

FEBRUARY 1917

THE
MASSES

15 CTS



HUGO
GELLERT

The MASSES

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THE MASSES PUBLISHING CO.
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33 West 14th St.,
New York.

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Amores

By D. H. Lawrence

Poems, mostly of love and its complementary pain; of high ecstasy and profound sadness. They represent a union of intense feeling and keen thinking; though introspective and self-analytical, the poems reveal a startling comprehension of the thoughts and motives of others. The affinity for Nature's works and the happy analogies between Nature's phenomena and human love that mark his novels are conspicuous in this extraordinary volume of poems. \$1.25.



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Love and Marriage

AFTER all, our arguments at college about the affairs of earth and of heaven taught us less than many a quick phrase from people whose lives had been too filled with living to leave much room for philosophy.

She was a beautiful girl. Just nineteen. Her baby, the first product of a love-union, was perfect and so appealing that it aroused the admiration of even the lady investigator, though leaving, of course, the heart of her man-chief who prided himself on being absolutely pure-minded, cold.

The young mother had hardly known what love meant when she had met the man who responded to the call of her youth and loved her. Their life together had been happy until they had found out about the baby. Then he had left her. Of course, this was her fault. It was she who had refused the wedding certificate that would have tied him to her.

The case interested the lady investigator, chiefly because the girl was so unconscious of any moral stain. It seemed incredible! She talked the whole situation over with her.

"Was he kind to you?"

"Yes"—simply.

"Did he ever beat you?"

"O no," the girl said quickly.

"Are you sure?" persisted the lady investigator, who knew the foolish pride of the wives of the poor.

"Yes, indeed," said the girl earnestly. "You see he wouldn't—because I could have left him at any time."

ELLEN TAYLOR.

Rain in the City

(Reprinted, with corrections, from the January issue.)

MIST . . . and you . . .
And in the pale, dim lights—
Your eyes, calling me low:
And in the warm, wet wind—
Your hands, touching me softly:
And in the slow drops on my eyelids—
Your kisses, caressing me gently.

MARTHA L. WILCHINSKY.

A Blyting Reproach

GENTLMEN: For sum tym I have wunderd how THE MASSES which seems tuu beleev that no filosofee is wurth whyl unless it is livd, and which seems to hold as wun of its fundamentl prinsepuls that it will fyt for evree reform it beleevs in, kan preesist in appeering gowned in a spelling that will bee "old English" in a fuu years. Is it waiting for a truuly fonetik spelling tuu bee servd *table de'hote*? Dus it forget that evree reform must be fawt for and that evree important linguistik chaing must kum as a growth? Maa I not luk forward tuu a MAASSES kunsistent in its disregard for evree kunvenshun?

Th living languag is that used by th "kammun herd." It myt seem that praper English must emuulaat impraper English if it is tuu bekum vytl. Then th truulee fonetik spelling—well, I wud lyk tuu leev that tuu yuu. Sinseerlee,
KLAUD KLA.

Cambridge, Mass.

Journalism versus art

by

Max Eastman

Editor of the Masses

A keen diagnosis of what is the trouble with ordinary magazine art and literature written in Mr. Eastman's best and delightful vein.

As J. B. Kerfoot of "Life" remarks in a letter: "The thing is so untainted by smartness, so free from either truckling or truculence—so devoid of either the bedside manner of the physician or the persuasiveness of the house-agent—that it doesn't even exact from this debtor to it the usual legal interest for such advances in the shape of a six per cent discount for bias, fallacy or uncharitableness."

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FEBRUARY 1917

Issue No. 68

IRRESPONSIBILITIES

Howard Brubaker

THOSE irresponsible peace mongers who think that the human race should stop committing suicide can now see the results of their dastardly work. Following the peace scare many financiers who bought war-babies on margin are facing the horrible possibility of going back to work.

RUMANIA, which might have kept out of the war and didn't, seems to be getting it in an appropriate place immediately south of the ears.

BUT according to the Greek definition, a Balkan is one who balks.

SUPPORTERS of the President's new strike cure say that it is not really compulsory arbitration, just as the Republicans said that the eight-hour law was something else entirely.

THE unions liked the silver lining, but they don't care much for the cloud.

JOHN D. ARCHBOLD'S tomb is to be guarded by four men night and day. Maybe he still has some unpublished Foraker letters.

VIRTUE is its own reward, but not in Brooklyn. One milk company admits paying the janitors \$30,000 a year for not swiping the bottles.

WRITES Harold Begbie in the *Atlantic Monthly*: "The second greatest day in the history of humanity will be that wonderful day when Russia enters the holy city of Constantine; for there will begin the reign of peace—peace on earth, good will among men."

With cyclone cellars for the Jews.

I SN'T there something vaguely familiar in the phrase, "Belgian Slave Trade?"

AT the hour of going to press Billy Sunday, operating in Boston, had not yet opened the door of Heaven wide enough to admit the Unitarians and Universalists.

THE most popular Saturday night sport this winter is watching a ten per cent. raise of wages go to the mat with a thirty per cent. raise of prices.

NOT meaning to make charges against anybody—but the price of shoes is keeping right along with the price of paper.

AMONG the horrors of war must be mentioned the sufferings of those editors who had to find something pleasant to say about old Franz Joseph of the House of Mishapsburg.

THE attempt at a separate peace between Russia and Germany is said to have failed by a narrow margin, though each offered the other a lot of other people's property. There may be something of the kind yet: it is a poor war in which Russia does not change sides at least once.

"ONLY eleven more States," says an organ of the liquor trade, "need adopt prohibition, to give the required two-thirds to adopt an amendment to the Federal Constitution and then—curtain!"
See America thirst.

THE Chicago *Tribune* advocates prize-fighting as a cure for our national flabbiness. Following the *Tribune's* line of reasoning in the case of Henry Ford, anyone who does not believe in denting his neighbor's face becomes automatically an anarchist.

THE name of T. Roosevelt does not appear among those fighters and bleeders who propose to run the old guard out of the control of the Republican party. Is it possible that he has made a separate peace?

HENCEFORTH the suffragists will know that it is against the rules to flag the presidential train of thought.

THE Government is grovelling to the publishers again. "We cannot do anything about the high price of paper," it says, "but we can increase your postage rate and put you out of misery."

THE BOARDER

"ANTONI GURRIGO!"

One of the policemen laid heavy gloved hands upon the shrinking little Italian and urged him forward to the bench with slight shoves. At the same time the door of the wire-girt cage was unhooked to let in a tall, comely young man whose bandaged right hand reposed in a cotton sling that hung from his neck. He moved slowly up to the high railing that marked off the judge's seat, and fidgeted while the little Antoni took oath to tell the truth, "the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God!"

"Antoni Gurrigo," the Court began, "you are here on a serious, a very serious, charge. You assaulted, ah—what the devil, —oh, yes, Pietro Sliva. You assaulted Pietro Sliva with intent to kill. I might say, you tried to murder him. What do you say? Have you got a lawyer?"

"Judge," the prisoner quavered, "I did not—I—" And his short sob, sounding like a dog's bark, filled the lacuna.

"Come, come," cried the judge, "did you, or did you not, stab Pietro Sliva with a table-knife?"

Antoni shook his head. His lips twitched, and his right hand rose in a gesture of helplessness, to remain poised in a mute appeal.

The judge stared at the prisoner. Then he turned to look at the wounded youth.

"Are you Pietro Sliva?"

The young man shook his head eagerly, and then a torrent of words in his mother-tongue rushed from his mouth. They came rapidly, one upon the heels of the other, until only steady pounding of the gavel brought him to a halt.

"You will say 'yes' or 'no,'" the Court ordered. And the young man was also sworn in. He was ordered to the witness-box, and he seated himself smiling while the judge sized him up.

"Why did Antoni Gurrigo stab you with a table-knife?"

"Judge, Judge!" Antoni interrupted, "my wife, my sweet wife! He love her, Judge, he make love to her, my leetle wife."

"Is your wife here?"

The Court Clerk whispered to one of the policemen. Again the door of the cage was unhooked, and a small, bright-eyed girl stepped up to the railing. She was shorter even than Antoni, her husband, and plump. The black beads around her neck intensified the bright, clear color of her skin. And her white, even teeth showed pleasingly when she smiled.

The magistrate's eyes widened, as if in surprise. He asked: "How old are you?"

"Me sixteen, Judge," she replied quickly, her smile making her seem even younger, "I be seventeen nex' month."

"How long have you been married?"

"Four months 'Ntoni and me married."

"I love her, Judge!" 'Ntoni cried. "We so happy all day, all the time. My wife I get her nice dresses, nice shoes, nice everything, Judge! I work hard, I work all the day, all the time. My wife, she keep the house. Last month we get boarder. We need it more money. So this gentleman, Mister Sliva—he work in shop with me—he always so nice and quiet, I say to him:

'Pietro, you come live with us. I got a fine house, good t'ings to eat, an' board cost you not so much.'

"All right! Pietro, this Mister Sliva, he come to live with us, oh, t'ree—four—weeks ago. And everyt'ing go along good.

"But soon I see he laugh and talk too much with my Anna. He help her in the kitchen, he wash the dishes night-time, and I not ask him, Judge.

"He begin to buy leetle t'ings: fruits, fancy glasses, leetle t'ings. Na, I say nothings. I cannot believe how I see, so I go to the priest. Priest he say he talk to my Anna. Na!

"Sunday morning, Pietro and my Anna in the kitchen. I dress in bedroom. I hear talk, much low, soft talk. I listen. I hear how he say—'Now, today. You must. I get tickets; we go away. Dis 'Ntoni Gurrigo him too old for you, he go no place wid you, him—too old! He no buy you nice leetle t'ings.'

"An' den he kiss it my wife, Judge! He kiss this my Anna. And she say quick, 'No, me married, me wife. I no can. The priest he curse me. No, no, no.'

"Judge, I feel like my heart break. My sweet leetle Anna. She so good, so happy all day long, all the time till this gentleman come to live with us. All night-time I no sleep. I t'ink, I t'ink. I like crazy. In morning I cannot stand any more. I say to Pietro, 'You must to go away. I can' have you here. You must to go.'

"'Why,' he say, 'why I must to go? I work steady, I pay board, why I must to go?'

"'You must to go,' I say only, 'you must!' And he say, 'no.' To me! And we fight. Judge, I don' want it to hurt him, but I mad, I don' know what I do. My wife she scream and then policemen come and take me away. I don' know I stab it Pietro. I don' want hurt anybody, Judge! Na——"

'Ntoni stood there crying.

The judge studied the prisoner's wife. She was not smiling now. She was in fact frightened. The magistrate spoke:

"Look here, Mrs. Gurrigo! You married Antoni. You love him, don't you? You married him because you love him? Hah?"

Apparently she was confused. She did not know what to say in reply. Her youth and palpable innocence were evidenced. Presently she began to speak:

"My father he sit on stoop every night-time, after work. We live in house in Polk street. An' my 'Ntoni he come around. I never notice him; he forty-nine years old, he look like nice old man, make quick jokes, pinch my cheeks, and my father an' he laugh all the time. 'Ntoni he come every night—he see my father. He see me.

"One day, my father he bring 'Ntoni into kitchen where I help my mother, and he say, 'You, Anna, this your husban' will be. Tha's all, Judge.

"We get married, an' father he get drunk, and have to be carried to bed." (She smiled.) "And after priest kiss me, we go home. 'Ntoni's home. And that's all, Judge!"

"But you love him, don't you? You love your husband? That's why you were married. No?"

"O, I love 'Ntoni. My father he say I shall love him; father he get sixty dollars. I do what father say." And she smiled again. Perhaps the flattery she detected in the attention of the

court-roomful of men and women made her self-conscious. Anyway, she straightened her shoulders, and pushed her hair in a pompadour, over her forehead.

"Pietro Sliva," said the judge, "did you make love to the wife of that man, knowing as you do that it is wrong; that it is against your religion?"

"Judge!" the young man exclaimed, gesturing with his left hand. "I say I like this young wife of Gurrigo's. She say she like me, too. Now, what I do? He old man, this Gurrigo! All the young men in Polk street they make eyes at her. And sometimes, she young, judge, she make eyes back. She don' mean anyt'ing by dat.

"Sundays she stay by window, with eyes in the shutters to see how the young men and the girls they walk around, and laugh, and play. And she tell me how she feel alone, and never have fun.

"All the day she clean and sweep, and clean and sweep and cook, and six o'clock comes home this Gurrigo and swears if the supper it is cold, and swears if it is not cold enough. After supper he sit by window and tell her how he fight wit' his boss, and then he go to bed. In the morning I see her, she so frightened, and she say not'ing while she cook breakfast. Every day same t'ing. What kind of a life dis?"

"I say to Gurrigo: 'I buy your wife a present, she good housekeeper for me. I buy her a present.' An' he say, 'Good!' And when I give her a nice leetle bracelet, he say to her, 'take off dat from your hand. Take off. Give here.'

"And why? 'Cause she so happy wit' dat leetle t'ing; that bracelet. 'Cause she look so love-ly wit' dat t'ing. And so what I do? I feel bad to see this leetle girl. She never happy. So I say to her, 'Come, we go away. We go other city, and you get a divorce. Then we be married.' But she say, 'No; it not right.' She say she must to live wit' 'Ntoni till she die, 'cause that what she tell the priest she do."

"Did you kiss her?"

"Yes, Judge. An' she kiss me, too."

"Well!" And the magistrate turned towards Antoni, "Gurrigo, the best thing you can do is to go home. Take your wife with you. And remember what I tell you now. Your wife is not a machine. She is not your servant. She is your friend, and your helpmate and your companion. You must not forget that she also works, as hard as you.

"When you get home, at night, you must not swear at her. You must let her see how happy you are that this wife of yours can cook so well, and take care of you so well. You must make her see that you love her as much as you say you do; that you married her because you love her. You must take her out, to the movies, the parks, on car-rides. You are not her owner! You are not her boss! You are just her husband. Do you hear?"

"And if I ever hear again that you are not acting with kindness to your wife, I am sure to punish you. Don't forget that! And you, Mrs. Gurrigo, you must not flirt with any man except your husband!" (She blushed and giggled.) "You must do all you can to make him happy. And if he does not treat you better, let me know. See that he takes you out. Make him take you to the movies, and all that. One month from to-day come in here and tell that man" (he pointed to his clerk) "how you are getting along with your husband.

"Pietro Sliva, be careful what you do. Move away to some other part of the city. I order you to do this. I order you to keep strictly away from the street where Gurrigo lives. You can go now.

"Officer, put this on the probation list. Call the next case."

'Ntoni and his wife hurried out of the court-room.

A distance behind them moved Pietro Sliva, his left hand brushing the tears in his eyes.

MAURICE LAZAR.

BLACK 'ELL

Miles Malleeson

This play was suppressed by the Censorship in England because it tells the truth about war, and the edition was destroyed by the military authorities. A copy was smuggled through to us for publication.

ABOUT nine o'clock on an August morning in 1916, MR. AND MRS. GOULD are having breakfast. They have been happily married some twenty-five years. Their income is about a thousand a year, and there is nothing to differentiate their dining-room—or their whole house, for that matter—from other dining-rooms and houses of the same class.

MR. GOULD is reading a daily paper propped up against something on the table. Presently he drains his large coffee-cup and pushes it across to his wife. She re-fills it, carries it round to

him, and returns to her place. The breakfast continues. He finishes the bacon and eggs on his plate. She has been watching, and asks him if he will have any more. She does that by a little noise—a little upward inflection of inquiry and affection. (The affection is unconscious and unobtrusive—the result of twenty-five years and about nine thousand breakfasts together.)

The little noise catches his attention from his paper. He eyes his own empty plate; he eyes the inviting egg on the dish in front of her, and grunts. A little downward inflection of assent. He gets his second helping and the breakfast continues in silence.

* * * * *

Then, quite suddenly, crashing into the silence, a loud double knock at the front door, followed by a violent ringing. It is as if they had both been hit unexpectedly.

MRS. GOULD. A telegram!

MR. GOULD. Sounds like it.

[*Their eyes meet in anxiety. She rises in the grip of fear.*]

MRS. GOULD. Oh, Fred, d'you think it's ... can it be *that*, at last? Have you looked ... the casualty page?

MR. GOULD. Yes, yes, of course I've looked. I always look first thing ... you know that as well as I do.

MRS. GOULD. It wouldn't be there ... not till to-morrow. They always send from the War Office first ... by telegram.

MR. GOULD. [*Trying to quiet her in a voice that trembles with anxiety.*] Now, mother, mother, we go all through this every time a simple telegram comes to the house.

MRS. GOULD. [*Back in her seat, too frightened to do anything but just sit there and wait.*] It's about him, I feel ... I know it's about him.

MR. GOULD. Don't be silly. [*He goes up to the window.*] There's the boy ... it's a telegram all right ... Why doesn't Ethel answer the door ... Oh, there, she's taken it in. [*He comes away from the window. Again their eyes meet.*] Now, mother, there's no need to be anxious ... not the slightest reason to get frightened ... not the slightest. [*With a poor attempt at a laugh to fill in the wait.*] What a fuss about a telegram! [*The wait lengthens.*] ... Where is Ethel? ... I wish the devil people would use the telephone.

[*And even as he eyes it reproachfully, the thing rings. It startles them both.*]

MR. GOULD. [*Ungratefully.*] Damn it! ... [*Attending to it.*] Yes? Hullo! ... What's the matter? ... What is it?

ETHEL, the maid, enters.

ETHEL. A telegram, sir.

[*MR. GOULD doesn't want his wife to open it, but he is attached to the telephone.*]

MR. GOULD. [*Holding out his spare hand for it.*] Here, give it to me. [*ETHEL gives it to him and stands waiting. He continues into the telephone.*] Yes? ... I can't hear ... Who are you?

