

THE

APRIL, 1915

10 CENTS

THE MASSES



DRAWN BY GEO. BELLOWS

PROGRESS OR COMSTOCK BY OUR READERS

A WAR STORY ERNEST POOLE

THE UNEMPLOYED MEYER LONDON

"A HAPPY WOMAN" MARY HEATON VORSE

The MASSES

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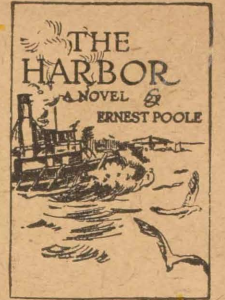
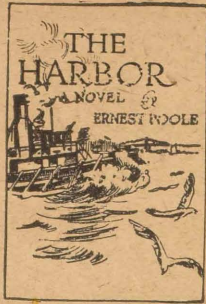
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THE HARBOR

by ERNEST POOLE

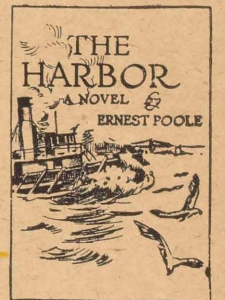
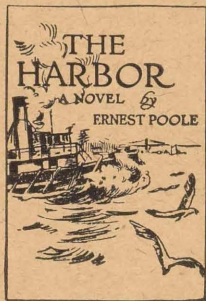
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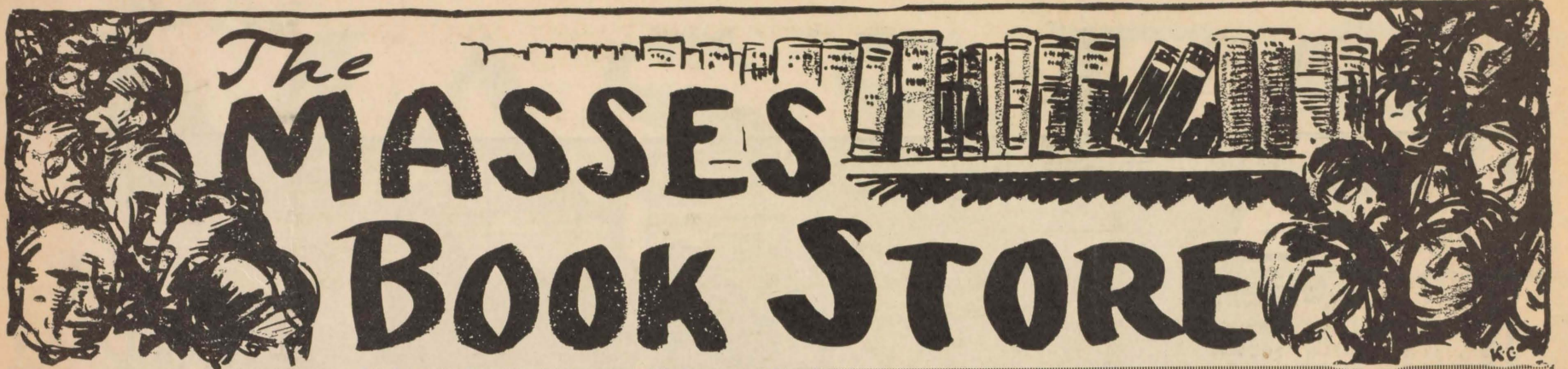
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My Wife's Hidden Life, Anonymous. A "wonder." \$1.25 net. Rand, McNally & Co.

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Socialism and Democracy in Europe, by S. P. Orth. \$1.50 net. Henry Holt & Co. Besides a clear exposition of the status and organization abroad it gives latest socialist "programmes."

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Socialism and the Great State, by H. G. Wells and others. \$2 net. Harper & Brothers.

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Darwinism To-day, by Vernon L. Kellogg. Reviewed on page 22. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$2.00. Postage, 12c.

THE WAR

Imperial Germany, by Prince Bernhard von Bülow. There are all sorts of books about German statesmanship by people who are neither Germans nor statesmen. But here is a new, tremendously significant book on the subject by the man who was Chancellor of the German Empire from 1900 to 1909. \$1.50 net. Dodd, Mead & Company.

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(Continued on page 26)



Waiting for the Bomb

"The detectives were disguised as scrubwomen, ushers, etc."
—Daily Press report of the farce at St. Patrick's church.
See p. 16.

Drawn by Stuart Davis.

The MASSES

Vol. VI. No. 7

APRIL, 1915

Issue No. 47

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

Concerning Optimism

IT IS pitiful to see people who had lived on visionary expectations of Universal Brotherhood, hunting for some pale straws of hope in these gloomy times. Lucky we who were born of little faith—who can go on fighting for the fight's sake.

"In seed-time or in berry-time,
When brown leaves fall or buds peep out,
When green the turf or white the rime,
There's something to be glad about."

That pathetic little rhyme of optimism, with its guileless but persistent accent upon *something*, hovers in my mind today. And thinking how sad the person must have been who wrote it, and how sad many of the "spiritual" people are in this "year of our Lord," I feel almost reluctant to bring out another issue of these pages of protest.

And yet there are so many people, so many journals, so many committees, foundations, salaried press-agents, engaged in the manufacture of artificial optimism, that it becomes almost an honest duty to remain in a state of gloom.

THE worst nightmare that crosses my mind is the thought of those innumerable millions of books that are going to be written about this war after it is over. All the clean vigor of the intellect of Europe is destined to waste itself for a hundred years, deciding whether General Such-and-Such came to the reinforcement of Colonel This-or-That's brigade of light artillery—and nobody will have the slightest idea whether he came, after they get it all settled in the twenty-fifth century.

Couldn't we contrive to insert into those celebrated terms of peace, a provision that only one book shall be written on the war by each nation, and that only ten feet thick?

STUART DAVIS was walking in a downtown street with a friend the other day, and saw some pitiful Belgian of the industrial war making for the interior of a garbage can, in search of a bite of food.

"Look—he knows I'm a MASSES artist!" said Davis, with that peculiarly MASSES humor of his.

THE "Committee of Fourteen" gives us a bright little column of hand-polished hopefulness. After selecting R. H. Macy's department store (on the Consumers' League black list) as an institution "sincerely desirous of establishing and maintaining good conditions in their store," the committee proceeds to discover:

(1) That "small wages in themselves do not appear to be a cause of immorality; and indeed the general testimony is that there is probably more immorality

among the higher than the lower (not the lowest) paid."

(2) "There is not a ten-room hotel which was erected or converted so as to meet those requirements of the Liquor Tax law which to-day rents rooms to couples, and there are very few ordinary saloons or hotels which will even serve liquor to a known prostitute, though she be accompanied by a man. Those that do, are called sharply to account by the brewer interested as soon as he knows of the dereliction."

Thanks to brewers and low wages, it would seem (not lowest) that we are on the high road to salvation.

A third joyful reassurance the committee leaves with us:

(3) "The poison-needle cases which attracted so much attention last winter were investigated without a single actual victim being found."

A Historian

PROFESSOR SHEPARD of Columbia University was presiding at a banquet the other day, and he said, in praise of neutrality, that nobody could tell what had happened until a hundred years afterward anyway. He said that impetuous people were always eager to make up their minds, but as a historian he thought it was better to reserve judgment. I thought this would make a good definition of a historian—a man who re-

serves his judgment until everybody's dead, including himself, but of course he was dead all the time.

Columbia's Education

SPEAKING of Columbia—there was a sudden termination of business relations between THE MASSES and the University Book-Store on the campus, a little while ago. We sent a boy up to know why, and he was told:

"You attack the church too much."

About the same date the University Library terminated its subscription to THE MASSES I wrote to the Librarian, asking the reason, and received this reply:

Columbia University, Jan. 5, 1915.

Dear Sir:

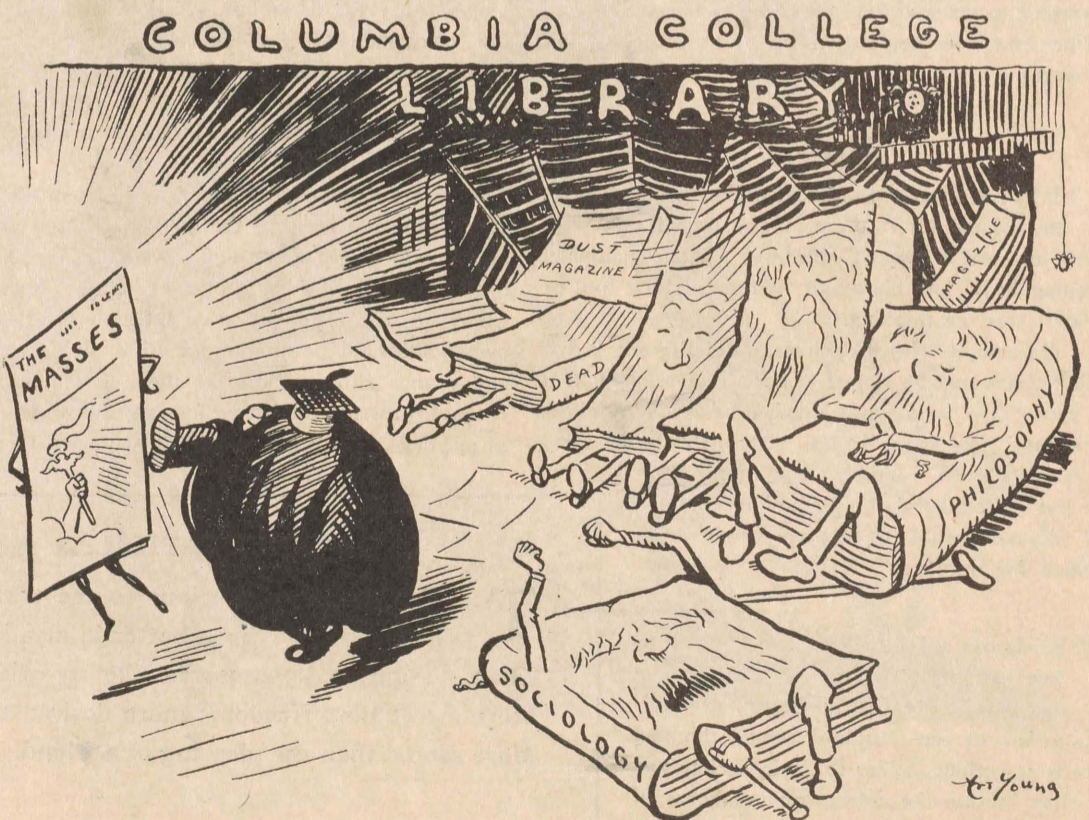
In reply to your letter of the 4th I inform you that although subscription to one copy of THE MASSES was discontinued, we are still subscribing for a copy, which is on file in the School of Journalism. Very truly yours,

FREDERICK C. HICKS,
Assistant Librarian.

In answer to that I wrote:

Dear Sir:

My reason for writing to know why THE MASSES was removed from the Columbia library is an editorial



Drawn by Arthur Young.

one. I am not concerned about the subscription. You know I should be glad to put Columbia on the exchange list. And may I ask you, if you decline this offer, to tell me exactly why?

You can imagine the nature of my interest and how little the files of the School of Journalism have to do with it.

To this letter I received no answer, and I suppose that again we have stumbled upon one of those dark obstacles to education, anonymous but for the name *economic*.

Columbia can not afford to have THE MASSES on her library table. No more can a young photographer who recently subscribed. He puts it in the dark room where it won't frighten his patrons. Columbia puts it in the School of Journalism, where it can be filed with the samples as a mere matter of course.

I know from personal experience that there is a battery of intellect and learning up at Columbia which could blow into annihilation any *error* that might creep through the portals of a young mind, and so I am compelled to think it is not the errors in THE MASSES that Columbia fears, many as these may be, but the truth, which not even scholarship and intellect can entirely sterilize.

To a New Subscriber

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., subscribed to THE MASSES the other day, and I feel warranted in extending him a little personal advice. In objecting to Mr. Walsh's candid championship of the oppressed as Chairman of the Industrial Relations Commission, Mr. Rockefeller said:

"You are stirring up exactly that industrial unrest which your Commission was 'appointed to allay.'"

Now, by some unhappy accident, Mr. Rockefeller, the federal commission was not appointed to "allay" industrial unrest. At least nobody ever was foolish enough to say so. It was appointed to "investigate the causes" of unrest. And in ushering the Rockefeller Foundation, your own little optimism factory, into the same field, I recommend that you cling to the established terminology. Your own partiality must not become too obvious—especially when you are objecting to Mr. Walsh's.

In other words, the "allaying" should be brought in on the side. The people of the country have enough self-respect to demand that, even if they haven't enough to wipe your now perfectly transparent enterprise off their earth.

Piety

A LETTER from a prominent divine, a noted idealist, asking me if there is any way I can "beg, borrow, or steal a copy of Margaret Sanger's pamphlet and smuggle it" into his hands "without falling foul of the law," sets me thinking.

