

APRIL, 1911

No. 4

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THE MASSES

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE WORKING PEOPLE

SPECIAL FEATURES

FIGHTING PARTIES IN MEXICO

CARLO DE FORNARO

FIRST SOCIALIST CONGRESSMAN

J. B. LARRIC

AWAKENING THE TIGER

GEO. ALLEN ENGLAND

CUSSEDNESS OF THINGS IN
GENERAL

EUGENE WOOD

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THE MASSES PUBLISHING COMPANY 112 E 19th ST NEW YORK

ANTI-MILITARISM

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 capitalist Society the Boy Scout Movement.

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What are you going to do to make up the One Million within the next four weeks?

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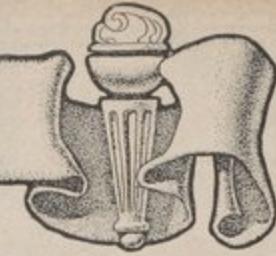
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EDITORIALS



IGNORANCE OF SOCIALISM

PERHAPS the most remarkable fact in the life of contemporary society is the still general though gradually decreasing ignorance concerning Socialism, especially in our country. Here is the grandest movement the world has ever seen, a movement that has made its way in every civilized country. Wherever capitalism has appeared, Socialism has followed in its wake. Its growth is steady and certain. It moves forward with the relentless inevitability of fate. It counts millions of followers throughout the world, to whom Socialism is their sole hope, their religion, and their science.

And yet in the face of all this the bulk of the non-Socialists are grossly ignorant of Socialism and indifferent to it. True, a great Socialist victory at the polls in Germany or France stirs the newspapers for a time to some sensible or foolish remarks on the subject, and Socialism becomes the topic of conversation at five o'clock teas, in men's clubs, and even at boarding-house tables. And when the event occurs in our very midst, in Milwaukee, and we see the Socialists elect a mayor, an entire municipal administration, and a congressman, then we sit up for a moment and take notice. The magazines begin to write articles on the Socialist administration in Milwaukee, the yellow journals cut out a murder case or a divorce scandal or a beauty hint to reproduce a portrait of Berger and report his wife's latest saying.

Then, after a few weeks pass, we settle down again to our ordinary inanities. The papers take up the momentous political news of what Woodrow Wilson said about the senatorship of Smith or Martine, the ladies go back to bridge, and club men sit down serenely again to their cards and cocktails. The only thing that happened was that their curiosity had been aroused for a time. The true meaning of the great Socialist movement remains a sealed book to them.

When we see this blindness of the great mass of people to the greatest factor in contemporary history, why should we wonder that the imperial Romans failed so utterly to understand the early Christian movement? What wonder that the great and wise historian, Tacitus, felt he could dismiss in a few lines of stupid driveling this movement, which a century later was to conquer the world?

Perhaps the people instinctively feel that in this case ignorance is bliss. Let us grant that ignorance is bliss to the upper ten thousand of our population of ninety million. Their instinct may be true that

it is folly to be wise on the subject of Socialism. But to the remaining millions in our country familiarity with Socialism can signify nothing but a gain. They, too, may learn and feel that inward thrill which comes to every Socialist when he realizes the great destiny of mankind. They may give significance to their every act. They may lead a larger life. Their hearts may throb with a world-embracing emotion, their breasts swell with noble indignation. They may transform themselves, as millions of Socialists have been transformed, into truly useful citizens, whose pulses beat in unison with the new social life to be inaugurated by the Socialist era. They may join that army of increasing millions who march steadily onward to the great goal, the next stage in human evolution—Socialism.

SOCIALISM IN MEXICO

THE STATEMENT made by Carlo de Fornaro in his article this month, that perhaps more than half of the revolutionists in Mexico are fighting under the banner of Socialism, will come as a surprise to the majority of our readers. The backwardness of the great bulk of the Mexican working class, who are largely recruited from the native Indians, their lack of even the rudiments of education, the virtual state of slavery in which many of them are kept, are conditions hardly favorable to the growth of a healthy Socialist movement.

Mexico, although cursed with some of the worst forms of capitalist exploitation, is still in many respects a feudal state. In no other civilized country of the present day, not even in Russia, do we find a little band of predatory lords such as those headed in Mexico by the great overlord Creel. This band, though very few in numbers, have succeeded in possessing themselves of so vast a part of the Mexican territory that many of the farming population are entirely without land. The condition of these landless Mexican farmers may be very similar to that of the Russian peasantry, but for a complete parallel of the situation we should have to go to France before the great Revolution. The evil has reached enormous proportions, so that even the corrupt and self-seeking Mexican officials have been compelled—but not until after the people rose up in arms—to advocate the dispossessing of these mammoth landowners, and the redistribution of the land among the people.

Mexico, therefore, offers another example of the fact that no matter how backward a country may be in political

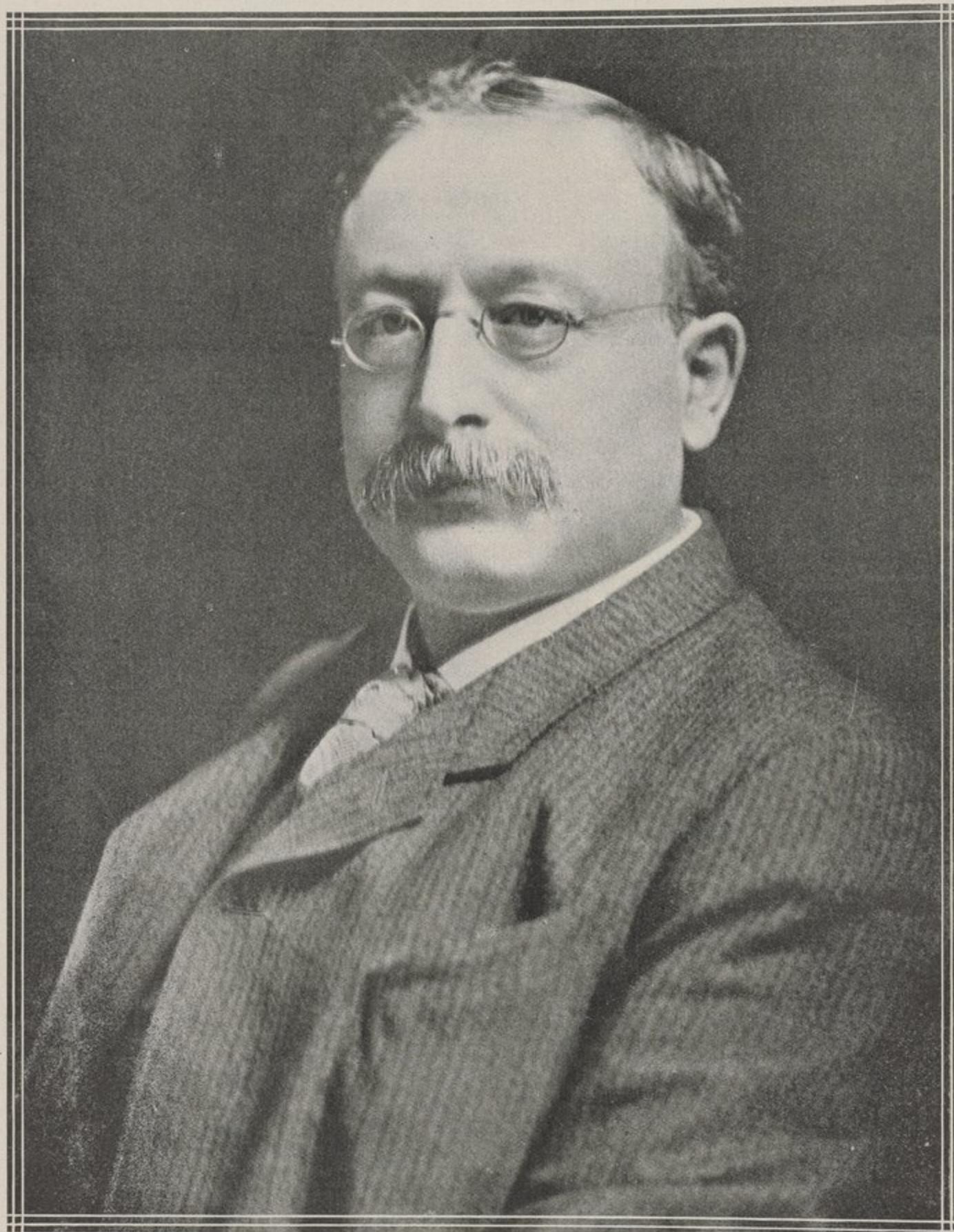
and social progress, no revolution can be fought nowadays unless Socialism plays an important role in it. It must not be inferred that we are too sanguine of immediate results for Socialism from the success of the Mexican insurgents. The Socialists of Mexico, even some of the leaders, are too recent graduates into the Socialist movement to understand its full significance, while the bulk of the rank and file fighting under Socialist leadership are absolutely ignorant of Socialism. The reason they follow the workingmen's leaders in preference to Madero is to be found in the blind, though true, instinct often manifested by the masses in times of great social upheavals.

Nevertheless, though this is true, it is also true that Socialism has kept capitalism company in penetrating into feudal Mexico from without. The leaders of the Mexican revolution educated to Socialism by American comrades have in the course of but a few years succeeded in stirring up the workingmen to a sense of their wrongs as well as of their power. No other movement could have done this so effectually. And when Madero enters triumphantly into Mexico City, those who are familiar with Mexican conditions tell us he will have to take some account of the Socialists. No one seems to know this better than Madero himself. That is why he is so wary of the Socialist revolutionists.

A CHAT WITH OUR READERS

IT IS not the policy of *The Masses* to sound its own praise. A magazine should speak for itself. As for what we intend to accomplish, each number of the magazine, we believe, should be an earnest of the number to follow.

However, no editor can resist the temptation of taking his readers into his confidence once in a while. And so we do not promise that we shall never do it, even as we are doing now. We want to tell you, Reader, that you have already grown agreeably numerous, and that your quantity is rapidly increasing. Nor are you an X quantity. By signing your names to the letters of praise—very often enthusiastic praise—that you write to us you make yourselves known. Sometimes you come in person to the editor's desk and make it very hard for him, with your pleasant flatteries, to keep a sober face. Of course, we are greatly pleased and infinitely grateful. And though we shall try to refrain from telling you how much we like the magazine, we desire to put no restraint upon you—not even if you have something to say in criticism.



Victor L. Berger—The First Socialist in Congress

"His is the torch that has sent sky-blazing the Socialist propaganda in these United States. He is in the prime of life. He has the spirit, the enthusiasm, the health of youth."

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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.

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

Vol. 1

APRIL, 1911

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AWAKENING THE TIGER

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

Illustrated by Anton O. Fischer

UPPER was over. At the kitchen table, littered with its wreckage of food, its débris of dirty dishes—the whole melancholy prospect lighted by a naked gas-flame overhead—still sat Ed Johnson and his tired slattern of a wife. Conversation lagged. After eighteen years of marriage, what more natural than that it should? The more so as, even at the beginning, there had been scant material for speech, and almost everything had long since been thrashed out, settled and buried in the grave of dull and passive compromise?

Jim reached for another match. His pipe had gone out three times in the last five minutes. As he relighted it, he glanced dourly at the little tin alarm-clock which gossipped on the kitchen shelf between the box of washing-powder and the tooth-brush glass. It was plain to see something was fretting Ed.

"Huh!" he grumbled, shoving back the dishes with a sweep of his shirt-sleeved arm. "Past nine, a'ready, and Sam ain't home yet!" (Puff, puff.) "How's he think he's goin' to git his lessons, stayin' out like this? Tell you what, if he don't cut out some o' this here darn nonsense an' git down to biz, I'll have to take the little cuss in hand, that's what!"

"Customer, you mean!" snapped Liza. "I'll thank you not t' use no such talk in this house, Ed Johnson. What's it say in the Book—? 'Swear not at all?' And—"

"Who's swearin'?" blurted Ed, belching a cloud of smoke. "I only said—"

"It don't matter what you said!" retorted Liza. "I know what you mean, all right. An' it's just as bad to think it as to say it. What? What's that you're sayin' now?"

"I ain't sayin' nothin'!" Ed retorted.

"Was, too! Mutterin' somethin'. No wonder Sam ain't got no respect fer you, the way you talk!" And, unheeding the dagger-look he shot at her, she got up and began clearing the table.

Lean and angular, she, with all the melancholy traces of a one-time futile, weak and vacuous kind of prettiness, long since erased by the hand of household drudgery and time. Ed peered at her from beneath bent brows, stroked his unshaven chin and made as though to speak; then, wise with long years of experience, held his peace. He picked up the flashy evening paper and tried to read, but got no profit therefrom. The clatter of the dishes in the sink—already

The Boy Scouts have been with us but a short time, and already they are celebrated in song and story as little heroes. But their heroism is still to be proved, and so the epics that have grown up around the Boy Scout Movement may be called the epics of the future. What the secret of the fascination for the boy scouts is to the American muse and why the hack fiction writers and the publishers find the subject so profitable may be explained by Kirkpatrick's suggestion in his "War—What For?" and in his article in the February number of *The Masses*, that the boy scout, finished product, would be an excellent substitute for President Eliot's American hero, the scab.

George Allan England in his story writes of the boy scout, but not in the usual way. He fails to see the hero in the boy scout, but he sees other things in the movement much more important for us. Little of our fiction has the vigor and virility of his story. It shows that here, too, as in Germany, Scandinavia, and Russia, the brutality and militarism of Rudyard Kipling are not essential to a robust, dramatic style.

—EDITOR.

washed ten thousand weary times—the shrill nasal hymn-tune Liza had struck into, the tick-tack-tick of the alarm-clock all annoyed him beyond measure. Beneath his breath he swore hotly.

"That there boy!" he exclaimed at last, in anger.

Liza faced round at him, wiping her parboiled, red and veiny hands on her torn apron. She scented a fight—now her only remaining excitement and diversion.

"Well?" she interrogated with acerbity, setting both fists upon her narrow hips. "Well, what about him?"

"Drillin' again, I s'pose?" he sneered.

"Sure he is!" She stood there peering at him, ominous and harsh, her eyes squinting narrowly in the raw gaslight.

