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# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Volume XVI



Number 8

War

Prof. Evander Bradley McGilvray

War and Moral Progress

M. C. Otto

The Light of the World

Sophia

PUBLICATION OF UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

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# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

VOLUME XVI

Madison, May, 1917

Number 8

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“THE academic year of 1916-17 marks a renaissance in the life of Wisconsin students,” remarked a member of the faculty interested in student activities, “foremost among the new activities stand out the Lit and the Forum.” Indeed this year has shown an intellectual revival among students. Never before have there been so many circles for literary, political or philosophical discussion; never before has there been such constructive social work.

These new activities may be traced to two sources. On the one hand they are due to the general recent political developments. For the first time in the history of this continent do we feel that we are not citizens of a “new world”, but that the ideals and interests of America are closely related to those of Europe, that our geographical isolation is not sufficient reason for our refusal to share the responsibilities of civilized mankind. The present conflict of nations awoke the American people from their political slumber and aroused in them a sense of national consciousness and of international obligation. This political awakening actually took place before the United States had entered into the war; it showed itself in every class of the American people; naturally it did not escape the student body, and stirred up many a potential thought, many a dormant emotion.

Another source of this awakening comes from the inner life of the students. A limited number of students always extended their studies beyond the prescribed curriculum and contaminated the respectable

scholastic atmosphere with the interests and struggles of the outer world. They kept an open eye and ear to the demand of times and tried to combine learning with living. Their influence, however, never extended beyond a limited circle of friends. This undercurrent broke through to the surface, and the so-called Renaissance found expression in the Lit and the Forum.

We have heard enough criticism of the Lit from students, faculty men, and outside publications to enable us to pass judgment on it without falling into conceit or false modesty. The Lit has not only expressed student opinion and published student literature, but, judging from the amount and character of the material submitted to the editors, we may say that it integrated the literary interests on the campus, and supplemented the classroom.

The Forum launched into activity suddenly and attracted wide attention with its little “declaration” of its aims. These, in its own terms, were: “to emphasize the true meaning of education; to fuse compartmental education so as to combine learning with living; to enrich the life of students, and to promote a better understanding between professor and student.”

This sounded rather new on the campus, it did not resemble any of the traditional “student activities”, and for a while met with a strong opposition of critics. All hindrances were removed, however, as soon as its critics realized that the students behind the Forum actually meant what they said, and intended to carry out their program. The lectures, discussions, musical and dramatic performances conducted by the Forum are well known to students; they actually led to a broadening of the students’ horizon, to a widening of their interests, to a combining of *learning with living*.

The success of both the Lit and the Forum has marked a new phase in student life. It has shown that students are not mere receptacles of learning, but take an active interest in the problems of education. It has shown that a coöperation of students and professors is not only desirable but possible, and a better understanding between the two leads to a better realization of the purpose of education. In spite of the revolutionary character which some critics tried to ascribe to the

Lit and the Forum, they must now acknowledge that both perform an important function in the life of students and help to accomplish the aim of the university.

—P. A. A.

WHILE the entrance of the United States into this war has long been expected, it nevertheless came as a shock to the American people, especially to the young men of military age. From a problem of intellectual speculation the war somehow turned into a matter of fact, and for a while we showed a tendency to separate the theoretical from the practical, as if the two could be kept apart. The problems of "immediate necessity" eclipsed the vision of the future, and our ideal to reconstruct the world on democratic principles as proclaimed in President Wilson's Declaration turned into a mere hatred of things German. A study of facts reveals to us that never before has the world been so close to a complete revaluation of standards as it is today. It seems that what has been regarded for many centuries as a utopian dream of idealists has now, through military necessity, become practicable. A bird's eye view of the situation in Europe shows that while on the one hand we find absolute military centralization of authority, a complete negation of the rights of the individual, death and destruction; on the other hand, in the coalition of the majority of European nations under the guidance of an international council, we find the nucleus of the "federation of the world;" in the government control of production as now exercised by both the entente and the alliance, we find the beginning of a socialization of industry; the new industrial position of women in Europe has practically solved the problem of women's rights. The war has created new social conditions which we must accept as facts, and has given a practical solution to what had till recently been theoretical problems.

Now that the war has grown to such an extent that it shook the world to its very foundation and brought to the surface many social and political wrongs, the original selfish commercial motives that drove Germany, England, and Russia into the conflict were replaced by new motives. The war for commercial supremacy became a war for Democracy; and as the interests of the entente became more and more identified with those of progressive mankind, the United States was drawn into the conflict more and more.

The recent declarations of the above mentioned countries have made it evident that a complete victory is possible only in terms of a democratic reconstruction of social and political life. Now France, which for the past few decades has been the pioneer of Democracy, is now at a point of exhaustion; it has lost its intellectual men as well as the military, and will for some

time be incapable of any leadership. The recent developments in Russia have shown that as long as her many varieties of radicals will keep on competing with one another, we need not expect from her a practical constructive policy. As things stand today the United States is the only country that can combine high ideals with a practical business sense and is capable of carrying out a program of utilitarian idealism. This situation means new responsibilities to the American people. The United States is not only to carry the burden of a military conquest, but is responsible for a constructive democratic policy which is our terms of peace. Are the American people prepared for such work?

If the United States is to bring this world conflict to a successful conclusion, that is, a conclusion in terms of a complete democratization of the world, a military victory alone is insufficient. We must win a many-sided view of the social conditions in Europe; we must learn to understand the undercurrents in the social and political thought of the struggling groups. It is quite possible that in order to ameliorate the conflict of nationalities within the nations we will have to give a new interpretation to history and do away with the imperialistic bias which dominated it heretofore. The problem of reconstruction that confronts the United States is unprecedented in the history of mankind and no one can foretell what turn it may have to take. It is quite evident therefore that we need intellectual men of unprejudiced mind, broad vision and deep insight. The world looks to the United States for such men; the people of the United States look to our colleges and universities.

As students we must place ourselves where we may bring the greatest good, and those who cannot or ought not to be with the military or economic organization must realize the necessity of intellectual work. It is the duty of such students to study the European problems, to acquaint the American public with the possible solution of them in terms of a democratic readjustment. Pseudo-Democracy and jingoistic patriotism must be destroyed in their infancy, and the broad ideals of Democracy should not only be preached abroad but must be maintained at home.

—P. A. A.

#### EDITORS

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## War!

EVERY newspaper and every magazine is full of articles on the war. With the discussion that is thus going on in public print as well as in private conversation it is now quite impossible for any one to say anything new or original about it. Our reasons for going into the struggle have been eloquently set forth by President Wilson in his War Address before Congress; the demands that are made on all citizens have likewise been clearly stated by him in his appeal to the nation. There are perhaps still some among us who either do not believe that we had to enter into this gigantic contest or who question our motives for entrance. Against these disbelievers argument at this time is ineffective. Motives are notoriously difficult to establish in face of dispute. But fortunately it is not necessary to defend our motives; those who doubt are relatively few.

It might well have been otherwise. A year ago there was in the minds of many of our most thoughtful citizens a deep fear that if the United States should become embroiled in the war there would be internal strife. War against the entente has at no time within the last thirty months been a possibility worth consideration; if we had to fight it would be with Germany, and war against Germany was something that would go counter to the feelings and sympathies of a large number of our own citizens. These sympathies were natural. The ties that bound many Americans to Germany were close, and as the war went on in Europe it was inevitable that sympathies should grow stronger. There was among pro-German sympathizers a resentment against the unneutrality of our press, and the alleged unneutrality of our government. Would this resentment lead to serious internal friction in case America did come in on the side of the Allies? This was a question that caused much anxiety.

Had it not been for the suspicion of German propaganda organized by the agents of the German government, a suspicion that was confirmed by numerous plots unearthed and established by our courts, we should have trusted the loyalty of our fellow-citizens, sharp as would be the wrench to the feelings of those of German descent when they should be called upon to defend the country of their adoption against the country of their extraction. But what had this propaganda achieved in the way of organizing natural feelings into an effective political and military menace? Organization we had all been led to believe in—organization of unknown extent.

This organization had a foundation to build on, such as no anti-German organization could have had. There

was a grandeur in the German achievement within the last fifty years that appealed to the imagination of men of German blood. German science, German industry, German social reforms, German expansion in all directions, not only were brilliant accomplishments, but were more splendid advertisements. Every American whose forefathers had come from Germany was proud to belong to the race that had done and was doing wonderful things. It is true that many of these Americans were descended from men and women who had emigrated from Germany because of intolerable political conditions. But in the mere flight of time there is a softening effect. The good is remembered; and the evil, the harshness and the tyranny, are forgotten. There was a new Germany over the waters, no longer the Germany of 1848; and it was this glorified Germany that now was reaching out to grip the hearts and the imagination of her expatriated children. The German government declined to recognize the expatriation; its theory was that one could be both an American and a German. And while until 1914 there was not the remotest suspicion on the part of most Americans that there would be any danger to our national unity from this bi-nationalism, the burst of passion that followed the invasion of Belgium, passion pro-German and passion anti-German, brought us all face to face with what seemed to be an accomplished break in our national unity.

But the forces of passion at work were not so simple as the account just given would imply. Those who took sides against Germany were suspected by their opponents of having as strongly pro-British sympathies as theirs were pro-German. The way to combat anti-Germanism was then to arouse the latent feelings of dislike for England and her empire. These feelings have been slumbering in American minds for more than a hundred years. Our text-books of history had been largely written in an Anglophobe spirit. Our Irish population had their remembered grievances, also organized into a campaign of hate against England. The memory of some passages in the Civil War and of the Venezuelan incident did not serve to abate the sinister tradition. The national patriotic sport of twisting the British lion's tail served as an excellent basis for an anti-British propaganda. Pro-Germanism would not have been such a serious menace to us at this crisis had it not been combined with a violent hate of Britain. German militarism, never popular in America, was represented as a no more serious menace than British navalism. Germany was represented as standing for the freedom of the seas; England with her naval zones was repre-

sented as showing her imperial designs to rule the whole world. Neutrality in the war demanded that we should fight England to secure free passage for our ships and our commerce into the German ports through the lines established by British naval supremacy. This was the form that the pro-German propaganda took to offset the prejudice against German militarism. It has found numerous spokesmen, even in Congress.

