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JULY 1917

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MASSSES



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MASSES

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Wind-Cry

O WINDS of God!
O great Spring Winds!
That take your cleansing way about
the earth.

You smite a wild harp music
From the trees that rustle and sway
around the Jewish Home
Where old men sit and dream their
dreams of youth;
You tumble into disarray
The words of God-belittling hymns
raised in the corner church;
And set to joyous swinging
The staid bells of the Catholic nunnery.

What will my love-song be
When it reaches my heart's beloved,
O great Spring Winds,
O Winds of God?

DOROTHEA GAY.

The Mother's Meeting

I WENT to a Mother's Meeting,
It was on a sunny October after-
noon;
As I walked between the rows of trees,
New-dressed in warm, ripe shades of
autumn leaf,
My heart beat to the thought
That I, too, was dressed in warm, rich
shades—
Of motherhood.

The women came by ones and twos—
Tired Mrs. Dyer, who never seemed to
have caught her breath
From the hurry and toil of her living,
Her black skirt an inch or two awry—
A thin wisp of hair protruding from the
hard coil;
And old Mrs. McNally who always
fought valiantly
For all the old, conservative, repressed
ideals for women;
Mrs. Gray a drab, little person
Who never dared call her soul her own
in open meeting;
And Mrs. Brown, the minister's efficient
working mate,
Whose girls were coming into sweet,
alluring womanhood
From a much-criticized, hoydenish
youth.
And Mrs. Graves, who though wife in
name,
Was still the "old maid" nature had
made her—
Thin, hard lips, her tight waist buttoned
primly over a flat chest.
And Mrs. Dean whose face once had
doll-like beauty—
Now settled into flabby lines, of inde-
cision;
As she came up the walk two women
drew her latest skeleton from its
closet—
Whispering about her Nelly who had
gone wrong."
And lastly Miss Stewart, with the big-
gest mother-heart of them all,
Who, because her own arms had been
denied, mothered the town.

We went indoors from out the glinting
sunlight;
The room was a curious blend of the old
and the new—
Like the minds of the women it held—
The new, dull-stained table flanked on
the left
By a stuffed settee of black walnut,
A copy of a Corot opposite an enlarged
photo of our hostess's father.

There we brought our problems out—
stealthily—
Into the half-light;
One poor woman told how her little
girls had gone to school
Only to be polluted by the tongues of
other boys and girls;
"Evil," she called them, "evil boys and
girls";
I saw Miss Stewart quiver with eager-
ness to talk,
But she knew they would say she had no
right—
So, no one raised a voice in their de-
fense—
The defense of the evil boys and girls,
To say that they were not evil, but only
untaught;
And when I tried to say it—
Thinking with bitterness of my own
young wanderings in the mazes of
unexplained life—
At once a woman cried me down, saying,
"My gracious me! of course they are
bad!
Not bad to talk of such things!
Why, I never knew a thing—not a
thing—
Until my wedding day!"
She settled back into conscious virtue as
if the last word had been said.
And there before the company I dared
not call her hypocrite
Or fool.
I could have cried with shame at the un-
worthiness of her thought;
And to think that it will go on
Generation after generation, of failure,
Failure to understand.

I came away baffled and angry at the
half-lights
And the closed doors.

FLORA SHUFELT RIVOLA

Two Poems

THE FLOWERING

ONE said I held within my hands
The ashes of a dream,
And tossed it to the sterile sands
Beside life's idling stream.
Long after, when those ways I trod—
Where dreams, like seeds, were
flung—
I found that through the new-rich sod
The amaranth had sprung!

LATER SPRING

A SPRING day of the long ago. . . .
I live again its wine-rich hours;
Against my face its low winds blow
The poignancy of promised flowers. . . .

I stifle—stifle in such air!
For countless frosts and myriad snows
Have made so rare—so crying rare
That spring-breath of the long ago!

HAZEL HALL.

On A Workman Asleep in a Subway Train

THERE is a holiness upon him
More touching than is death;
His care-contorted brow,
His hands half clenched
As though they held in sleep the heavy
hammer,
Forging in labored, sweaty dreams:
At bay, beyond his heavy calm,
Until some jolting of the train shall
force his weary lids apart,
Wait sickness, hunger, death,
To worry once more at his steps,
And threaten anew the creatures of his
incoherent love:
Between him and catastrophe
Is but the flicker of each day,
Whereby he forges crude utilities,
A while to mark his silent, patient jour-
ney to oblivion:
And we who reckon life in periods of
ease,
Alternate with joyous, care-free toil,
Have set for him our own moralities,
And with half-comprehended platitudes
have pierced his unprotesting
brain,—

Watch we now his tired eyes open,
And his unrested bulk arise.

SEYMOUR BARNARD.

Ravens

SAND dunes—
And beyond them, wet and dismal
With spoiled fresh water seeping, out of
the blown sand
From the springs it has smothered,
Like blood from a murderer's iron-
bound trunk,
Lies the bare low-tide beach.
Fifteen miles to the Cape southward,
Three to the Rocks northward,
Reaches the view.
Not a living thing is in sight
Save a swarm of little dark mites, the
sandpipers,
Infesting the soft wet sand of the
beach,
And yonder five ravens,
Looking as if they wore misfit ready-
made professional black,
But knowing,
Cynical,
Having no illusions.
Long ago wise to the foul side of life,
Waddle distrustfully from some dead
thing as I approach,
Reluctantly suspending their inquest.
How lonely it all is!
Why can't we have a war here, too?
These stagnant, antediluvian reaches of
coast
Might be alive with men digging
trenches
And killing each other, night and day,
Just as it goes in Belgium.
Old as our ravens are,
We might teach them something!

HERBERT CROMBIE HOWE.

Hills

T IRED, sombre beasts.
They lie sprawled along the horizon.
On their backs stars rest.
Through the lonely night, the coke-
ovens
(Altars aflame with sacrifice)
Burn at their feet.

RUZA WENGLAW.



Drawn by George Bellows.

First published in "The Blast."

THIS man subjected himself to imprisonment and probably to being shot or hanged

THE prisoner used language tending to discourage men from enlisting in the United States Army

IT is proven and indeed admitted that among his incendiary statements were—

THOU shalt not kill
and

BLESSED are the
peacemakers

The MASSES

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War and Individual Liberty

A Message from Bertrand Russell

IT has been a recognized maxim of States that the government has the right to demand the services of the citizens in war. Some States have not felt obliged to exercise this right, but all have claimed it as a right. The Conscientious Objectors in Great Britain have challenged this claim, and have challenged it successfully. In the midst of the greatest war known to history, in spite of taunts, ostracism, imprisonment, brutal ill-treatment, even the pronouncement of the death-penalty against some of them, they have stood firm and refused to form part of the Army. Some may question whether their stand has done much to further the cause of peace, but none can question what they have done for the cause of individual liberty, which is perhaps an even greater cause and one with which, in the long run, the cause of peace is indissolubly bound up.

Throughout Europe, ever since the end of the Middle Ages, the power of the State has been increasing. It was enormously increased in France by the Revolution, and in other countries by resistance to the Revolution. Socialism enlisted the forces of progress on the side of the State, and the war completed what Socialism had begun. It is now recognized that the State has the right to dictate to every man or woman what he or she shall do, at what wages; what to eat and drink; where to eat and drink; and (most important of all) what opinions to profess. In this universal prison the only free men remaining are the Conscientious Objectors. The jails have been nearly emptied of their usual population, who are indulging their proclivities at the front; they have been filled with inmates of a new sort, men who value liberty of mind more than liberty of body, who continue, with the *sotto voce* approval of the private soldier, to refuse to kill or help in killing, no matter what the penalties may be.

Whoever reflects upon the history of human achievement—in science, in philosophy, in literature, in art, in religion and morals—can see at once that the complete organization of the community which is desired by Governments and many Socialists is totally incompatible with all fundamental progress. A society which has no place for the rebel must be a stationary society, until through being stationary it becomes retrograde. The tyranny of the Church, in the Middle Ages, over and over again

stamped out the faint beginnings of civilization; it was only through the resistance, first of the "spiritual" Franciscans, then of the Reformers, that the individual achieved enough freedom for the triumphs of the last four centuries. Now it is no longer the Church, but the State, whose tyranny threatens to destroy the individual and prevent any advance in art or science or morals. The great weapon of the State is militarism, as the great weapon of the Church was dogma. Resistance to the State requires less courage than was formerly required for resistance to the Church. Those who disobeyed the Church were burnt; those who disobey the State will at worst be shot. It is not a special degree of heroism that is required in order to resist the tyranny of the State; what is required is common sense, intellectual sobriety, and sufficient public spirit to be unwilling to participate in futile destruction.

"The State" is always spoken of by writers on political theory as if it were something quite impersonal. This is mere metaphysical nonsense. The State consists of certain elderly gentlemen, different ones for different purposes. Almost all these elderly gentlemen will be below the average moral level of the community, since the habit of power tends to make men autocratic and tyrannous, and power is hard to acquire except by arts which are not wholly creditable. Being elderly, they do not view war as it is viewed by those who have to fight. The taste for gladiatorial shows is by no means extinct, but men and women disguise it from themselves by lofty phrases about the "fight for right." The desire for victory is naturally strongest in those who have the smallest share of the burdens and the greatest share of the glory: the statesmen and the generals. For all these reasons the community which hands itself over to the unlimited control of the State is doing what it can to direct its powers towards ends more bloodthirsty than those which it would have chosen freely.

America has been hitherto the least military of all the Great Powers, and the one where the individual enjoyed the greatest degree of political liberty. Friends of peace and liberty are watching anxiously to see whether this is to change. We in Great Britain know from painful experience how quickly and easily everything can be changed in these respects. We know

that a "righteous war" can be made an excuse for all manner of iniquities; we know that belief in the moral superiority of one's country can be used to palliate whatever sins the Government has a mind to commit. We look to America, with anxious hope, to avoid the mistakes that have been committed in Europe. We are amazed at the logic which argues that, because "preparedness" has brought this horror on Europe, therefore America must have preparedness. We have faith in your President, but we are conscious of the terrible forces against which he has to contend.*

Our ultimate hope is in the young. Here to my knowledge, and in all other civilized countries according to what one hears, the young do not share the ferocity of the old; they believe that

their lives can be put to better use than destroying each other, and they see that preparation for destruction is not the way to avert it. Among those who are actually fighting, this view has become widespread. Those who survive the war will surprise the militarists at home who imagine themselves the friends of the soldiers. The young men of America will be performing the greatest possible service to their less fortunate contemporaries in Europe by maintaining, throughout the remainder of the war, the right of the individual to judge for himself whether he will engage in destruction at the bidding of men less wise and humane than himself, or whether he will preserve inviolate the claim that a Man's own estimate of right and wrong should be the ultimate arbiter of his conduct.

* Written February 21, 1917. (This article was forwarded to us by the editors of *Challenge*, who could not publish it).

LONDON, England.

A DUNE SONNET

I WAS so lonely on the dunes to-day;
The shadow of a bird passed o'er the sand,
And I, a driftwood relic in my hand
Sea winds are not more lonely when they stray
A little fitful and bewildered way
In this wan acre, whose dry billows stand
So pitilessly still of curve, so bland,
And wide, and waiting, infinitely grey.

In hollows I could almost hear them say,
The misty breezes—Run, we will not stay
In this unreal and spiritual land!
Our soul of life is calling from the strand,
Whose blue and breathing bosom leapt, or lay,
Or laughed to us in shots of silver spray!

Max Eastman.

WHAT DO I KNOW OF THE WAR?

WHAT do I know of the battle-field?
Nothing at all—but there he lies
Where harvest winds once blew their yield
And moon-light falls on his eyes.

That's what I know of the battle-field;
And that I know and nothing more,
His song is hushed, his lips are sealed—
That's all I know of the war.

Nations may fall on the battle-field,
Victor and vanquished come and go
And flowers bloom where the cannon pealed—
But only this do I know.

J. Thorne Smith, Jr.

THE UNBROKEN MARCH

STRAIGHT for the goal with their footsteps unflinching;
On to the payment with never a pause;
Lion of heart for the challenge of sacrifice;
Irish of spirit for Ireland's cause.

They drained their own cups to a pledge of their making:
To Cathleen ni Houlihan, Queen of our dreams;
They took a last look at the heart-broken hillsides;
They heard the wild keening of sorrowful streams.

For the streams they were mourning with passioned abandon
As great waxed the waters on-sweeping from woe;
And the hills they climbed higher from pride in their
lovers,
Upreaching for heights where those lovers would go.

Ah, Cathleen ni Houlihan, brave is your anguish,
And tender the ache in your beautiful breast.
Aye, gather them close, they who love you so gladly,
And kiss the red gaps where their martyrdom pressed.

Their requiem sounds to the deeps of our list'ning,
Each hungering nook of our memory fills,
And mounts to a chorus, majestic and terrible,
Played by the winds on the harp of the hills.

Oh they marched to the payment with never a falter,
The same who are lying beneath the green sod.
But on goes the marching, the marching, the marching:
'Tis Cathleen ni Houlihan marching with God.

Louise Ayres Ganett.



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

1920—Still Fighting for Civilization

The Religion of Patriotism

Max Eastman

Masses 7/17

NOTHING could be more calamitous than for patriotism to become the established religion of this country. I do not know exactly what religion is. Every psychologist has a different theory of its origin and nature. Some say it originates in fear, others in wonder, others in the filial affection, others in gregarious instinct—a desire for infinite companionship. But I doubt if the religious emotion is any of these single things, the same in different cases. I think that any object or any idea which appeals to a *considerable number* of our instincts, and offers them a *combined satisfaction*, may become the focus of an attachment so controlling, and so *fixé*, as to gain that uncanny and unreasonable priority among our feelings which we call religious. The religious object *binds* us (as the Latin original of the word implies), not by a single tie, but by gathering into itself so many threads of our impulsive nature that no one motive whatever can break its hold. God is indeed a refuge to our fear, a temple to our wonder, a parent for the little child that lives in our heart. He is an infinite companion. He satisfies so many of those native cravings which the terms of life leave thwarted, that His hold upon us becomes supernatural and sovereign, and our whole being is transfixed by His name as though we were maniacs and He our obsession.

In order for this to happen, however, it is necessary that we have the gift of making God seem real. In past ages, with a Christ or a Virgin Mary giving the warmth of flesh to the picture, and a general consensus of mankind supporting the opinion that God is real, it was not difficult to acquire this gift. Perhaps almost a majority of mankind possessed it, and the religion of God was one of the determining forces in history. In this day, however, for many reasons, it is growing difficult to make God seem real. The money and machine character of our civilization leaves little room for miracles. A belief in supernatural causes is dangerous in a factory and impractical in a bank. And moreover, Jesus Christ expressed so many principles of conduct wholly out of accord with our industrial life, that the ministers of his gospel are forced to deny him and betray his ideals continually while asserting his godhead, and this makes them seem weak and queer, and his godhead dubious. Deity is identified with the church, and the church is hypocritical and alien to everyday life, and so deity grows slippery and unpleasant to our minds. God is a long way off. There is no sovereign motive in our lives.

That is good—It allows us to be intelligent and agile in various kinds of enjoyment and enterprise. It lets us love truth more whole-heartedly, and become acquainted with liberty. It is so lofty a state, in fact, that most people have not the strength of stem to endure it; they think they must find something to lean on and bind themselves around. And so our godless age has been characterized by a wistful hunger and search after religions. It is the age of "isms." And

some of these isms have been able to bind together a number of native impulses, and hold men almost as strongly as God did. Socialism with its doctrine of Universal Brotherhood to be attained by the method of Class War, offers almost infinite indulgence of two otherwise unreconciled impulses—pugnacity and social love. With its system of revealed economics, it offers, too, an Absolute in which mental curiosity can rest. It has its gospel according to Marx. Socialism is no mean religion. But it is not a religion that binds or blesses the rich and powerful, and so it could hardly become established in a country like ours. For an established religion we needed something a little more like God—a little vaguer and more elegant and better adapted to bind in among other motives the economic self-interest of those who rule. We needed something that would give us the same emotional crystallization without greatly disturbing the profits on capital.

Quite consciously a great many good people were searching for a thing of this kind, for a new and vigorous religion. And now, through the lucky accidents of history, they have found it. For there is nothing more copiously able to bind into its bosom the multiple threads of human impulse, and establish that fixed and absolute glorious tyranny among our purposes, than military patriotism. You will see how everything that was erect in this country bows down to that sentiment. The love of liberty, the assertion of the rights of man, what little of the ethics of Jesus we had—these things must obviously yield. And not only these, either, but the common principles of morality and truth. We shall see men devoting their utmost energy to an endeavor which they declare to be evil.

"Gladly would I have given my life to save my country from war," says William J. Bryan, "but now that my country has gone to war, gladly will I give my life to aid it." This Christian gentleman, whose morality was perhaps the most rigid thing we had in the country, thus boasts that he will devote his declining years to a cause which he considers wicked. Like Abraham who would slaughter his son at the bidding of God, Bryan is ready to do murder—he has called it murder—for the sake of his country. And this seems entirely right and noble to his countrymen. To me it seems utterly ignoble.

Not only morality, either, but the ideal of intelligence itself, of truthful seeing, will be abandoned. Men will glory in the ignorance and celebrate the stupidity of what they are doing. "I shall vote," said Senator Stone, against "the greatest national blunder of history," but after that "my eyes will be blind to everything but the flag of my country."

When ordinary alert perception has been renounced, it is needless to say that the extreme ethical visions of Jesus must go, and that God—long suffering God—will be denounced from the

pulpits that were his last refuge. I suppose the pew-holders of Henry Ward Beecher's church are satisfied with Newell Dwight Hillis, for they have stood a good deal from him besides his preaching, and here is his creed of patriotism:

"All God's teachings about forgiveness should be rescinded for Germany. I am willing to forgive the Germans for their atrocities just as soon as they are all shot. If you would give me happiness, just give me the sight of the Kaiser, von Hindenburg and von Tirpitz hanging by the rope. If we forgive Germany after the war, I shall think the whole universe has gone wrong."

When God is thus enthusiastically ejected from the rostrum of the most famous church in the country, to make way for the patriotic emotion, I think we are justified in the fear that patriotism may become our religion.

Patriotism indulges that craving for a sense of union with a solidary herd, which is an inheritance of all gregarious animals. It is a craving which our modern sophisticated, citified, and diverse civilization leaves unfed in normal times. There is a great swing towards war on this account even among the most pacific people. They are flocking for a drink of this emotion. Men are willing to be dead, if they can only be dead in a pile.

This quite organic and almost animal craving is what makes us talk so much about the "great spiritual blessing" that war will bring to our unregenerate characters. When a desire springs so deeply from our ancient inheritance as this gregarious hunger does, we always feel it as mystic and inscrutable, we attribute a divine beneficence to the satisfaction of it. As a matter of fact, it would be better for the progress of society, in science and art and morality and happiness, if this terrible solidarity could be mitigated instead of enlarged. For it inhibits individual experiment, and it falsifies the facts of life, always pretending the nation is more socially and brotherly organized than it is. The "great spiritual blessing" is in fact a distraction of men's minds from the pursuit of truth and from realistic progress. It is the temporary indulgence of a facile emotion.

"I pray God," said President Wilson at the dedication of a Red Cross Memorial, "that the outcome of this struggle may be that every element of difference amongst us will be obliterated. . . . The spirit of this people is already united and when effort and suffering and sacrifice have completed this union, men will no longer speak of any lines either of race or association cutting athwart the great body of this nation."

To the instinctive man, the altogether righteousness of this aspiration, and the entire beneficence of the condition outlined, is as much taken for granted as the goodness of virtue. And yet, if seriously considered, such a state of affairs would be aesthetically monotonous and morally stagnant. Aside from the mere satisfaction of the old instinct for herd-union itself, there would be no health, no beauty, no life in it.

"Liberty and Union, One and Inseparable, Now and Forever," is the watchword that adorns the statue of Daniel

Webster in Central Park. And that too seems obvious—it has become a proverb. And yet if it has any meaning whatever, the meaning is false. It has become proverbial merely because it celebrates, with some show of regard for individual freedom, this gregarious instinct of mankind which is the central armature of the religion of patriotism.

According to my idea, however, the satisfaction of a single instinct, even though so arbitrary and ancient-rooted as this, cannot acquire that peculiar hypnotizing force upon us which makes us name it religious. We might love union and the monotony of the herd very much, and still continue to act morally, and exercise intelligent judgment, and perhaps love God and walk humbly with our neighbor. But it happens that the moment we declare for the herd, and let loose our enthusiasm into that vent, especially at war time, a half dozen other starved monsters of passionate desire that our lawful and cultivated life has caged and thwarted, rush to this outlet and find satisfaction.