"Drillin'! At church!" he jibed. "Huh!"

She took a step forward.

"Well?" she interrogated menacingly. "What about it?"

Ed sized her up, a moment. He knew the gage of battle was ready, but declined it.

"What about it, you?" she snapped again.

"Oh, nothin'," he replied wearily. And again

he sought to interest himself in the frothy sensationalism of the journalistic rag. Through his mind, a trifle dull and slow, yet withal soundly balanced, passed a sort of dim perception of this recent change that had come across the boy, his boy, his only child. He made pretense of reading; but the types were all a blur. It seemed as though he saw the lad again as he had been two years before, even one year, before the drums and fifes, the shoddy uniforms and leggins, the parson and the scout-master, the oath and the rifles and all the rest had got their grip of Sam. That one-time eager little freckled face with its innocent blue eyes obtruded itself between him and the scandal-mongery of the paper. He glanced at the clock again.

"Past nine," thought he. And for a while he sat glowering. But still he held his peace. Eliza turned back to her dishes. The sharp set of her chin, already protruding with the foretouch of age, the down-drawn wrinkles round her mouth, the unnecessary energy wherewith she handled the dish-towel—all these discouraged argument. So there he sat, tired and dull and very lonesome. And ever and again the pipe, undrawn, went out. Before him a little pile of burnt matches accumulated in a dirty saucer.

The wife, her slavish task at last complete, wiped out the tins on the dish-rag and turned them over on the stove to dry. Then, with a grim determination, she got down a thumbed Bible from the book-shelf in the sitting-room. Eight times through she had already "done" the book. This was her ninth.

With the volume she sat herself down opposite Ed. And, turning to her book-mark—a bit of faded ribbon which had once on a time graced her wedding-dress—she began her nightly chapter.

At half past nine came a step on the stair, then on the landing. The door opened rudely and in blustered Sam. His thin, somewhat undersized body was decked in khaki, with straps, big pockets and all the rest of it. A cartridge-belt circled the waist. Cartridges there were none, but the belt was gaping hungrily with all its scores of mouths for the shining cylinders of death. On the ignorant little head a broad-brimmed hat lolled rakishly. Leggins concealed the natural spindle of the shanks.

A moment Sam stood there, foppishly proud of the effect he knew that he must make. Then, a half-foolish, half-surly expression on his face

—drawn into his best conception of “tough”—he slammed the door behind him, swaggered across the kitchen floor and sank down into the chair his mother had vacated.

“Gee!” he ejaculated, planting both elbows on the table. “I’m darned near starvin’! Ain’t you people got no rations?”

Silently his father eyed him for a moment. But Sam heeded not the look. In the cracked glass that hung over the sink he had caught sight of himself. He smirked adoringly at the reflection.

“Hot stuff, ain’t it?” he grinned, disclosing big knuckle-bone teeth. His face thus showed a not unkindly, humorous expression. In it, Ed perceived almost the look his little “Tad” once used to have, at about the time when first he had worn trousers; when they had used to take walks, on a Sunday, out into the Park and talk as best as they could about the grass, the scant flowers and the occasional birds—times long since past and gone. A pang, instinctive and unintelligent, yet none the less keen, stabbed through the father-heart. Anger, however, banished it on the instant. And, reaching across the table, Ed snatched the hat from Sam’s head and threw it onto the floor.

“You learn some manners, hear *me*?” he exclaimed. “Where d’you think you are, anyhow? If you want anythin’ to eat, go get—”

“Now, now, Ed! That’ll do!” interposed the mother, flaring like powder. She picked up the fallen headgear, hung it on a nail beside the window and, going to the buttery, brought out cold food. Sam meanwhile stared at his father with a supercilious, defiant smile.

“Huh! I guess you wouldn’t do that down to the Armory!” he sneered. “Minister, he says the uniform is—”

“Shut up!” cried Ed, with passionate energy. “I don’t give a damn what nobody says, minister or no minister, hear *me*? Manners is manners, an’ you mind ‘em, or I’ll teach you, that’s what!” He thumped his fist on the table, till the dishes jingled.

Mother and son alike stared coldly at him; but this time no answer came. They knew how far to drive the man. In silence Liza set a plate for the lad. He, surly again, ate with a cheap and showy front of insolence. Ed studied him, but found no comfort in the task.



“A moment Sam stood there—

At last the father spoke.

“Out again till ha’ past nine!” said he. “Too late. Don’t like it, an’ won’t have it. Where’s your lessons coming in, I’d like to know?”

“Lessons? Huh! What’s the use o’ them?” jibed the boy defiantly.

“Use?” retorted the father. “Say, are you crazy? Why, all the use in the world, you young snipe! How else do you ever expect to get up out o’ the sort of stew I’ve been in all my life? Look at these!” and he thrust out his brown hands, enlarged and coarsened by long years of labor in the car-shops.

“D’you think I want you to grow up to be what I’ve been? Slaving out your life in the C. & K. works all your life, for just a little less ‘n enough to keep body and soul together? Use? Oh, you’ll find out the use soon enough, if you keep on the way you’re going now!”

The boy made no answer, but went on eating in sullen silence, while his mother, like a satellite, revolved about him in anxious orbits, attending his wants. Though she took no part in this colloquy, yet one could see with half an eye where her sympathies lay.

Ed made no further comment, but resumed his pipe and interrupted reading.

At last the meal was done, and the boy, his mouth still full, burst out:

“Gee, but it was grand down there to-night! Say, ma, the new drill-master is a bird, right from West Point. Hot stuff? Well, I guess! He was with General Otis, you know, the ‘Butcher of Samar,’ they used to call him. He told us all about that last campaign. Say, they didn’t do a thing to them Filipino niggers! Waded through whole villages, an’ cleaned ‘em out proper, men, women an’—”

Ed interrupted with another ferocious thump on the table.

“You cut that out!” he shouted, raising his fist menacingly. “Go on, get your books, you rat, or I’ll show you some rough-house right here at home, that won’t look so damn pleasant!”

“Ed, Ed!” interposed the wife, “what did I tell you about not swearing before the boy? If you can’t keep a decent tongue in your head—”

“Oh, hell!” ejaculated Ed, springing up so vigorously that the chair clattered over backward. Into the sitting-room he strode. They heard him pawing among the books. Presently he re-entered with a little pile of dingy texts.

“Here!” cried he, slapping them down resoundingly on the table. “Now you get busy. If I hear another yip out o’ you inside of an hour, you’ll catch it, that’s all!”

The boy yawned, shuffled his feet, stretched and wriggled on his chair. Finally he pushed the book away, and took his history.

Ed meanwhile, removing his shoes, sat down in front of the stove, his feet upon the base, and settled down for the rest of the evening. His wife, casting an occasional look at her lord and master, took her basket of socks and darning ball, and made ready to finish up the family mending.

The boy, finding himself unobserved, slyly drew from his pocket a highly colored pamphlet, which he slipped inside of his book. This pamphlet bore the title “The Making of a Man-o’-War’s Man.” Its alluring text described with great circumstance all the excitements, glories and supposititious pleasures of life on one of Uncle Sam’s battleships.

Throughout the pages were scattered numbers of fascinating pictures, drawn by the best artists. Some showed tropic scenes, where spick-and-span soldiers and officers lolled about at ease, eating alluring fruits, drinking iced beverages, and, in general, imitating the description of the Mohammedan heaven, as set forth in Al Koran. Others showed bits of life aboardship—boxing matches, concerts, drills and many another incident calculated to inflame the imagination of an adventurous boy.

One picture in particular seemed to fascinate Sam. Over the rail of a great iron fighting-monster, a row of bluejackets were leaning. A pilot-ladder swayed down the side to where, riding the swell, a tropic craft, fruit laden, floated alongside the warship. In this little craft, offering their wares, sat several native girls. Scantly clothed, they were very fair to look upon; their physiques, to say the least, were ample in the extreme. A middy, on the lower rounds of the ladder, was chattering with these dusky belles; the conversation seemed to have assumed a tone rather more personal than businesslike.

Over this picture the boy hung entranced. Who can tell what thoughts were his? The eyes which should have been occupied with the pages of his school-book, fixed themselves upon this seductive scene; and over the boy’s face passed an expression at once hard and knowing, boding no good to the soul within.

Ed, seeming at once to scent the unnatural quietude and interest of the lad, looked suddenly up. He caught a glimpse of the pamphlet within the pages of the book; and, springing from his chair, strode over to the boy.

“What?” shouted he in sudden passion. “At it again? You—you—I!” But finding no vent in words for his emotions, he snatched the booklet from the protesting boy, tore it across and once again in quarters, and flung it into the coal-hod. Swinging on his heel, he administered a sound cuff to the shrinking boy.

“Go on now!” he shouted. “You go to bed, see? I’ve had enough of your lip and nonsense for one evening!”

And, despite all the mother’s angry high-pitched protestations, he drove the boy before him, and so away. Little he knew that inside the boy’s bedroom door, his son and heir was standing with an expression of malignant spite, tongue thrust out, thumb to nose and fingers wide-spread, and that against him the lad was hurling foul abuse, picked up from a choice clique of elder Scouts down at the Armory.

But, even despite the father’s ignorance of this savage defiance, his face was black and ugly as he came back into the kitchen, there to fight it out for once and all with the “old woman.”

(To be continued.)



foppishly proud of the effect he made.”

The First Socialist Congressman

Victor L. Berger—Man of Action, Idealist, Socialist, Propagandist, and Politician

POLITICALLY, Victor L. Berger will be a very lonely man in Congress. There will be only one of him in a total of three-hundred and ninety-two. Yet, measured by the potentialities, who shall say the event is not charged with the deepest historical significance?

Consider. He is the first Socialist in this country to hold a national office. He is the entering wedge to split the old order. With his coming to the House, Socialism takes its place between the two old parties, a warning and a menace to both.

On April fourth, the day set for the special session of the new Congress, the Democrats and Republicans will screw their respective monocles to their respective eyes and saunter up the red-carpeted aisle just for a look at the curious specimen, dontcherknow. "A Socialist, my deah fellah!" "Caught somewhere in the jungles of Wisconsin!" "Rippingly interesting, eh, what, old chap?"

There will also be a puzzled sergeant-at-arms who will make frequent excursions to Victor's desk. The distracted official will glance the new member over larboardside, starboardside, leeside, portside, and bewilderingly inquire, "Say, mister, how did you get in?"

Victor will remain silent and tranquil until—well, until, gentlemen, meeting is called to order and the neat majority of one stands up to be heard. And then, sirs, I vow, the monocles will drop nervously from wide-open eyes. Also, the perplexed sergeant-at-arms will have his recollection hastened by a jab from a mental pin that will send an "Ouch! Milwaukee!" flying from his lips.

Come to think of it, Berger has been sticking pins into bosses and corrupt politicians for the last thirty years. Yes, he's a first rate jabber, is Berger. Or, if you wish it put differently, a first-class political surgeon. The head that guides the lancet is astute, keen, briful of cold, hard-sense. His firm, strong hand has put the flush of a new vitality into the long-stricken city of Milwaukee. She is now able to sit up and take nourishment. Time and time again, she has called to her bedside the Republican quacks and Democrat charlatans to find their remedies worse than the disease. For twenty-six years Berger pleaded for an opportunity to perform the operation. Now that Milwaukee has gone through with it, her appetite for more parks, better police, regulation of street cars and various municipal improvements has increased astoundingly. She has set the other sick American cities thinking—yes, sometimes that happens even over here. Who knows her example may have set them debating whether it would not be better to pitch their political mountebanks with their physic overboard for the Berger cure?

The building up of the Socialist party in Milwaukee was a laborious process. It was won by sweat and martyrdom. It was made possible by self-denial wellnigh heartbreaking. For many years the task that Berger and his associates had set before them seemed useless, hopeless. The odds seemed to be too heavy. It was like building a house of cards in a hurricane—like throwing a cable of sand across a path of swift runners. But in the face of this night, this bleakness, Berger and his faithful followers stood by their guns. The men had implicit faith in and great devotion for their general. They knew if his personality dominated the Milwaukee Socialist movement, it was only because he had sunk his whole life into it.

When news came that Milwaukee had turned the trick, the capitalist editors asked one an-

By J. B. LARRIC

other, How was it done? Since then our own Socialist brethren have been wanting to know too.

Well, Berger played good American politics. That's all. Whenever he could slide through a bill in the interest of labor, he slid it through. Wherever he saw a loophole to help the cause along by denouncing some civic outrage, he looped. Whenever he saw a chance for some social reform, he took it. He didn't anxiously measure it by the pocket yardstick of his ideals. Berger is no doctrinaire. He has been called a practical idealist and a hard-headed theorist. If the reform on hand fell short of the ideal an eighth of an inch (or, whisper, even a foot) he grabbed the half portion. The yardstick of the ideal was silently folded up and respectfully put back into his pocket, as one returns one's hat to one's head after listening to a funeral sermon. He really would like to come panting in with the millennium on his back, but can you blame him if even he cannot lift it all at once?

While we're on the subject, let's have it through with. Berger believes in Socialism in as large doses as possible, the larger the better. But he has no great fondness for millennium visionaries, for impossibilists—for the chaps who preach that to take anything less than Elysium is to compromise with the Devil. He would probably deal with them as that ancient monarch dealt with the demented gladiator. "Are you as powerful as the rest of my athletes? Can you pull an oak up by the roots?" the king questioned. The gladiator glowed. He sniffed. He looked the king up and down with unspeakable contempt. "One oak," Your Majesty, *one*? I can pull up the whole forest with one pull! That was enough. That settled it. His Majesty had the Samson beheaded at once, thinking him too dangerously strong to roam about loose. Berger believes in pulling 'em up one at a time. And the result shows the wisdom of his policy.

