

MAY, 1911

No. 5

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THE MASSES

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE WORKING PEOPLE



The Man With the Ax

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

1,000,000 LEAFLETS

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.

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

We have already distributed Three Hundred Thousand.

We must distribute One Million within the next few weeks.

The price of the first edition was \$2.25 per 1,000, express collect.

Now we can sell them to you at \$1.75 per 1,000, express collect.

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

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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PROF. WM. NOYES, an orator and a Socialist.
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We receive daily a number of complimentary letters. Everybody realizes that this is the first Socialist magazine which is not only a propaganda factor, but a commodity as a periodical.

This means that we compete with the capitalist magazines. Every capitalist magazine costs more to produce than it is sold for. They depend upon advertising.

Every copy of our magazine costs us 6 cents. We sell it for much less than that. We too depend upon advertising.

We could not solicit advertising until now, as we did not have a large enough circulation to make a bid for the high class advertising we want.

We have as yet a monthly deficit of a few hundred dollars. We could wipe out this deficit in one month, but you would not be satisfied, because to do this we must fill our magazine with questionable advertising or raise the price to 10 cents. We therefore need your help now.

If you help us now, you will enable us to make *The Masses* what we intend it to be: a strong public factor in the United States.

We can get 100,000 circulation for *The Masses* within one year, if you help us now. We do not care to publish a periodical which merely reaches 20 or 25 thousand Socialists.

The contributors to our magazine are talking daily, through the columns of the capitalist periodicals, to millions of people in the United States. They are publishing this magazine because they can express themselves freely in *The Masses*, but they do not care to talk to Socialists only.

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Make us a loan now.

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Do you believe in Socialism?
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For your work we will present you with a premium worth \$6.00, consisting of five copies of "War—What For?" by Geo. R. Kirkpatrick; price per single copy \$1.20.

To secure the 100 subscriptions, you may engage four other comrades who are anxious to get a free copy of the interesting and instructive book, "War—What For?"

If you want a different premium, let us know, and we will try to accommodate you.

Do not order any more magazines than you feel certain you can dispose of.

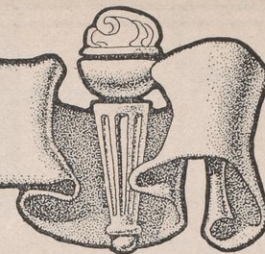
Should you desire any additional number, drop us a postal, and we will send them.

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EDITORIALS



ORGANIZATION

ONE thing we know that the early Nineteenth Century with all its full-blown arrogance had barely begun to recognize, and which in the more primitive ages cropped out as rarely as new volcanoes or teething hens. That thing—that very wonderful thing—is organization.

To realize how thoroughly organization has burrowed into and transformed today's society is hardly possible; to add up its influence and untangle its crossed strands would be as difficult and as bewildering as to trace in a mature plant the effects of certain grateful spring rains. It is enough to say that definitely and surely organization has touched every art, science and industry in the world, and most of them it has changed from futile, disjointed, hermit-like units into compact efficient wholes.

The American biologist studying the behavior of some minute organism can compare his results with those of a co-laborer in a university in Australia. The pen and ink work of a Japanese artist becomes an inspiration to a student in London. Up and down the pages of a couple of technical journals there is spread for your mining engineer the growth of his profession from Hindustan to Mexico. And these are but tastes at random from an infinite variety.

* * *

But with the organization of this type of men who are largely investigators and creators there have also been born close organizations of those who by the nature of their work have similar economic interests. On one side the masters of land and machinery knit themselves into vast combines, and on the other side march the daily growing unions of the disappropriated workers. While for climaxes we have the close fellowship of the big financial interests of all the world opposing and opposed by the International Socialist Party.

But, well organized though the latter be, it cannot, like the capitalists, boast a uniform strength—even in proportion to its membership. In the United States it is still largely a political movement without the voting support of even the majority of trade unionists, whereas abroad (in Germany, for example) from election to election the socialist cause is the trade unionists' cause. Organization has made the trade unionist see the light.

Moreover, in Germany, Holland, Belgium, and other European countries the co-operatives have organized so thoroughly that they have become an economic

foundation for all sorts of propaganda. The worker buys his goods at a Socialist Co-operative store; sees his plays at a Socialist Co-operative theatre; studies the structure of society in a Socialist Co-operative classroom; and very often reads a Socialist Co-operative newspaper.

* * *

But so far these good things have been denied to the Socialists of America, and for that reason, because we are not so organized that Socialism speaks to us seven days in the week, many ardent spirits join our locals only to lose interest and drop out. And what can we do about it?

If a man will not attend meetings and pay dues, can he be grabbed by the scruff of his neck and kicked into a loyal and enthusiastic state of mind? Plainly not. The only way of bringing him back to the fold and keeping other waverers in the fold lies in greater organization.

First of all, by distribution of literature and all other educational levers, the unions must be made to see clearly that the interests of the working class and the interests of the Socialist Party are identical. Then the Co-operative movement must be so pushed that the savings of the workers may be turned to their benefit instead of being used by capitalists to exploit them farther.

But last and first, and all the time, we must work to make the party mean to the man who joins us more than a dull once-a-month lodge. We must organize; we cannot continue as "mere groups of rebellious individuals." There must be organization—organization enough to produce comrades able and willing to act in unison on any majority-decided plan.

To act together is not easy: it takes more than one meeting a month to produce men who can act together. It takes brains and good will and good temper, and above all organization, before the individual is willing to sink his eccentricities in order to be welded into a tremendous and effective trip-hammer.

* * *

Already in our Socialist Sunday Schools we are drawing some of the children to us, but even the Sunday School is not enough. The boy, especially, demands more than simple indoor learning. Walks in the woods, campfire cookery, outdoor sports, target practice, hold for him an attraction beyond books. It is the Socialist Boy Scouts who must come into existence at once to turn this desire for a healthy outdoor life into useful channels.

That war is commonly degrading, beast-like, and unspeakably terrible is a

fact unrefuted; yet the engine of war, the army, teaches us one wonderful lesson: the possibilities of concentrated action—that is the subordination of the individual to the common welfare—in a word organization—organization—organization.

This lesson must be learned by the working class: have we any other way of learning it?

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

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

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

BAD OLD H. N.

"But before you can have Socialism, you must change human nature," says Professor Fox of the Catholic University.

So what's the use of sticking up any longer for H. N. when even the Professor says shucks? For, as every honest man knows, should common folks once be given a square deal, some vile wretch would commence holding out aces: whence the philosophy of stacking the cards before the game begins. Though it is true that H. N. in the upper classes isn't half bad (see any of Robert W. Chamber's novels) among the lower orders—good gracious!

Fact: the anti-socialist never doubts for a moment *his* adaptability to labor honestly for the co-operative commonwealth, but he is dreadfully worried for fear somebody else will turn work-dodger. And only the other day, a Detroit fellow without money, and without price, and without even a letter of introduction, sat by and smiled, while the surgeons shifted pints of his red blood into the veins of a poor anaemic chap from Canada.

H. N. must be suppressed: let's get out an injunction.



Etched for THE MASSES by William Washburn Nutting

Belgian Miner Returning from Work

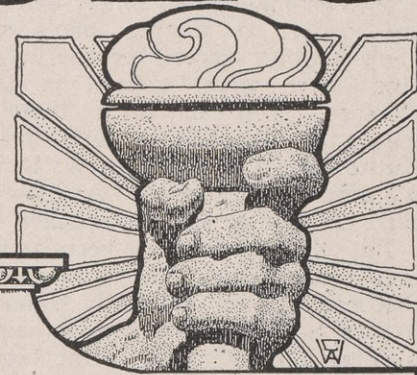
JULES VON BIESBROECK

A product of the Co-operative Movement of Ghent, the sculptor, Jules von Biesbroeck, ranks among the greatest of the world. His "Belgian Miner" is generally conceded his masterpiece. For a further account of von Biesbroeck's work see page eighteen

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Vol. 1

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No. 5

A STORE AND A RED WAGON

Being Some Account of Things Doing in Hoboken

By HORATIO WINSLOW

Illustrated by M. Becker

TO BEGIN with it is a grocery store, which is about the most important kind of a store on the street. You can get on for months and maybe for years without visiting the clothes shop; and if you have a pair of scissors and a razor you can systematically cut your favorite barber (no pun unless you feel like it); as for the butcher, the great Meat Trust Boycott and Upton Sinclair both proved that we could dispense with him; but did you ever hear of anybody who wanted to abolish grocers? You might be happy without a City Hall and if the worst came to the worst you could drag on a miserable existence without a policeman on the beat, but if the grocers should all stop grocing and if the cupboard was bare with the exception of some broken jelly glasses—what would you do then?

No, the hand that weighs the groceries is the hand that rules the world, which is what makes a grocery store worth writing up—especially this one. It's true the principal character of this stirring narrative is a small store, but it has one striking difference from most stores of its size: it is orderly and it is clean. You know how most of them look? Ink bottles up alongside the breakfast food and Somebody's Milk Chocolate crowding the canned tomatoes and a general air of cobwebs and dirt. But this one is different, from bread to beans to bananas—and that is one reason why this article is written and as there is no use keeping the thing a secret any longer you may as well know that the cause of the present excitement and enthusiasm on the part of the writer is The American Co-Operative of Hoboken, N. J., or, as we Germans put it, the Konsum u. Productiv Genossenschaft von Hoboken. And now we're off.

It was Saturday evening in the Konsum und Productiv Genossenschaft. If you had been there you would have seen a small, well-ordered, scrupulously neat grocery store, with a leaning toward delicatessen, thronged, yes that's the word, by people who wanted to buy things. There were big, broad-shouldered longshoremen and big, broad-shouldered inshoremen (size 45 coats are popular in Hoboken); and old women and young women, and little children and still smaller children, all waiting eagerly for a chance to buy the Saturday evening groceries.

Behind the counter three clerks were on a dead run, scooping sugar, weighing butter, cut-

ting cheese, unbagging potatoes, and going through all the other wonderful operations which have made a job in a grocery the ambition of all right-minded children. And these clerks did not stop and swap stories with the people who had brought the market basket—no indeed: it was just a case of Wrap up; Count up; "One dollar seventeen cents, please"; Ding! "Thank you; what's yours, madam?"; from early in the afternoon till past midnight.

And every so often a red wagon dashed up and a young man with a kaiser-like moustache, (but suspected of being a Socialist,) carried away boxes of the larger orders to happy homes in Hoboken. And if Hoboken homes aren't happy with the present Konsum u. Productiv Genossenschaft they don't deserve to be happy—that's all.

"Eat!" said the head clerk, "why, we don't get a chance to eat on Saturday nights! They keep on coming like this till sometimes we have to stay till twelve o'clock." By which it will be seen that the Hoboken institution is prospering as all good co-operatives prosper.

But perhaps you would like to know more about what a co-operative is, and how it is organized, and what it stands for and where it came from. It would take too long to give a history of co-operation from the paleozoic age down; probably the first effective co-op was The Associated Cavemen's Konsum und Productiv Genossenschaft, Number One, incorporated in the year 100,000 B. C., to track and lay low the wily mastadon and afterwards to divide up the white meat among those present. From that day onwards, with occasional setbacks from kings and capitalists co-operation has flourished until now the greater part of the world is convinced that mankind would be very much better off if they would only work together, and that is what the word Co-operation means.

But while kings and capitalists have been puttering around and issuing addresses and expressing their longing for the great day when no man shall rob his brother, the working class have begun to lay hold of the problem. Politically they hope to achieve the brotherhood of man by the

political action of the Socialist Party. Economically they are trying to prepare for this change by building up the system of co-operatives—giving the workers a chance to manage on a small scale what sometime they will have to manage on a big scale.

In Ghent for instance they possess a very fair substitute for the Co-operative Commonwealth; not that it's Socialism—not by a long chalk—but it's practical step on the way to Socialism; it's a faint hazy suggestion of what socialism might and will do for people; and it has given to thousands who will never live to see the Co-operative Commonwealth joy and happiness that otherwise they would never have known. And if a few low-waged Ghentish workers were able to start in with a one-baker-power bakery and inside of a few years find themselves embodied in a movement owning one of the finest bread-making places in the world; an immense store with numerous branches; a theater; cafes; factories; restaurants; newspapers; study circles; and a score of other things, it foreshadows what wonderful heights might be scaled if everybody pitched in to help everybody else instead of spending the morning hours trying to squeeze rent or interest or profit from some poor devil who can't fight back.

Co-operation is the watchword of the Socialists in Ghent and in a dozen other big cities of Europe and it is on the general lines of the Belgian co-operatives that the Hoboken store is being run. This means that the people who have joined the movement have a higher interest than rebates on the goods that they purchase; it means that their constitution demands a certain sum to be set aside from their annual profits "to educate its members politically and economically in the light of the modern progressive labor movement." *In other words to teach Socialism.* And this is how the Socialists in Hoboken went to work on their Genossenschaft—a movement which may be most portentous in the future of American Socialism.

First. They didn't begin in a hurry: it was about ten months ago that the campaign opened and it was just six weeks ago that the first tub of butter was uncovered, so you can see that the comrades in Hoboken didn't simply shut their eyes and rush in: they waited till they were sure of their ground and then jumped. With the pleasing result that there is money in the money

drawer and canned syrup on the shelves and pleased customers at the counter.

When the subject of co-operatives was broached for the first time there were naturally scoffs from the scoffers. Always there are scoffers: as a mild estimate about ninety-nine percent of us are scoffers at another man's enterprise: we know it won't succeed because we didn't start it. And there were scoffers in Hoboken who gloomed, "You can't do it; there's no use trying; a Co-operative is impossible in America. Amsterdam? Ghent? Brussels? Berlin? Oh, well, it's different over there. Anyhow you certainly can't make it go in a place called Hoboken."

But Old Man Fate has been laying for scoffers ever since Noah's time with the happy result that many of the skeptics in Hoboken who came to scoff have remained to pay their Co-operative membership fee. Still in the beginning money didn't grow much on trees: people weren't sure whether or not the store would live and they didn't want to give up five hard-earned dollars to buy flowers for a co-operative corpse. The result was that after all the membership shares possible had been disposed of the movement still lacked some seven hundred necessary dollars.