MRS. GOULD. [*Tortured by the delay.*] Oh, Fred, ... Please ... finish talking ... and open it.

MR. GOULD. Don't be silly, dear. [*Then hastily to the telephone.*] No, no, nothing. No. I wasn't talking to you ... Oh ... yes ... very well, come round. [*He rings off.*] It's that Willis girl. I never can hear a word she says ... she seemed very excited about something ... said she wanted to come round.

MRS. GOULD. It may be about him. Some news in the papers we haven't seen. Please ... please ... tell me what's in it.

MR. GOULD. Nothing to do with the boy at all, you bet your life ... somebody wants to meet me at the club.

[*His hands are trembling and he is having some difficulty in opening it. It comes out upside down. At last he gets it right and looks at it; but his eyes aren't so good as he always thinks they are.*]

Where are my spectacles?

MRS. GOULD. Oh, Fred!

MR. GOULD. Mother, don't be 'silly. Ethel, where are my spectacles? ... I had 'em.

[*He gropes on the table. It is ETHEL that finds them.*]

Adjusting them, he reads the message and hands the telegram to his wife.]

MRS. GOULD. Oh, my dear ... father ... my dear ...

[*The tears in her voice overwhelm her words.*]

MR. GOULD. There, there, there ... mother ... now quiet.

MRS. GOULD. Yes.

[*ETHEL has not left the room; she is standing awkwardly, but unable to go, by the door.*]

MR. GOULD. Ethel, Master Harold is in England again ... it's from him ... he's home on leave ... he'll be back with us this morning. That's all.

ETHEL. Yessir. Thank you.

[*She goes out. MR. GOULD looks at his wife. When he is quite sure that she is too occupied with her handkerchief to notice him, he pulls out his own; and walking to the window, does his best to efface any signs of weakness.*]

MRS. GOULD. It's two hundred and forty-three days since he left here, and ever since then, every hour almost, he's been in danger ... and now ... he'll be standing in this room again ... We must telephone to Jean—she'll come round.

MR. GOULD. Don't we ... don't you ... want the boy to yourself for a bit?

MRS. GOULD. He must find everything he wants when he comes home ... and he'll want her ... Father, if he's home long enough perhaps they can get married. I had a talk to her the other day. Dear, dear Jean—what this'll mean to her ... She must be here when he comes. [*She has risen to go to the telephone and notices the breakfast table.*] Dear, aren't you going to finish your breakfast?

MR. GOULD. No. The young rascal's spoilt my appetite. Does he say what time he's coming?

MRS. GOULD. It says this morning—that's all. [*She is at the telephone.*] Number 2147 Museum, please ... Yes, please. Father, will you send Ethel to me? [*MR. GOULD goes out.*] Is that you, Baily? It's Mrs. Gould. Would you ask Miss Jean to come round here at once? ... she started? ... Oh! ... Something to tell us? ... Well, I suppose she's heard Master Harold's coming home ... she hasn't? ... Then what is she coming to tell us? ... You don't know ... yes ... well, she ought to be here now if she's been gone ten minutes ... yes ... Good-bye, Bailey. [*She rings off. ETHEL is in the room.*]

I wonder what ... Margery Willis was excited too, father said; and she's coming round ... Ethel, what's the telegram say exactly? ... it's on the table.

ETHEL. [*Reading.*] "With you this morning, Harold"—that's all, Mrs. Gould.

MRS. GOULD. Yes. [*She puzzles over it for a moment—then.*] His room must be put ready, Ethel.

ETHEL. Yes'm, of course.

MRS. GOULD. I'd better come and see about it myself.

ETHEL. We can do everything quite well.

MRS. GOULD. I'd like to do it myself ... It seems the same as when he used to come back from school for the holidays ... getting his room ready ... it seems only the other day. I can remember the first time he ever came back from a boarding-school ... quite distinctly I can remember ... he came in at that

(Continued on page 10)



Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

Politician: "We must have peace only with honor!"
Voice: "How do you mean — honor?"

door and ran across the room with his arms open ... to me there ... and jumped right into my arms ... and now, the things he must have been through—and he'll be standing in this room again. [A loud ring at the bell.] Oh, there, that's Miss Jean ... she's got something to tell me. Let her in quick.

[ETHEL, on her way to the door, glances out of the window and stops short.]

ETHEL. It isn't Miss Jean'm. I thought it wasn't her ring.

MRS. GOULD. Not Miss Jean ... who is it?

ETHEL. It's a soldier'm.

MRS. GOULD. Not ... not Master Harold?

ETHEL. Oh, no'm. Not him.

MRS. GOULD. Let him in, Ethel—and tell your master.

[ETHEL goes out and comes in again, showing in COLONEL FANE, a staff officer of about forty, looking very military and awe-inspiring in his smart khaki much adorned with red. He is MRS. GOULD's brother.]

MRS. GOULD. Eric!

COLONEL FANE. Well, have you heard?

MRS. GOULD. We've just this minute had the wire.

COLONEL. You've had a wire?

MRS. GOULD. Yes.

COLONEL. Who from?

MRS. GOULD. Why from him—from Harold.

COLONEL. Where from?

MRS. GOULD. From where he landed—at least I suppose so.

COLONEL. Let's have a look. [She gives him the telegram.]

... This is all you've heard?

MRS. GOULD. All?

COLONEL. You haven't heard anything more?

MRS. GOULD. More? ... Eric, there's nothing ... he's not hurt?

COLONEL. No—he's not hurt.

MRS. GOULD. Then what more? What is it, Eric, what is it?

COLONEL. Nothing but good news ... great news.

MR. GOULD comes in.

*MR. GOULD. Hullo, Eric! Come round to tell us the news, eh? You're too late, my boy. We're before you ... just had a wire.

COLONEL. I was just telling May there isn't everything in that wire.

MR. GOULD. [Collapsing.] Good God! There's nothing the matter ... he's not ...

MRS. GOULD. Now don't be silly, father!

COLONEL. It's good news for you ... great news. You ought to be the happiest and the proudest people in England to-day ... Harold's coming back to you ... and he's coming back a hero ... recommended for gallantry ... it's a D.S.O.

[MRS. GOULD just sits down. MR. GOULD walks about. Fast. Up and down. He is shaking his head; smiling; sniffing violently; and tears are streaming down his face. Presently he goes and shakes hands with the COLONEL; he pats his wife's arm and presses her hand in his. Evidently he comes to anchor by the fireplace. There has been a ring at the bell.]

MR. GOULD. Well ... lets ... let's hear about it.

COLONEL. He retook a section of a trench with a few men. They say he was magnificent ... according to them he must have accounted for several of the enemy himself ... Fine ... management ... apparently he was missing ...

MRS. GOULD. Missing?

COLONEL. Yes—for more than twelve hours—got back at night.

[JEAN enters. She is about twenty-two, and the eldest of a large family. Before she had really mastered the art of walking herself, she was presented with an absurd wriggly little baby brother, whom she promptly began to look after; and among three subsequent arrivals she has always been the mother-child—loving, patient, and efficient. Even now, when her deep eyes are alight for her lover, there is over her always a beauty of soft gentleness.]

JEAN. [A daily illustrated paper in her hand.] Have you seen? ... There's a picture of him.

MRS. GOULD. [Rising.] Jean, my dear.

JEAN. [Going straight into Mrs. Gould's arms.] Oh, Mrs. Gould ... [The arms receive her.]

MR. GOULD. Well, well! Let's have a look. [But his wife does not take her arms from about the girl, and he has to gain possession of the paper for himself, from JEAN's hand; he bears it off, and searches to find the picture.] Where is it? ... Eh? ... I can't see it ... Where are my spectacles? ... I had 'em just now ... On the table, expect ... [It is the COLONEL who finds them.] Now ... where are we? ... Ah! Lieutenant Gould. Yes. I shouldn't have known him from Adam.

JEAN. D'you see what it's headed?

MR. GOULD. Yes. [Which is sandwiched between a gulp and a sniff.]

MRS. GOULD. What is it headed, father?

MR. GOULD. It's headed ... [But he doesn't trust himself.] Dammit, you read it out, Jean. [He gives his spectacles an entirely unnecessary polishing.] Don't know what's the matter with these glasses ... can't see a dam' thing.

JEAN. [With the words by heart.] It says "For Distinguished Services—Another Young Hero."

MR. GOULD. Young scoundrel! [He hands the paper to his wife.] There it is, mother.

MRS. GOULD. Here's some more underneath ... It's very small print. [She reads.] "Ridding the world of the Hun. Lieutenant Gould accounts for six of his country's foes. For such magnificent work this young hero is to be awarded the medal for distinguished service."

[MR. GOULD is looking over his wife's shoulder, and while their eyes feast upon the paper the COLONEL shakes hands with JEAN.]

COLONEL. May I offer my very best congratulations?

JEAN. Thanks.

COLONEL. I don't know which is to be envied most—you or he.

MRS. GOULD. [After a great look at the paper.] Yes. I could tell ... and he'll be standing in this room again ... Eric, do you know what time he'll be here?

COLONEL. That's one of the things I came round about ... I happened to hear what train his lot's coming up by. If we go

down to the station now, we ought just about to meet it.

MRS. GOULD. [*Rising.*] Quickly ... we mustn't be late.

COLONEL. No violent hurry. Start in five minutes in a taxi.

MRS. GOULD. Will he be wearing ... IT ... his medal? [*Her voice is hushed as if she were speaking of something holy.*]

COLONEL. No, he won't ... He may not even know about it.

MR. GOULD. You mean he may get the news from us?

COLONEL. It's quite possible.

MRS. GOULD. Father, go and get ready ... Jean ...

[*But into the room like a wind comes another young lady—*

MARGERY WILLIS. *She wears a coat and skirt of khaki, a leather belt and strap, a Colonial slouch hat—it is some kind of uniform. She has made herself as much like the military as possible, and at once takes command.*]

MARGERY WILLIS. [*She too has the illustrated paper.*] I say, you people—congrats—have you seen? Oh, yes, you've got it—d'you see what it says—SIX of 'em. By Jove, wish I'd seen it ... it must have been GREAT. I say, Mrs. Gould, you must be tremendously proud. [*She kisses her; to the COLONEL:*] How d' ... [*But she remembers just in time and, drawing herself up, salutes.*] I say, congrats, Mr. Gould ... and Jean ... I say, Jean, it must be rather wonderful for you. Fancy being loved by a hero.

JEAN. Yes.

MARGERY. [*Holding out her hand.*] It's awfully difficult to say what you mean, you know, but ... well, by Jove, congrats. [*Instead of shaking hands she kisses JEAN.*] When's he going to be here? We all want to come in and cheer.

MRS. GOULD. We're going down to meet him now.

MARGERY. 'By Jove!—wish we could come ... can't spare the time, though ... we got a terrific day. Making munitions all the morning ... giving a concert—you know, Pierrot show; I'm going to sing "The Arms of the Army"—hot stuff, I can tell you—with Jack as the chorus; he does look an ass doing it. There'll be a whole heap of Tommies there, and this evening the Rector's making up a party, and we're all going to the Royal Opera House to hear St. John Bullock on "War—the new Religion." He's FINE. Dad used to call him the biggest scoundrel unhung before the war—but it's wonderful how it's brought all classes and people together, isn't it? ... The old Bish is in the chair ... Well, so long ... I must go. They're waiting outside. I say, Jean, you should come along and munish ... it's terrific sport making shells ... wish I could be at the station to cheer—we'll all look in some time to-day, though, you bet ... So long ... Six of 'em.

[*She goes out.*]

MRS. GOULD. Come along, father, and get your things on ... Eric, will you get a taxi for us?

COLONEL. Certainly.

[*He and MR. GOULD go out; as MRS. GOULD is going JEAN'S voice stops her.*]

JEAN. Mrs. Gould.

MRS. GOULD. Yes, dear?

JEAN. I don't think I shall come down to the station.

MRS. GOULD. Not come?

JEAN. No, I'd rather not. Somehow, I ... I don't want to meet him with all the other people about. I don't think I

could bear it ... Will you tell him I'm waiting here for him ... May I? I'd rather.

MRS. GOULD. Of course you shall.

JEAN. [*With a quaint little twinkle.*] Don't kiss me. I should start crying.

MRS. GOULD. I know ... I'll bring him straight back to you.

JEAN. Thank you.

[*MRS. GOULD goes out. JEAN has not been alone for a moment when ETHEL comes in to clear away the breakfast things.*]

ETHEL. Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Jean ... I thought you was gone.

JEAN. Come in Ethel.

ETHEL. Shall I be in your way if I clears, Miss?

JEAN. Not a bit. [*ETHEL begins to clear; then presently:*]

ETHEL. It's fine about Mr. Harold, isn't it?

JEAN. Yes.

ETHEL. Must be all right for you ... wish it was my Tom.

JEAN. I didn't know you had any one out there, Ethel.

ETHEL. Near twelve months 'e's been out there ... my Tom 'as.

JEAN. Is he your ...

ETHEL. Yes. My young man ... near twelve months I ain't seen 'm. [*Here thoughts find words in spasmodic sentences as she busies herself with the breakfast things.*] ... twelve months come next Friday week ... I could do without the 'ro part to get him back for a bit ... just for an evening out with 'im ... a sweetheart, two brothers on' a father at it ... I've given my bit to 'em... seems crool, don't it? ... all for you—don't-know-what like.

JEAN. They're fighting for you, Ethel, and for me, and for their country.

ETHEL. [*A little unresponsive to this—her thoughts 'are travelling along their own lines.*] Yes ... any'ow, now they 'ave gorn, them wot stays be'ind don't 'arf make me wild ... the shirkers don't ... 'oldin' meetin's, some of 'em ... I'd give 'em shirkers ... you should 'ear my brother Bert ... 'e's a corporal.

JEAN. [*With a big enthusiasm and sincerity, though her voice never loses its gentleness.*] Yes—it's a great war for freedom and liberty.

ETHEL. [*Again her thoughts have pursued their own way.*] ... Broke up one of their meetin's, 'e did ... 'e and the boys.

JEAN. Oh! What was it about?

ETHEL. They didn't know rightly what it was about—something they didn't like ... any'ow, there wasn't much more of it after they got in ... Australians, they are ... the boys ... Bert's friends ... fine big fellars ... there was a young chap on the platform makin' a speech or somethink ... they pulled 'im orf ... and 'is glasses fell orf 'an 'e trod on 'em 'isself ... LARF!!!! I thought I should er died.

[*She disappears with the loaded tray. Back again, she folds up the table-cloth and puts it away in a drawer. From where she is she can see out of the window.*]

ETHEL. There they go.

JEAN. [*Hurrying to the window and waving from it.*] How long d'you think they'll be, Ethel?

ETHEL. Ought to be back in the 'arf-hour ... and then Mr. Harold 'll be here ... Coo! If it were my Tom.

[JEAN watches her as she stands staring in front of her, picturing to herself his home-coming. There is a queer little smile on her lips, a tightening in her throat, and tears are filling her eyes that do not see what they are looking at. Her voice is uncertain of itself.]

It'll be funny—'im coming back again ... you can't seem to fancy some'ow ... it don't seem as if it 'ud ever really 'appen—'im coming back again ... near twelve months it's been just thinkin' of 'im all the time—all the time it 'as ... and ... Oh, you know, wantin' 'im.

[The little smile twists itself all wrong; the tears well up, and her longing finds expression as best it may.]

Oh, I do wish it were 'im coming.

JEAN. [Touched and sympathetic and feeling a little helpless.] Ethel, so do I ... I wish it were him coming too.

[JEAN's voice recalls the girl back to the room again. She shuts her eyes very tight to squeeze them dry, she bites her lip very hard to get the smile back into shape—and she wins.]

ETHEL. ... But 'e ain't—and that's all there is about it.

[She goes to the door. Two large tears have overflowed and tremble, like two large raindrops, on the brinks of her cheeks—the only tokens of the recent storm.]

Is there anything you want, Miss Jean?

JEAN. No, thank you, Ethel. [ETHEL turns to go, but JEAN feels that she does want to try and say something.] Oh, Ethel ... [ETHEL faces round again—and JEAN hesitates for words.] I ...

ETHEL. Don't say anything about 'im, please, Miss.

JEAN. I don't want anything, thank you.

ETHEL. Thank you, Miss.

[And she goes out. JEAN selects a book and sits by the fireplace—her back to the door—half reading, half dreaming. After a little while of silence, the door opens quietly, and HAROLD, in civilian clothes, is standing in the room. The girl has not heard him come in, and realizing that if he spoke he would startle her, he stands there, behind her, hesitating and uncertain. At last he speaks, very softly.]

HAROLD. Jeanie!

JEAN looks quickly up, but does not turn her head. She thinks her ears are playing her strange tricks, as they have done before in the night silences. For a moment she listens, and then, sinking her head between her hands, covers her ears as if she would shut out the sound. HAROLD waits where he is. Then, when her ears are free again, a little stronger:] It's all right, Jeanie; it's-me ...

[She rises and faces him, too utterly surprised to do anything for the moment but stare at him.]

... Hullo! ... [His eyes wander vaguely round the room; his voice, as vaguely, seems to echo his thoughts.] ... They've moved the piano ... it used to be over there.

JEAN. But I don't understand ... how have you got here—and like that?

HAROLD. There was a fuss down there at the station ... and I left them ... I oughtn't to have done ... and came up in a taxi ... where's everybody? ... where's mother?

JEAN. They've gone down to the station to meet you.

HAROLD. [Repeating himself.] There was a fuss ... I came up in a taxi ... and went up to my room ... why have they taken the big picture of me down from over my bed?

JEAN. It's in your mother's room.

HAROLD. Oh! ... I changed my things ... I didn't want you to see me in them ...

JEAN. Not want me to see you in them! Why, Harold! Harold, you stupid ...

