

OCTOBER, 1914

10 CENTS

The MASSES



Drawn by H. J. Glintenkamp

The Girl He Left Behind Him

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CHALLENGE

By Louis Untermeyer

(Published by The Century Company.)

"There is nothing in recent poetry that will so challenge attention as this volume bearing the provocative title, 'Challenge.' . . . Untermeyer's challenge is to the conventions of life which cover injustice and wrong, and he puts such force and intensity into what he says that he is bound to be heard, and, it is to be hoped, heeded."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

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MAX EASTMAN, Editor

FLOYD DELL, Managing Editor

MAX ENDICOFF, Business Manager

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TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSES:

"I CARRIED home this morning a Sunday paper, and a copy of THE MASSES that I bought on the subway. I did not read all sixty of the pages of the Sunday paper, for I am one of those who make, not one of those who read, newspapers. I looked through those sixty pages with the practised eye of an ex-city editor, and thought of all the work it had taken to produce them—the reporters legging it in a hundred cities, the editors rushing about with orders, the desk-men sharpening their pencils, the rewrite men bent over the typewriter keys, the photographers sweating in dark-rooms, the roar of the majestic presses,—and before that, the opening of many honest kegs of tar and pigment, the felling of good spruce logs for the white paper.

"And after all this tremendous effort, what is the result? I have never ceased to enjoy the excitement of a newspaper office, and I like to think of the newspapers being carried out by train, by automobile, by cart, and reaching through the hands of newsboys their hundreds of thousands of readers. But I know well enough that if those readers search through the 200 columns of the paper this morning for any vital and significant truth, any clear expression of the needs of city or nation, any sincere and thorough-going criticism of conditions, they will fail to find it. In all this mountain of printed matter, there is less truth than flashes out at me from one page of this issue of THE MASSES.

"I know, having been an editor, what happens to the truth to newspaper officers. And it gives me pleasure to see a paper in whose office truth is not an embarrassing and unwelcome presence.

"It is absurd that this Sunday paper with nothing really vital in it should go to hundreds of thousands, while THE MASSES is comparatively unknown. For I suppose you have less circulation than the poorest, most perverse and corrupt newspaper in any first class city of the country.

"THE MASSES is needed. It can do what under present conditions no other paper can do. It

ought to be put into the hands of the great public.

"If I could, I would buy an edition of 50,000 copies of THE MASSES for at least one month in the year, and I'd have you mail those 50,000 copies to men and women who ought to read THE MASSES, but don't.

"I can't do it. I can't help you. But there are those who can, and therefore should—men and women who may not believe that Socialism will heal all the world's wounds, but who realize the value of your free expression, and would have it put into circulation.

"The pictures and articles in the last number are remarkable. The 'masses' should have them for enlightenment, the 'classes' for shame. The United States should have them as an antidote for the vacuous, distorted, untrue things that are printed everywhere else.

"It helps my soul, and I shall sleep better today, for saying this, for making this suggestion to you. Ask fifty right-hearted men and women of means to aid you to print 200,000 copies of THE MASSES in November and each month thereafter until you have gained the strength you deserve."

We reprint the above letter because it seems to us a true statement and a valuable suggestion. We haven't any idea of giving up the struggle. We are happy giving our work in THE MASSES to those whom it reaches. *But we would like to give it to a great many more.* And 200,000 is not too many. Don't you want to help us do this?

Suppose you buy a hundred, or a thousand copies of THE MASSES next month, and have them mailed, say, to the local officers of various labor unions, or the faculties of the universities, or the ministers of liberal churches, or the officers of Woman Suffrage societies. You can choose your own list. We will compile it and mail the magazines with an explanatory letter. We will give you the magazines at the wholesale rate—seven cents a copy. What do you say?

THE EDITORS.

TO SOCIALIST AND LABOR ORGANIZATIONS

Comrades:

Do you want to join us in a campaign to boost the circulation of THE MASSES to a self-sustaining basis before the 1st of January?

Do you want your local to earn some money easily and at the same time give a wide distribution to the finest propaganda literature published in this country?

Then, gobble up this offer.

For a limited period, we are offering to Socialist and labor organizations

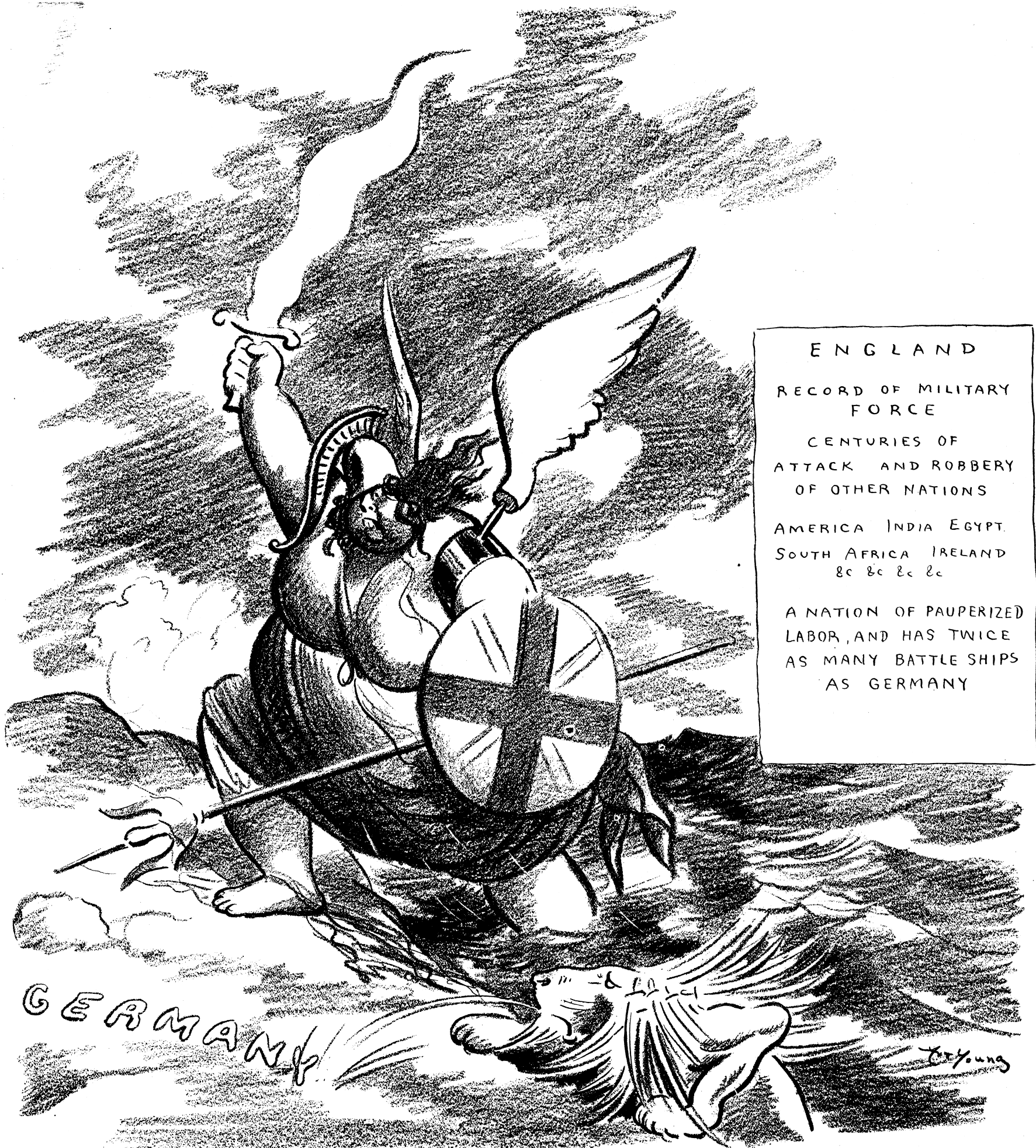
10-6 months sub cards (regular price 50c each) for \$2.50

20-3 months sub cards (regular price 25c each) for \$2.50.

Remember, this offer is extended for a short period only.

Fill your orders, now—at once, and help give THE MASSES a bigger audience and greater influence than it now has.

MAX ENDICOFF,
Business Manager.



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FORCE
CENTURIES OF
ATTACK AND ROBBERY
OF OTHER NATIONS
AMERICA INDIA EGYPT.
SOUTH AFRICA IRELAND
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A NATION OF PAUPERIZED
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Drawn by Arthur Young.

Britannia in Righteous Wrath Resolves to Crush Out German Militarism

The MASSES

Vol. VI. No. 1: Issue No. 41.

OCTOBER, 1914

Max Eastman, Editor.

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

The Revelation

SOME are smiling at what they term the "showing-up" of socialism in the European crisis. To us it is a showing-up of capitalism. You who preach and pretend that love and virtue and justice can be expanding in a class-owned humanity preoccupied with commercial rivalry and the exploitation of labor, you, and not we, are brought up with a gasp by this showing of concealed hands. You may go on praying the old irrelevant prayers, but you are sick at heart, for the bloody fundamentals of our stage of culture now emerge too clear to be veiled. You see here the true nature of the thing over which you have been smearing your tincture of reform.

A reading of the diplomatic correspondence published by Germany and England, leaves us firmer than ever in the conviction that moral indignation against any nation as the sole perpetrator of this war, is futile and superficial. The German Chancellor would not ask Austria to revise the ultimatum to Serbia because he believed Russia was backing a Servian aggression, but he would make every other effort toward an understanding between Austria and Russia. The Russian government would not cease the complete mobilization of its army, unless the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia were made a matter of discussion, but it would do everything else in its power for peace. The French government would do everything possible to avoid war with Germany, but its ambassador was able from the start to guarantee military support to Russia in case of war. Sir Edward Grey, though he made every effort to get concessions from every nation involved, was able to intimate to the German embassy that in case France were drawn into the war, England could hardly hope to stay out—and this long before the neutrality of Belgium was violated. England would never have declared war on France for violating Belgian neutrality against Germany, and that everyone knows. It proves the superficiality of the alleged reasons. It points to the underlying condition of universal rivalry in land-ownership and trade as the real and determining causes of a war which might, the accidents being otherwise, have been initiated by any one of the great nations involved.

In England and France we hear poets and intellectuals—Kipling, Shaw, Wells, Bergson,—descanting upon the savage cynicism of the German tribes, the foes of civilization and culture. In Germany we have manifestoes from the great cosmopolitan scholars of Christianity and science, Eucken, Harnack, Wundt, Haeckel, setting forth how England, with her "brutal national egoism which recognizes no rights on the part of others, which, unconcerned

about morality or unmorality, pursues only its own advantage," is fighting on the side of "barbarism and moral injustice."

Let us turn from all this. There is no Christianity, no culture, no civilization. Our whole upper-class polity and pretence of spirituality is built of a leisure that is the loot of predatory competition and the perpetual exploitation and death of the poor. Europe is painted in her true color now, the color of our civilization. Why not dare to see this, and instead of groaning over the evaporation of your illusions, be glad they have gone, because they have left room for ideals that are relevant to the real nature of the world.

Let the War Go On

TO those for whom all questions are questions of metaphysical guilt and innocence, it will follow from what is said above that we stand indifferent to the progress of the fight, whether Germany triumph or the Allies a matter of no interest to us. Quite the contrary, however, we who take sides from the standpoint of *results*, will be found more firmly and ardently advocating the arms of the Allies, than those who take sides from the standpoint of moral causes, however plausible. Not only is our heart with invaded France, but our reason also dictates that the Kaiser and his military machine must be whipped back into Prussia and smashed. Let the war go on until that is accomplished. Let us have no premature peace-makers edging in, as Roosevelt did at the moment the people of Russia were on the point of winning their freedom from a crushed and defeated Czarism. Let the Kaiser's armies and all his steel engines and feudal military idealism be crumpled back with wounds and misery upon the people of Germany, and then you will see that people in its true character. It is for Germany, more than for the Allies, that we want the Kaiser's defeat.

The German people are now held under the heel of militarism—if the truth were known—more solidly and consentingly held there, than any other people of Europe. That feudal and absolute military oppression, linked fast with cultural and scientific and social-reform progress of the highest type, is the most abominable monster of Europe. And it is the only monster that will surely be slain by a victory of its enemies. That is why we advocate the arms of the Allies, though we have no patriotism but our love of liberty, and no faith that Russia is fighting in the battle of democracy, and no delusion that England and France are the sole repositories of culture and altruism. We say, for the sake of the people of Germany and of all nations, let the war go on.

Is Socialism Lost?

