

OCTOBER, 1916

15 CENTS

The
MASSES



The MASSES

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Max Eastman

MANAGING EDITOR
Floyd Dell

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Entered as second-class matter, December 27, 1910, at the postoffice of New York City, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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MR. FRANK HARRIS

"Religious Thought Today and Tomorrow"

Written in Brixton Prison
With views of Blake, Emerson, and Bergson.

Aeolian Hall, N. Y. C., Tuesday, October 3, 1916

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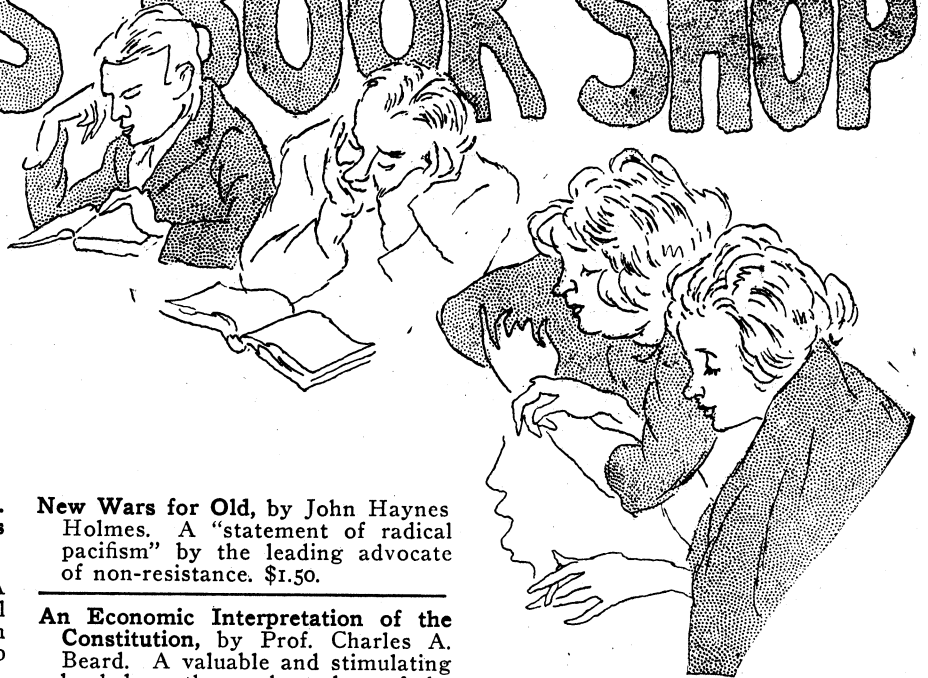
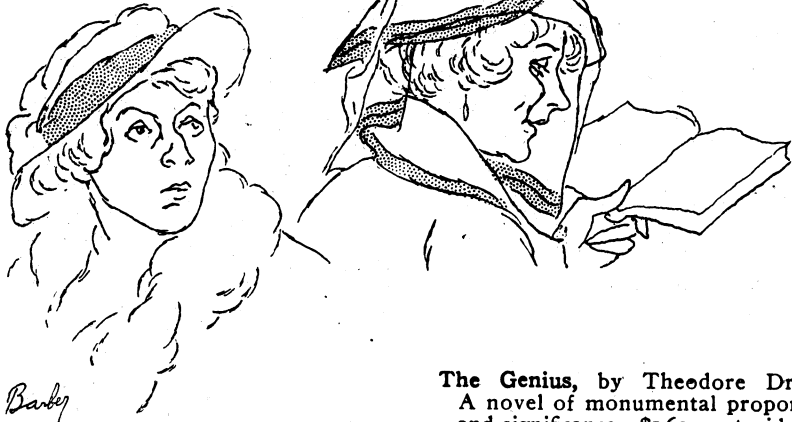
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The Social Significance of the Modern Drama, by Emma Goldman. "The material covers the prominent works of Scandinavian, German, French, Irish, English, and Russian drama. It is revolutionary only as truth is revolutionary; its teachings are consistent with Miss Goldman's long battle for her own ideas of growth and of freedom."—The Review of Reviews. \$1.00 net.

The New History, by Prof. James Harvey Robinson. Reviewed in the June issue. Price, \$1.50.

Modern Swimming, by J. H. P. Brown; an illustrated manual with 40 drawings by Jansson. \$1 net. Elementary lessons for beginners, and all the new strokes for experts.

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German Philosophy and Politics, by John Dewey. A pragmatic appraisal, incisive and conclusive. No man is better fitted than Dewey to write such a book. Concludes with an inspiring Internationalism. \$1.00.

(Continued on page 29)

Some Recent Workings of the Censorship

IN the past six months six radical periodicals have been suppressed by the Post Office Department without the formality of a trial and without possibility of redress: *Revolt*, of New York; *Alarm*, of Chicago; *The Blast*, of San Francisco; *Voluntad* (Spanish); *Volni Listy* (Bohemian); and *Regeneracion* (English-Spanish). All of these papers, except the last one, were denied the privileges of the mails on the grounds that the Post Office Department "did not like the tone of the paper." *Regeneracion*, as will be remembered, was handled more crudely: the Federal Department of Justice confiscated its presses on the ground that an article which it published, advising the Mexican people not to trust the Carranza government, was "treason." And at the same time two of its editors, the Magon brothers, were beaten into insensibility by detectives, and the entire editorial board was indicted.

The Post Office examination and censorship of mail is strictly illegal. Several times the Post Office has asked Congress to grant it definite rights in this matter, and Congress has refused. Cases which have been carried up to the United States Supreme Court have been decided on the legal merits of the particular case—the Supreme Court has refused to pass on the principle of the Post Office censorship.

This method of suppressing publications without trial was begun during the administration of Theodore Roosevelt, when *La Question Sociale*, of Paterson, N. J., was so forbidden to publish or circulate.

We bring these instances of lawless tyranny to the attention of our readers, to further prove that the governing class of the United States has not the slightest respect for that "law and order" which it professes to uphold against "dangerous revolutionists" like us.

Passing from philosophy and economics to art and literature, we catch a glimpse of the reason why America is so hopelessly inferior in artistic and philosophical expression to the rest of the world.

We find in the literary section of the Boston *Transcript* a notice to the effect that "the Committee on Suppression of Cincinnati and New York" has instituted proceedings to suppress Theodore Dreiser's great novel, "The Genius," on the grounds of "immorality."

We also happen to know that "The Rainbow," by D. H. Lawrence, one of the finest novels ever written in the English language, has been barred from publication here—after appearing in

England—by the threat of the Society for the Suppression of Vice—on the grounds of "obscenity."

Then there are "Hagar Revelly" and "Homo Sapiens" and an infinite number of other books. Likewise the publishers of translations of Russian literature have been warned against introducing here some of the greatest books of all time—which are freely available to the public of every other country of the world, including China.

In the theatre we have a recent example in the outrageous censorship of the Russian Ballet in New York, and the stupid suppression of serious plays in Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago; while undisturbed, the silly and lascivious burlesque show, musical comedy and vaudeville act go on. The moral is, of course: "As long as you are vulgar you are safe."

And we have with us always what the *Little Review* calls "the most perfect system of Birth Control for genius and art ever devised—The National Board of Censorship."

But the latest activity of our national pruriency is in the realm of painting. Jerome Blum, a painter of reputation, returned from China this spring, bringing with him a little collection of Chinese and Japanese paintings. Among them was a book containing eight original paintings on silk by one of the ancient Chinese masters, and a Japanese scroll of exquisite workmanship.

The Customs Appraiser of the Port of Chicago declared these two works obscene, saying "they would arouse the passions of an ordinary man."

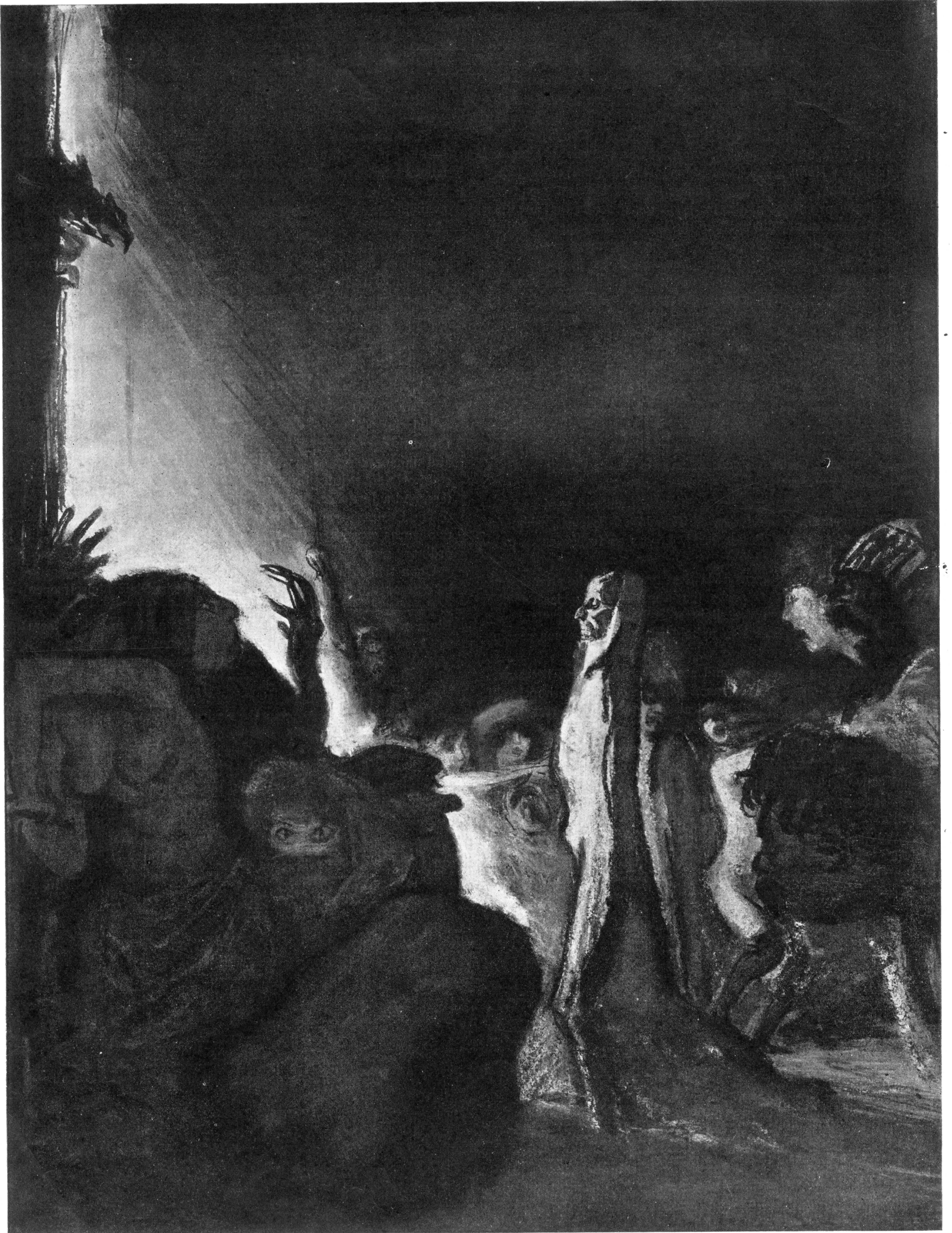
Upon this evidence the Collector of the Port ordered them to be destroyed, informing Mr. Blum that he had laid himself open to thousands of dollars in fines and five years imprisonment. Mr. Blum offered to paint out the objectionable parts, to return them to China, or to present them to some museum. But the Customs official's decree was: "Art or no Art, all paintings of the kind are to be burned." So the two paintings were destroyed!

No one of the slightest education need be told that all Art—and all religion—arose from the desire of humanity to recreate for the hearts of men the mystery of the creation and reproduction of life. The Art of the Orient is almost solely concerned with these subjects. And not only that; the steeple of every village church in the United States, the form of the cross on its altar, the shape of a bishop's hat—are all "obscene" phallic symbols.

We wonder how the Customs officials of the Port of Chicago can bear to go around carrying the shameful male organs of generation. But perhaps, after all, they haven't any.

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- ☐ "THE WAY OF THE WORKER," by Austin Lewis.
- ☐ "THE GERMAN MIDDLE CLASS AND THE WAR," by L. B. Boudin.
- ☐ "WHY THEY HATE FORD," by John Reed.
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Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

The MASSES

Vol. VIII. No. 12

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The Tempting of Anthony

WHEN Rose-Ann telephoned, inviting him to come over to tea that afternoon at her apartment, he was disturbed. He was rather afraid of Rose-Ann. She was so wide-awake, vivid, and sure, that he was always left rather dazed by her, as if the lightning had struck in his immediate vicinity. "I wonder," he had mused, "what life will be like when the world is full of girls like that—as I have predicted it will be! Would I really like it?"

A foolish question, as he had perceived on further musing. The real question was, would that kind of world like him? He feared not. Rose-Ann disapproved of him. She like him, to be sure, but with a tolerant affection which did not conceal a certain hard scorn of his masculine uselessness. He had failed her on several occasions—the latest time when she had wanted him to be one of a deputation to go and see a governor about something. He hated committees and deputations, and tried to beg off on that score.

"What," she had said with contempt blazing in her blue eyes, "do our personal likes and dislikes matter, in a case like this? Are you interested in the Cause, or are you not?"

So he braced himself for the encounter. Of course she would want him to do something for the public good. Rose-Ann had never wasted a whole tea on a mere private friendship. He wondered what it was this time, and hoped that he was not again condemned to make himself despicable in her eyes.

He found out after his second cup. For fifteen minutes she had given an excellent imitation of a young woman who enjoyed having a young man to tea. She did it well, just as she did everything she set out to do. She inquired lightly of his activities, touched humorously upon her own, remarked upon their common friends, and even threw in a dash of gossip—an example of her histrionic capacities, for Rose-Ann was utterly incapable of being interested in gossip. It was a matter of complete indifference to her that Olga had quarreled with Hubert and became reconciled to her husband. Yet she related the fact with an apparently amused twinkle, and did not so much as raise the question of the injury the whole affair had done to the "social usefulness" of those concerned. Anthony had fallen almost wholly under the illusion she had intended to create, he was unsuspecting and disarmed, when she said casually:

"Do you remember that you once promised to do something for me?"

He remembered. Protesting, at the time, that he could not make speeches or collect money or attend committee meetings, he had offered her his fountain pen. "Tell me what to write," he had said, "and I

will write it. An article—a series of articles—anything you like!"

"The time has come to do it," she said, and he saw by the steel glint in her eyes that she expected to have to hold him to his word.

"About Hughes," she said. He sat up. "Of course! Why hadn't he guessed?"

"Well," he said defiantly, "I won't! Promise or no promise!"

"Why not?" she asked calmly.

"See here, Rose-Ann! I believe in Suffrage."

"Do you?" she said with a mocking lift of her eyebrows. "How nice of you!"

"But it's only one of seven million things that I believe in."

"I see," she said, with a faint, damning smile.

"No you don't see, Rose-Ann. In the first place, I consider myself as good a suffragist as you are. Better, perhaps. I believe in votes for women in spite of the follies that I know they'll commit with it. The folly, for instance, of voting for a cheap politician just because he comes out in favor of the Constitutional Amendment. Those things are temporary. It is a folly which I myself might commit under similar circumstances?"

"Might you really?" she said ironically.

"I won't call it folly in you," he said. "You've read Hughes' speeches. You know the caliber of mind he has—I don't think you're fooled for a minute. It's just your hardness. You have a sense of power—and you're going to use it. Reward and punish. Make and break. And here's your chance. I can't help admiring it in you. But when I think of the other things at stake—"

"Chief of which," said Rose-Ann, "is——" ?

"Peace," said Anthony. "Do you think I'm going to help, even if I could, in electing a man with the boyish notions of foreign policy displayed by Hughes? I'm not that kind of suffragist."

"Neither am I," said Rose-Ann coolly.

While Anthony stared she went on. "Thank you for expressing yourself so clearly about the situation. I was afraid you might think me inconsistent. As a matter of fact I am working for Wilson."

"Oh!" he said, angrily.

"Will you make a series of articles out of what you have just said?" she went on. "I think it would help. And you might put in a few nice things about Wilson."

"Yes," he said sullenly. "—And a few nice things about Carranza and the Kaiser. I suppose you refer to the fact that Wilson has kept us out of the war. Well, I think those two deserve some credit, too. As to that, I'm not certain that we have kept out of war. What do you call this Mexican business?"

"You're hard to suit," said Rose-Ann. "Tell me, whom are you going to vote for?"

"Debs," he muttered.

"I know, Anthony, that you don't keep as close track of politics as I do. But the Socialist candidate this year is not Debs. His name is Benson—Allan L. Benson."

"Thanks," he said. "I'll remember that."

"Now see here," said Rose-Ann earnestly. "You've got to be a good sport and play the game right. This is the most critical election we've ever had. It's very likely going to decide the destinies of America. I know you're a Socialist. But are you going to stand aside and let other people do the deciding? I haven't ceased to be a suffragist; not for a minute; and I don't expect you to stop being a Socialist. But—Anthony, this is a time when all our little party tactics come to look childish, in the face of a terrible necessity. We cease to be suffragists and Socialists—we're just human beings making our choice as to what the history of our country is going to be for the next generation."

"It's true," said Anthony, "that when it comes to questions of life and death I find it hard to remember my politics. But—are you asking me to entrust the future to the man who wrote the *Lusitania* note and sent the army into Mexico?"

"Yes," said Rose-Ann. "I am. He had to. And he's going to take it out again. You know it."

"I know he believes in peace," said Anthony slowly, "and I know that he put through a staggering military bill."

"And you know why," she said.

"Maybe I do. And maybe I only think I do. Maybe there's a good reason behind every change of policy. I've tried to believe in him. But he requires, I must say, a faith like the old-fashioned one in God. 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' I haven't the temperament for it, really."

"But Hughes?" asked Rose-Ann.

"My unfortunate country," he said, "may have to choose between them; but I don't."

"You're a prig," said Rose-Ann.

"No," he said. "It's just because I believe it is important. And because I still have some self-respect left. If we had the old Greek system of 'ostracism,' I would vote to exile Hughes for four years, and see what Wilson would do with us. But vote for Wilson—approve of what he has done—pretend to believe in him?—I couldn't." He rose.

"And so," she said, with a sigh for a wasted hour, "I've been giving tea and cakes to a man who's going to absent himself from the polls on election day! Oh, just as useless, vote for——"

"Debs," he said firmly.

THE PARTING

THEY had decided to leave each other for a time. After many months of strain between them something had broken in her and she knew they must have a rest from each other.

Her unsatisfied spirit had pressed forward until it had wrenched itself loose from her reason and found release down the dark alleys of instinct where it had plunged blind and unguided.

He had told her one more foolish obvious lie, covering and hiding away from her the unknown nature and processes of him which she felt would be the source of fulfillment to her if she could only reach them and tap them. After the long, unsuccessful pursuit of his spirit she had a sudden complete sense of her frustration.

She was mad with jealousy because her spirit had never been satisfied. She had never been able to ascertain him, and the intellectualized longing of her heart to know him and possess him and *be saved by him* turned into a flood of hatred that flowed into every nerve and muscle, galvanizing her into a passionate effort to be saved from him.

She had struck out blindly at him with all her strength without knowing what she was doing. Her consciousness rushed out from her upon him in a storm of blows as though to thrust him out of existence.

As soon as she came to herself she was frightened at what had happened. She told him she must go away and give her a chance to get hold of herself again. She must have a rest from the riddle of his uncertain quality. She longed for peace to come to her.

He agreed that it was necessary to go for her sake. For himself he felt no uncertainty in his feeling for her except at those times when she became unlike herself; then he felt no love for her. He agreed cheerfully to go away for a time and work.

She tried to pierce the motives of his acquiescence. She analyzed his reasons for taking with him the clothes that he took and the orders that he gave for putting away what he left behind. She felt unable to understand how he felt, what went on in him, and she suspected that he tried to give her the answers that she wanted and not the true ones. How could she ever know the true answers to his nature and his acts? She felt a darkness surrounding him and his ways and she wondered if it really was his darkness or the limitation of her own light. She felt a mystery about him that seemed evil, yet she wondered whether the sense that it was evil did not come from herself. She doubted herself as well as him.

