

MAY, 1916

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The MASSES



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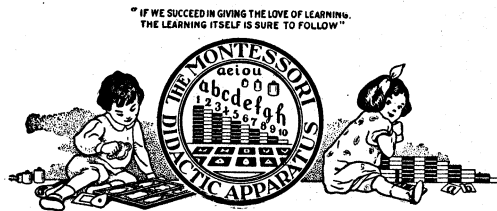
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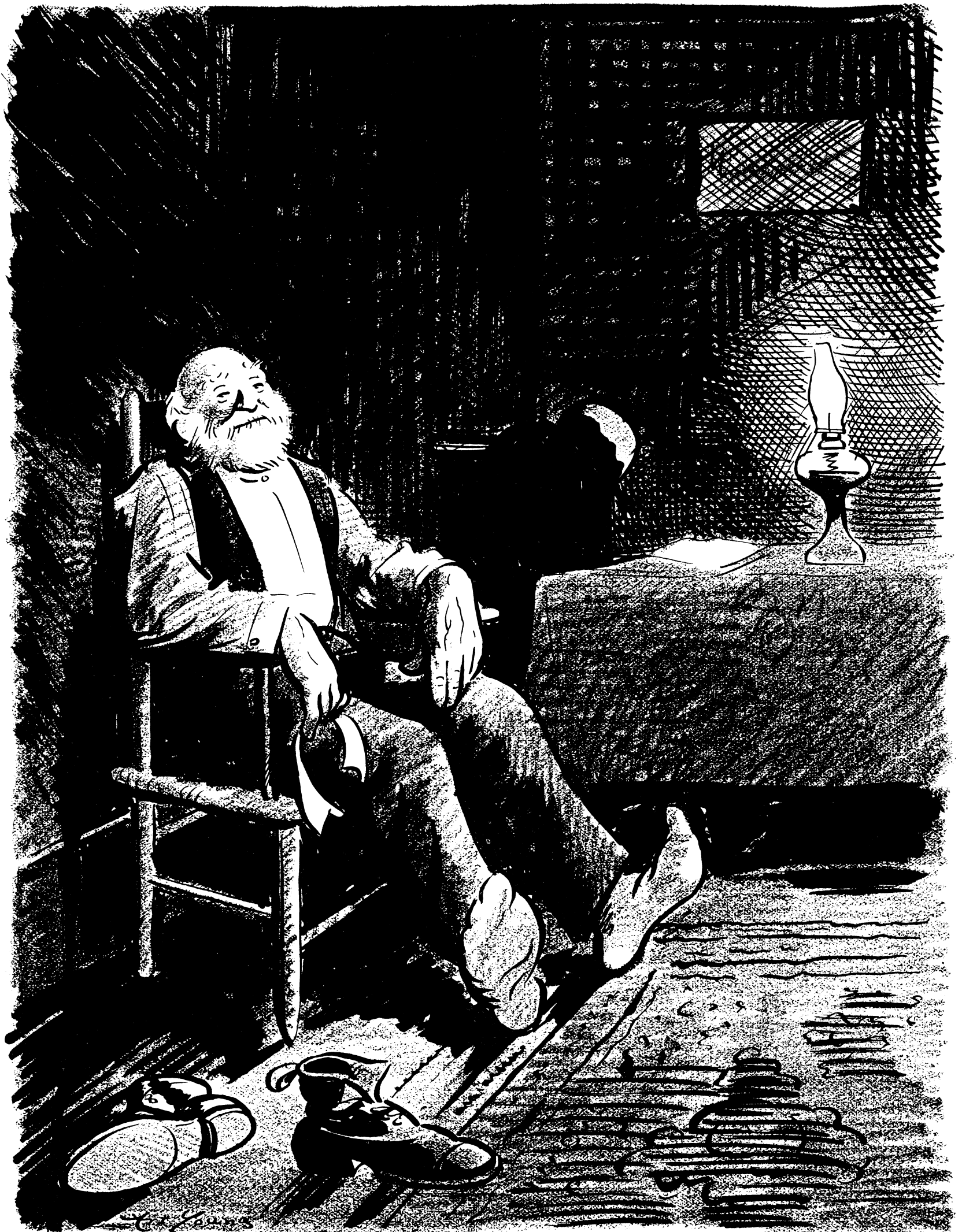
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Drawn by Arthur Young.

Sunday Night—Freed From Bondage



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The MASSES

Vol. VIII. No. 7

MAY, 1916

Issue No. 59

THE SIGHT OF BLOOD

Paul Greer

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The young militia officer gave a cheer.

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

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

Cheers now, cheers as men ran back to the Red colonel and started carrying him into the dugout. One of them fell. The blood on him was visible to the Blues.

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

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

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

The sight of cold steel, however, dampened the spirits of even thees and the newspaper correspondents who had been enjoying the slaughter immensely. The Reds fled precipitously—fled in among their tents.

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

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

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

The young officer reached for his book of instructions.

He never learned the command. He toppled over. The Blues fell all about him.

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

THIS IS THE SIN

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

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

FULLER MILLER.



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

THE SHADOW

Why Labor is Against "Preparedness"

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

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

"Up to a few months ago the American people were told that they were 'prepared' to lick all creation. Ten months ago intervention in Mexico was talked of,—apparently we were 'prepared' for Mexico. When the Lusitania was sunk, the newspapers talked about our

going to war with Germany. In fact the newspapers contended that we could get away with Mexico and Germany at the same time if we saw fit.

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

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

"If you had talked about a foreign invasion two years ago we might have been impressed by it. The European nations were prepared for it as never before. But for two years now they have been at war among themselves. They have expended something like forty

billions of their wealth and they have killed and wounded over eleven million of the best blood and stock in Europe. And now when they are so sunk in debt that some people fear that they can never pay the interest on what they owe, with their population reduced to cripples, women and children, when they are bleeding to death, now you say we have got to be afraid of them. It don't look good to me.

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

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

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

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

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

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



EXPEDITION TO
PUNISH VILLA

Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

THE SHADOW

Preparoodle

REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, rector of Trinity Church, New York (dealers in religion and real estate), says: "Preparedness, adequate preparedness, will command peace."

This profound truth has been demonstrated in all our leading hemispheres except two.

THE Supreme Court has been asked to settle an old boundary dispute between New Hampshire and Vermont. These two states are evidently not in what the Colonel calls a "heroic mood." They ought to get out and blow the property off of the disputed strip, abolish each other's male populations and sink themselves into debt for 860 years.

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

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

A new low record in compliments.

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

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

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

Merely human ones.

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

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

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

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

HUNTER COLLEGE is the latest to adopt the Ward and Gow censorship, having threatened with expulsion two students who were selling the radical intercollegiate magazine, "Challenge." Why not shake an advertisement out of it? (Business of tuning harp):

Send your girl to Hunter College.
We're a highly moral crowd,
For the good ones all are Warded
And the naughty ones are Gowed.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

Kitchen of Secret Diplomacy



Drawn by Arthur Young.

Never mind
how it is
made —
Eat it.



Mr. Citizen

Don't Look in the Kitchen

"THE WOMAN REBEL"

(To Margaret Sanger)

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

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

WALTER ADOLPHE ROBERTS.

PURSERY RHYME

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

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

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

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

Gen. ISAAC R. SHERWOOD.
Member of Congress from the Toledo, O., district.

