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MASSES



FRANK WALTERS

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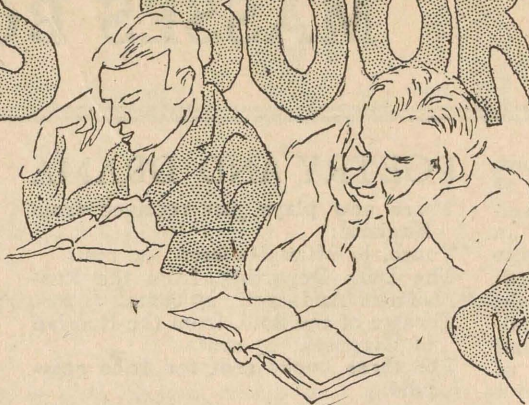
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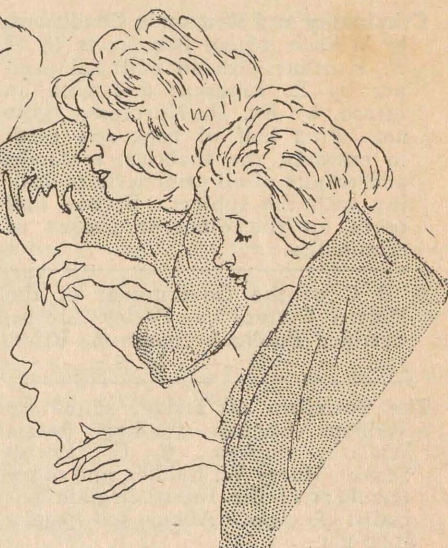
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(Continued on page 39)

The Masses Versus Ward & Gow

Statement of Max Eastman

Before The Senator Thompson Legislative Committee

SENATOR THOMPSON, in making a complaint against the firm of Ward & Gow for excluding our magazine from the subway stands, I do not mean to impugn the motives of that firm. I have no doubt that Mr. Ward is acting up to his best judgment of what he owes to the community. I say this because I know that his firm loses a considerable sum of money by refusing to handle our magazine, and I do not suppose that he has any personal interest in losing money. No doubt he is a good deal bothered by certain interests who would like to consign our magazine to hell, but we have no adequate reason to believe that his own motive is identical with theirs. I think it is his judgment and not his motive which is unenlightened. And in presenting my complaint I am as much moved by the hope of enlightening Mr. Ward's judgment in the matter as I am of securing through legislative channels a redress for this grievance.

I have been told by one of the most eminent lawyers in New York that Mr. Ward has no legal right to refuse to sell us space on his newsstands so long as we do not publish anything that is unlawful. But I was told in the same breath that we could not prove this unless we had money enough to employ expert counsel and carry out a very extended legal proceeding. I believe it is a question whether distributing information and selling space on these newsstands is a "public service" or not; and to the lay mind, it is so obviously a public service that I suppose the phrase must have some very particular meaning in the law. I can't discuss that. But I understand that Mr. Ward himself said before this committee that he never excluded any magazine from these stands except on grounds of decency or religion. I suppose, then, that Mr. Ward will have to say that our magazine is indecent or blasphemous. Now, the publication of indecency or blasphemy is a crime. And I would like to ask Mr. Ward, not as a point of law, but just as a point of ordinary propriety of conduct, if he does not think the proper proceeding for those who complain to him that our magazine is a criminal magazine is to go to the District Attorney about it. Wouldn't it be easier for him to say to those people who ask him not to handle our magazine, "Why, you are asking me to accuse this editor of a crime! I cannot do that. That is not the business of a private citizen. It is the business of the District Attorney."

This seems to be the answer which is made to those interests who complain of our magazine by a number of respectable institutions.

THE MASSES is on the reading tables of the New York Public Library, the Library of Barnard College, the Library of the School of Journalism at Columbia. It is strange the number of respectable people in this community who pay \$1 a year for this monthly instalment of blasphemy and indecency.

I might pause to say that John D. Rockefeller, Jr.,

has personally subscribed to THE MASSES, though we try to make it as unpleasant reading for him as we possibly can.

Whatever may be the law, Senator Thompson, from the point of view of very ordinary justice, this Russian censorship exercised by Artemas Ward on those newsstands is outrageous. Let us suppose THE MASSES is an ordinary business and the publishers are making a small living out of it. We obviously could not make a large living out of the magazine, because it is too good and too artistic. We sell from 1,000 to 2,000 copies in the subway. That brings us an income of from \$70 to \$140 a month. Moreover, it gives us an excellent advertisement, and it means that our published advertisements are read by 3,000 or 4,000 people. It means also that advertisers see our magazine in the subway, and they know it is a live magazine. That makes a difference, I suppose, or another \$100 or \$200. Mr. Ward damages our business to the amount of about \$300 a month by this tyrannical action of his. In other words, assuming that we are in this as business men, he drives us out of business on the ground that we are committing the crime of publishing blasphemy and indecency, although he has not, and nobody has ever had, the audacity to make such a complaint to the District Attorney. The injustice of such a situation is obvious enough.

But, as a matter of fact, the injustice is greater than that, for we are not business men and this magazine is not an ordinary business. None of the owners (who are also the contributing editors) derives any income from this magazine. At present we pay \$25 a week to a managing editor who reads the manuscripts and makes up the magazine, and \$20 to his assistant, and that is all we pay for editorial expenses. We are in this thing because we have an ideal of what an illustrated magazine ought to be, and we want to give such a magazine to America. THE MASSES has never paid a cent for any article, story, poem or picture, and yet it is edited and contributed to by the people whose things are purchased at a high price by all the popular magazines. A glance at our list of contributors will show you how many of the people who supply the regular literary and artistic furnishings of Mr. Ward's newsstands, are supplying "irreligion" and "indecency" to THE MASSES at the same time.

These are a few of the artists who contribute to THE MASSES: Art Young, George Bellows, W. J. Glackens, Robert Henri, John Sloan, Maurice Becker, K. R. Chamberlain, Robert Minor, Boardman Robinson, O. E. Cesare, Arthur B. Davies.

And here is a brief list of writers: John Reed, James Hopper, Mary Heaton Vorse, Inez Haynes Gillmore, Lincoln Steffens, Charles Hanson Towne, Professor Charles Beard, Leroy Scott, Amos Pinchot, Congressman Isaac R. Sherwood, James Op-

penheim, Louis Untermeyer, John Macy, Howard Brubaker, Floyd Dell, Arturo Giovannitti, Ernest Poole.

Now you may ask why it is that all these men and women who can make good money out of the money-making magazines put their very best things in THE MASSES for nothing. And I will tell you why it is: it is because they have a religion. Their religion, I admit, is not quite the same as that of the people who complain to Mr. Ward about THE MASSES. The main purpose of their religion is not to make sure of the welfare of their own soul in the next world on Sundays, and then grab all the money they can off the counters of this world every other day in the week. The main purpose of their religion is to make humanity in this world more free and more happy. That is what they are trying to do, and because they find that they cannot do that as they want to in the ordinary magazine, whose ruling motive is the desire to make money, they come around to our office once every month or so and give the most intimate product of their hearts and brains to THE MASSES.

You can see, Senator Thompson, that a magazine which is created in that spirit and which is not continually held in leash by the desire to increase its subscription list, is bound to show a very wide range in the material it publishes. If I were an Editor who sat up in a high chair, as Mr. Ward would like to have me do, to censor the religion and the art of the things these authors and artists give me, we would not have any magazine at all. Our policy is exactly the opposite. We think that what America most needs is free forums of public expression, and what we try to do with THE MASSES within the limitations that are inevitably set by our own temperament, is to make this magazine hospitable to every strong and sincere expression of opinion or feeling that can not find a voice in the money-making press. My ideal is a free humanity, and I think the best way I can serve that ideal now is to help these gifted men and women get out one free magazine in America.

They want to give to the American public their own intimate conviction, their own art, their own most sacred personal feelings. They are not able to do that under the ordinary editor because he makes them write and draw what he wants. He is a man with a technical knowledge of the magazine market and what he wants is a magazine that will sell.

There is no danger of such an editor offending many people, because if he did, he would not make money, but there is danger of THE MASSES offending many people because nobody connected with it is trying to make money.

Now with only one day's notice, and particularly at this time of the year, it was not possible for me to get all the representative citizens I wanted to get down here to tell you that they understand our religion, but I have brought a few.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

WHEN THE WORLD COMES OUT OF THE JUNGLE

The MASSES

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USURY

Helen R. Hull

FOR five minutes, ever since the voices in the kitchen had begun, Miss Cora MacAllister had been uneasy. Now, as the unfamiliar male voice boomed out, Miss Cora moved her slippered feet from their footstool and rose. That was not the voice of Lizzie's steady follower; this was not his evening. Lizzie had no other gentlemen friends. Moreover, the tone of the sounds from the kitchen had an ominous quality, unlike the tone of an evening call. Miss Cora walked quickly through the dining room, and pushed open the door into the kitchen.

The girl by the stove turned, with a frightened "Agh!" Her hat had slipped back from her face, and her cloak was unfastened. Miss Cora glanced from her distorted face to the man standing just inside the outer door.

"What is it, Lizzie? Who's that man?" Miss Cora's small gray head had an agitated jerk as she gazed at him, a man in a checked suit, with heavy eyebrows almost meeting in a pale, insignificant face. As Miss Cora looked back at Lizzie, she saw dull, painful red mount from the girl's throat up to the smooth brown hair.

"He followed me." Lizzie shrank away from Miss Cora. "I been telling him to go away."

"You see, ma'am,"—the man thrust a hand into his pocket—"here's the way 'tis—"

"Don't you speak to her!" Lizzie's voice broke into a gasp. "Don't you!"

"Is he somebody you know, Lizzie?" Miss Cora demanded. The swaying of the door as her shoulder touched it relieved her. She might escape, if he became violent! Still—in her own kitchen—

"Sure!" The man leaned against the table, crossing one yellow shoe over the other. "Sure, she knows me. Ask her!"

"What do you mean, sir, by annoying a lady in this manner?" Miss Cora's thin voice bit at him sharply. She didn't like his pale, sneering eyes. "If Lizzie doesn't wish to see you, you may go at once!"

"They ain't no call to get excited, lady. I ain't seen Lizzie here fer some time, and I got a good offer to make her. What's more, I got a right to make it. See!"

"Right!" Lizzie's hands twisted together at her breast. "Right! You!"

"Don't twist your hands that way!" exclaimed Miss Cora. "Tell me what he means. Shall I send for the police?"

"Now, ma'am!" The man stepped forward alertly. "Like's not you don't know. But Lizzie here, she can't be too particular. An' all I want is to make her a decent woman. I want to marry her. She'd ought to be glad, stead of stirring up a row. I got a right to her."

Miss Cora drew her small figure erect, a flash of premonition trembling through her.

"Lizzie"—she began, but the girl hurled herself toward the man, her hands quivering in angry gestures, so that he retreated before her.

"Right!" she cried. "What rights you got? You got through with me once, three years back. Do you get your rights from that? Say?"

Miss Cora pressed her lips together; she saw Lizzie and the man from the vortex of a sickening whirl. A street brawl had been transplanted to her respectable kitchen! What had every one told her when she took the girl! And there was the man who had ruined Lizzie. Miss Cora sat down suddenly in the low chair near the cupboards. Lizzie turned; the rage had drained out of her, leaving her haggard, with terrified eyes.

"That's him," she said. "Him what ran off when I asked him to get me out of the trouble he'd made for me—and me only sixteen."

"Lady, it was this way." The man spoke almost jauntily. "I lost my job, see? And I went looking for another. And I lost track of her, see? I always meant to do the fair thing by her. I been a-looking for her. Now I just found her again. I got a job, and any feller needs a wife. She'd ought to marry me. Now ain't that all there is to it?"

"He's lying!" whispered Lizzie fiercely. "He ain't ever looked for me, no more'n for any other girls he got wrong."

"But—how did you find her?" Miss Cora sat stiffly away from the back of her chair, her brows drawn together. She was trying frantically to pigeon-hole what was happening; to drive it into some corner of her brain, where she would know how to act. As soon as she could classify things, she knew what to do. Only once in all her life had she met an unprecedented event, and acted otherwise than in accordance with her neat principles. Tonight was a result of that act! "How did he find you if he wasn't hunting for you?" she repeated.

"Three years I've been a-looking—"

"You lie!" exclaimed Lizzie. "Miss Cora, he ain't looked a minute in his life. He came out here from the city to work in that new factory. Last week I thought I saw him, but I says to myself, couldn't be him. I wouldn't have it be him. And then—tonight he follows me here, and I couldn't get away. Right up to the porch he follows, sneaking behind, and when I opens the door, there he is, putting his hand on me. Marry him! I'd kill myself dead first."

Lizzie's wrath seemed to make her round, young body expand; her head was back, and the cords stood out along her soft throat. Miss Cora felt old and small as she looked up at the girl. She pushed her chair back and stood up. She could manage things better from her feet.

"This is the man, then? The father of your baby?" Lizzie nodded, her body drooping again. "But there wasn't any baby—" she defended herself. "It was dead—always."

"You see, ma'am—" The man addressed himself to Miss Cora; his voice dropped to a confidential tone. "You see, she belongs to me. I'll make her a respectable woman again."

"You—" Lizzie laughed. "You make a woman respectable!"

Miss Cora looked steadily at the man. There was truth in his coarse arguing. Marriage was the way in which such mistakes as Lizzie's were remedied. She flushed when he said, slyly, as though he saw her thought:

"I'll make her a good husband, ma'am, and no one'll have a word to throw agin her."

"Who has now?" cried Lizzie. "I'm a decent woman. You got round me with your soft words when I was such a baby I didn't know what you meant by them. Then when I needed you—where was you? It's too late now."

"Maybe you're foolin' another fellow into thinking he's got a good piece of goods in yuh?"

Lizzie's eyes sought Miss Cora's for a moment; they were imploring, panic-widened eyes.

"Eh?" The man snarled as he saw the glance. "That's it, is it? Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll tell him what sorts you are. You can't do nothing for yourself but marry me."

"Theres' one thing you don't seem to realize," said Miss Cora with heat. Lizzie's glance drove her to say something at once. "If you should get Lizzie as a wife, you'd be having much more than you deserve—or any other man. You're in no position to speak as if you were doing her a favor. You're a man ten years older than she is, and you got her into trouble. If you are ready to be a man—which you weren't three years ago—" Miss Cora felt her cheeks prickling; she wasn't accustomed to say such things to men—"If you are, that's no more than your duty."

"I never meant her no harm, ma'am."

"You caused her a great deal of suffering," said Miss Cora severely. "It's not to be wondered at that she doesn't wish to see you." Slowly Miss Cora had been growing aware of the direction which principle and right demanded that she take, and she was uncomfortable. The man, as a concrete embodiment of that direction, was displeasing. She wished he would go. "Now—" she announced—"Now you may go. I wish to talk with Lizzie. And you may return—tomorrow is Sunday—Monday night:"

"No!" Lizzie's voice was desperate. "Don't let him come back!"

"Hush, child," said Miss Cora. "I'll see him. You have a good position, sir?"

"Two-fifty a day, ma'am, and regular work. I can—"

Miss Cora interrupted his ingratiating whine.

"Good night, then. You may come back at seven-thirty Monday. Don't you come before then."

The man backed slowly toward the door, his eyes on Lizzie, who stood quite rigid, her face turned away.

"If it's another fellow—" he began. Then his eyes shifted to Miss Cora, and he bowed awkwardly. "You'll show her what's the decent thing to do, ma'am," he finished.

Miss Cora waited until she heard his footsteps on the stone walk in front of the house before she looked at Lizzie. The girl's face was drawn and hard; she looked as she had the day Miss Cora first saw her, when her sister, Miss Cora's washerwoman, was turning her out. Lizzie had come from the city a few days before the baby was born. Her sister had railed at her a week, and then driven her out. She had to keep her own character, didn't she, if she went on washing for respectable people? Miss Cora had shrunk from her as an abandoned woman; then, strangely enough, the desperate young eyes had caught at the heart beneath the rigid code of the spinster, and Miss Cora had taken the girl home to her neat, lonely house. To her protesting friends she had said that she needed a maid, a companion, and she was old enough not to be contaminated. Moreover, she might be able to reform the girl.

"Let's go into the sitting room," she said, after a moment. "You take off your coat, and we can sit down and talk."

"You don't want me to marry him!" Lizzie's words burst out almost inarticulately. "He—he's bad!"

"Not so bad as we've thought, Lizzie, if he didn't mean to desert you. If he's been looking for you—"

"Him! He just happens to see me. He never looked—"

"Then why should he want to marry you now?" Miss Cora brightened as she put that question. It seemed to prove her point.

"I dunno. Maybe I'm better looking. Maybe I looked sort of happy—and he thought he'd fix that. He's that bad!"

Miss Cora made a doubtful little clucking sound; Lizzie was nice appearing.

"I might o' known I was having more'n I deserved. Oh, Miss Cora!" Lizzie's breathing tore through her words. "You send him away—he'd go if you made him— He can't hurt Roy—cause I told him—same's you said I should— You—you won't make me marry—him—"

"Lizzie, my dear child—" Miss Cora was almost gasping, herself— "Of course I won't make you. But if you see it's the right thing to do—won't you do it?"

"It ain't right! How could it be, and me hating him!"

"You felt that way tonight. But you want to be a good woman, don't you? And here's the man who was the same as married to you once—could you go on and marry Roy now and feel it was right?"

"'Twouldn't make me a good woman, marrying him wouldn't. I'd be wanting to kill him— Oh, I can't!" Lizzie threw her arm across her eyes and turned to lean against the wall. Under the folds of the rough coat which she still wore, Miss Cora could see the girl's body tremble.

"Lizzie— It seems to me that this is a chance for you to show that you are good. If it seems hard, that may be God's punishment for doing wrong. If that man wants to make up to you what he did, I'm afraid I think you ought to— You did love him once, before you knew Roy—"

"I never loved him—not lovin' like— I didn't know

anything—and he showed me attention—and I thought I was smart, catching an older fellow— Now, there's Roy—" Lizzie whirled on Miss Cora. "You know how I'd cut myself to pieces for him. I—I could o' been a good wife to him—and now— Oh, my God!"

Miss Cora was aware of the beginning of fierce surrender in Lizzie's last words. The girl would heed her, then, as she had heeded her ever since Miss Cora had started to help her struggle up from the abyss of despair where she had been thrust. For a moment Miss Cora had a cold little fear; suppose she should misdirect Lizzie. But only for a moment; she was sure there could be no two ways out of this affair, no two right ways. If it seemed difficult, it was so much the surer to be right. The world was made that way. She was fond of Lizzie, and proud of the wholesome, capable woman into which the girl had developed. Probably she had been too proud of her, and this was a test for her, too.

"Miss Cora—" Lizzie faced her again, quiet except for fingers which gripped into the palms, relaxed, and gripped again with a passionate regularity. "Miss Cora, doesn't seem 'sif I could o' done anything bad enough to have to marry that—"

"Don't think just of yourself, Lizzie. Think of what's right to do."

"It's me what'll have to get married, Miss Cora. Am I bad? Have you been a-thinking I was bad all the time I been here with you I—I've tried—"

"No, no, child!" Miss Cora clasped her thin hands together so that the old knuckles stood out. "We haven't thought about it—except for the time you had to tell Roy. Why, I've forgotten it months at a time."

"And Roy—he said 'twas me now he was wanting—oh, he wouldn't let me—"

The flash of white hope in Lizzie's face frightened Miss Cora, and she flung out a stern answer;

"Roy's a good man, and he'll do what you think is right."

As she saw Lizzie's face settle again into stiff hopelessness, she added:

"You must decide what to do, what to tell Roy before he comes tomorrow."

"If—if 'twas just something to do and be done with—maybe I'd see how I could do it. But getting married—day—and night! Miss Cora! and the little house me and Roy planned— Why, it's Saturday next week I was goin' to marry—"

"Lizzie, you've got to put your mind to what you ought to do, not what you want to do. I'm afraid we've been careless—going along as if you'd never done anything you might have to pay for."

"Why don't he have to pay? Why do I have to pay all the rest of my life for one thing I done wrong? Roy ain't done a thing—and he'll have to pay—"

"It's hard for me, too." Miss Cora looked up at Lizzie piteously. "I've been glad to think you were going to marry Roy, and I've liked helping you get ready. I've liked thinking about how happy you would be."

"Oh, I can't give him up, Miss Cora! I can't!"

"Don't you suppose—you might grow to like this man—you must have liked him some, once. And anyway, if you married him, you'd have your duty to him as a wife."

Lizzie lifted her eyes to Miss Cora's, in a final entreaty. Miss Cora felt as if she were pushing away the fingers of a drowning woman from the piece of drift-wood that might save her.

"It's the only thing to do, Lizzie," she said, and her voice sounded fatuous in her own ears.

The girl moved slowly past her. Miss Cora watched her in silence until she pushed open the door into the next room. Then she cried out,

"Where are you going?"

Lizzie stopped, without turning. "Upstairs."

"What for, Lizzie? What are you going to do?"

"I got to think what to tell Roy—"

The door swung shut, and Miss Cora brushed away the tears which burned against her eyelids. Lizzie took things hard. Perhaps by morning she would be more resigned. It was late; she felt very weary. Why couldn't the man have come a week later, she thought suddenly! Then he would have been too late. She drew a little breath at her temerity in questioning the ways of Providence. As she often said, things would all come out for the best in the end. Her slippers scuffling slightly on the floor, she moved across to the door, locked it, snapped out the lights, and went slowly into her sitting room.

Her morris-chair drawn up near the reading lamp, the magazine, the footstool, all were just as she had left them. She stared at them with a certain disgust, as though she suspected their comfort of some lurking sin. Perhaps her friends, and her own instincts for that matter, had been right; perhaps you couldn't harbor a woman who had gone wrong without trouble. But the girl had never had a chance in her desperate young years until she had come to Miss Cora's. Since then—Miss Cora sighed. She would be lonely after Lizzie had gone. And just because the girl had loyalty to her—and self-respect—a desire to be good—there she was upstairs, suffering. Miss Cora shivered; the room had grown cold. She must go to bed herself.

She climbed the stairs slowly. The excitement of the evening had stiffened her old knees. At the door of Lizzie's room she paused. There was no light inside, and no sound. With a tightening of her lips against a sigh, she went on into her own chamber. She undressed, hung her garments carefully in their places in the closet, folded back the stiff counterpane, and snapped on the night light; then she tiptoed back to Lizzie's door. After listening for a moment, she called, "Lizzie." She thought she heard a faint movement, but there was no answer. She returned to her own room, and climbed into her large bed. She lay motionless; her eyelids ached with her effort to keep them closed. She kept hearing the silence behind Lizzie's door, a heavy, heart-breaking silence. Once she sat up in bed, thinking that she must open that door. But she lay down again; there was nothing she could say. Finally, when the gray light of a winter morning came faintly in to soften the curious shadows thrown by the night light, Miss Cora fell asleep.

She woke early in the morning, and when she heard Lizzie descending the stairs, she turned her face against the pillow with a little mumbled prayer of gratefulness. Perhaps everything would seem better, now that morning had come. Whatever she had feared vaguely, nothing had happened.

Later, when she went down stairs, and Lizzie looked up from the silver she was laying at Miss Cora's place with a good morning, Miss Cora assured herself, in spite of the girl's haggard face, that everything would be all right now. Lizzie brought the toast and coffee without raising her eyes. Miss Cora wondered what the girl was thinking, and decided, somewhat wistfully, that she couldn't ask her, if she didn't wish to talk. The silence bothered Miss Cora; she was fond of the friendly casual chatter the two usually had. Constraint held her, as if she were wishing to speak out in church.

When it was time for her to dress for church, she was glad. She had been trying to read her Bible, but for once the book seemed to have nothing to offer as proof that she was making Lizzie do the right thing. She read through the verses, "Let him who is without guilt—" But they gave her no sustenance. Perhaps the minister would help. Only a few weeks ago he had preached on the "joyous difficulty of right-doing."



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

“Madam, this will make your Son more helpful and better mannered.”

“Military training will make the average American boy more helpful, obedient and better mannered than he has learned to be in the home.”—Rear Admiral Goodrich.

After church she would dine with the old friends with whom she always dined the last Sunday of the month. She knew what they would say if she asked them; they would agree with her. They had objected to her taking in Lizzie, but they would agree with her now. For some reason that thought disturbed her.

She couldn't manage the hooks at the collar of her gray silk. Lizzie appeared from her room so immediately after Miss Cora called, that the latter wondered whether she had been waiting for a summons.

“You're not dressed, Lizzie?” She could see nothing of the girl's face in the mirror, just the blue gingham morning dress.

“No. I—I guess I won't go to church.”

How cold Lizzie's fingers were! They fumbled at the hooks, halted, as though Lizzie was thinking of something else, was trying to say something.

“You remember I'm going to dinner with the Forrests?”

“Yes, Miss Cora.”

Miss Cora turned quickly. “Lizzie,” she said, catching the girl's hand. “Do you want something?”

Lizzie shook her head.

“You won't be lonesome?” Miss Cora looked down at her hand; old as it was, with the ridges of veins faintly underlined with blue along the back; it had more warmth than the firm white hand it clung to. “You don't think you better come to church?”

“No, I can't.” Lizzie raised her free hand to her forehead, pushed back her hair, drew her fingers down to

her lips for a moment. "I—I don't feel right to go. But—Miss Cora—" The hand in Miss Cora's jerked—"You won't be very late?"

"No, Lizzie. If you want me, I could even say to the Forrests that I couldn't come. Although they would think it strange—"

"No—no—it's just—you'll be home this afternoon before Roy comes? I'm frightened to tell him."

Miss Cora blinked rapidly against the tears which came. Sunday afternoons had been such beautiful hours for Lizzie, with Roy coming out from the city—Oh, wasn't it all too bad!

"I'll be back very early." She sniffed a little. "I—I must go now, or I'll be late."

She wanted to throw her arms about Lizzie, to comfort her; but the suffering had walled up around the girl until she could not even touch her hand again.

"Don't bother to come down stairs," she said.

As she pinned on her hat in the hall below, she heard the door into Lizzie's room close softly.

Church that morning gave Miss Cora none of her usual glow at a pleasant duty properly performed. The sermon on foreign missions made her wonder whether teaching heathen what was right ever filled the missionaries with distress and confusion like hers. Later, at dinner, for the first time in her life, the comfort of the Forrest family seemed a thing so secure, so in accordance with rule, that it felt unreal. When, in the early dusk of the afternoon she stepped down from the car in which Mr. Forrest had driven her home, and walked up to her front door, she tried to rally her convictions about her for protection against the fear that besieged her.

She opened the door, and found the house warm, silent, just as she always found it. Then as she stood drawing off her gloves, she heard a voice, a slow, struggling voice.

"She says I'd ought to. She took me. Everybody treated me 'sif I was dirt, and she took me. She says I got to do it. If I'm a good woman. I got to be a decent woman. Roy! I couldn't be your wife—'f I was a bad one. You—you're too good. I—I wouldn't let you marry a bad woman. You ought to gone away when I told you what I was."

"Do you want to marry him?"

"I'd rather first kill myself dead. Don't look at me like that!"

Lizzie's voice had the terrifying quality of a suppressed scream. Miss Cora put out her hand to the wall to steady herself against the lurching of the floor. She must go out into the dining room; she felt as if she couldn't lift her feet.

