

THE

DECEMBER 1916

15 CENTS

MASSES



FRANK
WALTS

The **MASSES**

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With all this talk of extravagance and a spendthrift class, it is comforting to see so sane a journal as the *New York Times* come out for so conservative a thing as the truth. It proves how wrong these wild rumors are by quoting figures. And how reassuring those figures are. It must be especially consoling to our friends in the mills of Paterson and the mines in West Virginia to know that "it is uncommon for the figure to run as high as \$100 per person," and that the average cost of the dinner is only \$6 and \$10 per plate, even in some of our "big hotels."

From a standpoint of mere economy some one ought to urge our hungry compatriots in Colorado, Massachusetts and Alabama to move at once to New York. At a slight expense of \$6 to \$10 per plate they might follow Mr. Vance Thompson's flesh-reducing recipe. They might begin to eat and grow thin.

L. U.

The Newsdealer's Duty

NEWSDEALERS should read thoroughly every copy of every magazine they sell, according to Magistrate Frothingham, of New York City. Abraham Master, a newsdealer, had been arrested on complaint of John S. Sumner, the Vice Expert, for selling a copy of *Jim Jam Jews*. He told the magistrate he didn't know it was "obscene." The magistrate told him it was his business to know what was in the magazines he sold—an amusing conception of a newsdealer's job! And suppose he made a mistake in judgment—not everyone can find obscenity where Vice Expert Sumner can! You have to have a peculiar kind of a mind, which an ordinary healthy newsdealer isn't likely to possess.

Education and Revolution

IT is the aim of progressive education to take part in correcting unfair privilege and unfair deprivation, not to perpetuate them.—*John Dewey in "Democracy and Education."*

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THE *MASSES*



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

The MASSES

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DECEMBER, 1916

Issue No. 66

ENDYMION, OR ON THE BORDER

John Reed

PRESIDIO, TEXAS, is a collection of a dozen adobe shacks and a two-story frame store, scattered in the brush in the desolate sand-flat along the Rio Grande.

Northward the desert goes rolling gently up against the fierce, quivering blue, a blasted and silent land. The flat brown river writhes among its sand-bars like a lazy snake, not a hundred yards away. Across the river the Mexican town of Ojinaga tops its little *mesa*—a cluster of white walls, flat roofs, the cupolas of its ancient church—an Oriental town without a minaret. South of that the terrible waste flings out in great uptilted planes of sand, mesquite and sage-brush, crumpling at last into a surf of low sharp peaks on the horizon.

In Ojinaga lay the wreck of the Federalista army, driven out of Chihuahua by the victorious advance of Pancho Villa, and apathetically awaiting his coming here, by the friendly border. Thousands of civilians, scourged on by savage legends of the Tiger of the North, had accompanied the retreating soldiers across that ghastly four hundred miles of burning plain. Most of the refugees lay camped in the brush around Presidio, happily destitute, subsisting on the Commissary of the American Cavalry stationed here; sleeping all day, and singing, love-making and fighting all night.

The fortunes of war had thrust greatness upon Presidio. It figured in the news dispatches telephoned to the outer world by way of the single Army wire. Automobiles, gray with desert dust, roared down over the pack-trail from the railroad, seventy-five miles north, to corrupt its pristine innocence. A handful of war-correspondents sat there in the sand, cursing, and twice a day concocted two-hundred-word stories full of sound and fury. Wealthy *hacendados*, fleeing across the border, paused there to await the battle which should decide the fate of their property. Secret agents of the Constitutionalist and the Federal plotted and counter-plotted all over the place. Representatives of big American interests distributed retaining fees, and sent incessant telegrams in code. Drummers for munition companies offered to supply arms wholesale and retail to anyone engaged in or planning a revolution. Not to mention—as they put it in musical comedy programs—citizens, Rangers, deputy Sheriffs, United States troopers, Huertista officers on furlough, Customs officials, cowpunchers from nearby ranches, miners, etc.

Old Schiller, the German store-keeper, went bellowing around with a large revolver strapped to his waist. Schiller was growing rich. He supplied food and clothing and tools and medicines to the swollen population; he had a monopoly on the freighting business; he was rumored to conduct a poker game and private bar in the back room; and sixty men slept on the floor and counters of his store for twenty-five cents a head.

I went around with a bow-legged, freckle-faced cowboy named Buchanan, who had been working on a ranch down by Santa Rosalia, and was waiting for things to clear up so he could go back. Buck had been three years in Mexico, but I couldn't discover it had left any impression on his mind—except a grievance against Mexicans for not speaking English; all his Spanish being a few words to satisfy his natural appetites. But he occasionally mentioned Dayton, Ohio—from which city he had fled on a freight-train at the age of twelve.

He seemed to be a common enough type down there; a strong, lusty body, brave, hard, untroubled by any spark of fine feeling. But I hadn't been with him many hours before he began to talk of Doc. According to Buck, Doc was Presidio's first citizen; he was a great surgeon, and more than that, one of the world's best musicians. But more remarkable than everything, to me, was the pride and affection in Buck's voice when he told of his friend.

"He kin set a busted laig with a grease-wood twig and a horse-hair riata," said Buck, earnestly. "And curing up a t'rant'ler bite ain't no more to him than taking a drink is to you or me. . . . And play—say! Doc kin play any kind of a thing. By God. I guess if anybody from New York or Cleveland was to hear him tickle them instruments, he would be a-setting on the Opera House stage right now, instead of in the sand at Presidio!"

I was interested. "Doc who?" I asked.

Buck looked surprised. "Why, just Doc," he said.

After supper that night I plowed through the sand in the direction of Doc's adobe cabin. It was a still night, with great stars. From somewhere up the river floated down the sound of a few lazy shots. All around in the brush flared the fires of the refugee camps; women screamed nasally to their children to come home; girls laughed out in the darkness; men with spurs "ka-junked" past in the sand; and like an accompani-

ment in the base sounded the insistent mutter of a score of secret agents conspiring on the porch of Schiller's store. Long before I came near, I could hear the familiar strains of the *Tannhauser* overture played on a castrated melodeon; and immediately in front of the house, I almost stumbled over a double row of Mexicans, squatting in the sand, wrapped to the eyes in serapes, rigidly listening.

Within the one white-washed room, two U. S. cavalry officers sat with their eyes closed, pretending to enjoy what they considered "high-brow" entertainment. They had been eight months on the Border, far from the refinements of civilization, and it made them feel "cultured" to hear that kind of music. Buchanan, smoking a corn-cob pipe, lay stretched in an arm-chair, his feet on the stove, his glistening eyes fixed with frank enjoyment on Doc's fingers as they hopped over the keys. Doc himself sat with his back to us—a pathetic, pudgy, white-haired little figure. Some of the melodeon keys produced no sound at all; others a faint wheeze; and the rest were out of tune. As he played he sang huskily, and swayed back and forth as one rapt in harmony.

It was a remarkable room. At one end stood the wreck of an elaborate glass-topped operating-table. Behind it, a case of rusty surgical instruments—the top shelf full of pill bottles—and a book-case containing five volumes: a book of Operatic Selections scored for the piano, part of a volume of Beethoven's Symphonies arranged for four hands, two volumes on Practical Diagnosis, and The Poems of John Keats, morocco-bound, hand-tooled, and worn. There was a desk, too, piled with papers. And all around the rest of the room were musical instruments in various stages of desuetude; concertina, violin, guitar, French horn, cornet, harp. A small Mexican hairless dog, with a cataract in one eye, sat at Doc's feet, his nose lifted to the ceiling, howling continuously.

Doc played more and more furiously, humming as his gnarled fingers jumped about over the keyboard. Suddenly, in the midst of a thundering chord, he stopped, turned half around to us, and stretching out his hands, mumbled through his whiskers:

"My hands are too small! Every damn thing's wrong about me somewheres. Aye!" He sighed. "Franz Liszt had short fingers, too. Hee! Not like mine. No short fingers in the head . . ." his words ran off into indistinguishable mumbling.

Buck brought his feet down with a crash, and slapped his knee.

"God, Doc!" he cried. "If you had big hands I don't know what in hell you couldn't do!"

Doc looked dully at the floor. The little dog put his feet upon his lap and whimpered, and the old man laid a trembling hand on his head. The two officers awkwardly took their leave. Presently Doc lit up a great pipe, grumbling and groaning to himself, the smoke oozing out of his mustache, nose, eyes and ears.

With a sort of reverence Buck introduced me. Doc nodded, and looked at me with bleary little eyes that didn't seem to see. His round, puffy face was covered with a white stubble; through a yellow, ragged mustache came indistinctly the ruins of a cultivated articulation. He smelt strongly of brandy.

"Aye—you're not one of these—sand-fleas umbleumble," he said, blinking up at me. "From the great world. From the great world. Tell 'em my name is writ in water umbleumble."

No one knew anything about him except what he had dropped when drunk. He himself seemed to have forgotten his past. The Mexicans, among whom most of his practise was, loved him devotedly, and showed it by paying their bills. He always made the same charge for any medical service—setting a fracture, amputating a limb, delivering a child, or giving a dose of cough-syrup—twenty-five cents. But he had spoken of London, Queen's Hall, the Conservatory of Music, and of being in India and Egypt, and of coming to Galveston as head of a hospital. Beyond that, nothing but the names of Mexican cities, of unknown people. All that Presidio knew of him was that he had come across the border nameless and drunk during the Madero revolution, and had stayed there nameless and drunk ever since.

"On the Maidan!" said Doc suddenly, "Riding in their carriages! And I—here. . ." He rumbled on for a while, and hiccupped. "Yes, it killed her, but I wasn't—"

I sat talking with him, trying to strike upon some key that would unlock his life.

"I hear you have been connected with the London Conservatory of Music."

He leaped to his feet, clenching both fists, and glared around. "Who said that?" he roared. Then he sat down again. "And now I am an old tramp doctor in Presidio!" he finished, and chuckled without bitterness.

I tried him with Egypt, and he said, "In those days there was a forest of masts in Alexandria roadstead—thick. . ." Then I spoke of India, but he only muttered, "In Darjelling—at the big deodar on the lawn. Oh God . . . umbleumble. . ."

"Galveston!" he cried, and straightened up. "Yes I was in Galveston when the flood—My wife was drowned. . ." He said this without much feeling, and rising, went unsteadily to the book-case and took down one of the Practical Diagnosis books, which he brought back to me as a child might have done. On the fly-leaf was the date "Galveston, September 18, 1901," and newspaper clippings about the flood were stuck crazily underneath. I took it back to the book-case, and carelessly picking up the Poems of John Keats, opened it. Inside the cover was written, in ink that had almost faded:

June, 1878.

To Endymion—

With my body and soul—

A. deH. K.

Endymion—he! To what woman was that battered old wreck ever Endymion? 1878. In his middle twenties, perhaps—beautiful, a dreamer.

I heard a sort of moaning snarl, and looked up to see Doc upon his feet, bent over and peering at me strangely.

"What have you got? What have you got?" he almost screamed. "Put it down. . ." As he came lurching at me I slipped the book back in the case. He grasped my two hands and lifted them up to his eyes, then dropped them and turned.

"Nothing," he mumbled. "I had forgotten. . . I lost it in Monterey. . ." He stood still, muttering to himself. "Now what brought her back—drowned for thirty years? Well, drown her all over again!" He went to the corner and got a black bottle and tilted it to his lips. Then he reached down among his instruments and pulled out an old accordion, and



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

Mrs. Wilson: "Ye notice me husband stands for the wurkin' people."

Mrs. Hughes: "Yes, an' mine, too, Mrs. Wilson. It's a great country."

sitting down in his chair again, began suddenly to play what could be recognized as Beethoven's Third Symphony. It was startling.

But he played only a minute; stopped, shook his head and sighed. "Eroica!" he said. "Eroica!" Umbleumbleumble. What do you sand-fleas know about high tragedy? I'm getting old and I've hunted all my life and never found—" From what? Fame? Wealth? Love? *Truth?* . . .

The next evening we had supper, Buchanan, Doc and I, in a one-room Mexican restaurant, whose proprietor had once owned a little ranch across the river which Enrique Creel sold to William Randolph Hearst and pocketed the proceeds. As big, brown men, booted and spurred, came in, each one stopped at the head of the table to say "Howdye Doc! How ya coming?" The Mexican waiter served Doc first, and when a rich cattleman who had motored in that morning began cursing him for a lazy Greaser, one of the Rangers leaned over and tapped him on the arm.

"Doc gets his first, stranger," he said quietly. "After that you kin put *your* foot in the trough."

Doc had risen late, tormented by the fires of hell; and though he had already gulped down about a quart of *aguardiente*, it hadn't yet taken effect. He was black and silent, answering the greetings with a grunt.

Next to me sat a brisk little man with a retreating chin, a denizen of cities. He was agent for the Crayon Enlargement Home Portrait Company, of Kansas City, Mo., and was greatly pleased with the amount of business he had done in Presidio, taking pictures and getting orders from the Mexicans. The table sat listening to his piping little boasts with grave faces and insides full of mirth. As Buck explained to me afterward, a Mexican loves to get his picture taken; and a Mexican will order anything, or sign his name to anything—but he won't pay for it.

"Mexicans are fine subjects for photography," the agent was saying, enthusiastically. "They will hold a pose for fifteen minutes without moving—"

Doc suddenly lifted his head, rumbled a little and said distinctly,

"That is why I didn't have mine finished. It was hard work to pose for Freddie Watts umbleumbleumble."

"You mean in London?" I asked quickly.

"Hampste'd," answered Doc, absently. "His studio was in Hampste'd. . . ."

So if Doc hadn't been tired of posing, his portrait might be hanging with those of William Morris, Rossetti, George Meredith, Swinburne, Browning, in the National Gallery!

"Did you know William Morris?" I said, breathlessly.

"A damned prig!" shouted Doc suddenly, beating his fist on the table. Eagerly I asked him about the others; but he went on eating, as if he didn't hear. "Dilletantes—an age of petty amateurs!" he cried finally, and would say no more.

The Crayon Enlargement agent tapped his head to the company and jerked a thumb at Doc. "Non-compos, ain't he?" he remarked with a knowing grin. "Bats in his attic, hey?" A prolonged hostile stare met his eyes. Down at the foot of the table a taciturn cowboy pointed a piece of bread at him, and remarked briefly:

"You wooden-headed *cabrito*, you better close up. Doc here's a friend of mine, and he's forgot more'n you'll ever know."

