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THE MASSES

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING PEOPLE

DRAWN FOR THE MASSES BY CHARLES A. WINTER

WOMAN'S NUMBER

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By

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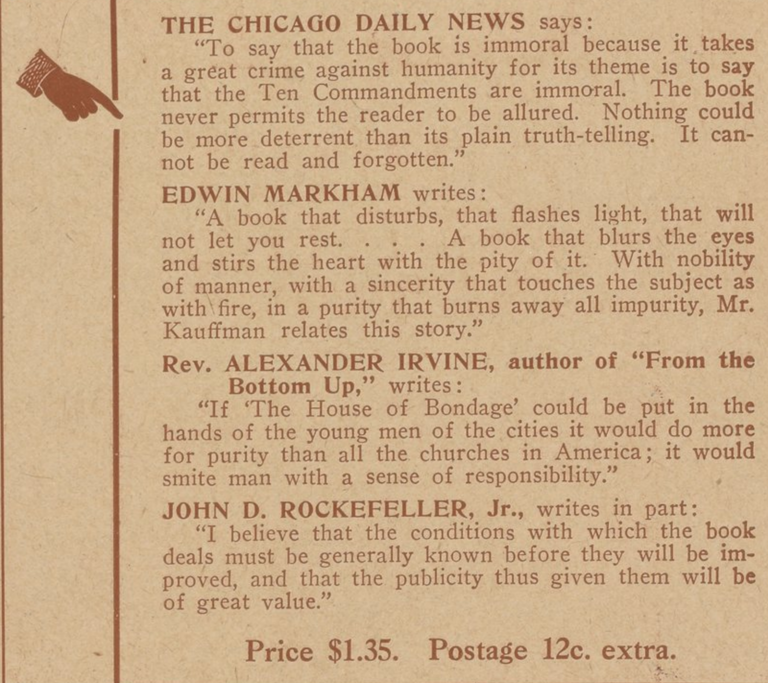

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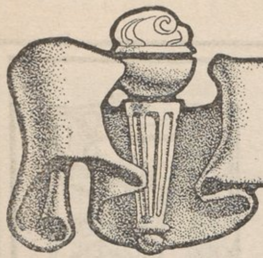
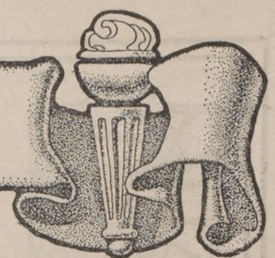


EDITORIALS



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Women and Socialism

ALL over the country two movements are quickening, growing and becoming more lusty day by day. One of these movements is Socialism; the other is the crusade for the enfranchisement of women. To the commonsense person the object of both of these currents of sentiment is desirable and must inevitably be reached, but there is one thing that suggests rough water ahead.

That one thing is woman herself.

For centuries on centuries woman has been treated as the property of man. It has not been considered wise to allow her to think for herself or to act for herself. She has been made to play a subordinate part—to tend the fire at home and to exercise her intellect in pleasing her lord and master. It is not probable that this course of discipline has hopelessly spoiled the nature of women. If certain types have perhaps been selected to propagate because they seemed docile and obedient the world is still overspread with women who at heart are courageous and willing to think and act for themselves.

But one thing this treatment of women has done—it has produced a certain feminine psychology—a mob psychology—that will take much exorcising before it disappears. This peculiar feminine psychology which seems just now to menace the cause of economic freedom is—snobbery.

It's a pity but it's true.

Who are the great soldiers today in the cause of woman suffrage? Not the working class but the bourgeoisie.. Bourgeois women with minds, tired of the futile games of society and eager for a new occupation; stung by the injustice of the marriage laws; or feeling that taxation without representation is tyranny. These are the leaders of the revolt and their revolt is not against capitalist society but merely against man's injustice to woman.

The great body of women today are not factory workers—they are still isolated in a home with much of the psychology of the old slave wife. The dream of the woman at home is social progress—if not for herself, then for her children. The time has passed when the workingman thrills with pride because his boss extends a gloved hand to him but the wife at home has all that to pass through. What will she answer to the call of snobbery?

Suffrage for women has been always a consistent demand of the Socialist Party. But this political equality of woman is but the first step: Socialism insists on the economic independence of women—a much more important issue. And how soon this will come depends on the vigor of the campaign carried to the women who keep house. At present the home women have awakened. They want to vote, partly because it is the fashionable thing to want to vote. But when the question of "which party" arises that will be another kettle of fish because it will never be the "fashionable" thing to vote the Socialist ticket.

The success or failure of the Socialist cause at the polls will soon be in the hands of the women socialists of America and on them and their ability to bring their arguments to the women in the home hangs the happiness of the next generation.

Coddling the Kids

OH, our blessed, old, paternal government!

Oh, our dear, long-sighted, strong-minded ruling powers!

Oh, our wise little law-makers!

What an age this is to live in, to be sure!

It all happened in New York. Moses Mass, proprietor of a moving picture show was sentenced to twenty days in the Tombs for allowing minors to enter his theater without guardians.

Isn't that glorious?

We don't care how a minor is born. He can be brought up in one room with six brothers and sisters and two boarders as far as we're concerned. He can be soothed with soothing syrup or whiskey and it won't bother us a mite. He can be undernourished or poisoned from rotten foods. He may be doped with bad air. He may have his mind stuffed full of nonsense. He may be spoiled and stunted in eighteen hundred different ways. All that doesn't matter to us: we can sit by and smile pleasantly.

But just let him try going to a moving picture show without a guardian!

Bless the dear little fellows! We won't give 'em enough to eat, but we're going to keep their morals clean if barring them out of moving picture shows will do it.

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THE CHEAPEST COMMODITY ON THE MARKET

Read the Progressive Woman, 50 cents Yearly, at 5445 Drexel Avenue, Chicago.

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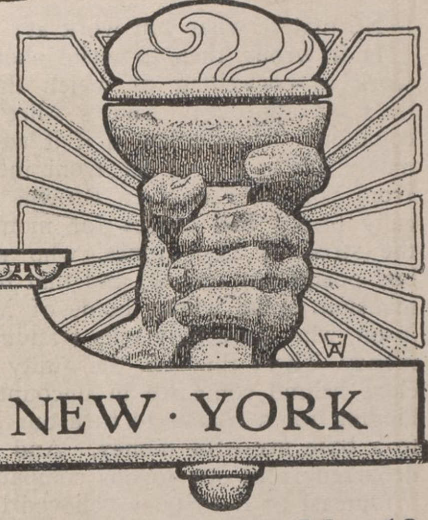


EDITED BY HORATIO WINSLOW

EUGENE WOOD, PRES. HAYDEN CARRUTH, VICE-PRES. PIET VLAG, SEC'Y.

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

Vol. 1 DECEMBER, 1911. No. 12

THE CHEAPEST COMMODITY ON THE MARKET

THE frontispiece on the page opposite is a painful picture—it is painful because it is a well-drawn exposition of painful facts and the facts are painful because they are true.

There is a great distinction in facts. Some facts are not true.

When the capitalist orator speaks about the glory of womanhood he is phrasing a fact but in the application of the fact he is lying.

He wants you to believe that womanhood and motherhood are glorious. So they are in a state of society which produces its offspring so as to ensure equal opportunities to all.

But that is not the case today. To be a woman in modern capitalist society means to be the cheapest commodity on the market.

If you want a horse to work for you you must pay money for it—a couple of hundred dollars if it is to be a good horse—and you must care for it when it is sick and feed it well because if it should die you would have to pay another couple of hundred for another horse.

And if you want a cow you must also pay for it and treat it kindly and feed it good grain and be gentle with it in sickness; otherwise it will return you nothing on your purchase.

But if you want a human being's services you have only to hold up your hand and at once you will have a score of human beings to choose from. You do not have to buy them. Each day you need pay them only what it will take to buy their food and lodging and if ever they become sick you have simply to throw them out and hire others in their place.

So you see a man is much cheaper than an animal, and because she can get along on less food, a woman is much cheaper than a man. In fact a woman is the cheapest commodity on the market.

Anyone who has studied the history of life on this globe may well be amazed at this. We know that life originated in very simple forms—probably the first life was a single cell. Then came the animal of many cells and finally some sort of sea creature of the worm description. It took hundreds of thousands of years to work up to the worm.

Then in the course of ages of evolution came more complicated worms and finally mammal land animals, and latest and greatest of the mammals came man.

Every man and woman therefore is the product of a long, long line of evolution. A man or a woman is not something to be thrown lightly on the scrap pile. A jewel is a fine thing, but so far as a jewel serves no practical purpose, one human life is worth all the jewels of the world.

Yet woman is the cheapest commodity on the market. You can buy ten women for the price of a good ruby.

What is the matter with a world that searches land and sea for a new jewel yet stands calmly by while women sell their lives to a machine and sell them for only enough to buy food and bed?

From these women will come the race of the future. According to their health and strength will be the health and strength of the next generation. Common sense ought to help us to see that even if we lack the imagination to see in the degradation of women the degradation of the whole race.

Some people who can think well would like very much to be able to draw.

Some artists who draw well would like very much to be able to think.

Mr. Fischer does both.

He has pictured the thing for us more vividly perhaps than we could with our own imaginations; it remains for us to act. You know this condition is an outrage. If you do not wish to be held responsible by future generations for this shame you must declare yourself openly against it. You must speak against it, write against it and, if you are a voter vote against it.

But do something—now. Rebuke the civilization that degrades its women; that sends forth the mothers of the next generation as the Cheapest Commodity on the Market.

A DAUGHTER OF DELIGHT

Written for The Masses. **BY HORATIO WINSLOW** *Illustrated by H. J. Turner*

No matter what you work at!

Is it wrong then to write about people who work at something of which the good world does not approve? And is Alice's fault so uncommon? How splendid if it were! Unfortunately across the street from me and perhaps from you lives Lawyer Brown, who hypocritically pleads bad causes for money, and down the street is Poet Jones, who wilfully writes bad poems for money, and that big brownstone mansion is the winter home of Merchant Robinson, who knowingly sells fraudulent goods for money. There they go, the guilty wretches, and close behind come we in uncounted legions all longing for a chance to turn our Master Talent to a base use—for money. And is Alice to be debarred from our joyous company?

Outcast or not Staley believed in her as Mrs. Schmedling did. Gradually, too, he began to piece together her true history, which he discovered as ethnologists discover the history of an unlettered nation—patched and sprinkled through half a hundred legends. It was a grim story unredeemed by romance or high life. It was in short the average story of a thousand and one of the Little Sisters of the Street, and in its very commonplaceness Staley found the key to her strange imaginings.

Bounded by the dull narrowness of a life which has nothing to look forward to except its finale she had built up an elaborate scheme of things as they should have been, or rather several such schemes. Now for the first time she had found someone able to play at the game of Let's Pretend as well as she. Willingly he had sported in her visions and never, never tried to tear away the veil of Make Believe.

In this delicious playland she hid completely the side of her character which the night world knew. And though, as it seemed to Staley, her strength failed week by week, she entered with wonderful zest into all his moods. Once he took her Billy Carsoning (fortunately she wore a quiet dress), and together they explored aristocratic Riverside Drive, for that long lost friend. At another time, with great secrecy, Alice told him her real name and described how she suddenly had remembered where her parents lived (it was near Central Park), and how she was going to go home and make her father give Staley a good job on the family railroad. They went together and got as far as the second footman or somebody else in red pants, only to learn from him that her family had never lived there. She had remembered the wrong house.

Another thing that pleased her excessively was when Staley advertised in the personal columns of three Sunday papers for the return of her husband (The Duke of London). The Duke, said the ad, would be forgiven everything—everything, if he would but come back to his loving wife.

Though Staley's calls were made always in her room she kept herself at a discreet distance from him and otherwise managed their acquaintance with the strictest convention. In fact, only once did she suggest to Staley anything more definite than their somewhat shadowy friendship. On this occasion they had been discussing a divorce case when she broke out suddenly, "Dearie, don't you ever feel lonesome?"

"Why, yes, occasionally."

"Well, then, you ought to marry; you know it ain't a good thing for a young man to be running about all the time."

He shook his head. "Oh, I don't run about much."

"Yes, you do; you can't fool me. I know what young men are. You ought to get married—why don't you marry?" She looked at him wistfully. "Why couldn't we marry—you and me—we always talk so well together and I could take care of your clothes and——"

"No," he said firmly, "I'm not ready to marry yet."

At once she burst out crying and for a time was angry and would not speak. After a little she became more tractable.

"You know, dearie, I hadn't ought to have asked you that. You ought not to marry me anyhow, because—I'll tell you the truth—most men are beasts and—except you—I wouldn't lift a finger to keep any of 'em out of hell. But I'm not fit to marry you, dearie, I'm not fit to marry you."

With this she threw herself down on her bed and sobbed and wept again till her face was streaked with irrigation ditches.

But this was only once. For the most part there was very little talk between them of the sort that might pass between man and woman. His assumed simplicity of the unpleasant things of life she greedily accepted and on his part Staley gave her no cause to doubt his naïveté. Her conversation, as a rule, veered wide from ticklish points as though Staley were a child to be guarded from all knowledge of vileness. Yet at times, apparently forgetting this standpoint, she would speak her full mind to him, relating things that left him fairly dazed, veteran Billy Carsoner that he was. But in these narratives she never appeared as other than a spectator—an observer—a moralizer surveying the badness of the world from a convenient mountain; a Lost Heiress, perhaps, but a Lost Soul never.

Terror stricken she broke down.