"I tell you it isn't right, then!" Roy's voice called out, lashing Miss Cora erect. "'Tisn't right, that's all."

"If you been bad once, you never get over it, seems." Lizzie's voice dropped to its monotone again. "You pay for it 'slong's you live."

"You ain't bad. You're the best girl I ever knew. You—why, I can't tell you, Lizzie! You— You're going to marry me—you're my woman. Ain't we got it all planned? You—Lizzie!"

"No— No! You—you can't touch me— Oh-h!"

"Lizzie, you thought 'twas all right to marry me, didn't you? You been planning on it?"

"I—I always knew I wasn't good enough for you."

"That ain't sense—if you love me—and you do!"

Miss Cora had reached the door into the small dining room. Lizzie, seated by the table, had thrown back her head to look up at the man standing in front of her. The white glory in the girl's face made Miss Cora throw up her hand across her eyes.

"'F I didn't love you, 'twouldn't make no difference 'bout my being good. I love you,—so I got to be good's I can—"

"You love me—so you're going to let him have you—going to have children by him—"

"Maybe I'll die!" cried Lizzie. She flung her arms against her body, clutching at her breasts. "In here it feels 'sif I'd die."

"You don't think it's right! You're doing it just because she said to!"

"I don't know. She says—"

"She's an old woman—how does she know? She never had a man—what right's she got to tell you—"

"Hush!" Lizzie had seen Miss Cora. Her eyes startlingly wide, with great dark circles about them, the girl pushed back her chair, and retreated along the edge of the table. The man turned, his round face flushed up to his sandy hair. Miss Cora noticed mechanically that he wore the new suit Lizzie had helped him buy, and the tie she herself had given him for Christmas.

"You think I'm an old woman—" Miss Cora tried to steady her thin voice. "And that I don't know. Don't you see it isn't just what I think? It's what is right?"

"You'll excuse me, Miss MacAllister—" Miss Cora saw his usual manner of shy friendliness struggling a moment against the great rush of emotion within him—and whirling off in the flood. "How do you know what's right? Who told you?" His hands shot out in awkward, right-angled gestures; they were square-fingered, slow, honest hands, like the boy himself. "You're higher up than us—more learning—but who told you what's right?"

"Lizzie knows, too. Her conscience tells her."

"Lizzie's conscience ain't telling her nothing but

what you told her. She never did anything so bad as trying to give a woman to a man she hated. What for?"

"Roy, when people make mistakes, they always have to suffer—but it comes out—it comes out in the end—" Miss Cora's voice wavered off into silence. She couldn't remember how it came out in the end.

"Mistakes? Who made 'em? Lizzie? A kid working in a pickle factory and living with a mean sister. Who helped her? Along comes this pimp—and shows her a little fun—and then—'cause who tells her what he's after, huh?—he gets her. What ought to happen to him? 'Stead of that, you'd give him my Lizzie. Mistakes? Who's making 'em?"

Miss Cora put her hands up to her ears, as if the words hurt her there, instead of deep within her heart. Then she heard Lizzie's voice, faint and from some great distance, and she lowered her hands. Past the square shoulders of the man she could see Lizzie's face.

"Roy," she was saying, "Roy!" And the boy turned, an imploring humility coloring his assertiveness. "You mustn't talk like that. Miss Cora—she's good—she—knows what respectable folks think—she ought to know—"

Miss Cora felt her old heart beating very slowly; all her principles had hurried there, and lay in a cold, inert mass, against which she could scarcely breathe. She watched curiously the color draining out of the boy's neck, leaving just a line of chafed red above his Sunday collar. She knew that his face would be white, too, when he turned to her again. It was, with sandy eyebrows bristling against its chalkiness.

"She'll do what you say is right," he said, haltingly. "I—I'd kill that skunk before I'd let him touch her. You—you don't want her to have children to him, do you? Maybe I ain't very good—but I'd be good to her—"

Miss Cora, clasping her hands stiffly before her, walked rigidly past Roy, around the table to Lizzie.

"Lizzie—" she cleared her throat. "Lizzie, you are doing this because I say to, not because you think it is right?"

Lizzie's fingers were twisting a bit of the table cloth; except for a slight contracting of her eyelids, she gave no sign that she had heard.

"I can't make you." Miss Cora tried to push her voice out; it sounded queer and frightened. "I can't be sure I know what you should do. I thought I knew—but I can't be sure. I can't tell you what to do. Go ahead—as you want to."

Lizzie's hand closed over the table edge.

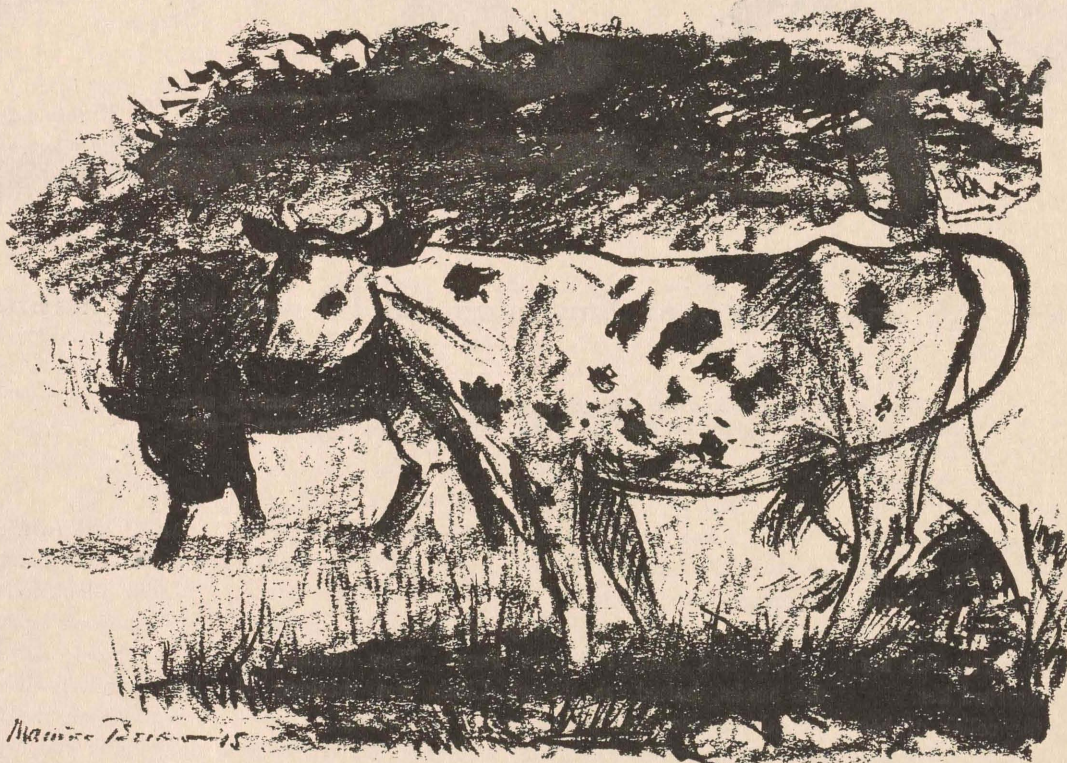
"You mean I won't be a bad woman—" she whispered.

"I hope not. Roy's right. I'm an old woman. I don't know."

She watched the pale, tremulous light beating up into the clay despair of Lizzie's face.

After all, real love was a good thing.

"God will let me take the blame," she said softly.



A DRAWING BY MAURICE BECKER

NOTE.—Our cover page this month is a drawing from life by Frank Walts of Miss Fania Marino as "Ariel" in "The Tempest."



Drawn by E. Gminska.

SUFFERING PLEASURE

Of All Sad Words

THE saddest effect of the collapse of the Mexican war, is that it leaves Roosevelt without an army to general. Now, at any rate, he can appreciate the feelings of John M. Parker, Bull Moose candidate for vice-president.

SINCE Carranza is too proud to fight, we are going to lend him money. Uncle Sam's sentiments seem to be, "Our money or your life."

"EVENTUALLY, why not now"—under this caption the *New York Journal* shows American flags planted all the way to Panama. Hearst must have a house and lot in Central America, too.

FOOD shortage on the border, water famine, and companies all doubled up with ptomaine—the title of this picture is, "The Spirit of '98."

THE Italians recently mined and blew up a mountain. They must be running low on faith.

EVERY man who owns an automobile will sympathize with Candidate Hughes, who has a German-American vote on his hands and cannot afford to keep it or throw it away.

A SAD commentary upon our degenerate times is the protest of the New York labor unionists against the military duty bills compelling them to shoot themselves in time of strike, and another is the squashy sentiment in the National Education Association against training infants for homicide.

ON the other hand, Marjorie's battleship fund is already large enough to buy a splendid rowboat.

THE levy on alcohol having proved a failure, France proposes to revive the tax on doors and windows last used in 1791. Has the government forgotten what happened to everybody's head about that time?

"TWO Sharks Seen Near Oyster Bay," says the *New York Tribune*, mentioning no names. The Progressives who were left waiting at the church will not be surprised at any news from Oyster Bay.

THE New York Stock Exchange has for the first time expelled a member for cheating cusotmers. If that carping spirit is allowed to spread it will bust up the club.

"MRS. HUGHES, Interviewed, Bars Quotation Marks." With everybody else down on the hyphens, it's a hard summer for punctuation.

THE official reports from Berlin upon the allied offensive on the Somme indicate that Germany has mobilized its third line of liars.

"THE reason why labor is not entitled to profit," says the *New York Times*, "is because it is guaranteed its wage and puts nothing at risk." Nothing, that is, except its life and its time, and odds and ends of limbs and the subsistence of its children and the chances of a solvent old age.

REVISED version, after the landing of the submarine *Deutschland*, "Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the wave, except on Tuesdays and Saturdays."

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE says America is not fit to belong to a League to enforce peace because we hate to fight. The editor is mad because we haven't an army of twenty million to be peaceful with.

LOOKS like a sad case of infantile paralysis.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

AN AMERICAN HOLIDAY

THE United States was recently on the point of going to war on account of the killing of some negro soldiers in Texas. But, as if to keep anybody receiving from this an erroneous impression about the American attitude toward the negro, the citizens of Waco, Texas, at about the same time conducted a lynching. A friend of THE MASSES, a woman of the highest integrity and courage, who went to Waco the day after the lynching and who investigated the case, gives the following account of it:

A WHITE woman, the wife of a farmer living near the town of Robinson, near Waco, was assaulted and murdered; suspicion pointed to the hired hand, a negro boy of seventeen, named Jesse Washington, who seems to have been mentally deficient. He was arrested, and a confession was obtained from him—not in his writing, for he could not read or write. Before the confession was had, a mob, loaded into thirty automobiles, came from Robinson to Waco, where the boy had been put in jail, intending to lynch him. He had been taken to the county seat, so the mob went there, only to find that he had been taken to Dallas. Some people from Waco then went to Robinson and urged that the law be allowed to take its course; and on the promise that the negro boy would waive his legal right to appeal for a new trial, and that the execution would take place at once, the Robinson people agreed not to interfere with the course of justice. The boy waived his rights, was indicted, and taken to Waco, where he was to be tried the next day—May 15.

The trial was hurried through, and the jury—one member of which was a convicted murderer under suspended sentence—brought in a verdict of guilty. The little courtroom, which holds 500 people, was packed with 1,500, and there was a crowd of two thousand outside. The judge, a machine politician, began writing in his docket. The sheriff, who had sworn in fifty deputies—who were not present—slipped out of the courtroom; he is running for re-election.

A tall man in the back of the room yelled "Get the nigger!" The mob surged forward and seized the boy. The judge, who had a revolver in his desk, made no move to stop them. A door, which locked by a peculiar device, had been fixed so that it would open; the boy was dragged through that door and down a narrow circular stairway.

These details were given me by people present at the trial. What follows is according to other eye-witnesses, backed up by photographs of the event, sold as souvenirs.*

They put a chain around the boy's body, and hitched it to an automobile. The chain broke. Shrieking and struggling, the boy was stripped of his clothes and slashed with knives. Some one cut his ear off; someone else unsexed him. A girl in a law office which looks down on the yard behind the Court House, told me of seeing this done.

They dragged him half a mile to a bridge, where one faction of the mob wanted to lynch him; but another part of the mob insisted on taking him to the City Hall, where a fire was already going. So they dragged him back. One of the photographs shows the waiting mob gathered about the tree, under which the fire is blazing. The mob had got a

little boy to light the fire, because a minor could not be indicted.

While the fire was being fed with boxes, the naked negro boy was beaten with clubs, bricks, shovels, and stabbed and cut until, according to the *Waco Times-Herald*, "his body was a solid color of red, the blood of the many wounds inflicted covered him from head to foot." The chain was thrown over a limb of the tree, and he was strung up; when he tried to take hold of the chain, they cut off his fingers. Then they lowered him, by the chain about his neck into the fire. . . . I have a photograph showing the roasted body hanging to the tree—and showing also the joyous, laughing, holiday faces of the mob. Women and children also saw the lynching. One man held up his little boy above the heads of the crowd so that he could see; a little boy was in the top of the tree, where he stayed till the fire became too hot.

Then the body was torn to pieces, and divided as souvenirs among the mob. People went about the next day when I was there, showing fingers and toes. Some one fastened a rope about the torso, dragged it through the streets of Waco. The head was put on the stoop of a disreputable woman's house in Waco's segregated district. Some little boys pulled out the teeth and sold them for five dollars apiece. The torso was taken to Robinson, exhibited, brought back to Waco, and put on the fire again.

The Mayor of Waco was among those who looked on, from his chambers in the City Hall—cursing, it is said, because the tree was being destroyed! The photographs were taken from the City Hall, the photographic apparatus having been brought there in readiness for the event.

Waco is a city of 30,000 inhabitants, with 39 white churches and four white colleges.

Only one of the newspapers commented editorially on the lynching.

The sheriff, it is freely predicted, will succeed in being re-elected.

In the course of my investigation, I asked many people if the same treatment would have been meted out if the woman as well as the boy had been a negro. They said: "We would not have stopped the niggers doing anything they wanted to." I asked, if the woman had been colored and the boy white, what would have happened? "Nothing." If they had both been white? "Oh, white people don't do things like that." I said: "Yes, they do. They do worse things. There is a white man in Texas who cut his wife into little pieces with a knife and took a day to do it. And he is still at large."

I was told: "You don't know the niggers." Well, I went about in the colored quarter of Waco for days, and talked to colored men, and never once was there a gesture or a glance or a tone that could possibly have been thought objectionable; while during that same period I was subjected by more than one white man to disagreeable attentions; in some cases I had to fight with them. An official of the Waco jail tried to lock me into a bedroom when I went there to visit the prisoners; and when I came back that same day with some tobacco for them, he shut the white prisoners in their cells, put me in a corridor that ran 'round the building, with all the colored men in the jail for company, locked the door and left the jail for two hours. I did not realize the significance of this at the time; I talked with them for an hour, and was treated with the great-

est courtesy; and when I was ready to go I rattled the door and called for the official. A prisoner who was in the warden's office waiting for his release papers, with whom I had been talking, dashed up the stairs, his face pale, and asked if I was all right! He told me the official had gone away for the afternoon. When he finally returned and let me out, he grinned, and asked if I had had a pleasant time. I said I had. "Well," said this Southern gentleman, "I thought if a decent white man wouldn't suit you, maybe the niggers would."

I went to a colored church, and asked if I might speak after the services; and I apologized from the pulpit on behalf of my own race for their treatment of the negro. I took this story to the newspapers the next day. "Do you really expect us to print that?" one editor asked. "Why not?" I said. "There would be another lynching," he told me. I said I had heard that sort of thing, and I wanted to see what would really happen. I was willing, I said, to take the chance. Not one paper dared print the story.

During my stay in Waco my room in the hotel was broken into and searched, my mail opened, and I was followed by detectives; and I was warned to leave the town.

* * *

THAT lynching in Waco was one of 31 lynchings of negroes in the United States since Jan. 1. Not one year has passed, since 1885, when they began to collect statistics on the subject, with less than sixty lynchings of negroes; some years the number has been as high as 155. In the last 30 years there have been over two thousand eight hundred negroes put to death in this manner in the United States.

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People proposes to raise immediately a fund of at least \$10,000 to start a crusade against this modern barbarism. Already \$2,000 has been promised, conditional upon the whole amount being raised. Those interested in this movement should write to Roy Nash, secretary, 70 Fifth avenue, New York City.

This would be a better action on behalf of civilization than merely giving relief to your feelings by denouncing atrocities which happen to be German or advocating that we send an army into Mexico to avenge the incidental killing of a few American citizens during a Mexican war for liberty.

Note For Bird-Lovers

JUST the other day a woman, a gentle Christian woman with white hair, told me tearfully: "My heart was broken this noon, for the cat came in with a robin in her mouth, and ate it greedily. It was a young robin which had fallen from its nest."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "the cat thought the bird was a Mexican."

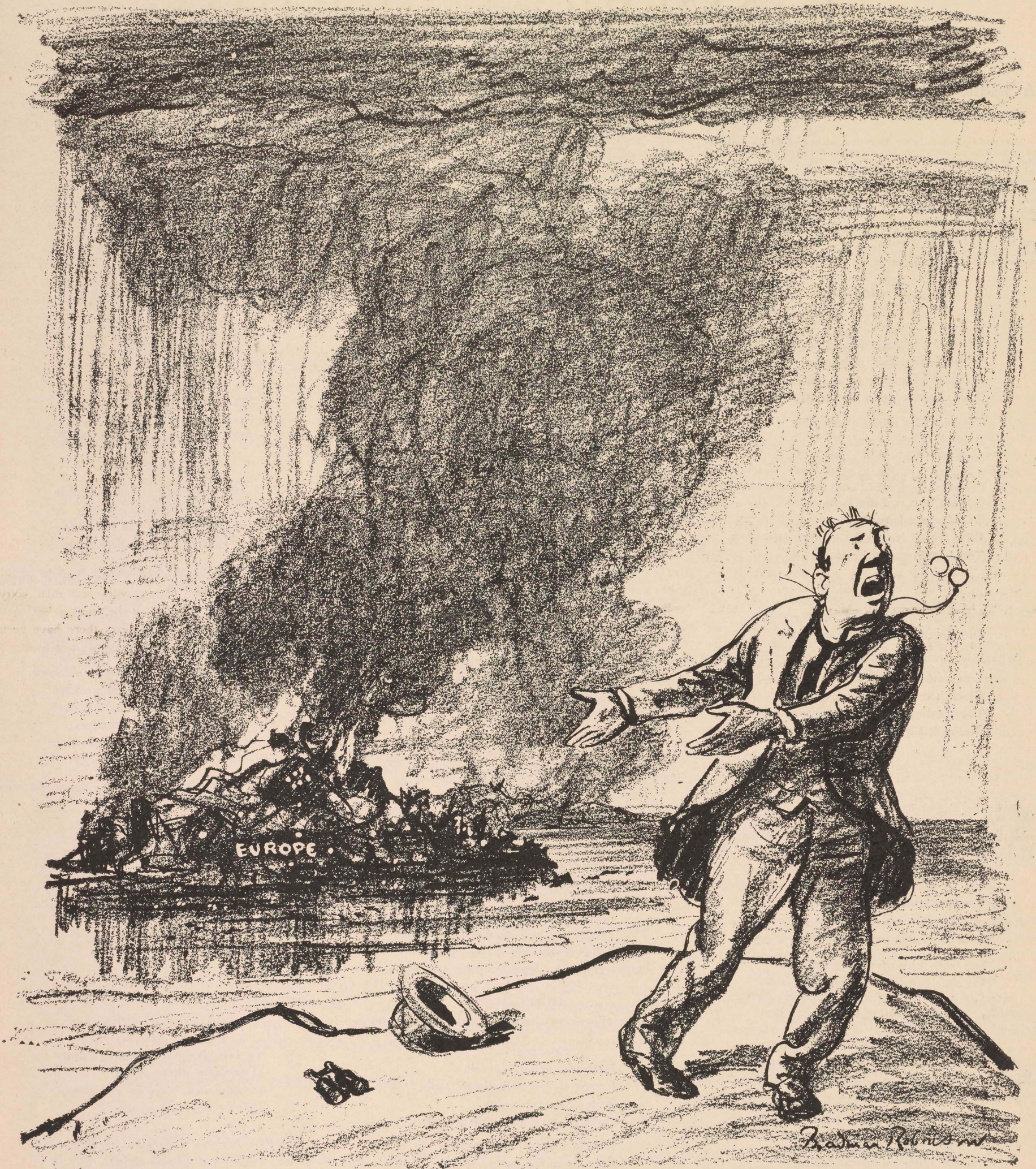
"I wish it had been!" she exclaimed heartily.

G. B.

They Also Fought

"IT is to the Tsar, whose determination to persevere when the hour was darkest was so superb, that our tribute is first due, and next it is due to the Russian Armies and the Russian people, who have succeeded so devotedly the Imperial efforts, and are once more saving the liberties of Europe."—*London Times*.

*These photographs, together with a more detailed account of the lynching, may be seen in the supplement to the *CRISIS* of July.



Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

LOGIC

Preparedness Advocate:—"If we don't prepare as they did, it'll happen to us!"

Education: A Community Masque

Seymour Barnard

A Stadium. (Automobile horns, trolley gongs, heard in the distance. Night.)

The spoken word being essential, according to the authors of masques recently produced, lines are herewith provided. But it is understood that nobody in the audience can hear what is said. Only the few having the price to buy a libretto beforehand, and with time to read it, know what is going on. During the performance late-comers pass between the audience and the scene, and by the time every one is seated, those who have had enough begin to file out. This furnishes the action of the masque.

(Darkness, during which have assembled in the foreground college presidents, professors, instructors and teachers. They sing, while the scene grows brighter and brighter, as though a flood of light were being let in.)

Prologue.

ALL

There is a process known to man
Which human-kind is bent to;
It makes of every one it can
What Nature never meant to:

The one who might excel a bit
It levels to the many,
And that poor chap without a wit
Becomes as good as any:

A little turn, a little twist
Of natural adaptation,—
Who should have been a humorist
Turns out to rule the nation:

The affluent without a bent,
The poor, who'd never do more,
Take their D.D.'s with wonderment,
And never see the humor:

(With great fervor.)

From out the past we have amassed
Of each decaying nation,
The learning vast (which proved its last),
And called it Education!

Act I.

(Darkness, pierced by a spot-light which throws red and blue rays. A stage appears in the center of the scenic design at the further end of the stadium. Scott Nearing is revealed, suit case in hand, his face toward the audience, and his back toward the University of Pennsylvania. He walks off slowly.)

SCOTT NEARING

Amid the glades of William Penn
I taught of pleasant things, and then
It seemed to me that eager youth
Should be conducted nearer truth:

That truth was of a vulgar stuff,—
That near enough was near enough,—
That things should false and pleasant be,—
Thus, thus they thought at U. of P.

(An invisible orchestra strikes up a march.)

(The trustees of the University of Pennsylvania troop across the open space in the foreground of the stadium. A dim religious light plays upon them. Following a short conference they sing.)

TRUSTEES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

A highly paid professor
Should impart a moral tone,
And his views are what we tell him,
Independent of his own;
And for the docile here's a
Prodigality of pelf;
Should he wish to teach what *he* thinks,
Then he ought to pay himself.

(Troop off, repeating the refrain.)

Inner Scene.

(A stage appears just above that upon which Scott Nearing stood. A lavender light, with a hint of yellow, revealing Nicholas Murray Butler on the steps of the library of Columbia University.)

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

An easy liberality
Is here allowed to function,
Without that prodigality
Extremists view with unction:

"A lissome latitude allowed,"
Our tentative decision;
A recognition of the crowd,—
When it obstructs our vision.

(Simultaneously with the above, four radicals of the faculty of Columbia University dance in the foreground.)

FOUR RADICALS

Ink and anarchy!
Ph. D.!
Rank rebellion
And history!
We're the bane
Of the faculty,—
Irksome irritation:

Our atypical
Attitude,
Our complaint at
A platitude,
Lends the likeness of
Latitude,
To the Corporation!

(To soft music.)

Dance we now, and let us charm you,
What we say need not alarm you,
We're too few by far to harm you,
Any one will testify.

Act II.

(Darkness, pierced by a crimson shaft. Scott Nearing is shown knocking at the gates of Harvard University.)

SCOTT NEARING

Place Athenian; time, Socratic,
Just a little more than static,
I've a message here for youth,
Ever burning, brightest truth!

A VOICE FROM WITHIN

(To slow, very slow music.)

This is but a seat of learning,
And no place for message burning;
Flame and ardor, inspiration,
Here give way to Education.

Inner Scene.

(The preceding scene darkens. Charles W. Eliot appears on the stage above. The setting represents a five-foot book shelf.)

CHARLES W. ELIOT

In gentle, aphoristic vein
I comment on each timely topic,
Reiterating yet again
Opinions mild and philanthropic:

It little matters what I say
As subject for my peroration,
The unimportant things to-day
Attract the man of Education:

Then let our mental exercise
Ignore the substance for the tissues,
Leave us the lesser things we prize,
The mob, the vulgar vital issues.

Interlude.

(Groups of trustees arrive, swathed in a white light. A number of freshmen follow. A green light plays over them.)

TRUSTEES

(To freshmen.)

If after all your schooling
There should happen to survive,
A little of the human
And a little of the live,
If there still persists a notion
That it's well to be of use,
That the human race is worthy
But decidedly obtuse, —

PROFESSORS

(From somewhere in the dark, to freshmen.)

Be, ye unregenerate,
Satisfied to speculate,
Action's for the vulgar
And the ones we fail to educate.

FRESHMEN

If furnished with a good excuse
We've no desire to be of use;
What better reason for stagnation
Than that of Higher Education?

(The freshmen are followed by a pageant of college women, bearing a banner inscribed, "WE DEMAND ALL LABOR FOR OUR PROVINCE.")

COLLEGE WOMEN

Our colleges and seminaries
Supply the world with secretaries,
Though handicapped by certain shirkers
Behold the source of social workers;
We've teachers here, and decorators,
Modistes and some investigators;
O, how the men fear our ingressions
Into the field of the professions!

(A host of children from Gary, Ind., throng the scene. They dance and sing.)

GARY CHILDREN.

We children of Gary,
Methodically gay,
Efficiently vary
Our work with our play;
Not only we're taught, but
We're doctored and fed;
O, home it is naught
But a place for a bed.

(School boys, armed to the teeth march across.)

SCHOOL BOYS

Ye lads like us, though far away,
(One—two—three—four)
In some such place as Paraguay,
(War—war—war—war)

In England, Greece or Timbuctoo,
(Five—six—seven—eight)
Look out, for we're prepared for you:
(Hate—hate—hate—hate)

That you were born without the gates
Of these aroused United States,
Remains the strongest reason yet
For bullet, bomb, and bayonet.

Act III.

(A blue light. Scott Nearing knocks at the doors of Yale.)

SCOTT NEARING

Grimmest, greatest of the lot,
Make a place for homeless Scott;
Here is truth, assertive, searing;
Have you place for it and Nearing?

A VOICE FROM WITHIN

Here is all-enduring knowledge,
Suitable for any college;
That prepost'rous thing you're preaching
Wouldn't mix with what we're teaching.

(Scott Nearing sinks to the ground, where he is seen gradually to fall asleep. Sprites from Ohio wing their way on the scene. They are clad only in leaves and flowers.)

SPRITES

We're from a land without a flaw,
Where Truth is dressed in candor,
As nearly naked as the law
Will guarantee to stand for:

(They lift Scott Nearing.)