[She advances towards him, ready to move close into his arms and take him back to her—if he had opened them to receive her. But he does not. And as, closer to him now, she looks into his eyes, something in them begins to frighten her.]

This isn't a bit like I expected ... your coming home ... not a bit.

HAROLD. Look at me. [It is a command.] Look straight at me.

JEAN. Harold!

HAROLD. You are like her ...

JEAN. Harold!

HAROLD. [With an indicating movement of his hand across his own forehead.] All across there you are ... and your hair ... the wavy bit.

JEAN. Harold ... dear ... what are you talking about?

HAROLD. ... and your eyes are terribly like ... [He looks suddenly over his shoulder, and then apprehensively round the room.] ... do you think people haunt you?

[By this time JEAN realizing that he is almost unconscious of her, feeling that there is something between them through which she cannot reach him, can only stand watching him, hypnotized, as it were, by his fearful strangeness.]

No; of course they don't ... Of course they don't. I don't believe in ghosts. There isn't anything any more after you've been killed ... Only, if there is, would they go on haunting you for the rest of your life ... there can't be anything after you're dead ... there are so many of them ... and yet [a great fear comes into his voice] he spoke to me on the boat ... I heard his voice.

JEAN. Whose voice? ... I don't understand.

HAROLD. He's dead now ... and he had a locket-thing ... and she was like you; and on the boat at night, when it was all dark, he came and asked for it ... and I gave it to him ... and he took it away ... Of course, it may have just fallen into the sea ... I was leaning over ... and I stretched out my hand with it ... only I heard his voice, just as if you'd spoken to me ... suppose I was to hear it again now [he is as terrified as a child] and I've given him back his locket ... I can't do anything more, can I? ...

JEAN. [Quieting him as she might one of her young brothers.] There ... my dear ... there isn't anything to be frightened of ... if you'd only tell me ... what is it that's between us ...

I don't understand in the least what you're talking about. I want to help. Won't you tell me—quite quietly?

HAROLD. It's all muddled—the beginning ... out of our trench into theirs ... where they were ... and men coming at you ... their faces quite close ... and shooting at them ... and the hellish noise and the shouting ... and our men with bayonets ... and somebody screamed ... it went right into him ... and then ... him.

[He pauses as if trying to recall the details to his mind.

JEAN waits. He begins again a low, dull monotone.]

He was just a gray thing at first coming at me ... I hadn't got a shot left and I hit at him, with something in my hand ... a sort of knife ... into his face ... into his mouth ... against his teeth ... and my hand came out with a lot of blood and things ... I remember thinking how I used to hate going to the dentist when I was a kid ... I remember thinking that, quite distinctly ... and while I was thinking of the time I had a tooth out ... this big one at the back ... we got clutched up together ... then we fell ... I was right on top of him, and the thing I had in my hand—it must have been a knife—it went right into his stomach ... right in ... I fell on him ... then I was lying on top of him, and I looked at him ... quite still he was ... I looked quite a long time ... I looked at his face ... he was just about my age ... and I put my hand over the part that was all smashed, and I thought how good-looking he was ... hair with the tiniest little curls, you know ... then I raised myself up and took the knife out ... it had gone right in him, and then all sideways ... and I tried to undo his tunic, but it was all—Oh, I didn't do it! you see, I'd fallen on him; it wasn't my fault exactly ... and then he began to cry out ... and I knew it must be hurting him simply horribly ... he kept on crying out—and he wouldn't stop ... Oh, it was too awful! and I tried to kill him.

[A movement, at last from JEAN.]

It was the only thing, to put an end to it ... but I couldn't ... till I put my fingers round his throat and pressed ... and I pressed and I pressed ... he couldn't struggle much ... I watched the life die out of his eyes ...

[His low voice drops into silence; after a little his recollection of it again becomes audible.]

... like something going a long way away behind a glass ... and just before it went out altogether, he put up his hand to his neck ... not to try and take my fingers away ... but his fingers undid a button ... there wasn't any sight left in his eyes ... and the locket was there ... his fingers clenched round it, and I thought it was all over and let go with my hands ... and suddenly, quite beautifully and low, he spoke a girl's name ... and the pain all went out of his eyes, and he looked, like you look sometimes, loving and longing and hopeful ... I opened it, and I thought I was looking at you, and I realized it was his you ... and he's out there thrown in somewhere with a heap of others, with some earth scrambled over them ... and she's there waiting ... do you think he came back and took it away, or do you think I just dropped it into the sea?

JEAN. [Caressing him with her voice.] My dear, my dear, it isn't your fault; you didn't want the war; nobody in England

wanted the war—we're fighting in self-defense.

HAROLD. [Looking quickly up at her; he is evidently making a great effort at concentration—his voice is more certain of itself, more argumentative.] Look here, Jean ... I've been thinking—I've been thinking quite a lot ...

ETHEL comes in, white and dishevelled.

ETHEL. Miss Jean. May I speak to you, please Miss. [She sees that JEAN is not alone.] Oh, I beg your pardon ... I—

JEAN. [Noticing her face.] Ethel, what is it?

ETHEL. I thought you were alone.

JEAN. Whatever is it, Ethel? What's the matter?

ETHEL. I come to you, Miss. I just seen it in the lists ... 'e won't never come 'ome to me now.

JEAN. Tom?

ETHEL. Killed, it said.

JEAN. [Going to her.] Oh, my dear.

ETHEL. I just seen it ... just this minute ... I can't seem to think ... I shan't never see 'im no more ... an' I shan't never marry 'im—an' I shan't never love 'im proper ... an' I 'ope them wot killed 'im is dead themselves by now.

HAROLD. Don't say things like that, Ethel ... they've all got homes of their own—and lovers ...

ETHEL. Them! 'Uns!! They're not worth nothink—Oh, I wish I was a man—you done your bit fine, Mr. Harold. ... You've killed 'em—the devils ... six of 'em ...

JEAN. [Trying to keep these last words from his ears.] Ethel!

ETHEL. I'm sorry, Miss ... I come to you ... but I thought you was alone.

[She turns to go.]

JEAN. Don't go.

ETHEL. Yes, I want to ... up to my room, alone ... you've got yours back, and I shan't never ... I wish black 'Eil to them wot killed 'im, and if there's any justice in 'Eaven, God'll give it to 'em.

[She breaks down utterly, and finds her way from the room, sobbing terribly.]

JEAN. How dreadful—poor, poor Ethel.

HAROLD. That's how it goes on ... there are people over there cursing me like that. [He seems to lose grip of the present again, and his thoughts turn inwards.] If only I knew what his name was, and where he lived ... and where she lives ... I thought I might ... I might go over and see her ... d'you think I could ... after the war? ... I could tell her it wasn't my fault—you see, it wasn't; I fell on him ... [Then, quite suddenly:] How did she know about it? How did that girl know? ... [JEAN has no answer.] ... Do you know how she knew? ...

JEAN. [Very low.] No ... I don't know.

HAROLD. It's between him and me ... something I've got to make up for, if I can ... nobody else must know ever ... only just you ... I had to tell some one. I shan't even tell mother and dad ... you won't tell them, will you? ... [Again JEAN is silent.] ... you won't?

JEAN. [As low as before.] No.

HAROLD. Only just you and I know and him ... but she knew ... she said something about six ... what did she mean? ...

Jean, what *did* she mean? [*The idea flashes on him.*] It's not in the newspapers ... not for everybody to know ... My God! I couldn't bear it if it was—I should go mad.

JEAN. You mustn't say things like that ... and you mustn't worry.

HAROLD. Is it in the papers?

JEAN. My dear ... why should it be?

HAROLD. Is it?

JEAN. No.

[*The Illustrated Daily Paper has been lying open on the table; JEAN folds it up and removes it as unobtrusively as she can.*]

HAROLD. If it had been ... I don't know what I should have done ... I don't *know* what I should have done.

[*The door opens and MR. GOULD stands on the threshold. It is to be noticed that he is carrying the illustrated paper. As JEAN turns to the sound of the opening door, she happens to hide HAROLD.*]

MR. GOULD. [*Speaking at once.*] I say, Jean, my dear, you mustn't be disappointed ... there's a mystery—nothing to alarm you ... We met the train, but he hasn't c— [*and he sees HAROLD. His mouth is open to complete the word, and it just stays open.*] Why, God bless my soul, here he is. [*He dashes at him.*] My dear old chap!

[*He grips his hand, nearly shakes his arm off, and kisses him. COLONEL FANE has appeared in the doorway.*]

I say, Eric, here he is. God knows how he got here; but here he is. Tell his mother. No, I will.

[*He returns to the open door—calling—evidently far too excited to know what he is doing.*]

Mother! ... Mother! ... Where are you? ... MOTHER!

MRS. GOULD'S VOICE. [*As she is coming downstairs.*] Yes, dear?

MR. GOULD. I've got a little surprise for you ... come along ... a little unbirthday present.

MRS. GOULD. [*Appearing.*] What is it, dear?

MR. GOULD. [*His hand outstretched to Harold.*] There ... look what I've got for you ... found it lying about when I came in.

MRS. GOULD. Boy!

HAROLD. Hullo, mother!

[*She takes him to her with an enormous kiss.*]

MR. GOULD. What I want to know is—what's he doing here? Did he fly in through the window, Jean?

JEAN. He came up by himself in a taxi.

MR. GOULD. Oh! [*He eyes him proudly, still in his mother's embrace.*] Got into his own things, too ... Well, you've had the first look at him ... You've told him the news?

JEAN. No.

MR. GOULD. You haven't?

JEAN. No.

MR. GOULD. [*Waving the paper.*] You haven't shown him this?

JEAN. No.

MR. GOULD. [*Thrusting the paper into her hands.*] Well, then, show it to him now.

JEAN. Oh, no, Mr. Gould—please.

MR. GOULD. Yes, my dear. You're the right person to do it ... I don't say I don't envy you.

HAROLD. [*Whose attention has been caught.*] What is it?

MR. GOULD. Jean's got something in the paper to show you.

[*He urges the unwilling girl so that she stands right before*

HAROLD.]

JEAN. [*Helpless.*] Mr. Gould!

HAROLD. [*Quickly.*] Something about me?

MR. GOULD. Yes.

HAROLD. Something in the paper about me?

MR. GOULD. Yes ... Come along, Jean.

JEAN. I'd rather not, really; not now.

MR. GOULD. Eh?

HAROLD. Show it to me. [*She puts the paper into his hands. He scans the sheet.*] ... I don't see anything ... what is it? ... Where?

MR. GOULD. You've given him the wrong side of it now. 'Pon my word, I believe you're frightened it'll turn his head! [*HAROLD reverses the paper.*] The top picture on the left ... and, by Jove! old chap, we're proud of you ... we are ... we're proud ... eh?

[*HAROLD has looked up, and the sentence ends with a little noise in his throat.*]

HAROLD. [*Almost to himself.*] No ... it isn't true ... it isn't true. [*He stares at the little group; and, hypnotized as JEAN was, they wait in silence. He is evidently striving again with the past.*] ... There were six in it when I started, and it was empty when he came ... if I could remember ... O, my Christ! if it is true ... and they want to reward me for it. [*He talks horribly in the air.*] I won't take it ... I won't touch it ... you *know* I won't, don't you? [*He sinks into a chair, covering his face with his hands.*] O, my Christ!

MR. GOULD. Hullo!

MRS. GOULD. What is it?

JEAN. He's been telling me—it isn't a bit like we expected ... he's been telling me about the man he killed.

COLONEL. It's all right, people; they're often like that at first ... shock, you know—nerves ... he'll be all right in a day or two.

[*HAROLD has not raised his head from his hands, and MR.*

GOULD, going to him, pats him gently and kindly on the shoulder.]

MR. GOULD. There, there, there, my dear old chap; we understand ... of course, we do ... one or two good breakfasts at home, a few nights in your own comfortable bed, and a dinner with me at the Club, eh? ... you'll be as right as rain. [*No answer.*] Come along, old man, pull yourself together. [*No answer.*] It sounds strange, here in my own house, telling the soldier who's been facing death for us for nearly a year to "pull himself together."

HAROLD. [*Suddenly looking up.*] It isn't a soldier's job to get killed ... it's his job to kill.

MR. GOULD. [*Momentarily nonplussed.*] Yes ... but—

HAROLD. You know, it isn't *them* so much ... or even *him* ... it's her, waiting there ... coming back to Jean makes you realize.



T H E N O V I C E

A LITHOGRAPH BY GEORGE BELLOWS

MR. GOULD. Oh, come, come, come! ... you've killed your men, we know; but it was in fair fight.

HAROLD. Fair fight!

MR. GOULD. Well, if it wasn't fair fight, it wasn't *you* that was fighting foul ... we know *that* ... I shouldn't let myself be weak.

HAROLD. Fair fight! If you only knew what it means ... all of it ... all fighting's foul!

MR. GOULD. Oh, come—that's rather a queer view! [*He tries a little joviality.*] We get quite enough of that sort of thing from the cranks at home. We can't do with any sentimentalism, you know, from the men who are doing the work.

HAROLD. Fair fight!

[*He is evidently on the verge of breaking down completely.*

THE COLONEL, who is not a man of words, has taken up his position with his back to the fireplace; MRS. GOULD and JEAN can only watch and listen. When MR. GOULD speaks again, he is entirely serious.]

MR. GOULD. Come, old man, I want you to listen to me quietly ... are you listening? [*HAROLD nods assent.*] ... Look here ... if a criminal was to come into this room and attack me, or your mother, or Jean, you'd be the first to protect us ... Eh? ... of course, you would. Well, that's what you've been doing ... and you wouldn't be so much upset if you happened to damage the blackguard in the process ... of course you wouldn't ... my dear old chap, nobody wanted this war ... but if you're attacked you've got to defend yourself ... That's all it is ... it's perfectly simple ... but, by Jove! we *are* proud of you, and we *are* thankful to you for the way you've been protecting your home, and your country, and all that she stands for.

HAROLD. D'you know when I heard all that last? ... all of it almost ... in their trenches. [*He has risen in a passionate, nervous excitement.*] I was lying there all night, quite close, and I heard them talking, just like our chaps do sometimes—laughing and joking about all the things they're going through, and knowing they've got to climb out in the morning and don't stand a dog's chance of being alive—not death itself simply, but bits of you smashed up, and you lie and roll about; you can hear them, crying out all over the place—and the night before they wait ... and make fun ... and they know all the time—it's just in the early morning, when it gets a bit colder and the light begins to come in the sky, waiting—my God! they are fine, all of 'em ... d'you think they'd do that to each other, month after month, if they didn't both think they were right and the others wrong, and they were protecting something? It's all a bloody muddle!

MR. GOULD. Harold!!

HAROLD. It is!!! ... If you'd heard them. There was a man there—a Socialist or something, I suppose—talking against the war ... and the way they all sat on him. They got furious with him. They talked just like you ... how they were afraid of Russia and France and England all against them, and how nobody wanted the war; and how, now it had come, they must all protect their wives and their children, and their homes and their country ... and they told each other stories to prove what brutes we were ... stories of what the Russians had done ...

filthy things ... and the French foreign troops ... I don't know if they were true, but they were just the same as we say about them ... [*THE COLONEL and MR. GOULD begin to get restive. They would interrupt, but in his growing passion he gives them no opportunity.*] ... Who makes everybody believe it's somebody else's fault? They believe it ... *you* believe it ... Jean said it to me ... There were two men in our company from the dirty little street out at the back there ... what have I ever done for them before the war?

MR. GOULD. [*Getting a word in.*] Really! That's got nothing to do with it—you're only worrying yourself.

HAROLD. [*Turning on him.*] It has got something to do with it ... I want Jean to understand, and mother, and you, and all decent people ... [*He tries to put into words an idea he has been worrying at.*] I mean, what have you, or any one in this whole street of great big houses, ever really done about the beastly little streets just behind at our back-doors ... a whole wilderness, miles and miles of 'em ... except pretend they aren't there? ... and it's the same in other countries ... It's their job to join together and get a more decent share of life, instead of being born and living and dying in ugliness ... only we put expensive weapons into their hands, and tell them to go and kill one another. And they do. That's the horrible part. They do. We put 'em in uniforms, and yell "Form fours! as you were!" at 'em, till they'll do *anything*. They're tremendously brave—they're magnificent. I know, I've seen 'em—but the waste! [*THE COLONEL makes a short advance from his position on the hearthrug, clears his throat, and is, unfortunately, at once overwhelmed.*] After all, what's it matter who was to blame in the beginning! It's happened. And all the young men in the world, and the workpeople who didn't have anything to do with starting it—and all think they're right—are tearing one another to pieces in screaming agony ... It ought to be stopped ... aren't there enough sane people in the world to prevent it ever happening again ... now they've seen what it's like ... If only they'd find a way of stopping it! ... D'you know what I thought the other day?—if we could get some of the statesmen, and the newspaper men, and the parsons, and the clever writers in all the countries who keep it going—put them in a room—with knives—sharp knives—and let them hurt one another—hurt one another horribly—stick them in, and scream with pain ... or, with a few bombs—and their legs and arms and hands and feet just torn off ... great gashing holes in them ... My God, they'd want to stop soon enough—they'd "start negotiations" all right—only now they just sit at home, the old men, and set us at each other.

MR. GOULD. [*Feeling he is being implicated.*] This is monstrous!

HAROLD. [*The anger in his father's tone rousing its answer in his.*] You sent me out there, and I've done the life out of a man my own age ... He looked a ripping good sort, and I might have liked him, and you want to reward me for it ... and if he'd have killed me—he might just as well, only I fell on him—you and Jean and all of you'd have been miserable—and they'd have rewarded him ... it's all so dam' silly.

COLONEL. The best thing you can do is to lie down for a bit ... I must get back to the War Office.