Begun as a cold-blooded experiment on Staley's part, their acquaintance drifted into a sort of comradeship. In spite of her lies, her duplicities and her clouded mind, there was in Alice a fundamental kindness—a charity that extended to all the world. She made no boast of this as she did of her proud early life; Staley discovered for himself the toys and rubbers she bought for Mrs. Schmedling's Mary; the money she gave to "the poor fella that was down and out" and the rent she paid for the sick family overhead about to be evicted. All these things she did in secret, but over the sufferings of people outside her world she poured her sympathy openly.

She became much excited over the starving of certain strikers whose miserable condition she attributed solely to the President of the United States.

"*That's* all he cares for them," she said snapping her fingers," "that's all he cares. So long as he can have his champagne he don't care if every working girl in the United States starves to death. My God! think of it! making 'em starve! Did you ever starve? I starved once. Why, I wouldn't make a dog starve! And there he sits and won't raise a hand. I'd like to tell him something."

She walked up and down the room excitedly.

"Starving. And after when they make us do things we don't want to do, they starve us again. They haven't any right to starve us, have they? not any right at all."

She paused, looking not at Staley, but through the wall and far away. "It ain't fair the way girls are treated." (For a moment she had slipped into realities.) "It's a shame; and I don't like to live like this, but I can't go back into any factory now. Oh, my dear, you don't know about things. . . It's the police, too. . . . and a poor girl don't get a chance. If they make us live like this then they ought not to persecute us all the time. It ain't right, my dear, it ain't right—(she remembered herself with a start)—the way they treat us. Maybe you think we get a whole lot of money for painting pictures, but we don't, dearie, we don't get hardly anything at all."

Day by day their friendship, if you could call it friendship, grew firmer. They had all sorts of little confidences and secrets, such as belong to people who talk much on the same things. Day by day, too, in spite of rouge and drugs, Miss Alice de la Vincennes drove nearer to that Great Policeman whom neither Pull nor Pocketbook can set aside.

It was with genuine grief that Staley noted her progressive loss of strength. For a time she denied it fiercely, but one day terror stricken she broke down.

"I'm going to die! I'm going to die!" she wailed pitifully. "Do you believe in hell, dearie, you don't, do you? Say you don't anyway. I went to a mission once and they said I was going to hell. Why should I go to hell? Haven't I suffered enough here? Why do they want to burn me in hell? You don't believe it, dearie, do you?"

She failed steadily. Her growing weakness brought with it nothing beautiful; the lines of her face were not softened—instead the effort to fight off death and want brought out all the lurking grimness and desperation of her soul. Her eyes sunk and brightened; her chin lost its curve; the whole face became square and set; and, as a hitherto unlooked for want pressed, it became more and more of an effort for her to assume the character with which she greeted Staley. The vampire side of her personality which before had been to him a closed book now

shifted gradually into view. In her pursuit of money she became a ravening wolf.

"I gotta be buried decent," she told him. "I'm saving my money now and I ain't going to give it up to no one."

Strangely enough this resolution was broken in almost the hour it was made. For three days Staley had not visited the apartment and when at last he came everything seemed somehow shifted about. Mary was eating bread and butter in Alice's room, while Alice watched her with a savagely maternal smile.

"I got a family now," she said.

"A family!"

"Didn't you hear nothing about it? It happened the night you came here and it was in two papers. Mary, you eat your bread and butter here like a good child till me and Mr. Staley come back from the hall."

Door closed, she turned to him with the most intense earnestness: "You ought to have come round—I wanted to talk to somebody so much to see if they'd think I did right. It was the elevator. She was scrubbing on the top floor and got caught in the car when it was going down. She only lived ten minutes—the building buried her but they wouldn't give any money. And I wouldn't have Mary going to an orphan asylum so I just said I was her aunt; anyhow she's better by me than she would be in an orphan asylum; don't you think so? Honestly, don't you think so?"

It was the last time that Staley saw Alice.

Quite unexpectedly he was sent out on the road for two weeks, and when he came back Mary was gone and the thing that had been Alice de la Vincennes, lay stretched unrestfully on her narrow bed. The woman from across the hall, florid and practical, had charge of the death-chamber.

"Are you Mr. Staley," she asked sharply. "Well, the child's in playing with my younguns. Yesterday morning this woman wrote a letter to you. She said she didn't know your address but you'd be sure to come."

Staley tore open the cheap envelope.

"Dear friend Mr. Staley (it ran)

"My Dear:

"I see now as the Doctor says I must soon pass to the other side where my dear father and mother are waiting for me. It is a cold that I caught last Tuesday that is taking me off It turned bad sudden.

Mary was eating.

"Now I want to ask you a favor for as I am leaving this world I cannot take care of Mary any longer and I write this to you to see if you will take care of her till you find some *good* family to keep her. In an envelope addressed to you in the second drawer of the bureau under the stockings there is some money I have saved to pay her board till she gets in a fine home where they will love her and *treat her as one of the family.*

"Dearie, I know I am asking a lot of you, but I know you will do it because you were always so kind and I do not trust these *mutts* who live around here and my dear father and mother who always took the best care of me are gone. If you think you could find a family for Mary quick, you might use some of the money to get me buried decent for O I do not want to be cut up in a college, because that happened once to a girl I knew, who died broke and I was broke, too. Do you think you could have me buried decent?

"I wish you could have known me before you did, because you may not believe it but I was very pretty once. Everybody says so. You would have liked to know me then, but of course, it could not be. So I will have to say for the last time *Auf wiedersehen* (that is the German for good-bye, but it means more than good-bye). *Auf Wiedersehen*, my dear ——"

So Staley's umpty-Steenth Billy Carsoning ended in a blurr of tears and a heartache that dragged for many days. For what had been the sense of the pitiful waste of Alice de la Vincennes?

Strong and brave and kind and good to look on she had come into the world; pain-racked, brain-sick, and beaten she had merged again with the friendly dark. Was all this only to point a moral or adorn a tale or furnish a climax for his Billy Carsoning?

During many days he pondered over the problem and with his whole mind sought the truth. What was the sense of it? The good of it? The justice of it? And long he pondered and diligently he sought, but for all his pipes and his dreams and his Billy Carsonings he got no answer.

The End.

THE SEX AND WOMAN QUESTIONS

Written for The Masses.

By LENA MORROW LEWIS

THE tendency of some people to confound the woman question with the sex question evidences a lack of a scientific knowledge and appreciation of the fundamental principles of the two problems.

There may be a relation between the two, but they are by no means synonymous. Sex is a characteristic of the man as well as the woman and a discussion of it involves both male and female. If the theory of Prof. Lester F. Ward, a sociologist of international reputation be correct, the term THE SEX more properly belongs to man than to woman.

The theory of Prof. Ward is, that the female principle is the basis, the stock of the race, and that the female, the woman is THE RACE. The male is simply an evolution in the course of nature for the purpose of differentiation, and in the strict biological sense, MAN is the SEX.

But in the world of social and human activities, the position and relation of man and woman is just the reverse. Nor can we credit the difference between the biological position and the popular and general view of woman's place in society to the vagaries of the human mind. An idea or opinion, a viewpoint so thoroughly established as this one must have some justification for its existence, some reason for being or it never could have endured so long. Biological facts cannot be overthrown, but mental viewpoints are largely affected and determined by the economic processes in life, and if we probe deep enough we will find a material basis or ground for all social and mental concepts.

From whence then arises this persistent tendency to confound the woman question with the sex question?

The introduction and establishment of the institution of private property completely changed the status of woman in society. The right of private property carries with it the opportunity to acquire wealth and the desire to transmit the same to future generations. This new economic régime very materially changed the family relation, the father became the head of the household. In order that man may know absolutely who were his own heirs, monogamy became necessary, at least for the woman. The control of the sex power of woman, the disposition on the part of society to regulate the maternal functions, had its origin in the instinctive desire to preserve the institution of private property.

From the position as head of the family or tribe, with the full right to live the life of a human being, woman passed to a *limited* sphere determined largely by her maternal functions. MARRIAGE BECAME THE ALL-IMPORTANT OBJECT IN WOMAN'S. LIFE. Our language evidences this when we use the expression "Man and wife." The word wife only implies a specific relation with one man and is the measure of the woman's existence. No one ever thinks of speaking of a married couple as "Husband and Woman." Woman's position or social status is largely determined then by her sex and the importance of controlling said function arose as a necessity for safeguarding and preserving the institution of private property. This disposition to control the sex of woman was further evidenced in the attitude of society toward woman when she attempts to step out into new lines of activity. When the pioneer woman suffrage workers began their work for equal rights the most popular argument brought against them was that they were "immoral women." Only a short time ago we celebrated the centennial anniversary of the birth of the man who first admitted women as clerks in his store in the State of Maine. This man was boycotted and the women employed by him were considered by "respectable" people of that day as "bad" women. Every effort on the part of women to break away from the narrow life determined by her sex or maternal functions is met by bitter opposition.

If the control or regulation of the sex relations of woman grows out of the demands of the institution of private property then it logically follows that the passing of the said institution will remove this necessity and the new order of society enables woman to live the life of a complete human being. Whatever regulation or control of the sex relations society may inaugurate or establish in the system that follows capitalism, will be determined by the economic and social demands of the people at that time. The new economic system toward which we are rapidly passing will develop such social relations as will make for the preservation and progress of society. The ethics of capitalism will disappear with the passing of the institution of private property.

The Co-operative Commonwealth will give us a new and a higher standard of morality.

SENSATIONALISM BY PIET VLAG

THE MASSES is now one year old. We have learned some in that year. We have improved some. We have increased our circulation some. But we are not satisfied. THE MASSES must be still further improved. Our circulation must be much more largely increased. Some friendly publishers tell us we have no reason to be dissatisfied. They claim we have built up a much larger circulation during our first year than any of our Socialist contemporaries. Scores of letters are received every month lauding the quality of THE MASSES. Still we are dissatisfied. We want a hundred thousand circulation within the next six months. We shall get it. We shall get it because we are going to make THE MASSES worthy of it. We are going to improve THE MASSES until by sheer force of quality its circulation shall be forced up to the hundred thousand mark.

Some friends believe we cannot do it. One friend writes us:

"The Socialist movement in America is not ready for high-class literature like THE MASSES. Cheap work, cheap paper, with a lot of sensationalism, is what they want. Fill THE MASSES with pictures and matters of semi-sensational type, and use plenty of revolutionary phrases. Make them believe that the readers of THE MASSES will get together some evening, march to Washington, shoot the Plutes and establish the Co-operative Commonwealth. I assure you the circulation of THE MASSES will be doubled within a month."

To which we replied: That we thought the time had come for different tactics—tactics based upon class-action. Class-action which would force Capitalism to make way for the onward march of the working people. Class-action which would improve the economic condition of the working people NOW. Class-action which would develop the latent ability and self-confidence of the working people; which would prepare the people to operate efficiently the Co-operative Commonwealth when established.

Furthermore, we said we were going to persist in this line of action until the rank and file accepts this program, and if we do not succeed in convincing the membership of the value, merit and inevitability of this program, that I, Piet Vlag, would rather go and saw cordwood than to get out such as magazine as that suggested.

If ever there was a time (which we may doubt) when it was necessary to arouse the working-classes by Desperate Desmond stories with the capitalist playing the part of the villain with the black mustache, that time is past. It may thrill the hayseeds in Noodleville and make them goggle-eyed with interest to tell them of subterranean passages from the Capitol in Washington through which the palpitating plutocrats expect to make their get-away when the victorious and vengeful tramp of the hosts of the R-r-revolution shall be heard, but it can only disgust and repel the sensible and sane. Socialists in head as well as in heart, those whose intelligence is stirred as well as their emotions, are disgusted. The men whose common-sense we shall need almost immediately to organize the Co-operative Commonwealth are just the ones we lose by this frantic effort to get votes.

If a level-headed man becomes a Socialist at all it must be in spite of, and not because of such beating of the big bass drum.

If for no other reason than that of mere expediency the working class when it becomes revolutionary should beware of anything that isn't the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Better leave all sorts of lying from the bald, hard, energetic kind to the smooth and skillful suppression of the fact to the commercial classes who do it so much better and more artistically. For the working class to try to get a fake over is like a blacksmith suddenly trying to play the violin. The psychology of the working class is naturally that of the undodgeable truth. Their nature is to deal directly with the facts of life and not to put out a line of selling talk. There is more steam and jolt in the cold truth than in the hottest fake yet invented. Truth is stranger than fiction though it is harder to get at.

There is something half-grown, kiddish, immature, emotional, unscientific, utopian about these exposure stories of the scandalous lives of prominent capitalists. Suppose this fellow does divorce his wife to take up with a more attractive woman; suppose a leading financier does have a nose like a ripe egg-plant; suppose a gilded youth does gamble furiously, what of it? If every member of the capitalist class drank only milk, played only checkers, went to bed at nine o'clock every evening, attended church and Sunday-school and lived a life in strict accordance with the *Ladies' Home Journal*, would that make capitalism any more endurable? What does it matter to us what they do with the money they gouge out of us? What troubles us is that we don't get what rightfully belongs to us. The capitalist system enables the owning class to take from the working class everything above a bare living. Does the application of the machine process, the use of mechanism, of chemicals, of the mighty powers of nature—does the machine process increase the power to produce? All the increase goes to the capitalist. Does the use of the machine process endanger life, the mechanism tear off arms, the chemicals bring on poisoning, the mighty powers of nature strike the laborer dead—all that is endured by the working class. It is a case of "Heads I win, tails you lose." And this happens whether the capitalists are in their private lives regular devils or regular angels.