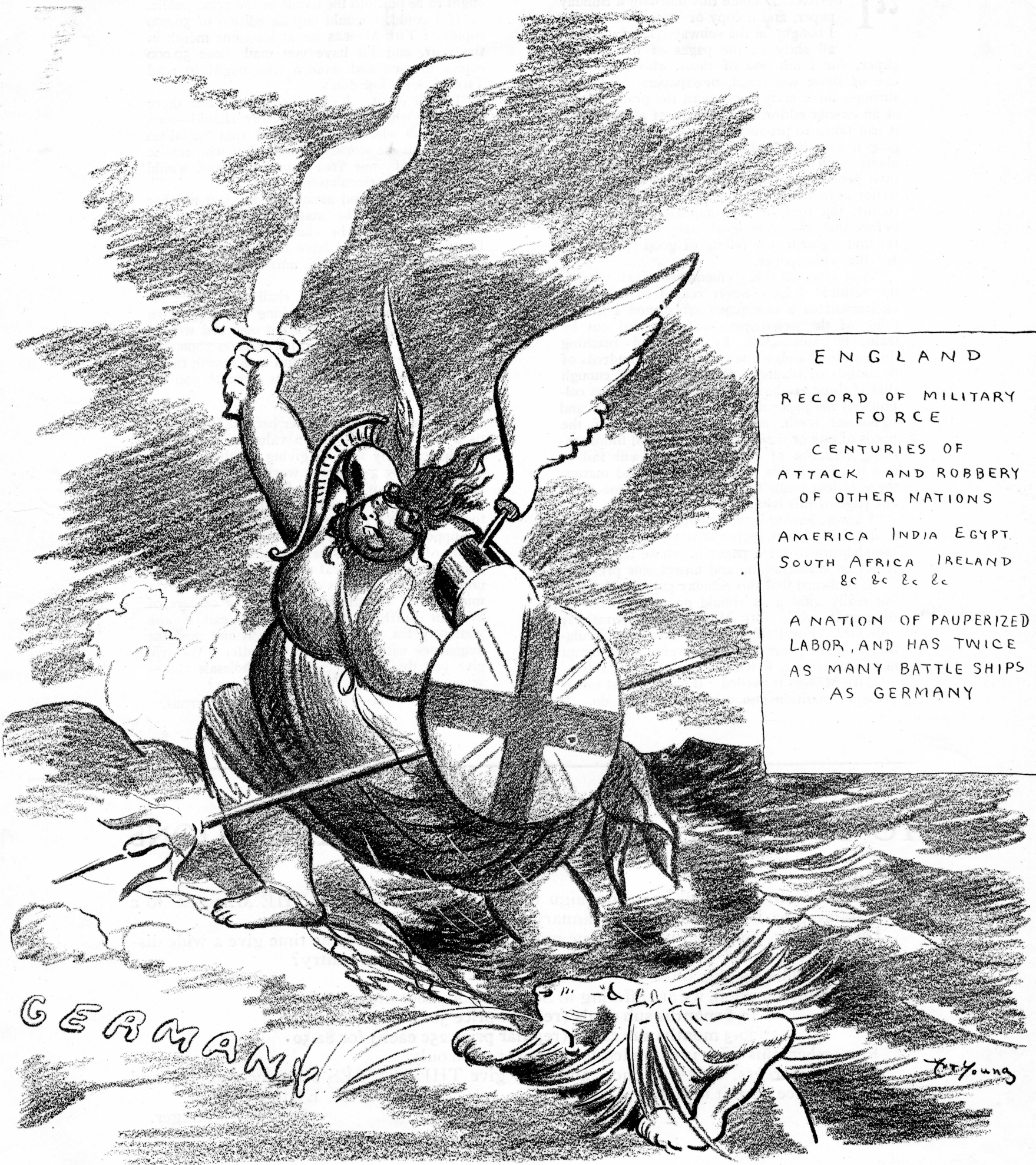
NO person of sober judgment imagined that the revolutionary movement was yet strong enough to stop these bloody giants at their trade. We knew that the Social Democratic party of Germany would countenance a war in which Germany did not appear too arrant an aggressor—especially a war against Russia. We knew it because the party had recently voted a great war-tax. But we also knew, and we know still, that an immense minority there, larger perhaps than the Socialist party of America, oppose every war but the war of territorial defense, and are now hoping, as we hope, less for victory than for revolution in the event.

In France we know that the Socialists, in person of Jaurés, strained every effort to make their power felt by the government on the side of peace. Jaurés told the premier a few hours before his death that, if France went to war for any other cause than that of self-defense against an attack, the Socialists would revolt even if they were all shot down; and he meant it. But even so they were not strong enough to outweigh the interest of those eight billions of French gold in Russia, and French fears of German expansion in the Balkans. In spite of Jaurés, the French government stood with Russia from the start. And perhaps it was lucky for that government that war came—so far as the people knew—in form of an unprovoked invasion from Germany. For, excepting Italy, it was in France that we hoped most of the revolutionary workers, and had Germany withheld her hand, it might not have been easy for the government to fulfil the promises of its Russian ambassador.

In England alone was there time and a genuine opportunity for Socialist protest against a patently aggressive war, and there the issue was soon clouded by the invasion of Belgium, which was, to the popular mind, almost a territorial aggression against England. Notwithstanding this, however, and notwithstanding that England is the weakest of all countries in the genuine spirit of social revolution, we did hear a wide proletarian denunciation of the war, and see two political leaders of labor resign their offices in protest against it.

Of the democratic movement in Russia, no audible opposition could have been expected. And yet we learn that the Socialist members of the Duma announced after the war began their opposition to it, declared their allegiance to the proletariat of Europe, and refused to vote the military credits. And in Italy, where the most was expected, we have indeed absolute neutrality, and only lack the means of determining how far it is due to the revolutionary attitude of labor.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSES:



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Britannia in Righteous Wrath Resolves to Crush Out German Militarism

We are unable to see, therefore, in this orgy of capitalism, that break-down of international socialism which is so patent to the contemptuous. When socialism is strong enough to combat capitalism, then it will be strong enough to combat capitalism's wars.

A Unique Manifesto

THE most important news that has come out of Germany is this translation in the London *Standard* of a message from "The Berlin branch of the International Socialist Group" to "Our Brethren in the Civilized World":

"At last the clouds have burst, and we cannot at this hour refrain from sending a message of fraternal greeting to you, who have foreseen and prepared for the carnage which must precede the inevitable overthrow of military despotism, too long tolerated by millions of toilers crushed by its infernal weight.

"Nakedly revealing himself, as Hyndman Vandervelde, and Blatchford have long and truly predicted, we see the uncurbed tyrant surrounded by parasites now directing the most desperate, devilish and selfish campaign against humanity. With the toilers in all lands we have no quarrel. To-day we extend our hands in the heartiest friendship to every Belgian, French and British democrat. We know that the internal revolution now proceeding in our midst will depose the despot whose insatiable egotism is drenching Europe with the blood of its workers and wage earners."

A Reminder

WE should be slow to condemn any of the European revolutionists who have gone to war. We have difficulty here in realizing to what instincts a mighty antagonist just over the border may appeal. And we forget also, in our toplofty innocence of such a problem, that there is a difference between believing that organized labor in all countries ought to refuse to fight, and believing that the individual in one country ought to refuse, when organized labor fails. Martyrdom is a thing to be thankful for when it appears, but he is bold who demands it of any but himself.

For Profit or Product

"THE difference between private ownership and public ownership need not surprise you.

"The privately owned express company is run to **MAKE MONEY** for private individuals, and for **NO OTHER PURPOSE**. The publicly owned parcel post is run to **SERVE THE PEOPLE**.

"In the express company a few men who do **NOTHING** get large dividends.

"A few high officials who do very **LITTLE** get large salaries.

"The rank and file of the workers are miserably underpaid.

"The public is badly served.

"In the post office, the Government monopoly, **NO MAN MAKES A DOLLAR OF PRIVATE PROFIT**. The men who manage the concern are paid reasonable, comparatively small salaries. The bulk of the money is paid to the actual workers."

These trenchant sentences are from the pen of Arthur Brisbane, in the Hearst newspapers. And if there is any reason why everything that he says about business carried on for private profit and business carried on for public product, cannot be applied to every great industry, will he please make the reason as clear as he has made this.

A Relic

WHILE we indulge so gloriously the hope that the feudal powers of Europe may be overthrown, let us not forget the continued prestige of our own House of Lords.

The Senate was conceived and dedicated to the purpose of conserving the rights of large property against the perils of a popular majority. I believe there is no dispute anywhere as to this bit of history. And now that senators are to be elected by the people, it appears that either their election will be a special matter for control by large property, or else they will have no separate function whatever. They will become a sort of rudimentary organ, a vermiform appendix, innocuous so long as inactive, but likely at any time to form adhesions and upset the functioning of popular government.

No minor activities of American politics are able to divorce our attention from the European war. Why not abolish the Senate?

West to East

WHEN I heard that Rabindranath Tagore's poems were, with one exception, the best sellers at Brentano's last season, I knew that Tagore's poems were poems of metaphysical consolation. Like Bergson's philosophy they were delicately calculated to give super-actual satisfactions to the disappointed of earth, without altogether denying science and modern reality. That is the recipe for making a "world's greatest poet," a "world's greatest philosopher," in these days.

And as I opened the first volume of Tagore, at the introduction, I came upon this sentence: "I read Rabindranath every day; to read one line of him is to forget all the troubles of the world." And a little after that, in his own language, I found this other sentence: "When we reach that state wherein the adjustment of the finite in us to the infinite is made perfect, then pain itself becomes a valuable asset." And so I was confirmed in my prevision that a popular poet must surely be one who offers avenues of mystical relief from the hard horrors of unconquered reality.

The other best sellers at Brentano's were books about Social Science. And it occurred to my mind that these are exactly the books which arrogantly refuse to "forget all the troubles of the world," or to advise that by any cerebral adjustment of conceptual ganglia, pain be converted into pleasure, and the conditions engendering pain become an object of praise. They are the books which disclose that henceforward the ideal shall not be a way of escape from the crude terms of existence, but a way of altering those terms until the joy and the reality, the poetry and the science are in harmony.

Tagore is a beautiful and unusual poet, especially a rare flower in the literature of English because he shows no trace of the influence of Shakespeare. And for matters of love and longing and the tender realization of life, we can ask no sweeter music than his. But in the high ranges of this art we seek a poet who can give a true and more heroic mettle to the mind. We seek the poet who can redirect the extramundane yearnings of all broken spirits into a reckless will to reconstruct their disappointing world.



Drawn by Arthur Young

JUST A SAMPLE OF THE U. S. SENATE



OVERMAN

ROOT

BRANDEGEE

THORNTON

CLARKE

BORAH

PENROSE

GOFF

NELSON

NEWLANDS

Arthur Young
Drawn by Arthur Young

JUST A SAMPLE OF THE U. S. SENATE

P R E L U D E

Edmond McKenna

EMBRACING the woman I love, I stood by the stream that circles the town I love in
the peace of the Summer night,
And I loved the joyous and cruel leash of life at my throat,
And I loved the peace in the soul of the woman I love, and I knew that the net of her
beauty was cast in a sea of peace.

I loved the silver-blue flood of the moon that flowed over the quiet town
And the trees that shaded the stream and the town I love;
(For Nature is personal always to me and is never untrue and intrusive.)
The garrulous, intimate talk of the trees, I loved;
And the birds asleep in their nests in the trees,
And the rosy wet-mouthed babes that never have minted speech, asleep in the quiet town and
kissed by the warm and mothering night—
The merry uncertain tentative falling leaves that fell on the rocks and the path and were car-
ried laughing away by the musical stream, I loved,
And the sentient gaiety of the flowers I felt were near and knew my affection, I loved;
And the neighborly boisterous wind that trampled in play across the yellowing wheat;
And the cattle that lay in the meadow;
And the moonlight that hid in the silver sheen of the birch by the gate, I loved;
And the moonlight that lay like frost that had overslept on the Summer grass;
And I loved the peaceful, close-breathing, embracing night that breathed the scent of unseen
flowers and the fragrance of the woman I love.

Ancient and cruel songs passed deathward into the night,
And symbols of ancient wrongs went mournfully by and away,
And the peace that is finally done with old desires and with conquering
Caressingly laid her cheek, with illimitable quietude, between my cheek and the cheek of the
woman I love,
And the three of us were one as we stood by the stream in the peace of the Summer night.

The silence gathered and rolled above us fold upon exquisite fold,
Till tenderness made me eager to shout and to sing aloud in the positive light of Day,
And to see the early marching sun brushing the fields and the town I love with his gold-
shod feet,
And wrapping the flowers and the intimate personal trees in the sudden flame of his breath.

Christ; Christ; Christ—
That this day dawned;
Peace; Peace; Peace—
Raped and mangled and dead,
And none to lay a healing hand for easement on her head.

War; War; War—
Came with withering day.
Ancient cruel songs
From red throats hurled
And none to sing a healing song of peace in all the world.

The sunlight is a wound to me and Jesus Christ has rotted overnight,
And peace is now a corpse whose naked body lies half cold upon a shield.
The morning wind has grown a hawk's strong claws,
And nothing brings my heart so near to breaking as sunlight surging over the long grass.

DYNAMITE YOUR GEOGRAPHY

Frank Bohn

IN studying geography don't be conventional. Looking at the map from the south, as we have always done, tends to make our geographical minds impervious to new ideas. For instance, take the map of North America. For the conventional person land ends at the tip of Florida. Try turning the map about and looking at North America from the North Pole. Florida would appear as a finger pointing to South America—and South America is destined to have more people and a greater civilization than North America.

The same holds true of the geography of Europe. We have seen Greece and Italy, then France and the low countries, England and Germany. The way to look at the map of Europe in 1914 is from the East. Stand on the highest peak of the Urals and look about you, and you will get a new vision.

From ten millions of square miles in Asia the hordes are today moving upon Germany—Bashi-Bazooks and Bengalese, Mongols and Tartars. Here comes Attila, to fight again, this very day, at Chalons, and Ghengis Khan is going to arrive this time at the coast of Bohemia. But for the moment we shall confine ourselves to European Russia.