Doc never seemed to notice. But as we went outside afterward I heard him mutter something about "sand-fleas." We walked over toward a little shack where a pool-table had been set up, and I tried to find out just when he had dropped out of "the great world." He responded to the name of Pasteur, but Ehrlich, Freud and the other modern medical names I knew evidently meant nothing to him. In music, Saint-Saens was evidently an interesting youngster and no more; Straus, Debussy, Schoenberg, even Rimsky-Korsakoff, were Greek to him. Brahms he hated, for some reason.

There was a game on in the pool-room when we came in, but some one set up a shout "Here comes Doc!" and the players laid down their cues. Doc and Buchanan played on the rickety table, while I sat by. The old man's game was magnificent; he never seemed to miss a shot, no matter how difficult, though he could hardly see the balls. Buck hardly got a chance to shoot. Around the walls on the ground sat a solid belt of Mexicans in high wide sombreros, with *serapes* of magnificent faded colors, great boot buckles and spurs as big as dollars. When Doc made a good shot a chorus of soft applause came from them. When he fumbled and dropped his pipe, ten hands scrambled for the honor of retrieving it. . . .

In the soft, deep, velvety night we started home through the sand. We had gone a little distance when Doc suddenly stopped.

"Here, Tobey! Here, Tobey!" he cried, swaying and peering around in the dark. "I've lost my little dog. I wonder where that little dog is? I guess he must be back at the pool hall. Here, Tobey! I've got to go back and find my little dog."

"Hell, Doc," said Buck impatiently, "your dog'll come back all right. Let me go and get him for you. You're tired."

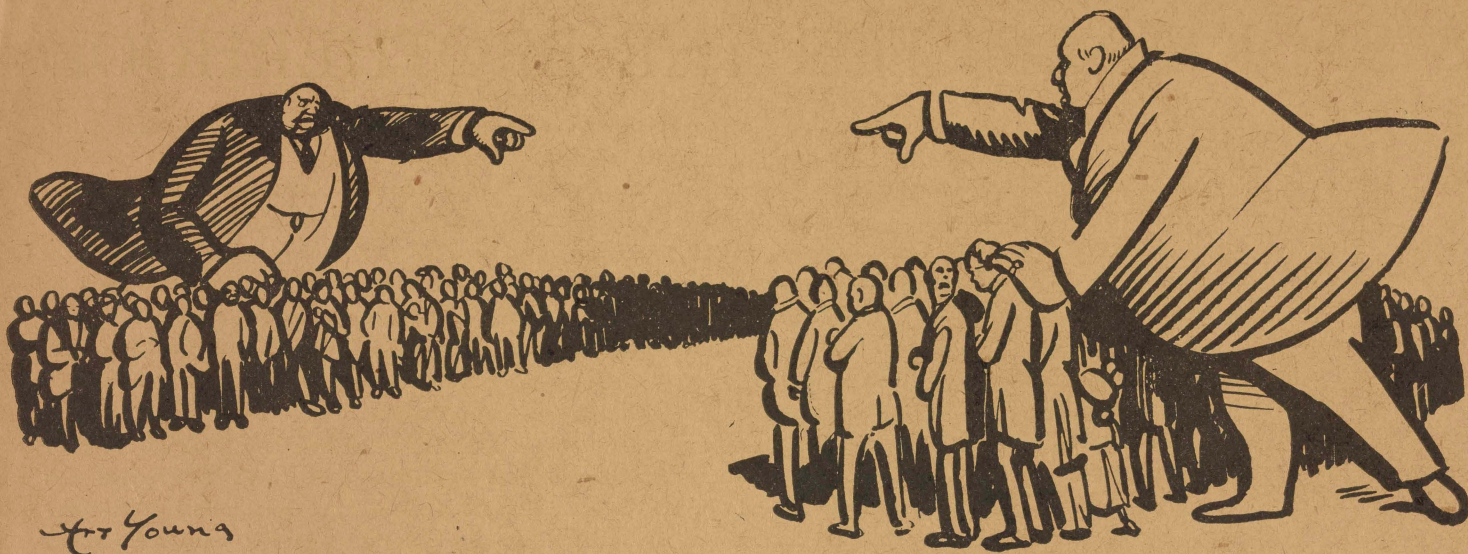
Doc shook his head, mumbling. "I've got to find my little dog," he said, "nobody can find—anything for me. Each has got to seek—alone unbleumble," and he turned back.

Buck and I squatted down by the trail and lit cigarettes. Around us the thick, exotic night was rich with sounds and smells. Buck abruptly began to speak:

"I don't remember nothing about my father," he said, "except he was a son of a b——. But I thought all old men was like him; in fact, I never met a real man or any other kind of man who wasn't out for himself, until I run across Doc. All this Christian bunk never was nothing to me until now. But this Doc, he's got a kind of combination of awful goodness and just suffering like hell all the time that—well, I don't know, but I—I—love that man. And great—he's a great man! I know that. He's big all through. Some damn fools around here say he's crazy; but I sometimes think all the rest of us is. He's drunk all the time, Doc is, but everything he says, even the wildest things, somehow hit me way deep down like God's truth."

Buck stopped, and we saw the chunky little figure of Doc loom up staggering in the dark, with Tobey trotting at his heels. We got up silently and walked along, one on each side of him. He didn't seem to notice us, mumbling and hiccoughing to himself. But suddenly he heaved a tremendous sigh, threw out both arms, and with his poor dim eyes on the sky, said:

"Heigh-ho! Night for the Gentiles is day-time for the Children of Israel!"



THE INSTIGATORS

Drawn by Arthur Young

"The animosity which nations reciprocally entertain is nothing more than what the policy of their governments excite to keep up the spirits of their system. Each government accuses the other of perfidy, intrigue, and ambition, as a means of heating the imaginations of their respective nations, and incensing them to hostilities. MAN IS NOT THE ENEMY OF MAN, but through the medium of a false government."—Thomas Paine.

The Returns

THE Kaiser has bestowed the order of the Oak Leaf upon the Crown Prince for his exploits at Verdun. Thus disappointing the large contingent which was voting for poison ivy.

IT begins to look as if Roumania would go down in history as a former nation which hesitated two years and then guessed wrong.

IS it imagination or has there been less talk about the wrongs of Belgium since the Allies stepped on Greece?

THE striking Standard Oil workers should not take too seriously Young John D.'s statement that, "it is persistency that wins things these days." He didn't mean what they mean.

NEITHER does the phrase, "He kept us out of war," apply to Bayonne, New Jersey.

AS we understand the Republican position, the cost of living has risen faster than wages under this Democratic administration and it was damnable of the railway workers to try to do anything about it.

"HOW do you do?" said Taft. "How do you do?" said T. R.

Of course it may have been an accident, but one paper which chronicled this stirring scene surmounted it by the weather report, "Partly cloudy. Winds mostly northeast."

F. W. WHITRIDGE, President of the Third Avenue Railroad system, who is many people's unfavorable writer, has an-

nounced that if his employees do not come back to work they will forfeit their accident insurance policies. But why have accident insurance policies if you do not have to travel on the Third Avenue?

THE New York Times professes great admiration for this simile by J. Adam Bede: "The Republican Party is much in the same position as the farmer boy who routs bossy out from a sound sleep that he may warm his feet where she has been lying." Yet some people who thought highly of a party would hate to have it compared with a sleepy cow.

MORE than twelve thousand took the cure at Plattsburg this past summer, and figures are being worn again by some of our rotundest citizens.

"IT is idle fancy for the Republicans to waste their time in thinking of any attempt or endeavor to lure us back into any organization they have made of such a character that no honest man can be in it." This statement was made shortly after the 1912 election and no prize will be offered to persons guessing the name of the author.

SAID the German chancellor: "A German statesman who would hesitate to use against the British every available instrument of battle that would really shorten the war, should be hanged." Introducing hanging as a cure for hesitation.

AS this is written the stirring contest between the unhyphenated and the undiluted Americans has not been finished, but we are not afraid to hazard a prophecy as to the result.

IT looks like Tweedledee.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

A SPOKESMAN FOR THE BROTHERHOOD

FOLLOWING are extracts from a letter written by a Railroad worker, the son of a freight engineer, to a friend who grew up with him in the little railroad town of E——, Iowa. The friend, daughter of a passenger engineer, went away to college and became a doctor. After years of separation from railroad affairs, an article about the approaching Strike came to her attention, and she suddenly realized what it meant to her. Her father's wages had paid her way through college, and she still depended upon that source of aid until she could support herself by her practise. But if the Brotherhoods struck, her father, who would retire on a pension within a year, would lose his pension; and she would be herself forced to give up her profession. The thought of this made her write to her old friend F——. This is his answer:

"Your letter was something of a shock to me, for it showed me, in a way I never before realized, how far apart we are in thought—especially with reference to the great question that has been before the country in the past few weeks—a something that might have affected your life, but which should have had your loyal support on account of the good that the Brotherhood has brought into your life and the lives of so many others.

"I wonder if you have ever in your whole life given the Brotherhood credit for the fact that you have been able to graduate from two colleges, that you have been able to control your goings out and your comings in, that you have been sheltered from many a jolt. Well, it is this Brotherhood that has made possible to you and many others these things, because it has enabled our Passenger men to make the splendid wages they are now making, because they were backed by a bunch of loyal Freight men.

"A Freight man has never seen the time when he could do these things for his people, because the pay received by the Freight men is so small, and their hours of service so long, that they are lucky to keep even. Do not lose sight of the fact that if this matter had come to a strike and we had lost, the Passenger man would have paid his share of the toll, as well as the Freight man, for, without the Brotherhood, the men now on Passenger would be drawing the wages of motormen.

"I have just seen the Annual Labor Day Parade go by, and it was an inspiring sight to me. Did you ever look at such a parade and realize what Organized Labor has done for the workers of this country? This parade, however, wonderful as it was, brought to me—in the strongest kind of way—the rotten wages that our Freight men are compelled to work for. Something like 300 colored hod-carriers passed me and each one was drawing 59½ cts. per hour, when the average wage of the man on Freight is only 40 cts. per hour.

"The whitewings who sweep our streets in this city get 4½ cts. more per hour than I ever made running a switch engine, and other labor—such as painters, carpenters, and electricians, are way ahead of the switch and Freight engineer when it comes to wages. And these people do not have to stand the expense to which the Freight engineer is put; because the painters, etc., go home after the day's work, while the Freight engineer

is at the other end of his line, and has to pay 'restaurant' prices for badly-cooked food at mealtimes.

"You can imagine where we would be today if the engineers of the past had lacked backbone enough to demand what was coming to them; and even as they had to make their sacrifices to give us what little we are getting today, so we should be willing to make some sacrifice today for the men who are to follow us on the road. It is only by working as no other class of labor has to work, that the Freight men are able to get along at all. What good is a man after he has put in from 15 to 30 hours on the modern Freight hog? Just look back on all your youthful years in E——, and try to recall how often you have ever seen a Freight man at any social affair. The long hours take all the life and ambition out of a man, and also all the joy of living. *We who have always lived in a railroad town think that it is perfectly natural that a man work 16 hours a day—but is it?* . . .

"You ask what is the Strike about, and who is responsible for it, and whether conditions are desperate enough to warrant such a desperate course. *Conditions are always desperate when a movement of this kind is on.* There is no fun in a movement of this kind, and the men realize all that it means before they go into it. When you have to struggle day after day and year after year for the right to get a few hours sleep—when your system is positively poisoned by fatigue—and when you can get redress only by striking—then it is time to strike, and bad enough to warrant such a desperate course. . . .

"You ask why we are not willing to arbitrate and take anything to avert such a disaster. In the past we have arbitrated and arbitrated and arbitrated, and we got just about as much as the little boy shot at. What few things the so-called 'neutral' arbitrator was willing to give us, we have found it almost impossible to get into effect by the railroads; and anyway, the way the arbitration boards are now made up makes the decision simply dependent upon the say so of the neutral arbitrator, and he is never a member of the working-class. . . .

"I wish you could follow up the many deaths among our members, and you will find the *greater per cent of our men are dying from mental and nervous diseases, and the number of suicides that we have are appalling.* A few months ago I found that there were four suicides and four deaths from paresis in one month. Last month we had three suicides, and this month, or rather August, we had one.

"Men are not committing suicide for fun; neither are they making nervous wrecks of themselves for fun; and if the Railroad companies continue to take all of a man's nervous energy and vitality, let them pay for it. *The average life of a Freight engineer is less than twelve years—that is, from the time he joins us until he or his heirs collect his insurance.*

"Only six men out of every one hundred who start at the bottom ever become Passenger engineers, and out of every one hundred men who start as firemen only seventeen ever become engineers, and *thirty-five per cent of our men are killed!* (Nice, easy business, isn't it?)

"In 1915 we had 11 suicides, 9 paresis, 34 cerebral hemorrhage, and during the year we paid 857 deaths and total disability

claims, each claim for from \$1,500 to \$4,500. Do you wonder that we want, and have to have, good wages, working under the conditions we do, and *considering the fact that no Insurance company except our own will carry us?*

" . . . Too many years of your life have taken you away from the worker and his problem. . . . I know, of course, that men and women in the professions have their work to do, and work that often makes their hearts and heads ache; but the worker has one ache in addition to these aches, and that is the back-ache.

"There are three institutions who do not understand the worker's problem, although they think they know all about it—and they are the Corporation, the Church, and the College.

"The Corporation looks on us as a lot of *Oliver Twists* always asking for more. But why shouldn't we ask for a comfortable living when labor produces all wealth? You know the Bible speaks of muzzling the ox that treads out the corn. Well, we have been muzzled, but we are now taking the muzzle off, thanks to Organized Labor. A lot of good people are always so afraid that Labor will abuse its power, but they never stop to think that the other side has been abusing its power for centuries.

"Next comes the Church. For centuries it has been telling the laborer to be 'obedient to those in authority,' and promising us a Heaven sometime in the future; when it is not a future

Heaven that concerns us, but a living today. Until the Church gets away from the sentimental slop it has been handing out so long, it will never be able to do anything for the worker. The Church has never been behind any real reform; as far as it is concerned we would have Child Labor all over the country. The only Child Labor laws we have have come to us through the work of the Labor Organizations.

