

The

# Masses

AUGUST 1915

10 CENTS



IN GEORGIA

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# The MASSES

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Max Eastman

**ART EDITOR**  
John Sloan

**MANAGING EDITOR**  
Floyd Dell

**CONTRIBUTING EDITORS**

John Reed	William English Walling
Max Eastman	Robert Carlton Brown
John Sloan	Mary Heaton Vorse
Floyd Dell	Alice Beach Winter
Arthur Bullard	Charles A. Winter
Frank Bohn	Glenn O. Coleman
George Bellows	K. R. Chamberlain
Arthur Young	H. J. Glintenkamp
Maurice Becker	Edmond McKenna
Cornelia Barns	Louis Untermeyer
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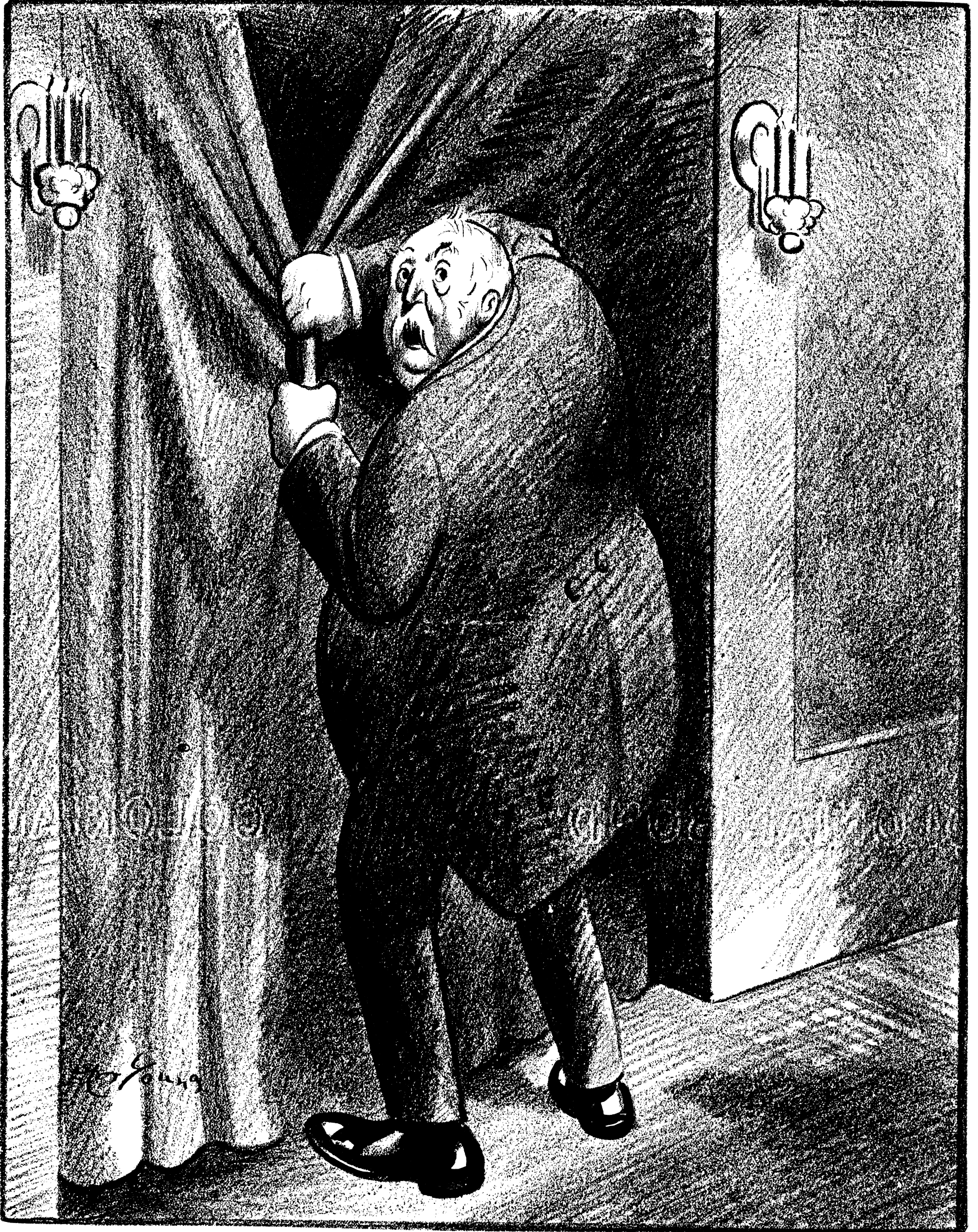
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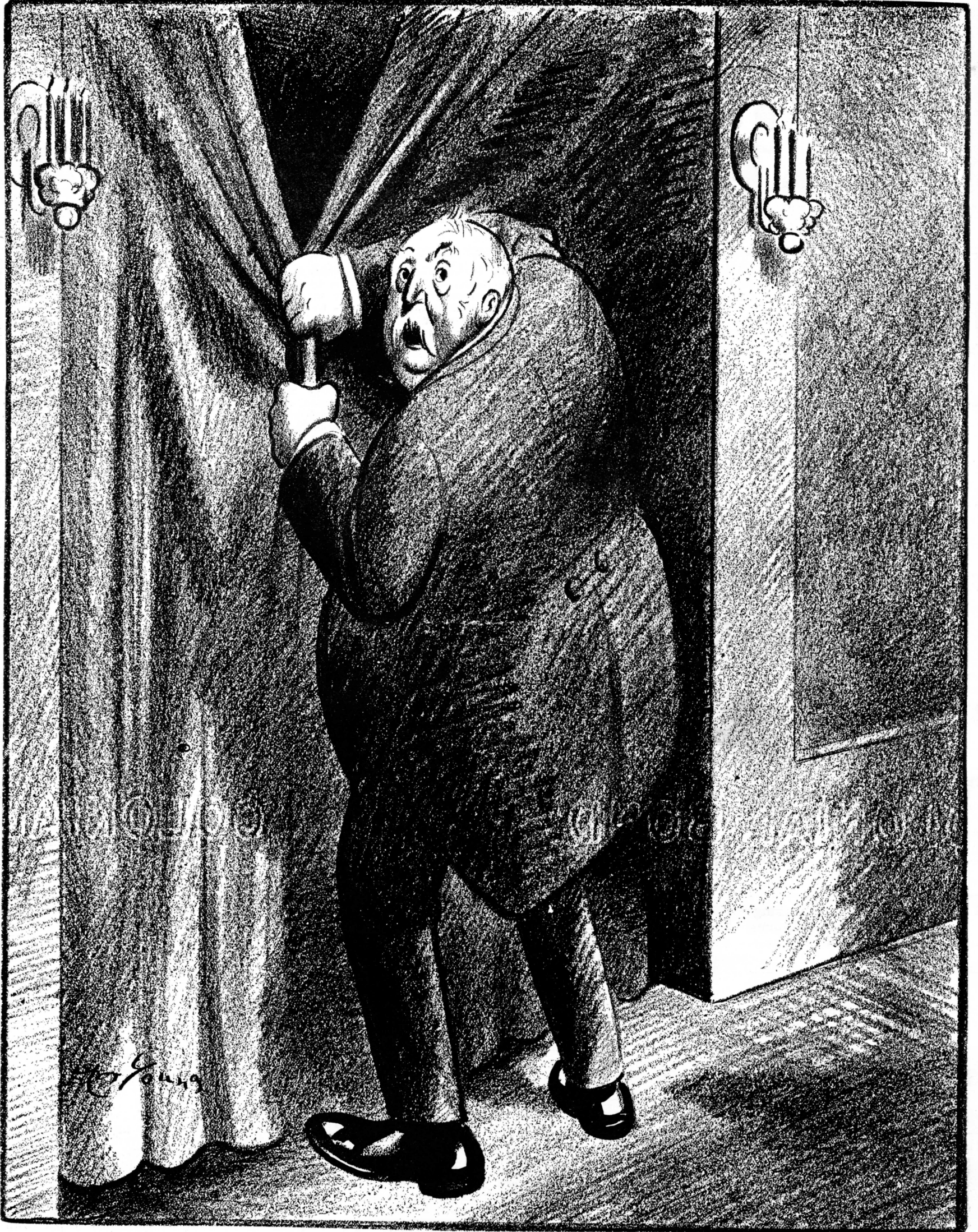
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RESPECTABILITY



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RESPECTABILITY

# The MASSES

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## THE STATE OF THE WAR

An Auto-Interview by Arthur Bullard

A FEW days ago a telegram came from Max Eastman saying that he would arrive in Paris that evening. I went over to the station and brought him back to my wigwam. He had a terrifying number of questions, and it took us most of the night to get talked out. "Gee!" he said, inelegantly but forcibly, as he turned in, "I wish you'd write up that stuff for THE MASSES."

He has said the same thing every day since. "Interview yourself," he said. I will try it.

As nearly as I can remember, his first question amounted to this: "Has living in France for the last few months changed your mind about the War?"

"Sure, it has! I can't imagine a person's mind not changing in the face of new facts—not unless it's ossified. I hope mine isn't."

"I'm enough of a pragmatist not to have much respect for ideas which haven't grown out of observed facts. Before I came over, my head was full of theories about a European War. Some of my ideas I had picked up from books, some came from things I had seen in little wars in Morocco and the Balkans, and with this scanty material I had pieced together a theory. And for five months now I've been watching some—a small part—of the Reality. A lot of things I had assumed were true—had guessed would be true—I now see aren't. And a lot of things I'd never dreamed of, I've run up against. And just because these things are so gigantic, my mind is changing faster than it ever did before. I know a bit more about a Great War than I used to know. And I hope to learn some more before I'm through. I'd be horribly ashamed of myself if my mind hadn't changed."

"For one thing, watching this War has revived my attitude towards Socialism and Revolution. I hadn't found many new ideas on this subject since I joined The Party. (And I suppose that's the worst thing I could say about The Party.) But suddenly this thing we'd been fighting—been fighting so long we'd come to be rather listless, had forgotten to hate—has jumped up in its nakedness. I had been pegging along, telling people that 'Competition' was bad because it is economically wasteful, because it is inefficient, because it ran up the cost of living, etc. And now I've had a new look at it—the naked reality of the Enemy. I had rather fallen into the habit of 'disapproving' of 'Competition.' And—well—I've refound a good substantial hate."

Then Max asked me if I had changed my mind as to which side I wanted to see win.

"No. I don't think I've changed the direction of my mind in this, but certainly I'm a lot more intense about it. I'm more anxious every day to see Germany licked."

Max, I think, was trying to be more evenmindedly neutral.

"Why?" he asked.

"Of course the issues are horribly complicated. I don't want to see the Tsar's tyranny, nor British Navalism—nor France's colonial piracies—strengthened. But still I want to see Germany licked. Perhaps it is only because I like the French and don't like the Germans—exception made for their beer and their music. But it is especially German Philosophy I detest."

"I wouldn't agree with it, but still I would not want to see it interfered with, if they were only content to use it for home consumption. But it seems to be inherent in their Philosophy to try to export it—to impose it on others. There is a religious tinge to their way of thinking—religious in the worst sense of the word. The religious sentiment of the Turks—Islam or Death. The religious sentiment of Medieval Europe. The Inquisition believed it was a holy duty to *make* people believe in Christ. And that's the way the Germans feel about Kant."

"It looks to me as if all the world was struggling up from the abyss, always pushing forward and upwards a little in spite of the millstones of tradition and that generally progress was made on the basis of some sort of compromise between the anarchistic ideals of liberty and the socialistic ideas of orderly comfort—always sacrificing one a little, to gain a bit more of the others. The English made one compromise and with their genius for politics and their elastic constitution have gone way ahead of the rest of us in some directions. And we, in America, with another compromise—our insistence on 'No taxation without representation,' have made our little progresses. And the French, shouting about 'The Rights of Man and the Citizen,' have pushed forward in another direction. And the Germans, facing other conditions and problems, have struck their compromise and have contributed to the common job of progress—and very notable progress they have made."

