

THE JANUARY 1916 10 CENTS
M A S S E S



FRANK
WALTS

The MASSES

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John Sloan

MANAGING EDITOR

Floyd Dell

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Mr. Huebsch's list includes books by

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and other popular foreign and American authors.

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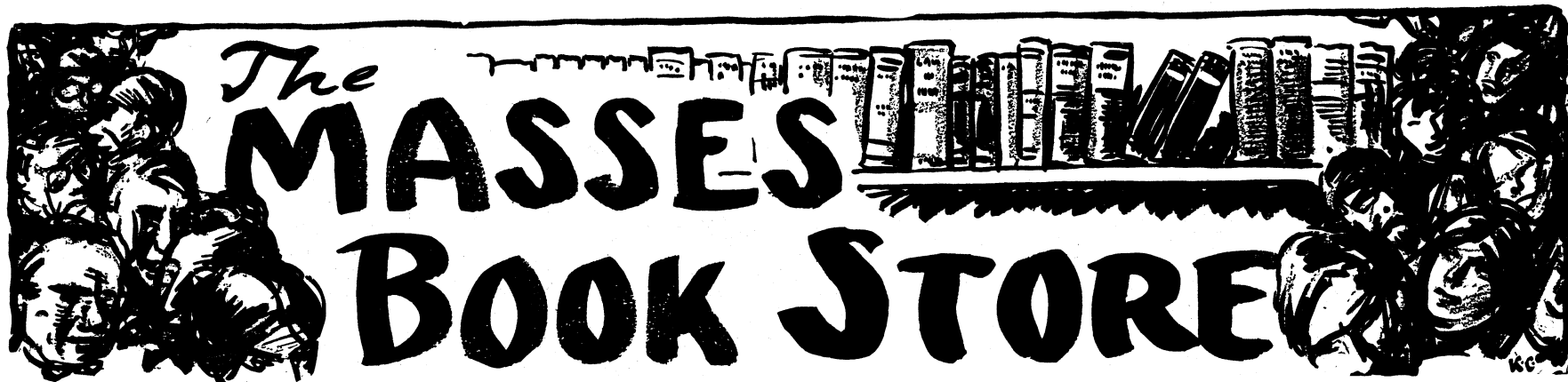
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(Continued on page 21)



Drawn by John Sloan.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURIST

"That's the way with you people, you're always copying."

"Well, at least we're not copying you."



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Vol. VIII. No. 3

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THE RELIGION OF GERMANY

Frank Bohn

IN the private office of the secretary of the Y. M. C. A., at Dresden, a copy of the well-known picture of the boy Jesus at twelve years of age, measured three inches square. Above it, in purple and gold and white and red, filling a frame two and a half feet square, was the full figure of Kaiser Wilhelm der Zweite.

"Yes," said the secretary, "war has done much for the spiritual life of the German people. In the four centuries since the German Reformation the Catholics and Protestants of Germany have not been so close together. At the front we attend each other's services. We distribute each other's tracts. War has brought about spiritual unity in Germany."

On the train from Leipsic to Dresden, a kindly, intellectual gentleman, the postmaster of Weimer, had permitted himself to become considerably wrought up in our conversation. "You shall see," he said to me, in a tone of voice which caused his wife to call him to order, "You shall see! Your Roosevelt will never again be received by the German Emperor as he was before. Just let him try to call on the Emperor again. He will be greatly disappointed. Next year you may keep your Christmas gifts, we don't want them. I wish we might collect those of last year and send them back to you. The idea! To send us a shipload of Christmas gifts for the children and then follow it with hundreds of shiploads of ammunition for our enemies to kill us with!"

But when the train drew into Dresden the old gentleman's heart relented. "Have you a place to stay in Dresden?" he asked. "No," I replied.

"Then come with us. We are going to the 'Christliche Hospice.'"

The "Christliche Hospice" turned out to be the Y. M. C. A. Hotel. Two blocks from the main railway station in Dresden, it was situated in a spacious, shady garden. There, as in many Y. M. C. A. hotels in the United States, one has excellent room and board for little more than half the regular price. I took a long walk in the great park of Dresden and then spent the evening at the Y. M. C. A.

Now, the strangest thing about the human race, as most everyone finds out, sooner or later, is that the different sections of the species are so much alike. The Y. M. C. A. at Dresden was exactly like the Y. M. C. A. at Boston, or Indianapolis, ought to be, although I have never been in the latter places and cannot say for sure. The young man who showed me about the Dresden Y. M. C. A. during the evening was the same good, kind, harmless soul who is on hand at the Y. M. C. A. every evening the world over. He was lately from the country and wore a

celluloid collar. It was perfectly evident that from the day of his birth he had not committed one evil deed or permitted an impure thought to enter his mind. The father of the Y. M. C. A., whom I met later, was a Landwehr Captain. He welcomed me with his whole soul. Would I do them the honor of seeing all they had, staying as long as I possibly could, and carrying off all I wished when I left. . . I visited the library, the cafe, the small and the large room for prayers, the boys' playrooms, and so on and so forth. When I got to the gymnasium in the basement it was quite late. A hundred boys were being drilled a Feldwebel (First Sergeant). "Why were these boys being drilled?" I asked the virtuous young man. "They are being prepared for service, in case Germany is invaded," he said. I went to my room and to bed and tried to go to sleep.

The open window of the gymnasium was just below my open window. I heard the stentorian tones of the drill sergeant as he gave his orders. A German major, while commanding his battalion, may give evidence of some note of personality. But the voice of a Feldwebel has a measured sound, like the noise of a strong man driving spikes with a sixteen pound hammer. He told the boys that their first duty was to obey, absolutely, that that was the one law of life for them. If he told them to sit on the floor, they must sit on the floor. If he told them to stand on their heads, their position must be instantly reversed. This was no boy scout company drilling. The boys were kept at it, hour after hour. The voice of the drill sergeant grew louder and louder. The commands suggested to me the deep-mouthed bark of a big dog. I sat up in bed and thought about it all. Everything now happening in Europe seemed plain to me at that moment, although I have forgotten the conclusions I then came upon.

Later in the evening some further entertainment developed. A men's choir assembled in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium for a practice hour. It was evident that the choir had lately lost many of its members and was breaking in recruits. Nevertheless they did very well. They sang the wonderful songs of home and country which are the heart and soul of German music, and of which there are twenty in German for every one in English. There was tremendous power in the singing, and the love of loyal hearts, and infinite hope. Their music was a part of the national defense, as much as the Krupp guns and the Zeppelin Corps.

As dreams came "to mix themselves with my thoughts and thoughts ran on to dreams," the last mundane psychic state that I recall was a compari-

son between Germany and Niagara Falls—the Fatherland going down, down, down, with a tremendous roar of power released and all the power wasted.

In the morning I arose very early and breakfasted with the matron, alone. The matron was such a woman as you find in charge of one of the dormitories at Bryn Mawr or Vassar. She was tall and straight as a lance. Her face was fine and intellectual. She was exceedingly polite and so didn't burst out upon me immediately about the ammunition. She smothered that for over four minutes. Meanwhile we talked about the varieties of birds singing in the garden, the glories of the May morning, the difficulties of living a truly Christian life, and the infinite satisfaction that comes from having some important work to do in the world and getting out "on the job" early. With the second cup of coffee she poured for me I noticed that her hand trembled a little.

"You Americans," she said, "why do you sell ammunition to our enemies? Do your countrymen think of nothing but money?"

By way of explanation, let me say that for the first ten days in Germany I was meek as a lamb, but, having found that most everybody was amenable to argument, I came to express my views openly, without fear of insult, not to speak of going to jail.

"My generous and good woman," I said, "do you know, that just a year ago, when President Wilson made war upon Mexico, that your great Krupp corporation dispatched a stupendous shipload of arms and ammunition to that despicable murderer, Huerta? In fact, America spent millions of dollars and quite a number of American sailors and marines were killed, for the sole purpose of keeping you Germans from giving assistance to Huerta."

"No," said the good woman, "I didn't know that."

"You ought to know it," I replied.

"Did you know that two weeks before the opening of the present war, that Germany sent hundreds of machine guns to Russia? Do you realize that German soldiers are now being killed by machine guns which German workingmen have made and German capitalists have sold?"

"No," said the matron, "I didn't know that."

"Forgive me, my dear woman, but you ought to know it," I added. At this point she rose, and leaving her coffee steaming and me alone at the table, without a spoken word to accompany her scornful look, she left the table.

Half an hour later found me at prayers with the people of the house. We sat about a long, black table. Before each there was placed a tiny song

book. The Y. M. C. A. secretary, whose jet black beard made me feel sure that he would do well in the leading role at Oberammergau, sat at the head of the table. Let me hasten to observe that this was the only democratic meeting I attended in Germany. The cook and the chambermaid faced me from the opposite side of the table. The matron, the back of whose head I had last seen vanishing through the breakfast room door, was opposite, and three seats down on the left. Her looks were kindly now. She had forgiven me and my country, completely, as far as outward appearances indicated, though her heart was probably still given over to warlike palpitations. I joined lustily in the hymn. Being translated, it went something as follows:

Take Jesus with you, all the way,
He will guide and protect you.
Though the heathen rage without,
And would devour you, hide, hair and bones,
Your faith will keep you whole.

(Translated from memory. F. B.)

The secretary prayed and then made a few remarks—thoughts with which to begin the day. He said that the tendency was for Christian doctrine, having been preached into one ear, to very quickly and noiselessly make its exit from the other ear. Hence he would not make many words of the thought of the morning contained in the Scriptural reading. Believing the doctrines was hardly a beginning of Christian life. The fact itself lay in the deed. "Hence go forth, and let all that you are and do be toward the salvation of your soul, and full of help for your brethren along the way, that they neither stumble nor fall."

Five minutes later, I was in the secretary's private office. The talk we had was face to face and heart to heart. I went at him pretty hard. There is room here for only what he said.

"We have six hundred senior members of our Y. M. C. A. Two hundred and thirty are in the field and more are going every day.

"When the war started I was a German delegate at the International Y. M. C. A. Congress, in London. I was a guest at the home of one of our English leaders, a colonel in the British Army. The war came, and the very thought of it was terrible. I rushed from the house of my host and escaped from London, just in time to prevent my arrest and imprisonment.

"You ask, Why are these Christian nations at war? I answer that there are no Christian nations. There are a few Christians in each nation. The growth of humanity has been a growth downward.