If I did comply with his request (and I'm not saying I didn't), it would be a state's prison offense. But that only shows how far upward idealism has traveled, since, for instance, Socrates defined piety as "obedience to the laws of one's country," and drank hemlock out of loyalty to his definition.

If only one could be sure we would drink hemlock for ours!

HERE is one thing to be glad about. It is just possible that the war in Europe will emancipate the United States. It may start a few of our standard people thinking there is something nobler to do in society and art, than imitate the culture and manners of western Europe.

Sign of the Times

AT a joint meeting of the American Philosophical Association and the Western Philosophical Association, papers were read upon these topics:

"Individuality Through Democracy," "Democracy and the Melting Pot," "Justice and Progress," "What Can Philosophy Contribute to Questions of Justice?" "Private Property and Social Justice in the Light of Social Psychology," "The Injustice of Punishment," "Democratic Equality and the Principle of Relativity," "The Social Origin of Absolute Idealism."

Only five other papers were read. And even they gave small attention to those "Problems of Pure Being" which are supposed to be the distinguishing concern of the philosopher.

It is almost as alarming as though the Vestal Virgins should bring forth child.

About the Church

WE published, a long while ago, a paragraph quoting a Baptist paper, the *Watchman-Examiner*, to the effect that:

"We unhesitatingly support Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and his associates in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company."

Our paragraph implied that this was "the position of the church in the Colorado situation."

Of course, the *Watchman-Examiner* is only one Baptist publication, and the position of the church is far more complex.

The church is *practically* solid against revolutionary strikes, although the Catholic Church always tries, after any strike is *declared*, to seem neutral.

John Fitch, who made the fairest survey in Paterson two years ago, tells me he found the leading Episcopalian rabidly and riotously against the strikers; Rabbi Mannheimer lost his job in Paterson, and is now elsewhere, because of his sympathy with the strikers, frequently expressed; the Methodist minister was against the strikers; the Catholic priests tried to be friendly to labor according to their lights; in general the clergy was against the strikers, being shocked by the I. W. W., and particularly interested in wondering about their morals.

The strike in Colorado, however, was in no sense revolutionary. It was merely a demand that the employers obey the labor law. And in Trinidad I found one clergyman at least heartily on the side of the strikers—although by the time I arrived he had been *reduced to silence*, and asked me to regard our interview as absolutely private. I sum up my investigation there in these words:

A sweating effort at neutrality was made by the Jesuit priesthood of the Catholic church, an effort that always will be made, I suppose, in times of class crisis by the Catholic church. For the Catholic church is the Church of the Exploitation of the Poor, and it has its own gentle and peculiar mode of exploiting the poor and cannot afford to forsake them to others. Of the seven Protestant ministers, five are hot little prophets of privilege. The other two feel that among the original

causes of the trouble was the failure of the church to live up to her mission of teaching Christianity and other blessings of civilization to the miners. Just what Christianity would have done to the miners, unless it sent them back to work in the blessedness of the meek, was not explained by these ministers. But the Salvation Army leader made it perfectly plain that he considered the "preaching of contentment" to be his function in the mining camps. The gospel according to Marx!

Our statement about the church in the August number ought to have been supported, and in a small degree modified, by these concrete facts.

Prison Literature

Frank Tanenbaum

SOME of the perverted influences which dominate such an institution as the Blackwell's Island Penitentiary would be farcical if their results were not so tragic. An institution avowedly existing for the correction and betterment of human beings, it closes its doors against many of the most ideal creations of the human mind. The Warden is the supreme literary censor, and as a prevention against the corruption of my morals, he withheld from me,—among other books sent me by my friends,—Buckle's "History of Civilization in England." I suppose he thought the word *civilization* sounded revolutionary, for some of the other books he would not let me see were Carlyle's "French Revolution," G. Lowes Dickinson's "Justice and Liberty," and "The Revolutionary Function of the Modern Church" by Rev. John Haynes Holmes of the Church of the Messiah. Goethe's "Faust" is another book that he thought was a little too modern for those classic halls.

When I tell you that he withheld several copies of the *Nation* as being too radical for me, you will know how much chance I had of seeing the periodicals I really wanted.

When, in the middle of my term, Jane Roulston got a permit to see me, the Warden met her at the door with a sad face:

"When Tanenbaum first came here," he said, "I thought he had the makings of a man in him, but I have no more hopes for him."

"Why, what's the matter?" said Miss Roulston. "Is he learning to take dope, or what?"

"Why, no, not exactly,—but he's sunk pretty low. Can you imagine—he reads that magazine, THE MASSES!"

Among Those Present

"AT a reception [to Tanenbaum] . . . attended by 400 men and a few women, most of the former unbarbered, crooked-skulled, chinless, stunted, or shifty-eyed, Tanenbaum in a scarcely audible voice confessed himself 'mushy-minded' and made vague remarks. . . ."—*New York World*.

It is pleasant to see our well-known journalism now and then with her paint off and her hair down.

Travel

EVERYWHERE are trees and grass
As one finds at home;
Nor can I leave the sky behind
No matter where I roam:

Everywhere I see the same
Modes of life endure—
Everywhere I find the Rich
Thriving on the Poor.

HARRY KEMP.

INVOCATION

TRUTH, be more precious to me than the eyes
Of happy love; burn hotter in my throat
Than passion; and possess me like my pride;
More sweet than freedom; more desired than joy;
More sacred than the pleasing of a friend.

M. E.

In The Social Whirl

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, the well-known lecturer, recently paid a flying visit to Washington, D. C., where he concluded a lasting peace between this country and Uruguay.

ST. PATRICK'S Cathedral in New York reports a gratifying increase in attendance and interest on the part of bomb makers and detectives.

P. B. VON HINDENBURG of East Prussia is visiting points in Russian Poland and is returning the call recently made by the Grand Duke Nikolas.

THERE is a movement in the younger set at Singapore to foster a spirit of independence and self-reliance among the Indian troops. Thus far it has had to proceed without encouragement from the British authorities.

PRESIDENT WILSON reports a comfortable and restful trip to the Panama Exposition by wireless.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT and four sons have organized themselves into an Assistant Standing Army. They expect to admit other persons of good character from time to time.

MEMBERS of the New York Public Service Commission have recently been subjected to considerable annoyance by a committee from the legislature which persisted in asking questions about transportation matters. Dame Rumor has it that the commissioners will soon be able to resume their social and athletic duties.

THE familiar figure of Elihu Root is again seen upon the streets of New York. Mr. Root will be pleasantly remembered by some as the chauffeur of the 1912 steam roller.

AFTER an almost uninterrupted association of two years, Congress and the United States have separated for mutual refreshment.

THE Prince of Wales, disguised as a young officer, recently spent a few minutes upon the firing line and returned to safety none the worse for the rash adventure.

RUSSIA has apparently adopted her ally's motto, "Business as Usual." The police recently searched (and partly burned) the home of Tolstoy's widow for documents of a revolutionary character.

PROSPECTIVE tourists in the near east will learn with pleasure that the Dardanelles are undergoing a thorough spring cleaning and may soon be free of unsanitary mines and forts.

THE Portuguese season of internal dissension and political unrest has opened promisingly and shows no signs of having been injured by the war.

IT is rumored that the Unspeakable Turk, who has been visiting enemies in Europe and environs for 462 years, is about to return to his old home in Asia.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



Drawn by Harry Osborn

Christian Patriot, will you call on your God to help you when your country goes to war?

"SUBMARINES"

Ernest Poole

I WAS in a first class compartment on a train in Belgium. Outside, the fields and villages looked bleak and sodden, soaking wet in a cold January rain. The train was crowded with soldiers, and all other civilians but me were packed in two third class cars behind. At first I had been back there myself, but at one little station I'd been thrown out to make room for more German warriors. On the platform in wretched German I had argued with the guard. I had quite an assortment of passes and I showed them all, but their value was only negative. They proved that I was not a spy and so for the moment need not be shot, but for getting me a place on that train they were like scraps of paper. Troops must be moved, and I must make room. They were certainly moving. Down the platform on the run, husky, big-booted German boys, they came shouting, trampling, wave on wave, and I felt like a drop in the ocean. The train was almost ready to start.

Then I pulled my inspiration. It was not a pass but a menu card. The week before, up near the front with some other correspondents, I had been invited to dine with the chief of the general staff. As it happened, the dinner never came off. But it was "in die Ordnung" that to each of us should be solemnly handed a menu card with a plan of the table. Here is mine. Observe John Reed.

TISCH-ORDNUNG

Herr John Reed

Oberst Groener	General Zoellner
Herr Keilhau	General Prinz
General Wild v. Hohenborn	Se. Exzellenz der Chef des Generalstabs des Feldheeres
Herr A. Wilkie	Senator Beveridge
Oberst Tappen	Major v. Tieschowitz
Herr E. Poole	Herr Robert Dunn
Major Nicolai	

I drew a first class compartment.

Moreover I was almost alone. The one other man I took at first for a young German officer—with a mean cold in his head. For over his gray field suit he wore a green muffler that swathed his neck and almost covered his shoulders. The train started and we lit cigarettes.

"You are an American?" he began in excellent English.

"Yes."

"A correspondent?"

"Yes."

"How did you get in this car?"

I told him of the menu card and it seemed to tickle him vastly.

"And I also am here by a little trick." He pulled off his muffler and revealed the fact that there were no stripes on his shoulders. "You see I am only a private," he said. "But with this I pass as an officer, and so I get a seat in here. How do you say in America? Graft?"

"You graft a first class compartment," I said. I began to like him. I liked the twinkle in his gray eyes.

"Well, and what do you think of the war?" he asked.

"It's interesting," I replied. He blew some smoke.

"Be frank with me—quite. I'm no Chauvinist."

"It's damnable," I confided.

"I am very pleased to meet you. I have been very lonely," he said.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"A soldier."

"Who were you?"

"A playwright."

"Where from?"

"Hamburg. I wrote plays which were not acted." I drew nearer.

"So did I write plays," I told him.

"Did you? Were they acted?"

"Some of them were." His face fell.

"Oh."

"But they failed. They made no money."

"Ah! I find that splendid! Let us talk about plays," he said.

Strindberg was his favorite. He liked Oscar Wilde and Synge, and he talked of certain German writers I had never heard of. Sudermann and Hauptmann were both hopelessly bourgeois.

"Do you know," he said, "in three months I have never talked of art. I have not even thought. My mind has been dead. It has been drowned in this silly war. I shall recall this hour with you as a light, a spot-light in the dark."

"Thanks. I'll do the same," I said. "We're a couple of lonely travelers."

"We are," he agreed. "What has war produced? Dead bodies, blood and hatred—and not even hatred well expressed. I have searched the papers and magazines for one good poem, one passable story, one real piece of writing—but no. I find only cheap rubbish and sentiment. The most awful patriotic bosh."

"Tut, tut," I gravely admonished. "Can it be that you are no patriot?"

"I am a patriot," he declared. "I can think of no more dismal prospect than to abolish nationalities and all talk Esperanto. What a flat, hideous future for art. No, I want to stay German. And as a German I want to compete with Frenchmen, Russians, English, with Swedes and Norwegians, with Turcos and Americans—forgive me, I am speaking of plays. But all this silly nonsense about white papers and red blood, what is it? What does it decide? Shall I tell you. It decides for us that every little lieutenant is God—not only here but in England and France. He is God of us all to whom we bow down—forgive me again, I should say salute. He is to be our God for years. Around him will be written plays that make a man sick to think about, and by him and his standards the crowd will be a hundred-fold more ignorant and brutalized than they were before the war. They will be worse than bourgeois—they will cultivate prize fighters' souls. And I feel bitter against all this—and bitter against bloodshed—bitter against machine guns, howitzers, French Seventy-fives! I am against all this bloody farce! And my bitterness does me no good at all. It is an ocean and I am drowned. I am a submarine far down. And my engine is stalled—I cannot rise."

"Are there many like you in Germany?"

He made a despairing gesture.

"Did I not tell you," he demanded, "this is my first real talk in three months?"

I leaned over to him.

"Have another cigarette," I said. "I've been hunting for you, brother; that's the main reason why I came. I've been in England and Germany hunting around for submarines."

"Well? And have you found some?" he demanded eagerly.

"Yes. Not many, but a few—and those few damned lonesome."

"And their engines stalled."

"Oh, no, they're not all dead ones yet—things may be happening pretty soon."

"What things?" he asked me hungrily.

But the train was slowing down. Outside in the dreary rain a long bleak line of buildings slid slowly past the window—shattered buildings, ghastly hulks of what had once been houses. And a voice called out, "Louvain."

"This is where I get off," he said. "From here I must take another train to the village where I am stationed. Good-bye. Good luck to the submarines. Keep on traveling."

"I will."

A moment later, with a rush, some six or eight peasant soldiers scrambled up into the compartment. They were wet and muddy and worn. And in less than five minutes, on the seat where the writer had sat and talked of Strindberg and Oscar Wilde, five mud-bedraggled men in a row sat with mouths open fast asleep. I felt as though that ocean had swept over me again.

