

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

Joseph Fels

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

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

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

So he gradually built up a working political economy. If

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Drawn by Arthur Young.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

F. D.

Non - Resistance, Utopian and Scientific

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

F. D.

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

Love Like a Cave Man and Other Problems

Charles W. Wood

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE NATIONAL LABOR DEFENSE COUNSEL

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

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

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

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

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

Help us to crush the forces that are trying to crush labor.

HELEN MAROT,
FREMONT OLDER,
DANTE BARTON,
LINCOLN STEFFENS,
IDA RAUH.

Remittances to be sent to Ida Rauh, Sec.-Treas., 33 West 14th street, New York City.

EUROPE

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

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

Max Eastman.

Arturo Giovanitti's Play

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

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

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

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

LOUISE BRYANT.

The Girl on the Cover

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

People Used to Say—

that Pearson's Magazine was so deadly serious that you could only read it when you were in a solemn mood.

PEARSON'S is still serious but since Frank Harris became its editor there is many a smile in its columns and now and then a *good big laugh*.

BUY THE NEXT ISSUE ON THE NEWSSTAND AND SEE.

THE PAGAN

A Magazine for Eudaemonists

Original

Stories
Poems
Essays
Reviews
Drawings

Translations

Russian
French
German
Yiddish
Scandinavian

Art

Robert Henri
George Bellows
Auerbach-Levy
And others

Ten Cents Per Copy—One Dollar a Year

The Pagan Pub. Co., 174 Centre St., New York

FRANKLIN 3246

A Unique Monthly

Sexual Problems of Today

By WILLIAM J. ROBINSON, M. D.

In this book the scientific knowledge of a physician, eminent as a specialist in everything pertaining to the physiological and medical side of these topics, is combined with the vigorous social views of a thinker who has radical ideas and is not afraid to give them outspoken expression.

A few of the subjects which the author discusses in trenchant fashion are:

The Relations Between the Sexes and Man's Inhumanity to Woman.—The Influence of Abstinence on Man's Sexual Health and Sexual Power.—The Double Standard of Morality and the Effect of Continence on Each Sex.—The Limitation of Offspring: the Most Important Immediate Step for the Betterment of the Human Race, from an Economic and Eugenic Standpoint.—What To Do With the Prostitute and How To Abolish Venereal Disease.—The Question of Abortion Considered In Its Ethical and Social Aspects.—Torturing the Wife When the Husband Is At Fault.—Influence of the Prostate on Man's Mental Condition.—The Most Efficient Venereal Prophylactics, etc., etc.

"SEXUAL PROBLEMS OF TODAY" will give most of its readers information they never possessed before and ideas they never had before—or if they had, never heard them publicly expressed before.

Sixth Edition, Cloth-Bound, 340 Pages, \$2 postpaid.

THE MASSES BOOK SHOP

A Hundred Years Ago

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

Survival of the Fittest

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

Teachers

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

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

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

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

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

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

JULIA E. DEANE.

Original from
Taunton, Mass.

Masses Book Shop

FICTION

The Revolt of the Angels, by Anatole France. Contains a "chapter which all revolutionists ought to read for the good of their souls and minds." \$1.75.

Jean-Christophe, Romain Rolland's world famous novel. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. In three volumes, each complete in itself. \$1.50 net per volume. "The noblest work of fiction of the twentieth century."

The Bomb, by Frank Harris. Emma Goldman says: "It's not the monument at Waldheim that will keep alive these great heroes—heroes in their innocence and simplicity—but it will be 'The Bomb.'" Published, \$1.50; our price, 75c.

The Way of All Flesh, by Samuel Butler. Introductory essay by William Lyon Phelps. New American edition. Floyd Dell's and Louis Untermeyer's choice. \$1.60.

"Wood and Stone," by John Cowper Powys. A new departure in English fiction. It suggests Dostoievsky rather than Mr. Wells, and Balzac rather than Mr. Galsworthy. In its attempt to answer some of the more dangerous dogmas enunciated by Nietzsche, it does not scruple to make drastic use of that great psychologist's devastating insight. More than 650 pages. \$1.50 net.

The Spy, by Maxim Gorky. A novel of the revolutionary movement in Russia. Formerly sold at \$1.50; our price, 80 cents.

The Sins of the Children, by Cosmo Hamilton. Mr. Hamilton has handled a difficult theme fearlessly, but delicately. It will cause many to ask themselves "Have I done my duty by my children"? \$1.40 net.

Three Sons and a Mother, by Gilbert Cannon. The story of a mother of commanding personality and with the idea of The Family who dominates the lives of her children. A tremendously interesting novel. \$1.50 net.

The Brook Kerith, by George Moore. The long heralded novel of the Christ based on the theory that Jesus did not die on the cross but lived out his life as a shepherd away from all who had known him. Later he meets Paul. \$1.50 net.

Windy McPherson's Son, by Sherwood Anderson. A story of an ordinary business man relating chiefly his boyhood in a small village. Almost Russian in its intensity. \$1.40 net.

Guimo, by Walter Elwood. A sympathetic study of a half-caste Filipino boy. \$1.35.

"Witte Arrives," by Elias Tobenkin. A remarkable portrayal of the life of an immigrant Jewish boy and the problems with which he wrestles in America. \$1.25.

The Six Pointed Cross in the Dust, by John Roland. A laughing, singing book of knight errantry. \$1.30.

The Harbor, by Ernest Poole. The great novel of America. \$1.40.

The Hope of Glory, by William Schuyler, author of "Under Pontius Pilate." \$1.25 net.

A Tale of West and East, by L. F. Strauss. A novel for those interested in modern ideas. \$1.25 net.

Rodmoor, by John Cowper Powys. A romance of English country life. Mr. Powys' second novel. \$1.50.

"The Confession," by Maxim Gorky. "The man seeks but does not find until he comes upon the People, until he understands their Movement and becomes a part of it—then for the first time he is strong and serene and understands why he is alive." \$1.35.

