

SEPTEMBER, 1915

10 CENTS

The MASSES



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

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Max Eastman

ART EDITOR
John Sloan

MANAGING EDITOR
Floyd Dell

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(Continued on page 21)



Drawn by Arthur Young.

The God of War

The MASSES

Vol. VI. No. 12

SEPTEMBER, 1915

Issue No. 52

THE UNINTERESTING WAR

Max Eastman

With Sketches In Europe by K. R. Chamberlain

THE principal impression I bring from Europe is that the war is not interesting. I had felt an element of strain in all the correspondence we were served with; unconsciously I knew that as a drama the world war was not fulfilling journalistic expectations. But until I got near and saw the disillusioned millions reading their monotonous little communiqués every afternoon, and trying to find food for passion in the fact that this or that number of yards was gained or lost on a five hundred mile front, and a daily five thousand or more undistinguished heroes killed gaining or losing it, I did not realize to what depths of boredom the course of European history had sunk.

Battle used to be a word to rouse the blood with. A charge of bayonets, the bombardment of a city, the assault with hand grenades, the desperate encounter of gigantic armies—these were things that left a date and monument. War had black and crimson moments hung with fate.

Here the battle charge, bombardment, hand-to-hand encounter, all the crisis and catastrophe, everything in war that gave an eminence of meaning to some phase or instant of it, is dissolved and run together in untold unapprehended quantities, spread over a space that cannot be brought into the imagination, and kept flowing through time in an absolutely uninterrupted monotony of noise and carnage.

They shoot and kill five thousand Frenchmen every day. They shoot more Germans, and still more Russians. All these men die in bombardments, battles, assaults, reconnoitres, charges, that old-fashioned historians would leer over and detail with expert delight. But when there is an absolute continuum of such things all over a continent for a year, and substantially nothing lost or gained on either side, how can you find anything to call interesting, and when you do find it how can you tell it from the rest?

It is startling, and indeed appalling, to have a ton of metal dropped on you from twenty-six miles away after describing a trajectory seven miles high. It has a flavor of the gigantic miraculous—it suggests the Hippodrome. But as a mode of human conflict it lacks the dramatic elements of an ordinary fist-fight.

One newspaper story of this war has made a real sensation, and that is Will Irwin's account of the battle of Ypres, which has endeared him to the heart of the British Island forever. And Will deserves all the fame he got, for he made the battle of Ypres. Considered by old-fashioned standards of war correspondence, it wasn't a brilliant feat of journalism to go over there two months late and be the first one to find out there had been a battle involving hundreds of thousands of men and marking a crisis in the history of four nations. Formerly we should have thought this was a little slow. But really it took something better than a journalist to

do it, because it was an act of creative imagination. Will Irwin had to go in and see that battle, as a single entity, in the middle of an absolutely fluid mass of warfare in which nobody had been able to see anything but his own gun before. The battle was there all right, and so are any God's million of other battles, but you'll never hear of them, because, generally speaking, they're too common to be worth polishing out.

I don't know how they feel at the front. One man told me the last thing they ever think about, or talk about, is the war. But I have a distinct impression that the people who are not at the front, or whose loves are not at the front, are dull about it.

Even in France I find this true, though the French are fighting in full faith that they are saving their country from the possession of barbarian hordes, and though there is no murmur or reluctance. The war is to the French simply inevitable—a dull job as well as a tragic, but a job they will do, and are doing, to the gods' taste.

Perhaps some of them were glad to fight in the beginning—the old inherited instinct is so strong. The Italians are still in that mood. In Paris, whenever a batch of them were accepted for enlistment by their consul, they would hire a taxicab and a girl, and decorate them with flags, and sail along the Boulevards yelling and arm-waving in that rather hollow extreme of glee. The instinct of belligerence is strong in all the European peoples. They love to fight. But France has had time to learn that this is not a fight, this killing industry, and her will to it is disillusioned.

I never saw a sadder thing than those troops of young new soldiers leaving the *caserne* opposite my window, starting off with some small plaudits and some tears from those that love them, each a flower in the muzzle of his gun—but O, so serious! I saw them three miles out, too, the flowers fading then, or fallen, and SOLEMNLY UNWELCOME BUSINESS written in the eyes of every soldier. That is what the war is, as I saw it, to all France.

And this disillusionment, this want of interest, is much more evident in England, although England has but one foot in the war. London is completely papered with uncon-



Interlude



Interlude

vincing posters telling England's sons of the glories of military service. The dullest fool would answer: "You protest too much." I wish I could remember them all. "It is better to face bullets at the front than be blown up by a Zeppelin at home," seemed to me the most doubtful.

"Who dies if England lives?"

"Young men of Britain, the Germans said you were not in earnest—give them the lie!"

"Play the greater game—join the football battalion!"

"Women of Britain, say 'Go!'"

And then that little patriotic strip which reads: "It is YOUR duty to enlist!"

It is pasted on the wind-shield of every taxicab in London, and behind it usually to be found the huskiest, heartiest big piece of soldier-meat that ever escaped from an army.

"It is your duty to enlist!"

England is having a hard time. She will see conscription if the war lasts. That is what free people think of the war.

I suppose that the German state is fighting in a relatively exalted condition, which infects the great number of her people. But I believe the fervid interest of men in the fortunes of war, as it once existed, is no more active there than elsewhere.

When we used to kill a bull on the farm, it was a great thing. John would go and put the head on the sledge-hammer and get his coat off, and the bull would be led into the barn by the nose and tied two ways, and everybody was both sad and breathless. (This is not a pleasant simile, but it's true.) When you go into the beef factories in Chicago, and see them drive steers up into a narrow chute by the five thousand, and a man on a platform above them drops his hammer every so many seconds, and the steers roll out to be switched away, and shoved along, like mere material—why, the business of killing a bull loses every bit of drastic quality it had.

I had written that much of this article, when the postman came in with a card from John Reed in St. Petersburg, and this is what Reed says. (He doesn't know that I have been in Europe.):

DEAR MAX:

I have some stories for you later—God! In the meantime if you are coming over on the assumption that this bazarre is interesting, don't come, that's all.

Don't come!

REED.

When I was in Paris, I was more interested in the relics of the Napoleonic Wars and the revolution, than I was in the daily reports of the final military climax of all European history, which was in suspension not a hundred miles away. And I am no archeologist.

I gathered that either the French or Germans could break through the line anywhere for a gain of a mile or so, by massing enough men for the sacrifice, but that Germany could not afford it while she was attacking Russia, and the Allies thought it wasn't worth while. They could gain more by just letting the armies steadily slaughter each other in equal quantities all along the line, because in the long run there are more Allies than there are Germans. Certainly nothing sportsmanlike about that. But what can you do? This war has no more sport in it than it has dramatic action. It is merely a regular businesslike killing and salting down of the younger men of each country involved—twenty thousand a day, perhaps, all told.

I am not doing justice to the submarines. I suppose that potting ocean liners from a submerged and highly delicate war canoe several hundred miles from home in hostile waters, is a way to spend one's leisure that might be called princely sport. And as for the fishing expedition—I learn that 32,000 kinds of hook and bait have been suggested to the British Government, and I found the island literally breathless with rumors about what is happening to those "tin fish" around the shores of England. If the people who are on these expeditions love them as much as the people who stay at home and tell you all about it, there could be no sadder victory than to deprive them of their sport. It is the only thing in all the war that England has a bit of her old gallant bellicose taste for.

But, again, I do injustice to the aeroplane. A man told me about standing in a German field where a gun on an automobile was trying to bring down

a French aeroplane five miles away. The gun was firing shells, and you could see the little puff of white smoke where the shell would crack in the vicinity of that soaring bird. Sometimes the shell would miss it by two miles. The man who told me this was a neutral—one of those neutrals who favor the Allies. But he told me that his instinctive zeal to see that bird-of-prey winged in mid-air at that distance was so great that after the shooting was over he could hardly hold himself up. So there is another grand sport the world has found. Let us be fair to that.

When the Zeppelins appear over Paris the entire fire department turns loose and careers through the black streets, tooting horns and yelling to the people to dive for their cellars. And with one accord the people rush to the streets, and out into the open squares, where they can get a good view of the fun. It is always a black night, and startling searchlights

play back and forth on the clouds, and heaven is bombarded with shrapnel from all the high domes of the city. It is their one great taste of adventurous war, and the Parisians love it. They call it "Taube Day." No wonder, for it flashes a little of the old color of risky and romantic life across a dull, long, weary labor of death.

There is little risk for the French soldier. He goes to the front expecting to be shot, and his family mourns him more or less, as soon as he is gone. There's always the hope, of course, that only a part of him will be shot off, and he will come back, and sit around, and be there for a little lifetime afterwards.

I went through the American Red Cross Hospital in Paris—a

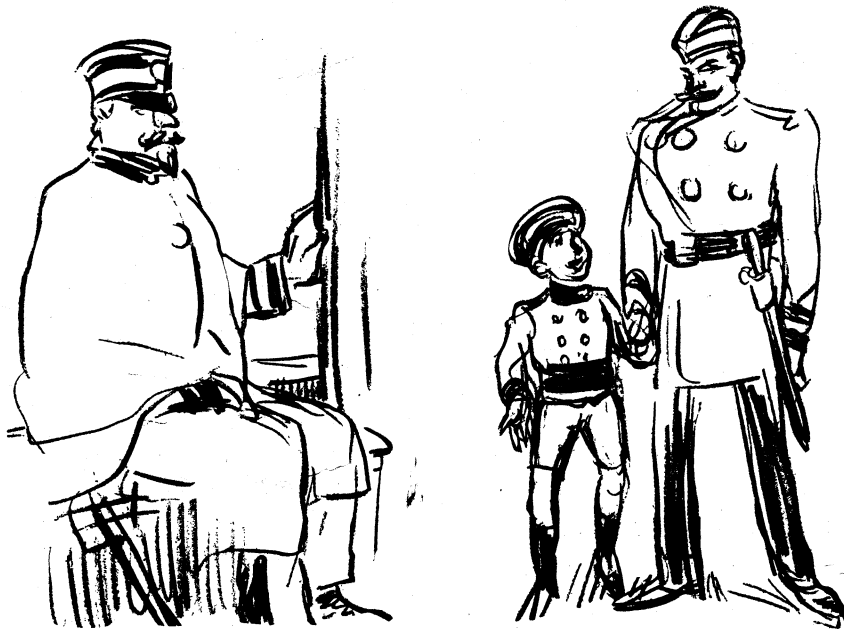
strict, clean, sunny, up-to-date but not very enjoyable place—a place conducted (if a swift impression did not mislead me) by the transient or expatriated snobs of American society in Paris. I was informed by my gracious guide that all the young men who run automobiles for the hospital are gentlemen! And when I took that rather quietly,

"You understand they are real *men*, young *men*—gentlemen!"

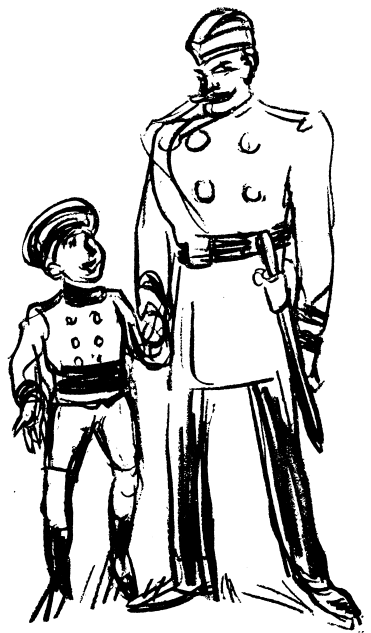
"And there is always a *lady* present in each room all day!"

The efforts of a true American aristocrat to signify the U. S. peerage, although the language has no word that does not hold a vulgar reference to the real cause, is always appealing. But here especially, because the peerage is actually doing work. And one must have a subtle grasp of history, or etiquette, to know that work which has to do with war, is honorific, and does not soil the hands of noblemen like useful labor.

You can see there in that hospital, with its afternoon teas for the elite, and its young and elderly daughters of the first families of New York, patting the pallid cheeks of the French proletariat in humble solicitude—you can see a picture of what Veblen outlines in the preface of his Theory of The Leisure Class. The old, old title to aristocracy, prowess in the pursuits of war, mingles here—somewhat pitifully, to be sure, and as a poor relation—with the proper title of our time, hereditary wealth. And let me add that many a stern old French revolutionary



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lies there, moving only with his eyes perhaps, but adequately saying all that you would have him say to that new-found solicitude.