I stayed submerged for some hours crowded into a corner. Finally I fell into a doze. When I awoke they were still asleep—all but one.

He did not look like a peasant—he looked more like a factory hand. At once I watched him closer, for I thought I had seen his type before. There was something so lean and hungry, so intensely eager in his eyes. He did not notice me watching him, for he himself with an almost strained intensity was studying the faces of these peasant comrades with whom he had been thrown. He seemed to study them one by one. He pulled a newspaper from his pocket and read for half an hour, then he studied the faces again.

Presently we stopped at a station and in the commotion they all awoke. Some looked out of the window. In a few moments the train went on, and now the group began to talk.

At the start the talk was general. First it was about the next meal. At which station would they be fed? Then there was talk of trenches, of deep mud and water, and someone told of a bayonet charge in which he had killed ten Frenchmen. Then followed some jokes about a spade. Someone in the German trenches, it seemed, held up a spade every morning, and presently from the French trenches an answering spade appeared, whereupon both French and Germans climbed out of their holes and there was a truce of ten minutes—one of the toilet arrangements of war. Later came talk about trench food. Finally somebody wondered how long the war was going to last.

And then the lean faced man, the watcher, began to talk to these comrades whose faces he had studied so carefully one by one. His talk at first was careful, too.

"We're a hard crowd of fellows to beat," he de-

clared, and to this the others promptly agreed. "But so are the French and English," he added.

"No," said a peasant, "not the English. They are pigs and bastards!"

"But they can fight," the man went on, "and I think the war will last for years. And when it is over what will we get out of it?"

He talked about war taxes. He asked each peasant what tax he had paid on his farm before the war. Then he said the taxes would be doubled for years to come, and the longer the war lasted the longer and the heavier would be the taxes to be paid.

"But that is not our Kaiser's fault," said a stout, good-natured peasant. "It is the fault of England and the French and Russians. Don't you know they started the war, the devils?"

"Their governments did," said the lean-faced man. "But I've talked with some of those fellows when we took them prisoners. The French are good fellows like ourselves."

"Yes, they are good fellows," the good-natured peasant agreed.

"And they did not start the war. In Russia the Czar, he started it off, because the workingmen up in Petersburg were making him trouble, they even had barricades in the streets. So he started the war to stop their strikes. And in France it was the fat Catholic priests and all the rich people who want a king. In England I read in the papers that they have had a hard time over there to get their workingmen to enlist."

"They are cowards," said a peasant.

"Yes, but they did not start the war. I tell you this war was started by a lot of fat rich people. And

we are the fellows who have to get killed. And if we don't get killed, by God, we will have to pay war taxes! And think of the widows we'll have to help. All the fellows who are killed are leaving in every village widows and old mothers and little brats who will have to be fed. And the village will have to feed them. And that will mean more taxes. And the longer all this fighting goes on, the more taxes we will have to pay."

All the faces were gloomy now. The good-natured peasant tried to joke but got no response.

"Well, we're in for it," somebody growled.

"All the same," said the lean-faced man, "I'll be glad when there's peace. I'll be glad when we all jump up out of the trenches and all the French fellows do the same—and we all run across and shake hands with each other."

"That will be fine," said the good-natured peasant. "We'll do it as soon as the war is over."

"Some fellows *have done it*," the speaker replied.

"What?"

"Some fellow told me that where he was our men held up spades and the French did the same—and then they ran out and all shook hands. And they did like this at the trenches." He made a face, at which they all laughed. But the laugh soon stopped and there was a tense silence.

"You can't do that to your officers," growled one man uneasily.

"It is a lie and it never happened," said another peasant. "You are just making it up."

"Perhaps it is a lie," said the speaker. "But that is what the fellow said."

He threw a vigilant glance along the row of faces.

"And when you come to think of it," he continued quietly, "it is not so bad, what those fellows did. You must obey your officers—because this is war—and if we fellows didn't obey, everything would be all mixed up—and the French would charge and kill us all. But if whole regiments everywhere jumped out of the trenches, as he said, and all the Frenchmen did the same and we met in the middle of the field—then there would be war no more—and no need of officers."

There was a long, uneasy silence.

"I don't like this talk," muttered the good-natured peasant. "It is not good to talk of this."

"You are right, brother," another growled. "You will get us all into trouble," he said, turning angrily to the speaker. "Look out."

"Oh, there's no trouble," the speaker replied. "I just told you what that fellow said. Perhaps he was wrong and perhaps he was right. Let's talk about something else instead."

The talk ran to other things. The old jokes and stories of blood and steel, the old boastings of butchery, all went on. But through it all from time to time I noticed two or three of the group would grow silent and frown and stare intensely out of the window, apparently thinking of something hard.

The lean-faced man had resumed his paper with a relieved expression, as though he had put through his job for the day.

It is pleasant in such traveling, where you feel submerged in this ocean of war, to meet these submariners now and then.

His engine is not stalled.

POEMS — By Clement Wood

A PRAYER

TO that true god I call myself,
Whose form lay huddled in the earliest womb of
fiery mist;
Who slowly groped to life through the long and bloody
generations,
Maker of all the gods, as childish playthings of joy
and terror;
Retirer of all the gods, save himself, when he stood
towering,
Shining up to man's estate and man's affairs:

God, in high loneliness apart I talk with you—
Give me always this precious communion.

Give me strength to fling aside the false gods,
Even to the last of them—
The childish toys of the race;
The fear-spurring ghosts; the faltering beliefs.

Give me the vaster strength to see and build for myself
Man's business, and man's customs.
Keep me from the chains of ownership,
From cellaring myself in a comfortable litter of books
and pictures, clothes and possessions,
That drain my soul from my larger work.

Keep me from too-great love—
Love of father, that makes me but an echo of a dying
hero;

Love of mother, that clips my wings and manacles me
to the prison of the past;
Love of woman, that bids me grow, flesh into flesh and
soul into soul,
Until we sink, strangled in the embrace;
Love of friend, that plants my foot in the footsteps
before me,
Shunning the rougher, straighter path.

Give me great love of myself—
Love that will whip me to unfold my full flowering
In the blighted gardens of men.

Keep me from dream-ridden indolence,
That softens the sinews of my spirit.

Send me forth, adventuring,
From the quick-mud of the gutter
To the clasp of the thin golden fingers of the stars.

Let me will life,
And its hearty, freshening struggles.

And when the small word comes to me that the end of
this road is near,
God, do not let me flee my certain end;
Let me will death. . . .
Gladly, with clear vision, as a conqueror,
Let me serenely pass on the light to loftier gods,
And go forth to farther roads,
Knowing that death will come when I will have it
come.

THE GOLDEN MIRACLE

DO ye ask for a sign, O ye of little faith?
Do ye doubt and stand slant-eyed
When bread and wine become the blessed body
and blood
Of dear Lord Jesus Christ?

De ye summon your Baals, Science and the Modern
Spirit,
To bear witness for you?

Truly ye are a perverse and balky generation!
For every day ye see a greater miracle,
A more wonderful transformation, never resting,
belting the world;
The lift and glow of youth, the vigor of maturity,
the trembling haste of age, become gold;
The splashed blood of workers on the spread rails
and the keen-edged machine-blades,
The fragrant smell of sacrificial woman-flesh on
the lust-altars,
The toiling children, grayer than gray age,
Turned into gold;
The packed slums and lean farm-houses, the loath-
some food, the water swarming with death,
Aye, and the souls, the light, of humankind, all
become gold—
Dumb gold, that can hardly tell its breathing origin.

I am ashamed of my feeble God and his well-
meaning son,
And their elementary miracles!
Ye scoffers and doubters, scoff and doubt no more!
Look upon this greater miracle, and worship!



Jury Duty

Drawn by George Bellows

MEETINGS

"ISN'T it curious," I said as we sat before the fire of a winter night in my New England farmhouse, "isn't it curious how different one meeting is from another. I don't mean according to circumstance, but according to the nature of him you meet." She looked at me, interested. She was an older woman, and I had always believed, a wiser one. I poked over a log and went on:

"There's John, for example. We've never shaken hands that I remember and once only has he kissed me when we met. But in these latter years we've never met without a sense of rejoicing. It isn't always articulate; I may see it in his eyes or in the very quietness of his waiting. But it's there always, fresh and poignant. . . . If I feel like chattering, I chatter. Or perhaps I don't say much, or John either—just as we feel. . . . To each the meeting is both a renewal and a starting point. To me above all else it is an unconstrained happening, a gracious, unconstrained happening."

"Yes, I understand," said my companion. "You and he are in luck." She smiled. "Do you realize it?"

"To realize it I've only to recall my meetings with George," I answered. "Years ago I would go to meet George, anticipating the delight of it. You've seen George kiss me in a railway station or when he comes home to tea. He's always done it. Just what that kind of a kiss means to George I don't know, but I find it depressing. It was particularly trying at first, when I cared so much. It was depressing, but I'd get over it quickly and begin to express my joy in our meeting. It generally took the form of eagerness to tell him about whatever interesting or amusing things had been happening in his absence, or perhaps the book I'd just read or the story I'd heard or some new idea exciting me. George would listen in a taciturn sort of way, sometimes almost as if he were irritated. Sometimes he'd shut me up with a sarcasm, sometimes and still more effectually with a joke about my hat or the coat he didn't like. That sort of thing went on for years. The same anticipation on my part, the same disappointment. I was a hopeful young fool. And the funny part of it was that when I became irregular about going to meet George week-ends at the station, for example, he didn't like it; it really upset him a lot. He was used to my meeting him. So I became regular again; but now I am taciturn too and full of the same kind of inhibitions George feels. We open the conversation with inquiries—weather, children, health, you know the sort of impersonal thing."

"Yes, I know," she said. "It takes the heart out of you, I know that too. Well, well! Life does repeat. When I was about your age, there were two men whom I would go to meet much as you meet John and George. And your descriptions describe my meetings very fairly, except perhaps the manners of my John"—she smiled—"were a little more polite, more courtly, as your grandmother would have said—the fashion of our day, you know—but his spirit was just as much with me,—even if he did shake hands and in company call me by my married name."

"Were your two men at all like my two?" I asked her, I confess, with the egotistical interest one gives to a story that will cast light on one's own experience. "No, I was coming to that. They are different kinds of men for the most part, and whatever likenesses exist are differently distributed. I mean your John is really more like my George and your George like my John."

She smiled again, naming them like that plainly amused her.

"Yet in behavior the two Johns are alike and the two Georges," I observed. "Leaving you to infer," she

continued, "that the character of a meeting is not determined after all by the character of the man you meet, but by other circumstances?"

"Just so, by other circumstances." . . . "By such a circumstance," I in turn queried, "as marriage?"

She looked at me gravely. "By such a circumstance as marriage."

There was nothing more to be said. It was getting late. So I put up the fire screen and turned out our lamp, and kissed my wise and friendly mother good-night.

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

Overlords of Charity

NEWSPAPERS throughout the land are commenting on the fact that the Charity Organization Society of New York City spends, as stated in its annual report, the sum of \$1.50 in organization expenses for every \$1 it places where it will do the most good among the poor.

Some of the papers roast the Charity Organization Society for absorbing so much in expenses. Others explain that if we are going to have organized charity at all the overhead expense is necessary, and must not be complained against.

I want to write about this overhead expense here, but I do not want to complain about it. Not at least on its own account.

The overhead expense is only an incident in the coming of professionalism into philanthropy.

And professionalism has come. We have Dr. Edward T. Devine, in a circular advertising the *School of Philanthropy* comparing careers in professional philanthropy with careers in the law, in medicine, in letters. We have both Dr. Edward T. Devine and W. Frank Persons, secretary of the Charity Organization Society of New York City, telling us it is none of the public's business what they personally get out of their professional services because the money comes from private sources.

But does it come from private sources? We hear in the land also the ribald fling at the learned doctors of philanthropy, "What do you mean 'private sources' when you flaunt the poverty of the poor in the faces of the rich for a living?" Isn't the public entitled to an accounting on that?

If the heads of the powerful charity organizations merely engaged in giving relief with money showered down upon them, without their having to lobby for it, to coax it, to study the rich and how to coax it out of them, then I for one could largely forgive them all and let them go their way.

But in these days even a blind man knows that there are many things the rich want, in regard to the poor, besides the want to give them a little charity. They want, for one thing, to save their own claws from being clipped.

Charity folks must never follow their own inclinations if these inclinations lead them to the conclusion that changes in the laws of property are the things most to be desired. I have seen charity folks follow their inclinations to this point. I have seen what happened to them within their organization. They were cast out of countenance, out of favor, were refused promotion. I might fill whole pages with the stories those who were in and revolted against the Charities Hierarchy and now are out.

And those who stay in—

We have seen how the movement for pensions for widowed mothers fell afoul of the private charity organizations and how they maintained a lobby at Albany to kill the bill.

And why a lobby? For the good of the poor, which are supposed to be the concern of the private charity workers? Of course not. For the good of the rich, who after having had this bill served up to them dead upon a platter, would feel just in the spirit to "contribute."

