

JAN. 1912

WAR NUMBER

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THE MASSES

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE WORKING PEOPLE



SPECIAL FEATURES

BRAINS OR BOMBS?

THE NEW WEAPON

FOR 1912

ARTICLES AND PICTURES
ON WAR BY WELLKNOWN
AUTHORS AND ARTISTS

NEXT MONTH'S SUBJECT

CONSTRUCTIVE
POLITICAL ACTION

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



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IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

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FREE-50-FREE

A certain party interested in the Masses has 50 Suits and Overcoats valued at \$15—\$20 each. They are to be donated to persons sending 20 yearly subscriptions.

Twenty-five warmly-clad men are thanking us for our suit and overcoat offer last month. They are so well pleased they are working for more. H. Berkowitz, 14 Park Sq., Boston, writes: "To say I am satisfied does not nearly express my appreciation. The premium, my overcoat, was worth more than the total I sent in for subscriptions. The subscribers who paid their fifty cents are fully as well pleased with the magazine as I am with my overcoat."

We have about 50 left on hand. If you want to earn one of these beautiful garments, you will have to act quickly. Write giving us your size, saying you are working for one and we will lay it aside and reserve it for you for 10 days.

We prefer subscriptions to a gift. The money spent in purchasing these garments will come to us through your subscriptions as well as if we had received it direct. We will have 1,000 new readers and 50 hustlers who are under obligations to us. That's why. The suits are 36-38 Breast Measure. The overcoats range from 36-42. We ship express collect either a suit or overcoat upon receipt of 20 subscriptions. We don't want merely 20 names. We want 20 subscriptions. Sample copies supplied.

EDITORIALS



NLY by accepting questionable advertising can we continue to sell **The Masses** at its present rate. We have decided to accept only high class advertising, or none at all.

We have also decided to effect a number of important improvements and use a higher quality paper. Therefore, we will be forced to raise our price from next month on to ten cents per copy and one dollar per year. Bundles or subscriptions paid for before February 1st will be supplied at the old rate. Better get in before price is raised.

The War Trade

TRADER rise and fall. Once the war trade was a good trade: dangerous but exciting; poorly paid but full of loot; admirable; heroic; superior. The warrior protected his countrymen from invaders and conquered strange lands for the plows of emigrants.

But interest in the war trade is slackening. War correspondents and General Sherman have spread the truth about wholesale killings. Pictures have been published of patriots with their heads shot off and vivid descriptions of the wounded after a battle have been spread broadcast.

The lure is becoming out of date.

The regularity of camp life and the unpleasantness of war as it really is have dampened the spirits of many a fine, young fellow who simply wished a bit of adventure and as for travel a man with a little courage and self reliance can go quite as far nowadays and with more ease and freedom than his enlisted brother.

But what has really spoiled the war trade is our greater acquaintance with other nations. We have lost the old "enemy" idea. We know it would be quite as unpleasant to kill a German or an Englishman as it would be to kill a second cousin.

No longer do we believe in enemies and the success of the war trade hangs on the doctrine of enemies: big, growl-

ing enemies who will eat you up if you don't kill them first.

Today we feel that the conquering theory is out of date. As sensible people we do not wish to conquer anybody or subdue anybody or kill anybody. We wish only to defend ourselves and we know that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred marauders who may attack us are not filled with any personal enmity but are simply stolid peasants who have been induced to die for the interest of some market-hunting money king.

Therefore the war trade has become contemptible and killing has degenerated into a third-class occupation.

It is sweet and proper to die for one's

country but youth is beginning to realize that it is neither sweet nor proper nor anything else but stupid and very stuffy to kill or be killed for the Stock Exchange.

Back to Easy Money

IN all periodicals the real estate agent lifts his triumphant chant of the little self-sufficing farm: you know the one—with the chickens in the chicken-house at the right—the cow in the shed at the left—the wonderful truck-garden just outside the kitchen door—and the odour of prosperity all over the place.

It falls pleasantly on the ear; especially on the ear of some man who for decades has jumped at another fellow's orders. To become his own master!—why the opportunity seems like a free ticket to the Promised Land.

But there is another side to all this—the under side—the cold rock-bottom of fact.

If it were easy to run a truck garden and become rich you would not see so many farmers worried into insane asylums.

It is true there are exceptions. Occasionally a city man rushes back to the land and makes good and at once interested farm papers trumpet his exploit to the ends of the earth. But they do not trumpet anything about the score of other chaps whose passing is announced in the country weekly something like this: "George B. Smith and family who tried farming for a while are now going away from here."

The fattened farm waiting to be stuck is a fallacy? An energetic man may get a living on a farm just as an energetic man may get a living in a factory. He may become a wealthy farmer just as easily as he may become superintendent of the factory. His chances are about the same.

The more factory workers there are looking for a job the lower wages sink: the more farmers there are looking for a market the lower the price of produce sinks.

But there is one great difference.

The factory worker is paid money for all the hours he puts in.

The farmer never knows whether he's to be paid for his work or not until the cash is in his pocket.

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WAR-MAKING-WAR

THIS is a puzzle. Who is war-making and who is making war? Is the poor dishevelled, desolated individual making war; or is he war-making? We don't know. Neither does the big, stout individual. All he can see, or cares for, is the dollarmark developing out of the smoke.



THE MASSES



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE WORKING PEOPLE



✻ PIET VLAG, MANAGING EDITOR AND SECRETARY ✻
EUGENE WOOD, PRES. HAYDEN CARRUTH, VICE-PRES. H. WINSLOW, ASST ED.

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Vol. III.

JANUARY, 1912.

No. 1

BRAINS OR BOMBS?

FORGING A NEW WEAPON FOR THE WORKERS—A CONSTRUCTIVE SENSATION—ONE OF MANY THE MASSES WILL FURNISH IN 1912

ON the surface organized labor is crushed. A trusted leader stands a confessed user of dynamite, and it seems probable that other trusted leaders will pass shivery nights in barred cells.

People with strong leanings toward the cause of labor are shrinking back from partnership with dynamiters. The Los Angeles election was lost to the Socialists not through the obstinacy of women, but because a great body of people in sympathy with the cause of labor were nauseated at the duplicity of the chiefs of labor.

There is not a labor baiter in the United States, from Mr. Post (and there's a reason), to the worthy Kirby, who is not smiling sleek complacent smiles.

Where the officers of the American Federation of Labor were lately most respectable and respected, they have come to be looked on with suspicion; formerly given the warm handclasp, they are now searched for bombs and stiletos.

On the surface labor is crushed, but in reality no better gate to success was ever swung open for labor than the fiasco of the McNamara brothers.

God bless the McNamara brothers! In their stupid, block-headed way they have rendered labor a greater service than they could have rendered with a thousand bombs.

What did the McNamaras do?

Let us wander back idly hand in hand and see the whole affair. The fiery orators have departed; the earnest young men who took up collections for the McNamara defense fund are smoking and playing checkers; and we can trudge over the whole ground without being shrieked at as traitors and spies.

In the first place, then, in spite of the unthinking and loud support of all the Socialist and Labor papers in the United States, there was every ground to believe that the McNamaras were guilty of the crimes charged against them.

The reason is very simple: The tactics of the

EDITORS' NOTE

This is the second occasion upon which the McNamara case has been mentioned in our columns. The first time we said: "We do not care to pass upon the guilt or innocence of the McNamaras." We concluded the capitalist class was insincere in their clamor for law and order as at heart they did not object to violence, but laid sole claim upon the privilege of using it to further their class interest. Had the entire Socialist Party taken this stand many unpleasant explanations would have been saved us.

American Federation of Labor have been such as to render violence not only convenient but necessary in the conduct of any modern strike.

The American Federation of Labor is not a Socialist body; its members are largely individualists. These individualists have no dream of a better world; their heaven is a fair day's work for a fair day's pay for themselves.

When they are disappointed in either one of these particulars their tendency is to act like all other individualists. The cause of labor in general may go hang as far as they are concerned.

Sad but amusing has been the exhibition of human nature on the part of celebrated labor leaders. When the McNamaras were first accused, Mr. Gompers, Mr. Wyatt and the host of other American Federation officials flung up their hands in holy horror at such wicked charges.

But just as agilely as they climbed on the band wagon such labor leaders have climbed off.

From Mr. Gompers down they have repudiated the two McNamaras. They have called them insane, murderers, and one man expressed the pious wish that he might himself draw the rope around J. B.'s neck.

This would all be very good reading and might even convince the unwary were it not generally known that the McNamaras were guilty simply

of this: they followed the only method they could think of under the pressure of the unequal fight.

Not organized labor was on trial, at Los Angeles, but these methods. Public opinion has passed a verdict on these methods, not on organized labor.

LET US SPEAK THE TRUTH FOR TEN MINUTES.

Let us have done with hypocrisy. For ten minutes let us speak the truth, even if the rest of the day demands polite lying. Gompers and a dozen other leaders say that violence on the part of American Federation of Labor strikers is so rare that they did not know it existed.

Gompers says this.

Does he not know?

Is he unaware of the Entertainment Committee that every strike develops?

Does he pretend to say that picketing is peaceful so long as it is carried on by members of the American Federation of Labor?

Does Gompers wish us to believe that were it not for the *agents provocateurs* and the thug strike-breakers' violence would be unknown?

That the honest worker of yesterday, having exhorted the new man not to take his job, could stand by and see him take it?

Let us get to the truth of the matter so nearly as we may.

A DEFINITION OF THE CLASS WAR.

There is a class war.

The Socialists did not bring about this class war. The Socialists are not trying to perpetuate the class war. But they recognize its existence just as they recognize the existence of Niagara Falls or the Bunker Hill Monument.

This war is caused by that divided interest in industry which is inherent in the present system.

The inevitable desire of labor is to get as much money for as little work as possible; and equally

the inevitable desire of capital is to get as much work for as little wages as possible.

The horrors of the class war are heightened by the great numbers of unemployed who find it a life-and-death necessity to get work at something, it matters not at what or at what wages.

The class war is not fought out on picturesque battlefields in gay uniforms.

When it comes to violence it is little that the workers do to the exploiters personally.

The bitterest combats are carried out between the men who demand higher wages and the men who by economic necessity are driven to accept the vacated jobs at any wages at all.

Such is the class war.

It is worse than folly to deny its existence.