One of them is angry hate. Men are full of it, and they get small chance to exercise it in these days of legality and respectable convention. The war liberates them. They can rage and revile and spit upon the enemy with the sanction of all contiguous society, and without immediate personal danger. I think this is what makes a declaration of war especially palatable to ministers of Christ. They have repressed so much more personal spleen, as a matter of professional necessity, than the rest of us, that they let go all the more violently into the national spout. Nobody will demand that they apply the ethics of Jesus to the relations between nations; they can go on preaching forgiveness as a personal matter, while enjoying in this national festival the emotions of implacable hate.

Here is a conversation overheard in a restaurant conducted by two innocent and colorless Germans, man and wife. The talkers are American patriots.

"Did you read what Ambassador Gerard said about the German boys torturing foreigners in Germany?"

"Yes, and it's true too. They're cruel. They're savages, the Germans. They wouldn't stop at anything."

"You bet, look at these people. I bet they're spies. We'll be over here and string them up one of these days."

The sudden and copious flow of malice which follows a declaration of war suggests that a really dire condition of the natural organs has been relieved just in the nick of time. Another and even more bursting reservoir that ordinary moral conduct never half relieves, is rivalrous egotism. Society suppresses the braggart, for the reason that if bragging is to be done, each member of society feels fully entitled to do it, and there is no other solution short of bedlam. In consequence every individual is full as a bladder with inexpressible self-esteem. And by a quickly articulated emotional device, this passion too is sluiced into the channel of patriotism. A man identifies himself with his country, and then he brags about his country to his heart's desire, and nobody observes that he is bragging about himself. Only sensitive people know that patriotic loyalty is so much

less flame-like and beautiful than loyalty to a friend or an idea—they feel this cold vein of complacency in it.

The patriotic religion has a hold here that God never had. God wanted people to be humble. A religion that lets us brag without knowing that is what we are doing, is far more gratefully adjusted to our constitutions. We can love our country and make sacrifices for it, we can have all those altruistic satisfactions, and yet not suffer the self-abasement that is inevitable in loving a Supreme Being. It is our country; it is not simply Country, abstract and awful.

Our country comforts us too, even as God's fatherhood did. Our filial affection is gathered up into the bosom of the fatherland. We were conceived and born in its bosom; it is our native place, the place that sheltered us long ago when we were happy; it will still care for us (especially while we are fighting for it), and give us that sense of the Everlasting Arms without which perhaps no religion would retain its extreme dominion among our feelings.

Yes, patriotism binds us by as many ties as God. We need not be surprised at those Methodist conventioners, who denounced for treason the lowly delegate who wished to put God before his country. In the very nature of the case, if our theory of religion is true, there can be no two religions. If God will not fall in step with the United States army, God must go. That has been made plain in every pulpit in this vicinity, with the noble exception of the Church of the Messiah, where John Haynes Holmes spoke not only for the sovereignty of God, but even for the ethics of Jesus, on the eve of War.

Patriotism has, like other religions whose object of worship is a little open to question, its extreme sensitiveness, its fanatical intolerance. The ceremonial observances are enforced with zealotry, and those who blaspheme with unassenting presence are likely to be thrown out bodily or confined in jail. At one of the meeting-places of patriots on Broadway, known as Rector's, one night at two A. M. the ceremonial of the national anthem was being enacted, and while all the devotees were rising or being assisted to their feet, Mr. Fred Boyd and two companions—heretics of this religion—endeavored quietly to remain in their seats. Chairs, tables and salad bowls were employed by the orthodox to enforce the tenets of their creed, and these failing, a policeman was summoned in the name of the fatherland, and Mr. Boyd and his companions arrived at the night court. Here they were severely reprimanded by a judge, who acknowledged, however, that they had disobeyed no law, not even the law of God, which is usually invoked upon such unfortunates as wish to act upon their own judgment in public.

To me patriotism, in practically all of its forms, is distasteful. And I confess to a feeling of strange solitude in these days of its divinity that no other revolutionary opinions have brought me. Much of the time I wonder what it is that separates a handful of us from the concourse of mankind. We are so motley a handful, Christians, Atheists, Quakers, Anarchists, Artists, Socialists, and a few who just have a fervent pleasure in using their brains about

truth. You could bring us together, and we would not agree upon anything else under the sun—but we agree in disliking the religion of patriotism. We can not stand up when the national anthem is played, not because we have any theory about it, but because the quality of the emotion expressed is alien and false to us. We can not partake of the communion and be true to ourselves. And so many of us do not go to these meeting-places at all, or we come in late, or otherwise we try to avoid the acute discomfort of sitting quiescent under the scowling malice and ignorant suspicion of a mob indulging its now fixed and habitual emotion.

As I count over the little group that I know who feel this way about committing themselves to the new religion, I find two or three traits that seem somewhat to explain it. Some of the group are platonic in their temperament—given, that is, to falling in love with ideas. And so many beautiful ideas, like justice and proportion and mercy and truth, have to be renounced and reviled in abandoning oneself to this religion, that they find it absolutely impossible. They can not tear themselves away from their loves.

Others are temperamentally solitary. They are actually lacking in gregarious impulse, or have an opposite impulse to kick out and desert whenever the herd agrees upon something. They can not even understand patriotism, and these modern days make them not only sad, but bitter and contemptuous of men.

Others are rationalistic, and have a theory about patriotism, and their emotions are controlled by a theory. But there are not many whose emotions are controlled by a theory.

The character that is most common to those who can not commit themselves to this religion, is the character of having already really committed themselves to something else. And this too is rare enough. Most of the people in our days of nervous modernity—busy with labor, or busy with entertainment—never heartily abandon themselves to anything. Such people welcome the orgy of nation-worship merely as a chance to feel.

I think of Mayor Mitchel, for example, as a little fox-like political man, who has stepped very carefully here and there, taking a bit, giving a bit, to this and to that—church, politics, business, society, dress. He shows very plainly that he never abandoned his soul to any purpose or any experience. But now he has—and it is doing him good. One can not but smile in sympathy with the Mayor's boyish extravagance in this the first experience of his life. One can not but wish him the good luck of other experiences before he dies. And he is typical of the average man and man-of-affairs. They go in for this facile religion of the fatherland, or at least they show no resistance against it, because they not only are not committed to anything else, but they never have been committed to anything. Other religions always seemed to require courage, or faith, or loneliness, or energy-of-intent; this requires only the most social and joyful abandonment of intelligent judgment and moral restraint. It is the easiest religion under the



E. Gminska

Drawn by E. Gminska.

After Elihu Root Gets Through With Russia

sun to feel and feel deeply, for it gives the highest quantity of satisfactions, requires no imaginative faith, and demands only at the most that physical crowd-courage which is a common heritage of our race.

I do not believe many people will ever be led to feel unpatriotic. To argue against these tribal and egoistic instincts is like arguing against gravitation. But I do hope that a fair proportion of the intelligent may be persuaded to resist the establishment, in their own minds or in American society, of patriotism as a religion. Let them understand that to indulge and satisfy some one or two of the emotions that

enter into this compound, is a very different thing from binding all these satisfactions into a fixed and rigid and monumental sentiment which will exercise absolute dictatorship in their minds. Strong minds do not need any religion. They are able to bear the responsibility and the labor of thinking and choosing among the values of life anew every morning. But even for those who must have a religion, an exposure of the extreme easiness of patriotic enthusiasm, its quality of general indulgence, might make them wish to bind themselves, if they must be bound, to some god that is more arduous and demanding of personal character.

Safe for Democracy

A NUMBER of wealthy New York women have pledged themselves to serving only three-course dinners during the war. "Three-course-patriotism" may prove a popular slogan, especially among people who customarily have only two.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., has cracked under the strain and lost all self-control. "I believe," he said at a conference in Washington, "that men who work with their hands are often as honorable as those who work with their heads."

WAR levels all ranks but surely it doesn't level them as much as that.

THAT hesitancy to allow Roosevelt to raise an army may be due to the fear that he will desert it and make a separate peace as he did in Chicago last year.

AS we understand the figures in the *New York World*, Roosevelt's army which comprises 200,000 in round numbers has only 1,175 in square.

WE are told that there is to be no disclosure by the administration of our war aims unless Congress asks for it. Here might be a way for Congress to justify its existence.

RUSSIA'S chief need is said to be for American mechanical equipment. Elihu Root will therefore kindly introduce the steam roller.

THE President of Switzerland says that that nation will starve if we carry out our proposed embargo upon exports to neutral countries. It would be ungrateful of Switzerland to starve when we are fighting for the rights of neutrals and trying to make the world safe for democracy.

THE war department has denied Yale men the right to go to the training camp as a separate unit, and the future looks very dark and promiscuous to the patriots from New Haven.

BILLY Sunday's hearers voted to give him a day off so that he might go to see Joffre. Not to be outdone in generosity THE MASSES proposes to let him off for a week at any time.

THE German Crown Prince is democratic, according to Carl W. Ackerman's piece in the *New York Tribune*. When the people cheer he waves his hand instead of looking sour the way Father does.

THE irresistible English government bunged itself all up against the immovable body when it tried to separate the British workman from his beer.

A BANKER told the Manufacturer's Association that if the business men wanted to they could elect every member of Congress. When the world is once safe for democracy we might let the N. A. M. choose our Congress for us.

FORAKER is described in the obituaries as "a first-rate fighting man." Yet he had his gentler side. Standard Oil check bearers found him almost approachable.

A MAN who can make as long a speech as Hollweg's without expressing himself on any subject ought to be vice-president of that German republic.

THAT low moan of pain you hear is from the well-to-do man who wanted war and now finds that he is expected to help pay for it.

THE higher wail is from a newspaper which thought LaFollette should be shot at daybreak and is now threatened with the administration's gag law. It should be pitied but not censored.

ON the other hand, Senator Stone, who fought for the right to speak his mind about the war, now favors an old, oaken, iron-bound censorship. In Gumshoe Bill's ideal world, whatever talking may be necessary will be done by him.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

Memoirs of Jack London

Anna Strunsky Walling

“TAKE me this way: a stray guest, a bird of passage, splashing with salt-rimed wings through a brief moment of your life—a rude and blundering bird, used to large airs and great spaces, unaccustomed to the amenities of confined existence.”

So he wrote in a letter to me dated Oakland, December 21, 1899, in the twenty-fourth year of his life. A bird of passage, splashing with salt-rimed wings not only through my life but through life itself, and not for a brief moment but for eternity. For who shall say when that of wonder and beauty which was Jack London will pass from the earth? Who that ever knew him can forget him, and how will life ever forget one who was so indissolubly a part of her? He was youth, adventure, romance. He was a poet and a social revolutionist. He had a genius for friendship. He loved greatly and was greatly beloved. But how fix in words that quality of personality that made him different from everyone else in the world? How convey an idea of his magnetism and of the poetic quality of his nature? He is the outgrowth of the struggle and the suffering of the Old Order, and he is the strength and the virtue of all its terrible and criminal vices. He came out of the Abyss in which millions of his generation and the generation preceding him throughout time have been hopelessly lost. He rose out of the Abyss, and he escaped from the Abyss to become as large as the race and to be identified with the forces that shape the future of mankind.

His standard of life was high. He for one would have the happiness of power, of genius, of love, and the vast comforts and ease of wealth. Napoleon and Nietzsche had a part in him, but his Nietzschean philosophy became transmuted into Socialism—the movement of his time—and it was by the force of his Napoleonic temperament that he conceived the idea of an incredible success, and had the will to achieve it. Sensitive and emotional as his nature was, he forbade himself any deviation from the course that would lead him to his goal. He systematized his life. Such colossal energy, and yet he could not trust himself! He lived by rule. Law, Order and Restraint was the creed of this vital, passionate youth. His stint was a thousand words a day revised and typed. He allowed himself only four and one-half hours of sleep and began his work regularly at dawn for years. The nights were devoted to extensive reading of science, history and sociology. He called it getting his scientific basis. One day a week he devoted to the work of a struggling friend. For recreation he boxed and fenced and swam—he was a great swimmer—and he sailed—he was a sailor before the mast—and he spent much time flying kites, of which he had a large collection. Like Zola's, his first efforts were in poetry. This no doubt was the secret of the Miltonic simplicity of his prose which has made him the accepted model for pure English and for style in the universities of this country and at the Sorbonne. He had always wanted to write poetry, but poets

proverbially starved—unless they or theirs had independent incomes—so poetry was postponed until that time when his fame and fortune were to have been made. Fame and fortune were made and enjoyed for over a decade, but yet the writing of poetry was postponed, and death came before he had remembered his promise to himself. Death came before he had remembered many other things. He was so hard at work—so pitifully, tragically hard at work, and it was a fixed habit by now. He forgot what he wrote in a letter to me when we were little more than boy and girl:

January 18, 1892.

“As for my not having read Stevensons' letters—my dear child! When the day comes that I have achieved a fairly fit scientific foundation and a bank account of a thousand dollars, then come to be with me when I lie on my back all day long and read, and read, and read, and read. “The temptation of the books—if you could know! And I hammer away at Spencer and Haeckel and try to forget the joys of the things unread.”

The time came when he had that bank account of \$1,000 and an assured income of over \$60,000 a year in addition, but he did not return to the simple and beautiful existence of the poet and the student of which he had dreamt. He paid the ultimate price for what he received. His success was the tragedy of his life. He mortgaged his brain in order to meet the market demands, and fatigue and over-stimulation led him to John Barleycorn and to the consequent torture of what he called the White Logic. He had written forty-four books. Sometimes a vertigo seized him. What had a strong, normal man to do with labor that involved so puny a tool as the pen? He longed for a man's work. He conceived the idea of cultivating his Valley of the Moon. He would put the money he earned by his pen into a vast agricultural experiment; he would make arid land fertile. He would grow eucalyptus trees and raise horses. That was creative work in a sense that the stories he was writing so prolifically (four books a year) were not creative; he had not time to remember that the same pen that wrote these pot-boilers had written short stories of immortal beauty like “The Odyssey of the North” and “The White Silence,” and books of such greatness as “Martin Eden” and “The Call of the Wild,” and essays of unparalleled brilliance like those in “The Kempton-Wace Letters,” the book we wrote together.

His was not a vulgar quest for riches. In his book “The Game” he explains the psychology of the prize fighter to whom the ring is symbolic of the play and the purpose of life itself. To become inordinately rich through the efforts of his pen was his way of “playing the game.” It appealed to his sense of humor and his sense of the dramatic to house members of the I. W. W., Comrades of the Road, or Mexican Revolutionists in a palace. The best was none too good for them or for any man. Not only had the Abyss not been able to swallow him up; the Abyss had risen with him.

Here is a letter written from Oakland, Cal., January 21 1900:

Do you know, I have the fatal faculty of making friends, and lack the blessed trait of being able to quarrel with them. And they are constantly turning up. My home is the Mecca of every returned Klondiker, sailor or soldier of fortune I ever met. Some day I shall build an establishment, invite them all, and turn them loose upon each other. Such a mingling of castes and creeds and characters could not be duplicated. The destruction would be great.

"However, I am so overjoyed at being free that I cannot be anything but foolish. I shall, with pitfall and with gin, beset the road my visitors do wander in; and among other things, erect a maxim rapid-fire gun just within my front door. The sanctity of my fireside shall be inviolate. Or, should my heart fail me, I'll run away to the other side of the world."

This is exactly what he did in Glen Ellen, in beautiful Sonoma Valley, California. He built a mansion, surrounded by fifteen hundred acres, where he kept open house, and when his heart failed him he did run away to the other side of the world. He went to the South Sea Islands and to Hawaii. He made the memorable and extraordinary cruise of the *Snark*, purporting to be away from the world for seven years.

Only a youth as intense as his could feel as deeply as he did the flight of time, and could so eagerly hoard the hours. Life was very short. One should have no time to dally. It was his working creed. It had been given to him to see so much of life. Child of the people that he was, he had never had a childhood. He had early seen struggle and been forced to struggle. He thought himself "harsh, stern, uncompromising." Of course he was not. It is only that he had few illusions, and that the sensitive nature of childhood and youth had suffered at what he had beheld in the Abyss and beyond. This suffering and this reaction against what is called organized society, but is in reality a chaotic jungle, became the basis of his world philosophy.

The following is from a letter written December 21, 1899:

"Life is very short. The melancholy of materialism can never be better expressed than by Fitzgerald's 'O Make Haste!' One should have no time to dally. And further, should you know me, understand this: I, too, was a dreamer, on a farm, nay, a California ranch. But early, at only nine, the hard hand of the world was laid upon me. It has never relaxed. It has left me sentiment, but destroyed sentimentalism. It has made me practical, so that I am known as harsh, stern, uncompromising. It has taught me that reason is mightier than imagination; that the scientific man is superior to the emotional man. It has also given me a truer and a deeper romance of things, an idealism which is an inner sanctuary and which must be resolutely throttled in dealings with my kind, but which yet remains within the holy of holies, like an oracle, to be cherished always but to be made manifest or to be consulted not on every occasion I go to market. To do this latter would bring upon me the ridicule of my fellows and make me a failure. To sum up, simply the eternal fitness of things."

Sincerity was the greatest trait of his character. He never made pretensions and he built neither his work nor his life on sophisms and evasions. If literature is marketable and had a price and he put the products of his brain for sale, then he could not stoop to pretend that he was following art for art's sake and was not writing for money. But it would not be seemly and according to "the eternal fitness of things" to offer wares for which society would not pay him lavishly. If you make yourself marketable at all, you must also be indispensable. With the cold-bloodedness of the "economic man" which he claimed to be, he set to work to achieve this. In those days Marie Corelli was perhaps the most financially successful novelist. He threatened to study her art in order to discover just those qualities which made her success inevitable and to make them a part of himself. In all this he was frank, and by his avowal of his program and his object he invited from his friends

haranguing and attack. Many set themselves up to be better than he, who were in reality only envious of his strength of purpose.

The following letter bears this out:

962 East 16th St.,
Oakland, California,
February 3, 1900.

DEAR ANNA:—

"Saturday night, and I feel good. Saturday night, and a good week's work done—hack work, of course. Why shouldn't I? Like any other honest artisan by the sweat of my brow. I have a friend who scorns such work. He writes for posterity, for a small circle of admirers, oblivious to the world's oblivion, doesn't want money, scoffs at the idea of it, calls it filthy, damns all who write for it, etc., etc.—that is, he does all this, if one were to take his words for criteria. But I received a letter from him recently. *Munsey's* had offered to buy a certain story of him, if he would change the ending. He had built the tale carefully, every thought tending toward the final consummation, notably, the death by violence of the chief character. And they asked him to keep the tale and to permit that character, logically dead, to live. He scorns money. Yes; and he permitted that character to live. 'I fell,' is the only explanation he has vouchsafed for his conduct."

