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JUNE, 1917

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the masses

HUGO
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To keep burning the lamp of Truth

—that is our task

The *MASSES* is throwing all its weight against militarism and nationalistic prejudice.

It is attempting to minimize the effect on public opinion of a press dominated by military expediency and patriotic emotionalism.

It is trying to think clearly and tell the truth without patriotic hatred and without patriotic sentimentality.

Ours is a difficult task.

We ask you who believe in what we are doing to help make our influence felt during these critical times.

There is at least one person you know who ought to be a *MASSES* subscriber

THE MASSES

THIS Magazine is owned and Published Co-operatively by its Editors. It has no Dividends to Pay, and nobody is trying to make Money out of it. A Revolutionary and not a Reform Magazine; a Magazine with a sense of Humor and no Respect for the Respectable; Frank; Arrogant; Impertinent; Searching for the true Causes; a Magazine Dictated against Rigidity and Dogma wherever it is found; Printing what is too Naked or too true for a Money-Making Press; a Magazine whose final Policy is to do as it Pleases and Conciliate Nobody, not even its Readers—A Free Magazine.

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"The Greatest Book Produced by the War"

WHY MEN FIGHT, By Bertrand Russell

Wherein a profound and passionately sincere thinker searches out the deep-lying causes of war in human nature itself, and sets forth them and a remedial mode of living with a clearness and simplicity that is proof against misunderstanding, and with a beauty and eloquence that are positively thrilling.

The New Republic says: "Here is a human being who has brought to the consideration of the war an intellect of extraordinary scrupulousness, an imagination penetrated with consciousness of human values, a broad and serious sense of responsibility, a complete emancipation from personal motives and a complete independence of class and party and creed. . . . To read 'Why Men Fight' with any sympathy is to be entranced by the honesty, the concentration, the intelligence, the equilibrium of its author. . . . The principles of democracy and liberty are absolutely his principles."

Published by *The Century Co., New York, and sold at all bookstores.*
4th edition. Price \$1.50.

THE IMMIGRANT AND THE COMMUNITY, By Grace Abbott

What shall we do about the immigrant? This question touches every one, native or foreign born, in America. The problem will become of vital importance to the United States at the close of the European War.

Miss Abbott is a resident in Hull House, a director of the Immigrants' Protective League, and a member of various organizations studying the problem of the immigrant as a social and economic factor in American life. She speaks, therefore, with authority founded on intimate knowledge of the facts, and with a vitalizing sympathy for these misunderstood strangers as they blunder about in a strange land.

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EDUCATION AND LIVING, By Randolph S. Bourne

The problem of American education today is to transform an institution into life. This simple statement of the tremendous subject of education, the importance of which is universally recognized, is the keynote to a series of constructive studies of methods and attitudes in our school and college systems. Mr. Bourne, the most brilliant American educational critic of the younger generation, points out the inadequacy of the "puzzle education" and the "wasted years" of grammar school. He analyzes in detail the new "Gary Schools," in which children learn to think, feel and act as a community of interested workers. A concluding chapter treats of the widely discussed Flexner experiment just begun at Teachers College in New York City.

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"HOW TO LIVE 100 YEARS"

By EUGENE CHRISTIAN, F. S. D.

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R. Kempf.

War: "Come on in, America, the Blood's Fine!"

The MASSES

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JUNE, 1917

Issue No. 72

Advertising Democracy

Max Eastman

THE greatest gain to the world from this war will be its advertising of the idea of democracy. To secure publicity for true and great ideas is the primary task of those who would liberate the world. And as a carrier of publicity at least, this war is a success.

It is not a war for democracy. It did not originate in a dispute about democracy, and it is unlikely to terminate in a democratic settlement. There is a bare possibility that a victory of the Allies will hasten the fall of the autocracies in Central Europe, but there is practical certainty that in trimming for such a victory the Allies will throw out most of the essence of their own democracy. We will Prussianize ourselves, and we will probably not democratize Prussia. That will remain, as before, the task of the libertarians within the Prussian Empire. But three-quarters of the world will say it is a war for democracy, will convince themselves that democracy is a thing worth fighting for. Some day, then, they may fight for it.

The President's Address

A document better calculated to sweep along the sentiments of the people could hardly have been penned, than Woodrow Wilson's address to Congress demanding war. It contains less unctious and more active heat than most of his eloquences. It seems profoundly confidential and sincere. It bridges the chasm between the actual occasion of war and the ideological mirage toward which the war will be fought, with so serene a confidence, that we must think the President himself is unconscious of its width.

The beginning of the speech is a *justification* of war as a defense of our own national rights. It is almost apologetic in its length and carefulness of explanation:

When I addressed the Congress on the twenty-sixth of February last I thought that it would suffice to assert our neutral rights with arms, our right to use the seas against unlawful interference, our right to keep our people safe against unlawful violence.

But armed neutrality, it now appears, is impracticable. . . .

The German government denies the right of neutrals to use arms at all within the areas of the sea which it has proscribed, even in the defense of rights which no modern publicist has ever before questioned their right to defend.

The intimation is conveyed that the armed guards which we have placed on our merchant ships will be treated as

beyond the pale of law and subject to be dealt with as pirates would be.

There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making. We will not choose the path of submission.

We have endured many violations of our rights, it seems, without being driven to war, but at last even our exaggerated patience is exhausted, and though we still *make no declaration of war*, we are compelled to recognize that *war is being made on us*, and we must defend ourselves.

Just how the President passes from this statement of fact, which he so deliberately emphasizes, to his conclusion, in which America is presented to our dramatic admiration as donning her armor of knight-errantry and going with voluntary heroism into the arena, to battle for the cause of liberty throughout the world, and for political democracy, is a problem that mental integrity demands we should look into. And looking, we find that the chief circumstance which enabled the President to accomplish this rhetorical sublimation of motive, was a historic accident—the occurrence a few days before of a revolution in Russia. One can hardly pretend that the President would not have recognized a state of war with Germany if Russia had remained under the Czar, and one can hardly believe that Providence timed that revolution in Russia with a special mind for this piece of eloquence, and so we are forced to conclude that a mere happy coincidence combined with a facile talent for idealistic emotion, enabled the President to pass so plausibly from the *defense of self-interest* which was his occasion and elaborated justification of war, to the *crusade for democracy* which is the ideological form under which it will be fought.

Democracies at War

Of course President Wilson and the patriots whom he sweeps along, are entitled to the opinion that if Germany *were* more democratic, she would not try to starve England by indiscriminate submarine warfare, and so the self-interested impulse to war would never have arisen in this country. Considering, however, the peculiar provocation of our ammunition trade with Germany's enemies, and considering the general character of human nature at war, we are warranted in regarding this proposition as not only academic but highly dubious. It will be re-

membered, by those who wish to remember it, that during the Napoleonic wars between England and France, the severe commercial neutrality of Denmark irritated England, and filled her commanders with dread of opposition from a Scandinavian alliance. So desperate was their determination to win war at any cost, that on September 2, 1807, the British fleet under Sir Arthur Wellesley bombarded the neutral port of Copenhagen, captured and took possession like a highway robber of the entire Danish fleet. I quote this comment upon that incident from Brodick and Fotheringham's Political History of England:

"The seizure of the Danish navy in time of so-called peace, roused great indignation throughout most of Europe and in some degree strained the conscience of the British parliament itself. . . . It was defended, however, by the Marquis of Wellesley, as well as by Canning and other ministers, on the simple ground of military necessity. . . . Napoleon himself never ceased to denounce it as an international outrage of the highest enormity."

So much for democracies, the "conscience of parliaments," when nations are put to it in a war. Reports have it that the German people are almost united in supporting the submarine war; I find democratic Germans even here in New York who support it; I see no reason to believe that a revolutionary government in Germany would suspend it so long as war lasted. And war would last as long as the Allies clung to their present declared war-aims, whether Germany were imperial or republican. It would last until her fighting power was crushed. Therefore I believe it is pertinent to ask the President these questions:

(1) Would you make peace with a popular provisional government in Germany, regardless of its attitude upon submarine war and our munition-trade with the Allies? If the war is about democracy, you would.

(2) Would you revoke, at least in the present instance, the suggestion contained in your inaugural address of last March that it should be the duty of each nation to see to it that "all influences proceeding from its citizens meant to encourage or assist revolution in other states should be sternly and effectually suppressed and prevented?" Would you give your public sanction to a Society of Friends of German Freedom, whose avowed object would be to promote revolution in that country, and spread in all the allied countries the news and understanding that such a revolution *really is* the object of the war? If the war is about democracy, you would.

(4) Will you state your terms of peace with Germany, making a settlement with the Reichstag and not with the Imperial Government the essential and only indispensable item in those terms?

In asking these questions, we are only asking whether the President means the end, or means the beginning of his speech. We are asking whether the war is about democracy, or about our national rights. We are demanding that if our country commits itself, as apparently it will, to the full purposes of the war on Germany, it take the ideal and only acceptable part of those purposes down out of the general air and locate it where it can be perceived and handled by a realistic intelligence.

I call for some *proof* that this is a war for democracy.

Evidence to the Contrary

A man who was willing to lead a hundred million people into a planetary conflagration for the cause of human liberty, would hardly demand in his very battle call that these people be tyrannically forced into that conflagration. If you can not raise in our population a volunteer army of one million men for this war, then the American democracy does not want this war; and to call it a democratic war, or a war for democracy, while you whip them to it, is an insult in their faces. My emotion when I read among all those fine words of freedom that little phrase *universal liability to service*, was as though someone had cried, "Come, boys, get on your chains, we're going to fight for liberty!"

And when a few mornings later I read this news-item in the *New York Sun*, describing so vividly the heroism and peculiar pecuniary bravery of this war for liberty, as outlined by the war department at that date, I felt as though, however irritating it might be to the kings in Europe, a democratic crusade might prove of considerable cash value to the kings at home:

"WASHINGTON, April 9.—The correspondent of *The Evening Sun* is in position to state on high official authority that the war policy of the United States, for the first twelve months at least, will be to concentrate the principal efforts of the nation toward the task of supplying the Entente Powers with funds, food and fighting equipment.

"Immediately, it may be assumed, the navy will co-operate with the navies of the Entente Powers to the extent of taking over the patrol work *on this side of the Atlantic* and doing its bit toward combating the submarine peril *along the mid-Atlantic lanes* of commerce. But with the problem of the exact method of combating submarines still to be solved and with the German fleet locked up in Kiel Harbor there is not much prospect of spectacular naval engagements in the near future.

"The proposal of the Administration to extend an immediate credit loan to the Allies of \$3,000,000,000 will have the effect, if passed, of *stimulating the munitions manufactures* of this country to an unprecedented activity. As the principal need of the Allies, besides food, is war munitions and as it is the proposal of the Administration to *make the loan contingent upon its expenditure in this country* the result, officials point out, will be to make the United States a huge workshop turning out war supplies."

It is ungracious to harp upon these things just at a time when the nation is united in a ceremonial emotion of self-esteem. There is something so strident about this kind of bad manners that they seem almost treasonable, and men have already been sent to jail since April 6th upon the theory that it is treason to tell an unpleasant truth about one's country. But we believe that our purpose in pointing to these things is too serious and too closely related to the historic ideals of our country to be so regarded. We wish to persuade those who love liberty and democracy enough to give their energy or their money or their lives for it, to withhold the gift from this war, and save it to use in the sad renewal of the real struggle for liberty that will come after it. We want them to resist the war-fever and the patriotic delirium, the sentimental vanity, the sentimental hatred, the solemn hypocrisies of idealists, resist the ceremonious installations of petty tyranny in every department of our lives, resist conscription if they have the courage, and at whatever cost to their social complaisance *save themselves* for a struggle of human liberty against oppression that will *be* what it says it is.

Meanwhile they can take courage from the fact that a war



Boardman Robinson.

Boardman Robinson

All ready to fight for Liberty

engendered fundamentally by commercial self-interest and the organic passions of nationalism, *has to justify itself* in our day by an appeal to the ideals of freedom and democracy—as though those ideals were indeed royal. And they can watch with a very real if somewhat ironic satisfaction the great military advertising campaign of democracy. Russia *did* have her revolution, and the idea of a mighty war between democracy and autocracy has become plausible, has become in very literal fact “the talk

of the world,” and that is a portentous fact. Even in the Central Empires the tendency of the elect is to boast of the degree that they are democratic, rather than to defend their autocracy. A year more of such war, or the rumor of such a war, and we shall see the word *democratic* established in all languages and even in remote dialects of the earth with a savor like the word *excellent* itself. Few things that might happen would so secure and promote the progress of human freedom.

Cracking Under the Strain

THE question of going to war with Germany having become an academic one, this column has hauled down its white flag—thus establishing a new record for pacifism.

HOWEVER, its modest idea of what to do with the universe is to call a peace conference of the Allies, the neutrals, the United States and all the best people and establish some decent terms for the safeguarding of all human rights including the Scandinavian.

LIBERAL and hungry Germany, having lost its last white chip in the submarine campaign, would probably force the old gang to accept these terms, and a kind word or two would do for Austria. Young Russia has apparently not inherited the old man's appetite for other people's territory, so another obstacle has been removed.

THIS sort of thing will have to be done in a year or so anyhow. As the typewriter ad says—or is it soap?—“eventually, why not now?”

AND then there is always the hope that Germany may kick the Hohenzollerns out into that aching void to join N. Romanoff and little Willie and his measles.

MEANWHILE the back to the soil movement gives one a thrilling idea that this country is about to raise something besides flags and taxes.

THE solid ivory east has cracked under the strain. Rhode Island has lost all sense of proportion and run amuck and decided that women are people in presidential years.

THEY used to talk about Roosevelt luck, but Woodrow Wilson is hung full of horseshoes. He had to write a war message for the new Congress—and gosh! how he dreaded it. Then Russia turned a somersault and he had something to write about.

AT this writing T. R. is fighting gallantly on both sides of the conscription vs. volunteer question and inflicting heavy losses upon himself.

MAYOR MITCHELL of New York has ordered cafés closed at 1 a. m. Now a lot of waiters and singers and volunteer drinkers can devote the rest of the evening to the service of their country.

THERE is a great deal of inspiring talk about enlisting boys for farm labor, but first we shall have to repeal this fundamental law: You can lead a boy to the country but you cannot make him work.

THE Kaiser says that democratic electoral reforms have long been close to his heart. They ought to have tried an operation.

AFTER four years of uncertainty the Supreme Court has split fifty-fifty upon whether the Oregon minimum wage law is in accordance with those immutable principles—and the law scrapes through on a technicality. In accordance with our best traditions Justice Brandeis, who knows more about the case than any other person living, was not allowed to express an opinion.

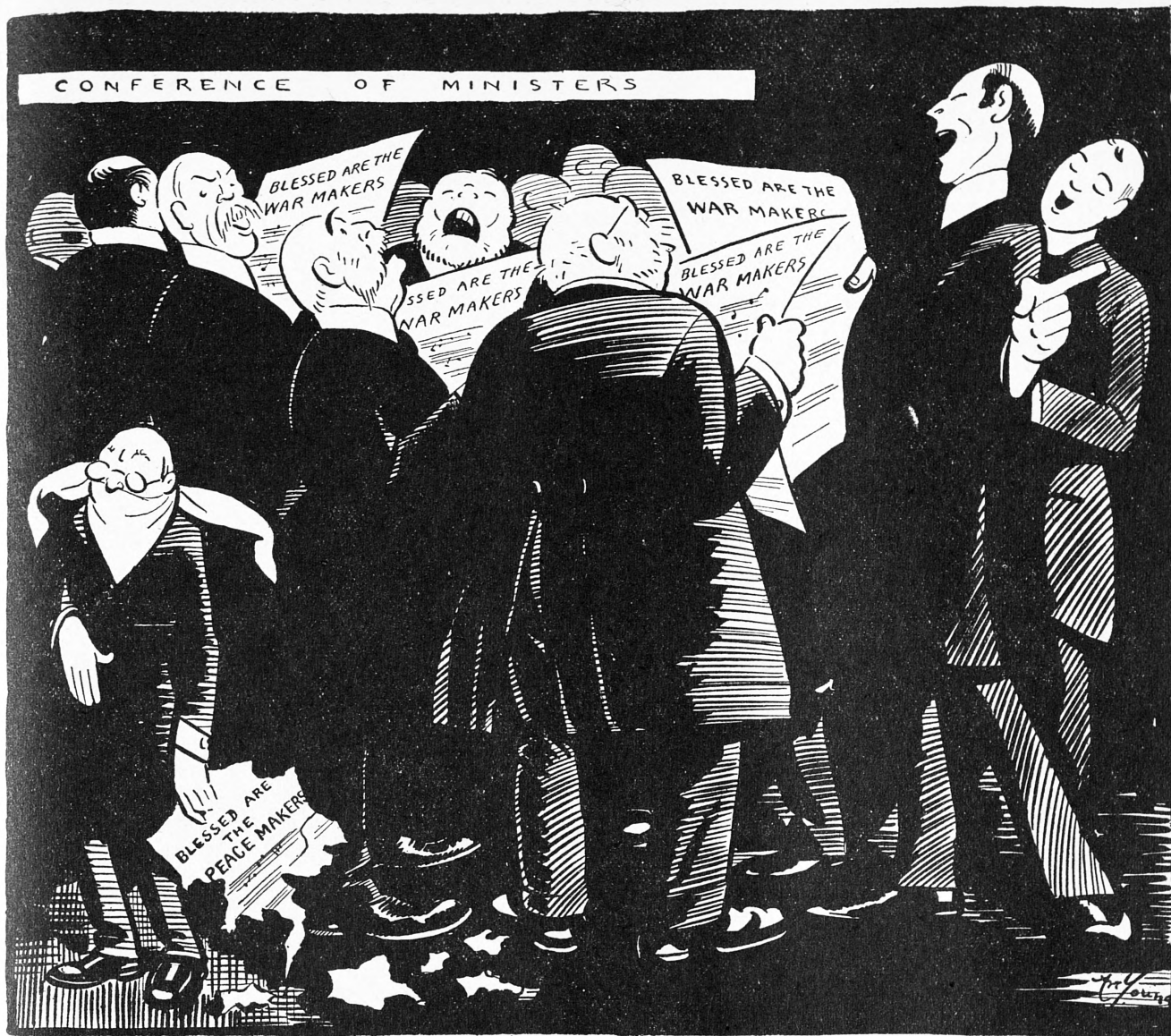
HINDENBURG's masterly and strategic retreat seems to have overlooked the fact that if you give an Englishman an inch he will take an ell.

“I DO not believe in the universal fatherhood and brotherhood of man. It is an infernal lie.” Billy Sunday goes back quite a distance for his theology, but nothing like 1,900 years.

THE Ship of State is at last getting up speed.

UNDER forced draft.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



Arthur Young.

He Was Singing the Wrong Tune

Minister Says 'God First' and and Is Howled Down

An attempt by the Rev. E. F. Weise, of Bridgeport, Conn., to inject a pacifistic note into the New York East Conference of the Methodist church yesterday threw his audience into an uproar.

Five hundred ministers at the session in St. Mark's church, Ocean avenue and Beverley road, Brooklyn, howled him down after he had delivered the first few

sentences of his speech. Mr. Weise said:

"I don't want to lose my soul. If I have to choose between my country and my God, I have made up my mind to choose God. I am an American, but a Christian first."

"Sit down!" "Shame on you!" "Traitor!" were hurled from every part of the hall. Bishop Luther S. Wilson, presiding, said he condemned Weise's remarks, but must let him proceed. Continued protest, however, caused the Bridgeport clergyman to sit down.

—News Item.

HEAVENLY DISCOURSE

Charles Erskine Scott Wood

AT the outer earthly gate of heaven. Beyond the gate, far as the eye can reach, an infinite sea of souls, clamoring to enter. Inside the gate St. Peter stands, surrounded by angels, gesticulating excitedly.

