

APRIL, 1917

the MASSES



Hartmann

In the beginning

(as Genesis says)

The *MASSES* was launched as a free magazine.

It was to express radical tendencies in literature, economics, political philosophy and art.

The *Masses* was unique among publications.

Since that time its scope and influence has grown steadily.

Today The *Masses* is recognized as the keenest and cleverest radical magazine in the country.

It has drawn to it writers and artists of a quality that few publications can boast.

It has become one of the few magazines that a thinking person can not afford to be without.

You read it, of course, but you have friends who don't.

Don't you owe it to them to call their attention to this subscription blank?

MASSES
Publishing
Company

33 West 14th St.
New York

Enclosed please find
\$1.50. Send the *Masses*
for one year to

Name.....

Address.....

To those who have ears:—hear!

We realize that war, poverty and crime are unnecessary in this world of plenty and day of modern science. These evils are due to the concentration of most of the wealth and resources of this country (as well as that of other countries) in the hands of the minority of the population, who are thus able to control a large majority of the people.

RESOLVED, that as it has been proved by the world tragedy across the sea that violence cannot be conquered by violence and that the real issue is that of permanent liberty or permanent bondage; perpetual peace or perpetual battle---

First: That there shall be no waging of war without a popular vote or referendum.

Second: That we demand the resources of the country be returned to the people thereof by public ownership of public utilities and the land. People at once to be placed on the land, money to pay for which to be taken from the odd \$600,000,000 laid aside for one year's military expenditure in times of peace.

Third: We demand the immediate termination of the carnage across the sea--- this to be brought about by withholding supplies until it is accomplished. To further this end we offer large sums of the American people's moneys (now in the Treasury at Washington) to heal and repair the ravages of the last two and a half years of war, realizing our share of the blame for these calamities by our previous lack of warmth in our efforts of prevention.

WANTED: Sons and Daughters of a Living Revolution. A patriotism unconfined by narrow boundary lines, a larger conception of the words "Love thy neighbor" which includes the people across the world as well as those across the street.

Method to bring about our aims---a general strike: By peacefully laying aside our daily work and business seems the best means of making our power realized and restoring sanity and peace on earth.

If you endorse all or part of this program urge it upon your representatives at Washington, labor and other organizations.

C. CRAM

(Mrs. J. Sergeant Cram)

3 East 38th Street, New York City

February 21, 1917.

"War Is Hell."

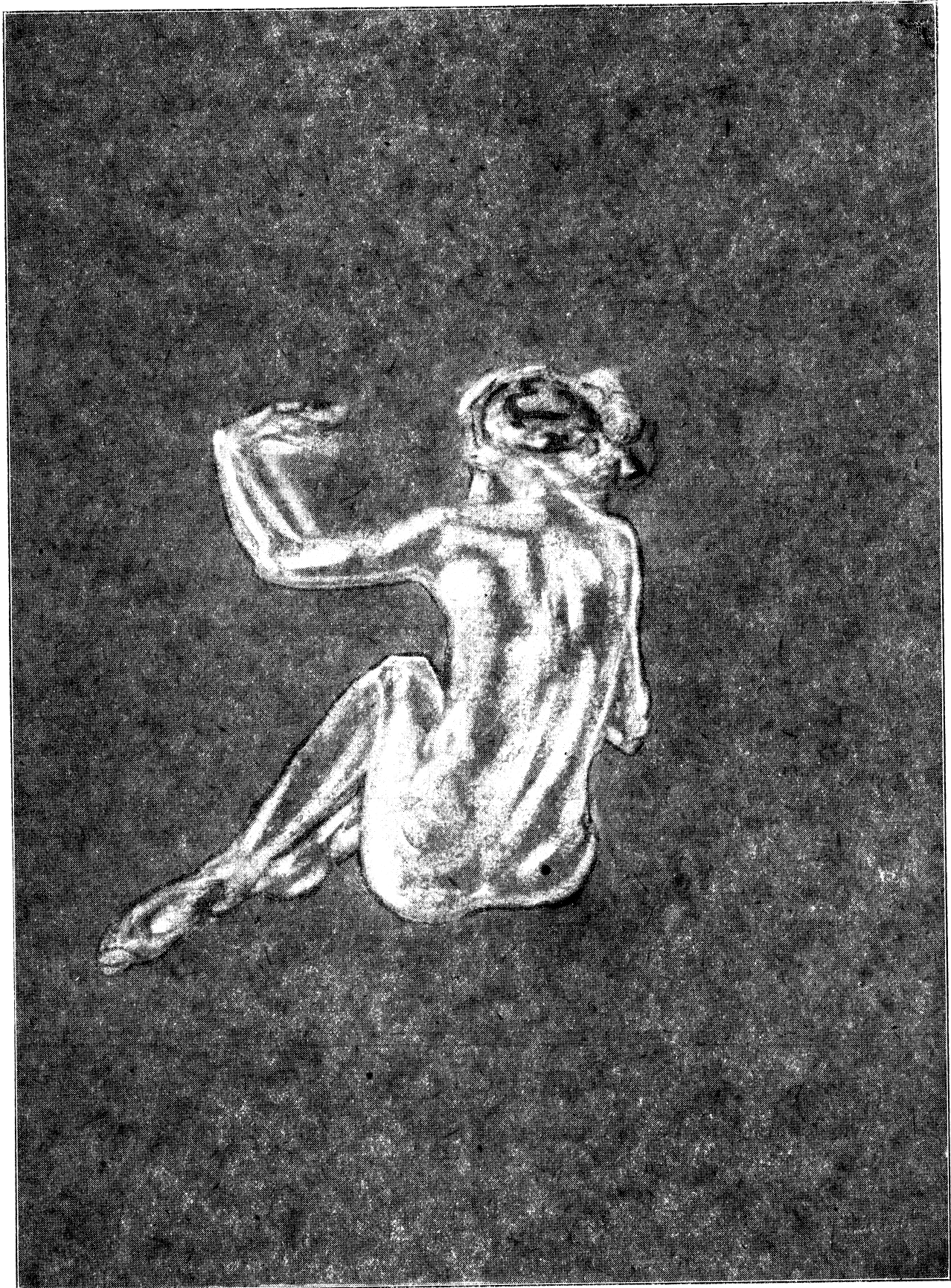
Let those who do the fighting and in the end pay the price in blood, tears and poverty, decide whether there shall be peace or war.

Write to your Senators and Congressmen and demand that there be no War without first a popular referendum.

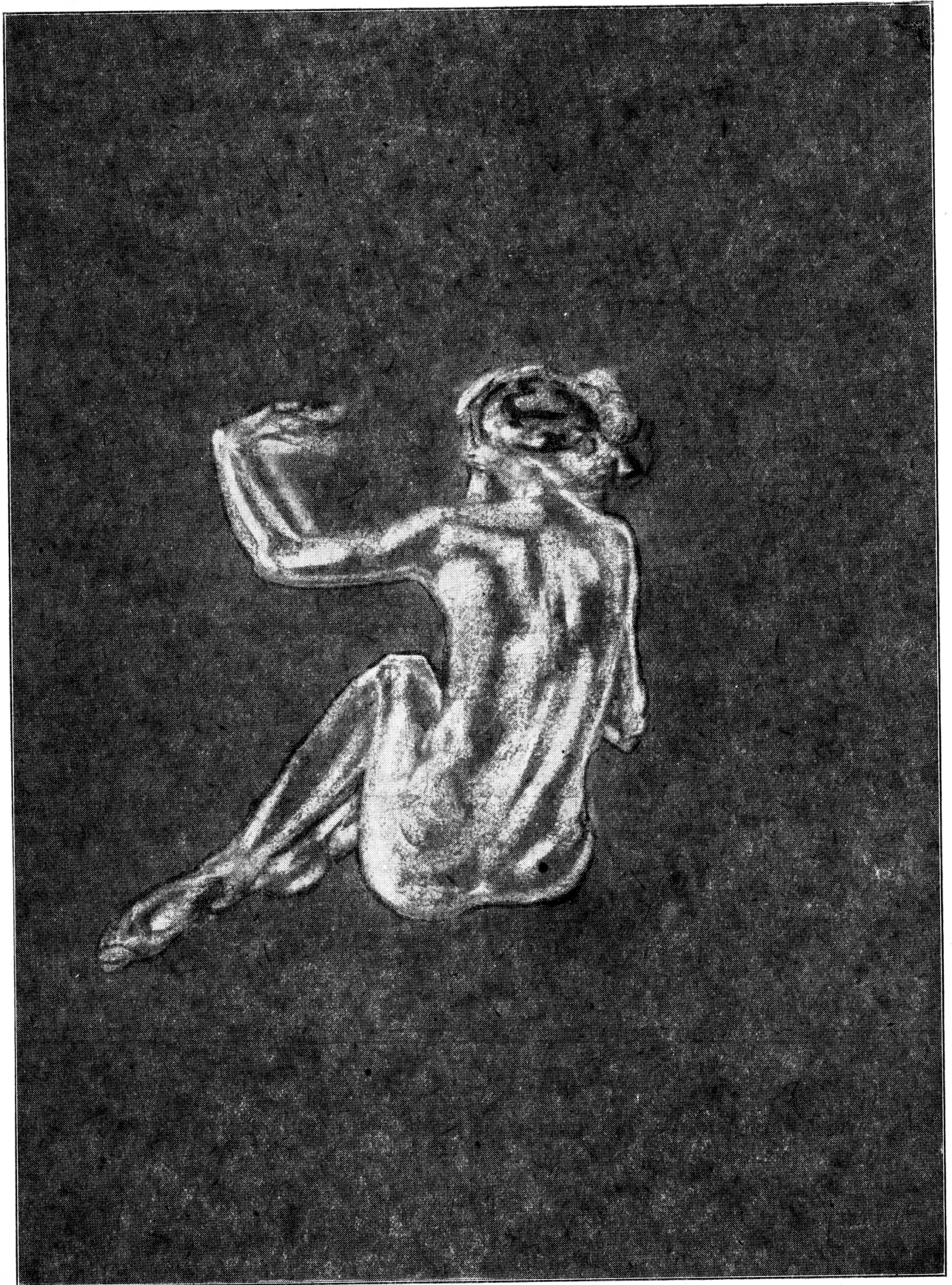
Emergency Peace Federation

Room 901, 70 Fifth Avenue

Send contributions. Remember that the disciples of Peace do not reap the golden harvest as do the advocates of War. Mrs. J. Sergeant Cram (For Committee)



A Design by Arthur B. Davies.



A Design by Arthur B. Davies.

and make nationalistic quarrels less agreeable to men's emotions at the same time that it furnishes a mechanism for their settlement. That is not a League to Enforce Peace. It is an application in grand scale of the tested principle of union for the elimination of patriotic quarrels. It is the only way that wars will ever be made generally unlikely and unnatural.

It is a pity that Bryan is too full of the Herald Angels to add his emotions to the weight of this policy.

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IT is a pity that Benson is too full of the doctrinaire "dope." Benson used to have a strong vein of political common-sense. I remember his article in THE MASSES on a previous presidential election—it outraged our Marxian subscribers. But a year's campaign as the official candidate of a body of doctrine seems to have turned him into the regular party theologian, and his attitude in the *Appeal to Reason* toward the President's message is even more ancient and indiscriminating than Bryan's.

There are two great impediments to practical judgment—sentimentality and dogma.

Socialist Doubt

THE Socialist vote having fallen off by one-third, and the party membership by one-half, a wistful and wholesome searching of self is evident in the party press. An element of doubt has been injected into minds heretofore paralyzed with certitude. And this in itself is a correction of the chief fault of the party. Scientific thinking requires the power to suspend judgment, and that power has been habitually renounced as an automatic part of the act of becoming a party-member. A ready-made first-aid solution of any question that might arise was assumed to be at hand in the Communist Manifesto and the party-platform, and anyone who had anything else to say would be a heretic and a traitor to "the working-class."

Clap the creed over any new fact that arises, and if the fact will not fit under the creed, shut your eyes and jam it under. This manner of employing the mind can not be called thinking. I call it theological automatism, and I have no doubt it is the leading cause of the failure of Socialist party progress. The number of people who are willing to sell out their intelligence to a formula is very large. But the number of liberty-loving people who will sell out to a Socialist formula is not large. These people are too proud and this formula is too vital. It inevitably sets them to thinking; they can not help thinking. And so in the very nature of things the attempt to establish a revolutionary theology was doomed.

* * * * *

AFTER that fault in the very attitude of the nervous system of the orthodox Socialist is corrected, there remains another change to be wrought before he will function very effectually in a current of events. Having released himself from a dogmatic fixation upon his doctrine, he will have to learn to subordinate doctrine altogether in his recruiting activities. Even a live and pliant scientific hypothesis is not the nucleus around which a political party can be formed. A political party ought to represent, not a certain kind of knowledge, but a certain economic interest. It ought to take in all the people who agree in wanting

something concrete and immediate. The American Socialist party includes only people who agree in *understanding something remote and ultimate.* It is not a party of the working-class; it is a party of the theory of the working-class. This fatal weakness is accentuated by the fact that the theory is of European origin, and all its terminology and catch-words are alien to our people. But no matter where the theory originated—and no matter how true it may be—you can not build an effectual fighting group around it. Theoretic thinking is too unusual—thinking is too universally subordinated to immediate interests, for such a group to grow great and have a direct impact upon history. It will remain merely an organ of special education.

I wish that my readers, who may think this position itself is too theoretical, would re-read the controversy between Morris Hillquit and Samuel Gompers before the Industrial Relations Commission two years ago. Both these men have, I think, a certain vested interest in their own personal position, which they unconsciously protect throughout their testimony. But when that is allowed for, what is left is simply a conflict between the will and the idea. Sam Gompers wants to get something for labor—time, wages, freedom—he wants to get more and more of it, and he sets no limit. He can not be induced to discuss the limit. He simply starts out to go in a certain direction, taking a short look to determine the first step. Hillquit's insistence that he consider the ultimate implications of that step, the length he will go, the effect upon other elements of society, the fate of rent, interest, profits, if he goes the limit—all this merely enrages him. He feels that it is irrelevant. It is worse—it is a complicated blockage of the active business he is engaged in. He has brains enough to understand, but he won't; he doesn't want to.

Hillquit, on the other hand, cares little enough about the active business. He understands, he wants Gompers to understand, the whole social and historic implications of what he is doing. He wants him to stop doing it, you might almost say, in order to talk about those implications. He overemphasizes the ultimate theory, as much as Gompers overemphasizes the immediate interest. Hillquit wants to explain the motions of history, Gompers wants to move. They clash and antagonize each other, and part, as remote and bellicose as though they were on opposite sides of the class struggle. That is symbolic of the relation of the American Socialist movement as a whole, to the American labor struggle as a whole. The Socialists think that by propagating an understanding of that struggle they can bring it to victory; the labor people resent this attempt to force an external understanding on them. They are developing their thoughts under stress of action, they think they have enough thoughts of their own for the time being, and moreover they see plainly that those theorists never do anything. So they let them alone.

That is why the Socialist party in America fails, and will fail, even though it recovers from its dogmatic sleep. It fails because it approaches human nature with an abstract theory when the core of human nature is always a concrete wish.

Here is a comrade in *The New York Call* discussing the loss of votes:

"When one is a Socialist by virtue of one's fundamental conception of the Socialist philosophy, neither an eight-hour law, nor a war, nor a Mexican situation, could tempt one into the capitalist spider-parlor. Suppose, now, I am a Socialist be-

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REVOLUTIONARY PROGRESS

Max Eastman

IN these days the title Revolutionary Progress expresses only a resolute desire. No measure in politics and no movement in industry is having the least success in increasing the proportion of wealth or leisure or liberty which falls to the working-class. Their small liberty is, in fact, cut down steadily by the growth of militarism under the menace of national war. Caste and class-rule are in the ascendant; democracy is marking time.

On the other hand all the reforms which do not touch the system of caste are proceeding with a velocity the world has never seen. The acceleration of the rate of progress is continual, and it is due to the fact that more and more people every day are reading the news. Any idea which will serve the interests of people in both classes catches around the world like fire. And many of these ideas, though they are not revolutionary in motive, do indirectly and ultimately contribute to the chances of the working-class struggle. They improve the field on which it must be fought.

Chief among them, of course, is the idea of eliminating war by international union. Patriotic war has always meant death to liberty and the struggle for human rights. The old republics provided for a dictator in war-times, and those who loved dictators needed only to keep a war coming. England has her dictator now. She has long ago suspended the better part of her Magna Charta. A French senator announced the other day amid applause that he thought the statutes of liberty ought to be veiled, that civil rights should no longer be recognized. "There is but one right left," he said, "and that is the right of war." In the effort to conquer Prussia these countries are becoming prussianized. And our country, always imitative of European vices, is following along.

* * * * *

Nevertheless, in the midst of this, there has arisen and gone abroad with the highest prestige the idea of eliminating war altogether through a super-national union. Perhaps the greatest power possessed by chief executives in our time is their advertising power, and President Wilson has used this power dramatically. He has made international union a subject of consideration to every serious mind in the world. And that is all that was needed. The biggest of big business, and the most intelligent, is interested in this idea. It wants to eliminate war;

it was even wondering how. Now it has been told how, and, speaking in decades, the thing is done.

I believe that the histories of all the nations of the world will hold a venerated record of President Wilson's address to the Senate. For I know that with communication growing fluent and rapid all over the earth, people all over the earth learning to read and translate each others news over-night, with scientific and social and vast commercial combinations overspreading all tongues and peoples, the political union of the nations for the adjustment and defense of their common interests is inevitable. Peter the Hermit was its prophet. President Wilson will have been its initiator. It is the most momentous event conceivable in the evolution of a capitalistic civilization. And it is also the one hope of preserving that struggle for a new civilization which we call Socialism, or Syndicalism, or the Social Revolution, or the Labor Struggle, from the continual corruption of militarism, and the ravaging set-back of patriotic war.

* * * * *

IT was not surprising that a genial evangelical Americanistic Sunday School peace preacher like Bryan should oppose this plan. He thinks that Peace and the Herald Angels will abolish war, and all that politics has to do is to keep clear of foreign entanglements. So he cheerfully identifies the President's proposal of a world-congress with Taft's "League to Enforce Peace," and denounces the international policy with the same smiling fortitude with which he supports the cause that it alone can win.