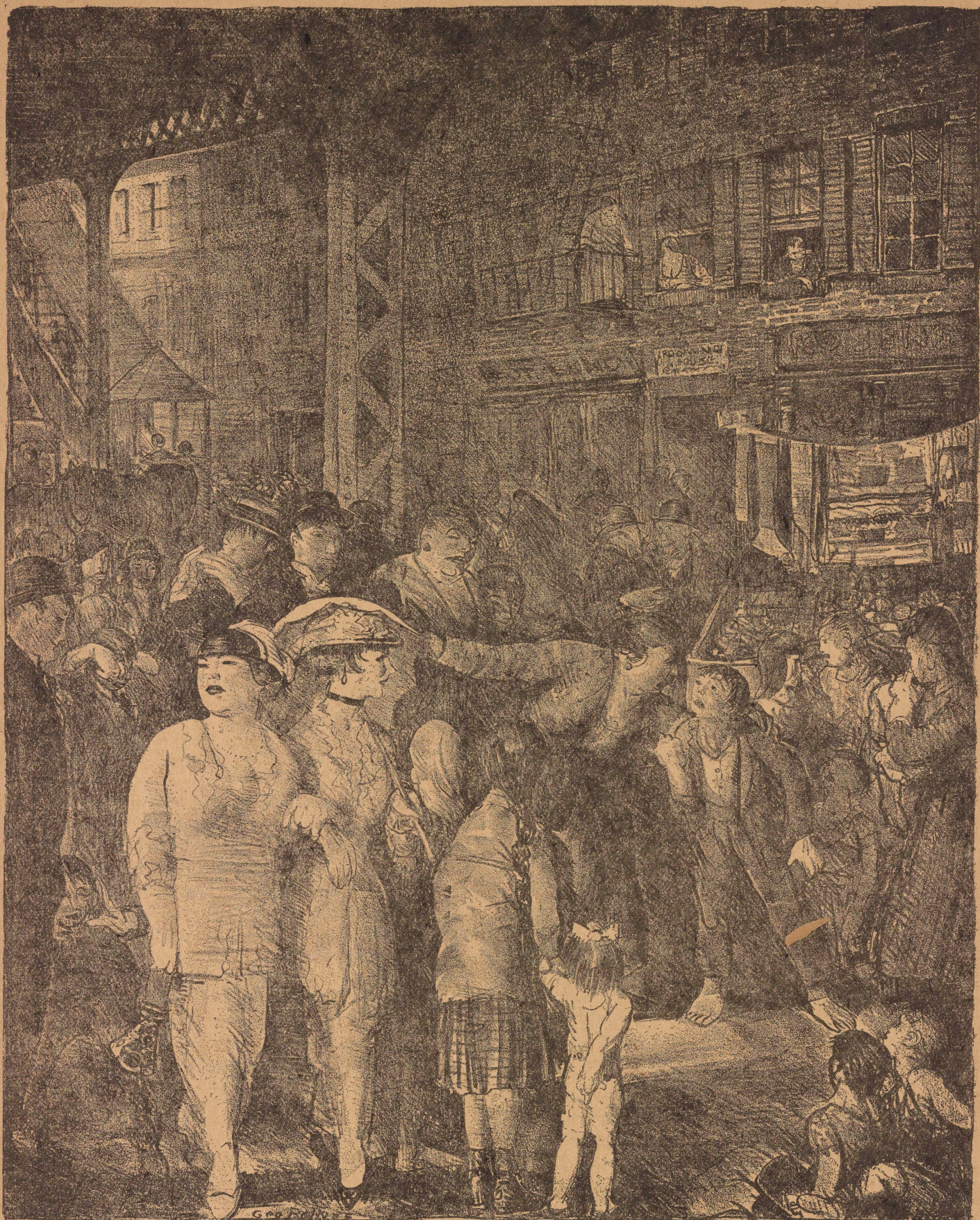
From overwork and from turning art into a toilsome trade, the natural reaction set in, and he, the most generous of natures, was often obsessed by a kind of cynicism. His soul was sick with all the adulation which his success brought him. Why had these people, now eager to flatter him, not seen what was in him before he was "discovered"? A story for which he had received five dollars from the *Overland Monthly* and which had not brought him a word of praise from anybody, suddenly became great when it was found between the stiff covers of a book. So he held lightly the praise and the kindness of people, and he suffered from a melancholy which made him question not only the worth of the world but of life itself. He had achieved so much, only to find it was not worth having. There was no intrinsic value in anything. He suffered from melancholia. He was obsessed by suicidal ideas. As with Tolstoy, there was a time when he kept a loaded revolver in his desk ready to use it against himself at any time.

January 5, 1902.

"I look back and remember, at one in the morning, the faces I saw go wan and wistful—do you remember? Or did you notice?—and I wonder what all the ferment is about.

"I dined yesterday on canvasback and terrapin, with champagne sparkling and all manner of wonderful drinks I had never before tasted warming my heart and brain, and I remembered the sordid orgies and carouses of my youth. We were ill-clad, ill-mannered beasts, and the drink was cheap and poor and nauseating. And then I dreamed dreams, and pulled myself up out of the slime to canvasback and terrapin and champagne, and learned that it was solely a difference of degree which art introduced into the fermenting."

It was in his twenty-sixth year that he began to sign all his letters "Yours for the Revolution" and thousands in this country and in the countries across the sea took up the phrase. He had served the revolutionary cause from his earliest youth. He had talked Socialism on street corners and had addressed the regular Sunday night meetings at the "Locals." He had let his name stand on the Socialist political ticket for school director and for mayor, and when he became famous he came East and lectured, choosing Socialist subjects. In a letter dated February 22, 1908, he says: "Back again after four months of lecturing. I rattled the dry bones some. Spoke at Yale, Harvard, Columbia, University of Chicago, and a lot of speeches for the Socialist Party." He was a Revolutionist. "The imposing edifice of society above my head holds no delight for



FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY GEORGE BELLOWS

me. It is the foundation of the edifice that interests me. There I am content to labor, crowbar in hand, shoulder to shoulder with intellectuals, idealists, and class-conscious workingmen, getting a solid pry now and again and setting the whole edifice rocking. Some day, when we get a few more hands and crowbars to work, we'll topple it over, along with all its rotten life and unburied dead, its monstrous selfishness and sodden materialism. Then we'll cleanse the cellar and build a new habitation for mankind, in which all the rooms will be bright and airy, and where the air that is breathed will be clean, noble and aliye."

They have toppled it over in Russia, and how sad it is that Jack London should have passed into the silence, out of the sight of the red banners waving over a free people and out of the reach of the voices of millions singing the International!

He wrote "The People of the Abyss," a story of the London slums. It was on the occasion of his first visit to Europe. He did not even go to see his publishers. He dropped out of sight and lost himself in the abyss of human misery, and the result was the strongest indictment against modern society written in our time, a "Les Miserables" in sociological form. To do this he compelled himself to live as a slum dweller. He cut himself off from his money and walked the streets seeking employment, starving and homeless.

London, August 25, 1902.

"Saturday night I was out all night with the homeless ones, walking the streets in the bitter rain, and, drenched to the skin, wondering when dawn would come. Sunday I spent with the homeless ones, in the fierce struggle for something to eat. I returned to my rooms Sunday evening, after thirty-six hours continuous work and short one night's sleep. To-day I have composed, typed and revised 4,000 words and over. I have just finished. It is one in the morning. I am worn out and exhausted and my nerves are blunted with what I have seen and the suffering it has cost me."

And again: "I am made sick by this human hell-hole called London Town."

He had social wisdom. He understood the class struggle and he believed in the international organization of the people. He understood that international humanity in our present evolution had only one enemy, which was international capitalism, and that economic and social forces in society were clarifying the minds of the people and strengthening their hearts and investing them with weapons with which to give successful combat to their enemy. Society was a battlefield upon which were ranged in conflict the forces of the people against the oppressors and exploiters of the people. His place was in the ranks of the people. His success and his genius did not exempt him from bearing revolutionary arms. They were only proof of the basic truth of social democracy, of the force of environment, of the fiction of blood and aristocracy. He had faith and vision and the courage not to be overawed by the mighty of this world.

R. M. S. "Majestic,"

July 31, '02.

"I sailed yesterday from New York at noon. A week from to-day I shall be in London. I shall then have two days in which to make my arrangements and sink down out of sight in order to view the Coronation from the standpoint of the London beasts. That's all they are—beasts—if they are anything like the slum people of New York—beasts, shot through with stray flashes of divinity.

"I meet the men of the world in Pullman coaches, New York clubs, and Atlantic liner smoking rooms, and, truth to say, I am made more hopeful for the Cause by their total ignorance and non-understanding of the forces

at work. They are blissfully ignorant of the coming upheaval, while they have grown bitterer and bitterer towards the workers. You see, the growing power of the workers is hurting them and making them bitter while it does not open their eyes."

He wrote an essay called "What Life Means to Me" which takes its place with Kropotkin's "Appeal to the Young" and Oscar Wilde's "The Soul of Man Under Socialism," and its closing sentence rings with his faith in the rise of the common man. "The stairway of time is ever echoing with the wooden shoe going up, the polished boot descending."

I am attempting a difficult and marvelous thing when I attempt to write of the youth of one so young as Jack London! One has to speak of him in terms of feeling rather than thought and no one understands better than he how difficult that is. I quote from a letter dated—

962 East 16th St.,
Oakland, California,
December 27, 1899.

"Thinkers do not suffer from lack of expression; their thought is their expression. Feelers do. It is the hardest thing in the world to put feeling, and deep feeling, into words. From the standpoint of expression, it is easier to write a 'Das Capital' in four volumes than a simple lyric of as many stanzas."

He flaunted his physical bases. He was an idealist without any illusions. He was avid for truth, for justice, and he found little of it at hand. He was an individualist who was consecrated to the cause of mankind. As long as he lived he would strip the veils from truth and be a living protest against all the evils and injustices of society.

962 East 16th St.,
January 21, 1900.

"The highest and the best had been stamped out of me. You know my life, typified mayhap by the hastily drawn picture of the forecastle. I was troubled. Groping after shadows, mocking, disbelieving, giving my own heart the lie oftentimes, doubting that which every doubt made me believe. And for all, I was a-thirst. Stiff-necked, I flaunted my physical basis, hoping that the clear water might gush forth. But not then, for there I played the barbarian."

What was this "physical basis" which he flaunted in those days? He justified war. He said that as long as we accepted the aid of a policeman and the light of a street lamp from a society that legalized capital punishment, we had no right to attack capital punishment. He believed in the inferiority of certain races and talked of the Anglo-Saxon people as the salt of the earth. He inclined to believe in the biological inferiority of woman to man, for had he not watched women and men at the Piedmont Baths and had the women not shivered on the brink of the swimming pool, "not standing up straight under God!" He believed that right made might. He fled from civilization and systematically avoided it. He had a barbarian's attitude toward death, holding himself ready to go at any time, with total indifference to his fate. He held that love is only a trap set by nature for the individual. One must not marry for love but for certain qualities discerned by the mind. This he argued in "The Kempton-Wace Letters" brilliantly and passionately; so passionately as to again make one suspect that he was not as certain of his position as he claimed to be. Later, Jack became the most mellow of thinkers, as passionately promulgating his new ideas as he had then assailed them. He now believed in romantic love, he had helped in the agitation for woman suffrage and was jubilant over its success in California. He was now an absolute internationalist and anti-militarist. He

now laughed at himself when he recalled how in the Russian-Japanese War he had been on the Russian side although all Socialists wanted Russia beaten for the sake of the revolutionary movement. The Russians were white men and the Japanese were not. He had looked on a wounded Russian foot and had felt the thrill of "consciousness of kind." It was a white foot, a foot like his own. He made his loathing of capital punishment the theme of his most ambitious book, "The Star Rover." And his former belief in sensation for the sake of sensation, leading him to experiment with drugs and drink, he repudiated in his classic, "John Barleycorn." He had come far—he had come out on the other side of everything he had before adhered to, as all who knew him were convinced that he would.

I see him in pictures, steering his bicycle with one hand and with the other clasping a great bunch of yellow roses which he had just gathered out of his own garden, a cap moved back on his thick brown hair, the large blue eyes with their long lashes looking out star-like upon the world—an indescribably virile and beautiful boy, the kindness and wisdom of his expression somehow belying his youth.

I see him lying face down among the poppies and following with his eyes his kites soaring against the high blue of the California skies, past the tops of the giant sequoias and eucalyptus which he so dearly loved.

I see him becalmed, on "The Spray," the moon rising behind us, and hear him rehearse his generalizations made from his studies in the watches of the night before of Spencer and Darwin. His personality invested his every movement and every detail of his life with an alluring charm. One took his genius for granted, even in those early years when he was struggling with all his unequalled energies to impress himself upon the world.

I see him seated at his work when the night is hardly over, and it seems to me that the dawn greets and embraces him, and that he is part of the elements as other less generic natures are not. I see him on a May morning leaning from the balustrade

of a veranda sweet with honeysuckle, to watch two humming birds circling around each other in their love ecstasy. He was a captive of beauty—the beauty of bird and flower, of sea and sky and the icy vastness of the Arctic world. No one could echo more truthfully the "Behold, I have lived" of Richard Hovey, with which he closed the essay which sums up his world philosophy, "Human Drift."

"Behold, I have lived!"

He lived not only in the wide spaces of the earth, under her tropic suns and in her white frozen silences, with her children of happiness and with her miserable ones, but he lived in the thought always of life and death, and in the timeless and boundaryless struggle of international socialism.



Drawn by E. Gminaka.

CENTRAL PARK

Conscription for What?

Max Eastman 7/1907

PRESIDENT WILSON has to breathe an atmosphere of optimistic emotion. He always automatically idealizes a bad business, and he generally does this with skill and plausibility. But in declaring that his selective draft is "in no sense a conscription of the unwilling; it is, rather, selection from a nation which has volunteered in mass," he builds himself up to a height of casuistic complaisance from which the fall may be tragic and terrible.

If anything is true, it is true that this nation has not volunteered either in mass or any other way. The people here, happy in their geographic security and divided in their reminiscent patriotisms, have long and deeply abhorred the idea of carrying war into Europe. So universal is this abhorrence that every tradition and prediction of political history was overthrown last fall, and Woodrow Wilson elected to the White House as a Peace President, in the face of stalwart Republicanism, Rooseveltism, and Wall Street united in a solemn compact of blood to beat him.

During the time of this event and after, this peace President, under influences perhaps too subtle for political analysis, appears to have changed into a man of the army and navy. He has declared a European War, in face of the people's manifest will that he refrain—in face even of the will of a majority of the House of Representatives, if that house had possessed the courage to make its will known. Acknowledging that to this war, undesired by the people, he could not raise a volunteer army of 500,000 free citizens, he has forced upon Congress the principle of conscriptive draft—a principle which even when adopted for military purposes within the boundaries of the United States, and for the very defense of the Union, and at the hands of Abraham Lincoln, met riotous resistance from the devotees of individual liberty. He has forced this principle upon them for a war of offense, to be waged wholly on the continent of Europe and the contiguous ocean, and waged against a country which has so far declined to retaliate, or recognize that there is either war or the cause of war between us. He proposes to gather the free citizens of this country, who have expressed their abhorrence of this act at the polls, into small squares, and ship them over a bloody sea to Europe, to be slaughtered in a war waging between other countries than their own. It requires no vision to predict that some of the brave among these free will conscientiously object to this deed of violence against their elementary liberties.

They would object, even if their intelligence had been respected, and the purpose for which they are to be shipped and delivered to Europe, had been explained to them. But up to the present moment (May 16th), with preparations for the exportation under way, the President has not even deigned to announce to his victims the end for which they are to march into the pens. At a

moment of sacred, if now very distant memory, in last January, he did announce that the United States would stand for a "League of the Nations" based upon "Peace Without Victory." And he is reported vaguely to have stated that since then the diplomatic aims of the United States have not changed. But inasmuch as German high officials have given more endorsement to the League of Nations than the officials of England, and inasmuch as the President has now definitely declared a war for victory over Germany, the statement seems to have even less validity than it has clearness of meaning.

We have joined the war of the British against Germany, a war which is affirmed by the British King, among others, to be a war for the sacred principles of democracy. But fortunately for those of us who know that war impulses are never, and never can be, either so simple or so spiritual as that, it has also been declared (January 10th, 1917), by the official British government and her allies, to be a war for following concrete and specified ends:

"In all necessity and in the first instance, the restitution of Belgium, of Serbia and of Montenegro, and the indemnities which are due them; the evacuation of the invaded territories of France, of Russia and of Roumania, with just reparation. The reorganization of Europe, guaranteed by a stable regime and founded as much upon respect of nationalities and full security and liberty of economic development, which all nations, great or small possess, as upon territorial conventions and international agreements, suitable to guarantee territorial and maritime frontiers against unjustified attacks. The restitution of provinces and territories wrested in the past from the Allies by force or against the will of their populations; the liberation of Italians, of Slavs, of Roumanians, and of Tcheco-Slovaks from foreign domination; the enfranchisement of populations subject to the bloody tyranny of the Turks; the expulsion from Europe of the Ottoman Empire."

If the British Empire and its allies, boasting a war for democracy, brackets under the general slogan of democracy these various specific and largely irrelevant nationalistic purposes, which Germany declares to mean a dismemberment of her empire, must we not, in absence of any pronouncement to the contrary, assume that the United States, joining the British Empire under the same slogan, endorses the same purposes? Or if we must not assume that, are we not at least entitled by our ancient liberties to ask the president, and expect an answer to our question:

For what specific purposes are you shipping our bodies, and the bodies of our sons, to Europe?

For my part I do not recognize the right of a government to draft me to war whose purposes I do not believe in. But to draft me to a war whose purposes it will not so much as communicate to my ear, seems an act of tyranny, discordant with the memory even of the decent kings.

The sovereign power in the Russian Republic has issued to the Socialists of the allied countries an appeal which ought to be responsively heard by millions in this country who are not Socialists, but only citizens who have a respect for their own will and intelligence:

"The Russian revolutionary democracy addresses itself in the first place to you, Socialists of the allied countries. You must not allow the voice of the Russian provisional Government to remain isolated from the union of the allied powers. You must force your Governments to proclaim resolutely the platform of peace without annexations or indemnities and the right of the people to settle their destinies."

To this appeal the British Empire has given its answer:

"LONDON, May 16.—A resolution welcoming the declaration of the new democratic Government of Russia, "repudiating all proposals for imperialistic conquest and aggrandizement" was moved in the House of Commons to-day by Philip Snowden, Socialist member for Blackburn. It was voted down without division after application of the closure. The resolution called on the Government "to issue a similar declaration in behalf of the British democracy and to join with the Allies in restating the allies, terms in conformity with the Russian declaration."

Are we with revolutionary Russia, or are we with imperial Great Britain, in carrying war against Germany? Are we being conscripted and asked to die for European indemnities, for "the restitution of provinces and territories wrested in the past from the Allies," for "the liberation of Tchecho-Slovacques (whatever they may be), from foreign domination? Are we asked to die for "the expulsion from Europe of the Ottoman Empire?" what purposes they *are* asked, by their dictator, to die.

It is not probable that the entire body of young and independent Americans will "volunteer in mass," even with this new and peculiar style of volunteering in which the date, hour and advisability are so carefully specified, until they are informed for what purposes they *are* asked, by their dictator, to die.

Things They Wish They Hadn't Said

IT has been our pride and our boast that, unlike the monarchies of the old world, our government has never been compelled either to resort to a conscription of its citizens or the employment of foreign mercenaries ... It is an hereditary and therefore honored tradition of the Anglo-Saxon race that exemption from extorted military service is one of the peculiar privileges of freemen."

—*New York World*, 1916.

"This war was brought on by rulers, not by peoples, and I thank God there is no man in America who has the authority to bring on war without the consent of the people."

—WOODROW WILSON, 1916.

"Identiy of aims ... Peace without victory."

—WOODROW WILSON, 1917.

"The fact that this measure of compulsion is applied indiscriminately to all classes, to rich and poor, to landed aristocracy and meatless proletariat alike, is to the German mind convincing proof of its inherent democracy. To the Germans democracy means rather equality of sacrifice than self-government."

—HERBERT SWOPE, *Within the German Empire*, 1916.

Blood of Patriots

IT was Thomas Jefferson who said (and was called "Anarchist" for saying it, no doubt):

"The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure."

I submit that the tree of liberty being now very greatly in need of refreshments, there are a few "patriots" about ripe for the slaughter.

The newspapers, especially the *Evening World*, have thoroughly exposed the machinations of the food speculators, whose operations enormously increased the prices of food, and netted the dealers, as the produce journals boast, "handsome profits." Listen to this from one of their trade-papers:

"All food products will be in demand all this year and at prices never dreamed of by old-time operators. So long as Americans have the means to pay, just so long will they have what they want to eat."

In the United States Senate the other day Senator Cummins made the sensational statement that the Coal Trust was laying plans to make a \$400,000,000 profit off the American people, using the war emergency as an excuse to keep up prices. He furthermore stated that instead of hoarding coal in the yards and mines, the operators had great quantities of it loaded on cars on side-tracks all over the country, at a period when there is a serious shortage of cars.

The railroads of the country have been granted permission to file with the Interstate Commerce Commission petitions for a fifteen per cent. freight rate increase. At the same time is published the Interstate Commerce Commission's report on the financial downfall of the Pere Marquette Railroad, which is shown to be due entirely to wholesale looting by its bankers and officials.

If any more blood is needed, a few miserable drops might be squeezed out of the "patriots" who took advantage of the crisis to raise preposterously the price of American flags!

Our armor-plate makers, torpedo-manufacturers, shipbuilders, etc., whose record is one of shameless extortion of the government and of dishonest performance, made a move to pull the same bag of tricks this time. But the President and the Secretary of the Navy now have power to take over the plants and operate them under Government direction, so a lot more patriots were thwarted.

JOHN REED.

IN A MINOR KEY

LOVE, when I die, your thought of me
Shall make the earth a magic bed.
Though buried in the deepest sea,
I shall not join the weary dead.

For you shall make me live and rise,
Your thought shall be my blood and
breath—
And only when your memory dies
Will I too die—a double death.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.



Barber

Drawn by John Barber.

