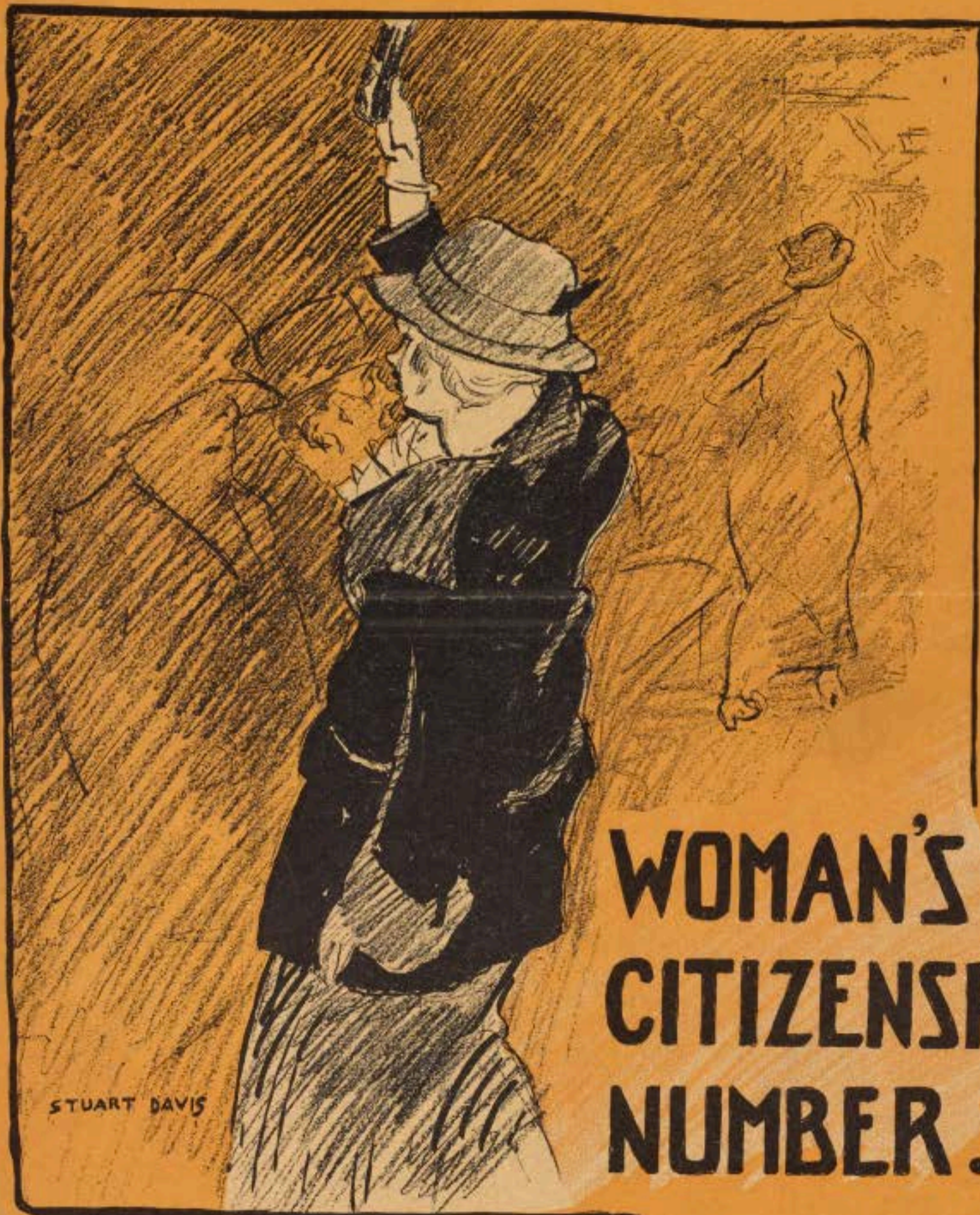


NOVEMBER, 1915 10 CENTS

The
MASSES



**WOMAN'S
CITIZENSHIP
NUMBER.**

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LABOR AND THE FUTURE—Amos Pinchot
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The MASSES

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ADVENTURES IN ANTI-LAND

Floyd Dell

"**V**OTE NO!" the banner screamed at me. I went in. The elevator starter informed me that some noble women, animated by a keen sense of political duty, and fearful that the men of New York State might vote wrong if left to themselves, had set up shop here to teach them what was what. On the third floor I would find them, he said, equipped with campaign literature, speakers, and an educational phonograph. I went up.

