

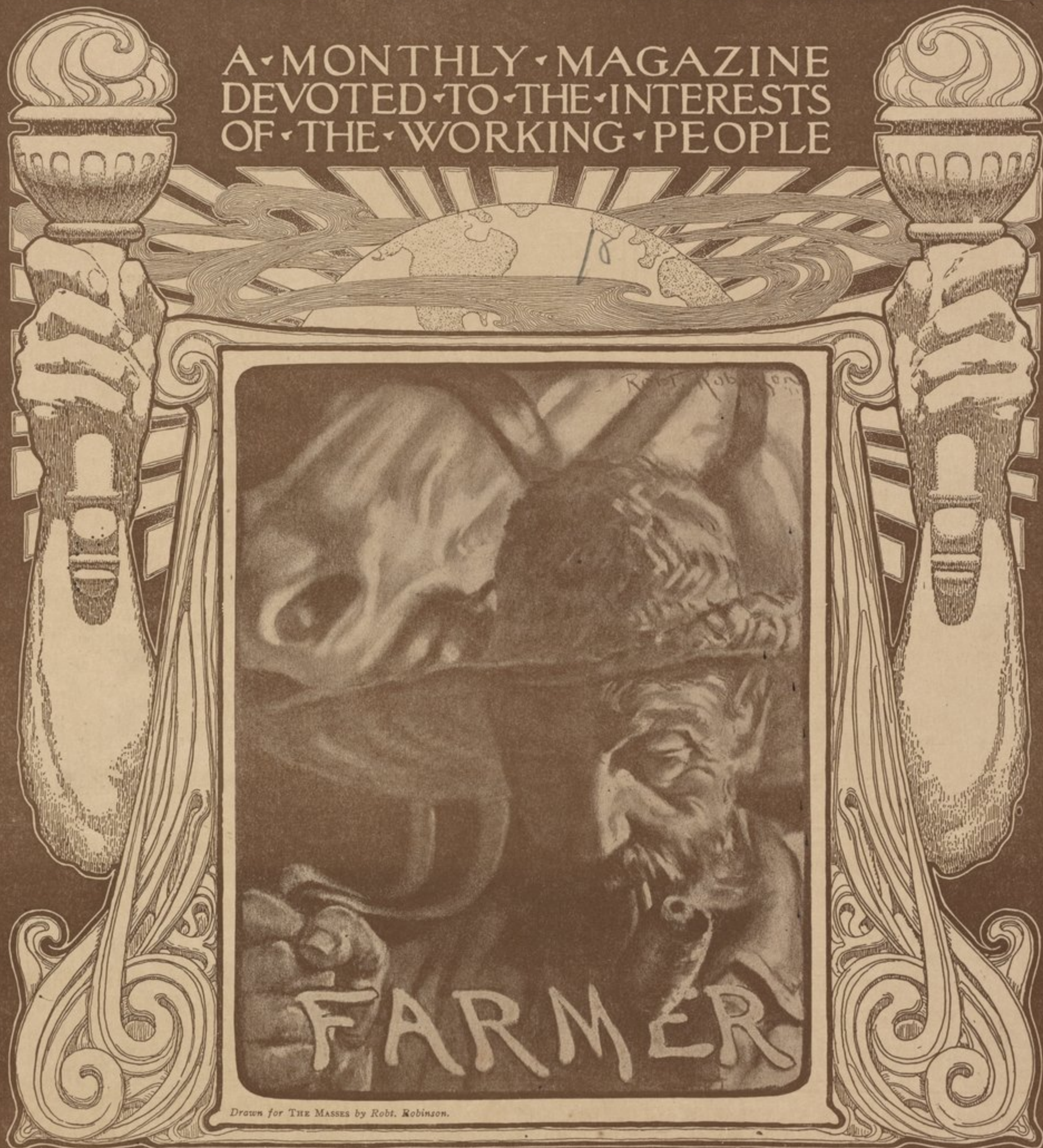
OCTOBER 1911

No. 10

PRICE 5 CENTS

THE MASSES

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE WORKING PEOPLE



Drawn for THE MASSES by Robt. Robinson.

THE MASSES PUBLISHING COMPANY 209 E. 45th ST., NEW YORK



Jack London says:

DEAR COMRADE LOCKWOOD:

Find herewith \$1.00, for which send me "THE PROPHET AND THE ASS." You are certainly making a noise like a live wire. We can't have too many buzz-plows like "THE PROPHET AND THE ASS" turning up the sodden soil of men's minds. Keep it up.

Yours for the Revolution,

JACK LONDON.

If the P. & A. is worth \$1.00 to Jack London it certainly ought to be worth 50 cents (the present price) to YOU, or at least 25 cents for a 6 months' trial subscription. A noted Rochester educator writes: "A copy of 'The Prophet and the Ass' came to me and I read it with AMAZING INTEREST. The country needs just such that food as you are handing out."—(Prof.) Kendrick P. Shedd. George R. Kirkpatrick writes: "I like it—I am glad you have my dollar. I want the other 11 numbers."

SEND YOUR SUB AT ONCE

G. H. Lockwood, Editor, Dept. M
Kalamazo, Mich.

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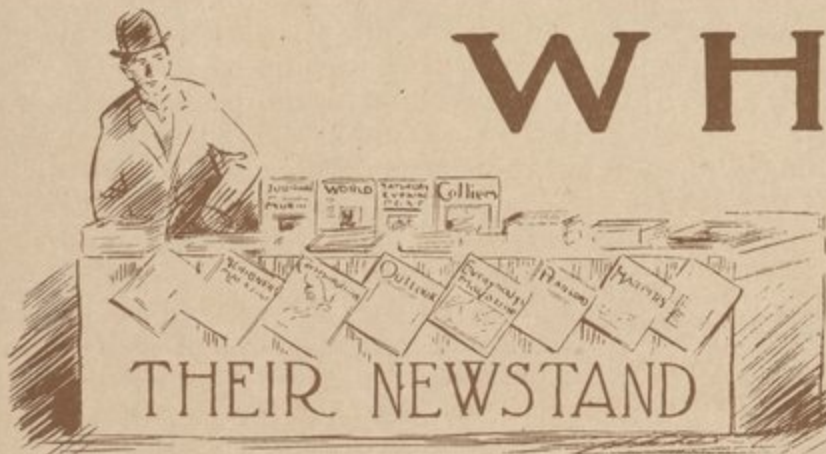


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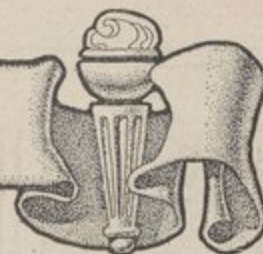
WHICH?



IF YOUR MAN DOES NOT CARRY THE MASSES TELL HIM TO AND LET US KNOW
THE MASSES PUBLISHING CO., 209 E. 45th ST., NEW YORK CITY



EDITORIALS



Apple Sauce

FARMERS of America, what's wrong? Why aren't you in the forefront of the revolutionary line of battle? Why aren't you organizing for a change of things instead of blindly following some radical who has in mind only a petty reform? What is his reform to you? Do you think that a decrease in the tariff on manufactured goods or an increase in the protection on farm products is going materially to change your condition?

How can it affect the apples that rot yearly on the ground for lack of purchasers? How can it prevent that distressing phenomenon which the farmer knows so well: the necessity of selling for nothing when the crop is big and the inability to take advantage of the market when the crop fails?

You spend all year in the growing of your crop. If you succeed you get nothing for it—if you fail you get nothing for it. Somebody else wins both ways.

You get up early—you buy your own tools—you mend your own tools and do it on your own time, you sweat blood when the drouth comes and at the day of harvest your cry goes up to heaven because there are no harvesters.

I will tell you what is the trouble, Farmers of America. You are self-deceived. That is the blunder. You have been simple-minded—simple-minded and proud. And your pride has not been the right sort: it has not been the pride that impells a man to make something of himself—it has been the self-satisfied pride of a man who enjoys flattery.

Truly you have had your fill of flattery. Every cross-roads politician in the country has softsoaped you. He has called you the backbone of the nation, the only class that really counted. He has praised the farm to you till you have concluded that outside the farm there was no hope for righteousness. He has made you think that sticking to the farm and voting for him were the best and noblest things any creature was capable of. And because you wanted to believe yourselves good and noble you accepted him.

You have been befooled by your own farm papers. There is none of this revolutionary nonsense about your farm papers. They tell you that you are the best people on earth, that you "live better" than anybody else; that you treat your wives and children better; that you are healthier and wiser and happier. You who eat pork and potatoes all year; who turn your wives into faded drudges;

who so disgust your children with farm life that they take the first chance for the city; you who curl up with rheumatism at fifty; whose knowledge of the world is limited by a once a week social intercourse; who live haunted by the perpetual fear of an overwhelming crop or a nothing-at-all crop or a cattle epidemic or a mortgage foreclosure!

You say this doesn't apply to you. Perhaps not; but doesn't it apply to your next door neighbor? Doesn't it apply to nine out of ten farmers of your acquaintance? And if the average is not so high as that isn't it because your community has been especially favored by good soil or the intelligent use of modern farming. When the soil goes and when the other fellows catch onto the best way of doing things you'll be in the ruck with the rest. If you are healthy and happy and prosperous and wise you are the exception; and you have the moon-farmers and the wife-killers right in your neighborhood.

Perhaps you aren't any worse off than the proletariat in the city. Maybe not, though there are farm slums in New England which compare favorably with anything New York City can offer. But certainly conditions are bad enough to warrant a stir unless your conceit holds out eternally; unless you refuse to see that there is no essential virtue in living life handicapped by the crudities of a past century's civilization.

Farmers of America, there is but one remedy and only one and that remedy does not lie in a Change of the Currency System or a Popular Election of United States Senators or even in the Initiative and Referendum.

It lies solely in an orderly systematic civilization: a world where the welfare of one contributes to the welfare of all instead of taking from it. In short you can be saved only through common sense and system. The Republican party does not want that; neither does the Democratic party. The only party that does is the Socialist Party.

Doesn't it count anything with you that there is an energetic winning movement to prevent apples from rotting on the ground and to prevent people from rotting in isolated farms? Socialism means the world for the workers.

Oh, you who do half the work of the world, hasn't Socialism anything to say to you?

My Man Joe

In a charming magazine story you are quite carried away by the fancy of the author until "all of a sudden" you dis-

cover something. You have been entranced by the whimsical hero's conversation and by the equally whimsical heroine. You feel you would like to know them both when presto you discover that the hero's "man Joe" is hilling potatoes.

So you read no more in that story because you are thinking bitter things. You are glad that people can lead garden lives and be merry and light of wit and act the part of fanciful lovers and live happily ever after but if all this is only to be done by having my man Joe at the potatoes and my man John at the plow and my man James in the factory and my man George in the ditch then it is not at all worth while. Because Joe and John and James and George are not filled with imaginings and quaint conceits nor will their lives ever let them turn to such cajoleries. No matter how well tuned originally their minds were for laughter and playfulness they have been differently bent by the warping of circumstance.

It is good that there should be pleasant dreamers in the world but if dreams are to be brought only at the price of another's life then it were better to stick to a uniform pessimism.

But pessimism is not a necessary solution.

The earth is sufficient unto us all to even to the largest appetite and if my man Joe should divide his potato hilling and share a little of the gaiety of life we should universally enjoy better food and much, much better conversation.

Paradox for the Placid

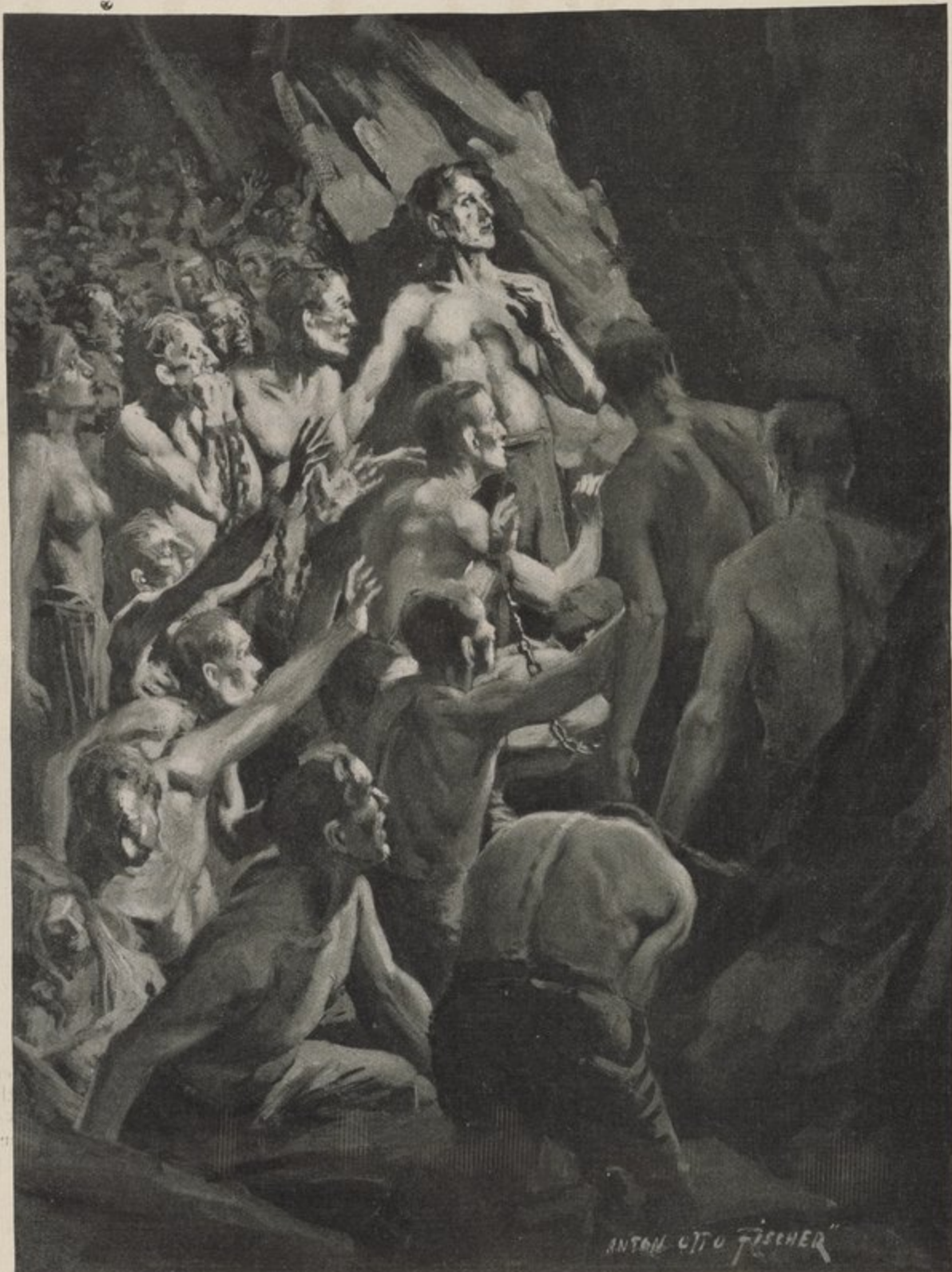
Walter L. Fisher, Secretary of the Interior, says that the country's yearly loss by fire amounts to \$2.51 for every man, woman and child in the United States. This figure looks graphic and true. In reality it is uncertain and false.