Our modest mortal looks away
When naked Truth we show him,
Or turns and runs in sheer dismay
Lest he should seem to know him.

(They fly slowly away, bearing Nearing.)

Epilogue

(While the Sprites fly away, the professors, instructors, and teachers have assembled *en masse* in the foreground. They sing.)

ALL

With perfect equanimity,
With confidence unshaken,
The past in close proximity,
Its echoes unmistak,—

Unaltered our position is,
Our rule, applied tradition:
To educate, our mission is;
Our object,—inanity.

(Long before this the audience has taken its departure. The masque may therefore be brought to a close.)



A PORTRAIT BY PABLO PICASSO

A Telegram

VAN KLECK ALLISON, 22-years, a former Columbia student and Newspaper man, was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary in Boston on July 20th, for having given a lying plain clothes man a leaflet on birth control.

The officer told Allison that he was a married man in poor circumstances and that his wife was giving birth to another child. He could not afford more children and asked for methods.

Allison was sentenced on four counts. Three were on the leaflet given the officer, one was for publishing an article on birth control by Dr. W. J. Robinson in Allison's magazine, *The Flame*.

The trial was horrible. The District Attorney said the women present in the courtroom ought to blush for their womanhood. Judge Murray had the verdict ready right after District Attorney concluded. Judge said birth control was a blow at the foundations of Divine Law.

Appeal has been taken. The fight is on.

(From the Boston Journal, July 21.)

Van K. Allison, Columbia student, newspaperman and social reformer, was found guilty and sentenced to three years in the House of Correction yesterday for having distributed literature to birth control. Allison immediately appealed and was held in \$3,000 bail for the Superior Court. Allison was later bailed.

Judge Murray, before whom the case was tried in the Municipal Court, said in sentencing Allison

that the latter had acted in defiance of the Divine Law as well as the legislative enactments of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Judge Murray characterized the birth control literature as "obscene, indecent, impure, vile and unchaste," and said that he could not "conceive of a pure-minded man presuming to defend a course of this kind after he had entered upon it."

The case throughout was tried under the most

dramatic conditions. Many times during his pleading District Attorney Pelletier turned and verbally lashed the men and women who filled the spectators' benches, saying that the women ought to blush to be seen at a "dirty sex" case.

District Attorney Pelletier asked Allison whether he had ever discussed the subject with married women.

"Yes," the defendant answered quietly.

"Who were they?" Mr. Pelletier stormed, while the spectators crowding the benches breathed with difficulty. "Name them—every one of them."

Allison hesitated. "Some of them are in the courtroom," he said.

"Name them," Pelletier demanded. "Was it this woman, or this, or this?" he shouted, pointing to various women on the benches.

During the ensuing recess sixteen married women signed their names to a paper in which they declared that they were not afraid to discuss birth control, and this was submitted to Judge Murray. Many of the women declared later to reporters that they were indignant at the personal methods used by the district attorney.

The bail was furnished by Dr. Jennie Roitman of East Boston and Mrs. Emilie Touifant of Brookline. Mrs. Touifant had never met Allison, but had been present in court as one interested in the fight for free speech on birth control. She volunteered to furnish bail when the need arose.

A QUARREL

FOR days the rain had fallen and the sky had been blind, and all life had seemed gray to her. She wondered what she wanted to do, but searching herself she found no paths leading out from her. She felt closed and dead inside, and there seemed to be a weight upon her—crushing her. She longed to feel alive again and find within the force to throw off the load of unaccomplishment.

She looked to the hour when her husband would come back from his sitting. He was the source of her life and she looked to him to animate her sense of living and to enliven her inert force, and she hated him in advance for being the only element in her inexperience that could work this magic for her, changing all things to vivid—causing her forces to flow out—strong and even.

Sometimes she had to wrestle with him for her reinforcement. She hated the struggle, somehow knowing that it meant grappling with him for her life at his cost. Yet she knew that it was the struggle that vivified her—not the victory over him, for whether she lost or won she lived again in the effort, and it was the living that she craved.

Soon he came in. She felt nothing at his approach. The heavy ennui continued; but her memory, which was also her instinct, reminded her that underneath all they loved each other and that he embodied her release. She looked at him searchingly, her intelligence nervously scouring him for an entrance to that innermost center where the life forces are stored. Her instinct was ready to force him should she find him sealed.

She hated him as he stood before her, but she knew what magic he had stored within him, and she felt anew the burden she carried hidden, and secretly—secret to herself—she plotted an exchange.

He looked at her uneasily. He had an insignificant thing to tell her—something that he must say at once, so that the motor would be in readiness in the morning; but he hesitated because the slightest things so often grew into overwhelming and monstrous creations at their hands when they both seemed to call out an energy of hating in each other.

"How did the work go?" she asked him. She knew it had gone well because he was full of light and his face was clear. She coveted the light on his face.

Her own inner darkness deepened as she spoke and the darkness was her burden.

"Very well—but I have to go again tomorrow—and I am going to stay for lunch and go on to see the masque in the Turner's garden—a lot of people will be there I haven't seen for a long time—it's a good chance."

He said it lightly because he knew that it was of no consequence in itself, this trivial plan, yet he shivered a little within him because he feared she would give it some greater consequence. He went out to give the servant the order for the car. His lips had tightened and his step was heavier.

The instant that he had spoken, she had felt the change in her blood. His words had carried a dynamizing force in them. Her desire to preserve herself quickened—her nerves vibrated as they became more alert, and as her poisoned blood rushed through her arteries, her muscles tightened invisibly as though for the leap.

His words carried a meaning to her secret instinct that whipped her into being, his words implied an escape—an absence—and his escape signified her

temporary extinction. He was her escape. He was her outlet, his absence dammed up her energies and his attention turned away even for a short time sealed up her life inside of her until it fermented and poisoned her. He was her escape. She could not let him evade her, she must pinion him. She bided her time.

"What time will you go?" was all she said—with apparent indifference. He warmed to her at once. He felt he had been unjust—disloyal—to fear her in the moment that had just passed. He longed to corroborate the sudden sense of richness in their love as it surged up in grateful relief. He longed to be prodigal for once—of ease and understanding and security. So he overflowed to her in confidence, generously whispering his suspicions of that enemy of theirs who dwelt within her.

"Wasn't it ridiculous. . . . I hesitated to tell you at first. I was almost afraid to—I knew how immaterial it was but I thought you'd object—not like it—if I went away for another day—" His face glowed and his well being affronted her, in her malaise. All her blood had turned icy in her—and she felt it course through her whole body to the outermost tips of fingers and feet with its cold and acid flux. She rose and changed her seat. Once on her feet she felt her poison was her strength—her weapon. She waited and while she waited the air was charged with her malice so that it reached him before she spoke, and he sensed that the change in her blood had divided them into separate and different elements.

"You might be living away from here, for all I see of you." She discharged the words that were the signal for battle between them.

He felt sick and weakened for a moment, and the light on his face wavered. He still knew that the occasion of the struggle was trivial, but now he knew that the struggle itself would not be trivial. Each would pay in terms of life, greater life and lesser-life would ebb and flow between them. For one a greater attrition—for the other more abundance. One would be dispossessed . . . the one possessing would be rifled.

He parried in the first encounter. He longed to save them both from the destroying and corroding flood she would further discharge. "I don't want to be away from you—you know that. I tried to get out of it, but I thought it was the least I could do, to go this time after refusing so often. I should see more people than I do—one needs people."

The cloud deepened upon his face and he felt a weight come upon him, clamping him down. His vitality seemed suddenly diminished. He knew it was hopeless to try and fend off the obscure burden she wanted to foist upon him.

Her energy quickened in her at the release of her exasperation. All day she had felt less alive—less vital than now in the moment of her unrighteousness. She gathered herself, she felt her intensity increase, and her intelligent instinct, cruel with perversity, directed her attack with animal awareness of his loosening control.

"Yes," her voice was very firm and her words measured. "Very well, let us stop quarreling. You go your way. I will go mine. Let's see how it will work. Let us have separate lives, separated, in the day time." She seemed to him to triumph in calmness now, because he knew her anger, and because he knew her anger he did not wince at the threat of

separateness implying other joys than common ones . . . but her apparent indifference to his explanation struck him. She did not care to believe it. He suddenly felt her perverse strength in her desire to hurt him; her stupid and unknowing female strength striking out false and mutinous, away from their mutuality.

As he felt her strength, she too felt it. She felt herself recovered—towering—filled with a capacity for revenging life. "Go ahead to your garden party, we won't quarrel over it. I too will look for my pleasures and my occupations somewhere else."

The darkness came down upon him and he felt himself powerless to lift himself from under it, from under the weight of this woman's heavy hand, desiring to wound him.

During the evening they read from the light of separate lamps, the woman sensing her strength, the man wondering. Quite late she asked him the time and he told it to her, and they both put out the lights with even gestures and went to bed lying beside each other in the dark.

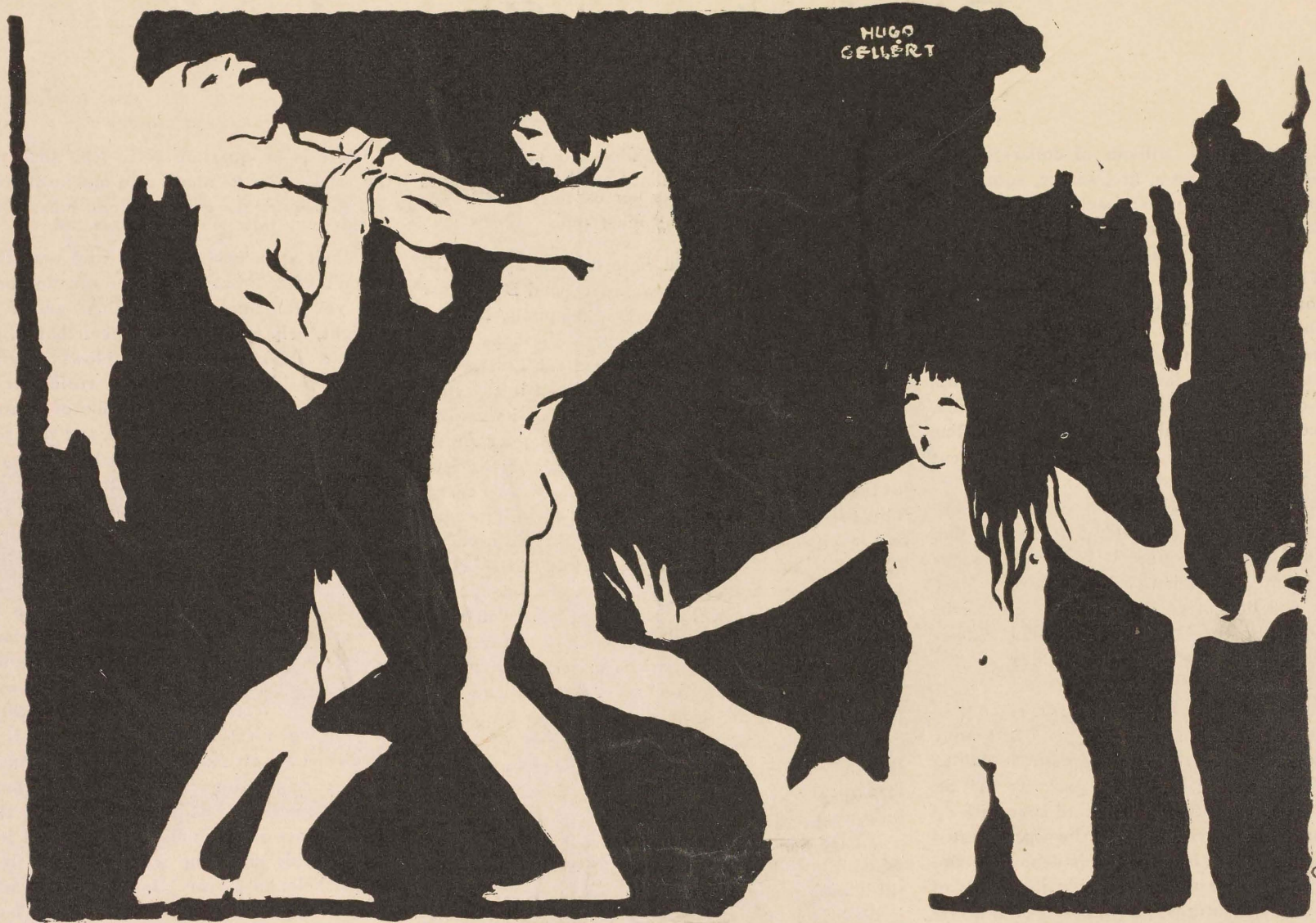
Soon again she felt her anger surge violently in her again at the sound of his even breathing, for he slept beside her instead of lying awake to suffer from their separation, and while he slept she felt her strength slip from her once more.

He slept because he had worked hard and was tired, and he could leave her awake with the sense of their separateness. She hated the immunity his work gave him, both sleeping and awake and she coveted it. She moved restlessly that he might awaken and suffer once more, so that once more she might gain an immunity from pain in his pain.

He woke up but his instinct drew him away from consciousness and he rose silently and went away and slept in the next room. When he left, she too sank into sleep, battling in the night for a more certain victory.

When he opened his eyes in the morning she was sitting by his side in the bed. He awoke drearily, uneasily, and he felt tired, with a malaise at his heart. He saw that she looked tired, and her voice was reasonable when she spoke. There was no sign upon her that she was his enemy, yet he dreaded her and wished her away. He felt uneasy and unreal. She began to speak and he hated, weakly, her reasonableness.

"Listen, dear," she said, "I have been thinking it over in the night. I have made a mistake by trying to satisfy myself by devoting myself to you. It hasn't been fair to you or to myself. I must find something to do besides loving you. I must have other contacts—other interests. I have so much energy that I can't use it all just on you. You have your work. My work will be a different kind from yours, not with a brush or an instrument. I must use my power directly. I don't want to bother you any more. I will find other—" Oh, how he hated her toneless voice, and her words. He shuddered from the discouragement of bitterness within him. Would she never let him alone? Must she forever pierce him and draw his life from him? He had sensed all the future in her as she spoke. He felt another motive work in her than the one apparent in her words. He was worn out from struggling against her desire to wound him, not from the wounds themselves. Because, at the bottom of all, they loved one another, he always drew her meanings from her atmosphere directly. Her words carried



A DESIGN BY HUGO GELLERT

less weight than the air she breathed. Their communication was magical. He sensed her strength as she sat there deadly to him—sapping the strength in him, deadly in her desire to mutilate and overcome him.

He guessed her meaning, her innate cruelty, her instinct for picking out the raw nerve in his male nature. He knew that he could not live with her if she chose other interests than himself, not because of the interest she would take away from him but because she would be doing it to destroy him. He felt her emphasis upon his crude jealousy, and this emphasis did not make him cringe, but the motive behind made him bow his head as though under a yoke. She saw his pain and exulted. She had done it to him. Now she thrilled at her life within. She felt life in her, nearly filling her, nearly fulfilling her.

Now they were completely separated. The burden was on him. She was light. The fantastic structure she had built rose between them, screening them from each other as if it was a tower of strength to her. She had projected it. He felt utterly done, he saw life as a disaster, a wilful chaos. The tears flowed from him. He foreshadowed the end between them even though he knew how they loved one another. He felt done to death by her, unable to move, unable to rise and go to his work. She had drained him of the store of energy which his work had given him and which had been lent him to return to his work.

She, seeing his tears, exulted. She kissed him and begged him to kiss her, but he was cold to her denatured presence, and his nature perceived no warmth in her gesture.

She kissed him again while she wondered a little at the coldness within her. She had not meant it to continue. She wanted to melt now in her triumph and he marveled that they—loving one another—could feel only coldness and indifference all that day and the next. Like two frozen forms they moved along rigidly through the hours.

And her stolen power sank down in her leaving only ashes and she could strike no fire from him to warm her again.

And his depletion was not renewed until the tide turned at last—as is the way of tides.

THREE POEMS

I. MOON-RISE

WE walked contentedly along,
So at home in the night,
That when I saw a cozy, yellow moon
Reflected in a warm and shallow pool,
It seemed the comfortable lamp on my table
Mirrored in my cup of tea.

II. SONYA

WHAT made your little, wizened face so kind,
And made me happy just to look at you;
And see your small and crooked-seeming body
Bend over household tasks or sewing
In that skilled way you had?
And what made the long-rebelling thought
Assail me, when your high, shrill voice
Pierced me in distant rooms, and I could hear you
Pouring love-words on my only child?

I knew your human need, your tender heart,
And took your lavish service and your love
With almost shame.

And you have gone,
Passed with fierce loyalty to another home,
And squander mother-love on strangers' children
For twenty-seven dollars every month.

III. THE POTTERIES

WHEN the blue clay glints through the rusty
hillsides,
It is not to the eye of Man it beckons
Nor to his creative fingers;
But to his world-old instinct of obedience
That bids him carry on the trade and tradition of his
Father,
Who wrought beauty
From the willing earth.

Jean Starr Untermeyer.

Fighting Steel

Arturo Giovannitti

THE Steel Trust. Billions of dollars; half a million slaves; iron, fire, smoke, soot, fury, blackness and uproar; machines and sweat; machines and hunger; machines and greed; machines and civilization and glory and beauty and murder. The Steel Trust. America's fore-hell of Europe's torture pits; peace and good will emblazoned on an escutcheon of blood; picks, crowbars, dirks, automatics, cannon, armor plates, rails, chains, cat o' nine tails, straight jackets, bull pens, coupons, paychecks, overalls and silk hate, rags and velours, madness and frenzy, serenity and joy commingling and rotating in a fantastic swirl for the amusement of the great American people.

All-wise, all-seeing, all-powerful—nothing before it, not even the will of God; behind it only the dull and haggard face of the Fool who stirs the ashes of the dead and writes history for those who have not lived it and do not care. But who could write the history of the Steel Trust? Not even the recording archangel, not even the auditor of the ledgers of hell.

For the history of the Steel Trust is a history of peace—it is too one-sided, too uneventful to occupy anyone who takes a personal interest in the doings of life. Nobody ever dared to attack it; the St. Georges or Don Quixotes who tilt and spar with all the dragons and the windmills of the world rested their lances before the haunts of this debonnair and philanthropic monster and rode away in search of more romantic adventures. Congress never investigated it with a real intention; political parties flattened their noses on the talisman of its slipper; labor unions and labor leaders shrunk tremblingly before the glare of its red eyes, and even private vengeance which the demons gave to man when the gods took their liberty away, never found a leaden bullet or a handful of saltpeter and rusty nails for this monster.

Nobody ever dared to rebel against it. Since the Homestead strike, thirty years ago, when a dream-drunk youth shouted the madness of his protest through the mouth of the pistol, rebellion was crushed and ground to pulp, and never even attempted to rise again. Since then the gory trinity of the Fates and the harpies: Carnegie, Schwab and Gary sit immovable and serene on a pyramid of white and gold: dollars and bones. Around it judges, senators, bankers, profiteers, soldiers, gunmen, murder-mongers, the guardians of the sepulchre and the turnkeys of the dungeon, dance a drunken and furious saraband of praise, grinning, chuckling, cavorting, swept away in a satyriasis of greed, vomiting the red clots of their ghoulish surfeit on the bruised face of the Republic.

Since then its domain has been sacred and impassable—nothing entered it, not even the printed word which has pried into all things impenetrable, not even the roar of the outside world travailing in the birth-throes of a renewed social consciousness. Around this world's mightiest throne stood the barbed wire of an ultra human law, the redoubts of an unfathomable sacredness, a fence of bayonets, barbicans of beaten armor, ramparts of magic and steel, and frightful embroideries of red blood on a gray and black lacework of prison bars.

And at the gate, outside, counting the lost souls that went in, stood the President of the world's greatest nation and the governors of seventeen

states, in liveries of red and blue with stars on their lapels and coat tails, smiling, waiting, bowing and begging tips.

* * *

One power alone could raise its arm against the Steel Trust in these days when God and Demos are nursing their wounds in the field hospitals. Not the government, for the government is the head salesman and the toll collector of the Steel Trust. Not Public Opinion, for the trust has given it a permanent job as head eunuch in the harems of its favorite actresses and odalisques. Not the press, for America has no press, but only penny paper counterfeits of the people's currency. Not the American Federation of Labor, for the helots of the Steel Trust are not laborers and cannot pay dues. No, not even the Church, even if it wanted to, for all those helots, half a million of them, are damned and belong forever to Him That Denies. Only one power could do it, for only one power was as godless, fearless and ruthless as the Steel Trust; as disrespectful of traditions, as disregarding of laws, as unafraid of gunfire and hellfire, as unappeasably hungry for power, as unslakably athirst with the passion of life—a power as dark and ominous, yet lighted by the distant gleam of the bonfire of men blazing on the hilltops of the jungle of beasts—the I. W. W.

It tried to slay the beast of Steel for ten years and failed. It is now trying again. It will try forever till it wins or dies. Let us help it win or let us help it die. It is everyman's duty to do either one job or the other.

Look at these men in Minnesota. Here are the St. Michaels of the everlasting hereafter, battering down the closed gates of the new earth. Look at them.

Twenty thousand iron miners, unfed, half clad, uncultivated, rough, crude, dirty, ill-smelling, illiterate, savagely primitive in their needs and longings, without visions, without philosophies, chain bound to the belly and the galley, are now embattled against the Beast. Human worms, alive, gnawing at a giant that is carrion before it is corpse. Look at and study this struggle if you want to know about life. Close up all your books—they are worthless. Yesterday, today and tomorrow, what was and is and will be, is right here.

There is nothing unusual, nothing brilliant, nothing romantic; no human interest, no poetry, no sudden great inspiration, no art in this struggle. There is nothing but the silent and invisible omnipotence that made old worlds crumble to the dust, and new archies, new orders, new kinships of men rise and be. On one side gold, brains, culture, refinement, the invulnerability of righteousness, the bullets of the State and the fulminations of the Church, and around all this the silence of quailing little souls that see but bear no witness. On the other side hunger, ignorance, fatigue, stupidity, pestilence, dumb dread, inarticulate desires, aimlessness and the chilling silence of folded arms and eyes that stare.

The bank on one side, the jail on the other. There the Steel Trust with its two billion dollars and its hosts of mighty men riding in state through the aisle of a prostrate multitude of fools—here the I. W. W. with Carlo Tresca and Joe Schmitt staring through the prison bars into the alert eyes of a handful of living men. Who shall win?

There is no question as to who shall win. It is the weaker, for he alone who has no power has the will to acquire it. But how long must it take?

* * *

I don't know who you are who read these lines. I don't know what you do or can do—but I know that you can think. Think, then, and if you think straight, help these men win their battle, help them slay the Beast. Help them blow open the coffer where the blood-booty of the world war is stored, and feed with it a new generation of fighters. Help them batter down the jail walls, and release from the purgatory the beasts of toil that they may be transfigured into real men. Help them come out of the smoke and the furnace, the darkness and the depths. Help them return, Tresca and Schmitt and the seven other men accused of murder by those who have made murder synonymous with law and order, to open the places where men meet to know and love each other through strife and turmoil. Think, and give them what you can. Your voice first, if your heart is between your lungs; a shout of defiance if your teeth are used to bite on the knuckles of your enemies; a word of kindness if your lips have been sweetened too long with the mead of life.

Then your money. They need your money. Every cent that you don't need out of this week's income does not belong to you. Send it to them, through this magazine which belongs to them before it belongs to you. Invest your pennies in the struggle against the coupons and remember that bronze, in any form, is always mightier than gold.

But be quick. Don't delay. This the the forethunder of the great storm, the vanwind of the coming gale. There is still hope for America and the world because of this. It is a sign of the times, a proof that the spirit of revolt is not dead, that the Revolution is still forging forward on the red tides of war. Ireland last spring—Spain yesterday—today America in the sweat shops of New York and the iron fields of Minnesota. The lines are being drawn, slowly but surely. Tomorrow is at the threshold of today. Red glares are in the skies. Red visions are in the eyes of all men, everywhere. If you want to be alive and live this hour in the fulness of its strength, see where you must go. Decide. Soldiers and militarism on one side, all over the world—on the other the first call of the Revolution and the slow mobilization of the Mob.

Logic

"PREPAREDNESS causes war," cries Herr Wilhelm J. von Bryan. You don't seem to get it? Tut, it's easy. It follows the axioms laid down in the Matteawan Advanced Logic, thus:

- "1. Umbrellas cause rain."
- "2. Shoes produce feet."
- "3. Hair causes baldness."
- "4. Rainfall produces drought."

And so on, and on, and on, to psychopathic infinity. Herr von Bryan is not at all difficult to understand—if you can get into the same mental state.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Likewise Preparedness Insures Peace.

Thus:

1. Filling your house with nitro-glycerine ensures against explosions.
2. Rocking the boat ensures against drowning.
3. Entering an automobile race ensures against accident.
4. Toting a loaded gun ensures amity with your neighbor.

T. H. R.



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

WILL HE FOLLOW?

Irritation

HE was not afraid; that was a relief to him. He only felt keenly alive, for such an anaemic little person. He must get Beth in a life boat, then look out for himself. Wouldn't she ever come?

He made his way through horrors to their state-room. He could hear her inside mumbling. He tried the door. It was locked. Then he rattled the knob. "Quick, Beth, for God's sake!" After a moment she opened it. Her hat was crooked, and her life belt wildly askew. There was a resigned calm in her face.

"I've been praying, Edwin."

"Quick!" He caught at her wrist. He had never realized what a difference her advantage in size made between them physically. He pulled her to the deck. There was something stolid and doughy in the way she moved. "Life boat!" he kept urging.

She just shook her head. "There are others worthier."

Time was flying, too. There were only a few places in the last boat. If he could just have picked her up and chucked her in, or pushed her. . . . But one couldn't fight—not at such a time. Besides she was bigger than he.

A sailor lurched toward them. "Last place—be quick, ma'am!"

He didn't dare look; but he knew she was shaking her head. He heard her say, "I will stay with my husband." That meant he must stand there, calm and resigned; wait with her for the end, not even try to fight.

They launched the last boat. The band began a hymn. Then the ship shook as though the sea gagged to swallow it, and began to sink swiftly.

He turned to her. She made an ineffectual dab to straighten her hat, then looked at him. He knew she expected that he would put his arms about her or say something heroic. The sea roared close. He couldn't keep back the words:

"I hope you like it, you fool. It's all your fault!"

CHARLES WILLIAM BRACKETT.



A DESIGN BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

ARE WE INDECENT?

THE opportunity to present the Ward & Gow censorship of *THE MASSES* before the Thompson Legislative Committee, came to us rather as a surprise. August Belmont, director and former president of the subway company, had been questioned by the committee on the terms of subway's contract with Ward & Gow, as a matter of public importance.

It seemed to us that the way Ward & Gow made use of their privilege was no less a matter of public interest; and we were glad to find that the chairman of the committee, Senator Thompson, agreed with us. A hearing was held on June 28.

August Belmont was the first witness, and was given an interesting ten minutes. Max Eastman asked if he could put some questions to Mr. Belmont. The first questions dealt with the terms of the Ward & Gow contract.

"Is there anything in the terms of that contract," asked Mr. Eastman, "which allows Ward & Gow to exercise a censorship as to what magazines they will sell on the subway?"

A. "I don't recall."

Q. "Would you mind giving me your personal opinion as to whether you think they have a right to exclude magazines from the subway stands because they don't like them?"

