

THE MASSES

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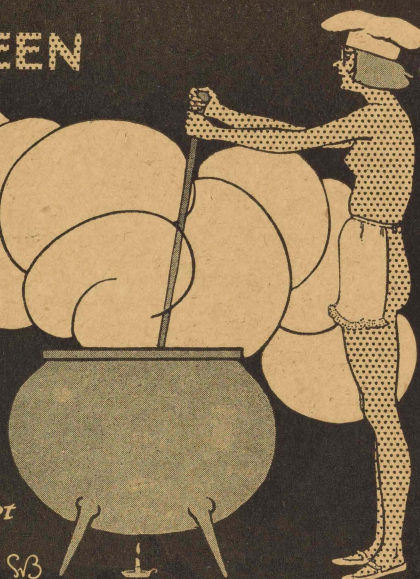
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Orchids and Hollyhocks

In A Class Room

THE voices drone serenely through the calm, decorous stillness; It is something about the work of the early romantic poets, An enumeration of merits, a grave discussion of methods. The professor is very intent on an accurate classification. He carefully measures the lines and counts the uses of color. He summarizes results and reviews his summary.

Out of the window the mountains loom blue against the horizon. Clouds are touching the pines on the hilltop just over the campus. A flash of wings, and a bird song trails through the April sunshine. And the wind, the wind! I can hear it with the breath of old springs in its calling. I remember a hedge where the pussy willows were blooming, And the sun was soft as the feel of the fussy, silvery catkins, And a road winds on and on and through the shimmering, golden mesa. I remember a stream that leaped from the rocks and shouted Tremulous, vibrant sounds like a half-articulate spirit. And something within me sang and danced and wept and was silent.

But I have lost the trend of the early romantic movement. I am stupidly out of grace with the earnest English professor. Yet, yonder the lyric limbs of the artist's white Greek dancers Gleam eternally joyous amid the pale olive shadows.

ROSE HENDERSON.

Enchantment

I KNOW a place where tall rushes grow Knee deep in soft black loam, And where the white kiss of the rising mist Softens the long brown dunes Which are so eternally wooed By the passionate sea With her foam white breasts laid bare.

And beyond this place where my rushes are, Is a church-like forest of priestly pines, Deep cushioned with a cool green moss Which gives to hot and tired bodies Rest, forgetfulness. And for your canopy the stars And for your candle light the moon.

And all this must be a secret, Because of dimming memories Which are not mine alone. But tell me— Is it not wonderful to know That somewhere just beyond this seething town Such deep enchantment lies?

MARGARETTA SCHUYLER.

The Song of Vanity

TRIP and gaze Before a long mirror, This line and that To admire with pleased lips. Silken foot pointed And dainty shoulder raised To show my two self-approving eyes Gazing soulfully at myself— This line and that I admire. Trip and gaze Before a long mirror.

HARRISON DOWD.

The Family Pew

LIFE came to me As light comes through a window of stained glass, Purple and brown. I always saw the people stationary, Made up of neatly fitted bits of glass of blue and red, Flat-faced, square-jointed, surface-smooth, I saw them silent, changeless, hard, I, as silent and as surface-smooth as they. Indoors where I was placed, I sitting in adulterated light through them. Then suddenly I heard far of A singing wind, In waving branches and in sails at sea, A little sleepy tune at first, It grew and neared, It caught and thrall'd me Like the mad skirl of pipes, And passed. I leaped and bounded out And found the world. Over a green clover meadow bloomed a white pear orchard in the dazzling light of spring, In a wood two bullocks fought, In a field a man followed in the slow furrow of his plough, A yellow oriole sang upon the swaying branch of an old elm, And I, I ran and shouted in the white light of life.

MARY MACMILLAN.

The Marsh

ORANGE and red of the marshes and joy of my heart! Your color that laughs to the sky and that flaunts in the wind, Is the spirit of courage gone out from the souls of dead heroes, To bloom in the lonely white sunshine, uplifted to God.

Under and through the long grass is the glimmer of water; The glimmer of dreams that has flowed in the souls of dead poets, And when they were dammed behind words, slipped away through the sand. O dreams of my heart, you are shining among the long grasses!

I lift up my face to the pungent smell of the marsh. The crying unrest and the hidden hope of adventure I breathe, and shall never again be serene like the oak trees, Content, like the meadow—I follow my soul o'er the marshes!

NANN CLARKE BARR.

The Lucky Man

WHEN people cannot understand A fellow's ways, they call him mad. My wife was Mabel Wilkerson, The prettiest woman in Hamlin County. Ask any man. Oh, she was faithful, And as nice as could be; Yet I left her and ran away with Nora Frye. Who is pale, and stupid, and hasn't got much hair.

You see, when I was courting Mabel, I used to think that if I ever had the luck To marry her, I'd walk along the street With her on my arm and hear men say: "Gad! She is beautiful. How did he ever win her?"

I had the luck; I walked along the street With Mabel on my arm, and heard men say: "She's beautiful! I wonder what She sees in him?" Until I ran away with Nora Frye, Who is pale, and stupid, and hasn't got much hair.

WEARE HOLBROOK.

Proportionately

HE was young, And his mind Was filled with the science of economics That he had studied in college. And, as we talked about the food riots, And high prices, And jobless men, He said— "It's all stupid and wrong, This newspaper talk! Folk have no business to starve; The price of labor always advances, Proportionately, With the price of food!"

"Any man," he said, A moment later, "Can earn at least two dollars a day By working on a railroad, Or in the street cleaning department! What if potatoes *do* cost Eight cents a pound? Wages are high, too . . . People have no reason to starve."

I listened to him prayerfully, (More or less), For I had never been to college, And I didn't know much about economics.

But— As I walked to the window, And looked out over the veiled, mysterious lights Of the city, I couldn't help thinking Of a little baby That I had seen a few days ago: A baby of the slums—thin and joyless, And old of face— But with eyes Like the eyes of the Christ Child . . . A baby—crying for bread—

And—I wondered . . . MARGARET E. SANGSTER, JR.



Hugo Gellert

Pastoral

The MASSES

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The Truth About The I. W. W.

Harold Callender

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Harold Callender investigated the Bisbee deportations for the National Labor Defense Council. He did it in so judicial and poised and truth-telling a manner that we engaged him to go and find out for us the truth about the I. W. W., and all the other things that are called "I. W. W." by those who wish to destroy them in the Northwest.*

ACCORDING to the newspapers, the I. W. W. is engaged in treason and terrorism. The organization is supposed to have caused every forest fire in the West—where, by the way, there have been fewer forest fires this season than ever before. Driving spikes in lumber before it is sent to the sawmill, pinching the fruit in orchards so that it will spoil, crippling the copper, lumber and shipbuilding industries out of spite against the government, are commonly repeated charges against them. It is supposed to be for this reason that the states are being urged to pass stringent laws making their activities and propaganda impossible; or, in the absence of such laws, to encourage the police, soldiers and citizens to raid, lynch and drive them out of the community.

But what are the facts? What are the Industrial Workers of the World really doing? *In the lumber camps of the Northwest they are trying to force the companies to give them an eight-hour day and such decencies of life as spring cots to sleep on instead of bare boards. In the copper region of Montana they are demanding facilities to enable the men to get out of a mine when the shaft takes fire. It is almost a pity to spoil the melodramatic fiction of the press, but this is the real nature of the activities of the I. W. W.*

It is no fiction, however, that they are being raided, lynched, and driven out, without due process of law, and with as little coloring of truth to the accusation of treason as at Bisbee, Ariz., where the alleged "traitors" who were deported were found to be many of them subscribers to the Liberty Bond issue. The truth is simply that the employers have taken advantage of the public susceptibility to alarm and have endeavored to brand as treasonable the legitimate and inevitable demand for better wages, hours and working conditions that has arisen among hitherto unorganized workers. That their efforts are ordinary and legitimate in the trade-union sense, is indicated by the fact that, as I shall show, *unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor throughout the West generally sympathizes with and supports the struggle of the I. W. W.* The old hostility be-

tween the two movements has begun largely to be broken down, and the I. W. W., far from being regarded by the working-class as criminal or treasonable, has been accepted simply as one of the means of securing their rights.

The case of the lumber camps of the Northwestern states is difficult to describe. The two outstanding centers of present conflict, so far as the I. W. W. is concerned, are the forests of Washington, Oregon and Idaho, and the copper mines of Montana. In both places it is a revolt of hitherto unorganized and ruthlessly exploited workers. In both places their demands are for the ordinary wages, hours, and conditions which are everywhere recognized by reasonable men as just and inevitable. In both places this revolt has been met with lawless brutality and reckless terrorism on the part of the employers. And in both places the employers have endeavored to cover up their crimes by imputing "treason" to their insurgent employees.

The case of the lumber camps of the Northwestern states is one which shows most clearly the origin of the trouble, the nature of the workers' demands, the methods of the employers, and the fraternization of the I. W. W. and the A. F. of L.

The Lumber Strike

The burden of the struggle in the forests of the Northwest is being borne by the Industrial Workers of the World. The new Timber Workers' Union, an American Federation of Labor body, has enrolled a comparatively small number of the men who work in the woods. But though it is within less than a year that the Industrial Workers have been able to gain wide influence there, they are powerful now, and it is probable that a majority of the lumberjacks and sawmill employees in this region have joined, either as members or as strikers, the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union. The Timber Workers are all west of the Cascade Mountains in Washington. East of the mountains the Industrial Workers have free rein, and west of the

Since this article was printed, a federal grand jury has indicted a number of I. W. W. leaders throughout the country for conspiracy against the government. We doubt if many of them will be proven guilty and we hope that Mr. Callender's article will help to persuade the public to suspend judgment.

mountains there is no rivalry between the two unions at present, both striking for the eight-hour day.

The demands of the Industrial Workers in the forests appear at first glance unbelievable. It is as though men were striking for a breath of air or a bed to sleep on after a hard day's work. And indeed they are; asking more windows than the customary two in a "bunk house" that forms sleeping quarters for more than one hundred men, cots with springs and blankets in place of the plain wooden "bunks." They want, too, places to hang clothing when they go to bed, "drying rooms" so the washed apparel need not hang in the "bunk" house, shower baths (there are no bathing facilities in most of the camps), wholesome food and "no overcrowding at tables." Fastidious persons, these woodsmen!

The eight-hour day in place of ten hours of work, is the chief issue, but there is insistence on a minimum wage of \$60 a month and one day of rest in seven. Which shows what a share in the gains of civilization there is for these men who cut the world's lumber and float it down the rivers to cities where live the "lumber millionaires."

It was in the spring that these men began to strike, and by summer most of them had joined the revolt. They congregated in camps of their own in the woods, but were dispersed by sheriffs and soldiers. Some went to the cities, often to be arrested by waiting police. Others sought work on the farms, and found farmers took fright on discovering who they were. Apparently the Industrial Worker was to be denied work on the farms and not allowed to camp in the woods, to induce him to return to lumber cutting.

The Campaign of Lies

What happened at Spokane is illustrative of the systematic attack on the Industrial Workers, who have gained their control of the lumber industry because of the betterment of working conditions brought about by their constant struggles. The West Coast Lumber Men's Association, aided by its appendages of other employers' organizations in the Northwest, has carried on most of the admirably thorough and successful schemes to develop a popular fear of the Industrial Worker. It is said to have assembled a fund of \$500,000 for this express purpose, and it apparently has assembled a part of the military forces of the nation. The newspapers have shown carefully and assiduously that every forest fire was set by Industrial Workers, though there have been far less forest fires this season than ever before. They have shown that the Industrial Worker's chief aim in life was to drive spikes in lumber preparatory to sending it to the sawmill, to insert nails in fruit trees and to pinch peaches in the orchards so they would spoil. These things are believed by the people who believe that German spies devote their time to peddling poisoned court-plaster and starting strikes for the eight-hour day. It should be noted in this connection that *Secretary Baker asked the lumber companies to grant the eight-hour day because the government needed lumber; and the companies refused.* The strike has since spread to the shipbuilding yards on the Pacific Coast, where the workers have refused to handle lumber cut by men who work ten hours a day. The shingle weavers, both A. F. of L. and I. W. W., are also demanding an eight-hour day.

The lumber strike was directed from Spokane by James Rowan, secretary of the union, and an effort was promptly made to break up the headquarters. Merchants went soberly before the city commissioners and said the Industrial Workers were a menace

to the safety of the community. Just why they were dangerous they usually neglected to show, like the Bisbee, Ariz., "Protective League," which admits there was no violence by the strikers but is certain there would have been had it not been forestalled by violence by the defenders of copper. They pointed to what had been done in Idaho, where a particularly effective union had closed the lumber industry. They told the city officials that Idaho was boycotting Spokane merchants because they allowed Spokane to harbor the headquarters for the lumber strike. Industrial Workers were expounding syndicalist theories on street corners, and the merchants wanted that stopped, too. They admitted there was no law under which they could reach this "unlawful" organization, and they were very sorry there wasn't.

"What you want us to do, then," said one of the commissioners, "is not to arrest them for anything illegal, but just to drive them out of town or suppress them regardless of law."

The merchants, vague about such details, said that was about it. The city commissioners expressed unwillingness to do any such thing, as there was no disorder. To which the employers responded (not at the public hearing) that that little difficulty might be solved by "starting something."

But they decided to try first to create a law that would meet the problem. They prepared an ordinance making it unlawful for any one to "publish or circulate or say any word * * * expressing disrespect or contempt for or disloyalty to the government, the President, the army or the navy of the United States." This was so ridiculous that the commissioners would not pass it. Later E. E. Blaine, of the state public service commission, was sent by the governor to Portland to get an order from the commanding officer of the army there directing Major Clement Wilkins at Spokane to arrest the Industrial Workers. Blaine went to Spokane with the order in his pocket.

The absence of some excuse for the action nettled the employers, and they tried to obtain statements by the city and county officials that would warrant military arrests. A meeting was called of the officials and employers, presided over by a lumber dealer. The employers insisted that the local officials sign a statement saying a state of insurrection existed in Spokane. The mayor refused, but the next morning when the merchants went to the city hall with a prepared statement, mild, but good enough as a pretext, and the officials signed it.

This statement says that, while "technically the offenses (of the Industrial Workers) are not against any state or city laws," still, in order that the Industrial Workers may be curbed in their "unlawful activities" before the community interfered, "regardless of existing laws," the governor ought to do something. That is, the Industrial Workers are law-abiding but perhaps the citizens who suffer because of their activities won't be; therefore, the state or the army or somebody ought to stop the whole proceeding by breaking the law and having done with it.

Before this statement had time to reach the governor, the order from the commanding officer was given to Major Wilkins and the headquarters of the Industrial Workers was raided with the arrest of Rowan and twenty-six others by soldiers.

It was lumber dealers who wrote the statement which the city officials signed asking military interference: it was a newspaper man who, at the summons of the soldiers, identified Rowan so they could arrest him!

The Central Labor Council of Spokane, in a resolution denounced the resort to military force and called for a general strike as a protest. Soldiers, carrying out the will of the em-



At the Top of the World

ployers' association, had an ominous appearance to labor. Spokane is typical of the employers' methods. At Ellensburg, Wash., there is a stockade containing Industrial Workers, guarded by soldiers. But the chief result of such tactics so far has been the spreading of trouble to the Pacific Coast.

Butte—"A Hate Town"

The situation at Butte, Mont., where the copper mines have been made idle during a protracted strike, is more complicated. Mention Butte out in the Northwest and they'll tell you, "Oh, well, Butte is a hate town." It is. It is one of those industrial centers which have undergone the bitter series of hate-generating doses: monopoly control—low wages; forced immigration—lower wages; unionization—bloodshed; higher wages—higher rents. "They get you going and coming," is the way they put it at Butte (and it was a business man speaking). "The working man doesn't get even a run for his money in this town." When one considers Butte and the dark history that portends a dark future, he understands the reason for the extreme degree of bitterness that permeates almost every industrial transaction. The miner knows he has not only, in those catacombs 3,000 feet underground, to adhere constantly to the slogan of the boss (typical of the spirit within the industry) "Get the rock in the box;" but that, having got it in for eight hours every day he must go to his union hall at night and keep the eternal vigil of collective bargaining to be sure that his day's work brings an income enough to provide for his family. The eight hours' work is only part of his task. And we wonder at *sabotage*!

I think that a current witticism, eloquent to the miner, illustrates the spirit bred by "free competition" in the copper mines. One of the chief demands of the strikers is abolition of the so-called "rustling card," a scheme, whereby the black-listing of workmen is maintained: an applicant for a job fills out a lengthy blank stating his history and political views, then waits ten days or longer while the company verifies it, after which he may get a card certifying his eligibility for employment. When Miss Jeanette Rankin, the Representative in Congress, went to Butte to find out about the strike, she was escorted from the railroad station to her hotel by police, in order that the demonstration of welcome planned by the miners might be forestalled. "Miss Rankin should have had a rustling card," said one of the men.

Immediately after a fire in one of the mines in June, there was planned a public and official memorial in honor of Manus Duggan, whose death at rescue work brought copious eulogies in the newspapers. Arrangements for the memorial were published and everybody thought it quite a proper community action. Then suddenly the whole affair was hushed up, and no memorial has been held. It was discovered at the last moment that Duggan was a Socialist!

It is this intensity of feeling, this clear consciousness of class and class, that rankles in the mind and strips the industrial war of even those thin pretenses that sometimes avail to diminish—apparently—the natural, frank brutality of the battle for sustenance. There is, at least, little actual hypocrisy about it at Butte, save the formal hypocrisy of public statements and newspaper editorials which even the authors admit are bluster. People on both sides speak with a startling candor. Such remarks as this are quite casual and occasion no surprise: "Tom Campbell ought to be hanged, too, along with Little." Butte has become inured to it.

But the industrial feud is still a tender subject in this moun-

tain town. The outsider, broaching it, feels guilty of an intrusion, as he might if he were to stop a man on the street with, "Say, tell me how you happened to commit that murder." The town dislikes strikes, just as it dislikes thunderstorms or any other natural calamities; for the strike "hurts business." That droll humor of the accustomed labor warrior made one of them remark, "This is a city of whispers." Free speech is not always a matter of constitutional guarantees. What's the use of a constitution and courts and such embellishments in a region like this? The government, the social relationships, the "civilization" are almost solely economic. If the state were to be deeded, with its people, to the Anaconda Copper Company, things would not be different.

Violence

The wonder is that there is so little violence: the present strike has been entirely free from it, excepting, as they say in Butte "that lynching." There have been armed mine guards, those to whom violence is a business that would be destroyed by peaceful strikes. There have been soldiers, but some of them were recalled because they were too unsympathetic with the men working during the strike. There has been instance after instance where absence of bloody clashes seemed to violate the law of sequence. There is the complete background for open war: why it has not come is more than I can tell.

One of the strike leaders tried to explain it. "The men know by experience that it's no use. They know that what would most please the mining companies would be violence, and they know that they [meaning the enemy] have all the best of it when it comes to that. Why, we haven't even put out a picket line. I stand up there every morning as the scabs go to work, and count them. Not many can look me in the eye squarely day after day; they turn their heads."

At the little hall of the Finish Working Men's Club on North Wyoming Street, headquarters of the Metal Mine Workers' Union, one finds groups of these men whom even the serfdom of the copper country could not drive to bloodshed. There they assemble, reading typewritten sheets on the bulletin board, official communiqués of the war, or chatting about this and that, occasionally about the strike. They have not escaped an air of bitterness, but their extremest imprecations end with vows never to give in, to keep up the strike until their terms are met. And there are 12,000 miners on strike, pinched for resources while they maintain a shutdown of mines that earn for the investors more than a million dollars a day. I wonder if you and I, or the officials of the copper companies, would remain so mild were we members of the Metal Mine Workers' Union with families to support, reading statements by our employers that they would flood the mines before recognizing the union. I wonder what would be your mood, you who believe in war, if you were a miner when Ambassador Gerard came to Butte and said, "The laborer must line up with the capitalist;" when owners of these mines scorned your proffer to return to work willingly under government supervision; when they issued a joint statement that "No grievance has been brought to the attention of the mine operators and we believe none exists," while you knew of the conditions in the mines that allowed 160 men to die in tunnels while flames in a shaft sucked away what air there was: I wonder what, in these circumstances, would come into your mind when, every time you walked down the street, you saw a soiled but distinguishable American flag floating above every shaft on the mountain that is called locally the "richest hill in the world."