"Casuals of the Sea," by William McFee. A tremendously real story of life as a brother and sister found it. "F. D." says this is one of the events of the literary year. \$1.50.

"Moyle Church-Town," by John Trevena. A striking and stirring romance. \$1.40.

Christmas Presents

Some of them are going to be books, of course.

Why not place your orders through the Masses Book Shop?

Send in the name and address of the person to whom you wish to make the gift and we will send the book with a Christmas card bearing your name so that it will arrive Christmas morning.

Your choice is not limited to our advertisements. We will procure for you any book you name.

Send in your order now.

THE MASSES BOOK SHOP
33 West 14th St.
NEW YORK

"Chelkash" and other stories, by Maxim Gorky. A collection of some of Gorky's short stories in which his genius found best expression. \$1.25.

POETRY AND DRAMA

Three new plays just received from England:

Youth, by Miles Malleson. 40 cents.

The Dear Departing, from the Russian of Andreyef. 25 cents.

Theatre of the Soul, from the Russian of Evreinof. 25 cents.

The three books sent for \$1.00 post-paid.

Poems of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood. Thomas MacDonagh, P. H. Pearse, Joseph Mary Plunkett, Sir Roger Casement. Edited, with an introduction, by Padraic Colum and Edward J. O'Brien. A collection of the principal poems by the leaders of the recent Irish insurrection, the first three of whom have been executed. The biographical and historical introduction by Padraic Colum is intensely interesting. Send 55c.

Plays, by Lord Dunsany. The Gods of the Mountain; The Golden Doom; King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior; The Glittering Gate; The Lost Silk Hat. \$1.25 net.

"—and Other Poets," by Louis Untermeyer, author of "Challenge," etc. \$1.25 net. The modern Parnassians, Frost, Masefield, Masters, Yeats, Amy Lowell, Noyes, Pound, "F. P. A.," etc., are the victims in this irreverent volume of mirth and thought provoking parodies.

The Poet in the Desert, by Charles Erskine Scott Wood. A series of rebel poems from the Great American Desert, dealing with Nature, Life and all phases of Revolutionary Thought. Octavo, gray boards. Price, \$1.00.

Spoon River Anthology, by Edgar Lee Masters. "The richest mine of the new poetry that has yet been opened up." Price, \$1.25.

"Plays of Protest," by Upton Sinclair. \$1.50.

Arrows in the Gale, by Arturo Giovannitti. A collection of verse by the gifted Italian poet. \$1.00.

Images—Old and New, by Richard Aldington. An important volume of the new verse. 60 cents net.

Laodice and Danae. Play in one act in verse by Gordon Bottomley. 60 cents net.

TWO NEW BOOKS OF POETRY

Vie de Bordeaux

BY PITTS SANBORN.

A volume of free verse showing old Bordeaux in war time. The Poems are executed with remarkable fidelity to rhythm, and in their quiet but compelling realism they voice the soul of France, who has conquered the fear of death. It is perhaps in the depicting of the intrepid grief of French womanhood that the author strikes his most poignant note. *Boards, Net \$1.00.*

Nine Poems from a Valetudinarium

BY DONALD EVANS.

In this latest volume we have Donald Evans, the arch attitudinist, the maker of glittering and feverishly adroit phrases, suddenly become grave and simple, unaffected and humble. Those who know his previous work will say some fundamental upheaval of spirit has occurred in the poet. Is he now emerging from behind his awful barriers? Has he conquered life, himself? About this book there is a halo of beauty and an ennobling music that mark only poetry of indisputable fineness. For the first time this sardonic singer writes in a mood of supreme reverence. *Neapolitan Blue Boards, Net \$1.00.*

Order from your Bookseller or

NICHOLAS L. BROWN

Publisher in Belles-Lettres

WIDENER BLDG. PHILADELPHIA

Send for a copy of "The Art of Donald Evans"—It is Free.

Red Hot If you want for self or friends, a paper that combats all religious dogma, send 50c. for each subscriber and published. Don't get the hottest paper **Agnostic** delay. Send today.
THE CRUCIBLE, V, Paper
1330 1st Avenue, Seattle. 50 CENTS

**CONRAD AIKEN'S
NEW BOOK**

THE JIG OF FORSLIN

"One man's adventures in other men's lives"

The author of *Earth Triumphant* and *Turns and Movies*, called by the Century Magazine one of the most important of the younger American poets, has written a new book in what is almost an untried literary form—a novel of adventure in verse.

It is based on the Freudian psychology. The average man or woman finds in vicarious experience—that is, in reading or hearing about the adventures of other men and women—escape from the monotony of existence. Novels, plays, poems, concerts, the newspapers, the movies, smoking-room stories, all enrich our lives with a vast amount of vicarious experience and help to satisfy our thwarted instincts.

Forslin, sitting in his room at night, yearning to live beyond the limits imposed by the fastidiousness of civilization and a too material world, falls into a sea of dreams, passes through all manner of adventures, some sordid, some beautiful, and his dreams become the most real and important part of his life.

A wealth of startling and absorbing episode, poetry of an unusual and stimulating beauty, and a powerful Freudian motive that runs through the narrative, combine to make what we believe will be hailed not only the most interesting poem but also the most interesting novel of the season.

Four-color jacket by Dorothy Pulis Lathrop. Cloth, uniform with *EARTH TRIUMPHANT*.
At all booksellers \$1.25 net.

THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY, Publishers, CORNHILL, BOSTON

Three Wonderful Plays!

Received from

"The Bomb Shop"

of London

YOUTH

By Miles Malleson

40 cents

THE DEAR DEPARTING

By Andreyev

Translated by Julius West

25 cents

THEATRE OF THE SOUL

By Evreinof

Translated by Julius West

25 cents

Postage Extra. Send a dollar for these three hitherto unpublished plays.

The Masses Book Shop

THE SEXUAL LIFE

By C. W. Malchow, M. D.

