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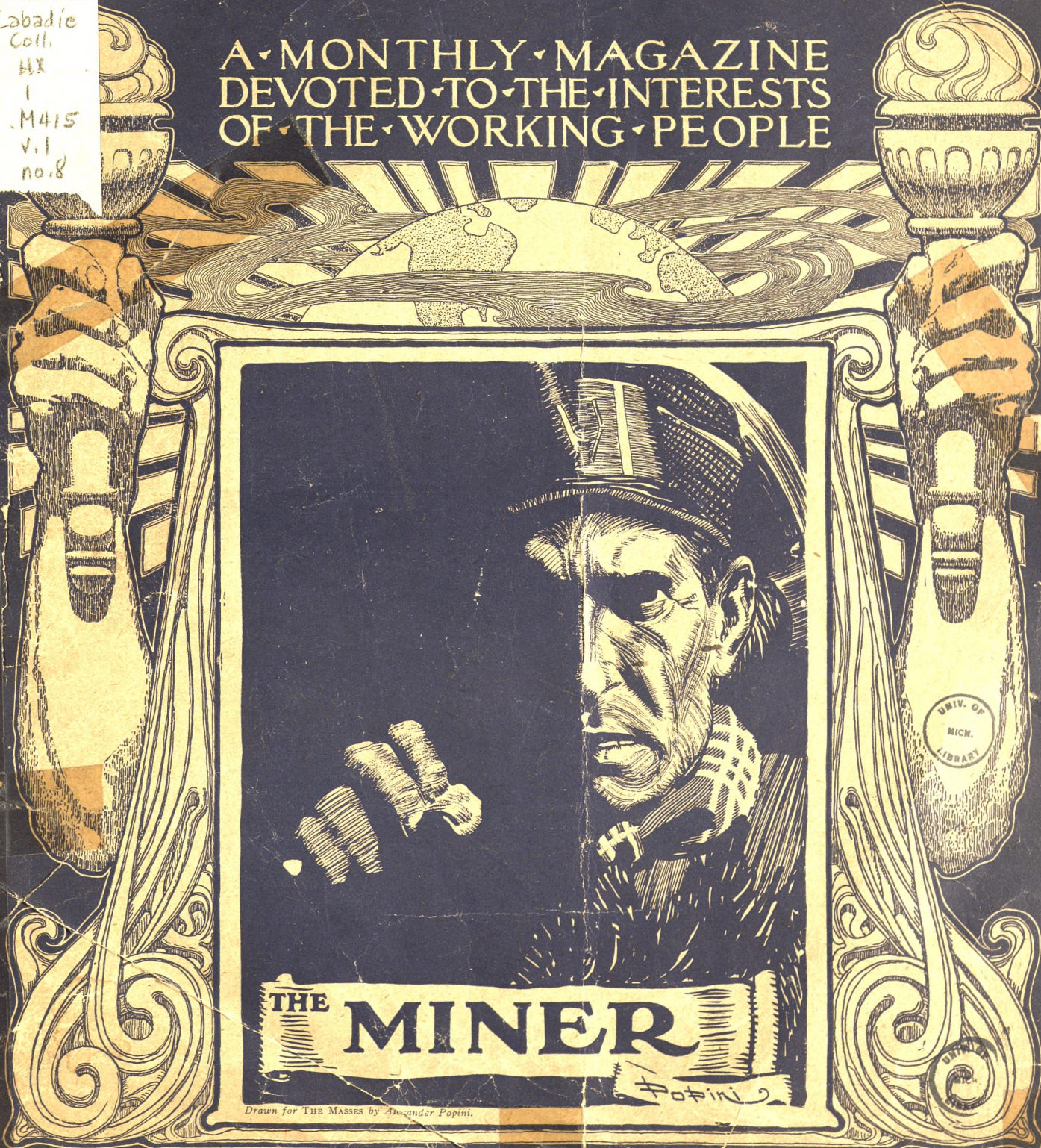
No. 8

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THE MASSES

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no.8

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE WORKING PEOPLE



THE MINER

Drawn for The Masses by Alexander Popini.

THE MASSES PUBLISHING COMPANY 112 E. 19TH ST. NEW YORK

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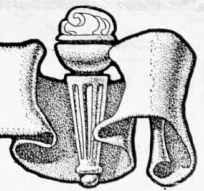
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EDITORIALS



Wanted--Another Heat Wave

BLISTERINGLY it swept over the country, leaving a trail of cracked heads and parched throats in its progress. Torturing, invaliding, and killing it kept its course, and when its tail had been chased out of sight by the first rain cloud we, the people of the United States, rejoiced and bought ice cream soda and promptly turned to think of something else.

Yet in New York City alone over one hundred and fifty people died of this hot wave; and the death of thousands more in hospitals and on the street was hastened by the devilling of the sun and the black sleepless nights. And almost without exception every man, woman, and child that paid the utmost penalty belonged to the working class. Newport and Bar Harbor have no death roll. Those who died were the men and women who bore the burden of the day along the sweltering pavements or who fretted in cramped, choking tenements.

Truly, a philosopher would say, either the rich are better able to stand the hot weather than the poor or else the rich are able to purchase cool winds. Both statements are true. The rich are better able to stand hot weather than the poor: baths and good food and a decent quantity of rest have preserved their bodies. They can cope with the extremes of sunshine. But finer than that—they don't have to. They can buy any sort of weather they choose. Climate is at that man's disposal who has the price of the proper railway ticket.

Thus it is that the rich save themselves and the poor perish. And it is quite reasonable that this should be so, because the poor accept it all complacently. If they do not object who should?

For the most part the rich are the idlers and the poor are the workers of the world.

The idlers go to the seashore on swift trains: the workers build the trains and stoke them and provide the iron rails on which they run; and then the workers go back to the city of rabbit hutches.

The idlers eat only the choicest and most hygienic of hot weather foods: the workers gather the food, prepare it, and are grateful for the crumbs.

The idlers have learned that it is possible to be comfortable and healthy in summer: the workers have learned that it is God's will for a certain number of their fellows to be stricken down with the heat.

The workers print the ballots of the world. The workers vote the ballots of the world. And they vote the idlers again and again into power.

The idlers give nothing and expect all.

The workers give all and expect nothing.

How beautiful is the self sacrifice of the workers. Who says there are no saints today? The workers are saints lacking only halo and wings.

God bless the patient workers who bend their backs so meekly in this age of self seeking. But would it not be refreshing to see and feel a new kind of heat wave sweep the country? A mental heat wave kindling a blaze of revolt, burning the workers white hot to resent the cruelty of our outgrown system of society.

The Price of Peers

England has defied her House of Lords.

Perhaps in the near future 500 or more liberal peers will be created—enough to negative the effect of the conservative majority. But if this be done a sad difficulty presents itself to American girls who have bought titles, because this influx of raw material will cause overproduction in the peer market. Moreover, unlike industrial overproduction, the price of the commodity will in good faith sink. Girls who have already paid a good price for their material will find themselves with a piece of damaged goods on hand greatly below cost price.

Why do not the Papas of the Girls Who Have Bought Titled Foreigners get together? If the United States intended to defy the Senate these very Papas would get together and they would prevent the defiance. They're doing it right along: because the Papas of the Girls Who Bought Titles are the men who run the United States.

If they can suppress popular waves of indignation at home why not abroad? Why not in poor little BRITAIN? Surely a modest lobbying in the House of Commons, a few thousand pounds distributed thinkingly, would change the air.

Or is it possible that the English are more revolutionary than Americans?

Americans have never openly defied the Senate: England has defied her House of Lords.

Is it possible that our fellow citizens, the Papas of the Girls who Bought Titles, are not omnipotent?

Common Sense Materialism

At the meeting of the National Educational Association in San Francisco, educators were warned to combat the materialistic influence of the age.

Some day somebody will have the courage to tell the educators to preach to every child with a slate the growing necessity of materialism. Materialists are practical people. A man who wants to get his money's worth is a materialist. A man who wants to get all he produces is a materialist. A man who wants justice as far as justice is possible is a materialist. If all the world were materialistic it would be an orderly, decent civilization.

But the world is not materialistic: the world is Utopian. The world believes in splendid, wonderful men, supremely ordained to run things and in return to take all the good things of life for themselves. The world says that most of us should be content with what we have and jog along patiently to the end.

The world deplores the materialism of the age and continues to praise those good people who shut their eyes and pray for better times while the pick-pocket slits their starved purses. Meanwhile other some, while contributing largely to all anti-materialistic movements, spend their time chasing pennies and remembering the good old rule that 100 cents make a dollar and that a certain minimum number of dollars are necessary to furnish the economic base for a fat, fair, and sunshiny existence.

Bright Young Men

Singing and dancing before society audiences will enable the Baroness von Groyss to raise a fund for Filipino schools.

"The Filipinos are most fascinating," said the Baroness. "They are bright; love work, and make good servants."

That is enough to endear a Filipino to all hearts. Anyone who is bright, willing to work, and who makes a good servant is sure of an extensive welcome. Our folks at home no longer make good servants because we have rather taken a dislike to the word and its implications.

Like William Morris most of us, Socialists and otherwise, believe that God never yet made any man good enough to be another man's master.

If the Filipinos are really bright they may find out for themselves that most of the brightest work-lovers of the ages would have made abominable servants and would have been proud of their incapacity.

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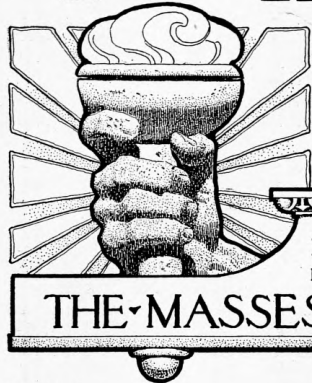
From Painting by Charles A. Winter

T H E D E S T R O Y E R

LOVER all the world today lurks the war menace. Profound and thorough as our civilization appears it is no more substantial than a cloud shape because at any moment it may be swept to tatters. This end is not impossible nor is it even improbable for though we take no thought of the World War yet the Destroyer lurks always at our gates. The next great international capitalistic dispute may involve all peoples in the most devastating and blighting conflict of history: a conflict in which society will return to an incoherent jumble. The Destroyer waits for the hour when he may hack down all our dreams of better years. And only Socialism can destroy the Destroyer.



THE MASSES



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE WORKING PEOPLE



✻ ✻ EDITED BY HORATIO WINSLOW ✻ ✻
EUGENE WOOD, PRES. HAYDEN CARRUTH, VICE-PRES. ROSE GREENBERG, SEC'Y.

THE MASSES PUBLISHING COMPANY 112 E. 19TH ST. NEW YORK

Vol. 1

AUGUST, 1911.

No. 8

THE KIND OF SOCIALISM THAT COUNTS

A Little Story of Things Accomplished

Written for The Masses

By HORATIO WINSLOW

Drawing by Maurice Becker.

THIS is a relation of the Socialist Movement in a Pennsylvania city. No names used; no haloes hitched to individual heroes; just the unvarnished narrative of the doings of a whole party. And that is the way it should be possible to write up Socialist growth everywhere; as a mass awakening rather than as the work of any one man or group of men.

The doings described in this article happened, happen, and will continue to happen in the city of Reading. By the way, you mustn't pronounce Reading the way it looks because that's wrong. Call it Redding—since the name comes from that land where proper names are very seldom what they seem, but spell one way and pronounce another. Reading, Pennsylvania was named after Reading, England.

Indeed in the town's beginnings, along about 1748, its streets were laid out by a couple of young Englishmen, the sons of one William Penn, a gentleman of some importance in the early days of the state. But the settlers of Reading were German, not English, and as the Germans are much greater tobacco smokers than the English it was probably due to them that the city at present counts its cigar factories by the hundreds. Cigars—remember that word. It will be brought into the plot later—C-I-G-A-R-S.

BUT returning to Reading: it's a nicely laid out town, bordering on joyous scenery with a total population of 100,000 souls, that is if everybody in Reading has a soul. If they haven't they will have by the first part of next year when the Socialists get in their work. But that's going ahead of the story, for first of all, whether you want to or not, you must hear how Socialism came to Reading and what it found there; and how the workers got together and shifted and regrouped until to-day they are what they are. In this case what they are is something worth bragging about, though it is gratifying to note that Reading Socialists do not brag and are able to wear their old hats without bursting the sweatbands.

Perhaps this freedom from *cranium inflatum* is due to the fact that the movement in Reading has steered a troublous course and they have not yet forgotten the head winds and lee shores of their passage. Of course, if you or I had been

There is nothing so instructive as the history of a success unless it be the history of a failure. The history of the Socialist movement in Reading, Pennsylvania, is the history of a success, though unlike some achievements, it is a success built on failures. In Reading they finally found the right way after experimenting with the wrong ways. What Reading can do any Socialist local can duplicate if it has the right spirit. Perhaps the greatest lesson in this story of things done is the sticktoitiveness of the men and women concerned. They've never been beaten so badly that they haven't smiled and come back for more fighting.—Editor.

on the ground to direct them things would have gone better, but we were somewhere else and the Readingites had to find out things for themselves and plenty of hard knocks came to them in the finding.

To begin with it is not a very difficult job to know when things are wrong; the difficulty comes when you seek the best way of setting them right. When the workers of Reading began to want a radical adjustment of government they knew that something was wrong, but like most of the rest of labor at that time they had no very clear vision of what should be done to make the wrong right.