"Now for the College. From President Eliot* down I never heard of a College President who had any use for Organized Labor, or the real rights of any kind of Labor; and as a natural consequence the students gets the same ideas.

"The College man thinks it great sport to scab on a labor organization; and in case of trouble, if it happens in vacation, the employers can always find a bunch of students to scab. I'll admit that a few students work their way through College; but most students are in College because they were lucky in picking out their parents. . . .

"Some months ago our street car men here were asking for an increase in wages. One morning I met a friend on the car—he was a College man and a Preacher's son—and he was complaining that he, a single man, could hardly get along on \$100 a month; and in the next breath he was berating the street-car men for asking for enough to live on! Just as though they were not as much entitled to a comfortable living as he? . . ."

* "The scab is the Real American hero."—Pres. Eliot.

BEREFT

O H, brown Earth, warm and fragrant,
Make soft her tiny bed,
Oh, great Winds, in the darkness
Move gently overhead—

Be kind, you waving grasses
She gathered baby-wise,
And all you buds and blossoms,
Rest lightly on her eyes.

Oh, mothers, to your bosoms
Fold close and safe your own—
My little babe is sleeping
Beneath the stars . . . alone.

RAIN IN THE CITY

M IST . . . and you . . .
And in the pale, dim lights—your eyes,
Calling me low:
And in the drops of my eyelids—your kisses
Touching me softly:
And in the drops on my eyelids—your kisses
Caressing me gently.

Martha L. Wilchinsky.

TABLES

O NCE the altar was sacred;
But now, I think, it is the table.
For across tables
Go the words, the looks, the blinding flashes of
thought
That are truly the race's history.
Fellow-lovers and fellow-poets
Lean their arms on these white surfaces,
And bending forward oblivious above the scattered
silver,
Enkindle each other's souls.
I have never got from a pulpit
What I have got from tables.
I have never been so stirred in the greenwood
As at these curious urban trysting-places.
Nor do I think that heaven itself
Will wholly answer to my need
Unless in obscure streets and squares and avenues
And purlieus outlying the Pillared Place
There are little cafés
Where across tables
Blessed angels whisper wonderful and incredible
secrets to one another.

Arthur Davison Ficke.

Utopian Reality

WALTER LIPPMANN has written in the *New Republic* an able attack upon utopians. He has shown that people who picture a revolutionary ideal without reference to the existing reality, and without suggestion of a method of procedure towards the ideal, have a "comparatively easy and primitive kind of vision."

"The modern imagination," he says, "has a harder task to perform. Its work is to abolish the old dualism of fact and fancy in which existence lay inert and unresponsive to the kiss of hope. Vision to-day will compel no one if the hope is extravagant or the fact distorted; and they see the world most effectively who see reality luminous in a cold dry light dissolving into a warm aura of probabilities."

"Only by living in that fringe where reality and desire play against each other do we escape the staleness which perfection suggests. The kind of vision men are practicing to-day may account for the style they use, for that tone of nimble and varied aggression which some call brilliant and others smart."

This is a very good *apologia* of Walter Lippmann's, and also a clear and instructive exposition of the practical way to think.

Walter Lippmann is a brilliant teacher. He has taught the readers of the *New Republic* in this article the folly of feeding their hopes upon utopian ideals. Now I wish he would write another article, as cleverly satirical and as clear as this, teaching them the folly of feeding their hopes upon a utopian conception of reality. For that is a far more general and more insidious and more utterly wasteful kind of utopianism than the other. And since he has used "some of the writers in THE MASSES" as an example of the *ideal* utopians; he might use some of the editors of the *New Republic* as an example of the *real* utopians. For they do feed their hopes upon a utopian conception of reality.

They have never any of them faced the hard and biting fact that economic self-interest is a dominating force in all history. They still live in a world in which fundamental democratic progress comes by telling, and persuading, and showing how, and propagating reasonable opinions, and better social feeling. That is not the real world. The *real* world is a world in which privilege can only be uprooted by power. It is a world in which democratic progress has always, and always will, come through the disreputable struggle of a "lower class" against the entrenchments of a nobility whose power is property and whose armor is respectability.

It requires a hard head—perhaps a little hardness in the heart—to live and nourish hopes upon such a reality. But that is the reality of science. It is the absolutely un-utopian reality. It is the reality of THE MASSES, as opposed to the reality of the *New Republic*.

Facing this reality, THE MASSES rests its great hope of democracy in agitation and organization of the lower classes, rather than in telling the upper classes, who do not want democracy, how they might get it, if they would only be entirely practical and consent to go very slowly step-by-step. We of THE MASSES would like to *assemble the power that will do something*; they of the *New Republic* are satisfied to instruct the power that wont. That is, the big difference between these two groups of editors.

In one respect we are all alike. We none of us do anything. So what is the use pretending that we do? We talk or write about what ought to be done, and then, as Walter Lippmann says of "some of the writers in THE MASSES," we go home to dinner. It may look more like doing something to write reformer's opinions than to write revolutionary opinions, but it really isn't. It is just as easy. The difficult thing is to do anything, and none of us has tried that.

MAX EASTMAN.

The Street Car Strike

THE strike called in August brought the surface cars to a total standstill. The working-class in general was right on the job with the kind of support that a street-car strike always requires. The State Public Service Commission stepped in and demanded arbitration. Of course the union made its first demand irrevocable—the right to organize. That first and most essential of all legal rights of the working-class was endorsed by the Public Service Commission and the mayor. After much squirming and haggling it was accepted by Shonts. He had to accept it. No nickels in the glass-boxes—no \$60,000 a year for Shonts.

Now the honorable Mr. Shonts is, above all, a very dull and blundering liar. Only wide-awake workers see through the smooth prevarications of an average \$60,000 a year capitalist clerk. Shonts acts as though he had been trained in the service of the Kaiser. Bethmann-Hollweg's "scrap of paper" exposition was a pure, white truth compared to the policy of Shonts. Within two weeks after he made the treaty of peace in the presence of the Public Service Commission and the mayor, promising most faithfully that he would deal with the men as a collective body, and accepting the principle of organization, he sent out individual contracts to the men, demanding that they sign or forfeit their jobs. It was one of those common, low-down, brazen pieces of capitalist knavery which educate more working people in five minutes than all our papers and literature can do in a year.

The men were called out again, and a general strike was planned in their behalf. In appealing to the working class generally and developing the idea of the general strike, Fitzgerald has shown that he is familiar with the only tactics which can ultimately win anything for the unskilled ninety per cent. of the workers. There was very general enthusiasm among great masses of organized workers throughout Greater New York. But the representatives of craft union locals in New York had not the slightest power to strike without first obtaining power from their various international headquarters. Their sacred contracts must be fulfilled. If the New York locals of the various craft unions, the printers, for instance, or the brick-layers, or the machinists, were to go on strike independently, the international headquarters *would send strikebreakers to take their places*. This foreshadowed the failure of the general strike.

From that failure one goes for hope back to one of Mother Jones' meetings. The Old Guard of the strikers—two thousand strong, men who will not surrender—find inspiration in the burning words of the old heroine of many bitter fights: one cry of defiance from her quivering lips is worth more to the cause of freedom than all the plans of an army compromised from the start.

F. B.

Revolutionary Progress

Prefatory

WE have decided, with the help of our readers, that while the union of THE NEW REVIEW with THE MASSES was not altogether inept, they ought to be completely merged. The impulse of THE NEW REVIEW will appear in these following pages of editorial discussion, in the book reviews and dramatic criticisms, and in the occasional publication of an editorial essay or article. This will not diminish the amount of satire and art and poetry and fiction that has appeared in THE MASSES, for the magazine is considerably enlarged by our present change of form. You will have THE MASSES as before, but its inconsiderate spirit of revolution will be a little explained, and backed up by the facts in these editorial paragraphs, which are to be written not by any one of us, but by all of us—including you.

M. E.

Divine Arbitration!

LET us take up the points one by one. I quote one of the Railroad Presidents, who was reported to have said, in the *Washington Post* of August 27:

"Arbitration for the settlement of the demands of about 350,000 men upon the railroads has been denied (by the employees). The health, happiness, prosperity and lives of the American people are in jeopardy because of this refusal to use the method of settlement found satisfactory in great international disputes."

Let us examine the list of Railroads in the United States, and see how the Railroads themselves have acted upon Arbitration.

In the first place, seventy-four Railroads, most of them owned by the Railroads proposing Arbitration, were excluded from Arbitration by the National Conference Committee of the Railroads.

All colored employees, of all the Railroads, were excluded from Arbitration.

White brakemen on one Southern Railroad and six Western Railroads were excluded from Arbitration.

White firemen on one Western Railroad and ten Southern Railroads were excluded from Arbitration.

Hostlers on two Eastern, twenty-eight Western, and fifteen Southern Railroads, were excluded from Arbitration.

What does Arbitration mean, anyway? According to the present Federal Arbitration law, known as the Newlands Act, the Railroads administer any award reached in Arbitration—interpreting its language to suit themselves; and there is even no way of forcing them to grant the award! Moreover, the Railroad workers have got a bellyful of Arbitration in the past. In one engineers' Arbitration the "neutral" arbitrator was afterwards discovered to be a retired railroad attorney; in the last Arbitration of wages and working conditions of the Western Engineers, the Board was dominated by a "neutral" arbitrator who owned and controlled several million dollars' worth of securities of the Railroads which were parties to the controversy.

Why did the Railroads want Arbitration? Because they spent huge sums to poison public opinion, and there was little possibility of getting an unprejudiced neutral to act on the Board.

J. R.

Believing in Arbitration on Principle

ARBITRATION is not a matter of principle, but a device, a makeshift.

The street car employees of New York City want to arbitrate their strike because they recognize the difficulties of winning, if it involves, as it seems to involve, the tying-up of the transportation of the city for a prolonged period. The directors of the roads refuse the invitation to arbitrate, because they believe that the odds are against the men. Two months ago the Presidents of the railroads of the country (together with the leading manufacturers) insisted that the demand of the Railroad Brotherhoods for an eight-hour day be submitted to arbitration. The Brotherhoods refused because they were confident that their strength was sufficient to win. Of course in both instances other reasons were given for refusal to arbitrate. But arbitration is only invoked by workers or masters when it seems that the chances for defeat are greater than the chances for victory. The party invoking arbitration counts on gaining, and it invariably does gain, the sympathy of the public, because the public is not seriously concerned with the outcome of the strike, but is inconvenienced by the stoppage of work. It is the public that believes in arbitration "on principle."

The arguments for arbitration "as a matter of principle" are—that force never settles anything; that arbitration means the substitution of reason for force; and finally, that labor and capital should not be permitted to fight out their differences with entire disregard for the public convenience.

These dicta seem at first glance self-evident. But if force settles nothing, why is it assumed that an award of a body of arbitrators, which is forced on the parties in dispute, settles their dispute? It may for the public dispose of the controversy, but the assumption is that it has settled it and without force. An award if successfully imposed is just as much a matter of force as a strike. Strikers, by withholding their labor, may force an employer to come to their terms. Or an employer, by using strike-breakers, may do the same. But that is exactly what an arbitration award does. If it happens that the award is opposed to the interest of the workers it is charged with violence even more certainly than is a strike. It does not throw bricks, but it does starve out the workers. The only difference in the violence is that the misery is prolonged when the decision of a board is adverse to the workers. This point is made terribly clear in a letter, printed in this magazine on page 10, from a railroad worker: if the recent eight-hour controversy had been submitted to a board and the men had lost, arbitration would have been responsible for a prolongation of physical pain and misery for hundreds of thousands of men, women and children.

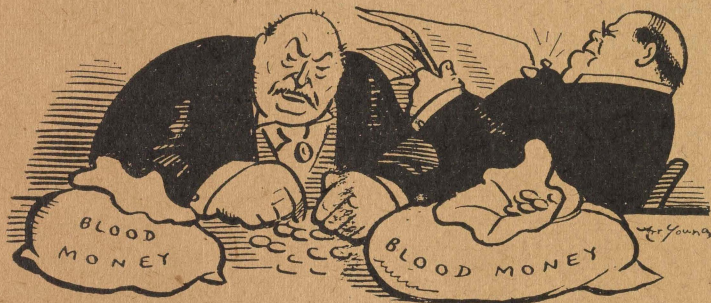
The other dictum, that arbitration is in itself a substitution of reason for force, rests on the illusion which a board of arbitration creates. Within the Council pure reason is supposed to prevail. And, supposing that it does, what is the ground for the faith that this state of reasonableness is transferred to those in controversy? If it is not so transferred, the purpose of arbitration fails—that is, if the purpose is to substitute the spirit of reason for the spirit of force.

It appears, then, that the only ground for believing in arbitration "on principle" is the assurance it offers the public of non-interference in industrial struggles. If the movement of labor away from wage servitude were some isolated phase of social development the public might successfully shift the inconvenience it causes them, but the chance is that there is little promise of their complete immunity. For those who recognize that violence and absence of sweet reasonableness is the characteristic of our industrial system, and that labor unions are efforts to bridge that gap, arbitration boards remain a device: good when they enforce the position of labor, and destructive when they add strength to the position of capital.

H. M.

Lord Roberts on War

"THIS war," wrote the late Lord Roberts, in an essay now given to the world, "was virtually necessary to all the nations engaged in it." Not only necessary, but salutary. Europe had, it seems, arrived at a stage of "overcivilization," of "anæmia," of "degeneracy," from which war alone could rescue it. The symptoms of this overcivilization are as follows: "The labor market becomes unsettled, demagogues seize every opportunity to show their strength, and labor is organized against capital. Trades unions, finding weaklings pitted against them, commence to bully. All the tendencies of effeteness, pervertism and national carelessness set in one after another. Politicians demand pay for services which should be patriotically given to the nation; men, women and children sneak out of conforming to the religious observances of a former generation; all men begin to live above their incomes; a grotesque extravagance in women's dress follows; schoolboys and undergraduates think it necessary to begin where their fathers left off; a political corruption begins to be the smart thing," etc. Hence Germany, in precipitating this war, "is the Allies' best friend." And this war is not to be the last. "It will come again with the swing



THE MUNITION MANUFACTURERS

"Here's an article that says, 'The American people are hated in Europe.' I wonder why."

of the pendulum. *It is salutary, necessary, and is the only national tonic that can be prescribed.*"

The English people had the naïve belief that Lord Roberts was a defender of their homes and lives. They were not aware that to him their homes and lives were not worth preserving. They would have been surprised to learn that strikes and free-thinking were evils to be cured by plunging them into war. And if they had known that he would be glad when they had to go into the trenches to die, they might have wondered what the function of a military caste is!