"We have felt in New York," said Mrs. John M. Glenn, a leading power in the Russell Sage Foundation, when she was asked to speak on pensions for widows at the Conference of Charities and Correction at Memphis last year, "that we do not wish to have a new form of care introduced in New York City. To demand of the state that it shall give relief to the widow and her children tends to lessen the family's sense of responsibility for its own."

It was all very beautiful of Mrs. Glenn to speak up that way. BUT ALSO, relief for widows by the state calls for taxes—taxes on the rich. A lobby maintained by Organized Charity to kill the bill means the saving of the rich from taxes.

Is it any wonder there is a nation-wide cynicism about Charity?

IRVIN RAY.

GENTLEMEN, THE KING!

[5 QUESTIONS TO THOSE WHO EMPLOY MALE SERVANTS.

Have you a Butler, Groom, Chauffeur, Gardener, or Game-keeper serving you who at this moment should be serving King and Country?

Have you a man serving at your table who should be serving a gun?

Have you a man digging your garden who should be digging trenches?

Have you a man driving your car who should be driving a transport wagon?

Have you a man preserving your game who should be helping to preserve your Country?

A great responsibility rests on you. Will you sacrifice your personal convenience for your Country's need?

Ask your men to enlist TO-DAY.

The address of the nearest Recruiting Office can be obtained at any Post Office.

GOD SAVE THE KING.]

—London Nation.

HE pleads with gentry to permit
Mere servants to enlist;
If it could spare their services,
Their lives would not be missed.

If only Britishers were men
How quickly they would sing
Their anthem to a call like that
And end—"God damn the King!"

WITTER BYNNER.

"Jury Duty"

THE ordinary citizen is exempt from serving on art-juries. This is, from the point of view of academic art, a judicious proceeding—not because the ordinary citizen wouldn't be about as good a "picker" as the gentlemen George Bellows has faithfully represented on the opposite page, but because—well, there are some secrets that are best kept. The moving spectacle of the giant intellect of the connoisseur in the left foreground, straining itself to its æsthetic utmost, and at last bringing forth its prodigious judgments, is one fit only for the contemplation of his peers. It wouldn't do for the art-public to know too much about the workings of academies. Respect for established institutions is at its ebb as it is.



Drawn by H. J. Glintenkamp

First Skunk: "Have you contributed anything to the Foundation?"

Second Skunk: "What Foundation?"

First Skunk: "To investigate the cause of the smell around this section."

Heavenly Discourse

GOD has just come in from taking care of the universe and is warming his hands over a fire. Gabriel is standing by him. God meditates in silence for a time and then speaks.

GOD—Gabriel, who is Anthony Comstock?

GABRIEL—Don't you know Anthony Comstock?

GOD—Never heard of him.

GABRIEL—O Omnipotence and Omniscience!

GOD—Who? Anthony Comstock?

GABRIEL—I was addressing your Godhead, but I may say, yes, Anthony Comstock is also.

GOD—Oh!

GABRIEL—O Omnipotence and Omniscience!

GOD—Huh! (puts one hand over his mouth and coughs).

GABRIEL—Anthony Comstock is the man you put in charge of the morals of the world.

GOD—What are morals?

GABRIEL—Morals, O Omniscience, are (or is) to believe babies are brought by storks and women are shaped like mermaids.

GOD—Oh,—Ignorance? Why don't they call it Ignorance?

GABRIEL—Morals sounds more sanctimonious.

GOD (shivering)—Gabriel, we haven't had one decent fire since we let the devil go. I am almost sorry we discharged him. Blow for Peter.

(Gabriel blows three blasts and St. Peter enters.)

ST. PETER—There's no one at the gate.

GOD—Never mind the gate. I wish some interesting persons would break in. I'm sick and tired of the narrow-eyed, ape-skulled idiots that stream up here. Peter, hand me my slippers.

(God sinks into an easy throne before the fire and St. Peter puts his slippers on him, first kissing his toe.)

GOD—Peter, did you ever hear of Anthony Comstock?

ST. PETER—O, yes, Omnipotence. He is so pure that to him all your works are impure.

GOD—Huh!

ST. PETER—He is a perfect Saint.

GOD—O, I remember. St. Anthony. That old fool who—

ST. PETER—No, another one.

GOD—O, well, I was out on the bridge, busy with the War and the Christians and the Savages and the Heathen and the crops and the weather and the hospitals and the jails and the churches and the slums and adulterated milk and cholera infantum and infant starvation and factories and mines and Jupiter and Mars and Venus and the universe generally when a cloud of rush special prayers commenced to arrive from New York from the churches and the factory owners and my associate, Theodore, asking me to bless Anthony Comstock in his effort to ruin an architect named Sanger because his wife had sought to teach poor women how to limit their litters of ill-begotten young.

ST. PETER—Yes, Lord, the churches feel it is wicked to interfere with your sacred laws of life.

GOD—As now in Europe, for instance? Or in the child eating factories and infant slaying slums or the gallows? Eh, Peter? Your motto is "Better a broken woman and a mangy brood than a selected stock." Let me tell you here in confidence, Peter, the church has a lot to learn about me. But I must get back to the bridge. I have been too long away from New York. I fear I shall have to destroy that city some day.

GABRIEL—Why, Lord, is it so very wicked?

GOD—No, to get rid of Anthony Comstock.

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD.

BILLY SUNDAY

HE raised his hands high and he clenched his fists tight,

He jumped to the left and he leaped to the right,

He sat on the floor and he stood on a chair,

He ruffled his shirt and he towlsed his hair,

He howled and he yelled and he twisted and squirmed,

He crawled and he sprawled and he wiggled and wormed,

He ranted and raved and his face became red,

He danced and he hollered and stood on his head,

He rattled, he prattled, he ripped and he tore,

He chattered, he splattered, he stamped and he swore;

He cracked a poor joke and he told an old story,

He pointed the way to his heaven and glory;

He took off his coat and he tore off his tie,

He swore every faith but his own was a lie.

He drew a fine line with a thin piece of chalk

And declared if thereon you were careful to walk

You'd arrive in his heaven and all would be well,

But that all other ground was the pathway to hell.

He told us the devil for each of us waited,

He shouted, he spouted, he gesticulated,

He roared and he shrieked and he foamed at the mouth,

He pawed the air north and he split the air south,
He sneered and he snarled and his eyes became wild—
And all in the name of the Christ who was mild.

The people were pleased with these elegant scenes,
They yelled their approval and gave of their means,
They filled his hat full to the brim with their gold,
To hear the glad tidings that hell is not cold.

FREDERIC W. RAPER.

The Incentive

I SAW a sickly cellar plant

Droop on its feeble stem for want

Of sun and wind and rain and dew—

Of freedom; then a man came through

The cellar, and I heard him say,

"Stay, foolish plant, by all means stay

Contented here: for know you not

This stagnant dampness, mould and rot

Are your incentive to grow tall

And reach that sunbeam on the wall."

Even as he spoke, the sun's one spark

Withdrew, and left the dusk more dark.

SARAH N. CLEGHORN.



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

WAS THIS THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS?

THE CONSTABULARY



Drawn by John Sloan

“Policing the Rural Districts” in Philadelphia, 1910.

THE MASSES, April, 1915.

THE CONSTABULARY



"Policing the Rural Districts" in Philadelphia, 1910.

"We need a constabulary in this state to police the rural districts."—*Tactful New York Gentleman*.
"The proposed New York state constabulary is modeled after that of Pennsylvania, which proved its usefulness so notably in the great street-car strike in Philadelphia."—*Candid Pennsylvania Editor*.

AFTER THE STRIKE

[Patrick Quinlan went to prison Feb. 27, for from two to seven years.]

BRING your young courage and the white resolve that puts all fear aside:

Bring your loud bantering and your crowd valor,
Your thin and borrowed gift of threatening the foe:
Bring your high tenet of Democracy,
And look on this.
This man and woman kissing through the bars of a jail gate;
This man who clothed you with vision and with power,
Who made the weakest brother one with the strong,
Whose speech, practical and prophetic, filled the streets with
clamor for the common good,
Who put tongues that spoke for freedom into your silent heads;
And made speech, winged for war with Mammon, to fill each
silent mouth—
Behold this man, essence of your purpose and your wish,
Stand calm, unbroken and uncowed behind this jail gate:
And look upon this woman
Smiling with her uncomplaining eyes.
Come and behold
And see them kiss through the bars of this jail gate.

EDMOND MCKENNA.

Pat Quinlan

PATRICK QUINLAN has gone to jail. He is sentenced to from two to seven years with a \$500 fine in addition. Denied a re-trial by the court of original jurisdiction, there remains nothing but a very unlikely appeal to the Federal Supreme Court or a pardon after six months in prison.

The original trial judge refused a re-trial on the ground that the new evidence presented was cumulative, not decisive in its nature. This new evidence included an affidavit from one Mancini alleging that he had uttered as an interpreter words similar to those which Quinlan was alleged to have used. Mancini did not show up at the trial. Presumably he had become frightened lest he should then be indicted and his confession used against him. The Court did not make any effort to get Mancini. It seems that the action of the Court was technically correct, or rather legalistically permissible.

The following are the facts in brief:

Patrick Quinlan, who is Irish, and who is a thorough-going Socialist, went to Paterson, N. J., on the eve of the general strike of the silk workers which was set up on February 25, 1913. Already, the silk workers of Lakeview, N. J., were on strike. Quinlan addressed himself particularly to the violation, as he saw it, of fundamental civic rights, involved in the sending of policemen to the strikers' meetings.

On the following morning, Quinlan returned to Paterson, intending to address a general meeting of strikers, but he arrived late. The meeting was over and the strikers were partly out of the hall when Quinlan got there. The remnants of the meeting went into the hands of the police, who interrogated a crowd that remained in the hall. Quinlan joined the throng, but on being quizzed by the police, replied impertinently, that "as an American citizen he was not subject to interpolation by policemen." Thereupon Quinlan was arrested. He was charged with inciting a riot. He was charged with having spoken as follows:

"I make a motion that we go to the silk mills, parade

through the streets, and club them out of the mills—no matter how we get them out, we got to get them out."

Quinlan is a highly educated, and rhetorically careful man; to place this particular series of words in this manner was characteristically inept.

There was a mis-trial, and a second trial at which a verdict of guilty was reached. The prosecution's testimony was given by policemen. No citizens testified for the state. A large number of witnesses, both strikers and non-strikers, swore that they had been present in the hall and that Quinlan had not appeared at the meeting. The prosecution, through its witnesses, placed in Quinlan's mouth sundry remarks of various agitators and especially alleged incendiary outcries of Italian-speaking members of the audience which had been translated by an interpreter who occupied the stage.

Meanwhile, the Paterson strike went on its stormy way, and Quinlan remained in the midst of it. He invited particular hatred from the police, also from the judges, the councilmen, the mayor, and the whole political machine, by coming down to particulars and alleging various sorts of corruption in the municipal government. Quinlan adds a social worker's viewpoint to his socialist viewpoint; he might have been acquitted, he almost certainly would not have been pursued through higher courts, had he confined himself to the generalities of industrial warfare.

The appeal to the Supreme Court of New Jersey and the subsequent appeal to the Court of Errors and Appeals, was, of course, not made on questions of fact. The jury had decided that Quinlan was present at the meeting, and that he had incited to riot. The jury had elected to believe the policemen, who were unanimous, and not the strikers and citizens, who were equally unanimous. Still, so much irrelevant testimony designed wholly to arouse feeling in the jury, had been introduced by the state, that those familiar with the case have taken for granted a reversal of the verdict. As an example of such irrelevant matter, may be mentioned the fact that witnesses for and against Quinlan were cross-examined as to remarks alleged to have

been uttered by other speakers, and radical witnesses for Quinlan were baited to give extreme utterances in Court to their views on violence, sabotage, and the like.

The fundamental issue, which of course could not be placed before the courts of review, was of the competence of the jury to pass on the facts of the case where the interests of the petty bourgeoisie were identical with those of the battling capitalists, and where an enemy was on trial before a jury of his enemies and not a jury of his peers.

Not often do we find so clear-cut an example of the reality of class sentiment, the miscarriage of the jury system, and the ironical incapacity of courts of review to pass on the central and relevant issues which really determine justice. Meantime, and humanly speaking, Quinlan is to be jailed for several years because he muck-raked the Paterson city government.

Putting One Over on Woods

WHEN Commissioner Woods took office as head of the New York police force a year ago, he brought with him some enlightened ideas about the relation of the police to the public. A week before, a meeting had been held at Union Square which by police interference had been turned into a bloody riot. A week later another Union Square meeting took place, with the police under orders to "let them talk." The meeting passed off peaceably.

Thus the enlightened views of the new commissioner of police were vindicated. The right of free speech, and of free opinion, was conceded as not being a menace to civilization.