Now comes the encouraging part: you mustn't skip this. Some Socialists like to sit down and swathe you in melancholy thoughts till you feel you might as well give up hope on the spot because there isn't any good in human nature. But listen to this. The German Longshoremen's Union lent \$300 to the Co-operative; the American Longshoremen's Union lent \$300 to the Co-operative; and the last hundred was made up by a comrade who had faith in his soul and said he would rather trust the Co-operative than a bank. How's that for the solidarity of labor?

But there's even a more cheerful side. You've heard so many people say, "Well, it sounds all right but I don't trust it because it's a Socialist movement. I don't like that name Socialist." Over in Hoboken the outsiders said "We don't know much about this Co-operative idea, but we believe in it—we're willing to trust our money to it because it's backed by the Socialists."

That sort of thing is enough to make a sad young man like myself throw his hat into the air and holler.

So, overcoming difficulties and beating through opposition, the Co-operative opened its doors for business in the third week of February, about eight months after the beginning of the agitation.

The Hobokenites had figured out that weekly receipts of \$500 would enable the society to split just about even. The receipts for the first week were \$526. But the second week was even better for the takings jumped by fifty dollars making

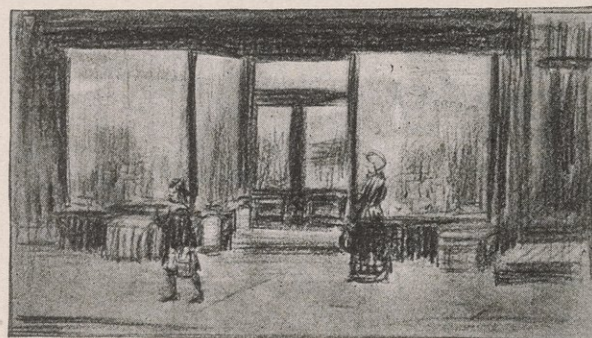


The housewife likes to do her ordering on Saturday

the total \$575. The third week it went to \$597; then \$645; and \$675; and by the end of the sixth week when this article was written over \$700 had been listed in the cash register.

Now this does not mean that every cent over \$500 is profit, for of course the cost of the goods at wholesale must always be deducted no matter what the quantity sold; but it is safe to say that with \$700 as the receipts some fifty odd dollars are laid up for the association. Think of it—fifty dollars a week—and the possibilities not yet plumbed. Why there is no reason why the \$25 a week increase should not go on till every working man in Hoboken is a customer and a member and that won't happen in one month or two. If the \$25 a week increase continues, by December the weekly sales ought to reach \$1,600 and more, and that will mean a couple of hundred dollars a week profit.

At present results are being obtained with a membership list of only about 250. Now when the working class find out from their neighbors that the store is a success the membership can jump to a thousand and still leave plenty of room for propaganda work. And it is so easy to join the Co-operative that it is harder to stay out in the rain than to come in. People who feel like becoming members at once, pay five dollars and are accepted by the Board of Directors and can begin drawing dividends from the date of their first purchase. And anyone who hasn't five dollars will be accepted on the payment of one dollar and the balance any time in three months.



Where the Hoboken Co-operative began business

But if you haven't even one dollar to spare go ahead and buy just the same and save the checks that are given with every purchase. Then when dividend day comes you will get one half the rate that the others get minus five dollars taken out to make you a member. And there you are: you have joined and paid your fee automatically and from then on your returns are as big (if you buy as much) as the fellow who joined the day the doors opened.

There is another little kink which the co-operators are using to advantage. It is planned this way. The Co-operative so far sells mostly groceries, but human nature being what it is people are continually running off to buy shoes and hats and coats and hairbrushes and blacking and clockwork locomotives and a great many other things not commonly associated with groceries and delicatessen. What did the Konsum u. Productiv Genossenschaft von Hoboken do? I'll tell you.

They went around to all the local stores that dealt in hats and ribbons and stoves and such things and said, "Here. You want the trade of our members. Very good: buy these rebate checks from us and when our members come to deal with you give them a check for the amount of their purchase and we will refund them the rebates."

It looked good to the merchants of Hoboken: they bought the coupons at from five to ten percent of their face value and invited the co-operators in to buy. And the co-operators have bought. Every week the directors sell from \$20 to \$40 worth of coupons to the storekeepers of Hoboken and this sum represents more than \$400 which



A scrupulously neat grocery store, thronged with people eager to make their purchases

the members spend weekly outside of the Co-operative and which they may now spend with the knowledge that part of it will come back to them.

As pay day falls on Saturday, that day becomes the time of all times for buying. Also Saturday is favored because the housewife likes to do her ordering then for the Sunday meals. Long orders are the rule: for instance while I stood watching how things were done one order came which included this list: "Butter, Potatoes, Coffee, Pineapple, Apricots, Tomatoes, Oranges, Lemons, Onions, Oatmeal, Corn, Jam, Rice, Crackers, Zwieback, Eggs, Cheese—" and then some more. I'd like to board in Hoboken.

For the convenience of folks who live at a distance a postal card order system has been established. Each time the little red wagon and medium red horse makes a trip to these far flung outposts the driver leaves a nice clean postal card addressed to the Hoboken Co-operative. The housewife writes her order, drops it in the letter box at the corner and next morning round comes the horse and the little red wagon again.

Naturally all this takes thought and energy from someone. Says Secretary Karl Behrens, stopping his strenuous life to talk for a moment. "It has been hard work for everybody and of course it has been harder in some ways because we have had to find things out for ourselves and so we have doubtless made some mistakes. If I were to give advice to another Co-operative starting in I should say:

"1. Don't open your store till you have enough money to start right.

"2. Don't buy old stock: get new goods and the best you can afford.

"3. Don't attempt false economy because in the end that means a loss of dollars.

"4. Don't take advantage of the market simply because you are in a position to do so. I mean if you buy butter at 20 cents and after you have bought it the wholesale price goes up to 25 cents give your customers the advantage of the rise. Don't take it yourself.

"5. And look out for the chronic kickers who want only to spoil things. Try to encourage people who wish to see the movement succeed."

So spoke Karl Behrens from the fulness of his heart.

And that is what the Hoboken Co-operative is like. Thus far its members have been mostly Germans but from now on an especial campaign will be made to secure the support of the English speaking people and there is no reason why such a campaign should not prove a success. The stomach is a potent preacher against the present unfair distribution of wealth and once a man's stomach has begun to see the folly of our present

anarchical government it will be hard to keep his brains from turning to Socialism.

But I can imagine some good orthodox Comrade whose coffee has disagreed with him bringing his hand down on the table with a thump. What's all this got to do with Socialism? this buying and selling? percentages? rebates? dividends? profits?—bah!

In the first place if you want the official authority for the Co-operative Movement you'll find it in a recommendation of the last International Socialist Congress; and if you're looking for the practical results of Co-operation read up a little on the subject of the great Socialist Co-operatives of Europe; then wait a bit and give these Hoboken fellows a chance to make good.

Now it may be simply a coincidence but sixty new members have joined the German Socialist local since the agitation for a Co-operative has been active. Again: two Longshoremen's Unions, certainly not wholly made up of Socialists have seen the Light clearly enough to risk their treasuries in furthering a Socialist enterprise. Once more: out of the 250 co-operators are sixty non-Socialist families—who are getting daily a practical example of the sort of thing the Socialist movement is working towards and it is safe to say that a large proportion of these non-Socialists will become converts to and workers for the party.

The lectures and agitation which went before the movement have had a strong educational influence and the store itself is an object lesson more forcible than any orator's words on the possibilities of co-operation. Moreover its management has given and will give working men a chance to handle for themselves some of the problems which are bound to come up as the party draws nearer to the final capture of the country.

But all these matters are little things compared to what the co-operative movement can produce in the future. Says the constitution:

"I. The object of the society is to reduce the costs of the commodities and necessities of life for the working classes through co-operative buying and selling and eventual self-production.

"II. Aside from these objects the society aims to educate its members politically and economically in the light of the modern progressive labor movement. For these purposes special funds shall be set aside for educational propaganda, for assistance in labor disputes, and for the erection of a Labor Lyceum. In order to inaugurate the system of co-operative production 2% of the net earnings shall be set aside as a special fund for this purpose."

We have considered the possibilities of the co-operative for pure education and that sort of thing and we will let the Labor Lyceum idea go because it is so necessary and obvious that it is bound to be brought about in the near future. But notice that phrase in Section One—"eventual self production," and in Section Two "In order to inaugurate the system of co-operative production 2% shall be set aside as a special fund for that purpose"; and the phrase "assistance in labor disputes."

True two percent. isn't much; but the Ghent Co-operative started with one baker working in a cellar and now runs not only distributing agencies but farms and factories. And, Mr. Unionist, in case the General Strike should be precipitated what better ammunition of war could the workers have than the farms, bakeries, and stores of a full-fledged co-operative movement?

Socialism—that is the end of co-operation, not just a lowering in the price of grub. "Said Secretary Karl Behrens, 'Hoh! If it was just to sell groceries and delicatessen do you think I would work like this? I sell behind the counter. I deliver goods. I collect coupons from the other stores. I sweep the sidewalk. If it only meant

to let somebody buy sugar and butter cheaper it would mean nothing to me. I am working for Socialism."

Socialism—that is what it means.

Before I left Hoboken I went last of all to see the President of the Co-operative, Charley Kiehn. His name is spread on the records as Charles but there's no use calling him that in Hoboken—he's just Charley. Well, Charley Kiehn talked about the Hoboken Prodigy.

"It's getting along," he said. "It was hard at first but we kept at it and pulled through. A good many people, too, went out of their way to help us. Some fellows paid the membership fee who weren't married and lived at boarding-houses and probably wouldn't buy much of anything from us. They went in just because they believed in the movement and wanted to help it along. Of course we don't amount to much yet: those stores over on the other side deliver their goods in automobiles and they run restaurants and halls and newspapers and about everything else. Here's a paper I got to-day from Amsterdam telling about a big apartment house the Co-operative over there is putting up. It covers a whole block; it has all the modern conveniences; and there are so many applications for apartments that they have to decide who is to go in by drawing lots. Of course we can't do anything like that in Hoboken."

Can't they, though? The more I think of it the more I am sure that the store and the red wagon and the horse are no more like what's going to happen than an egg is like a chicken. That's the figure exactly: the store and the red wagon are the egg and out of the egg will come automobiles and Labor Lyceums and theaters and newspapers, and schools, and strike funds, and houses and, best of all, a hundred hundred eager workers for the Co-operative Commonwealth.

BOOKS FOR THE SILENT HOUR

By W. J. GHENT

IN HIS quaint essay, "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading," Charles Lamb dwells lovingly on the sort of books fit for communion. Candlelight always, a fire-place in winter, are the accessories, and solitude is the state of being—though sometimes, for a particular volume, an unobtrusive listener may be admitted. Lamb prides himself on his catholicity of taste: he can read any book. But there are books that are not books, he says, and he will have none of them. He will not have "scientific treatises, almanacs, statutes at large," not even "the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie," far less Flavius Josephus. These are "things in books' clothing, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary." Lamb lived before the days of modern science; no doubt he would have classed a Huxley or a Grant Allen with the "things in books' clothing." He wanted *real* books; and real books were to him, in the words of Mr. Temple Scott, "the disembodied spirits of friends re-embodied as volumes. He loved a 'kind-hearted play'; an essay emanating from a mind that revealed itself by gentle divagations and simple-hearted ambulatoriness; a biography that opened the heart of the biographer as it did the life of the person written about; a poem in which the aroma of a gracious heart moved the poet's fancy to find the heart's reflex in the things of the world." He could not tolerate a "Population Essay"; he was momentarily dejected if, reaching up for an inviting volume, and expecting to find a Steele or a Farquhar, he "comes bolt upon"—an Adam Smith.

Lamb's essay was written more than 75 years ago. Though the fire-place has given way to the steam-pipe or the furnace-register, and the

candle to the gas-jet or the electric bulb, men still find their solitary hours of communion. But the world has changed, and the disembodied guests of the communion time are now a various company. With Shakespeare and Kit Marlowe and Drummond of Hawthornden other guests troop in, with other messages. Since Lamb's day have come the great material achievements and the social awakening. The mere revelations of gracious personalities no longer suffice for the hour of isolation. The world has a larger story to tell to us—a story that pays less heed to individual griefs and pleasures, to whimsical likes and dislikes, but that deals with the triumphs of art and science, the movements of human beings in masses, the griefs and pleasures of classes and societies. No matter how cozily we shut ourselves in from the world, we cannot keep out the vibrations and echoes of these mighty movements any more than we can deafen our ears to the roar of the wintry blasts or the beat of the wind-driven rain on our windows. And the messengers of these tidings we must needs welcome to our most intimate seclusion.

The triumphs of achievement ever extend the field of the imagination. Science gives us ever new playgrounds for our faculties. Who is there that cannot picture, in the companionship of a popular essay by Huxley, or Tyndall or Grant Allen, a hundred scenes and episodes of the days when the chalk-beds were being laid or the coal-measures formed? In the company of Proctor and Newcomb we may visit the stars and view the limitless expanses of the sidereal fields. All

the face of the planet is now known, and in the company of travellers we may imagine ourselves in whatever regions we choose. A wider hospitality of soul has developed within us, and no longer can we limit the welcome of the communion hour to the mere revealers of personality.

Science has done much toward this broadening of the intellectual sympathies, but the social awakening has done more. We can no longer look at life from the purely individual standpoint. It is not now so much the individual Desdemona or Cordelia who touches our hearts. We can still feel deeply for them—perhaps no less than could the generation of Charles Lamb. But from our broader outlook and our more expansive sympathies we spontaneously concern ourselves more with the tragedies of groups and ranks and classes. We are insensibly persuaded to look upon a Cordelia not as the solitary victim of a monstrous wrong, but as the type of many Cordelias in many lands. If to our consciousness the individual withers, it is a relative and not an absolute decline of his importance; and if to our consciousness the race becomes more, it is the race as a totality of many individuals, and not the race as a mere abstraction. We do not fail to see the forest for the trees. We see them both in clearer relation and perspective.

Upon all of us the pressure of social concepts becomes more insistent. In all of us the social sense quickens, it becomes more of a primal part of ourselves, associated with our elemental feelings. The "still, sad music of humanity" becomes vocal to all our waking moments. The social writers are those who tell us of life as we are coming to know life—not the vicissitudes nor the fantasies of unrelated individuals, but the

(Continued on page 18)

WAKING THE TIGER

Part II. The Man of God

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

Illustrated by Anton O. Fischer

ED WENT next night, through rain and wind, to have a talk with the Minister. The divine, he thought, would help him out of his trouble if anybody would—or could. Though of late years Ed had grown slack in church-going, Eliza had “tended out” with pious regularity, and the boy, too, had been put through a rigorous Sunday-schooling. Ed, therefore, felt himself at least entitled to a consultation with the spiritual physician of his family.

