

FEBRUARY, 1911

No. 2

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THE MASSES

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE WORKING PEOPLE



SPECIAL FEATURES

IOLANTHE'S WEDDING

A Serial Story beginning in this Number

HERMANN SUDERMANN

THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT

GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK

HIGHBROW ESSAY ON WOMAN

EUGENE WOOD

CO-OPERATION IN AMERICA

PIET VLAG

THE MASSES PUBLISHING COMPANY, 112 EAST 19TH STREET, NEW YORK

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THE YELL

You liked the first number of *The Masses*, didn't you?

Volume I, Number I, of most magazines is received with doubt, pity and sometimes contempt. Not so *The Masses*. *The Masses* is already welcome in the world of magazines. Letters from hundreds of friends, requests from scores of libraries and exchange propositions from the leading magazines at home and abroad prove this.

But you may be surprised to learn that *The Masses* disappoints its managers. We have con-

ceived a magazine beautiful, powerful and popular. Our means, however, have permitted us to give you little more than a suggestion of what we really intend. Everything is ready for a magazine to defend and promote the welfare of the masses, that is, everything, but one thing. With little money we have achieved much. We have the plans. *Read that twice.*

The third number of *The Masses* will astonish and delight you—if you permit us. You have been hungry and thirsty for a Socialist magazine, not only powerful, but artistic.

Here is your opportunity. Hold on! Wait a minute! We do not want gifts. We do want a small loan from you—and we want it now. We would scorn to propose this if we did not feel sure that six months hence we shall be abundantly able to repay the loan—and with interest, too.

Really, now, how eager are you to have a greater journalism for Socialism? Will you cooperate? Shall we hear from you? Now?

BOOSTERS' COLUMN

Is *The Masses* a success?

Ten days is a short time in which to answer this question. But the first impression a magazine creates is very often decisive and prophetic of its future destiny. If so, *The Masses* must already be considered an overwhelming success. The readers are of course the final arbiters of the fortunes of a magazine, and the readers have received *The Masses* with instantaneous favor.

Let them speak for themselves. The following are extracts from a few of the letters received within ten days after the appearance of the first number from every part of the country to which *The Masses* was sent.

The Masses should be a success. It is the first Socialist periodical that has a professional appearance. Here's good luck!

Louis Kopelin, Washington, D. C.

The Masses is an admirable publication, and ought to be a success.

Robert Hunter.

Enclosed find 10 subscriptions. Send me 100 copies of *The Masses* at once. I believe I can get 100 subscriptions. Yours for Socialism,

Jos. A. Siemer, Corning, Ohio.

Kindly send me 100 copies of *The Masses*, and a number of subscription blanks. I believe *The*

Masses is a good magazine with which to work for the cause.

Morris Spiegler, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Send me 100 copies and subscription blanks at once. *The Masses* looks good to me.

J. Webb Richman, Washington, D. C.

Send me 40 copies of your magazine.

H. Polinsky, Brockton, Mass.

Send me 150 copies of *The Masses* at once. I want to cover my ward with them.

R. B. Chase, Keene, N. H.

Enclosed find some subscriptions. Send me 50 copies of *The Masses* by express.

B. W. Gedney, Lynn, Mass.

Enclosed find 25 subscriptions. Send me 100 copies by express. Birch Ellis, Auburn, N. Y.

Dear Comrades:—I have sold the 100 copies. Kindly send me 50 additional copies of the January issue. Geo. N. Cohen, Philadelphia, Pa.

Enclosed find a number of subscriptions. Please send me 50 copies.

Chas. Boni, Newark, N. J.

Send me 100 copies of *The Masses*. We are trying to awaken the plain people to see what they are coming to if they continue to vote for either of the old parties. Co-operation is coming to the front. We believe *The Masses* will set the people thinking.

J. A. Stillman, Tidioute, Pa.

KNOCKERS' COLUMN

L. B.—Thirty-two of your 33 questions are answered through the first number of this magazine. In answer to the 33d question, permit us to say that we *will* fight capitalism. As for representation in personal controversies, we guarantee both sides an equal opportunity of defence—we are not going to have any controversies.

I. H. L.—Our hearty thanks for your persistent and systematic knocking! We hope you will keep it up, and cover a few more meetings. Our treasury does not as yet permit any extensive advertising. Any gratis contributions in that line, such as yours, are gladly welcomed.

F. W. M.—"Them Asses" are working hard to make the magazine go. We regret not to be able to give you the desired information regarding the last number, as there is not going to be a last number.

A hearty invitation.—We are rather shy of knocks, and will greatly appreciate some speedy contributions.

SOCIALISM AND FICTION

IT IS natural that Socialists should favor the novel with a purpose, more especially, the novel that points a Socialist moral. As a reaction against the great bulk of vapid, meaningless, too-clever American fiction, with its artificial plots and characters, remote from actual life, such an attitude is a healthy sign. But it is doubtful whether if the best Socialist novelists were to follow the popular Socialist demand, the result would not be harmful to imaginative literature. The writer of fiction, even if Socialist, may not be restrained in his work by a theory. He must be free from all preconceived notions, even though they be scientifically true. He must devote himself merely to the reproduction of life as an impartial observer sees it. The less hampered he is by theories, the more likely he is to see and depict life as it actually is. And this is the most important function of the novelist.

But life in all its complexity does not immediately reveal the Socialist philosophy. Otherwise all honest men would be Socialists. Much study is needed before the truth of Socialism can be understood. Consequently, the novelist who sets forth Socialism in his works is very likely to be didactic. Gorky is a case in point. His best works were written before he had any definite social theories. His sympathies were always with the oppressed. But as long as he remained unacquainted with the Socialist philosophy he merely described the classes with whom he was most familiar and voiced their revolt. His early works were spontaneous and truthful, and immediately produced a profound impression. But when he became a Socialist and transferred his Socialism to his art, his fiction lost artistic unity and proper perspective. In "Mother," for example, the characters are not essential to the dramatic action of the story. They are brought on the stage to further a preconceived idea. In fact, "Mother" is a novel with an idea for its hero instead of a human being. The old form of hero-worship of man has here been turned into the hero-worship of an abstraction.

Let novelists write Socialistic novels if they must, but let them not think they must for the sake of Socialism. Socialism has more to gain from a free, artistic literature reflecting life as it actually is, than from an attempt to stretch points in order to make facts fit the Socialist theory. Socialism has nothing to fear from a true reproduction of life, because life is never opposed to Socialism. But a crude attempt to make a minute part of life equivalent to the whole of Socialism, which is the whole of life, may make that particular exposition of Socialism ridiculous and in so far harmful.

THE MASSES

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Yearly, 50 Cents Half Yearly, 25 Cents
Extra 25 Cents per Year for Manhattan and Bronx

WHAT EUGENE DEBS SAYS ABOUT US

The first number of *The Masses* has just reached me and I congratulate you upon its splendid appearance. The initial issue gives promise of a powerful illustrated monthly magazine published in the interests of Socialism, for which there is undoubtedly a most inviting field. *The Masses* is gotten up in form and style to meet this demand, and the excellence and variety of its contents will commend it at a glance to all who are interested in a first class magazine dealing with the vital questions of the day. The editorial staff of *The Masses* is of itself a sufficient guarantee of the high rank this new magazine will take as an educational and propaganda publication.

Earnestly hoping *The Masses* may meet, as I believe it will, a cordial reception wherever it finds its way and that our comrades and friends will all do their share to help it reach the masses whose cause it has come to champion, I am

Yours fraternally,

Eugene V. Debs.

This is not a plea for art for art's sake in literature. Modern economic conditions, the conditions in which the workingmen live, in fact, our whole economic life, are legitimate subjects for the art of the novelist. By skilful handling and arrangement the writer may, without obtruding himself as a moralist, reveal social and industrial evils, indicate their cause, and even suggest their proper remedy from the Socialist point of view. Thus, he may be very helpful in creating a frame of mind receptive to Socialist teachings.

It may be that some day a writer will arise of such genius as to be able to overcome the obstacles at present apparently

insurmountable and embody in the artistic form of a novel the entire philosophy of Socialism. But without such genius the author who attempts to write popular editions of Marx, Engels, and Kautsky in novel form is doomed to failure both as novelist and economist.

American Capitalism in Russia

FROM the Russian papers we learn that Mr. Hammond is now visiting Russia in behalf of American capitalists. He has gone there to induce the Russian government to let American captains of industry use their capital for erecting grain elevators, installing electric lighting plants, and constructing trolley lines and canals. The American people are so replete with the good things of life that they must needs seek an outlet for their excess somewhere. And what country is more in need of the blessings of capitalism than poor Russia?

So Mr. Hammond, in behalf of himself and other American financial interests, has gone to Russia to do the patriotic and philanthropic act. Who his advance agents were we do not know, but that they must have used very persuasive arguments is evident from the fact that the Russian reactionary papers broke into a chorus of jubilation over the announced coming of Mr. Hammond. The *Novoye Vremya* printed a two-column editorial welcoming Mr. Hammond in the most enthusiastic terms and setting forth the extraordinary merits of his scheme. This is the same *Novoye Vremya* that has made itself the handmaiden of the Black Hundreds, and, since the defeat of the Russian Revolution, has been systematically fomenting race hatred and hostility to foreign countries. Lately it took to pouncing upon America and ridiculing its love for the "dollar." So its editorial about Mr. Hammond and the incidental bouquets it throws at America and the Americans in general is a complete face-about for the *Novoye Vremya*.

What were the persuasive arguments used by Hammond's advance agents? One thing is certain. The *Novoye Vremya* can best be appealed to by the self-same arguments that are known to have so magic an effect upon the Russian government officials. And who is more capable of handing out arguments of this sort than the American capitalists?

Happy people of Russia! To enjoy the benevolence of American capitalist exploitation superimposed upon the beneficent rule of Czar Nicholas! However, American capital and American methods of industry will hasten the proletarianization of the Russian people and that will certainly hasten the revolution.



FRED. A. WARREN

Here is the brand-new type of criminal. Neither Lombroso nor Enrico Ferri were familiar with this type. Judge Pollock declared that Fred. Warren had broken no law, and then—inscrutable are thy ways, O Judge!—he sentenced him to six months in jail at hard labor and a fine of \$1,500. The United States Circuit Court of Appeals confirmed the sentence!

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
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EDITED BY THOMAS SELTZER
EUGENE WOOD, PRES. • HAYDEN CARRUTH, VICE-PRES. • ANDRE TRIDON, SECY.

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

Vol. 1

FEBRUARY, 1911

No. 2

IOLANTHE'S WEDDING

By HERMANN SUDERMANN

Author of "Magda," "Dame Care," "Song of Songs," etc.

Illustrated by Frank Van Sloun.

I TELL you, gentlemen, it's beastly, it's disgusting to stand beside an old friend's grave, his open grave.

You stand there with your feet deep in the freshly dug earth, twirling your mustache and looking stupid, while you feel like howling the soul out of your body.

He was dead—there was no helping that.

In him was lost the greatest genius for concocting and mixing punches, grogs, cobbles and hot and cold bowls. I tell you, gentlemen, when you went walking in the country with him and he began to draw the air in through his nose in his peculiar fashion, you might feel sure he had just gotten a new idea for a bowl. From the mere smell of some weed or other, he knew the sorts of wine that had to be poured over it to bring into being something that had never before existed.

Altogether he was a good fellow, and in all the years we sat opposite each other, evening after evening—either he came to me at Ilgenstein, or I rode over to him at Döbeln—time never hung heavy.

If only it hadn't been for his eternal marriage schemes. That was his weak side. I mean so far as I was concerned. Because for himself—"Good Lord," he'd say, "I'm just waiting for that vile water to creep up to my heart, then I'll slide off into eternity."

And now it had come to that—he was gone—he lay there in his black coffin, and I felt like tapping on the lid and saying:

"Pütz, don't play dirty tricks—come out—why, what'll become of our piquet to-day?"

Nothing to laugh at, gentlemen. Habit is the most violent passion. And the number of persons ruined every year by having their habits interrupted are never sung in song or epic, to quote my old friend Uhland.

Such weather! I wouldn't send a dog out in such weather. It rained and hailed and blew all at once. Some of the gentlemen wore mackintoshes, and the water ran down them in rivulets. And it ran down their cheeks and into their

Herman Sudermann is without a doubt Germany's greatest novelist today, and until Hauptmann's rise he held undisputed sway in the German drama also. Now he shares the laurels with him. As a novelist he is almost as well known abroad as in his own country. It has been said that he is the only German writer of fiction who can bear translation into English. His "Song of Songs," the sensation of a year in Germany, was published last year in this country, and quickly passed through several editions. Ellen Glasgow, author of the "Wheel of Life," said it works like the "Song of Songs" that were the despair of American novelists. Many of our greatest writers have spoken of it in equally high terms. A short time ago it was published in England, where the Law and Order Society proceeded to enhance the prospects of its popularity by prohibiting its sale. The story, the first instalment of which comes out in this number, is one of the most successful of his works. It has never before appeared in English.—EDITOR.

beards—perhaps a few tears, too—because he left no enemies, not he.

There was only one chief mourner—what the world calls chief mourner—his son, a dragoon of the Guards in Berlin. Lothar was his name. He had come from Berlin on the day of his father's death, and he behaved like a good son, kissed his father's hands, wept much, thanked me gratefully, and did a dreadful lot of ordering about—a lieutenant, you know—when all of a sudden—well, I was there—and we had arranged everything.

As I looked from the corner of my eyes at the handsome fellow standing there, manfully choking down his tears, my old friend's words occurred to me, what he had said the day before he died.

"Hanckel," he said, "take pity on me in my grave. Don't forsake my boy."

As I said, those words of his occurred to me, and when the pastor beckoned to me to come throw the three handfuls of earth in the grave, I silently sent a vow along with them: "I will not forsake him, old fellow. Amen."

