlul—"

"Oh, I know my love—"

"Say—y ... I was a-thinkin' when I heard that money jinglin'— Ain't it funny how ye jingle everything ye got? You do—do—you. Everybody does. I say, I was a-thinkin' (hic), wouldn't you like to come along with me and have some fun?" She leaned over and leered at him, an awful burlesque of her youth: the smell of bad whisky fouled her nostrils. "C'mon! Give you a goo (hic) good time, kid. Wan' go somewhere, have some fun?"

"No, thank you. Not to-night," answered William gently.

"Sure," sneered the old lady. "I know ye, ye Capitalists! Give us work when we don't want it. But we won't give 'er work when we (hic) want it. Take yer hand out 'o yer pocket! I won't take yer dirty charity. ... Had enough o' charity. I work fer what I get. See? (hic). No decent woman 'd take yer charity. C'mon, give ye a good—"

"Why are you sitting out here? You'll catch cold—"

"Why you—Wot'll ye do tell ye I'm sittin' out here for? I just can't say 'n my loodwear these here fine summer evenings! If I got paid fer wot I done, thot I'd be sittin' out here? Jesus! She blazed out at him furiously. "You b'bong to the City?"

William shook his head. He drew from his pocket a cheap cigarette box, and opened it. There were two cigarettes.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" he asked politely. The old lady stared at him.

"Do I mind if you smoke? What 'll you want, young fellers? Why d'ye ask me wether you 'n smoke? W'at business is it o' mine wether you—sure, I'll take one—" He struck a match.

"Yer a Capitalist," she went on, the cigarette trembling in her lips. "Ye wouldn't be so pl'tee to me if you didn't want sump'n— ... I know ye ... You don't belong to the City? If you did, you'd be gettin' paid. I don't get paid, an' (hic) belong t' the City. ... Look at this here. She fumbled in the bosom of her dress, and produced a brown card. Snipping so as to catch the rays of the arc light, he read:

"Pass Mrs. Sara Trimball for one month from date to Randall Island ... To visit Daughter."

"That's me," said Mrs. Trimball, with a kind of alcoholic pride. "Work up t Ranall's Island—sort o' git-along-there-do-this-do-that for the nurses 'n doctors (hic). We get paid to-day. I come all the way down to City Hall: Get there at six minutes past three, 'n I don't get m' money. Y'understand? Don't get money till next Friday (hic). Ain't that hell? The nurses an' doctors they get their money up t' five clock ... W'y can't I get my money? They know I ain't got no place t' sleep ... W'y?—So I say (hic) 'w-right,' an' go sleep in the park. Just b'fore you come, a big cop comes an' says, 'get out o' here! City won' pay me w'at I work fer ... I go sleep in City Park ... City cop comes an' drives me 'way. ... Where'll I go? Go t' the devil. Ain't that a round o' pleasure (hic)?"

"You have a daughter there?"

"Sure got a daughter. ... Sixteen years old. Here's nother funny thing (hic). If I didn't work up there, I'd keep 'er there fer nawthin'. But I work up there, an' it costs me two dollars a week to keep her there."

"Why do you work up there?" William protested
THE MASSES.

loftly. "That's criminal extravagance for a poor person like you." -

"Hear 'm talk, the dirty loafer!" she responded with heat. "Don't ye think I want to see 'er sometimes. O Gawd, what do I do 't fer? She ought to be out on the streets, earnin' enough to take care o' me in my old age....

"Of course she ought. It's ridiculous—"

"I don't know why I keep her shut away like that.... It ain't (hic) got any sense to it. Will ye tell me w'y I don' want my kid to be like me? I always had a good time—I always lived happy.... W'y don't we want our kids to be like us? She ought to be out working fer me—but I go on keepin' her there, so she won't be like me.... W'at difference does it make (hic)? When I'm gone she'll have to, anyhow...." Mrs. Trimball began to cough, slightly at first and then more violently, until her whole body was writhed. The mist came steadily down. William felt the subtle chill of it stealing through his body. The sleeper across the way suddenly swallowed a prodigious snore, snored, and slowly sat up. "Why can't ye let a guy sleep?" he muttered. "All that damn coughin'—"

"O Gawd," said Mrs. Trimball weakly, the paroxysm past. "I wished I had a drink."

"How much does a room cost?" asked William suddenly.

"A quarter. You want a room? I know a good place right down Fourth Street.... Naw, w'at you givin' us? You don' want no room...."

"No, but you do. Wait a minute, please! I'm not going to offer you charity." He held out a quarter. "You can borrow it from me; I'd do the same with you, you know—and you can pay me back sometime—when you get paid." He dropped it into her shaking hand. She clutched at it and missed. The coin clinked upon the pavement and rolled. Quick as light a long, ragged arm shot out from the opposite bench, and the sleeper was reeling away down the path with his precious find.

Mrs. Trimball half rose from her seat. "You drunken bum!" she screamed shrilly. "Come back with that, you dirty thief—"

"Never mind," said William, his arm on hers. "There's plenty more at home like that. Here's another...." This time she clutched it....

"I'm thanking you very much," said Mrs. Trimball with dignity. "Between friends borrowin's all right (hic). I'll ask ye to give me your name an' address, an' I'll return it to you." She fumbled in her bag and produced a much-bitten pencil and a letter. "Perhaps ye might be able to put another dime on that, so 's I can get a drop to warm me stomach." William hesitated only for an instant. "Certainly," he agreed. Then he set his wits to work, conjuring up all his remembrances of the Society Page in the Sunday papers. He wrote upon the letter:

"Courcy De Peyster Stuyvesant
Hotel Plaza"

"Didn't I tell ye?" cried the old lady as he elated this. "I know ye (hic). I'll have no truck wid ye. You gettin' yer money from yer pa, and me workin' on my knees seven days out o' the week. Ain't that a hell of a name to have wished on ye? Are ye ashamed to walk a few steps with an' ol' souce like me, Mr. Cursey Dee Poyster Stuyvesant?"

"Not at all. A pleasure, I assure you." William rose stiffly to his feet, and took the old lady's arm. He shivered. It seemed as if standing up exposed to the chill other parts of his body that had been fairly warm while he remained seated....

"NIGGER TILLY"

And end the mercy-making of a fly;
I have seen her hurl a stone
And pick off my neighborhood's fan-tail pigeon....

ON THE DEATH OF THE FAMILY HORSE

"PORE old Clebeland—
Dar he lay,
An' his sperret ain't to trouble
Till de judgement day,
But he carriage gone be meltin'
Widout no hope—
Into yaller wropted packages
Of soap, soap, soap!

TILLY'S APOLOGY

"J's doun-right bad, Miss Rosie,
But the good Gawd know'd I'd be,
When he gone squanderin' fashion
Like he done done in me?

She raised us all
Then hung about without any usefulness.
A dark, expected spot on the landscape,
Something with its roots driven deep into the memory of things—

Ignored

Like a weather-beaten hitching-post

"T崇尚 at us!" remarked Mrs. Trimball. "Here we all elect a President of the United States... the very feller that promises to make everything all right (hic). I say, here we elect a Presid'at' an' all we get is—Police."

William bluffed magnificently. "But, dear lady, we must safeguard society.

Mrs. Trimball turned at her door. "You're a good enough young feller for a Cap'tal'gt. You got the stuff in you. All you want is a little hard work."

"If you working people weren't so extravagant, you'd save enough to make you comfortable in your old age...."

William Booth Wrenn walked back into the Square. His feet were without feeling, but the dampness had worked through his thin clothing, and all his body was damp and chilled. He sought the bench he had just quit, fingering the nickel in his pocket. In a dry corner underneath the seat, between the iron and the wood, he found the stump of his cigarette. After four trials, a damp match was induced to sputter into blue flame. He lighted the tobacco, drew a long breath of it into his lungs, and warmed his hands over the match.

Just then a well-nourished, cape-nuffled policeman appeared, motioning with his club. "Move on," he said briefly. "You can't sit here."

William took another puff at his snipe, and, without moving, crawled insolently, "My man, do you know who I am?"

The policeman took in the dirty collar, the cheap hat, the wet shoes. Policeman's eyes are sharper than old ladies'. Then he leaned forward and peered into William's face.

"Yes," he said, "I know who you are. You're the guy that I chased out of here twice already last night. Now git, or I'll fan you."

"My poker om my life,
An' my pan om my drum;
Gatad dawn de nigger—
An' a bum! Bum! Bum! Bum!!"

They came—those officers—
And chased Nigger Tilly;
Ten million years back she went,
Clawing her way up into an acorn tree.
And there on a branch she chittered and jibbered—

"My poker om my life,
An' my pan om my drum;
Gatad dawn de nigger—
An' a bum! Bum! Bum! Bum!!"

Down she fell
And jumped
Like the sack of carrots in the cellar.
They shoved her onto a board and hurried away,
All that mangled goodness still murmuring—

"My poker om my life,
An' my pan om my drum;
Gatad dawn de nigger—
An' a bum! Bum! Bum! Bum!!"

JANE Burre
Arsenic in the Soup

"I BELIEVE the navy of the United States should be unconquerable," said the President. "The greatest in the world." It is fair to say that Wilson did not believe, when he started West, that we should engage in a naval race with Great Britain. He was evidently convinced by his own air of earnest sincerity.

BETWEEN the President's sentiments of a year ago and those of to-day, the average Democratic Congressman seems to be maintaining a position of timid neutrality.

TAFT says we should have a "reasonably adequate army" and a navy "as big as the importance of the country in the family of nations demands." How can a man who talks as meaninglessly as that deny that he is a candidate for President?

ELIHU ROOT'S keynote address proves that he is not too proud to fight but far too old.

AS it looks from the outside all the Republican party needs is a candidate whom more than three people want and a device by which they can round up the German-American votes while strafing the Germans.

IT is said that Justice Hughes will reverse himself and consent to see America through this crisis. Proving anew that whenever we have a crisis somebody will arise to meet it—and vice versa.