Into the merits of the question of German militarism vs. British navalism I cannot go here. Theoretically there are two sides to every question; practically this question has been decided. The British fleet has not been an active menace to the world's peace, except as the world's peace has been of late constantly endangered by German ambitions to offset the power of this fleet in her own interest. The British naval power has been exercised according to the spirit of recognized international law. If this is denied, and theoretically it is open to denial, there is no question that the alleged illegalities of British naval procedure were of such a sort that the agencies of international law could be used to rectify the injustice. Neutral ships were indeed warned off the barred zones; but those that failed to observe the warnings were caught and taken to British ports. Property rights were involved; and these could be adjusted by courts and by diplomacy.

Meanwhile a new navalism had arisen; this is German navalism, the navalism of the buccaneer submarine. Here also there is a warning—keep out of the barred zone. But unsubmissive ships are not caught and taken into German ports. They are sent to the bottom, with loss of many lives. This is a matter that cannot wait for adjudication by courts and by diplomacy. The dead are dead; no court and no diplomacy can bring them back to life, or make due restitution.

"But Germany can do no otherwise." The submarine cannot put a prize crew aboard a captive; if Germany's naval force is to be effective she must sink at sight. Yes, there's the rub. If Germany is to win with her navy she must sink without ruth. But this principle, axiomatic as it is, is conditional. *Must* Germany win? No doubt the Germans feel they must. But *we*, while we should try to put ourselves in Germany's place in order to understand her difficult situation, are not obliged to take ourselves permanently out of *our own* place; we must understand our vital interests. Shall we be neutral, to our own detriment, in order that Germany may win? That is the question the answer to which has brought us into the war.

But before we consider this question, let us look a moment at what Germany demanded that we should do. In her note agreeing to discontinue the unrestricted use of the submarine after the sinking of the *Sussex*, Germany reserved to herself the right to take up again

its unrestricted use unless we should prevail upon England to discontinue her policy of starving Germany. How could we prevail upon England? We had protested; we could only do two more things; we could threaten war and we could declare war. Had Germany forgotten that we had a treaty with England binding us not to resort to war against her except after resort to arbitration, and then only after giving us time for cool thought before taking the irrevocable step of war? But why not demand arbitration? Why not? With all Europe in the war, except a few weak nations that are in fear of their lives, where shall we find impartial arbitrators? In the heat of a world-conflict, can a tribunal be found that would be acceptable to both parties? That was the question that we and Great Britain had to decide for ourselves. We decided in fact, even if we did not go through the formal motions of making a decision. And the decision was wise. But at any rate it was not Germany's business what our decision was. It was to her interest that we should have decided differently. But unless she goes on the principle that adverse decisions in matters to which she is not a direct party relieves her of all international obligations, she has nothing to do but to accept the decision. But she did not accept. She insisted that we should force England to stop her starvation blockade, in spite of our treaty with England to arbitrate our disputes. In other words she insisted that our treaties were scraps of papers, just like her own, when her interests are involved.

Here then we have the issue of the war. Is Germany's interest to be allowed to control all dealings between nations? Is Germany's place in the sun so precious that all nations must step aside to make her room? Is a nation that ignores all obligations and enforces her will by sheer physical might to be allowed to continue her victorious career unchecked and lord it autocratically over the world?

Germany's place in the sun? Whose place? That of Germans? No, they have their place, and have had it. They have been welcome here; they have been welcome in Brazil; they have been welcome everywhere they have been willing to go and become citizens in their chosen settlements. It is not the place of Germans in the sun that is at issue. It is the place of Germany. And what is Germany? A nation, not a race; for the *race* is now partly American in nationality, and partly South-American. The Germany that wants a place in the sun is the nation that is ruled by the Hohenzollerns and their autocracy. It is the nation that to have a place in the sun as a nation is willing to risk a universal war; that is willing to support Austria in her insolent ultimatum to Serbia; that is willing to violate Belgian neutrality and lay Belgium waste; that is will-

ing to sink Lusitanias and intimidate enemies by a policy of devastation of conquered territories unparalleled in modern times. It is the nation that seventeen years ago through the mouth of her anointed sovereign instructed her expeditionary force in China to make its memory felt for frightfulness for a hundred years, just as the Huns had in their own time made their memory felt. The reference to the Huns is the Kaiser's own reference. The chickens have come home to roost. The instructions to the German contingent during the Boxer Rebellion have been carried out by the German armies in the present European war; and the memory of them for frightfulness will be long in dying out. It is this frightfulness, it is this autocratic imperiousness in the face of all opposed interests, that makes Americans see their national safety only in German defeat. The Germany of 1914 has been able to defy all Europe, to wrest conquests from an unprecedented coalition of powers, and now to hold her enemies at bay. If this Germany wins this war, and thus is enabled to organize

a central empire from the North Sea to the southern boundaries of Turkey, she will be a nation stronger than all the rest of the world combined. If she wins the war, her autocracy will come out of the conflict confirmed by the victory and more insolent than ever. The world has never faced a more dangerous foe. We are fighting the German government because, with this government victorious, the world will not be "safe for democracy."

And now that the war is on, we are a united people. Our fears were ungrounded. Our former German-Americans are now pure Americans, for our war is not against the German people but against the German government. The German people in Germany have not yet acknowledged the distinction, therefore it cannot yet become effective in our national preparations. But our own people of German descent acknowledge this distinction. And if—no, and when we win, the distinction will be made by all.

EVANDER BRADLEY MCGILVARY.

## War and Moral Progress.

AT least three attitudes towards a fight or fighting are theoretically possible, of whatever sort the quarrel may be: to pass by on the other side; to support one of the contestants against his opponent; to labor for an adjustment calculated to preserve the greatest total of the interests involved. And each attitude is indicative of a certain range of sympathies; each is an expression of a type of self, the measure of a personality. Those whose field of imaginative vision is limited to what more immediately concerns themselves, naturally are not moved to risk the goods they appreciate in a struggle for interests that lie beyond their horizons. Such men will allow the contestants to fight it out alone, and if necessary, will discover reasons to show that this is best. It is a different man who either spontaneously or deliberately throws himself into the conflict and helps to decide the issue. To make common cause with another in his effort to protect or secure valued ends, involves the ability to forget or the willingness to jeopardize habitual, more or less restricted interests for interests lying beyond and now at stake. It thus implies a scope of imagination and a breadth of sympathy to which the former type of mind is stranger. Yet obviously even here the outlook is circumscribed, for there is no attempt to envisage the threatened interests as a whole, and the feelings remain cold to all but a selection of particular values. Consequently it seems irrational to consider any interest outside the selected circle, and reasons are discovered, if necessary to show that such interests must be disregarded for the sake of the greatest good. Once more it is a different type of

person whose imaginative sweep includes what is excluded by the others, and whose emotional nature demands that all discoverable interests be taken into account. And as naturally as the program of the first two is determined by the values they espouse, so is his. Seeing no justification for disregarding or forgetting any of the interests concerned, the objective for him becomes the achievement of a concept of things in which the richest total of the values represented shall be realized, and the creation of conditions through which this ideal shall become actual.

Now the evolution of human relationships is the record of just such an expansion of outlook and appreciation as is illustrated in passing from the first type of person to the last. The earliest morality is group morality. Individuals within the group acquire rights solely by virtue of this membership, and all persons outside the group, singly and collectively, are destitute of rights altogether. Nor is this disregard of other than group rights merely negative. It is a positive and aggressive denial of such rights and their correlative duties. To be moved by a desire to enlarge the area of interests to be considered so as to include the interests of the individual as individual or interests extraneous to the group as a group, would, if it were conceivable in primitive society, be to sound the deeps of moral depravity. Moral progress has thus been a series of achievements in the transcendence of this elemental bias. Whether the explanation be found with Marx in the "economic interpretation" of social changes, with Bancroft in a "higher power" which gives direction to human history,



or with a contemporary view in the creative impulse of man, the fact is that the primitive circumscription of moral area has gradually given place to a wider and wider concept of rights and duties. Both with respect to relations inside the group and with respect to the relation of one group to another, the social conscience has grown in vision and sensitiveness. Witness the growth of what is called social justice, of which the gradual change in the status of woman and the slow but far-reaching recognition of the rights of the laborer, are two examples out of a hundred. Witness the growth of cosmopolitanism, as reflected in commerce, in travel, in spontaneous benevolence in time of national calamity, and in a large variety of international ventures of an educational and social character. Indeed, the state has come to be regarded as an instrument for the realization of the ends of the individuals who constitute it, and it is openly contended that the only just relation between states is one which promises most for mankind rather than one which satisfies the wants and the pride of an individual group. Devious and halting as the advance has been, discouraging as conditions may appear when viewed at some particular point, a retrospect of the centuries shows a marvelous change both in the capacity and in the tendency of human beings to place themselves imaginatively in the position of others. The fortunes of the tribe which once bounded the imagination and exhausted the vital interests of even the most enlightened savage, have been transcended. Moreover, wider ideas of obligation have arisen. Not only the family, the community, the state, the nation, but mankind, is now recognized to have claims upon our devotion.

Nor has the change been one of ideal only. The development of social and international consciousness has been paralleled by the invention of instrumentalities through which the new ideals have found expression. The two phenomena are inseparable manifestations of man's creative genius, the one no less remarkable than the other, and each, from the primitive man's point of view, or that of early civilization, equally inconceivable. Private revenge, duelling and blood-feud successfully outlawed, appeals to force replaced by elections in the political field, arbitration largely substituted for force in quarrels between powerful collective bodies within the group, a complex institution achieved and maintained at community expense for adjudicating disputes growing out of conflicting interests of all sorts, an elaborate system of investigation and agitation inaugurated for the purpose of arriving at more just concepts of the most important social relationships,—these are a few of the practical accomplishments within the group. Likewise, human inventiveness has not been unsuccessful in dealing with conflicts of national interests,

as is shown by various international conventions, by the repeated settlement of irritating questions through courts of arbitration, by arrangements to settle outstanding or future controversies without an appeal to arms, and by the creation of standing machinery for equitable adjustment of difficulties between nations. Conventions have not always stood the strain, the machinery has periodically broken down, but a survey of the history of international relations shows much to have been accomplished in the attempt to devise ways and means for the settlement of disputes less blind and uncertain than the appeal to force. In a word, then, advance in civilization has actually meant the progressive achievement of a concept of things in which a richer total of human values might be realized, and the progressive creation of instrumentalities through which this expanding ideal has found expression.