THE unrest of the Eighties, the panic of the Early Nineties, had awakened them to the fact that life was not, in all its phases, one grand sweet song. All over the United States there was felt the burden of cruel, implacable forces. In the Middle West the Populist boom was tottering to its legs. In the big cities farther East unemployment was raising the cry of armed revolution. And in Reading the people argued and went home unconvinced of anything.

You and I with our 1911 brand of knowledge should have been there to set things straight. It would have saved a lot of trouble.

As it was the workers of Reading shook their heads and nodded their heads and listened to the

wise words of the bankrupt tradesmen who said that the United States was on the verge of the Bloodiest Revolution the world had ever seen. The revolution failed to arrive on schedule time and while it was still some hours off the Socialist Labor Party took occasion to establish a local to which many of the radical workers found their way.

Yet though now they were Socialists in name they were not thoroughly grounded in the principles of Socialism. There was no oneness in their conception of the doctrine. They were rather a "group of rebellious individuals" who were not to come out of the woods till after many adventures.

ENTER at that time the Labor Exchange. The Labor Exchange was a quaint institution, a sort of general store where working people brought what they had to sell and carried away what they wished to buy. Not so important was this Labor Exchange in point of volume of business done but mighty important in its function as the germ of something better.

The working class managed the Labor Exchange. It gave them an idea that they might be able to manage something else.

In the meantime their path to political supremacy was not at all sprinkled with sunshine and rose water. The local organization was swept from the S. L. P. in the year of the Big Wind and took part in the brief but spectacular career of the Social Democratic Party. Quitting this after the colonization scheme failed they came finally to the sheltering arms of the present S. P. where for the first time they found their feet and began to work efficiently for the Co-operative Commonwealth.

NOW the Social Democratic period of the Reading workers is interesting for just one thing. Perhaps you have never heard of the tactics by which these enthusiasts hoped to capture the country.

"Colonization," they said, "that is the secret. Let us pick out some sparsely settled Western State. Let us colonize it; let us buy a big tract of cheap land and fill it up with good socialists. Very soon we will capture the State and then as far as possible we will establish the Co-operative Commonwealth right there."

Some people had their doubts, but even in the Late Nineties Utopia was considered practicable in America. What was impossible in France or Germany still seemed solvable to American ingenuity.

Yet there were doubters. And when finally

posed to having the Socialists do anything more practical than distribute literature or stump speeches. "Time to cross bridges when you come to them," was their watchword. "Wait till you get in office and then show these capitalists what you can do."



The Sinews of War: This is a picture of the healthiest cigar factory in Reading. It is operated by the Socialists for the party and last year made 100 per cent. profit.

amid great enthusiasm the Social Democrats decided to roll up their sleeves and buy the tract certain delegates walked out and after a decent period helped make up the present Socialist Party. As for the main body they did colonize once or twice in the State of Washington but the settlers didn't stay settled and the colonies dried up and blew away in the chinook of Progress.

BUT in the beginning this scheme had looked good to the Reading people. You remember they did not have you and me to point out the impossibility of the whole thing.

"But why go out west," they said. "Why not colonize right here in Pennsylvania and have the Dawn of the Coming Day break on the home grounds?"

A certain farmer, who like many other agricultural workers of this pampered age, was tired of working eighteen hours a day for no wages, agreed to sell them a farm. A committee, having surveyed the premises of the benighted old man who was willing to pass up the beauties of Nature, reported favorably on its purchase and it was decided to commence the Reign of Justice at once.

They bought the farm. They threw it open to such of the proletariat as wanted the Brotherhood of Man right off and all through that summer Berks County, Pennsylvania, possessed a little bit of the Coming Civilization.

Then everybody woke up.

IT seems that the farm was run without anyone on the grounds possessing the authority or the knowledge to say what work was necessary. Consequently the co-laborers toiled not, neither did they spin except when they blamed pleased. The work languished and when fall came the Socialists of Reading gently but firmly decided to put off the Golden Age for a decade or two.

But the Farm, failure as it was, had done its work. No influence is wholly lost. The trickle of rain breaks the way for the rivulet, the stream, the flood. The Farm, like the bigger colonization scheme, like the Labor Exchange, had accustomed the workers to thinking that the working class had a right to try to do something for itself besides voting.

Of course, there were some who, while rooting consistently for Socialism, were altogether op-

WITH such as these the New Plan, formulated in the beginning of the present century did not agree. "Keep away from it," they said sadly. "Talk from all the soap-boxes you want to but don't mix the party up with anything so practical as this. Remember we have ideals."

"You bet we have ideals," retorted the Believers, "and that's why this plan is a good one. Besides how are we ever going to run a city with a budget of over a million if we can't manage a little thing like this. We're going to try it." And try it they did.

But what was the plan? I'll tell you.

Pennsylvania is a tobacco State; it grows some tobacco, but its specialty is making other people's tobacco into cigars. Pennsylvania produces one-fourth of all the cigars turned out in the United States. A child in Pennsylvania begins

into this thing," said the Believers, "we'll form a corporation of some sort so we can hold property; in fact, why shouldn't we buy up that old building on the corner of Walnut and Reed streets and start our shop right there?"

So they did. A number of the leading Socialists organized themselves into the Labor Lyceum and from their own pockets raised enough to make the first payment on a deserted three-story building. Then they called in a couple of able cigar workers and started to combine fillers and binders and wrappers into good five-cent smokes.

Well, everybody has to learn by degrees. Even John D. Rockefeller wasn't competent to manage the Standard Oil business at that early age when he dropped his first reluctant penny into the Sunday School plate.

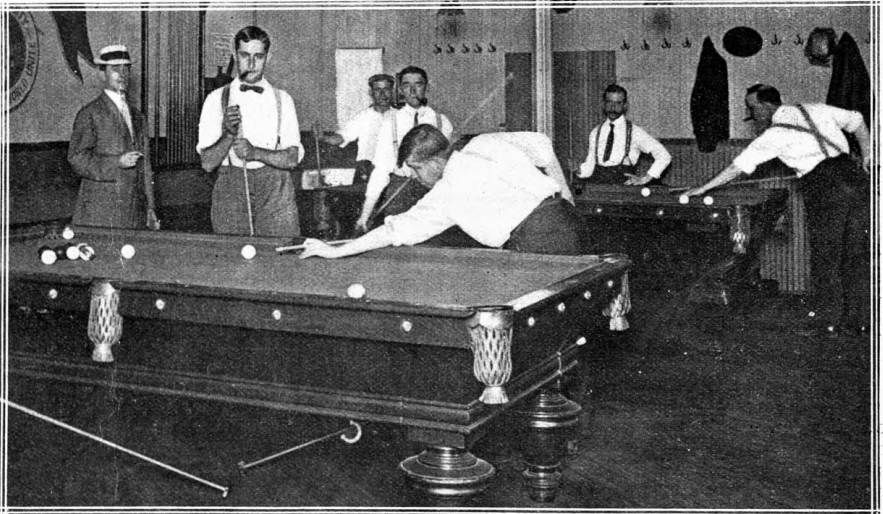
THE cigarmakers of Reading had to learn by experience and they got their experience in the usual way by going ahead too fast. The joy-rider, whether he be an autoist or a bestrider of hobbies always has an educational bump coming to him. The Labor Lyceum Cigar Department tried to climb trees before it could climb fences. In the language of the learned it incised more than it could fletcherize.

The four or five men on the job had to go leaving but one lone workman to roll cigars for the Labor Lyceum. Through many weary months this solitary cigarmaker stuck to his job and then the Believers, having weathered the storm of disapproval, put in a couple more.

But remember this: in spite of the fact that reckless management kept the cigarmakers from bringing financial returns to Reading local, if it hadn't been for the Labor Lyceum plan the building would never have been rented, and lacking this social center Reading's social consciousness would be far behind what it is now.

IT is true that in the beginning the cigar-making brought no financial returns, but after they settled down to business the enterprise began to make money. In 1910 the business made 100 per cent. on the investment. How's that for Socialist management?

In this connection let it be known that nobody in the Labor Lyceum has received a cent for his services with the exception of the workers who have turned out the cigars. Neither has



A Long Chance: A popular feature of the Labor Lyceum is the room with the pool tables. It's a recreation with an economic base.

to learn how to roll cigars at the age of ten months. Every little family has a factory of its own.

"We'll get together the men who want to go

any comrade who loaned money to the Lyceum received interest on his investment. Time and labor and money have been given freely to building up the movement, and here are the results:

1st. The Labor Lyceum owns \$4,500 worth of the \$7,000 building which they occupy. They own furniture to the extent of \$800. They own a business whose good-will, etc., is estimated at \$1,400.

2nd. They have established a three-man cigar factory which is the cleanest and most hygienic in the city.

3rd. The one time industrial building has been transformed into a people's clubhouse with a lecture hall, game room, library, kitchen, pool room and workshop.

4th. The building has become the center of the Socialist movement in Reading. Non-Socialists as well as Socialists gather there. Everybody is welcome. The members of the Labor Lyceum pay the expenses but anybody can come in and feel at home. The Young People's Society meets there. Every Saturday evening the Ladies' So-

ness. It is a new life coming to flower in the grit and grime of a modern industrial center.

A new city is growing up in the old city. The sons of William Penn laid out the old city. Three cigarmakers backed by the Socialist Party are architects of the New City.

There is a kindness and welcome among the comrades of Reading which a less organized movement fails to produce. Bigger cities could go to Reading and get an education.

BUT suppose there hadn't been a strong enough movement of Believers to buy the old factory building and install the cigarmakers. Suppose that instead of having a place where the workers could drop in Sundays and week nights they'd been obliged to confine their comradeship to meetings every other week with a man sitting in a chair, gavel in hand, to see that nobody got

operatively if it can—corporatively if it must. Some day we shall have to go into business on a big scale—why not begin on a little scale?

THE great difficulty about any propaganda movement is financing it. If a party can finance its campaigns with money which would otherwise go to some middleman it leaves a surplus for further expenditure along the same lines. Moreover such an enterprise furnishes a rallying center for the party organization. It lifts Socialism from a mere political movement to something better and brings in some measure the coming comradeship into the life of to-day.

It is the little microscopic center which crystallizes the pearl in the oyster. It is the social center which in the future will crystallize local Socialist movements into compact efficient wholes.



Manufacturing Socialists: In this well equipped library the men who join the party learn the logic of the faith that is in them.

cialist Educational League gives a ten-cent supper which is attended by 600 or 700 people.

IT is plain that Point Number Four is the most important of the outfit. No matter how much wealth and gear a Socialist Organization may get together it is all useless unless it gathers round itself the intangible spirit of Social Consciousness. And that is what the Labor Lyceum of Reading does. Already the Socialism there is a voting power plus something else.

That Something Else is the nucleus of a new life—the kind of life that the old Social Democracy tried for and failed to get; but this new life does not depend on a settlement in a wilder-

out of order. Do you imagine that under those conditions Reading to-day would have 1,500 enrolled Socialists? I don't.

It takes more than Cossacks and corrupt politics to lead people to efficient rebellion. There are a good many cities the size of Reading in Pennsylvania, but there is only one Socialist in the State Legislature—and he comes from Reading.

And, you ask me, does this little Sunday School story have a moral?

It does, gentle reader, it does. And the moral is simply this: Where the Socialist movement springs from fertile ground why shouldn't the local go into business; co-

JUST a parting word. In Reading the municipal elections are held this November. Reading has grown in Socialism enormously. It is not foolish optimism to say that the next mayor will carry a red card in his pocket.

READING GOES RED!

That's a great headline for a November morning paper. Hope we see it—you and I.

And if we do how much do you suppose the influence of the Labor Lyceum will have contributed to the result? I'd say about 50 per cent.

But, of course, I'm prejudiced.