He experienced, none the less, a certain uneasiness when, having been admitted, all dripping, by a trim maid in cap and apron, he was bidden sit down and wait in the vestibule.

“Mr. Supple is at dinner,” the maid informed him. “If ye’ll be havin’ half an hour or maybe a little more to spare, I think maybe he can see ye.”

“All right,” Ed answered. It was lodge-night, but this interview was more important than any lodges whatsoever. Holding his dingy, water-soaked hat in his labor-thickened hands, he sat down on the edge of a chair in the hall and resigned himself to patience, wondering a little, the while, that the Rev. Mr. Supple dined so late and so long.

None too comfortable now was Ed. The gleam of the polished floor under the red-shaded glow of the vestibule lamp; the tiger rug; the winding mahogany stair; the huge framed photograph of the Castle of Sant’ Angelo, at Rome, and the costly reproduction of the Sistine Chapel ceiling—though he recognized neither one—filled him with uneasiness. His heavy, muddy boots seemed out of place on that waxed parquet; his whole person wrangled with the cultured luxury. Mentally he contrasted this clerical dwelling with his own sordid, malodorous, barren mockery of home.

“Gee!” he murmured beneath his breath, “it must pay some better, bein’ a minister, than what it does makin’ car-springs! Wisht I had my chance at life over again. Reckon I know what line I’d try fer!”

The half-hour lengthened into three-quarters before the Rev. Mr. Supple could receive him; because, right after the long course-dinner, Wilson K. Babcock of the Babcock Linen Mills dropped in, and—his business being, as he said, quite pressing—had to be admitted first. But after an unconscionable wait, Ed was at last ushered by the maid into the Reverend’s study.

A moment he stood on the threshold, half-timid, half-defiant, knowing not what word to utter. The room was shrouded in a restful gloom, flicked through by red gleams from the open fire at one side. Upon the study table a green-hooded electric lamp made a blotch of color; under it, a circle of yellow light lay on the papers, the books, the typed manuscripts which, to Ed’s troubled eyes, looked so profoundly erudite.

“Well, my man, and what can I do for you?” inquired Mr. Uriah Supple in his deep, well-modulated, cleric voice, giving Ed a plump, rather moist and cool hand. “I haven’t had the pleasure of seeing you at church, for a good while past. Some spiritual problem, no doubt? Pray be seated and let me hear your trouble.”

He indicated a voluminous leather lounge, and himself sat down at ease before his rosewood desk. Ed, who still clung to his hat like a drowning man to a straw, emplaced himself uneasily on the couch. A moment’s silence followed.

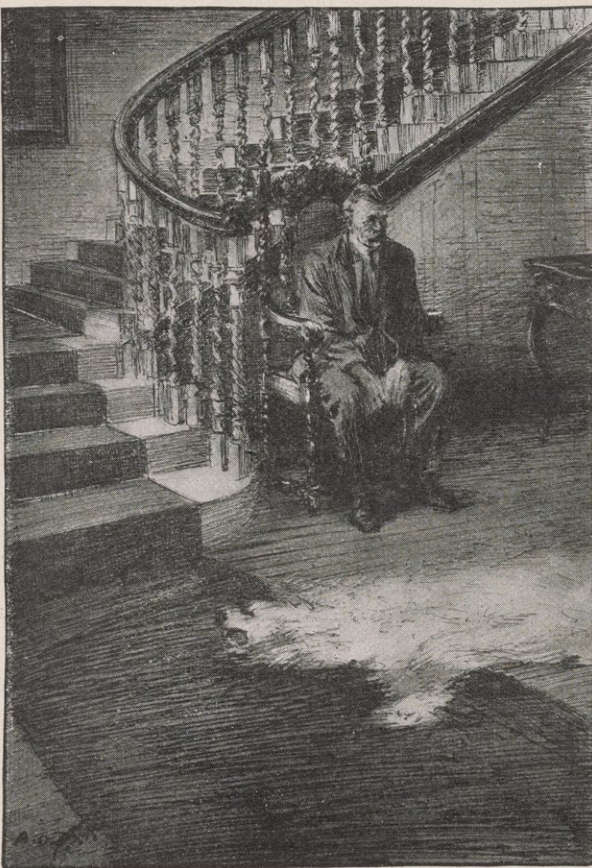
“Well?” inquired the Rev., drumming on the desk-top with well-manicured fingers. “Pray, what’s the trouble? My time is limited, this evening. I’ve got to speak before the City Commercial Club on ‘The Stewardship of Material Means.’ So kindly state your errand.”

“Well—well, sir,” began Ed, nervously clearing his throat, “it’s about that boy of mine—Samuel, you know.”

“Ah, yes? And what’s the difficulty? A good, fair, average boy, I should say. What’s wrong?” The Rev. adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses.

“Why, it’s—it’s this way, sir,” Ed jerked his hat as though to emphasize the point he was about to make. “The last month or so, he’s been fallin’ off on his lessons, not studyin’ like he useter, gettin’ kind of impertinent to his mother an’ me, an’ generally changin’ a bit for the worse, sir, for the worse. Well, I think maybe—”

“Oh,” interrupted the clergyman, “don’t be alarmed, Johnson. Don’t let that worry you.”



“He sat down on the edge of a chair in the hall and resigned himself to patience.”

Just a temporary phenomenon. At his time of life, you understand, great readjustments are—”

“No, no, it ain’t *that*!” burst out Ed. “There’s somethin’ more to it. He’s all fushed up over drill, an’ military talk, an’—an’ all the rest of it. There’s where the trouble lays. This here Scout business is what’s knockin’ him out. Don’t I know? Can’t I tell, his own father, how he useter be, an’ how he is now? Yes, sir, I know the reason. That’s what I come to see you ’bout. To see if someway or ’nother you can’t sort of head him off ’n this line, get him to quit it and tend to business like he’d oughter!”

Ed, a bit out of breath with the energy and the unusual length of his speech, paused for reply. But the Rev. Mr. Supple only frowned a moment, and with his pudgy fingers stirred the sheaves of papers on his desk. Then, protruding his full under-lip, he made reply:

“H’m, h’m! . . . This—er—is a rather difficult thing you’re asking me, my man. Perhaps you don’t quite understand—”

“I understand that there Scout business down to the church is a-ruinin’ my boy, an’ that’s enough!” Ed exclaimed hotly. “An’ I look to you to help me save him!”

“Yes, yes, of course, I know,” hastily interposed the Reverend, scowling. “But what I was going to say was this. Perhaps you’re wrong, quite wrong in your—er—diagnosis. Perhaps it’s his home life that’s at fault. Now, for example, are you, personally, giving him the spiritual instruction he ought to have? Are you setting him a proper example in regard to conduct, faith and morals? Are you instilling in him the right regard for his equals and his superiors, inculcating in him a contented state of mind as concerns the station of life to which it has pleased God in His infinite wisdom,” (up went the clerical forefinger) “to call him? Your church attendance, I must warn you, is highly unsatisfactory. I have heard, too, some disquieting reports of your trade-union activities down at the shops. No, no,” he quickened his words as Ed showed signs of interrupting, “let me have my say! I speak frankly, for your own good. You are reported as fomenting agitation, being over-zealous in the carmen’s union and also even having attended the Socialist meetings at Kotschmar Hall. Now—”

“Who said so?” exclaimed Ed, excitedly. “Who’s spyin’ on me an’ what I do? Who’s—?”

“Of course you understand that, by becoming a Socialist,” continued Supple, evenly, “you—”

“It’s a lie, I never!” shouted Ed. “I just went t’ hear what them fellers had to say! I’m as good a ’publican as you are! As good as they is in this town! But that don’t mean t’ I want my boy ruined by this ’tarnal drillin’! Why, d’you think—?”

“There, there, my man,” warned the clergyman. “Do not forget yourself! I am not here to be catechized! I am here to warn, admonish and instruct you. Especially since you have come to ask my counsel. Let this thought guide you, that your son’s conduct at home is but a reflex of your own. If you be rebellious, hot-tempered, disaffected and faithless to those in authority, spiritually and materially—to those above you, in short—how can you expect your son to develop otherwise?”

Ed, for the moment mentally hamstrung, shifted uneasily on the couch. At the ceiling he stared, then at the fire; but he found no words. The man of God began gathering up some papers and sorting them; but, once or twice, his rather pale blue eyes, bulging with the fat behind them, blinked keenly at the mechanic, who sat embarrassed in the half-gloom.

“My advice to you,” suddenly spoke the Reverend, “is to cultivate an humble and contrite heart, attend divine services and inculcate Christian principles into your son. Then—”

“But no, no, you don’t understand me at all!” suddenly exploded Ed again. “That ain’t what I come to see you fer. It’s this here drill an’ scoutin’ I want to talk about. *That’s* makin’ all the trouble. Afore it begun here, Sam, he was a good enough young-un. But now—he’s changed. Say, please, can’t you help me git him out of it? I’m doin’ all I can to break him of it. Won’t you help?”

“Help? How can I?” queried the minister suavely. “Where would be the consistency in that, when the Scouts are under my especial patronage; when I’m chaplain of this encampment; when the boys drill in the basement of my church; when I’m active in recruiting and enlarging the scope of the movement? When all the best people in town are co-operating, and the press and clergy unanimously supporting it? How can I?”

“But if it happens to be a-hurtin’ my boy?”

“Ah, there you must be mistaken!” parried the divine. “We inculcate patriotism, discipline and order. We train in manual skill, precision and bodily strength. Then, our outings, as you know, furnish admirable recreation and teach many useful arts of woodcraft. Further, the social advantages are to be considered. Your boy is be-

ing brought in contact with the sons of some of the best families, whom otherwise he—

"That may all be!" interposed Ed, "but, but—how 'bout this here oath they have t' take? Says that under all circumstances, *all*, mind you, they gotta obey—?"

"Doesn't that make for ultimate peace?" interposed Supple. "Industrial, social, economic peace and welfare? Discipline, ah! that's the watch-word of modern life, my man. What a training, how invaluable a training we give these dear young men of ours! As the twig is bent, you know, so the tree is inclined. And every drill-night, I, I myself, personally, I speak to them of some moral problem, of duty, of loyalty, obedience, humility, and—"

"What? An' then the drill-master, he teaches 'em to fight? To kill? Why, say, this very week past, he's been a-givin' 'em sawed-off Springfield! Next week, target-practice! An' after that—"

"Well, what of it? Efficiency demands this step. In case of war, these young soldiers may be highly useful to their dear country, their fatherland. *Semper paratus*, you know. *Qui pacem vult, parat bello! Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!*"

"Eh?" queried the mechanic, given pause by this broadside of erudition. He felt, somehow, that an unfair advantage was being taken of him, and resented it.

"Always ready! He who wishes peace must prepare for war!" condescended the Rev. Supple. "'It is sweet and proper to die for one's native land.' So you see how very necessary all this is, not only for any possible invasion from abroad, but also for the maintenance of domestic and industrial peace."

With a gesture of finality he gathered up the papers he had been selecting, snapped a broad rubber band around them, and looked up with a suave smile.

"Now," said he, "will you excuse me?" He glanced at the gold Louis Quinze clock on the mantel. "My address to the Commercial Club begins at nine, and I have but half an hour. My car is out of order, too; I shall have to take a carriage, which will be slower. I know you understand, and will pardon me."

"Just one minute, Doctor, just one minute!" exclaimed Ed. "War—do you *b'lieve* in it? Think we'd oughter keep lettin' our boys think about it, talk it, get the fever of it? Oughter—?"

"Ah, that involves quite other and more complicated questions," Supple replied. "In general, no; I do not believe in war. Our holy Church opposes it. My—our Lord and Master," again an upward glance, "decried it. Yet at times, it becomes necessary. When national honor is involved, or when—h'm! h'm—that is, certain junctures arise when no alternative presents itself."

"But, killin' men—"

"We have the authority of Holy Writ behind us," continued the Reverend, pressing an electric button set into the side of his desk. "Take Psalms, eighteen, thirty-four, for example: 'He teacheth my hands to war, so that a bow of steel is broken in mine hands.' Consider the whole Book of Kings! Look at Proverbs, twenty, eighteen: 'With good advice, make war!' And even in Revelations, where all things earthly and divine are summed to their conclusion, do we not find these sacred words: 'In righteousness he doth make war?'"

"But—!"

"No, no, there is no possible disputing this. And many another passage proves it. I could quote you a score, if time permitted. My advice to you, my good man, is this: return home, study your Bible, attend services more regularly, keep a right attitude toward your employers and superiors, and all will be well with the boy. No: by rebellion against the Divine will nor against its earthly manifestations of power, but—"

The study door, opening, interrupted him.

"You rang, sir?" asked the maid.

"Ah, yes, yes. Have Michael bring the surrey around, at once."

"He's at supper, sir. An' he's wet clear through, what with—"

"Never mind! Do as I bid you! I'm late, now. I *must* have it in five minutes, you understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied the maid, in an awed voice. The door closed behind her.

"Now, really," resumed the Reverend, again ruffling his papers, "I must beg you to withdraw. I have some notes for my address to look over



"On rolled the carriage, its lamps gleaming with watery flickers through the storm."

and arrange. Let me see you at church, next Sunday. That will be better, far better, than all this rebellious thinking and speaking."

He arose. Ed, though his mind was not half spoken, perforce did the same. For a moment the two men stood there facing each other in the subdued light; the one sleek, fat, poised, the other scrawny and sinewed, ill at ease, hesitant, still toying with that wet and battered derby.

Then the Rev. Mr. Supple held out his hand.

"Good-bye, my man," said he.

A minute later, Ed was in the street.

Even before the outer door had closed behind him, the man of God unlocked and jerked open a drawer of his desk, then with a very ugly set to his jaw, extracted a small card-catalogue in an oaken box.

This he looked over, quickly, till he found the name, "Johnson, Edward."

With his gold-mounted fountain pen he made some rather careful entries on this card. He replaced it in the box, put the box back into the drawer and securely locked it.

"H'mmm!" said he, and for a moment sat thinking. Then, with a cynical smile, he gathered up his papers for the coming address at the Commercial Club.

Ed, meanwhile, was slowly heading for home.

