

NOVEMBER, 1911

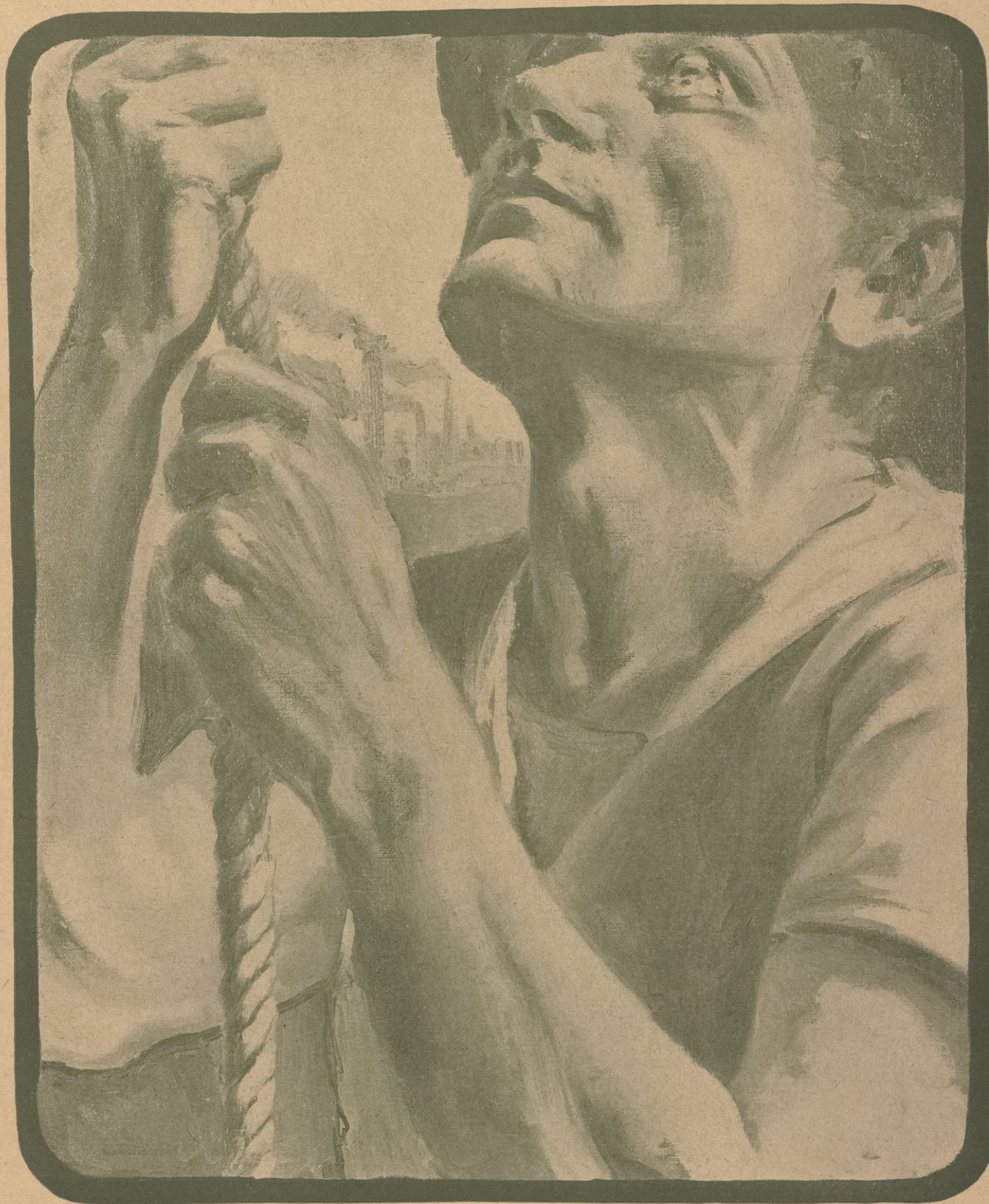
NO. 11

PRICE, 5 CENTS

THE MASSES



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE WORKING PEOPLE



DRAWN FOR THE MASSES BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

INDUSTRIAL NUMBER

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



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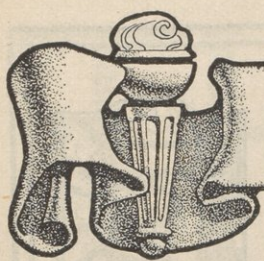
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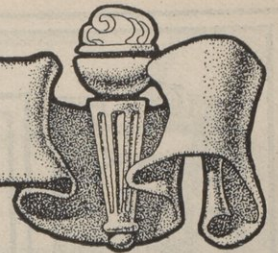


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EDITORIALS



Grandma and Drama

SPEAKING of the drama (if anybody was) suggests the fact that a play by Joseph Medill Patterson called forth a severe criticism from one of the New York morning papers on the ground that the playwright had tampered with religion.

It is true that the drama did touch on that tabooed topic Divorce. It considered divorce as it affects the members of the Roman Catholic Church where a separation is allowable, but where neither party is permitted to marry again. According to the critic the play had no right to deal with such a topic.

Now whether the subject was adequately and fairly handled is altogether beside the point, but the criticism that the drama should not treat such subjects must be resented.

Everybody knows that Art in the present age has sunk to a low ebb in spite of the fact that there are more active creative minds now than in any previous generation. The poor productions of our geniuses are to be accounted for simply because we no longer take Art seriously. Art should express the highest and deepest thoughts of the age. Instead for the most part it expresses only the most trivial because it does not deal with living questions but with long dead issues.

There is no vehicle better suited for a presentation of real problems than the theatre. But we attend a play nowadays to see only the sentimentalities of a hundred years ago threshed out. The playwrights do not touch the intimate affairs of our lives—they deal in candied emotions and present to us the histories of people who are conveniently remote and social forces which rarely force their way into our existence.

In the name of all the gods let us have plays dealing with Divorce and the Roman Catholic Church and High Tariff and the Republican Party and Snobbery and College Graduates and with any and every other topic that people refrain from discussing because they are afraid.

A few more plays dealing with the Things-We-Never-Talk-About and the stage may become again an active social force.

Glory of Ugliness

TODAY ugliness has reached its climax. It is the age of ugly things. And this is not strange when one considers the character of the men who are the arbiters of the taste of the world.

These arbiters are not the artists of the world, which might seem strange to a man from another planet. He might suppose that if anybody were to decide on the aesthetic side of great structures, or little ones either, it would be men who had given their whole lives to a study of the beautiful. But the men who have studied the beautiful have no say in the things of this age. They are servants to the men who have earned or gambled or filched enough to rule our affairs.

The Fat Stomachs have acquired money and they want two other things: Love and Fame. Through gifts of libraries and funds to missions they think they may get love, and through the exercise of their good taste they know they will acquire fame.

As a rule this good taste is very bad taste. They have been brought up in an atmosphere in which perfection meant the heaping up of wealth—he attaining the nearest to this heaven whose private safe was the largest. This general attitude they have brought to bear in their judgment of the fine arts. Quantity and cost have always appealed to them—whether in size or color or variety. Gaudy things, ornate things, bulky things and costly things have been their goal. No poet has been sweeter to their ears than the poet of the advertising page; no artist has been more pleasing in their eyes than the man who drew illustrations for the latest brand of corsets or overcoats. No music has been music to them unless sung by a tenor whose salary was printed in the papers.

And we have followed their lead in all things and fallen down to worship ugliness as often as they gave the sign. It is encouraging to think that at last this blind following is beginning to pall on us and that the very sight and sound of the ugly age are beginning to be the strongest weapons against those responsible for the ugliness.

Gaby

SOME weeks ago there came to the land of the free and the home of the slave a young lady from the capitals of Europe. She did not come from any particular capital; she hailed from all of them. Each great center of population in Europe had paid her tribute and had flocked to see her perform upon the music hall stage. Not, be it noted, that the lady could sing or dance or roll hoops or swing Indian clubs or perform on the trapeze or do magic tricks; none of these things.

The audiences that came to see her were fascinated somewhat by her jewels and her good looks and her changes of costume (60—count 'em—60) but more by the stories about her Past.

For the young lady had a Past. Her feet had twinkled so alluringly that Manuel, the puissant ruler of Portugal had hung his crown on the weeping willow tree to follow the course of Gabrielle Deslys. The lady had been so successful a charmer that Manuel had forgotten his affairs of state in the state of his affair. Or so her Press Agent said.

But when Gaby (for such is the euphonius shortening of Gabrielle) came to our pleasant shores a good woman rose and said it was disgraceful. She said it was setting a bad example to the young ladies of the land to show them a person who had risen by the slack of her morals. The reformeress said it wasn't safe to show the immature this spectacle of the triumph of a music hall dancer. They might want to go out and do the same thing themselves. It was all right to exhibit Honest Industry Victorious and all that but not Gaby Deslys.

And the good woman who wanted Gaby barred was really wiser than she knew for, good Heavens! what will happen to our nation when the young people once become accustomed to the unpleasant but unanswerable fact that some things pay better than hard, honest work.

If you would like to become celebrated as a builder do not take a pick and shovel but get an office job with some bribing contractor. Your name will be known much sooner.

If you are an architect build what the bourgeois want. Let your dreams of beauty rot in your soul. It's the only way to make a good living.

If you are a writer—write what the Fat Stomachs read if you care to pay your grocery bills.

If you are a lawyer plead the cases that pay you best. Justice is a fine thing, but a client that pays regularly is much better.

If you are a doctor be a fashionable doctor. Helping humanity is glorious, but there's not a decent existence in it.

In a word prostitute yourself.

But of course not a word to the young about this. Some people must do the work of the world. We cannot tell every one that prostitution pays because if we did everyone might abandon the hard graft for the easy pickings and then who would tend the furnace and raise the wheat and sweat in the mills and carry away the garbage?



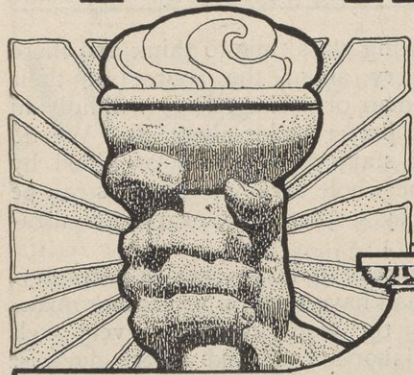
Drawn for THE MASSES by Alexander Fopini.

WOMEN AND LABOR

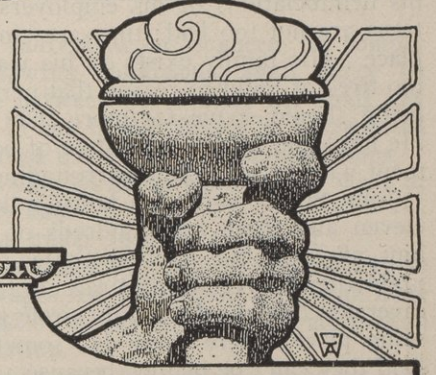
THIS represents the Brainy Business Man and his stenographers. It will be observed that the Brainy Business Man is addressing himself to only one of the stenographers. He has addressed himself already to the other, and his words were to the general effect that she had better stay until she had finished those letters because they were to be sent out the first thing in the morning. But the Brainy Business Man is saying something very different to the second young lady who is good looking and young and apparently not unwilling to go out and Have a Bite to Eat. The Brainy Business Man enjoys a bargain in women. Considering the over supply of women who are looking for jobs a bargain in this commodity is not hard to find. A great deal of rot is talked about the divorce evil and the social evil and the sweating of women workers and similar topics. If women were made economically independent these things would settle themselves automatically, and many a Brainy Business Man without any Back to his Head would settle down into his proper sphere—whatever that is.



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✻ ✻ 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

NOVEMBER, 1911.

No. 11

EIGHT HOURS AND REVOLUTION

TWO ways there are to make a Revolution.

The first way is to put a gun into a man's hands and tell him to kill.

The second is to put an idea into a man's head and tell him to think.

Any one would think that a Gun Revolution would be preceded by an Idea Revolution. But not always.

It is true that always there have been some fighters who thought as well as shot straight, but for the most part the followers in any revolt of the people have not been thinkers with a definite plan of action. They have been rather outraged individuals. They have felt keenly the sting of the injustice of their age and they have rebelled.

So it was with the men who followed John Ball in England; so it was with the peasants in medieval Europe; so it was with the citizens who staked their lives on the side of the French Revolutionists.

All these people believed thoroughly in a Revolution because they hated thoroughly the conditions that bound them. Without being sure of a remedy they had no patience with the disease.

THIS is the reason why most Revolutions fail.

It is not that the fighters lack courage or the spirit of self-sacrifice. But they do lack what is just as important—knowledge.

It is possible that a proletarian Revolution is coming. If the Socialists have their way this Revolution will be a bloodless battle of ballots. If the Socialists do not have their way it will amount to a tremendous acephalous uprising which will cost the world terribly in lives and happiness and which in the end will be crushed as all such uprisings have been crushed.

Yet this Revolution may be averted and to-day the attempt to divert it is on a larger scale than ever before.

FORMERLY, and to-day in some parts of the United States, the laborer was treated with great visible brutality. The iron heel was strongly in evidence; children were driven to the mills before daylight and working men and women were stricken with horrible industrial diseases that might have been prevented. Capital flaunted itself and scoffed openly at the misery of labor.

By HORATIO WINSLOW

"Survival of the fittest" was the term most mouthed from the capitalistic press and pulpit.

But matters have changed. It is true that women and children are still brutally used in more than one factory and that employees in certain industries are still fouled by industrial diseases but Capital has begun to cover up its tracks. The "Survival of the fittest" is a phrase seldom used to-day in economic discussions and a most strenuous effort is being put forth to keep the working class from seeing too much of their chains. The slave who sees his manacles every hour of the day begins to rebel. He may not rebel intelligently but he rebels just the same.

THE Capitalists do not want any rebellion in their order of society. Therefore it is to their interest to keep the under dogs from considering too curiously their position. Let the under dogs find out that they are being brutally misused and they may snap at the hand that throttles them.

Accordingly it is up to the Capitalist to keep from the Laborer any of the rebellious emotions that occasionally end in the tie-up of empires. The Capitalist accomplishes this first, by letting up on his needless and often wasteful brutalities, and second, by turning the mind of the Laborer to something else.

It is with the wisdom of Old Man Serpent that the Capitalist subscribes largely to hell-fire revivalists and public concerts and all other awakeners of the peaceful emotions.

As long as the worker must feel the Capitalist wants his feelings directed into safe and sane channels. Let him feel sad when the band plays "Down on the Swanee River," or patriotic when it tears off the "Star Spangled Banner," or uplifted when the gentleman in the black coat explains the mysteries of the providence of God.