"As near as one can formulate in a few words the way a nation thinks, I would say their slogan is 'Untrammelled freedom of the soul and disciplined service of the body.' Up in the clouds the Germans are the freest men who live (witness Max Stirner and Nietzsche), down here on earth they are the most obedient and orderly. I think that sharp distinction between the realm of the spirit and the world of matter is unreal. But they call it Realism—the basis of all Reality."

"The intelligent Germans I know say that they *want* to be obedient and orderly, in what they call the kitchen side of life. They say that it is only by submitting willingly to a strict discipline in incidentals that you can hope to be free in the really important phases of life. They say that you can't get music out of an orchestra unless they play in time. If the first violin

insists on playing too fast or too slow—well—you can call that Liberty if you want to—but the result isn't music."

"When they see one of their *Verboten* signs—the bare sight of which makes me mad—they do not say to themselves: 'Here is something I can't do,' but 'This sign reminds me that I don't want to do that.'"

"In the world of matter—in dealing with things—they work together, they have acquired the habit of keeping in step. It is not they're afraid of getting arrested if they break ranks, but they would feel uncomfortable about it. They really believe—what we all say—that there is strength in unity. And certainly they have put it all over the rest of the world in the organization of the material world. Their success in industry, in commerce, even in their scientific research, is because they have this habit of wanting to play in time. And they assert not only that discipline pays, but that because they accept this discipline they are happier than the undisciplined Americans or French, who haven't sense enough to keep off the grass, who are all the time getting in each other's way and who, following a will-o'-the-wisp, fantastic conception of Individual Liberty, are the slaves of Disorder. I have never known a single German who did not believe that there was more real freedom to the square inch in Germany than anywhere else."

"Now, I would be all for letting them work out their experiment to the limit—if they'd only be content to work it out on themselves. They certainly like it. They've made immense progress on this formula, they're as hopeful for the future as we Americans. They think that they've only begun. But they insist on exporting their theory of life. And the Frenchman likes his theory of life better. And the German gets peevish when he can't convince the Frenchman by arguments and draws the sword—and the Frenchman fights. And I hope he wins."

At this stage I took down from my shelf Rudolf Götter's "*Deutscher Volksgeist*" (the German folk soul) and read Max this passage:

"'To each, his own' is an essentially German phrase (*ein echt deutsches Wort*). . . . The respect of the personality and of its rights, the sentiment of what one owes to oneself and to others are virtues which especially fit us. . . . This does not forbid our external expansion, because that is our first law. To live and grow at the expense of other less meritorious peoples finds its justification in our conviction that we are of all peoples the most noble and the most pure, destined before others to work for the highest development of humanity. . . . And this requires us to be the strongest military power on land and sea.'"

"Well, I hope that people who feel like that will get licked. I don't doubt that there are lots of Germans who are not so crazy. I'm sorry for them. . . ."



*Not Her War*



*He can tell you all about it*



*A Non-Combatant*

FROM  
MAURICE BECKER  
IN EUROPE



*Our Captain!*



*A Reserve*



*Not Her War*



*He can tell you all about it*



*A Non-Combatant*

FROM  
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IN EUROPE



*Our Captain!*



*A Reserve*



They didn't have the nerve to hang this chap, Götte. The German philosophers from Fichte to date are full of this sort of drool. And the poor guys who stood for it will have to suffer for it.

"I don't doubt their sincerity. If it was only a bluff they would not be so dangerous, but they really believe they're called of God (*bestimmt*) to reform the world. They're crusading! Just about a century ago the French had a somewhat similar spasm. They went out crusading on behalf of 'Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.' '*Le Chant de départ*,' their recruiting song, shows how they felt about it. In the last verse the soldiers about to start off swear by their altars, their wives and sweethearts:

'D'anéantir les oppresseurs!  
En tous lieux, dans la nuit profonde,  
Plongeant l'infâme royauté.  
Les Français donneront au monde,  
Et la paix et la liberté.'

(To annihilate the oppressors!  
In all places hurling into the profound night  
The infamous royalty,  
The French will give to the world  
Both Peace and Liberty).

"Well, they got licked by people, who—as they said—preferred to be slaves. And so I hope the Germans will be licked by people—they call—'less meritorious.' I think this affair looks to them like a War of Liberation, just as much as the first Republican Wars did to the French. But I want to see them cured—just as the French were cured—of this fool idea of forcible uplift. And I don't think anything short of a good licking will cure them."

"And you still think they will be licked?"

"I think the betting is ten to one against them."

Max was inclined to pessimism. He was much impressed by the fact that the Germans hold almost all of Belgium, a big slice of France, and that just now they are giving the Russians a bump in Galicia and that the Italians have not set any oceans on fire yet and that the Allies are up against it in the Dardanelles.

But I dope it out this way. Nothing seems to me more unlikely than the much talked of "deadlock." A drawn game implies an exact equilibrium of force—like the famous Kilkenny Cats. But I never did believe that story. I've always felt that one of those cats probably quit before it was entirely eaten up. And it does not look to me as if both sides in this war were exactly equal. And certainly their rate of growth in strength is not equal.

At the outbreak of the war Germany was stronger than her enemies. It gave her the drop on them and she was able to carry the war into their territory. But her whole Theory of War was to be able to put her maximum of energy into motion before her enemies. Within six months she had probably reached this maximum and can hope for nothing better than to maintain it. Now—after eleven months—France has probably put as many men in uniform as she can find, but she has not come within fifty per cent. of giving them as powerful equipment as she can. The French Army ought to increase in strength steadily for the next year. The factories of Russia are not big enough to equip the men she can muster—her strength will rise and fall in proportion as she has free access to outside markets. Great Britain has not yet become a serious factor in land warfare.

Italy, with a million-odd well equipped men, has just begun to exert pressure, and, while it is extremely improbable that any of the Neutrals will come in on the German side, there is good reason to believe that some of them may rally to the Allies. In short, time fights against Germany.

It certainly is unpleasant for the Belgians and French to have their territory invaded, but if the Allies can—tomorrow, or next May Day or the year after—win a great victory it doesn't matter whether the fight takes place in the suburbs of Berlin or in Patagonia.

No one in Europe had a better opportunity to estimate the chances of Germany than the Italian General Staff. For a generation they have been in close touch with the military authorities of Germany and Austria and certainly knew more about their resources than any outsider. They decided in May that the tide had turned against Germany—or at least that the entrance of their army in the fight, would change the tide. And they were in a position to know.

But War is the proverbial realm of the unexpected. The element of "chance" is sure to surprise the augurs. But luck tends to balance itself—to equalize. There is no other basis for any calculation—unless you believe that what mathematicians call "chance" is really the Will of God and that you have the straight dope on His intentions. And there are just as many candles being burned in His honor and in that of His Lady Friend on one side as the other. There are just as many prayers going up to Allah in one camp as the other. To be sure the English have an edge, they have a certain number of Hindoos praying to Buddha. But the Germans have more faith in their "good old

God" than the French. So the Divine element seems pretty well squared.

If you eliminate "chance"—or figure on the basis that it will break even—it is hard to see how the Germans can stave off defeat more than a year or two. But if they have all the luck—if they invent nasty smelling gases, if they perfect their aircraft more rapidly than their enemy, if all the Neutrals decide to come in on their side, if their own people stand pat and revolutions break out on the other side—of course they may win. But on the other hand, if the Allies get more than their share of luck, they may finish up the Germans in a few weeks.

"And what do you think the War is doing to people?" Max asked. I remember that question and that it made me groan and I told him to ask me something easy.

There are so many different people and the War is doing something different to each one. I find people pretty much the same—only more so. I think that is the only generalization one can make. War intensifies. It intensifies the good qualities and the bad.

A year ago all these Parisians would have said they loved France—just as you or I or the corner grocer would say we love America. As far as one could see they loved their country somewhere round ten dollars' worth. And now—after about a year—getting oneself blows to bits for *La Patrie* is a commonplace. They



*The Eternal Masculine*



*The Eternal Masculine*



*The Eternal Masculine*

## SONG OF THE AMERICAN NEUTRAL

○ THE pleasantest sort of trip is on an ammunition ship,  
The danger zone I consider my own by right of citizenship.  
And if I should chance to die I love to think that I  
Another *casus belli* to my country would supply!

didn't know themselves what Patriotism meant, what a stupendous force it could be. They didn't really LOVE their country—they only liked it—the way a man likes his wife on the Golden Wedding Day. And now they are *in love* with it.

A year ago most of these Parisians didn't like the Germans—on the whole they thought pretty poorly of them. They HATE them now. Even the ones who make an effort to be fair-minded about it, who try to abstain from cheap vituperation—well, it would sound funny if you said they didn't like the Germans. Everybody talks in Italics and underlines their thoughts—even the venerable Immortals of the Academy. And so you can almost say that the regular work of the world has stopped. You can't think straight when you're mad. You can't paint a picture nor compose music that counts when you're in a rage. And in politics—the most interesting jobs they had in France before the War—well,—nobody cares a rap about the Income Tax, you can't get up a serious discussion on proportional representation when a large proportion of the country is invaded.

One thing that interests me a lot are these three o'clock *communiqués*. Every day now for nearly a year the Ministry of War has issued a little bulletin of news from the army at three o'clock. Rain or shine, with monotonous rhythmic regularity the *Communiqué* comes out. It is telegraphed all over the country and pasted up in the post offices. And it is hardly too much to say that from two to four every afternoon, every living soul in France is thinking about the War. Around two o'clock you can see them begin to wind themselves up. "Will the news today be good or bad?" At two-thirty they are fidgety. By three they've reached a queer, hard sort of calm. They are ready to take the news—good or bad—stoically.

What is it going to do to a nation to get it in the habit of thinking together—to wind it up to this high tension every day at a regular hour?

I can't see that they think the same thing about War. The old lady from whom I buy newspapers is depressed every day it rains. Her son, she tells me, is rheumatic and she's afraid he won't put on dry socks if he gets his feet wet. My concierge says that life is hard these days, she wonders when her man will come back and help her support the children. And there are lots of young women who, when the *Communiqué* reminds them of the War, wonder if He ever will come back—if there ever will be any children. And some of the old gentlemen left in town stand up in front of a map on the wall when they read the *Communiqué* and move pins about. And some—just like ministers of the Gospel—stand on the street corners and tell you what Joffre's plans are and really think they know. And everybody—upon this high place of intensity—is thinking. The simple ones are thinking simple things—but thinking hard. And the fools are thinking fool things. And wise—I hope, although there are few signs of it—are thinking wise things.

And it's the same with the Socialists—thinking differently according to their different temperaments. Practically all of them believe that France was trying to keep the peace and was wantonly attacked. There are a few "turn-the-other-cheek" Tolstoists—not many.

The great mass of them are agreed that it is to the interest of the working class to fight for The Republic. And certainly no other class in the community is fighting more loyally. But they are human beings and have the sharpest kind of difference of opinion on minor questions. Just like the rest of the world they are desperately intense about it. I cannot see that they are better Socialists—or worse—than before the War, but I think they are more in earnest about it.

Every one agrees that this is a time for action—not for thoughts. The job now is to lick the Germans. The thinking it out—the conclusions about the War—will come afterwards.

And after all that is the interesting thing. Not what is the War doing to people now—but what will the people be and do after the War. Will this intensity suddenly relax and leave everyone overcome with hopeless lassitude? Or, will the high tension persist? For nearly a year now almost every voter in France has stopped working for a living. They've been working hard—but not for their own count. They've been working for a common aim and they've been eating from the common table. And the community has been taking care of the women and children. Will they get the habit?

One thing is evident. Both in Germany and France, to a less degree elsewhere, the kind of politicians we, Socialists, have always been fighting—and will go on fighting after the War—have pulled off the stunt of getting the people in motion in a desired direction. That is what we've got to do, if we're to win in our Social War. I've often been discouraged and have felt that these great popular movements could not be manufactured. In history I see that they have happened

now and then. But that was just the trouble—they seemed to have happened—not to have been planned. And it's dull business working for things to happen.

Well—to a large extent this present wave of intense enthusiasm, which is riding over all sorts of old traditions and prejudices, which is making everybody do things gladly today against which they would have fought bitterly yesterday, has been manufactured.