I nearly made a mistake and entered a door marked "Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge—Private." Just in time I saved myself from intruding into the sanctum of the high priestess of woman's duty. Everyone knows what woman's duty is—and I blushed to think of what sacred and tender scene I would thus rudely have burst in upon. Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge would have been engaged in suckling a baby, at the very least.

When I entered the other door, the educational phonograph was being played. I gathered that it was an anti-suffrage speech. A very efficient woman in a shirt-waist and stiff collar stood listening. Two men occupied chairs. I also listened, curiously. In a flat metallic voice the machine was saying: "Chivalry must be preserved." Knowing something of the laws of chivalry, I glanced quickly at the two men, expecting them to leap shamefacedly to their feet and offer their chairs to the standing lady. But they continued to sit.

I listened to the machine again. It was saying: "Woman's place is in the home." I looked at the woman. She was nodding approval.

"That's a good record," she said as it finished. The men agreed with her hastily. I picked up a pamphlet from the table, and read: "No such revolutionary change as that which proposes to take woman from the high place she now holds and where men love to leave her, and put her brawling in the market-place, can ever succeed."

When the woman had finished making arrangements for the sale or rent of a certain number of the records, and the men had gone, she turned to me.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"Do for me? What could you do for me, but continue to be what you are—a woman! I beg you, dear madam, to preserve those peerless prerogatives inherent in your sex, those charms and graces which exalt you and make you the ornament and devoted companion of man. You are indeed a queen, and your empire is the domestic kingdom. The greatest triumphs you would achieve in public life fade into insignificance, madam,—fade into insignificance, I say, compared with the serene glory which radiates from the domestic shrine, which you illumine and warm by conjugal and motherly virtues!"

I might have said this, quoting from the statement by

James, Cardinal Gibbons, which I held in my hand. But I didn't. I was afraid she would think I was crazy. I merely said: "I want to get some of your literature."

"Certainly," she said, and proceeded to sell me fifty cents' worth. At least she charged me fifty cents for it.

In one of the pamphlets I read, while standing there, of the shyness with which the women who opposed woman suffrage had to contend. "They confessed," said the pamphlet, "to a struggle before they could make up their minds to come forward."

I looked at the woman before me with a new admiration. Had she had to struggle with herself before she could come forward and sell anti-suffrage pamphlets? No doubt, no doubt. But, like a Spartan mother, she concealed her agony. She did up my pamphlets without a trace of suffering and took my fifty cents with apparent cheerfulness. One would have thought she actually *enjoyed* being there in that public place and talking to casual strangers. One might even have imagined that she preferred it to the sacred duty of cooking. She looked as if she relished the idea of earning twenty-five dollars a week. Ah! thought I—the heroism and the hypocrisy of woman!

But I was only beginning to learn.—Fifty cents! Those pamphlets are worth thousands of dollars to me if they are worth a cent! I learned about women from them. There is that master psychologist, the Hon. Elihu Root, and Mr. Henry L. Stimson, former secretary of war, who has searched out the deepest secrets of Woman's heart. There is Professor William T. Sedgwick, that noted biologist, Curator of Glass Jars in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Dr. Charles Loomis Dana, who taught physiology in a woman's medical college in the 80's, and more recently became professor of nervous diseases at a place called Bellevue Hospital Medical School—one of the world's leading neurologists. (You haven't heard of them? Well, such is fame!) There is the anonymous school-boy whose essay on Feminism is reprinted from the *Unpopular Review*, there is the lavender-scented old lady who writes editorials for the *New York Times*, and finally there are the shy but husky-voiced anti-suffrage ladies themselves.