HAROLD. [*Going straight on.*] Dam' silly ... I saw as I came up from the station, "No Peace Piffle" on the 'buses ... and a whole lot of men learning to prod sacks with bayonets ... and they were laughing—God in Heaven, I used to laugh.

MARGERY WILLIS *bursts in.*

MARGERY. Has he come? [*She sees him.*] There he is! Three cheers for Lieutenant Gould, D. S. O. [*She calls out of the door.*] I say, you people, he's here. Come along up and cheer ... I'll bring 'em in. [*She disappears calling.*] Jack, Audrey, Daddy—he's here ... Come on in ...

COLONEL. [*Feeling that these things should not be heard outside.*] I don't think I should say any more now, if I were you; at least—don't. You mustn't say anything more now. You must be quiet.

HAROLD. It's no use ordering me about, because I've done with it. Oh, I know, I know. You all think I'm mad—looking at me like that. [*He has completely lost control of himself; his words rush out in an ever-growing crescendo.*] But there are millions doing it—millions. The young ones doing it, and the old ones feeling noble about it ... Yes, Dad feels noble

because I've killed somebody ... I saw him feeling noble ... and you all look at me, because I tell you it's all filthy ... foul language and foul thinking ... and stinking bits of bodies all about ... millions at it ... it's not me that's mad ... it's the whole world that's mad ... I've done with it ... I've done with it ... That man in their trenches—he'd had enough ... he said he was going to refuse to kill any more, and they called him traitor and pro-English, and they've probably shot him by now ... Well, you can shoot me ... because I'm not going back ... I'm going to stop at home and say it's all mad ... I'm going to keep on saying it ... somebody's got to stop some time ... somebody's got to get sane again ... and I won't go back ... I won't, I won't ... I won't ...

MARGERY. [*In the doorway, cheering wildly.*] HURRAY, HURRAY. [*There are sounds and voices in the passage: "Where is he?"—"He's in the dining-room"—"Come along in"—"Three cheers for Harold."*] HIP, HIP, HURRAY ... HIP, HIP, HURRAY ... HIP, HIP, HURRAY!

[*But as he stands there, white, with clenched fists, and still, the CURTAIN comes quickly down and hides him.*]

AN OLD AMERICAN RADICAL

Frank Bohn

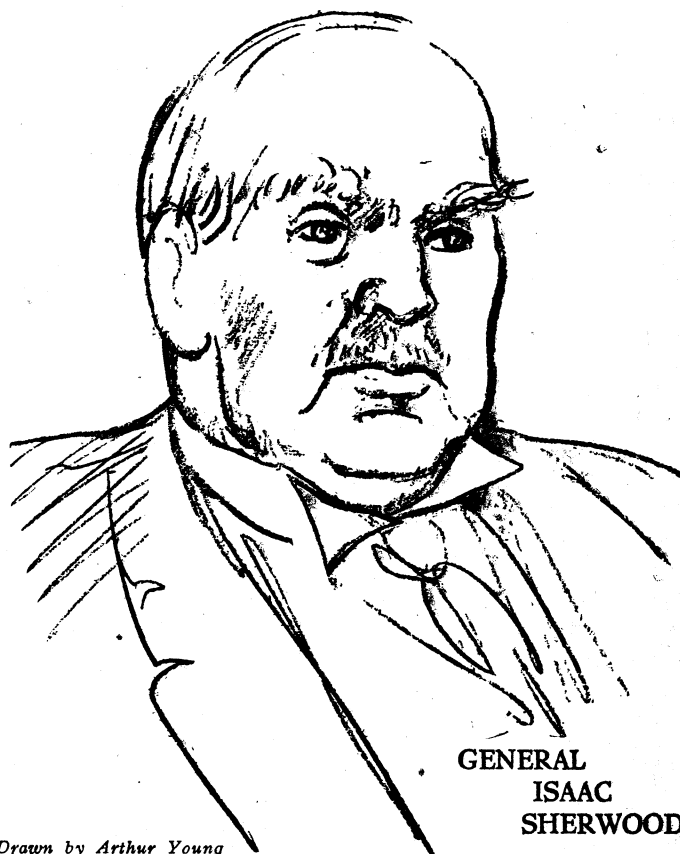
WHEN President Wilson was on his tour of the Middle West advocating preparedness he spoke to a great crowd at Toledo, Ohio. His Chairman was the member of Congress from that city, General Isaac R. Sherwood. Sherwood, an ardent pacifist, had been one of the President's most influential opponents on the preparedness issue. During his Toledo speech, the President turned to General Sherwood and said: "You are wrong."

After the President's speech, General Sherwood rose and said to the President: "My answer to you, Mr. President, will be to run for Congress this fall on an anti-preparedness platform."

General Sherwood carried out his promise to a triumphant victory, and is now in Congress—fighting, at the age of 81, the same fight for human liberty which has occupied his whole life.

The career of General Sherwood is one of the most fascinating chapters in American history. Before the Civil War he was an ardent abolitionist leader and at the time of the John Brown raid he was editing the *Williams County Gazette* in a small town in Ohio. On that occasion he wrote the editorial prophesying the triumphant march of the soul of John Brown. During the war he became Colonel of an Ohio regiment and was breveted Brigadier General for meritorious service at the battle of Franklin in 1864. Following the war, in 1872-74, the veteran served a term in the House of Representatives.

During the generation following the Civil War most of the abolitionist leaders forgot their earlier liberalism and sunk into a state of satisfied conservatism. Two men, however,



GENERAL
ISAAC
SHERWOOD

Eighty-one Years Young and a Fighter

proved to be exceptions to this rule. One was Wendell Phillips and the other was Sherwood.

General Sherwood has been an ardent advocate of progressivism in Ohio for over fifty years. Of the old crowd of Ohio independents, only one, Sherwood, still remains in the fighting lists. He has served continuously in the lower house of Congress since 1907.

Last March I called on the General, who, for the last two terms, has been Chairman of the House Pensions Committee, and found him rather disconsolate. He expressed himself as not being at all happy in the performance of his duty as a supporter of the present administration. He disagreed most outspokenly with the President in connection with the preparedness campaign. "Besides," he said, "I feel that I have something more important to do. I must help wake up the people of the United States to the dangers of this whole propaganda of blood-lust. I feel younger than I have during thirty years and I shall take the public rostrum. Practical politics is after all not a satisfying career for a young man like me who is devoted to ideals."

I assured the General that he was doing very well where he was and that the country needed his mind and his voice on the floor of the House of Representatives.

"No," he said, "I must do as I did sixty years ago in my abolitionist days. I must stir up the people. I must follow my heart into the real fight."

But behold the change in the General's mind by the first of September. On that date I walked into the office of the House Committee on Pensions, and, finding him at his desk, wished him "Good morning."

"Hello, there, yourself, good morning," he said. "I am running for Congress again. But I am running this time, thank God, absolutely on my own feet. The regular Democratic organization in Toledo opposed me in the primaries. They spent \$27,000 more money to beat me than was ever spent at one time in any single congressional campaign in Ohio. They had the word of the President against me. I had nobody and nothing with me or for me—except the people of Toledo. The people always do right when they have half a chance to find out what the right is. Of course I shall be elected. But my heart is really set on the campaign of 1924. By that time, at the very earliest, if we all work hard, we shall have a real forward movement in the United States. Oh, I have seen this sort of thing develop before. How they hated me in Ohio in 1859 when I stood for John Brown! But when the 23d Corps marched over from Tennessee and joined Sherman's army in the Spring of 1865, I heard a hundred thousand men sing 'His Soul Goes Marching On.' I expect to witness a very considerable social regeneration during the next twenty years."

Two Ideals

OUR attention is called to this contrast by the American Union against Militarism:

"—he exemplified the best traditions of the army. It was not for him to question why. He simply obeyed orders and died. No loftier virtue than this can be attained by any man."—*Brig. Gen. Geo. Bell, U. S. Army, Sept., 1916.*

"—What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in apprehension how like a God!"—*Hamlet.*

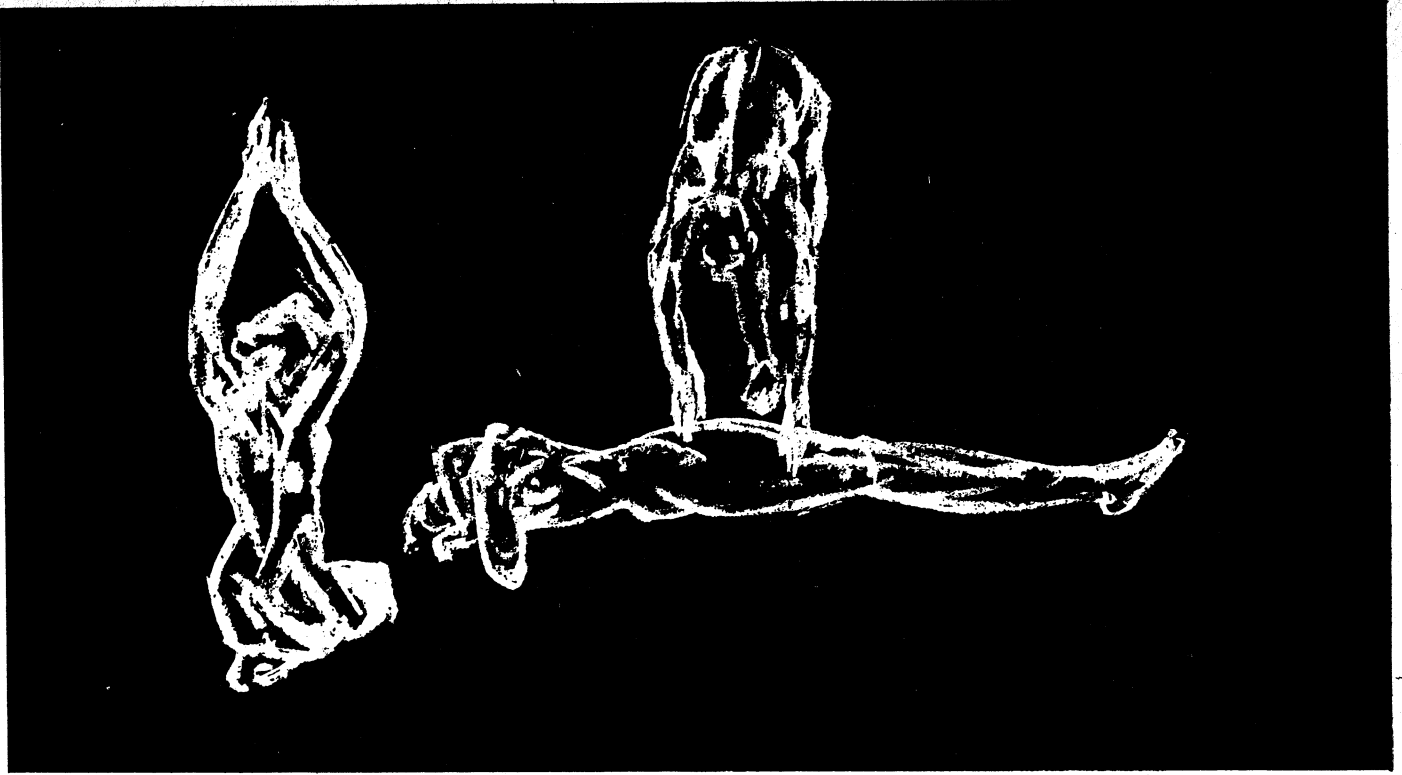
Everett's Bloody Sunday

THERE had been a strike of Longshoremen on the Pacific Coast and a strike of Shingle Weavers in Everett, Washington. With the assistance of strike breakers the employers were in a position of vantage to defeat both strikes and contribute towards the Open Shop policy on the coast which they were pledged to support. But the strikers also had their assistants, "Fellow Workers" in Seattle, members of the I. W. W. who believe that a strike of any workers in any industry is the concern of every other worker.

For many weeks before "Bloody Sunday" Everett had not been what you could call a pleasant loitering place for working men. To the Commercial Club in Everett, a man in overalls, perhaps just off his job with his pay in his pocket was a subject for deportation from the town. A longshoreman, named Johnson, had been in jail for many weeks without a charge against him. He was held incommunicado and beaten daily with a rubber hose. The rubber hose had special advantages applied to an I. W. W. man; it inflicted injury without leaving surface marks for detection. It was before Johnson was arrested that the photographs of the welts and bruises of Fellow Worker James Rowan had been printed and circulated. Rowan had been deported from Everett because he was an organizer. But Rowan was not a coward and he came back. At a meeting he read an extract from the report of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations. "You can't talk that sort of stuff here," an intelligent policeman shouted. "Get out." He was put into an automobile, driven into the country and beaten into unconsciousness.

But there were citizens of Everett who resented the activities of the Commercial Club and its disciples, the "lawn-order men." They encouraged the I. W. W. men of Seattle to push their labor agitation for the sake of the rights of free speech. It was that encouragement that took 41 men to Everett, October 30th, with the intention of holding a meeting the same afternoon. They went by boat and as they landed they were received at the dock by a mob with heavy saps; they were loaded into automobiles and driven to Beverly Park, a lonely wooded piece of ground on the outskirts of the town. Another mob received them at the Park. One by one the boys were turned out of the machines. As they were forced to run the gauntlet of the "lawnorder men" a shower of heavy blows fell on their heads and across their bodies. The air rang with curses for labor unions. Torn clothing, bloodstained hats and bloodstained cattle guards along the railroad tracks bore the evidence of the mob law for many visitors who sought the place for evidence the following day.

The workers, with the naiveté of people who believe in the righteousness of their cause, believed that the outrage against them and what they stood for, had aroused the indignation of the people in Everett and that this sentiment should be used without delay to re-establish the right of workers to walk the streets of the town and speak without



A Design by Arthur B. Davies.

interference. They immediately planned the second expedition and gave it wide publicity, showing their faith in the protection of public sentiment. For the same reason the meeting was planned for Sunday and in the daylight when the streets of the town would be filled with people.

Two hundred and fifty working men volunteered for this second expedition, each man in the party purchased his passage ticket on either the Steamer "Verona" or "Calista." The crowd was enthusiastic because it believed that the trip would win, re-win for the workers of Everett the common rights of citizenship. It may still do that, but the sight they saw from their steamer, the "Verona," in its arrival was not reassuring. The pier was filled by the Sheriff and his deputies and out in the water was another tug offensively manned and on another pier further along were more armed men.

The prosecuting attorney stated later that not more than 25 men out of the 250 carried weapons and the Mayor of Seattle later said, "If I had been one of the party of I. W. W.'s almost beaten to death by 300 Everett citizens without being able to defend myself, I probably would have armed myself if I had intended to visit Everett again." But the men on the piers and in the tug were fully armed. The entire stock of ammunition in the hardware stores of the town had been exhausted and a rifle was in the hand of every member of the posse the Sheriff had formed.

As the boat drew into the dock the Sheriff shouted, "You can't land here. Who is the leader?" "We are all leaders," was the answer of the men seeking freedom. The sheriff's hand went to his gun. Five of the I. W. W. men were

killed and over thirty were wounded. Two deputies were killed and fifteen wounded.

Is it really important who fired the first shot? The supposition of the sympathizers with the men on the boat is that the Sheriff did. But does it matter? Suppose the first shot did come from the boat, it was the Sheriff's pre-emption of the pier and his belligerent gesture as the men answered his question that makes him, in the eyes of Mayor Gill of Seattle, the murderer.

"In the final analysis," the mayor declared, "it will be found these cowards in Everett who, without right or justification, shot into the crowd on the boat were the murderers and not the I. W. W.'s.

"The men who met the I. W. W.'s at the boat were a bunch of cowards. They outnumbered the I. W. W.'s five to one, and in spite of this they stood there on the dock and fired into the boat, I. W. W.'s innocent passengers and all.

"McRae and his deputies had no legal right to tell the I. W. W.'s or anyone else that they could not land there. When the sheriff put his hand on the butt of his gun and told them they could not land, he fired the first shot, in the eyes of the law, and the I. W. W.'s can claim that they shot in self-defense."

When the "Verona," with its dead and wounded men on board, and the "Calista," which had turned about before it reached Everett, landed at Seattle, they were met by the police and militia and taken to the County Jail. There are now in the Jail—one hundred—awaiting trial. Defending one hundred men is a damned hard job. But we have got to do it. THE MASSES can help. It can tell its readers to send all their spare cash to The Everett Prisoners' Defense Committee, Box 1878, Seattle, Washington.

CHARLES ASHLEIGH,

CRIMES OF CHARITY

Konrad Bercovici

Trying Them Out

A MAN of forty—just out of the hospital, where an arm had been amputated as a consequence of an accident—was sent up to the Bureau to see whether the Manager could not get him work somewhere. He was told to come again next morning. He came, and he was told to come again in the afternoon—and then told to come the next day. On the fourth day he was given a slip of paper with an address on 69th street.

It was a very hot day—midsummer. He was instructed by the Manager to go to the address at once—between one and two o'clock—and ask for work; and to return immediately to the office and report the result of his interview. He took the piece of paper eagerly and hurried out.

At the hour of closing the office he had not returned. I—being new to the work—asked the Manager whether he wouldn't call up the employer and ask what had happened. The manager looked at me and laughed. "No, I won't call him up—and I'll bet you a new hat that the man won't show up for several days; and when he does come back, he'll tell one of the biggest lies—"

"How do you know all that?"

"It's my profession, you know." And he bade me good night.

The next day, while reading the paper, I happened to look over a list of those prostrated by the heat the day before. There were sixty in all. The one-armed man was among them.

I showed the paper to the Manager, so that he might see the reason why the man had not returned yesterday.

"Well, well,—it's a pity. He was a good man. I'm sorry," said the Manager.

"Phone to that employer and tell him about the accident, so that the man will get the job when he is on his feet again," I suggested.

"Nobody to 'phone to," he explained. "It was only a 'runner.'"