If fire affected us personally to the extent of \$2.51 a year fire would soon become a terror well under control.

But this helter-skelter civilization turns fire from a misfortune into an actual benefit.

Where a fire has left its mark carpenters rejoice and masons and glaziers, and painters, and plumbers, and electricians, and men of a half dozen other trades because a fire means work.

Sometime perhaps society will so change that a community's misfortune will not be bent into a field day for half a hundred men. But just now such an idea is dangerous and revolutionary.



Drawn for THE MASSES by Anton Otto Fischer.

THE GREAT LIGHT

DO you remember the first time you began to realize that perhaps everything in the world was not just as it should be; that perhaps things might be better done—more efficiently, less wastefully. Do you remember the time when it dawned on you that the earth did not necessarily belong to a rich man's son even if he did happen to inherit its acreage by law? Do you remember when you saw, as though illumined by a shaft of sunlight, the relation which the workers of the world bore to the goods they produced? Just as the light dawned on you it is dawning on thousands and hundreds of thousands of others. In this remarkable picture Mr. Fischer symbolizes the working class rising from their chains in the darkness and for the first time seeing the LIGHT. Half blinded, half unbelieving they stare—not yet daring to realize that the WORLD IS FOR THE WORKERS.



THE MASSES



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
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OF THE WORKING PEOPLE



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

THE MASSES PUBLISHING CO., 209 E. 45th ST. NEW YORK

Vol. 1

OCTOBER, 1911.

No. 10

JUST A PIPE DREAM

But Somehow It's Full of Common Sense

Written for The Masses

By EUGENE WOOD

Drawings by Maurice Becker

THIS, that I am going to write, is only a pipe-dream. It's just a nonsensical notion of mine, thoroughly Utopian, entirely impracticable. It won't work. You might as well talk about getting up a machine to fly with or a machine to write with or sew cloth with. You cannot do it any more than you could strike fire by rubbing the end of a stick on the leg of your trousers or raise crops where no rain falls. Thoroughly impracticable.

I tell you this in advance so that you may know I'm not going to trap you into reading something that might improve your mind or your financial condition. I know by experience how people dislike anything of that kind.

I am going to deal with as few facts and figures as possible. It is a warm, close, muggy day on which I write this, and if I put down facts I'd have to verify them by walking across the room, and that's too far to travel in hot weather.

GENERALLY speaking, then, and not caring much for accuracy, I'll say that most folks calculate to spend about a quarter of the contents of their pay-envelope on house-rent. That is, for one whole week in every month you work for the landlord. It is just as if you put in your whole working day for a week in each month painting up the place, fixing the roof, putting in new lights of glass, redecorating it, keeping the plumbing in order, and all that sort of thing. Only, instead of you doing the work with your own fair hands, you come across with your wages one week in each month. Instead of his owning you free and clear he only has an equity in you. He isn't bothered with finding you something to do to keep you busy all the time; he leaves that to you. He owns a one-fourth interest in you, 25 per cent. of the stock. The other 75 per cent. of the stock is dispersed among many. The grocer holds a larger block than the butcher—or rather, these are the agents for the great food trusts and combines which control your time—and so on and so on by little dribs and drabs of your life-force. It doesn't look to be a slavery like a man owning a whole "nigger" to himself; it comes to more

If you knew what trouble it is for Eugene Wood to write an article, how long he messes over a single sentence before he is ready to turn it over to the printer, you would be surprised. It reads as though it ran right off his pen—'sif he just sat down and reeled it off. But he doesn't. He has to work hard over every line which is why it's surprising to find him giving so much of his effort to Socialist periodicals. But like other Socialist artists and writers Eugene Wood wants to do his share and his share means a contribution that's not only good sound common sense but is so entertaining that you can't help reading it. And this article is one of his best. So further talk's unnecessary.—Editor.

than that. For you have to work harder, are speeded up more, use more brains, and know-how. The New Slavery consists not in ownership of the producer, but in control of the consumer. The money is made by charging more for a service than the service is worth.

THE service that the landlord renders is the hardest to deny yourself of. Food you can stint yourself of, and clothing, but sleep you must have. It is hard on the back and hips to sleep out on the ground of a warm, nice night; when the night is drizzly, sleeping out on the ground is sloppy and uncomfortable. But warm and dry, or cold and wet, sleeping out on the ground is against the law. They can put you in jail for bilking the poor landlord out of what's coming to him by rights.

Just as, under the Old Slavery, there were some that bought their freedom, so under the New Slavery there are workmen that try to buy out the landlord's equity in one-fourth of their earnings. I could write a good-sized article about this, and maybe I will some day. But not now. "Own your own home" is one of

the simplest and easiest things in the world—to say. To manage it practically, unless some relation dies and leaves you money, is quite another thing. The problem is something like this:

1. You are paying all you can afford now for house rent, and the landlord holds the deed.

2. To induce him to let you hold the deed, you will either have to pay him at least ten years' rent in a lump, or considerably larger chunks of rent.

3. How are you going to pay him more than you can?

It is no wonder that physicians say that the worst cases of starvation they encounter are among people trying to buy a home.

And when you have bought your own home, what have you let yourself in for? The Title Guarantee Company lends you money on bond and mortgage to buy the real estate. The Title Guarantee Company is composed of people with money to invest. They could put it into real estate and collect the rents. That they have chosen to loan it out on bond and mortgage to those who are trying to buy their freedom would seem to indicate that it is about an even thing between your paying money to them which you call interest on the mortgage, and your paying money to them which you call rent. You've got more masters, instead of fewer.

BESIDES the Title Guarantee Company, there is the speculative builder with his second mortgage. He may give you a contract to deliver the deed when you have paid so much on the second mortgage, and some very pretty stories might be written about that contract business. Then there are the taxes, city, county and state. You see, we're a conquered race, and our conquerors levy tribute on us. The tribute isn't quite as heavy as it would be if this was the only tribute the conquerors took. And they do render some service for it. They fix up the roads nice for automobile travel, and they build fine High Schools that poor men's children cannot attend, because they have to go to work to help pay the high cost of living. They render service, I say, but it costs a good deal more than it is worth. You see, this is a government on busi-

ness principles; business men don't do *things* so much as they do *people*. You can't expect them to manage public affairs in a workmanlike and efficient way, because they're not workingmen. They're a cut above that. You might as well expect the American eagle to lay eggs for family use. It's not that kind of a bird.

Then there is the cost of repairs. The speculative builder makes houses good enough to sell. He doesn't like to have them fall apart before the second mortgage is paid, but after that, why . . .

If you own your own home, and you move out on the edge of town far from your job, and you go to work for the railroad company every day, not only at your regular employ for the time it takes you to earn your car-fare, but also for the time you put in on the tiresome and disagreeable job of hanging to a strap.

Also, if you own your own home, and you get the offer of a better job in Seattle or Cheyenne or Galveston, you can't take it. You're tied to your property. You'll take less wages sooner than run the chance of losing your property by failing to come across with the payments. And, if times are dull and there's no work—well, don't let's go into that. I don't like to talk about such things.

BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATIONS are co-operatives in which men become their own money lenders and landlords. But they don't free their members from slavery to the other masters. You're still the serf and vassal of the street car company. Prices of food and such are always higher on the outskirts of town. You're still one man bucking the big game. The Building and Loan Association does not buy acre property and sub-divide it, thus saving to its members the enormous profits of the real estate speculator. The man who has bought his own home through the Building and Loan Association has a lawn to keep mown after he comes home from work; he has to shovel the snow off the sidewalk, has to put out the ashes and garbage. His frame house must be painted frequently, and when he re-decorates and repairs he is still the one little man up against the big game. He has to heat his individual house in an expensive way, and must tend to the furnace. He has to have his own individual refrigerator. But he has it easy compared with his wife. It is lots more work to look after a house than it is even a cold-water flat. There are stairs to climb, which is killing on a woman. There is the front porch to sweep and scrub. It takes more to furnish a detached house than it does to furnish a flat, and more furniture means more work for her. It's ever so much more convenient to live in apartments.

In apartments there is no running up and down stairs. All the rooms are on the one level. You can stay indoors for weeks at a time and never climb a step. And, if you do go out to the street, you can use the elevator. The rooms in a flat are arranged more conveniently for housekeeping. It's less work to take care of them. There is no furnace to get everything dusty. The steam-heating plant down in the basement heats all the homes in the various flats under one roof much more economically and better than that of many detached cottages. You can have hot water any hour of the day or night simply by turning a faucet, without going to the trouble to put the tea-kettle on. You can get a drink of ice water by turning a faucet, for the same pipes that chill the built-in refrigerator cool the drinking water. There is no beating and sweeping of rugs, because there is a vacuum cleaner appliance on every floor. There are no ashes to dispose of, because you cook with gas, and the supplies come up by the dumb-waiter and the garbage goes down by the same way.

THERE are apartments built for working people where they have laundry machinery down in the basement, and elevators to carry the wet clothes up to the roof to dry there. This same roof is a safe playground for the children, and has seats for people to sit on under

money and breakage. But there aren't enough dishes in any one family to justify installing such a machine.

PLEASE notice that I am leaving entirely out of the question the fact that each family liv-



Drawn for THE MASSES by Maurice Becker.

For one whole week in every month you work for the landlord.

the stars of a hot night. Ever so much more convenient to live in. No woman need be afraid to be alone. There's a whole village, as you might say, under the same roof with her, and within easy call. Even in a small town a ten-story or twelve-story apartment house would be much more desirable to live in than in one of a bunch of cheap, working-people's cottages. You could get more for your money—more comfort with less work for the man that brings in the pay-envelope, less work for the woman that keeps house.

Please notice that I am not saying a word about these few little items: When all these families are living in detached houses a separate fire has to burn to cook a meal for each separate family. One fire would be much more economical, and it is possible to imagine that one cook might be a better cook than the average of

ing in detached houses cannot buy as advantageously the dribs and drabs they use as they could if they were all under one roof and all the food supplies were bought for the one kitchen. A good, big apartment house could have its own cold-storage and buy in large quantities. It could make its own contracts with dairy farms and vegetable farms—if it came to that, the association could have its own dairy farm and vegetable farm. But I am not saying a word about that, you'll notice. And my lips are sealed tight about a restaurant dining-room for the occupants of this apartment house, when they wished to vary the monotony of home life, and eating with the same face opposite yours, year in, year out. The food could be sent up to the separate apartments piping hot, if the members did not wish to dine in public.



Drawn for THE MASSES by Maurice Becker.

The landlord owns a one-fourth interest in you.

women that hold that job. In all these detached houses after every meal the dish-pan has to be taken down and the dishes washed. Lovely job! The women dote on it—not. A dish-washing machine would do the work in about two twitches of a lamb's tail, saving time and

I DO not wish to make my fairy story seem too improbable, too Utopian, or have too much "hop" in my pipe-dream.

It's bad enough as it is. It's impractical enough as it is, for it runs up against the psychology of the working classes, which is es-

essentially the psychology of fifty years ago, especially in the one point that it is possible, and your duty to keep out of debt. Especially is it a tragedy not to own your own home free and clear.

But practically nobody ever does own his own home free and clear. Moneyed people have better uses for their money than to pay off the first or even the second mortgage. They'd rather lend it out to these—these—oh, what do you call these people of whom it is said that there's one born every minute? The name escapes me for the moment. It's a good name, anyhow, for these people that think they can buy out the landlord's 25 per cent. of stock in them.