The class war must be brought to an end. But this can only be done by the abolition of classes. Such abolition can be brought about only by efficient fighting of the under class.

Whatever the tactics of labor may be, they appeal to the Socialist only so far as they are efficient.

VIOLENCE IS OBSOLETE.

Violence does not appeal to the Socialist, because he recognizes that it does not work.

The capitalists have a monopoly on violence. They are able to use violence so much better than the workers that there is no comparison between the two.

Violence is out of date, obsolete, as an effective weapon for labor.

Time was, true enough when a strong arm and a club might win a strike. But that was in the days of skilled craftsmen, when it was hard to find workers to fill the vacant places. Also it was before the days of the strike-breaking trust.

Violence to-day is of no more use to a body of strikers than popguns.

The capitalists have violence copyrighted and patented.

Violence in labor is a thing of the past. If labor of the future wishes to defeat capital it must make use of more powerful weapons.

EDUCATION IS POWERFUL AND TERRIBLE.

The most powerful weapon of the working class is education. Education is terrible. Beside it, dynamite fades into insignificance, dissolves into its greasy elements.

No fortifications are shotproof against education. No aeroplanes can circle high enough to destroy its power. Before it crumble the proudest citadels of wrong.

But if it is terrible in its effects, it is also dangerous in its use. It is not a tool for boys or weak-minded and emotional young men.

Good God, if it were only as easy to handle as dynamite!

If one need only touch off a fuse and half an hour later could see the mind of man leavened with the knowledge of what he is!

If one might only climb a barricade, chant a defiant song, and fall down shot but happy in the consciousness that he had educated the world!

Education is no such child's play.

NO MEDALS, NO DRAMATIC TRIALS.

It carries with it no medal, no dramatic trials, no passionate speeches before a frowning court.

It is carried on day after day with wearisome, obstinate persistence; in spite of all discouragement, of wet or dry weather, of heat or cold.

It must still be carried on when you are laughed at and called a fool or a traitor for your lack of interest in boys' weapons.

So long as the great majority of mankind live miserably and unaware of the possibility of any other way of life, just so long the orderly world is impossible.

Only when the workers are taught that they

have been disinherited and that the world is for all and must be managed for all can there be any hope of a change.

The working class must be educated to a sense of the meaning of life.

The man who stands all day long making pin heads; home makers (women) who divide their lives between a thousand worries; the boys longing for an afternoon off and baseball; the girls dreaming of their lovers—all these must be educated.

Does the way look easy to you? Does the co-operative commonwealth loom up like a house across the street? You know better!

You know that we have ahead of us the bitterest, the most heart-breaking task that ever filled the mind of man, and the worst of it is there lies no way out. It is inevitable. We must make the best of it.

THE ORDERLY WORLD.

The rise of the orderly world can only come about through the rise of the working world.

The working world must think, and think right. And it is the appalling task of every man, woman and child who sees this to spread the idea that the world belongs to the men who do the world's work.

You cannot draw back; you cannot excuse yourself by explaining that you would rather throw dynamite or slug strike-breakers, or that you are thinking up a revolutionary speech.

You have no way out.

You must educate. You must be a teacher.

You must hammer again and again and yet again into the heads of those who create the wealth that they must own the wealth.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A HERO?

You feel that you would like to be a hero. Here is a task calling for all the heroism in your soul.

You would like to be a martyr. Verily, if you follow this idea you *will* be a martyr to the cause. You may not give up your life outright, but you will lay your advancing years one by one at the altar, free gifts to the cause!

You want to be a conqueror? Good! You shall be a conqueror. The greatest of conquerors. For you shall conquer not the bodies of men, but their stubborn minds. You shall be the banner bearers of the vanguard in the inevitably victorious army.

So education comes first, and based on education there will spring first organization; then a seeking for the truth; then a public demand for the truth.

EXIT CONSPIRATORS.

The whisperers, the plotters, will stop their mumbling in dark corners.

Labor once organized—not ten per cent strong but a hundred per cent strong—has no necessity for plotting, secrets or lies. The truth and nothing but the truth will be its weapon. It will state its ideals and plans in black type on white paper, and none will dare hinder.

ECONOMIC DETERMINISM.

But first of all we must consider the present economic conditions of the great mass of the people. To educate them, to change their economic conditions, so they may be enabled to understand the significance of Socialism.

Frankly, it is no easy task. For there are a multitude of depressing conditions in the labor world to-day, fit to discourage the most ardent educator.

First of these depressing conditions, and worst of them all, comes overwork. Did you ever teach a child arithmetic when it wanted to look out of the window?

Then you have some idea of what it must mean to educate the working class, whose tired minds are unable to concentrate, are forever wandering to the poor present recreation of life.

To be educated the pupil must have time to think and the physical strength to think.

CLASS ACTION, NOT CLASS TALK.

To secure them these necessities there must be established an eight-hour day and a guaranteed living wage. These demands are so self-evident they need no discussion.

The eight-hour day and the guaranteed living wage can be established only by a national law.

Congress has the power to pass a law forbidding interstate traffic in articles not made under prescribed conditions, and power to make the eight-hour day and guaranteed living wage the conditions under which such articles shall be produced.

Congress will pass such a law if there is a determined demand for it. All over the United States such a measure would meet with the warmest welcome. The demand already exists. It is only necessary to make this demand audible.

Here in heavy faced type you will find the bill. It has been drawn strictly in accordance with constitutional limitations. It would be unquestioned law if it were passed. It is up to us to force the capitalists to pass this bill.

SOCIALIST BATTLE CRY FOR 1912.

Its provisions must be made the battle-cry of the Socialist party for 1912. Eight hours a day and a guaranteed living wage!

Men and women who are not Socialists must be made interested in it as a competent working plan to improve their economic condition. With the growing demand for the passage of this law will come to them the realization that they are entitled to a good deal more than asked for in this bill. In fact they will begin to realize that the co-operative commonwealth can be theirs if they will only fight for it.

THE MASSES LABOR LEAGUE.

Therefore, here and now, there is officially set on foot The Masses Labor League. Its primary purpose is the agitation for this law; agitation under the Socialist banner; agitation which will convince the workers that the Socialist party is the only one which takes their economic conditions to heart.

The Italian, Slovak, Armenian, or Hungarian emigrant may not understand the theory of surplus value or secondary exploitation, but they do understand three dollars a day and eight hours' work. They do understand this as a phase of the class struggle.

And these are the people who are filling the places in the mills and factories more rapidly day by day. These are the people who are becoming more and more a dominant factor in the industrial world of America.

AN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT.

The Masses Labor League is not a plan invented by some ambitious intellectual. It developed out of an economic necessity.

The great mass of the working people in America to-day have no organization to defend themselves against the ever alert capitalist class. That is why the proposed agitation for this law meets with so much approval. The workers are snatching at it as at a stick with which to defend themselves against the attacking wolves of the capitalist system.

Nor is the starting of such a league anything new in the history of the Socialist party of the world.

WHAT EUROPE IS DOING.

The Socialist parties of all European countries have again and again found it necessary to organize special leagues for special purposes.

We have known women's suffrage leagues, eight-hour leagues, right-to-work-leagues, manhood suffrage leagues, and what not.

There is not a European country where the Socialist party has not found it necessary to arouse the working people to make certain immediate demands.

We advisedly say necessary, because it was plain that progress for the Socialist party was difficult unless these concessions were obtained.

In fact, a number of these leagues are in operation now in those European countries where Socialism is most highly developed.

THE HAYMARKET IN CHICAGO.

America has also known its Eight-hour league, which found its grand finale in the Haymarket affair in Chicago. The ferocity with which the capitalist class attacked the American workers' demands for eight hours should convince any logical person that an eight-hour league is a thing to be desired by the masses of the people and to be feared by the upper class.

The great mass of the people in America today cannot understand Socialism because they are overworked and under fed. We cannot establish the co-operative commonwealth unless we give them a chance to understand it.

Then will you help us in the agitation for this law? If you will, here are just a few things which you *should not do*, and a few more which you *should not fail to*.

SOME THINGS TO DO AT ONCE.

Do not call for a national convention to decide whether or not we shall organize the masses of the people to improve their economic condition. The national convention will come after you have started the organization.

Do not waste time and energy in determining what the organization shall do in the future, but

consider what it shall do for the masses of the people now. The future will take care of itself.

Do not discriminate against anybody. Any man or woman will do. The evilly disposed ones will be made ineffective by the overwhelming majority of sincere and well-meaning workers.

Every working man or woman, boy or girl, is eligible to The Masses Labor League. The temporary initiation fee will be ten cents. As to what the permanent initiation fee and dues will be, that can be decided after we have got a large number of people together.

The funds will be controlled by the local branches entirely until the League shall have developed its national office. THE MASSES neither can nor will accept responsibility for these funds. In the meantime, no one will feel imposed upon by being asked to contribute ten cents for organizing expenses.

SEND FOR ORGANIZER'S OUTFIT.

The thing to do right now is to send to The Masses Publishing Company for an organizer's outfit, go to the people, and tell them about the object of the League.

An organizer's outfit will be sent to anyone who can give references. A large number of people indorsing the object of the organization, we consider as the best reference. Therefore, get out a sheet of paper, address it to The Masses Publishing Company, and ask for an outfit. Then sign it, and get as many others as possible to sign it with you.

The outfit will consist of a number of application blanks and membership cards. If you fail to organize a branch, you do not have to pay for the outfit. If you succeed, the branch will be charged with the cost price of the literature. A sample constitution is under consideration.

THE MASSES has no financial interest in this League. It has merely taken the initiative. Some one has to take the initiative.

As to the name it was suggested by others. If after a number of branches have been organized it should be found desirable to change the

name we have no objection.

THE MASSES has no interest in this movement except to see it started and to see it started by Socialists.

These are merely hints as to the kind of bricks you may throw at the cranks and critics.

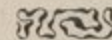
Now what are you going to do about it?

The time is ripe now.

This is the psychological moment.

Write for an outfit at once, send communications to the press expressing your opinion, and do the thousand and one things that must be done in agitating for such a movement.

Do it now!



A CHANGE: FOR GOOD OR EVIL

IT seems evident that American Labor Unions cannot go on in their little grooved way clinging to ideas of individualism that may have fitted the country once, but which now no more apply here than they apply in Europe.