F. D.

The Syndicalist Professor

"TRUSTEES must learn that professors are not employees, that academic freedom must be unrestricted and academic tenure must be permanent." These are the words which Professor E. R. A. Seligman used last month at the opening of Columbia University. His position is the extreme revolutionary one, the most extreme that labor ever takes. And it is a position not only assumed by the professors but accepted rather extensively by university trustees and the general public. It is a condition which prevails in many universities, where the relationship of employer and employee has practically disappeared.

In place of that old relationship there is now a recognition that the men who do the work of the universities are the men to control their administration; and that the place of the financiers is one of service to the professors. This is an accomplishment of high social significance. The professors are to be congratulated as the first body of workingmen to make capital their tool. The Scott Nearing case is the historical landmark.

But in accepting the position of the professors, the public makes a sharp differentiation between intellectual and other forms of labor. It assumes that while intellectual life can thrive only in an atmosphere of freedom or independence other labor must be *owned*, if not privately, then by the state. But the truth is that no life or expression can thrive under ownership. There is no growth, but merely existence, where opportunity for direction, for choice, for decision, is cut off.

If the process of growth were a matter of thought and ideation only, we might concede to the professors of the universities the unique place they assume. It would be no more than what we did (to their everlasting misfortune and ours), for the priests and their churches on the basis of their high claims for the spiritual life. The intellectual life is a manifestation of social growth, and like other phases is determined primarily by the physical necessities of everyday existence. It is these necessities which determine our institutions, and the function of intellectual life is to interpret them.

More important than what the professors have done for the universities, is the mark they have set for labor. The present accomplishment of labor is not much more than an effort to secure humane consideration. The unions have now to make clear, as the professors have, that it is *the function of capital to serve labor*.

The idea of the teaching staff in control, the thought of its freedom is not generally felt to be alarming. It does not seem to occur to anyone that the professor may "loot" the universities or "foment revolutions." But the idea of labor in control

of industries, as the professors propose to be, or are, in control of the universities, sends shivers of fear to the very heart of the average American. He should remember the menace that slavery is to worn-out institutions. It remains for labor to teach him that society need not fear free men.

H. M.

In Explanation

WE have not given up the hope that there may yet appear and flourish in America, a complete scientific review of revolutionary progress. We have merely decided that it is not fair to publish long articles of theoretic information in THE MASSES. It is not fair to information to make it look so dull. So the hope is postponed, and a great many people who were looking forward to easing themselves of heavy reflections in these pages are going to be disappointed. None of them more than I. For I had gotten a good start towards a whole bookful of theory, and I am being stopped off in a very embarrassing place.

Under the title "Towards Liberty—The Method of Progress," I had written a chapter in which after criticising a number of current social ideals, such as Universal Brotherhood, and Righteousness, and Equality literally conceived, and Anarchism, and even Syndicalism so far as it is an ideal and not a method, I stated that the aim of revolutionary agitation in outline is this: "To make all men as free to live and realize the world as it is possible to make them"—"to give to all men a chance to be in liberty that which they are."

The reason I call this an embarrassing place to stop is that it gives to all my critics who are trained in socialistic doctrine, an impression that I am headed away from the economic interpretation of history, and away from the industrial struggle as the scene of our progress towards liberty. One of them writes me that my articles are "leading straight to Tammany Hall."

As a matter of fact I am *starting* my articles a good way off from the economic interpretation and the industrial struggle, but I am headed straight toward it. My idea is that if we are going to lead people of social idealism into an appreciation of the rather shocking and hard-headed morality of industrial struggle, we do well to begin by discussing some of the nicer points-of-view they are prepossessed with. And I want to ask those hawks of Marxian and Syndicalist criticism to hold themselves in suspense above me at least until they clearly see what my position is.

My next chapter begins as follows:
—"Though we outline the same ideal with the great agitators of old, the ideal of life and liberty of life for all, that outline for us is filled with a new content; for both the conditions, and our knowledge of the conditions, of human bondage have changed. The substance of liberty must be defined anew."

I give this advance notice, and ask this forbearance from my ominous friends, because I still hope to find a way to send these chapters every month to the readers of THE MASSES. And I know that if they once get me pigeon-holed in one of the established categories of the revolutionary cult, not even a super-human demonstration of intelligence in any succeeding chapter will enable me to escape.

MAX EASTMAN.

The San Francisco Frame-up

LAST spring, during the strike of the Longshoremen, the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce held a huge meeting of manufacturers, bankers and big merchants, and openly pledged one million dollars to "stamp out Union Labor in the city." The keynote of the occasion was struck by Captain Robert Dollar, of the Ship-Owners' Association, one of the bitterest foes of organized labor in the country, who said: "The only way to settle the strike is to send several ambulance loads of strikers to the hospital." A Law and Order Committee of 100 was then appointed, with the aforesaid Captain Dollar a prominent member, and Frederick J. Koster, president of the Chamber of Commerce, as chairman; and Law and Order began to look for a pretext to riot and kill.

The pretext came—or was it manufactured? Anyway, this same Chamber of Commerce instigated the San Francisco Preparedness parade, which was more a demonstration of scab workmen forced into line by their employers than anything else, but also belligerently symbolized the Open Shop to the great mass of Union Labor who opposed the impudent propaganda of the munitions-makers. For several weeks beforehand the Police Department and the District Attorney's office oozed rumors of "bomb-threats," which, curiously enough, were never mentioned after the real bomb exploded—nor were the anonymous writers ever sought for.

Then came the explosion, and the immediate hue and cry in all the "kept" press that Union Labor had done it. The Unions having been the most vigorous opponents of militarism, Union Labor therefore was guilty. And especially that powerful champion of the workers, Alexander Berkman's paper, *The Blast*—which still circulates, in spite of its suppression by the Post Office.

The first victims of the Chamber of Commerce were, naturally, the most determined and intelligent Labor men they could lay their hands on: Edward D. Nolan, of the Machinists' Union; Tom Mooney, of the Moulders' Union, organizer of the Carmen's Union, who tried to organize the motormen and conductors of the United Railroads (by whom he was once denounced as a "dynamiter" one day *previous* to the blowing up of some supply towers); Warren K. Billings, formerly president of the Shoe Workers' Union; Israel Wienberg, one of the directors of the Jitney Bus Union, which has long fought the United Railroads; and Mrs. Rena Mooney, an artist and music-teacher.

Perhaps the biggest nigger in this Open Shop woodpile is the United Railroads, whose detectives made some of the arrests, furnished much of the evidence, and permeated the District Attorney's office. Mooney and Weinberg are their share of the spoils.

Warren K. Billings has been tried, found guilty and sentenced to prison for life, and by the time this is published, Tom Mooney will have met his fate. Billings' trial is a proof of how far these Law and Order people are prepared to go. In spite of the fact that three of the most important witnesses for the State swore that Billings was in *three different places* at the same time; in spite of the identification of *another man* as Billings, and the fact that the State used part of the evidence of

a witness whose further statements were proved false; in spite of the fact that three of the State's witnesses finally admitted that they had been promised bribes if they testified falsely, or assault if they did not, a jury of "twelve good men and true," drawn from the Prosecution's panel, found Billings guilty. Eye-witnesses say that even the Judge was shocked. But what can you expect from citizens of a town which has been told every day by all the newspapers that a bomb *will* be thrown by Union Labor, and after the event, that it *has* been thrown by Union Labor?

His Honor the District Attorney is reported to have threatened "another Chicago Anarchist clean-up." Evidently the District Attorney doesn't know that the Chicago police, manufacturers and press have long since regretted the murders of 1887, and the most reactionary have admitted that it was a deliberate frame-up. But more than that, he doesn't yet realize that the Labor Movement of the United States is past the stage when its champions can be slaughtered with impunity.

JOHN REED.

Sect or Class?

THE American Socialist Party tends to become a religious sect rather than the political instrument of the working class. This was shown in the selection of Allan L. Benson, a journalist of middle-class connections, to be the candidate for President, when a militant labor union leader of the ability and power of James H. Maurer was available. I like Benson; I have a special respect and admiration for his grouch; I voted for him; but I do not think he should have been the candidate of a working-class party, and I do not think he was. Sometimes I feel as though he were the candidate of a sectarian Sunday School.

That at least is what the Socialist Party tends to become, and will most certainly become, unless some of its members allow themselves the luxury of independent thought and liberal human feeling. I am writing, as may be suspected, under the stimulus of personal irritation. I have received I don't know how many letters of excommunication from keepers of the sacred dogmas in all parts of the country, because I gave to the Woodrow Wilson Independent League a statement that I would rather see Wilson elected than Hughes. Here is the statement:

"I would rather see Woodrow Wilson elected than Charles Hughes because Wilson aggressively believes not only in keeping out of war, but in organizing the nations of the world to prevent war. His official endorsement of propaganda for international federation in the interest of peace is the most important step that any President of the United States has taken towards civilizing the world since Lincoln.

"His announcement that the best judgment of mankind accepts the principle of the eight-hour day is another proof that he has vision and sympathy with human progress.

"Hughes has given no such proof. He has given proof to the contrary by his petty and indiscriminate scolding."

My reply to those who have excommunicated me for issuing this statement is, that if the Socialist Party is so weak that it can only live by suppressing the free use of opinions, or throttling the natural interest of a living being in the important events of the day, it will die, and die soon and deservedly. I do not believe it is quite so weak. I think there is hope that



HUNGRY
POCKET BOOK

for Young

THE PERENNIAL ISSUE

this Party may become the genuine expression of a working-class movement. And when that movement is strong the Party will have something affirmative to do.

What it has to do now, is to get rid of all this sectarian dogmatism, this doctrinaire, *index expurgatorius* mode of thinking, and this infatuation with an organization as an end in itself. Let us try to use our brains freely, love progress more than a party, allow ourselves the natural emotions of our species, and see if we can get ready to play a human part in the actual complex flow of events.

The great wisdom that Karl Marx brought into the ranks of social idealists was his recognition of the fact that *the world will never be saved by cranks*. It will be saved by great masses of normal human beings acting in accord with the deepest instincts of nature. In the name of Marx, however, the Socialist Party of America is trying to become a party of pure cranks. Too many of its members *want it* to be a party of pure cranks. That is the trouble with it. That is why the membership falls off although the vote increases.

MAX EASTMAN.

TO OUR FRIENDS

A MONTH ago THE MASSES' finances were in a rather uncertain state and at one time we seriously questioned whether or not we could continue publication. We appealed frankly to our friends for help, and they helped us. We offer them our gratitude, not only for the money and subscriptions which have tided us over the crisis, but also for the immense encouragement which their prompt generosity gave us.

The letters received made us truly feel that THE MASSES means something vital to its readers.

THE BAYONNE STRIKE

Frank Bohn

AT the foot of 22nd street I found Mydosh's Hall. Before I was allowed to enter I was asked to satisfy a member of the committee that my intentions were favorable to their cause. The crowd I joined, inside and outside of the strikers' headquarters, numbered perhaps five hundred. I pushed my way through this crowd and came upon the open area. Within the plant beyond one could see armed guards on duty. The advance post of the workers was not composed of workmen at all, but of a bunch of "kids." The whole region swarmed with children. These children were the exact color of the heaps of cinders where they spent most of their time. One crowd of boys had dismembered a truck. They took the two front wheels and tongue and mounted upon it a piece of six-inch gas pipe in a way to resemble a field-piece. They plugged up the back end of this pipe and burned paper and bits of waste in the front end. I approached the smoking and dangerous looking weapon and asked the "kids" what they were about. "We're going to shoot up the cops," they said, "and then we're going to storm the plant and kill the scabs. Mister, this is real war."

In that crowd of children surrounding the gas-pipe cannon were Italians, Hungarians, Poles, Germans, Irish and Americans. Their several fathers were in the crowd of men two hundred yards away. I thought of the war in Europe—how foolish, how uninteresting, how unimportant, like a battle with swords by medieval armored knights in a melodrama.

On the morning after the strike was declared off, the Standard Oil Company inserted enormous advertisements in the newspapers in order to place its side before the public. After relating that the common laborers received \$2.20 per day and that wages had been raised 23 per cent. during the last fourteen months, they close their story with a paragraph which would have done honor to Uriah Heap himself:

"The policy of the company is to keep in the front ranks as to both wages and labor conditions. We are giving consideration to both of these subjects and after very careful investigation and consideration, feel that both our wages and working conditions compare favorably with those prevailing in the country at large."

During these fourteen months the cost of living has gone up much more than 23 per cent., so that the average wage measured in the food, shelter and clothing provided for the worker has actually been reduced during the past fourteen months. Meanwhile the Standard Oil stock is listed on the street at over \$2,000 a share and Mr. John D. Rockefeller's fortune has thereby gone above the billion dollar mark.

The strikers demand an increase of 30 per cent. for all men who receive less than \$3.00 and an increase of 20 per cent. for all those who receive more than \$3.00 a day. The strike would have been won had it not been for one single fact—the treachery of the skilled workers. Some three hundred English speaking skilled workers were organized by the police to direct the strike. On the morning of Friday, October 20th, they marched between files of policemen into the works, some thousands of their kinds following, and the strike was lost. Some superficial students

of the labor movement, moved by race hatred against the American born worker, again have an opportunity to praise the spirit of the foreigner at the expense of the "scissors bill." But the strike was not broken by the English workers because they spoke English and were born in the United States. It was broken by the skilled workers who happened to speak English. The men who were receiving \$4.00 a day didn't care enough about an increase to stand with the men who were receiving \$2.20 a day.

It is the old, old story of the folly and error of craft division instead of industrial solidarity.

The rioting, attended by the killing and wounding of men and the destruction of property at Bayonne, deserves the widest publicity. This is now a very common aspect of labor disturbances. The *New York Evening Post* reported and made editorial comment upon a statement by Police Inspector Dan Wilson, of Bayonne: "The only way is to shoot on sight whenever they try to make trouble. They are just a lot of Hunks, and they think a strike is a war and they don't understand anything but bullets. Shoot 'em—that's the only way."