"Roof Garden"

ON NOT GOING TO WAR

DURING the visit of General Joffre to New York City only one event occurred to mar the perfect felicity of the occasion. It happened, most unfortunately, the very day that Columbia University bestowed its academic benediction upon war, in the appropriate form of a doctorate of letters conferred upon the war's most popular hero. That was the day chosen by a body of students, young men from Columbia and young women from Hunter College, to meet and discuss the question of whether or not they should register in the approaching military censuses, state and federal. This action seemed clearly to imply an heretical disbelief in this war, and an intention to refrain from any share in its beneficent endeavors. Some mention of the incident crept into the newspapers, and it aroused considerable editorial indignation—and surprise. None of the newspapers were able to explain how it could ever have occurred.

We feel in a position to explain this incident, and we hasten to do so. In the first place, the war in Europe has been going on for nearly three years, and the people of this country, particularly the young, have had an opportunity to observe its effects and study its causes. A considerable number of them have come to the conclusion that war is a wholly evil thing, and that it is made possible only by the acquiescence of populations in the military programs of their rulers. They have decided that so far as they themselves are concerned, the command of their rulers is no sufficient reason for going into this evil business. They have determined not to obey such a command.

These facts, of course, are for some reason unknown to the press of New York and the nation generally. So far as has come to their notice, the American people, with the exception of a few hyphenates, cowards and traitors, are a unit in demanding war. It is our duty to inform them that this optimistic view does not represent the true state of affairs. Not only, they will regret to learn, do the American people appear generally reluctant, cynical or indifferent in the matter of this war, to a degree that it has seemed necessary to institute conscription in order to raise a large army, but a certain proportion of them are actually determined, as will be shown presently, not to go to war even if they are drafted. These facts create a problem which it is the patriotic duty of the newspapers to discuss, so that the best solution of it may be discovered; and we are glad to assist them by furnishing the materials for such a discussion.

It is, we are aware, the official and proper view that the present war is necessary and hence good. Citizens of New York have been sent to prison, and to the observation ward of our insane hospital, for expressing a disagreement with this view, and it might seem to the enthused observation of our newspapers that such cases of disagreement with the popular view must be rare. But that is not quite the fact. It is possible to meet scores of people daily who express unqualified disapproval of the war and, moreover, the most uncompromising resolution to take no part in it. These people report the existence of numbers of other

such people, and altogether it would appear that they form at least an embarrassing little minority.

In order to deal with the problem created by the existence of this minority, it will be necessary to understand its psychology. To begin with, it is not, as might be assumed, pro-German. It does not wish any harm to America. It simply does not believe in war, and all the publicity given to the merits of the present war has failed to shake its conviction. The passage of the Conscription bill, which might be expected to make this minority realize the necessity of helping the war along, does nothing of the kind. They cannot conceive the possibility of submitting to the law against their judgment and their conscience. They regard it as a commonplace that they should abide by their convictions regardless of the consequences.

These consequences should now be considered. The penalty for failing to register in either the state or federal military census appears to be a term of imprisonment. The anti-militarist students of Columbia and of Hunter College, at the meeting referred to above, voted unanimously to refuse to register. It is their opinion that the best time to resist the draft is at the very beginning. This is not the universal opinion among those who intend to resist the draft, however. The alternate view is held that since it is really the draft to which they object, their resistance should be confined to that. It may be expected that a considerable number, but not by any means all of them, will feel themselves obliged to refuse to register in the preliminary census, and will incur cheerfully the specified imprisonment.

The punishment for resisting the draft will doubtless be more serious. It is well known to these people that a batch of Conscientious Objectors in England were taken to France and sentenced to be shot; and that it was only because Parliament learned of this sentence in time, and felt that it would give the cause of liberty a black eye, that it was changed, in the nick of time, to ten years' hard labor. It is generally felt among the Conscientious Objectors here in America that it is at least unlikely that there will be executions on any large scale for resisting the draft—at least not at first. It is supposed that the program will be—when the claim to exemption on grounds of conscientious objection to war has been disallowed—jail, an occasional beating-up to test the sincerity of the objector, frequent opportunities to decide to obey orders and go, perhaps an alternate offer of ambulance service or other war-work; and, if these persuasions fail, a term in prison at hard labor. The possibility of simply being shot against a wall, instead of the longer process, is not left out of sight. To complete this psychological description, it should be added that the attitude of the conscientious objector toward the prospect of being shot or sent to prison is one of mingled regret and relief: regret that there is no happier alternative to going to war, relief that *that* alternative does actually exist. Its existence, moreover, from their point of view, constitutes a break-down of the theory of conscription: when a conscien-

tious objector is shot or imprisoned, it merely means that the whole organized might of a militarized government has shown itself powerless to break the will of a single unarmed individual.

This stubbornness is not without a certain dignity. And it would be sufficiently ironic if a nation going to war for liberty's sake should find it necessary to kill or imprison all those whose conception of liberty differed from its own. It is not to be expected, perhaps, of a government which appears to have been unwilling to rely for the armed prosecution of its cause upon those anxious or willing to undertake it, that there would be any excessive tolerance of conscientious objectors to war. But it might be urged in their behalf that most of them have been, in times of peace, useful citizens, and are likely to be so in the time of peace to come. So, unless the government expects this war to last forever, it might be saner public policy to admit the existence of a kind of person who cannot be coerced for military purposes, and deal with him as a temporarily rather than totally objectionable person. And, unless the newspapers wish the word "treason" to lose all its ancient terrors, it might be well to find a different term to describe his behavior. Finally, there is the danger that the career of refusing to fight may come to have charms for even belligerent natures, if it is to be invested with the old-fashioned melodramatic qualities which have been, in modern warfare, supplanted largely by lice and boredom. It would be a sad blow to the prestige of war if people began to suspect that the people who went to the trenches were to any extent those who were afraid to stay at home.

Our Dreyfus Case

THIS is a tribute to a bell-boy in a San Francisco hotel. We don't know his name, but we know that he was instrumental in saving the life of Tom Mooney, and in exposing the worst deliberate plot against labor ever hatched in America. Tom Mooney, as told in these pages last month, was convicted of murder on the testimony of a millionaire cattleman named Oxman, who swore that he saw Mooney deposit on the sidewalk a suitcase presumably containing the bomb which killed several marchers in the San Francisco preparedness parade. His testimony, the final effort of a conspiracy backed by a huge fund raised by the union-hating employers of San Francisco, was about to send Mooney to the gallows. One man had already been sentenced to life-imprisonment, and there were many victims to follow. The conspiracy was so far successful.

Here is where the bell-boy comes into the story—also the traditional "scrap of paper" of familiar melodrama. Oxman, standing in the lobby of his hotel, started to write a letter, crumpled up the sheet of paper, threw it in the waste-basket and started again. The bell-boy recovered that crumpled piece of paper, and gave it to the lawyers for the defence. It contained the name of a man to whom he was making the proposal that he come to San Francisco and give perjured testimony in the Mooney case. The man was found, the complete correspondence unearthed, and the suborning of perjury established.

Oxman, it is true, was "exonerated" by the grand-jury which

had participated in the original conspiracy against the life of Mooney. The struggle is not over yet by any means, for the state officials in question are battling desperately to save themselves from public disgrace.

What Shall I Do?

Rev. John Haynes Holmes

HOW shall I, a pacifist, serve my country in time of war? When hostilities begin, it is universally assumed that there is but a single service which a loyal citizen can render to the state—that of bearing arms and killing the enemy. Will you understand me if I say, humbly and regretfully, that this I cannot, and will not, do. If any man or boy in this church answers the call to arms, I shall bless him as he marches to the front. When he lies in the trenches, or watches on the lonely sentinel-post, or fights in the charge, I shall follow him with my prayers. If he is brought back dead from hospital or battlefield, I shall bury him with all the honors not of war but of religion. He will have obeyed his conscience and thus performed his whole duty as a man. But I also have a conscience, and that conscience I also must obey. When, therefore, there comes a call for volunteers, I shall have to refuse to heed. When there is an enrollment of citizens for military purposes, I shall have to refuse to register. When, or if, the system of conscription is adopted, I shall have to decline to serve. If this means a fine, I will pay my fine. If this means imprisonment, I will serve my term. If this means persecution, I will carry my cross. No order of president or governor, no law of nation or state, no loss or reputation, freedom or life, will persuade me or force me to this business of killing. On this issue, for me at least, there is "no compromise." Mistaken, foolish, fanatical, I may be; I will not deny the charge. But false to my own soul I will not be. Therefore here I stand. God helping me, I cannot do other.

And this resolution applies, let me now be careful to state, quite as much to my professional as to my personal life. Once war is here, the churches will be called upon to enlist, as will every other social institution. Therefore would I make it plain that, so long as I am your minister, the Church of the Messiah will answer no military summons. Other pulpits may preach recruiting sermons; mine will not. Other parish houses may be turned into drill halls and rifle ranges; ours will not. Other clergymen may pray to God for victory for our arms; I will not. In this church, if nowhere else in all America, the Germans will still be included in the family of God's children. No word of hatred shall be spoken against them—no evil fate shall be desired upon them. War may beat upon our portals, like storm waves on the granite crags; rumors of war may thrill the atmosphere of this sanctuary as lightning the still air of a summer night. But so long as I am priest, this altar shall be consecrated to human brotherhood, and before it shall be offered worship only to that one God and Father of us all, "who hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell together on the face of the earth."—From "A Statement to My People On the Eve of War."

Mr. Gompers Sees It Through

AS long ago as 1915 Samuel Gompers publicly rejected as impracticable the ideal of Working-class Internationalism. His subsequent cabled appeals to the German trades-unions are merely grand-stand stuff, as he himself knows thoroughly well. All through that time he was avoiding the Preparedness issue. A year later he was a member of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense, and conspicuously silent on the subject of Universal Military Service.

The 1916 Convention of the American Federation of Labor went on record, after a stiff fight, as being opposed to "militarism," whatever that may be. In March, 1917, a council of Federation leaders was held in Washington, which issued a pronouncement declaring organized labor's "absolute and unconditional loyalty" to the Government in case of war, and calling for the conscription of wealth. By this time Gompers was convinced that the Draft was democratic, though he didn't dare say so openly—in fact, he perfunctorily opposed compulsory military service to the last, though without much emphasis. In the meanwhile, as always, middle-class radicals have done all the fighting for the conscription of wealth; and Mr. Gompers has again been conspicuous by his silence.

What is the man after? Is his object any different from that of the masters and oppressors of labor? True, he strenuously insists upon the retention of labor laws and union rules—but so does the Manufacturers' Association. Two other public gestures he has made; appealing to Carl Legien, President of German Federation of Trades-Unions, to persuade the German Government to rescind the unrestricted U-boat warfare order—and cabling the Russian Council of Workingmen's and Soldiers' Delegates not to make a separate peace with Germany. William Howard Taft might have done as much.

The other day in Washington was held a meeting of the Committee on Labor of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense, of which Samuel Gompers is Chairman. There were present two other notable members of the Committee on Labor, invited to membership by Mr. Gompers—Mr. Daniel Guggenheim and Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. This is part of Mr. Rockefeller's speech of thanks to Mr. Gompers, as reported in the daily press:

"It is a great pleasure to know increasingly the men who largely represent the men and women who work with their hands," said Mr. Rockefeller. "I was brought up to honor those who so work, even above those who work with their heads. My father worked with his hands, and he has always honored others who do so. I wish that I might be considered the friend of the manual worker." At which the women and children burned and shot to death at Ludlow and Bayonne, the thousands of men who have been victims of Rockefeller law, turned in their graves.

And as for Mr. Gompers, with what deep-laid scheme of circumventing capitalism we know not, he sat there and listened to that terrible and ludicrous speech with pompous self-satisfaction—he, the head of organized labor in America,

chairman of a committee to safeguard the rights of labor!

Mr. Gompers is seeing it through all right, and we are beginning to see through Mr. Gompers.

JOHN REED.

Free Speech

THE week war broke, the New York Grand Jury made certain recommendations to District Attorney Swann, with the purpose, it is said, "of safeguarding free speech." These consisted in forbidding pacifists and anti-conscriptionists to speak on the street. It was immediately done.

Now this interpretation of "free speech" is, I believe, peculiar to the United States, where there is normally less actual free speech than perhaps in any civilized country one can name off-hand. I think the reason is, that we have never had a class rebellion. And so "free speech" has come to mean with us something with which the majority does not altogether agree, but which offends nobody much, and is listened to by very few—like a Democratic rally in a Republican town, or a Methodist missionary in a Baptist settlement, or a Socialist, say, in Wall Street. If it happens to offend any powerful influence, or threaten it, the speech is promptly suppressed on the ground that "this is license, not liberty"—or that it "incites to riot," or "corrupts public morals."

We have a provision of the Federal Constitution, as well as a great body of laws, calculated to protect the right of free speech in this country. Yet these are violated by the authorities daily, both the police and the Federal Post-Office. It is only an instance of the contempt for law which is constantly shown by the strong toward the weak in America, and which must inevitably breed lawlessness in the people.

I am thinking now of the latest outrages—the arrest of Hippolyte Havel and Theodore Appel in Chicago, charged with "being Anarchists"; the Italian paper *Era Nuova*, of Paterson, N. J., has been suppressed without any reason given; *Golos Truda*, the Russian-American weekly, has been held up by the Post Office because—well, just because; pacifists and anti-militarists like Jaeger, Kerr, Shiloh, and Miss Emma Hopkins have been thrown into jail. Moreover, there is the indictment of the editors of *Pearson's Magazine*, under the so-called "obscenity" statute, by John S. Sumner of the Society for the Prevention of Vice—the only private organization in the world endowed with public powers of censorship!

Now these stupid and oppressive people must learn that "free speech" must be free—even if unpleasant. They must learn, if they do not want to be taught by bloody rebellion, that the thought and feeling of mankind will and shall be expressed.

JOHN REED.

On the June Number

HEARTIEST congratulations! I don't believe there has ever been a number of any magazine in America that could equal this.

ALGERNON LEE.

Are Fundamentals Jokes?

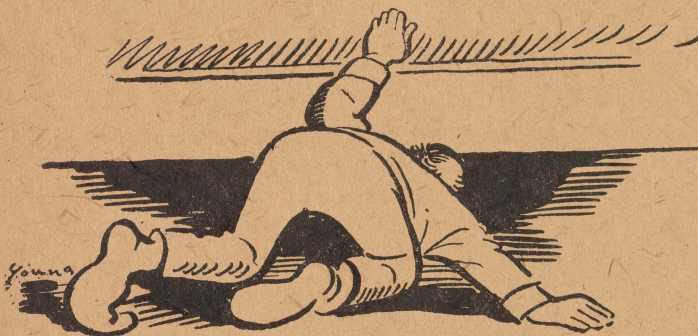
Arthur Young

ABOUT a month after the European War broke out, I met William English Walling in the Brevoort Café. Said Walling "Why don't you draw a cartoon that will some way picture the righteous indignation of England." It seemed funny to Walling that a navy-mad nation like England should wave the flaming sword of wrath and make a boast that it was her duty to save the world from the army-mad militarists of Germany. This was as I remember the trend of his talk which resulted in a cartoon which I made for THE MASSES.

Many times have I heard Charles Edward Russell say publicly and privately, with that customary assurance of having been up on a high place where he took a look all over the world, that "there is only one enemy—the capitalist system." "Don't be led astray, *one enemy only*, the Capitalist System."

Honestly, I thought these estimable men—professed internationalists—much traveled—much enlightened—watchers of world-events—knew what they were talking about. And I still think they were then wiser than they knew. But something happened.

Maybe it was the pictures in the magazines of Emperor William riding up Broadway—maybe it was the big headlines—maybe it was their emotional complex (whatever that is)—but the war had not been in progress six months when Russell couldn't go to sleep at night without looking under the bed to see if the enemy, Kaiser Wilhelm, was there. Walling, too, joined the cause of "Righteous wrath" to crush Germany. Other Socialists followed, and the line-up of good men now ready to go to the front with Roosevelt, Root, Charlie Schwab, Lyman Abbott and others, includes such good honest fellows as Stokes, Ghent, Sinclair, Leroy Scott and "Lucian Saint."



Charlie Looking for the Enemy



STOKES, WALLING, RUSSELL

Soldiers of the Common Good

All for righteous wrath. Say, is *one* capitalist country so much worse than other capitalist countries that the laboring classes and Socialists must join with the capitalists to defeat that one?

A few years ago this ruthless Kaiser was referred to by an enthusiastic writer in a popular American magazine as having the qualities of a successful business man. Now everybody spits hate at him, just as fifteen years ago the popular target was John D. Rockefeller. They couldn't get Rockefeller. There were too many like him, differing only in degree. They will get the Kaiser, and no thinking man will object.

All governments are rotten in so far as they deny democracy. As for Germany, already the trend among nations is to pattern after her efficiency, her government ownership, sickness insurance, pension system, socialized land laws and other reforms. And this is exactly what Walling in his books has predicted as the logical progress toward *Socialism*.

Our own government, of necessity, will now slowly adopt these reforms; but the shock to thinking, hopeful people in this land of liberty is the mad rush to graft on this country Germany's too horrible anachronisms, militarism and one-man power. How far this will go no one can predict, but this we can prophesy: the pseudo-socialism of this hated German Government will be adopted everywhere as the next stage of world progress. Whether as a sop to retard socialism, as Bismarck hoped, or as "immediate demands" to accelerate its growth, these reforms are coming and it doesn't make any difference

whether they are "wrested from" or "handed out" by kings or capitalists. The world of thought has been closing in on capitalism and kings for many years. Both are doomed. Monarchy first, because the oldest, most useless and decrepit. But the private ownership of public necessities, the capitalism behind the kaiser, the capitalism that rides *all* governments is the real menace and the real enemy. And yet there are men of brains in the Socialist movement, who help to delay the destruction of private ownership, by howling for bigger armies, bigger navies, and war against a king who got too chesty.

And today, in America, the plants of Bethlehem, Westinghouse, Dupont, General Electric, make Krupp look like a shanty, and the cause of labor has all this to contend with. I never expect those who profess Socialism to act consistently, least of all the "intellectuals" on all matters of detail that are

related to the principles of this science of economics. But I do like to know that their attachment to the fundamentals is strong enough to weather a crisis. But, alas! the winds of a crisis are too strong for many of them; they are swept off their feet and the fundamentals that they advocated become a joke. To justify themselves for going to bed with the magnates of Wall Street, the munition makers and the statesmen who eat blood-pudding for breakfast, these book-fed Socialists predict that the cause of democracy will advance as a result of this war of capitalists.

State capitalism, or state-Socialism, whichever term you prefer, was coming without war, and most Sociologists predicted it. The price paid for getting it sooner than expected (if it comes sooner), has been the sacrifice of about 3,000 men daily for three years, to say nothing of the bereavement, sordid profiteer, crushing taxation, and all that goes with war.

The Myth of American Fatness

John Reed

WE are a rich, fat, lazy, soft people, we Americans.

This characterization of us was invented by that prime exaggerator, Theodore Roosevelt, when he was press-agenting Preparedness, and wanted to explain why the nations of the world would all invade the United States.

Wall Street took it up with eagerness, and the Army and the various manufacturers who make money out of killing people. And the poor dub with a family to take care of on two dollars a day felt the hair rise on his scalp when he thought how Rich we are, how Fat, how Soft, how Enticing to the covetous people of the world. It gave him a certain pride to think of it this way, but he was worried for fear some European nation might come over here and rob his boss, and then he'd lose his job. When he thought it over, he felt kind of sick to think that for more than a century this nation had been exposed to undreamed-of perils!

And now, President Wilson suddenly begins to talk about "America's worst fault, extravagance and waste"—as usual adopting Teddy's idea three years late.

What can we say of these men—Root, Taft, Leonard Wood, Vanderlip—who roll so glibly from their tongues that terrible falsehood? Are they ignorant, or do they deliberately mislead the people for their own ends? We know of them that they represent a class forever prating of democracy, and pitilessly putting democracy down; and that now they cry, "Wealth! Wealth!" when the mass of the people have less than ever.

Professor King, of the University of Wisconsin, has already reported from unimpeachable statistics that 2% of the people of the United States own 65% of the country's total wealth; THE MASSES has called attention to this. But the figures used are those of 1914-15 and before. Today the 2% own more. The country has grown immensely richer, it is true; this money, however, has not gone into the pockets of the workers, but to swell the already enormous fortunes of the few masters of America. The country is fabulously wealthier, but the people are poorer.