Everything has an end. The gravediggers had made a sort of mound of the mud, and laid

the wreaths on top, since there were no women at the funeral—the neighbors took leave, and the only ones that remained were the pastor, Lothar, and myself.

The boy stood there like a block of stone, staring at the mound as if to dig it up again with his eyes, and the wind blew the collar of his riding coat about his ears.

The pastor tapped him gently on his shoulder, and said:

"Baron, will you pardon an old man one word more—"

But I beckoned to him to step aside.

"Just go home, little minister," I said, "and get your wife to give you a glass of good hot punch. I fancy it's a bit draughty in that silk vestment of yours."

"Hee, hee!" he said, and grinned quite slyly. "That's the way it looks, but I wear my overcoat underneath."

"Never mind," I said. "Go home. I'll look out for the boy. I know better than you where the shoe pinches him."

So then he left us alone.

"Well, my boy," I said "that won't make him come back to life again. Come home, and if you want I'll sleep at your house to-night."

"Never mind, uncle," he said—he called me uncle because I had once been called uncle in a joke. His face was hard and dogged and his looks seemed to say, "Why do you bother me in my grief?"

"But maybe we can talk over business?" I asked.

That silenced him.

You know what an empty house after a funeral is, gentlemen. When you come back from the cemetery, the smell of the coffin still clings, and the smell of fading flowers.

Ghastly!

My sister, to be sure, who kept house for me then—the dear good soul has been dead, too, these many years—had had things put into some order, the bier removed, and so on—but not much could be done in such a hurry.

I ordered the carriage to come and take her home, fetched a bottle of Pütz's best Port, and seated myself opposite Lothar, who was sitting on the sofa, poking the sole of his shoe with the point of his sword.

As I said, he was a superb fellow, tall, stalwart, just what a dragoon should be—thick mustache, heavy eyebrows, and eyes like two wheels of fire. A fine head, but his forehead a bit wild and low, because his hair grew down on it. But a wild forehead suits young people. He had the dash characteristic of the Guards to which we all once so ardently aspired. Neither the Tilsit nor the Allenstein Dragoons could come up to it. The devil knows what the secret of it is.

We clinked glasses—to my old friend's memory, of course—and I asked him:

"Well, what next?"

"Do I know?" he muttered between his teeth, and glared at me desperately with his burning eyes.

So that was the state of affairs.

My old friend's circumstances had never been brilliant. Added to that his love for everything in the shape of drink. Well—and you know where there's a swamp the frogs will jump in—especially the boy, who had been going it for years, as if the stones at Döbeln were nuggets of gold.

"The debts are mounting?" I asked.

"Quite so, uncle," he said.

"Bad for you," I said. "Mortgages, first, second, third—way over the value of the property, and there's nothing to be earned from farming on the estate—the very chickens know that."

"Then good-bye to the army?" he asked, and looked me full in the face, as if he expected to hear sentence pronounced by the judge of a court martial.

"Unless you have a friend I don't know about to rescue you."

He shook his head in a rage.

"Then, of course."

"And suppose I should have Döbeln cut up into lots, what do you think I'd realize?"

"Shame on you, boy," I said. "What! Sell the shirt from your body, chop your bed into kindlings?"

"Uncle," he replied, "you are talking through your hat. I am dead broke."

"How much is it?" I asked.

He mentioned a sum. I'll not tell what it was, because I paid it.

I named my terms. Firstly, immediate withdrawal from the army. Secondly, his personal management of the estate. Thirdly, the settlement of the lawsuit.

The suit was against Krakow of Krakowitz, and had been going on for years. It had been my old friend's favorite sport. Like all those things, it turned, of course, upon a question of inheritance, and had swallowed up three times as much as the whole business was worth.

Krakow was a boor, so the dispute took on a personal color, and led to grinding hate, at least on Krakow's side, because Pütz was phlegmatic and always managed to see a bit of humor in the affair. But Krakow had openly declared and sworn he would have his dogs chase that Pütz and anybody connected with him from his place if they dared to come near it.

Well, those were my terms. And the boy agreed to them. Whether willingly or unwillingly, I did not inquire.

I made up my mind to take the first steps myself toward an understanding with Krakow, although I had every reason to believe his threat applied to me, too. I had had several tilts with him in the county council.

But I—look at me—I don't mean to boast—I can fell a bull to the ground with this fist of mine. Then why should I fight shy of a few curs?

So I let three days pass, gentlemen, to sleep

on the matter—then my two coach-horses in harness—my yellow phaeton—and heigho for Krakowitz.

Beautiful bit of property, no denying that. Somewhat run down, but A-No. 1. Lots of black fallow. It might have been meant for winter kale or something of the sort. The wheat so-so. The cattle splendid.

The courtyard! You know, a courtyard is like the human heart. Once you have learned to see into it, you cannot be bamboozled so easily. There are neglected hearts, but you can see gold nuggets peeping out through the dirt covering them. Then there are hearts all done up and polished and smartened, hearts brought up, you might say, on arsenic. They glitter and glisten, and all you can say when you look at them is "By Jingo!" But for all that they are rotten and mouldy. There are hearts in the ascending and descending scale, hearts of which the better is more hopeless than the much, much worse, because the worse improves while the other gradually declines. And so on.

Well, the Krakowitz yard was a little of all this. Bright, clean barns, miserable wagons, fine drain from the stable, but poor stable arrangements. An air of whimsicality about the whole place, with a sprinkling of stinginess or scarcity. From appearances it is difficult to distinguish between the two. The manor-house—two stories, red bricks faced with yellow stones and overgrown with ivy. In a word, not bad, something like unconscious—well, you know what I mean.

"Is the Baron at home?"

"Yes. Whom shall I say?"

"Hanckel, Baron Hanckel-Ilgenstein."

"Step in, sir."

So I walked in—everything old—old furniture, old pictures—wormeaten, but cosy.

The next instant I heard someone cursing and swearing in the adjoining room.

"The dirty blackguard—the impudence of him—always was a friend of that Pütz, the cur!"

"Pleasant reception," I thought.

Women's voices joined in.

"Papa, papa!"

Dear me!

Then he came in. Gentlemen, if I hadn't just heard it with my own ears! He held out his hands, the old sinner's face beamed, his Dachs eyes blinked slyly, but with a merry light in them.

"My dear sir, delighted."

"See here, Krakow," I said, "look out. I heard everything just now."

"What did you hear, what did you hear?"

"The epithets you bestowed upon me—dirty blackguard and heaven knows what else."

"Oh, that," he said, without a twitch of his lids. "I tell my wife every day the doors are no good. But, my dear sir, you musn't mind what I said. I always have been angry that you stuck up for Pütz. And I tell you, sir, my womenfolk mix just as good bowls as he. If you had come to us—Iolanthe!—Iolanthe's my daughter. Iolanthe!! The comfort of my soul! Doesn't hear, doesn't hear. Didn't I just say the doors are no good? But both those women are at the keyhole now! Will you get away from there, you hussies? Do you hear their skirts rustling? They're running away. Ha-ha! Those women!"

Gentlemen, who could take offence? I couldn't. Perhaps I'm too thick-skinned. But I couldn't.

You want to know like what he looked?

The creature didn't reach much above my waist line. Round, fat, bow-legged. And on such a trunk sat a regular Apostle's head, either St. Peter's or perhaps St. Andrew's or somebody of the sort. A fine broad, round beard, with a band of white running down from each corner of his mouth—yellow, parchment skin, thick crows' feet at the corners of his eyes, the top of his head bald, but two huge grey bushes over his ears.

The fellow danced about me like wild.

Don't for a moment suppose, gentleman, that I was taken in by his fuss and to-do. I had known him long enough. I saw through and through him—but say what you will, I liked him.

And I liked everything about him.

There was a little corner at the window with carved oak cabinets all around—the window overgrown with ivy—very cosy. The sun shone through as in an arbor, and on a table in an ivory bowl was a ball of worsted. And a copy of "Daheim" lay on the table, and a piece of nibbled cake.

As I said, altogether comfortable and cosy.

We sat down in the corner, and a maid brought cigars.

The cigars were no good, but the smoke curled so merrily in the sunshine that I did not pay much attention to the fact that they burned like a match.

I wanted to begin to talk about my business, but Krakow laid his hand on my shoulders and said:

"After the coffee!"

"If you please, Krakow," I said.

"After the coffee!"

I courteously inquired about his farming and pretended great interest in his innovations, about which he boasted extravagantly, though they were as old as the hills to me.

Then the Baroness came in.

"A fine old piece. A slender dame. Long, narrow blue eyes, silver hair under a black lace cap, a melancholy smile, fine yellow hands. A bit too tender for a country gentlewoman and especially for such a boor of a husband.

She welcomed me very properly, while the old man kept screaming as if possessed.

"Iolanthe—girl—where are you hiding? A bachelor's here—a suitor—a—"

"Krakow!" I said, completely taken aback. Don't joke that way with an old weed like me."

And the Baroness saved me by saying very neatly:

"Don't worry, Baron. We mothers gave you up for hopeless years ago."

"But the girl can come in at any rate," screamed the old fellow.

And finally she came.

Gentlemen, take off your hats! I stood there as if somebody had knocked me on the head. Race, gentlemen, race! A figure like a young queen's—her hair loose in a thousand wavelets and ringlets, golden brown like the mane of a Barbary steed. Her throat white and voluptuous. Her bosom not too high, and broad and curving at the sides. In a horse, we call a chest like that a lion's chest. And when she breathed her whole body seemed to breathe along with her lungs, so strongly did the air pulsate through that young thoroughbred organism.

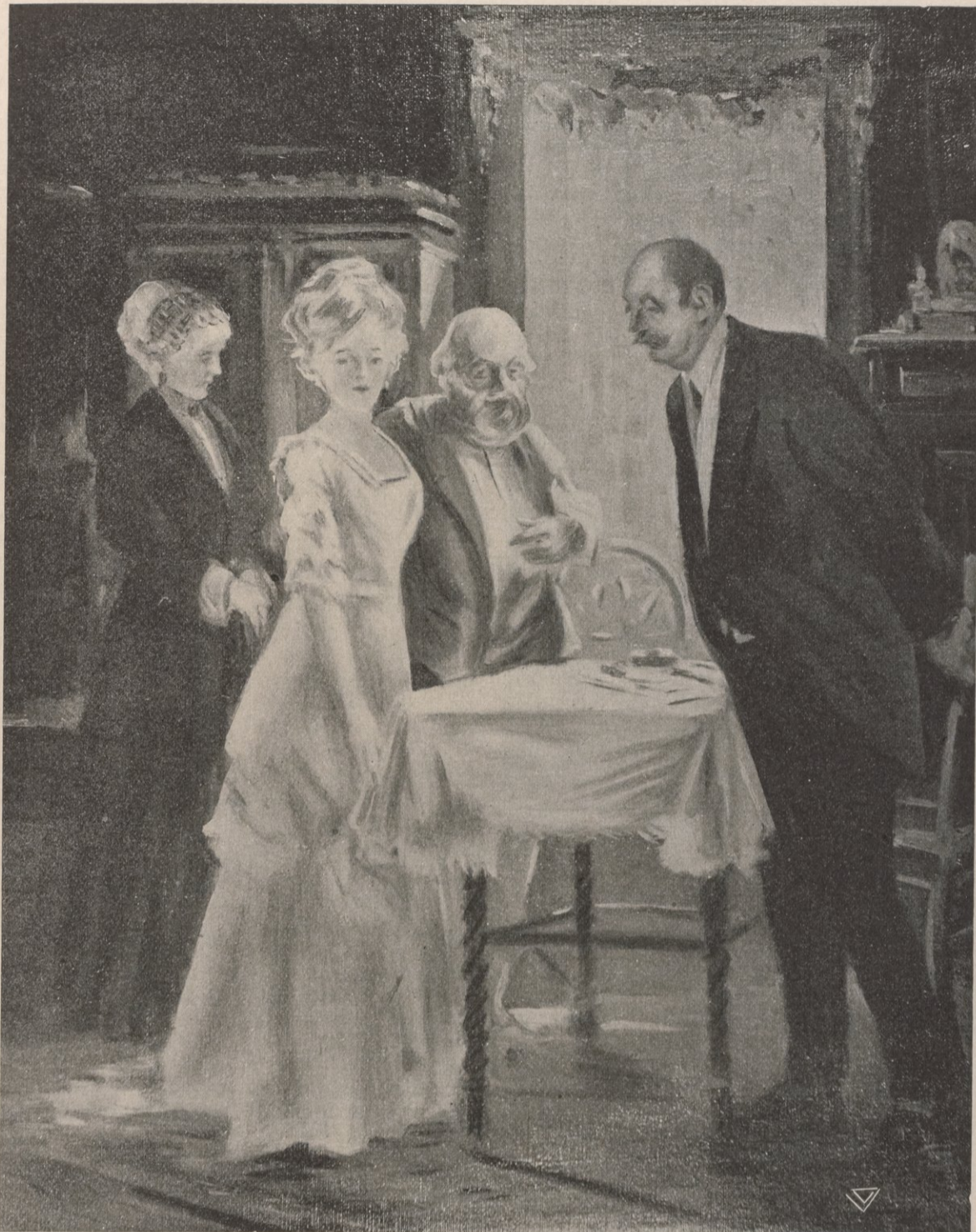
Gentlemen, you don't have to go in for breeding animals as a passionate pursuit to know how much toil and effort it costs to produce a perfect specimen, no matter of what species. And I'm not a woman connoisseur, and one doesn't have to be, to fold one's hands at the sight of so perfect a creature and pray:

"O Lord, I thank Thee for allowing such a thing to walk this earth. For as long as such bodies are created we need have no fear for our souls."

The one thing I did not like at first were her eyes. Too pale a blue, too languishing for such an abundance of life. They seemed to be soaring toward heaven, and yet when they narrowed, a searching, lowering look came into them, such a look as surly dogs have that get beaten too often.