The President has carefully avoided the expression "League to Enforce Peace," knowing, I believe, that it is utopian to hope that nations will go to war in remote parts of the earth because they have promised to—knowing also, perhaps, that it is utopian to expect the American nation to promise to. He has proposed an international union "to ensure peace." It is the proposal of a conference or congress of the nations after the war, a congress which would presumably undertake and arrange the reduction of national armaments, as provided in the Hensley paragraphs of our Naval Appropriation Bill, and might become a government of the seas with police-power adequate for the elimination of minor war-causes. This supra-national government, once it exists with eminence, will inevitably attract a part of the loyalty of all peoples. It will swing a vast body of sentiment to itself,

cause I know Marxian economics, and not because I am blindly discontented with the powers in power, can one imagine that I would for a moment be fooled by such a gold-brick affair as the eight-hour law? Or the war? Or the Mexican situation? No! the party did not lose a single Socialist, that army of 150,000 never knew or understood Socialism, else they would never vote any but the Socialist ticket."

That sounds plausible; it expresses the opinion of the presidential candidate himself; it is the standard attitude in Socialist propaganda. And yet how utterly absurd to imagine that enough people to form a political party that will ever dominate this country are going to understand Marxian economics! I confess I can not understand them except just while I am reading them. I forget some essential subtlety as soon as I get away from the book! And yet I have had the luck of half a lifetime devoted to intellectual matters. The truth is that the bulk of the party of labor when it comes not only will not "understand Marxian economics," but will not be engaged in theoretic understanding at all. They will be doing something, and if the writer of that letter is on hand to enlighten them—somewhat humbly and deferentially—with his understanding, while they are on the job, that is about the highest service his intellect can aspire to.

The Socialist party will never become the party of the labor struggle until it subordinates the idea and builds around the will. And if the Socialist party does not become the party of the labor struggle, another and a wiser party will take its place.

In Case of War

WE have presented our attitude toward nationalistic war, and toward the German-American quarrel in particular, continually in these pages. We have made it clear that our pacifism is not the expression of our emotional disposition, but is the reasoned result of our loyalty to a struggle that is vaster and more freighted with the world's future than a war between nations can be. It is hardly necessary to say, therefore, that we are now directly opposed to those who urge all men "in the hour of the country's danger," to renounce their faith, their fighting for principle, and their independent thought, and subject themselves out of patriotism to a national purpose they do not believe in.

* * * * *

IF this country had been neutral, if as many influential citizens had felt for Germany as for England and France, we should be in no danger of war. We should have withheld our citizens from traveling on belligerent vessels carrying contraband; we should perhaps have laid an embargo on munitions of war; we should at least have resisted England's violations of maritime law as rigidly as Germany's. We should never have got into the anti-German predicament. Even if we had got into it, we should probably—accepting the inevitable—have been content to declare an armed neutrality and convoy our ships to their destinations, protecting them with force, but not declaring war. I say we should have done this, because it is what nations

that were actually neutral in feeling have done in exactly similar circumstances in the past. It is what we did, under enormous provocation—destruction of ships, destruction of life, violation of the rights of our citizens and our commerce—during the war between England and France in the administration of President Adams. When a nation's feelings are neutral, or the feelings of its different groups of citizens neutralize each other, it does not go to war in defense of anything so abstract as international law. Germany's acts of hostility are directed against England, not against us, and if half of our "big interests" liked Germany and wanted England whipped, we could not fight Germany on account of these acts.

We are not neutral in feeling. But if we used the highest possible judgment we should be neutral in act. The highest possible judgment—even for the capitalistic world—was expressed in the president's December message to the Senate. Peace without victory, and the United States not involved in the quarrel, but standing with all her impartial power for an international union—that was the highest hope and purpose for us and for the world. And in joining the Allies against Germany we sacrifice that hope altogether. For England is the Empire that has most to relinquish in joining an equal union of the nations, and if she celebrates with our help a mighty victory over Germany, her vainglory combined with ours will put this idea to rest for decades. The international union will turn into a union of these two dominant nations, bragging about Anglo-Saxon liberty, and fastening their commercial imperialism around the world.

When these words are published we may be at war with Germany, and they will serve only as an expression of regret



K. R. Chamberlain

Railroad King Canute: "Go back, Tide!"



K. R. Chamberlain

Railroad King Canute: "Go back, Tide!"

that the United States should have failed of the high service it might have rendered to capitalistic society in its evolution towards internationalism.

* * * * *

THOSE who have given their utter loyalty to the struggle for a new society will have other thoughts and feelings besides that regret. They will remember that there is not liberty nor democracy anywhere in this capitalistic society. They will remember that this government does not protect human life, the lives of its citizens, either on sea or land. For about forty years organized labor has struggled bitterly and continually to secure one little law which should give elementary protection to the lives of American workmen on American ships at sea; and that law is barely hanging to the statute books now, after a six month's trial has proven that it is somewhat injurious to capitalistic business. It is capitalistic business that our government fundamentally protects, and it is for the honor of a government devoted to such a function that we are asked to wage war. Human life will be sacrificed more, both at home and abroad, in war and than in peace. Human liberty and those rights of man that are the steps toward a new civilization will be sacrificed utterly. War is the destroyer of liberty. And therefore those who are entirely loyal to the hope of liberty, and to the rights of human life as they may some day be truly conceived, will refuse to be carried into war and the warlike passion of nationalism. They will be neutral, whether the government goes to war or not. They will not enlist in the army of the government, and they will not renounce their independence of judgment, and their deliberate devotion to a better thing than any government, at the demand of those emotionalists who think it is virtuous and worthy of human dignity to abandon all judgment and all deliberate devotion whatever, in the long orgy of tribal patriotism.



K. R. Chamberlain

Chains in It!

Wilson or the Truth?

IN the name of loyalty to President Wilson, a censorship and suppression of free speech, incompatible with the elementary principles of democratic liberty for which President Wilson stands, is threatening the press and platforms of this country. It will be a fine test of his devotion to these principles, if this threat is fulfilled. We hope that he may find time in the engrossments of his task, to remind these zealous Prussians of the military arm, that we are not yet an empire, even though we go to war.

A Passionate Magazine

THE editors of *The New Republic* seem to have been seized with a highly intellectualized lust for bloody combat. I was shocked by their mobilization order. They had the submarines out and the guns firing before the subscribers had time to realize the magazine had gone to war. I had often predicted they would go to war, these liberal intellectuals, in the front rank—ahead, in fact, of the republic. But I was really shocked at the joyful unctiousness with which they did it.

Those bold letters on the front cover:

WITHOUT DELAY DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS MUST BE BROKEN. THE NAVY SHOULD BE MOBILIZED. STEPS SHOULD BE TAKEN TO ARM ALL MERCHANT SHIPS. THE TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF OUR ENTRANCE INTO THE WAR SHOULD BE DISCUSSED AND ANNOUNCED.

Where now is the suave and judicial externalism of the "journal of opinion"?

The New Republic has given expression to a great many radical ideas—birth control education, freedom of speech, the right to strike, government ownership of railroads. Its editors have a great liberality of view, and we have to thank them for many deliberative and careful pronouncements in favor of radical progress. But they never put their heart in their pens before. It was never:

WITHOUT DELAY THIS KNOWLEDGE THAT IS VITAL TO LIFE MUST BE MADE ACCESSIBLE TO THE PEOPLE. SPEECH MUST BE FREE. STEPS SHOULD BE TAKEN TO GUARANTEE TO THESE WORKMEN THE RIGHT TO STRIKE. THE TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF TRANSFER OF THE RAILROADS TO THE REPUBLIC MUST BE DISCUSSED AND ANNOUNCED.

No—they always managed to hold in on those topics, these young men, maintaining that infinite equilibrium and freedom from the propaganda note which bespeaks a finished intellectuality. But now the miracle is broken. An emotion is acknowledged. *The New Republic* has a mission. And its mission, as well as I can gather from the first two numbers, is War on Germany and Anglo-American Imperialism—Victory without Peace.

M. E.



K. R. Chamberlain

Chains in It!



K. R. Chamberlain

Chains in It!



Boardman Robinson.

Boardman Robinson 17

"No, no, I make velly bad Clistian, I no can shoot."



Boardman Robinson.

Boardman Robinson 17

"No, no, I make velly bad Clistian, I no can shoot."

LEST WE FORGET

The Railroad Question

THE proposition to make strikes illegal on steam railroads until a government investigation was made, was not reported favorably by the Congressional Committee.

Why not?

It was remembered by some one that Grover Cleveland had established a precedent twenty-years ago, which served the purpose better even than the emasculation of strikes by investigation and delay. Corporations, and railroad corporations most of all, are not over-anxious in these days for investigations.

Besides, Grover Cleveland's precedent of forcing train service not only broke a strike but smashed the American Railway Workers' Union. There seemed to be some weakness, however, in depending upon the precedent for future events, so a bill was introduced in Congress giving the President power to take over the railroads and use the army for moving trains whenever it was necessary to overcome obstruction in the transportation of the mails.

It was out of the wreck of the American Railway Workers' Union that the Brotherhoods prospered by substituting a policy of great conservatism in method of organization and demands on the Companies. At least there is some satisfaction in the thought that conservatism will not result from a revival of Cleveland's manoeuvre. For this conservatism has brought the movement to an impasse.

Will the Union in its emergency turn to its class, or to politics? Among the members of the organization, though not officially in the organization, there has grown up a movement for industrial organization of all the workers connected with railroad transportation. It is called the Railroad Workers' Educational League. This group of men say that promotion from one class of service to another has ceased, and that it was this hope of promotion which made the men support the conservative policy of the Brotherhoods. Locomotive engineers, instead of being promoted, are being "demoted to firemen, conductors to brakemen, machinists and boilermakers to helpers." It is the big locomotive that has done it; it has reduced freight trains to one hundred cars as the minimum. "Every improvement in the engines, every increase in tonnage, brings in its track, demotion, unemployment."

It is to be hoped that the only trouble with the old American Labor Union and its ideal of industrial organization was that it was born too soon, born before the Big Locomotive.

H. M.

Getting Away With It

IN true subserviency to capital, the courts of justice exceed even the legislatures. In California the other day, Thomas J. Mooney was sentenced for murder. It will be remembered that Mooney was one of the five labor men accused last fall of causing a bomb explosion, and that Billings the other one of the five who has been tried, was also given the same sentence.

The defense and its supporters have been confident of Mooney's acquittal, and on his acquittal expected to get a reversal in the case of Billings.

A fortnight before the sentencing of Mooney, we received a letter from Robert Minor, in which he said:

"We who are helping the defense have gradually uncovered the records and motives of those who have testified against Billings, the first defendant. We have turned up the remarkable fact that each of the State's important witnesses has had a picturesque career in the underworld, and testified under the inducement of cash.

"There was, in the beginning, no evidence against the defendants except crystallized rumor from hysterical persons and a wild hunger of criminal characters for slices of the \$17,000 rewards. This happened to be in accord with the desire of certain San Francisco corporations to get rid of troublesome labor agitators. A little time and careful investigation has totally destroyed the original case against the prisoners. The prosecution is continued by officials in terror lest they be blamed for having let the real culprits escape, and the Chamber of Commerce is only too willing to let the frame-up take its course and free them from the men who have stirred up strikes against the utility corporations for the past ten years.

"Nearly everyone now admits that the defendants did not actually cause the parade tragedy, the only sentiment remaining against them being typified in the remark of a business man, bitterly prejudiced against Labor Unions: 'Oh, they are not guilty of that bomb crime, but let them hang anyway—they have disturbed this town long enough.' In short, it is a simple attempt to lynch men in the courts for their labor views. This lynching spirit on the part of a certain business element is the most dangerous thing in America; and to put an end to it, the most important thing that you and I can try to do.

"The opportunity to accomplish that is remarkably good in this case, since we can absolutely prove the innocence of the prisoners of the charge against them. With the issue no longer clouded, it is the greatest opportunity that has ever come to make the country understand the truth of Labor cases.

"The defense has been tremendously aided by the recent discovery that the prosecution has falsified photographs figuring in the evidence. They were a series of snap-shots of the parade, which accidentally show both Tom Mooney and his wife on the roof of their home at the time when Tom is accused of being at the scene of the crime, a mile and a quarter away. (It was by the falsification of these photos, so that the time could not be seen on the street clocks, that Warren K. Billings, the first defendant, was convicted. He will probably win his appeal and release because of the photos, which prove the sole direct witness against him to have lied). You can imagine the sensation that this discovery is creating.

"I venture to say that never in American history has there developed so hideous a plot for murder through the means of the criminal courts. The chance for a ringing triumph of truth is unequalled; to let such an opportunity slip would be

treason to the country itself. Yet, so intense is the anti-union hatred on the Coast, that the men will surely hang unless a tremendous fight is made."

Making Lawbreakers

MR. GOMPERS was invited to give his views at a hearing on the legislative proposition to regulate the wage conditions of the workers on street railways through wage boards and to make strikes of the workers illegal. This was his comment:

"I have tried to show that, no matter what laws you enact, no matter what decrees may be issued, even to imprisonment and death, you are not going to attain uninterrupted service on the street railroads of New York. You are not going to do it. I tell you the theory of it is wrong."

Mr. Gompers said the strike on the surface roads last Summer taught both sides a lesson. Then he asked:

"Have you ever seen, in all history, so large a number of men as is employed on the steam railroads of this country hold themselves in restraint? For eighteen months they have had a strike under consideration. They are even now holding themselves in leash. Of course, if a strike occurs, there is inconvenience, but the lesson it teaches to all of us is of transcendent importance.

"We will oppose the proposal step by step and will not yield one inch in opposing it during all its progress. We will fight it in the courts, and, if beaten there, we will exercise our God-given natural right, the law notwithstanding. You may make us lawbreakers possibly, but you are not going to make us slaves."

We hope not.

WHOSE WAR?

John Reed

"The current ebullition of patriotism is wonderful."

—Rev. Dr. Parkhurst.

BY the time this goes to press the United States may be at war. The day the German note arrived, Wall street flung the American flag to the breeze, the brokers on the floor of the Stock Exchange sang "The Star-spangled Banner" with tears rolling down their cheeks, and the stock-market went up. In the theaters they are singing "patriotic" ballads of the George M. Cohan-Irving Berlin variety, playing the national anthem, and flashing the flag and the portrait of long-suffering Lincoln—while the tired surburbanite who has just been scalped by a ticket-speculator goes into hysterics. Exclusive ladies whose husbands own banks are rolling bandages for the wounded, just like they do in Europe; a million-dollar fund for Ice in Field-hospitals has been started; and the Boston Budget for Conveying Virgins Inland has grown enormously. The directors of the British, French and Belgian Permanent Blind Relief Fund have added "American" to the name of the organization, in gruesome anticipation. Our soldier boys, guarding the aqueducts and bridges, are shooting each other by mistake for Teutonic spies. There is talk of "conscription," "war-brides," and "On to Berlin."

I know what war means. I have been with the armies of all the belligerents except one, and I have seen men die, and go mad, and lie in hospitals suffering hell; but there is a worse thing than that. War means an ugly mob-madness, crucifying the truth-tellers, choking the artists, side-tracking reforms, revolutions, and the working of social forces. Already in America those citizens who oppose the entrance of their country into the European melée are called "traitors," and those who protest against the curtailing of our meagre rights of free speech are spoken of as "dangerous lunatics." We have had a forecast of the censorship—when the naval authorities in

charge of the Sayville wireless cut off American news from Germany, and only the wildest fictions reached Berlin via London, creating a perilous situation. . . . The press is howling for war. The church is howling for war. Lawyers, politicians, stock-brokers, social leaders are all howling for war. Roosevelt is again recruiting his thrice-thwarted family regiment.

But whether it comes to actual hostilities or not, some damage has been done. The militarists have proved their point. I know of at least two valuable social movements that have suspended functioning because no one cares. For many years this country is going to be a worse place for free men to live in; less tolerant, less hospitable. Maybe it is too late, but I want to put down what I think about it all.

Whose war is this? Not mine. I know that hundreds of thousands of American workingmen employed by our great financial "patriots" are not paid a living wage. I have seen poor men sent to jail for long terms without trial, and even without any charge. Peaceful strikers, and their wives and children, have been shot to death, burned to death, by private detectives and militiamen. The rich has steadily become richer, and the cost of living higher, and the workers proportionally poorer. These toilers don't want war—not even civil war. But the speculators, the employers, the plutocracy—they want it, just as they did in Germany and in England; and with lies and sophistries they will whip up our blood until we are savage—and then we'll fight and die for them.

I am one of a vast number of ordinary people who read the daily papers, and occasionally *The New Republic*, and want to be fair. We don't know much about international politics; but we want our country to keep off the necks of little nations, to refuse to back up American beasts of prey who invest abroad and get their fingers burned, and to stay out of quarrels not our

own. We've got an idea that international law is the crystallized common-sense of nations, distilled from their experiences with each other, and that it holds good for all of them, and can be understood by anybody.

We are simple folk. Prussian militarism seemed to us insufferable; we thought the invasion of Belgium a crime; German atrocities horrified us, and also the idea of German submarines exploding ships full of peaceful people without warning. But then we began to hear about England and France jailing, fining, exiling and even shooting men who refused to go out and kill; the Allied armies invaded and seized a part of neutral Greece, and a French admiral forced upon her an ultimatum as shameful as Austria's to Serbia; Russian atrocities were shown to be more dreadful than German; and hidden mines sown by England in the open sea exploded ships full of peaceful people without warning.

Other things disturbed us. For instance, why was it a violation of international law for the Germans to establish a "war-zone" around the British Isles, and perfectly legal for England to close the North Sea? Why is it we submitted to the British order forbidding the shipment of non-contraband to Germany, and insisted upon our right to ship contraband to the Allies? If our "national honor" was smirched by Germany's refusal to allow war-materials to be shipped to the Allies, what happened to our national honor when England refused to let us ship non-contraband food and even *Red Cross hospital supplies* to Germany? Why is England allowed to attempt the avowed starvation of German civilians, in violation of international law, when the Germans cannot attempt the same thing without our horrified protest? How is it that the British can arbitrarily regulate our commerce with neutral nations, while we raise a howl whenever the Germans "threaten to restrict our merchant ships going about their business?" Why does our Government insist that Americans should not be molested while traveling on Allied ships armed against submarines?

We have shipped and are shipping vast quantities of war-materials to the Allies, we have floated the Allied loans. We have been strictly neutral toward the Teutonic powers only. Hence the inevitable desperation of the last German note. Hence this war we are on the brink of.

Those of us who voted for Woodrow Wilson did so because we felt his mind and his eyes were open, because he had kept us out of the mad-dog-fight of Europe, and because the plutocracy opposed him. We had learned enough about the war to lose some of our illusions, and we wanted to be neutral. We grant that the President, considering the position he'd got himself into, couldn't do anything else but answer the German note as he did—but if we had been neutral, that note wouldn't have been sent. The President didn't ask us; he won't ask us if we want war or not. The fault is not ours. It is not our war.