ST. PETER: There is no use talking! Not one shall enter! Not one! God has issued his new decree, "THE STUPID SHALL NOT ENTER THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

GABRIEL: Do you mean to call all these millions and millions of souls stupid? English, German, French, Russian, Italian, Bulgarian, Serbian, Austrian, Hungarian—all?

ST. PETER: Yes, all! Stupid in life; more stupid in death!

LUTHER: Gott im Himmel! Not the Germans! They died for Kaiser and Fatherland!

ST. PETER: Get thee behind me, bigot! Rebel against churchly tyranny yourself, yet preaching hell for rebels against king and lordling! Pronouncing blessed any hand which should stab or poison the poor rebel peasants, hunger-stung to revolt against their lords! Heaven is now only for rebels! Out of my sight! Were you not already here, you yourself could not come in! (*Luther slinks away.*) From now on, no soul shall enter Heaven who has oppressed the poor, or stolen their inheritance! None who has stupidly submitted!

VOLTAIRE: Parbleu! How crowded Hell will be!

ST. PETER: Hell is abolished.

VOLTAIRE: Ah, yes, technically. Perhaps I should say how roomy Heaven will be!

ST. PETER: Yes, to keep the keys of the Earthly Gate will be a sinecure.

VOLTAIRE: You will be a model concierge—always asleep! But where will these souls go? The poor devils must go somewhere!

ST. PETER: Back to earth. They will be born again.

VOLTAIRE: Poor devils!

GABRIEL: The Russian section is raising an awful row. They say they were promised heaven if they died in battle.

ST. PETER: Heaven through hell, eh? Who promised?

GABRIEL: The Czar; the Metropolitan; the nobles; the priests.

ST. PETER (*interrupting*): All those riding their backs, eh? Well, tell them for this stupidity alone they must go to hell—I mean to earth.

(*Gabriel goes upon the battlement, sounds a parley, and announces Peter's message.*)

VOLTAIRE: Heaven, what a howling those poor Russians make. Like their own wolves. I am sorry for my dear good friends, the priests and the aristocrats, the Church and the Masters, when these souls get back into stout bodies with heads on them. I am so sorry. Dear, dear, I wonder when it will happen. (*Chuckles slyly.*)

LOYOLA: The Italians say the same thing. They were promised.

ST. PETER (*interrupting*): O, pish! Didn't you hear me say—

SAVONAROLA: I shall intercede at the Throne of Infinite Pity.

ST. PETER: Useless! It is now the Throne of Pitiless Pity. Moreover, Bruno is the new head of the Italian Section. Where is Bruno?

BRUNO: Here I am!

ST. PETER: You are head of the Italian angels. Heaven is now to be a place for thinkers.

VOLTAIRE: Even real estate will surely fall.

BRUNO: Ah. But if we think, what will become of Heaven itself?

ST. PETER: I can't help it! Those are the orders!

BRUNO: Ah, yes. I see. Thought can make a larger Heaven.

VOLTAIRE: It will surely be large enough! One will journey far to gossip with a neighbor. Like a night moth on a star, feeling into infinite space with its antennae.

ST. PETER: Gabriel, what is that roaring? It is unendurable.

GABRIEL: It is the English souls. They say if you don't let them in they are going to storm the walls. That they died fighting for Old England and many sang "God Save the King" with their last breath.

ST. PETER: Isn't that like the stupid English! They think that by force they can break into anything.

SHAKSPERE: And close the wall up with our English dead.

BEN JONSON: What rot?

JACK CADE: I was nearer right than any of you. Fight for "Old England"? You mean "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street." That's what they died for. That's what they die for every day.

SHAKSPERE: Lay the summer's dust with showers of blood raised from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen.

BEN JONSON: But yet the pity of it, Will! O, Will, the pity of it!

JACK CADE: And all for the Masters. "God save the King"—I say, God damn the King, and the Masters.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK: St. Peter, Jack Cade swore! He said "God damn."

ST. PETER: It was a prayer. Your fig-leaf is torn.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK: Excuse me.

ST. PETER: Why don't you give up that disgusting leaf habit? It is so conspicuous.

VOLTAIRE: Don't rob him of his only pleasure. He is the one impure thing in Heaven.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK: Infidel!

VOLTAIRE: Thanks for the compliment. Go find a thistle. (*Anthony goes out, holding his hands on his fig-leaf.*) Why did you let him back?

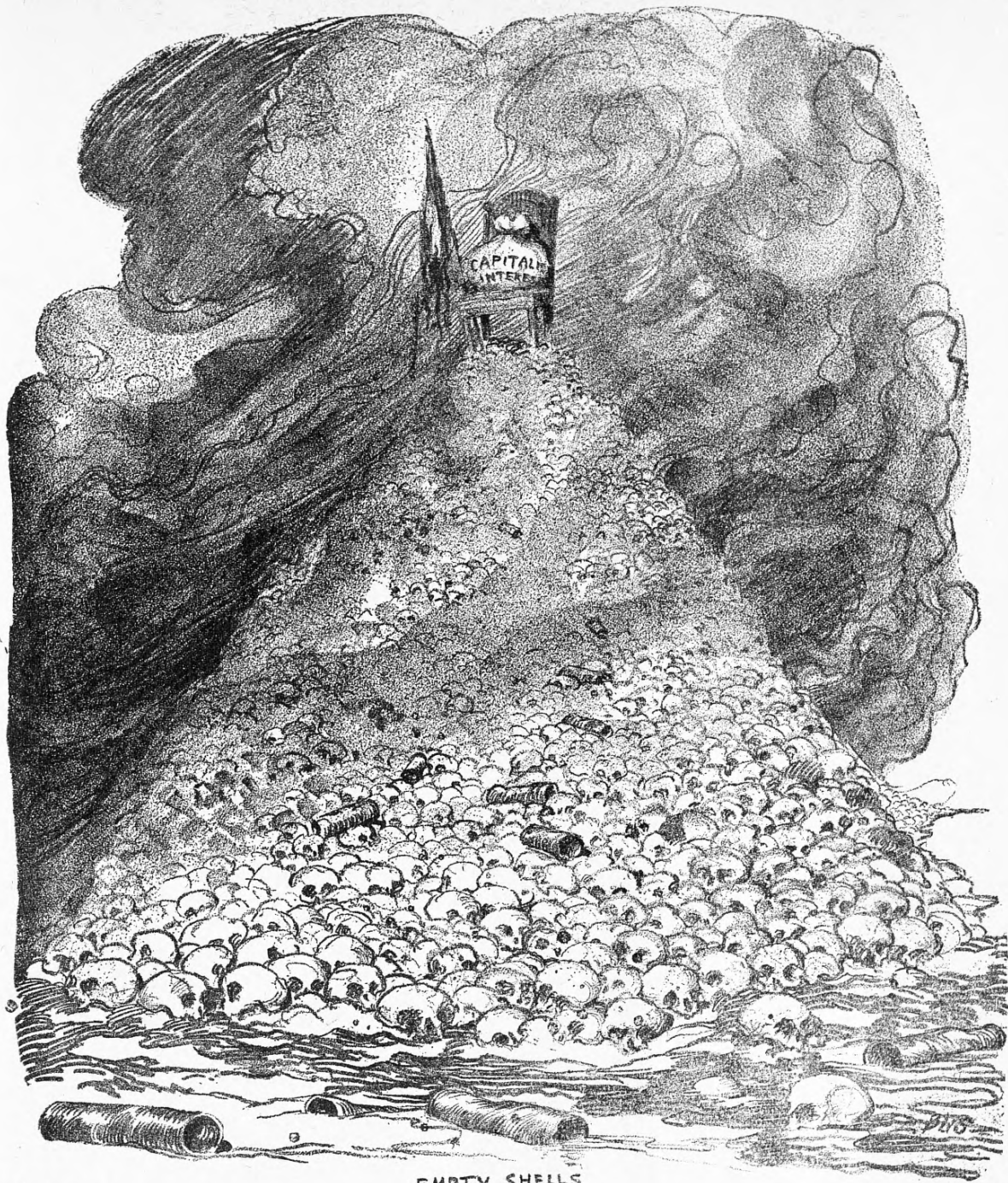
ST. PETER: To try and purify him. He is only on approval.

VOLTAIRE: What is he doing?

ST. PETER: Growing fig-trees over in the irrigated, semi-arid district.

VOLTAIRE: Isn't he ashamed of the naked rocks?

ST. PETER: A little quiet, please. I cannot hear you all at once. What is it now, Gabriel?



F. A. Busing.

EMPTY SHELLS

GABRIEL: The Frenchmen. They say there must be some mistake. Can one of their number come in as an envoy?

ST. PETER: O, very well, but only as an envoy. And it must not be a precedent. Bring one in.

(Gabriel goes out.)

VOLTAIRE: You will never get him out again.

(Gabriel comes in with a French soul.)

FRENCH SOUL: This, then, is God. *(Kneels to St. Peter.)*

ST. PETER: Do not kneel. Here all are equal. I am not God, but St. Peter.

FRENCH SOUL: Ah! The greatest of the saints. I have heard of you, Monseigneur. I thought from your look you were God. You are the great St. Peter.

ST. PETER: Yes. What do you wish?

FRENCH SOUL: Ah, yes. I fear there is a misunderstanding somewhere; here or on earth.

ST. PETER: Very probably; but not here.

FRENCH SOUL: No? But by the infinite goodness and beauty of your countenance, I know we may expect justice.

VOLTAIRE (*aside*): Delightful.

FRENCH SOULS: Outside there are some millions of us who died at Ypres, the Marne, the Somme, the Aisne, Verdun and a thousand little obscure holes and ditches for La Belle France.

ST. PETER: Be more definite. What is La Belle France?

FRENCH SOUL: Oh, just La Belle France. You understand. (*Shrugs his shoulders.*)

(*Alexandre Dumas père comes up.*)

DUMAS (*to Voltaire, aside*): Hola, Jean Marie!

VOLTAIRE: Hola, Alexandre!

ST. PETER: You mean the soil of France? Her valleys, mountains, rivers; her vineyards, olive-groves, fields, silk-mills, gun-factories, cities, banks, railroads, ships, forests and mines?

FRENCH SOUL: Ah, such intelligence! Exactly.

ST. PETER: And how much of this was yours—yours and the millions who died?

FRENCH SOUL: How much?

ST. PETER: Yes, how much?—Yours and the millions who died? How much of Fatherland was the share of the German millions who died? What is your quarrel? What do you get out of this, you millions who die? What are you fighting about?

VOLTAIRE (*to Dumas*): Delightful, Alexandre!

DUMAS: Clever Jew!

FRENCH SOUL: But I do not understand. La Belle France is where we lived.

ST. PETER: Yes? And you lived where?

FRENCH SOUL: In Paris.

VOLTAIRE: Happy man.

ST. PETER: And how much of Paris was yours?

FRENCH SOUL: The streets.

DUMAS: Enough. Ah, the streets of Paris!

ST. PETER: The streets?

FRENCH SOUL: Yes. And that is the point. I was an illegitimate waif, spewed out of the slums upon the streets of Paris. They were my inheritance. I became a gamin; a thief.

ST. PETER: What did you steal? Railways; domains; banks; mines?

FRENCH SOUL: I do not understand. One cannot steal those.

ST. PETER (*aside*): Too stupid for the new Heaven.

FRENCH SOUL: I snatched ladies' purses, picked pockets.

ST. PETER: Ah, you were a criminal thief.

FRENCH SOUL: I lured strangers, and so progressed, till by my industry and the help of a clever girl I had my own gambling-establishment, my *objets de vertu*, my wine-cellar; my mistresses.

VOLTAIRE (*aside*): Why be killed?

FRENCH SOUL: But always I was promised hell by the Abbés and good people who frequented my place.

VOLTAIRE: Naturally. Hell for him; Heaven for them. We are always good to ourselves.

FRENCH SOUL: I had illegitimate children by several mothers.

DUMAS (*aside*): Naturally.

VOLTAIRE: Happy man.

FRENCH SOUL: Then all was changed. Those pigs, the German people—

ST. PETER: Who?

FRENCH SOUL: The Huns. The German people—

ST. PETER: Who?

FRENCH SOUL: The German—

ST. PETER: Rulers?

FRENCH SOUL: Yes—made war on the French people.

ST. PETER: On whom?

FRENCH SOUL: On the French—

ST. PETER: Masters?

FRENCH SOUL: I don't know. They said it was against all of us; and then we were promised if we fought for France all the illegitimate would be forgiven. That meant much to me. And we might get as many more as we could. In fact, it would be our patriotic duty.

DUMAS: That meant much also. (*Sings.*)

"Malbrouck s'va-t-en guerre.

Mirotone!—Mirotone—Mirotone!"

FRENCH SOUL: That all our sins would be forgiven and the blackest cut-throat or gambler of us all would go to Heaven before an abbé.

VOLTAIRE: Very probable.

ST. PETER: Who promised this?

FRENCH SOUL: Everybody, Monseigneur. The Church; the State; the President; the Press, even *Le Rire*.

VOLTAIRE: It was its joke. Mon dieu, could he not see the humor of it?

FRENCH SOUL: The Clergy, Catholic and non-Catholic. The poets.

ST. PETER: Did the poets promise that?

FRENCH SOUL: Oh, more. Promised eternal fame.

VOLTAIRE: What imagination!

FRENCH SOUL: The women kissed us and told us to die bravely.

ST. PETER: For what?

DUMAS: So that others might kiss in turn. Clever girls!

FRENCH SOUL: For La Patrie.

ST. PETER: And that is what?

FRENCH SOUL: O, Monseigneur!

ST. PETER: Yes, I must get your idea. I must know just why you wanted the Germans to kill you.

FRENCH SOUL: But, Monseigneur, we did not want the Germans to kill us. We hoped to kill them.

ST. PETER: It is the same thing. To kill them, some of you must be killed. You cannot come in here if you have died stupidly, and everything you have said thus far is very stupid.

VOLTAIRE: It is. Really it is. Alexandre, do you not long for a game of *ecarte*?

DUMAS: But yes. Presently. Wait a moment. I have an idea.

ST. PETER: You and your fellows have died very stupidly. You have been deceived.

FRENCH SOUL: Is it all a lie?

ST. PETER: Yes, all a lie.

FRENCH SOUL: La Patrie, l'honneur, eternal fame, Heaven? All of it?

ST. PETER: Yes, my poor Soul. You are a victim. You must go now. But you shall have another chance. You shall be born again and return to Paris.



Beardman Robinson.

Billy Sunday (Recruiting Officer): "I got him! He's plumb dippy over going to war!"

FRENCH SOUL: Return to Paris?

DUMAS: Excuse me. Allow me, good Peter. My good soul, I am your compatriot, Alexandre Dumas *pere*. I have been here now some little time. I am generous. I will take your place! You shall remain.

ST. PETER: You will surrender Heaven to return to Paris?

DUMAS: Yes. I will sacrifice myself.

VOLTAIRE: Rascal!

ST. PETER (to the French Soul): You may remain. (To

Dumas.) When next you die, see that it be not stupidly!

DUMAS: Trust me. I shall know for what I die, for whom I die, and why I die. Ah, my dear Peter! If you knew how this parting wrings my heart! In our comparatively brief acquaintance I have become so attached to you, though we have had our little differences. Forgive my emotion!

VOLTAIRE: I will take your place, Alexandre! You shall not make this sacrifice!

DUMAS: No! No, kind friend! Au revoir! Dear Peter, au revoir! (*Dumas goes out hastily.*)

VOLTAIRE: Paris. Hélas! Lucky fellow. Heaven, what an uproar!

ST. PETER: Gabriel, go tell them it is useless. They must go away and try to die more intelligently next time.

(*Gabriel sounds a parley from the battlements and makes the proclamation. There is a bedlam of shrieks and exclamations.*)

GABRIEL: They won't go. They say, "Where shall we go? We'd rather go to hell than back to earth while this war is on."

ST. PETER: Hell is abolished.

VOLTAIRE (*aside*): Old style.

ST. PETER: They must go. It is the decree.

GABRIEL: The Poles say they were promised nothing; just

slaughtered; first by Russians; then by Germans and Austrians. Then again by Russians. Their country harried; their crops destroyed; their cattle taken and hundreds of thousands of babies starved to death. There is not a child under seven in the land. The race risks extinction. England will not let relief come in. Germany will not permit aid.

SHAKSPERE: And these be Christians.

GABRIEL: They are caught between the upper and the nether millstones, helpless between two great armies.

ST. PETER: Let them come in. Place guards. Let none but Poles enter. The others positively must die again.

(*The great gates swing open and like the bursting of a reservoir the flood of Polish souls pour in, among them countless children.*)

The Cleansing

Norman Conway

I

IN the late afternoon he took a bus down High Holborn to Charing Cross. It was the end of his first week in London. For six days he had moved among people—officials of the government, newspaper men, military officers—who were lifted wholly out of their ordinary selves by the imminence of great destinies. He had known nothing like it at home. There the people he knew moved about from breakfast to dinner, and from dinner to bed time in satisfied converse with the commonplace—buying and selling, playing bridge, making calls, yawning at the theatre. Exalted enthusiasm, rapt devotion, the glory of self abandonment—the nearest approach to these, he thought scornfully, was the feverish absorption of his business friends in the making of money.

Down in the street a regiment of soldiers just off to the front went marching by, a fife and drum corps at its head. The fifes tootled the shrill notes that set the blood tingling, the drums beat their stirring staccato. The faces of the crowd lit up with sudden affection; and cheers and clapping and good-byes greeted the marching boys. A man reached out impulsively and shook the hands of some of the soldiers, running along with them for a space; a girl, all unconscious of herself, threw flowers and smiled her pride.

Up on the bus a lump was in the throat of the man, a shiver of ecstasy in his blood.

"This is the real thing," he said.

And that evening he wrote it all home. "England is being regenerated," he wrote. "War is renewing her better life. For six days I have seen it everywhere—the devotion, the forgetfulness of self, the rapt enthusiasm, the tireless energy, the unswerving faith, the uplifted soul of the nation! War is evil, but evil in disguise. War is the blessing that each nation must crave if it is to find itself anew."

II

"God damn their souls to 'ell," a man was shouting down in the street. He was too far away for the man in the bus to hear him. The man in the street was scanning the headlines of a penny paper.

"Wait'll we get 'em," he continued savagely; "just wait'll we get 'em good an' 'ard! The damned liars! If I was a dirty 'Un I'd pray God to kill me an' turn me into a nigger."

"And a good job he'd be makin' of it," another rejoined. "Dirty 'Un, that's the bloomin' woid—dirty 'Un!"

A voice was uttering fierce gutturals. It was across a wide stretch of waters, so that the man on the bus could not possibly hear.

"We hate—we hate—we hate! To the end of days we shall hate! Till all that is theirs is ours—till the last of their creatures is wiped out! We hate—we hate—we Hate!"

And then a minister prayed:

"God blast England!"

A busy editor sat at his desk running his eye over pages of copy. Suddenly he slashed savagely with his blue pencil.

"Here," he said to the reporter standing by, "What'd you put that in for?"

"Because it's the truth—it happened," the reporter answered.

The editor looked up with an incredulous smile.

"Truth," he said. "Why it's a war we're fighting, my boy—and you can't fight a war with truth."

And in another office a censor clipped and blue penciled—clipped and blue penciled—because a war must be fought with lies.

Out on a road a girl lay huddled weeping convulsively. A half dozen soldiers had caught her. Husbands they were, at

home, brothers and lovers—quiet men, and kindly. They were soldiers now.

They proved it to her.

And then they went away laughing.

For war must be fought with lusts as well as lies.

A score of men poured out of a beautiful old house. There were quiet lawns about it; grave, sheltering trees and nodding flowers. At the windows, one expected the sudden faces of little children and tender women. A score of men clattered out of the doorway, their pockets bulging, their hands full of treasure. They were laughing and jostling. It was a great joke—a wonderful, side-splitting joke.