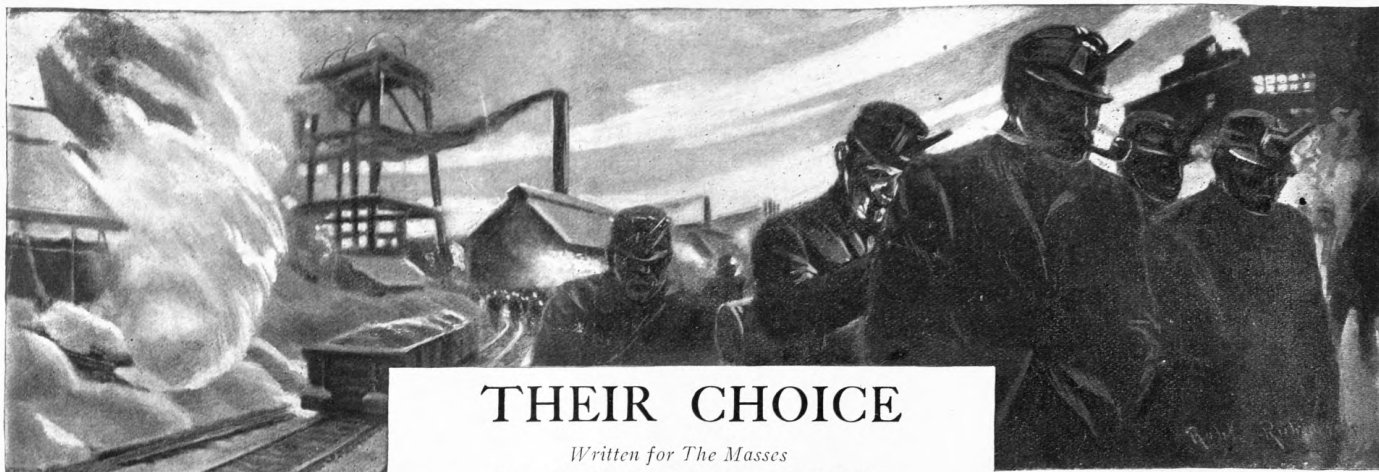
Again we want to call your attention to the new and ever better Masses that reaches you each month. Articles, like the Reading story, are going to be a feature: enterprising locals that through organization have worked their way to a high state of efficiency will be written up in a snappy interesting style. Other good things are coming. F. Sumner Boyd has an article on "Poisoning the Workers" which will appear in a near number. It's a little grewsome but it's good for you. Also you are going to get soon a series of biographies of world-famous socialists illustrated in caricature by men who know how to caricature. As for stories, some dandies by the best known Socialist writers are booked to appear this fall. And remember, you need those monthly definitions of Socialism for your scrap book. If you're not sure about your subscription you'd better write in now and see that you're paid up to date, because you can't afford to skip a single number. Remember: You mustn't miss the Masses. **YOU MUSTN'T MISS THE MASSES.**

Next month Eugene Wood is going to lead off with a first class sizzling article of the sort you like to read. No matter whether you're all hot up with the hot weather or not you'll want to read it and send a copy to your best friend.

Other good things, too.

Arthur Young has given us a comic picture that isn't a comic picture, with a joke attached that will make you think.

You mustn't miss THE MASSES.



THEIR CHOICE

Written for *The Masses*

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

Painted for *THE MASSES* by Robert Robinson.

HOW STARK, SOCIALIST LEGISLATOR, HAD TO CHOOSE

Drawings by Robert Robinson and Maurice Becker

ONE glance at the telegram told Stark the whole situation. For, all that week, he had been dreading some such news. It had come, therefore, merely as a confirmation of the clutching fears against which for so long he had been struggling in vain.

"God!" breathed he, eyes narrowed on the message, lip projecting with bitter grim revolt against this thing. Then he leaned his head upon his mutilated left hand. As his fingers crisped up through the wiry, gray-shot hair, you saw that half the thumb and index were missing. His face grew ugly and deep-lined—the face of a man driven too hard. And so he sat there at his desk for a long minute, soul-sick, foreseeing as with clairvoyance the impending tragedy.

The words on that flimsy slip of yellow paper were but few. They read:

"WILKES-BARRE, 4/19/11.

"Mother worse. Deering says must go California at once. She does not know. Can you come?"

"ARTHUR."

A moment he stared at the telegram, then crushed it in his vise-grip and flung it down onto the desk. Even that slight action gave him a trifle of relief. Up he stood, suddenly, and with both fists threatened the empty air. The very futility of the action was symbolic. His arms dropped.

"At last!" thought he. "I might have known!"

Wearily he leaned against the window-jamb and stared out into the dull afternoon drizzle. Ugly the town was; supremely ugly the cheap little room where he had taken quarters. He thought of the pinched finances he had left, back home. Thought of this present boarding-house shabby-gentility, then of the lavish and blatant luxury of the State Capitol where in two days he was to take his seat among the Representatives. The white dome, rising vaguely through the rain beyond the clustered huddle of houses, mocked at him. And with an oath he banged his fist hard up against the woodwork.

"Worse?" cried he. "She's worse again? I might have known this rainy spell would bring it all back onto her! And Doc says its California, or—or—? Say, why didn't he make it Mars? Just as sensible, for a man fixed like me!"

He grew silent. Over him crept the sickening realization that, unless he could take her West, his wife must die. Must cough and fail and agonize and go away forever from the boys and him, unless he, single-handed and without means,

could fight Death back from her. A sudden faintness overcame him.

Heavily he sat down again, by the cheap desk. An open penknife lay there. He took this up; and, brooding, stabbed with it at a magazine that lay beside his rickety typewriter.

"Huh! It would make a good story, wouldn't it?" he jibed with bitterness. "I suppose a smart writer *could* pile things on thick, if he knew. He'd probably play up the eighteen years of struggle and sweat and everything but downright starvation; and that time she pulled me through pneumonia, in 1903, when the company wouldn't make any repairs and we couldn't keep the damned shack warm; and the time Billy died; and the big strike when she went out soap-boxing with me—and then the time they jailed me for speaking, and she slaved for money for the appeal—and all the rest of it. . . . Good material, what? Maybe I ought to work it up, myself, and sell it, and possibly get enough to—bury her—"

On the old typewriter he crossed his arms. He laid his head upon them. And for a while he spoke no word.

Outside, the fine incessant rain still sifted down.

II

A step on the stairs, then a tapping at his door roused Stark. He sat up, blinking, and shoved the crumpled telegram into the desk drawer.

"Come in!" cried he. The Hon. Elon R. Dill entered. With him entered also a scent of boiling cabbage, from the hallway.

"Ah! How are you, Stark?" exclaimed the Honorable. "Glad to find you. You weren't at home this morning, when I called."

"No," answered the New Member. "There was a meeting down at the Local, so of course—"

"Oh, certainly," the Honorable interrupted. "I understand. Such things are bound to look important to you—for a while." Even as his padgy fingers obliterated themselves in Stark's sinewy grasp, his pale, prominent eyes took in the ensemble of the room. As they analyzed its meanness, a shrewd smile began to form upon his lips. Then asked he:

"Well, how's the courage? Ready for the fight?"

"All ready," the younger man replied, his weary voice belying him. "Sit down, won't you?" He nodded at the only other chair; then, reaching for his pipe, began to fill it.

The Honorable, unbuttoning his long, fur-lined

coat, emplaced himself with some trepidation on the straight-backed chair. It creaked, but held. Dill breathed more easily. He set his top-hat very precisely on the floor beside him.

"Well?" interrogated he.

"M'mmm?" grunted Stark, getting his pipe to work.

"Anything new? Any decision?"

"You mean —?"

Dill raised his hand. "Come, come!" reasoned he. "What's the sense in our sparring? We're not strangers! The first job—"

"Yes, I remember how you gave it to me. On your coal-breakers. I took part of my pay in asthma, too. So I wouldn't be liable to forget it, now would I? Even though I was only a kid of eleven when I started."

"There, there!" Dill hastily interrupted, frowning. "A man of your caliber should be above holding a grudge!"

"Grudge? Who said anything about grudges? Fact is," and Stark squinted through the smoke of his own making, "I'm grateful for the education you and your Cossacks and your judges and jails and all the rest of it have given me. It's certainly been mighty enlightening, *that's* no dream!"

The Statesman, at a loss, cleared his throat.

"See here, Stark," he began again, "you and I ought to forget all that, and—hm!—that is, I don't see—there's no reason why we should be at cross-purposes now. Let's be frank. Frankness is a great virtue, Stark!"

"Great."

"Let's be entirely ingenuous in this matter."

"Yes, let's. Well?"

"Hm! Hm! Have you—er—made up your mind yet?"

"Nope!"

"What? But, man, there's only two days left!"

"That's a long time, sometimes. For instance, you remember seven years ago this fall? That was when I was fire-boss of Lower 9. We spent two days, sixteen of us did, walled up in that gallery. Not one damned thing to eat or drink, and about one-tenth enough to breathe. And why? All because that duplicate ventilating-machinery law hadn't been enforced."

Stark leaned forward and looked earnestly at Dill, who shifted slightly in his chair.

"That was the time I got *this*," continued the ex-miner, holding up his disfigured hand. "And those two days, let me tell you, were longer than from now till Hell freezes over. So there's no hurry. Two days can be an awful long time!"

"Yes, yes, I understand all that," rallied Dill, "but why drag in all this ancient history. This

present proposition is a live one. You mean to say you haven't decided yet?"

Stark shook his head.

"Hmmp!" snorted the Honorable. "I should think a man who'd worked up from the breakers to be super, and then had got into the labor press and made good at that, and is now running one of the three papers back home, could make up his mind about a single question, Yes or No!"

"I could, about some questions, in a second," answered Stark, lighting another match. "But not about this one. First I see it one way, then another." (Puff! Puff!) "If you'd been here an hour ago, I'd ha' given you N-o, No, flat. But now—"

"Now?"

"I'm on the fence. Something's happened. Give me a little more time. That's fair!" And he tamped the tobacco in the bowl with a crooked finger.

Puzzled, the Honorable eyed him. "But, man," protested he, "how can anybody, financially pinched the way you are, need time to decide? Look here!" And he drew out his Morocco billfold. On his fat leg he slapped it. "You know what I said yesterday? Well, it's double that now. And between you and me, for old times' sake, I tell you beforehand they'll put another five thousand on that. And you can have it now!"

Stark said nothing, but he ceased to smoke. Even seated as he was, his back toward the fading light of the window, the slow pallor that yellowed his cheek became visible to Dill. Forward the Statesman leaned.

"Now!" repeated he.

"Yes," answered Stark. "So I understand."

enough then, and went through enough later, to last me a good many years. That was the time Bertha and I took 'count of stock, and I promised her if ever I got a chance I'd hit things hellish hard. Now I've got the chance. That's all."

"Still Utopian, I see," smiled the Honorable, folding his hands over his rotunda. "In Rome, but not a Roman. Bad policy, Stark. You'll get over it in time. Why not as well first as last? Utopian!"

The Statesman laughed. His laughter was as mirthful as the croak of a gorged raven.

"You talk," sneered he, "like a Sophomore—or a Socialist!"

"So? Well, never mind," returned Stark, unmoved. "What I'm coming at is this: the fellows back home need this shot-firers' law as a practical first step, an entering wedge for a lot more mining legislation. They look to me to shove her through for 'em. We've been plugging away at this thing for ten or twelve years, now—the wife and I and all of us together. She's keener on it even than I am, if anything. You know how I owe everything I've got, to her and to this work. Take this present place I'm in; the comrades put me here. Why, I—I made—"

"Made your campaign on just that issue? Of course! Don't I understand? That's one of the regulation tactics. They all do it. Nothing like a labor plank to corral the vote! But what of that? You're *here* now, aren't you?"

"Yes. And they're *there*, all through the District, grubbing away below-ground. They elected me. I—"

"Well, what the devil are you driving at?" snapped the Honorable. "I thought you were a practical man. What's all this piffle? Can't you forget it? You're one of the '*in's*,' at last!

stroked his chin. Dill studied him. The Honorable had seen many other men put up the same sort of fight, and one by one bowl over. Provided only that the stake were raised and raised and raised, always the result had been the same. Too wise, he, for any interference now. He waited.

Waiting, he observed, as a surgeon about to operate lifts the patient's eyelid and watches the pupil, to gauge the correct degree of etherization. Long had the Honorable been skilled in accurate judgment of such moral anesthetizations. To him these struggles of the heart and soul were old familiar studies of moral pathology.

Thus some minutes passed. The room was growing dark.

"I was elected under the recall," Stark suddenly broke silence.

"The devil you say!" The Honorable frowned till the fat flesh of him fell into creases.

"Yes. Maybe that's a factor you've overlooked. So you see—"

"Hm! Yes, of course. Fool notion, that! No way to break it?"

"Only by entirely cutting loose from the Party. It's a matter of routine with us, positively binding. Why, before I even began stumping the District, my signed resignation was in the hands of the campaign committee. They've got it now, all complete except just filling up the date line."

"So? Good heavens! It's lucky *we* don't—h'm!—but say, your committee never would dare to use it!"

"Ha, wouldn't they, though?" Stark exclaimed. "You just try 'em and see! One day after my vote on this bill is recorded, if that vote goes the way you want it to, I'm finished. I'm done, all through, down and out. The thing we've been fighting for, all these years—she and I and all of us—the chance to get a crack at the whole issue, goes busted in one second, like a toy balloon. Ten years wasted. No show for Congress later, where I might have a wider sweep. Maybe that's worth thinking about. Even if we cut out what you call the Quixotic ideas, my signature on that resignation still holds good, whenever they want to use it."

"Yes, I know," assented the Statesman, sparing for time to meet this unexpected aspect of the case. "Of course all that has to be considered very carefully. But after all, what difference would it make to you? It would only put you ahead faster. A man like you, Stark, who's worked up from the ranks and knows the miners the way you do, knows all their thoughts and hopes and ambitions, their strength, their weakness and everything, must know how to divide and handle and control them, and how to deliver their vote right. Such a man's almighty valuable! If your Party throws you out, what of it? It's money that talks, after all. You just come over on the other side of the fence, old man. And believe me, you'll climb the ladder ten times as fast. We won't forget you!"

"I know," assented Stark, his voice very slow and deep. "I'd be 'stowed away' all right enough. Only—"

He did not finish, but sat there smoking grimly. The grip of his jaw upon the pipestem was like iron. Dill blinked at him a moment, then arose.

"Well," remarked he, scenting the proper moment for departure, "well, you know what's what now, at any rate. You know both sides of the case, all sides. Your 'aye' can hardly put the bill through, anyhow. Even if it does, and the bill gets by the Senate and the Governor, the courts will kill it deader than a last year's corpse. Oh, it'll be unconstitutional, all right enough."