THE Past may be the mother of the Future, but the Future is not the duplicate of the Past.

The days of frank open unashamed capitalistic brutality are past. They are as extinct as the dodo. But a more dangerous form of government is at hand; more dangerous because more subtle.

So long as the worker is not openly outraged he will not feel rebellion. So long as he is kept working ten hours a day he will not think rebellion. Long hours make a heavy head. Keep a man stalled in the midst of whirring machinery repeating the same motion over and over and he is not partial to a philosophical discussion at six o'clock. He wants to eat something first, and then he wants to be entertained and then he wants to sleep.

But he does not want to think and he will not think so long as he works ten hours a day.

You cannot blame him because the path of least resistance is so easy and the path of intellectual effort after ten hours of solid work is so hard.

Twelve hours a day might make him an emotional revolutionist. Eight hours a day might make him a reasoning revolutionist. Ten hours leave him soggy and contented.

TAKE the case of John Smith. He is a plain ordinary man—this John Smith; he has no frills about him. When he was fourteen years old he was taken out of school and put to work. He started in as a helper at fifty cents a day, and is now earning two dollars and a half in the same shop. He married at twenty-one; has four children living and has reached the age of thirty-five without ever getting brain fever from using his head. He votes the Republican ticket because he believes that a high tariff saves the workingman from cheap foreign labor. He belongs to his union and he thinks he believes in unions though of course he pays no attention to those long-winded fellows who get up every so often and begin to spout about the worker owning all he produces and other such obscure and unaccustomed statements.

One reason that this talk does not appeal to him—and that is the main point I am trying to bring out—is the state of his mind after the day's work is over. He is tired—dog-tired—clean beat out. He hasn't energy enough to follow a discussion—let alone take part in one. Of course, if the meetings of the union are held at night he'll take part because it's his duty to be present and because if he were absent too often without excuse he might be fined. But he accepts the union just as he accepts the sunshine and the factory and the policeman on the corner.

His not to reason why—his but to do his work and die when he gets too old to work any longer. He does not know the whither or the whence of the union and he doesn't care.

IF conditions were unbearable at his place of work he would doubtless become violent in his denunciations of his employers. But conditions are not too bad; they are simply commonplace. His family exists on his wages and he is too tired at night to reason that perhaps a human being should strive for more than an existence. He lives and he dies in a state of bovine contentment with his economic surroundings.

John Smith works ten hours a day or perhaps eleven and there are hundreds of thousands of him all over the United States. Night after night they leave the job tired out. If they want diversion outside the family circle they seek it in some place where there is "something doing." And they can't be blamed because after ten hours of jarring work it takes an exceptionally strong and aspiring mind to take pleasure in political discussions. And if John Smith is a family man he doesn't care to spend his evenings somewhere else—it's little enough he sees of his wife and children as it is.

And there's the situation in a nutshell.

"WHY doesn't the working class wake up?" queries the indignant young orator.

Because it's too sleepy; and that's as sound an answer as you'll find anywhere.

Give the working class time to refresh itself. Let John Smith have his sleep and his hours at home and a bit of outdoor recreation and he'll wake up to his economic condition in a hurry. You won't have to wind the alarm clock up tight either. He'll wake up for himself.

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," is a grand old capitalistic motto. It has always been a favorite with employers. Keep the workers busy with their work except at meal times and sleep times and you have the foundation for a contented corps of employees. They will be contented because they haven't time enough to be anything else. Work a man too much and his jaded nerves may spur him into rebellion. But overwork him just comfortably and you turn him into a patient uncomplaining drudge; satisfied with things as they are and too tired to reason out things as they ought to be.

That is why the Eight Hour Day means Revolution.

THERE is just one kind of Revolution that really counts and that is the Revolution that takes place in men's minds. And that Revolution is only made possible through certain definite economic bases.

Goad the workers of the country to armed rebellion as they are being goaded to-day in Pennsylvania and other master-ridden states and you will have a Revolution indeed, but not a Revolution that will "stay put." It will be bloody and tremendous and inspiring, but in the end it will fail because it will be backed not by reason but by hate.

Work a man twelve hours a day before a furnace and he may be able to hate very definitely but unless he is an extraordinary exception he won't be able to think clearly. If long hours of work helped clear thinking it would be a mercy to the race, if we all were apprenticed to some slave-driving mill-owner.

BUT long hours produce tired brains. It is inevitable. They rob man of his little ascent in the world and tend to level him back to a creature of passions and instincts. The exceptional man may survive this leveling. The average run of us succumb to its deadening effect.

I believe in Revolution—in an upheaval and a grand transformation. But I believe that this

Revolution ought to begin at home and that the first thing to revolt ought to be the mind. The mind ought to revolt against all the errors and superstitions with which it has been crammed. And this the mind can do successfully only through education.

And education implies time to think.

When you look back at it that is all civilization means anyway—just time to think. We stopped roaming as hunting tribes and raised our own cattle so that we might have more leisure to plan better ways to get food and shelter. Whereupon we discovered that we could raise grain and domesticate wild fruits. And then we built cities where we might live more untroubled lives and have still more time to think. And because the fields and cattle took overmuch time we captured slaves to sow and reap and herd that we might have all the hours to think. And steam and machinery and electricity and a thousand more things we discovered that we might give our brains the necessary leisure.

BUT we never brought home to ourselves the fact that we were divided into two classes—part of which had time and part of which supplied time to the others. In short, that the thinkers thought in the spare hours of other people's lives and that these others, the men and women who worked, had no adequate time for thinking.

Now we're beginning to realize that and we're beginning to realize, too, that the brains of the men and women who have never had a chance to think may be and undoubtedly are just as capable brains as those of the professional thinkers.

And another point. When necessary communal work is divided fairly among a group and one set of persons does one thing and one set does another; the work is supposed to be for the benefit of all. In a camping party, for instance, if John and George agree to wash the dishes and keep the fire and clean camp while Henry goes out to hunt, they have a right to expect that Henry is doing the hunting for the benefit of the crowd and that he will not cook the prairie chicken or the duck or the partridge by himself. They are doing uninteresting work in order that he may have a chance to do interesting work—but it is interesting work done for the benefit of all three.

NOW that consideration is what we had a right to expect from our professional thinkers: The workers have worked for all and there was no reason why the thinkers should not have thought for all; *but they haven't.*

Just one thing has rested heavily on the thinkers' minds and that has been the problem of keeping themselves perpetually on top and away from disagreeable work.

SO at the beginning of the Twentieth Century we are pretty generally beginning to realize that we have made a mistake. We had no business to separate the doers from the thinkers. We must combine in each man the thinker and the doer.

We realize this, and by we I mean the men and women who have awakened to some idea of social consciousness and who believe that the world is not a football for money kings. But a peculiar situation has arisen.

Let us imagine that all the professional thinkers of the world wished to climb off the backs of the doers and help take up the burden of the hard work of the world. They would not be allowed to do so. And who would stop them? Not millionaires, I promise you, but the doers themselves.

OVER-WORKED and stupefied by long hours the doers do not want a change. If they did want it they could have it in a minute. They

could run the country as they pleased. But they are indifferent—they do not know. They are asleep.

And there is only one way to wake them out of their lethargy and that is to give them less time to work and more time to think.

That is what the Eight Hour Day can do and will do.

Give the working class time to think and there need be no worry about the course of their thoughts. No man or woman lives willingly in confusion. We prefer order about us. We do not wish to be starved or frozen or killed by chance, when the whole array of disasters can be largely averted by a systematic, orderly, civilization.

No new inventions or inventors are necessary. Of course we shall have them in increasing quantities, but really the world is already very well equipped with labor-saving and safety devices. It is only necessary to apply them and they cannot be applied until we live in a society where the welfare of all is regarded as of more importance than the welfare of the stock market.

Give the working class time to think and they will think right. And there is no use bringing about a Revolution until they do think right. Blind revolt accomplishes nothing constructive. Its good influence is balanced by the shower of blood and tears in which it ends.

BUT intelligent revolt is irresistible. It will not be denied. It can batter down the gates of palaces and can raise up the halls of the people. It is only destructive to be constructive. It tears down only to build anew—to build larger and better and finer.

But intelligent revolt presupposes education and education presupposes time to think.

Time to think!

And where shall we get the time to think? Why, from the men who now are masters of the day of the working class. Through our legislators we must work for an eight-hour day, and through our unions we must strike for one. But we must get it.

Not because the Eight-Hour Day will solve the problem of the unemployed or because it will gradually transfer into the hands of the worker the control of the machine or because of any other millennial promise wrapped up in the Eight-Hour Philosophy.

THE Eight-Hour Day is valuable for just one thing: it will give the working class time to think and that means inevitable Revolution.

Yes, the Eight-Hour Day means Revolution. Don't get away from that. When you advocate it you are not speaking for a palliative measure or a crust from the banquet. You are demanding that millions of men capable of demanding an orderly civilization, be given time to think.

And of the end of that thinking there can be no doubt.

Are You Satisfied With Your Weekly Income?

Would you like to make a few extra dollars?

If you are in the above class we want to correspond with you.

This proposition will appeal to men who are hustlers and in close touch with their party organization.

Write to-day.

Address P. MITCHELL, 209 E. 45th St., N. Y.

THE BATTLE-CRY FOR 1912

By PIET VLAG

WELL, Mr. American Workingman, are you going to vote for yourself in 1912? Or will you still let yourself be handled as just so much election material to be sold to the highest bidder.

For a decade you have been voting for the "Best Man," the "Winning Side," or for the "Good fellow who lives around the corner." You surely have found out long ago that they are all in politics for what there is in it. In a measure you have even approved of that. "Why sure," you said, "that's his business," and like a good fellow you patronized his business.

It is not such a bad business, either, you know. It's more profitable than yours. If it wasn't he couldn't loan you a fiver when you are broke about election time, or blow the gang around the corner to keep them cheerful. Oh, yes, you surely know, how to keep the politicians comfortable.

But how about yourself? The price of food nearly doubled in the last ten years? Jobs getting so blame scarce that sometimes you can't find them at all. Rents going up so you have had to move into a three-room flat. What about all this? It is getting real serious you know.

Do you remember the last Democratic Election Cry? Sure you do. You elected Murphy Boys because they had money enough to get out plenty of very large posters on the high cost of living.

They mocked you in your misery. The cost of living has again increased since the Murphy Boys got in.

Do you recollect how you voted the ticket of your boss, because there was a poster at the factory gate which said, "That he sincerely hoped you would vote his ticket, as he would be forced to lay you off if you failed to do so."

And you know that he mocked you. Or did not that occur to you when you walked the street for a job the last time?

To be sure he will have you buffaloed again in 1912. Or won't he?

You have voted for the Trust-buster. You pay nearly twice as much for your sugar as you did a year ago. Who pays the fine of the Sugar Trust? Who bust the trust?

You have voted for all sorts of people who were in the business. You have voted for fools and knaves. You have been mocked and betrayed. Will it be the same in 1912?

How about going into politics yourself? If it is a good business for them it can't be so bad for you. How about raising your own battlecry for 1912? How about this one?

Eight hours work a day. Two dollars minimum wages. Abolition of Child Labor.

It looks good, don't it. It looks as good as the beautiful apple way up in the tree. Now for a stepladder to get at the apple. Your stepladder is the Interstate Commerce Clause in the Constitution. Under that clause Congress has the power to pass an act by which transportation of goods from one state to another can be forbidden unless they are made under certain conditions.

That's how Congress can force the manufacturers to pay you decent wages. That's how your little girl can be kept out of the factory. That's how Congress can enable you to come home and live with your wife and children, in-

Only such individual or concern as comply with the following conditions, shall carry on any commerce between the States; nor shall any articles made in the United States be transported from State unless made under these conditions.

1. No more than 44 hours work in any week or 8 hours in any day.

2. No person under 16 to be employed.

3. No man or woman over 21 or under 55 to be employed at wages less than \$2.00 a day and none at less than \$2.50 a day in cities of more than 200,000 population.

4. Wages to be paid for weekday holidays.

Do you think this law will help you, and your

family? Do you want it bad enough to vote the Socialist Ticket? Then by all means vote that ticket, because that's the one and only way you can get it. A multitude of concessions to the working people have been made by the European capitalists. They were not made because the people voted for the capitalist representatives. Oh, no, on the contrary, the fewer votes they got, the more concessions the capitalists made. The more concessions the people got the more fully they realized that they were not living, or hardly even existing, the more determined they grew to live their full womanhood and manhood.

The workers of Europe are getting it. Why aren't you getting it Mr. American Workingman? They are voting for themselves. They organized their own National Campaigns. They talk Socialism in the shop; in the street, at home, everywhere and whenever they have a chance. They spend their spare pennies on literature, spend their time in the distribution of the literature. They go on strike for it. But whatever is done they do themselves.