The Old Slavery is passed away, wherein one man owned another free and clear and individually; the next stage of part ownership of the worker is passing away, and the New Slavery is here, which has nothing to do with ownership in beings and things that labor, that facilitate labor and that can be seen and handled, but depends upon the control of the supplies of life so that services are sold for more than they are worth. The whole scheme of things depends upon debt. There is no more money any more for the miser to hide and gloat over as in "The Chimes of Normandy." When we think of money, we

In a little while they would own it as an association. No one man could say of one particular flat, "This is mine." It would be his against intrusion, but it wouldn't be his any more than one particular steel rail is the personal property of a stockholder in the Pennsylvania Railroad. Each member would hold stock, and the mere settlement of such a bunch of people in one spot would make that stock valuable. If he got the offer of a better job in Seattle or Cheyenne or Galveston, he could sell the stock, if he wanted to, without any trouble.

BUT—Oh, let me tell you about a woman I once knew who was very fond of asparagus. All her life she had been wishing she had some in her garden, she was so fond of it.

"Why don't you have it, then?"
"Why, my land, child! It takes it three years to grow, so't you can cut any."

That just popped into my head. I don't know that it applies. Maybe it does, though.

"I'll tell you, comrades and friends, we've got to look out for ourselves if we expect to be looked out for. Singly we cannot beat the game; collectively we can beat any game there is. The only way we can get out of any slavery is to unite to secure to ourselves the services on



The Status of the Farmer

Written for *The Masses*
By Eleanor Wentworth

MANY a city worker entertains the idea that the farmer lives in a paradise, that he is another of the parasites to be fought. Little does he guess the truth of the matter.

The very foundation of this supposed paradise, the farm, is seldom owned by the man who cultivates it. The larger portion of those who do own the land upon which they work, are struggling against a mortgage.

In disposing of their products the farmers are divided into two classes. Those who have a good market and sell most of their produce, keeping for themselves only that which is unsalable. As a result they are very poorly fed in order that they may be better housed and clothed and have better stables for their stock. Then there are those who have a poor market. These have good food, but money is something they rarely see, their clothes are shabby, and their houses are mere sheds.

If such a thing be possible, the life of the farmer and his family is even more monotonous than that of the factory worker. A larger number of the inmates of our insane asylums are recruited from farmers' wives than from any other class of people. A life that produces such effects is hardly akin to paradise.

Nor are his conditions of labor more bearable than those of the city worker. The harvester has to contend with the scorching heat, and with the grain dust that flies into his nostrils, his eyes, and his mouth, and permeates his skin. His tent is pitched in fields where, often the water supply is scarcely sufficient for cooking and drinking purposes. Therefore, baths are out of the question. The dirt, perspiration, and grain dust remain in his pores for weeks at a time. In addition to this he "bunks" with as many as can be crowded into a tent.

The conditions of the tobacco grower are equally trying. All day long he and his family walk up and down the rows of tobacco, the juice from the leaves bespattering them and staining their hands until their permanent color becomes a dark, unpleasant brown. His earthly possessions amount to a straw-roofed shanty, and a patched suit of clothes. His diet has few changes. Sometimes it is bacon, sometimes it is beans, and again it may be both at the same time.

These are two classes of the average poor farmer, who amounts to three-fourths of the farming class. Other classes fare as badly.

The recent fight the tobacco tenants had with the Tobacco Trust sufficiently improved the conditions of a few of them to prove that they were pursuing the right methods. But there are enough of them still in the old ruts to show that they have not gone far enough. They must control the trust, they must create means by which they can scientifically ascertain the needs of the market.

If the farmer pursues tactics such as these, and eliminates the parasites that are encroaching on him, he can recall his hopes of paradise from far distant spheres, and plant them upon his own Mother Earth.



Drawn for *THE MASSES* by Maurice Becker.

When the night is drizzly sleeping out on the ground is uncomfortable.

don't think of coins but of bills. I've got a one-dollar bill against the grocer, and when I present it to him he's got to pay me. Capital is no longer, if it ever was, the saved-up product of past labor; it is the prospect of getting the product of future labor. When the working class people agree to exchange the products of their labor on an even-Stephen basis, they have all the Capital that is necessary for anything.

IF you could rig up a scheme so that the labor of all who built a big apartment like this twelve-story one I'm talking about could be paid for with rent receipts, so that a man who had worked a week on the job would be entitled to a month's rent, then the building wouldn't cost anything at all, like the celebrated market house in the Isle of Guernsey. But I don't want to make it too Utopian; it's Utopian enough without that.

Suppose you occupied a whole city block with a twelve-story apartment house outfitted as I have described. Suppose you had as many families paying rent as regularly as they now pay for it, only engaging to live in the apartment house. A building association with as many stockholders as that paying in rent every month could easily borrow the money to buy a piece of cheap land and put up such a house.

which life depends, paying each other those services on an even-Stephen basis. We're fond of asparagus, in a manner of speaking. The thing to do is not merely to wish we had some in our garden while we avoid planting any because it takes it three years to grow big enough to cut; the thing to do is to set out the asparagus. We're going to be here quite some time yet. Anyhow, our children are going to be here. And we've got to co-operate every way we can to make our lives our own, to make them happy lives and joyous lives, and not the lives of slaves to a horde of petty tyrants that rob us at every step we take, that sting us on everything we buy, that plunder us of every penny in the pay-envelope while we have a job, and don't care two cents what becomes of us when we're out of a job.

"Workingmen of the world, unite!" is good talk, but it's too general. Unite as consumers and producers, and truly we have a world to gain.

Next month the most powerful story of the year will appear in *THE MASSES*. It is by the well-known writer Inez Haynes Gillmore, and deals with the lust for revenge. It is a strong, gripping narrative, portraying with pitiless realism the strongest passion in the world.

HIS LITTLE BIT

ABOUT JOHNSON WHO DIDN'T GET HIS

PART II.

Written for THE MASSES

By HORATIO WINSLOW

Drawings by H. J. Turner.

WHEN Johnson came home that night he had no job but he brought with him a half dozen oranges from the cleanest of the push-carters. This purchase cost him fifteen cents, of which a Little Bit went to the cop on the beat, a Little Bit to an alderman, a Little Bit to a political club, and eventually a Little Bit to the campaign fund of a very respectable gentleman who was going to run for President of the United States and who wouldn't have touched the pittance if he had only known—though, of course, he didn't.

But it was Orange Groves not Oranges that Janie needed and though she said, "Thank you!" most sweetly she only nibbled at the rather sour fruit. So it came about that at school the next day she came near tumbling over at recess, whereat Miss Mitchell took her out into the hall and kissed her tired face and told her to stay home till she had had a good long rest.

"You know, Janie dear, I can't afford to have my best friends sick and we've been friends from the first, haven't we? I'm coming to see you one of these days; I want to talk to your father. I wonder why you don't have more red in your cheeks." Miss Mitchell was a very good sort—even for a teacher.

At home Janie ate up her tiny reserve fund of life by worrying about what was to come. Would her father get work or not, and if he didn't—what then? Would they be evicted as she had seen the Ryans evicted? It was very hard to be caught by the police without money. Perhaps both of them would be sent to prison; prison—dark gloomy cheerless prison—not at all like the flat. A reflection which would turn her to the study of the solitary sunray that visited their windows. This rare specimen was a shy timid ray indeed that never shone full in the room, but edging around the windowsill seemed to be saying, "Oh, please excuse me for intruding! I didn't mean to intrude—really I didn't. I'll go away just as soon as I can!"

Once Miss Mitchell visited her and seemed much disturbed about something; and afterwards Miss Mitchell came again, this time bringing with her a pleasant-faced woman whose name Janie fancied she had known before, though she couldn't remember where. Somehow these days she felt tired and heavy and her thoughts came with scuffling feet instead of dancing merrily as they had once danced. Perhaps it was just as well, because time passes unaware for people whose thoughts are halt and languid.

Time, however, dragged miserably for her father whose days were choked full of a multitude of shiftings between hope and despair.

He spent the hours repeating that interminable old dialogue which he who hunts work learns by heart.

"Heard there was a job here."

"Nothing doing."

"Isn't there anything open?"

"Not here."

"For God's sake do you know where a man can get on?"

"Why, yes, seems to me I heard that over on Fourth street—"

And at the new destination:

"Heard you wanted a man for porter?"

"You heard wrong."

"Isn't there any chance for an extra man?"

"Not here."

And so on and so on as it always has been and let us hope as it always will not be. A hundred

In the previous section of this story, published in the August Number, the narrative showed Johnson, a porter in the Garshot Office Building, fired because he insisted on extracting from the tenants "his little bit" for every piece of personal service. On going home he found the other member of his family, his little daughter Janie, not altogether well. She guesses his misfortune and on the next day with fresh determination he starts out to hunt a job.—Editor.

times a day he said to himself, "McAvoy firing me because I wanted me Little Bit! A man's got a right to his Little Bit—hasn't he? Sure he has."

At the end of a week of job hunting he woke to the fact that the little girl at home was fading like a sun-starved flower.

"But I don't want any doctor," she protested, "I'll be better soon."

"But you're going to have the doctor," he said fiercely. "You're going to have him right off, too."

California or somewhere and keep her out-doors."

A blind anger overcame Johnson.

"Take her away! Don't I know that myself? How can I—"

"You can't," said the Doctor; "I'm just telling you the best I know."

"But ain't there some medicine that—"

"There's God's medicine for her—fresh air and lots of it and nothing else. Why, man, don't you see she's different from other children? Can't you see what a sensitive, delicate little flower she is. Another child could put up with the life and live—she can't. She's got to be taken care of—she's got to have nice things and if she doesn't get 'em pretty quick— Here—you have this filled. It probably won't do any good, but it won't hurt her. And keep her out-of-doors all you can."

The prescription was filled and the dollar spent in the filling went partly in honest pay to the men who prepared it and partly in Little Bits to a Government Drug Inspector and a Millionaire Drug Compounder, and to a great many gentlemen who owned railroads and finally to a polo-playing, tax-dodging sovereign citizen of New York.

It might be supposed that with so many peo-



Drawn for THE MASSES by H. J. Turner.

A half dozen oranges from the cleanest of the push-carters.

A very young man was the doctor and hard up, otherwise he wouldn't have been practicing in the neighborhood, but he had two things which some wealthier doctors lack altogether; he was possessed of Truth and Discernment. So instead of advising Johnson to have his daughter's appendix cut out or handing him a long list of Favorite Prescriptions, he only talked cheerfully to Little Janie and spoke his mind to Johnson in private.

"I saw the little girl a month ago, didn't I? Didn't you bring her over when she had a cold? Well, I'll tell you what I said then. Get her out—take her away. Go down to Florida or to

ple placated by Little Bits that the joint compound would be worth something. But whether it was the adulterant mixed in by the original drug man or whether it was simply the bad air, one thing remained certain—Janie did not grow stronger.

"Don't you feel no better to-day?" he would ask sitting on her bed at night.

"Yes—a little better."

"But not a whole lot better?"

"N—no, but probably I'll feel a lot better tomorrow."

After such a talk he would go out into the streets and walk himself into a frenzy, cursing

again and again a world which had set its face against his participation in the System of Little Bits.

It was a raw sleety, blowy Saturday morning some two weeks after Johnson had lost his job. He came into Janie's room on this morning with a great show of cheerfulness.

"Hello, kidlet," he blustered, "I bet you're going to be a well girl to-day, ain't you? Huh?"

Instead of answering she turned her face to the pillow.

"I—I can't get up," she sobbed. "I can't. I'm sick all over and I can't get up and make breakfast."

"Tell me where it's worst, Janie," he demanded anxiously. "Tell me where."

"I don't know—I don't feel 'specially bad anywhere only, father, I'm so afraid—I'm so tired."

As he stood there undecided and full of bitter thoughts, someone knocked sharply. He started for the door.

"Come in."

Two women peered at him from the dark hall.

"This is Mr. Johnson, isn't it? I'm Miss Mitchell, Janie's teacher at school—perhaps you've heard Janie speak of me. I've brought over a friend of mine to see Janie. How is she this morning?"

Awkward and ill at ease he brought them into the little stuffy dark room.

"Your teacher's come to see you, Janie. Now don't you try to get up at all till I come back with the doctor. You won't let her get up, will you, Miss Mitchell? Don't you stir, Janie, and I'll be right back."

In his office across the street the young doctor sat studying his expense account. It was rent day and he had just paid a goodly sum to the Takers of Little Bits. A money-loaning fashionable in London, a bridge-playing real estate-owning vulgarian at Palm Beach, the ferret-faced manager of a renting agency, all these and a dozen more had skimmed the cream from the rent money. One and all they had made off with their Little Bits from the very slender little bit that ballasted the doctor's bank account. Thus the Doctor was in no fitting frame of mind to listen to Johnson's importunities.

"I'm not a millionaire philanthropist," he shouted, "I'm just——"

"But, Doctor, I've got just five dollars left and there isn't any work and how can I take her South. For the love of God, Doctor, you're not going to let the child die!"

"I'm letting thousands of 'em die every day."

"But, Doctor——"

"What do you think I am—a free hospital? I haven't even paid the bills I ran up at college."

Irresolutely Johnson stared at the door; then turning he caught the Doctor's sleeve.

"Doctor, come over this once—just this once and look at her. I'll give you all I've got—every cent——"

In a fit of passion the Doctor slammed his fist down on the table, but gaining control over himself as quickly jumped to his feet.

"Don't you understand? I don't want your money? I said I wouldn't come because it's no use, but if you think it'll make the little girl feel better—Where's my hat?"