"Fire!"

This strike, now three months old, was one of those unorganized revolts that grow out of copper mountains as pine trees grow out of the neighboring mounds. If there was one tangible cause, it was the disaster at the Speculator Mine, June 8. You may have noticed a small dispatch chronicling the loss of eight score of lives, but you don't remember it, for such events are commonplaces. "Those poor devils always get caught that way," remarked a telegraph editor as he tossed the dispatch to a headline writer: "Oh, those damn labor unions," commented the same keen individual a few days later when the telegraph told of the walkout of the men who dig the copper from the "richest hill in the world."

After three days of searching, some of the miners were taken from the drifts partly alive and some wholly alive, but there were 160 who were beyond resuscitation. Bodies were piled against concrete bulkheads in the narrow tunnels, fingers worn off by frenzied tearing at the impassable wall. Workmen will tell you at Butte that the foremen didn't know which passages led to safety, which to death. You see, the concrete bulkheads were erected to protect the mines.

Three of the seven demands, framed at a mass meeting June 12, deal with questions of safety—manholes in bulkheads to allow passage, committees of miners to inspect the workings month, every miner to be advised as to ways of escape. The other chief one is for abolition of the rustling card, that autocratic device that has enabled the employers to choke organization of the workmen.

First the strike, then the union: that is the sequence that by its frequency shows the utility of the most elaborate arrangements to maintain individual bargaining. And the strike-breaker of to-day is the striker of to-morrow; that is the great fact that your short-sighted employer refuses to see. Many of the strikers at Butte are Finns and Italians, imported in past years to replace union men. So with the organized miners in Arizona, who at Bisbee formed a union after they had walked out of the mines. In Colorado, it was the unorganized immigrant of 1903 who became the embattled striker of 1914, *after* Ludlow.

It has been wise direction as much as spontaneity that has characterized the Butte strike, maintained in face of all manner of attacks and newspaper abuse. It was said that the strike and the new union were products of foreign diplomacy, uprisings against the draft and pacifist maneuvers. The newspapers that grew sentimental over the heroism of the rescue squads that risked lives to reach trapped workmen, now showered calumny on the same men who were seeking to make mines safe. One paper mentioned the "inalienable right of a man to work," referring, not, of course, to the rustling card, but to the few non-union men that stayed in the mines. Women were arrested for distributing pamphlets issued by the union. An effort was made to force grocers to deny credit to strikers and to induce landlords to evict them, as was done at Bisbee, Ariz. The most notable of these intimidations was the hanging of Frank Little by masked men at night. Little, an executive committeeman of the Industrial Workers, had come to ask the new union to join that organization, which it refused to do.

"We Shall Never Forget"

Perhaps the funeral tribute to Little by the working people of Butte may be considered the reply to the warning which the lynching constituted. About 7,000 marched to the cemetery, representing most of the labor unions of the city. As the casket was lowered into the ground the last thing seen was a

pennant of the Industrial Workers, bearing the words, "One big union," lying across the coffin. At the headquarters of the mine union there hangs a photograph of Little, and under it, "Frank Little, victim of the copper trust, whom we shall never forget." When I saw James Rowan, secretary of the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union, in the county jail at Spokane, Wash., he wore on a lapel of his coat a button bearing a picture of Little and the motto "Solidarity." Behind him sat a youth in khaki, fingering a rifle and watching him as he talked.

"Yes, I know they want to hang me, I've heard it said on the streets," said Tom Campbell, president of the miners' union, smiling grimly as he walked to the hall to preside over a meeting of the strikers. And Campbell, dark-haired, round-faced, veteran of bloodier strikes, goes to the hall every day, directing the strike and the care of families of miners. "Winning a strike," says Campbell, "is only part of the fight. After the companies accept our terms, we shall have to keep a close watch on them to see that they maintain them. This never ends. There's no such thing as industrial peace while industry has to be carried on in this manner."

The most perplexing feature of the Butte struggle is the relationship between the Metal Mine Workers' Union and the older bodies. There is the spectacle of the membership of trade unions giving large sums of money to the miners' strike fund, while the leaders in the local labor council, with an ecclesiastical sectarianism, condemn the new union because it doesn't belong to the American Federation of Labor. There are officials of the state federation refusing to treat with the highly organized Metal Mine Workers as a body, but offering to accept them as individuals. There is the apparent inability of the local labor council to recognize officially that there is a strike, because the new union is not affiliated with it, and it can recognize no mine union but the inconsequential one of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, which is properly affiliated with everything but the men who work in the mines. Nineteen twentieths of the mining industry of the town is completely shut down, yet one labor official said, "I don't consider that there is any strike." The state Metal Trades Council and the local Metal Trades Council are engaged in a debate as to whether the affair is a strike or a lockout in regard to the metal trades, the state body standing firmly on precedent and rule and technicality, the local body anxious to help the 12,000 miners win, but desirous of avoiding expulsion from the federation of labor. "There's more politics in the American Federation of Labor than in the Republican party," said an observant unionist. And there seems to be, occasionally at least, as much legal barbed wire entanglement as in a properly bound judiciary.

"Back in 1893—"

Butte is full of feuds and ancient animosities. When you ask for an explanation of some apparently simple controversy, the reply usually is, "Well, you see back in 1893—." There has been not only a lively contest between the workmen and the owners of the "richest hill in the world," but there have been quite as lively and quite as bitterly uncompromising feuds between this and that faction in the labor group. Everybody seems to possess an amazing catalogue of enemies. Just as you have to go far back of Sarejevo to explain the European *melée*, you have to go into diplomatic history to appreciate the equally complex maze of alliances and grudges that produce the remarkable alignment in the industrial war at Butte.

The antagonism by union politicians toward the new miners' union is an outgrowth, apparently, of the clash within the old

Western Federation of Miners, which resulted in charges of graft against officials of the organization and the dynamiting of the union hall in 1914 and the withdrawal from the Federation of the anti-Moyer faction. (Whether or not the destruction of the union hall was the work of enemies of labor, the row in the union was the occasion for it.) It is rather a war of leaders than of members, for many well-informed members of the Federation and some officials have admitted that the secession of 1914 was amply justifiable. Tom Campbell, head of the new miners' union, was one of the insurgents at that time; so, in effect, the present mine union is a development of the seceding group of the old union, and the present Mine, Mill and Smelter Union at Butte, which is not on strike, is an outgrowth of the group that followed the officials in the 1914 fight and stayed in the federation of labor. Some protagonists in the fray assert that there has been practically no effort in the last three years to organize the 15,000 miners, and that the small union of a few hundred was all the leaders in the labor council of Butte wanted. I believe it was said on the floor at a meeting of the council that if the miners were organized they would dominate the local labor body by force of numbers. At any rate, a committee named by the council to develop a union in the mines failed, because, some of its members say, it was given scant encouragement by the leaders in the labor council, who represent other trades.

It is certain, and is recognized by trade union generals in the Northwest, that the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers' International Union (formerly the Western Federation of Miners) has failed to win the confidence of a large section of the miners. In Arizona it has only a small membership, the workmen in the copper mines there having formed independent unions affiliated directly with the State Federation of Labor, but not with the Mine, Mill and Smelter Union. At Butte it could have adopted the flourishing new union bodily, but it didn't want to do it in that fashion. When the strikers were in a mood to join the international union, and surely would have joined, an organizer for the international went to Butte and told them they must come in as individuals, not as a body, and that the international then would determine whether the strike was justified. I don't know whether they were told they should return to work pending action by the international, but certainly the strikers understood it that way. The international was willing to accept the men, but not the union or the strike. Of course, few of the miners voted "yes" on that.

About the same time the Industrial Workers issued an invitation, through Frank Little, and the invitation cost Little his life. But this the new union refused. So it remains a wholly independent body, unable to negotiate an alliance with the division of the American Federation of Labor in the mining industry. But most of the funds that support the strike, and help make up the depleted domestic treasuries that are the inevitable accompaniment, have come from trade unions in Butte and the Pacific Coast cities. The Seattle Labor Council, recognizing the embarrassment of the situation at Butte, gave official permission to a member of the independent mine union to solicit funds from Seattle locals. The leaders there realize that structural arrangements that allow of the inflexibility of the union policy at Butte are serious handicaps.

Some of the trade unionists at Butte fear that the Industrial Workers will capture the new union, others are convinced they have already captured it. There are many Industrial Workers in the miners' union, for several of its officers have been mem-

bers of the Industrial Workers. The Metal Mine Workers' Union is an industrial union, admitting specifically "all persons employed within and around the mines, or in any way connected with the mining industry," and its preamble to the constitution says "only an industrial organization can be of any use; other forms have proved useless." That its present spirit is distinctly aggressive and tintured with revolutionary zeal is undeniable. As to the main organization at Butte and the new unions at Anaconda and Phillipsburg, Mont., they have affiliated with it. A speaker at one union meeting said, "This isn't a strike merely for wages or hours: we want an arrangement that will secure justice and put an end to this bickering: we want Uncle Sam to take over these mines and run them." There was an outburst of applause. And the "company newspaper" pleads for a "reasonable, conservative union."

On the matter of control of the mines the union made an appeal to the government, asking, as Miss Rankin had vainly asked in the House, that the Federal government operate them.

Brothers-in-Arms

The significant thing is the drawing together of the forces of labor in spite of old animosities. A man prominent in the American Federation of Labor on the Pacific Coast, being asked what was the relationship between the trade union group there and the Industrial Workers, said "Pretty close." A trainman in Montana, discussing the industrial skirmishes that already had produced stockades and military jails, drew from his pocket a red card along with a certificate of membership in a railroad brotherhood, and said, "It's a two-card business from now on." He said that fifty per cent. of the men on his line had adopted the "two-card system."

These men were not syndicalists, for they admitted they didn't thoroughly understand, much less advocate, just what the syndicalists were driving at (any more than do most of the followers of the Industrial Workers; but they know, for instance, what it is to work 3,000 feet down in a copper mine for \$5.25 a day, when a three-room hut in Butte costs \$35 a month and groceries are dearer than in New York. They know, most of them, what industrial unionism means, and they have an acute sense of the common interests of working men. You can't tell them that Frank Little, the Industrial Worker leader, was lynched at Butte because of what he said about the United States army. They know that the reason twelve hundred working men were driven into cattle cars at Bisbee, Ariz., and deposited in the desert was not that their leaders had cast aspersions on the government.

One finds this attitude pronouncedly among trade unionists in the Northwest, from Butte to Seattle. When missionaries of the revolutionary union were corraled by soldiers on no charge but that of causing strikes, the reiterated explanations of chambers of commerce that "the Industrial Workers of the World is not a bona fide labor organization" failed to beguile the trade unionist. When two states enacted laws making it a crime to hold membership in a union that advocated sabotage, or to rent a hall to such union, and several other states were considering similar statutes, they saw what was up. They didn't believe in sabotage (certainly not in shouting about it, at any rate), but they realized that if the practice of choking organizations of working men who admittedly were violating no law were to go on, there was no telling where it might end. There had been hardly more denunciation of the Industrial Worker as an "agitator" than there had been of the "walking delegate." So it

was that the Spokane, Wash., Central Labor Council went so far as to request a general strike as protest against the arrests of Industrial Workers by soldiers.

But there is more than tacit recognition of a common enemy: there is, here and there, a largely unexpressed belief that the two organizations are in a definite way complementary, the Industrial Worker giving expression to discontent, the trade unionist often following with the machinery for maintaining collective bargaining after the outburst of revolt has subsided and the Industrial Worker has flitted to more spectacular service.

"The Industrial Worker has been usually unable to perpetuate what organization he does inject into industry," said E. B. Ault, one of the leaders at Seattle. "They work on a hypothesis that doesn't fit the real situations with which they have to deal. They assume a lot of things, and act as though their theories were accurate expressions of the everyday labor problem. For instance, they impute a cunning and solidarity to the 'master class' that few employers ever fancied. The employers are divided, just as we are, and where we can take advantage of that and bargain with single firms we ought to do it. There is room for much opportunism, which the Industrial Worker scorns.

"The Industrial Workers aren't primarily a union seeking better industrial conditions, they are revolutionists. Improvement in the present economic scheme is incidental with them. But the workers aren't in a revolutionary mood, and no matter how intensely interested in the revolution many of us are, we have to recognize this. Or perhaps I should say that we are engaged in a revolution, though of a more Fabian sort."

While the Industrial Worker looks to a radical change in industry that appears utopian to the average trade unionist, he is seeking to bring it about by a principle that tacticians generally in the Northwest, at least, are accepting—industrial unionism. "We're all industrial unionists now, though we can't turn all the craft unions into industrial unions at once," is a comment frequently heard. Of course, industrial unionism isn't a strictly Industrial Worker principle, but it is one of the chief tenets of the sect. And the trade unionist who looks ahead fancies a time when the jurisdiction squabble will not divide the forces of labor. He usually denies that the Industrial Worker has had much to do with the growth of industrial bargaining, but he evinces a willingness to let him share in the process where he can. He prefers an Industrial Worker union to no union, and sometimes gives it his support. In Montana and Arizona the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, the American Federation body, has failed to prevent encroachments by the Industrial Workers, and the miners in those states adhere either to independent unions that have grown up locally or to the Industrial Workers. Trade unionists are disposed to support these unions in time of stress.

Within the Federation of Labor, too, there is a distinct tendency toward wider organization than the craft union. At Seattle fourteen craft unions employed by the Seattle Construction and Dry Dock Company have made a blanket contract providing that the breach of the agreements made as to wages and conditions of workmen in one union would annul the contracts with the others. If the company should infringe on the rights of a single craft, it would find all the other crafts joining in the fight instead of staying at work. This unique agreement includes building employees—janitors and elevator operators; and it specifically gives the workmen the right to refuse to handle any material in the shipyards that comes from industries that

do not recognize organized labor. There you have a distinct step toward industrial unionism.

This tendency is not, of course, uniform, for it was recently that the Shingle Weavers' Union found it advisable to abandon an effort to enroll the timber men and let them have a union of their own. But it is undeniable that in the woods and mines and shipyards of the Northwest the industrial union is developing form, and in the warfare of the future there probably will be little trouble over what it calls itself. The very structure of the labor movement is shifting perceptibly, for it has to meet varying conditions, such as a shipbuilding industry twice as large as it was three years ago.

Understanding the I. W. W.

And there are signs, moreover, that a public understanding of the real aims of the Industrial Workers, is coming about, in spite of the campaign of misrepresentation. In North Dakota, the governor, Lynn J. Frazier, a farmer, took the remarkable stand early in the summer that if the Industrial Worker violated no law, neither would the employers be allowed that privilege. In a proclamation the governor mentioned the assertions that a "lawless element" was burning crops and destroying farm machinery. He suggests that anyone found committing such depredations be tried in the accustomed fashion.

"It is charged," he says, "that the constitutional rights of individuals have been trampled under foot by mobs in the guise of so-called safety committees, defense leagues and vigilance committees. To some of these misguided mobs and officers it seems to be a crime to be seeking work and not to possess money. Men have been illegally searched, beaten, deported." The governor makes it clear that he doesn't believe in such actions.

But that was in a state where the farmers were considering making a contract as a body with the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union, one of the Industrial Workers' organizations. Most of the transient farm workers in North Dakota are Industrial Workers, and they have maintained uncommonly cordial relations with the farmers. When the Nonpartisan League submitted the proposal for a contract with the Industrial Workers, it found many farmers favorable to the plan. At the meetings when the proposal was submitted farmers told of their experiences. Some said they had long been hiring Industrial Workers exclusively, others said they wouldn't let one in their employ. A few left the Nonpartisan League because of its championship of the Industrial Workers. But the farmers in the North are learning to deal with the Industrial Worker in a spirit of understanding. For these men, who have organized a political force to bring about state ownership of elevators, warehouses, storage house and packing plants have got an economic insight that takes them beyond the point of looking on the Industrial Worker as an agitator whom society should suppress. Victims themselves of business piracy, they are coming to see the social cause for the Industrial Worker.

Many who ought to know better look upon the Industrial Worker as a sort of modern guerilla warrior on the industrial system. They are convinced he isn't very important, merely spectacular. "The Industrial Workers are just a big noise," said a lawyer who had seen them operate in

Arizona. "If the newspapers didn't give them such an unmerited amount of free advertising, they'd die out." He was distinctly mistaken.

The Industrial Workers have an organization that is national and embraces a dozen great industries. It is not very compact; it cannot be, dealing with men to whom a home is an impossible luxury, men who are made migratory by their work. The membership fluctuates widely, but has been increasing steadily. It is something like a bank account, deposits and withdrawals offsetting each other, but not varying that greatly. Its members come and go, joining during a strike but dropping out afterward. It is difficult for the officers themselves to tell what the membership is at a particular time. At Bisbee, Ariz., there were a few Industrial Workers in the copper mines before the strike of last July. When these walked out, at least two thousand others walked out. They were actuated not by a revolutionary spirit, but by inability to stand the treatment of their employers, especially when a strike by other workmen offered an opportunity to effect a change. These men attended the missionary meetings of the Industrial Workers in the city park and many were converted. Then came the deportation, and the necessity for union made more Industrial Workers. I talked to scores at Columbus, N. M., at the refugee camp who said they were members of no union before the strike but had since joined the Industrial Workers. These men are now scattered, and when another strike comes wherever they are working they will join it and again be Industrial Workers.

Every member is an organizer, every member dispenses cards to his converts and collects their dues, which he scrupulously sends to the union. There are only a few unions, about a dozen, each union embracing an industry; the ideal of the Industrial Worker is "one big union." Each union is divided into district branches on geographical lines, and each district has an executive committee and secretary-treasurer. There are no other officers, except the national executive committee and secretary, and the same officers in each industrial union.

Only the membership by vote may call a strike, "except in case of emergency"; but such is the informality and cohesion of the organization that a strike call by a secretary is almost tantamount to a strike. A sort of "straw vote" is usually taken in advance, and often there is no other vote. It would be difficult for the members of a union to ballot on a strike proposal and would require a long time.

There are eleven industrial unions, with others in process of formation: Marine Transport Workers Union No. 100 (Atlantic Coast), Metal and Machinery Workers, Agricultural Workers, Lumber Workers, Construction Workers (composed mostly of laborers on railroads and the comparatively unskilled in similar industries), Railway Workers (embracing men employed in any way in transportation), Marine Transport Workers Union No. 700 (Pacific Coast), Metal Mine Workers, Coal Miners, Textile Workers. A union of domestic servants has been started on the Pacific Coast.

The Industrial Workers operate chiefly among the unskilled and immigrant workers whom the trade union does not reach. They organize the men who dig tunnels and lay railroad ties and cut trees in the forests—the most poorly paid and ill treated. They speak for those whom a shortsighted society ignores: theirs is a voice from the bottom. And it is answered with military stockades!

Leaders and teachers among the Industrial Workers are capable men—and women, preaching a doctrine of revolution. They are adept at capitalizing a situation, at selecting and directing forces of revolt. But the bulk of the membership are hardly syndicalists, usually followers of a militant union that offers service in their behalf.

At the Industrial Worker headquarters at Seattle are death masks of the five "fellow workers" killed at Everett, Wash., when armed deputy sheriffs fired on the Industrial Workers' boat as it touched the wharf. There'll be more "bloody Sundays," and more deportations, and some day we may learn that they won't solve the problem of human misery. Meanwhile the religion of syndicalism will flourish.

PRAYER FOR ANNIHILATION

Willard Wattles

NOW all that man has prated of so much
Falls into dust-heaps at a hostile touch,
Religion's vestments dissolve in futile vapor,
A nation's honor rots to a scrap of paper:
Before we die, honest for once, we dare
Stand naked and candid without one lying prayer.

For the red wrong that man has thought and done
Runs still before him like a blazing sun,
The deft hand's triumph and the high brain's skill
Teach him but more effectual means to kill,
And higher throned than Christ or Socrates
Still sworded Caesar lolls in purple ease.

If Thou be God, with tempest-knuckled wrath
Smite smug creation from its complacent path,
Batter the stars and snuff sun's candle out,
Show once thy face and quiet all the shout—
A God of order, pavilioned still in strife,
No wonder man thy creature muddles life!