Russia includes the only great plain of Europe. It bears the same physiographical relation to Great Britain and France, Germany and Italy, that the Mississippi valley bears to Brooklyn and Manhattan, Philadelphia and Richmond. During the past two centuries the Slav has been doing in that great fertile plain exactly what our western Americans have been doing in the Mississippi valley—driving out or subjugating the natives and filling up the land with a virile, pushing, head-strong agricultural population.

In the world of the present no race can live and grow without a great farm at its back door and over-sea commerce proceeding from its front door. Britain had the sea power and has won the lands—in America, in Asia, in Africa and Australia. Russia has the great fundamental thing—the grain-growing lands, the forests, the mineral wealth, and a hundred and seventy millions of ardent, restless people. She has no sea gate, but she will get it—and within twelve months.

Geography seems to indicate that there is going to be in the world of the future just five great nations. This, because there are exactly five great separate physico-social entities in the world. Each one of these includes a great area of productive land and a more or less homogeneous people, thinking and speaking alike. The future of these is as assured as the position of the North Star. They are North America, South America, China, India and Russia.

We are looking, from the crest of the Urals, upon Europe; on the far northwestern horizon lies a little island shrouded in factory smoke. Its degenerate urban population have just seen, going through her deserted fields and city slums, a quarter of a million Russians, called from the great wheat covered plains which lie before us, to protect Paris and London.

On the far southwestern horizon lies Spain—which, once upon a time, labored and brought forth three vessels—three very important vessels for the voyage of Columbus. Back came these vessels laden with gold and silver. Poor Spain! She swallowed tons and tons of the stuff and died.

Nearer on the left Italy sticks into the Mediterranean like a lean finger—land of ancient deeds and holy traditions. But the peoples who live are not those who collect gold or breed popes, but those who raise vast quantities of wheat and cattle and make the machines which plant and reap the wheat and the machines which transport the wheat and cattle.

Straight west on the horizon is France. It is the conventional notion that France's mission has been to teach us art; as though the world really cared anything for what has been nothing but the plaything of the aristocracy when the aristocracy was not making war. A few school-teachers go to Paris to look at pictures, but it is the barbarians from New York and London and Moscow and Constantinople, who, going to Paris to eat and drink, to play with girls, and to carry off expensive bric-a-brac, who pay to keep the whole show going. But France has given us more than that. The great contribution of France has been the greatest and most successful of all revolutions—prototype of the revolution to come.

Finally Germany—heaven forgive me! Having nearly been born there, I do not approach without certain peculiar emotions of most genuine pity. Here is a land of strong men and good women, even among its war-making aristocracy.

It has been given to the misguided hands of this people to build the last of the great states on a small plot of ground. Never again can it happen. In their success the Germans have found ultimate failure. A hundred years ago and more, it was said, "The world of the Germans is in the air"—a world of intellectual triumphs and of spiritual visions. But the terrible drive of the world urged her on. She built shops, and shops demand ships—will have ships or die. Ships hunger for land—great circles of land with green hills on every horizon. So Germany plunged into the mighty struggle of the profit-greedy world. She pressed far to the front and her brain became maddened. In advance of the profit-seeker rode cavalry—swarms of cavalry, with Princes and Dukes and Counts riding hard and giving firm orders in deep tones. In the rear there now trail ten millions of workers, for the time losing the high, fine vision of the social state and making a sickly enough rear guard for the bloody caravan. This is the poor, foolish Germany which knows so much of strategy and tactics and so little of geography.

For it is written in geography that Britain must needs be the last small people to create and maintain a world empire. Britain, being an island, could well neglect power upon land in Europe and concentrate upon power at sea. So she was the first to organize the new world of the West and the East upon a basis of commercial and industrial profits. Now her profits have eaten out her heart and palsied her brain and rotted her sinews. No nation can seek and find dominion over others without, in the end, coming to grief.

In the womb of Germany there is now perishing the unborn child of the new social state. This might have been her supremest contribution, even as political freedom was the gift of Britain and France. Foolish and idle tears are now being shed because certain old pictures have been thrust through with swords at Louvain and elsewhere. Then, too, some old buildings have been burned, and, "Merciful goodness!" they say "The Germans may get to Paris and destroy the Louvre!"

The murder and the maiming of millions of men, the starving of millions of women and children—all that does not matter so much to them.

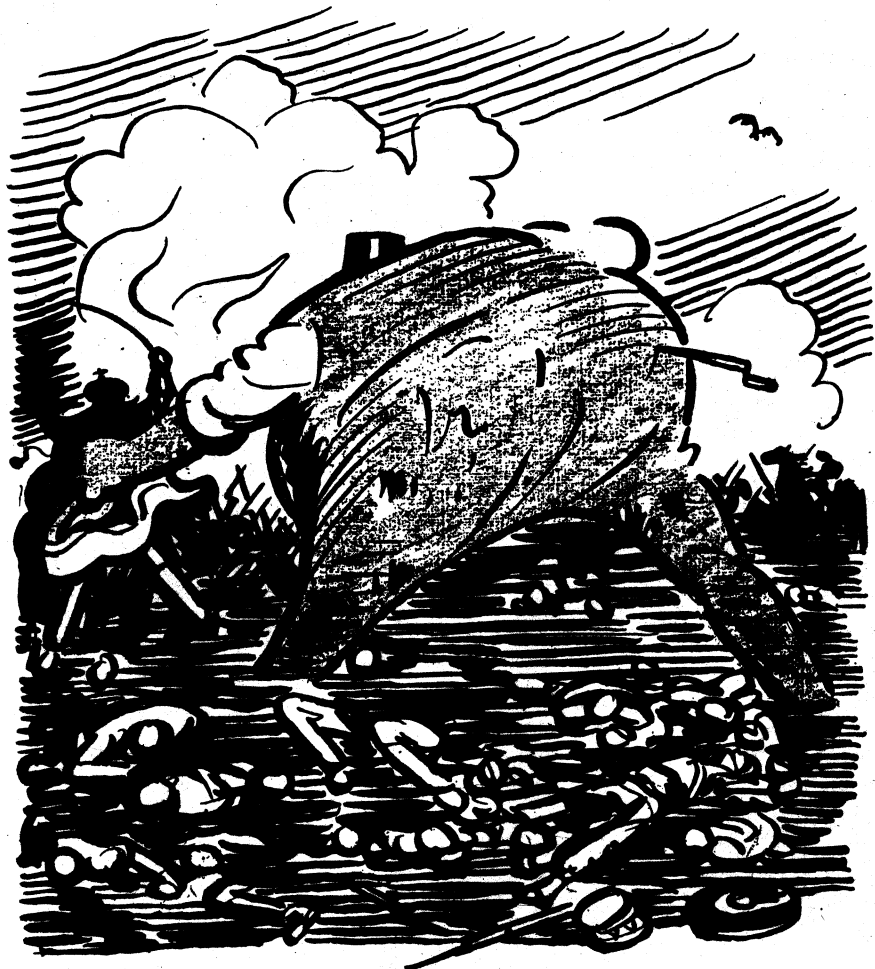
The mind of the revolutionist has other and solidier cause for anguish. The intellectual world of Kant and Hegel, of Goethe and Schiller, came to its crowning glory in the Marxian system. Like Moses, Germany has stood upon the heights and looked over into the future, but she may not enter first. So let us not forget in the hour of her supremest sorrow that it was Germany which gave to us the idea of the rebirth of the whole world into the social brotherhood. That was the greatest intellectual contribution to humanity in the history of all the ages.

For some reason, not yet clearly analyzed, the working class of Germany has not been adequate to its historical task. The aristocrats rattled their sabers, and our comrades bowed down and worshipped a strength in the arms and the guts of men which they themselves did not yet possess. So they are dying, in misery and silence, with tears in their eyes. The appointed time is not yet.

South America—North America—China—India—Russia. Cast your eyes upon each in turn. They are the world of the future. To each will come, presently, the message of Britain and France and Germany—the dream and the reality of political freedom, of industrial democracy, of social brotherhood. The Athens, and the Sparta of the modern world are now rending each other in twenty pieces. Macedonia will conquer both. And then cometh Rome, the new Rome, the Rome not of the fist but of the mind, to unite all and evolve all. China is already a political republic. Local Bombay meets on Saturday afternoons and has just taken in ten new members. It will have a soap-box street meeting on Sunday. There has been a strike in Calcutta.

Some people affect to fear Russia. What folly! A hundred million lusty peasants on these two millions of European square miles at our feet! They are a universe in themselves. They can not fail. Cats may chase rats all the way from the Champs Elysee to Unter den Linden and not come upon a man; yet in the fulness of time what matters it if those hundred million Russians but preserve their colossal physical appetites and find abundance of cheese and black bread and raw meat.

The history of the world has done with the gloating power of tiny nations, which stick out like fingers into the sea and sell and buy and hoard their pennies and hate one another. They have been, indeed, quite necessary. European civilization could at first develop only upon islands or peninsulas where nature protected it from invasions—invasions which always had their source in the great land areas to the north and east. Our geographies tell us that we have come to a new cycle. Germany, like Britain, like France, like Spain, has failed, but the world has not failed. Our human strivings need room—and they will find it for body and mind and spirit upon the great land areas. Empires of business shall be succeeded by empires of life. These shall grow where wheat and cattle grow and where great mountains of coal and iron can be easily opened. Just a moment given to pitying the fallen foolish is enough. Lift up your heads.



Drawn by Arthur Young.



Young

AS THE GAME IS PLAYED

WHILE EUROPEAN CAPITAL HAS HIS BACK TURNED—

AMERICAN CAPITAL WILL IMPROVE EACH SHINING HOUR.

From the Firing Line in Canada

THERE is no anti-war party here. There are anti-war people. But the war people are very noisy. And the peace people are very still.

When they began calling for volunteers they said they'd take no man whose wife objected. So many wives have objected that they've got scared. So they threaten to publish the names of the unpatriotic women.

The war people say: Now you see why we should not have woman suffrage.

The peace people say: Now you see why we should have woman suffrage.

Everybody's English here, naturally. So they want me to be English. They say: Look at Germany against France and England. I say: Look at Russia for England and France. They say: Don't forget liberty. I say: I always remember Russia. They ask: How can we expect civilization of Germany's army? I ask: How can we expect civilization of England's navy? They say: Germany's army has set the pace. I say: England's navy has set the pace.

I've got into trouble, but I've also saved myself trouble.

I'm not interested in battles. I'm interested in revolutions.

I want to see the crowns fall off, and the monarchies go down.

I'd like to pitch the Czar and the Kaiser and the dotard Austrian Emperor and the little potentates of southeast Europe into a big enough grave with silly George thrown in for good measure. I say these things to everyone here.

If a man's against war the best time to say so is in war time.

It's easy to talk against war in peace. But talking for peace in war is hard.

Talking for peace when no one wants to fight is loyalty.

Talking for peace when all hands are scrapping is treason.

Now, here, they'll love you if you talk war, but they'll hate you for talking peace.

That is, they love you for hating and hate you for loving.

Of course there's a people's Canada as well as a ruler's Canada. But the people's Canada is suppressed. And the ruler's Canada is all mouth.

I stand round and take it all in, sort of as if I was from another world which had got beyond fratricide.

HORACE TRAUBEL.

Allies

THE agreement of the Allies as to making terms with Germany is almost word for word the same as the agreement of the Balkan States in the first war against Turkey. We will not press the analogy, but we cannot help feeling that the great love which suddenly subsists between people like H. G. Wells and the Czar of Russia, is a little precarious.

MIRACLE

OUT of the shapeless black putridity

Of a decaying fungus yonder in the wood,

I saw six little mushrooms draw their life—

Their firmness—their roundness—

Their whiteness—their soundness—

And I halted to greet God as best I could.

NINA BULL.

Helping God

PRIMITIVE peoples believe in magic rather than religion. When the God—embodied in some wooden image—doesn't grant their requests, they beat him or force him by some hocus pocus to do what they made him for. The God is powerful, but needs some human pressure or assistance.