The police of Bayonne fired repeatedly upon crowds of quiet, unarmed men. They completely wrecked Mydosh's saloon, which is run in connection with Mydosh's Hall, where the strikers met. They shot and killed Sophie Torock, who was standing in a window in her home. From the very beginning to the end of the strike, under the direction of the brute Wilson, they acted like a barbarian horde which makes a business of killing. They forcibly entered the homes of the workers, scores of them, and broke into the kitchens and bedrooms on the pretence that they were searching for arms. The wonder is that there were not more cases of self-defense on the part of the working people. From a crowd of young workmen who spoke good English I received the story of the first "armed conflict." A dozen policemen ordered a crowd of workers to disperse. The crowd stood immovable. Police opened fire, killing and wounding over thirty. In that crowd of five hundred workers there was only one weapon—an old-fashioned revolver in the hands of a boy of fifteen. The boy emptied his revolver at the police, slightly wounding two. That was the incident which gave rise to the fiction that great battles were fought between the police and the strikers. How innocently the workers ordinarily conducted themselves is proven by their attitude toward Police Inspector Wilson. After that worthy had repeatedly led his men in the killing and wounding of scores of workers, in invading their homes and destroying their property, he appeared at a strikers' meeting and asked to be heard, and those strikers actually listened quietly and respectfully, while he, on behalf of the Standard Oil Company, urged them to break their own strike and return to work.

There is nothing "new" in the story of Bayonne. Such facts as I here describe now make regular news items like the stock report. The average respectable American views the imprisonment of strikers and workers as he does the lynching of negroes—he thinks they deserve it or it wouldn't happen.



Drawn by
Cornelia
Barns.

"Poppa, do they allow boids to
build nests in trees?"

CONTACTS

GREAT thoughts, great ideas, great books like flaming comets roving through the universe—crossing and illuminating for a moment innumerable tiny regular orbits, and leaving behind— Yes, yes!

I happened to be present when Nietzsche swam into the ken of a cultured and refined man of leisure. He was a club man and a great art collector, took his annual trip to Europe, and suffered from all the fashionable diseases. He picked up the volume of Nietzsche I had been reading, the *Ecce Homo*, and by chance, or was it fatality, he opened to the pages where Nietzsche speaks of diet and its influence on his life.

"*Nothing should be eaten,*" he read from the book, "*between meals. Coffee should be given up—coffee makes one gloomy. Tea is beneficial only in the morning.*" "Yes," was his comment with a rising tone of interest, "I drink tea in the morning myself."

Thus did this eagle among philosophers, this torch that sought to rival the lightning in intensity, come into the range of a gentleman, touch him for a moment, and then speed on . . .

Similarly I had a glimpse of another man's contact with Shaw. I casually mentioned that I had been to see a Shaw play the other night. A broad leer passed over his face. He thought he had trapped me into admitting something skatalogical. "I didn't know you went in for smutty plays!" he said. I was puzzled until I happened to think of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and the police disturbance of a few years ago. The immense treasure of Shaw's ideas, problems, tendencies, had touched and moved this man at but one point.

Again, chance, with far-reaching dramatic possibilities, brought into collision two of life's extremes, one the pious librarian of a country village, the other the scholar and sceptic, Anatole France. In this village the library, erected by the same benevolent patron who endowed the church, was housed in a cosy old-fashioned room with high windows and open fireplace. There on the broad shelves Dickens nestled close to Dumas and "Cranford" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" were conspicuous; the Juvenile Shelf began with Canton's "Child's Book of Saints," marked out Miss Mulock's "John Halifax, Gentleman," and ended with Charlotte M. Yonge's "Book of Golden Deeds"; and then there was Longfellow and Scott and Tennyson, and the "Psalms in Human Life," "Experiments in Chemistry by an Amateur," and Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selbourne." The library, protected by the pious conventions of a generation ago, reflected the spirit of the librarian, and through her of the donor and the village at large; she, too, was old-fashioned and kindly, blessed with that solid air of comfort and vegetative happiness which only a life totally oblivious to any doubts and misgivings could bring forth. The seething actions and reactions that had turned the world upside down, had left untouched this little backwater—more

like an English than an American village with its atmosphere of settled monotony and order.

But there had of late been some slight ferment stirring there, some feeble murmur of turmoil far away, and the librarian, always thoughtful and conscientious, determined to contribute her share to village culture by becoming familiar with the best modern books. The village, she explained, was becoming too narrow-minded, too absorbed in itself; something must be done to rouse it from its torpor. We must get modern English and German and French books and learn what people are thinking and saying in those far away countries. And the quiet of the library was disturbed by an unwonted stir and much anxious searching for suitable foreign books. It was at this stage that some malicious-minded person suggested the name of Anatole France. Anatole France was just the author for her, one who represented the soul of France much more than those other rather disagreeable things, Rosseau, the French Revolution, and the Latin Quarter. Here was a profound scholar, a librarian like herself, who, living in almost monk-like austerity, devoted his life to the collecting and publishing of pious legends of the saints of old—she must become acquainted with his work. Accordingly his latest book, "The Revolt of the Angels," was ordered of the publishers. The title had a reassuring theological sound; after she had read it she would lend it to the young curate of St. Michael and All Angels; naturally he would be interested in any new light shed on his patron saint.

The book arrived. She read—with growing amazement and horror—the story of the guardian angel's lapse of faith, his sacrilegiously improper entrance into the affairs of this world, the intimate picture of the life of his companion angels on earth, the history of the world in its diabolical sense. Time and time again she flinched from its reality. She laid the book down and tried to think that it was not, that it could not be true. But there it was, shameless, black on white, with even the name of the author flaunted on the title page, Anatole France of the French Academy. She was astounded by the sanction which society and the world of letters seemed to give such a sinful book. She could not conceive of such a thing as a respectable enemy of the church; the only ones she knew of were outcasts of society, like the drunken ne'er-do-well down the road who beat his wife and neglected his family, or the rascally store-keeper who got good Christians into debt and then dunned them without mercy.

After spending a sleepless, restless night, wrestling with the problem, she burned the book with a calm, set purpose. Once the volume was destroyed, her mind felt more at ease. Every outraged feeling has protested against acknowledging the existence of this sacrilege, and by her act she triumphantly demonstrated that in truth it did not exist.



STRU

A DESIGN BY AR

THE MASSES, December, 1916.



GGLE

THUR B. DAVIES

THE ETERNAL CYCLE

A few fragments from the Greek Anthology, some dating as far back as 700 B. C.—with modern titles

SINGLE TAX

I WAS once the field of Achaemenides, now I am Menippus', and again I shall pass from another to another, for the former thought once that he owned me, and the latter thinks so in his turn; and I belong to no man at all, but to Fortune.

—Unknown.

LABOR TO CAPITAL

THOUGH thou eat me down to the root, yet still will I bear fruit enough to pour libation on thee, O goat, when thou art sacrificed.

—Euenus.

ANY FACTORY TOWN

FORMERLY the dead left their city living; but we living hold the city's funeral.

—Unknown.

THE FIRST GERTRUDE STEIN

I WAS not, I came to be; I was, I am not: that is all; and who shall say more, will lie: I shall not be.

—Unknown.

EPITAPH FOR IRVING BERLIN

EUTYCHIDES, the writer of songs, is dead; flee, O you under earth! Eutyichides is coming with his odes; he left instructions to burn along with him twelve lyres and twenty-five boxes of airs. Now the bitterness of death has come upon you; whither may one retreat in future, since Eutyichides fills Hades too?

—Lucilius.

LES IMAGISTES

I HATE the cyclic poem, nor do I delight in a road that carries many hither and thither; I detest, too, a gadabout charmer, and I drink not from the fountain; I loathe everything popular.

—Callimachus.

FREE LOVE

IF beauty grows old, share it before it be gone; and if it abides, why fear to give away what thou dost keep?

—Strato.

REASONS FOR MONOGAMY

WHOSO has married once, and again seeks a second wedding, is a shipwrecked man who sails twice through a difficult gulf.

—Unknown.

EARLY ARGUMENT FOR BIRTH-CONTROL

EUTYCHUS the portrait-painter got twenty sons, and never got one likeness, even among his children.

—Lucilius.

THE JUDICIAL TEMPERAMENT

A DEAF man went to law with a deaf man, and the judge was a long way deafer than both. The one claimed that the other owed him five month's rent; and he replied that he had ground his corn by night; then the judge, looking down on them, said, "Why quarrel? she is your mother; keep her between you."

—Nicarchus.

FOR A DEAD LABOR LEADER

I AM the tomb of one shipwrecked; but sail thou; for even while we perished, the other ships sailed on over the sea.

—Theodorides.

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO MR. JOHN SUMNER OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE

I SEE Nicon's beak of a nose, Menippus; it is evident he is still a long way off; but he will arrive if we wait patiently; for at most he is not, I fancy, five stadia behind the nose. Here it is you see, stepping forward; if we stand on a high mound we shall catch sight of him in person.

—Nicarchus.

THE SIX-HOUR DAY

SIX hours fit labor best; and those that follow, shown forth in letters, say to mortals, "Live!"

—Unknown.

BOOKS THAT ARE INTERESTING

A MONTHLY REVIEW CONDUCTED BY FLOYD DELL

The International Mind

AT the time when the most enlightened of portion of the human race was committing social suicide in the Peloponnesian wars, there were not lacking a few voices which asserted the possibility of a Permanent Peace based upon that human reason which is also human charity. Those voices, thin and clear, sound strangely out of that page of Greek history, loud with the noises of conquest and defeat, of endless battle by sea and land, of plague, famine and destruction. . . . As strangely calm and clear and confident, out of the welter of the world-war, comes this volume—an assertion of the belief in a sane and practicable internationalism.*

Will this, like the discussions that went on between battles in ancient Greece, be merely one of the ironies of history? Are we permanently committed to passion, fear, panic, hatred, pride and revenge in our international relationship? Or is it possible for human reason—"that human reason which is also human charity"—to rule the affairs of mankind?

Resolutely believing in the latter, the authors of this series of essays proceed dispassionately to discuss its establishment. Professor G. Lowes Dickinson, in one of the most remarkable pieces of writing produced during this war, begins the book with a luminous disquisition on "The Basis of Permanent Peace."

"Those at the front," he says, "have not the opportunity to consider the conditions of such a peace. All the more, then, is it the business of those at home to do so. If they neglect it, they are betraying the men who are risking and giving their lives."

It is useless to such a consideration, he goes on to say, to discuss what nation "started" the war, since its real causes lie far deeper in history than those ten days of diplomacy in which somebody, presumably, did "start" it. "The fact is that for centuries past the States of Europe have been armed against one another. . . . Imputed aggression on one side, fear and suspicion on the other, have been the motives of international politics; and they have worked inevitably for war. In such a state of affairs, beliefs and suspicions may be more important than real intentions." If England and Germany each believe that the other intends war, it is unnecessary to inquire which, if either, is right. "The fear of war may . . . produce war, even though there be no other cause." It is necessary to do away with the fear of war.

"The nations are bled to death because they or their statesmen cannot trust one another. There is the bottom fact." "The system of armed States which I have described is enough of itself to produce war."

* *Towards a Lasting Settlement*. Edited by Charles Roden Buxton. \$1 net. (The Macmillan Co.) Contains the following essays: "The Basis of Permanent Peace," by G. Lowes Dickinson; "Nationality," by Charles Roden Buxton; "The Freedom of the Seas," by H. Sidebotham; "The Open Door," by J. A. Hobson; "The Parallel of the Great French War," by Irene Cooper Willis; "War and the Woman's Movement," by A. Maude Rayden; "The Organization of Peace," by H. N. Brailsford; "Democracy and Publicity in Foreign Affairs," by Philip Snowden, M. P.; "The Democratic Principle and International Relations," by Vernon Lee. A very valuable book—the essays by Professor Dickinson, H. Sidebotham and H. N. Brailsford are especially important.

But there are other motives which go to produce war. One is patriotism, the passionate consciousness of one's State, the passion "which supports, if it does not prompt, wars of aggression," which refuses to entertain the idea of international give and take, which excepts one's own State from the possibility of being wrong and the obligation of doing right—a half-barbaric, half-mystical and wholly non-rational impulse. This in itself is not enough, says Mr. Dickinson, to create wars. It is merely called upon, evoked, awakened, by politicians who desire war. It is an emotion, deliberately cultivated in modern society: and it can be deliberately supplanted by other emotions *if the world so desires*. "The future of civilization after this war will depend on the decision of the question whether it is their *independence* or *interdependence* that nations will stress."

Mr. Dickinson has little respect for the "fatalism" of those who find wars the inevitable result of natural or historical laws, or of economic forces. Things that have gone on in the past *without the control of will* have led inevitably to war. But the control of all these things is possible; and the only reason for their leading to war is that we do not care to take the trouble to see that they lead to peace. Population, territory, trade and their problems are thus disposed of. These may lead to war in the future as they have in the past "But it will not be because of a historical law. It will be because of the ignorance, the stupidity, or the short-sightedness of corporate interests, peoples, or governments."

While there is an armed peace, however, there will always be wars. And there will be an armed peace until the nations feel security. "Security . . . can only be attained by international agreement; and international agreement requires the international mind." The development of the international mind requires the destruction, in nations and in individuals, of that half-barbaric, half-mystical and wholly irrational passion which sets one's own State above Civilization.

Mr. Dickinson believes that the democracy which is now coming into control of the affairs of nations can set for mankind a new ideal, that it can find something in common in the legitimate aims of all nations which will render them not incompatible with each other, and that it can in each nation find the courage to abandon such aims as are illegitimate and against the interests of civilization as a whole: in a word that it can think internationally.

This, says Mr. Dickinson, "is neither chimerical nor utopian. But it is opposed by very powerful forces. Some of these are traditions and impulses very strong in us all; some are false opinions and false ideals; some are the machinations of interested cliques desiring to perpetuate strife. . . . All these make for war. What makes for peace? *Not religion, not science, not learning, not education. All these serve war as much as they serve peace.* There is one only that works for peace, that human reason which is also human charity."