Old Krakow caught her by both shoulders and began to brag outrageously.

"This is my work—this is what I brought into being—I'm the father of this," and so on.



Drawn by Frank Van Sloun.

“Gentlemen, take off your hats.”

She tried to shake him off and turned scarlet—ashamed of him.

Then the ladies got the table ready for coffee. Fresh red waffles—preserves after the Russian fashion—a gleaming damask—and knives and spoons with buckhorn handles. The fine blue smoke of charcoal puffed up from the chimney of the brass coffee machine, and made everything still cosier.

We sat there drinking our coffee. Old Krakow blustered, the Baroness smiled a fine, melancholy smile, and Iolanthe made eyes at me.

Yes, gentlemen, made eyes at me. You may be at the time of life when that sort of thing happens to you none too rarely. But just you get to be well on in the forties, conscious to the very depths of your soul of your fatness and baldness, and you will see how grateful you'll be to a housemaid or a barmaid for taking the trouble to ogle you.

And what if she should be a choice creature like this one, a creature given to us by God's grace.

At first I thought I hadn't seen straight, then I stuck my red hands in my pockets, then I got a fit of coughing, then I swore at myself—you idiot! you donkey!—then I wanted to bolt,

and finally I took to staring into my empty coffee cup.

Like a little schoolgirl.

But when I looked up—I had to look up every now and then—I always met those great, light-blue, languishing eyes. They seemed to say:

“Don't you know I'm an enchanted princess whom you are to set free?”

“Do you know why I gave her that crazy name?” the old man asked, grinning at her slyly.

She turned her head scornfully and stood up. She seemed to know his jokes.

“This is how it was. She was a week old. She lay in her cradle kicking her legs—legs like little sausages. And her little buttocks, you know—”

Ye gods! I scarcely risked looking up, I was so embarrassed. The Baroness behaved as if she heard nothing, and Iolanthe left the room.

But the old man shook with laughter.

“Ha—ha—such a rosy mite—such tenderness, and a shape like a rose leaf. Well, when I saw all that, I said, in my young father's joy, ‘That girl's going to be beautiful and will kick her legs the whole of her life. She must have a very poetic name—then she'll rise in value with the suitors.’ So I looked up names in the dic-

tionary. Thekla, Hero, Elsa, Angelica—no, they were all too soft, like persimmons—with a name of that sort she'll languish away for some briefless lawyer. Then Rosaura, Carmen, Beatrice, Wana—nixy—too passionate—would elope with some butler or other—you know a person's name is his fate. Finally I found Iolanthe. Iolanthe melts so sweetly on your tongue—just the name for lovers—and yet it does not provoke people to do silly things. It is both ticklish and dignified. It lures a man on, but inspires him with serious intentions. That's the way I calculated, and my calculation has turned out quite right so far, if after all she does not remain an old maid on my hands for all her good looks.”

Iolanthe now entered the room again. Her eyes were half closed, and she was smiling like a child who has gotten an undeserved scolding. I was sorry for the poor, pretty creature, and to turn the conversation quickly I began to speak about the business I had come for.

The ladies silently cleared the table, and the old man filled the half-charred bowl of his pipe. He seemed inclined to listen patiently.

But scarcely did the name Pütz cross my lips when he sprang up and dashed his pipe against the stove, so that the burning tobacco leaves flew about in all directions. The mere sight of his face was enough to frighten you. It turned red and blue and swelled up as if he had been seized with a stroke of apoplexy.

“Sir-r-r!” he shouted. “Is that the reason you visited me—to poison my home? Don't you know that d— name is not to be breathed in this house? Don't you know I curse the fellow in his grave, and curse his brood, and curse all—”

At this point he choked and coughed and had to sink down into his upholstered chair. And the Baroness gave him sweetened water to drink.

I took up my hat without saying anything. Then I happened to notice Iolanthe standing there white as chalk. She held her hands folded and looked at me as if in all her shame and misery she wanted to beg my pardon, or expected something like help from me.

I wanted to say good-by at least. So I waited quietly until I felt I might assume that the old man, who was lying there groaning and panting, was in a condition to understand me. Then I said:

“Baron von Krakow, you must understand, of course, that after such an attack upon my friend and his son, whom I love as my own, our relations—”

He pounded with his hands and feet as a sign to me not to go on speaking, and after he had tried several times in vain to catch his breath he finally succeeded in saying:

“That asthma—the devil take it—like a halter around your neck—snap—your throat goes shut. But what's that you're cackling about our relations? Our relations, that is, your and my relations—there never has been anything wrong with them, my dear sir. They are the best relations in the world. If I insulted that litigious fellow, the—the—noble man, I take it all back, and call myself a dog. Only nobody must speak to me about him. I don't want anybody to remind me that he has a son and heir to his name. To me he's dead, you see—he's dead, dead, dead.”

He cut the air three times with his fist, and looked at me triumphantly, as if he had dealt my friend Pütz his deathblow.

“Nevertheless, Baron—” I started to say.

“No nevertheless here. You are my friend! You are the friend of my family—look at my womenfolk—completely smitten. Don't be ashamed, Iolanthe! Just make eyes at him, child. Do you think I don't see anything, goosie?”

She did not blush, nor did she seem to be abashed, but just raised her folded hands up to

(Continued on page 18)

CO-OPERATION IN AMERICA

The Methods, the Aims and the Achievements of the American Co-operative

By PIET VLAG

TRUE co-operation means a collective effort to secure the greatest good for the greatest number. The measure of its efficiency, therefore, may be measured by the number of people benefitted by its operation. The greater the number the greater its efficiency.

For example, when 100 shoemakers form an organization to produce collectively, they eliminate the profit which otherwise goes to the manufacturer. One hundred people are benefitted by this form of co-operation. Despite its small number, such an organization is still entitled to be called a co-operative. When, however, a similar organization proceeds to employ non-partners in the concern, and exploits them in the usual capitalist method, it ceases to be a co-operative and is transformed into a corporation.

A co-operative store organized by the American Wholesale Co-operative is conducted in the following manner: The goods are sold at the established market prices; not higher nor lower. Good quality is insured. The goods are purchased at the lowest possible prices. Profit is made on the purchases of the consumers. This profit is used, in the first place, to pay the operating expenses. After deducting the expenses the profits are divided among the consumers.

Declaring Dividends

The manner of dividing the profits among consumers may best be illustrated by a concrete example. The American Co-operative of Astoria, for instance, did a business from January 1 to July 1 (six months) of \$20,000. After the operating expenses had been deducted \$2,000 clear profit was left. Of these \$2,000 12½%, or \$250, were deducted for the sinking fund. Another 12½%, or \$250, for Socialistic propaganda, and 2½%, or \$50, as a bonus for the employees. The object of this latter rule is to stimulate the interest of the employees in the welfare of the concern.

After these deductions had been made \$1,450 were left, or 7¼% on the total purchases (\$20,000); therefore each consumer received a dividend of 7¼% on everything he purchased during the six months at the co-operative store.

The essential difference between this mode of declaring dividends, and the declaring of dividends on stock, is that the dividends are not declared on property rights, but upon the amount of purchases.

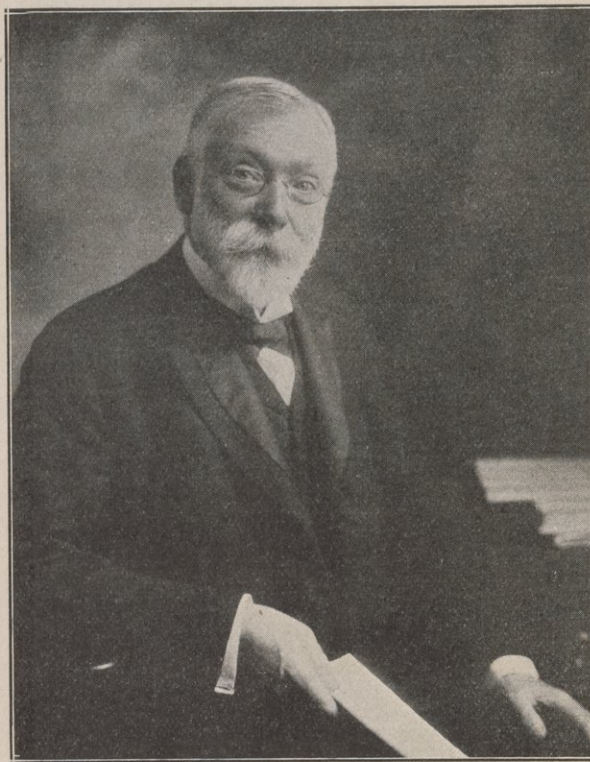
A member of a co-operative store who owns 100 shares receives 100 times the amount of dividends that the man receives who owns only one share. The co-operatives argue justly that the woman who bought \$200 worth did twice as much toward the making of the profit as the woman who bought only \$100 worth. They therefore decided that this woman is entitled to twice the amount of profit. This form of co-operation is about the best we know of. In this manner the greatest good for the greatest number is secured.

Corporations and Co-operatives

There are, on the other hand, many so-called co-operative stores which are, in fact, nothing more than corporations. For example:

A store was organized in a certain city in Jersey by about 75 members, and each purchased a share of stock for \$25. After the store had been in operation for about a year, and it had made considerable profit, no dividend was declared. It merely tried to sell at the lowest prices possible and to give a better quality of goods.

As a result they increased their trade considerably, but they also decreased their membership. The members considered that it was of no importance to them to retain their membership in the organization, as the non-members were receiving equal benefit without any investment. Consequently the majority of the members withdrew the \$25 which they had paid in for membership. At present this organization has about 25 members left who are the stockholders and owners of the store. It is mislead-



RUFUS W. WEEKS

ing to speak of such a concern as a co-operative, because though it was started with the best intentions it developed into a corporation pure and simple.

A Promising New Plan

Another true form of distributive co-operation has developed recently in the United States. It is not impossible that this form of co-operation may prove to be what some of our wise men have been looking for. Many people with a considerable amount of gray matter under their hair have told us that co-operation could not be practiced in the United States as it was practiced in Europe, because different conditions exist here, and therefore different methods must be employed.

As we said, it is not impossible that the methods pursued by this latter form of co-operation might prove to be the best for America. At any rate, we believe that as far as small cities are concerned the plan is a practicable one. It is simple, and although it seems to work in exactly the opposite direction of the ordinary distributive co-operative, it produces the same result.

The plan is this: A number of people living in a small community form an organization. When they secure 100 members paying \$10 each they have \$1,000 which they use as a working capital. Then each member orders his goods through the secretary in bulk, weekly, semi-monthly or monthly—whatever is decided upon by the local organization. These bulk orders are combined by the secretary so that they form wholesale quantities. A wholesale quantity means an un-

broken package. The orders are sent in by the secretary. Upon receipt of the goods from the wholesale house the individual orders are put up by the secretary, who is paid for his labor. Then the members call for their goods, for which they pay in cash. They are charged the wholesale prices. No profit is added. In this manner the consumers save directly from 20% to 25% on their purchases. The cost of operation is very low, and usually amounts to about 3% to 4%. It is low because no store is needed. A packing room is sufficient, and the putting up of the orders can be done in the evening by some one after work, at a very low cost. The operating expenses, amounting to 3% or 4%, are usually paid for by the members at the end of six months.

For example: A woman who has purchased during the six months \$200 worth from the co-operative, and thus saved from about \$40 to \$50, is taxed with \$6, or 3%, on \$200 to pay the running expenses. There is no fear that she will not pay this, as her original investment of \$10 covers her share of the operating expenses. Unless she pays she cannot continue to deal with the society, and her membership money is forfeited.

Connection Between the Wholesale Co-operative and the Retail Stores

The relation between the retail organizations and the American Wholesale Co-operative is the same as the relation between the consumers and the retail stores. A wholesale profit is made and declared in the same manner to the stores, as the stores declare their dividends to the consumers. For example, if the wholesale should declare a 5% dividend, the store which during the previous year did \$10,000 worth of business with the wholesale would receive a dividend of \$500. These \$500 would be added to the assets of the store, and thus the consumers would be the ultimate beneficiaries of the wholesale, just as they are of the retail.

Paternalism

Many people seem to believe that the American Wholesale Co-operative is a concern started by a few well-meaning individuals to benefit society at large. Let us assure you, once for all, that the American Wholesale Co-operative is no such paternalistic institution.

For two very good reasons: First, because there are so very few paternalists; and, secondly, because we do not believe that any movement can gain real force until it is operated by and for the people.

For example, the co-operative movement in Germany, known as the Schultze Delitz movement, was essentially paternalistic, and although it was backed by a large capital the co-operative movement did not gain impetus in Germany until the working people took a hand in it. When they began to invest their savings in the co-operatives instead of in the banks, and did things for themselves instead of having them done for them, the co-operative movement began to grow. We do not mean to imply, however, that we have not received and welcomed the support of such comrades, as themselves could do very well without the benefits of co-operation. If it were not for Rufus W. Weeks, Chas. K. Ovington and Helen Phelps Stokes, neither the American Wholesale Co-operative nor a number of retail co-operatives would be in operation to-day. But, as a whole, the support of

these comrades was not meant to furnish a capital, but merely to furnish the means with which to agitate for co-operation.

It has been argued that the co-operative movement in the United States has not the same chances of success as the co-operative movement in Europe, because the trusts are too highly developed, and the working class cannot supply sufficient capital to effectively combat them. Is this true? We wish to say that the co-operative movement in Europe has grown phenomenally during the past ten years. The German kartels were much further advanced ten years ago than our food trusts to-day, with the exception of the meat trusts.

We know as well as our critics that in order to build up a successful co-operative movement a large capital is necessary. But we are also confident that this capital can be secured, but only through hard and persistent labor.