Berger is a wonderful organizer. Friend and foe marvel at his tireless energy, his tenacious force. He drives forward with a determination that knows no stop, no wavering, no fatigue. And the way to be traversed is gauged by him with the accuracy of inspiration. Milwaukee was won by Berger because he foresaw that to win he would have to color his Socialism by American conditions. Radicalism must move along the line of American traditions, and along that line Berger moved. The ideas conceived by him to gain Socialist proselytes are now being adopted by many other American cities. He was the first to recognize that hall and cart-tail orators waste their sweetness on the desert air—or head. It was scattered shot. For one man that had his brain riddled with advanced views thirty escaped. The printed word, he perceived, was as sure as a Gatling gun. It keeps on pouring an incessant shower of facts from which there is no escape. So the Socialist cart-tail speaker in Milwaukee is slowly undergoing a painful post-mortem and will soon be a hallowed memory. Victor spent his money on literature. Loyal party workers gave up their Sundays and evenings going from house to house, from store to store, distributing pamphlets and circulars.

The sacrifice Berger has made for Socialism is one that very few, except those nearest to him, really have grasped. "He worked," says a writer of him, "that he might save, and he saved that he might start a Socialist paper." Yes, and on that paper he slaved for thirty dollars a week up to the very day of his election to Congress.

Say what you will, his is the torch that has sent sky-blazing the Socialist propaganda in these

United States. How? He works with his nose sharp to the ground. He scents out the present needs. He's a detailist, a believer in heart-to-heart talks. Honestly, he has great reverence for the Marxian theory of value. And as for the doctrine of determinism, he just dotes on it. He likes both of them so much that he will not use them for any and every occasion. He dons his full dress of Marxian political and social philosophy only for special state occasions. But as for weekdays he popularizes this philosophy in such a way that every workman going to and from his work may read it. On workdays, by his pen or by word of mouth, he tells the people why the cost of living has gone up. Why men who beg for work, don't get it. Why you, Mr. Smith, are getting poorer and poorer. Why you, madam, find it so hard to pay the butcher's bill and square yourself with the baker and the candlestick maker. He tells Pop why he has to drudge about with last year's suit. He tells him also why his children are packed off to work before they're out of their teens. Plebeian topics, maybe. But, at any rate, these are the things mother mentions around the table. These are the things father worries about until his good, old wrinkled head aches. Father, you see, is not sure whether the Marxian theory is a new breakfast food or not. He's not certain either whether economic determinism is to be classed with radium or is some new-fangled chemical preparation. Pop's education was neglected in his youth. Had to go to work too early. But Dad will eagerly listen to the idea of old-age pensions, for his bank account is a zero. Here—here's something that will save him from the disgrace of the poor-house. Berger's way of spreading Socialism is to get right down to nails.

Berger is fifty now—in the prime of life. He has the spirit, the enthusiasm, the health of youth. His body is big, robust, active—a perfect instrument to do the big work of the coming day. Personally, he's a hale fellow well met, genial, hearty, companionable. Congress and he may disagree on public policy, but it will not find him on the other side of the chamber, a scowling Catiline. He has that rare quality of being "my friend, the enemy."

There will be few, if any, in the House with whom he will not be able to cope mentally. A student and a scholar, he is a force to reckon with. He has a large head filled with plenty of what a head was made for. The Socialists of this country can safely lean back and watch his Congressional record "without any doubt of the event."

Berger was born in Austro-Hungary. That cuts him out of the Presidency, of course. Still he hasn't done so bad. And then there's yet many a high official crown for him to reach. In his youth Victor worked as a metal polisher. There are some very rusty knobs in Congress that need to be polished to reflect a gleam of human intelligence. Berger's early training will come in pat right here. Victor was educated in Budapest and Vienna, and came to this country when a boy. He taught school for a while and then went into journalism—that last infirmity of noble minds. He is a member of the National Executive Board of the Socialist party and was one of the eight elected delegates to the International Congress.

When news of Berger's election reached John Spargo, he immediately telegraphed the Socialist Congressman—sounds good, doesn't it?—that he regarded the event as being as important as the first election of Lincoln to the presidency.

And that's to-morrow's truth. Spargo's prophecy will be fulfilled.

The Cussedness of Things in General

Christian Science Upside Down.—Think You Won't Get What You Want, and You Will

By EUGENE WOOD

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

CHEERY optimism is the saddest thing I know of. It always sounds to me like a rooster crowing under a tub. Where he will get the ax (and that right soon) is the surest ever.

Perhaps the greatest fault of Socialists is that they are too much given to looking on the bright side of life. (This statement should arouse immediate antagonism in the reader and stir up a muss in his mind. I shall be disappointed if it doesn't.)

First place, you'll think it isn't so that Socialists always look on the bright side. You call to mind the fiction stories in our publications, especially those bearing the melancholy sub-head: "Translated from the Russian," and replete with sad, sad words like "ispravnik," and "stchshee" and "batiushka" and "vodka," which should bring the tears from eyes unused to weep. You think how these stories all wind up; everybody killed or everybody committing suicide from blank despair or having to go to the dentist or something equally tragic. "Is that looking on the bright side?" you ask. And even when the stories are translated from the American, they're all built on the plan of the Christmas fiction which the editors of the 15-cent magazines start in rejecting along about the first of August, of which the "tag" or wind-up is so nothing like this: "And the shop-window continued to pour forth its radiance into the wintry night, the golden glowing radiance from the splendid toys and shining Xmas tree decorations. The shivering, tattered little figure still stood revealed by that effulgence, gazing wistfully upon the magnificence barred from him only by the thin crystal of the glass but yet ineffably remote. The merry chimes rung out from many a church-tower, and the unheeding throng of revellers passed by, each carrying his load.



"Aren't we the lucky ones, though?
But don't try to look it."

"Hour after hour passed by. And still the snow sifted into little Jimmy's pants."

You ask if this is looking on the bright side of life. My dear sir, the very intensity with which we pull down the corners of our mouths, and sniffle, and try to sob only proves the essential cheerfulness of our nature. All the time we are really thinking: "Aren't we the lucky ones, though? Just imagine! There are people who work hard and buy carefully, and yet they do not have the nice breakfast of bread and tea, or the nice lunch of bread and tea and a dill pickle, or the nice hot dinner of bread and tea and a smoked herring that we have! Ts! Isn't it something fierce? They don't have the nice warm \$12 suit that we have in winter or the cotton underclothes with holes in the elbows. Imagine! Oh, let us do something to rescue them!"

We pour out our wealth of sympathy for such by means of these stories. But we're doing pretty well ourselves, we'll have you know. No kidding. Why, we went to Coney Island twice last summer. Twice, no less! And we expect to go again this summer, if we all keep well. And we had a chuck-steak—Ma, when was it we had that steak? I don't remember the date, but it wasn't so very long ago. Yes, we don't do so badly. Ah, "rich folks," nothing. Can riches buy happiness? I will bet you that none of these millionaires enjoys his frankfurters and sauerkraut any more than I do. They may have it on their tables oftener, but that's all.

Now, isn't that so? Isn't that the real feeling underneath all of our talk about the misery of the poor, and all that? It's other people who are in this box, not we, and it is then we want to lift up, not ourselves. We're altogether too cheerful and contented. That's our main fault.

If we only had the gall to go slumming among the rich as they go slumming among the poor, and could keep it up long enough to get a clear notion into our minds of how very much more comfortable the rich are, who aren't of the least bit of use on earth, than we are, who wouldn't be allowed to live if we weren't useful; if every member of the working-class had a six months' trial of how it feels to be really alive, why, then there might be something doing. "Envy of their more fortunate brethren?" Pffff! "Stirring up discontent among the poor?" Bull's foot! There is the placidest content, the cheeriest hope for the future as soon as Emil gets big enough to go to work, and business picks up a little. But if anybody who has been rich, and has known what life is and can be, especially anybody that has once clambered out of Hell by hook or crook, or both together, suddenly loses all that and sees before him the prospect of going back to a workingman's life, say, on \$35 a week without a hope of bettering that, d'you know what he does? He blows his brains out. He'd sooner be dead.

No. If once we reached the point, the whole working-class of America, and downright got discouraged, as we should be if we faced the facts, and looked at them fairly and squarely in the cold, grey light of truth, and saw that we were up against it, robbed, cheated, swindled in the most cheeky and impudent way—well, what do you think about it yourself?

And then, there's another thing: We have the notion that, if we look upon the bright side of life, and hope for the best, that will somehow turn the bright side around to us, and bring the better things to pass.

That's not Socialism; that's Christian Science. Not the same thing at all. Neither Christian

Science nor Jewish luck will win for us the game we're at.

Socialism is good sense, hard, horse sense, the working out of a definite policy based upon experience.



"A cheerful expression interferes with the Law of the Cussedness of Things in General."

Now my experience (and I assume that yours is the same) is that whatever I confidently expect, good or bad, is the thing that doesn't happen. When I want a certain thing, I don't expect it; on the contrary, I take particular pains to expect everything else but that. I go the rounds of every possible mischance, and say to myself as loudly as I can, so that fickle Fortune will overhear: "This is the way the darn thing will be. I know it. It'd just be my luck. I never knew it to fail." And fickle Fortune says, "Well, I'll just fool him," and as fast as I think of each sort of disappointment and make up my mind that it will be the one, she crosses it off her list, so that if I make a thorough job of it, the only thing left to her is to have it come out the way I really want it. Sometimes I get careless and do not cover all the ground, but who the dicken; I should like to know, can think of all the different routes misfortune can travel over and yet make connections? But that's the true principle to go on: Fear a thing sufficiently and it won't happen. It is the unexpected that happens; we all know that. Then why not act upon that, and so shape our expectations that the only unlooked-for thing shall be the lucky thing?

Also, when you look at the bright side all the time you miss a lot of pleasure. Taking life all in all, there is some good luck; the pessimist does not deny that. There has to be, to keep us chipping in at a losing game. Otherwise we should all get cold feet, and quit disgusted. But if we are optimists, like the rooster under the tub, crowing as he waits for the man to come and chop his head off, and look for good luck

all the time, we're going to be black-and-blue with disappointment before very long. And when good luck does finally come, it is so far inferior to what our golden optimism has led us to expect that it seems a poor thing anyhow.

But if you don't expect anything but hard luck, and make up your mind that when you don't get it under the collar you'll get it under the coat-tails, and good luck comes along. Whoopee-ee! How fine it is!

Deep thinkers know this as "The Law of the Cussedness of Things in General." It is a constant in every problem. You must always reckon on it. So I dread to see Socialists so cheerful, so hopeful, so confident of the future. It just gives me the all-over chills to hear them predict the speedy coming of the Co-operative Commonwealth, especially among the comrades. The darn fools! Don't they know that that's the surest way to head it off?

I try in every way to hasten the coming of the glorious day, but I really think I do the Cause more good than you can shake a stick at, not so much by telling those who are afraid as death of Socialism that it is inevitable, and so setting them to wishing hard it may not be (which ought to fetch it), but more especially by being gloomy and despondent with the comrades; so blue and downcast that they do their best to cheer me up, and hear my arguments, and patiently try to set me right. In this way I instil the venom into them, and they get to dreading that it won't come (which ought to

fetch it). I kept that up with Upton Sinclair until, I think, he finally got onto me, and spoiled the fun by refusing to discuss the matter further. I thought I kept a perfectly straight face, but maybe I didn't.

Jack London had the right idea in his "Iron Heel," where the uprising of the workers is squashed down for five hundred years. Perhaps he overdid it je-e-e-e-st a teetle mite. But I'll tell you what: If somebody don't get after Upton Sinclair and his prophesying it for 1913, and make him stop it, chug, short off, it will be five hundred years and no fooling. But he's so possessed with the parallelism of Wage Slavery with Chattel Slavery, and how Taft is just such another Jeems Buchanan, and how "they didn't expect that things would break loose then any more than we expect it now." Sure they didn't. *That's just why things did break loose!*

If only he and the other optimists could just be induced to give up all hopes, and sag right down, and plunge into the gulf of dark despair, why, the thing would be over in no time, scarcely. But they haven't the first glimmerings of knowledge of the Law of the Cussedness of Things in General. They remind me of the tree-toad that James Whitcomb Riley tells about, that "hollered" so for rain in a terrible drouth. It kept it up, and kept it up, till it was plumb exhausted. Then it would rest awhile and try again, and still the heavens were as brass. Then the tree-toad says that after he:

"Jest clumb down in a crawfish hole,
Weary at heart and sick at soul,

A voice drapped down in my fevered brain,
Sayin', 'Ef you'll jest hesh, I'll rain.'"

No, comrades, whose dearest wish is for the Social Revolution, the working-class will never unite; you couldn't kick 'em into it. They're too jealous-hearted; they'll sell you out in a holymint for a five-cent cigar and a smile from the boss. You can't beat it into their thick heads that the Republican party and the Democratic party are only playing horse with them. They don't even need to have their gold brick gilded; it's a needless expense; they'll buy it green with verdigris. They have no confidence in themselves that they are able to do the work they are already doing; they want a "leader." And, as fast as one Hearst is played out, another can come along and sting them in the same old way, and they'll never grow any wiser. And if, by a miracle, the working-class should get control of things they'll cut some silly caper that will set them back a thousand years. But they'll never get control. They'll get about so far, and, just when it looks as if the movement might accomplish something, it'll all flat out, dead as a mackerel. Just read the history of the Labor Movement.

This present unrest is only temporary. It is the short-sighted folly of the exploiting classes that is responsible for it. There is no real uprising of the working-class beneath it. The exploiting class today is in just the position of the farmer who used to let his cows run, all kinds of weather, without a shelter, and made them rustle for themselves, so that the expression "spring-poor" was a common one, and cows were expected, by the time grass came again, to be so weak they had to lean up against the fence to breathe. And, at that, the old-time farmer got a lot of Surplus-Value out of his cattle. But they have learned the lesson that if cows are fed systematically, and on a balanced ration, if they are housed well, and kept nice and clean and comfortable, the Surplus-Value increases enormously, out of all proportion to the increased cost, the increased wages of the cows, as yo*u* might say.

Employers are going to learn that with regard to the working-class. They are going to learn that to keep their human cattle "spring-poor" is wasteful, not economical. And so, when it comes to a pinch, they'll grant an eight-hour day, and a dollar or two more in the pay-envelope, and fuff! the "social unrest" will blow out like a candle. And that'll be the end of it for another twenty-five years.

No. It's a beautiful dream, the Working Class Uniting and bringing about the Co-operative Commonwealth, a really sensible arrangement of things. A beautiful dream. But it'll never come true.