. . . It is neither chimerical nor utopian. It is only based on the theory, also held by the old Greek philosophers, that we are human beings, and not, as Anatole France would put it,

penguins—or, to speak more scientifically, not simply a religions, scientific, learned, educated biped. If we are human beings we can change the world by our reason. If we are penguins, we shall muddle along, very amusingly, with our passions. Perhaps those passions will lead us to the Co-operative Commonwealth; and perhaps—if old Karl Marx made a mistake in his logarithms—they won't. We can build bridges and cathedrals as a beaver builds a dam and a bird its nest, write poems with an instinct only slightly refined upon that of the nightingale, we have a varied and elaborate life of the senses, and a mind which dreams itself out of their trammels. But—a politician can draw men to the battlefield with the noise of a fife and drum. Can the best thought of the best minds ever hope to defeat that poor sensual appeal? "Upon the answer to that question depends the fate of the world." F. D.

Joseph Fels

"AN eager, imperious little man," as someone described him, "with a soft felt hat tilted over his face at an impudent angle"—American in his cheerful, homely manners and frank speech, Jewish in his shrewd practicality and large prophetic vision, a millionaire and a democrat, one of the most passionately alive persons of our generation—Joseph Fels lives again in the pages of this book written by his wife.² Whether he is getting up a demonstration in Hyde Park, or financing a meeting of Russian revolutionists, or tramping over New Jersey in the effort to get McQueens out of jail, or telling Andrew Carnegie what he thinks of his "free" libraries, there is a flavor in his words and deeds which sets him apart from the tamely benevolent millionaires of contemporary fact and fiction—a robust imaginativeness, a spiritual daring, a tremendous sincerity—a man whose whole life was built around the saying, "I'll see human freedom yet."

His beginnings were the familiar ones of the successful American business man. He went to work at fifteen in his father's soap factory. He thought he could make a particular kind of soap that every housewife would hear of—and he did: "Fels' Naptha." Meanwhile, he married. The death of his first child, and the attempt of his wife to find a new center for her life in social and intellectual activities brought into their house artists, poets, reformers. From them Joseph Fels learned "the irresistible charm of thinking new thoughts and dreaming new dreams."

But what he did was characteristic of himself. He got the owners of some unused building sites to let some workingmen plant gardens there. It had been done before—but the visible sight of those weedy and rubbish filled lots turning into rich and beautiful garden-plots, proved something to him that he could never forget: the fact that workingmen wanted to dig and plant and water and tend the earth and gather crops from it. After that it was no use to talk to him, as no doubt many Socialists did, about the inevitable processes by which machine production had supplanted agriculture as the dominant mode of livelihood of the epoch. To him it wasn't inevitable, the crowding of men in cities, it was wrong. He knew, because he had seen.

So he gradually built up a working political economy. If

men had at all times free access to the land, they would not work in factories except at a decent wage. Hence the way to abolish poverty was to restore that freedom. In Philadelphia, and on a larger scale in England when his growing business took him there, he pursued his experiment of restoring men to the land. But the more successful his projects were, the more clear did it become that any such projects, privately pursued, were inadequate. He pressed his plans upon local boards, and finally went into national politics, supporting the Liberal party in its land-tax measure.

He had in the meantime read Henry George's book, and discovered that he was a Single Taxer. It became henceforth the leading motif of his life to persuade society to recover its birth-right and with that its freedom.

Politics proved, in some measure, a blind alley; the candidates whom he had supported proved timid or lukewarm in carrying on the work of land reform; and the Fels Fund Commission was created to lay the foundations of the movement deeper in the public mind. Joseph Fels himself was indefatigable. He wrote thousands of letters, and sent to every inquirer a copy of "Progress and Poverty," which he had had translated into Italian, Bulgarian, Swedish, Yiddish and Chinese. He attended every trades union congress, and distributed pamphlets. He spoke his convictions on every available occasion. And with all this there was no narrowing of interests; he found time to help many causes that might seem to have only a remote theoretical connection with his own education, the care of children, woman suffrage, Zionism.

The flavor of the man comes out in scores of the incidents related in the book. He wrote to Carnegie, who had said that the single-tax propaganda was hopeless: "No work done anywhere at any time for furthering the cause of economic freedom was ever hopeless; and you—of all men—should know this, seeing that you have done so much to make it hopeless, without succeeding in breaking down the courage of the common people." Your libraries, he said, "are a noose around the necks of the common people, for which they will yet rise and curse you." Carnegie had said that "the deserving rise out of their poverty"—to which Joseph Fels, restraining his wrath, rejoins: "Are you not talking through your hat?"

"We can't get rich," he told a Chicago audience "under present conditions, without robbing somebody. I have done it; you are doing it now; and I am still doing it. But I propose to spend the money to *wipe out the system by which I made it.*"

He became acquainted with a man who had been in prison, and persuaded him to write down the story of his treatment there. "From the torn little bits of dirty paper, from an ill-written, ill-spelt and utterly disconnected narrative, there was ultimately pieced together a condemnation of the conditions in a certain state penitentiary such as no words can describe. Horrified at this, Mr. Fels had a fair copy of the man's narrative made and sent it to the Governor of the State concerned. He received no reply. He wrote and urged that such a revelation suggested at least the need for an inquiry. To this, response was made that the Governor could take no steps in the matter. Mr. Fels was furious at this rebuff. It was, as he said, at least worth while to have the indictment investigated; it might happen to be true and the Governor would have the satisfaction of knowing that he had remedied an injustice. To

² *Joseph Fels, His Life-Work*, by Mary Fels. \$1 net. B. W. Huebsch.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

The Rising Young Artist: "All that I have accomplished in art I owe to the struggle for the necessities of life."
The Cartoonist: "That's the way to look at it,—if the cost of living goes high enough, you'll be greater than Michael Angelo."

this request, also, he received a curt refusal. He could stand it no longer. He wrote to the Governor, demanding an immediate inquiry at which a representative nominated by himself should be present; otherwise he threatened to publish the statement and the correspondence in every journal in the United States. Within a month the inquiry had been held to his satisfaction."

On an occasion, hearing that the Crown Prince of Denmark was interested in land reform, he tried to meet him, but was prevented by the red-tape of the Danish court. But, soon afterward, he found himself on a ferryboat with the Crown Prince and his suite. He came up, held out his hand and said, "How do you do, Crown Prince. I am Joseph Fels, interested in bringing the land and the people together." Consternation in the royal suite. But the Crown Prince and Joseph Fels went aside and talked for two hours about land. . . . Another sentence in the book begins: "If he conversed with the butler at his friend's dinner table"—but it does not say whether the butler, like the Crown Prince, rose to the occasion. One would like to believe that he did!

The book ends with a description, quoted from his friend and co-worker, Margaret McMillan, of a speech made by him at Balliol College, Oxford. He dashed up in a motor car, was introduced as an American business man, and began speaking in

a brisk, colloquial way. The undergraduate audience was polite, tolerant, bored, conscious of his deficiencies in culture, resentful of him as a rich busybody. . . . Then all that vanished. "Learning itself—I make claim to none," he said, "and am an ignorant man in comparison with many of you—must flourish best at last on a soil that is free from evil undergrowths. . . . Below every movement that calls itself progressive but puts off the consideration of the evil of private monopoly in land values, there is a moral evil that poisons everything." Miss McMillan's account goes on: "Now the voice gathered strength. . . . Through the calm sun-bathed space between the college walls, and over the green shaven mound, it rose and fell—the voice as of one crying in the wilderness. With passionate faith, in perfect self-surrender, in quiet acceptance of all labor and loss and all suffering, and with a hope that bore up the soul to fair and cloudless heights, it beat against every heart as at a heavy door. And when the speaker ended at last,—falling back in his rôle of diffident, half-jocular millionaire philanthropist . . . there was deep silence for a moment. . . . Looking spent, and very white and small, he sat down."

Joseph Fels did not live to see human freedom. He died in February, 1914, before the Great War came to set back the clock of human progress. Shall we ourselves live to see it?

The day has passed by, I think, when we, as Socialists, can question the authenticity of such an ideal of human freedom as that involved in the single tax program. Its predisposition to be content with a world of "free competition" may be weighed in the balance against the Socialist habit of easy acquiescence in monopoly, and let Rhadamanthus judge between them. Just now, in Mexico, I should imagine a Single Taxer would be nearer to the heart of revolutionary progress than a Socialist—unless, by chance, he were both!

F. D.

Non - Resistance, Utopian and Scientific

HOW ironic it is to have a belief which can only be expressed in ridiculous language! I have recently become a convert to the theory of non-resistance. "Non-resistance"—what a foolish sound the phrase has. As if I did not resist something or other every day of my life! "Passive resistance" is scarcely better: there is nothing passive about my resistance. "The law of love"—a maudlin phrase!

Some day—soon, I hope—somebody will invent a new terminology for this theory, and the comic, sentimental old phrases can be chucked aside—as the terminology of the alchemists was thrown aside with the advent of the science of chemistry. For the theory of non-resistance is the pre-scientific phase of a new kind of knowledge, the knowledge—to put it vaguely—of relationships. Here is a field as yet unexplored save by the seers and the poets. Its laws are as capable of being discovered as those of astronomy or botany; and the practical application of this knowledge is capable of effecting far greater social changes than the invention of the steam-engine. At present, however, we have only rhapsodies and maxims, the biography of an Oriental god—and a few contemporary anecdotes. For, as there were wizards before wizardry became science, there are scattered about, here and there, people who make some use of this knowledge, intuitively or empirically, in business, in friendship, in politics, in administration—with results that seem miraculous. Thus a man who has had his house robbed many times takes the locks off the doors—and remains unmolested. Another goes unarmed into the midst of savage and bloodthirsty tribes—and returns safely. Another takes the leg-irons off a prisoner with a notorious record for attempted escapes—and the prisoner stays faithfully to serve out his sentence. A merchant, finding that a clerk has stolen from him, lends him the money to pay back—and gets a devoted and honest employee. We do not burn these people at the stake, but we do generally fear and hate them. And when a man is found willing to treat the enemies of his country in a similar fashion, he is usually stood up against a wall and shot.

The principle involved in such actions has no adequate name as yet. "Love," "charity," "tolerance," "returning good for evil"—these terms are not much better than the ones applied to it by way of insult—"sentimental folly," "milk-and-water humanitarianism," "mollycoddling" and "insanity." The principle, however, is the same which was involved in the two great achievements of early mankind, the taming of animals and the domestication of plants. Do you imagine that it was by force that the wild horse, the wolf, the wildcat, became the friends

and servants of men? It was rather by a patient and passionate sympathy, half understanding and half affection, for which "love" is not, after all, a bad term. There are a few people who can tame even tigers and snakes; and they are precisely the persons who like tigers and snakes. Anybody can catch fish with a hook; but Thoreau could pick them up in his hand; and if you think it was by force, you are mistaken. And what is the patient and passionate understanding of growing things, half understanding and half affection, by which Burbank produces new species, but a new manifestation of an ancient love which transformed the wilderness of the world into orchards and fields and gardens? The earth itself—does force get better crops out of it than love and understanding? Tools—is he the worse carpenter who, as we say, loves his tools? Is he a bad sailor who loves his boat? Is he the poorest writer who loves words? The very instruments of death—Rudyard Kipling uttered an extremely "non-resistant" sentiment when he advised:

"When 'arf of your bullets fly wide in the ditch,
Don't call your Martini a cross-eyed old bitch.
She's human as you are—you treat her as sich,
And she'll fight for the young British soldier."

Ask the cowboy who conquers a bucking broncho whether he hates that horse or not. Ask the captain of ships that have been overwhelmed by storms whether he hates the sea. Ask the man to whom life has brought many heartaches and disappointments and pains, if he hates life. It is possible, it is even customary, to love such enemies. And, not to overlook anything, let us add that soldiers sometimes, in fact as well as in fiction, love war. "Return good for evil, and do good unto them that hate you," is in the light of these instances revealed as a maxim of efficiency. Thoroughly understood and broadly applied, it means that our blundering and stupid humanity will at last succeed in managing its affairs.

Hitherto, humanity has been too easily scared into the use of force. Like the man I read about in the paper the other day, it shoots first, and discovers afterward that the supposed burglar is a darling son. It does, to be sure, require some spiritual courage to treat something which may be a burglar as if it were a darling son—and no wonder scary people like Colonel Roosevelt want conscription! But if the wolf hadn't been treated like a dog he never would have turned into one; and men have made fortunes precisely by treating scoundrels as if they were honest. Nothing is so disarming, burglars say, as to be treated like a darling son. They may resist it once or twice, and carry off your silver, but if you keep it up long enough they can't stand it; they give up their profession, and become plumbers.

But, as the conscription boards are in the habit of asking non-resistants in England, "What would you do if a German soldier were to ravish your wife and kill your child before your eyes?" The answer is that I am so weak in faith that even a smaller thing—the asking of such a foolish question, for instance—would make me want to commit murder; even though sober reason told me that the killing of one member of a conscription board would be as irrelevant to human progress as the killing of one German soldier.

In fact, speaking for myself as a non-resistant, I have no particular desire to abolish murder. A little murder now and

then, of a passionate and unreasoned sort, will do society little harm. It is the reasoned belief in murder, and in the other forms of force, that I object to. A great war is now being waged on the theory that international relations can be arranged satisfactorily by the use of force. Well, the theory is wrong. The device of force in international, social and personal relations is ineffective and wasteful. As a method of progress it is a tragic and terrible failure. It leads only to cynicism and despair. And it can and must be abandoned. There will be violence, and crimes of violence, as long as man is man; but violence will not be the deliberately chosen Way of Life for mankind.

I am moved to these reflections by John Haynes Holmes' "New Wars for Old."⁴ It belongs, like these reflections, to the utopian stage of the non-resistant theory. It concerns itself, among many other things, with just what Jesus meant when he said, "I came not to send peace, but a sword." But it is an eloquent, keenly argued, splendidly sincere and extraordinarily interesting discussion of the gospel of force versus the gospel of love. If you believe in force—and of course you do—I dare you to read it!

F. D.

⁴*New Wars for Old: Being a Statement of Radical Pacifism in Terms of Force versus Non-Resistance, with Special Reference to the Facts and Problems of the Great War.* By John Haynes Holmes. \$1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co. For sale by the MASSES BOOK SHOP.