Now that it was all over, hot anger assailed him. He felt cheated, outplayed, balked at every step; yet how he could have done otherwise he did not see. Somewhere, he dumbly felt, lay huge, yawning fallacies; but where, where?

Inept, slow, bungling, he stood there in the night, himself a type and symbol of unawakened Labor.

"Damn him, but he's smart, Supple is!" grumbled he, as he hunched his shoulders and, turning up his collar, slowly lagged toward the corner of the street.

An idea struck him. He paused, waiting in the shadow of a porch.

Presently, splashing through the sloppy mud, the Reverend's carriage drove up before the parsonage. Soon a figure appeared, with books and papers under its arm and sheltered by the maid with an umbrella.

(Continued on page 18)



"In case of war, these young soldiers may be highly useful to their dear country. *Semper paratus.*"

Letters Regarding the Boy Scout Movement

I.

From an open-minded business man

THE "Masses" magazine has not made a good beginning, in my mind. For one thing, the cynical, violent and rather sensational treatment of the "Boy Scout" enthusiasm displeased me. I cannot think the Boy Scout movement is a deep-laid plot, nor that the simple, emulative occupation that it gives to boys can do them harm. To my mind there is more of Socialism in the army and navy than in any other class of our nation. Nowhere else do you find devotion to a public cause so straightly followed, without the remuneration of cash. Seek as they might, our Presidents could find no citizens in private life to build the Panama Canal, even under the bribery of public honor and princely salary, but an army officer does the work with no thought of comparing his reward with the rewards of private life. And so also is the attitude of the young army man who recently discovered a million dollar invention in multiple telephony. He turned it over for the public good as a Socialist under Socialism would have done. No, these movements, like that of the Boy Scouts, which arise in the enthusiasm of great numbers of people, develop and proceed no one knows how or whence. They may in the end be the nucleus of the co-operative army of Socialism, (all the good, wherever it is, will enter into Socialism,) and to my view, the leaders of Socialist opinion should be cautious in attributing evil designs to such spontaneous movements.

II.

Reply

Your letter of the 11th instant proved very interesting reading. It reflects just the sort of views that I held myself until about eight years ago.

Nevertheless, it is certainly inevitable that actual Socialists should dislike the Boy Scout movement, and I am now going to try to explain why this is so. I don't ask you to accept our point of view—that is, to make it your own; but I do have some hope of getting you to see what the point of view is, inasmuch as there is a philosophic side to your mind.

All such questions as this are better discussed in terms of evolution than in terms of ethics; for anyone who begins to discuss any social movement in terms of ethics necessarily starts from his own preconceived notions of what right and wrong are, and generally finds it impossible to get into any other groove of conception as to the meaning of right and wrong than the one he starts in. Speaking in terms of evolution, then, the main thing the out-and-out Socialist sees, as he looks out upon the world, is the fact that our economic Civilization has mechanically and automatically set off two classes apart from each other, the first class being those who own stock in the corporations, and the tenement houses in the cities; the other class being those who work for the corporations and live in the tenement houses. (In this particular discussion we may as well leave out the farmers, who constitute a third class.)

In the process of social evolution, then, the mechanical method of production has automatically produced these two economic classes, and each of these classes has a natural psychology of its own. It is the most difficult thing in the world for a person brought up in the capitalist class or among the educated classes whose psychology is directly controlled by that of the capitalist class, to get any grasp upon the proletarian psychology.

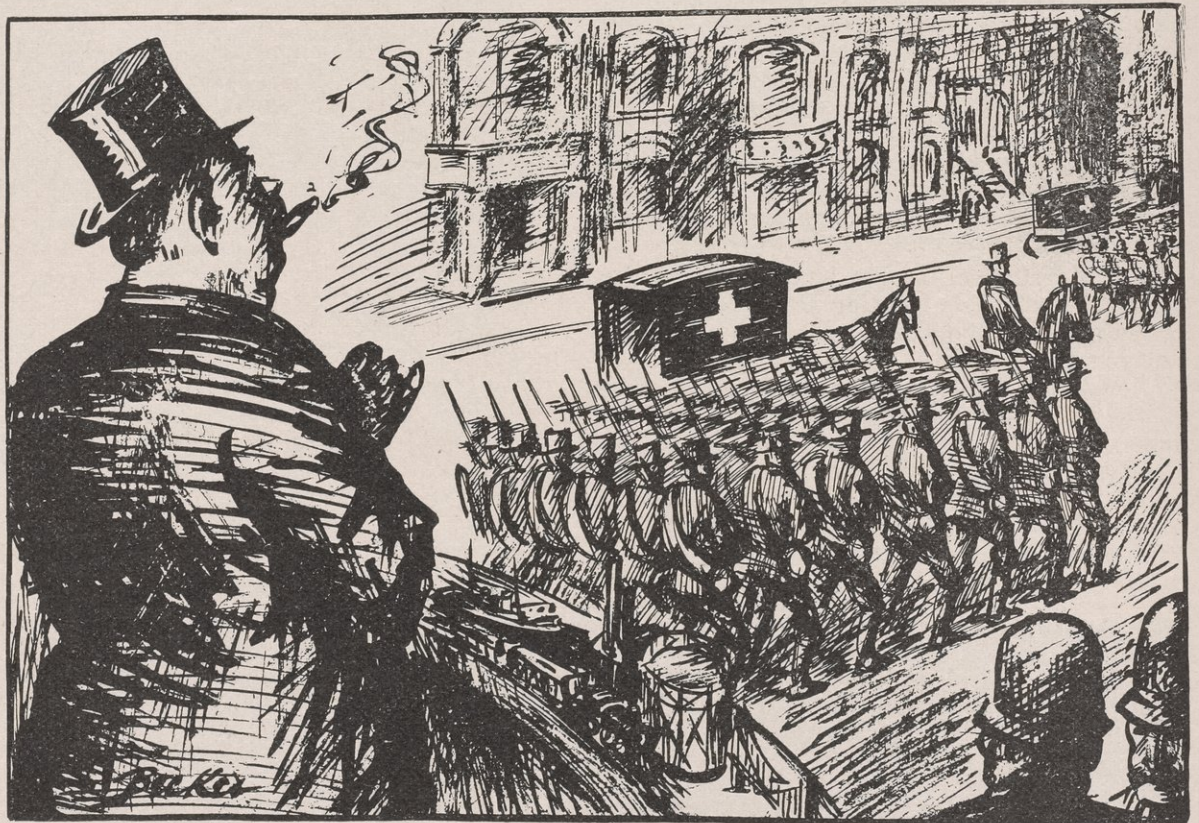
As the Socialist sees the proletarian psychology, one of its fundamental elements is distrust of the capitalist class. This distrust may be only passive, or it may become active. It is only

in those proletarian groups which have an active distrust, or at those times when the general distrust in the proletarian class becomes active that the proletarian class shows activity towards claiming justice for itself and in the ultimate direction (as the Socialist thinks) of attaining a state of things when the capitalist class shall cease to exist and the next static phase of social evolution shall dawn—the co-operative commonwealth.

The Socialist believes that this distrust of the capitalist class and their retainers, and this dawning disposition on the part of the proletarian class to set up in business for itself, to disregard the advice of the capitalist and professional classes and to set itself to the task of running the world according to its own innate convictions, of justice are the absolute prerequisite to the bringing in of the co-operative commonwealth. Therefore, he believes that, generally speaking, other things being equal, whatever tends to make active the dormant distrust of the capitalist in the proletarian mind tends to hasten the coming of the co-operative commonwealth; and, on the other hand, whatever tends to deaden the

the sense of justice or humanity can never permeate their class with such sentiments to the extent of giving up their power; that underlying all tendencies to make humane concessions, there must lurk the consciousness that if such concessions are not made, compulsion will arrive. The Socialist has, however, no idea that the struggles will be one of physical force; he realizes joyfully that our centuries' experience in the forms of democratic government have brought us out of the way of thinking that issues are to be fought out with literal weapons. In modern political encounters we still use the language of warfare, but the words do not mean what they say—the only fighting there will be is *jaw fighting*.

Another guarantee that the issue will be joined and the Socialist stage of social evolution will set in without civil war, lies in the wonderful development in the minds of the great captains of finance of the art and habit of compromise,—a development which these men of genius have manifested during the last twenty-five years. This leads me to think it possible that all we are striving for will come eventually piecemeal by way of concession: "Freedom broadening slow-



"My men."

distrust in the proletarian mind tends to postpone the co-operative commonwealth. The Socialist holds this conviction with all the intensity of the profoundest certitude; and I think you can now see why the out-and-out Socialist must dislike such movements as the Boy Scout movement. Even if he sees in such movements a feudalistic impulse in the minds of the more amiable of the capitalist class—the impulse to become protectors and helpers of so many of the proletarian class as will submit to their guidance; still, in his strong conviction that these attempts are really hurtful to the cause of humanity, being essentially means of deferring its fulfilment, he is aroused to attacking them, ignoring the kindly desire which is very largely back of them.

The reason why the Socialist believes that a determined persistent struggle by the workers against the capitalists is a necessary precedent to the coming of co-operative supremacy, is that he knows that historically a class in power never abdicates until it is forced to do so; that no class in power yields its power from a sense of justice or of humanity; that the comparatively few individuals in such a class who are moved by

ly down" from compromise to compromise. But the Socialist can never for one moment let himself forget that the compromises would not come, the broadening would not happen, but for the class struggle being really there, felt if not seen. There must be no let up in demand at any point in the series of concessions; the attack must not falter; every concession must be the starting point for new demands, or else the series of concessions would come to a halt and the consummation would never be realized.

That is the class struggle doctrine, formulated in one way, and it appears to me to be true—that is, approximately true, as true as any social generalization is; offering the *rationale* nearest satisfactory of the main movements of history past and current, and enabling the observer to make correct forecasts of the behavior of sets of people and even of individuals; also pragmatically true, furnishing the best clue for deciding what action will be most effective toward bringing in the co-operative commonwealth. In short, it seems to me that the class struggle doctrine is the best working hypothesis.

(Continued on page 18)

REVOLUTIONARY MEXICO

By CARLO DE FORNARO

III

American Intervention- What For?

IN THE last three weeks events have moved faster than in the six months previous, to the great bewilderment of the casual student of Mexican affairs. But even a close observer of the Revolution is puzzled by the amazing strength shown by the revolutionary movement and the utter futility and weakness of the Mexican government.

How is it possible that an administration which had to rely mainly on the strength of its army for support and whose policy has been constantly one of great generosity toward the army, (because it has justly held the well-being and efficiency of its army to be the basis of its very life), how is it possible that this same government in its hour of trial has failed so ignominiously?

It must be understood that in the beginning all the revolutionary trouble seemed to be focussed west of Chihuahua and into that district the government did not send adequate forces. Later when the rebellion broke out in twenty different states the War Department in each instance sent only 50 to 150 soldiers to the disaffected regions. It was like trying to put out a conflagration with a mop. The government was supposed to have 28,000 soldiers and 12,000 rurales and a very efficient corps of artillery equipped with powerful cannon, the invention of Captain Mondragon. What had happened to this army of 40,000 to compel Gen. Diaz to beseech 27,000 railroad men to join the ranks, and to arm hundreds of men, who had never seen a rifle, on the promise that they would not have to fight but only "make a bluff"?

The key to the mystery was revealed with the news that when the revolution broke out Gen. Diaz discovered that instead of having 28,000 soldiers there were only 12,000 and that somebody higher up was making \$5,000 a day on the stuffed payrolls of the 16,000 imaginary chocolate warriors!

Imagine the impotent rage of the hoary old despot, his helplessness and his despair!—for the fear of a scandal and the danger of conveying this damaging information to the revolutionists prevented him from dismissing or imprisoning the grafter. Accordingly, when the horrible truth and the seriousness of the situation fully dawned upon the old czar it was necessary for him to risk his great trump card—to appeal to the President of the United States to send troops to patrol the Mexican border.

By the time the manoeuvres were in full swing the Mexican Minister of Finance appeared on the scene and, with the Mexican Ambassador de la Barra, gave out a series of reportorial fireworks which clouded the real issue. This clever comedy was only a preliminary to the exchange of the old cabinet in Mexico for a new one, with the intention of deceiving the

rebels and the restless but still peaceful element into the belief that a new ministry with Limantour as the uncrowned king would initiate a series of sweeping reforms and thus unite all the disaffected elements under the Cientifico flag against the common enemy—the Great Colossus of the North.

What Limantour succeeded in doing was to arouse in the minds of the Mexicans the sus-



The Scarecrow of American Intervention

picion that Diaz had begged the help of Taft to keep him in power.

The revolutionists only smiled when they heard Limantour prate of laying down guns before the initiation of reforms. They knew only too well that "amnesty" for them meant either hanging or a mysterious death "by sunstroke." Senor Limantour had suddenly discovered that Mexico needed reforms and that Diaz would start the reform movement at his earliest convenience—after peace was declared. The revolutionists did not forget that when in December, 1909, this same champion of progress received a letter from F. G. Madero, telling him that revolution would surely come if the government did not grant a free ballot, the answer of Senor Limantour was, "To jail with all reformers!"

Madero and his followers are not deceived by promises and good intentions or a scarecrow of American intervention; for the last 30 years Gen. Diaz has paved Mexico with good inten-

tions and the revolutionists are armed to fight a real enemy—not a straw man.

As martial law has been in force practically as long as Diaz has been in power, it is easy to surmise that it was meant to frighten Americans who contemplated joining the rebels.

It appears that the Washington administration does not wish Congress to ask questions which might embarrass the Mexican government, and that it has promised the publication of the truth of the mystery in a Blue Book. But the press already has given out a reason for the hasty manoeuvres of the American soldiers along the Rio Grande. Says the press, the gathering of troops was a warning that the United States would not tolerate a secret alliance between Mexico and Japan.

The rumor of such a project was current in Mexico as far back as 1907. Several mining men who had engaged some thousands of Japanese coolies to work for them complained that after a few months these coolies mysteriously disappeared to make their way slowly to the North and West Coast. Many of them were well dressed and sported gold chains and rings. Some 50,000 Japanese are supposed to be hidden along the West Coast and in Lower California.

On March 24th a Mexican paper gave out this news: "Although the War Department denies that an American vessel which went out to repair the submarine cables in the Island of Guam accidentally discovered a submarine cable connecting said island with Yokohama, still the news is authentic. A high functionary of the American Navy informed a correspondent of the *Baltimore News* of this incident about two months ago, but it was not published because of the secrecy imposed by the Naval officer. Now that the story has been told by a machinist of an American transport in San Francisco there is no reason for not publishing it."

