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THE MASSES

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE WORKING PEOPLE

SPECIAL FEATURES

REVOLUTIONARY MEXICO

A Series of Articles beginning in this Number

CARLO DE FORNARO

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

RUFUS W. WEEKS

CO-OPERATIVE WOOLEN MILL

MAGNUS BROWN

IOLANTHE'S WEDDING

HERMANN SUDERMANN

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

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THE ANTI BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT

As soon as the February issue reached our readers we began to receive requests to publish the Boy Scout article in leaflet form.

From east, west, north, and south letters came telling us that the Boy Scout Movement must be exposed, and that the publication of the leaflet would be a good way to do it.

So we decided to publish the leaflet.

It contains two beautiful illustrations, "A Boy Scout In The Making," and "A Boy Scout, Finished Product."

The article, written by Geo. R. Kirkpatrick, author of "War, What For," is a terrible indictment of this particularly hideous phase of capialist Society the Boy Scout Movement.

We decided to distribute the leaflet to the locals at cost price. It is printed on good paper, and is attractive in its appearance.

The price is $2.25 per 1,000, and $1.25 per 500. This is the cost price, and therefore the postage will have to be added, at the rate of 80 cents per 1,000.

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ANOTHER YELL

You did not respond to our yell. The logical consequence is another yell.

You do not like us to yell. We do not like to yell, either. But there is only one way of stopping us.

One hundred comrades, with a loan of $10 each, will guarantee the success of the magazine forever. Make us a small loan of $10. We will repay it with interest.

Perhaps you did not respond to our yell because we look too prosperous. Perhaps you think we are supported by a number of rich comrades.

We regret to confess that we are not prosperous, get no support from well-to-do comrades, nor expect any.

We know that we must depend upon *you* for our support. Our first yell immediately evoked an "I told you so," from our critics.

Yes, a number of wiseacres told us so. They also told us *you* would not appreciate a high class magazine. They told us that what *you* want, is cheap, sensational journalism.

That was an insult to your intelligence, to which you responded by subscribing in great numbers to *The Masses*.

We have doubled our subscriptions in the last thirty days.

Comrades and friends, help us, if you want to have a high class Socialist magazine. The time is propitious. We can build up the strongest propaganda organ with a little aid from you. The popular capitalist semi-radical magazines are doomed. The big interests are hot on their trail. This is our opportunity, send us your aid. You will not regret it.

Do you want to prove to the sneering critics that the working class does appreciate a high quality of literature? Do you want to prove to them that they have not cornered the brains of the Socialist Movement?

If you do then help us at once by a small loan from $1 up.

If you cannot lend us any money, we have another proposition.

Send us any amount from $1 to $10, and we will mail you for every dollar, $1.25 worth of subscription cards.

These cards are signed by The Masses Publishing Co., and will be accepted by us as subscriptions when mailed to us.

EDITORIALS

OUR ANTI-MILITARIST CAMPAIGN

IT IS gratifying to see the enthusiastic welcome given George R. Kirkpatrick's article in the February number of *The Masses* on "The Boy Scout Movement." The demand for the article has been so great that it was found necessary to print it separately in leaflet form. Of the 100,000 copies that were printed a large part had been ordered in advance. We are receiving letters daily telling us that the article should be put in the hands of every father and mother in the land.

This aggressive stand against militarism is one of the most cheering manifestations of the growing signs of unrest among the workers. It argues a foresight rarely before displayed by the working class in our country. They seem to be determined to stop the spread of the military spirit before it is too late. They realize that greater even than the danger of war is the danger that our boys trained in church and school to the use of weapons will be made to fight their very own class in its struggles for larger pay and better conditions of labor.

No matter what sophistical arguments may be advanced by advocates of militarism, the workingmen know that the soldiery has been used before against them when they were fighting for their economic improvement, and they argue justly that it is likely to be used against them in the future as well. Obedience is the alpha and omega of what a soldier should know, says that very Christian organ, *The Brigadier,* the oracle of the boy scout movement. What better word to conjure with when workingmen are ordered to shoot workingmen in a strike?

The time has come when laborers cannot be caught even when young and turned into the instruments of their masters. This we can clearly see from the cordial response of the boys themselves to Kirkpatrick's warning. Offers have come from many boys' organizations to help us in our fight against the scout movement.

The Masses has taken up a systematic campaign against militarism. It will pursue that evil wherever it crops up, whether in the comparatively open form of boy scouts in the churches, of military drills in schools and colleges, or in the more insidious and more dangerous, because more hypocritical, guise of other associations that claim spiritual relationship with the gentle founder of Christianity.

We invite all interested in the anti-militarist movement from the workingman's point of view to stand by us and give us aid and support. All contributions on the subject will be carefully considered, and all information concerning military or anti-military activity will be highly appreciated.

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WRITING DOWN TO THE MASSES

THIS magazine is written *for* the masses. It is not written *down to* the masses.

Some friends have advised us that if we would live up to our name we must lower the tone of our articles and stories.

That is to say, the writer for the people must not give the best that is in him, and he must not give it in the best way he knows how. He must not tell what he knows and feels. He must tell only what he thinks the people want to know and feel. His ideas must come to the people diluted, predigested, sugar-coated, attenuated, vulgarized, slangy, or, we are told, the people will not understand them.

We do not share this opinion. We believe the best writers are those who, without having to belie themselves or descend from their own level, can find an immediate and intelligent response in the hearts and minds of the people. Bunyan, Dickens, Tolstoy are examples. It would be easy to multiply examples from every age and every country. In Europe at present the most popular writers are the writers who give instinctively and with perfect sincerity the choicest creations of their minds and spirits in the choicest form. Do we in this country ever hear of an author in Europe on the same plane as our Ella Wheeler Wilcox? We do not. But we do hear of Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Anatole France, and such. Now, no one in Europe can claim knowledge of the dominant currents in present American literature unless he is acquainted with Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

This business of writing down to the people has been sadly overdone in our country—with what appalling results anyone who cares for good literature knows. Is it not time to turn a new page? (But, for heaven's sake, not of an American novel!)

Writing down to the people is like walking downstairs when you want to reach the roof. It is no doubt easier and quicker, but you will find yourself in the basement instead of on the roof, and in darkness, instead of in the full light of the sun.

No doubt, the man whom *The Masses* wants to reach often dwells in the basement, or in some dark hole of a tenement, or is to be found digging deep down in the shaft of a mine. But by descending, in literature, to the level of the basement dweller, the author will merely dim his own light and obfuscate his own brain. He will not send one ray of light into the tenement, the basement, or the mine.

There is only one way. Take the men from out of their dark places and let them climb with you to the height, where there is nothing to intercede between their vision and the sun. The ascent may be slow and difficult, but it is the only thing worth the while, though it is "no good," we are told, from a commercial point of view.

By giving of his best the author will not be performing a charitable or "uplifting" act for others. He will simply be charitable and uplifting to himself. For woe betide the writer who once starts on the downward course of "writing down" to the people. He will soon be so deep down himself, as to be quite beyond the reach of the lowest writing down.

CARLO DE FORNARO

PROBABLY no writer in America can speak with more authority on Mexico than Carlo de Fornaro. Fornaro was the owner and editor of a liberal paper in which he kept up a fearless campaign against the government in a fight for Mexican liberty. When he found he would be gagged, he left for the United States, and wrote his book, "Diaz, Czar of Mexico."

Diaz seized upon an unimportant passage and had Fornaro convicted by an American court for criminal libel of a certain Espindola, a tool of his. It was striking in the trial that the big American interests and persons close to high American officials showed extraordinary zeal in helping Diaz convict Fornaro. Fornaro served his term of a year, refusing all offers of pardon.

Drawn for The Masses by Anton O. Fischer

The Boy Scout—The Dream and the Reality

By years of appropriate training the Boy Scout is lured gradually and imperceptibly from the cozy camp fire to the battlefield to shoot down strikers. Contemplate the horror of this picture, and decide whether you will not join The Masses in a vigorous fight against the Boy Scout Movement.

THE MASSES

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING PEOPLE

EDITED BY THOMAS SELTZER

EUGENE WOOD, PRES. · HAYDEN CARRUTH, VICE-PRES. · ANDRE TRIDON, SEC'Y.

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Vol. 1 MARCH, 1911 No. 3

REVOLUTIONARY MEXICO

By CARLO DE FORNARO

Author of "Diaz, Czar of Mexico"

Drawings by the Author

I

Diaz and the Revolution

The series of articles to which this is an introduction will deal with the conditions and events in Mexico that led up to the Revolution, with the various Mexican parties fighting to overthrow the present regime, with the complications that are likely to arise therefrom, and with the relation of the United States to Mexico. Fornaro is in close touch with the leaders of the Mexican revolution and is well posted as to the very latest happenings. He has a wealth of interesting and weighty material which will be made public for the first time in these articles in The Masses.—EDITOR.

"NO MATTER what my friends and supporters say, I retire when my present term of office ends, and I shall not serve again, I shall be eighty years old then."

These were the words of General Diaz as quoted in *Pearson's Magazine*, March, 1908. On another occasion the same year he said to a newspaper man:

"In 1879 when I declared that I was opposed to the re-election to the presidency *I was sincere*, but later my friends begged me to remain in power for the good of the country."

Whether he was "sincere" in 1879 is of comparatively little moment at the present time. But there can be no question that he is not sincere now. He has refused to listen to the will of the Mexican nation. He has refused it the right to nominate and elect its own president. More than that, he would not even allow the people to nominate their own vice-president. Before each farcical election the citizens of Mexico are regaled with the same old story of Diaz's unwillingness to run for office, of the great sacrifice he is making for the country by accepting the arduous duties of Chief of the Commonwealth, Prince of Peace, and Man of Destiny. It is an old comedy, a comedy eight times reenacted before each so-called election since his rise to power in 1876. There is no longer any novelty in it. The Mexican people are tired of it. They want no sacrifices from Diaz, and since he insists on making them, they have at last determined to end them by force.

As long as Diaz was in complete possession of his physical and mental alertness, there was small chance of his defeat in the game of politics. Mexico seems to have had no man his equal in playing it. But as he aged, his splendid physique degenerated, he became senile, and he lost that wonderful grip he had had on men and affairs which is necessary for despotic rule. He remained the nominal autocrat, but the actual burden of government fell upon less sturdy shoulders than were Diaz's in his prime, and the result was that the beautiful bureaucracy he had organized became thoroughly demoralized. A tyrannical government at its best is odious to a modern civilized people. It is an anachronism, an anomaly, a monstrous relic of the past. But when to the general evils of a despotic form of government are added the mismanagement, the arbitrariness, and the blunders of incompetency, then it becomes intolerable. The people of Mexico grew more and more restless under the wrongs and persecutions of the bungling, inefficient coterie of officials and advisers, with whom Diaz surrounded himself. And finally they broke out into a revolution.

In 1910 the demand that General Reyes, the people's own candidate, should be nominated for vice-president became so insistent, that Diaz was frightened, and sent Reyes away to Europe for two years. General Reyes's followers then transferred their allegiance to Francisco I. Madero, who is now heading the Revolution in Mexico. Madero is the son of the governor of Coahuila. He is rich, cultured, liberal-minded, and patriotic, and is the author of a book dealing with the presidential succession in Mexico. Madero actually had the courage to let his name be put up as candidate for the presidency in the contest of 1910—a thing that had not happened in Mexico for the past twenty-five years. No Mexican before him had dared to do it.

This was an act of usurpation which Porfirio Diaz simply could not permit. He eliminated Madero from the political campaign and the elections by throwing him into jail, in spite of the fact that the campaign had proceeded very peacefully and quietly. By so doing Diaz openly repudiated all his hypocritical talk about his unwillingness to be president, and showed his true colors to the Mexicans and Americans. He was afraid of a popular candidate. He had never really meant to leave the presidency until he was driven to it by force of arms.

The Mexican people fear the rule of Porfirio Diaz, but they fear even more the clique of financial buccaneers surrounding him. This financial ring is called the *cientifico* party. *Cientifico* means scientific, and the party derives its name from its alertness in the gentle art of grafting. They have reduced graft to a science. In 1904 the *cientificos* put up Limantour as their candidate for vice-president. The popular opposition to Limantour was so strenuous and violent that Diaz was forced to nominate another man in his place. This man was Ramon Corral, governor of Sonora, also a *cientifico*. But popularity never threw its mantle over the shoulders of Vice-President Corral. He was hated by the entire Mexican nation.

The government of Mexico has thus for years been in the hands of Czar Diaz and his allies, the *cientificos*. Under their rule every form of oppression and persecution known to an absolute and corrupt government has been practiced. The system of peonage, the awful conditions under which workingmen are forced to labor, the reduction of a large part of the working population to virtual slavery, the cruel exploitation of the country by American capitalists—all these are the fruits of the rule of Diaz and his *cientificos*. Freedom of speech and the press is non-existent in Mexico. A systematic policy of repression is pursued, such as can be compared only to the persecution of the Russian revolutionists by the Russian government. All the liberal newspapers, with the exception of the Catholic papers, have been suppressed, and the editors and members of the Reyist and Maderist clubs have been sent to prison or killed or forced to flee to the United States.