They crossed the street and climbed the stairway, Johnson explaining volubly while the Doctor remained silent.

"Hello!" said Johnson as he opened the door, for again the school teacher faced him from the other side of the threshold.

"I've brought the Doctor," he began as if to justify his crowding past, but the woman stepping squarely in front of him closed the door behind her.

"I want to talk to you here in the hall, Mr. Johnson. I don't know that you've ever heard——"

"And I haven't time to hear now," he interrupted roughly. "Open the door; I've brought the Doctor to see Janie."

"And you're not going to see Janie till I say to you what I have to say. Janie is getting along very well talking to Mrs. Garshot. Mrs. Garshot is an old schoolmate of mine—the wife of Alexander Garshot——"

"The one that owns the Garshot Building," interrupted the ex-porter, a strange fear beginning to obsess him.

"Yes, and a good many other buildings, too. Mr. and Mrs. Garshot are a childless couple who have always wanted——"

In spite of an attempt to hold it back he broke



Drawn for THE MASSES by H. J. Turner.

The woman stepped squarely in front of him closed the door behind her.

out like a frightened child. "They can't have Janie! I tell you they can't have Janie!"

"Don't! She'll hear you. Doctor, have you seen the child recently? Then you know that she's——"

"Doomed," snapped the Doctor.

"Unless she's beautifully taken care of. I've known Janie for five years—long before she came to my grade—and I've told Mrs. Garshot all about her and Mrs. Garshot wants to adopt her and bring her up as her own child. The Garshots start South Wednesday——"

Johnson's lower lip quivered; a sort of palsied anger shook him.

"Garshot take her! Garshot! Do you think I'd let her go to Garshot? Do you know what Garshot done to me? He fired me out of a job because I got me Little Bit; he was mean enough to turn me out in the winter because I wanted me Little Bit. I'll never let Garshot have her. She's my child and I'll take care of her meself."

"You will for about two weeks," said the Doctor, pleasantly, "and then the undertaker will have his turn."

The flash of sudden anger had exhausted him. He looked appealingly at the Doctor, but there was no pity in the cold eyes that returned his look.

"Doctor—are you—sure she'll—die if she stays here!"

"Certain, sure—no doubt about it."

"But, Doctor—Miss Mitchell—if Janie she goes to them she won't belong to me any more."

"No, she'll belong to the Garshots."

"And they won't let me see her when I want to."

"Probably not; but she won't know it, and you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that she'll be well and strong and happy."

He was crying now—openly sobbing—a thing horrible to see and hear.

"Come," said the teacher sharply, "you must make up your mind. Do you want Janie to die or get well?"

"Let them take her," he gulped, "let them take her. But you gotta let me say good-bye first—you ain't going to take her away before I say good-bye."

He made as if to rush into the apartment but the Doctor caught his arm. "Not that way—I guess not. You come over to my office and brace up with a drink and we'll frame up some story about your getting a fine job out West and having to leave her with friends."

Late that night while street lamps twinkled Johnson paced restlessly up and down the lonely little flat and as he walked he damned them all from Garshot to McAvoy.

"If they'd only let me alone I'd have got coin enough to move somewhere else and then she'd have got well. But they wouldn't—they fired me and all because I wanted me Little Bit. I'd roast in hell before I'd keep any man from getting his Little Bit. Oh, Janie! Janie!"

Which was hardly a logical lament; for if he had stopped to think he would have seen that in a world where everyone demands Little Bits everyone must pay Little Bits—rich and poor alike—and when one cannot pay any longer in money one must pay in kind. One must pay in kind—like Johnson; for you see in spite of his cheap-sport wailings and cursings that was all that had happened to Johnson.

He had no real ground for complaint.

He had only given up his Little Bit.

(The End)

Is The Farmer An Exploiter?

Written for THE MASSES

By Rufus W. Weeks

THE small farmer, the man who owns or rents a farm and works it himself, is certainly not an exploiter. He renders solid service to the community, more than equal to the living he gets, and as to the privilege he has in owning his farm, that is no exploitation, for there is no more value in the farm he owns than his and his family's fair share in the entire wealth of the country. When we go on to consider how the small farmer is handled in his dealings with the outside world, how the prices he gets for what he sells and the prices he pays for what he buys are fixed by the capitalist trading class, we see plainly enough that he is exploited at both ends of the line. The small farmer, then, is a victim of exploitation, equally with the factory worker.

Take a step higher up. Consider the farmer who keeps a hired man, or perhaps two. He probably does not make his help work any harder than he works himself, and the hired man shares the living of the family. There may be a small element of exploitation in this relation, but it must be much less than the exploitation the same farmer undergoes, and hence the net result is that even the well-to-do farmer is rather of the exploited class than of the exploiters. He is more sinned against than sinning.

We hold no brief for the large grain-grower or cattle raiser, or for the corporation which raises vast crops of sugar beets; they are exploiters and we willingly hand them over to the tender mercies of the ultra doctrinaire.

POISONING THE WORKERS

AN UNBELIEVABLE STORY SUPPORTED BY FACTS

By **FREDERICK SUMNER BOYD**

Written for *The Masses*

THE magnitude of the Socialist movement is, fortunately, not to be measured by the number of its members in Congress and other legislatures, or by its prospects of increasing its representation in those bodies. Rather is the measure of the movement to be found in the altered point of view towards society, past, present and future, that has taken place during the last ten years.

That point of view may be summed up by saying that the working-class—which is society—has become conscious and is aggressively interested in the conditions under which it works and lives. As results, we have history written from the materialist concept, theories in sociology and psychology based on materialism and what is of more importance, a mass of literature dealing with existing conditions in mines, factories and workshops.

IT is now admitted that thousands of workers are poisoned every day by reason of the nature of their employment. Thousands of workers are killed and injured every year without the least shadow of reason other than the greed of their employers. Practically every worker in the country has his or her life shortened and embittered in order that a handful of criminal parasites may live in vicious idleness. We are getting used to the idea that at least 50 per cent. of the workers who are killed every year are killed unnecessarily, even from the standpoint of the employer. We have yet to realize how great and terrible is the suffering and death-roll caused through industrial diseases that need not exist.

A preliminary list of thirty-two poisonous substances, each entering largely into industrial processes, has been published by the Bureau of Labor and the full list yet remains to be compiled. Here, however, it is possible to describe only one or two of the poisons in their effect on the workers.

THE Illinois Commission on Occupational Diseases has investigated the lead industry in that State, and reports that it has secured 640 individual cases of lead poisoning in twenty-eight trades, among the trades being lead smelting, manufacture of lead pipe, white and red lead, paints and putty, coffins, manufacturing and selling wall-paper. An acute attack of lead-poisoning is "preceded by loss of appetite, general feeling of ill-health, foul breath, a bad taste in the mouth, obstinate constipation. The attack itself usually consists in paroxysms of agonizing colic, with vomiting and constipation, more rarely diarrhea, accompanied by great restlessness. If the man goes back to his work, he probably has repeated attacks, and develops the so-called 'lead cachexia.' He is extremely pale, has a poor appetite, is constipated and suffers from indigestion, from gouty or rheumatic pains and swellings of the joints. The nervous system becomes affected, and he develops partial paralysis of the wrists, shoulders, or ankles. There is a progressive hardening of the blood-vessels, causing premature ageing, injury to the heart, kidneys and liver. Paralysis or insanity may come on as a result of lead poisoning."

AN idea of the number of victims to this particular poison may be gathered from the fact that one lead-smelting works in Illinois employing 600 men, loses from 5 per cent. to 50 per cent. of its men every fortnight, and has

Horrible is the only word that can be applied to the illustrations of the conditions of workers suffering from "occupational diseases." It has been the purpose of THE MASSES always to present the hopeful side of matters but once in a while it is a good thing to get down to hard fact and see things just as they are without veil or screen. This article is a presentation of unpleasant truth. Perhaps the adjective is not necessary: under capitalism most truth is unpleasant when it is fully portrayed.—Editor.

to send to the nearest towns for large batches of men to replace those who are poisoned. Another smelter loses from 25 per cent. to 30 per cent. of its men every month; while yet another, employing but 80 men, takes on 400 to 500 men a year.

That at least a great part of this misery is unnecessary is proved by the fact that a smelter in the same State employing 143 men, takes on only about 80 new men a year, in itself an evil enough showing, but proving the criminal greed of the others.

A MORE horrible industrial poison is white phosphorus, used in the manufacture of matches. European countries have long recognized the fearful nature of "phossy jaw" (phosphorus necrosis), and after long efforts to eradicate the disease by regulating the conditions un-

The disease is caused by "the absorption of phosphorus through the teeth or gums. Minute particles enter, usually through the cavities of decayed teeth, setting up an inflammation which, if not quickly arrested, extends along the jaw, killing the teeth and bones. The gums become swollen and purple, the teeth loosen and drop out, and the jaw bones slowly decompose and pass away in the form of nauseating pus, which sometimes breaks through the neck in the form of an abscess, or, if not almost continually washed out, oozes into the mouth, where it mixes with the saliva and is swallowed. When the disease is once established, a serious surgical operation is often the only means of arresting the process of decay. In many instances it is necessary to remove an entire jaw, and in several cases both jaws have been removed at a single operation. A number of cases of necrosis have resulted in death."

A DOCTOR describes a case of "phossy jaw" which he found among other terrible cases in one factory: "One old man," he says, "with teeth rotted out, pus oozing from the sockets and with necrosed bone protruding from the gums, was a disgusting object." The stench from the decaying bone is so horrible that doctors and dentists are reluctant to handle cases.

THERE are sixteen match factories in the United States, employing 3,591 workers, of whom 2,024 are men, 1,253 are women, sixteen years of age and over, and 314 are children under sixteen, 121 boys and 193 girls. An investigation of fifteen of the factories shows that 65 per cent. are working under conditions that expose them to the poison, although the women and children are much more exposed than the men.

MARGIN RESERVED FOR BINDING

WRITE PLAINLY WITH UNFADING INK—THIS IS A PERMANENT RECORD. No incomplete or mutilated certificates will be received. N. B.—Every item of information should be carefully supplied. AGE should be stated EXACTLY. The personal and statistical particulars can be given by any competent person acquainted with the facts.

PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS		MEDICAL CERTIFICATE OF DEATH	
Sex	Female	Date of Death	June 14, 1908
Color	White	Month	June
Date of Birth	Jan 27, 1886	Day	14
Age	22 years, 4 months, 17 days	Year	1908
Single, Married, Widowed, or Divorced	Single	I HEREBY CERTIFY, That I attended deceased from	Jan 18, 1908 to June 14, 1908
Birthplace (State or Country)	Oshkosh Wis	and that I last saw her alive on	June 13, 1908
Name of Father	John Walter	and that she occurred, on the date stated above, at	4:20 PM
Birthplace of Father (State or Country)	Germany	The CAUSE OF DEATH was as follows:	General Debility due to Phospho-necrosis of Left Inferior Maxillary Bone
Maid of Mother	Mary Schomer	(Signed) J. Malice	
Birthplace of Mother (State or Country)	Germany	June 15, 1908 (Address) 4 Oregon St. Oshkosh	
Occupation	Packing Matches, as shown	SPECIAL INFORMATION only for Hospitals, Insurers, Traders, or Record Bureaus.	
The above stated personal particulars are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.		Place of Burial or Removal	DATE OF BURIAL
(Informant)	Rose Walter	Where was disease contracted, if not at place of death?	June 17, 1908
(Address)	914-6 St. Oshkosh, Wis.	PLACE OF BURIAL OR REMOVAL	Country
Filed	June 15, 1908	UNDERTAKER	Address
	O. S. Brock	Local Registrar	

A Death Certificate from a "Radical" State. The young girl named in this document died from Phosphorus Poisoning at the age of Twenty-two.

der which it is used, have, in the leading countries, absolutely prohibited the use of white phosphorus in the making of matches.

Of the women, 95 per cent. are exposed, and 83 per cent. of the children.

Only three of the factories were thoroughly

investigated for cases of poisoning, but 82 cases were brought to light.

The wages earned in the factories are in accordance with the nature of the industry. Of 1,888 male employees whose wages were investigated, 23.26 per cent. earn under \$6 a week; 43.22 per cent. earn between \$6 and \$10 per week, and only 33.52 per cent. earn over \$10. The women, of course, are paid even less. Of 1,278, 53.75 per cent. earn under \$6 per week, and only 4.47 per cent. earn over \$10.

THESE are but two of the thirty-two known industrial poisons. There cannot be the least doubt that in both these industries poisoning of the workers is absolutely unnecessary, and exists to-day solely because human life and happiness is cheaper than preventive measures. In the match manufacturing industry this is admittedly the fact, for there is a harmless substi-



Reward of long service. The eye gone; the jaw-bone diseased; the health of the victim ruined forever. This is the result of phosphorus poisoning.

tute for white phosphorus available that is used in European countries where the poisonous phosphorus is prohibited.

This material (sesquisulphide) costs 5 per cent. more than white phosphorus, and on this account alone it is not used. The difference in price may be taken as representing the value, in the eyes of the capitalist, of human life.

INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE FROM THE INSIDE

HOW THE WORKING CLASS ARE WORKED

Industrial Insurance is so widely known (from the outside) that little more can be said upon it but so far the inside workings have been largely a secret. Now for the first time they are exposed by a man who has been on the inside. His book is discussed in the following review.—Editor.