Marjorie Bunting's Electric Chair

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

Yours for the electric shock—

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Press Pearl

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

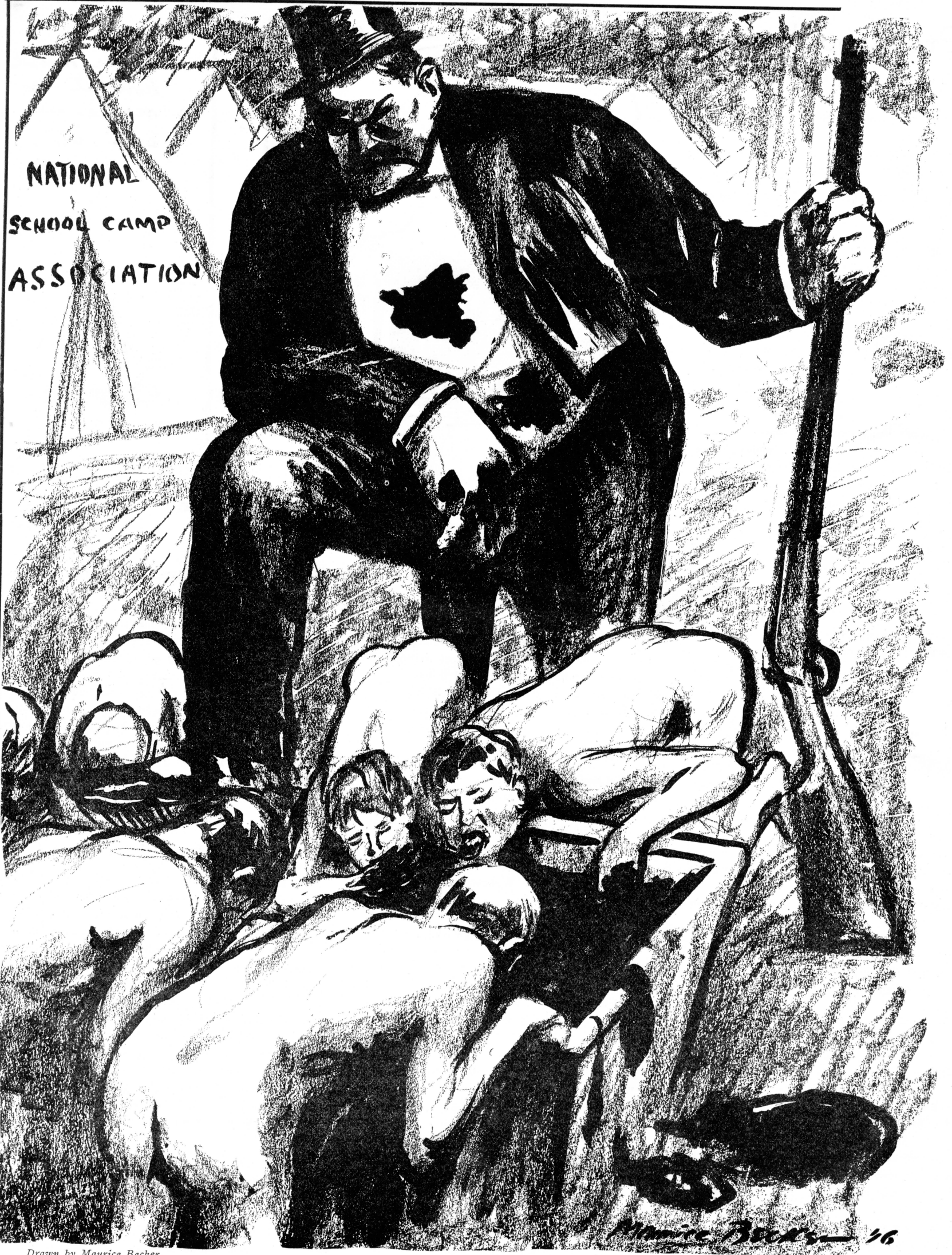


NATIONAL
 SCHOOL CAMP
 ASSOCIATION

Drawn by Maurice Becker

Giving Them a Taste of It

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



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The Game III

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

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

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

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

"Steady—Halt!"

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

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

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

"One, two."

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

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

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

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

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

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

One day Virgile called after him, "Boche!"—The others took up the cry. After that, when his mother sent him on an errand, the band would chase him, whooping and waving their arms.

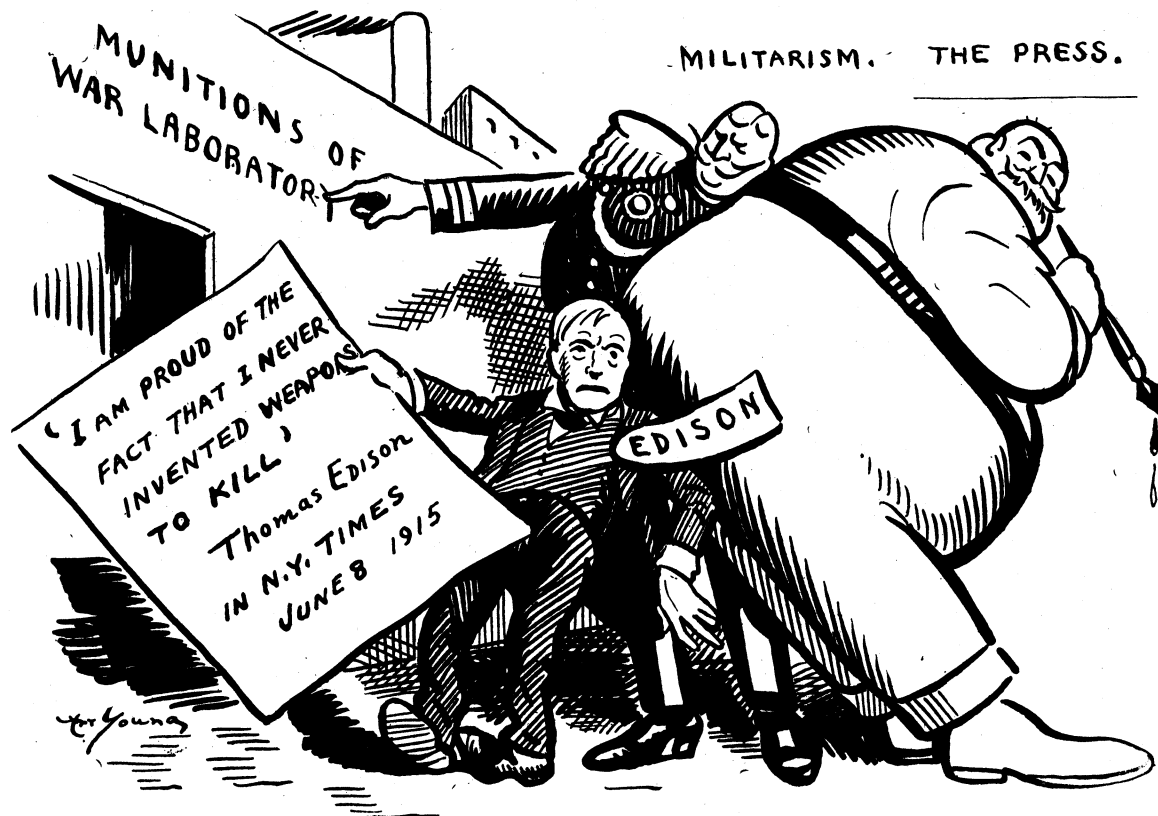
The "Boche" became the chief sport of the game—a ready made enemy. Sentries were posted at his door to signal his appearances. Scouts reconnoitered stealthily beneath his window, creeping at twilight from the shadows.

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

"Present arms—Salute."

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

Sergeant Leroux was delighted. He would put them through the maneuvers, advising, correcting, teaching them how to do this and that properly. He knew everything about war, and could answer all their questions. When he was not sure, he would



Drawn by Arthur Young

POOR TOM!—HE COULDN'T HOLD OUT

wag his head wisely, and put a finger to his lips, as if there were some secrets he must not divulge.

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

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

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

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

Virgile knew where it was kept; also where the small box of cartridges was hidden. He had often hovered about this revolver, fingering it enviously.

When he rejoined his comrades they were forming in line, drawn up stiffly in front of the Sergeant, who directed them.

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

Virgile saluted and whirled around as he had

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

Neighbors came out and stood watching.

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

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

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

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

The enemy fled.

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

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

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

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

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

MARIE LOUISE VAN SAANEN.

LOVE AT SEA

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

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

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

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

JOHN REED.

Unclaimed

YOU'VE seen the patient this morning, then?"
The Doctor closed the door of the little office
and seated himself. "You talked with her?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well—" The doctor rose, letting his chair drop.
"You know, I think she's not lying. I think she be-
lieves what she says."

"She couldn't—if that child is hers."

"Mrs. Remington, did you ever shut your eyes to
something you didn't wish to see? Something in an-
other person, perhaps?"

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

"We all do that, I fancy," the doctor continued. "We

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

"Yes." The monosyllable escaped through unmoving
lips.

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

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

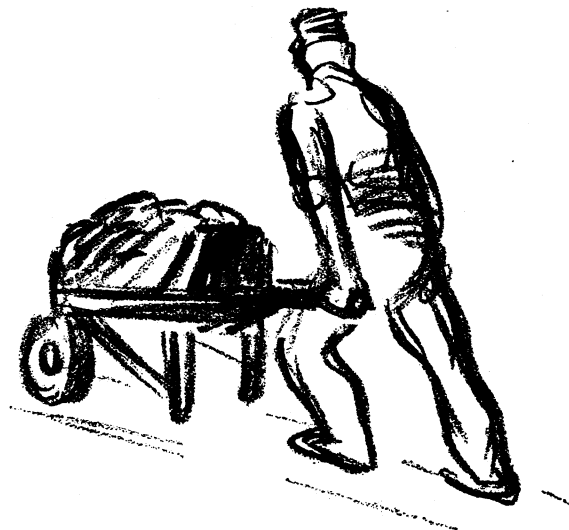
"Nothing is impossible. Even if she was drugged
when she was assaulted, my theory holds good for
the months since. And if we force the truth on her,
she'll go mad."