If Thou indeed be God, no matter where
Throned in what sanctities of air,
Or clad in flame, in storm or ruin going,
Meek or embittered, cruel or all-knowing,
Prove for all time beyond the reach of doubt
That thou art God, and blot this mad world out!

AUTUMN LIGHT

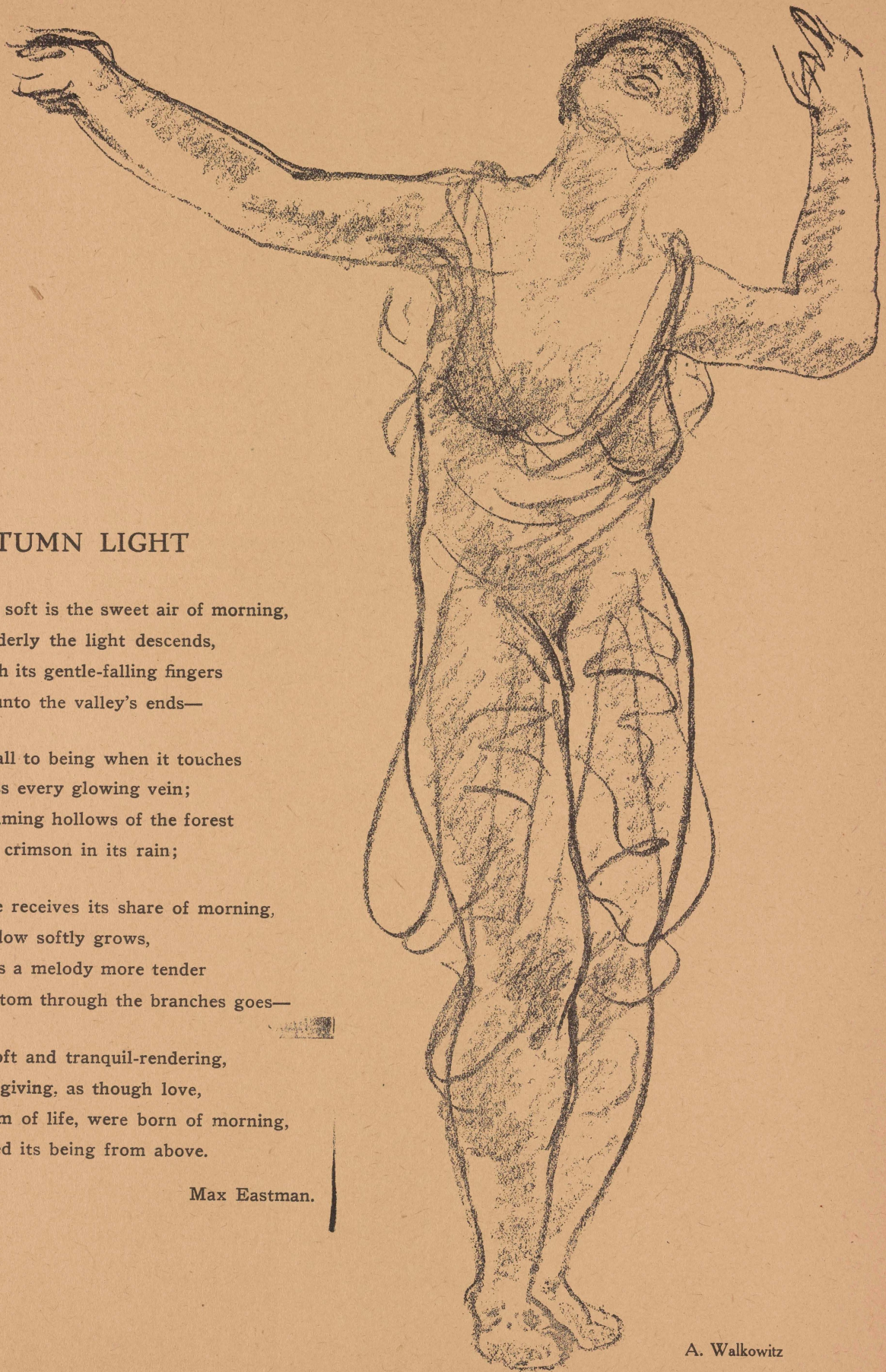
SO bright and soft is the sweet air of morning,
And so tenderly the light descends,
And blesses with its gentle-falling fingers
All the leaves unto the valley's ends—

It brings them all to being when it touches
With its paleness every glowing vein;
The wild and flaming hollows of the forest
Kindle all their crimson in its rain;

And every curve receives its share of morning,
Every little shadow softly grows,
And motion finds a melody more tender
That like a phantom through the branches goes—

So bright and soft and tranquil-rendering,
And quiet in its giving, as though love,
The sacred dream of life, were born of morning,
And really poured its being from above.

Max Eastman.



A. Walkowitz

A Letter From John Reed

FOR five days the steamer has been lying quietly here in Halifax harbor while the British authorities go over her inch by inch—and over the passengers as well—looking for contraband, spies, or any person or thing which for any reason should not be allowed to go to Scandinavia now. To-day the examination was finished, and now we are only waiting permission from London to go to sea.

My shipmates are a strange blend of various sorts of Scandinavians, Russians, a knot of young college boys from the States going to Russia as clerks in the Petrograd branch of an American bank, a Hughes Republican who was born in Venezuela of Dutch parents and is the most patriotic man on board, and a few morose-looking foreigners who walk alone and talk to no one. Almost every one is suspicious of every one else, and rumors fly about that so-and-so is a German spy, another an American Socialist in disguise going to the Stockholm conference, and most of the steerage really I. W. W.'s.

To-day a trainload of Russians—most of them Jews—arrived from New York and came on board with wives, children, innumerable trunks and bundles, containing largely food and books. These the British sailors examined with painful care, even going through their pockets, for Russians, especially those from the United States, are considered dangerous since Charles Edward Russell brought back news of their baneful activities in undermining the Root mission in Russia. Indeed, I have been told both by the Americans on board and by some of the British searchers here that if it hadn't been for the returning Russian-Americans the revolution would never have gone to the length it has.

In New York one must get the visà of the British consulate before the Russian consulate can visà his passport. If the British have any reason to suspect any one, a Russian passport is of no avail—nor an American one either: the suspected person may be taken off at Halifax. The same is true of cargo; although the American government may have granted permits and letters of assurance to export certain articles, the British authorities allow only such freight to pass as they please. At the beginning of the war I remember the indignant protests of captains, owners and passengers at being held up and searched by the British; but now the neutral world has grown used to British domination of the sea, and it is considered perfectly natural that we should sail first to Halifax, and stay there as long as London wishes, without any explanation.

Is there any corner of the world where the Russian revolution has not been felt? Certainly not on the ships of this line, by which the first exiles returned to their beloved home, by which the first refugees, the first eye-witnesses of the tremendous event crossed to America. There is on board an American youth who was in Petrograd the whole wonderful "eight days," but all he saw of it all was the spectacle of three mounted Cossacks firing on the police with revolvers in front of the Gare du Nord, several crowds of singing workmen marching up the Nevski, the police station on fire, and the ruins of the Finland station. His main pre-occupation was getting something to eat and trying to leave the city.

There is also a spry old gentleman, originally from Riga, who has lived in New York some thirty years and is now returning to see what the new Russia looks like. And a Russian diplomat, formerly attached to the Tsar's government, but now working for the new regime—whatever that may be by the time he gets home.

All these persons have widely divergent views of what the revolution means, how it occurred, and why, what future developments will be, and who is now in control. All the information they have had has come through the new Russian mission and embassy now in Washington, which everyone agrees does not in the slightest represent revolutionary Russia; through the American press, which is a good deal of a joke to Russians; and through the Root mission, which is spoken of politely but without enthusiasm.

We sit in the smoking-room evenings listening to the diplomat—whom I shall call Tamberley—talk of his fascinating country. He has a smooth-shaven, youngish face, with a tilted nose, which gives him a singular look of mild wonder. It is only when he gets excited—and he does that, like all Russians, when he warms to his subject—that his eyes narrow to cruel slits, and his cheekbones come out strongly, and he looks like Ghenghis Kahn in white flannels.

"Ah, it was a marvelous life, the Russian life," he said smoothly, smiling like a snake. "At five one began to dine; the zakouska, the vodka setting fire to the head, beautiful woman, wonderful food, talk . . . Then at ten the ballet, or the opera—often one could not get seats to the ballet from one year's end to the other, and I have paid one hundred and fifty roubles for a stall at the Marinski—and after, at one, two, three in the morning, in a troika over the white snow, singing, out to see the gypsies . . . And back again home in the morning . . ."

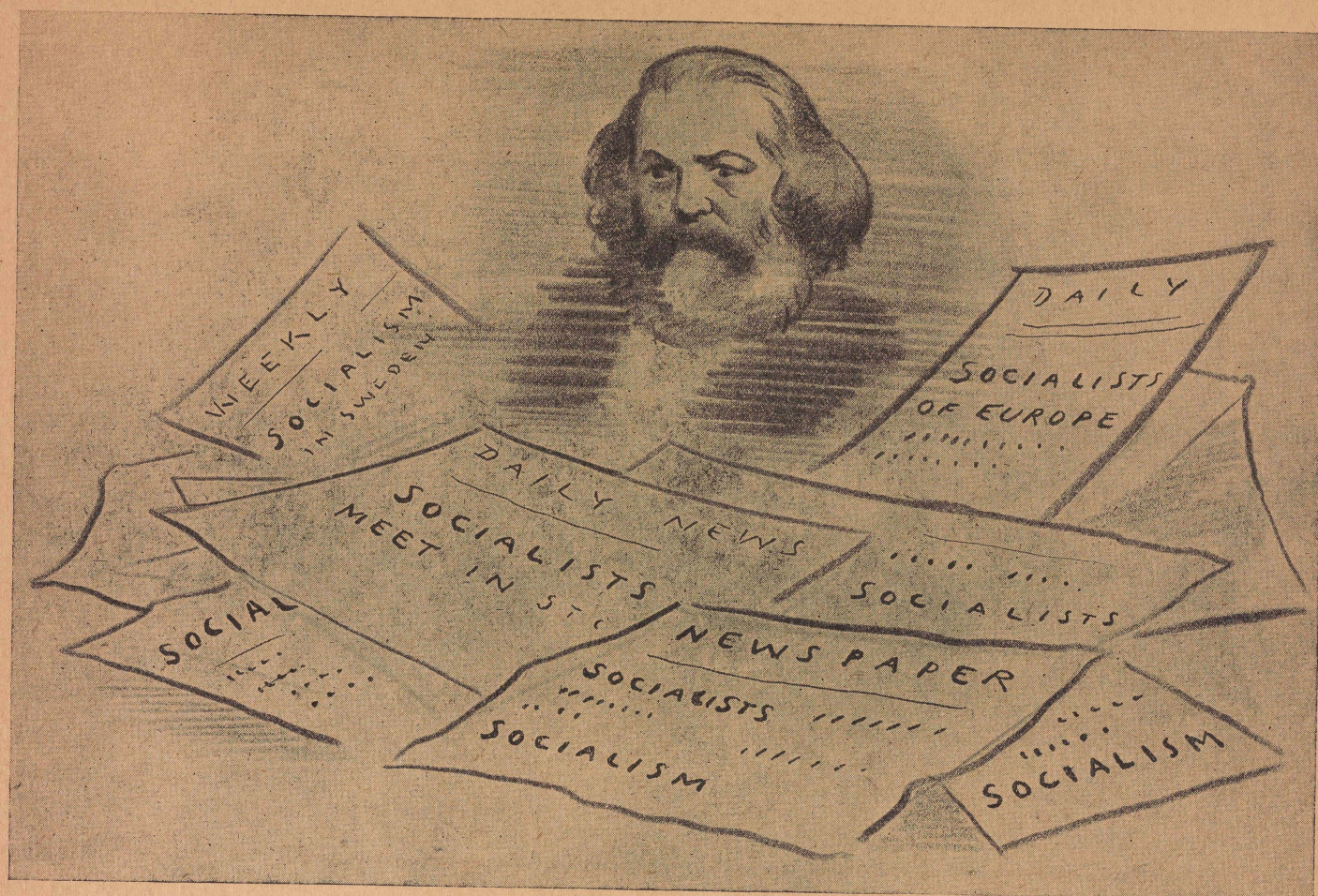
"Yes," the old Russian shook his head. "But think of the other side. You spending in one night thousands of roubles, and in the miserable cellars of Petrograd the frightful poor moaning while the water from the Neva soaked through the walls . . ."

I looked at the aristocrat. His eyes were filled with tears. He said nothing.

"What do you really think of this revolution, anyway?" I asked him curiously.

"It was worthy of Russia," he answered, seriously. "If it had been done in another way I should be ashamed. I am not Socialist, I despise all those swarming, methodical democracies, like your country, where the mediocre comes to the top and beauty is always destroyed. But the Russian people, they have the art instinct. They have done it grandly, magnificently. They have made what the French call the *grand geste*—the grand gesture. It is all I care for in life. The ballet, the opera, the grand extravagances of the rich—what are these beside this epic? I am no proletarian—my family is one of the most ancient in Russia, but I am prouder now to be alive, to be Russian, than to be Tamberlev . . ."

As I write this the Russian Jews down on the third-class deck, those Russian Jews who looked, as they came over the side, like an excursion from Henry Street, are gathered in



Arthur Young

an excited little close-packed group, there on the deck, below a man who is kneeling on the hatchway above them and holding out his arms. He waves his hands, and men and women begin to sing Russian songs—the old songs of harvest, of the boatmen on the Volga, the great, surging, hymnlike songs with upsweeping, strong chords that lift the heart. At once they cease to be Jews, to be persecuted, petty and ugly—that grand music transforms them, makes them grow and broaden, until they seem great, gentle, bearded moujiks, standing side by side with those who overthrew an empire—and perhaps a world.

THE BRIDGE

I WALK the bridge of hours from dawn till night
 My heart beating so loud with joyous wonder
 To know your love, that I can scarcely breathe,
 But in the lonely darkness, with affright
 I faintly hear, like ominous, distant thunder
 The unseen ocean, surging close beneath.

Our bridge, so frail! Eternity, so vast!
 When we must sink into the deep at last,
 Heart of my heart, will you still hold me fast?

Marjorie Allen Seiffert.

IN A SOUTHERN GARDEN

PINK DOGWOOD

BABY hands, wide spread,
 Reach for the golden April sun;
 Then brush my cheek and, touching me
 With groping tenderness they bring
 In sudden, breathless, yearning pain,
 The agony of spring.

TO A JAPONICA TREE

THROW your red kisses to the laughing sun,
 Drop them upon the warm and sleeping earth,
 Strain to the wind with your unquenched desire—
 There is no fragrance in your hot-lipped fire;
 You give too eagerly, oh, wanton one!

LIVE OAK

LIFE is so still and simple when I lay
 My head against your bark and rest and feel
 Your mighty strength, too great for consciousness—
 Night is above you, and the milky way;
 Around your foot the drowsy violets nod;
 I wonder—do men mean this when they say
 "The love of God"?

Beulah Amidon.

Commentary

IN a world flooded over with "state papers" we have seen none that compares, in simple intelligent strength and beauty, with Dudley Field Malone's resignation from the administration. It is time indeed that some men of power and influence "stood up to battle for the enfranchisement of women." And among men of power and influence there are not many we would rather have on our side than Dudley Malone.

THE accusation that there is German money behind the "Friends of Irish Freedom" is as foolish as it is false. There is not much German money left anywhere, as all these criminally libellous newspapers very well know. And there is—as perhaps they don't know—a little pure fighting idealism left in some places.

OUR famous General Sheridan was attached, as military observer, to the German army in the war of 1870. We find in Busch's Life of Bismarck the following record of a conversation in which he took part:

Abeken thought the war ought to be conducted in a more humane manner. Sheridan. . . is of a different opinion. He considers that in war it is expedient even from the political point of view to treat the population with the utmost rigor also. He expressed himself roughly as follows: "The proper strategy consists in the first place in inflicting as telling blows as possible upon the enemy's army, and then in causing the inhabitants so much suffering that they must long for peace



Ethel Plummer

Onlookers

WE must make this a Socialist year, in America as well as in Russia.

In Dayton the Socialists have gained a majority in the commission which rules the city.

That is the first of the victories which we must win for the workers of America.

In New York there is a chance to elect a Socialist mayor whose principles are known to everybody.

We must roll up such a vote for Morris Hillquit and the Socialist ticket that those in power will be able to read in it unmistakably the decision of the workers.

They have not abolished the ballot. You can vote your opinions on election day.

America and the whole world is waiting for the verdict of the working people of New York.

and force their government to demand it. The people must be left nothing but their eyes to weep with over the war." Somewhat heartless, it seems to me, but perhaps worthy of consideration.

AFTER much criticising the government it is pleasant to endorse these observations of Mr. Hoover:

"One looming shadow of this war," he said, "is its drift toward socialism. For the gigantic sacrifice of life the world is demanding a sacrifice of property. We will surely drift to that rocky coast unless we can prove the economic soundness and willingness for public service of our commercial institutions. It is worth while examining the developments in Russia from this point of view. There no practical or effective form of commercial regulation or distribution was undertaken. In consequence of speculation, profiteering and failure in commerce to serve the public interest, the condition of the industrial classes became so intolerable as to steam the hot bed of revolution. Justifiable as this revolution may have been, and as great a cause of liberty as it may result, no one can deny that the whole trend of this revolution has been socialistic, and the latest phase is a development into practical socialism.

We hope and believe that Mr. Hoover, and his friends the former food-controllers, and all the other controllers, too, will find that coast of Socialism just as rocky as it looks.

WHEN SLEEPING SHALL MINE EYELIDS CLOSE

SOME day when sleeping shall mine eyelids close
And rob my breathing of its old intent,
Shalt thou spring near my couch, reflective Rose,
And know where my released spirit went?
Hast thou untrammelled sense with which to pierce
The film too dense for visioning of men?
Canst thou in perfumed flight outride the fierce
And conscious questioning of Where and When?
When I have lain me down to sleep my last
Long sleep, I may shrink back in pale affright.
Then, comrade Rose, until my fears have passed,
Upbear me with thee in thy fragrant flight—
And as a godspeed to the untried land
Drop thou a warming petal in my hand.

Louise Ayres Garnett.

About Jack London

Upton Sinclair

JACK LONDON has been dead several months, but I find that I am thinking about him continually. His personality haunts me; I find myself holding conversations with him, going through scenes with him. It is like a play of which I have read two acts in manuscript, and now there has been a fire, and the manuscript is dust and ashes, and I shall never read the other two acts of that play. But I cannot keep my imagination from trying to work out the plot of it; and because the dramatist was subtle there are many possible endings. I divine a slope toward tragedy, a painful, even a sordid one; but also there are possibilities of heroic drama, an ending to the sound of trumpets and kettle-drums.

Between Jack London and myself there existed a suppressed controversy, very curious, now that I come to look on it. It crept into our correspondence in the beginning, it blazed into the words the first time we met, and thereafter it was never out of the thoughts of either of us. The last letter I received from him, written three months before his death, was an invitation to come up to the ranch and continue it. "You and I ought to have some 'straight from the shoulder' talk with each other. It is coming to you, it may be coming to me. It may illuminate one or the other or both of us." I answered that I was finishing up a job of writing, and had no mind for anything else; but that as soon as the job was done I would come and "stand the gaff." And now—the manuscript is dust and ashes!

The subject of the controversy might be described briefly as self-discipline versus self-indulgence; or, as Jack would have put it in his side of the debate, asceticism versus self-expression. Which way will a man get the most out of life? Believing in his own nature and giving it rein, living intensely and fast; or distrusting his nature, all nature, stooping to mean cautions and fears, imposing a rule upon his impulses—and so cutting himself off from his joyful fellows, exposing himself to painful sneers about self-consciousness.