Will it?

Say "No." Because that's the surest way to make it come true. That's in accordance with the Law of the Cussedness of Things in General. Say "No," and fickle Fortune will smile to herself, and answer: "Oh, is that so? Well, I'll fool you. I'll give you Socialism just for spite."



"This is the way the darn thing will be."

ADVENTURE

By JACK LONDON

man knows this and puts up a brave fight to conceal from them his illness. But when the American girl comes, he gives up trying and the solution to the whole affair lies with her. Just how Joan Lackland happens to be down in this God-forsaken country, how she brings Dave Sheldon back to life, how she makes his plantation a paying success and saves it from being sold for debt,

and finally how her contempt for Dave is changed first to pity and then to love, is told by Mr. London in his most absorbing manner. The story is just what its title indicates—a rousing, breathless series of incidents showing a strong man and an equally strong woman battling alone against the Solomon islanders and apparent failure. Joan is the modern type of American girl, vigorous, self-reliant and ambitious, while the character of Dave Sheldon again demonstrates Mr. London's superior ability in the delineation of men. (The Macmillan Co., New York, \$1.50.)

ONE white man all alone on an island plantation in the South Seas with several hundred mutinous cannibals: a ship-wrecked American girl, brave and ambitious, landing on this island with her Tahitian attendants—this is the situation with which Jack London's story "Adventure" (published week of March 8th) opens. Moreover, the white man is nearly exhausted with fever, and if the eager black multitude find this out, they will rise up and kill him, making themselves masters of Berande. The white

Magazines, Morgan and Muckraking

By ELLIS O. JONES

SOMETHING is doing. Where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire. What kind of fire is it? And is it a fire that is worth putting out?

Morgan, some say, is trying to put the muck-rakers out of business by putting the magazines in his pocket. The politicians are trying to protect themselves from exposure by raising the postage rate on magazines. The magazine publishers are frightened because they see their bread and butter threatened. The muck-rakers and moralists are frightened because they see a deadly conspiracy to throttle the sacred freedom of the press in the interest of capitalist politics and high finance.

What does it all amount to and what attitude must an outsider take toward it?

We have just witnessed a revel of muckraking, also called the literature of exposure. It has been thorough. It has been minute. It has ramified everywhere. But, while at times these articles seemed to have no immediate relation to one another, they were in fact all connected and very closely connected. It was all a part of one great exposure. It was a part of the exposure of the competitive system, the capitalist system, the trust system. This new phenomenon appeared, or, rather, came to a head and we did not understand it. The muck-rakers studied it and told us about it, told us much that was true and much that was imaginary.

It was the business of the muck-raker to explain. We were anxious to know about it. We grasped avidly at the details. We read Lawson from the finance side. We read Tarbell from the Standard Oil and Rockefeller side. We read Russell from the Beef Trust side. We read Steffens from the corrupt politics side. We read others, too, but these four might well stand as the leading lights in the movement. We followed the exposures of the Sugar Trust, of the Tobacco Trust, and of other trusts handled by less picturesque writers. That the public was eager to get this knowledge is amply proved by the quick rise of the muck-raking magazines. That magazine publishers were quick to see the profit is amply proved by the many feeble imitators that sprang up.

But, to sketch the progress rapidly, there came a time, not when the public was tired of the question itself, for the trust question, connected as it is with the cost of living, must ever be an important one in the public mind until it is settled to the public's satisfaction; but there came a time when the public was no longer interested in this phase of the question, when the public reached the conclusion that it had got the essential and fundamental facts of the case. It did not care to go over each trust separately with a fine tooth comb, for it saw, after reading about two or three of them, that they were all alike. When it knew how Amalgamated Copper was financed, it knew how they were all financed. When it knew how the Beef Trust and the Steel Trust and the Standard Oil Trust were organized and conducted, it knew how they were all organized and conducted. Steffens had told them the "shame" of a number of cities as to bribery and corruption and thug control. It could draw its own conclusions as to the rest.

And so the public grew impatient of detail and began to generalize from its already ample knowledge. It felt that it had plenty of facts and was not interested in piling Ossa on Pelion, by getting more facts which were but little better than repetitions. It was no longer interested in what the trusts were. It was not interested in the petty additions and subtractions of every piece of high finance. It accepted the facts as sufficient and wanted to know the remedy. Every muck-raker started out more or less firm in the conviction that a remedy would and should be found. Throughout his whole series, Lawson

avowedly worked up to a remedy which he was reserving for a wonderful dramatic climax. He talked about it and promised it and finally gave it, but, poor little inadequate thing that it was, it quickly slipped out almost unnoticed. It was a pitiable attempt to make an ill-equipped public beat the well-equipped financiers at their own game and under their own rules. The result from that moment was that Lawson practically lost the ear of the American public. They had his facts. That was all he had to offer. He was through.

Other writers were more chary about their remedies. They announced themselves more frankly and humbly as mere reporters. They told their stories well and retired, retired in fact, if not in theory. They retired as effective and popular muck-rakers. At the same time, the magazines retired as muck-rakers. Only one of them retired in anything like a formal way. That was *McClure's Magazine*. As a money-making publisher McClure was perhaps wise in his day and generation. He saw he had gone the limit of interesting exposure. To go farther would be to go too far, would be to bridge the broad psychological and economic chasm which lay between negative and constructive journalism, which lay between a social condition and the remedy which must also be social.

On the other hand, the one magazine which openly and glaringly persisted in an attempt to continue the same policy was the *American Magazine*, bought by those who had been intimately associated with McClure, but who did not see what McClure saw. From the standpoint of attempted social service we must give our admiration to the muck-rakers who conducted the *American Magazine*, but from the standpoint of long-headed magazine publishing as a business, we must take off our hats to McClure. McClure's has become merely a magazine of entertainment and has become so voluntarily. The *American Magazine* has been absorbed, according to reports, by Morgan the financier, because it has been unable to make a go of its policy.

It happens that these two magazines offer extreme examples of the general situation. The literary and art magazines which we had with us before the muck-rakers still creak along much the same. Now and then one of them is absorbed or discontinues, because it is simply unable to keep itself alive and fades away into practical nothingness. Short story magazines, without ideal, without beauty, without policy except merely that of getting the public money by catering to a corrupt and idle taste for piffle, flourish now as they flourished before, and it is into this class that the once virile muck-rakers seem to be sinking.

That substantially is the situation today. And that is the character of the magazines, along with the purely woman's journals and other specialized publications, which Mr. Morgan is to acquire and control if he is to acquire and control any. But the student of sociology and politics and economics is not interested in the ownership of such publications any more than in the personnel of the ownership of any other trust. Not so much, in fact. For at best reading matter is a voluntary pursuit, while what we are most interested in is the control of the necessities of life.

These magazines were built up on the basis of an enormous circulation, without which they could not be made to pay. At any serious setback many of them at least must become unprofitable and, if they are to survive at all on a capitalistic basis, they must institute those economies which can only come through amalgamation.

The alternative for these magazines is to push

on and attract the public by voicing and supporting the logical remedy for the things they have exposed. But here they must meet with obstacles, dangers and risks greater than the present publishers and editors care to court. In the first place, it is questionable whether, in the very nature of the case, these readers can be secured and retained without driving away the advertisers so necessary to the existence of the magazines.

But, you say, advertisers follow readers. They have followed them so far across what seemed dangerous economic territory. Would they not follow farther? There are two answers to this. In the first place, the advertisers hitherto have been just as ignorant as the publishers. They saw only a little of the road. To them, as to the muck-raker at the start, each exposure was but an isolated case of rascality and immorality without relation to the rest. Consequently, they were not interested. They were going serenely along the path of every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. There was no class consciousness among them. This class feeling, however, has begun to develop. It takes form principally in the charge that all muck-raking hurts general business, and accordingly it is the duty of business men in general to try to stop it. This attempt, in the second place, can now be made more effective because a large proportion of the advertising is done by the large organizations, the trusts. They can make the protest emphatic and decisive.

Furthermore the successful publishers and editors, like all capitalists, are timid. Their responsibilities are large and the courage of their convictions is correspondingly small. For them to attack the system as a whole is to attack the system that enables them to live easily. Large magazines that are making money are likely to be too cautious to take any violent or radical step. Large magazines that are not making money are either already in the hands of more or less inimical creditors, or must raise capital (from necessarily inimical capitalists) for their projects. *Everybody's Magazine*, while young, struggling and insignificant, would flirt with Lawson, when a bigger magazine would not look at him twice. *Everybody's Magazine*, the big and successful, rolling in dividends, will not look twice at contributors they would once have been only too glad to get. Editors and publishers are human. Let us say it once more, even at the risk of uttering a commonplace.

Where, then, lies the hope of the sacred freedom of the press, a freedom by which we are going to march on to the real remedy for which the public is anxiously waiting, the remedy by which we are to emancipate ourselves from economic bondage? First, we may still hope that one or more of the present big magazines will see the way clear to take it up. Second, there is the chance that smaller magazines may see a profitable growth in taking it up. Third, in the absence of and probably in addition to one or both of the above, will be the weekly and monthly and daily, modest in form but virile in policy and largely independent of advertising, which will come out and interpret the conditions of the day in a large way and, firmly convinced of the remedy, will not hesitate to speak it and reiterate it boldly and frequently.

Now, what is the remedy? Socialism is the answer, but it is not my own little pet answer. I know personally above two score of our best writers who would give the same answer and who would like to write that answer if they could find a market for what they write. I know at least a dozen editors who admit the essential truth of Socialism. In short, our whole daily and monthly publishing business is honeycombed with Socialists who are keen to write their con-

(Continued on page 18)



(Third Instalment)

SO THAT'S how far we had travelled. On the drive home I kept repeating to myself:

"Hanckel, what a lucky dog you are! Such a treasure at your time of life! Dance for joy, shout aloud, behave as if you were possessed. You must, after what happened to you today."

But, gentlemen, I did not dance, I did not shout aloud, I did not act as if I were possessed. I went through my bills and drank a glass of punch. That was the extent of my celebration.

The next day Lothar Pütz came riding up in his light-blue fatigues-uniform.

"Still on leave, my boy?" I asked.

"My resignation has not yet gone into effect," he answered, looking at me grimly but not meeting my eyes, as if I were the cause of all his trouble. "At any rate, my leave has expired. I have to go to Berlin."

I asked if he could not get an extension. But I noticed he did not want it—was suffering with homesickness for the casino. We all know what that is. Besides, he had to sell his furniture, he explained, and arrange with the creditors.

"Well, then, go, my boy," I said, and hesitated an instant whether I should confide my new joy to him. But I was afraid of the silly face I'd make while confessing, so I refrained. Another thing that kept me was a feeling stowed away deep down at the bottom of my heart—I was counting on a rejection, I feared it and hoped for it.

I felt as if—but what's the use of burrowing in feelings? The facts will tell the story.

Exactly a week later in the morning the letter-carrier brought me an envelope addressed in her handwriting.

At first I was seized with violent terror. Tears sprang into my eyes. And I said to myself:

"There, old man, now you'll see you've been relegated to the scrap heap."

At the same time a peaceful sense of resignation came over me, and as I cut the envelope open, I almost wished I might find in it just a plain mitten.

But what I read was:

"Dear Friend:—

I thought over the matter as you wished. My decision has been strengthened. I shall expect to see you today when you call on my father.

Iolanthe."

Well, the joy! You can imagine what it must have been without telling you.

But then the shame! Oh, the shame! Yes, gentlemen, I felt ashamed, ashamed of everybody. And when I thought of all the doubting, sarcastic looks to which I should be exposed shortly, I felt like backing down.

But the hour had come. Up and be doing.

First I beautified myself. I cut my chin twice shaving. One of the stablemen had to ride two miles to the druggist to get me some flesh-colored court-plaster, because there was nothing but black plaster in the house. My waistcoat was drawn in so tight I could scarcely breathe, and my poor old sister nearly got desperate because she could not give my necktie that careless, free and easy look I wanted.

Drawing by Frank Van Sloun

And all the time the thought never left me for an instant:

"Hanckel, Hanckel, you're making an ass of yourself."

But my entry into Krakowitz was grand—two dapper-greys of my own breed—silver collar trimmings—a new landau lined with wine-colored satin. No prince in the world could come wooing more proudly.

But my heart was thumping at my ribs. I was pitifully afraid.

The old man received me at the door. He behaved as if he did not suspect in the least.

When I asked him for a private talk he looked astonished, and cut a wry face, like a man suspecting he is about to be pumped from an unexpected quarter.

"You'll soon be pulling in your sails," I thought. I naturally supposed that at the first word there would be a well-played farce with kissing, tears of joy, and the rest of the rigmarole.

That's how vain it makes you, gentlemen, to possess a wide purse.

But the old fox knew how to drive a bargain. He knew you had to run down the prospective purchaser in order to run up the price of your goods.

When I had finished my suit for his daughter's hand, he said, all puffed up with suddenly acquired dignity:

"I beg pardon, baron, but who will guarantee that this alliance, which—turn the matter as you will—has something unnatural about it—who will guarantee that it will turn out happy? Who will guarantee that some night two years from now my daughter won't come running home bareheaded, in her nightgown, and declare: 'Father, I can't live with that old man. Keep me here!'"

Gentlemen, that was tough.

"And in view of all these circumstances," he continued, "I am not justified as an honorable man and father in entrusting my daughter to you—"

Very well, rejected, made a fool of. I rose, since the affair seemed to me to be ended. But he hastily pressed me back into my seat.

"Or, at least, in entrusting her to you and observing the forms that I feel a man like me owes a man like you—or, to express myself more clearly—by which a father endeavors to assure his daughter's future—or, to express myself still more clearly—the dowry—"

At that I burst out laughing.

The old sharper, the old sharper! It was the dowry he had been sneaking up to! It was for the dowry the whole comedy had been played.

When he saw me laugh he sent his dignity and his pathos and his feeling of pride to the devil and laughed heartily along with me.

"Well, if that's the way you are, old fellow," he said. "Had I known it right away—"

And with that the bargain was struck.

Then the baroness was called in, and to her credit be it said, she forgot her assigned rôle and fell on my neck, before her husband had had a chance, for the sake of appearances, to explain the situation.