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

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

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

"It is a healthy child?"



Drawn by Mell Daniell

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

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

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

The doctor laid his hand on the door.

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

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

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

HELEN R. HULL.

I, A MINOR POET

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

E. RALPH CHEYNEY.

MANHATTAN.

WE contemplate with pride our vast researches,
Then turn highwaymen for our wives and
wenches.

We meet as bosom friends in clubs and churches,
As foes again we meet in trades and trenches.
Our subways run with subterranean lurches.
Our City Hall's the abode of all the virtues,—
Off with the lid and air the swarm of stenches.
We toot, we loot, yet full are all park benches.
Our daily papers blare out smuts and smirches.
The drivel flows on tap in dribs and drenches
And brothels, slums, morgues, keyholes, sewers,
searches,

Though not one bit our tipsy pride it wrenches
Or jars us off our dirty, lofty perches,—
While we can quaff those queer Manhattan quenches.

EDWARDS P. INGERSOLL.

MACDOUGAL STREET

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

IRWIN GRANICH.

JOHN COOK

JOHN COOK, the clerk,
Shut down his desk.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WILTON AGNEW BARRETT.

Definitions

GEORGIA is the State that burns men alive for the
honor of its women—when it isn't for the alleged
stealing of live-stock.

The age of consent in Georgia is ten years.
This is Chivalry.

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

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

ELIZABETH WADDELL.



Drawn by Eugene Higgins.

This tragedy might have been averted if the poor fellow had not
been so hasty.

The Society to Prevent the Selling of Rope to Starving Men had
just introduced their bill into Congress.

The Tenement Purification Society was lobbying in favor of a
change in the Building Code which would limit the height of
ceilings in working-class districts to five and a half feet.

The Sunshine Sorority for Compulsory Cheerfulness had just
raised a million dollars to send its workers into the slums
to read the works of Walt Mason and Ralph Waldo Trine
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THE HUNKY WOMAN

Helèn Forbes

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

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

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

"Yes." And the stubby fingers snatched the money from Mrs. Atwood's outstretched hand.

The woman did not lift her eyes high enough to see the smile, her ears did not catch the friendly tone, and she turned away with a movement that seemed sullenly abrupt. She threw her shawl over her shoulders, twitched it close at her throat, and without a word of farewell opened the back door and went out into the foggy night.

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

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

That evening Mrs. Atwood told her perplexity to her husband. "There," she said, "I might as well try to be nice to the ironingboard. I'd get exactly the same response."

"Then what's the use of bothering? You can't understand her because there's nothing to understand. These Hunkies are all alike; as much emotion in a Hunky as there is in a bump on a log."

"But she's such a good laundress."

"No doubt. That's what she's meant for. Hunkies are brought over here to work; they're only half human."

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

Her home was the upper floor of a two-storied shack that occupied a corner of a great tract of waste land lying on the main thoroughfare between the business section of the city and the fashionable residences. Behind the unpainted shanty the hill rose steeply, as barren as a hillside in Thibet; in front of it, but partly hidden

beneath the bluff, ran the river. And crowning the desolation, the house was propped on either side by gigantic billboards, hideous with glaring advertisements. Yet the shanty owed its existence to these monstrosities; without their help it would have tumbled into ruins, it was so old and ramshackle.

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

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

At last everything was ready.

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

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

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

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

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

"Where's your man? Answer!"

"My man he ain't here. I dunno."

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

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

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

"What you want?" she repeated anxiously.

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

The woman caught the meaning of the words. "He is my husband!" she cried indignantly. "The priest—" "That'll do! Come along!" and he seized her by the arm.

Annie tried to pull herself lose. "My babies! I ain't fed my babies yet. By and by I go."

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

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

"Oh, my babies, my babies!" sobbed the mother over and over again. "My babies ain't had nothing to eat!"

As the patrol-wagon jolted over the cobbles she

entreated incessantly, "I go back one little minute, please! Just one little minute!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Tapolsky rose, pressing her hand to her heart, while her spool and scissors clattered to the floor. "What do you mean, scaring me so? Where have you been, you wicked woman?"

"My babies! Where are they?"

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

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

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

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

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

In the middle of the night she was awakened by the children's screaming; it seemed strange that she did not hear the thud of their mother's feet. As she sat up in bed, leaning on her elbow to listen and wonder.

the boy stopped crying. He broke short off, with a curious sob. And little Annie's cry became fainter and fainter until she too was quiet again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Naw. I been to jail."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Atwood continued, turning away her eyes. "How could I ever trust you, after the way you failed me last week? You left the clothes all damp. They might have been ruined."

"I don't do that once more."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Drawn by Frank Renne.

TOY GUNS

THE rain is slipping, dripping down the street.

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

While you sew,
Row after row.

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

While you dream
Over your seam.

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

While you drift,
The Gods sift.

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

While you prate
About Fate.

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

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

PAULINE B. BARRINGTON.



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

Parade of 2,000,000 Charity Workers, to Be Held in 1950, in Honor of

Constabulary

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

A State Constabulary is to the Labor Unions like a red rag to a bull. It will be fought by the whole labor force of the State. That means five hundred thousand organized working men and women. They know that

if they do not fight the bill now, the State Constabulary together with the armored motor cars recently presented to the New York State Militia by the Standard Oil Company will later on crush them as strikers.

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

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

“It is an extremely efficient force for crushing

strikes, but it is not successful in preventing violence in connection with strikes, in maintaining the legal and civil rights of the parties to the dispute, nor in protecting the public. On the contrary, violence seems to increase rather than diminish when the constabulary is brought into an industrial dispute; the legal and civil rights of the workers have on numerous occasions been violated by the constabulary; and citizens not in any way connected with the dispute and innocent of any interference with the constabulary have been brutally treated and in one case shot down by members

Pathetic and Comic

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

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



New York City alone has now some 10,000 paid workers for organized charity.

of a Destitute Person Found in the Slums

of the constabulary, who have escaped punishment for their acts. Organized upon a strictly military basis, it appears to assume in taking the field in connection with a strike, that the strikers are its enemies and the enemies of the State, and that a campaign should be waged against them as such."

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

his workers have struck and they must be dealt with.

The refusal of Governor Hunt of Arizona to comply with the demand of the mine owners of that State to suppress the strikers by force, saved that particular situation from the violence which invariably follows police interference. But Governor Hunt's action is unique, and labor has no doubt about the reaction of Governors who get hurry-up calls from employers in times of strikes. Labor has no doubt about the consequences which will follow this bill—if passed.

HELEN MAROT.

Birth Control and Emma Goldman

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

If such motives of discretion are to prevail, there may before long be no movements left to support.



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

New York City alone has now some 10,000 paid workers for organized charity.

Parade of 2,000,000 Charity Workers, to Be Held in 1950, in Honor of a Destitute Person Found in the Slums



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

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MOBS—By John Macy

PHILOLOGISTS tells us that "mob" is the first syllable of "*mobile vulgus*," which means fickle people. Like the words "vulgarity" and "demagogue," it was born in the brain of aristocracy and it expresses the contempt of the few for the many. Its entire retinue of association is derogatory. Partly because of the inertia of language, the unfavorable connotations of the word have lingered into republican days when the rights and merits of the many have been to some extent recognized and the virtues and privileges of the dominant few are no longer taken for granted. Even so catholic a champion of the multitude as the *New Republic* lifts its skirts above its silk stockings and says: "A mob cannot think." Why not? Are the individuals who compose a mob all fools or does their participation in the actions of a mob deprive them temporarily of their capacity to think?

A brief consideration of some mobs in past and contemporaneous history will show us that a mob is neither good nor evil merely for being a mob. A mob is bad when it does something that we do not like. A mob is good when it does something which sooner or later you and I and the policeman came to approve. We find, too, that there is little warrant for the definite article which frequently precedes the word; there is no such thing as *the* mob; that is an even less realizable abstraction than *the* public. Aristocracy, to be sure, meant something by the unifying article, for it relegated to the mob everybody who was outside a limited circle. But every living chapter in the true history of the mob is the story of *a* mob; most of the mobs that fill the volume are not related to each other, certainly they are not part of any general unit. In their composition they have only a negative resemblance—they do not include you and me and the policeman. The causes and purposes of each mob are peculiar to it and may be antagonistic to the causes and purposes of another mob. And our feelings for or against any mob are determined by our feelings for or against the special motives that animate it.

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

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

"The idea of *you* lynching anybody!" says Colonel

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

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

"The howling mob of yesterday in silent awe returns
And gathers up the martyr's dust into history's golden urns."