The American Wholesale Co-operative has issued 5% interest-bearing bonds, and although it does not expect to sell enough of these bonds within a few weeks or months to be able to build up an enterprise capable of eliminating the middleman, it does not doubt that at some time in the future the working class of the United States will begin to realize that it is to their advantage to put their savings in their own co-operatives instead of in the banks.

The Socialist Press and Co-operatives

The working people of the United States are certainly not poorer than the working people of Germany, Belgium and Denmark. The working people of Europe managed to raise sufficient capital to establish some of the largest and most powerful distributive co-operatives in the world. There is, perhaps, one difference. The German party press officially urged the people to join the co-operative and stand together solidly. We have as yet not been able to induce the Socialist press in the United States to take any such stand. That our comrades do have the necessary money to invest in their own enterprises is best proven by the recent report on the Wilshire matter.

It was reported in the papers that a very large amount, approximating a million dollars, was collected by Comrade Wilshire to invest in gold mines and rubber plantations.

In my opinion, the trouble with the American workman is not lack of money, but lack of confidence in his own ability to do things. We have here a great deal of talk about a party-owned press, about party-owned enterprises, but we have as yet never been able to induce the Socialists to invest in their own enterprises the amount of money that was invested in the Wilshire gold mines and rubber plantations.

Strange as it may seem, we are led to believe

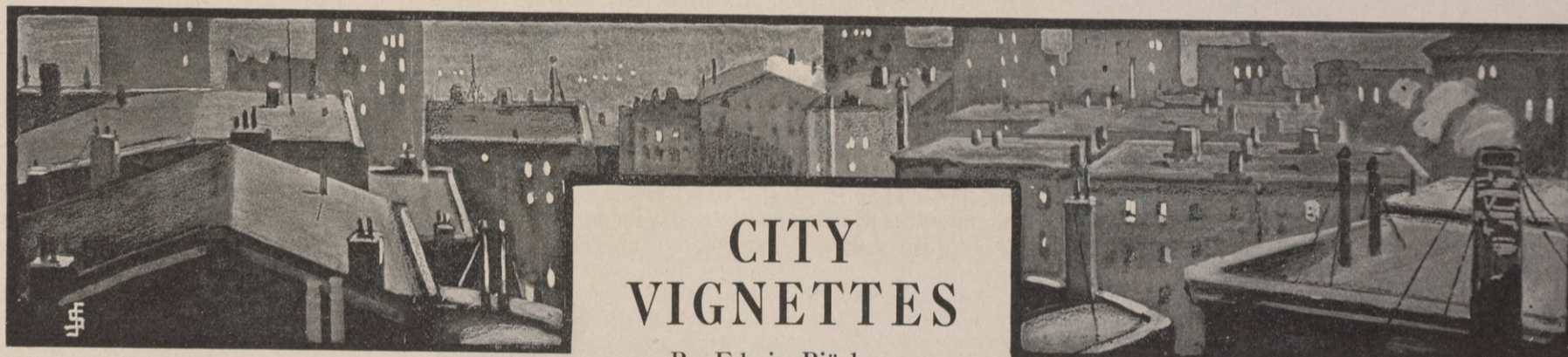
that with all the enlightenments on the subject the Socialists do not as yet understand the capitalist system. Many still prefer to give their little savings to a bank, where they receive 3% or 4%, or nothing at all. These banks loan their money to small stores, larger stores and manufacturers at 6% to 7%. The stores use this money in turn to exploit the working class, or the original investors of the money, out of from 20% to 25%.

These are facts with which every Socialist ought to be acquainted by this time, and yet in the face of this knowledge they actually support capitalistic institutions, and merely talk about supporting their own institutions.

The question as to what results the American Wholesale Co-operative has thus far obtained is rather difficult to answer. But those connected with the co-operatives have reason to be gratified with what has already been achieved.

More than 200 stores have been organized throughout the United States as a result of our efforts.

We are receiving daily communications from people with whom we have been corresponding for the last year or so telling us that they have started co-operative enterprises of some sort. Yet it would be misleading to say that all these stores are connected with the American Wholesale Co-operative. There is no doubt, however, that as the movement grows a system of centralization will develop in which the American Wholesale Co-operative will play no small part.



CITY VIGNETTES

By Edwin Björkman

I

The Will To Live

ABOVE me, where the towering tenements ended, the stars of a summer night were barely visible, dimmed not by clouds, but by the fetid breath of the overheated city. Around me the narrow street swarmed with human beings that could not stay indoors, and the noise made by this restless multitude filled the air with a shrill, deafening whir. But at my feet, in an areaway sunk a few feet below the level of the street, there lay six children asleep in a row, stretched side by side on a single mattress.

The sight of them made me stop and lean against the iron railing to look at ease. They were all boys, and brothers beyond any mistake. The youngest might have been three and the eldest ten. They were ranged according to size, with their heads toward the two low-set windows behind which evidently lay their home. Covered by nothing but their own scanty clothing, they slept as peacefully as if a hundred miles of lifeless desert had intervened between them and the crowded, clamorous street.

As I stood there idly gazing at their prostrate forms, my ear caught a sound that would not merge with the rest—a sound unlike anything I had ever heard before—and my heart leapt within me. It was faint at first, but grew steadily in volume and intensity. A woman's wail I made it out to be—long-drawn, rising as if it were to last forever, and then coming to an abrupt end in a short, sharp scream.

The smallest of the sleepers stirred uneasily,

woke, tossed about for a moment, and broke at last into loud crying. Instantly someone hissed from within:

"*Tacete! Tacete!*"

A bushy black head poked out through one of the windows; then a pair of massive shoulders; finally the whole body of a man dressed merely in a bright-colored shirt, baggy trousers, and coarse shoes whitened by dust or lime. Crawling on his hands and knees across the bodies of the two smallest boys, he reached the end of the areaway and found there just space enough to stand up very close to the wall.

As he rose to his feet, he saw me, smiled, and nodded as if he had recognized an intimate friend. Then he spoke to me, and though his speech was crude and broken, his voice was full of that music which seems to be the very soul of Italy.

"The boy, he hear the mother, and he cry too," he said.

Hardly had he finished, when the strange wail rose again and snapped in the same startling way, leaving behind it an inexpressible sense of pain. And again the smallest boy tossed and cried in response.

"Keep still, *angelo mio*," the man warned. "Mother, she is sick, and she hear. So you must keep very still."

"Are they all yours?" I asked, as the little figure sank back in hushed obedience. But my mind was still busy with the meaning of that dolorous wail which I had already heard twice.

"All mine," the man replied promptly, in a tone of indubitable pride. Then, as he bent down so that he could see something in the room within that was hidden from me, he added: "And one more just coming."

"Oh!" I gasped, with sudden understanding. The next moment I turned my face instinctively to the street, with its weltering mass of shrill humanity. The man's glance followed mine, and apparently he guessed my thought. With something like pensiveness in his voice, he murmured:

"Children all over—such plenty of children—and little room for more."

Once more my glance swept over the row of sleeping boys and tried to reach beyond the glimpse of choked-up bareness revealed by the open basement windows. Lastly I turned to the man himself, looking long and hard at him. In my eyes there must have been a question, for he shrugged his shoulders and grinned a little—apologetically, as I thought. It took a second only. Then his face grew serious and almost dignified. He stood up as straight as he could, looked me full in the face, and said in a changed tone:

"Let them come—we like them!"

For the third time the wail of that woman in pain rose, rose, and broke as before. And I fled, marvelling at that resistless force in whose hands men seem to be nothing but blind tools.

A HIGHBROW ESSAY ON WOMAN

A Dissertation on the Economic Function of Woman with the Part Played Therein By Scientific Bulletins and Deep Thinkers

By EUGENE WOOD

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

IF THERE is any one thing in the reading line that I dote upon more than another, it is a bulletin, a real Scientific Bulletin, whether it be on the Stomach Contents of *Arctomys Miurus* or The Method of Procedure in Making Salt-rising Bread. Those fellows go at it so thoroughly. Right up to the handle. They don't have to worry whether the editor will like it or not. They don't care whether it will hit the public or not. If anything, they'd a little rather it didn't. It can't be very scientific if people read it and enjoy it. They aren't like literary folks, who when they take hold of a subject must not do more than pull out a few of the prettiest tail-feathers. They pluck the subject as bare as a teacup. And then they take the hide off it. And then they cut it open and have a look at its insides, and dissect away every muscle from every bone, so that when they get all through, and washed up, that subject hasn't one secret left. They know it backwards and forwards, lengthwise and crosswise, up and down, and outside and inside.

So, when I received a few days ago a Teachers' College Bulletin on "The Economic Function of Woman," by Edward T. Devine, Ph. D., Professor of Social Economy of Columbia University, I just knocked off work on that hurry job I had, part of the pay for which is going to reward the insurance company for my not dying this year, and settled myself to a really enjoyable intellectual sozzle. Here was something that nobody else could ever read clear through unless he was paid for it or had to read it in order to get a term-standing. And I'm interested in Woman. Most men are, if you'll notice. More or less. It is a subject that is brought to the male attention so often, so very often when you consider the whole period from the cradle to the grave. And then, again, this seemed a particularly promising viewpoint from which to consider Woman—what, if any account, is she?

There is not an extended piece of writing, however foolish it may seem, from which it is entirely impossible to get one good idea. And I will say for Dr. Devine that he sets forth some very sound and sensible things. I am sure of this because they're exactly what I think. When he says that students of the economic processes haven't paid as much attention to Consuming as they have to Producing, I think he's quite right. (I want the printer and the editor to let these capital letters stand as they are because I want to give the impression that I am a Deep Thinker. Nobody can be a Deep Thinker without capital letters sticking up through his copy like bristles on a cucumber. If I can't have any other symptoms of a Deep Thinker than Capital Letters, I must have them.)

That this thing of overlooking of Consumption in favor of Production is what ails Society is what I have contended all along. Society takes a lot of pains to produce automobiles and never turns a hand to see to it that I consume one. Doesn't pay any more attention to me in that respect than if I didn't exist. And, from what I can learn, there are many others in just my fix. It isn't that we can't use them or don't want to use them; the trouble is that Society doesn't pay us enough to buy them, and charges us far too much on things that we can't get along without, food and shelter and clothing and coal and carfare and such things. I can't consume near all I'd like to, just on that account. As a nation we can produce till you can't rest. No trouble in the world about that. But when it comes to getting all these things consumed so that, as a nation, we can keep the

producing end of the enterprise running full-powered, why, we simply aren't there. The working-class doesn't get in wages what will buy back the things it produces. (I don't know if you ever heard that before. If not, you ought to write it down so that you won't forget it.) If we could rig up some kind of a scheme so that all the working-people could swap their products on an even-Stephen basis with each other, so many hours' time of the shoemaker's being exchanged for so many hours' time of the farmer, and the piano-maker, and the weaver, and the tailor, and so on, till we all got all we wanted, and no middleman cutting in between to grab off his profits, or his interest on the investment, or his cost of credit, or any of the charges we have to pay that represent no real use-value, why, then we'd come pretty close to having the Co-operative Republic, and all we'd need of political control would be to keep the predatory class's hands off what did not concern them.

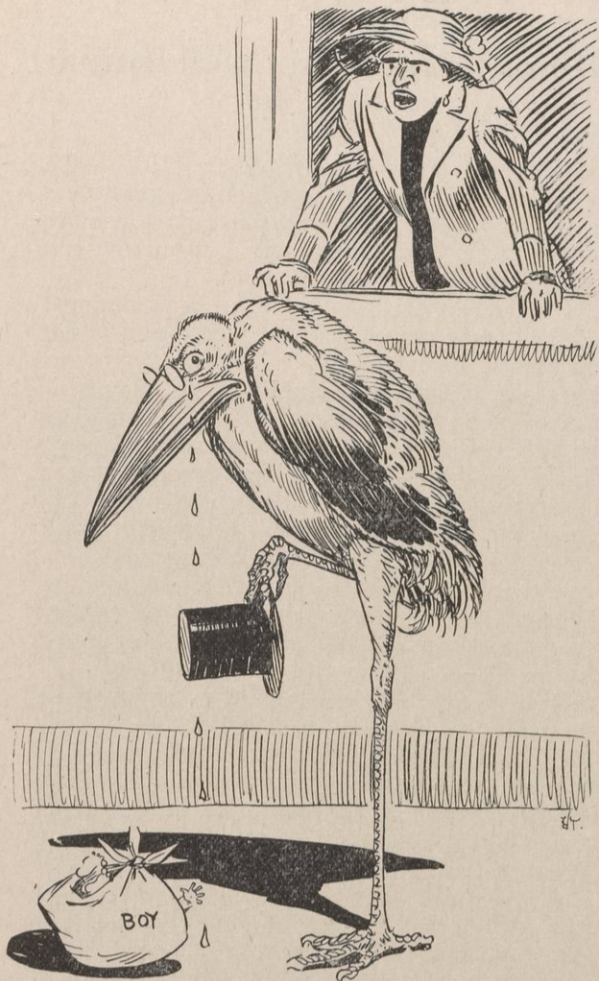
And it isn't wonderful, either, come to look at it, that more attention has been paid to the Productive Department of the Nation's house-keeping than to the Consuming Department. It has only been about half a century that we have really got to that stage of human progress where, if we wanted to run full-powered, we could produce such oodles and oodles of the things we'd like to have that we don't know what to do with them all. (That is, some of us don't.) It is only quite recently that we have begun to pro-

duce more than we know what to do with until a large proportion of the people get over the notion that they are lucky to be alive. A great many of our citizens aren't educated up to believe that they are entitled to more than four things to eat, or more than two rooms to live in, or better clothes than what will do very well for a mop-rag. We are trying to educate them to live better, but oh, dear! It's an uphill job. The demagogue that goes about inflaming the passions of the poor and making them envious of their more fortunate brethren has got his work all cut out for him, I tell you. But the fact remains that it is only the other day, so to speak, that we put in electricity, and scientific processes, and cut up industries into sets of two- and three-motion jobs, so that any kind of mud-heads could learn how to work at anything in a week. And now it's time we gave our attention a little to getting the good of all this. At Production we're a hickey; at Consumption we're a lot of thumb-handed dubs. Most of us.