When he came to say goodbye, the pain of it was awful of her. She felt she was giving up, surrendering her life. Yet she did not ask him to stay for fear of giving up her reason.

His tears flowed with hers. He tried to comfort her. "It will be better when I come back," he said. "You will see, dearest. You need a rest from me."

Her heart seemed to turn to mud in her.

She knew if he went she would not begin it over again. She would not have him back unless she could know him; and she could not get to know him when he was away any more than when they were together.

All of the afternoon of the day that he went the hours dragged themselves across her. She lay and could not move under the weight of the day. Towards night, when she got up and went downstairs to see people again, she found everything had taken on a

pallid, sickly hue. All the accustomed things had a dead look. The furniture, and all the inanimate familiar objects were like symbols that had lost their meaning. And the people about her appeared diminished and ineffective. She felt insulated from them—out of contact—neutralized. Their voices sounded dead in her ears, and her own voice sounded still more dead.

She cast around her in the nearby places and afar into the world for a spot that carried life in its remembrance, but the whole earth was like a burnt ember to her imagination. A place of death peopled with shades. She longed for true death—for appeasement—cessation.

As evening wore on and she sat listlessly with the others, all of her being seemed to her to stream out in invisible antennæ seeking contact and finding none.

She wondered where he was—what he was thinking and what look was upon his face. She tried to penetrate the empty space between them and reach him—to know what he was like and what he was feeling. She did not wish him back for fear of the exasperation of his unsatisfactory presence, nor did she long to go to him for fear of the imperfect meeting.

There was no goal of aspiration for desire—no direction for her longing to take. She had become a storm center of unrelated emotion. Her soul was a deep whirlpool. She felt she was going mad.

In desperation she turned to movement of some kind, and she offered to walk home across the hills with a friend. She stormed across the hill and each beat of her heart was a hammer of pain, reluctant to fall. The perspiration streamed from her face and body, the blood pounded through her arteries as she forced herself along, and the whole of herself seemed a terrible burden that she carried for no reason and to no place. Coming back alone, she got lost in the darkness.

She plunged through a thicket that seemed a dull and endless growth of little mean natural things without dignity or nobility. Shrubs—grasses—stones—a mere confusion of small and horrible claws, stretching out to pull her. Her intrepidity was still unused. The spitefulness of nature could not make her battle with it. Her heel was torn from her shoe, and slipping on her skirt she came down, knocking her forehead against a tree trunk. The pain and anger she felt were not strong enough to assuage her.

The fireflies staggered on all sides of her—lost—without direction. All nature seemed a welter of stupid instinct without goal. In all the night there was no sign that nature held out any hope.

She wondered where he was and if he suffered as she did. She longed for him to suffer that her suffering might become valid. Unless he too knew the agony of separation her suffering was not authentic. She did not know why this seemed true.

Again she longed for death. As she had once longed for possession of his spirit, now she longed for annihilation. But she knew that annihilation was not for her. In the night in bed she lay waiting for the day. Unfulfilled she lay waiting. Unable to think—phrases of half-thoughts persisted—beating their way through her consciousness—meaningless to her—carrying no vitality. Anemic images floated by her—aimless and drifting.

The day came and went, dragging her down with it. It seemed to her that it was a degradation to suffer as she did. She felt a sense of shame and inferiority at the dulness of her being to all things outside of her—

at her unresponsiveness to life. Then she felt most truly lost—knowing there was no dignity in her pain and that she was unable to save herself from it.

At the end of that day she sank lower in her own estimation. That was when she admitted to herself that it was probably not on account of him that she was going through such agony. She remembered that she had gone through similar severances and at this remembrance she knew that she might not be at her ultimate agony.

At this point she turned her revolt back against herself. He became exonerated. She was the culpable one, carrying darkness about her and evil in her hidden nature.

She waited for the next morning to recall him. She told herself that he might as well return. She felt that she could love him better since she found the fault of pain to lie hidden in herself—unrelated to him. She longed for the assuagement that would come from his presence, when he would be near her, exonerated by her. She longed to forgive—to ask forgiveness—to take the blame.

But these thoughts did not hold. When he came back she became hard to him again.

Her pain remained undiminished until his coming, and she had counted upon her forgiveness and understanding of him to alleviate it. But when she found him cheerful, contented and not very moved, she resisted all his efforts to be sweet to her. She saw that he was sorry for her overwrought nerves, but that he did not feel what she was feeling. And she hardened to him.

But he sat by her and stroked her hand and her hair. Gradually the tension in her relaxed and she felt the cessation of pain that she had known in imagination. Soon she was soothed utterly, her heart lightened. She listened dreamily to what he was telling her.

He was speaking of the terrible evening before.

He was telling her what he had been doing while she was in the wood. "I stopped off, dearest, and went into that funny place—the Palisade Coney Island, you know. You should see those people—those girls! I looked at them for a long time, first sexually, then aesthetically. It's queer how differently I can see things—the same things. Both ways give me pleasure. . . . Then for a long time—an hour I guess—I watched a man hitting at a mark with balls! He won every time. Dearest—he was piling up all sorts of prizes he won—tea set after tea set—quite good ones. I felt so sorry for the poor Chinaman who had the booth. I was awfully interested watching them all." He went on telling his adventures like a child.

There seemed no longer anything unknown or mysterious about him. She knew completely that her pain was unrelated to outer things. Then she felt that they were truly parted.

The unknown was still there appalling her, but it was deep in her self. He could not cause her any pain.

She shivered a little through the cloud of drugging magnetism from his fingers. It soothed her, but it did not enhance her. It was like a drug too often received. She knew that the momentary alleviation that she secured from his nearness would pass away again, leaving the craving for certainty, perfection, and knowledge. She felt lost once more. Lost in her own depths, the foundation unknown and irrecoverable.

Again she waited for another day to break. Still uncertain—weary and unfulfilled.



Design by Arthur B. Davies.

THE SLEEPERS

MOONLIGHT and music and the sound of waves
Reached out and held us there,
Each close to each,
Upon the night-blurred and deserted beach.
She sang an old, imperishable air
Softly . . . and from forgotten graves
A mist of memories arose
As if in answer to an unspoken call.
A soft and intimate breeze
Blew over us and over all
The blue and faintly-singing spaces;
Over the quiet and the salty balm,
Over the velvet skies and seas,
Over our half-concealed and cloudy faces.
That strange and rosy wind
Mellowed the distance, smoothing down the thinned,
Sharp edges of the sickle-moon,
Bringing the night so close
That, when our fingers clasped,
We grasped and held its greatness and calm
Warmly within each palm.

And, as her head sank back,
And the breath of the night came slower,
A drowsy voice grew out of the black
As her own voice sank lower.

Something caught her unspoken word.
It answered and mingled with her;
Their breath blended and I heard
The voice of Sleep and her sleepy voice
Singing together. . . .

The wind crept up on the sands and stopped;
The voices dropped.
Our fingers loosened; the night imposed
The weight of all sleepers upon us and closed
Our heavy eyes. . . .

Then, as we lay,
I stretched my hand into the skies
And plunged it through that shining spray;
Pushing aside the cloudy bars,
And grasped the moon like a scythe;
And cut down great, wide swathes of stars—
Reaping the heavens with a blithe
Song till the blue fields were bare.
Then, when the last gold bud was shaken free
And all the silver flowers of the night
Had rained and heaped about her there,
I threw the bright scythe into the sea. . . .

There was a hissing and an end of light.
And we slept—dreamlessly.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

THE SUN

NOW autumn, and that sadness, as of love,
Heroic in immortal solitude;
Those veins of flaming passion through the wood;
But in the blue unburdened infinite above
A shining circle like the light of truth,
Self-poising, tranquil, his desire sublime,
Whose motion is the measurement of time,
Whose step is morning, and his smile is youth.

No passion burns upon the livid earth
Whose stain can tint that circle, or whose cry
Can rout the tranquilly receiving sky.
All passion, all its crimson stream, from birth
To murder, bloom and pestilential blight,
All flows beneath the sanction of his light.

MAX EASTMAN.

FIRE-BIRD

WHY are you so listless, O strangely beautiful
bird?
Can you not lift those great blazing wings?
Too long have you hovered near me
Making light my way where I stumble in the dark.

ROSE WINSLOW.



Drawn by Maurice Becker

GEORGE ANDREYTCINE

THE Department of Labor has just decided to allow this young man to live. George Andreytchine, mining engineer, was in the curious predicament of being too civilized for this world. A Tolstoyan Non-resistant Anarchist, he had been ordered to serve in the army.

The immediate reason for the deportation order, however, was the fact that he had made speeches to striking workingmen in the Mesaba range of Minnesota. Before that time his views had been considered "interesting" by Mesaba society. When he took up with workingmen he was arrested, investigated, and condemned, in the manner indicated above, to death. According to the government investigator, the fact that he was a man of intelligence was a "dangerous" symptom.

"He is dangerous because he is smart," wrote the agent. "Also he is sincere. . . . I believe the allegation that he was a person likely to become a public charge, was sustained, for the reason that he is in jail now and is likely to be in jail frequently." Moreover, "the people of Grand Rapids are anxious to get rid of this man."

We congratulate the Department of Labor for deciding that it is all right for Andreytchine to go on living.

What Happened to Pierce

JULIAN PIERCE is a speaker, newspaper correspondent and national committeeman of the Socialist Party.

Three nights a week he addressed crowds on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

A recruiting station with tent and bugle-blowing soldiers was on the opposite side of the street. Placards announced: "Your country needs you." Note the word "country," instead of Standard Oil, Guggenheim and others.

Well, Pierce criticised militarism. He even went so far as to call the soldiers "fifty-cents-a-day patriots."

It's hard enough to get recruits, without having a street speaker shout out socialistic ideas just as a re-

cruiting officer thinks the boys are going to nibble.

The rumor went around that the officers had told the soldiers to "get" Pierce.

A cordon of policemen surrounded Pierce to keep the pathetic young patriots from attacking him.

The crowd was with him.

But finally the chief of police had to revoke his speaker's license.

Pierce was arrested, and is now out on bail, awaiting trial for "inciting to riot."

In the national capital of the nation, a man cannot raise his voice against the methods of the militarists? Imperial Rome will look like a gentle, tolerant Democracy if the plans and purposes of militarism and big business continue to go through.

ARTHUR YOUNG.

Birth Control

THE fight is not yet won by any means. The next battle is soon to take place, when Jessie Ashley and Ida Rauh will be brought to trial for giving away pamphlets containing scientific information about birth-control. According to the law which defines such information as "obscene," they may be sent to prison for a long term of years and fined heavily.

Their action in giving away these pamphlets was a deliberate and public ignoring of a law which they felt must be publicly defied before its sway can be broken; though it is secretly defied by the governing classes before whose judicial representatives these "law-breakers" will be solemnly brought to trial.

These trials must be made to serve the purpose of the original "crime"—by bringing to the notice of intelligent people the preposterous law against which the idealism, the hope and the sanity of our freest souls has flung itself in what should be a final struggle.

You can help. You are not asked—as yet—to risk your freedom in this cause: that is being done for you by the defendants. You are asked to watch for the trials, tell your friends about them, and if you live in New York City, go yourself to the trial and see for yourself what happens. You are asked to help advertise the fight, to help provide that audience in the face of which it will become harder and harder for judges and prosecuting attorneys and legislators to countenance the insane cruelty of this law.

Memo

I wish to be notified of the dates of trials of those arrested in the Birth-Control propaganda cases.

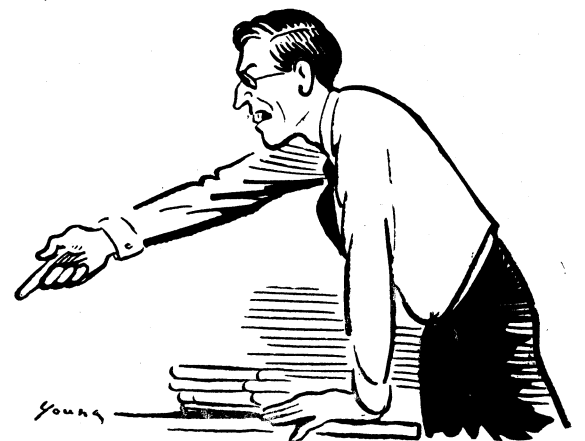
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(To be filled out and mailed to The Masses)

The Gold-Sprayed Voice of the People

IN the gilded chamber,
 With its cushioned floors and softest draperies,
 Where the heroes of Democracy
 Met in conclave,
 He arose to debate—
 A huge bulk of well-fed manhood,
 With smooth-shaven jowls
 That hung like pouches over the glistening band of
 white around the vein-swollen neck,
 His face was stern,
 His voice harsh in its deep earnestness,
 As he swept the air with a hand jewelled with
 gleaming finger-nails
 And courageously proclaimed his faith in democratic
 ideals:
 "Children must be kept at work in the mills,
 If they are to be kept out of jail."

Max Endicoff.



This Isn't Wilson—It Is Julian Pierce



Drawn by Maurice Becker

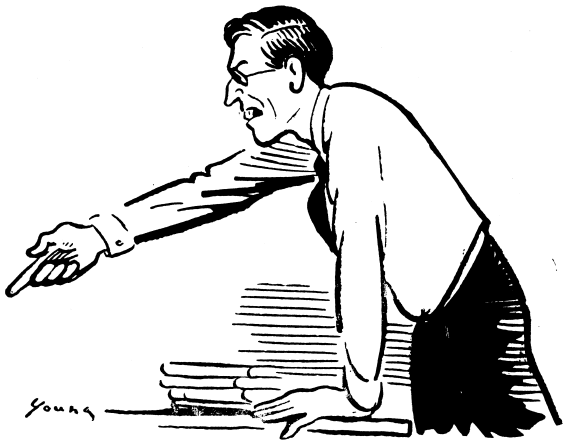
GEORGE ANDREYTCHE

THE Department of Labor has just decided to allow this young man to live. George Andreytchine, mining engineer, was in the curious predicament of being too civilized for this world. A Tolstoyan Non-resistent Anarchist, he had been ordered to serve in the army.

The immediate reason for the deportation order, however, was the fact that he had made speeches to striking workmen in the Mesaba range of Minnesota. Before that time his views had been considered "interesting" by Mesaba society. When he took up with workmen he was arrested, investigated, and condemned, in the manner indicated above, to death. According to the government investigator, the fact that he was a man of intelligence was a "dangerous" symptom.

"He is dangerous because he is smart," wrote the agent. "Also he is sincere. . . . I believe the allegation that he was a person likely to become a public charge, was sustained, for the reason that he is in jail now and is likely to be in jail frequently." Moreover, "the people of Grand Rapids are anxious to get rid of this man."

We congratulate the Department of Labor for deciding that it is all right for Andreytchine to go on living.



This Isn't Wilson—It Is Julian Pierce

Why They Hate Ford

John Reed

HENRY FORD started with the idea that everyone ought to be able to own an automobile; and it has led him far. He saw that the only way an automobile could be put in the reach of all was to manufacture it in great quantities and all of one kind. In order to do this, Ford spent years simplifying his machinery, increasing the swiftness of production, and organizing the efficiency of his workmen.

Then he turned his attention to the people themselves. He had been a poorly-paid mechanic himself, and, unlike other self-made men, he had not forgotten that low wages, overwork, and no leisure, make bad workmen and bad human beings. Moreover, he was absolutely ignorant of the economic theories of the seventeenth century—which was lucky. He said: "It costs as much for a poor man to bring up a family as it does for a rich man. . . . The world's wealth is concentrated in too few hands. . . . A workman has the right to what he produces,—as nearly as that can be determined. . . . The only way to mend a bad world is to create a right one; and the only way to create a right one is to give men enough to live on so they won't be driven into destruction."

This is Sunday School stuff, of course,—if he had not made up his mind to act on it. That is what bothered the other employers of labor: Ford's acting on his beliefs. With such ideas as that, if he really believes in them, you can readily see how far a man would go. And when Ford says a thing he means it, in the most literal sense. For example, many men cried out that the European War was a horror, and that peace must be brought as soon as possible. But only Henry Ford chartered that amazing Peace Ship and naively started out to bring peace with his own two hands.

When he talked of the profit-sharing plan, a roar of protest went up from manufacturers all over the country. Ford was going to disrupt the labor market, raise the wage standard, create chaos in the industrial world. Even his own business associates were horrified and opposed him with all their strength in his mad efforts to ruin the Ford Motor Company. But he simply answered: "It will make them work better. Don't you worry about that. I know how they feel about it."

One hears a great deal about the "benevolent despotism" exercised by the Ford Company over its employees—and there is something in it, as I intend to show; but it remains a fact that, if Fordism were as effective as is, for example, German industrial paternalism, in keeping workmen down, our most far-sighted industrial barons would not fear it as they undoubtedly do. No. The truth is that this new Ford plan is turning into something dangerously like a real experiment in democracy, and from it may spring a real menace to capitalism.

In inaugurating his profit-sharing plan, Henry Ford upset several of our most sacred industrial and economic laws: for instance, "that no manufacturing institution can successfully employ more than 5,000 men in a single unit." Ford increased that number to 30,000, and now plans to triple that number. Next, he smashed the doctrine which says that the more hours you work a man the more work you get out of him; he voluntarily reduced his workmen's hours from 10 to 8 a day. And finally, the *Times'* pet theory, "low wages are necessary to keep laborers at their work,"

he violated by establishing a \$5 a day minimum wage. Let us see how this worked out:

Number of motor cars made and shipped in February, 1913, by 16,000 men working 10 hours a day.....	16,000
Number of cars made and shipped in February, 1914 (after the new plan went into effect), by 15,800 men working 8 hours a day	26,000
Number of cars made during the year 1915-1916 by 30,000 men working 8 hours a day, 550,000—about 50,000 a month.	

Before the inauguration of the plan, a social survey of the company's 16,000 employees was made, followed, five months later, by a second survey including only the beneficiaries of profit-sharing, then numbering 9,251. Of 16,000 men at the start, 5,872 had bank accounts totaling \$996,418,—an average of \$62.12. Of the 9,251 profit-sharers at the second survey, 7,540 had bank accounts totaling \$1,603,768— an average of \$173.86. In January, 1915, Ford employees had \$3,046,301 in banks. In January, 1916, \$5,968,936. In 1914 Ford employees carried about \$2,500,000 in life insurance; in 1916, just under \$15,000,000. In 1914 they owned a little over \$500,000 worth of homes and lots; in 1916, \$3,500,000. In 1914 homes and lots on contract came to a little over \$3,500,000; in 1916 they had increased to about \$25,000,000.

In January, 1914, about 47 per cent. of the employees had good home conditions, 41½ per cent. lived in good neighborhoods; 30 per cent. had fair home conditions; 40 per cent. lived in fair neighborhoods; 23 per cent. had poor home conditions, 19 per cent. lived in poor neighborhoods. In January, 1916, 87 per cent. had good home conditions, and 81 per cent. lived in good neighborhoods; 11 per cent. had fair home conditions, 18 per cent. lived in fair neighborhoods; less than 2 per cent. had poor home conditions, and less than 1 per cent. lived in poor neighborhoods. The Chiefs of Police of Highland Park and of Hamtramck, where most of the Ford employees live, state that since the profit-sharing plan went into effect Ford employees have been almost never arrested, and that the improvement in homes and rooming-houses is incredible.

Since the profit-sharing plan went into effect, no Union has ever tried to organize the Ford plant, and no complaint of a Union man working at the Ford plant has ever been made to the Union headquarters in Detroit.

It seems remarkable, then, that there should be such hostility to Ford Industrialism on the part of employers of labor. The reason, however, is obvious. It lies in the stark simplicity of Henry Ford's mental processes. For Mr. Ford is only secondarily interested in making money.

It must be remembered that in paying a minimum wage of \$5 a day Henry Ford felt that his workmen had a right to it. But his advisers and business associates managed to persuade him that it was ruinous to pour out such a flood of wealth upon the unprepared laboring classes. So they elaborated a plan by which, above the regular wages per hour, a "share of the profits" was added to bring the minimum stipend of unskilled workmen up to \$5 a day; and the Sociological Department of the Ford

plant took charge of the distribution. A smug clergyman's morality was set up as a standard to which profit-sharers must attain. Profit-sharing was made a charity.