Embracing the Natural Sexual Impulse, Normal Sexual Habits, and Propagation, together with Sexual Physiology and Hygiene.

Very much nonsense is written, and upon investigation it will be found that the average library contains many books that are calculated to arouse and appeal to the passions, but very little is to be found that is really instructive or acts as food for thought upon the topic that greatly affects all classes and kinds of people. An effort has been made to present herewith something solid and to give only scientific and established facts—such as will better enable those who are interested in these matters to obtain and impart rational information.

Sold only to members of the medical, dental and legal professions, to clergymen and students of sociology.

Now In Its 4th Edition
318 Pages Price \$3.00

33 W. 14th St. THE MASSES BOOK SHOP New York

That Mexican Conference

FOR the past two months six delegates have met in a joint conference. Its main object supposed was first the withdrawal of the American troops from Mexico (who, ever long, have been a thorn in the side of the people), and second, the adjusting of the border difficulties between the two nations. Three of the delegates hailed from beyond the Rio Grande and three were appointed by President Wilson.

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

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

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

BERNARD GALLANT

Behind the Times

MEANWHILE, may I drop you a hint? Yours is a magazine of rebellion and super-progress. Why then are you antiquated in regard to religion? Do you not know that in the faith we are having rebellions as red as Bill Haywood Socialism? Yet almost every mention you make of religion sounds as if you were living in the time of St. Francis. Why don't you, get to the real situation in this quarter? When you have realized it or not you have been unfair to religion as you claim the capitalists and bureaucrats are to the workers. Many of your readers suppose to be the latest kink in morals and social ideals, long been stale in hundreds of theological works.

Yours for fair play all the way round
Original from H. L. HAYWOOD
Church of the Redeemer, Waterloo, Ia

Masses Book Shop

Horizons, by Robert Alden Sanborn. Exquisite cadences, impressionistic pictures, touches of the bizarre and audacious. 60 cents net.

"The State Forbids," by Sada Cowan. Miss Cowan's famous Birth Control play. 60 cents.

Ephemera; Greek Prose Poems, by Mitchell S. Buck. Printed throughout on Japan paper, and bound in half vellum, Fabriano sides; gilt top, deckle edge. Edition limited to 750 numbered copies. Price \$2.25 net.

Two Deaths in the Bronx. A Volume of Poems by Donald Evans. A series of pitiless photographs of profligate men and women who fritter away life, seeking new pleasures, new sensations. Ebony gray boards, antique wove paper. \$1.00 net.

The Ballad of Joseph the Nazarene, by "Williams," and **A Sermon on Reverence**, by Max Eastman. Being two reverent utterances commonly accounted Blasphemy. Price 12 cents postpaid.

The Awakening of Spring, by Frank Wedekind. \$1.25 net.

Such Is Life, a play in five acts, by Frank Wedekind. \$1.25 net.

Motherlove, a one-act play, by August Strindberg. 35 cents net.

The Jig of Forshin, by Conrad Aiken. A novel of adventure in verse—powerful and varied poetry which is as varied as the many moods of the shifting episodes. \$1.25 net.

"Four Short Plays," by Charles Frederick Wurdinger, author of "The World and His Wife." \$1.00.

"Read-Aloud Plays," by Horace Holley, author of "Divinations and Creations." \$1.00.

"Will He Come Back?" a one-act comedy by Felix Grendon. A play dealing with the changing morality of our times. 25 cents.

"Vie de Bordeaux," by Pitt Sanborn. A remarkable volume of free verse dealing with France and the war. \$1.00.

"Nine Poems from a Valetudinarian," by Donald Evans. A new book from this excellent maker of verse. \$1.00.

"The Factories and Other Poems," by Margaret Widdemer. A collection of some of Miss Widdemer's most beautiful verse. \$1.00.

SOCIOLOGY ETC.

Above the Battle, by Romain Rolland (France), author of "Jean Christophe." These essays were suppressed in France because they denounced war and called upon socialists in France and Germany to declare a strike. \$1.00 net.

A B C of Socialism, by I. G. Savoy and M. O. Teck. This book is not academic. It is written for the every-day reader who, having but a few hours a day wishes to gain a fundamental knowledge of the basic principles of Socialism. It is a book of big ideas in small words. 60c. postpaid.

New Wars for Old, by John Haynes Holmes. A "statement of radical pacifism" by the leading advocate of non-resistance. \$1.50.

The Theoretical System of Karl Marx, by Louis B. Boudin, author of "Socialism and War." It is an excellent synthesis of the Socialist ideas of the world, history, society, etc. \$1.00, postpaid.

The Socialism of Today, edited by William English Walling, Jessie Wallace Hughan, J. G. Phelps Stokes, Harry W. Laidler, and other members of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. About 500 pages. \$1.60 net.

Socialism in America, by John Macy. A vivid and interesting description of Socialist principles and tactics from the revolutionary point of view. Price, \$1 net.

Socialism and War, by L. B. Boudin. "This book is a masterly review and summing up of the war from a Socialist viewpoint and deserves the widest possible reading and circulation."—Eugene V. Debs. In cloth, \$1.10 postpaid.

Marx's Capital. Greatest of all Socialist works. 3 vols. Price, \$6.00 postpaid.

"A Message to the Middle Class," by Seymour Deming. Mr. Deming's brilliant Essay that has attracted so much attention. 55 cents.

From Doomsday to Kingdom Come, by Seymour Deming. A caustic commentary on things as they are—militarism, commercialism, preparedness. 50 cents net.

A Pillar of Fire, a Profane Baccalaureate, by Seymour Deming. A brilliant discourse upon college education. \$1.00.

Poverty and Riches, by Scott Nearing. A study of the industrial regime by the author of "Income." A keen analysis of why the Rich are getting richer and the Poor poorer. \$1.00 net.