A. "I wouldn't express an opinion as to that, a personal opinion."

Q. "Mr. Belmont, is Ward & Gow's function there a public service, in your opinion?"

A. "They conduct newsstands under the same privileges as any newsstand, I presume."

Q. "Well, is the function of any newsstand public service?"

A. "I don't quite understand the purport of it. A public service—they are newsstands, they conduct a newsstand like any other newsstand. I don't know what you mean. Do you mean that they have a moral obligation to the public? Is that what you mean? I am more interested in their legal obligations than I am in their moral obligations. I believe if they are of public service, they have some legal obligations that they have not if they are not of public service. I can't help you on that."

Q. "Mr. Belmont, the Interborough Company is of public service, is it not?"

A. "Oh, yes."

Q. "Well, does not the relation between the Interborough Company and Ward & Gow entail the conclusion that they also are a public service?"

A. "I could not express anything but an opinion on that subject."

Q. "That is exactly what I want you to express. It would help a lot if you would express an opinion."

A. "Why?"

Q. "Because your opinion is very important."

A. "I don't see that it is. My private opinion does not seem to be pertinent here on a question of that kind. You are asking me about the actual relations between the two, and so far as Ward & Gow is involved as a public servant, I think it is. As to its contract with the Interborough, I can't give you an opinion."

Q. "May I ask you if you have an opinion about it?"

A. "As to whether an objectionable publication should be sold there or not?"

Q. "Yes."

A. "Yes, I think if there was any legal method of preventing an objectionable publication from being sold on a stand it ought to be done."

Q. "Will you tell me whether you have an opinion as to whether Ward & Gow is a public service?"

A. "I can't give you that either, it would be worthless."

Mr. Eastman: "Don't you think, Senator Thompson, that Mr. Belmont's opinion would be pertinent to the question of whether a law on this subject would be proper or not?"

Senator Thompson: "I should think so, very much so."

Mr. Eastman: "Won't you give us your opinion, Mr. Belmont?"

Mr. Belmont: "I don't think you want my opinion on a subject like that. You would have to make that very specific."

Mr. Eastman: "Senator Thompson, will you please make my question specific? I don't seem to know how."

Senator Thompson: ". . . . He wants to know if in your opinion the sale of these magazines on the newsstands of the Interborough is a public service, that is, a service that they are bound to give to the public; it is in the nature of a monopoly, and he also wants an opinion as to whether, if it is not now under the jurisdiction of the public service, it should be?"

Mr. Belmont: "Yes, it is."

The witness was excused, and Mr. Eastman proceeded to lay a complaint against the firm of Ward & Gow for excluding *THE MASSES* from the subway newsstands. His statement is printed on page five of this issue. The grounds of exclusion having been the "blasphemous and indecent" character of *THE MASSES*, he asked a number of representative citizens to testify as to their opinion of the magazine. The first of these witnesses was Professor John Dewey, of Columbia University. Mr. Dewey said:

"I have been a fairly regular reader of *THE MASSES*, and I have never seen anything which I regarded as either indecent or blasphemous."

Q. "Do you think that Ward & Gow have a moral right to exclude *THE MASSES* from the subway stands?"

A. "It is my personal opinion that it is very unfortunate that any private business corporation should have it in its power to determine in any way the trend and set of thought and ideas that should percolate to the community. That is to my mind the most serious feature of the present case—the exercise of a censorship by a business organization."

Senator Thompson: "Is it a power that ought to reside anywhere except in the Legislature?"

A. "My own judgment is that it should reside simply in the Legislature and in the decisions of the courts pursuant to the acts of Legislature. I think otherwise we might find that certain business interests might object to any propaganda and exercise their power to cut it off."

Lincoln Steffens was then called to the stand. He told how he had gone, at the request of *THE MASSES*, to see an official of the Ward & Gow Company, to see if it were not possible to persuade Ward & Gow not to exercise censorship over *THE MASSES*, and to put it back on their stands. "The purpose of that move from my point of view," he said, "was to see if we could not get them to see the point about free speech and free press, without making a fight."

"Some of the men on *THE MASSES* wanted to make a fight and I am against fighting except when it is

necessary. However, I went down to see Mr. Atkinson and he received me and asked me curtly what my business was and I said it was to ask him to raise the embargo upon *THE MASSES*, and he said, 'That cannot be done.' I asked him if he would give me a hearing and he said, 'Yes.' So I went inside and sat down at his desk with him and I said, 'Mr. Atkinson, I used to be what they call a muckraker, had access to magazines which gave me a certain power and I abused it. I used that power to blame men, to express more or less my feelings against men, individuals, and I know now that men are not at fault, and I said, 'Now, here comes *THE MASSES*, a lot of young men. They have talent and their publication amounts to power.' I said, 'They abuse their power as they are bound to do, as all men in power abuse power.' I said, 'Then come Ward & Gow and they have a privilege from a privileged concern, which gives them the power to say what publications shall be presented in a certain way to the public and which shall not, so of course Ward & Gow abuse their power. This usually means fighting. Men can't express themselves, can't get together and can't have any understanding among themselves, and so they go to War as they do in Europe.' He said, 'Well, why not make *THE MASSES* stop publishing what they are publishing all the time?' I said, 'That is not the way to begin. They are young men and they think these things and feel these things, let them express themselves. We don't want them repressed.' . . .

"Well, the result of the interview was that Mr. Atkinson said that it was a new point of view to him and he said he would take it up with Mr. Ward and would try to persuade Mr. Ward. So he went to see Mr. Ward and he told me a week later that they could not move Mr. Ward. Then I got his permission to make my appeal to Mr. Ward and I went and saw him, and Mr. Ward was hard. He was very explicit. He said that he had excluded *THE MASSES* from the stands because it had offended his religious sense. 'Now,' he said, 'I have a right on any grounds to exclude anything. I have two hundred applications for publications for space on my stands and I can't receive them all, so I have to exclude some, and I exclude some because there is not space, but in the case of *THE MASSES* I exclude it because it offends my religious sense.' Then I said, 'Mr. Ward, you are acting as a censor and you are deliberately taking over the responsibility for everything that is on your stands.' He said, 'I am willing to do that; *THE MASSES* shall not go back on my stand. It is mine, it is my private property, I rent and control it, it is mine.' 'Now, he said, 'I won't say it never will go back on the stand, because if they become decent and produce a publication like the *Atlantic*, then I will let it back upon the stand.'

"The whole point was that he was acting as a censor and that is very clear.

"It seems to me," Mr. Steffens said, "that it is one more entering wedge by which not only Ward & Gow, but all of what we now call the interests, are closing in on the press and all of us who write for the press, to keep us from saying the things that will improve conditions in the United States."

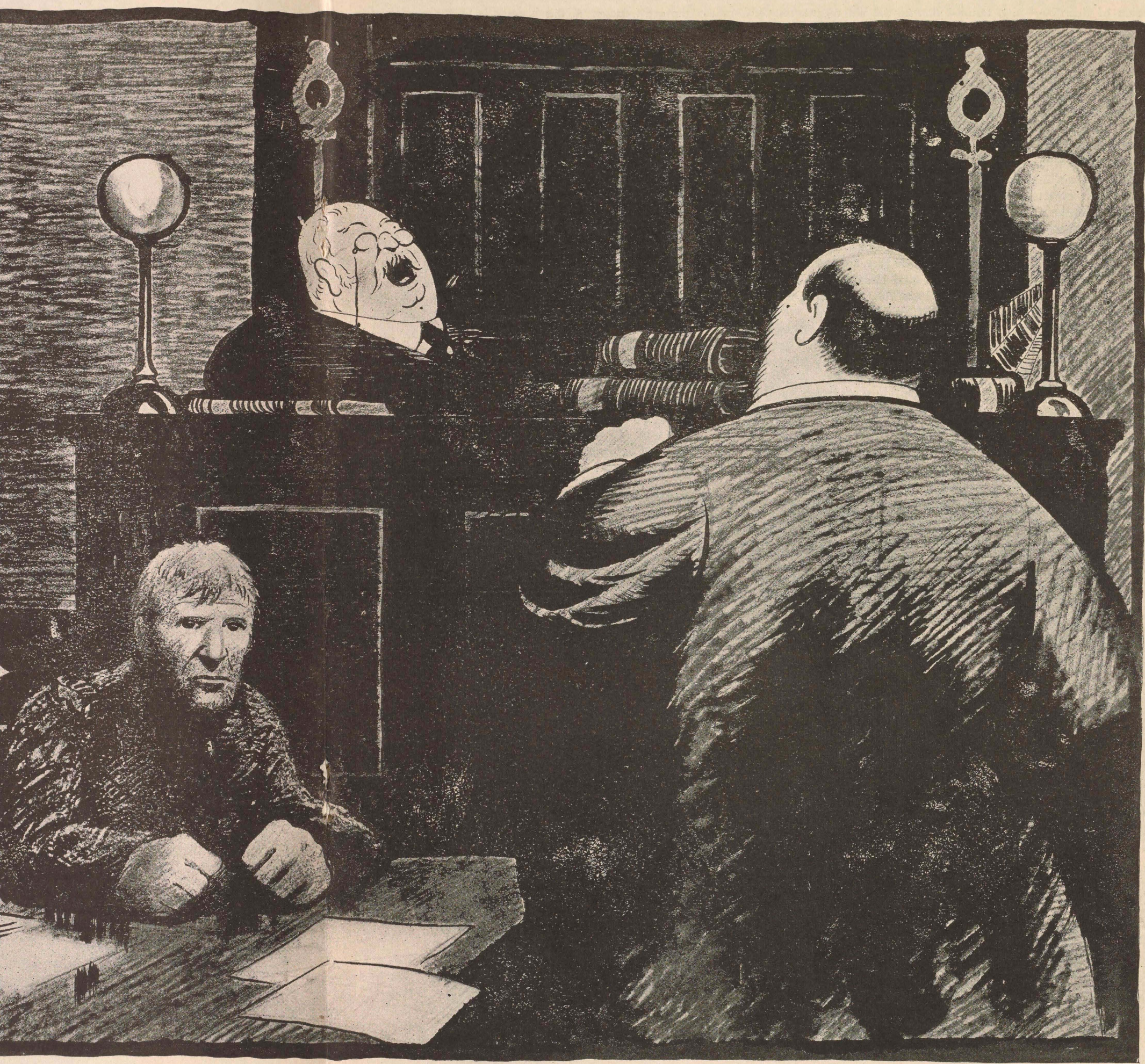
The Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, pastor of the Church of the Ascension, took the stand, and said:

"I do not think *THE MASSES* should be excluded from the subway stands. I do not think it is indecent or blasphemous." He had felt that the publication of the "Ballad," which was the cause of its exclusion, was a matter of bad taste or of editorial inattention,



Drawn by Arthur Young.

Attorney for the Defendant: "Your honor, the defendant was out of work. He has a sick wife and a sick child."
Prosecuting Attorney: "Your honor, I object. The evidence is irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial."



...t: "Your honor, the defendant was out of work. He has a sick wife and three small children."

...our honor, I object. The evidence is irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial."

"or it might have been carrying out the theory of THE MASSES, which after all is the theory of giving to the proletariat the widest expression of their beliefs, carrying that expression to an extreme. And yet," he said, "I think that theory cannot be carried to such an extreme as to make it wise to put that publication under the ban on any stand. . . . I am too accustomed," he said, "to free expression by workmen and their sympathizers on religious subjects, to be personally disturbed."

Asked if he read THE MASSES regularly, he replied: "It is one of the papers that I look forward to with great pleasure. I feel that the sympathy and intelligence of the writers of THE MASSES, and their expert knowledge of social and industrial conditions, make a reader confident of the reality of what he gets in THE MASSES. That is a great relief today, to a reader of periodicals."

Abraham Cahan, editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, being put on the stand, said that he had been brought up in Russia, and was used to the idea of magazines being suppressed because they were good, because they told the truth. "To me," he said, "it is a Russian affair all the way through. It almost makes me homesick."

Rose Pastor Stokes testified that she had been familiar with the story of Jesus as related in the "Ballad" printed in THE MASSES. It was an old Jewish legend, which she had never regarded as irreverent.

The Rev. Edward A. Saunderson, formerly pastor

of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn, and now connected with the Good Will industries in the same city, testified that he did not regard THE MASSES as blasphemous. "I am too familiar," he said, "with the Bible itself, to feel at all shocked by any of the conceptions either of God or Christ that have been published there. I feel that as far as blasphemy is concerned, conceptions of God which you can take out of the Old and New Testaments are far more of a calumny against God than anything I have ever seen in THE MASSES."

Amos Pinchot testified to his belief that the exclusion of THE MASSES was an infringement of the right of free expression. He said: "History has shown pretty plainly that all of these movements to guard people from ideas, are unsound; and that the only safe, conservative thing to do is to let the ideas loose in the community. If they are bad ideas, they will be destroyed by the good ideas that are in the world; if they are sound ideas, they will maintain their position in the world, and grow in strength."

"Now," he said, "I have seen THE MASSES on tables of girls' boarding schools. It is on my table. I never miss a copy; my children read it. I give it to my little girl, because the art features of it are very, very fine, I think. I like to have them read it; I like to have them get away from the idea of prudery and secret things, and come right out in the open. I like to have my children talk to me; I hope they always will, as frankly as THE MASSES talks to the public, and I re-

gard it as a very, very valuable publication.

"I agree with Senator Thompson and Mr. Moss, that the great danger to this country is in the control of ideas, for ideas are the source of everything. Any man that controls ideas, controls the world, and if there is one single principle that is absolutely vital to society, more vital than any kind of physical freedom, it is mental freedom, for that is the basis of all freedom."

Senator Thompson: "The question of what is decent and what is indecent is one that is very hard to pass upon."

A. "Personally, I have never seen anything that I considered indecent in THE MASSES."

Invest Your Savings

MATT SCHMITT and Jo Caplan are the personification of that class-conscious pluck which is the life of the labor fight. You have the chance in Caplan's retrial to invest your money in the real thing, in the pluckiest fight that the revolutionary movement has known. In the first trial of Caplan five of the jury of seven stood for acquittal. Conviction at the hands of a new jury seems impossible and an acquittal is probable. Two or three thousand dollars to back up the defense may free Caplan. Will you help do this? Send your money, and get your friends to do the same direct to *M. A. Schmidt, County Jail, Los Angeles*. You will be certain, in sending it to him, that the best possible use will be made of your contribution.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

Laying Down Our Lives for Their Country

Our Legal Baptism

Arturo Giovannitti

MESSRS. WARD & GOW, the Grand Inquisitors charged with the protection of the subway morals and the expurgation and fumigation therefrom of the virulent bacillus revolutionarius, have had a good opportunity to get acquainted with the editors of THE MASSES and a goodly number of their ethical friends. Also, incidentally, THE MASSES has made its first entrance into the baptistery of law-abidingness, where it was purged of its multi(ne)farious sins, crimes and delinquencies, and was besprinkled with the lustral waters of respectability by several archbishops, and was godfathered and godmothered by judges, editors, society ladies and, last, but let us hope not lastingly, by the Warden of Sing Sing prison. The ceremonial was elaborate and impressing; it was, indeed, extremely edifying and soul stirring, many of the present being moved to tears. But my! how those youngsters howled and squirmed and kicked during that celebration.

For the sake of posterity, and lest history be cheated of the most momentous event that has taken place in the ancient city of New York ever since Barnum came to town for the first time, I shall relate the memorable story in all its unbelievable simplicity, for what took place in the Municipal Building last month, was as simple and inevitable as earthquakes in Italy, sharks in New Jersey.

I must, however, warn all those who still cherish the forlorn hope that THE MASSES will keep on being the disreputable, immoral and law-and-orderless magazine of the intellectual rabble and the moral pauperism of this age, to refrain from reading this story of treachery and backsliding.

Well, it happened this way: One of the make-believe editors whose function it is to be posted on the doings of the several million legislative committees now running amuck through the country in search of the ultimate lie that will make us all happy, reported to another editor, who acts as grand chamberlain and is the only one admitted to the presence of the Editor in Chief, that he had been informed by one of his sleuths that Senator Thompson was investigating the tapping of the telephone wires by the Mayor. The Mayor, by the way, had engaged in this extraordinary business presumably for the purpose of solving the perplexing servant problem by making the city administration do all the eavesdropping and by municipalizing the gossip of the community.

The rumor spread rapidly among all editors and office forces, and reached even the ears of the Editor in Mis-chief, who forthwith began to scratch his nose in order to allay his agitation. Whereupon the holyghost of inspiration who had been looking in vain for a job in Greenwich village, perched on the bald spot of his head, evidently thinking that it was an egg about to hatch. Well, hatch it did, for several hours after, the editor in mis-chief was actually struck with an idea.

"The fact"—argued he—"that telephones have been tapped, a function hitherto generally applied to kegs of beer, proves conclusively that the world is moving ahead, which means that eventually it will be absorbed by the traction trust. Should this take place, Ward and Gow will get a monopoly on every newsstand and then Good By MASSES! We

must, therefore, act at once, and see that the world stays stationary, or see at least that as a means of locomotion it does not come under the control of New York Interborough. On to Senator Thompson, and let's ask him for a hearing."

On the day of the hearing, the environs of City Hall, where it took place, were guarded by a double cordon of policemen and soldiers, President Wilson having temporarily postponed the Mexican war in order to have the National Guard, under the personal command of Gen. O'Ryan, pay all the military honors to THE MASSES turnout. It looked like a great holiday, even the sun shining out festantly in spite of the frantic appeal for clouds and showers on the front page of that super-spoiler of fun, the *New York Times*.

The Hall where the hearing took place was decorated exclusively for the occasion with an unusual number of good looking ladies who almost succeeded in detracting the attention of everybody, including the painting of Mayor Gaynor on the wall, from the walrus-like aloofness and solemnity of Mr. August Belmont, who was being interrogated by several investigators about a bewildering variety of subjects. After Mr. Belmont had given his expert opinion on the social importance of strap-hanging, the refining influence of a pork and beans diet on the manners and language of his guards and ticket choppers, and the effects of the European war on the sudden epidemics of corns which has been ravaging the feet of the patrons of his subterranean roads, amidst nods of profound approval on the part of his quizzers, Max Eastman, owner, publisher, dictator, editor, etc. (except Paymaster, alas!) of THE MASSES, was permitted by the court to ask the said Mr. Belmont a few irreverent, immaterial, unimportant and impertinent questions. What those questions were, I am, of course, in no position to say. I hold as my especial criterion that every question is explained by its answer, and as Max Eastman's questions were not answered, so I infer that they either were not asked, or that they never

reached destination. Mr. Belmont, in fact, looked positively arctive, but once or twice, I believe, he nodded and even attempted to smile. In conclusion he admitted that the Ward and Gow outfit could be considered as a public service, but he held that they were not worthy of any consideration whatever and that, therefore, they could not be a public service. Moreover, from all what Mr. Belmont did not say, it was proven clearly and beyond a doubt that the only service he and his colleagues felt in duty-bound to render the public, was to alleviate it from the burden of carrying nickles in their pockets.

At this point, when Mr. Belmont left the hall, I turned my eyes around and took a look at the people assembled there. Being used to numericals on account of my long counting out of surplus syllables in the regular verse of the regular magazines, I counted the following people:

- 14 artists, cartoonists and illustrators, chiefly distinguishable by the soulful and inspired way they were observing the clock;
- 67 editors, easily detected by their uttermost lack of respect of the ceremonies—they kept, in fact, smoking, and spitting on the floor as if they were moulding public opinion;
- 27 suffragettes, socialettes, anarquettes and uncontrollable birth-controllers, looking very wisely across the span of time, that is the committee bench, to the brotherhood of man as represented in the person of Max Eastman, towering immaculate and virginal in his white summer suit above a myriad concentric rainbows of smiles and fanned by a pink zephyr of suppressed sighs.
- An enormous pair of eyeglasses with a Helen Marot attachment behind them;
- John Lyons, business manager of THE MASSES—the man who manages, nobody knows how, to pay some of the bills of THE MASSES and to run a scab editorial shop mostly made up of Socialists and Syndicalists who make ten dollars a week and yell their heads off on Sunday to demand fifty for newsboys.

—That's all. Of course, the committee also was there, but that is entirely irrelevant.

A Letter from Johannsen

HERE is an extract of a letter from Anton Johannsen, the irrepressible labor leader, to THE MASSES: "Do you ever see Lincoln Steffens? If so, please give him my best regards. Tell him I enjoyed his article in the July MASSES immensely. He is by far the greatest man in the present day and generation, always pleading guilty for all of us and constantly demanding a fair trial for the whole human race, and he seems to have the ability to put it over. We miss him very much out here.

"The last number of THE MASSES was a cracker-jack. In fact, THE MASSES is a wonderful magazine and by far outclasses anything that has been published so far. We are all of the opinion that Giovannitti's article was a masterpiece. Give that Dago my best affections. Tell him to beware of lemonade, for that is a very pestiferous, uninspiring drink. I look back with a great deal of pleasure to his brief visit to the Coast. . . ."



Drawn by Elizabeth Grieg.

"When can I get my ten cents back? The doctor says there's nothing the matter with the baby."

THE CHERRY TREE

ON the hillside, back of the house,
 Green against the blue sky, with its white summer clouds,
 Stands the old cherry tree, spotted now with dusky red;
 And under its broad, friendly branches,
 On a mossy stone, chin-deep in the grass and clover,
 Close by the old worm-fence
 Sits a little three-year-old girl, with her lap full of cherries.
 Beneath her the low roof of the motherly farmhouse
 Spreads, among maple trees, hard by the road;
 Beyond that is a glimpse of a swift mountain river.
 Above her the swallows wheel and chatter—
 The only sound, save a sleepy distant cock-crow.
 What is she thinking about, as she nibbles and looks,
 This child with the cherry-stained lips and fingers,
 Out of her wide blue eyes,
 Over it all?
 I only know it is so much fresher and fairer
 Than my eyes see or my heart knows,
 I could cry with longing to sit as a child again,
 In the grass on the hillside, under the cherry tree.

HUBERT CROMBIE HOWE.

A VOICE

WHEN we are ground into reluctant dust,
 Unsmiling and unconquered, stubborn still;
 When the last drop falls, when the dry touch of rust
 Benumbs each will:
 We will step from the boards still valorous, still proud
 (Hope for a halo, courage for a shroud):
 We will go—but we will go unreconciled
 And undefiled.

W. P. LAWSON.

THE COMING

THERE must be golden poppies when my love comes—
 Golden poppies in the west-wind, and lupines ocean-blue;
 And purple grass-nuts pushing up between green ferns
 Delicate as the green sea's foam;
 And on the burnished sand the strange mesembryanthemum,
 That seems to move and crawl and sway like sea-anemones
 Whose violet and rose and red fill tide-pools with unearthly beauty,
 Who move slowly and rhythmically under the green tide-pools.
 There must be sweet warm light of the sun;
 And a ceaseless wind from the sea,
 And the moon to whisper us to sleep.

LYDIA GIBSON.

A WISH

WHEN I am combing my hair
 I think about my lover
 And how I would like to fold it about him
 And let it ripple over his great, strong body.
 I would like to bind him
 With unbreakable fine brown threads
 Against my heart.

LOUISE BRYANT.

NOCTURNE

THE lake in the moonlight is beautiful as music.
 The black silhouettes of the trees
 Seem deep with mystery.
 The trees fold and weave about their secrets.
 In their hearts they smile,
 Aloof and wise.
 But their branches hide the smiles.

The air is still as though the world
 Were hushed before the loveliness of night.
 Lights are softened in the moonlight,
 A line of hills is touched with light,
 Poured from the great, gold moon.

Yet I have seen the lake like steel
 In a dark day.
 Or like heavy, molten metal,
 Throwing thick, chopping waves,
 In futile anger at the heavens.
 The trees, sinister and wild,
 Flinging their branches in gesticulation to the wind.
 Disheveled, reckless eucalyptus,
 Flinging their secrets to the wind.

The same lake and the same trees.
 Are the souls of men like these,
 Giving beauty in summer moonlight,—
 Reckless and turbulent in storms?

There are pine trees near the lake.
 Straight and tall as towers.
 They bend in the wind, and toss their harried branches.
 But I have not seen them angry.
 They know an inner harmony
 With wind and storms and moonlight,
 A cataclysm might uproot them,
 And leave the spirit of the pines inviolate.
 Their secret smiles touched with scorn.

VIRGINIA BRASTOW.

WORLD'S END

IN spite of Grenstone, men will roam,
 Such men as Hercules,
 But there are orchards nearer home
 Which are Hesperides.

Where can the whole world farther lie
 Than where these branches are
 That daily dally with the sky
 And nightly hold a star?

Plucking gold fruit and old renown,
 Would that be better labour
 Than borrowing apples red and brown
 From an unacquainted neighbor?

O where I lie adventure lies!
 And see!—a farmer's wagon
 Conveys at last before my eyes
 Two daughters of the dragon.

And she, the lovelier of the two,
 Shall seek among the trees—
 O never doubt that I shall do
 As well as Hercules!

WITTER BYNNER.

WATER COLORS

I. A CHICAGO PORTRAIT

SCARRED with sensuality and pain
 And weary labor in a mind not hard
 Enough to think, a heart too always tender,
 Sits the Christ of failure with his lovers.
 They are wiser than his parables,
 But he more potent, for he has the gift
 Of hopelessness, and want of faith, and love.

II. CAR-WINDOW

A LIGHT is laughing thro' the scattered rain,
 A color quickens in the meadow;
 Drops are still, upon the window-pane—
 They cast a silver shadow.

III. PROVINCETOWN

A SUMMER town where all the folks are old,
 The fishers old with labor, and the rest
 With Life, or Art, or some exotic thing.
 A simple child who loved to run and laugh,
 And look among the pebbles, and play ball,
 Were lonely-hearted here. The gulls cry sadly
 As their shadows drift across the sand.

IV. PAINTING

I WONDER, quaint-lipped maiden,
 What you're painting there,
 With such busy rapture
 In the sunny air.

I wonder if 'tis lively,
 Or half so blithely dear
 As the quaint-lipped picture
 I am painting here.

V. KANSAS

SAD are the signs of man's immortal trying
 In lonely labor for a lonely gain;
 Sad is the old rusty reaper lying
 Weather-lost and weary on the plain.

VI. TO LOVE

LOVE, often your delicate fingers beckon,
 And always I follow.
 O—if I could stay, and possess your beauty
 Beckoning always!

MAX EASTMAN.

GREEN EAS

ON some green hillside do I dwell where the
 green sea is very near,
 So in the day or in the night the moving waters I
 may hear;
 And every grove of liveoak is an echo underneath
 the breeze
 Of the unceasing restlessness of those dim, scented,
 ancient seas.

The plains call to the tranquil ones, the hills hold
 poets to their breasts;
 The forests speak to those who know, and in the
 lake the stranger rests;
 But the green hillside I have known is not itself
 beloved of me—
 Only it is the couch from which I watch the green
 and changing sea.

LYDIA GIBSON.

THE MASSES REVIEW

Combined With the New Review

DEVOTED TO THE SCIENCE OF PROGRESS TOWARDS LIBERTY AND DEMOCRACY

Marriage: A New Life

Elsie Clews Parsons

MORE than one girl has told me she was very much surprised to find that she felt just the same the day after her wedding as the day before. "What had you expected?" I have asked. "Oh, I couldn't say exactly: something different." She had heard so often she was to begin a new life with marriage that she had come to believe it.