But the liberal movement could not be suppressed. The government succeeded only in fanning the flame of rebellion, until it broke out into a conflagration, and the logical outcome was an armed revolution. As long as Porfirio Diaz was in the vigor of his prime he was able to keep

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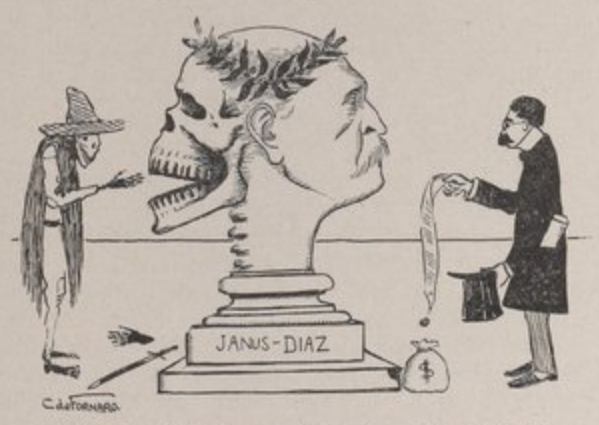
the revolutionary spirit of the Mexicans dormant. Diaz understood how to preserve a republican and democratic government in form without yielding anything to republicanism or democracy in substance. Like a strong and skilful driver he drove the Mexican nation without pulling the reins too tightly, or releasing his control. But with old age his strength and skill left him. When he turned over the reins to awkward hands, the horses ran away, carrying coach and drivers to destruction.

When Porfirio Diaz rose to power he was surrounded with the halo of a legendary hero. He stood before the people as the conqueror of the French, the destroyer of the political power of the Catholic Church, and the champion of democracy. But when, after Mexico had been exhausted by years of foreign wars and international strife, Juarez was elected president Diaz refused to submit to the voice of the people, and took up arms against his own country. Three times his presidential ambitions were disappointed at the polls, and for nine consecutive years he kept the land in constant turmoil and anarchy. Then, after having been repeatedly defeated by the government troops, mere chance placed the victory in a battle in the hands of Manuel Gonzalez, and Diaz became president.

General Diaz now began to divide the spoils among the victors. All the generals who had fought for him—and they make a formidable list—were made governors, ministers, senators, congressmen, and so forth.

Mexico's constitution provided that a president cannot be elected for two consecutive terms. During his first term Diaz respected this provision, and declared in Congress in 1879: "I shall never sanction a candidacy for re-election, because even if it were not prohibited by our code, I should always respect the principles from which emanated the Revolution of Tuxtepec." Therefore he was succeeded in 1880 by General Gonzalez. But that was as far as his democracy went. When in 1884 he became president again, he had apparently made up his mind that there shall never again be any interregnum in Mexico so long as he was alive. He forced Congress to amend the constitution so as to allow the president two successive terms. But later he found that that was insufficient for his long span of life, and he had the presidential two-term clause still further amended to abolish any limitation whatsoever. It was easy for Diaz to do this.



To the Mexican—To the Foreigner

The congressmen were his mere lackeys. They had to do his bidding, or go.

In the meantime, while the congressmen were being drilled in the act of bowing and scraping before their omnipotent lord until almost the point of perfection was reached, the growth of that flower of modern civilization, the Diaz bureaucracy, about which the Americans are at last beginning to learn a few things, proceeded apace. All the little bandits were corralled, and made rurales and soldiers. The cleverer thieves and pickpockets were made detectives and policemen. The great political pirates stepped into higher offices. And so the maker of modern Mexico placed a great deal of power into the hands of people who should have been safely lodged behind prison bars. As for the jails, they are filled mostly with political prisoners. When Diaz could not catch the political offenders in Mexico he followed them into the United States,

Diaz, the Executioner of Mexican Liberty

and flooded that country with spies and secret service men. He used the American government to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for him, and spent millions on literature extolling himself and his government. He sold concessions to foreigners, and gave away land to prominent Americans. He flattered, cajoled, and bought them until every foreigner, American, or European, who had been befriended by him, became his great advertising medium at home and elsewhere.

The legend of Porfirio Diaz went abroad like an echo that repeats itself. It is a stupid legend, absolutely devoid of meaning. The credit of Diaz's government was based entirely upon a fictitious peace and upon the ignorance of foreign investors concerning the real state of affairs in Mexico.

Porfirio Diaz played his political and financial game with loaded dice, and won credit, fame, prestige, and power at the expense of Mexicans and foreigners.

One day it happened that an inquiring mind discovered the political and financial bunco game, and informed the amazed and incredulous world that President Diaz was really a Czar of Mexico. Others took up the thread and discovered that slavery existed in Mexico, untold graft, political persecutions, assassinations, incompetence, and that Mexico was not a safe country for the investor. Books containing information about the actual conditions existing in Mexico were suppressed, men were sent to jail, and millions were spent to prove that Mexico was great and Diaz was its prophet.

Nevertheless the greater part of the outside world remained incredulous. That "skilfully applied influence," of which the *American Magazine* spoke when it began its series of articles by Turner, called "Barbarous Mexico," still continued to exert its power. American newspapers and magazines rushed to the rescue of the dear name and fame of Diaz, and the people rubbed their eyes in bewilderment, not knowing which side to believe.

Then suddenly one day the world was amazed to hear that there was a revolution in Mexico. Impossible, everybody said. The iron hand of Diaz will soon crush it. Day after day, the government informs us, it is winning victories, and week after week we are told the rebellion has been stamped out, and it is nothing but bandits that are disturbing and infesting the country.

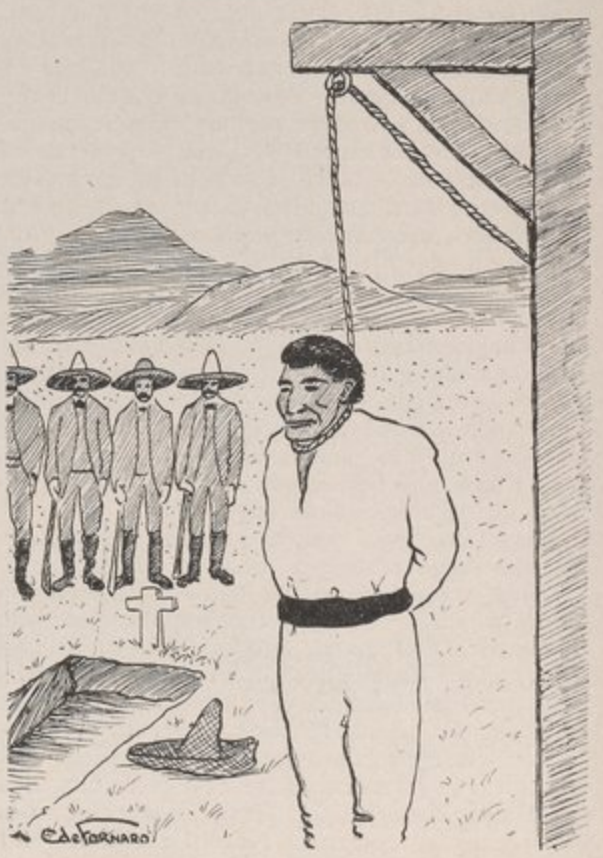
But we must remember that the only news we get over the wires is the news sanctioned by Diaz. There is supposed to be no revolution in Chihuahua, and yet the government keeps 5,000 soldiers fighting there for dear life. They are trapped, ambushed, and cut to pieces by the mounted revolutionists. We are told the revolution is only local, confined to Chihuahua. The truth is, it has broken out in fourteen different states. The government reports say only bandits are fighting now. The Mexican government does not realize that this is a most damaging admission. What becomes of the vaunted strength of the Diaz régime when it is forced to admit that its wonderful army cannot put down at once the guerilla warfare, and is forced to admit further that its wonderful corps of rurales cannot even cope with the incursions of bandits in half of Mexico? Where is the boasted safety of life and limb in Mexico? Where is the much-advertised stability of a government which has to suppress the truth for fear it will not be able to obtain any more loans in foreign countries? Where is the Gibraltar of the Diaz rule when it has to keep an ex-minister of finance in Paris to subsidize a venal press in order to be able to get loans in France, the greatest money-lending nation in the world?

The truth of the matter is, General Diaz has succeeded in fooling the world for so long a time that he has finally succeeded in convincing himself.

He had neither the decency nor the patriotic courage to retire six years ago. If he had done so then, he might with all his faults have gone down into history as a great man. History as it is written nowadays is full of great men of the type of Diaz.

For the last six years he has been trying with the aid of the United States to stem the tide of revolutionary sentiment among the Mexicans. He seems to have persuaded himself that he was successful. For, when finally the Revolution raised its terrible head, he was taken by surprise,

(*Continued on page 18*)



The square deal for the native

(Second Instalment)

Illustrated by Frank Van Sloun

AS IOLANTHE walked beside 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."

"No, I don't," I said frankly, and was about to give her my reasons, when she suddenly snatched up my hand, pressed it between her slender white palms, and said, half crying:

"Oh, come again! Please, please come again."

That's the way you're taken in. Old nincompoop that I was, she made me daft on the instant.

In my excitement I chewed up the whole of my cigar on the ride home.

I made right for a mirror—lit all the lights, locked the door—back to the mirror. Looked at myself front and back, and, with the help of my shaving mirror, my profile, too.

Result—crushing. A heavy bald pate, bull's neck, puffs under my eyes, double chin, my skin a fiery russet, like a glowing copper kettle.

And what was worse than all that—when I looked at myself in all my six feet of bulk, a chandelier went up. I knew why everybody immediately called me a "good fellow." Even in the regiment they used to call me a good fellow.

Once you are branded with a Cain's mark like that, the rest of your life turns into nothing but a series of events to prove the truth of it. People come to you with hard-luck stories, you're a butt for their jokes, they pump you and blarney you. If once you make a timid attempt to defend yourself, then they say: "Why, I thought you were a good fellow!" So you can't get out of it. You are and you remain a good fellow. You've been stamped and sealed.

And then you, good fellow, want to take up with women! With women who languish for the diabolic, who, to love properly, themselves want to be duped, deserted, and generally maltreated.

"Hanckel, don't be an ass," I said to myself. "Go away from the mirror, put out the lights, knock those silly dreams out of your head, and get into bed."

Gentlemen, I had a bed—and still have it—an absolutely ordinary bed, as narrow as a coffin. It's of pine, stained red—no springs, no mattress—a deerskin instead. Once a year it is filled with fresh straw. That was the extent of my luxury. Gentlemen, there are many stories about the poor camp couches of persons in very high life. You see them on exhibit in castles and historical museums. And when the visitors look at them they invariably clasp their hands and dutifully exclaim:

"What power of renunciation! What Spartan simplicity!"

A base deception, gentlemen! You can't sleep more comfortably anywhere than on a bed like that—provided, of course, that you have a good day's work *behind* you, a good conscience *within* you, and no woman *beside* you—all of which things are about the same.

You stretch yourself deliciously until your feet just touch the bottom of the bed, you bite the comfortable a few times, burrow in the pillows, reach out for a good book lying on the table next to the bed, and groan from sheer bliss.

That's what I did that night, after the tempter had left me, and as I slowly dozed off I thought:

"Well, well. No woman will make you traitor to your dear, hard, narrow bachelor's sack of straw, even if her name *is* Iolanthe, and even if she is the finest thoroughbred that ever galloped about on God's lovely pastures.

"Perhaps all the less so.

"Because—who knows?"

CHAPTER II.

The next day I turned in my report to the boy—leaving out my asininities, of course.

He glowered at me with his dark eyes, and said:

"Let's say no more about it—I thought so."

But a week later he returned to the subject as if casually.

"You ought to drive over again after all, uncle."

"Are you crazy, boy?" I said, though I felt as good as if a woman's soft warm hand were tickling the nape of my neck.

"You needn't speak about me," he said, examining the tips of his boots, "but if you go there several times, perhaps gradually things will right themselves."

Gentlemen, you couldn't have broken a reed more easily than my resolution.

So I drove over again.

And again and again.

I would listen to old Krakow's vaporings, would drink the coffee his wife made for me, and would listen devoutly while Iolanthe sang her loveliest songs, even though music—in general—well, the oftener I visited Krakowitz the uncannier the business seemed to me, but it drew me with a thousand arms. I couldn't help myself.

The old Adam in me wanted, before he went to sleep forever, to enjoy one feast again, even if it was nothing more than the pleasant sensation of a woman's nearness—for something more real than that I had no hopes at bottom.

To be sure, Iolanthe continued to cast furtive glances at me, but what was in them—a reproach, a cry for help, or merely the wish to be admired—I never could make out.

Then—on my third or fourth visit—the following happened.

It was early in the afternoon—blazing hot—and from boredom or impatience I drove to Krakowitz.

"The Baron and Baroness are asleep," said the lackey, "but the young lady is on the veranda."