I see him vividly, as he was at our first meeting, when he came to New York in 1904 or 1905. At this time he was in the full glory of his newly won fame, while I was known only among Socialists. I had just organized the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, sitting up till all hours of the morning to mail out "literature"—sometimes to people who indignantly sent it back. We had made Jack our president, and had got up a big meeting for him at Grand Central Palace. (I hope some of my friends do not cherish it against me—how I held them up at the point of a hope and robbed them of the price of that meeting!) Our hero came on a belated train from Florida, arriving just when our hearts were sick with despair; he came, glorious and radiant, in spite of an attack of tonsillitis, and he strode upon the platform amid the waving of red handkerchiefs, and in a voice of calm defiance he read to the city of New York his stunning "Revolution"—an essay which you may find in "The War of the Classes."

New York did not like it, needless to say. There were even some among our budding "Intercollegiate Socialists" who did not like it. But I liked it—liked it so well that I was prepared to give my hero the unqualified admiration of a slave.

But we spent the next day together, chatting of all the things we were both absorbed in; and all that day the hero smoked cigarettes and drank—I don't remember what it was, for all these red and brown and green and golden concoctions are equally horrible to me, and the sight of them deprives me of the control of my facial muscles. Jack, of course, soon noted this, and it caused him intense amusement. He was the red-blood, and I was the mollycoddle, and he would have his fun with me, in the mood of the oyster pirate and roustabout. He would make the eyes of a greenhorn pop open with wild tales of incredible debauches! Tales of opium and hashish and I know not what other strange ingredients; tales of whisky bouts lasting for weeks—I remember a picture of two sailor boys at sea in a small boat, unable to escape from each other, conceiving a furious hatred of each other, and when they got ashore, retiring behind the sand-dunes to fight. They fought until they could hardly walk—and then they repaired to town to heal their wounds with alcohol.

Jack inquired into my abnormal attitude, and I explained to him that I had been brought up in one of those old Southern families where the men habitually make themselves pitiable with drink; so I had conceived from earliest childhood a horror of anything—alcohol, tobacco, drugs, even coffee or tea—which affects the mind and takes it out of the control of its owner. Jack insisted that a man should not be satisfied with the experience of the race, nor even of his immediate ancestors, but should try his own experiments. If you had never been drunk you did not know the possibilities of life, you had missed its great adventures, you could hardly call yourself a man. But I, the mollycoddle, fussy and uncomfortable, creature of the "lesser breeds," lost the chance to get drunk with Jack.

The next time we met was six or eight years later; and this time the controversy was more serious. For now Jack had read "Love's Pilgrimage"—whether in book form or manuscript I do not recall—and he was exasperated by what seemed to him a still less excusable form of asceticism, that of sex. Here was a so-called hero, a prig of a poet, driving a young wife to unhappiness by notions born in the dark corners of Christian monkeries. I am not sure just how I defended poor Thyrsis; I am not sure how clearly I myself saw at that time the peculiar working of the process of sex-idealism which had manifested itself in "Love's Pilgrimage;" the impulse a man has to be ashamed of the advantages which nature and society have given him, and so to put himself chivalrously under the feet of a woman—raising her, an image of perfection, upon a pedestal of his own self-reproach. Sometimes she refuses to stay upon this pedesatal—and so results a comical plight for a too imaginative ascetic!

The argument between Jack and myself was handicapped on that occasion by the fact that his voice was almost entirely gone from the effects of sore throat. He was trying the drink treatment; my last picture of him in the flesh was very much of the flesh, alas!—with a flask of gin before him, and the stumps of many cigarettes in his dinner-plate, and his eyes red and unwholesome-looking. He has told the

story of his travels in the Kingdom of Alcoholia himself, told it bravely and masterfully, so I am not obliged to use any reserve in speaking of this aspect of his life. I went away, more of a mollycoddle than ever, feeling that the philosophy of self-expression and freedom had made a slave of a great man.

But here was the greatest thing about Jack London, the thing which made it impossible to predict about him, that makes it impossible for me now to feel sure I can imagine the last act of his life-drama. He was a man with a magnificent mind, and a giant's will. He fought tremendous battles in his own soul—battles fought in spite of his own false philosophy, battles which he was fighting even while he was quarreling at other men's self-restraint. He went on a trip around the Horn, which lasted several months, and drank nothing all that time; and he wrote that shining book, "John Barleycorn," assuredly one of the most useful, as well as one of the most entertaining books ever penned by a man.

It was our habit to send each other our new books, and to exchange comments on them. When I read "John Barleycorn" I wrote Jack of my delight. Incidentally I said that his book had made me realize a new aspect of the drink problem, a wrong it did to men who never touched it—in depriving them of companionship, making them exiles among their fellows. So much of men's intercourse depends upon and is colored by drinking; I, for example, had always felt that my friendship with Jack London had been limited by that disharmony.

He wrote in reply that I was mistaken; that it was especially with my attitude towards sex that he disagreed; and we exchanged some letters about the matter, and mentally prepared ourselves for that duel which will never be fought. Now I am left alone, and may have the last word, if I can get any satisfaction from it.

So far as concerns the controversy over alcohol, the having of the last word is of the nature of a victory; it is the advantage held by those who practice total abstinence, that their kidneys do not cease to work when they are forty. If I take this advantage, and risk the world's censure for ungraciousness, it is because the controversy was not a personal matter between Jack London and myself, but was a conflict between two philosophies, and because Jack's philosophy was, in my opinion, a snare for his feet, and is a snare for the feet of those who read his books unthinkingly. I judge that he himself had come to the same conclusion; for at the election held a few days before his death Jack London voted for "California Dry." His explanation was that while he enjoyed drinking himself, he was willing to forego the enjoyment for the sake of the younger generation; and it would indeed be a graceless ascetic who asked for more than that!

So far as concerns the matter of sex, the test of a man's philosophy is that at the age of forty he has kept his belief in womankind, in the joy and satisfaction that true love may give. Where the philosophy of "self-expression" had led Jack London was known to some whom he told of a book he planned to write, giving the whole story of his experiences with women. He meant to write that book with the same ruthless honesty he had used in "John Barleycorn," revealing his tragic disillusionment, his contempt for woman as a parasite and a snare.

Jack's conquests among the sex had been many, and too easy, it would seem; like most fighters, he despised an unworthy antagonist. The women who threw themselves at his head came from all classes of society, drawn to him as moths to a flame; but shall we hold his philosophy blameless for the fact that

there were so few among them he could respect? There may have been other women, able to hold the interest of a great man, who did not share his philosophy, and therefore remained unnoticed by him.

It is not generally the custom to write of these things in plain words; but in the case of Jack London it would be futile to do otherwise, because he spoke of them freely, and would have written of them in the same way. His whole attitude was a challenge to truth-telling, a call for frankness, even brutal frankness. The book he planned was to be published under some such name as "Jack Livermore;" but any one must admit that would hardly have been a very adequate disguise. I have heard one of his best friends say that he is glad Jack never lived to write it; but for my part, believing as I do that the salvation of the race depends upon the unmasking of the falsehoods of our class-morality—the institution which I call "marriage plus prostitution"—I cannot but sigh for this lost story. What an awakening it would have brought to the mothers of our so-called "better classes," if Jack London had ever given to the world the true story of his experiences with their daughters! As a school boy in Oakland, for example, with the young girls of the comfortable classes in that city! He and his companions, sons of workmen and poor people, looked up to the great world above them inquiringly, made the strange discovery that these shining, golden-haired pets of luxury, guarded at home and in their relations with their social equals by the thousand sleepless eyes of scandal, found it safe and pleasant to repair to secret rendezvous in the woods outside the city, and there play the nymph to handsome and sturdy fauns of a class below the level ever reached by the thousand sleepless eyes!

When you listened to a narrative such as that, you realize the grim and bitter meaning that Jack London put into his essay, "What Life Means to Me," telling of the swift disillusionment that came to him when he, the oyster pirate and roustabout, broke into the "parlor floor of society." "Where they were not alive with rottenness, quick with unclean life, they were merely the unburied dead. . . . The women were gowned beautifully, I admit; but to my naive surprise I discovered that they were of the same clay as all the rest of the women I had known down below in the cellar. . . . It is true these beautifully gowned, beautiful women prattled sweet little ideals and dear little moralities; but, in spite of their prattle, the dominant key of the life they lived was materialistic. And they were so sentimentally selfish! They assisted in all kinds of sweet little charities and informed one of the fact, while all the time the food they ate and the beautiful clothes they wore were bought out of dividends stained with the blood of child labor, and sweated labor, and prostitution itself."

Jack London had a dream of another kind of love; the dream of a strong, free, proud woman, the mate for a strong, free, proud man. This dream came into his writings at the start; into "A Daughter of the Snows," his third novel—the very name of it, you perceive. This story, published in the second year of the present century, was crude and boyish, but it had the promise of his dawning greatness, and was the occasion of my first letter to him, and the beginning of our friendship. Afterwards he told this story, over and over again; he continued to tell it long after he had ceased to believe in it himself.

I have often thought that this necessity of writing about sex in a way that was utterly insincere was the main cause of that contempt for his own fiction which London was so swift and vehement to proclaim. The expression of this contempt was

the most startling thing about him, to any one who admired his work; I know it was the memory I carried away from him most vividly. "I loathe the stuff when I have done it. I do it because I want money and it's an easy way to get it. But if I could have my choice about it I never would put pen to paper—except to write a Socialist essay, to tell the bourgeois world how much I despise it." I remember trying to persuade him that he must have enjoyed writing the best of his stories—"The Sea Wolf," "The Call of the Wild," for example; but he would not have it so. He was a man of action; he liked to sail a boat, to run a ranch, to fight for Socialism.

I suspect that his real attitude towards woman was expressed in "Martin Eden," his most autobiographical novel, whose hero gives his final conclusion about life by dropping himself out of the porthole of an ocean steamer at night. This hero is a working boy, who makes a desperate struggle to rise from poverty, but the girl of the world of culture, whom he has idealized and worshipped, proves a coward and fails him in his need. That is one wrong an uncomprehending woman can do to a man; and yet another is to comprehend part of him—not the best part. I have heard friends of London's boyhood tell how he came back from the Klondike with the flush of his youthful dream upon him—the dream of the primitive female, the "mate" of the strong and proud and free man: and how a shrewd young lady saw her chance and proceeded to play the primitive female in drawing-rooms, leaping over tables and chairs, and otherwise exhibiting abounding energy. But when this game had accomplished its purpose she did no more leaping, but "settled down," as the phrase is.

This "Martin Eden" is assuredly one of Jack London's greatest works; he put his real soul into it; and the fact that it is so little known and read, compared with other works, must have been of evil significance to him. It taught him that if an American writer wants to earn a living with his pen—especially an extravagant living—it is necessary above all things that he should avoid dealing in any true and vital way with the theme of sex. Either he must write over and over again the dream of primitive and perfect mating, a phenomenon unreal and unconvincing to people who are not primitive, but who have intellects as well as bodies to mate with; or else, if he deals with modern life, he must give us details of the splendid and devastating passions of the prosperous—the kind of perfumed poison made fashionable by Robert W. Chambers. One saw the beginning of that in "The Little Lady of the Big House," and I count this book the most sinister sign in the life of Jack London. A man can hardly have a thirty-six thousand dollar a year contract with William Randolph Hearst and still keep his soul alive!

But I had given up my hero several times before, and so had learned my lesson. Six or eight years ago I said, "He is writing pot-boilers, and I am through with him." But then he sent me "Martin Eden," and my faith was bright again. And when it died a second time there came "John Barleycorn!" It was a fact that you could never give Jack London up; he had a mind, a terrific mind, which worked unceasingly, and impelled him irresistibly; he had a love of truth that was a passion, a hatred of injustice that burned volcanic fires. He was a deeply sad man, a bitterly, cruelly suffering man; he surely realized his own weaknesses even while he defied the gods in his pride; and no man could tell what new battles he would fight, what new heroism he would forge in the heat of his genius. If I have written of him here severely it is because I believe in rigid truth, as I know he did; I have written just as I would have men write of

me, if they find it worth while to write anything at all when I am dead. But I would not leave any one with the idea that I do not appreciate the greatness of Jack London, that I do not realize that I am dealing with one of the greatest writers and one of the greatest souls that America has given to the world.

There were some who thought before he died that he was beginning to weaken in his revolutionary attitude towards privilege. He went to Hawaii, and the "smart set" there made a lion of him, and he condescended to refer appreciatively to their "sweet little charities" on behalf of the inferior races they exploit; he went to Mexico and fell under the spell of the efficiency of oil engineers, and wrote for "Collier's Weekly" a series of articles which caused radicals like John Kenneth Turner to turn from him in rage. But I felt certain that the exponent of capitalist efficiency who counted upon Jack London's backing was a child playing in a dynamite factory. Jack was a boy to the end, he must make new discoveries and have new enthusiasms; if a naval officer took him over a battleship he would perceive that it was a marvelous and thrilling machine; but let the naval officer not forget that in the quiet hours of the night Jack London's mind would turn to the pitiful, white-faced stokers, to whom as a guest of an officer he had not been introduced!

Yes, for he had been in the place of these stokers, and their feelings had been stamped upon his soul. He might set up to be a country gentleman, and fall into a fury with his "hands" for their stupidity and incompetence; but if you said to him, "How about the class war?" instantly he would be there with his whole mind. "Yes," he would answer, "of course; I know how they feel. If I were in their place I would never do a stroke of work I did not have to." It is a stressful thing to have an imagination and see many sides of life at once!

Jack had a divine pity, he had wept over the East End of London as Jesus wept over Jerusalem. For years afterwards the memories of this stunted and depraved population haunted him beyond all peace; the pictures he wrote of them in "The People of the Abyss" will be read by posterity with horror and incredulity, and recognized as among the most powerful products of his pen. Those, with his vivid and intensely felt Socialist essays, constitute him one of the great revolutionary figures of our history. In that role he is of course doubly precious to the present writer. I know that he kept that sacred light burning to the very end, for a little over a year before his death I tried him with the bulky manuscript of a revolutionary anthology, "The Cry for Justice." The preface he wrote for it is one of the finest things he ever did. Some paragraphs from it might be carved upon his monument:

"It is so simple a remedy, merely service. Not one ignoble thought or act is demanded of any one of all men and women in the world to make fair the world. The call is for nobility of thinking, nobility of doing. The call is for service, and such is the wholesomeness of it, he who serves all, best serves himself."

That is what life had taught him at the end. It was not easy for him to learn such a lesson, for he had an imperious nature, fierce in its demands, never entirely to be tamed. And it is this which makes him so interesting to us, so vital; the struggle between individualism and socialism which went on, not merely in his mind, but in his whole being. I recall the inscription he put in the copy of "Martin Eden" which he sent me; I have not the book at hand, and cannot quote it literally, but the substance was that without exception the critics of the book had missed his point. He had meant it for a refutation of the philosophy of individualism; the story of a man who won success, but found



A. Walkowitz

that his triumph brought him nothing. After reading the book I replied that it was easy to understand the befuddlement of the critics; for he had shown such sympathy with his hard-driving individualist that it would hardly occur to any one that the character was meant to be a warning and a reproach.

You feel that same thing in all his books—in "The Sea Wolf," for example, or "The Mutiny of the Elsinore;" the Nietzschean all-conqueror has conquered London's imagination, in spite of his reason and his conscience. If I have written here with cruel frankness about the personal tragedies of his life it is because I would not have posterity continue in the misunderstanding of which he complained in the case of "Martin Eden." No, do not make that mistake about his life and its meaning; it is not a glorification of the red-blooded superman, trampling all things under his feet, gratifying his imperious desires; no—it is rather a demonstration of the fact that the all-conquering superman, trampling all things under his feet and gratifying his desires, dies at the age of forty, because his kidneys fail to act!

If you wish to know the message of his life, as he himself wrote it, take that essay in "The Cry for Justice," the last word he wrote upon ethical matters, so far as I know: "He, who by understanding becomes converted to the gospel of service, will serve truth to confute liars and make them truth-tellers; will serve kindness so that brutality will perish; will serve beauty to the erasement of all that is not beautiful. And he who is strong will serve the weak that they may become strong. He will devote his strength not to the debasement and defilement of his weaker fellows, but to the making of opportunity for them to make themselves into men rather than into slaves and beasts."

These words are from a new Bible, "this humanist Holy Book," as London called it. Such words and actions based upon them make precious his memory and will preserve it as long as anything in American literature is preserved. Perhaps the best thing I can do, by way of documenting this tribute, is to tell what I personally owed to him—the utmost one writer could owe to another. When he was at the height of his fame, and I was unknown, I sent him proofs of "The Jungle," explaining that I had been unable to find a publisher, and wished to raise money to publish the book myself. There are many jealousies in the literary world; some who win its laurels by bitter struggle are not eager to share the prize with rivals. But Jack was not one of these; he wrote a letter about the book, hailing it as "The 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of White Slavery," and rallying the revolutionary movement as by a bugle-call to its support. If that book went all over the world it was Jack London's push that started it.

As I watched him, through the eleven years that passed after that, I saw that that action was not a single impulse, but an expression of his deepest nature. He was openhandedness incarnate; save only to editors and publishers, whom he hated—on principle, be it said, as a part of the class struggle! Towards young writers he was as a mother to a brood of children; perhaps he over-fed some of them with his praise. Once, I know, it was not enough to write of his pleasure in a book; in the case of Lawrence's "Sons and Lovers," his eager haste required a telegram! He knew all about the uphill fight a young radical has to make, and to such he gave both praise and money, for the helping of the glorious cause. That is the thing for which I loved him most; I have saved it to the last, so that it may be the thing the reader carries away with him—the memory of a man strong, yet tender-hearted as a child, honest and open as daylight, generous as Mother Nature herself.

Correspondence

To President Wilson

MY DEAR PRESIDENT WILSON:

I want to express my appreciation of your letter to the Pope. It has surprised as well as delighted me, for I took your negative response to the Russian proposal of peace terms as final. I thought you had adopted the entire animus of the allied war on Germany, and I was dismayed in my hope of a "scientific peace."

Now you have declared for substantially the Russian terms—no "punitive damages," no "dismemberment of empires," "vindication of sovereignties," and by making a responsible ministry in Germany the one condition of your entering into negotiations, you have given a concrete meaning to the statement that this is a war for democracy. The manner in which you have accomplished this—and apparently bound the allies to it into the bargain—has my profound admiration. I am encouraged by this renewed assurance of your faith in democracy to lay before you two matters in which I believe that democracy is suffering at home more than the exigencies of military organization demand.

The first is the matter of the right of free speech and assemblage for the minority.

A week ago Tuesday I went to Fargo, North Dakota, to speak in favor of the very peace terms which on Wednesday were made public as your own in the letter to the Pope. I had not spoken for five minutes when an entire company of United States soldiers in their uniforms (company B, I believe) burst into the hall, took possession of the platform, began to put out the lights, ordered all ladies to leave the building, and openly threatened me with violence. After a futile attempt to address them, I stepped down from the platform, and on the advice of persons in the audience made my escape from a side door while they were celebrating their victory. I went to the house of a friend, where I was called up on the telephone and told that the soldiers were hunting for me and intended to lynch me. I armed myself and left town in an automobile, leaving my bags at the hotel. The soldiers formed a cordon around my hotel stopping everyone who came in or out, and openly declared their intention to hang me. This continued until midnight when they learned that I had left town. These facts were published in full in the Fargo morning paper, but they were not sent out by the Associated Press.

My friend in Fargo informed me that officers were present at the meeting, including a colonel. I cite this only as one example of the wanton violations of constitutional right which are being perpetrated in the name of the war for democracy, and perpetrated by soldiers in your command. Is there not grave danger to our civil liberties in these hundreds of thousands of armed men, if in the name of patriotism they are allowed with impunity to degenerate into gangs of marauders?