Such things are interesting, if you chance upon them. And the wounded, when they are picked out and separated from the daily pile, as here, and just the miracles of surviving life are shown to you, they too are all that war should be—a ghastly bludgeon shock of agony and human heroes laughing through their teeth, so that with horror at the gore and wonder at the soul of man, you want to fight or sing. I never saw that famous soul of man before, and when I came away from there I wrote a poem. Here it is:

AT THE RED CROSS HOSPITAL

Today I saw a face—it was a beak,
That peered with pale round yellow vapid eyes
Above the bloody muck that had been lips
And teeth and chin. A plodding doctor poured
Some water through a rubber down a hole
He made in that black bag of horny blood.
The beak revived; it smiled—as chickens smile.
The doctor hopes he'll find the man a tongue
To brag with, and I hope he'll find it, too.

But that is not the war—that is an isolated instant, which had horror in it for my eyes, who came there. When you kill some fifteen thousand youths a day, and rip the limbs or faces off how many thousands more nobody counts, the individual mangled hero is no longer characteristic. The color runs. There are no longer heroes—there is just the common fighting stuff of human nature, one continuous-scrambled homogeneous jelly of that brave stuff. And that itself, when once its apprehended and you've made yourself believe that you too are a part of it, is not profoundly stimulating.

There are deeper reasons why this war is dull. One is that, although it may have mighty consequences for the world, they have no connection with its causes or the conscious purposes of those who fight. A greater or a less degree of freedom and democracy for Europe, will be the result of victory



for the Allies or for Germany. There is no doubt of that. But that is in a manner accidental, a by-product. It is not what the war is about.

I am not saying that anybody knows what it is about—that would be too interesting. "There is a thirty years supply of causes of war on hand," as Kropotkin said some thirty years ago, and I suppose a dozen or two of these must have been at work. But whatever started it, and whatever may result, this war is not a war of people struggling against a tyrant for their liberty. It is a war of national invasion and defense—nationalism, the most banal of stupid human idol-worships. And the fact that liberty is more or less at stake is adventitious. One has to be historical to see it. One has to know that Prussia's despotism was the iron heart of feudal things in Europe, that the German people, never having had their Bourgeois revolution, are peculiarly behind the march in freedom, though they lead us in so much. Or one has to remind himself, as we have tried every month to remind our readers, that there were, and are, at least four hundred thousand revolutionary socialists in Germany who opposed and still oppose their rulers' war; and that they form the nucleus of a future revolution, that will bring at least political liberty to the German people. And that revolution will come soon if their rulers are defeated in this foreign war, and late if they are victorious. That consideration makes us tense in awaiting the result, but it is not as though the war were being fought for that.

Another consideration stirred me too in France, when I found myself travelling one day in the same coach with a royalist. We take the republican form of government so entirely for granted over here, where we never had any other form established, that we have small realization of the peril of reckless little France, a republic there in the midst of royal Europe, with clericals and feudal reactionaries working in her own heart, ready to pounce the moment her representative political institutions prove their military weakness. A little while ago a caustic royalist wrote a book on "The French Republic Before Europe," in which he ridiculed the figure France has cut among the nations with her changing ministers and fickle foreign policies. He quoted and made more than much of a saying by Anatole France, "We have no foreign policy, and we never can have one." To this book the Socialist leader, Marcel Sembat, replied with another, entitled, "Faites un Roi si non Faites la Paix." *Establish peace or else establish a king*—granting as an argument for internationalism, the royalist contention that a French republic cannot conduct war and military diplomacy in Europe. The titles of those books give some suggestion of a state of things in France that we, her friends in another hemisphere, little appreciate. No one would say that royalty and the church will re-establish themselves if the republican army is defeated. But the fact that the army is republican, that Joffre is a rough-hearted democrat, that no anti-republican has a hand in this campaign, is the most vital fact of the war to the internal history of France. A brilliant record and a victory of her arms will set back the forces of feudal and clerical re-action in France, as much as a victory of Prussian arms will set them forward in Germany.

France holds more of what is dear to us than any other country of Europe. And so for that, as well as the hope of the long-deferred political revolution in Germany, we want to see the Kaiser's army smashed.

But that is not what the soldiers fight for; the



"There is always hope, of course"

passion of the war has none of that; that is an aside, a foot-note—till its own day comes. This is a war of nationalism.

The only way for an internationalist to become deeply interested in such a war is to lay aside his judgment altogether and entertain wild and fearful prophecies, and see one side or the other as the center and the soul of all things divine and sure, and the other as barbarity unveiled. That I cannot do. I earnestly desire to see the Kaiser fail. I desire this for other reasons than those rather technical revolutionary ones I have mentioned. I know, for instance, that France has not only freedom but the arts of life more nearly won than any other country of Europe. Her culture is one of superior happiness, the habits of her people are more poetic, they realize more, live more, and with all that are more spontaneously intelligent than the Germans. They are at home among ideas. An American correspondent expresses surprise at hearing a Frenchman in Paris say:

"I think the Germans are altogether right about the Lusitania. They do not put their case well, but their main position is unassailable. In the present state of sea war they must sink on sight a ship loaded with enemy munitions."

That did not surprise me at all, because it is quite the character of the French people to abstract from their personal passions in making intellectual judgments. They have the rare gift of thinking with their minds. They feel with their hearts. And this is not the way of the Germans, as a glance at their great literature and philosophy, and their boobish diplomacy, reveals. If they knew how to use abstract ideas—which are the part of a discussion that is common to both parties—then they would "put their case well."

Obviously, then, I value the culture of France high above that of Germany. And as for England—I know that England, though on the whole a land of snobs and servants, holds more people who stand





"There is always hope, of course"

up alone and unmolested, thinking and saying what they wish to think and say, than any other place on earth. England has freedoms that France lacks. Her navalism is just as military as Germany's militarism, but its service is not compulsory. She has to pay her soldiers silver money. And what the English people have of liberty, they will hold, too. Yes—England has more of what we love than Germany.

And Russia—somehow Russia seems to have a great many people like the French. I think a Russian Czar will always have a lot to do at home. At least Russia has had her revolution, though it failed, and feudalism is less solid there, exactly because it is not linked fast with industrial and scientific and social reform progress of the highest kind, than it is in Germany. Russia is a vast quantity that, at the very worst, must appear in our calculations as unknown.

In all these points, then, I agree with those whose wishes are for German failure in the war. And more—I think that Germany is in a sophomoric stage of national egotism that in an individual, a young kid, we should call "intolerable." Her pseudo-religious half-grown sentimental self-worship is disgusting. It is even worse than England's suave and hypocritical self-righteousness (speaking now of nations and the average tone their nationalism takes, as though they were individual characters). I agree to that.

Moreover, I believe the German soldiers were so trained to mere obedience that when victory let them loose they did not know how to control themselves quite so well as well-bred warfare demands.

And, finally, I agree that the German war party played a larger part among those thirty available causes of war than any other. I think the immediate opposition of four to five hundred thousand German Socialists proves it. Anti-militarism was far stronger in France than it was in Germany before the war—but in France there is hardly an anti-military murmur since the war began, whereas Germany has had her insurrectionists to suppress from the very beginning. That is more significant to me than all the many-colored diplomatic papers put together. And thus I am in accord, to some degree at least, with those who decry "German militarism" as the arch-incendiary.

But does that commit me to a monomania? Must I turn my deliberated opinions and wishes into an absolute fixation which allows *no judgments of degree*? That is what the mood of war-times invariably demands. That is what public opinion in this country, and its leaders, have almost unanimously done. They have made a choice between two absolutes. It has never occurred to them that they had anything else to do. But why should we have anything to do with absolutes—in war any more than in religion?

Because France is more advanced in liberty and realistic life than Germany do we have to say that France is civilization and Germany is barbarism, and German victory would put out the light of naive idealism forever?

The civilization of France would conquer that of Germany, whether she was defeated at arms or not, because of the greater degree of happiness and human fun there is in it.

Because the French behave among ideas as among friends, while the Germans are prone to fall into silly soulful attitudes about them—do we have to conclude that truth, as well as liberty and life, are doomed if the Kaiser's army stays across the Rhine?

Because Anglo-Saxon bullheads have a way of insisting on their individual rights, that is foreign to the bullheaded Germans, do we have to think that the whole world is going to submit to the yoke of metaphysical paternalism if this war goes wrong?

Because Germany's nationalism has barely reached the age of puberty, and the older nations have passed that a little—do we have to think that all the world will go beneath the German yoke if the Allies do not reach Berlin?

Because the Germans, being the invaders, were atrocious, do we have to blink the fact that every invader in all history has been atrocious, and the atrocities of certain German soldiers probably were but a shade or two more numerous than ours would have been in like case?

And even if the facts convince us that the German princes, more than any other factor, perpetuated war, need we ignore all other factors, and need we lose our memory that it was their last chance; that their power was already doomed by their own people; that if the Allies succeed in driving them to their borders, and preventing the indemnities they count on, the German princes will probably never perpetrate war again?

I think it must be a *desire* to become interested, or rather the inability to stay out of a fight, that leads so many intelligent Americans to renounce all quantitative estimates, all judgments of degree, and make an absolute, on one side or the other, of the issue in this war. It is the one way to remain enthusiastic about so stupid an affair.

And even that way, the task grows more difficult with every month that passes. For time, it seems, is not going to make an absolute of the issue between the Germans and the Allies. It grows ever more likely that the war will see no signal victories. Servia, indeed, has won—she is, so far, a victor. I take what joy I can from that, and I hope she will hold all she has got. But my visit to Europe has made me doubt exceedingly whether the plain folks of Russia and France and England have enough enthusiasm for this war to do much more than fight a draw with Germany. And, on the other hand, I do believe that England would surprise us all, and Germany not least, if she once got backed up on her little island and began to fight. She'd never quit. And that means that the Kaiser cannot win.

So viewing it in the friendliest way I could, I failed of interest in the European war. There's more for me in Mexico or Bayonne, or any of these barbarous places where the people fight in battles, and for something I can want.

THE FIRST GUN

SITTING down at last to think it over—

Weary of the wrangle: It is his war, it is their war,

It is no war of mine!—

Sitting down to think it over,

To see if I can determine who it really was that broke the peace of the Powers—

Not that any other will be innocent when one has found the first overt act—

Seeking that act and actor none the less;

Suddenly in a flash it comes to me:

You, Glass of Perfectness and Mould of Ideality!

You, from your pedestal giving light to the world!

You, serene Arbitress that would be—

You it was that broke the peace of the World Powers, Yonder at Vera Cruz.

ELIZABETH WADDELL.

The Strawberry Patch

IT lies in the upper garden, a dozen long rows of fruit thick plants. I stopped among them late yesterday afternoon as after the day's work I was coming down from my cabin on the edge of the wood above. What better place after all for afternoon tea? The fun of looking under the leaves for the delicious fruit, the pleasant greedy feeling that this time at least one could eat until one had enough, the June green valley, the blue hills, the bluer sky and the breezy white clouds, what more for that particular moment could one want?

"Are you marketing the strawberries?" I asked the Farmer in the evening, as he, John and I happened to be walking back from the barn together. "No," he said, "there's not much over what we want here." "Why, Mr. Ritter," I exclaimed, "for the next few days at any rate, there's enough for a dozen families at least! . . . I tell you what we might do. Let's have a strawberry festival the first pretty afternoon and invite all the neighbors on Our Road. We'll meet up in the garden around a big bowl of sugar and all can pick for themselves. They'd love it, the mothers as well as the children!" The Boss, as John calls him, looked troubled. "That wouldn't do," he said. "People don't know how to pick strawberries. They'd injure the plants." "Surely, Mr. Ritter, the older people would be careful enough. As for the children, I'd watch them and show them, just as I've taught our own little boys. They pick now just as carefully as you, only slower, they're so very careful about it." And I smiled at the picture I had of them, picking too slowly ever to achieve a stomach-ache.

"It wouldn't do, Mother," joined in John, the elder brother. "Some of the neighbors would be coming over here at other times uninvited. Let them know where the strawberry patch is and they'd sneak over to it when you didn't want them. And then because the place wasn't theirs they wouldn't mind how they picked. . . . Then another year there wouldn't be enough even for us." "Let's run that risk, John."