The Single Tax Movement in the U. S., by Arthur Nichols Young, Ph.D., Instructor in Economics at Princeton. A summary of the efforts of the Single Taxers to translate their beliefs into political action. \$1.50 net.

Joseph Fels, His Life Work, by Mary Fels. An engrossing story of one of the most prominent figures in sociological work. Reviewed in this issue. \$1.00.

"On the Enforcement of Law in Cities," by Brand Whitlock. It answers with fine balance and in brilliant style that section of the community which has faith in vice crusades and the policeman's strong arm generally. 50 cents.

"The Socialism of Today," by Walling, Hughan, Stokes, Laidler and others. A thorough study of modern Socialism covering all shades of opinion within the Socialistic ranks. \$1.60.

SEX

Problems of Sex, by Profs. Thompson and Geddes. Regular price, 50c.; by M. B. S., 35c. postpaid.

The Sexual Life, by C. W. Malchow, M.D. Third edition. Price, \$3.00. Sold only to physicians, dentists, lawyers, clergymen, also students of sociology.

Being Well-Born, by Michael F. Guyer, Professor of Zoology, University of Wisconsin. Decidedly the best of American Texts on Eugenics. Price, \$1.00.

Sexual Life of Our Times, by Prof. Iwan Bloch. "The most radical and profound study of sex yet published." Price, \$5. Sold only to professionals.

Love's Coming - of - Age, by Edward Carpenter. The truth about Sex, told frankly, boldly, wisely, charmingly. Price, \$1.00.

Kisch on the Sexual Life of Woman. Medical Edition, \$5.00. New general edition, \$1.60 postpaid. This is the first time that Prof. Heinrich Kisch's exhaustive study of woman is obtainable by the lay reader. Jurists, officers, social workers and writers will find this famous work of inestimable value.

Love, by Dr. Bernard S. Talmey. A Treatise on the Science of Sex Attraction. For the use of physicians, lawyers, sociologists and writers on the subject. Price \$4.

The Small Family System: Is it injurious or immoral? by Dr. C. V. Drysdale. An exhaustive examination by a scientist, proving that both public and private health and morals are improved by control of births. \$1.10 postpaid.

Three New Books For Thinking People

POVERTY AND RICHES

By SCOTT NEARING, Ph.D.
Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences,
Toledo University.

Scott Nearing tells why the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer. He argues that there is no justice in the present distribution of wealth, and he points out a new regime which he claims will abolish poverty.

Dr. Nearing presents an array of facts and arguments which are worthy of attention and are sure to arouse interest and sympathy. 293 pages. Cloth. \$1.00 Net.

THE CRY FOR JUSTICE

An Anthology of the Literature of Social Protest.

This is one of the most interesting books ever published. The *Review of Reviews* says, "It is a new world's history, and a vision of hope for the world's future." The Chicago *Evening Post* calls it "the book of the year." It is a Gospel of the new hope of the race. 950 pages. Illustrated. Cloth. \$2.00 Net.

THE FACTORIES and Other Poems

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

Contains the widely-quoted poem of "The Factories," and many other notable poems which mark Miss Widdemer's gift of spontaneous and haunting music. 128 pages. Cloth, \$1.00 Net.

Go into any bookstore and see these books, or let us send you free, full descriptive circulars and our book catalogue.

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.

1002 Winston Bldg.

Philadelphia

Will He Come Back?

A One Act Comedy

By FELIX GRENDON

Gives a clue to the changing sex morality of our time and illustrates a new way in which women are feeling and acting toward men.

Twenty Five Cents

The Masses Book Shop

The BALLAD OF JOSEPH THE NAZARENE

By "WILLIAMS" and A Sermon on Reverence By Max Eastman

Being two reverent utterances commonly accounted Blasphemy

PRINTED AT HILLACRE
RIVERSIDE, CONNECTICUT

Price 12 cents postpaid
THE MASSES BOOK SHOP

Commentary

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At the same time, I realize that THE MASSES is about the only magazine in existence which holds up the mirror to To-day which is a high enough mission for anyone.

Sincerely,

R. A. WASON.

Original from
Norwalk, Conn.

"Of 250,000 Corporations in the U. S. nearly one-half do not pay—Why?"



A RECENT report of the Federal Trade Commission shows that of 250,000 corporations in the United States, 100,000 have no net income whatever. 90,000 make less than \$5,000 a year, while the remaining 60,000 make \$5,000 a year and over. These striking figures exhibit a condition which has been going on for many years.

Business Education the Remedy

According to Edwin N. Hurley, Vice-Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, the remedy lies in standardizing business methods and systems and in teaching business men the great fundamental principles of organization and efficiency. *Industrial preparedness must be the watchword of the future.*

It is this broad grasp of the fundamentals of business, that the Alexander Hamilton Institute is teaching to more than 40,000 men in America today.

The Institute collects, classifies and transmits to you, thru the Modern Business Course and Service, the best thought and practice in modern business. It will give you a thoro and sound training in the fundamental principles underlying all departments of business—it will give you a knowledge that could be otherwise obtained only by years of bitter experience—if at all.

Advisory Council

Business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the

Alexander Hamilton Institute. This Advisory Council includes Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank; Judge E. H. Gary, head of the U. S. Steel Corporation; John Hays Hammonds, the eminent engineer; Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce, and Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

A careful reading of this 128-page book, "Forging Ahead in Business," which we will send you free will repay you many times over. It will help you measure what you know—what you don't know, and what you should know—to make success sure. Simply send the coupon below for your copy.

Alexander Hamilton Institute
527 Astor Place New York City

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business"—FREE



Name

Business Address

Business Position

Masses Book Shop

Never Told Tales, by Dr. Robinson. It should be read by everyone, physician and layman, especially those contemplating marriage. Cloth. Send \$1.10.

Love's Coming of Age, by Edward Carpenter. A series of papers on the relations of the sexes. \$1.00 net.

The Limitation of Offspring by the Prevention of Pregnancy, by Dr. Robinson. Send \$1.10.