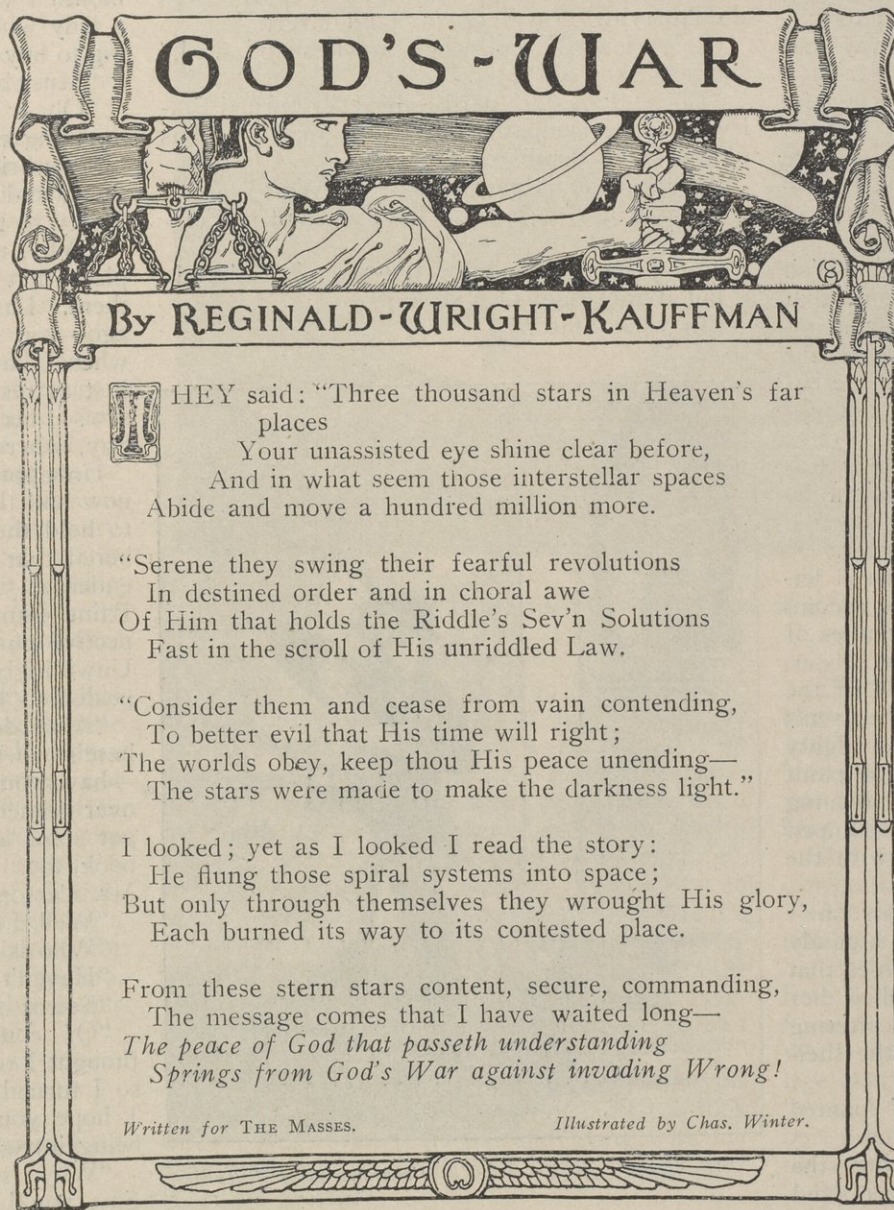
What are you going to do in 1912? Mr. American Workingmen. Are you again going to be fooled. Or do you think it is about enough? If you do, join the Socialist Party and vote the ticket.

TO SOME SOCIALISTS

The object of this magazine is to prepare the people for the democratic control of the means of distribution and production. To arouse the people to class action. We are primarily interested in the immediate economic surroundings of the people. We believe that a national agitation for this law will do more for the people than a discussion of "Surplus Value" or "Secondary Exploitation."

Many Socialist locals have realized the necessity of a change of policy and have adopted The Masses to do it with. We supply these locals with organizers, some of whom make as much as \$25 weekly in their house to house sale of literature.

HOW ABOUT YOUR LOCAL? WE HAVE A PLAN. WRITE FOR IT.



THEY said: "Three thousand stars in Heaven's far places

Your unassisted eye shine clear before,
And in what seem those interstellar spaces
Abide and move a hundred million more.

"Serene they swing their fearful revolutions
In destined order and in choral awe
Of Him that holds the Riddle's Sev'n Solutions
Fast in the scroll of His unriddled Law.

"Consider them and cease from vain contending,
To better evil that His time will right;
The worlds obey, keep thou His peace unending—
The stars were made to make the darkness light."

I looked; yet as I looked I read the story:
He flung those spiral systems into space;
But only through themselves they wrought His glory,
Each burned its way to its contested place.

From these stern stars content, secure, commanding,
The message comes that I have waited long—
*The peace of God that passeth understanding
Springs from God's War against invading Wrong!*

Written for THE MASSES.

Illustrated by Chas. Winter.

stead of falling asleep at the supper table and rising to catch the car before the sun is up.

Congress can do all that and more if they want to, but you must make them want to.

How can you make them want to? Simple enough. Vote for yourself. Go into politics yourself. If four or five million of you vote the Socialist ticket in 1912 it is dead sure Congress will want to. You can tell Congress **what you want** by voting the Socialist ticket. They will believe if you do that. They will know you mean business.

Through the Socialist Party you tell Congress that you want them to enact the following law.
Proposed Act to Regulate Interstate Commerce.



A DAUGHTER OF DELIGHT



Written for *The Masses*.

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

Illustrated by H. J. Turner



LET it be prefaced then at the beginning that this is no smoothly running, well oiled story starting with a lady in distress and ending with the Lohengrin Wedding March. True, it begins with a young person about to be run over by an auto truck, but

thereafter, instead of moving unctuously and quietly to the climax and finish it bumps along with the jolt and break of a series of intermittent conversations. For it was in this way that the story came to me from the lips of Staley—came between long pauses for smoke circles and meditation.

He told it me in his room while pipe smoke floated blue before his print of Monna Lisa—this record of his strangest Billy Carsoning; and here I set it down again for you.

And what, pray is Billy Carsoning? Well then (also in the beginning) understand that Billy Carsoning is a pleasure of diverse manifestations which is played at and enjoyed by the great only. Robert Louis Stevenson for one has left a record of his essays in Billy Carsoning—though he called it something else; Villon must have Billy Carsoned; Shakespeare certainly was a Billy Carsoner; and no doubt one might go back to Chaucer and Petronius and perhaps old Homer himself. But Staley was no writer.

By day he indexed names and addressed letters and composed appealing circulars to a comatose public as yet unawakened to the beauties of Pettison's Paint—It Does Not Flake or Blister. But after 5.30 away from the iron rule of the office he did not care much whether Pettison's Paint adorned the country seats of the mighty or not. At 5.30 he expunged the word paint from his vocabulary and went Billy Carsoning and it was while thus employed that he bumped into the Episode of the Strange Lady with the Vivacious Imagination.

There were no dull colors in the fair one's outburst at the errant auto truck. It was a gaudy assortment of splendid Anglo-Saxon curses that spluttered past Staley's ear as he pulled her from the wheels. And she was still scattering Greek fire as the two of them reached the shelter of the corner.

"Hope it didn't—hurt you—much," panted Staley, "no time to go slow—bad crossing."

Bad crossing! There wasn't nothing the matter with the crossing. I've been over 42nd and Fifth avenue a thousand times. It was just that—" she stopped suddenly and as she looked at Staley it seemed to him that something like shyness shaded her eyes. "Pardon me," she said quickly. "Did I say—something? You know once when my husband and I was out West I got a habit of swearing. There was some awful rough men worked on our ranch and—well—I picked it up. Of course, I never swear when I think about it, but times like this—"

A flood of white suddenly paled her face beneath its rouge and if Staley had not caught her she would have fallen again.

"It's my heart," she said after a moment of struggle. "It goes back on me all the time. If I just had some brandy—"

In spite of a financial crisis Staley rose gallantly to the suggestion.

"Oh, will you?" chirped the lady. "Say that'll set me right on my feet again. I left my pocket-book at home; let's go down here a ways—there's a little place with tables where we can sit down and talk. What was it you were asking me about Mr. Carson?"

At another time of day Staley might have felt embarrassed at playing escort to a woman who had neither freshness nor beauty to back up her taste in colors. But he led off with a will, for at this hour of all hours he was Billy Carsoning and to him who Billy Carsons nothing is low or shameful or to be avoided. Thus gladly and with no twinge of shame or abashment Staley sought the next turn of the adventure.

She began the conversation as they followed the hurrying crowd down 42nd street.

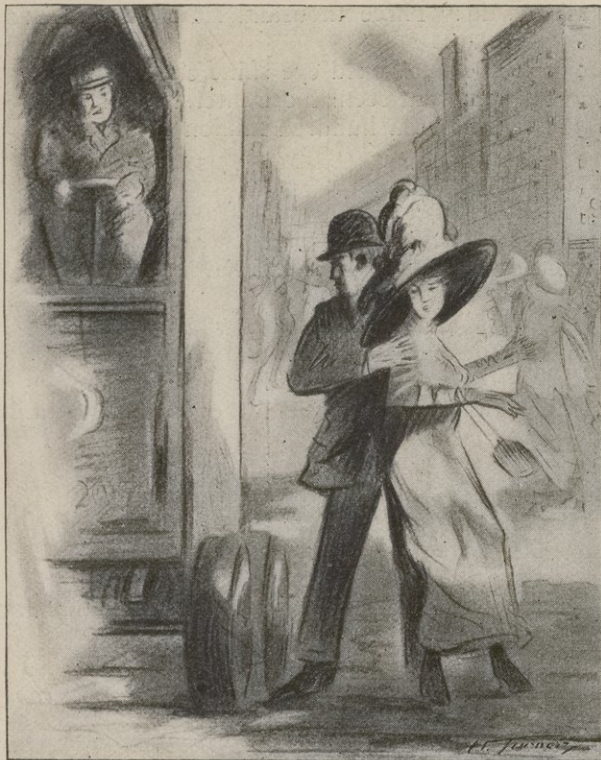
"It was awful sad when my husband died," she remarked abruptly.

"Those things are hard to bear," returned Staley with the sympathetic air of a man who has plumbed the depths of sorrow.

"We had an elegant ranch out West." "Was it in Colorado—I have an aunt in Colorado?"

"No (very decidedly). It wasn't in Colorado—but it was right near Texas."

"In what State?"



Illustrated by H. J. Turner.

There were no dull colors in the fair one's outburst at the errant auto truck.

"Why I told you—it was right near Texas." Staley changed the subject.

"Beautiful evening." "Yes, I often go autoing on an evening like this."

"I've never had money enough," said the tactful Staley.

"What! never?" "Not once."

"You never rode in an auto! Why, I've rode in hundreds of autos. I've got an auto of my own; it's a touring car. Sometime I'll take you out riding."

By the time they turned up the stuffy side passage to the back room of the café Staley felt well satisfied with himself, for he perceived that he had been classed as a simple-minded barbarian eager for the words of civilized life. It was a rôle he was skilled at playing and a rôle especially fitted to his present purpose.

In the back room two purple-faced gentlemen were seated at one of the tables; near the door stood a dirty-aproned waiter.

"Brandy," said the fair lady, then with a lower voice, "I gotta take brandy, dearie, on account of my heart. I dunno what my art teachers would say if they saw me drinking brandy in a place like that, but I gotta do it."

"Oh, you study art!"

"H'm! (indignantly) well, I cert'ly do. Last month I won the prize for painting a picture of a lady who's a millionairess—I expect she's going to buy it."

"Must be interesting to study art."

"Oh, I dunno—you get tired of it, same as anything else."

Two brimming brandies the art student tossed down and then exuding a calm indignation led Staley to the street.

"Why, my dear, if I'd knew what kind of a place that was I'd never have let you take me there. Last time—that was an awful long time ago—you know, I never touch a drop except when I have a cold (here she coughed), it was just as respectable a little rest-rant as you ever saw. I cert'ly won't ever enter them doors again. Say, where'll we go now?"

Unhappily even Billy Carsoners must descend now and then into the real world if they expect to hold their jobs. With regret Staley remembered that this particular working day had not ended at 5.30 and that the welfare of Pettison's Paint demanded that he meet a certain prospective customer at the appointed rendezvous. Unwillingly he made his adieus while she appealed to him for a future visit.

"Alice de la Vincennes—that's my name and here's where I live—two—one—one—four—six—have you got that down? Well, then, you come over sometime and we'll talk about art. I've got some awfully pretty pictures and a Gibson book, too. Say, what was it you asked me about Mr. Carson?"

"Well, I thought I saw him but I wasn't sure." "Who is he?"

"Haven't you ever heard of Billy Carson?" "Seems like the name's familiar."

"Of course you have—everybody has I thought I recognized old Billy, but I wasn't sure, so I turned to the first person I saw and asked. I hope you'll excuse me for speaking without being introduced."

"Why, sure, anybody would have done it. Say, you'll call on me now, won't you?"

"First chance I get."

"Good-bye. Papa'll be awfully glad to see you when I tell him how you saved my life."

"Oh, I just did what anybody would have done.. Good-bye."

Thereupon they went their different ways and Staley on looking up the young lady's address found there was no such number on Fifth avenue; which he had rather suspected from the first. In fact, it looked as though the acquaintance so happily inaugurated was to end with the first meeting, but Fate and Billy Carson ruled otherwise.

It was a sprinkly evening in October when Staley rang the bell of a tenement's fourth floor back. A stout German woman opened the door.

"Is Billy Carson in?"

"Who?"

"Billy Carson."

"Carson? I don't know dot name."

"Why, you certainly know Billy—tall fellow with light hair—sort of stoops over."

"Nein, I know nobody like dot name. My man is dead und all day I scrub so I don't got acquainted mit neighbors. Maybe my little girl she knows. Mary!"

But the little girl with all the shyness of six years, hid her head in the corner.

"I must see Billy to-night if I can," said Staley firmly.

"I got a lodger," said the woman after a moment's thought. "Maybe she knows him."

She had turned to one side of the little room when a door opened suddenly and lo and behold out come Miss Rose de la Vincennes.

Dressed much as before, but with cheeks pinker, she stared through the uncertain gaslight at Staley. As she recognized him she opened hands and stepped forward.

"Say! You're a fine one, you are! Why didn't you come around before? Why, I've been waiting for you and waiting for you!"

"What's the matter with my calling now?" said Staley, tactfully, omitting all reference to the Fifth avenue address.

At once she became downcast. "I can't stay at home to-night, dearie, I'm invited to a swell reception and I can't break the date. But you'll come and see me to-morrow—won't you?—to-morrow afternoon."

"But I'm not through work till half past five."

"Well, come then and I'll wait for you and we'll have a long talk."

To tell the truth when Staley found himself again on the street he anticipated the arranged call with much distaste. But when the time came round curiosity conquered listlessness and he found his way once more to the tenement where Miss Alice talked so interestingly and extravagantly that he became absorbed in her very vagaries. Her effort to play the great lady (temporarily in financial stress) was at once amusing and pitiful. He called again and then gradually began to look forward to the scraps of time that were his to spend with her.

She was not pretty; her days of beauty seemed long over and only in the vigor of her outline were there traces of the physique that had once doubtless been hers. Intellectually she was not in the running for a moment; indeed, it often seemed to Staley that her mind had actually crossed the border line and that she lived in a state of mild insanity. Yet, in spite of all this, there was about her an appeal—the appeal of a child in distress—a child cruelly hurt crying for someone to comfort it. Like that of a child, too, was her egotism and like a child's falsehoods her lying stood out transparent as plate glass.

"My folks give me the best kind of an education," she would start blithely.

"I can see that."

"I had governesses once and we traveled all over Europe."

"It must have been splendid."

"I used to could speak French and German and Spanish and Italian just like a native—why I could talk with any of these dagoes on the street; but I've forgot most of it now—only a few words. *Auf wiedersehen*—that's German, you know, for 'good-bye,' except *auf wiedersehen* is nicer than 'good-bye'—it means more."

"Must be pretty fine to know a lot of languages."