I began to suspect all sorts of things, and my heart started to thump. I wanted to turn back. But when I saw her standing there tall and snowy white in her mull dress, as if chiseled in marble, my old asininity came upon me again, stronger than ever.

"How nice of you to come, Baron," she said. "I've been frightfully bored—let's take a walk in the garden—there's a cool arbor there—we can have a pleasant chat in it without being disturbed."

When she put her arm in mine, I began to tremble. I tell you, I thought I'd rather climb a hill under fire than go down those steps.

She said nothing—I said nothing. The atmosphere grew heavier. The gravel crunched under our tread—the bees buzzed about the spiraea bushes—nothing else to be heard far or near. She hung on my arm quite confidentially, and forced me every now and then to stop when she tore up a clump of grass or plucked a stalk of reseda to tickle her nose with it for an instant and then throw it away.

"I wish I loved flowers," she said. "There are so many people who love flowers, or say they love them—in love affairs you can never get at the truth."

"Why not?" I asked. "Why shouldn't it happen that two human beings like each other and say so—quite simply—without tricks or *arrières pensées?*"

"Like each other—like each other," she said tauntingly. "Are you such an icicle that you translate love into like?"

"Unfortunately, whether I am an icicle or not has nothing to do with the case," I answered.

"You're a noble-hearted man," she said, and looked at me sidewise, a bit coquettishly. "Everything you think comes from you as if shot from a pistol."

"But I know how to keep quiet, too," I said.

"Oh, I feel that," she answered hastily. "I could confide everything, everything to you." It seemed to me she pressed my arm very gently.

"What does she want of you?" I asked myself, and I felt my heart beating in my throat.

At last we reached the arbor, an arbor of aristolochia, you know, with those broad, heart-shaped leaves which keep the sun out entirely. It's always night in aristolochia arbors, you know.

She let go my arm, kneeled on the ground, and crept through a little hole on all fours. The entrance was completely overgrown, and this was the only way to get inside.

And I, Baron von Hanckel of Ilgenstein, I, a paragon of dignity and staidness, I got down on all fours, and crept through a hole no larger than an oven door.

Yes, gentlemen, that is what the women do with us.

Inside in the cool twilight she sat half reclining on a bench, wiping her bared throat with her handkerchief. Beautiful—she looked perfectly beautiful.

When I stood before her breathless, panting like a bear—at forty-eight years of age, gentlemen, you don't go jumping about on all fours with impunity—she burst out laughing—a short, sharp, nervous laugh.

"Just laugh at me," I said.

"If you knew how little I felt like laughing," she said, and drew her mouth bitterly.

Then there was silence. She stared into space with her eyebrows lifted high. Her bosom rose and fell.

"What are you thinking of?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"When she put her arm in mine I began to tremble"

"Thinking—what's the good of thinking? I'm tired—I want to sleep."

"Then sleep."

"But you must sleep, too," she said.

"Very well. I'll sleep, too."

I half stretched myself out on the bench opposite her.

"But you must shut your eyes," she commanded again. I obediently shut my eyes. I saw suns and light-green wheels and sheaves of fire the whole time—saw them the whole time. That comes when your blood is stirred up. And every now and then I'd say to myself:

"Hanckel, you're making a fool of yourself."

It was so quiet I could hear the little bugs crawling on the leaves. Even Iolanthe's breathing had ceased to be audible.

"You must see what she's doing," I thought, at the same time hoping to be able to admire her to my heart's content as she lay there in her glory.

But when I furtively opened my eyes the least little bit, I saw—and, gentlemen, fright sent a cold shiver through me to the very tips of my toes—I saw her eyes fixed on me in a wide, wild stare, in a sort of a spying frenzy, I may say.

"But, Iolanthe, dear child," I said, "why are you looking at me that way? What have I done to you?"

She jumped to her feet as if startled out of a dream, wiped her forehead and cheeks, and tried to laugh—two or three times—short, abrupt little laughs like before—and then she burst into tears, and cried and cried.

I got up quickly and stood in front of her. I should have liked to put my hand on her head, but I lacked the courage. I asked her if something was troubling her and whether she would not confide in me, and so on.

"Oh, I'm the most miserable creature on earth," she sobbed.

"But why?"

"I want to do something—something horrible—and I'm afraid to."

"Well, well, what is it?"

"I can't tell you! I can't tell you!"

That was all I could get out of her, though I did my best to persuade her to confide more in me. Gradually her expression changed and grew gloomier and more set. And finally she said in a suppressed voice as if to herself:

"I want to go away—I want to run away."

"Good Lord, with whom?" I asked, completely taken aback.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"With whom? Nobody. There's nobody here who takes up for me—not even the shepherd boy. But I must go away. I'm choking here—I have nothing to hope for here. I'm going to ruin. And since nobody comes to take me away, I'm going to go off by myself."

"But, my dear young lady," I said, "I understand you're a trifle bored at Krakowitz. It's a bit lonely—and your father kicks up a row with all the neighbors. But if you would consent to marry. A woman like you need only crook her little finger."

"Oh, nonsense! Empty words. Who would want me? Do you know anybody who wants me?"

My heart beat frightfully. I didn't mean to say it—it was madness—but there! I had said it. I told her I wanted to prove to her that I for my part was not talking empty words—or something of the sort.

Because even then I could not screw up my courage—God knows—to make regular love to her.

She shut her eyes and heaved a deep sigh. Then she took hold of my arm and said:

"Before you leave, Baron, I want to confess something, so that you should not be under a wholly wrong impression. My father and mother are not asleep. When they heard your carriage coming up the drive, they locked themselves in their room—that is, mother did not want to, but father forced her to. Our being here together is a preconcerted plan. I was to turn your head, so that you should ask me in marriage. Ever since you were first here both of them, both father and mother, have been tormenting me, father with threats, mother with begging, not to let the chance slip, because an eligible party like you would never turn up again. Baron, forgive me. I didn't want to. Even if I had loved you, oh, ever so much, that would have disgusted me with you. But now, after I have lifted that burden from my conscience, now I am willing. If you want me, take me. I am yours."

Gentlemen, put yourself in my place. A beautiful young woman, a piece of Venus, throwing herself at me from pride and despair, and I, a good, corpulent gentleman at the end of the forties. Was it not a sort of sacrilege to snatch up and carry off a bit of good fortune like that?

"Iolanthe," I said, "Iolanthe, dear, sweet child, do you know what you're doing?"

"I know," she replied, and smiled a woebegone smile. "I am lowering myself before God, before myself, and before you. I'm making myself your slave, your creature, and I am deceiving you at the same time."

"You cannot even bear me, can you?" I asked.

At that she made the same old light-blue eyes of innocence, and said very softly and sentimentally:

"You're the best, the noblest man in the world. I could love you—I could idolize you, but—"

"But?"

"Oh, it's all so hideous—so impure. Just say you don't want me—just throw me over—I don't deserve anything better."

I felt as if the world were turning in a circle. I had to summon my last remnant of reason not to clutch the lovely, passionate creature straight to my breast. And with that last remnant of reason I said:

"Far be it from me, dear child, to turn the excitement of this moment to my profit. You might regret it tomorrow when it would be too late. I will wait a week. Think it all over in that time. If by the end of the week you have not written to take back your word, I'll consider the matter settled, and I'll present myself to your father and mother to ask for your hand. But weigh everything carefully, so that you don't run into unhappiness."

She seized my hand—this awful, fat, horny, brown hand, gentlemen, and before I could prevent her, kissed it.

It was not till much, much later that I realized the meaning of that kiss.

As soon as we had crawled out of the arbor, I following her, we heard the old gentleman screaming from a distance:

"Is it possible? Hanckel—my friend Hanckel

(*Continued on page 18*)

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

"Coming Events Cast Their Shadow Before"

By RUFUS W. WEEKS

THE SIGNS of the times!—a phrase, this, which carries a modern sound, yet which comes down from days remote. For that revolutionist carpenter-rabbi whom we of the Occident have uniquely revered for so many centuries, is said to have uttered such a phrase. When leaders of the cultured classes one day derisively demanded of him a "sign"—some stroke of superhuman power in proof of his divine mission—he is reported to have turned upon them with this fling: "In the evening you say, 'It will be fine weather, for the sky is as red as fire.' But in the morning you say, 'Today it will be stormy, for the sky is as red as fire and threatening.' You learn to read the sky; yet you are unable to read the signs of the times!" And indeed the events which the following years brought upon the Jewish nation proved that the educated had read the signs wrong, while the humble, or a few of them at least, had had true glimpses. Even so we Socialists may now say of the proudly intellectual of our own generation, that they, too, have been blind to the greatest impending changes.

Years ago the few who learned of Marx foresaw the alternative which would shortly face the nation—foresaw the dethronement of Competition, and the choice which would then have to be made between Private Monopoly and Social Cooperation. Today the honored teachers of the people are painfully perceiving that that dilemma is upon us. Hear Senator Cummins, of the great farmer State, the Massachusetts-beyond-Mississippi, cry out that "between a monopoly of selfish interests on the one hand, and Socialism on the other, the American people will certainly choose Socialism." He is not in love with the alternative; in almost pathetic terms he makes his appeal for one more desperate effort to destroy monopoly. He wants Congress to limit the amount of capital which can be held by any one corporation, but he will surely be disappointed, for the people will never consent to any measure of limitation drastic enough to break up the present great combinations, and thus "upset business" on a vast scale.

Imbedded in Senator Cummins' appeal (*Editorial Review*, February, 1911) I find so strange a passage as this:

> "It is not intended to take up for examination at this time the interesting and indeed most important controversy between individualism, as represented, for instance, in the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, and Socialism, as represented, for instance, in the teachings of Karl Marx. I only venture the prophecy that in the end we shall have either competition in full vigor, which means an unending struggle in prices and for profits, or we shall have full co-operation in which all the people will participate. We are now keeping a middle ground, but we cannot long hold it, and in my judgment it is not desirable to hold it. Competition has, in a measure, given way to co-operation, but the co-operation is selfish and limited to certain persons and classes. If competition is to permanently give way it must be to altruistic co-operation, that is to say, to co-operation which will include all men and all women who live under our common government."

Do not these words sound almost as if Cummins himself had caught, though unwillingly, the breath of life from the coming epoch?

If now we look to those paragons of light and leading, our triumvirate of the Highest Culture, ex-presidents of great Eastern universities, we find one of them, him under whose mild sway Columbia peacefully throve, echoing the Cummins cry: "The alternative we seem to be facing is either to maintain competition by limiting capital or amount of business, or to have government regulation of price, whether one likes it or not." He admits, moreover, that "to limit the amount of business a corporation may do was proved impracticable a few years ago"; and Cummins points out that if we were to "establish a government tribunal to fix the price of every article bought or sold, we would have drifted into the ante-room of complete State Socialism."

Another of our Culture triumvirate, he who ruled at Princeton and now rules at Trenton, seems quite disillusioned, has no hopes of reviving the murdered King Competition, calmly accepts the new business system, and remarks that we must now proceed to rebuild our social and political fabric to fit revolutionized business. To us Socialists such saying comes as a tantalizing echo of one strain of our own dear tune—Economic Determinism.

The remaining one of the triumvirate, he who should have been named first, stoops from Brahminic heights to bestow generous words upon the toiling comrades of Milwaukee, praising them for what they are trying to effect, though pointing out that their attempt is not Socialism, only approximate collectivism!

Now comes forward the ex-President of the United States, inventor of the New Nationalism, and weekly reviser of its content, and offers a pregnant suggestion: that the trusts should be parted into two sets—the injurious and the others; that

> "the proceeding should be, in substance, to declare any corporation an injurious monopoly, and when that declaration should be definitely affirmed by the proper body, whatever it might be, to subject the corporation to thoroughgoing Governmental control as to rates, prices and general conduct."

He thinks that

> "nothing could be more desirable at the present moment than to have the Bureau of Corporations exercise over the oil production of the country, and over the operations of the Sugar Trust, the same thoroughgoing, drastic and radical control that the Government of Germany is now exercising over the potash production of Germany." (*Outlook*, Jan. 28, 1911.)

The fixing of prices, Senator Cummins tells us, is the ante-room of State Socialism, but our ex-President thinks not so; he says:

> "So far is this kind of collectivism from being necessarily the herald of Socialism, as Socialism is ordinarily defined, that it can more truthfully be described as the preserver and restorer of individualism."

When the blind lead the blind, we know on good authority where leaders and led are likely to land. These and their like, who were the people's leaders for so many years, now begin to recognize that they and we are floundering in the ditch, and begin to grope for footing towards firm ground, and that is surely a hopeful sign of the times, especially as their stumbling steps seem headed towards Socialistic ground. The led, too, seem to be turning their thoughts the same way. The proletariat, to be sure, shows as yet scant tendency to set up for itself, but the great middle classes are disposed to doubt whether possibly Socialism may not be something like what they need. The evidence of this change is strikingly seen in the new attitude of our most respectable magazines. They find that it no longer pays to be silent about Socialism; even the conservative among them are coquetting with it. The most "high-toned" of all, the *Atlantic Monthly*, in announcing new features for 1911, leads off with this: "Whether for good or ill, the progress of Socialistic sentiment in this country is the plainest sign of the times, and, during the winter, the *Atlantic* will approach this subject from several points of view, notably in an eloquent paper of defense by Vida D. Scudder."