Patriotism

"AMERICAN flags appeared in the street soon after the news The market, which had broken 1 to 5 points, turned upward with a rush, advances ranging from 1 to 10 points amid a whirl of patriotic enthusiasm."—*N. Y. Evening Mail*.

The Press Censorship Bill

(Bulletin of the American Union Against Militarism)

LOOK out for the press censorship bill!

It has been drafted by the Army War College and will be introduced in Congress—probably—on the day that Congress declares war—if it should—and an attempt will be made to drive it through both houses under the emotional stress of that occasion.

The bill is exceedingly dangerous and should be defeated. It is aimed, not at the enemy but at the complete control of public opinion in this country in time of war. If passed it would set up a complete censorship machinery throughout the country and forbid the publication in newspapers, periodicals or pamphlets of any discussion of the war *except by special permission of the censor*.

This is not only dangerous but wholly gratuitous. The War Department and the Navy Department now have drastic regulations establishing complete censorship on purely military information. Correspondents with the fleet and the army, for example, have to submit their dispatches and even their private mail to a military censor. So, of course, do the sailors and the soldiers. Nobody to-day knows where the American fleet is; the Navy Department has drawn an effective screen around it. Make no mistake about it; this bill was drafted with an eye to those newspapers which, in the event of war, might attempt to criticize the conduct of the war, those newspapers (to borrow the language of the War College's statement) which "by their editorials and presentation of news . . . may sway the people . . . against the war and thus . . . by adverse criticism tend to destroy the efficiency of these (the military) agencies." The quotation is from a monograph which the Army War College has drafted in support of its bill; it is entitled "The Proper Relationship Between the Army and the Press in Time of War." This monograph may be secured from the Superintendent of Public Documents, Washington, D. C., for five cents. *Send for it.*

Nobody need have any misunderstanding as to the main motive behind this bill. The Army War College is frank enough about it. Discussing, in its monograph, the two ways in which the press may affect the success of the army in time of war, it says:

"First. It may, by publishing names of organizations, numbers, movements, accounts of victories or defeats, furnish information to the enemy that will enable him to deduct the strength and location and intended movements of our troops. [Note: This is already provided for in the military regulations in force and practiced at Vera Cruz and in the Mexican affair. The War Department allowed nearly everything to go through except dispatches criticising the War Department's or the Army's handling of the mobilization, but the censorship could have shut down at any moment on all real news as to the numbers, position and movement of troops.]

"Second. By criticism of the conduct of the campaigns, the action of certain officers or exploiting others, the people will be led to lose confidence in the army, with the result that the moral support of the people is lost; they cry for and obtain new generals, and new plans of campaigns, not based on expert knowledge and thought, with a consequent lengthening of the war or even defeat."

This argument is easily recognized; it is the old argument of



Arthur Young.

MAN

Suggested by Arturo Giovannitti's War Play



Arthur Young.

MAN

Suggested by Arturo Giovannitti's War Play

autocracy, on grounds of efficiency, against democracy. The argument holds just as strongly against popular discussion of civic officials as of military officials. The only difference is that public officials have become habituated to the idea of responsibility to the people and military officials would evade this embarrassment if they could. Democracies, however, have forced the problem of free speech and settled in favor of it despite its fancied inconveniences. Now is no time to abandon it, especially in favor of a group so dangerous to civil liberties and democratic ideals as the military group.

Furthermore, there is a good deal of sound military opinion to the effect that newspaper criticism is of *direct military value* because it enables a nation to rid itself of the incompetent bureaucrats and officers who have secured responsible berths in the War Office and the Army and Navy. It was newspaper criticism, for example, and that alone, which enabled Lincoln, in the first year of the Civil War, to rid himself of those generals who were manifestly not up to the tasks which confronted them. Newspaper criticism was of immense military service in the Spanish-American war. Had this proposed bill been a law at that time, we should never have shaken off the men responsible for the "canned beef" scandals, the conditions in the concentration camps, the freight blockade in Florida. Under this bill we should have been in entire ignorance of the outrages committed by American troops in the Philippines, such as the "water cure" administered to Filipinos under the orders of "Hell Raising Jake" Smith.

The metropolitan press has been won over to the support of the bill by representations that "practical newspaper men, with army experience," would be appointed as censors. Moreover they know their power and, like Lord Northcliffe, they are not much afraid of what the censor will do to their editorial columns. But the really independent press must be made to realize the threat concealed in this bill and all lovers of democracy must be aroused to fight it even before it makes its appearance in Congress.

Write to the President about it. Write to your Congressman. Write to your editor. Make him realize that public opinion will back him if he fights this bill in the name of freedom of the press which is our freedom as well.

C. T. H.

TO CONGRESS CONCERNING THE BILL FOR UNIVERSAL MILITARY SERVICE

IGNORANT tyrants, reckless and uncouth,
Mad with the fury that foretells your end,
Soldiers and lawmakers and fools, attend
For once the unfamiliar voice of truth.
You force a sword into the hand of Youth,
Foredooming him to battle, you pretend
That weapons and that threats of war defend
The cause of peace,—as Europe shows, forsooth!

Beware, the loud injustice of your plan
Sets vibrant the long-silent tocsin bell,
And consecrated treason walks abroad,
Betraying nations for the cause of Man,—
When nations with their strife go down to hell
Mankind as one shall see the face of God.

Robert Hillyer.

Reverse English

CONGRESS has over-ridden the president's veto of the immigration bill, and the literacy test is to become a law. America will now be a refuge for the oppressed highbrows of the world, and if you want to be ignorant you will have to be born here.

THE wealthy Rocky Mountain Club gave up its proposed million dollar club house and sent the money to the starving Belgians. One's heart goes out to those millionaires wandering the streets of New York with no place to stand a highball.

COUNT TOLSTOY, who was forbidden to lecture at Columbia University "because of his radical views," is said to be considering a return to Russia where freedom of thought is encouraged.

IN this illuminating affair, President Nicholas Murray Butler came out against the transmission of human knowledge either vocally or through the press. Perhaps at some later date he will tell us what a university is for.

PROFESSOR PRINCE, who was the conscientious objector in the Tolstoy case, explained that it was unwise to let the Count speak, in view of the strained international situation. Obviously, if Columbia let Tolstoy lecture upon the life and work of his father, Germany would hear about it and would know that America was pacifist at heart.

THEY tell us that if we keep out of war now we shall lose our souls. Wouldn't it be cheaper to save our bodies and let Billy Sunday look after our souls? He saved them in Boston for eighty cents apiece.

REAR ADMIRAL FISKE says that Uncle Sam is becoming effeminate. There is only one frank and honest way to meet this grave issue—change his name to Aunt Samuella.

FISKE and that other serious thinker, General Wood, with America on the brink of war, assured Germany—through public speeches—that our navy and army are jokes and that she need pay no attention to our remarks upon any subject. These men, by the happy elasticity of our language, are called "patriots."

HOW much better it would be to terrify the Germans by sending them illustrated Sunday supplements: "Society Girls Practising Target Shooting at Lakewood."

AS this is written we are on the outs with Germany but still on good terms with Austria—and we can't help wishing it were the other way.

"EUROPE has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies the causes of which are



Arthur Young.

"YES, HE'S BEEN THAT WAY EVER SINCE HE COME BACK FROM NOO YORK. HE'S CUSSIN' THEM STREET-CAR CONDUCTORS FOR TELLIN' HIM TO 'STEP LIVELY' ALL THE TIME!"

essentially foreign to our concerns." The poltroon who wrote this was our first president.

LOYD GEORGE says that theirs is the same battle which America fought under Lincoln. The difference is that we are helping Lloyd George to the very verge of war while Lincoln got nothing from England except hindrance.

THOSE who are invoking the spirit of Washington and Lincoln in urging us to join the Allies in their fight for liberty have to put on a good deal of reverse English.

IF you are in the dumps over the flabby character of our national defenders, take heart at the agility of Dr. Grayson, who jumped over the heads of 127 senior naval medical officers in trying to reach the rank of rear admiral.

THE women of Ohio won the suffrage by act of the legislature and now the English women are promised the vote as a reward for patriotism. If you can't get in the front door, try the family entrance.

FOR true neutrality see Wall street; it is going to keep its German clerks but hire folks to watch them.

THOSE ships which refuse to sail are evidently victims of prescaedness.

THE British navy still seems to be unable to rule the wave immediately surrounding the islands. They might, at least, get a new motto.

ENGLAND expects every neutral to do *her* duty.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



Arthur Young.

"YES, HE'S BEEN THAT WAY EVER SINCE HE COME BACK FROM NOO YORK. HE'S CUSSIN' THEM STREET-CAR CONDUCTORS FOR TELLIN' HIM TO 'STEP LIVELY' ALL THE TIME!"

Publicity

EVERYONE who tries to do anything for progress in these days finds that advertising is the essence of his job. If his idea is true and related in an important way to people's interests, he has only to set people talking and thinking about it. He has to force the idea into their heads. It does not matter whether it goes in *pro* or *con*, backwards or forwards, so it goes in and stays there in a living condition, continually stimulated with little additional jolts and follow-ups—in the long run it will align itself with the interests of the individual and come out right side up. That is the art of propaganda.

Now everyone in the country who reads the news was pained and distressed by Ethel Byrne's Hunger Strike. Conservative people were pained because it seemed so crazy, and yet they hate to see men torturing a woman, and what will they do if she dies, and what is this birth-control anyway?

Practical people were pained because it made the things they believe in look so serious suddenly, and they wondered if they would have the courage to suffer for a cause.

Burdette G. Lewis, the Commissioner of Correction, was pained. Nobody could want to flaunt a flip and callow insolence toward a woman who was suffering, in the public press as he did, except to cover a sorer feeling.

Everybody was bothered to death about Ethel Byrne. Everybody had to think about Birth Control Education. Hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of publicity space—a marketable commodity—was contributed to this movement by that woman's single resolution. In five days she announced her message, and proved the fighting sincerity of her belief in it, to the whole reading American public. Could one make a finer and more intelligent sacrifice?

WIND AND FLAME

PRESS with rude joy upon the world,
Persistent Flow, resistless Spark;
Scatter your blows and torches, hurled
With bright creation through the dark.

Leap, Wind—with such a rapture come,
With such a clean and rushing breath,
That cries will burst from lips long dumb,
Rousing the stagnant hosts from death.

Laugh, Flame, gay offspring of the sun,
Whose heat is at the roots of birth;
Burn, till the dry and dead things run
And blaze upon the blossoming earth.

Mingle your quickening powers; contend,
Ye two great Lovers, in your love;
Struggling to give all in the end,
And giving all—yet not enough. . . .

Till, springing from that passionate strife,
Men are reborn through ecstasy—
The flame that burns the world to life;
The wind that leaps to set it free!

Louis Untermeyer.

Destructive Innocence

WE seemed under the excitement of drugs or of an unhappy but not hopeless love affair of the kind that seems to break in part the inner man and destroy or reconstruct the soul.

I have never seen a man who was so nervous. The difficult self-control of the deep-seeing temperament was in his face. Yet he was no artist. In his expression one might see the religious fanatic struggling to save a sorely endangered spiritual realm. Yet he was not a man of God.

No, it was not drugs, nor love, nor poetry, nor religion, that gave to this face and to these movements their painful tragedy—that revealed something most fundamental to the man's integrity at stake. He was making a supreme effort to preserve himself.

"He nearly went off his head last night," said the warden.

It was his innocence that was on the verge of breaking him down, of destroying his soul alive. We all knew he was innocent, not because he hectically and feverishly talked constantly about it, not because he seemed to have convincing proofs—though these, indeed, were there. But that to me was not what made me know him innocent.

I knew he was innocent because innocence was so terrible to him—because innocence was like a drug tearing him apart, like love destroying or reconstructing his being, like poetry revealing unbearable beauty about to be rendered null, like the effort of the Universe to be God's rather than the Devil's.

He walked about in prison garb—his eyes were wild and hunted. He had for three years carried with him the terrible load of innocence—and twelve years of his term remained. All that kept him from madness was his activity in trying to effect his release—the warden's belief in him, the slow machinery that was started towards his pardon.

The machinery creaks along slowly and legally. It cannot be hastened. The innumerable, imperfect footprints of the past determine the fate of this soul. Can he wait until the involved threads are disentangled? Or will he seek release in a burst of madness? As I looked into his eyes I could see that the delicacy of his nervous system will bring the relief that the institutions of men are not sensitive enough to give.

HUTCHINS HAPGOOD.

THE course in military training, the *New York Tribune* tells us, was indorsed by 1,400 students of the College of the City of New York. Two hundred and nine enrolled for the course. Preparedness swept the college by a splendid minority.

HOURS

HOURS when I love you, are like tranquil pools,
The liquid jewels of the forest, where
The hunted runner dips his hand and cools
His fevered ankles, and the ferny air
Comes blowing softly on his heaving breast,
Hinting the sacred mystery of rest.

MAX EASTMAN.

A LOVER OF ANIMALS

Max Eastman

ELIZABETH GRINGER was a cold, caustic, ill-gotten-up old maid with an intense tenderness for animals. All the cruelty and priggish intolerance that was in her she expended upon her human associates. She thrived on the mortification of the poor. She had never entered the house of her nearest neighbor, and she would assert this fact with pride and with no explanation beyond a glance at the house, which had no porch.

Almost all the people in the village hated Elizabeth Gringer, and called her queer. Her father had been a good money-maker, who operated the county slaughter-house in the days before meat-killing was monopolized. The gaunt old building still stands there under a high cliff where the river swells, overgrown with dank trees and bushes, and though its commerce is dead now but for the taking off of an old horse or a sick cow for the hide and horn, still it is a gruesome place, attractive to small boys in its loneliness and foul-smelling shadows. Those who have swum across the river to reconnoitre the rank weed-grown purlieus of that place, and come staring upon the carcass of a steer swinging where they had hoisted him to cut his flat throat, and gazed on that blank bulky presentation of the dead organs of life, will not wonder that Elizabeth Gringer was a little queer. For when she was a very small girl she strayed out here from her father's dwelling, and spent all the day watching in a stricken fascination the busy murders that his men were committing, and she learned from those men in that place, and with that color and smell on them, the secrets of life as well as of death.

As she grew up she seemed like a little girl whose outward self was not all of her, a part having turned inward in fixed contemplation of some other matter. Only in the fondling of any little sick chick of an animal that fell in her way, did her eyes ever shine. It seemed as though she were trying to make up in this fashion for the awful business she had found her father engaged in under the hill. And yet sometimes, as she grew to middle-age, it seemed rather as though she were engaged in the same business. For she became a collector of sick animals, and when she could not have them for the asking she would buy the old bony nags, and pups with blind staggers, and distempered kittens that wandering in the community. And these she would install in her house, or in the little shed, or the green painted kennels around it, and there they would await the slaughter. For it was certain that on some hasty and nervous morning she would decide to "put them out of their misery."

She was an honorary and contributing member of the New England Anti-Vivisection Society of Boston, the Society for the Prevention of Animal Abuse in Brooklyn, the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the National Society for the Humane Regulation of Animal Experimentation, the Theosophical Anti-Vivisection League of New York and India, the Anti-Cruelty League of Philadelphia, and the Vivi-

section Investigation League of Baltimore and Boston.

Her walls were decorated with portraits of cats, dogs, ponies, and other celebrated vertebrates, with "Prayers to their Master," and "Personal Confessions" as to how they would like to be treated, and under what circumstances set forward on the long journey, and so forth. In the barn she had constructed an inner shrine and mystery, shrouded in dark cloth. It was a large box or square cell, air-tight, padded with white cotton upholstery, and containing a screened evaporator to be soaked with chloroform when she was ready to send one of her pets or derelects "to the happy country."

She always attended these gruesome ceremonies alone, and returned from them with a rapt expression of benign grace or madness upon her features, after which she would soon send for the doctor.

"Rest on sleep, dearie!" was the formula with which she would close that patent door upon the dumb wondering eyes of beast or bird. "Rest on sleep. You will soon be in the happy country!"

It was a pathetic destiny that brought an unmothered little baby-haired boy into that house to be brought up by Elizabeth Gringer. Herman Sharp had lived all the seven years of his life in a tiny house near by that belonged to Miss Gringer, and he had learned to feel toward her only an unhappy and jealous fear. His parents were dependent upon her, for they were poor and she allowed them to live in the little house rent-free, luxuriating in their inferior position. John Sharp had been her father's partner in business, but Gringer made all the money, and when Gringer died, Sharp had to go selling goods on the road. He was away all but two days of every month, and Herman and his mother cherished the little place all alone. They had a chicken-house with a wired box at the end of it; and one great morning Herman had found five lively pigeons walking back and forth in this box. These were to him the heart of a tiny world. He and his mother would watch over them and converse with them lovingly, and with a kind of imaginative humor that Herman, even so young, was gifted enough to understand. He would have been a happy child with his mother, if he had ever been allowed to forget that the whole world belonged to Miss Elizabeth Gringer.

Miss Gringer behaved to him sometimes as though he were an animal, giving him sugared bites from her pocket. Other times she would stare about in his presence, as though he were not there.

At that time in the autumn when Herman's mother died in their little house, and Herman and his father were left with a problem of life too dark for either of them clearly to face and comprehend, it was inevitable that Miss Gringer should play the deciding part. She ran back and forth between their place and hers eight times on the day after Mrs. Sharp's death, chattering about the Lord God, and finally sent a note round by the hired man, saying that for the sake of mercy she would be willing



Maurice Sterne.

SALOME



Maurice Sterne.

SALOME

to "bring little Herman under her wing." John Sharp was not relieved of any sorrow in seeing his pale child go into the house of the "veterinary undertaker," but he saw on the other side only an orphan asylum. He stayed sadly about the place a few days, and then habit and necessity called him back to his work.

Herman brought with him on this bewildered little migration his five pigeons—the glossy one whom they had named "Black Beauty" after the horse in his book, and her mate, a strutting little russet-colored bird whom they called "Officer Brown," and a tall old blue and white carrier, "The Reverend Hawk-eye," and his wife, "Sister Imogen," and finally "The Black Pirate," who went to sleep all alone and had long feathers on his legs. These were the things that remained of that tender and humorous intercourse between Herman and his mother.

Miss Gringer welcomed the pigeons more excitedly than she welcomed Herman, although she cried out to him, "I am your mother now, your little mother, do you understand?" and took off his hat to kiss him. Herman stared up at her with a wan little conscientious smile.