Now here are two grand divisions in Economics, Production and Consumption. Singularly enough, there are two grand divisions in the human race, Male and Female. So Dr. Devine concludes—and what could be more natural? Why, it's almost providential, as you might say—that the Men-folks should have charge of the Productive end, and the Women-folks of the Consumptive end of the job. Mr. Man puts on his hat, and takes his dinner-bucket, and starts off Monday morning when the whistle blows, and works till Saturday night, when he receives his little old pay-envelope, with \$13.80 in the upper left-hand corner. He fetches it home to Mrs. Woman, who thereupon begins to function. She throws her shawl over her head, and takes the market-basket on her arm,



If man is the producer and woman the consumer, will Prof. Devine kindly name the sex of the fat party in the middle?



"Who had the hammer last?"

and goes out to spend that \$13.80 to the best advantage.

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Don't you begin to crow because you perceive that when Mrs. Woman fries the beefsteak she is also adding value to the raw material, and is also a productive laborer just the same as Mr. Man. Dr. Devine saw that, too. As a matter of fact, he beat you to it. Not only that, he also saw that Mrs. Woman not only works in the old-style hand-powered factory of the home, but very frequently in the new-style steam-powered factory away from the home. But if he saw, farther, that Mrs. Woman, with a frequency not known before in history, goes to the factory on Monday morning when the whistle blows, and works till Saturday night, while Mr. Man cooks the victuals, and sweeps the floor, and even minds the baby— If Dr. Devine saw that also he has kept mighty still about it. In a case of that kind, what is the Economic Function of Man?

Now, in spite of all my capital letters, you are onto the fact that I am not a Deep Thinker, so I might as well own up to you that I have never been able to get my copy into any kind of a Scientific Bulletin. But poor and unworthy though I be, it yet appears to me that Dr. Devine hasn't even picked the feathers off his bird of a subject, let alone cut it open to see what's inside of it.

Maybe right now, in this year of grace, 1911, most men do bring in the pay-envelope, and most women try to make the poor, pitiful, little dab of money that it holds go as far as possible. (And I don't envy them their job, either.) But that's no sign of a duck's nest. It is no great effort of the imagination to figure "she-towns" becoming practically universal. Then will the Economic Function of Woman be to attend to the Consumption end of the job? (The pay-envelope will look rather consumptive, when that time comes, too. Believe me.)

Men have charge of the field of Production now, eh? What d'you suppose old Injun chief Walks-in-the-High-Grass would have to say if you asked him who ought to do the manual

labor, men or women? And not to go so far back as the Garden of Eden and Mother Eve taking a bite out of the apple of knowledge of what was good and made folks wise, I have just returned from a trip to the Ozarks, where the women-folks wait on the men, and no more think of sitting down to the same table with them than niggers would think of sitting down to the same table with white folks. The women have always done productive work. See if you can think of one trade or profession that the women did not originate and now do practise. The laundry business? Medicine? Agriculture? Pottery? The men didn't turn their hand to anything in the way of productive labor until they, too, were enslaved. If you find men swinging the hammer while women fry the beefsteak, I can also show you women swinging the hammer and men frying beefsteak, both remaining essentially masculine and feminine. When it comes to cooking—

They tell the story of a man who stopped into a restaurant and asked: "What have you that's good?"

"We've got some very nice roast lamb to-day," the waiter said. "And the asparagus is extra good. And say, Captain, we've got coffee like your mother used to make!"

"Is that so? Well bring me a cup o' tea. And I'll try the lamb and asparagus."

Women do most of the cooking that's done, but there are some mighty good men cooks, and most men can cook nearly as badly as most women. Women do most of the marketing, but there are men who can shop expertly, and most men can buy with as little judgment as most women. (Present company, you understand, always included.)

No. You take a thousand men and a thousand women. Give to each batch an equal amount of intelligence, instruction and experience, and whether you put them on the Productive end or the Consumptive end, there won't be five cents' worth of difference between them. What small difference there may be in the matter of labor too hard for women is being rapidly done away with by machinery. Just as soon as it appears to be cheaper to install a machine and set a woman on the job, just that soon will the big, strong husky man get the blue envelope. Attending to the buying for the household is just about as much of a sex-characteristic as long hair.

But if you count Labor-Power as a Commodity, then Woman puts it all over Man as a Producer of Commodities. At that she is a specialist who stands unrivalled. And while shoes, and ships, and sealing-wax, and many other things are of great importance to be produced, I submit that a good crop of children coming on is of importance the vilest. If the world were full of nothing but grown-ups, all getting older every day, if not a finger of them ever were to be poked into a young mouth to feel the gritty edge of a new-cut lower front tooth, oh, what a no-account and dead-and-done-for thing this world would be! What would be the use of anything?

No, folks and friends, not Consumption of Commodities, not Production of Commodities, but Reproduction of Labor-Power is the main-top, all else being but side-shows of the snidest sort. This, which truly is the whole shooting-match, is The Economic Function of Woman. (Which anybody knows who is more than seven years old last birthday.)

But in this matter, you ask, aren't the men-folks entitled to some slight consideration?

Oh, yes, but not nearly so much as they think they are. For quite a good way up the scale of life, they get along pretty well without males at all. And when they do appear, they cut very little ice. When a plant has been cultivated as long, for instance, as the banana-plant, and knows it will be taken care of on its merits, it

quits all that sex-foolishness. Males aren't such a much. It is a cheap experiment to try, to fancy a steady diminution of one sex while the other remains constant. If there were fewer and fewer women until finally there were only men, it would be fairly easy to figure out just about when human beings would cease to exist altogether. But up-end the proposition, and keep all the women, and gradually diminish the men until there are no more of them, it isn't so easy a problem in arithmetic.

Mind you, I am not advocating the extermination of the men-folks. While I have tongue or pen to raise in protest against such a procedure, I shall do so—unless, of course, I were one of the few left till the last, and it came about my time to go anyhow. I simply wish to point out that such a slew of us as now exists is far in excess of the real need. In heathen countries where they have never had the Gospel light, and women are in the way, they kill the girl babies. Some day, maybe, when the tidings comes: "It's a boy!" the instant response will be: "Who had the hammer last? Somebody go hunt for that hammer."

If Loeb and those fellows pry into Nature's secrets much farther, you know there mayn't be any need at all for that which so fondly thinks itself the Superior Sex. Coming up on the boat from Mobile, I had for fellow-passenger as far as Key West, an assistant at a biological experiment station on one of the Florida keys. He told me of sea-urchins, living and thriving, that never had a papa, unless an artificial mixture of certain chemical salts be called by that dear name. I listened with interest not unmixed with horror, for with the prophet's eye, I saw the finish of my sex!

No, Dr. Devine, there is no Economic Function peculiar to Woman but the one. Whatever the Man is able for, she also is able for, and then some.

But look at the paradox of Her! The more Woman is explained, the deeper grows the mystery. If she gain the Ballot, she will one day run everything, even to running Man off the earth, if necessary. Yet, while most men favor Votes for Women, most women do not.

After all, they're good to us.



"In such a case what is the economic function of man?"

THE CONFIDENCE MAN

How the Police Commissioner Needed the Lesson which he Himself could so well Impart

By JULIUS STETTENHEIM

Illustrated by A. O. Fischer

THE police commissioner of Berlin reached his office at about ten o'clock in the morning. It was a cold December day, but the office was agreeably warm—you could tell the heating was done at the city's expense. The commissioner handed his fur coat to the uniformed officer accompanying him, stuck his monocle in his eye, and glanced at his desk, where the letters lay that had come by the first mail and had to be answered. There were many letters; which did not seem to please the recipient.

The police commissioner was a man who still indulged in all the pleasures of life despite his years and the grey hairs beginning to appear in his well-kept beard. He was tall and portly. He had eaten and drunk away the slim figure he had once had, and his girth testified that he was more of a Lucullus than a Don Juan.

Nevertheless, he was an excellent official, in fact, the very paragon of an official. He was dutiful, industrious and conscientious, and, for use in his office, he had preserved the sharp tone he had acquired in military service. To the civilian this tone is most unmelodious, but it prevents contradiction from subordinates. He said little, yet that little curtly and decidedly, as is to be expected of a man at the head of so important an administrative department.

He rubbed his hands, lit a cigar, heaved a sigh, and seated himself at the desk. First he opened the letters that his connoisseur's eyes told him came from persons in authority. One of these caused him to touch the electric button.

The same police officer who had removed his fur coat stepped in.

"Stuppke," said the police commissioner, still holding the letter he had just received in his hand, "here's a letter from Judge M— saying the mayor of S— will call on us. He's to study the confidence game here because a lot of buncos just cropped up in S—. When he comes bring him right in. His name is"—the commissioner glanced at the letter—"his name is Kramer. I'll put Schallow in charge of him. Schallow will teach him a trick or two. Schallow's up to snuff."

"Well, rather," Stuppke ventured to observe. This remark caused the commissioner to look up at him with an expression almost of alarm. Then in a fit of indescribable benevolence, as if pardoning a great criminal, he said, with a slight inclination of his head:

"Very well. Tell Schallow to come in."

Stuppke left, turning sharply on his heel, military fashion, happy because he had come off so easily after his extremely impertinent "Well, rather."

The police commissioner glanced over the letter once again, and a gleam of merriment lightened his severe expression.

"Not bad," he said to himself, so violently that the cigar between his lips jumped to one side of his mouth.

Schallow entered. Schallow was a knowing officer. The press reporters had often written him up apropos of many a raid upon confidence men, and Stuppke's remark had just cast a brilliant light upon his talents. Schallow was really an eminent specialist. He knew the tricks of the confidence game as well as a professional bunco, and he knew every one of those sharpers who daily trap and rob any number of victims. From the way in which a robbery had been committed, he could instantly tell the perpetrators, even if he could not find them. He cheated at cards as skilfully as any confidence man, and it was considered a piece of good luck that he had become a plainclothesman instead of a confi-

dence man, since in the latter capacity he might have produced untold mischief.

Schallow stepped in front of the commissioner, and raised his hand to his forehead.

"Schallow," said the man of power, "for a change the mayor of a village is coming again to study the confidence game at the source. His name is Kramer. One of the good solid sort. Keeps a general store. I'll hand him over to you. Put him on to all the tricks, tell him all the men in the game, and show him how to go about catching them. To be sure, it won't do much good. Kramer can take lessons from you from now till doomsday, and not a single confidence game in S— will be prevented. But we can't tell him that. He's a mayor. Well, you know what to do, Schallow. Cut it short. You've got plenty else to look after."

Schallow said nothing. He was a taciturn man, especially in the presence of the commissioner, who always said everything there was to be said.

Scarcely had Schallow left the office when Stuppke announced Mayor Kramer of S—.

"An early bird, catching worms when the rest of the world is still asleep," grumbled the chief. Then he said, "Show him in."

Kramer was an ordinary-looking individual, typical of the transition from a peasant to a city man. He made the impression of a sober, staid person, who regularly ate his chief meal at midday and slept at least ten hours at night and took a half-hour siesta after dinner besides.

He bowed respectfully, with the solemn demeanor befitting his prominent position in the town of S— and with the awkwardness resulting from his education and environment.

"Good-morning," said the commissioner, rising slightly from his seat. He waved his hand to a chair and asked the mayor to be seated.



The Mayor of S....

The mayor sat down modestly. The office, the influential official with whom he was to confer, seemed to inspire him with tremendous awe. "You're up and doing early," began the commissioner.

"I must beg you to excuse me for coming so early. It was so noisy in the hotel, and besides I wanted to crowd as much into the day as possible, so that I should be able to get away inside of two days at the utmost. S— is small but it's got to be governed at any rate. Do you think I can get away in two days, your Honor?"

"I'm not your Honor. I'm not a judge. I'm the commissioner of police," the commissioner interjected. "Yes, you can easily leave in two days, I'll have a man look after you who knows all the tricks of the confidence game. He'll show you everything and tell you what measures to take in S—. But it won't do much good." "Really, you think not?" the mayor asked anxiously.

"Of course not. Confidence men are sly fellows, hard to trap. They even keep us guessing."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the mayor, as astonished as if he had been told the Cologne Cathedral had been stolen.

"Well—." This was the word with which the commissioner indicated his willingness to shake hands with his visitor and say good-bye, like a man whose minutes are precious. But his "well" did not take effect. His visitor remained seated.

"Anything else I can do for you?"

"One favor more," said the man from S—. "In the letter the judge wrote you recommending me to your attention, he said I could apply to you in case I needed money, and yesterday evening something happened to me, so that I haven't a cent left."

"What's that?" cried the commissioner, smelling a rat. "What happened? Out with it!" And he leaned over the arm of his chair toward the stranger, not to lose a syllable of what he expected to hear, while a highly significant smile robbed his face of its severity.

"I arrived yesterday evening with the eight o'clock train. I went straight to the Central Hotel, washed up, and went for a walk 'Unter den Linden.' It was magnificent. Those bright show windows, the crowds of people—."

"Yes, yes," said his auditor impatiently. "I know the Linden. Go on."

"An elderly gentleman came up to me, holding out a handkerchief. He asked me if I had lost it. He had found it on the pavement. I thanked him, and said no. Then we got to talking, and walked along together. He was a delightful man. He told a lot of good stories, and I was glad when he asked me to go to a simple but excellent bodega for supper."

"Didn't they play piano and sing in that bodega?" the commissioner asked. He was getting gayer and gayer.