"We Germans are not responsible for the war. Our enemies are wholly responsible. They maliciously attacked us. It will be fifty or a hundred years before we Y. M. C. A. men of Germany can work in harmony with the Y. M. C. A. men of England. Yet I think they and we have the same view about the war—it is a punishment sent upon us by Almighty God on account of our sins. After all, the war has brought many excellent results. I see a deepening of the spiritual life of Germany, everywhere. Thousands of men who never before turned their faces heavenward are now looking up to God and praying for forgiveness of sins. Our field workers report that they never dreamed of such revivals of religion as have marked their work in the camps and in the field. Here is a postal card I received from the front a few days ago. I knew the young man who wrote it very well, indeed. He used to come around the Y. M. C. A., but he was never really interested in religion and the salvation of the soul. This card tells me that he has found Jesus, and rested easy in the consciousness of the forgiveness of his sins. A few days after I received this card the

young man was killed in battle. He died a saved man and his soul is in Heaven at this moment. There are thousands of such cases. What is Christianity for, if not to make us bear our trials and tribulations peacefully, with the realizing sense that they are sent for our good? In this way of Christian faith as in everything else, the Kaiser is leading his people. No one really understands it as well as he. We know that we are misunderstood by nearly all the world. What difference can that make? We shall triumph over all that are against us, because we are in the right."

"Good-bye," I said. "Good-bye and God bless you," he said. "Good-bye," said the matron and the maid. "Good-bye, and come again," shouted the gardener, as I passed down among the great trees of the garden.

The Red Cross Lie

THERE are lies that one has the will to accept. Usually these are of the genre of love-lies, or lies that wear the mask of pity.

The most unworthy of these and the one gaining the widest acceptance is the lie that Red Cross organizations are humane and peaceful. Let the truth be said forthright; Red Cross organizations are part of the system of war; a part of the business or organizing killing and of maintaining the killing organizations in a higher state of efficiency, of increasing their power and lengthening their lives. A Red Cross body that has rescued 100 men broken on the battlefield, cleansed their bodies, healed their wounds, restored their health and revived their spirits, and returned them to the killing zones to continue their work of death, has recruited 100 soldiers for the war makers.

Moreover, it has recruited 100 soldiers by the help of the pacifist and by the leave of our most humane feelings.

On the credible pretense of succoring the wounded and rescuing the fallen the Red Cross has enlisted the prayer of the peaceful in its partnership with murder and used the power of the neutral to sharpen the swords of the combatants, and while it feeds its restored soldiers to every battle line it admits it has not an enemy in all the world.

Publicity and his hoary friend Time had torn from War's brow the halo of his glory, when came this new lie. It was a lie from birth. It did not ask us for our faith and substance to keep the warrior's standard flying in the winds of passion. No—we were done with that. But it said—Of your charity, kind friends, in the name of Christ, give to stop the wounds of your brothers.

And those multitudes on whom the plea of red glory could have no claim, those multitudes who were wrung in anguish and smitten in pity, gave—to the demonstrable result that their brothers have suffered more grievous wounds.

Feeling their pity and surmising their anguish and their sickness of heart, I am constrained to shout to them across the world—"The Red Cross is war's reddest lie."

And to whisper to myself—"But, alas, a most credible lie.

E. McK.

Press Pearl

"BENJAMIN E. DAVIS will be hanged shortly after daybreak this morning. . . . Dr. William L. Smith, jail physician, visited him and said his condition had improved and that he could see no reason why he should not be hanged, from a standpoint of health."—*Baltimore Sun*.

"Consider the Lilies"

THOUSANDS have done it, but one scarcely does it more than once. This was Lily's first experience.

She went to her room. The veins in her body felt empty. She had the sensation of floating—of *seeing* herself floating. She took off her hat, laid it on the bureau. Unfastened the tube from the one-burner gas-stove. Lay down on the bed and placed the tube to her lips.

Grotesquely, she looked like a baby with a nursing tube between her lips. In her ragged, faded finery she lay there, utterly relaxed, while the fumes of the gas filled the tiny room, dreaming of sunny days in the bright nursery where she used to dress and undress her doll.

What a beautiful doll it was! What a gorgeous dress! There were many dresses and her mother was helping her.

The scene changed to the diminutive apartment which they had occupied after the death of her father and their financial reverses. Her mother had gone to the office as usual, and Lily was amusing herself "playing lady":

An old skirt of her mother's was pinned high up under her arms, showing the fat sandaled feet in front, and trailing out far in the back. The tumbled yellow curls were piled in a lofty pyramid. She looked like the Dwarf Princess from Story-Book-Land.

"F'r Gawd's sake, le' me in!" shrieked the landlady, as she banged the door open.

The contents of the splotchy water-pitcher were dashed over the limp girl, who wondered why she had been stopped in her game of "playing lady," so rudely. It had all happened in a minute. And then Lily was very ill from the gas, and very white and weak.

The landlady brought her some hot soup, and Lily enjoyed the newness of being treated nicely and petted.

"I've been noticin' y'," said the kind-hearted, hard-worked keeper of the lodging house, "and when I smelt that gas—my!—I busted right in."

Next day she came in and found Lily sitting up and looking quite leisurely in a kimona. Fingering the garments thrown across a chair, she ventured:

"It's hard, sometimes, for a girl to keep in nice looking clothes, Dearie. I was thinkin' of the young lady who was here before you—she left some pretty clothes. She only took away one white dress with her. The others is in a closet in my room—I've been thinkin' some of selling them—but they're so pretty—and *she* was such a pretty little thing!"

"Where did she go?" asked Lily.

Silently the landlady pointed to the dark, wriggled gas-tube lying like a snake on the table.

"But—why? Didn't she have plenty of pretty clothes! I don't see—"

"She never told her troubles," answered the woman, as she left the room, and returned with the pretty dresses—each even more than a trifle too gay and fine for a "working girl."

Lily gasped at their—to her—great beauty.

"I believe they'd just about fit you," interjected the landlady. "Mebbe you could wear 'em, and get you a job, and then pay me for 'em as you could. They ain't worth anything to me."

Thrill upon thrill shot through Lily's soul, as she fastened on the pretty garments. The tragic bitterness of the bare, shabby months was forgotten.

And she went out to find another job.

ERNESTINE JOHNSON.



Drawn by John Sloan.

ADAM AND EVE: HER FIRST MISTAKE

Little Submarines

EVENTS which have passed since December 1, thanks to the Almighty—" thus begins the Sultan's speech from the throne. With the Kaiser and the Sultan hobnobbing with the Almighty, it must be hard for poor old Roosevelt to put up with Ezekiel.

ALL we are asked by the Plattsburg dynasty to believe is that the last billion dollars was wasted, but the next will buy a fine job lot of national honor.

AT LEAST it is a relief to know that our new army and navy are to be founded upon solid European precedents. They are to be used only for defense.

THE opening of the New York grand opera season was a brilliant success owing to the presence of many New Haven directors who were in town attending the autumn prosecutions. The papers express relief because Broadway did not fall into the subway that night and mix the upper and lower classes.

ANYONE who found a boom floating around after the sinking of the New York *Constitution* is requested to return it to its owner, Elihu Root. It has only a sentimental value. Advt.

CONGRESSMAN MANN'S solemn warning that the Republican Party "cannot win with a two-spot" was followed, for some reason, by the withdrawal of Governor Willis of Ohio.

THE Republican position on the Philippine question is now clear. The administration of the islands

by the Democrats has been so bad that it proves the natives incapable of self-government.

A RECENT meeting of 5,000 in the tabernacle at Syracuse was berated by Billy Sunday, because the collection amounted to only \$76.38. Still, that's more than they collected from the same number at the Sermon on the Mount.

YOU never can tell. Just when Britain's military situation looked the darkest, it won a brilliant victory over the London *Globe*.

ALTHOUGH the Interstate Commerce Commission had just ruled that students are not livestock, a member of the Georgetown football team was put out of the game for biting. Now we've got to have a new rule: civilians are requested not to bite the army.

THE New York *Times* speaks of "the half-baked theories that prevail in most of the suffrage states." Are the western states hungry for the theories that father used to bake?

IT is a pleasure to learn that the postmaster who was suspended for criticising the President's engagement has been reinstated. A man's fitness to handle mail should be judged solely by his attitude toward the tariff and Andrew Jackson.

JAPAN is sending ammunition to Russia. How times change! In the last big war, the Russians had to call for it personally.

"GERMANY shuts off meat two days a week." Every day'll be Friday bye and bye.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

God and the Military

IT is a pity nobody can start an army without dragging God into the business. God has not figured in American politics for some months, but no sooner does the President desert himself and every courageous word he has spoken out of his own heart, military, than he goes and drags up a Divine Providence to help him sin.

"We are a God-fearing people. We agree to differ about methods of worship, but we are united in believing in Divine Providence, and in worshipping the God of Nations." This is a plea for preparedness.

What nonsense!

If we fear God, why do we arm against men? And if we believe in Divine Providence, why do we arm at all?

The one really hopeful thing about our getting ready with our guns is that it shows we do not fear God, and we do not believe in Divine Providence. We have that much sense.

Now, if we could only fear ourselves and believe in our principles, we would get ready with something better than guns. We would get ready with every kind of international *rapprochement* that we can think of. We would bind these States of America together so close that they couldn't fight, and then we would tackle Asia and Europe. It is a long, steep, hazardous, tremendous task ahead of us—to abolish nationalism. And that "God of Nations" will never help us. But it is the only thing that will ever unburden the blood of the world from the vampire of international war.



Drawn by John Sloan.

ADAM AND EVE: HER FIRST MISTAKE



Drawn by Arthur Young.

"BUSINESS AS USUAL"

The Industrial Committee

THE Commission on Industrial Relations had a militant statesmanship which made some people glad and others sorry that its existence would soon come to an end. Its official existence has now ended, but every fighting lover of liberty will be glad to know that it is to continue its work, unofficially, as a "Committee on Industrial Relations." It has been reorganized; the representatives of the employers (who refused to sign the Commission's report) will not be members, nor will that academic and "disinterested" person, Professor Commons, who joined with Mrs. Harriman in a minority report which outlined a method for the scientific and bureaucratic enslavement of the workers, by way of replacing the crude methods of exploitation now in vogue. Others have been added to the committee: Frederic C. Howe, Amos Pinchot, Helen Marot, Bishop Williams of Detroit, Dante Barton, former editor of the Kansas City Post. Basil M. Manly, who wrote the Commission's report, will be the executive secretary of the committee.

With this personnel, the Industrial Committee will continue the work so auspiciously begun by its public hearings and its official report. This report is the most remarkable official document ever published in this country. If you have only read *about* it, you have missed something. In clear and illuminating words it shows how the employing class in America has over-

thrown democracy, abolished justice and created poverty. It finds the chief hope of establishing freedom and a general well-being, in the strengthening of the working-class organizations which are engaged in fighting the employing class. Imbued with a distinctly American idealism, it faces candidly and courageously the necessity of extreme changes in our laws and institutions. It is not a document which can fairly be tagged by even the most orthodox Socialist as "reformism." It is the beginning of an indigenous American revolutionary movement.

The Committee will find its work and do it. But we believe this work will be best accomplished if it does not hope for too much from our legislative machinery, and does not spend its energy in lobbying for new laws. Its best function will be, as it has been so far, publicity. In a nation where, for various reasons, the newspapers distort and suppress the facts about our industrial conditions, the Committee can do no better work than bringing the truth before the nation. It can do with regard to each particular strike as it occurs what it has done for the industrial situation as a whole in its Report, and what it has done, after a lapse of time, for the Colorado strike.