Just the way people gradually learned how to utilize the power of steam and the force of electricity, so now they have discovered how to harness this stupendous energy of crowd psychology and make it do the work of the will of man.

And what the Kings and the Krupps and the other crooks have done, we can do.

Take this business of Patriotism. Partly in the public schools and the pulpits, partly by the written word, partly by the associations of the young recruits in the barracks, it has been made a living force.

"I think most of us—I'm sure it's true of me" (I remember saying this) "have loved Socialism about ten dollars' worth. If we could learn the trick by which the governing class of Europe has turned this rather pallid instinct of loving the old farm into this glaring, consuming flame of Patriotism, we could pull off our Revolution in short order.

"It's what happens after the War that interests me most. I never before had so keen a desire to live a long time. I'm immensely curious to know what Europe and the world will look like ten years hence—or twenty. Why, I even think it would be interesting to live fifty years more, just to see how it works out."

"Well," Max said, "please write that all up for THE MASSES."

## The Old Maid and the Violet Vendor

THERE he goes,  
An old man, far from youth's Springtime,  
Carrying violets,  
The flowers of youth and Spring.  
His coat is grey-green and shiny and threadbare—  
His trousers are old and loose and baggy,  
And the cuffs of them, flapping around his cracked shoes,  
Are badly frayed.  
His fingers are blue and numb and clumsy  
In the cold Spring rain,  
And he walks slowly,  
But his eyes are hopeful,  
For he is carrying violets,  
And he believes that he will make money to-day.

He studies the faces  
Of all who pass by on the streets of the city—  
He knows all classes and kinds,  
For he has seen them often.  
He offers violets humbly to fat, well-dressed dowagers,  
Gently to younger women,  
Suggestively to idle young men,  
Persuasively to kind old fathers.  
To all he offers violets as if he loved them,  
As if he were conferring a favor,  
And he does love them. . . .

I love them, too,  
The long-stemmed, mystic beauties,  
But he does not offer them to me.  
There is no hope in his eyes when I pass.  
Perhaps he has guessed that I work in an office around  
the corner,  
Perhaps he knows that I am poor,  
That I cannot afford to buy violets.  
But he does not know that I love them,  
That I walk down this street to see them every day;  
He does not know that I envy him  
The scent of violets on his numb cold fingers  
More than I envy him his hope  
That he will make money to-day.  
He does not know that I envy him  
The possession of so much beauty  
Though I am less shabby than he  
And nearer to youth's Springtime.

Some day, when the Spring sun is shining,  
After this cold rain,  
I might surprise him;  
I might go without my dinner, once,  
And buy violets,  
Yes, long-stemmed mystic beauties,  
The flowers of youth and Spring.

MARGUERITE WILKINSON.

## Atlantis

THE most fascinating novels in the world are those written by the historians. They contain the largest number of characters, including some that have never been surpassed by professional fictionists. They relate the most moving incidents, the most tragic conflicts. They seem, as all good novels must, true.

And like the best story-tellers, the Elizabethans and the Greeks, the historians do not annoy us with new and hasty inventions; they tell the same stories over and over again, conscious that they are the finest of all stories, and worthy of our perpetual interest.

But if the stories do not change, the manner of telling them changes. History, like fiction, has ceased to concern itself with the actions of a few romantic personages in high life. It has become realistic, and deals with the life of the people. It pictures to us their manners, their customs, their ways of getting and spending money. Like a conscientious novelist, the modern historian delves into blue books and saturates himself with statistics before he starts to write.

Sometimes a little fact will illuminate a whole epoch. Such a fact I find in a history I have just been reading. It is, I believe, the one short history of this country which has yet been written in which there is no serious patriotic bias, and in which the modern historical method is expertly used. It is the Riverside History of the United States, edited by that notable new historian, Professor William E. Dodd of the University of Chicago, who also writes the volume on the Civil War period—for there are four volumes, each by a different author, and covering the field from the time of discovery down to last fall.\*

My fact is from the chapter on American Culture in Professor Dodd's volume, "Expansion and Conflict," and it refers to the time of 1850-60: "Only in the larger towns," he tells us, "did the people have fresh meats throughout the year. An explanation of the enthusiasm of ante-bellum people for political speaking is found in the fact that barbecues either preceded or followed the oratory; and to a man who had lived for months on fat bacon and corn bread a fresh roast pig was a delight which would enable him to endure long hours of poor speaking."

It was the reading of these little volumes that reminded me of that well-known fact which I had forgotten, and which you may well have forgotten—that histories are the best stories, and the American story not the least interesting.

To Americans it should be the most interesting. We are, in our own estimation and in that of others, a peculiar people—the most materialistic and the most idealistic, the most enterprising and the most humdrum, the most peaceful and the most arrogant of all the races. Europe, despising and admiring us, still looks unconsciously to us for "something new." In this present war, we are being denounced for our commercial rapacity in coining the suffering of Europe into gold, and at the same time more than half expected to provide a solution for all Europe's troubles.

What are we then that we should occupy such a position in the world? The answer may be sought in the history of America, and not in vain. I do not want to hold the history I have been reading responsible for my own speculations, of which facts are only the warp and my own fancy the woof. But it seemed to me as

\* Beginnings of the American People, by Carl Lotus Becker, Professor of European History, University of Kansas.  
 Union and Democracy, by Allen Johnson, Professor of American History, Yale University.  
 Expansion and Conflict, by William E. Dodd, Professor of American History, University of Chicago.  
 The New Nation, by Frederic L. Paxson, Professor of History, University of Wisconsin.  
 Flexible leather. \$1.75 net, each. Sold separately, or in sets, boxed. Houghton, Mifflin Co.



Drawn by H. J. Glintenkamp.

### RETORT COURTEOUS

"YOU MUST PARDON ME FOR NOT REMEMBERING YOUR FACE—I MEET SO MANY PEOPLE."  
 "THAT'S ALL RIGHT—I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FORGET YOURS, BUT I COULDN'T."

I read, that the reason why people dream strange things about America is that it is the land of dreams.

Its very discovery was a Dream come true. Its explorers were men like De Soto or Coronado, in search of the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, or the fabulous Cities of Gold. Its first settlers were religious fanatics who would not make terms with the world in which they lived, and proposed to create a new one in the wilderness after their own hearts. They were followed by lovers of the impossible, Royalists who could not bear to live in the cheerless Puritan world, and who went out to renew *their* dream on American shores. And the numbers of all these were swelled by forced emigration from the old world of all those kinds of people who had become criminals, and prostitutes, and debtors, because they did not know how to conform to the realities of normal life.

Naturally enough, as I read, I found the descendants of these people creating a nation which believed itself

to be Utopia, the Land of Promise, the Chosen among Nations. They were full of bluster and brag, incredibly busy exploiting a continent, turning their dream world into solid and vulgar fact, and believing in it.—And then a curious thing happened.

But it seems that when the century was about thirty years old a good many people awoke to the facts of American life, and did not like them. They saw that America was like every other country—no Chosen Land, no Utopia, no dream come true, but the same old sordid welter of money-making, ignorance and crime that the world has always been. And in revolt against that fact they left the actual world and set out on a dream-pilgrimage.

—This was in fact the little known but very interesting period of American mysticism, reaching from about 1830 clear down to the Civil War. It was the period when every fantastic belief that took them away from reality appealed to them as never before



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or since. It was the time when Joe Smith dug up the golden plates containing the true history of America, showing that it was peopled by the ten lost tribes of Israel, and began to baptize people into the Church of the Latter Day Saints, who went off presently into the desert to find themselves a home. It was the time when people began to hear table rappings, and turned from mundane things to the task of establishing communication with the dead. It was the time of Fourierist communities—when as if in disgust with a world that could not solve its problems of ugliness and poverty, little groups—dozens of them, springing up in this one country and nowhere else in the world—went off to solve it for themselves: a kind of retirement from the world so different from these other kinds as to make one hesitate at first to class it with them, but springing from the same impulse.

Nor was the trait confined to the mentally undistinguished. One of our greatest men, Emerson, deeply begrudged his neighbors the privilege of engaging him in conversation about the weather, and retired from

the warm and distracting presences of everyday life into his frosty cave of thought. Thoreau despised his fellow-men so much that he preferred to live with the beasts and birds.

When these things happened, the tumult of pioneering was just quieting down, and the first menacing whispers of the storm that was to sweep over the country for four years in fire and blood were beginning to be heard; the atmosphere was full of an electric tension.

Was it because the American people had gone through a tremendous strain in turning a wilderness into a nation, and now that they had barely finished that task, without a pause or a breathing space were called upon to confront the problem of how to save the nation they had created, that some of them, not strong enough to sustain that terrific tension, refused to deal with reality lest they be crushed by it? Was it because it was too hard to think about the problem of slavery that they turned to mesmerism, spiritualism and new religions? Was it a failure of nerve?

Or should one dismiss these suspicions, and accept

the revolt of these chagrined spirits as being a justifiable criticism of the society in which they lived, conceding to them the right to dream something better than the actual, and asking only if they emerged refreshed from their dreams to take part in the struggle of actuality? The new religions must have afforded a permanent refuge for many too weak to face life as they found it. But some of the Transcendentalists, and those gallant dreamers, the Fourierists, came out renewed and strong for battle.

And does not something of this dreaming still cling about the American? Sometimes steeped in illusion, sometimes turning away in dismay from the fact to re-create the lost dream anew, now making vain boasts of what is not true, and again with an ardor that staggers the imagination attempting to realize the impossible in fact, he keeps that mist of fantasy about his life. The Italian historian, Ferrero, saw it. Kipling saw it. The old world is a little scornfully, a little amazedly, conscious of it. They expect from us the impossible—the dream come true.

F. D.

## Four Portraits—By Louis Untermeyer

### THE DEAD HORSE

**R**OTTING it lay beneath the affable skies;  
A fecund carrion thrusting to the air  
Its powerful benediction. Everywhere  
About it sang a cloud of bright, green flies.  
Joyfully strengthened birds began to rise;  
Great, shining beetles ran, refreshed and fair,  
And countless crawling things swarmed  
gladly there;  
Called by the death that feeds and fortifies.

So, laughing to that lively world he came:  
Death, like a lover at some glorious task,  
Transformed and quickened by this greater strife.  
His dark disguise could not conceal the flame;  
For there, behind his ineffectual mask,  
Sparkled the fresh and conquering eyes of  
Life.

### PORTRAIT OF A JEWELRY DRUMMER

Adventure hangs about him, like a friend;  
Romance he buys and sells—on six months' time.  
In his small wallet Lust and heedless Crime  
Come to a safe and profitable end.  
Rubies, torn from the eyes of idols, blend  
With virgin pearls, fresh from the ageless slime.  
And lives and hazards, perilous and sublime,  
Are this man's power—and his dividend.

The diver's death becomes his daily bread;  
The smallest of his opals burn and glow  
With all the stubborn agonies of strife. . .  
We spoke of men and hardships. "Well," he said,  
"This travelling is the meanest work I know.  
Small towns and sleepers—it's a dog's own life!"

### PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN

He slobbers over sentimental plays  
And snuffles over sentimental songs.  
He tells you often how he sadly longs  
For the ideals of the dear, old days.  
In gatherings he is the first to raise  
His voice against "our country's shameful wrongs."  
He storms at greed. His hard, flat tone pro-  
longs  
The hymns and mumbled platitudes of praise.  
I heard him at his office Friday past:  
"Look here," he said, "their talk is all a bluff;  
You mark my words, this thing will never last.  
Let them walk out—they'll come back quick  
enough. . .  
We'll have all hands at work, and working  
fast!  
How do they think we're running this—for  
love?"

### TO A GENTLEMAN REFORMER

Keep it—your torn and rotting decency,  
Your antique toga with its quaint misfit.  
Keep it—the world has little use for it,  
Or swaddled truths too bashful to be free.  
This is no age for sick humility,  
Or queasy goodness without strength enough  
To dare the keen and hungry edge of love,  
Or Fear that wraps itself in chastity.