"To be sure they did. It was very entertaining. There were several other gentlemen at our table, who turned out to have come from the same place as the first one. They all played a wonderful game. It really wasn't a game. It was a trick. The player would hold the Jack of Spades in his left hand and two other cards in his right hand. He would throw all three cards on the table and you would have to guess which of them—"

A laugh from the commissioner interrupted the narrative. The mayor looked at him half astonished, half insulted. The commissioner jumped up and cried:

"Great! My dear sir, you studied the confidence game on the spot. You could pass your

examinations without having to study a bit more. Your gentlemanly friend, your bunco-steerer, had warned you of the game. He himself had picked out the Jack of Spades a number of times, and won. Then you fell into the trap and lost every cent. I know it all as if I had been there myself. You got into the clutches of regular confidence men. You don't have to stay in Berlin another hour." And the police commissioner laughed a full-throated laugh, while the unhappy mayor sat there staring into space in desperation.

"That will do," shouted the commissioner, who was getting very nervous. "Show him in."

The mayor of S—, Kramer, the general-store-keeper, stepped in. He was an elderly gentleman, with a friendly but rather stupid face. He walked rapidly up to the commissioner—who inspected him sharply—and poured out a lot of words to tell the commissioner that he was the mayor whose coming Judge M— had announced with recommendations to the commissioner.

"The mayor whose coming Judge M— an-

which he was coming to Berlin. He had shown him a copy of the judge's letter, which he was bringing along as a credential.

The mayor of S— ferreted out the copy of the letter from an enormous pocketbook and held the document out in his hand trembling.

"Incredible!" said the commissioner, beside himself.

"You may believe me," the mayor said simply. "I am not lying."

The commissioner looked at the man, who really made the impression of honesty.

"Impossible!" the commissioner exclaimed again.

"Why are you so surprised?" asked the mayor, and continued, "My new acquaintance knew Berlin well. I could tell that instantly. So I was very glad when he offered to spend the evening with me. He said he was a straw widower and was feeling lonely. I went to my hotel, washed up, and met the man again in the hotel lobby, where he was waiting for me. We walked about until we got hungry. We happened to pass a bodega, which my acquaintance recommended, and we went in."

"I know," the police commissioner said, excitedly. "They played piano there and sang, and some fellow-townsmen of your acquaintance were sitting at the same table, and they played a game that wasn't really a game, but a trick with the Jack of Spades. The Jack never turned up where you expected it would. After your acquaintance won several times, you tried your hand at it, and parted company with every cent you had. Oh, I know all about it. And you have come here now not only to get me to teach you the tricks of the confidence game, but also to borrow money."

"Exactly," said the mayor, though he should have been speechless with astonishment at the thorough, accurate knowledge of the affair that the commissioner displayed.

The police commissioner walked around his desk. He had been buncoed, that was clear. So he stopped before the mayor, and said to him:

"My dear fellow, you have been buncoed. You are the victim of a confidence man. You learned all about the confidence game last night, and you can now calmly return home to S—. I will let you have fifty dollars and charge it up to the town of S—."

The mayor sank back into a chair, and the commissioner of police, regaining his composure, said:

"I see through it all. No fooling me. I know the tricks of the trade."

At this point Schallow entered, scrutinized the mayor's face again, and said he could not find a face resembling—

Here the police commissioner interposed: "Never mind, Schallow. It's all right. Take the gentleman to the cashier, and let him have fifty dollars on his receipt."

Schallow looked at the commissioner of police, and said:

"Very well, sir." A fine ear might have detected something like, "You don't say so!" in his formal reply.

The commissioner of police shook hands with the mayor of S—, and said:

"Very pleased to have met you."

But that was an untruth. He was by no means pleased to have met him. And when he was alone, he lighted a cigar again, swallowed a glass of brandy, and muttered to himself:

"How the devil am I going to itemize those hundred dollars? I've got to fix that."

Then he resolved in the future to be a more careful man.

When Stuppke entered the office to lay something on the desk, the commissioner did not look up; which was very sensible, for there was a mischievous smile on Stuppke's face which would not have added to the commissioner's good humor had he seen it.



"Of course not. Confidence men are sly fellows. They even keep us guessing."

"How much did the gang do you out of?"

"Every cent I had with me," the mayor wailed. "Some hundred odd dollars."

"Be glad it wasn't more. I'll give you the same amount."

The commissioner rang, gave the mayor a voucher, and told Stuppke, who had answered the bell, to show him to the cashier.

The mayor of S— was almost moved to tears when he shook hands with the police commissioner of Berlin.

"A confidence man will never play his tricks on you," he said admiringly.

The commissioner, feeling flattered, smiled with official amiability, and when the mayor was gone, he had his Schallow summoned, to tell him all about the tragico-comic adventure of the poor mayor of S—. Both laughed heartily.

A few hours later the police commissioner was sitting at his desk, deeply engrossed in work, when Stuppke entered, and announced:

"The Mayor of S—."

"Again!" the commissioner exclaimed impatiently.

"It's a different one this time."

"A different one!" the commissioner cried, his eyes opening wide. He stared at Stuppke as if to make sure he was in his right senses.

"Perhaps S— has two mayors, like Berlin. S— is becoming a metropolis."

nounced was here this morning already," said the commissioner, convinced the man speaking to him was a cheat.

The mayor of S— acted as if he could not believe his ears.

The commissioner rang. Stuppke entered. The commissioner told him to summon Schallow. Schallow stepped in immediately.

"Schallow, do you know this man?"

Schallow looked at the mayor of S— closely. No, he did not know him, and he knew everybody in the rogue's gallery. But he would look at the pictures again. Perhaps he would see one that would put him on the right track. And he left the office.

The commissioner remained alone in the room with the mayor, and put him through a severe examination. The mayor had arrived the evening before with the eight o'clock train from S— and had gone to the Central Hotel. Strange. Just like the other one. He would have come to the commissioner sooner if a man who had gotten into his compartment at the last station and with whom he had entered into conversation had not told him that the commissioner would receive no visitors in the morning and was very disagreeable until after he had had lunch. The man somehow inspired confidence. He had spoken with the air of a person who knows what he is talking about. He made such a good impression upon the mayor that the mayor had told him his name and the purpose for

The Social Problem in Japan

A Country Abounding in the Instruments of Death but Poor in the Means of Life

By JOHN SPARGO

WE ARE so accustomed to think only of the quaint and the picturesque features of Japanese life that there is something startling in the suggestion that each little Japanese *aza*, or village, has its social problem; that behind the picturesque and beautiful features which attract the attention of the traveler are the tragic facts of a struggle with increasing poverty which is arousing the serious thought of the ablest statesmen and publicists in Japan.

It is said of a famous Englishman of rank that he was greatly charmed by the simple beauty of a Somersetshire village, with its low, rambling, whitewashed cottages, their heavily thatched roofs, their attractive old-fashioned gardens, and various other picturesque features which appeal so strongly to the artist's eye. Expressing his delight to the vicar, the enraptured visitor was astounded to find that he had provoked an outburst of radical wrath. "Beauty!" sneered the vicar, "Beauty! I see no beauty. I see only an infernal ugliness of pain and poverty and death." Those who know the real life of the average Japanese village are apt to feel very much like the English vicar when they hear travelers speak of the quaint and picturesque things.

Japan, so far from being the peaceful and happy land we are disposed to regard it, is full of social unrest. In the industrial centres there are the usual problems of unemployment, low wages, high prices and poverty with which our own industrial centres are too unhappily familiar. But it is in the villages that the most serious conditions are to be found. And this is a matter of grave importance for Japan, which is really a nation of villages. "Our nation is founded upon the village," say the Japanese statesmen. "Strong in villages, we shall abide; weak in villages, our foundations are in shifting sand."

The villages are beginning to voice their discontent through the press—especially through the reform press. Something like a "social survey" is going on in scores of Japanese villages at the present time. From every quarter comes the complaint of poverty and excessive taxation. I quote here some interesting figures relating to one village—by no means one of the poorest—supplied by an investigator of unquestioned competence and integrity, a Japanese gentleman whose extensive knowledge and reliability are vouched for by no less an authority than the editor of the *Japan Chronicle*.

Numasawa is one of the four *azas*, or villages, which constitute the *mura*, or township of Higashigo, in the prefecture of Yamagata. It has a population of 800 men, women and children, belonging to 120 families. It is fairly typical of Japanese villages, and is rather more prosperous, or, better, less poor, than many other villages of equal size.

As in most Japanese villages the land is in the hands of small holders, peasant proprietors. Large landed proprietors are practically unknown in Japan, and tenant farming is an exception. It exists to a small extent, however, and is on the increase. As a rule, each farmer or peasant tills his own land with the assistance of his family, his wife and children doing the work which would otherwise have to be done by hired laborers. Instead of rent, he pays a tax to the State.

The chief crop raised in the village is tobacco, but silk and charcoal are both responsible for larger shares of the total income. Rice, barley and rye are grown upon practically every farm for home consumption, but it is significant that the village is not self-sustaining in this regard. The value of the tobacco crop is far from being equal to the amount of rice which has to be pur-

chased from outside. The American farmer who buys butter and eggs from the country store has his counterpart in Japan!

The total income of the village from all sources—exclusive of the value of the products consumed on the farms—amounts to 13,200 yen per annum, or, roughly, \$6,600, or about eight and a quarter dollars per head of the population. This income is made up as follows:

From tobacco leaf.....	3,200 yen
From silk (raw and in cocoons).....	4,000 yen
From charcoal.....	4,000 yen
From sundries.....	2,000 yen

Total 13,200 yen

On the other side of the ledger the biggest item of all is taxes. From every side comes confirmatory evidence of the fact that taxation is to-day the greatest burden of the people. Mr. Wakatsuki, Vice-Minister of Finance, has estimated that, taking the entire population, the people of Japan pay not less than thirty-five per cent. of their total income in taxes. Mr. Wakatsuki is of the opinion that this is by no means excessive! Yet there is probably not a great nation in the world in which the State takes more than one-third of the total production of its people. England takes not more than twenty per cent., and, contrary to the case of Japan, much of that amount is spent upon local improvements, education, maintenance of the poor, and other matters of direct and immediate advantage to the people. The taxpayer of Nippon is mulcted for something far remote from his own life, and rarely feels any improvement in his lot as a result of the taxes he pays to the imperial government.

The expenditure of the village of Numasawa on absolute necessities runs its total income very close, as will be seen from the following summary:

For taxes.....	3,200 yen
For rent on sub-leased land (tenant farms)	600 yen
For rice purchased to meet deficiency in home supply.....	6,500 yen
For <i>sake</i> , clothing, etc.....	2,900 yen

Total 13,200 yen

The figures are very suggestive. After taxes and rent have been paid, and enough rice purchased to meet the daily needs of the people, there remains a sum of about \$1,450 upon which eight hundred souls must depend for all their "luxuries," for clothing, pleasure, saving, construction and maintenance of homes, and so on. In other words, over and above the bare cost of providing the simplest and coarsest kind of food, there remains about \$1.80 per head of the population, or about \$12.08 per family.

Bad as these figures are, there is all too much good reason to believe that they are far from disclosing the full measure of the people's poverty. There are many thousands of Japanese in the agricultural villages who seldom taste rice except on festival occasions. They live on rye and barley, in houses that are destitute of the most ordinary simple comforts. Picturesque such houses often are, but deficient in most if not all the qualities of homes.

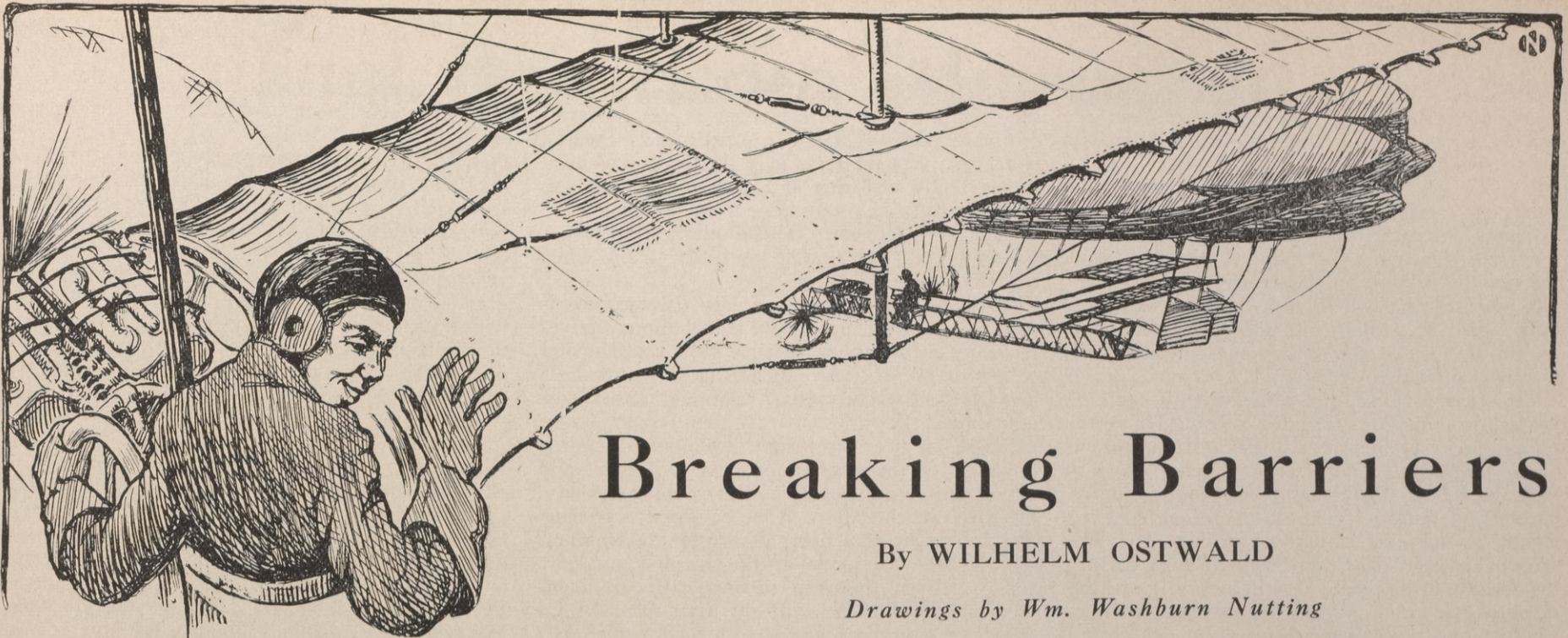
From time to time it has been said by the American farmer, or by those who have championed his cause, that it often happens that the farmer's income is less than that of the hired laborer. In Japan this would seem to be commonly true. An official return, published by the

(Continued on page 18)



Drawn by Hahn-Notecracker

Pals



Breaking Barriers

By WILHELM OSTWALD

Drawings by Wm. Washburn Nutting

SCIENTISTS have reason to believe that the solar system was first a gaseous sphere, which slowly turned into a fluid, and finally became a solid. After this, life sooner or later appeared on the different planets, and scientists connect man's appearance with that state of the earth in which it consists of a solid framework partly covered by the fluid ocean and entirely surrounded by the gaseous atmosphere. It was on the solid parts that man first moved. He required an incalculably long period of technical development to obtain some degree of power over the fluid element. That old chicken-hearted poet, Horace, even in his day, centuries on centuries later, was still aghast that a man could have had the idea to embark on the open waters. Contrast that with the present, when a trip across the Atlantic is so safe and pleasant that I, for my part, would far rather spend two weeks on the sea than two days in a railroad coach. A sea trip is cleaner—and safer.