The outstanding paradox in this process has of course been the periodic lapse into war. War is a return to group morality. Conceived in the disregard of a wider obligation for narrower interests, it is born as a deliberate purpose utterly to destroy the interests originally ignored. The aims of the enemy are painted in devilish colors that the virtue of thwarting them may the more readily be perceived, while every known art of persuasion is employed to arouse and unify public sentiment in the interest of blind devotion to a group ideal. In the heat of the conflict, cultural ideals, religious sentiments, humanitarian impulses all tend to boil down to a sediment of anti-enemy hatred. And the restriction of moral vision outward from the group is duplicated by a similar restriction inward. Safeguards of human individuality which the group has grudgingly yielded after the struggle of centuries, are snatched back where possible, as a war necessity. Nor is there any escape for the objector from being suspected of the vilest character describable in the group tongue. For war is a return to the spirit of the tribe, when to be moved by a desire to enlarge the area of interests to be considered so as to include the interests of the individual as individual, or extraneous interests opposed to those of the group as a group, is to sound the deeps of moral depravity. There are Liebknecht, Roland, and Russell for a testimony, and in our own country the ready reference, upon the slightest occasion, to treason and the rewards of treason.

War is a return to the spirit of the tribe, and as such a moral about face. The point needs emphasis. Few people deny the barbarity of war in the abstract, but few admit it in the concrete. War in the abstract is hell; war in the concrete is holy. So we conceal from ourselves the enormity of our failure, and, finding solace in a compensating good, accept existing conditions as inevitable.

"Terrible,—but there was no other way"; that is the universal speech. "Honor, country, humanity demanded it." And there is an element of truth in this. Not every war is at last avoidable, and few wars are unmixed barbarity. Every war is, however, a blunder in man's enterprise of establishing on this globe a social life worthy of his possibilities. Every war is a testimony to the collapse of man's effort to create, in spite of the inevitable clash of interests, a world which shall represent the richest total of good for the whole of mankind. A given war can be made to appear an exception only by forgetting the price it cost, and by assuming that whatever is, is better than anything that might have been. The men who give "the last full measure of devotion" on the battlefield, do not return to make their contribution to life; history takes a new turn; and there is no proving the result to be better or worse. One thing, however, is clear; war as a method of settling disputes must in any case disregard all values other than those which lead to victory of arms, and war therefore becomes a tragic, intolerable makeshift once a certain stage of civilization has been reached.

But to recognize war as barbarous and insane is not to get rid of it, else the pacifists would long ago have been successful. Nor is war in the act of committing suicide, as so many dream. Neither can it be exorcised by eliminating a ruler or two, or by exterminating a particular people. All these are the voice of tribal morality. The deed simply cannot be done in a stroke. It will not yield to a treatment of symptoms. Nothing but a radical reconstruction of our philosophy of life offers the hope of freedom from this intermittent madness. Wars do not fall from heaven like rain, nor burst from the earth like volcanic eruptions, nor sweep upon us like a tornado out of the horizon. They are the culmination of ambitions long indulged; they are the inevitable accompaniments of a philosophy of life which over-emphasizes possessions. And the way to a better state is indicated in the expansion of moral horizon which has made tribal morality repulsive. That process is also the earnest of success. For the present moment it is our task to do our part, whatever we may honestly conceive that part to be, that even the great conflict itself shall contribute to a better understanding between nations. To this end we must protect ourselves against infection by the mob-spirit and ward off the threatened epidemic of race hatred. Moreover, we must labor for terms of peace looking to the removal of irritation, not to the acquisition of spoils or the gratification of the pride of possession. This is a difficult task, difficult to conceive, and difficult to execute. Therefore the more we seriously think about it and soberly discuss it, the better. Equally arduous are the tasks within the nation. To safeguard human individuality, to defend freedom of discussion, to resist the sac-

rifice of democracy at home while fighting for it abroad, to fight without becoming enamored of fighting, to withstand the insidious temptation to betray the moral outlook we have so laboriously acquired, and to do all this in the spirit of loyalty to our country, is once more a difficult task, difficult to conceive and difficult to execute.

The immediate tasks are, however, only the beginning; the attainment of the ideal demands a re-definition of the law of life and a consequent readjustment of human relations based upon it. If human intelligence was ever challenged to demonstrate its creative ability, that moment has arrived. Now, while fears for civilization weigh us down, and consciousness of failure has chastened our self-assurance, is precisely the time to face the problem of creating a new order. Nor can we hope for a display of the detailed program today or tomorrow. It is enough if we can see the general direction of advance. War is an old institution and consequently the means of its consummation are at hand, while long practice has perfected their use. A world without war, on the contrary, waits to be created through the invention of new means of life realization. And whatever else may be involved in the creation of new instrumentalities for the realization of life, it means to refuse as, in spite of all pressure, our ancestors have refused, to believe it a duty to accept as fittest whatever may happen to have survived, and to venture the creation of conditions which shall lead to the survival of what we have grown to conceive to be fittest.

Our hope is thus in creative youth. Youth and the dreams of youth, they are our pillar of cloud by day, our pillar of fire by night. In the dreams of youth, if anywhere, is the hope of a new heaven and a new earth. It is youth that becomes dissatisfied with Egypt and leads the way to the promised land. The young man or the young woman who espouses the welfare of the human race, not only undertakes to oppose those who are of a like spirit but disagree in method; not only lays himself open to the witty attacks of the cynic, the sneers of the self-centered, the self-satisfied smile of the indifferent, and the fears of the terrified; he courts the misunderstanding and loneliness of the moral pioneer. And yet, as Emerson somewhere remarks, "the axis around which the universe revolves passes through his body there where he stands." It is because in some the hope of life is strong, that even indifference, selfishness, and all manner of baseness cannot completely thwart and defeat progress. Individualism, whether national or personal, represents the losing side. Or, if it does not—for after all this is a matter of faith—then civilized man will go the way of all the dynasties of vertebrates that reigned before him, leaving his fossil bones as a testimony to the epoch of his rule and the tragedy of his defeat.

M. C. OTTO,

## Verse.

## TO FRANCE

We deemed you lovers but of dance and song,  
 Of glowing wines, and all the warmth of life;  
 We half forgot that deeper things belong  
 To gloried France; but now, in time of strife,  
 You cast off every sham, and bare your souls,  
 That all the world may know you truthfully—  
 Not wantoners who drink from brimming bowls  
 Wine, sparkling with the world's frivolity,  
 But as a race, earnest, and firm, and strong,  
 Though you are weary, and your bodies worn  
 With suffering; and if the day be long  
 Before all men shall feel themselves reborn  
 In liberty, you will abide the end,  
 So long as there is life and love to spend.

—Mary P. Morsell.

## THE DRAGONFLY.

A fallen log is at the marsh's edge,  
 Whereon I lie, under the August sun,  
 And twine my fingers in the browning sedge  
 Or pull Jacks-in-the-pulpit for the fun  
 Of seeing how God could tear out the sun—  
 Then dartles past a burnished dragonfly,  
 And I forget that God is in the sky.

Oh, how can one think on such things as God  
 When heaven's blue goes flashing on those wings,  
 More free and quick than sleepy airs that nod  
 'Mong water-flags? The August ground-tone sings  
 Of life,—not God, who rules over dead things.  
 And yet—I fear. He, jealous, in His might  
 May snatch sun-loving me into chill night.

But wherefore grieve? Again that gauze of blue  
 Dips in and out of shadows of marsh flowers,  
 And glitters motionless, then shivers through  
 The yellow summer day, till hazy hours  
 Of twilight bring Death, greedy for his dowers,  
 And fold his wings. Did God ordain the way  
 Blue dragonflies dance deathwards in a day?

—Mary F. Lerch.

## TO HELEN

Here's love. This moment holds it.  
 Here Beauty breathes and stirs.  
 Her presence chastely folds it,  
 For it is child of hers.

It withers not as flowers  
 That die with the dying day.  
 This lives, the future lowers,  
 And I—I am its prey.

—Jerome Head

## REALISTIC RHYMES

## I

The dawn  
 Is salmon-colored. This I know  
 Because I saw it, long ago.  
 I was so sleepy, I could only go  
 To sleep again, nor thought it such a show,  
 The dawn.

## II

The moon  
 Is like a slice of cantaloupe, in the sky.  
 How often I have seen it rolling by  
 And longed to salt and pepper it and eat  
 It with a spoon  
 Of ice cream, for it looks so cold and sweet,  
 The moon.

## III

Her eyes  
 Are somewhat like the gray of winter skies,  
 Or of such hue as is the dust that flies  
 In summer, when the winds are high. Her eyes  
 Do not resemble any star;  
 They are not bright as jewels are.  
 I should not like them if they were,  
 Her eyes.

Clifford F. Gessler.

## Monologue d'Amour.

Let us remember, love, now that the hours  
 Are not too harsh for gazing at, but vaguely  
 Lie like white clouds against the blue of time  
 When winds are silent, yes, remember, love,  
 One thing - - - -  
 You say remember nothing, only look  
 Out through our western window at the gold  
 The sun has poured along the western hill:  
 Remember nothing, nothing, only lie  
 Here in the half light, side by side, what time  
 The shadows form and strengthening twilight comes,  
 A gradual, slow tide and laps us round.  
 And yet - - - -

And yet your word is best, love. Fate is good  
 Midway this difficult road all mortals walk  
 To grant us these few hours that know themselves  
 And sigh for nothing further. Yet, and yet,  
 The past, love, and the future? We can smile  
 Lapped in this present's broad eternity.  
 For ah, your cheek is tender, soft,—your eyes  
 What shall I say your eyes are? And your hair!  
 Surely time pauses. No, a distant bell  
 Rings the day out. Now night with silent step  
 Moves towards the marges of another dawn.  
 JEROME HEAD.

## The Stevedore.

Down on the damp-smellin' docks ye will find me—  
 Providin' ye look, which never ye do—  
 With a mountain o' barrels an' o' bales stacked behind  
 me,  
 Slavin' like hell with the rest o' the crew.  
 Feels like my back is nigh onto breakin',  
 Feels like my arms will bust with the strain;  
 But the rotten dock keeps a-throbbin' an' shakin',  
 An' the song o' the windlass keeps poundin' my  
 brain:  
 Work, you, work,  
 Blister yer phiz in the sun;  
 There's plenty more as wants yer job,  
 Starvin' till ye gets done.  
 Work, you, work,  
 Slave till ye breaks yer chest;  
 There's plenty to do fer a dog like you—  
 Plenty to do, an' no rest!