But Iolanthe!

Pale as death, her lips tightly compressed, her eyes half shut, she appeared at the threshold and without saying a word held both hands out to me and standing there motionless as a stone suffered her parents to kiss her.

You see that again gave me food for thought.

CHAPTER III.

What I had dreaded, gentlemen, did not come about.

Evidently I had underestimated my reputation and popularity in the district. My engagement met with favor everywhere, both among the gentry and the people. I saw only beaming faces when they shook hands and congratulated me.

To be sure, at such a time the whole world is in a conspiracy to lure a man on still farther to his fate. They are nice and amiable to you and then turn on you snapping and snarling at the very moment when the matter threatens to go wrong.

However that may be, I gradually got rid of my feeling of shame, and behaved as if I had a right to so much youth and beauty.

My old sister's attitude was touching, even though she was the only one whom my marriage would directly injure. On my wedding day she was to retire from Ilgenstein to be shelved at Gorowen, an old home of ours for old maids and dowagers.

She shed streams of tears, tears of joy, and declared her prayers had been heard, and she was in love with Iolanthe before she had seen her.

But what would Pütz have said, Pütz who had always wanted me to marry and had never gotten me to?

"I'll make up to his son for it," I thought.

I wrote Lothar a long letter. I begged his pardon for having gone a-wooing in his enemy's house, and expressed the hope that in this way the old breach would be healed.

I waited a long time for his answer. When it came, just a few dry words of congratulation and a line to say he would delay his return until the wedding was over, since it would pain him to be at home on that joyous occasion and yet not be able to stay with me.

That, gentlemen, piqued me. I really liked the boy, you know.

Oh, yes—and Iolanthe troubled me.

Troubled me greatly, gentlemen. There was no real joy in her, you know. When I came, I found a pale, cold face. Her eyes seemed positively blurred by the dismal look in them. It was not until I had her to myself in a corner and got into a lively talk that she gradually brightened and even displayed a certain childlike tenderness toward me.

But, gentlemen, I was so fine. Terribly fine, I tell you! I treated her as if she were the famous princess who could not sleep with a pea under the mattress. Every day I discovered in myself new capacity for fineness. I became quite proud of my delicate constitution. Only sometimes I yearned for a doubtful joke or a good round curse word.

And constantly having to be on the alert was a great exertion, you know. I'm a warm-hearted

fellow, I'm glad to say, and I can anticipate another person's wants. Without any fuss or to-do. But I was like a blind-folded tight-rope dancer. One misstep on the right—one misstep on the left—plop!—he's down.

And when I came home to my great empty house, where I could shout, curse, whistle, and do, heaven knows what else, to my heart's content without insulting someone or setting some one a-shudder—a sense of comfort crept through me, and I sometimes said to myself:

"Thank the Lord, you're still a free man."

But not for long. Nothing stood in the way of the wedding. It was to take place in six weeks.

My dear old Ilgenstein fell into the hands of a tyrannical horde of workmen, who turned everything topsy-turvy. Whatever wish I expressed, they'd say: "Baron, that is not in good taste." Well, I let them have their way. At that time I still had slavish respect for so-called good taste. It was not until much later that I saw that in most cases it is governed by nothing but weakness and a certain bashful, yet unabashed poverty.

Well, to cut it short, the bunch of them carried on so fearfully under the protection of that cursed good taste that finally nothing was left in my good old castle but my hunting-room and study. Here I emphatically put my foot down on good taste.

And my narrow old bed! Nobody, of course, was allowed to touch that.

Gentlemen, that bed!

And now listen.

One day my sister, who stood in altogether with the vile crew, came to my room—with a certain bitter-sweet, bashful smile—the kind old maids always smile when the question, how children come into the world, is touched upon.

"I have something to say to you, George," she said, cleared her throat, and peered into the corners.

"Fire away."

"What do you think," she stammered, "I mean, of course—I mean—you see—you won't be able to sleep any more in that horrible straw bag of a bed of yours."

"Just let me enjoy my comfort," I said.

"You don't understand," she lisped, getting more confused. "I mean after—when—I mean after the wedding."

The devil! I had never thought of that! And I, old though I was, I looked just as ashamed as she.

"I'll have to speak to the cabinet-maker," I said.

"George," she observed with a very important air, "forgive me, but I understand more about such matters than you."

"Eh, eh," I said, and shook my finger at her. It had always been my chief pleasure, even from of old, to shock her old-maidishness.

She blushed scarlet, and said:

"I saw wonderful, perfectly wonderful bedroom furniture at my friends', Frau von Houssele and Countess Finkenstein. You *must* have your bed-room furnished the same way."

"Go ahead," I said.

I'll have to tell you, gentlemen, why I gave in so easily. I knew my father-in-law-to-be, the old miser, would not want to spend a single cent on a trousseau. So I had said I had everything. Then I had to hustle and order whatever was needed from Berlin and Königsberg. Of course, I had forgotten about the bed.

"What would you rather have," my sister went on, "pink silk covered with plain net, or blue with Valenciennes lace? Perhaps it would be a good idea to tell the decorator who is doing the dining-room to paint a few amourettes on the ceiling."

Oh, oh, oh, gentlemen, fancy how I felt!

I and a *rouettes*!

"The bed," she continued mercilessly, "can't be made to order any more."

"What," I said, "not in six weeks?"

"Why, George! The drawings, the plans alone require a month."

I glanced sadly at my dear old bed—it hadn't needed any plans. Just six boards and four posts knocked together in one morning.

"The best thing would be," she went on, "if we wrote to Lothar and asked him to pick out the finest piece he can find in the Berlin shops."

"Do whatever you want, but let me alone," I said angrily. As she was leaving the room looking hurt, I called after her. "Be sure to impress it upon the decorator to make the amourettes look like me."

That, gentlemen, will give you an idea of my bridal mood.

And the nearer the wedding-day came, the uncanner I felt.

Not that I was afraid—or, rather, I was frightfully afraid—but apart from that, I felt as if I were to blame, as if some wrong were being done, as if—how shall I say?

If I had only known whom I was wronging. Not Iolanthe, because it was her wish. Not myself—I was what they call the happiest mortal in the world. Lothar? Perhaps. The poor fellow had looked on me as his second father, and I was removing the ground from beneath his feet

by going over bag and baggage to the enemy's camp.

So that was the way I kept the promise I had made my old friend Pütz on his deathbed.

Gentlemen, any of you who have found yourselves under the pressure of circumstances, in the council of the wicked—the thing happens once in his life to every good man—will understand me.

I thought and thought day and night and chewed my nails bloody. As I saw no other way out of the situation, I decided to heal the breach at my own expense.

It wasn't so easy for me, because you know, gentlemen, we country squires cling to our few dollars. But what doesn't one do when one is officially a "good fellow"?

So one afternoon I went to see my father-in-law-elect, and found him in his so-called study lolling on the lounge. I put the proposition of a reconciliation to him somewhat hesitatingly—to sound him of course. As I expected, he instantly flew into a rage, stormed, choked, turned blue, and declared he'd show me the door.

"How if Lothar sees he's wrong and gives up the case as lost?" I asked.

Gentlemen, have you ever tickled a badger? I mean a tame or half-tame one? When he blinks at you half suspicious, half pleased, while he keeps up a soft snarl? That's just the way the old fellow behaved.

"He won't," he said after a while.

"But if he does?" I asked.

"Then you'll be the one to fork up for the whole business," he answered—the fox—quick as a flash.

"Should I lie?" I thought. "Bah, go to the devil!" and I confessed.

"Nope," he said point-blank. "Won't do, my boy. I won't accept it."

"Why not?"

"On account of the children, of course. I must think of my grandchildren, in case you are magnanimous enough to present me with some. I can't bequeath anything to them, so should I rob them besides? I'll win the suit in all events, even if it lasts a few years longer. I can wait."

I set to work to try to persuade him.

"The money remains in the family," I said. "I pay it and you get it. After your death it will revert to me, of course."

"Aha! You're already counting on my death?" he shouted, and began to rage and storm again. "Do you want me to lay myself in my grave alive, so that you can round off your estate with

(Continued on page 18)



Blood Hounds of the Slave Masters—1860



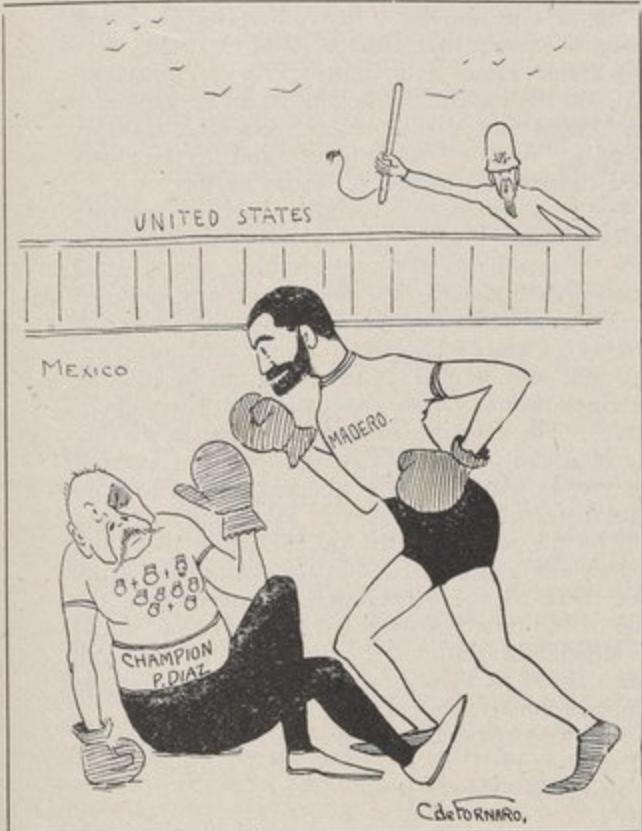
Cossacks of the Capitalists—1911

REVOLUTIONARY MEXICO

By CARLO DE FORNARO

The Fighting Parties in Mexico

MEXICO, like every other country, has various parties representing the various interests and the various classes of the population. These parties are the natural outgrowth of the political and social conditions. In Mexico, with the exception of the *científico* party and the immediate tools of Diaz, they have all been



working for years for the overthrow of the autocratic régime and for a democratic form of government. But Diaz, by his suppressive measures, has been fairly successful in keeping their aims, their activity, and even their very existence a secret from the outside world.

Now that the revolution has been in progress for some time, the political situation in Mexico is becoming more familiar to the Americans. As the fighting proceeds, the line of cleavage between the different parties naturally becomes more sharply defined. We observe mutual suspicion and fear. The more radical elements are afraid that if the more conservative wing gains preponderance of power, the very object for which they are all professedly fighting, Mexican liberty, will be endangered. They keep close, anxious watch on Madero's every act and move. Thus, recently we saw the Socialist Magon come out with a long article in his paper *Regeneración*, in which he charges Madero with being a traitor to the Mexican people.

On the other hand, the conservative wing seems to be determined to run the revolution all its own way and let no other influence limit its power. To still further complicate this complex state of affairs, the men now ruling the destinies of Mexico are fighting among themselves for governmental supremacy.

I shall endeavor in this article to explain the situation of the parties in Mexico and discover the component elements of the revolutionary forces.

Roughly speaking, Mexico is divided racially into three distinct parts. The pure Indians form about forty per cent. of the population. The mixture of Indians and Spaniards and the direct descendants of Spaniards make up another forty per cent. The remaining twenty per cent. are Spaniards and other foreigners.

When Diaz came to power thirty years ago, there were scarcely any foreigners in Mexico. Each race constituted a social class. The Indians were the workingmen, as they still are to a large extent; the pure Mexican-born Spaniards, with few exceptions, constituted the ruling class, and the half-breeds were what may be called the middle class. The middle class increased rapidly, and, as is the case everywhere in a semi-feudal state, it is from the ranks of the middle class that the most radical elements have come. They have furnished the boldest and most tireless agitators and propagandists and the larger number of leaders in the Mexican revolutionary movement, both in the Socialist and more moderate parties.

In 1900 several young men from the middle class began to agitate for the cause of liberty. They were persecuted, jailed, and killed. Others then took up their work. They, too, were persecuted like their revolutionary precursors, and in 1904 some of them were compelled to flee to the United States in the hope that they could carry on their propaganda in this land of freedom. Among the most aggressive and talented of those who sought refuge here were the Magon brothers, Sarabia, Labrada, Villareal, and others.

And now for the first time the United States entered upon its rôle of assistant to the Mexican government in the suppression of the movement for regaining Mexican liberty. This happened during the administration of Theodore Roosevelt. Diaz followed the revolutionists into this republic, and a policy of hounding down the fighters for Mexican liberty was initiated with the help of the United States Federal authorities. The Mexican government spent millions in the attempt to stifle the liberal movement, and it succeeded in putting most of the agitators in United States jails on all kinds of trumped-up charges. An interesting account of the friendly collaboration of the United States with Mexico may be found in the published account of the hearings before the committee on rules of the House of Representatives, held in June, 1910.