AN ex-agent tells, in pretty plain words, what he thinks of Industrial Insurance, in the little book "Confessions of an Industrial Insurance Agent. A Narrative of Fact." By Wilby Heard, Broadway Publishing Co. The author brings his main indictment in the preface, where he says:

"Industrial insurance is an institution which, like a gigantic leech, sucks the meagre earnings of the laboring class, returning for all it takes a paltry bit, when the payer is no more. Its methods are as heartless as the frosts at the poles; and as crushing as the hand of death."

WHEN we come to read the book looking for the facts to back up this sweeping denunciation, we find that the author has two distinct grievances: First, that the companies are unfair to the agents; and, second, that the companies exploit the working class public to the limit. The wrong done to the agents affects a few thousand persons; but the wrong done to the working people is the direct concern of the millions, the masses. Hear our ex-agent:

"Among the policyholders one witnesses many heart-rending scenes, such as a washerwoman with five or six children, all too small for work, the husband possibly out of work; the only income that of the wash, yet her insurance amounts to \$1.50. She carries some on her husband, some on herself, and some on all the children. She wouldn't give up the husband's, for fear he might die, or get killed; wouldn't dare give up her own for fear if she should, her husband would drop his, and she must keep the children's; in case one died it must have at least a decent burial. She also carries some on her old father, and some on a brother whom she has not heard from for over seven years, but hates to give it up after paying in so much. The unscrupulous agents bleed the poor washerwoman to death. I have known families paying as much as \$4.00 a week, and their entire weekly income did not go above \$18.00. They were simply forced into it by their agents, who in turn were driven to it by the company."

LISTEN while he confesses:

"One of the agents it has been my misfortune to be, and it has taken several years to rid myself of that 'honor.' Nor will I ever be able to forget that I have helped mothers rob their baby's bank of its few pennies, when it contained some. I have taken away nickels and dimes earned by rheumatic women over the wash tub; nickels that should have bought bread or coal. I have taken these meagre scrapings from the old and the poor, earned in the sweat of their brows, and turned them over to parasites who bought automobiles, built palaces, bribed politicians, and guided the pen of newspaperdom. I cannot forgive myself despite the fact that my activities after all were legal, and come under the caption of 'business.'"

Some vivid and literal dialogue follows, depicting the actual words by which the agent is accustomed to mislead and browbeat the working-class wife into extravagant weekly payments.

WHILE Industrial Insurance is of use in many cases; giving a little help in some of the untimely deaths; it does have monstrous faults, as our author so feelingly testifies. As a social institution, built to meet a social need, it fails miserably in that its benefits are not universal, and neither are they adequate. Many, many families are not protected at all, and those who are insured have not nearly the needed amount of protection. There is only one kind of protection which can be complete and universal, or anywhere near so, and that is State protection. Our author sees this; he says, in closing:

"There is but one remedy for this tremendous extortion of the poor, and that is GOVERNMENT INSURANCE."

A living pension, paid by government to all widows and minor orphans, derived from taxes levied each year on incomes or on land values, or from the profits of some large industry, such as coal-mining, carried on by the public, would alone fulfill the social duty of the community to the helpless ones who have lost their natural support. Whose fault is it, then, that this is not done? Who is to blame for the terrible evils of Industrial Insurance?

WILBY HEARD thinks the managers of the companies are the men to blame. But, after all, are they to blame for stepping in and making profit—even heartless profit—out of a necessity which the workers have failed to meet for themselves? Are not the workers to blame for their own exploitation, in this as in so many other lines? They have been too sluggish to act on their own behalf, and smarter men have undertaken the job, and have made as much out of it as they could.

IF we try to put the blame on individuals for the continued exploitation of the workers by the Industrial Insurance Companies, we must at last single out such men as Leo Frankel and Louis Brandeis, self-appointed social reformers, who balk at radical remedies. Such men know the terrific inadequacy of the private corporation method in insurance; they know that a protection which may be taken or refused at his choice by the breadwinner, and which in myriad cases puts him to the heart-rending choice between the present needs of his family and their future risk, is not social protection; and yet these reformers will not come out frankly for the only cure there is. The blood of the innocent sufferers is on their heads, if on any!

LABOR DAY IN NEW YORK

WHAT A REVOLUTIONIST THOUGHT ABOUT IT

IT was Labor Day parade in New York. Thousands of people went by happy and contented, evidently bent on having a good time; nothing to indicate that it was Labor Day except their blue and grey shirts.

It was disgusting and I was just about to leave when the 8-s came. It was the International Union of Machinists or something like it. There

were at least a thousand of them. They sang something about lying in the clover after their eight-hour day was over. 8-s on their hats, 8-s large and small everywhere on transparencies. The persistency of it counted. It was the strongest thing I saw in the parade.

It made me think. If that handful of machinists could create such a stir, what could the Socialist Party do? Could not the N. E. C. simul-

taneously start every Socialist paper and every Socialist local on such a campaign? Couldn't it supply the whole country with posters and literature?

If not, why not?

It would create a stir. We would be doing something, we would no longer be considered as well meaning dreamers. We would become an economic power.

A PICTURE AND AN OPINION

ARTHUR YOUNG DRAWS A FUNNY PICTURE FOR "THE MASSES" THAT ISN'T FUNNY AND WRITES A JOKE THAT ISN'T A JOKE.

THE literature of parasites is of three types if it be described from its effects on the reader.

Sometimes it is poetic and beautiful, as for instance, when it deals with parasites remote from us and at the same time picturesque in appearance. Sometimes it is amusing, particularly when the parasite described has no commerce with us, but settles on our friends. And last of all the literature of parasites is disgusting. It disgusts when it deals with parasites that live on us and from us.

To this last class belongs the dialogue which accompanies the picture of Arthur Young's reproduced on this page.

Neither the picture nor its caption are intended as jokes. There is nothing very amusing about them. If the combination were submitted to the editors of our "comic" weeklies they would be refused as too strong for the tastes of the readers. One editor would likely speak of the picture and dialogue as "smelly."

And "smelly" it is. If it were intended as a joke the smelliness would be out of place. But it is not intended as a joke. It is no jest but an Unpleasant and Truthful Comment on Civilization. For the choice of the insect mentioned in the caption is deliberate.

It is meant to stir up emotions. If the boy had observed merely, "There's as many stars as mistletoe berries at Christmas," we might have been touched by his poetic imagination but we assuredly should not have been disgusted, because the mistletoe through pleasant association has become poetic. Besides the mistletoe is a parasite feeding not on us but on oak trees.

If he had said the stars were as thick "as grafters around a spender" we might have smiled gently for of course we are too wise to be spenders and too virtuous to graft.

But the little boy says the stars are as thick as bedbugs and we shudder our abhorrence because aristocratic and cleanly as we may be, we have seen and dreaded bedbugs. Accordingly bedbugs to us are neither picturesque nor amusing but disgusting and terrible.

Naturally, therefore, the picture and the caption grate on our fine sensibilities until we discover that perhaps it is not a Joke at all, but a Jolt.

Having reached this conclusion we settle down determinedly to discover the meaning or the sermon which it carries.

Now there are many thoughts to be inspired by the picture, some of which are plain first thoughts and others of which are esoteric second thoughts.

In the beginning, and quite naturally, we feel indignant that conditions exist which teach the

youthful mind that such parasites as these are the proper synonym for quantity.

We regret deeply the social forces that drive children into such conditions of filth and disease. We yearn for model tenements and stricter building laws and municipal insect powders and perhaps if we are radical enough the picture drives us to wish for the abolition of all poverty and its attendant horrors.

think. If you are of the elect your reasoning runs thus:

The stars are as thick as the Somethings, sure enough, but are the unmentionable B. B.'s the only parasites to be reckoned with? These are not well-dressed, fat-legged children. They are not topped with fur hats or bounded with warm overcoats. Their little tummies are not with good capon lined or with much of anything else.

And why?

Parasites.

Right you are. But not six-legged parasites. Not parasites that crawl behind wallpaper in dingy houses or sneak between dirty sheets. No, indeed. The parasites that have taken decent food and shelter from children and condemned them to an inferior life are nice, fat, clean parasites. They bathe daily; they dress in fine clothes; they sleep between soft sheets. They ride out in carriages and autos. They have hat-tipping lackeys at their pleasure and they pose and pose till you would think they were the bulwarks of civilization instead of disgusting blood-sucking creatures who get all their clean life by robbing others of their proper sustenance.

Now if we could only see these people in their right light we should soon have an end of them for just as we kill bedbugs without compunction, we should probably get rid of these creatures abruptly, though there is no doubt that we might first give them a chance to work for an honest living.

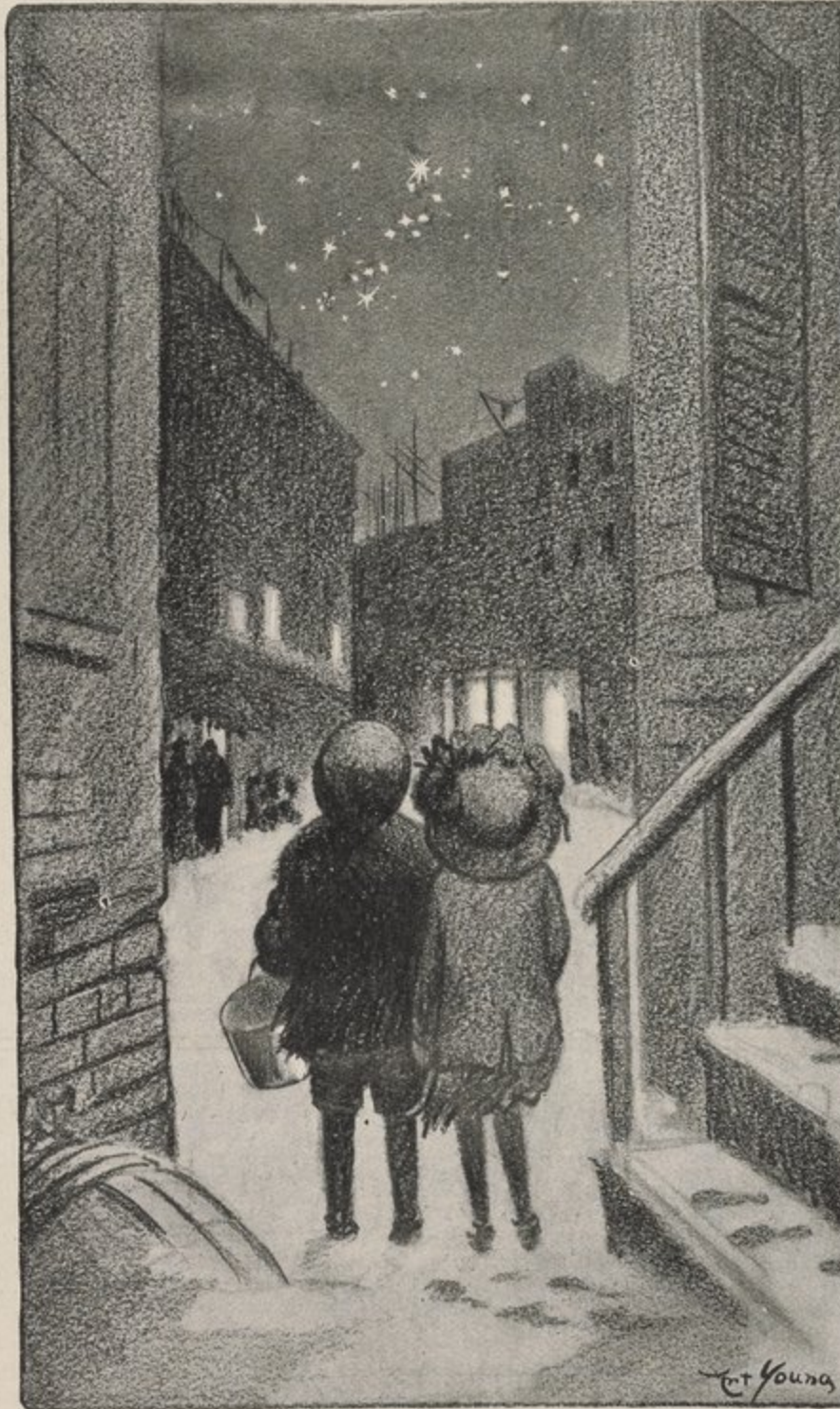
But we do not all know that these people are parasites. It is impossible for us to imagine them such. They dash about in their fine clothes with their faces washed and their nails manicured; and they rush about to parties, and are enraptured by Grand Opera, and have country houses and town houses, and are married and the event of their wedding fills the papers for weeks, and they spawn and their offspring lie on gold cradles and they spend fortunes on polo and yachts and entertainments, until the most coldblooded feels a temptation to throw up his hat when these great folk drive by. It is inspiring to live in the same century with such magnificent beings.

And yet they are parasites. And they are not even amusing parasites, because they make their living not off our friends, but off us. On us they dine; our substance furnishes forth their tables.

They draw their tribute from us, no matter what we do, no matter where we go—we cannot escape them.

Parasites all.

But we are beginning to understand? And when we do understand—all of us—there will be a housecleaning that will make Hercules washup of the Augean stables seem like an afternoon's light dusting.



Drawn for THE MASSES by Arthur Young.

OBSERVATION DE LUXE.

Young Poet: Gee, Annie, look at the stars! They're as thick as bedbugs.

Such nice little children!—and to think that their minds are filled with all that disgusting mess! Ugh!