Then a word of command was given; and one of their number applied a torch to the old house that harbored love and children and laughter.

And they ran away guffawing, looking at their treasures.

In his study, a writer wrote in bitterness of soul. He had felt the sorrow of it, the unspeakable human tragedy. They were his friends over there—his friends across the waters. He had learned of them; he had loved converse with them; their books were on his shelves; their words were in his heart.

And now he was writing to his countrymen—as he had written in the terrible weeks before—begging them to remember something of the good, begging them to be honest with their own past sins.

Down in the street there was a distant murmur. It grew louder and louder—a confusion of hoarse voices, with now and then a hoarser voice above the rest. It stopped in front of the man's house. There was a crash; and a stone came flying through the window; another and another. And with the stones fierce imprecations were hurled. "To hell with the traitor!" "Let 'im show 'is coward face!" "Hang him!" "String him up!" "Cut out his white liver!"

A brick came hurling through and shattered the lamp. The man waited, with set lips, tense with agony.

Then, cursing and threatening, they poured on down the street again—the patriots!

III

So he wrote it all out that evening.

"Tell them at home," he wrote. "Tell my America, my all too peaceful America, that I have seen the cleansing of a great people. I have seen a people's soul made new. I have seen God at his labors!"

PRIDE --- By Jeanette D. Pearl

SHE was young, pretty, not rouged, with clothes louder than her manner. The quick eye of the man she spoke to noted her hesitancy and forced boldness. The contradiction aroused his curiosity. He sensed something unusual, a riddle that he might unravel.

He invited her into a café, crowded with merry drinkers. The air was heavy with the smoke of cigars, cigarettes, the scent of perfume and natural flowers, through which vibrated languorous music and feminine laughter.

The surrounding gaiety dispelling restraint, they chatted on familiarly as they drank.

"Say," he asked, refilling her glass, "not long at the game, are you?"

"No," she replied frankly, with a shade of shyness that heightened her coloring. Her refinement, which was not obvious at first sight, had gradually asserted itself as if stepping out of her gaudy attire.

"Now tell us all about it," he urged with a familiar intimacy.

She clasped her hands on the table before her; her fingers, long and white, making a pretty rosette.

"My home is in Albany," she began hesitatingly, lowering her head slightly. Slowly raising it again, she continued: "I ran away a year ago to get married. Father objected. Said Roy was no good. We tried and tried to get papa reconciled. He turned us down and refused absolutely to have anything to do with us. Roy didn't earn much. He became discouraged and shortly after left me." She spoke so simply,

so earnestly, her listener felt it must be genuine.

"Your parents are well-to-do?" he asked.

"Yes," she nodded.

"Did you notify them when your husband deserted you?"

"Oh, no! I tried to get work. But it was hard. I had never done anything before. I know my music," she added by way of proof that she was not altogether incompetent. "And I did get a job for a day in a moving-picture house. But my playing didn't take. It wasn't loud enough. Then I drifted on from one thing to another. I had no luck. So I took to this. . . ." She was fingering the stem of her wine glass in the attitude of one reconciled.

"Why didn't you ask your people to take you back?" His question was loaded with insinuation, reproach, doubt.

She drew back indignant. Her quiet manner was gone. The blood rushed to her face. "Don't you think I have some pride?"

Could the girl be acting? It was inconceivable. "If your people should be willing—now—to take you back, would you go?"

"If they come for me," she answered decisively.

Sighing For the Good Old Days

A HOSPITAL is being erected at Durham, N. C., as a "Memorial to the Spirit of Service of the Ante-Bellum Negro."



✦ Cornelia Barns.

Spring

THE CHECKED TROUSERS—By Phyllis Wyatt

THE shop windows fronted busy Lansing avenue. In each a green baize curtain, shirred on a rod, and an artificial foliage plant, a pyramid of red and yellow patterned leaves, was the only decoration. Across the panes ran golden legends, "S. Joblanska. Ladies' Tailor. S. Joblanska. Ladies' Tailor."

Inside the waiting room several customers were usually waiting. They sat on cane chairs and turned the pages of *Bon Ton* or *L'Art de La Mode*, glancing at groups of ladies in plaited, buttoned, strapped, gored, slitted, banded, braided and notched costumes. These groups were all gathered on the steps of pillared porticoes or standing at marble fountains watching children whose unimportant garments were merely washed in with the hastiest coloring.

Off the waiting room were two booths hung, like the front windows, with green baize. In fact the window draperies were merely pieces saved from the fitting closet curtains by the thrifty hand of Mrs. S. Joblanska. In the fitting closet she stood most of the day with a helper, a gifted human cushion who was able by a slight chewing movement of her thin jaws to emit on demand countless pins. Here also stood whatever fortunate person had progressed to this chamber; women with folds of serge from nearby bolts flung over their shoulders or with patterns pinned about their hips, women who revolved or stood with outstretched arms or remained motionless, while a little demoniacal chalk-marking machine ran in a circle round their unhemmed skirts.

Behind this region lay the cutting and sewing department—long, dark, tarnlike, a *melée* of twenty workers.

In both sewing room and parlors Stanislaus Joblanska had reigned for ten whole years, his coat off, a tape measure over his shoulders, black silesia half sleeves to his elbows, his eyes glittering, his lips compressed, his whole being lost in the niceties, the exigencies, the ambitions of his trade. For ten years he had planned and measured, cut and folded, pinned and smoothed and labored; and now his day was over. He was gone. And alone Mrs. Joblanska, anxious-faced, torn from her stove and her children, managed the business.

"Oh, it all came so sudden," she burst out, one autumn morning, to a sympathetic customer. "It ain't three weeks ago, is it, he fitted your suit an' found the serge drew over the bust like, an' he says to me, he says, 'This'll never do. Can't let no coat go out of Stanislaus Joblanska's store all screwed up like it was a monkey's coat dancing to a street organ'—kind of joking he was; always comical. An' you was to come back after your trip, for the last fitting. That ain't three weeks ago."

Miss Greely turned to right and left while Mrs. Joblanska ran an experienced hand over the aforesaid offending gathers and patted them down into the underarm seam. Her kind face above the sleeveless jacket looked gently at the tailoress's stricken one. She was a young woman, so long the prop of a large and demanding family that no human experience could be lost on her. She too was a bread winner, for her salary as teacher in a fashionable school helped support her elegant mother in

her perfect cap, her ineffectual, distinguished widowed sister and her ravishing four-year-old niece. It was a very different task in its pattern and circumstance from Mrs. Joblanska's struggle to take care of her cumbering children and her old father. But as Mary Greely looked at the Polish woman's prehensile, quick, nervous fingers working on her dress, the texture of their lives, their responsibilities and fears and hopes, seemed suddenly the same.

"He al'wus work hard," went on the tailoress, "an' never take no time to make to himself some pleasure. He was al'wus thin, an' had little veins in his forehead, an' he was al'wus kind of stooped over into hisself. He was al'wus so. It never meant nothing. But now, so sudden, all to onct, in the fall rush, he took sick. Oh, it was awful. He took terrible sick an' doctor he say, if he don't go right off to Coloraydo, he die on me. He say he mus' go right quick, no time to lose, else he die on me. An' Stanislaus he tell him he no can go to Coloraydo, with the fall rush an' all. An' then I tell him I can do it. I al'wus help him. I can do all he do. An' so doctor an' I fight with him an' we get him to go. An' oh, Miss Greely, we made him up a pair o' pants to wear. He used to be men's tailor, so he know how. An' he aint got no pants stylish. An' we take black and white check from stock, an' cut a coat too, cutaway—stylish all. He wore them away. And oh, Miss Greely," she sobbed, "I'm scared I never see him no more. So white he looked—" Here she broke down utterly.

Mary Greely comforted her as best she could, but her own thoughts were not reassuring. She had known so well the tale of the Colorado fighter; so well, so well the whole grim grind of the health seeker's life there; ever since Jim, her sister's husband, had broken down, and gone, and fought, and lost.

She gave what cheer she could to the weeping woman who basted her skirt with shaking hands; and then she went away, saddened, into the sunlit October street.

She meant to inquire often; to see Mrs. Joblanska again soon; to telephone when she could not get over. But the exigencies of her own winter filled her mind and it was with shame that she met the Polish woman, one spring morning, in the little waiting room of the store.

The moment Mrs. Joblanska saw her she burst into tears. "Poor soul," thought her visitor, "poor soul"; and then she saw that between her tears the sick man's wife was smiling a little twisted, piteous smile.

"Yes," Mrs. Joblanska said brokenly. "Yes, my Stanislaus he get better. An' I feel so glad an' I had afraid so long that now I must cry for gladness. Doctor he say it take long time; maybe two year; but he get well. He live outdoors. He eat so much an' he drink so much of milk, an' he say this in his letter,—an' then I know he get fat an' be sure get well,—he write me that—" and suddenly Mrs. Joblanska's smile grew over her whole ugly little Polish face, transfiguring it—"that he must let out them checked trousers four inches."



From a lithograph by George Bellows.

June Again

APRIL NIGHT

WERE one wish mine on April night
 Of lilac moon and little buds tight
 In the lane, this would I choose to be,
 Stripped and free of cloak and shirt,—
 A smooth, green blade in ecstasy
 Pushing up through the rough, black dirt!

Florence Ripley Mastin.

THE HAPPY RAIN

I AM dissolved in listening;
 I am become a beautiful ear
 Listening to the happy sound of rain
 Pouring in the velvet night
 Among my walnut trees.
 Night-time and rain-splash,
 And my heart smiles like the smell of
 red cedar,
 For my lover will return.

Josephine Bell.

Patriotism in the Middle West

ON Monday, the twenty-sixth day of March, 1917, at nine-thirty o'clock in the forenoon, the Third Regiment, Missouri National Guard, was ordered to mobilize at its armory in Kansas City. It was not an inexperienced military organization, having imbibed, during many long, weary months of service on the border, all the arts of military excellence, from physical perfection up—or down—to strict discipline. The Regiment, in common with most American military units, the nation having been blind for the past one hundred and twenty-eight years to the advantages of militarism, was woefully short of men. An active campaign for new recruits immediately commenced.

On the following day a detail of soldiers engaged in the search for new material and impelled by a desire to overlook no one, decided that the best field for their activities existed at the I. W. W. headquarters. Speeches against militarism and enlistments had been frequent and fervid in that locality. The recruiting party, eager to assist their government in a crucial hour of international uncertainty, ascended to a second floor hall, used by the Industrial Workers of the World as a lecture room.

"How many of you men are ready to enlist?" the lieutenant in charge of the recruiting party asked as he stepped into the room.

"Why should we stand up to be shot at for \$13 a month?" expostulated one of the dissentients.

"That's an insult to the country, boys!" one of the patriotic militiamen shouted.

Fifteen men who had been reading and smoking in the room, were kicked downstairs by the earnest recruiters; fragments of chairs and tables, shattered in the engagement, iron cuspidors and other movable articles of furniture, were hurled after the fleeing men to hasten their departure. Before they left the premises the guardsmen completed their task with the thoroughness always exhibited by an army in enemy territory. Chairs were thrown through the windows, the carpet was ripped from the floor, a stove was overturned, a desk was demolished and its contents destroyed. One I. W. W. member, who evidently forgot in the stress of the moment to apply his anti-militaristic principles, or was given no opportunity to, was taken to the emergency hospital.

The next day, Wednesday, was a comparatively quiet one, being given over to the rounding up of the I. W. W. members who had been guilty of being thrown out of their headquarters. Justice worked with unusual alacrity; by afternoon of that day seventeen battered non-conformists were hauled into the North Side Court.

"You are a lot of contemptible vagrants," observed the indignant judge of the court.

"We didn't think we were going beyond our rights of free speech," their spokesman protested, "the raid on our headquarters is a sample of just the kind of militarism against which we are protesting."

Whereupon the judge fined three of the protesters \$100 apiece and seven of them \$200.

Thursday, the third day after mobilization, was marked by a singular occurrence. Three militiamen, engaged no doubt on important military duties, were attacked at 1:30 o'clock in the morning, so they stated, by a gang of fifteen men. One of the guardsmen was severely injured and taken to the General Hospital, the others sustained slight damages. None of their assailants, nor any evidence of them, could be found.

March thirtieth—Friday—one of the soldiers was out walking with a young girl acquaintance. In front of one of the grammar schools the couple perceived several young men and girls romping around the school yard "see-saw." The guardsman, leaving his companion on the sidewalk, entered the school yard and interrupted the merriment of the quartet by displaying his revolver and ordering them away, or he would "start something."

Obedying these instructions, the two couples moved away, and the proud possessor of military training returned to his companion. One of the couples so rudely treated walked away from the school yard on the side of the street opposite from the soldier and his friend. The civilian, evidently smarting under the humiliation of the incident, which was not felt the less for the young girl he was with having been a witness to it, called across the street with a rush of pent-up emotion: "You're a fine soldier!" The guardsman walked across the street and fired point-blank at the youth. One shot entered his head, killing him instantly, a second bullet penetrated one of his legs.

Saturday, the fifth day after mobilization, the murderer, who had not yet been apprehended, committed suicide.

Malicious destruction of property, injustice, assault, murder and suicide was the brief record of the week. All of these acts were committed by recipients of the advantages of military training; by men, who, in the simple walks of life, would have no more contemplated such actions than they would have thought of baying the moon.

Nor does this complete the stirring events of the week, although these were all of the affairs directly participated in by the soldiery. Their fine example, however, had permeated the public consciousness.

On Tuesday, a young school teacher of one of the primary grades resigned from her position. The resignation was not requested by the school authorities; a week earlier the teacher had publicly stated that she did not desire to resign; secretly ninety-nine per cent. of the citizens admired her courage; even the newspapers did not dare to assail her, and yet she had to resign. Why? Because of a public opinion that had neither public nor opinion behind it. Although the affair culminated in the week under discussion, it had its commencement some time prior to the mobilization of the National Guard, when the teacher wrote some anti-enlistment phrases on the blackboard at school. An officer of the United States Army, outraged at this heresy, visited her school room, with the threat of prosecu-



A DRAWING BY E. GMINSKA

tion unless she desisted. The newspapers, equally shocked at such an exhibition of free thought, after their constant and reiterated outbursts of popular patriotism, gave no little publicity to the "traitorous expressions." The teacher was temporarily suspended but reinstated upon a promise to refrain from expressing her private opinions in her schoolroom.

The Sunday prior to the mobilization of the Guard, the teacher gave a talk against militarism in the very hall that was later wrecked by the soldiers. Undoubtedly no little of the righteous indignation displayed by the soldiers upon this occasion, arose from the fact that a woman had opposed them. The newspapers devoted considerable space and comment to this speech "in view of the international situation." They even discovered and exposed the fact that the young lady was the daughter of a man born in Germany! It is a well-known fact to the newspapers that all pacifists are pro-Germans!

And on Tuesday the teacher resigned.

Later in the week an indiscreet personage, in a saloon, expostulated about some of the anti-German expressions he heard.

"I don't like to hear those kind of things," he is reported as

saying. "I was born in Germany and I have several brothers in the German Army."

The patriotic gentlemen at the bar, feeling that the nation's honor was at stake, promptly administered justice. In the course of the skirmish they held the unwise protester and pinned some colors on his coat. Responding to a very natural reaction against force, the victim broke loose, tore off the colors and stamped upon them. He was saved from serious bodily injury by the bartender.

Now there is nothing to all this but the befuddling fumes from too much alcoholic indulgence. It is exceedingly trivial and about as important as though some small boys had tied a flag to the gate post and a mad bull, incensed at the red stripes, had torn it down and trampled it under hoof. In spite of this fact, however, the already much punished and assaulted protester was promptly arrested and haled before the court; whereupon another patriotic gentleman of the bar pronounced him guilty, imposed a heavy fine upon him and ordered the indiscreet party to wear the national colors "until peace is declared." The United States was not at war at the time.

There is but one more incident to relate to complete the record of the tragical and farcical events of mobilization week. Dr. Scott Nearing was to have addressed the City Club at a noon luncheon on Saturday. It was suddenly discovered that in a previous speech he had actually advised young men not to enlist. Astonished at such heterodoxy and almost unbelievable courage, the City Club hurriedly cancelled the engagement. No doubt the officers of the club were acting well within the rights invested in them by the members of the club, and yet one can

hardly be proud of the intelligence displayed by their act. Patriots—for no one is a patriot any more unless he be an ardent militarist—are never satisfied by mere adherence to their principles. The very thought of free speech fills their sleep, already disturbed by dreams of foreign invasion and conquest, with hideous nightmares. Without the soothing influence of war, it may be questioned if their nerves will much longer stand the strain. They do not know which to hate the most, the German army or the Pacifists, von Tirpitz or Scott Nearing.

REVOLUTIONARY PROGRESS

Too Much Democracy

THE Russian revolution having finally shown signs of becoming actually popular, England and our best people are becoming really alarmed. Perhaps it was a mistake to hail "the free Russian People"—it may be that the Council of Workingmen's and Soldiers' Delegates (who only represent the vast majority of the people) is going to have something to say.

This has led the British Government, we understand, to offer the ex-Tsar a home in England, and an income—like ex-King Manuel's—collected from the British tax-payer. Nicholas Romanov, then, will be held by England as a sort of club over the head of the Russian democracy, to prevent it from becoming too democratic.

There is no mistaking the attitude of the British Government toward Russia. A general amnesty having been proclaimed by the Provisional Government in Petrograd, the British authorities proceed to arrest and intern Leon Trotzky and several other exiles who are hurrying home, not on the ground that Russia objects to them—but because England thinks they might plot against the Russian government!

And our own mentor, the *New York Times*! With what bitterness it now speaks of that "free people" it erstwhile greeted so rapturously! Listen to its present opinion of the Council of Workingmen's and Soldiers' Delegates:

"These men calling themselves representatives of the workingmen and of the soldiers are extreme radicals and syndicalists, corresponding to the I. W. W. agitators in this country."

In other words, at last the *Times* has discovered that the revolution is being conducted by revolutionists.

My friends, the deeper we get into this "war for democracy and civilization," the less democracy and civilization appear on any side. Democracy would end this war and all wars. Democracy would do away with legalized selling of the instruments of murder. Democracy at least would take the profit out of butchery. Democracy would forbid the starving of the great masses of the people to enrich the few.

Therefore not only Germany, but the United States, England, France and Italy all fear Democracy, and all crush it wherever it is found. Even in Germany it would not be permitted long.

JOHN REED.

Socialist or Progressive?

TWO rather forlorn conventions were held in St. Louis in April—a convention of the Progressive Party and a convention of the Socialist Party. As meetings of idealists, organized for propaganda and education and general interference in politics, these gatherings would have been full of promise; but as conventions of political parties they were both a little sad. Their delegates did not represent any consciously active interest; they did not voice the demand of the organic instincts of any considerable group. The Socialists represent a certain kind of knowledge, the Progressives a certain kind of virtue. And neither the knowledge of "Economic Evolution" nor the virtue of "Social Consciousness" is, or will be, sufficiently widespread among mankind to become the foundation of a political party. Both knowledge and virtue are frequently boasted of and "resolved upon" by every party, but the real core of a real party is a class interest.

The two classes which might generate a new party in this country, or might appropriate one of these parties, are the working class and the farmers. And I continue to believe that the Socialist party has a better chance of being appropriated by one or both of these classes, than the Progressives. The Progressives have been so thinned out by political storm and temptation, that a supernormal social virtue is even more prominent in the remnant than it was in the initial crusade. They are strong, self-dependent men and women with a heart, and they have drawn up a platform of legislation that looks straight ahead and is no respecter of persons.

Initiative, Referendum and Recall.

Abolition of the power of the Supreme Court to declare laws unconstitutional.

Easier amendment of the constitution.

The right to strike.