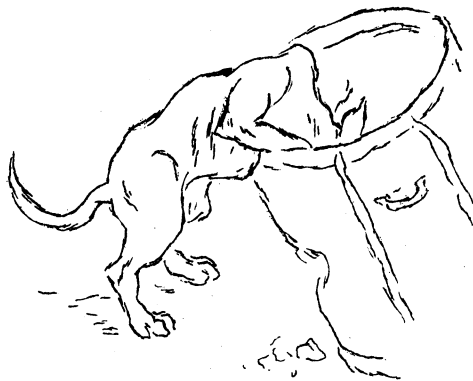
These lines of Lowell, like much New England ethical poetry, have two faults; they are not strikingly poetic and they are not true. The mob of yesterday never returns; it has done its admirable or dastardly work and has dissipated forever. The mob that gathers up the martyr's dust is a new mob. Some of the component individuals may have been members of the mob of yesterday, who have changed their opinions and are repentant of former deeds; but usually the mob of today is made up of a younger generation subject to ideas to which the mob of yesterday was an enemy or a stranger. The other day a statue of Wendell Phillips, was unveiled on the Public Garden in Boston. A respectful crowd listened to the eulogies of veteran abolitionists and of men too young to have known Phillips. This crowd did not become a mob; it had nothing to

do but listen, applaud and depart. But if an old enemy of Phillips had jumped up and insulted his memory, it is likely enough that the crowd would have turned mob and made it hot for the speaker. As it was, a passive congregation of the admiring and the curious, it represented the attitude of today's mob toward Phillips. In the majority of its membership and in its sympathies it was a completely different entity from any of the kinds of mobs which Phillips defied and lashed with investive.

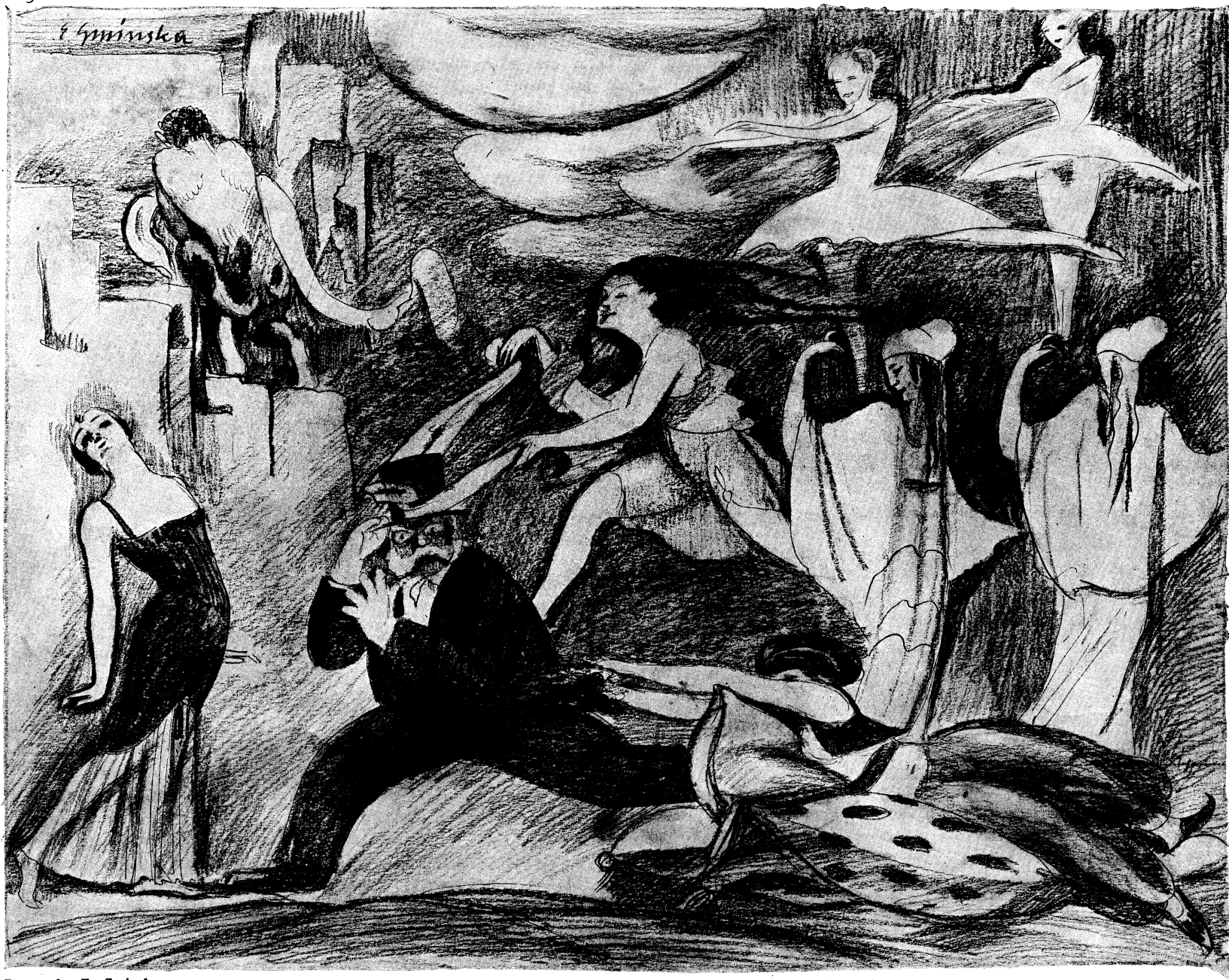
Phillips faced three kinds of mobs, those opposed to Abolition, those opposed to woman suffrage and those opposed to organized labor. They had a curious characteristic—they wore silk hats. The pro-slavery mobs before the war were not recruited from the common people but from the merchants and other business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

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

"The Mob, the mightiest judge of all."



Drawn by John Barber.



Drawn by E. Gminska.

Nightmare of a Pure-Minded Censor after having reluctantly and purely as a matter of duty, attended a performance of the Russian Ballet

The Joy of Living

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

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

"Well, of all things, Mame, how are you?"

"I ain't very well. Where you livin' now, Sally?"

"We are livin' out to Greyburg now."

"Where's that?"

"It's out beyond Smithville."

"Is it out as far as the cemetery?"

"Sure! it's the last place God ever made. Are you still in Boontown?"

"Yes, we ain't been away. What you been doin' since you left there, Sally?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

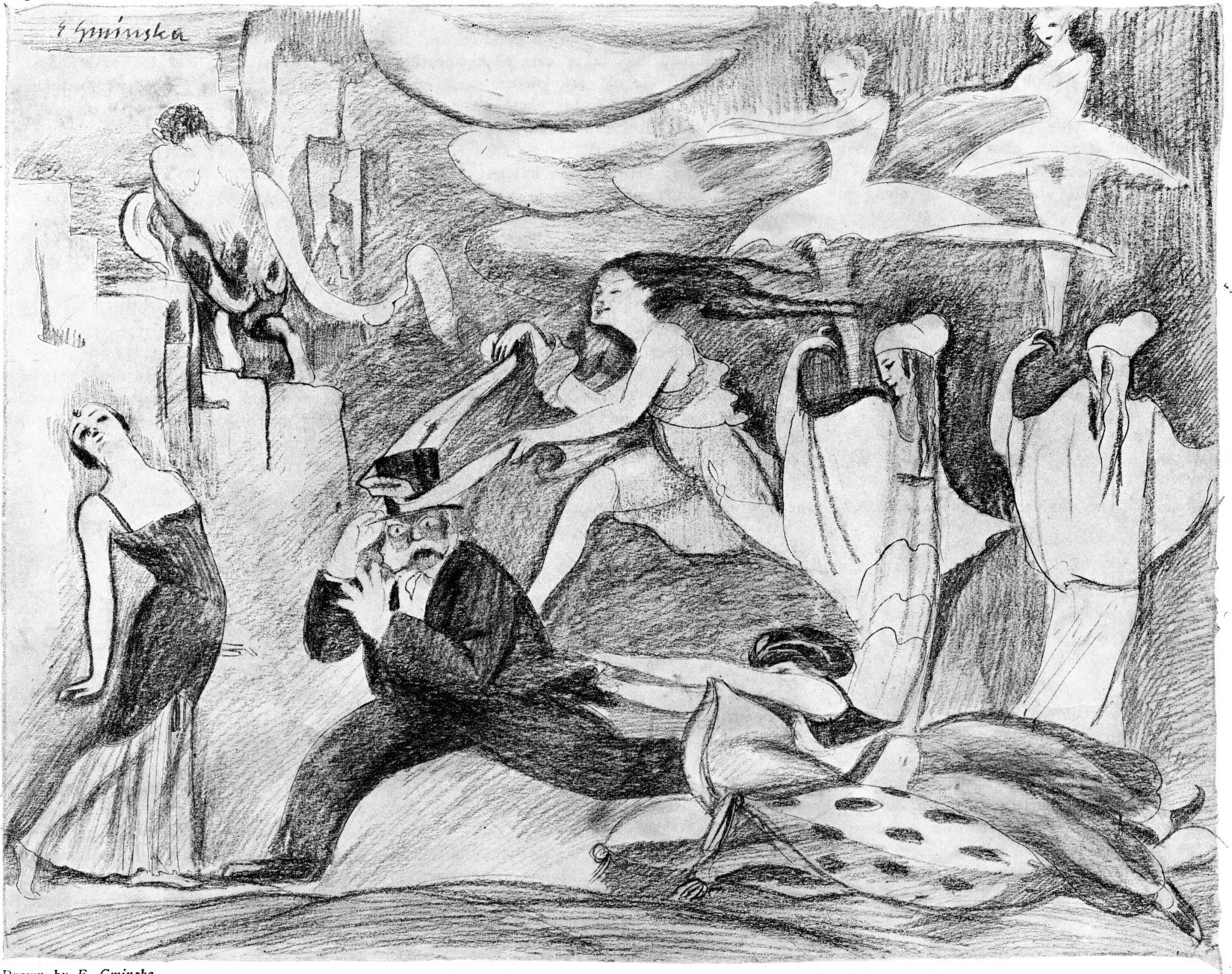
First woman: "Sure! Have you seen Belle lately?"