The same newspaper published on its editorial page March 1st an article entitled, "Japan Is Going to Save Latin America." It is an extract from the *Revue Diplomatique*, Paris, and is signed M. P. Marin.

Through all this tangled web one thing stands out clearly: that the Diaz Government and his "cientificos" are friendly to the United States only so far as they can use the United States for their own purposes. But the Mexican people and especially the revolutionists are really in sympathy with the Americans, and if not with the American government it is because they have been taught to mistrust the United States by Diaz.

Whatever happens the final result is bound to make for the benefit of the Liberals in Mexico who wish for just one thing—the re-establishment and enforcement of the Constitution of 1857.

How to Arrange a Successful Mass Meeting

In arranging a massmeeting the principal problem is "How to cover expenses."

The two favorite methods are collections and the sale of literature.

The continual collection policy drives the outsider away. To make expenses by selling leaflets is a difficult matter. Sometimes more books and pamphlets are bought than can be sold to the audience; sometimes the printed matter offered is too unattractive to sell. Very rarely do 50% of the audience go home with purchased literature in their pockets.

The Masses Publishing Company offers you a plan by which both these difficulties may be overcome. It is this:

We send you as many copies of *The Masses* as you think you need for your meeting. You distribute them among your audience while your chairman announces that anyone may retain his copy by leaving five cents with the committee at the door. We take all responsibility for copies distributed. The local receives 50% on all single copies sold.

To sum up the advantages to your local: No expense and 50% profit.

Its appearance alone makes *The Masses* the best seller among Socialist periodicals. Under the above arrangement it has been shown that at least two-thirds of the audience purchase copies. Thus at a meeting of 600 you will sell 400 copies and make a profit of \$10.00.

THIS IS THE PLAN YOU HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR.

WRITE THE BUSINESS MANAGER OF THE MASSES AT ONCE.

THE DREAD

By CHARLOTTE TELLER

AFTER she had emptied her dishpan over the railing of the back porch, she stood for a moment watching the last colors on the mountains. She felt the beauty, unbroken by shadow, of the masses of purple against the sky. Over there toward the mountains she knew of a lake. It was catching these colors, and her face grew sad with the thought of its beauty at this moment, and no one there to see it, and then her thought returned to the beauty here before her which was passing into darkness.

She had put her dishpan on a box, and her wet, red hands were clasped. The fading light showed her face with its entreaty. She might have been an artist, a poet or a saint; her intensity was of all three, but her dress was the dress of a workingman's wife. The house behind her was gray as poverty—smoke colored—, there was no fence to the yard, no curtain to the window.

A little longer she stood and watched. She saw the dying brightness stretch far up the sky and she saw the thin mist creeping over the distances, and the lights starting here and there in windows. Then as she turned to go in her Angelus sounded—a deep whistle, vibrant, double-toned, beautiful as a bell. In the same spirit in which she had looked, she listened, until her gaze crossed the half-built-up town lots and rested finally on the chimneys of the steel plant.

Side by side, tall and black, hooded with heavy smoke those great chimneys menaced her. She saw the smoke in cloud forms—shot through with white steam and red fire.

The beauty died out of her face; it contracted with dread and hate.

Over there he worked. Every morning when he went out, she looked long at his face so that if he did not come back she could have it in her memory.

Once she had told him this, when he had asked what made her "look so queer" at him. Then he had told her that she would get over that after a while. He had spoken impatiently, and she, with her keen intuition, knew it was because he was sorry she had found out his danger.

In the mornings, before she got up in the dark, to cook his breakfast and put his lunch in the tin pail, she listened to him breathing in his sleep, and always, after the wave of joy had swept her heart, its heavy beats hammered out the words, "He's going—going!"

Then she would struggle with time and clutch at the hours that had passed safely, and push back from her the coming day, which seemed a dark chasm lit by the red flames of the steel mills.

She did not know she was imaginative, of too fine a fibre for a workingman's wife; that only dull, hard-natured women should be born into the working class. She did not feel the romance of the great industry; the world-forging power of steel—white-hot, then cold and unbending.

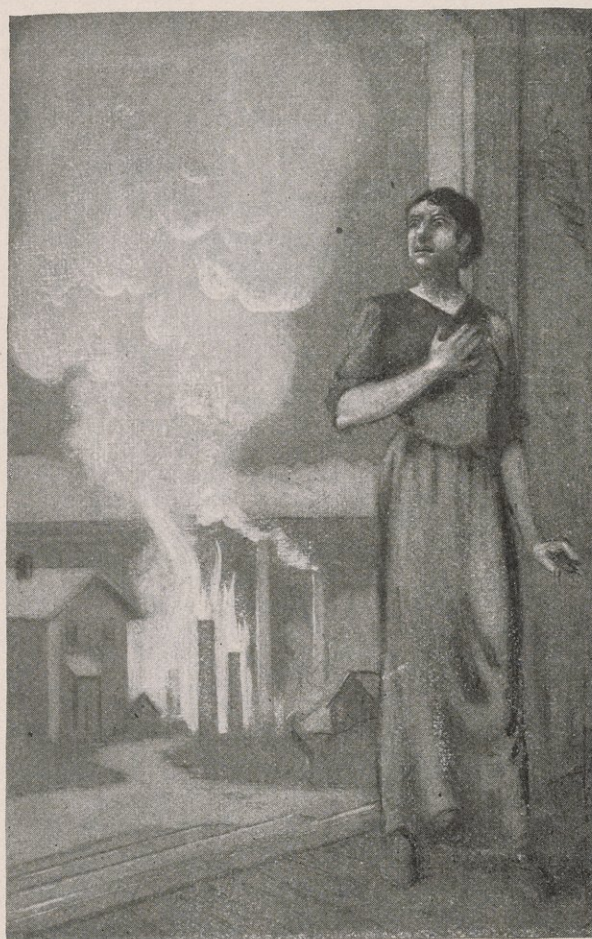
She did not marvel at the machines and at the processes which had their birth within the gray walls of some human brain. She was not fascinated by the great financing, the clever management of it all.

She did not know that over there those fires were burning on the altar of Progress—the

greatest god of the age—and that all the hordes of civilization worshipped there, and that perhaps the destiny of some nation lay seething in the metal.

She knew none of these things.

Each morning she rose and knelt on the bit of carpet beside the bed and clasped her rough hands and prayed—not for eternal life, nor for her husband's soul—but just that he might come



"She saw the smoke in cloud forms—shot through with white steam and red fire."

back to her that night; that he might escape the torture of fire over there.

She prayed for just one day at a time and her prayer was always that God would not forget. Then as a sort of childlike propitiation, she would give thanks for her blessings; for the good wages, for the house that they were buying, for the child that was coming. But her thankfulness was weak beside her petition.

One night he told her of his work—of the great ladles which held many tons of molten steel. He worked near what he called the "converter." He described the furnaces and the never dying fires in them. And he had explained the safeguards. All this he had told thinking to reassure her.

She kept silent as the picture grew distinct in her mind. What he had said did not dissipate her terror but defined it.

The smoke and the flames by day and the flames and the smoke by night shadowed her or threw into bold relief against the black-ground of a passing present, her happiness, in all its insecurity. She belonged, without knowing it, to the Order of the Sisters of Death.

As she stood about to enter the fast darkening kitchen, relief pressed the hate out of her face. Another day was ending and there would be another night of safety before the next morning's prayer.

She went in to finish getting supper. Just as she put her foot on the threshold a sudden brightness flashed over the house, over the neighboring houses, over the unkept yards, the treeless street. It seemed even to reach the mountains growing more distinct against a paling sky.

A great column of flame rose above the furnaces, white flame, sharp-pointed.

Twice it rose.

Twice she saw the windows of the houses reflect the fire from the mills, and twice she shuddered.

She stood rigid, straining her ears for the sound, of human cries, a half mile away.

Where the flames had been black smoke was pushing up noiselessly. There was no sound.

She began to pray for his life, but only the thought of his death was with her.

She looked about her. There was the house just the same, the dark kitchen awaiting her, the mountains unmoving. Yet it was all strange.

She saw him in thought, dead and unheeded, yet she looked down the street to see him coming. She struggled for the power of hope.

No one came down the street, but in the distance, there was the rush of horses' feet and the clatter of the ambulance on its way from the hospital to the mills.

A dull cry of mourning came from her lips. She went down the steps, across the empty lots, to the unpaved street and toward the mills. She knew. The message had reached her.

When she was near the mills she found many people—mostly silent or talking in subdued tones. But sometimes there was a loud scream from some grief-stricken woman or a cry of pain from one of the wounded.

They were bringing them out now. The smoke was stifling, but she walked on, pushing her way through the crowds and heedless of the fact that her dress caught and tore on the debris, and her shoes were burnt by the hot ashes.

As if by instinct she went directly to where he lay, in the road, just outside the main entrance. He was alive.

She did not rush screaming to his side, nor clasp him in her arms. She came very quietly and stood over him.

He looked up at her with eyes that were already glassy, but in the dark she did not see them.

"I had supper 'most done," she said dully.

He twisted with agony and rolled over on his face. She was down close beside him now, kneeling. He was dead.

She got slowly to her feet. Her eyes were dry. She heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"Thank God!" she said. She was thinking of the dread which was gone forever.

DO YOU LIKE YOUR WORK?

Out of every thousand people in the world only one works at the occupation for which he is best fitted.

Millions of people are popularly charged as "failures," because they have never found the occupation for which they are best fitted.

The average Socialist is a continuous wonder to the capitalist-minded, successful citizen. They cannot understand why it is that a Socialist with

brains and abilities fails "to make good." And many a Socialist wonders too.

Mr. Financially Unsuccessful Socialist, we believe we have the answer to the riddle:

It is because you have not yet found the occupation for which you are best fitted.

We have a job for you which will not only bring you such returns that you will no longer

be considered a financial failure, but from which you will also derive great personal satisfaction.

You will feel that you are no longer working without a purpose. You will feel that your span of life is of some moment to the progress of civilization.

We want you to correspond with us in regard to this matter.

Shall we hear from you? Now?

COMPENSATION OR INSURANCE

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

ON MARCH 24, 1911, the New York Court of Appeals gave a decision declaring the Workmen's Compensation Act unconstitutional. The law provided for compensation to be paid by the employer to his employee injured while at work, whether or not it was due to any fault of the employer. This, the Court said, contravened the provisions of Sec. 6, Art. 1, of the State Constitution and Amend. XIV of the Federal Constitution in purporting to authorize the taking of property without due process of law.

The history of this law is interesting and instructive to the Socialists and the entire labor movement. In 1909, the New York Legislature appointed a commission, which has become known as the Wainwright commission, for the purpose of inquiring and reporting into the state of the laws in this and other countries relating to compensation of workmen for injuries received while at work and recommend legislation on the subject. The commission opened its session for a public hearing in New York City, in January, 1910.

The question before the commission was—What remedy or relief shall be given to a workman or those depending on him, in the event of his disability or death owing to some injury received while at work? Labor conferences were organized to convey to the commission the views of labor. The Socialist Party, Local New York, also decided to take action. It was the unanimous sentiment that the Socialist Party ought to take a stand and agitate in favor of progressive labor legislation. However, when the question came up what policy should be pursued, there was a decided difference of opinion. The majority decided in favor of sending a committee to attend the public hearing and to present the views of the Socialist party. This led to my resignation from the committee.

I have given, at that time, my reasons for such action in *The Call*. In brief they were, that the Socialist Party, after having denounced and still continuing to denounce the pure and simple trade-unionists for sending representatives to lobby for labor laws, could not now stultify itself by adopting the policy of lobbying for labor laws. I said:

"Lobbying is now legalized. The law provides that a lobbyist attending at Albany must be duly registered. Why not have a Socialist Party lobbyist registered at Albany? Every argument that is advanced in favor of attending at public hearings before the legislative commission holds good in favor of lobbying. The Socialist lobbyist would inform the public how the Socialist Party stands on important questions. It would serve to disseminate Socialist ideas."

Instead I urged the policy of going among the workers with a program of insurance against accidents, and, by constant agitation and education, to create a strong sentiment for such a measure, a sentiment which the capitalist class will not dare to defy. However, my views were ignored. The committee was granted the authority to enter the labor conferences, though it was known that the majority of the conferences consisted of old party political hacks. The committee conceived that its duty was to draft recommendations and submit the same to the legislative commission. This was done, unfortunately in a hurry, and the result was that the proposed recommendations met with the disapproval of many Socialists. An article published in the *New York Volkszeitung* censured the proposed act, and one of the editors of the *Volkszeitung* took occasion privately to criticize the report of the committee in no uncertain terms.

I took occasion, at the time, to criticize severely the report of the committee. And lest it may appear that I am rehashing old issues, I will state right here that the subject is still a burning problem of the day and will continue to be so for many years to come. No one is exempt from

When someone says, "I told you so!" the impulse is strong to heave a brick at his head; but a more profitable method is to ask the "I told you so" person for further information. In this article Comrade Henry L. Slobodin of the New York Bar explains his reasons for opposing the recently defeated "Workmen's Compensation Act." We publish it not to incite controversy but to put before the people one side of a question which in the near future must be thoroughly threshed out—not only by New York State but by the country at large from San Diego to Bangor.—Editor.

making mistakes, but there is no excuse for making the same mistake twice.

The modern common law of master and servant is largely judge-made. Before 1837, a workman could hold his master liable for injuries received by him while at work the same as if he were a stranger. In 1837, Lord Abinger laid down the rule that if the injuries sustained by



The Sphinx Silencer

During the fall elections the general topic of compensation for injured workers engaged the attention of such a conservative as the Colonel Himself.

a workman were due to the negligence of another employee of the same master, the master was not liable. The courts enlarged upon this so-called fellow-servant rule, until a recovery by the workman became an extremely remote probability. To make matters doubly sure for the masters, the courts so changed the rule of contributory negligence that instead of being a defense for the master to be so pleaded and proved, the workman has now to prove his "freedom" from contributory negligence. The workman was also supposed to have assumed all the necessary and obvious risks of his work and also the risks of his master's negligence, if he knew of it.

