MONTESSORI APPARATUS
FOR CHILDREN

† The greatest contribution to the education of little children in years.

† Thousands of parents are using it successfully in their homes. It tends to develop correct habits of thought and action in the child; develops self-control; strengthens the senses, and withal the child is happy as he works out the problems.

† Are you interested in the best and most modern Educational equipment for your children? Write today for our free illustrated booklet describing this fascinating material.
Fiction
The Alibi, by George Allan England. One of the biggest crime stories in years, vivid, fascinating and thrilling. By the author of "Darkness and Dawn." Send $1.25.

Love in Youth, by Frank Harris. The work of a genius who is recognized in his day, this very modern love story will command both popular and "literary" attention. Send $1.25.

Mrs. Balma, by Gertrude Atherton. The only modern story in which crime and mystery are combined with a high order of literary art. Net $1.35.

Twilight, by Frank Danby. A most unusual love story revealed through visions under morphia. The author, Mrs. Frankan, was educated by the daughter of Karl Marx. $1.35 net.

The Little Demon, from the Russian of Feodor Sologub. Price $1.50.

With a Diploma and the Whirlwind, by Dutschchenko. Two short novels of contrasting social environment, the story of one laid to a remote country estate of Little Russia, the land of the Cossacks, made famous by Gogol; the other in the fashionable circle of St. Petersburg society. Net. $1.35.

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

The Millionaire, by Michael Artzibash. This striking volume contains three unforgettable novelettes as well as an autobiographical preface by the author. $1.25 net.

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

Chekass, by Maxim Gorby. A selection of the best work of this famous Russian writer. $1.25.

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

Sanine, by Arztibash. The sensational Russian novel. $1.35 net.

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

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

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

Taras Bulba: A Tale of the Cossacks. Translated from the Russian of Nichola V. Gogol by Israel P. Hapgood. Send $1.15.


The Story of Jacob Stahl, by J. D. Berenson. In three volumes: The Early History of Jacob Stahl; A Candidate for Truth; The Invisible Event. Ford Dell places this trilogy among the six best novels. Perhaps the finest work of contemporary English fiction. Each $1.35. The set, $2.75.


Sets of Poe, Scott, Hugo, Dumas, Lincoln, Kipling, Dickens, Twain, Shakespeare: 6 vols each set. $1.20 net, the set, delivered.

An Anarchist Woman, by H. Hapgood. This extraordinary novel points out the nature, the value and also the tragic limitations of the social movement. $1 net; our price, 60c., postage paid.

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


Pouchkin's Prose Tales. Trans. from the Russian by T. Kane. 40c.

"Wood and Stone," by John Cowper Powys. A new departure in English fiction. It suggests Dostoevsky rather than Mr. Wells, and Balzac rather than Mr. Galsworthy. In its attempt to answer some of the more dangerous dogmas enunciated by Nietzsche, it does not scruple to make drastic use of that great psychologist's devastating insight. More than 690 pages. $1.50 net.

More Poetry and Drama

Poetry and Drama.


Towards Democracy, by Edward Carpenter. With portraits, 330 pages. This is Mr. Carpenter's greatest work. In ways it resembles Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," but it is more modern, more an interpretation of our own age. $2.00 net.

The Masterpieces of Modern Drama, edited by John A. Pierce under the supervision of Brander Matthews, 2 vols. Sixty plays, summarized, with notes from the great scenes. Daniel Frohman says: "They are the most valuable contributions to a modern dramatic library that it has been my pleasure to possess. The selection is made with great taste and excellent discrimination." $4.00 net for the 2 vols.

Sons of Love and Reunion. Covington Hall. Ballads of love poems on Revolution, Love and Miscellaneous Visions. Send 40c.

Songs of Labor. Translated from the great Jewish poet, Morris Rosenfeld, by Rose Pastor Stokes. Suitable for gift. Send 75 cents.

Child of the Amazons, and other poems by Max Eastman. "Mr. Eastman has the gift of the singing line."—Vida D. Scudder. "A poet of beautiful form and feeling."—Wm. Marion Reedy. $1.00 net.


Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915 and Year Book of American Poetry, Ed. by Wm. S. Brathwaite. $1.50 net.

Plays of the Natural and the Supernatural, by Theodore Dreiser. Just out. Send $1.35.

Spoon River Anthology, by Edgar Lee Masters. Price $1.25.


—and Other Poets," by Louis Untermeier, author of "Challenge," etc. $2.50 net. The modern Parnassians, Frost, Masfield, Masters, Yeats, Amy Lowell, Noyes, Pound, "F. P. A.," etc., are the victims in this irreverent volume of mirth and thought provoking paradoxes.
Sunday Night—Freed From Bondage
THE SIGHT OF BLOOD

For a week they had been in summer camp—
young lawyers, old lawyers, merchants, stock
gamblers and a sprinkling of clerks, carried away
by the brass buttons and bugles of military life, or
by the prospect of two weeks in the open, away
from dull offices and shops.

Seven days of soldier life, drilling, marching and
counter-marching, scouting and attacking, had put
them in a frame of mind where only one thing mat-
tered; to master the game of war. To be pre-
pared to defend the flag from the enemy—what
could be greater ideal than that! Slavish obedi-
ence to their officers, a half-frenzied desire to an-
swer each barked-out command with the proper
spasm of action.

Europe’s war had taught them that trenches must
be dug. Their hands were still blistered by muck-
ing in the hard, yellow clay. It was the afternoon
of Sunday. The thrill of bugles called the lounging
thousand rookies from the shade.

The Blue division, orders were, would march out
into the wooded hillsides. From this shelter they
would attack the Red division, holding the trenches.

Horses heaved the heavy guns up the slope. Mo-
tor trucks purred ahead with the shells. It was
hot. The men grumbled as they marched, grunted
and beaded at the orders that had deprived them of
Sabbath rest. Even in real war it is thus. Men will
curse their officers, yet genially, and with the desire
to follow them to hell.

On the summit the great cannon were emplaced.
The gunners stood on tippets, held out their arms.
The gigantic groan of a heavy blank charge sent
enthusiastic blood mounting to their brains. The at-
tack was on. Defiling along a path, then debouching
in open order, they began firing their rifles from
behind trees, as if they were boys again playing
Indians. But there was no play this day. They
shouted their desire to murder through their rifles.

Closer to the trenches now, burning with a new
lust to kill, they could see the flag of the enemy
Reds above the trenches.

How they hated it, forgetting that it stood for
nothing but the childish play of the moment.

The young militia officer of the staff sent men to
bring forward more cartridges from the base. The
men pumped away, occasionally seeing a head above
the trenches. The commanders of the Reds climbed
out of the hole to view the approach. He walked
up and down behind his men. Slowly . . .

A dozen Blues took careful aim; fired. Down be-
low there on the burning clay a khaki clad figure
leaped high and collapsed.

The young militia officer gave a cheer.

"At a boy! We’ve got lead in our guns now,
forward!"

At the edge of the wood they were now. Spades
and picks were brought up. A shallow breastwork
behind which the attackers stretched in shelter was
thrown up.

Cheers now, cheers as men ran back to the Red
colonel and started carrying him into the dugout.

One of them fell. The blood on him was visible to
the Blues.

Roars of wild oaths cheered out. Up on the hill-
top the big guns were still laboring. The young
officer had gone back to spur them on. He must
have seen the blood, too, for now real shells began
to fall. The first one was short, and low
twenty in the first line of the Blues.

Cries of pleasure from the Reds found answer in
a second shell that blew a great crater at one end
of the Red entrenchment. A leg, bloody and bat-
tered, hurtled into the ranks of the Blues.

Forward! The men put bayonets to guns. Cold
steel was the medicine. The poor-spirited Reds had
only been using blank shells in their defense, al-
though for the last few minutes one or two daring
spirits had been tossing tomato cans filled with
powder across the brush that separated them from
the Blue division.

The sight of cold steel, however, dampened the
spirits of even thees and the newspaper correspond-
ents who had been enjoying the slaughter immensely.

The Reds Red precipitously—Red in among their
tents.

Now the Blues rested, panting in the captured
trench. The young officer came up in time to back
at two wounded Reds in the pit bottom. He or-
dered his men to face about and prepare to meet a
counter attack.

Activity was visible in the camp. The blood lust
was now upon the Reds. Machine guns were there,
and full munitions. Without passing to dismember
the parts, men carried the guns entire on their
shoulders. Some stumbling, fell, bled, and, dying,
urged on their pals. Through a hellish hail the tri-
 pods were placed at either end of the long trench.

An enfilading fire! The Reds would sweep the
long Blue line, caught without protection from the
side. No preparation had been made to meet this.

The young officer reached for his book of in-
structions.

He never learned the command. He toppled over.

The Blues fell all about him.

The Reds had won the day. And they, at least,
they felt, were adequately prepared to defend their
flag.

THIS IS THE SIN

Not for the sudden slaying, nor the white brows
wet with pain,
Not for the living flesh that rots, hoping relief in vain;
Not for the weary waiting, the sad, interminable
days,
Not for the hours of anguish after the shock and
amaze,
Not for weeping children that huddle in hapless
groups,
Not for the rapine and slaughter before victorious
troops;
Not for these woes I indict thee, though these are
caught in thy mesh,—
Not merely these, O Great War, for these are but woes
of the flesh!

Gladly men die for their country, gladly they suffer
pain,—
What is the hurt of the body, if truly the spirit gain?
But for the eyes that harden, the hearts that fill with
hate
And for the fears of dastard souls that dare not face
their fate!
For silly tales of angels upon the field of Mons
And seraphim in hospitals with sen-sen and bon-bons!
For partisans and bigots, for harness so hard to
cast,—
(And all the ancient masters arising to make it fast),
For writing the words “my country” where “my
brother” should have been;
For bringing the old suspicions into the hearts of men;
For hoarding of bitter grudges, for marking of deadly
scores,
For these, indeed, I indict thee, greatest of bloody
wars!
If thou hast but injured the body, thou hast taken a
heavy toll,
But how shall we requite thee when thou hast hurt the
soul?

Fuller Miller.
THE MASSES

THE SHADOW

Why Labor is Against "Preparedness"

JAMES H. MAURER, president of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor, speaking before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, gave the position of organized labor on "preparedness." He said:

"Our first reason, gentlemen, for opposing this stampede is that we can not see the use of it. We feel that instead of spending any more money for the army and navy, it would be patriotic on the part of Congress to investigate the places that have been absorbing the money spent in the last ten years for 'preparedness.'

"Up to a few months ago the American people were told that they were 'prepared' to lick all creation. Ten months ago intervention in Mexico was talked of—apparently we were 'prepared' for Mexico. When the Lusitania was sunk, the newspapers talked about our going to war with Germany. In fact the newspapers contended that we could get away with Mexico and Germany at the same time if we saw fit.

"And now when the bottom drops out of those scares, we learn suddenly that we are not prepared for anything. We are told that we have a navy of old tugs and an army poorly equipped. Gentlemen, it is too much to accept in so short a time. We feel that we are not so poorly protected as some people contend.

"Frankly, we feel that the munition makers are the most interested in this 'preparedness' program. We suspect they are the whole cause of this agitation. We can not see any reason for a foreign invasion unless we do something to provoke it.

"If you had talked about a foreign invasion two years ago we might have been impressed by it. The European nations were prepared for it as never before. But for two years now they have been at war among themselves. They have expended something like forty billions of their wealth and they have killed and wounded over eleven million of the best blood and stock in Europe. And now when they are so sunk in debt that some people fear that they can never pay the interest on what they owe, with their population reduced to cripples, women and children, when they are bleeding to death, now you say we have got to be afraid of them. It doesn't look good to me.

"I come from old American stock; I can trace my family back for over two hundred years in Pennsylvania, and if I thought that the gasping nations of Europe could thrash us Americans, I would be ashamed to be an American. We blow about our American manhood and honor and here we are preparing against nations that are actually to be prized!"

"They tell us we ought to be prepared against a secret, spontaneous outbreak. What does that mean? Is there anything on the inside that you haven't told us about? President Wilson said in his speech in my own state a few days ago that in a moment there may be a conflagration; perhaps next week, perhaps next month. Well, I think we American people ought to know what that danger is. I am satisfied that the German people and the Austrian people and the people of the Allies wish today that they had known what the trouble was before the conflagration started in Europe. There wouldn't have been the mess there is now!

"I suppose none of us feel that we ought to disarm as long as there is a civilized nation on earth that is armed. I suppose that is the practical view. But we are three thousand miles from Europe and several thousand miles from the Americas. Suppose the Germans win. The best they can hope for is to secure land. If they get that they have got to police it and their soldiers must be Germans. Could she do that and come over and make war on the United States? I do not think so. Suppose she started. What would the Allies do? And if the Allies should make war on us, what would Germany and Austria be doing? No, you can not figure it out no matter how you try.

"But I'll tell you the real reason for 'preparedness.' The American capitalists are financing the European war; they are supplying the munitions of war and the methods of destruction. They are not selling for cash but on credit. Millions of dollars are today bought with pieces of paper with crooked marks on it, promissory notes, and the banking interests are furnishing money to the manufacturers so they can pay wages and buy supplies. These promises to pay are piling up higher and higher. Some day there will be an end to this European war and then over there in Europe they will get around a table—it's a pity they didn't get around a table before the war broke out—and then they will discuss the question of settlement.

"Suppose, gentlemen, that they decide to hold the munition manufacturers of America responsible. Suppose they refuse to pay the robber prices which American manufacturers have been charging them. Suppose they agree to pay only what things are worth, or perhaps even to repudiate the whole thing. Then a big army and navy would be a good thing for the American capitalist to have at that time. They would like to send us working men abroad as collectors for them. I tell you we refuse!

"I want to be frank with you. We absolutely refuse to be dragged into this thing. We are sick and tired of being turned into fodder for cannons and then have the bills besides. You are going to tax us to pay for 'preparedness' and then you propose to go into our homes and take out our brothers and fathers and sons and use them for fighting. If it's right to take a poor man's life, it's right to take the rich man's fortune. We are going to have some voice in this thing."
Preparoodle

REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, rector of Trinity Church, New York (dealers in religion and real estate), says: "Preparedness, adequate preparedness, will command peace." This profound truth has been demonstrated in all our leading hemispheres except two.

THE Supreme Court has been asked to settle an old boundary dispute between New Hampshire and Vermont. These two states are evidently not in what the Colonel calls a "heroic mood." They ought to get out and blow the property off of the disputed strip, abolish each other's male populations and sink themselves into debt for 800 years.