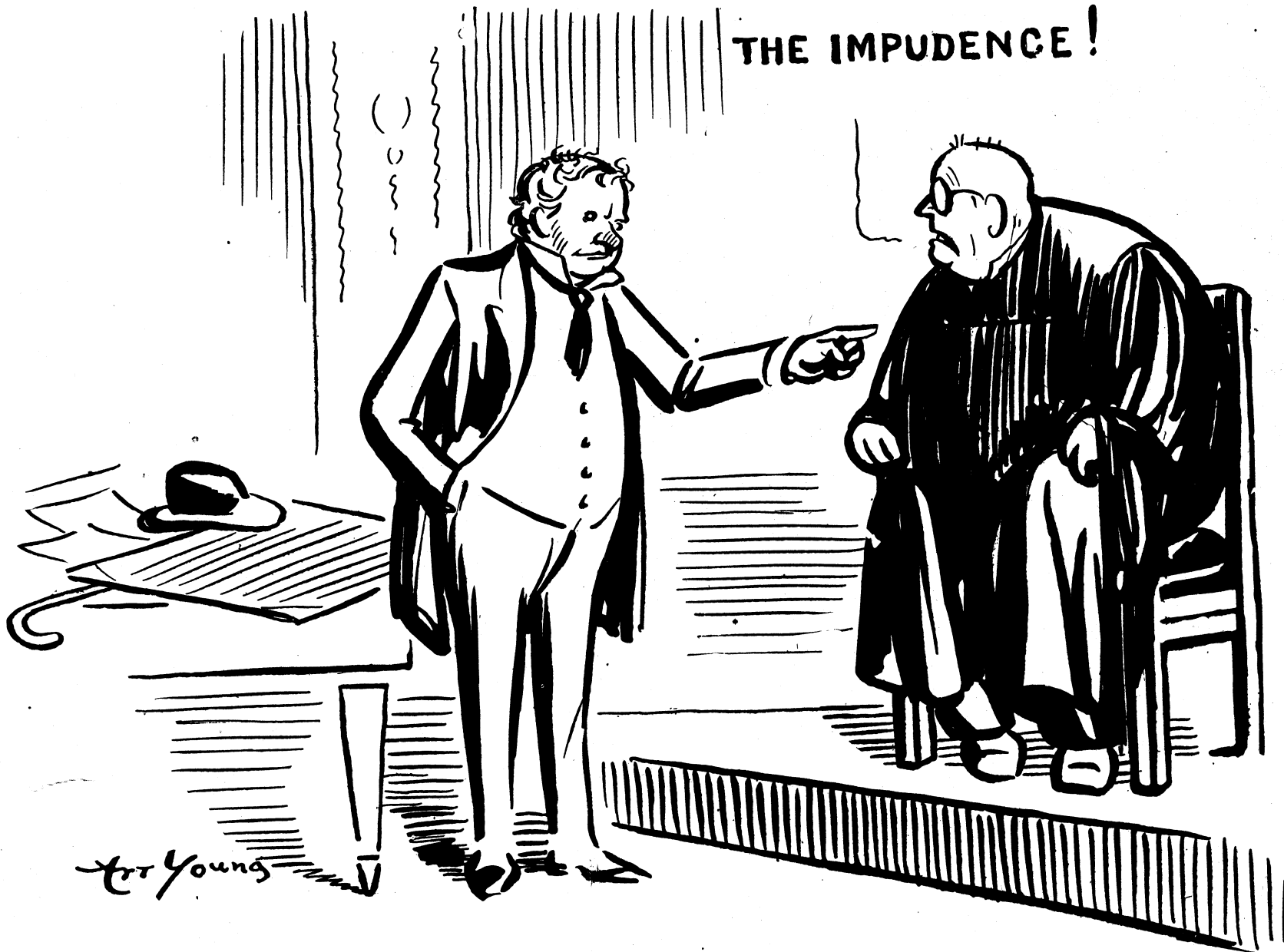
Baffled but unpersuaded, John took up another line of defense. "They wouldn't all come anyhow. Take Mrs. Brace. Because she used to teach school she thinks she's better than Tom the Cowman's wife and she wouldn't want to be picking strawberries along with her. And Jack Casey, of course he wouldn't come when he heard those babies in the house next his were invited. He'd tell his gang up street though, and first thing you knew those West Streeters would be over here some night just as I told you, and then good-bye strawberries. . . . Even if Jack Casey did come he'd bring the gang along with him and then you'd have your hands so full with them you couldn't pay any attention to the mothers and babies."

Here Mr. Ritter came to the support of his ally. "The mothers and the little children might not like to climb the hill. It's a fine view, I know, but there's people who don't care much for views." "That's just it, Mother," John spoke up. "You needn't think everybody's like you. Most people would rather have strawberries picked for them than do the picking themselves." I suppose by this time I looked a little discouraged for John went on: "I say, Mother, we don't want to disappoint you in this thing, do we, Boss? Let's get up another plan. Send boxes of strawberries around to the neighbors. They'd like that, and Boss wouldn't mind that, would you, Boss?"

And so this morning as I look out of my cabin door I see Mr. Ritter picking the basketful John is to carry across the field to Mrs. Brace, ex-school mistress. How much easier it is to give than to share.

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

THE IMPUDENCE!



Drawn by Arthur Young.

REVERSING THE SITUATION

"How much did you pay for your nomination?"

"Do you think your services are worth seventeen thousand dollars a year while the average man's are only worth enough to enable him to exist?"

"Don't you look upon a poor man as an inferior being, and on a wealthy man with courteous consideration?"

"Do you think you could ever decide a case upon its merits if the defendant had great influence in your political party, and you were on good social terms with him?"

"In short, are you not just a smooth, fairly intelligent man (let's admit that) with a shrewd knowledge of technicalities, bluffing and blundering your way in your black nightshirt, and getting so well paid for it you begin to think you are a superior being?"

"What's the answer?"

"Come, now, speak up!"

—Those are the questions I would like to walk up and ask a judge.

ARTHUR YOUNG.

In The Zoo

THE New York *Evening Post* says that so many titled English have laid down their lives that the prestige of the aristocracy has been re-established. Maybe a peer is like an Indian, good when dead.

STARKVILLE, Mississippi, recently conducted a legalized lynching of two negroes in the presence of thousands of men, women and children. A pleasant time was had by almost all, but the accounts do not explain why the people shoved this work off upon the authorities.

THE Kaiser has accepted an appointment as Field Marshal from the King of Bavaria, although it has always been supposed that only the Emperor had

this power of appointment. Probably William sneaked off to some quiet place and appointed himself.

LEGAL NOTE. After thoughtful consideration, Mayor Wilson of Bridgeport has repealed the first amendment to the United States Constitution providing for the right of peaceable assembly.

THERE is a rumor that the Sultan is dead. This is probably another emanation from that professional optimist who is forever killing off Franz Joseph.

JUDGE SWINHUFVUD, the first president of the Finnish Diet, who has spent several years as the guest of the Russian government at Narym, Siberia, has been removed to a little hamlet among the ice fields at the northernmost populated point of Central Siberia. Maybe they were afraid the Germans would get him.

SEVERAL professors recognized Muentzer at Cornell, but thought they would let well enough alone. If Scott Nearing had merely poisoned his wife he might still be holding his job.

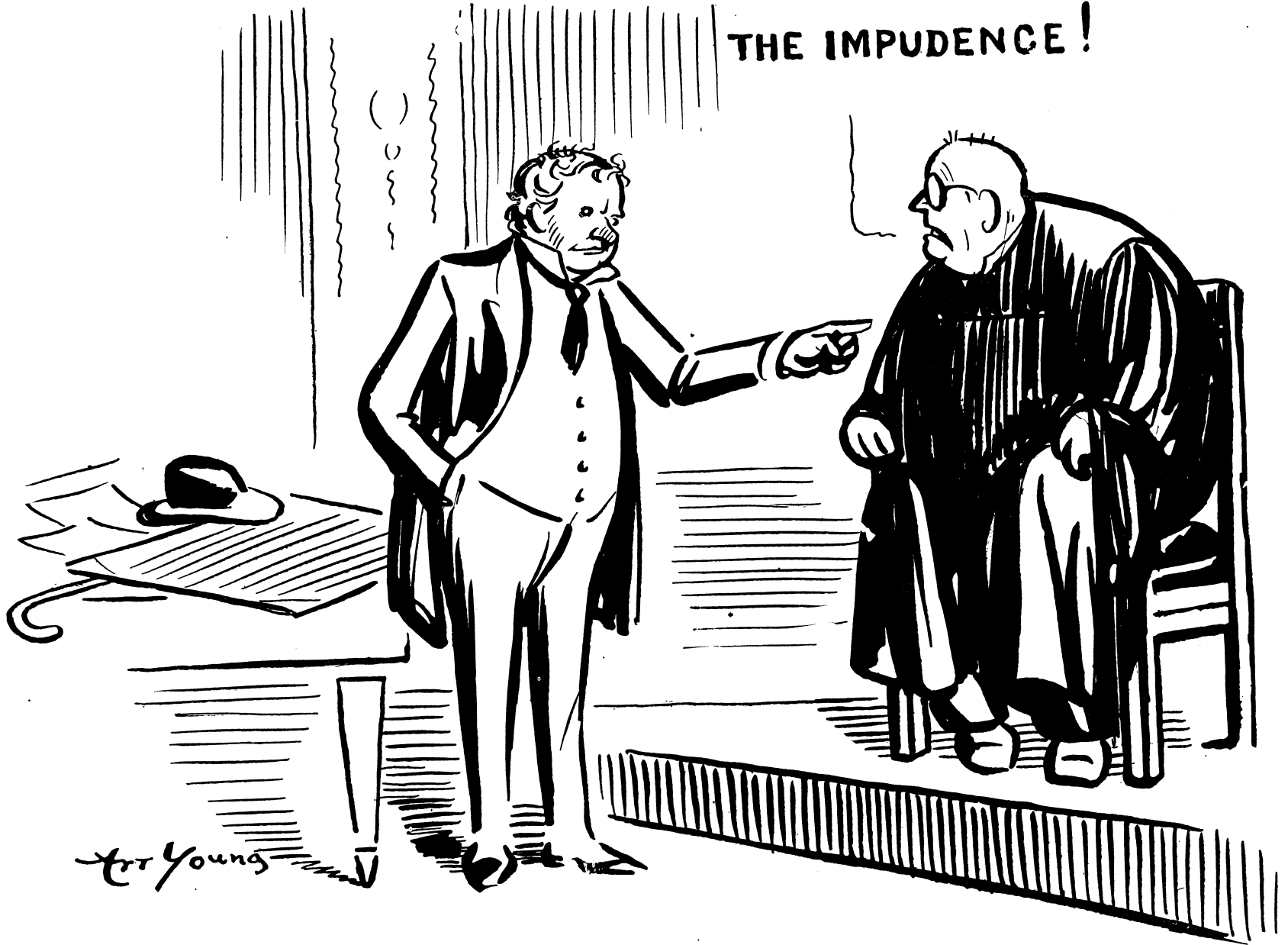
THE British see great possibilities in the immense Southwest African territory, rich in mineral and agricultural resources, which they have wrested from Germany. The least they can do is to give three rousing cheers for Belgium.

AT the beginning of the war Bernard Shaw feared that the Teutons would be defeated, not by the westerners but by the Russians, and that Slavic conceptions of government would conquer France and England. This danger, apparently, has been averted.

BRITONS never, never, never shall be Slavs.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

THE IMPUDENCE!



Drawn by Arthur Young.

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"What's the answer?"

"Come, now, speak up!"

—Those are the questions I would like to walk up and ask a judge.

ARTHUR YOUNG.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

"DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO SLEEP ON THE FIRE-ESCAPE?"
 "NEVER MIND—YOU WON'T SLEEP!"

Suicide

ALL night long you lay by my side, then you rose and sought and found death.

All night long your hand cold as ice lay in mine, your breathing labored, irregular, your tears wetting my cheek—and I whom you loved could not reach your sorrow. Once you thought nothing could come between us, and now you have put death between us.

You hurried and yet you lingered—you gathered up your strength to go, and yet you stayed, your head on my shoulder, your side pressed to mine.

At dawn I slept. It was then you left me, to find death by your own hand.

Through the fog you could see the harbor with its many little boats which swayed from side to side. You forgot what it was that they felt who would sail in them a few hours hence past the sun-lit banks. You forgot all that people lived for. The dawn was empty of promise.

You forgot happiness, struggle, love.

Your mother-heart forgot your baby, your comrade-soul the cause it espoused.

Death! You did not know it as death. You knew it only as something utterly different from this in which you did not seem to fit. You knew it as peace. It was an irresistible effort towards love—abandoned, proud, asking nothing, giving all, throwing infinity and eternity into your gift.