In many communities a bride does in fact enter on a new life after her marriage. Her habits have to be altered. She dresses differently—even with us all her clothes are new. She has a trousseau. She puts off her virginal ornaments or puts on new. The Thlinket bride changes the silver pin in her lip for a pin or plug of wood or bone or stone. The straw through the ear of a Khond girl is replaced by a brass ring. An Arab girl knows that on the night of her wedding her bridegroom will take away her *shebeyka*, the mother of pearl ornament she has worn on her forehead and cheek since she grew up.

At marriage a girl's tattoo may be added to or she may be painted after a new pattern, or she may for the first time take to cosmetics, usually bad form in a girl. After she does her hair differently, wearing it long, when as a virgin she cut it short, or shaving it like the Spartans, or dyeing it like the Albanians, or like the old-time European Jewess hiding it under a wig.

After marriage a woman changes her residence, except when her bridegroom is winning her like Isaac, by service, or her willingness to leave home has been formalized. Even so she changes her quarters, going from the nursery, or the rooms of the girls, to that part of the dwelling assigned to the married. She may have to live in a different part of the village or city, or go to a new country altogether. Her companions are new—in the household or outside of it. She has to adapt herself to her husband's family and sometimes make friends with his friends. In many places she is also expected to worship his ancestors or his gods. Her occupations and pastimes of course change. She has to provide for her husband or help his other wives or his servants to keep house. For the first time she may keep a check book. In Japan or in Java she has to burn up her dolls and her toys. Married perhaps from nursery or school or convent, for the first time she goes "into society" to take part in its entertainments, or contrariwise, a more experienced bride, she may be expected to forego social frivolities. The Spartan bride had to give up going to the public games. Were a Kikúyu bride to ask her husband to take her to a dance, he would protest as vehemently as the tired-out American husband. "What! I have bought you," says the Kidúyu, "and you want to go to a dance!"

Something different is in store for a man, too, when he marries. The Korean man, like the Korean woman, changes his *coiffe*. He does up his hair. The newly wed Bondei has his

face painted, one stripe on the nose, two at the corner of each eye. A bridegroom changes his residence, leaving a young men's clubhouse, or perhaps his father's house, to live in a house of his own, or even in the house of his bride's family. His position in society at large changes. As a married man he may be allowed to attend or speak in the councils closed to the unmarried. More is expected of him as a worker. He has a family to provide for, and often a family-in-law. He has to settle down and assume new responsibilities.

Is it these social changes which make of marriage a new life, or are these changes the outcome of that very feeling about marriage, the feeling that marriage ought to begin a new life? If the former relation holds, then, given little or no social changes, marriage will not be thought of, or treated as a break in life. Today there may be comparatively few social changes at marriage—no changes of dress, of residence, of occupation, of property. Nevertheless, even under these circumstances, getting married is still regarded as a signal occurrence, it is still reputed the moment in life of supreme importance.

Society, modern and primitive, stamps marriage with extraneous features, insists upon making of it a novelty, because society thereby controls it, or rather, through marriage thus artificialized, it controls sex. It eliminates sex relationships from life by concentrating them. It defers all notice of them until marriage, and it narrows them at marriage by making that institution a barrier against those of the opposite sex. All extra-marital sex-relations become illicit or illegal, subject to social condemnation of one degree or another. "Mated once for all, your sex life," ordains the group, "must stay put. We have married you off, and we are done with you, that part of you. Don't trouble us again. You are married, and you must not only live happy ever after, but you must see to it that we do. And the only way to that end is not to bother us with changes in your life. You must keep them out of sight, and still more effectually, you must yourself believe or pretend to yourself that there are no changes. Marriage is marriage, a static, enduring relation, the sex relation the least troublesome to ourselves that we can plan for you. But of course we don't explain all this to you, we don't say it to ourselves. We go no farther than saying that marriage exists for the good of society. For whose good in society, for yours or for ours, we do not expect you to ask.

"Nor do we expect you nowadays to marry for the good of society. All we ask is that you forego the intimacies of sex out of marriage, and that married you stay married. If you disappoint us, we have punishment in store for you, plenty of it. But we do not trust merely to your fear of punishment. There is a more effectual way. We inspire you with the feeling of perma-

nency about your marriage, by convincing you that you are entering on a new life, a life to which nothing has led up and from which nothing leads away; a life, as we say, of new duties and responsibilities, of new feelings and desires, a mystical new life. Indeed, were we to fail to give you this conviction, we should be

in sorry plight; you would then be in the way of satisfying your needs of sex for yourself."

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

(Next month we will publish a sociological study of "Engagements" by the same author.)

TOWARDS LIBERTY

The Method of Progress

Max Eastman

In a series of connected articles under this general title, I am going to present the scientific basis of the policy of my editorials in THE MASSES.

M. E.

I. TO BE SCIENTIFIC

AHUNDRED years ago it was the opinion of men that science is an account of the species of things which exist in a changeless and orderly classification. Scientists were supposed to be concerned only with discovering and recording this classification. But within half a century an opinion arose that the true concern of science is not, or ought not be, with things, but with processes; not with a changeless order, but with orderly change. And the duty was imposed upon scientific men to find out the origins and explain the growth and foretell the future of things. Sciences were appraised according to their ability to predict.

But this very attitude, when extended into the sciences of life, entailed a further change in our opinion of what it is to be scientific. For the study of the origin and growth of man himself, and of his nervous system and his brain especially, which are the very machinery of science, brought us to see that science itself is but part of a process. It is part of the process of adjustment of life to the world. Nerve and brain and mind and all the faculties we call intelligent, were developed in and for the service of the organism, and their function is to aid the species to adapt itself and win control upon a hostile or indifferent world. Thus even the most theoretic science is foredoomed to use the percepts, and the concepts, and the signs, and language, and the whole neural machinery of *practical* adaptation. It cannot *merely* analyze and know the processes of things; it always knows them from some point of view, the point of view of adaptation to some situation, or of action towards some end. The wisest scientists are they who realize this fact, and consciously resign their thinking to it. They know that all their meditation and experiment, no matter how impersonal it seems, is ultimately directed towards a vital end. Their function, and the function of all knowledge, in the eyes of wisdom, is no longer merely to observe and measure processes, but to guide them. And the highest test of their success is not their power to predict; it is their power to control or use the change they analyze.

Science is the intellectual technique of purposive action. And to be completely scientific is to formulate statements, not of mere fact or mere necessity, but of method. "Under such and such circumstances, if we do thus and so, this or that will result." This is the archetype to which, in the light of its genesis and biologic function, a complete science ought to conform. To be scientific is to devote oneself to the enunciation and testing out of working hypotheses.

Now "scientific socialism," the departure of Marx and Engels in economics, was a part of the earlier change in our opinion of what it is to be scientific. The "classic" economy had wished to

to do little but record and classify the current facts of business, as though they had existed and would exist as they were forever. And Marx's great departure was to regard these facts as merely the passing portion of a process of continual evolution. His scientific writings, taken all together, are an attempt to trace the origin and growth of the systems of production and distribution that he found in Europe, and by analyzing their tendencies to predict what developments the near future must hold.

His chief prediction was that, owing to a gradual concentration of capital in the hands of a few, what we call the middle classes, the small owners, would tend to disappear, and the ranks of the wage-worker be swelled to the point of revolution against that few. We might say that he predicted the trusts, but he predicted that they would dominate completely the character of industry and commerce, and that the revolution when it came would be but an appropriation of these gigantic assemblages of capital by the wage-workers acting in a body, whether politically or at war.

This prediction of the Marxian analysis was so out of accord with the sentiment of pecuniary respectability which illumines the circles of academic learning, that it never entered into the body of economic science at all.¹ It is, nevertheless, the one really great work in economics which fulfilled the demands of that new attitude in science which distinguished the latter half of the nineteenth century. And if we could magically divest a predicted revolution of its social disreputability, Marx's "Capital" would undoubtedly stand—true and false, like all the memorable systems of science—as the chief monument of an evolutionary school of economics.

It has far more truth and more value in it now, than the relatively static systems which still prevail in our colleges, and which might have been as they are, even if the nineteenth century had never discovered that species change. Nevertheless, it is time to recompose this system in the light of a truer conception of the nature of science. For in its present form, as an objective statistical prediction, it is condemned to be either believed dogmatically without much regard to facts by earnest minds who desire a revolution, or too lightly refuted by professional commentary-writers who desire nothing but to establish a social respectability upon the basis of academic renown.

What we want is not a prediction, but a method of progress. We do not want to know what to watch, we want to know what to do. For not only have biology and genetic psychology established that knowledge *is* practical, but the whole tone and spirit of our age and nation demands that it shall be. And if there is to be a revolutionary movement which belongs to us, it must accede to this demand. We cannot build a theory of liberty for America in the twentieth century around the dictates of a mind committed

¹Only yesterday it was necessary for Professor Simkhovitch to write a book explaining to his colleagues in the universities of America that Marx's "Capital" is not a homiletic treatise on the rights of labor, and the ethical duties of society, but an analysis of the actual evolution of capitalistic industry containing a prediction of its inevitable outcome.

to the intellectualistic philosophy of a previous century in Europe.

Let us warmly confess, however, that we shall find more of the material for our own theory in the ideas of that mind than anywhere else. For, however nobly he may have tried to eliminate this consideration from his analysis, the mind of Karl Marx *was* practical, it *was* committed to the end of achieving human liberty. And his "prediction" was—even more patently than some scientific systems—a rationalization of his wish. We might declare, reserving our respect for his attempt to breast the highest wisdom of his time, that Marx's philosophic position in his great work was a histrionic attitude. He did indeed retrace the history of capital in England, as a master; he did analyze the processes of business and foretell many things with marvellous precision; and he did with supreme wit and erudition criticise and ridicule the "Bourgeois Economics" of his time. But his pretense that his own economics was more cold and independent of his wish than theirs, his science more impersonal, his hope a mere prediction on inexorable facts, was very thin. His passion breaks through every chapter, and his most impersonal conclusions point to action every time. He prophesies a social revolution, but he rarely fails to tell you, if you want that revolution, what to do. And had his great book been written naively, as a bold appropriation and rebuilding of the body of economics, *for the ends of revolution*, in its essence it could hardly be assailed.

As it stands, however, we must alter and remodel what he wrote, and make of it, and of what else our recent science offers, a doctrine that shall clearly have the nature of hypothesis, of method for proceeding towards our end. A technique of progress, offering a working guide, both tentative, indeed, and highly general, but not vague, to those who wish for human liberty—that is what today demands. And there are many minds today who possess such a technique, though it never has been clearly formulated, and the difference between these minds and the rigid Marxist or the emotional revolutionary has no public name.

I think it can be formulated with a little labor, and without an expert's knowledge of the desert intricacies of academic economics. I am not a specialist in these sciences, and yet in those who are is never seen that certainty and agreement which might warrant our esteeming their opinions higher than our own. Their voluminous knowledge seems to consist for the most part in each one's knowing what all the others think. And that surely is not essential to the formulation in valid language of the working hypothesis which guides the leading agitators of our day and nation in conducting a propaganda which they agree to call revolutionary.

II. WHAT WE MUST RENOUNCE

THE simplest act of adjustment in animals with a nervous system divides itself into three parts. There is always a stimulus, a purposive reaction, and intervening between these a redirection of the neural current in the nervous centers or the brain. And when conscious deliberation arises at this point of redirection, it ought to take account of these three factors. First the stimulus, that is, the facts of the actual situation in its failure to satisfy; second the end to be desired; and third the hypothesis, or rule of action, for reaching the end on the basis of the facts. The act of thinking in completeness is a movement back and forth between the factual situation and the end desired, each being comprehended and continually redefined *in its relation to the other*, and the hypothesis progressively remodeled as the change proceeds.

This much philosophy, or logic, is, I think, essential to make clear the thing I aim to do. I aim to render in convenient compass the present status of a working hypothesis. And by the law of its own nature, this hypothesis must fall into three divisions. First I shall define the aim, for I assume that the stimulus of vague dissatisfaction with our present social state is general; and sec-

ond, from the standpoint of that aim and one who seeks to reach it, I shall indicate the revelant facts of human nature in society so far as we pretend to know them; third I shall propose the general plan of action which, upon the basis of these facts, seems fitted to attain in some degree the end I have defined.

It is impossible in presentation to pass continually back and forth between these definitions as one does in thought; but it will be evident when we are defining the aim that we are held always in leash by the facts and what they leave possible. We shall not outline an ideal society in which the law of gravitation does not hold at least approximately true, nor shall we outline a society in which men do not resist evil, or in which they feel happy when food is taken out of their mouths. On the other hand, when we define the facts of human nature and history, it will be evident that we are selecting only such facts as are relevant, whether favorably or unfavorably, to our achieving the aim we have defined. It is, indeed, not ourselves who define the aim, but the facts, and not ourselves who define the facts, but our aim. And these two together declare to our volition what we are to do.

All theories of progress in the past have required an adjustive mechanism in those who hold them, namely "common sense." Men adopt a theory which gives aesthetic satisfaction because it is the painting of a beautiful moral or social ideal, like Tolstoy's, or cognitive satisfaction because it is a peculiarly brutal statement of certain facts, like Stirner's, and then to that theory which revolves in absolute purity of perfection within their minds, giving off the finest kind of oratory and conversational epigram, they attach a commutative device, namely this "common sense," oiled with casuistry, and by that means they manage to gear in somewhat with a world whose problems really demand a continuous free moving of judgment back and forth between the ideal and the facts. When the true method of science, the method of the working hypothesis, is fully understood, and it is known that this is the method of all genuine wisdom, then we shall no longer have any need for the device of "common sense," nor for that medium of intellectual dishonesty in which it works.

Another thing we must guard against is the creation of a new philosophy of life. We must build beneath all philosophies of life upon life itself. It will be evident to anyone who reflects, that a thousand-odd "philosophies," each attracting the temperaments it attracts, and surviving among the rest, and coming to no issue or decision with them, can none of them be reasonably asserted true, or of the same kin with general truth. They are *real*, to be sure, in the individual experience of the temperaments that appropriate them; but if ever we are to get forward towards a day of liberated experience for all temperaments, we cannot build upon any of these propositions which only express the intellectual emotions of a few. If all the brilliant idealists who have surrendered their intellects to a poet—to Christ, or Mahomet, or St. Francis, or George Fox, or Tolstoy, or Browning, or Emerson, or Carlyle, or Whitman, or Nietzsche—if they all had given these poets their love and critical attention, and saved for the social labor of creating and verifying general truth a working part of their brains, we should be well along the road toward liberty and wisdom now.

The temptation will come to every intellectual poet to create a new philosophy of life. He has imagination, he has mood, he has suppressed desires. He can so easily see the world under a form that will exalt that imagination, eternalize the mood, and satisfy the unsatisfied that life's reality has left in him. But this he can no longer do, and call it general truth. All individual poetry of experience must be called poetry, or it will be called quackery.² The text-books of science, the statistics, the laboratory findings, the field-reports—these modest beginnings have that sovereignty latent in them. And those who are gifted with the power to paint

²For example, what Max Dessoir (in his *Outlines of the History of Psychology*) calls psychosophy and psychognosis—the retail vehicles of personal emotion and happy-go-lucky sagacity—they are what all literature and journalism calls psychology. Do they look a little "easy" in the light of the analytic and experimental discipline, even today when psychology is but an academical baby? What then of the future?

their thoughts in glory, even those gods and prophets, must prepare to kneel at the homely shrine of experimental science.³

One thing again we must beware of, and that is the elaborate prospectus. And this is the hardest thing for American people to learn. The first thing they ask of a man who creates a necessary disturbance somewhere, is what kind of an "ism" he represents. And let us suppose that he says "socialism."

"Now I want to ask you a few questions," says the discoverer. "I understand that you believe in the co-operative ownership and management of the instruments of production. *Now!* That being the case, I want to ask you how you plan to provide for the maintenance, under such a program, of an *elastic currency?* What do you say to that?"

"Well, that is a very penetrating question," replies the disturber, and they two are launched upon a speculative exercise no less irrelevant to the issues of progress than the high points of theology.

³Read, for instance in "Contemporary Portraits" by Frank Harris, Carlyle's account of his meeting with Darwin, his comments on Darwin's theory of evolution. "The theory, man! the theory is as old as the everlasting hills," impatient contempt in his voice. "There's nothing in it—nothing; it leads no whither—all sound and fury signifying naething, naething."
"The fittest," he went on with unspeakable scorn, "the survival of the fittest"; there's an answer for you to make a soul sick. What is your "fittest," what d'ye mean by't? An evasion I call it, a cowardly, sneaking evasion, with its tail between its legs. Is your "fittest" the best, the noblest, the most unselfish? There's a faith, a belief to live and die by; but is that your "fittest," eh? Answer me that. That's what concerns me, a man—that and nothing else.
"Or is your 'fittest' a poor servile two-legged spaniel sneaking round for bones and fawning on his master, beslobbering his feet? Or just the greedier mediocrity among hosts of mediocrities, the slightly stronger pig or fox, eh? *ay di me, ay di me*—the evil dreams! "Fittest," humph!" and he pursed his lips and blinked his eyes to get rid of the unshed tears."

In that we have the whole weakness of what we call "literature" epitomized. A passionate, brilliant, intellectual, but entirely ignorant, irrelevant, ineffectual reaction to a scientific hypothesis—merely a reaction. And this from the "great mind," the "leader of men." It is beautiful, but it is sad.

The truth is that our literary intellectuals will have to go to work. They will have to pass their examinations, in a way of speaking. Otherwise we shall merely enjoy them like a song, and then go look it up in the book to find out what we ought to do. Science holds the power to make all intellectual literature mere dilettantism, and nothing but resolute giants of brain with feeling can prevent it.

The day of the social prospectus is dead. Science is dynamic. It is the intellectual control of forces. And a man's social philosophy is not the plan of some elaborated commonwealth that he lays out in his mind; it is the act of aligning himself with a social force, and his factual and ideal reasons therefor. That comes first, plans second—*plans of the immediate future* second. For every man may be confident that if the power he espouses comes into preponderance, programs will be there to serve it, brains will flock to him like blackbirds. He need not expend *his* brains in advance upon that. Indeed he needs all that he has for the more delicate task of maintaining his alignment in the complexity of current change, and for fashioning the next steps, and ever the next, as he proceeds. Time will be more creative than our imaginations can be. New events, new conditions, new inventions, new ideas will enter the world in the next few years, and all our plans will have to be drawn anew. Our elaborate prospectus will be wrong by a billion to one probability.

Therefore, along with the pleasure of framing ideal principles inoperable in a real world, and compendiums of fact unrelated to an ideal purpose, and along with the "philosophies of life," we shall have to renounce this alluring pleasure of drawing up plans for new worlds, which would run like a mechanical toy if we could only get somebody to start them. Our problem is to control a condition of current change. And we can afford to outline only in very general terms the ideal of social life toward which our wishes bend; then we must hasten back to the business of seeking out in this present world the powers that tend in that direction.

(The title of the next chapter will be "The Aim of Agitation.")

"Fill The Ambulances"

SHORTLY after the shooting of two striking stevedores, the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce called a mass meeting and decided to form a "law and order" committee. A million dollars is to be raised for the purpose of "curing San Francisco of this insidious disease," "free it from the reputation of being a class ruled city," "maintain law and order and establish the open shop."

On June first, 16,000 stevedores employed in the ports from British Columbia to the Mexican border struck for a raise of from 50 to 55 cents per hour straight time and from 75 cents to \$1 an hour overtime. According to union men, 3,500 went out in San Francisco. Shortly afterward the employers agreed to grant all demands temporarily, pending the outcome of arbitration. The men went back to work.

While they worked the employers imported scabs, an extraordinary number of graduates of Federal jails, army deserters and counterfeiters, according to deputy United States marshals. Already one union man—unarmed—had been shot and killed in Oakland by a scab riding in an automobile; then presently another, named Olsen—unarmed, of course—walking with two companions past a pier, was shot in the back of the head. A negro strike breaker is in the city jail awaiting trial for the killing. Witnesses say he ran on to the pier, telling his fellows: "I just shot a white man."

At the time the employers admitted it was a re-

grettable incident; nothing was said of the killings at the mass meeting for law and order.

The killing angered the stevedores. Their president, J. J. Foley, informed the employers that unless the strikebreakers were removed from the piers, his organization would abrogate the temporary agreement. Some people say he lacked diplomacy, that the stevedores, with victory in their grasp, bull-headedly chose strife. But the stevedores, at least the ones I have talked to, are less interested in diplomacy than they are in Olsen.

The strike continued, the piers became covered with cargoes that couldn't be stored. An appeal to Mayor James Rolph for permission to place 1,000 armed guards on the waterfront met with a refusal and a statement from Chief of Police White that his 200 extra patrolmen were plenty of protection for the piers. So the mass meeting was called by the Chamber of Commerce.

About 2,000 "prominent business men" attended, packing the floor of the stock exchange. They cheered every mention of "action" like school boys. When Captain Robert Dollar, multi-millionaire and head of the Dollar Steamship Company, mounted the speaker's stand, the uproar was deafening. The ancient captain, white haired and white bearded, thoughtfully wiped his spectacles; the 2,000 contained themselves with difficulty. I could tell by the bright little twinkles in their eyes, their nudgings and their attention, that the Captain was ex-

pected to say something good! He said it: "There is one way to bring about industrial peace," a dramatic pause—"fill the ambulances with union men." Hurray!

What followed frightened them a little. Some laughed carefully. It wasn't quite approved of by the majority. The irrepressible captain said: "Jesus Christ said turn the other cheek; well, he didn't know anything about the stevedores' union when he said that!" At least the Captain says what he means. "Beat up two union men for every one strikebreaker," he counseled. What cared he for law and order? Law and order gave him a pain, quite obviously. So he said so.

The others, the bank president, the Commercial Club president, the railroad president, etc., talked the usual hypocrisies: "This campaign is not to be directed at the life of the unions; no law-abiding union man of the most radical type need fear it." "We insist upon the right to employ union men or non-union in whole or in part," "the integrity of contractual relations must be scrupulously observed," "we are ready to sacrifice ourselves for San Francisco," "we are ready to defend true Americanism, the right for any man to work for whom he please," etc., *ad nauseam*.

(Great Scott, how they lie to themselves, these "prominent business men," who cheer the mention of ambulances and are afraid to laugh at the other cheek doctrine because Jesus Christ said it.)

Newspaper photographers high up on a shelf filled the room with choking flashlight smoke; the speeches at last were done with and the "law and order" committee was decided upon, also the million, though I noticed that mention of the need of "sacrifice of business" for the cause was received with little applause. I have attended hundreds of union meetings; not one was so egregiously stupid. These 2,000 prominent business men propose to stamp out unionism forever! Most of them really believe they can do it, being ignorant of history and every other learning that might help them with an understanding of things as they are. So the history of Los

Angeles and Stockton is to be repeated in San Francisco, strongest of union cities. They boast that it is.

The city administration is pro-union labor, a majority of the supervisors are union labor men; the mayor, head of a big shipping company, granted the men's demands at the inception of the strike. He has a canny eye on his votes, dearly loves to be mayor and is quite willing to meet the remonstrances of his fellow capitalists for the sake of his political future. What he will do under real pressure is something to guess.

N. H. MATSON.

Asia and the War

THE war in Europe is regarded in Asia as primarily a fight for the possession of Asia and Africa, according to Lajpat Rai, an Indian Nationalist leader now in this country. But more than that, Asia believes that if the war keeps up at this rate long enough, it will as a matter of fact end the European domination of the rest of the world. So Asia is in no hurry for peace!

Mr. Rai expressed these views so interestingly during a visit to THE MASSES' office that we asked him to sit down and write them out for us. And this is what he wrote:

THE peoples of Asia, who have suffered much from their own rulers, might have had a chance to gain their liberty, if it had not been for the coming of the Europeans. They came peacefully at first, coaxing and bribing our rulers, obtaining privileges, concessions and monopolies of all kinds by abject submissiveness and servile protestations. It is amusing to read the letters written home by European ambassadors complaining of the indignities heaped upon them, in the observance of Oriental court etiquette. They submitted to these "indignities" because they wanted to make money, to obtain trade concessions and privileges. All kinds of promises of friendship and good will were made by them—and accepted in good faith by the rulers of India, China, Burmah, Indo-China, the Malay Archipelago. But after the Europeans had become established as peaceful traders, they proceeded to take an interest in local politics, and sell arms to one or the other of rival claimants for power; they made treaties with the rulers they had helped to set up; they entrenched themselves in their privileges with military power, and proceeded to reduce the populations to the position of forced laborers. That has been the condition of Asia for over a century—ground into slavery between the double tyranny of their own ruling classes and the foreigners.

The wealth of Asia, thus obtained by force and fraud, by flattery and falsehood, has made Europe fabulously rich, and caused its demoralization. But that evil has brought its own retribution, in the shape of the European war. That is how Asia looks at it; though the satisfaction felt on the first outbreak of the war has been somewhat modified by the war's having been extended to Asia itself.

On the pretext of maintaining order, the English have set up their empire in India and in Burmah, have obtained their concessions in China, taken possession of island after island in the Malay archipelago, annexed Ceylon; the French did the same in Indo-China. Russia's methods have been more open, less insidious,

though on the surface more brutal. Japan would have met the same fate but for the interest America had in her integrity, and also for the fact that the English and French had their hands full for the time in Southern Asia. In the meantime the Japanese united and consolidated and strengthened their kingdom, and are today the only people in Asia that are safe from the domination or the menace of domination by Europe.

It is the brutal exploitation of Asiatics and Africans that is being avenged on the plains of Flanders and Galicia. Fighting for dominions and markets, the Europeans are paying the penalty of their crimes in Asia and Africa. In its crushing of India, England taught a peaceful and gentle people that goodness was ruin. England taught India that it is efficiency in killing and robbing that pays. Europe has taught Asia that meekness and humility are preached by people who mean the opposite of what they say. European hypocrisy is fully understood in Asia. The Hindus cannot say what they think, because the "liberal" policy of the British Empire stops their mouths with Press Acts and penal sentences. But the Chinese and Japanese are under no such disability, and it is a pleasure to hear a Japanese talking of European morality. The war may, or may not, bring relief to the oppressed populations of India, Indo-China, Persia and other parts of Asia, but it has proved a golden egg for the Japanese. How they chuckle over it, and drink the healths of the Kaiser, Kitchener, and all the war-lords of Europe! Their statesmen and diplomatists have to pretend a keen anxiety in the way the conflict turns out, but in their hearts what they desire is the *continuance* of the war.

No Asiatic who has learned the lesson of hate from Europe desires an end to this war, even though they feel that eventually the East might have to pay for it. The German Kaiser is a distant figure for them; they have only heard of him and his Prussian militarism. But the heels of the Czar, the soldiers of King George, and worse still of the French Republic, are on their throats all the time. They know that the day of their deliverance is not yet, but they feel that the weakness of the enemy may bring it nearer. So they pray that the war may continue for some years to come. Japan is doing good business. Her alliance with Russia may be ominous in one way, and gratifying in another. The Czar is no friend of the Asiatics, and Japan in alliance with Russia may mean the ruin of China; but it may also mean the deliverance of Japan from the leading-strings of Great Britain. If that is accomplished, it might bring some relief to southern Asia. Under no circumstances could Japan see China dominated by the British. The British are the most formidable rivals she has in China, and Japan resents their interference with her trade and influence. The treaty with Russia is

most decidedly a counter-stroke against England. How England will take it cannot be known until after the war. Then it will be both interesting and instructing to watch the motions of British diplomacy in China.