It is possible that unionism will take the direction here that it has taken in France. It may be that the American Federation of Labor will be overthrown by revolutionists who will turn it into a body for direct action.

Possibly the unions will fall into the more sensible plan of the German workers' association. These, neither using the bullheaded methods of the American Unionists nor the destructive tactics of the French, are so perfectly organized that they manage to vote strike and buy all for the same end—the coming of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

A CRISIS

THE McNamara affair has brought about a crisis. The American methods of running the labor unions cannot go on. Violence in behalf of a fair day's work for a fair day's pay for themselves is unwise.

There may be something fine about the man with a vision who tries to work out his vision, however mistakenly, with explosives, but common-sense refuses to glorify the champions of a fair day's work for THEMSELVES.



The MASSES LABOR LEAGUE 209 EAST 45th ST., NEW YORK



PROPOSED ACT TO REGULATE INTERSTATE COMMERCE

ONLY SUCH INDIVIDUALS OR CONCERNS AS COMPLY WITH THE FOLLOWING CONDITIONS, SHALL CARRY ON ANY COMMERCE BETWEEN THE STATES; NOR SHALL ANY ARTICLES MADE IN THE UNITED STATES BE TRANSPORTED FROM STATE TO STATE UNLESS MADE UNDER THESE CONDITIONS:

1. NO MORE THAN 44 HOURS' WORK IN ANY WEEK OR 8 HOURS IN ANY DAY.
2. NO PERSON UNDER 16 TO BE EMPLOYED.
3. NO MAN OR WOMAN OVER 21 OR UNDER 55 TO BE EMPLOYED AT WAGES LESS THAN \$3.00 A DAY.
4. WAGES TO BE PAID FOR WEEKDAY HOLIDAYS

COMRADES:—KINDLY SEND ME AN ORGANIZER'S OUTFIT OF THE MASSES LABOR LEAGUE

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

We the undersigned agree with the principles of the Masses Labor League and herewith declare our intention of assisting the above comrade in organizing a local branch of the Masses Labor League.

SIGN THIS, CUT IT OUT, PASTE IT ON A SHEET OF PAPER, SECURE INDORSEMENT SIGNATURES, AND SEND IT IN

FOOLISHNESS

WHY SOCIALISTS ARE FOOLISH IN OPPOSING WAR

By PIET VLAG

OH, go on! You Socialists are dreaming. You are all right, but you are away, away off! You ain't practical.

Just a moment, Mr. Freeborn, Thrifty, Enterprising, Industrious, American citizen. Stop your mad race for individual supremacy just long enough to ascertain why the thousand and one clever little schemes you started did not pan out. Perhaps it was not ALL "tough luck." Stop to see what the self-appointed, by-God-anointed rulers of this beautiful free country are up to. You may then incidentally discover why your most carefully calculated little schemes failed.

Stand up straight and look away over to the western horizon. Do you notice that dirty colored little cloud? It lurks there like a specter ready to arise and envelop you almost any minute. You say that war-cloud has been there some time, but nothing has come of it.

Perfectly true, my friend. It also has hovered over Eastern Europe for a long time and nothing has come of it. But tell me—do you feel quite as easy about that thing as when you first saw it? Now hold on there—no taffy! You know you don't. The very persistency of the blamed thing makes you feel uneasy. It has made the whole of Eastern Europe feel EXTREMELY uneasy. There, like here, the rulers are building uncountable warships; inventing all sorts of murderous machines; in fact, drawing the life blood from the people in competing with each other in the number of villainous looking war engines they produce.

Now, I ain't telling you all this to spoil your dinner with one of those horrible war pictures. I only want to call your attention to the fact that all that stuff costs money, plenty of it. Then I want you to find out who is paying for it, and why. Especially, why? Why don't your friend,

the self-appointed anointed, who owns the railroad and the raw material you need for your little schemes, pay for it? It is true, he is spending money which he got from you. But even so, why? Why do they pay for and encourage war agitation? Why did they induce your government to double its army and navy in a comparatively short time? Why did they foment that wave of patriotism which took your children out of your home and made them proudly march the streets with murderous weapons on their shoulders, murder in their hearts, and an ambition for efficient murdering in their brains? Why—please tell me why?

Because they know (even if you don't) that they have YOU beaten to a frazzle. They don't have to spend any more energy on YOU. YOU are slowly but surely, in fact automatically, bleeding to death, and they control the entire pipe system by which they catch your very life blood to the last drop. Now they are looking for new victims in other countries. But there, too, vultures similar to your self-appointed anointed, are preying upon the working people. The foreign vultures snarl at our self-appointed anointed when they try to cross the boundary lines, because they too have conquered the working people of their country. That's why the vultures of all countries are out upon the highways looking and spying with their diplomatic spyglasses for a weak spot in each other's defense, so they may steal and carry off some new prey.

And not finding any weak spot, they get madder and madder. They snarl at each other and prepare for the battle royal they propose to wage. A battle royal you are paying for NOW in cash, and will pay for in the future with the life-blood of your children. They, the vultures, will enjoy and divide the spoils—IF! There is the impor-

tant IF! IF you stand for it. That's why that war-cloud is growing more ominous. That's why it is getting on your nerves.

Now tell me, Mr. Freeborn, etc., what are you going to do about it? Say, by the way, don't that title make you smile? Don't you feel like hitting those self-appointed on the nose, when they slap you on the back and call you Mr. Freeborn, etc.? Or have you lost both your sense of proportion and your humor in your interesting but futile race for individual supremacy? If you have, then better stop right now, stand up straight, and look around you.

You will have to do it sometime. Either before or after the war. You are paying one price now—the price of preparation. Are you going to wait until you have also paid the price of the EXECUTION? Incidentally allow me to remind you that you will pay that price with the EXECUTION of your children.

Fact, we Socialists ARE fools. Tactically we are fools. Every war during the last fifty years has caused a phenomenal growth of the Socialist movement. In Germany, France, Russia, Japan, the Transvaal and in England, you find the strongest evidences.

Even merely WAR TALK in some countries raises the Socialist thermometer considerably. And we Socialists, like the fools we are, try to stop wars. In fact, we have succeeded in stopping some.

That's one of the reasons why some PRACTICAL politicians call us a pack of fools. It is true, we are a bunch of sentimental fools. Why do we try to stop you from paying that second bill with the life-blood of your children? Yes, why in heaven's name do we?

But why don't you take advantage of our darn foolishness? Eh?

USEFULNESS

THE HIGHEST FORM OF ART CAN BE SURPASSED BY ADDING USEFULNESS

By the

Rev. ROLAND D. SAWYER

THE best definition of Art that I have ever seen was that of Haldane MacFall in an essay in the *Forum* (Nov., 1910). I can not just quote MacFall's words, but the idea ran this way. Man's supreme desire is to live. But it is impossible for each individual to live out for himself much of the adventures of life; he must for the most part experience life second hand by the communion to him of the emotions, thoughts, sensations of his fellow men. Thoughts are communicated largely by speech and appeal to the intellect.

This communication of emotions and sensations appeals to the emotional nature, and the means of communion is Art.

Emotion is, of course, used in the wide meaning of being anything we sense. Art, then, is to devise by skill, craftsmanship and genius, to convey to others the sensations that were produced in the artist himself. It may be by sculpture, it may be painting, it may be music, it

may be poetry, it may be the mere telling of tales about a camp-fire.

Now this is MacFall's position, and it rescues Art from the hands of the aristocracy, the select few, and it makes it as wide as the human race. Makes it concerned with *all* the emotions that stir human beings. It is concerned to reproduce in us, as far as it can, *all* the experiences of our day and of the past.

Now, this makes a foundation philosophy for the Socialist position on Art. Art is to us not a drawing-room decoration, but the sign of a people's spiritual condition in the language of the emotions. We want it to translate with greatest possible width and accuracy the spiritual condition of the people. We want it to translate not

merely a little figment of the higher forms of life, but the broadest sweep of the whole life. We want interpreted not merely the glories of war, the saintliness of saints, the pale emotions of the cultured, but we want the senses of the people, the common herd, the masses, interpreted. In other words, we want Art realistic; we want life as it is and has been, not as it should be or should have been.

The Socialist conception of the realm of Art is that it is as wide as life. And if there be pictures, songs, music, that are morally indefensible it must be because there are experiences in human life that are indefensible, and it is the life that needs change. Conventional people want a lie; we want the truth. We bow at the altar of Nature; perhaps man ought not to have been made naked; we know he ought not to have some of the experiences that he does to-day; but he *was* made *naked*, and he *does* have certain experiences, and we want them interpreted.

We hail as the supreme artists of the day such as Tolstoy, Zola, Millet, Ibsen—men who paint life as it is. Take Frank Harris' novel, "The Bomb." Its story of love is not like that of the conventional love stories—the imaginary love of coldly perfect people, or counts and ladies, but it is the commonplace love-tale of the average, commonplace working fellow and his girl. And as such it is a finely drawn thing. Angelo in his great definition said, "Art is the purgation of superfluities." This means that the crude things of experience are to be passed by, and it is the fine things that are to be taken. Emerson seems to have felt the same thing when he said:

"Tell men what they know before,
Paint the prospect from their door."

Now, of course, we are too democratic to agree with this—we want not merely a selection from the mass of our experiences recast in the

language of the emotions and imagination, *but we want it all.*

Of course, practically, we Socialists see that mechanical invention has brought Art within the reach of all. The great works can be copied, multiplied and reproduced at trifling cost and put within the reach of all. And socialism will by liberating the men and women from industrial slavery give them the chance to culture this side of their nature. We are aware that the old order when Art was to tell merely the glories of the great, the kings, the saints, is fast going, and Art is to be rescued for democracy—it is to be associated with the life of the people. The debt to the race of wars, rapes, devastations, is not sufficiently paid in jingling verses and water-colors. We agree with Victor Hugo that it is not "Art for Art's sake," but Art for progress's sake. We do not have anything

against Art for the artist's sake, but we feel that the usefulness of anything enhances its beauty, and so we rather put it Art for progress's sake.

Having this broad vision of democracy we are impatient that all shall live—humanity, *humanity*, HUMANITY, this is our passion.