Old age pensions.

Universal eight-hour day.

Abolition of "government by injunction."

Prison reform.

Abolition of capital punishment.

Woman suffrage by federal amendment.

Personal communication by cabinet members of their recommendations to Congress.

A federation among nations to dismantle navies and disband armies.

National prohibition.

These are some of their drastic demands, in most of which any democratic idealist would concur. They are beneficent in motive and they are not impractical. And yet in a way their very beneficence and generality of perspective make them seem more like a Chautauqua lecture than a political platform. They are not dominated or brought into coherence by a concrete and special interest. They make their appeal upon the erroneous assumption that everybody has, or may have, a really passionate interest in the "public welfare."

Now the Socialist party is widely afflicted with this same error, and its assemblages frequently resemble those of an orthodox Sunday school. Its platforms have a tendency to cover the field of free thought. But there was at this convention a marked disposition to abandon abstract speculation, to unlimber some of the dogmas, and to try to voice the living and immediate interest of a class.

The *New York Call* reports that Article 2, Section 6 of the Constitution, which was designed expressly for the expulsion of heretical labor leaders, beginning with Bill Haywood, and including all those who "advocate sabotage," was quietly and quickly repealed.

A motion to alter the exclusiveness clause, so that members of other political organizations might become Socialist members, was lost, but it was vigorously defended by those who realize that the Non-partisan League in North Dakota is an important component of a native American social revolutionary movement, and it secured 51 votes against 113.

The resolution on labor organizations was even more surprising in its intimation that the party favors industrial as against craft unionism. I quote this news item from the *New York Call*: "The convention adopted a resolution on the relation of the Socialist Party to labor organizations, urging the unions to throw their doors wide open to the workers of their respective trades and industries, abolishing artificial restrictions. The resolution expresses the belief that under such conditions the unions will eventually be developed into 'industrial as well as militant, class conscious and revolutionary unions, consistent with the development of the industries.'"

This reveals at least a disposition of the party to discuss matters that are of interest to the organized labor movement, and not merely to solicit their votes for a co-operative commonwealth.

In another respect the Socialist Party holds a far better hope than the Progressive. It definitely and frankly declares that it aims to alter the distribution of wealth. This declaration is unfortunately tied up with some rather remote ideals and academic theories, but it is always there. It is not left to be deduced feebly from such vaporous abstractions as Public Welfare, Social Justice, New Liberalism, Democratic Humanism, which fill the platform of the Progressives. There is a frank open and concrete attack upon the visible bottom of our temple of caste and inequality. I believe that if the Socialist Party would lay off its theoretical complaisance, subordinate its religion of the Co-operative Commonwealth, and unify its plat-

form under the working-principle that all changes which can be clearly proven to benefit labor *at the expense of capital* are socialistic, it might crystallize around itself a major part of the exploited classes. At least these considerations I have mentioned, combined with the time honored, if abstract, *theory* that the Socialist Party represents the working-class, make it seem a good deal more hopeful of representing that class, or some class at least, than the Progressives, who are impeded not only by the unusualness of their social virtues, but also by having the wrong theory as to how these virtues should operate in a conflict of class interests.

MAX EASTMAN.

Woodrow Wilson

I VOTED for Woodrow Wilson, mainly because Wall Street was against him. But Wall Street is for him now.

When the dollar militarists and the cannon-makers were advertising Preparedness, Wilson told us not to worry about that. But suddenly he lay down on us and let it walk over him.

Then he said we need not fear War, and he appealed to the people to re-elect him because he had kept us out of it. And he showed up the European powers as fighting for nothing much, and declared himself for Peace Without Victory. And suddenly he turned right around and plunged us into war.

Woodrow Wilson knew, or ought to have known, that the great silent mass of this people were not interested in going to war on mock-idealistic prettexts. Yet his proclamation counseling economy and thrift showed how far he is from any realization of the myriad overworked, underfed poor—to whom "meatless days" and "simple life" are grim irony.

And he must know, too, that the masses of America will not enlist, and that that is why conscription must be used.

This is Woodrow Wilson's and Wall Street's war.

JOHN REED.

Some Passing Isms

THE Progressive Party launched a new bundle of isms on the intellectual sea. We quote from their "War Program for a League of Liberals:"

"We believe that it is essential for all those desirous of preserving our domestic ideals to unite regardless of Party in maintaining a Democratic Humanism and an Efficient Nationalism on the basic principles of that New Liberalism which must be the moving spirit actuating our course during the war."

One of these ought to float. We suspect it will be the Efficient Nationalism. Norman Hapgood tried both of the others in *Harper's Weekly*, and found out that abstract democratic good intentions are too precarious for a good business policy, and not quite crazy enough for a religion.

Doing Their Bit

THE members of the New York Yacht Club have stricken from their honorary membership rolls the names of Kaiser Wilhelm and Prince Henry of Prussia.

Who Wanted War?

THE editors of the *New Republic* make an extraordinary confession as to who willed our participation in this war. They acknowledge that the majority of the American people did not want it. They acknowledge that Wall Street and "The Social Register" did want it—more unanimously than any other group. But they assert without explanation that this was not an incentive, but "one of the most formidable political obstacles to American participation." The minority that really forced us into war, they declare, is a group that "must be comprehensively but loosely described as the intellectuals."

This does not mean that the *New Republic* wishes to take the entire responsibility. Under the term intellectual, physicians, magazine writers, lawyers, clergymen, college professors and among the latter especially Woodrow Wilson, are credited with having "reached a moral decision" and "imposed their will upon a reluctant or indifferent majority."

The *New Republic* congratulates itself and its readers, "the more thoughtful Americans," upon this demonstration of the power of an "intellectual class" to *shape American policy and mould American life*.

I read the *New Republic* and I think I have enough brains to understand it, but I remain one of the reluctant and indifferent majority, and I find it difficult to warm up to the idea of being shaped and moulded by an intellectual class. I am irresistibly reminded, in reading this editorial, of an announcement made by an untactful advertising solicitor for the *New Republic* to the following effect:

"1. Among our New York City subscribers are directors of 1214 companies important enough to be listed in the Directory of Directors.

"2. Half our Long Island subscribers are in the New York Social Register. A third of our New York City subscribers are in the New York Social Register.

"3. One out of four *New Republic* subscribers owns an automobile costing \$2,500 or more. Our subscribers actually own more Packards than Fords."

I believe that this announcement was recalled by the editors, and its publication does not in any degree or in any sense voice their policy, but the statistical facts remain, and they ought to give pause to these editors when they picture themselves as championing an intellectual class. The truth is that "intellectuality" (for most people) costs money. Intelligence is not so expensive, but it enables you to get around. It is more like a Ford.

The fundamental act of life is not judgment but choice. It is not what people *have decided* but what people *want*, that is of original and divine importance. And for intellectual people to try to tell unintellectual people what they want, is one of the oldest follies of the world. The function of intellect is to tell them how to get it. Above all this must be true, if the question is whether they want life or death. I think that only a very old fashioned intellectuality, calling itself democratic, could be complacent of its success in forcing a choice of war or peace upon the wills of men. It must be an intellectuality

that never studied the evolution of intellect to comprehend its function, or acquired any sense of the meaning of democracy.

There are other evidences that these editors are a little old fashioned. To declare that the controlling money power of this country wanted war, but that the moral decision of a professional class of intellectuals was what forced it on us, and never to catch a glimmer of the relation between these two things, suggests an intellectuality that has been asleep since 1848. The editors of the *New Republic*, as we remark occasionally, have never seriously and imaginatively considered the economic interpretation of history, and they constantly ignore the unconscious motivation of moral and political ideas. We have to remind them that those professional classes who reached a "moral decision" about this war, have had their morals, their facts, and the most of their intellects too, fed to them through nearly every avenue of publicity that exists, by that same money power whose coöperation the *New Republic* views as "an obstacle." We need not recount all of the more subtle ways in which an economic power determines the ideologies of the "intellects" who are dependent upon it. The uncanny unanimity for war of the press in a country whose majority is admitted to have been *against war*, is proof enough of the potent operation of these sovereign powers. It is the first datum to consider in asking the question, "Who Willed American Participation." To ignore such data entirely is to make your intellectualizing perilously useful to those powers. M. E.

The Censor

ONE of our most esteemed contributors, George Creel, has been appointed chairman of the Board of Censorship for the war. Once George Creel wrote an article on "Rockefeller Law," which was censored by all his employers, including the most radical popular magazine in the United States. He brought it to us. We passed it. Our readers will remember. So will George Creel, we hope.

A Victory

SPEAKING OF Rockefeller Law, we extend our congratulations to the United Mine Workers of America, who have won the fight for the closed shop from the Victor American Fuel Company of Colorado. It is not likely that the Rockefeller Companies will continue their fight without this company, whose president, Mr. Osgood, represented them throughout the great strike. The battle of 1913 and 1914 is practically won. The forces are entrenched. Now for a longer battle.

Film-Flamming

BALTIMORE, April 19.—In an effort to aid recruiting, the Maryland Board of Moving Picture Censors, at the request of Gov. Harrington, has decided to clip or forbid films which preach anti-militarism and those which portray too vividly the horrors of war.

Socialists and War

THE three countries in which Socialists have made the most vigorous stand against war are Germany, Italy, and the United States. This is not because more of the Socialists in those countries are revolutionary or devoted to their ideas. It is because in those countries the war seemed more gratuitously entered into by the governmental class. When the nation's life and prestige seems inevitably involved, we shall never see more than a handful of rationalists or Christians resist the patriotic stampede. But our national life is obviously not involved, and our Socialist party has risen well to the occasion. About three-quarters of the delegates to the St. Louis Convention agreed to a resolution denouncing war and denouncing national patriotism, and opposing enlistment by the workers of America as vigorously as they ever opposed it in peace time.

"The only struggle which would justify the workers in taking up arms is the great struggle of the working class of the world to free itself from economic exploitation and political oppression. As against the false doctrine of national patriotism, we uphold the ideal of international working class solidarity. In support of capitalism we will not willingly give a single life or a single dollar; in support of the struggle of the workers for freedom we pledge our all."

To that bold reiteration of their theoretic position, they added this biting comment on the particular war under consideration:

"When Belgium was invaded the government enjoined upon the people of this country the duty of remaining neutral, thus clearly demonstrating that the 'dictates of humanity,' and the fate of small nations and of democratic institutions, were matters that did not concern it. But when our enormous war traffic is seriously threatened our government calls upon us to rally to the 'defense of democracy and civilization.'"

The majority resolution is not only against war but for the class-struggle.

"We brand the declaration of war by our government as a crime against the people of the United States and against the nations of the world.

"The Socialist Party emphatically rejects the proposal that in time of war the workers should suspend their struggle for better conditions. On the contrary, the acute situation created by war calls for an even more vigorous prosecution of the class struggle."

About one-fourth of the delegates issued a minority report, "recognizing the war as a fact," and declaring it their present aim to

"Minimize the suffering and misery which the war will bring to our own people, to protect our rights and liberties against reactionary encroachments and to promote an early peace upon a democratic basis, advantageous to the international working class."

A few distinguished individuals were not even content with that, but wanted the war pushed to victory. This is from John Spargo's minority report:

"Now that the war is an accomplished fact, for the reasons stated we hold that it is our Socialist duty to make whatever sacrifices may be necessary to enable our nation and its allies to win the war as speedily as possible.

"To profess indifference to the result of the war now being waged, to desire either that the war end in a draw or in the defeat of the entente powers, with which this nation is allied, is treachery to the principles of international Socialism. Furthermore, it is treachery to the democratic principles and institutions of America."

I wonder what John Spargo thought three months ago of these words uttered by President Wilson in his address to the Senate on a League of Nations:

"Victory," he said, "would mean peace forced upon the loser, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished. It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory, upon which terms of peace would rest, not permanently, but only as on a quicksand."—

It sounds more like Spargo than Spargo's minority report.

These military minorities in the party convention, have been far outdone by a group of intellectuals and emotionals on the outside. W. J. Ghent, Chairmian London, Charles Edward Russell, Mary Craig Sinclair, Upton Sinclair, George Sterling, J. G. Phelps Stokes, and William English Walling have issued in the press a "Practical Program for Socialists," which would take the last trace of anti-militarism out of the meaning of the name.

They are supposed to be so revolutionary, these Socialists, and they arrive at so extreme and to me repellant a national military position, that I have to smile at them in order to keep up my tolerance.

They state in the first place that they have watched the world events of the last two years and a half "with anxiety," and that they "consider it the business of Socialists to adjust themselves to events." Persons with a certain naive friendliness toward the major interests of mankind, will be a little surprised that these statements are necessary. Nor will they feel that they are being informed of anything very abstruse in what follows.

"We declare it our conviction that there is a difference, even from the point of view of revolutionary socialism, between democratic and autocratic governments." "We believe that liberal institutions have their value."

The solemn finality of these more than plausible announcements suggests that they were arrived at only after great strain and effort, as from a considerable distance. And perhaps it is not surprising that after struggling back to a common-sense attitude to life so heroically, these revolutionary socialists should be unable to control their momentum on arriving there, and should pass clear through to a position equally extreme and fantastic upon the conservative side.

Having convinced themselves that democracies are better than autocracies, they proceed rapidly to the advocacy of a belligerent alliance of the democratic against the autocratic nations—an abstract principle which the lucky timing of the Russian revolution enables them to identify with the present war of the Allies against the Central Powers. A few little kings and a mikado have still to be ignored, and it has to be assumed that "if at the conclusion of the present war any of the autocratic nations should become democratic they would, of course, be welcomed into such an alliance." The "of course" is supplied by the abstract principle, not by the concrete situation—but we are moving too rapidly to pause over that.

The voting of enormous war budgets, universal military training, conscription for both male and female citizens, "a vital military system" as "an organic part of our national life"—these convictions follow now in very rapid succession; the

assertion is made that "to use only volunteers in national defense is to kill off the men of courage and character, and to breed from weakness and incompetence" (as though economics had nothing to do with enlistment); and the paper concludes with a proposal that *after the danger of war is eliminated* the Socialist movement will know how to "employ such a disciplined army" in building the co-operative commonwealth!

I used to think I was a revolutionary Socialist, but I ask to be excused from a co-operative commonwealth built by a disciplined army of conscripted and militarized male and female citizens bred for patriotic "courage and character."

That these heretofore militant Socialists are so ready to forget the class character of our institutions, to talk about a citizen army "controlled by the people," to put it in the power of a capitalistic government to call out the working-class in the form of a trained army when and where and to what ends it will—this shows how quickly the acceptance of national war brings surrender in the war for human liberty. It justifies the strong language of the majority report of the Socialist Party, and makes us the more joyful that they were able to stand up against the patriotic stampede.

MAX EASTMAN.

The Great Illusion

THREE years ago, at the outbreak of the European War, the American people had not thought of becoming militaristic. Nor had they thought of going to war in defense of the rights of small nations, or of democracy. They could see plainly that small nations were getting their rights ignored on both sides in Europe. They could see autocracies on both sides. They had naturally no desire to mix up in a nationalistic European war.

Here is what happened. First through skilfully disseminated lies, a preposterous program of Preparedness was foisted upon us; then began the open and unashamed campaign to drive us into war.

From the very first there was never any doubt who wanted us to prepare, who were shouting for war. The membership and directorship of the National Security League, the Navy League, the American Rights League, who these gentlemen were and what interests they represented, all these things were disclosed upon the floor of Congress and in the magazines—*THE MASSES* and *Pearson's*. It was shown beyond any doubt, without effective contradiction, that all the interests rooting for war were those who would profit by it in some way, and their ruthless advertising campaign, no less than their real purposes, was given as much publicity as possible. The majority of the metropolitan newspapers, of course, refused to print anything against Wall Street—or Wall Street's deliberate and open plan to betray the people of this country, who wanted peace.

Our government, in spite of its lofty proclamations, was not neutral from the beginning. Its action in submitting to English dictatorship on the high seas, while refusing to allow German submarines to pursue the only course left them in the preservation of Germany's very life, brought the inevitable end. Luckily,

Gypsy Song

G YPSY, gypsy, gypsy,
Can't you hear the call?
South, the sap is sighing
Through the timber tall!
Romany is crying
"Come and leave it all!"

Romany of olden,
Glad and gypsy gleams!
Daffodils are golden
By the silver streams!
Can you be beholden,
Save, alone, to dreams?

Would you wait to weather
Dust and dark and drouth?
Only love can tether—
Kisses on the mouth!
You and I together—!
Springtime on the South—!

Gypsy, gypsy, gypsy,
Springtime walks with me
Where the sap is turning
Sunward! Are you free?
For we seek the burning
Camps of Romany!

KADRA MAYSI.

I Know

I KNOW life's joy and beauty's aching
thrill.
I could be glad, if that were all I know.
At night I've seen the forest in the snow.
I've found Spring's first gold daffodil.
I've looked into the sky all blue and still,
And I have watched a field of lupines
blow.
I know life's joy and beauty's aching
thrill.
I could be glad if that were all I know.
I've crushed my face 'gainst violets until
I've lost myself—watched dying embers
glow.
I have known love, and singing low
I've hushed my babe to sleep as mothers
will.
I know life's joy and beauty's aching
thrill.
I could be glad if that were all I know.

ANNE ARNOLD.

Transition

WIND in my hair
Flame in my heart
Silent I stand
Wondering—

Light in my eyes
Joy in my heart
Breathless I stand
Living—

Blood on my hands
Grief in my heart
Naked I stand
Knowing—

BETTY BOWMAN.

the Russian revolution, still dreaded by the whole world because it might turn out to be a really popular upheaval, came just in time to save us from the awkward situation of fighting an "autocracy" with another "autocracy" as Ally. And so we went to war with the "League of Honor," for the cause of international right, democracy, rights of small nations, etc. This with Ireland and India and Indo China groaning under the yoke, with the Prussianized states where free institutions once were, but are no more, and with the arrogant profiteers here in America in the saddle as they have never been before.

What is all this maudlin talk of fighting "kings" and "autocracies"? There is no real autocrat left—now the Tsar has gone. But there is still stalking through the world and sitting upon the throne of western civilization—in this country as well as in England, France, Germany—that sinister king who has ruled mankind with a hard hand since the beginning of the nineteenth century—Capitalism! The Hohenzollerns may go, and the Hapsburgs. They are gone already—were before the war. It is the power of money that rules all countries, and has for many years. It is a cold economic force that fanned the fires which burst out in this War.

The issue is clear. With these forces there is no alliance, for peace or war. Against them and their projects is the only place for liberals.

JOHN REED.

Siberian Exiles' Relief Fund

FOR more than half a century a Russian revolution has been one of the great dreams of civilized mankind. It was a comparatively small group in America who, banded together in a Society of the Friends of Russian Freedom, actively helped the cause of constitutional government in Russia with money and printed propaganda. But in a sense we were all friends of Russian Freedom. Through the long night of Tsarism, when every spark, not merely of revolt, but of independent thought, of liberal education, of aspiration toward enlightenment, was brutally crushed out by censorship, exile, hangings, massacres, and the knout of the Cossack, we still dreamed of a Free Russia.

Today, before our eyes, beyond our wildest hopes, that dream has suddenly come true. The most despotic autocracy of modern times has been swept out of existence; a subject race, the Jew, has been set free; Russia has taken its place in the foremost rank of progressive democracies, and the foundations of liberty throughout the world have been made infinitely more firm. This revolution, moreover, has come about with an astonishing unanimity of action on the part of the Russian people. Not only workingmen and students, but princes and priests, landowners and capitalists, lawyers and officials, peasants, soldiers—even the Cossacks, have supported or acquiesced in its victory. Within our lifetime the idea that was a hope, a prophecy, a daring vision of the rash few, has become the deepest wish of all Russia. Freedom has come because practically everybody wanted it.