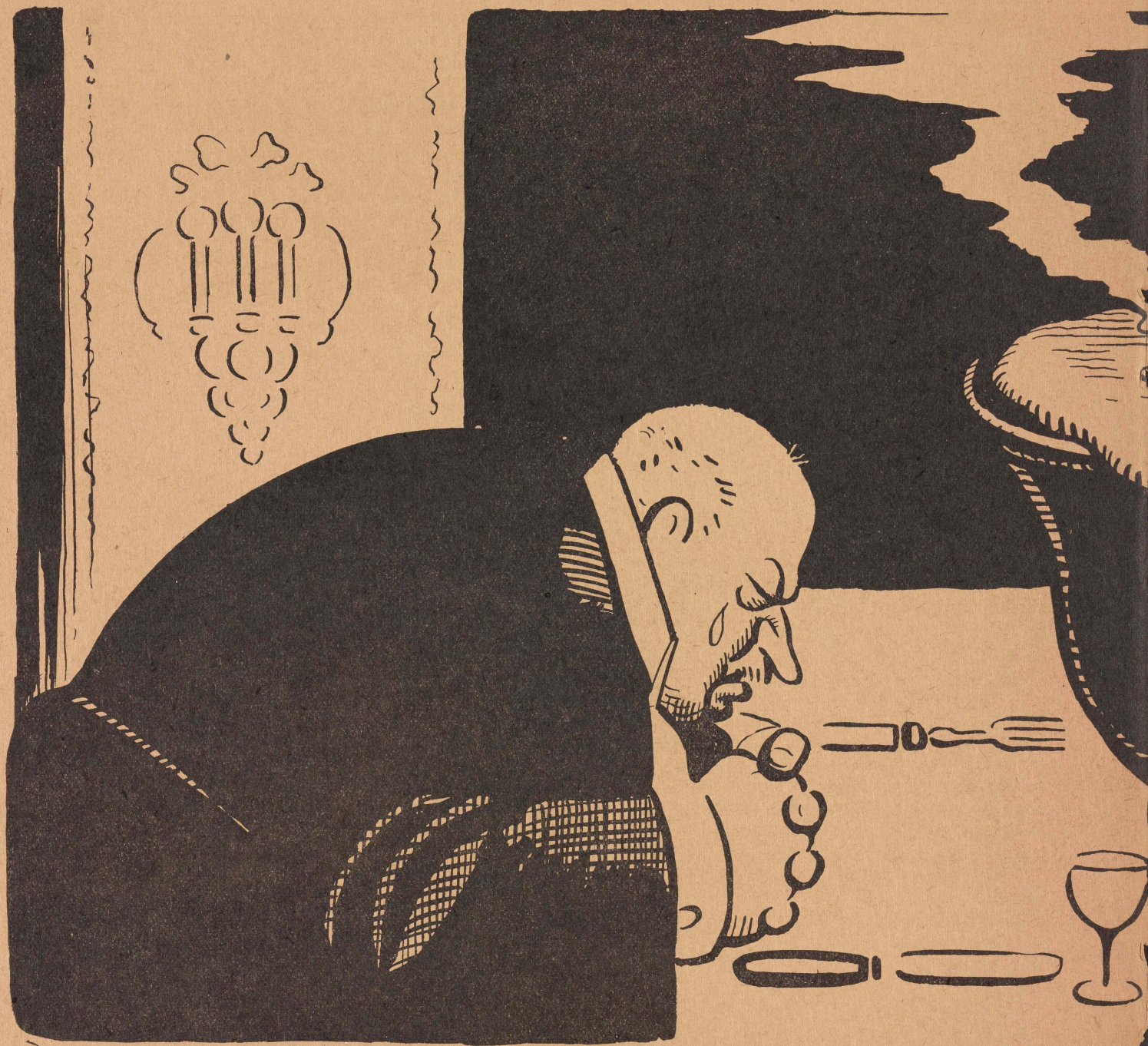
The other principle of democracy which I believe is being violated beyond the necessities of military efficiency, and illegally violated too by officers of your appointment, is the freedom of the press. As I think you know, I edit a

monthly magazine, *The Masses*. In that magazine I have endeavored to state my full opinions about the war policy, as far as the statement of them did not violate the law. I have not violated any law, nor desired to violate any law. Nevertheless, the Post Office department declared the August issue of my magazine unmailable. I appeared before Judge Learned Hand, in the 2nd district court of New York, and asked for a court order compelling the Post Office to receive the magazine. It was granted, Judge Hand ruling not only that my magazine was mailable under the law, but that there was not even a question whether it was mailable or not, as on such a question the Postmaster General would have power to decide. The Post office, however, secured from Judge Hough of the Circuit Court of Appeals a stay of this order pending appeal to that court, which will probably convene in October. He also put the Post Office under a bond of \$10,000 to secure me of my damage in case the appeal was lost. Meanwhile, however, the Postmaster General has revoked my mailing privilege altogether, on the ground that the continuity of mailing of my periodical has been interrupted—it having been interrupted only tentatively, and that at the request of the Post Office, by a stay of execution, pending an appeal which should determine whether it was to be interrupted or not. It is not necessary for you to consider what is in the magazine in order to be assured that this action is beyond the powers that a republic should depute to an appointed bureaucracy even in wartime. For I have repeatedly requested the Post Office to inform me what specific things or kinds of things in my magazine they consider unmailable, so that I might make up the magazine in such a way as to be mailable in the future, and they have stubbornly and contemptuously refused. Moreover the Postmaster General, in endeavoring to justify the suppression of *The Masses* to the Senate, stated that it was denied the mails because it is a part of an organized propaganda to promote resistance to the draft. This accusation of crime is absolutely false.

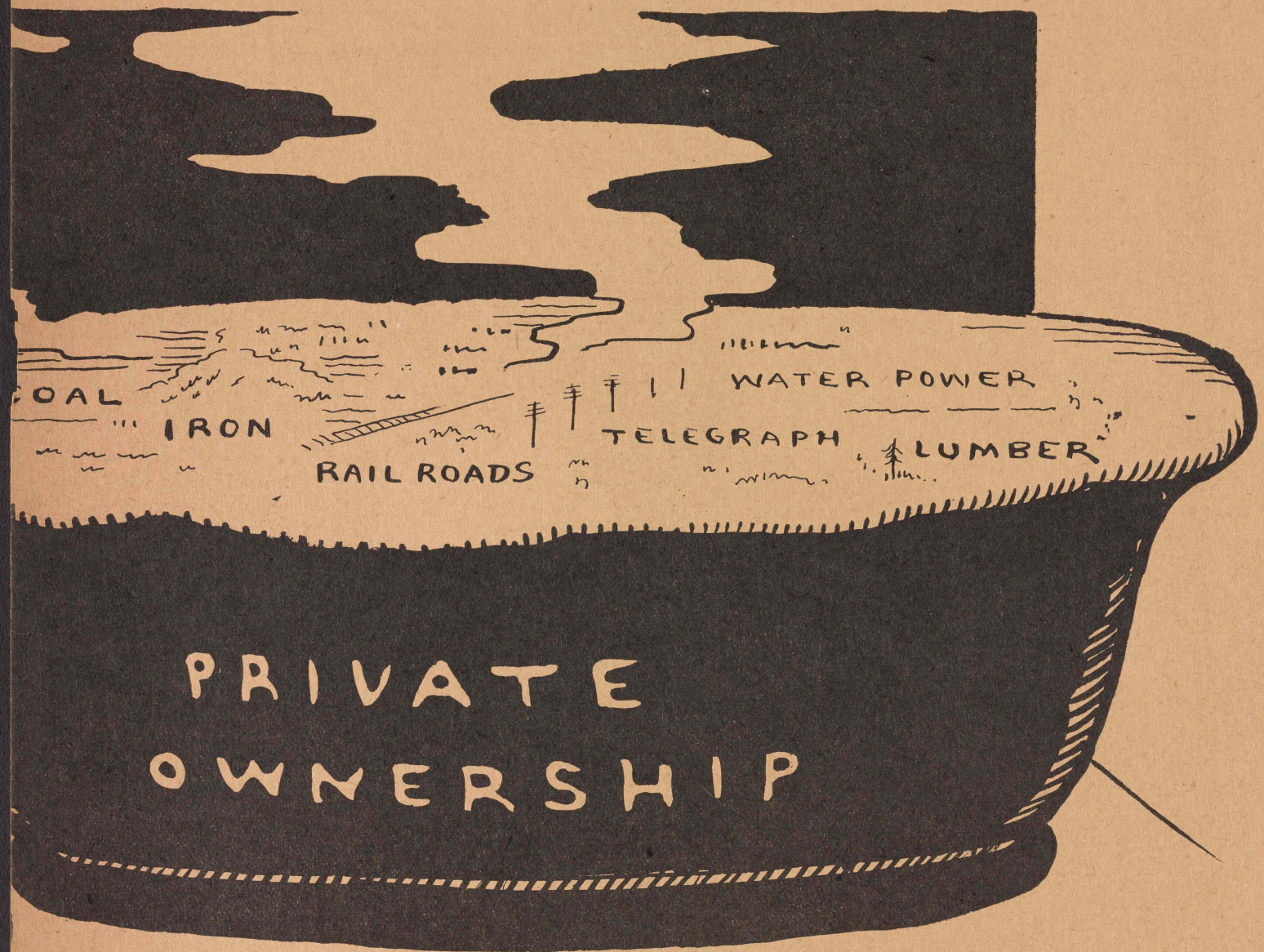
I am informed by my attorneys that in ordinary times they could proceed against the Postmaster General and the Secretary of Treasury and Solicitor Lamar of the Post Office, for conspiracy to destroy my magazine, and win the case without difficulty. At least it is a fact that I am ready to make my magazine conform to the laws, if it does not. I have so stated to the Post Office, and I have been unable to extract any response from them but this grim and underhanded act of bureaucracy which I have described.

You know that the powers which would like to kill the propaganda of socialism are mighty, and you also know that this propaganda will surely play a great part in the further democratizing of the world. I ask you whether it is with your authority that an appointee of yours endeavors to destroy the life of one of the three growing Socialist magazines in this country, as a war measure in a war for democracy—and to do this without even giving its editor the opportunity which he has demanded to alter it or mould it somewhat to meet the exigencies of a military situation?

I believe that the support which your administration will



"O Lord, control my appetite if yo



Art Young

u must, but don't take my pie away!"

receive from radical minded people the country over, depends greatly on its final stand on these two critical matters of free speech and assemblage and the freedom of the press.

Yours sincerely,

MAX EASTMAN.

From President Wilson

MY DEAR MR. EASTMAN:

I thank you very warmly for your generous appreciation of my reply to the Pope, and I wish that I could agree with those parts of your letter which concern the other matters we were discussing when you were down here. I think that a time of war must be regarded as wholly exceptional and that it is legitimate to regard things which would in ordinary circumstances be innocent as very dangerous to the public welfare, but the line is manifestly exceedingly hard to draw and I cannot say that I have any confidence that I know how to draw it. I can only say that a line must be drawn and that we are trying, it may be clumsily but genuinely, to draw it without fear or favor or prejudice.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

From Romain Rolland

MY DEAR MR. EASTMAN:

I have received your friendly letter of June 27 and the two numbers (June and July) of *THE MASSES*. Thanks with all my heart. I have read with joy that courageous magazine of which you are not only the editor but the soul. Liberty, lucidity, valor, humor are rare virtues that one finds still more rarely indeed in these days of aberration and servility: they make the worth of your magazine. I congratulate you, and I congratulate your collaborators—artists and writers—for the good and rude combat which you wage with so much verve and vigor. I give you my hand across the seas.

Yours faithfully,

ROMAIN ROLLAND.

I will render account for the two numbers of June and July in the review "Demain" of Geneva.

Paris, 3 rue Boissonade

From Upton Sinclair

DEAR MAX EASTMAN:

Our too-patriotic government is responsible for the fact that I have only just read your September issue with the answer to my letter of resignation from the Socialist party. I suppose you will give me space to reply. I will try to be brief, and also to emulate the courtesy and fine temper of your article.

First you "doubt if the German rulers have enough control over their people to perpetrate an overt policy of conquest over the democratic nations." Well, my dear Max, if this war hasn't taught you about *that*, you are one of a very small minority! The German rulers had control enough to get a vote of credit to raid Belgium, to overrun Serbia; would you have thought that possible? Of course, these were not "democratic nations"—but then what are the "democratic nations," from your present point of view? I ask in all sin-

cerity, for in other columns you laugh at the idea that England and America have any right to call themselves democratic nations. Is Russia a democratic nation now? Only the other day the Berlin *Vorwaerts*, crying defiance to the world, boasted of Germany's sustained prowess as proven by the newly initiated march into Russia—democratic Russia, trying to hold her national elections! You say you "see indications that the German habit of loyalty is breaking up under the tragedies of war." Of course, Max! But whose argument is that? Really, that is naive of you. I have been asking to have the screws of war put on the Germans; you have been asking, month after month in *THE MASSES*, to have them taken off; and now *you* claim the results which my policy is producing!

Second, you say that America's proper policy is coast defenses. I won't say much about that, because you will have already read Joe Wanhope's answer in the *New York Call*. For the sake of those who missed it, I will say briefly: Germany has but a few miles of seacoast to fortify, all the rest is too shallow for ships. We have 13,500 miles to fortify, and it would cost more than all the military establishments of all the nations of the world. And what about the men to man all these forts perpetually? Will you stand for that militarism? With the resources of present science, Germany could land an army in any one of a hundred Atlantic harbors, entrench undisturbed, and begin a march of conquest. With ten years more of Prussian preparing, the aeroplane would be able to cross the ocean and destroy cities at leisure—because our easy-going democratic government, our innate, humane pacifism, would have been asleep while such preparations were being made. I know just how it would be, because many years ago I read Blatchford's efforts to wake up England, and I know what I myself did. Instead of advising England to arm, I went over and appealed to the moral sense of the German Socialists! That is the stage at which you are to-day, Max; you are just a few years younger than I.

You ask can the allies win a military victory over Germany? And your answer is No. You add: "This is all a technical question, however, and I have no more information than Sinclair has. I wonder—since he never mentions it—whether he ever thought of the question in making up his mind to the war." I answer: Yes, I have thought of it. I have thought of nothing so much. I have made investigations, and I believe I possess knowledge. I am surprised to know that you admit possessing none, and appear to think that nobody else possesses any. Do you believe, Max, that the German High Command does not know to a dot its own losses, temporary and permanent? Do you believe that the allied commands do not know the German losses? Do you not know that the obtaining of this information, the analyzing of it and the plotting of the curves, day by day, is the sole task of an important military department in every nation? And don't you suppose that the results become known to neutral students and get published in technical journals?

It is a question of German man-power, and without going into details I will tell the figures as I think I know them at the present moment. Germany has about 3,500,000 men on the firing line. She has about 500,000 effective reserves, plus some 300,000 of the class of 1919—eighteen-year-old boys who will become available this fall. This will last her over the winter—though it would not have lasted had the Russians fought. Assuming that the Russians do as they are doing

now, falling back step by step but not collapsing completely, I believe that the German line will crack early next summer. I think I know this in the same way that I would have known in the fall of 1864 that the Confederate line would crack in the spring of 1865, assuming that Grant kept on his hammering. I spent two years studying the Civil War for my novel, "Manassas;" I studied it from the inside, through the documents of the time, and so I know how it feels to live through a long war, a war of attrition. I know what peace commissions Horace Greeley would have been forming had he been alive to-day, and I know what editorials Max Eastman would have written had he been alive in 1864.

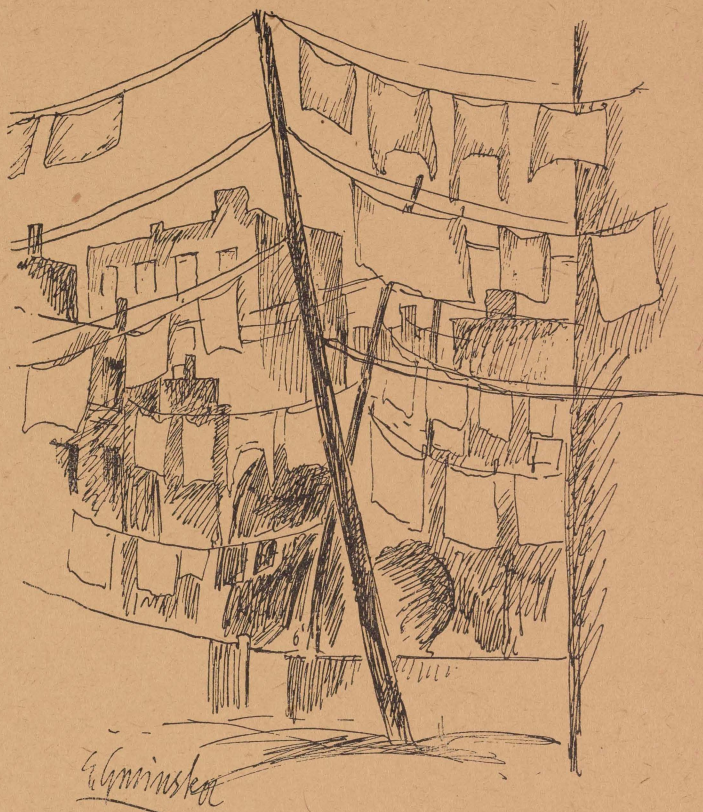
Finally, you ask have I any guarantee that England will stand by the program of "democratization" in Germany—that she will stop fighting when the "democratization" has come. Why, Max, we both know England; we know that it consists, just like America, of Tories fighting Liberals for the control of the country. We know that it differs from Germany in that the Liberals do sometimes win, and are always able to a certain extent to influence the foreign policy of the government. I don't have to be a prophet to tell just what will happen in England when the great change comes in German public life, assuming that it does come. The English Tories will want to go right on conquering; the Liberals will want to stop; Labor will threaten a general strike, and we, the United States, will have the final say, because we are paying the bills. And that is why I want us to devote our Socialist energies in this crisis to organizing a clear and enlightened determination to force a stop the moment the German people have achieved a revolt. I say we should give them the guarantee that we will help them to that extent, but we should not weaken that position by indicating the slightest extenuation of the crime they have committed in standing by their barbarian government. I say that if our Socialist press and party had taken that position it would not be so largely discredited and so impotent as it is to-day.

Apropos of this, let me answer your note to the effect that the party has grown so fast since the adoption of the St. Louis resolutions, my answer is that the party once appealed to Socialists, and to Socialists alone; there were a vast number of pacifists and a vast number of Germans to whom it made no appeal, and from whom therefore it received no support. It has now adopted a program which appeals to

PORTRAIT OF A FRIEND

AND what is this that tried to bite me? You?
I cannot quite believe it. Yet I see
What first I thought was nothing but a flea
Is nothing but my friend. So it is true
That you who battered on my strength, and grew
Fat on my love and your own vanity,
Now strike at what you never dared to be
And try to foul the things you cannot do.

You are indeed a curious sort of thing;
An angry worm that thinks it is a snake,
Hissing because it cannot hope to sing.
And even here you fail. My friend, you make
A sorry serpent; you can only shake
Your borrowed rattles, but you cannot sting.
Louis Untermeyer.



E. Gminski

Back-Yard Flags

these large elements of our population. I am not in position to assert that its sudden new growth has come from those elements, but I would like to see a census made and the results published. I will wager you a Red Cross button, Max, that there are more German names among the last four months' recruits than there are among the last four months' desertions! Also I will venture the guess that these new recruits will be of slight service to the party and will prove inadequate compensation for the party's enormous loss of influence with the mass of every-day Americans.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

SONNET

(Reprinted with corrections and apologies)

THE angel of the morning, garbed in gold,
Rose splendidly above the fiery skies,
And shook his hair, colored in Paradise,
Where through the early mists our planet rolled;
Above the morning cloud his trumpet rang.
And I, made weary by a sick surmise
Of love that must remain till death untold,
Looked off, looked up, and wondered why I sang.

Heart, heart, you sang that morning; do you hear?
You sang in ecstasy beneath the noon,
While the tall tides washed against the pier. . . .
The light was fading now, the night came soon,
And as our song died down, and up rose fear,
The sea rose, too, and drenched the hollow moon.
Edwin Justus Mayer.



John Barber

South Street

SOUTH street, where the truckmen and dockmen sit around on loads of boxes and wait for a boat to come in, where men idle in the September sunlight and dream and yawn and smoke, where the horses clatter along the cobbles dragging huge heavy trucks with a noise resembling a mob of people aroused after long repression, and where the kids sit on the edge of the dock and look with wishful eyes at the water below that swirls with refuse and driftwood. Occasionally there's a lull in the huge noise of the place and other sensations drift in waves over you until another truck wipes them out. There is a wave of soft silence, golden in the September sunlight with its autumny smell. The smells change too, with everything else, and the mellowness is replaced with a heavy foul odor from God knows what store-

house, and from the river that gulps and gulps at the docks all day long. Then there is a tiny wave of laughter from one of the many ragged boys scurrying about the edges of things, as he succeeds in fishing out a bit of driftwood with a long stick. It's exciting,—fishing for driftwood. Little waves of imagination make the urchin's every sense more poignant. There's always the possibility of another fellow coming up behind him and pushing him into the thick water below. And there are wild chances of a bottle drifting in from the sea with a message in it from a shipwrecked crew or a submarine or something. And sunken treasure!