We so emphasize the useful that we have scant patience with painstaking in the technical matters. We feel as fiercely on this matter as did Francis Adams when he said:

"Yes, let Art go, if it must be
That with it men must starve—
If Music, Painting, Poetry,
Spring from the wasted hearth;

"Yes, let Art go, till once again
Thru fearless heads and hands
The toil of millions and the pain
Be passed from out the lands."

TO THE COMMON PEOPLE WHO HATE WAR

By MATTHEW RUSKIN EMMONS

SOME of the prominent people in the civilized countries are beginning to disapprove of war in these days. Societies of bishops, capitalists, lawyers and the like have been formed to advocate abolishing war; a lot of statesmen have met and established on paper a high court for arbitrating disputes between nations. Mr. Carnegie has given money to build a beautiful white Palace of Peace at The Hague, and just lately has set aside ten million dollars as a fund for advocating peace. A leading London editor has written a very taking book, "The Great Illusion," in which he tries to persuade the moneyed classes of the world that war no longer pays; that it no longer pays even the conquering nation; and some of Mr. Carnegie's money is being used to translate this book into various languages and to distribute it.

The men who are so busy in these ways are, most of them, themselves under the "great illusion" that preaching peace will establish peace. That illusion is growing thin, though, in this year of the Prince of Peace 1911, in which Europe has been terrified by the rattling of the German War Lord's sabre, and in which the miserable government of Italy has sent many thousands of young Italians, the flower of the people, across the Mediterranean to murder and to rob. All for the wicked purpose of imposing on the common people once more by the glory of victory, and so holding them back from demanding their freedom at home. The illusion that permanent peace will come by preaching and by paper agreements is surely fading. Here and there one of the high placed has opened his eyes to see what is the real power that is working in the world to-day to do away with war.

The president of Cornell University, Jacob Gould Schurman, in an address delivered at the recent National Conference of the American Society for Judicial Settlement of International Disputes, spoke as follows:

"In the progressive evolution of the human race we have now reached a stage in which war stands condemned both by our moral ideals and by our religious sentiments. Let me now note that economic influences are reinforcing the teachings of moralists, prophets, and preachers. The toiling masses of the modern world are feeling both the cost of war and the cost of armed peace as a most oppressive burden. The field of battle is a ghastly exhibition of carnage and death and horrible suffering, and its blight overspreads the nation in ruined homes and broken hearts. But the thing is too terrible to endure, and

Illustration by
H. G. TURNER



The Monster

modern wars, with all the enginery of science, tend to become swift and short. On the other hand, our armed peace presses down upon us like a throttling nightmare, allowing us indeed to live, but only in the feeling of suffocation and exhaustion. It is not long ago since Senator Hale told us that two-thirds of all the revenues of the United States are used to pay for past wars and prepare for future wars. Napoleon in the height of his military triumphs spent somewhat over \$80,000,000 a year on his army and navy budgets. France now spends, in time of peace, \$180,000,000 a year on her army alone. One battleship to-day costs twice as much as Frederick the Great spent annually on his entire army in time of peace. There is an insane competition in armaments among all the great nations of the world. England is pouring out money to maintain a navy equal to the navies of any two nations com-

bined. Germany, with the most powerful army in the world, is building up a navy to match it. And Japan, not to be outdone by the Christian nations, maintains an army and navy which put to the supreme test the economic resources of her people. In fact, in Asia and Europe alike, the waste of the productive powers of the nations is threatening exhaustion. And the masses of the people, in spite of all the advances made by science and invention, are oppressed by a poverty which is the more resented because it is unnecessary.

"The governments of the world have failed to adjust their institutions to the spirit and the demand of the ideals of modern civilization. They are out of harmony with the best sentiments of the people. But by playing upon international jealousies they have hitherto secured the support of the majority. And in this game they have had potent support from the 'special interests' in the respective countries which stand to gain by war. For war gives power and office to the politician, fame and promotion to the captain and the general, undue profits to the dealers in military supplies, and fortunes to the makers of ships and guns and all the munitions of war.

"Fortunately, the masses of the laboring men are everywhere coming to recognize that war means loss and death to them. Labor Unionists and Socialists have become preachers of peace. Self-interest has quickened their humanitarianism; and they are to-day one of the foremost agencies of humanity and international brotherhood. I sometimes think that our churches have been too subservient to the powers of the world. Here is their opportunity. Let them stand for peace on earth and goodwill to men, which is the very beginning of the religion they profess."

If we were to compress all the rest of the long address into the form of hard sense, it would make no more than a pellet alongside the chunk embodied in the brave sentences I have underscored.

President Schurman is nearly alone among the great ones of the earth in announcing the new light. Not quite alone, for a minister speaking for the Government in the British Parliament a few months ago said that the uprising of the working class is the main hope for the cessation of war, that the workers will not much longer let their lives and welfare be staked in the war game.

There is even more truth behind these utter-

(Continued on page 14.)



JESHUA BEN JOSEPH

WOULD FIND TODAY, THE VICES HE
FOUGHT, PRACTISED IN HIS NAME

By RUFUS W. WEEKS

Decoration By
CHARLES A. WINTER

NEARLY two thousand years ago a unique young man tramped the high-ways and bye-ways of Syria. His name was Jeshua; he was a carpenter by trade. He was neighborly with his neighbors; but his thoughts went further and deeper than theirs. He was a passionate student of the bygone great intuitionists of his race—the prophets of social righteousness; but he felt and thought more deeply and more widely than had even they. As he roamed the wild hillsides, yielding himself to the flow of intuition which seemed to descend on him from the sky and to bubble up within him like a spring, he came to feel it as a certainty that he had a message to his countrymen and through them to the world.

At the age of thirty, his younger brothers being then able to support the widowed mother, Jeshua quit the carpenter's bench, and for three years went from town to town, talking to all who would listen to him. His theme was a new era at hand—the coming rule of comradeship, to be at once begun, as a seed is planted, and to grow like a spreading tree, until in time it should cover the world and should abolish tyranny of every sort and kind.

In the broadest sense the world of that day was like the world of to-day. Then, as now, the mass of men lay at the feet of their lords. Then, as now, the group who wielded the power of wealth, the power of the state and its soldiery, and the power of the church, used these powers to subtract from the livelihood of the workers that which became their own superabundance and further power. The ways of this abstraction were cruder then than now, but the net result was the same; scant life for most of the useful, and plethora for the privileged useless and harmful. Jeshua felt the situation, felt all the workers so despoiled as his comrades; and a ceaseless fire burned within his breast against the despoilers—against the moneyed men, the clergy and the lawyers.

The power of the state, derived from Rome, then ruler of the world, and buttressed by Roman arms, was invincible. Jeshua's countrymen hated Rome, and the daring among them were ever ready to revolt under the standard of this or that self-chosen leader who might promise them succor from the skies. But Jeshua saw the hopelessness and folly of such uprisings. With an innate wisdom far forerunning his time, he trusted to the workings of evolution, which he discerned intuitively not by reasoning, and he saw that the time had not come for the use of force in the cause of right. He saw that a passive at-

titude was necessary then, and would be necessary for a generation or more to come; but his spirit, which broke out once or twice in some act of symbolic violence, exulted in the future day when the comrades should be strong enough to break down tyranny and establish the reign of social righteousness.

His task was: to test men by the vision of a world socially re-made; to summon men to re-make themselves in the light of that vision; to draw out those who responded to the vision; to bind together as comrades all such; to strengthen their hearts and to free them from the subjection of their minds to the magnates of wealth and of the church. "Call no man master," was his slogan.

To strengthen the hearts of the comrades, he led them to drink of the fountain from which he drank during the days and nights of his solitary meditations under the sky. He himself was one (and the one who has been in the Occident universally felt to be the greatest) of those supreme intuitionists, those spiritual geniuses, those supermen, of whom the human race has thrown up perhaps a scant dozen during its hundred recorded generations. The characteristic of these special men is their overwhelming sense of the Whole, of the All-Life which permeates and supports and is every little life that appears. The All-Life is to them the Real, alone worthy to be lived in. To Jeshua the All-Life was in its essence the same that in human life is comradeship; beyond all the discords of the vast process he felt its driving force and ultimate goal to be harmony in co-working. From this sense, flowing in upon him in a whelming current, he drank confidence, the certitude of the glorious outcome of the comradesly struggle; and he taught his comrades to drink the like, first from his hands, then from the source itself as their natures were opened to the source.

In those days not only did the clergy have power over men's minds through promises of heaven and threats of hell, but the upper clergy could also inflict real punishment; they could bring, on one whom they hated enough, imprisonment, torture and even death. After the second year of Jeshua's mission it was plain to him that, unless he desisted from his attack on the clergy and his labors to free the common people from their tyranny, he would surely meet death

at their instance. At the same time he saw that, if he did so desist, he would be destroying the good he had done, he would be putting the minds he had helped back into the prisonhouse. He saw that there was but one course open to him: to continue his defiant denunciations of the upper clergy, and thus to go forward to meet the shameful death that would surely be his reward. He tried to prepare his nearest comrades for the shock they were so soon to encounter. He also foresaw that his sudden removal would arouse in them the impulse to act as free men and to stand up in defense of the cause for which he whom they so loved had died; and he assured them that, though they would soon see him no more, his influence and strengthening power would come to them far more effectively than while he was with them visibly. It happened as he had foreseen. He died the death of a tortured criminal, even at one moment forsaken by that sense of the sustaining All-Life which he had so vividly and so long experienced. Yet his comrades became convinced that he was triumphantly alive in the unseen, and, in that conviction having become the most courageous of men, they took up his work.

The times were not ripe. The free comradeship degenerated into a church. The church developed a clergy, flowering later into an upper clergy, arrogant, claiming authority over men, akin to that former clergy against which Jeshua had thundered at such a price. The sayings of him whom the church called "Lord," when those sayings at length came to be written out, were so mingled and overlaid with churchly additions and so distorted by priestly twists, that the original "good news to the poor" was swamped and made of no effect.

Under priestly rule the church sold itself first to the Roman imperial power, then to that wealth-power which was the object of Jeshua's deepest hostility. And to this day the church has remained loyal servant of the wealth-power. And so, throughout the centuries, that forlorn figure has still hung upon the cross, day by day crucified afresh at the hands of robed and haughty ecclesiastics who, deifying him and shouting *in his name*, vilify and curse the cause to which he was devoted, the cause into which he had merged his own identity. This is at once the burlesque and the tragedy of history.