DELAWARE Republicans are booming du Pont for President. An ideal candidate for the Fighters and Bleeders. With little Marjorie for a running mate he could "lick all creation."

SAYS Charles S. Mellen, referring to the New Haven wreck: "I don't think that Mr. Elliott or any of the officials in charge were any more responsible for the disaster than I was for the smash-ups which occurred during my administration."

A new low record in compliments.

A HEADLINE—"Want New Haven to Run Sound Boats." Others would be satisfied if they would run a sound railroad.

A FINANCIAL writer in the Tribune rejoices in a recent slump in stock which cleaned out some of the small fry. "Securities," he says, "are in stronger hands as a result of the shakeout." There is more joy in Wall Street over one lamb that is fleeced than over the ninety and nine that get away with their watches and chains.

THE New York Times is indignant over the proposal to establish "white and black blocks" in St. Louis. "Jim Crow" cars and separate schools, which Missouri has, seem not to point. They injure no property rights. Merely human ones.

"WHY work?" asks the Times, referring to the eight-hour movement. "No hours of labor is the final and perfect platform."

The coupon clippers come nearest to this ideal—an hour every six months.

THE captain of the German raider, Moroec, seems to think that the rumor that Britannia rules the waves is greatly exaggerated.

At a mass meeting in Hoboken, German-Americans were urged to boycott the English language and gradually force everybody to speak German. Note of anxiety: will we have to learn to love the Crown Prince?

HUNTER COLLEGE is the latest to adopt the Ward and Gow censorship, having threatened with expulsion two students who were selling the radical intercollegiate magazine, "Challenge." Why not shake an advertisement out of it? (Business of tuning harp): Send your girl to Hunter College. We're a highly moral crowd. For the good ones all are Warded And the naughty ones are Gowed.

Howard Burbaker.

THE WOMAN REBEL

(To Margaret Sanger)

At last a voice that knew not how to lie,
A call articulate above the throng
Of those who whispered of a secret wrong.
And longed for liberty and passed it by,
The voice of one with rebel head held high,
Whose strength was not the fury of the strong,
But whose clear message was more keen than song.
A bogle to the dawn, a battle cry.

There is a new rebellion on the earth
Because of your voice militant, that broke
The silence which the puritans had made;
Because you hailed the sacredness of birth,
The dignity of love emancipated, and spoke,
A woman unto women, unafraid.

WALTER AIMPLBIE ROBERTS.

PUSHERY RHYME

Sing a song of Europe, Highly civilized.
Four and twenty nations Wholly hypnotized.

When the battles open
The bullets start to sing; Isn't that a silly way To act for any king?

The kings are in the background Issuing commands;
The queens are in the parlor,
Per etiquette's demands.

The bankers in the counting house Are busy multiplying,
The common people at the front, Are doing all the dying.

Gen. ISAAC R. SHERWOOD.

Member of Congress from the Toledo, O., district.

Marjorie Bunting's Electric Chair

DEAR MARJORIE:

Here is a money order for $1.95 toward the building of a new electric chair; this sum being a joint collection from my grandchildren. Ten cents each from—I am not certain of their names, for they are not born yet, and my son, though a manly young fellow is only eight—but I expect to call most of them Marjorie, Margery, Marjoram, Majolica, Magenta, etc. The nickel is from a possible descendant who may be a half-breed. . . . Let me congratulate you at this time upon the great work you have undertaken. It is patriotic in the highest sense, and I may add, economic. And what blessings it will bring to the human race! I hope that your chair will be so large and strong that our list of electrocutions will stagger the world. And I want to go on record as one of its first endorsers, More than that, I want to be one of its first users.—But I would not care to publish in front of older and more deserving folk. I am perfectly willing to wait until the chair has been filled by such notables as Messrs. Ward and Gow, Miss Eva Tanguay, the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, the representatives in Congress who insist that it is immoral to question a nine-year old child's right to work in the mills, the war editor of the N. Y. Tribune, the imitators of Charlie Chaplin and Charlie Chaplin, John D. Rockefeller, the various nonskos of the public morals, and all of those dear people who tell you "I'm broad-minded myself, and it's all right to be liberal, BUT—!"

Yours for the electric shock—

LOUIS UNTERNEMER.

Press Pearl

REPORTS that the United States Government is planning to purchase the northern part of Mexico have reached Washington.—Bogota, N. J., Review.
Giving Them a Taste of It

The latest militarist scheme proposes to "organize all schoolboys over 12 years of age into military organizations" and train them as soldiers.
The Game

THE children played with all the intentness and enthusiasm of their lusty young bodies, and the quiet street resounded with their throaty clamor.

It was an imagined battle field, and they a conquering army, entering upon it in glittering splendor with bugle notes and drums. Now it was a trenches and woods, where as scouts they lurked from tree to tree. Their shrill young voices imitated trumpet calls. Beneath a narrow strip of city sky they enacted the Great War.

Virgil Leroux—his father was a sergeant—led the little band. His word was law.

"Charge!" He would yell, clutching a wooden sword and pointing a direction.

"Steady—Halt!"

They halted in confused ranks, their cheeks flaming, their eyes watchful.

"Right about—march—one, two—one, two!"

The Leroux boy strutted, jiggling his wooden sword and counting rhythms.

"One, two—"

The women looked on approvingly, "the little dears! If their fathers could only see them!"

A gaunt, sombre woman, who lived on the ground floor next to the butcher's shop, forbade her boy Philippe to join in the game. She had lost her eldest, the wage-earner, in the battle of the Marne. When Virgil led his noisy band past her window, she would pinch her sad lips in a grim line and mutter: "Is it not enough to take our men?"

Philippe, a peaked mite, flattened his nose against the window pane and whined.

"Can't I play, too, mother? Say, can't I? They make fun of me."

His mother shook him fiercely, crying: "No, d'y hear me? And you in mourning for your brother! Shame on you!"

Philippe felt ashamed. He spent his time at the window, watching. He felt lonely. Before the war the boys had been his friends. Now they jeered and mocked at him because he would not play.

One day Virgil called after him, "Boche!—" The others took up the word and called him Boche. Philippe turned his back on them, and the band went on with their game, whooping and waving their arms.

The "Boche" became the chief sport of the game—a ready-made enemy. Sentries were posted at his door to signal his approach. Scouts reconnoitered stealthily beneath his window, creeping at twilight from the shadows.

One day, Virgil's father, Sergeant Leroux, came home on leave. This was a great event. All the neighbors vied with one another to do him honor. He was a boisterous little man. His faddeau blue uniform hung clumsily over his narrow shoulders and heels. His blue helmet was too big for him, and came down drearily over his ears. But everyone agreed that he was a hero. Virgil and his friends trailed after him, gaping with adoration, wherever he went. Virgil imitated his father's walk, his manner, his gestures. He showed his father what he and his comrades had learned. Whenever Sergeant Leroux went in or out of the shop, Virgil would shriek a command.

"Present arms—Salute."

Their small bodies would stiffen as they drew up in martial line and crooked their elbows.

Sergeant Leroux was delighted. He would put them through the maneuvers, advising, correcting, teaching them how to do this and that property. He knew everything about war, and could answer all their questions. When he was not sure, he would wag his head wisely, and put a finger to his lips, as if there were some secrets he must not divulge.

The last evening of his stay, the city was in a gentle and pensive mood, the air warmer. After supper, he sat in the open door of the shop. Virgil's friends circled him, glaring, their eyes bright with excitement. Their hero was going back to fight.

Then he told them all over again tales of what he had seen and done. The quiet little street became crimson with gusts of battle and deeds of valor. As Sergeant Leroux talked he gesticulated fiercely. He evoked the brilliant courage of men, their wild charges up the ravaged hills, the rattle of guns, the crack of commands, and the stern urge of officers. He told of men who with last shred of life joined in the advancing confusion of victory and fell nobly for their country. He told of enemies who skulked, stampeded, murdered; how they lurched and squirming along uprooted fields, their helmets crushed like egg-shells, their bayonets twisted and bent. The roar of death and defeat was in the air.

The hearts of the avid listeners beat like small clawing eagles learning how to fly. With parted lips and rapt expressions they stood motionless.

When Sergeant Leroux had finished, well pleased with his eloquence, he smiled at his young disciples. They fluttered about. One wanted to touch his sword. It was too heavy for the little boy. Virgil wanted to know how a revolver was loaded. His father showed him. The boy followed every detail of the lesson. Then Sergeant Leroux unloaded the revolver and instructed Virgil to take it to his room.

Virgil knew where it was kept; also where the small box of cartridges was hidden. He had often hovered about this revolver, fingering it enviously. When he rejoined his comrades they were forming in line, drawn up stiffly in front of the Sergeant, who directed them.

"That's right... Hold your heads straight... Hands at the sides—One, two, mark step. Here, Virgil, my child, show me what you have learned."

Virgil saluted and whirled around as he heard seen his father do. Then he headed the little procession. It wavered self-consciously, adjusted itself, and marched in front of the shop. Virgil, flushed and important, gave orders in a sharp, nervous voice.

Neighbors came out and stood watching.

The little boys quivered with excitement. They were soldiers ready to defend their country. Their minds were alive with the great drama.

Philippe shrank fearfully out of his house, and hurried up the street, glancing about. His mother had sent him for bread. He skirted the shadow of houses, holding his head down so that his tormentors should not see him. He was well away before Virgil noticed his shrinking figure passing the butcher's shop.

"On, my men!" he shrieked. But instead of waving his sword, he took out from his pocket his father's revolver.

He slanted his body and leaped forward, shaking high the steel blue weapon. They followed him at a gallop, like young furies. They were on spirited horses; the cries of comrades resounded, and the groans of the dying. Cannons boomed.

The enemy fled.

The air was full of smoke and gloom and unearthly noise. Suddenly there was a report and a fierce scream.

The enemy, turning the corner, staggered and fell. The street was in an uproar. Then out of a house, gaunt and terrible, dashed a woman in black with crazed eyes. She sagged over the pavement waving her arms.

The hour of mimicry was over. The little soldiers huddled in a group, immobile with fear, stared at the fragment that tossed and wriggled like a trampled insect in the middle of the road; and then lay still.

"Philippe, what have they done to you?" screamed the woman.

"Is this what you teach your children today?" Dark and baggy, she raised and shook her fists in vain anguish.

MARIE LOUISE VAN SAANEN.
LOVE AT SEA

WIND smoothes the snarling of the great ships,
And the serene gulls are stronger than turbines;
Mile upon mile the hiss of a stumblng wave breaks unbroken—
Yet stronger is the power of your lips for my lips.

This cool green liquid death shall toss us living
Higher than high heaven and deeper than sighs—
But O the abrupt, stiff, sloping, resistless foam
Shall not forbid our taking and our giving!

Life wrenched from its roots—what wretchedness!
What staring of lost tentacles like blind sea-things!
Even the still ooz beneath is quick and profound—
I am less and more than I was, you are more and less.

I cried upon God last night, and God was not where I cried;
He was slipping and balancing on the thoughtless shifting planes of sea.
Careless and cruel, he will unchain the appalling sea-gray engines—
But the speech of your body to my body will not be denied!

JOHN REED.

Unclaimed

YOU'VE seen the patient this morning, then?*

The doctor closed the door of the little office and seated himself. "You talked with her?"

"Yes." Mrs. Remington's fingers twisted in the folds of her silk mourning. "She clung to me and begged me to rescue her from the plot against her."

"She refuses to see the child. Swears it isn't hers."

"How can she go on lying?" Mrs. Remington spoke with slow abhorrence.

"She fooled us all." The doctor tipped his chair, one hand smoothing his neat little beard. "Even the surgeon! Think of operating for a tumor and finding a child developed so far it lives."

"This morning she lay there so gamely—" Mrs. Remington's thin lips trembled. "I told her if she'd only trust me, I'd understand. And she would only beg me to help her. She's never lied. Thirty years she's been my maid—since she was a girl. She's been a good woman, religious, faithful. But since you suggested that was the trouble—four months ago—she's been crazy with denying it. I must get at the truth. I need her. I'm selfish. But I haven't much left, and she's been fond of me." Mrs. Remington raised her hand to hide the twitching of her lips, a long, blue-reined hand.

"She'll be out in a fortnight." The doctor stared through the window at the patch of sunlit lawn in front of the hospital. "She's got an amazing constitution for a woman of forty."

"But I can't take her! I hate lies. I've been lied to—" Mrs. Remington threw back her slender old shoulders. "How could I take her, with this monstrous lie?"

"Well—" The doctor rose, letting his chair drop.

"You know, I think she's not lying. I think she believes what she says."

"She couldn't—if that child is hers." Mrs. Remington, did you ever shut your eyes to something you didn't wish to see? Something in another person, perhaps?"

The faint color in the woman's face dragged out, leaving ravaged, wrinkled skin.

"We all do that, I fancy," the doctor continued. "We try to about ourselves. Most of us don't succeed very well. But suppose a terrible thing happens. You can't see how it could have happened. You pray that it may not be true. Your whole life contradicts it. Do you understand me?"

"Yes." The monosyllable escaped through unmoving lips.

"Your Mary was a simple woman. Something happened. She saw the fabric of her existence ruined. She refused to believe. Her devotion to you helped. She was more successful than most of us. She convinced herself."

"So that she believed—Oh, that's impossible. In each of Mrs. Remington's cheeks glowed a red spot.

"Nothing is impossible. Even if she was drugged when she was assaulted, my theory holds good for the months since. And if we force the truth on her, she'll go mad."

Mrs. Remington's demanding black eyes held the doctor's for a moment.

"Very well," she said, finally. "If you believe that, I can accept it. And the child? What is to be done with that?"

"There are foundling asylums. If you wished the financial responsibility, there are women who would care for it."

"It is a healthy child?"

FINE! exclaimed the doctor, with a touch of professional enthusiasm. "Perfectly formed little girl, except one slight thing. Nothing serious. A trace of web-toe. Interesting, because it runs in families. Might serve to track the father, only you aren't after notoriety."

"That—that runs in families!" Mrs. Remington's words were a dry whisper. She turned away from the doctor, putting up a hand to draw the crepe veil over her face. When she turned toward him, the veil blurred her features. Only her eyes showed, deep-sunken, black.

"I will pay for the child's care." She rose, swinging. The doctor stepped toward her, but she avoided his arm. "I can't well take the child—and Mary. Find a woman—a good woman. You may tell Mary I am waiting for her."

The doctor laid his hand on the door.

"You are not looking well yourself, Mrs. Remington," he said. "This has been a strain, coming so soon after your husband's death. You should go away—forget unpleasant things—"

"Believe they are not true?" Mrs. Remington bowed. "I am quite well, I thank you. Good morning."