The red spectre that has haunted Europe ever since the great French revolution, induced the ruling classes to concede to the working class labor laws providing compensation to the workman in the event of an accident. With Germany always marching in the van, one country after another passed laws of state insurance for the workmen against accidents. Prussia legislated on the subject as early as 1838. One of the last countries to concede a law to labor covering accidents was England. But instead of an obli-

gatory insurance law, England enacted, in 1897, a law providing for compulsory compensation by the employer.

While the agitation for progressive labor measures was continuing, the spoliation of labor by the courts was also going on apace. The enactment of the Workmen's Compensation Act drove the English courts to greater zeal in despoiling labor of its rights. They seized upon the Act and what they did to it is a caution.

The Act was limited only to workmen employed in hazardous trades. Not satisfied with such delimitation, the courts ruled that a plank placed on a ladder and window sill did not constitute scaffolding; nor did planks supported by trestles eight feet high; nor was painting the outside of a house repairing it; thereby excluding a large number of workmen from the operation of the Act.

Then the courts proceeded to do business with the "two weeks" clause, which provided that no workman was entitled to compensation unless he was disabled for at least two weeks. The courts construed it to mean that no workman was entitled to compensation unless he worked for the same employer for at least two weeks, even if he was disabled for life or killed. Moreover, the Act excluded recovery for an injury due to "wilful misconduct" of the workman. And this frequently meant the slightest violation of "shop rules" adopted by the employer.

Our committee accepted the British Act, one week clause, wilful misconduct clause and all. The British Act excluded out-workers. Out-workers were excluded in the Socialist recommendations. In fact it seemed to me that the Socialist recommendations were far more notable for the relief they withheld from the workmen, than for the remedies they offered them.

I contended, at the time, and am still holding the view, that the Socialist Party should demand and urge upon the workmen to demand a state (meaning national and state) insurance law in preference to a compulsory compensation law. The reasons for my stand are briefly:

1. Obligatory insurance will include out-workers, one-week workers, casual workers, in short all workers.
2. Obligatory insurance will take from the employer the incentive of defeating a recovery. He will no more be interested. He will lose nothing if every one of his workmen are paid insurance benefits. He will gain nothing if not one of them is paid anything. The courts will, therefore, have the least possible to do with the administration of the law.
3. The workman will not be sacked because of bad health. The compulsory compensation law provides that the master shall pay the workman, if the workman's health becomes bad owing to his work. It also provides that the master has the right to have the workman examined by a physician. The result is that, under the British Act, the employer watches his workmen with great care, and as soon as any one shows signs of bad health, he is dismissed. Getting a job is ever afterwards for this workman like getting his life insured. It adds a great deal to the uncertainty of a workman's livelihood. Under obligatory insurance this will be eliminated.
4. Obligatory insurance will make the recovery secure. Under compulsory compensation, the workman has no redress in the event of the employer's insolvency. It is true that the workman is made a preferred creditor, which is of some use if the insolvent master has some assets, which seldom happens.
5. Compulsory compensation, which attempts to make the employer pay the employee for his

(Continued on page 18)

THE SUPERIORITY OF SOCIALISM

By JOSEPH N. COHEN

THERE are many theories as to how change in human society comes about. In fact, one would think there are as many theories as there are students of social problems. For example, it is sometimes believed that social forces are blind, purposeless, tearing down or building up indiscriminately. Or again, other theorists are busy tracing the trail of present change back to the moment when the sun beam first kissed the sea into life—which romantic episode is said to have occurred some several hundred thousand years ago.

But what does it avail, for any practical purpose, to know that this mundane existence of ours is dangling between two great uncertainties: namely, that the earth might never have been but for a fortunate coagulation of drifting stardust some trillions of years ago, and, secondly, that our planet may be swallowed by its sun-mother trillions of years hence?

More recently (for Socialism is nothing if not scientific), we are insisting upon a division of labor. The cook does not care to have the rest of the family meddling with the baking of the pie, and we, for our part, are disposed to let geology look after its own province in peace, and not permit pre-historic data to interfere seriously with the even tenor of our way—the business immediately in hand—transforming Socialism from the ideal to the real.

Naturally, not being entirely devoid of bowels of compassion and the milk of human kindness, we are right loth to let the dead past bury its dead. But driving necessity compels us to withstand the claims of the grave, and to refrain from attempting to tunnel through a mountain range with no other tool than an ancient stone ax.

So much for that. So much for the theory that evolution is mighty, mighty slow, and that the better day in store for us is forever hundreds of thousands of years hence. For Socialism is not tainted with commercialism. It is not trying to sell the heathen a heaven more cheaply than are the theologies.

Now, there is another variety of social theorist. It is the extremist at the other end, who holds the view that we can enter into our own today (or, was it three days ago?). We refer to the mechanical Socialist, who rises to remark that if you will drop a ballot in the box, out will jump a co-operative commonwealth, or if you will pour such and such peppery phrases into a meeting, out will gush a revolutionary labor union movement. This fellow will never forgive Karl Marx for having become a prey to the hallucination that it will take a deal of time to make the social change, that you cannot alter the consciousness of a people over night.

What shall we say to such theorists? What can we say but that exhortation alone, calling the social sinners to repentance, is insufficient to save our bodies, as it is to save our souls; that pilots are only of use insofar as they are given ships with trustworthy bottoms and that, if shipwrights be honest craftsmen, the quality of craft will improve from year to year.

That is to say, there is work aplenty to do, now and here. More than that, only as we do the tasks before us can we fit ourselves to grapple with the bigger ones ahead. For Socialism is not a utopia; it is a growing-into something larger and better.

We must needs pause here and tell what is meant by Socialism. That is a hard nut to crack. Nor is it to be hoped that we can frame a definition acceptable not only to a general referendum of all Socialistically inclined, but also carrying no discord if attuned to the song of the morning stars.

Let that be as it may. It will suffice to say that Socialism is, first of all, the movement of those who want to solve the bread and butter problem

in a manner satisfactory to the great bulk of the people. This involves a great deal—the biggest deal there is, so far as we know. But we shall not enter into this phase of it just now.

That makes Socialism a movement by and in the interest of the working class especially. For it is wholly true that the size of the market basket is of deepest concern to the working people, that large, almost indefinable horde, who toil by night and day, and who seem so inured to the dust and shadows of shop and mine, as to make it problematic whether their eyes can come to bear the white light of freedom.

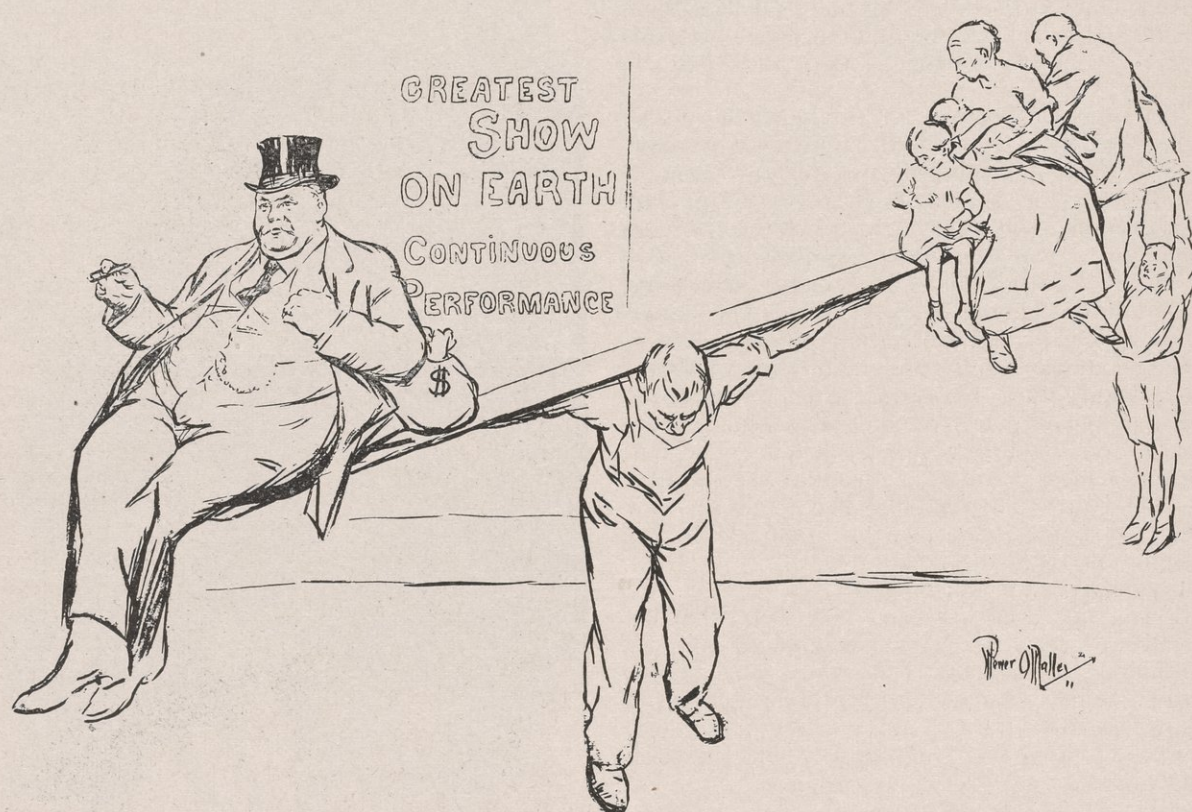
So, whatever will make for better living among the diggers and delvers, is of prime importance to the Socialist movement and party.

But there is more to life than bread; there is more to man than stomach. And here again So-

stitutes—the poorest kind of substitutes—for human joy?

And so, to put it into a phrase, Socialism is that movement which makes for genuine human happiness. It is to open opportunities all along the line, that each of us may enjoy wholesome pursuits; revel in the kinship with nature; build his body stronger and firmer; and contribute his share to the common fund of learning and beauty, with the feeling that what he bestows will not alone bring gladness to his fellow men, but will return to him manifold. For the more his vision expands, the greater is the horizon of happiness to which it reaches.

That is to say, Socialism is not a new ascetism. It is not wrapped up with any specific formula for regulating the table or the tabernacle. True enough, it would rather see the people have the chance to feast, than be compelled to practice the



The Double Burden of Labor—Which Socialism Will Abolish

cialism is profoundly concerned. For it so happens that control of the world's industries as private property by the capitalist class not only confers upon them the sway of economic power, thereby dwarfing the status of the rest of us into that of inferiors; but it tends to make culture beholden to property and so circumscribe the opportunities of the people. Therefore Socialism also expresses the purpose of the masses to break the fetters that stunt and rack and limit their intellectual and spiritual growth.

Hence, with the economic advantages that will more or less rapidly accrue to us, there will be the modification of prevailing institutions and the rearing of new ones, to the pass where the whole superstructure will be sufficiently remodeled to constitute a social revolution.

To look at it in another light:

People nowadays are dead tired of their comings and goings. They want to forget life as it is, instead of desiring to experience it to the full. Their joy is in being as far from reality as possible, instead of dipping into it. They employ soporifics to blunt their senses. Think what a gulf yawns between things as they are and even that distorted, momentary haven, to which the drinker imagines his gulp of beer to be sesame! And is it not likewise true that the schemes of purchasing pleasure, from the laborer's cheap whiskey to the idler's monkey banquet, are sub-

virtue of fasting. But it has no dietary whim. The man who wishes to be a vegetarian may. That is his affair. It is a question he must settle with his own conscience and digestion. It is one of those private matters into which the public need not intrude, and in which Socialism takes no concern.

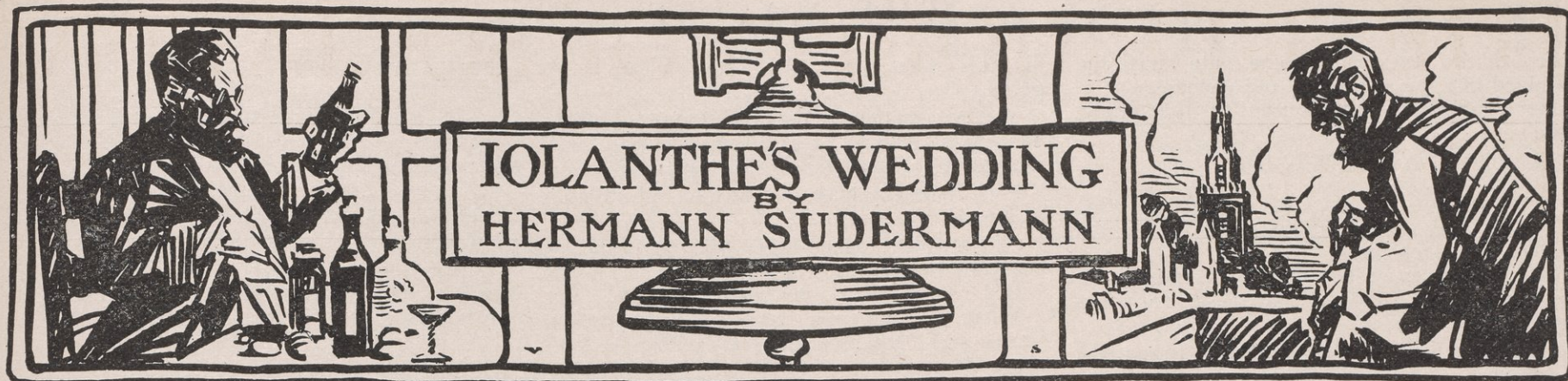
But the bread and butter question—and the bigger question of which bread and butter is to so large an extent the stuff and substance—depend upon governmental adjustment. Politics is national housekeeping. That is why we need Socialist politicians and statesmen and a Socialist party.

The Socialist politician must be superior to those of the old parties. He must be able to thwart the other fellows' game, anticipate their stratagem, be on tiptoes for every emergency, and, because of the social philosophy urging him on, forecast every turn of events and plan his campaign accordingly. He must be more and more successful in winning the voters to his shibboleth and standard.

And that much the Socialist party is already doing.

Furthermore, while doing its own work, which is of the greatest consequence to it, the Socialist movement nevertheless finds profit in casting a friendly eye upon all other movements making

(Continued on page 18)



(Fourth Instalment.)

WELL, at this point, gentlemen, I draw a long heavy line and proceed to tell you of the wedding day.

My father-in-law, who like a cat always came down on his feet, had decided to use the popularity of my name for his own benefit; thereby, on the occasion of my wedding, to renew his connection with all those people who had been taking pains to keep out of his way. He went down into his pocket and arranged an immense feast at which, as he expressed it, champagne was to flow in the gutters.