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

First woman: "She shows age now."

Second woman: "Does she?"

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



Drawn by E. Gminska.

Nightmare of a Pure-Minded Censor after having reluctantly and purely as a matter of duty, attended a performance of the Russian Ballet

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

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

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

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

Second woman: "Sure."

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

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

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

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

First woman: "You don't say! Jim's a good fel-

low."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

First woman: "Sure!"

The women were silent for a moment and looked vacantly out of the window. They did not see the

ugly little square houses with jig-saw trimmings, the flat untidy country, the billy-goats or the monstrous sign-boards; they had looked at these things all their lives and were no longer capable of seeing them.

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

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

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

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

First woman: "Goodby."

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

MABEL DWIGHT.

THE SOMBRERO—By Thomas H. Uzzell

IT was a superb sombrero. Its gray nap soft as a senorita's cheek, its wide brim embroidered with silver lace, its high crown, its long tassels of bright green silk—the beady eyes of Benito sparkled with a desire as he stood before the window of old Don Sanchez's pawn shop. A yearning to own it seduced and tormented the ragged tortilla seller.

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

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

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

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

After several hours of strutting, the peon, contented, fatigued, sauntered from force of habit into the Chapel of San Felice. He knelt in the gloom before a tawdry shrine of the Virgin, placed his sombrero tenderly beside him, and bowed his forehead to the cool flagging.

He rose up, a beatific smile on his thin lips, and reached for his treasure. He winked his little eyes hard. His heart stopped beating. The sombrero was gone!

Enraged, Benito ran through the hot streets. His bare head made him a mark for ridicule. Children

pursued him; dogs barked at his flying heels; *insurrectos* jeered him.

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

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

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

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

The guilty peon spent that night in the *carcel*.

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

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

At Don Sanchez's pawn shop Benito paused. He gazed hungrily in the window at the leaning towers of

straws and felts. When the guards prodded him, he writhed as though spitted upon the points of their bayonets.

"Get on there, dog! *Valgame!*" grumbled the soldiers.

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

Vaqueros and negroes sprang to their feet and crowded about the combatants. One of them emptied a revolver into the torrid sky. A dog yelped. Pandemonium shattered the noon-day lethargy.

The delighted negro soldiers clapped their hands and shouted, "Break away, *hombre!* Come to yo' Uncle Sammy! Lordy, look a-that!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

BROADWAY NIGHT—By John Reed

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Can you guarantee it?" said I.

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

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

"Have you tried it yourself?"

"No," he answered thoughtfully. "I will be frank with you. I have not." Here he interrupted himself to adjure the passing world: "Buy the 'Matrimonial

News.' If you want a wife or husband. . . .

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

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

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

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

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

"Afterward, however, things became more easy. I rose to be Chief Clerk at Smith-Tellfair's. By the time the second child was born—a girl—we had taken a small house at White Plains, for which I was gradually paying by the strictest economy in our living." Here he paused. "I have often wondered, after my experience, if thrift is really worth while. We might have had more pleasures in our life, and it would have all come to the same in the end." He seemed lost in meditation. Above, the nervous chaos of lights leaped in glory. Two women with white, high-heeled shoes passed, looking back over their shoulders at the furtive men. My friend called his wares once more.

"However. My little girl grew up. We had decided that she should learn the piano, and some day be a great musician with her name on an electric sign here." He waved his arm at Broadway. "When she was five years old, a son was born to me. He was to be a soldier—a general in the Army. When she was six



Drawn by H. Rosse.

THE REAL SONG OF HATE



Drawn by H. Rosse.

THE REAL SONG OF HATE

years old, she died. The trouble was in the Town sewer-pipes—the contractors who did the work were corrupt, and so there was an epidemic of typhoid.

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

"That left me and little Herbert—who was to be a general, you remember. It was about this time that young Mr. Tellfair succeeded his father at the head of the business; he was just out of college, with ideas about efficiency and office reorganization. And he discharged me first, for my hair was already white.

I then persuaded the Building and Loan Association to suspend my payments on the house for six months, while I procured another situation. Herbert was fourteen. It was extremely important that he remain in school, in order to prepare for the West Point examinations—for there he was to go.

"It was impossible for me to find another place as clerk, though I searched the city everywhere. I finally became night watchman in a paint and leather house near the financial district. Of course the salary was less than half what I had been earning. My payments on the house resumed, but I was unable to meet them. So of course I lost it.

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

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

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

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

"Good evening, madam," said my friend, with a courtly lift of his hat. "I trust I find you well. How is business tonight?"

"It ain't what it used to be when I first done Broadway," responded the lady, shaking her head. "Pikers and charity boys nowadays—that's what it is. A couple of fresh guys got funny down by Shanley's—asked me to supper. God, what do you know about that? They was kidding me, it toined out. I been as

swell places in my time as any goil in town. The idea! I met a fella up on Forty-fifth Street, and he says, 'Where'll we go?' And I says, 'I know a place over on Seventh Avenoo.' 'Seventh!' says he. 'Seven's my unlucky number. Good night!' and he beat it. The idea!" Here she shook with good-natured mirth. Presently I entered her horizon. "Who's your young friend, Bill?" said she. "Interdooce us." She dropped her voice: "Say, honey, want some fun? No?" She yawned, revealing gold teeth. "O well, it's time for bed anyhow. I'll go home and pound my ear off."

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

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

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

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

The "Matrimonial News" agent folded up his papers. "It's bed for me too, young man," said he. "So good-night. As for you, I suppose you'll go helling about with drink and women." He nodded half-sadly. "Well, go your ways. I'm past blaming anyone for anything."

I wandered down the feverish street, checkered with light and shade, crowned with necklaces and pendants and lavallieres and sunbursts of light, littered with rags and papers, torn up for Subway construction, patrolled by the pickets of womankind. One tall, thin girl who walked ahead of me I watched. Her face was deadly pale, and her lips like blood. Three times I saw her speak to men—three times edge into their paths, and with a hawk-like tilt of her head, murmur to them from the corner of her mouth.

I quickened my pace and passed her, and as I drew abreast she looked at me, coldly, a fierce invitation.

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



Drawn by John Barber.

SHORE LEAVE

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her name was Mae; she wrote it with her address and telephone number on a card, and gave references to South African diplomats who had enjoyed her charms, if I wanted recommendations. Mae never read the newspapers, and was only vaguely conscious that there was a war. Yet how she knew Broadway between Thirty-third and Fiftieth Streets! How perfectly she was mistress of her world!

She came from Galveston, Texas, she said—boasted that her mother was a Spaniard, and hesitatingly admitted that her father was a gypsy. She was ashamed of that, and hardly ever told anyone.

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

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

IN THE SUBWAY

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

Florence Ripley Mastin.

TRUCE

WE lay on the couch by the window, almost asleep;

Watching the snow.

She on my breast, a lovely and luminous heap,
With her head drooping low.

Except for one singing candle's flame,

And our drowsy whispers, there was no stir in the air.

And, as she smiled and snuggled closer there,

The Dusk crept up and flowed into the room.

Softly, with reverent hand, it touched her hair

That, like a soft brown flower, seemed to bloom

In the deep lilac gloom.

Kindly it came

And laid its blurring fingers on the sharp edges of things;

On books and chairs and figured coverings

And all once clear and delicately wrought.