For the pigeons she immediately had erected a spacious house in the top of the barn. And Herman spent many hours of his solemn days there, watching these birds, and intently participating in their quaint lives of continual romance. When winter came, and it was too cold for him, and for them too as he thought, in the barn, Miss Gringer very willingly brought their box into the house and set it in a window, where the birds could be seen through a screen from the inside, but could fly through the window when it was opened. And again in that room and around that box his sober little life found its center. Sometimes he would stand still beside the box until the pigeons were quite unaware of his presence, losing his lonely self in their very sociable occupations. Other times he would talk to them and they would listen intently, but he never told them his true feelings except indirectly, for Miss Gringer was always likely to be in the next room, or to come bobbing into that room pretending to take care of him. And this alien woman who controlled his life, he held at a distance as only a naive and quiet child can.

Once when Herman's father brought him back after the Sunday that they passed every month in their own house, he asked eagerly after his pigeons, and Miss Gringer, standing on the porch, cried out very nervously, "O, they are gone!"

Herman could not burst into tears. His grief and a kind of piercing terror were too large for him. He merely opened his little eyes like mirrors and stood watching pitifully for her to speak. His father has taken eight or ten steps down the path, but he heard that nervous answer, and paused.

"Yes, but they are happy, they are happy, they are happy! It had to be, my child. They escaped into the bedroom. When I came in they were so frightened it was terrible to see. Their little breasts were shaking. I had to put them to rest, you see. They are happy. They are in a happy country. . . ."

Herman cried now. He knelt down on the steps. His father turned as though coming back, but then mumbled something, and went away without seeming anxious. What he was saying to himself, however, was anxious enough.

All that month as he traveled, he would recall the strange

key in which Miss Gringer recited her foolish words. "They are happy, they are happy, they are happy." He felt that it was a horrible thing for an old maid woman to surround herself with sick animals. He experienced a kind of nausea in recalling the odor of her house. It seemed as though Herman would be better anywhere than in such a queer shambles. He reproached himself for not being energetic enough to change things, and bring up his own child. A new remorse mingled with his sad memories, and it was the remorse which contains dread and will not be answered.

One day he found one of the neighbors sitting in his train, and he went over and asked for news. They talked about Miss Gringer.

"She's getting nuttier all right," the neighbor said. "She never did anything but scold my wife on the sidewalk, but the other day she hollered at her out of the window. Wife went to town to buy a new hat—it was white felt—and she was coming by there on her way back from the car, and Elizabeth Gringer threw up a window and yelled:

"'Hey, what you got on your head, a baby's coffin?"

"My wife was half sick after it, can't bear to look at the hat, much less wear it."

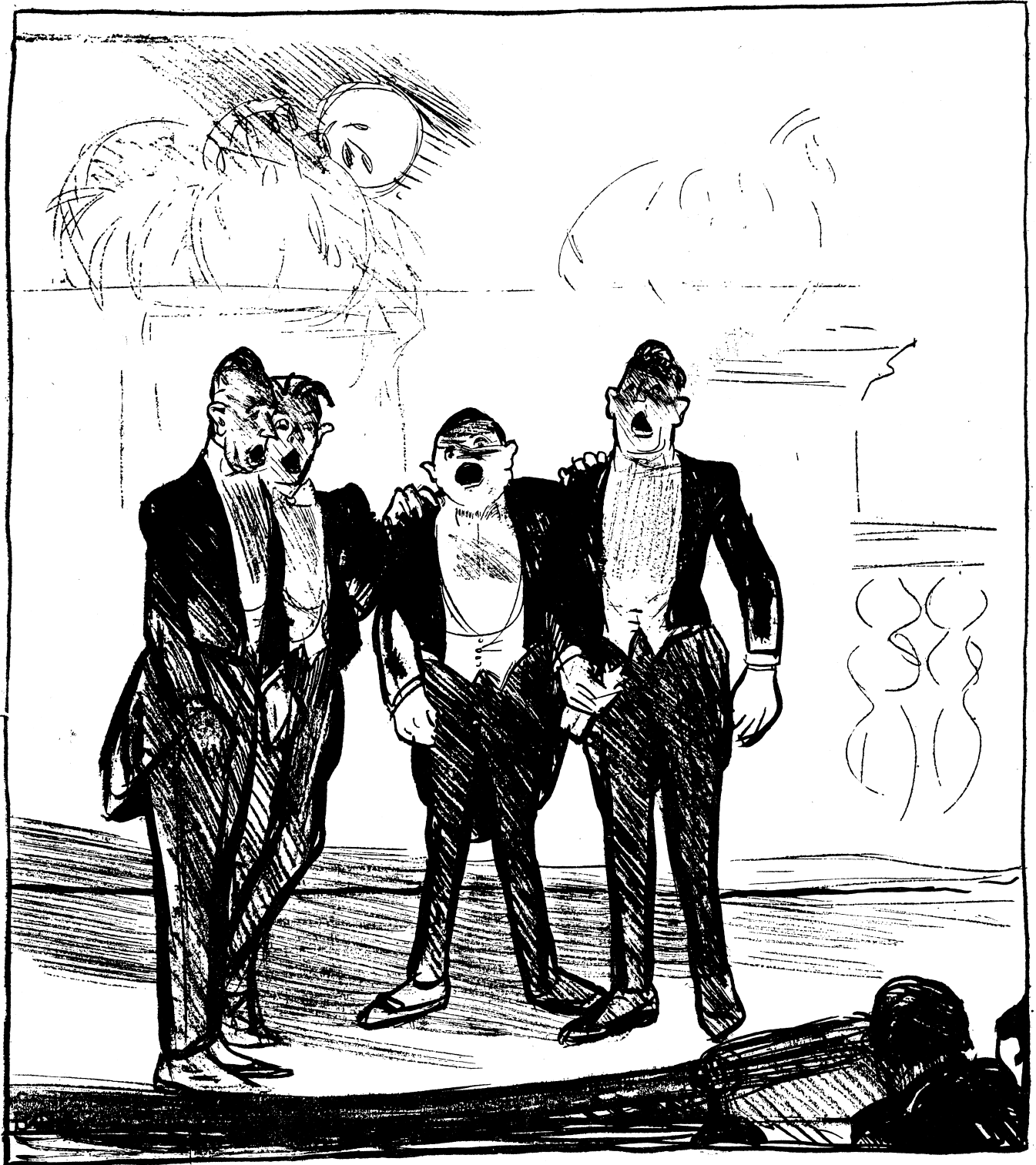
John Sharp went on with his trip, trying to simulate the genial assurance that sells goods, but his anxiety grew heavier. He felt that he had done wrong; he had put Herman in a bad place, an uncanny, dangerous place. He could not bear to think of him there any longer. The first train that started him in the direction of home, he stayed on. He passed all the towns he should have covered on his way back.

It was a ten-hour trip, and his anxiety, and the speed at which he would like to move his legs, increased with every hour. He was angry too as he drew nearer to Elizabeth Gringer, for he knew how much Herman loved those pigeons. He had, in the clumsy way of a parent who comes home so rarely, shared in the little play family that his wife and child had instituted around the dove-cote. His affections were tender enough when his mind was on them.

And there was nothing else in his mind now. He was on the lowest step of the car when his train drew into the station, and he ran past the bus-driver, feeling that he could reach Miss Gringer's faster on his own feet. He found the front gate open and the front door open. A cat with sticky eye-lids sat on the porch; she seemed to be experimenting to find out how firmly her eye-lids would stay together each time she closed and opened them. The old kennel smell came out of the house to him, and he noticed, as he always did, the yellow and yellowish white hairs on the carpet as he went in. The house seemed still. He called:

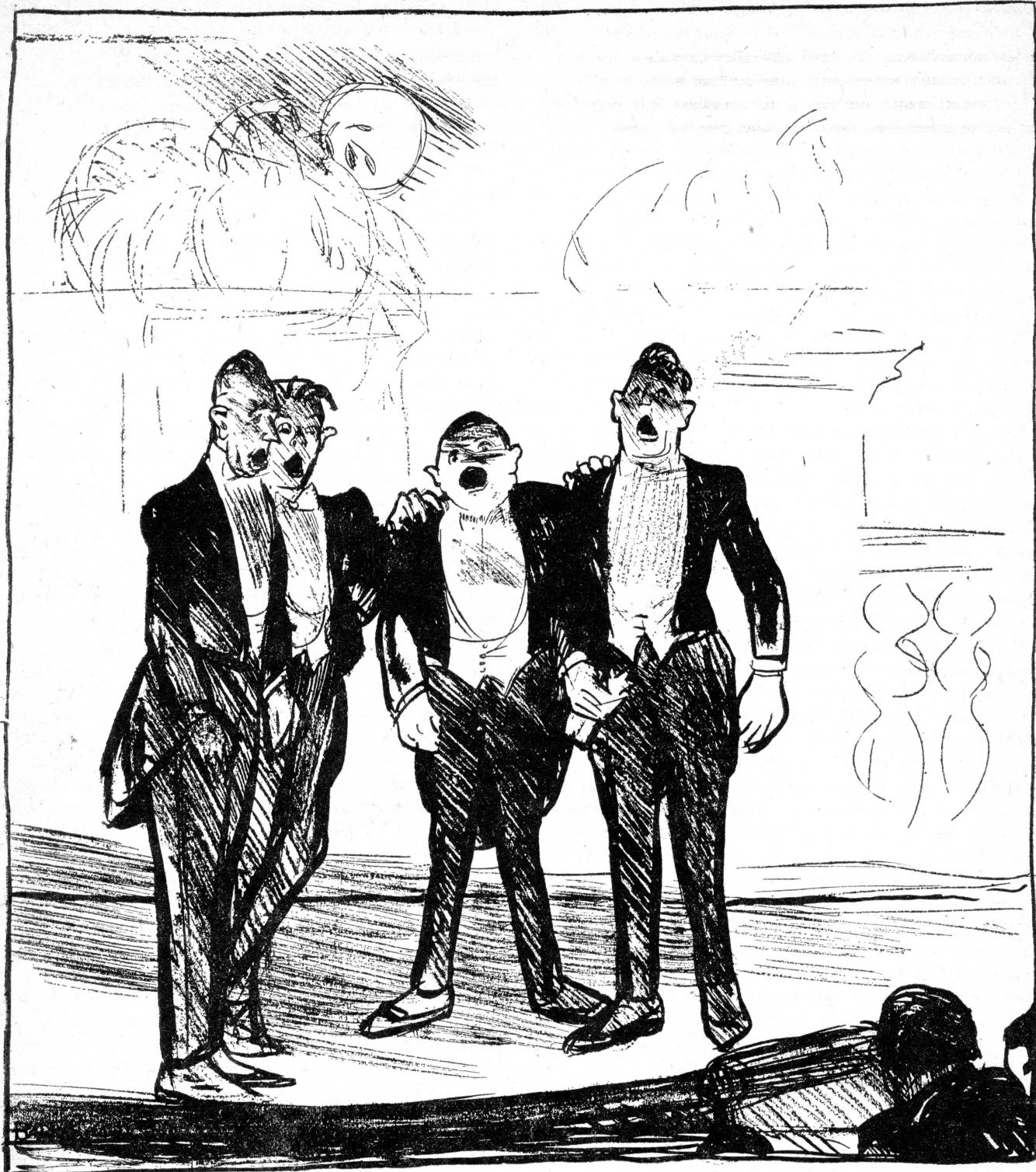
"Herman, where are you? Miss Gringer!"

But there was no answer. They must be out walking. A terrible vacancy seemed to his mind to occupy the house. It was a crazy house, a pest house, a house blandly wide open like an idiot's face. He did not know what was giving him this excited and frightened disgust. He had forgotten that expression of Miss Gringer's about a baby's coffin. He had forgotten as soon as he heard it, but his forgetting was only as the surface waters cover a thing that sinks deep. What he



Cornelia Barus

MEISTERSINGERS



Cornelia Barns

MEISTERSINGERS

dreaded was definite enough; his knowledge of his mind was vague. And as he ran out to the little woodshed, it became clearer. He knew that he was going toward the woodshed because he did not dare go to the barn. That was higher up on the hill. But he *must* go, and so he did. He did not pull open the door of the woodshed, but started running toward the barn. The door of it was on the upper side, and as he came round the corner he heard a faint pounding, and Elizabeth Gringer with a quivering voice was uttering those words:

"Rest on, sleep, dearie——"

He burst upon her quickly, and saw that as she stood over that square black box, her body was palpitating and swaying back and forth in the middle as though some frenzy possessed her. He heard the pounding more distinctly and a faint wail not unlike a kitten, but it was not a kitten.

His eyes dilated with anger, and he leaped upon Miss Gringer, striking her insanely, before he realized that he had but an instant in which to act practically. He turned and seized the patent fastener with which she had locked that death-box. He tore and kicked at the box vainly, until finally lifting his foot against it he set himself for a pull which tore out the staple and brought open the padded door, and revealed all that his heart secretly had dreaded and driven him toward. Herman was lying on the padded canvas floor face down, with his arms thrown up against the wall awkwardly. There was no motion. John Sharp seized the boy and turned him over and then with a groaning cry he carried him to the light, and put his ear down to his chest. Herman's little heart was beating steadily. A gasp of physical relief from his father's throat brought that news to Miss Gringer's brain as she sat staring blandly into the box.

A STRANGE MEETING

REV. PAUL SMITH, head of the vice crusade, stood in his own church before the strangest audience ever assembled in San Francisco—or, perhaps, in the world—an audience of over two hundred women of the night life, clad in bedraggled finery and bearing upon their faces the marks of ill health, showing plainly despite the traces of rouge—and exclaimed in a voice of sorrow:

"You have asked me some questions that have been asked ever since the world began and are still unanswered. I cannot answer them. I do not know what is to be done."

The delegation of prostitutes had come voluntarily to the Rev. Smith's church to present to him their side of the vice crusade which he is leading.

At 11 o'clock a body of fifty women reached the Central Methodist Church, at O'Farrell and Leavenworth streets. From all directions other women were seen approaching in small groups.

Word had got around the local underworld that this dramatic visit was to be made. A crowd of male onlookers had assembled, in addition to motion-picture and camera men and reporters.

The women passed to the church door along a lane in the crowd which filled the street intersection completely and overflowed down the side streets.

On seeing how many of the women there were, the Rev. Smith opened the doors of his church and asked them to step inside to the main auditorium. All men and bystanders were excluded, excepting the newspaper reporters.

As the women passed through the crowd some hung their heads, some stared calmly, while many covered their faces from sight behind cheap muffs or under the collars of their overcoats.

Within the auditorium, when all were seated, and the doors closed, the Rev. Smith arose and addressed them.

"I do not know what this meeting is about," he said. "This morning I received a telephone call from a woman who did not give her name, but said she was the keeper of a house of ill fame, and asked if I would meet a group of women of the underworld and confer with them. I consented.

"If the woman who called me up will step to the platform I should be pleased to have her occupy this chair."

A woman neatly clad in a suit of shepherd's plaid, of intelligent appearance and evidently controlling her nervousness by a strong effort of will, arose and took the seat which the pastor offered.

The Rev. Smith made a brief speech, in which he said:

"I am very glad to have this opportunity to confer with you and to hear a word from the other side of the problem. No person could be more sympathetic than I am. Any person who desires to lead what I consider the right kind of life I will help to the best of my ability.

"How many of you," asked the Rev. Smith, "have children dependent upon you?"

About half the women who crowded the auditorium raised their hands.

"How many of you went into this life because you could not make enough money to live on?"

This time practically every woman in the place raised her hand.

The woman who had come to the platform then arose and in a voice that vibrated with strong emotion told of the problem from the standpoint of herself and her fellow prostitutes.

"We women find it impossible to exist on the wages of \$6 or \$7 a week that are paid to women in San Francisco," she declared in her opening sentence.

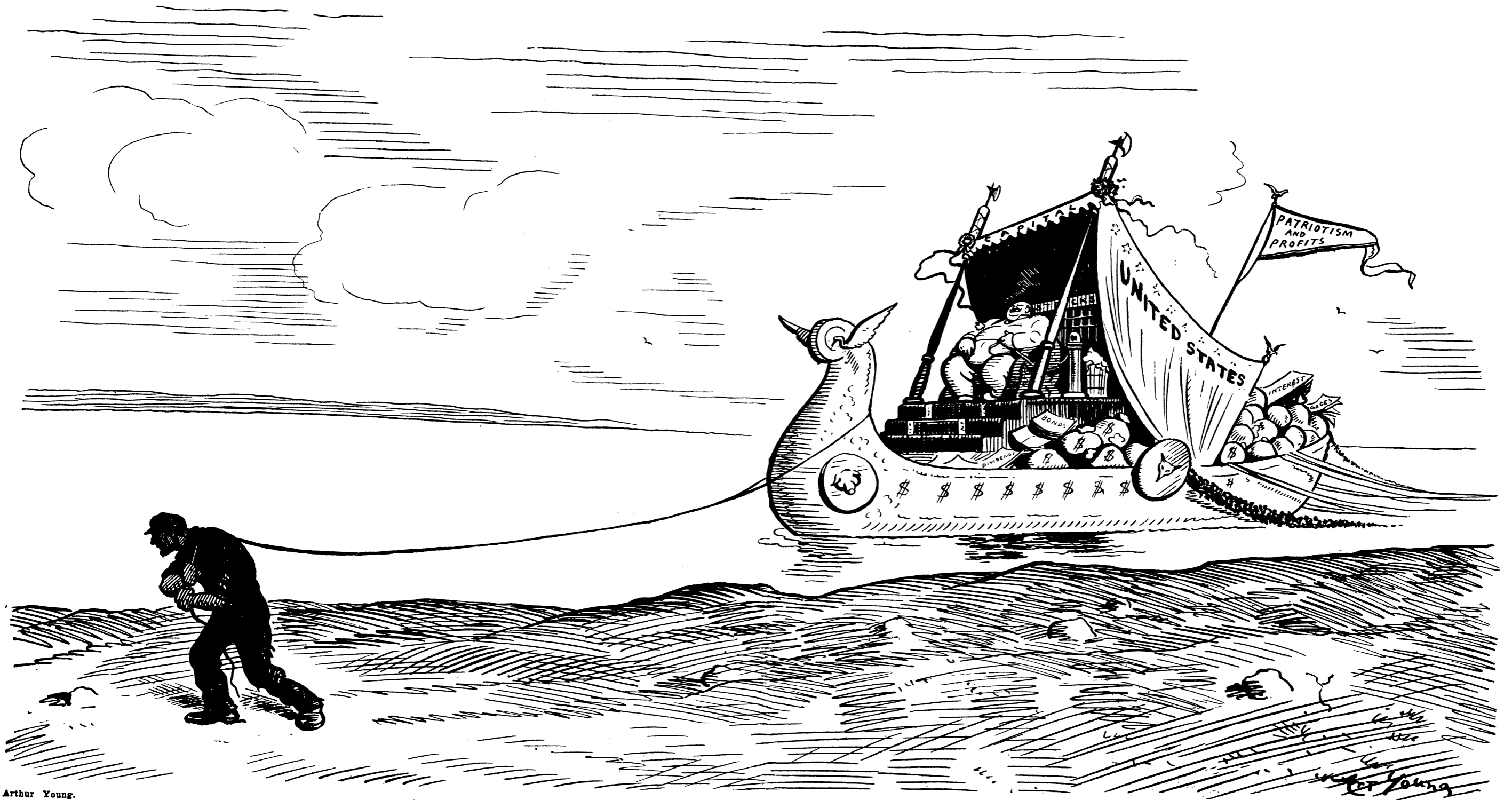
There was a volley of loud applause from the two hundred women in the auditorium.