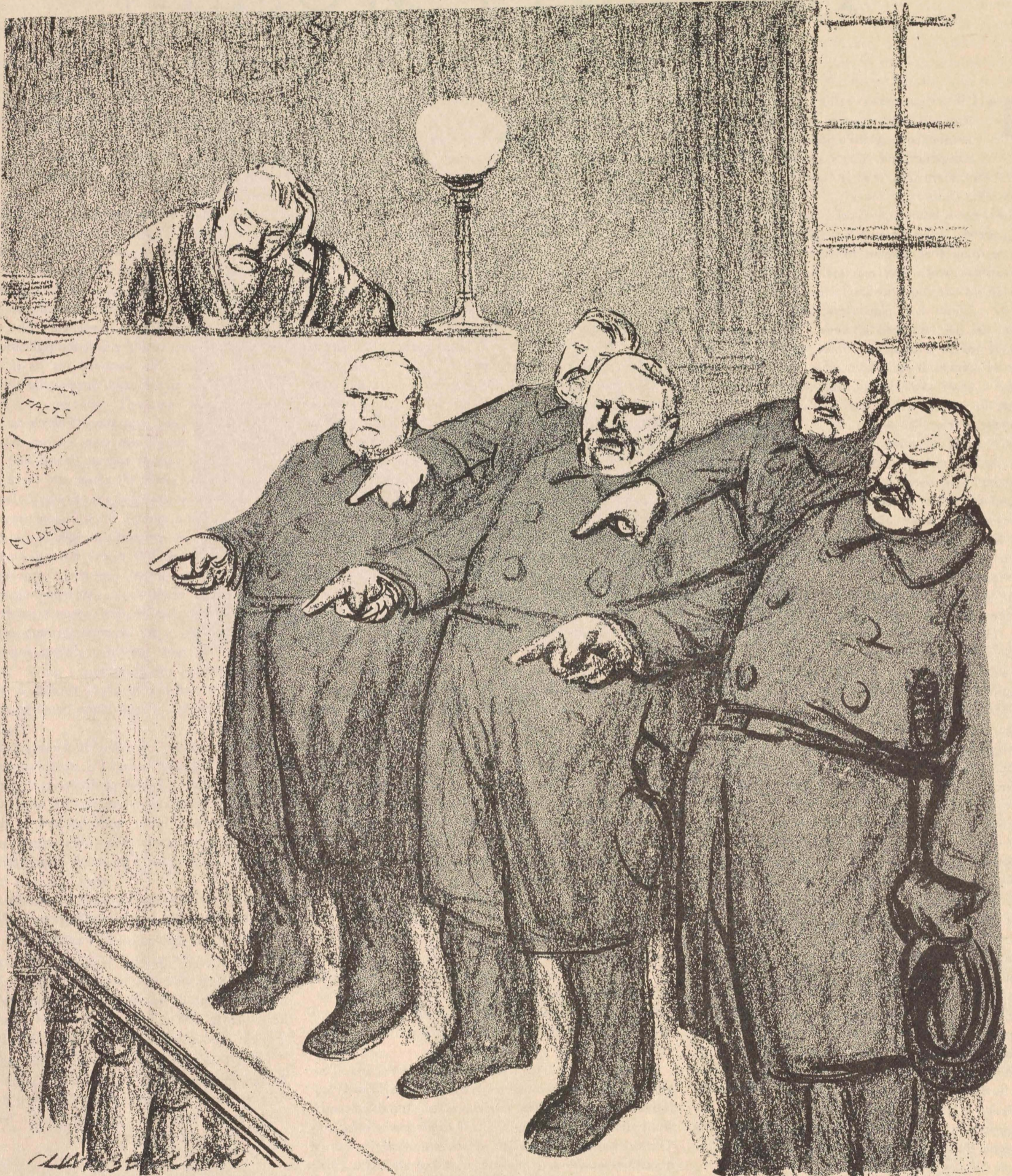
But a police force which is enabled to exist and enjoy its peculiar privileges by virtue of protecting the public against imaginary dangers, could not see its position undermined in this way. It was necessary to persuade the public that Socialists, Anarchists and I. W. W.'s were plotting murder and destruction. The public was prone to accept this melodramatic view, but Commissioner Woods, being an intelligent man, was inclined to be cynical. So it became necessary to "put one over on Woods."

They framed it up in the regular police fashion. A clever young Italian detective named Pulignano, it appears from the evidence, was promised a raise of salary and a medal if he would engineer a bomb-plot. Pulignano got hold of two Italian boys—not anarchists or socialists, but religious fanatics—and urged them on to blow up St. Patrick's Cathedral. He planned the deed, bought the materials of destruction for them, and shamed them when they wanted to pull out of the plot the night before. The next morning, at great risk to an innocent public, the bomb was carried into the cathedral, *lighted*, and then the dozens of policemen and detectives, disguised as scrubwomen, etc., rushed in to save civilization.

And Woods fell for it. He swallowed the whole sensational business. They have got him. He is their dupe, and henceforth their faithful tool.

Reaction is in the saddle. "All radicals to be expelled from the city," says a headline. A card catalogue of I. W. W. sympathizers. Socialism under the official ban. Free speech doomed.

So they hope. At the least it means that the fight has for the lovers of liberty begun again. But one wonders a little about Arthur Woods. He is on their side now—the apologist of as infamous and criminal an *agent provocateur* as ever sent a foolish boy to the gallows. But will Woods fail to see how he has been used by the police in this latest attempt to crush freedom in the interest of a privileged group? Is he as much a fool as they think?



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

"We Seen 'im Say It"

Patrick Quinlan was convicted on the testimony of policemen. Their testimony was unanimous and letter-perfect, and absolutely contradictory to all the other evidence. See opposite page.

THE HAPPY WOMAN

Mary Heaton Vorse

"THIS woman I'm tellin' you about, Mr. Rob'ns'n, had a queer life, an' I come to know about it in a queer way. Take it altogether, her story's the story of a happy woman. An' there's so few of 'em that I'll tell yah about Mollie Toosey.

"Gawd knows how many years ago it was that all this happened. I was young enough an' fool enough to do anything that Phelan tol' me ta, I know that. Every woman when she marries oughta learn right off to say no w'en her husband, after havin' planned a pleasin' without her, plans how *she's* gonna spend *her* time in his lamented absence. It's reel cur'ous what dull things a man can think up for his young wife to be amusin' herself with when he's away. That was how I come to be in a little town up in Canady, all alone by myself waitin' for Phelan to come home from shootin' deer.

"Phelan made me think I was a happy woman to be so close to him when he was on a vacation, an' that goin' aroun' afterwards to see Quee-beck an' Montreal was goin' to be like a second honeymoon. Yah could promise me a glimpse of the Holy City, an' a first, second an' third honeymoon packed into one, an' yah won't ketch me sittin' in no such dump for two weeks waitin' for no man *now*.

"You can see how 'twas though my heart leaped when there come along a little no-account, one-ring circus. The most elegant voveeel I seen since'll never seem to me like that circus did. I was sittin' there havin' a gran' time when all of a sudden my eye rests on a lady sittin' a seat ahead o' me. Sittin' beside her was a gent you could tell was her husband—you know how 'tiz, when a woman's been married a spell you can always tell if the gent with her's her husband or not. Sez I, 'Where've I seen before a nose that looks jus' like the beak of a fowl when it's goin' to peck? I know that pro-file,' I sez to myself. Jus' then the lady quirks her head on one side jus' like a hen for all the world an' flutters the little program, noivous-like. Somethin' or other in my brain jus' then brings up the name 'Toosey.' 'I must be dippy,' thought I to myself, for 'twas the name of a friend of my mother's an' my Aunt Vinney's. Turrible swell she was an' awful rich off. I used to see her to our house when I was a young girl.

"'I'm so nutty,' thinks I, 'that I better look out for squ'rels,' but still my mem'ry keeps insistin' 'Toosey, Toosey.' An' all the time I was strugglin' with some other mem'ry about her, an' I couldn't catch it. You know me, Mr. Rob'ns'n. Once let me see a face an' hear the name that belongs to it an' somethin' in my brain clinches an' can't never let go again. So, in the intermission I leans forward an' sez I,

"I guess you don't remember me, Mis' Toosey. I'm Lily Regan that was. I used to see you to Ma's an' to my Aunt Vinney Sullivan's."

"Well, Mr. Rob'ns'n, I don't wanta ever be so taken aback as I was at what happened then! They toined roun' an' looks at me an' at the sight o' me they grew gray.

"Yes, sir, all o' the color lef' their faces. Their scared eyes stared at me an' their mouths hung open an' their tongues wagged like they tried to say somethin' an' couldn't. There with the light shinin' on 'em and us, and a white hoss with a back as broad as a gran' piana gallopin' aroun' the ring, them two poor old things looks at me like they could have sat to make

statuary called 'Fear.' 'Twas jus' as if the whole place was crumpled up before my eyes like in a night mare. An' to make things wise, without answerin' at all, they gathers up their things aroun' them an' makes a break for the door.

"Well, I felt limp. I jus' dropped back in my seat an' I couldn't see the circus an' the clowns. I was sittin' there jus' like they left me when a kid brought me a note signed 'Mollie Toosey.'

"Can you come down now and speak to me outside?' it say. I beat it outside quick an' found 'em waitin' for me. They didn't explain nothin' but started to walk down the dark little streets.

"Onct I hear him mutter, 'Eleven years! My Gawd, the foist time in eleven years!'

"She told me, fin'ly, they'd just come up ta tha lake, and was lodgin' with a widdah lady fren o' theirs. That was all she said until we got to her house. When I went inside I seen she was changed more than I thought at first. When I had known her she was the *crim de la crim*, an' style—why, she was dressed like a leadin' lady always! There's no use o' my tryin' to explain to you how she was dressed when I seen her last, Mr. Rob'ns'n. 'Twould take a woman to understand what a back-woods French Canadian dress-maker could do to yuh!

"Mr. Toosey excused himself with a gran' bow, an' we two sat down an' didn't neither o' us speak for a minute. Then, sez she, jus' as sudden as a gun firin' off,

"'Hadn't you heard about Mr. Toosey's death?'

"Well, I suppose I musta stared at her, because 'twas Mr. Toosey who'd been with us until a minute ago. I suppose I musta looked as if I was wonderin'—like I was—which o' the two o' us was *bughouse*.

"'You knew anyhow,' sez she, 'about Mr. Toosey's misfor-tune?'

"'No,' sez I, 'I never heard that I can remember.'

"'What!' sez she, 'you didn't hear about Mr. Toosey's *misfor-tune*? She spoke like the end o' the world had happened an' I hadn't noticed it. 'Why,' sez she, 'I didn't know there wasn't no one in the world who didn't hear of Mr. Toosey's *misfor-tune*! But I s'pose you was young at the time an' it went in one ear an' outa the other. His misfortune was turrible—purkeckly turrible!'

"The kind o' rich way she spoke sort o' showed me how turrible it had been.

"'Was it business reverses he had?' I asks, for I felt that I wouldn't feel so dippy if I could get a fack or two outa her.

"'Yes,' sez she, 'but 'twas more'n business, Mr. Toosey was in—'twas *la haute finance*, as the French say. That's what made his misfortune so turrible, comin' as it did at such a time, an' on topa everything, too. Oh, if it had come in any other time—an' jus' as he was in a position to make everything all right. He's got tha highest feelin's o' obligation, Mr. Toosey has.'

"'I'm sure of it,' sez I.

"'The highes' feelin's,' she repeated over again an' she looked at me as if she was darin' me to distrust it.

"'The vurry highes' feelin's,' sez she again. 'But jus' at the wrong moment everything all come together an' Frank'd always had good luck, too. There wouldn't ha' been a richer man in America than Frank, but for the awful way things went. Everybody against him o' course—people who'd trusted him for *years* against him. Frank sez to me that in two weeks he'd

ha' been outa the wood, but the trouble all came about so queer an' started in such a strange sorta way.'

"'What started it?' I asks her.

"'The directors' meetin',' sez she. 'Twas the unexpected directors' meetin' that done it. Two weeks later—'

"'They musta shown fierce judgment,' sez I. I felt like I was talkin' in my sleep.

"'Bad judgment?' sez she. 'Bad judgment? Poifeck fools. *They* lost millions, if you like! O' course, *we* lost everything—almost. But what *they* lost— An' it served 'em right! If they'd waited two weeks, only two weeks, nothin' coulda happened.' She reeled it off like a young one reelin' off a multiplication table it's learned by heart. She sounded jus' as if they always sat in their room and said these same things to each other over and over.

"'But it's no good,' sez she. 'There's no good thinkin' about them two weeks now. Everything happened jus' as it did, and o' course Frank had been living under a turrible strain all along, an' there wasn't anybody to be sorry for poor Frank who'd done so much. An' why anyone should think a loan was a crimin' thing—but there!—you ain't no idea o' the graspingness o' the financial woild, if you've never been in it. Huge sums of money—huge,' sez she, 'usta pass through Frank's hands every day. Often we sit in our little room an' Frank sez, "It don't seem possible what huge sums of money used to pass through my han's!"—My brain was mos' boistin' tryin' to put together the shadder pictures she give me.