Now we stand at the threshold of a third period, when man is making the gaseous part of our world accessible to us. There is no doubt that this signifies a new epoch of civilization. Hitherto we all lived a bi-dimensional existence on a surface. Henceforth the third, the spacial, dimension will come more and more to be the arena for man to move upon. This will give rise to entirely new conditions of existence and entirely new problems, the solution of which will make us quite different beings from what we have been.

Once, to make the nature of spacial dimensions clear, Helmholtz assumed the existence of beings that lived in space of one or two dimensions. Such beings are points on a line, or whole lines, and all they can do is move forward and backward on a line. If two points A and B move on a line, they can meet but never pass each other, and no change can take place in this, their spacial relation. That relation can no more be altered than we can alter our time relations. If your wife happens to be older than you there is no possibility by any operation of which man is capable of making her younger or you older.

The beings confined to a space of two dimensions, however, are able to avoid contact with one another. But if one of them or a group of them is hemmed in by a line that cannot be crossed, they are held captive. They cannot get out.

This is essentially man's condition at present on earth, especially upon the solid part of the earth, on which boundary lines can easily be drawn. The same cannot be done on the watery parts. Consequently the ocean is a powerful agent for setting men free and joining them together. Just as water has the power to dissolve

some solids, so the ocean acts as a solvent on the rigid political forms into which men are divided, and which keep them apart. A process of diffusion among the various human groups was brought about by travel on the seas. That process is continuing at an increasing rate, and is no longer to be checked.

This agent of diffusion has been known for thousands of years, but has been effective for only several hundreds. And now we are looking forward to another, the air. We can foresee the time when it, too, will be effective. In keeping with its gaseous character, its influence upon diffusion will be incomparably greater. The inevitable result will be an entirely new relation between the individual and society.

Surfaces are separated by lines, spaces by surfaces. Our countries are surfaces, and hitherto it has been comparatively easy to separate them by linear confines, and so preserve tariffs and military and linguistic boundaries. But after the third dimension has become accessible it will be absolutely impossible to maintain these divisions. Every country would have to be surrounded by walls as high as Mt. Blanc (even this, after a time, may not be high enough) to prevent the smuggling of lace, pearls and progressive ideas.

So in the flying machine I see a powerful instrument for bringing about the brotherhood of man. In effectiveness it far surpasses its predecessors. This is not a sentimental, but a technical observation. I am not raising the question, "Is diffusion of men desirable, and if so, to what extent?" Whether we wish it or not, the process will take place. We cannot prevent it. And that is the condition we have to reckon with.

Of course, progressive people will look forward to such a future with pleasure. The conservatives will regard it with distrust, disinclination, and even hatred. The reason that conservative sentiment has as yet scarcely been aroused is that the consequences of the introduction of the flying machine are not yet easy to foresee. Besides, the conservatives do not fully believe in the reality of such things as flying machines, and so fortunately lose the chance of using the power they have to nip aviatory enterprise in the bud. In fact, history is playing one of its ironic tricks upon the conservatives. There are conservatives who are advocates of war, and war is a remnant of an earlier, coarser state. It is therefore upheld by those who have some interest in preserving the old, or, at least, in retarding inevitable progress. Now, these conservative partisans of war are eagerly furthering the perfection of the flying machine, which stands for man's technical progress, because they expect that the conquest of the air will produce an extremely effective mode of warfare in the future.

We will let this go, because we can anticipate the true and final results.

And the final results will be that under the pressure of circumstances we shall give up all those linear boundaries which artificially divide territories allied to one another geographically and economically. What man who thinks and feels in terms of energy is not impressed with all the pitifulness of our life when he sees what a vast amount of energy is spent upon preserving boundary lines? Consider the Austrian provinces, for instance, those countries upon whom nature has been so lavish. Would anybody be the loser if they were to give up their frontiers? No. On the contrary, everybody would be the gainer. The same is true of all lands. Each artificial boundary is necessarily a thief of energy. To maintain a boundary line requires an expenditure of energy; so it does to cross a boundary line. And that energy might be applied to much better purposes.

Then, pray, why do we keep up boundary lines? For the same reason that a tailor sews two buttons on the tails of every man's dress-coat. The two buttons don't button anything. There are even no buttonholes to match. There was a time when the two buttons were of some use on a coat that reached entirely around the body. The front flaps could be buttoned back on them to leave the upper legs free. On a dress-coat there are no front flaps, and the two buttons are absolutely unnecessary. But like a rudimentary organ, the remnant of a previous stage of



development, they continue to hold undisputed sway on the back of every dress-coat, and no man ventures to obey logic and tell his tailor not to sew them there.

Who is the gainer if I have to change my money in coming from Canada to the United States? The land, the climate, the people are practically the same. But man raises artificial differences, differences energetically unproductive, and maintains them with the same devotion with which the tailor defends the position of the two buttons on the dress-coat against anyone who would dare to question it.

Yet we are constantly witnessing the fall of one artificial barrier after the other. Universal mail service will lead irresistibly to a universal stamp, and next to universal money. The German Empire in its formation ripped off one of the useless buttons when it abolished customs duties among the states composing it. The Franco-Prussian War hastened the process, but did not give it its direction. Its course had been fixed long before. And Bismarck, be it remembered, almost exhausted himself struggling to remove at least a few stones from the road to a future customs-union with Austria. The insurmountable obstacles he encountered were a shortsighted doctrinarianism and the need for agrarian protection against threatened competition.

The United States of the World—the idea is a dream of the remote distance. Those of us

who have at heart man's liberation from unnecessary ills do not venture to confide our dream to our neighbors. They will accuse us of chasing chimeras. But intercourse in the third dimension is inevitably realizing our dream. Boundaries that cannot be maintained in practice are doomed to disappear. So the question no longer is, "Will boundaries pass?" but, "How and when will they pass?"

The sum and substance of my observations is that the opening up of the third dimension to travel is a fundamental cause of a fundamental change in our social conditions in so far as these are affected by the mutual relations of the great political states.

There has been a constant development tending to the internationalization of a larger and larger number of affairs hitherto considered private to each nation. One example is science, which has been almost completely internationalized. The conquest of the air will suddenly add vastly to the sum of international values and interests. This will set free for cultural purposes enormous stores of energy previously consumed in maintaining frontiers. Energies latent in the wide masses of the people will be made available for all mankind by appropriate cultivation and development.

A further result will be the spontaneous advance of civilization characterized chiefly by increased socialization of thought and feeling. The

rate at which this development will proceed will be determined in the main, it is evident, by the biological law of laziness, that is, by the fact that an organism requires some time to adapt itself to new conditions. That time can be shortened, but not beyond a certain minimum. In this respect man has made remarkable progress. The rapidity of modern man's mental adaptation is incomparably greater than it was even two generations ago.

So much for the social effect of travel on the third dimension. Now, as to the effect it will presumably have on the individual. Again I cannot help but rejoice. Here, too, the prospect seems bright.

Compare chauffeurs with "cabbies." The two seem to form distinct classes. The chauffeur has character in his face. His eyes look keen, his movements are rapid and controlled. His whole body gives token of his great readiness to react. The cabby's features are dull, and his words and gestures slow, in conformity with the none too intellectual demands of his profession. Why this difference? Chiefly because half the brains needed in driving are in the horse's head. If the driver falls asleep, the horse has enough sense to save both of them from an accident.

As for the chauffeur, he alone is responsible. If he ceases to guide the machine for a single instant, he risks life and limb. His brain must
(Continued on page 18)

Railroads

The Advantage of Ignorance in General and about Railroads in Particular

By ELLIS O. JONES

I KNOW less to-day than I ever did, and the fact fills me with a glowing pride. There was a time when I tried to find out things, but I have given it up. It's no use. There's nothing to find out. One may have opinions, but knowledge doesn't affect opinions, except to confuse them. Only desires affect opinions.

A case in point is the railroads. There was a time when I earnestly tried to find out something about railroads. And I succeeded. I accumulated facts of all kinds.

I figured out the average cost of construction both as to small quantities and in carload lots, the cost of maintenance of lobbies, municipal, State and national. I determined the birth rate and the death rate of locomotives and the average cost per ton passenger. I read all the statistics I could get hold of showing the disadvantages of safety devices, the relative effects of rough roadbeds on occupants of the upper berths as compared with the lower berths. I conducted experiments to show how much dust a plush-car seat would hold to the square inch. I knew exactly what an Interstate was and its political complexion.

I could expatiate intelligently on the relative merits of majority stockholders as against widows and orphans. I knew the functions of a minority stockholder and his rights, if any. I knew just how much a passenger car could wobble without turning over and just how annoyed the officials would be if it did turn over.

When the question arose as to whether the Interstate Commerce Commission was a necessity or a luxury I could dissertate learnedly on either side without a moment's preparation. I could show conclusively why trains should not reach their destinations on time if possible. I knew why baggage men were congenitally destructive. I could decipher a time table with the nonchalance of a college professor in a Greek excavation. I knew exactly how much the public owed the railroads and how much

the railroads owed the public and how much of both these debts was still unpaid.

I was as familiar with freight traffic as with passenger. I knew the precise ethical grounds for charging all the traffic would bear and why the traffic should be forbearing. I penetrated the innermost consciousness of rate charts and found they could justify the wildest seeming disparities with convincing analyses. I discovered and proved the ethnological warrant for charging more to send a ton of wheat from St. Paul to Seattle than from St. Paul to China. I knew why it cost more to send goods in an easterly direction than in a westerly direction and *vice versa*.

I could take a set of railroad books and show the railroad was losing money on every single variety of traffic, while at the same time paying dividends on stock that represented no investment. I knew why investors and Wall Street brokers were much more indispensable to railroads than engineers, firemen, brakemen and conductors. I could state accurately within a fraction of a cent what constituted a fair wage, a fair capitalization, a fair interest on bonds, a fair dividend on stocks, a fair payment to injured passengers and a fair compensation for damaged freight.

All these and many other exact things I knew. I could reel them off by the ton mile, up grade or down grade, with equal momentum. But I found it was no use. I got nowhere. I could not settle the railroad problem. So I determined to forget it, and now I know nothing whatever about it. It is all shrouded in mystery. There are the railroads and here are the people and there you are.

In my present state of blissful ignorance I can laugh at all those who know so much. When I hear that the Interstate Commerce Commission is going to probe something or other I laugh. I laugh because I have been through it all and know how futile it will be. I laugh because

they have already been at it for many years and yet the railroad problem grows more acute all the time.

When I pick up the newspaper and read the learned discourse of some editorial writer, in which he shows that all the railroads need is more confidence, I laugh. I laugh because he knows and that is his fatal mistake. I laugh because across the street I can find another editor who knows that it isn't confidence, but justice, that the railroads need. Another editor knows that they need sympathy. Another that they have too many employees; another that they have too many investors. Another knows that the problem is caused by what Jay Gould did to the Erie or by what Harriman did to the Alton. Another knows that if the railroad magnates all voted the Democratic ticket the thing would be simple.

All these editors, reformers and what-not, are hyperserious. They cannot laugh. They cannot laugh because they know too many details. I alone may laugh because of my discovery that the more of these details we have the farther we get from the solution of the railroad problem. Their opinions are worthless because they are based on exact knowledge, on elaborate statistics, on scholarly reasoning, on reports of commissions, on the wisdom and greed of magnates, on the decisions of pompous judges, and on many other impedimenta from which an ignorant man like myself is free.

Out of all these details I have retained but the simplest fact. The railroads are owned by private individuals. Consequently they are run primarily in the interest of those individuals and not in the interest of the masses. If the railroads were owned by the masses, they would be run in the interest of the masses and not in the interest of private individuals.

That's all any of us need to know. If we try to find out more, we succeed only in confusing ourselves with the moonshine of highly paid corporation lawyers.

The Boy Scout Movement

To Perpetuate Docility, Stupidity and Brutality

By GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK, Author of *War—What For?*

(Illustrations from *War—What For?*)

THE BOY Scout movement is an organized, craftily subsidized effort for creating the kill-lust in boys, the love of arms, the desire for the military life, and the brainlessly automatic obedience of soldiers. As many boys as possible are to be blinded with steel-glitter, deafened with drum-roar, dazzled with uniforms and flattery, fooled with drills and marches, seduced with ribbons, sashes, "Teddy" hats, khaki, medals, pictures, picnics and wild tent life in the woods—betrayed into stupid gratitude to the crafty, dollar-marked subsidizers of the movement, who plan thus to have a host of trained armed guards ready for use in the swiftly coming future when millions have their wages cut and millions more are forced into the street to the ranks of the unemployed army.