"But that wasn't all I knew; why, I went to a convent and got a swell education there and then I went to a girl's college."

"Did you enjoy that?"

"Oh, not so much. All the other girls were kind of jealous of me because I was so good looking and then you see I knew all the lan-

guages. They hadn't had any advantages like me so they got sore. But I didn't care—all the fellows were for me."

Strangely enough, however, this account of her past held true for one conversation only. The next time her life was discussed she painted it in more striking colors.

"When I was a little child I was the prettiest little thing you ever saw."

"I can believe that."

"You know I was born down South on a Southern plantation. My grandfather used to own a thousand slaves, but of course, after the war he had to let them all go."



"Oh, I dunno—you get tired of it, same at anything else."

"Then you were brought up in the South."

"Of course not (looking at him sharply as though suspecting a trap), I wasn't brought up there—I was just born there. It was like this: I lived down there till I was twelve and then a show came to town and wanted me to travel with them. My papa and mama didn't want me to go, but one night I ran away and I haven't seen either of them since, and that's God's truth. Sometimes I think I'd like to go back South, because that plantation is waiting for me any time I want to go and take it, but I'd rather be independent and earn my own living right here. Don't you think a girl ought to earn her own living?"

Once she showed him an old yellowish tintype.

"It's me, dearie; that's the way I used to look when I was seven years old and living with my dear mother. Wouldn't you know it was me? Wasn't I pretty?"

Yes, Staley could truthfully admit the likeness—the same graceful eyebrows—the same smooth forehead—the same petulant mouth. It was Alice—a very pretty little Alice—an Alice without trouble-furrows or worry-wrinkles or eyes clouded by too much gazing upon the world. And in the little Alice Staley fancied he could make out childish coquetries that echoed now and again in the woman he knew; through the changed body, spite all the misfortunes of the years they made themselves manifest.

"My father was one of the richest men in New York City. Before he died I never had to do no more than say, 'I want this!' and he'd get it for me."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, that's God's truth. And he used to think I was the prettiest child that ever was. Don't you think I was pretty once? don't you? Oh, if my dear father was alive I wouldn't have to be earning my living this way."

Naturally enough the source of her livelihood varied with the story of her life.

"I write for a living, you know. Oh, yes, I'm acquainted with a lot of editors—a lot of 'em. Of course, I don't sign my name to any stories because I don't want my folks to get wise to where I am, but you'd be surprised if you knew some of the names I write under."

Frequently she would be an actress.

"Klaw and Erlanger, they's crazy to get me to play in a new play they're putting out, but I won't do it because I don't like the leading man. You know how it is in the show business, dearie, you got to be the boss yourself or else let them boss you, and I'm not going to go back now no matter what sort of a salary they promise till I can go back right."

One evening she showed him a stenographer's notebook, a page or two filled with scribbles.

"Prob'ly you've wondered why I live down here with all these people and I'll tell you. *It's because I'm investigating 'em* (she gave the words an air of dense mystery). Yes, my college sent me down here to write a book about 'em and that's what I'm doing. Oh, it's going to be a fine book and when it's finished I'll give you the first copy."

Perhaps the ground reason of her illogical shiftings and turnabouts was that given to Staley by Mrs. Schmedling. "Sometimes," she whispered, "sometimes I think some mens knocked Alice on the head and then she got trouble mit the brains—mens you know, they got drunk. But Alice is a good girl just the same and kind by me and by my Mary, and you can be good no matter what you work at."

(To be continued.)

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The Masses " "	.50	



THE DUMB MUSE



Written for The Masses

BY EMANUEL JULIUS

Illustrated by Maurice Becker

IT was in the kitchen of the castle that scurrying Fritz labored. The smoke and heavy odors, the heat and the chef's cursing, the first cook's fuming and the hustling of the kitchen-boy, impressed one that here was a miniature inferno.

They called him "kitchen-boy," but he was not a boy—he was a man. Twenty-three, he said he was; thirty, he looked to be. And the decade Fritz



Fritz.

spent in the castle's kitchen did not tend to beautify him. Fritz was less than five feet in height, was round shouldered, partly bald and his teeth were decayed. He had a quick, nervous, irregular gait; deep-sunken eyes; a sharp, piercing, childish laugh, and stammered when he spoke.

In Fritz's mind Life carried no complexities. It was a very simple matter, extremely so—work from dark morn till black night, sleep in a room close to the kitchen and eat occasionally. That was all.

He never cared to go out—he had not the time, nor had he presentable clothes; and above all, he knew no one. But Fritz never complained. He was contented. Nothing bothered him. Never did any impossible desires creep into his heart and guawingly linger there to disturb the daily routine of his life.

II.

For a week the entire force labored extra hard preparing for a banquet to be held in the upper world. It meant work for all. The banquet was to take place in the dining room directly above; and for days a small army of electricians, carpenters and decorators had been at work transforming the room into the inside of a vast flower-ball.

At one end a stage was erected from which a world-renowned orchestra was to perform.

On the day of the banquet, all toiled for eighteen consecutive hours. An hour before the guests congregated, the chef supervised the hauling of the food

up into the pantry whence it was to be taken to the tables of the diners. As soon as that was attended to, all the kitchen workers, except Fritz, went to their beds. Fritz still had work to do.

The exertion of the last few days had its effect on Fritz—he moved about sleepily; looked haggard, pale, and his quick, jerky walk gave way to a slow, painful shamle.

But one light was burning and everything was quiet with the exception of a dull, continuous sound that floated down the dumb-waiter shaft. The sound was caused by the treading of many feet.

The noise gradually subsided and a deep silence prevailed. Not a sound reached Fritz, who continued his labors before the massive stove. As he was shoveling out the ashes, he heard a strange sound that came from above. He dropped his shovel—he was entranced. Never had he heard such strange sounds—such beautiful tones.

III.

Slow and mournful were the tones of the violas as they opened the theme of the symphony. That morbid, largo movement seemed to sound the sobs and wails of the wretched and unhappy. As the violas entered farther into their theme, the sob-like tones became weaker and softer—slowly were the wails dying out, like the heartrending gasps of a bird that bears in its breast the shot of the hunter.

The violins took up a melody of joy. It appeared like a battle between a growing giant and a dying love—louder and grander became the tones of bliss. Finally, the music of distress was heard no more.

Meanwhile, the song of happiness became stronger and mightier—new instruments joined in this symphony of love—the 'cellos, the wind, the brass, the harp, even the tympany entered this heavenly choir.

The violas had been silent since the

petus and they also grew stronger in this song of ecstasy.

It was a race of sound. Which would first sound the lost chord of forgotten love? was the feeling it expressed. Rapidly and rhapsodically played the musicians. The tones were carried higher and higher, and every instrument seemed striving for that final, vibrant chord.

All had caught the spirit of the message. None were lax. All went on, and up, higher and higher, when at last, with one climactic crash that vibrated through the entire building, the desired tone found expression. For a time they held it, and then—all sound died out—silence again was king—Fritz again a kitchen-boy.

IV.

"What were these strange sounds? Who made them?" Fritz thought to himself, muttering incoherently. Never had he undergone such sensations. He desired to feel, to touch, to see, to hear this that had thrilled him to the depths of his emotions.

For the first time he suspected that there was something above, in that world of song, that he had never known—something that pleased and gratified.

A great desire to hear more of this grand music came upon him. All evening Fritz remained at the bottom of the shaft listening to the music of the orchestra, the singing of the soprano, the soft, soothing tones of the violin and the rapid cadenzas of the piano.

When it was all over and Fritz had tumbled into bed, he remained awake for hours thinking of those glorious melodies he had heard—thinking of them and then enjoying them all over again.

He envied those who were above.

"Do I know anyone who can play?" he asked himself. With a quick move he was seated in his bed. "Yes, the bell-boy. He plays. I heard the help talk of him."



The Bellboy had an appreciative audience that night

cessation of their theme of mournfulness, but now the spirit of happiness pervaded their sadness and they also entered—though weak at first. The inspiration of the others gave added im-

He laid back on the pillow and closed his eyes. He was sleepy, very sleepy, and as his consciousness faded under the spell of sleep, his last thoughts were of that youth from whom he would

hear more of this light that had entered his soul—music.

V.

The bell-boy, porters, gardener, watchman, chambermaids and the rest were seated at the tables in the help's hall, close to the kitchen. Presently Fritz entered the room. He seated himself beside the bell-boy.

After hesitating a moment he asked: "You play the violin, don't you?"



Before him was Echo Bay.

"Yes, I do," was the bell-boy's reply. "Can I listen to you play to-night?" Fritz asked anxiously.

"Certainly. The steward plays the piano and to-night we are going to practice together. Come up and listen," the bell-boy answered.

"What time does the playing commence?" Fritz inquired.

"Oh, about half-past eight," said the bell-boy, taking a sip of coffee.

"I'll be there," Fritz answered.

That night the bell-boy had an appreciative audience. Fritz drank in every note and looked on with greedy eyes. After an hour of Handel, Gounod and Mendelssohn they ceased playing. And then, while the bell-boy was placing his instrument in its case, Fritz hesitatingly asked: "Do you think I ever could learn to play?"

The bell-boy was surprised. He never dreamed that the kitchen-boy was interested in music to the extent of desiring to learn. "Well, I can't say. The best way to find out is to try," the bell-boy answered.

Fritz's face brightened.

"Well, will you give me lessons? I will pay you."

"Yes. But first of all you must have an instrument.

"All right. I will buy a violin."

With that they parted.

Not many days passed before Fritz found himself the proud possessor of an instrument, box and bow that cost him a month's earnings. With his violin safely hidden under the bed, Fritz thought his ideal attained.

Only after work was finished could he practice, and to attempt it at that hour meant the curses of those who were forced to endure his ceaseless

scratching. Their abuse he patiently bore. But even then, he was too tired and sleepy to put much enthusiasm into his efforts. His hands soon tired, his fingers moved slowly and painfully, and he was so nervous that he could hardly hold the bow.

All this was distasteful to the well-meaning bell-boy. It did not take him long to conclude that Fritz and music made an impossible combination. How to inform Fritz, was a problem that racked his brain. Once the opportunity offered itself and in a soft tone he plainly told Fritz that it was useless for him to continue, that physical reasons made progress hopeless and that it would be best for him to abandon his intention.

This struck Fritz like a thunderbolt. All his dreams were shattered. All his plans were destroyed.

"Do you really think so? I will never know how to play?" Fritz asked.

"Yes, I feel certain. I'm sorry I encouraged you," the bell-boy answered candidly.

Fritz did not say another word. He

was dazed. He merely stared at the floor and mournfully shook his head. When he looked up the bell-boy was gone.

Fritz slowly regained his normal senses. He felt as though his heart were bursting.

"Never? No, no, maybe he means I will never be a great player," Fritz thought. He darted out of the room after the departing bell-boy. A minute later he was at his side.

Grasping the bell-boy's arm he hastily asked, "Do you mean that I'll never know how to play even a little bit?"

The bell-boy slowly nodded his head. Fritz did not walk any farther with the bell-boy. He turned back.

"I will never know how to play," Fritz sighed. "Never, never, never."

For the first time in years his eyes were dimmed with tears.

VI.

As he staggered along the pathway he began to question things. He saw the futility of harboring a single ray of hope. He realized that his ideal could not be realized. He saw that his whole

life had been wasted, that he had been serving others so busily that he had forgotten himself; and now, when he reminded himself of his cruelty to his own life, he saw that too late had he become awakened from his slumbers.

He continued to the end of the path and entered the road. Again and again he muttered, "I will never know how to play. Never, never, never."

So, through the night a lone boy staggered along, looking neither to the right or the left—he walked and walked, but knew not where. He only thought of his misfortune and in his breast he could feel an all-consuming fire—a fire of destruction.

For the first time he glanced back over the years he had traveled. He saw he had always been alone; had never known what it meant to have the love of a mother, the guidance of a father, the admiration of a friend, or the smile of a woman—all his life he had been alone to toil.

What is there to live for? Fritz asked himself. Only to work all day, sleep in dirt, bear the curses and kicks of brutes and breathe the foul air of rotteness.

Before him was Echo Bay. The Bay!—How calm, how resting, how beautiful it was as it glittered with the light of the moon and imaged the dark sky and fantastically formed clouds that hovered above; and the grass, the trees, the mighty rocks and the distant hills—all were there in all their magnificence.

But Fritz was tired—tired of everything—of life, of work. He craved rest. The night breathed the song of rest.

Soon he stood on a rock overhanging the Bay. He gazed down intently. It seemed to call him—to rest.

Yes, yes, he heard. It was calling him and he would answer.

He plunged forward, diving clumsily into the little waves. The water filled his throat, but he choked and battled forward. It seemed to him that above the roar in his ears there came the rejoicing of a violin. It sang its happiness from an infinite distance. Then it seemed to him that the string snapped and thereupon the waters and the whole world lapsed into dreamless silence.



KATHLEEN KELLY



Written for The Masses

BY JOSEPHINE CONGER KANEKO

Illustrated by Maurice Becker

DO you know Kathleen Kelly, who works down at the H. & B. necktie factory?

Come to think of it, I guess you don't, and this may sound like a stupid question since Kathleen's name never appears in the society columns of the Sunday Magazine Section. But Kathleen is quite worth knowing. If



They were going to get married.

she only had the wherewithal to get her name in the papers as a society belle, she certainly would shine large. And then, again, had she been this type of young woman, she probably would never have been worth having her name in the papers, for she would never have done the splendid thing that showed the pure gold in her make-up.

Kathleen worked for the Triangle Shirt Waist People before the terrible holocaust that set society half fainting all

with horror for a day or two. She got \$7 a week, and gave half of it to help take care of the family. That left her far from a millionaire. However, she managed to look nice, the ambition of every normal girl, because she had a "figure"—a natural one, by the way—and her skin was rose tinted satin, and her hair a yellow fluff that framed her face in like an aureole. A lot of the girls tried to dye their hair so that it would look "just like Kathleen's," but they only succeeded in producing a cheap imitation, and the beauty of the little Irish lass depreciated none in value because of their attempted rivalry.

Mike O'Donovan was horribly "gone" on Kathleen. All his friends knew it, and even strangers could see it with half an eye when he walked down the Avenue with her.

Nobody needed a microscope to tell that Mike was poor, nor an ethnological treatise to trace the Killarney blood in his veins. Neither did they have to see him look twice at Kathleen to tell that he was "plum dead" on her.