Even *Harper's Monthly*, which has for years avowed its purpose to let alone the disturbing questions of the day, has discovered that such silence is beginning to look stupid, and has lately printed a strong paper by a Socialist, Robert W. Bruère, on "The Perpetual Poor," in which Socialist remedies are more than hinted at; and, in the February number, the "Editor's Study" speaks thus:

> "Ours is indeed the living present. Its swift mutations give a new measure to time itself—the measure of our forever renascent purpose and sensibility, the measure of our human consciousness, expanding with each new movement of the more and more intensive life. When we consider the forward-looking purpose of our time, we are sensibly impressed by immense undertakings and achievements furthering our material progress, and we know that in this field the modern man is self-sufficient. But the organization of our twentieth-century life, apart from its practical side, where we aim at efficiency, is coming to participate in our creative ideals. We take note of this, especially, of course, in associate altruistic work, prompted, not by conscience, but by sensitive sympathy. But our creation of a new politics springs from the same beautiful motive, in full harmony with the vital altruism which desires to effect, in so far as possible, the equalization of social opportunity. The organization of business on a non-competitive basis, working hand in hand with this new politics, promises to reach a rhythmic harmony which shall not only transcend arbitrary industrial control, but connote brotherhood and expel war from Christendom."

It is worth while to read this again, to enjoy the delicate precision of the phrasing, and then note what the prognosis is. An alliance is here foreshadowed between Big Business (viewed as a benevolent feudalism) and the workers, leading on consciously and by peaceful methods to an ultimate democratization of the whole process of production and distribution. Of course it is conceivable that the Revolution may come by this sweet method; but, even so, the class struggle will be there, *in posse*, behind the scenes, and its potentiality will be the driving force which makes the capitalist feudalism a benevolent one. Big Business must not be surprised, either, if a warning cry is raised, equivalent to the antique *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*.

I used to wonder why some intelligent and adventurous young king did not dare the great venture of joining with his people to abolish kingship and set up the republic; but no such glorious use of their lives do kings make. What none of them has done, however, has just been ventured by one of our money magnates—now-a-days a mightier order than kings. He has abdicated, and is now, in weighty sentences, warning his fellows of Big Business that the axe is laid at the root of the tree, and that unless they hasten to bring forth fruits meet for repentance the tree will fall. He tells them in some detail what they ought to do, and the *Independent* devotes an editorial to his utterances, under the caption, "Mr. Perkins on the Crisis." The editorial opens thus:

"It was not a muckraker, nor a professor, nor any of the familiar type of the dangerous element, but Mr. George W. Perkins, lately of the banking firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., who told the National Civic Federation the other night that this country faces a crisis as grave as that which preceded the Civil War."

Further on, Mr. Perkins is quoted as saying that—

"There are just three possible ways to solve our present problem. We may create a co-operation on a vast scale and put it under the regulation of the Federal Government; we may turn over all the big and important enterprises to Government ownership; or, third, we shall have, whether we like it or not, 'out and out Socialism'."

But what precisely is the federally regulated co-operation on a vast scale which Mr. Perkins prefers to the other two possibilities? On this question the *Independent* remarks:

"In all seriousness we hope that Mr. Perkins will, on some suitable occasion, describe more explicitly his scheme for an inclusive co-operation under federal regulation. Every phrase that he has so far used to express his idea might have been taken from any standard exposition of 'out and out Socialism,' which, we understand, Mr. Perkins does not at all advocate."

And the editor closes with this strange dictum:

"Mr. Perkins' analysis is scientifically sound. There are just three possibilities before us in the present crisis, and Mr. Perkins has named them."

Consider now that the editor has already told us that he sees no difference between Mr. Perkins' first possibility and Socialism, and then let us ask ourselves what this summing up means. Is it not very much like saying that the American people can have Socialism, or they can have Socialism, or they can have Socialism, but other choice they have none? Surely that last sentence of the article could not knowingly have flowed from the *Independent's* editorial pen. May we guess that we have here a fragment dictated by the editor's subliminal self, of which his primary personality was unaware? The gods grant it to be a true prophecy!

The American Co-operative Contract System

By PIET VLAG

THE AMERICAN Wholesale Co-operative has recently introduced into its stores a new co-operative feature known as the Contract System. By this system the co-operatives are enabled to enlarge their volume of business and greatly increase their earnings with no additional investment of capital and but slight expense. It has been tried in a number of the stores with extremely good results.

The plan was submitted a few months ago to The American Wholesale Co-operative by Charles Behrens, Secretary of The American Co-operative of Hoboken. The co-operative stores enter into contracts with local merchants dealing in such articles as jewelry, shoes, drugs, bread, meat, etc.—articles which the co-operative stores do not as yet carry. The merchants having contracts with the various stores display signs in the windows announcing that co-operative stamps may be procured there. They purchase for cash from the American Co-operative checks at the rate of $5.00 per $100.00 worth of checks. These checks are of different denominations ranging from five cents to one dollar. Merchants give them upon request to their customers.

The co-operative stores accept the checks and credit the purchaser monthly with the total amount of purchases made both from the co-operative store direct and from the private merchants. A dividend is then declared on the total amount of purchases, as explained in my article on co-operation in the February number of *The Masses*.

If a customer who is not a member of the co-operative store takes checks, he must, in order to get credit for them, go to the co-operative store. In this way the non-members are attracted to the co-operative. According to Section I, Paragraph 3, of the constitution of The American Wholesale Co-operative, persons buying in contract stores and receiving co-operative checks thereby become members of the Co-operative.

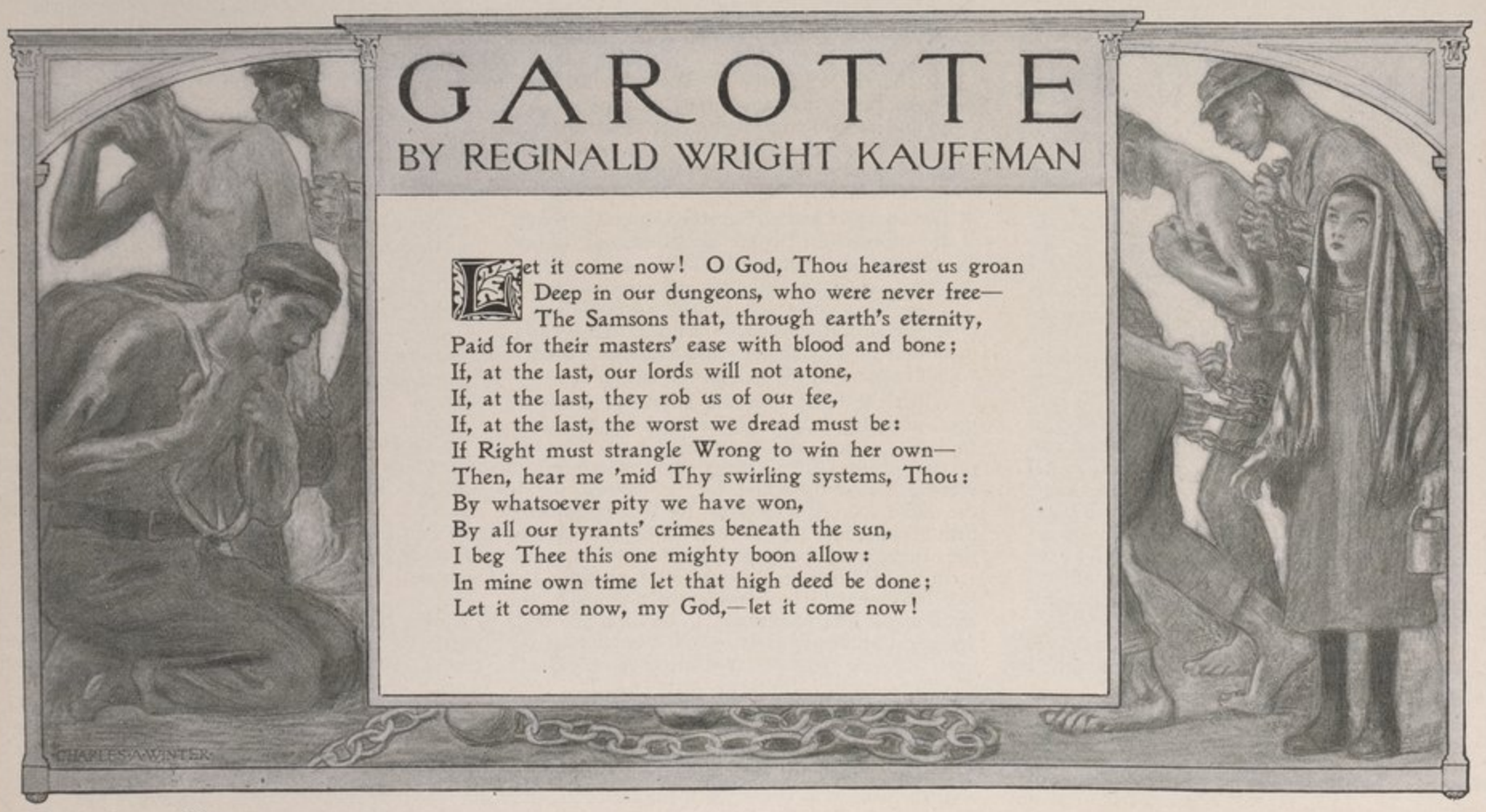
By this Contract System the workingmen are taught to realize in a very concrete way what they can accomplish by uniting their purchasing power.

It is possible that in the future the private merchants will try to counteract the Contract System by forming an organization of their own. But the middle class move slowly, and it is safe to predict that they will not think of organization until it is too late. By the time they are ready the workingmen will have tasted of the sweets of solidarity in buying, and they will stand by their own co-operative organization. They will not hesitate then to take their savings from their banks and invest them in their own enterprises. The experience derived from the operation of the Contract System will prove a powerful educative factor in co-operation.

We strongly urge all co-operative stores to adopt this plan. We advise the stores in the East to get in touch with Comrade Behrens. He is a good German speaker, and those co-operatives that have a large German speaking membership should try to arrange a general meeting at which to discuss the plan

GAROTTE

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN



Let it come now! O God, Thou hearest us groan
Deep in our dungeons, who were never free—
The Samsons that, through earth's eternity,
Paid for their masters' ease with blood and bone;
If, at the last, our lords will not atone,
If, at the last, they rob us of our fee,
If, at the last, the worst we dread must be:
If Right must strangle Wrong to win her own—
Then, hear me 'mid Thy swirling systems, Thou:
By whatsoever pity we have won,
By all our tyrants' crimes beneath the sun,
I beg Thee this one mighty boon allow:
In mine own time let that high deed be done;
Let it come now, my God,—let it come now!

Drawn by Charles A. Winter

A VOW

By STEFAN ZEROMSKI

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

MR. LADISLAW had conscientiously, industriously, ardently devoted himself to the study of the social sciences. That was in the past. In the same epoch of his life he had followed little sewing girls also with zeal and conscientiousness. But that was still true of the present. In his leisure hours, when unassailed by his Titanic thoughts, he even outlined a plan for a funny little book to be entitled "A Practical Guide for Scoundrels." It was to contain a number of keen observations on sewing-girl psychology and no less telling proof of the writer's dialectic skill.

Mr. Ladislaw explained his prejudice in favor of sewing girls partly by his great sensibility to the charms of those pretty creatures fading away in concealment, partly by the humane impulse to bring material help to that class of human beings, and finally—according to the strictly scientific method—by atavism.

Just a few days before he had met a little thing—simply adorable. She had eyes like two pools, of course, a small nose, not exactly Greek, but inconceivably charming, shell-pink from the cold, a little mouth like the opening bud of a wild rose, a—well—and so on, and so on. Mr. Ladislaw introduced himself—at her side—with an adroitness in such self-introduction that did credit to the author of the "Practical Guide." Then he accompanied Miss Mary—he had cleverly elicited that her name was Mary—to the door of a high, narrow house in the centre of the city. But on reaching the door they turned back a few steps to flirt a bit. Then they made an appointment for the following Sunday at the home of the little sewing girl with eyes like two pools.

On the stated Sunday Mr. Ladislaw passed through the gate of the narrow house and hunted for the janitor to ask him which the girl's home was. He strayed into the rooms of a monstrously fat, evil woman who explained to him sourly that the janitor lived one flight up. Mr. Ladislaw groped about in the dark for the stairs. He waded through slippery mud, and tapped the walls to the right and the left, until finally he found the ruins of a staircase. He felt as if he were climbing up stairs inside of a chimney. A sour smell choked him, a damp cold penetrated to his bones. He could hear talking in suppressed tones on the other side of a door invisible in the obscurity. At last he hit upon the knob, opened the door, and found himself in a cell, lighted by a window set high in the wall directly under the ceiling.