Sex Knowledge for Boys and Men, by William J. Robinson, M.D. An elementary book written in plain, understandable language, which should be in the possession of every adolescent boy and every parent. Send \$2.00. Postpaid.

"Mother and the Child," by Noram Barnesby, M.D. One of the best books on the subject yet published. \$1.25.

"Drama of Love and Death," by Edward Carpenter. One of the best additions to the literature of Sex. \$1.50.

3 VALUABLE BOOKLETS

"Diana"
"Marriage Myths"
Reveal the secret of happiness in marriage.
"Right Eating a Science and a Fine Art"
How to weigh just what you should!
17c Each—All three for 50c Postpaid.
V. KIMMEL, 225 W. 39th St., New York

PSYCHOLOGY, ETC.

The Psychology of Relaxation, by George Thomas White Patrick. A notable and unusually interesting volume explaining the importance of sports, laughter, profanity, the use of alcohol, and even war as furnishing needed relaxation to the higher nerve centers. \$1.25 net.

Psychology of the Unconscious, by Dr. C. G. Jung. Authorized translation by Beatrice M. Hinkle, M.D. The work is an outgrowth of Freud's method of psycho-analysis. The translator is a member of the Neurological Department of Cornell University and the New York Post-Graduate Medical School. \$4.

Thinking as a Science, by Henry Hazlitt. Telling us how to think, and how to search for the rules and methods of procedure which will help us in thinking creatively, originally and, not least of all, surely, correctly. Net \$1.00.

"Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious," by Professor Dr. Sigmund Freud. Translated by A. A. Brill, Ph.D., M.D. Appeals alike to the layman and the student of psycho-analysis. \$2.50

"Leonardi Da Vinci," by Professor Sigmund Freud, Translated by Brill. A psychoanalytic study of the great painter with an interesting interpretation of the "Mona Lisa" smile. \$1.25.

"Analytical Psychology," by Dr. C. J. Jung. Edited and Translated by Constance Long. A collection of the writings of the famous psychoanalyst. \$3.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

The War in Eastern Europe, described by John Reed and pictured by Boardman Robinson—two welcome contributors to *The Masses*. They viewed not only the battle fronts, but obtained the homely, unfamiliar life of the people at the crucial period. \$2.10 postpaid.

Young India, an Interpretation and a History of the Nationalist Movement from Within, by Lajpat Rai. The leader of the struggle for self-government in India tells the story of that nation's wrongs, its aspirations and demands. It is a passionate yet scholarly statement of a people's oppression that will appeal to lovers of liberty. \$1.50 net.

Art, by Clive Bell. The author, well known as a critic, warmly champions the cause of the post-impressionists and puts forward a new theory of art. Net, \$1.50.

The New History, by Prof. James Harvey Robinson. Reviewed in the June issue. Price, \$1.50.

"Visions and Revisions," by John Cowper Powys. A book of essays on great literature. The *New York Times* said "It is too brilliant, that is the trouble." 300 pp., \$2.00 net.

The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors, by Kersey Graves. \$1.65 postpaid.

New Wars for Old, by John Haynes Holmes. A statement of Radical Pacifism in terms of force versus non-resistance, with special reference to the facts and problems of the Great War. \$1.50 net.

The Tyranny of Shams, by Joseph McCabe, formerly a Franciscan monk, now Ultra-Radical writer and lecturer. \$1.50 net.

"Laws of American Divorce," by a lawyer. A standard work. Everyone interested in the great American problem of divorce should possess this book. \$1.00.

The Book of the Dance, by Arnold Genthe. A collection of marvellous photographs which have caught admirably the spirit of our famous dancers. Also an excellent preface. \$6.00 net.

Maurice Maeterlinck, by Una Taylor, a critical study. \$2.00 net.

"The Women of Shakespeare," by Frank Harris. A delightful study of Shakespeare's heroines. \$2.00.

Understanding Germany, by Max Eastman, Editor of *The Masses*. The Only Way to End the War and Other Essays. Ready September 15th. \$1.25 net.

Towards a Lasting Settlement, by G. Lowes Dickinson and other English writers. A study of the means of preserving peace based upon the amity of nations. Reviewed in this issue. \$4.00.

American Labor Year Book, 1916. The first publication of its kind published in America. To be published annually. Prepared by The Department of Labor Research of The Rand School of Social Science. Paper bound, 50c.; cloth, \$1.00.

Eternity. World-War Thoughts on Life and Death, Religion, and the Theory of Evolution, by Ernest Haeckel, Professor at the University of Jena. Price, cloth, \$1.25 net.

One Hundred Best Books, compiled by John Cowper Powys. It contains a commentary on each book and an essay on "Books and Reading." 75 cents net.

Shakespeare, by John Masefield. A sympathetic and valuable study. Price, 50 cents.

Radical Views, by Ralph Brandt. An interesting collection. Bound in limp leather. Price, \$1.00.

"The Ireland of Today," by Varied Hands. An interesting study of present conditions in the Emerald Isle. \$3.00.

"Modern Germany" in relation to the Great War by various German writers. Translated by W. W. White-lock. A remarkable collection of essays that will help to understand Germany during the present conflict. \$2.00.

Education, by Randolph S. Bourne. With an introduction by William Wirt, superintendent of Gary Schools. A comprehensive account of the new theory of education which has proved so practicable in Gary. \$1.15 net.

"Six Days of the Irish Republic," by L. G. Redmond-Howard. An account and explanation of the Easter rebellion by one eminently qualified to tell the story. \$1.00.



AN IMPORTANT AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY*

THE story of Joseph Fels, manufacturer of Fels-Naptha Soap, who turned away from business with the deliberate object of making the world better, appeals intensely to students of social problems. The romance of his life work is told by his widow, who was his inspiration, and who is the inspiring genius of the agencies carrying on the work he began.