They were going to get married, this "swate" little girl and the big promise of a policeman. They had it all figured out, and every time Mike walked home with Kathleen—which was every evening of the world (to say every evening of the week would be positively meaningless in this case; it was "every evening of the world" or nothing)—they went over their accounts, adding, multiplying and subtracting, to see how near they were to their heavenly dream.

Their "accounts" didn't mean their bank account, or anything of that kind. It meant the difficulties that stood in the way of the performance—the lack of the bank account, the strain of the family relations upon them, the tiny income, and all the rest of it.

Once Mike had \$15 put by, but something happened to one of his folks, and it melted like snow under the ambitious glow of an early spring sun. How Mike hated to see that \$15 fade away! He had sweat blood to get it together, and to keep it together. But then, after it was only one of the small, every-

day tragedies of the poor, and nobody can really be expected to think of it seriously.

The day of the Triangle fire Mike had walked as usual into the building with Kathleen, and had stolen a kiss under the kindly shadow of a great staircase, before leaving her in the rush for work. Kathleen was awfully glad of that kiss later. As time passed she came to look upon it as a sacrament. It was the last Mike ever gave her.

Nobody knew how it all happened; everyone was ready to leave the building for their homes, when the horrible truth burst in upon them. Flames and smoke crept upon them from every side. Through the distance that lay between them Mike searched Kathleen out. He grasped her clothing and started to pull her through a gateway over the huddled, panic-stricken forms of a score or more of other girls. Kathleen loosed herself and drew back. "Save those girls, Mike," she screamed. "Force the gate open, and shove 'em through; I will help."

She saw him hesitate, and her tone commanded. He worked with the girls. In little groups of threes and fours he forced them through the opening and down the stairs. In their fright they delayed his operations, threatening immediate death to all of them. Mike could easily have saved himself and Kathleen, if she only had not bothered about the others.

At last the last struggling, half fainting girl was on her way to freedom and safety. Kathleen was sent after her. But Mike? Mike was never seen again dead or alive. Kathleen was picked up unconscious, and remained so for hours.

When she was strong enough to think she learned that Mike was one of the victims of the holocaust. Her Mike.

To-day Kathleen works at the H. & B. necktie factory. Not because she wants to. There is no happy dream now to keep her company as she bends at her task. She is a dead girl, breathing mechanically, moving about through the power of a chemical action within. Herself has nothing to do with it. She

would prefer to have her ashes mingled with Mike's in the dirt and grime of Manhattan's streets.

But, mechanically she works, and gives her people all that she earns, save enough to clothe her body and put food into her poor, dry little mouth. Her face is pale and pinched, and she is not even a ghost of the beauty she was.



"Save those girls, Mike."

But a score or more of other girls are alive and safe, and their friends and relatives are happy, even if Kathleen Kelly did sacrifice Mike O'Donovan and her everlasting happiness for them.

Special Club Offer
The Masses and the
Progressive Woman **60c.**



JULIA KIRWIN listened for an hour to the talk about the dead man, her breath coming and going quickly in the fierceness of her disappointment. She tried from time to time to quiet the mad heaving of her bosom, to compose her writhing features to some semblance of decent sorrow and sympathy. Her efforts were in vain. She did not much care, however. She knew, that in the general excitement, her tumultuous feelings would pass for grief. Fortunately she would be alone in a minute. Then there would be no need for further acting. She did not, herself, contribute a word to the conversation about her except when a question, tossed in her direction, compelled a mechanical assent or dissent.

Harry, the dead man's brother, had gone down to Cuba at the first news of his illness. The physician in charge had said that Lawrence, then only dangerously ill, might be removed. But he had died that morning in Boston. Harry had had the body coffined immediately. He was, they said, determined that his mother should not look on the hideous travesty of what had once been the handsomest face in their town. Harry had telegraphed Julia asking her to receive the body and to stay with it the five hours that should elapse before he would arrive with his mother. Julia had hardly arrived when his classmates had called in a body to pay their last respects to their famous comrade.

They were saying all the futile things that people immediately say of the dead, how handsome he was, how magnetic, how carelessly generous, how he had been his own worst enemy, how heroically he had died and how certain it was that his proud and successful future would have wiped out the mistakes of the past. They spoke of the pathos in the present situation, that the editorials of a whole land should be ringing with the fame of his brave act and he, dead, ere the print was yet cold. But every one of them knew, as Julia thought bitterly, that he was, in spite of his flash of transient heroism, a selfish ne'er-do-well, that he had drunk and gambled until he had nearly broken his mother's heart, that he had been a millstone about the neck of poor, patient Harry, struggling vainly to reinstate the family fortunes, that he had let nobody or nothing stand in the way of his luxurious desires.

Julia got up restlessly and went into the room where the body lay. She was a tall woman, thin, almost gaunt. Her face was thickly-tanned; her coarse gray-black hair grew low on her forehead. She had restless, burning, dark

eyes, small, pointed teeth and a cruel jaw.

The coffin lay on a table at the end of the back drawing-room. One lamp, turned low, dispensed its chary light over the scene. The room was funereal enough in aspect without the sinister detail of the long shining box that the pall of black cloth, the huge wreath of laurel and its purple ribbons, could not palliate. Back of it, one on either side, two huge bookcases in black walnut held dreary rows of dark-bound books. Above them, framed in faded gold, hung waxed mortuary wreaths. The other furniture was the slippery couch and the straight, uncomfortable chairs of the black walnut period, the other pictures framed certificates and stiff-looking portraits of dead-and-gone Maynards, coldly surveying the scene.

Julia sat down upon the sofa, leaned her head on her hands, and fixed her eyes on the coffin.

Well, he was dead. That was an end to all her schemes of revenge. He had evaded her and them. He had, moreover, died in the very nick of time. His name would, thereafter, be one of the honored ones of the little town. She wished that she might open the coffin to look at his face. Harry had said that Lawrence had not suffered much at the end—his hideous change had come after death. She wished that he had suffered. All her plans for vengeance had entailed physical suffering—ay, torture. She knew that there was no mental torment that could leave its mark on that facile and plastic nature.

She thought of Grace, pretty, weak, criminally weak Grace, rotting in the grave that her own fair hands had dug. Grace was her only sister. Julia had adored her, weaknesses and all. Oh, if she were only alive—if her sinister fate had not overtaken her!

She thought of Grace's child, the illegitimate last of the Kirwin name, the son of the man in the coffin, dead, too, these two years. She had grown to love dearly the quiet little fellow in her prudently few visits to the institution that harbored him. She had planned to adopt him, quietly, after a few years, and to bring him home into the town of whose society he should have been an honored member. His death had deprived her life of its last object—with the exception, always, of her revenge. It had by no means cooled her fiery desire in that direction. Now she was cheated even of that. Her eyes, fixed on the ebony prison, burned with angry hatred.

She listened dully to the sound of the conversation in the other room. They had risen—thank God, they were going!

Suddenly, above the hum of their decorously lowered voices, she heard a distinct rapping sound. For an instant her glance swept the room in surprise, in perplexity. Then she started convulsively, her face became ghastly. *The sound came from inside the coffin.*

"You're not afraid to stay alone, Julia?" one of them called in.

Julia Kirwin swung into the Eighth Heaven, which is not the heaven of satisfied desire, but the heaven of satisfied revenge.

"No, not at all, I prefer it!"

"Well, good-bye!" they chorused in voices decorously lowered.

She watched and listened as they filed out. The muted talk blurred softly away under the avenue of trees.

Julia sank on the couch, her look now diabolic in its intensity fixed on the coffin. A cruel joy, unleashed, ran in ripples across her face. The rapping kept up. It was getting fainter, though.

A WESTERN ECHO

Written for THE MASSES

BY JANE BURR

IT was August. The road was hot and dusty as it always is at the midday hour in Colorado. Brent had ridden since daybreak forty miles—and the miles are longer in Colorado than anywhere else. He was weary and half asleep and the horse's head hung so low that he did not see a pink sunbonneted figure ahead until he was nearly upon it. A girl of about fourteen was sitting on the side of the narrow road with her feet stuck out into the sand.

"Why in thunder don't you get out of my way?" he yelled.

"O, jes because," she drawled, without moving an inch.

"You pull your feet in or I'll run over you."

"Well, go on an' run over me; I don't care."

He pulled in and stopped, slightly interested in her absolute calm.

"What are you doing out here?"

"I wuz jes takin' a little walk."

"Where do you live?"

"About twelve mile up road."

"Do you do this often?"

"Yes, I take a little walk like this every day. See, I get tired settin' 'round the ranch all the time. I'm sick of it all, anyway."

"Sick of what?"

"The ranch and the men and the cooking. You ought to see my Paw turn flap-jacks and throw 'em up inter the air and ketch 'em in his skillet; it makes me sick to my stomach. You aint a rancher, are yer?"

"No, I'm from Denver."

"I thought so. Say, I wish yer'd take me back to Denver with yer."

"Why, I couldn't do that. What would you do in Denver?"

"Oh, I could keep house and work fer yer and keep out o' sight and nobody wouldn't know nothing 'bout me."

"People don't do that sort of thing in a city. When they live in the same house they get married. What would people think if you lived in the same house with me?"

"They wouldn't need ter know it and anyway that marryin' business is foolish. People ought to jes throw in together and when they gets enough ter marry then it's all right. My Maw and Paw aint never got married yit and they're all right."

"I'd be afraid that you'd be talked about."

"I told yer I'd keep out o' sight and, anyway, I aint a-carin' what folks say. They don't buy yer nothin'."

"Well, I'll think about it. If you are going my way I'll get off and walk and you can ride. Want to?"

"Nop. I won't let yer walk, but I'll swing up behind."

With the agility born of an open country and out-of-air living, she swung up behind and made herself comfortable.

"Yer comin' to the ranch for the night?"

"Do you think they'd keep me?"

"O, yes; we'll fix yer up some way. The next place is twenty-five mile up road."

"I'm so thirsty. I'm ready to choke. Isn't there a spring anywhere on this blooming road?"

"Nop. I take my own spring with me." She passed her arm around him and placed a cocoanut shell to his lips.

He smiled at her ingenious invention

and enjoyed the draught. When the ranch loomed up, she slid off the back of the horse and motioned to him to wait where he was. An ugly hag rushed out of the door and spoke to the girl who returned straightway with her orders. That night Brent slept in the loft on some new hay.

Next morning after breakfast when he walked back to mount his horse he found the girl standing near by.

"Take me up road a piece on the back of yer horse again?"

"Sure."

She caught hold of the animal's tail and mounted as easily as before and together they rode away from the ranch.

"Goin' ter ake me to Denver with yer?"

"No. I'm afraid I can't do that."

"All right."

"You don't seem very broken-hearted about it."

"Nop. What's the use?"

"How far do you want to ride with me?"

"This is fur enough, I reckon."

"What are you going to do?"

"Set here and wait fer someone to come along and pick me up. There's lots of good-lookin' fellers that comes along here and one of 'em will like me some day. I want mightily to go ter Denver."

She slid off the back of the horse again and sat down on the side of the road.

"You had better go home to your mother, little girl."

"No. I'm tired of the ranch. I'll jest set here fer a while."

"Well, good-bye; I'm glad I met you anyway."

"Good-bye and good luck ter yer."

He trotted off. At a turning he looked back. Far down the dusty road was a pink sunbonneted figure drawing pictures in the sand with her heel.

Make Your Mind Easy, Mr. Taft

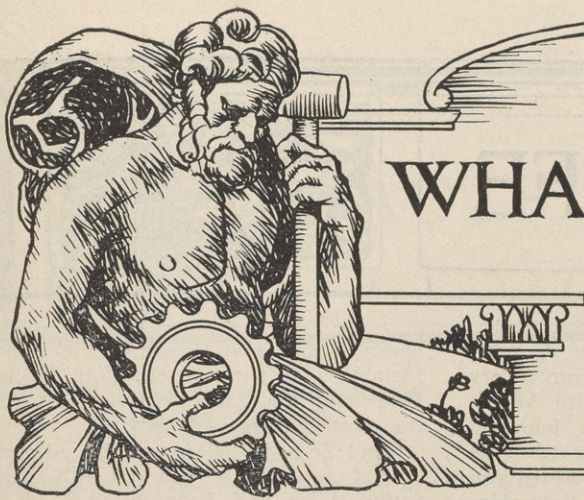
BY FREEBORN SAXON

WHAT is this that Mr. Taft has been telling the Iowa farmers?

"If we had allowed these combinations to go on and develop, the only remedy would have been to change by force the power thus concentrated in the hands of a few individuals to the state, and then we should have had a State Socialism."

"We must get back to competition. If it is impossible, then let us go to Socialism, for there is no way between. I for one am not discouraged as yet in the hope that we may return to a legitimate and independent competition. I am an individualist and not a Socialist."

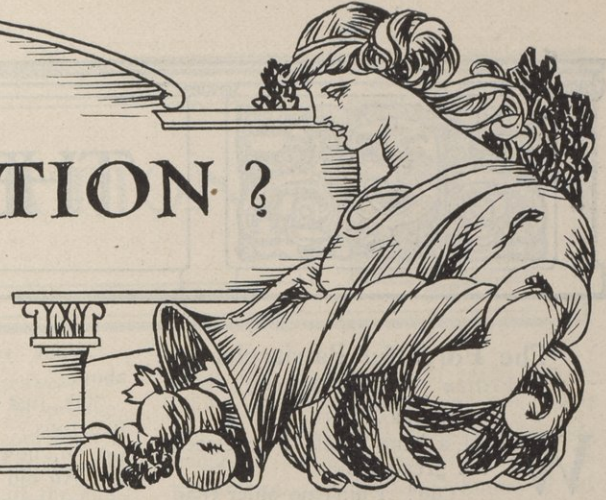
Poor Mr. Taft! This hope, in which he is not yet discouraged, lies in the Supreme Court's Standard Oil and Tobacco decisions—decisions carefully built to save the Trusts in reality while calling on them to go through the motions of breaking up. It is through these decisions and the actions of the United States Courts to follow them that Mr. Taft expects we shall get back to competition. He can hardly be serious in this notion, it must be mere platform talk. Evidently, he really expects Socialism. But don't worry about those precious individualities, Mr. Taft, which competition alone can keep alive! We Americans are all individualists—the Socialists above all, as you would know if you were in Socialist politics, and the kind of Socialism we Americans are going to develop will be the kind to build up individualities, not to suppress them.



WHAT IS CO-OPERATION ?

by

RUFUS · W · WEEKS



Illustrated by A. Goodwin.

A CORRECT definition could be got from the dictionary, no doubt; but we need something more vital, we want a phrase that will point out what it is that Co-operation is trying to achieve. Suppose we try this:

The Co-operative Movement is a guerilla warfare against Exploitation. At once some one speaks up and asks, "But what is Exploitation?"