No such political change, on a large scale and with any hope of permanency, could occur until practically everybody did want

it—until, in fact, quite ordinary people who do not see far into the future and are not over-eager to die for a cause, regard it as the sensible thing. The men who actually carried out the Russian revolution are the main people who regard the establishment of constitutional government, not as a sacred ideal, but as a common-sense thing to do. They have given their wisdom, their courage, and all their abilities, to the inauguration of the new Russian Republic. But they are not, for the most part, of that heroic band who believed in Russian Freedom in the darkest days of her oppression.

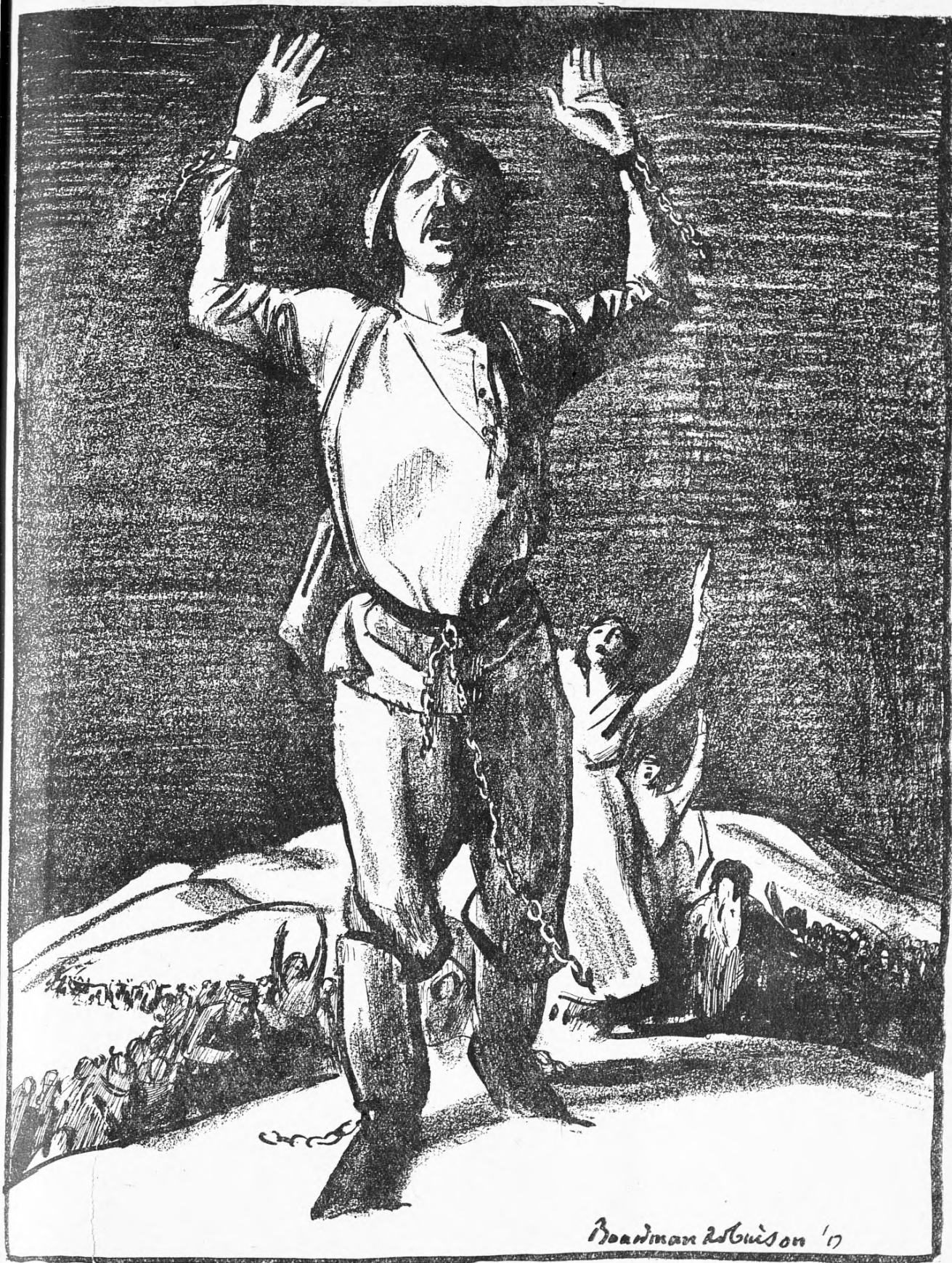
Perhaps, indeed, it is fortunate that the revolution was conducted by men who were not by temperament revolutionists; for the strength to believe in an ideal, and to suffer for it, may be different from the strength required to build that ideal into solid fact. But if it had not been for those pioneer idealists who braved the utmost punishments that a merciless autocracy could inflict, ordinary men would have been slower to conceive of Russian freedom, and the Russian Republic would not now be in existence. The Russian Republic was born of all the desperate and impossible efforts of the few who from time to time lifted their voices in the darkness to cry aloud their vision of liberty—those brief cries so quickly stopped by an iron hand. The revolution was created by generation after generation of men and women who went out to exile and death when they had tried to break the chains of Russia, and failed.

Russia knows this. It hails the heroic dead of those dark and terrible days of the past as the creators of its new freedom. And not only the dead, but the living—for it is fortunate in being able to welcome back, as from the grave, those who have not succumbed to torture and disease in the prisons and mines of Siberia. One of the first acts of the revolutionary government was to summon to the light of freedom those who had made that freedom possible.

They are coming back, those Siberian exiles—back to the free Russia of which they dreamed and to which they gave their lives. They come back, many of them, shattered and broken, crippled and diseased, or feeble with age—to a new Russia, a Russia which they have created, and yet which after years of exile is strange to them. They have had their property confiscated; they are penniless and helpless. Russia owes them a debt of gratitude, but Russia needs to expend all her energies upon the task of preserving the life of the new republic.

The obligation to sustain for a while the lives of those who have created the Russian Republic falls rather upon us, who have at last the opportunity to make manifest our gratitude for the heroism which has been the admiration of the world. A Siberian Political Exiles' Relief Fund has been started by the Society of Friends of Russian Freedom. Contributions to this fund may be sent to Paul Kennaday, Secretary, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York; checks and money orders should be made payable to the order of Hamilton Holt, Treasurer.

It has been, in the past, the fortune of the forerunners of freedom, if they escaped the anger of freedom's enemies, to perish of starvation and neglect at the hands of freedom's too careless friends. For once in the world's history let us make the story read differently.



Boardman Roblason '17

Boardman Roblason.

Siberia, 1917

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Hip! Hip! Hurray!

NEW YORK, April 11.—Louis Feurstein, 76 years old, was shot through the heart and killed instantly, yesterday, by a soldier stationed at Park Avenue and 114th Street. The old man did not obey the soldier's command to stop.

The war for democracy has begun. The first shot has been fired, the first blood shed, in our righteous war for liberty and the rights of small nations.

It reminds us of that sublime poem of Emerson's. "By the rude bridge that arched the flood"—a New York Central viaduct in this case—"Their flag to April's breeze unfurled"—there were flags, no doubt unfurled from the windows of the adjacent shops—"Here first the embattled farmers stood"—perhaps this soldier wasn't a farmer, he was more likely a clerk, but he was embattled to the extent of a very efficient modern army rifle—"And fired the shot heard round the world." Strictly according to orders.

Let us be thankful that the discipline of our soldiery left no question in the mind of this brave soldier as to what his duty was. If he had any doubts he suppressed them, and repeating to himself the eloquent words of President Wilson's War Message, he raised his gun and took steady aim. "Make way for liberty!" he said, and pulled the trigger.

The Power of Imitation

FROM the very first, the European War captivated American imagination. A new vocabulary concerning it which sprang up largely in the English press, was lifted bodily by our newspapers, and rolled upon our tongues with the gusto of pretended familiarity.

"Drives, war-brides, slackers," are a few of the new words that everybody mouths so complacently. America has, I think, never ceased to envy England and France their place on the world's front page. When we went into Mexico, for example, almost every paper talked about "sending the boys to the trenches," "war-brides," "slackers," etc. In imitation of what they had read about the European troops going to the front, our National Guardsmen decked their railroad coaches with branches and flowers, and wrote, "On to Mexico" all over them.

Now we are actually at war, the popular delight in our unrestricted right to imitate Europe is something shocking. Already one military man has come out with a statement that we must have "fifty thousand gentlemen to train as officers"—just as they did in England; our most exclusive society ladies are getting up snobbish little knitting circles, and giving snobbish little relief benefits, and driving up to Red Cross headquarters in their limousines; the hateful lying vulgarity of a recruiting campaign is upon us, with yellow ribbons, white feathers, and abuse—exactly as it was in England; and we appear to be on the point of imitating Conscription, the Censorship, and all the other romantic institutions we have been reading about in the papers.

I think this imitative impulse has done more to drag us to the brink of war than most people realize.

JOHN REED.

First Week of War

By THE MASSES' Military Expert.

NOTE: This meagre and hastily-compiled list is composed of only those events which happened to come to the personal notice of The Masses' Military Expert. We intend to publish each month a short resumé of military and naval operations, and would be extremely grateful for information of such happenings wherever they occur.

Casualties:

James Rhatigan, boy scout in uniform, shot dead by a militiaman at Northport, Long Island, while going home in his father's automobile.

Louis Feurstein, retired Russian business man, aged seventy-six, shot dead by militiaman on upper Park Avenue, New York City, because he continued walking in the street after the soldier had ordered him to walk on the sidewalk.

John Dering, banker, sitting at the dinner table in his home, shot dead by militiaman, reason unknown. Probably Dering was eating sauerkraut.

Wounded:

Delegate of Emergency Peace Federation, set upon and beaten by two militiamen on the street in Washington, D. C., because he wore a "Peace" arm-band.

Ultimatum:

Women in charge of Emergency Peace Federation Headquarters in Washington, D. C., ordered by militiamen to close the office and "beat it," or they'd be "raided and raped."

Looting:

Grocery store at Croton-on-Hudson broken into and looted by militiamen.

Atrocities:

Violent attack of New York's prostitute press upon young men getting marriage licenses at City Hall, on the ground that anyone marrying now is a "slacker."

Congress voting to issue \$7,000,000,000 worth of untaxable bonds, almost without debate.

The beating of Fred Boyd at Rector's because he refused to stand up when the "Star-Spangled Banner" was played.

Free speech suppressed on the streets of New York, and everywhere in Philadelphia.

"Lest We Forget"

LET me record here the experience of a British conscript: "As soon as we got in the prison, one of them told me with an oath, to get my coat off. I told him I was not a soldier, and could not obey military orders. The Colonel was standing near, and he thundered up and shouted: 'What! You won't obey me?' with a thick accompaniment. I quietly answered, 'I must obey the commands of my God, sir.' 'Damn your God! Take him to the special room.' Four of them then set on me. One of them took hold of me by the back of the neck, nearly choking me, shook me, and dragged me along, while the others punched and thumped and kicked me as hard as they knew how. They banged my head on the floor and the walls, and threw me into a little cell. . . . They at last cleared out and slammed the door, leaving me without boots, coat, or braces, lying on the floor almost

exhausted. Then they came back with the Colonel, who told me to stand to attention. I talked to him very calmly, for I felt Christ present with me, but he gave me a kick with his boot, and the other fellows started the bruising again. When they had exhausted themselves, and I still stood firm, the Colonel said: 'Put him on bread and water for three days to begin,' and then they left me, hinting at certain tortures they would put me through. I never felt Christ nearer in my life. Of course I was absolutely exhausted, with bruises all over, lumps on my head, swollen cheek, and bleeding in one or two places."

My sympathies in this case are not absolutely undivided. If this poor chap, instead of being a meek spook-worshipper vainly struggling between the devil of brutality and the deep

sea of obsession, were a proudly disobedient rebel owning no allegiance whatsoever, there would be no excuse for my sneaking inclination to exclaim with the British officer, "Damn your God!" But, even as it is, that temptation quickly vanishes before the main and revolting spectacle of the Dignity of the British Empire trailing in the mud. I trust that this admirable illustration of "compulsory co-operation for defense" is distinctly visible to Herbert Spencer as he strolls through the Elysian Fields. And if the man who, in his declining days, forgot "The Right to Ignore the State" has to suffer also from the rebuking presence of the shades of Thoreau and Auberon Herbert, so much the better!

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

Do Unitarians Stink? and Other Problems

Charles W. Wood

SOME time I am going into a saloon and see for myself whether the proprietor is weasel-eyed. Sometime I'm going into a college and see whether the professor of biology is a pole-cat. Sometime I am going to heaven and ask Jesus if he would rip out a fellow's bowels for the honor of the Star-Spangled Banner.

I've been to the Big Show and I'm confused. I went twice. It's located on Broadway from 166th to 168th Street. There are 20,000 seats and all of them were filled at both performances.

"Do you think he is sincere?" was the one question people asked when I told them I had heard Billy Sunday.

I don't know and I don't care. What difference does it make whether an idiot who drools on you is sincere or not?

I was not offended in the least by Billy's slang. He can call God a good skate and the Holy Ghost a regular guy without the slightest protest from me. Neither am I offended at the way he blasphemes—making God out to be such a horrible monster that any self-respecting man would want to get to hell out of his way as soon as possible. It is no part of my business to defend God. If the Almighty can't defend himself, he needn't expect any help from me. Then again, Gods are usually created by men in their own image; and Billy Sunday's God couldn't be a very intelligent or high-minded personality.

I'd like to meet his Devil. Anyone who incurs Billy Sunday's hatred like that Devil does must have something worth while about him. But I'm not sure. Billy isn't much of a judge. Saloon-keepers with him are invariably weasel-eyed, Unitarians are hell-begotten, people who think for themselves are dirty dogs and scientists are rattle-snakes. Anyone who doesn't accept Billy's theology in toto is a damned skunk, and if you think there is anything nobler in life than a puddle of blood, you stink.

This is the "Word of God," as preached to 40,000 New Yorkers daily by a man for whom most metropolitan ministers are standing sponsors. They call it a revival. It isn't. It's a petition in

spiritual bankruptcy. In the two "sermons" I heard, there wasn't a note of idealism or a single appeal to human love and brotherhood. They were all about Billy Sunday and the terrible things he and God were going to do to the stinking unbelievers.

But Billy in a way is foxy, although I couldn't help thinking it was the foxiness of pure cowardice. His game is to draw the crowd and demonstrate to the ministers that the people are attracted by the "pure gospel." If the churches didn't support him, he would get no following, and a single frost would alienate the church support. What the churches want is people, as many people as they can consistently attract. There are certain things they won't do in order to attract them, but if the people can be attracted by the "pure gospel," they are willing to compromise generally on culture and taste. So Billy preaches the "pure gospel," damns everybody to hell who doesn't believe in the Puddle of Blood, curses saloon-keepers, "rips dancing from hell to breakfast and back again to lunch"—and not only draws the crowd but makes it apparent that the crowd is with him.

How does he do it? That is where his foxiness comes in.

After he has preached his gruesome gospel, the old time evangelist used to call for a response—"Will those of you who have accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour, and are trying to lead a consecrated Christian life, stand up?" Billy doesn't take any such desperate chance; the ministers might get wise that the "pure gospel" isn't as popular as it seemed to be. He doesn't even take a vote as to whether saloon-keepers are weasel-eyed or Unitarians stink. No, he winds up with a peroration about the American flag, somehow manages to get Jesus into the trenches—Billy's Jesus, I believe, belongs to the Iowa National Guard—gives Rodey a sign to start up the Star-Spangled Banner and yells: "Now, all of you who are willing to fight for Christ and your country, stand up."

The vote was almost unanimous. I wasn't acquainted with any such Christ and I didn't own any country, but I was in a hopeless

minority, the "pure gospel" was vindicated, the ministers were apparently convinced and Billy's game was won. I do not know that Billy Sunday is a coward. But I know that it would take some degree of courage to poll his audience on the ideas he professes to believe, while any coward could get by in New York these days with this adroit use of the flag.

So Billy's big show is made to boost the recruiting tents lined up in front of the Tabernacle. In the name of Him who said "Resist not evil," he calls upon his hearers to resist the evil Germans. In the name of him who said "Love your enemies," he calls for recruits to shoot them full of holes. In the name of Him who told us to turn the other cheek, he calls upon us to gouge out the other fellow's eyes. In the name of the Prince of Peace, let us go to war. In the name of the meek and lowly Jesus, let us go to war. In the name of the Son of God, let us murder the sons of—these aren't the exact slogans of the barkers, but you get the idea.

I want to be fair to Billy Sunday. When radical friends expressed their disgust for him, I thought they were not fair. Admitting that he was narrow, I said, and that his theology was antiquated and his manner coarse, admitting even that he was being used by shrewd capitalists to discourage unionism and that he gave himself rather freely to the contemptible work, still he must have some gripping personal message, some word of hope or comfort which distressed souls are anxious to hear.

I'll take it all back. Billy Sunday makes his appeal to the basest things in the nature of man—to fear, to cowardice, to ignorance, to superstition and to hate.

In view of that message, it is of no consequence whatever whether Billy Sunday is sincere or not; whether he is in the game for the money or just for pure spite. Whatever he is, he is loathsome. If he is on the Lord's side, I want to be on the devil's. If he's a sample of what the blood of Christ can do, I don't want to be infected by a single drop. If he is a typical citizen of heaven, let us all give three cheers for hell.

No, I don't hate him and I think in a way he is apt to do some good. He is calling the bluff of the churches as it was never called before. He is presenting their voodoo worship in all its unlovely nakedness, without that touch of human idealism which induced many people to accept it in days gone by.

The gospel of eternal torture (to those who dare to think) used to be preached as an awful truth. Billy preaches it as a delicious joke. He gloats over the torments, dances gleefully at the very thought of them, and quite consistently mocks and curses the people he supposes will be picked as victims. I have no reason to believe he is not sincere. There are such perverts. But what, I wonder, does any decent person expect to accomplish through such an exhibition?

My guess is that Billy is sincere, while the exhibition itself is a fake. The preachers accept Billy because they think he is popular, while the people accept him because they think he is a preacher.

The preachers think he talks the language of the people. He doesn't. He talks stale slang and gibberish. The people think he is expounding their religion. He isn't. I don't believe there are a hundred men in New York who have such a vicious religion

as this man expounds. But, like the old lady who "worshipped" at Blatchford's, thinking it was a Wesleyan chapel, they draw liberally on their expectations and are duly comforted. The organization, the publicity and the freak performance does the rest.

Any cataleptic can draw a crowd in New York by having a fit on the side-walk. If he would advertise it at regular hours and get three hundred ministers to vouch that it was a new kind of miracle, the crowds should be equal to those in the tabernacle.

And the show would be equally as good.

P. S.—I didn't like it very much.

THERE ought to be a law prohibiting such performances as "A Rider of Dreams," played by the Negro Players at the Garrick Theater. Such productions are bad for the show business. They give people a taste for real drama and make the ordinary two-dollar-and-a-half shows seem deadly dull thereafter.

To be sure, they do not generally succeed. "A Rider of Dreams," especially, seems too good to succeed in New York. But those who did see it were thrilled as no ordinary production could thrill them. They didn't know why. Doubtless they supposed it was because of the uniformly good acting; or because young Joseph Burt, as "Booker Sparrow" did the greatest small boy act they had ever seen; or because the drama, while written by a very serious student of the Negro race, Mr. Ridgely Torrence, wasn't the least bit harrowing like the other two pieces on the bill.

None of these things, however, can account for the peculiar impression left by "A Rider of Dreams." This was comedy and something more: for it was comedy with all the realism of life left in. If something is not done to curb such productions, the strain on Broadway will be terrible.

The "Rider" is a nigger ne'er-do-well with a most amiable disposition, unhampered by practicality, efficiency, systematic morality and the other well known vices of civilization. He dreams wonderful things and sets out with soulful irresponsibility to make his dreams come true.