In a narrative having the progressive interest of a novel and the informing value of a treatise on current modern history, Mrs. Fels relates how her husband's philanthropic endeavors, moving at first along the more conventional lines of charity, were, through a logical evolution, consecrated to the nobler object of making charity, in its present sense unnecessary.

Mr. Fels reached independently the general position of Henry George. He became a single taxpayer, not because he wanted to reform fiscal methods, but because he gradually learned to understand that the general property tax, and the system of private land monopoly which it implies, are throttling humanity and raising up the most monstrous injustice the world has ever seen.

***JOSEPH FELS: HIS LIFE-WORK**

By Mary Fels

With three portraits. \$1 net.

B. W. HUEBSCH, *Publisher*

225 Fifth avenue, New York



CATALOGUE FREE

*We make furniture
that artists like....
We teach you how
to make it yourself.
so you can have it as
individual as you like*

Incidentally we save you money

LOUISE BRIGHAM'S STUDIO

16 HORATIO ST. N.Y.C.

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE

But Your Nose?



BEFORE



AFTER



In this age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure

or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new nose-shaper, "Trados" (Model 22), corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night. Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist,
585 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

MASSES ADVERTISEMENTS ARE PRINTED IN GOOD FAITH; TO THE BEST OF OUR KNOWLEDGE THEY ARE FULLY RELIABLE.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Mrs. Sanger's Magazine

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

MARGARET SANGER

165 Lexington Ave., New York City

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

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Merrill Rogers, who, having taken and sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE MASSES and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Mass Publishing Co., 33 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Max Eastman, 33 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Floyd Dell, 38 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Merrill Rogers, West 14th St., New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) The Mass Publishing Co., 33 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.; Eugene Wood, Northport, L. I.; Max Eastman, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.; J. Sloan, 88 Washington Place, New York, N. Y.; Alice Beach Winter, 53 East 59th St., New York, N. Y.; Charles A. Winter, East 59th St., New York, N. Y.; Ellis Jones, 17 West 31st St., New York, N. Y.; Horatio Winslow, 520 East 77th St., New York, N. Y.; Cornelia Barnes, 28 S. 51st Philadelphia, Pa.; Glenn O. Coleman, Patchen Place, New York, N. Y.; George Bellows, 146 East 19th St., New York, N. Y.; Stuart Davis, 153 S. Arlington Ave., Orange, N. J.; K. R. Chamberlain, 98 Elliot Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.; William H. Walling, Greenwich, Conn.; Arthur Young, 9 East 17th St., New York, N. Y.; H. J. Turner, 14 W. 29th St., New York, N. Y.; Maurice Becker, 9 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.; John Reed, 43 Washington Square, New York, N. Y.; Howard Brush Greens Farms, Conn.; Mary H. Vorse O'Brien, 121 Washington Place, New York, N. Y.; Robert Carlton Brown, Tenafly, N. J.; L. Untermeyer, 231 West 97th St., New York, N. Y.; Robert Minor, 444 Pearl St., New York, N. Y.; John Barber, 2140 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Helen Marot, 206 W. 13th St., New York, N. Y. 3. That known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing a full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as stockholders, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; this affiant has no reason to believe that any person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the stock, bonds, or other securities than as stated by him.

MERRILL ROGERS
Business Manager

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

(SEAL)

C. A. INGALLS

(My commission expires March 30, 1917)

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

**We Don't Advise People
to Do Things We Aren't
Up to Ourselves**

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

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

For God's sake, where are we at?
Yours, a bit perturbed,
INCOGNITO.

A Conscientious Objector

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

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

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

Yours for a better social state,
H. N. BARTLETT.
Wilkinsburg, Pa.

From a Preacher

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

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

**MARTINI
TEMPERA
COLORS**

WRITE FOR FOLDER

THE FOLLOWING STORES
CARRY A FULL LINE OF
OUR COLORS.

149 West 35th Street, New York

Artists' Materials

At Halpern's

3 East 30th St., N.Y.C.
Tel. Mad. Sq. 6928



Oil, Water and
Tempera Colors
Picture Framing

Artist's Materials

MANUFACTURERS and IMPORTERS

Illustrators, Mural Printers, Decorators' and
Sculptors' Supplies. Artists' Canvas, Wood-
ware, Oil and Water Colors, Picture Framing.

E. H. & A. C. FRIEDRICH CO.
169 W. 57th St. New York City

**Go to Lee's Art Shop—
—for Artists' Materials**

Rembrandt Oil Colors. Tempera Colors.
Manufacturer of Artists' Woodenware
Mail orders promptly attended to.

940 Eighth Avenue, opp. Van Dyke Studios,
N. Y. City, Phone "Circle 187"

STUDIOS, ROOMS; ARTISTS, WRITERS

Central, Light, Clean. Low Rents

- 12 East 15th St., very large space... \$25
- 6 East 15th St., steam heat, elec. light \$45
- 246 West 14th St. \$25

Monthly to Desirable Tenants

MORRIS E. STERNE, INC., 9 E. 14th St.



LIFE - STUDIES

DRAPED AND IN THE NUDE

Original Photographs in Portfolios

The Basis of an Art-Training in
Figure-Work

These are direct, black photographic prints on double-weight paper, intended for the exclusive use of painters, illustrators, architects, designers and art-students. Hundreds of such men have accorded them high praise for beauty of pose, excellence of photographic technique and sincerity of purpose.

There is no catalog, samples are not submitted, nor are the sets sent on approval; but they are sold under the *Photo-Era Guaranty*, which is known to be an absolute assurance of satisfaction in every respect.

- Sets A, C or O. 20—5 x 7 Prints
- Sets B, D, E, F, G, H or I.
12—8 x 10 Prints

Price, \$5.00 each, express paid
With Photo-Era, 1 year, \$6.00

PHOTO-ERA, Trade-Agent

383 Boylston St. Boston, U. S. A.

WANTED—One Copy December 1912 MASSES

Collect \$1.00 JOHN REED, care Masses

STUDIO hours for rent, 2 West 16th St., first floor, 17x52; oak floors; electricity, Knabe grand piano for recitals, practice, dancing, lectures, or committee meetings. Roy Nash, 70—5th Ave. Chelsea 7841.