IT now appears that the reason Garrison's army was called "continental" is that Congress didn't give one.

THE army and navy fans have given notice that we must squander no money this year on roads, harbors or public buildings. The rule is that money spent by the government must be utterly wasted; if it shows traces of human usefulness, it is called "pork."

TO be consistent, the yellow jingoes should run headlines like this: "French Lose Three Hundred Yards of National Honor," "Future Civilization Captures Village in Turkish Armenia."

OUR salutations to those bold spirits who write to the Tribune deploring our national moral cowardice and sign themselves "Constant Reader," "True American" and "Not Too Proud to Fight." As long as we remain at ignominious peace there is no point in offending one's German employer or customers.

THE anarchists operators say that the cost of wholesome recreation for miners has not risen much. Not only that, but there is a rumor that golf balls are going down.

IT is further explained that if the miners' demands are granted domestic coal must be boosted 60 cents a ton in order that they may compete with bituminous in the steam sizes. A thought to keep one cheerful while stoking the family furnace—with every shovelful I am helping those brave fellows to meet bituminous competition in factory coal.

WARD & GOW have installed fireproof newsstands in the subway. Perhaps on account of the incendiary literature they handle.

Howard Brubaker.

One of the Contrasts of Our Civilization

The Copper Strike

THE strike of the copper miners in Arizona, of which we told last month, was won. It is a significant victory in more than one way. Anton Johannsen writes: "Half of the five thousand men in- volved were Mexicans. White labor in this state never had any confidence in the staying ability of the Mexican workman, but here is such a notable excep- tion that it will have a great influence on the labor movement in Arizona and Texas, and will, in my judgment, bring labor closer together than ever before in this neck of the woods."

The Ward & Gow Censorship

MANY of our friends have written to us asking what they can do about the Ward & Gow censorship of our magazine. You can help us, right now, in the big effort we are making to overcome this handicap by getting five thousand more yearly subscribers. Pretty soon we may ask your help in a more exciting plan, but just now—thank you!

FROM A HUMORIST

"It is interesting to notice what the law allows; as, for example, this in The Masses: "A number of soldiers have been dismissed from Annapolis for participation in hazing. And quite properly too. We must have no brutality in the training of our future assassins."

"The Fatherland would hardly go so far. "The curious progress of The Masses to the old Boy is most noticeable just now in its attention to the concerns of sex. In that it follows, no doubt, the usual course and exhibits phenomena that familiarly attend a loss of balance. "Not unlikely, however, it is satisfied that it cannot make a living and hopes and practices to be suppressed. An unadulterated gospel of hate is not even good business. Lubricity can't save it. It tastes too bad."

"I don't stand for a minute for a paper that rates midship- men as our 'future assassins.'"

Yours sincerely, Edward S. Martin."

Life," New York City.

Baby Bunting's Electric Chair

TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND

WHILE you weep

For your men, blind, legless, broken
Or only dead perhaps—
While you despair—

We dance and shop
And feel annoyance when upon the street
They hold a box for pennies in our faces
And beg for food for little children
And bandages and socks
For soldiers somewhere.

And you raise your heads
Eyes dull with tears and peer across the sea
In wonder at our callousness.

We women have a right to dance and shop
And to refuse you pennies.
We have never—
Yet—
Pinned a feather on a boy and killed him.

Mary Carolyn Davies.
TO A WEEPING WILLOW

YOU hypocrite!
You sly deceiver!
I have watched you fold your hands and sit
With your head bowed the slightest bit,
And your body bending and swaying.
As though you were praying
Like a devout and rapt believer.
You knew that folks were looking and you were
Quite pleased with the effect of it.
Your ever-mournful mien;
Your meek and languid stir;
Your widow's weeds of trailing green;
Your grief in resignation clad.
... You seemed so chastely, delicately sad.

You bold young hypocrite—
I know you now!
Last night when every light was out,
I saw you wave one beckoning bough
And, with a swift and passionate shout,
The storm sprang up—and you, you exquisite,
You laughed a welcome to that savage howl...
I heard the thunder of his heavy boots.
And in that dark and rushing weather,
You clung together,
Safe, with your secret in the night's great cover.
You and your lover.

I saw his windy fingers in your hair;
I saw you tremble and try to tear
Free from your roots
In a headlong rush to him;
His face was dim,
But I could hear his kisses in the rain;
And I could see your arms clasped and unclasped.
His rough, impetuous grasp
Shook you, and you let fall
Your torn and tattered weeds, or flung them all
Joyfully in the air;
Like buoyant flags to sing above.
The stark and shameless victory of love.
LOUIS USTERMEYER

Heavenly Discourse

OD and Jesus are standing on the extreme edge of
Space, looking beyond.

God: What was that hit me in the ear?
Jesus: A prayer.
God: Who threw it?
Jesus: It came from the earth.
God: The earth? Oh, yes, I remember. See who threw it.

Jesus: The Christians of the United States of America.
God: Who are they? I never heard of them.
Jesus: I don't know. They are strangers to me.
God: What does it say?
Jesus: "Almighty God, all wise and all merciful. We thank thee that thou hast kept ever from us the slaughter, misery and devastation of war and hast permitted us to pursue our peaceful and Christian associations. We thank thee that our homes are not made desolate, nor the air heavy with weeping. We thank thee that, secure in thy holy protection we receive the bountiful blessings at thy hands of an unexampled prosperity and that thou hast turned our factories into hives of industry. Continue thy blessings in the name of thy beloved son, Jesus Christ."
God: Oh, stop. That fellow makes me sick.
Jesus: Who?
MISSION OF THE IMMACULATE VIRGIN
A HOME FOR THE PROTECTION AND EDUCATION OF ORPHANED CHILDREN

Filth, squalor and brutality were found by the chari-
ties investigation in various New York orphanages
under religious control. One of them ironically bears
the name seen in the picture.
Journalism: An Unbelievable Fantasy
Seymour Bernard

As Performed Daily by Our Leading Newspapers.
Time: Interminable. Place: Dark Row.


(From the stage can be heard the notes of a concert, as of a band of pilgrims approaching. As it grows louder the newspapers awaken. One by one they arise until all are standing together facing the limelight.)

ALL.

Here are epitomized things journalistic;
Dignified Dailies of substance and pride;
Pardon the hint of a snick egotistical,
Time we have conquered, transition delayed;
Progress may pester our minds repertorial,
Reason assail us, or logic distress;
Steadfast to-day as from time immemorial,
Changeless, impregnable, firm is the Press.

(The singing off- stage grows louder. The words of the chorus can be distinctly heard: A band of pilgrims, pinioned small in number, enters. It is made up of such people as are still called "Pilgrims" in their respective communities. Having no longer a "Cause" they proceed hauntingly.)

PILGRIMS.
Hand in hand with cautious tread,
We the path of Progress tread;
'Tis no reckless course untrous'd,
The New York Times

Ere we journeyed we took thought:
Where this fearsome path may lead
Never wonder, never heed;
Yonder region, at this rate,
We shall never penetrate:
Hand in hand and cautiously,
Down the path of Progress we:

THE ASSEMBLED NEWSPAPERS. (Wonderfully, to the Pilgrims.)

We have seen what none could prove,
Daily journals on the move:
Viewing your progress thus
Is a wracking thing to us;
Join our static company,
Our collected coteries,
Put the staff and scrip away,
List to what we have to say;
We our virtues now will state,
You in time may emulate.

(The pilgrims seat themselves. The others prepare their parts.)

THE SUN (stepping to the front first, with a matter- of- course air).
Twice a penny
Purchase me,
Journalism's A. B. C.
Roughest, toughest stuff is done
Subltly, subtly
In the Sun.

Twice a penny
Purchase me,
Journalism's apoge;
Just a gruesome grind or so
To maintain the status quo.

(Falling of an encore, the Sun beckons the Tribune. The latter is an elderly newspaper, drenched like a youth. He is staggering to himself, a habit common to old age.)

THE TRIBUNE (to himself).
Order your arms to your furthest possessions;
Guard with your navy your seas and your shore;
Marshal your mates into countless processions,—
Women and children, if need be for more;
Summon the aged, and arm the infirm of you,
Hunt up your geniuses, rally your poor,
Nourish the bragart, belligerent germ of you;
Peace that is righteous will follow for sure.

(After some time he becomes conscious of the crowd. To the crowd.)

When popular opinion
Of a sudden turns about,
And we're left with deep convictions
We had better be without.
When the populace outstrip us,
And the reading public scours
On political opinions
Most peculiarly ours.
Then the ethics we rely on,
And the conscience we obey,
Will have to stretch and straddle
In the same old way.

ALL. (Dance.)
Round about the bush we go,
Let us strain a point or so,
What was 'Yes' we twist to 'No,
Round the bush we heel and toe.

THE GLOBE. (He is laden with market baskets.)
Bread and sausage,
Cheese and eggs,
Mostly things material;
Mouldy meat
And mutton legs;
That, for things ethereal!

Let the butcher
Taint his meat,
Poisoning the nation—
Hit the wretch,
(Spare his chief?)
Boost the circulation!

ALL.
You may hit the cost of living with a heavy editorial,
Expose the grinning grocer with a well- indicted thrust,
And with a labored leader for the democratic reader, bore

A puncture in the all- absorbing, o'er inflated trust.
But hold your ammunition till you're sure what you are shooting at;
To vent your animosity most carefully select,
Avoid the laws concerning cause, at fundamentals
Learn to pause,
And in a thousand fragments smash the innocent effect.

(A maid from the wings. The proceedings are rudely interrupted. A number of grotesques tumble to the footlights. They are extraordinary large heads and no bodies to speak of. Under their chins are large red scars. They are the Hearst Newspapers.)

Shouts of horror and indignation from the orthodox newspapers, who make frantic efforts to reassure the pilgrims.)

THE HEARST NEWSPAPERS. They tumble about and sing.
Running with red!
Running with red!

What is a column except for its head?
Larger the letters
And longer the line,
Printing a journal is painting a sign
Running with red!
Running with red
News is a nuisance that's not in a head!
Pride of the people!
By plutocrats cursed!