Our tactic, then, is not to fool away our time with scandalous stories of individual capitalists. Their own capitalist newspapers will attend to as much of that as is really necessary. Our tactic is to show by words so plain and facts so undeniable that there is no use trying to get away from them that the capitalistic system cannot go on very much longer. It is too wasteful, too inefficient, too murderous of soul and body. It has become impossible. Anything else than the attempt to bring the truth home to the mind and judgment of the working class is just time and energy thrown away.

Here is the situation: Very soon, sooner than most of us have expected, we shall have to solve problems that will call for every bit of common-sense that we can rake and scrape together. No problem, social or arithmetical, is to be solved by emotional methods, by tears and cheers. The Revolution will be brought about by the successful operation of applied Socialism in the towns we have already captured. If in these small samples we can demonstrate that Socialism will work out, then the people will order by the carload lot. They will say: "Well done, good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things."

If the Revolution does not come in that way now it had better wait until it can come that way. No surprises, no brilliant schemes, no plots, no shady undertakings whose shadiness is excused by saying that this seeming devilment is done only for the cause—that won't do. Even if all that were defensible, it wouldn't be expedient. Mysterious disappearances, "was he murdered by the Plutes?" devilish plots of capitalists—all such humbugs are sure to be exposed, and then there is something else to have to keep one's mouth shut about, something else to be silent and ashamed of.

It will be just as wise for us to be a little suspicious of those who know about mysterious plots of capitalists which they will foil by counterplots, of those who in a manner of speaking use second-story methods to get the documents that incriminate the capitalists, and who to carry out the simile of the second-story worker, not only take away the documents but the silverware.

The danger of this underhanded plotting and violence of talk and action was well pointed out by George D. Herron in 1903 when he said:

"I have reason to say it is already a settled capitalist purpose and tactic, in case it should become evident that Socialism was about to conquer politically through the suffrages of American voters, to precipitate a revolution of force on the part of labor before the Socialist movement is strong or wise enough to take care of it. It is the capitalist who would like to have us try to win the day with guns and bricks in our hands, rather than with intelligence in our heads and comradeship in our hearts. And whoever counsels violence in these days may be safely set down as a conscious or unconscious emissary of capitalism, a conscious or unconscious traitor to the Socialist movement."

WOMEN SOLVING THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

BY EUGENE WOOD

THE increasing cost of living has provoked many attempts to squirm out from under the burden of high prices. Purchasers' Leagues have been formed, and the economies they have effected have been so notable that they have all been successful—at the start.

But to save money is not a matter of one bold decisive stroke; it is keeping the thing up. After awhile one person gets tired of weighing out prunes and tying up 3½ pounds of sugar week in and week out as a free voluntary effort. What saving he or she—generally she— effects in money is more than made up for by the loss of time.

Some plan must be worked out to make the Purchasers' League permanent. Such a working plan may be had by writing to THE MASSES for it. The editor will be very glad to forward it upon application. This sketch, however, will do as a starter.

In the very beginning, those who mean to start a Purchasers' League should be careful not to overestimate the purchasing power of each member. A member's grocery bill may run $6 or $7 a week or more, but it is not wise to figure that she will buy that much of the Purchasers' League. There are various reasons why she will not break immediately and entirely with the grocer with whom she has been trading. He is a neighbor, a friend of the family; he will allow customers to buy on credit; it is convenient to run down and get a little dab of something in a hurry or an emergency. It is safer to calculate that the maximum weekly purchase of each member will be not to exceed $1.50 or $2 a week.

It is evident, then, that in order to do business economically, a Purchasers' League should start out with not less than 100 members. In order to get the cash to buy with advantageously it is necessary to issue stock at say $25 a share.

But there is another function for this initiation fee, so to speak. It will be necessary to hire a man to unpack the goods when they arrive, to fill out the orders, and deliver. While he is delivering he can also take new orders. But he ought to have enough to do to busy him two whole days a week or an equivalent amount of time in the evenings. The cost of distribution must be spread over the whole year's gross purchases. Say the annual volume of business amounts to $5,000 a year. Say that the distributor is paid a regular salary of $300 a year. Then a tax must be laid upon the volume of business to cover the cost of distribution and each purchasing housekeeper must pay her pro rata share according to the amount of goods she purchases. The initiation fee, the buying of the share of stock, guarantees the payment of her tax.

The unpacking, weighing out, making up of the individual portions, and delivery should be done by some one hired and to be depended upon to do that part of work with regularity. It is best to have the buying done by a member of the League, however. This will be a labor of love. It means an hour or so a week downtown giving the orders in bulk. In a membership of a hundred it is certain that some one will be found that is a careful buyer and takes delight in the exercise of her ability to buy carefully and wisely. For this sort of thing and for the bookkeeping which would be necessarily simple, since all purchases are for cash, it is every-day experience that there can always be found faithful volunteers.

That members of a Purchasers' League can save on their household expenses from 20 to 25 per cent. is an important thing, considering how the cost of living increases while wages do not increase in anything like the same proportion. It takes a hard struggle to put one more dollar into the weekly pay-envelope, but retail prices are raised by a simple twist of the wrist.

(*Continued on page 18.*)

THE COLOR OF LIFE

The Dream of Mirah

Written for THE MASSES

BY JOSEPHINE CONGER KANEKO

MIRAH grew up in a tiny village set on the banks of a small, but beautiful stream. She loved passionately the woods, the skies, the birds of the air. Indeed, she drank in with every breath the atmosphere in which was the tang of nature, of things untouched by the processes of civilization. No breath of the great, roaring centers of man-made society ever tainted her blood, or diluted the rich ozone of her forest home.

Every fall Mirah saw the life about her, the trees, the flowers, the grass, the great wide fields, and the stream, succumb to the chilling frosts of winter. But with the spring out came the whole lot of them again. And early in childhood she learned that winter was the night-time of the green things, that Nature was giving her children a season of rest and recuperation, that they might all the more efficiently contribute to their own, and others' needs. So the season with its spread of snow was far from being sad, and spring was a positive delight, with its bursting buds, its delicious odors, its stir of life over the fields and woods.

As Mirah grew to womanhood she evolved a philosophy all her own, in which love was the central note. Life, the whole world, fairly abounded in it.

And Mirah dreamed dreams. While she sat in a favorite spot beside the stream with her needle work in her hands, her eyes wandered again and again to the shadows that danced on the surface of the waters, to the myriad changing lights, to the unending beauty that lay about her and fairly engulfed her.

If love was the keynote of natural life, it was also the keynote of a woman's life. If love manifested itself everywhere in nature, it would manifest itself always in her life; the love that means everything to a woman. It must come to her. She would wait, and then she would know the fulness of it, even as the trees, the flowers and the birds knew it.

When Mirah was twenty-one love came. It came in the form of one James O'Neil. It matters not if James would look to you or to me like a very commonplace man whose culture smacked of acquaintance with the inhabitants of a barnyard, rather than those of a Fifth Avenue finishing school. James' very presence radiated love—to Mirah. And that it should always be so she did not even question.

* * * *

There came the evening of the ceremony and the marriage feast. It was one of those nights when the lanes were sweet with summer and the moon hung low on the horizon. Mirah felt that she stood on the threshold of Life at last. To her, personal achievement, ambition, social service, were unknown terms. Love was everything, and James was love. James was also the world.

Mirah's girlhood dream had come true, and it lasted in its completeness about one year. Then came little rifts which she refused at first to recognize. She tried to bridge over and smooth over, and make excuses to herself; she could not believe but that the fulness of life came from simply being married to James. Came in serving him to the best of her ability.

James failed in one undertaking after another. Mirah stuck closely to the home, laying all her energies upon its altar. As a last resort came the move to a large city. Economic determinism did its worst with them. Neither Mirah nor James knew anything about "economic determinism," but it played havoc with Mirah's dreams, and with James' hopes.

To-day James is working half time, and Mirah, in faded calico, unkempt and all but discouraged, is trying to keep up the old delusion of a woman's personal service to an individual man as the one avenue to happiness in life; she spends her days in fighting the dirt and vermin of a slum tenement, while little Eloise, the sometime love child of her dreams, frequently stands in the bread line at the door of a great bakery awaiting her turn for the stale loaf cold charity will hand her.

And neither James nor Mirah nor Eloise have ever, in their wildest protestations, struck the keynote of their triple misery.

The Brother-Cry

Written for THE MASSES

BY CARL HOLIDAY

Out of the depth I cry unto thee,
O brother-man!
Not unto God who sits afar,
Beyond the distant sky and star,
Or mingles, as some mortals say,
In every stone and flower and ray
And murmuring sea;
But unto thee, who, knowing, can
Relieve the burden of my toil,
Speak words that midst the ceaseless moil
Would lift my spirit from the soil
And show me light.
Light!—How little here below
Where I, enslaved, dim of sight,
Delve in the dark, and slow—so slow!—
Reach death's night.

Thou who wouldst answer to Duty's call,
Brother of mine,
Know that she cries, *Go down! Go down!*
Down where the millions, furrowed and brown,
Strain with never a hope of a crown,—
Shackled all.
Thou who dost prate of Things Above,
Poet and Priest,
How canst thou speak of a heavenly love,
Of the voice of peace on the wings of a dove,
While underneath I hoist and shove,
Unreleased?
Know that the dove abhors the smell
Of the dungeon-keep where I dying dwell;
And I've learned full well,
As my curses swell,
That God and His love live far from Hell!

Ah, once I stood on the great highway
Where fine folk go,
And I saw the stately men go by,
And dames that dazzled my famished eye,
And the laugh of children rang out high;
And my soul burned in me aloud to cry
My cruel woe!
For I thought of my brothers who that same day
Were cursing the God who formed their clay
So little different from these.
And a bitter tear cleansed my black cheek;
I wailed—but the laughter drowned my shriek—
"Aye, spend as ye please
In frolics and glees,
And flash in your gilded car!
But your golden flood
Is your brother's blood
Who slaves in your hells afar!"

And I turned me in scorn and backward went,
To spend and be spent.

Brother of mine, O brother of mine,
Out of the depths I cry unto thee!—
Down where I struggle and sorrow and pine,
Down where men's blood is drunk like wine,
Send not thy God with His piety!
But send *thyself!* and mayhap then,
When I have seen
Of blood-stain clean
A *Man*,
There'll creep to my slow-waking ken
The meaning of what is uttered when
Thou speakest of love thy God bore men
Since time began.

The Usual Course

Written for THE MASSES

BY WILBY HEARD

A SOLEMN, semi-sacred hush settled upon the entire department, as the boss, a wealthy shoe manufacturer, walked across the floor and called the foreman: "John, as you have often heard me remark, my employees need not remain in the same position they take when they enter my services. There is always a good opportunity for promotion. There is always an excellent chance of advancement for the efficient; and there is none here who knows it better than you do; you have worked for me for nearly thirty years. I used to work myself then, you remember?" John nodded and shed a sickly smile.

"Well, John," went on the employer, "I must have a good, strong and willing young man, married of course, whom I can promote to the position of foreman." As a shadow of fear spread over John's face, the master quickly added, "O, not for here, John, but for one of my other factories. I have six other shops, you know, in different parts of the state. By the way, yes, he must be willing to move to another city. Pick out a good one, and I'll be in again to-morrow."

John sighed for relief as the boss went out, leaving the aroma of a half-dollar cigar behind. The old foreman and his wife had been much worried of late in regard to his position. For he was passed fifty, and he well knew the age limit. His instructions were to get rid of all those over forty-five, and not to employ any over thirty, unless there were good reasons for it. But now since the boss depended on him to pick a foreman from among *his* men, to place in one of the other shops, he felt safe. But John did not know that the same demand was made of three other elderly foremen. And John did his best to pick the right kind of a young man.

On the next day the boss came just as he had promised, for the boss was an honorable man, and was introduced to John's choice. And the boss rewarded his old foreman with a condescending smile, as young Williams was ordered to be ready for moving by next Monday.

On the following Saturday as John opened his pay envelope and pulled from within, along with his money, the yellow slip he had so often seen among the workers, he almost fainted. The boss had been about the shop all week, and was even then in his private office. So John groped his way into that holy sanctum. But all prayers were offered up in vain. "You should have saved your money," kindly advised the boss. "But I had a family to support. I always did my best to educate my children and live decently. And you know, my wages were never very big," pleaded John. "Well, that was your lookout. You know my rules; in fact, they are ordinary business rules. And you should have known that after all, even your place could be filled with but little trouble." "But I had such faith in you, you always gave me to understand that my job was sure. And but the other day you told me that Williams was not to take my place."

"He is not," replied the boss, "he goes to one of the other shops, and the man I picked there comes here. That's business, John." "Let me keep my place," begged the foreman, tears welling to his ees, "or let me go back to the bench—I mean the machine. I'm too old to find a new job. I'm willing to work for less, if you will only let me stay." "Your arguments are useless, John. Did you think the new foreman is to get the wages I paid you? Ha! ha! I could not think of paying you what any one of these young upstarts is eager to accept, with the honor of promotion. I don't suppose there is any real danger of your starving, as you put it. Your children are all grown up and they will take care of you. And then you will find some easy work to do. A good man can always find a job. Good day, I'm busy. You can always refer to me, my answer will be good. I'm sorry, but business is business."

HOW MUCH IS THE GRAFT ON THE WORKER?

Written for The Masses BY MATTHEW RUSKIN EMMONS Illustrated by H. J. Turner

THIS question is usually put in more elegant form, thus: "How much is the worker exploited?" or "What is the percentage of exploitation?"—"exploitation" being the large European word for what we in this country know as "graft."