"Does the janitor live here?" he asked, with his face turned to the small iron stove.

"Eh?" growled a voice from a corner.

When his eyes had somewhat adjusted themselves to the twilight, Mr. Ladislaw distinguished a bed in the corner from which the voice came. The bed was made of a pile of rags, and on the rags lay a man who looked like a skeleton. The skeleton raised itself with difficulty and showed a bald, yellow head resembling a furrowed old bone. Just a few strands of hair clung to the back of the skull. For a few moments he stared at the intruder. His eyes lay deep in their great round sockets. Then he lisped in a piping voice:

"What is it?"

"Are you the janitor?"

"Yes. Well?"

For an instant Mr. Ladislaw had the feeling that he ought not to ask here for what he wanted to know. Nevertheless he inquired:

"Where does Miss Mary Fisk live?"

"Mary who?"

"Perhaps he means the Mary who sews in the factory, papa," a pleasant child's voice cried from back of the door.

"That's whom I mean."

"Show the gentleman the way," the sick man breathed, and sank back wearily on his couch of rags.

The little girl ran past Mr. Ladislaw and leaped down the stairs four steps at a time. On the ground floor he reached, under her guidance, a sort of shallow cess-pool, in which a great heap of disgusting rubbish and garbage was piled up. Then she pointed to a dark corridor, and said looking at him with wide-open, penetrating eyes:

"That's the door to the wash room. Back of the wash room, there, is where Mary lives."

"What an unpleasant surprise!"

The girl's little feet were lost in her father's boots, her ragged dress, coated with dirt, scarcely reached to her naked red knees. Mr. Ladislaw hastily fumbled for his purse, thrust a few nickels into the child's hand, and walked on. After taking a few steps he glanced back, and saw the child standing on the same spot gazing rapturously at the money on her palm.

He opened the door and entered a large room filled with tubs and heaps of wet wash. He was nearly stifled by the steam and the smell of soap suds. He asked for Miss Mary. An ancient dame, seated at the great stove with her feet resting on the cold iron, nodded scornfully to a door in the background. Mr. Ladislaw bowed with mock courtesy, and walked past her. Cursing the whole expedition in his heart he knocked at Miss Mary's door.

It was opened instantly, and Miss Mary greeted him with a bewitching laugh. He gracefully removed his fur coat, and held out his hand to her. The pressure he gave her hand emphatically betokened his vivid sensibility to womanly charms. He was so occupied with Miss Mary's own person that he did not immediately notice the two other girls, who, at his appearance, had arisen from their seats at the window.

What an unpleasant surprise!

Nevertheless he bowed politely to the unknown ladies, seated himself on the one chair in the room, and while he gave play to his unusual conversational talents he made silent observations.

Miss Mary was by far not so pretty as she had seemed to him at the first meeting. She was thin, round-shouldered, and worn by work. Her friends looked still more haggard. Young girls though they were, they seemed to have been ground down by some merciless power. That this power was not licentiousness he could tell from the poverty-stricken appearance of the room and from the girls' entire behavior. All three of them were shy and embarrassed. Their eyes had a tortured, puzzling expression—an importunate, unpleasant expression, which changed every instant from ecstasy to rage.

"You three live here together?" asked Mr. Ladislaw with suppressed resentment.

"Yes," Miss Mary replied, biting her lower lip. "They are my friends, and we work together in the same white-goods factory."

"Oh, that must be very pleasant—three Graces—"

"Not always so very pleasant," remarked Catherine. "The Graces, I imagine, get lunch every day. No wonder it's so pleasant for them."

"What—do you mean?"

"You see," Mary interposed to explain. "Our boss pays me five dollars a week, and Kate and Hetty, three, and besides gives us our lunch on workdays. Breakfast costs us each ten cents a day, supper twenty-five cents. We pay eight dollars a month rent for this room. You can count out for yourself that with carfare and something to wear nothing is left for a Sunday dinner. So we sit here chewing our nails."

"That is if we don't rope a man in and get him to buy us some ham sandwiches!" cried Kate, and glanced at Mary with a venomous smile.

Mary looked at her, an expression of unspeakable sadness in her eyes. Then she went over to

(*Continued on page 18*)

SOCIALISM AND SUCCESS

A Book by W. J. Ghent that Fills a Real Need and Answers Oft-asked Questions about Socialism

By THOMAS SELTZER

"UNINVITED Messages," Ghent calls his six essays, and uninvited and unwelcome they must be to the devotees of the various cults to whom they are addressed. They bring home some unpalatable truths, the more exasperating because of the form in which they are couched. Written *sine ira et studio,* with perfect sobriety of tone and evident restraint, they disarm the criticism of exaggeration, a criticism to which our more heated Socialist friends frequently make themselves liable. Fact is heaped upon fact, and all available statistics are adduced. What is there to do in such a case but just get mad? And that is what some of the critics have done.

In the first essay, "To the Seekers of Success," the great and mighty American deity Success is dissected, turned inside out, shivered into bits. There have been heretics in the world's history from Socrates and Savanarola to Strauss and Haeckel. They have questioned the Catholic trinity, questioned the divinity of Jesus, even questioned God. But what can equal the profanity of one who dares to overthrow faith in the god Success? And yet Ghent calmly writes, *e pur si muove,* your American Success is humbug.

After exposing the childish yet wide-spread fallacy that success is possible to all, Ghent turns to a brief analysis of the quality of success as it is known today, and reveals it in all its ugly nakedness. He quotes Thiers: "Men of principle need not succeed. Success is necessary only to schemers." And in his own words: "An ardent pursuit of success involves an almost entire avoidance of ethical precepts. . . . It [success] is too often defeat and impoverishment. It is the sacrifice of what is best in man for a trumpery prize. Whether, as with the overwhelming mass of mankind, by whom the goal can never be attained, or whether, as with the few, by whom it is attained in some measure, the rage of pursuit inevitably means the hardening of the social feelings, the extinguishment of the spirit of brotherhood, the clouding and darkening of the social vision by which a people live and become great."

Returning to the subject in a subsequent essay the author says to the retainers:

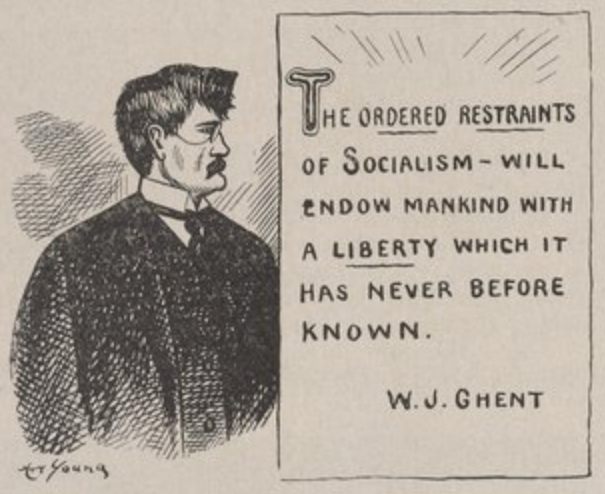
"You cannot understand, such is your subservient complacence, that multitudes among the revolutionary working class are proud of their unsuccess and wear it as a badge of honor. Pray you, under the existing scheme of things, how many and what quality of men achieve 'success,' and what must they not do to achieve it? . . . It is, in the majority of cases, grafting and lying, fawning and cringing, selfishness and brutality, restrained only by that Chinese ethical standard, the necessity of 'saving your face,' that give victory in the struggle. And the men who are seeking the overthrow of this system disdain to make use of these means. They leave the function to you."

It is a fact well known to Socialists that the hardest class to deal with are those who are willing to go with us a certain distance, but who stop short at the very point at which they can become useful. In his second message Ghent turns his logical and statistical batteries upon the reformers. His arguments seem irrefutable. But what psychologist can tell the effect of good logic applied to indisputable facts when brought into contact with the brain of a reformer? The author asks the reformers exactly what they have accomplished in their long years of activity by their favorite go-slow, "step-at-a-time" policy. His answer is:

"The practical things done by you these last twenty years have not perceptibly impeded the tide of wealth concentration or lightened the general lot of the poor."

The trouble with the reformers, says Ghent, is, they have not the correct "philosophy of history." Yes, they do not know, or do not care to know, the materialistic conception of history, and they throw up their hands in pious horror at the mere mention of the class struggle. To be a politician out of a job is bad enough. But to be a politician with no prospect of a job is worse still. So Ghent, perhaps, is wasting his time in trying to teach the reformer the materialistic conception of history and the class struggle. Nevertheless, there are sincere reformers who must be taken account of. For although their condition is chronic and in most cases hopeless, it occasionally yields to expert radical treatment.

Ghent is at his best in speaking "To the Retainers," and also at his angriest. The author of



"Our Benevolent Feudalism" cannot touch this subject without waxing thoroughly indignant. What was said above of his restraint does not apply to his essay on the "retainers." Here he throws aside his reserve, and in plain terms berates the lawyer, the professor, the teacher, the minister, the editor—all those upon whom devolves the duty of preserving by precept and practice the system of capitalism which is their masters'. We doubt whether many of the retainers will read this essay, not to speak of enjoying it. It is too shockingly direct and outspoken. It has none of the precious quality of talking around the subject and evading the essential which makes the bulk of our contemporary literature so safe and sane, and gives so pleasant a feeling of security. Its argument is not based upon a technicality, but upon the broad basis of a comprehensive principle. "Crude" is a nice little word with which to characterize this style of writing and dismiss the subject summarily. "To the Retainers" is the best of the essays. It will prove a source of pleasure and instruction to many readers not within the circle of "retainers."

The message "To Some Socialists" strikes a jarring note. It is out of keeping with the entire scheme of the book. Not that Socialists need be afraid of showing their faults to the public, nor that the subject is not worth discussing. "Socialism and Success" is in the main a criticism of the present social order in advocacy of Socialism. To introduce a question of differences between certain individuals within the Socialist party in such a general book on Socialism is as appropriate as it would be to give the Newton-Leibnitz controversy in a textbook on calculus. It not only attaches exaggerated importance to the differences but assumes a degree of interest in them among non-Socialist readers—for it is to the non-Socialist that the book is in the main addressed—which is unwarranted by fact. Surely Mr. Ghent realizes that it is one thing to know Socialism, another, to be familiar with the composition and spirit of the Socialist party. A knowledge of the one can be obtained from books; a thorough knowledge of the other is scarcely possible without actual and continued participation in the work of the party. What place, then, has "To Some Socialists" in the general plan of the book?

"To Skeptics and Doubters" is a real and much-needed addition to Socialist literature. Here Ghent may be said to have undertaken street cleaner's work in Socialist authorship. And he has done it well. We hope his recompense will be commensurate with the unpleasantness of his task, and some form of reward will be found by the Socialists to keep the incentive alive in him. For what Socialist has not smarted under an attack of the questions that are answered so ably in this essay? How can you bring about Socialism? What will be the incentive to work? What will you do with the lazy people? Who will do the dirty work? To those of us who are impatient and whose sense of humor is insufficient to carry them easily over such futilities there is now an excellent way out. Give your questioner the last essay in "Socialism and Success." Make him read it. If he is sincere he will stop asking questions. For Mr. Ghent answers them as well as any man can who is not endowed with the gift of prophecy. If the querist does not stop asking questions, draw your own conclusions.

The book throughout breathes a warm, manly, proletarian spirit. It shows that esteem for the working class which comes from a full appreciation of the grand historic mission it is destined to fulfil and which is characteristic of the best Socialist writers in our own country and abroad. Blind to the faults of the working class Ghent certainly is not, but for that very reason the tribute he pays it is all the more convincing.

"This class," he says, "for all its present defects has vast latent powers of self-reformation and upbuilding. It learns by experience—a thing the ruling class rarely does; and its experiences in this day of capitalist supremacy are of a sort which tend ever to give it a better understanding of its environment, a closer unity, a greater determination and a higher ideal of its mission. From every repulse it returns upon itself, gaining new strength and a riper knowledge. Year by year it sees more clearly the futility of its earlier modes of warfare and comes more generally to accept the tactics of its Socialist vanguard. There are momentary reactions from this tendency here and there, but the whole movement of the working class throughout the civilized world is increasingly toward Socialism."

Is it heresy for a Socialist to admit a weakness for good English? If so the reviewer pleads guilty. The pleasure of reading "Socialism and Success" was heightened for him by its fine style.

THE CLASSMATES

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Author of "Phoebe and Ernest," "June Jeopardy" and "Maida's Little Shop"

Illustrated by Frank Van Sloun.

MISS WELLMAN dragged down one flight of stairs from the Reading Room. Saturday afternoon and the June examinations near—Fay House bore its most deserted aspect. A sound of rustling papers in one room, the murmur of voices in another, clamored through the stillness, but they seemed only to point the fact that the machinery of the college year was running down. On the first landing, she paused midway between the pictures of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria to stare out of doors.