And at this period if you have lived enough and thought enough comes the second thought which it is not given the common multitude to

THE WORKING CLASS ASTONISH BRUSSELS

I HAVE just returned from participating in the manifestation of the fifteenth of August for universal suffrage, one man, one vote, from the age of twenty-one; for compulsory education; and against the Schollaert law favoring clerical schools. It was a manifestation of both Liberals and Socialists



Photographed for THE MASSES.

The Clerical Press said "There were no onlookers."
Oh You Clerical Press!

from all Belgium, although the red flowers of Socialism far outnumbered the blue of Liberalism.

For months past the Socialists have been carrying on a vehement campaign of publicity upon these issues, and have been calling on the people to demonstrate their convictions on this day. The Liberals have also campaigned, but in the quieter liberal way. A special brochure was issued by the Socialist press, explaining in detail the history and meaning of the three propositions, and the town has been flooded with large

The Wonderful Manifestation of the Fifteenth of August. Seen at First Hand.

Written for THE MASSES

By RUFUS JAMES TRIMBLE

In Belgium there still exists what is known as the "plural vote"—that is, certain persons favored by birth or education can cast more than one ballot in the elections while those less fortunate have their opinions on public matters discounted by a large percentage. The demonstration described in this article was for the purpose of impressing on the government the peoples' desire for a relief from this oppressive and unjust system.—Editor.

colored posters and dotted with little bills two inches in diameter stuck anywhere and everywhere.

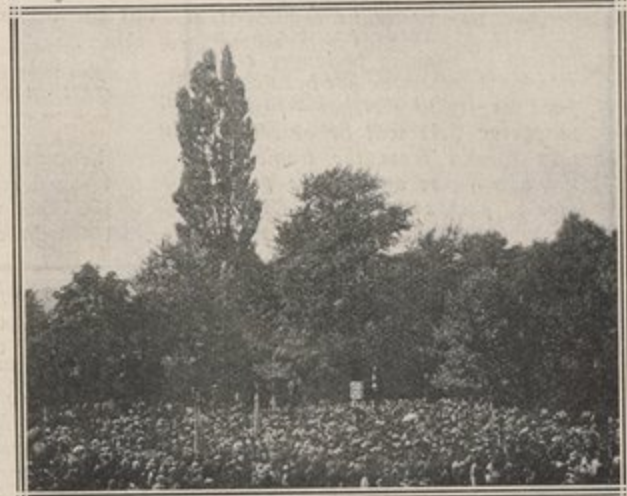
THE clericals, the party in power in Belgium, to counteract these measures have had their own notices and have influenced the children of their schools to tear down the small Socialist bills. As I passed a clerical school the other day I saw a quaint scene enacted. A party of school girls were sauntering by the doorway, when one of them noticed a Socialist bill there and went forward to tear it down; however, another sprang forward and grasped her arm; there was a slight tussle, but the young radical succeeded in placing herself before the bill, where she remained, leaning against the wall, until the party moved on.

Such a spirit of loyalty is indeed shown by all the Socialists when they manifest as they did today, 150,000 strong.

AFTER the splendid exhibition of marching, and the ability to handle crowds displayed by the managers, I could no longer say that I thought the continental was not a good business man. At least it would not be true as regards the executive ability of the Belgian Socialist.

This morning the parade formed in the Northern districts of the town and marched, in the perfect order planned, through streets lined with spectators, without the aid of the usual cordon of police.

AFTER walking about two miles to the southern end of the city, the cortege broke into several columns, entering a large park by separate roads. As I looked down from the summit of a near-by hill it seemed as if the columns would never end; as soon as I thought all had arrived new columns would appear in other directions until the immense field was swarming with people. Scattered about the park were a dozen platforms, and about these the crowds gathered to listen to the orators of the day, Liberals and Socialists. And it was then that they raised their hands in air and took the oath: "The workers



Photographed for THE MASSES.

All the speakers' stands were thronged about with eager listeners. This is Stand Number Six.

and the democrats of Belgium, assembled together the fifteenth of August at Brussels, in a solemn manifestation, swear to struggle without truce or repose until the definite withdrawal of the projected Schollaert law and until the realization of compulsory education and universal suffrage, pure and simple."

AFTER the second set of speakers had finished, the people began to return to their homes, but a large part remained clustered about two of the stands until late in the afternoon.

The crowd was the same crowd I have seen in America so often, for no matter how much nationalities may differ in their bourgeois, the working classes of all are fundamentally the same.

The Socialist Co-operator Tackles the Class Unconscious Worker

"In the retail trade, and that's where most Socialist Co-operatives will begin, Co-operation will do away with the middleman. The members of the Co-operative will hire somebody to run their store for them, pay him wages and buy all their goods at cost prices."

"Then I can buy grub there for less than at a regular store?"

"You can; and if you inquire you'll find that the Socialists in your town are trying to establish such a co-operative right now."

"And can I join?"

"They'll be only too glad to have you."

"And will I have as much to say in running it as if I was a Socialist?"

"Just exactly as much."

"And will I get what I buy just as cheap?"

"Yes, your money will be refunded to you at exactly the same percentage as

it is refunded to the oldest man in the party."

"That sounds all right and I can see if there ain't any middleman that I can buy stuff for less; but I never saw anybody give something away to an outsider yet. They don't do it. You've got a string tied somewhere to that proposition."

"You're right, my friend, there is a string tied to it. We're not giving you something for nothing because we can't afford to do that sort of business. We're giving you something and in return we're going to be repaid by something very much more valuable than any dividends you may pull out; we're going to get you."

"Me!"

"That's the idea—you. Probably you'll join the store just to get food cheaper, but you're going to end by being a full-

fledged Socialist. After you buy our groceries you're going to read our literature and go to our lectures and join our party. You can't help it because you'll be getting a practical assurance of the fact that if the working class can manage the essentials of life at retail they can manage them at wholesale and can turn the United States into a great Co-operative Commonwealth."

"But look here, are you a regular Socialist?"

"A dues paying party member. I'm only preaching what the last International Congress of Socialists recommended."

"H-m, well, maybe I was mistaken after all. I never knew there was anything practical about Socialism. What's a good Socialist book to read and, say, where are those fellows that are starting the Co-operative?"

THE COLOR OF LIFE

This month the entire contents of THE COLOR OF LIFE have been written for us by a young Socialist author, Emanuel Julius. It is his endeavor to pack life narratives within the shortest compass of words possible. So instead of running to longer stories his work so far has been confined largely to sketches—"pastels in prose." As will be observed, they ranged from the tragic to the humorous; and in the province of pathos the Lonely Girl is without doubt one of the most delicately etched portraits of contemporary periodical literature.

The Sociological Grafter

Written for THE MASSES

BY EMANUEL JULIUS

"TARRYTOWN - ON - THE HUDSON!" shouted the conductor, as the Albany local came to a halt.

A score or more men and women alighted. Most of them immediately entered automobiles that were to take them to their estates on the hills of Pocantico near by.

One man, who leisurely strolled out of the station, attracted extraordinary attention from those around him. Indeed, it is not to be wondered that they all eyed him over from the crown of his hat to the soles of his shoes, for a peculiar chap he was.

His hair was long, his hat was immense and his black beard was big enough for three. He wore a soft shirt which was decorated with a huge, flowing red tie.

He was a sight.

This stranger continued walking as though he were unaware of the fact that he was the centre of all eyes.

Presently he approached an old Dutch inn. Over its door was a gate on which was inscribed:

"This gate hangs high and hinders none; Refresh and pay, then travel on."

The inmates looked on him with awe, but as he offered to pay for a week's lodging in advance, they took him in.

On the register he signed himself: "Yours for the Revolution, Eugene V. Marks."

II.

The news spread like wildfire.

"Did you hear about the Anarchist in town?"

"Wonder what the rich ducks'll do up on the hills?"

Boys followed Marks about the streets. He was pointed out by mothers as a person to beware of. Little girls ran and hid under the bed when they saw him coming.

Marks endured all this notoriety with nonchalance. He was the least troubled person of all.

Every move he made was common news. If he walked out into the country, that fact was whispered about. One morning he bathed his beans in catsup. That night the word went out that "the Anarchist drinks blood instead of coffee."

Two days after he arrived, Marks bought two acres of land situated on the side of one of Pocantico's many

hills. The land was not worth much, and the farmer who owned it gladly sold out for a thousand dollars. It was barren, rocky land and had never been cultivated.

As soon as Marks became possessed of the title to the land, the explosion came.

No, not a bomb explosion—much worse than that.

III.

The cause of the intense excitement that raged from one end of Tarrytown to the other was a circular that Marks had distributed. It read:

Lovers of Freedom! Hark Ye!

Long enough have we endured the tyranny of the idle, parasitical, cruel, grasping, greedy capitalists!

It is time to revolt!

Fifteen Anarchists, Free Lovers, Communists and Holy Jumpers have decided to found a colony of free citizens near this town.

We need about fifty more.

All who wish to join this colony should attend a meeting to-morrow night at the

OLD TOWN HALL.

Come one, come all!

Join us and be free men and women at last!

Throw off the shackles of slavery!

The hall was jammed to the doors.

Marks was the orator of the evening. What he said went something like this:

"Brothers of the Sword of Liberty! I am here to offer you a means to end your slavery. All you need do is join our colony. There you will live as Nature intended. You will do as you please. You will wear what you please, and if you should desire to wear nothing at all you will be at liberty to do so. No one will have the authority to stop you.

"There will be work for all and none will feel the pangs of poverty. Next week my fifteen brothers and sisters will arrive by special train. Then we will start the colony.

"I appeal to you! Join our colony of free men and women and you will forever end your misery."

IV.

That same night the best citizens of the village held a secret conference that continued far into the morning.

One excited bank president shouted: "Lynch them!"

A cooler-headed stock broker replied: "Tut, tut! That won't do! They own the land. It's their property, and we can't molest them. The only thing we can do is this."

All saw the logic of his remarks and voted unanimously to send a special committee to the colony promoter.

V.

"Wish to see me?" asked Eugene V., coolly.

"Yes, sir," replied the spokesman for the citizen's committee of five.

"What about?"

"It's about your colony. We residents are opposed strenuously to the idea. Will you agree to sell us the land and leave town forever?"

"Never!" shouted Marks.

"Come, come. We'll pay you handsomely. How will five thousand dollars go?"

"Not enough."

"Well, how much do you want?"

"Ten thousand dollars or you get the colony next week."

"Settled. Here's your money."

"I am being unmercifully persecuted," declared Marks as he pocketed the money and signed the bill of sale.

"Would you believe me, this is the sixth town that has refused to allow us our liberties. Can you tell me when the next train leaves for Newport?"

A Pastel in Pessimism

Written for THE MASSES

BY EMANUEL JULIUS

NO, I've had enough of this violin. I am going to put it away to-night and never touch it again. I mean every word I say. . . . Why? Oh, so so. . . . You think I am insane? Pish! Never felt better in my life. I am foolish? Maybe. We're all fools, more or less. . . . Yes, I know I have talent. Yes, I have a great future, but I am determined to abandon it. Until to-day I was a dreamer of day dreams; at this moment I am a changed person. . . . Well, if you are going to persist, I'll give you my reason.

Do you see that chauffeur over there? No, no; not that one; the other. . . . that's it. . . . Well, his name is Orlando. Never heard the name before, eh? Well, turn to *The Musical Record* and you'll learn a fact or two about him. . . . He was a master of the violin at twenty. . . . Carried off the first prize at the Paris conservatory. . . . For a while he studied under Hans Sattler. . . . Joachim heard him play the Rene Josephi concerto in D sharp and went into raptures; declared him a genius. . . . That Orlando spent the fifteen best years of his life over a quartette of gut strings; practised night and day; spent thousands of dollars; traveled from master to master. . . . Why? For what? Just to be able to create a tone softer than the thrush's. . . . For fifteen years he studied, poor fellow. . . . All that time he prepared himself for his grand Berlin debut. . . . At last he felt ready to appear before the critics.

The National Opera House was jammed. . . . He played a concerto and was accompanied by the Deutscher Philharmonic Orchestra. . . . Read the *Zeitgeist* for the reception he was given. . . . Every critic in Berlin agreed that he was the greatest of the great. . . . Orlando bowed himself off that platform a recognized artist. . . . He was a success. . . . He seemed invulnerable. . . .

And then what happened? Ha! Ha! it's a joke; a huge joke. . . . He walked to his hotel that night. He was excited, poor boy; flushed with his success. . . . Orlando stepped into the elevator. . . . In closing the door, the operator was a little too swift. . . . Just a third of an inch of the index finger of Orlando's left hand was smashed. . . . That was all. . . . But that was enough. . . . And there he is now. . . . So tell me; what's the use? I waste no more time.

The Conqueror

Written for THE MASSES

BY EMANUEL JULIUS

FOR six months Marcus gave not even so much as a thought to his instrument; but now, somehow his violin seemed to beckon, to call him. During those months he had been in the iron grasp of sensualism; a woman—beautiful, passionate—had twined her lithe, warm body about him and there clung with all-powerful persistency. She embraced his whole being—not even did she permit his mind to think of else but her.

She wanted him, every fibre of his body. She craved and fought for every emotion of his heart. She was ever watching him—aiming for his every feeling, breath, word. She was only content with sentences from him which reaffirmed love—for her.

When she saw him turn to his violin she paled.

"But I can't see why I should never touch my violin. I shall love you just the same."

