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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

### Minor His Rebel Art

COMES here next Wednesday Robert Minor to tell us in speech and picture about the war. Who comes now as Robert left us three years ago as Bob. He is one of the world's great cartoonist now. Then he was the drawer of the daily cartoon for the *Post-Dispatch*. Here he was in society, wearing evening clothes with imperturbable aplomb, dallying with debutantes, but always with a big, brushing way that he brought with him from Texas. He drew pictures with a prehistoric man's war club. He smashed them onto the paper, one might say. His lines had sweep of savagery in them, as if a primordial force were behind them. His men were elementals in strength, even one might say in brutality, and he could put a rough, bedraggled pathos in his forms of women. We did not exactly know it then, but his drawings seethed with ill-suppressed revolt. We thought it only revolt against prettiness. When he went to the New York *World* as cartoonist and put a troglodytish vigor into his pictorial criticisms of the passing show of life. His work challenged comparison with that of Cesare, of the *Sun*, of Boardman Robinson, of the *Tribune*. He had not the art background of either, but he had the rough sense of the bare anatomy of human beings and he put it into his pictures. Soon his powerful work began to overflow into *The Masses*, a Socialist paper, and took on distinctive purpose; so much so that the *World* could not stand his utterance in pictures of a growing hatred of the social order. He gave up the big salary the *World* paid him and drew for the gratification of his own rebellious spirit. He went to Europe to confront tradition and scorned it the more. His pictures became more and more polemic in their proletarianism. They grew in ferocity. Then came the war and Minor went to the front with his note-book. He told the story of the war as he saw it from the Socialist viewpoint, and a terrible story he made it—terrible in the sordidness of it, in its utter absence of glory. War he pictured as murder promoted by upper class machinations for the immolation of the many and the enslavement of the survivors. He was crueler than was in his truthfulness. He made war subterhuman and the pity he put into his pictures became but an aspect of hatred for the society that produced war. He drew his pictures as if in black venous blood. He was at the front and behind the scenes in France, in Belgium, in Germany, where he was arrested. He took of war's fiendishness to fight war, and Socialism and Anarchism even hailed him as their interpreter. War, he seemed to say, is horrible but it hints the way to end a system of which war is a product. His men hinted in their crude power that the power would break its shackles and crush the social order. He drew titanic covers for Emma Goldman's *Mother Earth*. He presided at anarchist meetings and gave picture talks in favor of the Revolution. His outlaw art was a pictorial call to battle. He kept his fine, wild, but firm, line and his big, burly smudges for his men, and his women he gave a broken, bent, blunted beauty of suffering. Minor became the art-spokesman of humanity,

ground into the sludge of mud and blood, but there Antaeus-like gathering strength finally to wreck and reshape civilization. It is this message he preaches in word and picture on the Socialist circuit. He speaks like he draws, starkly, yet with a sense of form, restraining, yet intensifying force; explosive; ruining. His version of war is that hell is paradisaical beside it, and then he says that present society even in peace is but a shamble-brothel, verminous and vile with all cruelty. At Aschenbroedel Hall, Wednesday evening, he will tell us his tale of hatred for the hate that has driven love out of social relations. He will not wear those evening clothes which once he wore when an embryo society man in our swell set. He will not tango as he did. He will show us the dance of Death in Europe and operate with scalpel tongue and pencil upon the corpus vile of the body politic here. And under his rage we shall sense the flowing of the tears of all the stricken and hear the still, small music of humanity tending to an ultimate crescendo and diapason outburst of the "Ca ira." Minor is now a major prophet of the coming social cataclysm. He sees red—sunset at once and sunrise of the old order and of the new.

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### The Pretty Louise

THERE are some compensations that go with living in St. Louis. One of them is, I should say, the privilege of observing such a wholly gratifying spectacle as that of little Louise Allen, of the Park Opera Company, in tights. She is the poetry of shapeliness in a deliciously ingenuous revelation thereof. The taper of her is airy to a degree that dispels the faintest suggestion of riotous voluptuousity and the dainty duodecimosity of her is that of a Tanagra figurine. To look upon her is to experience a joy of the eye complementing the felicitous effect of her voice upon the ear and it softens even the popular regret for the imminent departure of Comedian Frank Moulan, who has been making us laugh over his infinite variety of comicalities for many months. Miss Allen is lyric-limbed even as she is lyric-throated, and altogether a realized dream of form in evenings of quip and quirk and choir-ing corybantic. Gotham has nothing lovelier to show upon her stages, nor all the films that unwind themselves the country over. Leonardo's golden boy was not more charming than the diminutive ingenu who has won the hearts of theater-going St. Louisans at the Park and the Shenandoah during the past two seasons.

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No nation or race has any monopoly on stupidity. The British blunder in shooting the Dublin rebels is not worse than the German blunder in shooting Edith Cavell in Belgium.

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### The Logical Candidate

If I were an indurated Republican, I would favor the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt for President. The man for that party to run against Woodrow Wilson is a man most unlike Woodrow Wilson, the man most thoroughgoing in opposition to Woodrow Wilson, an opponent lock, stock and barrel, hook, line and sinker. There's nobody fighting Wilson as Roosevelt is. If Wilson is wrong on everything, as Republicans contend, then