His wife has \$800 in the bank—twelve years' savings from the washboard with which she is about to buy a home. His landlord has the finest guitar in the county. He himself has a longing for music; likewise for luxury: and he is told by the white capitalist who stole the guitar how \$800 may be turned into a fortune. He takes the guitar as his first dividend and is about to deliver the \$800 to his enterprising partner when the dream structure begins to crumble. He meets the owner of the guitar and scrambles through a hedge, losing the roll en route. When he gets home, he notices the loss just before the owner of the house and guitar enters.

The landlord turns out to be a philanthropist. He has found the roll in the hedge and sees through the whole situation at a glance. And so, after putting the dream-rider on the grill for a few minutes—just enough to make him see the enormity of

his offense—he returns the roll intact to the weeping wife and presents the erring one with the coveted guitar.

This is where the Broadway playwright would have stopped, and it is where the newspaper reviewers generally stopped in telling about the play. But just at this point is where the real drama begins. For the good landlord has stipulated certain conditions. The dreamer must hereafter be good. He must work. He must never drink again. He must teach music, and the landlord's children will be his first pupils. To all of which the Dreamer contritely agrees.

Is he, therefore, happy? The average playwright would have made him so, but Mr. Torrence knows better. Mr. Torrence knows the Negro race. He also knows the human race. He knows a lot of things that philanthropists and welfare workers and newspaper men and dramatists generally haven't yet found out and the climax is, I think, the truest climax I ever saw. The Dreamer, with his dream a memory, runs heavy, unfeeling fingers over the strings of the guitar. Presently, he drops it to this side, disconsolate.

"Some of ma dreams are good," he tells his wife. And then comes this simple cry which must find an echo in the depths of every human soul:

"Ah wants to dream ma own dreams—an' make ma own music."

"GRANNY MAUMEE," in the same bill, begins with the story of a man who is burned at the stake, and his eyes and tongue torn out, not because he has done anything wrong but because he is black. It isn't altogether pleasant to think of, but it is a situation which, we must all admit, is true to life in these United States.

As a prelude to this play, the Negro orchestra played "The Star-Spangled Banner—long may it wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." A lot of people glared at me, wondering why I didn't stand up; but my knees were weak and I couldn't.

LIKE this department very much. It has its limitations. It is not the most comprehensive guide to the theater in New York. It isn't particularly educational or constructive and it doesn't seem to be committed to any very definite idea. It just saunters out from any place it happens to be to any place it happens to get; and if it doesn't happen to get anywhere at all, it doesn't worry very much. It has a good time sauntering, anyway.

At least, I'm promising. I'm something like a boy orator: nobody gives a damn what he says, but it's interesting to watch him get excited over it. I'm something like the Bramhall Theater: one of our greatest advantages is that we don't matter very much. That gives us freedom to experiment. If we dig up a new truth, it's so much silk: if we work our ingenious way, instead, toward some ancient bromide, everybody is perfectly willing to forgive us.

In "Keeping Up Appearances," which ran many months at the Bramhall, Butler Davenport finally arrives at a great discovery. What he discovers isn't new and isn't true, but neither Mr. Davenport nor anyone else seems to mind that. It is that there are two types of women—the "mother" type and the "female." As a matter of fact, normal mothers are almost

always females, but that is only half the point. The rest of the point is that the fool world, ever since people began to write bibles, has always supposed that these two distinct types exist.

Woman the inspiration and woman the vampire! Woman the angel and woman the temptress! Woman the siren and woman the saint! I used to think myself that such divisions could be made. It looks now like trying to classify them into women who have eyes and women who have legs. It isn't a sensible classification. Playwrights should always remember that a lot of women have both. When it is necessary to look, they use their eyes: when it is necessary to walk, they use their legs. The fact that some women go lame and others go blind doesn't materially affect this generality.

A lot of women have ideals and a lot of them have husbands. A lot of them have longings and a lot of them have circumstances. Often, very often, the same woman has all of these things at once. Naturally she tries to harmonize them, and this attempt to harmonize such antagonistic elements accounts for much of our romantic piffle about "types."

If she changes her ideals to fit her husband, she becomes "slave type." If she makes over her husband to match her ideals, she becomes a tyrant. If she files down her longings so they won't stick into her circumstances, she is known as practical: if she attacks her circumstances to keep them from interfering with her longings, she is known as something else. I haven't time to explain it all just now: it is a little more complex than I have outlined; but this is the principle and I wish that some playwright would grasp it.

Let him give us a woman who is one man's slave and another man's boss, one man's inspiration and another man's sin, one man's help-meet and another man's affliction, one man's "mother" and another man's "female." I believe Butler Davenport could portray such a woman well: and if he does, he will be portraying Woman.

I MEAN it when I say that I am getting so that I understand women. I've seen them and talked with them. They are not difficult to understand if you go about it in the right way. First, however, you must forget everything you've ever read about them. It isn't women that are confusing: it's the explanations of them, put forth by playwrights, novelists, poets and other romantic nuisances.

In the Lyceum theater, for instance, we were asked to believe this:

A girl from the east lived with her brother in a lonely Arizona ranch-house. She was very happy. She had to stay alone one night and a gang of outlaws came in to attack her. She appealed to the leader, who just happened to be spending the evening this way because he was drunk, and promised him that he could have her if he would save her from the others. There was one stipulation only—he must marry her legally. The drunk then bought off the interests of the others and claimed his property. She kept her bargain, left a note saying that she was running away to be married, and was found by her folks some years after, in the cabin of her purchaser.

In the meantime, her husband had struck a gold mine. He



Drawing by H. J. Glintenkamp

had also become a most devoted husband and spent his days trying to think of some way to please his wife. She, apparently, was the inspiration he had needed; which is rather strange, in view of the fact that she moped and mourned all the time, starved rather than use any of his money and supported herself making Indian baskets and rugs. Her one object through the years was to buy herself back—to pay him the price he had paid the other outlaws—and she finally succeeded. Then she went home with her folks to Massachusetts to give birth to a child and die with melancholia.

He followed her on the next train and stuck around out of sight for a few weeks, paying off mortgages on her mother's home, juggling stocks so as to make her brother rich and little things like that. Then, just before the curtain fell, he met his wife. What do you suppose they did? They hugged each other. From which everybody knew that they would henceforth be happy.

This was a revival of a "great drama of elemental passions." They called it "The Great Divide." For my part I don't believe it ever happened: and if it did happen, I'll bet they had as much trouble after that hug as they had before.

A WHIMSICAL farce by Moliere, a gem of intense drama by Hermann Bahr in which Jose Ruben strikes the highest point of his career, and by far the funniest and most meaningful satire New York has seen for many a month—this is the triple treat offered by the Washington Square Players at the Comedy Theater.

The satire is "Plots and Playwrights" by Edward Massey. It is heartily commended to anyone who hasn't yet discovered why the Comedy is the greatest theater in New York. I'm not going to give away the plot. It is enough to say that anyone who is in sympathy with the Washington Square idea will see it dramatized most delightfully in this production; while anyone who prefers the usual Broadway output will find large hunks of it most faithfully set forth.

I had an additional treat. I sat next to a woman, evidently a regular theater-goer who had kindly consented to come to the Comedy and outline its limitations. I lost many of Moliere's lines in hearing her pronounce her verdict, every five minutes or so, to several acquaintances who sat in the row ahead.

"If these players are amateurs," she proclaimed, "they do very well: but if they are professionals, they are very bad."

This was slightly confusing until I learned (from the same authority) that an amateur is an actor who gets less than \$20 a week. At the close of the second play, she left in disgust.

"Thank God," she said, "that I didn't pay for my ticket. If I had done that, I'd have a real kick coming."

For a long time I couldn't think who the woman was. Then it came to me all of a sudden, in the middle of the Massey comedy. She was the Public—the Public for whom the average playwright writes.

ONE notable exception is Clare Kummer, author of two of the season's big successes, "Good Gracious, Annabelle," and "A Successful Calamity."

"A Successful Calamity" is funny all through, without once employing the standard fun-producers. Nobody gets drunk. Nobody falls over the furniture. Nobody gets hysterics. No young husband finds himself in the state-room of the wrong bride. There is not even a stage-Irishman, stage-Jew or a man who has to make good quick on a crazy bet. Not once during the whole production does anybody have to apologize to his brains for laughing, but everybody does laugh loud and long.

Real laughter without any mechanical ticklers is a rare thing in New York. May we have more of it, but I for one shall not expect it of Clare Kummer. She has suddenly become successful, and while calamities are not often successful, successes are very often calamities. The trouble with most of our writing is that it is done by successful writers—writers who write not because they have something to say, but because they have learned the trade. They lose their spontaneity, and we get tired of them before we have any idea what the trouble is. We think they have forgotten how to write when the real trouble is that they have learned. May it not be so with Clare Kummer. May she give us some more plays, but not until she does so for the fun of the thing—in the same spirit in which she must have written "A Successful Calamity."

BOOKS THAT ARE INTERESTING

A MONTHLY REVIEW CONDUCTED BY FLOYD DELL

The Book of the Month

Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War. By W. Trotter.
\$1.25 net. [The Macmillan Co.]

THAT there exists a "social instinct" of a biological sort, to which we can refer some of our actions as surely as we can refer others to the instincts of self-preservation, hunger and sex—this is not exactly news. It has, at least, been known to poets, novelists, and all manner of imaginative and observant people for a long time. But it is only of late that the conception of such an instinct has been seriously admitted into the scientific mind. That was because it was a conception singularly difficult to express in scientific terminology. But the discovery by biologists of the importance of mutual aid among animals, the researches of psychologists into the crowd-psychology and the phenomena of "suggestibility," and finally the inability of sociologists to get along without the term, "social instinct," at last made necessary a formulation of the theory in good set scientific terms. This task Mr. Trotter performed in two essays, published some ten years ago, which at once made a deep impression upon the scientific world. These two essays, with a third of recent composition in which the original ideas are amplified in various ways and with a various value, make up a volume of importance to the reader who wishes to be fully cognizant of the direction of modern thought.

Mr. Trotter's thesis is that man is *suggestible*, "not merely in panics and in mobs, under hypnosis and so forth, but always, everywhere, and under any circumstances." This so-called suggestibility is a sensitiveness to the feeling, the opinion, the custom of the group with which he has been most intimately associated. And this sensitiveness to the group-milieu is an inheritance of a herd-instinct which once enabled the man-pack to survive.

It is a theory which in its implications will be found considerably discouraging to minds not already hardened to the shock. For the sensitiveness of the human mind to suggestions *from the herd* involves a comparative insensitiveness to suggestions from any other source—including *experience*. What we "rather grandiosely," as Mr. Trotter says, call human progress, is in fact the history of resistance to every kind of knowledge which was in any way contradicted by the opinion of the herd, until that knowledge forced itself into the reluctant brain of mankind. If we are to understand our human problem, we must face resolutely the fact that any new truth has to struggle against the

very instinct of herd-solidarity to which the human race owes its survival in a hostile world. We must realize moreover that when we happen to believe things that are *true*, it is generally *not* because they are true but because they have already been accepted by *our* herd. Nor have we any ready means of distinguishing a reasonable belief from a herd-belief; for one of the most fruitfully deceptive processes of the human mind is that which furnishes us *ad lib.* with the prettiest reasons for the most preposterous beliefs. You do not suppose, when it was a question of keeping the herd together or perish, the human mind was going to fall behind in its task of rationalizing the code of the man-pack? The mind is trained in that business; its first job is to justify the ways of the herd to man. Knowing the terrors of loneliness, it does its duty and keeps the individual in tune with the mass.

There is, however, as Mr. Trotter points out, a rough and ready test of herd-opinion. It is passionate and unquestioning conviction that the opinion is right, and the opposite opinion obscene, outrageous, treasonable or utterly absurd. It was by just such passionate adherence of the individual to the herd, that the herd once maintained its existence upon the earth.

But it is clear that all people do not shut out the teaching of experience as easily as some. The result is an inward conflict between the law of the herd and the intruding fact—a conflict which may actually destroy the mind. The mind which is capable of assimilating experience, which is sensitive to life rather than to the herd, is the lonely mind of the poet, the seer,



Drawing by H. J. Glintenkamp.

the fanatic, the outcast, the martyr. The ability to realize new truths cuts one off effectually from the herd—which meantime remains under the guidance of those resistant to outside influences: *respectable* people, “normal, sensible, reliable middle age, with its definite views, its resiliency to the depressing influence of facts, and its gift for forming the backbone of the State.” And even when the poet, the seer, the fanatic, does achieve power—he usually grows middle-aged, too. The fatal forties and the herd instinct overtake him together.

Does the herd instinct, then, constitute a definite biological limitation to the progress of the race? Does it mean that we are never to transcend the conditions of our origin, never to “stand erect upon the earth and stretch out our hands among the stars”?

Mr. Trotter answers this question, but I shall leave you to discover and judge for yourselves the satisfactoriness of his answer. He believes that the human race has perhaps already reached the zenith of its power, that it may be “one more of nature’s failures.” He has, however, one hope left—but I promised not to tell you. Nor shall I more than allude to the light which he throws for the curious reader upon a hundred different aspects of life—including conversation, dress, the drink habit, politics, education, sexual morality, and the docility of the working class.

It would be a pleasure to quote Mr. Trotter against war, and in defense of pacifism, but it would be taking a somewhat unfair advantage of him, for he is a complete pacifist only in the earlier part of this book. In his later pages, the pacifist mood begins to slip from him, though not before he has uttered as it were his dying speech as an independent thinker. The herd instinct has begun to master him. He would like to believe that Germans are regular human beings, and Germany fit to exist upon the face of the earth, but he is an Englishman after all, and—he can’t. And presently he is writing a silly and delightful scientific fairy-tale in which Germany is solemnly compared to a pack of wolves and England to a bee-hive—the Empire vs. the socialized state. You have all noticed how feebly socialized Germany is, and how far from predatory has been the course of English history! It is an admirable illustration of Mr. Trotter’s thesis—the herd instinct in operation and going strong. But Mr. Trotter has aged ten years in the interval since we last heard from him.

However, though I cannot claim Mr. Trotter for a pacifist of the staying variety, I feel at liberty to make a mild application of his theory to current events. It is, of course, at the advent of war that the herd instinct is most powerful in its compulsion, and the individual’s sensitiveness to the teachings of experience most weak. It is hard to stand apart when everybody else draws together for comfort. Here and there stand several individuals whose pride it has always been to be apart from the herd. But this is different. It seems a cold world just now to them. They shiver uneasily. What is that murmur that goes through the herd? “Democracy—a war for democracy.” Joyfully bellowing, one lonely animal after another makes a break for the herd. Of course, if this is a war for *democracy*—! I read a letter the other day signed by several prominent Socialists, telling why they were rallying around Old Glory and

conscriptio and the British Empire. I didn’t feel angry at them—just sorry. I thought: “Who knows? Perhaps when I am forty years old, I’ll be like that, too. Perhaps, when the United States decides to join in with the English-German Alliance in making war on Japan, about the year 1928, I’ll sign ‘Socialist’ manifestoes about the Yellow Peril. And I won’t even know that its just herd-instinct. I’ll think it’s *thought*!”

F. D.

War’s Hinterland

War. A play in four acts, by Mishael Artzibashef. Translated from the Russian by Thomas Seltzer. \$1 net. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

“Too strong breaks the o’erwhelming sea; lo, then
They cease and yield them up as broken
To fate and the wild waters.”—*The Trojan Women*.

SLOWLY, very slowly we are learning to dread War not so much for the piteous dead as for the terrible living. Backwash filters so gradually. Although it is now a number of months since “War,” Artzibashef’s four-act play, was first translated in America, most people have been too busy reading Captain Ian Hay even to have heard of it. In her blazing book, “The Backwash of War,” Ellen La Motte seared into our memories unforgettable flashlights of the blood, the anguish, the waste incident to dying for king and country. She was a witness at the front to the physical horrors of war. Artzibashef has gone further; he has followed the wreckage home; he is witness to the psychological horrors of the aftermath.

It would be difficult to find a more curious antithesis to “Sanine” than this play by the same author. If you didn’t read “Sanine,” then by all means let “War” be your introduction to Artzibashef; if you read “Sanine” with a recoil read “War” to do him justice; but if you read “Sanine” with something like gusto there isn’t a minute to be lost. You simply must read “War” for the good of your cosmos. With the bigness of the theme Artzibashef’s art has risen superbly. Sex is no longer a haunting neurosis in his scheme but a great and natural force. He writes with a simplicity and restraint that recall Turgeniev, with a logic relentless as Euripides’. It is the complete cycle of war shown by its day-by-day imprint upon a single Russian family.

Defiant of rules, the incidents emerge from an inner imperative harmony. The whole first act is no more than an impression, a beautiful picture of the home of an old nobleman in early spring. The trees are in blossom, and the young people, the daughter and her husband, the son and his sweetheart, make amicable love while the old people quarrel almost as amicably. Even those two outsiders, the elderly Prince with his unhappy passion for the young wife, and the consumptive who pursues the fiancée, fail to cast a shadow over this sunshine. Another writer would have omitted this everyday scene entirely or have given it as retrospect in a minor key. Artzibashef holds up the cup for a full draught; Drink deep of love and joy, he says, for it is the wine of universal Peace. Who knows if you will taste it again?

With the almost immediate declaration of war each man is torn from what he holds dearest. “Can’t you see what a terri-

the comedy it is?" the wife exclaims brokenly as her husband is about to depart. "Somewhere, in some place there is a Wilhelm, a Germany. You have never seen Germany. Neither have I. And yet we are all crying, taking leave of one another, breaking up our lives completely. Isn't it ridiculous? ... I don't want to have my life to live. I don't interfere with anybody. ... It may be a small, insignificant life I am leading, but I don't want anybody to mar it."

The rest is attrition. Left alone the women spend their days waiting for news which culminates in the death despatch. It is the son of the house, and the sick student hangs about to remind the stricken bride of the advantages of a live dog over a dead lion. The Prince dances constant attendance on the daughter, an unusually idealistic young woman with all of Andromache's devotion to an absent husband. But the days are interminable and the elderly Prince at least a diversion from two grief-crazed parents. Moreover he is a man and is devoted, above all he is *on the spot*. Stronger than the disdain of the women is the creeping strength of these incompetents. There comes the gala hour of the husband's return, when the wife rushes out only to see them bringing him in an armchair. His blanket falls away disclosing "two stumps wrapped up in white, formless rags." It is the Prince who catches her in his arms as she faints. Stark symbolism this, making it quite evident into whose hands the women ultimately fall. Sentimental objections are of no avail. Incontestably this happened, and here at least was the heyday of the underdog.

As yet any projection of post-bellum sex psychology must be tentative. Artzibashef does not say, here is something universal even general. But unafraid, without an *idée fixe*, he has dodged on delicate, all but forbidden ground. He has dared to ask a scientific question: How do young and vital women respond to the pathetically maimed, often unrecognizable victims sent back in the place of husbands and lovers? What he shows turns like ice. It may or may not be true again and again, but picture for your comfort a different scene. Say that there is a lover's understudy, or if there is, that the woman prefers absolutely to mourn or to devote herself to tender nursing. What transmutations of normal sex impulse, what painful adjustments must occur for this war-ridden woman? Who dares to inquire if her feelings be bounded by the maternal impulse? Who is bold enough to ask what this augurs for her health and that of posterity? So long as war is the heritage of nations, nobody, not even Artzibashef, may wander long in these sombre woods. Even the most scientific among us is too involved emotionally to do more than peep at the Gorgon's head through his fingers. Meantime Artzibashef has sent a faint light across a dark sky.

FRANCES ANDERSON.

Bluffed Into It

Changing Winds: A Novel, by St. John G. Ervine. \$1.60. [The Macmillan Co.]