Hide in its crumbling folds. How should you  
know  
That Virtue may be dirty and can grow  
Furtive and festering in a mind obscene.  
How should you know the world's glad, vulgar  
heart,  
The sensual health that is the richest part  
Of Life; so frankly carnal—and so clean.



## DOMESTICITY

ALREADY he was showing me his soul with unabashed candor, though he had known me five minutes. A traveling salesman, for a cheap commission house, I should say, seldom staying long in the same place, and therefore he must tell the secrets of his soul to any chance acquaintance or not at all.

"I had just got in from a long trip," he said. "I intended to go straight home, but just before I got there, I stopped in at McGuire's place for a beer. I was standing at the bar inhaling it when in comes a feller I know from the back room. He travels for an oil house, and every night he cops himself out a good-looking woman and gets stewed. Just as reg'lar as midnight comes around, he's soused—God, I don't see how he stands it.

"Come on back," he says. "I got a swell bunch of wrens. Come on and give 'em the once over."

"Nothin' doin'," I says. "I'm goin' home to the wife and kids."

"Well," he says, "just have one little one with us and then you c'n beat it if you want to."

"So I went back. And, say, maybe they didn't have a party on! Soused already, the last one of them. I had just put down my highball when I looked across the table and there was one of 'em looking straight at me, smilin', with her lips all pouted out.

"Oh you bebbly!" she says—just like that: "Bebby."

"Well, I never would let no woman get my goat, so I shot it right back at her: 'You go on and leave me alone,' I says, 'or I'll bebbly you.'

"Oh, you will, will you?" she says. And she got up and come around and set down in my lap with her arm around my neck. And then I told that new joke about the Ford car—you know—about the hen in the road? Honest, I thought that girl would kill herse'f laughin'. So one thing led to another, and after a while we 'phoned for a automobile. Well, we was out all night, and maybe I didn't feel rotten next day! Bones achin', tongue like a rag carpet—you know!

"I got home about four o'clock in the afternoon, and after I had kissed Minnie, I went back and shaved and changed my clothes. When I came back in the room, there was Minnie settin' there sewin' by the window, sewin' and sewin' away. She didn't hear me and I just stood there and looked at her. Oh God, I felt rotten! The lowest-down dog that ever e't scraps out of a garbage can would 'a' felt like the Prince of Wales and Scotland alongside of me. I just stood there and looked at her, and I made up my mind to be good to that woman.

"Minnie's a good girl. She don't never run around any and don't have nothing to do with any other man, s' far as I know. She loves her home. I made up my mind right there I was going to stay home every night till I started on my next trip and was going to show that woman how much I loved her.

"So that night after dinner, when all the dishes was washed and the kids put to bed and me and Minnie was settin' there together, I got up and started the phonograph. I played that a while and then I set and talked to Minnie a while and then I picked up the evening paper and started to read it to Minnie.

"I see here," I says, "that the Germans have started conservin' their food supplies."

"Oh," she says, "have they?"

"Well, now, what th' hell are you goin' to do?" said my new friend to me, thumping the ashes off his cigar viciously. "A man stays home to entertain his wife and he reads to her that the Germans have started to conserve their food supplies and she looks up and says: 'Have they?' . . . So I got up and put on my hat and went over to McGuire's."

PHILLIPS RUSSELL.

## The Nearing Case

THE Nearing case is not the least important of our social-revolutionary skirmishes.

It marks as clearly as the conviction of John Lawson the unscrupulousness of the employing class in putting out of the way those whom they consider objectionable. But more significant than this, it marks the beginning of a real revolt of the academic profession against the tyranny of capital.

If its promise of organized resistance on behalf of free speech in the universities comes to flower, it will be a significant step toward social freedom.

Scott Nearing, assistant professor of economics in the University of Pennsylvania, was dismissed without a hearing by a board of trustees composed of corporation lawyers and directors. His dismissal was preceded by an "alumni investigation" into the school of finance and commerce to which he was attached, and a "report" in which it was recommended that the school dispense with the services of certain teachers who publicly discussed "certain conclusions based upon a biased attitude of mind." The dismissal of Professor Nearing was thus the result of a deliberate policy of suppressing radical teaching in the university.

No official explanation of the dismissal was given, but it was given out that Professor Nearing was an Atheist. One of the members of the board, Wharton Barker, has named George Wharton Pepper, member of the board of missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and Joseph Levering Jones, a corporation lawyer actively identified with traction interests, a Republican politician and a director of various trust companies; as the moving forces in Professor Nearing's dismissal. The complexion of the board, a list of whose financial connections would fill a page of this paper, strongly suggest that it was for business and not for religious reasons that the action was taken. Mr. Barker himself declared flatly that "the attacks upon Nearing are made not because of his views upon religion, but because he attacks the aggressions of associated capital; attacks made because associated capital knows that its aggression upon economic rights of the people is nefarious and cannot stand against adequate presentation of the demands of the people."

Mr. Wharton Barker's revelations have had the effect of bringing to light what the other trustees regard as the right of free speech. Their views were formulated with legal precision by Mr. Pepper, who is, besides being a member of the Episcopal board of missions, an eminent lawyer; and they deserve to be put in large type:

**Free speech means the right to proclaim views not discordant with the ethical sense of the community, and so proclaimed as to evidence due consideration for the sensibilities of those holding different views.**

Surely, as the Philadelphia *North-American* remarks, "there can be no further doubt about the meaning of this controversy, when one of the directors of a great seat of learning signs his name to such a monstrous parody as this definition of free speech."

So menacing is this manifestation of Capital's purposes that it has not been left to Socialists to remark upon them. Members of the academic profession—it is to be hoped not too lately aroused to their position for effective resistance—have spoken out in indignation and shame. A committee of twenty has been organized by professors and alumni of the university, which may become a permanent organization and the beginning of organized action on behalf of academic freedom—a revolutionary trade union of college professors. Only such solidarity will amend the situation.

## Editorial

WE want to see the German invasion repulsed. For the sake of liberty, the liberty of Germany especially, and Germany's five hundred thousand revolutionary Socialists more especially, we want to see the Kaiser's expectations smashed.

But, whether they are smashed or not, we do not want to see the United States at war.

Everything is a hazard, but the value of keeping one big country sane and out of the fight is the surest thing we can see.

Who wants to have our picked men shot, our democratic evolution balked, our people saddled for generations with militarism and military diplomacy? Send him to France and let him get a belly-full.

For the nation as a whole, it is unwise, and it is unnecessary. Therefore we advocate neutrality for the United States.

**And to insist upon the right of American citizens to ride into England on a British ammunition train without risk, is not neutral.** No quantity of International law can make it neutral.

That is what our letters to Germany have demanded.

Bryan is entirely right there, and though he won't thank us, we stand with him. We will stand there throughout the war, if the war comes.

## Little Liberties

THE Supreme Court has upset the grandfather clause and sustained the negro's right to vote.

It may comfort the colored man to know that whatever may be done to him the next time he tries to, will be entirely illegal.

DR. SCOTT NEARING, who suffered seven years of suppression and underpayment at the University of Pennsylvania, must at times have had a discouraged feeling that he never would be fired.

"GEORGIA Mobs Lynch Innocent Negroes." After its season of wandering among strange prejudices this headline bears a pleasant flavor as of old home week.

ENGLAND has exploded the war-baby myth by denying everything in the sound old English way. Officially the *Audacious* is still afloat and the Kitchener administration has been a huge success.

THE Liberty Bell is on its way to the Pacific Coast. Perhaps it will stop off in Colorado and pay a visit to the man who is in the penitentiary for life for disagreeing with Young John D.

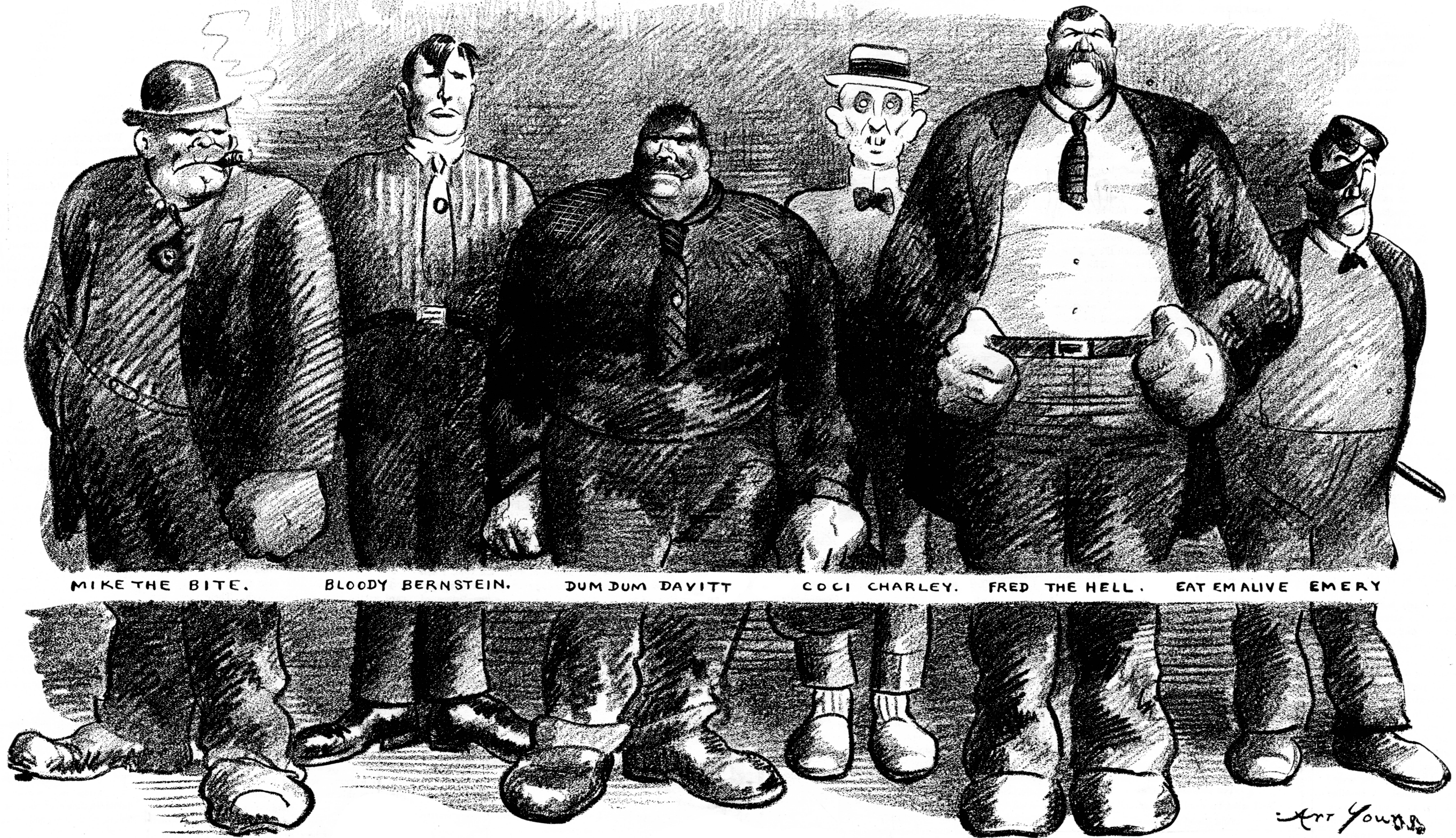
THE transit companies of Pennsylvania are preparing open warfare upon the jitneys. Old inhabitants, however, do not expect them to go to the length of giving good service, even as a war measure.

AS WE understand Mr. Bryan, the celebrated star-spangled banner has rights in the war zone but they might better be waived in the interest of peace. It is a pleasure to agree with Mr. Bryan about something at last.

LONG may it waive!

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

# A STRIKE-BREAKING AGENCY



MIKE THE BITE. BLOODY BERNSTEIN. DUM DUM DAVITT. COCI CHARLEY. FRED THE HELL. EAT EM ALIVE EMERY

Drawn by Arthur Young.