"In that case, why—?"

(Concluded on page 18)



Drawn for THE MASSES by Maurice Becker.

"Think it all over till tomorrow. Drop your theories, Stark, and all this mooney-eyed nonsense and get right down to practical politics."

"In cash," the Honorable continued, "no checks. These infernal muck-raking magazines are altogether too fond of tracing checks and photographing them and playing up hob in general. Cash. All yours. How about *that*?"

Stark kept a little silence. Then said he: "I was in that Harwich explosion, in '04. A hundred and eighty-nine never came up alive. I just happened to. My brother Sam, he didn't. Of course, I saw what happened next day and the next—the women and the kids all 'round the shaft house, and then the bodies and all. Bertha, she was there, too. She had Bill with her, Bill, you know—the one we lost. Deering told me later the kid was coming down with scarlet fever at the time, but that he'd probably have pulled through if it hadn't been for that exposure. Rain, you remember. Kind o' like to-day."

He paused a moment, then went on: "Well, no matter about the rest of it. I guess I saw

And you've got to stand with 'em, or go down. You know what happens to stiff necks, around here."

"Yes, they get broken—if they aren't too strong. But—"

"Never mind the 'but'!" And Dill thudded his flabby fist down on the desk top. "I know a thing or two, myself. Know all about that telegram, and—"

"Stop!" forbade the other, sternly. "We'll keep the wife right out o' this, from now on! You hear *me*?"

Dill changed color. "Beg pardon!" he hastened to exclaim. "I mean—hm!—now see here, Stark. Be reasonable, can't you? Suppose they put another five thousand on that? What then? It might make a vast change for you and yours, just at this time. Let's say no more, but make an end of it. What?"

Stark reflected. With his mutilated hand he



Portrait by Anton Otto Fischer.

Drawn for the Masses by Marjorie Hood.

IN most of the talk which passes concerning the civilization to come and the way to bring it there is much reference to physical revolutions and not so much to revolution of the mind. The ballot, the strike, the gradual conquest of the foothills of capitalism, are held up as the chiefest routes to the end, while a certain less obvious conquest is left totally out of the reckoning.

To me, and I am but one of many, this forgotten campaign, which must be fought before the new civilization appears, appeals as the greatest battleground of them all. Victories of ballot or bullet are fruitless without it while, were it thoroughly won, both ballots and bullets would take their place in museums as obsolete modes of working changes.

This conquest, latest and greatest in the history of man, is the conquest of the individual: the replacing of self-concern with concern for all humanity—substituting for self-consciousness Social Consciousness.

IN his remarkable book, "In the Days of the Comet," H. G. Wells tells how the world passes through the fiery vapors of a comet's tail. Instead of killing off the inhabitants of the earth the gases merely throw all mankind into a deep sleep, and, on waking, humanity finds itself clear-headed and socially conscious.

For the first time, men realize that they are fellow strugglers and that in the forces of nature they have quite enough to fight without compelling quarrels among themselves. All the old blindnesses have been sloughed off leaving a sharp-cut view of the fact that we poor little humans, so strangely cast away on this sunspeck, are not only cruel but excessively unhappy when we make a single move except for the common good.

WHEN first I read "In the Days of the Comet" the book left me like one inspired, as though I had been honored with some true message for the world. Here was the secret of the New Civilization; spread the book and you would spread the secret and the New Civilization would follow willy-nilly.

But then it grew on me that the secret was no secret at all. Many a sage from China to Palestine had told mankind to consider his neighbor and that his neighbor was Everyman. Yet, in spite of all, millionaires lived pigwidge and paupers rejoiced at crumbs in every land from East to West.

It was not the mere fact of man's brotherhood which was conveyed in the gases of the Well's comet; it was the desire and ability to act on the information. *The comet carried not an idea but an emotion and only through some such emotion shall the world be saved.*

We cannot depend on comet fumes for the New Civilization; more earthy, smacking more of self help, will be the levers that are to lift society. Not a book, not a speaker, not even an act of Congress can raise us from the little lives we lead to the wonderful lives we ought to lead. We can become socially conscious not by wishing, but only by living a socially conscious life.

Now this sort of life is impossible for most men and women outside of the working class, and by the working class I mean the proletariat which lives its life always on the edge of poverty, to whom loss of work means dire misfortune, yet who have climbed far enough from the social pit to be able to marry and rear a family. Below this the unorganized worker feels the bitterness of the struggle but lacks an interpreter to tell him the way out. Above this the individual may be filled with the kindest feelings but his life, his manner of getting a living, his successes, his enjoyments, his sorrows are all purely self-centering. No misfortunes really touch him except his own.

DISTINCT from the upper level and the lower level lies the stratum of the proletariat which possesses some sort of organization and which lives in one place long enough to justify the possession of children. These individuals are bound to acquire Social Consciousness whether they want it or not. They are not fed by a contract cook in a work camp. They buy their own food; therefore the rise in the price of food comes home to all alike as a common calamity; the lockout in the factory is a thunderbolt hitting all; and the opening of a new park is a joyous event to everyone of them.

Through the working of their unions they know that the capitalist who imposes on one will, if not checked, impose on all. They realize labor's common ground and fight their industrial battles together. But in spite of striking and occasionally voting in concert the best of Social Consciousness is still lacking.

Men vote together once a year; very probably they do not strike together oftener than once in five years; some never. For the rest of their months they must be content with summer picnics, Labor Day parades, orations, and disputes about points of order. This is not the way to acquire Social Consciousness which comes only when its influence is felt hour by hour instead of at long intervals.

Political organization is not enough and industrial organization is not enough. Some influence must be brought in to make the workers feel their interlinked lives every hour from one o'clock Monday morning till twelve o'clock Sun-

day night, and so far nothing has been devised which will do that so thoroughly as the Socialist Co-operative.

IF the Socialist Co-operation meant merely the getting of groceries and drygoods at cheaper prices I should not be particularly interested in its success; even if it meant a stronger and more perfect organization of the Socialist Party, that would not greatly stir me. But it means more than either of these things because it supplies the economic base for the emotion of universal kinship.

Often and often the phrase, the brotherhood of man, has been taken in vain; here there is a chance that the working class may learn to use it and feel it in its true and highest sense. Before the world is a unit the workers of the world, the most important constituent of the world must form a unit. This can never happen till they are moved by the desire to feel themselves one, and to bring this about will take more than a simple wish or even than high flown oratory.

No matter how good lives we wish to lead we fail in our attempt; not so much because our ideal is impossible but because we forget.

The Socialist Co-operative furnishes us with a way of remembering because its influence reaches out to the worker all day and every day.

ALL that you need to buy it sells you; all that you wish to read waits for you on its shelves; in its theater comes the plays that were never written for the fat-stomached; in its café you chat with your friends unembarrassed by rough clothes or muddy shoes; you may play chess in its game rooms; you may insure yourself in its funds; you may enjoy your social life in its varied legion of clubs; you may learn of its teachers; and when misfortune comes to you then you will be cared for by its members, your comrades.

During every hour of the day, for almost every act of your life such an institution as this stands by your side. You cannot escape its lesson.

At first perhaps only its economic front appeals to you; then you are caught by its recreative influence and finally the significance of it all dawns. You see that you are not a member of a workingman's Y. M. C. A., or the beneficiary of a Benevolent Association, but that you—YOU—yourself as part builder—are a stone in the foundation of the New Civilization. And that from such brotherhoods as yours the great brotherhood of all will spring:—yes, is springing now and, in spite of all oppression and false comradeship, slowly forcing its way to the light.



Drawn for THE MASSES by Layton Smith.

THE THREE WISE MEN

Written for *The Masses*

By PIET VLAG

“ARE you going to the Emil Johnson dinner this evening, Grouch?” Queried the Ex-Capitalist. “It will be very interesting. Johnson is great. I heard him the other evening in the Carpenters’ Union Hall. He told us that the comrades in his city are organizing a Socialist daily newspaper syndicate. Under that plan cities like Boston, Philadelphia, Syracuse, Buffalo, Reading and a large number of other places will all have their own dailies within a year or so. It will cost them about \$500 as an investment, and \$50 weekly until they have a circulation of about 2,000. I tell you, he is great. They are holding this dinner for the purpose of raising funds for their enterprise. I hope they succeeded.”

“I hope so, too. It is the only excuse they have for pulling off \$1.25 dinners,” snapped back the Classconscious Grouch.

“Why, Grouch! What’s wrong with you? Do we cease to have the privilege of choosing our own associates, surroundings, food, and so on because we are socialists. My dear Grouch, if you think Socialism implies leveling down to the working-peoples’ mode of existence you are wrong. Hopelessly wrong. Socialism means the development of a more refined taste, a higher capability for enjoying life.”

“Oh, quit it” burst forth the Grouch. “Keep your stock arguments for some unsuspecting rube. I don’t think anything of the sort. But I DO think that by pulling off these Dollar and a Quarter Dinners, we are possibly excluding just a few members of the rank and file. I like Johnson first rate, and certainly did want to meet him, but I also have a notion that my dollars and quarters can be used to better advantage.”

“As to the enjoying part, you are dead right. That’s why I have been swearing off Socialism ever since I’ve been in the party. Every three or four years I resolve to enjoy life henceforth, letting everything else, including Socialism, be damned. But it’s no use, I can’t quit. Once the Moyer-Haywood affair squashed my resolution. The students and the police beating up Louise Michél in France, was another memorable occasion. Sometimes, passing through a park, its benches filled with ugly tramps, would cause me to transgress my sincere though somewhat selfish resolutions. What’s the use, I always do some fool thing or another that lands me right back into the Socialist Party. So I’ve made up my mind to drop the enjoying part, and scrap to a finish. The worst of it, is that I begin to enjoy scrapping.”

“But Grouch,” interrupted the Philosopher, “although I appreciate your position and sentiment, I do not see how you can expect our friend the Ex-Capitalist and numerous other sincere and well-meaning socialists to be as intense as

you are. It is a matter of temperament, you see.”

“That’s right, Grouch,” chimed in the Ex-Capitalist, in his most patronizing, well-tempered and modulated voice. “You are taking matters a trifle too seriously. The Co-operative Commonwealth is not going to be established by the slum proletariat. The middle class, the intellectuals, and the upper strata of the proletariat: these are the principal elements to be considered in our propaganda.”

“For example: look at the progress and the effect of the Intercollegiate Socialist propaganda. They have established chapters in the universities of Wisconsin, Michigan, Kansas and Oklahoma. In fact, in all the largest colleges of the East and Middle West. It is difficult to realize its possibilities. It can hardly be overestimated. I am sure you do not realize the immensity of its scope.”

“I am afraid not!” sarcastically remarked the Grouch. “I agree with Comrade Weeks, that ‘Socialism is an effort to induce the wage workers and the farmers to unite, to organize, and to fit themselves for establishing and operating the Co-operative Commonwealth.’ With this as an object, I fail to see where the Intercollegiate Socialist propaganda is of any more importance than our propaganda on the theatrical field, or among the artists and writers.”

“All these special branches of propaganda, are useful only to the extent that they assist in strengthening the position of the organized proletariat.”

“To become useful servants of the working people—that is the function of the socialist intellectuals. For this, they *must* have the confidence of the working people, which they cannot develop by pulling off Dollar and a Quarter Dinners.”

“Their training and previous environment has given them a certain ability to fight the battle for the working people. They come from the capitalist class, and therefore understand the tricks and wiles of our opponents much better than leaders who might at present be drawn from the ranks of the working people. Even as such, the socialist intellectuals can only be useful until the working people, through practical experience gained in democratic self-management, shall have developed their latent abilities and their own leaders.”

“And then,” interrupted the Philosopher, “what will you do with these detestable though somewhat useful intellectuals? Dump them in the river, or burn them at the stake.”

“That is none of my business. Nor will the Socialist Party have to give this matter any consideration. The elimination of bourgeois intellectuals will be accomplished by Capitalism. We don’t have to worry about that,” retorted the Grouch.

“But, Grouch,” argued the Ex-Capitalist, “were not the founders of the Socialist philosophy bourgeois intellectuals? Are not the largest majority of our capable and well-known European leaders, bourgeois intellectuals?”

“Even so,” remarked the Grouch, “although I know that a large percentage of the European leaders of to-day have sprung from the ranks of the working people. At any rate, I do not see how that interferes with my contention.”

“I do not deny their usefulness as servants to the working people. I object to their superior attitude. I question their superiority. As useful members of society, as producers, they are in my opinion even inferior.”

“That is rank demagogery!” exclaimed the Ex-Capitalist, for once losing his temper and the modulation of his voice. “There have always been classes, and there will be for some time. Even under Socialism. Not to mention the fact that we are as yet living under Capitalism. You may as well recognize at once, that as long as some socialists are living on \$5,000 per year, and others on \$500 per year, they will develop different tastes and habits, which will make democracy, at least socially, an impossibility for the time being.”

“Well, the oracle has spoken,” remarked the Philosopher. “However, although I admit conditions to be as you claim, I do consider this lack of democracy as a very unfortunate state of affairs. On my visit to the European continent, I failed to notice this strong line of demarcation which is so evident in the Socialist Party in the United States. There the intellectuals seem to be rather proud of the fact that they associate with the working people. Neither did I notice any of the leveling down, to which you refer.”