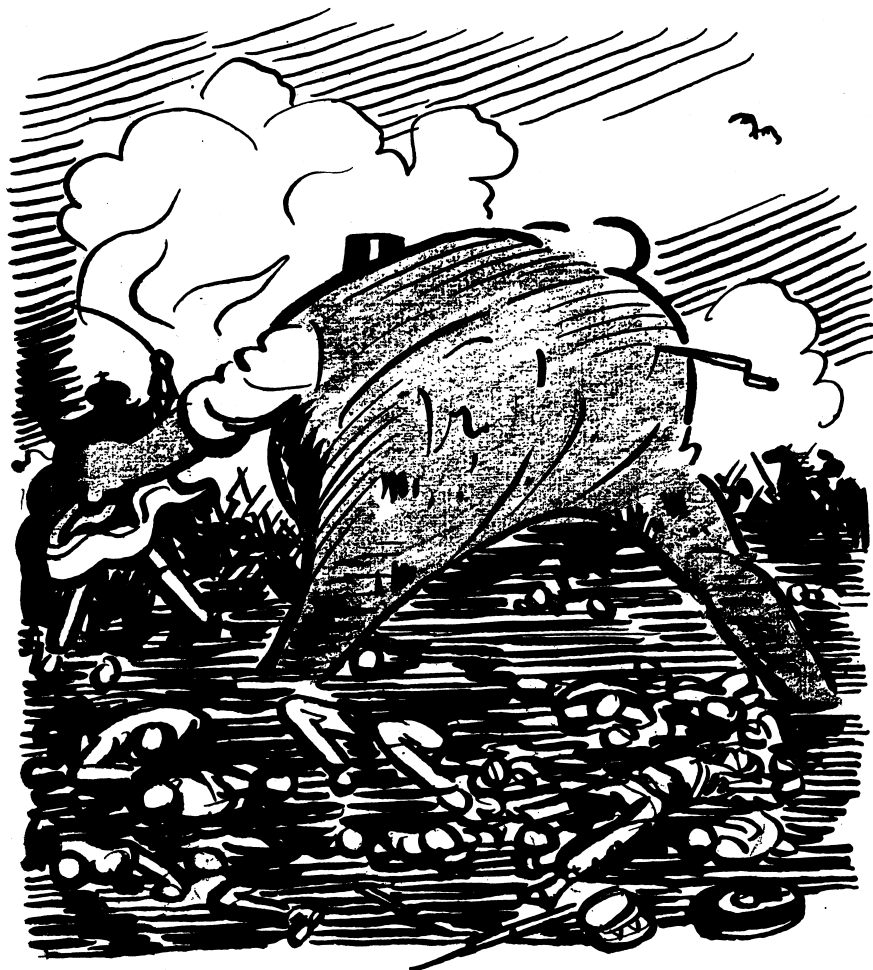
This seems to have been the idea of the German minister who is reported to have said: "God may not always side with the big guns, but big guns will certainly help Him make a right decision." Instead of asking God to help them, the German militarists are helping God—to reach a right decision. But those who can help God can punish him as well. What will happen if the Kaiser's bosom companion does not make the right decision? In view of the German militarists' well-known addiction to cruel and unusual punishments, we fear the worst.

Don't "Carp at Russia"

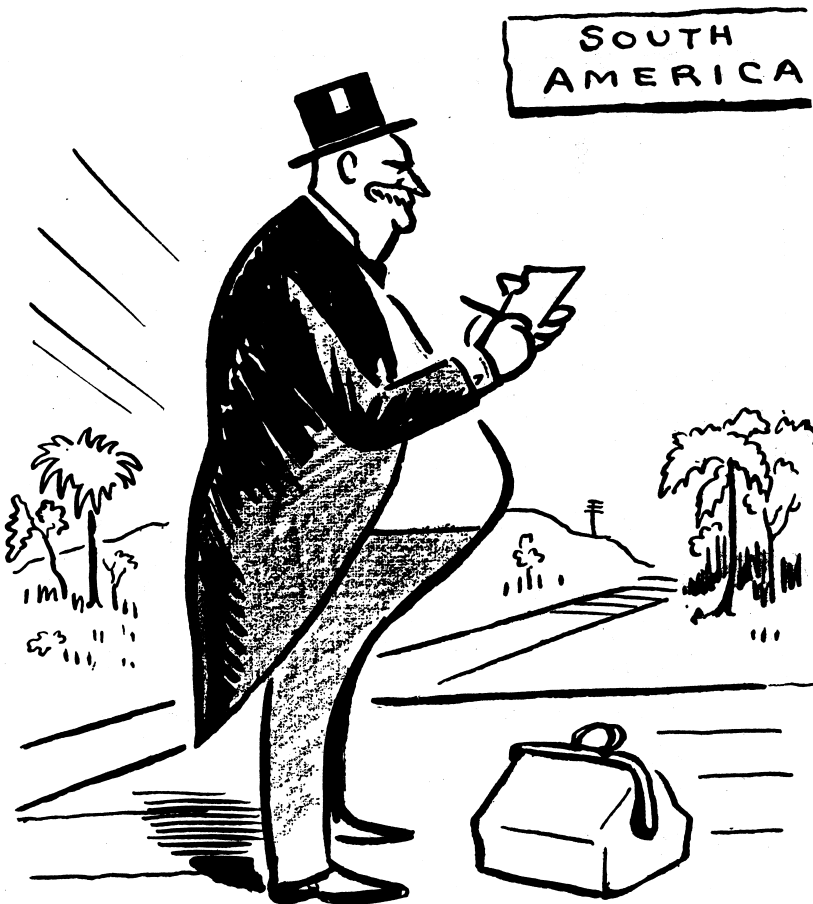
H. G. WELLS asks America not to carp at Great Britain's allies. He asks us "not to be too cynical about the Czar's promises," and tells us that the Czar has now restored the freedom of Finland and promised to reunite the torn fragments of Poland into a free kingdom.

Let us meet this suggestion half way. Let us agree to be no more cynical about the Czar's promises than is the Czar himself. He has already freed Finland twice and put her back twice into chains. He has broken his most sacred promises not only to Poland but to Russia. And finally he has declared that no autocrat can be bound—even by his own promises.

Will the Czar's new defenders kindly suggest some way to restore our credulity?



Drawn by Arthur Young.



Young

AS THE GAME IS PLAYED

WHILE EUROPEAN CAPITAL HAS HIS BACK TURNED—

AMERICAN CAPITAL WILL IMPROVE EACH SHINING HOUR.



STUART DAVIS

Drawn by Stuart Davis.

Get the Hook!



STUART DAVIS

Drawn by Stuart Davis.

Get the Hook!

Out of the World

HE is a Philosopher. He keeps hens and a peach orchard. The hens lay eggs, and the peach trees lay caterpillars. These he handles gently, as befits a Philosopher.

He lives in a Community, along with other people who believe in democracy, and cannot stand it: who have fled out of the world like the devout of old. Only they don't pray in this Community. They keep hens, contend with caterpillars, and preserve fruit and ideals.

The Philosopher is the most interesting of them all, being the most venerable and the most peculiar. He will not read the newspapers.

Being pressed for his reasons by an impious stranger who happens to be his neighbor for a few months, he says:

"Why should we read the papers? There is nothing new or interesting in them. It has been established that John Jones will blacken his wife's eye under certain circumstances. Yet the papers keep on printing this every day as if it were something the world had not known. John Jones may live in a different street, or in a different town, or be of a different race, or blacken his wife's eye for a different reason, but it is all the same thing in the end. It repeats what has been well established: 'That Jones will blacken his wife's eye.' Why read it ten thousand times and pay for it every time?"

And it is the same, the Philosopher explains, with politics and religion and love and assassination. And when you recall Savonarola and Roosevelt and Peter-the-Hermit and Mrs. Eddy and Helen of Troy and Evelyn Thaw and Cassius and Huerta, you feel there is something to the Philosopher's view.

But the stranger argues just the same. He buys eggs from the Philosopher, and with the immemorial custom of the trader he converts every occasion of purchase into an opportunity for argument.

The war in Europe seemed a magnificent opening. But the Philosopher parried bravely at first.

"I have always known," he explained with reluctant severity, "that one man will kill another man; that fact has been established ever since Cain killed his brother. Now it is a matter of no importance to me which one is killed, or how many. There is nothing new in it. I have always known that man is a murderer."

Then the stranger said in his heart: "I will educate this man." So he read the war news to the Philosopher with brutal assiduity every evening.

It was on the evening of that day when the Allies broke the power of the invaders and the newspapers dripped gore and viscera from seven front page columns, that the end came.

The stranger was happy; he had the greatest story of the war to read to the Philosopher that evening. He found the Philosopher sitting on the doorstep of his small house. He was lost in contemplation of nature. It was such an evening as might well impress even a matter-of-fact outsider. The sunset splashed crimson waves over the fields. Above the poplars at the end of the Philosopher's garden a cloud with a savior's face was dying in agony. Near the porch rail by the Philosopher's side an aged rose was nodding its last farewells to two bright young rosebuds.

When the outsider saw the Philosopher steeped in his dream of peace, his heart softened. He put the paper into his pocket. Another time, he thought, would do just as well.

The Philosopher hailed him with the high sign of brotherhood, the uplifted palm, for he excluded no man that evening.

"I say," began the Philosopher when the outsider had sat down beside him, "I have been reading those newspapers you left behind you last night."

The outsider was awed. He did not speak. He waited in solemn silence to hear what the wise old man would say about this world-cataclysm.

"And I see," the Philosopher went on, looking into the sunset, "that the war in Europe has raised the price of eggs. The dozen you ordered last night will cost you eight cents more." E. McK.

The War of Lies

FOOD is as important to armies as ammunition—but more important than either is an unflinching supply of lies. You simply cannot murder your enemy in the most efficient manner if you know he is in every essential the same kind of a man as yourself.

Governments have tried to lay up a sufficient stock of lies before wars start, but always in vain. The progress of popular intelligence scraps such lies almost as fast as they are manufactured. The only safe way is to produce an entirely new stock in the panic days immediately before the war, when the people have no time or inclination to think, and are cut off from all communication with the other side. After the war starts, of course, the industry may be indefinitely continued.

This should be borne in mind in reading tales of the barbarous atrocity of soldiers, now on one side and now on the other.



Drawn by Maurice Becker

"Teacher! He's firing dum-dum bullets at me!"

Hurrah for the German Socialists!

THE German Socialist Party, by supporting the credit of the German government and stamping the war as defensive, seems to have done about all it could do to help the Kaiser. Bourgeois peace-makers as well as the Socialists of other countries are horrified, as they may well be—at first thought.

Second thought and a little arithmetic should lead to another conclusion. For over a year the German Party has been seriously divided, especially on the question of militarism—and the cables show that the division continues in this crisis, even in the Central Committee. Of the 112 members of the Reichstag, between forty and fifty stand with Karl Liebknecht as radical anti-militarists, though the Party has bound them to vote as a unit with the majority. The division in the last Party Congress was in the same proportions. What does this mean?

It means that there is in Germany a "patriotic" social reform group of some 700,000 paying members, which controls the Socialist Party. But it also means that there is another genuinely international Socialist group of at least 400,000 members, which still stands against the war. The former group is no more Socialist than the "Socialist Reform" group, which was lately thrown out of the Italian Party and now forms a separate organization. The same friendly separation is overdue in Germany.

In the meanwhile the 400,000 Socialists in the German Socialist Party are the largest, best organized, and probably in every way the strongest body of Socialists in the world to-day.

These are the only German Socialists, and they are not the "traitor workmen" to whom the great French Marxist Guesde—now a member of the French Cabinet—refers. The traitor workmen are the social reformers and labor aristocrats who have captured the machinery of the German Party. The German Socialists have lost control of their party, but they have stood firm up to the present, and we haven't the slightest doubt that they will prove their revolutionary quality before the war is at an end.

WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING.

Touchy Royalty

KARL LIEBKNECHT, the Socialist leader, was to be tried before a court of honor in Germany for calling the Kaiser's cousin Nicholas "a blood-Czar and a lying Czar."

It is reported that the charges have been dismissed since Liebknecht has gone to the front against that same beloved cousin.

Prize Press Pearl

"A REMARKABLE change has come over the Finns. Whereas formerly they treated some of the Russian officials as they deserved, they are now co-operating with them.

"As a reward for their loyalty, the Finns are earnestly hoping that Russia will at last realize that she has nothing to fear from the Finns, not even in time of war."—London Daily News.



MB.

Drawn by Maurice Becker

“Teacher! He’s firing dum-dum bullets at me!”



MB.

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“Teacher! He’s firing dum-dum bullets at me!”



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

THE MASSES, October, 1914.

AFTERWARDS

He: The War's Over. You can go home now, and We'll run things
She: You go put up that gun, and perhaps We'll let you help



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MOTHERS STILL

Helen Hull

THE CHILD sat up, clutching her nightgown together over her thin neck. She thrust one foot out of bed, shivering as it touched the floor. Then she waited. Some low noise reached her; she plunged out and crept along the hall to the head of the stairs. The room below was dark. The noise came again. She seized the railing and stepped down one step, two steps, three. There she could see around the railing to the foot of the stairs, where in the dim bar of light from the corner street lamp crouched a woman, her face close to the glass.

The child clung to the rail, trying to stop the chattering of her teeth. She couldn't clench them, and they were so noisy that she put one hand across her mouth, and reluctantly started down toward the figure. The noise came again; a hoarse grating "Oh-h."

The child's lips moved against her tight hand. "I won't cry tonight. I won't cry tonight." A step creaked and she paused. The woman made the sound again.

Two more steps, fearful, slow. The child took her hand from the rail and dragged it across to the shoulder of the woman.

"Mother, come up—to bed—"

The woman started violently, turning her face, a distorted blur in the faint light.

"Go back to bed! What are you down here for?"

"Won't you come, too, mother?" The child tried to take the restless hands of the woman.

"Go away! Leave me alone! Go away!" The woman's voice broke high. She rose to her feet, pushing the child away. "Leave me alone!"

She turned into the dark room, and with irregular feet walked across, back, across, on into the library, stumbling against a chair.