There is no doubt about this whatever. The figures are all down in black and white in such sources as Dun and the *New York Times Annalist*. But every householder who has to pay his food-bills on the first of the month knows that, no matter how his salary has increased, he has less than he had. As for the legions of the poor, the pinch is becoming terrible.

Let's look over some of these figures.

Since the war began wages have gone up as never before. Yet the April "Review" of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics shows that, even in the well-paid field of organized labor, wages have risen on an average of only 9% from 1912 to 1916 *inclusive*; figures for 1917 are not yet available, but granting that in one year they doubled that (a wildly extravagant estimate), we should have a rise of 18% from 1912 to 1917.

Yet according to Dun, important food products and necessities have risen from 46% to 105% in the *last three years*; and the *Annalist* shows that the food budget of the average American family has increased 74% in the *last two years*. The Old Dutch Market, Inc., of Washington, D. C., which operates a large string of meat and grocery stores, has published a comparison of prices in April 1914 and April 1917, of sixty table necessities; *the average increase in price is 85.32%*!

The "Review" of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics tells the same story. In the four years from February 15, 1913 to February 15, 1917, flour increased in price 69%, eggs 61%, and potatoes 224%! A sixteen-ounce loaf of bread in February, 1914, cost \$.055; at this writing, end of May, 1917, it costs \$.12. As to coal, the "Black Diamond Magazine" and the "Coal Trade Journal" show that the average retail price of anthracite range coal in New York was \$5.00 a ton in January, 1915, and \$8.75 a ton in January, 1917; and now, at the end of May, it still costs over \$7 a ton!

After the food riots in New York Miss Helen M. Todd was appointed to make an investigation of the effect on school children of the high cost of food. She finds that scholarship has been materially lowered through malnutrition. And on the



Broadman & Johnson.

"The New



Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

Freedom"

lower East Side today people are reduced to eating offal—or slowly starving.

Believe us, eighty per cent of the American people are neither fat nor overfed; and the average man who supports his family on an average wage is not lazy, either.

Yet the Myth of American Fatness must have some basis in fact. It has—among the 2%.

Look at this table of pre-war and later profits:

	1916	1913
American Smelting and Refining.....	\$23,252,248	\$9,756,540
American Locomotive Co.....	10,769,429	6,135,306
Armour & Co.....	20,100,000	6,028,197
Bethlehem Steel Corporation.....	43,593,968	5,122,703
Central Leather Co.....	15,439,201	4,386,345
Crucible Steel Co.....	13,223,655	4,905,880
Cuban-American Sugar Co.....	8,235,113	356,887
E. I. duPont deNemours Powder Co.....	82,107,693	4,582,075
General Chemical Co.....	12,286,826	2,809,442
Hercules Powder Co.....	16,658,873	1,017,212
International Nickel	11,748,279	5,009,120
Lackawanna Steel Co.....	12,218,234	2,755,833
Phelps Dodge Corporation.....	21,974,263	7,907,710
Republic Iron & Steel Co.....	14,739,163	3,101,300
Swift & Company.....	20,465,000	9,250,000
Texas (Oil) Co.....	13,898,861	6,663,123
U. S. Steel Corporation.....	271,531,730	81,216,985
United Fruit Co.....	11,943,151	5,315,631
U. S. Smelting, Refining and Mining Co...	8,898,464	3,585,588
Westinghouse Air Brake Co.....	9,396,103	5,255,259
Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co..	9,666,739	3,164,032

Comparing the earnings of twenty-four of the principal companies listed in 1914 and in 1916, we find in these two years an increase of 500% in profits!

A table showing the comparative earnings and stock values of two of the largest corporations, Bethlehem Steel and United States Steel, shows even more plainly where the wealth of the country has gone.

United States Steel Corporation

Net Earnings, 1914.....	\$23,496,768
Net Earnings, 1916.....	271,581,730
Increase	\$248,084,962
Average market value of	
—Outstanding stock in 1914.....	\$682,643,282
—Outstanding stock in 1916.....	961,181,373
Increase	\$278,538,096

Bethlehem Steel Corporation

Net Earnings, 1914.....	\$5,590,020
Net Earnings, 1916.....	43,593,968
Increase	\$38,003,948
Average market value of	
—Outstanding stock in 1914.....	\$17,536,690
—Outstanding stock in 1916.....	106,112,130
Increase	\$88,575,440

Also the railroads—which are now asking for a 15% increase in freight rates—have not failed to improve each shining hour. In 1913 the net operating revenue averaged approximately from \$275 per mile in January to \$300 per mile in December. In 1916, it ran from \$337 per mile in January to \$550 in October! The

net revenue for railroads earning over a million dollars annually for the six months ending January 1, 1917, was practically \$700,000,000 which is the *largest profit ever made by American railroads!*

From 1914 to 1915 the number of persons who reported receiving a net taxable income of \$1,000,000 or more per year increased from sixty to one hundred and twenty; those receiving \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 from one hundred and fourteen to two hundred and nine; those getting \$100,000 or more almost doubled, but below that sum the increase was negligible.

We agree with Messrs. Root, Vanderlip and Wood that the fat should be sweated, that the lazy should be forced to work. We even go so far as to venture an opinion that if those who could afford it should be forced to pay for this war, there would soon be peace. Meanwhile it is perfectly useless, we suppose, to remind these gentlemen that there is a limit to human endurance, even among a people as long-suffering as Americans.

Recently our anarchistic contemporary, the *Wall Street Journal*, gave vent to the following sentiments:

"We are now at war, and militant pacifists are earnestly reminded that there is no shortage of hemp or lamp-posts."

In reply, let us quote these few lines from William Vaughn Moody's "Ode in Time of Hesitation," written at the time our country was prosecuting another unjust war:

*"But surely, very surely, slow or soon
That insult deep we deeply will requite.*

*The cup of trembling shall be drained quite,
Eaten the sour bread of astonishment,
With ashes of the hearth shall be made white
Our hair, and wailing shall be in the tent;
Then on your guiltier head
Shall our intolerable self-disdain
Wreak suddenly its anger and its pain;*

O ye who lead,

Take heed!

Blindness we may forgive, but baseness we will smite!"

DARK EYES

DARK eyes
You stir my soul
Ineffably.
You scatter
All my peace.
Dark eyes,
What shall I do?
Your mouth smiles
Persistently,
But says never
Anything;
Do you think then
That I love you?

LOUISE BRYANT.

Self-Denial Among the Upper Classes

THE other day President Wilson told the Committee on Labor in Washington that America must "steel itself to the terrible pressure of suffering and pain of war."

In patriotic response appears an organization of wealthy and socially distinguished New York ladies, calling themselves modestly "The First Fifty"; whose object it is to set an example of thrift and economy to the wildly extravagant population.

Luncheons are to be cut to three or four courses; dinners to five or six. Those with twenty automobiles are to give up all but five or ten (depending upon the size of the family); those with five will keep only three. Instead of keeping four houses open all the time, most families will keep only a town house and a country house in commission, and rent the others. People with five butlers will cut down to three, and so on. It is a worthy program, and will doubtlessly be imitated on the lower East Side.

But what is this? Upon the same page of my morning paper which describes this laudable movement, I find an editorial which reads in part as follows:

"We view with alarm the tendency toward hysterical economizing among the well-to-do. To provide the sinews of war we must have good business. Spend your money freely. The man who hoards at a time like this is the quintessence of a slacker."

What shall we do? Possibly we made a mistake. While thinking it over, let's order up a bottle of champagne.—J. R.

A Note on the American Flag

FROM The Sun:

"Washington, April 16.—The first alleged 'war speculation' was brought officially to the front to-day when the Senate ordered an investigation by the Federal Trade Commission of charges that prices on American flags have jumped 100 to 300 per cent. since America got into the war."

About half of all the American flags flown in this country are made in Japan and China, and almost all the rest by unorganized and sweated labor—the only labor that can compete with Orientals.

The Ladies' Auxiliary

EVER since, during the Preparedness parade a year ago, that great banner floated over Fifth avenue and Thirtieth street inscribed "Anti-Suffrage, Patriotism and Preparedness," the women of the war-shouters have been doing their bit.

Dressed in expensive uniforms that show off their flabby charms more conspicuously, drilling in ranks wreathed with exotic perfumes and vocal with the swish of silk petticoats, etc., learning to kill men—or at least subdue them to nefarious purposes—with rifles, the Ladies Auxiliary of Militarism

has been ever with us, in all the panoply of excited femininity.

Their latest activity has been recruiting. Some went around the city in automobiles, making speeches. Others stood on street-corners, pinning yellow buttons and white feathers on young men. An evening newspaper, enrolled hundreds of female agents, who went around urging young men to enlist; the reward was a little button, with the inscription, "I Got Five To Fight."

But the most characteristic manifestation of the Ladies' Auxiliary was as follows: Beautifully gowned and bejewelled dames caught passing young men by the arm, the sleeve, the lapel, in the open street, and personally urged them to enlist. I have been told by some of these ladies that this is the most enjoyable form of recruiting.

At the Night Court, however, a rather poorly-dressed girl, accused of speaking to men on the street, replied that she had been persuading men to enlist.

"I don't believe you," said the Magistrate. "Your name is not in the Social Register. Thirty days."

We Wonder

SOME of our friends tell us it isn't good taste to criticise our esteemed contemporary, the *New Republic*, in the way we do. The charge of bad taste pains us deeply, but it seems to us that it is hardly relevant. The *New Republic* is not so much a magazine as a political institution, comparable in its way to the Progressive Party. We all know with what forward-looking deals the Progressive Party was formed, and how it fell into the hands of Roosevelt and other plausible reactionaries. The significance of its betrayal and *debacle* is now known to everyone, thanks to the journalistic custom which makes it perfectly good taste to criticise a political party. If anyone falls under its influence now it is a symptom of his own weaknesses, and not anybody else's fault. The folly and failure in which Progressivist idealism becomes mired and stuck are plain for all to see. Not so plain, perhaps, are the ironic follies and failures into which the New Republican idealism is being led. We sincerely hope that our innate courtesy will not prevent us from making some of them rather clearer before we get through.

The *New Republic* came into existence at a time when there was a peculiar and tremendous need of analytic and constructive thinking in regard to social and political institutions. Clearly, it intended to do its best to fulfil this need for America—not, to be sure, in such a way as to alarm anybody. In the politest and subtlest manner possible it was going ahead to revalue all our national and international values. And for a time it seemed as though this compromise, this soft disguise of the raw terrors of free thought, was all that would be required of it. But the war, which by opening a new era to the speculative inquiry and expert manipulation of this group of bold though graceful intellects, had given them an unexampled opportunity, presently brought them face to face with the necessity of making a practical decision which would in itself curtail that opportunity. It was nothing less than a decision about war itself.

The *New Republic* was by the nature of its intellectual osten-

tions pledged—among its other obligations to the era just dawning upon the world—to assist in the discovery and installation of efficient political and social means of preventing war between nations. A crude kind of consistency might have seemed to require that it should not give its support to the popular theory that the way to promote peace was to continue the present war indefinitely. Yet, as it happened, the only way to gain a hearing for the new doctrine of Peace was to acquiesce in some measure in the old doctrine of War. The *New Republic* did not actually intend at first to accept War as a substitute for Peace. It began with what seemed a merely realistic determination to accept this war as an existing fact, not to be unduly cavilled about. It continued by hoping, less and less skeptically, for it to bring forth good fruits—though it was considerably surprised and not a little alarmed when it brought forth the Russian Revolution. But long before this latter incident, the conversion of the *New Republic* to War had been for practical purposes complete. It had taken War to its bosom, and its own doubtful past as an ambiguously pacifist journal was forgotten. Vanished were the days when it had seemed to our substantial citizens a kind of Yellow Book of Ideas, or, as a famous ex-President is said to have called it, “a pornographic version of the *Nation*.” It was now more like a scholarly version of Mr. Hudson Maxim’s photo-play, “The Battle Cry of Peace.”

That this compromise was so complete, being more nearly, perhaps, a surrender, was due entirely to the logic of events. If the *New Republic* had appeared to be too coolly aloof from the popular pro-Ally enthusiasm, it would have lost its opportunity to utter the counsels of moderation—or at least its chance of being heard. Its belief that the Germans are, in spite of everything, a civilized people who must eventually be readmitted into the amity of nations, would have been generally dismissed as stuff bought with the Kaiser’s gold—an accusation which an ambitious political periodical could hardly be expected to bring upon itself. By joining the procession, it could make itself a power for good. It was, moreover, not in human nature to continue to be skeptical of the benefits of a war upon which its approval had been, however reluctantly, bestowed. Amiable associations improve bad manners, and a war patronized by the *New Republic* could not but turn out to be a better war than anybody had hoped. Thus the entente cordiale between War and the *New Republic* was established, and their relations improved to such an extent that when the assistance of the *New Republic* was asked in a little matter like pushing the United States into the shambles, it was given freely and heartily.

But, nevertheless, the *New Republic*—characteristically enough—finds itself unwilling to surrender the field of intellectual enterprise which it had originally staked out for itself. It remembers uneasily that it had intended to help bring a lasting peace to a war-weary world. It does not yet realize how thoroughly it has committed itself to the program of militarism. Having assisted in inflicting conscription on an unwilling nation, it proceeds to suggest with the most virtuous air in the world that it is really not right to conscript men who consciously object to war; and doubtless it congratulates itself upon being able to speak up for the poor conscientious objector with a voice that

is heard in the Union League Club and the White House.

We have some doubts of the effectiveness of such mild and courteous protestations in behalf of liberty. Perhaps those who are engaged in destroying our liberties are not after all the best ones to defend them. But to this dual personality of the *New Republic* we do owe a certain debt. Unconscious as it still is of the nature of its relations to militarism, the *New Republic* occasionally behaves as no ordinary militarist publication would dare to do. It occasionally gives away the whole show.

It did this notably in the days before the war when it innocently pointed out, and succeeded in making very clear, the fact that our alleged neutrality was no neutrality at all—that we were deliberately doing everything we could to defeat Germany! Everybody knew it, but it wasn’t being admitted by the pro-Ally partisans just then.

A second admission, to the effect that this war was not wanted by the people of the United States, but was put over on them by a small group of intellectuals, was commented on in our last issue. For the second time the *New Republic* had said things that good militarists shouldn’t say.

And now the *New Republic* has “spilled the beans” again. In its issue of May 12th, it admits that under the same circumstances as now exist, not only would Germany, however thoroughly punished for it in this war, use the submarine again as she is using it now, but—

“so would any nation, including the United States, which was being blockaded by a superior fleet and was in danger of being crushed as a result of the blockade.” (Italics ours.)

The upshot of the article is a plea for an international arrangement which would establish the “freedom of the seas,” and incidentally draw the sting from British navalism; an arrangement, indeed, which would protect the world from the menace of Germany and of their submarines by simply giving Germany and others no excuse for using them—which is an odd enough ending for an editorial based on the premise that American participation in the war is a contribution to the cause of democracy. Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde are getting rather mixed up. They actually tread on one another’s toes. This melange, we understand, is called in some quarters “constructive idealism.”

We quote from a book written by one of the editors of the *New Republic*: “The mind of Europe collapsed. The appeal to arms was the result of that criminal recklessness which decides to hack its way through when no other solution presents itself to the mind.” Having written that, the author helped dragoon the United States into the process so eloquently described. Some minds are like that.

Being pacifist and militarist both at once involves difficulties, however. We wonder, for instance, whether the editors of the *New Republic* are as militarists, going to enlist for the trenches, or, as pacifists, going to stay at home and try to work out the problem of peace. Or will they take the ground that in helping to spread the snare of conscription for the feet of others they have already done their bit and should be allowed to walk free? We wonder.

F. D.

The American Commonwealth

A FILM-PLAY depicting in romantic colors the career of Margaret Sanger as a propagandist of birth-control has been forbidden by the department of licenses. One of those interested in its production, we are informed, protested to Commissioner of Licenses Bell, saying, "Heaven knows we've made it respectable enough to suit anybody." To which Commissioner Bell replied: "I am quite satisfied with the report of my committee." Said committee consisting of a priest and two policemen (ten guesses allowed as to the religion of the two policemen)! "Moreover," said Commissioner Bell, "I don't think birth-control propaganda ought to be permitted at a time like this." Does Commissioner Bell think this war is going to last 19 years?

ON the other hand, Margaret Sanger is distributing by the hundred thousand, in various languages, her pamphlet giving practical information on birth control. One of these mailed in an envelope with her name and address on the back, was sent to the Solicitor-General of Georgia. The South is not reactionary, as we have learned in the recent military crisis, about some things, but birth-control is not one of them. The Solicitor-General forwarded an outraged complaint to Washington. And soon afterward a worried investigator arrived on the Sanger premises. "Mrs. Sanger," he said sadly, "we have received a great many complaints of you."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Sanger. "Can that be possible!"

"Yes," said the investigator truthfully, opening the portfolio. "Forty-seven. Look at them."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Sanger, "Aren't people queer!"

Failing to impress her with the seriousness of her offense, he visited the district attorney's office. Now, the district attorney's office had used up a lot of valuable time trying to get Mrs. Sanger to obey the law, without any success whatever. So that complaints on the subject were not popular in that office. The investigator went back to Mrs. Sanger, saying that he had been told to "get to h—l out of there."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Sanger sympathetically.

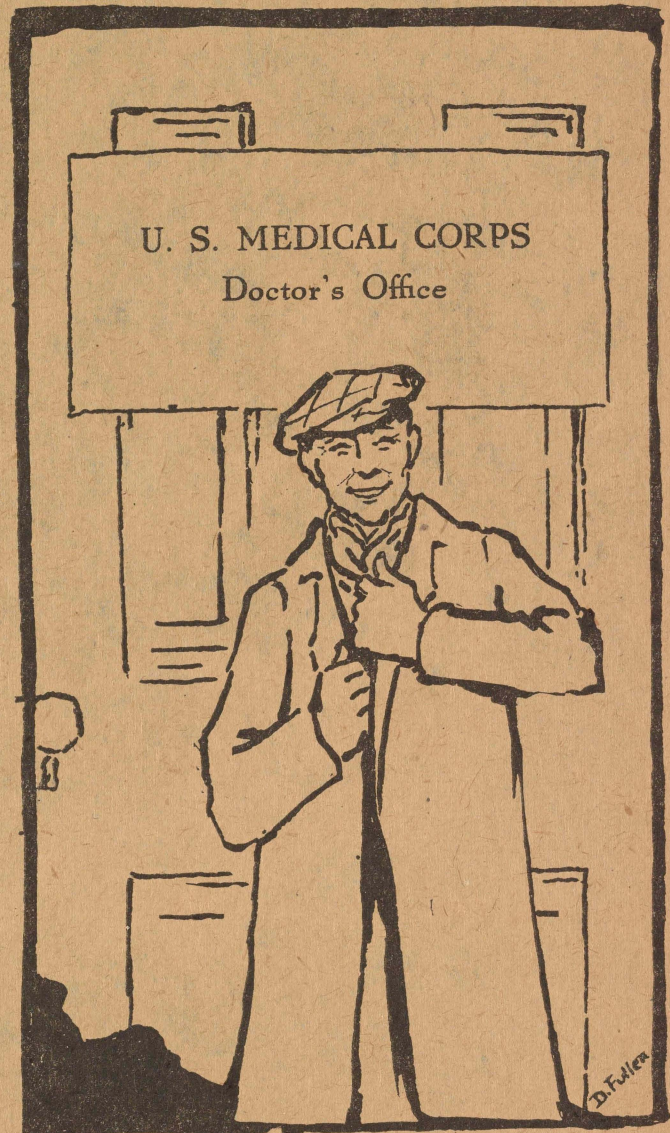
This shows that if you disobey the law long enough and consistently enough, your disobedience becomes a sort of vested interest. This is more true of street-car companies than of mere friends of human liberty, however.

We publish these notes for the benefit of some future Bryce, and we hope and trust that his description of the institutions of our American commonwealth will be more amusing as well as more veridical than his predecessor's.

SPeaking of veridicity, John S. Sumner told us, when he confiscated a lot of copies of THE MASSES last summer, that he would return them if and when his case against our business manager (*in re* the sale of Forel's "The Sexual Crisis") fell through. The case was dismissed by the grand jury, but Sumner has refused to return the magazines. This looks to us like theft, but for some reason we weren't allowed to swear out a warrant and recover the goods. So Forel's publishers, who suffered similar depredations, have brought suit for us both.

ONE of Sumner's exploits was an attempt to stop Mary Shaw's performance of "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Of course, the right to produce that play had been settled in the courts long ago, but little did that matter to Sumner—or to Commissioner Bell either, who merrily joined hands with him in these Black Hand proceedings against Art. The theatre was blackmailed—if we may use the term in a slightly metaphorical sense—with the threat that its license would be revoked if the play was given. Nevertheless, it *was* given. At the last moment permission was grudgingly telephoned—presumably because Mary Shaw was going to give the play whether or no.