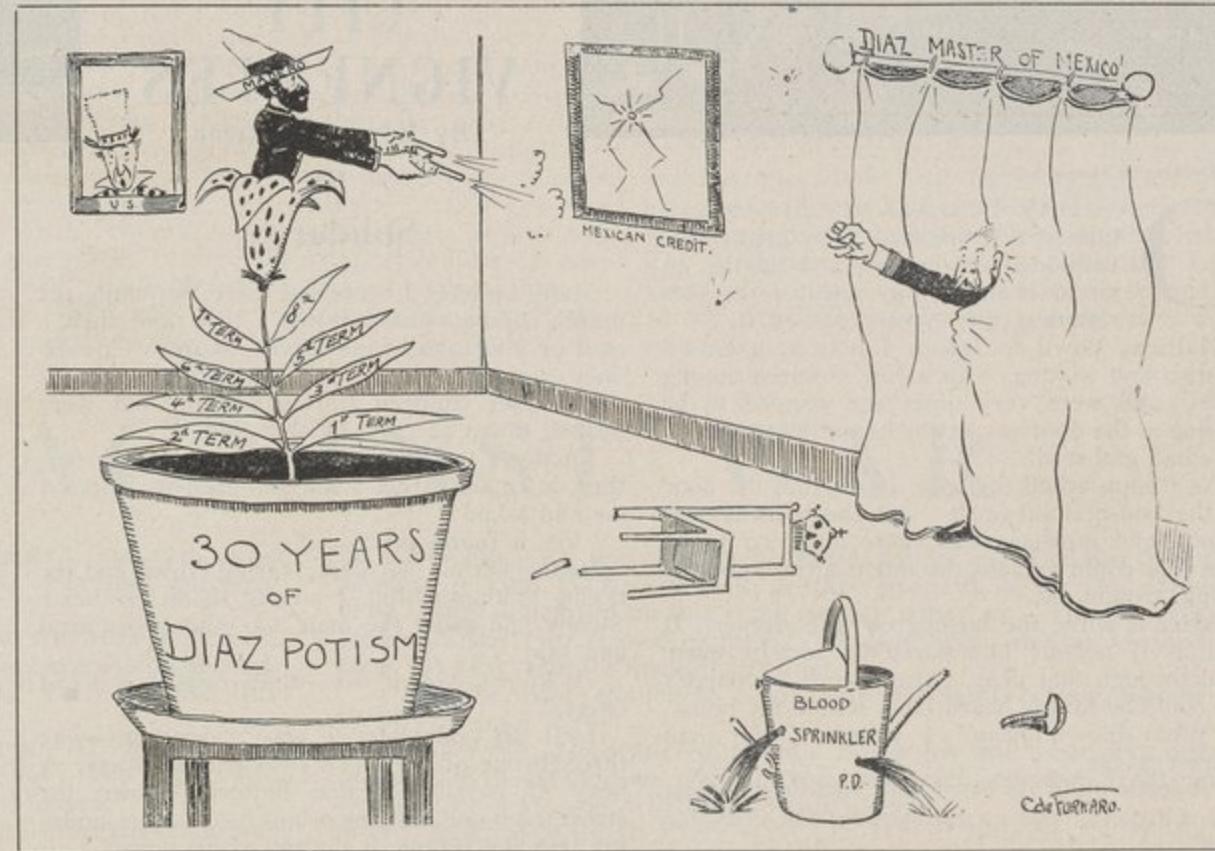
The investigation in Congress stopped the persecutions. Mexican liberals in the United States, who in their fight for liberty found they could get

neither sympathy nor a hearing in most of the American newspapers, succeeded in obtaining assistance and moral support from the Socialist, labor union and radical press, and many became Socialists through direct contact with Socialists or Socialist sympathizers.

When, in 1909, Reyes's adherents started their campaign in his favor, Don Heriberto Barron was one of the first to organize clubs to promote the candidacy of Reyes. But Reyes's trip to Europe cut off further agitation, and Barron was forced to flee to the United States. Mexico, however, remained in a political turmoil. Madero soon stepped in the place of General Reyes, and was warmly supported by the liberal movement.

Madero is a capitalist and a conservative. But he could read the signs of the times in Mexico aright. He knew that Diaz and his supporters were destined soon to disappear. He, therefore, organized the oposition to the *científico* party. The *científicos* really represent but few interests in Mexico itself. They draw their chief strength and support from powerful capitalists in New York and several men in Washington. One of the Washingtonians is a member of the cabinet. Prior to assuming his post in the United States capital he had been the personal representative of General Diaz and the Mexican government in the United States. Madero represents the ultra-conservatives, the clerical element, which is still strong in Mexico, and the upper middle class.

The Magon brothers, on the other hand, represent the liberal democrats (Socialists), that is, the lower middle class and workingmen among the half-breeds, comprising about 80,000 of the population, and the entire Indian population. Magon's movement, therefore, has possibly a much larger following than the movement that Madero is heading. The adherents of the Magon brothers constitute the most radical elements in the country, though, of course, all of them cannot by any means be regarded as full-fledged Socialists. Thus, the Magonites and the Maderists are radically different in their principles and ultimate aims. But they are alike in one respect, they are both fighting the common enemy, the oppression and misgovernment of Porfirio Diaz through the *científicos*.

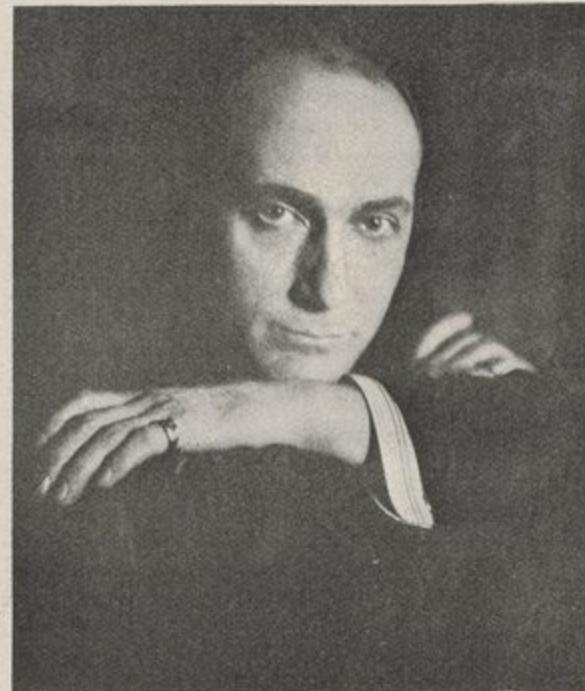


In the Mexican politics of to-day General Diaz himself can be altogether eliminated from consideration, since the Mexican government is actually run only by the *científicos* with the one-time "Man of Iron" as a mere figure-head. Corral also is now a negligible quantity on account both of his unpopularity and his feeble health. Only Creel remains. In the absence of Limantour in Paris, Creel thought the king's mantle would fall on his shoulders.

Limantour is now exerting his energies to keep the political power from falling into the hands of Creel and the large landholders whom he represents. Creel and the Terrazas and a few others own millions of acres of land in Mexico. They constitute a class of feudal barons, and are represented in the cabinet by Creel and Molina. Now Limantour, although a man of great wealth, does not own large tracts of land. His money is invested chiefly in real estate in the City of Mexico. His interests are therefore opposed to those of the few magnates who own so large a part of Mexico, and he sees the danger of leaving them in possession of their vast territory. That is why Limantour, the Mexican Minister of Finance, in the recent interview (February 20), which he gave out in Paris outlining the needed reforms in Mexico, made a special point of the necessity of repartitioning the *latifundiae*, that is, the vast tracts of land owned by Creel, the Terrazas, etc., in order that the people might share more extensively in the holding of land. Even Limantour can become a friend of the people when it serves his own interests.

Thus, in comparison to Creel and the other great Mexican landowners, Limantour is more of a modern kind of capitalist, and his interests are almost identical with those of Madero. The Minister of Finance realizes this. He also realizes that the Mexican government cannot put down the revolution. He knows that he might come to terms with Madero, but that there is no possibility of an understanding between him and the Magon party. In the event that a liberal demo-

cratic government should be established in Mexico with the Magon party in the ascendant, he knows his influence would be at an end. In the case of American intervention, too, he realizes



Carlo de Fornaro

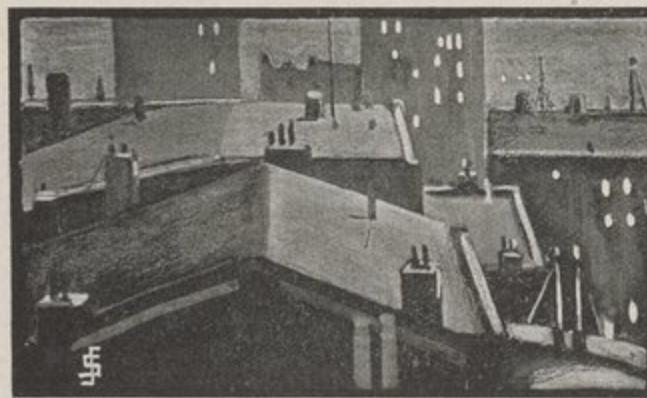
that the foreign powers, especially the English and Germans, would prefer to deal with the American representative rather than with the Minister of Finance, since he represents the French interests. So there is only one course left for him, to flirt with Madero. Limantour never before knew that Mexico needed any reforms. Now he suddenly found that it does, and he proclaimed it aloud in his Paris interview. Now he, too, is a progressive. And it is possible that should the Maderist forces get the upper

hand in the revolution, his political ambition, which is that of becoming the pilot of Mexico, may be fulfilled. For the Maderists are not at all inimical to the present Minister of Finance.

As Diaz is now a very old man, weak and infirm, the question arises, What is likely to happen if he dies before the close of the revolution? The elements of which the present government is composed are by no means a harmonious group. The army and the friends and supporters of Diaz are inimical to the *científicos*, and the *científicos*, in turn, are naturally not very much in love with the General's friends. In his lifetime, even when he grew weak, he was able more or less to keep them from flying at one another's throats. The instant it becomes known that Diaz is dead or dying, they will break loose and fight. The complications that will thus arise will be almost an invitation to the United States to intervene, now that an army of 20,000 men has so suddenly and mysteriously been despatched to the Mexican border.

There is a remote possibility that the warring elements may decide upon a compromise candidate. Certain it is, that whether the United States guarantees a free election or not, none of Diaz's men will stand the slightest chance in the absence of Diaz's bayonets. American intervention will only aggravate the situation by making the revolutionists more determined in their opposition. The *científicos* have succeeded in stirring the Mexican people to a revolution even without the visible hand of their masters, the American capitalists, whom they serve. How much greater will be the wrath of the people when they find themselves confronted by an American army sent there by these capitalists to perpetuate the rule of the hated *científicos*? Surely that would be sufficient to unite all the different elements and cause them to present a solid front against the common enemy, the *científicos*.

Under Porfirio Diaz it was peace at any price. After Porfirio Diaz it will be (if I am not greatly mistaken) liberty at any price.



Drawing by Samuel Schwarz

ONE DAY I chanced into a mysterious little street, hemmed in by grimy old-fashioned flat-houses, and having an air as if the mighty tides of the surrounding city never reached it.

Halfway down the block I noticed a crowd of men and women, with a few children among them. All were very quiet and seemed to be staring at the doorway of the house before which they had gathered.

As I approached the spot, I saw that the door of the house stood open. But the hallway was empty, and nowhere was there anything to be seen that could explain the intent attitude of the people around me.

After a while the hush grew still deeper. It was as if nobody had dared to breathe even. And through that deep, tense silence a woman's cry could be faintly heard from within the house.

"What does it mean," I asked of the man nearest to me.

"A leetle child iss losed," he answered almost in a whisper. "Dat iss the modder vot cries for him."

CITY VIGNETTES

By Edwin Björkman

III Solidarity

Many minutes I remained there, watching the dumb, compassionate crowd. Now and then a man or a woman would leave. More often new ones would arrive. Several times some of the smaller children started playing, but were hushed down at once by their elders.

Finally I went my way. A block or so further down the street a man stopped in front of me and asked:

"Vos it found yet?"

Remembering the silent, staring crowd and the crying mother within, I merely shook my head. Slowly and sadly the man, too, shook his head and said:

"I knows vot it iss—mine own vos losed onces."

Half an hour later I was making my way through one of the city's crowded highways. A bevy of newsboys came fluttering down the street, each one hugging a bunch of papers under his arm and yelling at the top of his voice:



"Wuxtra! Wuxtra! All about de lost child! Wuxtra!"

An hour more passed. I had traveled many miles. Still I had not gone beyond the limits of the great city. But its houses had grown smaller, and trees were planted along the streets. At last I came to a newsstand. Over the stand they had posted a bulletin giving the main news of the latest issues. At the top of the list I read the words:

"Child is lost."

Two women were looking at the bulletin. In passing I heard one of them say to the other:

"Oh, I hope they find it before night! It is always worse to think of it as lost at night."

At that moment I was seized with a feeling that the whole vast mass of humanity herded within the great city was holding its breath, just as did that crowd listening to the cry of the mother from within the house. And I thought that the city would remain thus, uneasy and saddened, until the search for that little lost child had been brought to a successful end.

WORKINGMEN'S COMPENSATION

The Crying Need for Adequate Measures to Secure Indemnity to Workingmen for Injuries in Employment

THE MOVEMENT to obtain compensation for workmen injured in the course of their employment is world-wide. Employers' liability laws, which merely specify the circumstances under which an employer is liable for an injury to a workman, are universally recognized to be inadequate. They promote litigation, and they do not assure to the average workman any recompense for his injury. Compensation measures, on the other hand, assure a fixed award, without expense and without delay. Foreign states are, in this respect, as in most other matters regarding the protection of workmen, far ahead of America. Compensation laws are in effect in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Great Britain, Greece, Hungary, Italy, Luxembourg, Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Russia, Spain and Sweden; in three Canadian states, Alberta, British Columbia and Quebec; in four Australian states, New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia and Western Australia, and in two South African states, the Cape of Good Hope and the Transvaal. Some of them—as for instance Germany's, which dates back to 1884—have been in force for many years.

Up to a year ago no American state had such a law. Maryland had had for a brief time (1902-4) a make-believe measure, but it was declared unconstitutional by a local court. The United States Philippine Commission adopted a measure for its insular employees in 1906, and on May 30, 1908, the United States Government adopted a compensation law for artisans and laborers on government works. Maryland, by an act which went into effect May 1, 1910, and Montana, by an act effective October 1, 1910, provided accident and disability funds for coal miners. But the credit is due New York for being the first state to pass a compensation law on other than the most restricted lines. This law went into effect September 1, 1910. It is entirely inadequate, being restricted to workmen employed in certain occupations known to be exceptionally dangerous, but it marks, at least, a beginning.