“Oh, Hell,” grumbled the Grouch. “The conceit of these fellows over here, gets me sick. The way they get together, pat each other on the back and make one another believe that they are the appointed who are going to lead the people through the desert.”

“And you,” yelled the Ex-Capitalist, “are an impossibilist! People like you keep away the decent and sincere reforming element that otherwise might be won over to the ranks of the Socialist Party.”

“Let’s hope we do,” grinned the Grouch, evidently satisfied at having aroused the ire of the Ex-Capitalist.

“That’s enough boys,” concluded the Philosopher, rising from his chair. “Let us break up this peaceful gathering, and decamp to some moving picture show. There we will knock the Pathé Frères, the Biograph people, old Doc. Edison and all the rest for their over-supply of sentimental slush and their lack of Socialism and common sense.”

HIS LITTLE BIT

ABOUT JOHNSON WHO DIDN'T GET HIS

Written for *The Masses*

By HORATIO WINSLOW

Drawings by H. J. Turner.

YOU must understand, as perhaps you have already found out for yourself, that New York is a city of Little Bits. To be sure, the system is not confined to our merry metropolis, but spreads through all the world, from Bangkok to Bangor; still, its best and finest blossom in America, and perhaps anywhere, is to be found in the Island of Manhattan—in the land of—but Hiawatha meter doesn't suit a modern story, especially one that begins in the noisy basement of the Garshot Office Building.

Smash! Crash! Whang! The great wooden box rolled from one edge to another and, skidding and whirling, banged side down against the wall. For the first time Johnson heard the superintendent's voice and looked up.

McAvoy was the superintendent's name. He wore citizen's clothes neatly pressed; a chin finely poised; a severe necktie, and a businesslike fountain pen in his left upper vest pocket. All in all, he seemed and was a man accustomed to authority. He said to one man—go! and the man went; to another—come; and he came; to a third—you're fired! and, behold, the man went and got his time.

"Yes, sir," said Johnson, "yes, sir. I didn't hear ye, sir."

"I see," said the superintendent, his voice unruffled. "Well, Johnson, you won't have to hear me next time, for I guess you're going to say goodby to this shop."

Johnson almost dropped the bale-hook from his left hand.

"What's that?" he demanded, his surprise so stunning that it took the form of indiscreet anger. "What's that?"

"You're fired, Johnson, F-I-R-E-D. Webster on the seventh floor and Harrison and Hyles on the fourteenth and *The Open Country Magazine* on twelve, all say you've been up to your old tricks."

"But Mr. McAvoy, sir, all I done—"

"We won't discuss it again, Johnson; you had your chance."

"But, Mr. McAvoy, I never said a word to Webster or Harrison and Hyles, or—"

"No, of course you didn't, but you held them up just the same like a highwayman; and now Webster wants to come back on the company for a box of perishable stuff that was spoiled because you didn't move it along on time."

"But I've never done a thing, Mr. McAvoy, that Harris before me and the fellow before him, and—"

Impatiently the superintendent tapped the wall with the side of his foot.

"We thrashed all that over the last time when I told you that those days were gone for good. We pay our porter to handle the boxes for all the tenants in the building—not half of them or three-fourths of them—all of them. Afterwards if they want to give him a Little Bit—that's their business; but if they don't give him a red cent he's got to handle their boxes promptly and courteously just the same. Johnson, you've held all our people up regularly. You've been on the job for men who handed you your Little Bit and you've been a thousand miles away for folks who didn't."

In spite of the arraignment Johnson still hoped vaguely.

"You know yourself, Mr. McAvoy, sir, a porter—he's got a right to his Little Bit—"

"Not any more—not in this building, Johnson. I'm sorry for you, but you had a fair warning, and you knew too much to take it. Here's your time; Mr. Hodgkiss'll give you a check."

It was mid-afternoon of January, with a morning snowstorm already muddy underfoot. As the defender of the System of Little Bits walked among the benches of City Hall Park his imagination rose almost strong enough to make him shudder.

"Those fellas had money once and jobs once: all of 'em. If I'd saved money now—if I'd only saved money, but I didn't know. Maybe Janie's saved some. Thirty dollars—it's all right for a man alone, but poor little Janie—and all because I asked for me Little Bit. A man's got a right to his Little Bit. I'd never say a word agin a



Drawn for *THE MASSES* by H. J. Turner.

"What is it, father? Please tell me—what is it?"

man because he got his Little Bit. No, sir. And I tell you," he added, clenching his fists, "McAvoy, he gets his Little Bit. You bet he does."

And, indeed, Mr. McAvoy did get his Little Bit, and was getting it at that very moment from the Puritan Paper Company (floor thirteen), who wanted to break an inconvenient lease and were new at the business—but as that has nothing to do with our story it won't even be mentioned.

Thirty dollars! In the South Sea Islands or Java or wherever it is that people live on eight cents a month, thirty dollars would keep the kettle boiling for thirty years. but in New York—well, in New York things are different, especially when there are two of you, even if one is a little girl without much appetite.

Having regard for Janie's feelings, Johnson walked deliberately uptown for his money and then patrolled the dismal, slushy streets till such time as he would normally have come from work. He even went so far in his efforts at deception as to lay up a nickel's worth of sugared almonds in his pocket. Then whistling gaily in very bad imitation merriment, he went in the front door that was exactly like the ninety-nine other front

doors on the block and up some dirt-strewn, dark-hung stairs to home and Janie.

"Janie!" he sang out as he opened the door and she came running to him as pleased as if she had been a terrier instead of a human child at what is kindly regarded as "the cranky age."

Janie, I suppose you won't believe it when I say that Janie was an individual even if she did live in a back apartment of a tenement that was as bare and bleak from its front side as a warehouse on Sunday. She was a super-individual—one of those freaks that happen occasionally in the worst regulated families. She was a precipitate of light and air from a chemical mixture of darkness and stagnation; she was dainty where all the world about her was gross; she was full of dreams and fancies and book longings when the rest of mankind were grumbling about their dinners. Stranger still, her character was interlaced with a continuous band of maternal sentiment that compelled her to look after her father as though she were his mother, instead of his little thirteen-year-old daughter.

There was no fooling Janie with tunes or sweetmeats: she saw through the pretense at once and left the bacon sizzling on the stove while she caught her father's coat lapels, crying, "What is it, father? Please tell me—what is it?"

And, being like most men, a confiding fool where a woman is concerned, he told her everything from end to end and straightway began to feel better.

"It ain't because I'm fired I care so much—I can get another job all right, all right—but the way he fired me! I got a right to my Little Bit, and that's why he fired me—just because I took my Little Bit."

"Of course," she soothed him, "you've got a right to your Little Bit—you've always said so. And now you just sit down and eat everything on the table—everything. Isn't that fried potato good? I cooked it as brown as brown because you liked it that way."

He ate hesitantly at first, then with large mouthfuls, gradually forgetting his humiliation in the gusto of his dinner. The food once in his stomach awakened a ravenous hunger that he gratified ravenously. In his partaking he lost all thought of Janie till he had finished, when he discovered that she was eating nothing at all. He swore at himself for his clumsiness, but to all his entreaties she only shook her head.

"No, father, I've eaten all I want, really I have. I'm not hungry and I'm not sick, either—not a bit—but I'm just not hungry."

He tried to tempt her with such variety of food as the kitchen shelves offered, but to no purpose. When he suggested an investment in oysters and grapes, she only smiled a little and shook her head, and through all his pleading held her own.

"I do eat some things and please don't go buying grapes or anything else special, because I don't want them and because maybe we'll need the money before we get another job."

Weakly he rebelled but her logic was too sound to be answered—thirty dollars and the rent past due is no fortune in the city of Little Bits. To himself he incoherently but solemnly swore that the next night's sun should not go down till he had a job of some sort.

Therefore early the next morning with Janie still asleep in the dismal dark he rose and set forth on his quest and never Sir Galahad quested more fervently for the Holy Grail than Johnson quested for the Elusive Job. To begin with he bought that morning paper which ran most to

want ads, and examined such offers as were open to middle-aged men without a trade. After discarding the employment agencies and canvassing jobs he scrutinized the miserable remnant. They seemed hopeless but he faced the music bravely.

Noon found him still jobless near the doors of the Garshot Building.

"Fired because I wanted me Little Bit," he said, "and is there anyone in the building that ain't getting his Little Bit from somewhere? Ain't old Garshot himself getting his Little Bit? His daughter don't have to cook for him—no, she's a lady, she is."

And Johnson was quite right about Mr. Garshot, for since he rose at nine in the morning and spent most of his time looking at scenery and did no perceptible work and always had his pockets full of money he must have been getting his Little Bit somewhere. But there wasn't any Miss Garshot and never had been; even a Master of Little Bits can't have everything his own way.

Recognized Thievery, by Big Monopolies and by Petty Monopolies, by Fraud Honorable and Fraud Dishonorable, by the Big Stick or the Soft Word, by Tricks in the Trade and Tricks outside the Trade, by Sharp Practice and by Shrewdness, in a thousand ways directly or indirectly they got their Little Bits. And their nerves were tensioned at the highest pitch because they were seeking after More Little Bits—always more.

For why should a man callous his hands tamping track ballast or sit doubled with rheumatism like the old farmer, or be thrown penniless on the streets at a shop's closing, when he might be getting his Little Bit?

And if the thought of the hungry crowd could have been concentrated in a single voice you would have heard a sort of litany welling up to the topmost lofts of Broadway:

*"Give us our Little Bit!
From the purses of foolish women—
Give us our Little Bit!*

That we may eat our stomachs full and smoke delicious dreams and drink our brains drowsy and sleep on soft beds and love beautiful women—O, God of Things as They Are—

*Give us our Little Bit!
(To be concluded)*



The Second Coming

*Written for The Masses
BY HORATIO WINSLOW.*

*And when (so runs the tale) the Christ had ceased
A Rich Man rose and Hawed and cleared his throat,
And said he had arisen from a feast
That he might come and Sound a Warning Note.
"This crank," he said, "would take from us the thing
That holds society to-day in tether;
He would make every shirking lout a king
And crush the honest toiler altogether.
Think of those words of his—that blackest blasphemy;
He said, 'Leave Private Property and follow ME!'"*

*And rose the Statesman: "Fe-e-llow citizens,
At such an hour no patriot should miss
The chance to cry to thousands or to tens,
'Alas! that our fa-a-a-air land should come to this!'
Why, friends, he claims the loves our fathers passed—
Our hallowed prisons and reformatories—
Our whipping posts—our sacred guns new-cast—
Might be abolished (see his allegories).
Think of it, fellow citizens, this rascal robs
A million honest toilers of their lawful jobs!"*

*"Yea," cried the Priest, "this blatant demagogue,
This home-destroyer—greedier than fire
This lying, filthy, anarchistic dog,
Attacks religion, vilifies the spire
That we have lately raised at such expense,
And calls our House of God unnecessary;
Curses our profitable tenements,
And says we think too much of Little Mary!
How long, O God, shall this traducer shame thy day?
Away with him!" Answered they all:
"Away! Away!"*

*And quick and sure as shuttles in the weaves,
They staked his all among them as they died;
And, having spoiled him, lo! between two thieves,
Again they crucified the living Christ.*



Drawn for THE MASSES by H. J. Turner.

"Those fellas had money once and jobs once: all of 'em."

Johnson turned to the crowd that pushed and jostled lower Broadway from the City Hall to the Battery. For the most part their faces held neither rest nor the desire for rest, but only the zeal and fury of conquest. Leave out the failures, the country visitors, the work seekers, and the faces remaining were terrible in their intensity. No pity softened them—they had been made hard by desire.

"You get your Little Bits, all right," muttered Johnson. "You wouldn't let me get mine, but you get yours all right."

And so they did; every man jack of them; by Clever Blackmail and Legitimate Graft and

From the pockets of men who sweat at hard labor—

Give us our Little Bit!

*From the savings of babes and of grayheads—
from the accounts of all who buy or sell—*

Give us our Little Bit!

*From the hoard of every creature whatsoever
that eats, sleeps, and pleasures itself—*

Give us our Little Bit!

*That we may live all our lives unracked by the
ache of labor or the pinch of want,*

*That we may stay young and full of life and
keen-eyed for pleasure,*



THE COLOR OF LIFE

The Character Man and Florence

Written for *The Masses*
BY JANE BURR.

“AND you with your brains—you might be a manager by now instead of a fifty-dollar-a-week character man in a bum stock company that’s liable to go up the flue any week. You’re like a kid, you are. And when I told that brass-faced ingenoo what a fool you was making of yourself—I believe she’s stuck on you anyway, disgusting thing with all them blonde puffs.” Mrs. Maydew paused for breath.

John took his hat off the door and his coat from the bedpost. “Well, dear, I’d better be getting around to rehearsal; you can follow in half an hour, you’re not in the first act. And I’m rather anxious to hear if there’s any word from mother.”

“Oh, you and your mother! You gimme a pain. You want to get down there early so’s to get a quiet word with that ingenoo. But I’ll get even; the manager tried to hold my hand yesterday, and next time he’ll get away with it—believe me; if I didn’t have to go to fit that Princess robe for next week I’d tag along with you for pure spite. When I met you in that ‘Christian’ company I thought you’d soon be right high up and I wouldn’t have to work no more.”