The pretense—of course there is some fine pretense—is that "the boys are to be physically developed." That is the sly cry of the promoters—"the ennobling physical development of the youth."

While the boys are to be physically developed they are to have their intellects ossified and their sociability suffocated.

The boys are to have their wills killed by a thousand drills in a slave's crowning virtue—obedience.

Obedience—word of infinite import in the history of organized robbery of the workers by the shirkers.

Obedience, automatic obedience, has been and is now the damnation of the workers.

Caesar is alarmed. The industrial despot shivers with fear. Why?

Because the slave begins to think and more and more refuses the rôle of professional cutthroat. The Department of Mur-

der is shriveling in popularity. The fist of blood and iron is decreasingly dependable. The right hand of national and international working class fellowship and working class loyalty begin to charm the toilers of the world. The eyes of the socially damned multitude begin to blaze with intelligent and fascinated realization of the fact that war means suicide for the working class, that hell's sleet of lead and steel from Gatling guns is for the working class, that the jaws of death spread wide for the working class—and only for the working class—in any and all wars.

The slave thinks. Caesar is startled.

Therefore catch the slave's son and kill the kindness of his soul destroy his sociability, resurrect the savage in his heart, rouse the beast that slumbers in his breast, fire his passions, befog his intellect and kill his will.

Let Mars seduce the boy.

Let the blood-stained god of war blast the boy's fraternalism and plant in his soul the cheap aspirations of a proud-strutting, gilt-braided butcher—afire with desire for bloody deeds.

Sting dead the bud of love in the small boy—the helpless small boy.

A human fool-tool is needed in the shop, mill and mine.

Therefore, step forth, you cheap prostitutes of the various intellectual professions, all of you who bow the knee to the steel and gold gods of industry, and shout aloud the incomparable excellences, advantages, superiorities, and desirabilities of the Boy Scout enterprise. Take the boys to the woods and train them, take them to the street and train them, take them to the armory and train them—and also and espe-



A Boy Scout—Finished Product

cially take them to the basement of the churches and train them, mockingly train them there to "love their fellow men" and carefully prepare them to butcher their fellow men. In substance teach each helpless boy to think and say and agree to this:—

"Obedience is beautiful. Blind obedience to superiors is perfection. I am inferior. I agree that those who are appointed over me ought to be over me. I will make no inquiries.

"I will obey anybody who is said to be (or who may be appointed by somebody to be) my superior. I will obey any and all orders from my superiors—without question. I will obey my employer and be loyal to him. I will obey my captain, because (no matter how cheap, vulgar, ignorant, cruel and vicious he may be) he is my superior.

"I will always believe that well-dressed people know more than I know, and more than I should be permitted to know. I will always let others inform me what my duty is. I will forget that I have a brain (if I have one). I will gladly learn to handle the sword, rifle and bayonet—for I may be needed, my superiors tell me.

"I will gladly learn the glory of arms, the splendor of war, the grandeur of red-stained patriotism, and the nobility of narrow-brained, low-browed race prejudice and cheap jealousy. I accept my employer as my best friend, as my ideal and my idol. I will make a faithful effort to become a fool—or a loyal endeavor to remain one—for my employer's sake.

"Proudly I accept the high honor of being an automatic jackass, ready for the dull rôle of armed guard for the coward ruling class. And all I ask is flattery and

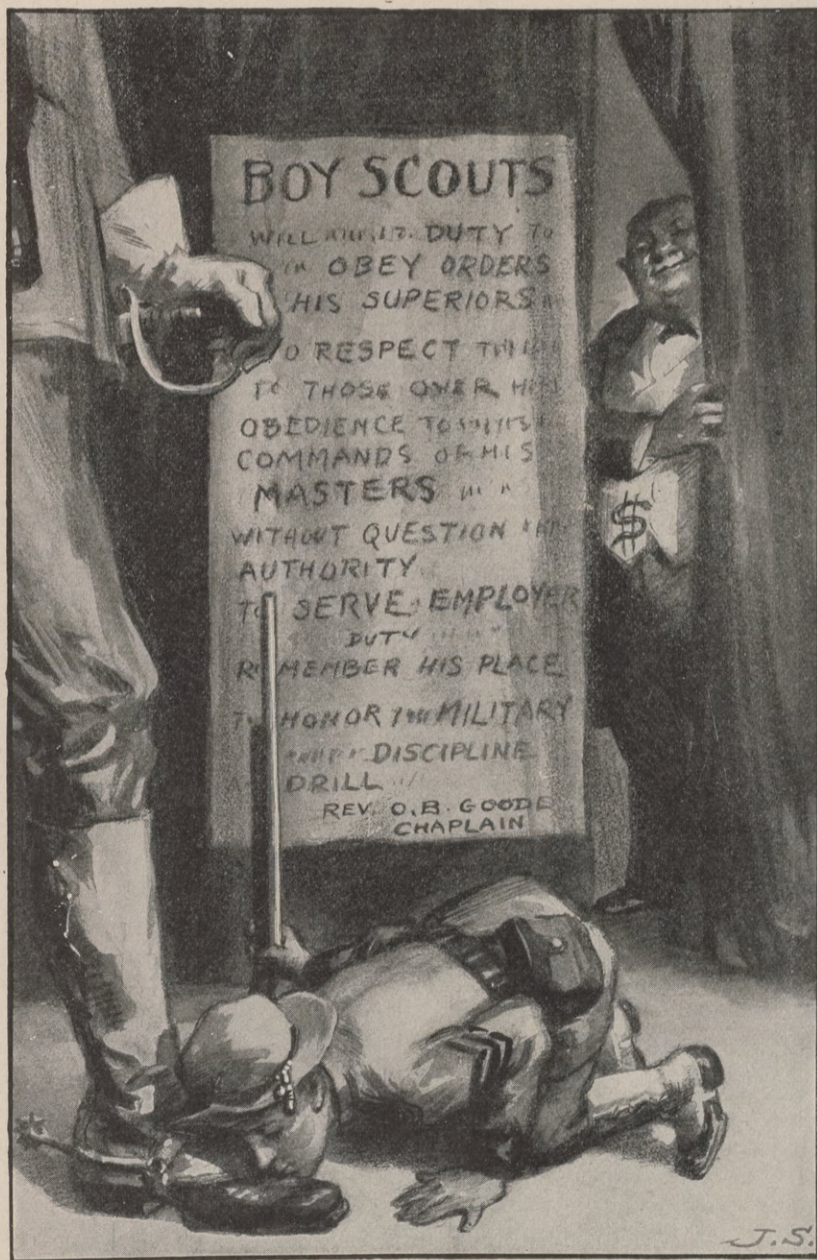
a "good time" sometimes—if it suits my employer."

At the age of three the tiny boys of all races and colors gleefully romp and play together; sociability has its own glad way with them in happy laughter, sweet caresses, and a thousand gracious amiabilities promising the poetry and fraternalism and the ever more glorious levels of life for the human family. But at the age of twenty these same children, shrewdly poisoned with geographic and ethic "patriotism," cursed by the embrace of Mars, damned by the false teachings of rideless intellectual prostitutes, are proudly ready to slaughter one another at the nod of syphilitic kings, cheap queens, at the order of coarse-grained presidents, pot-house statesmen and small-brained commanders.

A boy scout is an incipient assassin, a budding jingo, a germinating butcher of men—a boy, innocent and excellent fruit of love, being transformed into a blood-lusting fool and tool to serve in the great class struggle as an iron fist for the employer class against the working class.

A boy scout is helpless. Ignorance is always helpless. The boy scout movement is the very latest, blessed, anointed and baptized method of flattering the working class into cutting its own throat when it raises its head too high to suit the employer class.

All the "best" people are encouraging the movement—from President Taft to the pettiest political and sacerdotal snivelings willing to sell their souls for bread and popularity with the kings of industry. The boy scout movement is a recent handsome wrinkle on the snout of the beast of capitalism.



A Boy Scout—in the Making

Iolanthe's Wedding

(Continued from page 7)

me. It was such a touching, helpless gesture that it completely disarmed me. So I sat down again for a few moments, and spoke about indifferent matters. Then I took leave as soon as I could without provoking him again.

"Go to the door with him, Iolanthe," said the old man, "and be charming to him, because he's the richest man in the district." At that we all laughed. But when Iolanthe walked next to me in the twilight of the hall, she said very softly, with a sort of timid grief:

"I know you don't want to come again."

(To be continued)

Breaking Barriers

(Continued from page 16)

ever be on the alert. He may not leave the least movement to the machine's discretion. For little recks the machine if it and all its occupants go smash. Thus, the chauffeur tends much more than the cabby to develop into a real man, that is, into a being who no longer expends his muscular energy in direct effort, but only in guiding great external conquered energies.

Why does the burlak, in Russia, the man who tugs boats on canals, seem to stand on so low a level of humanity? Because he uses his energy as mere raw energy. And an ox can do the same. But I have the sincerest respect for the man at a switchboard. He requires but little energy to move the levers, yet on occasion his presence of mind and rapidity of judgment will prevent incalculable misfortune.

We are wont to lay many evils at the door of technical progress. But now we see that to compensate, it in the end raises human worth by opening up activities to man more in keeping with his character. Future man will be as different from men nowadays as the chauffeur from the cabby. The use of the bicycle has made workmen much keener and readier. Similarly, we may expect that the flying machine will produce a comparatively even greater advance in the typically human characteristics.

The flying machine has already counted its scores of victims, pioneers ready to risk death. And it will produce many more before a flight in the air will signify as little as a bicycle ride. But the beings that will soar in the air will and must be a superior race. Nerves, sinews, and muscles must be of the highest type in order to cope with the new demands, and the most careful economy of one's powers will be a self-understood condition of life, since the failure of them for the fraction of an instant will involve risk to life.

But this is not all. It is to be expected that man will learn to fly like the sea-gulls. Sea-gulls can dart through the air at tremendous speed without a single movement of their wings. That is, the motor will be needed only at the start, for certain turns, and for rising. On the whole the flight will be accomplished without considerable expenditure of energy, yet very swiftly. As a result, our standards of distance will change. Men will be able to live more scattered, and so in conditions worthier of them. The wounds that the development of machinery in its early stages produced, the horrible misery of the great cities, a higher stage of technical development will surely heal.

We saw that in keeping with the physical character of the air travel through the air will greatly facilitate and augment diffusion between nation and nation. And now we see that it will effect the same for individuals within communities.

And so we look forward happily, as the poet says, to "a world far too vast for men to be divided."

The Social Problem in Japan

(Continued from page 14)

imperial government, gives the average wage of a male farm laborer as \$20 per annum in addition to his food, and of a female laborer as about one-half that amount.

It is very evident from the foregoing that Japan is being "taxed to death." She waged a very costly war with a much richer country, resorting to the easy, but perilous, experiment of borrowing the necessary funds. Consequently, she is now facing the problem of repayment. Each year she must pay about \$50,000,000 upon her war debt. The Katsura government has been struggling hard to meet this problem and

Hochi, also of Tokyo. And unless a speedy remedy is forthcoming the fate of the Empire is sealed, and its credit will be more rapidly and effectively shattered than by the reduction of taxes.

The meteoric rise of Japan among the great world powers created an impression in the minds of Western nations of a virile and progressive nation. It now seems likely that her rise was due to an artificial and unhealthy stimulant, which has been followed by the inevitable reaction. The *Hochi* is responsible for the statement that, since the conclusion of peace with Russia, five years ago, "not a single new industrial enterprise has been started."

Japan defeated Russia, but seems herself to



The Godhead of America

to improve the national credit. Naturally, it has had to resort to increased taxation, and the people, already overburdened, groan on account of soaring prices and sinking incomes and clamor for a reduction of taxes.

If the government should heed this clamor, and lighten the taxes on land, it will not be able to pay the interest on its foreign loans and the national credit will suffer. So argues the brilliant editor of the *Kokumin*, of Tokyo. But the finances of the Empire are going from bad to worse. The farms are being neglected, and the people are sinking into deeper and still deeper depression and misery, says the editor of the

have been conquered by debt. Her best minds are seriously asking whether, after all, the war with Russia was not equal to the financial and economic *hari kari* of the nation.

FOLLOWING the time-honored policy of THE MASSES, we must make formal mention of three valuable additions to our staff of artist contributors. In this number we welcome Samuel Schwarz, Horace Taylor, and A. O. Fischer. Schwarz illustrated the sketch by Björkman, Taylor, the article by Wood, and Fischer, the story by Stettenheim.

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TAFT BLUNTLY SAYS, in his Report as Secretary of War, 1907, (Page 14) that the best and most desirable class of men do not join the Army.

Report quoted in:

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PRICE
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Per dozen .90c

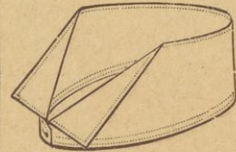
The four ply collars on the left differ principally from the five ply collars on the right of the picture in price

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Per dozen \$1.10

Erling

Size High
12-18 2 inch

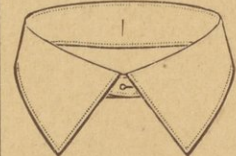


Polinda

Size High
13½-18 2 inch

Florence No. 3

Size High
14-20 2½ inch

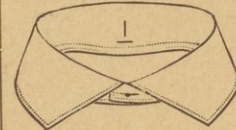


Florence No. 2

Size High
14-20 2½ inch

Why not

Size High
12-20 2½ inch

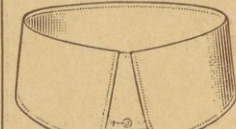


Ermon

Size High
12-20 2½ inch

Ardmore

Size High
12-18 2¼ inch



Consort

Size High
12-18 2¼ inch

Calvert

Size High
12-17½ 2⅝ inch



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