Then, almost hastily,

As though with a last, merciful thought,

It covered, with its hand, the sharp, white square

That stood out in the corner where

The evening paper had been flung—

Blotting the screaming type that leaped and sung;

Hushed by no horror or shame. . . .

The brutal head-lines faded; and the room

Grew softer in the gloom.

She and I on the couch by the window, watching the snow;

She half-asleep on my breast, and her fingers tangled in mine.

And still in the room, the uncertain and slow

Twilight paused with its purple half-shadows, half-shine,

Then stopped—as if seeing her it could go

No further, but stood in a trembling glow,

Like a pilgrim stumbling upon a shrine. . . .

Quiet—a reverent and unspoken psalm.

Quiet—as deep-toned as a distant temple-bell
Spreading its measured calm.

Even the streets felt the beneficent balm—

The shops were golden niches, bright

With squares of cheerful light.

The people passed, wrapped in a genial spell;

Transfigured by the screening snow that fell

Like vast compassionate wings,

Hiding the black world and all sharp-edged things.

Quiet—ineffable and complete. . . .

Except, far down the street,

A murmur jarred against the hush, and then

A newsboys' treble, thin and dying out:

"Extra—War News Extra. . . . All about—"

And silence once again.

Closer the skies were drawn, closer the street;

And stars began to breathe again and men rejoice,

While Beauty rose up to defeat

That boy's high voice,

With its echo and threat of a world unreal;

Too terrible to reveal. . . .

And her fingers tightened in mine and she opened her eyes;

And the laugh of our child rang out, and a sharp rift broke in the skies.

And the clouds, like white banners of Truce hung gently above,

With a promise of rest and release. . . .

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

And a pillow of peace.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

THE FATHER

GIVE me a drink, Joe. The kid's dead and I'm all of a tremble:

Look at my hand.

How could I stay in the flat—him laying there with his little white face, and the old woman crying and blaming it all on me.

He was six years old and big enough and I sent him out for a pint one night. The old woman kicked but I had my way.

He came back snivelling, said he had slipped, and I lammed him good for spilling the beer.

He's been sick ever since—the damned doctors said it was his spine.

With the old woman fussing over him and giving me hell till I hated to come in the house.

And he died tonight. . . . Let's have another one, Joe.

I can't go home—him laying there with his little white face and the old woman crying and blaming it all on me.

FRED R. ASHFIELD.

WANTED

Idle his anvil stands,

His fire cold;

Tools as they left his hands

Apron unrolled.

A piece half made,

Dropped when he died.

On whom is laid

To do the thing he tried?

Skill he ha, but more:

Not alone in iron he wrought.

Gripping our inmost core

He shaped and bent our thought.

With eye that sees the end,

Who then the man—

What comrade, brother, friend

Will finish what he began.

R. P. I.



Drawn by Mell Daniell.

A SONG OF HATE

TO THE MASSES—which I detest. Listen, for a moment to my song of hate! For twenty years I had lived a life of comfortable, Christian, contentment, and then I began to read your monthly.

It is blasphemous, immoral, outrageous. I find that it is deliberately opposed to all that is Christian and comfortable and contented, and what is worse it seems to have no sense of moral responsibility whatever. It just kicks around in a red shirt with armfuls of incendiary convictions showing no compunction for the nicely brought up people who have every means for leading a peaceful happy existence and after reading a few numbers of THE MASSES have to face the dreadful fact that they are revolutionists.

Thus it was with me; the cream puff sort of life I was enjoying turned suddenly into an explosive bomb. I have become intolerant and scrappy where before I was harmless and refined.

And it is all so unpleasant! Before reading THE MASSES I had always considered Socialism one of my most broadminded and intelligent fads, thoroughly enjoying it as such, but when it turned into the channels of the practical it became a trial.

I now can only buy my clothes at the shops where I know they are union-made and exhort my friends to do the same until they become annoyed. I find that shopping along this straight and narrow path is intolerable as one has the dual problem of supporting the unions and being a well-dressed woman.

And then another thing. Ever since the war began I have attended twice a week a class composed of young friends of mine where we made Red Cross supplies for the French soldiers. It was really a most exclusive and gossipy affair and it was so refreshing to think of all the good we were doing. Then I chanced upon a small article in one of last year's MASSES where all Red Cross work is shown with obnoxious clearness to do nothing in the world but render war a more highly efficient organism. Formerly I had labored heart and soul in the attempt to help, however little, those wounded heroes, helpless victims of an evil system. But I had never realized that the evil system itself is being nourished and strengthened daily by thousands of good women who roll bandages and make fracture pillows and dozens of other hospital devices as I did.

Really, you know people who are inclined by temperament to live up to their convictions read THE MASSES at a great risk, for it is essentially a conviction breeding paper.

And then Art Young is enough to beguile anyone into looking over the reading matter and the reading matter is usually sufficient to drive anyone into buying next month's issue, so we poor little rich people are left defenseless before your onslaught and I don't believe that you feel a bit of Christian sympathy for us.

I have told you of two specific trials which you have brought directly upon me and besides these many heated family arguments and infinite number of mental strikes and a general feeling of atmospheric misfit. But with the same impulse which makes one bite down on an aching tooth I subscribed some time ago for myself and herewith enclose fifteen dollars for the purpose of bringing your "torch of light and freedom" into the homes of fifteen other comfortable Christian and contented families.

The list of names and addresses is to be kept hidden in the darkest pigeon hole of the subscription office.

I picked them out more or less at random from our much used bible, the social register. They are all people whom it is "desirable to know," and they all have religion, limousines and pet dogs. They believe that the only thing the poor need is as much charity as they can reasonably afford and enough Christian resignation to fill up the deficit.

The ladies won't even look at some of the illustrations and their virginal digestions will be upset for days by your frank discussions of Birth Control. They may even pray, in a red cushioned pew, for your Godless souls. After all it is much easier for us to believe our ministers and our aldermen than it is to believe you—so I have a presentiment that a few numbers of "THE MASSES" will be returned unopened, but I also have a presentiment that some of those people on the list will lose their peace of mind during the coming years, and, of course, to all good revolutionists, peace of mind is the most contemptible thing in the world.

I wish to Heaven I could afford the whole four hundred!

Doesn't it arouse one's sporting blood to think of launching that sixty horse power, bomb-throwing, explosive little paper of yours at the heart of "fifteen skeletons in armor"—people so encased with layer after layer of religion and politics against the possible onslaught of a new idea, that it is rare one ever penetrates the fortifications. Do try and be particularly vicious during the coming year!

If nothing else happens at least the minds of these people which run along for weeks on end in the nice smooth rut of upper-class existence will take a little skid on the first of every month.

I dislike you, MASSES, because you are uncomfortable, but God bless you nevertheless for trying so hard to adjust all the wrongs of the world and to abolish all the sins of man. It is really to us you are speaking, who (as Mr. Eastman would say) are so hopelessly out of love with nature and the real—everyone of us about as useful to the progress of the human race as a gardenia in the overalls of a day laborer.

As I am still mortally afraid of being recognized as an apostate,

I remain merely,

A SCARED REVOLUTIONIST.

LETTERS

A DISTINCTION

I MAY not always like what you print—God forbid—but I always like you. Because you are keeping the spark of decent revolt alive. I do not know whether I am paid up or not, but I enclose my small check. Perhaps you might like to know that a young university student working hard for her life and learning in a Western college writes me that you are "the one thing she cannot do without."

(Dr.) DOROTHEA MOORE.

Cambridge, Mass.

COSTLY LUXURIES

THE MASSES seems to me to have a predilection for long hair and a flowing red tie—a predilection that is picturesque, and an amiable weakness, at worst, in a mere Bohemian; but it is distinctly reprehensible in a revolutionist. In the former, weakness is a failing; in the latter a vice. When you publish cartoons, poems and articles that strike at some old superstition or evil—such as militarism, anthropomorphism, Christianity or Capitalism—or establish some new beauty or truth, confusion to your enemies! When, however, you publish things that are mere bits of self-expression and seeming attempts to mystify the reader—well, it is a delightful luxury for both of us; but it does not advance the cause of revolution very far.

As it is, you are the best magazine there is. And it is a veritable intellectual, artistic and spiritual adventure to read you. But compared to what you might become, if you would only leave off admiring your dauntless and graceful revolutionary attitude—!

E. RALPH CHENEY.

University of Pennsylvania.

INCONVENIENCE

I HAVE for some time been accustomed to securing my copy at the subway news-stand, but since Ward & Gow, those pious guardians of the community's morals, those modern vestal virgins who would keep alive the flame of reverence and spirituality, have censored MASSES, I find it more convenient to subscribe.

L. DEAN PEARSON.

Union Theological Seminary, N. Y. C.