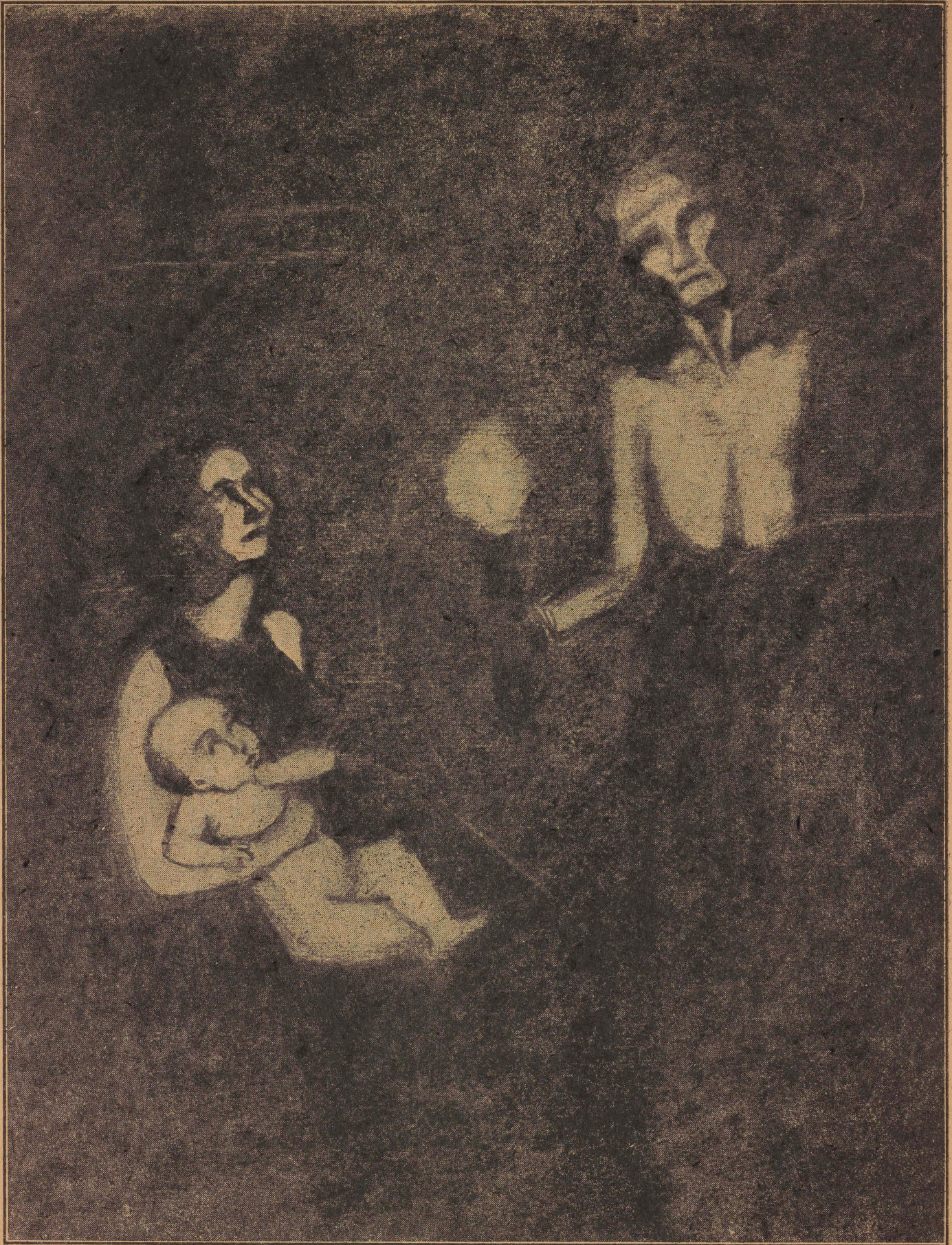
There is a moral in this, too, but we aren't sure whether it is "Be bold be bold, be everlastingly bold," or "Be Mary Shaw."



Drawn by Dorothy Fuller.

GOOD NEWS

"Thank God, I've got heart disease—the doctor says I may drop dead any minute!"



Drawn by Jeanne Stevens.

Old Frisian Law: "When the child is as naked as a worm, and without a roof; when the black fog and the cold winter reach her; then may the mother sell her child."

Billy Sunday in Heaven

Charles Erskine Scott Wood

GOD is, on the Second Celestial Terrace, meditating.

GOD: Gabriel.

GABRIEL: Lord?

GOD: Request those angels to practice further away. This is frightful. Where are they from?

GABRIEL: The Earth.

GOD: Which earth? Ah, yes, I remember. They always ask for harps. Heaven! What possesses them with the idea that every soul on earth is a harp-player? Couldn't you get some of them to play the horn? Go tell them to move away.

GABRIEL: Yes, Lord.

(Enter the Arch-angel Michael.)

GOD: Well, Michael?

MICHAEL: Billy Sunday wants to see you.

GOD: Who?

MICHAEL: Billy Sunday.

GOD: Billy Sunday. You mean Holy Sunday, that Christian ruin of a Pagan-day?

MICHAEL: Oh, no; he's not a Christian. Don't you remember that epileptic soul from the earth we fumigated and sent to the idiots' heaven?

GOD: No, not idiots'. Medicine men's. That poor little vulgar thing. Yes, I remember. What does he want?

MICHAEL: I don't know. He won't tell. He says he has a great scheme, but he only deals with bosses. He did on earth and he will here.

GOD: Let him come up. I suppose that's one of the penalties for being God. I have to listen to every fool in the universe.

(Michael nods to one of the guards, who goes out.)

Is he any better? He had fits when he arrived.

MICHAEL: He is about the same, but the medicine men are nearly dead. He says he had them buffaloed; backed off the map.

GOD: What does that mean?

MICHAEL: I don't know. He talks a language of his own. Here he comes.

(Enter the Soul of Sunday. He nods familiarly to Michael and God.)

BILLY SUNDAY: Hello, Mike. Howdy, Partner. Say, I've got a jim-dandy scheme. If you'll come up with the dough I'll wake this old morgue and put it on the map. Make it pay too. I can pack heaven so tight the fleas will squeal, and all I want is the gate-receipts for the last performance.

GOD: Did you want to speak to me: about something?

BILLY SUNDAY: Sure. Don't you hear me shouting? I want to bring this old played-out heaven of yours right up to date. I've done it for lots of bigger places, Brooklyn, Boston; Portland, Oregon. I'll make it a regular Coney Island. The crowds will bust the walls. Jokes, weeps, vaudeville stunts, shoot the chutes and mobs you can't get through without tearing your wings off. I can do it. I done it on earth and I can do it here.

Say, I've converted all those black and yellow medicine men down below. I out-howled them, out-drummed them and out-frothed them. They are regular Christians now: Howl, weep, shout, froth at the mouth for keeps. Say, you oughter see me lead 'em. Except for color and clothes—no clothes, I mean—you couldn't tell 'em from real Christians. Say, you ought to hear those Africans come in on the home-stretch with:

*"I'm a lubber, lubber, lubber of de Lawd.
I'm a lubber, lubber, lubber of de Lawd.
Jesus is my brudder; Mary is his mudder,
Baptized in de blood of de lamb."*

All the tom-toms beating; the gourds and pebbles rattling. It's great. Say, those tom-toms gave me a great idea. They work a crowd up to beat the band. Better than my chorus-yellers. They get the congregation looney all right and all ready for the Holy Ghost in great shape. O, I kin work it. Watch me. I used to use flags, singers and exhorters, and it cost good money; but, believe me, the old original Tommy-tom for a nickel has got 'em all beat a mile. Say, no weak-minded, hysterical persons can hold out against that steady old thump, thump, and pretty soon, when the brain reels, with a yell or a sob they come to Jesus. Say, we call them old Nigger Medicine Men savages. Take my palaver for it, in true religion they can give us cards and spades. They are gospel sharps all right, all right, and I ought to know. Say, did you ever hear that nigger camp-meeting song about me?

GOD: No. I don't think that reached here; or maybe I was listening to some other part of the universe.

BILLY SUNDAY: It's great. Goes like this:

*Billy Sunday has come to town,
O, my Lord!
A-kicking up and a-kicking down,
O, my Lord!
He tear his hair and he tear his clothes,
He lead the Devil 'round by the nose,
There's brimstone smell wherever he goes,
Sunday, Monday, Saturday, Sunday,
O, my Lord!*

*He save the blackest souls in a heap,
O, my Lord!
A dollar apiece and that's dirt cheap,
O, my Lord!
He stand on his toe and he stand on his head,
His tongue hang out till he almost dead,
"Whoop," "Hell-fire," "Glory," is what he said,
Sunday, Monday, Saturday, Sunday,
O, my Lord!*

*Billy knows the Lord like he made him most,
O, my Lord!*

Says he, "Old Pal, how's the Holy Ghost?"
 O, my Lord!
 And he call to the Lord in a mighty shout,
 "God, spit on your hands and help me out;
 We will drag this sinner out by the snout,"
 Sunday, Monday, Saturday, Sunday,
 O, my Lord!

Say, ain't that great stuff? Well, what do you say?

GOD: I don't say anything. I haven't had a chance. What are you talking about?

BILLY SUNDAY: Just this. I propose to convert Heaven to Christianity. Have a red-hot, old-fashioned Revival meeting. Run out of town all your publicans and sinners, wine-bibblers and scarlet females. No noise. No loud laughter; no singing; no drinking; as quiet and clean as the cemetery at Gary.

GOD: What is Gary?

BILLY SUNDAY: The Steel Trust town. They are friends of mine. Them and the Rockefellers. John Jr. was going to syndicate with me.

GOD: What is that?

BILLY SUNDAY: Get salvation on to a business basis and

keep the discontented workmen quiet. That was a great stunt of mine. Say, I'll tell you. I'll convert this whole place, including Peter. Run out Mary Magdalen, Bob Ingersoll, Voltaire and them infidels that yapp about freedom—and do it all for the last night's receipts; that's all I want, but I want to make sure they're big. I want to have a talk with Morgan, Harriman, Charley Schwab, the two Johns and get a line on the last night's checks before I start.

GOD: The persons you name are not here.

BILLY SUNDAY: Not here? O, that settles it. How can I get out of here?

GOD: Simply walk out. Nobody is holding you.

BILLY SUNDAY: Where shall I go?

GOD: Go to Hell.

BILLY SUNDAY: But I thought Hell was abolished?

GOD: It was till you came. We will revive it right now.

BILLY SUNDAY: That's good. Hell was my strong suit. I couldn't do a thing without Hell.

GOD: Michael, take him away.

MICHAEL: Where?

GOD: Anywhere. Wherever he is, there will be Hell. I am very tired.

Free Speech in Time of War

By Attorney Harry Weinberger, of the New York Bar

QUESTION No. 1: The police and other local authorities are forbidding street speaking and even meetings in halls on the grounds that discussions of the war constitute "treasonable utterances." *What are "treasonable utterances"?*

Answer: *There are no utterances which are treasonable in themselves.* Mere expression of opinion, even when indicative of sympathy with the public enemy and sufficiently strong to justify public indignation and the suspicion that the speaker is at heart a traitor, are not sufficient under the Constitution and Laws of the United States to warrant a conviction of treason. In re Charge to Grand Jury, 30 Fed. Cases, No. 18,272. *The crime of treason is not completed until there is an overt act.* Even a conspiracy to overthrow the government or an intention to commit treason, or treasonable words, whether oral, written or printed, have been repeatedly held not to constitute "treason." U. S. v. Burr, 25 Fed. Case, No. 14, 692 U. S. v. Pryor, 27 Fed. Case, No. 16,096.

Question No. 2: What are "seditious utterances"?

Answer: *There is no such thing as a "seditious utterance" under the law.* The Alien and Sedition laws passed in 1798 expired after two years. They were so intensely unpopular that they caused the death of the Federalist party. The present spy bill had, in its original draft, a clause giving the postmaster general the right to bar from the mails anything of a "treasonable, anarchistic or seditious character." Fortunately the house dropped out the word "seditious."

My advice to all speakers is that when they speak *they advocate a change in the laws or the repeal of a law.* All meetings to discuss conscription, for example, and all literature issued on that subject should state plainly that it is held or issued for the purpose of petitioning Congress to repeal that law. Such statements, speeches and literature are absolutely privileged and can not legally be suppressed.

Question No. 3: What legal authority have the police over public meetings?

Answer: The police have no right to enter without a warrant, meetings held on private property, or to break up public meetings, whether held in private or in public places; they have no right to stop street meetings, or to prevent a man from speaking before he says anything on which to make a charge. Some cities have regulations providing that people who desire to hold public meetings on the street shall secure permits. These should be complied with, but the police have no legal right to refuse the permits. Neither have the police any right to stop the distribution of literature on either the streets or in meetings. Some cities have regulations forbidding the littering of the streets. If the person distributing the literature hands it to another who throws it on the street, the latter is the offender and not the person distributing. See *People v. Samuel W. Simpson*, Court of General Sessions, N. Y., Judge Joseph F. Mulqueen, Jan. 5th, 1915; *City of Philadelphia v. Brabender*, 51 Atl., 374; *People v. Armstrong*, 73 Mich., 288.

Judge William J. Gaynor, of the New York Supreme Court, said in *Murphy v. Snitzpan*, 15 Misc. (N. Y.), 500:

"The police have no right to forcibly interfere with citizens except to arrest them for crime. The contrary has become all too common. The like is not permitted in any free government in the world, except in some of the large cities of this country, and it will not be tolerated there much longer. A citizen has as much right to arrest even a policeman committing a criminal offense as a policeman has to arrest a citizen. To be plain about it, as the citizens do not want to be doing police duty, they hire policemen for that purpose, but do not thereby make them masters nor give them any more right to interfere with individuals than they have themselves."

Judge Samuel Seabury, Judge of the Court of Appeals of New York, said in *Fairmont Athletic Club v. Bingham*, 61 Misc. (N. Y.), 419:

"The duty of police officers, like all other public servants, is fixed and defined by law, and when they act contrary to this duty they become wrongdoers and violators of law. It is an essential characteristic of free government that every official is himself subject to the law and that none is above it. . . . Police officers have no right to enter without a warrant upon private property such as dwellings or club houses because they suspect that misdemeanors are or may be committed therein. . . . It would be difficult to imagine a more odious form of oppression than this so-called right to search private premises to ascertain whether crimes are being committed. In *Huckle v. Money*, 2 Wilson, 205, 207, Lord Camden declared that 'to invade a man's house by virtue of a nameless warrant in order to procure evidence is worse than the Spanish inquisition; a law under which no Englishman would wish to live an hour; it was a most daring public attack made upon the liberty of the subject.' As there is no such law (allowing officers to enter private places) and none has been or can be cited, then, as Lord Camden said, 'the silence of the books is an authority against the defendant.' At common law the king had no right to enter without warrant the house of his humblest subject on the mere suspicion that the subject had committed or was about to commit a crime. The Governor of this State in whom the chief executive power of the people is vested by the Constitution has no such right. It seems, however, that in the opinion of these defendants [police officers] the limitations which restrain the actions of kings and governors are but ropes of sand to a New York policeman. They seem to imagine that because they are police officials they are free from all constitutional restraints and

have a commission which entitles them to rove at will into the private houses, clubs or places of business of citizens. It cannot be too often reiterated that they have no such right."

The Russian Peace

AT this writing the bourgeois press is alarmed at the prospect of a Russian separate peace with Germany. The Council of Workingmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, which is the real revolutionary heart of the new Russia, grows stronger hourly as the power of the awakened proletariat bursts up through the veneer of capitalism smeared thinly over the face of things. And the Council of Workingmen's and Soldiers' Delegates wants peace.

Premier Miliukov sent a message to the Allies assuring them that Russia would fight until the Allied end. The Russian people responded with a demand for Miliukov's resignation, and the Council of Workingmen's and Soldiers' Delegates rebuked the Provisional Government by establishing its own Department of Foreign Affairs. Guchkov has resigned, then Miliukov. It looks as if the Russian Peace were coming.

We make our apologies to the Russian proletariat for speaking of this as a "bourgeois revolution." It was only the "front" we saw, the wished-for consummation of Kapitalism. The real thing was the long-thwarted rise of the Russian masses, as now we see with increasing plainness; and the purpose of it is the establishment of a new human society upon the earth. For this, it is necessary that Russia have peace from without; indeed, every other consideration, whether of honor or profit, sinks into insignificance beside it.

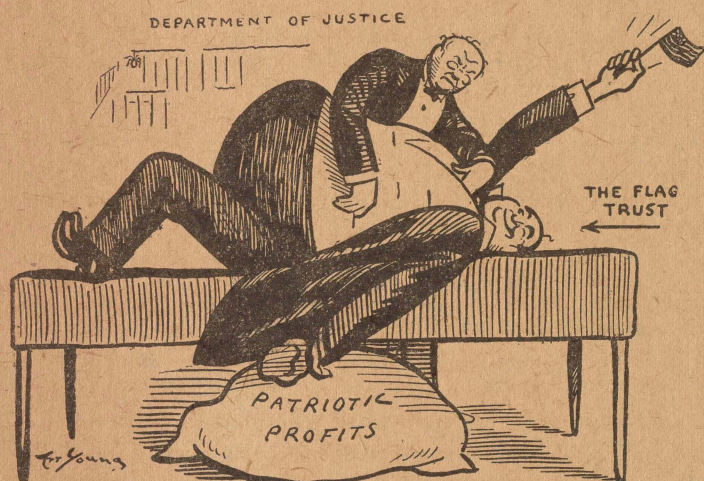
The cumbersome medieval tyranny that ruled Russia has vanished like smoke before the wind. The bright framework of the complicated modern capitalistic tyranny that rules us all is crumbling from the face of Russia. And from the leaden sea of dumb and driven conscripts, the rivers of workers bent with hideous fatigue, the nations of mujiks mud-colored and voiceless, something is taking shape—something grand, and simple, and human. Do you remember in Dostoevsky's "Idiot," where the boy prophesies about the Russia of the future—Russia with her gyves stricken off, Russia ruling the world with love?

What will follow the Russian peace? We profess to fear it, seeing nothing but the German victory, and with it the strengthening of German autocracy. To make Germany democratic, it is said, the German nation must be crushed. Kick her into self-government.

That seems fallacious to us. Whoever heard of a great civilized people bullied by outsiders into changing its form of government? Even Greece, with Venizelos set up as liberator by the Allied troops, is loyal to her weak king in the face of insults.

But what the Hohenzollerns need never fear from an Allied victory, deeply should they dread from the Russian Peace. To be a hard-driven military despotism in the shadow of a great free commonwealth—that is impossible. With Russia free, Russia at peace, autocracy disappears from Europe.

JOHN REED.



Arthur Young.

An investigation to ascertain whether an advance of 100 per cent in the cost of flags since this country went into war has been due to price fixing by flag manufacturers or dealers in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law was begun by the Department of Justice today.—*Washington Times*, May 12.

Revolutionary Contagion

A REVOLUTION in one country has its effect in every other country. That, by the way, is revolution's best justification.

For instance, in America, see what the Russian revolution has already accomplished.

A crowd of workingmen marched to the American Embassy in Petrograd to demonstrate against the conviction of Thomas Mooney in San Francisco. The Russians knew all about Mooney and the San Francisco frame-up—though the newspapers suppressed it here. But that demonstration in Petrograd brought Mooney to the front page—and now Mooney is being freed, and the whole rotten corruption of San Francisco justice is showing up.

President Wilson appointed Elihu Root to head the American mission to Russia. But the Russians knew all about Root, and to the surprise of the American press, accustomed to refer to Elihu as Our Foremost Statesman, word began to trickle back from Russia that real democrats there would consider his sending an insult.

And lastly, for ten immortal days the Union League Club sported the red flag in honor of the Russian revolution!

THE coroner's jury found the sentry responsible for the death of the old man, Louis Feuerstein, and Coroner Feinberg hopes that the death will be a warning to the public to obey the orders of sentries without hesitation. A less profound thinker would have hoped that the power of life and death might be taken away from imbeciles.

ELEGY

THERE is one Spring,
One April of delight;
And all the rest is but remembering
One moon-lit night.

Weave round its spell
An elegy of song,
But never think the white hawthorne can
dwell
With you for long.

It is so fair
And delicate a thing;
A sudden wind leaves blossoming twigs
all bare
Of covering.