And she walked out of the building, where her carriage, with its restless sleek horses, stood waiting in the April sun.

HELEN R. HULL.

I. A MINOR POET

I DO not like my songs.
I want to voice the joy of life,
The splendor of action, the clarion-call of beauty, the transport of dreams,
The fun of this great high-hearted adventure,
The rapture of being alive,
But whenever I open my mouth to sing,
Out comes a plaintive wail.
Confound it!

E. RALPH CHEYNEY.

MANHATTAN

WE contemplate with pride our vast researches,
Then turn highwaymen for our wives and wenchers.
We meet as bosom friends in clubs and churches,
As foes again we meet in trades and trenches.
Our subways run with subterranean lurches.
Our City Hall's the abode of all the virtues,—
Off with the lid and air the swarm of stenchles.
We toot, we loot, yet full are all park benches.
Our daily papers blare out smuts and smirches.
The drivek blow on tap in dries and drenches
And brothels, slums, morgues, keyholes, sewers, searches,
Though not one bit our tipsy pride it wenchers
Or jars us off our dirty, lofty perchers.—
While we can quaff those queer Manhattan quenches.

EDWARDS P. INGERSOLL.

MACDOUGAL STREET

BILL, pipe all these cute little red dolls' houses.
They're jammed full of people with cold noses and bad livers
Who look out of their windows as we go roaring by under the stars
Disgustingly drunk with the wine of life,
And write us up for the magazines.

IRWIN GRANICH.
JOHN COOK

JOHN COOK, the clerk,
Shut down his desk.

The plain, yellow walled office
Held him a moment inscrutable
As if he were part of its furniture—
Covered typewriters, chairs and filing cases,
Waste paper baskets on the bare board floor—
One with its stillness and miscellany.

Then he walked out into the hall and stood before a
window there.

The city stretched in roof-tops under him.
Away toward the Battery and the Bay
A gray sharp barrier stood
Crusted with diamond points,
A glittering pile against the west and night.

John Cook looked over there.
He forgot the people who employed him
And the bread-wage like the thirty pieces of silver they
paid him,
For which he sold the dream which was his Master.
Doubtless to them his soul seemed
Wooden and varnished,
Just as his body seemed to them, wooden and varnished,
When they came into the office
And did not distinguish him from its fixtures.

Then he thought, to himself, there alone:
"Beauty whereby we live!
The Egyptian built his pyramid
Yet he never saw anything like that,
Given to me to see,
And I couldn't buy one stone to set on another!
Would I rather have seen the walls of Babylon or
gated Troy
Or look over there
At Mt. Woolworth and Mt. Singer
Above the lesser summits of their range,
Fire-netted in the sky!
What is weariness and worry and silence to that sight
which I can drink
Thankfully at one wise pull of vision and splendor...

"Clear water at the end of day
You hold for me, Brides of Hope,
Lifting your giant lovelinesses to the dusk,
Draped from crown to hem with ropes of light—
Mt. Singer and Mt. Woolworth, my sisters,
Fire-netted in the sky!"

WILLIAM AGNEW BARRETT.

Definitions

GEORGIA is the State that burns men alive for the
honor of its women—when it isn't for the alleged
stealing of live-stock.
The age of consent in Georgia is ten years.
This is Chivalry.

Madam, the Press is wed to Preparedness.
But she will coquet with Anti-preparedness if it can
pay advertising rates.
This is Business.

Our Anarchist friends—with apologies to them for
this juxtaposition—are afraid of equal suffrage, lest
the Wife of the Boss should vote.
Implying that the views of bosses are in the majority.
This is Logic.

ELIZABETH WOODBELL.

This tragedy might have been averted if the poor fellow had not
been so hasty.
The Society to Prevent the Selling of Rope to Starving Men had
just introduced their bill into Congress.
The Tenement Purification Society was lobbying in favor of a
change in the Building Code which would limit the height of
ceilings in working-class districts to five and a half feet.
The Sunshine Sorority for Compulsory Cheerfulness had just
raised a million dollars to send its workers into the slums
to read the works of Walt Mason and Ralph Waldo Trine
to the unemployed.
THE HUNKY WOMAN

Helen Forbes

The kitchen clock struck five. Down in the cement-floored laundry the tired washerwoman straightened her bent shoulders while she counted the slow strokes, then she went on with her work of sprinkling the freshly dried linen. When the last damp roll was placed in the clothes-basket she covered the whole with a wide Turkish towel, shoved it under the table and went upstairs.

Mrs. Atwood was waiting to give her the day's wages; this perfect housekeeper made it her duty to pay personally every worker she employed, using that point of contact as an opening wedge to an intimate knowledge of their conditions and needs.

"You'll be here early to-morrow for the ironing, won't you, Annie?" She spoke in a tone that invited confidence.

"Yes," and the starchy fingers snatched the money from Mrs. Atwood's outstretched hand. The woman did not lift her eyes high enough to see the smile, her ears did not catch the friendly tone, and she turned away with a movement that seemed suddenly abrupt. She threw her shawl over her shoulders, twisted it close at her throat, and without a word of farewell opened the back door and went out into the foggy night.

Mrs. Atwood stood at the window and watched the squat ugly figure as it stumbled down the narrow path to the alley. There was something solid, something typical of the woman's race in the very way her dingy skirt drabbled over the rain-soaked grass.

This creature baffled all Mrs. Atwood's attempts at establishing a bond of sympathy. Many a Bridget and Maggie had profited by their mistress's advice and by the very tangible assistance that never failed to accompany it. But Annie Szorza, this woman from Central Europe, was beyond anything in Mrs. Atwood's previous experience. It seemed impossible to touch the inner consciousness of this stolid lump, this self-regulating machine that arrived at the kitchen door promptly on Monday and Tuesday mornings, coming from no known place and working all day long without complaint, without any sign of enjoyment.

That evening Mrs. Atwood told her perplexity to her husband. "There," she said, "I might as well try to be nice to the ironingboard. I'd get exactly the same result." But she was right. "Then what's the use of bothering? You can't understand her because there's nothing to understand. These Hunkies are all alike; as much emotion in a Hunky as there is in a bump on a log." "But she's such a good laundress." "No doubt. That's what she's meant for. Hunkies are brought over here to work; they're only half human."

Peasant-fashion, Annie Szorza walked home from her work. The lighted cars flashed by as she plodded along the wet pavement, yet it did not occur to her that she might stop one of them and ride. Shaking with the chill of the penetrating fog and drizzle, she shuffled through the mud and wet, her eyes fixed on the ground, just as a tired horse hangs his head as he draws the empty wagon back to the barns at the end of the day.

Her home was the upper floor of a two-storied slum that occupied a corner of a great tract of waste land lying on the main thoroughfare between the business section of the city and the fashionable residences. Behind the unpainted shanty the hill rose steeply, as barren as a hillside in Thibet; in front of it, but partly hidden beneath the bluff, ran the river. And crowning the desolation, the house was propped on either side by gigantic billboards, hideous with glaring advertisements. Yet the shanty owed its existence to these monstrosities; without their help it would have tumbled into ruins, it was so old and ramshackle.

When Annie reached the house she stopped downstairs at Mrs. Tapolsky's to get her children. The babies were glad to see her, but she did not lean over to kiss them; she was too tired. Carrying the smaller child and pushing little Annie ahead of her she stumbled up the milkstained stairs to her own tenement.

Then the last section of her day began. She put the baby in the center of the great bed that filled half the room and proceeded to get supper. Experience had taught little Annie what to do. She seated herself on a box under the table where she was out of the way—her mother's blinding hatred, and fastened temporary consolation in her thumb.

At last everything was ready. It was the baby's turn first. From his post on the bed he watched the warm milk being poured into his cup and set up an eager howl. He was hungry.

A sharp rap sounded on the door and the knob rattled. Annie put the milk back on the stove and hurried to see who was outside.

Pressing her back with the opening door, a policeman pushed his way into the room.

"You're here, are you," and the man strode heavily across the room and flung open the cupboard door.

"Where's your man?"

At all times English speech came slowly to Annie and now she could not frame an articulate reply. The muttered syllables might have been Ancient Egyptian for all the policeman understood.

"What's your man? Answer!" "My man he ain't here. I dunno."

"Well, I got you anyway. Put on your bonnet and come along!"

"What you want?" asked Annie. Then she added, "I don't work no more to-night."

The man burst into a roar. "She thinks I've got her a job!"

"What you want?" she repeated anxiously.

"You can guess all right. Your carrying-on with your old man has been found out. His brother-in-law's come over from the old country and caught him, see? Next you'll better make yourself safe with a real husband."

The woman caught the meaning of the words. "He is my husband!" she cried indignantly. "The priest—" "That'll do! Come along!" and he seized her by the arm. Annie tried to pull herself loose. "My babies! I ain't fed my babies yet. By and by I go."

The man's voice changed to a roar. "When I say come I mean it! I can't be waiting here all night. You'll have to leave the kids."

Although the baby had been screaming all this time, little Annie had kept quiet, watching with frightened eyes. She knew that crying would do her no good; she could have nothing to eat until her husband had his milk. But when she saw her mother pushed toward the stairs she realized there was no immediate prospect of supper for either of them and she burst into a yell that drowned the baby's cry.

"Oh, my babies and my babies!" sobbed the mother over and over again. "My babies ain't had nothing to eat!" As the patrol-wagon jolted over the cobbles she entreated incessantly, "I go back one little minute, please! Just one little minute!"

It was not until she reached the station-house that she accepted the inevitable, but all night long she sat on the edge of her cot swaying back and forth in her misery. "Oh, my babies, my babies!"

Her husband was routed out from some hiding place and after a few days the case came up for trial. The indignant brother-in-law proved that Szorza had left a wife and family in Europe, but since Annie was not responsible in any way she was dismissed with kindly warnings and advice.

But Annie was absorbed in the hope of seeing the children. Once or twice she had tried to tell the matron of her trouble, but she began so stupidly and used such broken English that she failed to make herself understood.

"Of course you left your babies. You'd not be bringing them to jail would you?"

After that Annie could do nothing but wait. Probably Mrs. Tapolsky was taking care of them; she would come up to see why they were crying so long. But Mrs. Tapolsky was an old woman and it tired her to be with the children even a few hours. What had she done with them?

To that city of coal-dust and fog, night often prolonged itself far into the morning hours and at eleven o'clock Annie walked home beneath lighted street-lamps. With the accumulated energy of her days in prison, she pushed forward in a straight line, men and women standing aside as she pushed on, regardless of the rage of the road. Teamsters drew in their horses directly over her head, boys with heavy puskartas dug their heels between the cobbles and threw their weight backwards until they resembled acrobats, automobiles swerved and she escaped by a hair's breadth.

Panting, she stopped outside Mrs. Tapolsky's door to listen and catch her breath; then she rushed into the room without knocking.

Mrs. Tapolsky rose, pressing her hand to her heart, while her spoilt and scissors cluttered over the floor.

"What do you mean, scaring me so? Where have you been, you wicked woman?"

"My babies! Where are they?"

"Eh? What do you care? You do not deserve to know. They are not here."

"Upstairs then." And she was trampling overhead before Mrs. Tapolsky guessed what she meant.

The upper floor was as empty as the room below. Back she came to Mrs. Tapolsky. "Where are they?" Her round dark eyes looked out of a face green with weariness and fear and anxiety.

"Why did you leave them?" And not until Annie's story was done would the stolid old woman tell a word of what had happened. She began at last, speaking slowly and severely, as though she still held Annie responsible for what had happened.

Mrs. Tapolsky took around the corner to buy her supper when the patrol-car passed and the street had calmed down before she returned, and though she heard the children crying, she was too busy to care to learn what was the matter with them. At supper her husband complained of the noise, but she reminded him how often their own babies had cried themselves to sleep. By and by the house was still.

In the middle of the night she was awakened by the children's screaming: it seemed strange that she did not hear the thud of their mother's feet. As she sat up in bed, leaning on her elbow to listen and wonder,
the boy stopped crying. He broke short off, with a curious sob. And little Annie's cry became fainter and fainter until she too was quiet again.

Early next morning Mrs. Tapolsky went upstairs; she felt sure that Annie was ill and in need of help. Finding the door unlocked, she entered. Little Annie was lying on the floor, and on the bed, thrown back among the pillows, was the baby, dead.

The neighbors looked down upon Hunkies, so nobody gossiped with the Tapolskys, and they remained in ignorance of what had happened to Mrs. Soozra. As the hours passed by, and then the days, their fears changed to righteous anger; surely nothing but deliberate desertion was keeping her away. On the third day Tapolsky notified the city and they carried off the baby; he said it was his own grandchild, to avoid explanations. And Mrs. Tapolsky wrapped the little girl in a corner of her shawl and took her to the Associated Charities.

That was all. Mrs. Tapolsky made no attempt to soften the ugly story, and she stopped speaking without a word of sympathy, waiting to see what the mother would do, and looking at her curiously.

While she listened Annie sat perfectly quiet. It seemed as if she did not understand. But when she saw that Mrs. Tapolsky had no more to tell, she rose and went out. Mrs. Tapolsky took her shawl from the hook and followed, instantly realizing what her neighbor had in mind. The two were alike in that action took the place of speech. Together they climbed the rickety flight of stairs that led over Grimes Hill to Dover Street and the Temporary Home.

When little Annie was given back to her, the mother held her close, as if she could never bear to put her down again, but when they were out of sight of the institution she gave the child to Mrs. Tapolsky.

"Take her," she said, "I go find work by Mrs. Atwood." And half-running, she hurried down the street.

Without really understanding how kind Mrs. Atwood meant to be, Annie did know that of all her employers she was the fairest and most considerate, and now the woman turned to her in this great trouble.

"Have you been sick?" asked Mrs. Atwood.

"Naw. I been to jail."

"To jail!" echoed the horrified woman. "Mercy!"

But Annie interrupted. She had no notion of the best way to tell what had happened; it seemed to her that the result of her imprisonment was the only important thing now. In her mind the tragedy completely outweighed the injustice. "My baby die." Her face was hard and set in her respectful effort not to break down in Mrs. Atwood's presence.

This statement, following on the heels of the previous announcement, suggested but one thing to Mrs. Atwood. "You killed your baby?" Her voice was terrible.

"Yes!" Annie shrank back against the wall and covered her face. And then her courage and anger came back together. "No! That policeman!"

As she listened to the broken explanation, mere scraps and hints of unintelligible horrors, Mrs. Atwood felt annoyed at what was plainly a badly made up lie; such terrible things could not happen. At last she said, "There is no need of telling me any more. You are not speaking the truth."