Let us first say what we mean by "the worker." Not only those who labor with their hands are rightly called workers, but also those who labor with their brains *in ways which are useful to the worker;* that is, in ways which increase the bulk of production, or in ways which promote the evenness of distribution among the workers of the things produced. Those others who are busy in ways which do not increase production or in ways which promote large inequalities of distribution—in other words, those who are busy in money-making—are not workers in the true sense, no matter how active they may be.

Next, let us say what we mean by "graft" or "exploitation." The workers of the country allow the industries to be bossed by the capitalists and business men of the country. These men are acknowledged as owning the land and houses in the cities, the factories and the railroads, and, furthermore, the products of labor as they are turned out; and by the use of their power as owners these men dictate what shall be produced and how the products shall be distributed. Thus overriding the entire industries of the country, everything passes through their ownership on its way from the maker to the user, and they take toll, heavy toll, all the traffic will bear.

All that this overriding crowd, the owners and traders, take in the way of interest, dividends, profits, rents, and high salaries, we consider as graft, as exploitation; with the exception of such sums as would be fair pay, at most such as we pay the National Cabinet Officers and Congressmen, for that part of the activity of the managers which does tend to increase the bulk of production or the evenness of distribution. In order to be perfectly sure we are fair, we shall also except that part of what the overriders take which they invest in new productive plant, since the workers need a considerable yearly increase in factories, machinery and railroad mileage.

Having defined what we mean by "the workers," and what we mean by "graft," we are now ready to search for the answer to the question, How much less is the value which the worker and his family get in livelihood than the value which the worker has created? In other words, How much is the graft on the worker?

Let us turn our eyes on the individual worker and his family; let us watch him drawing his wages, and then watch his wife spending the money. We shall soon discover that the worker is exploited at both ends of the line; the grafters have him coming and going. They graft on him as wage earner, and then they graft on his wife as buyer; and our question is, How much of the value of what the worker produces is got away from him and his family at these two ends?

In the first place, then, how much is the direct exploitation of the worker as wage earner? Let us refer to the United States Census of 1900, Vol. VII, containing statistics on manufactures. We shall find, on page 3, that the total value of one year's products of all the manufacturing establishments of the country was, in round numbers, $13,004,000,000. We shall further find that the cost of the materials used up in manufacture was $7,345,000,000, the balance being $5,659,000,000, would represent the value added to the materials by labor. Before proceeding to inquire what percentage of this value went to the workers, we should deduct the value of one year's new manufacturing plant added to the establishments. It is true that the ownership of the new plant remains with the grafters, yet it is necessary to the workers that there should be a new plant, whether rightly owned or not, and hence we allow this item as an offset in the favor of the exploiters. The same Vol. VII, Census of 1900, in Table XXXII, on page XCVII, shows that the entire value of buildings, machinery and tools belonging to manufacturing concerns in 1900 was $3,993,000,000; in 1890 it was $2,423,000,000. The difference, $1,570,000,000, is the value of new plant added during the ten years, averaging therefore $157,000,000 per year. As the yearly addition must be on the whole an increasing one, we will take it that $170,000,000 is the value of new plant for the year covered by the Census of 1900. Deducting this amount from the $5,659,000,000 value created by the workers, leaves $5,489,000,000 as the value produced by the workers and available for distribution.

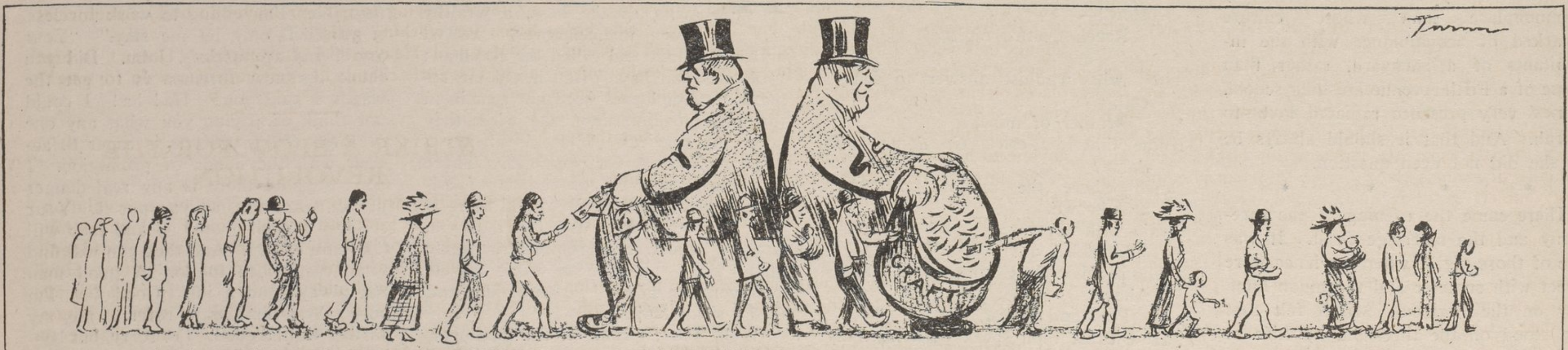
We now turn to the question, What sum was received by the workers? The total amount of wages paid is given as $2,322,000,000; but, besides this, we are told that there was paid for salaries to officials, clerks, etc., $404,000,000. A large part of this sum was not paid for services useful to the worker in the sense which we have above set forth. All that was paid in the way of high salaries to officials who were stockholders or directors, and the entire sum paid to the very large and active force engaged in the struggle to sell, is of the nature of exploitation, besides the salaries paid to clerks engaged in the merely financial side of the business. Altogether it seems safe to say that not over a third of the total paid for salaries was really fair pay for useful services rendered to the worker. Hence, we add to the total paid as wages one-third of the salaries, or $135,000,000. This gives the total paid to the workers as $2,457,000,000, a sum which is equal to 44.8 per cent. of the $5,489,000,000 which represents the net value of their product.

If we go back to the Census of 1890 and apply the same process to the corresponding figures, we shall find that the proportion at that time of the net value created by the workers returned to them was 49.8 per cent. Manifestly, there was a very material increase in the percentage of exploitation during the ten years from 1890 to 1900. This was the first decade of the immense development of the trusts, and of the accompanying greater power of consolidated capital over the workers and the public at large, and the effect of such increase of power is represented in this increase of exploitation. In view of the greatly strengthened position of the trusts during the succeeding decade from 1900 to 1910, and of the marked increase in the cost of living, it is safe to say that the percentage of exploitation has continued to heighten during this last decade, and it is therefore a fair inference that the proportion realized by the worker out of the product of his own toil is now as low as 40 per cent.

We have now finished with the worker as wage earner, and have shown that the direct graft upon him is 60 per cent., leaving him in money wages 40 per cent. of the value he is creating. Let us now imagine the wages turned over to the wife, and watch her spending it. In the first place, the rent must be paid for the tenement in which the family live. The average proportion of workmen's income which is paid for rent is about one-quarter. This is all graft, according to our definition, except the part which is necessary in order to keep up the condition of the tenement so that it will be in as good shape one year as another. A safe estimate of this part of the rent would be that it amounts to one-fifth of the total rent. Making this estimate, we shall find that it leaves one-fifth of the worker's income as paid for net rent, and therefore to be counted as graft. As we have seen, the worker's wages represent 40 per cent. of the value of his product. As one-fifth of this income is graft in the form of rent, we must deduct that one-fifth from the 40 per cent., leaving 32 per cent. of the value which the worker has created still in the hands of the wife to be spent.

This 32 per cent. goes for food, clothing, fuel, carfare and other necessities, besides some comforts, and possibly a few luxuries; in other words, for commodities of various sorts. It is recognized by everybody that the poor pay the highest prices in proportion to quality for everything they buy. The mere fact of cutting up the commodities into small packages is made an excuse for adding greatly to the prices, and all that is so added over and above the actual cost of transporting the commodities from the places where they are made to the consumer is graft. Furthermore, all the adulteration, immensely increasing as it does the cost of what the poor buy, is graft. So also is all the cost of advertising which is saddled on the consumer, and the false value added to branded goods by deceiving the buyer into the notion that the branded goods are so much better than the plain goods. There must be added to these forms of graft the constant besieging of the working man or woman to buy either outright or by instalments all kinds of articles which are really not useful to them, taking advantage of their simplicity and persuadability to wring money from them for what does them little or no good. Adding all these forms of graft together, there can be no question that from one-third to one-fourth of the money paid out for commodities by the working class is graft. Taking the lower of these two estimates, which is probably too low, we should have to deduct one-fourth from the 32 per cent. which we have seen in the hands of the worker's wife for spending, and we should then come to the conclusion that the actual value realized by the worker and his family amounts to about 24 per cent. of the value he has created; that is, that the graft on the workers by the capitalists and traders amounts to three-quarters of the workers' product.

This agrees closely with Professor Sidney A. Reeve's conclusions, set forth in his scholarly and scientific book, "The Cost of Competition," published in 1906. After a thorough study of the relative incomes of the productive and non-productive classes of the population, on data derived from the successive censuses from 1850 to 1890, Prof. Reeve sums up in a table on page 254, which shows the share of their product remaining with the producers as having been 70 per cent. in 1850, and as decreasing decade by decade, until it was as low as 34 per cent. in 1900; and that, continuing the downward slope of the two decades from 1880 to 1900, the producers' share would fall to about 26 per cent. in 1910.



CO-OPERATION AND HOUSEWIVES

BY MAY WOOD SIMONS

Written for THE MASSES

THE married woman, who still works in the home, has no opportunity for development. She prepares three meals a day and washes three sets of dishes. If she has any desire to do other work it is constantly interrupted. Her power to fix her attention on the accomplishment of mental tasks is destroyed.

The glories and beauties of the life of the housewife are continuously lauded by more than one antiquated editor. That beauty does not exist. In fact, the great mass of women engaged in industry as well as the men have a silent contempt for the lot of the housewife. If she is a mother she soon falls behind her children and they have little regard for her opinions. Not all facts are pleasant. This is an extremely disagreeable fact, for the housewife.

The larger part of the agitation, even in the socialist movement, among women has been directed toward whom? Why, the girls in industry. Not the housekeepers.

Much of the failure to produce work that equals man's work in art, literature and mechanics is due to the fact that so large a proportion of the women of the race spend their lives in housework. To dust, scrub, wash dishes. Where is the inspiration? Less even than in digging ditches. But the patient woman keeps up her flagging courage by saying, "It is womanly. It is woman's place."

Grandmothers, some of them, still think stockings should be knit at home. Our children will look back with the same amusement that we do at stocking knitting, should we persist in arguing that cooking should all be done at home.

Think but for an instant how the world of industry has advanced; no man now makes his own ax or chisel. These are struck out by thousands in great steel works. So all the work of the world is being better done by great bodies of men co-operating. But each woman in nine-tenths of American homes is still over her own cook stove, preparing some little culinary concoction for her particular group.

The home would be greatly improved if, instead of a drabbled, tired, nervous woman with petty thoughts and petty cares, it had a strong, capable wife and mother freed from the easily avoidable drudgery that now exists in the home; if it had a woman with a trade or profession, as men have, large enough to broaden her outlook on life and her sympathies.

The young woman hesitates to-day to become a housewife, for it means the end of her outside, more agreeable work.

The home was not destroyed when the spinning and weaving went to the factory and it will not be destroyed when the family takes its meals in co-operative dining halls or at home, with food prepared in co-operative kitchens; when the cleaning is done by machinery and when each wife, mother and single woman has work outside the home as well as in the home.

Sad! There is no sight in all the world so sad as the wasting of a woman's strength, mental and physical, in household toil when this "belated" industry could so easily be put on the same basis as other modern industries.

It is only when women, instead of glorying in their domesticity as they do to-day, despise it as a destroyer of women's best energies that the first move will be made to put the economy of homes on a scientific foundation.

Domestic science in the schools is not now the last step. What we want is food experts, trained men and women to take charge of co-operative establishments and prepare wholesome well-cooked food.

But the children? What would happen to the children? They would have a far better chance of life than with the poorly prepared food they get to-day from the hands of ill-trained housewives, and, moreover, there would be fewer hysterical mothers.

Socialize the household industry. Bring all the modern appliances to serve the home and let all the work that can be done co-operatively leave the home.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF DORA

Written for The Masses

BY BENJAMIN KEECH

"WHO is that sad-looking lady?" I asked of my cousin, Arthur Dodge, as a thin, stooped, careworn woman of thirty-five or forty years passed dejectedly by on the sidewalk.

"Oh—that is 'Despondent Dora' Hatfield, as the more elegant members of society call her," said Arthur. "Doesn't it make you gloomy, though, just to look at her?"

My cousin and I were sitting on his pleasant veranda, whiling away a few minutes before starting for the lecture that evening. I visited Arthur and his family nearly every summer, and had learned to take quite an interest in the people of Poverty Center.

"Shall I tell you the story of her life, as the stoige loidies say?" laughed Arthur. "Well, Dora lost her best fellow, and all that, years ago. Lost him in some sort of a fire, I believe, or something equally cheerful. Well, she had her parents left, and they had a little money between 'em; but one day the old man got frisky and lost all, 'gambling' in the stock market. Dora's parents both expired shortly after this, and Dora was left alone to fight the world single-handed.

"It seems she found it pretty rough sailing. Always having lived safely sheltered from the world, she had no idea what a tough place it is, until she began to struggle with fate all by her lonesome. She was soon forced to part with her mansion on High street, and gradually drifted down in the scale of society until she found herself residing in a small, rented cottage—I mean shack—near the Italian district. Not until her hard luck overtook her, did Dora learn the value of money; then she began to cut her expenses down—down—down—a stunt very disagreeable to one of her nervous temperament.