Love Like a Cave Man and Other Problems

Charles W. Wood

DEAR George Bernard Shaw,—
Won't you please write an intellectual farce about one or more persons agreeing to tell nothing but the truth for a given time? Thanking you in advance,
I remain—

Well, I wish somebody would—somebody besides James Montgomery, who dramatized Frederick Isham's novel and gave William Collier one of his best opportunities at the Longacre Theater. Not that Montgomery hasn't done well; but the theme is so simple and so rich that a dozen playwrights couldn't exhaust it. The Longacre production is a good beginning. Besides, it is more than successful. It's a rage. Financially and dramatically, it is too good to be kept in a single play. If any producer will give me \$1,000 cash, I'll give him a great tip. It's this: get a dozen of the funniest writers you can think of to handle this same theme, "Nothing but the Truth." Let each handle it his own way. Then put all the plays on simultaneously. Everybody will then have to see all the interpretations and all the other theaters in town will have to close.

Of course, all the plays would have to be funny, as the truth is always so absurd. The reason I want Shaw to horn in is that Shaw understands the psychology of truth. Most people imagine that telling the truth depends upon the teller. Shaw knows better. He knows it depends upon the person you are telling it to. I don't remember his ever saying so: but I know he knows it because he knows everything. There is only one reason why people tell lies and that is fear. Nobody ever told me a lie, because, up to date, nobody has ever been afraid of me.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of fibdom. The fear of your boss and your neighbors and your wife each begets untruths after its own kind. If we didn't have any Lords, bosses and wives, I'm inclined to think we might not be afraid of the neighbors, and there wouldn't be any moral necessity for telling lies. So long as we have them, however, "Nothing but the Truth" will remain a farce.

*Fraternity's the word,
All else is empty sham.
Am I my brother's keeper, Lord?
I feel and know I am.
I hear his anguished cry;*

*I feel his pain within:
I share his tears, his hope, his joy,
His sorrow and his sin.*

*On Life's great troubled sea
Our craft together ride.
What though the course is clear to me
If unto him denied?
Together on the main,
By storm and tempest tossed,
If both may not the harbor gain,
May I with him be lost.*

*O God, if so it be
That Thou hast cursed the race,
And only they who know of Thee
Shall find redeeming grace,
One humble boon I crave,
A prayer by priests un-named,
If I may not my brother save,
Let me with him be damned.*

That's poor poetry, but you can't imagine how wonderful it seemed to me when I wrote it. I was very young and very rebellious. I wasn't feeling a bit religious—at least, I didn't know that I was: I thought I was very devilish and I just wanted to shock the gizzard out of a certain Presbyterian minister.

The next Sunday he read the thing before his congregation and declared that "it breathed the true spirit of Christianity." Wouldn't that get your young rebellious goat?

All of which is by way of remarking that I wish every "radical" in town could see "Hush," now playing at the Little Theater. "Hush" is the story of a rebellious girl, a "Daughter of Revelation," who wants to shock the smug Victorian public by tearing the conventional draperies from the sex question. So she writes a most "daring" play—and everybody enjoys it. She doesn't even shock the bishop.

"Hush" has been damned by the critics—and then picked up and damned again. They seem to feel intuitively that it is worth damning, which is more than can be said for most Broadway productions. To tell the truth, it is a little amateurish and

squeaky, something like my hymn; and it runs off into farcical comedy at times, giving the impression that the author, with a big, new theme, had to compromise with some "practical" play-builder in order to get it staged at all. The result is a sort of hodge-podge of fine satire and shop-worn stage banalities. But it is worth seeing at that. Radicals will be more intelligently radical after picking it to pieces.

To be sure, they may become a trifle sore at the playwright for intimating that they are not nearly so shocking as they think they are. But I like to see radicals get sore. When conservatives get sore, they can call in the police, but radicals can't. Their only resource is to do some thinking; and that's what we need. Blessings on the dear amateurish heart of Violet Pearn, whoever she may be. If I am not much mistaken, she has made a lot of people try, at least, to think.

I SUSPECT that the Washington Square Players are having a lot of fun with New York, especially with the New York dramatic critics. Their high-brow reputation is apparently unshakable; and if a critic should roast them, the laugh would be on the critic.

"Not up to the high-brow stuff, eh? Better go down to Miner's on the Bowery."

Well, me for Miner's. I'd rather go there any time than to sit through two such productions as "The Sugar House," by Alice Brown, and "A Merry Death," by Nicholas Evreinov, translated from the Russian—the Lord knows why—by C. E. Bechhofer.

"The Sugar House" was listed as a "New England" play. It wasn't a play. It was hard work. It was dreary drudgery. And neither the language nor the psychology was that of New England. They might have palmed it off on me as a "Southern" play, as I have never been in the South and I have a gullible faith in playwrights. But imagine three young farmers of New England commissioned by the neighborhood to tar and feather a young woman for stealing another's husband. And imagine a New England where men and women wear their emotions inside out and never attempt to disguise a passion. Such was this "New England" play. Of course the Washington Square Players know that there is no such New England. The joke was entirely on the audience.

New England is the home of repression. If a man falls in love with a girl there, it is a point of honor with him never to let her know. Even the children grin when they bump their noses, lest somebody should suspect that it hurts. The only time they cry is when they're tickled. When New Englanders feel themselves getting happy, they sulk; and their idea of a glorious drunk is to quarrel with their wives. They might tar and feather a woman just to show their good-will, but I can't imagine any other motive.

"A Merry Death" is worse yet. I won't undertake to tell why. It is a daring bunch of high-brows who will dare to be as dull as this, even in a joke.

Nevertheless, the Comedy is the most interesting theater in New York. Nowhere else could anyone hope to see such a bill as this. "Lovers' Luck," by George de Porto-Riche, is the smart and pleasant comedy, with a lot of reality under its artifice. A gem of farce in the oddest of settings, is "The Sisters of Susanna," by Philip Moeller. It has a charming insouciance. And

both plays showed that the players, who couldn't get away with the unplayable lines of "A Sugar House," are actors when they have anything to act.

IS rape going to be popular in New York? Personally, I rather shrink from it. It doesn't seem hardly fair, and I believe there is a law against it. But every time I have seen a woman raped on the stage this season, the audience has howled its appreciation.

The most perfect of the stage rapes I have seen so far is in "Upstairs and Down" at the Cort. Tom is in love with Alice. Alice is in love with Terance O'Keefe. Tom has fifteen millions, but Terance has a "way with women." Alice threatens Terance with matrimony; and Terance, to get her off his hands, tells Tom how to gain a lady's affections. Tom takes the tip and straightway commits a successful criminal assault upon his sweetheart to the entire satisfaction of everybody.

I don't mean, of course, that—well, I may have been a little bit bald in my terminology. But he grabs her and smothers her screams and holds and chokes and "loves" her until she gives in. If you don't believe that is a criminal assault, try it some time in front of a policeman. But it is assumed in very much of our modern drama that this sort of thing is just "what women want."

"Love her like a cave man," advised Henry Dixey, in the title rôle of "Mr. Lazarus," a plotless comedy by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. Whereupon Tom Powers also quit being decent and captured his bride. Now, anyone must know what it means to love a woman like a cave man. They are sending men up to Sing Sing for that, right along. I know I'm in the minority, but I don't like it.

To me, Tom Powers was fine, up to that point. He was fascinating, humorous, kind and companionable, and never seemed to forget that a woman has some rights. But this play, along with so many others, voted eventually against allowing women to be people. It assumed that they want to be mastered.

I admit that a lot of women do want to be mastered. But some are self-respecting. The whole trend of modern life is away from the sex-slavery of women: Why should the modern stage so generally ignore the fact? The modern love affair, also, is much more dramatic than the cave man coup. It's twice as dramatic, because there are two actors instead of one. "Two souls with but a single thought" is a worn-out concept. A single thought isn't hardly enough for one soul: and when you try to spread it over two, they look terribly bare and unfurnished.

But this isn't any roast of "Upstairs and Down." The play isn't meant to teach anything. It is meant as pure fun. At least, it is fun—how pure it is I'll leave to the Puritans. For "Upstairs and Down" is *super-risque*, with considerable of that flavor which modern society denominates as "pep," "spice" or "tobasco," but which my Methodist forbears used to call sin. It's rippingly acted throughout. And its sin, of course, is perfectly moral sin, *a la* New York drama. For after it is all over, the audience is assured that nothing seriously out-of-the-way has actually happened, and even the bounding Terance has found his one and only love. Of course, nobody believes these moral climaxes: but the New York drama must be New York. It must not be drama.

THE NATIONAL LABOR DEFENSE COUNSEL

THE five following lawyers have formed a National Labor Defense Counsel. They are Frank P. Walsh, C. E. S. Wood, Edward P. Costigan, Austin Lewis and Amos Pinchot. These men are known throughout the whole country not only in their legal profession but for the position they have taken in the struggle of labor against capitalist exploitation. The members of the Counsel are serving without compensation.

In order to give the *unorganized workers* the advantage of the services of eminent lawyers which organized workers command, the National Labor Defense Counsel has been formed. It is obviously impossible for the Counsel to give personal attention to the innumerable cases which continuously arise. Therefore, the Counsel proposes to employ a man who is intimately connected with the labor movement; who is competent to report situations to the Counsel; who is able to carry out the advice of the Counsel; employ local attorneys; who will represent the Counsel locally; and who will raise the money for the conduct of the trials. To maintain such an agent in the field will need money. It will need \$5,000.

It is only necessary to name Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Minnesota, and Bayonne, to prove the necessity for such a Counsel.

The existence of this Counsel gives to every man and woman in the country who stands behind the unorganized workers a chance to make an investment where the returns to labor will be the greatest. All sympathizers of labor, all advocates of fair play in the courts, all members of well organized trades will make the work of this National Defense Counsel possible by becoming a subscribing member—by giving his share to the fund of \$5,000 necessary to maintain the field work.

The individual subscription is not fixed at a definite sum. The Finance Committee believes that in a project as important as this is to the most helpless workers, if the sum be left to the decision of individuals, they will contribute more. The Counsel are giving their service without compensation. You who cannot give such service can give money. The small sum of \$5,000 will enable the agent to collect at meetings throughout the country many thousands for the defense of labor. In this way your original investment in the fund will yield unlimited returns for labor.

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EUROPE

SINCE Athens died, the life that is a light
Has never shone in Europe. Alien moods,
The oriental morbid sanctitudes,
Have darkened on her like the fear of night.
In happy augury we dared to guess
That her pure spirit shot one sunny glance
Of paganry across the fields of France,
Clear startling this dim fog of soulfulness.

But now, with arms and carnage and the cries
Of Holy Murder, rolling to the clouds
Her bloody-shadowed smoke of sacrifice,
The Superstition conquers, and the shrouds
Of sanctimony lay their murky blight
Where shone of old the immortal-seeming light.

Max Eastman.

Arturo Giovanitti's Play

ON Tuesday evening, October tenth, a great and enthusiastic house witnessed the first production of Arturo Giovanitti's fine war-play, "Red Shadows," in Italian, at the People's Theater, with the distinguished Sicilian tragedienne, Mimi Aguglia, in the part of Blanche Jourad.

Most war-plays have to do with the superficial aspects of war—battle, rape, violent death, and the exaltation of animal courage, patriotism, and brute cunning. "Red Shadows," however, though almost too full of the horrors of war, is concerned with the fundamental proposition that war makes beasts of men.

The author takes as his study the figure of Maurice Jourad, Socialist, distinguished French poet, and one of the foremost champions of the Brotherhood of Man in Europe; and upon this commanding personality he causes to break the full tide of the German advance in Northern France, with its inevitable accompaniment of looting, drunken license, and the violation of women. Blanche Jourad, his wife, a great musician, is assaulted by the drunken soldiers; and from this springs all the terrible train of events that make Maurice Jourad an avenging fiend preying upon his own ideals.

Although the scene is France, and the people French revolting under German oppression, Giovanitti takes no sides. The German Colonel, reverencing the great poet and his famous wife, attempting to restrain his maddened soldiers, and finally committing suicide, is as noble a figure as any in the play. Here, too, the author manages to convey the impression that it is war, and not the German or French people, which commits atrocities; that it is war, and not merely guns, which destroys the only life worth saving—the life of love, intelligence, and genius.

LOUISE BRYANT.

The Girl on the Cover

LIFE—you will perceive from her expression—is still worth living. We are indebted for this reassurance to Miss Gerda Holmes, the film-actress, who posed for the picture, and Frank Walts, who drew it.

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THE MASSES BOOK SHOP

A Hundred Years Ago

IF we treat with France only when she has a government of which we approve, good God! we shall fight eternally.—Charles James Fox.

Survival of the Fittest

THREE cubs the lioness brings forth, four the tigress, but one the cow; yet many are the meek cattle, few the beasts of prey.—Buddha.

Teachers

A SHORT article in a recent number of THE MASSES provided food for thought about "Educating the Teachers." The writer said, apropos of the dismissal, in Chicago, of 38 members of the Teachers' Federation: "These discharged teachers, excused from their positions on the pedestal, will have a chance for the first time to find out what life is in its adventurous aspects." The security of their jobs was another thing mentioned as detrimental to their getting the best out of life.

As to the Union I have nothing to say, preferring to leave its working out to those most concerned, but 'twas that pedestal that caught my attention. Whatever used to be the attitude toward teachers, the pedestal has long since been knocked from under them. Unwise mothers still threaten their unruly children with the teacher's punishment, so, in consequence, the pedestal is well thorned for those particular boys: the parents couldn't find it with a telescope: the general public toppled it over long ago;—so the pedestal is "an exploded idea."

The male teachers—though why an able-bodied man should ever resort to teaching in a public school is a mystery—may feel secure in their positions, especially if their politics are sufficiently elastic to stretch to those of the superintendent and school committee; but no woman teacher—and it's to be taken for granted that the 38 dismissed teachers were women—ever felt her position secure. Young graduates are always waiting for the places filled by older teachers, and frequently, even before the Union was thought of, the most experienced of them were removed with no reasons given. If these women were sure of their positions there would be a vast improvement in the yearly results, for they could work for the welfare of the pupils with a freer hand and a mind at ease.

Life "in its adventurous aspects" is not wholly denied the women who drudge in the public schools, for with the children, the parents, the principal, the superintendent, the school committee and the general public to satisfy, something is doing. The adventures lack the snap of a broader, more exciting encounter with life under less supervision,—for the ordinary teacher becomes, in years, somewhat narrow in point of view and cut and dried in general outlook,—but a week's experience in any public school would open the eyes of many a critic doubtful as to the adventures.