(Exit Hearst. (Enter City. He makes for the Hearst Newspapers, who snarl off at sight of him. Confusion amongst the orthodox. They endeavor to shield the pilgrims from the disturbing scene.)

THE CALL. (bellowing wrathfully).
O, I'm the keeper of a cult,
A connoisseur of schism;
A plague to that which is not ultimately Socialism.
The consummations I invoke,
I instantly perceive them,
As but the crafty masters' yoke
When they, not I, achieve them.

(Here the newspapers surround the Call and edge him from the stage into the wings.)

ALL. (To the Call.)
O, his crudeness and his crassness,
Shock our gentle middle-classness,
And his meanness and his meanness
Do our polished selves appall,
Read of shockingest conditions,
In our Sunday best editions,
But you'll never find a mention
Of the New York Call.

Exit Call.

(Times. (Reflectively.)
When trusts and those who made them
Need the government's attention,—
(And it's our polite opinion
'T is a most unlikely state)
Your legislatures,—trade them,
Or retire them on a pension;
For the magnates they are qualified
Themselves to regulate.
When banking, say, needs measures
Of a governmental nature,—
(And again it's our opinion
'T is a fact)
Why reduce the hours for pleasures
Of a burdened legislature,
When the bankers best are qualified
To tell us what to do?
When Labor's cause has need of laws
To thwart some wicked toiler,—
(Then leave it to the workingmen,
You think I'm going to say)
We recognize the mental flaws
That mar the muddled molder,
And we summon his employer
To direct him on his way.

DIVERTISSEMENT.
(A discordant blast from the orchestra. The newspapers take the back of the stage. The Ballet of Colored Supplements enters.)
THE MASSES.

A mighty being
Has run amuck;
The Giant Toiler’s
Fist has struck.

THE WORLD (to the Pilgrims, so that it may be audible to the Call):
A critic of society
Whom we’re obliged to notice,
Or such a sad anomaly
As woman with the vote is,
A sociological diatribe
Compelling publication,
An agitator’s jarring gibe
At those above his station.

ALL (in the same vein).
What they exhort about
Best to be short about,
Give them a line as it strikes you;—
Each as he chooses,—
And that’s what the news is,
The public may learn it if it likes to.

(Exeunt Call and Followers)

THE HERALD (Shocked at what has been going on.)

To one whose affair is
An office in Paris,
A yacht off the Battery wall,
O, life is a matter
Of gentle folks, chatter,
The beach, the barouche and the ball.
A concert enthralling,
A lecture appalling,
Of opera regal and rare,
A drama of merit,
Dismolish or spare it,
But judge by the people who’re there.

ALL (Hands round the Herald; faster and faster until exhausted.)
A page of you, a page of me
Is sacred to Society;
O, letters, learning, life and art,
Must play in us a smaller part.
A page of you, a page of me
Is sacred to Society;
O, letters, learning, life and art,
Must play in us a smaller part.

THE PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENTS (They elbow the others aside and monopolize the front of the stage.)

Throw your presses on the junk;
Printed things are mostly bunk;
Let the relic hunter swipe
The historic linotype.
Here are topics of the day
In a limitless array,
Picturesque and, O,
The caved things we show.

Here’s a baby at his play;
Ordinary, did you say?
Let the caption here attest
He has millions by bequest.
Here are cats of priceless worth;
Here are dames of wealth and birth;
Pets like these are hard to find
(Either dumb or human kind).
Here is carnage after strife;
Here’s a glimpse of leisure life;
Here’s a giggling chorus-ic;
Not a useful thing in sight.
(They display themselves to the pilgrims.)

THE POST. (A gentle voice, scarcely heard.)
Sedate, select,
The cultured’s boost;
Sophisticated
Evening Post;
Ordained to preach
Where others prate,
Too dignified
To circulate;
I trace a rumor
To its source,
Aghast at scandals
And divorce;
And murders which
May shock the land,
I mention briefly,
Out of hand,—
Perhaps as topics
Of the day,
A line or two
To hide away.
For, all the yellows
Have narrated,
You’ll find in me
Abbreviated;
And, what to me
Should mean omission,
The yellows give
A whole edition.
O, virtue was,
And virtue is
A matter mere
Of emphasis.

ALL (Respectfully.)
O, virtue was,
And virtue is
A matter mere
Of emphasis.
The ripest, rankest
Thing will go,
If mentioned in
A line or so.

(The pilgrims have suddenly risen to their feet. They fall in line, facing toward their promised land.)

THE PILGRIMS. (Indicating the Post.)
Thanks, a thousand thanks that we
Are not half so good as be.
Though we’re less to contemplate,
We’d prefer to circulate.
Where the moral tone is thus
Is no biding place for us.
(They walk backwards, taking up their chant.)
Hand in hand we trudge to-day;
Face the future,—back away.
Where this fearsome path may go,
We’ll pretend we do not know.
Yonder region, walking thus,
Ne’er shall feel the feet of us.

Exeunt.

THE ASSEMBLED NEWSPAPIERS (taking a long breath of relief.)

With majestic measure we
Hymn the mighty powers that be,
Let the discontented range,
We, together, laugh at change.
Tell of pleasure, tell of care,
We’ve an unctuous class to please.
Bid the bad quiescent be,
Give the good publicity.
(One by one they sink to sleep.)

CURTAIN.
Jones

MEEKNESS is a scripturally commended quality. Yet it neither inspires the respect of the less perceptive of one's fellow men—and one's fellow women should be particularly mentioned—nor does it always bring to its possessor the rich inheritance so unconditionally promised. Rather is meekness an extra-human quality, toward which aspiration only is commendable, and then on condition that the aspiration leads never to its goal.

But Jones was a meek man. He was employed in cutting threads on bolts in a railroad repair shop. The demands on the shop were so heavy that Jones and two or three others did nothing from the morning whistle to the evening signal of the same steam-horned monotone but cut innumerable threads upon innumerable bolts. When the day was done Jones listened to the gossip of his boarding home. Thereafter did he drink of beer, a meek drink, standing at the bar in a hesitating attitude. Not for him was the confident slouching position with one foot on the rail and one's friends in an hilarious company around. Jones drank his beer alone, standing back lest some other imbiber desire more elbow room. Then, mayhap, he sat on a camp chair, feet pigeon-toed, to watch other shopmen play erectors, aimless games of pool. A moving picture show attracted him occasionally. And after these simple diversions he would slip forthwarily away to his tiny room with its rickety wash stand and corrugated mirror and enjoy his sleep humbly and without ostentation.

Women were quite out of Jones' scheme. His unaggressive soul had never dared aspire to the favor of these unattainables. On his own powers of initiative he was surely doomed to single meekness for his life. This, however, fails to take account of Marie Mercier.

Marie was by vocation a waitress, but for some time past her devotion to work had decreased while her splendor of raiment increased. She had become a fine, dashing, bold beauty, wearing black and red and black and white, those combinations of color with which certain types of femininity delight to glare noiselessly down the street.

Following the law of contraries, no better law appearing invokable, Marie, hot blooded, barbaric, taking what she pleased without a by-your-leave, decided to marry Jones. It was not that she was particularly attracted by Jones, but the truth was that despite her aggression, her flouting of favors and capricious recitals, her amazonian fervor and blatant hats and dresses, Marie, in her minor moods and at rare intervals, was a woman. At some such period she conjured for herself a picture of a real home in which there was furniture, a cook stove, a canary and a husband. While the installment houses could furnish most of the necessaries, the matter of a husband was not so easily arranged in Marie's circle. So Marie in her man hunt found Jones. A month later Jones was meekly married.

So pleased was he at his sudden absorption by this queen among women, as she appeared to his newly opened eyes, that he was almost betrayed into exultation. But exultation goeth not with true meekness, and Jones was not able to transcend the limits of this sotto voce quality. As for Marie, the novelty of a home and the sudden acquisition of a respectability which she had previously flaunted when she thought of it at all, gave her pause in her turbulent career for two full months.

But some two months after her assumption of the dignities and rewards of wedlock, Marie met Hermanson on the street. Hermanson's shirt drew tightly at the arm pits and his sleeves were filled with muscle. His always open shirt showed a neck that wore a fat man's collar, but scored an ounce of fat. Hermanson it was who had lifted the pony truck from the body of old man Andrews, and Hermanson it was who had picked up a rail to relase a jammed hammer head that had struck anes an engine frame in the welding. It was also this same man of the tight sleeves and the flat back who gave handicaps in all the shop wrestling matches.

His wooing of Mrs. Jones was tumultuous and muscular. Their second meeting saw this dominating creature of the weaker sex borne upward in Hermanson's arms three full flights of stairs to come down when the moon had played for an hour on quiet streets and find her way home, a backslider to the oldest profession in the world.

When Marie entered the room in which her husband was sleeping she lighted the lamp and looked at him in-
THE MASSES

tenly. His meek face, the unresistance of his sleeping form, the almost babyish naturalness with which his arm escaped the covers and hung limply over the side of the bed, irri-
taxed her. The brute strength, the muscular splendor, the kingly amiability of Hermanson swept from her all sense of proportion, all sense of witty duty, and she lunged into bed in fierce disgust of the meek figure beside her.

Within a week Jones found his furniture, cook stove and canary superfluous property. His wife had gone, and coincident was the absence of Hermanson’s name from the payroll. But Jones kept the useless home, spent his evenings there in sad self-interrogation as to wherein he had disappointed his absent spouse, and slept there even more meekly than when his wife had so contumaciously shared his bed and board. He vaguely understood that Hermanson and Marie were in a larger city nearby, but active inquiry was quite foreign to him, even in this critical affair.