"A 'runner,'" he explained, "is a false address—to see if the man is really willing to work. That's how we try them out—on a 'runner.' Give them an address far away, and then on the next day they come, if they ever return at all, and they tell you that the boss was not in, or that he told them to come next week, or any other lie. They're past-masters in lying, you know. But when they do come back and say that the address I gave them was wrong, then I give them a job—if I have one."

The one-armed man sent on such a "runner" died in the hospital the same day.

"Clipping Wings of Little Birds"

"AND where does she go every day?"

"Does she stay out late at night?"

"Do men often come to the house?"

* Passages from a book entitled "Crimes of Charity," to be published by Alfred A. Knopf.

"Is she sometimes drunk? I mean, does she use whiskey? Is there whiskey in the house?"

"Does she smoke cigarettes?"

"Does she go to the moving-picture shows?"

To whom are these questions put? To the children of the poor. The "she" referred to is the mother, and the child is often not older than eight years—sometimes younger. And who puts the questions? The investigators, of course.

On the information, given by a neighbor, that Mrs. S. "eats meat every day and goes to the moving-pictures," a certain widow's pension was cut off, and she was submitted to the test.

A few days later, when the mattress and broken chairs were on the street (this was part of the process), the woman was in the office crying, tearing her hair and beating her heart. She begged the Manager, she begged the Investigator, "Pity!—pity!—have pity on me and my children." They paid no attention. When she got beyond control, the janitor put her out.

For more than an hour she sat outside on the steps. Then suddenly she got up and went away. Half an hour later she was back again, with her three children—a little boy of five, and two girls, one seven and the other nine years old. She tried to go in; but the janitor, acting on orders, would not let her pass the door. Once when she put her foot between the jamb and the door he beat her off with his club.

I spoke to the investigator, and tried to convince her that the test had gone far enough; but she was not satisfied. "That woman," she said, "is acting—acting a part. I am not going to be taken in. No, she can't fool me."

Then suddenly she ran out, and through the open door I saw how she literally tore the two children away from their mother's hands. When the mother tried to follow, the door was slammed. It caught her fingers. She screamed, the children screeched, and all the other applicants ran to the door, wailing, crying. The investigator ordered them all away. The janitor brought a wet towel to wrap around the woman's injured hand. But she was not let in.

The investigator dragged the two children away to her room.

From outside I heard the children crying, and the questioning intonation of the investigator. She changed her tactics every minute. First she was sweet and promising, then loud and menacing, then again persuasive, convincing, suddenly threatening, intimidating.

Meanwhile the mother stood outside, a wet towel on her hand, crying and beating her head against the closed door. It was the hour when the "committee" was going home. An automobile stopped at the door, and the Manager majestically descended the broad stone steps, seated himself on the cushioned seat, buttoned his coat and beckoned to the driver.

The grilling was going on inside. After a quarter of an hour, another young woman quit her desk and went into the

*this will be good
for club talk.*

room. She was all excited. She had been moving around on her chair, biting her nails, squeezing her fingers. Unable to resist the temptation any longer, she entered the room. And then I heard both their voices, questioning the children. Another investigator appeared—the oldest in the place, reputed to be a marvel.

"What's going on in there?" she asked the offic boy.

"Clipping wings of little birds," he answered.

The old one hardly had patience to throw off her coat before she rushed into the room. After a short lull she took charge of the children herself, going with them into another room.

The whole thing lasted more than an hour, and was given up at last as unsuccessful. The children were returned to the mother. She was ordered to come again tomorrow.

The three women seated themselves together. The youngest one remarked: "A regular third degree."

The janitor asked: "Did you sweat them?"

The old one remarked suddenly with an air of great discovery; "Come to think of it, they refused my candy! Isn't that a sign that they've had enough of it—that they get candy every day?"

"Of course," said the others, "it certainly is! Children to refuse candy! Who ever heard of it?"

"When are they coming tomorrow?"

"In the morning."

"Well, I will try to help you in this affair. I don't think they are deserving."

She sat down to write her report.

Oh the ghastly no Key

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Four Poems by Max Endicoff

THE FIXTURE

SHE is always there,
This long, rangy figure
Of sapped-out middle age virginity.
Her moldy-colored, angular face
Is stitched with a thousand seams,
And her thin, bloodless lips
Twitch incessantly
Until her countenance
Assumes the quality of a flexible mask.

She patters on tip-toe along the marble floor
And guides her queer squint
Along the row of "new" books.
With an open smile of triumph
Her colorless hand with its long talons
Darts out
And seizes upon a volume
Bearing the title:
"A Modern Mother."

THE CHIEF LIBRARIAN

P RIM of figure and bespectacled,
Purse-lipped and solemn-eyed,
She meets all storms of inquiry
With sharp and terse retort.

Through this swollen maze of printed word
She strides with sure step—
Only the narrow shoulders,
Drooping with doubt,
Speak piteously of one uncertain of the road.

THE NEWCOMER

NURSED and cradled
To the pagan canticles of field and forest,
She came to the city
To work as a librarian.
A winsome vision of girlhood:
Flaxen-haired and eager-eyed,
With cheeks like the skies at early dawn.
She flutters past
The corridors of smooth stone and sombre shadow
And perches herself upon the high stool behind the counter.

Evening comes
And she glides through the aisles of marble,
Made ghastly by the yellow gleam of electric lights,
On her way home.
And the ineffaceable brand of the City
Is stamped
On the leaden feet and weary spirit.

THE RETIRED ACROBAT

HIS vast shoulders
Surge beyond the confines of the wide, cushioned seat,
His outstretched legs
End in a pair of ungainly, square shoes
That are always unlaced;
Bright patches of carmine
(A habit from past theatrical days)
Gild his cheeks;
And the long moustache and unkempt shock of hair
Are dyed a sheeny black.

Lying open,
Hidden within the palms of his gigantic hands
Is a small, thin volume of De Musset's poetry;
And with a thick-muscled finger
He turns the flimsy pages
Of delicately-scented verse.

A Prophetic Utterance

TO praise John Brown is an easy thing today. But (see page 17) it was just before John Brown's execution that Isaac Sherwood published these words in the Williams County Gazette,—December 1st, 1859:

TO-MORROW John Brown dies upon the gallows, the death of the traitor. Not a traitor to his Country, his God, or Liberty; but a traitor to a local regulation, recognized in this country as Law. He dies, in a land where murderers go unhung, without even a murderer's sympathy. He dies a martyr to his heart convictions of right imbedded by bitter experiences and made strong by the same power which hurries him into eternity. He dies; yet there will come a time, in the future history of this country, when the simple name of John Brown will receive more reverence from the Americans than that of Senator Douglas or President Buchanan, or Governor Wise. The one executed for the highest crime known to the law, the others the favored recipients of the highest offices within the gift of a free people—the one, the embodiment of nobility misguided by enthusiasm; the others, traitors to the Revolutionary idea of liberty, fawning sycophants and time servers. The only crime proved against John Brown was that of inducing slaves to leave their masters; he did not invade Virginia for rapine and murder, but to strike the shackles from the bondman and let the oppressed go free. Yet Virginia, noble, chivalric Virginia, thirsteth for his blood. The Governor of this great State, a would-be President of this Republic, thirsteth for his blood.



Drawn by Cornelia Barnes.

CAFÉ STRATEGISTS

Culture and Crochet

DO you know John Cowper Powys? He's that English lecturer who says "devil" once in a while and "sex" sometimes twice, and who uses adjectives by the wholesale without even pausing for breath, honest! He comes to Brooklyn on Saturday mornings and lectures in the Academy to the lady school teachers who think he's "perfectly great, my dear—so original!"

Last Saturday he talked on "Ibsen—or the Genius of the Scandinavian." Who says Brooklyn isn't advanced? And the lady teachers came and watched him with delight—you note the verb is "watched" and not "listened." Perhaps Mr. Powys is a poseur—I don't know—but he is a dynamic speaker, he is apparently sincere in his opinions and besides he doesn't care overmuch for Tennyson or Kipling. That's something. So one bears with his strings of adjectives and his dramatic spurts and the little mannerisms that are only incidental in a good lecturer.

But the Brooklyn ladies, bless 'em—they gurgled with delight at his perfectly dear English accent, and his Oxford gown and the way he shakes his head. While he told, simply and effectively, the story of Strindborg's "Father"—that overwhelming indictment of the woman—the lady teacher in my row knitted her brows. Not about "Father"—dear, dear no—but about a knot in the crochet cotton she was working at throughout the lecture. And if you don't believe me, come next Saturday and I dare say you'll see her at it again. These Brooklynites are so industrious.

The lady teachers were delighted with Powys—what if he is a bit odd in his views—as long as he manages to be bizarre and charmingly iconoclastic. They didn't mind about his preference for "The Wild Duck" if he sprang circus stunts like "old-fashioned, musty, oleaginous, hopeless, antimacassared, slippared," etc., etc., in characterizing what Nora slammed the door on, in "The Doll's House."

And when it was all over, they were perfectly enthusiastic. Some of them said so to their neighbors, when they hadn't even been introduced. But culture can do so much. Brooklyn lady teachers have a way of saying "it was perfectly great" that would make Mr. Powys madder than it made me. It was a good lecture, too.

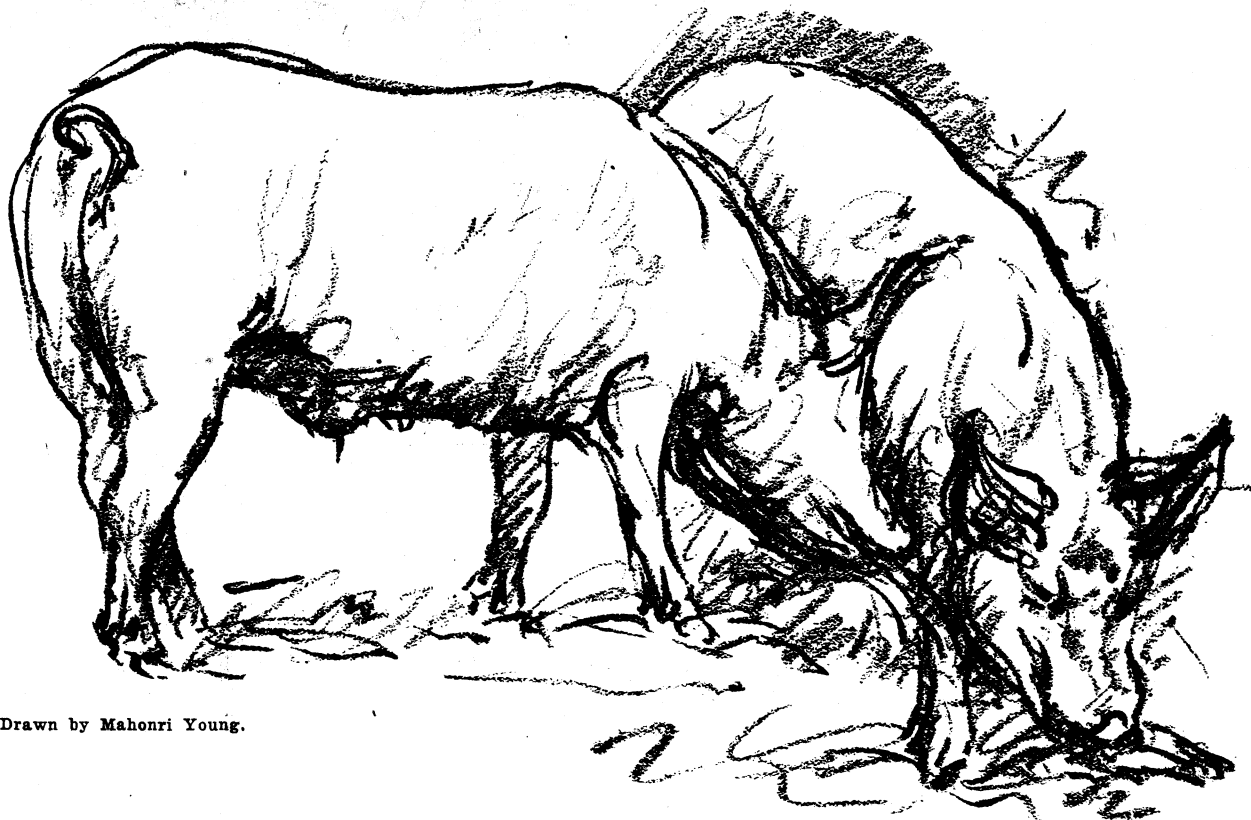
But the lady with the crochet enjoyed it more than anyone else.

ISABEL R. MAYERS.

ESTRANGEMENT

WISTFUL, like blind folk in the Spring,
 We stand apart,
 Each in the memory cherishing
 One day—one hour—
 As a blind man's fingers
 Cherish the flower
 Where a fragrance lingers
 That breathes of Spring to his darkened heart.

DOROTHEA GAY.



Drawn by Mahonri Young.

FRIENDS

THE DEAD

SOMETIMES you used to take my hand in yours
 And sigh—your eyes grew somber as you said,
 "I think the hope of things is dead—
 The joy of life died long ago—"
 Your face was like a child's who dreads to hear
 The crash of storm, and cringes in his fear.
 One time I was not there to soothe and say,
 "Dear heart, the bronze-brown butterflies still drift
 Above the thistles, and the daisies lift
 Their golden heads along the dusty road—"

And so you crept away, content that I
 Should live the agony it costs to die.

BEULAH AMIDON.

SUMMER

I.

THE world—a green valley
 Full of morning sunlight and deep cool shadow,
 Lovely by-paths half hidden,
 And the glimmer of white knees
 Dancing toward me.

II.

Cool clasping hands
 And fragrant, unperturbed mouth,
 Lovely and unconscious bosom
 Still
 Glad, free, indifferent
 Only your eyes
 Question me

III.

Who knows?
 Pain, as of old,
 Anger and self-mockery
 And the shame of things spoiled forever
 Or joy laughing forgetfully
 In Eden.
 Who dares?

IV.

Fool that I am, who desire
 Neither.
 Only perpetually your cool hands
 And lovely laughing mouth,
 White knees that have brushed the cold dew from
 the grasses,
 And the unstirred peace of your bosom.

FLOYD DELL.

Revolutionary Progress

To Socialist Party Critics

LAST month my friend (not to say "comrade"), Eugene Wood, set out the reasons why socialists who denied the importance of Wilson's campaign are "sore" at socialists who affirmed it. His letter was merely the best of many letters and statements to the same effect, and they all made me feel sad. We used to argue and fight together about how much political action counts for anyway, but we never argued before as to what sort of political action counts. This is a new scrap. Something has happened. What is it?

So far as I can find out in my own mind, it is this:

A war occurred in Europe which involved every country where there was any social revolutionary movement materially visible, and wherever that war struck it scrambled the social revolutionary movement absolutely. Nothing remained of the International, the socialist opposition, the labor movement, the class struggle. The whole thing and all the complaisant expectations resting on it, sank out of existence instantly in a welter of patriotic emotions and military enterprise. Some of us simply could not help noticing this, no matter how badly it fitted into our academic theories. War, we said, to ourselves, is death to liberty and *death to the struggle for liberty*. At whatever cost we must avoid war.

Then another thing happened. This country came so near to the edge of war about six times, that everybody knew and everybody acknowledged without even bothering to say so, that the issue rested absolutely in the hands of one man. Legally no; actually yes. And that one man was the President of the United States. This again we couldn't help noticing. And we couldn't help getting these two observations mixed up together in our minds, and drawing an inference. Thus:

War destroys the working-class movement.

The President is a virtual dictator of Peace and War.

Therefore it matters to the working-class who is elected President, and it matters most critically when war is in the wind.

Now is that small amount of reasoning to be dismissed as "intellectual," or is it to be admitted as intelligent?

There is more than that, however. For my part, I have been led by my studies and reflections on the war situation to some very general conclusions.* I think that men's hereditary instinctive reactions are such that they will go to war (even against their economic interest) whenever a plausible war is declared, that our only hope is in *preventing declarations of war*, that this can be accomplished only through international federation, and that the main driving power towards international federation is international capital—the biggest of big business. We ought to support and encourage the capitalistic governments in their new motion towards internationalism, be-

* I published them partly in the *New York Call*, partly in THE MASSES, partly in a book which nobody will buy because it is called "Understanding Germany."

cause they will get there before we will.

The world has got to the point where war is, in the largest view, bad business. It is worse for us than it is for business, but business is stronger than we are. Therefore we ought to help business stop war.

Of course the answer is that if we start in favoring, even without our votes, a capitalistic movement, we are in danger of losing our working-class identity, and smearing over that class-struggle which is the heart of our faith. *But war smears it over altogether*, and that is just what leads us to take this risk. You will find among the socialist party members who were impelled to speak their word, or even to cast their vote, for Wilson, those who have always been the most unmanageably hot-headed about *not forgetting the class struggle*. And that, "if you don't mind my saying it," Eugene Wood, ought to make you reflect a little before you get "sore."

Certainly if there is one man in this country who is more than any other responsible for our thoroughly understanding that "the eight-hour day," and all the rest of the reforms like it, are not *in any degree* revolutionary, or socialistic, or an attack upon the system of caste and class-rule, it is William English Walling. And if there is any publication that has insisted to the point of extreme monotony on examining these reforms as to whether they benefit labor *at the expense of capital*, or merely benefit labor for the benefit of capital (as the eight-hour day does) and therefore constitute no assault whatever upon the ascendancy of the capitalistic class, it is this publication.

I think that Woodrow Wilson's party is going to be the genuine progressive—the state capitalistic social reform party. Its attack upon the plutocracy was genuine and important. It was "progress." It was the clearest line-up we have had in American politics since I can remember. But it was not labor's line-up. It was not our line-up. Our line-up will never hold the field in politics until labor is strong and solidary enough on the industrial field to force it. And meantime as before, our chief preoccupation ought not to be politics at all, but the struggle of organized labor for industrial sovereignty.