The child crouched on the stair, huddling her body against the railing. "I won't cry," she said. Then she listened. On and on went the feet, stopping, beginning. Words, too, but she couldn't make them out. Poor mother! Where was her father? Was it very late? Why couldn't men come home at exactly a time? Or if they didn't, why couldn't you just go to bed, anyway? She wouldn't cry, even if the low, muttering voice did come out of the dark. She was cold. The spindles pressed into her thin body. The clock on the landing above her ticked interminably against the silence. She—she was sleepy. She wouldn't cry! She sat up with a start; she would get her kitten. Then she wouldn't wish to cry. She climbed the stairs with caution. At the head she deliberated. She would go down the rear stairs; the kitten might be in the cellar-way. She went along the hall carefully to the very end. There she closed a door that stood ajar. She always closed that. Hulda slept on the third floor, and always pretended not to know, the next morning. The child couldn't bear to think that perhaps she did know. She put away resolutely the thought of Hulda's strong, warm arms; they had held her one night when the house was full of nurses and doctors for her mother. Then the child started down the steep kitchen stairs.

A dim light burned in the kitchen. The child scurried across to the cellar door. Her hand on the knob, she waited. Another noise? This came from the cellar-way. A strange, low sound; a purr, but not a quiet purr. It was alive, glad. The child glowed all over her cold little body at the sound. It was so glad that it went straight into her heart. Was it her kitten, trying to comfort her? She pulled open the door, and

dropped to her knees by the market basket on the step.

The sound ceased abruptly. At the child's soft "Kitten? My kitten? Are you there?" it began again. The child put her hand into the basket and then with a faint scream drew back. What had she touched? Something that squirmed! The low ecstatic purr went on. The child gathered her courage, and pulled the basket into the light. Then, she saw. She stared and stared, holding her face quite close, while the vibrations of the irregular purr tingled from her ears through her heart down to her toes.

Squirming, blind, confused, they were—kittens! And the child's own kitten was washing them, laving them.

"Why, kitten!" The child tried to laugh. "What—what have you done?"

She clasped her hands, swaying slightly. She had no knowledge of this thing before her, for she was young and strangely without curiosity. What she had learned of the real ways of the world pleased her so little that she seldom came out of her fancies to learn more. But as she watched her kitten, as she listened to the triumphant purring, she knew suddenly that the world held more than she had understood.

"Beautiful! kitten," she said. "Beautiful!"

She didn't know why it seemed beautiful. The new kittens were squirming and bedraggled. But the mother loved them! How she washed them and sang!

"You're a mother-cat, kitten." The child's voice thrilled in her throat. Her palms firm on the dusty step, she leaned over the basket and kissed her kitten between its ears. The she pushed the basket into place, rose, and closed the door. She stood for a moment listening to the purr that came faintly to her. Then tense with this wonder that flowered in her heart, she went through the pantry, on into the dining room. As the door swung behind her, the front door closed cautiously. She could see her father standing by the window.

Then she heard the thin taunting voice from the library.

"Did he tear himself away from his pretty friends?"

"Oh, come, Mary!" The child, struggling with the nausea that the night voices always caused her, heard him go into the library. She drew her hands against her ears, but she heard, far off, her father's voice.

"Don't be a fool and make a scene tonight. I had to stay on business. Come on."

Then her mother's shrill, "Don't touch me! Sot!"

"Calm yourself, Mary. You mustn't excite yourself. It's bad, in your condition."

"My condition! Calm!"

The child couldn't bear the high gasping laugh. Under her palms the beating of blood in her ears vibrated strangely like her kitten's purring. She hurried back to her room and crept into bed; she crawled down between the covers, pulling them tight against her ears, drawing her knees up to her chin, tense, cold, desperate. She could hear voices beating against the ceiling of the room beneath her—roars or mutters or shrieks. . . . After rocking for a wretched eternity on those waves of sound, she slept.

When the child came home after school the next day, the house was quiet, with the clean stillness of afternoon. Hulda was out. The door of the mother's room was closed. The child pressed tentative fingers against the knob, and then with a sigh came away. Probably her mother was sleeping. The kittens weren't in the cellar-way. She had a spasmodic fear that they had all

died; a few minutes of frantic search found the basket in a corner of the furnace room. Making a cushion of a piece of dusty sacking, she sat down to watch the kittens. They were all curled up, asleep; they were fluffier, although their tails were queer yet.

The child puzzled. It had been "Mother's Day" at school. Some mothers who didn't need to rest that day, were at school. The children had said verses. "A mother is the—no, a—mother still, the holiest thing alive." The child had liked that one, because of her kitten. She had tried to tell about her kitten, but a boy had laughed, and the teacher said, "Another time." So she repeated it now to the cat. "A mother is a mother still." She wasn't at all sure about the meaning, but it said something to the feeling the basket had given her. Her head drooped. The furnace room was warm. She would lie down with the kittens. One arm around the basket, one under her head, she curled up on the floor and slept.

The mother cat, jumping out of the basket and making off up the stairs, did not waken her. Later, with a shudder, she opened her eyes. It was dark, with voices. Was it still night?—or another night? She sat up wearily, holding her breath that she might listen. She was in the cellar. The voices were above her. Her mother's, and another, not her father's. Hulda? Were they quarreling, too? She walked to the stairs. Even there she couldn't distinguish words. Her mother was angry. Poor Hulda! Up the stairs went the child. She pushed the door open. Hulda sat at the kitchen table, crying, her round, pink face swollen and homely. The mother stood with her back to the door.

"Where is the man?" She sounded very angry.

The child clasped her hands with a hopeless little sigh. Hulda was picking at the edge of the white oil-cloth on the table with large, red fingers, while tears slipped over her cheeks.

"I don't know."

"Perhaps you don't know which man!"

Hulda's hands dropped to her lap. How tight her waist strained over her full bosom! The buttons would surely fly off! She did not raise her eyes as she spoke.

"I sent him away."

"Sent him! Huh! You'd better send again. You can make him marry you now."

"I won't. Poor folks ain't got no right to marry."

"The sooner you send, the better."

"I won't." Hulda's cheeks quivered. "Tie him to me and babies—a new one every year—and him maybe making something of hisself alone. I sent 'im away."

"You—do you expect me to believe you let him go after he'd got you into trouble!"

"It wasn't trouble then. I didn't know. I couldn't help it. But I—I made him go. I won't send for 'im."

Hulda's choked voice hurt the child. It felt too clogged up with tears. Her mother stepped nearer Hulda; her lowered voice rasped like sandpaper.

"Pfau! A man's duty is to his children and their mother, no matter what he wants. You're a shameless slut. Coming and thrusting yourself on respectable people, and now when I shouldn't be troubled! Pack up and get out of my house!"

"Mother! Oh, mother!" The child could not keep back the cry. She stiffened as her mother wheeled, hysterical hands beating at throat and breast.

"What are you doing here?"

"Nothing, mother! Don't—don't talk so. You'll be sick again. Hulda—" She smiled at Hulda pitifully.



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain

Why Not "See America First"?

"Don't speak to her. She's a bad woman. She's going away, at once!"

"Where to?" Hulda's tears had stopped. Her eyes were specks of bloodshot blue between swollen lids, but her lips were firm. "I ain't got no place to go. I could stay and work a while yet till your baby come. Then I could go off and—die with mine. I—loved him. I ain't bad. You— Bein' married don't make you good!"

"Insulted in my own house by a strumpet! Before my child!"

"She's heard worse," said Hulda grimly.

The mother dropped into a chair, her eyelids fluttering, her hands beating wildly. The child, kneeling, pulled the hands into her lap.

"There, mother, there!" Her heart in her throat made words difficult.

The door to the pantry swung slowly open. The child, tightening her fingers about her mother's hands,

waited, not breathing. Just as her mother moaned again, she saw. It was her father, home early, investigating affairs.

"What's the matter?" He came in uncertainly, looking at Hulda and the child. "What's wrong?"

"It's Hulda. Mother's sending her away."

"Oh, come, come." He stepped to the sink, and turned on the water with a loud splash. "Hulda ought to be careful not to excite your mother. It'll be all right."

The child shook her head. Sometimes her father's presence broke a difficult tangle. Today something too terrible for any lightness had thrown its net over them. Hulda, with frightened eyes, watched the father as he held the glass of water to the mother's lips. Wrenching one hand free, the mother knocked the glass away. Drops of water burned on the child's hand.

"Send that—that thing away!" The words were hot and dry, from parched lips.

"What have you done, Hulda? You should remember your mistress' condition. She has to be careful."

Hulda turned away.

"Maybe I have to be, too," she muttered.

"Eh?" The father lost his conciliatory smile. "Eh? What do you mean?"

Hulda faced him.

"I'm goin'," she said, "but maybe—maybe I have to be a mother, same's her."

The child dropped her mother's hand, and looked at Hulda's blotched face, lifted in a sort of strange dignity.

"A mother?" she said, in a whisper.

Her father touched her shoulder.

"Run on away. Go and play. Go and play with your kitten."

She looked up at him despairingly.

"My kitten? She's a mother, too. Oh!" she stammered, "tell me—a mother—. Tell me—why 'a mother is a mother still the holiest thing alive?'"



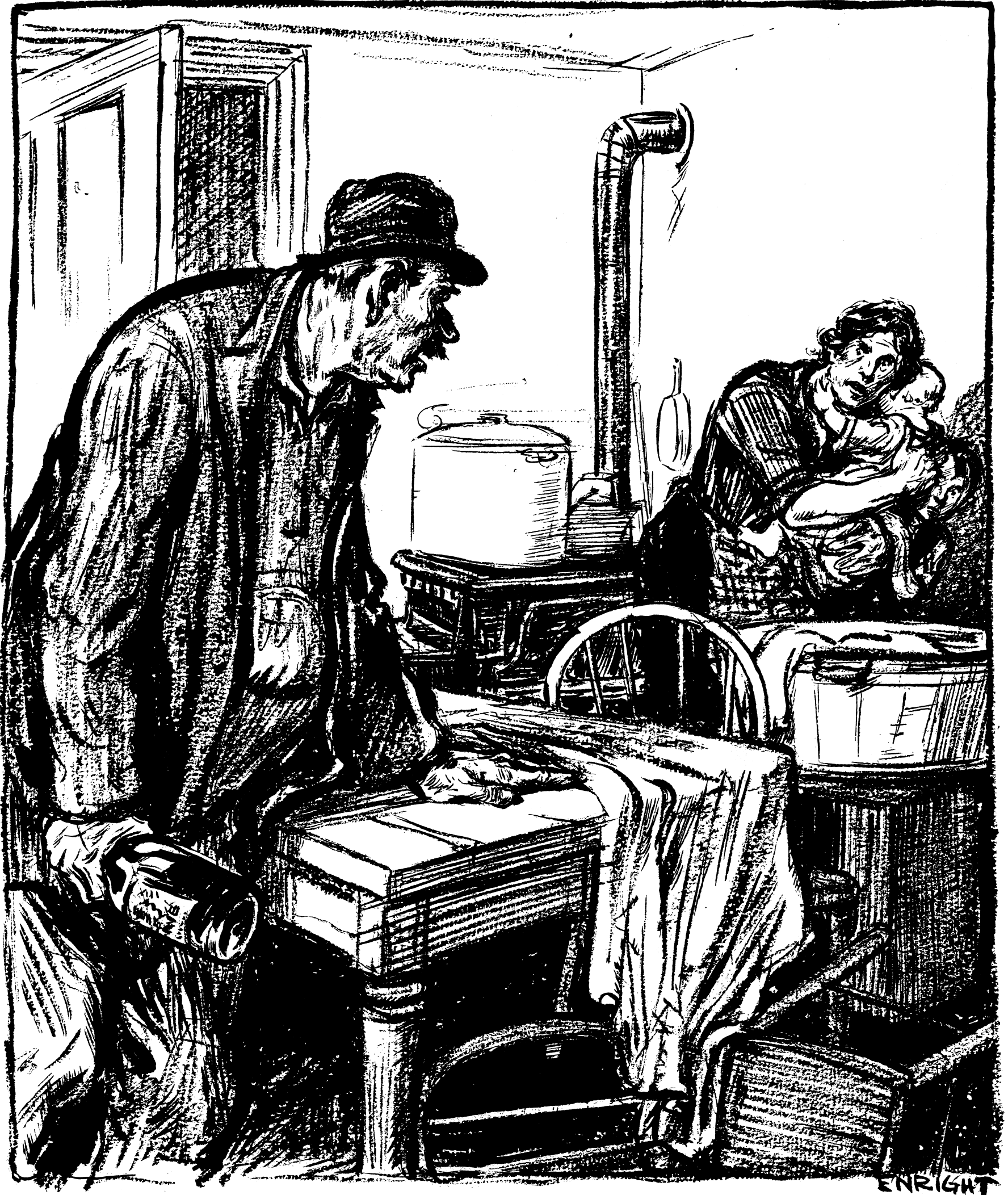
Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain

Why Not "See America First"?