Hermanson and his stolen mate lived riotously and exultantly. He earned an adequate living as a steel worker on a new cloud-piercing structure. Up it went, eighteen, nineteen, twenty stories, and with each story rose Hermanson’s fame as a strong man, a hard-fighter and a good sport. Every afternoon at five Marie awaited her lover in the street below. With upturned face she watched him as he swung the last steel beam of the day into place, and held her breath as he descended from his perilous position. Then they went forth to eat, to drink, to see, to hear, to carouse and to enjoy to the utmost all that tempted their fancy or their passions.

The structure had risen another floor and as the day closed Hermanson, balanced on a six-inch girder two hundred feet in the air, reached for a smaller girder swinging lightly from the crane. As he reached with his left hand, his body poised on his knees, the fingers of his right hand closed over a greasy spot on the girder whereon he kneelcd. There was a hoarse, sud-
denly checked cry from the crowd below. Marie, startled, turned from a jeweler’s window.

She did not need to look up. Almost as she turned around there came from the street a sound like that of a pesty hump of dough thrown on the kneading board of a baker. Hermanson—no, it was not Hermanson. Instead of that bull neck, the swelling chest and the stretched sleeves; there was a mass of something curi-
ously mixed with cloth like that of overalls, through which ran blood and from which, like the white sprouts of potatoes kept overlong in dank cellars, protruded splintered bones, some strangely festooned with shred-
ded flesh. The face of him was blotted out against the pavement.

A profound dizziness and nausea seized Marie. She cried out in her misery, but not from grief. She felt no grief. The identity of Hermanson had vanished with the impact of his body on the stones of the street. Her-
manson was gone. That was all. Her only sensation was one of physical disgust, fear and loathing of this bloody mass before her. She turned and fled into a side street.

A month later Jones’s meek meditations were dis-
turbed of an evening by the reappearance of Marie. There was a masterful calmness about her, an imperial disdain of explanation of her absence. But Jones was quietly happy and omitted reference to events that might have interested a husband less pliant and docile.

He took up his married life where he had left it. The furniture and the cook stove came back into use.

But Marie soon began again to chafe under the mon-
otony of so placid a domesticity. She ate well and slept soundly. Her appetite was undisturbed by memo-
ries of Hermanson and her slumbers were not broken by any nightmare of shapeless flesh and cloth which bled at her feet. But the old disgust of Jones, her quiet ways, his vegetable-like existence, grew upon her until she tampered with his spineless acquiescence in her name, and voided, as only such a woman can, her utter contempt and hate.

About this time Jones took to reading of nights. He read romances in which lace sleeves, rapiers and the stately honor of stately gentlemen played a large part. And it was all very new and very real to him. He made personal application of the dialogues touching the conduct of outraged gentlemen under circumstances similar to his, and became profoundly sin with the con-
viction that he was a spiritless worm having neither the courage to defend his own hearth nor the capacity to understand his wife’s crude, heartless and animal infidelity. While he was uncertain as to the proper action, he was convinced that something had to be done.

Then did Jones buy him a revolver, the first one he had ever owned. On his way home he fired an experi-
mental cartridge at a tomato can in the dock, and as-
certained that the new weapon would really shoot. At dawn the next morning he arose, dressed and went out into the back yard. He cautiously drew the revolver from his pocket and placed the muzzle against his right temple. There was a sharp report and Jones, with the self-satisfied smile of one who has at last done his gentlemanly duty, meekly departed.

G. C. M.

Enemies

The Committee on Industrial Relations has been in existence three months. In that short time it has developed a character; good, according to the labor unions which are supporting it financially; bad, according to the Iron Trade Review, which pro-
claims that “it is high time for the administration at Washington to suppress this mischief making coterie which has no legal existence and ought to be driven from the national capital.” The Committee is “hate-
ful” to Miss Frances Kellar for showing up her Na-
tional Americanization Society; it was “hateful,” she thought, for Frank Walsh to tell the members to their faces at their meeting at the Bellevue Stratford in Philadelphia that an organization was a sham that pretended to lift up the immigrant workingman to enjoyment of a beautiful life, when its membership was made up of such notorious exploiters of the immigrant as Edward T. Stotesbury, Samuel Rea, Jacob H. Schiff, Clarence H. Mackay, Howard Elliot, Frank Trumbull, C. H. Markham and Elbert H. Gary.

The Committee is also in bad with another illus-
rious group. It drew forth the wrath of John Cor-
bin, secretary and director of the Drama Society of New York, for giving out for public notice the fact that his organization had refused to endorse Emanuel Reicher’s production of Hauptmann’s great play, “The Weavers,” which was having a run at the Garden Theatre in New York. The Committee on Industrial Rela-
tions through its backing has saved this play from the extinction which it merited, according to the Drama Society, because the poverty and revolt of the workers of Silesia in 1840 “has no bearing on conditions in this country.”
SKETCHES FROM "THE WEavers"

By K. R. Chamberlain

The sketch to the left shows the mob of starving weavers breaking into the house of the rich manufacturer, Mr. Dreissiger. The bearded man is Old Ansorge, through whose slow and halting mind the idea of Revolution, of brotherhood, and of the Great Tomorrow, has just pounded its way.
April Fool
THE MASSES

It is Judge Gaten's who has worked untringly for years to pass a law to legitimate illegitimate children. He has worked for equal suffrage and every other liberal cause that has come up in the state. He will give you a divorce in his court if you don't love the person you are legally tied to.

He has made people in Oregon think. He looks pretty tired sometimes, but he stays on the job. Now I wonder what the readers of The Masses think about the different way these two men acted when they discovered the truth about their love affairs. You honor the action of the judge who resigned, as you must honor every sincere and noble action. But the man who stayed—didn't he do something better still?

What do you think?

LOUISE BRYANT.

THE NAME

My heart hath heard thy step afar
Though the wet grass neigheth thy foot
Hath not lost its whiteness;
And I know, the while thy lips Have not confessed it
All the sweetness of thy name— My heart hath guessed it.
By the light about thy face,
Thou art called Morning.
By the white flower in thy hand,
Thou art called April.

ANNE W. YOUNG.

Horizontal Talking

THE other day, as a piece of literary penance, I forced myself to read a chapter of that dull old novel, Vanity Fair; and in it I found this passage:

"It seems like yesterday, don't it, John?"

Said Mrs. Sedley to her husband; and that night in a conversa-
tion which took place in a front room on the second-
floor, in a sort of tent, hung round with chintz of a rich and fantastic India pattern, and double with calico of a tender rose-color; in the interior of which spe-
cies of marquee was a leather-bed, on which were two pillows, on which were two round red faces, one in a laced nightcap, and one in a simple cotton one, end-
ing in a fassel—"in a curtain lecture, I say, Mrs. Sed-
ley took her husband.

Note the extreme caution with which Mr. Thack-
ery approached the subject. Mrs. Sedley and her husband were in "a front room on the second floor," by which you are to understand a bedroom; they were in "a sort of tent," by which you are to under-
stand the old-fashioned curtained bed. A delicate subject! Mr. Thackery did not regain his com-
posure until he had come to the night caps. Once there, he is fairly safe, for a nightcap is comic, and no well-regulated reader could possibly be stirred to improper feelings by thinking of a nightcap. And when he came to the phrase curtain lecture, the day was saved for Mr. Thackery. Under cover of that current and respectable phrase, he could.dominate the conver-
sation which Mr. and Mrs. Sedley, aged fifty-odd, had that night in bed.

The phrase curtain lecture has vanished with the curtained bed. And with the nightcap, that saving touch of comedy, has vanished all reference in fiction to the fact that people do talk in bed.

The bed itself remains in fiction, but as a purely exotic adjunct. It is rather a pity. The bed is in reality a versatile piece of furniture than fiction gives it credit for. It is used for all sorts of pleasant purposes—for reading, for eating breakfast in, even for sleeping. But one of the most delightful uses of the bed is for talking in.

Judging from the few references to talking in bed which have crept in fiction, one would gather that a man and his wife are restrained from talking in bed until they become forty and funny, and that then their conversation consisted in her scolding him—the "curtain lecture." Perhaps that was true in Mr. Thackery's time, but it is not true in our own. For any well-married young couple the bed is the scene of the pleasantest conversations in the world.

For one thing, the day is so full of a number of things that it is not until bedtime that they really have time to talk their hearts out. Work, play, dressing, dinner and sociability take up the hours. And during that time a hundred ideas, observations, comments, stories, are stored away by each one for the other's benefit. A glance exchanged at dinner means "Did you see that? Yes—we'll talk about it later." In the evening, their friends come in; but do they say everything that is in their minds to their friends, or do their friends say everything to them? By no means—that is put off till later. The heart and soul of every gathering is in the aftermath—a couple in this bed and a couple in that bed, and not

railroad issues

IT is the custom of railroad managements to over-
load their trains, so much so that mileage cannot be made within schedule time. The practice pays good profits. The railroad Brotherhoods are de-
manding overtime pay. That is different.

While the Brotherhoods are raising the issue of overtime pay for overtime work, the directors are trying to evade it by putting this question up: Shall there be a national regulation of railroad wages, administered by a special national board?
THE WASH

Mrs. Driggs came in and dried her hands.
The doorway, before the door swung shut,
Showed two long lines of wash hung in the yard—
They hid the view where the fields beyond
Ran far to find the woods.
Gray with young winter.
The room was now in shadow,
And the woman,
Crumpling her apron, hand about hand,
Sighed.

"They're coming, mother!"
Called from somewhere front in the house a girl's voice
Shrill and excited;
"Mrs. Watson's got new furs,
And old Mrs. McGrey's fit to go to church,
And so's the minister's wife.
I've set the parlor chairs."

"Bring them in here, Alice," said Mrs. Driggs.
"And you go find and watch Maudie and Ben."
And presently Alice showed them into the kitchen
And they sat down in a row on the kitchen settle.
Mrs. Watson, Mrs. McGrey and the minister's wife—
The church Relief Committee—
And Mrs. Driggs stood wet before them,
Waiting.
Alice slipped out.

A thread of steam trickled up from the boiler on the stove,
The water bubbled against the rusty tin.

Mrs. Watson fidgeted
And threw back the fine fox-skin from her neck,
And spoke.
"Where are little Maudie and Ben this nice day?
Playing?"