"CHANGING WINDS" is a story about four nice lads who are interested in ideas and movement and careers and sports, and are just beginning to enjoy life when the war comes

along. Three of them enlist quite blithely, with the customary results. The fourth (an Irish boy) doesn't, and thinks that he is a coward; but his sweetheart tells him that he *isn't* a coward and that he *will* enlist; and so, we take it, he does. The author thinks it is all rather too bad; but further than that, so far as we can gather, he doesn't dare to think. The book contains a not very sympathetic picture of the Irish Rebellion. Mr. Ervine is, we should say, an Irishman who has been bluffed into believing, in a vague, bewildered sort of way, in the British Empire. The absence of definite and passionate convictions does not improve the story.

The Vampire

Regiment of Women, by Clemence Dane. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

FEMINISM has its cruel and dark products, and there is nothing darker than the type of woman which is portrayed with a great deal of power in this first novel by Clemence Dane. The writer has struck straight in at one of the sorest places of the modern feminist world, and good feminists will have to do much explaining to counteract the rather deadly effect of this very revealing study. She has sensed a situation which extreme feminist doctrines tend directly to cultivate, and she has created a type of woman which must inevitably become rather common in the manless world which women are trying to make for themselves. The detached point-of-view of the author, and the coolness with which she makes man triumphant, causes one to wonder a little that the book could have been written by a woman. Yet the way she delivers the situation into the man's hand is proof enough that it could only have been written by a woman. No man would make his hero fatuous in the desirable role of deliverer.

The story is set in the unwholesome atmosphere of an English school for girls, with its faded, neurotic teachers and the tense, hectic life of the adolescent girls. The drama has to do with the mutual loves of Clare, an older teacher who is not faded; of Alwynne, a fresh and adorable young teacher; and Louise, a sensitive school-girl of thirteen. Clare is hard, brilliant, mature, one of those women in whom affection takes almost exclusively the form of a lust for power. She masters both girls, plays them off against each other, flatters and scorns them at her pleasure. The sensitive child breaks under the strain, and, in a frenzy of innocent despair at Clare's calculated harshness, kills herself. Clare, with her instinctive talent for self-righteousness, manages to convey all the remorse and guilt to Alwynne's naive young soul. Alwynne, wan and harried, spends her vacation with friendly relatives in the country, but is pursued by nightmares of Louise. Roger, a kind young cousin, takes her in hand, and the battle is on between him, backed by Alwynne's gentle old aunt, and the masterful Clare. He wins in a precipitous marriage with Alwynne, and Clare is left forlorn by her fireside.

It is an exciting, and not greatly overwrought story. The murky psychology is traced with uncanny insight. The unhealthy but boundless adoration that Clare is able to excite in these girls is not exaggerated. A woman like Clare is able to play on their wistfulness, their vagueness, their good-hearted



L A N D S C A P E B Y M A H O N R I Y O U N G



A DRAWING BY MAHONRI YOUNG

trustfulness, as upon an instrument. She is fastidious, beautiful, sure, brilliant, experienced. She is kind to them, and they feel in her all the qualities they lack. She becomes all this for them, robs them of their self-confidence, draws to her all their emotion, so that their happiness hangs on her favor. And she soon learns every nook and cranny of their naive young souls. She knows when to disdain and when to be sweet, when to threaten and when to cajole. She feeds on their adoration, and strips them of all emotional perspective. There can be no emotional slavery so devastating as the love which such a vampire-woman exacts from younger girls. They wallow in their own bondage. They can never love any one as they love their friend. Only this is noble, divine love. Man's loves are worthless. "She's like a cathedral, Roger, a sort of mystery. She's the sort of wonderful person you just worship." You see, she thinks—we both think, that if you've got a really real woman friend, it's just as good as falling in love and getting married and all that—and far less commonplace. Besides the trouble—smoking you know—and children. Clare hates children. Me? I love them. That's the worst of it. When I grow old, I'd mean to adopt some—only Clare wouldn't let me, I'm sure. Of course, as long as Clare wanted me, I shouldn't mind. To live with Clare all my life—oh, you know how I'd love it."

The dramatic struggle of Roger to break this unholy infatuation and turn Alwynne's love towards himself is very skillfully worked out. This kind of bondage, however, is so tenacious and is so incredible to most men that he could hardly have succeeded without the help of wise old Elsbeth, who understands the terrific jealousy and will to power which the vampire woman has. "You don't know Clare," she tells him, "If once she knows, she'll never let the child go."

"But if Alwynne were engaged to me?"

"She'll never allow it. She'll play on Alwynne's affection for her." —

"My dearest cousin! The age of sorcery is over. You talk as if Alwynne were under a spell."

"Practically she is. Of course Clare would put it on the highest grounds—unsuitability—a waste of talents. She pretends to despise domesticity. Alwynne would be hypnotized into repeating her arguments as her own opinion."

"Hypnotism?"

"Oh, not literally. But she really does influence some women, and young girls especially, in the most uncanny way. I've watched it so often."

"She's not married?"

"She hardly ever speaks to a man. I've seen her at gaities when she was younger. She was always rather stranded. Men

left her alone. Something in her seemed to repel them. I think she fully realized it. And she's a proud woman. There's tragedy in it.— Clare, with that impish nature of hers, may hurt Alwynne."

"I should think she has already, often enough."

"Yes, but Alwynne has never realized that it was deliberate. She is always so sure that it was her own fault somehow. If once she found that Clare was hurting her for—for the fun of it, you know—for the pleasure of watching her suffer—as I'm sure she does—it might end everything. Alwynne hates cruelty. A little more, and she will be disillusioned."

But Roger does not like the role of feminine intrigue which he is to play if he will win. Probably Alwynne would never have been saved if Clare, as such women usually do, had, not overreached her power and destroyed herself. Alwynne is incredibly loyal up to the last. To Roger she flares out,—

"Do you think I'm going to desert Clare for you, even if, even if" She stopped suddenly.

He beamed.

"You do. Don't you, darling?" he said.

"I don't. I don't. I don't want to. I mustn't. I don't know why I'm even talking to you like this. It's ridiculous. Of course, there can never be any one but Clare." — What would Clare think of me—when I've let her be sure she can have me always—when I've promised her—"

"At nineteen! Miss Hartill's generous to allow you to sacrifice yourself—"

"It's no sacrifice! Can't you understand that I care for her—awfully. Why—I owe her everything. I was a silly, ignorant school-girl, and she took me, and taught me—pictures, books, everything. She made me understand. You don't know how good she's been to me. I owe her—all my mind—"

"And your peace?" he asked significantly.

"You know I'm grateful. But she's such a dreadfully lonely person. She's queer. She can't help it. She doesn't make friends, though every one adores her. How could I go when she wants me. — How could I care for her so, if she were what you and Elsbeth think?"

Roger's strategy of acquiescence startles her, but it is only her last diabolical interview with Clare that really snaps the bond. Alwynne brings to Clare a birthday gift which she has lovingly worked with her own hands. Clare knows just where to insert the rapier. She has become by this time an anatomist of the soul. She has jeered in the past at Alwynne's impatience and clumsy fingers. Now her satanic power takes this form. "But you've shown it to me and I've told you that you've learned to work well, so that it has fulfilled its purpose, hasn't it? And now you'd better take it back with you," leading up to a final "Perhaps then, I dislike the hint that you consider my wardrobe inadequate."

The spell is broken. Clare's wanton cruelty has destroyed her own self. Alwynne flies to Roger. The sorcery of that evil love is transformed into healthiness.

The extreme feminist must wince a little when she reads this powerful story. Clare's philosophy of inverted sex-antagonism is a little too much like the doctrines which certain elements of an impressionable younger generation seem to be having

inculcated in them as the gospel of true feminism. The Clares in the feminist movement do their cause a very bad turn. Any taint of the vampire in the modern women runs the risk of poisoning the movement. Feminism mustn't stand apologist for the "monstrous empire of a cruel woman."

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

The Resurrection of Jesus

Jesus, the Christ, In the Light of Psychology, by G. Stanley Hall. 2 vols. \$7.50 net. [Doubleday, Page & Co.]

THE English-reading intellectual class owes a considerable debt to G. Stanley Hall. It was by his book on "Adolescence" that they were made aware of the new epoch of scientific observation, experiment and theory that had dawned in the realm of child-study. Not himself an original thinker of high rank, and not the most acute critic of the thought of others, he nevertheless performed a momentous service by summarizing for us the results of that latest "drive" of science. He has now augmented that debt by a new work, large, badly arranged, crass in a few spots and brilliant in others, and on the whole extraordinarily interesting: a book in which he introduces us to the more recent exploration of scientific criticism into the field of religion.

In the scientific sense, of course, "Jesus, the Christ" is a conception which has appealed to the minds of millions of people for many centuries, and is therefore important, and a subject to be investigated. What is the essence of its appeal, psychologically speaking? This question becomes more important, from this point of view, than the question of whether the conception has or has not any historical basis. But the conception itself changes from time to time. The Christ of the early Roman martyrs is hardly the Christ of the Renaissance, nor of Luther, nor of Renan. To relate the history of this conception in its course through the centuries would be to write in some sense an intellectual and spiritual history of Europe. This would take, however, twenty volumes instead of two, and Professor Hall has not attempted so ambitious a performance. He has, however, hit many of the high spots of such an account in his brief resumé. And he does attempt to show the answer to the question posed above: Why the Christ story held, and still holds, the imagination of a large part of mankind.

It was the tendency until recently for critics to seek to discover a historic personage in the elaborate folds of the mythos of Jesus; and this was undertaken by means of stripping away the supernatural elements from the story. For the general public, the thing was apparently accomplished by Renan's "Life of Jesus," which presented a remarkable and lovable man in whose existence one could believe without doing violence to one's sense of probabilities. It was in vain that critics pointed out that the Jesus of Renan simply did not exist in the gospels, and that Renan got his picture all out of his own head. The intellectual class of Europe wished to believe that the man Jesus had had all sorts of supernatural attributes attached to him. Thus free to conceive a human Jesus, **their** mythopoeic faculty exerted itself in the creation of all sorts of Jesuses—

the social worker's Jesus; the Unitarian Jesus, the Socialist's Jesus being a few of the varieties.

In the meantime, however, scientific criticism had been at work destroying the human Jesus and re-creating the divine Christ. That is to say, the newer scientific tendency was to believe that there had not actually existed any historic personage who was the basis of the Christian religion; but that the supernatural elements of his life-story had existed for countless ages, and had re-combined into a new and satisfactory mythus. Thus instead of Jesus being a man who was believed to be a God, he was actually a God, or a reconstitution of the fragments of many broken Gods, who was in process of becoming a man.

This view, surprisingly enough at first glance, has proved to be less objectionable to the intellectual class within the Christian church itself, than the Strauss-Renan view. They prefer a God who could not have existed, to a merely good man who might have existed. The reason is obvious enough at second glance. The mythus contains elements psychologically satisfying, which the story of the Good Man does not contain. Their objection to the Renan version was precisely, so far as the analogy goes, like the objection which an ardent Wagnerian would have to taking the supernatural elements out of Wagner's operas. It would spoil the story. They do not want the Christ story spoiled; and they prefer the mythus, even as a mythus, left intact, to the all-too-human changeling left by Straussian criticism.

They are, perhaps, within their rights in holding to their preference. At least the criticism which has apparently demolished the historical authenticity of Jesus, has at the same time revealed the elements of his mythus as the elements of an older mythus—the oldest of which we have any account, and which is in that form itself incredibly ancient, and which may indeed go back almost to the beginning of human thought. If a story has been believed in, not merely for two thousand years, but for four thousand years before that, and nobody knows how long before *that*, it must have satisfied some deep need of the human soul: and it may still be required to satisfy that need.

It is not simply that there is a remarkable resemblance amounting to an identity between the Babylonian Gilgamesh cycle and the Jesus cycle, but (as all readers of "The Golden Bough" and "Perseus" are aware) the same cycle in part or as a whole is repeated in the most diverse religions; so that the miraculous birth, heroic life, shameful death and glorious resurrection of a wonder-working god or hero may be said to have been believed in by almost all peoples almost all the time. It is irrelevant to this point whether the mythus originally represented the birth, life, death and resurrection of vegetation, or as others have thought, the birth, life, death and resurrection of the sun, or whether indeed it was something else again. The fact remains (and with a wider knowledge of comparative mythology Professor Hall could have made the fact much more impressive) that the literature of the world is founded upon, drawn from, and still largely fed by this ancient mythus.

¹ The Gilgamesh cycle is described at great length in this book, and is one of various features of the work which commend it to anyone who is interested in comparative religion—and who has seven dollars and fifty cents.

The psycho-analysts have not been behindhand with their explanation of this fact. Like most psycho-analytic explanations, it is none too clear and none too convincing; and so far as Professor Hall attempts to reproduce it, it consists simply in the assertion that the belief in such a cycle performs a valuable and necessary spiritual function for the human soul. Which, so far as it does not beg the whole question, is the assumption with which we started! If anyone can get any more than this triumphant naiveté, either out of this book or out of the writings of Jung and his disciples, he is welcome to it.

If, in spite of the sublime antiquity and the staggering all-pervasiveness of the cycle of which the Jesus mythus is made, some of us nevertheless feel alien to its appeal, there is a reason. Let me state it briefly. The Jesus mythus is not the final rescension of that universal cycle. The one fact about that cycle which is even more impressive than its age is the fact of the innumerable changes which have overtaken it. It has grown, developed, cast off dead episodes, changed with the races which cherished it. And when any version of it grew stale, a new version came to supplant it. Old Gods have died and been forgotten, and new Gods have flourished in their stead. The Jesus mythus, which had its period of development in the first centuries of the middle ages suffered the worst fate which can befall a mythus, at the time of the Reformation; it became fixed. Thenceforth it has been too sacred for the imagination of the race to play with creatively; and the imagination of the race has flowed into other channels. What is more, it has discovered that it could get along without direct aid from the mythus. Hesitantly at first and then more and more boldly, drama, fiction, poetry and art have sought to create with the materials furnished by *life*. They are not free yet from dependence on the old cycle. But they are free enough, and rich enough in their freedom, to have diverted the imaginative sympathy of mankind to new and satisfying cycles of their own creation. And that imaginative sympathy of mankind will hardly be restored to the Jesus mythus, bound up as it is with remnants of the old cycle which we have intellectually discarded.

Professor Hall finds psychic values for our times in the story of the virgin birth, the stories of the miracles, the story of the resurrection. We to whom the Jesus mythus makes no appeal find these elements of the story utterly objectionable. The instinct which for thousands of years has operated to destroy parts of the cycle which too much reek of their savage origin, lives in us too. We turn from that magnificent tomb, the church, which has been erected over this decaying mythus, saying in the words of a certain New Testament personage, "Lo it stinketh."

Has then the Jesus mythus no elements that still live, that can satisfy a deep need of our time? It would be rash to say no. Sometimes it seems as if the cerements would be thrown aside, the churchly tomb broken open, and a resurrected Jesus emerge—the Jesus who was the friend of the poor and the enemy of the rich; the Jesus whom the priests did to death; the Jesus who was the Prince of Peace. Perhaps—

But I doubt it.

F. D.

Louis Untermeyer

These Times: Poems, by Louis Untermeyer. \$1.25 net. [Henry Holt & Co.]

Poems of Heinrich Heine: Three Hundred and Twenty-five Poems. Selected and Translated by Louis Untermeyer. \$2 net. [Henry Holt & Co.]

LOUIS UNTERMAYER is a pagan, but he does not live in Greenwich village. Far from that, he lives Up Town, in a quiet neighborhood where people still exist in a state of monogamy and pay their rent without protest on the first of every month. Nevertheless he manages to enjoy life in a way refreshingly alien to the earnest sadness of Greenwich Village. He actually prefers (as do I) a chocolate sundae to a Dykerie, and he can become more dionysian in the innocent inhalation of one of those than all the companies that I have ever seen mournfully foregathered in the basement of the Brevoort or (after 1:30 a. m.) in that delectably gloomy spot which is affectionately called by its habitués "The Hell-Hole."

A pagan, if I may be permitted to define him, is someone who knows something about life and still enjoys it. Stupid people, dull people, brokers, lawyers, and men-about-town are thus excluded at the outset. And those who know something about it, and are not saddened, or made intolerably earnest, are fewer than a person in Mars might suppose. If Walt Whitman were alive now, he would still want to go and live with the animals; he would find his fellow human beings as worried about their souls as ever, even though they called it psycho-analysis instead of religion. To be intelligent, to be sensitive, to realize the cruelty and ugliness of life, and yet to love it—that is a rare gift, and it involves a quality of healthy ironic humor which is not one of our most conspicuous American traits.

I do find that trait most refreshingly in Louis Untermeyer. I find it in his new books of poems, "These Times." Of course it was inevitable that he should, as an intelligent person, have read Freud; but what was not at all inevitable, and what I find quite delightful, is that he has assimilated Freud instead of letting Freud assimilate him. He is, as an editor of this magazine should be (and sometimes is), a social revolutionist. There are poems here against capitalism and war. But he remains, as not all social revolutionists do, sufficiently human to be interested in his son Dickie's infant conception of God and to put it into boisterous verse—to wit:

"Well, God does nothing all day long,
But He sits and sits in His chair;
His face is as silver and big as the moon,
And He wears all the stars in His hair.
He's very large and happy, and He's very, very old;
And half His hair is purple and the other half is gold!"

There is a noble and beautiful poem in the book called "The Laughters," in which he tells how the newspaper with its war-headlines blotted out the sun, and polluted the blossoming day with images of vultures, idiots, and the raucous laughter of death. But it has not blotted out his own joy in life, which still shines through that evil darkness from the opening lines of his poem:

"Spring!
And her hidden bugles up the street.
Spring—and the sweet
Laughter of winds at the crossing;
Laughter of birds and a fountain tossing. . . ."

And, when it comes to that, I think that we need, not so much a hatred of war as a love of peace; not so much a horror of useless death, but an enthusiasm for beautiful life. I hope Louis Untermeyer will keep on enjoying this world and writing poems about it. He may persuade a few people that life is really worth living—a subversive and revolutionary theory which if generally adopted would overturn everything and institute Utopia in short order.

Because Louis Untermeyer is that sort of person, I have to travel all the way to Ninety-seventh street once in a while to see him. I can feel the Village *Weltschmerz* lifting from my soul as the train pulls out of the station at Fourteenth street. By Fiftieth street I am ten years younger, and I essay an unpractised laugh. When I emerge at the end of the journey life has suddenly become as mysterious and richly alluring as the Arabian Nights; and when I go into Louis Untermeyer's room, and see his face across the writing table like the full moon rising over Damascus, I realize that I have gone from a Christian into a pagan world.

It was not strange to find him, upon several such occasions engaged in translating the poems of Heine. It was as it should be that he was an ardent and understanding admirer of the great Heinrich, a tremendous enthusiast before that rich and eloquent and many-colored ironic tragi-comedy which is Heine's life and works. We talked of Heine; we damned the professors who had tried to translate him into English; and I listened to the latest translation in hand, and approved. I tried in vain, it is true, to convert him to my own theory of translation, a beautiful theory, which I would illustrate on the spot in regard to these very poems, if I were a poet and a German scholar and a few other prerequisite things. Anyway, he stuck to his own theory, which involved a heroic attempt to reproduce certain Heine-esque rhythms and rhymes in English; and I perforce forgave and even applauded him for that audacious folly.

Now here is the volume, with an admirable prefatory memoir of Heine, and three hundred and twenty-five poems, including I understand, many that have never before been translated into English. One that I do not remember seeing elsewhere is addressed to George Herwegh, the "iron lark," suggesting to that singer of a new era that the spring he celebrates

"Has blossomed only in your song."

Another, in the vein of that saying of his in which he asks that those who would honor him lay on his bier no wreath, but a sword, since he was ever a soldier in the Liberation War of Humanity, ends:

"One post is vacant! As a bloody token
I wear my wounds . . . Another takes my part.
But though I fall, my sword is still unbroken;
The only thing that's broken is my heart."