"Being extremely strong-willed and independent, however, in spite of her terrible sensitiveness, Dora held her head up as high as she could and applied for a job in one of the worsted mills, which the superintendent, a friend of the family, gave her. She secretly hated this work—not because she felt above labor, understand, but because it was entirely out of her line, and the girls, most of them, were none too careful of her feelings. One day she had a good crying spell, and one of the more brutal damsels called her 'Despondent' Dora—a name which stuck.

"This made Miss Hatfield actually sick, and she came very near throwing up the sponge right there. But after thinking it over one whole night, she decided that she simply would never let a mere common, uneducated factory girl floor her, so she sailed back the next morning and went on with her suffering.

"She has gradually become what you see her—a sour, cranky, typical old maid, at outs with the world in general. They say she has got consumption, but I guess it's really consummation of hard luck that ails her. The worst of it is, she is really good at heart—would help anyone if she could, even her enemies, on the sly. She regrets terribly that she didn't fit herself for some sort of educational work, while she had a chance. She has talents in several different directions, but can't use 'em now. And there she is—bright, good, but sadly misplaced—crushed and suffering for the wrongs of society."

"But hasn't she any relatives?" I asked. "Isn't there anyone to help her out of her predicament?"

"No one but the voters, Henry," laughed Arthur. "I believe there is an old maid uncle or bachelor aunt abroad, some place, but that's all. Well, hadn't we better start to hear Debs?"

* * * * * *

Two years passed by. I was again visiting my cousin.

"Who is that fine-looking woman?" I queried, indicating a handsome, erect, elegantly gowned female, who was making splendid progress down the street.

"Why, that is our old friend, Dora Hatfield, with the 'Despondent' left off," said Arthur, laughing at my incredulity. "Doesn't she exude courage and strength at every step, though?"

"Well, what in the name of goodness has she been doing to herself?" I wanted to know.

"Been enjoying prosperity!—a great change overtook 'er," chuckled Arthur. "You see, her old maid aunt had the forethought to expire and leave her all her dough, just in the nick of time. Say, it was positively exciting, the way Dora metamorphosed. Her eye brightened, her step grew elastic, she even put on flesh, and inside of two weeks she looked like a new woman. Made you think of a flower placed in water and revived after it was all droopy.

"Dora has been abroad since you invaded these precincts," continued Arthur, "and returned fully ten years younger than she went away. It is said she captured a lover, over beyond the pond—some sort of an agitator—because of her jolly disposition. She bought her old home back last year, and what do you suppose she's up to now? Trying to get our mayor to build a municipal home for working girls."

"Merciful Heaven!" I murmured. "Doesn't it beat all what a little change in environment can do for one?"

STRIKE A BLOW FOR THE REVOLUTION

THERE are two ways of making a revolution. Put a gun into a man's hand and make him shoot or put an idea into a man's head and make him think. We prefer the latter. How about you? We will mail a sample copy to your friends at $2.00 per 100. If you can't think of enough names yourself, ask your friends. Here is your chance to strike a blow for the real revolution. The revolution of ideas.

FACTS AND INTERPRETATIONS

Truth and Immortality

Written for THE MASSES.

BY HANK JELLIS

SINCE man first began to reason he has tirelessly sought two abstract things—truth and immortality. More than this, he sought Absolute Truth and Absolute Immortality. But his individual, conscious experience always failed to discover either of these, so, in all ages, he constructed a super-conscious, supernatural idea of them. The early savage personified them in natural forces, in the Sun, in Fire, etc. Later he constructed an image of them after himself, and fashioned his ideas of eternal life after the life he had lived himself. Still later, there developed the idea of an impersonal deity, which was the cause, the master of the Universe, that dwelt outside and above the Universe. But all the while, from savage to present day man, the idea always existed that there was no beginning and that there will be no end. This is only one example of the way in which truths are inseparably incorporated in the human mind. No matter what guise they may assume, the kernel is still the truth. And this is inevitable since all human ideas are derived from the Universe, and the Universe is Truth. Different ideas and different viewpoints of the truth are obtained by different individuals because no human mind is capable of grasping the whole truth, of comprehending the entire Universe, and consequently man gets his idea of truth according to what portion of it he has experienced, just as we get our idea of a tree from that portion of it which we behold, get our idea of life from what we have experienced. Like the story of the shield that was golden on one side and silver on the other, we all get our ideas of truth from that portion of it which we see, and all of us are right, but only partly so because we have not seen all of the truth. And just as the man who had seen the golden side of the shield thought that the man who had seen the other side was wrong, and vice versa, so it is with our ideas of right and wrong in real life; each of us is positive that the other fellow is mistaken and that the side of life we have seen is the only right one. If we were capable of comprehending all the phenomena of life the seeming contradictions would be explained in the knowledge of the whole.

In the sound conviction that there must be eternal life man merely expressed the law later demonstrated by physics, that nothing that is can cease to be, nothing that is in the universe can ever depart from it. The details of the idea he developed according to his racial development, his surroundings, etc.

Just as every movement in nature has its effects and causes in other movements and effects, and is universal in its connection, so every human thought and action is incorporated in life never to leave it. Not only this, but the germ of it existed always. All other phenomena of life were affecting and leading toward it, even as it affected all these phenomena. In this way is individual immortality expressed. For that reason we should not disparage the present existence, but should strive with all our might to do the best that is in us, for even though we ourselves will not in future feel our acts, posterity will; although the human individual consciousness is not immortal in the scriptural meaning of the word, the human race is. That is, it has a continual existence whose beginning we do not know and ending do not see.

Not only is human mentality immortal, but also the physical human is eternal. The electricity, the liquid, the clay of which he is composed, when he is decomposed, can only mingle with other elements. Can one imagine a more wonderful immortality than to be part of the tremendous ebb and flow of the universe, to mingle with the cool dust of the forest over which the brook ripples, in which the violets bury their roots and in which hares, foxes, and others of their kind build their homes. What more exhilarating than to flash with the forked lightning in a storm, or to know that our moisture feeds beautiful plants.

What could give us a greater, more sacred sense of duty than the knowledge that every act is felt by all our fellows—more than that—by all posterity?

Woman Suffrage: Why?

Written for THE MASSES.

BY LIDA PARCE

THE recent victory for woman suffrage in California is to be regarded as a triumph by the working class as well as by women; for every extension of justice and every application of the principle of a square deal is a step in advance for all those who are suffering from social wrongs and are struggling to right them. And this is especially true in view of the fact that the extension of woman suffrage everywhere is opposed by the exploiting class. But it should also be regarded with satisfaction by everyone, regardless of sex or class, because of the contribution to civilization which woman has to make, when she shall be liberated from political and social restrictions.

Why does the exploiting class oppose the entrance of woman into public life—why are they so unalterably convinced of the advantages of the "domestic sphere" for women? They realize the fact that the woman psychology is by nature unfriendly to their system. Their apprehensions are well founded; and this is not at all in contravention of the "economic interpretation of history." Men and women will act exactly alike in a situation in which the economic needs are all-imperative. But these needs having been met, psychology comes into play. The "psychic factors" cannot be eliminated from social philosophy without turning the whole subject over to biology again; and competition is the rule of a biological sociology. A Socialist must hang on to his psychic factors at any cost.

And in the whole field of social psychology there is nothing of greater importance to society than the distinctive attitudes of the sexes. Olive Schreiner touches on this point when she remarks the fact that women of leisure have organized the women workers, while none but working men have organized men workers. The working women, being doubly exploited because of their sex, have been unable to organize themselves and others more fortunately situated have come to their assistance. Men have not received a similar help from other men.

No thoughtful person can read Rheta Child Dorr's "What 8,000,000 Women Want" without being impressed with the fact that every one of the subjects on their program is a social welfare subject. Moreover, it is true that every one of them is directly in the line of the practical working out, or working in, of Socialism. Most of these women do not understand the Socialist philosophy, just as their husbands and brothers do not; but they are taking, and taking with great practical efficiency, the steps which must lead them to it. And they are not discussing any scheme for personal profit nor for the control of other people, nor are they investigating the wrongs of their own class (though most of them are women who do their own housework), nor creating advantages for a special class.

The two great historical organizations of men have been the church and the state, the purpose of both of which has been to control the people for the profit of the promoters. In the first women have been received only in the capacity of penitents and subscribers, and in the second, only as taxpayers and criminals. The General Federation of Women's Clubs is the first great historical organization of women, and one cannot compare the social attitude which it bespeaks with that which has characterized the organizations of men without realizing that the woman psychology is not in harmony with the present system, that woman has a distinct contribution to make to civilization, and that there is great need of her active participation in public affairs, for correcting the over-balance of the male egotism.

One "Present" Problem Settled

BY B. KEECH

"SOCIALISM has done me one good turn, already," laughed Eleanor Spencer, stamping a copy of THE MASSES which she had got ready to mail; "it has solved my Christmas presents problem for me."

"Why, how is that?" queried Janet Huxley, looking up from "Poverty."

"Well, you know how we always worry for weeks before Christmas, wondering what we're going to get for our friends. Now, since I've looked into Socialism, and found an answer to everything, I know what I'm going to buy. Most of my relatives are going to get some Socialist literature. Six cousins are to be made happy by a year's subscription to THE MASSES alone, besides other leading publications of our class. Four others are going to rejoice over a nice volume of Socialist poetry—we have some that's first class. Other friends are to receive a good Socialist novel, instead of "popular" fiction which sounds nice, but doesn't settle anything. Why, I feel actually guilty when I think of the time I've lost in neglecting to distribute our booklets, leaflets, post-cards and so on. I think they express the spirit of Christ, although perhaps not in "Christmassy" language.

"Eleanor," said Janet, "you and Socialism have solved one of my 'present' problems, too. I'm going to adopt your plan and help the world move more intelligently. Why not support the publications that are working for us, instead of the other kind? Well, no longer shall it be said that Janet Huxley failed to live up to her opportunities."

Cheap Paper, Cheap Food and the Proletariat

"YOU bet," said the Honest Toiler, proudly throwing out his chest, "blue milk, thin steak, five cent whiskey, eight for a dime cigars, yellow journals and dime novels, that's me, every day in the week."

"Well," said the worthy Rich Man, with a sigh of relief, "of course you know your own business best. If that's what you want I will try to see that you get it."

And the Honest Toiler got it, where he always gets it—in the neck. But how about you, Mr. Radical Well Informed Proletarian? Do you, too, want yellow journals and sensational dime novels

Some of our friends seem to think so. One of them writes, "You are trying to reach the more or less cultured people. That won't do unless you have plenty of money. They are not going to push your paper. When it comes to work, it is the poor, illiterate, half-starved individual who is on the job, and they won't work for it, because it is above him."

That's quite a verdict. You are the only one who can set it aside. We don't agree with your judge. If we did we won't be publishing THE MASSES. We do not appeal to the more cultured. We are simply conceited enough to believe that you have grown big enough to appreciate THE MASSES. Our friend spoke about the fact that we charge 50c. per year and that for this reason only you would never subscribe for THE MASSES in as large numbers as you would for a CHEAPER, more sensational magazine. There is something in that last argument. We are going to test it. We herewith offer you THE MASSES as cheap as the cheapest of the cheap. We are awaiting your answer. We are awaiting the verdict on yourself to be rendered by yourself.

A YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE MASSES" IN CLUBS OF FOUR OR MORE, 25 CENTS EACH. THIS OFFER STANDS FOR DECEMBER ONLY, AND EXCLUDES PREMIUMS OR DISCOUNTS OF ALL SORTS.

From the Bottom Up

Written for THE MASSES

BY EMANUEL JULIUS

NO, this is not a review of Alexander Irvine's book. I merely wish to juggle with my friend Horace Traubel for a minute or two. Keep your eyes open.

In a late number of *The Conservator* Horace Traubel has a poem which he calls "You Say Great Things Of Him." The last stanza reads:

You say great things of him.
You say great things of him: so do I: but what do you say of me?
I say great things of him: so do you: but what do I say of you?
You have listened to what he had to say: dare you listen to what I have to say?
You have called enough attention to him: I call attention to myself: do you call attention to me?
I blaspheme before your shrine: I curse your creed: I blow out your altar flame:
For he was once the outcast: and ain't you afraid to forget the outcasts to-night?
Instead of closing this room to anyone without a special pass we should invite all in:
Better to have fed him then as he wrestled with the black fates and now starve in his honor:
We starved him when he was on the earth: now we eat in his honor:
And you will yet hear me and understand all that I mean:
And you have heard him and understood all that he means:
There are many masters and few people: I speak up for the masters:
There were few masters and many people: he spoke up for the people.

Well, how do you like that poem? Did you get the meaning of it? There's only one fault with the above—I started, like Irvine, at the bottom and crept up. Traubel's poetry and prose are very convenient. If you get tired of reading him in the regular way, you commence at the bottom and read in the direction that Dr. Cook didn't go. You get the same thing at either end. And the variety is very pleasing. And now, the teacher asks the class: "What does Horace Traubel's poetry remind you of?" And the smartest boy in the class pops up and shouts: "A reversible shirt! If one end——" but before that sentence was finished the naughty boy was lynched. Served him right.

Breaking up the Home

Written for THE MASSES

BY GRACE POTTER

WHY is it not more generally pointed out how woman's voting would break up the home?

It is man's belief that he is superior which keeps him satisfied and manageable. One argument alone now supports this belief.