MAX EASTMAN.

In Memory

Three friends of our hearts and friends of liberty have died within the past month—Jack London, Inez Milholland, Emil Verhaeren. We write their names here as a tribute of admiration for their lives. Jack London brought true science and the pulse of revolution for the first time into English fiction, and he was a beautiful companion. Inez Milholland was fearlessly true, and she exemplified to our eyes the free woman of whom we were always talking. Emil Verhaeren was the great poet of our day, and he will be the companion of strong and healthy people always.

After the War

"AFTER the war, the man on horseback." This is a truism, but some truisms are actually true. Europe is drawn unavoidably into the rapids of tyranny and absolutism. All the political gains made by the middle classes in their long struggle against feudalism are fast being obliterated. Habeas Corpus is gone. Free speech and a free press have vanished. Men are imprisoned without regular trial at the will of the military for the expression of the mildest criticism against things as they are. If to impose a system is to win a war, then Germany has won this war already, for the whole of Europe has become Teutonized. It is supposed by some cheerful optimists that with the cessation of the war the return of liberty will automatically come. Of all dreams this seems to be the most futile. The ending of the war will not be a matter of days or weeks, it will take months and perhaps years. All this time the masses of the people will have become more and more accustomed to military rule, and will tend to take it more or less as a matter of course. It will be hard to upset the dominant oligarchies. For it must be remembered that the modern consolidated and collectivized industry is better expressed by an oligarchy than by a democracy. The economic fact must be expressed. If it requires an oligarchy it will have an oligarchy.

AUSTIN LEWIS.

Beating Germany

THERE need be no ulterior motive in the creation of a war dictatorship in England except the mobilization of the entire nation for military purposes. But just as a simple matter of fact the people can realize that the dictatorship will be in existence and in power when peace is declared, and that it can serve the purposes of the sort of peace that ruled England before the war quite as effectively as it now serves the purposes of war.

Before the dictatorship was appointed, the ruling men of England under the shadow of war were preparing the country for government by a dictator. It is now the final contribution of the war toward the organization of a new industrial empire. It gives England the opportunity to recover the commercial prestige which Germany had taken from her. It gives her the means of throwing off the cumbersome institutions which she has developed as the pioneer of modern industry; such institutions including not only her industrial technology but her political democracy and bourgeois industrial freedom.

No one can believe that the new English ministry will be content to beat Germany at her own game of war; she must also beat her at the game of peace. To do the former she has adopted German methods, and in her dictatorship she will have at the end of the war Germany's machinery for prosecuting the ways of peace with the people mobilized and subjected for the purposes of the great state.

England is supposed to be fighting for democracy, but when the war ends, the credit for victory, if victory falls to England, will be given the Dictatorship. Doubts about the continuation

of the Dictatorship after the war grow dim as you remember that Lloyd-George is England's new Premier, and that his ideals of peace are the Prussian ideals—that a continued suspension of civil rights during a slow demobilization of the army will make possible the mobilization of labor for a new industrial England.

H. M.

IT is noticeable that, when a dominant capitalist class is unable to use the law courts safely to achieve its purpose, it has recourse to mob violence. The respectable and really efficient way is to have subservient judges, subservient sheriffs, jurymen depending for a living upon regular jobs, in the court, and husky policemen dexterous with the bludgeon and possessed of a passion for whiskey. This last is really essential to effective work—I mean the whiskey. Supplemented by a floating scum of ne'er-do-wells, who can be used to assassinate or cripple, and whose necks are not valuable, if they are caught, the force thus gathered is very effective against unarmed, unorganized, and pitifully poor workers. But when, in the course of natural events, this tenure of the courts becomes a mere copyhold and the rest of the structure is accordingly more or less rickety, recourse is had directly to armed violence. Hence Fresno, San Diego, Aberdeen, Everett, and hundreds of other places. The chivalry of the real estate man and the shyster police court attorney turns then to the Winchester and the automatic.

A. L.

EX-GOVERNOR HUNT lost the State of Arizona by 31 votes. He ran on the Democratic ticket, but no members of the Democratic Campaign Committee could be found who would back up a recount of the votes of the State, although there was an abundance of evidence that the election had been stolen.

Governor Hunt refused a year ago to call out the militia because the miners were on strike. The miners won. H. M.

SYLVIA PANKHURST has been mobbed and jailed for holding a demonstration against war in the East End of London. Her country is against her, the Suffragettes are against her, her mother and sister are against her. We think she is the bravest girl in England.

The Challenge

THE National Industrial Conference Board, representing \$8,000,000 and 15,000 capitalists employing 6,000,000 workers is, we understand, "an association of business interests for the purpose of dealing with the aggressions of organized labor and solving the problems of labor to come after the war."

Some of these problems, which are disturbing capital, were described by a contributor to *American Industries*. It was his honest conviction that labor ought to have some share in the great harvest of war profits. But the sharing was not a simple matter. What was troubling employers was the question: Is it safe to increase the wage rates out of unusual profits? Could the workers be trusted not to spend



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

A POSSIBLE DECISION OF THE RAILROAD QUESTION

their extra income and would they not set up new standards of living? He recommended a device which some employers had adopted; it was to pay the extra wage sum in a separate envelope from the regular wage they had been paying and to caution their wives not to spend it.

The *New York Times* of course appreciated this situation, and remarked in one of its classic editorials that the workers ought to take a lesson from the United States Steel Corporation which was capitalizing its superlative and unusual income. But quite justly they believed that working people could not be trusted to resist temptation to spend.

The organization of the 15,000 employers is founded on the same belief that working people cannot be depended upon to deposit their wages in the bank. They seem to realize that when there is a chance to choose between saving your babies and saving your pennies, you choose in favor of the babies. And that when babies and others once get the feeling of a full stomach they howl louder over poor rations than those who are used to an empty one. Strikes against wage reductions which will occur after the war are the "aggressions of organized labor" to which the members of the Conference Board refer when explaining the situation they will be called to meet. Their organization is, as they say, "to be protective in nature; defensive generally but offensive if necessary."

The unions have been objecting to compulsory investigation of labor disputes before a strike can be called. Their objection is that it gives employers the chance to prepare and their preparation annuls the force of a strike. For the first time in history, capital has announced beforehand that it expects to cut wages. Here is labor's opportunity. How will it prepare? *Will it prepare?*

Unions usually have to wait until something has happened before they can induce new groups of workers to join them, but here is the outspoken assurance of 15,000 employers that something is going to happen; that when the war stops, wages will be cut. No union officials or members ever had such an opportunity to extend organization; to make the unorganized *afraid not to organize*.

The chance is open to the Brotherhoods to organize the men in the car shops and the laborers on the roads. It is open to the A. F. of L. international trade unions to revise their exclusive membership regulations and approach the workers whose wage is openly threatened. If neither organization makes the strategic move which capital challenges them to make, each will still have the opportunity to give the I. W. W. its genuine co-operation. If the labor organizations let slip this opportunity that capital has given to them, they will be unable to hold their present position in a period of falling wages.

H. M.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

A POSSIBLE DECISION OF THE RAILROAD QUESTION



The front row at the first meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, at the Ritz-Carlton hotel, New York City, November, 1916. Reading from left to right: Hamlin Garland, John Burroughs, Robert Underwood Johnson, Monsieur Lansom, Member of the French Institute, Edwin Howland Blashfield, and the bravest literary man in the world, author of that classic essay; "If a Man Slaps Your Wife's Face, What Will You Do?"

Delay

PREPARATION against a time of strikes is not confined to the consolidation of the 15,000 employers, in their new "defensive" and "aggressive" association. There was a Prussian note, a *Verboten*, in the President's message to Congress. His recommendations for compulsory investigation of all railroad labor disputes was an ultimatum (so far as our chief executive could make it one) which will eliminate strikes on railroads as future possibilities.

It was not a post-election declaration; he had made his position perfectly clear on this point in October. When he took over the settlement of the railroad eight-hour controversy, he did it as the representative of the nation to prevent a strike, in the interest of the nation. He did not do it in the interest of short hours for labor. If it had been on that account he would have acted earlier; he did it openly to prevent a strike.

It takes flights of imagination to understand that the best in-

terest of a nation is in the suspension of all traffic while the workers impress on the public consciousness their own position, the position of the men who make traffic possible. President Wilson took no such flight, and every newspaper and every interest, outside of labor, knew that he was bound to put through the reverse side of the eight-hour legislation, that is the legislation that would nullify in the future the resistance of the railroad workers through strikes.

But one is a little puzzled why the Brotherhoods object to this proposition of investigating a dispute before a strike can be called. Investigating the disputes is a well established Brotherhood method. The Brotherhoods are held in esteem above all other unions because they have refused to call strikes until the managers of the roads had the fullest possible opportunity to consider the position the men took. The managers never took advantage of the time given them and prepared against a strike because the men never struck.

If they had struck they would have forced on the country a

recognition of their own importance and their contribution to the welfare of the nation. As they never forced this valuation, the consequence follows: The public values its own convenience and takes for granted the service of men as its natural right.

H. M.

Rescue the Perishing

SOME time ago Congress passed a law making 100 American men of letters and artists immortal. It was an emergency bill, for most of them would soon have been dead otherwise. President Lowell of Harvard, Hadley of Yale, Butler of Columbia, Professor Brander Matthews, Robert Underwood Johnson, Professor William Milligan Sloane—to mention a few who never wrote a line that the public has any recollection of—and Professor Barrett Wendell who wrote a text-book in English Composition—are among the undying. We can understand the selection of professors and editors and other hangers-on of literature to be rescued from oblivion by process of law. But why the college presidents? If they can not get into the scientific societies on the strength of the money they raise, why call it literary?

And why waste a membership on Theodore Roosevelt who will be immortal in spite of his literature, having been the only entirely male citizen in a nation of molly-coddles and college



The Seismograph Test—
Not a Tremor!



ROBERT UNDERWOOD
JOHNSON
—PRESERVED
TO POSTERITY

Young

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ye

Porcine Christianity

WE gather from a single column in the New York Sun the news that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is the most prominent layman concerned in bringing Billy Sunday to New York, and also the following news from Isaac Ward, who handles Billy's work among factory men:

"The owner of a big factory drove up in his car, near where I stood the other day, and I noticed a large dent in the door of his automobile. I asked him where he had had his collision. 'Collision!' he exclaimed. 'That's not a collision—that's where my men have thrown stones at me.'

"Well, we went into that factory and we stamped out every bit of labor agitation. Not only that, but we soon had no swearing in the place. We took no sides in labor disputes; we simply preached the gospel."

In the same column this little misprint may have been accidental, or it may not:

"Following Chairman Speers, leaders of the various committees explained the plans for their pork."

"I MADE all my money by never buying at the bottom and never selling at the top," says Lord Rothschild. And for this great service to humanity he is only—so far—a lord.

Its creamy.
sissies? Why throw a life-belt to a man who is already on the raft?

And why not rescue the ladies?

There is Gertrude Atherton—going down with a gasp—Ida Tarbell, trying to make literature out of telling the poor how happy they are when they're good—don't these poor ladies need immortality as bad as Brander?

We think it was a laudable thing for Congress to come to the rescue of these sinking authors, but we think the selection was entirely haphazard and unchivalrous. And anyway, why not let us all live? If you can make a college professor immortal by process of law, there certainly is no limit.

BOOKS THAT ARE INTERESTING

A MONTHLY REVIEW CONDUCTED BY FLOYD DELL

Mr. Wells in His Own Defence

Mr. Britling Sees It Through, by H. G. Wells. \$1.50. [The Macmillan Co.]

FOR the benefit of those who want to know whether or not to buy this novel to read by the fireside, on the long winter evenings still ahead, I set down these preliminary observations on its matter—the flashing beauty of its style can of course, as in all of Mr. Wells' books, be taken for granted. It begins with an American visitor's impression of England as it was before the war. Now—thousands of Americans visit England every year, and a good many of them write books about what they see. The startling thing is that none of them have ever seen England so well from the American point of view as does Mr. Wells' imaginary American in this book. . . . Further on, it becomes necessary for Mr. Wells to give a picture of life in the trenches, as seen by a young soldier. Now—most of the young writers in England have gone to the war, and everyone that has come back has written a book about it. I read one of the best of these books the other day—Patrick MacGill's "The Red Horizon." The odd thing is that in a single chapter Mr. Wells gives you more of the trenches, more sense of life there in its physical incident and psychological color, than Patrick MacGill does in his whole book.

For these and other reasons, I should call this a very good novel indeed. But I am not particularly interested in proving that point. Any Wells novel, good or bad, is interesting to me as being a personal statement upon some subject of importance by one of the leaders of the "intelligencia" of our generation. "Ann Veronica" was a statement of his views on The Comparative Merits of Votes and Babies as Forms of Self-expression for Women. "Marriage" was a pronouncement to the effect that There Is Something to The "Squaw" Theory of Womanhood After All—at least from a man's point of view and in a period of transition in which the fretful attempts of womankind to discover something else to be besides squaws usually works out disastrously for masculine happiness. "The Passionate Friends" was an assertion to the effect that Something, By Heaven! Has Got to Be Done to Get Rid of The Passion of Jealousy, if we ever expect human society to be fit for civilized human beings to live in. And so on. I can't help being less interested in the literary merits of these books, or in the destinies of their characters, than in the passionate self-revelation which lies just beneath the surface.

In the case of the present book, I find that Mr. Wells has been thinking about Mr. Wells, in connection with war. He is not quite satisfied with his behavior in regard to it; he is, in fact, rather bewildered by the way he has taken it; but he doesn't see how he could have taken it any other way. He is sure he has done his best. And yet—

He remembers the H. G. Wells of 1913—who would have been considerably chagrined at the sight of the H. G. Wells of 1914-16 beating the drum for English militarism." The earlier

H. G. Wells was too earnestly an internationalist to be in any sense a British patriot. He was a pacifist who understood how wars are made too well to be fooled into thinking that militarist folly and crime were peculiarly German. He knew that a match dropped anywhere might set off the powder-magazine of Europe. He knew that once the war had begun there would be a general paralysis of "love and fine thinking," and that many minds deemed excellent would exhibit the spectacle of a sudden blithering, blathering "patriotism,"—like that of poor old broken-hearted Haeckel, attuned only to the expression of rage and grief, but fondly seeking to clothe these emotions in scientific phraseology and pass them off as "truth." Mr. Wells would have found it difficult to believe that he himself could be affected to any considerable degree by this popular madness. He would have known that the thoughts of such an idealist as himself must in time of war pass with the crowd for almost treason, however eminently sane and just and warm with hope for mankind they might actually be. He would have seen himself standing alone and hated like Bernard Shaw, scorned and censored like Romain Rolland . . . certainly not waving the English flag in company with Kipling and Alfred Noyes, amid general applause.

Nevertheless, the improbable has happened. And Mr. Wells, disturbed as he well may be by the phenomenon, has undertaken, more or less consciously, to explain it in this present book. It is noteworthy in the first place that he takes for his protagonist no such glorified young man as generally serves him for a hero. Mr. Britling has left his youth behind him—



Art Young.

Brander Matthews, Immortal

Rebecca West
 We must
 together

Rebecca West

he is a man of middle age with all the capacity of middle age for compromise with ideals. He has become complicated with those details of existence, and those family relationships which Mr. Wells' heroes usually declare make a man unfit to serve mankind. He is, in a word, "human"—a thing which the typical Wells hero is not usually permitted to be. He is—an ordinary man.

This, then, is Mr. Wells' defense before the court of conscience—that he is no hero, no detached and superhuman thinker, but a common man, with only a touch, a saving spark, of disinterested idealism.

Mr. Britling, naturally, hates the Germans when they drop bombs on schoolchildren in the next county. With the free portion of his mind he reflects on the fact that England has carried the same horrors home to the weaker peoples of the earth whenever it seemed to England advisable to do so—but he hates the Germans just the same.

He is only restrained from the last frantic follies of British mob-psychology by the fact that he knows a certain nice young German youth, Prussian to the core, who will not fit into the popular picture of a nation of Hunnish savages. And Mr. Britling, in the end, writes a letter to the father and mother of this dead German youth in which he says that their two boys who have died fighting against each other have not died in vain. . . . But as he writes, the light returns to him, and he sets down words like these:

"Massacres of boys! That indeed is the essence of modern war. The killing off of the young. It is the destruction of the human inheritance; it is the spending of all the life and material of the future upon present-day hate and greed. Fools and knaves, politicians, tricksters, and those who trade on the suspicions and thoughtless, generous angers of men, make wars; the indolence and modesty of the mass of men permit them. Are you and I to suffer such things until the whole fabric of our civilization, that has been so slowly and laboriously built up, is altogether destroyed?"

There speaks clearly and passionately the earlier H. G. Wells. Could such a man, thinking these thoughts, have sent the youth of the land who listened to him and believed him, out to die on the battlefield—even as Mr. Britling sent his son out to die? Yes. And Mr. Wells' defense is, in effect: "I couldn't help it. I am but human. How could I have done otherwise?" And now recovering from his emotional debauch, he sees and says the truth clearly once more.

It is not pretty; but it is forgivable. And it may be true that he could not have done otherwise. Perhaps the German Social-Democrats who voted the first war-credits could not have done otherwise. But we expected something different of them. And there were others who *did* do differently. Rosa Luxembourg is in prison, Romain Rolland is in exile, a thousand obscure and nameless Quakers of Mr. Wells' own country have suffered the most extreme brutalities of the military system because they refused to take any part in the war. Mr. Wells' younger contemporary, Gilbert Cannan, has been sentenced to ten years at hard labor on the same grounds. It is possible. It is only that Mr. Wells has failed to "see it through."