Exploitation is that which is being done to the workers all the time, and which gives them the feeling that they are being got the best of, unfairly. The worker realizes that he is being *done*, in a number of ways, by the world above him—the world of money and of money-making. He feels that he does not get fair wages, nor fair hours, nor the steady job he is fairly entitled to; and that somebody higher up gets the benefit of his shortage. Then, when he has been paid his wages, such as they are, and when it comes to spending them, the workers cannot get the things he needs at fair prices; his rent, his food, his ice in summer and coal in winter, his clothing, all cost him more

in proportion to their value than such necessities cost the rich. Besides all this, his pennies are wheedled out of him by all kinds of experts in petty psychology, hired and drilled by the money-makers to hypnotize him into paying two or three prices for things on instalments and for simple things dressed up in fancy shape and offered under fancy names. The outcome of this varied and incessant pressure is that at the end of the year the worker finds that he and his family have got through the twelve months a little above the level of starvation, but that they have not lived a real life such as he feels they ought to have in a civilized world.

The fell conspiracy of the world of capital and trade which thus manages to squeeze out the value of the workers' labor is called Exploitation. It means that the substance of life is continuously subtracted from the worker and added to the gross and superfluous life of the exploiter. Exploitation may therefore be fairly figured as a war against the workers, and it is so felt. It naturally calls, then, for a war of resistance. The workers, or those of them who have been awakened, have

accordingly set up the war of resistance; they have set it up in three forms. The most thoroughly organized form, the regular warfare which is being waged by a united orderly force throughout the civilized world, is of course Socialism. Besides this regular war, guerilla warfare is being waged under two forms: Trade unionism and Co-operation.

The second of these forms means that workers here and there have united in groups to buy together the things they need, or to make together things they need or can sell; and that by thus co-operating they hope to escape a part of the all-surrounding exploitation. It is worth trying; those who try it faithfully are the better off for it; but the main good of such co-operation is that by it the workers learn the arts of producing and exchanging co-operatively, so that they will be ready to run the big business machine efficiently and to the social benefit when triumphant Socialism puts them in control of the resources and plant of civilization. Let us then by all means stimulate the guerilla warfare against Exploitation; let us build up the Co-operative Movement.

The Socialist Farmers' Co-Operative Association of State Line, Mississippi

BY THE REVEREND GEORGE D. COLEMAN

SO far as we know there does not exist in the United States a strictly co-operative productive association.

Co-operation as practiced is generally only the adaptation of joint stock corporations. Farmers' Productive Co-operatives, with which I am familiar, generally confine themselves to co-operative buying and selling; they issue as many shares to each member as the member can pay for; they do not go into "production," except in isolated cases.

THE SOCIALIST FARMERS' CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION OF STATE LINE, MISSISSIPPI, differs, in many respects, from these so-called Farmers' Co-operatives. As an illustration: we issue no shares; all things to be collectively used, are collectively owned; all things to be personally used, are personally owned; wages, in the ordinary conception of the word, are not paid; "time" put in is paid with "labor deposit checks"; "profits" or "results" are paid out in accordance with the amount of "labor deposit checks" the worker holds; in cases where the worker needs an advance, until division

is made, an advance of 10 cents per hour is made, payable out of the store; these advance payments are deducted out of the dividends.

Fifteen per cent. of the dividends are held for a "Collective Ownership Fund"; five per cent. to sustain sick members; no dividends are paid until the expense fund is deducted. However, this expense fund is very low as no salaries are paid to officers. Printing, stationery, postage, freight and other "collective" items are paid out of the "expense fund."

Only Socialist Party members are admitted to membership; the membership fee, which is \$100.00, may be paid for in labor, or in installments. Dividends of unpaid or partly paid members are applied to membership fee. Membership fee is returned in full cash to withdrawing members. Members have only one vote. All officers are subject to recall.

At present we are concentrating our energies on farming. Other industries will be established as the colony grows.

We do not expect to establish Socialism under a Capitalist régime; but we do expect to build for ourselves an "economic cyclone cellar" against the "capitalist tornado." We invite the comrades to come in out of the rain; to co-operate with us; we must hang together, or else hang separately.

A FEW FACTS.

Situation:—Green and Wayne Counties, Mississippi, 63 miles north of Mobile, Alabama, on M. & O. R. R., 70 miles south of Meridian, Mississippi.

In February, 1911, two Socialist farmers started the idea of this association, shortly two more joined and started to put in a crop, in August there were fourteen members and letters indicate some twenty more headed this way, and inquiries are daily increasing.

Comrade Clark donated 15 acres, an oak grove, to the association, for the Socialist Park, and the association proposes, as quickly as possible, to erect a hotel and common dining room, and erect houses to sell to members only as private property. Also 25 acres of cleared land has been leased for the association's use. There are over 600 acres of land held by members, subject to the use of the association, 159 of these being inside the corporation of State Line. We are but beginning, but have in view a large tract of land 2 to 3 miles west, which can be bought cheap, for collective ownership and use.

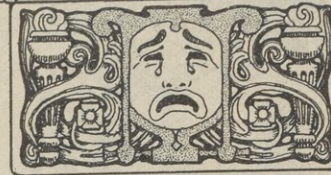
This is a healthy country, and people here don't die often, only once, and then it's either due to their own fault or to old age. When possible, we advise prospective members to visit here and see the country, climate, soil, location and local advantages.

Climate:—South of the "hot belt," and in "the gulf belt"; that is, cool summers, mild winters. No snow. (Satsuma oranges grow in the open.) Thermometer falls to 20 degrees above zero two or three times for a day or two with a northwest wind, but the general weather pleasant. No mosquitoes, no malaria, abundant rainfall, good water.

Soil:—Sandy loam, clay, gravel and black oxide of iron subsoil. New land gives 20 to 35 bushels of wheat per acre, and all grains do well. Natural grass country, but natives fight grass and raise cotton, and buy grain, hay, meat, etc., from the North. Excellent corn country, but natives import car-load lots of corn from the North. They know nothing of how to save, make or use manure, with few exceptions, but use fertilizer, thus skinning the soil of its humus, wear out the land, and then say it is poor. Land cheap and plenty, as the country is thinly settled. Good home and nearby markets for hay, corn and all produce. The country needs farmers, as the natives do not know anything about farming, except raising cotton and voting the Democratic party ticket. We want Socialist farmers to build up a Socialist neighborhood, even if they don't join our association.



THE COLOR OF LIFE



The Forgetful Patriarchs

Written for THE MASSES

BY VERA LYNN

WITH a bang Uncle Pete closed the great book.

"Old! I ain't no older than half your age anyhow."

"You ain't? Why, I bet you was an old rooster before I ever come out of the egg."

The silence was deadly, for in spite of himself Uncle Pete's delicate fingers had grasped the heavy book as though it were a weapon. "You got gratitude—you have! I read to you—"

"Yes, and when it stands on the page 'forgot' you read a different word."

Clenching his right hand, the hand that had interpreted the letters in dispute, Uncle Pete rose from the park bench. "It don't say 'forgot.' How could so many people forget?"

"Ain't they got a different climate? Don't they dress different? Don't they eat different? Ain't they all old men, prob'ly, like you?"

As the late reader tucked the enormous volume under his arm his voice quavered and broke with anger. "You can't talk to me like that, Anderson. And if you know so much about everything you can find your own way out of the park." Turning, he ran his cane carefully along the bank and, having discovered the gap in the shrubbery, felt his way by a cautious zigzag route to the levels of the cement walk. "You find your own way out—you know so much," he called as a parting shot.

Tap-tapping along the winding walk he assured himself fifty times of the righteousness of his conduct. "I can't help it if his sister leaves him with me. I'd have took him to the Home all right if he didn't know so much. Old! I bet he had children before I was born." Thus salving himself and at the same time nursing his wrath he came eventually to the stone steps of the Home and the genial guardian at the entrance.

"Hello, Uncle Pete," said the doorman, "out readin' again? Honestly, I never saw anybody pick it up the way you have. Why, you're better'n some of 'em that have been at it all their lives."

At the compliment the blind man's face flushed a delicate pink. "Oh, I just got the right fingers—that's all."

"Fingers are no good without brains. I bet that new fellow—Old Man Anderson—couldn't learn to read any more'n a rabbi. Say, where is Anderson, anyhow. This morning his sister said she'd bring him back by seven sure. Seen him?"

With an effort Uncle Pete evaded the question. "He's all right, I guess; he'll come back all right—sure he will."

But at his heart were the toothings of remorse with pangs which were not to be evaded by his hurried flight into the lower hall and his panting race up the stairway to his corridor. Once on the third floor he momentarily forgot his conscience in attending to a confused puffing and grunting from the middle of the passage.

"Hello, Uncle Pete," it was the voice of the diminutive attendant on that floor, "don't you wish you was me?"

"What you makin' all that noise about?"

"Oh, just lifting a basket that weighs two tons. . . . Here, you keep off. . . . Go on, now, and keep your hands off. . . . An old fellow like you—why, you'd sprain your backbone. . . . Well, all right, only if you bust anything don't blame me. . . . All ready? . . . Heave when I say 'Heave.'"

The basket swung heavily to thump down fair and square on the floor of the big dumbwaiter. The small attendant wiped the sweat from his face. "Say, Uncle Pete, you're the goods for fair; why, you're a regular kid. Two days ago that old fellow in 37—Anderson—tried to give me a hand, but Lord! it near broke him in two."

Uncle Pete's expression resembled that of a successful candidate the morning after election. "That's right, Anderson's old—he's an old man. He thinks he knows everything, but he's just an old man."

It was the second time that evening he had been complimented and reassured that his stand against Anderson was a proper one. He strode briskly and accurately to his room where, having unlaced his shoes and opened his collar, he settled himself once more to read. But with a start he realized that the meaning of the raised letters was fogged, because as often as he tried to concentrate on his fingers, there dinned in his ears the feeble voice of old Anderson perched on the little bluff in the park. Finally he gave it up.

"I'll go to bed and get some sleep," he said. "If Anderson wants to stay out there all night that's his lookout. I'll take care of myself and he can take care of himself—he knows so much. He kicked off a shoe as someone rapped gently. "Oh, good evening! Come on in, Reverend."

With soft, quick steps the chaplain crossed the room to stand over by the window. "Uncle Peter," he began, "I want to speak to you about Anderson."

"About Anderson?" His heart fluttered and skipped before it resumed its regular beat. "Wh-what about Anderson?"

"It's because you're such a friend of his" (Uncle Pete said nothing) "that I've felt you could be more helpful in the matter than anyone else. Now, both of us are old men."

For a minute Uncle Pete could not believe his ears. "Old! me and you—old?"

"Why, certainly; I'm seventy-two and the records show you're over seventy. On the contrary, Anderson—"

"Why, Anderson's old; he's good and old; why, I bet he's the oldest one in the Home."

The chaplain laughed. "You're mistaken, Uncle Peter."

"But he's older'n me."

"No, indeed, he isn't; it's true he's bady used up, but I've investigated his case personally and he's not more than fifty."

"Not more'n fifty!"

"That's all, and it's because we're both older that I'm speaking to you in this matter. We've had experience—we know the world as a younger man doesn't. Isn't that true?"

It was not much comfort, but a little.

"You see, a young man is so opinionated. Now, last week I got into a very foolish religious argument with Anderson in which I should have humored him—but I didn't. And this evening as I was strolling in the park I heard you disputing with him. Now, I hope, Uncle Peter, that you'll help me out in this and if you ever talk to Anderson on a matter of faith—don't contradict him. He's a younger man and a newcomer and we must make allowances. That's all. Good night."

For a full five minutes after the chaplain had gone Uncle Pete sat on the bed in meditative silence. Then he nodded his head emphatically and began lacing up his shoes.

"Hey! Uncle Pete," said the doorman downstairs, "where you going with that book? It's past eight and you can't get out 'less you have a card signed by the Supe."

"I ain't got a card, Jimmy, but I'm just going for a breath of air and when my money comes first of next month I'll buy you some more cigars."

"All right," grunted the doorman, "but don't you stay more'n two minutes."

Rapidly tapping and side-stepping, dodging streetcars and footfarers, Uncle Pete covered the two city blocks of his journey and trotted once more along the maze of the park cement walks. He met no one, for the chill of an autumn evening had driven the strollers from their haunts. Tap-tap-tap he circled the little pond, turned to the right and to the left, scrambled up the miniature bluff and diving through the shrubbery came once more on the hidden bench. He breathed deeply with relief, for the other was still there.

Panting from the climb Uncle Pete raised a somewhat uncertain voice. "I—I didn't do the right thing to leave you the way I did and—and you see I've come to get you out."

The answer came in a whisper. "Oh, that's all right; maybe I spoke too sharp myself. After you went I tried to holler to the cop, but my voice went back on me like it does and with my rheumatics I was afraid for to climb down alone. . . . I ain't had rheumatics' very long."

There surged in Uncle Pete a regular tidal wave of pity; he wondered how he had ever been harsh to such a youngster. "Well, it's all right now; catch onto my arm and be careful with your legs."

As they reached the foot of the little declivity Anderson cleared his throat. "Say—maybe—about that reading, you know—maybe I was wrong—I ain't had much education—yet; maybe there is a word like the one you said. Maybe those fellows didn't forget."

For Uncle Pete it was the moment of supreme abnegation. "Sure, they forgot—why not?"

"Well, it don't seem like anything could make 'em all forget."

"Why not?—maybe it was the climate—or maybe they was too old or maybe most anything. Besides, I know you was right because I was reading it over after and I saw my mistake. Here, you help hold the book and I'll read you that part again."

Thereupon wilfully, falsely, and men-

daciously, but with a conscience as comfortable as a purring pussy cat, Uncle Pete read from the pricked pages of the most famous of books:

"And Zo-ro-ba-bel forgot Ab-iud and Ab-iud forgot—Eli-akim and Eli-akim forgot A-zor and Azor forgot . . ."

Unforgiving

"Mother's love redeems," they say,
Bearers of a message sweet,
Come to woo her from the way
Sin has led her wanton feet;
But no, echo, tender, true,
Wakes the past, with joy elate;
Mother's love she never knew—
She whose heart knows mother-hate!

Mother's love! Her scorn of men
Flames less fiercely than her wrath
For the wrongs she suffered then
In the days that shaped her path;
Winsome voices weave no spell
When they name the one of all
Who was heedless when she fell,
Who condemned her to her fall.

Mother's love! No haunting note
Of its music brings her thrill;
In its stead dark passions gloat,
Demons grim that work their will;
Monsters that from impulse grew,
Once her foibles, now her fate:
Mother's love she never knew—
She whose heart knows mother-hate!