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain

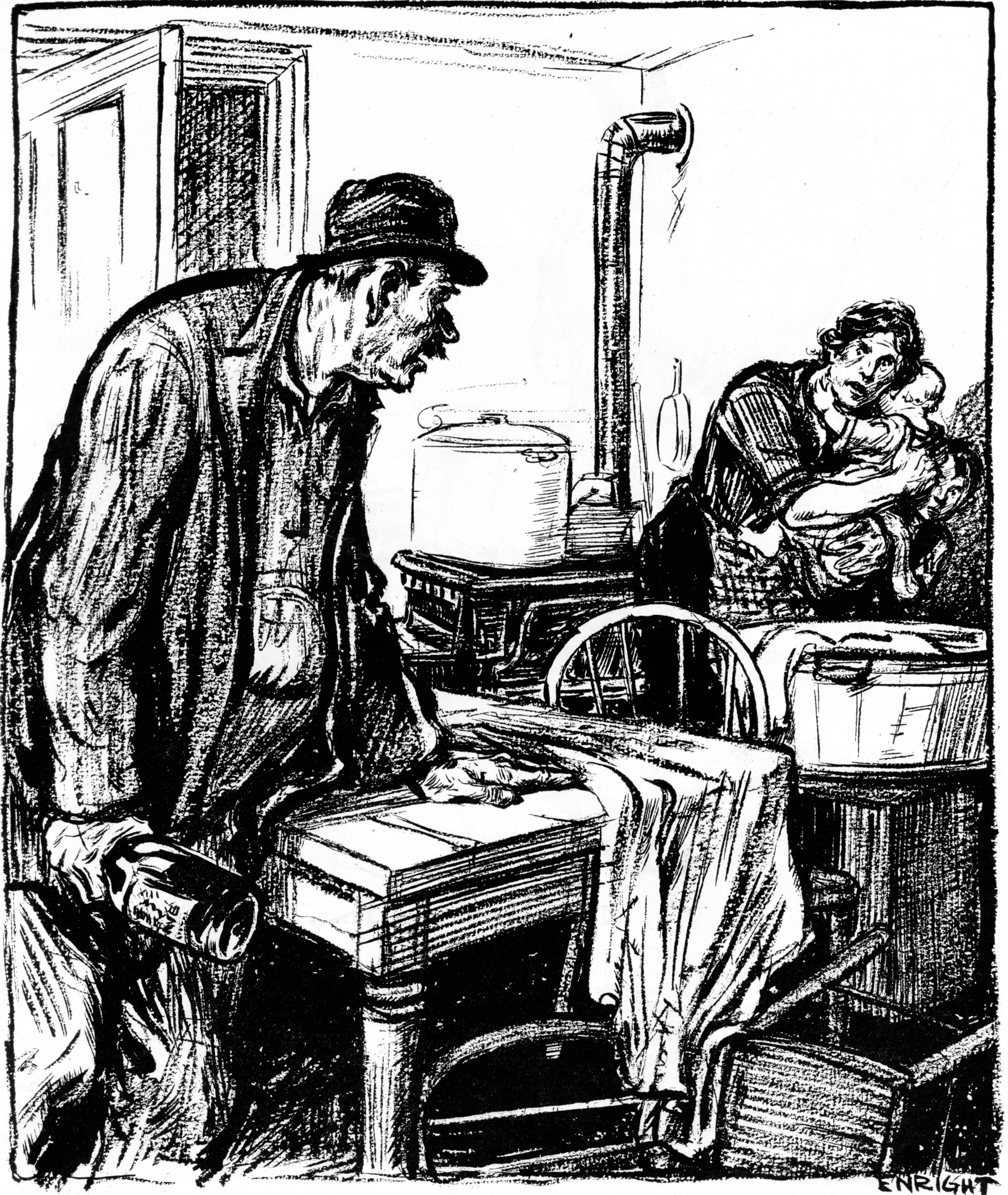
Why Not "See America First"?



Drawn by W. J. Enright.

Incompatibility of Temperament

This is his way of enjoying life. It is not her's. But she can't get a divorce in New York. Can she in your state?



Drawn by W. J. Enright.

Incompatibility of Temperament

This is his way of enjoying life. It is not her's. But she can't get a divorce in New York. Can she in your state?

This Will Happen Tonight

I WAS sent by the "Outlook" to Russia at the time of the war with Japan.

One night with a Russian friend, on a train whose fifth class cars—cattle cars and nothing more—were packed with wounded men from the Front—out of one of those murky traveling hells we pulled a peasant boy half drunk, and by the display of a bottle of vodka we got him to come with us to our second class compartment ahead.

He pulled off his coat and showed his right arm. From the shoulder to the elbow ran a grim festering swollen sore. Amputation was plainly a matter of days. But it was not to forget that event that this peasant kid had jumped off at each station to spend his last kopecks on vodka. No, he was stolidly getting drunk because, as he confided to us, at dawn he would come to his home town and there he knew he was going to tell twenty-six wives that their men had been killed. He laboriously counted them off on his fingers, each wife and each husband by their strange long Russian names. Then he burst into half-drunken sobs and pounded the window ledge with his fist.

It was the fist of his right arm, and the kid gave a queer sharp scream of pain. He looked to be about sixteen.

This is happening in Europe tonight.

ERNEST POOLE.

That Bloodthirsty Kaiser!

"WE must play a great part in the world, and . . . perform those deeds of blood, of valor, which above everything else bring national renown. By war alone can we acquire those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life."

The reader doubtless recognizes in the above the familiar strain of thought of that semi-barbarian, William II. And the reader is right.

This particular expression, however, came from the pen of our dearly beloved Theodore Roosevelt. How he must envy the Kaiser now!

Dodging the Russian Censor

THE Russian Poles did not take the Czar's promise of Polish liberty very seriously, though they could not attack it openly.

Fortunately the Germans and Austrians made some large sized promises about the same time, and this gave the Russian Polish press its opportunity—as may be seen from the following editorial. (The Poles have become masters of the art of reading between the lines. But as Americans are less trained in this direction we have brought out the point by *italics* and editorial brackets.):

"Promises of rulers are made for the purpose of confusing the national conscience of the Poles. Our country will be the theater of war for German and Austrian [and Russian] troops, and on *all* sides we are promised independence.

"Some of our countrymen in Posen and Galicia [and Russian Poland], enticed by German and Austrian [and Russian] promises are helping these governments. In the name of our country we appeal to *all* Poles not to be carried away by promises, but to remain cool and accomplish those duties laid on us."

The duties laid on the Poles—by themselves—are clear: To encourage the Russians and Germans to kill one another as much as possible.

A BAD BUSINESS

"War threatens our labor supply."—*News item.*

A SHUDDER at this dreadful war,
The slaughter and the decimation,
The carnage and the seas of gore—
And falling off of immigration.

I read each day with bated breath,
Of murderous work with gun and sabre,
It's terrible! when every death
Adds *that* much to the price of labor.

And oh! the waste of thousands slain
And maimed, just for the merest shadow;
At least it had been someone's gain
If they had died in Colorado,

Or digging subways 'neath our streets,
Or smelting lead or weaving cotton,
Inscribed upon our balance sheets
Their names would never be forgotten.

So war, I say, is Purgatory,
That leads men to ignoble ends,
And takes from them the fame and glory
Of dying for our dividends.

HUGO SEELIG.

How To Help England

[From an editorial in the London Times, August 12.]

THE response to Lord Kitchener's appeal has been and continues to be satisfactory. . . . But it will be necessary to keep up the stream for a long time yet. . . .

"We would therefore in particular urge all those who have men of suitable age and vigor in their employment to take active steps in facilitating their enlistment at once. We are . . . thinking of the large numbers of footmen, valets, butlers, gardeners, grooms and gamekeepers, whose services are more or less superfluous and can either be dispensed with or replaced by women without seriously hurting or incommmoding anybody. There are also thousands of adult golf caddies, greenkeepers and other active ministers of sport and games whose enlistment in the service of the king would benefit their country, themselves, and even those who ordinarily employ them. The well-to-do classes are, as a whole, responding finely to the call made by this sudden and great emergency, which has not been equalled for a century. They are contributing money and personal service without stint; but many of them may not perhaps have realized yet how large a reserve of the national manhood is represented by those who serve their personal comforts and gratification."

CUSTOM

WE have some customs that are rather odd;
The strangest are our compliments to God.

We tell him of his greatness; we explain
How much we love him—and then ask for rain.

We say, "Omnipotent, oh thou Unknown
We bow to Thee," then strike him for a loan.

We strive and toil and win, with work and grit
And then most humbly thank our God for it.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

Sanguinary Trifles

In the Indignational League

ENGLAND'S indignation over the fact that Germany many violated Belgium's neutrality before Britain had a chance to do so was matched by the Kaiser's horror over the violation of China's neutrality by the Japanese. Then came the Czar's righteous anger at finding a cat-o'-nine-tails on board a captured German vessel. So the score as we go to press is 2 to 1 in favor of the Allies.

A Credulous Deponent

THUS says an executor of the will of the late Madame Nordica:

"Your deponent fears that by reason of the conditions at present existing on the other side of the water where your deponent is informed and verily believes there is a war raging—"

The Poor Man's Tipple

WHATEVER differences of opinion there have been about taxing incomes, gasoline and wine, all hands agree that the deficit in the treasury should be made up by an increased tax on beer.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S island is now reached by wireless. Couldn't it be fitted up with open plumbing and electric lights and made into a nice, comfortable St. Helena for a certain party?

"CZAR Smashes Through Foe in Rush to Berlin. Thousands of Prisoners Taken and Guns Seized in Galicia." So runs a headline. And all these years we thought he was an under-sized man with wabby legs.

Neither does he lack courage. "I am resolved to go to Berlin itself," he is reported to have said, "even if it costs me my last *moujik*."

Happy Russia to have as its ruler a man who will shed his last subject for his country!

ANOTHER headline: "Austrian Kaisers Death Momentarily Expected." We take no stock in these Austrian promises. They had him at death's door away back in the early summer.

A PAMPHLET published shortly before the war hails Franz Josef as a sturdy disciple of peace. And Wilhelm was nominated for the Nobel peace prize. The nomination was withdrawn but the pamphlet still goes on its hilarious way.

WILLIAM SULZER has accepted the Prohibitionists' nomination for governor and is now sticking the harpoon into the demon rum. It would be a joke on Sulzer if the Prohibitionists didn't get any campaign contributions.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

Sign of the Times

TODAY I passed a church on Seventh Avenue, where the pastor in despair of bringing a congregation through the doors had abandoned the interior and was shouting orthodoxy at the people going by upon the street.

"Tom Paine," he shouted, and a good many necks turned at that sound, "Tom Paine declared that in a hundred years from his time there would be no churches in America—"

"Suppose he had said *empty* churches!" interrupted a speculative youth who was glancing through the doors. But his voice was only half audible, as though he felt that the old controversy had lost its charm.

SOCIALISM IN CHINA

Kiang Kang Hu*

THE forcible dissolution of the Socialist Party of China a year ago by order of the military dictator, Yuan Shi Kai, attracted little attention in the American press. It was a party that had grown up so swiftly that even the Socialists of America hardly knew of its existence, let alone of its power and influence.

Yet it was so large and powerful as to arouse the fear of the despot, Yuan Shi Kai, and to call for the most bloody methods of suppression. The mere facts will astonish anyone not acquainted with the nature of the Chinese people, as revealed by recent history.

In 1911 the first Socialist group was formed, and the first Socialist paper started. In three months, under the impetus of the First Revolution, the movement spread all over China. Within two years its membership had grown to 500,000. Thirty Socialists had been elected to the parliament of the newly established Republic at Peking, and Socialist measures had been introduced. There were in existence more than fifty Socialist newspapers. Socialist free public schools had been established, a Socialist trade union organized, a woman's auxiliary started, and immense quantities of leaflets and pamphlets distributed. Most curiously Chinese of all, Socialist theatrical organizations were touring the country from end to end with Socialist plays.

In view of these facts, which only one who has seen the tremendous development of revolutionary ideas in China recently can well believe, it is not strange that the bloody hand of Yuan Shi Kai should have fallen on the Socialist movement. That the despot took the movement seriously is shown by the decree of dissolution which he issued August 8, 1913:

"The Socialist Party of China is using the cloak of a political party in order to conceal its evil designs. These demagogues would coerce the government and flatter the people for their own evil ends. They are a danger to peace and law and order. They advocate violence and assassination. Therefore they have incurred the displeasure not only of the government, but of the people as well. Many letters have been received from officers of Tien Tsin, Peking and elsewhere, warning us against Socialist plots and conspiracies. Many foreign Anarchists have joined them in order to disturb the international peace. The Socialist Party of China is not like the Socialists of other countries, who merely study Socialism. If we do not put an end to their activities, a great outburst will follow.

"Therefore we have issued this decree calling upon the Provincial Governments and Generals to dissolve the Socialist Party of China wherever found, and to arrest the leaders.

"Thus law and order can be preserved.

"YUAN SHI KAI,

"President of the Republic."

The decree was carried out. Everywhere the branches of the Socialist Party were forcibly broken up by troops, their treasuries confiscated, and their leaders arrested and executed. Not only that, but the homes and places of business of those known to be members of the Socialist Party were looted or confiscated.

The National Headquarters of the Party alone escaped, being located in English Town, Shanghai. But

the whole fabric of the organization was effectually, for the time being, destroyed.

In order to make it clear how such an organization as this could come to exist in China, it is necessary to understand two things. One is that in China the propaganda of such doctrines as Republicanism and Revolutionism come with all the tremendous blasting power of the New. The Chinese have not been inoculated against these ideas. The Chinese mind in the first years of this century was virgin soil.

The other thing to understand is that the sentiment of Communism is very strong in China, having lasted from primitive times in the form of various customs and institutions. And industrially China is still in the handicraft stage of production: Capitalism has not yet brought in the philosophy of individualism as it has in the Western world. So the idea of the common ownership of the means of production is no strange and curious conception to the people of China. They do not have to overcome a century of capitalist education before they can believe in Socialism.