"Most of the girls here present came from the poor," she continued.

"Nearly every one of these women is a mother, or has someone depending on her. They are driven into this life by economic conditions. People on the outside seem oblivious to this fact.

"These women do not lead a gay or happy life. Many of them hardly ever see the sunlight. It was an unusual experience for them to step outdoors to come to this church this morning.

"There is not one of these girls that would not quit this unhappy life of illness and pain and artificiality if the opportunity



Arthur Young.

The Way of Ancient Rome

was given. But these women haven't anything. How can they do differently?

"You won't do anything to stop vice by driving us women out of this city to some other city. Has your city and your church a different God, that you drive evil away from your city and your church to other cities and other churches?"

"If you want to stop prostitution, stop the new girls from coming in here. They are coming into it every day. They will always be coming into it as long as conditions, wages and education are as they are. You don't do any good by attacking us. Why don't you attack those conditions?"

"Why don't you go to the big business houses? Why don't you go to the Legislature and change the conditions? Men here in San Francisco say they want to eliminate vice. If they do, they had better give up some of their dividends and pay the girls wages so they can live."

"What do you consider a fair wage?" asked the Rev. Smith.

"Twenty dollars a week."

"Why, statistics show that the heads of the majority of families throughout the country do not make this much," declared Smith.

"That's why there is prostitution," responded the woman.

At this sharp retort the assembled women cheered and stamped their feet for several minutes. Smith colored in confusion and laughed nervously.

"How many of you would work for \$8 a week?" was the next question asked by Smith. His question was met with an outburst of laughter.

"But," he insisted, "many girls live respectably on this wage."

"Yes," cried a woman in the audience, "but their mothers and fathers look after them."

"No woman can live without a wage of at least \$15 a week."

"How many of you would do housework?" asked Smith. This question brought another burst of laughter from the audience.

"What woman wants to work in a kitchen?" shrilled a voice.

At the close of the meeting the Rev. Smith extended to Mrs. R. M. Gamble, who had been the spokesman of the women, his compliments on her able presentation of the case.

"If you will accept an invitation to come to my house and dictate your statements to a stenographer," he said, "I will try to have it published for the sake of aiding toward a betterment of social conditions." She accepted the pastor's invitation.

The Rev. Smith spoke with a changed demeanor. It appeared that he had been deeply affected by the things that had been said, and his voice was less clear and his bearing less confident.

"You have asked me some very puzzling questions—questions that I cannot answer," he said.

Just before adjournment, when the Rev. Smith was trying to bring the meeting to a speedy close, he was interrupted by a voice from the rear of the room. It came from a pale, slight figure, who demanded:

"Are you trying to reform us, or trying to reform social conditions? You leave us alone. It is too late to try to do anything with us. You give your attention to the boys and girls in the schools and the social conditions that are responsible for the spread of prostitution."

* * * * *

The curious reader has probably by this time come to the con-

clusion that the above is an improbable chapter from a new novel by Upton Sinclair. The sensational setting, the figure of the earnest and startled clergyman, the eloquent speeches of the prostitutes, and the obvious propaganda-motif of the whole, mark it clearly enough as being from the hand of that ingenious fabricator of sociological melodrama. Such things, of course, happen only in Socialist novels.

Nevertheless, in this case, the thing happened in real life. It happened January 25, in San Francisco, as stated. The earnest and bewildered Rev. Smith is a real person, and so are the women who filled his church that morning, and the passionate eloquence of their speeches is as literal as good reporting can make it. The whole story is taken from the pages of the San Francisco *Bulletin* of the same date.

Read This

THE MASSES has not on hand any October, 1916, copies.

If there are to be any bound volumes we must get hold of some of the self-same October, 1916, copies.

If any kindly disposed reader will send in his copy we will extend his subscription three months and telepath our deepest gratitude.

We really mean this.

Christian Fun

(A press clipping)

A chapel on Thursday, October 26, a short talk was given by Rev. Mr. Fink, who captained the Yale football team of 1901. His subject was, "The Fun a Minister Gets Out of Life." His talk, although it was short, was very interesting and the subject was a rather unusual one.

He began by saying that boys did not think that ministers got, or were supposed to get, any fun out of life; but that they really did. "Fun is not in having things," he said, "but in our contact with other persons." As an example of this he told how a sixteen year old boy had come to him and started to tell him how his mother and father were dead and how he could not get along in the world. Seeing that the boy was lying he talked to him and finally got the truth. Joe, that was the boy's name, had fallen in with bad companions and had succumbed to the many temptations which had come before him.

He told Mr. Fink that a couple of men had tried to help him by sending him to an Aid Society's farm, but that he had run away. Knowing that the boy would get beyond his reach if he was left alone, Mr. Fink, as the best means of keeping him from sinking lower, had him arrested and sent to the Penitentiary. During the year he will be there he will see the wrong in his ways, and try to mend them when he is released.

The other day Mr. Fink received a letter from the boy's mother, thanking him for what he had done and asking him to write to Joe. He went to see him instead and showed him why he had been sent there. "Little happenings like these put the fun into the life of a minister," Mr. Fink said in concluding.—From the *Riverdale Country School Review, Riverdale-on-Hudson.*

Bible Study

MALCOLM IRVINE ROONEY, 12 years old, who testified that he had been beaten 150 times with the back of an ivory brush for slowness in memorizing psalms, won a verdict of \$1,500 from a jury before Justice Ford in the Supreme Court recently against the Rev. Jacob Morris Coerr, rector of the Christ Church School at Kingston, N. Y., and Mabel Frances Elder, principal of the school.—*News Item.*

MOUNTAINS

AUGUST shapes, seeking the sun
Leapt you high
From the womb of your mother.
Does she remember,
Grieve for the time when you lay content,
Close to her fiery heart?—
You that have forgotten
In the long, rapt kiss of the stars.

Ruza Wenclaw.

BLACK MAGIC

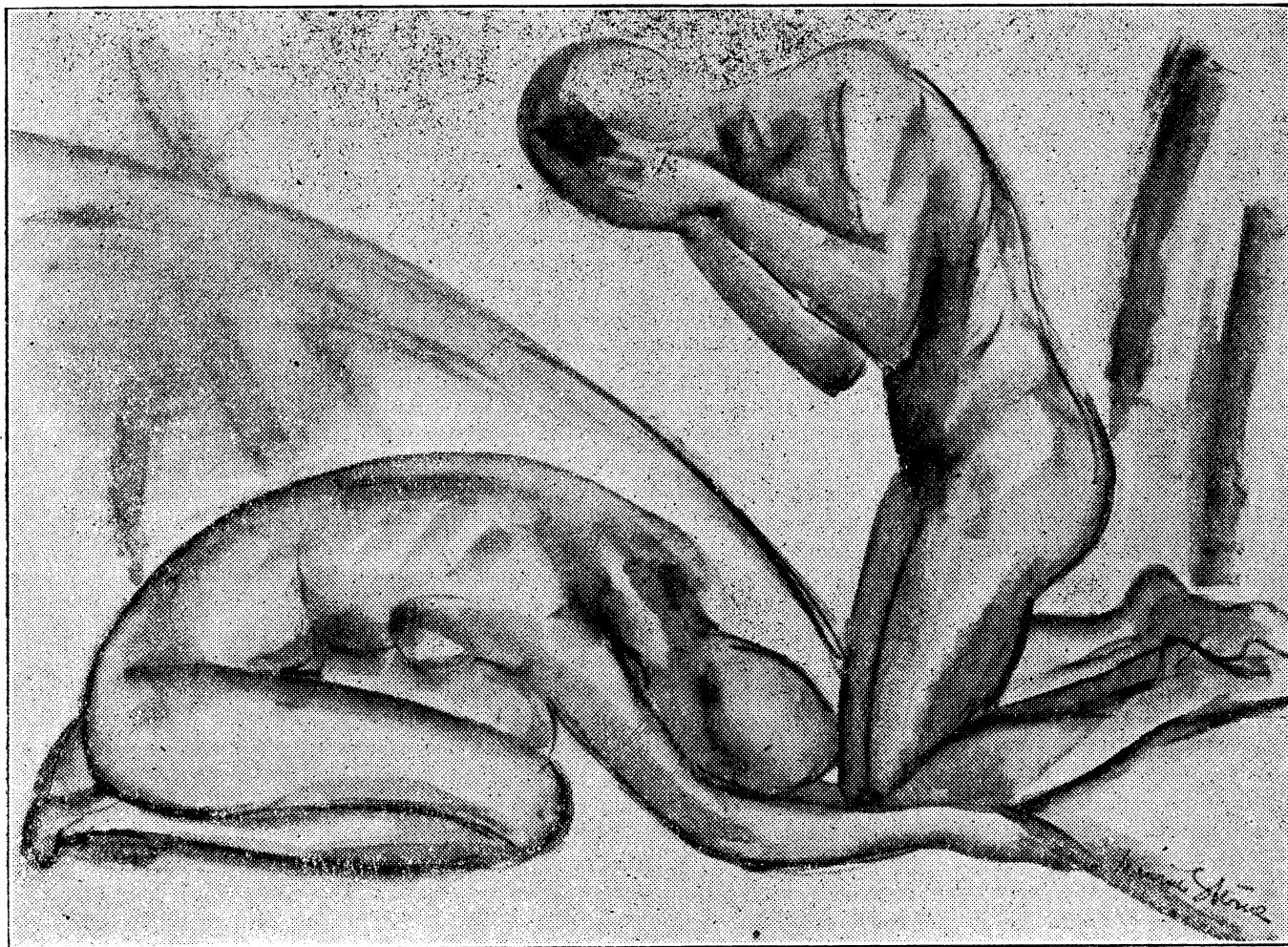
THE web was spun from sun to sun—
A cunning web of blue—
And every night the strands are bright
With globes of starry dew.

The web was drawn across the dawn—
A web of living flame—
They screamed to feel the hidden steel,
They gave their fear a name.

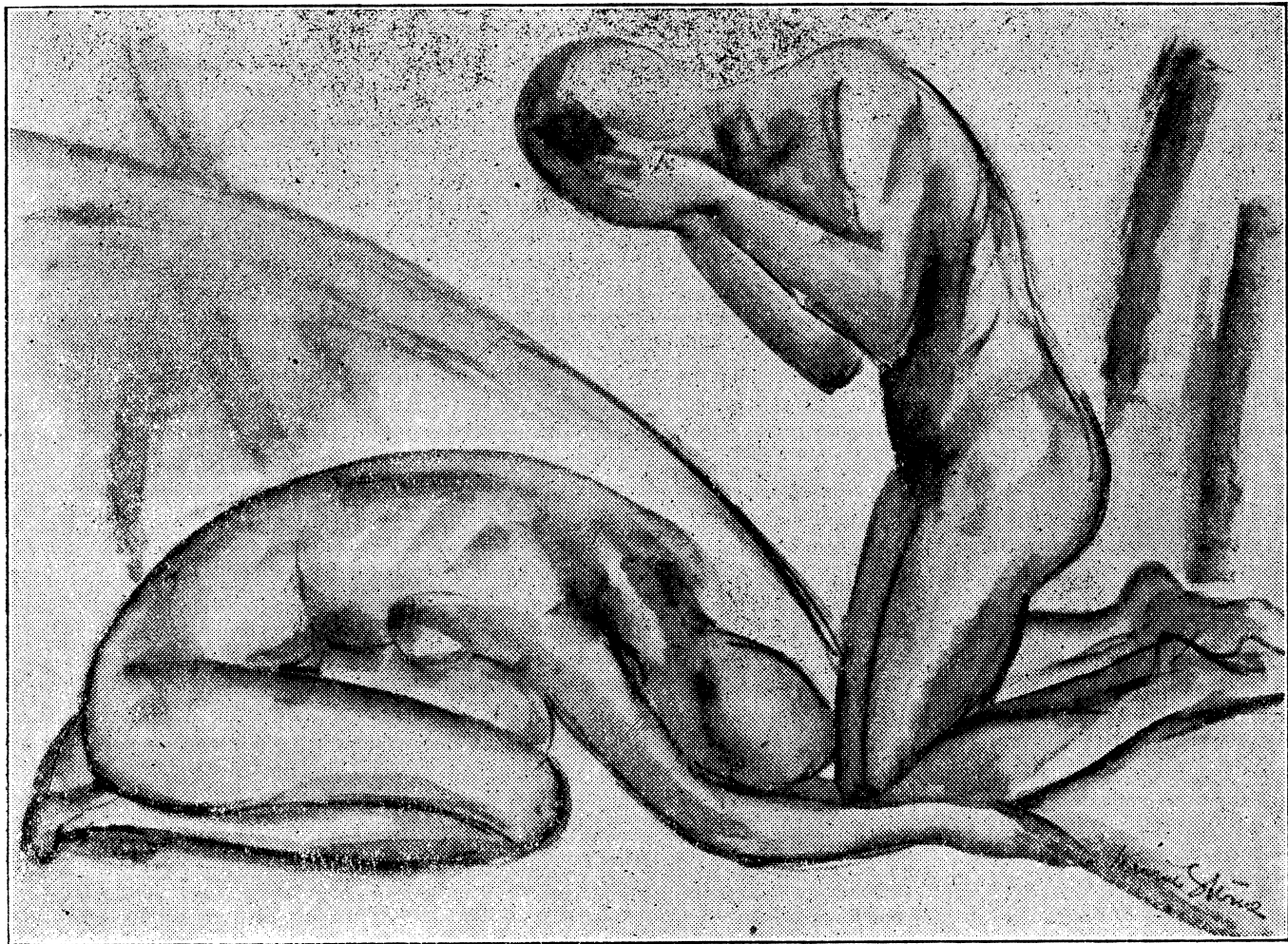
And those who cried, and those who died,
They made a god of dread;
They saw at last the web made fast
And wore the knotted thread.

The web is rent—the sky is bent—
Ah, laughs in the sun,
You wove the spider in the sky,
Yours was the web he spun!

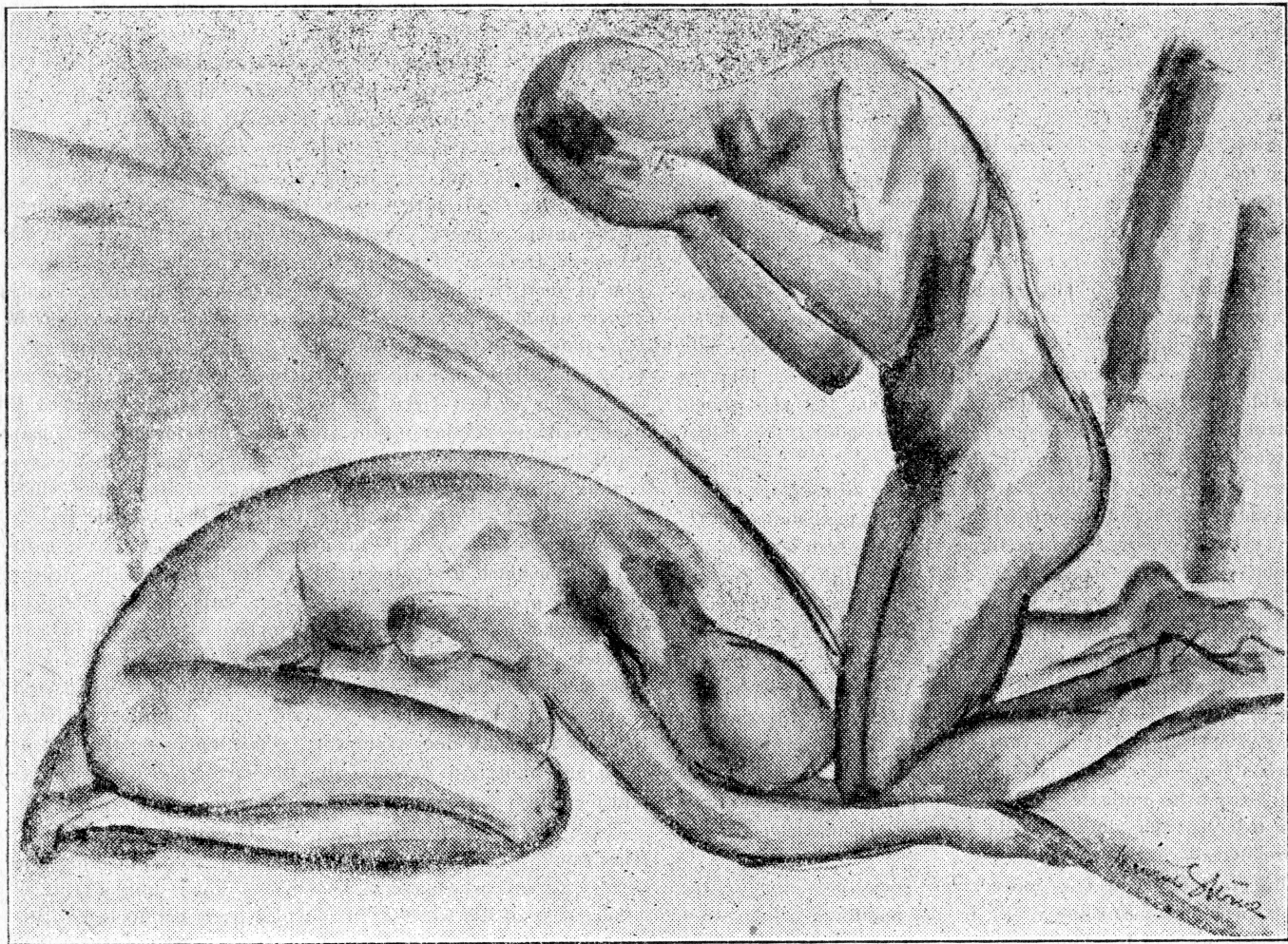
Leslie Nelson Jennings.