The heavy lines in Annie's dull face moved strangely; square and stupid, with short nose and wide nostrils, it resembled the face of an ape. The sight of her was repulsive.

Mrs. Atwood continued, turning away her eyes.

"How could I ever trust you, after the way you failed me last week? You left; you clothes all damp. They might have been ruined."

"I don't do that once more."

"How? I could tell that? I'm sorry for you if you need work and can't get it, but I can't think of trying you again." Then Mrs. Atwood's voice grew colder still. "And I will not have anyone in my house who has been in jail."

"That's what my man did, not me!"

"It was a cry of despair, but Mrs. Atwood did not recognize it.

"I'm not so certain that it was altogether your husband's fault. Things like that don't happen in this country. Besides, there is nothing more to be said about it; I have engaged someone else."

The back door closed and Annie found herself on the steps outside.

"I told you," said Mr. Atwood that evening, "those Hunkies are just animals."

"I guess you're right," sighed Mrs. Atwood.

TOY GUNS

The rain is slipping, dripping down the street.

The day is gray as ashes on the hearth.
The children play with soldiers made of tin.

While you sew,
Row after row.

The tears are slipping, dripping one by one.
Your son has shot and wounded his small brother.
The mimic battle's ended with a sob.

While you dream
Over your seam.

The blood is slipping, dripping drop by drop.
The men are dying in the trench's mud.
The bullets search the quick among the dead.

While you drift,
The Gods sift.

The ink is slipping, dripping from the pens,
On papers "White" and "Orange," "Red" and Gray.
History for the children of tomorrow.

While you prate
About Fate.

War is slipping, dripping death on earth,
If the child is father of the man.
Is the toy gun father of the Krupps?

For Christ's sake think!
While you sew,
Row after row.

PAULINE B. BARRINGTON.
Parade of 2,000,000 Charity Workers, to Be Held in 1950, in Honor of a Destitute Person Found in

Constabulary

"While everybody is excited over preparations for war let us put over that State Constabulary," seems to be the position of the New York State Police Committee, which is sponsor for the State Constabulary Bill introduced into the Assembly.

A State Constabulary is to the Labor Unions like a red rag to a bull. It will be fought by the whole labor force of the State. That means five hundred thousand organized working men and women. They know that if they do not fight the bill now, the State Constabulary together with the armored motor cars recently presented to the New York State Militia by the Standard Oil Company will later on crush them as strikers.

It is understood that the bill is specific in the right it gives the Governor to call on the constabulary in time of strikes.

The constabulary has a history. The Commission of Industrial Relations after careful investigation reported:

"It is an extremely efficient force for crushing strikes, but it is not successful in preventing violence in connection with strikes, in maintaining the legal and civil rights of the parties to the dispute, nor in protecting the public. On the contrary, violence seems to increase rather than diminish when the constabulary is brought into an industrial dispute; the legal and civil rights of the workers have on numerous occasions been violated by the constabulary; and citizens not in any way connected with the dispute and innocent of any interference with the constabulary have been brutally treated and in one case shot down by members of the constabulary, who have escaped punishment for their acts. Organized upon a strictly military basis, it appears to assume in taking the field in connection with a strike, that the strikers are its enemies and the enemies of the State, and that a campaign should be waged against them as such."

The existing military or police force is more unwieldy for strike purposes, that is, for strikes in rural districts; constabulary can be swung into line, ordered to any part of the State five minutes after a boss has rung up the Executive Mansion at Albany saying that
Held in 1950, in Honor of a Destitute Person Found in the Slums

Not successful in preventing violence with strikes, in maintaining the legal of the parties to the dispute, nor in public. On the contrary, violence seems to have increased when the constabulary, an industrial dispute; the legal and workers have on numerous occasions the constabulary; and citizens not in conflict with the dispute and innocent of with the constabulary have been brui in one case shot down by members of the constabulary, who have escaped punishment for their acts. Organized upon a strictly military basis, it appears to assume in taking the field in connection with a strike, that the strikers are its enemies and the enemies of the State, and that a campaign should be waged against them as such.

The existing military or police force is more unwieldy for strike purposes, that is, for strikes in rural districts; constabulary can be swung into line, ordered to any part of the State five minutes after a boss has rung up the Executive Mansion at Albany saying that his workers have struck and they must be dealt with.

Pathetic and Comic

The United States Army is the most pathetic thing that ever came along in history," according to an officer, a Colonel in that army, quoted by the newspapers. To him it is pathetic because it is not large enough. There are other things—almost, perhaps quite, as pathetic. For instance—An esprit du corps which sanctions and encourages cheating, stealing of examination papers, assault on unpopular instructors, lobbying, and underhand appeals to Congressional influence by cadets and midshipmen, the future leaders of a patriotic and noble body of defenders.—A Major General, who stands by and listens without protest while a large body of recruits is harangued, and ridiculed and abuse is heaped on the civil government and the highest executive.—An ex-President, who tells the same recruits and patriotic defenders of their country, that certain of their fellow-citizens, because the speaker violently disagrees with them, should be shot in the back.—A body of officers which apparently can think only of increasing the numbers of our troops, and seem to have failed utterly to grasp the fact made very plain by the present world struggle, that unanimity, cooperation, and firm belief in the justice of a cause, are, with confidence in leaders and comrades, spiritual factors of at least as much importance as material shot and shell.—A Press which plays coward and bully, Falstaff and Pistol, on alternate days; publishes full details of the Government's intentions, and as much of the Government's plans as it can get by hook or crook, when hostilities break out on the border; begs and pleads with every citizen to realize the supreme duty of defending his country and her ideals, and in the same columns ridicules and reviles a large class of those citizens, a part which has every reason to doubt the justice and the ideals of their country, who fight for the bare necessities of social and economic justice, and are opposed by the compact and well organized alliance of publicity and capitalism.

All these things are pathetic, but, possibly, no one of them is the most pathetic thing in the world. That distinction might well be reserved for the spectacle of a free and once proud nation rushing from the silly extreme of self-satisfaction and cock-sureness to the opposite of panic fear, suspicion, and inspired hate; groveling in the dust of self-abasement, recrimination, dissenion, race and class prejudice, and cynical ridicule of its own principles, traditions, and political forms; filling the air, and many newspaper columns, with lamentations, prophecies of evil, hysterical confessions of impotence, and an insane obsession that safety demands the throwing overboard of essentially American traditions, the painfully acquired accumulation of a century of striving for peace, for sensible adjustment of international difficulties, and for a decent belief in the decency of other nations. That is "the most pathetic thing in the world."

P. H. F.

Birth Control and Emma Goldman

It is to be hoped that the friends of the movement which is working for the removal of restrictions upon the propaganda of birth-control will stand behind Emma Goldman in her fight. Arrested for giving information to the working-class which practically the whole middle class possesses, Emma Goldman now bears the brunt of the reactionary attack on knowledge and liberty. No one need hesitate in giving aid to Miss Goldman in her present persecution for the reason that she has suffered police persecution before.

If such motives of discretion are to prevail, there may before long be no movements left to support.
MOBS—By John Macy

P H I L O L O G I S T S tell us that "mob" is the first syllable of "mobile vulgus," which means fickle people. Like the words "vulgar" and "demagogue," it was born in the brain of aristocracy and it expresses the contempt of the few for the many. Its entire repute of association is derogatory. Yet, because of the inertia of language, the unfavorable connotations of the word have lingered into republican days when the rights and merits of the many have been to some extent recognized and the virtues and privileges of the dominant few are no longer taken for granted. Even so Catholic a champion of the multitude as the New Republic lifts its skirts to the sight of its silk stockings and says: "A mob cannot think." Why not?

Are the individuals who compose a mob all fools or do their participation in the actions of a mob deprive them temporarily of their capacity to think?

A brief consideration of some mobs in past and contemporaneous history will show us that a mob is neither good nor evil merely for being a mob. A mob is simply bad when it does something that we do not like. A mob is good when it does something which sooner or later you and I and the policeman came to approve. We find, too, that there is little warrant for the definite article which frequently precedes the word; there is no such thing as the mob; that is an even less realizable abstraction than the public. Aristocracy, to be sure, is something that something or nothing is, for it is dedicated to the mob everybody who was outside a limited circle. But every living chapter in the true history of the mob is the story of a mob; most of the mobs that fill the volume are not related to each other, certainly they are not part of any general unit. In their composition they have only a negative resemblance—they do not include you and me and the policeman. The causes and purposes of each mob are peculiar to it and may be antagonistic to the causes and purposes of another mob. And our feelings for or against any mob are determined by our feelings for or against the special motives that animate it

When the mob of Paris, goaded by hunger and cajoled by bribes from arms dealers, marched on the Tuileries and broke the royal family to Paris, the royal family no doubt regarded that mob as a pack of criminals and would gladly have cut off its collective head. But we republicans are rather fond of that mob. We know that it and many other mobs, which collected and dissolved throughout the next decade, played a great part, if not the chief part, in putting an end to feudal France.

I doubt if there is any man who can find no mob in history with which he is in sympathy. If there be such a man, who through ignorance of history or failure to analyze his feelings, can see no good in any mob, his hostility will be based upon the fallacy which the derivation of the word implies, that a mob is easily swayed. It is true that some mobs have been herded like sheep and driven hither and thither by one leader and another; a few determined spirits have informed the rabble with ideas which the rabble as individuals had not thoroughly considered or taken deeply to heart. But such mobs are quickly dispelled and forgotten; they do neither much damage nor much good. They are portrayed in that powerful scene in "Huckleberry Finn" in which the crowd surges about the house of Colonel Sherburn and he annihilates it with a threatening shotgun and a scornful speech. It was the sort of mob that besieged Mr. Slaton of Georgia, composed of ignorant riff-raff.

"The idea of you lynching anybody," says Colonel Sherburn. "Why, a man's safe in the hands of ten thousand of your kind—as long as it's daylight and you're not behind him. The average man don't like trouble and danger. You don't like trouble and danger. But if only half a man—like Beck Harris—is you, you're afraid to back down—afraid you'll be found out to be what you are—cowards—and so you raise a yell, and hang yourselves on to that half-a-man's coat-tail, and come raging up here, swearing what big things you're going to do. The pitifulest thing out is a mob; that's what an army is—a mob; they don't fight with courage that's born in them, but with courage that's borrowed from their mass and from their officers. But a mob without any man at the head of it is beneath pitifulness. If any real lynching's going to be done it will be in the dark, Southern fashion; and when they come they'll bring their masks, and jetch a man along. Now leave—and take your half-a-man with you."

Such a mob is fickle and never accomplishes anything. The mob which batters down the Bastille and the mob which destroys Lovejoy's printing press (we admire the one and hiss the other), all mobs which do anything memorable are the reverse of fickle. They are characterized by tenacity and singleness of purpose. Though some of the members lack conviction and are moved by crowd excitement or love of adventure, yet the coherent central mass is composed of persons with definite desires and intentions which coalesce in an aggregate will. The mob which history remembers is persistent; it goes, by however warring a route, continuously toward its object and does not break up, unless it is beaten by force, until the Bastille has been stormed and the martyrs' dust has been turned into history's golden urns.

These lines of Lowell, like much New England ethical poetry, have two faults; they are not strikingly poetic and they are not true. The mob of yesterday never returns; it has done its admirable or dastardly work and has dissipated forever. The mob that gathers up the martyrs' dust is a new mob. Some of the component individuals may have been members of the mob of yesterday, who have changed their opinions and are repentant of former deeds; but usually the mob of today is made up of a younger generation subject to ideas to which the mob of yesterday was an enemy or a stranger. The other day a statue of Wendell Phillips was unveiled on the Public Garden in Boston. A respectful crowd listened to the eulogies of venerable abolitionists and of men too young to have known Phillips. This crowd did not become a mob; it had nothing to do but listen, applaud and depart. But if an old enemy of Phillips had jumped up and insulted his memory, it is likely enough that the crowd would have turned mob and made it hot for the speaker. As it was, a passive congregation of the admiring and the curious, it represented the attitude of today's mob toward Phillips. In the majority of his membership and in its sympathies it was a completely different entity from any of the kinds of mobs which Phillips defied and lashed with investive.

Phillips faced three kinds of mobs, those opposed to Abolition, those opposed to woman suffrage and those opposed to organized labor. They had a curious characteristic—they wore silk hats. The pro-slavery mobs before the war were not recruited from the common people but from the merchants and other business persons of Boston who resented the disturbing hand which was laid upon their thriving trade. They were the Yankee stand-patters of the time, virtuous pillars of society. After the war Phillips met them and their descendants in a form of mob which has been his in the part in the abolition of black slavery he was not content, as were the other Abolitionists, to sit down and congratulate himself. He turned his attention to white-wage-slavery. Aristocrat and capitalist, he led and served the new labor party. For this he was not subjected, I believe, to mob violence so much as he had been known before the war. The distinguished citizens whose interests he threatened in a new way did not storm his house or hoot him from the platform. They defeated him and his party by the peaceful methods of politics and only negatively mobbed him by ostracizing him from polite society. Probably they would have liked to Lynch him; their feelings are expressed in the sweet jest of one of them, who said that he was not going to Phillips's funeral but he heartily approved of it. One reason why Phillips's person was safe in the second great war of his life was that he had at his back a substantial mob, the growing labor unions which had begun to show their teeth and which could no longer with impunity be scattered by legislative act or presidential decree.

The word "mob" has not outgrown the limitations in which it was conceived. It still carries the suggestion of disorderly lower classes bent on mischief and destroying the soldier's bullet. But the mob in fact is seen to be any assemblage of persons, of any class, united by any idea good or bad. All of us, you and I and the policeman, are actual or potential participants in some sort of mob activity. We belong to college mobs, class mobs, professional mobs, strike mobs, political party mobs, military mobs, even national mobs. When a nation is immersed in one idea, as Germany is said to be, it becomes a national mob. We admire a man who is so independent that he refuses to be governed with any Rock whatsoever. At the same time we know that important ideas in history have been driven through by active multitudes, and we know that some important movements in history have been made or assisted by crowds whose lack of formal, legalized organization places them within the narrow meaning of the word mob. The peasants who followed Wat Tyler and John Ball and the huddled group of patriots who collected on Lexington Bridge and refused to obey the command: "Disperse, ye rebels!" were nothing if not mobs. If we envisage the word in the arena of the actual, we behold it shaking off its garment of beggary, and we respond to the verse of the most vigorous of living American poets:

"The Mob, the mightiest judge of all."
Nightmare of a Pure-Minded Censor after having reluctantly and purely as a matter of duty, attended a performance of the Russian Ballet

The Joy of Living

THE young man looked dreamily out of the car window at the ugly little frame houses scattered about over the sordid landscape. The car was passing through the outskirts of a suburban town. But the young man did not really see the houses or landscape; he saw only his own thoughts, and they were beautiful; therefore he smiled dreamily. He was thinking of a fair young girl with big, trusting eyes, and the little house he saw in his thoughts did not in any way resemble the houses before his eyes. He was an intelligent, ambitious young workingman and had read considerably.