“Well, dear, you needn’t work now if you don’t want to, I’m getting enough for us both.”

“Yes, and be dressed like one of them dowdy English actresses what is saving to go back to happy Piccadilly and takes the clothes off the backs of us poor Americans and God knows there is enough of us already.” John stole over and kissed her before she could stop him and went out through the dusty hallway.

The twins were lurking in the first alley. “She ain’t with him,” whispered Elsie. They leapt out on him and Jane kissed his ungloried hand.

“Oh, John, we was waitin’ for you, but was afraid that she was with you—she don’t like kids.”

“You musn’t say that, dear.”

“I hope I don’t never have to be no husband and love someone like her,” said Elsie.

Hand in hand they walked away, down the main street past the big butcher shop.

“Like three kids,” whispered the butcher to his wife.

“And he’s the biggest of ‘em ail,” she answered. “Ain’t he a dear? I could love him myself.” The butcher made a playful threat with his longest knife.

In front of the post office, little Jake and Tom greeted John and fell in respectfully behind, then the St. Bernard from the corner saloon aroused himself with an effort and majestically joined the procession. The wobbly-legged horse hitched to the grocer’s cart turned his head and followed the lucky band with envious looks.

At the stage door of the Grand Opera House—all theatres in small towns are Grand Opera Houses—John untangled himself from glutinous kisses and doggy licks and the little clan scattered in various directions to await the

end of the rehearsal. The manager followed John into the entrance.

“Here, that’s about enough of that Peter Pan business; the company’ll be guyed all over town.”

“I’m sorry you don’t like it, Mr. McDoogal.”

“Well, perhaps their mothers’ll like it and haul ‘em to the matinees and make the fathers come at night, but for safety’s sake go easy with it.”

“Good morning, Mr. Maydew,” called the leading lady from the back of the bengal light that she was inspecting.

“Morning, Maydew,” said the heavy villain, gruffly, and the word being given, “good mornings” were passed around like sweets at a party.

He crossed the stage and hung his things on a peg; the little ingenue helped him, pressing his hand in warmest friendship as she did so.

“How are you, dear?” he asked; but there was nothing in that “dear”—everyone is “dear” in a stock company; the leading lady and the second woman who is trying to get her place are “Dear” to each other.

The rehearsal of the first act passed quietly, as most stock company rehearsals do. The director is usually a tired man content to show the actors their places and crosses, with no time to elaborate business as can Broadway directors with a month’s time for preparation. The people are capable, not brilliant—not geniuses, but quick students with a great supply of stage tricks at their command. Broadway actors and actresses shine in special rôles, but often have personalities too strong to make them of value in a stock company.

Mrs. Maydew, Miss Florence Montgomery on the programme, came rushing in at the end of the first act.

“Mr. Director, I ain’t goin’ to play up to no character woman nor ingenoo and a bleached blonde at that; ask Mr. McDoogal there.”

McDoogal grunted, “Mr. Director, Miss Montgomery is the best actress in the whole blamed troop and what she says goes”—this partly for the leading lady, who had repudiated his well-meant caresses.

“As you wish, Mr. McDoogal,” said the tired director, rearranging the scene regardless of artistic values; he had long ago lost hope for his art and had resolved himself into a master mechanic interested solely in holding down his job. Besides, Florence Montgomery was a first-class villainess and quite the real thing to a stock company audience.

“Very well, we’ll begin the act again. Hello, what do you want?”

“Telegram for Mr. Maydew,” said the blue-coated messenger boy.

John read it and passed the yellow slip over to the manager.

“H’m,” said the worthy McDoogal, “if she’s dying—she’s dying and that’s all there is to it. You play to-night and then take the night boat to the city and we’ll last out the week without you.”

Florence, accepting a late supper invitation from the manager, expressed it as her opinion that if John’s mother had any decency left she would have shuffled off years ago instead of sponging on them for her board at a semi-charity hospital.

Of the burning of the night boat, and of the middle-aged actor who stilled the panic and with funny stories and games kept the children quiet till the small boats took them off, much has been said. Especially the yellow papers played it up for a good death always makes a good story.

“Oh, ain’t it just dreadful!” sobbed Florence to the sympathetic manager. “And him leaving me without a cent. But I forgive him—believe me—I forgive him everything he ever done. And say!” she added, brightening a bit, “all them newspaper stories about the fire—won’t they make swell press notices when you gimme that benefit?”

And indeed they did make swell press notices.

They packed the house.

The Waking

Written for *The Masses*

BY R. G.

A H-H-H-MMM! Wish I could go to sleep again—but it’s too late. Yes, it is. Let’s see; when did that last car go by? At six they run a good ways apart, but when it’s most seven they take a jump and follow each other like clock ticks.

Oh, how I hate my work! Well, not exactly hate it—feather curling isn’t such an awful job, after all—but there’s something wrong. I do hate everything I do and I hate the shop, and I’m unhappy—I’m beastly unhappy. What is it? Maybe I’m lazy, or—or maybe I’m selfish. No, I’m not, either.

Why doesn’t mother call me? It must be most seven. When I’m married I’ll never get up before ten—never-r-! You could stay in bed as long as you liked if you married a millionaire or an English lord. I’d like to be a countess or something, but I’d rather be an artist’s model. Then the artist would fall in love with me, and we’d go to Italy and he’d paint pictures of me the rest of our lives, and kings would come to call on us and—

Get up at seven, dress, eat, rush for the car, hurry into the same old building, same old voices, same old faces, ten hours a day. Never anything new. If we’d have a fire I’d like it—yes, even a Triangle fire. Life like this isn’t life. I hate it all—hate it like poison.

But it isn’t work that tires me. I really don’t know why I’m tired, but I just am.

I wish I had a friend—I don’t mean a girl friend—but some perfectly splendid fellow—that I could think of all day. I’d like that. I don’t believe I’d mind work at all if I had him.

It must be about seven. Why doesn’t mother call me? I—I wonder if something’s happened. Oh, of course nothing’s happened, only—

Mother!

Something *has* happened. It’s after seven and mother isn’t up. I’m afraid. If—if it’s her heart—maybe it was the hot weather—the doctor said she ought to be careful. Oh, mother! mother! If I’d only known you were going to— to leave me!

Wait a minute. Where’s my pocket-book. Well!

What do you know about that! Here I’ve been boohooing like a baby, and all

the time my pay envelope could have told me what day it was.

Get up? Not on your life! I’m just going to stay here until I plan out everything I’m going to do when I write that play and have about a thousand dollars a day coming in regular.

Thank goodness, Sunday morning comes once a week.

Genius and the Struggle

Written for *The Masses*

BY GRIFFIN BARRY.

“YOU know,” said the youth who had inherited a good deal of money from his father, who had inherited a good deal from his, “no one needs any help if he is a real genius. The real genius always comes to the top anyway. He’ll work night and day and live on boiled oatmeal, and nothing will keep him down.”

His companion, the needy youth, looked downward at the shoes he had worn for two years. He saw on his coat sleeve a flake of the oatmeal he had lolled for his dinner that night.

“Every one has to struggle,” you know,” went on the aristocrat. “Why, even in my class something of a scramble is necessary to keep one’s place. Don’t I have to rub up my French so as to fire back properly at the fellows who take the bother to go to Paris every year? I’d rather go off yachting myself in the summer, but do you suppose I can travel on yachting talk among the people I know in the winter? Not a bit of it! I tell you it’s a fight these days, everywhere!”

“As for helping out needy talent—piffle! We’re doing them a favor to let ‘em struggle. Does ‘em good. Why—”

Here a real idea occurred to him. “Why, they need the fight in their business. It puts tang into their work—the vital touch, you know. That’s the only way to get it. We capitalists are perfectly willing to pay the artist for his struggle. All we ask him to do is to dig out of it a few sensations for us. We are saved the bother of getting them first hand because we are capitalists.”

“Eh? Isn’t that the way it works out? You are a painter, aren’t you? You ought to know.” The gilded youth was very anxious to have his ideas confirmed.

The artist nodded thoughtfully. His rich acquaintances had quite a little gift for analysis. He thought about it as he ate his oatmeal for several days thereafter. He was thinking about it a fortnight later when he was taken sick with pneumonia because the December wind came through the draughty window of his Tenth avenue loft. Geniuses owe it to the capitalists not to be entirely bowled under by a mere pneumonic wind. They should go under just enough, perhaps, to draw from the experience a few poignant sensations which the capitalist will buy and pay for, goodness knows.

This artist tried faithfully to do all these things, but he was indiscreet enough to have been born with weak lungs. His friend bought several of his pictures after the burial, however. He declared that they had “tang” and were worth his money.



FACTS AND INTERPRETATIONS



Francis Adams: Socialist Poet

Written for *The Masses*.

BY EMANUEL JULIUS.

IN this country very little is known of Francis Adams' work. Even our Socialists, to whom Adams especially appeals, are, unfortunately, hardly aware of the fact that he wrote real revolutionary verse.

Mitchell Kennerly (New York City) recently published a volume of Adams' poems entitled "Songs of the Army of the Night." They are well worth reading.

In a brief introduction H. S. Salt, the editor of the volume, says: Adams was Scotch by extraction, the son of Professor Leith Adams, a scientist and army surgeon. Born at Malta, where his father's regiment was stationed, on September 27th, 1862, he spent his childhood in England, New Brunswick and Ireland. * * * After spending two or three years in Paris and London, he became an assistant master at Ventnor College in 1882. Two years later he married and went to Australia, where he busied himself in literary work, and was on the staff of the *Sydney Bulletin*. His wife having died in Australia, his second marriage took place there in 1887, and in the same year he went on a short voyage to China and Japan. In 1890 he returned to England, much broken in health, and his last two winters were spent in the Riviera and Egypt. He died, by his own hand, at Margate, on September 4th, 1893.

Salt looks upon "One Among So Many" as "one of the most moving poems in recent literature, which endears them to the heart of the reader as only a few choice books are ever endeared." In this respect, Salt remarks, Adams' writings are the exact counterpart of his character; for no memory of him dwells more abidingly in the minds of his friends than the occasions when he would eloquently dilate on the people's cause—his beautiful and expressive features, and large, flashing eyes, lit up with the glow of a single-hearted enthusiasm.

Now let us turn to his "One Among So Many." It reads:

In a dark street she met and spoke to me,
Importuning, one wet and mild March night.
We walked and talked together. O her tale
Was very common; thousands know it all!
"Seduced," a gentleman; a baby coming;
Parents that railed; London; the child born dead;
A seamstress then, one of some fifty girls
"Taken on" a few months at a dress-maker's
In the crush of the "season" at ten shillings a week!
The fashionable people's dresses done,
And they flown off these fifty extra girls
Sent—to the streets: that is, to work that gives
Scarcely enough to buy the decent clothes

Respectable employers all demand
Or speak dismissal. Well, well, well,
we know!

And she—"Why, I have gone on down
and down,
And there's the gutter, look, that I shall
die in!"

"My dear," I say, "where hope of all but
that

Is gone, 'tis time, I think, life were gone,
too."

She looks at me. "That I should kill
myself?"

"That you should kill yourself." "That
would be sin,

O sister who made holy with your kiss,
Your kiss in that wet dark mild night of
March,

There in the hideous, infamous London
streets she touches

My cheek, and made my soul a sacred
place,

O, my poor Darling, O my little lost
sheep!

Says Salt of Adams' poems: They were intended—so he told me—to express what might be the feelings of a member of the working class, as he found out the hollowness of our modern culture and refinement; and to this must

But for the heart of love divine and
bright,
We praise you, worker, thinker, poet,
seer!

Adams does not believe in calling a *Spade* a broad obtuse Chalybian delving blade. No. *S-p-a-d-e* spells *Spade*. At times his frankness astounds. He seems to say: "If you don't like my poetry you can lump it; if you can't stand it you can jump it." Many newspaper "critics" complain of Adams' viciousness. Listen to Adams on that subject: "I make no apology for several poems in the first part, which are fierce, which are even bloodthirsty. As I felt I wrote, and I will not lessen the truth of what inspired those feelings by eliminating or suppressing the record of them. I will arraign my country and my day, because their iniquity would not let me follow out the laws of my nature, which were for luminosity and quiet, for the wide and genial view, but made me 'take arms against a sea of troubles' hoping only too often 'by opposing to end them.' No, we make no apology for body sweat and for tears of fire wrung out of us in the Gethsemane and on the Calvary of our country, we make no apology to those whom we have the right to curse."



What is Socialism?

Each month *THE MASSES* will publish a definition of Socialism by a different student of the subject. Socialism is not many things—it is one thing; but like all great movements it may be seen from different angles. This month Josephine Conger Kaneke, Editor of "The Progressive Woman," gives us Socialism from her viewpoint.

The class struggle is the effort of two classes, the owners of wealth, and the producers of wealth, to get control of the necessities of life—or of those things which contain within themselves life's necessities—the mills, mines, factories, land, etc. Today the non-producers, or gamblers in life's necessities, are the owners of the same. They gain and hold their power largely through political action or the buying of political parties. Socialism would have the workers form themselves into a political party representing their own class interests, and no other. If America is the democracy it is supposed to be, the ballot cast by the workingman for himself, and his class, will settle his problems.