It may be that the victory of the Allies may end in the complete subjugation of Asia by the elimination of Turkey, but that fact itself may be the prelude to Asiatic unity on a large scale. One thing is certain, Asia is in no mood to take things lying down, and the end of the war may be the beginning of a great and continuous and protracted struggle for freedom in Asia.

This accounts for the feeling of Asia that the *first* thing to do is to throw off the foreign yoke; *then* to educate herself in the principles and practice of democratic government—and a just and equitable treatment of the masses. The masses of Asia are at present groaning under a double burden. They have to destroy the one imposed from without, in order to be able to do away with the other. The foreign powers are at present trying to assure the masses that their interests demand the continuance of foreign rule. Will they succeed much longer?

The Nationalists of India and China are under no delusion. They do not expect that *they* will be able to establish democratic national government. The struggle for democracy will commence only after the foreign exploiter has been turned out, or put in his place. At present, it is believed, it is only in the unity of the classes and the masses of Asia that the salvation lies. The immediate future is uncertain; the struggle may be long and bloody, but the eventual triumph of right seems assured.

Educating the Teachers

I HAD supposed that sentiment about "my school teacher who laid the foundation of my adult life at the little country school house," was unserviceable today even in platform oratory. But I heard a man preface his talk to a branch of the newly formed teachers' union with just that gush the other day.

If there is any such sentiment left among teachers the recent action of the Chicago Board of Education has done what it could to bring them to earth.

There is something obviously inconsistent about adorning a pedestal and being a member of the American Federation of Labor. But the Chicago Board, like other employers, finds union membership an adequate disqualification for teaching in the public schools. The discharge of, or failure to re-elect, 38 teachers, who were members of the Teachers' Federation, and the refusal to give reasons for the discharge, will have the same effect on the organization of teachers that it has had on other wage-earners' organizations. It will give the momentum to the movement throughout the country which its promoters have been praying for.

But the organizers of trade unions among public school teachers are not the only ones who deserve congratulations. These discharged teachers, excused from their positions on the pedestal, will have a chance for the first time to find out what life is in its adventurous aspects.

—This comment, I am told, sounds unfriendly. I never felt more friendly towards anybody than I do towards those teachers. And that is because they have come down to my level and into the common experience of wage-earners. The security of teachers' jobs, as well as the adulation of their profession, has isolated them, and made it difficult for them to know what life is and what is most worth while. They are going to have a better time than they have ever had before.

H. M.

The Mexican Labor Movement

Edmund E. Martinez

COLONEL MARTINEZ came to New York in 1915 and took up his residence there as the representative of the Mexican Federation of Labor. His reason for coming, the purpose of the Federation in sending him, is to make the organized workers of the United States acquainted with the organized workers of Mexico. Colonel Martinez was a railway train conductor in Mexico, a member of the Mexican Conductors' Union. He and his family had inherited large estates; his uncle was at one time the governor of the state of Mexico, another member of his family was an ambassador to Austria, but Colonel Martinez renounced the connections which his family had made with the Liberal Party and became a revolutionist under Madero.

THE present Mexican labor movement is of recent origin, having sprung into existence with the beginning of the Carranza revolution. The Mexican Federation of Labor has since that time grown to a strength of 250,000 members. The Casa del Obrero Mundial is very much like the I. W. W. There is no quarrel between these organizations. We have too much in common for that. We have raised wages enormously in the last two years. Children have been taken out of factories and mines and sent to school. The organizations have been offered every help by Carranza. The unions hold their meetings in school-houses and other public buildings. It would have been impossible to have made this progress if the government had not considered the unions an organic part of society.

But our unions are now engaged in bringing about a great revolution in the ownership of the land of our country. It is the same great struggle in which Mexico has been engaged from the beginning. The labor movement has been always linked with the struggle to free Mexico, and in that sense it may be said that our labor movement dates from colonial times. Our heroes, Verdad, Hidalgo, Benito Juarez, Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada, and their patriotic associates, were all fighters on behalf of labor. But it was the treatment of the workers by Porfirio Diaz, who sold out Mexico to the foreign corporations, and had his people bayoneted and shot whenever they dared to ask for higher wages, that aroused the last great revolt.

After one of these butcheries, that at Orizaba, the workmen began to try to organize. Several attempts were made. Aquiles Cerdan and his associates took up arms in defense of the workers of Mexico, and being betrayed, fought to the death in the city of Puebla. But other patriots rose up to take their place, and one of these was our First Chief, Venustiano Carranza. The outcome of this movement was the overthrow of Diaz and the election of Francisco Madero, who fell a victim to treachery before his reforms in behalf of the working people of Mexico could be completed. But the work was taken up again, and the friends of labor rallied around Venustiano Carranza.

General Candido Aguilar is the strongest man next to Carranza among the revolutionists. He is young, and will do more for the working class movement in the end than any other man in the country. He has spent thousands of dollars to help the organization of labor, he has given without favor to the unions as they asked it, to both the

Federation and the Casa del Obrero Mundial. He is the workers' hero on and off the battlefield. It is indicative of Carranza's policy and his integrity that he has given this man, the friend of labor, the most important political office, that of secretary of state.

It was at General Carranza's bidding that the Mexican Federation of Labor, the Casa del Obrero Mundial and other labor organizations sprang into being. Under Carranza the workers are not only encouraged to organize, but their organization is a part of his plan for the new state which he is trying to create.

The first necessity of labor, however, is to free Mexico; and so the Mexican Federation of Labor and the other labor organizations formed battalions and went into battle. And not only the men fight, but the women follow their men to the field of battle, and when the men fall fighting the very children take up their father's rifles and continue the fight. The Mexican labor movement was born amid the thunders of war, and the first end of its efforts is to free Mexico and keep her free.

Our organization of more than 250,000 members is resolved to die before becoming slaves again. We believe that it is not right for the producers of the country to maintain another class in dissipation, laziness and crime. We believe that everybody should work to earn his own living and to develop the resources of the country. We believe, moreover, that it is not right that we should pay for the beliefs of others, and we do not want to support a class of so-called ministers of God in idleness and opulence. As a people we are very religious, but we believe in freedom of worship. We believe in freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of the press (even of the corporation press), and a free ballot. And we think that there should be an understanding between the peoples of this hemisphere which will permit us to use all our energies for achieving these things.

We do not believe that armies, which are paid for by the toilers and producers of our nation, should be used to protect the interests of the rich, nor that these soldiers should be turned into butchers of the working-people when they demand their rights. We do not believe in a great standing army for the benefit of contractors.

We are opposed to child labor; we want the children to go to school and fit themselves for life. We are opposed to women being made tools and chattels. Women and children shall not work in sweatshops in Mexico if our revolution can prevent it. And we suggest that Mr. Hearst save the women and children of his own country from their slavery before he sends an army down here to save ours.

We believe land should be taxed so as to compel a fair distribution of it among those who use it. We do not believe the present holders of huge estates have any valid right to them, and we propose to parcel these out among their rightful owners; but we are willing to have these estates appraised and bought by the government, as we do not wish to have anybody say that we are robbers. Imagine a single person owning the whole State of Massachusetts, Kansas, or Illinois!

We are going to abolish the system of peonage, and we are willing to be called bandits by the mercenary press of the United States as long as it is necessary to take the field and fight to free ourselves from this system.

We believe in women's rights. Our companions, so patient, noble and courageous, who accompany us on the march, who carry water to the wounded, who fight along with us, who take care of us, must be treated as our equals. Certainly as men we have been very infamous to them. We have tolerated in office drunken criminals because they were men, and we have denied a vote to women. A great feeling is coming all over Mexico that we must give to woman all equality with ourselves.

We of the Mexican labor movement believe that President Wilson's intentions toward Mexico are good. We believe that he, like our own Venustiano Carranza, is watching over the dignity and welfare of his people, with no malevolence toward his neighbors; and we believe that these two leaders will be able to prevent serious misunderstandings between these two great peoples. Would to God that they could get together and exchange thoughts! All the troubles would disappear in a moment.

We believe that Venustiano Carranza will lead the oppressed of Mexico and especially the working classes into the true liberty.

We thank the American workers for their sympathy in our struggle with oppression, and we will prove to them that this is not in vain.

Unofficial Diplomacy

WHILE the press of the country and the financial interests were working overtime to bring about intervention in Mexico, while the War Department was mobilizing the troops for an invasion of the country, and while Congress was appropriating millions for the attack, representatives of the Mexican Federation of Labor met in Washington in conference with the officials of the American Federation of Labor. This joint international labor conference issued a proclamation protesting against intervention and demanding the adjustment of the difficulties without war. It was arranged at that conference to detain in Washington two representatives of the workers of Mexico during the crisis; to call at a later date an international conference to take definite action in the interest of workers of both countries; to send envoys to South America to establish permanent and official connection among the workers of the Americas.

There is not a note of defiance in the whole proclamation; there is no appeal to class action; on the contrary, it calls for "a commission of high-minded citizens fully representative of our nation." The proclamation is not a revolutionary document, but it is a labor expression. It is not heroic, but it is very real. The men who were members of the conference knew that labor was not sufficiently class conscious or international to declare for a general strike in case of war with any pretense of success. The proclamation is a reflection of what labor in the present stage of industrial development can do in opposition to an organized political state. What it can do is to voice the sentiment of American labor, which is against war. The crystallization of that sentiment and the leadership given to it by the labor officials is what gives the proclamation and action of the conference its distinction.

H. M.

BOOKS THAT ARE INTERESTING

A MONTHLY REVIEW CONDUCTED BY FLOYD DELL

Shaw and Jesus

Androcles and the Lion, Overruled, and Pygmalion, by Bernard Shaw. \$1.50. [Brentano's.]

Bernard Shaw as an exponent of Christianity is a spectacle that might very well drive a Bishop to despair. Shaw, in spite of the silly old talk about "clever paradox," is so convincing a writer that when he turns (as he does in the preface to "Androcles and the Lion") to arguing for Christianity, he will be like to convert us all to the teachings of Jesus: and then what will become of the church!

I solemnly profess that he has converted me. At least, he has finished the job that the War began. Up to 1914 I was, like the rest of the civilized world, a believer in the gospel of force. Like the Kaiser and Sir Edward Grey and Colonel Roosevelt and the McNamara boys, I believed that a judicious use of high explosives would bring to pass a Kingdom of Heaven on Earth. And I am still so recent a convert that I am afraid I might backslide if Colonel Max Eastman asked my modest assistance in building a barricade. But at present writing, it looks as though I should have a considerable space of time in which to establish myself in my new faith.

It is an odd feeling, this being a Christian. But, after all, what is a fellow to do? Optimist by temperament though I am, I really cannot go on believing in this silly war. To see anything in it but a hysterical attempt on the part of civilization to commit suicide, requires an intensity of credulity which my mind cannot sustain for more than the few minutes a day in which I read the newspapers. But if one does not believe that the world is going to be made saner and sweeter and finer by a victory of the Allies over Germany (or vice versa), then one is perilously near Christianity. If we are not to take a gun and shoot the people who disagree with us (the simplicity of which method has always appealed to me), we must find some way of getting along with them. Now that is "loving your enemies," and a general attempt to put it in practice would involve a catastrophic dissolution of the State, the Prison System, Property Rights, and almost Everything Else one could think of.

Once upon a time I read the gospel of St. Mark, and conceived a qualified admiration for the haughty, imperious, masterful, clever, epigrammatic young thaumaturgist who is its hero. In his sayings, moreover, there seemed to be a certain pith of wisdom. He resented family ties, like Samuel Butler; he was an impatiently hostile critic of marriage, like Ibsen; he had a deep contempt for work done not in joy but for bread and butter, just as William Morris had; and he believed that the kingdom of heaven is within us, like Bob Ingersoll, from whom I first learned that revolutionary doctrine. I felt, as I always feel when I hear of some little group who are going to retire from the ugliness and evil of the world and found a little paradise of their own, the charm of that sentiment. But I did not want to go along. I desired money with which to buy beautiful neckties and my favorite brand of cigarettes, and I was willing to do stupid and unnecessary work, like writing book-reviews, in order to get it; I desired to live with my sweetheart, and I was more than willing to assert and even to believe the most improbable things in order to effect this. And, finally, I did not really wish to leave this ugly and wicked world; I wanted to stay right in it, and see if

I could not play the game as well as anybody else. I felt a malicious pleasure in the thought of putting a few things over on my wicked and unsuspecting contemporaries.

I still feel that way. . . . That is where Mr. Shaw comes in. He agrees with me that I am quite right. He tells me that it would be foolish, and a waste of what unchristian talents I possess, for me to start in being Christian before everybody else does. He points out that Christianity "must be left out of the question in human affairs until it is made practically applicable to them by complicated political devices." If Jesus, he remarks, could have worked out the practical details of his great idea in "a Communist constitution, an admitted obligation to deal with crime without revenge or punishment, and a full assumption by humanity of divine responsibilities, he would have conferred an incalculable benefit on mankind": but he didn't. We still have the details to work out ourselves in some statesmanlike fashion. And it may be that in the working out of those details there will be enough fighting to satisfy what stomach for it the unregenerate Adam in me still possesses.

This seems to leave me, somewhat to my chagrin, just about where I started. Indeed my teacher says plainly: "I am no more a Christian than Pilate was, or you, gentle reader, and yet, like Pilate, I greatly prefer Jesus to Anna and Caiaphas; and I am ready to admit that after contemplating the world and human nature for nearly sixty years, I see no way out of the world's misery but the way which would have been found by Christ's will if he had undertaken the work of a modern practical statesman."

So it appears that, despite my conversion, I am to be permitted to write unnecessary book-reviews, solace myself with neckties and Virginia cigarettes, and cultivate the society of my Best Beloved: in the intervals of which unchristian occupations, grace may be given me to think out one of the minor clauses of the Communist Constitution, or even to take an astigmatic aim over that barricade. . . .

My only disappointment with this book is that Mr. Shaw does not introduce Jesus as a character. Judging from what happened to THE MASSES when we did it in a mild way in that "Ballad" of ours, it is just as well for his peace of mind that he didn't. But Mr. Shaw is fully aware of what would happen if he did. *Nota bene:*

"You may deny the divinity of Jesus; you may doubt whether he ever existed; you may reject Christianity for Judaism, Mahometanism, Shintoism or Fire Worship; and the iconolaters, placidly contemptuous, will only classify you as a freethinker or a heathen. But if you venture to wonder how Christ would have looked if he had shaved and had his hair cut, or what size in shoes he took, or whether he swore when he stood on a nail in the carpenter's shop, or could not button his robe when he was in a hurry, or whether he laughed over the repartee by which he baffled the priests when they tried to trap him into sedition and blasphemy, or even if you tell any part of his story in the vivid terms of modern colloquial slang, you will produce an extraordinary dismay and horror among the iconolaters. You will have made the picture come out of its frame, the statue descend from its pedestal, the story become real, with all the incalculable consequences that may flow from this terrifying miracle. It is at such moments that you realize that the icon-

olaters have never for a moment conceived Christ as a real person who meant what he said, as a fact, as a force like electricity, only needing the invention of suitable political machinery to be applied to the affairs of mankind with revolutionary effect.

"Thus it is not disbelief that is dangerous in our society; it is belief. The moment it strikes you (as it may any day) that Christ is not the lifeless, harmless image he has hitherto been to you, but a rallying center for revolutionary influences which all established States and Churches fight, you must look to yourselves; for you have brought the image to life; and the mob may not be able to bear that horror."

There are—I had almost forgot to say—three delightful plays in this book, too.

F. D.

Frank Harris on Oscar Wilde

Oscar Wilde: His Life and Confessions, by Frank Harris. 2 vols. \$10 net. [Published by the author, 3 Washington Square, New York.]

WHEN Frank Harris first met Oscar Wilde in some London drawing-room, he felt, he says, a repulsion, as from something "dirty." Five minutes later, charmed with Wildean conversation, he had forgotten that impression; and when he remembered it afterward, he wondered at it.

That was apparently the effect that Wilde had on people—an effect of first arousing some singular and perhaps vague, but profound hostility; and then conquering them with words. Some years after that meeting, when the Wilde scandal had grown to enormous proportions and was about to break in the open fury of a criminal prosecution, an English country gentleman invited Wilde over from a neighboring state. The room into which he entered was full of men, sportsmen, hunting squires, not at all a literary crowd, and all full of contempt for Wilde. When he came in, they buried themselves in their newspapers or looked the other way. Wilde commenced to talk to his host; and in a few minutes every man in the room was gathered about him, listening delightedly.

When he was put on the witness stand in the rash folly of the Queensberry libel suit, which led to his downfall, and cross-examined by a clever lawyer, his replies on the first day were such as drew applause from a hostile courtroom.

All that the magic of words could effect, it was in Oscar Wilde's power to achieve. And that, it would seem, was his sole strength. When that weapon failed him, he was lost. Mr. Harris draws a picture of him as a youth, before he went to Oxford. A dreamer, disliking the coarseness of public school life, feeling in himself the possession of great powers, he was as a matter of fact unprepared, except for his gift of words, for any struggle with the world. His creative faculty was poor, he was dependent for his style and materials and ideas upon others. He was lacking in consistent resolution. He was ignorant of the world. But he could talk.

In "De Profundis" he says (I quote from memory): "The two determining events in my life were my father's sending me to Oxford, and society's sending me to prison." Mr. Harris makes clear the meaning of the Oxford reference. It was a time when democratic idealism was waning in England, and the pseudo-Greek idealism of Pater was in the ascendant among

delicate-minded idealists. Wilde was touched with both influences. The determining thing was his friendship with a coterie of admirers of pseudo-Greek ideals and inverted notions about sex. When Wilde left Oxford, ambiguous gossip was already busy with his name.

He encouraged this by his fantastic dress, his Bunthorne parade of æstheticism. But, not so much with those freakishnesses as by the irresistible quality of his talk, he conquered London. Presently it became necessary to publish a book to prove that he was a poet. It went against the grain, perhaps, to work; for the composition of poetry is a sweating, shirt-sleeve job, and as such naturally repugnant to a true æsthete. But he did it; and the book, echoing from end to end of Keats, Shelley, Rossetti, Swinburne, Morris, and less definitely, Verlaine and Baudelaire, had a considerable sale, though it had no critical recognition.

It seems strange, when one looks through these harmless productions, to realize that they had for Wilde's contemporaries a Satanic flavor. It was bigoted, narrow-minded, cruel and a little absurd to pounce upon these pretty trifles; but—unless we are to believe that Wilde's actual perversity was a weak-willed response to the public demand for wickedness!—it would seem that their *flair* was true.

Frank Harris, it seems, was completely taken in, or rather in his generosity of spirit allowed himself to be deceived by Wilde about the facts. That Wilde had denied the charges whispered about him was sufficient; and in spite of the most suspicious incidents, Harris did not believe the truth until Wilde miserably admitted it on the very day that he was arrested. The fact is a tribute equally to Harris' quixotic sympathies and to Wilde's skill in weaving words. Wilde was actually able to bluff a blackmailer, who had got hold of a letter of his, into believing that it was a "prose poem," so that the man gave it back to him for nothing when he had come to sell it for £65! And he was able to tell Harris the story in such a way as to make Harris feel sorry for him as a victim of unjust suspicions.

Only after Wilde had been released from prison, did he attempt to explain or defend his conduct; and even then in a way which caused Harris to say, in effect: "You did not really believe that what you did was right. If you had, you would have had a pride and a strength that would have borne you through the criminal proceedings like a Copernicus or a Socrates. At heart you really agreed with your prosecutors." To which Wilde replied, in effect: "Really, you are almos: rude!"

That quality of disbelief in his own revolt against conventional morality is what vitiates most of Wilde's writing. His plays are a mockery of conventional virtue, but it is significant that conventional virtue always triumphs in the last act. The half-heartedness of his paganism accounts also for his becoming so exceedingly Christian in that rather mawkish production, "De Profundis," and in that perhaps immortal poem, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." It accounts further for his failure to produce anything more for the rest of his life. A pagan who believed in paganism would have gone on writing. But a pagan who had to be bolstered up in his belief would naturally be shattered by the terrible experiences of prison life.

It is interesting to note, in this connection, that Dostoevsky (as appears from the recent volume of his "Letters") was something of a pagan before he went to prison. He came out, like Wilde, a Christian; but his mind could at least believe whole-heartedly; and a Christian he stayed. Wilde's Christianity could not survive fresh air; and his paganism had been

smothered in solitary confinement. He could not believe. He merely had a taste for beautiful things.

That taste, which had led him to reject the love of woman as gross and unbeautiful, was sufficiently outraged by the actual facts of the relationships to which he turned by preference. Blackmail was the least of the uglinesses which besmeared them. It is an appropriate irony that Oscar Wilde, who above all things hated, coarseness, brutality and violence, should have suffered from "scenes" of the most hideous and disgusting nature. It is almost as appropriate an irony as the manner in which this lover of beauty died. . . .

It would be interesting to quote some of Mr. Harris' pages. Especially as I discover that I have been dwelling on my own inexpert opinions here rather than on Mr. Harris' facts. I hasten to say that he has written not only the best, because the only truth-attempting biography of Wilde, but also, by capturing that personal quality which Wilde but imperfectly revealed in his own writings, a book more important than anything Wilde ever did. It requires a man of insight, of sympathy, of courage, and of sane and normal views to tell the truth about Wilde. Wilde could not have done it himself. Mr. Harris has done it. And at the same time, quite simply and unconsciously, he has incidentally given us in himself a picture of a magnificent friend—unromantic, honest, no flatterer, and more steadfast in the hour of danger and disgrace than in the hour of triumph. It is a candid, revealing, and noble piece of literature.

F. D.

Diplomats and Destiny

The Diplomacy of the Great War, by Arthur Bullard. \$1.50 net. [The Macmillan Co.]

WHAT can we do about the war? Well, we can understand it, for one thing. Beyond the heat of partisanship, beyond the wild hopes and fears of glory and disaster for mankind, beyond even the inevitable boredom with too much heroism and heart-break, there is the fascination of learning something new. And the book which above all others furnishes that fascination, the book to which one returns when weary of hope, fear, anger or sheer indifference, is Arthur Bullard's "The Diplomacy of the Great War."

It has the peculiar value of being about the future while seeming to be mainly about the past. It untangles forty years of European diplomacy in order that we may understand, not so much the present war, as the peace which will follow it. For when the futile heroisms are over, when the great drives are accomplished or given up, when the soldiers have finished, the diplomatists will take what is left of Europe and patch it up between themselves.

That patching-up is something which all our knowledge of the present war will not enable us to understand. It will not resemble the brave declarations of editors or statesmen. "One morning we will read of acrimonious debates about Walfisch Bay in South West Africa, the next of a wrangle over the harbor dues of Trieste. There will be suave but virulent discussion over whether the name of the capital of Galicia should be spelt after the German or Russian, Polish or Ruthenian fashion. There will be apparently undue excitement over the question whether the majority of the population of the little town of Temesvar is Roumanian or Magyar or Serb." And meanwhile, behind the scenes, who knows what?

Diplomacy is a world of its own. Mr. Bullard has studied it with the strange passion with which an entomologist studies bugs. But he has a hope, care-

fully restrained, for the future, a vision, modestly and cautiously set forth, of something better than these insect intrigues. But that is relegated to the latter portion of his book.

The first part deals with that generation-long struggle which began with the Congress of Berlin and the diplomatic domination of Europe by Bismarck's Germany; then the resurrection of France, the cooling of the Anglo-German friendship, the upbuilding of the Entente Cordiale, the Algeciras prelude to the struggle against Germany, the eight years of tension with Morocco and the Balkans threatening to let loose the storm—and finally the "fatal year" of 1914.

It is an elementary lecture, brilliantly delivered, on European diplomacy: the whole set forth with scientific expertness and calm cynicism. . . . The second part deals with "The New Elements of Diplomacy"—the rights of nations, dollar diplomacy, the colonial world (this being an especially interesting and valuable chapter), and the growth of public opinion. Part three takes up "The Liquidation of this War," in the event either of Germany or of the Allies gaining a decisive victory—and also in the event of the third more probable alternative. The chapter on "Democratic Control" is one which poses this question now seen as the most important raised by the war—how can diplomacy be democratized? The fourth and last part is a discussion of our own diplomatic problems, with some remarks on our relationship to the other nations of this hemisphere that are particularly pertinent and suggestive in the present crisis.

If one thing is needed to give confidence in Mr. Bullard's historical analysis, it is his frank confession of his own sympathies. His book exhibits a rare mingling of vast and detailed knowledge with informality and ease. Few scholars can carry their wisdom so gracefully.

F. D.

English Youth

Letters from America, by Rupert Brooke. With a preface by Henry James. \$1 net. [Charles Scribner's Sons.]

BRILLIANT and boyish, these "letters from America" show what must have been the charm of Rupert Brooke alive; and the preface by Henry James is an heroic effort to preserve that charm by the spell of words now that Rupert Brooke is dead. There is no gainsaying the impression that Rupert Brooke made on all who knew him: an impression that is poignantly expressed in the glowing admiration and tender regret of Mr. James' tribute to the dead youth. It is the impression of his being a poet quite apart from his poetry; indeed, Mr. James seems to say that one felt it unnecessary for Rupert Brooke to write poetry to prove that he was a poet. And his poetry, admired or not for itself, does not have the specific charm that the poet himself possessed and was loved for. It is, at its most striking, a rebellion against beauty. And of such rebellions, "The Channel Passage," for instance, Mr. James remarks in his own terms that it was part of the golden fortune which attended this youth that he could not quite succeed in the rebellion: some sweetness peculiar to him graced the attempt.

It is of such a youth, attended by such a fortune, that Mr. James writes. A fortunate youth, upon whom the goddesses had showered all their gifts. Beautiful, strong, skilful; with not even a club-foot like Byron's to make him envious of the world, nor a disease like Keats' to remind him that Joy's "hand is ever at its lips, bidding adieu"; and least of all any passionate hatred like Shelley's, of the world's evil to set him apart from his fellows in loneliness. There was noth-

ing to keep him from enjoying life to the full. He was universally beloved. Few, says Mr. James, have had to carry such a burden of "being liked"; but he carried it, as he did all else, with his unspoiled charm.

Some reviewer once reproached the friend of the dead poet for including, in his account of Rupert Brooke's life, such statements as how good a swimmer and cricketer he was. The reviewer did not understand; it was just these boyish activities and enthusiasms which won the world: a world tired enough of civilization to believe in a young Greek god when he came along, to worship him, as Mr. James almost worships him, for the nobility of beauty and strength. Not Greek, perhaps, after all, so much as that truly English boyishness, with English parentage, English education and English ideals, which approaches the Greek perfection only (in the English view) to transcend it: of such was Brooke compounded. It is Mr. James' boast for it that such English life, with its manliness and its niceness, satisfied Rupert Brooke completely: he never asked for any privileges outside its bounds.

He should have been happy. His poems, however, as has been said, fail to record that happiness which so much impressed his observing friends; his poems are impatient, annoyed, some of them deliberately ugly . . . save that as Mr. James says, he could not quite achieve ugliness; the goddesses had seen to that.

He could not, as many a poet has succeeded easily in doing, offend people; they loved him anyway; they would not believe that he was aught but the Golden Youth; they excused, laughingly, his "Channel Passages," as Mr. James excuses them. They said, he is a poet nevertheless: they loved him. And when he went off to the war expecting to be killed, he wrote with light criticism that he didn't care, it would be a change anyway from—

"dirty songs and dreary,

And all the little emptiness of love."