In order to share profits a man had to lead "a clean, sober and industrious life, and be of thrifty habits." Every unmarried male employee over 21 who could so qualify was eligible. Every married man over 22 who could so qualify, and "whose domestic relations were satisfactory," was eligible. Boys over 18 years of age (the age of employment at the Ford) who had relatives directly dependent upon them, were eligible. But no woman was eligible, no matter what her age, unless she was the sole support of relatives; and this was because, as the chief of the Sociological Department recently informed me, "*We find here that women are not forced into the labor market. Women usually go to work because they want to get a little more to put on their backs to swell around with, hunting for a man.*" Needless to say, this view of womankind was not Mr. Ford's—he was simply ignorant.

The paid investigators of the Sociological Department went from home to home, investigating the employee's manner of living, his management of his income, the way he and his wife got along together, his habits and tastes. A system of spying was elaborated all over the city, to report lapses of morality, smoking, drinking, playing pool, and attending burlesque shows. Children were brought before the inquisition to testify against their fathers, and wives were 'made spies' on their husbands. The profit-sharing was arbitrarily given and taken away from men upon the report of investigators as to whether these men were living up to the required conditions or not. The most abominable system of petty tyranny grew up; one case, for instance, being the forcing of an employee's wife to submit to the amorous attentions of the investigator, on pain of his profits being taken away from him.

Sanitary and other improvements were suggested—and even ordered—in the home, and whole families were plucked up from what the investigator decided were "undesirable" neighborhoods and set down in another part of town. In some cases, even, nagging mothers-in-law who caused domestic troubles and a resultant loss of efficiency on the part of the worker, were removed and ordered to live elsewhere!

The main emphasis, however, was placed on domestic relations. No married man could share profits unless he was living amicably with his wife. Conjugal difficulties were settled by the investigators by negotiation, if possible—and if not, by the threat of taking away the profits. If a man instituted divorce proceedings against his wife his profits were taken away from him; and if a divorce decree was handed down by any Court blaming that man, he was discharged.

Now it was Henry Ford and Henry Ford's influence which put a stop to this state of affairs. The spy system was abolished. Several investigators were summarily dismissed. And Mr. Ford and the officers of the company made it plain that they could be reached at any time by any employee who wished to make a complaint. The "clean, sober and industrious" clause in the profit-sharing qualification was removed. The qualifications for profit-sharing were simplified to such a degree that, while a year ago only about 15,000 out of 25,000 men were paid the \$5 a day minimum, now more than 25,000 out of 30,000 men qualify, and the remainder are, without exception, new employees, who

are not eligible for profit sharing anyway until after six months' probation.

Henry Ford said to me: "Most people want others to decide for them in the organization of their work as far as making a living is concerned. But every one is here to get his own experience in his own way; and he ought not to be interfered with." This explains Ford's real feeling about the profit-sharing plan. He has resolutely set his face against "welfare work." There are no company houses, company stores, endowed schools for workingmen's children, recreation grounds, no compulsory Mutual Benefit Associations or Employees' Clubs; and no interference in the workmen's social, economic and religious beliefs. But the plan has only been in operation for two years; and in that time all of the objectionable features have not yet been remedied. Women are still barred from profit-sharing—though I can confidently predict that this will be remedied in a short time. The Sociological Department's investigators still supervise the workmen's savings and expenditures, although with constantly diminishing thoroughness. Marital relations are still considered important enough for the investigators to offer their friendly services in domestic disagreements; though no man's profits are taken away from him because of a Court divorce decision, and he cannot be discharged for anything that happens in his private life. If a profit-sharer flagrantly fails to live up to the conditions for one month, his profits are withheld and repaid to him if he makes good the second time. If he falls down for two months, 75 per cent. of the accumulated profits are paid to him, and 25 per cent. handed over to some charity picked out by the Sociological Department. For three months he gets 60 per cent. and 40 per cent. goes to charity; four months, 40 per cent. and 60 per cent. to charity; five months, 25 per cent., and 75 per cent. goes to charity, and six months all his accrued profits go to charity and he is brought up before the council of the Sociological Department to show cause why he should not be discharged.

But Henry Ford has made it almost impossible for a Ford employee to lose his job; a man's position is more sacred in the Ford Company than it is in the Civil Service. No man can be discharged without the personal order of Mr. Ford himself or of the general superintendent. Any man who has trouble with his foreman can apply for and get a transfer to some other department—as can also any man who is tired of the monotony of any particular line of work. A newspaper man whom I know—a well-paid, rising and influential journalist—broke down nervously and afterward got an unskilled job in the Ford plant. "No more damned slavery for me!" he said enthusiastically when I saw him. "I get more money, live cheaper and better, have more leisure and a bigger chance to get on right here."

To illustrate the tendency of the Ford plan, it is interesting to know what Henry Ford did to preserve his workmen from exploitation by outside interests. When the profit-sharing plan first went into operation, a cloud of real estate speculators, loan sharks and goldbrick vendors descended on the men. There was already in existence a model hospital and a highly efficient Medical Department to preserve the men, free of charge, from the attacks of hostile bacilli. Now to preserve them against purely human ills, Ford established the Legal Aid Department and the Real Estate and Investment Department—formed of the best legal and financial talent he could obtain, and also free of charge. When I spoke of these services as "free," Ford objected. "I don't like that word 'free,'" he said impatiently. "Nothing is free. We don't give anything away in this plant. These services are part of the wages we pay the men." And a little later he gave me the key to the whole vast plan of profit-sharing. "This

thing is changing all the time," he said. "It started as a kind of paternalism, if you want to call it that; because I didn't know any other way to give people what they have a right to, and to see that they used it to make themselves happy. But it has developed. And it is changing automatically into a system of advice—just as the Medical Department, the Legal Aid Department and the Real Estate and Investment Department are systems of advice. The Education Department, which includes all these, and also the old Sociological Department, will some day be nothing but a great system of advice which our employees can come to when they want it, and don't have to have when they don't want it."

It must be remembered that this \$5 a day wage plan was promulgated by Mr. Ford within an hour after it had first taken shape in his mind. It originated in Ford's wish to pay people what belonged to them, and was not carefully planned out with an eye to increasing the profits of Henry Ford. Of course he knew the simple fact that an adequate income, freedom from anxiety about unemployment, and leisure, would make better workmen, but how could he know, for example, that the sweepers and scrubbers who clean the factory, whose wage scale at \$5 a day amounts to over \$600,000 a year, would save \$600,000 to the Ford Company by retrieving that much worth of vanadium steel dust and scraps from under the machines? How could he realize that highly-paid workmen would take a new interest in the business, and spontaneously invent new methods of manufacturing, and new labor-saving devices? How could he have prophesied that the first effect of the new scheme would be to create rivalry of achievement in the plant, that made it immediately a great training school from which he might draw for all branches of the business?

Let us consider this man Henry Ford. He stood alone in his ideas—opposed by the solid hostility of other manufacturers, by the shocked conservatism of his own business associates, by public opinion; and even labor was apathetic and suspicious. At a recent meeting of the Central Committee of the Detroit branch of the American Federation of Labor, the paternalistic activities of the Sociological Department were endorsed,



Drawn by Elias Goldberg.

J. Algernon Montgomery-Botts, one of the marvels of American finance. His fortune has increased in his first year over \$5,000,000

because workingmen were not fit to take care of themselves! And at the present time an officer of the Federation is a Sociological Department Investigator!

The Ford plan of manufacturing, which includes profit-sharing, is in its infancy. This year more than half a million automobiles were manufactured in the home plant at Detroit, 50,000 in the Canadian factory, and 25,000 in the works at Manchester, England. On the strength of this production Ford lopped \$95 from the price of the car. In two or three years the home plant will be making more than a million cars annually, and there will be immense new plants turning out Fords by the hundred thousand in Kansas City, Chicago, Duluth, Hoboken, Long Island City, etc. The nineteen immense assembling plants all over the United States will be doubled or tripled. The Ford car will some day cost \$100 or less.

In Dearborn, Mich., is the nucleus of Ford's immense new plant for manufacturing the Ford farm tractor, which will be made in millions and sold by weight for about 100 a pound. With this Ford plans to make the farmer independent of railroad short-haul freight rates, to free him from the burden of horses and draft cattle, to supply him with cheap power. He says that the tractor is going to plow up the Siberian steppe, the wastes of Mesopotamia and Persia, the Australian bush. To run it he has invented a cheap motor fuel which can be manufactured out of a farmer's growing crops, without destroying their food value, for a few cents a gallon.

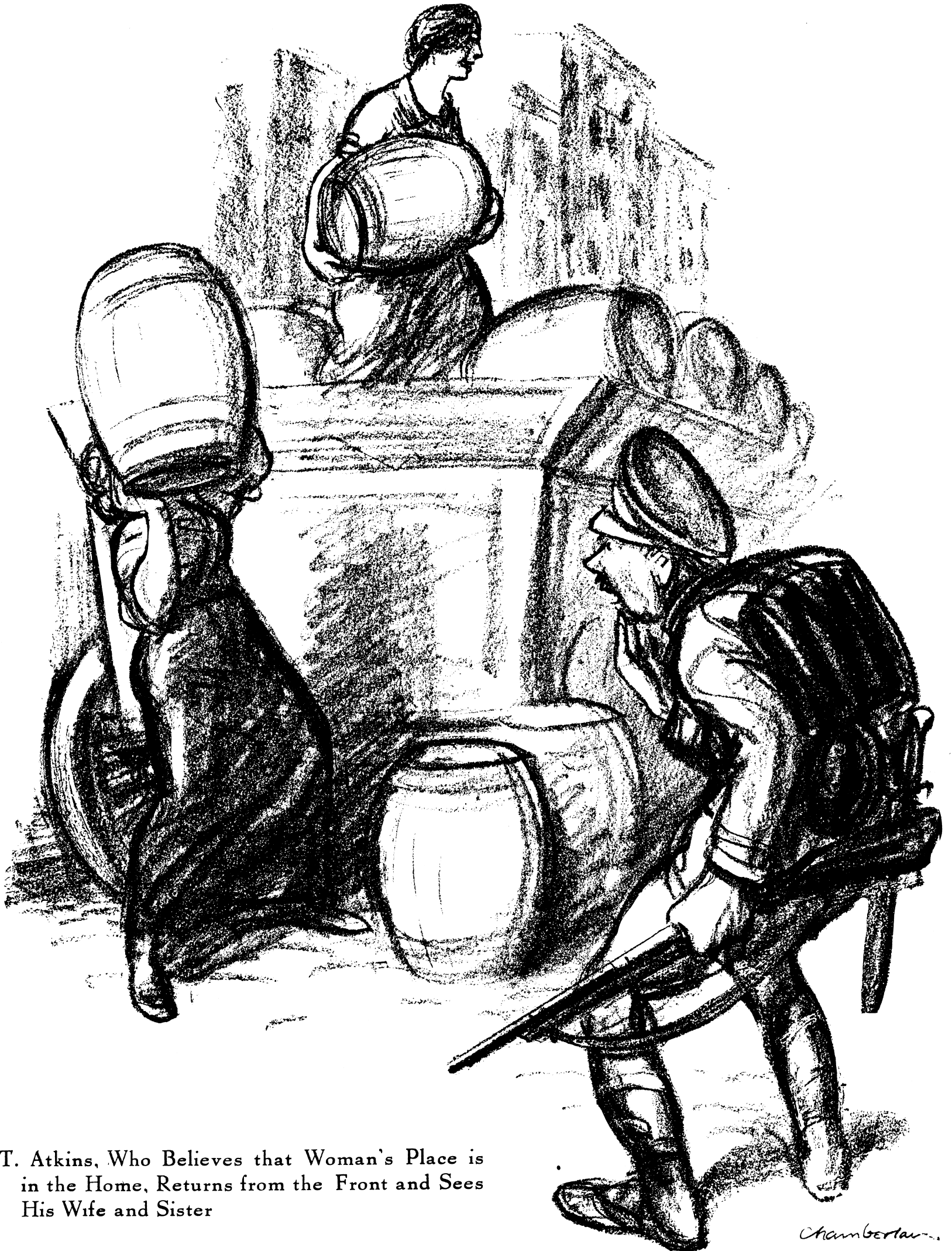
He dreams of an aeroplane that can also be manufactured in vast quantities, and very cheaply.

And how about the Ford workman? In all the Ford enterprises at present established the Ford profit-sharing plan has gone into effect; and in all Ford's future dreams profit-sharing is an integral part. The shares of profits will not remain fixed—they will rise as the profits of the Ford Company rise and as the price of Ford products declines. Think of it! Millions of men—for his vision embraces millions—for ever gaining an increasing share in an industrial empire whose extent may well be almost boundless! And the man who founded all this, who hates to be considered a philanthropist, who will not give charity, realizing more and more that material ease increases strength and intelligence, and that when a man gets the value of what he produces, he loves his work.

But let us not fool ourselves. The Ford workmen can get more and more of the profits and still be slaves—for, after all, their well-being depends upon the benevolent intelligence of one man. Ford profit-sharing is still in the form of a gift, not as a right to do with as the recipient pleases. It is so because Henry Ford is not yet sure of his own theory; though he is getting more sure of it every day. And yet, even were profit-sharing made legal wages, Ford workmen will not be self-respecting human beings until they have self-government. And Henry Ford himself knows this. I am sure that he thinks of it and is coming to that point of view—though I cannot tell here what makes me sure.

Some day Henry Ford will die. That he knows, and he knows, too, that with his death the great Ford empire, like the Empire of Alexander the Great, may be divided among squabbling captains. Above everything he wants to keep the Ford empire intact—not the money part of it, but the Ford Idea. The only way he can do this is to give the Ford employees a voice in the government of the great community they have made. And I think Henry Ford is aware of that fact.

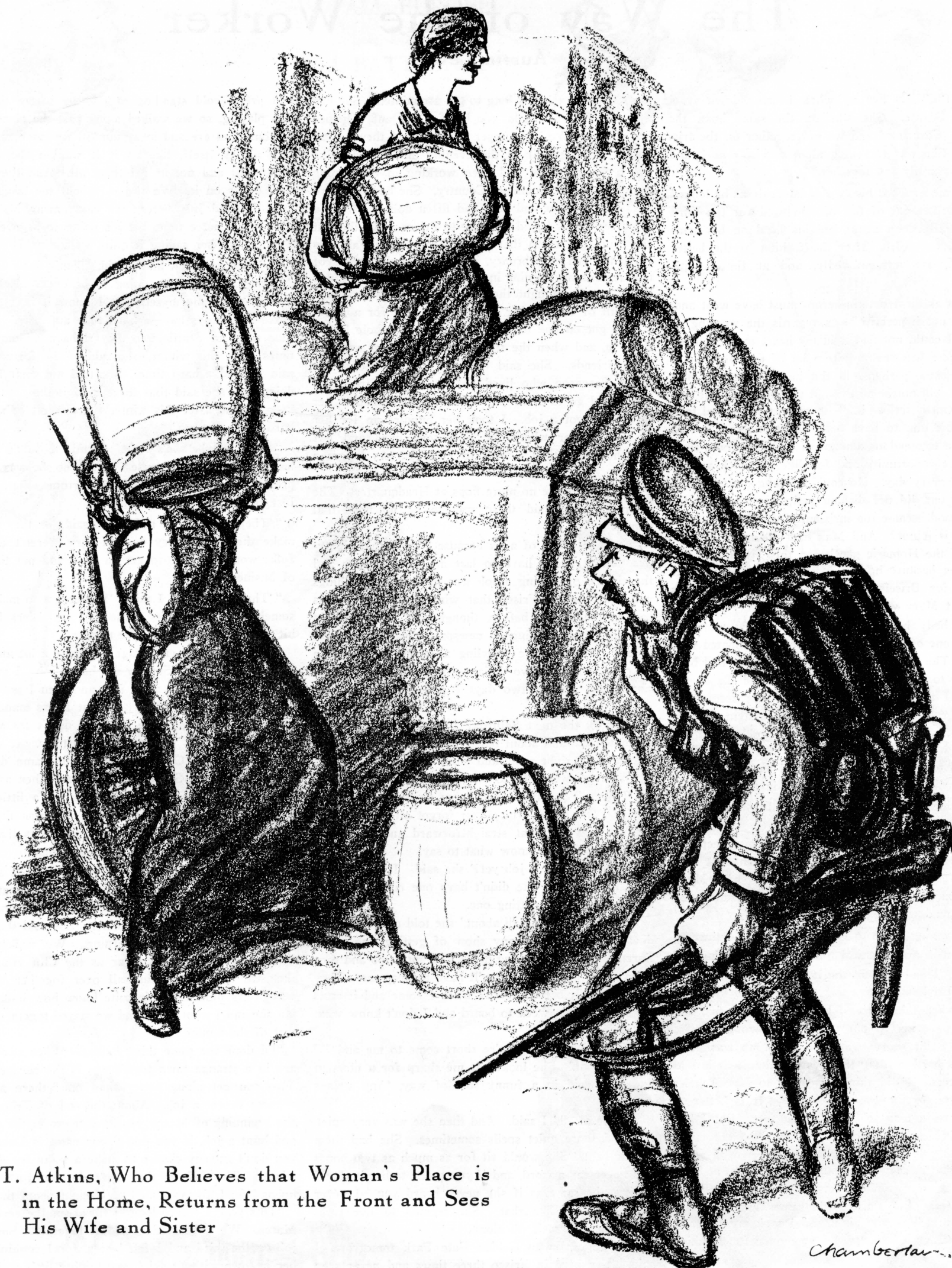
That is why the capitalists hate Henry Ford. That is why the Steel Trust would like to cut off his steel—and Wall Street curb his power under the cold tyranny of the little financial geniuses who own all the rest of America.



T. Atkins, Who Believes that Woman's Place is
in the Home, Returns from the Front and Sees
His Wife and Sister

Chamberlain

Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain



T. Atkins, Who Believes that Woman's Place is in the Home, Returns from the Front and Sees His Wife and Sister

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The Way of the Worker

Austin Lewis

"I PICKED her up when I came down from Seattle. She was on the same boat, the 'Governor,' and we got together on the trip. She was travelling alone and so was I, and we just naturally fell together."

Max Krauss rubbed his eyes at intervals, as he looked away from me out of the window, and for the third time that afternoon again laid his head on his arms and cried, not softly, after the fashion of the better disciplined, but unrestrainedly, and at times quite noisily.

He wept as the Homeric heroes must have wept and, as one is not hypercritical as regards the weeping of Achilles, I could not find it in my heart to be hard on Max. There was really quite a lot of the Homeric in him. He was, perhaps, in the higher stage of barbarism. I will not be sure about the adjective, but barbarism about describes it. The new psychological tests would show him to have been about twelve. But he could do a tremendous amount of physical work, when he had the opportunity and felt like it, which was by no means every day. He could go long periods without food, but did not disdain petit larceny, when the need of food became too insistent. All of this is quite Homeric, is it not? And Max had still more in common with the Homeric gentleman this afternoon. He was crying because he had lost his girl. As Achilles mourned for Briseis so did Max Krauss for Myra Cook; but Myra was lost beyond recovery—dead.

Myra's body had been picked up a few mornings before in one of the wharves where it had floated with the tide. The inquest was over and the body had been consigned to a shallow grave in the sandhills at the expense of the city. And now Max was free to go on his migratory way and to face the insistent problem of living alone. Just at present the problem did not seem worth while, but it had to be met, and so Max had called to ask me to keep a small package for him pending his return from the country in the fall.

It contained a few photos of his father and mother, one of the village home in Germany (a picture post card) and one of Myra. He produced this sheepishly and with much hesitation, and it was evident that Max was not at all sure about those relations with Myra. The old *mores* fought hard against the justification which he made of the conditions.

"I was coming down to Frisco from the Northwest," he went on in a mechanical tone, when the crying had subsided. "I had been in the lumber camps. No, I'm not a lumber-jack, so to speak, but I can do the work all right when I have to. I had about eighty-five dollars in my pocket to put the winter through on. I was quite a bit short; wages in the camp was poor, and it was hard rustling that season, almost as bad as some winters. I did think of going to Los Angeles and then on to the Imperial Valley. It is better to winter there, not so cold and not so wet. But I had a friend in San Francisco and I thought there might be something doing in the agitation, unemployed agitation, I mean. A soap-boxer on the water-front at Seattle said that there would be lots of movement in Frisco in the winter. But it's always the same. There's always a movement where you ain't. So I took my ticket to Frisco, steerage, of course, I'd no money for anything else.