So, as has been said, Socialism is the worker's end of the class struggle, and political action is his chief weapon of conquest.

And God would punish me!" "And
will not God

Punish you for this?" She pauses; then
whispers:

"No, no, He will forgive me, for He
knows!"

I laughed aloud: "And you," she said,
"and you,

Who are so good, so noble" . . .
"Noble? Good?"

I laughed aloud, the great sob in my
throat.

O, my poor Darling, O, my little lost
sheep

Of this vast flock that perishes alone
Out in the pitiless desert!—Yet she'd

speak:
She'd ask me, she'd entreat, she'd dem-
onstrate.

O, I must not say that! I must believe!
Who made the sea, the leaves so green,
the sky

So big and blue and pure above it all?
O, my poor darling, O, my little lost
sheep,

Entreat no more and demonstrate no
more;

For I believe there is a God, a God
Not in the heaven, the earth, or the
waters; no,

But in the heart of Man, on the dear
lips

Of angel Women, of heroic Men!
O hopeless Wanderer that would not
stay,

("It is too late, I cannot rise again!")
O Saint of faith in love behind the veils,
("You must believe in God, for you are
good!")

be attributed the author's deliberate neglect of poetical canons. Faulty in technique, though some of his verses might be, he knew exactly what he had to say and how he could say it with most effect.

His "Defeat" ought to be read and re-read by those who are discouraged at the occasional "setbacks" the army of emancipation receive:

"Defeat."

Who is it speaks of defeat?—
I tell you a cause like ours

Is greater than defeat can know:
It is the power of powers!

As surely as the earth rolls round,
As surely as the glorious sun
Follows the great world moonwave,
Must our cause be won!

What is defeat to us?
Learn what a skirmish tells,
While the great Army marches on
To storm earth's Hells!

Adams wrote a poem entitled "To
Karl Marx." Part of it goes as follows:

To Karl Marx.
Not for the thought that burns on keen
and clear,

Heat that the heat has turned from
red to white,

The passion of the lone remembering
night

One with the patience day must see and
hear—

Not for the shafts the lying foemen fear,
Shot from the soul's intense self-cen-
tering light—

State Insurance for America

Written for *The Masses*.

BY F. S. B.

ENGLAND'S State Insurance scheme, which she lifted from Germany, has inspired our reformers with the idea of offering a similar scheme, as a brand new idea, for America. The employers are finding that the Employers' Liability laws are going against them, verdicts being returned for as much as \$40,000 damages, and the courts have been turning down as unconstitutional Workmen's Compensation laws, adopted by the employers as a means of limiting the liability. The liability rates hit particularly hard the smaller capitalists, organized in the Manufacturers' Association, and they are now all in favor of State Insurance. Louis Brandeis at Boston, and Counsel Emery at the Association's last meeting, both advocated State Insurance. The scheme will shortly be offered to the workers of this country, and it is well to bear in mind that the attempt will be made to make the workers bear the cost, as they do in England, where the employers contribute \$44,000,000 a year, the State \$10,000,000, and the workers \$55,000,000. The workers, of course, in reality pay the lot, their direct contribution coming from wage deductions, and the employers' and the State's contributions coming from the surplus value produced by labor. The scheme should be met in this country by the workers demanding that the employers and the State bear the entire cost. The workers' wage is already small enough without a reduction being made. Let us by all means have State Insurance, but let us insist that it be on a non-contributory basis.



THE OPEN CLINIC

OPEN TO ALL HONEST DOCTORS OF SOCIAL ILLS



Think—or Be Damned

Written for The Masses

BY GEORGE B. KIRKPATRICK

A CERTAIN king said to another king, "Charles had only men to fight; but I am face to face with ideas."

This saying, immortalized by Balzac, suggests the difference between revolt inspired by blind wrath, and revolution organized, disciplined, and guided in the blazing sunshine of ideas. The Pharaohs and Neros can, for one hundred centuries, crush multitudes of toilers in revolt, multitudes of unorganized, undisciplined, unenlightened toilers, goaded and stung into blind revolt. A score of uncrowned, unknown men who understand the vast process called social evolution, who understand also how to teach others to understand, and how to teach these others to teach still others to understand—this small but powerful score of men can create and federate a movement that is both evolutionary and revolutionary, a movement that instructs itself, disciplines itself, organizes itself, and inspires itself with ideas,—with light, a movement that will grind to dust old thrones and crowns, old laws and constitutions made for the Caesars by the Caesars, a movement made up of men and women who know the meaning of history, who know the difference between blind, brief rebellion and disciplined revolution, a movement composed of men and women who know that the working class must think or be damned.

What are Wall Street, Newport and Riverside Drive? These are Ignorance, mistaking the Socialist movement for an ephemeral and petty revolt.

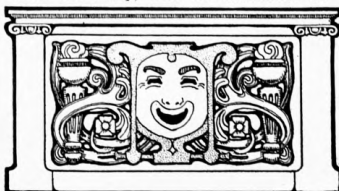
See that chauffeur with a certain red card in his pocket? That card is evidence that he contributes intelligently and regularly to the financing and the control of the present all-conquering world movement. That same humble fellow with the red card is laughing silently at swaggering, powdered and glistening Ignorance in the backseat. He refuses to be damned. He is thinking.

Social Consciousness

Written for The Masses

BY P. VLAG.

TEN years ago the priest of Molenbeck, near Brussels, invariably called his sheep together by tolling the church bell as soon as the Socialists appeared in town. Then the sheep, with the assistance of



pitchforks and similar implements, drove us away from their bailiwick.

Last year as the result of a flood and a fire there was a famine in Molenbeck. Daily the Socialist Co-operators sent three carloads of bread to the sufferers. To-day the sheep have laid aside their pitchforks and are listening to Socialist agitators.

Twenty-five years ago many children were born in Ghent for whom no father could be found in the statistical records. On Sundays the principal occupation of the people of Ghent was to sit in front of a tavern, carouse, quarrel about women, and stick each other with knives. The contemporary Ghentish newspapers tell that story.

The constitution of the Ghent Co-operative provides support for all pregnant women, married and unmarried. The observance of Sunday is entirely changed. The Co-operators have established singing societies, musical societies and libraries. On Sunday you may see on nearly any street a singing or musical society marching under the red flag to visit some affiliated club. The Co-operatives have developed a social consciousness.

Dissolving Trusts

Written for The Masses

BY OSCAR LEONARD.

SO the era of the "rule of reason" has come. It is about time. The outcry against the existence of the trust was absurd, to put it mildly, and the talk about dissolving the Standard Oil trust or any other combination of that kind is foolish. We might as well order the sun to stop shining, simply because its rays make us uncomfortable in July. The trust is a natural phenomenon in our economic life. It makes for more efficiency. It makes for better and cheaper product. It eliminates waste. It shows us that large enterprises are possible and can be managed. For these things the trusts deserve praise.

Rather funny for a Socialist to speak so well of trusts, cogitates my non-Socialist reader. Not funny at all. We Socialists know that the trust is a good thing—for those who own the trust. Those who own the trust prac-

tically own those who need the things the trust owns. Shall we break up the trust or get on the inside? That is the important question. We cannot break it up and it is not desirable that we should even if we could. The best thing for us to do is to get on the inside. Let us all become shareholders in all the trusts and let us form new trusts. Let us "trustify" all the things which we all need. But let us own these trusts. In other words, instead of allowing the trusts to own the people, "let the people own the trusts."

Women Suffrage and Socialism

Written for The Masses

BY JOSEPHINE CONGER KANEKO.

THERE are two significant movements in the world to-day—that of the working class for economic freedom, and that of the woman for political freedom. Both of these movements are world-wide, but have their largest showing in those countries in which capitalism is most highly developed. It is the instinct against class and sex oppression finding expression for the first time in the world's history. That the slavery of the workingman, and the double slavery of women, has been essential in the upbuilding of the present social forms, seems evident; that conditions have reached a stage where the long agony is near its close seems also evident, from the very fact of the spontaneous and international rebellion of these two classes upon whose misery and degradation the world's success has grown.

When the woman of the working class (for she is the vast majority, as is the man of the working class) has learned the necessity of economic freedom as well as of political freedom, then shall we see the beginning of the end of human slavery.

Attitudes

Written for The Masses

BY EMANUEL JULIUS.

WE used to rave over the authors of the past. Ah! the classics! Homer! Virgil! Socrates! Them WAS the days!—Pish-erino!

A little later we commenced throwing

real expensive flowers at our living authors. Ah! Dickens! Hugo! Thackeray! These IS the days!—Shucks!

To-day, ah, to-day, we don't do so foolish a thing. The past or the present disturb us no longer. We only consider the future. Will Tweedle-Dee strike a new note if he continues writing for forty-eight years? Will Deedle-Twum's ninety-fourth novel be "THE Great American Novel?" Will the next century read Swashbucket's poetry? Will that sixteen-year-old genius who wrote his first twelve-hundred-word story last week create a new school of literature? To-morrow's the day with us!—Selah!

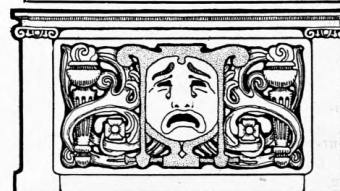
Brains and Ballots

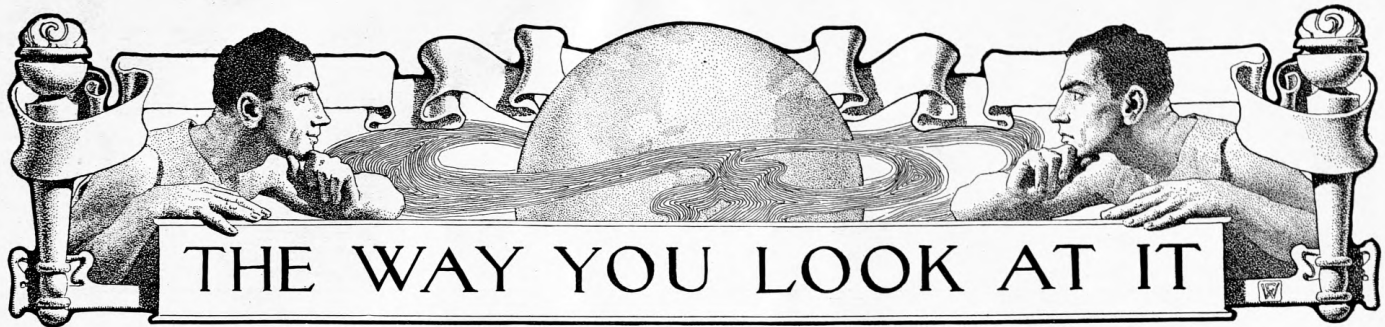
Written for The Masses

BY MILO HASTINGS.

EQUALITY of vote does not and cannot mean equality of influence. Ballots can be given to all men, but brains cannot. To deny man's equality of decision is to deny him something which is in his power to acquire, and hence no permanent peace on earth is possible without equal suffrage and equal representation. But brains are born. Inequality in the ability to originate and propagate ideas may create envy, but it does not provoke rebellion. In the municipality, the state, the nation, the world, the equality of ballot and the inequality of brains—the leadership of ideas and the universal right to follow, is the ultimate and final destiny of political evolution.

This department will be open to 150-word editorials from anyone with an idea. The idea is the main thing: we'd rather have an original idea badly written than a second-hand idea clothed in Addison's best. Constructive ideas are particularly welcome. Remember: 150 words and an idea. So far our contributors have come around blithely with the ideas, but they have insisted on spreading them out past the 150 mark. Try us with exactly the right number of words and watch for that pleased expression. — EDITOR.





THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

What The Public Want

“UNDERSTAND,” said the Honest Toiler, as he rose from the banquet, “I don’t like your milk.”

“You don’t?” said the Worthy Rich Man.

“No, I don’t. It ain’t blue—it’s white and kind of thick. I ain’t accustomed to thick milk and I don’t like it.”

“I’m sorry.”

“And your meat was bad, too.”

“Oh, wasn’t the steak good?”

“Good! It was about two inches thick and pretty near raw and my knife just slid through it.”

“And you don’t like it that way?”

“No, I don’t. I like good steak—about a quarter of an inch thick and cooked all through and strong enough so it gives you something to chew on.”

“Anything else?”

“What was that stuff in the glass?”

“That was whisky.”

“Well, it’s rotten; I wouldn’t have known it was whisky if you hadn’t told me.”

“They said it was the best on the market.”

“They was fooling you then. It don’t come nowhere near the stuff that they sell at the saloon for five cents.”

“I hope you liked your cigar.”

“You ain’t joking me, are you?”

“Of course not.”

“Well, you don’t mean to tell me you think this rope I’m smoking is a good cigar?”

“It’s said to be. It costs fifty cents.”

“They’re robbing you; it ain’t nowhere near up to the kind I get—eight for ten.”

“You’re rather displeased, then, with the whole outfit?”

“You bet,” assented the Honest Toiler, proudly throwing out his chest, “blue milk, thin steak, five-cent whisky and eight for a dime cigars—that’s me, every day in the week.”

“Well,” said the Worthy Rich Man, with a sigh of relief, “of course you know your own business best. If that’s what you want I’ll try to see that you get it.”