F. D.

EVERY full-blooded young person has in his arteries a certain amount of scorn. Literary young persons have usually directed this scorn against philistinism, the middle class monotones, and any provincial obtuseness to those finer values discriminated by the cultured and by those who possess Art. But in our day the full-blooded young persons have got their scorn directed against a more important evil—against the ground-plan of money-competition built on industrial slavery which orders our civilization, and makes all our judgments-of-value, even the most cultured, impure. Indeed we suspect everything that is called culture—we suspect it of the taint of pecuniary elegance. We have armed our critical judgment with Thorstein Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class"—perhaps the greatest book of our day, for it combines a new flavor in literature with a new and great truth in science. This theory has taught us how to see through "culture." We know something about knowledge. We have been "put wise" to sophistication.

Moreover we have tasted an affirmative and universal sympathy with all realities of life that lies far out and beyond culture in the mind's adventure. We have drunk of the universe in Walt Whitman's poetry.

And of "Art," too, we have our intolerant suspicion—a suspicion grounded in the fact that the whole standard of judgment by which art is judged was evolved in the parlor play of a petty minority of the race left idle by the tragic and real bitterness of life's experience accorded to the majority who never spoke. We have read Tolstoy's great mad indictment of European art. We have made ready to knife the whole canvas, if necessary, in favor of a coarser and more universal reality. That is the direction in which our blood is coursing. We are filled with scorn, as every young builder is filled with scorn. But our scorn makes of us rank and democratic revolutionists instead of over-exquisite and rather priggish aesthetes.

I do not know anyone who is writing today better equipped to fill the high place among these revolutionists, than Rebecca West. If radical wit and poetry and full-blooded brilliancy of scorn could arrive there, she would have no competitor. And when I read her essay on Ellen Key's feminism in the *New Republic* a while ago, I thought indeed she had arrived there. For she seemed to feel and know that subject deeply and clear into the future. But now she writes of other things. She writes of Henry James*. And who that is touched with revolutionary intelligence could write of Henry James, and accept those ideals of his—culture, nobility, the not being provincial, the being able to behave in your intellect as though it were a drawing-room—at the value he put upon them? It is a deep disappointment to see youth at its most brilliant cutting no deeper on these topics than this:

"At the time of his childhood and youth—he was born in 1843—culture was a thing that was but budding here and there in America. . . . Plainly the American people were too preoccupied by their businesses and professions to devote their money to the embellishment of salons or their intelligence to the

* Henry James, by Rebecca West. Writers of the Day Series. 50 cents. Henry Holt & Co.

development of manners. Hawthorne and Emerson and Margaret Fuller and their friends were trying to make a culture against time; but . . . there was no blinking the fact that in attempting to set up in this unfinished country Art was like a delicate lady who moves into a house before the plaster is dried on the walls; she was bound to lead an invalid existence."

So James left this America and went to Europe. In 1855. And in 1855, having tottered through an invalid existence of thirty-six years without culture, without manners, and by the grace of God without embellishment of *salons*, Walt Whitman finished setting up the type and brought out his first edition of "Leaves of Grass."

My admiration of the art of Henry James is so great that I must express it before I go on. But the mood in which he renounced America as a place worthy of feeding him experience is merely a witness to the littleness of his thirst, and the consequent limitations of his wisdom and genius. America is in truth a terrible place. But after all it is a place—and that is all one needs in order to move the world, if he can move it.

Mark Twain moved the world, and will move it, as Henry James never will. While Henry James was saying to his brother, "There is only one person in America who is not provincial, William, and that is you," Mark Twain was touring through Europe just expressing that provinciality, and the provinciality of all childlike genius springing out of the heart of life, in face of what is heavy-heavy with age, tradition and honorific elegance. And Mark Twain's genial audacity, and his universal sympathy with the ways of common hearts, had a great impact on the world; and Mark Twain left two or three stories that will stand throughout all changes in culture and manners and situations of the earth—clear stories of humanity.

It will be unfortunate if my disappointment in Rebecca West's attitude to life leads any person to forego reading this little book. It is brilliantly and beautifully done. Literary values have never been judged in more witty and eloquent sentences. Here is a characteristic one:

"The Europeans' marks the first time when Mr. James took the international situation as a joke, and he could joke very happily in those days when his sentence was a straight young thing that could run where it liked, instead of a delicate creature swathed in relative clauses as an invalid in shawls."

Perhaps Rebecca West's appreciation of the quality of Henry James is even more luminous than it would be if greater lights were lit in her own mind. And perhaps too—for hope of her gifts is insuppressable—these lights in her own mind were unconsciously dimmed a little in order that she might enter fully into his temple and do honor to his art with her criticism.

MAX EASTMAN.

This Beats War

War Bread, A Personal Narrative of the War and Relief in Belgium, by Edward Eyre Hunt, American Delegate of the Commission for Relief in Belgium in charge of the Province of Antwerp. Illustrated. \$2 net. [Henry Holt & Co.]

THIS is not a war book; it is something better than that. The trouble with war books is that they are like wars—they are all alike. Murder, after all, is monotonous. To people

who have become bored with eating and sleeping and going to work, it may seem that murder would be exciting. But one soon becomes very tired of it, as the soldiers in the trenches will testify. And we get just as tired of hearing about it. Killing is not as a matter of fact nearly so interesting as creating. For one thing killing is so much easier to do; and for another thing, it has been done so often before. But creating is by way of being a new theme. Especially when it is conscious. Most of the creating that has gone on in the world has been unconscious. When a nation has given birth to a new form of government, or a new art or a new literature, it has been, as with most of the human babies brought into the world, without intention, or by inadvertence. And the nation has stood about saying: "Well! how did this happen! And what shall we do with it now we've got it?" The reason France has been so interesting a nation has been that it created consciously. The French Revolution is interesting, not because a few people get their heads chopped off, but because it was the conscious creation of a new social order. The same thing is true of French painting, French poetry, and French fashions. But the United States has just started in to beat the French at their own game. When the war started, there were many stupid Americans abroad who were annoyed because America did not join in the dull business of murder. They felt that it was a lack of enterprise on the part of America not to show how good she was at killing. But they did a grave injustice to their country. America has thought of something much more enterprising to do. The rehabilitation of Belgium is an idea such as never occurred to Tamburlane or Caesar or Genghis Khan or Wellington or the cannibal kings of Dahomey: a really new idea, and as much more interesting than making war as life is more interesting than death.

It is this idea, and the magnificent attempt to carry it out that Mr. Hunt describes vividly in his book. Mr. Hunt was in Antwerp during its bombardment and fall. It was while he was watching the tragic procession of fugitives making their way toward Holland, that a Belgian hailed him from a door at the roadside.

"For God's sake, sir, can't you help us?" he cried. "You're an American, aren't you? Isn't America going to help us?"

What could Mr. Hunt answer to that pitiful but preposterous appeal? What! Give help to a stricken nation, instead of simply joining in the game of murder? Mr. Hunt might have replied: "My friend, there is a faint chance that America will yet kill some Germans. Let that hope console you." But—help? create instead of destroy? Such a thing is not recorded in history. So Mr. Hunt answered nothing.

How could he know that this challenge was to be taken up, answered with generosity and devotion—that America was to make a new kind of contribution to the war and to history? A month later the American Relief Commission was feeding 300,000 people daily in Brussels, and the work had begun.

The rest of the story you can read for yourself. It is a tale of the new kind of enterprise which shall eventually supplant the rusty glories of war. For when the lesson is learned, it will not require a German invasion to rouse us to this new adventure. All the world is a Belgium in need of help. And all the world can play the part of a magnificently helping America.

F. D.

The Spiritual Significance of Legs and Loyalty

Charles W. Wood.

WHAT is a wonder, I wonder. I went to the "Show of Wonders" at the Winter Garden, and I'm still wondering. Anatomically, the show was excellent; but whether you consider a girl's legs wonderful, or just simply beautiful, depends a good deal on how you feel.

I certainly liked the show. It's worth any man's money to go, if he's in the right mood and checks his brains outside. That's what I did—what I always do when I go to shows like this. It's only when I begin to think about them that these performances seem sad.

No, I don't object to leg-shows. I don't object to Winter Gardens, so long as capitalism exists and girls have to sell their labor in the most desirable market. If I were a girl, I'd lots rather get \$40 a week for exhibiting my shape than to get \$4 a week for spoiling it. Also, I see nothing reprehensible in admiring pretty girls, dressed, half-dressed or undressed. There is supposed, I believe, to be a sex appeal connected with the nudity or semi-nudity of women; but that to me would be more enjoyable than otherwise. What I am wondering at is why we cajole ourselves into enjoying these things when the real basis for enjoyment does not exist.

One young lady, for instance, who had taken off most of her clothes, showed me her beautiful legs from her ankles up to her ears, winked at me two or three times, stuck out a perfectly healthy tongue and told me she was feeling naughty. Now, if she really felt naughty, all right; but I can't get over the impression that she was joshing me. Forty other "Naughty-Naughty Girls" were going through the same identical performance; and they seemed to exercise no discrimination whatever as to whom they winked at. My suspicion grew that they weren't naughty at all, but that they were all hired to do this for so much a week.

Obviously, if we had our brains with us, we could get no thrills from a thing like this. We might like it, the same as we like an art exhibition, but we wouldn't fill the Winter Garden nightly at \$2 a seat. I am inclined to believe that the Puritans are right in claiming that these exhibitions appeal to the passions of men. It is only their remedy that I object to. They would abolish the shows and crucify the passions. I would prefer to see the passions kept intact, and spontaneous life substituted for this mechanical rigamarole.

The "Show of Wonders" is a good show, as far as anything so utterly lacking in spontaneity, or the suggestion of spontaneity, can be called good. It is a riot of color and "effects." It does all that streaming silk and revolving spot-lights and feminine legs, under strict orders and stricter tights, can do. But when I think of it in comparison with the Ice Ballet at the Hippodrome, they seem like exhibitions of two vastly different orders.

One is the old order, dominated by lascivious Puritanism. Its thrills are produced by artifice, by the mechanical uncovering of more or less forbidden sections of their anatomy on the

part of hired girls. It is the order of tights and taboes, of goody-goodies and naughty-naughties, of false modesty and equally false immodesty, of revolving spot-lights and hot-house thrills. The other is an order in which spontaneous life seems to be coming into its heritage. No doubt the Hippodrome skaters are paid, but they skate exultantly, unquestionably thrilled by the joy of wild, free life. You don't have to check your brains in order to enjoy a show like that.

AS SOON as I get an afternoon off, I'm going to write a flock of novels. I've been dreading it; but they've got to be written and nobody else knows how: unless it's Will Irwin and they say he's busy. In most of the regular novels, hypocrites are hypocritical, heroes are heroic and cads caddish. This is all wrong. All the hypocrites I ever knew were perfectly sincere; the greatest hero I ever met was a cad and the biggest cad was a hero. I want to get all these living contradictions into literature, if I have to work all day.

Life is not logical. It is packed from end to end with contradictions and logically impossible combinations. Sometime, for all I know, I may see a Christian Church or a human district attorney.

Thanks to Will Irwin for introducing us to a true-blue fraud. Her name is "Rosalie LaGrange." I haven't read the story yet, but Bayard Veiller and Margaret Wycherly have immortalized Irwin's character in "The Thirteenth Chair," at the Forty-Eighth Street Theater.

Not that "The Thirteenth Chair" distantly resembles realism. The plot (there is a ton of it) is rankly unreal. Most of the characters are utterly characterless, but even that doesn't make the play true to life. It is reeking melodrama without a villain, although one of the company commits a couple of murders just to accommodate the playwright. Nobody, of course, can quarrel with that: murders are done nowadays for \$10 a head; so there is no reason why they shouldn't be done regularly for \$50 a week. But still there is something "unconvincing," to quote from my collection of rejection slips, about the whole performance—except the characterization of "Rosalie LaGrange." I hate adjectives: and I don't know one, anyway, that will describe Miss Wycherly's interpretation of this honest old fake.

Rosalie is a spiritualist medium, a fraud from her feet up. When she wants to put over an especially big piece of crooked work, she first establishes a reputation for honesty by admitting that she is a fraud; just as an adroit husband convinces his wife that he is telling the truth by confessing to a string of lies. A bungler will tell one lie and stick to it. A good liar will tell a number: then he will break down on cross-examination and come out with the particular lie he wants her to believe.

This is a time-honored formula, but I have never seen it successfully staged before. When I was a boy, the man who could confess to the biggest number of most loathsome sins, in prayer-meeting, always got the name of being the greatest saint.

Governor Sulzer's reputation as a reformer rested chiefly on his exposé of himself. The spiritualists have convinced thousands of skeptics that spiritualism is fundamentally true by proving that it is nine-tenths lies. Rosalie goes just one step further. Everything that she does is admittedly crooked; and the crookeder she is, the more she wins everybody's confidence. For she is genuine, even if she is a genuine fake.

I have tried to avoid dramatic criticism in this department. I have not meant to give compliments or roasts. But if I were asked personally what I consider the greatest piece of character acting I ever saw, I should have to say it was Margaret Wycherly's "Rosalie." I hope I'm not asked.

SUPPOSE your good old boss should be done to death by schemers who were trying to get control of the company: and suppose he willed the whole works to his little boy, six or seven years old. Suppose, in addition, that the schemers found it necessary to get the boy out of the way and they hatched a plot to chop off his head. But suppose, further, that they didn't know the boy when they saw him and they had to depend upon you for identification. What would you do?

Maybe you don't know, but I do: because I've been down to the Comedy Theater to see "Bushido," a play in which the Washington Square players have made one of the big hits of their career.

"Bushido" is Japanese for loyalty to the boss: and if you and the schoolteacher are perfectly loyal, this is what would happen. The schemers would go to the teacher and order him to do the chopping. The teacher, being loyal, would plan to fool them by chopping off some other boy's head instead. And you and your wife, being also loyal, would connive to have your own child decapitated, solemnly identifying the remains as the boss's offspring, and giving the important kid a chance to make his getaway. Thus you would fool the intriguers, and eventually the rightful heir would own the mill.

That, at least, was the old Japanese idea. It was what happened in this play, which is one of the classics of Japanese drama. Of course the word boss wasn't used. Literally, "bushido" is loyalty to one's liege-lord, but the principle is the same. It doesn't make much difference to you who owns the works, and it didn't make much difference to a Jap what lord he had to starve for. But it makes a lot of difference to the lord and the boss: and lords and bosses have always been fairly diligent in lauding loyalty as a virtue.

Not loyalty of each to all. Not, by any means, loyalty on their part toward you and yours, but *loyalty to the liege-boss*. Get the idea? Ask them to have their youngsters' blocks knocked off in order to give yours a day in the country and you'll get an illuminating lesson in loyalty. Loyalty is strictly a virtue for the lower classes.

That is why the liege-lords of Japan are unanimous in declaring that "Bushido" is a classic. I wonder if that isn't also the reason why the play was so popular with New York's 400. The limousines of the great, blocked 41st street almost every night. The idea must have reached them, at least sub-consciously, that we ought to have more "bushido" in New York.

But you wouldn't fall for it, would you?—Think again. Sup-

pose the folks who own the country you live in should have a scrap with the liege-bosses who own some other country. Do you think it possible that they could get you to fight their battles? Can it be that you would encourage your boy to go into the trenches and have his block knocked off—out of loyalty to a country which he doesn't own? Think it over. "Bushido" is Japanese for loyalty to liege-lords. Patriotism is persiflage for loyalty to liege-lords in countries where liege-lords have been theoretically abolished. It isn't exactly "bushido" but it is something just as good.

LAURENCE LANGNER has written the most laughable comedy of the season, "Another Way Out," played superbly by the Washington Square Players in the same bill. It seems a shame to spoil the joke by analytical comment, but it also seems a shame not to do something shameful once in a while.

The play is the tragic comedy of a young couple in Washington Square who have sought to avoid marriage by not marrying. It can't be done. As in real life, Mr. Langner's unfortunates are tied as tight as a college of cardinals could tie them. They can't separate but they find another way out. What they do is so gloriously sinful that moral New York goes into paroxysms of appreciation.

Why? That's what I want to know. Why was Langner's play funny? What made everybody laugh? The couple simply decided to get married in order to be able to violate all the laws of marriage. The scheme was perfectly feasible, and it seemingly rang true to the audience's observations of life in general. What was there funny about it? I know it *was* funny, but I'm at a loss to understand why.

Why is marriage the one great joke?

MY wife insists that I cried all through the performance of "Old Lady 31" at the Thirty-Ninth Street Theater the other night. Maybe I did. If Nero fiddled when Rome was burning, I'll bet he fiddled something sad and sweet—wouldn't wonder if it was "Silver Threads Among the Gold"—and of course he wept. No one but a sentimentalist could burn Rome or run a department like this.

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," is one of the things that makes me feel most sweetly weepful. Actually, eventide is not sad at all, and "We won't go home till morning" is a more fulsome interpretation of it. And when a man is actually urging anyone to abide with him, he invariably does so in an altogether different key. There's a vast difference between sentiment and real desires. There's a vast difference between what I think about "Old Lady 31" and how it made me feel. Maybe I cried. One of the biggest cries I ever had was when I was twenty-nine years old and our cat passed away. Yet I'm sure I would have sold the beast for four dollars, and I wouldn't shed a solitary tear for less than four and a half. *br*

"Old Lady 31" is most sweetly sentimental and most deliciously satisfying to the average play-goer. Radicals, I guess, will generally like it, although there isn't a touch of radicalism about it. Usually they like cigarettes and there certainly is nothing radical about cigarettes. *Shaw's on Broadway*

The Deadly Sin of Journalism

Journalism Versus Art, by Max Eastman. \$1 net. [Alfred A. Knopf.]