Presently a woman entered the car and sat beside the window in the double seat facing him; then another woman got on and sat beside the first woman. They were poor women, neatly dressed, and evidently were friends meeting, now, after a lengthy separation.

"Well, of all things, Mame, how are you?"
"I ain't very well. Where you livin' now, Sally?"
"We are livin' out to Greystock now."
"Where's that?"
"It's out beyond Smithville."

"Is it out as far as the cemetery?"
"Sure! It's the last place God ever made. Are you still in Boontown?"
"Yes, we ain't been away. What you been doin' since you left there, Sally?"

The women's voices were level, monotonous, without color or emotion.

First woman: "We been travelin' round. We had to follow 'round where there's work, you know. Jim's got steady work in Greyburg now. He has to get up at five o'clock every morning;---but we ain't complainin'; it's good to have work."

Second woman: "Sure! You got three little ones, now, haven't you?"

First woman: "Yes; the oldest ain't seven yet; I wish he was older."

Second woman (sadly): "Aw, no! don't wish his young life away."

First woman: "We had so much trouble with him; he's been sick so much. I'll be glad when he gets past seven. The girls are healthy."

Second woman: "Well, that's good. You got it better than I have; three of my little ones have been sick. Little Harry had diphtheria and no sooner 'an he got well, the doctor said he must be operated on."

First woman: "Ain't it awful! It's hard raisin' children—and you don't get no credit for it neither. Well, you know what sickness is, don't you?"

Second woman: "Sure, I do! My husband was flat on his back from January to June."

First woman: "Ain't that terrible! What was the matter with him?"

Here the woman interrogated whispered mysteriously behind her hand. The other woman made a little surprised noise with her tongue against the roof of her mouth; they both nodded their heads knowingly.

Second woman: "We lost the little house we was tryin' to buy: there was always the taxes and every three months nine dollars for water. You have to be puttin' out the money all the time, or be put out."

First woman: "Sure! Have you seen Belle lately?"

Second woman: "No, I ain't seen her, but she owes me a letter; I wrote her a month ago."

First woman: "She shows age now."

Second woman: "Does she?"

First woman: "Yes, she's in her thirties now. But it's trouble shows worse than years; she didn't do well with her man and she has five children laid away. Yes, she sure had it bad."
THE MASSES

Second woman: "You'd a thought Stella wouldn't never a got married, seein' how bad her sister got a't.

First woman: "You'd think so, but you can't stop 'em once they get goin' about marriage."

Second woman: "That's right. Now there's Bessie, she was havin' it pretty good for a few years but she got another baby."

First woman: "Well, she was gettin' along in years; maybe she didn't get good care; I guess that's what killed her."

Second woman: "Sure."

Here the two women looked furtively about, whispered behind their hands and shook their heads knowingly.

Second woman: "But Bessie's two oldest girls are keepin' company with."

First woman: "No, are they? Anybody I know? (A real glow of interest came into the woman's eyes.)"

Second woman: "Yes, Minnie's fellow is Jim Buras."

First woman: "You don't say! Jim's a good fellow."

Second woman: "Sure! Jim's a good fellow. But he has it bad, too, takin' care of his brother's family. And then the old grandmother came on his hands—he never did no kickin' neither."

First woman: "How can he be keepin' company if he has all them to keep?"

Second woman: "His brother has got on his feet again, now. Jim is gettin' along in years; I guess he wants a woman of his own; Jim loves children. Yes, Jim's a good fellow."

First woman: "Who is Mary keepin' company with?"

Second woman: "He ain't much good—Phil Rogers—works in old man Snyder's grocery store. He won't make no livin' for her."

First woman: "Ain't that too bad?"

Second woman: "Girls can't be choosin' and pickin' very long; there ain't many fellows in the village."

First woman: "Sure!"

The women were silent for a moment and looked vacantly out of the window. They did not see the ugly little square houses with jig-saw trimmings, the flat unduly country, the billy-goats or the monstrous sign-boards; they had looked at these things all their lives and were no longer capable of seeing them.

First woman: "Well, Mame. I change cars in a minute. I'm glad I see you. Ain't it funny we met like this!"

Second woman: "Ain't it! I'm glad I see you, too, Sally. Are you goin' to stay up to Greyburg long?"

First woman: "As long as the work lasts; it's good to be workin' now days."

Second woman: "Sure! Well, my man has had it pretty good that way this year. Goodbye."

First woman: "Goodbye."

The young man, who had heard this conversation, still continued to look out of the window, but the dreamy expression had left his eyes and instead, a deep line contracted his brows. He saw the ugly houses, now, and the level, monotonous scene—as level and monotonous as the voices of the two women.

MABEL D. WRIGHT

THE SOMBRERO—By Thomas H. Uzzell

I T was a superb sombrero. Its gray nap soft as a señorita's cheek, its wide brim embroidered with silver lace, its high crown, its long tassels of bright green silk—the beady eyes of Benito sparkled with a desire as he stood before the window of old Don Sanchez's pawn shop. A yearning to own it seduced and tormented the ragged tortilla seller.

No one who knows the Mexican proverb will wonder that a mania of possession seized Benito at sight of such a hat. Clothes were his gods; hats his romance. And to wear a sombrero as sumptuous as that—the very thought became a grande pasion.

Forthwith Benito sold his little tortilla stand to the old hag Conchita for eleven pesos, bought the sombrero and stratified toward the Calle Internacional, the main thoroughfare of Nogales, bankrupt to the world, the happiest Mexican south of the Rio Grande.

Like a character from Don Quixote, he promenaded through the Mexican half of the town. His gaunt brown ribs showed through rents in his dirty cotton shirt, his trousers (since he now had no coins to roll up in them) flapped about his bare feet purpled by the dust; but the matchless sombrero crowned him with enviable distinction. His heart throbbed with childish pride as he watched the native population gaze at him with wonder and despair.

Benito's days of dawdling in the sun by the Frontier Flagstaff were over. No more bending over his spottering excrement in clouds of alkali dust, no more persecution from thievish archons and starving dogs, no more torturing envy of passing peon soldiers wearing sombreros resplendent with green and scarlet bands.

After several hours of strutting, the peon, contented, fatigued, sauntered from force of habit into the Chapel of San Felice. He knelt in the gloom before a tawdry shrine of the Virgin, placed his sombrero tenderly beside him, and bowed his forehead to the cool flagging. He rose up, a beatific smile on his thin lips, and reached for his treasure. He winked his little eyes hard. His heart stopped beating. The sombrero was gone!

Enraged, Benito ran through the hot streets. His bare head made him a mark for ridicule. Children pursued him; dogs barked at his flying heels; insurgents jeered him.

"Miguel the soldier has it! Ahí, this way, that way!" tormented the spectators. Ah, that wicked Miguel! He could not find the thief. The wondrous sombrero was gone. Dios Santó!

Ahí, how a poor peon to understand that justice had disappeared with the rurales and anarchy arrived with the bandit insurgents? What use to tell a tortilla seller that his precious hat, like everything else in Nogales south of Calle Internacional, was lost for the revolutionary "General"?

A volley of drunken laughter finally drew the hysteric Benito into the "Dream of Love" palque shop. There he rage mounted as he saw the fat Miguel clapping silver pesos on the wet bar, pouring pulque down his throat and exulting over the theft and sale of the sombrero to the "General."

"Pig! Thief!" Benito screamed. He sprang upon the squat soldier, seized the machete from his belt and buried it in his skull.

The guilty peon spent that night in the careáf.

At noon the next day, still lustless, he shuffled along the Mexican side of Calle Internacional on the way to his execution. Heat waves rose from the wooden sidewalks and from the tin roofs of the porches propped over the street. But half a foot of shade lay in the middle of the street at the foot of the Frontier Flagstaff against which the signs of the two nations hung limp in the windless air.

Benito did not smell the odor of goat steam and coffee wafted from fly-infested screen doors; his stumbling feet did not heed the rag time strains issuing from a dulciera; he did not see the solemn-faced vaqueros or the blue-shirted United States troopers expectoring from the piazza of Spindler's Emporium across "the line." Even if he had heard Big Sergeant McGee, when he muttered, "Pore greaser, I'd like to see 'im slice up some more o' them damn handkerchiefs," he would not have understood. The loss of his sombrero was his one obsession.

At Don Sanchez's pawn shop Benito paused. He gaze hungrily in the window at the beaming towers of straws and feltas. When the guards prodded him, he was indifferent as though spitted upon the points of their bayonets.

"Get on there, dog! Váyame!" grumbled the soldiers.

Benito, unheeding, strove to enter the shop. The guards seized him and dragged him back. The prisoner, his Yaqui blood afire, resisted. He shoved one guard backward. The other grappled with him. Biting and appealing for help, they rolled in the dust within a few feet of the donkey rut which, in this town sprawling across our frontier, separates Mexican anarchy from Arizonian law and order.

"Vaqueros and negros sprang to their feet and crowded around the combatants. One of them emptied a revolver into the torrid sky. A dog yelped. Pandemonium shattered the noon-day lethargy. The delighted negro soldiers clapped their hands and shouted, "Break away, hombre! Come to yo' Uncle Sammy! Lordy, look a-at!"

Benito sank his teeth into the Mexican's shoulder. Groaning with pain, the guard released his grip, and Benito, encouraged by the gesticulating negroes, scrambled across the rut and rolled over into Arizona.

"Time's up, gents," crawled big Sergeant McGee, as he lifted the gasping peon to his feet.

The angry Mexicans pressed to the center of the street, gestured wildly at the negro troopers and swore: "Gringo devils! Give back that peon!"

"You'll have to see Wash'in ton about dat, amigos," replied the beaming Sergeant. "Hands off, dar! Can't you all see dis greaser's done emigrated?"

Bewildered and breathless, Benito looked about for his hat. Over the bobbing heads of his frenzied countrymen he saw the tall insurgent "General" marching proudly by wearing a tall, gray and green sombrero. Its silver embroidery glittered brightly in the sun.

"Ahi, my sombrero!" Benito cried rapturously and leaped back across "the line" toward the guards from whom he had just escaped. One of them struck him on his bare head with the butt of his rifle; and Benito wilted helpless in their arms.
BROADWAY NIGHT—By John Reed

He stood on the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street, a neat man with greyish whiskers, a placid mouth, benevolent spectacles perched on the tip of his nose, and the general air of a clergyman opposed to preparedness on humane grounds. But on the front of his high-crowned Derby hat was affixed a sheet labelled "Matrimonial News"; another hung down his chest; a third from his outstretched right arm, and he carried a pile of them on his left hand. And every little while his mouth fell mechanically open, and he intoned, in ministerial accents:

"Buy the 'Matrimonial News.' If you want a wife or husband. Five cents a copy. Only a nickel for wedded bliss. Only a half a dime for a lifetime of happiness."

He said this without any expression whatever, beaming mildly on the passing throng.

Floods of light—white, green, brazen yellow, garish red—beated upon him. Over his head a nine-foot kitten played with a monstrous spool of red thread. A gigantic eagle slowly flap its wings. Gargantuan tooth-brushes appeared like solemn portents in the sky. A green and red and blue and yellow Scotchman, tall as a house, danced a silent tango in the street. Two giants in underclothes boxed with gloves a yard across. Sparkling beer poured from bottles into glasses, topped with incendurate foam. Invisible fingers traced Household Words across the inky sky in letters of fire. And all between was ripples and whirls of colored flame.

"If you want a wife or husband. Only a nickel for wedded bliss," came the brassy voice.

He stood immovable, like a rock in a torrent. The theaters were just letting out. As a dynastic log-jam moves down the river, a double stream of smoking, screaming motors filled Broadway, Seventh Avenue, Forty-second Street, rushing, halting, breaking free again. An illuminated serpent of street-cars, blocked, clamoring.

The sidewalks ran like Spring ice going out, grinding and hurried and packed close from bank to bank. Perrot-faced slim men, white-faced slim women, gleam of white shirt-fronts, silk hats, nodding bowery broad hats, silver veils over dark hair, hard little somber hats with a dab of vermillion, satin slippers, petticoat-edges, patent-leathers, rouge and enamel and patches. Volutuous exciting perfumes. Whiffs of cigarette smoke caught up to gold radiance, bluely. Cafe and restaurant music scarcely heard, rhythmical. Lights, sound, swift feverish pleasure. . . . First the flood came slowly, then full tide—furs richer than in Russia, silks than the Orient, jewels than Paris, faces and eyes and bodies the desire of the world—then the rapid ebb, and the street-walkers.

"Five cents a copy. Only half a dime for a lifetime of happiness."

"Can you guarantee it?" said I.

He turned upon me his calm and kindly gaze and took my nickel before answering.

"Turn to page two," he bade me. "See that photo? Read. Beautiful young woman, twenty-eight years old, in perfect health, heiress to five hundred thousand dollars, desires correspondence with bachelor; object marriage, if right party can be found." Thousands have achieved felicity through these pages. If you are disappointed,—he peered gravely over his glasses,—"if you are disappointed, we give your nickel back."

"Have you tried it yourself?"

"No," he answered thoughtfully. "I will be frank with you. I have not." Here he interrupted himself to adjure the passing world: "Buy the 'Matrimonial News.' If you want a wife or husband. . . ."

"I have not," he went on. "I am fifty-two years old, and my wife is dead this day five years ago. I have known all of Life; so why should I try?"

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "Nowadays Life is not finished at fifty-two. Look at Walt Whitman and Susan B. Anthony."

"I am not acquainted with the parties you mention," responded the Matrimonial Newsboy seriously. "But I tell you, young man, the time of the end of living depends upon whether or not you have lived. Now I have lived." Here he turned from me to bawl "Five cents a copy. Only a nickel for wedded bliss. . . ."