Against this kind of capitalist warfare the laboring man is expected to be courteous, gentle and patient

## STRIKE-BREAKING RATES

A tap on the nut —	\$10.00
A shot in the hoof—	15.00
Knockdown with a kick in the navel —	7.30
A crowd clean-out dead or alive —	100.00

# A Skilled Publicity Man

Herbert J. Seligmann

**D**ESIRING as I do that you should understand some of the ideals by which I work, I am venturing to enclose you a manuscript copy of an address I delivered before the American Railway Guild in New York some weeks ago." So Mr. Ivy L. Lee wrote to Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., early in June, 1914, explaining his willingness to undertake a campaign of publicity in behalf of the Colorado coal operators.

The public, he said in this address, must be educated, and certain misconceptions as to railroad management dispelled. In his mind there was no doubt that "the extraordinary achievements of our railroads, the wonder, as they are, of the industrial world, constitute a fact of overwhelming significance, a fact embodying the effort, the fidelity, the enterprise, the patriotism of ninety-nine out of every hundred men who have given their service to the public through the railroad since the railroad started to run in this country." To bring this to the consciousness of the public certain factors must be taken into consideration. If the managers of the railroads were to become popular leaders, as they very easily could, they must consider the psychology of the multitude.

This psychology Mr. Lee laid down in general propositions. In the first place, crowds do not reason; again, crowds are led by symbols and phrases; "success in dealing with crowds, that success we have got to attain if we are to solve the railroad question, rests upon the art of getting believed in"; the problem of influencing the people *en masse* is that of providing leaders who can fertilize the imagination and organize the will of crowds. This then is Mr. Lee's province: the art of getting the Pennsylvania Railroad, or the coal operators, or whosoever his employer may be, believed in.

The instances with which he illustrates the methods of applying this knowledge of psychology are illuminating. The German government offers the anomalous example of a despotic form of government and a contented people. Its success is due to the Kaiser who has got himself absolutely believed in by his people. The inference is clear. If the railroads and the coal operators can get themselves absolutely believed in by the people, success must come. To accomplish this belief railroads must use the phrases and symbols which lead mobs, they must employ leaders who can fertilize the imagination of crowds.

Such a leader if he were opposing a "full-crew" law would impress the public with the justice of his contention by changing the name to "extra crew" law; he would persuade reluctant investors to stretch their confidence in an institution by referring to certain proceedings as "readjustment of finances" instead of "bankruptcy." Mr. Lee narrated with approbation the newspaper publicity which was used in a certain strike. In some isolated cases the miners had asked for wages three times as great as were being paid. A headline appeared saying, "Miners Ask 150 Per Cent. Increase in Wages." It was true, said Mr. Lee, that the article did not describe a general situation; it was, however, a method, the only method of calling public attention to the essential truth of the case, and that was that the men were making extortionate demands.

These are the ideals with which Mr. Lee entered upon his campaign of publicity in Colorado. He wished to call public attention to essentials by making truth concrete in phrases and symbols. For "little facts so often carry a convincing thought to the public mind."

The correspondence between Mr. Lee and Mr. Rockefeller shows that Mr. Lee was active in "a broad educative campaign of publicity." The impression is confirmed by reference to the bulletins sent broadcast for the coal operators. These bulletins were issued at intervals of a few days beginning June 22, 1914. The series accompanied by an explanatory slip was entitled, "The Struggle in Colorado for Industrial Freedom." By sending these leaflets "to a large number of leaders of public opinion throughout the country" Mr. Lee expected to be able to put "certain ideas" before them which would be of value. He quoted in this same letter Senator La Follette, who spoke of the influence of a similar publicity campaign to increase freight rates 5 per cent. "The Baltimore & Ohio, New York Central and Pennsylvania railroads conducted a publicity campaign," said Senator La Follette, "through the publicity agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Thirty-two anonymous *ex parte* bulletins, reprinted below, have been issued and scattered broadcast over the country. They have formed the basis of thousands of news items, editorials, and addresses. They played no small part in influencing a large proportion of the upward of twenty-two thousand newspapers in the United States." This was the method Mr. Lee employed in the Colorado publicity campaign. It was, he thought, preferable to establishing a string of daily newspapers.

Not that Mr. Lee confined his attention to spreading broadcast bulletins and leaflets. He spent some time revising his draft of a letter for Governor Ammons to send to President Wilson; he arranged that from twenty to thirty thousand copies of Congressman Kindel's speech on the Colorado coal strike should be distributed; he followed the newspapers with sufficient care to notice that the Northampton, Mass., *Herald* used as an editorial the first page of his first bulletin; and he sent Mr. Rockefeller a particularly gratifying editorial by Mr. Brisbane. Finally he got the assurance of Mr. Delano of the Commission on Industrial Relations that the Commission would not go to Denver till the "pending difficulty" was over. "That," wrote Mr.

Lee, "will prevent a reopening of the flood gates on this subject." The bulletins were designed to "get abroad certain elemental truths on which we can build an even more aggressive superstructure of reality." In other words, Mr. Lee's intention was to get the Colorado coal operators believed in.

That he did not succeed was due not only to the facts which overwhelmed him and the "unbridled license" of the press, but to missteps of his own. In an attempt to discredit the officers of the United Mine Workers of America, who were conducting the strike, figures were published in one of the bulletins charging that Frank J. Hayes had received for expenses and salary \$5,720.10 in a period of nine weeks, or \$90 a day; that John McLennan in nine weeks had received a salary of \$2,683.55 and expenses of \$1,469.55 or \$66 per day. These figures were attributed to the report of the secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America. The bulletin was No. 14, published August 25, 1914. On January 2, 1915, it was admitted that the figures had been copied from a newspaper and that they were false and misleading. But the interval between accusation and retraction had been sufficient to fix in the minds of many of Mr. Lee's readers a conviction that the United Mine Workers of America were financially irresponsible and their leaders mercenary.

Knowing that Mr. Lee's bulletins are part of the campaign of publicity and education, one looks for some sign in them of fairness and enlightenment. The foundation of truth, as Mr. Lee sees it, is that "the struggle in Colorado has ceased to be, if it ever was, one between capital and labor. The fundamental question is, Shall we preserve law and order, and shall we maintain the constitutional privilege of every man to work where, for whom, and upon such terms as he sees fit?" It remains for Mr. Lee to prove that inflections of law and order are all on the side of the strikers. This he does by quoting from such documents as the report of General Chase, commanding the military district of Colorado. Speaking of Mother Jones' speeches, he says: "These speeches are couched in coarse, vulgar and profane language, and address themselves to the lowest passions of mankind. I confidently believe that most of the murders and other acts of violent crime committed in the strike region have been inspired by this woman's incendiary utterances." One bulletin is devoted to the bad faith of labor leaders, another to exposure of the organized tyranny of the United Mine Workers of America in Colorado, another to proving that there was no massacre of women and children at Ludlow, still others to opinions of Colorado editors. One quotation from a summary of conditions in Colorado which the mine managers sent to Washington gives the real meaning of the strike. "Instead of a strike, this controversy is an armed insurrection against the sovereign authority of the State of Colorado, conceived, planned, financed, managed and directed by the officers and leaders of the United Mine Workers of America."

More systematic and perverse misrepresentation than Mr. Lee's campaign of publicity has rarely been spread in this country. The industrial struggle passes him by. He has hired himself out and the god of his employer is his god. In the service of his employer he enjoys believing evil of his opponents and then he publishes it. One wonders what Mr. Lee thinks of his ideals when he is alone. But perhaps these ideals are just for business, and Mr. Lee has another set for his personal use.

## "SEEK . . ."

"SEEK; ye shall find."

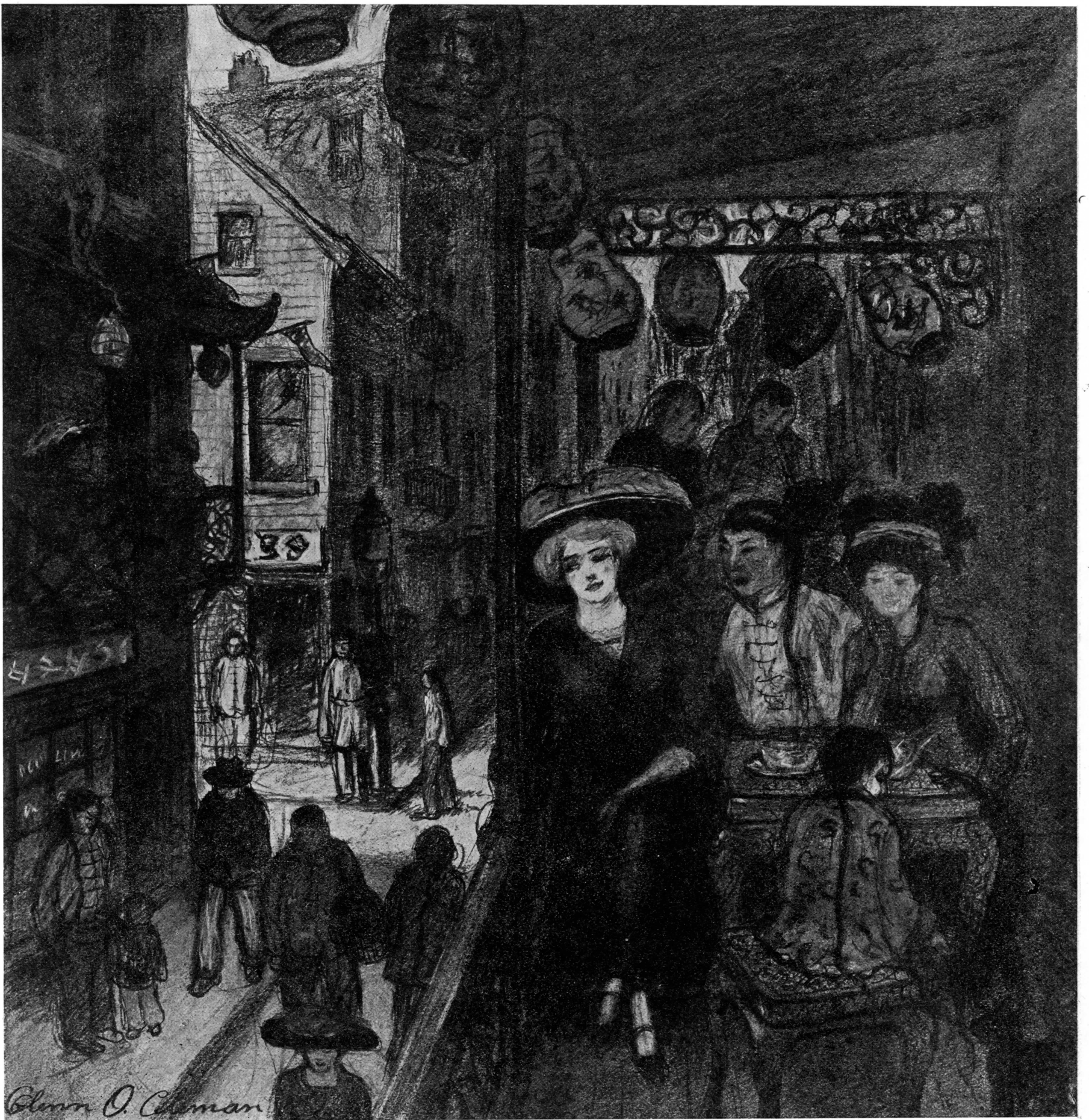
Great God in Heaven! We've sought  
Ten thousand years!  
What have we found? Water and Dust,  
And Blood and Tears.

"Ask, and receive."

Almighty God, we've prayed  
Ten thousand years!  
And what received? Water and Dust,  
And Blood and Tears.

"Knock; it shall open."

My God! But we have knocked  
Ten thousand years!  
No answer. Only Water and Dust,  
And Blood and Tears.



Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

## RACE SUPERIORITY

(The Portrait of a well-known Chinatown Character)

Acid-pale and powder-fair,  
 Ultra blond of skin and hair,  
 To the yellow men she seems  
 The essence of alluring dreams.

But whiteness is as whiteness does,  
 And business is — what business was;  
 And talcum-and-peroxide's sold  
 To yellow men for yellow gold.