She wondered for the hundreth time through what cunning of perspective the scrap of lawn, cut into a dozen angles by buildings put down anywhere, managed to seem so spacious, through what miracle of landscape gardening it contrived to seem so sequestered. The grassy levels of the Common on one side, the green environs of Brattle Street on the other, appeared to add to its dimensions; but the clang of an electric-car, the rattle of an automobile, less than two rods away, brought Cambridge crowding to the college gate. Yet after all it was cloistral.

Miss Wellman continued to gaze. The soft stillness called to her in scores of bird-calls.. The green coolness beckoned to her in a hundred leafy stirrings.

She loved it and yet she had never succeeded in making herself feel a part of it. The remedy lay in her own hands and yet .... To be offered the class-presidency for the coming year .... her senior year .... Surely that was an honor to which any junior would leap. But how could she accept it?

The Chaucer notes, downstairs in her locker, seemed, by a hundred voices audible only to her conscience, to be reminding her of Monday's examination. Idling was impossible for her, she decided. With a sigh, she pegged slowly down a second flight of stairs. Here, doors opening level with green vistas presented further entrances to dalliance. Nothing offered refuge from this temptation. Busts of the Venus and the Hermes, staring with sightless eyes, seemed to dare her to truancy. She peeped into the Dean's room. It was tenantless, too. Titian's Bella mocked her with a pair of liquid Italian eyes that seemed anything but sightless. Miss Wellman examined the letter-board, poked into the silent Auditorium, wandered into the empty Office, came out and, with her foot on the threshold, stopped short.

An old negro was seated in the little reception-hall. He might have walked off the boards of the vaudeville theatre or slipped out of the pages of the comic weeklies. He was very old, very black, very bent. His profile presented the most striking African malformations of contours. The patches of grizzled hair distributed in tufts over his shining black skull and his wrinkled black face had a look of premeditated eccentricity. Even his clothes—they included a huge sagging umbrella, a loose alpaca coat, a black string-tie with long hanging ends—contributed to a pervading effect of a comic make-up. And yet something—a kind of inherent dignity in conjunction with a scrupulous neatness—prevented him from seeming ridiculous. At Miss Wellman's approach he turned the pleading, smoky light of an extraordinary pair of eyes upon her. Moon-spectacles magnified their pupils until they seemed to bulge, beetle-like, from filmed yellow whites. In their depths hung a vague look of alarm as of a congenital, racial unease.

Miss Wellman retreated in the direction of the Auditorium. She sat down on the sofa that faces the Dean's room, her eyes fixed straight ahead, her eye-lids flittering. She breathed hard. Presently she heard footsteps at the main entrance—heard them stop at the little reception-hall—heard a low-voiced conversation there. After a few moments the footsteps started again. Nora O'Riley came around the corner with a dash.

"Oh, Miss Wellman," she said, a definite note of relief struggling with the pleasure in her tone, "I'm so glad to find you. Do come somewhere where we can talk. I've a great favor to ask of you."

Miss Wellman's whole manner showed her surprise. But she leaped mentally as well as physically to accept the invitation. It was a great honor to have Nora O'Riley ask a favor. For it was the dictum of their small, self-centred college world that she was a very wonderful person indeed. Moreover she was popular and influential; she was president both of the Senior Class and the Idler Club.

Inside the Auditorium, Miss Wellman turned a flattered face to her companion. "You know I'd do anything on earth for you, Miss O'Riley,' she said. A cadence, positively bewitching, rippled in her voice and that voice, it was conceded, was the most musical in college.

"Have you any engagement for this afternoon?" Miss O'Riley asked briskly.

"No—not exactly. I'm grinding for Chaucer, but I don't have to do it. The fact is I've been looking about for an hour for an excuse to cut it."

"Cambridge sees many strange pictures in the month of June."

"Fine! I'll supply you with an excuse. You know Mabel—" Miss O'Riley had begun with the liveliest air of confidence. But, suddenly, she stopped flat. A look of intense embarrassment deluged her face with a thick crimson. The blush died away. Apparently the embarrassment went also, for she turned and studied Miss Wellman's face with an acute air of scrutiny.

It was a face that, by no possibility, could go unnoticed. You would see first, perhaps, the brilliance of the massed red-gold hair, the subtle modelling in the Tanagra-like features; but later they became merely fra e and background to the virile intelligence of her look. You would note immediately the beauty of her clear gray eyes. long-lashed and deep-irised; but afterwards they became a single physical element in the more salient impression of a splendid mental fearlessness. The very carriage of her body deepened this impression. It seemed to take advantage of every inch of her height. It seemed to stretch to its tensest every curve of her long slimness.

"Please go on," Miss Wellman prompted.

Nora's eyes dropped to the toe of her shoe. "I can't go on," she said at last. "You're a southerner?" she asked inexplicably after another pause.

"From South Carolina."

Nora sighed. "You see I was going to ask a favor of you, but I can't. You know Mabel Johnson of your class?"

Miss Wellman's face changed subtly. It was as if some darkening of her mood translated itself, subcutaneously, into an actual physical blackness. "I don't know her," she replied. "Naturally, one doesn't know niggers. But I've seen her about the college."

Nora did not answer for a moment ;and again she studied the toe of her shoe. "Well, I'm sorry to have troubled you and sorrier to have offended you, but for a moment I forgot. You see, Mabel Johnson's away on a geological trip. She won't be back until late to-night. Her grandfather's come down here unexpectedly from the country to see her. He's very old, and he seems a little dazed and helpless. He's never been in Cambridge before, and he's been counting for three years on being here with Mabel. The truth of the matter is, it's on my conscience to see that he's looked out for. But I've got the Class Day Committee on my hands this afternoon, and though it's conceivable that I may cut Judgment Day, I can't cut that. I'm looking for somebody who'll engage to take care of him. You happened to be the first girl I saw."

Miss Wellman arose. She had the effect, more than ever, of standing at the full of her superb height. From the top of this columnar fairness her face, like a lamp in a lighthouse, seemed to emit swift flashes of rage.

Nora did not move. She bore this emotional bombardment with no perceptible change of expression.

Miss Wellman swept haughtily to the door. With her hand on the knob, she paused, wheeled irresolutely. She came back. "Miss O'Riley," she said. All the liquid drawl had gone out of her voice. The curtness of her utterance exploded her words. They came like bullets from a gun.

Nora waited, still silent, still moveless.

"Miss O'Riley, I want you to understand that if any one of my father's servants came up north—a nigger who knew his place, I mean—I'd take him about Cambridge with pleasure. But as for a northern—Miss O'Riley, I wonder if you, as a northern girl, have the remotest idea what I, as a southern girl, have been through in these three years in which I've gone to college with a nigger? I wonder if you have the faintest conception of what I feel when I see her studying with white girls? When I come across her talking to a group of you—I want to tear you all away from her. I wouldn't speak to her—I wouldn't take the same courses with her—. The thought of it makes me boil with rage. Do you know what she's done for me?"

Miss Wellman paused to reflect. Then she went on with no diminution of intensity.

"It will be all right for me to tell you this, and it will show you—you who are yourself a Senior President—what my feeling is. May Glover drops out of our class this year—she's going to be married in June. The girls have suggested to me that they would like me to be class-president. But do you think that I would consider for a moment becoming president of a class that includes a nigger? Yes, she's ruined it all for me. I've a certain feeling for the college but I have no more feeling for my class—as a class—. I've kept on with it through pride—I would not be driven away by Mabel Johnson. And I didn't believe that she could possibly last more

than a year. But now I'm considering seriously dropping out this June and taking my degree two years from now with the sophomores."

It was hard to say what made Nora O'Riley the most popular girl in college. Perhaps it was the combination in her of New England, which gave her character and balance, with Ireland, which added personality and charm. In other words, she was half Puritan, half Celt. She sheered close to being temperamental, but she was saved from that absurdity by her sense of values and proportions. Now her long, lean, freckled face seemed almost stern—for the moment, certainly, New England was in the ascendant. Then Ireland broke in a smile that glittered, in whimsical lines and creases, through the freckles.

"Oh, Patty-Maud," she wheedled, "where's your sense of humor?"

The shot told. In spite of herself, Miss Wellman smiled. She had plenty of sense of humor. And then what girl could resist her baby-sobriquet as cooed from the lips of the adored Nora? But Patty-Maud conquered her mirth.

"There are some things that go beyond a sense of humor, Miss O'Riley," she said sombrely.

Perhaps Nora O'Riley's most wonderful quality was her power to project herself into the point of view of another. In debate, she had the attitude of one who is on the look-out to see with how many of her antagonist's points she can agree. This only made her own points the more telling.

"That's one of the profoundest things that's ever been dropped in this here seat of learning, Patty-Maud," she said soberly; and she paid her companion the compliment of considering the statement a moment with frowning brows and compressed lips. "I feel as if you were too young to know how important that is. I feel as if I were watching a baby playing with a stick of dynamite. Come, sit down and listen to me for a moment."

All the Irishness in her birred in her coaxing tone.

Miss Wellman hesitated, but in the end she seated herself again.

"I'm not going to talk about Mabel Johnson with you," Nora began, "only to say that I've known her for years. I met her first in Medwin. My whole family got interested in her, and I was the one to encourage her to come to Radcliffe. I feel a good deal of responsibility on that account. But I assure you she's an unusual person—is Mabel Johnson—and I'm certain she'll justify all we've believed of her. That's all for that."

The briskness dropped out of her tone. She began to go a little more slowly.

"I'm not going to discuss the race-question with you, Patty-Maud. I don't think I have the right. I might say, perhaps, that you don't know the northern negro, that I don't know the southern negro and, for that reason, argument would be futile. I don't say that. What I do say is that probably you know the southern negro much better than we know the northern one, that you care much more for your darkies than we do for ours and that, deep down in your hearts, you are much more interested to help them than we to help ours. But let's drop the whole subject."

She reached forward and took Patty-Maud's hand. The cajolery had gone out of her voice, the wheedle out of her manner. Patty-Maud did not stir.

"Dear Patty-Maud, because you're the ablest girl in your class, I expect you to have the broadest point of view. For that reason and partly because I can't bear to let that poor old thing out there go back to Medwin disappointed—I can still find the courage somewhere in my system to ask this favor of you. I don't ask it as northerner to southerner. I ask it simply as girl to girl, as senior to junior."

Nora waited, but no answer came.

Patty-Maud kept her look of statuesque calm. But, inside, all kinds of emotions were stirring. Old prejudices shook her with their violent rage. Myriads of unanalyzable scorns and hatreds seemed to make electric prickles in her blood. But she kept her eyes—only by their increased brilliancy did they betray these inner fires—on Nora's face. It occurred to her that she had never seen that face express so perfectly Nora's peculiar wonderfulness.

"I ask you to drop the whole question for the afternoon. I want you to take that funny old man all over Cambridge and show him every living spot that will interest him. I want you to try not to let him see that you're condescending to

"In the lower hall Patty-Maud stopped short."

him. You're such a big person, Patty-Maud, and such a good actress—." Nora's warm smile again made whimsical beauty along the long lean lines of her colorless face—"that I believe you can do it if you want to. And I think you will do it just to help out one of your dear, departing senior friends."

There was a long silence.

When Patty-Maud spoke again, it was with slowness, with a strange air of detachment. "My father would kill me," she said simply.

Nora's face seemed to catch in a tangle of expressions. "I guess I'm sorry I asked you," she began.

"But I reckon I'm going to say, 'yes'," Patty-Maud went on, taking no notice of the interruption. "Only if you think for a moment that I've changed or ever will—." She turned on Nora with so impetuous a movement that it seemed to strike sparks from her hair, her eyes, her very voice. "And don't you fancy for a moment that you ever will realize how—" she added in quite another tone. She did not finish.

The two girls shook hands.

But after all it was a good deal harder than Patty-Maud anticipated.

She bowed stiffly when Nora introduced the Reverend William Johnson, and she stood in grim silence until the president of the Senior Class had left them inexorably alone. It was not easy to talk then. Indeed, she had a sudden fiery impulse to go back on her bargain. But all that *noblesse oblige* teaches to hot young blood forbade this course. Instead, she ushered the old man out of Fay House and into the glaring sunlight of the early afternoon.

Cambridge sees many strange pictures in the course of the month of June. Not least among them, that year, was the combination of a tall blonde girl who carried her head as if she could look over neighboring roofs and a grotesque old darkey, who, shambling along at her side, examined everything the girl pointed out with a veneration that amounted to awe.

There were only two strings to his conversational bow, Patty-Maud very soon discovered—the glories of Cambridge and the excellencies of big granddaughter Mabel.

Talk of Cambridge, she could endure. But when they veered to a consideration of his granddaughter's uncountable virtues, she listened with her teeth clenched.

For it seemed to Patty-Maud that she had never hated anybody as she hated Mabel Johnson. With Nora O'Riley, Patty-Maud had been ashamed to touch on this personal element. That Mabel Johnson was conscious of her feeling, Patty-Maud was very well aware. That it troubled and flurried her, Patty-Maud was maliciously conscious. In college, Mabel Johnson always disappeared whenever she saw Patty-Maud approach. The number of elective course offered by the University made it possible for the two girls not to conflict, but Patty-Maud knew perfectly well that their complete separation was the result of careful planning on Mabel's part. In other words, at the beginning of each year Patty-Maud chose her courses from the whole list and Mabel, then, made her selection from what was left.