"My parents were working people. My father was killed by a fly-wheel in the pump-house of the Central Park Reservoir. My mother died of consumption brought on by doing piece-work at home. I was errand-boy in a haberdashery-shop, bell-boy in a hotel, and then I drove a delivery-wagon for the Evening Journal until I was thrashed in a fight—my constitution was poorly—and so I went to Night School at the Y. M. C. A. and became a clerk. I worked in several offices until finally I entered the Smith-Telfair Company, Bankers and Brokers, 6 Broadway. And there my life began." Methodical, unhurried, he again shouted the virtues of the "Matrimonial News."

"At the age of twenty-seven, I fell in love, for the first time in my life; and in time we married. I shall not dwell upon our initial hardships, nor the birth of our first child, who soon after died—largely because our means did not permit us to dwell in a neighborhood where there was sufficient light and air for a sickly baby."

"Afterward, however, things became easy. I rose to be Chief Clerk at Smith-Telfair's. By the time the second child was born—a girl—we had taken a small house at White Plains, for which I was gradually paying by the strictest economy in our living."

Here he paused. "I have often wondered, after my experience, if thrift is really worth while. We might have had more pleasures in our life, and it would have all come to the same in the end."

He seemed lost in meditation. Above, the nervous chaos of lights leaped in glory. Two women with white, high-heeled shoes passed, looking back over their shoulders at the furtive men. My friend called his wares once more.

"However. My little girl grew up. We had decided that she should learn the piano, and some day be a great musician with her name on an electric sign here."

He waved his arms at Broadway. "When she was five years old, a son was born to me. He was to be a soldier—a general in the Army. When she was six..."
years old, she died. The trouble was in the Town sewer-pipes—the contractors who did the work were corrupt, and so there was an epidemic of typhoid.

"She died, I say—Myrtle did. After that my wife was never quite the same. Unfortunately soon afterward she was going to have another baby. We knew that her condition wouldn't permit it, and tried our best to find some means of prevention. I've heard there were things—but we didn't know them, and the doctor would do nothing. The child was born dead. My wife did not survive it.

"That left me and little Herbert—who was to be a general, you remember. It was about this time that young Mr. Telfair succeeded his father at the head of the business; he was just out of college, with ideas about efficiency and office reorganization. And he discharged me first, for my hair was already white. . . . I then persuaded the Building and Loan Association to suspend my payments on the house for six months, while I procured another situation. Herbert was fourteen. It was extremely important that he remain in school, in order to prepare for the West Point examinations—for there he was to go.

"It was impossible for me to find another place as clerk, though I searched the city everywhere. I finally became night watchman in a paint and leather house near the financial district. Of course the salary was not less than half what I had been earning. My payments on the house resumed, but I was unable to meet them. So of course I lost it.

"I brought Herbert with me to the city. He went to the Public School. And when he was sixteen, just twelve months ago, my little Herbert died of scarlet fever. Shortly afterward, I stumbled upon this employment, which yields a comfortable living.

He ceased, and turning again to the passersby, wildly called upon them to "Buy the 'Matrimonial News.' Only a nickel for wedding bliss. Half a dime for a lifetime of felicity."

The glaring names, the vast excited configurations, the incandescent legs of kicking girls—all the lights that bedeck the façades of theaters—went out one by one. The imitation jewelry shops switched off their show-window illuminations, for wives and fiancées had gone home, and kept women, actresses and great coquettes were tangoing to champagne in dazzling cabarets. Domestic Science and Personal Hygiene still rioted across the sky. But Broadway was dimmer, quieter, and the fantastic girls parading by ones, by twos, with alert, ranging eyes, moved alluringly from light to shadow. In the obscurity men lurked; and around corners. They went along the street, with coat-collars pulled up and hats pulled down, devouring the women with hard eyes; their mouths were dry, and they shivered with fever and the excitement of the chase.

"Here. Gimme one," said a voice like rusty iron. A fat woman in a wide, short skirt, high-heeled grey shoes laced up the back, a pink hat the size of a button, held out a nickel in pudgy fingers gloved in dirty white. From behind, at a distance of three blocks in a dark street, you might have thought her young. But close at hand her hair had silver threads among the bleached, and there were white dead lumps of flesh under all that artificial red, hollows and wrinkles.

"Good evening, madam," said my friend, with a country accent in his hat. "I trust I find you well. How is business tonight?"

"It ain't what it used to be when I first done Broadway," responded the lady, shaking her head. "Pikers and charity boys nowadays—that's what it is. A couple of fresh guys got funny down by Shanley's—asked me to supper. God, what do you know about that? They was kidding me, it turned out. I been as swell places in my time as any gall in town. The idea! I met a fella up on Forty-fifth Street, and he says, 'Where'll we go?' And I says, 'I know a place over on Seventh Avenue.' 'Seventh?' says he. 'Seven's my unlucky number. Good night!' and he beat it. The idea!" Here she shook with good-natured mirth. Presently I entered her horizon. "Who's your young friend, Bill?" said she. "Interloce us." She dropped her voice: "Say, honey, want some fun? No?" she yawned, revealing gold teeth. "O well, it's time for bed anyhow. I'll go home and pond my ear off."

"Looking for a husband?" I asked, pointing to the 'Matrimonial News.'

"The idea! Say did you ever know a girl that wasn't? If you get any nice friend with a million dollars, you leave word with Bill here. He sees me every night.

"But you only buy the 'Matrimonial News' Saturday nights," said Bill.

"To read Sundays," she replied. "I get a real rest Sundays. I don't do no business on the Lord's day—never have." She proudly tossed her head. "Never have, no matter how broke I was. I was brought up strict, and I got religious scruples. . . . She was gone, swaying her enormous hips.

The 'Matrimonial News' agent folded up his papers. "It's bad for me too, young man," said he. "So good-night. As for you, I suppose you'll be hollering about with drink and women."

He nodded half-sadly. "Well, go your ways. I'm past blaming anyone for anything."

I wandered down the feather street, cheekskered with light and shade, crowned with necklaces and pendants and lavalières and sunbursts of light, littered with rags and papers, torn up for Subway construction, patrolled by the pickets of womankind. One tall, thin girl who walked ahead of me I watched. Her face was deadly pale, and her lips like blood. Three times I saw her speak to men—three times edge into their paths, and with a hawk-like tilt of her head, murmured to them from the corner of her mouth. I quickened my pace and passed her, and as I drew abreast she looked at me, coldly, a fierce invitation.

"Hello," said I, slowing down. But she stopped suddenly, looked at me hatefully, a stranger, and drew herself up.

"To whom do you think you're talking to?" she answered, in a harsh voice. . . .

"This," said I, "is what they call Natural Selection."

The next one was not so difficult. Around the corner on Thirty-seventh Street she stood, and seemed to be waiting for me. We came together like magnet and steel, and clasped hands.

"Let's go somewhere and get a drink," said she.

She was robust and young, eager, red and black to look at. No one could dance like her in the restaurant we went to. Everyone turned to watch her—they blank-faced, insolent waiters, the flat-chested men biting cigars, the gay and discontented women who sat there as if it had all been created to set them off. In her slight shabbily brown tweed suit, she blew into the soft warmth, gold, mirrors, hysterical rapture of the place like a lawless wind.

We sat against the wall, watching the flash of faces, the whiteness of slim shoulders, hearing the too loud laughter, smelling cigarette smoke and the odor that is like the taste of too much champagne. Two orches- tras brayed, drummed and banged alternately. A dance for the guests—then professional dancers and singers, hitching spasmodically, bawling flatly meaningless words to swift rhythm. Then the lights went out, all except the spot on the performers, and in the drunken dark we kissed hotly. Flash! Lights on again, burst of hard hilarity—waving of shouting words, words, words, rush of partners to the dance floor, orchestra crashing syncopated breathless idiocy, bodies swaying and jerking in wild union.

Her name was Mae; she wrote it with her address and telephone number on a card, and gave references to South African diplomats whom had enjoyed her charms, if I wanted recommendations. . . . Mae had read the newspapers, and was only vaguely conscious that there was a war. Yet how she knew Broadway between Thirty-third and Fiftieth Streets! How perfectly she was mistress of her world!

She came from Galveston, Texas, she said—boasted that her mother was a Spaniard, and hesitatingly ad- mitted that her father was a gypsy. She was ashamed of that, barely ever—

"But he wasn't one of these here kind of gypsies that go like tramps along the road and steal things," added Mae, asserting the respectability of her parentage. "No. He came of a very fine gypsy family."

This mad inconsequentially, this magnificent lack of purpose is what I love about the city. Why do you insist that there must be reason for life?

THE MASSES

THE SUBWAY

IN THE SUBWAY

As these complacent seekers after joy.

They never come to grips with anything;
Their soft hands have not touched the rough of life
That brings raw blood to the surface. They have
felt
No stabbing lust for beauty or bold sin,
Warm furred and decent, smiling so dreamlessly,
They hurt my heart; their eyes, so unafraid,
Fill me with terror. God! they know it not,
But they are wistful,—earth's most wistful ones!
The thin, dark workers, burned as though with fire,
Swaying in pallid sleep and pinched with want,
Are not so pitiful, so stark as these.

Florence Ripley Mastin.
THE MASSES

THE FATHER

Give me a drink, Joe. The kid’s dead and I’m all of a tremble:
Look at my hand.
How could I stay in the flat—him laying there with his little white face, and the old woman crying and blaming it all on me.
He was six years old and big enough and I sent him out for a pint one night. The old woman kicked but I had my way.
He came back snivelling, said he had slipped and I lammed him good for spilling the beer.
He’s been sick ever since—the damned doctors said it was his spine.
With the old woman fussing over him and giving me hell till I had to come to the house.
And he died tonight. . . . Let’s have another one, Joe.
I can’t go home—him laying there with his little white face and the old woman crying and blaming it all on me.

FRED R. ASHFIELD

WANTED

DILE his anvil stands,
His fire cold,
Tools as they left his hands
Apron unrolled.
A piece half made.
Dropped when he died.
On whom is laid
To do the thing he tried?
Skill he had, but more:
Not alone in iron he wrought.
Gripping our immost core.
He shaped and bent our thought.

With eye that sees the end,
Who then the man—
What comrade, brother, friend
Will finish what he began.

R. P. I.

TRUCE

WE lay on the couch by the window, almost asleep;
Watching the snow.
She on my breast, a lovely and luminous heap,
With her head drooping low.
Except for one singing candle’s flame.
And our drowsy whispers, there was no stir in the air.
And, as she smiled and snuggled closer there,
The Dusk crept up and flowed into the room.
Softly, with reverent hand, it touched her hair
That, like a soft brown flower, seemed to bloom
In the deep lilac gloom,
Kindly it came
And laid its blurring fingers on the sharp edges of things;
On books and chairs and figured coverings
And all once clear and delicately wrought.
Then, almost hastily,
As though with a last, merciful thought.
It covered, with its hand, the sharp, white square
That stood out in the corner where
The evening paper had been flung—
Blotting the screaming type that leaped and sang;
Hushed by no horror or shame.
The brutal head-lines faded; and the room
Grew softer in the glow.
She and I on the couch by the window, watching the snow;
She half-asleep on my breast, and her fingers tangled in mine.
And still in the room, the uncertain and slow
Twilight paused with its purple half-shadows, half-light.
Then stopped—as if seeing her it could go
No further, but stood in a trembling glow.
Like a pilgrim stumbling upon a shrine.
Quiet—a reverent and unsung psalm.
Quiet—as deep-toned as a distant temple-bell
Spreading its measured calm.
Even the streets felt the benedict balm—
The shops were golden niches, bright
With squares of cheerful light.
It was a people’s pageant, wrapped in a genial spell;
Transfigured by the screening snow that fell
Like vast compassionate wings,
Hiding the black world and all sharp-edged things.
Quiet—ineffable and complete.
Except, far down the street,
A murmur jarred against the bash, and then
A newshawks’ treble, thin and dying out:
"Extra—War News Extra—. . . All about—."
And silence once again.
Closer the skies were drawn, closer the street;
And stars began to breathe again and men rejoice,
While Beauty rose up to defeat
That boy’s high voice,
With its echo and threat of a world unreal;
Too terrible to reveal.

And her fingers tightened in mine and she opened her eyes,
And the laugh of our child rang out, and a sharp rift broke in the skies.
And the cloud, like white banners of Truce hung gently above,
With a promise of rest and release.

And the world, like a soft-breasted mother, was an intimate heaven of love,
And a pillow of peace.

LOUIS UNGERMeyer.

Drew by Moll Dandell.
THE MASSES.

CHRISTIAN

"If not a regular reader of The Masses, but I have the car-
obbons "Learning the Steps," and "It's a Great Country,"
bons pinned up on the wall for preparers to enjoy when they
come in to see me. "Learning the Steps" seems to me one of
the funniest pictures you have ever printed. But that's only one
of three or four things I want to say. Another is that I am one
that large minority of your readers who are churchgoers and
church members, and that I thought your Christmas ballad bea-
tiful and such as Jesus, were he miraculously born or otherwise,
would not disapprove. I haven't seen anything in your columns
yet that I think Jesus would dislike on any other grounds than
(perhaps) these, namely that flouts and scorns are not very
efficient, however delightful to the flouter and scornor. But
when I think of the ballads you are印发ing up for the very idea
of Jesus in regard to war, I remember the innumerable remarks
in the Sermon on the Mount and feel that while The Masses
lives, Christianity has but one champion.
There's one item of which, however, I wish you'd take note,
in prose, and that's the way the ministers (hereabouts at any
rate) have used their influence in behalf of Patrick Quinn.
One Bishop at least, and ministers here of the Episcopal, Dutch
Reformed and Presbyterian faith, I think of the editors of The
Masse.
.. .
E. Orange, N. J.
"If no more"

POLITICS (SAY THE ANTS) IS TOO SERIOUS A BUSINESS FOR WOMEN"

"How long would the opponents of this resolution have the
women want the be asked.
.. ."

I submit this press-pearl from the reverend and (ha, ha!)
N. Y. Times, for its polemical.T.W., for its polemical.
.. ."

BIRTH CONTROL IN THE SOUTH

THE farm population of the South is much interested in the
question of birth control, even more than the urban popula-
tion. The average farmer's family in the South is considerably
larger than the city family, and the women of the South are
beginning to cry out against the continuous child-bearing that
is forced upon them by Bourbon traditions. The economics
side of child-bearing in the rural districts of the South can be
understood if you make the distinctions that are asked when a
renter applies to landlords for a place.
The first question is, "How many miles do you have?"
The second is, "How many kids?" Other things being equal, a man
who has a family of eight or ten children always secures a rented
farm when in competition with a man who has two to six
children. According to the law of supply and demand, he
never gets less than 100 girls who were brides at from 18 to 14 years.
I can send you photographs of families of from 12 to 18
children from one mother. In the light of these facts, you
.. ."