The Committee has an opportunity to become a permanent bureau of publicity for the American revolt that is being waged silently and desperately, in many places, that revolt of which we learn through the newspapers next to nothing. In the practical dearth of a free press, the Committee can tell us what is going on,

even if it has to send out the news on a postal card. And since Silence and Misrepresentation are the greatest indirect aids of our industrial tyranny in maintaining itself, we shall have in this Committee a Public Servant of first rate revolutionary importance. There still remains the struggle, but for the first time in our history we shall be enabled to see the issues clearly, and have a chance to help, but not hinder, those who are fighting the obscure battles of American freedom.

THE NEUTRAL

HATED by all for her hypocrisy,
Made sleek with gain, the Neutral Ally stands,
Heaping the profits up with eager hands,
Protesting loud her dread neutrality
That turns the death of men into a fee—
A marvel and a hissing to all lands!...
Woe to her, if the Kaiser's ruthless bands,
Or the World's Bully, turn the victory!

Faithful to none, and faithless unto all,
And waxing fat on hatred, woe, and war;
The clink of counted gold, her bugle call—
A shell marked U. S. A. her only star—
What will she do when other bugles sound
And tramp of angry armies shake the ground?

HARRY KEMP.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

“BUSINESS AS USUAL”

JOE

[Joseph O'Brien died October 27th, 1915.]

IT'S strange without you. I do not like it.

I want to see you coming down the street in the gay woolly stockings and that bright green sweater.

I want you to open the door of my house and brightly call "Hello!"

We used to rage about the way you kept us waiting—

Honest now, were you ever on time anywhere?

But I'd wait—oh, I can't say how long I wouldn't wait if there was any chance of your finally swinging along and charming away my exasperation.

That was a mean advantage—

Letting us wait and then spoiling our grievance with a smile.

I want to sit over a drink with you and talk about the I. W. W. and the damned magazines and the Germans; I want to argue with you about building book shelves and planting bulbs.

I want awfully to tell you a joke I heard yesterday.

And now that you are gone I want intensely to find you.

What were you, Joe? I don't think any of us really know.

Many are talking about your warmth, but there was something diamond hard in you,

Something unyielding and inexorable to all not you.

Many are talking about your gayety; none of them loved it more than I did,

But I want now to know about those reservations; I want to know the you that brooded and lived alone.

They say you were so sunny; but ah, you were so subtle.

Much I do not know, but this I know—

You saw things straight; nobody put it over very hard on you.

The thing in you that thought was like a knife blade,

Muddling and messing made you sick.

Your scorn put the crimp in a lot of twaddle that goes on among our kind of folks—

How I'd like to hear you cuss some of them out again!

Graceful levity—fiery dissatisfactions. Debonair and passionate.

Much I do not know and never shall, but this I know:

I feel the sway of beauty when I think of you.

A fresh breeze; a shining point;

Pure warmth; pure hardness.

Much given and something withheld;

A jest—a caress—an outrageous little song. A gift. A halt in speech—a keen, grave look of understanding.

Undependable and yet deeply there: Vivid and unforgettable.

Is that at all you? Would you laugh if you saw this?

Well, laugh, but I say, again,

Unforgettable.

Strong clear violet; the flash of steel;

The life of the party—a tree way off by itself.

Oh, what's the use? I can't.

I only know my throat's all tight with the longing to have you open the door of my house and brightly call "Hello!"

SUSAN GLASPELL.

Protection

"HELPLESS Albanians, we will protect your property," say the Italians, as they seize Avlona, and take all the provisions so that people starve in the mountains.

"Helpless Albanians, we will protect your neutrality," say the Serbians, as they make a devastating drive through Albanian territory to reach the Austrians.

"Helpless Albanians, we will protect your civilization," say the Montenegrins, as they commit pillage, rape and murder under the protection of stronger races.

"Helpless Albanians, we will protect your lives," say the Greeks, as they seize Kortsche, and turn loose a fanatic soldiery upon unarmed Mohammedan peasants.

"Helpless Albanians, we will protect your sepulchers from despoilation, when you have been exterminated," say England and Russia, the protectors of small nationalities.

"The Inwardness of Events"

LAST summer a group of corporation lawyers headed by Elihu Root, together with the political machines, prepared a constitution for the benefit of the State of New York. On election day the people of the State rejected this corporation-made document by one of the most crushing majorities in American history. Thus was ended an effort to reduce American State government to a form closely resembling the centralized bureaucracies of the Kaiser and the Czar.

The older Tories of New York acknowledged their defeat—including even the "intellectual" and academic Tories of the *Evening Post* and the City Club. Not so with our younger "intellectuals" of the *New Republic*. Far from accepting the spanking the people had administered them, they came back with the following:

"Probably the most progressive state constitution which has been offered to the American people."

The defeat of the constitution was due largely to "the political machines of both parties."

The voters were "jeopardizing the future prosperity and even the future safety of democracy itself."

"The people don't know what they want to vote for so they vote according to their interests. . . .!"

But the *New Republic* felt the popular rebuke keenly. A great crisis was before it. And nothing less than a brand new sociology would do for the occasion.

Hence:

The deplorable result was not due to any conflict of interests between corporations and people. Oh, no! It was due to a merely intellectual difference of opinion and ideas between insiders and outsiders:

"The insiders with their minds open to the problem of administration and their minds closed to the feelings and needs of the ordinary voter; the outsiders blind to the importance of a powerful executive, but *emotionally true* in their judgment of the kind of men who have been their executives." Just a slight slip of the pen and Mr. Lippman would have stated the whole truth, namely, that the people's judgment of their executives is *correct*, as well as "emotionally true." (What insufferable condescension in that expression!)

And what is the conclusion of this new political science? The outsiders (the people) must compromise with the insiders. Why? Because the insiders are on the inside and they alone know and understand what is going on.

The insider is "in on the illuminating chatter of events." To the outsider "the inwardness of events is a closed book."

Are you in on the inwardness of events? If not keep out. The illuminating chatter of events—and the control of the earth—is not for outsiders.

W. E. W.



DRAWING BY GEORGE BELLOW'S



DRAWING BY GEORGE BELLOWS



Drawn by Arthur Young.

MILLIONS FOR "DEFENCE"

MARGINS—By Max Eastman

WHEN a healthy nervous system has an idea put in at the top, some sort of action results in the lower parts. I try to keep mine healthy when I sit still and read, by having a pencil in my hand and jotting down swear words along the margins of my book. But that is hardly satisfying, and I often think how undignified those expletives must look to anyone who reads a book after me. Perhaps if I precipitate these margins, and set them out in a form that can be understood—at least by the authors of the books—it will be still better for my nerves.

At last Dewey has got out a book¹ about schools that can be passed around. You won't have to go to see him, to find out what his theory of education is.

But he didn't write the book. Evelyn Dewey wrote it. I think he wrote Chapter I, and the criticism of Montessori. Evelyn wrote the rest very well.

A little indistinct and repetitious as a book by two authors always is.

With what characteristic gentleness and appreciation he lays Madame Montessori back on the shelf!

With what characteristic self-forgetfulness he attributes the whole theory of the "School of To-morrow" to Plato and Rousseau, and the whole practice to various teachers just born the last year or two, when he himself started a "School of To-morrow" in Chicago fifteen years ago!

But Dewey can't kill his reputation. It crops up somewhere else every time.

Evelyn says that Mrs. Johnson of the Fairhope School in Alabama, doesn't make children learn to read until they spontaneously want to. "We must wait for the desire of the child, for the consciousness of need," says Mrs. Johnson; "then we must promptly supply the means to satisfy the child's desire." The desire generally appears at eight or nine years, but Mrs. Johnson even "goes so far as to prevent children from learning to read at too early an age."

"I don't know whether the joke is on Evelyn Dewey or Mrs. Johnson. But that kind of going far—so far you come around behind where you started, is the danger to every evangel. And most of all to the highest of all—the evangel of letting people be themselves.

I LIKE to praise Anna Walling's book,² because both its author and her heroine seem so foreign to me, having that intensity of sustained fervor of life in reality, that seems only for Russians and Jews. They burn with hot fire. Their being is self-justified. They live and are sources of life. I used to wonder if they ever sleep, for I could not imagine them sleeping. As for me, I loaf, and smoulder, and dodge life, and tinker with trivialities, until at last some momentary conflux of stimulus and impulse creates me, and I do enter into those ecstasies and agonies that flesh was never made for, and lie limp and melancholy very soon after. I think I like to praise her book, because I want to assert that although I can not *be* these things, I can at least *have* them.

It is a beautiful book, and not like any other—especially any other of this day and place. Exalted when all the rest are being sophisticated; exalted without being exalted; exalted without falling down in any sentence.

A BOOK I picked up at The Poetry Bookshop in London, that is made out of reality by a real person, is "The Contemplative Quarry," by Anna Wickham.³ I call Anna Wickham mighty wise and sassy. I never got more fun and truth out of a little paper of poems.

She has about the same attitude to rhyme and meter that she has to "male and proper man." Use him, and—well, love him (you can't help it), but don't be fooled.

"I have to thank God I'm a woman,
For in these ordered days a woman only
Is free to be very hungry, very lonely. . . ."

But "Meditation at Kew" is a poem that suggests what is in the book.

A LAS for all the pretty women who marry dull men,
Go into the suburbs, and never come out again,
Who lose their pretty faces, and dim their pretty eyes,
Because no one has skill or courage to organize.

What do these pretty women suffer when they marry?
They bear a boy who is like Uncle Harry,
A girl who is like Aunt Eliza, and not new.
These old dull races must breed true.

I would enclose a common in the sun,
And let the young wives out to laugh and run;
I would steal their dull clothes and go away,
And leave the pretty naked things to play.

Then I would make a contract with hard Fate
That they see all the men in the world and choose a mate,
And I would summon all the pipers in the town
That they dance with Love at a feast, and dance him down.

From the gay unions of choice
We'd have a race of splendid beauty, and of thrilling voice.

The World whips frank gay love with rods,
But frankly, gaily, shall we get the gods.

³The Contemplative Quarry, by Anna Wickham. London. The Poetry Bookshop. 6d net.



NOON

PRESERVED SMITH, of Vassar College, sends me a reprint from the Journal of Psychology called "Luther's Early Development in the Light of Psycho-Analysis." The heart of it is that Luther's doctrines of the bondage of the will and salvation by faith, and his break with the church, were the result of unmanageable concupiscence and auto-erotic habits in a monk of neurotic temperament. Such the foundation of Protestantism!

Rather shocking to one piously reared in the economic interpretation of the Reformation.

YOU rarely read through a book by a professor. Because professors write one book for every thought, and you are more likely to find the thought if you don't read too much of the book.

But Horace M. Kallen's⁴ book on Henri Bergson and William James is written with a brain that has blood as well as serum in it. I read it through.

To condense Bergson and James, heart and mind, into a small volume—and expound with illustrations a Freudian interpretation of the whole history of philosophy at the same time—is no professorial trick. That kind of thing would wreck the professorial business.