Since 1908 the movement in America has spread far and wide. Commissions for studying the subject have been appointed or elected in Ohio, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Minnesota, Illinois, Washington, Massachusetts and Connecticut, and on June 25, 1910, Congress provided for a national commission. Massachusetts had an earlier commission—that of 1903—but it reported the matter to be impracticable. The commission of 1910 rendered a partial report on December 17, 1910, and submitted a tentative bill for public discussion. The Illinois commission of 1910, which succeeded the ineffective commission of 1905, ended its sessions in a deadlock between the labor members and the representatives of the capital-

By W. J. GHENT

ists. The Wisconsin commission of 1909 and the New Jersey commission of 1910 made their reports in January, 1911, and recommended the passage of compensation acts. The Minnesota commission, like the Massachusetts commission, drew up a tentative bill for public discussion, which has been widely circulated. A number of other bills were introduced in various legislatures during the sessions of last winter, among them one by James H. Maurer, the Socialist member of the legislature of Pennsylvania.

What the workers and their families lose in wages annually through accidents and occupational diseases is an amount that, if only it could rightly be computed, would stagger the imagination. The death-roll in industry is like that of a great war. Frederick L. Hoffman, the statistician of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, computes the number of fatal accidents among occupied males in 1908 as between 30,000 and 35,000. These figures are admitted by Mr. Hoffman to be conservative, and are generally believed to be far below the truth. The railroads alone killed an average of 10,247 persons during the three years 1907-9, and the coal mines in 1907 killed 3,125. Mr. Hoffman's figures relate only to occupied males above 15 years of age. They do not include the 6,000,000 women employed at wages. They are largely founded, moreover, on the vital statistics of the Census Bureau, and there is always a wide discrepancy between these figures and those in the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission and other bodies. The annual death-roll from industrial accidents cannot be much below the frightful total of 50,000, and very probably is more than that. The non-fatal accidents, involving so enormous a loss of earning power, are estimated by Mr. Hoffman (*Labor Bulletin*, September, 1908, p. 458) at "not much less than 2,000,000."

There is another enormous loss in earning power by reason of occupational diseases—the diseases inevitable to certain trades. Workers in the metal trades, in iron and steel making, in chemicals, in textiles and in printing, not to speak of many other occupations, all tend to acquire certain diseases. Virtually every mechanical occupation has its special ailment. Statistics published in Dr. Thomas Oliver's "Dangerous Trades" (p. 135) show that in England the average mortality of certain occupations is represented by the following figures: Agriculturists, 602; glassmakers, 1,487; cutlers, 1,516; potters, 1,702; leadworkers, 1,783; and file makers, 1,810. Everywhere industry is carried on with a reckless waste of human lives.

The justice of compensation for injury, occupational disease and death is thus readily seen

by every fair-minded man. The question comes, what degree and kind of compensation? Of the foreign states the second British act (1907) is probably the most advanced measure that has been enacted into law. The Massachusetts commission's tentative bill of Dec. 17, 1910, and that of the Minnesota commission have certain commendable features, and so has that of the National Conference upon Compensation for Industrial Accidents, composed of representatives of the various State commissions. The most advanced measure so far projected, however, is that prepared by the Joint Conference of the Central Labor Bodies and the Socialist party of New York City, presented to the New York commission on February 1, 1910.

Only the substance of this measure can be sketched. It applies to all employments and to all employees receiving wages of less than \$2,500 a year. The entire cost of compensation rests upon the employer; that is, it is a loss to be borne by the industry and not by the hapless worker or by the State. The compensation for death, instead of being fixed, is proportional to one's expectation of life according to the Massachusetts Life Table of 1898. Permanent total disability is compensated with the full death payment, with one-third added, and permanent partial disability by a sum proportioned to the actual loss of earning power. Temporary disability is compensated with a weekly payment of not less than 65 per cent. of the average wage, with a minimum of \$8 per week. In all cases medical or surgical treatment is to be paid for by the employers. Provision is also made for securing the payment by the establishment of a State Accident Insurance Fund, which is charged with the collection of the compensation due from the employer and the payment to the beneficiary in a lump sum or in annuities.

The subject is a large and complete one. It cannot even be adequately stated in brief space. It needs to be studied with care. But the fundamental justice of compensation for injuries is something which no fair-minded man can reject. Every Socialist, every labor-union man and every man of whatever class or group who believes in justice should actively work for the immediate passage of compensation measures. You cannot expect to get through any State Legislature at the present time so advanced a law as the New York Labor-Socialist measure. You will be fortunate, indeed, if you succeed in forcing the passage of even so moderate a law as that of the National Conference. But by demanding the whole loaf, you may get a half-loaf; and with that half secured for a beginning, you may renew your demand for the other half. The immediate need is for a systematic and vigorous campaign for compensation measures. To this work the Socialist party is unequivocally committed.

WAR AGAINST WAR

The ruling class of this country has definitely entered upon a campaign to prepare to crush the workers. For that purpose they need militarism.

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They need militarism for their market hunting aggression abroad.

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THE IMMORALITY OF BERNARD SHAW

The Subversive Opinions of the Great Englishman on Medicine, Marriage and Religion

MORAL" in the parlance of Bernard Shaw is the man who conforms to established customs and manners. "Immoral" is he who works for the changing of such customs and manners along rational lines. And of himself Shaw declares brazenly that he is "a specialist in immoral and heretical plays."

This is the keynote that pervades everything in his new volume, published by Brentano's a few weeks ago. It contains three plays—"The Doctor's Dilemma," "Getting Married," and "The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet"—and three voluminous prefaces: on doctors, on marriage, and on the dramatic censorship of England. The prefaces outbulk the plays—and to some extent the purely artistic portion of the book seems obscured by its philosophical elements. It might be better to have prefaces and plays printed in two separate volumes, but if plays and prefaces are to be had only together or not at all, then by all means let us have them as they now appear. Anything detracted from that volume—the largest Shaw has ever issued—would be a serious loss.

"The Doctor's Dilemma" is a frank attack on the medical profession, but an attack that contemplates the reformation, not the extermination, of that body. The fault with physicians now, as Shaw sees it, is that they are regarded as prophets, while they are mere men, just like you and me in their limitations and weaknesses. As individuals they may be the sweetest and sanest of men—for, as Shaw so aptly puts it, "the true doctor is inspired by a hatred of ill-health, and by a divine impatience of any waste of vital forces." But as members of a profession they are also members of a conspiracy against the laity.

The basis of this conspiracy is economical in Shaw's opinion. "Private medical practice is governed not by science but supply and demand," he declares. And he adds that "the object of the medical profession today is to secure an income for the private doctor; and to this consideration all concern for science and public health must give way when the two come into conflict." The remedy proposed by Shaw is the same that every convinced Socialist would propose: to socialize and municipalize the entire profession. "Until it becomes a body of men trained and paid by the country to keep the country in health it will remain what it is at present: a conspiracy to exploit popular credulity and human suffering."

And if he could have his way, he would stop all vivisection, holding that the same results may be obtained in other, less cruel ways. The right to knowledge is supreme in man, but it must be circumscribed by the rights of other beings. Of great psychological interest is his tracing of much vivisectional ardor to man's inherent tendency toward cruelty as a pleasure. This, of course, is in keeping with the findings of modern science, though the applicability of the principle may be somewhat exaggerated by Shaw.

Though the play itself thus preaches loudly, it is nevertheless, like all of Shaw's dramatic efforts, first of all a lifelike picture of men and women engaged in certain spiritual conflicts. The physician who holds the centre of the stage has discovered a means of curing tuberculosis. Conditions are such that he can only extend his assistance to one more patient. Circumstances force upon him the choice between two. One of these is a young artist, gifted with true genius, but tainted with a selfishness that considers nothing but his art. The other man is an honest but rather futile physician. The doctor's dilemma is generally supposed to consist in the necessity to choose between talented dishonesty and commonplace honesty. Shaw himself seems to indicate it in that direction. But I have very little rever-

By EDWIN BJÖRKMÅN

ence for an author's intentions. Even a Shaw does things of which he is not clearly aware—things that need the reflection of another mind to be seen in their proper light.

To me the dilemma is much more subtle than suggested above. The doctor falls in love with the artist's charming wife. And at first he feels



George Bernard Shaw

constrained to cure the artist in order that he may not suspect himself of having let him die to win the widow. But as he discovers the man's true character as well as the woman's blind worship of his supposed character, it dawns upon him that the one way to save her from the supreme unhappiness of disillusionment lies in letting her husband die. This he contrives to do, by leaving him in the hands of a highly fashionable practitioner. And it ends by the widow marrying another man.

The character drawing of the play is splendid. Each figure stands out in lifelike perspective. The artist is one of the most subtle creations that have so far appeared in modern literature. And it is the more striking because Shaw, with the inspired ambiguousness of the true poet, has let us suspect that perhaps, after all, there may be some right in that abnormal artistic selfishness also. The first act of the play, where a group of physicians pitch their theories and foibles against each other, is screamingly funny; but its fun belongs rather to a coming day than to the present. Thirty-five years from now those scenes will be better understood and appreciated.

"Getting Married" gives us a distinct innovation in form—a whole-evening play drawn together into a single act. In the old Norman kitchen of the Bishop's palace, now transformed into a general living room, the relatives and friends and neighbors of a bride and groom come and go. Marriage is in the air. Everybody discusses it, including the bride and groom, who have been reading seditious literature and find themselves suddenly opposed to the state into which they have agreed to enter together. It has been said that nobody does anything but talk. It is false. Life histories are laid bare in the course of this play. Human fates are changed.

All kinds of things happen—but they do not happen in the form of what is commonly called "action." There are no murders, no violence. But there is conflict enough and to spare—and again the most wonderful revelations of human character. Incidentally we become acquainted with personalities that are unusually striking and attractive even for Shaw. Collins, green-grocer, butler and alderman in one person, is blood-brother to the inimitable William in "You Never Can Tell." And Mrs. George sees without an equal anywhere. To me the most poignant spot in the play, and one of the finest things Shaw has produced, is the speech which Mrs. George makes in a trance, her forehead touched by the hand of the man whom her soul has loved for years, while her body has had love adventures with all sorts of other men. She speaks on behalf of Eternal Woman, saying:

"When you loved me I gave you the whole sun and stars to play with. I gave you eternity in a single moment, strength of the mountains in one clasp of your arms, and the volume of all the seas in one impulse of your soul. A moment only; but was it not enough? Were you not paid then for all the rest of your struggle on earth? Must I mend your clothes and sweep your floors as well? Was it not enough? I paid the price without bargaining: I bore the children without flinching; was that a reason for heaping fresh burdens on me? I carried the child in my arms: must I carry the father too? When I opened the gates of paradise, were you blind? was it nothing to you? When all the stars sang in your ears and all the winds swept you into the heart of heaven, were you deaf? were you dull? was I no more to you than a bone to a dog? Was it not enough? We spent eternity together; and you ask me for a little lifetime more. We possessed all the universe together; and you ask me to give you my scanty wages as well. I have given you the greatest of all things; and you ask me to give you little things. I gave you your own soul: you ask me for my body as a plaything. Was it not enough? Was it not enough?"

The conclusion to which Shaw arrives in regard to marriage is that "it remains practically inevitable; and the sooner we acknowledge this, the sooner we shall set to work to make it decent and reasonable." And the chief condition for its reform he seeks in easy divorces, granted simply because one or the other party wants to be free. Asked what is to be done with the children, he meets this question with another: What are done with them now when the parents fail in their duties?

Of the last play in the volume, "The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet," Shaw says that it is "really a religious tract in dramatic form." So it is, just as the other two plays are moral and political tracts in dramatic form. But at the same time it brings on the stage one of the most soul-searching human experiences that man's mind could evolve. The horse thief caught because of a moment's surrender to human pity and brought back to be hung for his theft—or for his "softness," as he himself puts it—what a background for a conversation such as William James would have loved to record! And one by one the hardened creatures about him are drawn into that magic circle which Blanco Posnet has created around himself by his one lapse from genuine blackguardism. And in the end light breaks into his heart; he sees what has been done with him, and what he has to do. Without cant he preaches to his fellow-sinners the great religion of the Life Force—the religion of Bernard Shaw himself.

Not sinners or saints are we, but more or less efficient instruments in the hands of that force.

(Continued on page 18)

WHAT ARE "LIMITED GOODS"

By HORATIO WINSLOW

YOU BUY groceries every day and you therefore buy "limited goods" every day, yet the phrase "limited goods" has no particular meaning to you. It does not scare you, it does not impress you. There is, however, not a grocery man in the country whose heart does not jump at the mere mention of the phrase.

"Limited goods" have made, and are making, the retail and wholesale grocer impossible in the United States. To prove this, we shall first have to explain what "limited goods" are.

"Limited goods" are products whose price is fixed by the manufacturer. Neither wholesale nor retail grocer can buy or sell these goods except at this fixed scale of prices. They are, in most cases, articles put on the market by the manufacturer direct. For example: A certain manufacturer of soap, who twenty-five years ago depended upon the wholesale and retail grocer to push his goods, has adopted a new method. He no longer pleads with the grocer to handle his goods. He goes directly to the consumer.

How? By general advertising.

He has spent a large fortune in advertising, and created a demand for his soap. The women want it, and the grocer must handle it; he must handle it on a certain profit; he dare not sell it at lower than a certain price, for if he does, the manufacturer in question will, on some pretext or other, discontinue supplying him with the goods.

The manufacturer has to spend a large fortune in advertising. This money is paid back by the grocer and the consumer, and there is therefore not very much profit left for the grocer. In fact, very often the grocer has to sell the "limited goods" at cost price. Now you can readily see why the grocer does not like to handle "limited goods."

The number of articles known as "limited goods" is increasing very rapidly and constitutes already at least 40 per cent. of the entire grocery trade. This is the reason the grocers have been forced to co-operate among themselves. They have formed RETAIL GROCERS' ASSOCIATIONS in nearly every small city in the United States.

THE RETAIL GROCERS' ASSOCIATIONS originally launched their principal attacks against the wholesale grocers. They soon found out, however, that the wholesalers were in the same boat as themselves. Then the RETAIL GROCERS' ASSOCIATIONS decided to push their own articles, and they did it in the following manner:

They adopted an unknown soap, labelled it, and agreed to push it. But they soon found out that this method was also an ineffective way of combatting the "limited goods," because they depended upon their clerks to advertise the article in question. Of course the average clerk was not sufficiently interested in any particular kind of soap to be a successful competitor, as an advertiser, of the billboards put out by the manufacturers. Then the wholesale grocers began to organize, and formed the NATIONAL WHOLESALE GROCERS' ASSOCIATION.