# CHAUTONVILLE

Will Levington Comfort

THEY said that the Russian line was a hundred miles long. I know nothing about that, but I know that it extended as far as the eye could reach to the east and west, and that this had been so for many weeks. But *time*, as it is known in the outer world, had stopped for us. It was now November, and we had been without mails since late in August. Three days of hideous cold had come without warning, and before the snows, so that there was a foot of iron frost in the ground. This had to be bitten through in all our trench-making, and though we were on the southern slopes of the Carpathians, timber was scarce. At each of our recent meetings with the Austrian enemy, we had expected to feel the new strike—the different resistance of German reinforcement.

A queer sense had come to us from the Austrians. I had thought of it many times and others had spoken the same: that it didn't matter greatly to them. They gave us fierce fighting, but always when we were exhausted and insane with our dead—they fell way before us. This had happened so often that we came to expect it, our chief puzzle being just how long they would hold out in each battle. Especially when our brigade was engaged, and we had entered into an intensity that was all the human could endure, I would almost stop breathing in the expectancy of the release of tension before us. When it did not come, I invariably found afterward that I was out of perspective with the mainline, on account of the fierceness of our immediate struggle. We were but one snapping loop of the fighting—too localized to affect the main front. The Austrians gave all in a piece, when they drew back.

Days were the same, a steady suffering. I did not know before what men could stand. We had weeks of life that formerly I would have considered fatal to adventure with through one night or day—exposure, fatigue, famine—and over all the passion for home, that slow lasting fire. I began to understand how the field-mice winter—how the northern birds live through, and what a storm, on top of a storm, means to all creatures of the north country that are forced to take what comes, when the earth tilts up into the bleak and icy gray. We forget this as men, until a war comes.

But all measuring of the world had ceased for our eyes. A man must have emotions for this, and we thought our emotions dead. I wonder if it can be understood—this being shaken down to the end, this facing of life and death without a personal relation?

Crawling out of the blanket in the morning, I have met the cold—such a shock throughout, that it centered like a long pin driven in the heart. I have seen my friends go, right and left on the field—those who helped tend the fire the night before—and met their end and my own peril without a quickened pulse. Of course, I knew something was changed for me, because I had not been this way. I had even lost the love of courage—that quality of field-work that used to raise my hair, so high and pure did it seem to my eyes. . . . But the night came, when I heard a little man mumbling over the fire to the effect that he hated it all—that the Little Father was making monkeys of us all—and a thrill shot over me, so that I knew I was alive. Yes, there was something to that.

"Sh-shh—" said I. Two others drew near, as if a bottle had been opened. And Firthus, my closest friend, gripped my arm, leaving a blue welt where his thumb had pressed.

"It's as bad to say 'sh-shh—' as to say what he said," Firthus whispered.

Yes, even in the coldness, there was a thrill to that. Perhaps we thrill at the first breath of that which is to come and change us over.

. . . For three days they had given our part of the line a different and extraordinary resistance, so that for three nights we camped in the same place. A valley was before us, and the infantry had tried to cross again and again, always meeting at a certain place in the hollows an enfilading fire from the forward low hills. We could not get enough men across to charge the emplacements. . . . We were mid-west of the west wing, it was said; and word came the third day that we were holding up the whole line; that the east was ready to drive through, in fact, was bending forward; that the west was marking time on our account—and here we were keeping the whole Russian invasion from spending the holidays in Budapest.

On that third day I was dispatching from brigade-headquarters to the trenches. The General and his staff stood in a shepherd's house in the midst of a circle of rocks. Waiting there I began to understand that they were having difficulty in forcing the men forward in the later charges. The lines could see their dead of former advances, black and countless upon the valley snow. This was not good for the trenches.

. . . Now I realized that they were talking of Chautonville, the singer, the master of our folk-songs. We had heard of him along the line—how he had come running home to us out of Germany at the last moment in July—literally pelted forth, changed from an idol into an enemy and losing a priceless engagement-series on the Continent. He had not been the least bewildered, as the story went, rather enjoying it all. . . . They had monopolized him at the central headquarters, so that we had not heard him sing, but the gossip of it fired the whole line—a baritone voice like a thick starry dusk, having to do with magnolias and the south, and singing of the Russia that was to mean the world. Somehow he had made us gossip to that extent. So I was interested now to hear the name of Chautonville, and that he was coming.

He was to sing us forward again. There was a pang in that, as I craned forward to look at the valley. It was not for our entertainment, but to make us forget our dead, to make us charge the valley again over our dead—it being planned that a remnant might make the crossing and charge the emplacements. . . . He came—a short barrel of a man and fat. They had kept him well at the Center. He was valuable in the hospitals, it was said.

The least soldierly kind of a man I had seen in many days, save the Brigadier—so white and fat was Chautonville, the top of his head small, his legs short and thick, hands fat and white and tapering, a huge neck and chin with folds of white fat under it—a sort of a perfect bird dressed for present to the Emperor. Chautonville was big-eyed with all this—large, innocent brown eyes—innocent to me, but it was the superb health of the creature, his softness, clearness of skin and eye, that gave the impression to us, so lean and stringy. For his eyes were not innocent—something in them spoiled that. We were worn to buckskin and ivory, while here was a parlor kind of health—so clean in his linen, white folds of linen, about his collar and

wrists. His chest was a marvel to look at—here in the field after weeks in the Carpathians. We were all range and angles, but this was a round barrel of a man, as thick as broad, his lips plump and soft, while we for weeks had licked a dry faded line, our faces strange with bone and teeth.

"What is it?" he asked the General.

I thought of a little doctor, called by others after consultation—an extra bit of dexterity required, this being the high-priced man. There was that indoor look of a barber about him, too.

The General explained that a new charge was to be ordered—that three had failed—that the men (while not exactly rebellious) faltered before the valley a fourth time this day—that the failures were costly in men—in short, that the inspiration of Chautonville was required now to sing them and the reserves across. . . . The Austrians would quickly give way, if the valley were passed. . . . Then the thousands would flood up the slopes and—Budapest and holidays.

"You want me to sing to them for courage—as it were?" Chautonville questioned.

I had marked his voice. I saw now that he needed all the thickness of throat and bust—that he used it all. I hoped they would not send me away with a message.

"You want me to walk up and down the trenches?"

"Yes, singing."

He puffed his cheeks and blew out a long breath—as if enjoying the effect of the steam in the icy light.

"Are they under fire?" he asked.

"You see them from here—how silent they are! The enemy does not fire until we reach the valley."

So he made no bones about his fears. Nothing of the charge would be required of him. He could withdraw after his inspiration. . . . Hate was growing within me. God, how I came to hate him—not for his cowardice—that was a novelty, and so freely acknowledged, but because he would sing the men to their death. This was the tame elephant that they use to subdue the wild ones—this the decoy—the little white bastard.

"Very well, I will walk up and down the trenches, singing—" He said it a bit cockily.

I was in no way a revolutionist, yet I vowed some time to get him, alone. . . . I seemed to see myself in a crowded city street at night—some city full of lights, as far as heaven from now—going in with the crowd under the lights—to hear him sing. There I could get him. . . . Not a revolutionist, at all; no man in the enlisted ranks more trusted than I; attached for dispatch-work at brigade-headquarters; in all likelihood of appearance so stupid, as to be accepted as a good soldier and nothing more. . . . Now I remembered how far I was from the lights of any city and crowded streets—here in the desperate winter fighting, our world crazed with punishment; and planning for real fighting in the Spring. The dead of the valley arose before my eyes. . . . Perhaps within an hour my room would be ready. Still I should be sorry to pass, and leave Chautonville living on.

They beckoned me to his escort. I followed, hoping to see him die presently. This new hope was to watch him die—and not do it with my hands. Yes, I trusted that Chautonville would not come back from the trenches.

The pits stretched out in either direction—bitten into

the ground by the most miserable men the light of day uncovered—bitten through the snow and then through a thick floor of frost as hard as cement. I heard their voices—men of my own country—voices as from swooning men—lost to all mercy, ready to die, not as men, but preying, cornered animals—forgotten of God, it seemed, though that was illusion; forgotten of home which was worse to their hearts, and illusion, too. For we could not hold the fact of home. It had proved too hard for us. The bond had snapped. Only death seemed sure.

Chautonville opened his mouth.

It was like sitting by a fire, and falling into a dream.

He sang of our fathers and our boyhood; the good fathers who taught us all they knew, and whipped us with patience and the fear of God. He sang of the savory kitchen and the red fire-lit windows; (bins full of corn and boxes high with wood;) of the gray winter and the children of our house, the smell of wood-smoke, and the low singing of the teakettle on the hearth.

And the officers followed him along the trenches, crying to us, "Prepare to charge!"

He sang of the ice breaking in the rivers—the groan of ice rotting in the lakes under the softness of the new life—of the frost coming up out of the fallows, leaving them wet-black and gleaming-rich. He sang of Spring, the spring-plowing, the heaviness of our labor, with spring lust in our veins, and the crude love in our hearts which we could only articulate in kisses and passion.

A roar from us at that—for the forgotten world was rushing home—the world of our maidens and our women. . . . He sang of the churches—sang of Poland, sang of Finland,—of the churches and the long Sabbaths, the ministry of the gentle, irresistible Christ, of the Mary who mothered Him and mothered us all.

We were roaring like school-boys now behind him—the officer-men shouting to us to stand in our places and prepare to charge.

He was singing of the Spring again—of the warm breath that comes up over the hills and plains—even to our little fields. On he went singing, and I followed like a dog or a child—hundreds of others following—the menacing voices just stabbing in through the song of open weather and the smell of the ground.

My father had sung it to me—the song of the soil, the song from the soil. And the smell of the stables came home, and the ruminating cattle at evening, the warm smell of the milking and the red that shot the dusk. . . . My mother taking the pails in the purple evening.

And this about us was the soldiery of Russia—the reek of powder, the iron frost, and the dead that moved for our eyes in the dip of the white valley. And each of us saw our field, our low earth-thatched barns, and each of us saw our mothers, and everyman's father sang. . . . We cried to him, when he halted a moment—and our hearts, they were burning in his steps—burning, and not with hatred.

Now he sang of the Springtime—and, my God—of our maidens! On the road from her house, I had sung it—coming home in the night from her house—when, in that great happiness which a man knows but once, I had leaped in the softness of the night, my heart traveling up the moon-ray in the driven flame of her kiss. (She did not sleep that night, nor I, for the husk of the world had been torn away.) . . .

He sang our maidens back to us—to each man, his maiden—their breasts near, and shaken with weeping. They held out our babes, to lure us home—crying "Come back!" to us.

And some had not seen the latest babe at her breast;

and some of us only longed for that which we knew—the little hands and the wondering eyes at her skirts—hands that had helped us over the first rough mysteries of fatherhood.

And now I glimpsed the face of Chautonville in the mass—the open mouth. It was not the face that I had seen. For he had lied to me, as he had lied to the officers, and this was the face of an angel, and so happy. Long had he dreamed and long had he waited for this moment—and happy, he was, as a child on a great white horse. He was not singing us across the red-white valley. He was singing us home.

Then I heard the firing, and saw the officers trying to reach him, but we were there. We laughed and called to him, "Sing us the maidens again!" . . . "For I have a maiden—" a man said. . . . "Sing us the good Christ." . . . "For I was called to the ministry—" another cried. . . . "Sing of the Spring and the mothers at the milking—" for we all had our mothers who do not die. . . . He

was singing of our homes in the north country—singing as if he would sing the Austrians home—and the Germans—and would to God that he had!

Then his voice came through to us—not in the great, dusky baritone of song, but like a command of The Father: "Come on, men, we are going home!"

But I could not go. A pistol stopped me. So I lay on my elbow watching them turn back—a little circle of hundreds eager to die for him. All who had heard the singing turned homeward. And the lines came in from the east and from the west and deluged them. . . . Propped on my elbow, I saw them go down in the deluge of the obedient—watched until the blood went out and blurred the picture. But I saw enough in that darkening—that there was fine sanity in their dying. I wished that I could die with them. It was not slaughter, but martyrdom. It called me through the darkness—and I knew that some man's song would reach all the armies—all men turning home together—each with his vision and unafraid.