"I guess," said Mrs. Driggs. "They're always playing.
I don't have time so's to keep after them as I should."

Mrs. McGrey leaned forward, loosening her dry, wrinkled throat,
And smiled,
And tried to make her voice understanding and merciful.
"Of course, Mrs. Driggs," she said, "we know.
We have your letter to the Committee."

"Then I do hope you'll do the way I asked in it!"
The washer-woman crumpled and uncrumpled her apron
And then pushed back a straggile of hair from her eyes.
"It would help me lots more than just the wash.
You're good to give that to me, so much of it,
But a little ready money instead
To lessen the need of my having to do all of it,
To ease the work,
Would give me more time—and it's that I want;
More time to be able to look after the children.
Now they're running wild, and I'm afraid—
I'm afraid there's wickedness in their blood, though I should say it,
Young as they are, Ben five and Maudie seven.
But I keep thinking of their father and my boy Herbert
Taking the drink like him.
Maybe if I'd had more time
To watch and keep after him and teach him,
He wouldn't be the same;
But I had the work then like I have the work now."

HOMeward BOUND

"Haven't you heard from your husband or Herbert lately?"
Asked the minister's wife.

"No, Mrs. Elliot.
George has been in the city, I guess—God knows—
A month now. Herb was in last night a space.
He'd been drinking. I wouldn't give him the money he wanted.
And he left. He hasn't come back."

"You see," said Mrs. Watson, "that would be the trouble
If we were to let you have the allowance
Instead of sending you our wash and the congregation's—
As much of it as you can do.
Your boy or your husband would be after it.
I think the plan as it stands now is better."

"But I didn't give it to him.
I've got my need of it.
And what I asked you for
Was only two dollars, not so much wash the week.
"Look," she pointed suddenly out the window,
"Since I came to this town six years ago,
With George taken to the drink and Herb already going.
Those two lines have been hanging there like that,
Heavy and flapping, outside that window,
Making dark this room."

"You should have been glad, Mrs. Driggs,
To have the work."
Said Mrs. McGrey.

"And so I was, and am.
But I want the time more than the work,
With a little to keep me going easy—
Time to watch Maudie and Ben,
And a little on hand to feed them.
If I'd had the time, who knows,
I might have trained Herb up to be right,
I might have made a good fellow of him.

But while I was washing the clothes,
He was dirtying his young soul and body,
Just as Bennie and Maud may be dirtying theirs,
For all I know.
Then there's Alice."

Mrs. Elliot stole a furtive glance at the other women.
"Yes," she said, "there's Alice. Alice is getting pretty and—mature.
It might be well, of course, to watch her.
Mrs. Elliot twisted on the settle.

"You're meaning the trouble she got in with the Roberts boy."
Mrs. Driggs ceased plying with dumb hands of habit
That vice, her apron.
Rugged and blue
THE MASSES

"Yes, I have thought of all that—
Nights and days,
Mending their clothes and washing yours,
I've thought of it—
How they would look, Mrs. Elliot,
In your husband's Sunday school,
Beside your own little girl dressed pretty as yourself,
They sitting there, torn and patched,
Ignorant of the good of the Lord and the words thereof.
Heathens in and out of church,
Because their mother couldn't cherish them
And let them;
And I've thought, Mrs. McGregor, how hard it would be
To take money I wasn't paying for—with sweat and
heartache and the salvation of my little ones—
How it might make me feel too easy,
And like sitting in the sun, sleeping like an old pauper;
How I might work no more,
But live on that two dollars
And fatten my family,
Tell us all sunk with laziness
And got carted to the poorhouse;
And, Mrs. Watson,
I've thought of the difference that money would make—
Just the time, or more,
Of doing the week's wash of any of you ladies—
A precious morning and afternoon,
As washing and wringing and drying and ironing and
doing up.
Goes—
The time it takes you to go in your automobile any
sunny day.
From this town to the city
To shop and back—
Twelve hours of light and air and freedom—
Twelve blessed hours given me by the Lord to take care
of my children in,
Which you have taken away;
I've thought so long and so deep and so hard
That if I didn't need your money for the work of my
hands,
I'd say,
Go!
And never darken my door again,
For the sins of Herb and Alice are on your heads,
And the sins that may be of Maudie and Ben,
And my own tears and toil too.

There was a silence
Like that after close thunder.
Then the door came open with the wind,
Secretly,
And the women as one looked out into the yard,
And Mrs. Driggs cried out.
They saw Maudie and Ben
Under the hiding dank lines of the wash.
The sun shone thinly in
Lighting the kitchen and the faces
Of Mrs. Watson and Mrs. McGregor and Mrs. Elliot,
And Mrs. Driggs.

WILTON AGNEW BARBETT.

Prize Press Pearl

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER gave up $25,000 (of his time) the other day just to
meet Billy Sunday, champion evangelist, in
Lakewood, N. J. "It's a great work you are doing," said John D. to Sunday. "He's a
great old man," said Sunday of John D.—
WISCONSIN STATE JOURNAL.

WOOLWORTH CATHEDRAL

L O S T in a climbing forest of sky-scrapers
Trinity suks, a deserted shrine;
Her few worshippers walk tremulously,
Shuffling the dusty air from her buried dead,
Sensuously murmuring over and over
The ritual of a dead god.
Towering aloft into the conquered sky
The Woolworth Temple soars above its neighbors—
A triumphant monument of the millions of worshippers
Of the true God of today.
Raised by blood-soaked and vice-stained pennies
Squeezed out of weak and pitiful girls,
Robbed of life and beauty,
That it might first kiss the morning sunshine;
Raised by trickling nickels and dimes
Levied on needy families,
That it might be a glory and a dream
In the soft gray shine of dusk,
And a pillar of white splendor at night.
Outshining the other lights of the city,
And the poor imitations passing slowly above it,
Night after night.
O Shrine of the God of Gold,
O Temple to the true God of Today.
Who will reign until we have made a new god, Man,
To rule in earth and heaven,
I pause for a moment,
To lay a worshipper's tribute before you!
CLEMENT WOOD.

"The Pastor's Wife"

SOMEBODY, I feel is very much to blame for not
having told me that I ought to read "The Pastor's
Wife," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German
Garden." To be sure, the publishers did tell me so—but then, publishers will tell you anything. True, also, I was assured by a friend that it was better than H. G. Wells—but that was too preposterous to believe.

"The Pastor's Wife" is a deceptive book. It pretends to be the story of an English girl who married a German clergyman who was chiefly interested in fertilizers. Under this guise, it tells the story of almost every woman who marries almost any man. It is deceptive in another way. It pretends to be funny. It is tragically so. It is supposed to be a light satire on Trenton ways of thinking and living. It is a serious satire on mankind.

For some years H. G. Wells has devoted himself in his novels to analyzing the situation which occurs when a woman and a man undertake for one reason or another to live together the rest of their lives, and which is commonly called marriage. What Wells has done with a heavy-handed scientifico-sociological pedantry, and with an occasional flash of poetic insight, this writer does with lightness, with precision, with brilliance, with humor, and with intimate reality, done in the pages of "The Pastor's Wife."

It is, as all truthful novels are, a disturbing book. I had just read a Russian novel in which some dozen people committed suicide, after discussing with Slavic intensity the question of whether life was worth living. I rose from that book cheerfully, with an unaltered conviction that life is very amusing and quite worth while. But even while laughing at the adventures of Elizabeth—and they are deliciously funny—I am compelled to wonder what (to put the question in a theological form) God was up to when He made this world. Which is one of the highest achievements of literary art.
IMMIGRATION AND MILITARISM

The restriction of immigration, which has long
seemed to many trade unionists one of the solu-
tions of the American labor problem, has been au-
matically brought about by the European war. Im-
migration has not only been cut down, as trade
unionists prophesied, but it has been cut off com-
pletely; and not merely cut off, but the ranks of
immigrant labor already here have been depleted
by the call to military duty from the warring
governments.

The trades unionists have not failed to take ad-
vantage of this situation; they have gained here a
few per cent. increase in wages, a reduction of
hours, and they are planning an eight-hour cam-
paign in all organized trades.

But meanwhile, what is capitalism doing? Capit-
alism is also making plans. A glimpse into some
of these plans is afforded by the recent speech of
Emil Ruet, which was headlined in the newspapers
as "NATION MUST ARM!" Arm against what?
Mr. Root, with a candor not very characteristic
of his class, did not mention German militarism, or
the British navy, or the ungodly ambitions of the
Japanese; no, he told his brothers of the bar associ-
atation that we must arm to defend our individual
liberties against "a monarch or a majority." There
is no monarch here, Mr. Root did not doubt this
vague peril; instead, he turned to the peril pre-

tsented by those "more insidious foes from with-
in," the "millions of immigrants," that is to say, the
workers who have been in this country long enough
to want higher wages and shorter hours, and who,
by the prevalent accidental restriction of further im-
migration, are trying to get them. To Mr. Root's
mind, it is the common laborer that offers the
gravest peril to the class which he represents, and
he proposes an internal militarism to keep them
in their place. Mr. Root is well persuaded that the
American "institution" of low wages and long hours
is safe in the keeping of these millions of immi-
grants if they get a chance at it. Under cover of
the general panic about "preparedness," he under-
takes to see that their unpatriotic aspirations are
nipped with the bayonet.

But Mr. Root's friend, Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip,
has a plan in hand, far more reaching; a plan to
keep up the cheap labor supply. He says in his
letter to stockholders, issued from the National
City Bank, "Generally throughout the industries in
which male labor is required, the limit of capacity
with the present labor market has been reached.
Facing that fact, Mr. Vanderlip and his friends,
representatives of all the great trusts of the country,
organized the American Industrial Corporation to
extend the labor market to South America and South
Africa and other "cheap labor" countries.