Yet in a multitude of hearts the love of the real man who walked the roads of Syria smoulders, ready, at the due moment of economic evolution, to burst into the flame of social transformation.

A KNIGHT

A MODERN HIGHWAY-MAN AND A LADY

By CARDINER LADD PLUMLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BEACH WINTER

"A PAIR of gloves for mother—those at the first floor counter at thirty-nine cents! A doll for Dimples; it will be her first 'store doll!' Well, a doll for Dimples—that will be eight; reduced from twelve because they're shopworn, but they're just *too* sweet! A pipe for uncle; those in the basement are fine and only ten cents! A bottle of perfume at twenty-two for Sis; it's a good deal, but she'll be as pleased as *anything!* Let's see, that makes seventy-nine Joy, joy! actually twenty-one left for other presents."

There is no telling how long the little bundler might have gone on with her calculations if she had not been disturbed. Of course, discipline must be kept up in stores and little bundlers do waste time fearfully, but really that is no reason why the foreman should have flown into such a rage.

"Confound you, you'll lose your job! I'm on to your racket! I've been watching you for ten minutes. Don't snivel; you can't work and cry at the same time; and you can't work me. Get busy!"

Kitty's store has a theory that all the girls live at home; it is a convenient double-barreled theory and both barrels are scatter-guns; the girls have to sign a statement that they are not self-supporting before they are employed.

The theory was invented by an ingenious manager for an answer to the criticism that no girl can live on a wage less than five dollars. If the girls are supported by relatives, then, of course, the payroll represents money for candy, clothing, and five-cent picture shows.

The other barrel of this theory is better yet: If the girls are not self-supporting the store can throw them into the street for little or no excuse and plead that no cruelty has been practiced. Then, too, if girls are supported at home they can be freely criticised as to their appearance, just as if all their wages went for clothing; also, it can be assumed that the girls will contribute liberally to the store's "mutual benefit scheme"; further, the store can take in fines for all sorts of things half of what wage has been agreed upon; further yet, when trade is slack wages can be cut to the very minimum; and in many more ways the theory makes for easy discipline, dulling of their consciences and large profits for the owners.

Unlike the statements signed by many of the girls, Kitty's was true; she really lived at home. Yet at the end of each week there was as little left of her usual wage of two-seventy-five as if the store paid her nothing, and she spent little on picture shows and not an average of ten cents a week on candy. So much for the double-barreled theory.

After the exceedingly tactful remarks of the foreman Kitty's hands flew, and there was no reason why he should have turned his eyes so often in her direction. As the slight fingers folded the ends of the packages and entwined them with red cord, the brain under the mop of dark hair arranged and rearranged the figures of the Christmas sum.

"Twenty-one cents!" A present for the old woman on the top floor of the tenement who had been kind when the little girl was sick with typhoid. And, of course, there was Sally; even a very little girl has a bosom friend; Sally must have something pretty. And the teacher at the night school, she must not be forgotten. Yes, twenty-one cents held all these possibilities and more.

As has been stated Kitty had been getting two seventy-five. In the end she looked forward to a possible wage of six. Six dollars! who could dream of a greater income!

The firm was certainly generous during the last week before Christmas; it actually increased the pay of the bundlers to three seventy-five—hence Kitty's dollar. Of course, the girls worked overtime and all that; but with the double-barreled theory in mind it is hard to

understand the increase under any assumption but generosity.

A dollar is a dollar, of course; and then again a dollar is not a dollar; it depends on how your affairs are fixed. A dollar has been known to be a moderate fortune and not a dollar at all. So was Kitty's dollar.

If dollars ever have hearts, the little bundler's dollar had a heart and a big one.

The management of Kitty's store is consistent; it is not supposed that girls need much time for lunch—the scatter-gun theory again, and the girls, of course, have plenty to eat at home. And surely a girl cannot use many minutes in eating a seven-cent meal—lunch for seven cents! You do not believe it; you doubt that a small girl can get a meal for seven cents? But you forget the restaurant that is provided by the philanthropists who manage Kitty's store.

Five cents buys a bowl of soup; it might be thicker, but, then, shoppings must not expect a Savarin meal. Two cents for bread; surely with the soup a solid lunch (it was Kitty's dinner) for a little girl who weighs just fifty-one pounds. Of course, the manager of the store would gulp the soup in five spoonfuls—the bread would not count; but then he weighs over two hundred, so we are wasting time in making any comparison.

Did you ever have plover's eggs? They were said to be a favorite dish of the late king of England; I confess I never have tasted them. But to the small child, breaking her bread into her thin soup, her dinner seemed something like plover's eggs to kings. And all because of that Christmas sum and that dollar with a heart.

What a wonderful thing is Christmas anyhow, and how true that "it is more blessed to give than to receive!" But it makes a big difference who the giver is, and I have known people who actually complained



Five Whole Dollars.

because of "the strain of shopping." Not, mind you, that they did not have plenty of money to spend, but "it's such a drain on one's nerves to suit one's friends." It never turned their lunches to plover's eggs, not by a good sight.

But what has happened to the little girl who has finished her soup and bread? You felt badly when the Trust Company closed its doors and you thought you had seen the last of those thousands entrusted to that bank. But you did not weep like a lost soul. No; but then you are grown up and not a little bundler but eight years removed from a cradle. After all, something must be allowed on account of tender age. Let us agree to allow tears; our civilization does not allow much, and tears do not cost Mammon and our other gods really anything.

"Confound you! don't you know your time's up! What in thunder are you bawling about?" This from a stout red-faced man who should have considered that tears cost Kitty's store next to nothing.

"My pocketbook!" and the sobbing child sank over the table as if her financial matters were of importance. "I left it on the bargain-counter, but you never sees them afterward!"

"You're a miserable, careless, good-for-nothing. Didn't you hear me? Your time's up—get a move on you!"

Dickens told us how the demand of the strong on the weak for motion was a sign of his times. Nothing seems to change. So poor little sobbing Kitty—she ought to have been coddled in somebody's arms—got "a move on her." From the dirty restaurant at the top of the building she hurried toward her afternoon tasks. Hearts are hearts, and in little girl's bosoms, under such sorrow as Kitty's, change to lead. And the clerk at the bargain-counter knew nothing of the shabby little purse.

You have read of those highwaymen in the days when a journey by stage coach meant the possibility of a hold-up, who levied on princes that they might succor the unfortunate? Men are the same, century after century; whether in a suit of scarlet velvet, a plumed hat, with a sword at the side, or in a rough tweed coat, a fancy waistcoat and under a derby hat. If we ever get to heaven (which for most of us will be less suitable than the Knickerbocker Hotel for a hog led from his filthy sty) we will likely see the same old humans under flowing white robes; some wondering if their gowns fit in the back, and some much annoyed because it is not the thing to wear colors.

So as the miserable little bundler, with her burdened heart of lead, pushed her way through the packed mass of Christmas shoppers on the first floor she came against a man in a rough tweed suit with a hard, smooth-shaven face under a derby hat. Just our old friend, the knight of the road, in the plain binding of the year 1911.

"What in thunder is the matter?" the knight asked as the girl looked up at him. The words were rough, but something back of the words was very friendly—as if the questioner knew and could respect a child's sorrow.

"Oh, sir, my pocketbook! my Christmas money!"

"Some beastly mistake," the man growled as he stooped so that the crying child looked directly into his eyes. "What did it look like?"

"It was old and blue and it had one dollar and thirteen cents!" sobbed Kitty.

The man turned his back and fumbled in his pockets. A few seconds later Kitty held in her hand her own pocketbook and the man of the tweed suit had disappeared as if the stout gentleman just beyond had swallowed him; tweed suit, red necktie and fancy waistcoat.

"Here, you lazy thing! You're eleven minutes late! Next time I'll report you. I wonder what you're grinning about? If you ain't careful I'll make you laugh on the other side of your jaw!" This from the foreman as Kitty returned to her work.

The afternoon flew on wings as of swallows. And would you have said anything to anybody but your devoted friend, Sally, if you had been a shrewd little girl and had your suspicions? Then do not blame Kitty for her silence. Five whole dollars for presents!

Our knight of the derby had his limitations; he could not steal from a child. He had no theory that because little girls live at home they should be preyed upon as a pickerel preys upon little minnows. He did not stop to ask questions or had he any theories, single barreled or double. He followed the only guide that has been, that is, or ever will be worth anything as a guide in human affairs—the heart.

THINGS FOR DOLLS

MAMIE TUTTLE'S STORY AND ITS UNUSUAL CLIMAX

By ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON

Illustrated by
ALEXANDER POPINI

She had been there three weeks when it happened. She would not have been there so long—or rather she would never have been there at all—if it had not been that the Christmas rush was on and it was necessary to have extra saleswomen to cope with it.

For she was not the sort of girl they usually employed in the toy shop with the very smartest trade on Fifth avenue. The manager himself said as much when he took her on, but, after all, it was only for the holidays.

To begin with, her name was Mamie Tuttle and she said her name was—Mamie Tuttle. A more or less fatal error for a girl who wishes to learn to sell fifty-dollar dolls and dolls' houses that run up into the hundreds. Of course, it should have been "Marie";—or even "May" would have been an improvement. Also, she had two upper front teeth that protruded and her chin receded far more than was consistent with any known line of beauty. She looked a little like a sullen rabbit, for her eyes were big, quite big, and wide set and round, but always dull and defensive and never timid. However, almost anybody can tell you how difficult it is for a saleswoman to remain timid—particularly in a shop on Fifth avenue. But, after all, perhaps the worst that could be said of her was that she looked as though her name were—Mamie Tuttle.

And the girls—even the girls who, like herself, had only been employed to tide over the holiday rush—could not be made to like her from the first. That was strange enough, considering there was nothing actually unpleasant about Mamie Tuttle. Besides, it is customary for the transient girls to stand together. They have to, for the girls employed regularly are apt

to be hard on them. After it all happened, there was not a saleswoman in the shop who did not declare she knew from the first there was something wrong with Mamie. But they couldn't really have known.

It is very doubtful whether anybody in all the world could have found out. Perhaps, if some one had loved Mamie Tuttle she might have confided in them before it became too much for her, but you see she wasn't the kind of girl people love. Not even when it was all over, although she and the little lame girl at the telephone switchboard did become pretty good friends eventually, and it was known throughout the establishment that the floorwalker in her department was always very gentle in speaking to her. However, that was afterward.