He died of sunstroke far from the field of battle; an irony that he would have enjoyed. And his friends called him a hero; they compared his death—as Mr. James does in this preface—to Byron's, fighting for Greek freedom! Rupert Brooke became all at once the popularly-acclaimed Greek English Poet—channel passages and all. They only stopped short—Heaven knows why!—of burying him in Westminster Abbey.

The Golden Youth is gone. He does not live in his poems: there, rather, is a somewhat peevish, quarrelsome, crabbed, wistful, not uninteresting poet who might, however, have been as homely as Browning, and as unathletic as Christina Rossetti. The Golden Youth, so English, so manly and so nice, lived only in the tortured pages of Mr. James' preface—and in the letter on Samoa, where Rupert Brooke does for once seem contentedly to identify himself with his Legend.

Meanwhile, one wonders—what will the next generation, with Rupert Brooke's poems before them—make of the Rupert Brooke Myth? Will they, perhaps, take the poems for what they are, and as for the poet, remember the remark of W. B. Yeats: "He is the handsomest man in England and wears the most beautiful shirts"?

F. D.

Dreams

The Dream Problem, by Dr. A. E. Moeder, of Zurich. Translated by Drs. Frank Mead Hallock and Smith Ely Jelliffe, of New York. Nervous and Mental Disease Monograph Series, No. 22. 60 cents. [Nervous and Mental Diseases Publishing Co., New York.]

In his "Theory of Psychoanalysis," published in this series, Dr. Jung threw out a hint of a new departure

in psychoanalytic theory, viz.: the consideration of dreams not only in their backward-looking but in their forward-looking aspect. That is to say, the dream is not to be considered as simply a wish-fulfillment, but rather as a dramatization of the patient's state of mind, a quasi-artistic arrangement of the conflict with which he is dealing in real life, and as such, *furnishing an indication of the right solution of that conflict.*

This fascinating idea is dealt with briefly in this monograph by Dr. A. E. Moeder of the "Jung school." It is impossible here to do more than call it to the attention of those who are interested in the subject, and especially those who have been unsatisfied with the idea of the dream as a purely regressive wish-fulfilling structure referring back to sex. In this new development, the "manifest content" of the dream is given a decided importance, and its relationship to "conscious" works of art is pointed out. A new and most profitable field of investigation has been here opened up.

F. D.

Jeffersonian Democracy

Economic Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy, by Charles A. Beard, Professor of Politics in Columbia University. \$2. [The Macmillan Co.]

In a previous volume, "An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States," Professor Beard set forth with elaborate proof the intentions of the capitalists and financiers who, in a secret *coup d'état*, overthrew the existing government which they had been called together to find ways of strengthening, and sprung upon the people a Constitution providing for a new State. Their intentions, as frankly set forth by Hamilton, Jay and others, were to set up such a government as would have the support of "influential" men, in Hamilton's phrase, by virtue of being a government strong enough to take care of their interests and committed to doing so. The struggle which ended in the adoption of a form of government to which by far most of the people in America were opposed. This volume takes up the struggle which followed when those who had "put over" the Constitution proceeded to go ahead to fulfil their good intentions toward the "influential" class.

The first thing to be done for them was to settle the question of "public paper." During the Revolution all patriotic citizens had lent what money they could to the government. It was understood that the new government would raise money by taxation and pay it back. But as much of this "public paper" had been bought up at five cents on the dollar by speculators, it was being proposed by various radicals to discriminate between the original and the speculative holders, and see that the money was paid back to the people who had actually lent it—people who were now, perhaps, languishing miserably in debtors' prisons. But such was not the intention of the men who had framed the Constitution.

What their intentions were came out in the daring scheme of Hamilton for a funding of the entire debt, principal and interest, at its face value; the assumption of state debts, to be funded in the same manner; the establishment of a national bank based practically on funded government securities; the use of customs duties for revenue and "protection"; the disposal of public lands in great blocks to speculators, and the acceptance of government securities as payment therefor; and the use of a government sinking fund to "bull" government securities in the market! In a word, the repayment of the debt to its original lenders was replaced by a magnificent financial scheme to increase fluid capital, stimulate

finance, commerce and manufacture, and give government aid to the capitalist and financial class in return for its support! These intentions are clearly explained in Hamilton's own words.

After a bitter fight in Congress the scheme was put through by the men who were to be enriched and made powerful by it. It is amusing to read that as soon as it was known that the funding bill would pass, "the base scramble began," according to Jefferson. "Couriers and relay horses by land, and swift sailing pilot boats by sea, were flying in all directions. Active partners and agents were associated and employed in every state, town and country neighborhood, and this paper was bought up at five shillings and even as low as two shillings in the pound, before the holder knew that Congress had already provided for its redemption at par. Immense sums were thus filched from the poor and ignorant." It should be noted that an examination of the Treasury records shows a number of security holders who voted *against* assumption and contrary to their personal interest; though in conformity to the economic interest of the districts they represented.

The success of Hamilton's measures was immediate; the commercial and financial classes were firmly established in power, and their allegiance to their government was confirmed. The measures and their results aroused violent antagonism in the agrarian districts, which finally broke out in the "Whiskey Rebellion" against the excise tax: a rebellion which Washington and Hamilton headed an army to quell. A mass of agrarian discontent was gathering weight which was to result later in the election of Jefferson.

But meanwhile it is interesting to note that John Adams, controverting the opinion of a man who had asserted that the United States did not possess the materials for forming an aristocracy, asserted: "But we do possess one material which actually constitutes an aristocracy that governs the nation. That material is wealth." He instanced the state of Connecticut, which "has always been governed by an aristocracy, more decisively than the empire of Great Britain is. Half a dozen, or, at most a dozen families, have controlled that country when a colony, as well as since it has been a state." It was Adams' view that "in every society where property exists, there will ever be a struggle between the rich and poor." He believed that a good government must protect each class against the other! A sort of Professor Richard T. Ely in office . . . distrusted and disliked by both sides.

Then came the election of 1800, when a tie between Jefferson and Burr threw the decision into the hands of Congress. "Jefferson had been denounced up and down the land as an enemy of property." "Tremble then in case of Mr. Jefferson's election, all ye holders of public funds for your ruin is at hand. Old men . . . widows and orphans . . . banks . . . insurance companies . . . charitable institutions . . . will be involved in one common, certain, and not very distant, ruin. It was true that Jefferson hated capitalism; he had no use for manufacturers, and would have preferred to see America import things from England rather than turn her citizens into wage-laborers working in factories. He believed that America had a destiny as a nation of independent farmers. He abhorred Hamilton's financial schemes, and explained the fact that he had helped Hamilton put them over in the crisis, by saying that he had been duped; he had, in fact, traded his support for an agreement to establish the capital of the United States in Virginia, as he relates.

Perhaps Hamilton knew him better than anybody

else; for when the Federalist Congress was about to elect Burr, he threw his influence to Jefferson's side. "Nor is it true," he wrote, "that Jefferson is zealot enough to do anything which will contravene his popularity or interest. He is as likely as any man I know to temporize." So Jefferson was approached by the Federalist boss, Bayard, who "held the election in the hollow of his hand," and after certain conversations with Jefferson he reported that the man was safe. (One is reminded of that "little dinner" at which Colonel Roosevelt talked it over with the "malefactors of great wealth.") And so, with no great fear of consequences, the capitalists turned over the presidency to Jefferson . . . with results that seemed fairly to justify their confidence. Isn't it amusing? Hamilton recommends his arch-enemy, the Monarchist Financier gives his whole system into the hands of the Terrible Jacobin. There is nothing like being able to read character after all!

I suspect Professor Beard of being slightly less interested in the economics of Jeffersonian democracy than he is in the economics of Jefferson's Federal antagonists. There is, apparently, very little in the farmer to be interested in. The agrarian interests are clear enough in the attack on capitalism, but the constructive side of the agrarian or Jeffersonian program—if it had one—escapes me. I also suspect the historian of taking, incidentally, a certain malicious pleasure in puncturing the phrase which there has been some attempt to revive in connection with President Wilson's policy. There is very little left to Jefferson's democracy when this book gets through with him: even his heroic attack on the Supreme Court is decidedly farcicalized by the fact, revealed here, that Jefferson was at one time prepared to arrogate to himself that power of declaring a law null and void which he so eloquently denounced in Justice Marshall (p. 454).

I pass on to the suffragists this statement of Jefferson's views on woman suffrage, which is, as Professor Beard says, "curious and interesting." "Were our state a pure democracy, in which all its inhabitants should meet together to transact all their business, there would yet be excluded from their deliberations: 1. Infants until arrived at years of discretion. 2. Women, who, to prevent depravation of morals and ambiguity of issue, could not mix promiscuously in the public meetings of men. 3. Slaves." Jefferson was a Southerner, you know.

If it be permissible to make a moral deduction from a scientific work, that deduction might run in this wise: It is no use for people who are up against new situations to hunt around for historical labels. Because some one like Professor Beard will come along and write a book that will make you look rather foolish behind that label.

The book also suggests to me the question: Is President Wilson a Jeffersonian Democrat? I hope not. But I wonder!

F. D.

The Russian Literary Drive

The Memoirs of a Physician, by Vikenty Veressayov. \$1.50 net. [Alfred A. Knopf.]

For the past year or so Mr. Alfred A. Knopf has been issuing a remarkable series of translations, chiefly of Russian fiction, including novels and tales by Artzibashev, Lermontov, Garshin and Sologub, and a book on Russian literature by Prince Kropotkin. These, and the translations of Gogol and Gorky issued by Frederick A. Stokes Co., and the autobiography of Gorky published by Houghton Mifflin, together with the monumental Macmillan edition of Dostoevsky, and the

plays and tales of Tchekhov recently published by Scribners, amplifying our old impressions gained from Tolstoi and Turgeniev—all this wealth of literary conquest,¹ dazzling, intoxicating and sometimes bewildering and annoying us, has made it hard to generalize about Russian literature. The Russian soul, as presented by this multitude of extraordinary analysts, no longer seems so simple as it once did. It is like getting really acquainted with a woman; one no longer knows, as one did at the first meeting, what she is like.

But a book just issued by Mr. Knopf brings back that first impression, which is so often, in all its obviousness, the essential and significant fact. It is not a book of fiction at all, it is a revelation of the mind and soul of a doctor. It is, in one sense, not at all extraordinary. There are many doctors who think and feel like the one set forth here; there are some even, in these United States, who talk like that; but one must go to Russia to find a man who can write that way. Candor—simple-hearted self-revelation: that is all.

Dr. Veressayov is a man who believes in his profession with all his soul; believes in it so much that he does not need to fool himself about it. He can see his limitations and those of his profession without evasion, cynicism, or, least of all, despair. There are facts in his book which the Anglo-Saxon temperament would either forget and declare to be nonsense, or else on the other hand use sensationally, luridly, unjustly. Dr. Veressayov loves his work so much that he can know and face all these things, with a simple, good-hearted, wise candor.

The book which it most resembles is Metchnikoff's "Nature of Man": a more profoundly thoughtful and only less intimately human book by another Russian.

Candor: will it ever come to be natural to us? Shall we ever be able to tell the truth, except as it were in a strained voice and with a sense of our own heroism and the extraordinariness of the whole proceedings?

Not until we have gone to school to the Russians a while longer. Tolstoi and Turgeniev and Dostoevsky have already changed the direction of English fiction. Galsworthy and Beresford and Wells have the Russian flavor mixed curiously with their own English sap. And the other day I read a strange and not unimpressive book which was a frank attempt by an English author to get the Russian spirit in an English novel, with a Russian setting and an English hero. The result ought to have been lamentable, but it wasn't; it was interesting: the book is really a remarkable feat. ("The Dark Forest," by Hugh Walpole. \$1.35 net. George H. Doran Co.)

Perhaps—one feels after reading a book like "The Memoirs of a Physician"—the essential thing in Russian fiction, the thing which will not change as their institutions change, the thing which will survive revolution or reaction, communism or capitalism, the thing which Russian literature can give the world, is the gift of truth-telling.

F. D.

² "Sanin," by Michael Artzibashev. \$1.40 net. Knopf.
 "The Millionaire" and Other Tales, by Michael Artzibashev. \$1.35 net. Knopf.
 "The Breaking Point," by Michael Artzibashev. \$1.35 net. Knopf.
 "A Hero of Our Time," by M. Y. Lermontov. \$1.35 net. Knopf.
 "The Signal" and Other Stories, by W. H. Garshin. \$1.35 net. Knopf.
 "The Little Demon," by F. Sologub. \$1.35 net. Knopf.
 "Ideals and Realities in Russian Literature," by Prince Kropotkin. \$1.50 net. Knopf.
 "Dead Souls," by N. Gogol. \$1.25 net. Stokes.
 "Twenty-Six Men and a Girl" and Other Stories, by Maxim Gorky. 60 cents. Stokes.
 "The Confession," A Novel, by Maxim Gorky. \$1.35 net. Stokes.
 "The Spy," by Maxim Gorky. 90 cents. Huebsch.
 "Mother," by Maxim Gorky. \$1.50. Appletons.
 "My Childhood." An Autobiography, by Maxim Gorky. \$2. Houghton Mifflin.
 "Crime and Punishment," "The Idiot," "The Brothers Karamazov," "The Dead House," "A Raw Youth," "Insult and Injury," etc., by Feodor Dostoevsky. \$1.50 net each. Macmillan.

The Authors' Union

ECONOMIC interests are leveling the aristocracy of the professions and necessity is turning the professionalists into trade unionists. The day of actors', teachers', and authors' leagues is over. A committee of the Authors' League reports to its members that protection of the authors' product requires the League's affiliation with the American Federation of Labor.

The "movies" are responsible. They precipitated the A. F. of L. Committee of the Authors' League and its recommendation. This committee says to its members:

"From the viewpoint of the author, conditions in the motion-picture industry are perhaps more unsatisfactory than in any other field in which he is active. The author is practically at the mercy of irresponsible and dishonest producers. Piracy is rampant and redress uncertain, copyrighted questions are obscure and contract matters indescribably chaotic. For example, it is charged that plays and novels by authors so prominent and seemingly well-protected as Hall Caine, J. M. Barrie and Gilbert Parker have been stolen for screen production and that thus far redress has been denied. There is scarcely an American author of fiction who has not in some degree suffered from the unsatisfactory methods and practices in this, the newest field of literary endeavor.

"The deliberate use of well-known titles, cunningly contrived piracy, even outright theft of plots—these practices are becoming even more common; but, unfortunately, these things are difficult of proof, and under existing conditions, and in view of the chaos arising from vexed questions of film copyright, the author is at a tremendous disadvantage, not only in protecting his property, but in all his dealings with picture producers. . . .

"In this field, it is the League's most serious business to strive for better contract conditions and forms, to devise means for securing the enforcement of these contracts, to endeavor to secure more accurate and equitable methods of accounting and of calculating royalties, and to attend to a score of other matters, comparatively minor, but in themselves important."

The committee recites as well the time-worn difficulties of authors with theatrical producers, with publishers in the book and magazine business, with the international copyright law, but it was that most modern device for manufacturing entertainment, the cinematograph, that reduced the intellectual élite to bidding for the laboring man's protection and shelter in his organization.

"Affiliation would give us the support of the Federation with its 2,500,000 members, almost all of whom are voters. It would further give us the right to place before the various unions (and there are many whose interests are closely identified with the interests of the author) a statement of any differences we might have. . . . The particular union thus approached could then aid us in any way it might see fit, even to the extent of a strike. . . ."

The statement hints at the possibility of the authors' union having to reciprocate such favors, giving very satisfactory evidence at the outset that the committee has grasped the meaning of solidarity and that most advanced stage of unionism "sympathetic action." The authors' union promises a more intelligent comprehension of unionism than the average working man would give the average author credit for.

Further book reviews will be found on page 39 and succeeding pages.

AN INTERNATIONAL DIGEST

Liebknecht

WE read in a leaflet issued by the revolutionary wing of the Berlin Socialists:

"In the secret session of the Reichstag, David (leader of the pro-Kaiser Socialists) referred to Karl Liebknecht as a dog who barks loudly but does not bite. The answer should be given by the starving and oppressed proletarian masses, who are being used for cannon-food. And the use of the word 'dog' by the leader of the Socialist majority should not be forgotten."

"He is a dog, who licks the boots of the ruling classes that have done nothing but to kick him for decades."

"He is a dog who is happy to go about in the muzzle of martial law fawning upon the nobility and looking into their eyes for favors."

"He is a dog who forgets the whole past of his party and repudiates everything that was dear to it for decades and steps enthusiastically into the dirt at the word of command of the government."

That this gives a correct impression of the strength and bitterness of the feeling of the Berlin Socialists may be gathered from the fact that at the end of June they re-elected their revolutionary officials and repudiated the official Party organization by a vote of more than four to one. Throughout Germany the radical Socialists continue to hold their own—though there is no sign of further advance at the present moment. As in April, when the new independent Socialist Group in the Reichstag was formed—by Haase, Bernstein, and Kautsky—they represent approximately two-fifths of the Reichstag Socialists and a like proportion of their constituents. This means that the pro-Kaiser and anti-Kaiser Socialists in the country as a whole are still approximately equal in numbers. Food riots and military defeats, however, may soon increase the opposition.

In the meanwhile a member of the minority, Stadt-hagen, introduced a document in the Reichstag showing the collusion existing between the majority and the Government. He proved from a secret document that an article from the Italian Socialist organ, the *Avanti*, had been suppressed in Germany on the express ground that it "went against the majority."

Whatever we may think of the Socialists in this combination, we can be surprised neither at the Government's appreciation of the majority, nor at its hostility towards the minority. For example, it seems highly improbable that Liebknecht was guilty of anything approaching treason. Still we can scarcely be astonished that the military authorities felt obliged to do something against a man who was reaching the people with the very truths they had suppressed. Part of the charge on which he was sentenced were the following expressions in his May Day manifesto:

"Poverty and misery, need and starvation, are ruling in Germany. Belgium, Poland and Serbia, whose blood the vampire of imperialism is sucking, resemble vast cemeteries. The entire world, the much praised European civilization, are falling into ruins through the anarchy which has been let loose by the world war."

"Those who profit from the war want war with the United States. To-morrow, perhaps, they may order us to aim lethal weapons against new groups of brethren, against our fellow workers in the United States, and fight America, too."

"Consider well this fact: As long as the German

people does not arise and force through its own will the assassination of the people will continue.

"Let thousands of voices shout 'Down with the shameless extermination of nations! Down with those responsible for these crimes!'"

"Our enemy is not the English, French, nor Russian people, but the great German landed proprietors, the German capitalists and their executive committee."

"Forward, let us fight the government; let us fight these mortal enemies of all freedom. Let us fight for everything which means the future triumph of the working classes, the future of humanity and civilization."

The manifesto was written in April and secretly promulgated.

W. E. W.

The Anti-Kaiser Socialists

THE Anti-Kaiser Socialists in the Reichstag are divided into three groups. The extremists are represented by Liebknecht and Rühle in the Reichstag, and Rosa Luxemburg and Clara Zetkin, the Party's two most eminent women, outside of that body. The two former were expelled from the Reichstag Group though not from the Party. The centre is represented by the new Socialist Fellowship, an independent Reichstag group of eighteen members headed by Haase and Bernstein and supported by Kautsky, the *Neue Zeit* (the Party weekly) and *Vorwaerts* (the Party daily). A third faction of twenty-two or twenty-four Reichstag members remain as an opposition minority within the official Socialist Reichstag Group, which is supporting the Kaiser.

Naturally the anti-war Socialists are best represented by the centre rather than these moderates or the extremists. It is difficult to tell whether the centre faction hopes for a revolution in Germany or not. Its official spokesman in the June session of the Reichstag, Ledebour of Berlin, boldly suggested the probability of a general European revolution. He said:

"The right of revolution is a demonstrated right of every people. I am glad to hear no opposition to this proposition from the governmental benches, and we all know the government is extending a helping hand to revolutions in other countries. I have the greatest sympathy with the Irish Home Rulers and do not hold it against the Government that it is helping the Irish revolutionists. Thus we have recognized, in principle, the right of revolution. That is splendid progress in comparison with the Holy Alliance which existed to suppress revolution in every corner of Europe. Prince Buelow spoke contemptuously of the Russian revolutionists as conspirators and beggars. To-day the government would be glad to see these conspirators and beggars on its side."

All this talk has one and only one self-evident purpose. What then are we to make of the radical Socialist Strobell's talk in the Prussian Landtag?

At a session of the Prussian House of Deputies the Socialists protested vigorously against a proposed measure for increased taxation for the duration of the war.

Strobell, Socialist, demanded what sane person believed the war would last a year. He made a vehement protest against the people being burdened with fresh indirect taxation after their sacrifices of blood and treasure and also their sacrifice of health owing to what he termed the present ruinous food prices.

He accused the drafters of the bill of intending to save the classes from further direct taxation by saddling the masses with the burden of indirect taxes.

"If the classes were made to pay milliards of marks direct taxes, as in England, we would have peace to-morrow," the speaker asserted.

Strobell demanded that an end be made of this "senseless murder of Nations" by a sensible arrangement, else, he predicted, both the Prussian House and Prussian junkerdom were doomed to destruction.

Ledebour exults that the war is leading to a European revolution. Strobell demands an early peace on the ground that a long war might lead to revolution and the destruction of the German military caste.

W. E. W.

The Conference of Socialists

THE postponed conference of the Socialists of the neutral countries, officially organized by the International Socialist Bureau, takes place in The Hague on July 31st. The Scandinavian, Swiss, Dutch, American and Argentine parties have promised to send delegates. The American Party has notified the Bureau, through its delegate, Hillquit, that it will move the calling of a full session of the Bureau, including delegates from the belligerent as well as the neutral nations. The Italian party also calls for such a "full" conference and even protests against the right of the Bureau to confine the present conference to the Socialists of the neutral countries.

The Bureau, in calling the conference, had stated that the war had created conflicts between the Socialist parties of the various nations. This statement the Italian Party denies—out of the consciousness of its own international rectitude.

The position of the Italian Party has been unique from the beginning. Its present argument for a conference to include the belligerent parties which are supporting their governments in the war is therefore of double interest. It denies that "the Socialist parties of Germany, Austria, France, and England" had any justification "in imitating their ruling classes." This statement recognizes the Labor Party as the chief Socialist Party of England—a fact that can hardly be denied by any official Socialist, since it was the declared Socialist groups of England that introduced the Labor Party into the international Socialist Congresses and secured for it and the labor unions 95 per cent. of the votes of "the British Section of the Socialist International."

The Italian Party goes further and declares that there is no pacifism of any promise outside Socialist ranks. It renounces the very principle of the League to Enforce Peace. The Italians denounce the International Socialist Bureau for having expressed the hope that "the efforts of the capitalistic states of Europe might bring about a condition in the future that would put a final end to war."

The International Bureau, however, has made no apologies, and has proceeded to call its conference.

W. E. W.

Compulsory Liberation

WHAT every people wants and should have is the right freely to choose the country of its allegiance. The result would be that while some peoples would transfer their allegiance, others would prefer autonomy under their present governments. So the Letts in the Baltic Provinces of Russia, as well as the

majority of Russian Poles are fighting to the last ditch against the "liberation from the Russian yoke," which the Kaiser is trying to force upon them. Such liberation, they point out, would mean either economic dependence upon Germany, or at best economic isolation and starvation. The point is well brought out by the Lettish Social Democrats in replying to the recent threat of the German Chancellor to "liberate" the border provinces occupied by German troops. After showing that only 7 per cent. of the population of the Baltic Provinces is German, and that the German barons there have been even worse oppressors than the Russian Government which has supported them, the Lettish Socialists—who compose the majority of the Lettish population—explain that what they want is not separation from Russia, but a certain measure of autonomy.

"For Livonia a separation from Russia would amount to a separation from its conditions of economic existence; Livonia would be lowered from its present position as a border province involved in modern economic and cultural developments to a mere agricultural province exploited by Germany, while at the same time the Letts would be subject to a compulsory expropriation of their lands and a compulsory colonization of Germans (as in German Poland).

"For Russia the separation of Livonia would be to shut it off from the sea, which would mean a suffocation of its economic life.

"For Europe this would mean a lasting threat of war, since the coming emancipated Russia will not allow itself to be suffocated.

"United with all other democratic elements in the struggle for this free Russia, as early as 1905 we Letts called down upon ourselves all the horrors of the counter-revolution led by the Baltic German nobility. And now, when the German Government has taken up the cause of this nobility as well as that of the reactionary nobility of Prussia, we are merely continuing the same struggle. It is from this struggle that we expect liberation and not from either government—a free Livonia in a free Russia."

This declaration has especial importance in view of the fact that the German Chancellor's "liberation" proposals have the public support of Scheidemann and the German Socialist majority.

W. E. W.

American Internationalists

THE proclamation of the International Labor Conference (which has been noticed in the preceding pages) and the action of the Union against Militarism are the two movements opposing the invasion of Mexico which deserve to be recorded to the credit of a civilized people.

The plan of the Union was to send three Mexican delegates and three United States delegates to confer at El Paso in hopes of checking the invasion which the mobilization of the troops was threatening. Modesto C. Rolland and David Starr Jordan met in El Paso but after a short conference they decided that it would be better to meet in Washington. The Washington conference resulted in the formation of the Inter-American Peace Committee. The statement which this committee issued was a clear characterization and evaluation of the international situation which had reached a crisis at the time it was made:

"We believe that the American people should understand the sources of the Mexican revolution, the purposes which have guided it, the nature and causes of the disorders and crimes which have been incidentally associated with it, and the efforts

of the *de facto* government to reduce disorder and to prevent atrocities.

"We believe that the American people should learn that the Mexican people are not an aggregate of irresponsible bands, but rather that Mexico has within herself all the elements of regeneration, that new institutions, free schools, land adjustments, co-operative municipalities, temperance legislation, encouragements to industry and thrift, are springing up like fresh grass after a prairie fire.

"In short, we should remember that revolutions never move backward, and that the regime of Diaz is as impossible for Mexico today as the regime of Louis XV would be for the France of today."

The Revolted Angel

GEORGE R. LUNN, one time hero of the Socialist Party, is today *persona non grata*. Not being dependent on the "Socialist machine," Mr. Lunn becomes philosophic about it. If Socialists can forgive their own past ingenuousness in having adopted Mr. Lunn for their own, they will appreciate him as commentator. He appears in this rôle in the *Metropolitan* for August:

"If members of various political party machines would contract the healthy habit of freely laughing at their own inconsistency, it would be most conducive to the progress of good government. This is especially true of the Socialist machine.

"When the members of the Socialist machine of America read this statement they will do everything but laugh; they will indignantly deny that the Socialist party has a machine.

"Being more fully acquainted with the workings of the New York State Socialist machine, an illustration can be drawn from that quarter. Possibly no set of men in New York state has been so uncompromising in their condemnation of the tyranny of the two old party machines as have been the Socialists." One of their speakers, Mr. Lunn says, "would argue that the people should not in effect be disfranchised by having the acts of their elected officials controlled by a self-constituted party organization. Yet this very injustice is practised by the Socialist machine, as evidenced by the action of the State Committee of the party in expelling the Mayor of Schenectady, the President of the Common Council, Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, and many other Socialist officials.

"An enrolled Socialist party member who does not join the local organization has no voice in party affairs. That is, he has no voice except at the primaries, where he is expected to endorse the various candidates selected by the local organization or machine.