You found it easy to die—as easy and as beautiful to die as it had been to live.

You forgot? You remembered! Not apathy, not despair, but affirmation was in your deed. Life must never become a habit, you said. It must be a triumph, it must be a consecration. When that was not possible then you were inspired to die, and in your death Life spoke with all her voices.

You remembered—you remembered your child, and out of the immensity of your love for him was wrought your thought of death; you could not live and be less than mother. Out of your devotion was born your strength to die. You remembered—and your hopes, your dreams, your love left you no choice but to die!

What high demand was it you made that only death could fulfill it?

The rest of us are content with less, are not so concerned with happiness, with truth, with beauty, that we die when we do not believe we can attain them.

Few there are who ask so much from love as you, few have seen the face of love as you have seen it.

Your hopes were not dead but alive when they could so torture and drive you—how alive when you must die because the dream that life had been grew pale!

On a battle-field upon which few have ventured you fell, in the war between the real and the ideal.

Step by step I follow you to the jetty by the sea. I lay you in the grave, I stoop to plant the geranium at your head, I walk away for the wild-flowers with which to cover the fresh mound, I write your name, your date . . .

Yet I can not feel that it was inevitable. If the fog had not lain so thick on the harbor, if on that night words or kisses had come to me with which to pierce your isolation, if a friend had broken in upon us, if someone else's child had nestled against your heart, you might have changed your resolution. You might have then lived long enough to learn that the heart's dreams come true and that life itself rights what is wrong.

I walk the streets and think this. I can not go from here, though I know you are no more here than anywhere else.

ANNA STRUNSKY WALLING.

THE STAR-BEES

THE stars are golden bees,
 Booming through the sky-meadows;
 As they fly, they utter a sweet humming noise,
 That rings with melody through the wide Heavens.
 Sometimes, when my ears are closed,
 I can almost catch that far humming.

We see them such a tiny time!
 All that we call hours, years, centuries,
 They, flashing in their golden speed,
 Seem to have hardly moved;
 One swift glimpse, and our eyes are closed forever.
 Oh, the vast meadows they fly through,
 Sky staked out next to sky;
 And oh, the strange sweet flowers they visit,
 Burrowing deep into the cloven blossom-hearts for the honey.

At night the bees go back to the hive;
 But it is dawn to them now,
 And they scatter in the sky-meadows.
 To us the wild splendor of their flaming dawn—is darkness.

At evening they will fly home to the hive.
 Can we guess that black final night?

CLEMENT WOOD.

Chairman Walsh

IT is a fact which should give hope to discouraged observers of our politics, that out of that politics could emerge a figure like that of Frank P. Walsh. As chairman of the Industrial Relations Commission, he exhibited a quality of sound democratic statesmanship which has made the year 1915 significant in our political history. It is natural that his method, which was simply the uncovering of truth, should have shocked and offended those who fear the truth—and even those timid friends of truth who believe that it must be revealed by slow and diplomatic stages. That is the curious thing about the situation. Mr. Walsh was being denounced and vilified by reactionaries, officiously rebuked by progressives who wish to appear calm and sane, and all too inadequately supported by revolutionists.

Nevertheless he has made a contribution of first-rate importance to the revolutionary movement. He has made of the Industrial Relations Commission an instrument for discovering and making clear to the public the existing war between capital and labor in contemporary America. We have to thank him, moreover, for showing that there lies no hope of truce or mediation in philanthropic enterprise:

"With the record of the Colorado investigation before them, the American people will be blind indeed if they fail to see the folly of trusting to the good intentions and the philanthropic impulses of men like the Messrs. Rockefeller, and if they do not realize that the men who lead a strike, such as that of the miners in Colorado, are fighting the same old fight for liberty and democracy against an enemy as powerful and menacing as any ever faced by our Revolutionary forefathers."

Chairman Walsh has earned our gratitude by these labors. He will deserve further of us if he will go on to recommend, in the commission's report, *some changes in the control of property which will really alter the proportionate distribution of wealth.*

As we go to press, we learn that the report of the commission has been prepared, and that it is a document of extreme social significance. We learn moreover that an effort will be made to keep this report out of the newspapers. We advise our readers to see that they get a copy of this report.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

"DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO SLEEP ON THE FIRE-ESCAPE?"
"NEVER MIND—YOU WON'T SLEEP!"



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

"DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO SLEEP ON THE FIRE-ESCAPE?"

"NEVER MIND—YOU WON'T SLEEP!"

To Billy Sunday

YOU come along . . . tearing your shirt . . .
yelling about Jesus.
I want to know . . . what the hell . . .
you know about Jesus.

Jesus had a way of talking soft and everybody except a few bankers and higher-ups among the con men of Jerusalem liked to have this Jesus around because he never made any fake passes and everything he said went and he helped the sick and gave the people hope.

You come along squirting words at us, shaking your fist and calling us damn fools so fierce the froth of your own spit slobbers over your lips—always blabbing we're all going to hell straight off and you know all about it.

I've read Jesus' words. I know what he said. You don't throw any scare into me. I've got your number. I know how much you know about Jesus.

He never came near clean people or dirty people but they felt cleaner because he came along. It was your crowd of bankers and business men and lawyers that hired the sluggers and murderers who put Jesus out of the running.

I say it was the same bunch that's backing you that nailed the nails into the hands of this Jesus of Nazareth. He had lined up against him the same crooks and strong-arm men now lined up with you paying your way.

This Jesus guy was good to look at, smelled good, listened good. He threw out something fresh and beautiful from the skin of his body and the touch of his hands wherever he passed along.

You, Billy Sunday, put a smut on every human blossom that comes in reach of your rotten breath belching about hell-fire and hiccuping about this man who lived a clean life in Galilee.

When are you going to quit making the carpenters build emergency hospitals for women and girls driven crazy with wrecked nerves from your god-dam gibberish about Jesus—I put it to you again: What the hell do you know about Jesus?

Go ahead and bust all the chairs you want to. Smash a whole wagon load of furniture at every performance. Turn sixty somersaults and stand on your nutty head. If it wasn't for the way you scare women and kids, I'd feel sorry for you and pass the hat.

I like to watch a good four-flusher work but not when he starts people to puking and calling for the doctors.

I like a man that's got guts and can pull off a great, original performance, but you—hell, you're only a bughouse peddler of second-hand gospel—you're only shoving out a phoney imitation of the goods this Jesus guy told us ought to be free as air and sunlight.

Sometimes I wonder what sort of pups born from mongrel bitches there are in the world less heroic than you.

You tell people living in shanties Jesus is going to fix it up all right with them by giving them mansions in the skies after they're dead and the worms have eaten 'em.

You tell \$6 a week department store girls all they need is Jesus; you take a steel trust wop, dead without having lived, gray and shrunken at forty years of age, and you tell him to look at Jesus on the cross and he'll be all right.

You tell poor people they don't need any more money on pay day and even if it's fierce to be out of a job, Jesus'll fix that all right, all right—all they gotta do is take Jesus the way you say.

I'm telling you this Jesus guy wouldn't stand for the stuff you're handing out. Jesus played it different. The bankers and corporation lawyers of Jerusalem got their sluggers and murderers to go after Jesus just because Jesus wouldn't play their game. He didn't sit in with the big thieves.

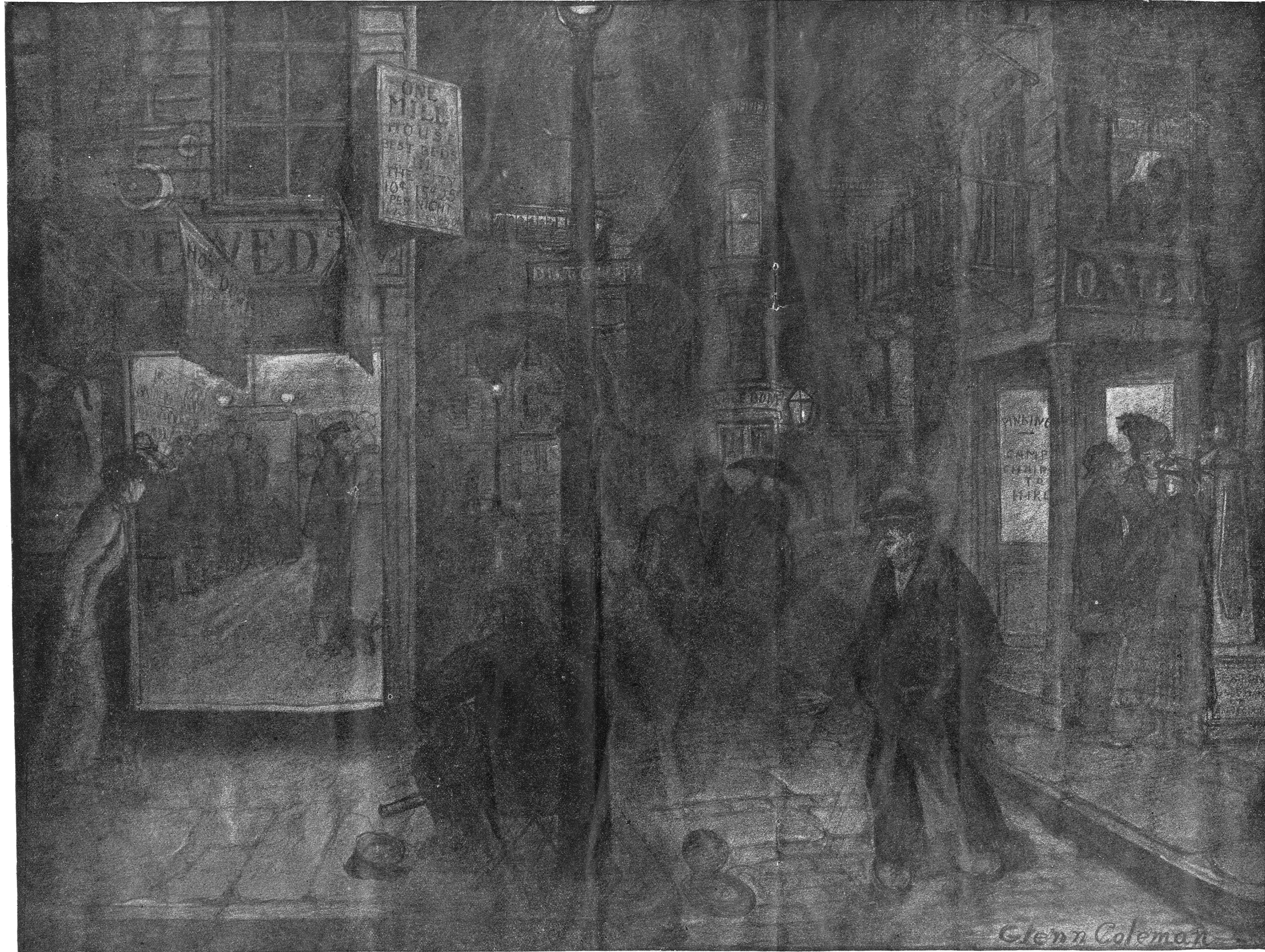
I don't want a lot of gab from the bunkshooter in my religion.

I won't take my religion from a man who never works except with his mouth and never cherishes a memory except the face of the woman on the American silver dollar.

I ask you to come through and show me where you're pouring out the blood of your life.

I've been in this suburb of Jerusalem they call Golgotha, where they nailed Him, and I know if the story is straight it was real blood ran from his hand and the nail-holes, and it was real blood spurted out where the spear of the Roman soldier rammed in between the ribs of this Jesus of Nazareth.

CARL SANDBURG.