I like Bergson's Absolute Reality better than any other Absolute Reality in the whole of philosophy, but I agree with James that there isn't one anywhere outside of philosophy.

What a shearing and fire-tracing pen James had! Stars and the world!

Sometimes I feel almost superior, though, to James' philosophic declarations. James merely thinks *in* philosophy what every sensible man thinks *of* it.

Brilliantly and passionately he declares that the universe is pluralistic.

"Whaddeye mean, pluralistic?"

"Why—why—there's more than one thing in it!"

"God a'mighty, did you have to write a book about that!"

Could you, I ask myself, even supposing you had the genius, be brilliant and passionate about so obvious a thing? Well, you could if you had stayed long enough trying to live and breathe in the atmosphere of academic metaphysics. You would think that obvious thing needed saying terribly. We don't yell for open windows when we are on the outside of the house. And we naturally think they look a little frantic in there.

I feel that way sometimes about James. I told him once, after his lecture at Columbia defining the meaning of an idea as "its result in action," that the meaning of *that* idea was to resign your chair of philosophy. He pretty well agreed.

But that is too true to be good.

After all, the sensible man is lucky rather than wise—he is free of metaphysical knowledge, but he is not *immune*. James offered the world immunity from that disease, forever. He died, as you might say, to save us. For his passing from science to philosophy was a kind of death.

Horace M. Kallen tries to do at the beginning of Chapter III what he can not do—write reality like James. I didn't read that through.

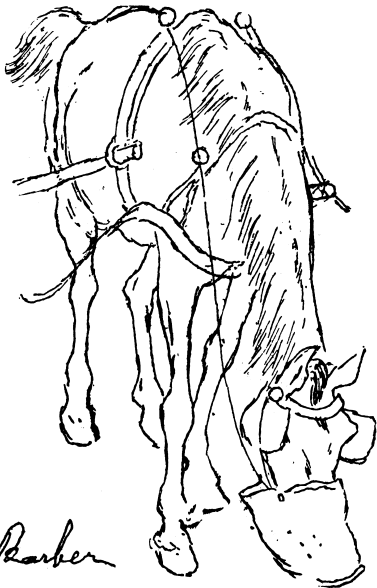
Bergson—it seems to me—talks well to science. Science might learn from him to be more philosophic.

James talks to philosophy. Philosophy learns from him to be wise.

⁴"William James and Henri Bergson," by Horace M. Kallen. The thesis of this book is that Bergson belongs to the philosophic tradition: James is the philosopher of a new age.

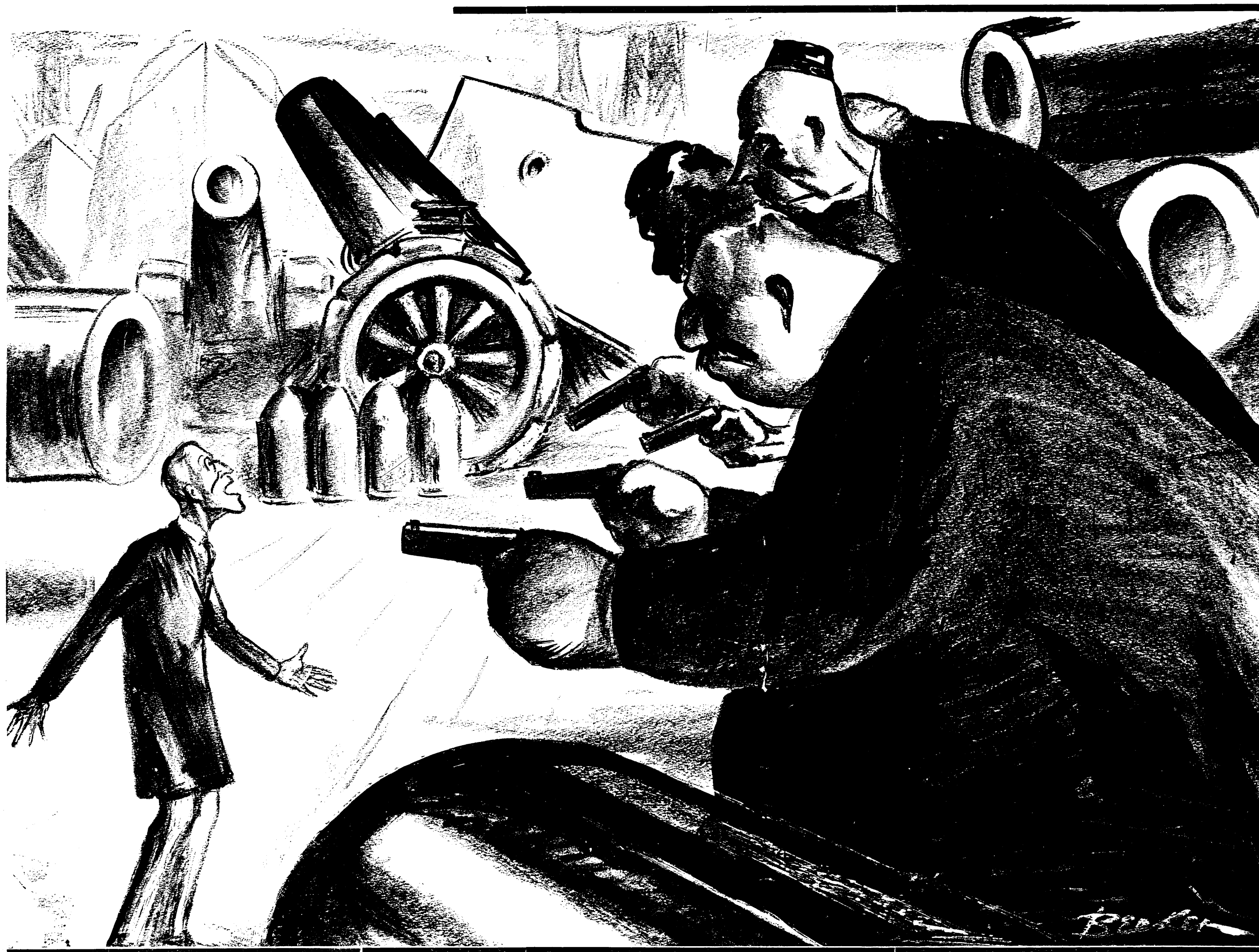
¹"Schools of Tomorrow," by John Dewey and Evelyn Dewey. E. P. Dutton & Co., an account of the theory of pragmatic and democratic education, and of the schools that exemplify it.

²"Violette of Père Lachaise," by Anna Strunsky Walling. Frederick A. Stokes Company. A brief story of the character and growth of a girl who lived by the great cemetery in Paris.



Barber

NOON



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

President Wilson: "But I don't want them—there isn't any enemy to fight."
 Morgan, Schwab & Co.: "You buy these guns and we'll get you an enemy!"

A BALLAD

THE Biggest man in creation?
 It was Joseph the Nazarene,
 Joe, the Yiddisher "carpenter stiff,"
 The husband o' Heaven's Queen!
 Joe, that was smitten o' Mary,
 Joe, that was game as grit—
 When she came weepin' to 'is arms,
 Needin' a father for it.

Joe was as right as the compass,
 Joe was as square as the square,
 He knew men's ways with women,
 An' Mary was passin' fair!
 Passin' pretty an' helpless,
 She that he loved th' most,
 God knows what he told th' neighbors,
 But he knew it warn't no Ghost.

He tuk th' tale as she told it,
 And never th' bat of an eye,
 E'en tho' 'is 'eart was breakin'
 Under the load of the lie—
 Steady an' game an' tender,
 When she needed a strong man's care,
 An' then he saddled the ol' jackass,
 An' took 'er away from there.

Took 'er away from th' neighbors,
 That spoke o' th' fit of 'er gown,
 Took 'er away from th' gossips,
 That made 'er th' talk o' the town,
 Comforted, soothed and coddled,
 Just as he might ha' done,
 If it that was heavy within 'er
 Was Joseph's, the Carpenter's son.

Joe, he was silent an' tender,
 Joe, he was game as grit,
 But I'll bet when he walked by Mary,
 To have been the father of it,
 He'd a give all 'is 'opes o' heaven,
 He'd a shot like a bat into 'ell,
 The minute he knew for certain
 That mother and child was well.

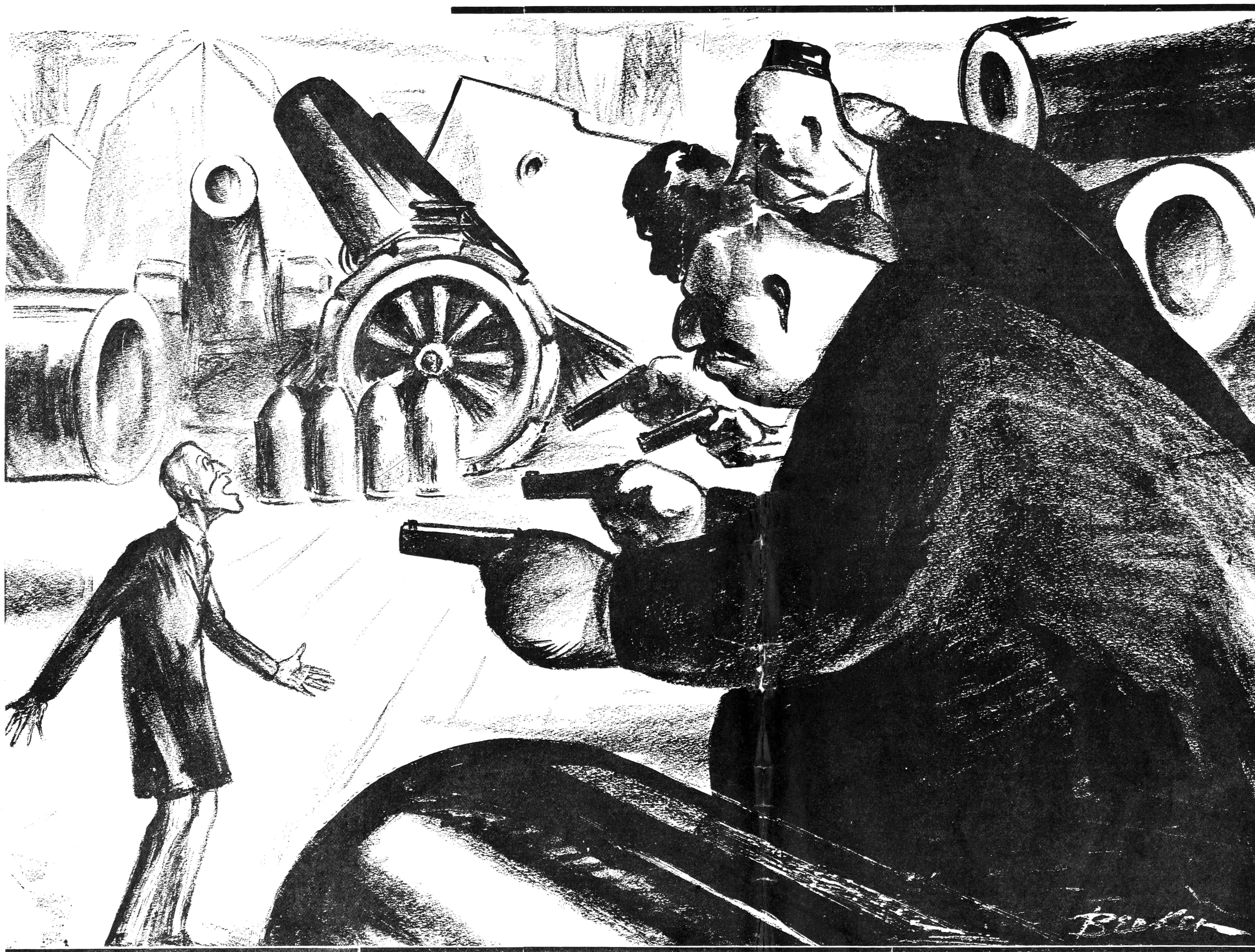
Patience surpassin' th' mountains,
 Kindness shammin' the rain,
 When th' sickness came upon her,
 An' she cursed 'im in 'er pain;
 So he came to the manger,
 With Mary makin' 'er moan,
 An' 'e 'eld 'er 'and while she labored
 With a child than wa'n't 'is own!