See how we lads keep a-bendin' an' swayin',  
 Rammin' a hatch to make some guy rich;  
 Down in the church they is singin' an' prayin'  
 Fer African heathen, an' Chinese, an' sich;  
 Prayin' fer *souls* when our bellies is gnawin',  
 Prayin' fer light, an' keepin' the chain  
 Tied to our bodies. Christ, choke off their jawin'—  
 Sing 'em the song that is poundin' my brain:

Work, you, work,  
 Jab in yer bill-hook tight;  
 Pant like a sweated slave if ye will,  
 Ye gotta get done tonight.  
 Work, you, work,  
 With the sun rollin' hot overhead;  
 Ye may break yer neck fer a brassy check—  
 Who cares a hang when yer dead?

When the shift is done ye may sometimes find me  
 Soakin' up booze at Billy's Mug,  
 With a snarlin' gang o' hunks behind me  
 Guzzlin' deep in the foam in' jug.  
 An' ye see me drunk, an' I hear ye mutter:  
 "Heaven be praised fer the dry campaign!"  
 Be damned! Let me swill if I will in the gutter,  
 Where the song o' the windlass *ain't* poundin' my  
 brain:

Work, you, work,  
 Blister yer phiz in the sun;  
 There's plenty more as wants yer job,  
 Starvin' till ye gets done.  
 Work, you, work,  
 Slave till ye breaks yer chest;  
 There's plenty to drink if ye don't want to think—  
 God, an' ye calls that rest!  
 —Ernest L. Meyer.

When days of wind-hushed rapture all had fled,  
 And the tired world lay stark and bare and cold,  
 We waited till some dawn should touch with gold  
 The days grown drab and wan, but lo, instead,  
 The night threw darker shadows on the earth,  
 And the grey waters sobbed upon the shore,  
 And each day, like a pall, some priescence bore,  
 Yet still we dreamed that hope might know re-  
 birth.

But now we stand no longer on the hill,  
 Looking for ships far sailing out at sea,  
 Nor greet the opening bud of every rose,  
 For we are weary, and our songs are still,  
 Though birds are liting in the apple tree,  
 And in the woods, the first wind-flower blows.  
 —Mary P. Morsell.

## The Light of the World.

FIRST you must know this Rico—who was my friend.

There is the *Café de Castilla* on the south side of the *Puerta del Sol*. If you could have heard us here on summer afternoons, you would soon have understood this Rico.

We were alike in this and that respect, but we differ also in ways,—and this story comes from that. Rico was a bachelor, as I am; but his father left him a good income and a handsome house to live in, while I—But that does not matter. You must know only that this Rico and I loved the great art of Spain. But more important yet—his art was not mine.

Dolci was his fetish. Carlo Dolci! Can you imagine that? He loved the old men, my friend,—*Campaña*, *El Guco*, *Mazo*, *Murillo*; while I—I thrilled with the joy of the *new* renaissance of my country's art. *Pradilla*, *Fortuny*, *Goya*, *Sorolla*, *Zuloaga*—they were my happiness. For when the great art sank and the darkness came upon it, did they not lift it up and give it light? Aye. And they gave it such splendor as even *Velasquez* or *Murillo* could not impart to it. As for Dolci, that anemic, sickly, sentimental Jesuit Dolci, why—But imagine, you, that you are in the *Café de Castilla*.

At the white covered table over there beside the window are Rico and I. The sun streams in warmly thru the soft white curtains. That little, pale-faced man with the large, dark eyes and hair which seems moist and separates into locks,—he is Pedro. He toys so with his glass because of his restlessness. He is always restless. You see me also.

Listen. You hear brokenly our talk, perhaps so:

"But Pedro, in *Zuloaga*—"

"Ugh! He is ugly—that *Zuloaga*!"

"At any rate as colorists—"

"*Zuloaga* a colorist? Ha! It is mud he paints with."

"*Sarolla*. You deny him wizardry in color?"

"Aye, *Eurique*. He is what you call a wizard with color. He dazzles people with it. He talks to the eye with it. *Murillo*, *Dolci*—they talk to the soul with color.—a better language!"

"Sunshine, Pedro! Is it not glorious? Is it not great to paint sunshine?"

"Bah! *Eurique*, look. Here is sunshine a-plenty. See how it streams thru the curtains; the world is full of it. Why should it be painted—for itself? *Dolci*, he puts on canvas what is not so freely given. It is those things that stirred his soul that *Dolci*—"

Ugh! He would ramble on so about this *Dolci*.

Perhaps you do not know the man? Your ignorance is a blessed thing. There is one opinion of him: He is flat, bloodless, sentimental, cloyingly sweet. All men say this;—and so did I.

One thing more about Rico. He had a habit of smiling—a damnable habit. When you were most in earnest, he smiled—in an amused way, a superior way. I let you know that sometimes it was good for Rico that I have a firm hold upon my temper.

You know this fellow now. I will tell you the story that has to do with him.

My niece in *Seville* writes to me twice a year,—once just before Christmas, and once just before her birthday. One day in October, while I was smoking my after supper cigarette, the postman brought me the birthday letter.

"*Eurique*," I said, "taxes, death, and nieces' birthdays no man can dodge!"

Having thus squarely faced the situation, I cast about to find what it should be this time. I had quite forgotten the age of Rita. She was probably past the doll age. I tried to think of something that might please a young lady in boarding school. Perhaps Rita was in boarding school. I could think of nothing.

Finally, "*Eurique*," I said, "into your coat. *Señor Suarez* keeps a shop where you may find anything from *Fiji Thunder-gods* to *American flash lights*. Into your coat!"

And so I got into my coat and sallied out in search of a birthday gift for my niece Rita in *Seville*.

While I was wandering down the *Calle del Estado*, looking hopefully into shop windows, whom should I see ahead of me but my friend, Pedro Rico!

I had not seen him for a fortnight or more. Now and then the man dropped out of sight. During these periods he roamed restlessly about, here and thither, in all the God-forsaken parts of Spain, haunting old monasteries, churches, private galleries. Sometimes he came back with a canvas he had picked up somewhere. He had a respectable gallery, Rico. His father left it to him. It was a strangely unbalanced gallery, full of genuine and doubtful *Mazos*, *El Grecos*, *Murillos*,—and above all *Dolcis*. His father had the *Dolci* mania before him; it was an evil hereditary in the family.

I stole up behind Rico and clapped him on the shoulder. He startled like a woods-animal. Perhaps I slapped him overhard, for he was a frail man.

"Hello! Rico," I cried. "Where have you been?"

Rico did not answer that question. He would probably answer it sometime later. That was his way. We talked of something else and walked along.

Finally we entered upon the *Puerta del Sol*, and approached the *Café de Castilla*. I said nothing, nor did Rico; but we turned in naturally.

After a time Rico answered my question. "I have been at the Prado," he said.

"The Prado? There is a new Mazo there, I hear."

I looked at Rico closely. Then again closely.

"What is it, Pedro?" I asked. "You are worried about something." The man was haggard *for a fact*.

Rico ignored my inquiry. "At the Prado," he said, "there has been a picture stolen."

I kept my silence.

"It is a Dolci," continued my friend, pausing to see the effect upon me.

There was no effect upon me. "One of his sickly Madonnas?" I inquired lazily.

I make my mistakes in life. That was one of them. For a time Rico wavered. He almost boiled over,—but he didn't. We talked of other things.

"The picture that was stolen at the Prado," said Rico after an interval, "was a Dolci. It was a little picture; but—it was *The Light of the World*, Enrique!"

"Ah!" I exclaimed, this time with better sense, "*The Light of the World!*"

"Si! A little picture,—no longer than that, no wider than that. It represents—"

"I know, I know, Rico," I cried hastily. "I know about it. You told me before." Indeed he had!

Rico drew himself in and remained sullenly silent for a time. My mind works slowly, but at last light broke upon it.

"Ah, Rico!" I exclaimed. "You have been wandering about - - -"

"If I could find it!" cried my friend eagerly.—"If I *could* find it. They do not appreciate that—*The Light of the World* there—at the Prado."

"Have you been - - -?"

"I have been everywhere. It is not to be found."

I left him finally, and went about my search for a gift for my niece, Rita, reflecting upon the foolishness of such men as Rico and wondering at the presumption of Dolci who could give his miserable pictures such grandiose titles. It was growing dusk.

At that place where you may see the grey mass of the cathedral blocking the *Calle del Esetado*, I turned into a murkey side-street. A few squares farther was the shop of Suarez, a light from within shining palely in the windows.

Suarez came forward from somewhere in the shadows. He was a bent little man with a parchment-like face and dirty white wisps of hair creeping out from under his skull cap. He wore round, silver rimmed spectacles, and rubbed his hands together habitually.

He made me nervous, that man, with his rubbing of his hands together.

"Ah! Good evening," said Suarez to me. "How do you do, Señor Fernández?"

"I'm all right," I answered. "May I look around?"

There was certainly plenty to look at in that murky shop. Things were piled everywhere—on tables, chairs, tabourets, on the floor, on shelves—everywhere. It was with difficulty that one moved about. Such a jumble of strange wares I had never seen before; I was bewildered. Suarez followed me everywhere and after a while I grew nervous. I forgot for the time what I was looking for. Once I considered buying a Tartar case-knife.

At last, "I am looking for a birthday gift for my niece," I told Suarez.

"Si! For your niece," bowed the shop-keeper, rubbing his hands together. "And how old is the Señorita niece, may I ask?"

"My niece," I replied with an air, "is fourteen."

"Ah, fourteen. Let us see." He rummaged about in a mix-up of things. Then he went back where the shadows were deepest, and returned with something in his hands.

"Your niece is fifteen?" he asked.

"Fifteen, yes, fifteen," said I.

"This," said Suarez, "would be suitable for a young lady of that age. It would be very acceptable." He held out to me a curiously wrought bracelet. It was a coiled snake with unpolished turquoises for eyes.

"Very acceptable," said Suarez, rubbing his hands together. "It was made in Mexico. It - - -"

"How much?"

"It is cheap, Señor, at five pesos."

"My niece," said I, thinking of the rent I owed to Señora Sanhcez, "has such an armlet. I will look around."

"Very well, Señor."

There was everything in that shop. I came upon a table of pictures. They were daubs, all of them. I turned them over idly. Perhaps Rita - - -

"Ay!"