"Myra," he paused over the word, as if he were going to break down again, but proceeded, "was there

too. It didn't take us long to get acquainted. She had a bundle that was a lot too big for her and I helped her with it. We had supper together and then we sat out in the open air in the evening and talked. She was a waitress and had been working in the mining camps up in the Boundary Country. She had had hard luck that summer and only had fifteen dollars, she told me, after she had paid her fare to Frisco. She thought she could get a job that winter because the Fair was going to open in February, and there would be lots of new restaurants opening in the city. There was a whole lot of people thought the same way and the steerage was full of folks going to Frisco to look for a job.

"We got on fine together and talked a whole lot on the trip, and when the steamer got to Frisco we were great friends. She said that she knew some people called Sorenson who lived out on Minna Street and she would go to them and see if they would take her in till she got a job. I took her bundles up for her to the number where the Sorensons lived and left her there and then I went to Headquarters to get a flop.

"But there were no more flops at Headquarters. The committee had said there was to be no flops that winter.

"I was in a hell of a fix because I knew that eighty-five dollars would have to last me till February and the chance of getting a job was pretty poor. Things was real bum in Frisco that winter. It was not as bad as the winter before, though, when we slept in the old Marye building on newspapers packed up tight together and the lice crawling all over us. I got a bit of a room for two dollars a week with some Russian people and in two days I had forgot all about Myra.

"A week the next Saturday I went to the dance at Headquarters and about ten o'clock along comes Myra. She saw me right away and come over.

"You've never been to see me," she said.

"I haven't had time," said I, but quick as a flash she told me, "That isn't true. You forgot all about me."

"Well she was that straightforward and it was so true that I did not know what to say.

"Have you got a job yet?" she said. I told her no, and she said that she didn't have one either and she saw no chance of getting one.

"I've been looking all about," she told me, "and there does not seem to be any show of getting one. The Sorensons keep on asking me if I've got a job and they seem to be afraid that they'll have to keep me. They knew I'd only fifteen dollars when I come and it costs me six dollars a week to board and I don't know what I'll do."

"Well," I said, "if you're short come to me and I'll help you out." She looked at me sharp for a moment and then said in a funny sort of way, "Any strings on it?"

"None at all," I said. And then she was very quiet. She had those quiet spells sometimes. She had them on the boat. She would sit for as much as two hours and never say a word, and if you spoke to her it would be just the same as if she never heard you. I never knew anybody like that. She seemed to live right down inside herself all alone.

"I'll take you to Golden Gate Park tomorrow," I said. "I've been in Frisco three times and never seen the park. So if you say so we'll go and see it together."

"Next day we went to the park. It was November

and pretty cold standing around by where the band was playing, so we walked along past the place where the buffaloes are and away out till we came to a little lake all by itself, like as if it was in the Cascade Mountains and not in Frisco at all. And there were wild ducks on it. We stopped about the lake quite a good bit and just before we came away Myra said, "I've had a fierce time, but it's going to be over soon." I remember her saying it quite well.

"I joked her a bit and I said, 'That's fine. But how do you know that it's going to be over? I've had a pretty fierce time myself, but I know it isn't over. I guess I'll always have a hard time any way.' 'A fortune teller in Seattle told me I'd have no more hard times after this winter,' she said. 'The fortune teller said I'd had a hard time. She told me what I'd been doing and she said that there ain't nothing to do but keep on and after this winter there won't be no more hard times for me.'

"Well, maybe she's right," I said. I didn't want to have her feel sore because I could see she was looking pretty blue. "Sometimes those fortune tellers hits it just right."

"They must be all right," she said, "or they couldn't make the money they do. If they weren't all right folks would be sure to get on to it and put them out of business."

"That's all right," I said. "You've got to make good somehow, and I guess those fortune tellers have to hit sometimes or they'd have to stop."

"This seemed to encourage her quite a lot and when I saw her the next Sunday she had a job. I got a bit of a job myself just after that and then I got two or three little jobs right away so that I was managing to get by. So owing to the work we didn't see anything of each other till pretty near Christmas. It was the Saturday before Christmas when she came down to the dance again. She danced a bit and then asked me to take her home. She was living on a little street somewhere up by Polk and Turk. I forget the name. I remember she had one of her silent fits that night and never said a word all the way home.

"Just as we got to the door she said that she had lost her job and she was going to leave that house next day. So I told her to meet me at the post-office and we'd go to the park together. She said she would and we went the next morning. We walked right through the park and as far as the Cliff House and then we talked the thing all over together and she was pretty blue. I don't quite know how it happened but she and I went home and we stayed together all the rest of the winter.

"I'd done the same thing before. When two people are in a strange town together it is the cheapest way. Two can get along better than one; there are two chances to get a job. About the end of February or the beginning of March you have to go to the country and hunt a job, if you don't your name is Dennis and you don't get any chance to make a stake for the next winter. The fellows that don't do that just become hobos. So I always pulled my freight about that time.

"This year I stayed longer, till about the seventh of March. We were getting on fine together. She got a job on the third and I felt better, for I couldn't leave her in town without a job and mighty little to live on. After she got the job there was nothing to keep me and I told her that I had to go. There wasn't no

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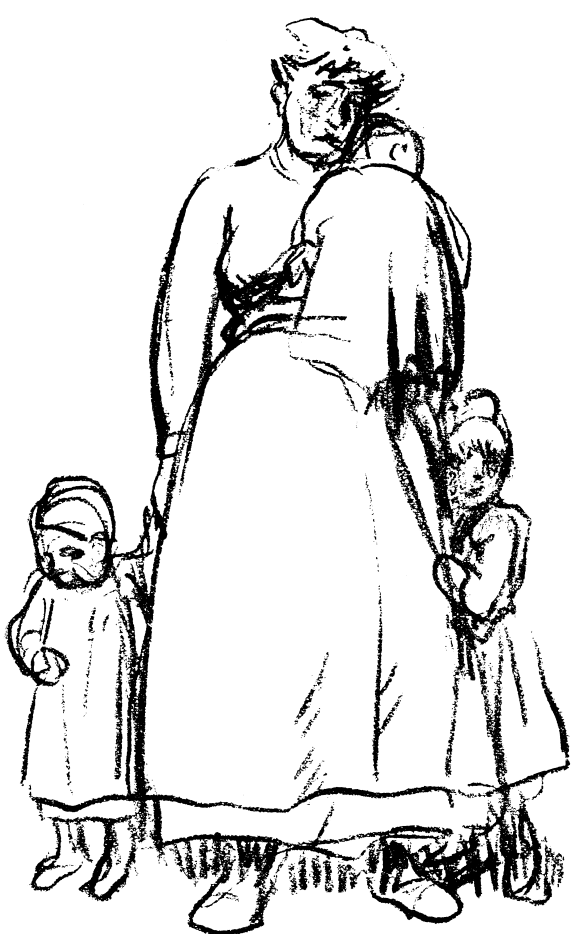
Sketches by
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"Little Olga"



"Midsommer"



"Too Many"

Nocturne



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"Little Olga"



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fuss. I just told her natural like. There was no good to kick about it. It just had to be; a fellow has to eat, you know. . . ."

"Did she make any complaint?" I asked.

"No," he said. "She saw the reason of it right away. She asked me if I didn't think I could do all right in Frisco. A hell of a chance I should have in a union town and me a 'wobbly!' There wasn't a chance. We could plug along together a bit, like we was doing, but when it came to really settling down and living together as man and wife, the whole game was against it.

"When I told her that there was no chance for me to stay in town, and that I would have to get and would come back in the fall, she didn't say a word. She just went into one of them quiet moods I was telling you about, like a trance. We went out to the movies together that night and saw 'Carmen.' It was a fine show. We sat together in the dark holding hands and then we went home.

"I must have slept pretty sound, because I never felt her get out of bed. But next morning she was gone. She did not come back by ten o'clock so I went to the place where her new job was, but they had not seen anything of her. I put my hand in my coat pocket

to get the makings for a cigarette and I found this. I did not show it at the inquest though perhaps I should have done. He pulled out a piece of folded paper and showed it to me. It said, 'Dear Max—I guess the fortune teller was right after all—Myra.'

"And that's all there is to it," he concluded, and rose from the table. He walked over to the window and stood looking out into the street for a few minutes and I could see his big shoulders heaving as they had done with his sobbing when first he came in. At last he turned, and putting out his hand, said, 'It's me for Contra Costa County and a job with the Associated Oil.'

San Francisco and the Bomb

Sara Bard Field

WHILE the Preparedness people of San Francisco were marching in favor of War, they met something that looked much too realistically like it.

As the Preparedness parade was under way on Saturday, July 22, a bomb placed in a suit case which was left in a saloon doorway on Market street exploded, killing, up to this writing, nine people and wounding thirty-eight others.

The Preparedness people had worked up that parade with infinite difficulty, in the face of widespread opposition. Some men marched because of the extra pay offered them. Some marched for fear of losing their jobs. An illusioned few marched with glory in their breasts.

Suddenly a bomb exploded. A tiny section of a European battlefield was thrown into the midst of this peaceful city—mangled flesh and a little stream of blood. The shadow which darkens Europe fell upon San Francisco. Such anguish such as all Europe knows entered half a hundred homes. The city had a taste of War, and the people who have marched for it didn't like it.

The paraders, for the most part, knew nothing of the tragedy till the parade was over. The line of march continued its unenthusiastic course without break or confusion. When it was all over, and the city knew what had happened, we found that the bomb had done more than kill nine people and wound thirty-eight others. It had blown to pieces the judgment and sanity of half a city. It had burst the lid off from a seething mass of jealous hatreds and mercenary rivalries. It set loose ignorance and fear to run blind and rampant through the streets. It created childish specters of "bloody anarchists" and "murderous socialists" who were about to inaugurate a reign of terror. The thought of San Francisco—at least that thought which got itself expressed most loudly and at once—became practically imbecile.

An Anti-preparedness meeting had been held two nights previous, at which the parade had been denounced by all the speakers. All phases of war had been decried. The so-called need for preparedness had been shown up by unanswerable fact and brilliant satire. The great meeting of over four thousand people had quietly, seriously, dedicated themselves to preparedness for peace.

Then the bomb. The Preparedness people said this Peace meeting was responsible for it. All the pacifists in the community were looked upon as bomb-throwers. Wholesale and absurd arrests were made. The evidence against one feeble old

man, arrested on suspicion in the street, was a card found in his pocket, advertising the Peace meeting.

Speculation fastened upon anyone who had ever had his name in the newspaper in connection with a humane idea, from Emma Goldman, who was holding her eminently orderly and high-brow meetings at Averill Hall, to Rudolph Spreckels, President of the First National Bank, who believes in Organized Labor, Single Tax and a few other such things. He had also presided at the peace meeting.

And the accusers were as curiously assembled as those they accused. It was Thornwell Mullally, leader of the Preparedness Parade, who accused Rudolph Spreckels of inciting the deed. During the graft prosecutions of seven years ago, Mullally was indicted as one of the members of a public service corporation involved in bribing public officials. The home of a witness dangerous to the case of those indicted was mysteriously dynamited. Mr. Mullally had made no protest against that "outrage."

Mr. Hearst, in veiled editorials (large-mesh veil) tried to make it appear that the *Bulletin* had incited the crime. The *Examiner* has, for months, been urging war with Mexico. The *Bulletin* has made splendid resistance to this idea. Therefore, of course, the *Bulletin* must have been responsible for the bomb throwing the day of the parade.

That was the way people thought.

And some of those who knew better encouraged this kind of thinking for their own reasons.

Big Business in San Francisco has long been determined to crush Union Labor here. They have been at the job some time and so far have failed. They have been asking for a million dollar fund with which to wage this anti-union fight and haven't had a satisfactory return. The Chamber of Commerce was worried.

Now Mr. Spreckels would not be a partner to the Chamber of Commerce scheme. He would give no money to break up labor unions. The *Bulletin* openly opposed it. Therefore the *Bulletin* and the First National Bank, through its President, ought to be put out of business. But how?

Then a poor crazed fool exploded a bomb. "O divine Providence! O beloved Bomb! You have exploded at the right time. *You are the missing link between what we, Big Business, wanted to do and how it is to be done.*"

Underneath the phrases, "brutal outrage," "innocent victims," "widows and orphans," "public safety," under consciously knitted brows and tight-

ened lips; under all the oratory of denunciation which has been hurled against the doers of the deed, there lurks a gloating gladness, an eager triumph which cannot be wholly concealed. Here is the chance to lay the blame on Labor and its friends. Big Business must take speedy and immense advantage of the scare, and demand retribution. The First National Bank and the *Bulletin* must become the butt of public hatred. Organized Labor must be smashed.

So Big Business, weeping over the dependent families of the dead, gives the magnificent sum of six thousand dollars (at this time of writing) for their aid, while it grabs with the other hand the million dollar anti-labor fund it wanted. Profitable indeed to capital has been this tragedy.

Sir Roger Casement (Extract from a Letter)

"HE really was an old trump, you know. He did great things in the Congo—and a cheap trinket like a knighthood didn't spoil his vision. He never wavered at the end. I happen to know how much he wanted to be hanged—how afraid he was that England might realize her rashness and not go through with it. His sister, to whom he was everything, felt the same way. They wanted the protests—they wanted England shown up—but they felt that *it must be*, or all the other lives that were already sacrificed might seem paid for by this mercy. He knew the Irish; he knew that while they might forgive the lives that were taken in the first fury, they could not forgive the one taken in cool calculation long after it was over. . . . They never will forget that.

"Anyway, I envy him. I'd like to die at sixty or sixty-five (I believe that was his age), for something worth while, in a mad moment of history like this.

"L. B."

Note

THE subject of Mr. Walts' cover design last month was Miss Fania Marinoff, whose identity we concealed at the time by a typographical error.

WILLIE: "What are captains of industry, dad?"
Crabshaw: "They are fellows who cause wars but never fight them."

My goodness! *Life* is doing it, too.

Efficiency First

THE Russians have almost conquered Armenia, and the massacre of Christians, let us hope, is ended for all time. The Russians *can* massacre Christians, but it is not their specialty.

THE Austrian dilemma seems to be, separate peace or separate pieces.

BUT every Russian cloud has a German silver lining. It becomes constantly easier for the Kaiser to skip from front to front.

IF Italy wants our candid opinion, it is not acting in that tolerant spirit of live and let live that we had every reason to expect.

THE Allied conference in Paris adopted a stringent economic offense against the enemy after the war. The idea seems to be that when this horrible slaughter is over everybody must settle down to work and start another one.

COMPLAINT is heard that there is no interest in the campaign. Hughes's speech fell flat, and nobody is sitting up nights worrying about Wilson's. The campaign is about as easy to open as a car window.

IT took a crisis in the nation's affairs to pull Mr. Hughes off the bench, and now we know what the crisis was. The President once appointed a horse doctor to an office.

"HUGHES Finds Wilson Wanting." What makes it worse is that Hughes is wanting the same thing.

THIS is the title of a Shonts advertisement: "Shall New York Street Railways be Run for the People of New York?"

Well, it might be worth trying.

ON the last day of the street car strike, Staten Island strikebreakers confiscated all the fares. It shows the essential honesty of these gentry that they did not remove any of the track.

THE railroads admit that freight train crews are often on the job from 14 to 16 hours a day, but say that much of the time is eaten up in sidings and way stations. What you might call the ate hour day.

AS revised by the striking insurance agents, "The Prudential Has the Strength of Limburger."

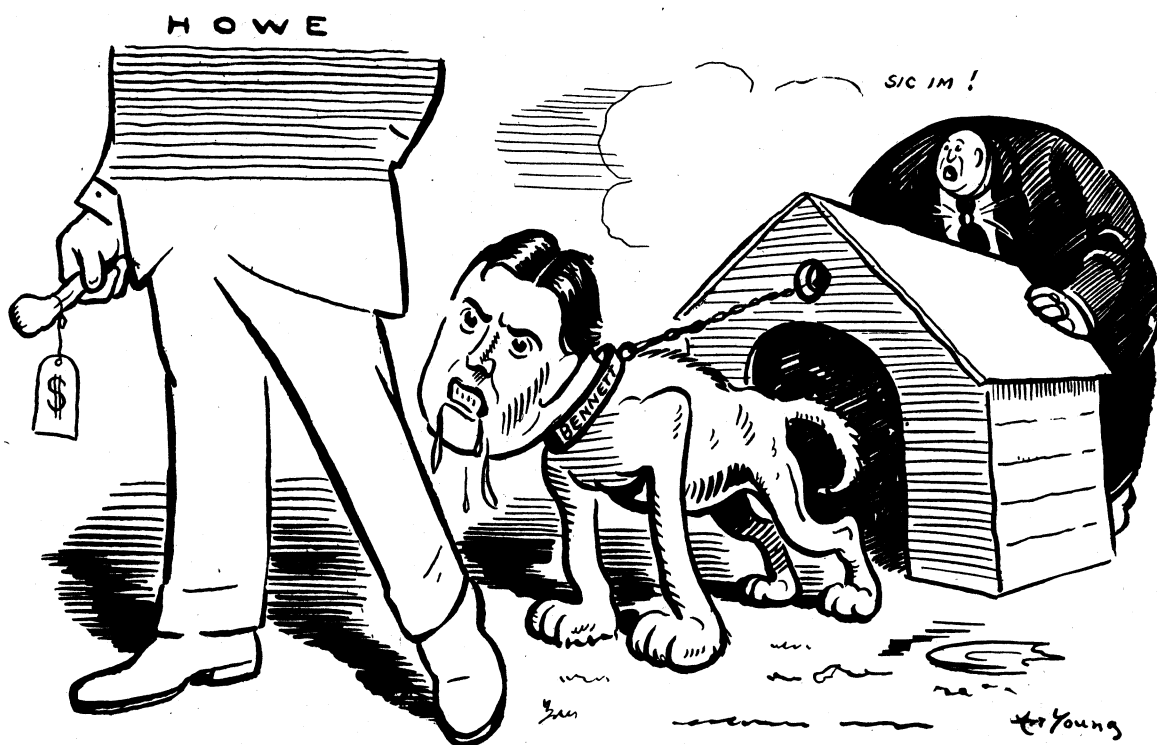
THOSE who carp about the bum distribution of wealth were flabbergasted to learn that J. P. Morgan left only a trifle over 78 millions and that his son did not get an unearned cent except 53 million dollars.

IN target practice in Cuban waters the *Rhode Island* scored one hit out of 126 shots. The *Rhode Island* would have delighted the heart of dear old Tolstoy. It is practically a non-resistant.

SAID Senator Overman of North Carolina, "Child labor is a good thing because it keeps children out of jail." Now we know why they call it the Solid South.

SOLID ivory.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



Drawn by Arthur Young

WHEN Congressman Bennett rose and charged Frederic C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration of the Port of New York, with encouraging "immorality" among the immigrants under his care, it took the newspaper men about five minutes to find out that Bennett was the attorney for the firm of contractors who had been making a fat profit out of feeding the immigrants until Commissioner Howe kicked them out and had the work done by the government. Hence the moral indignation. This is Congressman Bennett's notion of "serving his constituents."

"Money and Your Life!"

FOR the information of those who believe that buccaneering died out with Bluebeard and Captain Kidd, we call attention to the following from the *New York Times*:

"CITY ASKED TO PAY CARMEN'S ADVANCE
Can't Stand Burden, Cay
Railroad Directors

The New York Railways Company is expected to make formal application in a few days that New York City bear the financial burden incurred by the settlement with striking motormen and conductors.

The position taken by the Corporation is that inasmuch as Mayor Mitchel and Oscar S. Straus, Chairman of the Public Service Commission, were chiefly responsible for the settlement, it is only fair that the city and not the company should assume the expense. The other traction companies involved have made no similar announcement, but it is shown they will demand concessions in proportion to that of the New York Railways Company."

One of the items in this "financial burden," we notice, is a matter of \$135,000 paid to "strikebreakers, guards, etc.," by the various companies.

We believe that the preposterousness of this demand is not fully understood by the public; if it were, police reserves would be called out, and Mr. Shonts and his associates would be spending the night in the cooler.