He looked at th' brat in pity,
 An' 'e held it up to 'is breast,
 That ached with an awful feeling
 That Mary never guessed,
 And 'im an' th' brat they 'it it.

(Carn't yer see 'im standin' there in th' shop lookin' at th' brat like 'is eyes u'd eat 'im up? Carn't yer see th' tenderness when 'e'd show 'im th' 'ow o' th' 'ammer an' saw? Carn't yer see 'im ust lookin' at 'im, and lookin' at 'im, an' a-goin' over an' puttin' 'is arms around 'im an' sayin' to 'isself underneath 'is breath: "Yer mine, God dam it, yer mine any'ow!" An' carn't yer 'ear th' brat, lookin' up, an' sayin', "Daddy"? Yes, 'im an' th' brat, they 'it it.)

An' after th' years had run,
 Folks tho't no more o' th' gossip,
 But called 'im the Carpenter's Son.

"WILLIAMS."



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

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BURLESQUERIE: By Floyd Dell

With Illustrations by H. J. Glintenkamp and Stuart Davis

"REFINED BURLESQUE!" Undaunted by the adjective, crowds were hurrying in—sailors, dock-hands, toughs, young men wearing the latest Arrow collar, and staid citizens of Hoboken, sometimes accompanied by their wives. The unswept streets of Hoboken were being scoured by cold and inefficient wind which picked up the litter of dust, straw and paper and flung it into people's eyes and mouths, giving them a taste of the city. Over a low-lying brick building the rigging of a ship rose in confused detail against a cloudy sky. Against all this shone the arc-lighted promise of the theater entrance.

In the front row, in an aisle seat, was a white-haired man at least two hundred years old; he had occupied that aisle seat once every week for so long a time that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Midway of the parquet floor sat a placid matron of fifty beside her complacent husband; their views on all subjects coincided exactly with those of Dr. Parkhurst; they were solid blocks in the fabric of our American civilization. About them was a dark grey mass of padded masculine shoulders, in which, here and there, girls in twos and threes made spots of color. Above,

the balcony buzzed and the peanut gallery filled suddenly like the breaking of a dam. An orchestra of seven—the same seven who had played here since the theater was built—filed in. A hush, not of eagerness but of religious certainty, fell upon the theater. In fifteen hundred souls there was the calm which comes of absolute confidence in that which they are about to receive.

No one had come there in quest of novelty, any more than one goes to confession for that purpose. They came for the familiar and satisfying benediction of burlesque. The old rites have changed a little since the time of our fathers, but the heart of the mystery is still there. The piece pretends, after the new fashion, to be a musical comedy. But the tunes are those invented by Jubal, the father of those that play on the harp and the organs,—revised a little, a very little, year by year; the first chord awakes ancestral memories. There is a trace of plot on the program, and the name of an author, just as if it were something new! but no one is deceived. To put all doubts at rest, and to betray the fact that this production is simply the 10,000,000,000,000th performance of the dream-play imagined by Adam (after a hard day's labor pulling

eucalyptus stumps in the wilderness to the westward of Eden), it is entitled "The Jolly Girls."

The immemorial orchestra plays its immemorial tunes, the sons of Adam lean a little forward with a beatific light on their faces, the curtain rises, and the dream begins. The stage is filled with Beauty, in the form of four dozen female legs, while in the right wings waits Laughter, in the shape of a little man with a putty nose. The legs burst upon the scene in a blaze of light and sound, a kaleidoscope of calf and ankle, a whirl of soft pink feminine contours, a paradisiac vision of essential Girl: the whole theater breathes forth a sigh of happiness, and the sons of Adam lean back in the seats, contented. The promise is fulfilled. "Come unto me all yet that labor and are heavy laden . . ."

The legs, encased in pink tights, move forward and back, up and down; forward and back, up and down. Somewhere above them are lungs and larynxes that pour fourth a volume of sound, in time to the hypnotic throb of the music. Gradually, in the *melée*, arms become visible, and vaguely connecting the arms and legs, pieces of colored cloth that finally become definite as golden tunics, green sashes, scarlet bodices. Moreover, they have faces, but they are not real faces of weariness or anger to disturb the illusion—they are masks, painted to express an impersonal and uniform pleasure in the exhibition of their nether charms. Pink cheeks, bistrated eyelashed depths that emit glances at the corners, carmined lips set in an imperishable smile—these are the perfect and sufficient symbols of a joy that never was on sea or land. But faces, after all, belong to another world, the world of reality; if one looks at them too long, one sees them, and the dream vanishes; they are extinguished presently by a row of flying legs, the scene becomes a chaos of feminine extremities, the music rises to a climax and stops as the chorus leaves the stage. Enter the little man with the putty nose.

He speaks to somebody—in a rapid, monotonous, unintelligible voice; it does not matter, he is telling what the plot of the piece is. His real function is revealed a minute later when two tramps, a tall one and a short one, enter and the tall one hits him over the head with a stick. The victim falls on his putty nose. The house rocks with laughter, and the gallery storms applause. The cares of the day, the harsh realities of life, fade away when in the golden land of never-never a tall man enters with his short companion and hits the third man over the head with a stick. Nations may rise and fall, and Dean Swift or Bernard Shaw may force to our lips a painful smile with his comments on our folly, but the true inebriation of laughter comes at the spectacle of a man hit over the head with a slapstick.

What secret wish is gratified when we see man who was created in the image of God falling bump on his nose? Irresistibly, by a profound impulse, we laugh. In the course of the evening, the small man is hit over the head fifty-seven hundred times; he rises but to fall again, more hopelessly than ever. He is kicked in the nose, in the ear, in front and behind. His nose is pulled into an infinite variety of shapes, being made to resemble every object under heaven from a telephone wire to a turnip. He submits meekly. Upon him the desire of the whole audience to see mankind made ridiculous is visited and revisited time without number.

Genially, casually, the tall man kicks him in the face whenever he notices him. The tall man has taken



Drawn by Stuart Davis.



Drawn by Stuart Davis.



Drawn by H. J. Glintenkamp.

In and out between these episodes floats the chorus, shaking its immortal legs. The legs and their owners classify themselves into three ranks or hierarchies of fleshly charm; in front the "little ones," the "ponies," in the next row the "mediums," and last and most sumptuous the "big ones," the "show girls." The "big ones" are the *piece de resistance*. No frills, no sauces, but a satisfying superabundance. All that the hungry eye desires is bodied forth in these vast and shapely statues of feminine flesh, tipping the scale at not less than two hundred pounds. Two hundred pounds of arm and leg, bust and buttock; here is riches, here is Golconda: two hundred pounds of female meat! A thousand hungry eyes feast rapturously on the sight.

But this is not the ultimate magic of burlesque.

A storm of applause, and a young woman enters on one toe, kicking the zenith with the other. A young woman? A pinwheel, a skyrocket, a slender feminine firework! Feminine? Not with the obvious allurements of her sex. Her figure is like that of a boy; boyish is the mischievous face that sparkles behind the tangle of her short curls. She is like a sword blade in a poppy-field. Her soul is adventurous, like her legs; she kicks open the zenith with her boisterous boyish laugh. She defies the code of the dream-world in which women burn with the ready fires of miscellaneous invitation; she is remote, unseizable, bewitchingly unsexed, cold as the fire-balls that dance in the Arctic rigging. She mocks at desire as she mocks at the law of gravitation; she is beyond sex. Nor is she mere muscle and grace. She has, shining in contrast to this impersonal world of sex, a hint of personality, a will of her own, and existence independent of the wishes of the audience. She smiles scornfully, indifferently, mischievously,—and triumphs. This touch of reality heightens the illusion. The dream goes on.

The music pounds itself with endless repetition through the senses into the soul. The rhythm of legs becomes the rhythm of the universe. The audience are absolutely at one with each other and with the genius of the slapstick, who talks to them familiarly, as his friends. Cries and handclaps of applause mingle with the rhythm. The heart of the little theater beats gigantically, joyously, ecstatically, in unison. The play rises to its climax. To the tune of "Yankee Doodle" the young firework appears, turning handsprings, an American flag on the seat of her pants. Walking on her ear, she crosses the stage, waving the flag in the faces of the audience. The audience applauds in patriotic frenzy. They would die for that flag . . .

The curtain falls, rises a foot from the floor, and discloses a row of legs—legs—legs, twinkling across behind the footlights. Into those legs are concentrated an infinite magic . . . But it is time to go home. It is time to re-enter the world of reality—Another leg appears, the eloquent left leg of the tall comedian, clothed round with heavy winter drawers and clasped by a Boston garter. It says: "After all, my friends, a leg is only a leg! Look at this and know the truth." The spell is broken. With a last laugh the audience files out, into the gusty, dusty, cold, harsh street of life.



Drawn by H. J. Glintenkamp.

Snapshot

"I WAS married once."

Joe grinned, sunburn and all. I laughed incredulously: was not the occasion Joe's twenty-second birthday party?

"Sure thing! It was back East, when I was a marine. She was seventeen and I was nineteen."

"But you're not married now."

"Oh, no, I got my divorce a year ago. Lived with her two and a half months altogether. She was a hello-girl at Central; that's how I met her. I was waiting for a number and I started to sing. You know that song—'For when I walk, I always walk with Billy.' When I got through she says, 'Great! Try it again!' I got to kidding her, and finally I says, 'I'm coming up to take you home.' One thing led to another, and we was married.—It was a case of another man. I wouldn't be minded so much if she'd confessed, but she wouldn't, so I got my divorce." Joe lighted a reflective cigarette, and hitched up one sleeve of his bathing-suit.

"After the evidence I give at the trial, her father kicked her out of the house," he added, inconsequentially.

"Where is she now, Joe?" I asked.

"Don't know and don't care."

He cast a casual eye toward the setting sun, and yawned. "When's that man coming back with the beer?" he queried. "The last I heard, she was on the town."