And perhaps waves of imagination drift over the loafers too, as they slouch and droop and rest.

D. D.

BIRTH

A Prologue to a Tentative East Side Novel

Irwin Granich

I WAS born (so my mother once told me), on a certain dim day of April, about seven in a morning wrapped in fog. The streets of the East Side were dark with grey, wet gloom; the boats of the harbor cried constantly, like great, bewildered gulls, like deep, booming voices of calamity. The day was sombre and heavy and unavoidable, like the walls of a prison about the city. And in the same hour and the same tenement that bore me, Rosie Hyman the prostitute died, and the pale ear of the same doctor heard my first wails and the last quiverings of her sore heart.

I saw it all afterward through the simple words of my mother, a strange and mournful picture. The doctor had stayed at my mother's bedside all through the night, for her labors had come on her soon after she had disposed of the supper dishes, suddenly, dreadfully.

"Ay, ay, when does it end, dear doctor?" she had moaned all night, while the newly-bearded young practitioner rested his tired, anemic face on his hand and stole moments of sleep.

He would flutter his eyelids to show her he was alert and sympathetic.

"Patience, only patience!" he mumbled over and over in Yiddish, as he pressed her hand. He was not long out of school, and had not grown too professionally familiar with the vast misery which is the physician's East Side.

All through my mother's travail my father sat under a jaundiced gas-jet in the kitchen, drinking *schnapps* and weeping; this was all he was fit for in time of strain or sorrow. My father was a slim, clean-shaven, unusual kind of Jew, who had been the gay blacksheep of his family in Rumania, loving joy and laughter as only young thoughtless people can love them. He had capped a career of escapades by running away to America and freedom at the age of nineteen, and had struggled unhappily since then. He had a broad nose, cheek bones wide as twin hills, and black, proud eyes. He must have been a dancing flame of life in his youth, for once I saw him at a wedding where he shook off the years and flashed with a glad, wild, imaginative revelry such as I had never beheld in him. The poverty of the golden, promised land had eaten his joy, however, and mostly I knew him as a sad, irritable, weakly sort of father, who drank in the troubled times when the family needed him, and who loved us all to maudlinity.

"And now how is she, Herr Docktor?" my father whispered anxiously every fifteen minutes through the door, for the doctor had detected his fundamental pessimism and had barred him from the sick room.

"She is well, she is all right, please go away!" the doctor would call back impatiently. My father would wring his hands, and would creep back like a doleful, homeless dog to his vigil by the stove in the kitchen. All night he sat there like a mourner at an orthodox funeral, weeping and

drinking and despairing of the harshness of life, and the pain God had put into the world for reasons unknown.

"It is so hard to live, so hard!" my father would sigh in his sad, tearful voice. He was always saying this, I remember, and in a hurt, wondering voice, as if it were a fresh discovery with him every day. My father was never anything but a child, and hunger and pain and toil and meanness he never grew accustomed to, as grown men must. He hated them without understanding them, as a child hates the rod.

The night ebbed away slowly, the hours moving over the East Side with the solemn pace of a funeral cortege. Dawn came on. It grew like a pallid mushroom in the spaces between the tenements, the great heads of the houses lifting themselves languorously in the light, like monstrous vegetation, and a few early men and women hurrying in the shadows as the white lances pricked them. Bakers' wagons lumbered through the fog; there were throaty grumblings of distant elevated trains, gongs, a horn, and other strange, cloaked morning sounds. The light spread like an infection; ashy clouds of it rolled through the windows and lay on my tortured mother, and the leaden-eyed doctor, and my father with his *weltschmerz* and brandy under the gas-flame.

My mother breathed easier with the dawn, and she stirred in her humid bed and called through the door, "Rueben, you are sleeping?"

My father sprang up theatrically. "No, no, how could I?" he cried with passion. "You are feeling better, my dear little heart? Soon it will be over, my sweet little bird?"

"Yes, yes," was my mother's impatient reply. "And now get some coffee and rolls for the poor doctor here!"

So my father puttered about with various utensils in his vague way, till the brown coffee was bubbling like a happy fountain on the stove, and a rich, odorous steam filled all the air with promise.

"I can find no milk!" my father wailed after one of his puerile searches. "Where is the milk, Yettala?"

"One goes out and gets it at the grocery, fool!" my mother said. "I think you would starve to death if there was no one near to tell you the simplest things, Rueben. And get some rolls; *Wiener* rolls, tell them!"

So my father threw his musty old coat over his shoulders, peasant-wise, and stamped out into the unwholesome dark of the tenement. There must have been tiny gems of gas-light glowing on every floor, as there are still in early dawn on the East Side, and strange shadows must have brooded in every corner and risen and followed him as he moved through the queer gloom, his nostrils filled with the packed odors of crowded bedrooms, old cooking, garbage and faulty sanitation, the immemorial mingled smell of poverty.

On the stoop of our tenement (so my mother told me), my father stumbled on a huddled thing that rose and accosted him. There was the dingy morning light to see by, and under an enfolding shawl my father beheld the great, sad, bewildered eyes of Rosie Hyman, the prostitute.

The East Side was rampant with prostitution then; Jewish "daughters of joy" beckoned openly from every tenement doorway during all the hours of day and night. So numerous were they that they did not even lose caste with their more respectable and hard-working neighbors; for their way of life was charged to the general corrupting influence of America, where the children of Israel break the Sabbath, eat of the unholy pig, and otherwise neglect the God of their fathers. My mother was one of Rosie Hyman's best friends.

"Rosie, you are up too early! What is wrong?" my father exclaimed, seeing some tragedy in her brooding eyes.

"I could not sleep," the girl answered, almost painfully. "It is too warm in my room."

"Too warm?" my father cried. "When everyone is shivering in this devil's weather?"

"Yes," the girl said shortly. "How is Mrs. Gottlieb now?"

"Ach, the same," my father sighed, shaking his head piteously. "It is so terrible to bring a child into the world! All night I have been weeping for my Yettala!"

"It is terrible," the girl said, her face darkening. "Why did you do it, then?"

My father's cheeks ran with tears. "Because I am weak, God curse me! Am I not weak, Rosie, say? Already I have two children, and here is another who will have to suffer with them. Am I not a murderer?"

Rosie had always been kind, and now she tried to comfort my father. She raised a hand through her great, red shawl and touched his shoulder.

"We are all weak before love," she said softly. "And it is not our fault, Mr. Gottlieb. God made us so."

My father wept on. "God made us so, and then He punishes us for it," he uttered with choked voice.

"Yes, that is life," the girl said. "And we poor will only be happy in the grave, Mr. Gottlieb."

"Yes, yes, yes," my father sighed, moving away as he remembered his errand. "And now go back to bed and snatch a little sleep, Rosala."

She did not answer, but stood looking after him with great, sad eyes, like a dying thing taking its last fill of vision.

When my father returned from the grocery he found her a twisted heap on the stoop, writhing like a cut worm when he reached down and touched her.

"Rosala, Rosala, what is the matter?"

Nothing coherent came from her, and my father sped and brought back the sleepy doctor. Now she was stark and silent. The doctor put down her wrist with an air of finality.

"She is dead," he announced in his young and pompous way, fingering an empty phial he had found near her. "Why do you think she did it?"

"The man she loved left her, I think," my father said. "Doctor, it is very hard to live!"

"Um-m," the doctor muttered, and went back to my mother. The news could not be kept from her, and she wept and lamented in the heart-rending Jewish manner for more than half an hour.

Then I was born.

My father hurried about to tell all the neighbors, and brought back some of the women to act as nurses. It was about noon when the Doctor finally was able to leave.

My father offered him three shabby one-dollar bills for his fee.

"And is this all?" the young man cried fiercely, waving the green, ragged things in a gloved hand.

"It is all we have, Herr Docktor," my father said feebly, with a shamed, red face.

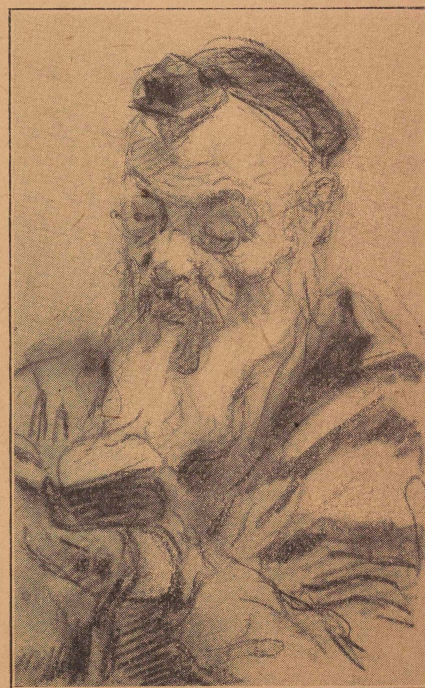
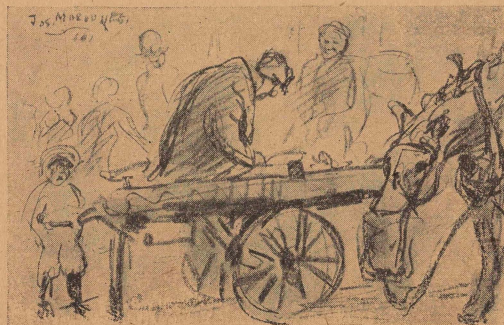
"Beggars!" the doctor stormed, throwing the poor bills on the table contemptuously, and sweeping out of the door. "Buy food with it!" he shouted over his shoulder on the landing.

My father picked the bills up and regarded them long and sadly. Then he shrugged his shoulders, and went into the room where my mother was still weeping with pain.



EAST SIDE SKETCHES

By Joseph Margulies



Should Art Young Be Shot At Sunrise?

Charles W. Wood

IT was just like this. Elihu Root had been telling the Union League Club that what America needed most was to have a few people shot at sunrise. He wasn't a bit personal and I had no reason for taking offense, but on general principles I disagreed with him. Adding a few more funerals to the bill, I thought, couldn't give the the spectators any particularly new thrill, and shootings at sunrise are often depressing to the boys who are being shot.

Naturally, I didn't blame Mr. Root. If a fellow once gets an appetite for these things, I suppose it's hard to stop all at once. I didn't feel like criticizing him, either, for not mentioning names. If we are going to have capital punishment—if we are going to go on killing folks for other folks' amusement—it doesn't make much difference in the long run whom we kill. Of course, we like to think that we are killing the "guilty," but that's only persiflage for picking out the ones whose agony we can most enjoy. To Nero the Christians were "guilty." To the Christians, a few centuries later, the heretics were "guilty." To kings, rebels have always been "guilty," and to the revolutionists of Paris, poor Louis and Marie Antoinette were "guilty."

And to Mr. Root—? It was an interesting question when you came to study it academically—what manner of man or woman would Mr. Root most enjoy shooting at sunrise? I made some efforts to find out and failed. He was referring to certain editors; that was all I could learn. Then it dawned on me all at once that I myself was a certain editor—only an associate, to be sure, but an editor, sure enough.

I went to several of the most patriotic friends I have—not ignorant and hysterical partisans, but men who have had the reputation heretofore of being broad-minded, educated, cultured American gentlemen. Most of them were newspaper men, "moulders of public opinion."

"Don't you think it would be rather dangerous," I asked, "for the government to begin executing artists and writers who are honestly opposing the government's policies?"

"It's the most necessary step for the government to take," was the all-unexpected answer. "It's the only way to show the people of this country that war is not a thing to trifle with. All the patriotic speeches and proclamations that have been published have failed to wake them up. What is needed is to have a few prominent people shot for treason."

To such an onslaught I could not well oppose the objection that the government might begin by shooting my unimportant self.

"In my opinion," I said, "the man who has slammed this government hardest all along is our country's greatest cartoonist and possibly our most genuine humorist—Art Young. How would you like to have the United States government shoot Art Young at sunrise?"

"It would be a damned good thing," was the thoroughly sincere reply. "The better known the man is the more good

it would do. If you imagine that it would arouse any particular protest, it's because you don't realize the seriousness of the situation. There would be a few howls, of course, but they could easily be put down, and the American public generally would applaud the execution. A man like Elihu Root doesn't make such a statement without measuring its exact meaning. The nation is at war, man, it's at war, and it's high time we faced the fact."

THAT'S how I came to go to the Hippodrome.

To me the Hippodrome is New York's best barometer of public sentiment. It holds 5,000 spectators as nearly representative of every class in America as any audience could be. Seats range from 50 cents to \$2.50. They are filled by rich and poor—by the rich who are independent enough to sneak into a performance that they can actually enjoy, and by the poor to whom fifty cents means a large part of their winter's savings. Also, it is not strictly a New York audience. Every state in the union is probably represented in every crowd; for the Hippodrome is New York's big attraction, according to the average visitor from Rutland County, Vt., or Fargo, N. D. Good, old-fashioned Methodists go to the Hippodrome, either on the theory that it is not a "Theater," or that they are entitled to one independent look-in on what the "theater" actually is. Sinners, on the other hand, can see a considerable exhibition, small boys can get all the thrills of the circus, grown-ups can pretend that they are taking Johnny to see the elephants, and people of culture can be fairly certain that there will be nothing in the whole performance offensive to the finest taste. The only other institution in America that seems to me to be like the Hippodrome is the Saturday Evening Post. Neither of them seems to stand for anything in particular, and both are probably run for the sole purpose of making money; but they're both big and fine and make a tremendous appeal to almost everybody. When the Hippodrome audience applauds vociferously, I can't help feeling that the heart of America is expressing its emotions.

And the Hippodrome went wild this night. I understand that it goes wild every night—in much the same way and at the same great climax, the tableaux "Off to France."

This is in "Cheer 2" of the "Cheer Up" show. The scene is a recruiting station, where John Hendricks and the entire company sing "Cheer Up, 'Liza," notifying all and sundry that a little thing like the love of woman doesn't count when anyone is going out to can the Kaiser, or words to that effect. The words are the merest banalities, the music is certainly not distinctive, there are none of the terrible elemental tones of the great battle hymns, nothing of the maddening appeal of the Marseillaise; not a note, in fact, that would, under ordinary circumstances, incite anyone to any action more desperate than twiddling his thumbs. But before the sing-song is finished, that representative American audi-

ence is clapping, stamping, yelling its applause. When the scene changes to a transport loaded with boys in khaki, and when the transport whistles, and begins to back from its pier, the whole audience bursts into a frenzy of unmistakable joy.

That's what it is—joy. If the applause merely meant that they approved of the war, it wouldn't be so significant. But it meant more. It meant that this crowd was as happy at the thought of sending our soldiers to France as the Roman populace could possibly have been over its wonderful butcheries and crucifixions.

I have heard a good deal about this country going to war as a disagreeable duty. I have no doubt that war seems like a disagreeable duty to such men as Charles Edward Russell here, or Philip Scheidemann in Germany; but I don't believe that the masses of the people can ever be moved to war from any such incentive. They must have their passions aroused; and when the passion is aroused, reason and individual ethics don't count any more than poor 'Liza did at the Hippodrome. She sobbed some and beat her breast, but she didn't interfere with the cheering, and she didn't even get her name on the program.

I went to the Hippodrome last year and observed that patriotism in New York had got down to the mumbling stage. It isn't there any longer. A year ago the audiences only applauded decorously when the flag was waved. This year they give vent to a joyous rage. Whatever is done under the flag today is pretty sure to be sanctioned by the multitude—whether it is shooting Germans in a foreign country or shooting editors at home. And so, if Elihu Root did mean one of us, it isn't hardly worth while to argue against our fate. Elihu is a patriot. Whatever he does, he does under the flag. If he should want a lot of us shot at sunrise, it should be a fairly easy matter. Concededly, he won't have us shot unless we are "guilty"; but everybody who wants to know the whys and wherefores of this war today is "guilty," so there is very little comfort in that.

THE MASSES asked questions about it and was suppressed by the government. The People's Council called a meeting to discuss it and was stopped by official force. These officials claimed to represent the people, and I think they did. They can't tell me that Wilhelm doesn't represent Germany, as long as the German people let him get away with it, or that Nero didn't represent the will of Rome. The will of America, if the Hippodrome is a good criterion, consists of a mad enthusiasm to back up anything done in the name of the Stars and Stripes.

So good-bye, Tom Mooney. You're going to be hanged sure, from the present outlook. Not because you have broken any law, but because they will find a way to wave the Stars and Stripes above the event. And good-bye, Art Young, if some eminent patriot decides to have you shot at sunrise. My patriotic friends were right. The people would applaud—the people you have loved and pitied and fought for all your life. *We're at war, man; we're at war, and it's high time we faced the fact.* All this and much more passed through my mind as I listened to the cheering in "Cheer 2" of "Cheer Up" at the Hippodrome.

Was I cheered up? You may expect me to say that I wasn't, but I was. That's what the Hippodrome is for. The transport scene soon faded from memory and I found myself

laughing and applauding as enthusiastically as anybody. And when I came away, I said it was a corking good show, and one of my friends who wanted Art Young shot at sunrise agreed with me that it was.

"How did you like 'Cheer up, Liza'?" I asked.

"Which was that?" he said.

"The transport scene," I explained.

"All right," he said, "but the thing that got me was that hobo medley."

These friends of mine were not beasts after all, but just plain folk; kind, sentimental, fun-loving folk, like the boys who tried to hang Max Eastman out in Fargo, or those who have been terrorizing Socialist meetings in New York; like the fellows who butchered a drunken man the other day for yelling "To hell with the United States"; like most of our senators and congressmen and Governor Burnquist and Elihu Root, and the glad old Romans who used to have such fine times at the crucifixions. Good fellow, every one, but each of them having certain passions deep down in his soul which ordinary civilization gives small opportunity to vent. These are the passions which cry out for battle, and make going to war a joy. I guess we all have them. Elihu Root is probably no more charged with elemental blood-lust than I.

But there is this difference. It is the business of peace to keep those passions in check; not by mere repression but by making an appeal to the creative passions instead. It is the business of war to let those passions loose; and no nation is ever psychologically on a war footing until its people have let loose, as the American people have, to judge by the Hippodrome.

The Seven Arts

THE SEVEN ARTS, perhaps the best friend of the creative spirit that there has been in the magazine world may have to suspend publication with the present issue. It came to a choice between the subsidy which had made its existence possible, and freedom of discussion with regard to the war, for quite spontaneously, the group of writers behind the Seven Arts had, in the interests of the creative spirit, attacked militarism and the militaristic tyrannies engendered in America by our entrance into the war. The editors chose to keep their freedom and lose their subsidy.

They are now undertaking to find out if such a magazine can be kept going without any financial backing except such as may be furnished by readers interested in the freedom of art and of ideas. It is estimated that if each reader of the Seven Arts would contribute ten dollars to its support, the experiment would be a complete success. We believe the friends of the Seven Arts will not fail in this crisis. And if any of our readers have not yet discovered the Seven Arts, they can most profitably, to themselves and the cause of intellectual and artistic liberty, begin or renew acquaintance in its pages with the work of such liberators as Romain Rolland, J. D. Beresford, D. H. Lawrence, Robert Frost, Amy Lowell, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, John Reed, Randolph Bourne, James Oppenheim and Louis Untermeyer. The regular subscription price is \$2.50 a year, and the address is 132 Madison Avenue, New York.

BOOKS THAT ARE INTERESTING

A MONTHLY REVIEW CONDUCTED BY FLOYD DELL

The Book of the Month

King Coal, by Upton Sinclair. \$1.50 net. [The Macmillan Co.]

FOR a long while after "The Jungle" came out, the people of Chicago shrugged their shoulders when it was mentioned, with the remark, "That book spoiled my appetite." And sensitive souls cringed at the hot smelly waves that came from the stockyards all through summer months.