I must have cried that aloud, for Suarez hobbled towards me in haste.

"Ah! Is it not lovely? Is it not beautiful—that?" he crooned.

"Beautiful? What?" I asked with attempted apathy. "They are miserable daubs you have here, Señor Suarez."

"It is beautiful—that one," repeated the old man with sly intuition. "There—see it!"

Suarez picked up the picture from the table where I had thrown it. He held it away from him.

"Beautiful—that!" he reiterated.

I took it languidly from him. It was a small picture,—no more than thirty centimeters long and fifteen wide. I had not seen it before—but I knew it.

It was *The Light of the World!*

I cursed the trembling of my hand as I held the piece up in the light.

"Beautiful,—holy!" purred the shop-keeper.

I examined it very closely. There were some faint tracings in the lower corner, and at last I deciphered them. They were the scrawling mark of Dolci. I threw the picture down upon the table.

"It is a worthless daub," I said. "Something for my niece - - -"

"This," said Suarez, passing his hand over the glassy surface of the picture. "Would not this be suitable for a young girl of fifteen?" He admired it at arm's length.

"How much for it?" I asked indifferently.

Suarez eyed me narrowly. "Fifteen pesos. Aye. Not a *peseta* less than fifteen pesos."

"I wish to buy," I said, "a birthday gift for my niece. If you have nothing - - -" I turned to go.

"Ten!" exclaimed Suarez hurriedly.

"Ten? From Diego Lopez of Barcelona a picture was stolen lately. It was a small picture, such as a man might put under his coat. For men who buy - - -"

Suarez paled.

We haggled some. Finally I let him know that he was robbing me. For five pesos I bought it—*The Light of the World*.

Outside night had settled upon the town. A chill wind had blown up and there was a taste of rain in it. I did not mind that. I pressed tightly against my body the package under my coat, and hurried homewards.

I was elated. Five pesos for a Dolci. Fool—Suarez! I made plans—schemed. Once I bumped violently into a market woman who tongue-lashed me roundly. I did not mind her. How much should Pedro pay for a Dolci?—for *The Light of the World*? Fifty pesos—he was my friend. Not enough! A hundred pesos. That at least. *Por Dios!* He should pay two hundred. No less than two hundred pesos.

What is a friend for? To use, certainly!

When I arrived at my doorstep the half rounded moon shone clear thru a cloud rift. My study was flooded with its light. At once I tore off my coat and ripped the paper from my purchase. Sinking into a chair, I held the picture upon my knees where the moonlight fell upon it.

I regarded it with satisfaction. "Ah," I muttered as I studied the painful finish of the piece, "he worshipped his art, Dolci. That at least for him."

But then an incomprehensible thing occurred. I felt creeping over me, as quietly as a sleepiness, an influ-

ence,—a strange mood, a perturbation. I regarded so intensely the picture upon my knees that the room—everything blended into darkness about me.

The picture was of the Nativity. It was all in shadow—dark lowering shadow. A faint, phosphorescent light proceeded from the crib, from an impalpable, nebulous halo that hovered about the Christ child; and it fell faintly upon the blue robes of the kneeling Virgin. But her face—it fell more strongly upon her face—pale, pensive, unearthly there among the shadows, and—I say it—infinately sweet and—sad.

I gazed upon that face stupified. "It has a cloying sweetness— —" I tried to say. But I could not say that. The moonlight fell coldly white upon it. I felt it suddenly as tho it were wafted towards me—the holiness of it—and the dark promise in the shadows.

I do not know how long I sat there, but the clouds had drifted over the face of the moon, and it was dark.

"Eurique, you are imbecile," I exclaimed angrily to myself as I climbed into bed. "Dolci!"

What Pedro would pay—I thought of that the last thing before I fell asleep.

Once in the night I awoke; and I did not think of Pedro or the price—but I thought of Dolci's Virgin Maria, and the shadows that hovered about the newborn Savior—and what they meant.

My foolishness had passed away when I awoke in the morning. The sun shone in cheerily through my curtains. "Up, Enrique," I said briskly to fully awaken myself. One—two hundred pesos! You need them badly. Come!"

I breakfasted without glancing at my purchase of the night before. It lay face downward upon the table. Immediately I put on my coat. "You must get Pedro early," I warned myself. "He will be roaming about today—for his Dolci. Ha!" I got a piece of paper to wrap up my picture.

"You were drunk with moonlight, Enrique," I chuckled to myself as I turned it over. Aye. That was very well to say. But I tell you that the strange appeal of the piece came home to me now no less forcefully than then. I felt creeping over me the same emotion that I had before experienced.

"Bah!" I cried aloud. "You are a fool. Come! Pedro will be gone."

And so I wrapped up the picture, and went down into the street.

But this is something that you will not believe. I came to the house of Rico, and—I passed it! I came home with my picture.

And at home I cursed my imbecility. Shall I say that I had always been sentimental, and had now discovered it? I do not know. I do not think so. I only know that this work of Dolci, in which he expressed

awfully the Supreme Tragedy, laid hold of me. And the spell of it grew. It grew, and I could not shake it off.

Then one day my will asserted itself. I took the thing. I went straight to the house of Pedro, and knocked at the door. His Juan let me in.—This man had servants.

Rico had just arisen. He was drinking his chocolate.

"Rico, I am in debt," I told him.

My friend looked at me with a lift of his narrow eyebrows. He looked at the package under my arm.

I smiled slyly. "I have bought a picture. It cost me two hundred pesos. — —"

"Ay!" I did not know that the man had such strength. His fingers sank into my arm so that I cried out from pain.

"You—you—" Rico, I thought, had lost his wits. "You—you—" he stammered. He tried to snatch my bundle away from me.

"Steady, Rico, steady." I tore the paper from the package.

"A-a-h!" Rico said nothing more. He held it away from him. "A-a-h!"

He tried to embrace me. Damn! I do not care to be embraced by anybody. "You are my good friend, Eurique," said he, and I saw that his eyes glistened. "You are my good friend—"

"It cost me a hundred pesos—I mean two hundred pesos."

"Ay! You will take my note?" He took his book from a drawer.

And do you know what I said then? "I—I—it—I do not wish to sell it," I said!

Rico chuckled. He made out his note and handed it to me.

"I—I—"

"Ha! Eurique. You joke. Ha!"

You know that the Lord God was sold for gold. Rico held out the slip of blue paper. The numbers were there upon it—200 pesos.

I put out my hand. "Si! I did but joke."

My hand trembled, so that the paper fluttered from it to the floor. Rico picked it up, and smiled at me. Zah! When I left he made free to clap me on the back. He tried to grasp my hand, but I pushed it deep into my pocket, and hurried away.

I cannot tell you how I felt towards Rico as I hastened homewards. There was a feeling in my breast that was not good towards him. The man had forced my will—with money. Two hundred pesos! I fingered the note. I was not happy.

You will laugh when I tell you that I spent three miserable days after that. When Mariquita died I

used to walk in the evening along the lonesome, willow edged road that follows the Rio Pequeno. I did that now, also. A restlessness was upon me. Aye, and in these three days there grew up in my breast an unreasonable hatred for Rico.

I did not see him during that time. On the fourth day I went again to his house.

"I wish to have back my picture," I told him, holding out the note.

He started a little, then blew smoke and smiled his damned smile.

"It is not my wish to sell it," he said.

"But—but—" What could I say?

"You must joke, Eurique. A Dolci—you?"

I muttered something. There was nothing I could say. I would not admit to this smiling idiot, Rico, what—had happened.

A few days later I went again to his house. I offered him three hundred pesos. He did not wish to sell. He smiled at me, and—I came away quickly for Rico's safety.

But that was not all. I went to him even after that. At last, "For men who buy stolen goods—" I began to tell him, and my voice would go no farther.

I saw the fire spring into Rico's black eyes; but his pale face did not twitch a muscle. He arose very quietly and opened the door. "Aye," he said. "For those who buy and sell stolen goods—"

I went slowly through the door. I am not sure: I fancied that Rico bowed slightly as I passed, and that he smiled faintly. I was not sure of that then or— He was not a big man, Rico.

Out-of-doors I walked and walked until the trembling was gone from me. I passed the church of San Salvador, and I offered insult to the Lord God. I heard the chanting of the *Tantum Ergo* at the Benediction; but I did not heed. I strode madly on, and did not so much as raise my hat. Night had fallen when I reached my lodgings.

Later when I stepped down again into the street the quivering strokes of the bell of San Salvador sounded twelve. It was a lucid night with a great, clear shining moon. The street was quiet and empty.

I hurried along the *Calle del Estado*, keeping close to the walls where the shadows fell heaviest. Once a *corchete* passed me; but he was a *corchete*, and so did not notice me. I turned into the *Calle del Rey*.

I was alert that night. My mind was clear; I noticed everything. Passing by the church of San Salvador I saw through the leaded windows the altar-light within, burning steadily, dull red in the darkness. It was like eternity, that light—I reflected. It burned there steadily,—amid the blazing glory of the High Mass, in the darkness of the nights—always.



I turned that thought over in my mind. It was good—a thought like that. When I got home I would write it down. To think that, like eternity, the altar light burned there—. A little wine sharpens a man's wits. It makes him see that altar lights — — —

Somehow I had wandered into a strange by-street. I was forced to retrace my steps. Finally I came to the house of my—my enemy, Rico. The windows were one and all dark. The moon shone bluely upon the stucco walls.

In the shadow of a yew tree I lit a cigarette. Pulling my cloak about me in a dignified way, I went up to the door. I raised the brass knocker. "Hold!" I cried then. "Are you crazy, Enrique?"

I laughed at myself. Then I rubbed my hands together. "That was good, Eurique," I muttered. "It was good that you thought." A little wine *does* sharpen a man's wits.

I knew the house of Rico well; there was no trouble for me in finding entrance. In a few moments I stood in his kitchen. When I walked my boots clopped loudly upon the tiles—very loudly in the stillness of the house. I was minded to remove them, but I found that in the other rooms Rico had laid his rugs for the winter, and they sufficiently deadened my footfalls.

Immediately I made my way upstairs;—Rico's gallery was there. I stood in a long corridor at the end of which was a high, many-paned window. The white night shone through it and its light fell in a wavering square upon the floor.

The gallery of Rico had iron doors. They creaked fearfully loud as they turned upon their hinges. I was forced to move them just a little, then wait and listen, then move them a little more.