Mother's love! Could love beget
Shame and all her sorry breed—
Endless ache and wild regret,
Hope, a waste, and life, a weed?
Kind persuaders lose their spell
When they name the one of all
Who was heedless when she fell,
Who condemned her to her fall.

Yet, ah! yet her brightest dream
Mirrors this that she has missed,
When her babe's fond glances beam
Love on lips his own have kissed—
Blessed fancy! tender, true,
Heaven's boon to hapless fate;
Mother's love she never knew—
She whose heart knows mother-hate!

JAMES C. McNALLY.

CLUB OFFER

Progressive Woman 60c
The Masses



FACTS AND INTERPRETATIONS



How Will Work be Carried on Under Socialism?

BY RUFUS W. WEEKS

THIS is a question often asked of us Socialists and one which we are shy of answering with any particularity. It is not reasonable to expect us to foretell the forms under which democracy will carry on industry, any more than it was reasonable a century and a half ago to expect the assailants of monarchy to foretell the forms under which democracy would carry on political government. A correct reply no doubt, but not satisfying either the asker or the answerer. It seems to me now that we need no longer postpone this interesting question; it seems to me that the form of industrial democracy is coming to light before our eyes.

A number of public school teachers in New York City lately held a meeting and formed themselves into a group, for two avowed purposes: first, to protest against the irrational and inhuman handling of scholars and teachers imposed by the ruling system of education; and, second, to demand the rights of citizenship in regard to their work. A great phrase, that last; fit to take an immortal place alongside the slogan of our bourgeois Revolution of 1776, "No taxation without representation!" The bloodless proletarian Revolution now arriving is unmistakably raising the cry, "No direction over us workers without our representation!"

When the capitalist has been eliminated and the great nation-wide industries are carried on without him, there will still remain, as regards each industry, two permanent interests, *prima facie* opposite: the interest of the entire mass of consumers, over against the interest of the workers in the particular industry. The consumers will want the goods cheap, which means low wages and long hours for the particular group of workers; while those workers will want high wages and short hours. Under Socialism these clashing interests will not be left to fight it out as now; nor will the stronger party be suffered to dictate to the weaker as the Board of Education now dictates to the teachers, or as the minister in the French cabinet who has charge of the railroads plays the despot over the hands. *The workers will have the rights of citizenship as applied to their work.* The two interests will rule jointly. Every great industry will be administered by a commission, like a Board of Directors, of which half the members will be appointed by the government, thus representing the people at large as consumers, while the other half will be elected by the workers in the particular industry.

Is not this the logical solution? And do not current events point toward it? The ceaseless turbulence among the union workers of France, the destructive

"sabotage" practiced among the employees of the state itself, these are the raw expression of the workers' demand for representation in the control of their own labor. In like manner, the sympathy strikes of the workers in Great Britain and in Ireland, so unprovoked and so anarchistic in the eyes of the bourgeois public, are the stirrings of the passionately felt demand for a new order of such sort. In the state railroads of Italy the tendency to such dual control has already to an extent actualized itself. It is not many months since

Such open-minded persons remarked the vast economies in production and distribution which combination could achieve, and thought that it could not be but that half at least of the benefit would fall to the people at large. They argued that while of course, the trusts must have their profits, we can well afford that; we can even afford to let them have big profits, considering how for all of us the cost of living will decrease when the wastes of competition are done away!

It has not turned out that way, has

brace the greater part of trade, advertising would diminish, and the labor wasted in inventing, printing and distributing advertisements would be turned into production. Some of us used to watch the advertising pages of papers and magazines, expecting to see their bulk grow less day by day, as the trusts absorbed the competing businesses; but, not so! The trusts advertise even more than did the competing businesses.

The trust's advertising, however, is not a weapon of competition, but of exploitation. It is a means of fooling the people into buying from the same trust its higher-priced rather than its lower-priced goods; into buying the brand-bearing goods on which there is a large profit instead of the plain articles on which the profit is less. The masses are at the bottom of their souls trustful; and when they see it said in plain print that such and such a brand of oatmeal, or of crackers, or of lumps of sugar, is super-excellent, they believe it, and flock to the grocer to demand that identical brand. Thus, instead of buying the mere thing itself out of a barrel, as they used to do, and watching the grocer weigh it out and do it up in brown paper, they insist on paying double price for the same thing done up in nice little boxes, stamped with pretty pictures!

How shall a cure be found for this state of things? The case looks hopeless at first sight, for the mass of common people will always be open to deception by the shrewd. The social disease now troubling us is a very old one, though new in form. From the beginning of history a shrewd few have sucked the life from the common people by psychologic art. The people have long been fooled by simpler methods than the commercial. Chieftains, kings, nobles, judges, priests, have subjected the masses to their will, arrayed them against each other, and charmed away their goods, by imposing on their native awe for majesty. In this enchantment royal and judicial robes have played their part, and all the grandeur of palaces and temples.

The cure is not to be found in cynicizing the population, for happily the people cannot be so spoiled. The cure must lie in the people's learning a collective wisdom which will change the rules of the game, so as to abolish the supremacy of cunning, so as to reward usefulness and not greedy shrewdness. Even as the strong man of antique times has been disarmed by law and by the force of the many put on an equality with the feeble man, so must the commonalty, by new and revolutionary law, take away from the capitalist his special weapons and make him, no more a capitalist, earn his living with the rest of us by useful co-operative labor. In such a way alone can the latest form of exploitation be extinguished.

What is Socialism?

By

Oscar Leonard

Socialism aims at the ownership and management by all the people of those tools of production and distribution by which private owners could live through compelling others to work for them; the purpose of such collective ownership being to give all the people an equal opportunity to share the products of their common toil, thereby replacing social iniquity with social justice, setting man free for the first time in human history and giving him a chance to develop mentally, morally and spiritually to the fullest possible extent.

the cabinet was holding on to the old dictatorial way of handling the workers, but they resisted so vigorously and so annoyingly that a wise minister took off the embargo on their union, encouraged the railroad workers to organize, and then asked advice of the union officials in the management. Now there is peace and a workable system on the Italian railroads; and it is reasonable to suppose that this tendency will go forward in time to an established dual control.

Why, then, may not we Socialists who desire to meet the question, how work will be carried on under Socialism, answer boldly: Every great industry will be run by a dual management, blending the will of the people as a whole with the will of the workers in the particular industry, and kept democratic by the referendum on both sides? Need we fear the scornful cry "Utopian!" if we give such an answer?

Psychologic Advertising: the Trusts' Latest Trick

BY MATTHEW RUSKIN EMMONS

ALONG in the nineties, when the trusts were reaching out and annexing one by one the great businesses, onlookers who had cleared their minds of the superstition of competition began to have high

it? Whoever may be getting the benefit of concentration, certainly we, the people, are not getting it. Listen to the wail ascending all around the horizon—the cry that the cost of living is going up faster than pay, so that for the masses, and even for some of the classes, it is harder to get along than ever. The net result of combination has not worked out as we figured it; and why is a puzzle worth trying to solve.

A writer in one of the magazines hit the mark, or one of the marks, in the saying that nowadays when we buy, one-half of our money goes for the thing itself, while the other half goes for "psychology"; and hence the heightened cost of living. It comes to us in a flash that this is so, and we begin to see, in this airy stuffing of the packages on the grocer's shelves, the fine hand of the trusts we had so innocently trusted. Thinking it over, we perceive how the trusts work the magic,—that it is by the device of brand-advertising.

It used to be thought that advertising was a sign of living competition; that A's advertisement was his effort to get you to buy of him rather than of B; and it was held that, whenever any business became a practical monopoly, that business would cease to advertise; and hence, that as monopoly came to em-



THE OPEN CLINIC

OPEN TO ALL HONEST DOCTORS OF SOCIAL ILLS



The Bread Supply

Written for THE MASSES

BY ELEANOR WENTWORTH

THE masters who held in their hands the bread supply of the world are taking advantage of their power by a universal raise in the price of food.

In European cities monster protests are being inaugurated against this state of things. Following upon the heels of these protests, if not actually anticipating them, comes the war alarm from Germany and England. As a capitalist paper (*Minneapolis News*) puts it: "The idea seems to be to make the common folks so busy at cutting common throats that they'll turn their minds from the way they're ruled and oppressed by a monarchal or money class."

In other words, the governments want war in order to divert the minds of the workers and make them pay the prices demanded by the owners of the bread supply.

How would it do for the workers to own their own bread supply?

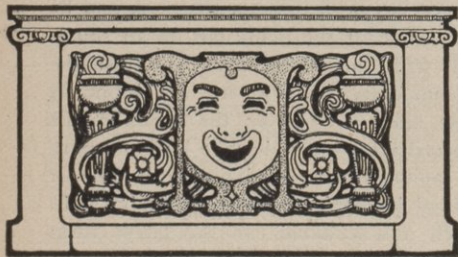
Industrial Unionism

Written for THE MASSES

BY HANK JELLIS

WHAT is it? I am sure I don't know. I have heard the most diverse accounts, as to what it stands for. What I have heard about it has aroused my interest. I don't know whether I am for it or against it.

I am for it, if it means elimination of the big initiation fees, running up as high as five hundred dollars. I am for it if it means organizing the masses of the people and not merely 8 or 10 per cent. of the skilled workmen, which, as I understand, is about what the A. F. of L. has accomplished. I am for it if it means the elimination of the walking delegate. I am for it if it means the elimination of labor faking politicians. I am for it if it means home rule in the form of shop representation. I am for it if it means discipline and concentration of effort through highly organized central bodies, representing the whole of the working people. I am for it if it stands for a more orderly and a more efficient state of society, governed for and by all the people. What is it?



What is the Matter With the Sugar?

Written for The Masses.

BY BATTERSON

"BUT say, Bat, what is the matter with the sugar? To-day I had to pay 28 cents for 3½ pounds. Last year I paid only 17 cents. That's eleven cents more. It's a shame." Thus was I greeted by my wife on coming home from my day's toil in the city.

"I am glad somebody is working for Socialism," she went on. "There seems to be no end to prices going up. Aren't your people going to do something about it?"

Another woman spoke to me on the ferry and told me she had written to her Congressman. When I told her I was a Socialist, she exclaimed: "I am glad to hear that. There ought to be more of you. Then they would stop, all right."

So you see, Comrades, nobody doubts for a minute as to what the function of the Socialist should be in matters of this sort. That's right, nobody doubts. Evidently nobody, except you. What shall I answer my wife, and the other woman, and thousands of other women? What are we going to do about it? Talk surplus value or come right down to sugar?

The Crippled Fighter

Written for THE MASSES

BY OSCAR KIDDLE

LAST week in one of the arenas devoted to the noble sport of prize fighting a certain pugilist entered the ring with a sprained wrist. He fought well; he did his best; he exhibited all he knew and the spectators cheered his gameness.

But in the end he was licked.

If he should fight again with the same man and with his wrist in the same condition he would be licked again. It could not be otherwise.

Cripples make poor champions.

The working class to-day has two big fists: political action and industrial action. But they are using only one.

Is it any wonder that they will continue to lose so long as they pursue this policy? Why should the working class wish to enter a life-and-death battle without the use of both hands?

The Century of the Child

Written for THE MASSES

BY E. V.

WHEN the trades unions forced the democratization of education less than a century ago they were paving the way for what Ellen Key calls "the century of the child."

Certainly children have not, in all the ages of the world, received so much at-

ention as they do to-day. Nor has any civilization of past ages so nearly rested upon the labor of children as does that of the present.

Society at large—the schools, the church, the press—is making a strenuous effort to reach the child mind. To shape and discipline it. But society at large is NOT striking at the root of child labor. Ineffectually it is protesting against such labor. But always ineffectually. And meanwhile it is educating the child to perpetuate its own slavery.

The latest effort on the part of society in regard to the child is the "Boy Scout" movement. About 400,000 boys were organized the past summer, according to press reports. These organizations are under the control of the church, the Y. M. C. A., and the business interests of the country. What hope that this mass of childhood, its plastic brain molded by reactionary forces, will contribute in its maturity to the solidarity of labor, or aid in striking at the root of that evil which sends millions of children to the mines, mills and factories!

Is it not time that the working class took some part in the discipline of the twentieth century child?

Socialist Newspapers on the Co-Operative Plan

Written for THE MASSES

BY GEORGE F. WEEKS

ONE of the greatest obstacles encountered by Socialists is the lack of means for obtaining accurate and timely information with regard to the progress of the movement throughout the world. The bulk of the press is controlled by capitalists or is under capitalistic influence, and there is a systematic "conspiracy of silence" on the part of that press to keep the general public in ignorance so far as possible of the details of the great social change that is now going on. Socialist news is either minimized, distorted, entirely ignored, or statements inimical to the movement are manufactured out of whole cloth and spread broadcast with every semblance of truth. The Socialist press is as yet feeble in extent by comparison, though powerful in influence wherever it obtains, and it can naturally do little on the whole to counteract the misrepresentation and calumny of the capitalistic papers. The necessity for extending in every way the publicity of Socialism cannot be too greatly emphasized and need not be further enlarged upon at this juncture. It is a necessity which is recognized by all and which is constantly increasing.

Within the past year or so a plan has been devised for meeting this necessity which seems to be well adapted to the

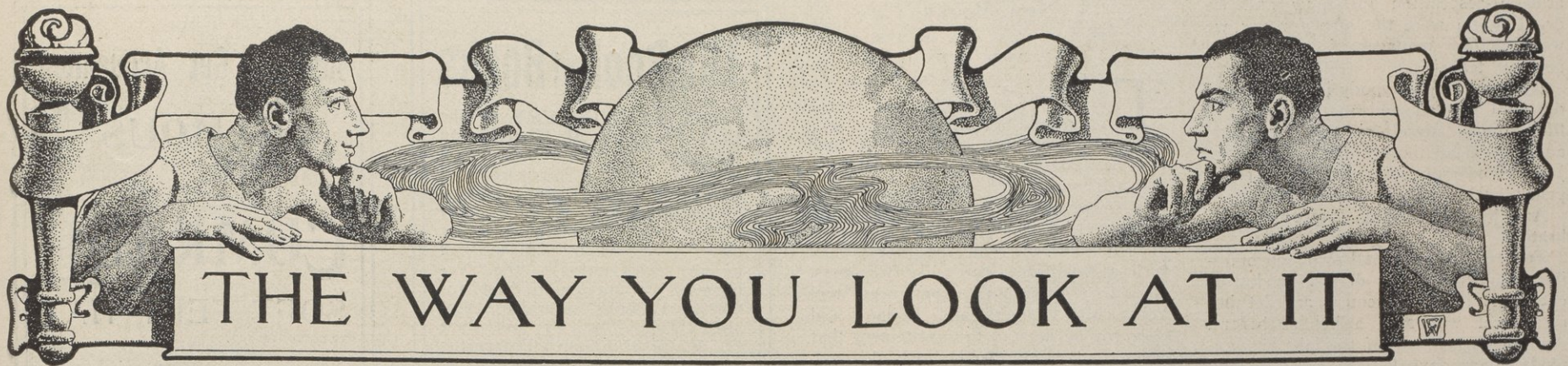
wants of the cause. This plan consists in the establishment of a chain of weekly newspapers published on the co-operative plan from a common center, but giving each Local so desiring a separate local newspaper, with separate name, owned and controlled by it, but without entailing one-tenth the expense that is necessary where separate printing plants, with individual editorial and mechanical forces, are provided.