Says Man to Woman, "I vote. You don't know enough to vote, darling. So I am superior to you."

Leave him this last lame illusion of superiority. Or totter all the walls of home. For—hist!—are they not built upon man's vanity? How could woman manage him except through his vanity?

Man used to say that woman didn't know enough to study the sciences and dead languages. French and embroidery and making a curtsey were all she could learn.

Then she went to college and took most of the prizes away from him.

Man gulped. "It's because you cram so, dearest," said Man lightly. "Me, I WOULDN'T cram. But you can't get into the professional schools."

Then woman began to study medicine, pharmacy, law, engineering, dentistry and what not.

Again man gulped. "But you don't know enough to go into business, precious," he said.

Woman went into business. She was a merchant, a manufacturer, a broker, a drummer, a clerk, she was everything.

"Well, anyway, you cunning little thing," spoke up Man, "you don't know enough to VOTE."

Let him keep on saying this in joy and ignorance all the days of his life. Don't teach him what science and current history say about woman's knowing enough to vote. Don't tell him of the matriarchate in bygone civilizations where only woman voted. Don't tell him of the low savage tribes where the vote has never to this day been taken away from woman. Don't call to his attention the states in our own Union where women have voted for years.

For then the man who used to love you because you were so dependent upon his superiority will see at least that it was all a snare to hold him.

And gone is his vanity. Gone is the chance to manage him. Totter all the walls of home. Surely you don't believe in breaking up the home?

What's that? They used to say that educating woman would break up the home and it hasn't? That her going into business would break up the home and it hasn't? And that anyway a home built on vanity isn't——

Hush there The home is sacred! Surely you don't believe in breaking up the home!

A Swell Chance for You if You Grab it Quick

WE are looking for a special representative in every district of this great U. S.—a live man or woman to whom we can teach our business and whom we will make rich. Perhaps you have experimented with correspondence schools teaching such menial employments as Civil Engineering, The Law, Medicine, Sign Writing, Clergyman's Trade, and the like. If so you will appreciate a genteel proposition such as we offer here.

Does this appeal to you?

Would you like some refined, easy trade which you can work at outside of office hours and make Big Money?

Then read what these people have done. They started like you, knowing nothing about the business, and have Made Good.

Mrs. Hetty Breen, a poor widow of New York, writes: "Am making good fast with your COUPON CLIPPERS. They netted me over a million dollars last year and I expect to double that this season."

Mr. Thomas Fryan, a street car man, says: "Working outside of business hours only I made $25,000 a week with your elegant COUPON CLIPPERS. Enclose money order for another pair."

What do you think of Andrew Arnegie, a steel worker of Pittsburgh? "Your COUPON CLIPPERS are the goods," he writes. "Without trying made $100,000 in less than an hour yesterday."

According to John D. Dockerfeller, a Sunday school teacher, our Coupon Clippers are "all to the merry." J. Pierpont Organ, a sailor, thinks they are "the best on earth." Augie Pelmont, a horse trainer, "likes them, indeed." While William Canderbilt, a railroad employee, calls them "the success of the century."

Are you content to slave away your life on a small job or have you ambition? If you are one of those who want to get out of the rut send us one dollar by return mail as an initial payment for our New Easy Running, Ball Bearing, HammerThe-Public Coupon Clippers.

OUR MOTTO:

"They Make Millions Out of the Million."

Um-Yum

SHIP me to Finland (in summer) or Vinland,
Or Greece or Britannia the murky;
But let me cut Rome for and scoot away home for
The months of the toothsome turkey!
Yet not to the boasted big gobbler brown roasted
Is sung this gay tralalaloo:
Though fine on the platters it never quite matters
Till turned to—um-yum—Turkey Stew.

Think how it glides down and melts down and slides down—
This stew that a glutton might dream of;
How joyous to taste it, how sinful to waste it—
This dish that it's bliss to sniff steam of!
If I were as rich as some trusty trust which has
Saved up—say—a million or two,
I'd take winter boarders and O. K. their orders
For—oh that—um-yum—Turkey Stew.

Delicate light meat—ambrosial white meat—
And dark meat so mixed that they come where
They join with a splendid concoction of blended
Aromas from Heaven or somewhere.
In fact, at my finish when shrunk bone and skinnish
Don't buy me a tombstone but do—
Old chap—if you love me, just set up above me
A bowl of um-yum Turkey Stew.

Ridiculous

SOME time the shrewd American spent in examining the details of the strange island.

"And who are those innumerable men who are raising such a row on the corner?" he inquired of the native.

"Those chaps! Why, those are the men who were cheated at the championship series of the national game. They lost their good money and they're going to get it back or know the reason why."

"And who is that all alone on the street corner exhorting the people to revolt?"

"Why, he's the poor chap who discovered we were all being robbed wholesale by a few rich men of the country. Of course we aren't interested in that sort of thing."

"Where are all those carrriages going?"

"Why, they're taking our better class to the Charity Ball."

"Is it a success?"

"I should say so. Nobody spends less than fifteen dollars getting there, and last year they turned over almost two hundred dollars to charity."

"Who's that fellow with the diamonds?"

"Why, he's one of our best citizens—he never does any work at all."

"And who's that chap in overalls?"

"One of the scum. He does the useful things we have to have done. You know, the disagreeable jobs that nobody wants to do."

"And who's the gentleman that has excited all that cheering? The one with the fierce moustaches and the uniform and the plumes on his hat?"

"That! Why, that's General Bluggymug, who personally killed eight thousand people. Hurray! He's the bloodiest general we ever had."

"And who is the little stoop-shouldered fellow scooting along the sidewalk? The one the policeman just belted?"

"Oh, that little shrimp is Professor Scruggs, the man who discovered the serum that absolutely cures pneumonia. Of course, nobody takes him seriously."

"You're a queer people," said the shrewd American smiling patronizingly. "You're simply ridiculous."

SPECIAL FOR DECEMBER. THE MASSES IN CLUBS OF FOUR OR MORE, 25C. PER YEAR. NO PREMIUMS OR DISCOUNTS.

MAGDALENE FORGIVES

Written for THE MASSES.

BY ELEANOR WENTWORTH

Painting by J. Henner.
By courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art.

MAGDALENE was born a woman, this fact, according to the dictates of man, prohibiting her from every field of life except love. And, therefore, she loved. But her love was as pearls cast before swine; it was abused and thrown aside.

Society, with the unaccountable, contradictory attitude it sometimes manifests, censured her for doing the only thing that it allowed her to do. It gave her no helping hand to overcome her grief. It gave her no opportunity to forget her pain by ministering to the pains of others, or bringing joy to others. She was not allowed to forget her individual misfortunes by depicting in literature or on canvas or in music the lives of the aggregate of individuals. She was not allowed to forget her own needs by busying herself with the needs of society as a whole. All these paths of endeavor, that of the musician, the painter, the writer, the statesman and the physician, were bolted and barred against her. Only one road lay open, its bed besprinkled with glittering dust to hide the mire beneath.

With a feeling of bitterness, Magdalene took the road, and again Society with inexplicable but doubtless faultless logic, railed at her for following the only course it allowed her to take.

Bitter was her heart and revengefully she followed the road, but the ignominy of it, and her unhealed pain gnawed deep into her heart; her haughtiness and unconcern were a pretence that hid unending hopelessness, and her laughter only served to suppress her tears. On all hands it was said that she did wrong, and Magdalene, loathing her life, longed to do what was right, that she might win a little of the love and respect of her fellows. She sought for a way in which she might atone for the wrong Society said she had done. But she saw no way. She was reviled and

shunned, but none showed her how she might retrieve herself.

Then came Jesus, drawing to his side with his words of hope and comfort all the disinherited and disowned. Magdalene flocked to him with the rest and groveled at his feet, so great was her sense of wrong-doing and so strong her desire for forgiveness. When Jesus saw her tears he wept and said: "See ye this woman? I say unto you, her sins which were many, are forgiven, for she loved much." Magdalene did not laugh at the sarcasm; she did not see it. That she should be granted forgiveness because she was placed in a hateful condition, and had suffered for it, in no wise appeared strange to her. Far from doing so, it appeared entirely logical, and led her to undertake a harder penance that she might absolve herself completely. So she went far into the desolation and monotony of the desert.

Many have gone the same road since then, some being driven to it by poverty, others by the neglect, the misunderstanding, or the rank barbarism of Society. A great many die on the road, others enter into the living death of the cloister. Outwardly they all wear an air of brazen defiance to shield the raw wound at their hearts. But down beneath their unconcern they all harbor the hope that at some time there will be a break in the road and they will again be able to step into the ranks of Society and receive their portion of the opportunities and respect of their kind.

One day a Messiah will arise from their ranks and will accusingly point out the real wrongdoer. And the accusations she will make will not be mild. She will show that beneath the heedless feet of an unjust society lie the defiled ideals and the crushed ambitions of a myriad human beings; that there lie also the ruined loves and cheated mother hearts of as many maidens. On that day will society see that it has not merely wronged others, but also robbed itself of just so many helping hands. When it takes into its arms the first bleeding and stumbling heart, sustains it with its sympathy and throws wide to it the doors of opportunity, then will Magdalene in the desert forget her pain and rest in peace.

THE WONDERFUL LADY THAT MICKEY MET

Written for THE MASSES

BY ETHEL KNAPP BEHRMAN

THE worth of this little tale of Mickey lies in the fact that its main events are true. Some little embellishment has been added for effect, but as the Wonderful Lady is a dear friend of mine, I can vouch for its truth.

It was raining hard. Mickey—well, never mind the last name—Mickey was bound on an errand in an out-of-the-way part of the city. As the trip was a long one, he had skipped the afternoon session of school very willingly and gladly.

When you have great holes in the soles of your shoes, and your stockings are just excuses for such; when your pants are threadbare and ragged, and you can't have a clean waist every day, for you have not enough to go round the whole week—then the laughter of your more fortunate schoolmates, accompanied by their jeers and sneers, is very hard to bear.

On account of the rain, Mickey was forced to take the car. He well knew how little the six cents carfare could be spared, and he hated to take it from his mother, but he was hoping, if the errand was successful, that the gentleman would give him enough to pay it back, and more besides.

The little mother worked very hard all day in a sweat-shop, making clothes for other boys. She came home at night, so tired that she was only too glad to fall into bed, after a hasty bite of supper. She never had any time to make clothes for Mickey, for on Sunday, the only day that she had to herself, she did her washing and ironing, and what little cleaning of the one room which they occupied, that she could.

Mickey's father? Well, the less one said of him, the better. Being very fond of the company he used to find at Bender's saloon on the corner, he had, after imbibing very freely, one evening killed a man in a quarrel in the aforesaid saloon. Now he was "doing time" in the "Pen" at the State's expense, and his wife and son were on the verge of starvation, while Bender was getting richer right along. So, if you don't mind, we'll say no more of Mickey's father.

Oh, how it poured! Mickey swished along through the puddles, his shoes soaked and muddy, and his clothes soggy with the rain.

He was on his way back now, and he huddled in the corner of the car, his little heart filled with envy for its more fortunate occupants. They were all dry and comfortable and had umbrellas, and this fact rankled hard in his little breast.

There was one lady in particular, in very stylish clothes. Her hair was smoothly curled and puffed, and was surmounted by a hat that beggars description. Mickey thought of his mother, with her old-fashioned clothes and her thin, gray-streaked hair. The contrast hurt him. He saw the lady looking at him, and he resented her gaze as he shrank closer in his corner.

Then there was a man in a comfortable raincoat, with a general air of well-being about him. His hands were white, and there was a big, shining ring on one of them. Mickey looked long at him and could not help comparing his appearance with that of his father as he had last seen him, when he and his mother had paid that one visit to the Penitentiary.

Mickey's gaze wandered on, to a boy and his mother sitting opposite. They had on fairly good clothes, handsome ones in Mickey's eyes—and one could plainly see the bond of love and companionship that held them close. Mickey lowered his eyes for a moment, trying to picture himself seated in like manner at his mother's side. The times that he could recall of such proximity were few and far between, for love and companionship alone will not keep body and soul together.

Mickey felt a queer lump in his throat and had to swallow hard to keep back the tears. Just then the car stopped at a crossing to admit a passenger, and as a woman entered it seemed to Mickey as if she brought a huge burst of sunshine in with her.

She sat down on the other side of the car, glancing kindly at him the while. He did not resent her glance, for it felt to him as if a warm, sweet sympathy was shining from her big blue eyes, finding its way to his rugged little heart.

She was rather stout in build, and when she smiled you saw that Nature had made her a bit large in order to fit round the great store of love for all Humanity that emanated from her being. Her hair was golden-red, just like sunbeams, Mickey thought. He began to wonder if she had any boys at home, and wished that she would smile at him again, when—think of it—she crossed the car and sat down at his side.

Mickey's heart beat so fast that he could scarcely answer her kindly queries. He managed to tell her his little history, which she drew from him so tactfully, accompanying it with shy glances into her smiling blue eyes, where once or twice glistened a tear of sympathy.

What was that she was asking him? Could he make use of some clothes outgrown by her own boy, but she was pretty sure would be a good fit for him? Oh, could he? Taking a piece of paper from her hand bag, and borrowing a pencil from the conductor, she wrote down her name and address and gave it to the boy.

Ah, what a different tune the car wheels sang as they carried him homeward. He could hardly wait to tell his mother. As he was climbing the steep stairs that led to their room, the thought came to him, "Supposin' she was jist a-stringin' me!" But the memory of her bright smile and kindly voice soon put that thought to rout. "No, she's straight goods and a yard wide," he said to himself.