The gallery was not a large one; it consisted of but one long room. The moonlight streaming in through the skylight fell upon a massive mahogany table in the center, and crept up the wall a little way, illuminating the lower part of a murky portrait of St. Sebastain. An Arabian prayer-rug, thrown diagonally across the polished top of the table, was held in place with a bronze cast of a woman's hand. There was a metal dish filled with visiting cards.

"Ah!" cried I. I threw down my card among the rest. "Señor Eurique Fernandez. Ha! Ha!" I laughed boisterously. Then I realized suddenly the disturbance I was making, and stood for many moments, still as St. Sebastain, in the shadows.

Then, pulling myself together, I made my search. I felt my way blindly along the walls,—for it was too dark to see. Down one long side I went slowly; then across the end, and up the other side, running my fingers over smoothly varnished surfaces and rococo frames.

At last I felt under my fingers a small picture in a simple frame. I untwisted the wire by which it hung,

and quickly thrust it under my cloak. Losing no time, I hurried to the door.

There I stopped suddenly. "Wait," said I. "Hold friend. Let us make sure of this."

So I went back, and where the moonlight streamed in, I drew out the picture. It was a copy of one of Murillo's Madonnas by his pupil, Osorio, finely and delicately done.

"Bah!" I let it drop upon the thick rug.

I resumed my blind tour. Soon I had completed the circuit; and my hands were empty. I felt my way about the room again, and then another time. My impatience heightened into anger. I ground my cigarette into the rug and lit another. For a considerable time I stood still, thinking.

Once I thought I heard a moving about somewhere in the house. But I waited very quietly and there was no further sound.

One thing was plain. *The Light of the World* Pedro did not keep in his gallery. Where did he keep it then? That was to be discovered.

Passing through the long corridor I noticed something that was not before apparent, something that caused me to draw up quickly against the wall and move very cautiously. A door stood partly open, and a wavering light from within shimmered faintly upon the dark walls of the corridor.

Very quietly I crept nearer, and peered cautiously through the opening. The room within was dark,—except in one corner where the flickering light of two tapers buffeted hopelessly with the shadows. The tapers were altar candles. Pedro Rico knelt there, silhouetted sharply against their yellow glow, and a rattling came to my ears as he told his beads.

And upon the altar, in a gloomy place just below the crucifix, Pedro had placed as an altar-piece, *The Light of the World*.

I waited impatiently until he had snuffed out the candles and had shambled along the corridor to his room. When I heard his door close behind him I went eagerly about my concern.

Pedro's oratory was exceedingly dark; from without a very faint light struggled through the heavy curtains on the windows. I pulled aside the curtains and let in the moonlight. Then I was a fool, for I loitered there, and stood in the full light beside the window, looking down at the blue-robed Virgin of Dolci.

It could not have been long that I stood there. I felt a hand upon my shoulder. I was not frightened, I was not startled. I do not know the cause of it, but I was *undisturbed*. I waited for a minute; then I turned slowly.

"Good evening," said Rico. "You choose to call at strange times."

I laid the picture upon the altar. Perhaps Rico thought that I was frightened. I do not know *what* he thought, but his narrow eyebrows drew together and the corners of his mouth began to draw *downwards* in his damnable grin.

Then I felt a choking in my throat. If he had not grinned then I—

Rico started back a little. "There are servants in the house," he said, watching me quietly.

Somewhere in the house I heard a clock strike once with a far away sound.

"There are servants," cried Rico in a high pitch of voice. "Ho! —"

He did not finish that. My hands were quickly at his throat. It was a very small neck—my hands reached fully about it. I shook him, and his head bobbed like—like the head of a sunflower!

"Ha! There are servants, are there?" I said. "Are there?"

I shook him some more. "Are there?"

My hands closed more tightly. The long fingers of Rico twined about my wrists.

"Are there?" I demanded. His head shook grotesquely. Ha! I was forced to laugh at that.

"Are there?" The long fingers of Rico clung more weakly to my wrists. My hands closed convulsively—still more tightly. Then the blood came from his nose and I dropped him.

There was no time for loitering. I touched my cigarette to the corner of the altar-cloth. A little flame burned bluely, then grew and became yellow. It ran then along the cloth and burst out brightly among some paper flowers.

Adios! I was gone.

I did not slacken my pace until I reached my doorstep. Then I turned. There was a clamor afar off in the night, and a redness in the sky beyond the church of San Salvador.

I stole very quietly upstairs. My room was flooded with the pallid moonlight. I did not stop to wash off—what was on my hands. But I tore open quickly my cloak and held up in the moonlight *The Light of the World*.

I looked at it moodily for a long time. And after a while there crept into my breast a tinge of the sublime emotion that had stirred the artist—Dolci, a glimmering comprehension of the *Supreme Tragedy*, a touch of the *Great Pity*.

"Ah," I whispered, "How calm, how infinitely sweet the pale face of the Virgin; how holy—"

When I lay back in my chair, I noticed a flickering upon the wall, that was not of the moonlight. I turned and looked through my window, off over the town.

It was from a leaping redness in the sky beyond the church of San Salvador.

W. O'Meara.

## Sophia

**T**HIS is our new cousin, Sophia, Borris." Mrs. Schevelenko said taking Sophia by the hand.

"Your new cousin, eh?" Borris ejaculated and he shook Sophia's hand firmly. "When did she arrive?" he asked addressing Mrs. Schevelenko.

"This morning," Mrs. Schevelenko answered. And turning to Sophia he said in Yiddish:

"And what can you tell us about the little Czar, Miss Sophia? And the pigs, are they still running around in the streets of Kazdayevka as they used to do? And how were my mother's cucumbers this summer?"

Borris asked all this with a good-natured, mocking enthusiasm as he sipped his tea out of a glass. But the mocking look in his keen grey eyes disturbed Sophia. She felt that he was making fun of her. She wanted to retort something equally superior but she only blushed and seriously answered:

"This was a good year for cucumbers. But just the night before they were harvested, the Gabrilovs' pigs had gotten into the garden and spoiled most of them. And then your mother had a fight with the

Gabrilovs. It was a terrible fight. That same night all the Christian neighbors had gathered in Gabrilovs yard. They cursed and swore that some night they would burn down everything belonging to the Jews." But suddenly Sophia stopped talking, blushed again and looked down. And Borris, still mocking, said:

"The pigs in America are more civilized. They leave the Jews alone." His empty glass was filled again and again. After his third, he sat awhile talking to the Schevelenkos. Then rising abruptly, he left the house.

Sophia hardly remembered Borris though they had been neighbors from childhood. He had left for America when he was sixteen while she was only a little girl in the grades. But she knew that he had been an unruly boy at home, and she had heard that in the seven years of his stay in America he had joined all sorts of free-thinking groups, and that everywhere he was the leader. His mother had cried her eyes out when she heard it. But the young people who remembered him thought him wonderful indeed.

One day his mother weeping and wiping her eyes

with her apron held out a letter she had just received from Borris.

"Read it for me, child," she said to Sophia. "God knows how he is over there—all alone—among strangers." The letter consisted of a few lines only, in which he jeeringly asked about the cucumbers in the garden and whether his mother still treated her friends to the big yellow ones, those she could not sell at the market. Sophia had never forgiven him for writing to his poor old mother in that way. "This then, is Borris," she thought as the door closed behind him.

"You must not take Borris seriously", Mrs. Schevelenko said turning to Sophia. "He likes to poke fun at everything. But he is good at heart. Sometimes he does behave very strangely. He likes to come up to have tea with us, but he never wants to be invited. He hates ceremony, he says. Sometimes he will come up very often, and then again he will stay away for the longest time. But we never ask him any questions. He is strange that way. But we all like him."

"Sophia," Mrs. Schevelenko said a week later, "Borris just called up. He said that there is a vacant machine at the glove factory where he is cutter, you might get the job."

Sophia wanted to say that she would rather not work in the same place with Borris, but she only nodded her head and began to get ready.

There were six hundred men and women working at the Jenkinson Glove factory. The center rows of machines were lighted from above by sky-lights and those on the sides by rows of windows looking out on the muddy Chicago river.

As Sophia came up to the machine that she had been given, the dark-haired and full-bosomed girl who worked at the machine opposite said to her in Yiddish:

"Are you a greeny? My name is Jennie," she said, passing her an oil can and a piece of waste with which to wipe her machine.

"I'm to show you how to stitch the seams in the gloves. It's not hard. It's nothing to learn. All you have to do is to sew 'round seams, always 'round and 'round'—that's all. And we make good money here when we are busy."

But soon Sophia held up a piece of leather with a hole in it.

"That's damaged," said Jennie rising. "Come, I'll show you where the cutting room is. One of the cutters will cut a new glove for you."

"At the door of the cutting room Jennie left Sophia and as she entered the room she wondered if Borris would see her. She hoped he would not. But there he was leaning across the second table, scissors in hand. He raised his head when she came in, and she held up the damaged glove.

"What's your number?" he asked, taking the glove from her hand.

"What number?" Sophia said, looking up, unable to keep her voice from trembling.

"Your number. The number of your bundle, of course", he added eyeing her sharply.

"I don't know the number," Sophia stammered.

"Then go back to your machine, please, and look at the number of your ticket. You see, I must know the size before I can cut another glove for you." He said this last more softly, looking at her.

From that day on Sophia dreaded the cutting room. When she found damaged gloves in her bundles she would beg Jennie to exchange them for her. One day when Jennie asked her why she was afraid to go to the cutting room, Sophia looked up with tears in her eyes and said that some day she would tell her all about it.

But no sooner did she say this and bend her head over her machine than she wondered what the "all" really was which she was going to tell. It was evident, she felt, that she had made no favorable impression upon Borris. And as for his crude way of behaving towards her in the cutting room, "Well", she thought and she remembered how he behaved towards his own mother when he wrote her that letter. "He must be a strange fellow, very strange, indeed", she said to herself.

Opening a fresh bundle of gloves she greedily hoped that she might find them all damaged. A sudden irresistible desire had seized her to go to the cutting room and show him that she was indifferent towards him.

Weeks passed. Sophia sewed gloves, found no damaged ones and saw nothing of Borris. She was at her machine at seven-thirty every morning and sewed until noon, when the power stopped. Then she would take her lunch, wrapped in a newspaper, and she and Jennie would spend the lunch hour together. At five-thirty they would ride home on the same street-car. They would alight at the same corner, and Jennie would say as usual, "Good-night, Sophia. I'll see you in the morning."