To do her justice, Patty-Maud said nothing unfavorable about his granddaughter, although she gave the old man the shortest and curtest answers to his questions. But as he rambled on about Mabel's quickness, her ease and brilliancy in study, she recalled for her own pleasure that Mabel had to work very hard indeed to keep up with the lower middle of her class—that she would certainly graduate without honors and that it might be a long hard pull to graduate at all.

One thing troubled her more and more as the afternoon pulled itself out to interminable lengths: Mabel Johnson would have to know what she had done. She hated the thought of what this knowledge might entail. Perhaps the next time they met, she would find in Mabel's eyes a look of complacency, as of a definitely established social equality. Patty-Maud had been in the habit of looking through her every time opportunity offered. Now she decided she would never glance in her direction again.

The first thing she did after she reached her room was to wash her hands—the act took on symbolic virtues to her. She settled herself to her grinding with a perceptible lift in her spirits.

Late that evening a maid came to Patty-Maud's room with the information that she had a visitor downstairs. "She's on the front steps, Miss Wellman—she wouldn't come in. She told me to tell you that she was from the college.

In the lower hall, Patty-Maud stopped short.

It was Mabel Johnson.

The increased statuesqueness that was Patty-Maud's graceful substitute for a stiffening of the figure, made her seem unusually tall. She did not ask her guest into the house. She did not speak. She waited.

In contrast, Mabel Johnson looked decidedly humble. She was not a picturesque figure. She was dumpy and shabby. As she talked, one hand plucked nervously at the vine that dropped over the doorway. Her voice came in gasps, her words in jerked-out phrases. But she had remarkable eyes, liquid in look, gentle in expression. She kept those eyes fixed steadily on Patty-Maud's face.

"I happened to come home earlier than I expected, Miss Wellman," she said, "and I met my grandfather in—in—in the South Station. He told me how kind you were—and—and—all the things you'd done—I didn't know—I couldn't quite believe—but that he'd made some mistake in the name—and I couldn't get Nora until—just now on the telephone—and then I thought—I—I must come up—and thank you."

Her stumbling had become fairly painful. She stopped as if in a desperate appeal for social easement. Patty-Maud presented to her a face in which polite attention struggled with sneering insolence. After an instant, Miss Johnson went on. But that pause in which she failed to get help, seemed to have strengthened her. Her manner gained in repose. She began to speak with confidence.

"I won't keep you long if you will be so good as to listen. I want to thank you particularly because this visit of my grandfather's was such an important thing—to me, I mean. I've been looking forward to it for three years. It came unexpectedly like that because someone offered to pay the expenses of the trip. It would have been a great disappointment to me if he hadn't seen all the things he was looking forward to seeing. He's the only relative I have in the world and, somehow, I guess you feel different about an old grandfather."

Patty-Maud had a swift vision of her own adored grandfather—the fine, old Confederate general, gray, gallant, distinguished, whose presence at the Spring Open Idler had turned that haphazard social event into an impromptu reception to himself. But she said nothing.

Mabel Johnson did not seem to expect an answer now. Again her manner was a little groping, but obviously it was not from social embarrassment. She was evidently picking in the depths of her vocabulary for the phrases that would express exactly what she meant.

"But I want to thank you—very much more—for something else. Don't let me offend you by the way I put it—it's the awkwardness of my words—not the feeling that's in my heart. I do thank you—oh so much—for not letting him realize certain things. He's very old—he belongs in every way to the period before the war. He believes that the Emancipation Proclamation changed everything—I mean for—for *us*. He's lived for years all alone up there in the country with nothing but his books. There's nobody there to correct his ideas. And I—I never could bring myself to undeceive him. It seems to me just as well that he should die thinking the Millenium had come. Not that I myself am deceived—that I misunderstand—"

Something physical pulled her up here. It was a quick hissing intake of the breath.

"Please don't think for a moment that I believe things have changed for—for *us*—except in certain small ways—or that I think they ever will change. I don't know that I want them to. I have my own friends and my own work. And I'm favored above many. It's only occasionally that it's brought home to me that I'm an alien. I'm very happy most of the time."

Her manner had gained gradually in decision, her voice in calm. She had ceased to pick at the vine-leaves.

(*Continued on page 18*)

Irrelevancies and Irreverencies

By THOMAS L. MASSON

The Good Trust.

ONCE upon a time there was a good trust that never did any harm to anybody. It used to pay splendid salaries to everyone that worked for it, and it even gave them an interest in it. It only asked for a fair profit, and if anyone had suggested a rebate, the good trust would have been very angry indeed. Every Lord's day it went to Sunday school, and when it had any spare time, it used to read aloud from it's own good works to interested little boys and girls who craved mental nourishment.

Now there was a bad trust that lived in the next street that was quite the opposite from all this. The bad trust used to sit up nights thinking up ways to do people. It used to jump out at all the widows and orphans who passed, and say "Boo!" to them and scare them almost to death. And it used to steal everything that it could lay its hands to, until the people were terribly afraid of it.

Now both of these trusts—for they belonged to the same family—had an uncle, named Uncle Sam, who visited them occasionally, just to see how they were getting along, and to pat them on the head, and give them little presents.

He was a very impartial man, was Uncle Samuel, and treated them both alike, in spite of their difference, for he used to say that God made us all, and we shouldn't be too particular in our judgments.

One night, however, Uncle Samuel was suddenly attacked as he was walking along a back street—Tariff Lane, I believe the name was—and so severely injured that the moment the doctors looked at him, they knew he was doomed.

The assailants got away—no one knew who did the evil deed. But that of course is purely incidental. The main thing is that Uncle Samuel was down and out for all time.

Well, of course, he had to draw up a will. There wasn't much time, as he was sinking very fast, but in emergencies like these, lawyers can always contrive to move quickly. And so they gathered around, and drew up the papers, and the whole thing was arranged in a perfectly satisfactory manner.

Naturally the good trust was left everything. And the bad trust got left.

But while everyone was talking about it, and saying that it only went to prove that virtue in the end would have its own reward, a strange thing happened.

The good trust announced that it didn't feel right about accepting all that Uncle Samuel left, and that it was going to divide with the bad trust.

The good trust said that they belonged to the same family anyway, and consequently there should not have been any such discrimination, although of course Uncle Samuel meant well enough about it.

So the division was made, and everybody was happy.

MORALS—TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

Don't be a good trust, because you will have to get someone to help you, and then divide up with him.

Don't be a bad trust, because you will always be suspected of associating with a good trust.

Don't be an Uncle Sam, because you lose either way.

Drawn by Art. Young

What's the difference?

A Proposed Tax.

THE necessity for raising a sufficient sum of money for the maintenance of the government is apparent to everybody. Our brigadier generals need it. Our pensioners need it. Our Agricultural Department needs it, for otherwise every suburbanite would soon run out of seeds. Our rivers and harbors are crying for it, our office holders demand it, fashion decrees it, and Wall street, the Infant Industries, the Standard Oil Company and the Baptist Church cry for it.

Hitherto we have been dependent on what few odd dollars our custom house officers could pick up, armed with only a sand bag and a club. There has been some talk of an income tax, but as no respectable person has an income of over ten thousand dollars, it would hardly do to make all the others give up what it has taken so much time and energy to rob everyone else of—this being against the spirit of our institutions.

Nothing remains, therefore, but to place a tax on ladies' hats.

This can be done in two ways: by weight and by area. An ad valorem tax would be useless, as no hat, considered on the basis of the materials that are in it, is of any value.

The only trouble with this method is that we should have so much money we wouldn't know what to do with it. We might under those circumstances have to give it away to the poor.

Anniversaries.

NATIONAL holidays, in commemoration of great men, are growing upon us. It is only within the last decade that Lincoln's birthday has been officially recognized; now it is one of the most important anniversaries.

Holidays take up time, and as we are all so busy making money, we may well pause and ask whether it is fair for men to become too great, owing to the risk the future will run in having to celebrate them yearly.

Think, along about 1950 of having a Carnegie day, a Rockefeller day, a J. P. Morgan day and an E. H. Harriman day!

This is the chief danger that these gentlemen are laying us open to in the future. Cannot they tone down a little the quality of their services, in order not to have so many more anniversaries than we are staggering under at present?

CO-OPERATIVE WOOLEN MILL

By MAGNUS BROWN

President of the Minnesota Wool-Growers Association

THERE has been a great deal of controversy about the wool tariff, which has made the cost of woolen clothing and woolen goods of all sorts prohibitive to the average consumer, without, at the same time, benefiting the producer.

So far as the writer knows, the wool-growers of Minnesota were the first to see that the present protective tariff was of absolutely no advantage to their class because of the many loopholes and jokers in it. In their efforts to find a remedy for the great abuses that have grown up in the wool trade through the duplicity in the wording of the wool tariff—abuses affecting producer and consumer—they discovered that the direct and immediate causes were the uneconomic and unscientific methods of distribution. Besides, since the tariff law was framed to keep out the manufactured goods of foreign countries, a great system of adulteration and substitution has been built up, and this has brought big profits to some and disappointment and disaster to the consumer.

The wool-growers found that the wool is bought from the producer by the local dealer, who adds at least a cent a pound to its price. The local dealer sells to a larger dealer, who adds another cent. This dealer sells to the dealers in Boston or Philadelphia. These add another two cents. Thus the mill has to pay from eight to fourteen cents more per scoured pound than the first buyer, that is, the local dealer, paid. In other words, the profits of the dealers alone raise the price that amount. Now, the mill adds a 10 per cent. profit to the price, the jobber 20 per cent., and the retailer, finally, 30 to 60 per cent. In a large department store in Omaha the writer found a blanket retailed for $6.00 which actually cost only $3.80.

No substitute has been found which has anything like the warmth of wool, whether for bedding or clothing. It is indispensable, it is a primary necessity, of which it is cruel to deprive

Magnus Brown

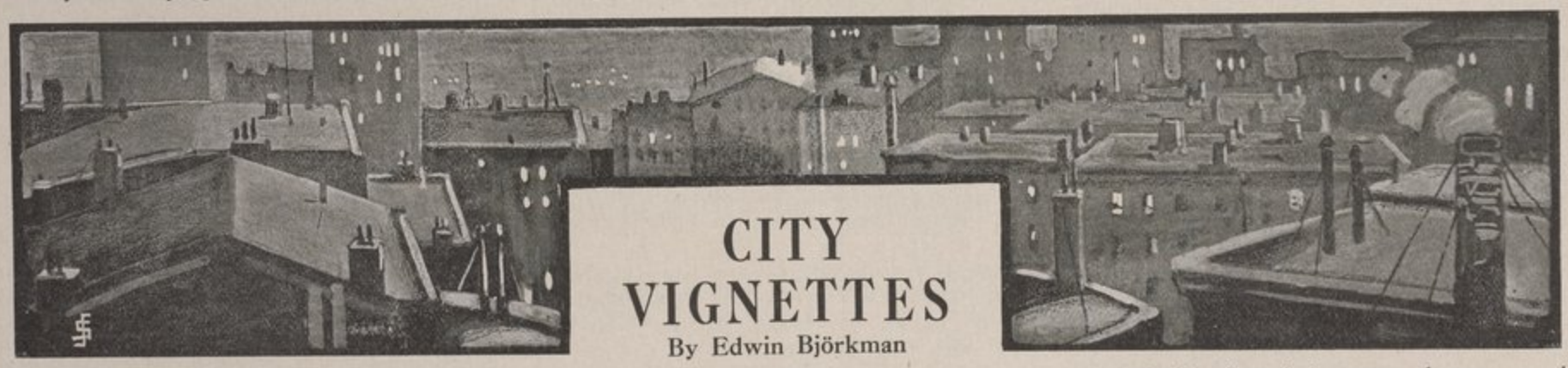
the poor. But by our system they must do without it. They must wrap their babies in cottonade blankets and dress their boys and girls in cotton sweaters. They must do so because of this pyramiding of profits. Good fabrics have been taken from the reach of the average consumer, and to supply his demand substitution and adulteration have been resorted to. In fact, substitution and adulteration in such circumstances are inevitable.

Another evil effect of the tariff law and the absurdities of distribution was to reduce the original price of the wool to such an extent that the wool-growers had great difficulty in eking out a living. To remedy these conditions several wool-growers of the North and West conceived the plan to obtain control of a woolen mill and send their product direct to the consumer with the smallest possible intermediate cost. The wool-growers want to prove to the consumers that strictly all-virgin wool can be made and distributed at such a price that it will be attainable by all except the very poorest.

What is more, the wool-growers found in making their investigations that all new wool goods made and distributed on an economical basis is cheaper than substitutes and adulterated goods. In addition, all-wool goods are more sanitary.

Now the question is, Will the consumers join with the wool producers in taking the wool direct from the farmers' wagon to the mill, and direct from the mill to the consumer, with but one profit between, and that as small as prudence will permit? This will give the consumer the greatest ultimate value and satisfaction.