MODERN ART STUDIO

Onorio Ruotolo Carlo Leonetti

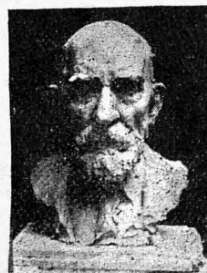
11 East 14th Street
New York City

**School of Modelling, Painting
and Drawing**

ORDERS EXECUTED FOR

Garden Fountains, Portraits, Busts, Memorial
Monuments, Decorations, Drawing, Etc.

WRITE FOR FULL INFORMATION





JOURNALISM VERSUS ART

By Max Eastman

Profusely illustrated, Net \$1.00

The Editor of "The Masses" diagnoses the art and writing of popular American money-making magazines and warns us of the effect that the continued vogue of these publications will have upon art and literature in general.

The contrast between the aspect of this book and that of the magazines in your home makes Mr. Eastman's argument very convincing. If you would like to see the magazine on your table improved read "Journalism Versus Art".

Modern Russian History

By Alexander Kornilov, translated by Alexander S. Kaun. Two volumes, with maps, gilt tops, boxed \$5.00 net per set.

The only adequate history of modern Russia available to the reader of English. And unique in that it is the first history of modern Russia ever written by a Russian. Kornilov, whose point of view is liberal, is one of the most popular lecturers in Petrograd, and he is a professor there at the Polytechnicum of Peter the Great.

The Russian School of Painting

By Alexandre Benois, translated by Abraham Yarmolinsky, introduction by Christian Brinton. 32 full page plates, bound in the Russian manner, boxed \$3.00 net.

A concise yet brilliant, scholarly and interesting survey of the entire field, and the work of a man prominent both as an artist and a critic. He knows intimately not only the artistic productions of his own nation, but those of Western Europe, which enables him to present his subject in a true perspective.

ALFRED A. KNOPF - 222 West 42 Street, New York
Send for a list of BORZOI BOOKS

THE HOPE OF GLORY

By William Schuyler, author of "Under Pontius Pilate." A vitally interesting novel by a writer who is a great psychologist and philosopher as well as a master of dramatic narrative. "A distinguished performance in the evocation of a vanished age and in the presentation of the character of men who shook and shaped the world," says William Marion Reedy in the *St. Louis Mirror*. \$1.50 net.

FIVE MEN AND POMPEY

By Stephen Vincent Benet. A series of dramatic portraits, being moments in the lives of Sortorius, Lucellus, Cicero, Caesar, Crassus, and Pompey, outlining the drama of the Republic's fall; in blank verse and lyrics of power and beauty. "The Love Song of Lucullus is really beautiful and the volume would be worth reading for that one thing alone," says the *Los Angeles Graphic*. 60 cents net.

A TALE OF WEST AND EAST

By L. F. Strauss. A novel of ideas, especially for those interested in the problems of capital and labor, socialism, theosophy, and metaphysics. "A very original book, which rivals the *Modern Symposium* of G. Lowes Dickinson," says the *Boston Post*. \$1.25 net.

IBSEN'S BRAND

Already pronounced by the critics the only worth-while translation of Ibsen's masterpiece. This is the first authorized translation of one of the world's great poems, hitherto not fully appreciated by English readers, although considered by Edmund Gosse, George Brandes, and other critics, to be Ibsen's most important work. Translated into English verse, rhymed, and in the original metre, by Miles M. Dawson. \$1.50 net.

See announcement on another page of *The Jig of Forslin*, Conrad Aiken's new book, and write for complete descriptive catalog of our publications, including books by John Gould Fletcher, Richard Aldington, Gustaf Uddgren, Robert Alden Sanborn, Elihu Vedder, and others. Ask for sample copy of *The Poetry Journal*.

THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY

Cornhill Boston

CAUSES AND CURES

of

CRIME

A Popular Study of Criminology
From the Bio-Social Viewpoint

By THOMAS SPEED MOSBY

Member of the American Bar; Former Par-
don Attorney of the State of Missouri;
Member American Institute of Crimi-
nal Law and Criminology.

356 Pages, 8vo., 65 illustrations. Price,
\$2.00 Postpaid.

The cost of crime in the United States now amounts to one-third the total cost of the government, and the burden is yearly increasing. Crime is seven times more prevalent in this country now, in proportion to population, than it was sixty years ago. According to Professor Kellicott, of Goucher College, one in every thirty persons in the United States is now defective or dependent, or both defective and dependent.

When Blackstone wrote his commentaries upon the common law of England, he gave as one of his reasons for so doing a desire to epitomize, in a manner, and to popularize, an intricate but important branch of learning, and at the same time he expressed the belief that every gentleman ought to be familiar with the common law. For a much greater reason, at this day, every man and woman who feels an interest in civilization, who prefers racial improvement to racial deterioration and degeneracy, and who would foster the upward growth of society rather than witness its disintegration, must aspire to a degree of familiarity with the comparatively new science of criminology.

MASSES BOOK SHOP

33 West 14th Street

New York City

The Soul of a Bell Boy

HAVE you ever looked at a bell-boy and wondered what he was like? Well, here is some first-hand information from Jess Stanton, bell-boy at the Lawrence Hotel, Erie, Pa.:

"I am tired of the artificialness of life; bored with the endless monotony of trying to be perfectly happy; disgusted with the society folk who dig about in gaudy dress with enameled faces; sick of the religious—good people in their way, but awfully tiresome who wander from place to place with fatuous smiles of contentment on their pale faces.

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

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

A Wife's Troubles

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

[Enclosure.]

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

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

An interpretation, at once scientific and eloquent, of poetry in life, and its relation to the poetry in literature.