The fresh lake breeze, the hot sweet smell of the park grass in summer, and the odor of burning leaves throughout the stuffy early autumn—they could not blot out the memory of that hell simmering in the southwest of Chicago.

In spite of the fact that the subject matter of "King Coal" was told and retold—in the Congressional Committee's report, in Everybody's magazine, the Metropolitan, the Survey, Harper's Weekly, and Collier's Weekly, and by newspapers all over the country,—in spite of the fact that the strike occurred in Colorado, back in 1913-14 (it seems ages ago) when the horrors of Europe were just beginning—"King Coal" will probably produce as terrific a sensation as "The Jungle." A lump of coal, as a slice of sausage, can have a strange power over your imagination and emotions.

God knows, coal will be an emotional enough subject in the city of New York this winter, with the landlords taking out of the leases the clause guaranteeing heat. And a book like "King Coal" will be a ceaseless reminder to the people of the conditions in West Virginia, Alabama, Michigan, Minnesota and Colorado.

One hundred and seven men sealed up in a mine for four days with no food, no water, with a fire smouldering and smoking and fuming, with gases and stenches holding them by the throat and slowly killing them; above ground the mothers and kids,—dirty little kids, kids whose noses were never wiped, kids who wore no civilized diapers, sobbed and sobbed.

It is no comfort to think that the disaster described in "King Coal" happened several years ago. It would be no comfort to go up to Rockefeller's Sunday School class and hear about the amelioration of working class conditions since the world war. Because only a year ago in June, one hundred and sixty men burned alive in the Speculator mine of Butte, Montana, and only a few months ago, girls had their eyes and noses and fingers and ears blown off in the explosion at Eddystone.

It happens all the time. Upton Sinclair tells of the question which arose in Cherry, Ill., after an accident, the question of saving property or saving lives. It was decided in favor of the property, and "they sealed the mine, while women fainted and men tore their clothes in frenzy, some going insane. They kept it sealed for two weeks, and when they opened it, there were twenty-one men still alive!

"They did the same thing in Diamondville, Wyoming . . . They built up a barrier, and when they took it away they found a heap of dead men, who had crawled to it and torn their fingers to the bone trying to break through."

And only last winter Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, one of the organizers for the Industrial Workers of the World, was speaking over on Havemeyer street and on the East Side—they wouldn't listen to her anywhere else—and telling of the treatment of the Mesaba miners and pleading for funds to save from life-imprisonment the leaders of the strike who had been framed-up on a murder charge.

It isn't only because this sort of thing is happening all the time that this book of Sinclair's is so powerful. The way the story is told has a great deal to do with it. Many times it is as unemotional as a newspaper account. Mr. Sinclair is far from being a "soap-boxer." The photographic quality does not in any way detract from the color of the book. One never feels for an instant that the author is cold-bloodedly manipulating one's emotions. It is grim and real, and with all its grimness there is humor.

There are gleams of sunlight freckling the pages. Mary Burke is the first. She has red hair, and a brogue, and she washes out her one dress, blue calico with a patch on the left shoulder, every night to put on again the next morning. She is a lovable heroine.

And little Jerry Minetta, who swears obscenely, and prides himself on his Americanism. He is a sturdy little Socialist.

The hero himself—I pause. Mr. Sinclair announces in a postscript that "practically all the characters are real persons, and every incident which has social significance is not merely a true incident but a typical one." Therefore the question which his remarkable hero leaves in my mind is this: Is Hal Turner, the Coal King's son who so adventurously goes into the mining camp and endeavors to start the social revolution,—is this humorous, courageous youth, Upton Sinclair's mental image of what John D. Rockefeller should have been in 1913-14 when he made a pretense at investigation?

Or, more humorous possibility, is Sinclair presenting the latter's picture in Percy Harrigan, the millionaire college professor's stupid son, who comes down to the scene of the disaster and strike in a special train surrounded by fashionable men and women and cut glass and white linen and electric light, pink-shaded? Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., would not be pleased.

The argument advanced throughout the book is this: no violence but one great union of all the workers over the world, to strike, and strike again. And this is what the working class is doing.

DOROTHY DAY.

Marching Men

Marching Men, A Novel, by Sherwood Anderson. \$1.50 net. [John Lane Co.]

"THIS is not a war story" is the warning announcement of the cover.

But just the same one links up the idea of Marching Men with the war. One cannot help thinking how millions will come back with the idea of union tingling in their feet. The

army of Marching Men, the post-war conditions, and Sherwood Anderson's idea—then—!

Books come out year by year from men who have watched the millions of workers go shuffling home at night with weary, sodden faces and who have ached with the problem of the working class. "King Coal" was one of them. Ernest Poole's "The Harbor" was another. The latter, with its colossal-minded Dillon, who sat in his tower office above New York and resolved that the masses should be pulled up by those in power, did not convince. All through history men with lofty minds have been straining to *pull* the working people up. All through history there have been workingmen who have tried to *push* them up. This is one of the first books wherein the writer has taken the latent idea of the men themselves and worked upon it. It's a very simple idea. It's the same idea that every labor leader has of solidarity. But it is solidarity in its most primitive form.

"Beaut" McGregor, son of a miner, brought up in a mining town, learns to despise and hate the shiftless spirit of the men who worked around him. It is this hate of his which keeps him to his purpose and helps him develop his idea.

Terms used to define the class struggle are often military terms. The class war, union, solidarity, leader, strike—all these words taken literally have a physical significance. "Beaut" McGregor takes them literally. He uses the simple, primitive idea of men marching shoulder to shoulder as to a battle, and works it out until in Chicago, where the scene of this story is laid, every workingman is literally a part of an enormous unit. And as the idea of union spreads to their feet and shoulders and chins and eyes, it sinks into the brain too, and it stays there.

Of course there have been huge armies trained by Napoleons for centuries. But the militant leaders have taught the workers the secret, says "Beaut" McGregor, "only to betray them. The men of books and brains have done the same. There are thousands of loose-jawed men talking till their jaws hang like worn-out gates. Words mean nothing, but when a man marches with a thousand other men and is not doing it for the glory of some king, then it will mean something. He will know then that he is a part of something real and he will catch the rhythm of the mass and glory in the fact that he is a part of the mass and that the mass has meaning. He will begin to feel great and powerful. That is what the great leaders of armies have known. And they have sold men out. They have used that knowledge to subdue men, to make them serve their own little ends."

"Marching Men" is a "novel of ideas"—not an ordinary novel. One forgets the "story." The early struggles of "Beaut" McGregor are convincing, one recognizes them as real, but one is not immersed in them as fiction. And so with the love story. The two women of the book are real, but are brushed aside by the wings of the idea. And the idea is so big and splendid that one does not care.

D. D.

OUR apologies are due to T. B. Eastland, whose story, "The Great Undertaking," through a most regrettable accident, appeared in an incomplete form in the October number.

My Political Ideals

Political Ideals, by Bertrand Russell. \$1 net. [The Century Co.]

THIS review is by way of being a confession. I make it because my own experience seems to be so much like that of a large part of the human race. It is the story of my political ideals, and it begins with my childhood.

Until I was four years old I lived, like Adam, in a Paradise, created especially for me. I was on the best of terms with God, that is to say, my Father, whom I considered an all wise and beneficent being. And everything in the world was good, and I was happy.

And then, one day, my sister, aged ten, was guilty of "acting like a tomboy." Climbing trees in the schoolyard was, I think, her specific offense against the moral law. I heard it discussed in grave tones at home, and thus I became aware of the existence of sin—and punishment. For it was decided that my sister must be whipped. My mother, pale and weeping, led me into the parlor, and, held tightly in her arms, I heard the distant sounds of dreadful struggle. My father was a small man, and my sister a very husky little girl. She kicked and bit and scratched. It seemed very terrible to me. But presently the Deity, red-faced and angry, came in and told my mother to go ahead with supper; and I learned that my sister had been locked in the garret. Divine justice, it appeared, had finally triumphed.

It had not occurred to me to question the rightness of these proceedings, but the excitement of so many disturbing discoveries about the universe kept me from eating any supper; and as soon as possible I slipped from my chair and went, unobserved and by a devious route, up the garret stairs. A strange sound came from within. It was my sister, sobbing. I had always regarded her as an adult and almost as an enemy. She teased and scolded me, she was rude and unkind. But suddenly I realized that she was little and helpless. And the garret, which had always been a delectable place, fragrant with walnuts and apples, seemed all at once a horrible den. It was dark! And there might be rats in there! I thought of the awful story of Bishop Hatto in his Tower . . . and as I stood there on the stairway, listening to my sister's pitiful, frightened sobbing, I realized that the world was not good. It was an evil and ugly and terrible place. My Paradise had vanished. I hated the world.

As I stood there, I became aware that the door, which had no lock, was propped shut with a broomstick. Inside, my sister vainly beat on the door, and gasped out hysterically, pleading for release. With a sudden futile anger, I struck at the broomstick with my hands. The slight blow almost dislodged it, and I stepped back, startled, frightened at what I had almost done. I had almost interfered with the processes which were all I knew of law and religion, of human and divine justice. I realized my wickedness and impiety, and in great trepidation hurried down the stairs. I wanted to get away as quickly as possible from the scene of my almost-sacrilege and treason. But I stopped at the foot of the stairs. My sister was sobbing quietly now. I listened, and sat down on the step, crying too, vainly, impotently. Then, I did not know why—for I did not wish to do so terrible a thing—in a sort of daze I marched up the stairs, pulled away the broomstick—and then, Anarchist and Athe-

ist and terribly afraid, I stumbled blindly down the steps . . .

Thus did I lose my first Political Ideal—the belief that this the best of all possible worlds, ruled by a benign God. Some people never lose that Political Ideal. They invent elaborate theories to justify the existence of poverty, famine, war, slavery, prostitution, unlimited childbearing, disease, child-labor, and what not. And it deserves to be recorded as a strange fact that not only the beneficiaries but even the victims of such arrangements frequently believe in them . . .

My next Political Ideal was the Glorious Past. After my one early rebellion, I had conformed. But I did not like the world I found myself in, and presently, at the age of twelve, I discovered Ancient Greece. I liked Ancient Greece so much better than the factory town to which my family had moved, that I lived in the past rather than in the present. In that respect I was like a vast portion of mankind, who have always harked back wistfully to a Golden Age, when life flowed full and sweet and strong. When I pored over maps of Athens, and in imagination dug with Schliemann into the ruins of Troy, I was finding my own country.

But some of the Greeks were so far from being satisfied with their own Golden Age that they turned to the future to found there imaginary Utopias. And so at last did I. And my next Political Ideal, conceived at the age of fifteen with some assistance from Bellamy and William Morris and Lawrence Gronlund and Ignatius Donnelly, was the Co-operative Commonwealth. But, though I now lived in the future instead of in the past, it was still a mere unsatisfied withdrawal from the actual world, until I discovered—in the person of a street-sweeper in a public park one night—the Socialist movement. I had supposed that Bellamy and Morris were lonely dreamers like myself—that all the whole rest of the world was utterly satisfied with the dingy present. Could it be true that there were many of us?—that we had a party, numbering millions all over the world, growing year by year, electing officials, proposing definite plans for the reconstruction of society? That was a glorious evening in which I heard from the lips of the street-sweeper in broken English that my dreams and I were part of a living movement that was preparing to take the world into its hands to shape anew.

So I joined the Socialist local. I was going to help build the kind of world I wanted to live in. But what kind of world did I, in fact, want to live in? I took advice of the men and books with which I came in contact, and my new Political Ideal took shape under their influence. And the shape it took, with me and many others, left something to be desired. The Socialism of that period was undertaking to steer a careful course between the beautiful but impracticable ideal of a sudden and cataclysmic revolution, and the practicable but trivial ideal of Reform. We wanted terribly not to be impracticable, however, and gradually we drifted toward the shore of State Socialism—not without many fears. We saw that the government behaved like any other employer when its employees tried to go on strike—only with a more instant effectiveness. We began to wonder whether we were not after all working to create a Servile State! Could those rash cousins of ours, the Anarchists, be right in declaring that the State must be utterly abolished? And then came Syndicalism, reminding us how out of touch we

were with the working class. And, by a kind of paradox, this led us to look with more sympathy upon the timid efforts even of the A. F. of L.—which were sometimes not so timid, after all . . . I found myself a part of that uncertain end-of-the-century Socialism which was torn by so many doubts and dissensions. The fact was that knowledge, experimentally gained, was pouring in upon us from all sides too fast for us to assimilate it. At that very moment, the solid bases of a new Political Ideal were being laid. But all we saw was the break-up of our old familiar certainties. As all the thoughtful world of that time doubted and wondered, so did I doubt and wonder. And the result of so much uncertainty, blocking as it did the path of action, was for me, as for many others, spiritual fatigue. I waited to be shown, evincing a polite cynicism which really only masked my too-much hope . . .

And then, while we waited, the war came—the war which we had long predicted but never really expected. Some of us saw in it—too rashly, I think—an instrument of progress: they surrendered, as we say, to the militarists: but for my part, I cannot regard them as irretrievably lost souls. The rest of us joined in an effort to preserve some fragments of those constitutional rights which have never as a whole existed except on paper; we engaged in a losing struggle against war and against conscription; we entered into the old, old fight, under the banner of a phrase which we would once have despised, for the rights of conscience . . .

Meanwhile our political horizons have enlarged. We see the necessity, if mankind is not to be destroyed in endless wars, for military powers to be vested in a political entity which includes the whole world: an arrangement which neither destroys nor exalts the State. We have lost some of our old confidence in the magic of economic determinism; we do not care to rely exclusively on the possessive instincts of the working class to bring about a happier world; rather, we wish to devise such political and social arrangements as will encourage the *creative* impulses in all mankind. We are confirmed in our conviction that democracy is a necessity not merely in what is called government, but in the management of industry. We are able to conceive, in terms more satisfactory than ever before, the forms of self-governing industrial organizations, under state control only so far as regards the price at which their product is to be sold. We are convinced that an education so directed as to encourage the creative impulses, and an industrial system which engages the administrative capacities of the workers, will divert to the individual life that energy which has gone hitherto into the growth of competitive militaristic States. We realize that such a program, however possible, can be attained only by long struggle, and we know that the struggle can be won only after a series of minor triumphs in every field which are in themselves a preparation for the final change. But we believe that only a vision of the goal to be attained will inspire the necessary effort, and we look forward eagerly to a reconstitution of the world-wide revolutionary movement upon the basis of our new knowledge—to a Newer International—as the means of reconstruction.

We are living at the beginning of an era which will be marked among all others in the history of the world for its gigantic conscious effort at political reconstruction. We must begin now, even in the turmoil of war, to reformulate our Political Ideals. And this book of Bertrand Russell's is

one which can give us much help. My own political ideals—to advert to them for the last time—owe so much to his clear statement that I feel he can perform a like service for others who have passed through similar intellectual experiences. The main outlines of the political reconstruction of the new age are given in this book with admirable simplicity. A mind such as Bertrand Russell's, retaining as it does amid the welter of world-war a high philosophic calm, and yet keeping nevertheless its warm and rich humanity, is one singularly capable of stating to us the nature of the high task which mankind must accomplish and in which we can individually bear our part.

His book, at once wise and eloquent, arouses the emotions which, though necessary to the undertaking of such a task, are all too easily dissipated by the discouraging aspect of affairs from day to day; and, often as we may have heard them, we cannot too often hear again such reassurances as these:

"Few men seem to realize how many of the evils from which we suffer are wholly unnecessary, and that they could be abolished by a united effort within a few years. If a majority in every civilized country so desired, we could, within twenty years, abolish all abject poverty, quite half the illness in the world, the whole economic slavery which binds down nine-tenths of our population; we could fill the world with beauty and joy, and secure the reign of universal peace. It is only because men are apathetic that this is not achieved, only because imagination is sluggish, and what always has been is regarded as what always must be. With good-will, generosity, and a little intelligence, all these things could be brought about."

The moment has indeed come, for the first time in human affairs, when such conscious control of our destinies is possible. We have the knowledge, and we have the power. We have only to organize the will to do it.

FLOYD DELL.

War Stuff

Grapes of Wrath, by Boyd Cable. \$1.50 net. [E. P. Dutton & Co.]

BOYD CABLE, as he reveals himself in his latest war-book, suggests that insincere "note-taking novelist on the trail for copy" who was described in a recent issue of the *Yale Review*. A newspaper reporter, trained in human interest writing, but with no honest interest in the material he was handling, could have written this book. "*Grapes of Wrath*" lacks human interest simply because it is so obviously intended to be human interest stuff. It seems to skirt the boundaries of the real and vivid.

To Cable, the horror and filth of the battlefield and trench are not unfamiliar. More than once has he been at death's door and escaped by a miracle. Such experiences must have contributed to deepening and intensifying his outlook. Had he consulted only his own desires he might have achieved a piece of admirable writing. But Cable seems to have written for a conventional, sentimental audience that prefers a pretty lie to an ugly truth. In so far as he caters to such readers, his work loses in truth and honesty.

Yet he does not always yield to the tendency of sentimen-

tal falsification. The chapter entitled "Casualties" is the finest in the book. And it is the finest because the truth of that scene must have overwhelmed the author and made it impossible for him to gloss over it with a sentimental touch. But in the last chapter, "Play Out the Game," he has written pages of false, sickly romanticism. Such writing is all the more revolting to good taste, in contrast to the direct and honest chapter preceding.

"*Grapes of Wrath*" is the fourth war-book Cable has written since he went into action with the British army. The other three have been popular successes. Perhaps "*Grapes of Wrath*" will be, too. But it is an artistic failure.

H. P. S.

The Fictitious Rôle

The Fortunes of Richard Mahony, by Henry Handel Richardson. \$1.50 net. [Henry Holt & Co.]

THIS book has all the virtues of most of the novels which have within recent years achieved fame as "masterpieces of realistic fiction." If this book has a more quiet and less wide success, I suspect it will be because it does not deal, as most of those others have, with love—especially illicit love. It is more enterprising. It deals with a theme comparatively new in fiction. That such enterprise should be counted against it seems unjust, but not improbable. It would seem as though love (whether presented candidly, or, so to speak, *camouflagantly*) were the only theme worthy of our attention. But in the actual world, work appears to be at least as important. And when presented with 40-centimetre effect, as in "*Jean-Christophe*" and "*Pelle the Conqueror*," it is indeed capable of engaging our interest. But this book deals with the theme in a quieter and more indirect way.

It is the story of a man who is unhappy because he has not found the work into which he can put the whole energy of his being. He is a doctor who emigrated from England to Australia during the gold-rush of fifty years ago; he becomes a storekeeper in Ballarat, marries happily, recommences the profession of medicine, and after many struggles (delineated with keen psychological insight against a dramatic pioneer background) he becomes successful. And now he is more unhappy than ever—so unhappy that he throws up everything and returns to England, at the age of forty, to start life anew.

He does not know what is the matter with him. He thinks he is homesick for England, and that the English sky would cure him—though he is acquainted with a Latin tag to the effect that they change their skies who cross the sea, but never change their soul. And perhaps he, rather than the Latin poet, is right; for in England he may perhaps find an environment in which reading, and intellectual speculation, and the life of thought, are not ridiculous and impossible. He is, in fact, a scholar who has mistaken his rôle; and all his efforts to be miner, storekeeper, doctor, are failures so far as bringing him any essential happiness is concerned. With the assistance of his sweet and practical wife, he has "succeeded"—it is true. And one sympathizes with her dismay and anxiety when he proposes to throw up these substantial gains at the bidding of a wild whim. But what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own rôle?

... So, at the end we see him setting out, almost penniless, with his best years behind him, in search of he knows not what.

This ending is quite obviously not the end; and I understand that this volume is in fact the first of a trilogy. I am among those who will wait eagerly for the other volumes. If they are written with the same sincerity and knowledge as this one, the work will be a real contribution to psychological fiction.

F. D.

The God of Youth

A Letter From a Young Soldier

DEAR FLOYD DELL:

I want to answer the review of H. G. Wells' book, "God the Invisible King," which appeared in your department of *THE MASSES* this month (September) under the heading "The Religion of Middle-Age." I would not try to answer a comprehensive review of the book even if it were very bad. But "all that is asked of the new God is the admission that his divinity is not for youth," says the reviewer at the end of an essay on the slackness, staleness and covert cowardice of middle-age.