Let that uncrowned king, the American citizen, give a cursory glance at the history of the New York street railways companies. Never have public service properties been pillaged and looted as these have. The piracy of the New Haven railroad by Mr. Morgan, et al., was mere shoplifting compared to the gigantic operations which threw the New York street railway companies into bankruptcy again and again, while their assets were shovelled into the pockets of our best citizens. For years these gigantic thefts have been going on, and new issues of securities have been poured out upon the public, much upon the principle that gold can be extracted from sea water.

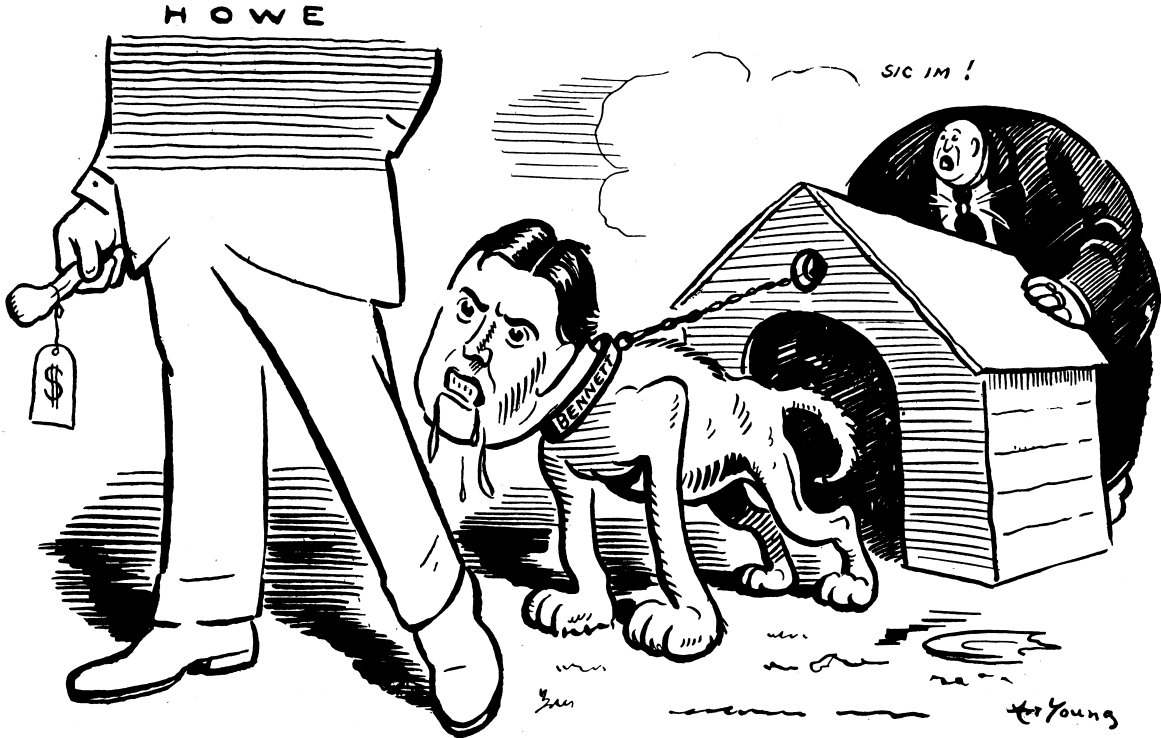
Of course, wages have had to suffer—"labor has had to be liquidated" as Wall Street puts it—in order to pay the interest on these securities. Then comes the inevitable strike brought on by the desperate economic condition of the motormen and conductors.

The Unions appeal to the city to arbitrate their differences; President Shonts and the officials of the street railway companies do the same. The Mayor of New York and the Chairman of the Public Service Commission accede to these requests and the strike is settled. *And then the street railway companies send a bill to the city for the strike costs, on the ground that the Mayor settled it!*

This is amazing enough to the average uninformed lay mind—but there is an item in the bill which is even more amazing. The Subway and Elevated lines, who have had no strike, put in a bill for \$100,000 for increase of wages, "also indirectly due to the strike." Doesn't this seem just the least bit tactless, in view of those \$250,000 bonuses which the Thompson Committee recently revealed had been paid to the gentlemen who put through the great Subway Grab, and charged to the city?

In our humble opinion, it is like the highwayman who soaks you with a lead pipe, picks your pockets, gouges the gold fillings out of your teeth, and then, when you come to, indignantly puts in a bill for damages to the lead pipe he bent over your cranium.

Meanwhile, it opens up a new hope for labor in industrial disputes. Up to now, labor has had to support itself during strikes, and start work again with a considerable handicap. Now all that is changed. All workmen have to do, when their strikes are settled, is to charge the damages to the arbitrators. Suppose the anthracite miners had charged President Roosevelt with the cost when he settled their strike for them!



Drawn by Arthur Young

WHEN Congressman Bennett rose and charged Frederic C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration of the Port of New York, with encouraging "immorality" among the immigrants under his care, it took the newspaper men about five minutes to find out that Bennett was the attorney for the firm of contractors who had been making a fat profit out of feeding the immigrants until Commissioner Howe kicked them out and had the work done by the government. Hence the moral indignation. This is Congressman Bennett's notion of "serving his constituents."



Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

EUROPE, 1916



VICTORY

Boardman Robinson

Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

EUROPE, 1916



Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

EUROPE, 1916



Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

EUROPE, 1916

SIX POEMS

I

BEACH grass
And grey sand, O waves
That beat on the shore;
He is more beautiful
To me.

II

AS it
Were shower of sunlight
Filling the world with light
So does your soul
Kindle mine.

III

MOUNTAINS
So blue in the distance,
Trees that clutch at the clouds;
He is more strong
Than you.

IV. TO A SWIMMER

AH me!
When sun and wind
And the water . . . caress you
How can I who am flesh, withhold
My love?

V

EMPTY
And silent as
Midnight . . . are the grey hours
When I cannot touch you or hear
Your voice.

VI

O THOU
Bright field that laughs
Because yellow daisies
Bloom on your breast . . . Why am I then
Barren?

Louise Bryant

WORDS

I PUT the blood of my heart
And the sweat of my labor
Into a line.

I look out over the mountains
And over the sea,
And am aware
Of the majesty of God,
And I write
A second line.

I look into my soul—
Out of its agony,
Out of its mortality,
Its ceaseless question,
Its inevitable ending,
I fashion two lines.

After a while
You read.
I watch your eyes
Travel down the page;
They lighten, then cloud;
I look over your shoulder—
How is this?
All I see
Are little black marks
On white paper.

Mary Aldis.

RELEASE

CHARMING to drift about the streets
In the early evening,
Not thinking but simply accepting
The flattery of one's amusing sensations;
This is to be oneself a poem—
Pleasanter than writing them.

The people passing
Have put off the egoism
With which day invests them;
Vague accidents of a dream,
Like comfortable animals one keeps
To take the chill off solitude,
They pass,
They make no demands.

I like the electric glare
That cuts the pavement in clean blocks,
Like the touch of the wind slipping past
With still some sweetness of fields to scatter,
But the straying aroma of cigarettes
Amuses me more—
Pricks with a tang of sex,
Caressing, not gross,
Like the perfumed things they lean to say,
For saying,
On terraces,
Beneath an easy moon.

I am sorry the lassies with their horrible drum
Must find it all so fierce and solemn,
That's their pleasure, I prefer
The bold lights capering, sans gene,
Up there
On the stage from which the proud, accusing stars
Have withdrawn.

Clara Shanafelt.

TWO CONTENTMENTS

THE curtain falls between the world and me,
My lamp burns bright and the oil is far unspent.
No noises reach me from the land or sea—
I am content.

Far runs the road ahead and calls to me.
Gladly my heart, unwearied, forth is bent.
In freedom sharing as the sun is free—
I am content.

M. D.

YOU

A MILLION feet dragging on the hollow walks;
Filthy dust
Of horses dung and grease
Before a moving wind;
The boom-boom of swaying trucks across the pave-
ments;
The shrieking of new born buildings,
Vomiting smoke and sound,
Leaping,
Crying to God;
Heavy lumbering cars whanging around corners;
A traffic policeman with his hand upheld—
And still
I have forgotten all
Except your eyes—
Green as a sunflecked sea.
Your nearness smothers me with Happiness.
And oh the sweetness of your breath
Upon my mouth.

Frederick Garnett Rice.

TWO POEMS

THE SUMMONS

WHAT urged me through sleep to the narrow
window?
Towards the east, marches the packed army of the
snow,
Crowding the street, from side to side;
Driving ahead with chilling haste;
Going to some white splendor,
Leaving behind a white desolation.

The window panes rattle,
Like drum-beats that echo, off-key;
Calling. . . .
The snow rushes on with a mad purpose,
Gathering recruits as it goes.
Always the drum-taps summon. . . .

What do they ask for?
Whom are they calling?

I go trembling back to bed,
Stiffened with a cold courage,
And throw warm and defensive arms
Over the body of the man I love,
As he twitches and starts in a restless sleep.

ZANESVILLE

I WILL not be like the unaspiring hills,
Whence the sour clay is taken,
To be moulded by the shape-loving fingers of Man
Into vases and cups of an old pattern.

But I will be my own creator,
Dragging myself from the clinging mud,
And mould myself into fresh and lovelier shapes
To celebrate my passion for Beauty.

Jean Starr Untermeyer.

A PORTRAIT

DAY by day she grows in upon herself,
Day by day more aloof, more fastidiously with-
drawn,
Further from life; like Buddha she grows inward,
Save that her growing is not toward infinite immen-
sities,
But toward infinitesimal finesses.
Fragile as a filigree of porcelain
And as delicately designed for no hard uses;
Alone through many years, ageing into a fine parch-
ment beauty,
She has cut off from herself all the struggle,
She has shut out from her all the hard sweetness of
life.
Dining with her that night the talk was intelligent,
Quick and showing a wide range of interest—
But under it all, the strained guard against unpleas-
antness,
The wary light fleet thought, veering away
From all that burns, all that throbs, all that lives,
All that urges and pants and sings.
Day by day she grows in upon herself,
Day by day more aloof, more fastidiously withdrawn.

Lydia Gibson.

THE MASSES REVIEW

Combined With the New Review

DEVOTED TO THE SCIENCE OF PROGRESS TOWARDS LIBERTY AND DEMOCRACY

The German Middle Class and the War

L. B. Boudin

ONE of the most remarkable phenomena of the present war, is the almost absolute unanimity with which the German people have lined up behind their government in prosecuting it. This is particularly true of the "new middle class," that great and growing mass of people who make their living by "brain work" of all kinds—professional men, journalists, academicians, office-workers, scientifically and technically trained managers, superintendents and overseers of all kinds. These elements of German society do not merely support the war, but are enthusiastic for it. And what is more, they are enthusiastic for it as an avowedly aggressive war—as a war whose object is not only to retain what Germany has won already, but to conquer for herself a new position in the dominion of world politics, and open up new spheres of influence—or new "fields of endeavor," as they prefer to call it.

The idea prevalent in this country that Germany's aggressive Imperialism is imposed upon that nation by its Junkers and other reactionary and conservative remnants of the feudal order, is a wholly erroneous one. Not that these elements are not imperialistic. But they are not the only imperialists in Germany. Nor are they always the most aggressive and most enthusiastic of German imperialists. In fact their Imperialism is a reasoned, shrewdly-calculated, and, therefore, conditional, affair. They are imperialists because certain particular phases of modern German Imperialism works out in their interests. As long as this condition lasts they are imperialists. Should this condition change they will cease to be imperialists. Their Imperialism is like their Monarchism, which is summed up in the well-known refrain:

"Und der Koenig absolut,
So lang' er unser Willen tut."

Their monarchical convictions last as long as they serve their interests—and they are conscious of it. The same is true of their imperialistic convictions. That does not make them less ruthless in their service, but it does make them less enthusiastic and whole-hearted. For true enthusiasm and genuine abandon in the cause and service of German Imperialism, we must look elsewhere—to the new middle-class, the intellectual proletariat of that country. The same intellectual proletariat which is supposed to be and largely is the exponent of liberal and even radical ideas. This is the true explanation of those peculiar manifestations of Germany's "national spirit" which shocked and amazed us at the beginning of the present war—the manifestoes of its scientists and men-of-letters, the Hymns of Hate, etc., etc. We were shocked and amazed because, in our ignorance, we associated Germany's Militarism and Imperialism with her traditionally conservative and reactionary elements. The fact that we were so shocked and amazed shows that we were ignorant of the true

condition of affairs. And having been thus rudely awakened from our slumber of ignorance, it is well that we note the undoubted fact that modern German Imperialism is essentially a "popular" affair—a movement shared in by all classes, from the remnants of feudalism to the modern factory proletariat, but whose banner is borne aloft principally by that army of brain-workers upon whom we were wont to look as one of the main forces making "towards democracy."

And having noted the fact it is well worth our while to study its causes. That is, of course, not as easy a task as giving vent to our indignation at this "base betrayal of ideals," etc., etc., but it is vastly more profitable. We have had a surfeit of indignation, and, unfortunately, entirely too little of the study of causes. This will, therefore, be an attempt in that direction, and I hope that it will prove fruitful in its immediate results as well as in calling attention to this much-neglected work.

In my "Socialism and War" I have attempted to elaborate a general theory of Modern Imperialism, tracing the imperialistic ideas now prevalent in all economically highly-developed countries to an economic cause—the exigencies of the process of production and distribution in our Iron Age. If this be true, then our most highly developed industries, particularly the iron and steel industries, would properly be the "seat" of Modern Imperialism, and our great industrial barons its chief exponents. This would go far to account for the prevalence of imperialistic tendencies in our scientifically-educated, "liberal"-and-"radical"-minded, intellectual proletariat. Engaged largely in this very industrial process or as personal retainers to the industrial barons and their dependents, and liberally subsidized by them, it is only natural that they should acquire the psychology and be imbued with the ideology which is historically that of their masters and of the industries which are the basis of their social existence. And having acquired this psychology and ideology it is only natural that they should be most active and vociferous in expressing it. For the formulation and expression of ideas is their especial social function. And in the main I do believe this to be the true explanation of the "predisposition" which our brain-workers, including the radically-minded intellectual proletariat, have everywhere shown for the imperialistic distemper.

The effects of this main cause may, however, be augmented or modified by special and subsidiary causes. Such a special cause, working in the same direction as the main cause and intensifying the imperialistic élan produced thereby, I believe to exist in Germany. And it is to the existence of this special cause, making the general interests peculiarly its own, that we must ascribe that peculiar intensity of feeling with which the German intellectuals are clamoring for Germany's "place in the sun." An intensity of

feeling which has not only destroyed their logic and blurred their moral vision, but even blunted their wit and deprived them of that fine sense of humor which has always been one of their most typical characteristics.

This special cause is Germany's overproduction of intellectuals. The great increase of that part of the population which makes a living, or attempts to make its living, by engaging in some form of "brain-work" is a general phenomenon in all industrially-developed countries. So that all highly developed countries suffer to a greater or smaller extent from a special form of over-population, manifesting itself, among other ways, in the desire to rule over some "inferior" race, whose members could always be kept in the condition of manual laborers—the superior race supplying all the "brain-work" needed in the social body and industrial processes in which the "inferiors" do the manual work. Germany suffers from this form of over-population to a greater extent than any other country in the world. No other country has such a large annual output of "brain-workers" of all kinds. With the result that notwithstanding the remarkable expansion of Germany's industries and commerce during the past half-century, its commercial and industrial life cannot profitably absorb all the "brains" produced by its intellect-manufactories. Hence the constantly increasing necessity for exporting this particular commodity, and of spheres of "colonization" in which Germany's "brain-workers" could sell their "labor-power" under monopoly conditions.

And here I must pause for a few moments in order to discuss the general question of over-population in its relation to modern Imperialism and the present war. Since the outbreak of the present war one meets very frequently with the assertion that its real cause is Germany's growing population. Germany's population, it is said, has grown so rapidly during the past half-century that "there is no more room" in Germany proper for all of her people, and she must needs have new lands where she could "colonize" her surplus population, the millions of peasants and laborers who cannot find profitable employment within her own borders because of the lack of land. Thus "Nature" herself compels Germany to strive for colonies, and directs her course over seas.

This view, which is nothing but a re-hash of the old Malthusian theory of population, has, strangely enough, found its way into socialist circles. And shortly after the beginning of the war we find a writer in the *New York Call* justifying Germany's aggression by appealing to this alleged imperative demand of Nature. That Marx has long ago exposed the fallacies of the theory of population from which this argument proceeds need not concern us very much here. Of much greater interest to us is the circumstance that the assumptions involved therein are contrary to all the known facts, as will presently appear.

The truth is that there is no general natural law of population, and that each economic system has its own law of population. And it so happens that in so far as "natural law" is concerned our industrial system tends to relatively diminish population—that is to say, the economic process can absorb all the normal increase in population and more. Hence, the constant movement of population from rural districts into industrial ones, and from industrially less highly developed countries into those with a higher capitalistic-industrial development.

That Germany is no exception to the rule goes without saying. Indeed, Germany furnishes the most striking example of the workings of this law: Notwithstanding her enormous increase in population during the past fifty years, which is supposed to be the basis of her need for colonies, *Germany has during that very period turned from an emigration into an immigration country.* Far from having a general surplus of population she is deficient in population and must draw upon her neighbors for labor. And she draws principally upon her *less-developed neighbors*, of course. For, as I have already stated, the general movement of population is toward, and not away from, industrial centers. The

idea, therefore, that Germany needs colonies in order to dispose of her general "surplus-population," the constantly increasing millions of tillers of the soil who have no soil to till, is wholly erroneous and little less than absurd. This is conceded even by German Imperialists, though they are hard put to it by this concession for arguments to justify Germany's aggressive Imperialism. I shall therefore quote one of them, Professor Hans Delbrueck, editor of the *Preussische Jahrbuecher*, and one of Germany's foremost historians and publicists. In his "Bismarck's Erbe," published since the war began, he says:

"What kind of colonization does the German people need now? The safest of all colonizations is that of peasant-colonization. . . . But we cannot think of such colonization, because we have no longer any surplus peasant population. Our entire over-sea emigration has fallen to about 20,000 to 30,000 souls per annum about the middle of the nineties of the last century and has not risen ever since—while we have been employing, at the same time, about a million foreign workers, Russians, Poles, Ruthenians, Slovaks, Italians, and Scandinavians. Germany is an immigration, not an emigration, country. The peasants and agricultural laborers that could be colonized we need badly at home, and have little or nothing to send across the sea."

But while Germany does not suffer from any general over-population, she suffers from a disproportion between the different elements of her population. Under existing conditions the number of "brain-workers" is too great, when considered in connection with the number of manual workers engaged in her industries, commerce, and agriculture. This is due in a large measure to the rapidly developing process of production. Notwithstanding the great demand for "brain-workers" of all kinds which accompanies the rapid development of large-scale industry, the industrial process cannot possibly absorb all the members of the old propertied middle-class whom it has deprived of its property, and whose only chance of retaining a "middle-class" position is to enter the ranks of the "brain-workers." The fight of the old German middle-class for a continued existence under middle-class conditions is favored by many local conditions, such as wonderful educational facilities, etc., the net result of which is a surplus population of intellectuals, with the usual accompanying phenomena—low remuneration for work done, emigration, etc.

I have said before that Germany has ceased to be an emigration country and has become an immigration country. But this does not apply to "brain-workers." There is still a fairly large emigration of "brain-workers" from Germany, and hardly any immigration of this class of persons into it. This fact is too well-known and a matter of our common, every-day experience to require special proof here. We meet these German "brain-workers" face to face too often to forget about their existence. We know them in this country, and we know of them everywhere else, from England, France and Belgium, to the wilds of Africa.

Naturally, the most favorable fields of activity for them is to be found in those countries which have not yet attained any very high degree of industrial development—provided that they are capable of developing rapidly so as to need a considerable amount of brain-work. It is here that the best conditions of employment for this surplus population is to be found—a permanent job and good pay, as well as very high social standing. Hence, the enthusiasm for Imperialism with its colonies and "spheres of influence." A Germany colony, dependency, or "sphere of influence," "developed" by German capital, not only increases the number of jobs open to "brain-workers" generally, but it gives the German "brain-workers" a monopoly of these jobs, not to speak of the many administration-jobs which go with colonies.