White petals fall
Bewildered, at your feet;
And Spring makes of the whitest flower
of all
A winding sheet.

Florence K. Mixter

What Every Officer Should Know

A BOOK has recently been published, a compilation of military lectures* by Capt. R. M. Parker, which fills a long felt need in text books: it serves as a test for military-mindedness. It is intended, according to the publishers, as a field reference book, and is being used by junior officers in the regulars. But it is especially valuable in that it sets forth the essentials which candidates must have to pass the examinations for the Officer's Reserve Corps. It presents clearly and precisely the amount and kind of knowledge one must acquire in order to become an officer. By reading through this little book one may derive some idea of the intelligence and efficiency that are developed by military training. Its scientific and military accuracy is guaranteed by the thoroughness with which the author defines things which are usually taken for granted in lay circles. The book has been highly commended by army officials. Major General Wood writes: "I wish to express to you and to Lieut. C. C. Griffith my appreciation of the very excellent work you have done in 'An Officer's Notes.' This little book contains, in limited space and well arranged, a vast amount of most useful information."

The following are stray extracts from the book:

Reconnaissance Patrols—These are detachments sent out to obtain information.

Patrol Leaders—These are selected for skill in patrolling, for health, physical condition, and general all round suitability.

Conduct of Patrols—Stealth and caution are essential, particularly in small patrols.

Information usually desired—The regulation, formation and strength of the enemy and his various arms. . . . This information is usually obtained by breaking through troops which are stationary or remaining in hiding and allowing them to march by. Ambuscades are often avoided by returning by a different route.

Messages—Messages are written information sent by messenger or wire. They should be brief and clear, resembling telegrams, with the source of the information given.

Transmission of information—Information is transmitted as follows: One, by wire; two, by visual signalling; three, by radio-telegraph; four, by messenger. For considerable distances wire or radio is used. For short distances a messenger. Messages sent by wire will be given to the operator in writing. When telephone is used, parties concerned should do the talking.

Marches and convoys—A march is successful when the troops arrive at their destination at the appointed time, without loss of efficiency.

Night marches—These are made to avoid excessively hot day marches, or to surprise the enemy, or secure a favorable position. Good roads and moonlight are desirable.

Stable management—Horses require gentle treatment. Docile but bold horses are apt to retaliate upon those who abuse them, while persistent kindness often reclaims vicious animals. . . . Horses should be fed three times a day—at reveille, in the middle of the day, and at night.

Topography—Simple military sketching consists of representing on suitable material a portion of the earth's surface upon a reduced scale.

Few books emphasize more clearly the difference between ordinary intelligence and military intelligence. By reading this short work you can tell in an instant whether you are qualified to enlist.

CARL ZIGROSSER.

* AN OFFICER'S NOTES, by Capt. R. M. Parker. George U. Harvey, Publisher. \$2.00.

THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

YOU round a long green curve of trees
 And there it is. A Paisley shawl
 Has not the pattern or the grace
 Of this old fashioned place.
 Bright groups of budded peonies
 Exchange fine secrets. Silken-gowned
 Poppies idly sip the sun,
 And pansies, prim in little mitts
 And bonnets, whisper bits
 Of gossip. Through the leafy ground
 A blackbird walks and cocks his head
 As though he said: "I'm favorite here,
 "And motorists may not come near."

Florence Ripley Mastin.

Why the Poor Should Be Patriotic

READ fifteen cents a loaf.
 Potatoes one dollar and forty cents a peck.
 Coal ten dollars a ton.

HOOVER SAYS WE MUST DENY OURSELVES TO FEED ALLIES.

—*Newspaper Headline.*

\$10,000,000 Patriotic Farmers' Fund to be loaned to farmers
 at 4½ per cent interest.

\$200,000,000 LOANED TO ENGLAND WITHOUT SECURITY AT 3½ PER
 CENT.

—*Newspaper Headline.*

Organized Labor pledges its absolute and unconditional loyal-
 ty to the United States in case of war.

NEW YORK JUDGE GRANTS INJUNCTION AGAINST STRIKING ENGRAVERS.

—*Newspaper Headline.*

On Giving Aid and Comfort to the Enemy

“EVERY American pacifist is worth a company of soldiers
 to Prussia.”

This is the cry of our American autocrats who seek to con-
 script everything from lives to opinions in order to further the
 announced schemes of annexation of the autocrats in control of
 the Allied nations. Any rift in American solidarity is sup-
 posed to give aid and comfort to the enemy.

But there is also a pacifist force in Germany, which once
 or twice has come close to compelling a German peace without
 victory. And the one weapon which the German autocrat
 holds against this force is the cry that Germany's enemies seek
 her destruction. The one weapon which the German pacifist
 holds against the autocrat is the knowledge that liberal forces
 in enemy lands will not permit her destruction. If Germany
 knows that she can have a peace without victory she will not
 fight another week. If she believes that it is "Victory or An-
 nihilation" she will fight like a beast to the death. The Allied
 "peace terms" of last winter, with the Lloyd-George "knock-
 out" interview, did more to rally the German people to their
 autocrats than all of Hindenburg's victories.

The German autocrat desires nothing so much as the power
 to convince the German people of the "Annihilation" bugaboo.
 A United America gives aid and comfort to him. He fears
 nothing so much as the knowledge on the part of the German
 people that forces across the sea will unite with them in de-
 manding a reasonable peace. A liberal America robs him of his
 chief weapon.

If the German pacifists can know that their fight for inter-
 national understanding is not hopeless, they will detach all
 liberal Germany from the support of the autocrat. Every
 pacifist in America is worth a whole company of American
 soldiers in France.

The American pacifist is a howitzer shell fired against German
 autocracy.

H. K. M.

To Our Newsstand Readers
and Subscribers

ENCLOSED in this issue is a loose subscription blank.
 There is a strong probability that the penny stamp
 will be abolished. THE MASSES is facing a large
 increase in its circularizing expense. Circularization has
 been found to be the most effective way of increasing
 Masses' circulation. The required use of the two-cent
 stamp—inconsiderable as this might appear at first sight—
 may cut off from us this channel.

This Much We Know: THE MASSES has got to in-
 crease its sphere of influence. At a time when the whole
 country is either war-mad or bewildered by shifting
 events, when the press is giving an emotional and dis-
 torted focus on the whole situation, THE MASSES has
 got to reach an increasingly large number of readers in
 order that the effect of the press may be counteracted.

We are asking you, therefore, to put this subscription
 blank in your pocket and give it to someone who will
 promise to use it.

War discussions are rampant. Whether militaristic or
 anti-militaristic, an intelligent disputant is always eager
 to know both sides of the question.

Nail the next man you argue with.

MERRILL ROGERS,
 Business Manager.



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

Waiting For Commissions

BOOKS THAT ARE INTERESTING

A MONTHLY REVIEW CONDUCTED BY FLOYD DELL

The Book of the Month

His Family, by Ernest Poole. \$1.50 net. [The Macmillan Co.]

THIS is a better novel than Ernest Poole's first book—"The Harbor." The angle of vision is less modern, the theme less arresting, the subject matter less distinguished, perhaps, and the whole story less irradiated by high pictorial lights—but still a better novel. I say it advisedly. It is a better novel because the mind of a father is less kaleidoscopic, a more natural focus for events, than the ever-changing water-front. "His Family" links up more snugly too with our tradition of what a novel should be. It is a modern descendent of "Silas Lapham," on bowing terms somehow with "The Old Wives' Tale."

In this ultra-individualistic era, when W. L. George *et al.*, are assuring us that the break-up of the family is practically complete, even the title is an anachronism. But Ernest Poole has a persuasive way with him. Insidiously, without controversy, he manages to convince the emancipated reader even on the first page or two that human beings are still being born into, and are in fact occasionally influenced by a group which we must, for lack of better terminology, style "the family." Literature has always delighted to honor the family, and particularly the mother. There are never too many laurels for motherhood! But fatherhood has been treated with rather scant courtesy. Except for occasional lapses like the Story of the Prodigal Son and King Lear, the father has been treated as though he were, in the words of an implacable trained nurse, "No more than seventh-cousin to the child." The American father has had an especially sorry time as the dray-horse of the family—from the days of "Daisy Miller" and M. Pipp down to the present writing. Aside from paying the bills he has had no official literary relation to his children's scheme of life.

Ernest Poole interprets this inarticulate person, humanizes him, puts him in touch with the next generation. His particular father is an old-time New Yorker, a widower who in a trance-like grief over his wife's death has watched the city growing up and his daughters with it, without seeing either phenomenon. Narrowly averted bankruptcy startles him into a sense of neglect, and he resolves to know his three children, to obey his wife's injunction "You will live in our children's lives." The story is that of his affectionate, often clumsy, sometimes successful efforts to get nearer to his strangely divergent offspring. And these three young women—how one is reminded insensibly of the three sisters in W. L. George's novel, "The Second Blooming!" Must sisters come in threes and must they be divided inevitably into those three types, the domestic-maternal, the public-spirited and the erotic? And why does the English novelist focus on the irregular love of

the erotic type and the American novelist give us the story of the philanthropic one as his foreground? Doubtless Mr. Poole concentrates his art upon this second daughter because with her arms reaching out to her night school and "the neighborhood," with her aching, manifold motherhood, she is so American, so representative of the girls pouring out of our colleges, their spirits keyed to "social service." The interlacing careers of these three young women weave color and the motifs of modernity into the life of the old house. And we see it all as the father sees it, as something alien, disturbing but somehow kindling. His mingled pride and exasperation over one daughter's Carnegie Hall publicity, his hurt bewilderment over another's gay interpretation of free love, are so amazingly "done" to the life. The father is such an old brick, as he grumbles over the devious ways of two women running one house, or innocently tries to hurry romance by offering a suitor cigars too often. For quiet good-humor, take this chess game with the eldest daughter:

"As he watched her now, her father's eyes, deep set and gray and with signs of long years of suffering in them, displayed a grave, whimsical wistfulness. For by the way she played the game he saw how old she thought him. Her play was slow and absent-minded, and there came long periods when she did not make a move. Then she would recall herself and look up with a little affectionate smile that showed she looked upon him as too heavy with his age to have noticed her small lapses . . . He was grimly amused at her attitude, for he did not feel old at all."

Read the book—as you will—for many things, but certainly for its uncanny Americanness. It has a way of putting a finger on our national strengths and weaknesses. Again and again sentimentalities crop up, as often as that cloying epithet "Dearie" which the household uses so lavishly. "Come on wifey—stick by me," says the entirely nice son-in-law—a remark which it must be owned is regrettable even in jest. The befriending of crippled Johnny and a good deal of the daughter's "charity"—these things are honeyed over with the syrup of paternalism—they are "sweet," but heavens, so like us that we dare not cavil.

What I like best about the book is the marvelous sense one has of the sands trickling through the hour-glass. There is after all so little time to do all the brave and beautiful things we plan for ourselves, and so often death finds us hurrying moderns, as Ernest Poole says, "like children, just beginning." And to feel these collective upsets, pleasures and tragedies with one's collective, family pulse, so to speak—this is such a revival as to be an experience. Call it a throw-back, if you will, but it takes a real story to make us feel these things now. And "His Family" is real—a veritable draught from "The Wine of the Puritans."

FRANCIS ANDERSON.

Peace?

An Inquiry Into the Nature of Peace and the Terms of Its Perpetuation, by Thorstein Veblen. [The Macmillan Co.]

THORSTEIN VEBLEN, the most brilliant and perhaps the most profound of American scholars, the author of that masterpiece of analytical satire, "The Theory of the Leisure Class," has produced a book on the subject of peace which should result in his being either appointed to the President's War Council, or put in jail for treason.

Professor Veblen may be compared to that mildest-mannered pirate that ever made a lady walk the plank. In this book he bears, indeed, a certain ironic resemblance to that eminent Russian trouble-maker who was intimate to the councils of both the secret police and the revolutionaries, and who cheerfully assisted his friends on each side in sending his friends on the other side to hell or Siberia as the case might be. In the realm of the intellect these duplicitous operations, resulting in a dreadful slaughter of familiar beliefs on both sides of the fence, are not ethically reprehensible. They are merely inconvenient to the reader, who is accustomed to be told at the outset whither the argument is tending, so that he may know whether he ought to believe it as he goes along. The peril of reading Veblen is that, whether your beliefs are pacifist or militarist, they will have been damaged severely at his hands before you realize your danger. My own ideas, I confess, have suffered some injuries at his hands; several of my favorite beliefs are now in hospital, though I trust the injuries will not be fatal. I harbor no resentment, however, and urge all and sundry to the same perilous adventure.

As to Peace: there are, we discover, two kinds—honorable peace, and dishonorable peace. Dishonorable peace is seldom, apparently, desired, which complicates the problem at the outset, for the honorable kind is much harder to get. It is, in fact, almost impossible for both sides to achieve at once. The difference between an honorable and a dishonorable peace is clear. It does not reside in any advantage accruing to the population at large in the matter of prosperity or health, or indeed in any material advantage whatever, to be found in an honorable as opposed to a dishonorable peace. The difference is a spiritual one, and hence all the more important. In an honorable peace, the national honor is intact, and in a dishonorable peace the national honor is damaged—that is the difference. And what a difference, especially to the common man!

The national honor, it should be understood, is a joint, undivided, spiritual property of the nation. It has a peculiar sacredness, perhaps because it has no material usefulness (except to small administrative and financial groups). All that the common people can do with it is to preserve and protect it, under the guidance of the financial and administrative groups. And it is very fragile. It can be injured in various ways—through the murder of one of the citizens of the nation in question, abroad, especially in a small country, very especially in a country with undeveloped resources—but never by such a murder at home. Or it may be injured through an insult offered to the piece of colored cloth which is its physical symbol. And this injury

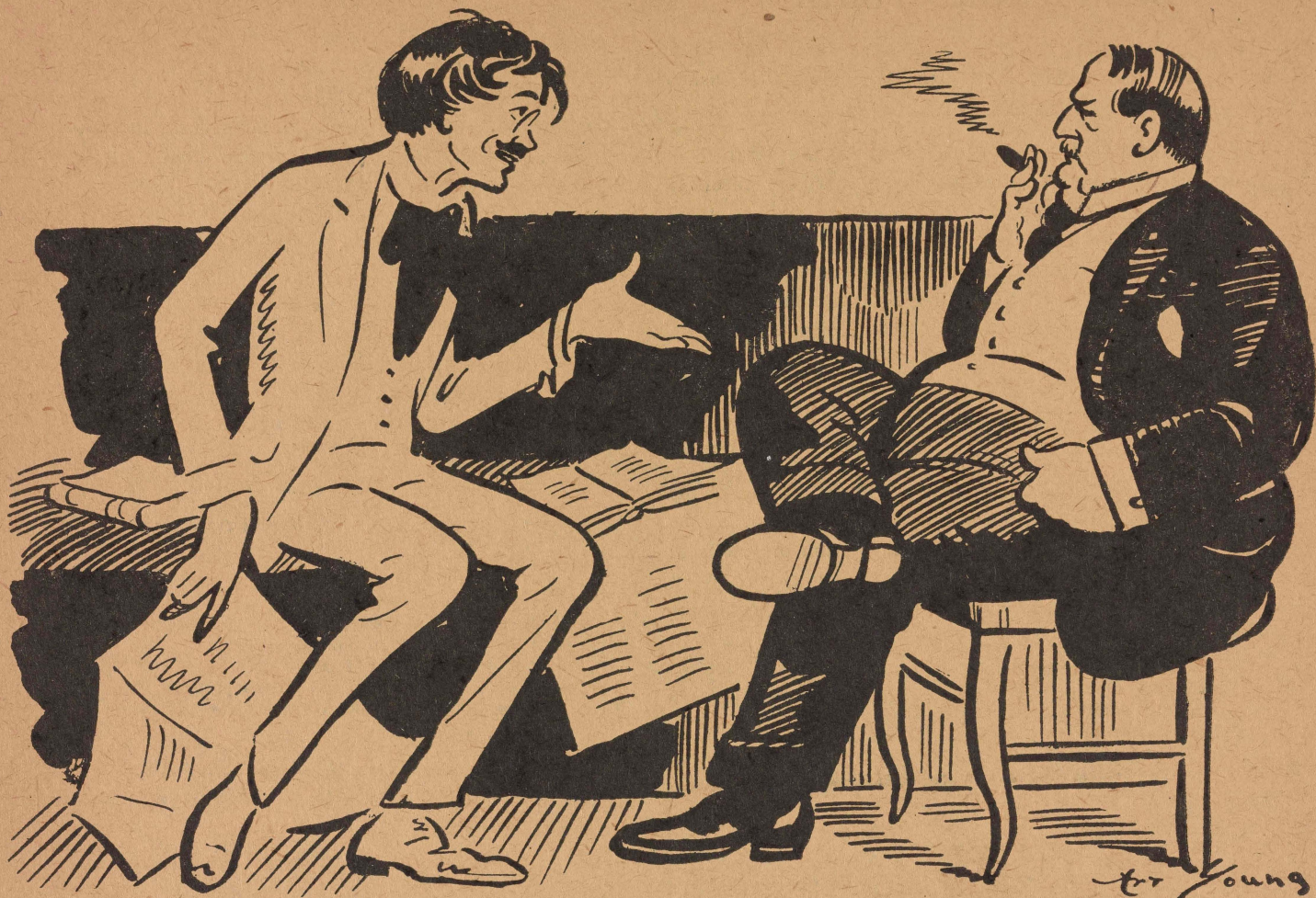
must be repaired. This is done in various ways. It may be repaired by the ceremonial creation of a certain number of loud noises with gunpowder (called a "salute"). Thus, it will be seen, the process partakes, as Professor Veblen says, of the nature of magic, and borders on the frontiers of religion. But the most effective way of repairing the national honor is by taking away the territory of the offender, killing its citizens, and exacting payments of money.

The question of whether the national honor has been injured is thus a matter of the greatest importance to the population at large of a given nation. Nevertheless, they are not allowed to decide that question. It is decided for them by experts, who duly ascertain if the suspected lesion to the national honor had actually been incurred, how serious it is, and what must be done to repair it. If they decide that it can only be repaired by war, the populace is informed of the fact, taxed for the support of the war, called to arms, and sent out to kill and be killed.

There is a serious possibility that the populace might object to interrupting its more pleasurable activities for these purposes, if it were not for what is called patriotism. Patriotism, which is sometimes erroneously called the love of country, is rather a mystical sympathy with the country's honor, a spiritual sensitiveness to the state of its health, and it is hence the faculty by which such injuries to the national honor are apprehended. Some people have this faculty in a greater degree than others; some gifted individuals can feel an injury to the country's honor when no one else can feel it at all. The business and financial classes have more of it than working people, or at least are quicker to sense the injured state of national honor, an ability among others for which they are greatly respected. But all normally constituted people possess it in some degree, and are able, under certain psychological manipulation, to produce the required intensity of response.

I have dwelt upon this point, and attempted to reproduce Professor Veblen's analysis in some detail, because it seemed apropos to the present moment. It might appear that these facts, in themselves, constitute the most serious obstacles to the perpetuation of peace, and that such perpetuation must depend upon alteration of these facts. But this is not the case. The most serious obstacles to the perpetuation of peace, according to Professor Veblen, are the existence upon the globe of the dynastic empires of Germany and Japan. It seems that while the more democratic nations, such as England and France, merely go to war because they do not see anything else to do, it is the peculiar business of dynastic empires to make war. And inasmuch as there is, we are given to understand, little hope of either empire losing its dynastic and aggressive quality inside of a couple of centuries, there can be, in that space of time, only a choice between a peace in which Germany or Japan would be permitted to conquer the world, or a peace from which Germany and Japan would be absent, having ceased to exist.

Thus it appears that Professor Veblen agrees with the most extreme form of the popular pro-Ally belief: "Germany must be destroyed." It appears so, I say; for I must confess that I don't know. Perhaps in the latter part of the book we may find him back on our side again. I hope so. I left him midway of the book in an ironically beatific account of the advantages



Drawn by Arthur Young.

"OF COURSE, EVEN ANARCHISTS HAVE TO GET TOGETHER AND DECIDE ON CERTAIN LAWS AND RULES OF PROCEDURE, DO THEY NOT?"

"OH, YES, CERTAINLY—BUT YOU SEE WE DON'T ABIDE BY OUR DECISIONS."

we might derive from German Kulture if we let its exponents annex the United States. And then the book (together, I regret to say with several others I had intended to review—a suitcase full of them, in fact!) was stolen from me in the Café des Enfants; and as the book was an advance copy and the last one to be had, this review necessarily concludes at this point with brutal abruptness.