THIS book gives me a guilty conscience. I have always known I was a journalist, but I never suspected that the fact was as criminal as Max Eastman makes it out—very convincingly—to be. His quarrel with journalism is that it wants to please a large number of people, and is unwilling to displease any of them even if by so doing it may give positive joy to a few. The result is, he says, that the really personal expression of the artist, which will give joy to some and pain to others, is tabooed by the magazines, in favor of a colorless and impersonal product which will probably be mildly liked by everybody and will certainly give offense to none. This, I am sorry to confess, hits me. If you have noticed that THE MASSES has recently been becoming more mildly agreeable, and more void of offense, it is probably due in part to my pernicious influence. Take the matter of that celebrated "Ballad," which caused us to be taken off the subway and elevated stands by Messrs. Ward & Gow. I brought that Ballad before our monthly editorial meeting in all innocence of soul. I thought it would please the assembled editors. It did, and we printed it. I thought it would please a large number of other people. It did. So far, I was right. I even thought it would please the preachers, of whom we have, as I know, a large number on our subscription books. It did—they wrote in by the dozen and told us so. But I never realized that it would arouse so much enthusiasm that people would flock before the Thompson Legislative Committee to testify to their joy in it. And, on the other hand, I forgot Ward & Gow. If I had remembered them, I—well, I hate to give pain to any living thing. But it is hard to keep everything in mind, and I forgot Ward & Gow. This shows that even a journalist is fallible. On this account a good deal of fresh and living art creeps into the pages of THE MASSES, to the great joy of some people and the exquisite pain of others. I know, because they write in and tell us so. The letters expressing acute joy bewilder me, and the letters demanding that we "stop the magazine" distress me greatly. But I really don't know what to do about it. My aim is to please. I try, so far as my fellow editors will give me a chance, to fill the pages of THE MASSES with things that please me, and which therefore ought to please everybody. I really do not see why, when twenty people like us are pleased by a story or a poem, twenty million more people should not be equally pleased. I cannot explain why THE MASSES doesn't have the largest circulation of any magazine in the United States. Perhaps it is only because it has never been drawn to the attention of the bulk of our population. In spite of certain daily evidences which I have to the contrary, I do not understand why anyone should not like THE MASSES.

Another thing: Max Eastman relates in a footnote that the editor of the magazine which printed his article on journalism versus art, chopped off the tail end, and spoiled the climax, in order to make it fit in above a corset ad. Yet this editor had voluntarily asked for the indictment of the very thing he did. As I read that footnote, I blush. I remember how when

I first came to THE MASSES I neatly incised from one of Max Eastman's editorials a whole sentence, in order to make it fit in a column. I remember his horror, and my surprise at his emotions. I felt that a column was a sacred thing, and an editorial a profane matter which could be adjusted to its convenience. I realize, thinking it over, that I would have been capable of writing to Mr. John Keats, and saying that I found to my regret that his Ode to a Nightingale was one stanza too long for our page, and would he cut it or should I? I did something like that once to Louis Untermeyer, of whom I am much more afraid than I would ever have been of John Keats. But I did it only once. Poets and authors, and artists in general, are such unreasonable beings, subject to fits of rage and even of violence, arising from the most trivial causes: it is hard to deal with them. You explain to them that there are only 58 lines to a column, and they don't seem to take it seriously. But if you don't take the length of a magazine column seriously, what are you going to take seriously? Rhythms, and ideas and all that sort of thing, I suppose.

The frontispiece to this book—it is filled with reproductions of pictures by THE MASSES artists and Goya and Millet and other disreputables—is a picture drawn by Boardman Robinson to illustrate Edgar Allan Poe's "The Masque of the Red Death." This picture, along with some others drawn to illustrate the works of Poe, was regretfully returned by the publisher who had ordered them, on the ground that it was unpleasant. It is in fact, full of the most grotesque horror. The publisher was right. I can see his point of view perfectly. Poe's story is horrible enough, as everyone knows—Poe's works generally are full of unpleasant and nightmarish things—without having them accompanied by pictures of exactly the same kind. Of course, Poe is a classic and all that, and you can't take out the objectionable features—though there is talk of having Dr. Crothers edit him, and put in a little sweet and wholesome humor to lighten them up. But why make life more dismal than it already is, by piling Joppa on Helicon, or whatever the saying is? Why not draw a set of nice jolly pictures to accompany Poe's text, like Howard Chandler Christy did for Dante's Inferno?

Take Jack London, for instance. He worked like a horse writing stories that had tragic endings, and where did he get to, until Mr. Hearst commenced having them illustrated? Then it didn't make so much difference if there were painful passages in his writings, you could always look at the manly young American hero and the sweet American heroine, and feel that things weren't so bad after all. Those pictures furnished a corrective to the author's somewhat morbid outlook on life, and enabled hundreds of thousands of people to enjoy his writings along with their chocolate caramels. They say Jack became cynical about fame and the writing game in general a few years before his death, but he always had a pessimistic Socialist tinge to his mind that not even royalties could cure. Now Mr. Hearst is doing the same thing for John Galsworthy. It is to be hoped that Mr. Galsworthy will not be so unappreciative.

There are other things in this book, which contains a number of essays, that I would like to comment on. But I shall confine myself to the author's remarks in regard to simplified spelling. In this matter Max Eastman is a rank conservative. He believes that it would take away (Continued on page 35)

(Continued from page 34.)

une courtly flavor from the word "courtesy," and give it a curt air inconsistent with its meaning, if we were to spell it "curtesy." This is the attitude of a poet, who loves to find in every word a relation of sound to meaning or at least a suggestive resemblance to other words of the same quality. But if he thinks that simplified "curtesy" would be too curt, if he is so sensitive to the appearance of words, I must ask him how he can bear the phrase "Revolutionary Progress," with its delicate suggestion of "loot" in the adjective and its perfectly obvious "ogre" in the noun. Simple-minded agnostics long ago pointed out the "lie" implicit in "belief." Truth itself must be to him pitiful and full of ruth. Such *badinage* as this will of course seem to him a bad thing to indulge in, in these sober pages. And speaking of sobriety, how sad a word that is!—one can fairly hear the sob in it. The English language must be to him a whispering gallery, full of queer echoes. Even his own name, "Eastman" must seem to him, with its suggestion of Orientalism, an odd name for so Occidental a person to bear—perhaps he is reconciled by the fact that "Max" has a forceful ax-like look. Is this, indeed, the way to consider a language? I think not.

Aside from this spelling-reform essay, I like the book. It is—and I don't know whether this is journalism or art—got up in a size and form which makes it most agreeable to read, and almost irresistible to buy and give away to one's friends. When I see so handsome a little book as this, I feel how pleasant it must be to be an author, and I almost decide to stop being a journalist and become one myself. F. D.

"The Mark of the Beast"

"I THINK," writes Reginald Wright Kauffman, "you will be interested to know one bit of gossip about my new book, 'The Mark of the Beast.' A pleasant little group of professional negro-haters and advocates of lynch-law—among them the notorious lot that incited the murder of Frank—have succeeded in persuading the Louisville *Courier-Journal* to refuse an 'ad' of the book and are now at work on other papers to take the same course, while their public attacks on me seem to know no limit—all because the story tells of a lynched negro that was innocent and a white accuser that was guilty."

"WHEN my washwomen grow so intelligent that they know my men's size handkerchiefs can't possibly be mine and act accordingly, I want to abolish free education."—*Helen W.*

"HE who gazes into the abyss too long, becomes dizzy and falls in. And the nations which contemplated German frightfulness with such horror at the beginning of the war—but, excuse me, we are neutral." H. B.

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HE was an old minister who had been writing "uplift" editorials for half a century on the newspaper where I was reporting. They were really sermons, preaching to the poor on the blessings of simple life, to the sweated shop hands on the dignity of labor—you know the kind. She was an antiquated newspaper woman, the faded relic of a one-time operatic soprano now writing sentimental advice to the lovelorn for the paper. She gushed habitually.

They were talking behind me in the elevator cage on the day the soldiers killed in Mexico were brought to New York for burial. I heard him say:

"Do you know what I wrote about these young men who fell at Vera Cruz?"

I waited, with a sneer on my lips.

"Something eminently appropriate in sentiment, I am sure!" she said absently.

"I said they were to be envied—not mourned—" he replied.

"Of course!" I thought.

"For now they will never know what it is to grow old!" he finished.

"Yes, you are right!" she sighed.

And the fresh sneer on my lips died.

JOSEPH GOLLOMB.

In the Corner by the Wall

AND there were leaves
All brown and withered.
Heaped high in careless vagary
By some inconsequent wind.
Delicate in their tracery
Like the half forgotten memory
Of some cruelly saddened joy.

MARGARETTA SCHUYLER.

The Letter

ONCE, when I was ill, I telegraphed him to write me regularly for a few days. It was August, and my room in the boarding-house was very small. The top sheet kept coming out at the bottom, and the under one creased in the middle till the edges of the dirty mattress showed at the sides. I sent the telegram Sunday. All day Monday I waited. When the door-bell rang, my heart stopped beating. Every time the landlady clumped up the stairs I turned faint and sick. Monday night the pain got worse, but it was nothing to the torture of my heart. I wouldn't have minded the pain if I could have had my letter. I wanted to kill myself to stop the ache in my throat.—But that is all pretense. I really wanted to live to read the letter. Besides, I have not courage enough to kill myself. I only wanted to hurt him, to make him suffer, too. Tuesday morning, the doctor told me I must have quiet, good food, and peace of mind! At ten o'clock a special-delivery letter came. It told about his going out with another woman to dinner and a roof-garden. He didn't get back to the club till three, and then he was too tired to write. He didn't even say he was sorry I was sick.

But at the end he signed himself, "Your Man."

And in the flap of the envelope he wrote, "Do you think I want to have you in my arms? Ah, my Beloved!"

MARGARET KELTON.

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 of desires—
 In my slope-ceiled attic I work all day,
 Sometimes singing, sometimes brood-
 ing
 I have a lover.
 You hear that?
 We live together, and I have no wed-
 ding ring
 Together we live on bread and
 cheese
 And dream our fire-tipped dreams . . .

Life—they call me Rosa, I used to pick
 olives in Italy
 My man—his name is Guisepe—he
 works in a gang on the rail-
 road. . . .

NAN APOTHEKER.

On the Rialto: Chicago

I AM a loophound; twenty years or
 more;
 Bred in the city, pacing with the lights;
 Friend of the rumble and the mighty
 roar;
 Lodging the sun, and staying up o'
 nights.

Cronie of pleasures melting in an hour;
 High executioner of painted time.
 Brimmed with the spirit of a paper
 flower,
 Learning my gamut like a worn out
 rhyme.

Sunk in a man-made gorge, where stars
 are dim;
 Bound by the crushing buildings, sitting
 high,—
 God of the lights, disciple of the whim,
 Knight of the screaming, hectic town,
 am I.

T. E. M. HEFFERAN.

The Moon Above Broadway

THROUGH wide, star-lighted ways
 A jaunty Moon
 Strolls down the sky
 With slightly swinging hips,
 And smiles complacently upon the
 women
 Of a city jewel-strung.

Yet Wise Men say
 The pale light of the Moon
 Is not her own,
 And that her soul, too, is dead.

DOROTHEA GAY.

Ebony

I AM an American Nigger
 And a clean one.
 My ancestors washed themselves
 Every day in a clear river
 And I am worthy of them.
 It is the pet horror of my life
 To be thrown with the grimy whites,
 To see their repulsive hands and nails
 and necks
 And to smell the odor of their per-
 spiration.
 I am a clean Nigger
 And I pay for it.

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Darkest America

(From the Atlanta, Ga., Constitution)

MACON, Ga., Oct. 31.—Fearing that the general unrest among the Negroes of the city and the efforts that are being put forth on the part of the authorities to keep them from being transported from Macon to the North, may result in a riot which the city authorities will not be able to cope with, Chief of Police George S. Riley today recommended to the civil service commission that forty magazine rifles be purchased for the police department. At the present time the police only have their pistols and clubs.

Monday morning 1,000 Negroes congregated at the Southern railway depot expecting to leave for Michigan in a special train. The police dispersed them, but had difficulty in making several of them move on. Several arrests were made. It is said that a surliness now exists among a certain class of the Negroes and the police want to be able to cope with any situation that may arise.

Pater Wilde, Harris and Lemon

MR. COURTENAY LEMON'S letter in your January number about "Pater, Wilde and Harris" filled me with extraordinary pain. Not that I am a worshipper of Pater, or, as your neologistic correspondent chastely puts it, a Paterolater, but merely that the entire epistle furnished startling proof of the disgustingly careless way people read books nowadays. If Mr. Lemon will turn to the passage in Mr. Harris's book which he so glibly comments upon, he will find that even the author, despite what he may or may not have said to Mr. Lemon, there distinctly states that in his opinion the story of Pater's emotional outburst is merely a part of the notoriously elaborate myth-cycle that has grown up since the death of the Master of Brasenose.

A large part of what Mr. Lemon says about the author of "Marius" is exceedingly true. One wishes that he would read what is set before him, that is all.

Pardon these lines from a jaded academician.

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Crooked-backed,
Scraggly-haired and toothless.
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dignity.
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The birds carol joyfully;
The cats me-ow;
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She knows their little language—
Companion, benefactress, queen,
Outcast from her kind!

JANE BURR.

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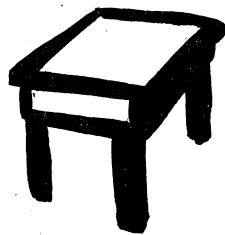
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Like the Metropolitan?

I AM one (of the many), like Eugene Wood, who is "damned sore" about THE MASSES. I have taken the magazine from the first number, and while not approving of everything in it, believed in it. I never lost a chance to commend it and two or three times got a subscription from an unsuspecting person.

It was a disappointment in the campaign months that THE MASSES ignored the Socialist ticket. I excused it as being outside of its scope. I even swallowed Max Eastman's screed in the December issue because he voted the ticket and there were elements of reasonableness in it. But I did not like his slurring of Allan Benson, who, while lacking the firework brilliancy of the Professor, is a much more valuable man for the cause of Socialism.

Now the January MASSES is at hand with those half-baked Socialists, Frank Bohn, Amos Pinchot and Wm. English Walling, performing a scalp dance in honor of Wilson's election. Walling, with the irritating and monstrous self-complacency that mars all his writings, announces his great discovery of how a Socialist may disgrace himself by being an assistant Democrat and seems quite proud about it.

And not a word in the magazine for the gallant, straightforward fight made for Socialism by honest, brainy and true Allan Benson, who is worth more than all these flamboyant egotists who desert at the first opportunity.

THE MASSES is conducting itself marvelously like *The Metropolitan* when it was wriggling about trying to find out which was the best paying proposition, Socialism or a trumpery Progressivism.

Just as Walling & Co. advise co-operation with Wilsonism, so *The Metropolitan* advised co-operation with the defunct Progressive party. Either would be the death of Socialism in America. And these men know it.

THE MASSES advertises itself as a "revolutionary" magazine; and it falls for the trickery of a cheap, middle-class trimmer like Wilson!! It must be that here is where the, also, advertised "sense of humor" comes in. Revolutionists! They are but a lot of commonplace boobs who play with great words and then swallow line, bob and sinker at the first cast, with the mighty twin bait of a few meretricious and contemptible bourgeois reforms! They roar like lions and vote like "suckling doves."

Some days ago I received one of THE MASSES' hurry up calls for "help or we perish." I wonder if it is not already dead; what we receive being but the empty husk with living soul gone.

Of course, the treachery of these so-called or self-styled "intellectuals" will not kill the Socialist party. It stopped the great advance we hoped to make this year. They can have that to rejoice over. But being purged of the weak, the faithless and the charlatans,

"We will march on, prospering from victory unto victory and the deserters will go to 'The Button-Moulder.'"

FRANK STUHLMAN.

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 Dull, heavy-laden merchant ships,
 Rust-eaten, grimy galleons of commerce
 Wallowing with obese assurance,
 Too sluggish to fear or wonder,
 Mocked by the laughter of waves
 And the spit of distainful spray.

I will destroy them
 Because the sea is beautiful.

That is why I lurk
 Menacingly
 In green depths.

The Newspaper Man

NEWSPAPER work is good exercise for the five senses: each sense develops muscle. But after awhile, if your senses become muscle bound, then you are eligible to office for life—the office of hack writer. Life becomes a series of peep shows with the curtain always up; some shows are sad and some are glad, but they are all shows. The brass band is always playing in the public square, Mrs. Grundy whispers behind her fan, and keyholes are poor conductors of sound,—but, the materialization of your salary depends on a well cocked ear. Some things have newsy surfaces and some have dead surfaces and you learn to feel news in the dark.

A newspaper man is a flexible, high pressure machine, receiving the facts of life one minute and turning them out the next, in penny edition form. He lives in a perpetual now; immortality lasts twenty-four hours,—and what is so dead as yesterday's edition? In him the wine of feeling is never allowed to mellow in some dusky corner, storing up visions and dreams, but is kept sizzling and tart and on the spot. He does his thinking in an iron ribbed monster building that grumbles ominously down in its steel entrails, where the black blood flows. Events whirl through the corridors and he catches them on the wing and feeds them to the omnivorous entrails below. Chained to realities, he finally believes in nothing. His senses, from constant sharpening, in time wear out, but he goes on sharpening the poor remaining stub, with more and more drink, no doubt, and at last, a victim of his own cleverness and sharpness, he is ground into news by the iron entrails below, or fades away into the limbo of yesterday's edition,—from which place, perchance, he comes back, a seedy ghost, and hangs about the stairs and corridors on pay day, humbly beseeching liquidating dimes and quarters from the live ones in the hey-day of their sharpness and cleverness.

MABEL DWIGHT.

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 merce
 Wallowing with obese assurance,
 Too sluggish to fear or wonder,
 Mocked by the laughter of waves
 And the spit of distainful spray.

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