But let us hear the "brain-workers"—imperialists themselves. Says Professor Delbrueck in "Bismarck's Erbe":

"What must give our colonies their specific character is the upper layer, the thousands of graduates of our higher and intermediate educational institutions which are being constantly produced by our fine school-system, for whose talents there is, how-

ever, no suitable employment at home. Men in the thirties, at the zenith of their power, and in possession of knowledge and aptitudes which fit them for influential posts, are with us often compelled to waste their time in idleness or semi-idleness, waiting for a chance to get some employment at miserly pay. These we must send into the world as engineers, merchants, planters, physicians, superintendents, officers, to rule the great masses of the inferior races, as the English are doing in India. . . . The first and most important of our national demands at the coming peace negotiations must be for a great colonial empire, a German India. . . . Such a colonial-Germany will not only raise to the position of World-Power, but will, at the same time, solve our most difficult social problem—the finding of suitable employment for the rising sons of the people, the surplus of intelligence which finds no proper field of activity at home. . . .

“If Africa, or whatever exotic land may come into question,

is insufficient for the purpose, there is, fortunately, another kind of colonization, and another field of colonization, a field which this war has opened up for us and has already securely placed at our disposal. Turkey, which still possesses the oldest and most fruitful culture-areas in the world, in Europe, Asia Minor, Syria, and Mesopotamia, seeks to align herself with our European civilization, and if she comes out victoriously from this war she cannot retrace her steps. She will need European instructors and she cannot look for them anywheres but in Germany.”

Here we have it, uncovered plainly to our view, the main-spring of the sacred fire of enthusiasm which burns so brightly and so scorchingly in the hearts of the German intellectuals for Nation, Fatherland, and Colonial Empire. Incidentally it explains the special admiration which they have shown of late for Allah and Mahomet his Prophet.

TOWARDS LIBERTY

Max Eastman

III. THE AIM OF AGITATION

(This article belongs to a series which began in the last issue of THE MASSES under the general title TOWARDS LIBERTY: THE METHOD OF PROGRESS.)

THE aim of revolutionary agitation is very old. It must have arisen almost in the dawn of human dreaming. Men like Plato, and Jesus, and John Ball, and Rousseau, and Tom Paine, and Shelley, and William Morris must have always lived and talked in obscure wayside places about the rights of man. They were persons who did not find pleasure in having a social or financial advantage over others. They found pain in that. They wanted all men to have equal opportunity for the realization of life. And they loved liberty. And though they loved liberty for themselves they hated to be free at the expense of slavery for others. They wanted all men to be free. And so they preached those famous doctrines of democracy, and love, and communism, and anarchy, and freedom, and equality, and the abolition of caste.

They hated caste. Nothing aroused their wrath so much, I think, as to behold a meagre little narrow-hearted snipe who could look down upon a large-souled and wise and humble man because his social or financial station was inferior. This seemed to violate the very soul of nature. And this it was that raised their voices to proclaim Equality.

They did not wish to see all characters made equal, if those words have any meaning, nor ever dream they could be. Nor did they really wish to equalize the recompense in fame or fortune that should fall to them whose talents differently served the world. No artist ever longed to paint out all the contrast that variety of nature and adventure and award give rise to. Life would never seem to be at play, if all were toiling at a level to a common end. The taste of rivalry, the mettle of the race, is half the joy of action. Who would drab that over when his picture is of life?

No, the reason men of courage have cried Equality in every revolution, in that they have felt the falseness of the orders of merit that this world contains, that “men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie: to be laid in the balance they are altogether lighter than vanity.” They saw, and they could not bear to see, all the world unite in deeming him better who was in reality, by any test but accidental fortune, worse. It was this high revolt against false values that led Plato to conceive his Ideal Republic. He wished to see a genuine aristocracy, and so he fashioned one in his own mind. And though we know that without a divine judge there can be no absolute aristocracy, still we can afford to borrow from Plato a little of his fine sense of

the superiority of good things over bad. We can recognize with him that there is both inevitability and beauty in the fluent orders that would continually form and dissolve themselves in a free society at the bidding of nature. And to that condition, so remote from the crass and rigid aristocracies of our money culture, we can still appropriately give the name Equality.

A name that seems to paint a far less vivid world—a world less vivid and more extravagantly unrelated to the facts of life—is Universal Brotherhood. It was a fashion, at the birth of socialistic programs, to assume that men were creatures in whom sympathetic virtue is predominant, and only choked back by the accidents of politics and history. But now we know that men have egotistic virtues just as strong. We know that individual interests and raw temperaments will always clash, and men and women pit themselves against the enemies of their desires and fight. We can, indeed, abolish all these stereotyped hatreds which make passionate puppets of us. We can abolish international war, and the conventional jealousy of races. We can end the hatred of slave and master, of the class against the class, by forcing out the basis of false privilege on which it rests. And with that we can assure ourselves that men will find a new degree of sympathetic understanding, as they do today within their several groups. But that anything remotely approaching a Brotherhood of Man, if those words are taken seriously, can be engendered in a race with our hereditary nature, is as utopian a dream as it is unexciting. Such a pretension would only multiply the sweet hypocrisies which fester in our own society.

The emblem of Universal Brotherhood was borrowed from an alien culture, which contained a custom of ecstatic contemplation that seemed, at least, to make it real. In tranced conditions there is a narrowing of consciousness upon some luminous focus of emotion, which oriental and medieval mystics have believed to be a transcendental knowledge of the oneness of all creatures. They have lived in that belief the marvellous and abnormal life of saints and holy mendicants. And when they murmur “Brother,” there is, indeed, a pause. But this mere intellectual concept, borrowed like a head-dress from the orient, will fail entirely to sanctify an experimental plan of progress, whose real promise rests upon a forswearing of mysticism, and a matter-of-fact definition of the facts and potentialities of average human nature, unsublimed.

If we still aimed, through some mystic evangel, to make men what they are not—we might define what we would make them as it pleased us. But if our aim is, by enfranchising their wills, to give them, after all these centuries, an opportunity to be what

they are—we need not hope that they will turn out brothers, or be found so much alike that they will all well-wish and love each other, and acrid taste, and distaste, and isolation, and ferocity, and arrogance, and sin be lost out of the world. "Brotherhood" belongs in heaven; the dreams of the agitator are for this world.

There is in fact a suspicion attaching to the Brotherhood gospel when it is advanced, as most often, by persons of sentiment who are themselves in easy circumstance. To feel brotherly, in a millennial sort of way, is a happy manner of passing the leisure time that one owes to the sweat and penury of others. It is a renunciation of the social superiority that attaches to superior ease; and this act of renunciation will often engender a sense of virtue so great as to enable one to forget the material injustice which gave him the opportunity to perform it.

Moreover, the spreading of an abnormally fraternal feeling among all men plays subtly into the hands of those who hold the economic advantage. To them there is a business value in the Brotherhood gospel. It is a quieting gospel, and tends to conserve the current rate of interest on capital. It offers to the dependent classes an artificial emotion which, although quite inappropriate to their position, may win them to the gracious habit of accepting that position as merely incidental. To hear John D. Rockefeller confessing his brotherhood toward the miners who are his serfs in Colorado, makes one who loves liberty sick of the very odor of sanctitude that exhales from that too virtuous ideal. One suspects that in a Universally Brotherly world the wheels of exploitation would run so smoothly as to be almost inaudible.

An ideal more modest than Universal Brotherhood, and one native to the occidental civilization, is the cultivation in man of what is called "Social Consciousness." This implies an excessive development of the altruistic instinct, backed up by a self-interested recognition of our mutual dependence in matters of health and moral sanity. It shares with Brotherhood the defect of tending to allay discontent in the exploited classes, but as a state of feeling among people of wealth its very modesty gives promise of their delivering a little of the material goods. We generally find that what they intend to deliver, when translated into business-like language, is the abolition of absolute poverty or destitution. And to this task every humane person will give aid and gratitude wherever he can. It is a task which seems actually possible of accomplishment by means of this appeal to intelligent self-protection and this exaggeration of the tender emotions. For probably few people profit in the long run upon the destitution of others, and almost all of us suffer in some degree at the contemplation of cold misery. But it is a task which seems rather negative and obvious and only to have been delayed, and its compelling desirability should not lead us to confuse that vague ideal under which it will be performed with the aims of revolutionary agitation. Along with the Brotherly millennium we may lay aside the hope of a general epidemic of "Social Consciousness" as neither very beautiful nor very scientific. The fundamental stratifications of society will never be revolutionized by the cultural over-emphasis of one instinct.

But Social Brotherhood is after all a friendly, helpful notion, as compared with Righteousness. It seems to me the mood that strikes for Universal Righteousness is the most of all opposed to that which hopes to make the world a free and happy place. I do not mean that moral wisdom would be suspended in that place, or is suspended in the minds that labor towards it. Moral wisdom is all wisdom, and this science of the fight for liberty is but a portion of the greater whole. But the very word *righteous* is self-righteous. It proposes primarily to make other people fit the patterns of restraint one had to lay out for himself. It is a word that comports with the old arrant propaganda of the jealous God, of judgment day, and the damnation of everybody who was having more fun than the apostles. Or, in gentler form it indicates that marvelously self-sacrificing passion to do for others what they have no desire to have you do, which we call the missionary spirit.

Prior to Puritanism, and more deep, there grew into the very fiber of our morality this evangelical temper, which is a great inhibitor of progress in the art of social life. We have concerned ourselves in every exalted moment with the problem of making people good. We have lived so long for another world. In this world the exalted problem is to make people happy—a problem in the solution of which we may find ourselves compelled to be good. At least we shall find ourselves liberated from the sombre domination of the parson, and not estranged by our idealisms from the genial business of life. A mighty energy will be let loose when we return, we "spiritual" people, to this earth with our ideal enthusiasm; and surely a portion of that energy must take endeavor toward the elemental aim of giving men a chance to be in liberty that which they are.

A theory that partakes somewhat of the thirst after other people's righteousness, not excluding of course one's own, is Anarchism. I mean that by the very nature of his creed, the anarchist is committed to be missionary rather than agitator. A missionary is a zealot who would change the fundamental wills of men; an agitator seeks to rouse the courage to fulfill those wills. And those whose aim is Anarchy *must* change the basic trends of human nature, or their aim destroys itself. It is either evangelical or absurd. For given a human being who on every hand, from every state of Anarchy, has always passed as surely as the motion of the planets to the despotism of the strong—until you change his character the probability is infinite that he will do that thing again. You must either alter the man, or else establish a "supreme power" to enforce your Anarchism.

And as a fact the writers upon Anarchy who were not frankly evangelical, like Christ and Tolstoy,* have always established a supreme power in their books delineating the ideal future. And that supreme power was either an abstract noun, or it was the author of the books. "Anarchism" will have it so; the "Anarchistic Order," the "World Under Anarchy" will inaugurate such and such affairs; that is their characteristic language. And when they escape from that, it is because they themselves have taken over the power, and are commanding the genesis of a free society, as God commanded the genesis of the world.

Take away from the utopias painted in these books that ghostly power of the abstract noun to arrange anything, except upon a page of print; and take away their authors (or let them be taken away by the police) and what have you left but men and their inherited propensities to domination and servility, which will start the groaning cycle at the ancient point of tyranny again? We say the best for Anarchy when we call it evangelical. It is the evangel of Christ Jesus taken seriously.

But even let us suppose its goal were possible, suppose that human nature could be transmuted in a bath of noble oratory, so that we might dodge this mean alternative of either selecting or enduring an authority—would that be liberty? It would perhaps, if economic life were primitive, if wealth and sustenance were not produced by extremely complex and social mechanisms. There was a time when tools were few and land was plentiful, or at least was so conceived, and liberty was rightly then a negative idea. The absence of authoritative interference was all that freedom of the individual required. The cult of "natural liberty" expressed the revolutionary purpose of those times, and political Anarchy, though as a word of eulogy it rose much later, is only an extreme expression of the credo of that cult. It seems a sort of dying cry, if one may so suggest its beauty, of an eighteenth century attempt at human liberty.

With the growth of social industry and capital, and the submission of the many to the few which resides not merely in the ownership but in the very operation of our wealth producing mechanism, the problem of attaining liberty *in spite of all*, has grown to be a high constructive problem, whose next steps can

* Even Max Stirner, who is at a glance the farthest from the gospel anarchist, and whose idea of what a man should be is not like "righteousness" at all, is none the less compelled to rest on his own inspiring moralism as a power for changing men. He would have "society" replaced by the "union of egoists"; but what can prevent the "union of egoists" from becoming "society" over again, except Max Stirner and his egoistic gospel?

only be delineated in their outlines as the fight proceeds. From being a mere negation of external interference, the concept, individual liberty, must become a sweeping and audacious affirmation. We must organize this intricate gigantic engine so that it *produces* liberty as well as wealth. And organization, even of the most simple kind, requires at least a conditional authority.

The government of an industrial society where men are free, will be a different thing, indeed, from what we taste of government today—the instrument of moneyed exploitation oiled with an elective officialdom. It will be so different that perhaps the word “state,” which characteristically describes the “myself” of a despot, or despotic class, will be allowed to lapse. Who knows? And of the further developments and revolutions that may follow after—who is wise enough to be the fool that knows? In the remote ends of time what may become of government, of laws, of property, of competition or cooperation, or of social life, is the shadow of a mystery. Like universal being, the far course of time is dark, because our minds were not fashioned for knowing such things. And therefore they serve well the purposes of worship and emotional belief. So let the faithful gather under their churches, and under their mythic “isms,” pouring their sorrow into the bosom of whatsoever eternal and abstract ideal aspiration is a mother to their temperaments. But let them not send out apostles to convert to their dogma, to their personal sacred word of emotional relief, men and women who need neither dogma nor relief, for they are busy with brain and feeling both in the current struggle towards a universal good.*

There is a spirit sometimes called “anarchy,” which is willing to ravish and explode for a high purpose whatever law or principle or custom, binds us for the common purposes. That is the fire that breathes through every word of Godwin, Shelley, Proudhon, Stirner, Bakunin, and Kropotkin. That is the sacred danger that we cherish in our hearts forever. The theory, the program, the dogma, which denies all law and regulation, as though denial were a God, is but the sterile blossom of that spirit in a mind not trained to think in terms of method. We ought to lop off these pale blossoms, every one of them, and save what flows along the veins they grew on. For there are always people to be extreme in what they “believe in”—people to advocate impossible social ideals, or preach raw statements of exaggerated fact. And they are usually the ones who are ready to propose extreme measures also. But the crowd never listens to them, and so they are allowed to talk. What the world fears, and what the world needs, is the mind with deliberated aims and pliant perceptions of fact, who is still ready for *extreme methods*.

Syndicalism has to a great extent displaced Anarchism as a dogma for the extremist, exactly because it contains so much more indication of method. As a social aim Syndicalism suffers the defects of Anarchism. It portrays a kind of anarchy of free competition between labor groups, as small as a single branch of industry; and that this would entail a tyranny of the strong, unless hereditary human nature were altered, or some supreme power enforced the ideal, is obvious. As a goal of endeavor, therefore, Syndicalism like Anarchism, lacks the humble reference to the actual. But Syndicalism also connotes a current method of affirmative procedure. It is the name for a tendency, shared by many working men who never heard the name, to ignore politics and legislation, and to make their fight against exploitation purely industrial.

This is exactly the opposite of Anarchism. The Syndicalist sees that the privilege of his exploiters rests on economic grounds, and with a wisdom that immediate facts usually justify he refuses to have the impact of his attack diverted from those grounds to the political superstructure. He abjures the political mode of thought and procedure altogether; whereas anarchism is the political mode of thinking at its unconditioned extreme. The anarchist sees the very ground of privilege in political government,

* The argument is old in Marxian circles, whether “intellectuals” can help the worker in his fight at all. They can, when they have trained their intellectuality in the art of instrumental thinking, when they have learned how to hold themselves in doubt, and have foresworn absolutely in all active situations the static love of an idea, the intellectual religion.

and would direct all his energies to the assault upon that superstructure. Anarchy is an old-fashioned purely political philosophy. Syndicalism is the immoderately extreme opposite. The political science of half a century divides them. But as delineations of an ideal society they share the faults that spring from ill-defining or ignoring verified facts.

So all these slogans of the millennium—Equality, and Brotherhood, and Righteousness, and Anarchy, and Syndicalism, and other *isms* of which these are the type—seem to partake too much of the nature of God to bring help to anyone whose tools are imbedded in the actual. Yet they may all, as indicating the universal trends of social volition, help us to mould an aim still beautiful to man, and yet more practical, and with a humbler front to nature’s determinations.

In “Equality” we find the wish for equal opportunity, which might assure us that the victors in this eternal race for distinction shall be those who have put forth the better powers. In Brotherhood we find a resolution to see an end of stereotyped hatreds, and of these exact hostilities that rest upon pecuniary caste. We will give those who preach the love-gospel a chance, at least, in a fluent society, to see what it will do. Even in the ideal of Universal Righteousness is contained a reasonable hope that we can utterly destroy that public hypocrisy and private corruption, which are incidental to a society in which the political and cultural forms of democracy exist without its economic substance. And Anarchy, above all, portrays with abandon the passion of man to exist, separately and self-dependently, a sovereign of his destiny. Something from all these utopias returns, after one has renounced them, and beautifies the enduring purpose of the agitator to make all men as free to live and realize the world as it is possible to make them.

The purpose of life is that it should be lived. It can be lived only by concrete individuals; and all concrete individuals are unique, and they have unique problems of conduct to solve. And though a million solutions must be generally proposed and praised in order that each may choose the true and wise one for himself, they are all futile, these solutions, and the whole proposal to live life in wisdom or virtue is hypocritical and absurd, if men and women are not free to choose. That we should give to all the people on the earth a little liberty to be themselves, before we lay out such elaborate efforts to make them “better,” seems to be a point of common courtesy that the entire idealistic trend of culture has ignored. Yet around that simple friendly purpose, dropped by the wayside in the grand procession, the revolutionary storms of history have always gathered.

(The title of the next chapter will be “The Basis of Caste.”)

A Chance for Freedom

IT is not generally understood here in the East that Matthew Schmidt has another chance for freedom. His case is to come up for decision on appeal before the Appellate Court next October. The labor men of California are very hopeful of the outcome, if the workers of the whole country will back them.

Caplan’s second trial has been set for October 16th, and the prospects are that the case will be dismissed, if the necessary fight is made.

Last month we asked THE MASSES’ readers to send their contributions to M. A. Schmidt, County Jail, Los Angeles, Cal. We reiterate that request this month. Send all you can for the men who have proved themselves among the pluckiest fighters the Movement has produced.

Announcement

NEXT month we shall publish, among other interesting things, Elsie Clews Parsons’ article on “Engagements” and Louis Untermeyer’s review of Miles Malleon’s play “Youth,” both unavoidably omitted from the present issue, together with “Strike Pictures of the Mesaba Range,” by Mary Heaton Vorse.

AN INTERNATIONAL DIGEST

Confiscation!

THE organs of wealth are bitter against the new income and inheritance taxes for which the present Congress and administration are responsible. As it happens the income tax is not nearly so high as it is in France or Germany, nor as the inheritance tax introduced in England by Lloyd George in 1914. And many times higher still are the new war taxes which the countries of Europe will have to support for several years, if not indefinitely.

There is no practical reason why American taxes should not be raised to the European level; no reason why they should not provide, as it was claimed that the British tax was intended to provide, a revenue which would make it possible for the nation to improve the mental and physical efficiency of its people.

As it is, the new American taxes mark a radical step for a country as backward as ours in its social reform and taxation policies. They can suffer several additions before they reach the standards set in Europe, but there is consolation in the thought that the objections to the inheritance and income principle of taxation have been met and that the road is cleared for an advancement of the rate. With confidence, therefore, we can look forward to further "expropriation" and "confiscation."

Allowing for some complicated exemptions in the new system, the taxes will be as follows:

.4 per cent. on	\$5,000
1.2 " " "	\$10,000
1.6 " " "	\$20,000
4.4 " " "	\$100,000
9.3 " " "	\$500,000
10.6 " " "	\$1,000,000
about 14. " " "	\$5,000,000 and over

The British taxes of May, 1914, rose to 7 per cent. on \$20,000 and 13 per cent. on \$500,000 and over.