To this scheme militarism is still more necessary.
As Rear Admiral Chadwick said, "Navies and
armies are an insurance for the wealth of the leisure
class of a nation, invested abroad." Or, as Mr.
Depew very frankly said in a speech to the Republi-
can Club in New York, "There will never be a for-

gnern commerce until the Government protects Amer-
ican business and American rights in foreign coun-
tries." He mentioned Mexico as an illustration.

Even the temporary gains wrested by trade
unionism from the employers' preparatives to meet
the crisis created by the war are to be nullified by an
internal militarism which will keep down wages at
the point of the bayonet, and an external militarism
which will protect the American capitalist in his
desertion of the American labor market for more
profitable fields in other countries.

Meanwhile the program of the industrial mil-
tarists is to be put through with the consent and
approval of the working class! In the childlike
words of President Wilson, "I for one do not doubt
the patriotic devotion of our young men or those
who give them employment—but for whose bene-
fit and protection they would in fact enlist."

If American labor can see straight into the future,
it will not rest on the illusory gains of restricted
immigration. And it will begin its work of self-pro-
tection by killing all appropriations for military pur-
poses now before Congress.

Helen Marot.

Spoon River Critics

Like most critics, they contradict each other. And,
like most people, they find in "Spoon River An-
thology" exactly what they look for and always find
in Life. The pre-determined democrat finds in it "the
democracy of the arts"; the student of the sciences
finds in it "a mechanistic interpretation of the forces
that pull the world"; the recent disciple of Turgenev
& Dostoevsky puts on his new and poorly adjusted
pessimistic spectacles and discovers "a transplanted
Russian fatalism." Only the mere reader is undis-
turbed. To him it is a much larger and much simpler
thing. To him it is a glowing cross-section of a typi-
cal mid-western community—a revelation of its petti-
ness and greatness, of its purposes and passions, its
lutes and sacrifices and jealousies and callousness and
frustrated dreams. To him it is a canvas crowded with
life, and not one character in the crowd that is not
arresting and brimming with life. Some one has said
that Masters' Spoon River cemetery has more action
than Forty-second Street and Broadway; there is no
doubt that his dead people are more alive than most
of the living characters of most of our contemporary
authors.

From a wholly personal and altogether prejudiced
angle I must confess that the volume leaves me with
the proverbial "mixed emotions." The book stimulates
and startles, and irritates me. It rouses me constantly
to combat with Mr. Masters and with myself. There
are times when I do not know whether it is greater
as a novel than a novelty. And there are times when
I am positive that it is America in microcosm. There
are moments when I feel that the author has seen his
environment through a haze of disillusion, that he has
not related far beyond the surface dramas of his
people, that he mistakes the grocery-store gossip
for the foundation and superstructure of the village.
And in another mood I am convinced that no contemporary
writer has been more faithful to his characters and
to the age and the back-gounds that has produced
them.

And this interplay of emotion and analysis is possibly
my final tribute to the "Spoon River Anthology." To
be roused to quarrel with the author is a sign of a
book's vitality and genuineness. And, first and last,
this is what this volume will accomplish. It will rouse
every reader to a fresh sense of values, to a more de-
cided choice of differences. It is this which sets
Masters' book apart from nine-tenths of our novels.
We regard most of the others with a bland indifference.
It takes life to rouse life.

Louis Untermeyer.

Note

THE MASSES' cover this month is a sketch by
Frank Walas of Mary Fuller, in the film-play,
"The Heart of a Mermaid."

Franklin Marot.

Birth Control

The National Birth Control League has prepared
two bills, in the form of amendments to the fed-
eral and New York State obscenity statutes, which
would remove from the scope of their pro-
visions the whole subject of birth control.

The time has impressively come for such a change
in the law, in accordance with the change of public
opinion. The dismissal of the case of Margaret
Sanger and the arrest of Emma Goldman point the
same moral with a different emphasis.

The case against Mrs. Sanger, which has been
pending for a year and a half in the federal courts,
was dismissed, and the indictment quashed, at the
instance of the assistant district attorney. The re-
luctance of the federal authorities to press the case,
and the final decision to drop it, indicates that the
government is somewhat amenable to the force of
civilized opinion.

Meanwhile the law remains in force, affording a conveinient pretext for the arrest of
anybody whom the authorities desire, for any other
reason, to have in their power. The recent arrest
of Emma Goldman on the charge of breaking this
law, is a case in point.

Miss Goldman delivered a speech on the subject of birth control in New York
a year ago. No notice was taken of it until the police
became agitated over the "Anarchist soup-
poisoning plot" in Chicago. It is a rule of the
police, whenever any Anarchist does anything any-
where, to arrest Emma Goldman. So the "obscen-
ity" statute was made use of.

This state of affairs is intolerable in a decent so-
ciety. Most enlightened people—including as
we have pointed out, the judges and district attorneys
who administer the law—possess and make use of
this prohibited knowledge. It is impossible to keep
it from being imparted. And imparted it shall be,
until every woman has the power over her own des-
tinies which such knowledge gives. It is only a
question of whether this teaching shall be denomi-
nated a "crime," or whether it shall receive the sanc-
tion of the law as well as that of sane public opinion.

All who do not desire to have our laws seem, and
be, ridiculous and disputable, will support the bills
opposed by the Birth Control League. The time has
come to push them to enactment.

THE POEM

It is only a little twig
With a green bud at the end;
But if you plant it,
And water it,
And set it where the sun will be above it,
It will grow into a tall bush
With many flowers,
And leaves that thrust kither and thither
Sparkling.
From its roots will come freshness,
And beneath it the grass-blades
Will bend and recover themselves,
And clash one upon another
In the blowing wind.

But if you take my twig
And throw it into a closet
With monstraps and blunted tools,
It will shrivel and waste;
And, some day,
When you open the door,
You will think it an old twisted nail,
And sweep it into the dust bin
With other rubbish.

Amy Lowell.
"What Does It Mean?"

E' EVERY month we get a lot of letters about the pictures in The Masses. Some of our correspondents tell us that we publish "the best drawings seen in this country." Others assure us they are the worst in the world. But most of the letters ask what the pictures mean.

"When you have the inclination and time," writes one correspondent, "do explain some of the glimmerings of art found in your most interesting magazine. They have 'got me,' so I presume they are above my head—or eye—and I desire to become enlightened."

I would begin this way: Each of us lives in a world of his own: a world that, in proportion as one is really an individual, is different from any other person's world. The artist is one who has the power to show the rest of us what his world is like. John Reed, for instance, lives in a world in which more interesting things happen to the square minute—curious, odd, fresh, surprising. Funny, terrible things—than in almost anybody else's world I know about. In order for these things to happen, there must first be John Reed—that is to say, a man with curiously a flair for the unusual, a virginal imagination, a sensitivity to shock, a robust humor, an underlying sense of awe. For his world consists not merely of the circumstances among which he exists by preference or accident; but more essentially of the way he regards those circumstances. John Sloan lives in a quite different world—a world whose values are to be apprehended in a more contemplative and reflective way. A strange and inevitable beauty, half compounded of ugliness; a disorder surprised and studied calmly, until it reveals some deep-reeling trait of human nature, an accidental intimacy pursued with grim and yet witty thoughtfulness—these are aspects of that world. But we would not know anything of either world if these men were not able, one in line and color and the other in words, to express it. And it would mean nothing to us then if we ourselves did not recognize it after all as another revelation of the world in which we ourselves live.

To make others see the world as he sees it is the gift of the artist. To see the world as the artist sees it, is the privilege of all of us. But we must either want to see the world his way, or we must go about our business and let him alone.

Sometimes the world of the artist is suffused, colored, lighted up, by some strong social emotion such as mirth or anger, which he desires intensely to share. Then he goes out of his way to make us share it, putting his world in A B C so that who runs may read, and laugh or be angry along with him. That is the, cartoon. Art Young doesn't: ask anything of anybody but a minute of their time: he'll do their best, and if they don't laugh or grow angry with him it is because they look the other way. Nobody ever writes in to ask what Art Young's pictures mean. If they did, he would take to farming, or commit hari-kari. He wouldn't have any fun if he couldn't share his world with everybody else all the time. Art is a social being.

But not all The Masses' artists are so social, or at least not all the time. There's Stuart Davis. His world is a fascinating world—the oddest, maddest world that ever was, but as real as brass tacks. There is a glimpse of it in the picture opposite. Do you want to know what it means? It 'means that Stuart Davis is the kind of person who can see that

in a Hoboken dockyard. If you were at once as sophisticated and as child-scaled, as sensitive and as harsh, as cynical and as romantic, you would see it, too. And in the degree that you have these qualities in your heart, you will enjoy this picture straightaway without puzzling for hidden significances that are not there.

In a word—enjoy The Masses' pictures, if you can. If you can't, forgive the people who made them. For artists will be artists!

F. D.

THE BARBER SHOP

I SPEND my life in a warren of worried men.
In and out and to and fro
And up and down in electric elevators
They rush about and speak each other,
Hurry on to finish the deal,
Hurry home to wash and eat and sleep,
Hurry to love a little maybe
Between the dark and dawn
Or cuddle a tired child
Who blinks to see his father.

I hurry too but with a sense
That Life is hurryng faster
And will catch up with me.
Right in the middle of our furious activity
Two soft-voiced barbers in a little room,
White-tiled and fresh and smelling deliciously,
Flourish their shimmering tools
And smile and banter
And talk about the war and stocks and the Hono-
alu earthquake
With equal impartiality.

I like to go there.
Time seems slow and patient
While they tuck me up in white
And lower over me.
The room gives north and west and the sunset sky
Lights the gray river to a ribbon of glory
Where silhouetted tugs
Like tooting beetles fuss about their smoky busi-
nesses.

Besides, in that high place
No curious passer-by
Can see my ignominious bald spot treated with a
tonic,
Nor can a lady stop and bow to me, my chin in latter
As happened once.
So I go there often
And even take a book.

There's another person, all in white,
Who comes and goes and manicures your nails
On application.
One can read with one hand while she does the other.
Because I felt that Life was hurrying me along
With horrid haste
Soon to desert me utterly,
I used to take my Inferno in my pocket
And reflect on what might happen
Were I among the usurers.