H E A T

A Drawing by
Glenn O. Coleman



Glenn Coleman



H E A T

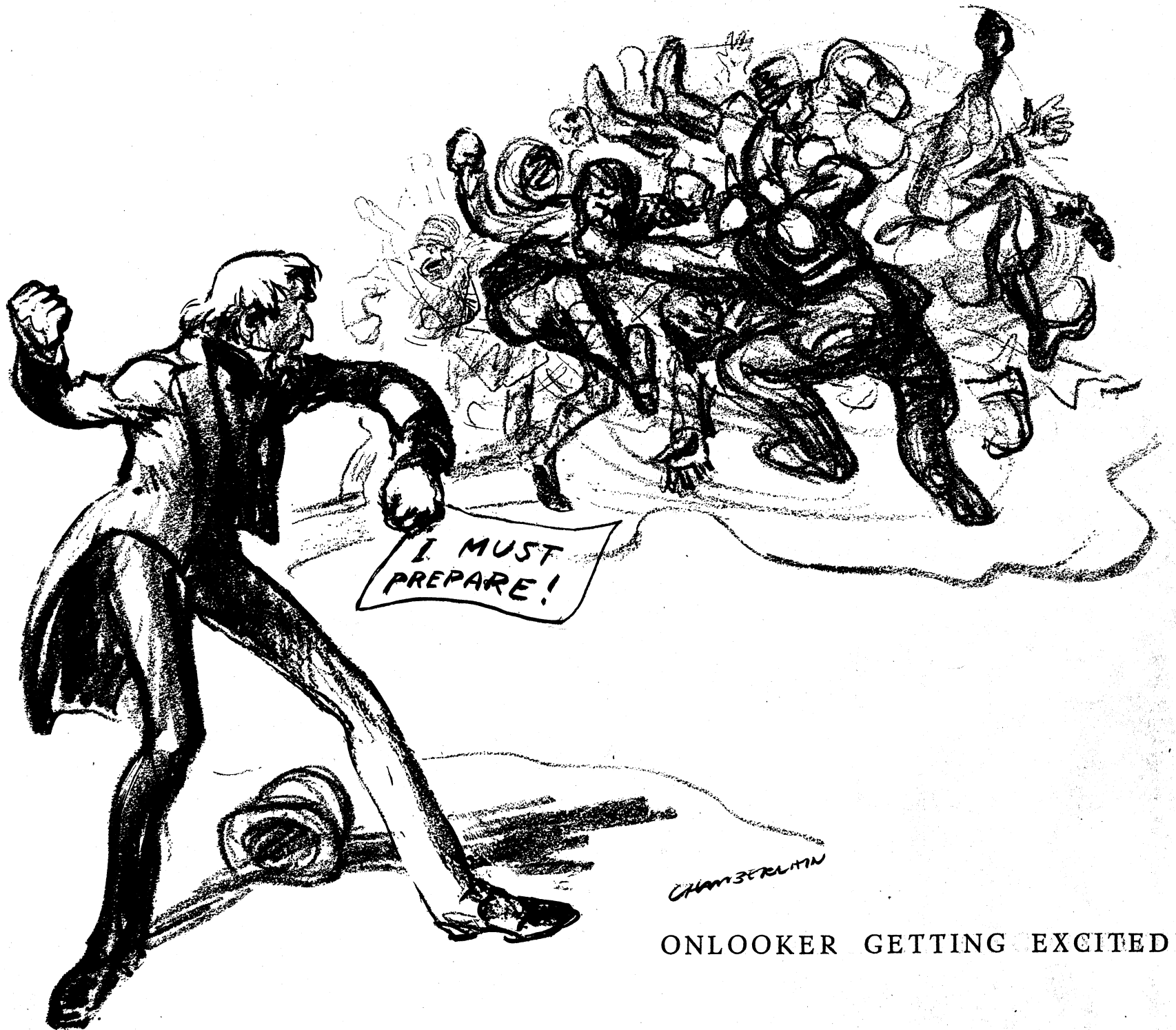
A Drawing by
Glenn O. Coleman



THE MASSES, September, 1915.



Glenn Coleman



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

ONLOOKER GETTING EXCITED

Editorial

THIS letter comes in response to the editorial of last month:

NEWARK, July 26.

Editor, MASSES:

Why *will* you—like so many far less loyal Americans (German)—insist upon clouding the issue?

Uncle Sam *does not* “insist upon the right of American citizens to ride into England upon a British Ammunition train.” He insists upon the fundamental rights of all mankind—rights that have been duly acknowledged by all the civilized nations—and Germany.

A non-combatant American riding (sailing) on ANY UNARMED merchant ship shall not be murdered in cold blood—shall not be killed without due process of law—which in this case means due warning of attack and a fair chance for leaving the ship. Nobody claims that the submarine may not lawfully sink a ship carrying contraband

—but, by the Lord God, if Germany continues to sink such ships without due regard to the laws of the nations and of the laws of humanity—if she continues to drown Americans in such manner, you can bet your pockets empty that surviving Americans are going to fight!

She and her defenders in this country can quibble and lie and misquote till the cows come home, it won't alter the now crystallized-cold resolve of America. They will discover that a considerable number of Americans can and will shed something redder than milk and water.

Get it straight!

L. C. P.

L. C. P. puts the fighting attitude as well as it can be put.

Of course he does not mean that America would go to war to defend the rights of *all* mankind, or to uphold international law as *such*. She wouldn't. She didn't. He means that she will go to war to defend her rights as a portion of mankind, and to uphold international law when its violation involves the death of *her* citizens. L. C. P. will accept that emendation, I am sure.

Also she will go to war to defend only so much of the rights of her citizens as the German submarine policy invades—that is, their right to ride on the merchant vessels of belligerents in a war-zone expressly, if arbitrarily, defined by the German government. There is no use pretending that our right to ride on any merchant vessel is being invaded; it is our right to ride on *every* merchant vessel that we purpose to defend.

L. C. P. thinks the purpose is worth the cost—war, death, militarism, diplomatic entanglement, financial depression, reaction, disaster to every peculiar advantage and hope of our country.

If I thought, and kept thinking, about that little portion of our legal rights as members of mankind long enough, and to the exclusion of almost everything else, the way most of the American editors are doing, I should doubtless arrive at the same opinion.

But two things save me from that loss of balance:

First, I know that law is nothing but a current formulation of continually changing customs, a standard of action which is always being altered to fit new conditions. and seems “immutable”



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

ONLOOKER GETTING EXCITED



ONLOOKER GETTING EXCITED

Flowers of Revolt

only because it drags perpetually behind the change of conditions. This is so obviously true of international law, that Wilson's own philosophy would recognize it, and I do not believe that he personally wrote the last note to Germany. Two mistakes in grammar, and a statement that "the principles of international law are immutable," are enough to identify an unscholarly hand.

The truth is that every nation in every war has violated international law, and by violating, to some extent always changed it. Therefore, we are not fighting for a changeless principle, much less for the principle of changelessness in law, as that note would suggest to the innocent, but we are fighting for just the specific portion of our rights, as international custom is now formulated, that I have circumscribed above. And that portion is to my thinking exceedingly small.

I don't care whether I am allowed to ride on a British vessel through a zone where Germany wants to do her submarine work or not. I personally will not go to war to preserve that right. I really care more about my right to lie down on a bench in Washington Square when I'm tired—if I were looking for a right to fight for.

And that is the way I would like to see editors think about this. I would like to see them think *personally*. I would like to see their wives, and that faithful uncelebrated woman who does their editorial work for them, think in the same way. Would you send your husband, or your best friend, to the trenches to vindicate your right to ride through Germany's little war-zone on a British vessel? That's the question. And because I know enough about the nature of "law" and "rights," to understand that that is the question, I answer the question, "No."

And then in the second place, something seems to have occurred to me that nobody else around here thinks of. And that is that, even if it *were* worth while going to war to vindicate our right to ride on foreign vessels in a foreign war-zone, we *can't* vindicate that right by going to war about it, even if we win the war.

If submarines can be made swift enough and manageable enough to stop ocean liners and do the "visit and search," then they will soon conform to international law. *If they can't, international law will conform to them.* We would use them in a war on Germany, and if we were driven into a hole navally, we would work up a retaliation psychosis, and use them exactly the way Germany is. That is what would become of the "immutable principle" we went to war to defend.

Don't forget the French aero-attack on the undefended populace of Karlsruhe.

Don't forget that poison-gas and flaming oil are now sanctioned and used by five great nations.

Don't imagine for a moment that Germany could swim under water and grab England's toes without England's coming back at Germany, if Germany's toes were only in the water!

Such is war.

And such is international law.

And only because I know this so well, and am determined to keep on knowing it, no matter how excited I become—do I take a position which seems out of tune to my vigorous correspondent—to whom all thanks for the stimulus.

MAX EASTMAN.

Press Pearl

REMINGTON STRIKE RESULTS IN FIASCO

Company Cuts Hours and Raises Pay and Machinists Refuse to Walk Out.

—New York Times.

THE perennial root-springs of revolution are the emotions of the human heart. Pity, anger, love, ambition, and the desire of beauty, all these exceed the boundaries of the personal life of man, and shape his wider social thoughts and actions. It was the great discovery of the founders of the Socialist movement that the study of history and economics prescribed one definite method of revolutionary endeavor—the organization of the workers as a class. But before and after that discovery, and without as well as within the movement founded on that discovery, the emotions and the idealism of revolution flourish.

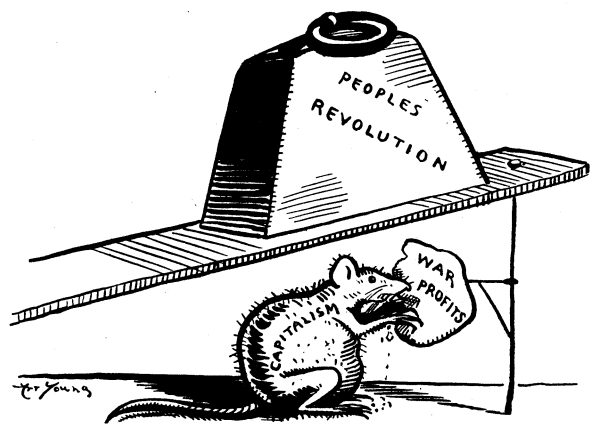
This is an answer to those who may be inclined to think that Mr. Upton Sinclair has been too generous in his interpretation of revolutionary utterance in his anthology, "The Cry for Social Justice,"¹ just published. He has gone back to Plato, back to Euripides, back to the Hebrew prophets; and he includes passages from modern writers like Carlyle and Tolstoi, whose face was set against the definite program of Socialism. He is right, however, to claim all these large utterances as part of the great and everlasting Gospel of Revolution.

It is true that the reality to which Plato's ideal Republic chiefly conformed was the archaic social organization which preceded the complex and sophisticated society of his own period; it is true that Isaiah and Carlyle and Tolstoi were all in that same sense reactionaries, seeing the future in terms of an idealized past. Yet these reactionary views are almost the groundwork of Revolution: hoping to restore the past, man overthrows the present and creates the future. "When Adam delve, and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?" asked Wat Tyler's peasants, and proceeded to behead the archbishop and the lord treasurer. Filled with the ideas of Rousseau, whose ideal was the "noble savage," the French Revolutionists swept the remnants of feudalism from Europe and made a clear field for modern capitalism. It is as dangerous to law and order that men should look back to the past as that they should look forward to the future.

This is an especially appropriate moment for the appearance of such an anthology of revolt as Mr. Sinclair has labored to furnish us. In a time when most of the doctrines and all of the tactics of the revolutionary movement are in the crucible of discussion—when the International has been destroyed for the second time—this anthology may serve to remind us that Revolution is as old as the human heart, that it wells up eternally from the deep bases of human nature: so that we may at this moment keep an open mind toward the ideas and plans which are, after all, the changing channels only through which this ancient impulse flows into revolutionary action.

These passages of prose and verse, sifted from the literature of some twenty-four centuries, show how germane to the soul of man is the idealism of revolt. It is inescapable. Every great writer has, even against his will, taught mankind to hope for what we call in the cold modern phrase, social justice. It is impossible to be a poet, almost impossible to be a good story teller, without augmenting the passion of social reconstruction. "Pity," as Gilbert Murray says in his preface to "The Trojan Women"—"is a rebel passion." The love of beauty was a rebel passion in William Morris. So are they all, all rebel passions. It is passion that renews, overturns, rebuilds the world.

F. D.



HERE'S HOPING!

An Appeal For Recruits

To All Patriots Who Would Defend Their Country's Honor:

YOU are called upon to defend the sacred principle of the freedom of the sea to all shipments of ammunition and other contraband of war. Germany has insulted our noble ideals by guaranteeing protection to human life only. Our profits are jeopardized and humanity demands that we go to war.

Are you prepared to sacrifice the minor, and perhaps irksome, duties of devotion to your family in order to defend our commerce which is the very life blood of capital?

We offer you free transportation, free food and clothing, with pin money for tobacco and poker between skirmishes. There will be houses and shops to plunder and burn. You will be free to take what you want. Any woman you fancy is yours; it is one of the perquisites of a soldier's life. If tired of your wife, your job, or your station in life, we offer you release from all such cares. There will be no burden of responsibility placed upon your shoulders. You need not tire your brain with wearying thought. All planning will be done for you. If your family is left without support the state will make pretence of caring for them, and if they die from neglect you will be honored, not reproached, for placing your country first.