The British war taxes are 17½ per cent. on \$20,000 and 34 per cent. on \$500,000 and over.

The new U. S. inheritance taxes (at the present writing) are to be fixed as follows:

Under \$50,000.....	1 per cent.
Over \$450,000.....	5 " "
Over \$1,000,000.....	6 " "
Over \$5,000,000.....	10 " "

The British budget of May 1914, taxed estates under \$50,000 from 1 to 4 per cent.; estates over \$500,000, 10 to 11 per cent.; over \$5,000,000, 20 per cent.

Even adding in our state inheritance taxes we shall not reach these figures by our new federal taxes.

If \$72,000,000 is raised by the present inheritance tax bill, it would be easy to raise \$150,000,000 in the same way.

If \$250,000,000 is to be raised by the new income taxes it would be easy to raise \$500,000,000 by applying the British pre-war rates, or \$1,000,000,000 by applying the war rates.

Then we might really take care of the health and education of the American people. W. E. W.

French vs. German Pacifists

THE international conference of the Socialists of the neutral nations did not take the action that was generally expected. It did not endorse the

position taken by both wings of the German Party, that the war is to end with the restoration of the status quo. According to this view, all races, nationalities, and subject peoples (no matter what their wishes may be) would remain under the same governments as before the war. Thus the surviving Armenians would remain under Russia, the Italians of the Trentino under Austria, and even the French parts of Alsace-Lorraine under Germany. And Germany would not be required to carry out her promise to compensate the Belgians for the wrong she admitted having done to her. This policy, formulated in the phrase "no annexation and no indemnities," was said by the American delegate Algernon Lee (in the *New York Call*) to be one upon which all the delegates were united. The American international secretary, Morris Hillquit, said in an article in the *Sunday Times* that the Belgian Socialists did not want an indemnity.

But the official resolutions of the conference, as published in the Socialist press, show that it reached a widely different conclusion. For it demanded the "rehabilitation of Belgium" (which was natural, in view of the fact that the conference was held in Holland). Nor did it assume the most difficult of territorial questions could be settled by a mere return to the status before the war. On the contrary it called upon the German Socialists "to confer with the French Socialists regarding Alsace-Lorraine."

What, it must be asked, would be the result of such a conference? It is clear that the pro-war Socialists of the two countries would come to no agreement. What, then, is the position of the Socialist pacifists of the two countries? These minorities are about equally powerful in France and in Germany. In both countries they include about a third of the Socialist members of the national parliaments and of the Party organizations and claim to include about half of the Party membership. Besides these influential minorities there is a small extreme group in both countries. In Germany this group is composed of 2 out of the 112 Socialist Reichstag members (Liebknecht and Ruehle). In France it is composed of 3 out of the 102 Socialist members of the Chamber. There is no prospect that either group will gain much influence. On the other hand, the large minorities led by Kautsky, Haase and Bernstein in Germany, and Jean Longuet in France, are recognized by nearly everybody as being of the highest significance.

Some of the German minority are willing that there should be a plebiscite in Alsace-Lorraine as a whole, but it is said that this would give a pro-German result. Some districts were German before 1870 and remain German to-day. Other districts, nearer to France, were and remain French. Still others have lost a part of their French population and received a still greater influx of Germans since the provinces were Germanized. Evidently the neutral conference had this fact in view.

Let us now turn to the French. There the pacifist minority led by Longuet has just had a great victory. In the last meeting of the Chamber of Deputies in July, it succeeded in getting its principles adopted by the Socialist group as a whole, including 87 of the 90 members present (not 87 out of 106, as reported by the *New York Call*). That this was a victory of the pacifists and not of the militarists (as asserted by the *Call*) we learn from Jean Longuet himself in the new Paris weekly of

the minority, *Le Populaire*. All 87 of the signers voted military supplies to the government on the following grounds:

(1) That the French Government had declared officially for the right of all the peoples of disputed territories to self-government, whereas Bethman-Hollweg had declared wholly against this right for the peoples of Eastern Europe (e. g., Lithuania and the Baltic Provinces), and had limited it for Belgium;

(2) That the war was not aimed at the political or economic destruction or crippling of Germany;

(3) That the objects of the French government are "to insure the territorial integrity of France, to obtain for Alsace-Lorraine the rights trodden upon in 1871, to assure the entire political and economic restoration of Belgium and Servia, and to acquire the certainty of a durable peace."

On the other hand the declaration denied the statement of President Poincaré that France would fight until the Germans sued for peace. (In France, fortunately, the President is not the government nor even a very important part of it.)

The conference of the Socialists of the neutral countries, held two weeks later, evidently took this declaration, which Longuet explains originated with the minority, into account. It thereby took a position at variance with that of the unofficial international Socialist conference at Zimmerwald. But it agreed with the Zimmerwald Socialists that the war is and must remain a draw, so that a peace to-day would not be radically different from a peace a year later. This is clearly not the view of the French minority. Nor is it the view of Huysmans, Secretary of the International Bureau, who has repeatedly stated that the terms of peace are even more important than an early termination of the war.

The German minority recognizes that a gulf exists between themselves and the French. Longuet says that Germany is pursuing a war of conquest and that France is not. He pledges the French minority to oppose their government—as Marx and Engels did in 1871—if the war develops into a war of conquest on the part of France, or threatens to do so. In this view as in their whole position the minority "remains faithful to all the decisions of the international Congress and to the eloquent teachings of our great and beloved Jaurés." And it is certain nobody was nearer to Jaurés than was Longuet. Longuet points out that this view is also that of J. R. MacDonald, who is the leader of the English Socialist pacifists since the death of Keir Hardie.

Longuet concludes one of his editorials as follows:

"No! The Socialist minority is more and more certain that it represents the deepest thought of the masses. It sees coming to it from all directions the approval and encouragement of the whole nation in arms. It is neither asleep, nor is it a victim of its own good nature. It is pursuing methodically its action on behalf of the international and of the fatherland, which it has never separated."

The neutral conference then meets with an absolute refusal of the German minority to accept its terms of peace, and an equally resolute refusal of the French minority to demand an immediate peace at any price—because of their belief that such a peace would not secure even the modest terms demanded by the neutral conference.

W. E. W.

BOOKS THAT ARE INTERESTING

A MONTHLY REVIEW CONDUCTED BY FLOYD DELL

WHO SAID THAT BEAUTY PASSES LIKE A DREAM?

The Book of the Dance. Arnold Genthe. \$6. [Mitchell Kennerley.]

THIS book reminds me of one more respect in which I am a fortunate being—that I am living to-day in the golden sunlight of the twentieth century, instead of, like many estimable people of whom I have heard, dying in the nineteenth. Think! In the nineteenth century this book of photographs, the exquisite record of a living art, would have been impossible. In the nineteenth century the art of dancing did not exist. It had once existed: lovely memorials of it remained in the weather-beaten marble of Greek friezes to haunt the memory and challenge the imagination. And the poets responded to that challenge. Keats saw a Grecian Urn in the garden of the Holland House, and went home and wrote an ode in which he imaginatively re-created the art of the dance in—words. Very nice words, too. Swinburne, some time later, wrote:

“The ivy falls from the bacchanal’s hair
Over her eyebrows, hiding her eyes,
The wild vine, slipping down, leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine falls with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.”

But do you think Swinburne had ever seen the wild vine fall from a bacchanal’s hair at Oxford? He had not. In the nineteenth century that was purely an exercise of the imagination. “The limbs that glitter, the feet that scare”—in the nineteenth century the limbs did not glitter, and the feet did not scare except when the soubrette in short horizontal skirts who stood on one toe for the edification of audiences varied her performance by kicking off somebody’s high silk hat.

A strange and dark century, the nineteenth! When they thought of creating beauty, they thought of creating it by means of colored paints and stone and words. The human body as the medium of high artistic expression did not seem to occur to them. That magnificent possibilities for the expression of joy, far surpassing in poignant intensity the power of words and paint, were going about carefully covered up with trousers and petticoats, was not apparently within their power to conceive. Perhaps—who knows?—they thought the human body too vile to be the medium of a great art. A fantastic and perverse thought: but it was a strange century.

It does not console me to remember that through that darkness there flamed such meteors as Nietzsche and Whitman, Darwin and Marx, prophetic of the splendors of millenium. When I think that if I had lived and died in the darkness of that century I should never have seen with these eyes the beauty and terror of the human body, I am glad of the daylight of my own time. It is not enough to throw God from his pedestal, and dream of superman and the co-operative commonwealth: one must have seen Isadora Duncan to die happy.

I remember the revelation it was of the full glory of the human body, when I first saw her dance. The beauty of it was terrific and blinding; it re-created

the soul anew with its miraculous loveliness, the loveliness of youth and joy. And it still haunts me, that last time, when I saw the tragic poem which was unfolded in her slow and poignant rhythms—the magnificence of grief and pain . . . and then, a future more radiant than any I have ever seen in my Socialist or Nietzschean visions, the lovely constellated girlhood as if it were a dream sprung out of the deeps of heartbreak. . . .

Those young dancers, Isadora Duncan’s pupils—her prophecy and her challenge—are here in this book. Star-like, flower-like, ineffably young, they seem in these pages to live again. Mr. Genthe has captured with his camera, miraculously, the swift and evanishing loveliness, like a wave, foam-tipped, about to break, poised on the verge, which was in their gestures. No one who has seen them but will cherish this record of the grave and joyous splendor of youth.

They are the fitting prelude to such a book. Follow, then, Maud Allan, Ruth St. Denis and her school, Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, Lillian Emerson (a child dancer), the Morgan dancers, Spanish dancers, Classic dancers, Anna Pavlova, the Biyar school, and Eclectic dancers—some ninety-odd dancers, pictured for the most part with astonishing success. One might have suspected that photography was not the divinely ordained means of representing figures in motion—but Mr. Genthe has taken the irony out of that thought. Subtle, vivid, delicate, full of movement, these pictures are a tribute at once to the art of the dance and the art of the camera.

It is, as I remarked before, the twentieth century; and no one who can earn or steal the money to buy tickets need go untouched by the lucent and soul-emancipating influences of the art of the dance. But—worse luck—it is a long time between dancers. In the thirtieth century, I know, it will be otherwise. But in the seasons of drouth between those draughts at the well of living beauty, one can look at these photographs. I especially recommend them to those who live out of town and are like to perish of inanition before Christmas from lack of the greatest spiritual sustenance that art can offer—the authentic beauty of the human body expressing the human soul.

FLOYD DELL.

THE SINGLE TAX

The Single Tax Movement in the United States, by Arthur Nichols Young, Ph.D., Instructor in Economics and Social Institutions in Princeton University. \$1.50 net. [Princeton University Press.]

IN his book on The Single Tax Movement in the United States, Dr. Arthur Nichols Young, instructor in Economics at Princeton, pays a just tribute to the idealism of Henry George, whose vision inspired his followers with a belief in the possibility of a world freed from poverty. The volume brings together in convenient form the important events in the life of George and summarizes the efforts of Single Taxers to translate their beliefs into political action.

The movement soon developed a difference of opinion between two groups of adherents: those who favored concentrating efforts upon the work of propaganda in the belief that public opinion would force

political action, and those who insisted that the field of politics offered the best hope of success. While it is obvious that a reform must remain in the academic stage until enacted into law, it does not follow that the quickest way to get it on the statute book is to work for piecemeal legislation. Indeed it may be argued that this method has produced but meagre results from a Single Tax point of view, however helpful it may have been in establishing desirable minor reforms such as the Initiative, Referendum and Recall, Home Rule in Taxation, and other more or less related issues. Moreover, the desire to gain political advantage has encouraged compromise in a movement whose life depends upon veracity. The reformer cannot breathe in the atmosphere of compromise which is the natural element of the politician. Public opinion is the agent which turns the politician into a reformer. The land question did not become an issue in the fight over the famous Budget of 1909 because Lloyd George had mastered the Single Tax philosophy, but because as an astute politician he reacted to the feelings of the constituencies with which he came in contact. It was the “academic” propaganda of the British Single Taxers which aroused the voters, who in turn impressed the ambitious Chancellor of the Exchequer. There can be no moral objection to political activities which do not involve a surrender of principle, but the fact remains that no radical reform can succeed until it has won a preponderance of public opinion by the process of reasoning.

Among persistent objections to the Single Tax argument the historian of the movement insists that two have special force. A definition of land which puts it into a different category from “other goods” is held to be untenable, as is the contention that landholders should be made to surrender ground rent without compensation. Like Huxley, who described “Progress and Poverty” as “more damner nonsense than poor Rousseau’s blather,” economists laugh at the conception of natural rights. “The test which most students of social problems to-day would apply to institutions and laws is not as a *priori* idea of natural rights,” says Dr. Young, “but the test of social utility. The Single Tax may or may not be a good thing, but Single Taxers can make their case only by showing that it is just and will promote the general welfare.” One may be pardoned for asking what justice is if not a *conception of natural right*. Huxley himself admits “the substantial justice of the laws by which the world is governed,” and declares that “the rewards of life are contingent upon obedience to the *whole* law—physical as well as moral.” While the Single Taxer does not shrink from arguing in terms of social utility, he realizes that justice must be the final measure of all social adjustments. Huxley was able to see “that slavery means, for the white man, bad political economy; bad social morality; bad internal political organization, and a bad influence upon free labor and freedom all over the world.” Single Taxers see in industrial slavery the same train of evils, and appeal to the same instinct of justice in demanding its overthrow. But we are assured that “opponents have protested that it is a gratuitous affront to intelligence to compare ownership of human beings, whose welfare should be the end of economic activity, with ownership of land, an inert thing.”

Here we touch the very crux of the Single Tax argument which holds that men are forced into unwilling servitude because land monopoly prevents them from making an independent living. Supposing Robinson Crusoe's ownership of the island, the man Friday becomes his serf; but with equal rights in the soil their relative positions depend upon their desires and capabilities. The South African natives were independent while they were permitted to enjoy unmolested the produce from their small patches of land; it was necessary to institute a hut tax in order to deprive them of this resource and force them into the mines. Men can be enslaved as effectually by withholding from them the means of livelihood as by taking them captive. It is no rhetorical flourish to describe the present industrial slavery as more cruel and more demoralizing than the cruder form at which the conscience of the world has learned to revolt. Its subtlety is an added danger. No slave can recognize his owner, nor are the owners conscious of the relationship. This form of peonage exists because the law permits the private appropriation of the value that society gives to land, and it will continue until ground rent is socialized. The question of compensation to the landholder is precisely analogous to that of compensation to the slaveholder. There is no way of righting a wrong without loss. Since the warning contained in "Progress and Poverty" men have speculated in ground rent at their own risk. If the day of reckoning finds them unprepared it is their own affair.

The aim of the Single Taxer is an item in the Socialist programme, but so widely do the two schools of thought differ in their interpretation of economic phenomena that there has been scant co-operation even on the land question. If some agreement could be reached whereby the united forces could be brought into action against the chief stronghold of the common enemy, the cause of social justice would be well served.

FRANK W. GARRISON.

LOVE AND SELF-RESPECT

The Real Adventure, by Henry Ketchell Webster.
\$1.50, net. [Bobbs-Merrill Co.]

FROM the paper jacket of this novel I learn that all the literary critics in the United States have with a unanimous voice pronounced this to be one of the best novels so far written in this country. Curiously enough they are right. It is a remarkable book, and the fact that I only came across it some six months or so after it was published shall not deter me from talking about it. Perhaps others, like myself, let it go by last winter unread.

A novel that undertakes to tell the truth about love is too rare to be neglected; and when it shows, as does this one, not only a courageous sincerity but a profoundly sympathetic knowledge of the subject as well, it must be regarded as an important historical event.

Mr. Webster has something really important to say about love; and he says it in a most engaging and impressive manner. His story is unusual enough to gratify my taste for romance, and so faithful in its details as to satisfy the most exacting demand for realism; and it is interpenetrated with a singularly just and humane spirit. There is not, so far as I can discover, one failure in spiritual discernment of his characters in the whole volume—which is, by the way, a considerably different thing in length and strength, from the serial version which appeared in one of the magazines.

It tells first of all, briefly and charmingly, how an

earnest young man named Rodney and a glowing girl named Rose meet, fall in love, and begin the real adventure of life together. Then two things happen. First, Rose succeeds, without in the least intending to, in turning her husband from a slightly "queer" idealist into a successful lawyer. This is the theme upon which Robert Herrick has written many sad and savage disquisitions, and upon which H. G. Wells embroidered brilliantly in "Marriage" and "The Magnificent Adventure." Indeed, the first part of the book parallels "Marriage" in a rather startling way; but it should be added that it is about five times as well done as the Wells story.

Mr. Herrick in his novels always relates this part of his story with a kind of mournful glee. "You wouldn't believe it," he seems to say, "you wouldn't have thought that this nice girl would go and spoil a man's career like that! But look at him: turned from a radiant and visionary soul into a money-grubber. And love did it. And that's what love nearly always does, I'm sorry to say!" While Mr. Wells, at this point in his story, appears positively stunned by the horrible fact; relents, and takes the couple to Labrador to "think it out," and brings them back to save what is left of the poor fellow's once radiant and visionary soul, while his wife, as I imagine, economizes and takes care of her children instead of wasting her husband's substance.

Well, Mr. Webster goes a bit deeper than that. For, as he notes, at the same time that all this is happening to Rodney, something is happening to Rose, too. While her husband is breaking his back to pay for a magnificent house, clothes, motor-cars, dinners and jewelry—all the chaff of living which he had once wondered why men gave up the really important things in order to buy—Rose is having to live in the house, ride in the motor cars, adorn the dinners and display the jewelry. At first she likes it. But she does miss the old companionship they used to have. She feels that something is the matter; and being possessed of a mind, she ponders certain scraps of conversation with a foreign actress, a psycho-analyst, a radical journalist and what not, until she discovers what the matter is. It is, briefly, love.

If she were in any doubt about it, she finds out when she tries to talk to Rodney. The fact is that he loves her so much that he wants her to be his pride, his joy, his ornament—anything, in fact, but an actual person. He becomes hurt and angry when he finds her discontented with being all these nice things. (And yet he had become exceedingly rebellious against what love was making of *him*.)

It is left for Rose, after a pathetic and vain attempt to become a real person via motherhood, to walk out of the house. I have always wondered what Nora did when she walked out of her Doll's House. Now I know. She got a job as chorus-girl in a musical comedy. It is in fact by the romantic expedient of earning her living that Rose succeeds in becoming a person.

And, as related by Mr. Webster, it is romantic—in the best sense. Some of the most fascinating chapters of the book deal with her triumphant struggle to make good in the economic world as a human being with two capable hands—also, in her case, two well-shaped and capable legs—and a brain.

Some of the most tragic chapters, too, are here. One in particular, which relates how Rodney sees Rose on the stage and goes to her cheap hall-bedroom with her. They are, as Mr. Webster has made quite clear, very much in love with each other. Rose, naive and simple-hearted child, is proud of her successful struggle to make a living, and she thinks Rodney will be proud of her, too, when she

tells him. But explanations can wait. For they are in love with each other and famished with absence. So love, divine and joyous passion, flings them desperately into each other's arms. And then—afterward—Rose learns what her husband really thinks of her runaway escapade. Bitter, angry, hurt to the depths of his vanity of possession, he flings her a brutal forgiveness, and orders her to pack her things and come home. Her dream, the dream that she had made herself a friend and equal, that he would see her now as a person, and not simply as the sweetest, loveliest and most desirable thing in all the world, falls down into tragic ruin. "Go home with you?" she answers, staring at him with frozen eyes. Instead she gives him back some money she had borrowed.

"Take it. I would pay it back if I had to earn it on the streets. For that is what you have made of me to-night."

Rather unjust, that. For, as the author does not fail to observe, it was as much her fault as his! . . . But it postpones very effectively any reconciliation.

Not until love has become at last compatible with self-respect do they effect that reconciliation. I am happy so say that they do, and that it is a perfectly satisfactory one—that is to say, it involves a complete and whole-hearted conversion on the part of Rodney to the theory that a woman is a human being even if she is the sweetest, loveliest and most desirable thing in the world.