## War-March

### I.

"For this were ye made," the King saith,

"To be sent to death

For the sake of Our thrones:

For this shall your women breed

Fighting-men to our need,

For this ye shall drudge, to mold

Toil into guarding gold—

For We build Our thrones

Of gold and of slain men's bones,

And this is of God," the King saith.

"Ay," said the Folk, "we know.

Great are God and the King. We go."

### II.

"There is nothing new since the world began,

Nothing new, nothing new," sing the cheery fife and drum.

"There is nothing new in the land of man,

In the death of man, in the hate of man,

We bring mirth to killings in the hand of man,

Let it come! Let it come! Let it come!

We have cheered the killings on this earth of man

Since the birth of man for the mirth of man,

There is nothing new in all the strife of man,

Let it come! Let it come! Let it come!"

### III.

Ay, five-and-drum-beat, joy of battle unsealed,

Hideously merry, shrilly heartening,

Death-birds settling over the stricken field,

Widely-circling, sure, unhurried of wing.

Babes born dead on the earth-heaps, women starving alone,

Skulls turned up in the plowing a century hence in the mold

By peoples battle-dwarfed, fearful,

Ay, fife-and-drum-beat, joy of battle unsealed,

All these are known,

All these are old.

### IV.

Silent troopers tramping down the roadway,

(Horror falls when the drums forget to beat)

Heartbreak! Heartbreak! Heartbreak! Heartbreak!

Echoes and follows from the heavy-marching feet.

Screaming boys lash-drafted from their plowing,

Fear-hushed women hoping for their dead—

Heartbreak! Heartbreak! Heartbreak! Heartbreak!

Answers and follows on the ruthless-passing tread.

Strong young soldiers singing towards their death-place,

Never strong more, never to have sons—

Heartbreak! Heartbreak! Heartbreak! Heartbreak!

Throbs their tread above the thunder of the guns.

Stiffened hands that touch no sweetheart ever,

Mouths agape, in horrid laughter curled—

Heartbreak! Heartbreak! Heartbreak! Heartbreak!

Echoing and shuddering across the shaken world.

### V.

There is grief on the forsaken fields. . . .

("Sorrow!" wail the bugles . . . "Oh, endless sorrow and grieving!")

For the food that shall rot ungarnered, for the hungry who shall not eat,

For the starving years that shall follow the track in the trampled wheat,

For the girl-children tortured and ravished, the old women lashed and maimed,

For the babies nailed up by the foot-palms, for the shuddering mothers shamed . . .

("Sorrow!" wail the bugles . . . "Oh, sorrow and cruel grieving!")

For the hearts of our men made brutal, made murderers evermore,

For the world a century halted by challenging guards of war,

For death . . . and for hate . . . and for hunger . . .

("Sorrow!" cry the bugles far off in the future . . . "Sorrow!")

### VI.

"Were we made for this?" asked the Folk

Lifting their eyes to peer

A little way from the yoke

Of the toil and the slaughterings

Of the King and his battle-lust,

The King and his Battle-God . . .

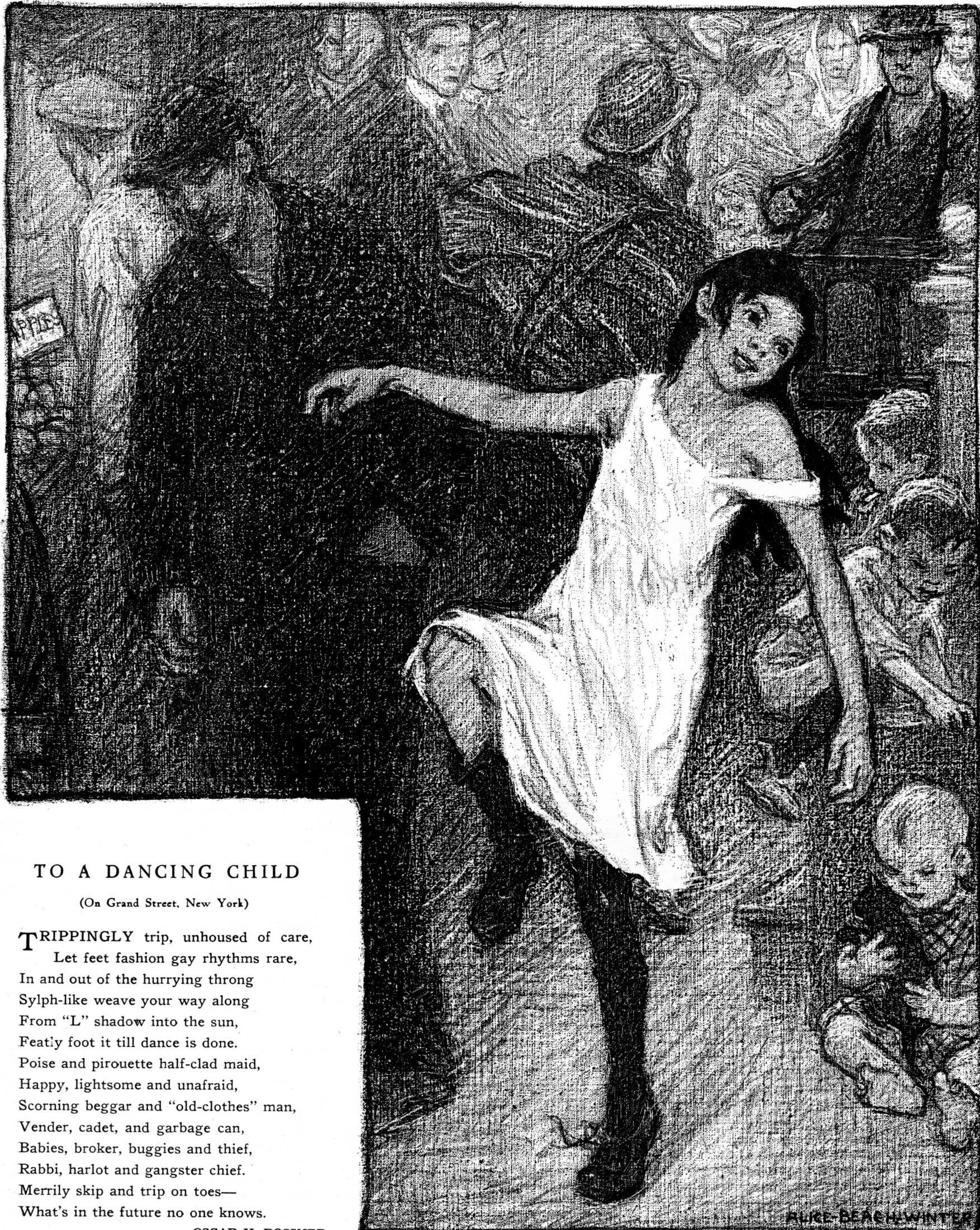
And the sullen murmur broke

Like waves when the storm is near;

"The Kings," they said, "are but dust—

Who hath made God's world for Kings?"

MARGARET WIDDEMER.



## TO A DANCING CHILD

(On Grand Street, New York)

**T**RIPPINGLY trip, unhoused of care,  
 Let feet fashion gay rhythms rare,  
 In and out of the hurrying throng  
 Sylph-like weave your way along  
 From "L" shadow into the sun,  
 Featly foot it till dance is done.  
 Poise and pirouette half-clad maid,  
 Happy, lightsome and unafraid,  
 Scorning beggar and "old-clothes" man,  
 Vender, cadet, and garbage can,  
 Babies, broker, buggies and thief,  
 Rabbi, harlot and gangster chief.  
 Merrily skip and trip on toes—  
 What's in the future no one knows.

OSCAR H. ROSSNER

Drawn by Alice Beach Winter.

# "REPENTANCE FIRST": A Play by Edmond McKenna

## Scene I

(The living room of the Smith flat, barely but rather neatly furnished. There is a small table near the center of the room, on which there is a large open Bible. Mottoes in gilt frames are conspicuous on the walls: "God Bless Our Home," "The Lord is My Shepherd—I Shall Not Want," etc. Matilda Smith is seated on a rocking chair, mending clothes. James Gabriel Smith, a clerk with a vision, but still a clerk at forty, is reading the Bible. The time is evening after supper. The place is a large city during an evangelistic campaign.)

JAMES (closing the Bible, getting up from the table, and speaking with great stress of earnestness in that portentous monotone affected by the habitue of the Tabernacle and the Camp Meeting): "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (He looks at his wife with the bland confidence of one who knows the right answer.) Do you realize what that means, my Love?

MATILDA (looking up from her work with the resignation of a good wife who has become inured to conversation in text and parable, but who is still woman enough to simulate pleased animation when her husband speaks to her): Yes, indeed I do, James. We must lay up for ourselves treasures in Heaven.

JAMES (with more emphatic finality than is usual with him on a week night): And trust in Divine Providence.

MATILDA (knowing her place in the heavenly gynocracy): And all our wants shall be filled.

JAMES: Be it so, O Lord.

MATILDA: So be it. Amen.

JAMES: I went down to the Tabernacle again today at noon to hear the great Evangelist.

MATILDA: Was it a fruitful meeting, dear?

JAMES: It was fruitful, my Love. (He raises his hands and turns his eyes upward.) And James Gabriel Smith was the fruit thereof.

MATILDA: Blessed be the Lord. You have made me very happy, James, since you accepted Salvation.

JAMES (with pardonable pride): I made the Lord happier today, my Love.

MATILDA (without permitting herself to show jealousy, and still trying to be interested): There must have been a great outpouring of the Spirit, dear.

JAMES: There was, my Love. There was a great outpouring of the Spirit. And the Spirit of Salvation descended upon the head of James Gabriel Smith.

MATILDA: Of course, dear. Did many sinners seek the Master?

JAMES: One blackened wretch; one whited sepulchre; one crawling hypocrite.

MATILDA (anticipating another sermon and speaking quickly): Only one, James? There are usually a great many saved at those noon meetings.

JAMES (continuing excitedly): One wretch blacker than the others; one sinner more hypocritical than the others; one God-forsaken, abandoned cur—

MATILDA: O James, James, my dear, my dear!

JAMES (louder): One dirty-hearted, low-down, contemptible, hypocritical dog who has been lying in the face of the Master every day for six years.

MATILDA: But, my dear, my dear James, you must calm yourself. Who was this abandoned one?

JAMES: Abandoned one? Ah, Matilda Abigail Smith, say no more Abandoned. Saved; saved—saved today at thirty-nine minutes past twelve.

MATILDA (a little anxious): James, my dear, what do you mean? *You* have been a Christian husband ever since I married you more than six years ago. You have not been deceiving me?

JAMES: I have been hiding the Truth from the Lord God until this day at thirty-nine minutes past twelve o'clock. Then the pure Spirit of Salvation descended upon me.

MATILDA (her anxiety subsiding): O, my dear husband, of course I understand. You have had a *new* cleansing.

JAMES (rapturously): I gave myself up today.

MATILDA (her old resignation returning): That was right, my Christian husband. One should hide nothing from the Master.

JAMES: I gave myself up to the police, my Love.

MATILDA (in a shocked whisper): What? To the police!

JAMES: Yes, my Love; to the police—God's agents—the lowly instruments of the Master appointed here on earth to help repentant sinners wash away their guilty stains.

MATILDA: What have you done, James? What have you done?

JAMES (with pious unconcern): My Christian duty, my Love.

MATILDA: Tell me, James, dear. Tell me; tell me all!

JAMES: When the pure spirit of divine Love descended upon me, I came out of the Tabernacle and wrote to the Chief of Police. I told him all, as the Lord commanded me. I said, "In the name of the Master come tonight and take me!"

MATILDA: In the name of Heaven, what for?

JAMES: For burglary, my Love.

MATILDA: For burglary? My husband a burglar?

JAMES: It is even so, my Love. I proclaim it before all men. I am going to jail tonight; better two years in prison than an eternity of everlasting fire.