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.



Drawn by H. J. Glintenkamp.



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In and out between these episodes floats the chorus, shaking its immortal legs. The legs and their owners classify themselves into three ranks or hierarchies of fleshly charm; in front the "little ones," the "ponies," in the next row the "mediums," and last and most sumptuous the "big ones," the "show girls." The "big ones" are the *piece de resistance*. No frills, no sauces, but a satisfying superabundance. All that the hungry eye desires is bodied forth in these vast and shapely statues of feminine flesh, tipping the scale at not less than two hundred pounds. Two hundred pounds of arm and leg, bust and buttock; here is riches, here is Golconda: two hundred pounds of female meat! A thousand hungry eyes feast rapturously on the sight.

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The Nature of Woman

IF the value of a book is in its power to release those who read it from the tyranny of old ideas, then the three books I am going to mention in this column are among the most valuable books I have ever read. If I had a shelf devoted to the literature of intellectual emancipation, I should put these books alongside of Haeckel, Stirner, Havelock Ellis and Bernard Shaw.

Let me confess. Although I am a feminist, and believe in the high destiny of women, I have never been unable to disregard the historical fact that men and not women have in general been the inventors, discoverers, poets, artists, in short the creative geniuses of the world—I have not been able to regard this as an accident, due to environment and education. I have believed that there was an inherent difference in the nature of men and women which would make this generally true in the future, as it had been in the past. I believed that women would be happier, and the world better off, if women were free, but I did not believe that women would ever successfully compete with men in distinctly creative activities.

The reason I believed this was that I had been informed, in the most convincing manner, by the scientific authorities whom I held in most respect, including Havelock Ellis, himself a feminist, that women were nearer to the racial norm, and that men had a greater "variability" than women. This greater male variability has made great criminals and great geniuses—so I believed.

It was a pamphlet¹ by Leta Stetter Hollingworth, reprinted from the American Journal of Sociology, on "Variability as Related to Sex Differences in Achievement" which first enlightened me. I do not mind confessing, for the whole sociological world is still apparently in the dark. From this pamphlet I learned that this inherent variability, which I had taken as a scientific fact, was as raw an assumption as was ever put forward, without a shred of evidence to support it. It was pointed out that there was not, and could not be in the nature of the case, any scientific test of "inherent" variability. The only thing in the nature of a scientific basis for the assertion was the alleged, and disputed, fact that new-born male babies have a greater physical variability than female babies. Upon this uncertain basis had been reared a whole elaborate scientific hypothesis which has been handed on from one sociologist to another as the gospel truth.

But this was not all. In another pamphlet,² Helen Montague and Leta Stetter Hollingworth went into the subject of "The Comparative Variability of the Sexes at Birth." They made 20,000 measurements of new-born infants at a New York hospital—the most elaborate experiment ever made in this field—and analyzed the results. The conclusion is that there is no perceptible difference in the anatomical variability of males and females. So the whole reasoning by analogy from physical to intellectual variability falls flat.

I had wanted to believe that it was only, as this author says, because "nearly 100 per cent. of their energy is expended in the performance and super-

vision of domestic and allied tasks, a field where eminence is impossible," that women have not been eminent. I wanted to believe that not merely the practical genius but the creative genius of woman would add new splendors to the future achievement of mankind. I was restrained by the weight of pseudo-scientific authority. I have been freed from that obsession.

The third book,³ also by Leta Stetter Hollingworth, is entitled "Functional Periodicity: An Experimental Study of the Mental and Motor Abilities of Women During Mestruation." We know how the "reverberations of her physiological emergencies" has been adduced by a noted British surgeon as a reason why women should not be allowed to vote. That was going a little too far. But it is an extreme type of the superstitious prejudice which this book aims to destroy.

Here is a fairer example, and it is from Havelock Ellis:

"It is but the outward manifestation of a monthly physiological cycle, which influences throughout the month the whole of woman's physical and psychic organism. Whatever organic activity we investigate with any precision, we find traces of this rhythm. . . . Woman always lives on the upward or downward slope of a curve."

The general medical and sociological opinion is certainly that this period, which year by year occupies nearly the fourth part of woman's life, is a period of mental and physical incapacity.

Now this book is an account of the first scientific experiment on a large scale to determine the facts. Twenty-three women and two men were subjected

for an hour a day every day for a period of several months to tests of muscular control, steadiness, speed and accuracy of perception, and fatigability. The subjects were of various ages from 23 to 45 years of age. The results are elaborately listed, analyzed, and charted. It sums up the result of this experiment to say that not only is it impossible to tell by the chart of any given case when the menstrual period is occurring, but it is impossible to tell whether a given chart is that of a man or a woman!

"Careful and exact measurement," as the experimenter puts it, "does not reveal a periodic mental or motor inefficiency in normal women." The reverberations of her physiological emergencies appear to be a product of the male imagination, stimulated by "the tradition emanating from mystic and romantic novelists, that woman is a mysterious being, half hysteric, half angel."

To quote again: "From whatever source or sources the idea of woman's periodic irresponsibility may have arisen, it is certainly very widespread. Men of the most varied interests and professional equipment have written on the matter—historians, physicians, lawyers, philosophers, physiologists, novelists and educators." And all that they have written is, in the light of experimental science, not true.

F. D.

A German Press Pearl

"WHEN the news of Ludwig Frank's death had come and his wonderful parting letter to a woman friend was published, Germany wondered at so much depth and at so much tenderness, in one who had proudly called himself a social democrat."—Anton Fendrich in the *Vital Issue*.

POEMS—By Jean Starr Untermeyer

HIGH-TIDE

EDGED back against the night.
The sea growled assault on the wave-bitten shore.
And the breakers,
Like young and impatient hounds,
Sprang, with rough joy, on the shrinking sand.
Sprang—but were drawn back slowly,
With a long, relentless pull,
Whimpering, into the dark.

Then I saw who held them captive;
And I saw how they were bound
With a broad and quivering leash of light,
Held by the moon,
As, calm and unsmiling,
She walked the deep fields of the sky.

THE ONE WISH

OH that you could walk the world in a visible flame;
The flame of my love!
People would turn to you—thrilled by this wonder;
But who would dare claim or touch you?
Men and women would draw back as you passed in
your shining and terrible garment.

That fire would burn away the mists of Spring
And shed a great light over the hills.
Wrapped in that tender armor,
Shielded, by that valiant halo,
You would run the highroads of the world with a clear
gaze—

You would look into all eyes and your own soul with
courage and laghter. . . .
And into mine with ecstasy and understanding.

A TEACHER

IT was late afternoon.
Wearily a yellow streak of sunlight
Fell through the blue net curtains,
Making greenish shadows on your face,
And over your heavy shoulders.
I watched you strain to sit straight
On the stiff chair by the piano's side,
While a heedless and hurrying girl
Stumbled over her scales,
And giggled out her excuses
With the gauche coquetry of fourteen.

I thought of your reaching aims,
And of how you were always giving
From your heart and brain;
Giving from the toil of years—
Giving yourself;
Of the many you urged to hardier striving;
Of those who were eased and lifted—
And of those—like this thin-souled child—
For whom sacrifice was vain.

And when a patient smile lit up your face,
Warming your eyes, but deepening the ruts of care,
I was reminded of lamplight in a well-loved room—
Lamplight that cheered, but whose drooping beams
Revealed the shabbiness of near-by chairs,
And deepened the shadows.

¹ "Variability As Related to Sex Differences in Achievement," by Leta Stetter Hollingworth. Privately Printed.

² "The Comparative Variability of the Sexes at Birth," by Helen Montague and Leta Stetter Hollingworth. Privately Printed.

³ "Functional Periodicity: An Experimental Study of the Mental and Motor Abilities of Women During Menstruation," by Leta Stetter Hollingworth, Ph. D., Teachers' College, Columbia University Contributions to Education, No. 69. Cloth \$1.00. Paper 75 cents. For sale by Masses Book Store.

A NEW WOMAN?—By Dorothy Weil

MRS. KNOX is my cleaning woman. For six years and more now she's been coming to me every Wednesday regular, and never missed a day. And there never was a woman like her to clean straight through from top to bottom.

Wednesday morning, three or four weeks ago, when I was expecting her as usual, she called me up.

"I can't come this morning, Mis' Bullock," she said.

"Why, what's the trouble, Mrs. Knox? Are you sick?"

"Well," she answered kind of slow, "I'm going to the hospital."

"To the hospital! Whatever is the matter with you?"

"It's—it's—well, it's another child comin'," she said, so low I could just barely get it.

I almost let the telephone drop bang out of my hand.

"W—what?" I managed at last. "Why, how can it? Your husband—"

Her husband's a good-for-nothing that she's had to get away from; though she, being a Catholic, couldn't divorce him once for all.

"Oh, yes, my husband right enough," she came back, with a bitter tone in her voice. "I told you he'd been givin' me money this last year. Well, no man ain't givin' no woman money for nothin' in this world!"

"Why didn't you tell me about it sooner?" I asked.

"Why, you didn't seem to notice, ma'am, and somehow I couldn't bring myself to be a tellin' of it. I'd it all fixed for someone else to call you up, if things hadn't been kind of sudden."

Well, what could I say? "There, there, Mrs. Knox, I hope it's all for the best," I said. And then I told her to send over one of the boys for some things I had around.

Of course Henry had to know about it. He talked about the "senseless follies of the working classes," which didn't have anything to do with it so far as I could see. I told him straight that Knox was her husband right enough, if he had been off like a vagabond for six years and more.

"See here, Henry Bullock," I said, "who're you and I, I'd like to know, that we should set up as the Lord Almighty to judge his creatures? I've an idea that we can't criticise a woman who slaves every day cleaning people's houses and every night scrubbing out office buildings, to feed her family. It appears to me that most anything she does after that deserves forgiveness even if it were a lot worse than bearing her own husband's children."

Well, I had to have a new cleaning woman. That was how Jennie Brill came to me. A pleasant young thing, but frail and consumptive looking. She couldn't come up to Mrs. Knox, but she was awfully willing. She seemed just terribly anxious to please me.

The second week she had just got in and was drinking some hot coffee to warm her, when in came Mrs. Knox, ready to go to work again. I hadn't the heart to send either one of them off without her day's work in that kind of weather, so I told them I'd keep them both and clean down the attic. Jennie looked so grateful, I was glad I'd thought of it. But they'd been working less than two hours when Mrs. Knox came to me all hot and excited.

"Mrs. Bullock," she says, "you'll have to get that critter out of here. I'm a respectable woman, Mrs. Bullock, and the honest mother of a family, and I'll not be working next a woman unmarried who has a child."

For a minute I just stared at her. "How—how do you know?" I asked.

"She told me herself!"—and Mrs. Knox was so triumphant that, Lord forgive me, I couldn't resist saying, "Well, what of it?"

The minute it was out, of course, I felt as wicked as need be, but I wasn't going back on it for all that. "Wait a minute till I call her down," I said, "and we'll see what she's got to say for herself."