In the last decade there had been scattered here and there in small groups throughout the Empire a few people who studied and advocated Humanitarianism, Communism and Socialism. But these groups had no connection with each other, and their ideas were for the most part vague and misty. But they furnished in a few cases an impetus for the starting of radical newspapers. These newspapers had as their purpose the introduction of new ideas into the country.

Chief among the methods of introducing new ideas was the translation of Western authors. There were thus published in Chinese portions of the writings of Balzac and Victor Hugo, of Byron and Shelley, of Dickens and Mark Twain, of Goethe and Heine, and, later on, of Kropotkin, Marx, Engels and Bebel.

The revolutionary ideas of these poets and writers served to educate the readers of these newspapers, and incidentally their editors. I, Kiang Kang Hu, was an editor of one of these papers, being at the same time a professor in the University of Peking. Coming in contact with the doctrine of Socialism in this way, I became interested, and finally converted. Especially did I admire and value the master-work of August Bebel, "Woman Under Socialism." So profoundly did it influence me that I began an agitation for the establishment of schools for women—a thing which had been undreamed of before in China. The agitation was successful, and many schools were set up.

Full of this idea, I went in June, 1911, on a lecturing tour through the Che Kiang province, speaking on "Woman and the Socialist Movement." This speech was issued in pamphlet form and had a tremendous circulation. Then the storm of official displeasure broke over me. The Viceroy of the Province ordered my arrest. My newspaper and pamphlet were confiscated, and with due solemnity publicly burned. I, disguised as a porter, escaped to English Town, Shanghai, where I was safe from arrest. This was the first instance on record of the prosecution of a Socialist in China.

It was also the beginning of the Socialist movement. On July 10, 1911, I organized a Socialist Club in Shanghai, and on the same day the *Socialist Star*, the first Socialist paper in China, made its appearance.

This Socialist Club of Shanghai was originally organized more to study Socialism than to propagate it.

About fifty men and women were members of the group, and earnestly they studied the Socialist classics.

But meanwhile, the First Revolution had started in the South, at Hankow. On November 3, 1911, Shanghai fell into the hands of the revolutionists. Then the club changed its name to the Socialist Party of China, and organizers were sent out into the Southern provinces, where many new branches were organized. The *Socialist Star* became a daily, and had a wide circulation. The party membership increased with enormous rapidity. *The Shi Hui Tong, or Socialist Party, was the first political party as such in China.* On November 5, 1911, it met in its first annual convention at Shanghai and adopted a platform.

These Socialists, though not clear Marxists, having so recently been drawn into the movement, were nevertheless enthusiastic in earnest in their desire to establish a Socialist Republic. They declared in their preamble for the common ownership of the land and the means of production, and then adopted the following eight planks as a working platform:

1. The Establishment of a Republican Form of Government. (This was necessary in any case, as under the old imperial form of government no freedom of organization existed.)

2. The Wiping Out of All Racial Differences. (It should be stated that at that time the Republicans were inflaming the race-hatred of the Han or pure Chinese race against the governing Manchus, and the Manchus in return preaching a race-war against the Hans. While the Socialists favored a Republic, they could not accept the Republican doctrine of race-hatred.)

3. The Abolition of All the Remaining Forms of Feudal Slavery and the Establishment of the Principle of Equality Before the Law. (Girls are still sold into slavery in China, and people are sometimes sold for debt.)

4. The Abolition of All Hereditary Estates. (China has a vast agricultural population, which suffers under absentee landlordism. Many of the actual tillers of the soil are living under the most miserable conditions, and are at the mercy of the land-owners. The agrarian question is one of the greatest problems in China today.)

5. A Free and Universal School System, on Co-educational Lines, Together with Free Text-Books and the Feeding of School Children. (The great bulk of the people of China cannot read and write. There are as yet no public schools. If the Socialist movement would build upon permanent foundations, it must unremittently carry on an educational propaganda. With a population steeped in illiteracy this would be impossible.)

6. The Abolition of All Titles and Estates. (The ruling class up to the present time has been based on the ownership of huge estates.)

8. The Abolition of the Army and Navy.

This platform was used by the thirty Socialists elected to the first Parliament at Peking as their working program. They introduced into Parliament a measure for equal, direct and secret suffrage; a measure for the establishment of public schools; a measure for the abolition of all personal taxes. A measure to create an inheritance tax; a measure to abolish capital punishment; a measure to reduce the standing army; a measure to abolish girl slavery. None of these measures came up for a final vote, for before that time the

* Author of "China and the Social Revolution," a pamphlet published by the Chinese Socialist Club, 1045 Stockton St., San Francisco.

Parliament had been dissolved by the soldiers of Yuan Shi Kai.

The Party had by this time over 400 branches in China, each with its official teachers and readers—for a great part of the membership could not read. Agitators and organizers, most of them working without pay, were sent out broadcast. The Party owned its own printing plant, and published three official papers, the *Daily Socialist Star*, the *Weekly Socialist Bulletin*, and the *Monthly Official Bulletin*. Among the pamphlets and leaflets which were printed at this plant and sent out in great quantities, one of the most popular was "The Communist Manifesto." In addition, many branches printed their own local papers, and at one time there were over fifty of these in existence. Then, too, there were between ten and fifteen privately owned papers which supported the Socialist Party. The extreme left of the Young China Association leaned strongly toward the Party, and the columns of many Young China papers were open to the Socialists.

The most important of the free public schools established by the Party was situated at Nanking. This school had an attendance of over eight hundred. Free public kindergartens were also established by the Party.

A very curious part of the Party organization was the Socialist Opera and Orchestra Company. In China, actors and musicians are very low caste. After the First Revolution, many of these joined the Party, and the Party organized them into several theatrical companies, which toured the country, playing symbolical Socialist plays, and proving themselves an invaluable adjunct to the Party propaganda.

The woman's organization had for its main work the furthering of the agitation for woman's suffrage. This organization had at one time close to one thousand members, and in addition many women belonged directly to the Party itself. Schools for women were started by the Party, and had a large attendance.

The trade unions organized by the Party were made an inherent part of the Socialist movement, in conformity to the idea that economic action is equally necessary with political action in the work of revolution.

In addition, the Party collected funds for the sufferers in the famine districts, and in other places where there was need.

Meanwhile, an Anarchist movement had grown up in China. Some of the Anarchists joined the Socialist Party and sought to foist their views upon it. These two hostile schools of thought came to open battle at the second annual convention of the Party. Finding themselves in a hopelessly small minority, the Anarchists split off and formed the "Pure Socialist Party." Sha Kan, who had been a member of the Socialist Party, was the leader of the new organization. The "Pure Socialist Party" advocated the individual expropriation of property holders. It advocated assassination. It is not at all strange that this organization soon became a cloak and a mask for a gang of highway robbers and thieves whose acts could not be distinguished from those of other criminals.

During the Second Revolution this "Pure Socialist Party" organized a Chinese Red Cross Society, whose sole object was to collect money from credulous and sympathetic people. The International Red Cross Association exposed them, and Sha Kan was captured and shot.

The "Pure Socialist Party" and other Anarchist groups did much to discredit the Socialist Party of China. People confused one with the other, and when the reaction set in, the government craftily used this confusion to further its ends.

Already during the second year of its existence, the Socialist Party was meeting with bitter opposition.

This opposition came not only from the government, but also from the Republicans and from the Constitutional Monarchists. Nevertheless the Party continued to grow.

But Yuan Shi Kai was now extending his power and strengthening his army, with the intention of making his despotism secure. One by one the Republicans were skilfully worked out of place and power. Finally, Song Chi Ying, one of the leaders of the Young China Association, who had raised a voice of suspicion against Yuan Shi Kai, was assassinated, and though there was no direct proof, it was believed by all that the assassin had been paid to do his work by Yuan Shi Kai. The despot in the meantime had borrowed great sums of money from the foreign banks, without consulting Parliament as the constitution provided, and was using this money to strengthen his position.

All during the months of March and April, 1913, the Socialist Party held gigantic mass-meetings all over the country, at which they exposed the duplicity of the Provisional President, Yuan Shi Kai. Manifestos were issued calling upon him to resign. Yuan Shi Kai now surrounded the House of Parliament with troops, gave "presents" to many of the representatives, and was almost unanimously elected President of China.

In July, 1913, the Southern Provinces, tardily awakening to the danger of the situation, rose against Yuan Shi Kai. It was too late. The Second Revolution, after two months of sanguinary fighting in Shanghai, Hanking and elsewhere, was drowned in blood.

Parliament was dissolved and new elections ordered. All pretense of political freedom disappeared. The Young China Association was outlawed. The decree against the Socialist Party was issued. Everywhere the heads of Socialists and Republicans rolled in the dust.

The Socialist Party of China, as a party, has ceased

to exist. Most of the leaders of the organization, those who have not paid with their heads for their loyalty to the working class, have gone to foreign countries, where they are busy collecting money and laying plans for a new revolution. And in China itself the work is being carried on in secret by methods which cannot, at this time, be discussed. Suffice it to say that several brave comrades have already lost their lives in the hazardous work.

But there will be a Third Revolution, and the Socialist Party will again take its place in the Red International.

Involuntary Suicide

THE London papers have much patriotic satisfaction in what they term the "settlement" of the great Building Trades strike, the Marine Engineers', the Dockers' and Transport Workers' strikes, and the relinquishment by the railway men of their plans for a national walk-out.

Kipling rejoices that all our "petty social divisions and barriers have been swept away at the outset of our mighty struggle"—which does not mean that the working class have been invited to dine at Buckingham Palace, I suppose. What it means is that all men of low degree who possessed a glimmer of rebellion in them, have relinquished their own hopes and lined faithfully up under their rulers for the great sacrifice. To a casual view the hope of destroying capitalism is indefinitely postponed.

There remains the hope that capitalism will destroy itself. There will be enough Socialists on hand to bury it.



Drawn by Mary Gruening.

"Fine pig, eh? It near killed us, fattenin' him!"



Drawn by Mary Gruening.

“Fine pig, eh? It near killed us, fattenin’ him!”



Drawn by Mary Gruening.

"Fine pig, eh? It near killed us, fattenin' him!"

"WITHIN PRISON WALLS"

Benjamin J. Legere

IT is said to be impossible to review a book impartially when you know the author. And, unfortunately, I knew the author of this book.*

"Within Prison Walls" is the story of a week voluntarily spent in prison by a millionaire reformer, Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne—or "Tom" Osborne, as he used to like to have us call him at Auburn. That week of self-inflicted imprisonment was the climax of Mr. Osborne's career of experimentation with Auburn and its inmates. I, as a labor prisoner, was for a year one of the subjects of his experiments. While he was studying us, we were studying him.

As a result of this daily contact, I have a different impression of Mr. Osborne than one would get from the newspaper accounts of him, or from hearing him speak, or even from reading his book.

In his book he makes a great profession of democracy. In his practice he is found incapable of that. He "fraternizes" with the prisoners—patronizingly. And that patronage is promptly withdrawn if the prisoners are not sufficiently sycophantic, and appreciative of his philanthropy.

He speaks in his book of the prisoners' Mutual Welfare League, organized under his influence. He proposed to establish this organization on the basis of democracy and self-government. But when he learned that some of the prisoners knew what these things meant and were trying to realize them, he immediately crushed their attempt. Instead, he created a political machine after the Tammany pattern, through which he himself runs the League—meanwhile in his public life posing as an enemy of Tammany and its methods.

He expresses in his book a civilized disapproval of the cruelties of prison discipline. Yet in his work at Auburn I have heard him express approval of modes of discipline as fiendish as any practised anywhere today in prisons.

The case of Lavinsky is cited by him in his book as an example of the sort of official cruelty which he wishes to abolish. That helpless youth was dragged from his cell by three inhuman beasts in uniform, strangled, beaten, and thrown into the dungeon. My cell was but a few yards from the cell of Lavinsky, and I heard practically everything that occurred there that night. The facts were testified to by prisoners in the subsequent investigation. Mr. Osborne was in a position to assure the superintendent of prisons of the truthfulness of their testimony. Yet Benedict and Murphy, the officers guilty of beating up Lavinsky, are still on the job at Auburn. And one of the prisoners, an eye-witness of their brutal act, has been removed from his position as "trustee" and thrown into his cell in solitary confinement for several months, in consequence of his protest against that outrage. All this while Mr. Osborne has been in and out of the prison daily with power which made him practically warden.

In one respect Mr. Osborne's book will give to the discerning reader a true conception of Mr. Osborne. He has filled a large part of his book with accounts of the effect of his daring adventure of becoming a prisoner for a week, upon the inmates and officials of the prison, and with letters from convicts praising his heroism and self-sacrifice.

It is painfully evident from all this that Mr. Osborne wants to be thought of as a savior. He omits none of the sycophantic expressions of the prisoners who

catered to his egotism, the result being a fine eulogy of Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne.

To one who knows both the man himself and the writers of these letters, this part of the book is simply nauseating. Most of the men referred to by him as types of the finest characters in prison are—well, anything but that. While some of them have earned the profound contempt of every "square" man in the prison, as stool-pigeons of the worst type.

But if Mr. Osborne has no capacity for judging men, he might at least realize—as anyone not blind with egotism would realize—that the real men in the prison would find no reason for fawning over someone who had elected to endure for six days the hardships they are forced to endure for years.