Where else can you find so many attractions? All the primal passions which you have heretofore struggled to repress, you may now indulge with the full assent and approval of society. The opportunity for a riot of plunder, arson, murder, rape, torture, is offered to you by society. Your country calls; why drudge at home?

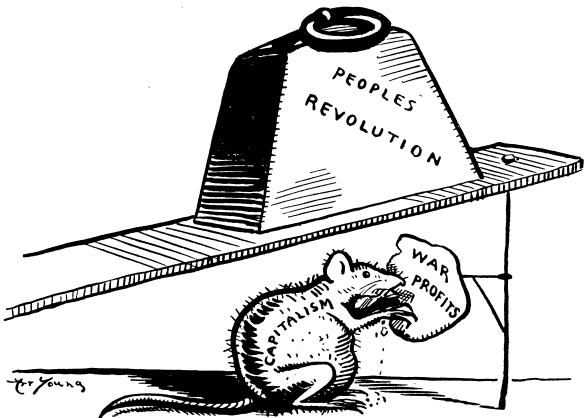
This vacation of yours will be very expensive. It is one such as you could never afford to pay for yourself. But what matters that to you? Your children and others' children will sweat when you are dead to pay interest on the immortal cost. The government will put itself in pawn to the capitalist in order to pay for your little orgy. But you will have your fling, and you should worry!

F. A. GIFFIN.

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE October issue of THE MASSES will be a Woman Suffrage Number. You will know it when you see it.

¹ The Cry for Social Justice, by Upton Sinclair. Introduction by Jack London. \$2 net. For sale by MASSES Book Store.



HERE'S HOPING!

Poems—By Helen Hoyt

WEATHER

I tripped on black shadows,
The clouds began to freeze;
The air was angry with me,
I caught among the trees.

The air was full of spears
And whirled them in my eyes
Till I grew blind and lost:
The shrill winds drowned my cries.

The shrill winds snatched my thoughts
And whipped them about;
The air was angry with me,
My thoughts went out.

The pathways all were sullen,
None would lead on.
The snow tangled my breath;
The pathways were gone.

LIVING

Do not fear thy life,
Do not fear:
Do not draw back
When life draws near.

Eager, unfaltering,
As a bride to her lover;
With joy, with desire
Give thyself over.

Faithfully, proudly,
As a steadfast wife;
And jocundly
Live with thy life.

Do not fear his look,
Fling glance for glance:
Is it adventure,
Is it mischance—

Leave all to life,
To life, thy lord,
And wait on his will: with gladness
Wait on his word.

Give him thy deepest,
Stake thy best;
And grow ripe with his fruitage,
Grow young with his zest.

For thy zest of life
Is thy hold on youth;
For thy zest of life
Is thy hold on truth.

MENAIA

Silently,
By unseen hands,
The gates are opened,
The bands are loosed.

Unbidden,
Never failing,
In soft inexorable recurrence
Always returning,
Comes mystery
And possesses me
And uses me
As the moon uses the waters.

Ebbing and flowing
Obedient
The tides of my body move;
Swayed by chronology
As strict as the waters;
Unfailing
As the seasons of the moon and the waters.

RETURN

Sometimes,
When we are quiet together,
Full of love,
Contented,
With hearts far off from speech,—

Then sometimes,
Strange soft noises begin to come through our lips:
Breathing from us
Out of our throats:
Murmurings that make no words,
And yet they have a meaning more than words.

Do you think it might be
These sounds are ancient sounds?
Out of the ages long ago,
When a lover's talk was only noises,
Before men spoke in words?
And now today,
We, who own many words,
Return to this first crooning for a speech:
Letting love stir its own sounds in our throats:
Content to use a language inarticulate;
Old as the neighing and whimpered cries of the beasts.

COMPARISON

How long, and slim, and straight thou liest beside me!
Thy body is like the shaft of a strong pillar,
Or brawny tree-trunk; firm and round and hard.

Often thy fancy has likened me to a flower:
A tree art thou; so tall aloft, so rugged,
With branches proud, and roots that never swerve.

How frail I look next thee, and foolish fashioned!
And yet, I think I like my own self better:
What has thy body lovely as my breasts?

O thou art also beautiful, beloved;
Only I still do find thee unfamiliar:
Different from me: so strong, so strange—

So strange, my eyes will scarcely dare behold thee;
My hands draw back when they would reach to touch
thee;
But for thy kisses I were half afraid.

TIME

The clock,
Hush!
One. Two. Three.
Three-quarters.
It is only a moment ago—
Hardly a moment—
Since the half-hour struck:
Not time enough for doing anything,—
Except to lie here happy in the dark,—
And yet, how many minutes have gone by:
Pieces from the existence of our lives.

O, clock, clock,
Do you go eating away the hours like this
All the night long?
And all the day-time,
When we are too busy to know,
Are they trickling, trickling, trickling away, so fast?

Clock,
You are taking our lives.
You are eating them away.
Moment by moment,
Quickly,
You will drink them up,
Until all our moments are gone;
Until our lives are done,
And our love is done.

One. Two. Three. Four.

TO LOVE ON FEELING ITS APPROACH

Love is a burden, a chain,
Love is a trammel and tie;
Love is disquiet and pain
That slowly go by.

O why should I bind my heart
And bind my sight?
Love is only a part
Of all delight.

Let me have room for the rest,—
To find and explore!
Love is greatest and best?
But love closes the door

And closes us off so long from the ways
And concernments of men;
And owns us, and hinders our days.
O love, come not again!

I have walked with you all my mile,
Now let me be free, be free!
O now a little while
Love, come not back to me!

HERO: A Story by Edmond McKenna

IT WAS not that he wore camel's hair cloth slippers over his shoes when he walked on deck that attracted my attention to Jim Marvin, although that was strange enough among the passengers on an Atlantic liner. Nor was the reason he gave for wearing the slippers over his shoes—that he was afflicted with a nervous stomach—so amazing in itself.

There was a look of almost helpless simplicity about the man, a weakly credulous look, an utter lack of the appearance of sophistication that made a very strong appeal to me. Perhaps it was the idea that we were all bound over perilous seas to lands drenched with the blood of so many heroic men, that made this indeterminate, ineffectual looking man appear so incongruous.

Something in his shy, wavering look made me want to ask him how he regarded an act of heroism; would he consider a deed involving sacrifice and possible death as heroic or merely foolish?

Eight persons, including Marvin, were seated at our table in the dining saloon and the comradeship of the sea soon made us acquainted. There was a Milwaukee Duchess bound to the Fatherland, a professor of philosophy who was going abroad to study the geography of the soul under war pressure, an auto salesman who saw in the conflict an opportunity to increase sales, two vaudeville sisters, a Kansas school teacher and a little blond woman with two children, who was so exquisitely a mother that soon we all called her The Wonder Mother.

Marvin was big and stooped. He had a heavy, loose face, watery blue eyes and large red hands that were pitifully useless looking. His business was strange, too; he was acting as attendant to an insane alien who was being deported by the U. S. Immigration Bureau.

It was the Milwaukee Duchess who first called Marvin the Pig-Hog. It happened after dinner the second day out that he, when he had eaten a full nine courses, confided to the Duchess the nervous state of his stomach.

"Food on board very bad," he said to her. "I have seen the time I could eat a regular meal, but not any more. Stomach all gone now. What I say is, what good is a man with a bad stomach; he can't enjoy nothing good any more."

The Duchess tried to staunch this speech with her aggrieved and haughty eyes. She shook her rosy, protesting chins across the table at him. He continued to talk unabashed, as if he could not comprehend anything less definite than a command to shut up.

"Service here the poorest I ever saw," he went on. "I could tell you something that would surprise you, lady, if you haven't seen it yourself already; there isn't even a toothpick on board. Would you believe it? I asked the chief steward for one yesterday and he only looked at me, stupid like."

The Duchess requested that she be placed at another table away from Marvin. In the library, after she had attended to that detail, she pronounced him a Pig-Hog.

"Ugh! He's a Pig-Hog," she said disdainfully, tossing her yellow curls.

"The proper handle for him," declared the Professor of Philosophy. "Fits him as snug as the skin on a sausage. The proper handle for him. That's what I say—Pig-Hog," and he smiled a philosophic smile in which the wide horizon of his soul was apparent.

"Isn't it rather degrading?" asked the auto salesman. "I say, isn't it rather degrading to the dignity of man, I mean to the MAN in all of us, in mankind, you know, to designate a fellow being by such appellation?"

"Not a bit of it," said the Kansas teacher pertly, casting a militant glance at the auto salesman's abun-

dant dark curls. "He deserves to be called a Pig-Hog, and that's what he is, a Pig-Hog."

"And he takes care of someone, too," said the Wonder Mother. "To think of him taking care of anyone."

The Wonder Mother shrugged her shoulders and gave a little shiver.

"He takes care of an insane man," said the brunette one of the two vaudeville sisters. "The insane man is in the ship's hospital now. He told me the poor fellow never would have been insane if he had had enough to eat. He says a man gets insane in the stomach first; just fancy."

Marvin pestered us for a week. There was no conversation so personal that he would not offer an opinion on one side or the other. There was no discussion he would not submit a conviction upon. The broadest, bluntest hint was lost on him.

To the slim vaudeville sister he said that tight-rope walking was not a matter of equilibrium at all; it was merely a question of keeping the stomach right.

In an argument with the auto salesman he declared for the horse as against the machine in war or peace.

Autos never will displace horses in war, he argued.

"In the long run a man could eat a horse, if he had to." And he added reminiscently, "I have seen the time I could eat like a horse; but that time is over now since my stomach went back on me. Aside from that," he said, coming back to finish the argument, "riding on a horse is better for a man's stomach than riding in an auto. Anyone will tell you how good a horseback ride is for a man."

After listening to a dissertation by the Professor on the impending mutation in Europe's spiritual geography, he broke out:

"It's all in here," pointing to his stomach, "all in here. Talk about souls and heroes; what I say is a hero's a man that's had enough to eat. There ain't no hungry heroes; nor heroes with bad stomachs. Look at me! Would I make a hero? Well, I guess not; not with my stomach this nervous. Let me tell you, the fellows who are going to win this war are the fellows with the strong stomachs. And them's the Germans. Why, none of the others never had enough to eat."

The Duchess gave him an indulgent smile and went on knitting. The Professor frowned and was silent.

Marvin found the Wonder Mother in a sunny corner on deck nursing her baby.

"Is its little tummy all right?" he inquired gravely, peering at the child. "Keep his tummy good and warm. I tell you, lady, if his little tummy could be kept warm, which it couldn't, you could throw him over there into the sea and it would not hurt him." He made a clumsy gesture as if throwing a bundle over the side. The Wonder Mother shuddered and clasped her baby closer to her breast.

"You have got to begin with them early, lady," he went on. "A bad stomach is an awful thing to start them out with and them so little."

Marvin visited his insane charge twice a day and insisted that he eat enough for two famished persons. He hunted down the doctor and talked stomach ills to the poor man till he threatened to fit up a cell for him beside that of the insane man. By the eighth day he had become an outcast.

On that day we entered the English Channel. The ship proceeded cautiously, for there were mines sown there and the seamen said a ship of our line had struck one of them only the week before. On the signaled advice of a cruiser flying the battle flag of England we hove to, off Plymouth. Royal navy officers came

aboard; grim, quiet and alert men they were, with a sort of watchful sea-gull eagerness about the head.

Marvin was standing next to me when the first officer came over the side.

"Hardy looking fellow that," said Marvin, giving me a nudge in the ribs with his elbow. "Looks as if he could eat leather. Now he's the kind of thing they make heroes out of; no nervousness there. Sound as a cask and nothing wrong with him in here," pointing to his stomach. "A man could depend on a fellow like that if anything was to happen."

I agreed with Marvin that time. I felt just that way about it, myself.

Four more officers came aboard. They were all youngish fellows, bronzed and hard. They examined passports and looked over the ship's cargo for possible contraband. Their work of inspection took nearly all day. They went away in the late afternoon, leaving behind a pilot to steer us through what they said was a particularly dangerous stretch of sea from Dover around the Hook of Holland.

We were to start early the next morning. Meanwhile sailors began to swing our lifeboats over the side so we could jump into them without loss of time if we happened on an accident. It was interesting, that work of preparing for a probable catastrophe, but except for a more disciplined verve that characterized the work of the crew, it seemed commonplace enough. After the first few lifeboats were swung out the majority of the passengers went about their business of card playing and gossiping pretty much as if nothing unusual were happening. By eight o'clock twenty lifeboats were swinging from the davits, ten on either side.