This association has millions of dollars to back it, yet it has not been able to fight the "limited goods." Incidentally, it is well to consider that the NATIONAL WHOLESALE GROCERS' ASSOCIATION has a few millions more back of it than has the soap manufacturer.

If it is not capital only which creates the demand for the "limited goods," what is it?

Simply the popular fear of using or consuming impure commodities.

The people know that under the present competitive system a large amount of impure food is sold, and are therefore anxious to protect themselves. They believe that they are protecting themselves by purchasing the highly advertised, or "limited goods."

Do you realize that, although the retail and the wholesale grocer gets very angry, the joke is on neither of the two? After all, the joke is on the consumer.

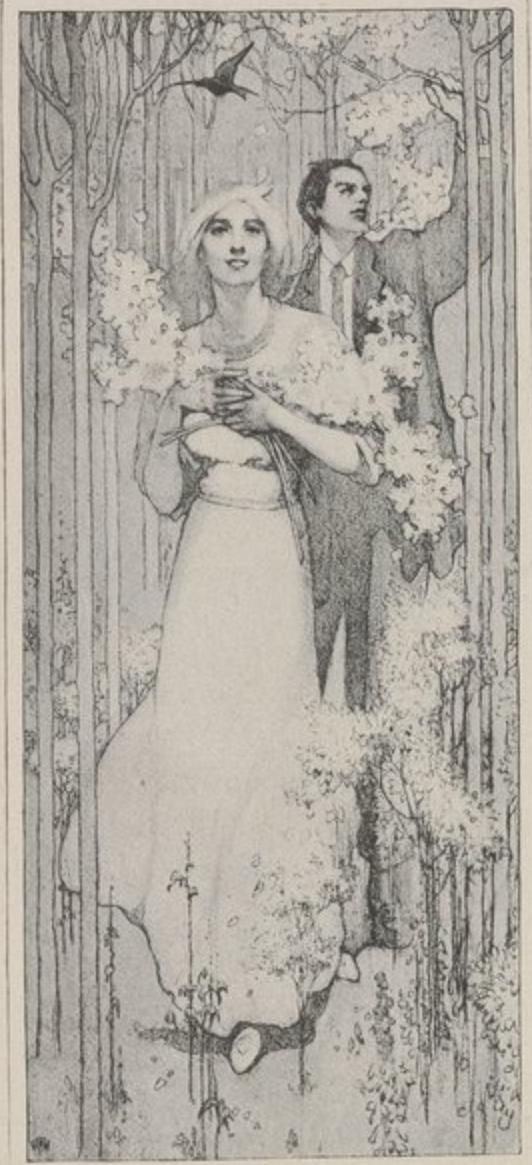
The consumer is paying millions and millions of dollars yearly to protect himself against impure food. It has been stated by authorities that the price of groceries could be reduced fully 25 per cent., if the cost of advertising could be eliminated. But the consumer does not protest. He only pays.

In the meantime, hundreds of thousands of business men, throughout the United States, are trying to puzzle out this problem of "limited goods." We should like to say to them that the problem will never be solved by anybody but the consumers.

In Germany the small merchant and wholesaler also protested against the "limited goods," but never succeeded in successfully combatting them.

It was different, however, when the co-operatives began to protest. When the manufacturers of "limited goods" in Germany began to put the screws on the co-operative stores, their method had a different effect on the consumers.

In the United States neither the wholesale nor the retail grocer has ever dreamt of getting the co-operation of the consumer to battle the "limited goods." In Germany, the matter naturally came up for consideration before the general



The Cryst

By Allan Updegraff

Illustrated by Marjorie Hood

After the Italian of Giosue Carducci

The place is glad with many flowers, and gentle
With color of green grass and blue-green
leaves;

Here tiger lilies stand in splendid sheaves.

Glow air and ocean with returning April.
Light breezes, odorous of the summer sea,
Flutter the pendant plumes of bush and tree.

And then comes she, like a sunbeam from the
forest;

Clad all in white, with roses at her bare breast.

assemblies of the co-operatives. The general assemblies of the co-operative stores are composed of the consumers.

The consumers in Germany realized that the joke was on them, and therefore decided that there were not twenty-five different sorts of soaps, but only two kinds—good soap and bad soap—and they decided to manufacture one kind—good soap—and sell that to themselves.

To-day the co-operatives in Germany are running their own soap factories, and have the distinction of being the only concerns which have ever been able to beat the "kartels" or trusts.

What will you do about this, Mr. Consumer? Will you soon realize that the joke is on you?

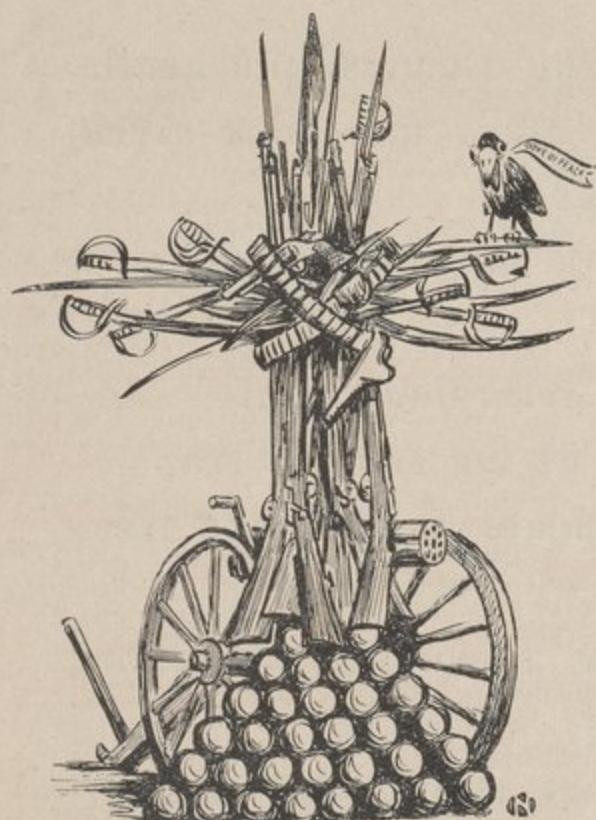
The Immorality of Bernard Shaw

(Continued from page 16)

When we follow its biddings and urgings, then we experience happiness. When we defy or neglect them, then we sink beneath that crushing sense of utter futility which Blanco Posnet can only designate as "feeling rotten." All that Shaw has striven to teach us during his long and fruitful career as critic and playwright, as reformer and thinker, may be summed up in these words of Blanco:

"You bet He didn't make us for nothing; and He wouldn't have made us at all if He could have done His work without us. . . . He made me because He had a job for me. He let me run loose till the job was ready; and then I had to come along and do it, hanging or no hanging. And I tell you, it didn't feel rotten: it felt bully, just bully!"

Fault has been found with the setting of this play, which is laid somewhere in the great American West, and also with the dialect and manners of the characters. But even if this criticism be warranted by facts, it is not worth making. For all superficial realities sink into complete insignificance beside those higher spiritual realities with which the little drama is saturated. The words and walks of men may have been drawn a little awry—just as some of the greatest pictures known to the history of art may be found "out of drawing" by those who think all truth lies on the surface—but Shaw has never given us more truthful or more vital pictures of human souls than in just this play.



Convincing arguments of civilization

THE MASSES

Iolanthe's Wedding

(Continued from page 12)

Krakowitz? I suppose it has been a thorn in your eyes a long time, my beautiful Krakowitz has."

There was no use struggling against such a bundle of unreason, so I determined upon force.

"This is my ultimatum, father," I said, "settlement and reconciliation with Lothar Pütz are the sole conditions under which I can enter your family. If you don't agree I shall have to ask Iolanthe to set me free."

At that he turned soft.

"A man can't say a single word with feeling in it to you," he said. "I think of your children, the poor unborn little worms, and you immediately think of breaking your engagement and so on. If you insist, I won't interfere with your pleasure. I have nothing personal against Lothar Pütz. On the contrary, I'm told he is a strapping fellow, a smart rider, a dashing buck. But, my son, I'll give you a good piece of advice. You're going to have a young wife. If she were not my own daughter and so raised above suspicion, I should suggest: 'Pick a quarrel with him, make him your enemy, demand your old fangs back, instead of making a new one to him. Nothing so sure as a sure thing, you know.'

Gentlemen, until that moment I had taken him humorously, but from that time on I hated him. —Just let the wedding be over, then I'd kick myself free of him.

There was still one difficult thing to do, convince Lothar that the old fellow admitted he was wrong and had decided to give up the suit.

The coup succeeded.

Lothar was so little surprised that he forgot to thank me.

Very well, all the same to me!

I've already told you enough about Iolanthe.

The tissue of such a relation, with its advances toward intimacy and its chills, with its ebb and flow of confidence and timidity, hope and despondency, is too finely woven for my coarse hands to spread it out before you.

To her credit be it said, she honestly attempted to understand me and live for me.

She tried to discover my likes and dislikes. She even tried to adapt her thoughts to mine. Alas, she could not find very much there. Where her young, fresh mind assumed there were lively interests, there was often nothing but land long before turned waste. That is what is so horrible about aging. It slowly dulls one nerve after the other. As we approach the fifties work and rest both become our murderers.

Just then red neckties were in fashion. I wore red neckties, and pointed boots, and silk lapels on my coat.

I presented Iolanthe with rich gifts, a turquoise necklace, which cost three thousand dollars, and a famous solitaire that had come up for auction in Paris. Every day she received roses and orchids from my hothouses—but by express, because my flowers were less valuable than my colts.

By the way, my colts, you know—but no. I didn't set out to tell about my colts.

(To be continued)

Magazines, Morgan and Muck-raking

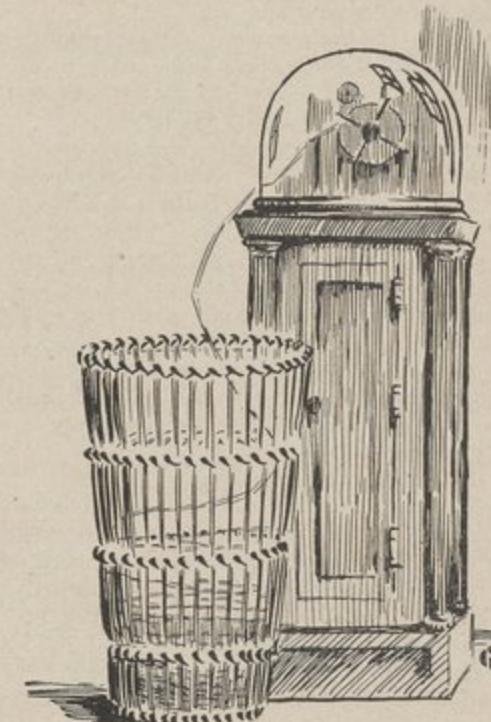
(Continued from page 10)

victions, but they cannot do it, because the publishers will not buy the work. The publishers will not buy because they do not see a profit to themselves. A writer must write what he can sell, or starve.

The most notable exception to the history of muck-rakers in general is Charles Edward Russell. He did not stop. He had the courage

April, 1911

of his convictions. He has gone right on. He has spoken plainly and "put it over," as the actors say. I am firmly convinced that others can do it. I am convinced they will do it in some form. The fetish of literary art and form in magazines will be shattered. Men want ideas. They want the substance rather than the form. The *Appeal to Reason*, of Girard, Kansas,



THE ARBITER OF WAR

printed with but little regard for the paper used, literary style or art effects, has a circulation of half a million. It is practically independent of advertising. The Socialist press is growing everywhere. It is doing what the muck-raking magazines are either afraid or disinclined to do. Let them go. They have become a hollow shell. It is useless to argue with them.

They will look upon it as too big a step to fly in the face of both the big established political parties. They are unwilling to look the truth in the face, or, looking the truth squarely in the face and recognizing it, are too timid to proclaim that the rich are living on the poor. They still look upon the three big grafts, rent, interest and profit, as essentially just and only in need of a little regulation rather than of abolition. The system is big and they are too small. It must be attacked by many small ones from below. The idea is there. The power is there. It will be expressed. The form does not matter.

Natural Philosophy

By

WILHELM OSTWALD

Translated by
THOMAS SELTZER

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By W. J. GHENT

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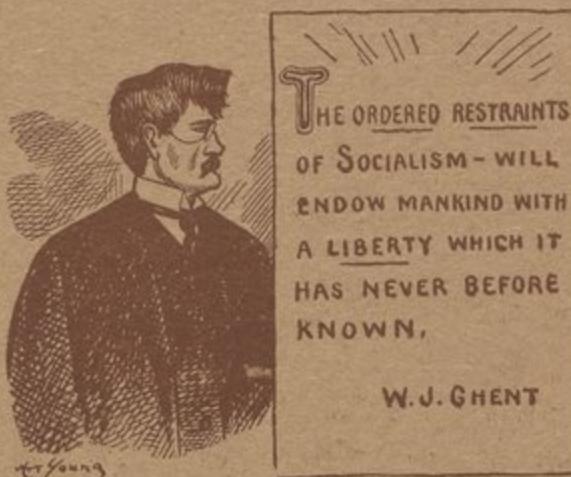
Whatever his views about Socialism may be, the reader of this book will not fail to find it brilliant, incisive, illuminating and entertaining. . . . (The author) reasons with skeptics and doubters calmly, lucidly, plausibly—may we say unanswered? Those who profess themselves unable to understand the spread of Socialism and the steady increase in the Socialist vote will do well to read some such books as this.—*S. H. B. in the Duluth (Wis.) Herald*.

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knows it all, are those addressed "To Some Socialists."
—*B. C. Gruenberg in The International*.

He uses all the power of sarcasm, argument and denunciation against that demagogic politician element that has crept into the Socialist movement and would seek to exploit the phrases and the methods of capitalist politicians by setting up artificial distinctions and arousing prejudices against education and ability.—*Coming Nation*.

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Among those whose work (previously unpublished in English) appears in translation are: Brieux, Wedekind, France, Bjornson, Schnitzler, Strindberg, Artzibacheff, Andreyev, Echegaray, etc.

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