A Local desiring to establish a newspaper of its own, subscribes either as a Local or individually, for ten shares of stock of the par value of \$10 each in the Co-operative Publishing Company, paying \$1 on each share at the time of subscription and 25 cents a week until the entire price shall have been paid. This gives the subscribers an interest in the plant to be used in publishing the newspapers, and is less than one-tenth of the amount that would be required for a separate plant to publish even the most modest newspaper locally. The papers to be supplied are of four pages, seven columns to the page, neatly printed, illustrated on occasion, and containing the news of Socialism from all parts of the world, with timely and suitable editorial comment.

Each Local will be allotted two columns on the first page in which to give its local news of meetings, etc., and space will also be allotted for advertising. The two columns of news matter are furnished free of cost outside of the price to be given, and for all additional space, advertising, etc., a charge will be made sufficient to cover the cost of composition and make-up. These papers, thus filled, will be supplied at the rate of 75 cents per hundred for the first five hundred copies, and a proportionate reduction for larger quantities. It need not be pointed out that at this price only the bare cost of preparation and publication will be covered.

In the Middle West there are two establishments making a specialty of these co-operative newspapers, and it is now proposed to extend the operation of the plan to the Atlantic States. The preliminaries are now well under way, though it is only just to say that the plan will not be undertaken until enough papers are pledged to cover the actual cost of production. Any Local or Comrade desiring further information on this matter can obtain the same by addressing Geo. F. Weeks, Manager Co-operative List, 209 E. 45th street, New York City.





THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

A Big Difference

“WELL, Mr. Teedy,” said the genial multi-millionaire, “what is on the books for this morning?”

The confidential secretary hitched his chair a little closer.

“Well, sir, in the first place, the Home for the Children of One-Legged Shoe-String Peddlers is very much in need of a new bathroom. They want to know how you feel about it.”

“Do you think it worth while, Teedy?”

“Oh, yes, sir, well worth while. Mrs. Columns, who is the main promoter of the Home, is the sister of William Typo, the well-known newspaper owner, and she will get you played up on the front page as the benevolent donor.”

“Very good, Teedy, and what else?”

“The victims of the famine in Pao Ping Ping, China, would enjoy a little donation, sir.”

“And the publicity end, Teedy?”

“Nothing better. We can fix it up splendidly. The *Morning Yawp* is making a specialty of people who give to aid the famine sufferers. And one more thing.”

“What is that?”

“The young man whose pictures you so much admired would like you to send him to Paris for a year.”

“What is your opinion of it, Teedy?”

“It seems to me we might get it used as a Sunday feature in some newspaper: ‘Wealthy Man Discovers Talented Artist,’ and all that. Besides, you needn’t give him more than a couple of hundred dollars. Remember, nothing makes a man so popular as these little charities provided they are well advertised.”

“Right as usual, Teedy. Nothing else?”

“Nothing else. There’s a petition from some of your tenants in the Hell-on-Earth Tenement, asking to have the plumbing repaired, but it just means sinking a lot of money without any publicity.”

“Quite right, Teedy. Tell them to behave themselves or I won’t turn on the heat this winter.”

And the good old man retired to his library to look over the morning’s report from the Clipping Bureau.

A Dam Bursts

THE Good Man: It is, of course, unfortunate, but we must remember that all these things are the will of God. We must not rebel. We must be content to take what He sends us.

The Real Estate Operator: Huh! Sweet for me, not. Why, this here was the best little town on the map and now look at it. Who’s going to buy land when the place ain’t even built up. And I bet I lose out on all them houses I was putting up for poor folks on the

installment plan. I guess I’ll try to sell out to some boob in Idaho.

The Carpenter (and others): Here’s where we get a good job. As long as I’m not in it I’d just as soon have a dam bust every time work gets slack.

The Reporter: Me, too. Gee! I made eighty-seven dollars out of this. I’d like to have it happen every day in the week.

The Statesman: Horr-r-rible! The Builders of the dam should be punished severely.

The Man Who Built It: I don’t know who’s to blame, but it was somebody else’s fault. I wasn’t to blame. I know that.

The Socialist: As long as you have a system of society in which fraud pays better and is more respected than honest work this sort of thing is bound to happen. Why be indignant over it? You encourage it. If you don’t like it change the system that produces it.

The Dead: (They say nothing at all.)

Mephistopheles Triumphant

THE Socialist: Listen to me. It is time for you to think of your own condition. For too long you have been thinking of the things that do not count: now you must focus on the real affairs of life. You are living in a slum. You are poorly nourished. Your children are poorly nourished. Your son will lack the bodily strength to compete with others of his age in the struggle for a livelihood. Your daughter will be forced to a life of drudgery like that of her mother. Will you submit to all this tamely or will you try to change things?

The Worker: I’ll try to change things, of course. Hurrah for the Revolution!

Mephisto: But not this afternoon. You have worked so hard that it would tire your brain to think about Revolutions. The big baseball series is being played to-day and you mustn’t think about Revolutions till you have heard how it comes out. It’s quite impossible.

The Worker: Yes, that’s right.

The Socialist: Never mind the Baseball Series. What do you care about an athletic contest you can’t afford to see?

Mephisto: But at least you can look at the bulletin boards. Hurry up—the crowd’s gathering.

The Worker: So it is. Good-by, Mr. Socialist, I’ll see you later.

Mephisto: Yes, he’ll see you later—very much later.

Hopes and Fears for Art

IT was a pleasant smile that overspread the features of George W. Jones, the well-known literary agent, as the reporter appeared.

“What about Art?” said the great man as he bit the end from a twenty-five-cent cigar; “well, it is promising; you may tell the public from me that it is decidedly promising. For instance, here is Scribbler—he is turning out four thousand words of Art every day of his life—all of which I am selling to well-known magazines. Four thousand words of Art every day—how is that? And look at Piffle. That grand old man is simply running under blankets when he turns loose five thousand words a day of the best Art ever produced. He has Shakespeare lashed to the mast. And there are plenty of other authors who are doing just as well. Oh, Art is safe, though, to be sure, there are one or two bad signs. For instance, look at Costleigh. He says he won’t write another word of Art unless he gets ten cents a word straight. I don’t know what to do about it. And Wadsworth says just the same thing. When two Artists refuse to produce Art unless they get more than a market price there may be some danger ahead. Still the *Flubdub Magazine* has offered a prize of fifty thousand dollars for the most Artistic short story and that, of course, will bring forth a great deal of Art.

“Oh, I tell you, they may call us commercial in this country, but when it comes to Art we’re there with the goods.”

Chain of American Optimists

1620

FIRST American Optimist: Twenty-five years from now we’ll have a college started here.

Late English Optimist (now toothless): Stuff!

1670

2nd A. O.: They can colonize and colonize all they please, but this country isn’t French or Spanish—it’s naturally English and in the end it will be all English-speaking.

1st A. O. (now liver-ridden): Bah!

1692

3rd A. O.: Some day people will be sensible enough to leave all this witchcraft business to the doctors.

2nd A. O. (now rheumatic): Nonsense!

1754

4th A. O.: This war means the beginning of freedom for the colonies.

3rd A. O. (now deaf): Rubbish!

1783

5th A. O.: Give us time and our government will control every inch of land from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

4th A. O. (now paralytic): Ridiculous!

1808

6th A. O.: Cheer up! the day is coming when there won’t be any black slavery.

5th A. O. (now unhappily married): Bah!

1865

7th A. O.: But this is just the beginning: in the end economic slavery will have to go, too.

6th A. O. (now dyspeptic): Rot!
(To be continued—ad infm.)

The Tale of the Cigaretted Freshman

NO use talking, a guy can rush his education too fast and that’s no wop witticism. It’s what I found out at dear old Iota, which’ll never see me any more. Not that the old man wasn’t reasonable, but there’s such a thing as running over your parents’ feelings with an auto truck and a young fellow don’t realize what he’s doing till he hears his folks yelling for the New Thought Ambulance. Sure!

Well, after I’d left my monicker and my record and paid my fees at dear old Iota—underline the “dear,” it means both ways—I said to myself gently and quietly: “Me to get all the college life on the campus,” and on the second week I began things with a show at the local nickelodeon. Hammingsford Hames, the Halley’s comet of the evening, was taking a wallop at Hamlet and it was up to me as the son of the man who organized the ten-penny nail trust to make good.

Did I? Why, gentle sir, I got that bunch of high-brow studes so het up before the second act started that they forgot all about coming to see Shakespeare and in Act Three there was such a ruction on that Hamlet had to lead the college yell before the play could finish.

Well, there were a bunch of Scalpa Pi Hammas there and I hadn’t any more than left the stage before Buck Horrigan walked up to me and said: “Biggsie, old scout, we want you for dear old Scalpa Pi Hamma; will you be one of us?”

I knew then I was boosting along too fast, but I slapped on the pledge button and was just congratulating myself when Butch Wilson hollered out: “Say, fellows, the cops have glaumed Red Watson and Noisy Jones—what’ll we do?”

“Do!” I said. “Do like the doodlebug—run ’round and see about it.”

Wasn’t my fault, of course, but somehow away I went in the front of that howling, yelling bunch of light-hearted Apaches—yo-hoing down the highway to the local cheese box; and it wasn’t five minutes by the fastest clock in Skiwawa County before Red and Noisy were personally on the job handcuffing the chief of police to the lightning rod on the courthouse and tossing the patrolmen in blankets two at a time.

“Biggsie, old dog,” Hop Meyers said, “there was an informal meeting of the

(Continued on page 18.)

athletic association just now and we decided you were the man for us: we want you for manager of our dear old football team."

By this time everybody in college was out and excited and maybe I was a little jumpy myself—just a Freshman and getting all those honors—and when Jojo Henderson said, "What next?" I yelled back, "Celebration!"

And by the jumping Jasper we celebrated.

Took old Science hall—wooden building, you know—and dumped a lot of chemicals in the basement and let her go; never was such a bonfire before. And just when one of the labs was exploding Screweye Wilson came up and said: "Look here, Biggsie, old sportsman, you're the goods. You're only a freshman, but we want you to become one of our dear old crowd just the same."

You see, they'd elected me to Oyster and Clam, the swell Senior society. I was so pleased and foolish I didn't even know enough to light out when old Doc Van Duzer, the President of the Varsity, came running out in his 'jamas taking down names in a notebook.

I just grabbed Doc and we went to the floor together, and when the bunch brought up the materials I painted Doc all over a bright green. Well, Doc resigned from the presidency on the spot and I was just wondering whether I'd better eat glass or jump in the lake when old Prof. Haney of the Sanskrit Department said: "Biggsie, old top, for years we've wanted to get a live one to head the dear old college and us faculty men have just held a little meeting and you're it."

Well, sir, as soon as the old man heard about it he wired that if I knew enough to be president of a college I knew most enough to start in as office boy for the dear old firm; and with that he gave my allowance the ax and now I'm rushing on, due to sweep out Monday morning at seven. Ain't it awful, Mehitabel?

Return to Nature!

FADS COME AND GO. New—so-called cures—mental science, physical culture, magnetic healing and what not spring up, have their little day and are no more. TRUTH, the essence of it all, only remains fixed throughout the shifting time. What you and I want then is more truth, more light. We have translated the great German Naturopath, Adolph Just's lifework, RETURN TO NATURE, because it contains more of this quality—of truth untarnished—than we ever have found anywhere else. By its aid any man or woman can work out his or her own salvation without recourse to doctor, master their own bodies and environment and regain superb health and strength—as did the author. More than that, it solves the social question, the sex question, gives rules for right living easy to follow for anyone, has a chapter on the care of children, and altogether it will prove the best friend that ever entered your house. Its price is \$2.00 bound, paper cover \$1.50. Special popular Edition, \$1.00.

Send for circulars and Naturopathic literature to

BENEDICT LUST

467 Lexington Ave., New York City, N. Y.

We advise our readers to send the names of college men and women, graduates and undergraduates who may be interested in the work of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, to Harry W. Laidler, the Organizer, Room 902, Tilden Building, 105 W. 40th street, New York City. The Executive Secretary and the Organizer will be pleased to send the literature of the I. S. S. to those interested, and to furnish any information which may be desired concerning the Society's activities.

New Books

Written for THE MASSES
BY HORATIO WINSLOW

HERE is a new book out by Hayden Carruth, the well-known Socialist editor, who has written a story this time that has no connection with Socialism. It's a ripping yarn about a boy who was snowed-in through a long winter in a deserted Dakota village. He tells of the experiences in the first person with a Robinson Crusoe-like vividness. And they are some experiences, too. What with robbers and Indians and blizzards he gets all the excitement that even a small boy can honestly demand.

The story is vividly illustrated by Clifford Carleton, with a map by the author that spreads over the inside cover. Harpers are bringing the book out and a book dealer will part with a copy for one dollar in gold, silver or banknotes.

Again there is a new Bebel book on the market, and this time it is the first part of the reminiscences of the great German Socialist leader. The stretch of time covered in the narrative runs from 1840 to 1869. It deals with all the interesting events of those days from the standpoint of the young Bebel and incidentally presents strikingly the life of a workman of that day. The book is sold for 75 cents, though if you want it by mail it will cost you six cents more.

The Socialist Literature Company is located in New York.

Just one more—The Horroboos, by Morrison I. Swift.

This is no tale for the fireside if there are any impressionable children about, for it is one of the most gruesome things ever written. It tells about the experience of a man captured by a mythical African tribe. This tribe the author uses to satirize society as it exists to-day.

Sometimes the satire is effective, but always it is bloody. Still it's a good thing for complacent persons to read.

\$1.12 is the price set on it by the Liberty Press of Boston. This will bring it postpaid to your very door.

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