It was a night of quiet blackness, shivered and sliced into throbbing squares by searchlights from many ships of war that patrolled the Channel. Beacons burned on England's headlands as if the island lay awake and vigilant through the night waiting for the foe. The sea was calm. An unwonted silence hung around the great liner like a pulsing fog. Her ponderous engines were stilled. The tide was running swiftly, the noise of its lapping and sucking reached the deck at intervals.

Marvin found a new audience that night, for sailors were on duty everywhere. Quiet and confident they looked as they worked in the glare of many added lights. It was past midnight before he went to his cabin, saying, dolefully, that a fellow should have a few hours' sleep if only for his stomach's sake.

Before breakfast we were on our way again, steaming slowly and with great caution, and flanked on either side by dark gray venomous looking fighting ships of France and England.

It was nigh on noon before anything happened and then it happened with a suddenness that nearly shook the flesh off our bones. We were about nine miles to the north, off the mouth of the Thames, headed for the Belgian coast, when we struck the mine. The sea under our bows stood up and roared. The ship shuddered and groaned like a thing wounded and alive and fell back quivering into an immense trough that gaped like a great vicious mouth ready to swallow her. A few minutes seemed blotted out of time. I picked myself off the deck from among half a dozen of stunned passengers, and in gaining the side trampled over a man who was lying face upward apparently stupefied with terror. I found myself wondering whether I should remain to help him or rush for the lifeboats and save myself. The question put itself quite plainly; a hero or a fool?—I wondered. Details of the deck crew were already bringing crushed and scalded men from the engine rooms. Few of the passengers were painfully

injured, but all appeared to have been smitten by an aching, breathless inertia that caught the gasp in their throats and held it there. Before we had fully realized what had happened seamen were helping us into waiting lifeboats. It seemed as if only a few seconds had elapsed from the time we struck the mine till the first boat load was shoved off.

Then came aid from every point of the compass. Pinnaces and boats from the adjacent war craft swarmed down on us as if their crews had rehearsed for the accident for many days. Presently from the little boat in which I was I could see directly above me the immense bulk of the steamer. She was sinking by the stern, with her shattered and jagged bows high out of the water. None of her crew had left yet. We could see her men, stewards and cooks and kitchen help, in their white linen suits lined on deck, orderly, silent, expectant. Soon they, too, began to come over the side, putting off from the stern which was now nearly awash and being received with cheers into the boats of their rescuers. Our boatful, which included the Professor, the auto salesman, the Milwaukee Duchess and about a dozen others, was hoisted to the deck of a British cruiser. The Professor was the calmest of us all. Immediately he began to talk to a petty officer. He borrowed the latter's binoculars to have a good look at the doomed steamer. He held the glasses for a few minutes to his eyes and then lowered them with a gasp.

"Marvin is still on board!" he shouted.

He raised the glasses again.

"The fool!" he shouted. "He's hammering at the hospital doors with a sledge. Good Heavens! he's losing his life for the insane man. No, he's got him. He's bringing him out."

Many glasses were leveled on Marvin. I snatched those from the Professor's hand. The steamer was swaying and trembling like a helpless drunken man. Nearly all of the crew was off now. Only a few officers remained and these seemed not to be aware that Marvin was still on board. We watched him take his patient out of the hospital. Calmly he wrapped a blanket around the man, for he was naked. Then he took off his overcoat and bundled the bewildered patient into it. He turned up the collar with motherly care and buttoned the coat. The distance between the sea and the deck edge was growing shorter and shorter. There were not many minutes to lose.

When the Professor shouted that Marvin was still on board, the lifeboat that had rescued us put off again for the steamer. The crew had seen Marvin and like the gallant seamen they were had put off to the rescue. They were pulling straight for the ship, which was now standing in the water at a perilous angle. In imminent danger the boat got alongside, grappling just under the rail where Marvin stood with his patient by the hand. A rope ladder was made fast, up which two men climbed with breathless haste. Marvin took his patient in his great hands and lifted him over the side. Leaning out while he steadied him with one arm, he placed the patient's bare feet on the rope rungs. A seaman clambered up to meet him and guided him until hands from the lifeboat reached for him.

The men on deck looked around for Marvin.

He was gone.

We saw him skipping over pieces of wreckage with strange, uncouth agility and dive into the after saloon companionway. He came back in a few seconds—holding his camel's hair cloth slippers, one in either hand, and shaking the water out of them! He descended the ladder with the apparent carelessness of one born to the sea. The lifeboat shoved off from the sinking vessel. Cheers rose from every warship and boat within seeing distance.

The shouts had not died away when the shattered liner dived suddenly below the surface. The lifeboat

was just far enough away to escape being drawn into the maelstrom that boiled and swirled where the ship had been.

The boat raced toward our cruiser and we saw Marvin gaze in stupid wonder at the seething vortex. We saw him shiver. Then he leaned over to his patient and adjusted the overcoat more closely about his body.

When the British bluejackets hauled Marvin and his charge aboard the cruiser, we fell away before him in hushed reverence. Marvin walked over to the Professor awkwardly, swinging his slippers.

"They got all wet," he said, and then, "Awful place out there without a fellow's overcoat. It's no good place for a man with a bad stomach."

Before he could speak again the sailors hustled him into the commander's cabin and plied him with hot drinks.

The auto salesman put his hands in his dark, abundant curls and stared at the sky.

"Great God!" he cried, "what an heroic soul is moored in that ponderous, awkward body."

The Professor of Philosophy looked inquiringly at the sea where the ship had sunk.

"He knew his job," said he, very quietly, "an' he stuck to it, that's what."

A young officer snapped his binoculars into their case and bent his deep grey, fearless eyes on me. "Did I hear someone say the man is insane?" he asked.

A lump in my throat prevented me from speaking.

"Well, 'pon my honor, sir, if I hadn't seen him go back for those bally slippers I should have believed him to be a hero."

Heavenly Discourse

GOD and Jesus are strolling through the Universe, stepping from star to star.

JESUS: Father, I wish you had placed the stars more regularly. This makes my legs tired. It's like walking on ties.

GOD: On what?

JESUS: Ties.

GOD: What's that?

JESUS: O Father, you certainly know what ties are.

GOD: Heavenly ties?

JESUS: No, railroad ties.

GOD: Never heard of them. Where are they?

JESUS: On earth.

GOD: O, that speck. You are always lugging the Earth into the conversation. Why are you so fond of it?

JESUS: I don't know. Because they crucified me, I guess.

GOD: Hm! Well, yes, if you like that sort of appreciation.

JESUS: We never forget where we have suffered.

GOD: No, I suppose not. I never suffered.

JESUS: Didn't you suffer when Aaron set up the golden calf?

GOD: No, I didn't suffer. I was mad. I made him suffer. It's part of my business to make people suffer. But about those ties—what do you call them—railroad ties?

JESUS: Yes.

GOD: What's a railroad?

JESUS: Well, it is iron rails over which a steam engine hauls—

GOD: What's steam? What's an engine? Never mind. I don't take any interest in it. It's all after my time, I guess. Let's go home. My own legs are a little tired with some of these long stretches.

JESUS: Father, there is one thing I wanted to ask you about. Am I the only son you ever had?

GOD: Nonsense. What put that into your head?

JESUS: The Christians.

GOD: I have had many sons, but you are the only son I ever had by a Jewess.

JESUS: I guess that's what they mean. Well, now don't be angry, Father, but were you and Mother ever married?

GOD: Ever what?

JESUS: Married. Holy bonds of matrimony. Holy wedlock.

GOD: What are you talking about?

JESUS: Why, don't you know? When two are joined together by a priest that's holy wedlock and the children are legitimate.

GOD: My Son, I don't understand one thing you are talking about. Sometimes I think your earth-visits affect your mind.

JESUS: Well, it's this way: You know there is a big war going on the earth.

GOD: Is that still going on?

JESUS: Yes.

GOD: You can't get away from that ridiculous earth, can you, my Son?

JESUS: Well, in order to make a lot more soldiers for another war, the Church—

GOD: That's you.

JESUS: Yes, and the State—

GOD: What's that?

JESUS: Well, that's just a few people who govern the others.

GOD: O, gods?

JESUS: Yes, in a way. Well, the Church and the State urged a lot of young men and women to take out certificates of leave to have babies.

GOD: That's marriage?

JESUS: Yes.

GOD: Holy Wedlock? Holy Matrimony?

JESUS: Yes.

GOD: What makes it holy?

JESUS: I don't know, but as I was saying the Church and the State urged the young people to get babies, certificates, I mean, so that they could get more babies for more wars for the State and the Church.

GOD: Couldn't they get any babies without this certificate?

JESUS: That's just the point. It doesn't seem to make any difference. A whole lot of young people quietly got a lot of babies by themselves without anybody's leave.

GOD: Well, aren't they just as good babies? What's the row then? Did the babies care about the certificate?

JESUS: No.

GOD: Well, won't they make just as good soldiers and mothers of soldiers?

JESUS: O yes.

GOD: Then what's the trouble?

JESUS: Why, can't you see, Father, that if the parents are not legally married the babies are illegitimate?

GOD: What's that?

JESUS: Not lawful.

GOD: My! My! How awful. Do they kill them? My Son, I cannot follow you.

JESUS: Well, Father, I'm puzzled myself, but the idea is this: the parents didn't have leave from the Church and State to get these babies.

GOD: Well, I'll be— No, of course, I couldn't be. Won't they let these babies grow up to be soldiers and laborers?

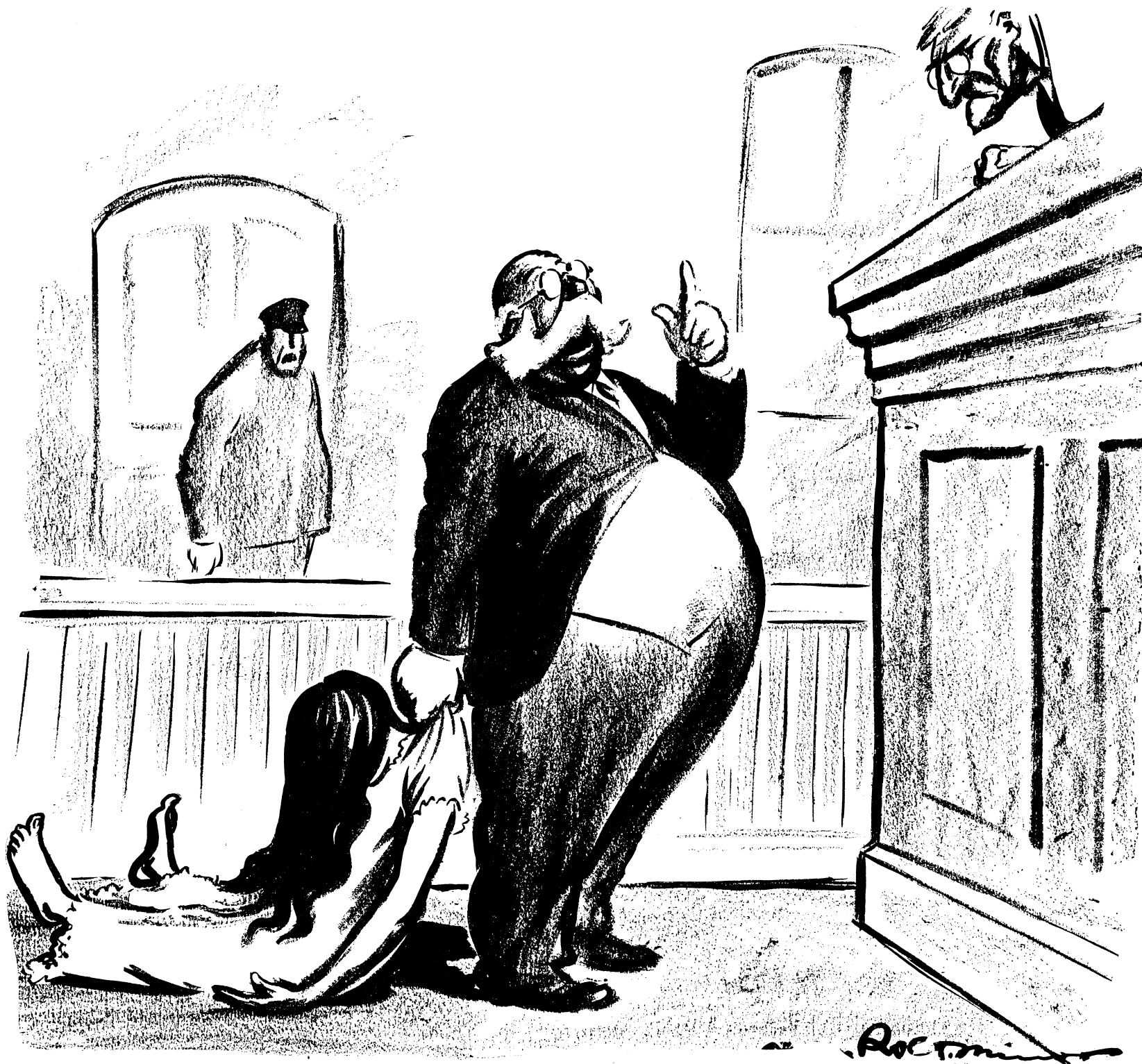
JESUS: O yes. But they'll be bastards. They'll be forever disgraced.