We believe that the distributive co-operative stores should seriously consider co-operating with us. Primarily because it will eliminate to a certain extent the excessive profits that now go to the jobber and middleman. Furthermore, it will be the first step toward the establishment of an economic solidarity between the productive and distributive co-operatives.



CITY VIGNETTES

By Edwin Björkman

II

A Glimpse of Fate

Drawing by Samuel Schwarz

ACROSS the street stands an old-fashioned house with a gabled roof. On its red tiles the sun is pouring down a flood of melted gold, and the reflection of it fills my room with a roseate light. Above the roof a narrow patch of sky is visible—a sky as tenderly blue as any ever shown on a Venetian canvas.

The surging life of the surrounding city seems to have ebbed out of hearing. At whiles the spring breeze catches the Chinese lantern over in the corner and makes it beat a gentle tattoo against the wall. Otherwise no sound is heard but the light rasping of my pen on the paper. And as minutes and hours pass by, the pile of white paper in front of me thins away rapidly.

Suddenly I find myself checked by a thought that will not move on. My mind beats impatient wings against an invisible wall—and then I become conscious of a melody that is floating up from the street and interposing itself between me and my work. An organ grinder has stopped right below my window. He is playing a waltz—of course, it is *Die schoene blaue Donau!*

Experience has taught me the futility of resistance. So I stretch my cramped limbs and step to the window for a look at the street.

He is an Italian, stumpy and black-bearded, and yet with a certain wistful beauty in the face he turns upward from time to time in search for listeners. But his entire audience consists of two women—the wife and daughter of the little German cobbler in the basement across the street.

The mother is tall and slim, light-haired and clean-faced. The daughter looks just like her mother. Standing in front of the shop, which is also their home—their heads leaned together, their arms around each other—they may be taken for sisters. Now their faces are lit up with pleasure, and their bodies are swaying in time with the waltz.

The music ceases. The Italian stands still, expectant. The eyes of the two women meet for a moment. Then the younger one runs into the shop and returns with a pocketbook in her hand. Together they take stock of its contents. Finally the girls drops a small coin into the organ grinder's hat. And I happen to know that even pennies are scarce in the cobbler's shop.

Once more the man is turning the crank of his instrument. I can see the women bending their heads forward in eager, grateful anticipation. A few soft notes are wafted upward on the breeze—it is the *Donna è mobile* from "Rigoletto."

Magically the whole scene changes as the melody begins to unfold itself. The women draw together as if in fear. Particularly the older one seems deeply affected. One moment more of hesitation—then they hurry back into the shop, slamming the door behind them. The Italian breaks off abruptly to stare after them with open mouth. But only for a second: then he picks up the shackles of his little cart and runs down the street with bent head as if he had caught a glimpse of the evil eye.

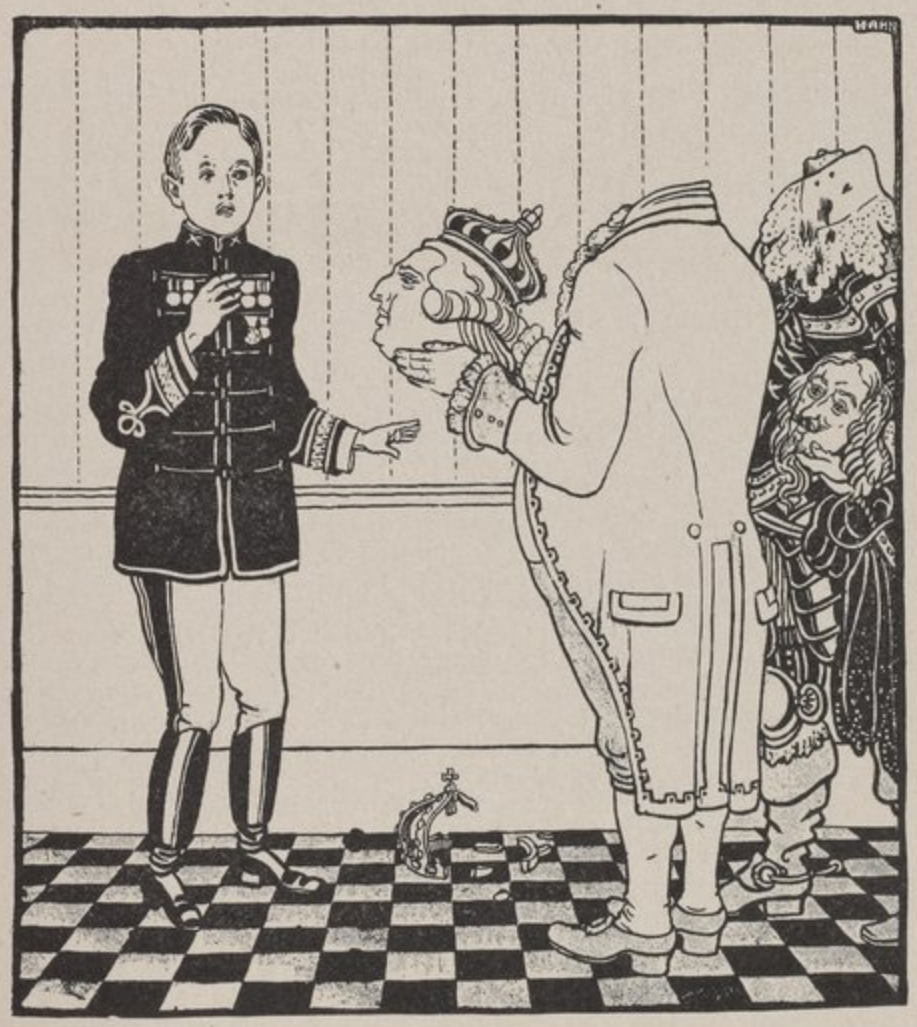
The street lies utterly deserted. Nothing is to be seen or heard that might account for the flight of those two scared women. What connection, I ask myself, can there be between a German cobbler's wife and a sweetly sentimental old opera melody? Yet, as I recall the details of the incident just witnessed, I realize that such a connection must exist, and my mind strives vainly to imagine its nature.

The sun is still shining on the red tiles of the house across the street, and the reflected light fills my room. Nothing is heard but the gentle tapping of my Chinese lantern against the wall. It is time for me to go back to work, but the desire to do so has fled. A real human fate has passed me by—its features deeply veiled, its entrance and exit hidden from my view—and those imaginary fates I was creating seem now futile and foolish.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION IN CARTOON

In the recent struggle for liberty the dragon saw his chance to creep out of his lair.

Holland was sold to Germany. So the Staten General voted forty million florins for North Sea fortifications, which will come in handy when Germany and England get to scrapping.



Charles I and Louis XVI (to the King of Portugal): "My dear Emanuel, be satisfied. We lost our heads. You lost only your crown."

The box of Pandora. When opened, out jump hunger strikes, cholera, suicide, and other monsters.

Hahn—Notekraaker

Revolutionary Mexico

(*Continued from page 6*)

and was entirely unprepared. His attempt to crush it has met with miserable and ignominious failure. Three weeks of the Revolution proved the latent strength it possessed. But Diaz was still unconvinced. Perhaps he remains so until this very day.

In the meanwhile, however, the bonds are falling, national credit is crumbling away, Diaz's army is beaten, outgeneraled, slowly going to its destruction; his friends, his compeers, his creatures are taking French leave. And there in the castle of Chapultepec the Grand Old Man still hangs on to his power with a bulldog's grip, giving orders to his subordinates to destroy the rebel army and shoot them all "red-handed." Then he sits down and weeps.

Let him weep for once. He cannot in the short time of life still left to him—no, not even if he had a thousand lives to live—wash away with his tears the bloody stains upon his cruel, inhuman reign.

Iolanthe's Wedding

(*Continued from page 8*)

here? Why didn't you wake me up, you scurvy blackguards, you? My friend Hanckel here, and I snoring—you dogs!"

Iolanthe turned scarlet with shame. And to relieve the painful situation I said to her:

"Never mind, I know him."

Yes, gentlemen, I knew the old fellow, but I did not know his daughter.

(*To be continued*)

A Vow

(*Continued from page 11*)

her, and stroked her hair. When she turned around again to Mr. Ladislaw an anxious tear glittered on each lid.

"But you found a sly way of procuring a ham sandwich for Miss Kate," exclaimed Mr. Ladislaw, and rose.

"Sly or not sly—if you are angry at us, well, we can't help it."

"By no means. On the contrary—perhaps the ladies will permit me to leave for a few moments and come back?"

"What for? Hetty can tend to it—please."

"Very well," said Mr. Ladislaw, and handed Miss Mary a two-dollar bill, the last he had. "Perhaps it will buy a bottle of wine, too."

Soon after, Mr. Ladislaw drank a toast to the health of the three friends. A good warm feeling stole over him at the sight of the young girls devouring with appetite the meal he had provided for them.

As soon as they had finished eating he left.

As he passed through the narrow, gloomy passages of the house, a profound sadness seized him. He put out his hands, groping his way, and touched the slimy walls, which exuded eternal dampness. And it seemed to him he was feeling the tears of the poverty dwelling there, the tortured poverty that wrestled with hunger and cold. Those tears filtered down to his heart, and burned and bit like an acid fluid.

He stood still an instant and listened to his soul within him making a vow to itself.

The adoption of men's natures to the demands of associated life will become so complete that all sense of internal as well as external restraint and compulsion will entirely disappear. Right conduct will become instinctive and spontaneous; duty will be synonymous with pleasure.

—*Hudson's Philosophy of Herbert Spencer.*

The Classmates

(*Continued from page 15*)

"There's only one thing more, if you'll be so good as to listen. I have a pride in saying this, although again I do not wish to offend. I want you to realize that I understood why you did it. And I want to assure you that I won't presume on your kindness—that I never in the world could think things could be any different between—" Her voice faltered perceptibly, but she finally brought it out. "Between you and me. I know just why you did it. It wasn't devotion to Nora—to Miss O'Riley," she corrected herself, as if fearful of giving unnecessary offense, "although we all love her enough to do anything for her—I'd die for her tomorrow, I guess. You did it because we are classmates. There's a bond in that—that—. We could do for each other—as classmates—things that we could never do under any other circumstances in the world. It's like that feeling that that Russian reformer told us about at the Emmanuel Club which made men and women of all religions and races and colors fight behind the barricades at Moscow. It's because I myself have that same wonderful feeling that I wanted to assure you—that I understood—that I never would presume upon it."

Drawn by Wm. Washburn Nutting

The International Menace of the Roman Court.

Overshadowing of American Catholic Modernism by the Far-reaching Influence of Merry del Val.

Patty-Maud had seemed to listen to all this with a surface attention, polite but without interest. But underneath this crust her mind was working actively.

It was true—what Nora had said—Mabel Johnson was an "unusual" person. But there was something else that was harder for Patty-Maud to admit. Mabel Johnson was attributing to her a virtue of which Patty-Maud was incapable. Mabel Johnson was illuminating the incident of the afternoon with a bigness of feeling which Patty-Maud could not achieve. That hurt. Moreover, Patty-Maud could not close her eyes to the truth of Mabel Johnson's point of view. It was true that, as classmates, they were bound together by the impalpable thread of brotherhood. The same bond had tied aliens together since the beginning of the world and in all the possible complications of the human condition. Social equality between her and Mabel Johnson was impossible, but surely, they could stand shoulder to shoulder on this tiny strip of neutral ground. Surely without loss to her sense of honor or to her sense of racial responsibility, she could accept Mabel Johnson as a member of a class of which, thereafter, she could with a free conscience, become president.

From deeper than this came a more poignant feeling. Patty-Maud knew that, in essentials, her attitude towards the race which Mabel Johnson represented, could never change. Yet here, she was confronted for the first time in her life by the Exceptional Case. Here was a girl, who, except for the infusion in the skin of a certain pigment, was her own counterpart—a girl, subject, like herself, to all the tragedies of the woman-lot—a girl with some of her own hopes and ambitions and with all her own anxieties and affections—a girl, moreover, fighting social handicaps and racial limitations that she could never know.

Patty-Maud's eyes, which had been kept fixed frostily on her companion's face, melted and filled slowly. Mabel Johnson's deep gaze filled too, and for a long instant grey eyes and brown eyes said to each other the things that could never be put in words.

"Oh, that's all right, Miss Johnson," Patty-Maud said at last. "It's nice that I happened to be about so as to take care of your grandfather. And, by the way, you took the Chaucer course last year, I remember. I wonder if you would come in for a moment and talk over that matter of the 'petrified datives' with me."

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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Maracaibo	23c and 27c per lb.	30c and 35c per lb.
Plantation	25c and and 31c per lb.	33c and 40c per lb.
Mocca	27c and 33 per lb.	35c and 45c per lb.
Kneipp Malt, small	$1.20 per doz.	13c per pkge.
Kneipp Malt, large	$1.10 per ½ doz.	21c per pkge.

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		At your Grocer's
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Lowney's, ¼ lb. size	.90 per doz.	7½c-10c
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