One day a low-pitched voice broke in,
I listened vaguely.
What was the woman saying?
"Please listen for a moment, Mister Brown,
I've done your nails for almost half a year
You've never looked at me."

I looked at that,
And sure enough the girl was young and round and sweet.
She colored as I turned to her,

And looked away.
I waited, silent, enjoying her confusion.
The words had been shot out at me
And now apparently she wished them back.
"What do you want?" I said.
Again a silence while she rubbed away,
I picked up my Inferno with an ironic thought
Towards Paradiso waiting on the shelf,
"Well, rub away, my girl,
You opened up, go on."

The book provoked her—
"I'm straight," she said,
I never talked like this before,
The fellows that come round—
Well, I can't stand 'em,
The things they say!
The shows they take me to!
You're different, I want to know
What's in that book you read
I want to hear you talk—
Oh, Mister, I'm so lonesome
But I'm straight, I tell you,
I read too every evening in my room
But I can't ever find
The books you have,
I expect you think I'm horrid
To talk like this—but
I got some things by an Englishman
From the Public Library,
Say, they were queer!
He thinks a woman has a right
To say out if she loves a man,
He thinks they do the looking
Because they want—
Oh, Mister, I'm so terribly ashamed
I'll die when I get home,
An' yet I had to speak—
I'd be awful, awful good to you, if only—
Please, please, don't think I'm like—
Don't think I'm one o' them!
Whatever you say, don't, don't think that!

She stopped, and turned to hide her crying,
I looked at her again,
Looked at her young wet eyes,
At her abashed bent head,
Looked at her sweet, deft hands
Busy with mine.

But—
Not for nothing
Were my grandfather and four of my uncles
Elders in the Sixth Presbyterian Church
Situated on the Avenue—
Oh, not for nothing
Was I led
To squirm on those green rep seats
One day in seven—

And now
The white-tiled, sweetly-smelling barber shop
Is lost to me,
What a pity!

MARY ALLEN.
BLACKWELL'S REVISITED

BY FRAN TANENBAUM

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Some of the friends of The Masses complain that we don’t print cheerful news very often, and don’t show our way to give credit where it is due. We invite their attention to this article, the most part we prefer to let our readers get their news of “how much better the world is getting day by day” from the newspapers, which specialize in such information. But we feel it to be peculiarly appropriate that The Masses should report the improvements in the management of Blackwell’s Island, since it was in The Masses that Frank Tanenbaum’s series of blasting exposures of that institution originated. These articles drew attention to the state of affairs existing there, provoked several investigations in which all of Tanenbaum’s charges were confirmed, and resulted in the retirement of the old warden and the commencement of a better regime. In this article Frank Tanenbaum compares what he sees as a visitor to the prison under the new regime with what he experienced as a prisoner for eleven months, when he was sent to the Island for leading the army of the unemployed to the churches of New York City to demand food and shelter in the tragic winter of 1933-34. It is an amusing bit of irony that certain arbiters of the elegancies of the “new and last” have lately (as it appears from an editorial in our contemporary, Revolt’s) to regard Frank Tanenbaum as a lost soul, inasmuch as he insists on telling the truth about Blackwell’s Island even when the truth has ceased to be scandalous and horrible.

I had heard rumors about the wonderful changes that had been made in Blackwell’s Island Penitentiary since my release, but I did not believe them. I offered to bet that if I went over I would find things just about as bad as they were when I wrote about them in The Masses last year.

Soon after that, I had a chance to go. I talked with Harriet Lewis, the present Commissioner of Correction, City of New York, and he told me about the changes. I told him I wanted to find out for myself. So on New Year’s Day I found myself on my way to the penitentiary on Blackwell’s Island.

Going down Fifty-first street towards the dock, I saw across the river the gray, dark, massive stone buildings, with the little windows and iron bars, behind which I had been a prisoner for a year. There arose in me a peculiar feeling of hatred and pain, which was unlike anything I had ever felt before. It was with a fast beating heart that I stepped from the boat and walked towards the prison. I had gone there before on a dreary, gray Friday morning, handcuffed to a tall negro, who was doing his best to lighten the dejection that had settled on the two score of us on our way to the prison that morning.

A little way from the prison in a shed I met a guard keeping watch. Seeing me approach, he stepped out into the road and said, “Where are you going, what are you doing here?” for he recognized me—ex-convict, “I am going to see the commissioner by appointment.” “Are you a department man now?” he asked. “No, I just have an appointment with the commissioner.” “All right.” He walked me up the gang. And as the big, iron door swung open, Carney, a guard, whose reputation under the old system was not of the best, stuck his hands through the bar and said, “Happy New Year, Frank, glad to see you come in the front way.” And then after letting me in went to get the Warden, who was up in the chapel.

The large room in which I found myself was the one where our pedagogues were taken on our first visit to the prison. I remember the little window, behind which sat an old, little, gray-haired clerk with a big cigar in his mouth and asked me what Church do I belonged to. “To none.” “What Church shall I put you down to?” “Anyone you please, I don’t care.” “I will put you down to the Jewish Church.” “All right, let it be the Jewish Church.” Taking the cigar out of his mouth, he leered at me and squinted up his eye, saying, “If you are caught going to any other Church you will be punished.” I recalled too that after we had our hair clipped and given a bath, our possessions were taken away from us, amongst which were some books which I had, I asked to be permitted to retain at least one of the books; Carney picked out a soft covered one, looked at the title and handed it to me, saying, “We permit prisoners to bring in anything that is religious.” It was William Morris’ News from Nowhere.

The large room has since been painted and decorated; the keepers I met there held no clubs—certainly an innovation to Blackwell’s Island since the days I knew it. A few seconds later, the Warden, John J. Murphy, came down and greeted me with a twinkle in his eye and a smile on his face, “Glad to see you, come upstairs where the boys are giving a Minstrel show.”

As I walked into the Chapel, I found it crowded with boys, who were chatting and laughing, and as they saw me enter they greeted me from all over the room with “Hello Frank! Happy New Year, Frank!” This too was a change.

I remember the chapel as we used to go to it on a Saturday or Sunday to escape from the misery of our small dark cells, and in the hope that we would see some of our friends, and also in the hope that we would be able to exchange a few words, for talking was prohibited. Many a man went to the “cooler” for talking in the Chapel. I remember one day on Yom Kippur, when two of the boys were talking and one of the keepers grabbed them; the other men in the room jumped to their feet and shouted, “Let them alone!” One of the boys grabbed a chair. The keeper drew his gun, backed up against the wall, and after everything quieted down the boys went to the cooler, of course.

The show being given was by the boys themselves; they had been given time to learn their parts. It is a new thing in the history of Blackwell’s Island.

Later on I walked down through the prison and met one of my friends in the corridor, smiling, very glad to see me. “Hello Red!” “Hello Frank, gee, but it is good to see you come in like this.” I said; “Red, tell me how things are now. I want you to tell me the truth.” “Well, you see Frank,” he said, “it is all different, everything is changed; the men are treated like men now; we have a League of our own, and we can read newspapers and write all the letters that we want to.” Here he stopped and putting his hand on my shoulder, said, “You know the kike I got out for you the first day you came here.” I did indeed. I had not been in the prison two hours when Red supplied me with paper, stamps, and envelopes for two letters, and got them out for me. The risk of going to the cooler and losing his privileges. He said, “You know I have just been thinking of it. How things do change, don’t they?” I asked: “What about dope, do you still peddle that?” “No, why Frank, the boys wouldn’t stand for it now. Why, even I wouldn’t stand for it any more. We can play baseball, basketball, have regular drills every day, and we get concerts, and the men are not put in the cooler so often. Yes, I think if a man goes to the cooler now it is his own fault.”

A little further on I saw Jimmy. He said, “You remember I could not decorate my cell and got into trouble. Look at it now, it is number eleven.” I did. Jim is quite an artist. He used to be an incorrigible man when I was there. He used to get into trouble almost oftener than I did, and I spent seven and a half months out of eleven in one or another form of punishment.

I walked all over the prison; I saw everything I wanted to, spoke to everybody that I wanted to speak to, visited the cooler, the laundry, the kitchen, the dining room and the different cell blocks, and I found that the prison was an altogether different institution from what it was the day I left there, both in its spirit and in its physical environment.

I am not defending the present prison system; but I can’t help but say this place is different and better than it was.

I found that all the demands I had made for the men, had been given them; and they numbered some twenty-five. In fact, they had been given more than that. A good number of the keepers, who were most hated by the men, have been transferred from the island. Regety, on account of whom I spent two months in solitary, is not there any more.

The following definite changes have been made: The men are taken out of their cell Saturdays and Sundays and permitted to play baseball and basketball; the men have a glee club; they can read newspapers, all the books that are segregated, the laundry has a steam machine, and a sterilizer is used; the cells of the new prisoners have been painted, and those in the old prison are washed regularly to keep the bugs down. I asked about fifty men in regard to it and they all agreed there were very few bugs. The blankets are fumigated and cleaned before given to new men; beds have been put in the cooler, and the men are given something to read while there and are given three meals a day.

While I was there I had to sleep on the hard stone floor with a little piece of bread and water every other day, next to an open bucket of filth, with a torn blanket and ten-inch rats for company. I broke the handle off the bucket and scratched geometric figures on the wall to keep me from going crazy.

The men now decorate their cells, and their League serves as a stay-off against any persecution that might be permitted by the keepers.

For the warden, I want to say that he is a clean, capable man, doing the best he can with the situation, anxious to do better whenever possible. It is true that he does not believe in self-government for prisoners as does Thomas Mott Osborne, but then there are not many in the prison world who see as far as Osborne does.

I want to conclude this article by a letter I received recently from one of the boys, and which made me very happy.