You will easily understand that the whole row was a nuisance to me; but a bridegroom is nothing but a ridiculous figure whose organs of will, for the time being, have been removed from his cranium.

On the morning of the great day I was sitting in my study—gloomy as gloom could make me—the whole house stinking of oil paint—when the door opened and Lothar entered.

Very jaunty, very smart—high top boots—he throws himself on my neck. Hurrah! good old uncle!—travelled all night to be here on time; won the prize yesterday over the steeplechase course; rode like the devil; didn't break his neck after all; drank like a fish and still fresh; ready to dance like a top; brought some surprises along—very fiery kind; give him twenty-five men to drill immediately—and so forth.

That is the way it pours out of his mouth, and in the meantime his black eyebrows run up and down without stopping and his eyes glow underneath like burning coals.

"That is youth," I reflect and swallow a sigh. I should like to borrow those eyes of his for twenty-four hours and all the rest with them.

"You don't ask about my fiancé?" I venture.

He laughs loudly. "My dear uncle, what's the matter with you? You're going to marry and I'm going to set off the sky rockets. Hurrah!" And still laughing he runs out of the room.

I finished my cigar much depressed and then started on a round of inspection through the newly renovated rooms.

In front of the bedroom door my sister caught me just as she was carrying away her things.

"No admission here," she said. "This is to be a surprise to both of you."

"Both of us!"

Nonsense.

About eleven o'clock I start dressing. The coat pinches in the shoulders. The boots pinch me on the balls of the feet because for thirty years I have been suffering from gout—a sequel to the Pütz punchbowls. The shirt bosom is stiff as a board; necktie too short; everything horrible.

Towards two o'clock I drive to the bride's home where the wedding is to be celebrated.

And now, gentlemen, comes a dream or rather a nightmare with all the sensations of choking, of being strangled, of sinking into a pit . . .

And then happy moments. "Everything will be all right: You have your good heart and your honorable intentions—where she fails your strength of character will suffice for both. She will walk the earth like a queen and never notice her chains at all."

While one coach after another came thundering into the courtyard with a gallery of strange faces crowded at the windows I ran about the garden like one possessed, trampled the autumnal slips under my new fine patent leathers and let the tears run down my cheeks. But this moment of pleasure was cut short. They were looking for me everywhere.

I went into the house. The old man, (who was quite crazy for joy at seeing all his old adversaries and enemies, all those that he had at any time backbitten, insulted, or slandered, as his guests), ran from one to the other, pressed everybody's hand and swore eternal friendship.

I wanted to say "How do you do" to a couple of friends but, with great noise, I was pushed into a room where they said my bride was waiting for me.

There she stood.

Entirely in white silk—bridal veil like a cloud around her—myrtle wreath black and spiny on her hair—like a crown of thorns.

I had to shut my eyes for a second. She was so beautiful.

Stretching her hands toward me she said. "Are you satisfied?" And she looked at me kindly and affectionately, though her face with the smile it wore seemed like a marble mask.

Then I was overcome with happiness and a sense of guilt. I felt like dropping on my knees before her and begging her forgiveness for ever daring to ask for her hand. But I didn't: her mother stood behind her; bridesmaids and other stupid things also were there.

I mumbled something that I myself did not understand and because I did not know what more to say I went over by her side and buttoned my gloves; buttoned and unbuttoned them—all the time.

My mother-in-law, who herself did not know what to say, made the folds of the veil run straight and looked at me from the corner of her eye, half reproachfully, half encouragingly.

At every turn I ran into a mirror which—willy nilly—I had to look into. I saw my bald forehead and the lobster-colored cheeks with the heavy folds beneath, and the wart under the left corner of the mouth; I saw the collar that was much too narrow—for even the widest girthed collar had not been wide enough; and saw the red grubby neck bulging out on all sides like a wreath.

I saw all this and each time I was shaken with a feeling that was half insanity and half honesty, as though it were my business to cry to her, "Have pity on yourself! There is yet time. Give me my dismissal!"

You must remember a civil engagement did not at that time exist.

I should never have brought myself to the point of saying it even if I had kept walking back and forth for a thousand years; nevertheless when the old man came sneaking in, nimble as a weasel, to say, "Come along, the minister is waiting!" I felt injured—as though some deep-laid plan of mine had been frustrated.

I offered her my arm. The folding doors were open.

Faces! Faces! Endless masses of faces! One glued to the other. . . And all of them leered at me as if to say:

"Hanckel, you are making an ass of yourself."

Automatically an alley had formed. We walked through in deathlike silence, while I kept thinking, "Strange that nobody laughs out loud!"

So we reached the altar which the old man had artfully constructed of a large pine box and covered with red flag cloth; quite an exhibition of flowers and candles on it with a crucifix in the middle as at a funeral.

The good minister is standing in front of us; he puts on his fine ministerial air and strokes the wide sleeves of his robe back like a sleight-of-hand man about to begin his conjurations.

First a hymn—five stanzas—then the ceremony.

I have not the slightest idea how it ran, for suddenly a perverse thought entered my brain and became a hallucination that would not be shaken off.

She will say, "No!"

And the nearer we drew to the decisive moment the more the anguish of that thought throttled me. Finally I had not the least doubt in the world that she would say "No."

Gentlemen, she said "Yes."

I breathed out like a criminal who has just heard the verdict "Not guilty."

And now the strangest thing of all.

Hardly had the word been uttered and the fear of humiliation removed than the wish rose in my heart, "Oh, if she had only said 'No.'"

After the Amen there were congratulations without end. With real fervor one hand after another shook mine. "Thank you," here; "Thanks" there. I was grateful from the bottom of my heart to every mother's son among them—even if he had tendered me a polite congratulation in lieu only of the good food and wine to come after.

Only one hand was lacking: that of Lothar.

He stood in the back row looking quite glum, as though he were hungry or felt bored.

"There he is, Iolanthe," I said and caught hold of him. "Lothar Pütz—Pütz's only son—my own boy. Give him your hand—call him Lothar!" And because she was still hesitating I placed her five fingers in his and thought to myself: "Thank God that he is here: he will help us over many a bad hour."

Please, don't smile, gentlemen. You think that in the course of the married life there will develop a lover's relation between the two young people—but that is not at all the way it turns out. Just a little patience—the outcome is entirely different.

Well, to proceed: we went to table.

Very fine—flowers—silver tableware—wedding cake—everything in abundance.

To begin with a little glass of sherry as an appetizer. The sherry was good but the glass was small and once empty it was not refilled.

"Now you must be very courteous to her and tender, that is what etiquette demands," I said to myself and looked sidewise at her. Her elbow slightly touched my arm and I could feel how she trembled.

"That is hunger," I thought, for I had not eaten anything myself.

Her eyes were fixed on the candelabra that stood in front of her. Its silvery lustre in the

course of the years had become quite faded and wrinkled like the skin of an old woman.

Her profile! God, how beautiful that profile was!

And that was to belong to me.

Nonsense!

And I emptied a glass of thin Rhine wine which guzzled in my empty stomach like the bubbles in a duck pie.

"If things keep on like this I can't muster up any tenderness," I thought and longed for more sherry.

Then I pulled myself together. "Please eat something," I said and thought I had accomplished a wonderful piece of gallantry.

She nodded and carried the spoon to her mouth.

After the soup there came some nice fish—Rhine salmon if I am not mistaken, and the sauce had the proper admixture of brandy, lemon juice, and capers: in a word the thing was delicious.

Then came a filet of venison—quite good even if still a little too fresh.—Well, opinions may differ on that point.

"But why don't you eat something?" I said the second time, pouting my lips that people might believe I was whispering to her a compliment or something sentimental.

No, this sort of thing made no headway at all.

Already I had disposed of the second bottle of the thin Rhine wine and was beginning to distend, with skin drawn as tight as the head of a drum. I looked around for Lothar who has inherited from his father a scent for everything drinkable, but he had been seated somewhere downstairs. Then I was saved by a toast which gave me a chance to get up. On my rounds of the room I discovered a small but select company of sherry bottles which the old man had hidden behind a curtain.

Hurriedly I took two and started to drink courage into me.

It was a slow process but it succeeded, for, gentlemen, I can stand a good deal.

After the filet of venison came a salmis of partridges. Two successive dishes of game is not quite proper—but the taste was superb.

At this time something like a cloud puffed down from the ceiling and descended slowly—slowly.

Also at this time I was tossing gallantries right and left and, gentlemen, I was becoming a decidedly clever fellow.

I called my bride "enchanted" and "charming sprite"; I told a somewhat broad hunting story; and explained to my neighbors how useful is that experience which the up-to-date bachelor acquires before marrying.

To make it short, gentlemen, I was irresistible.

But in the meantime the cloud was sinking deeper and deeper. It was such a sight as is often seen in mountainous regions where first the highest summits disappear and then, little by little, the mountain side, one ledge after another, is covered by the curtain.

First the lights in the candelabra assumed reddish halos—they looked like small suns in a vapory atmosphere and emitted all kinds of iridescent rays. Then little by little everybody sitting behind the candelabra, the talking, the rattling of the forks, disappeared from sight and sound. Only at long intervals did a white shirt bosom or a piece of a woman's arm gleam from the "purple darkness"—isn't that what Schiller calls it?

And then something else suddenly attracted my attention. My father-in-law was running around with two bottles of champagne and whenever he saw an entirely empty glass he would say, "Please empty your glass! Why don't you drink?"

"You old fraud!" I said when he came to me with the same request (and I pinched his leg),

"is this what you call 'letting it run in the gutters'?"

You see, gentlemen, my condition was growing dangerous. And all of a sudden I feel my heart expanding. I must talk. No, I *must* talk.

So I strike my glass violently to call attention to myself.

"For heaven's sake—keep still!" my fiancée—I beg your pardon, my wife—whispers in my ear.

But even if it costs my life I must talk.

What I said was reported to me afterwards, and if my authorities are telling the truth it ran about as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I am no longer young. But I do not regret that at all—for mature age also hath its joys;—and if anybody were to assert that youth can be happy only when wedded to youth I would say, That is an infamous lie! I myself am proof to the contrary. For I am no longer young, but I am going to make my wife happy because my wife is an angel—and I have a loving heart—yea, I swear I have a loving heart, and whoever says that here underneath my vest—there beats no loving heart—to him I would like to lay bare my heart—"

At this point, according to reports, my words were choked by tears and in the middle of my abject outpouring I was hustled from the room.

When I woke I was on a couch, much too short, with all kinds of fur boas, cloaks, and woolen wraps thrown over me. My neck was strained, my legs devoid of sensation.

I looked around.

On a mirrored console a single candle was burning; brushes, combs, and boxes of pins lay beside it; on the walls a mass of cloaks, hats and that sort of thing were hanging.

Oho, the ladies' dressing room!

Slowly I became conscious of what had happened. I looked at my watch: it was nearing two. Somewhere as though at a great distance, a piano was thumping and in time to its music came a scraping and sliding of dancing feet.

My wedding!

I combed my hair, fixed my necktie, and wished heartily for the chance to lie right down in my good hard camp bed and pull the blanket over my ears. Instead—pooh! Well, what was there to do about it?

I started for the scene of the gaiety but without any real feeling of shame, for I was still too sleepy and drowsy to fully comprehend the state of affairs.

At first nobody noticed me.

In the apartments where the old gentlemen were sitting the smoke was so thick that at a distance of three paces there were to be discerned only vague outlines of human bodies. A very steep game of cards was under way and my father-in-law was relieving his guests of their money with such efficiency that if he had had three more daughters to marry off he would have been a rich man. He said he was "making the wedding expenses."

I looked at the dancers. The dowagers were fighting off sleep; the young people were hopping mechanically; while the pianist opened his eyes only when he struck a wrong note. My sister held a glass of lemonade in her lap and was looking at the lemon seeds. It was a sad picture!

Iolanthe nowhere to be seen.

I returned to the card tables and touched the old man on the shoulders just as his clawing hands scooped a recently won stake into his pocket.

He turned on me savagely.

"Oh, it's you, is it, you toper?"

"Where is Iolanthe?"

"I don't know. Go and find her." And he gambled on.

The other players seemed embarrassed but acted as though nothing had happened. "Won't

you try your luck, young Benedict?" they clamored.

So I made off with all haste for I knew my weakness. Had I taken a hand there would have been a second scandal.

I sneaked around outside the dancing hall, for I did not feel equal to meeting the glances of the dowagers.

In the corridor a tin lamp was smoking, from the kitchen came the noise of plates and the prattle of half-drunk kitchen maids.

Awful!

I knocked on the door to Iolanthe's room.

No answer. A second knock. Everything quiet. So I entered.

And there I saw—

My mother-in-law sitting on the edge of the bed and in front of her my wife kneeling. She had already changed her wedding dress for a black travelling gown. Her head was in her mother's lap and both women were weeping—it was a sight that would have moved a stone to tears.

And, gentlemen, what were my feelings then?

I felt like rushing carriageways and calling to the coachman, "The depot!" and then by the first train to America—or wherever it is that cashiers and prodigal sons have the habit of disappearing.

But that wouldn't do.

"Iolanthe," I said humbly and contritely.

Both of them cried out: my wife clasped the knees of her mother, while the latter spread protecting arms.

"I won't do you any harm, Iolanthe. I only ask your forgiveness because, out of love for you, I was so inconsiderate."

A long silence—broken only by her sobbing. Then her mother spoke.

"He is right, child. You must get up: it's time for you to be going." She rose slowly—her cheeks wet—her eyes red as fire—her body still shaken with sobs. "Give him your hand: it can't be helped."

Very pleasant remark: "It can't be helped."

And Iolanthe gave me her hand which I raised reverently to my lips.

"George, have you seen my husband?" asked my mother-in-law.

"Yes."

"Please call him—Iolanthe wants to say goodbye."

I went back to the card room.

"Father!"

"Thirty-three—what do you want?"

"We wish to say goodbye."

"Go—in God's name—and be happy!—thirty-six—"

"Won't you see Iolanthe?"

"Thirty-nine—how's that for cold cash?—I hope nobody's quitting. George, won't you take a little flyer with us?"

So I left that place.

When, as considerably as possible, I had informed the ladies of the state of affairs they merely looked at each other and led the way through the smoke-filled corridor and down the rear stairway to the waiting carriage.

The wind was whistling in our ears and a few isolated raindrops struck our faces. The two women clung to each other as though they would never part.