And still another with which I am not familiar, runs:

"We laugh, and we are troubled,
Whene'er our fingers touch,
That hearts can love so greatly
And minds can doubt so much.

"Do you not feel, my darling,
My heart beat through the gloom?
She nods her head, and murmurs,
'It beats—God knows for whom!'"

But if I quote any more of them, I shall be unable to refrain from quoting them all and writing an essay on Heine to boot. ... I hear that it has been proposed, as an expression of righteous indignation against Prussian autocracy, to take down a certain bust of Heine that stands somewhere in London. That is just like the stupid English. Heine hated autocracy, Prussian and otherwise, more fiercely during one lifetime than the whole British Empire has ever since. He hated it, moreover, without envy. For one thing, he understood it. He understood most things—being in that respect quite unlike the generality of poets, including those popularly esteemed "great." He almost understood himself. He—but that would be writing an essay on Heine. I refer you to the book.

F. D.

Feminism?

Woman, by Vance Thompson. New York: E. P. Dutton Co. \$1.25 net.

HAVE you ever loved a color until you saw it too often on the wrong person? Have you perhaps lost your taste for a poem because someone *would* read it to you through his nose? Worse still, have you been ready to bleed for a cause—that is, until you tried living among its chief exponents? All these and other depressing experiences floated vaguely through my mind as I read Vance Thompson's book which is entitled, simply enough—"Woman."

Don't be misled—Mr. Thompson is *for* us! He is as vociferous about it as the big boy on the playground who "takes up for" the little girl. In his effort to account for woman's present limitations and to herald the golden age of her opportunity he becomes the Billy Sunday of feminism. He is so busy popularizing our modern aspects and attributes that he simply lays out the base male of the ages who has stunted woman "in the hen-coop." At the same time he can't help blowing a whistle to warn his brother males of impending danger. For there is something "terrible and mysterious" about women. He trembles when he sees a woman carrying anything on a tea-tray—even a mound of tea-cake! Inevitably he thinks "of the head of John the Baptist!"

In spite of his burlesque manners Mr. Thompson has written a very readable book mainly because he has invented some new sex terminology and reviewed an amazing number of historical facts in a picturesque if not strictly anthropological manner. His hypothesis is that woman has been "femalized—Strasbourg-gooseed for sex purposes," and his theme is woman's protest against this overspecialization. There is something poetic about his symbolism of male impulse and feminine order as "Spray" and "Star" respectively; his analysis of the coop psychology is illuminating if not exactly revolutionary tidings, and one appreciates his praise of Olympe de Gouges and her Declaration of the Rights of Woman. But what woman reader wants to be called "my brave girl" and told that if she but don "the sporting-clothes of man" her "victories will be ready to hand"? One can't help remembering that Englishwomen, "hard-bitten, lean-sided fillies," as he admiringly terms them, can still wear their sport clothes to Hallowell jail but not to the polling-booth.

And personally I can't take Mr. Thompson's word for it that Euripides and Bernard Shaw are misogynists! And, oh yes, here is Thompson on birth-control:

"All this ignorant clamor about sex-control belongs to the maudlin and sentimental science, which reached its climax in the last century and is fortunately dying down with decent rapidity." Not so much as a breath of Mrs. Sanger's trial, it would seem, has come to his ears.

But Mr. Thompson means well, and so I shall tell him, as between friends, that there is something suspicious about his passionate hatred of "fat." Take pages 20, 133, 150—take any old page in fact. Take these random cullings—italics mine:

"Man made the human woman ... into a long-haired, short-legged, *fat*-backed female"; "The majority of women criminals are all of the coop-type—being—*fat* and small"; and that ringing prophecy, "The *fat* will fall from them and their feet will grow." Fat is to him the curse of the race, and everywhere he looks he beholds it. Actually, it obsesses him. Come to think of it, was it not this same Mr. Thompson who wrote a book called "Eat and Grow Thin?" If that passionate outburst did not relieve his soul of this fat-complex, the matter is serious. He ought, as they say on Washington Square, to be "psych'd."

F. A.

My Country, 'Tis of Thee

In the War: Memoirs of V. Veresaeu. Translated by Leo Weiner. \$2 net. [Mitchell Kennerley.]

VERESAEV served in the medical corps with the Russian army in the Russo-Japanese war. His book is perhaps the most candid description of war ever written. It is a story of waste, incompetence, muddle, wanton cruelty and grotesque horror. This is not so much because it is a Russian campaign that is being described as that it is a Russian realist describing it. Our own Civil War could have been described in very much the same terms. The war into which the United States is now entering will involve most of the elements of Vereseau's picture—only no American, we fear, will be allowed to draw the picture. American militarism will be different from Russian militarism in various superficial ways; but underneath it will be the same old militarism. War—as some philosopher even more profound than Sherman, remarked—is war. And this is it.

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some there are may never heed
the call of earth and skies,
from the prison house of life
look forth with wistful eyes,—

far beyond the city's pave
where beckon friendly trees,
mountains veil their ancient scars
with pale anemones.

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Mighty Fires

THESE bear the gift of life
Like a singing fire,
like a shining wind!

THESE swing the sledge of life
with a mighty roar!
with . . . a . . . mighty . . . roar!

ere's Geraldine,
sing us Joan of France
the flesh and blood.

human courage had never been,
human faith had never lived,
would have created them,
ery day,
blown,

denly monumental,
as glad as a thousand glittering
banners,
aving—Waving—Waving—Waving—
aving—Waving!

ere's Carl Sandburg
sing and building out of the glori-
ous blood of everyday men,
and you and me,
and sweat,

and sky-scrapers of steel,
and Chicago,—
sing us fond of life again.

at Milton,
William of Avon,
August translated Virgil,
oh! Singing of MY generation!
ME!
Carl Sandburg!

ere's Isadora,
sing us back our happy bodies,
showing us how beautiful we are:
singing for us

our ancient, awkward, hooded
desty
ould cry for joy!

THESE bear the gift of life
like a singing fire,
like a shining wind!
THESE swing the sledge of life
with a mighty roar,
with . . . a . . . mighty . . . roar!

THESE are my Christs! And
many more!
yet, some days,
when a sparrow in the eaves
save my soul.

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"Adieu, Plaisant Pays De France"

Havre, against the sunset, at low tide, on a great white pier, stained brown and gold by the wash of the sea, saw a big blond fisherman in a round cap laughing merrily. Has he forgotten how to laugh now, I wonder? Or is he, perhaps, deep down under the level of the blue Mediterranean, peered at by staring eyes of curious little fishes, he swings gently to and fro in the old rhythm, under the sway of the water currents?

In Paris, in a cafe on the Rue de Rivoli, I saw a handsome, black-eyed boy with a white apron, laughing saucily at a group of girls while he clattered the plates. Has he forgotten how to laugh now, I wonder? Or is he, perhaps, traveling in a wrecked trench in Flanders, his feet clogged with loathsome things that were once live men, his bright eyes blind with blood, his chest heaving, his hands frantic?

In Rouen, on the steps of the cathedral, one sunny Sunday morning, I saw a little red-legged soldier with his hands in his pockets, smiling in a comfortable and friendly way at the whole cheerful world, all his teeth showing. Has he forgotten how to smile now, I wonder? Or is he, perhaps, still smiling in a new way, strange and horrible, his teeth showing out of a bare skull set to his shattered and shrunken body, in a war-devastated field, which once was a glory of golden wheat and red poppies in the old, dream-like, forgotten days of peace?

O gay and pleasant France! Have you forgotten how to laugh? Nay, grim and serious France! You go to death with a smile. And we who love you can only smile in the darkness: Good Lord, deliver her! Let not war devour her! O France, have mercy, have mercy on France!

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and hate him;
Get up in the morning and do your
work
ate it;
Send your children's clothes
look out across the front lawn
wonder dully what you'd get for
each?

Do you ever walk along the boulevard
at afternoon
Bring a baby,—
A golden haired baby
You'd like to paint
Couldn't,
Cried and had to be fed,
You hated it?

Do you ever serve a dinner to a silent
man
Bring a paper;
After washing up the dishes
One and twist your wedding ring
ate it:

Do you plan your next day's work while
sitting down your unkept hair,
wonder why you looked so old and
wrinkled and so bent
arty?

Do you ever go to bed and wait,—
and wait—
Dread the arms you waited for,—
hot and selfish arms of the man
you lived with,
and for, claimed to love—
hated?

CLAIRE BU ZARD.

Hostilities

Do hard feelings, I hope?"
Oh, no, you wrinkled hag
your teapot telling my associates
things I didn't want them to know
about me.

Do hard feelings, I hope?"
I'm a queen of liars,
who stir up envy against me
smile when I overhear you,
who talk down my pet schemes
make game of my princely fancies,
truly not.

Do you slug me for you, street man
slugged me in the mouth and broke
my teeth
Do you get my fingers to your throat,
do we two walk out of the hospital
together,
I shall have my respect.
ROBERT CALVIN WHITFORD.

The Kite

Do you kiss the mist from the tree-
tops
Do you soar
Do you see an April cloud;
Do you feel the wind lash my nakedness
Do you strain
Do you see a swirling star.
Do you marvel I hate you—
Do you firm hand
Do you bring me down to earth?
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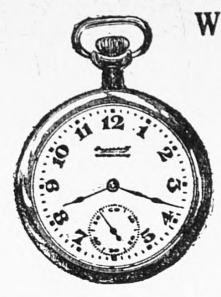
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Orchids and Hollyhods

Ironic

YOU are hungry for bread,
You are cold as the dead,
You, the fireless poor.
Yet you
Who stare ahead
Envisaging bleak toil,
Hard and unsure,
Are crying for beauty too.
Life gives you one thing, one
only:

War.

Your weapons are despair
And hate,
And the irons you wore so long,
And famine to share.
You are strong with all that you
You can strike. Strike!
What do you ask for more?

BABETTE DEUTS

Professional Etiquette vs. Humanity

SWADDLED in blankets, it whimpering in a little brass this seven-day-old, wizened bit of humanity for whose life doctors had given up hope. The spark had a few hours more to flicker.

Then someone mentioned the name Professor B...—an eminent specialist in baby illnesses. I dashed to the phone. Perhaps his skill . . .

The nurse in his office answered "Professor B... will not attend unless formally summoned by the attending physician."

I explained the necessity for and asked if this formality could be waived.

"I'm sorry"—impatiently—"but doctor will have to telephone personally."

I called up our attending physician and learned that he had just left in a hurry call, for Flatbush.

Again, over the wire I explained the situation to Professor B... 's . . . Desperately I begged permission to speak personally with the Professor.

Mechanically, however, she repeated her story. Then a sharp click indicated that she had rung off.

The baby died three hours later.

I realize, of course, the futility of dwelling on possibilities.

I am wondering, however, at the splendid law of professional etiquette so rigidly observed.

All laws of humanity, apparently, fade before it.

Our medical profession must maintain its dignity and etiquette.

RUTH L.

The Little Ugly Duckling

NARCISSUS bulbs—
Little brown things.
I traded my luncheon for you.
Bought you from a suave Jap
In a Nippon garden.

For seven days
I have tended you anxiously.
Yet you still remain, small and soft

Will I regret my tears of pity
for you?

Or will you yet fool me
And bloom star-like
From your cracked saucer?

MARGARETTA SCHULZ

chids and Hollyhocks

The Ukelele

AVE you heard the shrill guitar and ukelele?
 gently, palely,
 whispering, simpering
 whispering wickedly a bitter sort of
 e,
 ering, flattering,
 ering a smattering of ticklish, fickle
 e,
 ming, quickening
 ead moon-madness in the bad moon-
 ht.
 ng, hissing
 hot delicious mystery of smooth,
 ft flesh,
 ing, twinkling liquorish delight,
 and women gaily dight at midnight
 enmesh,
 aming,—screaming
 ppering wistfully a bitter sort of
 re.

BOB WHITFORD.

One Type of Mind

PERSON of the cloth, known as the Rev. T. B. Gregory, whose generally harmless articles adorn the editorial pages of sundry American newspapers, begins a recent screed as follows: Socrates, 'the wisest of the Greeks,' the son of a stonemason and a midwife. How strange that from such low-ancestry should have come the man who was to leave behind him the grand-name in the Pantheon of history." Presumably familiar with the parentage of Shakespeare, Mohammed, Abraham Lincoln, Bunyan, Epictetus, Keats and Jesus Christ, what does the Rev. T. B. Gregory mean by "strange"? Just where do the pulpitators place the social dividing line between which geniuses may be expected, and below which they must be treated as miraculous? Had Socrates been the son of a spring of a broker and a society bud, would he have concluded, there would be nothing to be astonished at, because it is the well-known habit of brokers and society buds to get together and beget children possessing giant intellects. The Rev. T. B. Gregory is true to form however, for his is the type of mind that finding it impossible to believe Jesus the son of a carpenter and a peasant girl, preserved the theories of heredity by substituting a god!

TED ROBINSON.

A Portrait

ENDERLY the strong slim fingers
 Closed round the sapphire bowl
 In a white embrace
 He slowly—caressingly—
 let it rest
 on the table of shining ebony—
 the beauty's worship in his eyes
 and yesterday contemptuously
 broke my heart.

BETTY BOWMAN.

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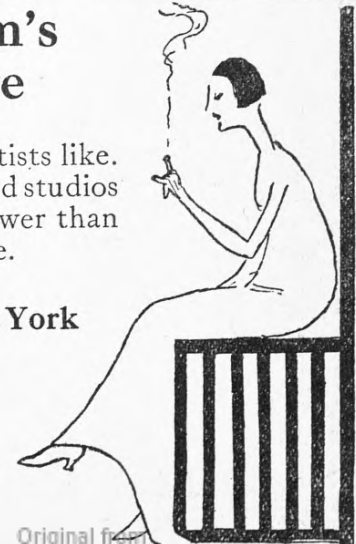
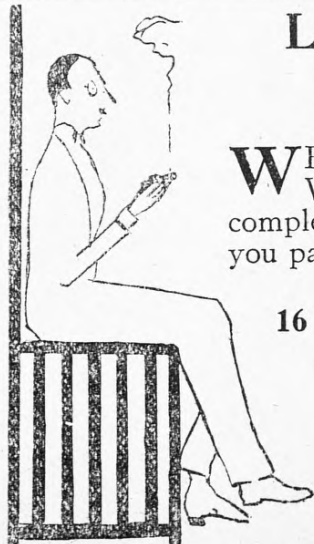
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Orchids and Hollyhock

Regret

DEAR, placid lover,
 My lover of a night,
 I spread you a bed of nettles
 Of my misery.

RUZA WENCLA

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE MASSES, published monthly at New York, N. Y., April 1, 1917. State of New York, County of New York.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Merrill Rogers, who, having sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE MASSES and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of ownership, management (and if a daily publication, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, business managers are: Publisher, The Masses Publishing Co., 33 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Max Eastman, 33 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Floyd Dell, 33 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Merrill Rogers, West 14th St., New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) The Masses Publishing Co., 33 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.; Eugene Wood, Northport, L. I.; Max Eastman, 6 East 8th St., New York, N. Y.; John Sloan, 88 Washington Place, New York, N. Y.; Alice Beach Winter, 53 East 59th St., New York, N. Y.; Charles A. Winter, East 59th St., New York, N. Y.; Ellis Jones, 17 West 31st St., New York, N. Y.; Horatio Winslow, 520 East 77th St., New York, N. Y.; Cornelia Barnes, 28 S. 51st St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Glenn O. Coleman, Patchen Place, New York, N. Y.; Geo. Bellows, 146 East 19th St., New York, N. Y.; Stuart Davis, 153 S. Arlington Ave., Orange, N. J.; K. R. Chamberlain, 98 Elliot Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.; William E. Elish Walling, Greenwich, Conn.; Art Young, 9 East 17th St., New York, N. Y.; H. J. Turner, 14 W. 29th St., New York, N. Y.; Maurice Becker, 9 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.; John Reed, 43 Washington Square, New York, N. Y.; Howard Brubaker Greens Farms, Conn.; Mary H. Vorse O'Brien, 121 Washington Place, New York, N. Y.; Robert Carlton Brown, Tenafly, N. J.; Louis Untermeyer, 231 West 97th St., New York, N. Y.; Robert Minor, 444 Pearl St., New York, N. Y.; John Barber, 2140 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Helen Marot, 206 W. 13th St., New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which the stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation is any interest direct or indirect in the stock, bonds, or other securities than as stated by him.

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They therefore demand that America be kept out of active warfare and the immediate termination of the carnage across the sea.

They further demand that the wealth of the country be returned to the people thereof so that all who are willing to work may live and enjoy and not be forced to kill or starve.

Remember there is enough in the world (and more) for all people alive today. Trouble comes because a few people own all that makes for the necessities and comforts of life and allows them to accumulate wealth while the masses of the people are wanting and thus obliged to obey those who own the country.

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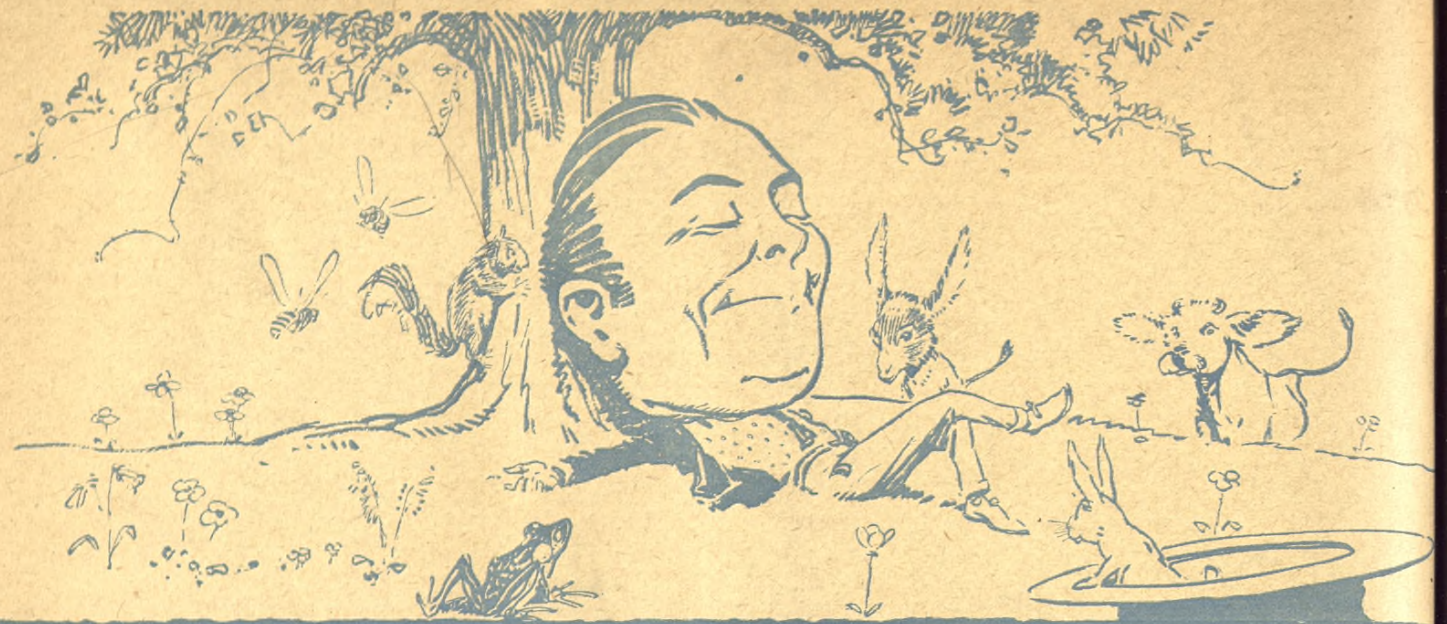
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