Nobody knew just why she had been assigned to the dolls' section in the first place. Unless it was because she looked stupid, and one has to understand something of machinery to sell mechanical toys and electrical railroads. She never, even in the subsequent years—learned to handle a doll as though she loved it. Of course, that is a matter of temperament, but it helps sell the dolls. And she had not just the right attitude towards customers. She did learn better after a while, but at first she could not seem to manage the mixture of servility and tender interest and understanding that best pleases a very rich mamma about to buy a doll with real eyelashes and cords that may be pulled to make it say things.

Maybe Mamie Tuttle did not have the proper chance.

Remember, she was sullen rather than aggressive. It was a fairly easy matter to elbow her to one side when one saw a customer coming who looked likely to buy something really worth the selling. Fairly easy to leave Mamie following about a woman who vacillated for hours between a dollar-ninety-eight-cent Sailor Boy and a two-dollar Red Riding Hood Girl. Consequently Mamie Tuttle's checks did not show anything very marvelous in the way of sales—and that did not help her popularity with the management either.

It might have been the long forenoon of waiting upon just such aggravating customers that finally proved too much for her. It might have been due, a little, to the fact that she had had no luncheon. You see, Christmas was only three days off and Mamie Tuttle had her Christmas presents still to buy. But personally I think the cause went deeper. However, judge that for yourself.

All the girls say now that they had noticed she had been handling the dolls roughly. That's perfect silliness, too, because everybody knows a saleswoman in a toy shop three days before Christmas has no time to notice anything. Though I have admitted Mamie Tuttle never did handle dolls as they should have been handled; she mussed her hair and left them sitting with their toes turned in.

Anyway, she began the day badly by catching her black alpaca sleeve in a little lamp made for a doll's house and sending it shivering to bits upon the floor. It was only a seventy-five-cent lamp, but its price had to come out of Mamie Tuttle's eight-dollar salary—and, at Christmas time. Such things are annoying.

She worked through the morning hours somehow; selling a card of coral jewelry for a doll to a woman who, after the package had been delivered to her decided she preferred the turquoise set, and stood for another long, long while beside a woman who insisted upon undressing all the dolls she thought of buying to see if they were strung properly. Finally, after four dolls were left with their clothing mixed and strewn around the counter, the woman said she would "come back in the afternoon." Mamie Tuttle put her stock in order with steady, short square fingers, a little grimy, and went to tell the floorwalker she would not take a luncheon hour. Then she came back to her department and, several people have averred, straightened a shelf of baby dolls viciously.

It was just at that moment that Mrs. Morton Cruger entered the shop. Now, Mrs. Morton Cruger is one of the best customers at Walsh's. You see, her husband is president of the B. P. and O. Railroad and there are five little Crugers all under nine years of age. Naturally enough, then, Mamie Tuttle did not move when Mrs. Cruger swept down the aisle and quite as naturally almost every other saleswoman did. Indeed, Rosemary Glenning went as far as to ask Mrs. Cruger if she could "show her anything?" and Mrs. Cruger did not answer. Not because she was that kind of person, but because her mind was very busy at that minute with the five little Crugers, and more particularly with Marjory, who was six years old and just getting over the whooping cough. If her mind had not been very busy she probably never would have stopped in front of Mamie Tuttle. As you have guessed, Mamie was not prepossessing. And maybe if Mrs. Cruger had not stopped in front of Mamie Tuttle the thing would never have happened as it did.

And, having stopped in front of Mamie Tuttle, Mrs. Cruger's mind came back from Marjory and the whooping cough, and she asked in her nice kind voice to be shown:

"A doll with a trunk and a lot of clothes. Hats and jewelry and everything, and preferably a dark-haired doll with long eyelashes and a really pretty face."

Rosemary Glenning offered to show Mamie Tuttle where the finer dolls were kept, and Mamie Tuttle's two upper teeth seemed to protrude more than ever when she did not answer and Mrs. Cruger followed her down the aisle to a particularly large and elegant glass case.

There, in one single hour, Mamie Tuttle completed a sale that almost doubled all the other sales of her past three weeks at Walsh's. The doll was not so large, but the finest doll that could be bought, with marvelous real curls, brown and shining. Then there was a



Mrs. Cruger Stopped in Front of Mamie Tuttle.

trunk, filled with tiny, hand-made, hand-embroidered garments trimmed with real lace; and a broadcloth traveling dress with a real Cluny collar, and a ball-dress, all chiffon and tiny rosebuds made of ribbon, and ever so many other dresses. There was a traveling case fitted with the littlest ivory brushes and combs and powder boxes and a sterling silver chain purse, just big enough to hold a ten-cent piece, and even a pair of lorgnettes strung on a fine chain of real gold. I am telling you all this because I think it had something to do with Mamie Tucker's state of mind.

And Mamie Tuttle entered each article in her sales-book, writing very carefully so that the carbon copy would be clear and being sure to put the prices down accurately. She added the bill three times and found it really did amount to three hundred and forty-three dollars and seventy-five cents, and then she swallowed hard several times and looked up at Mrs. Cruger. Her teeth seemed quite ugly and very protruding, but maybe it was because her lips had gone rather dry and white.

And Mrs. Cruger thanked Mamie Tuttle in that same nice kind voice, and picked up her shopping list and her purse and left the store, and has not heard to this day what happened after she left.

All the girls know now it must have been difficult for Mamie Tuttle to gather together so calmly the things Mrs. Cruger had bought. But she did manage it. In fact, she had almost reached the elevator to take her sale into the shipping department when the thing happened. She was carrying the doll under her right arm and its blue silk legs stuck out with the toes turned in as usual, because, as I have said, Mamie Tuttle never thought to turn a doll's toes out. And under her left arm was a pasteboard box filled with the delicate, lovely little "gimcracks" that were part of the blue silk doll's trousseau.

Then quite suddenly Mamie Tuttle paused. Her eyes seemed to spread in her face and she looked taller than she really was. She paused and, without a word, she threw the box with its delicate, lovely little "gimcracks" down in front of her and deliberately stepped into the middle of it. She ground the lorgnettes with their chain of real gold beneath her heel. The fine metal broke with a sound like splintering crystal. Then Mamie Tuttle took the blue silk doll and held it out in front of her and shook it by the shoulders till its wax lids flapped shut. Finally she caught it by the leg and hurled it through the glass door of the elevator. After that she looked about her as though she were a little dazed. Then the floorwalker laid his hand on her shoulder and pushed her before him down the aisle past the petrified saleswomen and customers; past the little lame girl at the telephone switchboard and into the manager's office. It was because the little lame girl listened—the door was a trifle ajar—that everybody in the store knew all about it almost at once. That is to say, the other saleswomen knew about it before they went home that night. But it was quite an hour before Mamie Tuttle could be made to speak. The lump in



Finally She Caught it by the Leg and Hurled it Through the Glass Door of the Elevator.

her throat seemed to cause her considerable trouble and she had to sit down to keep from falling.

"But why, WHY in the name of Heaven?" The manager was saying for what seemed to Mamie Tuttle the nine millionth and seventy-ninth time, when she unexpectedly found the lump in her throat had gone, and the words could pour out just as though she had been very full of them all the time and the lump had been a stopper in her throat.

"Why, WHY?" said Mamie Tuttle and made the discovery that her legs would bear her weight once more. "Why? Jest because I couldn't stand them things for dolls another minute—that's why! My Gawd—them things for dolls! An' my kid sister a-dying down there on East Fifteenth street because she ain't got proper food and medicines and air and me up here a-goin' around with silver purses, and real fur

muffs and hand-made petticoats for a doll stuck under my arm. My Gawd! It's more'n flesh and blood can stand, that's what it is!"

Mamie Tuttle paused, but the manager did not say anything. To be accurate, he did not look as though he were going to say anything for another minute or two, so Mamie Tuttle gulped and went on:

"I don't suppose them people like Mrs. Cruger mean anything by it," she said. "It's right and natural for them to want all kinds of things for their kids. Maybe if my kid sister didn't need fresh air so much I'd be wantin' a doll with a real hair wig for her, too. It ain't anybody's fault, maybe, but it's more'n a body can stand sometimes—that's all. I didn't mean to smash that doll and them things. I don't know now exactly why I done it. I guess I got to thinkin' how the money for all them brushes and combs and dresses would send my old woman and the kid out to that Denver place where the doctor says they aughter go. And I got to hating that doll something awful all of a sudden. I wanted to kill her 'n' I guess I did. It wasn't so much the doll, though, neither;—it was them things for the dolls."

"Yes, I think I see," said the manager at last—and—"you might wait here, Miss Tuttle, while I go upstairs and see Mr. Walsh."

And he did go upstairs and see Mr. Walsh, and it is the opinion of everybody in the shop that he must have talked to very good advantage. Not that Mamie Tuttle cared. The outlook was too hopeless for her just then and she knew, of course, that she had managed more damage in those few moments than it was within her power to repay in many years. She also felt quite sure her job at Walsh's was a thing of the past, and she could not help wondering whether they would put her in jail for what she had done.

Then the manager came back in the room. "Miss Tuttle," he asked, "could you send your mother and little sister out to Denver if you stayed on here with us permanently at ten dollars a week?"

"I couldn't never pay for them things for that doll, Mr. Stevens, if I stayed on here forever, if that's what you mean," replied Mamie Tuttle.

The manager coughed. "That isn't what we mean, Miss Tuttle," he said. "Mr. Walsh says that under the circumstances, Christmas and all that, we'll let the matter of the doll drop. Of course, if you ever saw your way clear—but that's another matter. The business in hand is that Mr. Walsh is offering you a permanent position with us with a raise of salary of two dollars a week."

And Mamie Tuttle never said a word of thanks, but two tears that became a little murky as they traveled, dropped on the front of her alpaca waist.

But, then, she wasn't exactly a lovable girl, anyway. It was quite some time before she became friends with the little lame girl at the telephone switchboard, though from the moment she came out of the manager's office that day the floorwalker in her department was always very gentle in speaking to her.

OUT OF BONDAGE

HOW JENNIE BAILY FOUND HERSELF AND RECOGNITION

By HELEN STEIN

"SHE is one of the most difficult cases we have ever had." Mrs. Marvin, the matron, talked her troubles out daily to the head nurse. "It almost seems as if she needed treatment in an asylum instead of just the summer vacation here. I wish you could suggest some way to get her in touch with the others, Miss Baldwin."