"If a group of enrolled Socialists opposed to the candidates suggested by the organization Socialists should bring forth a different set of candidates at the primaries and should succeed in having them nominated, the Socialist machine would at once repudiate these nominees as traitors to Socialism. The state organization would use all its power to defeat these men. The effect therefore of the Socialist practise at the present time is to disfranchise every enrolled Socialist voter who does not abide by the decisions of an organization of which he is not even a member.

"The method of organization is a splendid one for propaganda purposes alone. But the moment Socialists enter the political field they are guilty of grossest tyranny at every point where they seek to disfranchise from active and effective participation

in nominations for office, etc., all Socialist voters who are not members of their small coterie."

So much for the light which has come with his loss of prestige. We ought to appreciate this, especially as Mr. Lunn has shown conspicuously in his political career that it was not the light of socialism but of liberalism that guided him and determined his affiliation with the Socialist Party. Mr. Lunn never even pretended to stand for the class struggle. When he stood by it, as he did on several occasions, it was not because he recognized it as the most advanced political method but as an immediate necessity of an exploited people. In the article quoted above he restates this position which he has always held: "I shall stand by the principles that I have believed in and for which I have worked for years and not surrender them at this time. I do not consider any individual fit to hold public office who gives his highest allegiance to anything less than the whole people. Under no conditions would I accept a nomination for any office where the condition of my running is circumscribed by my surrender of the rights of the people."

If Mr. Lunn had ever suffered the socialist baptism he would not have said "the people" he would have said the "working class." He did not slip up on that, he meant the people and not the class. Mr. Lunn's article is a justification of his course in not taking dictation from the party. It is an old quarrel. It need never have occurred in the case of Mr. Lunn if the party had unfalteringly bid for *class conscious votes*.

H. M.

Correcting an Error

THROUGH an editorial mistake, some passages in an article by William English Walling on "A Nationalist International" were changed so as to distort seriously the meaning and in one case to reverse it. The passage in question, after quoting the *New Statesman* on the resolution adopted by the Independent Labor Party of Great Britain, represented Mr. Walling as saying that the position of the *New Statesman* in the matter is "the old Fabian, opportunist attitude toward revolutionary action." The *New Statesman* has said that "there is nothing in the history or principles of Socialism, as it had developed in any European country, to warrant its identification with either Tolstoyanism or Quakerism." Mr. Walling was further represented as saying that "it is rather indiscriminating for such an intellectual organ as the *New Statesman* to lump the uncompromising opposition of the anti-militarist Socialists to capitalist warfare, or warfare directed and promoted by capitalistic States, with Quakers, Tolstoyans or other professional pacifists." This does not represent Mr. Walling's views. He says:

"I pointed out on the contrary that a considerable number of the British anti-war Socialists were as a matter of fact Quakers and avowed Tolstoyans. (I am personally acquainted with several of each group.) Moreover, the opposition of the Independent Labor Party to every war, even when defensive, is not the same as opposition to 'capitalistic warfare or warfare directed and promoted by capitalistic States.' And finally Bernstein and other opportunists have been among the chief opponents of the present war, while the leading French revolutionists and syndicalists—without, in my opinion, losing any of their revolutionism—have urged most strongly that it was the duty of internationalists to the international to support the capitalistic French government in its warfare against German militarism."

THE MASSES BOOK SHOP

(Continued from page 4)

SEX

Rational Sex Ethics, by W. F. Robie, M.D. Sold only to members of the medical and legal professions. From an investigation of the sex lives of several hundred normal, right-thinking men and women. \$4.25 postpaid.

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

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MISCELLANEOUS

Above the Battle, by Romain Rolland. "No saner counsel has yet been heard above the turmoil of the conflict." He sees his mission in upholding the ideals of brotherhood that national hatreds have broken down." \$1.00.

What Is Coming? by H. G. Wells. A forecast of the consequences of the war. \$1.65 postpaid.

The War in Eastern Europe, described by John Reed and pictured by Boardman Robinson—two welcome contributors to THE MASSES. They viewed not only the battle fronts, but obtained the homely, unfamiliar life of the people at the crucial period. \$2.10 postpaid.

Culture and War, by Prof. Simon N. Patten. He does not discuss the merits of the present war, but explains the psychology of the German and his ideals, contrasting them with those of the Englishman, with a view to a clearer understanding between the peoples than now exists. 60 cents net.

Young India, an Interpretation and a History of the Nationalist Movement from Within, by Lajpat Rai. The leader of the struggle for self-government in India tells the story of that nation's wrongs, its aspirations and demands. It is a passionate yet scholarly statement of a people's oppression that will appeal to lovers of liberty. \$1.50 net.

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(Continued on page 40)

New Poems

Flashlights, by Mary Aldis. \$1.25 net. [Duffield & Co.]

A remarkable little book of poems, mainly in free verse, by a new poet—who, happily, is one of those who go out on the highroads and in the by-paths of life and bring back odd and interesting stories about other people, rather than one of those who sit in a corner and study the delicate and shifting colors of their own moods. "The Barber Shop," which opens this volume, has been printed in THE MASSES. "Love in the Loop," "Converse," "Window-Wishings," "A Little Old Woman" and "Ellis" are some of the most successful of these little stories, each one done very simply and as if directly from life, with a refreshing and utter absence of any literary-remembrance about them. Brief, hard, a little brutal, they at first come near to shocking with their suggestion of a certain heartlessness; but after reading a few more pages, one finds in that reserve which hardens itself against tears, an added poignancy. The poems are unequal, and there is something tentative about many of them which suggests that this book is the prologue to a more intense, vivid and revealing work. There is a quality of "almost" in such passages as the following:

My sisters had been talking together all the long afternoon,
While I sat sewing and silent,
Clacking, clacking away while the lilac scent came in at the window
And the branches beckoned and sighed.
This is what they said—
"How did that paper come into our house?"
"Fit to be burnt, don't you think?"
Then the third, "It's a shameful sheet
To print such a sensual thing."
The paper lay on the table there, between my three sisters,
With my poem in it—
My happy little poem without any name.
I had been with him when I wrote it. . . .
Each read it in turn
Holding the paper far off with the tips of her fingers.
Then they hustled it into the fire,
Giving it an extra poke with the tongs, a vicious poke.
Then each sister settled back to her sewing
With a satisfied air.
I looked at them and I wondered.
I looked at each one;
And I went to him that night—
Where he was waiting.

There is, even if one gives up, or perhaps especially if one gives up the formal music of meter, a more appealing kind of word-music which can touch the depths of the listening heart. One will expect that next time from the author of "Flashlights."

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The Highest Duty

Above the Battle, by Romain Rolland. Translated by C. K. Ogden. \$1 net. [Open Court Publishing Co.]

THE breath of sanity exhales from the first lines of this book. "A great nation has not only its frontiers to protect: it must also protect its good sense." That is the task, neglected in the universal hysteria of war, that Romain Rolland has taken up—the task of being a civilized human being. He warns the thinking people of France—and of the world—that if they subordinate thought to the passions of their country, they may be useful instruments of a passing hatred; but they are betraying "the spirit, which is not the least part of a people's patrimony." It is necessary to remember the past and not to lose the vision of the future.

It is hard to do this. Romain Rolland does not always succeed. He says: "The reader will notice, in the stress of events, certain contradictions and hasty judgments which I would modify today." But these have arisen out of

the sentiments "of indignation and pity." The famous letter to Gerhart Hauptmann, asking him to repudiate German "Hunnishness" might have met a more favorable response if Rolland had seemed conscious that France had, or ever did have, or ever might have, anything to apologize for. But in another mood he recovers his poise—almost his sense of humor. "There is not one amongst the leaders of thought in each country who does not proclaim with conviction that the cause of his people is the cause of God, the cause of liberty and of human progress. And I, too, proclaim it." One forgives the chauvinism of a man who can confess it like that.

In view of the fact that Rolland's sanity is here exhibited as desperately struggling with the warmest sympathies for his country, and only at times rising clearly above them, it seems a sad reflection on the state of thought in France that these very writings have been known there only through "scraps of phrases arbitrarily extracted and mutilated" by enemies. In fact the chief essay in this volume gained currency in France only through the zeal of an enemy who quoted it almost in full in order to refute it!

In that essay Rolland does forget for the moment that he is a citizen of France. He becomes a citizen of the world. "The worst enemy of each nation," he says, "is not without, but within its frontiers, and none has the courage to fight against it."

It is these moments of unprejudiced vision that lend power to the parts of the book in which, with eloquence and conviction, he tears apart the hypocrisies chiefly of German defenders of impossible things. One feels that he has a right, after he has demonstrated his good faith toward civilization, to attack his country's enemy; for he is never quite out of touch with a standard of truth that is above national passion. When he tells why he prefers Russia to Germany as an influence on the world, one feels that he is not blinded by the war; and these pages of keen analysis are among the most valuable in the book.

Doubtless Rolland does not altogether succeed in his effort to keep his thought clear of emotional partizanship; but he has kept it clear enough to be called a traitor by his fellow-patriots; and that is a badge of clear-thinking sufficient to commend him to our admiration.

Indignation and pity are also dear to civilization: and when they do not march to government orders, they have their share in helping to restore sanity to a world gone mad. There are pages in this book which show the patriot and the citizen of Europe finding a single voice with which to speak of the disaster in which mankind is plunged: and to that voice one must listen with respect.

It is above all, for the warning that it utters again and again that this is so precious a document: "But for us, the artists and poets, priests and thinkers of all countries, remains another task. Even in time of war it remains a crime for finer spirits to compromise the integrity of their thought."

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Playing with Souls

Souls on Fifth, by Granville Barker. With frontispiece by Norman Wilkinson. \$1 net. [Little, Brown & Co.]

GRANVILLE BARKER, in this little book, veraciously narrates how he walked along Fifth Avenue early one morning, and caught a soul in his hand. There were lots of them about—drifting through the air like snowflakes or dead leaves. "What on earth is it?" he said to himself. And the soul replied:

"I am the soul of the late Mrs. Henry Brett van Gayten and I'll trouble you to

THE MASSES BOOK SHOP

(Continued from page 39)

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The Soul of Woman, An Interpretation of the Philosophy of Feminism, by Paul Jordan Smith, English Department, University of California. Price \$1.00 postpaid.

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He put her down hastily. . . . That was the beginning. He used to go walking late at night on Fifth, interviewing souls. All he had to be careful of was that his conduct did not strike the policeman as odd. He talked to the soul of a fashionable clergyman, who helped him to understand why, instead of going to heaven or hell, these souls drifted along Fifth. "In our lifetime, this, at its best, was all we strove towards, and in our death we have come to our own place."

There were many other souls: souls of politicians, of painters—and at last a little female soul. The little female soul didn't like being there. She had lived, it is true, "on Fifth"; but she hadn't wanted to: she had loved wild things. He contradicted her. What we want, he pointed out, is shown by what we do. . . . A healthy doctrine. There are too many feeble folk ("specially women) who console themselves with the foolish fancy that "All I could never be—All, men ignored in me—This was I worth to God."

Well, they pursue their transcendental affair until it is time for him to leave New York. He is going West. She begs to be taken along. He hesitates. The well-known Mann act, to be sure, has never been construed to apply to incidents of just this kind. But still he hesitates. He doesn't like her well enough. She cries a little at that.

"That's because I've lost my body," she says. "If I had my body back I'd make you like me fast enough—oh, dear; oh, dear!"

He soothes her: and consents. After all, she only wants to be taken to a prairie and let loose for the winds to carry away. That seems the least that a gentleman could do for a lady's soul.

But these women—you never can trust them! They always have an *arrière pensée*. When it came to the point—when they were alone on the prairie, and the great wind was ready to carry her away, she didn't want to be blown away. Instead, she began to tell him how well she understood him. She said he needed "a little common sense, a little patience, a little tenderness towards helpless things." And no doubt it was all true. It usually is. She could give him those things. And she wanted to, for she loved him.—Women, it appears, are just the same, dead or alive.

Hear him protest. "I never heard anything so ridiculous in my life. We're absolutely unsuited to each other in every way. Not a tradition or taste in common. Besides—" Oh, it was cruel to say that!—"you are dead."

Nevertheless, if he could learn to love her just enough, her soul might pass utterly into his—and have an end of this useless existence that was not life.

She told him that he needed her badly, and it was very conceited of him to pretend he didn't. "And, oh, my dear," she cried—"and the very soul of her seemed to be throbbing"—"Love is often like this, you know—how is it that you don't know?—Death to give, but always life to him that will dare take the offered love. And how gladly one dies to give it!"

"I do not love you," he said, "and I won't pretend to. I never loved anyone and I never will. It's not worth it."

I made up my mind to that long ago." "Very well," she said. "It doesn't matter. Please put me down."

He put her down. "Good bye." "Good bye." But still he did not go. But then the storm wind swept down on them. But she was afraid of the storm wind. She wanted to be taken back to Fifth.

"No, no," he whispered, "not back to that. That's worse than any hell. We musn't be cowards, we two, must we?" "But I can't be lonely through all eternity," she wailed. "I can't, I can't. It isn't fair to ask me."

Suddenly— But are you really interested in knowing what happened? I would never have believed it. . . . No, surely not! I had better stop.

Youth: A Play in Three Acts, by Miles Malleon. [Imported: for sale by Masses Book Store.]

Louis Untermeyer promised us as he started on his vacation that he would send us a review of this play. It will doubtless reach us just as we have gone irrevocably to press. It will be a delightful review, and we shall print it next month. But in the meantime we must tell you to read the play. It is full of the charm, the ingenuousness, the courage, and the troubled striving of youth. Its theme is expressed in two lines of James Stephens' printed on the title-page:

"You will die unless you do
Find a mate to whisper to."
It is—but Mr. Untermeyer will explain next month why you *must* read it.

OPINIONS

A LOVE MATCH!

THE union of the NEW REVIEW with THE MASSES is a far more natural union than anything I know of, even more than many of our present-day marriages. I began reading the NEW REVIEW with its first number, but I have read THE MASSES often, and now since they are both in one book it is much more comfortable and convenient.

The articles in the NEW REVIEW have always been a source of inspiration to me. They keep one in a revolutionary spirit—a very essential asset to a modern Socialist, in view of the existence of so much opportunism on the part of our so-called "leaders."

HARRY W. FREEMAN.

Houston, Tex.

PLEA FOR DIVORCE

I HATE the new MASSES! I am ready to go on the barricades and fight like a tiger against it. It has lost its youth and has become pedantic and verbose. It is fit only for incurable Marxians and college instructors to read. It is not for the masses any more.

THE MASSES has swerved more bright, promising young people than any other radical propaganda this nation has seen. Now you are trying hard to throw away this effectiveness. I can only mourn.

I hate this complacency about having grown up because you have shut humor and irony and noble, realistic art away in a corner from "thought."

I should like to see the NEW REVIEW kept alive, for it is valuable. But I want more to see the MASSES saved from death. Must one pull a long face and spout polysyllables to be esteemed thoughtful? Must one keep one's left and right hands in ignorance of each other in this fashion? I doubt whether it is so necessary.



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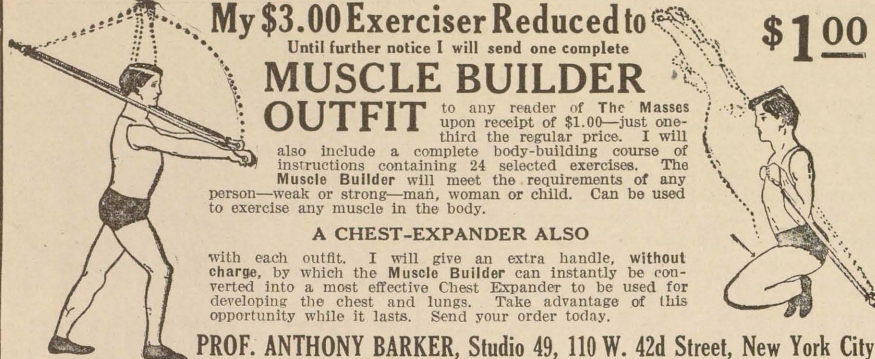
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WOMEN AND MORALITY

“The view that feminine chastity is well purchased at the price of prostitution, is a masculine view. It is a piece of the sinister and cruel idealism of the male mind, divorced—as the male mind is so capable of being—from realities. No woman would ever have created prostitution to preserve the chastity of part of her own sex; and it seems impossible that women, when they come to think and act for themselves, should permit that institution to be maintained for their ‘benefit.’ Nor will they hesitate long at the implications of that demolition. With the advent of women into a larger life, our jerry-built virtues will have to go, to make room for mansions and gardens fit to be inhabited by the human soul... Women have a surer instinct than men for the preservation of the truest human values, but their very acts of conservation will seem to timid minds like the shattering of all virtue, the debacle of civilization...”

Have you read the book from which this passage is taken? It is “Women as World Builders: Studies in Modern Feminism,” by Floyd Dell. Sent postpaid for 55 cents. THE MASSES BOOK SHOP, 33 West 14th St., New York.

The “Socialism” of New Zealand

By Robert H. Hutchinson

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“Breath!” he cried. “Breath is life. Without food and drink and shelter, man can live awhile. Even without water, for some hours. But without air—they die, inevitably and at once. And if I make air my own, then I am master of all life.” “Air!” he cried exultantly. “An Air Trust.” By God in Heaven, it can be done! “It will be—and it must!”

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Let the NEW REVIEW lead its own individual life. Publish it separately. Let the old MASSES go on its merry, potent, gallant way, with its beautiful, far-reaching drawings, its stirring stories, its happy, profound burlesque, and its grave, golden, flashes of wisdom. It was better so, for it was complete as a man or magazine ought be, instead of stodgy and slow-footed and consciously “intellectual,” as are academics everywhere.

Yours for liberty, fight and *joie de vivre*,
 IRWIN GRANICH.

Boston, Mass.

OBEY THAT IMPULSE

THE new MASSES is unbelievably good. It is the keenest thing published, without the shadow of a doubt. My hat is off to you, and I feel an impulse to remove my coat also and go after subscriptions.

R. W. CHURCH.

Plattsburg, Kan.

TANDEM

FOR fear of mixing both till little of either remains I say publish the *Masses Review* and *New Review* as a section II, stitched separately and inserted for mailing in the middle of the regular MASSES as the *New Republic* for instance does with its occasional supplements. That means no additional cover printing or other extra expense except that for the stitching and folding—does it?

I and others whose opinions I have heard like both the MASSES and the NEW REVIEW so well we should hate to lose the essentials of either in the combination process.

Good luck to the new publication (or publications)!

HOWARD S. HAIRE.

Chicago, Ill.

REMINDER

THE review is neither too large nor too heavy. There is no law compelling the flippant to read it. I wouldn’t bind them separately. I think the paper in its present form is bully.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

Green’s Farms, Conn.

TO THE POINT!

PLEASE cancel at once my subscription. I subscribed to THE NEW REVIEW but I do not want your publication. If I can not have the one without the other I prefer to have neither.

S. H. BUGBEE.

Malden, Mass.

AS IT WERE

THE August MASSES is a “peach.”

FRANK P. WALSH.

Kansas City, Mo.

IMPERTINENCE

KINDLY stop sending me THE MASSES. Some misguided person has sent a subscription in my behalf, which in view of the fact that I consider Socialism the most obnoxious proposal made seems to me impertinence.

Yours truly,

FRANKLIN GRADY.

N. Y. C.

OBSOULETLY.

OF course I like the combination of THE MASSES and THE NEW REVIEW.

W. E. WALLING.

Nantucket, Mass.

UNTIE THE KNOT

THE stupidist number I have ever seen” that’s what the MASSES readers are saying, and THE NEW REVIEW readers must feel as though their steady old car were hitched to a hydroplane. Do untie the knot!

MARY W. OVINGTON.

Seal Harbor, Me.

NO INHIBITION

I AM so tremendously interested in the new MASSES and so keen to see it go on with the REVIEW that I am writing to tell you so— for what it is worth.

No—it doesn’t inhibit the MASSES from being itself and neither does the MASSES inhibit the REVIEW from being itself. They belong together. The REVIEW was just what the MASSES needed.

VIRGINIA BRASTOW.

San Francisco.

X

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SALE LIMITED TO STOCK ON HAND

NO HARD FEELINGS

WHILE I have no hard feeling toward THE MASSES, it has always seemed to me an ugly publication without any reason for being. Please strike my name from the mailing list.

I sent in some subscriptions to THE NEW REVIEW. . . . Please strike them from your list. I told each of these men, that it was a socialist publication I was sending, and I do not wish them to become prejudiced against socialism by your paper.

Very truly and without malice,

EMERSON STRINGHAM.

Hamilton. Ill.

THE ORDER OF MERIT.

I AM inclosing subscription, but can you listen for a moment while I disclose my perturbation in so doing:

In an official capacity during the recent Iowa campaign for suffrage, I entertained various wandering speakers. No sooner did each one cross the threshold than oblivious to all else she went straight for THE MASSES. It mattered not if it was with other magazines or in the farthest corner of the house or still incased in its wrapper, they seized upon it. Of course this was most natural and commendable, but that is not all—

Unfailingly they then turned and grasped my hand in a fervent, secret-order sort of clasp. They admired me. I was perplexed.

"In a respectable community like this how do you dare take THE MASSES?" said one.

"Do your friends know you take it?" whispered another.

One woman, member of the Ford peace party, who quarrelled with me all the time, said most solemnly, "I always feel at home when I enter a household where they read THE MASSES," just as she might have said, "where family prayers are held," or "where I see the Bible on the center table."

I have always subscribed for your magazine quite casually, even lightly, for the particular kind of its literary quality (a subject on which I might write at length, but won't), and now I suspect it of being an "organ."

Can you imagine any one in slippers ease deriving aesthetic pleasure from an "organ?" Worse yet, did you ever dream that one would gain virtue by being a subscriber to THE MASSES?

I am sure you will sympathize with my aversion to acquire merit, and I trust I shall not have to stop THE MASSES in order to avoid it.

HELEN BURLING.

SORRY!

WHAT is the matter with THE MASSES? I could find nothing of interest in the last two numbers. I have just read your remarks on your letterhead—I see thereby that my opinion is not solicited—however, I give it to you in spite of your remarks that you "please and conciliate nobody, not even your readers."

N. Y. C.

SUSANNE VAN PRAGG.

TRIBUTE.

I HAVE just received copies of the July and the August MASSES. And I am surprised and delighted to see what fine work has been going on while I have been in exile. These copies are unquestionably to my way of thinking, copies of the keenest minded, most definitely alive and most interesting magazine I know of.

J. B. KERFOOT.

"Life" Publishing Co., New York.

ASHAMED.

THE first copy of THE MASSES has reached me, and, much to my surprise, I find it is a monthly publication.

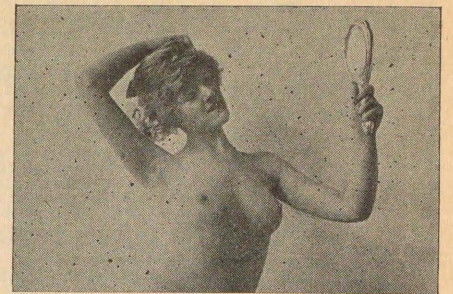
This is a surprise because I have seen so many good things quoted from it that I took it for granted that it must be issuing daily or at least weekly.

Its low subscription price contrasts so sharply with its high quality that one is ashamed to remit the single dollar called for, hence you will find herein my check for three dollars.

If your proud soul resents accepting more than your regular rate, please add the surplus to your fund for sending THE MASSES to those who need it—captains of industry, statesmen, kings, etc., etc.

FRANK S. INGOLDSBY.

Pontiac, Mich.



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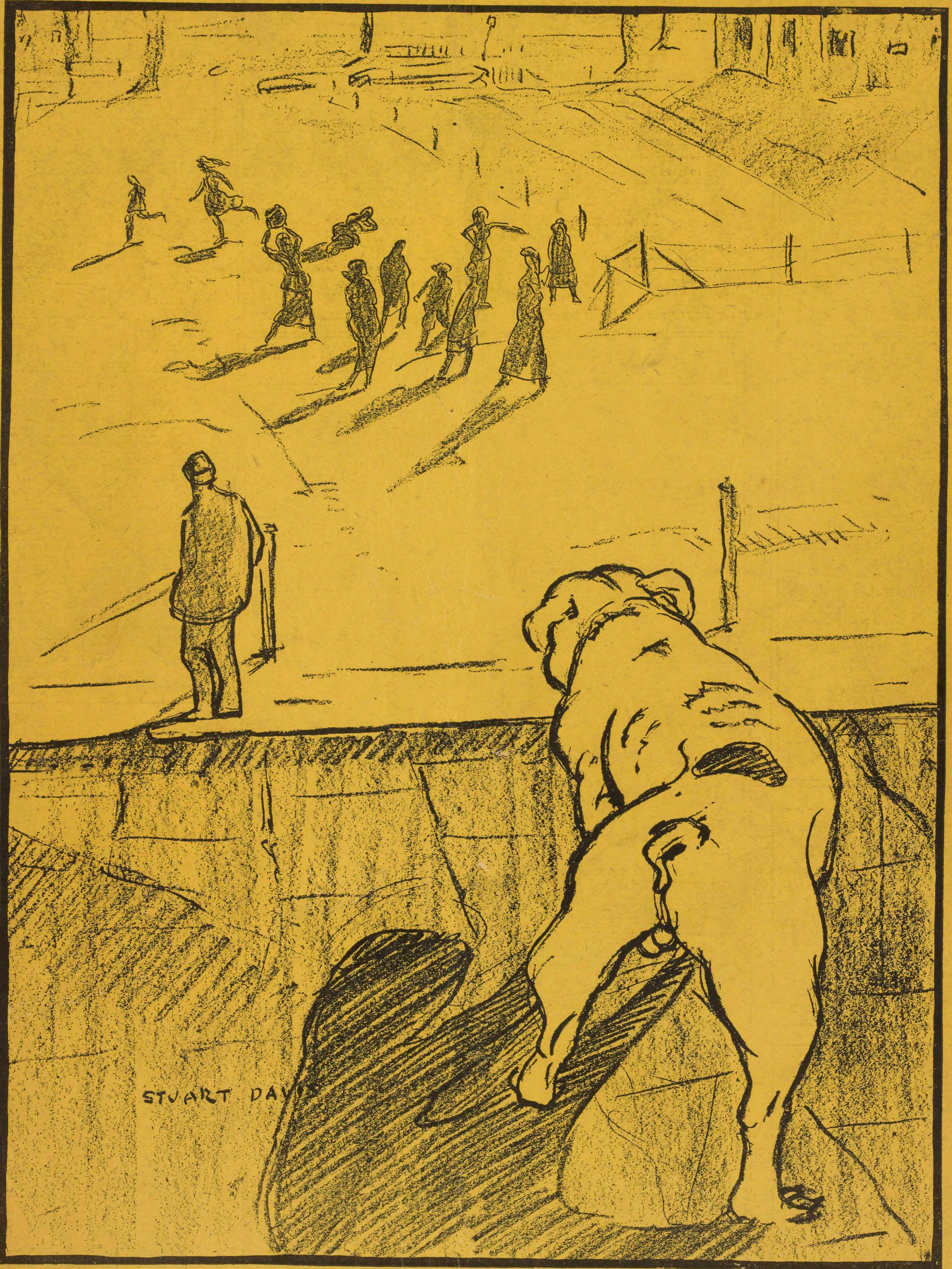
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