BEER

RECENTLY had trial subscriptions sent to a friend and myself. I will not continue as I see a Beer "ad" on last cover page. I see no reason why you should seek the Beer Trust money and have your readers drink this adulterated chemicalized concoction. Discontinue and I will continue.

A SYMPATHIZER.

COURAGE

WHEN a periodical has the courage in the face of a storming protest from the community at large relative to its contents, to continue to publish according to its own ideals and its own conception of what is moral and what is not, then it's about time that such a publication receive support.

HENRY SAVINE CHENIFF.

Coney Island, N. Y.

CURIOSITY

I HAVE heard very much about your magazine in Europe, but I could never buy a copy of it while there.

I read it for the first time last Saturday, when I bought a copy from a 42nd street newsstand. It interests me very much. Herewith enclosed please find twelve cents in stamps, for which please send me the January issue containing the now famous "Ballad."

JOS. BOURGEOIS.

Garwood, N. J.

A COMPLIMENT

WHEN I was in college Billy Phelps used to tell us that when Burton was writing his "Anatomy of Melancholy," he used to leave his study when his brain was thoroughly tired and go down in the dead of night to the fish market at Billingsgate, I believe, and listen to the fish wives curse each other. It was the only relaxation that the gentleman ever took, I am told. That is sometimes the way I feel when I somewhat inadvertently bump into some of the rough stuff in THE MASSES. Whether that is a compliment or not, I leave to you, but I am for you strong.

W. K. STEWART.

Louisville, Ky.

CHRISTIAN

I'M not a regular reader of THE MASSES, but I have the cartoons "Learning the Steps," and "It's a Great Country," pinned up on the wall for preparers to enjoy when they come in to see me. "Learning the Steps" seems to me one of the finest pictures you have ever printed. But that's only one of three or four things I want to say. Another is that I am one of that large minority* of your readers who are churchgoers and church members, and that I thought your Christmas ballad beautiful and such as Jesus, were he miraculously born or otherwise, would not disapprove. I haven't seen anything in your columns yet that I think Jesus would dislike on any other grounds than (perhaps) these, namely that flouts and scorns are not very efficient, however delightful to the flouter and scorner. But when I think how you are standing up for the very ideas of Jesus in regard to war, I remember the inasmuch remarks in the Sermon on the Mount and feel that while THE MASSES lives, Christianity has one husky champion!

There's one item of which, however, I wish you'd take note, in passing, and that's the way the ministers (hereabouts at any rate) have used their influence in behalf of Patrick Quinlan. One Bishop at least, and ministers here of the Episcopal, Dutch Reformed and Presbyterian churches, have promptly and gladly joined in the appeal for what measure of belated justice can now be restored to Mr. Quinlan. I mention these three denominations from personal knowledge; but a comrade active in the work of the petition, who, I'm sure, is not a churchman of any description, said at our branch meeting last Sunday, "The clergy came out strong for Quinlan."

Fraternally,

SARAH N. CLEGHORN.

E. Orange, N. J.

*If no more!

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

"How long would the opponents of this resolution have the women wait?" he asked.

"Oh, about 5,000 years," interrupted Assemblyman O'Hare of Queens.

Assemblyman Welch, who comes from William Barnes's Albany district, said that the resolution was "nothing more or less than an attempt to heckle the voters."

Laughter at the joke had just subsided when Assemblyman Pratt of Wyoming, who always makes a good speech and often a witty one, arose and in loud tones began:

"If at first you don't succeed—"
As if by prearrangement the whole Assembly joined in, "Try, try again."

I submit this press-pearl from the reverend and (ha, ha!) revered N. Y. Times, for its pith and pungency. The Times, like Assemblyman Pratt, always makes a good appearance and often a funny one.

L. U.

BIRTH CONTROL IN THE SOUTH

THE farm population of the South is much interested in the question of birth control, even more than the urban population. The average farmer's family in the South is considerably larger than the city family, and the women of the South are beginning to cry out against the continuous child-bearing that is forced upon them by Bourbon traditions. The economic side of child-bearing in the rural districts of the South can be understood in the light of the questions that are asked when a renter applies to a landlord for a place. The first question is, "How many mules have you?" And the second is, "How many kids?" Other things being equal, a man who has a family of eight or ten children always secures a rented farm when in competition with a man who has from two to six children. Accordingly it is not surprising that early marriage is the rule in the rural districts.

In my travels over Texas and Oklahoma I have met not less than 100 girls who were brides at from 13 to 14 years of age. I can send you photographs of families of from 12 to 18 children from one mother. In the light of these facts, you can see how necessary it is to attend to birth control in Dixie land, where they raise cotton that is largely picked by tiny fingers fresh from the cradle.

T. A. HICKEY.

The Rebel, Hallettsville, Tex.

THE NEGRO

YOUR propaganda against lynching neither began nor ended with the lynching of Leo Frank. How can you ever expect to conciliate the "Bourbon" South if you allow such naked literature as "The Brute," a story which appeared in a recent issue, to find its way into your columns? Why do you continue to do these things? Surely you do not suppose that my poor race can be of any material aid to you.

JOHN H. OWENS.

Chicago, Ill.

STOP

PLEASE cancel my subscription to "THE MASSES," this cancellation to take place immediately.

HERBERT B. SHONK.

Scarsdale, N. Y.

WHY

PLEASE discontinue my subscription to THE MASSES. Too much pacifism.

A. G. INGALLS.

N. Y. C.

NO ROOM

KINDLY discontinue sending us THE MASSES with the March issue. Our subscription has run out and I do not care to renew it. Without in any way opposing whatever policy may be in the editor's mind, you will yet allow me to say that we have no room in our house for the magazine as at present edited. Perhaps it is our fault that we have been unable to find what you are after.

Faithfully,

ROBERT DAVIS.

Englewood, N. J.

LEFT-HANDED

I CAN'T imagine what I could have done to have THE MASSES wished on me, and have refused to take the last two copies from the post office. I note what you say about making THE MASSES better as well as bigger and stronger, and I wish you God-speed in making it better, for it is never too late to mend, and the desire for a better magazine shows an awakening conscience.

J. N. LOVELL.

Coaticook, Me.

FAMILY REASONS

MY object in subscribing a week or so ago to THE MASSES was to encourage, to that little extent, a journalistic effort to propagate progressive and radical ideas in political, social and religious matters; but a very short trial of your paper suggests to me that it gives an unnecessarily large and undue prominence to the advertisement of sex literature—to such an extent that I do not care to continue receiving the paper. At any rate the other members of my family so strongly object to this particular feature of your paper that I must ask you to kindly discontinue sending it. I suppose you have a policy, and know what you are doing, but in my particular case it cannot work, and so I have to part with you, with regret, but with esteem.

T. R. R.

Pittsburg, Pa.

COMPARISONS

CONTINUE with you for another year? Well, I hope so. Can't get along without you. Simply hunger for THE MASSES. Of course, there are some drawings, etc., that seem to mean nothing in my young life—that I cannot understand, but that doesn't make me like THE MASSES less, any more than it would make me love my husband less because there are some traits I cannot quite understand.

VERNE E. SHERIDAN.

N. Y. C.

FUN, BEAUTY AND TRUTH

LAST night while I was reading, my MASSES just arrived. It came over me that it must be almost as hard not to hear from those who believe in you and love you for your work as to be flooded with reproaches and criticisms from those who fail to get the point. The whole story of what THE MASSES seems to me to be doing is told in the "Ballad" and the reactions that you have been receiving. Realities unclouded by traditions and superstitions and beautiful in their truth on the one hand and on the other the mass of people who cling to their half-truths and are not willing to acknowledge their partial view. It is amazing that you can keep so bravely and joyously at it, that is the blessed humor that fills the true radical with such human understanding and enduring power.

For the fun, the beauty, the truth that THE MASSES sends out to us who sometimes lose patience trying to penetrate the fog that most of us live in, for all that and much more that you mean in the way of refreshment and inspiration, please accept the love and loyalty of one of your constant and appreciative readers.

Sincerely yours,

ELLA WESTCOTT.

Jamaica Plains, Mass.

Arrested for Criminal Libel by
the Associated Press—

Expelled from Columbia Uni-
versity Library and Book
Store—

Ejected from the Subway and
Elevated stands of New
York—

Suppressed by the Magazine Dis-
tributing Company in Boston—

Quashed by the United News
Co. of Philadelphia—

Kicked Out of Canada by the
Government—



Drawn by Arthur Young.

THE LATEST

MASSES BOOK SHOP

Continued from page 3.

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

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

SOCIOLOGY

Socialism and the War, by Louis B. Boudin, author of "The Theoretical System of Karl Marx." It is the first book of its kind published in this or any other country. Price, \$1.