Fancy Farming

With the office in the ofing and the din of dinner done
And the radiator medium to warm,
I corral my books on farming and go chairwards for a run
To my merry, model, mollycoddle farm.

*It’s a thousand miles from nowhere,
just the very spot to go, where
One can harbor from a world that’s running blind;
And prosperity can’t miss one on a farm that’s run like this one
With the motive power an umpty hoss-power mind.*

Other farmers speak of troubles with their cattle or, belike,

All their horses have the heaves or something else,

Or a drought dries up the garden or the chickens call a strike,

Or their blooded pigs aren’t even wuth their pelts.

Such a contrast to my ventures where things always run just so,

Where the books I’ve bought act simply like a charm:

I don’t “guess” or “think” or “cal’late”
—I just look it up and know

On my footy, foolish, run-by-rulish farm.

*And though scoffing country-jakers say
I shouldn’t farm ten acres,
Which is barely big enough to raise a hat,
From askance they look askancer when
I carol them the answer:
“This year’s profit was five thousand
—think of that!”*

And the things I do—my goodness! every night from eight to ten,
Though to see me you’d imagine me asleep,

In reality I’m preaching better roads or now and then
I’m importing fancy percherons or sheep.

As to bees I’ve won the blessings of the countryside for miles
By my gratis pamphlet, “How to Guide the Swarm.”

And I’ve filled the deestrick scholars with the late scholastic styles
From my light and airy, Morris-chairy farm.

I’ve a ripping scarlet auto with a speed you cannot gauge
And the up-to-date equipment that belongs;

I’ve a milkmaid as attractive as the kind upon the stage
And she milks and sings old English milking songs.

I get up at—say—four-thirty—and I work to beat the band,
I’m as rugged as the blacksmith’s brawny arm;

Oh, the hired man he is husky, but I lick him with one hand
On my Blooming Ever Never-Never Farm.

*Yes, it must be east of Suez—it’s the only place I do as
I blame please and never have to foot the bill;
And I wish it might drift nearer, for I’d like to see it clearer,
But it hasn’t—won’t—and probably never will.*

Other farmers speak of troubles with their cattle or, belike,

All their horses have the heaves or something else,

Or a drought dries up the garden or the chickens call a strike,

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Such a contrast to my ventures where things always run just so,

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“IT WAS becuz she had so many different views that I jest made up my mind I’d have to live henceforth and forevermore alone by myself,” said the late happy Benedict. “There was I waitin’ at the church and instead of keeping me waiting she showed up and married me and that’s where my trouble begun. Good woman, you know, but her ideas didn’t fit in with mine.”

“Was it her views on Woman Suffrage that came between you?”

“N-no, don’t remember they did; don’t remember she had any Woman Suffrage views; but that was the only darn thing she left out. Everything else from Roosevelt to the pyramids of Egypt was right there.”

“No doubt as an orthodox church member you didn’t approve of all her views.”

“Well, no; it wasn’t that either exactly; she didn’t have any what you might call rich and racy views. They was Sunday-schooly enough as far as they went—but there was so darned many of ‘em.”

“And I suppose her religious views didn’t always suit you?”

“Well, they was the worst of all—you see they got so tiresome.”

“Religious views do.”

“Yes, every night after supper she’d make me sit down beside her on the lounge and she’d begin peradin’ her religious views. She had seven hundred of ‘em.”

“What! Seven hundred religious views?”

“Certainly, she got the lot at a closing out sale of a picture company: Representative Churches of America. Why, by the time I got through lookin’ at ‘em twice I couldn’t have told the Fourth Congregational Church of Boston from the Second Presbyterian of St. Louis. And when we got through her religious views she’d bring out her furrin views—over two thousand of ‘em—all post-cards and all different—and she’d make me look at ‘em till I was most cross-eyed. No, sir, I’m a lib’ral man, but next time I marry it’ll be a woman without any literary tastes.”

The House Comfortable

IF the men folks of the coming decade expect to retain any rights at all they must stand up for them NOW. It is estimated that every week 432,000 words are written and published on “How to Make Home Beautiful.” To offset this conspiracy against the men folks, who have to suffer all the hardships of The House Beautiful, this department is offered.

A FOOT REST.

About the best foot rest now on the market is a table, though many people prefer a chair, or even the parlor mantelpiece. Choose the one that suits you best.

BOOKS AND PAPERS.

As every man knows, the only place for books and papers is the floor, where they can be arranged without crowding and found when wanted. The floor of every house should be fitted to receive books and papers.

HOME HANDICRAFT.

One of the pleasantest of home handicrafts may be learned by reading the following description. Go to your dealer and get a cigar of the proper shade, weight and price. Bite off the top of the small end and, inserting the remainder in the mouth, light the other end with a match. In a short time ashes will be produced which can be sold to farmers at a good price as a fertilizer.

Love’s Despair

“DOCTOR, doctor,” sobbed Mrs. Moneyclanks, who had just been divorced from her third husband that year. “Doctor, will he live? Remember, he is all in life I now have left. Save him. Save him. Call another doctor, two, three, any number you please, if only you have the slightest suspicion that they may be able to do something. My darling, my darling.” It seemed as if each moan and sob would break the woman’s heart. She knelt beside the cot and showered kiss after kiss on the tiny white face that lay before her. The innocent eyes burning with fever stared blankly into hers. The form trembled, but no sound came from between the lips.

The doctor, a kind-hearted old man, stood by in silence, and gazed upon the scene. In all his thirty years of experience nowhere did he meet with a love so strong. Several times he began and as many times did the words seem to stick in his throat. And it was with no mean effort that he at last found power to explain to the kneeling woman that there was nothing further that could be done. No human hand could ease the last dying moments of the little sufferer. The woman buried her face in the snowy-white pillow and wept.

The doctor walked slowly over to the window, and looked into the garden where there still lay the scattered playthings. He was seeing in his imagination those now little shriveled and trembling limbs romping about upon the fresh smelling lawn. He was hearing its utterances of pleasure—but just then he was brought back to the bedside by the fainting cry of the watcher. For she had raised her tear-stained face to find that her beloved little Scotch Terrier had breathed his last.

Wilby Heard

(Continued from page 9.)

"—Do we want to place you now? Just this: we've got to check this business before it gets any publicity. If it's allowed to run, some of the independent papers may get hold of it, and there'll be the devil and all to pay. We've got to nip it quick! And it looks now as though your ballot might possibly decide. So there you are."

"Yes, there I am."

"Think it all over till to-morrow. Drop your theories, Stark, and all this moon-eyed nonsense, and get right down to practical politics. Also, to personal considerations. If the miners' unreasonable demands mean more to you than your own wi—"

"There now, leave her out, please!"

"Well, anyway, it's up to you. Think it all over!"

He reached obesely for his hat, then rose and stood there a moment peering at Stark, who still sat motionless. Against the gray oblong of the

window, the ex-miner's tousled head and big, stooping shoulders loomed enormous. The deeper shadows seemed to have gathered round him. His pipe-fire, glowing dully, made a little blur in the half-dark.

Dill coughed slightly. "I must be going," said he. "Really must. You'll let me know, in the morning?"

"Yes, I'll let you know." And Stark, too, stood up, a vague dim figure.

"Good-bye, then. Or rather, au revoir," the Honorable concluded. He held out his hand, but Stark seemed not to see it.

"Mind the stairs," Stark cautioned, showing him out. "Here, I'll strike a match, so. Can you see now? All right. Good-bye. Good-night."

He held the match for the Honorable to get safely down. It burned short. He did not notice, till it scorched his fingers. Then he dropped the glowing wisp and set his foot upon it.

The front door, two flights below, opened, then

closed. Quietly Stark went back into his room and shut the door behind him.

Down at his desk he sat again, opened the drawer, and—needing no light to find it—took out his wife's photograph. Against the typewriter he stood it up. He touched the face with his disfigured hand.

From somewhere below, rose a faint tinkle of dishes and knives and forks. He shuddered.

"She said, when I came away," he began slowly, "she said—" But he did not finish. Upon his breast sank his chin.

"It's come," said he, at length. "It certainly has. And we've got to settle this, both of us—settle it once for all. We've got to choose. We. Both of us."

Silence again. Save for a slight crepitation, as his pipe drew, the room was still. On the window-ledge, outside, a drip-drip-drip of rain doled the passing of time.

The pipe burned dead. Stark did not refill it. And the darkness, deepening, thickening, shrouded everything at last in its impenetrable gloom.



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September—October

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October Issue will be out September 10th

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THE SOCIALIST BOY SCOUTS

THINGS HAVE HAPPENED!

In an editorial on organization, in the May *MASSES*, the editor said:

"The boy—your boy—wants to become expert at woodcraft and enjoy all sorts of things out of doors. Not an extraordinary desire when you reflect that our ancestors lived out of doors for some millions of years before the steam-heated era. Very well, then, let your boy learn woodcraft and enjoy campfires shoulder to shoulder with other young Socialists. He has a boy's desire to learn to shoot accurately. Very well, let him learn to shoot with Socialist rifles. And when he graduates from the Socialist Boy Scouts let us form military companies of older boys to keep up his interest.

"The fact that our boys and young men will have learned to shoot straight is of no consequence to the party—certainly not—but the fact that they will have learned the ways and benefits of organization will mean much to us.

"Who is going to organize and carry through the first post of Socialist Boy Scouts. Comrades, it's your move.

We had no idea that we should stir the working class to direct action. But things have happened. We touched a live wire. A number of Socialist Boy Scout groups have been organized already, and more will be organized in the future. We started this movement, and we are willing to do our part to promote it. Socialist Boy Scouts must be equipped. We have therefore decided to supply any Socialist boy who sells 100 copies of *THE MASSES* this month, in addition to the regular discount of 2 cents per copy, with a complete Socialist Boy Scout Suit as a premium.

The suit is made up of drill, and consists of five pieces: Hat, coat, trousers, knapsack and leggings.

Wherever a Boy Scout organization exists, we deal only with the organization. Our special offer this month to organizations, is a premium of five Boy Scout Suits with 500 copies sold, or a check for \$10 at the end of the month. Please note, this offer is to new organizations. Established organizations work on a different plan.

Do not misunderstand. These suits will be given as a premium. In addition to this, we allow 2 cents on each copy sold, either to the boys, or to the organizations.



SUBSCRIPTIONS

Boys who wish to solicit subscriptions, should especially consider our 10 cents for three months trial proposition. This is an excellent offer. Anyone will subscribe at this rate for a high class magazine like *THE MASSES*. Please consider our contract to premium agents, of which we will mail you a copy upon request.

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The undersigned herewith agrees to secure within two months 100 three-month trial subscriptions, or a total of \$10 worth of new subs., including yearlies at 50 cents and half yearlies at 25 cents, for which he will receive one of the following premiums.

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We send each agent 5 or 10 copies, as per request, which will be charged up against him at 3 cents. If not sold, they may be returned. More copies will be sent if necessary, on the same basis.

Subscriptions must be sent in promptly as they are secured. 10c. subscribers will receive three consecutive numbers of *THE MASSES* within three weeks after the subscriptions reach the office. They should be visited by the agents for renewals within a month after subscribing. Special premiums are allowed for renewals. No renewal for a shorter time than six months will be accepted.

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- 5 copies of "War—What For?" by Geo. R. Kirkpatrick.
 - A five-piece Socialist Boy Scout Suit, consisting of hat, coat, knapsack, trousers and leggings. Arm and torch ensignia embroidered on sleeve.
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- NOTE: Be careful to check the premium you enter contest for.

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WHICH?

WHAT DID YOU DO FOR SOCIALISM?

DID you ever stop to ask yourself this question? Did it ever occur to you that it might not be sufficient to read all the socialist periodicals in the country.

Did it ever occur to you that all the knowledge on Socialism which you are storing up is of no avail, unless a proportionate amount is distributed among the masses of the people?

Did it ever occur to you that it is your own particular individual duty to educate the masses?

Did it ever occur to you that you have not fulfilled all your duties when you have paid up your monthly dues to the local, and faithfully read your socialist periodical?

Let us hope that these things did occur to you.

Did you have a look at these two news stands?

Do you realize that it is up to you to decide which will be the news stand of the future?

Do you know that all the capitalist periodicals are carefully displayed on the news stands all over the country?

Do you realize that the socialist papers have a right to be there?

Do you realize that socialist literature has grown phenomenally within the last two years?

Do you know that since we have magazines like *THE MASSES*, *HOPE*, *THE COMING NATION*, *THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN* and *THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW* we have a right to demand a place on the news stands?

Do you know that it is up to you to secure us that place?

If the news companies are boycotting us, it is up to you to demand a fair deal.

Do you realize the importance of having the socialist periodicals on the news stands?

It means a radical change. If you help us, we can have the socialist publications on the news stands all over the United States within one year. It will be the beginning of a new era. It means that we will cease to propagate among ourselves. It means that we will become a public factor.

WILL YOU help us do it? Here is your opportunity.

1. Send us the name and address of your news dealer. We will mail him 5 copies. You see to it that two or three papers are purchased from him, and that he displays the balance of the magazines during the month until they are sold.

2. Or send us 10 cents and the name of your news dealer, and we will mail him 5 copies. You may then collect from him at the rate of 3 cents per copy for what he sells, and distribute what he has left, at the end of the month.

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