All I can say is that I am a youth just twenty-three years old and that the "new god" was so much my god that I could have wept with joy to have him so set forth by Wells; and he is the god of many another youth here in my regiment.

This latter fact surprised me at first. But when Wells said he was merely writing down the religion—I understood him to mean a more or less unconscious religion—of a great many modern men and women, I set out to discover if it were as general as he seemed to think. It is, as far as I can learn from those about me. Even those who have never (apparently) thought or cared about the subject before are surprisingly responsive to the idea of a god such as Wells acknowledges.

There are exceptions, of course, but principally among church members and very young fellows fresh from school and home—boys who have been protected from life, who have not fully met reality and so, as yet, do not feel the necessity of a correlating and essential existence.

Perhaps it is this romantic, sensual, experiencing period of youth to which the reviewer refers. I wish I had Wells' book at hand to quote from, for I remember that he dealt specifically with the matter of trying to foist god upon childhood or adolescence. God should not be spoken of until the need for him—the inadequacy of the other gods of self and sense—was felt; and even then he should not be taught—no aspect of god, no characteristic should be insisted upon. For instance, the intimate nearness of god might be very much resented by one who had never been utterly deserted and unhappy.

That, I believe, is the gist of what Wells says about youth—exactly what, I presume, Elsie Clews Parsons tries to say about it—leave it alone. Only he does not deify this wistful, hoping stage, this sniffing of life, as Elsie Parsons seems to do.

Wells' god is eminently a god of reality, a god of struggle

and of happiness, a god of the *real* adventure—not the monotonous, purposeless fermentation we call romance.

"A petty formula" indeed!! He is an escape from the enchanted ring of life and he is the inspiration and the purpose of life.

But there is no use going on about my interpretation of what Wells thinks about god. However, I do want to make it clear that there are a number of us youths, young, vigorous, not over-cowardly or slack, that have been swept along on the current of our youthful love of adventure and unthinking enthusiasm to this reckoning of their worth and their end, and we find they have tricked us. To us Wells has brought a message and a hope, he has given a new zest to life, a light, and an aim.

While I sit here writing this on the top-sergeant's typewriter this eastward-rushing troop train is passing through frequent small Kansas towns. The seventeen cars are bulging at the windows and doors with shouting, whistling youth, waving bits of paper with names and addresses on them for any girl who will come near enough to catch them. Their yelling and coyote calls sound somehow wistful—calling to a vanishing dream, cheering a tricky and devouring life. Presently they return to their cards, their tobacco, some of them—if they have been able to get it—to their liquor, dulling themselves, distracting themselves from the reality about them, protecting their youth from it and at the same time letting their youth slip from them half-tasted, ineffectual. For they have not found the source and the channel of youth. For them, too, god has been distorted into a creature for slack middle-age.

It is against this distortion that Wells especially declares. He sets forth a god of adventure, of infinite beginning and striving, a youth himself, a lover of youth, the great, invisible companion of youth.

That being the clear, strong, urgently needed message of Wells' book, I feel an almost vicious dismay when I see it garbled and misrepresented in about the only magazine one may now look to for truth that is not policy-tainted. It is too bad if it is to be prejudice-tainted.

At any rate please say for me that the god Wells writes of has brought a new impulse and courage to a group of us engineers who are on our way to face an ugly and mad reality.

J. N. W.

P. S.—Although I am sending you my name, regiment, etc., I think it would be advisable, if you print any part of what I have written, not to include this information.

ABOVE THE HILL

A FOREST of sharp skeletons flame-seared,
They stand above the hill, the ancient trees,
A waste of broken trunks the shells have cleared
Of swaying branch and leaf and woodland ease.

So still they are, the Spring 'shall turn aside,
Summer shall never touch their blackened sleep.
They know—they know earth's laughing heart has died,
The ancient trees, whose roots have pierced so deep.

Hortense Flexner

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Orchids and Hollyhocks

"Extra"

HERE it is quiet:

The soft lamplight falls
Upon piled cushions and pale-tinted
walls

And long low shelves.

Tulips aglow

Trumpet their golden beauty on the air,

The most alive of all the loveliness

The small room holds,

The only living things, except for where
One stands by the wide window, listen-
ing.

Up from the dark streets the calm
night-winds bear

The gamins' shrilling roar.

It splits the night

Like guns.

It wounds the silence with a shrapnel-
shriek.

It fades, like the noise of death, raucous
and weak.

Into the smiling rest of that still room
Its dying ring

Breaks,

And goes on, echoing, echoing,

Echoing.

It sounds the unequal, slow, monoto-
nous tread

Of tired workers tramping to and fro
Dun factories.

It sounds the thin small wail

Of children vainly fretting to be fed.

It sounds the turning of the iron keys.

It sounds the whisper of women, won-
dering

If certain shapes are men asleep or
dead.

It sounds the grunt and squeal of sud-
den hurt,

And twisted bodies in the blood-stained
dirt.

It sounds the young impatient note

Wrung from some Amazonian throat

Crying for bread,

And roses too.

Not from the street but from the world
in torment

The harsh cry is hurled,

In whose muffled confusion lurks

The fear that darkens love.

We need

Promethean laughter;

And the conquering fires

Of unappeasable desires

Are ours to feed.

For yet will their divine insanities

Quicken men's raptures and men's ago-
nies.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Love Need Have Nothing Else to Do

LOVE need have nothing else to do,
And joy may laugh the whole day
thru,

Grief has its tears and sighs, not less—
But where's the help for emptiness?

Spring rushes in with all its light,
Grief grieves the more and clings to
night,

Joy must laugh and love caress—

But how can spring stir emptiness?

ANNETTE WYNNE.

Do You Remember?



Do you remember when Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer set out on their great adven-
ture, looking for treasure in the grim cave across the Mississippi?

Do you remember how Tom and little Becky Thatcher were lost in the cave for days, while
the whole countryside searched wildly? And of how, one day, peeping around a dark corner of
the cave, they suddenly saw Indian Joe? And when, months later, after the children had escaped
from the cave, it was opened, do you remember what they found just inside?

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Orchids and Hollyhocks

On the Roof

(Andante cantabile)

UPON a lofty roof I lie,
Above the streets and gay bazaars,
Confronted by the sombre sky
And curious accusing stars,
Come half defiant, half contrite,
To parley with reproachful Night.

There is no zest tonight for me
In gaudy things—the cabarets,
The men that flush with rum-fed glee,
The women with enticing ways,
The glamour of the avenue,
Man's carnival of lust goes through.

The hellicat I ask to dine
Detests me, I am so morose;
The music vexes me, the wine
Is sickish and the café's close;
And even on the street the crowd
Bumps into me and laughs too loud.

And all night long, no matter where
I wander, what I do or think,
Albeit fuddled by the hair
Of women or the fumes of drink,
I know the Night is gazing down
So wistfully upon the town!

Forlorn, like some still lovely nun,
New-vowed, from cloister gates ajar
She gazes over, vespers done,
Into the lurid lupanar,
And challenges the lives we lead,
Her lovers, lost in lust and greed.

In her deep mind remembrance stirs
Of ages ere Leviathan
Upraised from trampled oaks and firs
Her vulgar countenance, and man
Grew callous to her daisy-charms
To clasp rose-passion in his arms—

Oblivious of the pure delight
Of open plains and forests where
No smoke arose to cloud the sight
Or stench to taint the joyous air;
Where in the mild winds' antiphons
No factory crashed discordant tones.

Thus pondering an ancient age,
The grave, reproachful Night looks
down
Upon the filthy persiflage
And tawdry glamour of the town,
A nun new-vowed that views the bawd,
Her old loves garland and applaud.

And often her vague challenge seems
To seek me out, in all the heat
Of drunken revels and the gleam
Of hoardings on the sinful street;
And then aversion snaps the thong
Of wine and lights and girls and song,

And I must climb to some high roof
Above the city's lure and light,
Confounded by the mute reproof
Of melancholy-visaged Night,
And strive to answer, half inflamed
By sullen anger, half ashamed.

LEONARD KLINE.

On Reading the New Republic

AH, pause, Appreciation, here
Sophistication doubly nice is;
See polished paragraph appear
Anent some cataclysmic crisis.

Note raw-boned, rude, impulsive
thought
Arrested here and subtly twitted;
Note youth comporting as he ought,
And naked truth correctly fitted.

Not passion's stress, but aftermath!
Opinion's peaceful realignment!
Here ordered logic takes its path
Along the line of most refinement.

To tune the nation's raucous voice
Be these the accents sorely needed;
A calm discriminating choice
By pleasant dalliance preceded.

And here beyond the stir of strife,
Where distant drones the blatant
babble,
Ah, tread the promenade of life
A pace behind the vulgar rabble.

SEYMOUR BARNARD.

Breathless

WHY am I breathless?
Why fainting and trembling,
Almost stopping in fear?

Do you not know
That at any moment
I may turn some corner in this road,
And, like death meeting life,
May come face to face
With you?

Ah, why am I breathless then?
Is it this—that you may be kind—
Or this—that you may turn
And pass me by
Carrying your head high?

HARRISON DOWD.

The Lips of My Lover

TO the lips of my lover, my eyes give
heed,
His whole soul-life in their lines I read!
Rebellious, full,—the nether one tells
Of wayward spirit that in him dwells,
An eager, tumultuous, ardent child,
By all of the warmth of life beguiled!
It calls to the mother-love, half-divine,
That dwells in me, and it makes him
mine!

Close pressed on its warm, rebellious
mate,
The other lies firm and grim as fate,—
Firm in the cause of the poor and weak,
Grim on the trail of the strong and
sleek!
It tells of a spirit austere, aloof,—
Of stern old Puritan sires, the proof!
It calls to the pulsing woman in me,
It makes me his,—till the end shall be!

ALICE MAY RICHARDS.

Any Man to Any God

O GOD, I was a child but yesterday
And now I am a man, my life half
spent,
Outworn, and sick with fevered dis-
content!
I am with terror dumb, so short the
way
That Thou hast given me from clay to
clay;
My body is already sorely bent
Because, through fault or malice, Thou
hast blent
My tissues so their function is decay.

O —God, if Thou didst "in Thy wis-
dom plan"
This Universe of which I am a part,
If Thou didst really work with con-
scious art,
Great God, I pity Thee! May never
man
Reach in his quest for immortality
Thy overpowering lust for misery!
RALPH BACON.

Your Eyes

BLUE eyes
How tired you are,
What has gone that you held dearest,
That could kill your velvet shimmer?
Is it true, "Eyes wet, heart mellow?"
You are dry and hard and hopeless,
Yet you go on searching, searching—

Rest assured you'll never find it
Tired eyes!

ETHEL WAITE.

You

FIRST you were a great storm,
Swooping upon me with white
wings;
Battered and breathless under the wind
I lay.
There was beauty and terror in the
night,
Darkness, and the light of snow;
And the wind of you was a roaring in
my ears.

Now you are the broad sky,
Still and clear beyond the clouds;
You are over me always, height of the
air I breathe.
The earth changes under my feet,
The wind fades, but the sky remains.
When I die, the last that I see will be
the sky.

NANN CLARK BARR.

Reward on Earth

PERRY CARTEREL saw fays and
fairies
Dancing naked in his water basin;
Perry wrote a poem telling of it,
Snubbed his wife, and won undying
fame.

Taliswami cultivated spirits,
Communicated with them fluently;
Tali sold his knowledge to the world
And in return embraced a banker's
daughter.
Silas Martin saw a host of angels
Drinking cider in his apple orchard;
Silas, gratis, told it to the preacher
And consequently was incarcerated.
MARX G. SABEL.

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Orchids and Hollyhocks

The Harvest Moon

SUMMER has given me only vinegar.
Moon, Moon, sweeten my cup!
Summer has buried me in the trenches.
Moon, Moon, lift me up!
Blot out the emptiness of noon
With dreams of beauty, Harvest Moon!

Lovely! Fools' gold is gold in my fingers,
And the night air is sparkling purple wine;
And who is this that mocks the counter-sign
Yet safely steals to my side and lingers
A pillow to my loneliness, as tender
As spring, as fragrant, warmer yet
moonlight cool,
And makes a lover of a warring fool,
And life most glorious, most glad in surrender?

Autumn has opened to me her vineyard.
Moon, Moon, you have sweetened my cup!
Autumn has raised me high as Heaven.
Moon, Moon, you have lifted me up!
You have blotted out the emptiness of noon
With dreams of beauty, Harvest Moon!
RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER.

Sea Moths

AND there were anemones . . .
Bound with green sea-weed,
Delicate clouds of loveliness.
Swaying with the sinuous waves
Of the turning tide.
And in the tiny salt pools—
Kisses left for the grey rocks—
Lay languorous starfish
And lavender snails,
Clinging fast to the thrift.
. . . . And all these are for the sea's
delight.
And she soon with eager wooing,
Will hold these fragile miracles
Close to her breasts.

. . . . The waves . . .
The dancing girls of the sea,
Laughing and throwing high
Their slim white arms,
Run and play on the yellow beach.
Their music is the throbbing tones
Of frail sea-shells,
Which pour forth unceasingly
Magical songs of mystery.
. . . . See! the gulls, their lovers,
Lured on to madness
Swerve in passionate haste
To kiss their pale wan cheeks.
MARGARETTA SCHUYLER.

The Kiss

WHEN feverish, thirsty lips meet
In a hot burning kiss,
Though audible word is not uttered
It is a frantic cry
Into the endlessness . . .
A demanding beseeching calling voice
For somebody
Who is not yet
But who will come.

LAJOS EGRI.

I Am Afraid to Face the Spring

I AM afraid to face the Spring;
I haven't any heart to pass
The wayside lilacs blossoming,
The sunlight drowsing in the grass. . .
It isn't clear to me at all;
My hungry eyes can only see
The shrivelled leaves of days that fall
And drift about me wearily. . . .

I hear that Spring is back again,
That flame-buds kindle all about;
But in my heart the buds of pain
Are swiftly breaking, breaking out!
And yet its when I see the skies
And pass the lilacs blossoming
(Sweet lilacs laughing windily,
That once she used to give me!)
A sudden mist is in my eyes:
I cannot understand this thing;
I have no heart to face the Spring!

LOUIS GINSBERG.

Brother of Poets

I AM a writer.
But I do not write for a living—
I work in a factory.
A blood-red mill where men tear their muscles
At the scream of the foreman,
A mill where they grind out the hearts
and the souls of men.
I am an immigrant, the son of peasants.
I have no polite learning, that knows a
little of many things.
But I have the mind and the soul of a
poet.
I have the Divine Spark.
There is that in me which says to writē.
I go home at night blackened from the
fire of the furnaces.
I sit at the table with the red cloth on
it,
I seize my pen to write of the beauty
within me—
But I fall asleep with my head on the
table.
Sometimes I rise early in the morning
to write.
I thrill with the wonder that is in me.
Then I remember that coal has raised
two dollars a ton,
That we must have flour and the little
ones shoes—
My wife is thin because she does not
have enough to eat.
I earn ten dollars at the mill,
That is not enough to buy coal and
flour and shoes.
I wonder what I am going to do.
I pick up my pen, but the beautiful
thought has left me.
My mind is as barren as my purse.
I take up my lunch of bread and cheese
and go off to the mill.
If I stop to think of the beautiful thing
I forgot
The foreman swears at me.
I think I shall never get it written.

I read of a rich man who paid thous-
ands of dollars for a picture.
The artist was dead.

I do not care for money,
But I wish I could write that beautiful
thing before I die.

MARY ISABELLE HENKE.

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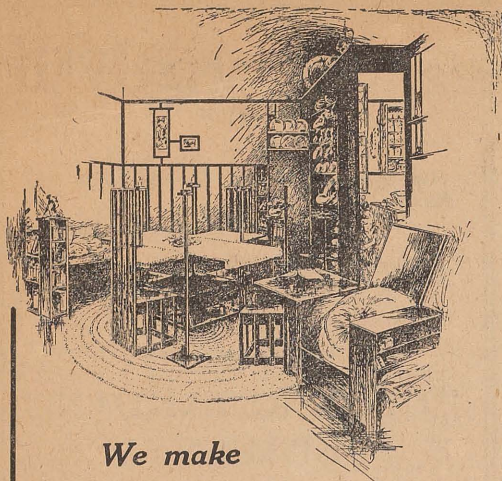
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THERE was a youth
Of hair uncouth
And Greenwich Village fame
He spelled his "through"
T-h-r-u
And Sinjin was his name.
He chanced to see
One Saturday
As he went out to sup
The U. S. N.
Desired men
Of nineteen years and up.

Cho.

*They all have gotta go to serve their country,
She's calling for the fearless and the brave,
She ain't a gonna stand no Huns' effrontery,
She'll show 'em who's the ruler of the wave!*

"This is a chanst
For khaki pants,"
He said, "which can't be mist.
I've had enuff
Of Hunnish stuff—
I'm no damn Pacifist."
Thereafter he
To lunch and tea
Shook his Byronic head.
When he was ast
To a repast
He sent regrets and said:

Cho.

*"I guess I gotta go to serve my country,"
Et cetera, et cetera."*

The highbrow zone
Where Sinjin shone
Now knows him as before,
Though he prefer
To sit a *doux*
And talk about the war.
He waves away
With air distraut
The artists' idle buzz
He might have seen
A submarine
And heard a mitraillease!

Cho.

*For Sinjin might have gone to serve his country,
Only his head and heart and lungs were queer,
Those army surgeons show such crass effrontery!
But one is much more comfortable here.*
RUTH UNDERHILL.

To One Loved

NOW you have grown so very dear
to me,
Your touch is precious as new leaves,
And your long look takes my thought
wavering
Off to the green hills . . .
O on this day of spring's return
Let us break our way into the budded
places!

FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN.

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For December:

A Soldier of Humour, by Wyndham Lewis.
A Letter from Remy de Gourmont to
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For January:

Women and Men, by Ford Madox Hueffer.

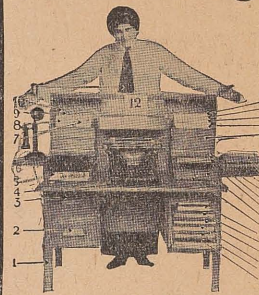
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Orchids and Hollyhocks

The Coolie Ship

ACROSS the huddled forms each
wrapped in its blanket,
Lying in the dim light drifted with the
smoke
Of opium, fetid with close-packed life,
Sound the broken notes of the crude
little flute,
The waves strike the ship which rocks
and tosses;
The weary figures are torpid, each be-
side its bundle;
The stars swing and sway as though
fastened to strings;
The tired engines gasp and strain
against the sea—
They beat quick and uneven like the
heart of a dying man.
Across the troubled decks, losing itself
in the vast reaches of sky and sea,
The Chinese flute breathes its broken
song into the night.

ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH.

Little Daughter of the Streets

OH, little daughter of the streets,
Wild with an errant will,
Where vagrant and drunk and beggar
meet,
The currents of the common street
Lie open for your straying feet,
Young feet that are not still.

Wayward and idle, free and wild,
Your own will is your way.
Our hedges and our dykes are lies,
Too low to hold you, grown too wise,
(You of the bold and wilful eyes)
Too petulant to stay.

Dull tasks and high brick walls we set
Between the sun and you.
When you break forth in laughing guise,
(Oh hard young mouth and bright young
eyes)
Your brimming pleasure-zest defies
Thin rules you trample through.

Hunger for life and thirst for joy,
A will that is not stayed,
Bold for thrust and hot for praise,
You enter all the gleaming ways,
(You of the flushed, undaunted gaze)
So sure and unafraid.

Little daughter of the streets,
Wild with an errant will,
How long can your tremulous beauty
hold,
The arrogant grace, the touch of bold
And wanton joy, the glint of gold,
Young heart that is not still?

RUTH TRUE.

Contradictions

IF Death would only come in passion's
guise
And claim my longing soul with pant-
ing breath
Like lover's lips, 'neath sultry, moonlit
skies,
I'd go with Death.

But Death, uncaring, pitiless and stern,
Repels my shivering soul, that quails at
fate—
Till, for its mad insistence, back I turn
Toward Life I hate!

LIZZIE C. WARD.

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