One day she saw Borris come out of the cutting room. He did not see her. She was glad that he did not. And all the way home she thought of Borris in spite of herself. She wondered what he would have had to say to her had he seen her, and what she would have answered him. "Good night, Sophia. I'll see you in the morning." Jennie called out as they separated each to go her own way, and Sophia thought: "but Borris had no right to talk to me the way he did in the cutting-room. If only I could see him, just to show him."

By nine o'clock that same evening Sophia sat looking at the cartoons of a newspaper. The Schevelen-

*The Name---*

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kos had gone out, and their many children were asleep. There came a knock at the door, followed by Borris. Sophia felt confused.

"The Schevelenkos are away and the children are all asleep," she said. Borris looked at her quizzically and began to whistle softly, pacing the length of the room twice. Then he said, "Good night" and walked out. Sophia hated herself. "What a fool I was", she said to herself, blankly staring at the closed door. "I ought to have shown him that I was not confused—that I was not confused at all. But I never could say what I wanted."

The next morning when she came to work as usual, Jennie leaned across her machine and in a whisper told her that there was a strike in the air, that she could not yet tell her who its leader was, but that she would find out all about it soon enough. For a week there had been secret meetings and mysterious whisperings in the factory. Finally, one morning at nine o'clock when they were all sitting at their machines in breathless suspense there came the sound of a whistle. That was the signal. The six hundred of them, rose, flung their aprons to the wall and walked out, the cutters were in front with Borris at their head. They marched through one long street after another, until they reached the West-Side Auditorium.

For the first few minutes the noise of so many voices was deafening to Sophia. Soon the same whistle reached her ears and the crowd grew silent. A single voice rose. It seemed to Sophia both a pleading and thundering voice. It was the voice of Borris. He was on the platform. He spoke in Yiddish and in English. His sentences reached her in broken bits. And then she found herself repeating his words. "We must stand together, alone we can do nothing, we must fight for our rights." And then came the applause of the mob. They all began pushing forward towards the platform, carrying Sophia along with them. Now she thought she must speak to Borris. She must tell him that she understood him—that she was with him heart and soul. But she merely found herself almost crushed by the crowd still swaying between her and the platform. Then she was on street again, Borris was lost in the crowd, and her words were again unsaid.

For eleven weeks, day after day, evening after evening, they came back to the West Side Auditorium. Borris was always talking from the platform. Sophia would sit there listening to his words as if to the words of a prophet. Sometimes she could scarcely restrain the impulse to cry out. "Borris, we are with you, every last one of us is with you." But she never said anything.

One evening towards the end of the eleventh week of the strike, exhausted, with the fight all starved out of them, only a half of them left hanging together, they

met again at the Auditorium. Borris stood on the platform. His face was pale, his eyes were blazing. His voice sounded stronger than ever.

Let us stand together another week. One more week. We still have a chance." But there was a disturbance in the crowd. Some one had made a remark, others had silenced the man, a fight began and finally the police came. Borris' voice rang above the others, but no one listened to him. Sophia elbowed her way through the crowd and came up to the platform.

"Borris, Borris," she called, "I'll talk to the girls. we must stay out another week. Do you want me to talk to the girls?"

Borris stood wiping his face with his handkerchief. He looked at her. "I am not blaming you, Sophia," he said. He was about to say something else, but others came up to him. They all began talking at once, and again she lost him in the crowd.

The next day Jennie came to Sophia and said:

"We have lost the strike, Sophia. I've just come from headquarters. It's all over. The girls agreed with Borris, they wanted to stay out another week, at least,—but it was those Polish women—they said they couldn't stand it out any longer—those are the ones that always spoil a strike. They went back to work this morning, the others had to follow. We might as well go back too." They went. Everybody was not taken back to work; those who had been suspiciously mixed up in the leadership of the strike was not taken back. And Borris was one of those.

For the first few weeks after the strike the atmosphere in the factory was oppressive. But as week followed week the strike was forgotten and the normal factory tone returned. It came back to everybody but to Sophia. She felt the spirit of the factory growing more unbearable every day.

In this way the summer passed and the fall, and then came the winter. With the first snow on the glass panes of the sky-light windows the operators began to work by electric light. From morning to night the glare of those lights, hideously intensified by the reflection of their shiny tin reflectors fell in full blaze on the machines and heads of the operators.

"Why are we here? Why?" Sophia would look up from her stitchings, wild-eyed, expecting to see the whole shop rise and scream, scream in protest. But no such sounds ever came.

Sometimes in the midst of the dull roaring of the machines Borris' figure would come before her as he stood on the platform during the strike. A hot wave would sweep her body. Rebellion would fill her heart.

"But what am I to do?" she would say to herself, nervously twitching at the gloves in her hand. "What am I to do?"

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Then an irresistible desire would come upon her to rush out of the factory in search for Borris. She would feel that she must tell him now, since the strike, conditions in the factory had grown unbearable, how prices had been cut even lower, how the timid workers had become even more timid and how the few rebellious ones, afraid of losing their jobs, no longer dared to raise their heads.

But where look for him? She had neither seen nor heard of him since the strike. One night as she lay in bed unable to fall asleep the thought suddenly came to her—why wait for Borris to lead them out on another strike? Why could not she speak to the girls? Why not organize them herself? As Borris had done before her? And then? Who knows, but she, Sophia, might lead them out on a strike? What would Borris say when he found it out? The thought frightened and elated her at the same time. She sat up in bed. "Why not begin tomorrow? At the lunch hour? Why not make the girls listen to her? Why *not* tomorrow?"

But the next morning when she stopped her machine for a minute to lean her head against it to think just how she was to begin to talk to the girls at the lunch hour, she found that somehow, she could not see her way as clearly as she did the night before. It all seemed a vague muddle in which she saw the whole factory, herself and Borris in a far off, misty procession. And when the power stopped and the girls settled, each near her machine, to eat her lunch spread out on a newspaper, Sophia felt unable to say anything.

When the power was turned on and she saw each girl bend her head over her machine again, she felt that it was no use, that alone she could do nothing for them. And as she bent her head over her own machine, she again thought of Borris. In this way passed the winter.

Spring came. They knew it in the factory because the sun melted the snow and ice on the window-panes and penetrated the machine loft. Everyday the sun appeared a little bit earlier and every day the sunlight lingered a little longer. At first the rays were distant and touched only slightly here a spot on the grey wall and there a strip on the oily floor. But each next day they came again, always softly, silently taking possession of a bigger spot on the wall, and of a larger space on the floor. And one morning when Sophia came to work she found the whole factory flooded with sunshine. Some of the windows had been thrown wide open. She saw above the chimney-tops a sky blue and clear. Below, the river seemed bright and swift and the whole factory seemed stirred to freshness by a breath of eagerness. All day this intangible spirit loitered in the factory filling the hearts with longing, touching the souls with mad desire. All day the operators

sat over their machines sewing gloves in nervous haste. But ever and again some girl would raise her head, glance about her vaguely and restlessly, and then bend her head over her machine again. The lot of leather they were working on was hard and tough, it stuck to the needle and clogged the teeth of the machine and all day the wheels turned as if in a mad whirl.

As Sophia raised her head from her machine she thought of tomorrow, the first of May. On the first of May the shop closed at twelve o'clock and all workers joined in the May-day parade. Jefferson Park was the head-quarters of the parade. Sophia had heard that Borris would be there too, and she said to herself that she must find him, she must talk to him.

On their way home from work that day, Jennie said: Don't forget the mass-meeting tonight, Sophia, it's to be at the West-Side Auditorium, and don't forget that you are to come home with me. We can go to the parade together tomorrow."

Sophia wondered if Borris would be at the meeting too.

But Borris was not there. It was late when she and Jennie came home from the meeting, and it was after midnight when they went to bed. Through the half open window the night air felt mild and fresh. All was silent about them. It was that living breathing silence, that silence that had always filled Sophia with a desire and longing to stretch forth her arms and cry out, cry out loud with all her might. It came to her now, overwhelming her. When suddenly she felt Jennie put her arms about her and sigh softly.

"Aren't you asleep yet either, Sophia?" Jennie's voice came drowsily.

"No, I can't fall asleep tonight. It's as if something were tugging and tugging at me."

"They say everybody feels like that in the spring," Jennie yawned. "It's as if the walls of your room were pressing and pressing on you. If only there were some one one could talk to, who would explain all this—" Sophia continued.

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"No one knows. It's just spring." Jennie said, moving closer and yawning.

Again there was silence.

"Jennie" Sophia called softly, "Did you ever talk to Borris?"

"To Borris?" Jennie drawled out as if she heard the name in her sleep, "No".

And again they were silent.

"Sophia," Jennie's voice came sleepily, "Do you remember if I set the clock right? "Will it wake us at six-thirty?"

And Sophia said to herself: "I must find Borris tomorrow. I must talk to him."

Jefferson Park was crowded with glove-workers, shoe-workers, garment-workers and many other workers. There were groups listening to Socialist speakers and groups singing the Marseillaise. Sophia did not find Borris either amid the platform group or among the others. She found him walking alone at the farthest end of the park. He had books under his arm.

"Sophia!" he almost exclaimed as if much surprised to see her, and he shook her hand warmly.

"I was looking for you. I wanted to see you—we need you". Sophia stammered the words. Her breath came rapidly, there was a lump in her throat.

"Who needs me?" he asked, observing her seriously. She waved her hand towards the crowded side of the park.

"O, yes, this is the first of May. I heard them play the Marsillaise on my way here. You are still celebrating the first of May, eh? Who is your platform speaker today?"

"There is no one that is any good among us, Borris" Sophia burst out eagerly, almost unconscious of her words. She went on rapidly. "There is no one to organize us; we must go out on another strike—we must. I thought that perhaps you could speak to the girls, we could both speak to the girls. You could tell me what's best to do. I'll make them listen to me. We could have you come and talk to us, perhaps again at the West Side Auditorium. I was looking for you to tell this to you—" Suddenly she stopped as if out of breath. She looked at Borris, blushed and then looked down at the ground, her hands nervously tearing the tender green buds of a bush at her side.

"It's strange, how I must have changed." Borris began seriously and simply with a degree of frank satisfaction in his voice. "I must have changed indeed not to feel fired up as I used to feel at the mere sound of such words as "strike"—"organization", I must be another man. indeed."