The Economics of Liberty, by Prof. John Beverly Robinson. An Anarchist's views. Price, 50c.

Political Thought: From Herbert Spencer to the Present Day, by Ernest Barker, Oxford. 55c.

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

"SOCIALISM IN AMERICA"

Reviewed by Helen Marot

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

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

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

Continued on page 24, second column.

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

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

Socialism in Theory and Practice, by Morris Hillquit. Former price \$1.50, now 50c.

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

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

Feminism, by Mr. and Mrs. John Martin. A criticism of the Woman Movement from the point of view of the two sexes. \$1.50 net.

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SAVE A SOUL

You know someone who has mental lockjaw. The Masses is a positive cure for rigidity. Send in a dollar and

Save a Soul

Continued on page 24.

MASSES BOOK SHOP

Continued from page 23.

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How to Know Your Child, by Miriam Finn Scott. Price, \$1.25 net. A clear, concise and lucid book for parents.

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

Natural Laws of Sexual Life, by Anton Nystrom, M.D., Stockholm, Sweden. Translated by Carl Sandzen, M.D. Price, \$2.

Continued from page 23, second column. enliven conversation, but we can discard it with advantage. I suppose that every one who has tried to be honest in forming opinions, has sometime or other found himself in alliance with people with whom he is temperamentally out of sympathy. I once discovered—an extreme case—that I was opposing a measure that was also being opposed by the National Manufacturers' Association, the most obnoxious organization in the country, an organization that exists to keep alive what to me is most detestable. But as I had arrived at my position on the particular measure in a rational way I could not repudiate it on the irrelevant ground that for reasons of its own the Manufacturers' Association was in opposition too.

I would like to challenge another statement of the author. He says that the dues of the I. W. W. are low, that the purpose of the organization is to enable the poorest workers to belong. That is true, but he goes further and asserts that the I. W. W. has not accumulated a treasury because it wants to avoid corruption. I think that the I. W. W. leaders realize that an organization, like its members, will die if it depends for sustenance on spiritual exaltation alone.

But these are not the things that impress one about the book. Its courage and right-mindedness make one forget its occasional lapses.

A desire to be rid of dogma, of threadbare phrases, a new thirst, intensified by the war in Europe, for reality, is giving character to the present time. It is because John Macy's little book, "Socialism in America," reflects this desire that I hope it will be widely read. Its brief chapters on "The Economic Classes," "Some American History," "The Socialist Party," are chiefly valuable on that account. But his chapters on "Socialism and the War," and "Internationalism and Militarism," treated with a frankness which is very grateful, are of immediate interest.

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

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

In speaking of patriotism he reminds us that our country does not belong to the people who live in it, but to a part of the people only. The crime of nationalistic Socialists against true Socialism is not that they did not prevent the war, but that they did not to the limit of their strength try to prevent it. If the Socialists of this country and all countries are to avoid committing a similar crime in the future, they must at once cleanse themselves of the disease of nationalism, and its concomitant, parliamentarism. This does not mean that they should refrain from politics, but that on all political issues they should take the anti-national position.

The above seems to be a statement of fact rather than a possible program—"at once cleanse themselves of the disease of nationalism." As the author pointed out in an earlier chapter, the opinion of American Socialists expressed since the war in Europe began, gives little promise that our action in this country under pressure of instinctive forces and government commands would differ materially from the action of the comrades of Europe.

But wherever we are, the important thing is to know where that is. John Macy's book will help in making the discovery.

HELEN MAROT.

Here is a letter to our Book Store from Dr. Lydia Allen DeVilbiss, Director of the Child Hygiene Division, Kansas.

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

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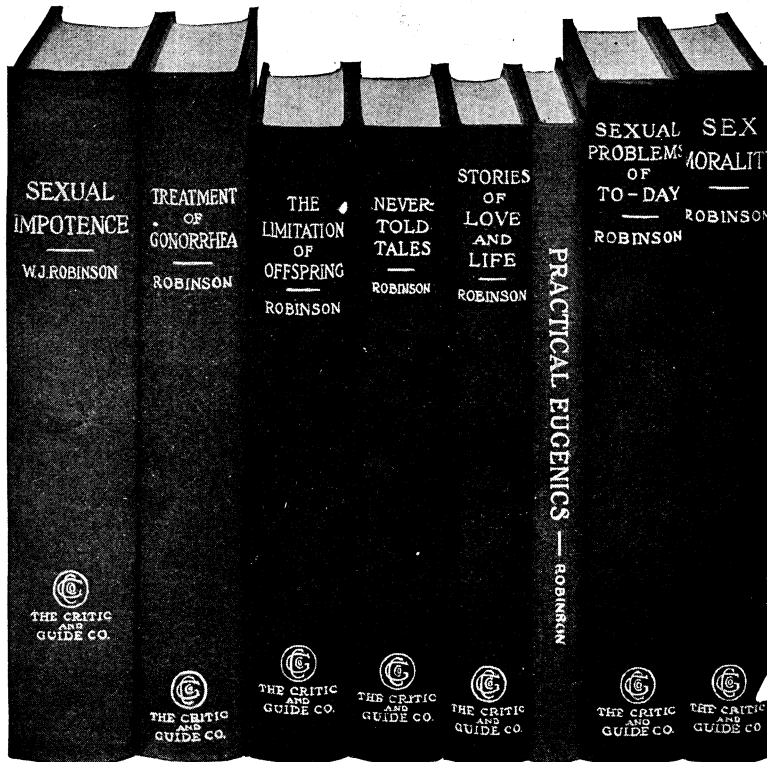
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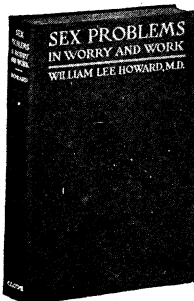
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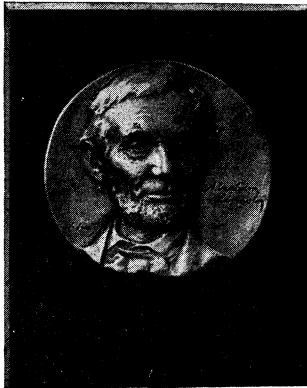
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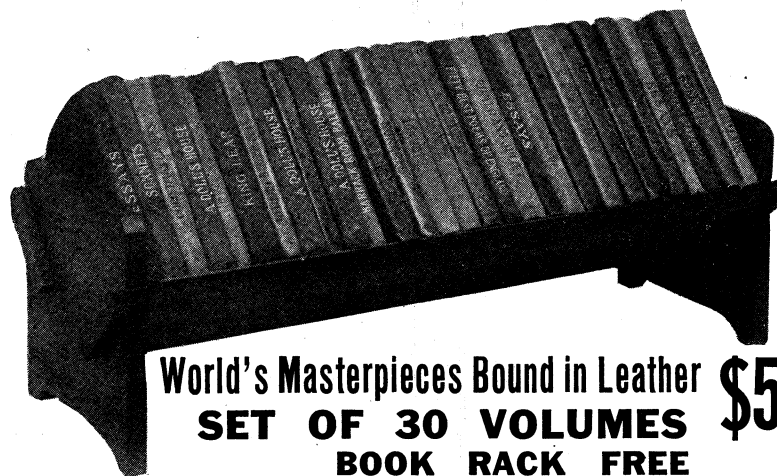
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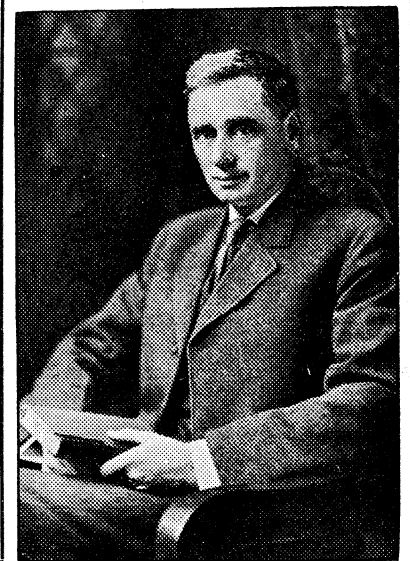
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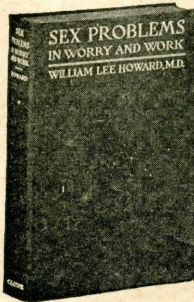
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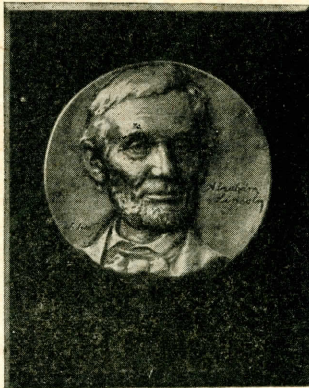
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