Enjoyment of Poetry

BY MAX EASTMAN, Editor of THE MASSES

\$1.25 Postpaid

THE MASSES BOOK SHOP

"Chick Lorimer"

WE once informed our readers that they ought to buy and read "Chicago Poems," by Carl Sandburg. We suspect that a few of them haven't done it yet, and that gives us an excuse for reprinting one of the poems in that volume—a poem as perfect in its way as the "Ode to a Grecian Urn," or the Shropshire lyrics of A. E. Housman. It is entitled "Gone," and here it is:

Everybody loved Chick Lorimer in our town.

Far off
Everybody loved her.
So we all love a wild girl keeping a hold
On a dream she wants.

Nobody knows now where Chick Lorimer went.

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

Gone with her little chin
Thrust ahead of her,
And her soft hair blowing careless
From under a white hat,

Dancer, singer, a laughing, passionate lover.

Were there ten men or a hundred hunting Chick?

Were there five men or fifty with aching hearts?

Everybody loved Chick Lorimer.
Nobody knows where she's gone.

Happy Thought

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

ROMAIN ROLLAND'S GREAT TRILOGY
JEAN-CHRISTOPHE

Translated from the French by GILBERT CANNAN. In three volumes, each with its own individual interest. Per volume, \$1.50 net.

"It is moderate praise to call it with Edmund Gosse, 'the noblest work of fiction of the twentieth century.' A book as big, as elemental, as original as though the art of fiction began today. . . . We have nothing comparable in English literature. . . ."—*Springfield Republican*.

"If a man wishes to understand those devious currents which make up the great, changing sea of modern life, there is hardly a single book more illustrative, more informing and more inspiring."—*Current Opinion*.

"Must rank as one of the very few important works of fiction of the last decade."—*Independent*.

"The most momentous novel that has come to us from France, or from any other European country, in a decade."—*Boston Transcript*.

A 32-page booklet about Romain Rolland and Jean-Christophe, with portraits and complete reviews, on request.

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

34 West 33rd Street

NEW YORK

If You Knew—

that Anatole France and Steinlen the famous painter were recommending the Masses to their friends,

and that way from England the other day came a subscription with a letter telling of the enthusiasm of these two leaders of literary and artistic Europe for the Masses,

wouldn't you feel that you could recommend it to *your* friends?

You have a friend who ought to be a Masses subscriber. Won't you see that he fills out the coupon and mails it with \$1.50 attached?

The Business Department is strictly Materialistic. This coupon is for use and not for ornament.

MASSES PUBLISHING CO.

33 West 14th Street
New York

Please send me the MASSES for one year. Enclosed is \$1.50.

Name

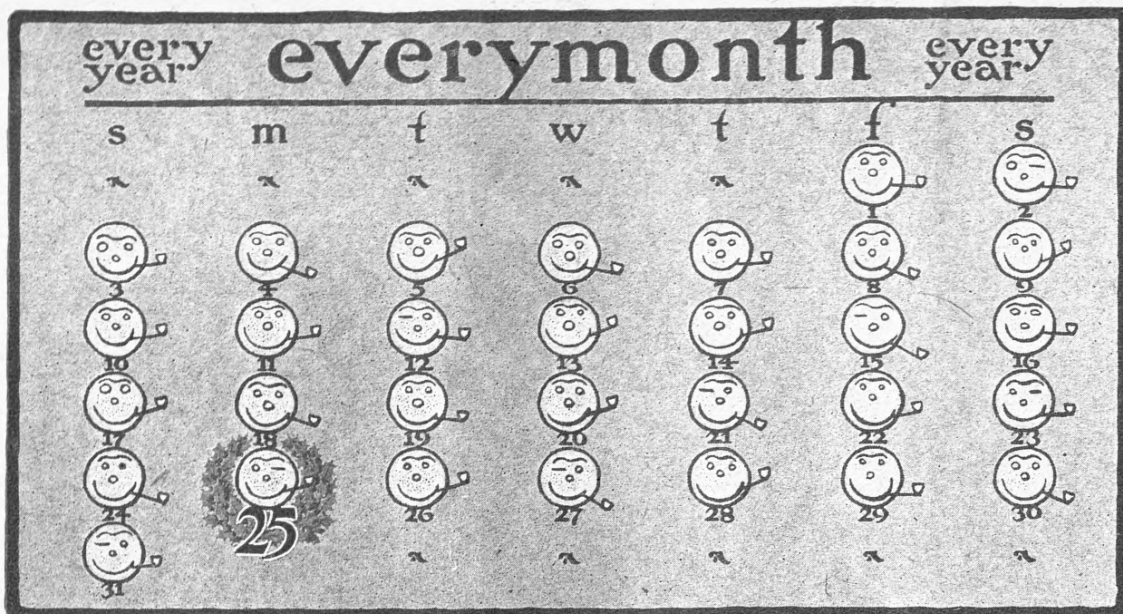
Address

Digitized by

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



happy days!

EVERY day's a happy day on which you smoke Tuxedo. But the greatest happiness is making *others* happy. That's why December twenty-fifth is the happiest day on the calendar—it's the day you give Tuxedo to all your friends.

Happy pipe-days—that's Tuxedo's gift to all men who smoke it! Because Tuxedo has *no* harshness or bite—just cool, rich tobacco taste, mellowed to delightful mildness and supremely agreeable in aroma. Tuxedo puts Holiday cheer into every hour and day of the year.

Tuxedo Christmas Humidor.

This ideal gift for men is beautifully decorated with holly, ribbon and Christmas card, and packed in a handsome carton, for sending by mail, express or messenger. Price, complete— **90c**

Reserve yours today at your dealer's—the demand is heavy.

Tuxedo is Sold in Many Convenient Sizes:

- In Glass Humidors.....50c and 90c
- In Tin Humidors.....40c and 80c
- In Curved Pocket Tin..... 10c
- In Moisture-proof Bag..... 5c

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