When she came in, "Jennie," I said, "what's this Mrs. Knox is telling me?"

"Yes'm," says Jennie, looking from one of us to the other and trying to see how to take us.

"You *have* a baby?" I asked nervous.

Jennie's face crinkled up, loving—you know how I mean, if you've ever watched a woman talking about her child. "Oh, yes'm, I've got him right enough, bless his heart. I just couldn't keep quiet about him any longer when Mrs. Knox here told me all about her new one."

"Why *should* you keep quiet?" broke in Mrs. Knox cannily.

"I don't know. I can't say as I *feel* anything wrong. But everywhere, every job I get—as soon as they find out about the child, off I go. It appears like a woman trying to earn a living for her child ought to hold a job better than if she's only got herself to work for." Jennie's big eyes were all troubled-looking.

"Yes, but the father? You're not married," I couldn't help saying, and Jennie came back with my own words to Mrs. Knox.

"Well," she said, "what of it?"

It was the vengeance of the Lord upon me and I couldn't answer a word; but that didn't stop Mrs. Knox.

"What of it?" she cries. "What of it? If you haven't got no religion to keep you straight, Mis's Jennie, you might consider us respectable women that has, and *our* children. It's only to keep my children from the likes of yours that I've put up with a drunken beast all these years. It's only for that I've slaved through the days and nights. I won't work side by side with your kind. I know ye."

"Well," says Jennie, "my work's honest and I don't see as anything else matters. I'm willing as another to work for my child. I'm working myself to the grave for him as it is," she said, and she coughed, stirred up as she was with excitement.

"Yes, but Jennie," I said, "there are other things that matter. How could you *have* the child? How could you *do* it? You look like a good girl, Jennie—"

"How could I?" Jennie caught me up. "Well, I didn't do it for money from nobody, ma'am, whether he calls himself my husband or something else. I suppose you'll not think me so good, ma'am, but I did it because I wanted to. Well, look at me! It ain't folks like you in your comfort that can judge me. It's only the women that works day and night and year in and year out, and stands beatings and starvings and freezings like mine that might have a word to say. That was why it seemed to me just natural to be telling Mrs. Knox here. I thought she'd understand. But I guess"—with a mean laugh—"if a woman's got the intellec' to understand the Catholic religion she ain't got none left for ordinary things."

I broke in quick at that. "Jennie, don't you dare to say anything about anyone's religion. That's her busi-

ness. I think you'd be the better for a little of it yourself. I feel as though I ought to call in my minister right away. I'm sure I don't know what to do with you, girl."

"Oh, please, ma'am," says Jennie at that, "I don't want none of your ministers. He'll call me a 'case' and send me to Denver or some place and put the child in a Home. It's only to keep the child, ma'am, that I'm living and standing all this, I tell you. You don't know what it is to earn for two of us, or you'd see I was dead in earnest to try it. This out-by-the-day stuff's terrible irregular, and people are always afraid they'll catch your disease, or that you'll die on their hands or something. And for anything else you need decent clothes, and then they don't want you either if you cough."

"Well, don't you see from that," I broke out (I haven't been a Willing Worker all these years without being equal to *some* arguments)—"don't you see you're putting the thing off? You'll have to be separated from the child sooner or later."

"Not as long as I can help it I won't," said Jennie, and at that Mrs. Knox broke in again.

"Oh, put the hussy out, ma'am," she said. "She's naught but a brazen thing, and we'll never get the attic done at this rate."

"Mrs. Knox," I said, "be quiet. This is more important than the attic!" Whatever had got into me to say things like that I don't know. But that stopped Mrs. Knox, so I hurried right back at Jennie.

"There's the authorities, my girl," I said. "I'm sure the authorities could take the child away from you on account of its health."

"Oh, please, Mis' Bullock," said Jennie, looking scared, "they can't if they don't know about me, and they won't if you don't tell them, ma'am. I ain't asked no odds of no one yet, so they ain't no one has got a right to butt into my private affairs. You won't tell 'em, Mis' Bullock; oh, please don't tell 'em. The boy'd be lots worse off than if I cared for him. I *love* the boy, Mis' Bullock, ma'am."

Was ever a woman in such a fix? Those big eyes of hers were running over with tears and I felt myself choking. And then Mrs. Knox, who has so many children I guess she'd as soon be rid of a few, gave a snort. "Mrs. Knox," I said, "if you'd rather be doin' the attic you can go along. I don't know what to do, girl. I think you'd ought to tell me a bit more so's that I'd see clearer. How—how *did* you come to do it?"

I don't suppose I would have dared to ask a second time that way if I had been a real good woman, and remembered that the whole thing was taking place in Henry Bullock's bedroom; but I never gave Henry or his strict opinions one single thought!

"I'll tell you all I can, ma'am," said Jennie. And Mrs. Knox, seeing a story coming, sat down to listen.

"Well, ma'am," Jennie began, "I was the oldest girl and my father had ten kids besides my oldest brother, who was always a regular tough and bum and is serving his six years now. And I've been taking care of babies and doing housework and washing and scrubbing always, so you can see I'm used to it, ma'am. From before I was twelve I been working a dozen hours a day in a box factory or a clothes shop or a hat factory or something else, depending on where we lived



Drawn by Arthur Young.

"Waiter, have you forgotten me?"
"No sir, not yet sir."

near, and I seen a lot of things that made me swear a promise to myself I'd never in this world get married. Oh, don't think me a silly, ma'am; all that was only a sort of bitterness and working hard, I guess, because when Jim come along I forgot it quick enough and was right ready to marry him. But it was while we was going together, Jim and me, that I got took with coughing so bad, and I knew then that if him and me got married we'd not be able to go into the world and make good-like we'd planned. I'd be sick all the time and not able to help him, you see, and the doctors would cost, and Jim would never get ahead like he should. So we fixed it up that he was to go alone, and, you see, ma'am, before he left I—I done it, ma'am—because I wanted to."

Jennie's large eyes looked into mine so steady I couldn't so much as breathe before the girl. Even Mrs. Knox kept quiet. "But the child?" I said at last, my voice all squeaky and rusty.

At first Jennie didn't understand, but after a minute thinking she said, "Oh, of course we didn't think of that, ma'am. How many people in their goings on do you suppose there is that do? But I was just as glad anyhow when I knew it, because, you see, ma'am, he's a child of love anyway. It was along of the child too, ma'am, that I got away from my father and my step-mother and the whole brood of little ones. So afeared they was of me causing 'em a bit more trouble, that they threw me out *right*, and I only got myself and the boy to shift for since."

"And Jim?"

"Oh, he's doing fine out West, ma'am. Been married a year now to a big, strong woman as'll help him. He sends me a bit of money now and then when he can, ma'am, and I know he'll take little Jim when I'm—gone."

"The beast!" broke in Mrs. Knox. "Does he know about the boy then? All these men are alike, I tell you. Good-for-nothin's!"

"Nothing of the sort," came back Jennie. "He had a hard tussle of his own, Jim did, and when he heard about little Jim he was for giving it all up to come back and fetch me. But I told him sure as he did I'd kill myself right off, and he knew I meant it. That's why he went and married, like I told him."

So certain-solemn she said it that I had an idea I'd a done what she told me, too; yes, even if I'd a been Jim. She looked such a person, somehow. It didn't matter she was weak and worn and shabby a bit; I envied her knowing her own mind like that. I felt that I must say something, but goodness knows I couldn't think what. I couldn't talk religion to the girl like I ought, because it didn't seem to mean anything. "Jennie," I said honestly, "I don't know what'll help you, girl. I can't even tell you to come back here next week, because Mrs. Knox has been with me pretty nearly seven years now, and besides she's got six children while you've only got the one."

"So I supposed, ma'am," said Jennie quietly. "I'll be going then." And she folded up her apron and put on her poor-looking coat and hat while Mrs. Knox and I, who had both gone downstairs with her, looked on without saying a word. Finally I just couldn't stand the stillness no longer. I had to say something and I couldn't think of anything except, "I'm afraid I can't recommend you to friends, either, Jennie, because they feel just like everybody else."

"Oh, I know, ma'am," answered Jennie. And after a minute, "You was real good to listen to me."

I couldn't say another word, but at last Mrs. Knox, after coughing a bit, says, "I'll tell you, Jennie, if you'll keep quiet about the kid, and are up to scrubbin' a bit, I'll see if I can't get a night job for you in the Rush Building where I work. Can you be down by five-thirty to-night?"

Jennie looked at her, grateful. "I'll be there," she said. But I had such trouble making her take the dollar and sixty cents for her day that I was glad Henry keeps me kind of close so I hadn't enough to give her more, like I first thought I would.

"Take it, Jennie," I says at last, trying to joke, "and I promise I'll not tell my minister about you."

"Oh, you couldn't, ma'am," she answered calm, "because you don't know where I live or nothing."

And the girl had me there. I didn't even know where Mrs. Knox lived, for all she'd been working with me these six years and more.

"Well," I said, "take it anyhow, Jennie."

She looked at me long and steady with those big eyes. "Mis' Bullock, I will, because I think you mean it!" And she went out, givin' me a wisp of a kiss. . . .

From Germany—Real News

Editor of THE MASSES:

Dear Sir:—I pulled him out of a vegetarian restaurant in Berlin and took him to my room at the Kaiserhof, in the faith that because he was reading *Vorwärts* he must have ideas.

"Are you a Socialist?" I asked when we were comfortably seated.

"I am an artist," he said, "and artists are individualists. We believe in the production of great men. Socialism suppresses the Individual."

I did not argue. I wanted to find some one who did not believe in war. Some one who was not patriotic. I wanted to find a German who disliked the German government as cordially as most enlightened Englishmen dislike the English government. I have been six weeks in Germany and talked with Fürsts and Fürstins, Grafs and Gräfins, Doctors of 57 varieties, Geheimrats, Barons and Excellencies, Burgermeisters and Oberburgermeisters, Professors, members of the Reichstag, mere millionaires and real business men, bell boys and porters. They all agreed—Germany had to fight.

I heard Liebknecht raise his lone voice in the Reichstag against the last credit of two billion dollars, which was almost hilariously voted by that composite body of Professors, aristocrats and shrewd business men which governs Germany. I wrote Liebknecht at once asking for an interview and received word that he had been sent to the front. He will not be kept there long—that is certain, for men like him are more dangerous than French or German bullets. But I could not talk with Liebknecht, and have not been able to find anyone here to curse Germany. I caught at my last straw—a vegetarian reading a Socialist paper.

"What do you think of the war?" I asked. Slowly he took out of his pocket a little paper called *Die Aktion* for July 4th, 1914, and read me an article called Von Patriotismus. It was the real goods,—a choice denunciation of the fetish of Patriotism, written just a month before patriotism began to make Europe and up-to-date 20th Century Hell.

Next day after some inquiries I found the latest number of *Die Aktion*, the issue for August 21st, 1915. On the first page is a sketch representing war, that would delight Art Young. A sketch which is evidence that Germany grants more liberty to the press than many people suppose. The sketch is very modern art. Perhaps it is the art that enabled it to pass the Censor. Certainly it is not designed to bring comfort to patriots in these strenuous days.