"No, no, no, you won't, I know it. You must not return to that instrument, Marcus. I am determined to die should you do so."

From her corsage she drew a small bottle.

"What! You are determined that I shall not?"

"Yes, absolutely."

Taking his instrument, Marcus proceeded to turn the pegs until the strings were toned; then, after rosining the bow, he said:

"Drink, my dear, drink."

The Lonely Girl

Written for THE MASSES

BY EMANUEL JULIUS.

SHE was a frail little girl with large, melancholic black eyes—eyes as deep and profound as night, as mysterious as darkness; a face rather pale and drawn—an ever-tired expression occasionally half lightened by a listless smile.

She was a silent lover.

This lonely girl loved passionately. But her earthly ideal, like the stars, was beyond her reach.

She loved a man—noble, brave and handsome. She constantly saw his face before her. She knew his every feature and characteristic. She breathlessly followed his adventures as cowboy rescuing the lovely daughter of the ranchman; as fireman fighting the flames; as an amorous knight courting his lady-fair.

She wept when he suffered, laughed when he smiled, joyed when he was victor and mourned when he fell before the enemy.

She loved him though she knew not his name; worshipped the ground he trod, and though she never touched his hand she would have died for him.

She loved in silence and from afar. And every night she visited the same five-cent moving picture theatre and there feasted her eyes on her distant, filmy mate and dreamed of days to come when her pantomime Lohengrin would leave the vague screen of the abstract and clasp her to his bosom.



FACTS AND INTERPRETATIONS



How to Abolish Dynamiters

Written for THE MASSES

BY HANK JELLIS

WILD they are, foaming mad. All over the country the capitalist class through its press is condemning the McNamara brothers. Law and order they want; and the dynamiters must be hanged. Not particularly for the Los Angeles Times affair. Oh no, not necessarily. There have been enough other outrages in this country. They feel that as long as they are about it they might as well charge them all up to the McNamaras. Even the Mount Vernon explosion, which occurred on September 3d, a half year after their kidnaping, was put up to them.

I believe that the capitalist hirelings care very little whether or not the Los Angeles Times was a plant by Otis. The principal point with them is that outrages have been committed against property, committed by fellows who own no property. They must be taught to respect property. Therefore, the McNamaras must be hanged, law and order established, and justice upheld.

Justice! What is it—a great phrase or a great farce? How can we have justice under the present system? Evidence can be created and bought for money. Law and lawyers are made and bought for money. Is it just to try a man for his life on money-made evidence, before money-made judges, and under money-made laws?

No, sir! The outfit which is trying to condemn the McNamaras could not condemn the biggest crook that ever lived and satisfy me that justice had been done.

They call for justice and law and order. What do they mean, what do they want? A more orderly state of society?

Have you read the "History of Great American Fortunes" by Gustavus Meyers? How were they accumulated? The capitalists lied, stole and murdered for it. Have you read what Ida Tarbell had to say about John D. Rockefeller? Do you know how Tammany Hall elects its candidates? Have you heard of the man-chasing cossacks in Pennsylvania? Do you know about the bull-pen period in Colorado? Do you know that when a crime is committed, it is a practice among the police to gather in suspects, who are only released when they can prove that they are not guilty? Have you heard of the third degree? Do you know of the contemptible spy system in the unions and the factories?

You know of all this. Then tell me, what is justice to you but a farce, and a phrase to the capitalists, a phrase to be used only when convenient.

They don't want law and order. They are not opposed to violence. They want the sole privilege to be lawless, disorderly, and to use violence.

I disapprove most emphatically of violence, especially hidden violence as shown in the abominable outrages which occurred during the past year. But as they sow, so shall they reap.

If the capitalists want law, order and peace they must take the initiative.

A New Era for Our Press

Written for THE MASSES

BY GEORGE ANDREWS

THE National Socialist Lyceum Bureau will stand out in the future as one of the most important roadmakers in the path of progress of the Socialist Party. As a result of its activities more than a half million people will enjoy a systematic study-course in Socialism in 1912. In addition to that it will sell more than a half million dollars' worth of subscriptions for the various So-

Farmers' Cooperation

Written for THE MASSES

BY P. VLAG

A FEW years ago Farmers' Co-operative Selling Agencies were suggested by the writer and a number of other people. The plan was discussed. Taxation in accordance with the amount sold through the agency was adopted as a just manner for determining what percentage of the operating expenses each member should pay.

To-day the Farmers' Co-operative

Cheer Up! Cheer Up!

Written for THE MASSES

BY E. U.

IF you are a person with pronounced views on things, this is directed to you. If you are such a person,

I know that you get into heated discussions and think the entire world is going pell-mell down the road to destruction because someone has opinions directly contrary to yours. Having been there myself, I know that such a "weltschmerz" is anything but a joke, and think it my "Christian" duty to throw a glimmer of light on the path out of the vale of tears.

When your best friend has disagreed with your pet method of saving humanity, just remember that you cannot see all sides of the apple at once. The side you see may be green, and the side the other fellow sees may be red; still another individual may see a side that is worm-eaten, and all this does not disprove the correctness of your idea. You are right as far as your vision goes. Having more than one color does not make the apple less useful or less artistic.

What is Socialism?

Here is another definition of Socialism, this time from the brain and pen of Frank Stuhlman who looks at the subject from a religious-poetic viewpoint. There are an infinite number of angles from which Socialism may be viewed though of course there is but one meaning to the word. In this inspiring definition Comrade Stuhlman emphasizes the new society springing from an orderly civilization.

Socialism is Salvation, National, Industrial, Economic and Ethical. There are no crimes or evils but have their roots in ignorance and unwholesome environment. Poverty is the cause of ignorance and body-stunting and soul-blighting environment. Socialism will strike at the root and abolish poverty. It will give the right to be well-born and well-reared to every human being. It will create a sane atmosphere in which a better race will grow. It will bring the gospel of truth and beauty to the life of the average man. Men and women will be free for the first time in history. It will not change human nature but will allow it to flourish unperverted by a system of greed. Any movement that does not aim to remove poverty is a demagog's nostrum and not a cure for a sick civilization.
Socialism is Salvation!

cialist periodicals throughout the country.

At present every periodical is left on its own resources in securing subscriptions. Many run Lyceum Bureaus of their own.

Result No. 1. Unsystematic and costly routing of speakers.

No. 2. No co-ordination in the subjects of speakers.

No. 3. Single periodicals have a much stronger militant organization at their command than the Party organization.

No. 4. Our press is more anxious to obtain the good will of the militant members than convert non-Socialists. It pays better.

No. 5. The Party has no control over its press.

The National Lyceum Bureau will do much towards remedying all these evils. The plan was worked out by E. K. Katterfeld. He deserves great credit. If you want to know more about it write to him c/o The National Office.

There is one weak point. Every member of the Lyceum course is entitled to \$1.00 worth of subscriptions to any of the Socialist periodicals. How can we arrange it so that every member will choose his paper on the merits of the paper, and not what someone else wants him to read.

If we solve that problem the quality of our press is bound to improve.

Selling Agencies are an established fact. Co-operative Dairy Farming throughout the central West and Co-operative Fruitgrowing on the Pacific Coast has developed into a huge success.

What's next? Regulation of the supply. Through the selling agencies the parasitical commission merchant has been abolished. No longer can he fool the farmers by wiring them, "Produce spoiled in transportation. Send check for freight." No longer can he fool the farmers by misquoting the market price. No longer do these farmers pay excessive freight by shipping in small quantities. But produce still rots in the field while people in the cities die for want of it. Still are certain markets overstocked, causing a sudden slump in the price of products. Still is every farmer trying to figure out by himself what sort of produce the country needs most.

The remedy: A national organization with every agricultural state represented. A competent force employed to determine how much each market requires of the respective products, to determine where the respective products should be grown in accordance with economical transportation, to teach the farmers intensified farming. Such an organization would not merely benefit the farmer, but the entire country.

What Has Art to do With Socialism?

Written for The Masses.

BY ANDRE TRIDON.

EVEN as builders should blast ugly rocks or tear down unsightly structures before erecting the edifice of beauty, we must first of all lead the masses with pick and axe to an onslaught on the cumbersome, inhabitable burg which the robbers have built. But all this destruction is a mere preliminary.

For thousands of years thousands of schools have taught that success consists in acquiring more food than one can consume, more clothes than one can wear, more houses than one can dwell in, more money than one can expend. We must hasten and warn men that there is something above food, clothes, shelter and money. There is Art, there is Beauty, and there will be little besides Art and Beauty to occupy our minds after the food, clothes and shelter question is solved.

To the sordid individuals who are apt to dismiss all thought of Art with the sneering query: "What has this to do with Socialism?" I would answer that after our present day incentive, the desire to hoard, will have been removed, the only incentive to activity will be the desire for self expression through either a useful or a beautiful achievement.

And after minds have been cleansed of greed the great need of mankind will not be so much for the useful as for the purely beautiful.



THE OPEN CLINIC

OPEN TO ALL HONEST DOCTORS OF SOCIAL ILLS



Is the American Farmer an Exploiter

Written for THE MASSES
BY CARL HEILEMAN

IF the Socialist Philosophy puts the American Farmer in the exploiting class, there is something radically wrong with that philosophy.

It is true that the farmer owns property and employs labor.

It is also true that the average farmer works longer hours, produces more, and enjoys less of the commodities which society produces than the average professional man. Yet professional men are not put in the exploiting class.

Surely no sane man could put the hard-working farmer in the exploiting class merely because the technic of the Marxian theory does not seem to permit any different arrangement.

I have heard various opinions on this subject, but am still in doubt as to the Socialist attitude in this matter. I am from Missouri—will you please show me?

Fish Stories and Efficiency

Written for THE MASSES
BY DONALD WAND

AS a Socialist I am ashamed of the action of some of the writers in the ranks who assuredly should know better than to attack the introduction into the industrial field of the so-called Efficiency Crusade.

Efficiency is desirable. We enjoy efficiency in our daily life. We like to see street cars on time; we want our houses equipped with all modern conveniences.

The Efficiency Crusade promises work done more quickly and with a less expenditure of effort. So far as this is true it is desirable.

It will displace many men now employed, say its critics.

True enough, but so will the invention of any labor-saving machine, and we have reached a stage where we no longer break improved machinery. It is the duty of the worker through organization to take advantage of this efficiency by a battle for shorter work days.

Better direct all energies to gaining this control than stand railing at progress like a middle class merchant yearning for the old days of competition, or like a small dog barking at an oncoming engine.



Work

Written for THE MASSES
BY EMANUEL JULIUS

THE first thing I was taught was that we are all supposed to work. Very good, indeed.

And then I learned that I was disgraced because I did not take to work. But, somehow, in argument, I always carried the day.

My position was simple. Progressive people are desirable citizens? Yes. Inventors are progressive? Oh, certainly. Inventors do away with work? Ye-es. Well, then, if it is respectable to do away with work, why is it not moral to refrain from work?

The fact of the matter is, we work only because of our ignorance. We once worked at pushing a wheelbarrow. It was perfectly right to do it. But along came an automobile. Now it is perfectly moral to refrain from sweating behind a wheelbarrow. Is that not funny? It is.

In time inventors (and they are honorable men) will do away with work entirely. It will then be perfectly moral to idle.

The more civilized we get, the more immoral we become—judged by our grandfathers' elocution books.

Where We Are Robbed

Written for THE MASSES
BY ROBERT HAMBURG

THE worker is robbed not by the country treasurer, but by the man who owns the machine.

Some time, perhaps, he will find that out. Just at present he is busy voting for a Reform Republican or a Reform Democrat, quite forgetting that the meagre amount removed from his taxes by the political gangster is but a penny's worth compared with the 100 per cent. or more which is taken regularly from his pay envelope.

Honest city administrations are a good thing. They lower taxes; they prevent bribery; they ensure good roads (for automobilists); they provide parks for the people, or at least some of the people; but they do not do one thing to lessen the exploitation of the worker.

Every week he stands and delivers. He passes over half his earnings to the men who own the machines that own him.

Socialism was born in the factory. The battle for Socialism is not a war of ideas, but a war of interests.

War—What For? Wages

Written for THE MASSES
BY FRITZ VON BRACHSTEIN

COMRADES, we are asked—War—What For? I will tell you.

We must have war because we are working people and we need the wars to clear the market of labor. When there has been peace for a long time there are workers in all the industries and overflowing into the highways. So it is hard for a man to get on anywhere. If we have a war then about half the men in the country go away to the battles and there each other try to kill. So it is good for those who stay at home to get the jobs and have much work and high wages for a long time.

Let the Capitalists bring on all the wars they wish. It is good for us to have the labor market thinned. Some of us—our brothers and fathers perhaps—will get killed, but we who live will have jobs.

Socialism at Harvard

Written for THE MASSES
BY G. B.

HIRAM MODERWELL, a Socialist who is a junior at Harvard University, asked his college public—in the pages of the *Harvard Monthly*—if Harvard really educated men to think and feel for themselves. His conclusion was that it mainly doesn't. A volcanic outcry followed. Old graduates from New York, the dean of the faculty and numbers of outraged alumni rushed into print with the information that Harvard not only educates, but it educates as no other institution has done or can do, and that even if it didn't, a youngster in his early twenties should never have been allowed to mention it.

And yet the small query called out a two-column support and plea for democracy in the *Boston Transcript* by another product of Harvard training, besides hearty applause from the Socialists, not only in the student body, but—it is whispered—in the faculty.