GOD: Who? The Church and the State?

JESUS: No, no, the babies—the little War-Bastards.

GOD: My Son, all this makes me more tired even than these star stretches. Let's go home.

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD.



Drawn by Robert Minor.

"Your Honor, this woman gave birth to a naked child!"

Is William Sanger to Go to Jail?

BY the time this issue of *THE MASSES* is in the hands of its readers, William Sanger may have been sent to prison. His trial is slated to come up on September 3rd in the Court of Special Sessions in New York City. He has been denied a jury trial. It looks as if the authorities, backed by Comstock, were determined to incarcerate Sanger.

Readers of *THE MASSES* are familiar with the details of what is already a historic case. William Sanger was trapped in a peculiarly underhand fashion. The man who walked into his studio last December and asked for a copy of Mrs. Sanger's pamphlet, represented himself as a Socialist and as an honest inquirer. He said that he wanted to translate the pam-

phlet into foreign languages and to distribute it among working people. He turned out to be a Comstock spy.

What is really on trial is the absurd American law that makes it a crime to impart information on the subject of family limitation. In Spain and Italy such information is not legally "obscene" nor is its dissemination forbidden. In Holland the propaganda in favor of birth control has government sanction. In England, forty years ago, the whole matter was thrashed out in the long-protracted trial of Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant, two of the bravest spirits of their time. Anybody, nowadays, can get for nothing all the information he wants from the Malthusian League in London. In America the legal attitude is represented by the extraordinary comments of Judge Swann, of the Court of General Sessions, in denying William Sanger a jury trial. The Judge fingered a copy of Margaret Sanger's pamphlet, "Family Limitation." He leaned forward on the bench with the little pamphlet

in his hand. "This is simply awful!" he said. The medical diagrams in the pamphlet were the special objects of his hostility. He thought them "obscene," and he went on to say: "If any one should inject this pamphlet into your family, he would be ejected before questions could be asked." Mr. Gilbert E. Roe, Sanger's attorney, pointed out that the pamphlet was a serious discussion of the question with which it deals and no more obscene than any medical treatise.

The Sanger case, in its largest aspect, is simply the latest development in the century-old struggle for human rights and liberties. A medieval and inhuman censorship still shadows us. William Sanger is in danger of being fined or imprisoned for helping along the cause of knowledge. Those who believe in knowledge and freedom must stand solidly behind him, and make of his trial on September 3rd the occasion of a great demonstration of our sympathy with his cause.

LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

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Drawn by Robert Minor.

"Your Honor, this woman gave birth to a naked child!"



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

The "Hämbö"
Midsummer Danc June 23
Chamberlain
Luleå, Sweden

Katharine B. Davis' Little Hell

A SERIES of articles by Frank Tanenbaum, published in the May, June and July issues of THE MASSES, made grave charges against the administration of the penitentiary at Blackwell's Island and against the fitness of Warden Hayes, and placed the responsibility of conditions there on the Commissioner of Corrections, Katharine B. Davis.

Commissioner Davis promptly denied the charges and defended the Warden. Nevertheless Warden Hayes was shortly afterward given a "vacation." The State Commission of Prisons then made an investigation, which is now completed.

The report of the prison commission *substantiates every charge made in THE MASSES*, finds that Commissioner Davis, or the department of which she is in charge, is directly responsible for conditions at Blackwell's Island and "has shown at this institution neglect of sanitary precautions and indifference to the physical, mental and moral welfare of the prisoners." It recommends the retirement of Warden Hayes.

The report then goes on to make recommendations on behalf of the health and well-being of the prisoners.

Miss Davis' only comment on this report so far is as follows:

"I am not bound at all by the recommendations of the commission."

NEUTRAL GAYETY

Shortly after Miss Davis' appointment we remarked that the elevation of this particular woman to this office should not rashly be accounted an occasion of congratulation to those interested in the woman movement. Miss Davis, it was pointed out, was merely imitating a certain kind of unenlightened masculine efficiency. If Miss Davis defends Warden Hayes, it is because her ideas and ideals are not essentially different from his.

The state prison commission has found Warden Hayes unfit for his position.

By how many months do we anticipate the findings of another commission when we say that Commissioner Davis is unfit for hers?

The Sure Winner: America

"IF the war continues six months longer America will be comfortably rich," remarked a member of the Federal Reserve Board who represents the view both of Wall Street and of Washington. Several million more of corpses and cripples, the expenditure of a sum amounting to a year's wage of many millions of workingmen and America will considerably increase the number of her "comfortably rich," to say nothing of doubling the fortunes of many of her uncomfortably rich millionaires.

If the struggle continues six months or a year, America will win the war. No doubt the richer and more

populous of the two groups of her commercial rivals that are doing the actual fighting will have the advantage over the other group—but at what a cost! Viewed commercially, the ledger will show almost as great a loss for the Allies as for the Teutonic Powers. After the war America will be the only Great Power that has not learned the cost of ignoring the interests of other peoples.

Must America go through the same bloody experience before we can learn to do justice to other peoples? Our actions towards Negroes and Asiatics in our midst suggests that at the present writing we are among the worst of the lot. If we tolerate these things on our doorstep, what would we not tolerate in the way of murder and plunder in Central America or China—where the inflammable material for another world conflagration lies?

America's business interests are already showing their teeth. They are determined to keep the fruits of their hard-earned victory, to maintain permanently the advantage gained over crushed and bleeding Europe during the war. The aggressive spirit which declares for "my country right or wrong," after having burned itself out in Europe, is about to become the guiding principle of all parties in the United States.

"Gott mit uns" is the charming and philanthropic motto on the coins of the nation that has caused itself to be hated by all Europe. Why not "my country right or wrong" for the nation that seems determined to make itself hated by all mankind? W. E. W.



The "Hämbö"
Midsummer Dances - June 23
Chamberlain
Luleå, Sweden

Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.



THE MASSES BOOK STORE



(Continued from page 3)

Krafft-Ebing's Psychopathia Sexualis. Only authorized English translation of 12th German Edition by F. J. Rebman. Price, \$4.35. Special thin paper edition, \$1.60. Sold only to physicians, jurists, clergymen and educators.

The Small Family System: Is it Immoral or Injurious? by Dr. C. V. Drysdale. The question of birth control cannot be intelligently discussed without knowledge of the facts and figures herein contained. \$1.00. B. W. Huebsch, New York.

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(Continued on page 22)

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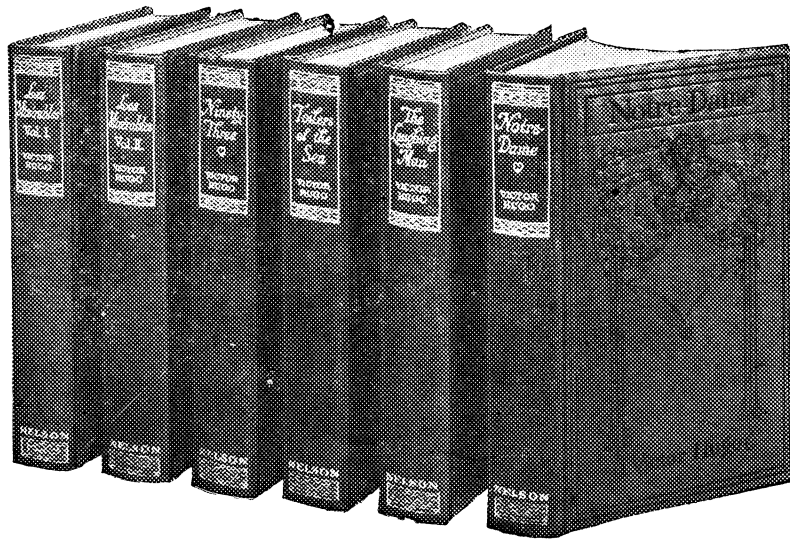
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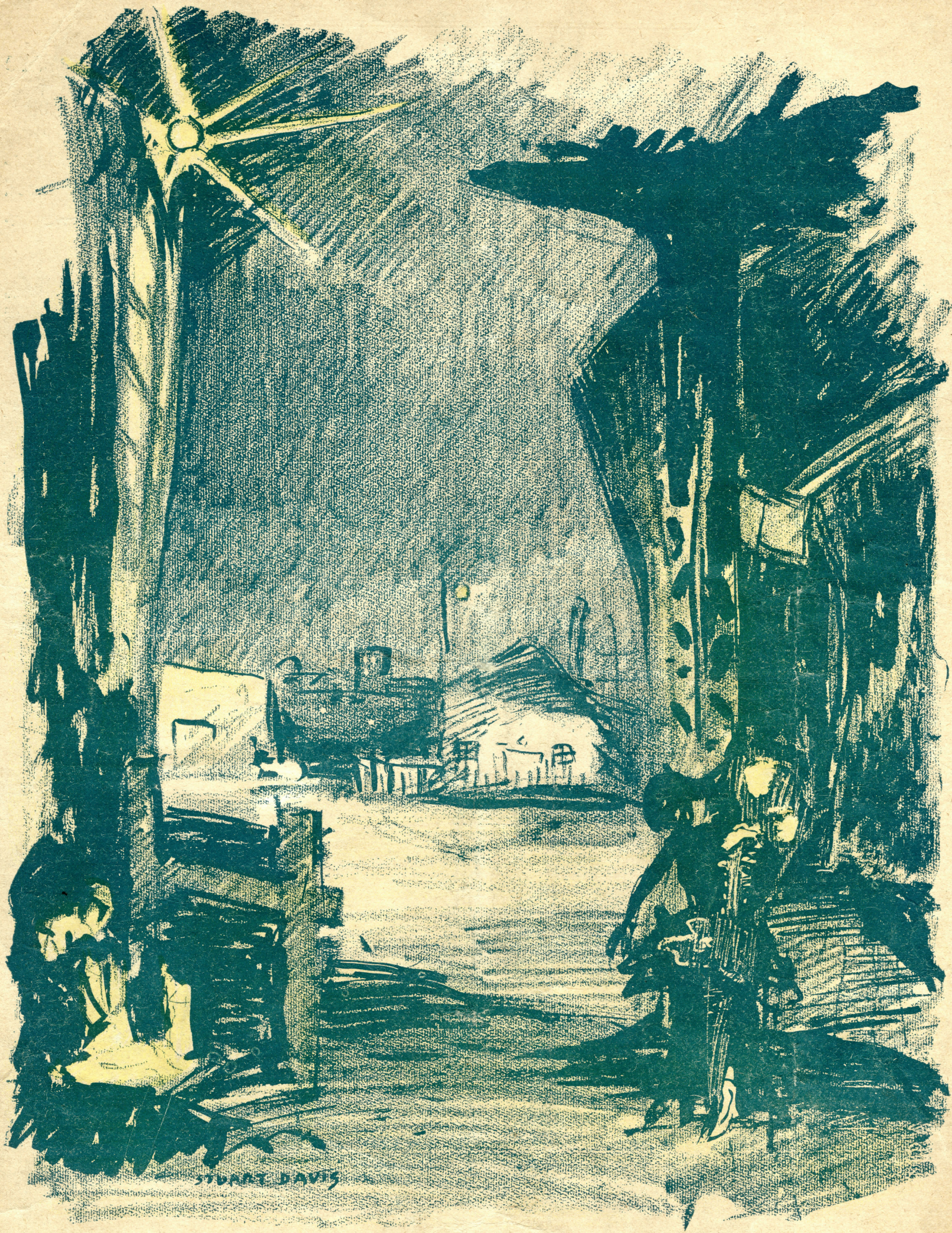
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