"You did some good when you introduced her as Miss Baily," responded the nurse. "She told me she had never been called anything but Jennie in all her life, either at the sweatshop or during her cleaning work at the Settlement."

"It does seem as though this beautiful place should help along in the cure of mental ailments as well as physical ones," the matron said, her eyes resting lovingly on the broad sweep of hills and the shining river before her, then coming back regretfully to the lonesome little figure at the end of the long porch.

Jennie Baily was sitting in the glow of the afternoon sun, listlessly watching the play of the children in the field below. Even in this Vacation Rest Home she felt strongly her weakness, physical and mental—her inability to stand forth as a person whom people would even know to exist. Self-distrust, the result of over-

work and exhaustion, depressed her. If she only could once get started, she thought; if, when she went to a new place, she only dared to stand up straight and look them all in the face, the way that Miss Grady over there did! Miss Grady was surely this minute telling the group by the door stories of what great things she, during each of her forty-five years, had accomplished. Jennie could tell by the very toss of her head how the words sounded.

In the little gathering at the center of the porch the battle-scarred veterans of New York's unending war of toil were relating their experiences with a frank relish of the dreadful. Miss O'Jermyn had had four husbands—"an' a real widow ivry time, too, bless you; none o' your make-believes," she would assert at each recounting of the story.

"Well, my third operation most finished me," put in meek but pertinacious Miss Umble. "It's the heart cuts that hurts most, though, and I don't know as I'd had courage to keep going if the doctor hadn't helped me to come off here. I feel different now."

"It's a bad case this won't help out some," assented the grandmother who had survived both children and grandchildren. "Miss Marvin, she's a dear, too, she's genuine, she is. No fuss about her."

"She knows executive ability, too, when she has it to hand," put in Miss Grady pompously. "She asked me to help with the party arrangements tomorrow. I've managed many a weddin' in my time, and many a funeral, too, for the matter o' that."

"Well, I'm on the Reception Committee," the grandmother asserted. "She knows to respect good blood, too, if the means has gone."

"I'm to serve the coffee. It takes some breeding to know how to do that the way it should be done. Trust Mrs. Marvin to find the right person for the right place." This came complacently from the stout figure in the easy chair.

"There's another load of folks comin' in tonight," stated Miss Umble, "so there'll be some more for the party tomorrow."

"Well, our little circle here has got real well acquainted this past week," observed Miss Grady. "I'll almost hate to have new folks come in."

"We must make 'em feel to home, and help out Miss

Marvin," suggested a gentle soul who had not spoken before. "If they feel the way I did when I came—work, work, work, no food to speak of and no fun at all—why, I'll be glad to help 'em, and maybe they'll go back again as encouraged as I feel." The others gave hums of approval, but Miss Grady was not to be repressed to the point of silent acquiescence in any statement.

"I wasn't down and out yet by any means when I came here," she announced, "but I will say I feel different from what I did. Some don't seem able to stay up to the scratch, or to get up when they're helped, either. I always was thankful I wasn't made that way."

Jennie's quiet little figure had drawn hesitatingly nearer to the group as they talked, but she moved away again when Miss Grady's loud voice had reached

her ears. The words were not meant for her, she knew; they were all kind to each other, these work-weary women now having the first rest of a lifetime; but, nevertheless, she was touched in a tender place. The matron even, who had given to Jennie no special part in the next day's celebration, must feel that she was a nobody! Yet Mrs. Marvin was kind, so kind and good. Jennie's eyes, full of wistfulness, watched uneasily the quiet disappearance of the sun behind the Palisades. She did not turn as she heard the matron's voice in the doorway, speaking to the group of cheerful talkers.

"We expect ten new guests on the evening train," Mrs. Marvin was saying. "I am called to a sick neighbor, and Nurse Baldwin must go too. I want some one to take my place in meeting the newcomers, showing

them to their rooms, and making them feel at home." The rocking-chairs grew suddenly still, and Miss Grady unconsciously leaned slightly forward. Mrs. Marvin raised her voice so it could be heard at the far end of the porch. "I want a very capable person," she continued. "Miss Baily, how would you like the place? I think you are the very one. Will the rest of you just keep out of sight a little, so the newcomers needn't feel strange over meeting so many at once? If you will come with me, Miss Baily, I will show you what is to be done."

Jennie Baily's little figure was erect for the first time in years as she turned to walk through the hushed group, and in her eyes was a light that was not from the setting sun.

(Continued from page 9.)

ances than they convey; for the activity now begun against war by individuals in the ruling classes really springs from their sense of the will which is forming in the working class. Lately the War Lord of Europe, living in Berlin, did indeed rattle his sabre, but he did not draw it, and why? We were told that financiers went to him and told him quietly that war would not do, that the moneyed men could not back it up. This was a new thing in the world of finance, and what caused it? The fear of Revolution in case of unsuccessful war—nothing else; for financiers by nature love to lend money to carry on wars.

It is the same cause, but more subtly working, which lies back of the new stirringst of heart and conscience in the ruling classes of the world, and which unseen has caused the showy movements for peace. The natural history of conscience is curious; an oppressing class does not suspect that it is doing wrong until the oppressed class begins to feel that it is being wronged. Those in the upper class who feel the new conscience do not feel its cause; they think the cause is simply that they are better men than their

fathers were, or better men than they themselves were yesterday. Very well, they *are* better men; but let not the oppressed deceive themselves, these men above them would not have become better men if the oppressed themselves had not begun to stir.

So then all the tendencies toward the abolition of war come back to the one bottom tendency, the one "causing cause," which is the incipient uprising of the common people. How plain the moral to the workers, to all kinds of workers, including mechanics, farmers, teachers, doctors! This is what it says to everyone of such: You hate war; you would like to see war done away with. But do you really hate war enough to do anything yourself for its abolition? If so, there is but one thing for you to do; you cannot go about making speeches for peace; you cannot pose with the "prominent people" who are pleading for peace. You can do something a great deal more effective than that—even confessed to be so by the frank few among the "prominent people"—you can join the great international Socialist movement which is going to compel peace everywhere and for all time.

NOT HEROES BUT YELLOW DOGS

THE McNamara Brothers were not class conscious. A man who belongs to the labor movement and is not class conscious is a very second-rate man. The McNamaras were second-rate men. They did not want a co-operative commonwealth; they were striking against "unfair firms." They were not revolutionists; they were ignorant workingmen and the alleged principle they dynamited for was a "fair day's work for a fair day's pay" for THEMSELVES.

A revolutionist does not crawl like a yellow dog when he is imprisoned. A revolutionist does not play the informer to save his life.

The McNamaras dynamited because they wanted a fair day's work for a fair day's pay for themselves. It is a good, honest, bourgeois sentiment, but it is nothing to inspire a man to death. You cannot imagine the McNamara Brothers on the scaffold saying, "Long live a fair day's work for a fair day's pay for ourselves."

It's a sentiment inspiring enough to make some zealous A. F. of L. man kill somebody else, but it isn't worth dying for.

That's what the McNamaras concluded, and for once they thought right.

WAR: THE MAN-EATING MONSTER

By
OSCAR
LEONARD



WAR—the man-eating monster, killer of life and love, of joy and happiness.
How long will men allow you in their midst?

How long will we allow our rude, primitive ancestors to stretch their hairy arms across the centuries and with one sweep of their mighty fists destroy what ages of enlightenment have builded? The joy and the light generations have brought vanish when this monster appears.

The finer passions and high ideals of man retreat when War with his blood-stained fangs and blood-dripping lips comes among men. It appears as if the dreams of the prophets will never be realized on earth when this monster, War, yells his shrill yell. The echoes of this yell are rent by the weeping of mothers who have brought forth sons in sorrow; the wail of sweethearts whose hearts bleed for the one man gone forever; the weeping of wives whose lives are darkened by the slaying of the fathers of their children; and the pitiful tears of little children whose fathers are gone from them, gone into the belly of this wild terror whom civilization has not killed as yet.

Despair clutches the heart of man when the footsteps of this beast are heard. The dreamer stops his dreaming. Reality becomes so ugly! Its very ugliness makes him feel as if all beauty is gone from earth.

The prophet who sees the Brotherhood of Man dawning in the distance is derided by those of clouded vision who cannot see beyond this monster—War.

But the Dawn is brightening in the far distance. Day is breaking. The dreamer's dream shall come true. It shall come because men and women desire it; because they work for it; because their energies are bent toward it; because babies suck it into their blood with their mother's silk; because

the good and the pure and the beautiful must conquer in the end over the foul and the bad and the ugly.

The prophets and the dreamers and the doers shall rise, and in the might of their ideals and the power of Love of Fellows, drive War from among men. They shall drive the monster—War—from this earth.

But not before men are brothers, true brothers, who love not only by word of mouth, but show of deed, shall men be powerful enough to vanquish this man-eating monster.

Not before men cease their preying upon one another, by aid of law and custom, will this monster cease to prey upon men by aid of iron fist, steel tooth and death-dealing snort.

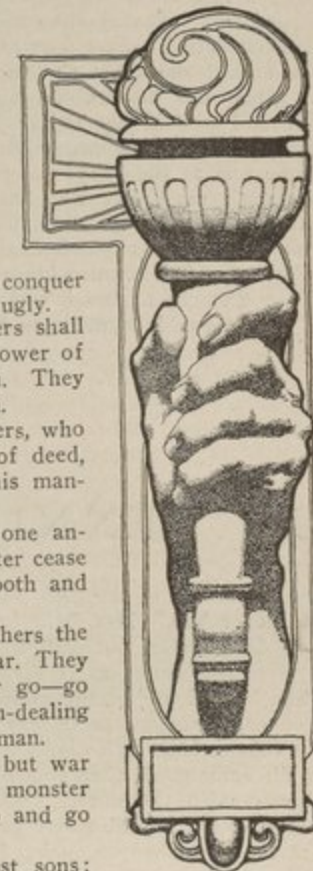
In the day when we have become true brothers the sons of man shall no longer be devoured by War. They shall rise in their might and bid the monster go—go to where man is not, go to where the death-dealing plagues have gone, driven by man's love for man.

In that day not only war between nations, but war between man and man, the twin brother of the monster that calls men out on the battlefield, shall go and go forever.