"'Well,' sez she, 'the crash came! I shan't never forget that night. Frank come home to me. Sez he, "It's all up!"'

"'What's all up?' sez I. "If it's anything disagreeable, don't tell me!" For I'd jus' been gettin' into a new house and I felt I couldn't stan' another thing. Everything 'ad gone wrong, jus'sif folks knew, some-way, we weren't never goin' to live in that house—for live in it we never did. "On topa everthing else I've had to stan'," I sez to Frank, "don't tell me nothin' more!"

"'Well, you'll have to know,'" Frank said, an' he told me everything. You can imagine how I felt!

"'What yah goin' to do?' I asked him.

"'Kill myself,' sez he, jus' as ca'm as that! "Kill myself: there ain't anything else to do!" An' then he walked up and down the floor with his han's above his head, sayin', "Oh, the fools—the fools! They've brought this on 'emself. If they'd waited two weeks!"

"'But I didn't pay no attention to his talk, for when he said he was goin' to kill himself, it seemed 'sif every drop o' blood had stopped still in my body. I shan't never forget that queer feeling I had. Did you ever have your blood stop inside you?'

"'No,' I told her, 'I never did.' I set there, my brain sendin' off questions like a pin wheel.

"'Well, there's no feelin' like it that I know of,' sez she. 'When I could get my breath I sez to Frank, "How you talk! What's goin' to become o' me I'd like ta know if you go an' kill yourself?"'

"'Oh, I've thought o' you all along,'" sez he. "I've got a little sum salted down for you all along—'Twon't be what you're used to, of course, but it'll be enough to live on. You don't think I'd leave *you* unprovided for, do you?" Frank's always been so thoughtful o' me.

"Well, then why can't you live on it, too?" sez I.

"I can't face 'em," he sez. "I can't face 'em. It's too tremenjus a misfortune. I'm goin' to get out before I see one o' them. You know what it means if I do see 'em! It's the penitentiary."

"Oh, it wouldn't come to that," I sez.

"O' course it 'ud come to that," sez Frank. "Think o' the turrrible disgrace to you."

"Don't talk o' disgrace to me," sez I. "You've never done a thing I wouldn'ta done myself!" An' that's the way I've always felt about it. I couldn't bear to think o' that happenin' to Frank. Then it seemed to me that every bit of sense I'd ever had gathered itself up inside o' me.

"W'y," sez I to him, "shouldn't you jus' pretend to be dead? You've got some money, ain't you?"

"Oh, I got enough to clear out with," said Frank, "plenty for that—an' more."

"An' then I jus' tole him all the plan, as it had come to me, and I had him sit down then and there an' write me a goodbye letter. We fixed everything up right then. Frank's gotta splendid executive head—they lost a treasure when they lost Frank—but o' course they lost everything else at the same time.

"I shall never trouble you again," sez Frank. "O' course after this awful thing you won't want to see me again."

"I didn't argue that point with him. I'd got my way onct that night, an' I know where to stop when I get my way. I only made him promise that he'd let me know where he was. Then Frank kissed me. "You're a brave woman," he sez. "There ain't many women like you," an' awful as everything was, I felt happy when he said that to me. Someway, I jus' knew everything'd turn out right.

"An' my dear—' here she leaned over toward me. Mr. Rob'n's'n, an' shook her forefinger at me, 'there was never one hitch in it from start to finish! I'll tell you there are some things that make yah believe in Providence. *They even found his body in the river!*'

"Found his body in the river!" sez I like a parrot.

"I went down an' identified it at the Morgue," sez she, reel proud. "Oh, I was crazy them days—it didn't take any actin' tah make me seem crazy. I was that noivous that I seemed to act jus' the way I oughta all the time! I'd go inta high strikes for nothin', I was that noivous for fear they'd find out after all. An' when I went down an' identified that body, why, I thought I'd go off the handle! An' you won't believe it when I tell you that in spite of bein' nearer to the asylum than I ever expect to be again, I was jus' as clear-headed, way deep down in me, when I saw that corpse in the morgue—I jus' gave one shriek an' fainted—it was an awful sight! Did you ever see anybody drowned—that's been drowned an awful long time?"

"Even after so many years it made her shiver, an' there you see, Mr. Rob'n's'n, if she hadn't had all the high strikes she wanted, she never coulda pulled it off.



Drawn by G. S. Sparks.

MOVING PICTURES

She'd been a noivous wreck for years. There's somethin' about cryin' your heart out now an' then, that's awful life-savin', an' every woman oughta have a chanst onct in her life to do it. I feel like I'd missed somethin', that I'm past the time now when it's likely I'll ever wanta. There ain't nothin' I can think of in all Gawd's earth that would make me wanta take on the way that little woman a while back wanted ta take on.

"An' another thing, I s'pose you'll think I'm nutty, an' I suppose you'll think it's because us ladies has got no reel sense o' honor, but all along after I began to ketch on, I felt Mis' Toosey was *right* about Frank. 'Twas jus' unfortunate,—awful unfortunate from the time when he was found out. Oh, I bet yah, there's hundred and thousands o' men to-day walkin' aroun' free who'd be cooped up this minute if they hadn't been lucky.

"After a while she went on:

"Well, I don't know how I got through those awful days before the funeral. O' course, the suicide and findin' o' the body quite a while after, an' everything, made a turrific sensation, an' I will say that everybody was kind to me,—even the directors was kind to me,—they showed the *greatest* amount o' consideration. But I tole Frank afterwards that if I had to go through it a second time, I didn't think I'd get through alive,—the kind o' thing one can only do in one's life once.

"The time after Frank went, jus' broke me, an' *his* letters wuz pretty desp'rate, too. He wuz livin' abroad, an' I jus' made up my mind I'd join him. I made up my mind 'twas wrong for a husban' an' wife to be

livin' apart like we was, jus' after Frank had had so much misfortune, too. An' I thought to myself, "Why on earth shouldn't I die, too, an' jus' join Frank?" It came to me like an inspiration from the Lord, like my inspiration about Frank came. "Lots o' people get lost in the Alps every year; why shouldn't I?" I thinks to myself.

"An' I will say that I did it jus' poifeck! An' I shall never forget the sense o' relief it give me when I read the notice o' my own death in the papers, an' knew that I'd never have to talk to my Aunt Amelia again about Frank's misfortune, nor have anybody pity me again.

"So you can see, that we two, bein' supposed to be dead, wuz s'prised to be rec'gnized by a friend. It's been eleven years since we've seen a face we know—eleven years. An' Frank ain't never regretted his brilliant career. The awful strain he'd been under broke him, he said, so we've just lived comfortable ever since. I've sometimes thought it's queer we ain't homesick. But, when you've suffered like Frank an' I done in a place, you don't get homesick for it—though we often wondered who lived in that house that Frank built jus' for me, jus' as I wanted it to be.

"The papers,' she tole me as I started, 'was awful nice about me. "*Was It a Suicide?*" some of the headlines had it. "*Faithful Wife Joins Her Husband.*"

"I went away, Mr. Rob'n's'n, thinkin' about them two unburied dead people, an' I didn't know whether I wanted to laugh or cry.

"Now I know that I had seen for once a reel happy woman. She got an' kep' what she wanted most in life,—which was his love—an' jus' about as good as his love she'd kep' her respect for him. An' you know, Mr. Rob'n's'n, that mos' women after they've been married a few years may like their husban's, but mos'ly they're kind o' sorry for 'em on accounta men's bein' the poor, feeble things they is.

"But Frank had always seemed like a hero in a romance to her. An' so he was, wasn't he? She'd had contrasts, and romance and adventure, and liked 'em all. An' more'n that, like she sez, she hadn't had to restrain her nachral feelin's. She'd had the luck to have it her bounden duty to throw the woist kind of a fit. So take it altogether Mollie Toosey passed about one o' the mos' satisfact'ry lifes I know."

Fashion Note

WORDS are going out; they are found to be practically useless against siege guns and they get in your way when you walk. Some uncomplimentary things have been said recently about drums and there is a growing prejudice against being near a battle flag while under fire; the building of camp fires has become a highly dangerous trade. In military matters there seems to be a point beyond which it does not pay to advertise.

THE UNEMPLOYED

Meyer London

THIS winter a young girl who had been working in the garment trade was laid off. She tried to get work, and her money ran out while she was still trying. She was given a little help by various agencies, and then an end came to that. She couldn't see any way to keep on living. So she poisoned herself.

What, in the presence of her dead body, can civilization say for itself?

Her act was only a tragic emphasis of a condition in which a multitude of working-people find themselves today. That condition, to which we give the colorless name "unemployment," is the darkest side of our civilization—darker even than war.

That men and women should want to live and be unable to find the means of living—nothing shows so clearly as that the hollowness of our civilization. In the presence of desperately jobless men, all talk about justice, ethics, co-operation, brotherhood, appears so much cant.

Despair

Is it strange then that some of these jobless men should repudiate law, citizenship, and the methods of orderly life?

In such a situation, the bonds which are supposed to unite the individual with the whole community, wither and disappear. In all sincerity the individual can say to society, "You do not seem to care whether I live or not, whether I support my children or not, whether I die or not. You recognize no obligation to me. I owe none to you."

Many a noble soul is tempted to advise such a man to do the utmost harm to a civilization which has done its utmost harm to him.

But what right have we to encourage a helpless man to knock his desperate head against solid walls of stone, with every chance that it would be his head that would be broken, and not the wall.

Nor do I feel that these isolated protests against the great wrong of our civilization can serve us even as examples. By the light of these shooting stars we cannot find our way. We must have the daylight of concerted action. No individual rebellion, however heroic, can help us. The individual rebel is effective in bringing the daylight only in so far as he joins with his fellows in collective revolt. For it is only such collective revolt that will have the power to end this cruelty and chaos.

"Labor Exchanges"

The economists, who have given us some useful information, have lately evolved as their best plan of palliation a system of "labor exchanges." These labor exchanges are to be national in extent, a network embracing every industry in every region. They are to "bring the worker and the job together." They are a step in the right direction, if only by promising to reveal to us the hugeness of the problem, and the inadequacy of such means of coping with it. For they cannot bring together a worker and a job when there are no jobs to be had.

We must rather turn to the class directly concerned, the workers, for hope of a solution. Yet not to the immediately unemployed. For organization, which must be the basis of any solution, is practically impossible for them. An organization of such shifting elements as compose the army of the unemployed would

be—with apologies to the sincere agitators who have attempted to effect it—like an organization of marriageable girls. Further, the great majority of the unemployed are precisely those who have never learned the value of organization of any kind. And finally, we cannot offer them anything sufficiently attractive to organize for—a definite plan or program giving hope of release. As a Socialist, I believe that we must proceed on the principle that unemployment is imminent and inevitable in the present chaotic system of industry. It cannot be removed by the unemployed.

The Need of a Program

But when we turn to organized labor, we are confronted with the greatest difficulty of all—the fact that organized labor has never taken the question of unemployment seriously, and has not prepared itself for those periods when unemployment reaches the critical

state it has reached in the United States today. It, too, lacks a program.

If to organized labor, as the greatest force in our national life which can be brought to bear on this situation, we offer a program, what shall it be? . . . The democratic ownership and management of industry seems too distant just now—though no one can tell how soon society may take that plunge into the unknown. Often we underestimate the forces of discontent and revolt. But going on the theory that we are not ready at present for a complete change of society, what practical program can we offer?

Legislation

I am not a great believer in the all-curing power of legislation, and I doubt the wisdom of legislating new rules of conduct for people who cling to their old notions. I remember the fact that it was only in 1837

THE UNEMPLOYED.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

"Why, man I don't want to see you starve—I need you, to keep my employees from asking higher wages."

that the American Congress quit imitating the English Parliament in wearing their hats during their sessions. Originally, in England, it had meant something—it was a mark of their independence, a gesture of defiance. But this obsolete and absurd defiance to an abandoned institution lingered on as a tradition of American law-making until Van Buren's time. I think a good many legislative practices are like that. And I am sure that benevolent intentions are not a measure of the value of laws. But I do believe that legislation does afford some hope of relief in this matter, in the shape of compulsory insurance against unemployment.

Insurance

Such a law as this is sufficiently radical to meet with the strongest opposition. But, though the present state of social conscience is rather obtuse, it seems to have awakened enough to concede to a man the right to live while he is looking for work. And the only way to assure him life while he is seeking work is the establishment of some fund to which he may look during that period for his means of support. Such a system of insurance must necessarily be national in scope, because no state can adequately manage it. And it would mean new life and hope to millions of American working-people.

I realize that it is not a solution of the problem. But it is more far-reaching than may at first be perceived. Once adopted, it would force society to move forward in the direction of a real solution. It would at least help in making employment more regular, more secure, and less dependent on the whims of Capital and capitalists. For the higher the rate of insurance to pay, the more anxious would the employing class become to introduce that order and regularity into conditions of employment which is one of the great tasks of the society of the future—and one which we might as well let the capitalists work out as far as they can.