If to leave the school room for good would give teachers "a better time than they have ever had before," may the day be hastened when they give up their jobs and begin to live. If they could be educated to take life more gaily, more easily, they would get a long way on the road to happiness.

What would become of the schools should all the women take up some other line of work is a question worth considering, but in that case the male teachers would find life wasn't all "beer and skittles."

JULIA E. DEANE.

Taunton, Mass.

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FICTION

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When the delegates met they were immediately surrounded by a mob of well-trained lobbyists. They represented every corporation in Mexico which has exploited the natural resources of that unfortunate land; the very same corporations which have been the loudest and most persistent in the demand for intervention. Mining operators, huge land owners, bankers and oil men, they all had their trained spokesmen, and the American delegates listened to them all. In fact, the American delegates did not have to be coaxed; they capitulated at once. The only one they did not listen to was Big Brother Samuel Gompers. He was received by the Mexican delegates.

Needless to say, the mission of the conference was forgotten by the American delegates. They instead began to dabble into the internal affairs of the Mexican people and began to advise them how they should treat foreign corporations. They pleaded that mining operators should not be taxed too heavily. The laws must not be too rigid. Mexico must not be a law unto itself, but should consider the foreign investors. The American troops who are still in Mexico were very adroitly used as a club to impress the Mexican delegates with the wisdom of their American colleagues.

Paradoxical as it may seem, not a single delegate appointed by President Wilson, who is trying to tell the Mexicans how to conduct their affairs, has ever been in Mexico, has the slightest knowledge of the Spanish language and I doubt if they are in sympathy with the revolution. And yet some people wonder why the Mexicans look with suspicion upon the United States.

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Commentary

YOU asked me once what I thought of THE MASSES as propoganda; and I have been waiting until I could make a cheerful reply. This last number of THE MASSES strikes me as having more purpose than any of its predecessors—almost it seems as though it had at last found itself.

Heretofore, Max Eastman has wasted too much space in mere pirouetting and I rejoice at seeing him pick out a job suitable to his size and ability. In attempting to infuse into Marx what has happened since Marx, seems to me about the most needful treatment Socialism needs, and he (Eastman) has shouted that he has diagnosed properly; so I am hoping that he keeps his feet on the ground until he sweats this stunt out properly.

A few of your pictures and more of your verse are still, thank God, beyond me—though I am not always quite sure in which direction.

Also at times, it seems to me that your fear of the dear old library table takes you a little too close to the sawdust floor.

The "Ballad" was a delight and a glory! While admitting that the prose in the last verse came from an ecstatic heart, I must also confess that it detracted rather than added to my own ecstasy. To me it was a descent from realism to naturalism.

You had a burlesque show thing last winter which was a regular joy-ride for me. Your confounded book reviews are so infernally tantalizing that they wring my heart. A private economic slump has put me in the position, while reading them, of a bum looking through a cafe window and as this is both reminiscent and possibly prophetic, I am forced to be of two minds while reading them.

At times THE MASSES displays an intellectual priggishness which rubs me a little. Mere youth, I presume; but I prefer the mental freedom which is sufficiently seasoned to appreciate the state of those who still trust their spiritual pastors and masters. What I mean is, that while still fighting slavery lustily and hating the master without let or hindrance, one should still be patient and sympathetic with the slave—in print. When a young slave can be isolated, a sound cussing is due him; but it is undignified to throw bricks at the good old slaves who honestly believe that their loyalty is a virtue.

There was lots of good in the old family ideal even though there was lots of oppression in the old family as a fact. I expect a magazine like THE MASSES to show an instinctive discrimination between good and evil, and not to boil the dog in order to kill the fleas.

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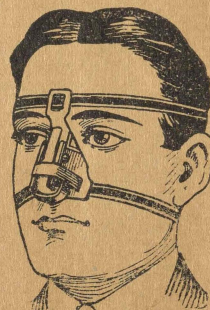
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Mrs. Sanger's Magazine

WOULD you have room in the present issue of THE MASSES to announce that there is under way a Birth Control publication called the *Birth Control Review*, of which I am the editor and Dr. Frederick A. Blossom the managing editor. It will be ready for December the first. Subscriptions one dollar a year.

MARGARET SANGER.

165 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE MASSES, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1916. State of New York, County of New York.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Merrill Rogers, who, having duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE MASSES, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Masses Publishing Co., 33 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Max Eastman, 33 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Floyd Dell, 33 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Merrill Rogers, 33 West 14th St., New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) The Masses Publishing Co., 33 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.; Eugene Wood, Northport, L. I.; Max Eastman, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.; John Sloan, 88 Washington Place, New York, N. Y.; Alice Beach Winter, 53 East 59th St., New York, N. Y.; Charles A. Winter, 53 East 59th St., New York, N. Y.; Ellis Jones, 17 West 31st St., New York, N. Y.; Horatio Winslow, 520 East 77th St., New York, N. Y.; Cornelia Barnes, 28 S. 51st St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Glenn O. Coleman, 9 Patchen Place, New York, N. Y.; George Bellows, 146 East 19th St., New York, N. Y.; Stuart Davis, 153 S. Arlington Ave., East Orange, N. J.; K. R. Chamberlain, 98 So. Elliot Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.; William English Walling, Greenwich, Conn.; Arthur Young, 9 East 17th St., New York, N. Y.; H. J. Turner, 14 W. 29th St., New York, N. Y.; Maurice Becker, 9 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.; John Reed, 43 Washington Square, New York, N. Y.; Howard Brubaker, Greens Farms, Conn.; Mary H. Vorse O'Brien, 121 Washington Place, New York, N. Y.; Robert Carlton Brown, Tenafly, N. J.; Louis Untermeyer, 231 West 97th St., New York, N. Y.; Robert Minor, 444 Pearl St., New York, N. Y.; John Barber, 2140 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Helen Marot, 206 West 18th St., New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

MERRILL ROGERS,
 Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of Oct., 1916.

(SEAL.)

C. A. INGALLS.

(My commission expires March 30, 1917.)

No We Don't Advise People to Do Things We Aren't Up to Ourselves

SOME few years ago I remember reading in the *Illustrated London News* this sentence from the pen of G. K. Chesterton: "It may be true that many South American presidents are shamelessly shot, but it is even more true that many North American millionaires are left shamelessly un-shot." And now I read in *THE MASSES* from the pen of Wilber Byner a poem addressed to the unemployed, in which he advises the desperate to "kill a king," presumably an "American king."

Are these writings of Chesterton and Byner to be taken at their face value, literally and seriously? Is this the Revolutionist answer to King Rockefeller, King Morgan, King Carnegie, et al? These things make one blink a bit. Instead of the "international war of capitalists," as waged in Europe, are we to have here in America a national revolution against the capitalists precipitated by a home-grown Prinzip of the "unemployed" or the "exploited." Some clean-cut expression on this point in *THE MASSES* seem the next thing in order. Is this sentence of Chesterton's only a sentence, this poem of Byner's only a poem, is the "feeling" in these only a feeling or are these to be accepted as "weapons and counsels of revolution" to put into execution?

For God's sake, where are we at?

Yours, a bit perturbed,

INCOGNITO.

A Conscientious Objector

I RECEIVED the copy of *THE MASSES* in lieu of the *New Review*, and am, with others no doubt, disappointed that the *New Review* has found it necessary to consolidate with *THE MASSES*.

The kind of illustrations used in *THE MASSES* are, to me, absolutely meaningless and I believe I am just as much in earnest in having society revolutionized as you. We need just such a *Review* as has now become buried in an entirely different type of magazine, for the enlightening of many people who would not be drawn to *THE MASSES*. I hope yet you will see the advisability of a pictureless magazine that will give information on economic matters for a class that is every year becoming greater, but which is not identified wholly with the revolutionary class.

No! I do not care to subscribe to *THE MASSES*. Its pictures give me the shivers.

Yours for a better social state,

H. N. BARTLETT.

Wilksburg, Pa.

From a Preacher

I AM a preacher and I read *THE MASSES*. There is one trouble with your paper. It should appear every week. It is the finest intellectual stimulus of the month and I look forward to it with keen pleasure.

I thank you for Boardman Robinson's "The Deserter," and John Reed's "At the Throat of the Republic." I wish we could get some of this "good news" on the required reading list in our courses which bring up the young minister in the straight and narrow. G. B. O.

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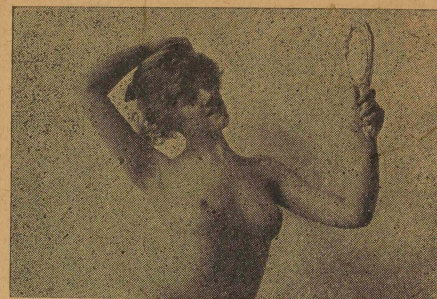
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"I wish I were living the primitive life. I want to meander over the hills and through the woods; to inhale copious draughts of ozone; to bask in the sunshine, nude, when possible and scantily clad when necessary, without the everlasting fear of shocking the prude. I want to eat the wild fruits, nuts and grains; to fry corn cakes on the sun-heated rocks and eat them with wild honey. With the assurance that I could satisfy my bucolic nature, I want to lull by the brook in the meadow and watch the gentle bovine as they nonchalantly nip the succulent, juicy grasses and romp like the fawn in the forest.

"But paramount to these pleasures, as an inducing cause to my strange desire, is my extreme repugnance to wearing a high, stiff collar and a heavy uniform on a hot summer's day, lugging baggage to the thirteenth floor and running around the lobby paging Mr. Levy, Mr. Isaacs and Mr. Cohen."

A Wife's Troubles

HERE is a letter from the wife of a man who came out for militarism. I pass it on to you. G. L.

[Enclosure.]

"Were I a sentimentalist, I should weepingly assure you that Henry is now offering me the first Great Disappointment in our Perfect Union. As I'm not, all I can say is that after all these years he has jumped the track on me! I took it hard for awhile and made him as uncomfortable as I could around the house according to the best traditions of wifely duty toward an erring spouse. Then I finally reflected that he was only one more of that numerous species of irrational, immature, destructive adult, male biped known as Man, whom women have made the mistake all these centuries of treating as though they were mature, rational contemporaries. I furthermore decided that the world will never know anything approaching sanity and civilization—until the above species is exterminated and matriarchal dominance re-inaugurated. But as they seem to be attending to the job of wholesale self-destruction for themselves, I have washed my hands of the whole outfit of them. I feed Henry as of yore, and pick up after him, and see that he puts on his rubbers when it rains, and he flourishes unabashed by my moral disapproval, like the wicked and the green bay tree, but I will not even talk to him (or any of his kind) on a subject requiring mature intelligence like the war. I reserve all such discussion for my own rational sex (such of them as did not take part in the Preparedness Parade).

"John has been over here for a few days to see his father. The two of them had a beautiful time killing Germans for every meal!"

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Everybody loved Chick Lorimer in our town,

Far off

Everybody loved her.

So we all love a wild girl keeping a hold
On a dream she wants.

Nobody knows now where Chick Lorimer went.

Nobody knows why she packed her trunk . . . a few old things,

And is gone,

Gone with her little chin

Thrust ahead of her,

And her soft hair blowing careless
From under a white hat,

Dancer, singer, a laughing, passionate lover.

Were there ten men or a hundred hunting
Chick?

Were there five men or fifty with aching
Hearts?

Everybody loved Chick Lorimer.

Nobody knows where she's gone.

Happy Thought

WHEN we say that we are getting old, we should rather say that we are getting new or young, and are suffering from inexperience; trying to do things which we have never done before.—*Samuel Butler in "The Way of All Flesh."*

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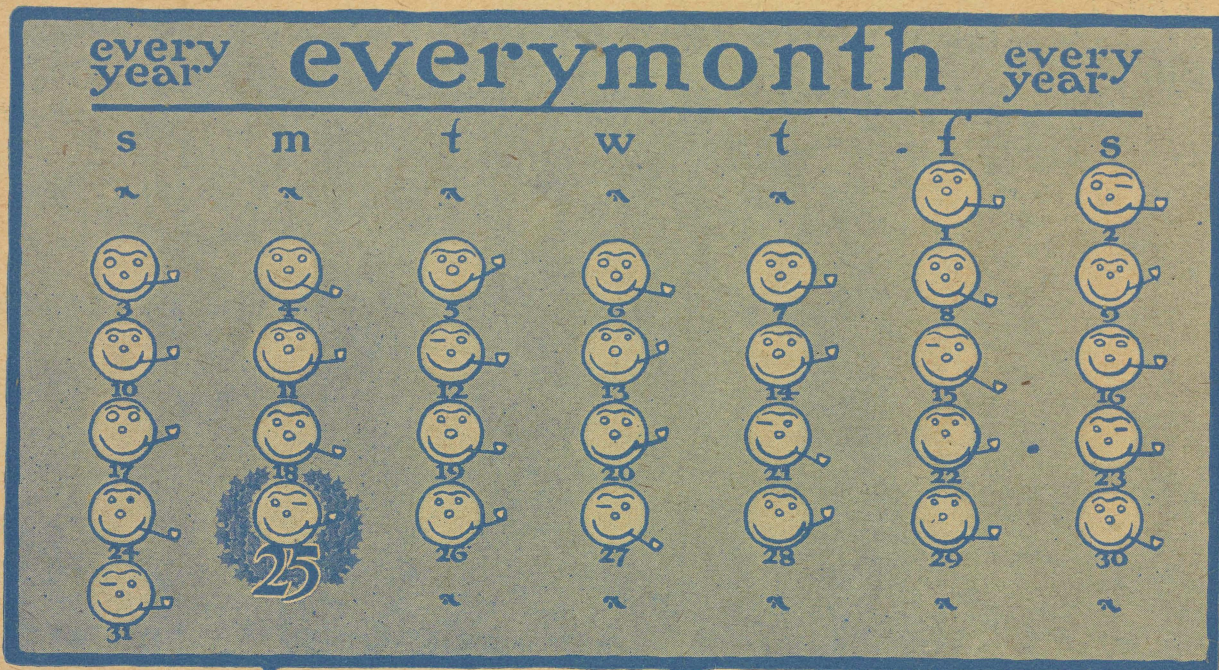
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