From all these I learned the true nature of woman. And I want to tell you it is something to learn. I can hardly believe it, myself. I thought I knew what women were like. I had had some slight experience of the sex, as a son, a brother, a husband, a lover. I had played with them, studied with them, worked beside them in factories and offices, danced with them, dined with them, walked with them, talked with them—And I had all along considered them persons just like men, only nicer—some of them very much nicer. I

had confided in them, and listened to their secrets; asked their advice and taken it; sought out their society on all possible occasions; liked to have them about wherever I was, at work or at play, sharing together the glory, the joy, the comedy and the burden of the world. I thought, you see, that they were persons like myself.

Well, they aren't. I know better now. And I shudder to think how I have been deceived. Dr. Charles L. Dana, he of the 1880 medical college, put me on the right track. "*There are,*" he says, and I italicise the words, "*some fundamental differences between the bony and the nervous structures of women and men. The brain-stem of woman is relatively—*" But I cannot go on with it—it is too painful. Suffice it to say that there are differences between the sexes. "I do not say," concedes Dr. Dana magnanimously, "that they will prevent a woman from voting, but they will prevent her from ever becoming a man. . . ." I had not thought of that!

"No one can deny," he says, "that the mean weight of the O. T. and C. S. in a man is 42 and in woman 38; or that there is a significant difference in the pelvic girdle." Ah, that fatal difference in the mean weight of the O. T. and C. S. To think that I had gone among them for years without noticing it!

Dr. Sedgwick, the noted biologist, goes further. He gives "facts which are not generally discussed in the newspapers." And therefore, of course, not generally known. There is the dark and terrible fact, for instance, that every twenty-eight—no, I cannot bring myself to tell it. It is too sinister, too disillusionizing.

Of course, I knew about these things—quite intimately, indeed. I knew that women had babies, and that every twenty-eight—in short, I knew. But I did not know the dreadful significance of these things. I did not know that they cut woman off forever from political and intellectual life.

But they do! These great scientific authorities say so, and it must be true. These things, innocent as they always seemed to me, have marked woman as a thing apart from the life of mankind. She does not think as man thinks; her whole psychology is deranged by the fact of her sex; much of the time she is practically insane, and at no time is she to be trusted to take part in man's affairs. She is chronically queer; of an "unstable preciosity." She is not in fact a person at all, capable of thinking and acting for herself; others must think and act for her. If permitted to behave as a free and independent human being, she would do injury to herself and the community.

Through all this there runs a strain of dark implication, which I have met before—in the speculations of savage medicine-men on "the mysterious sex." Sir

Almroth Wright echoes the chief scientific authority of the Ekoi, in Southern Nigeria, who "as no one can deny" has thought deeply upon the fact that woman is marked recurrently with a sanguine sign, and subject to the dreadful magic of childbirth. She is therefore not on any account to be allowed to touch a weapon that is to be used in hunting—her influence would bring bad luck. "The reverberations of her physiological emergencies," says Sir Almroth—how this phrase would please Aiyu, the great witch-doctor who lives near Okuni!

This witch-doctor view of womankind is stated, multiplied, expanded, argued, urged, until, overborne by the weight of authority, I am compelled to accept it as the right one. I hate to do it. It hurts me to believe such things of the girls I have always got along so well with. I don't like it at all. But I must face the truth.

Well; what then? Then, say the pamphlets, keep her close, don't let her out, above all don't let her meddle with men's affairs. I should think not!

Give her the vote? Give her nothing. Keep her

away from me! She gives me the creeps to think of. Have I been associating unawares with that kind of creature? Playing with it, talking to it, touching it—? Let me retire to a monastery.

But the pamphlets puzzle me. Having established these dark facts about woman, they tell you to cherish her, worship her, make her the queen of the kitchen and the nursery and the bedroom, the consolation and delight of your life. *Why*, I should like to know?

I can't get any consolation or delight out of that kind of creature. I can't bear even to read about her. I don't want to cherish her. I don't want to protect her, I don't want anything to do with her. James, Cardinal Gibbons may say what he likes, but I will be damned if I will enjoy the "conjugal virtues" with a woman who isn't fit to vote. If woman is like that, all I can say is—take her away!

Apparently they have persuaded me of too much, these pamphlets. They show not merely that woman isn't fit to vote, they give good reasons for believing that she isn't fit to live.