Maurice Sterne.



Maurice Sterne.



Maurice Sterne.

BOOKS THAT ARE INTERESTING

A MONTHLY REVIEW CONDUCTED BY FLOYD DELL

The Book of the Month

The Sexual Crisis. A critique of *Our Sex Life*, by Grete Meisel-Hess. Authorized translation by Eden and Cedar Paul. With an Introduction by William J. Robinson, M. D. \$3 net. [The Critic and Guide Co.]

GRETE MEISEL-HESS is an Austrian novelist, sociologist and feminist. Her critique of our sex life, now for the first time accessible to readers in English, is one of the three or four most important books yet written on the social and especially the psychological aspects of this subject.

The crisis to which her title refers means simply that almost all of us are rendered miserable by some or other of the institutions, evasions, moralities and immoralities, restrictions and rebellions, cowardices and brutalities, hypocrisies and scandals, which constitute our present sexual system. The whole thing is just a little too preposterous to last much longer. The only question is, what changes are both possible and desirable? Of this present and that future Grete Meisel-Hess writes not only as a scientist, but as a woman.

As a woman, with an instinctive sympathy for her own sex, she does not look forward to any possible immediate future with unmixed delight. It may be better than what we have, and yet not be such as women (or, for that matter, men) would readily welcome. It may not be what they most deeply want. In this case it isn't.

"Let there be no misunderstanding," she writes. "I regard permanent sexual unions as the ideal. For a woman, above all, it is eminently desirable that she should give herself to one man only, that this man should be the first she has loved, that she should never suffer disillusionment, and that the pair should remain true lovers until death. But," she adds, "this happy fortune cannot be extorted from destiny. . . ."

No. Such happy fortune is at present, for all except a chance few, only a noble and pathetic wish. Nor is it possible to formulate, even in theory, the conditions under which such happy fortune could become a general social fact. But it is possible to make a happier provision for human nature as we find it. It is possible to imagine, in a not too distant future, a society so improved in its economic and social structure as to provide a wide range and unhindered freedom for serious mating. It may be impossible to expect of youth the capacity to distinguish between the illusion born of desire, and the sentiments upon which a more deservedly lasting union might be founded. But it is possible to mitigate the seriousness of such mistakes, and even to accept that illusion as the happiest circumstance for the expression of youth's passion.

Our present scheme does indeed make social provision for the sexual needs of masculine youth, by the institution of prostitution. But without touching upon the more sensational objections to this arrangement, it may be said that association with prosti-

tutes is scarcely the best preliminary education for a more enterprising, democratic and responsible personal relationship with a woman. Nor, on the other hand, since the researches of Freud and his school, is it possible to regard prolonged celibacy, in women or men, as the best training for a happy marriage.

There is also of course the escape afforded, more and more frequently in this country, by the free union. Grete Meisel-Hess subjects this device to a searching criticism. Some of her comments seem, however, to bear on a psychology more European than American. Thus she finds that the arrangement is generally unsatisfactory, chiefly because of the "suggestibility" of men. They have an excessive sense of the irregularity of the arrangement; they find it impossible to regard the partner of such a union with as much respect as they would a wife; they remember always that the affair is impermanent, and when the inevitable end seems to have come they make the parting one of brutal abruptness. These remarks hardly seem to apply with any exactness to such unions in America. But certainly, in any case, a sense of dislocation from the rest of society cannot be good for a relationship, and must tend to destroy it. And the fact that such a relationship is generally one in which it is impossible to have children renders it socially a failure.

There is obvious need of a reconstruction of our customs and attitudes which will permit the sexual instinct an expression at once freer and more socially beneficent. This might come, as the author suggests (partly conditioned upon advances in the economic freedom of women from men) in the public recognition of such free unions. Any increase in the number of such unions would be to a large extent a diversion of the passions of masculine youth from the wastage of trivial and mercenary relations into a more humane and satisfying relationship. It would furnish for women (who are now quite generally conceded to have feelings) another escape from the cold-storage of celibacy which many of them would be glad to take. And with the protection which social approval and a legal status gives, these unions, hitherto for the most part barren, would become fruitful with children of love. The instinct of maternity, even the more shadowy instinct for paternity, does not automatically depend upon the presence or absence of that state of the affections which makes men and women desire to live together for the rest of their lives. And a society which desires children is overlooking an opportunity when it devotes its solicitude exclusively to those couples who have declared their intention of living together till death does them part. Wanting to do that is one thing, and wanting to have children is something else, and neither sentiment necessarily implies the other.

These are practical considerations. Doubtless Grete Meisel-Hess would prefer, if it were possible, that every child should be born of parents who were to remain true lovers until death. It is her sense of the world as it is which leads her to say: "Reproduction, however, must be freed from its dependence upon any prescribed form of sexual association, for the procreation

of the coming generation must be effected during those years in which the energy and beauty of the individual and of the germ-plasm are at their maximum, whether the union between the parents is or is not destined to endure, and without depriving these parents, by social censure, of the possibility of other and socially perhaps more valuable sexual experiences. The way must lie open for the birth of the children of vigor, youth, and free sexual selection, regardless of the question whether the parents are socially ripe and fit for marriage, or whether they intend to marry." It should be added that this paragraph presumes a society willing to provide for the safety and support of mother and child.

But there is a need also of psychic readjustment to the sexual situation—for women especially, we learn. Men, it seems, in particular men of finer endowments, are today "afraid of passionate love. They dread any sexual relationship grounded on profound erotic sensibilities. . . . So greatly do such men fear a passionate 'entanglement' that they often take to flight as soon as they become aware that their own feelings are strongly involved. . . ." Indeed, "the complete man, the strong man, the man able without danger to accept love as part of his life complex, to admit love and to hold fast to love—such a man is not of our time." And "this reluctance to love and incapacity for love exhibited by the modern man is the tragedy of the modern woman."

It is a situation which she must meet by ceasing to make love the center of her life. She "must find an adequate outlet for her vital energies in social activities (and in motherhood) and must not expect it from sexual love alone."

A new education for women, in this regard, is demanded. "From earliest girlhood our daughters are taught to look upon marriage as their goal, and their attention is thus prematurely directed towards the impulsive life. We should rather bring them up, not indeed to renounce love (for the attempt would be vain), but to learn not to regard love as the pivot of the individual life. A girl should be taught to meet her erotic destiny with energetic elasticity, to live through erotic experiences as does a man, and not to allow herself to be so profoundly shattered by an unfortunate episode as to suffer the wreck of her individuality. It should be our aim to make a woman ashamed of allowing herself to be bruised and broken by the assaults of fate, whereas today we incline to encourage her to assume the martyr's crown. Women must accept love's dangers and adversities as parts of a typical human destiny, learning to take love lightly, elastically, and resurgently. This emancipation of spirit, this refusal to be bound or broken on the wheel by love, need not in any way involve a light or trivial view of love and its processes."

Above all, she must learn not to surrender herself unconditionally. "Man has made himself an ideal image of woman, an image which in practical life he is unable to endure. In this ideal of woman"—say rather in this typical masculine erotic day-dream!—"unconditional surrender plays a great part, and yet we find there is nothing that the modern man likes less than this unconditional surrender. When he encounters it he is profoundly disturbed, and will certainly misuse it. When we find women living in a satisfying and lasting sexual relationship,

we shall commonly note that they are devoid of the capacity for complete and unconditional surrender of their personalities. . . . Nothing more quickly induces satiety in the male than the unrestricted generosity of the feminine temperament."

One must—and if one is a woman, one must learn to—"remain supreme over love." Women, it appears, "have a natural inclination to throw open the inmost recesses of their being; they are like tulips which we buy in the street with their petals tightly folded, but which, when we take them into a warm room, open to display their inmost heart. Now it is one of the laws of love that an ultimate privacy should be preserved. However full the self-surrender, however free and honorable the relationship, there should remain a region of ultimate reserve"—and in that region should reside a self-respect which will endure though all the rest crumble or be destroyed. This offering up of their independent selfhood upon the altar of love has been inculcated by glorious example in imaginative works until perhaps it seems the test of their love's reality. And thus, "by the force of the prevailing suggestion, a woman is led to stake her whole soul upon a sexual relationship, to endeavor to merge her whole personality in the experience, and disastrous failure is the common result. Such a prescription for women is formulated in utter disregard of the erotic caprices of the male, which are more changeable and uncertain than anything else in the world." It is indeed as a direct reaction to this feminine abandon that the male, awed and perturbed, concludes one day that she is an angel and the next that she is a Venusburg temptress—two foolish masculine fancies which complicate distressingly the erotic relationship and make his caprices seem to her more uncertain and changeable than anything in the world!

But if these twain are to be saved from the tragic results of his inability to appreciate her abandon, then a new attitude toward love itself must come into being. In her discussion of free unions, the author had earlier come upon a fact which hints at the answer to his later demand. She said: "Among all the variations of free love, gallant love is the most successful. The suggestion of freedom lasts longest when the liaison is entered into in the spirit of light comedy, in a mood of complete sexual detachment; and if the man is not to become alarmed about the free intimacy, it is necessary that this suggestion of freedom should persist intact. As soon as a man comes to regard the matter as 'serious,' he takes fright. . . ." So, on another emotional level, "the tragic note in an intimacy fills him with alarm." Transpose to this plane the light comedy of gallant love, and you have a surrender, too gracious to be complete, "under the influence of a refined, joyous, tender, and delicate disposition of mind, without any expectation of either heaven or hell." Such a love, she says elsewhere, would be one "absolutely divested of the internal and external claims characteristic of love today. . . . Neither partner would expect, still less would claim, anything beyond what was freely given as the outcome of mutual sympathy. . . . No more would be bestowed than the kindness and charm of a well-disposed nature in interaction with another person of sympathetic temperament."

And this love, moreover, has a deeper significance—"in the protection it furnishes against the Eros who destroys. It exercises a controlling influence over the elemental forces, con-

verting them to the service of mankind, where untamed their working would have been disastrous." Thus it is "a truly civilizing factor." Its inner significance is that "those who engage in it will not allow themselves to be yoked, oppressed, ground to powder, by erotic experiences." It is the victory of "love that laughs."

So it was that a Lady in Mars said to her earth-born wooer, in a German novel which she quotes: "If I were to give myself to you, I should descend from the pure play of the feelings to the coercion of passion; I should lose my freedom, and should have to return with you to your planet. Large and beautiful your Earth may be, but I should perish there under the weight that you are able to endure. And heavy as your atmosphere are your hearts." . . .

But there is a note of sadness in all this. It is a compromise, born of the author's sense of our masculine unfitness to respond to the wish for a love at once "ardent, secure and natural." Its artifice is a device to protect women against the humiliation of bestowing a gift on those who do not understand it. She offers us a bauble, since we will not take a soul . . . and she despises us for being willing to accept it. "It happens that in our day the regeneration of one sex is coincident with the degeneration of the other." The woman of the future, who, "filled with the joy of life," already blossoms among us, can find no fit companion among men. When the modern man arrives he will find "a kingdom awaiting conquest." He will not be afraid of love.

FLOYD DELL.

Haeckel

Eternity: World-War Thoughts on Life and Death, Religion, and the Theory of Evolution, by Ernst Haeckel. Translated by Thomas Seltzer. New York: The Truth Seeker Co., 1916.

HAECKEL has long been a historic figure in the scientific world, and since Weismann's death about a year ago he remains as the last survivor of the Old Guard of Darwinism. We could hardly expect that an octogenarian should reveal strikingly new or daring conceptions under the emotional stress of the European war. Accordingly, it is a very old friend that we meet in these four sketchy essays—the same fondness for newly coined terms of Greek derivation, the same insistence on monism as the only satisfactory world-view, even the old joke about God as a gaseous vertebrate. Naturally enough, the problem of evil is forcibly exemplified by the horrors of war, which furnish a telling argument against the belief in beneficent design.

The disharmony between radical and conservative tendencies in his mind again becomes apparent. Haeckel vehemently defends suicide against moral reprobation, but upholds capital punishment. He is an ardent pacifist but condones "a justifiable and healthy element in militarism." He is still sufficiently cosmopolitan, in striking contrast to such calumniators of Germany as Wells or Chesterton, to acknowledge the value of Great Britain's cultural contributions; but in his admiration for Bismarck, his demand for colonies, his estimate of the individual German, he remains intensely nationalistic.

In all this there is no backsliding but merely stagnation. The same applies to that part of Haeckel's philosophy, which appears to least advantage,—his conception of "inferior" races. His evolutionary point of view always demanded some transitional stages between ape and man, and the notion of several co-existing human varieties with a similar organic endowment but varying culturally through sociological and historic causes never fitted into his scheme. Accordingly, he is able to postulate the monstrous conception that the "highest developed European peoples" are separated from "the lowest savages" by a wider gulf than that between savage and anthropoid. All of physical anthropology, comparative psychology, and ethnology urge a diametrically opposite conclusion. It may be necessary to assume an intermediate pre-human race with a lesser native mental capacity, but hitherto no evidence has been brought to light to warrant the dogma of an inferior organic rank for any of the living races of mankind. It is one of the ironies of fate that the most effective modern prophet of intellectual liberalism should support so reactionary a viewpoint in the field of race psychology.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

Sweetness and Light

The New Republic Book: Selection from the First Hundred Issues. [Republic Publishing Co., Inc.]

IT is difficult to realize that the *New Republic* is only a hundred weeks old. So thoroughly has it established itself among our best American institutions, and in the regard of our best people, that it seems as though it must have been conceived at the same time as the Constitution, if not actually brought over in the Mayflower. Not that there is anything antiquated about the *New Republic*; for as everyone knows, and as itself does not deny, it represents the most deliberately liberal and carefully enlightened thought in THESE STATES. But so deliberated is this liberalism, so utterly final this enlightenment, that it comes like an utterance from the Ancient of Days. Or, since we do not wish to imply that the *New Republic* is ever gravid, let us say that it comes like an expression of opinion from the Ancient of Days in one of the more urbane and graceful but none the less authoritative moments of his discourse.

An institution at once political and literary, it combines as it were the dignity of W. D. Howells with that of the Supreme Court. And if we were told that these worthies had set up shop only two years ago, and in that space of time filled the more immediate universe with a sense of their importance, we should not be more incredulous than we are inclined to be about the *New Republic's* hundred weeks of life. A mere hundred weeks? Impossible! Say rather a hundred years. . . .

Yes, decidedly, for the first few years of its life would probably have been spent in the passionate celebration of some new vision of life or the reckless espousal of unpopular causes (cf. the editorial follies of the Transcendentalists or of J. G. Whittier); but eventually these faults of youth would have been overcome. In twenty-five years a weekly journal might have learned to address itself acceptably to those who desire

enlightenment without shock; in fifty years it might have acquired the art of extracting the shock from any idea whatever; in seventy-five years it might have established such utter confidence in its decorum that any idea which appeared in its pages became, by virtue of its presence there, correct. In a hundred years it might have become the *New Republic*.

Yet, in spite of probabilities, we can by an effort go back in memory to the time, two years ago, when the *New Republic* was not. It seems strange. A United States of America without the *New Republic* in it. There was only a void, inconspicuous but acute, on library table-tops, and in after-dinner conversation. And then, sprung serene and immortally middle-aged from the editorial brain of Mr. Walter Lippmann and his associates, appeared the *New Republic*.

There was in that first issue—or should have been, we really cannot trouble to look it up—an article on the Freudian interpretation of dreams, and one on the music of Leo Ornstein; there were editorials saying that it was to be hoped that the pants manufacturers would see the reasonableness of the strikers' demands, and that President Wilson should confiscate the German ships interned in American ports; a causerie telling what a nice old gentleman saw out of the train window as he sat with a volume of Henry James on his lap, and a review of a volume of poems, in which (the review, not the poems), there was an estimate of the political future of Colonel Roosevelt and quotations from Veblen and Havelock Ellis; an essay by Rebecca West in which Ibsen was denounced most convincingly as a mid-Victorian chatterer and Santa Teresa exalted as the first (and with one exception the only), feminist; and an article, with map, showing the far-reaching effects of General Bing's victory on the upper branch of the Euphrates. All (except the Rebecca West article), was written with sobriety and restraint, and all (except the editorial advising the confiscation of the German ships) was marked, not to say indelibly branded, by unmistakable literary style. The editorial on confiscating the German ships, which was to reappear from time to time whenever a crisis arose which involved the destiny of the nation, seemed hastily and rather crudely written, as if under the compulsion of a deep conviction which could not stop to palter with literary form.

One hundred times in as many perilous weeks since then it has presented us the best liberal thought; and always in the most agreeable manner. One hundred times it has run the risk of losing its progressive poise. It is perhaps as a proof of its unscathed escape that it issues this volume, befittingly bound in blue-gray board covers with a black and white label, and giving, as the preface modestly says, "A sample of liberal opinion in the United States" (1914-16).

You don't put in your thumb and pull out a plum, however; urbanity takes both time and space. Thus, in an article on Brandeis it is stated at the beginning that "one public benefit has already accrued from the nomination of Mr. Brandeis. It has started a discussion of what the Supreme Court means in American life. . . . Multitude of Americans believe seriously that the nine Justices embody pure reason, that they are set apart from the concerns of the community, regardless of time, place and circumstances, to become the interpreter of sacred words with meaning fixed forever and ascertainable by a pro-

cess of ineluctable reasoning. Yet the notion not only runs counter to all we know of human nature; it betrays either ignorance or false knowledge of the actual work of the Supreme Court as disclosed by the two hundred and thirty-nine volumes of United States reports."

We pause, by the bye—not to doubt that the *New Republic* is fully conversant with the contents of those 239 volumes but to wonder by precisely what means it became so. Did Mr. Lippmann read them all himself, or were they divided among the editorial staff; and which volumes did "Q. K." read? But, however it was, the erudition of the *New Republic* produces, as always, its effect. No one would venture to disagree with a journal which, before setting forth what it thought of the attack on Brandeis, prepared for the task by reading 239 volumes of law reports. Brandeis had been attacked because he was "too radical," and because he was a Jew. Some liberals might have shown anger at such malevolent prejudices. But not the *New Republic*. No, it was an opportunity to undermine, quietly and tactfully, the popular notion of the Supreme Court. Bellicose propagandists might object that these subterranean operations go so far down that when the mine explodes it does no damage. There are mischievous notions about the function of the Supreme Court which are held by the Supreme Court; and there are mischievous notions about it held, one ventures to say, by most of the readers of the *New Republic*; but no one who reads the polite satire of the *New Republic* is likely to wince.