CAMELION

THE NEGRO

YOUR propaganda against lynching neither began nor ended
with the lynching of Leo Frank. How can you expect
cancel to the "Brownson" South if you allow such
.. ."
Arrested for Criminal Libel by the Associated Press

Expelled from Columbia University Library and Book Store—

Ejected from the Subway and Elevated stands of New York—

Suppressed by the Magazine Distributing Company in Boston—

Quashed by the United News Co. of Philadelphia—

Kicked Out of Canada by the Government—

The Plays of Oscar Wilde contained in one beautiful volume of 672 pages. Contains Lady Windermere's Fan, A Woman of No Importance, The Importance of Being Earnest, An Ideal Husband, Vera, or The Nihilist, Duchess of Padua, Salome. This new series will contain complete works in single volumes in clear, readable type. Price for the Wilde volume, $1.38, postpaid.

Poems, by G. K. Chesterton. His verse, no less than his prose, contains delight, humor and deep philosophy. $1.25 net.


Manhattan, by Charles Hanson Towne. Frontispiece by Thomas Fogarty. $1.00 net. No poem of recent years was hailed with so unanimous a chorus of praise as greeted this song of New York. William Dean Howells, Richard Le Gallienne, Edwin Markham, Lloyd Osbourne and Gertrude Atherton are some of those who have hailed it as a notable piece of work.

THE LATEST

SOCIOLGY

Socialism and the War, by Louis B. Boudin, author of "The Theoretical System of Karl Marx." It is the first book of its kind published in this or any other country. Price, 50c.


The Negro, by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, author of "Souls of Black Folk," etc. "At once authoritative, scholarly, and sympathetic, and so interesting."—The Living Age. 55c.

"SOCIALISM IN AMERICA" Reviewed by Helen Marot

A S I finished John Macy's book "Socialism in America," I found myself wondering that I might live through the next quarter of a century. It was the free and friendly spirit in which the irrelevant slanders that affected me. There has been a sterility in the inter-change of revolutionary thought. This book seems to presage a new human sweetness in the movement, without a loss of the stern values of economic interpretation. It is indeed out of the care for hard fact that this sweetness and generosity seems to come. It seems to come when there is more care for the truth about Socialism than about making converts.

The author, a member of the Socialist Party, says that his book "is not a come-to-socialism tract," that the outsider may step in and then step out again. He is as interested in stating the limitations of Socialism as he is in pointing out the strongholds. The substance of Socialism, he says, is "a practical matter, a 'business proposition.'" Modern writers on the subject have been pleased to call their Socialism 'scientific'; indeed, like most of their contemporaries, they have overworked the word 'scientific,' which for fifty years has had a eulogistic connotation. They have won the double distinction of being rejected by their enemies for their dreamy idealism and for their sordid materialism, and they can afford to chuckle at the contradiction. They have been idealistic in that they have labored... to bring about a better... state of society. They have been scientific in that they have tried to deal sympathetically with matters of fact. The Socialist idea is most acceptable, most sensible, when it is reduced to its lowest terms."

"Mr. Macy has prejudices, like the rest of us. In a few places they appear in his book. For instance, he says that it is his task to bet that whenever these four gentlemen, Messrs. Berger, Spargo, Hillquit and Hunter, agree in combating an idea, that particular idea is a good one. We are all familiar with this sort of generalization which is at best an interesting alibi. It may now and then..."

Continued on page 24, second column.

The Story of Canada Blackie, by Anna P. L. Field. Introduction by Thomas Mott Osborne. A truly wonderful as well as a wonderfully true story is this. Net, $1.00.

Anthropic: An Instance of Natural Resource Monopoly, by Scott Nearing, Ph.D. Dr. Nearing uses the private ownership of the anthropic coal fields to show the way in which consumers and workers may expect to fare at the hands of other monopolies of natural resources. $1.00 net.

Socialism in Theory and Practice, by Morris Hillquit. Former price $1.50, now 95c.

Why the Capitalist? by Frederick Haller, LL.B. In this book a lawyer throws down the gauntlet to the defenders of capitalism. The book is a brief in refutation of the doctrines prevailing in Conventional Political Economy. Send $1.00.

Socialism in America, by John Macy. A vivid and interesting description of Socialist principles and tactics from the revolutionary point of view. Price, $1 net.

Feminism, by Mr. and Mrs. John Martin. A criticism of the Woman Movement from the point of view of the two sexes. $2.50 net.

Social Freedom, by Elsie Clews Parsons, author of "The Family," "The Old-Fashioned Woman," "Fear and Conventionalism," etc. $1.00 net.

An Introduction to the Study of Sociology, by Professor Edward Cary Hayes, University of Illinois. The latest, most up-to-date volume in its field. 710 pages. Send $2.65.

Within Prison Walls, by Thomas Mott Osborne. A human document of humor and pathos and of unusual revelations. A volume every person should read. $1.02 by mail.

The Future of Democracy, by H. M. Hyndman. $1 net. Essays: Social democracy and the war; Nationalism and peace; Class-state socialism; The reorganization of English trade; The armed nation; Marxism and the future.

Marxian Socialism and Religion, by John Spargo. $1 net.


A Survey of the Woman Problem, by Rosa Mayreder. A profound study of the whole field, to which the author devoted fifteen years. $1.60, postpaid.

Economics of Liberty, by John Beverley Robinson. Prolusion in tabloid form. 50 cents postpaid.

Socialized Germany, by Frederic C. Howe. A book that foreshadows the future. $1.50 net.

Income, by Scott Nearing. An examination of the returns for services rendered and from property owned in the United States. This book is one of the reasons why Prof. Nearing was forced to leave University of Penna. Price $1.25.

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


SAVING A SOUL

You know someonw who has mental illness. The Masses is a positive cure for stupidity. Send in a dollar and

Save a Soul

Continued on page 24.
MASSES BOOK SHOP

Continued from page 22, second column.

EDUCATION

Schools of Tomorrow, by John Dewey and John Dewey. Illustrated. Send $1.00.

The Montessori Manual, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Selecting the right teacher and applying Dr. Montessori's principles in a practical way. Send $1.35.


Aristotle and Ancient Educational Ideals, by Thomas Davidson. $1.00.

Rousseau and Education According to Nature, by Thomas Davidson. $1.00.


Mothers and Children, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. A revised and enlarged edition. Author of "A Montessori Mother." A book that will help both complicated and important enterprises—the rearing of children. Send $1.35.

The Kindergarten and the Montessori Method. How children learn. It is written from the viewpoint of a teacher of the kindergarten and a close student of Montessori. $1.00 net.

SCIENCe. AND ART

Selections from the Scottish Philosophy of Common Sense. Edited by A. Johnston, M.A., Lecturer in Philosophy at Glasgow University. Consists of extracts from the works of the chief representatives of the Scottish Philosophy of Common Sense. "The selections are metaphysical or psychological, but ethical doctrines have not been neglected." $1.35.

Psychology: The Study of Behaviour, by William McDougall. 55c.

Anthropology, by E. R. Maret. 55c.

The Problems of Philosophy, by Bertrand Russell, Cambridge. 55c.


The Evolution of Man, Boesche. Darwinism up to date, in simple language, with complete proof. Illustrated, cloth, 50c.

Savage Survivals, a new illustrated work by J. Howard Moore, author of "The Law of Biogenesis." $1.00.

SEX

Sex, by J. A. Thomson and P. Geddes. 55c.

Sexual Knowledge, by Winfield Scott Hall, Ph.D. (Leipzig), M.D. (Leipzig). Sexual knowledge in plain and simple language, for the instruction of young men and young women, young wives and young husbands.

The Sexual Life, by C. W. Malchow, M.D. Third edition, Price, $3. Sold only to physicians, dentists, lawyers, clergy, and also students of sociology.


The MASSES BOOK SHOP

Continued from page 22, second column.

Enlightened conversation, but we can discard it with advantage. I suppose everyone who has tried to be honest in forming opinions, has sometime or other found himself in alliance with people with whom he is temperamentally out of sympathy. I once discovered an extreme case—that I was opposing a measure that was also being opposed by the National Educators' Association. As I am most obnoxious organization in the country, an organization that exists to do the opposite to what I am trying to do, but as I had arrived at my position on a peculiar measure in the particular manner I could not repudiate it on the irrelevant ground that for reasons of its own the National Educators' Association was in opposition.

I would like to challenge another statement of the author. He says that the duties of the I. W. W. are low, that the membership of the organization is socially the poorest workers to belong. That is true, but he goes further and asserts that the I. W. W. has not accumulated a treasury because it wants to avoid corruption. I think that the I. W. W. leads those who believe that an organization and its members, will die if it depends for sustenance on spiritual existence alone. But these are not the things I impress one about the book. Its courage and its frankness make one forget its occasional lapses.

A desire to rid of dogma, of these red herring phrases, a new thing intensified by the war in Europe, for reality, is giving character to the present time. It is for John May's little book, "Socialism in America," reflects this desire that I hope it will be wide spread. Its brief chapters on "The Economic Classes," "Some American History," "The Socialists and the War," are all valuable on that account. But his chapters on "Socialism and the War," and "Inflationism and Militarism," are written with a frankness which is very grateful, and an immediate interest.

The first chapter, "Socialists and the War," is a clear, synoptic analysis of the central confusion among the people. My quarrel with the book is that this synopsis, so well done, is only a chapter.

The author's treatment of militarism has nothing to do with the abstraction of peace or even brotherhood. It should be remembered, he says, that an army however enlisted (i.e., a citizen army or otherwise) "is always subject to the command of the governing class" that a worker in uniform is subjected to a discipline which is bad for his body and soul.

In speaking of patriotism he demands that our country does not belong to the millions who live in the very center of the people only. The crime of national Socialists against true Socialism is not that they did not resist the war, but that they did not limit to the same degree in their efforts to prevent it. If the Socialists of this country and all countries are to avoid committing a similar crime in the future, they must at once cleanse themselves of the disease of nationalism, and its concomitant militarism. This means that they should refrain from politics, but that on all political issues they should take the anti-militaristic position.

The above seems to be a statement of fact rather than possible program, at once cleanse themselves of the disease of nationalism." As the author pointed out in an earlier chapter, the opinion of American Socialists on the war is Europe begins to give up little promise that our action in this field may serve one of the result of a misdirected influence of France and England on Europe.

But wherever we are, the important thing is to know where that is. John May's book will help us. It will make the discovery.

HELEN MAROT

Here is a letter to our Book Store from Dr. Lydia Allison DeVilbis, Director of the Old Hygienic Library, Kansas City, Mo.

"I want to tell you how much I appreciate your promptness in filling my orders. I can recommend you most heartily to the thousands of physicians, teachers, and others who want to obtain fine books promptly."

What Every Girl Should Know, by Margaret Sanger. Send 55 cents.

"Herself," by Dr. E. B. Lowry. Contains full, precise and straightforward information on sexual hygiene and every question of importance to women concerning their physical nature. 6th edition. Send $1.10.

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

Man and Woman, by Dr. Havelock Ellis, the foremost authority on sexual characteristics. A new (5th) edition, Send $1.60.

The Limitation of Offspring by the Practice of Contraception, by Dr. Robinson. Send $1.00.

Sexual Life of Woman, by Dr. E. Heinrich Kisch (Prague). An epitome of the subject. Sold only to physicians, jurists, clergymen and educators. $5.00.


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

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

Practical Eugenics, by Dr. Wm. J. Robinson. 50 cents.


Sexual Life of Our Time, by Prof. Ivan Ioho. Price, $.50 net.


Stories of Love and Life, by Dr. Wm. J. Robinson. $.10.

Sex Morality, by Dr. Wm. J. Robinson. $1.


Determination of Sex, by Dr. L. Don- doncaster. Cambridge University Press. $2.15.

HEALTH

Eat and Be Well, by Eugene Christ- ian. Dr. Christian is probably the greatest advocate of better health for America to-day. There are curative menus for anyone who wants them. Price, $3.00.

Breathe and Be Well, by Wm. Lee Howard, M.D. By mail, $1.10.

The Art of Living Long, by Louis Corrano. New edition. $2.00 net.

Colon Hygiene, by Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, Supt. of Battle Creek San- taria. A book for the cure of Indigestion and kindred disorders without drugs or surgery.

"Neurasthenia" or Nervous Exhaus- tion, by Dr. J. H. Kellogg. New, re- viewed edition in non-technical lan- guage by the well-known health authority. $2.00 postpaid.

Constipation: How to Fight It, by Dr. J. H. Kellogg. $1.20 postpaid.

Health—Beauty—Sexuality, by Ber- nard Marrin and Marion Mac- colm. Plain advice to girls that will be found invaluable as they grow from girlhood into womanhood. Price, $1.

Old Age: Its Cause and Prevention, by Sanford Bennett, "the man who grew young at seventy." A remarkable book by a remarkable man, $1.50, postpaid.


The Care of the Child, by Mrs. Burton Chance. $1.

Physical Culture for Babies, by Mar- garet and Bernard Macfadden. Detailed information for the care and physical development of babies from birth to childhood. Price, $1.00.

HISTORY

Social Forces in American History, by A. D. B. Deanesly. More intre- preted American History, descri- bing the various classes which have ruled and functioned from time to time. $1.50.

An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution, by Prof. Charles A. Beard. $2.25, postpaid.

The Russian Empire of To-day and Yesterday, by Nevins O, Winter. The country and its peoples and a review of its history and a survey of its political and economic conditions. Send $3.25.


GENERAL

On Being Human, by Woodrow Wil- son. 50 cents net. Leather, $1.00 net.

Child Culture. By Will Leving- ton Connolly. Will Comforter's home- making on the shores of Lake Erie. One of the greatest books on child culture and child culture. A book to love. Send $.35.

Continued on page 25.
THE MASSES.

Continued from page 25.

Geraldine Farrar, by Herself. The intimate life story of one of America's greatest actresses, whose magic art and fascinating personality have made her the idol of millions. 42 illustrations. $2.00 net.

Under the Apple Trees, by John Burroughs. The wide variety of topics touched upon—biology, philosophy, and literature, California and the winter birds of Georgia—give it a wide appeal. $2.15 net. Riverside edition, $1.50 net. (Ready in May.)

Julia Ward Howe, by Laura E. Richards and Maud Howe Elliott. In this complete and authoritative biography, Mrs. Howe's daughters have told the story of her life with grace and charm. Illustrated. 2 vols. $4.00 net.

Shelley, Godwin, and Their Circle, by H. N. Barnard. 55c.