And yet—can these people be mistaken?—I have known women who were mothers; I have seen something of the discomfort and the delight that children bring; I have helped put crying babies to sleep, and felt the delicious softness of infantile flesh against my cheek. And in all this there seemed to be nothing dehumanizing. I never failed to regard woman, in spite of her babies, as a person, a fellow human being.

What if I were right, after all?

Suppose it were true that women are like men, only, to us, sweeter, lovelier, more desirable companions—and with the same sense, the same interests, the same need of work and play?

I could go on living in that kind of world. And, frankly, I can't live in the other. I'd just as soon commit suicide. The nightmare of anti-suffrage oppresses me. I will go back to my own country, where a woman is a person, with a mind and will of her own, fit for all the rough, sweet uses of this harsh and happy life.

Woman Returning

The Wind To the Trees

WHERE hath she gone, O haughty eucalyptus?
Where hath she gone, O cedars on the hills?
Liveoak and cypress, tell me of her going—
Where is she hidden for whom I have been seeking,
Seeking with an anguish and ardor that thrills?

Where hath she gone, O my trees of the forest,
Who, in her youth, bore my buffeting with you—
She who hath faced me in zons of beginning,
Stalwart and staunch and defiant and true?

Where have ye hidden her for whom I must sorrow,
Who with her mate, and her fast enclosed child
Marched leagues against me, my rage overcoming,
Hardy as her brothers and thwed for endurance,
Glad of my song in the darkness and the wild?

The Trees Answer

We have not seen her, who once was our beloved,
Our dear familiar, our close and constant friend.
Leaves would we give, to clothe her splendid bosom,
Blossoms would offer, to crown her high borne head—
On the dark earth must our petals find an end.

She, who would lean against our trunks for her resting,
She, whose lithe arm wrenched our dead boughs from life,
She, who was pleased by the shelter of our branches,
Drinks no more sap, from the bark that knew her knife.

Where hath she gone? Ah, Brother Wind, we know not.
Sing we her dirge, who climbs not to her own;
Where we are strong to strengthen her in labor,
He, who once came with her, now comes to us, alone!

The Neighboring Sea Calls Out

She is not dead, though she is wan and pallid—
Down to my shores, my wave-swept beaches clean,
Slowly she comes, and brings her puny children,
When all my mood is gentle and serene.

She hath lost heart for majesty and rapture,
And dares not hear the choral song I sing—
Sad as the jetsam that I spurn and scatter—
Fearful to yield her to my rough caresses—
She dares not seize of me the gifts I would bring.

She, whom we worshipped, wind and sea together,
Trees on the hillocks, and summits wonder-clad,
She is a queen dethroned, a faith unhonored,
A land-locked, silent bay, voiceless and sad.

A Woman Hears, Rises, Answers

Hearken, my brothers, Wind of great complaining,
Trees of the forest, where the hills stand high,
Sea of great healthy music, I am coming—
Hearken, my brothers, for Lo! I am returning!
Yield up your questing now, for surely it is I!

Open is the house door, riven is my prison,
Wide is my cloister and the way winds free;
I am but flaccid—for long I have been idle—
I am but wasted by the years' captivity.

Yet have I lungs, to draw thee to my bosom,
O Wind of storms and buffetings sublime,
O Wind of attars, unscented in our cities,
O Wind unresting and infinite as Time!

O trees beloved, around your boles I fling me,
'Neath spreading boughs, in passionate deep peace.
And when my children shall have need of climbing,
Them to your arms shall my feeble arms release!

O sea creative I have loved thee ever—
Yea, I will love me thy child in thee content!
Strong in old rapture upon thy heaving combers—
Strong in new conquest upon thy cold blue waters—
Stronger and stronger now, as thy Creator meant.

Sing ye no dirge, O brothers, for my dying!
I am not dead, indeed, nor yet resigned to die.
Rather is new life begotten now within me;
I am returning, sing ye for my coming!
I am coming strong and free as was that elder I—
Woman to her earth, her motherland returning—
Strong to seek her own and reign—O brothers it is I!

MARGUERITE WILKINSON.