MATILDA: For two years, for two whole years! James, when did you commit this burglary?

JAMES: I shall tell you all, my Love: The Lord shall strengthen my voice. I robbed a house in Hoboken, my dear, nearly seven years ago—just before we were married. I was caught and sentenced to two years. My friends took an appeal to a higher court and meanwhile I was out on bail. I jumped bail, my Love—ran away; went to the devil, so to speak. Then I married you and gambled with the devil for my immortal soul, until today at thirty-nine minutes past twelve.

MATILDA: James, couldn't you have been a little reasonable? Couldn't you have taken a little thought of what the children and me would do for two years without a penny coming into the house?

JAMES: Tempt me not, woman; the Lord hath spoken.

MATILDA: But what am I to do for two years, and what are the children to do?

JAMES: The Lord will provide, my Love.

MATILDA: I hope so, James. But the landlord—landlords, you know, are so unchristian.

JAMES: Take no thought of your life, what you shall eat, nor what you shall drink, nor wherewithal you shall be clothed—

MATILDA: I know, I know all about that, but still it would have been time enough in a few years when we could have saved up a little money. No one would ever have known.

JAMES: There is One that knoweth the secrets of all hearts—an eye that never sleepeth—that seeth in the darkness—a Voice that is ever calling on the sinner to repent e'er it is too late. When I sat in the Tabernacle today, my Love, listening to the great Evangelist,

that voice called down from heaven to me. (He puts his hand to his mouth and shouts down to the floor.)

**"HO YOU, JAMES GABRIEL SMITH!"**

(He looks up at the ceiling.)

"Aye, aye, Lord!"

**"HOW NOW, HYPOCRITE! HOW ABOUT THAT BURGLARY?"**

"Mercy, Lord, Mercy. Not now, not now! The rent is due, and Matilda Abigail and the children need clothes and food. Easy on, Lord; easy on!"

(He waves his arms at the ceiling protestingly.)

"Withhold thy Almighty Hand. Can't you give a man a chance?"

(He speaks to Matilda more conversationally.)

But the Lord is no man's fool, my Love. No man can bluff the Lord all the time, not even James Gabriel Smith. He calls down to me:

**"WHAT, HYPOCRITE, BLACK-HEARTED WRETCH, HAVE I NOT GIVEN THEE MORE THAN SIX YEARS TO REPENT? GET THEE OUT OF MY TABERNACLE AND GO AND SERVE YOUR TWO YEARS SENTENCE OR THOU SHALT NOT SEE MY FACE."**

MATILDA: Nonsense, James, dear; you were dreaming.

JAMES: I arose from my Judgment bench with the Spirit strong upon me, and wrote to the Chief of Police telling him to send for me at nine tonight.

(There is a knock at the door.)

MATILDA (cowering and sobbing): Oh, James, what shall I do? Hide! hide! What shall I do?

JAMES: Admit the Lord's appointed, my Love.

(Matilda, trembling and sobbing, opens the door.

James, standing with his hand on the Bible, sings):

"Just as I am, without one plea,

But that His blood was shed for me."

(Flannegan enters and stands still, waiting for James to stop singing.)

JAMES: Welcome, Minister of Light.

FLANNEGAN: H'm!

JAMES (bowing to him): Divine agent of Salvation, I bid you welcome.

FLANNEGAN (stolidly): Yer makin' a gran' mistake. I'm only a policeman. (He draws a document from his pocket.) An' I want Gabriel Jameson, alias James Gibson, alias Gabriel Smithson, alias James Gabriel Smith, who was sentenced to two years in the pen more than six years ago an' give us all the slip. Are ye the man?

JAMES: I am that sink of iniquity, saved now, blessed be the Lord.

FLANNEGAN (amused): Well, yer harmless enough lookin'.

JAMES (dashing over to Flannegan and holding out his hands): Harmless? Bring forth your irons and bind these terrible hands.

FLANNEGAN: O, I guess that won't be necessary. I'll be able to take care of ye without irons.

JAMES: What? you won't handcuff me?

FLANNEGAN: What are ye takin' me for? This is an arrest, not a vaudeville show.

JAMES: What? You refuse to let the people see that a vile sinner has repented and is being led in chains and humiliation to cleanse the guilty stains from his soul?

FLANNEGAN: Divil a bit, Smith; divil a bit. Ye'll jist walk yerself down the street like a quiet, dacent prisoner, an' the divil the wan will be a bit wiser no more 'n if we was goin' to church. (He takes up James's hat and hands it to him.) Here, put on yer lid, the night air might give ye a cold, an' ye with a fine



strong voice to ye, it'd be a pity. (Flannegan leads off, looking back and beckoning James to follow. Matilda rushes up to James hysterically.)

CURTAIN.

## Scene II

(The following evening. The same room. Matilda Abigail Smith has just opened the door to Graham. He is dressed in black and carries a fat book in such a manner that anyone seeing him will know the book contains instructions on how to lead a pious life. He has a hard mouth and a Presbyterian eye for seeking out the evils of the world. He would be an unpleasant visitor for an ordinary woman alone, on ordinary occasions, but Mrs. Smith understands and is unafraid.)

MATILDA: Won't you come in, please?

ANTHONY: Yes, madam, if it please the Lord. Are you the wife of James Gabriel Smith?

MATILDA: I am Mrs. Smith, and you are—

ANTHONY (bowing): Anthony Graham, madam, in the service of the Lord, although all too unworthy.

MATILDA (placing a chair for him): Yes, yes, Mr. Graham, of course. My dear husband spoke so inspiringly of you. You are a leader at the Tabernacle.

ANTHONY (bowing again and taking the chair): A lowly follower, madam, and all too unworthy.

MATILDA: You have no doubt heard of my poor husband's sacrifice in the cause?

ANTHONY (speaking in a higher, more prayerful tone): O say not sacrifice, my dear Mrs. Smith. The glory of his example will win many sinners, *exactly!*

MATILDA (with a deep sigh): His example is a glory unto the Lord. Mine is the sacrifice, Mr. Graham. He had taken no thought of my necessities.

ANTHONY (making his hard mouth do its best at smiling beatifically): The Master took thought, Mrs. Smith, and I have come upon His errand of mercy. I represent a member of the Monday Philanthropy Society whose heart has been so deeply touched by the pious example of your husband that he has sent me to offer you, if I might in the name of the Lord, the means to pay your rent.

MATILDA: O, Mr. Graham, how wonderfully has my prayer been answered!

ANTHONY (dissembling the Presbyterianism of his eyes and turning them upward, intoning as if in a trance): The Shepherd knoweth the lambs of His Flock.

MATILDA: Blessed be the name of the Lord.

ANTHONY (in a more business-like tone): The gentleman who asks the pleasure of paying your rent is the owner of this block of apartments. He delights in tenants who believe in the Lord and pay their just debts. "Render unto God the things that are God's and unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" is the Christian principle on which he conducts his business.

MATILDA: My own landlord—and I wondering how I should meet him at the end of the month without my rent!

ANTHONY (continuing in his business voice): There are other little matters, Mrs. Smith, that will be to your advantage. An esteemed lady of our Save-a-Soul committee would deem it a great pleasure if you would accept her invitation to spend a few weeks at her "Kindly Light" bungalow in the mountains.

MATILDA: A few weeks in the mountains! O how glorious, how glorious! And I have not been able to get out of the city twice since I married James.

ANTHONY (a little annoyed at the interruption): Pay attention, Mrs. Smith, if you please. The Lady Renovators of The Trampled Heart will call upon you with gifts and consolation. The Gilead Balm Spreaders bade me offer you their holy services and an order on their sacred funds in the Heavenly Treasure Trust.

MATILDA (showing signs of being physically overcome): O! O! O! How shall my heart attest its praise?

ANTHONY (getting up and standing stiffly and taking a paper from his pocket): That is only a small part of the good things the Lord has in store for those who love Him and walk in His ways. I have made a list of some of the persons and societies who are eager to put themselves at your service. I will trouble you with an enumeration of them. (Clearing his throat like one who suspects himself of having vast powers of oratory, he reads in a high, oily monotone):

The Sisters of the Sacred Sandwich Servers' Union, Branch 2 of the Hotel and Restaurant Workers—  
The Celestial Lamplighters, Circle 148 of the Parish of St. Jude of the Holy Candle—

The Conductors and Motormen of Eternal Truth, Camp 82 of Paterson, N. J.—

The Lady Gardeners of the Little Flowers of St. Wana Wana—

The Blessed Brotherhood of Doiley Makers and Sock Darners for Penitents, Branch 110, of the Independent Clothing Workers of America—

The Most Holy, Sacred and Ever Honorable Dryers of Penitential Tears, Union No. 1 of the Handkerchief Makers of the World—

The Sacred Union of Washers in the Blood of the Lamb, Circle 462 Butchers' Union of the Hebrew Trades—

The Sand and Gravel Spreaders on the Slippery Path, Union No. 8 of the Street Cleaning Department of Trenton, N. J.—

The Angelic Sisterhood of Ankle Coverers of the World, Circle 1,842,627 of the International Upholstery Workers—

The Ever Blooming Brides of Christ, Circle 39 of the New York City Department Store Workers—

The Daring and Dutiful Dynamiters of the Bridge of Sighs, Branch 7 of the International Iron Workers—

MATILDA (who has been gazing at the ceiling in the manner of one who sees visions in the flowery meadows of ease and idleness, breaks into rapturous song):

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee."

(The joy is too great for her, however, and she only gets as far as the second line when she swoons away.)

ANTHONY (picks up his hat and fans her until she sits up again): Now, my dear Mrs. Smith, you mustn't permit the Gifts of the Lord to overburden your spirit. Make your soul at ease, madam, there are only a few more items that I want to acquaint you with. (He pulls a bundle of telegrams and papers out of his pocket and unties a red tape from them. He holds them out in front of him, looks warningly at Mrs. Smith and clears his throat before beginning):

Religious societies and Fraternal Orders to the number of 11,426 have added your name to their roll of honor—

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(He looks around for Matilda, but is distressed to find that she has fainted again. He puts the remainder of the papers in his pocket and fans her into consciousness.)

Now, my dear, dear Mrs. Smith, you must not let the Spiritual part of your nature get the better of your body in this way. I know our bodies are but poor Sinks of Iniquity, except those of us that are saved. Still, we must keep our souls down here on earth until it pleases the Master to call them to the Mansions above. I fear it would distress you if I read any more tonight, but I shall come again tomorrow and tell you all the rest. In the meantime, madam, since I have accomplished my mission here, I shall go. (He goes.)

MATILDA (rising): First I'll spend a month in the mountains. Then I shall go on a lecture tour. I shall send the children to a private Christian school. (She goes over to the table whereon is the bundle of papers and telegrams. She takes them to her bosom. She has not observed that James Gabriel Smith has entered. Standing by the table she sorts the telegrams over.) Ten thousand rubles; now I wonder how much that is—in Christian money?

JAMES (who is disheveled and downcast): Matilda Abigail!

MATILDA (coming toward him as one who sees what she could not believe): Who are you?

JAMES: Don't you know your own husband, James Gabriel Smith?

MATILDA: James, James? Oh, no; no, you are not James. He has gone to prison.

JAMES: Well, he's out again.

MATILDA: But your crime, James—your crime!

JAMES (sheepishly): There wasn't any crime.

MATILDA: What! No crime? Then all these— You mean to say you aren't a burglar?

JAMES: No, my love. You see, I—I got carried away by this evangelist business. There *was* a burglar by the name of James Gabriel Smith—I read about him in the papers. And in the Tabernacle yesterday—you see, I got excited—and I got myself mixed up with him. But they straightened me out at police headquarters. Hysteria, they called it. And now, Matilda, I'm—I'm back. And that's all.

MATILDA: James Gabriel, you're a fool!

JAMES (meekly): Yes, Matilda. But after this—

MATILDA: After this, James, before you repent, you see that you've done something to repent for! Do you understand? (She sadly takes up the papers from the table and tears them to pieces.)

JAMES: Yes, Matilda!

CURTAIN.

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(Continued from page 3)

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