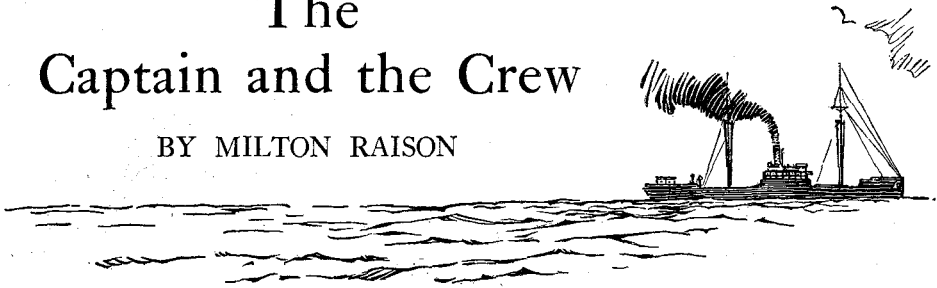


The Captain and the Crew

BY MILTON RAISON



THE CAPTAIN

The captain was a silent man
Who never said an extra word,
He'd watch the sea for quite a span,
Nor let himself be heard.

It's queer that such a man as he
Should find himself so strange a friend,
And be companion of a sea
That talked without an end.



THE CHIEF STEWARD

The seamen hated him because
He sent back aft the rotten meat,
And all the half-cooked food there was
The passengers refused to eat.

So since he wasn't fit to live,
And anxious for the common weal—
They threw him overboard to give
The sharks, at least, a decent meal.



THE MESSBOY

He had contempt that was divine,
For every sailor that he fed,
For while they talked of girls and wine—
He read.

For while they lived the pain and strife
Their dull imagination brooks,
He could appreciate their life
In books.

He washed the dishes, made the bed,
And did their errands with fair grace,
Nor could their insults on his head
Erase

That fine, immobile pride of his
Which brushed against their baser sod,
And was as different as a kiss
Of God.

THE APPRENTICE

Some men can find a magic in the sea,
And he is one, I know it by his eyes,
Sweet with beauty as they turn to me
From gazing ocean-wise.

Yet he's the sort of man the sea will cheat,
And for his love and trust will bite his hand,
By mustering her vice for his defeat—
But he'll not understand.



THE OLD WIPER

He doesn't know a thing about
The engines that he wipes and cleans;
The ships he'd been on sailed without
Machines.

For all, he hopes they'll never make
Until he leaves the human race,
Some sort of engine that would take
His place.

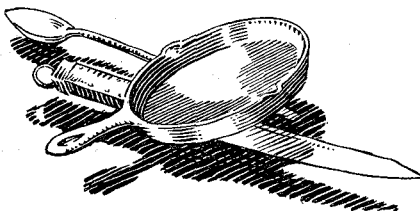


THE CREW'S COOK

The smallest man among the crew,
And yet the one most looked up to:
We help him coal his fire and peel
The vegetables for every meal;
We listen to his tastes, nor voice
Among us a dissenting choice.
We hate his foe, and love his friend,
And lock his secrets in our hearts,
Praying Davy Jones to lend
Us solemnness to play our parts.

There is a reason for our fear:
With heat, or rage, or too much beer,
And carving knives so close at hand—
Cooks have been known to run amuck;
And those they didn't like would stand
A likely chance of being stuck.

The smallest man among the crew
Is thus, the one most looked up to.



W. P.
White

The Return of the Middle Class

BY JOHN CORBIN

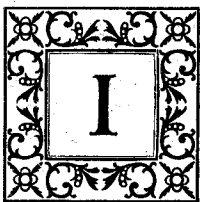
I—DEMOCRACY AND WOMANHOOD

During the past generation social and economic problems have been discussed almost exclusively as problems of two factors—the rich and the poor, labor and capital. The only solutions proposed have centred in capitalist individualism or in proletarian communism. Yet throughout history there has been a third factor, once recognized as primary—the middle class of brain-workers—the technical, managerial, professional class.

It is the author's contention that Communist and Capitalist alike are failing in the task of world reconstruction, and for essentially the same reason—that they have failed to evoke the full power of the class of the well-born and well-educated. Whether consciously or unconsciously, they have stifled it rather, prevented it from attaining its normal scope, and performing its indispensable service of leadership. The problem of the present and the future is to restore the middle class to its historic function.

The middle-class woman especially has suffered—the modern lady. The present articles, which embody the main conclusions on this point, outline a new programme of feminism, foreshadowing a continuance and culmination of the movement that lately achieved the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Only by the return of the middle-class woman to her normal dignity and leadership can modern life be made capable of the great task that confronts it.

DEMOCRACY AND WOMANHOOD



It is a long-familiar fact that the Industrial Revolution, while it has vastly enriched civilization as a whole, has oppressed and imbruted the industrial worker—a fact familiar so long that it is well on the way to be righted. Somewhat less familiar is the fact that the Industrial Revolution has wrought a hardship upon the middle-class woman which is as great, depriving her of the very labor it has heaped upon the industrial workers; yet more and more we are realizing that the weakened morale and declining birth-rate of the middle class result largely from the industrial unproductiveness of the modern household. Thus far, it is true, no one has taken this result of the Democratic and the Industrial Revolutions very seriously, for the middle-class woman lives amid a diffusion of wealth and enjoyment such as man-

kind has never known. But what if the triumph were material merely—what if the native instincts of the class of brain-workers were oppressed, its spiritual life starved and stricken? It could only bode ill for the fabric of civilization.

In point of fact, is not the world filled with foreboding? As we read of the German menace in the days before the war, so now we read a lengthening list of books prophetic of evil—"The Passing of the Great Race," "The Rising Tide of Color," "Is America Safe for Democracy?" Viscount Bryce in his elaborate survey of modern democracies raises many grave questions that remain unanswered. The German is defeated and, at least for one generation, subdued, but only to give way to a subtle, deeper menace. As of old, we mainly manage to shake off the spell of fear—yet with a difference. More and more, in the magazine article, in the daily press, in our own familiar conversation, we encounter the fateful phrase and tolerate it: "If civilization is to endure . . ."

Something of our fatalism arises from