I am happy to record, too, that the final reconciliation is unmarred by any of the familiar complications in the shape of other love affairs. Rodney and Rose are, you will remember, very much in love with each other. Even so, in real life I am afraid, doubt, or the spirit of adventure, or mere loneliness would have sufficed to evoke the illusion of love during Rose's long struggle, with some other than Rodney as its object. And I should not have minded if Rodney had had to accept that fact as one of the incidental qualifications of Rose's newly-conceded human nature.

Such an incident would have given the book the one thing it lacks—a sense of the ironic and accidental quality that pervades human life, a gargoylesque decoration which need not be regarded as marring the beauty of the noblest structure. Life is more uncertain even in its clearest moments than it seems in this book. It would be less interesting if it were not.

But Mr. Webster has preferred not to obscure his *motif*: love at its noblest, he says, does these things; love at its noblest will spoil two lives if it is permitted to smother self-respect.

The conflict of the oldest with the newest passion in the soul of man.

F. D.

[See also next page.]

Artzibashef's Publisher

IN our September issue we attributed to another publisher the three books by Michael Artzibashef which are published by B. W. Huebsch. Also the prices of these three books and of Gorky's "The Spy" were not correctly given. They should be as follows:

By Michael Artzibashef:

"Sanine." \$1.35 net.

"Breaking-Point." \$1.40 net.

"Millionaire." \$1.25 net.

By Maxim Gorky:

"The Spy." \$1.20 net.

We are glad to make the correction.

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(Continued from page 4)

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EDUCATION

The Gary Schools, by Randolph S. Bourne. With an Introduction by William Wirt, superintendent of schools, Gary, Indiana. \$1.15 net. [Houghton Mifflin Co.]

I SUSPECT the publishers of this book of realizing how dangerous a book it is, and of wishing to keep it out of general circulation. They have given it, by means of severe black lettering upon the cover, and a strained type-page, a forbidding "educational" appearance, apparently intended to signify that no ordinary human being should read it. I fear they will succeed. Unless James Howard Kehler, who once persuaded several million astonished citizens of these States to read a book called "Crowds" (and why he did it I never could guess)—unless that inspired advertising agent gets hold of it, and prints an edition with a Japanese print or a Whistler etching or a pretty girl in a bathing suit, or something else humanly interesting on the cover, it will never have the circulation it deserves. And thus, as perhaps the reluctant publishers hoped, the American School System will be saved again.

They were right to be afraid. This book has enough dynamite in it to blow that institution to pieces, if once it could be applied.

The odd thing is this: that this revolutionary method of education was not created by a colony of anarchists, some modern Oneida community, gone off by themselves to do things which the whole world had declared impossible: it grew up, fantastic as the notion seems, right under everybody's noses, in Gary, Ind. What is still more strange is that this amazing system gains a general respect among our governing classes, instead of being looked upon as subversive of civilization, and being suppressed by the military.

The answer—you know it already—is that it was found to *save money*. It had the one thing in it which is respected by those who rule. And so not only was it permitted to exist, but it is now in process of an attempted extension to New York City.

It seems almost as though a real overturning of an ancient and thoroughly ridiculous institution could be quietly accomplished for economic reasons.

The Gary plan promises to turn dull and weary pupils into live children, and to turn dull and weary teachers into live men and women.

This last is as important to us as it is to the teachers themselves. Who, indeed, that has the best interests of his country at heart, can view without alarm the steady, relentless transformation of the most promising youths and maidens of our fair land into—teachers? Who, I ask, would wish his own daughter to become a teacher? It has been argued on a grossly materialistic plane that this was an ugly necessity of civilization. So it has seemed; and that peculiar lack of recognizable humanness by which the type can be recognized in public, has appeared a kind oblivion which makes their lot endurable by anesthetizing them to all those aspects of human life from which they are forever cut off. But the decent soul revolts against such a state of affairs. Is it really necessary that perfectly good people, people who might have been just like us, should thus be sacrificed to the dreadful necessities of education? And I have sometimes suspected that the teacherhood of these teachers was to a large extent only apparent—that behind these cold masks . . . Indeed, a suggestion of the true state of affairs came to me while I was still immersed in that tepid bath called educa-

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tion; being kept there by the greatest sacrifices on the part of my family, who did not want me to lose my chance in life; as a result of which I wasted much time hating Latin and mathematics, though I became alive as soon as I was let loose to go to the public library and the Socialist local. But one day I came across a pamphlet published by some local literary society, containing the "favorite quotations" of its members; and to my great astonishment found there, in a private and as it were confidential outburst, this sentiment subscribed by my mathematics teacher:

"Take me somewhere East of Suez, where the best is like the worst;

Where there ain't no Ten Commandments, and a man can raise a thirst!"

Since that day I have never quite been able to believe in the mask. And, it being my good fortune to be compelled to leave school and go to work in a factory, I became acquainted with several of my former teachers on the plane of our common humanity. I found my Latin teacher—even she!—to be an actual person. And one day I received a letter from a teacher who had once caught me writing love-poetry when I ought to have been doing something else. She was now teaching in another city, where she had to appear a mere piece of social mechanism useful in educating the young; and thinking of the pupil who had been caught off guard as a human being, she wrote to me about her love-affairs. Since then . . . well, I feel sure that many, many teachers are regular human beings in disguise.

For the benefit of any such who may cherish THE MASSES in secret—or indeed, brazen out their unteachably affection for it, I quote this passage, which is, and should be, the thing of first importance in this book: "The teaching period [in the Gary system] is only four hours a day. . . . All 'home work' and 'paper work,' moreover, is supposed to be done by the Gary teacher during school hours, so that her school day is over when the bell rings. This makes her real school day actually shorter than that of the teacher in the ordinary school, whose afternoons and evenings must often be spent in correcting papers, etc. *The Gary teacher is supposed to have leisure.*"

A system which deliberately regards the teacher as a human being with a need for leisure is, it will be admitted by those who know, a new thing. But the worst part of teaching is not the overwork, not even the denial of one's right to a personal existence, stupid as that is. The dreadful thing about teaching is the futility of it—the perpetual pounding into stubborn little heads of facts which they do not want to know. It is scarcely better when this stubbornness is replaced, as it sometimes is, by a pathetic eagerness to learn. Perhaps the stubbornness is better, for then one can always believe that it is their fault. It is when they want to learn that teaching becomes most tragic. And it is at precisely this point that every teacher throws the Great American Public School System overboard, and institutes a little private Gary System of her own. All of the good that has ever come out of education has come from the extra-systemic efforts of teachers to help some pupil get what the pupil wants. Meagre, ill-equipped, unorganized, it has been of more benefit than all the systematic education in the world. For it proceeds from a recognition of the fact that the pupil is unique, and must be helped to have the particular thing he wants.

Have you noticed the profound and eager curiosity with which a child watches you take a clock to pieces? The enthusiasm with which he tries your razor on the furniture? That is the curiosity and the enthusiasm which

The Sexual Life of Woman

IN ITS

Physiological and Hygienic Aspect

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Dr. Wirt has, by all reports, brought back into the schools, whence it has been banished these many centuries. It is not simply that he is given tools to work with. Manual training is an incident in the Gary system. The point is that he is, in school as well as out, in the real world. It is a complete and sufficient damnation of the school system as it exists that taking care of a pet rabbit is a more interesting, more constructive, more rewarding and more responsible kind of work than anything a child is ever given to do at school. That is just because it is more real—recognized and felt to be such. So there is no tendency on the part of a healthy child to sneak, evade, fudge or otherwise sophisticate the problems of rabbit-keeping. There is every reason for a healthy child to sneak, fudge and bluff through most of the preposterous and absurd performances of school. The wonder is that school does not do more harm than appears. It would, if there were not supplementary education going on outside school.


The Gary System is not content with bringing some of the life of the world into the school; it also attempts to coordinate the school with all the rest of the life of the world. When workshops (and wages!) and gardens and kitchens and sewing-rooms and the theatre and pet rabbits (zoölogy class), and politics and swimming-pools and so forth have all been brought into the school, there yet remains a considerable life outside, such as libraries, museums, and—yes—churches. Painful as the fact is to my atheist friends, there are such institutions in existence, and they claim, and get, a certain part of the pupils' time. Perhaps Mr. Wirt ought to have said: "These be pernicious things, and if any child is so unfortunate as to be dragged out of my schools, he shall suffer the penalty of missing his lesson on that day." But he didn't; he set an hour when they could do special work at home, take private lessons in music or art, visit the Y. M. C. A., or the settlement, attend the Boy Scouts or Camp-Fire Girls,—or receive religious instruction in the churches. They would do the latter anyway, but the dreadful thing is that he admits that it is education.

The other thing the Gary System does is to make pretty certain, by giving the children something of the quality of all the life of the world, that he will not miss the one thing he has a taste, an aptitude, a talent, a passion for. And when he has found that one thing which is going to be one-half of all the possible happiness he is going to get in this world, he is let go ahead as fast as he can with that. If he is an artist he doesn't have to learn to spell—though they probably have some way of teaching him how when he thinks he is doing something else!

But the most refreshing thing about the whole business is the way they teach things.

Mr. Bourne tells of a physics class of twelve-year-old girls who, with their nine-year old helpers, were studying the motorcycle. "With that disregard for boundaries which characterizes all Gary education, the hour began with a spelling lesson. The names of the parts and processes were rehearsed orally and then written. After the words were learned, the parts of the machine were explained by the instructor while the class spelled the words over again. Their memory of certain physical principles, such as vaporization, evaporation, were called again into play. Then the instructor set the motorcycle going, the girls again describing its action. When this had been thoroughly gone over, the class copied from the blackboard sentences describing the processes and parts, but omitting certain crucial words which the pupil had to supply. The intense vivacity and interest of the little group, the intelligence with which these small children grasped the principles involved,

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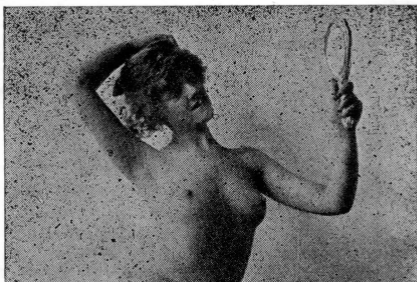
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made the lesson seem a model of expert teaching."

Did you ever, after you were grown up, look at an old school-book, and note the lines and marks and pictures and silly words and meaningless scrolls and general messing-up with lead-pencil which defaced its pages? Think of the hours of tedium which those defacements represent, the sheer boredom when the energy, the will, the living soul, having no point of contact with affairs that were going on outside, expressed itself in making those ugly tracteries! I do not scrawl all over my copy of the poems of Thomas Hardy or the novels of Anatole France; and indeed I did not, as a child, deface my copies of Jules Verne and W. Clark Russell. A defaced school-book means a bum school. And I am glad to see Mr. Bourne make further observations to the same effect. You see, they let the children do as they please at Gary—or so it seems to the outsider and I hope the outsider is right, though it wouldn't do for the authorities at Gary to admit the fact as boldly as that. "Anyway," says Mr. Bourne, "some visitors, appalled by the freedom of the Gary schools, look about for signs of deprecation. But they do not seem to find any. The visitor gets the impression that these schools have acquired a 'public sense.' The schools are the children's own institution, and are public in the same broad sense that streets and parks are public. The tone is of a glorified democratic club, where members are availing themselves of privileges which they know are theirs. One expects children, unless they are challenged to inventive wickedness, no more to spoil their school than a lawyer is likely to deface the panels of his club."

There is so much of what is ordinarily considered childishness, and which persists into college days, which is the product of mere devastating tedium of spirit—a tedium which is the most poisonous kind of unhappiness. I happen to remember what it is to be a child, and to be bored and unhappy. Most children, I think, are bored and unhappy quite a lot of the time. Their happiest moments are marked by an intensity of thought and action which is no less intense for its being devoted to apparently trivial things. In a world so interesting, it is a crime that a child should be bored—and half of the ugly mischief of children is plain boredom. The Gary System seems to me part of a new conception of life which regards it as too precious for any of it to be wasted in tedium. Which is in itself a revolutionary idea. I cannot imagine a race of children brought up with that idea, growing up into quiet acceptance of that paralysis of the will which passes as contemporary morality.

But perhaps I had better not go into that!

ANTHONY CRONE.

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Three Sons and a Mother, by Gilbert Cannon. \$1.50 net. [George H. Doran Co.]

THIS book, which reminds one by its title and contents of D. H. Lawrence's "Sons and Lovers," is perhaps more interesting because more generally true. Seldom, *maugre* the Freudians, do young people suffer from a morbid love of a parent. There is no "mother-complex" in this book. But there is a mother of commanding personality who dominates the lives of her children. She dominates them because she has the idea of The Family; and they are dominated because they have not the strength to break away from it.

In the case of two of these three sons, their acceptance of that idea does not in the least hamper their careers; because their careers are of the simple middle-class commercial sort which the idea of The Family helps rather than

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hinders. But one of the sons, Jimmie, is by way of being a poet and a writer; and it plays the dickens with him. Indeed, when he marries, he simply substitutes the weaker tyranny of a conventional English wife for the stronger one of a God-fearing Scotch mother. The book might as well be called "The Artist and Respectability," since these are the forces that really wage struggle through its pages.

Jimmie comes from Scotland with Napoleonic literary ambitions in his bonnet, and goes into trade in an English industrial city like Manchester. He writes dramatic criticisms on the side (under a pseudonym) and backs a repertory company. But all the time he is his mother's son, one of "the Lawries." The quality of such a life is nowhere better revealed than in this passage about the repertory undertaking:

"The task was Herculean, and made him almost desperate with unhappiness. If it was worth doing, it was worth doing wholly, and that for him was impossible. An essential part of his personality remained outside the work, being pledged to the ambitions of his family. He knew that if, as was necessary for the work he had undertaken, he became a vagabond, the idea of [his brother] Tom's triumphant 'I told you so' would paralyze him. More than that, he admitted that Tom was not the real obstacle so much as his own liking for respectability. The duality of his existence was beginning to tell upon him, and he had appalling moments when he lost all sense of reality. . . ."

Nobody ever pointed out to him that he was a particular kind of person, and that if he wished to achieve success and happiness the first thing he had to do was to cut loose from his family. And so he stuck, and made a mess of his life—but an interesting mess. One never quite gives up hope for him, and when at the end of the book he sails for America, having gone bankrupt and quarreled with what was left of The Family, one expects him to come through with his real personality at last.

Of course, it wasn't just the Family Idea that hampered him; it was some weakness of his own that made him subject to it. Selina, the daughter of one of the men in the cotton-works where he begins his life, is also brought up in a tyrannical lower-middle-class imitation of the Family Tradition in which Jimmie is held fast. But she healthily rebels, runs away from home, goes on the stage, and takes Jimmie for a lover. The love of art and the art of love do generally conspire together for each other's benefit against the claims of Family. But not so with Jimmie. In the midst of a rollicking party in which he and Selina are taking a vivid part, his brother Tom arrives with news that an uncle (whom he despises and hates) is dying; and Jimmy hurries off, forgetting to say good-bye to Selina!

She promptly throws him over, and goes to London with an actor. Her instinct was right. Jimmie was queer. Most young men have Mothers and Fathers and Uncles and such like, but it usually only requires the right sort of young woman to cause a revision of values in which Family Impedimenta is relegated decidedly to the background, where it belongs if anywhere. A young man who failed to react in that way to his first sweetheart is nobody for a girl of spirit to tolerate.

The Muse seems to have felt the same way about him.

It's an interesting book, faithfully and simply written, with many more attractive girls in it than such a young man deserved to know. One can only trust and believe that they reformed him at last. For some reason the story is laid in the early part of the reign of Queen Victoria, though most of the incidents have a very contemporary flavor. One suspects the reason—that Mr. Cannan did not want to seem to have fallen victim to the modern habit of writing fictional autobiography. The spirit of literary disguise is curious



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and naive. Having relegated his hero to a previous generation, he puts upon his title page the words: "I saw a dead man in a fight and I think that man was I."

We think so, too . . . up to a certain point. But we wish that Mr. Cannon would, for the benefit of Artists who have a Respectability Complex, tell us how the dead man won the fight. Perhaps he will, in another book. F. D.

VARIOUS MATTERS

IF THE MASSES exist solely for the edification of its editors, why publish it at all? Said editors can enjoy it at less cost in M. S. form. But despite its straf'-the-reader policy it must have a purpose, or else you would not ask those same readers to rustle up new subscribers. If to make money is not its purpose, it must be that of doing good. And the names of its publishers are a guarantee that to them the only good really worth the doing is to rob the poor of their "verdammten Bedürfnislosigkeit," and to stimulate rationalist thought. To belong to a mutual admiration society like the family circle of THE MASSES and its readers may be pleasant, but it isn't getting anywhere.

For instance, I fail to see the usefulness of the sketches of a nude on page 25 of the July issue, which sketches will mean nothing but a flaunting of nakedness to most people. True, they are well drawn, but the poses are empty, even absurd; also, I do not see that a badly leprous face helps the lady in her pose. Let us have the truth of nobleness of line and pose in your nudes. Our shoddy civilization feeds us enough of the truth of ugliness (dear no, I do not mean necessarily in the nude!)

And now that I have put my foot in it with my ridiculous tolerance of the Beautiful and stamped myself an impossible mossback in art matters, I reckon not the cost but boldly declare that much of the New Art is pure bunk: careless drawing, a competitive striving after the bizarre, the weird and of the what isn't so. (One artist in THE MASSES regularly draws scrawny slum children with 22-inch necks like Zbysco's!) I have never managed to absorb old rye or absinthe enough to enable me to grasp some of the New Art. The nearest I ever come to be one of the cognoscenti was as a boy. Climbing after a neighbor's apples, I fell. Brain fever developed. Whenever I opened my eyes, the landscape of the sick-room resolved itself into a riotous crazy-quilt of uncannily alive and wriggling sinister designs. It was Cubism, Futurism and Vorticism (3 in 1) I was viewing, had I only known it! But it gave me the willies, and I screamed. Silly of me, I call it, and most ungrateful for an opportunity that may never come again.

And "free verse," what sins are committed in thy name! Much of the stuff seems to be verse minus rhyme, rhythm and balance, in fact, just indifferent prose, slightly addled by affectation and not half as good as R. L. S.'s prose.

Aside from bedding-down a horse and watering the lawn I cannot do much, but I think I could do a bushel or two of free verse any day between chores and bedtime.

Not long ago we had a glorious pagan among us, released belatedly from the womb of time. Life in him welled up a primal, fresh and untrammelled thing, to be voiced in full throated intolerance of form. We are not yet clear whether Whitman's songs are great poetry, or just what, but they are as naturally his as the roar is the lion's. But the volcano is dead, and only soft zephyrs are heard in the land. Our small lyric voices, garbed in the rugged shell of "Leaves of Grass" are as incongruous as the sight of a little boy parading in father's clothes.

No doubt many of your readers agree with me that to put a bridle on some of the exotic stuff means an increased usefulness of THE MASSES for propaganda purposes. To *épater le bourgeois* is a most delightful pastime, but it does no more convert him than you can make a man appreciate you by dropping a piece of ice down his back.

All of which is not denying that personally I enjoy THE MASSES immensely.

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Ward & Gow vs. The Public

By Artemas Ward

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Having neither the time nor the inclination to start a controversial correspondence in defense of my own liberty as a citizen and a merchant, I take this method of replying, which may show that I have a right to my own freedom of action, and that none of these correspondents are justified in calling my course outrageous, tyrannical, destructive to the liberty of the press, and other extreme characterizations.

Is not this the first time in the history of the world in which it is demanded that a merchant should buy and sell an article which he prefers not to handle?

If such a procedure were established, would it not greatly limit individual liberty, which is surely more important than the liberty of the press?

If I am not at liberty to decide what I shall sell on my newsstands, to whom shall this power of decision be relegated? Would it be the duty of the mayor, or would it be open to every publisher of a periodical, and every manufacturer of confections?

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Without venturing a personal opinion, or starting a controversy, I will say that the United States census shows that a preponderance of our population is Christian. If, under our system of democracy, the majority is to rule, my course will be widely upheld.

Is it not absurd to accuse me of interfering with the liberty of the press because I personally decline to aid this sheet by selling it? Do I muzzle the editor, stop the press or hold up the edition? Do these protesting subscribers realize the difference, or is it a case of mental blindness? It is all absurd. The so-called "Friends of Liberty" fail to distinguish between their liberties, which are not impinged upon, and the liberties of others, which they thoughtlessly seek to limit.

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