Borris shook his head silently.

"Let us sit down. Have you time?" he asked, and he spread his coat for her on the grass.

"You are mistaken," he began, "to think that they need me, that I could do any good, and yet", he went on more to himself than to Sophia, "I used to believe that I could do things with them and for them, he waved his hand toward the crowd. "Often on my way to school, you know I started to go to school after that strike. Often on my way to school," he repeated thoughtfully, "passing one grey factory after another, I felt like a criminal. Some days I even felt I must go back, enter the movement and take my place. It had that hold upon me, you understand?" He suddenly straightened and looking intently at her said:

"But why, why give my life for a lot of miserable women who refuse to understand their own conditions? Why give my time and life trying to organize them and fail—or to organize them and even succeed? Why pay the price for them?" Putting his hand on his books beside him, he continued:

"I am now interested in books, in philosophy. I can't talk to you about all this, you understand? But I am now no longer willing to give my time, my life for them. You understand me? But why talk about this?"

Borris suddenly stopped, opened a book and began to finger its pages.

The band played the Marsellaise, somewhere in the distance out of the park voices were heard joining in the refrain. The words "For liberty or death" resounded in the park.

"Let them sing the Marsellaise, I used to feel the way they do, the way you do about it. Now—" He looked up at Sophia.

She raised her eyes to him. For a moment she stared at him stupefied. Then a sudden fear came over her. She trembled. "I must talk to him. I must talk to him. He must tell me what to do—I can't go back to the factory like that—I can't." The words flashed through her mind. She was about to begin, but the words would not come. All was confusion within her. She felt a lump rise in her throat.

"I used to feel the way they do on the first of May," Borris said softly, absently glancing back in the direction of the crowd. Then he took out his watch. "I must go," he said rising. "By, by, Miss Sophia."

RUTH SOLON.

## LABOR AND THE WORLD WAR.

**N**OW THAT the war is upon us, and labor will bear the brunt of this useless struggle on the battlefield, in the factory, in the mine, and on the harvest field, labor is asking itself, "What will be the final outcome? Will labor benefit by this world war? Will the workers of America gain increased wages, shorter hours, and greater economic freedom and security?"

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Congress has already given President Wilson power to suspend the eight-hour day on all federal work during the war period; the New York and Pennsylvania state legislatures, and many others will soon pass similar bills abolishing the eight-hour day on all state work.

Employers, everywhere, are hoping that these drastic measures be enacted at once, so that they can do likewise. The only thing that remains now to wipe out the laws enacted to protect labor, is the word from President Wilson. And one flash from the president will deprive labor of all its rights and throw it back into a state of helplessness. Its most important weapon, the power to strike, is now being curtailed on all government contract work.

Unfair employers, taking advantage of the present war situation, are trying to force labor to work longer hours, and without extra pay. The E. W. Bliss company, one of the largest torpedo manufacturers in America, attempted to compel its workers into a nine-hour day. When 4:30 P. M. came, the time for quitting, the workers found that all the steam whistles had been silenced. They immediately secured a number of whistles and improvised gongs and sounded "time" throughout the plant. The workers left the factory, held an indignation meeting in a nearby hall and to a man decided that they would not work longer than eight hours a day. A strike followed. The corporation, after one day of watchful waiting, rescinded the nine-hour workday.

Labor all over the country is acting in a similar manner. It refuses to be ground to death in the factory to support war. New strikes are constantly breaking out. Labor is dissatisfied; it is demanding the right to live and not merely to exist. This united action of labor is alarming the administration. The national council of defense has requested labor not to strike during the period of war. Labor, however, with the full sanction of its officers, has refused to consent to this proposition. Once the power to strike is taken from labor, it has lost its most powerful weapon to defend its rights against capital. The same day labor was asked to refrain from strikes, more than 10,000 ammunition workers and machinists struck for more pay and against the abrogation of the eight-hour day.

The entrance of women into industry is looked upon as a serious move. Although labor has no quarrel with women entering industry to fill the gap left by those called to the colors, labor, nevertheless, realizes that these women will not leave this work when the men return from the battlefields. Labor realizes that most women care little for labor unionism, and therefore, all the machinery that labor has built up to protect itself will go to smash as soon as women are in the majority in any particular industry.

New machinery will be installed to replace most of these workers. Many minor inventions, which have been kept in storage because human labor was cheaper, will be put in operation. Children will be employed more than ever; labor laws will be scrapped or disregarded. Women and children will be exploited unmercifully by employers, and will become mere cogs in the machine to turn out war materials.

The rapid increase of women and child labor in industry has already alarmed educators, labor officials, and social workers. At a meeting recently held in one of New York's largest theatres, "No war on women and children" was adopted as the slogan. The meeting then drew up a petition and sent it to the state legislature requesting it not to give the state industrial commission the power to rescind the provisions of the labor laws during the "national emergency," and thereby weaken the compulsory education laws by permitting children to work on the farm and in the factory during school months.

Women are invading lines of work that before the declaration of war, were practically closed to them. The Boston Elevated company is preparing to put women on its cars as conductors. The Brooklyn Rapid Transit is already employing women exclusively as ticket agents. The New York Central railroad is marshalling a force of women to take the places of many of its men. The New York hotel keepers are hiring women to run elevators, and discharging men so that they can join the army. Employers all over the country, if the many reports are true, are preparing to replace women and children for the men liable to be conscripted into military service.

Labor, on the other hand, will be scarcer than ever after the close of this war. Immigration will be practically at an end, as it is quite certain that all the European belligerents will pass prohibitory measures. Emigration, however, will be on a larger scale than ever in the history of America. European governments will tempt American labor to emigrate to build up and help clear away the devastation caused by the war. This scarcity of labor will, therefore, send wages to a point never before known in this country.

Commodities, on the other hand, will rise as wages go up. And as wages do not increase in proportion to the rise in the price of goods, the workers on the whole, will be little better off than they were at the beginning of the war.

Labor, then, will have sacrificed life, happiness, and its organization for what? Some will say for democracy. But what good is a political democracy without an industrial democracy? Labor cannot live on the mere power to express itself at the ballot box. It must have something more substantial. And will labor be

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content to be dependent upon kind-hearted employers, charity, and other such organizations?

Employers and editors everywhere are pointing out the golden harvest labor has reaped since the beginning of the European war. They claim that the wages of today are so high that many workers are riding about in automobiles, and living in luxury. It cannot be denied that wages have increased in a number of industries since the outbreak of the world war. One must not overlook, however, the fact that food and clothing and rents have soared in even greater proportion than wages.

The following taken from the *New Republic* clearly illustrates that it is capital and not labor that has profited by war:

"Many people are under the illusion that the wage earners have been reaping a golden harvest. In its April bulletin the United States bureau of labor statistics prints a comparative table of wage increases and the increased cost of food as reported by the principal trades in forty-eight of the leading cities for the past ten years. During the decade weekly wage rates rose 16 per cent, retail food prices 39 per cent. Of these increases, 5 per cent in wages and 14 per cent in food prices followed the outbreak of the war. In addition to the gross disparity, food prices made a further advance of 23 per cent during January and February of 1917, wages advanced from 10 to 15 per cent, and this in a few industries only. To the increase in the cost of food must be added the increase in the cost of shoes, clothing, and rent. Statistics in these items are difficult to assemble, but the *New York Times* reports that the New York rents have risen from 10 to 15 per cent during the past year—enough to absorb a large part of the average increase in wages."

It is quite certain that after the workers return from the trenches they will not be submissive. They will have learned the use of arms. The instruments of war, that had been put in the hands of the workers by kings, monarchs, capitalistic governments, and captains of industry, will be turned on them, and not put down until autocracy, plutocracy, militarism, and the competitive system of industry are abolished, and a real political and industrial democracy assured to the world.

—David Weiss.

### WORDS AND MUSIC

"Ah! there is 'Fate knocking at the door' again!" exclaimed my companion with satisfaction, as the orchestra commenced the recapitulation of the first sonorous theme in the Beethoven Fifth Symphony, "don't you just FEEL Fate knocking at the door when you hear that motif?"

As a matter of fact, I most distinctly do not feel Fate knocking at the door when I hear that motif. If there is anything that I dislike, it is to have those old

symphonies interpreted in terms of philological symbols and concepts. I smiled a "Yes" at my companion, however, and diligently absorbed myself in the music. The middle of a symphony is not the place for a discussion of aesthetics.

None of that great group of composers—Bach, Beethoven, Haendel, Hayden (the father of symphony),—created interpretive music, and any attempt to give their works interpretive significance by enthusiastic librettists and sentimental contemporaries of the great composers, who insist on having heard the composer exclaim, "Just so does Fate knock on the door!" show too active an imagination and too little sympathy with music at its highest.

No; music does not supply definite emotional symbols—despite the Debussys and the Sibelius'; and because we do not have to have language for the appreciation of music, so many of us can be touched by its magic. It is not that we are illiterate in our language, but that our language is illiterate in the expression of our souls' thoughts. Listening to music, we supply no language, and our hearts speak with the music direct.

The interpreter of some music will say (on the flyleaf of the libretto) "All is still in the forest. A fairy prince winds in and out among the great trees, depressed by some secret sorrow. He is looking for the Fairy Princess, who is chained in the heart of some old oak in the forest by a wicked witch. Sunlight is coming through the trees, but soon the sky is overcast, and a storm approaches. The prince stoops at the base of some old tree while the terrible storm passes over the forest. At last the fury of the elements abates, and birds sing. The sun comes out again, and the prince continues his search."

But the composer makes a grievous mistake, if he tells us that that is the meaning of the music. He may say that *may* be the meaning, but not more. For to some people the music will mean, instead of what was written on the flyleaf, this:

"The saloon is empty, except for the silent bar-keeper who is cleaning glasses behind the bar. Sunlight is streaming in at the window—the rays of the setting sun. Soon a man is seen, winding his way unsteadily among the lampposts and the pedestrians; making his way into the saloon, he tumbles into one of the cast-iron chairs at a side-table. A motor-car full of rollicking students from the nearby university pulls up in front of the place and the room is suddenly filled with a riot of cries for refreshments. The students are satiated, and the clamor dies down again. The bar-keeper commences to whistle. The room is suddenly emptied, leaving the bar-keeper alone with the weary man, who silently and unsteadily threads his way among the tables, searching in vain for cigarette-butts."

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