Agitation

As far as the present moment is concerned, there must be an extension of public works in municipality, state and nation; the unions must enforce the distribution of work among as large a number of workers as possible; and we must all keep up the agitation about unemployment, taking pains to make sufficient noise that it shall be impossible for society to forget the existence of the problem. The clamor to give men the opportunity to live by work must grow strong enough and loud enough to awaken the indifferent and frighten the secure. And that clamor *will* frighten them, never fear.

Is that too humble a task, the task of noise-making? It is more than that. It is an effective means of changing our national psychology. For we are fighting, not only the great financial and industrial powers, but the habits of thought which these have created. The man with millions is hardly more dangerous than the man who with a penny in his pocket has a head full of the ideas which the millions of the other have bred.

You can help fight the psychology of slavery—and in fighting that, you will be helping to remove the curse of unemployment from the world.

Q. E. D.

SHOOTING what looks like an enemy
And then finding out that it was somebody's
father—

This would be a pitiful thing, except that it is necessary

In order to maintain the dignity
Of various slices of earth.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.



Drawn by E. Gminska.

Sewing-Girl

Booze and Revolution

PROHIBITION has not reduced the sale of liquor, but if the ruling class *can* succeed in cutting down drinking by liquor legislation, will it speed the coming revolution?

Most assuredly!

Sobriety means efficiency, and "efficiency" movements have in all ages been the incubators in which revolutions were hatched.

The ruling class has always desired more efficient slaves. They bred them up to be more efficient, and then found that efficiency in producing wealth also produced a desire on the part of the slave to enjoy more. In order to secure more, the slaves revolted.

The onward march of efficiency has produced a race of workers that seems to approach Nietzsche's "super-man." Men who conquer earth and air and sea, who subdue time and space and natural forces, will hardly be satisfied by a slave's hut, a serf's cot, or a modern city slum. When that efficient worker has built a world of beauty, comfort and luxury, he will not stop at the puny gates of private property with which the ruling class would shut him out of the Paradise he has created, but he will use the same efficiency with which he built the gates to hammer them down again.

The ruling class wishes sober workers to create more wealth for them, revolutionists need sober men to organize the workers to demand and secure the wealth they have created. A man whose brain is pickled in whiskey is of little value to the ruling class, and he is of inestimably less value to the working class. Efficiency oils the wheels of revolution.

Of course John D. Rockefeller does not realize the fact, but it is true nevertheless that the Hookworm Commission he is supporting in the South is doing more for the revolutionary awakening in Dixie than anything else.

God bless you, John! We are with you. You know, John, that you and the hookworms can't both feed on the same "cracker" at the same time, and we Socialists know that hookworms in the tummy and revolutionary thoughts in the brain cannot exist in the same man at the same time. You eliminate the hookworms, Johnny, and we will put the revolutionary thoughts where they will produce results. An efficient man is a rebellious man. And anything that raises the efficiency of the working class will speed the Revolution.

Get busy, you middle class foes of booze! We guarantee that if you *can* keep men sober, we *will* organize them for revolution.

KATE RICHARDS O'HARE.

THE FIRST FEW BOOKS

(Again we advise a popular journalist what few books of the last few years he ought to read.—The Editors.)

STEFFENS, I have watched Floyd Dell and Louis Untermeyer pelt you with literature in this column until I can stand it no longer. What you need is not literature but science. And in that you are typical of the best democrats, the best rebels, the best friends, to be found in these days. Their philosophy of love-your-enemy-but-get-out-and-fight is probably the finest thing in the way of literary moralism the world has seen. But the world is entering a century in which something more highly powerful than literary moralism is to dominate the atmosphere. And that is scientific technique.

You will find in a little book by John Dewey, called "How We Think,"¹ the essential nature of scientific technique set forward with clarity and the deepest comprehension. The book was written for normal schools. It was written to teach teachers how to teach. And anybody who can teach a teacher how to teach—well, he is a teacher!

Read that book, and you will perceive that one thing which distinguishes scientific from literary thinking is, that before adopting a rule of conduct towards a goal, science makes a gigantic effort to *define the facts* involved in the present situation, as well as to define the goal. Literature loves to dwell on the goal, and dwell on the rule of conduct, because these give a more edifying expression to the individual temperament of the author. But literature will never carry us *beyond* edification until that happy day when authors are scientists—or, still more happy, when scientists know how to write.

So I ask you to turn to those fields and laboratories of science where an experimental effort is really being made, for the first time in history, to find out the brute facts about human organisms in society, the unalterable data which must underlie all plans of progress.

The first volume of Edward L. Thorndike's Educational Psychology is called "The Original Nature of Man."² And by that is meant the set of reflexes and instincts which a normal man inherits, and must count on as the crude unavoidable basis of culture and learning. Psychology has not finished defining this unlearned nature of man, by any means, but the effort to do so, the distinction made and celebrated in this book, is of basic importance in all forward thinking.

And from this book, if you like it, you will naturally turn to one of the books on Heredity. I suggest a very small volume by J. A. S. Watson.³ This will remind you in a wonderfully few words of those astonishing discoveries of Gregor Mendel, the abbot of Brunn, whose records made in 1865 were laid away and only rediscovered in 1900; and introduce you to the eager young science which is growing around them.

From that you will probably pass, by force of your own curiosity, to one of the books on Eugenics. But I would lead you in another direction. All of these studies of man as an organism, are painted against a background of great speculations associated with the name of Darwin. Darwin implanted in our minds the idea of the world as a process, and so filled these sciences full of the adventurous interest you find in them

today. And yet all the details of Darwin's own thought are under fire from these very sciences, and that you ought to know, and you ought to drink a large draught at the fountain of doubt. So I would read Vernon Kellogg's "Darwinism Today."⁴ It will show you another great attribute of the scientist, distinguishing him from the litterateur—he knows what it is that he doesn't know.

So many millions of years deep is the organic nature of man, and so shallow is the little ripple called history, that we can not look for many great generalizations from that study. But there is one at least that we must weigh and understand, and that is the doctrine of class struggle as the essence of all political evolution. And we find it brilliantly summarized, and applied with convincing erudition to the universal history of man, both tribal and national, in a little book by Franz Oppenheimer of the University of Berlin, called "The State."⁵

There are five books. And if I name too many, you have an excuse for not reading any of them. And yet I can not pretend even to sketch the high-lights in the newer knowledge of man without a word about Sigmund Freud. He it is, and no other, who has constructed, with supreme diligence and supreme daring, in the last twenty years, a new science. What of his science is truth and what error, another twenty years will begin to tell. But it is long past time to say that his working-hypothesis of the Unconscious Mind, and the effects of repressed impulses that linger there, forms the ground plan, not only of the psycho-pathology, but of a great part of the Wisdom of Life for future men.

His science is a little difficult to come at in English, but begin by reading "Psycho-Analysis" by Ernest Jones,⁶ and "The Psychology of Insanity" by Bernard Hart.⁷ The latter might be called "The Psychology of Insanity and of Those Who Consider Themselves Sane." These books will lead you to some of the originals. You will think it is more fun than anything since the Arabian Nights. And you will know it is profoundly true.

We are born with the impulsive endowment of the savage; in a few years we become civilized members of polite society; that means repression, repression, repression; and those repressed impulses remaining undigested in the unconscious mind are the cause of half the "trouble" in the world.

Does that require any more than stating to be believed?

Surely not if you grant the initial declaration. We are born with instincts fitting us for a life of savagery—"a somewhat low or elementary form of savagery," as Thorstein Veblen says. And lest the ground and certainty of this fact escape you, perhaps you will conclude with Franz Boas' book on "The Mind of Primitive Man." There you will see the self-complacent white man, the sophomore among races, set in a true relation to his less foolishly wise brothers of darker skin, in the vast perspective of evolutionary science. And that is as important as any other one determination of fact in preparing our plans for progress in America.

These books remind us that there is other work to be done by those whose goal is social liberty, than agitate and converse and write beautiful literature and

poems of love and anarchy. Either we will bend this patient, sharp-eyed and dogged-moving monster, Science, to our high purposes of life, or others will use him for death and tyranny. For he is the sovereign instrument of all great and lasting change.

MAX EASTMAN.

"The Harbor"

OF course it had to come—the novel of the soul of industrial democracy. It has come unmistakably in Ernest Poole's varied and intense book, "The Harbor" (Macmillan Co.).

"The Harbor" is a book about modern America, and the lives of modern American men and women. But more specifically, it is a book about New York harbor.

In the harbor, as it appears in its changing aspects, are reflected the changing periods in the life of the man who is the central figure. Having first appeared to him in childhood as only an ugly place of fighting kids and drunken women, it came to seem, when he looked at it through his sweetheart's eyes, as a place of beauty. An ambitious young journalist, he makes the harbor his life assignment. He determines to see and know its last secret. But it is from the girl's father, a far-sighted engineer, that he gets his next vision of the harbor, this time as an instrument by which a group of master-capitalists can control the destinies of a nation.

This view of the harbor, splendid in its immense practicality, fires his imagination. But suddenly at the touch of another hand it gives place to the harbor of working-class struggle. It is upon the scene of a great dock-strike and its aftermath that the book closes, leaving us with a transformed hero as well as a transformed harbor. For the successful journalist and magazine writer has become a friend of strikers and radicals, and editors mourn him as a lost soul. Only the girl, whose relationship to him as sweetheart and wife is interwoven through the story, is able to understand, even if she does not wholly approve, the internal necessity of change in his soul which has come with his changing vision of life.

The harbor dominates the book. But the characters themselves, which include two splendid figures, the engineer and the strike-leader, and many charming ones, are drawn with a sincerity and intimate knowledge which makes them live and will make them be remembered.

"The Harbor" is a book of power and beauty, worthy of the theme it celebrates. Industrial democracy will have to advance to another stage before a better book can be written about it.

EDMOND MCKENNA.

"The Likes o' Me"

THOSE who have been struck with the freshness and beauty and strength of Edmond McKenna's poems as they have appeared in the MASSES will want to possess a copy of his volume, "The Likes o' Me," published by the Hillacre Bookhouse at Riverside, Conn. (75 cents net). I am a devout admirer of most of these poems, and in spite of the inclusion in the book of one poem whose length far exceeds its interest, I think the collection entitles the author to a place of distinction among contemporary poets. The lyric reality of such poems as "Prelude" and "War Changes" denotes a mind and emotions which not even the tremendous impact of war can stun into second-rate utterance.

FLOYD DELL.

¹"How We Think," by John Dewey, Professor of Philosophy and Education, Columbia University. Boston. D. C. Heath & Co. 1910.

²"Educational Psychology, Vol. I.: The Original Nature of Man," by Edward L. Thorndike. Published by Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York.

³"Heredity," by J. A. S. Watson, B. Sc. The Peoples Books. Dodge Publishing Company, New York. 1913.

⁴"Darwinism Today," by Vernon L. Kellogg. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 1908.

⁵"The State," by Franz Oppenheimer, M. D., Ph.D. Translated by John M. Gitterman, Ph.D., LL.B. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 1914.

⁶"Psycho-Analysis," by Ernest Jones. William Wood & Co., N. Y.

⁷"The Psychology of Insanity," by Bernard Hart, M. D., Putnam's Cambridge Manuals of Science.

PROGRESS OR COMSTOCK?

By Our Readers

THE arrest of William Sanger on a charge of circulating "obscene literature," by a Comstock detective who had begged, and received, from him a copy of Margaret Sanger's pamphlet on "Family Limitation," as told in these pages last month, has aroused a strong movement of defensive and aggressive protest throughout the public. We print below a few letters which show pretty unmistakably the determination to eject Comstockery from our laws.

To the Editor:

In the current number of *THE MASSES* you ask, "Is Truth Obscene?" The case which you bring before the attention of the public interests me so intensely that I cannot help writing to inquire whether any practical move can be made in order to save Mr. and Mrs. Sanger and to do away with the obnoxious law that makes the truth obscene. That law has long seemed to me an intolerable anachronism, but I have never felt it so keenly as I do upon learning of the Sanger case. In an age where every other married couple say publicly, "No, we shall not have children until John's practice is established"; "We have three children, and

shall have one more, and then stop"—in this age, the law which makes it a crime to inform people of the means of preventing conception is a monstrous hypocrisy—and, as you say, it bears hardest upon those who most need such information.

There are two reasons why it is retained, which I think you did not mention. First, Catholics regard the prevention of conception as a sin, and all the power of the Catholic Church upholds the law. Second, many "good" people fear that if means of preventing conception were known, there would be much extra-marital intercourse, and hence "morality would be undermined." Closely related to these are the people who deplore modern "selfishness and individualism," and would have the unwanted, inconvenient child descend upon a household and break up all plans, for the good of the parents' souls. They have no faith in the instinct of parenthood, which would lead to wanted, planned-for children at suitable and convenient times; and so they would refuse to men and women the power of controlling parenthood.

Mr. Eastman, I would like to be one of a thousand women to sign a statement setting forth:

(1) That in our family relations we habitually exercise control of the birth-rate.

(2) That we believe this control makes for personal and domestic happiness, and lifts us out of the hands of fate and makes us self-directing human beings.