That is the beauty of reading the *New Republic*. One always agrees with it; and conversely, it always appears to agree with its readers. The appearance may be deceptive. Frequently it is, for Mr. Lippmann and his associates are not at all satisfied with existing politics, industry, education or international relations, and they have fairly definite ideas as to how the things ought to be changed. But with such infinite sweetness does the *New Republic* diffuse its light that no one would think of taking it for a beacon.

Of course, if the *New Republic* went at its readers hammer and tongs it wouldn't be—the *New Republic*. It subsists upon the conviction which it irradiates, that the truth is something that can be assimilated in an agreeable manner. It is a monument to the pleasant belief that thought is something that doesn't hurt.

There have been rifts in this serenity, of course. But the *New Republic* so obviously wants to avoid the raw earnestness of youth, the passion of propaganda, the angry and eloquent speech of naked idealism, that we take from a recent *New Republic*, where it looked unhappy and made the *New Republic* look unhappier still, this quotation from Bertrand Russell—and put it here where it belongs:

"Men fear thought as they fear nothing else on earth—more than ruin, more even than death. Thought is subversive and revolutionary, destructive and terrible; thought is merciless to privilege, established institutions, and comfortable habits; thought is anarchic and lawless, indifferent to authority, careless of the well tried wisdom of the ages. Thought looks into the pit of hell and is not afraid. It sees man, a feeble speck, surrounded by unfathomable depths of silence; yet it bears itself proudly, as unmoved as if it were lord of the universe. Thought is great and swift and free, the light of the world, and the chief glory of man."

Philosophy Released

THE fact that a major part of the civilized world stands hostile to Germany and hates all that is specifically German—tragic and ridiculous though it is—will bring one stupendous benefit to mankind. It will relieve the intellectual leaders of mankind in all quarters of the globe of an inane dread and reverence for German metaphysics. To me it has always seemed that the naive and spontaneous desire to be intelligent that springs up continually in young minds, might very soon carry us out of the dark soul-superstitions of Christianity, and we might come rapidly into an age of simple and sunny thinking about nature and men such as the Greeks enjoyed, if it were not for this vast mountainous morass of imposing ambiguities established by those Germans as an impassable summation and boundary of truth. Impassable it certainly is. No clear and realistic intelligence can understand German philosophy, except as a physician understands the insane; and yet thousands of such intelligences have been awed into silence and self-distrust by the ominous and awful reputation of the thing.

I believe that this will never happen again. We shall be invited, instead of understanding German philosophy, to understand how German philosophy came to be written and celebrated. And this exercise will contribute to our real knowledge of the world. It will be an exercise in the true science of psychology and politics, and may greatly help us in our sincere efforts never to write any more of that kind of philosophy.

—A beginning in the direction of this objective understanding was made some time ago, chiefly from the political side, by John Dewey in his "German Philosophy and Politics." That is a book which everyone even casually interested in intellectual history ought to read. It explains what German philosophy is, by showing what it is for. Now we have another little book by George Santayana, "Egotism in German Philosophy," which still more brilliantly and with equal skill diagnoses the growth from the standpoint of psychology. I mean that it explains, and makes us feel, the emotional use of these verbal mountains to the individual who creates or labors among them. I might say that Santayana shows why German philosophy came to be created, and Dewey shows why it came to be celebrated.

These two books mark the beginning, I like to think, of a new era in the teaching and learning of philosophy. Philosophy suffers the misfortune of never arriving at any verification, and therefore it does not automatically clear itself of dead opinions as it goes along. Other sciences grow smaller in one way at the same time that they grow larger in another. But Philosophy simply accumulates opinions, and rapidly grows so vast that no one can make himself an intimate master of it all. Kant alone is a life-work if you take him so. And thus it becomes a matter of choice which fields in philosophy shall be expounded as of standard importance. Kant and Hegel and Fichte and the rest have been so expounded all over the world. And they have so expounded themselves. And the weight and momentum of their position was so enormous that for my part, though I could not take the bulk of them seriously, I never hoped they would be academically dislodged. Perhaps I am over-sanguine in thinking that even a world war can accomplish this. But I

do think so, and I welcome Santayana's pagan book as a light shining out off the edge of a ponderous cloud.

It is a beautiful and friendly and natural book. Santayana *cares* about his subject here, and he does not convey, as he often does, that discomfortable impression of an abstract and fishy eye looking abroad without passion or participation upon the universe and the dreams of men. He has come down into the flux of opinions, and seems more like those wise and beautiful pagans he celebrates, who make friends with nature although they retain the poise and sovereignty of a thinking mind. No summary of the wisdom of this book, clear as its structure is, could be so inviting as almost any of its sentences, and so I simply quote a few of them.

The Greeks: "There is nothing exceptional in being alive and impulsive; any savage can run wild and be frenzied and enact histrionic passions; the virtue of the Greeks lay in the exquisite firmness with which they banked their fires without extinguishing them, so that their life remained human (indeed, remained infra-human, like that of Nietzsche's supermen) and yet became beautiful: . . . they governed themselves rationally, with a careful freedom, while well aware that nature and their own bosoms were full of gods, all of whom must be revered."

Nietzsche: "In the helter-skelter of his irritable genius, Nietzsche jumbled together the ferocity of solitary beasts, the indifference and *hauteur* of patricians, and the antics of revelers, and out of that mixture he hoped to evoke the rulers of the coming age."

Schopenhauer: "The grief of Schopenhauer in the presence of such a world, his desperate and exotic remedy—the denial of the will—and his love of contemplation were all evidences of a mind still half Christian: his pessimism itself was so much homage to the faith he had lost."

Max Stirner: "His crudity was relieved by a strong mother-wit and a dogged honesty; and it is not impossible that this poor schoolmaster, in his solitary meditations, may have embodied prophetically a rebellion against polite and religious follies which is brewing in the working-classes—classes which tomorrow perhaps will absorb all mankind and give for the first time a plebeian tone to philosophy."

Hegel: "What we know little or nothing about seems to us in Hegel admirably characterized; what we know intimately seems to us painted with the eye of a pedantic, remote, and insolent foreigner. It is but an idea of his own that he is foisting upon us, calling it our soul. He is creating a world in his head which might be admirable, if God had made it."

Kant: "The postulates that were intended to save the Kantian philosophy from egotism are the most egotistical part of it. In the categorical imperative we see something native and inward to the private soul, in some of its moods, quietly claiming to rule the invisible world. . . . The most subjective of feelings, the feeling of what ought to be, legislates for the universe. Egotism could hardly go further."

Goethe: "Nothing was more romantic in Goethe than his classicism. . . . The genuine inheritors of a religion or an art never dream of reviving it; its antique accidents do not interest them, and its eternal substance they possess by nature."

Transcendentalism: "To take what views we will of things, if things will barely suffer us to take them, and then to declare that the things are mere terms in the views we take of them—that is transcendentalism."

Culture: "Culture is a thing seldom mentioned by those who have it."

Tragedy: Schopenhauer "thought tragedy beautiful because it detached us from a troubled world and did not think a troubled world good, as those unspeakable optimists did, because it made such a fine tragedy. It is pleasant to find that among all these philosophers one at least was a gentleman."

MAX EASTMAN.

Poetry, 1916

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916, and Year Book of American Poetry. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. [Lawrence J. Gomme.]

THE anthology was once, as the name still hints, a garland, woven lightly by one who wandered idly in flower-land, of such blossoms as pleased his fancy, and presented to us with a graceful apology. "These pleased me. Perhaps they will please you. If not, I have had the pleasure of gathering them!"

And they did please us, those familiar blossoms of a garden in which we too had walked. For in those days flowers grew in gardens, and everyone knew the chief varieties by sight. This was a lyric and that was a sonnet and the other was an ode—rose, lily, lily, rose. And thus it was until Walt Whitman threw over the garden wall a bushel basketful of what he said was grass-seed, but which came up (so the outraged keepers of the garden declared) as ragweed, burdock, thistles and poison-ivy! At all events, the garden has never been the same since. The roses and the lilies held themselves in cold and proper aloofness from the intruding strangers for a space, but alas! propinquity at last had its way with them, and the result was a crop of miscegenate blossoms of which earth had never seen the like. Of all shapes and colors, ranging in appearance from the cabbage to the goldfish, they seemed to many shocked observers to have ceased to be flowers at all. They had every odor, from that of a harness factory to the subtler one of moonlight. Some of them were more surprising still—when you approached, they flew away; and others, when you touched them, said "Ma-ma" in a squeaky voice.

The old-fashioned anthologist was all very well for his times, but it is clear that he could not meet this situation. The anthologist of today must be made of sterner stuff. He must be, in the first place, utterly fearless. When he comes upon a flower that bites him in the ankle and then digs a hole in the ground into which it vanishes saying, "Woof! woof!" he must not run away in terror. He must remark: "Ah! something new for my collection!"

He must have, of course, a scientific training, which will enable him to distinguish the odor of the *paradoxiana Poundensis* from that of *Vachelindsicus gloriosus* at a glance. He

must know the habits and customs of all those varieties and groups and tribes. Indeed, it is an ethnologist rather than an anthologist that is required. It is in short, a serious task, and it must be said that Mr. Braithwaite comes to it with a full sense of its responsibilities. He is not content simply to bring in a casual handful of posies from this riotous wilderness of bloom. He has undertaken nothing less than the task of surveying the whole field, and, after an intimate study of all its offerings, the presentation to us of the most perfect specimens that it contains.

The magnitude of the task would appall a less courageous and industrious spirit. For it requires the reading, week by week and month by month, of all the verse-publishing periodicals in America. But that is only the beginning. In these matters one must keep abreast of the technical literature of the subject, and this entails a reading of some forty of the more significant books about poets and poetry published each year, and some 275 critical articles or reviews. The direction of current tendency in verse-creation cannot, however, be properly judged without reading the more important volumes of verse, which average about 198 a year. The mere physical labor involved in reading 1,380 poems, averaging 336 words to a poem, to say nothing of the difficulty of understanding many of them, is something from which an ordinary mortal would shrink. But Mr. Braithwaite does not shrink. Like all the great explorers of history, he enjoys the dangers and the hardships of his chosen task. Of these he modestly refrains from speaking. He merely presents us the results of his labors, with some appropriate critical commentary. If the result is something like the Pittsburg survey, rather more of a blue-book than a bouquet, that is not to be complained of. Taken as what it is, for all in all, and by and large, it is a noble achievement.

I proceed reverently to detach a few petals from the scientifically ascertained 96 best blossoms of the 1916 yield of verse.—

Ouch! I shall do nothing of the sort. I shall go and put some listerine on my finger. . . . But be reassured: they are not all so dangerous as that one. Some of them, indeed, are quite, quite innocuous. But it is safer to generalize. . . . Perhaps safer still to hand you the book, and retire. The fact is that I know very little about contemporary verse. I will confess that if I were to hear these poems read aloud, one by one, and had to guess at their authorship, I should do so somewhat as follows: Alfred Kreyborg, Alfred Tennyson, Witter Bynner, Robert Frost, Rube Goldberg, Amy Lowell, Martin Tupper, James Oppenheim, the author of "Tender Buttons," a Navajo Indian, the Untermeyers, the author of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," Ezra Pound, Robert W. Service, and one new and very remarkable unknown poet; together with many traces of collaboration with the man who writes the poems about Campbells Soup that one reads in the street cars. I should be wrong, I discover, more than half of the time. So perhaps I had better not write about these poems at all. I don't think I shall!

F. D.

The Prevention and Cure of Childhood

Charles W. Wood

CHILDREN under 17, I understand, were not allowed to see "Ception Shoals" at the Princess Theater.

Because "Ception Shoals" deals particularly with the problems that concern children under 17.

"Ception Shoals" is a serious play which aims to expose the crime of keeping young girls ignorant. Advanced New York therefore welcomed the play, lauded it, patronized it—and kept its young girls away.

The place for young girls, says New York, is at the leg-shows; at the burlesques; at the Midnight Frolics or the Cocoa-nut Grove; at the melodramas where the fellow with the bushy, black eyebrows finally gets all mussed up by the handsome arrowcollar boy; or at the white-slave films, where vice and virtue are as easy to distinguish as day and night, and not at all complicated as they are in actual experience. There are enough places to send our daughters, says brilliant, clever, intellectual New York, without letting them into places where they might learn something.

"Father, what is conception?" asks Nazimova, playing the part of a girl who has never been allowed to see another living person. "Tell me, how do women conceive?" That's all. That's the sole reason why young women weren't allowed to see this drama.

At all hazards, our young women must be protected. Pack them off to the farces and follies, where life is symbolized by a row of feet pointed at the ceiling and mating isn't mentioned except in jest. When they are safely out of the way, we old men can face intrepidly the problems of adolescent womanhood. For we are an advanced lot, we New Yorkers. If we decided to have a course in dieting, we would confine it to people who can't eat.

By the way, "Ception Shoals" is worth seeing, especially if you are young and threatened with adolescence. There are several things I didn't like about it: the last act was cluttered up, for instance, with a lot of perfectly superfluous tragedy—but the lambasting given to many of the sacred rules of society is fully worth the price of admission. I think I'd go anyway, if I were you, children; and if they didn't let me in, I'd keep New York busy answering why.

DEARLY BELOVED: We are now going to talk about ourself. We never read anything and we can prove it. We never heard of Prof. Santayana; and when Floyd Dell alleged last month that said professor was our sole literary indulgence, we supposed that he was talking about a versatile soap-boxer we have occasionally heard in New York, who guarantees to answer any question on any subject in any language: his name is something like that.

So much for our superior intellect. Our specialty is chasing butterflies. But when we do chase butterflies, we chase them like a child, not at all like the artists and literati of our ac-

quaintance. Our idea of chasing a butterfly is to chase a butterfly. Theirs is to throw a brick or a ham-sandwich across the room and yell: "There's a butterfly—chase it." When they spring that on us, we chase ourself.

For instance, one of our artistic friends once dragged us into Bruno's garret to see an exhibition of Clara Tice's "nudes." "Marvellous color and motion," he told us. No doubt. But they didn't look like nudes to us. They looked like neckties. For this, they say we are lacking in imagination.

We have imagination, but imagery to us must be built out of things we see. Children can't conceive of God, but they can imagine a heavenly Father. And their heavenly Father has to have whiskers and pants and all the other things that childhood inevitably associates with fatherhood. So does ours. And when a sad atheist once pointed out to us that God couldn't have shown Moses his back parts (Exodus xxxiii : 23), simply because an infinite being can't have any rear, we did just what all real children will do in the face of such intellectual sophistry: we let infinity go to the devil and hung on to our heavenly Father, coat-tails and all.

Confirmed adults cannot do this: and neither can those in their second childhood—imagists, futurists, cubists, and the whole legion of lost souls floundering around in the hades they call "Modern Art." They have forgotten the combination. When their imaginations get to sparing like kites, they let go the string. Children would know better. They know that in order to make the darn thing keep going up they've got to keep pulling it down. They never had to have Prof. Santayana explain the principle either; and if these modernists were as simple as they think they are, they'd get wise.

I've been altogether too humble before these highbrows. When they raved over "The Yellow Jacket," and I couldn't, I apologized. I apologize no longer. My advice to the whole bunch is to go and see Maude Adams at the Empire Theater and learn again how glorious the world of imagery can be.

J. M. Barrie's kite soars higher than most because Barrie never lets go the string. In "A Kiss for Cinderella," he has pulled down a little harder, and gone up a little further, than in "Peter Pan." That's saying a lot: but "Peter Pan" depended rather too much upon the ability of the electrician to produce satisfactory fire-flies, while "A Kiss for Cinderella" depends almost altogether on the well-known childhood of the human race and upon Maude Adams.

Concededly, Maude Adams is not an actress. But she is Maude Adams; and there isn't an actress on earth who can be that. She is more than an actress: she's an inspiration, a religion, a ministering angel to a world that still longs to dream but has almost forgotten how. In "A Kiss for Cinderella" she and Barrie give a wonderful demonstration. She isn't a revolutionist, so far as I know, but she makes one revolutionist feel that the revolution is worth fighting for. Some revolutionists

may be so discouraged that they would rather see Andrieff's "Life of Man," played by the Washington Square Players in their subscription performance. But that made me feel that the jig was up; and if I ever get into the spirit of that play, I'll throw the human race into the garbage can. Maude Adams made me dream again and want to go on fighting.

And in that dream, let me repeat, nobody let go the string. Cinderella was a London slavey. The big scene was in a corner of Cinderella's head. It was a ball—slipper and prince and all; but there was nothing in the dream that wasn't made up of the things the actual Cinderella knew. The prince was the policeman on the beat. The king in his gorgeous robes had a still more gorgeous cockney dialect. The rivals were animated pictures from the studio where she had been scrubbing floors, and the bishop who married her to the policeman-prince was a solemn stuffed penguin. Beauty there was in limitless measure; but it was not the beauty made by tired imagists who have emancipated themselves from the feelings of humanity. It was the beauty that grew like a lily in the little dark corner of Miss Thing's head.

G K. CHESTERTON is always logical. He doesn't know it but he is. He is the first person who ever proved to me conclusively, by logical syllogism, that the whale swallowed Jonah, that Joshua told the sun where to get off and that Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary. It was in his book "Orthodoxy," which a good Methodist let me take after the usual line of argument had seemed to fail. Chesterton, you will remember, proves all these things by first proving that Santa Claus does come down the chimney, that the cow did jump over the moon and that the Spanish Inquisition was a humanitarian reform movement.

It is quite possible to prove anything if you only begin by proving everything: and the stunt, when done by Chesterton, is decidedly entertaining. Some critics have intimated that "Magic" is dull; but they were of the morose and hopeless type who couldn't see any fun in a Billy Sunday revival.

"Magic" is a play with a purpose. In order to appreciate it thoroughly, you must understand that. Even Billy Sunday wouldn't be funny if he meant to be. An unbeliever challenging God is a sorry spectacle; but Billy bossing the Almighty is a scream. Chesterton defending Fairyland is every bit as good: and if "Magic" can only break through the lines and reach the New York public who are not in the habit of attending theaters, it should become the season's success.

As in all of Chesterton's works, it sets out to prove the unprovable; to prove, in fact, that nothing is really provable except that which can not be proved. And if New York goes to see the play, I haven't the slightest doubt that New York will be convinced.