Anarchist Literature of All Kinds, from Emma Goldman, 20 E. 100th St., New York City. A complete and authoritative copy of Anarchism and Mother Earth Magazine.

An Outline of Russian Literature, by Maurice Baring, author of "With the Russians in Manchuria," "Extremely fascinating and based on intimate and sympathetic knowledge." —Chicago Tribune, 55c.

The Cry for Justice, an anthology of the literature of social protest, edited by Upton Sinclair. Introduction by Jack London. Contains the writings of the most famous poets, novelists, social reformers, and others who have put their struggle against social injustice, selected from twenty-five languages, covering a period of five thousand years, 32 illustrations. $2 net.

The Soliloquy of a Hermit, by Theodore Dreiser. Price. $1.00

The Healing of Nations and the Hidden Sources of Their Strife, by Edward Carpenter. $1 net.


Enjoyment of Poetry, by Max Eastman. By mail $1.35.


Affirmations, by Havelock Ellis. A discussion of some of the fundamental questions of life and morality as expressed in the literature of Nietzsche, Zola, Huysmans, Casanova and St. Francis of Assisi. Send $1.50.


My Childhood, by Maxim Gorky. Send $1.50. Tells the story of the life of the famous Russian novelist from his earliest recollection to the age of seventeen.

How It Feels to be the Husband of a Suffragette, by "I. T. T. Lincoln. This former Liberal member of Parliament, and a native of Hungary, recently escaped and was captured by U. S. Secret Service. Send $1.00.

Why War? by Fredk. C. Howe. The latest book by the Commissioner of Immigration, who says: "Wars are made by privileged interests." $3.50 net.


Ferdinand Lassalle, by George Brander. Price $1.25.


A-B-C of Housekeeping, by Christine Terhune Herrick. 50c net.

A-B-C of Gardening, by Eben E. Reed. 50c net.


Diplomacy of the Great War, by Arthur Bullard. Author of "Comrade Yeta."

"Visions and Revisions," by John Cowper Powys. A book of essays on great literature. The New York Times said "it is too brilliant, that is the trouble." 300 pp., $2.00 net.

Morwitz’ American Dictionary of the German and English Languages, 1300 pages, bound in buckram or ½ leather, red edges, bindings assorted. $1.50.

Caspar’s Technical Dictionary, English-German and German-English. Ornamental cloth. $1.00.

Morwitz’ American Dictionary of the German and English Languages, 1900 pages, and Caspar’s Technical Dictionary, English-German and German-English, 260 pages. The two nearly bound in one volume, 290 pages in all, backbound. $2.00.

Davis’ German National Cookery for American Kitchens. Illustrated. Ornamental cloth. 253 pages. $1.25 retail.

The Soul of Woman, An Interpretation of the Philosophy of Feminism, by Paul Jordan Smith, English Department, University of California. Price $1.00 postpaid.

Chicago Poems, by Carl Sandburg. $1.50 net. Distinguished by its trenchant note of social criticism order. Carl Sandburg wrote the and by its vision of a better social famous "Billy Sunday" poem in The Masses.


ANY SUGGESTION WELCOMED. Our friends with ideas for boosting The Master's circulation should not hesitate to send in their suggestions. An original magazine requires original ideas.

Free

The following books will be sent free for only five new subscriptions to The Masses.

The Famous Masterpieces of Literature
By Bliss Perry

Eight (8) Volumes
Each author is not only a figure; he is a personality. Lincoln, Webster, Carlyle and Thackeray are instances. Bliss Perry’s introductions are sympathetic, explanatory and short. They inspire familiarity with the text and friendship with the author. The subjects are truly representative, and they are not as Billings says, of over one million copies indicates the approval of the public.

Each set is in a card board box. The volumes have attractive bindings, gold and cheaply made cloth, with cover decorations in color.

Or

The Masterpieces of English Poetry
Edited by Mary van Dyke

Six (6) Volumes
Edition de Luxe. The six volumes, 2,000 pages, cover—Ballads Old and New, Idyls and Stories in Verse Lyrics, Odes, Sonnets and Epigrams Descriptive and Reflective Verse Elegies and Hymns

Or

Masterpieces of Wit and Humor
Edited by Thomas L. Masson

Six (6) Volumes
There are twelve hundred pages in the six attractive volumes. This set is edited by Thomas L. Masson, former editor of Life. It includes the best of such men as Mark Twain, Jerome K. Jerome, Henry Whitcomb Riley, Artemus Ward, Edward Everett Hale, Eugene Field, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Bret Harte, Sol Smith, Mark Twain, Simon G. Jordan and many others of equal prominence.

Or

Dante’s Divine Comedy, Four (4) Volumes

Or

Cervantes’ Don Quixote, Four (4) Volumes

Or

Poe’s Works, Five (5) Volumes

Or

Pepys’ Diary, Four (4) Volumes

We have obtained several hundred sets of these beautiful books, and it is understood this offer holds good so long as the supply lasts.

Send in your subscriptions in sets of five to The Masses Circulation Department. Subscription orders of The Masses will gladly be mailed to any address for prospective subscriptions.

The Masses $1.00 A YEAR
To Local Secretaries

If you want free literature for distribution

BUSINESS MANAGER OF THE MASSES

I LIKE YOU

“The Masses should be encouraged by all who love and are not afraid of the truth. This is a world of much, vast and lying and scheming. It is a good thing.

W. F. McC., of Collingwood, N. J.

The Disease of Charity

Bolton Hall, well-known writer on social questions, has written a book that challenges the efficacy of charity work. He admits that with poverty, sickness and misery all about, we cannot let men suffer and die without doing something. But he is not sure that we are doing the right thing. "The Disease of Charity" is inspiring, thoughtful and constructive.

A complimentary copy of this booklet will be sent to every reader of this paper who sends a trial subscription (3 issues for 13 weeks) to The Masses, a public, a journal of fundamental democracy. Referring to The Public, Bolton Hall said: "Is this the only thing in the world of all the horrors of the world is the only thing I know of—one from one's own conscience—and the rest—create principle down deep in our beginnings. Which is the correct one—sensational—always calm and positive?

The Public—Ellisworth Bldg.—Chicago

The Masses and The Public for One Year $1.75

"A SOUND BODY IS THE PRODUCT OF A SOUND MIND"

This is Bernard Shaw's way of saying that persons with intelligent, sane minds, give thought and time, to the physical body.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

stands for higher ideals of health and physical development. It shows how these ideals can be realized by most individuals here and now.

Physical Culture is a magazine that has spoken—just the facts, nothing but the facts. It deals with facts and with theories, but does not hold to theories when the facts belie them. It is a teacher in its field—but a teacher that is invaluable.

Physical Culture is liberal and international in its views. It deals with physical health in the narrow sense, and in the broad sense, the broadest sense. Physical Culture discusses also the social factors that tend to maintain or to destroy sound minds and sound bodies.

HAVERLOCK ELLIS

writing to Physical Culture, its editor, has said of it: "I can assure you that you view the American edition of Physical Culture with more interest and admiration, as a vigorous and enlightened effort to instil into the general public the germ of more noble and higher ideals of health cultivation."

Physical Culture is for men and women who think; it may help them to think more and better. Physical Culture has something to say, something not said elsewhere, and says that something well. Physical Culture is a magazine that should appeal to the readers of The Masses.

We will send Physical Culture for one year (regularly $1.00) in combination with the book "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention" (regular price, $2.00) for $2.00.

"Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention" is a book for men and women, young or old, written by Sanford P. Peetz, the Man Who Grew Young at Seventy. This book is a valuable book to men and women who want to live longer and better.
**Books You Should Have**

**THE SEXUAL LIFE**
Embracing the natural sexual impulse, normal sexual habits, and propagation, together with sexual physiology and hygiene. By C. W. MALCHOW, M.D. Third edition, 6 x 9 inches, 316 pages. Price, $3.00.

(Sold only to members of the medical and dental professions, 70 lawyers, clergymen, and also recent graduates of sociology.)

**NATURAL LAWS OF SEX LIFE**
Embracing medico-sociological researches. By ANTON NYSTROM, M.D., Stockholm. Translated by Carl Sandeen, M.D. 360 pages, 6 x 9 inches. Price, $2.00.

**CAUSES AND CURES OF CRIME**
A popular study of Criminology from the bio-social viewpoint. By THOMAS SPEED MOSBY, former Pardon Attorney State of Missouri, Member American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, etc. 350 pages, with 100 original illustrations. Price, $4.00.

**SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS, APPLIED HYPNOTISM AND PSYCHIC SCIENCE**

The C. V. Mosby Company, Publishers
901-907 Metropolitan Building
St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

SOLD BY THE MASSES BOOK STORE,
20 West 14th St., New York.

---

**SEX PROBLEMS in WORRY and WORK**
By Wm. Lee Howard, M. D.

A frank, unprejudiced statement of the causes of worry and distress among men and women, and the best means to pursue to secure permanent relief. A revelation of the tremendous problems in sex physiology and psychology, embodying the latest discoveries and conclusions of modern medical science. Undeniable a book that you should read at your earliest opportunity, to remove some of your own perplexities and to help you save the members of your family from needless fears.

**CHAPTERS**
1. Worry and the Primitive Forces of Nature.
2. Is Charity Consistent with Health.
3. The Worry of the Post of Becoming Improved.
4. The Sexual Problem of the Neuroasthenic.
5. Why You Worry over Unknown Facts.
6. Internal Sex Forces, and the conservative effect upon efficiency.
8. Character and Sexuality.

By the same author.

**FACTS FOR THE MARRIED**
Plains and Pitfalls in Sex Hygiene
Confidential Chat with Boys
Confidential Chat with Girls
Breathe and Be Well

Each, cloth bound $1.00 net

Send for detailed circular giving full information
EDWARD J. CLODE, 159 Fifth Ave., New York

---

**A New and Unique Achievement in Decorative Art for the Home.**

**MEDALLIONS OF THE IMMORTALS**
Made of Corinthian Bronze, solidly riveted to handsome walnut and hardwood panels, with special brass hangers enclosed, ready for fastening on wall.

Guaranteed by the Katholmid Bronze Works

Bryant—Tenison.
Burns—Voltaire.
Byron—Walt Whitman.
Dawson—Whittier.
Dickens—Boeheven.
Goethe—Chopin.
Homer—Lust.
Hugo—Mendelssohn.
Longfellow—Mozart.
Lowell—Schubert.
Mark Twain—Wagner.
Milton—Webb.
Poe—Grant.
Schiller—Jefferson.
Shakespeare—Lincoln.

7 inches in diameter, on panel $9.50.
4 inches in diameter, on panel $5.00.

Offered through The Masses at 25c off or for subscriptions.

Send to any part of the U. S. by money order or cash by registered letter.

**JOHN MACY, Has Written a Daring Invigorating Book on Socialism in America**

William English Walling, Author of "Socialism As It Is," writes: "I am amazed that Dr. Macy has been able to cover all the most important points, and yet—in spite of the very great condensation this necessitates—has succeeded in making a book every page of which is interesting. I am convinced that there is no other writer in this country who could have made such a brilliant success of this difficult task."

Just Out—Net $1.00

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.
Masses Book Store

---

**BUSINESS—A PROFESSION**

BY Louis D. Brandeis

He is popularly called the “people’s lawyer.” He is the champion of fair play in business—fairness to everybody—big and little.

Read his great chapters on: Trusts, Efficiency, Railroad Monopoly, Savings Bank Insurance, Organized Labor, Cut Prices, and all the other splendid chapters in BUSINESS—A PROFESSION.

An absorbing, vital, constructive work; it is the great test book of business ethics.

327 Pages
Net $2.00

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO.
Publishers
BOSTON
WHY WAR
By Frederic C. Howe

"Wars are not made by peoples... Wars are made by irresponsible monarchs, by ruling aristocracies, by foreign ministers, and by diplomats. Wars are made by privileged interests, by financiers, by commercial groups seeking private profit. "Wars are made behind closed doors."

From "Why War" by Frederic C. Howe.

$1.50 Net

SOCIALIZED GERMANY
By Frederic C. Howe

"A timely, most interesting, most valuable book. Interesting because it treats of its subject in a readable way with great clarity of thought and admirable restraint in expression; it is valuable because it is a guide to the future, the future that begins when war ceases and for which we should prepare now; it is timely because it delineates the German peril to the United States."

—Boston Transcript.

$1.50 Net

THE SOCIALISM OF TO-DAY

With this new collection of several hundred documents, a source book of Socialism, the whole treatment of the subject of Socialism passes into a new and more scientific phase. While the editors are for the most part members of the movement, thoroughly familiar with its internal history and organization, they have adopted a purely scientific attitude. It aims to include all important questions that have been touched upon in recent years by any of the world's leading Socialist Parties. Very few Socialists even, are familiar with more than a small part of its contents.

It covers all the leading countries from Russia and China to Australia and the Argentine Republic (though half of the volume is given, naturally, to Germany, Great Britain, and the United States).

CHICAGO POEMS
By CARL SANDBURG. 12mo. $1.30 net.

In his ability to concentrate a whole story or picture or character within the compass of a few lines, Mr. Sandburg's work compares favorably with the best achievements of the recent successful American poets. It is, however, distinguished by its trenchant note of social criticism and by its vision of a better social order.

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY 34 W. 33d St., New York

The Book of the Hour

BARBAROUS MEXICO
By JOHN KENNETH TURNER

MEXICO is the TREASURE HOUSE of the WORLD. It leads in the production of SILVER, comes second in the mining of COPPER, third in the OIL industry, and fourth in the richness of its GOLD MINES—but the people are crushed under the IRON HEEL of the rich.

A COLONEL IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY writes: "I have been surprised, shocked and horrified by reading Barbarous Mexico. I will not stop to tell you my feelings on the subject of Mr. Turner's REVELATIONS, * * * I am very anxious to have the PRESIDENT READ IT. The conditions depicted by Mr. Turner should be corrected by the American people, and this cannot be done until the people know the facts. If I can help in any way I would much like to do so."

An American newspaper man in Mexico writes us: "The American CAPITALISTS want INTERVENTION before the European war is over. Can you guess the reason why?"

350 pages of FACTS and SUPPRESSED INFORMATION. Fully illustrated, bound in blue and gold. $1.50 prepaid.

Order your copy to-day—as they are going fast.

Charles H. Kerr & Co.
345 East Ohio Street Chicago

An International War Series

ABOVE THE BATTLE: By Romain Rolland. An eloquent appeal to the youth of the world to declare a strike against war. Cloth $1.00.


Open Court Publishing Co.
Chicago