(3) That we believe society is better served by our bringing into the world children for whom we can and will care, than by having large families to depend on charity.

(4) That we believe it is better for the children themselves to come into the world with a prospect of being properly reared and educated than to come in large numbers to struggle for a bare existence, and to grow up ignorant and powerless.

(5) That we will agitate for the repeal of this law in both nation and state.

(6) That we will repeat these statements in court and take the consequences.

My fear is that none of this agitation would be admitted as having any direct bearing on the Sanger case. But it might do some good ultimately, if it rid our statute-books of this relic of tribal ideas and outworn religious conceptions. If this is impracticable,



Drawn by Elizabeth Grieg.

What Every Young Woman Ought to Have Known

will you or others who may be working on the case please inform me of any way in which I can help? If public speaking will do any good, I will gladly do what I can in that line. I am an experienced campaign speaker for equal suffrage.

If you wish to publish my letter, you are at liberty to do so.

Yours very truly,

MIRIAM E. OATMAN.

(Mrs. M. E. Oatman-Blachly.)

145 West 127th Street, New York.

FROM A WOMAN PHYSICIAN

To the Editor:

I am familiar with what Margaret Sanger has been trying to do and believe her successful vindication would save millions of women remorse and guilt. The problem she is sacrificing herself for is purely a woman's problem now, and while it may be impossible for many to identify themselves with the cause, she can assure herself of being understood.

Should there be any organized attempt to assist her in her vindication I shall be glad to do my share.

FROM AN ATTORNEY

To the Editor:

Have just read in my MASSES of the predicament of Mr. William Sanger, who has dared run counter to the modern angel of morality, Anthony Comstock, and am enclosing two dollars to help defray the expense of defending him from the criminal charge overhanging him. I hope some day to be able to do much more in matters of this kind.

FROM A GOVERNMENT SCIENTIFIC WORKER

To the Editor:

In the matter of the Sanger trial I feel I ought to come across. I enclose a small check drawn to you which you may dispose of as you see fit. Being broke, I have to send a small one. You may be sure I will do anything I can to help out.

FROM A WOMAN

To the Editor:

Will you kindly tell me how it is possible to procure Mrs. Margaret Sanger's pamphlets? I have been much interested in her work and in your article in the current number of the MASSES. And I am heartily in favor of your campaign and wish you every success.

FROM A NEWS AGENT

To the Editor:

Please send me 10 copies March issue on the strength of the Margaret Sanger article. Keep up the fight. I will boost all I can.

FROM A BUSINESS MAN

To the Editor:

Your article in the March number of the MASSES regarding Mr. Sanger, has impressed me so much that I am herewith enclosing P. O. order for \$2.00 to assist in paying Mr. Sanger's expenses in his defence.

Have been in sympathy with the work of Mrs. Sanger and I sincerely hope Mr. Sanger will beat out "Saint Anthony."

This knowledge is as necessary in the country districts as in the cities. Only last week I had to witness the expulsion of a family with six children from the farm they had worked to clear, and after 12 years of hard unremitting toil, were forced to vacate. The cause, the mother after the birth of her fourth child became an invalid, in this condition she gave birth to two more, and after the birth of her last child, she remained in bed for three years, about six months ago she underwent an operation which removed forever the possibility of her again becoming a mother, and her health is slowly returning.

A FUND OF AT LEAST \$500 IS NEEDED for legal expenses in the Sanger struggle. More is needed for a campaign of publicity outside of the courts. This is your fight. The time to fight is now. You are asked to send as much as you can, and as soon as possible to the Sanger Fund, The Masses Publishing Company, 87 Greenwich Avenue, New York City.

THE DEAR LITTLE BULLET

HOW dear to my heart are the scenes of the battle,

As every good soldier should find them to be!
How sweet to my ears is the musical rattle
Of the enemy's guns as he trains them on me!
But of all the delights that I have in full measure—
Though of wounds my idea is still rather vague—
I think it would be the most exquisite pleasure
To be shot by the bullet approved by The Hague.
The neat little bullet, the clean-wounding bullet,
Humane little bullet approved by The Hague.

How sweet in a non-vital part to receive it—

You're certain to live if they don't strike you dead!

It seems so delightful I scarce can believe it—
(Is it safer to stand on my feet or my head?)

And when I'm removed from this loved situation

Where the enemy now I so gleefully plague,
I surely will find it a full compensation

To be killed by the bullet approved by The Hague.

The neat little bullet, the clean-wounding bullet,
The dear little bullet approved by The Hague.

ELIZABETH WADDELL.

FROM AN OPPONENT

To the Editor:

I take the liberty of availing myself of your invitation in your March issue for communications of opinion from your readers, to address you upon the subject of contraception with an expression of views which—until you convince me otherwise—must remain opposed to your own.

Are you going to shut me off? That wouldn't be nice. You boast that you have no respect for the respectable; but surely you revere the truth, and the method which leads to truth, namely, to let the other side be heard.

You agitate—aside from the specific issue of a free press vs. P.O.D.—two causes: viz., the legitimizing of contraceptive practices, and education of the poorer classes in that subject.

Having never heard you voice a belief in the justifiability of one human being's destroying another living human, I make so bold as to assume that you are categorically opposed to murder. If you are not, that is another question; and I shall welcome the opportunity of debating the broader topic. But allowing my assumption to stand, I proceed. You no doubt would disapprove of killing a child. Would it make any difference to you whether the child were ten years old, or nine, or eight? I take it that you refrain from killing, not because the object might speak out when he saw you approaching (the child might be dumb, or an infant of eleven months), nor even because you dread to inflict pain (for you might chloroform the victim in advance), but rather, I guess, on the vaunted general principles of justice. I do not know your views on the subject of abortion, so we'll skip that stage. But can you, Mr. Editor, inform me where life begins? Are you sure that you did not exist, a number of years ago one more than your present age, in the womb of your mother and the gonoplasm of your father? And who has the right, or had the right, so to retard the evolution of the race as to have robbed you of your mission in life and use of your individual usefulness? In addition to being a materialist, are you also a denier of Evolution? Since when is artificial and factitious as well as fortuitously human selection to take the place of the old reliable natural selection? Do you advocate that blind ignorance—for what else can contraception of the unborn be—shall annihilate the blessings of uncontrolled variation which can be had only from unhindered and large-scale reproduction?

I have appealed to you in the foregoing, first, on the ground of the justice of giving each individual mind entity a chance to experience the life matrix, and secondly, on the basis of helping or at least not hindering Nature to carry out the process of Evolution as revealed to us by the history of biology. Now it may be that you believe in neither God nor Science. Yet of one thing I am certain: immortal souls, and past and future humanity may mean nothing to you; but present society is assuredly your field. You want Tom and Dick and Mrs. Harry to be happy. Very well, let us see how your cause can apply even here.

Abandoning the grand principles which our laws aim to uphold, let us grant, for the sake of argument, that the practice of contraception by all, or just by doctors, is specifically legalized. We come then to your second cause, to your plea for publicity among the poorer classes.

Do you know of any method to give the subject publicity among adults, and not among adolescents? I don't. Instill the idea of possible sexual intercourse without offspring, take away the ideal and leave the sensation, and what have you

left except unlovely, brutal obscenity. Will a morbid atmosphere of that sort make more light and wholesome the hearts of the economically miserable?

If children are a burden to working women, by all means agitate that child bearing and rearing mothers shall be pensioned—or that all children shall be pensioned, or kept in barracks. Do all the social-justice preaching you desire; but please don't kill the significance of sexual life—the richest instinct of men and women—by arguing to permit and encourage short-sighted mortals to denude it of its noble fruit, the child.

I have but one remark to add. Your magazine is revolutionary, you say. I hope you will not force upon my unwilling eyes the sight of a band of dogmatic revolutionaries. Observe that I say you would be obliging me to witness your inconsistency; for you know very well that I cannot resist continuing to read the MASSES. I like your paper because I appreciate the spirit that animates you. Yet withal, I repeat, you have made a mistake this once.

I am a young, single and virtuous male, blessed with friends who boast a sense of humor. If you reproduce this letter or refer to it, kindly confine yourself to the mention of my initials only.

Yours,

I. L.

FROM UPTON SINCLAIR.

To the Editor:

I am very glad to see that you have taken up the issue involved in the case of Comrade Sanger. I do not believe there is a more barbarous law upon our statute books than the one forbidding the spreading of information concerning the prevention of conception. I have written upon the subject at various times in the *Physical Culture Magazine*, in the *Cosmopolitan*, and in *Everybody's*. I have received hundreds of letters asking for information, and I was unable to answer any of them unless I cared to take the risk that the writer might be a government spy and that I would be liable to \$5000 fine and five years' imprisonment in jail, and I assure you that Government spies are continually active in this matter.

There was an atrocious case a few years ago of a physician, Dr. G. Alfred Elliot, who served ten years in the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth Kansas, for giving information to a woman who wrote him that she had an insane husband of whom she was afraid.

You can see a letter of mine published in *Everybody's Magazine* about three or four years ago concerning a poor devil who had been shut up without bail for several months in a death trap called the Newcastle County Workhouse in Delaware where I had served an eighteen hour sentence for playing tennis on Sunday. This man had been arrested for selling a medical book containing photographs of prohibited portions of the human anatomy. I went to the United States Attorney about his case, and this gentleman showed me samples of horrible literature which had been found in the man's rooms. One thing was a pamphlet giving some elementary information on the subject of sexual intercourse—information for the lack of which, as any physician will testify, hundreds of marriages which might have been happy have been wrecked. And our Government official, who assured me that he was a Unitarian and a most liberal and enlightened man, held these up before me with a face of horror and gasped: "He actually had a pamphlet discussing such matters as that."

That is only one instance out of dozens which I might quote you. This law under which they are trying Sanger was forced onto our statute books by the Federation of Catholic Societies. It is one of the penalties which we pay for the domination of our politics by the dead hand of medieval superstition, and it should be fought by every enlightened person with all the weapons of publicity. Bernard Shaw has called the artificial sterilization of marriage the most revolutionary discovery of the XIXth Century. It may be said that we owe to it what little intelligence and freedom we have so far been able to win in the world. If we win any more it will be because humanity and common sense assert themselves in spite of all the efforts of Roman Catholic and Puritan inquisitors.

Conscience Corner

THROUGH laxity of editorial supervision we placed in our Book Store an advertisement of a book called "Sex Determination," which seems to us misleading and we have removed it from the list.

A LITTLE advertisement of a cure for the tobacco habit, etc., appeared once, and will not appear again, for the same reasons.

PLEASE do not overestimate our moral character on the basis of these confessions. We give no guarantee of any brands of poetry or liquor that may be advertised in our columns. People who monkey with these spiritual substances are assumed to be forewarned.

TUXEDO—The Great American Smoke

Get busy! Get happy!

Those two great qualities—vigor and cheerfulness—stand out big in American life. In less than a hundred years this American energy and optimism have populated hostile plains, reared skyscrapers, founded fortunes and made America the hope of the whole world.

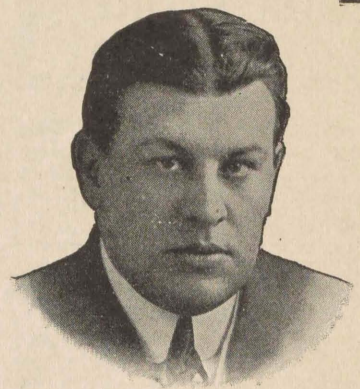
Anything that inspires these qualities in American men—anything that encourages wholesome cheer and generates useful energy—is sure to be hailed with delight.



IRVIN S. COBB
Famous Author, War Correspondent and Lecturer

"I can't think of any reason why I shouldn't say I like Tuxedo—because I do like it, very much."

Irvin S. Cobb



CLEMENT W. K. BRIGGS, M. D.
Prominent Physician and Surgeon of Chicago

"Physicians give their approval to Tuxedo because it's harmless and wholesome. I have never smoked a finer, cooler, more refreshing tobacco than Tuxedo."

Clement W. K. Briggs, M.D.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Tuxedo fills a man full of snap and good humor. Bound to, because it smokes so mild and easy, full of mellowness, without bite or irritation.

Thousands and thousands of up-and-doing, successful Americans in every walk of life gladly endorse this temperate, helpful tobacco—made from the rich, mild leaves of Kentucky's choicest Burley—treated by the famous "Tuxedo Process" so it absolutely cannot bite your tongue.

A tip to those Americans who want to put more vim and gusto into their lives: Get busy—Get happy—Get Tuxedo.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine wrapped moisture proof pouch . . . 5c Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c
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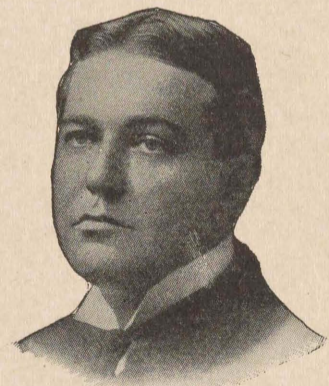
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