The little mother rejoiced with her boy in his good fortune, and the following Saturday found him on his way to the lady's house. The day was fair, and Mickey had put forth every effort to appear at his best. His shoes had been rubbed, his clothes brushed, his hair combed and his face scrubbed till the freckles shone. He was a very different looking child from the boy on the street car, and the change had been effected by the *hope of appearing like other boys.* That was, if the lady kept her word, and he felt sure she would.

He mounted the steps and rang the door bell. Yes, here was the same Wonderful Lady, asking him in and telling him to be seated in such a soft, comfortable chair as he had never to his recollection occupied before.

Here she was again, and before Mickey knew it he was trying on suits—yes, two of them—and one, two, three, four, five, six, seven waists—enough to go round the week. And shoes, *good shoes,* with no holes in them—stockings, darned a bit, maybe, but not so you could notice it.

The little fellow had never in his life before been so completely fitted out. His eyes got bigger and bigger, and he could not find words to express himself. Now he would look like other boys, and his schoolmates could not poke fun at him.

He walked proudly about the room while the lady was tying up the bundle that he was to take home. He wanted to remember all the details so that he might tell his mother all about it.

The expected "Church Lecture" that had usually followed any former favor that he had met with, not being forthcoming, as the little chap was ready to go, he eyed her oddly for a moment. Then his curiosity got the best of him, and he said, as he was about to start: "What religion are you, anyhow, lady?"

The lady looked at him kindly, smiled and said: "Well, son, I am what they call a Socialist. Some day you will come to see me again, and I will explain what that means. The clothes that I am giving you are yours by right. Children are here in this world to be cared for. I am not rich, my boy. I am working and hoping for the time when there will be no little ragged children. No one cold and no one hungry. Understand, my little man, it is not in charity that I have given these things to you. You will come again, will you not? You see, my love for my own boy makes me love all the boys and girls in this whole world. You will not forget me, will you?"

"Not on your life." was the forceful if inelegant answer of Mickey.

He went home, with her words ringing in his head, and when he told it all to his mother, he added: "An' if dat lady's what yer call a Socialist, dat's me, fer sure!"

Some day, perhaps, I can tell you more of Mickey's further visits to the Wonderful Lady.

HENRY

Written for The Masses — BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE — *Illustrated by Alex Popini*

WHAT between Richard Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, Mike and I were nearly bored to extinction that second summer in Seriph Four Corners. We hadn't wanted either of them to come in the first place, but what's a man to do when two of his classmates simply take the bit in their teeth and ask for an invitation? It was the harder for Mike to refuse them as he had a sort of *noblesse oblige* but that so long as they *had* been the kind that were serenely unaware of his existence when he was working his way through Harvard, he could not encourage his perfectly natural lust for revenge by refusing their request—now that a lot of fool people had taken it into their heads to run after him. So they came—one, one week, and the other, the next—and they stayed and they stayed and they stayed. Of course, it isn't really so bad as it sounds, for, after all, they were men and a man in the bush in summer is worth six in the hand in winter. Still I don't know what I would have done if Tad Wilcox hadn't kept running to relieve the strain now and then and if Mrs. Henry Harwood hadn't ultimately appeared on the scene.

Grefe-Saunders belonged to a certain type of society heeler that every woman gets to recognize eventually. Always living in the correct way, always doing the correct thing, always knowing the correct people and, last but not least expensive, always wearing the correct clothes, they never seem to have been anybody (of course, you understand I'm deliberately adopting this snob-nomenclature of "everybody" and "nobody") in the beginning, but is always "somebody" at the end. I've known people who were somebody, some of the places they went, and others who were nobody, all the places they went, but Grefe-Saunders was somebody, no matter where you found him. "What the deuce," as Mike said, "he was doing in our *galère*" that summer will always be a profound mystery to us.

Two years abroad after leaving Harvard had returned him monocled, hyphenated, accented and so well-dressed that his mere clothes constituted a bond between him and every woman he met. Two years in New York had made him the pampered darling—that is, so far as I could judge by the newspapers and his own talk, which just teemed with careless allusions to automobiles, house-parties, the horse-show, opera and the names that infest the society columns —of the inner four hundred push. He was awfully good-looking, too, and witty and entertaining. You mustn't gather from all this that he was a bore or a blowhard. He was neither. You know how some people have the knack of parading their opportunities and yet being simple and entertaining about it—that was Grefe-Saunders. And I must say that that summer in Seriph Four Corners, he was a sure-and-certain ornament to the touring-car in summer clothes that it strained the resources of my wardrobe to live up to.

Now Adrian Hewitt was just as different as possible. He was a poet and, somehow, you'd know he was a poet. Not that he was as eccentric or went in for long hair and loppy clothes—that type is as anachronistic as the Jurassic bird. No, he was as close-cropped as Grefe-Saunders and his clothes were rather flossy than otherwise. He went in for being "subtle." Conversation with him was an intellectual football. The ball got passed so often, though, it made you dizzy watching for it. It was like bucking against a weejah-board and being held responsible. He'd pick you up on the most commonplace observation and find something "cryptic" in it. He took it into his head that I was a sphinx. You know what a bore it is to have to keep living up to a reputation that's been foisted upon you and for a quality that you haven't got and never had and don't want. And if you think it's any fun for a woman who's as clear as filtered water and as obvious as a map, to live up to a reputation for "subtlety"—just try it once. Mike used to call us "the subtlers" when we got started on one of our interminable squirrel-track-and-blind-alley arguments. But I stopped that. I don't often get mad with Mike, but there are some things that even the law doesn't compel a woman to stand from her husband.

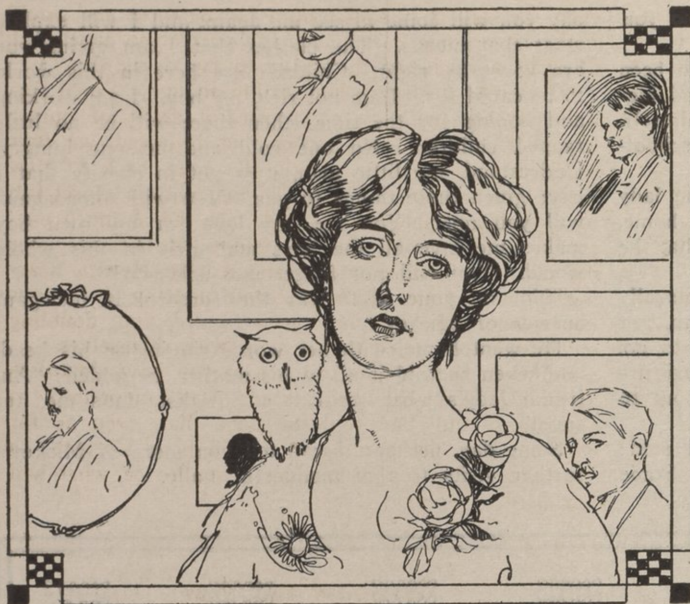
Mrs. Harwood fast asleep.

But Tad Wilcox—bless his heart—Tad took to coming up over the week-ends. Tad was the joy of our life—he sold guns for the Amalgamated Firearms and, whatever else he was, he was not "swell" and he was not "subtle." In fact, he had a mind as full of pigeon-holes as a roll-top desk and he could put his hand on anything in it at a moment's notice—nice, manny, sensible, comfortable things. Wasn't he a relief! He was rather tall and lean, with an irregular, bony, humorous face and eyes that twinkled deliciously—blue as blades—between lashes that were as long as a child's. He was as lazy as—well, he was lazier than your own husband, and every woman knows what that means. Mike said I ought to see Tad raking in the orders for guns on the road if I had any idea he couldn't hustle, and I do know that, later in the season, the Amalgamated people actually had to lay him off simply because they couldn't keep up with his orders. Most of the time that he was in our house, he lay sprawled out on a couch, his long body reinforced by a fat cushion at every angle, and constantly just saving his pipe from going out with a puff at its last gasp, listening to Adrian and Grefe-Saunders and twinkling so hard sometimes that I was afraid they'd see it.

Well, in spite of all this masculine society, when I heard that the romantic old Manistey place had been taken by Mrs. Henry Harwood, a young widow, who was casting her black and just beginning to be marcelled again, I was ready to whoop with joy. And in fact I went round to call the day I heard of it. Of course, the men were interested—isn't it queer what a difference the fact that a woman is a *widow* will make with them? And when I came home, bursting through every pore with excited comments, they really couldn't wait for a decent interval to elapse before we could be justified in calling. Fortunately for them, she returned my call promptly and they met her. Then we went up there and she came down here and we went up there and she came down here, and that kept up until we lost count somewhere and just sort of lived amiably together in one inchoate, conglomerate group, having meals at her house or our house, just according to where we happened to be.

Mrs. Harwood, herself, was the prettiest thing ever and then to see her in that environment! She was a little slender, pink-and-white girl, so blonde that she looked as if she'd been materialized, not born, with pathetic blue eyes in a mother-of-pearl complexion and a mass of tendrilly wavy hair so pale a gold that the ends seemed actually to fuse with the atmosphere. She had tiny baby-teeth in a drooping dying-rose mouth, a profile that you could never take seriously and a dimple in her chin that we called the "vanishing" dimple because it was the worst case of now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't that you ever saw. She was that type that a man, mistakenly, calls "angelic" or "seraphic" when she simply is "cherubic" or—or *demure.* Anyway, she was one of those blondes who look best in pink and she wore pink all the time—a delicate wild-rose shade—except outdoors, when she was a ravishing little mouse in gray. It appears the pink was *Henry's* favorite color and that, while he was alive, he would never let her wear anything else.

The old Manistey place was just the setting for all this pathetic, pale-pink grief. It was huge and rambling and sizzling with atmosphere. There were wide lawns, waist-deep in grass, running down to a dank, green-scummed puddle, that Adrian Hewitt called a "mere," and old tumble-down orchards that were caves of green shade. Mrs. Harwood didn't try to modernize it. She let the picturesque rack and ruin stay. She had the dead limbs and leaves and such muck cleared away, leaving space in all kinds of



I once said to Tad: "You don't like Mrs. Harwood, Tad." He looked at me an instant. Then he began to twinkle. "Too much Henry," he drawled at length.

And, oh my pities, he was right. If I didn't get sick of *Henry* before that summer was over. We had *Henry* from breakfast-food in the morning to the cheese at night. He must have been a wonder, but—Heavens—how eternally and teetotally sick we grew of the very name of him. As if this wasn't enough, anniversaries were constantly coming. They had met one summer, had become engaged the next, married a third and he was drowned in August, two years later. She was always giving out that she would not be at home to callers on a certain day, and then we knew that it was an anniversary and that she would shut herself up and cry her eyes out.

unexpected corners for flower-beds. In these she raised flowers, but as a tribute to the dead, I suppose, pink flowers only—pink laurel, pink phlox, pink pinks, pink geraniums and billions of pink roses. Then she imported with her all kinds of queer live-stock—but only white creatures—white rabbits, white kittens and white pigeons. Sometimes she'd come to meet us, trailing through the tall grass with Diogenes, a tiny white owl, perched on her shoulder. She went to ride every morning on a little white horse. You see, *Henry* had given her all these white pets.

Which all brings me naturally enough to *Henry*. If there ever was a house that was simply pervaded with the spirit of the dear departed, it was Mrs. Henry Harwood's house. In the first place, she talked about him a great deal of the time. And, in the second place, his picture was literally everywhere, a magnificent pen-and-ink in the hall, photographs and sketches in smashing silver frames on the mantels, on the tables, on her desk, on her dresser. Tad calculated once that she couldn't sit on any chair in the house without being able to look around and see *Henry* somewhere, and it was his joy to watch Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt—after they got it bad—squirm in their chairs, trying to get out of range of their defunct rival. But he was worth looking at—Henry—the pictures all presented the same pose, half-profile, the arms folded—a romantic, dashing type, with hair a little long, a heavy moustache curling under, two very interesting scars, one at the corner of his mouth, the other higher up on his cheek—the result of a duel in his University days in Heidelberg.

Of course, the more we saw of her, the crazier the men were about her. You know how a tender, clinging, pathetic type brings home the money. I say in these days, when a girl has the chance to take any pose she wants, she has no right to do that sort of thing. It's like jacking deer—it isn't sportsmanlike. You don't give a man a run or his money. But, anyway, they were simply dippy over her, Mike just as bad as the rest. All except Tad Wilcox, and he didn't seem to glamour up at all. She seemed to amuse him in just the same way Grefe-Saunders or Adrian Hewitt did. If she had been a kitten or a puppy, he couldn't have regarded her with more indulgence. But he seemed never to try to talk with her or to make a *tête-à-tête*—the way Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt were just tripping each up in their efforts to do. It seemed to be all the picnic Tad asked of life just to be permitted to watch them. Curiously enough, there was a little air of deference in the way she treated Tad.

This surprised me a little, for I could not help wondering if Tad felt the way I did. For, as much as I liked her (and she was perfectly square in all those little things by which a woman learns to judge her sex), I had a sort of feeling of distrust, so inexplicable and yet so immovably *there*, whenever I tried to argue it away, that it made me mad. I felt witchy about it—that feeling—and, somehow, in spite of myself, it seemed to prevent a lot. We never called each other by our first names, for instance. Hers was Anita, by the way. Of course, I never spoke of it to any of the men, not even to Mike, because—well, you know how it is with young men. The fact that they will invariably put it to jealousy whenever you criticize another woman is the cause of their losing many illuminated side-lights on feminine psychology.