"Even in a palace, one can be good," said the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Even at Harvard one can be a revolutionist, and say so.

Rules and Art

Written for THE MASSES
BY JONAS ATWATER

ART is long—it is too long for any man to see where it ends and the end is a long, long way from the beginning. When a man attempts to set down rules for art he is trying to set limitations and bounds to the modes of thought of generations to come. Art is dynamic, not static. Art is not abstract. Art is Art only because of its effect on a human mind. What appealed to the ancient Egyptians as Art may or may not appeal to us. We are interested in different things. Our lives are moulded in different casts. If Egyptian Art does seem Art to us, then it is because it is great enough to span the centuries.

But when a man in the full possession of his senses attempts to say that this or that is an everlasting guiding post to the realm of Art—well, it is kindest to say that he is afflicted with the artless mind of an infant.

Art has no rules. Art is Art and it is Art only so long as it seems so to the nation or person viewing it.

And still we want more—more one-hundred-fifty-word opinions. Want them from more people on more subjects. Want everybody who has an idea that can be summed up in that number of words to send it in now. We want new ideas by new people. Do you want to save humanity and reform the world? Then begin now. Here is your chance. Write it in 150 words and send it in to THE MASSES. Send in a lot and watch us change our expression.





THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

A Rise in the World

GEORGE was an honest lad of parts who worked eight hours a day at bricklaying. This task netted him daily something like five dollars, but George was not interested particularly in seeing the piles of brick diminish and the great buildings in the same ratio tower skyward.

George was restless. He wanted to do something else.

One day he happened on a book. The book said that the only thing to do was to try for the top—to study nights and fit yourself for a higher occupation.

George went home with high resolves burning his innards.

That ends the first chapter.

II.

George studied civil engineering. He studied long and earnestly. He got to be a civil engineer.

Then he went out and tried for a job.

III.

"So you're a civil engineer, are you, hey?" queried kindly old Mr. Hunks, who did most of the surveying in town. "Well, I'm afraid we can't use you. You're all right, but there's too many fellows graduating every year from the colleges who got things down just as fine as you have and who'll work for fifteen dollars."

IV.

At the end of five years George was earning as much as eighteen dollars a week engineering. About this time he got tired and quit and devoted the rest of his life to writing books for young men—telling them that there was always room at the top and that nobody need be earning a cent less than five thousand unless he was just naturally lazy.

With Apologies—Of Course

THE WORLD OF TO-MORROW

I.

In the new age I observe the ancient policeman;

He is grizzled and bent and sits in the radiator corner.

"What is life coming to?" he asks sadly.

"I think the world is going to the devil.

Once in the good old days there was somebody to pinch just as regularly as the sun went down;

Never a day passed, but I had the chance to beat the head off'n some guy for gettin' fresh;

Never a week vanished into the impenetrable gloaming of the past but me and the rest give the third degree to some boob that wouldn't cough up what he knew.

Many a boost my modest salary received from unknown hands—from hands that reached out to me from dark doorways. . . . Now I hear they don't do that no more.

I hear the police is gettin' fewer and fewer every year.

I un'erstand that criminals is took to some kind of a hospital instead of being sent up where they belong.

This country is going to the devil. Ye, sir, it cert'ly is."

II.

In the park in the sunshine sits the muddled old workingman.

(It is the noonday—but it is the early dawning of the age of the people.)

"Listen here," he says, "some folks may like this sort of thing, but lemme tell you it don't go down with me.

You mimme the good old days when a man had to work for what he got;

Gimme the good old days and the good old bosses:—

Ten hours a day—that's me—and work hard or get fired.

What's the world coming to now, anyhow?

Everybody's living in good houses, eating good grub, working half the day and studying and playing the other half.

But there's worse'n that:

I tell ye to-day everybody thinks about everything.

That don't suit me, no sir. I want the good old system.

Working folks haven't got any right to think.

I never thought when I was a young man and I got on all right. Thinking about your job is enough to keep anybody busy;

Ten hours and a dollar and a half or a dollar thirty-five a day and no thoughts to keep you awake nights—that's what I call happiness."

So the old workmen:—but the young people round about don't seem to pay much attention to these sapient musings.

The Orator Who Quit His Job

HE was an honest mechanic who spent Sunday afternoons in the little villages exhorting the hired men to throw off their chains and grab the world.

It was great stuff and he kept it up till one day an uncle died and left him a farm.

As a good Socialist he didn't know whether it was right to become a landed proprietor and sweat the coin out of underlings, but he finally concluded that a liberal donation to the Cause would make his ownership of the farm a big thing for humanity generally.

He went on the farm and became a bloated landholder.

Five years later he had come down to the village in his rickety cart with the vain idea of trading some string beans for 'lasses at the store. His trousers were patched seventeen ways and he looked generally like a relic of last cyclone.

On the courthouse steps a young man with long black hair was telling some

fat hired men to unite against the oppressor.

It was too much for the ex-mechanic. He led in the riot that followed.

* * * * *

The moral is that to-day if you scratch the average small capitalist you'll find he's a proletarian and working without wages at that.

Avuncular Antics

I had an uncle some time back Who dearly loved to cram a Cold shiver down one's trusting back By playing melodrama.

A native aptness for the stage Combined with kittenish old age Made him a fearful person:

It chilled me when he'd creep beneath My rocker and through gritted teeth

Remark, "I'll kill 'un! Curse 'un!" Though as a rule he donned the pose Of high class malefactors.

Plus that je ne sais quoi that goes With ten-twent'-thirty actors.

His, "Be muh bride: your father's lands

And Harold's life lie in muh hands; Fly to the nearest cleric's

And wed muh—if you'd save them harm!"

Sent Jane (a fortnight off the farm) Into prolonged hysterics.

He loved to make our features blench And evening quiet vanish

With "heavies" taken from the French Or Japanese or Spanish.

It pleased him when you were annoyed

At being unexpectedly and violently wrestled to the floor while a hoarse voice whispered in your ear — stage-whispered that is:

"Aha! Now I keel you, Monsieur. You theenk you get away from Jean Baptiste—but no—nevair! You lie here till the wolf he eat you. Ha! Ha! Sleep sweet, Monsieur!"

or, "Well, Senior, you are in my power at last: you thought you could defy me, but you have played your last card. I—I will marry the Senorita and when the trap-door opens you will fall down—down to the river and no will ever guess your fate. Ha! Ha! A pleasant journey, Senor Murgatroyd!"

And so we planned a cropper:

One evening when he's seemed to us

Particularly villainous I whistled for a copper.

"Seize this vile wretch," I said, "'twas he

That stole the missing papers And killed the orphans!" "Believe me He'll have to stop them capers,"

The cop declared, and with a twist Snapped handcuffs upon uncle's wrist;

"Come on with ye! Ye grafter!"

While Uncle, game though doubtless roiled,

Turned—(you know how)—and thundered, "Foiled!"

We never saw him after.

Relating to Relations

"MY! My!" said Mis' Higgles to the blushing bride-to-be, "so you're going to live here in Hunston—if

that aint just too grand! I should think you'd be tickled to death to live in the same town where all your relatives and all George's relatives are. It's such a nice thing for a young couple to have somebody to turn to when the wind of adversity blows hard, as Longfellow or somebody else says.

"Never have I regretted the day that William and I decided to stay right here in Hunston where both our relatives lived. Not that I cared so much for old Mis' Higgles, for as I've often said she was peculiar in a good many ways, and some says that she wrote them anonym letters I got before I was married. But I bear no grudges against anybody—not even against Mrs. Henry T. Higgles—and if I ever told what I knew about that woman! Why, when George's brother first got engaged to her I gave him a fair square warning and neither of them has spoken to me since. Good riddance to bad rubbish, say I. They can go along with Uncle Dan'l Cotton and keep on their own side of the road. William and I don't want a cent of Uncle Dan'l's money in spite of all we've done for him: toiling early and late to give him a home for five long years before he left us and went to live with William's sister, Mrs. Gorkins, who is a snake in the grass though Heaven knows I've never said a word against her. And to see that sixteen-year-old little snippet of hers taking Uncle Dan'l out walking—ugh! it just makes me sick. I cut Mrs. G. the last time I saw her and was glad to do it because I b'lieve she was the one that stirred William up against my brother Andrew's folks. It was either her or her old maid sister, Miss Higgles, who don't seem to have anything to do but to make trouble, and as I says to her myself a year ago, 'Miss Higgles, I says, 'if your chickens git into my garden again—'"

But fortunately at this point the Wedding March began.

SYSTEMS OF CO-OPERATION

Reprinted by Request: A Short Account of Plans Most
Used in Various European Countries

THE ROCHDALE SYSTEM

THE best known of the various co-operative schemes is the Rochdale system, started by a few weavers of Rochdale, North of England, on April 25th, 1844. The characteristic of this scheme is the elimination of the middleman. The Rochdale co-operators buy directly from the manufacturers, sell to themselves at market rates and distribute the profits to the consumers in the form of dividends in ratio to the amounts purchased.

Charles Howarth originated this system of dividends. He argued, rightly, that if you sell a man an article—say a can of peas at eight cents, when the market price is ten cents—the chances are that that man will suspect that, instead of having saved two cents on his purchase, he has simply bought an inferior article. If, however, this same man receives the same two cents as a part, let us say, of a five-dollar dividend on his six months' purchases, he will feel as if he were finding money; the two cents will have acquired a new dignity in his eyes.

THIS system of dividends is the strength of the Rochdale system; its weakness lies in its payment of dividends to non-members.

Under the Rochdale system, shares of stock at £5 par are sold to members. The members receive dividends in ratio to the amount of their purchases. In order to give non-members a sample of co-operative sweets, and so to induce them to buy at their stores the Rochdale co-operators pay these non-members dividends on their purchases also. But they do not pay them dividends at the same rate as to themselves. If they did, there would be no advantage in having non-members as purchasers at all. Non-members receive only half the dividends that are paid to members, and the remaining half is divided in profits to the members. As the result, perhaps only 50 per cent. of the buyers at the 5,000 co-operative stores organized on the Rochdale plan are non-members. This counts strongly against their democracy. The idea of profit comes to loom larger in the minds of members than the idea of co-operation. To-day they are essentially joint stock companies, in which the members exploit the non-members. Moreover, the success of the Rochdale societies is largely due to the fact that they were started before the days of the trust. In Amer-

ica, for example, where they were introduced after the trust held the field, they have invariably failed.

FOR these two reasons—their anti-democratic tendency and their inability, when started to-day, to compete with the trust—the Belgians have modified the plan of the Rochdale co-operatives. In Belgium, only members can purchase at the co-operative stores. To become a purchaser, one must buy a share of stock, but the cost of this share is not made so high as in the Rochdale societies, and admission to membership is facilitated by allowing an applicant, after his name has been ratified by the Co-operative Society in general assembly, to become a member upon payment of one-quarter the cost of a share of stock.

FINNISH AND HOLLAND SYSTEMS.

NOW, since the Belgian system was established, still newer methods have been developed, as, for example, in some parts of Holland, in Finland and in Sweden. Finding out that it is to their advantage to get a better hold upon the public, and that this can best be done by making admission to membership as gradual and easy a process as possible, these most modern co-operators have devised the following system:

To become a member, a purchaser has, as in the Belgian system, to subscribe to a share of stock, be proposed by two members, be accepted by the board of directors, subject to the ratification of the general assembly. But he may deal with the society without committing himself to membership in advance of trying the advantage of co-operation. Yet there is a great difference between this and the Rochdale scheme. In England, the non-member buys, collects his dividend slips, goes home, and after six months gets his dividend on the accumulated dividend slips. He has no other interest or responsibility in the co-operative.

IN Finland, the non-member buys for cash; he then receives a card upon which his name and address is written, and a duplicate of which is kept in the office for record. The amount of his purchase is punched off on this card. He accumulates these cards, and when the time for the declaration of dividends comes, the officers pay the non-member at the rate of 50 per cent., and notify

him that the remaining 50 per cent., instead of being distributed in stock dividends to members, is being held as a payment on a share of stock. When the retained dividends equal the cost of a share of stock, the non-member is asked to become a fully participating member.

As a result the statistics show that only 2 per cent. of the purchasing non-members fail to join. You see, it is an entirely different thing to ask a working man to put up \$25 in order to join the organization on the one hand, and on the other to give him a chance to make the cost of a share of stock first out of the organization, and then say to him, "Here is your share of stock. All you have got to do is to come in and take a hand in the work of the society, and the stock is yours."

THE most important fact to be considered, however, is the natural distrust which people of different industrial classes feel towards each other. The condition of the Socialist organizations in the large cities is, in our opinion, a significant illustration of the correctness of this assumption.

CO-OPERATIVE PRODUCTION

A LARGE number of co-operative producing societies are in operation throughout the United States of America. Most of these are, however, duplicates of the coopers' case in Duluth, formerly mentioned.

As a whole, the history of productive co-operatives shows that they are principally successful when they have secured the market for their products before starting their enterprise.

For example, among the successful are the fruit-growers, the grain-elevators and the coopers.

THE fruit-growers were accustomed to sell their fruit, when it was ripe, to a jobber. They reasoned that they might as well appoint their own jobber, and sell collectively. They did so, and were successful. Then they came to realize that they also might buy seeds, plants, and grow collectively.

The unsuccessful co-operatives were the hatters, the cigar-makers, the shoemakers and other similar enterprises.

They failed because they did not recognize the strength of the existing commercial system. They knew how to produce, but they did not know how to dispose of their products.

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