Unless, in the interests of artistic unity, I proceed to supply the latter half of the Veblenian argument myself. It would be as follows: There being small hope of peace from democratic states operating as above described, and none at all from dynastic states like Germany and Japan, let us by all means destroy Germany and Japan. But dynastic states, which exist to make war, are necessarily the best war makers; and in order to destroy them, it will be necessary for the democratic states to become better war-makers; and as the way to become better war-makers is to become like the dynastic states, they will become like Germany and Japan. The present war with Germany

might not be sufficient to effect this change, but the threat of Japan, ready to gobble up a decadent China, will suffice to keep us in training for that grand event, toward which the whole creation seems to move. We shall prevent the absorption of China by Japan—we shall just absorb her ourselves, amongst us, not without some fighting over the partition of the spoils. We will finally have eliminated the danger to the peace of the world presented by *that* little dynastic empire. But, having become dynastic empires ourselves, we shall have to fight each other. All this ought to take two or three centuries of fairly uninterrupted war, with improved methods. It may be complained that there will have been very little peace achieved so far by all these hypothetical wars. But that is coming. For we shall eventually destroy each other, and *then* Peace will set in—a deep and everlasting Peace.

But this is merely my logical continuation of the argument, and Professor Veblen should not be blamed in case it should turn out that these are not his views!

FLOYD DELL.

Beauty and Youth

A Number of Things. Written by the pupils of Public School 45, The Bronx, New York City. [Printed and published at the school, 189th Street and Lorillard Place, N. Y. C.]

I LIKE this little book of poems. It reminds me of my own youth, when I used to letter out my poems very carefully in little hand-made booklets and put a design on the front cover in colored inks. But my activities were not exactly regarded by the school authorities as education—I'm afraid they were called "wasting time." How happy I should have been in a Gary school! I would have felt like George Hohn, 8A1, who tells us here:

"I love to write poems,
I love to get them up,
I love to print them on the press,
So I can call them all my own."

Though I think George is only partly right in the reason he states for his enthusiasm about the process. It seems to me that at least half of George's pleasure comes from the fact that his poem is not just his own, but is everybody else's too. I think R. Schiano, 6A, is nearer to discovering the secret of joy in his poem, "My Garden"

"I'm making my garden,
It is not mine,
But the world's;
And it does.



Drawn by E. Sheppard Brown.

RICH PATRON-OF-THE-ARTS TO THE ARTS: "COME ON NOW, KID, DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD. YOU KNOW I CAN'T MARRY YOU. BUT SEE WHAT I WILL GIVE YOU, ALL THIS MONEY!"

I love it with all my heart.
I hate to see anyone harm it,
It hurts my heart;
For I think of Nature
That had to work so hard
To make the plants grow."

I enjoy the simple and sincere reflectiveness of these poems. I enjoy also very much the imaginative quality of poems like this one by Mary Reilly, 5B2:

"The moon sends its bright rays
To tell the soldiers in the trenches:
Some day, war shall end.
It speaks to the miners:
Although you do not see the sun,
I shall shine for you."

Here, again, is a bit of homelier but not less engaging emotion, set down by Clara Binetti, 4A:

"O wind, you blow so hard at night,
You blow against my window.
You frighten me.
Sometimes you make me call: Mother!"

Here is an intense bit of autobiography by Michael Occhione, 6B3:

"O! how I love the moon,
It shines on everything!
It makes me feel happy when I go to work.
I set up pins in a bowling alley,
Till very late, when I get so tired.
I want to throw the pins after the men.
When I come out into the moonlight
I hate everything!"

There is not space to quote all the delightful things in this booklet, but I simply cannot leave out this admirable descriptive piece:

"What happens at the dawn of day?
Everything is silent.
The sun appears through the mist.
The cock is awake, he is not patient;
He calls to his mates:
Joy! Oh joy has come! Get up! Get up!

The heavy wagons begin to roll lazy and slow;
But more noisy as they move along.
Street cleaners begin to sweep,
Singing their foreign songs.
The sparrow's song is part of the morning's music.
There too is the fruit man,
Putting red and yellow apples together,
Thinking of the great sales before him."

(Robert Schiano, 7A1)

I enjoyed such a poor time as a child that I never thought I would wish to be young again. As with M. V. Lowerre, 8A7,—

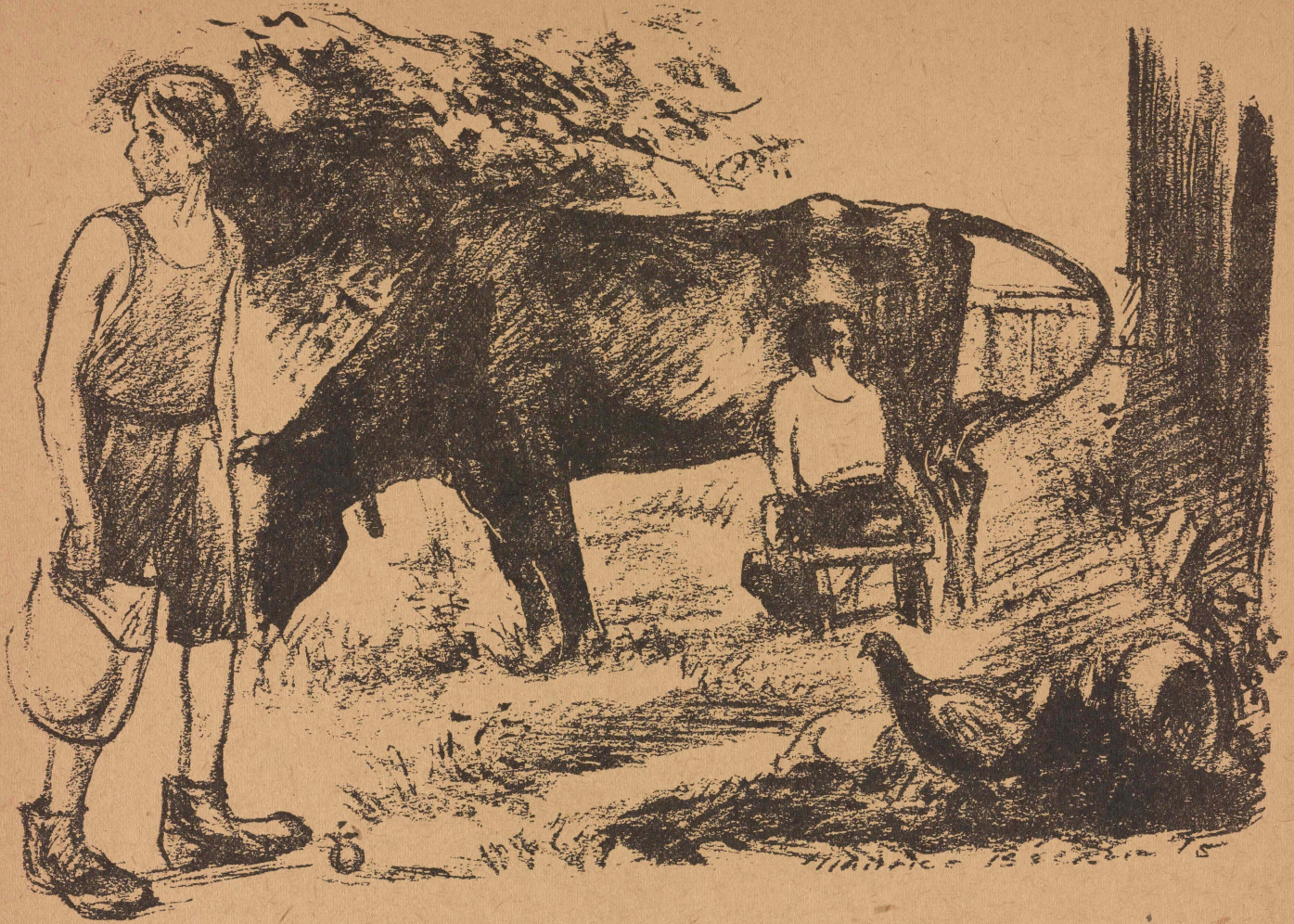
"Readin', 'Riten', and 'Rithmetic
Used to make me tired and sick."

Yet I must take it as true testimony when the same writer adds:

"But since I came to 45,
I am so very much alive"

—that nobody ever hears him complain about the three R's. So perhaps if I could go to this kind of school, I wouldn't mind starting out all over again. If I thought I could learn to draw pictures like the design on the first page by Carmen Cerelli, 8A1, I would be glad to do it. To draw a picture like that would make me very happy.

FLOYD DELL.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

CONSCRIPTS

Love on Stilts

Philosophy, An Autobiographical Fragment, by Henrie Waste. \$1.25 net. [Longmans, Green & Co.]

FROM Columbia to Freiburg with the purpose of "learning the ultimate and most profound truths of life"—this is the quest of Henrie Waste, a young American girl. Told autobiographically, this story has the charm of an intimate record of a personality at once eager, youthful and intensely egocentric.

As romance it is—denatured. "Feel as little as possible, and think as much as possible" is the self-injunction of this young Spartan setting out for her doctorate. There is so little in the thick, correct young "Candidates" and the chill seminars to distract her from this lofty purpose, that one darkly suspects Taddeo, her beautiful and dreamy hero of romance, of being not so much a reality as a wish-fulfillment. Their friendship progresses on an exalted plane as they discuss topics of burning and universal interest to young lovers—the relation of the intellect and the will in the act of judgment, for example. The youth is then exiled to America that she may press forward to her intellectual goal undisturbed save by

letters. Austerity reigns supreme until the dread examinations are over and then—presto—a flood of emotion that engulfs them completely. Was there ever anything so *bien arrangé* in real life? Perhaps. But for an American girl and a vaguely cosmopolitan youth to collaborate in the achievement of a romance more efficient than the Prussian war-office is surprising.

One page of "The Pastor's Wife" with the Countess von Arnim's candid observation of cook-stoves, manners and husbands, seems to me to contain more valid philosophy than this whole book.

But those among us who conceive Education as a going apart, as something of marble pediments and porticos, those who are fond of recalling their own academic careers through a rosy haze as something more exalted than the performances of every day—they are bound to find inspiration in just such a book. "Philosophy" has at the moment, however, significance for even the ordinary or "garden" American. For Freiburg with its studious Saxon calm is good for us to contemplate. It is a picture that we are likely to obliterate more and more as time goes on.

F. A.

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YOU come to me across the wet meadows,
All Youth in your footsteps,
All Youth and all Age in your eyes that sing low to me,
As they catch my scarf's flutter
Among the young trees;
You are Day-break,
The fragrance of locust-tree blossoms
Dropping down upon me;

And I run to meet you;
My love carries my feet to you all winged;
I cannot stay: no more can the Wind stay
Its flying skirts through the tree-tops.

I come to meet the melody of your heart's song:
In the sweet mad rush of your arms to enfold me,
Music is born, and all singing things:
The shy little cricket,
The lark up yonder against the breast of a cloud,—
They sing for the first time.

So must have felt the first young, brown pagan
And his pale, sweet mate,
When he lay at her feet as she wove mats of grasses,
And he bound the little sandal upon her white foot—
Then all their world woke to music;

And when she lifted her flower-face,
And his rough lips discovered her sweetness,
The song of his wild heart arose
And blended
With the music of gods on their hills.

My lover, you come with garlands of grasses,
And deep-purple iris to crown me;
You come with the tune of the soft-calling brook in the meadow;
And woo me—your wooing is music;

And the low-singing note of Creation
Blends with the song of your high passion,
Until the beauty and wonder of Life overwhelms me,
And I bow down and cover my face in the grasses,
And then—
Shy, white little Spirits surround me and sing to me.

MARGARET HUNT HETZEL.

Chinese Music

A WHITE wail full of loneliness,
Like the crying of the wind at night,
When the bare trees shiver at his coming.
Then, a dull throbbing
As of many frogs
Complaining in a marsh.
At last, a human voice
Harsh, discordant, impotently tragic.

RUTH FITCH.

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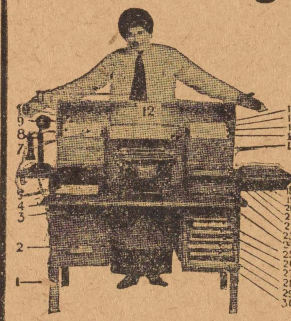
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Dryad

THE brown sand path is cool,
 It flutters across the pale feet of
 the trees
 Between ocean and bay.
 It winds among the little green leaves
 Into the sunset.
 Your feet flash down the cool, brown
 path.
 You are running from the cold sea
 Into the warm sunset where the bay
 glistens.
 Hist! The oak tree!
 It is poised in your path with wide
 arms
 Against the sunset.
 You cannot pass it,
 Green eyes,
 Green coat.
 You belong in these tree depths.
 Melt into the warm trunk, Dryad!
 When the white moon burns the dark
 leaves
 And spatters fire on the ground,
 I shall come back to caress your breast
 And kiss your pale hands in the moon-
 light.

FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN.

An East-Side Sweat-Bath

GLISTENING, sweating bodies,
 Open-mouthed gasping. The
 steam
 Caressing the skin with a warm moist
 hand.
 Stooped over, heads lower than the
 shoulders,
 Turning buckets of cold water
 Over felt-capped hats.
 The strong smell of cheap soap,
 The thrashing of laurel brooms,
 The lusty whacks of the "rubbers"
 On the bare backs,
 The cracking of bones of the spine and
 the shoulder.
 The "Hoo-ha!" of the newcomer
 Into the sweat room.
 The constant hissing of the steam,
 The dim electric bulb,
 The tiers of sodden wooden benches,
 The continual splashing and dripping of
 water,
 And then out again, bare, nude, clean
 bodies,
 Wrapped in white sheets.
 The chatting on the couches,
 The stories with the spice of sex,
 The loud laughter, the smacking of lips
 Over lunches of herring and brown
 bread,
 The sleepers snoring and groaning,
 The smell of clean bodies,
 Cheap soap and herring.

DAN WEAVER.

Quiet

THE day ends,
 And all the petty, useless things
 that have chained me to my desk
 during the long hours
 Drop from me like shackles, and I go
 in search of you;
 And across some little corner table with
 its heavy linen and gleaming silver,
 You touch my hand; and for a little
 space
 Your gentle, soft-caressing, tender voice
 Brings me the quiet that I long for.

M. R.

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Weariness

LOVE—
Let me climb up in your eyes
And nestle there,
In your soft brown eyes,
In your man-kind eyes,
Let me come and nestle there,
And sleep, deep,
Like a mother's tiny child
Inert with weariness.
Let me creep up in your eyes
And slumber there
Till the little brown birds
And the dawn
Come tippering around our house.
JOSEPHINE BELL.

Finis

A DINGY room that through a win-
dow sucks
Smoke and the reek of shambles on the
air.
One spot that gathers all the senses in,
Obliterates the rest, a corner where
A thing who was a woman, back to wall.
Run to the ground, sits snarling in her
lair.
A woman once, dealing and taking
blows,
A child in some unthinkable far dawn,
Suckled in streets that to her death
send up
Bloat laughter and this stench. As live
things spawn
She bore her litter, some alive, some
dead,
And now is impotent. Her sting is
drawn.
Fighter and hater, old, and eaten
through
By poison of her living; sodden gray,
Cornered but venomous, she holds with
eyes
Of livid, smouldering hate, in strange
delay
The great, implacable white Lord of
Death,
Baring her teeth and keeping him at bay.
RUTH TRUE.

In Petrograd

IN Petrograd
They've pulled down the Imperial
colors
And hauled up the red flag of brother-
hood.
In Washington Square, New York,
They've pulled down the Romanoff coat-
of arms
From the Russian embassy walls:
Will the red flag ever fly
In America?
EGMONT HEGEL ARENS.

Mulberry Street

A SMALL Italian child
Sits on the curbing,
Her little round, brown belly showing
Through a gap in her torn pink dress.
Her brother squatting beside her
Engrossed in an all-day sucker,
Turns sympathetically
Wipes her nose with the end of his
ragged shirt
And gives her a lick.
DOROTHY DAY.

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Editor

LOUIS C. FRAINA

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Orchids and Hollyhocks

I Am Always Trying to Find Out About Things

I AM always trying to find out about things
 And I said to the virgin,
 "It must be wonderful to be free—
 To belong to yourself,
 Unanguished by the terrible uncertain-
 ties of love,
 To be like the city in October,
 Bright and cold and well-tailored with
 no nonsense about it."

And the maiden said, "If you only knew
 How the desperate strain eats into one
 Always to be on the lookout
 On the way to work, at work, coming
 home,
 And the ironic blackness of the occa-
 sional "free" evening
 When nothing happens to keep me from
 thinking."

Then I said to the woman who had
 found her lover
 Who lived with one man happily un-
 concerned about others,
 "How content you must be—
 What a relief to have nothing to wonder
 about
 Or wait for!"

"Wonder and wait!" she said—
 "It is all I do."

Yet I can't help trying to find out about
 things.
 Especially love.

ANNE HERENDEN.

Conquest

WHITE women in the houses
 And strange men in the street.
 Muddy horses in the fields,
 Trampling down the wheat.

And so they took the village
 Whose men were all away.
 Women screamed and soldiers laughed.—
 It was a glorious day!

But over on the hill-side
 Up which the foot path led,
 There was a town they could not take—
 The village of the dead.

H. W. HOLBROOK.

The Artist

IN the twenty-first summer of my
 life
 I dug post-holes for the Telephone Com-
 pany
 So that I could go to the city in the
 winter
 And study Art—
 And I could dig more post-holes
 Than those who were post-hole diggers.
 Now I am in the city
 An artist!
 And I sometimes wonder if those
 Post-hole diggers
 That I could excel at digging post-holes
 Might not paint a better picture
 Than I, who am a painter of pic-
 tures.

Fate is not cruel
 But she has no sense of logic.

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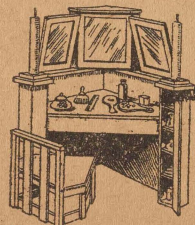
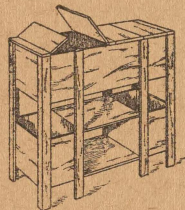
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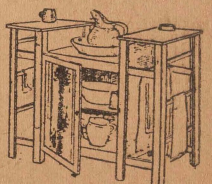
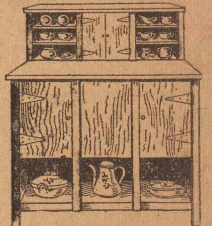
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When Spring Came Up the April Hill

Oh for the top of an April hill,
Now that the soft wet winds are blowing,
Wild as a child who will not be still,
Mad to be going—going—going!

(What a sight for spring to see, oh God!—
A crimson sea, a crimson sod,
A gaunt earth torn with festering trenches,
Deaf with the roar and sick with the stench.)

Oh for the top of an April hill,
Now that the soft white buds are spraying,
Wild as a child with a child's sweet will,
Mad to be maying—maying—maying!

(What a sight for spring to see, oh God!—
A crimson sea, a crimson sod,
The music stilled, the singers crushed,
The lilting mouths of childhood hushed.)

When spring came up the April hill,
With petal breaths and petals flying,
A million men lay white and still.
Afar a million mothers crying.
MARY WHITE SLATER

A Good Provider

HE offers you
The discreet light of shaded candles
Reflected from starched shirt-fronts;
But have I not promised you
The fellowship of the stars
As they appear but to those who sleep
at night
On a park-bench?
DUGDALE SMITH

Indecision

I'VE half a mind to ask you down the lane,
A star-whirled way where kisses may be had
In dream-touched turnings shadowed by a vine,
And safe from neighbors with their windows up—
Yes, I've half a mind to ask you down the lane,
And yet the other half
Is full of her who walked there yester-year.
CHARLES DEVINE

Intellectual Inhibition

I WISHT I wasn't a pacifist,
So I could enlist
And get a uniform and fight
And die a hero's death after taking a trench
single-handed and killing twelve Germans,
Then she'd be sorry!
I wisht I wasn't a pacifist.
M. R.

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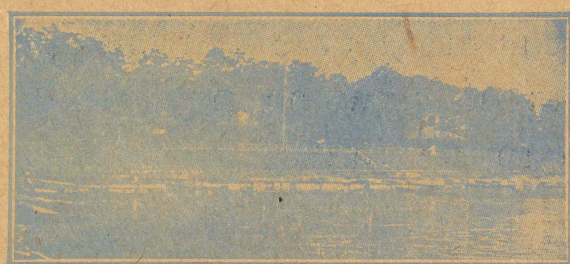
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