The particular Q. E. D. in this instance is the existence of fairies, elves and little devils. I had my doubts, myself, about these things until I saw the play. But there was a conjurer in it who did all the ordinary conjuring tricks and one more. It was admitted that pulling rabbits from a hat,

or a bowl of gold-fish from a silk handkerchief, is a mere trick. But when a red light back stage was made to turn blue, it was apparent to all that something more than mere trickery was involved. The one skeptic in the cast, too stubborn to admit the truth, went insane. Of course. What else was there for him to do? The audience is well satisfied in the end, however, when it is revealed that the transformation was made by a battalion of devils who are finally sent back to hell.

Far be it from me to suggest that the audience had had experience with electric light companies. I don't believe they thought of any such thing. I believe it was all accepted in the Chestertonian meaning, that the preachers are right when they speak of the renaissance of faith now spreading throughout the world, that New York is ripe for the revival and that Billy Sunday will score his greatest triumph here.

Billy's big show, by the way, will be reviewed faithfully in this department, if we have to pay our own way in.

EVEN if you don't like "Magic"—and I can't understand why you should not—you will still find it worth while to attend the show. Galsworthy's "A Little Man" is put on as a curtain raiser.

It was written before the war. It shows a whimsically humorous meeting of a number of national types, and one little man, without nationality, who proves himself to be altogether man. It is sentimental, yes, but you can't help applauding; for Man looms up so infinitely superior to nationality that everybody sees the point.

And then—here's a joke: The curtain dropped and the orchestra began "The Star Spangled Banner." Everybody stood up except one timid reviewer and his wife. He almost stood too: he hates to make a scene except on paper.

"We might as well stand," he whispered, "there isn't any way to make an effective protest."

"Protest!" she answered. "I'm not protesting. If any one wants to stand up, I have no objections."

ANNETTE KELLERMANN is now at the Hippodrome in place of Anna Pavlowa. When I first heard the news, I wanted to see the Big Show again: it seemed to me the one thing needed to make it just about the biggest possible. Not Annette on the screen, but Annette herself, diving and swimming and disporting like a water-nymph in a great crystal tank, illumined wondrously so that every motion of her beautiful free body could be watched by the audience.

I went to the show and they wouldn't let me look: at least, not at all as I wanted to look at it. It was all there, just as described, and I had to admit that it was magnificent. But out in front of the crystal tank, the producers had put on another show—bears and frogs, and "Toto" as a "funny-fish," and a fearfully expensive layout of alligators and clowns, all efficiently calculated to disturb and distract. It was all well done, too: that was the worst of it. It seemed to me like producing a perfectly fine bass-drum solo simultaneously with a Strauss waltz—just to let the listeners take their choice.

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Sensations

A CRES
Of roses
Fainting at noon
In quivering sunlight. . . .

Ranks
Of white horses
Impatient, caracollog,
Jingling silver harness. . . .

Music,
Faint and far-off
And exotic
Like animals talking. . . .

Sunrise
On the desert,
Breathless with eager silence
That out-beauties sound. . . .

LOUISE BRYANT.

Irony

OUT of soul strife I write madness.
The tang of life is too bitter or
too sweet in my mouth. Rage grips me
over the ineffectiveness of man and I
snarl unto women: bear ye no more for
the maw of life, to whine like hungry
dogs over meatless bones.

Then again, I smother in ecstasy.
Life is a splash of scarlet sprawled over
a yellow canvas. Fuchsias are poppies.
Men pull down the stars.

Out of soul strife I write madness.
And tonight a woman fondling a Pe-
kingese poodle told me I must let her
read one of my little pieces some time.

JANE WHITAKER.

Courage

ALWAYS, I have been afraid of Life.
A child, I feared the dark. I
walked alone into its soft engulfing
blackness.

And I have feared this big world's give
and take—feared to match my mind,
my strength against the minds, the
strength of other men. No one has
guessed.

I was afraid of love. I took its chance.
I feared the agony, the ecstasy, the sac-
rifice, the priceless prize of mother-
hood. I chose them.

I am afraid of age. Age, you are bring-
ing gifts to me, I go to meet you.
I am afraid of death. Death, I wait for
you.

ANNE ARNOLD.

Prelude

THE grass has not yet
Felt the stir
Of Spring.
The trees are still bare
Of leaf and bird-song.
But, earliest of all,
The park-benches
Here and there
Are blossoming forth
With lovers.

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And the acrid taunt of withered leaves,
The roar of stamping cataracts
And the faint call
Of dim voices from the hills.

You have quickened my blood
And I have wrestled with you
In growing strength.

But now I am weary—
Can you not bring me peace!

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I MAIL you these bum lines today
and hope, with me, you'll have a
heart. I'm asking: How much will you
pay? Art for Art's sake? This isn't
Art. You know, Walt Mason copped
the kale with stuff like this; it isn't
hard; it can be written by the bale and
peddled by the pound, or yard. These
jangling jingles might be worse—of
course, worse can be done by me; but
then this junk is not free verse and,
"thurfore," it cannot be free.

I've sketches of the "bundle-stiffs,"
for which you later may find room; I
know that class—no buts or ifs—it is
the class, of which I'm whom. In any
strict artistic sense, I know they will
not be correct—plots smeared with
"local color," dense, and smothered
deep in dialect. I weep not at the
under dog, as Dickens and O. Henry
did; I shoot darts at the stupid hog,
who thinks he's sitting on the lid. No
baffled rage at those who rule (?), nor
Pity's sobs for us, I show. Sarcasm!
On the lordly fool, I turn my "Flash-
lights from Below."

Some "medicated" sex-stuff, too, I
write for Editors to slam; 'tis no sala-
cious modern brew, and, likewise, no
Victorian sham. This stuff lacks Latin
Naïveté and Russian Introspection,
chaste; its Teuton frankness, anyway,
will, surely, not offend the taste. It,
also, lacks Climactic sizz; it may pre-
sent no clever face—no thrills or frills.
My motto is: "Dramatic of the Com-
monplace." This subject needs a saner
light. Reason can cure St. Writus'
Dance. A Rational Rebel yet, may
write the first *real* Rational Romance.

Those Players, too, of Provincetown
—if you'd please give me their address
—some one-act plays I've scribbled
down. Perhaps, they'd criticise the
mess.

I've hinted that I need the "yen." I
don't expect a price absurd. I'll drop
the pick and use the pen, if you can
pay enough, per word. Hand-written,
this—at any rate, for typing, I've no
dough to burn; if all stuff must be
typed, please state.

Stamps are enclosed for its return.
I like THE MASSES' style—and strut.
I wish I had thereon a seat.

Yours for the Revolution — but
"Brethern and Sistern," let us eat.

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By the murderous macabre of shop machines

Iron-throated Carusoos
Gurgling and groaning and grinding

The eternal aria:

Clown! Fool!

Pagliacci!!! Pagliacci!!!

And we must listen

To-day—to-morrow—forever—

And we must hang

Like broken Christs on Calvary

When those sounds

Bombard and batter—

And Bound and Break

Upon the heart—

And bleed out

Their eternal aria:

Fool! Clown!

Pagliacci!!! Pagliacci!!!

To-day—

These floats in through the grated windows

A music—

As if from the lips of lilies

Before they died—

We who had been working

Knee-deep in our graves

Flocked to the window—

An Italian funeral faltered by—

We stood awhile

Forgetting our own graves—

Drinking in the music

That floated from the lips of delicate flowers

The foreman bellowed in

Angered and flushed—

The foreman who guards

Our half erected tombs—

We skulked back to our work

We skulked back to our graves

And once more those Iron-throated Carusoos

Are groaning and gurgling and grinding

Their eternal aria:

Clown!! Fool!!

Pagliacci!!! Pagliacci!!!

DAVID ROSENTHAL.

Birth

NEW YEAR EVE—Quivering awe and reverence possess me, as though I await the approach of something beautifully humane.

Reminiscences appear out of the Past as a flock of birds—they dart, dash, soar.

They are gone.

I submit to the ominous approach of the Future.

Vibrating whistles,

Sirens,

Vortex of silly voices, inane merry-makers

Welcoming what? A New bottle of Champagne?

ELIZABETH FOX.

Orchids and Hollyhocks

The Orator

ALL day she hoards her strength,
So that when night comes
She may spread wide burnished wings
And free, for the span of a midge's life,
That which faintly stirs
Imprisoned in the human breast.

RUZA WENGLAW.

Art and Immorality

AT first we thought it was "writ sarcastic," but it is apparently in dead earnest. It appears in the January *Art World*. It is an article entitled "Analysis of Works of Art," and it is signed Petronius Arbitrator. This pseudonym, we conclude after mature reflection, conceals the identity of Mr. John S. Sumner, Secretary of the Vice Society. The only other person who could have written it is the late Anthony Comstock.

The article is in three parts, the first of which exalts as "A Great Work of Art" a sentimental and inoffensive painting by Geoffroy, in which a father is represented as sitting in a hospital by the bedside of his sick son. This picture is characterized as great because it tells a pathetic story and is not "soiled by anything savoring of the meretricious, the vulgar and the immoral."

Next comes "A Clever Work of Art," the same being Giorgione's painting, "A Concert," a picture of two men and two nude women in a pastoral landscape. The picture is not great because it does not tell a story, because one of the women is "too fat," and above all, because the women are nude. However, the pastoral landscape, suggesting "the heroic ages," and all that sort of thing, so that "the mind is not forced to ask questions in morals," just saves it from "vulgarity." That category is illustrated by Manet's famous "Lunch on the Grass," which shows two men and two nude women, as in Giorgione's picture. Manet put his men in the costume of his own period, just as Giorgione did. Moreover, his women can scarcely be accused of being "too fat." Nevertheless the work is denounced as "insidiously immoral." The picture was not intended to tell a story, but it suggests one to the mind of the critic—the story of two pairs of "free lovers" who have been so hideously wicked as to "have rowed in a boat to a sylvan spot in the forest. While the two women bathe in the stream and disport themselves nakedly before these men" [who in the picture are so absorbed in their conversation that they are not looking at the women at all] "they look on and afterwards have their lunch." The critic continues: "If a good citizen should happen to run onto such a scene suddenly by mistake, he would be shocked stiff. Why should he not be doubly shocked when such a scene, violating all the conventions of society and

(Continued on page 42)

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A glimpse of two gray eyes and
the infinite sorrow of them;
A kiss—and the time when two souls
could look at each other naked,
plumbing the depths of each;
Passion rising like whirling flame;
And then the torture of one mad, mad
night,
Leaving him who was the weaker to
face the chaos of the morning!

Dear God, perhaps it was not love.
Or perhaps it was love so deep
That we who shared it could not bear
to see its promise wane,
And murdered it, that it might remain
forever beautiful.

TYMPANUS.

Children Playing

THE little blond babies and the little
brown babies,
And the Chinese babies like canary
birds,
Play in the street in the golden sleepy
evening,
And call and twitter without any words.

RUZA WENCLAW.

Art and Immorality

(Continued from page 41)

implying a whole story of illicit social relation, is publicly exhibited in the shape of a painting in a great art exhibition to which the world is invited in full confidence of finding here nothing suggesting of immorality and to which he takes his unsuspecting wife and adolescent daughters and sons."

The italics indicate the province of art, according to Mr. John S. Sumner. It also throws a light upon the customs of a certain section of the middle class—in which married women never *never* accompany their husbands to the woods and take off their clothes and bathe and enjoy the sensation of sunlight and fresh air on their bodies. The results are seen in the mind of the critic now on exhibition, to which this picture appears to be, as he naively confesses, an invitation to "wallow in sensuality." Of the implications involved in this confession he must be, of course, totally unaware!

But the amusing thing is that the editor of the *Art World*, in a fit of journalistic enterprise, has illustrated the article with reproductions of all three pictures. The sober beauty of Manet's work shows up the text as the hysterical twaddle of an erotically inflamed mind, but that is not the worst. It puts Mr. John S. Sumner (if we are not mistaken in believing him to be the author of this criticism!) in the position of having to prosecute his own publisher. This might perhaps be considered a step in the right direction. Though under the law, we understand, a Vice Expert does not have to lock himself up as the possessor of a lewd, lascivious, filthy and obscene mind—more's the pity!

Orchids and Hollyhocks

Advent

OUT of the night, out of the night—
When the dark small hours are
weirdly still,
And the air grows chill,
And the last of the stars prepare for
flight—
Out of the hush of the summer night
Breaks the lone brave voice of a far-
off bird,
But dimly heard:
"Awake, ye sleepers!"
—The feathered throng
In the heart of my garden is strangely
stirred—
"Awake, ye sleepers, and strew with
song
The path of the coming Light!"
At his word
They awaken—the myriad singers—one
by one
Adding a warble, a whistle, a trill to
the chant begun,
Till the night grows faint 'neath the
whelming burden of singing,
And slow gray dawn creeps in, all
misty-spun,
And troubles the drowsy world, to a
dream-life clinging,
With word of the Sun.

NINA BULL.

Cost

DAUGHTER of mine
I feel the wrinkles growing
and the flatness growing
and the greyness growing
and the coldness growing
upon me

And I see you
filling with grace
flushing pinker
moving with the fleetness
of a two year old filly.

Are they taken from me
to be given to you?

Could I have held
the grace
and the moving flush
and the fleet strength
a little longer
alone?

Phloxes are blooming in the garden
And marigolds.
My Grandmother cuts them
And puts them in vases.

I gathered fleur de lys when they
were blooming
And the roses.
Now I am waiting
For chrysanthemums.

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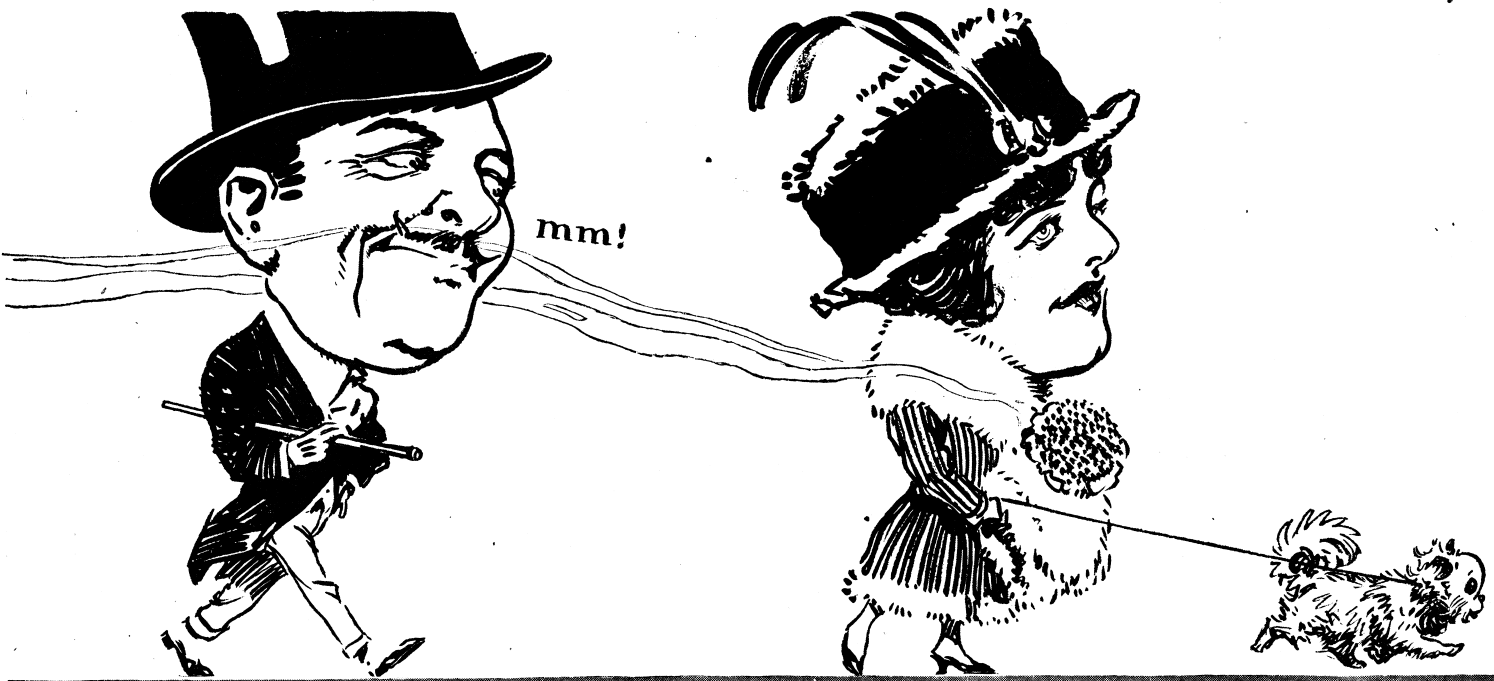
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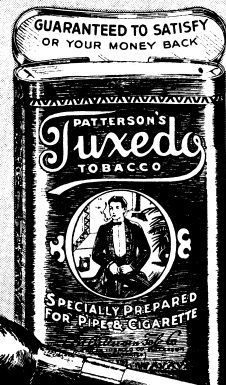
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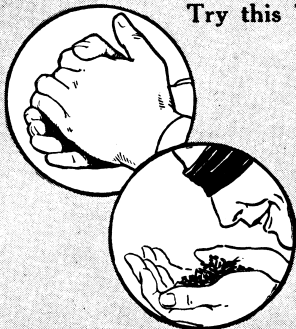
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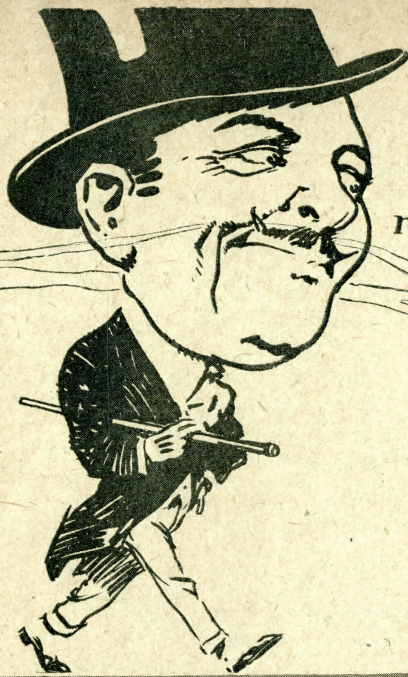
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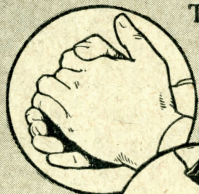
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