The next day, after such a weeping-bout, her soft eyes would become fixed at intervals in what we knew was an intensity of reminiscent fervor and her face would become one embodied, brooding preoccupation. At such times, just the mention of the word *pink* would make her wistful, a glance at one of his pictures would turn her tragic and an accidental allusion to the anniversary would, in spite of her bravest efforts, bring her handkerchief to her eyes. But that was the time when Tad's interference would save the game. He'd come out with some ridiculous remark and then her seriousness would break, her teeth would flash out and in either cheek, a spot, too deep to be a shadow and too shallow to be a dimple, would indulge in a sort of dimple-dance. Mike, Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt pitied her terribly. They paid her all kinds of delicate little attentions to show it. But it used to make me impatient. As for Tad—well, he didn't actually twinkle, of course, but he used to look pretty skeptical at times.

I remember one day when she had gone up to town and wasn't expected home until late. To keep Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt from yawning each other into a pitched battle, I took the four men to see a moon-ascension in the evening. When we came back, it was late enough for her train to have come back, and, on a sudden impulse, we decided to call. Following our nice go-as-you-please custom, we walked right in, without knocking, through the hall and into the living-room. And there we came across the most beautiful picture I have ever seen in my life.

It had been a little sharp that evening and there was a fire. That was the only light in the whole room, which was simply full of the blooms and perfumes of all kinds of pink flowers. Lying in front of the hearth on a big fluffy, white-fur rug was Mrs. Harwood fast asleep, looking like a little doll in a Japanese kimona-gown—pink satin with white birds embroidered upon it. Asleep in her lap was a little white Angora kitten who looked as he'd been made out of the rug she was lying on. At one end of the mantel was a big white fan-tail pigeon, his pink feet and beak gleaming in the firelight. Huddled together on the hearth, with eyes like pink topazes, were a pair of rabbits and on the clock sat Diogenes, a little, crumpled, headless bundle of white fluff. It was a symphony in pink and white—I never saw anything like it.

She waked up at once and began to talk. Beside her was a long pink-stemmed rose, and as she sat there, all the time she was nervously pulling it to pieces. In a sudden gleam of the firelight I could see that her cheeks were wet, and from something she let drop in a minute, we realized that it was the anniversary of Henry's death—you can fancy how we felt.

"She was very lovely last night," I said to Tad the next morning.

"Just like a Christmas Supplement to the London *Graphic*," he answered. And evidently that's all the impression that that lovely picture made on him.

Well, I couldn't see what was going to be the outcome of it all. Grefe-Saunders was certainly awfully struck. He seemed to have come as close to losing his head as it was possible for him. There could be no doubt that Mrs. Harwood had plenty of money. It would be a good match for him from the financial point of view, provided she would not jeopard a social position that was secure enough as long as he remained an attractive bachelor, but decidedly precarious as the husband of a woman who had, socially, only beauty and money to recommend her.

Adrian Hewitt, of course, did not have to think of that, for no poet goes in for society. But her money would undoubtedly prove a great help. Adrian floated about a good deal, traveled as he pleased and seemed to have abundant leisure. It was Mike's opinion that he had to count his pennies more carefully than anybody suspected. Not that I am insinuating that those two men were fortune-hunters. All that I say is that they impressed me as the kind who would take such things into consideration.

In the middle of September, Mrs. Harwood went away for two weeks and it was during that time that the explosion came. Tad wasn't with us and, in despair, Mike and I had taken Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, who had developed into the most moping and borous companions, down to Mexum—a little beach-place, so far away that by a little judicious over-speeding between policemen, we could just manage to get to and back in the same day. It was like any other one-horser—but that's neither here nor there. The point is that when we went to get a fish-dinner in the only place where a civilized person could eat—who should be there to wait on us but *Henry*.

Yes, *Henry*—Mrs. Harwood's *Henry*—*Henry* of the small million of photographs, pen-and-inks, sketches, etc.—*Henry* of the passion for pink—*Henry* of the anniversaries. And there was no mistake about it. He was *there*, walking around before my eyes with a soiled napkin on his left arm, just as if he wasn't a blessed ghost. The whole outfit was there—romantic look, dashing profile, melancholy eyes (in reality they were just plain stupid)—even the interesting scar that began on his cheek and ended where his moustache curled up at the corner of his mouth.

You could have knocked us over with a sneeze. I don't know which of us turned the palest when he walked over and said: "Regular dinner, sir?" for, of course, we all recognized him at once. We just kept staring at *Henry*, then at each other, then back again to *Henry*. And the polite way in which we trifled with six courses of alleged food, beat any prestidigitateur stunt known to man.

Well, Mike, of us all, had presence of mind enough to see the proprietor, a fat, foolish German person, and ask him about *Henry*. He didn't know anything about *Henry*, except that his name was Delehanty. He seemed to think it suspicious that there should be anything to know about him. At that, Mike began to crawl, as he didn't want to get Mrs. Harwood into any trouble. But, of course, we went right back and all the way home and up through three-quarters of the night, we discussed the matter. We discussed it up and down and back and forth. We discussed it inside out and hind-side before. We discussed it round and round and we discussed it crosswise. We discussed it from A to Z and from omega back to alpha. We came to the conclusion that *Henry* had rescued himself the night he was supposed to be drowned, but, having become demented, had never returned to his home. Or he had scuttled his boat in order to have seemed to have drowned, taking a method, familiar to writers of short stories, of disappearing and beginning life anew. But in that case what was his motive? There seemed to be no especial

call of the wild in the waiter's profession that any of us could see. But we agreed that our duty to tell Mrs. Harwood the moment she came home was the one thing in the whole situation that was plain. And then it became a matter of conjecture who should tell her. Nobody wanted to do it and it looked as if we would have to toss up for it.

Grefe-Saunders settled the question, as far as he was concerned, by having a convenient telegram call him back to New York at the end of three days. I suppose he thought, on considering the matter, that he might possibly lift a beautiful blonde widow to the social heights to which he hung by his eyelids. But when it came to the heroine of a drowned and resuscitated-and-become-a-waiter husband — Adrian bolted two days later. What frightened him I don't know. But I didn't waste any good brain-juice on him, I can tell you—he was "subtle," you know.

And so it came about, when Mrs. Harwood did come home, there was nobody but Mike and me and Tad, who had run up that afternoon. And Tad—bless his heart—when we told him the story, offered at once to break the news to her. This time there was no twinkle in his eye—he looked serious, even sad, I thought—when we three started to call on her that evening. We planned it that Tad would go in first and tell her and then, if she was in the mood to see us, he could come out and get us. If not, we'd all three sneak home.

Mike and I sat, quaking, on the piazza for twenty minutes, listening to an interval of the most silent silence that ever percolated to my intelligence. Why, it was so silent there—it was positively *loud* about it. Then something broke in the atmosphere that caused Mike to swear softly and me to jump a rod. It was a woman's laugh, delicious as a gush of water from a fountain. Then came a man's laugh, explosive, re-echoing. In another instant Tad was at the door, peering out at us.

"Come in," was all he said.

When we got in we found Mrs. Harwood, lying face down on the couch, shaking with laughter. And then the explanations began to rain.

The waiter wasn't *Henry*. At least he was *Henry*, although that was not his name. But he wasn't Mrs. Henry Harwood's husband, although he was the man in the picture—because Mrs. Harwood wasn't Mrs. Harwood at all and never had been. Oh, I'm getting this all mixed up. I'll begin again. Mrs. Harwood had never been married. So, you see, she couldn't have any husband. And, of course, *Henry* was as much of a myth as a picture of a live flesh-and-blood man can be. All this she explained, between the bursts of perfectly delicious laughter.

"But Mrs. Harwood," I faltered. Mike simply stared.

"Don't call me that name any longer," she begged. "My real name is Matilda Donne. But please call me Matty; you dear thing! My conscience has punctured my peace of mind all summer for deceiving you the way I have. I haven't worried an atom the way I hoodwinked the men, but I felt horrid about lying to you. You've been such a dear that I felt it to be a barrier between us and I did want to be friends."

It appears that she had always lived with a hard-fisted old grandfather of the Puritan type, millions of miles away from anywhere, in a little down-at-the-heels New England town. She had never seen anybody, or been anywhere, or done anything the way other girls had, and so when he died, leaving her lots of money, she just decided to break out of her cell and start something. She had always heard, she added naively, that widows had the best time, so she concluded to become a widow. And in order to deliver the goods, she had to invent *Henry*. She bought a picture from a Boston photographer and had it copied as many ways as she could think of, worked up all his history, tastes, distastes and anniversaries. She picked Seriph Four Corners as a nice quiet place to start in and, not really knowing anything about it, came on and established herself here.

She said it was a lot of fun at first as the men—here she shot a mischievous glance at Mike—seemed to pity her so much. "But I could never pull the wool over Mr. Wilcox's eyes," she said with a sigh and a droop of her eyelids in his direction. And Tad actually looked embarrassed. But he burst out into chuckles of joy—and Mike had to join him—when she confessed that that night, when we found her asleep among her pink flowers and her white "live-stock," she had heard us coming and just pretended to have cried herself to sleep for the fun of it. But at length it got on her nerves—the constant deception and all—and that was why she went away for those two weeks. And she said if it hadn't been for us three she would never have come back. "As for pink," she concluded, "I shall never wear the shade to my dying day."

Of course, I forgave her readily enough. You'd forgive anybody with an eighteen-carat sense of humor like that, and, in the October that followed, we four made up for lost time. Well, she came back to New York with us and, as Miss Donne, with a closet-full of tight-fitting pale-blue marvels, she did as much execution in one month as any widow of her size ever did in two. Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, hearing the true state of things, came pouring up to our house where she had become a fixture, and, doubling on their tracks, tried to catch up with themselves.

But even then it was too late as you have doubtless gathered. For the engagement was announced at Christmas, and Tad told me once that, even as far back as their last evening in Seriph Four Corners, he did himself the joy of making a bonfire of what had remained of *Henry*.

Business and War

Written for THE MASSES.

BY IDA CROUCH-HAZLETT

BUSINESS is Hell. War is Hell.

One of the greatest of modern Generals did not describe war as glory, honor, conquest and righteousness, but as—Hell.

In his mind were its slaughter, its smoke, its murder, its blood, its death wounds, its staring and sightless eyes, its pallid cheeks, its rigid limbs, its ride to death, its lead and powder and sharp steel tearing through flesh, its hate, its waste of human hopes and life and birth.

Business is modern warfare.

The scene of action has changed. Commercialism, with its refinements of attack, has taken the place of a direct aim at your fellow-creature's life with a weapon.

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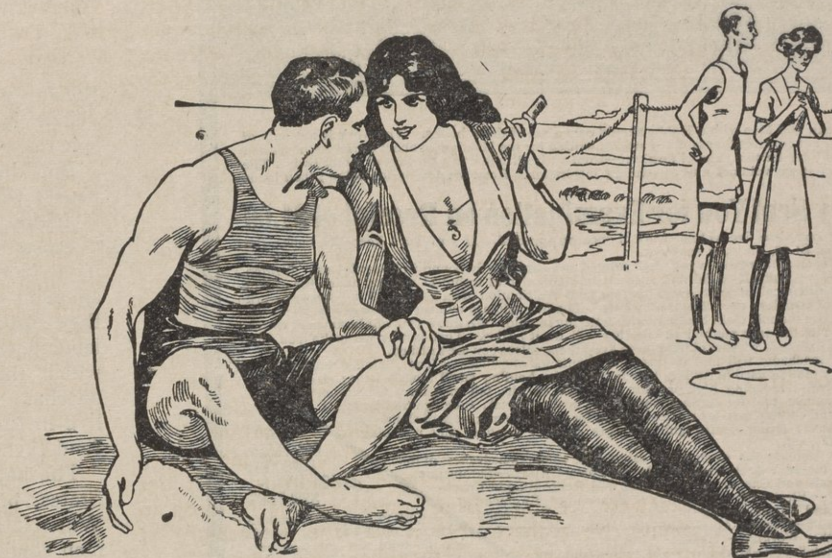

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ness and the trade that kills the other because it takes his sustenance.

He will administer to him under the name of business that which will take his child's life, or ruin his health or his future.

Business makes men suspicious, wary, deceitful, unkind. It causes them to set a guard upon their speech lest some men take advantage of them to do them injury.

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The curse of competition and gain blights every human trait. War is Hell. Business is Hell. In what favorable soil may the beauties of character develop?

When business, which is commercial war, is over.

When men shall co-operate instead of contest.

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Importance of Socialism to Artists

Written for THE MASSES

BY LAETON SMITH

IN Egypt, artists were priests. In Greece, philosophers. In Rome, slaves. And now again, in our misfit civilization, modeled on the Latin, they are, or fast becoming, slaves—wage slaves of the bourgeoisie.

For, to be precise, positive, pertinent and conscious of our condition, what we have is no democracy at all, but abourgeoisity. Now Capitalism is a really wonderful development of the power of organized effort. It is only odious, because by means of it the bourgeoisie have been able to make their starched, stiff and eminently respectable Mister-and-Missisness, mediocrity and ugliness, a means of grinding down the wage slave, and making the artist a caterer to their shallow notion of beauty, or misconception of it as prettiness.

And because of this ideal of the bourgeoisie, artists are kept busy, overloading most everything with gingerbread decoration, and instead of designing garments that are beautiful, in materials that are lasting, artists by the thousand are required to turn out fashion plates by the myriad, to flatter the fickleness of a handful of foolish females, and stimulate the foppishness of a swept and ironed masculinity, made idealistic by the notable firm of Hart, Schaffner & Marx.

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(*Continued from page 8.*)

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