It seemed to me the Editor, Franz Pfemfert, must be worth knowing. So I looked up his address and called. I think he was glad to see me. Unpatriotic editors are lonesome in Germany these days, and in spite of the fact that he knows no English, and my German is something like a Chinaman's English, we got along very well. I found that he had been in prison, which is sure evidence that he had not lived wholly in vain. He is also a graduate of the University of Berlin. That he has an accurate sense of values is clear from the fact that he did not show me his University diploma, but did show with some pride his jail sentence of three days for printing something the judge thought he should not have printed. It was only three days and that three years ago, and since then he has written on Patriotism and published uncomplimentary pictures of war, in war times. So don't get apoplexy denouncing Germany for lack of freedom. There is quite as much freedom in Germany to-day as in France or England, and the fact that Pfemfert has published *Die Aktion* during a year of war is evidence of it.

(Rev.) L. M. POWERS.



Arthur Young
Drawn by Arthur Young.

"Waiter, have you forgotten me?"

"No sir, not yet sir."



Drawn by Stuart Davis.

SOME MASSES ARTISTS SEEKING INSPIRATION



Drawn by Stuart Davis.

SOME MASSES ARTISTS SEEKING INSPIRATION

"THE WHITE BRUTE."

To the Editor:

A number of people have written questioning the truth of my story "The White Brute," printed in the last issue of THE MASSES, and of my right as a Northerner to attempt to portray Southern conditions.

It is eight years since a Southern white woman of the Gulf States told me the story. It was evening, we were in her home, and she was nervous because her husband was out. He had recently, in his little newspaper, espoused the cause of a colored man against a white man of the town. I have forgotten the details, but he aroused the wrath of a dangerous element, and one night two rowdies assaulted him and so beat him that when he was brought home, his wife thought him dead. Hence her concern. She had not felt any especial sympathy for the Negro but perhaps because I was sympathetic she began to talk freely, and to tell me of the difficulties the colored girl met with who tried to live a virtuous life. And then, in just a sentence, she gave me my tale.

What is impossible in it? The lynching? Last summer they lynched a colored man in Mississippi, making a holiday of it. The crowd was very large and by special arrangement many women and children were present to witness the sight. The fact that a colored woman was raped by a white man? Can any honest and intelligent person suppose that it is only the white girl who is in danger in the South? But the husband standing by? If I did not make the reader feel his inevitable helplessness, I shall never try to write again. I hope there are few brutes such as I have portrayed, but strip a race of its rights, make it a subject people, and sometimes, when the decent elements in the community are slumbering, the brute gets his chance.

Perhaps I made a mistake in putting my story in Mississippi, for that is one of the few Southern States that I have never visited, but I said Mississippi because the incident occurred there. Since 1904 I have given the major part of my time to a study of Negro conditions in the United States and to work for Negro betterment. I began with the Negro in my own home, New York City, spending eight months in residence in a Negro tenement in a congested quarter, and visiting hundreds of neighboring homes. In the past ten years I have frequently visited the South. I have seen the Negro on the farm, as a farmer in his own right, or more often as a share tenant. I have entered his cabin, followed his children to school, and talked with him as he worked upon his crop. I know some of the Southern cities well. There is no Negro quarter which I have not visited

in Atlanta and I happened to be in that city just before the riots of 1906. I went back a month after the rioting and wrote articles descriptive of the courts and of the exodus of the sober class of artisans as a result of the massacre of the Negroes by the whites.

But, my Southern friends say, you cannot know the Southern Negro and Southern race conditions unless you have lived in the South all your life. But in this they are wrong. I lived in the city of Brooklyn for twenty-eight years when I was offered the position of Head Worker at a settlement in Greenpoint, the city's northernmost ward. I took a car, which I had never before entered, rode through the sugar refining district, which I had never before seen, and reached a perfectly new and unfamiliar section of my native town. There I found a young woman from Michigan who had been in residence in the settlement neighborhood for two months, and in half an hour she showed me her knowledge and my ignorance of a part of my city's life.

Such ignorance of the life of the workers among the employing class is common everywhere, and in the South, added to this, you have a fixed principle that the whites shall not mingle with the blacks. So your Southern woman may know where her cook lives, and as mistress may go into her cook's home, but she never enters the Negro section to take any part in its life. She never visits the schools, never goes to a colored church, and especially never meets on any terms whatever, the educated, well-to-do Negroes who are becoming a fairly numerous body. The ambitions, the strivings of the growing Negro youth who is two generations removed from slavery she does not understand, she even refuses to believe they exist. To her the good Negro is still the faithful servant, and her chief refrain is that the black youth of to-day is disrespectful and trifling and will not work with the old time devotion to the white race.—MARY WHITE OVINGTON, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANTI-SUFFRAGE PAPERS PLEASE COPY.

"Yet so prevalent has the suffrage disease become that even the radicals have become inoculated with its vicious virus. It was only to be expected, of course, that Socialist paper like the N. Y. Call should champion the 'cause,' but it is rather disappointing to find THE MASSES devoting an entire edition to 'Votes for Women.' Perhaps *Mother Earth* alone has any faith in women. Perhaps we alone believe women no longer need dolls; that women are capable and are ready to fight for freedom and revolution."—EMMA GOLDMAN in *Mother Earth*.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

To the Editor:

Please cross off my name from your list of subscribers—I do not enjoy the articles and fail to see how they can help any one. Probably my fault, but I do not want the magazine. Sincerely yours,
MRS. H. M. PAUL.
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

I haven't the time but I can't resist adding my mite to the discussion of whether or no one should cut out THE MASSES because of the indecency of many of its articles—"The Heavenly Dialogue" in particular. I confess that I skipped that article and only read it as the result of Vida Scudder's letter in protest. I skipped it because I never had any interest in an anthropomorphic god. But if one is necessary I confess that I prefer him to be walking from star to star putting the acid test on the unchristian customs of our society rather than functioning as indicated in the orthodox hymn book. Candidly it is the hymn book that seems to me more indecent than the "Heavenly Dialogue."

Were THE MASSES to become decent, that is, decorous and proper, it would be denatured and useless. Its purpose is to shock the public mind into realizing the cruelties of organized society. I own that I have felt all the protests indicated by all the letter writers noted in the page headed "Editorial Policy." There have been things in the brave little magazine that I simply felt I could not stand, but it never occurred to me to stop my subscription any more than to discard a friend because I revolted against the color of his necktie. If I liked everything in it I should think that there must be something the matter with it, and I would better move along to one that would not put me to sleep but wake me up out of my smug complacency.

I, too, have read my copy in secret, fearing its effect on that class of person who can be gently solicited along the path of reform but if shocked will kick back and even question whether votes for women would be safe or decent. "Editorial Policy" set me thinking and hereafter THE MASSES shall repose on the library table ready and willing to shock anyone with a few idle moments. I enclose a dollar and the names of four persons to whom you can send THE MASSES for three months. I think that will contain more possibilities than though I subscribed for one person—better by four.

I believe that freedom of speech in the fearless expression of truth as any sees it is the most vital need in human society, and therefore it is that I am, sincerely yours,
Hornell, N. Y.
ANNA CADOGANETZ.

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(Continued from page 3)

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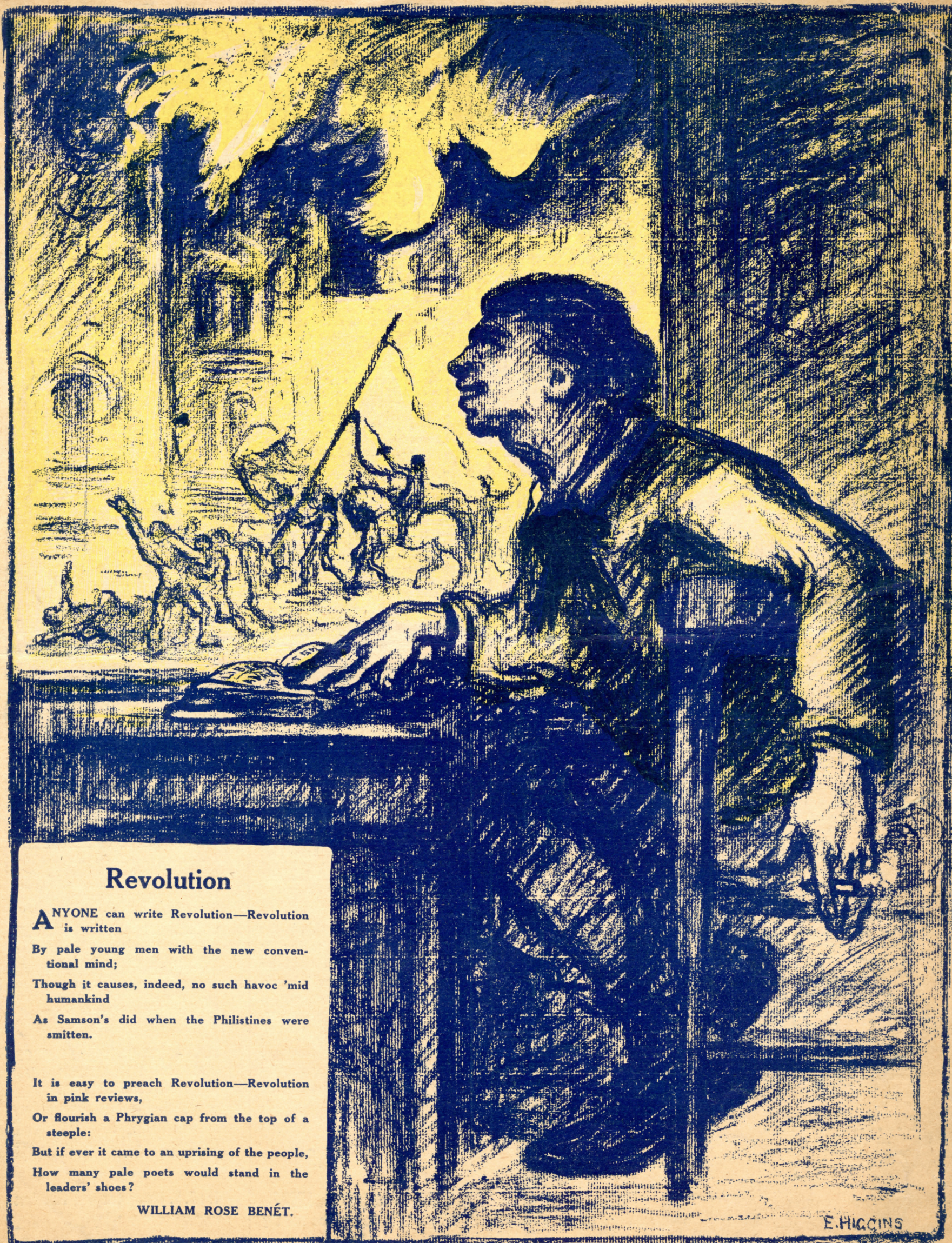
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