And then the old man, who had evidently changed his mind, came running out with a great hullabaloo, and behind him the maids, whom he had called, appeared with lamps and candles.

He threw himself into the group and started talking.

"My dear child, if the blessing of a dearly loving father—"

She shook him off—just like a wet dog. With a jump into the carriage . . . I behind . . . Off!

(To be concluded.)

THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

The Octopus and the Ogre

COMES now the crushing news that the day of the fancy salary for corporation heads is past. No longer will the president of a trust draw a salary with five ciphers after it. The steel trust has just cut its head's salary in half so that now he will have to struggle along on a paltry \$50,000 a year. The happy carefree days when trust presidents received \$100,000 a year are gone, and the octopus wolf is howling outside the door with promise of no larger salary than \$80,000 a year in sight. The days when Richard A. McCurdy received \$150,000 from January first to swearing off day again are now only a pleasant memory, a faint aroma from the pleasure pots of the past.

The effect on the youth of our land is appalling. One by one we are sweeping away the fond delusions of childhood. When we hang Robert's skates on the Christmas tree or Willie's drum we tell them sternly and uncompromisingly that Santa Claus did not come galumphing down the apartment house chimney, merry and rosy as a Jonathan, but instead that poor papa took it out of his Saturday pay envelope and that they must now be kinder to father. George Washington is no longer held up as a paragon of perfection and even if he did cut down the cherry tree and admit it when the parental hand was raising for a precautionary spanking, he should also have gone and reported it to the park commissioner.

The little red school house at the cross-roads is now holding up the White House presidential job as a stepping stone to something better. And now with the news that the salaries of trust presidents are to be cut in half with \$80,000 a year a maximum there is nothing any longer to fire ambition in the present day youth—nothing to make him burn the midnight electric, struggling onward and upward in the silent watches of the night while his companions sleep.

The future of our country trembles, for our youth are our building blocks of to-morrow. With an ear to the ground one can almost hear the rumble that laid Rome low. Oh, let us band together and bolster up the delusions of childhood, telling our youth that life after all is noble and that the goal of a corporate presidential chair is still worth the worry and the wait!

Homer Croy.

The Gentleman

THIS is a dissertation on that strange beast the Gentleman. Read well, O Collector of Specimens, for of a truth truly the Gentleman passeth like the pleiosaurus and the dodo bird. Therefore attend:

The Gentleman's shoes shine and shimmer gloriously with blacking and his linen is as spotless as the best pasteurized country snow: yet should the Gentleman polish his shoes with his own elbow grease or mix his private perspiration with the waters of the washtub, behold, he would be no Gentleman, but an outcast and a mucker.

Pleasant and soft is the voice of the Gentleman and also well modulated. It has not been strained by conversing in a boiler factory or by crying vegetables from a pushcart. Yea, let it be understood that no Gentleman would ever work in a boiler factory and if even the second cousin of a Gentleman navigated a pushcart then that Gentleman would be no Gentleman.

Since the Gentleman knows it is vulgar to talk about money he lets his money talk for itself with a vocabulary of valets and violets and fine clothing and wine labels.

Never will the Gentleman sit down when thereby a woman is forced to stand. Yet cheerfully all the years of his life he will live on an income

produced by women who stand all day long in his stores and factories.

The Gentleman is calm and polite and very, very clean; he is a la mode and suave and evenly tempered and spick and span and kind to old applewomen. Yet I say to you that someday this same Gentleman shall be cast out utterly into an exterior darkness as black and cheerless as last season's opera hat.

Sensational

REGULARLY every Sunday morning on turning to the Magazine Section we read how dashing Mrs. Jack Van Astorbiltmore has just devised a Dog Musicale or a Champagne Swimming Tank or some other ripping new sensation for the Smug Set. Now if the Upper Clawsses are really bent on emotional thrills what's the matter with these?

The Whirl Around

You get a job with a deep sea sailing ship that carries a Norwegian second mate of the cold blue eye variety. You sign on as an A. B. but of course you know nothing about the business. Along near the middle of the first day out the 'Wegian will swing on your left jaw causing you to whirl rapidly from left to right before declining to the deck. This sensation is guaranteed as very striking and is recommended to all blase clubmen who growl about the decline of the prize ring.

Perspiration Party with Al Fresco Lunch

This is especially recommended on account of its simplicity.

After abstaining from food for two days go around to the back doors of the large gilt houses and ask for a chance to do something for a meal. At about the tenth place you will be allowed to saw up a cord of wood for several pieces of hard bread thinly spread with pale butter. The sensation of eating these viands on the back steps with a north wind blowing will refresh even the dulled sense of a *bon vivant*.

The New York Drop

Here is a hint for the society bud. Trying this the debutante wearied by the tiresome social round, will find something new and delightful. It is prepared for thus:

Secure a position in a factory which has several large noisy machines running from seven to six. Get a job at the noisiest and await results. On the third afternoon at about 4:30 you will observe a pleasant darkness clouding your eyes; everything will begin to whirl and you will tumble abruptly over. This wonderful experience cannot be described and after you have had a bucket of water poured on your head you can wake up and start getting primed for the next time.

The Crime Wave

AGAIN (feature stuff being deplorably absent) a Crime Wave engulfs the cities of the country (or anyhow their newspapers) and the accounts of the outrages (instead of being tucked away on page seven) are (to the great embarrassment of the police department which knows things are running about as usual) played up with photographs and diagrams (cross in corner shows where shot was fired).

As usual too it is found that the worst of the criminals are young degenerates and half-grown boys from the slums to whom the criminal life has appealed as the most profitable and pleasant trade in their outlook.

Now if it be necessary and agreeable to print the details of these picayunish crime waves why

should not the newspapers spread in large headlines the fine points of that larger crime wave which engulfs the country twenty-four hours every day—366 days per Leap Year? The Crime behind the crime—the Wave behind the wave.

Who owned the land that produced the slum that sent out the boy that starred in the Morning Extra? And who winked at the deed of the fraud-held land that begot the Gehenna tenement that conceived the poor fools born to rob and murder? And who elected the men that put through the laws that allowed tenements and poverty and want in a land of plenty?

Brother Lunkheads, we need not spend the morning cent to see how the criminal of criminals looks: the mirror provides a far better likeness. We are the master evil-doers who by our parrot brains and monkey love of imitation have allowed these things to exist. We—not the corrupt legislator, not the avaricious millionaire, not the boy with the blackjack, but we—we—you and I.

Farm Truths

Annotated by a Pessimist.

The farmer's life is the freest and most independent life on earth. *Except when the crops fail.*

The farmer loves the farm: *or anyhow that's what the city folks like to have him think.*

The country has none of the standoffishness of the city; the farmer is on good terms with all his neighbors. *Excepting old Dan Smith, who shot his dog and Bill Jones who moved a fence enough to steal two acres and Jim Robinson who turned some pigs loose in his pet cornfield—and one or two other neighbors.*

In his daily contact with nature the farmer cannot help becoming a philosopher. *And the fruit of his philosophy is to move into the city as soon as he can and let someone else do the rough work.*

God made the country. *God made the Arctic Ocean too, but that's no reason anyone should want to live there.*

If I could give up my present work and go out into the fields as a common farmhand I would not stay ten minutes in this office. *That's what they all SAY.*

Think of the odor of the fields!

Think of the ordure of the fields!

The present course of the American People spells ruin. We must return to the soil; we must go back to the farms. *Oh, let George do it.*

A Pome

In which the author cloaks

With rhyme his scorn of certain folks.

ONE evening broke and sick at heart

With thoughts I cannot quote,

Unable quite to a la carte

Or even table d'hôte,

I took me up three pairs of stairs past two blackgarbed exhorters, one widow, half a dozen heirs, and several other specimens of our annual crop of hard-uppers, and down a corridor and into a large well-furnished room which was, so I had been informed, the Main Office of the Combined and Reorganized Charitable Societies Headquarters.

I walked up to the President who,

They said, had read for years

On "Giving Wise in Cebu,"

And "Paupers in Algiers."

"Sire," I addressed him, "let me state without circumlocution—" "Exactly," said he, "give your weight, age, height, color of eyes, hair, disposition, past history, prospects, philosophy of life and why; are you a vegetarian, atheist, hermit, or citizen of the United States? Name the planets and speaking in a clear and distinct voice say whether or not you were ever an inmate of a charitable institution."

THE POINT: If I had come in style

Instead of riding trucks,
And said, "Old Top, I've made my pile
And here's a million bucks!"

He wouldn't have asked whence I came or why
I paid the visit;
He wouldn't have inquired my name—but only
asked, "WHERE IS IT?"

Books for the Silent Hour

(Continued from page 7)

play of forces among beings bound to one another by a thousand complex ties.

So the writers with a social message come into our communion hour. Not a Marx nor an Adam Smith, perhaps; for they deal too plainly with the sordid material framework of our common life. They are for study, but not for the isolated hour of reflection. They are wanting in self-analysis, in the "obstinate questionings" which the soul makes of itself, wanting in the higher reaches of the imagination and in that indefinable thing we call atmosphere. But Plato comes in with his "Republic," More with his "Utopia," Campanella with his "City of the Sun." Renowned Spenser, learned Chaucer and rare Beaumont sit a little further off to make room for the frowning Ibsen and the "good gray poet" of our own land. Bellamy, too, that gentle spirit, drifts in with his imaginings of a fairer life; Owen, with his plans and projects; Demarest Lloyd, with his fervent call for social righteousness; Mazzini and Lowell and Whittier, with their indignant protests against wrong. In our wider hospitality of soul, we welcome them all, and others of like messages with them, to the silent hour.

Waking the Tiger

(Continued from page 9)

Ed heard a gruff command. The carriage-door banged shut. On rolled the carriage, its lamps gleaming with watery flickers through the storm.

As it passed the mechanic, he spat at it.

Then with an oath he turned and shambled homeward.

(To be continued)

Letters Regarding the Boy Scout Movement

(Continued from page 10)

But that is not to say that other men who do not and cannot accept this working hypothesis, but are working on some other, are therefore not contributing to the final consummation; and it may very well be that those who are trying to bring about social betterment through the church or through the Y. M. C. A., or through the Boy Scout movement will finally be seen to have been helping in a round-about way toward the same ultimate result. For this reason, among others, I am not anxious to convince you of the truth of the class struggle doctrine; but I am anxious that you, a lover of the knowledge of the thing as it is, should comprehend why certain active people must take the adverse attitude they do towards certain movements which strike you as good, and that you should recognize that attitude as legitimate and not rationally to be condemned on moral grounds.

R. W. W.

HOW ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION?

Jules von Biesbroeck's Masterpiece

(See Page 4.)

THE NAME does not matter. If you have read the note under the frontispiece you will observe that he called it "Belgian Miner Returning From Work"; but at best that is only a half-way title. A composer might call the most wonderful symphony in the world "Opus 17" and very likely the true solution of the universe will be printed under the caption, "Chapter Twenty-Eight: Conclusions."

Let the name go, for such a masterful handling does not need a name: uncatalogued it cries its meaning to the world and it would take another poem as big as Markha's "Man With the Hoe" to tell in words what the sculptor has wrought in lines and planes.

There is the tragedy of hopeless toil in the stooping shoulders, the slouching walk, the weary stubborn head; and yet, clinging and half hidden, there lurks beneath the hopelessness something else. Dimly the arms and chest hint a grim menace—a secret strength and fury fit to sap the foundation stones of the palaces of the world.

But it may be that you have never heard of Jules von Biesbroeck, the man who shaped wet lumps of clay into a living masterpiece. If you have not, you must clear for him a fresh pigeon-hole in your brain because he is worth remembering. He stands for more than the sculpture that he fashions, great as that is; not only is he a wonderful artist, but he is a wonderful artist whose art springs from and for the people.

It was a little bakery in Ghent that became the source of the proletarian art of Jules von Biesbroeck and this is the way it happened. About thirty years ago a self-conscious, determined working class of Ghent rose and rubbed the sleep from their eyes and shook themselves.

"This Co-operative Commonwealth is all very well," said the men of Ghent, "but while we are waiting for it suppose we co-operate for ourselves just to find out how it is done."

So they did, and on a very small scale, too. A co-operative bakery with one co-operative baker

was the beginning. But all this is an old story—how they built up their membership to its present 100,000 mark; how they erected their magnificent central building with its stores, cafes, theater and meeting halls; and how they took the savings that would otherwise have been loaned to banks for farther capitalistic oppression and used this money to start other co-operative enterprises.

But their crowning glory is that the workers of Ghent wanted not only things to eat and to wear but beautiful things to look at. In this country we go on the principle that any man with over a million dollars is *ex officio* a natural guardian of the fine arts and that common folks want and need nothing but moving picture shows and comic supplements. But Ghent is not the United States. The workers of Ghent wanted an artist—so they went out and got one.

His name was Jules von Biesbroeck, a son of Ghentish people, with an intuitive sympathy for the toilers.

"You are an artist," said the men of Ghent, "and we have need of your art. We will provide you with a studio and all things necessary if only you will be our artist; to make beautiful things for us; to interpret for us our lives."

In that way he came to them and since then his work has been theirs. With his shaping tools he carves what he sees and dreams, and the workers understand. And you do not have to be born in Ghent, you do not even have to work for a living to comprehend the pitiful agony of such works as "The Famine" or that wonderful grouping "Our Dead."

The co-operators do not attempt to tell Von Biesbroeck what he shall picture or why; the only definite return they ask is his service in helping teach any of their children who show signs of genius.

In this fashion lives Jules von Biesbroeck, greatest of modern sculptors. The man who might have idled in luxury through all the art centers of Europe has chosen to sit in the studio of the people to make beautiful and wonderful things for the workers of Ghent.

Compensation or Insurance

(Continued from page 13)

injuries without a judgment of the court, is opposed to the theory of government now dominant in this country. I wrote in *The Call* of January 29, 1910:

"It is difficult to imagine a compensation law which would not run contrary to the established precedents contained in the Court decisions, even if we should not consider the actual bias of the Courts."

"In the light of those decisions, it will not be difficult for the employers to prove that the act which compels the employer to pay a compensation to his employee, regardless of the question of negligence, comes within the inhibition of the provisions of the federal and state constitutions against the taking of property without due process of law."

I pointed out several other material constitutional objections, but the one quoted sufficed to invalidate the law.

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Superiority of Socialism

(Continued from page 14)

for general progress. And it co-operates with all of them, so long as it is not required to sink its identity by deviating from its principles.

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