He makes much of the enthusiasm and support of the rank and file of the convicts. Six days was not long enough to give him sufficient insight into prison psychology to understand that crushed and oppressed men will stand up and cheer anybody who will give them just a little more food or a little more freedom—and that effusive gratitude for such things as these is not a sign of virtue in the men but of something morally disintegrating in the system of which they are the victims.

But not all of the prisoners were as deeply impressed with his self-sacrifice as he would have us believe. I had a "kite" from one of the other prisoners which ran:

"If he would go and stand in one of the mills from which he draws his dividends and watch some of the women, pregnant young girls who will some day be mothers of criminals and prostitutes, if he would stand some night at eleven or twelve and watch them pulling trucks and tending his looms, he could see the cause of the effect he is now studying—or one of the causes. I feel like standing with him and pointing out the suicides, the lunatics, the misery, the despair of this place and say to him, 'God strike you dead, you and your likes, here is some of your work, you who have by your own confession never done a useful thing in your

life. Study it, study it well and may what you see here be with you till your dying hours.' And perhaps I would be wrong, as his class-feeling blinded him to the truth, or he is seeking the truth. I think not, but I would say to him, 'As the little child is now, so once was the biggest criminal here now. What caused the change?' I will not believe the old lie, 'innate badness,' but innate goodness destroyed. What did it? The same cause that gave him his millions."

The feeling of the prisoners in general, while not so clear as this, does vaguely identify Mr. Osborne with the forces that made them what they are. But only the boldest of them dare express anything like their real feelings. Under the rigors of the prison discipline, they become opportunists, and grasp eagerly at anything which promises any small alleviation of their suffering. And Mr. Osborne takes advantage of this condition, playing with them in the manner of the small boy who holds up a piece of meat before his dog, and makes him "sit up and speak for it."

Mr. Osborne has the power and influence to bring about important changes in the conditions at Auburn prison, which is in a sense his toy and amusement—just as their polo and yachting are to others of his class. But every improvement in conditions must be paid for by increased expressions of devotion from the thoroughly subjected prisoners to their benefactor.

Nevertheless, prison-reform is not by any means just a toy to him. He has a practical interest in the work. He wants to make the prisons more efficient. The economic cost of the prison as at present conducted worries him.

Even at that, though, he is not ready to make changes that involve immediate expenditure. It was very apparent to me in his book when he spoke of the prison food. He did not find it bad. On the whole, he thought it pretty good for a prison. Yet I have never found a prisoner who did not declare it rotten—and it is worse than that.

Some of us have agitated persistently for more and better food, but Mr. Osborne's answer always was that food cost money. He was willing enough to give the prisoners more fresh air and freedom, because it cost nothing; but food—that was another matter.

As prison literature, Mr. Osborne's book is not remarkable. That is not to be wondered at. Of all the prison books I know, only two seem to me to be profoundly true. One is Alexander Berkman's "Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist," and the other is Donald Lowrie's "My Life in Prison." But Berkman was a prisoner for fourteen years, and Lowrie served ten. If a briefer experience is to be made the basis of a book, I would rather see "My Life in Prison: The Story of an Hour and a Half in the Tombs," by Upton Sinclair, or "The Prison Memoirs of a Mayor: Being a Narrative of a Night in Herkimer Jail," by Dr. Lunn. For both these books might record interesting mental experiences at least.

Mr. Osborne's does not. Beyond the physical experiences of the six days of prison routine, he has little to narrate. It does not appear that he thought very much or very deeply about the things he was in the midst of. In fact, it hardly appears that he thought at all. Aside from the praise of his prisoners, duly recorded, the book is devoted to a monotonous repetition, in infinite detail, of the daily routine. The book is thus true to its subject in one respect. It is quite as tedious as a week in prison.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHER

WE are the dead, sprung fresh,
A thousand times at your call.
We are the quick, whose flesh
You have builded into your wall.

Not as your soldiers die,
Have we poured life's votive stream;
We have given it, sigh by sigh,
We have given it, dream by dream.

We have given the hope that dies,
When the last of youth departs;
We have given the light of our eyes,
And the song that lived in our hearts.

Our hands to the task are true,
Though our hearts, at length, are dead.
We have given our souls to you;
O City, give us our bread!

M. M.

*"Within Prison Walls," by Thomas Mott Osborne.

A HEAVENLY DIALOGUE

Charles Erskine Scott Wood

SCENE—The outskirts of Heaven. God is leaning over the crystal parapet, looking down upon the earth.

GOD: Jesus, those little animals of yours seem to be crazy. They are running about in circles.

(Jesus comes to the parapet and looks down.)

JESUS: Where?

GOD: There at that point they call Austria and Servia. You can hardly see it.

JESUS: What is the matter?

GOD: I don't know. The weather is fine. Crops are good. Look at them. They are having fits.

JESUS: Father, don't you take any interest in men?

GOD: Not the least. That is one of their superstitions. See, the excitement is spreading. It is like a conflagration. Now they are all whirling about in that patch called Russia. Now they are bitten in Germany. They run hither and thither.

JESUS: Look out, Father. Here comes a prayer.

GOD: I don't care.

JESUS: It is from the Chancellor of Germany.

GOD: I don't care.

JESUS: Shall I catch it?

GOD: If you want to.

JESUS: Here it is: "Almighty God. Bless our arms. Give us victory over our enemies——"

GOD: Same old thing.

JESUS: "Let our hearts beat true to thee, and the Fatherland and our fists on the breasts of the enemy."

GOD: What a comical remark.

JESUS: What shall I do with it?

GOD: Throw it down where Hell was. But look, the madness is spreading into that other ant hill—France. Now they are running wildly about.

JESUS: Perhaps the Devil is after them.

GOD: My Son, you know the Devil is dead.

JESUS: He may have been born again.

GOD: Possibly. We Immortals have a saying—"Every age has its devil and every breast its hell."

JESUS: I believe it is the Devil, seeking to devour them. Nothing else could drive them so crazy. See, it has jumped the ditch and all the people of that little island, England, are rushing frantically about and putting their toy ships into the water.

GOD: How quickly it has spread. Even as we looked the whole—what do you call it?—civilized world, or Christian world?

JESUS: Either, Father. They mean the same thing.

GOD: Humph!

JESUS: What did you say, Father?

GOD: Nothing. I say, even as we looked, the whole Christian world went crazy.

JESUS: But see, they are quiet in that tiny strip, Italy, where your agent lives.

GOD: My what?

JESUS: Your agent. What are you laughing at, Father?

GOD: There are so many.

JESUS: So many what?

GOD: So many agents who know my mind better than I do. They not

only know it, but they know they know it. I wish I were as sure of anything.

JESUS: Don't you think your agent, the Holy Father, has kept the people quiet in Italy?

GOD: No doubt he tried to, good old soul. But why didn't he succeed in France as well as in Italy? And look at my agent in Russia. No, Jesus, I have been watching these absurd creatures and I noticed that they were all right and getting along peaceably with each other, talking Brotherhood and Love as usual, till a bigger one with a ribbon and a child's rattle on his breast came out and said something. Then suddenly they all went crazy and ran around blindly. In Italy, when the big one with the child's rattle and the ribbon came out, the people just sat still and some of the women held up their babies. I saw in France that when the whole ant hill was slow to go crazy, the big one brought out some men who sounded brass horns, and instantly all there went crazy, too. In Italy even the men with the brass horns had no effect. The whole ant hill sat quiet. Then I saw that the big one was perfectly helpless unless he could set all the smaller ones crazy.

JESUS: But, Father, what does it all mean? What is going to happen?

GOD: Jesus, you know perfectly well what it means, but you will never admit it. It means that you are a perfect failure.

JESUS: O, don't say that, Father.

GOD: My Son, let us respect that which is greater than either of us, Truth. Those intellectual eunuchs who masquerade in your name, preaching brotherhood and tolerance with tyranny and patriotism in their hearts are blind. But you and I will look at things as they are.

JESUS: Yes, I want to do that.

GOD: For two thousand years you have preached brotherly love and there has never been a day of it. Not a day.

For two thousand years you have taught that color of the skin and nationality are nothing but that all men are brethren, and there has never been an hour of it. Not an hour.

For two thousand years you have declared, "Blessed are the meek. Blessed are the peacemakers," and have promised "Peace on earth. Good will to men." There has never been a minute of it. Not a minute. Look down there now. You know what is going to happen.

See the poor common people. See the oppressed. See the whole wretched, squirming mass of poverty stricken puppets, patient, obedient, suffering. They have piled up the strength of war by their labor and their bodies are the sacrifice to battle. They carry their gilded oppressors on their backs. They work for them in peace and now they are going to die for them. Men will shriek and women will moan. Even up here we shall smell blood and hear the groans. We shall see the black smoke of destruction; the ant hills filled with cripples and disease and the generations weakened. All the time your temples will be hypocritically snarling of peace and brotherhood and love. I shall be made sick with stale incense. Prayers will arise from each ant hill asking that I help it to devour the others. Then, indeed, will come peace—the peace of exhaustion; the peace of the charnel house. The workers will take up their dreary round more stooped than ever. No, my Son, your experiment of two thousand years has been rather a failure. Show me but once where you have changed War into Peace, Tyranny into Pity, Error into Truth.

JESUS: But, Father, two thousand years is not much. Think of the ages.

GOD: Perhaps so. Your animals do not interest me. They lack intelligence.

JESUS: Here come a flock of prayers.

GOD: I knew it. From Petersburg, Moscow, Belgrade and Vienna. From Berlin, Paris, London. They whine worse than bullets. Pah, how sickening incense smells.

JESUS: What shall I do with them?

GOD: Read them. There may be some amusing ones.

JESUS: They are all alike: "We pray thee, O God, to be with us in the hour of battle and give us victory over our enemies."

GOD: Yes, same old story. I'd have the devil's own time giving them all victory over each other.

JESUS: But don't you really care, Father?

GOD: Not a bit. They all look alike to me. They surely ought to you. They are all Christians.

JESUS: Don't you care more for these than for the heathen?

GOD: The what?

JESUS: The heathen.

GOD: Who are the heathen?

JESUS: People who call me by another name.

GOD: I don't care if they wipe each other off the earth. I will create a new kind of bug.

JESUS: But how about the answer to prayer? I promised that.

GOD: You were foolish. However, do not worry. Whoever triumphs will think I answered them, and the others will forget it, or your jugglers will say I had my own inscrutable reasons.

JESUS: These prayers are coming like a cloud of gnats, Father. They are tangled up and fight each other. What shall I do with them?

GOD: Oh, throw them all down to Hell.

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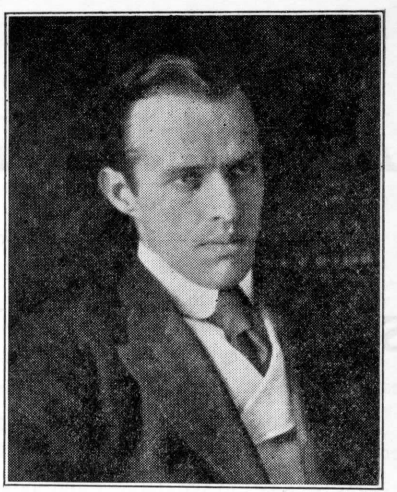
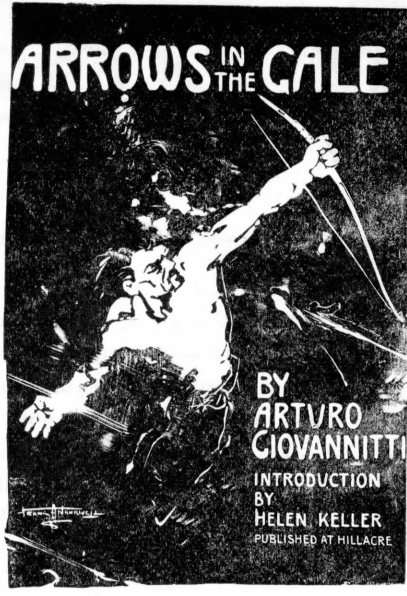
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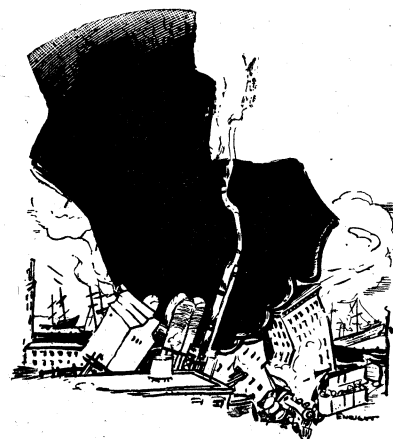
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All mss. submitted must be typewritten, signed with a pseudonym and accompanied by a sealed envelope enclosing the name and address of the poet and the pseudonym used, and a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return postage. The judges of the contest will consist of the editorial and advisory committees of POETRY.

Address mss. to POETRY, 543 Cass Street, Chicago, War-Poem Contest Committee.

NOT LATER THAN
OCTOBER 15th!

The International A Magazine of Life and Letters

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It has recently published the newly discovered Sapphic fragment.

Stendahl's last story, never before published either in Europe or America, has just appeared in the August number and will be concluded in the September issue.

These are only a few of the important things published in The International.

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Drawn by Maurice Becker.