“Friend Frank—I was really surprise when I saw you marching in the main hall with the warden. My hearts delight was when you came here as a guest and it also done me good to speak to you in the Chapel. It reminded me of the old times and besides the boys here think the world of you for the great work you have done in this prison.”
THE MASSES,
FROM LONDON

WE find THE MASSES a most stimulating production (the illustrations and the letter-press) and wish we could boast anything as fresh and vigorous in the Socialist world on this side of the Atlantic.

M. E. PAUL
London, Eng.

COLLEGE OPINION

I AM at college here and every time I receive my MASSES there are great discussions about it. The things said against it are very amusingly written, I think, for papers writing about labor, blaspheous and destructive, rather than constructive. They don't seem able to say anything for it is that definite, though many of them concede it has good points.

I thoroughly enjoy THE MASSES and think it highly entertain-
ing. Its ideas are naturally interesting to boys in their forma-
tive period, although they are apt to be dangerous. I have not yet studied religion scientifically, and as I am at the age when agnosticism is common, I don't try to understand or judge of the articles on religion. Nor am I able to judge or understand many of the articles on politics. Yet there is a lot that I think I understand and I find these ideas interesting, instruc-
tive and broadening. It gives me a viewpoint of life that is unique, to say the least. Although I know little of the subject, I agree with you on your stand on Feminism and Slavery.

True to my opinion of my friends' verdict, which condemns THE MASSES to perdition, I think they know little of what they say and do not understand THE MASSES at all.

The February number comes very early to see if I could find the things they spoke of. I thought every article on every subject I knew a little of, neither smutty, harmful, immoral or blasphemous. There was only one article that seemed to me useless and possibly harmful. That was "Yellow Hair." What was its object?

C. A. CHASE
Williamstown, Mass.

FROM "THE LITTLE REVIEW"

I.

SINCE coming in contact with THE LITTLE REVIEW last De-

cember, I have more than enjoyed each issue with your

improving, more discerning, less personality coming out through its pages; and it is for that reason I do not hesitate to ask you for an explanation of a sentence that you wrote in the April number, which led me to subscribe for that horrid output, viz., THE MASSES. You pronounced it indispensable to intelligent living. On that I sent in a subscription, and whereas I am not so awfully gifted as to understand how you, who are evidently an artist with high ideals, could possibly have such a magazine on your desk. The cartoons are so unwise, so damnable vulgar—what good art ever was!—the insistent harping on the shadows of life, the exaggerated outlook which tingles the whole paper—quite as if a tree were to be erected on its side as other papers are on theirs; all of which I know must be in complete contradiction to your self. It fills me with astonishment. We are all the more amazed and interested at your ever increasing complex civilization that we must more than ever perhaps help each other; but I don't understand, which class this perfectly rotten sheet is in tended to reach. If it's the so-called down trodden, they are apt to have so much unhappiness any way I should say a good bruce up does more good than harping on injustice in general; as for the class that "does not think," its inarticulate drawings alone would be enough to queer it. When I am down and out—I

happen to be a working woman too—I must decidedly do not want to be made more down and out by more woes, that often spring from lack of intelligence, that both rich and poor suffer alike from. From "Mrs. Jean Clayborne Norton, Henspiedt, N. J.

II.

I will try to indicate very briefly why I think so much of

THE MASSES. The group that is getting it out are real students who know the crowd with all its hope and despair, much better than the crowd knows itself. They are interpreting the crowd. The mass would never like THE MASSES. It is too true. It is not so much for them. The Cosmopolitan is the ideal of the mass. THE MASSES is for the few brave spirits who want to know life as it is, the shadows as well as the lights up into the sunshine. The MASSES to my mind has as broad a range of feeling reflected in its pages as any magazine I know of. Humor, tragedy, light, shade, drama, color, yes, and mud too, as you say. But isn't mud a part of life? In some respects mud is the condition of life. The great need of the sensitive mind of today is contact with the vital living-thing of the world and the ideas which flow from such a spirit seem to me like the life of a plant. Its roots must go down beneath the surface or it will die. THE MASSES to me is the spirit of the world put into magazine form, and to read it understandingly is to put the roots of the soul down into the earth where they should be to be a healthy growth is desired. I owe a great deal of that contact of course, but that is another matter.—F. Gary Davis

THE MASSES is a regular gold mine of originality and it

not makes a fellow feel that he isn't the only one "who sees things that way," I like the "Art Pictures" you publish even if there are a lot of old hams who think you ought to put advertisements on your magazine.

E. D. RALPH
Seabright, N. Y.

DISADVANTAGES OF TRAVEL

I HAVE heard very much about your magazine in Europe, but I

could never buy a copy of it while there. I read it for the first time last Saturday, when I bought a copy from a 48c street newsstand. It interests me very much. Herewith enclosed please find twelve cents in stamps, for which please send me the January issue containing the now famous "Ballad."

J. H. BROMHAM,
Garwood, N. J.

REVOLUTION IN CIRCLES

LOOKING through the January number of that immensely

vivid periodical, THE MASSES, one discovered that its

arrowed purpose in life is "Revolution, Not Reform." This

reform and revolution are commonly regarded as the compara-
tive and superfluous of "rotten," but actually they differ in

kind as well as degree. For while reform implies a definite

advance in a certain direction, revolution connotes the idea

that the receiver ceases to be in motion at the identical point

where it began. But it is equally plain that THE MASSES is

much better suited to "moving rapidly upon the circumference

of an imaginary circle" as upon" coming others to so move.

In any event the term "Revolution" is unsatisfactory. "KA-

THARIUS AND NOT TO MALON" would have been a better

sllogon than Revolution, Not Reform. It has the added value

of not being intelligible to the Upper Classes, thereby exci-

ting a prurient interest. This is quite the latest device in ad-

vertising, and never fails.

Cyril H. Bratherston,
Washington, D. C.

BEAUTY

THERE are two kinds of beauty in art—the beauty which is

explicit in line and phrase, and the beauty which is implicit in the scarify or angry castigation of unloveliness. THE MASSES has both kinds. To hate ogivness is the same as to love beauty.

End BOYER

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CERTAINLY delighted in your passionate love of Truth—the

whole truth and nothing but the truth!

ConorVA Slace.
Central Y. M. C. A., Trenton, N. J.

THE MASSES

NOTE LONELY ANY MORE

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The Massey's Book Store

LITERARY MATTERS

The business manager has given us some of his Book Store space this month, on condition that we do not write about books in literary history. Authors have always been considered a part of literature, we are going to make an exception. We received a letter from Mr. Johannsen on the Clifton-Morenco copper strike in Arizona. Part of the letter is printed on page seven of this issue. The rest follows:

"The strike was called September 11, 1915. At that time a campaign of organization was in vogue in the camps, and when the employers began to discharge men for union affiliation the men walked out. And those that failed to walk out were of course taken out by the wrath of the mob.

"When the employers demanded protection from the state, why they found a Governor that gave them more than they were looking for. He enforced the law which forbids threatening arms against every man in the camp, so the scabs were afraid to work. The Sheriff refused to make a police star on any camp-four non-resident, and so the strikers in the main acted as police.

"At a conference of the Governor and his staff with the mine owners, they insisted on him declaring martial law. He told them privately that if he did, every rich mine owner would look to him no better than the poorest Mexican.

"Well, the mine owners got cold feet and a raid on the strike was called off for the day; but at once pulled their freight into El Paso, Tex., so they could escape being placed in jail.

"That is some Governor. I had a long talk with him; he is no crank but a straightforward man with strong human sympathy for the under dog. And he comes out much better than I thought he would, and Labor in this State is very fond of him.

"On one occasion they had a big parade of business boosters in Phoenix and the reviewing stand was built by scalb labor, so he refused to sit in the seat reserved for him. The next night the company paid the Carpenters Union built a stand and put the union label on it, so the Governor sat in that, much to the displeasure of the business men.

"To get back to the miners. The Strike was not endorsed by the Executive Board of the Western Federation, so these poor devils got little or no support in money from the International. Governor Hunt put in $100 himself and signed an appeal for funds to the general public. That sure is going some.

"For four months these 5,000 men stayed out, on a total of $60,000 so you may understand that they were the real thing. When they were ready to return to work there was about $40 in the Treasury. Two men were here from Secretary Wilson's office and they helped bring about a settlement which gave the men a little better wages, and many other important advantages, and the organization remained intact, and the employer has to pay Mexicans the same wages for the same work.

"We want to print here an extract from a letter written by Gov.
Sex Problems in Worry and Work, by William Lee Howard, M.D. 4th ed. Discovery of tremendous importance to the welfare of race and individual is here set forth for the first time—the most important book in a decade. $1.00 net.

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(The Continued on page 26)

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(Continued from page 27)

planation. It needs an explanation because it is rather an odd list.

Stendhal’s “The Red and the Black” heads the list because it is the best novel ever written. I wish there were a cheaper edition of it, but it is worth the $4.25 publishers charge. Then I put in “The History of the Angels,” which is the best of Anatole France’s books, but particularly because of the passage which tells of the dream of Satan: a chapter which all revolutionists ought to read for the good of their souls and minds. “The History of Mr. Polly” is the finest thing H. G. Wells ever did. And “The Iliad” is there because Dostoevsky, in spite of the warmness of his admirers, his liberal way of life, is next to Stendhal the greatest novelist that ever lived. In the third place, in this book, books represent the unshaken enthusiasm of mine which I want to share with others. Being a conservative in matters of art, I am not able to enjoy very high the books of Imaginists on which are coming out so thick and fast, and Edgar Lee Masters’ “River Anthology” is the nearest thing to “modernism” in my judgment. But I do enjoy Louis Untermeyer’s parodies of the new poets, and I think you will too. His book on Yeats—“And I Was’nt a Poet”—and Chesterton’s “Poems” is in the list on the same page. This magnificent “Lepanto” poem by Chesterton is a modern poem reprinted from “The Man Who Was Thursday.”

How It Feels to be the Husband of a Suffragette, by “Jim.” Illustrated by Mary Wilson Preston. Price 50c, postage 2c. See adv. on page 22.

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ANE P. L. FIELD.

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