And mothers shall mourn no more for lost sons; sweethearts shall no longer be broken-hearted for lovers slashed on the battlefields; wives shall weep no more for the husbands snared from them by the monster; and children shall no longer lose their fathers in savage encounter.

The Savage shall have gone. Man, the Manly Man, shall have arrived. By his side the Woman shall be. And the two shall bring forth generations of Lovers ready to take the heritage of the ages and make this earth into the Paradise which the Prophets in their dreams have prepared for the children of man.

The Era of Man shall be proclaimed!





THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

GOOD FOLKS

THERE was once, though I'm not going to tell you where, a wise and learned nation who were very much troubled about a certain moral disease which attacked all of the people.

One said the disease was due to a peculiar quality of the atmosphere that each person breathed into his lungs. Another said it was an exhalation from the soil. Others, more scientific, claimed it appeared unavoidably by reason of certain animal traits that developed as one grew older; in fact, that it was man's heritage from a chain of animal ancestors.

Whatever did cause it—the thing was annoying enough you may believe. For it was nothing more nor less than Dishonesty. Everybody was dishonest, from the children in the streets to the graybeard on the park bench. People lied to each other as a matter of course. And those who lied most successfully were the best paid.

The most plausible theory advanced was that this Dishonesty was a barbaric inheritance, though some people said that there was less of it among those tribes that flourished in a natural state than among the city dwellers.

Some people said it was produced by civilization, yet strangely enough this theory failed to hold water because all the most civilized persons of each generation were nearly free from the taint.

"The root of the trouble is," said the followers of religion, "that every one needs converting. Convert them and they will stop being dishonest."

So a great many preachers were hired and made the atmosphere hot with prayer, but in the end everything lapsed into a state much the same as at first.

"You see," said the Philosophers, "we do not need conversion—we need reason. Let us reason with each other. That is the one antitoxin for Dishonesty."

So the philosophers stopped every man on the street corner and reasoned with him, but the disease grew and grew.

"Our turn," said the doctors. "These folks are dishonest because there is some bone pressure on the brain. Let us remove the pressure and then watch the return of integrity."

So the doctors performed 1,200,000 operations and at the end of that time everybody was as untruthful as ever.

Finally came a man who stood on a soap-box and this is what he said:

"My friends, you are all troubled with Dishonesty. And you will be cured only by yourselves—no one else can relieve you. Shall I tell you the secret? You are dishonest not because you are naturally thieves and gold-brick men, but because the conditions under which you live make it too hard for a fair-dealing man to exist. Change those conditions and you will prevent the disease."

But, of course, they didn't listen to him, because just then a man with a brass band and two boxes of cigars appeared at the corner promising to cure everybody Free if they'd only elect him to office.

TEXTS

SEATED at his study table the Reverend Lemuel Smug faced the dismal morning paper.

"You are going to preach this morning," said the paper, scratching its weather report and putting a right forefinger to its index.

"Yes," said the Reverend, with a smile that curled back as far as the first molars.

"And what are you going to preach about?"

The smile straightened to a grim line. "Really, my good fellow—"

"But, Mr. Smug, please, sir, you've read me this morning, haven't you? Won't you please preach about something I've got to say. Please, Mr. Smug, sir, I'm so interesting. Why, here on my first page I tell about a regular thieves' school that the police have discovered—a training place for young boys. Haven't you anything to say about a society that produces such a thing? Here's a story about starving miners being murdered by the State constabulary. Doesn't that seem to call for comments?"

The Reverend's smile was inscrutable.

"Or take this war here. You see it was caused by a group of capitalists who had money they wanted to invest in the invaded country. And think of all the people they've killed looking for that investment!"

The Reverend's expression did not change.

"How about these editorial figures on poverty: the statistical proof that the people who work the hardest get the least return out of life? Doesn't that stir you up at all?"

The Reverend wriggled in his chair.

"You'll excuse me," he said, looking at his watch, "but it's time for me to go to my congregation. I shall be very glad, however, to take a text from your columns. Yes, I shall preach from your Weather Report and show, conclusively I trust, that the rain falls on the unjust and the just alike, and that if we remain patient and contented all will be well—all will be well. Good morning! Come again next Sunday!"

THE LANDLORDS

GREAT was the gathering of farmers. They piled in from Maine and from California; from Wisconsin and New Mexico and then some.

They came with big hands and bent backs and legs gnarled by rheumatism. Some of them came whole-suited, but most of them came patched. And it was a glorious meeting, for all the most celebrated people of the country were there to address the convention assembled.

"Farmers of America," began the Reverend George W. Snob, "you are the salt of the earth. Don't come into the cities and lose your savour. Stay where you are. Work on—work ever. You are the mainspring of the country's industry."

"Fellow toilers," said the Hon. Oscar Botch, M.C., "stay on the old farm. Work it carefully. Don't come into the cities and be a sore toe. Stay out on the farm and be the backbone of the nation."

"Gentlemen," puffed Mr. Soak-it-away Bullion, the well-known banker, "there is no more honest or simple class on earth than the farming class. Don't come into cities and lose your honesty and simplicity. Keep out next to nature. Stay honest. Stay simps. I consider the farmer the foundation of America's prosperity, and if any of you would like to borrow something on unencumbered real estate you will find me in the lobby after the session."

So during the long day one speaker after another praised the farmer. They praised the way he got up early in the morning. They praised his going to bed early at night. They praised the habits of industry which he drilled into his children. And especially they said and re-said that his job was the very keystone of all jobs.

Finally Uncle Sim Rimsnider rose in his seat, brushing a stray oat-husk from his twenty-year-old coat-sleeve.

"Admittin'," said Uncle Sim slowly, "admittin' that

us farmers is the salt of the earth and the mainspring of industry and the backbone of the nation and the foundation of prosperity and the keystone of civilization, what's the use of workin' at it if you fellers take away everything we produce except our board and clothes?"

But the Reverend George W. Snob and the Honorable Oscar Botch and old Mr. Bullion didn't have time to answer. They had been called away to address a meeting of the League of Fair-minded and Peaceable Wageworkers.

THE PROTESTORS

IT was a desperate little band of men that gathered in the great drawing-room at Mr. Freezenburg's.

"These radicals, these visionaries," began the host, who was acting as chairman of the meeting, "they are trying to destroy all the prosperity of our fair land. They are trying to bring about a season that they call Spring, when the sun will shine almost every day and when the ice will break up entirely. And they say this Spring will be followed by another season called Summer, when the sun will shine every day and when a man wearing an overcoat will be looked on as a monstrosity. And when this comes to pass what, my friends, what will we do? What, for instance, will become of a man like myself who sells furs?"

Mr. Woolenheimer, the underwear dealer, spoke to much the same effect; so did Mr. Skates, who ran a magazine devoted to cold weather sports; so did Mr. Scooper, who manufactured snow shovels; and Doctor Coffin, the sore throat specialist, and Mr. Hotair, the furnace maker.

One and all they agreed that the change of seasons would ruin them and must be sternly opposed.

So they passed strong resolutions against the coming of Spring and pledged themselves to battle against all agitators promoting hot weather.

Mr. Skates wrote long editorials against sunshine. He said if Summer came the race would degenerate from a manly lot of snow-shoeing individualists into a crowd of mollycoddles. Dr. Coffin gave it as his opinion that everyone would be roasted to death by the direct rays of the sun; Mr. Hotair showed by statistics that a sun-warmed atmosphere was poisonous; Mr. Scooper wrote a pamphlet proving that snow-shoveling was the only rational form of exercise; Mr. Woolenheimer spoke on street corners about the impropriety of wearing light underclothes; while Mr. Glitter, the Christmas Tree King, went out nights with a gas-pipe to slug the revolutionists.

But it was no use.

First came one warm day—then another. Then the ice in the river broke—then all the snow melted—then some flowers started to come out. In vain Mr. Skates denounced flowers in his vitriolic columns. It was no use.

The sun kept shining brighter and brighter until at last even Mr. Hotair was obliged to let his furnace die down. And Mr. Freezenburg found it impossible with comfort to wear his favorite bearskin mittens.

The birds came and the fields grew green.

One morning Mr. Freezenburg took a walk in a fresh meadow. Seized by a sudden impulse he took off his shoes and stockings and shouted. Very much ashamed he looked about him only to see Mr. Scooper also without foot covering.

"You understand," said Mr. Freezenburg severely, "that I detest all this sort of thing; still, seeing we can't get away from it—"

"Quite so," said Mr. Scooper.

And they both started gathering daisies.

MR. CASSIN'S SOLO —BY—

AS RELATED BY MISS HEPSY BUCKLE OF
APPLE CENTER, NEW YORK STATE

HORATIO
WINSLOW

YOU can talk about queer things all you're a mind to, but if a queerer thing ever happened to anybody than the occurrence that occurred to Henrietta Cassin—Well, I'd like to hear tell of it—that's all. Not that Henrietta understands it yet, because she don't, and when she thinks it over she says it seems just as unreal as the Arabian Nights or Christopher Columbus, and if it wasn't for the roses from that bouquet of flowers she'd think mebbe it was nothin' but a dream.

And it just shows you that New Yorkers are folks of cultivation in spite of all their wickedness. Yes, there is that to them; though I suppose it's going to their fine churches every Sunday and listening to their high-priced choirs that's got 'em educated up to such a pitch. Still it's a lesson, and if I had a husband I'd make him take notice of what happened to George Cassin just because when George was a boy and had the chance to go to singin' school he was too stubborn to ever learn one note from another.

And, of course, the whole thing wouldn't have happened if Mr. Cassin hadn't decided to pick up bag and baggage and go to New York City. Said as long as the farm was off their hands they might as well enjoy some of the gayeties of city life. "Anyhow," he says, "we'll live there for a month and see what there is to see." Naturally Henrietta was just as willing as George and mebbe a mite more so only she drew the line at hotels.

"There's no sense," she says, "in spending a lot of money for board and room when you can get just as good things in your own home—besides, I never did believe in hotel cooking. We'll just look round and get one of those cheap furnished flats."

And they did.

George objected some because it wasn't in a very swell neighborhood, but Henrietta says there's no use paying twice for things you can get cheap. Besides there were a lot of conveniences in the flat they took that you wouldn't hardly have expected; for instance, they had their own private letter box in a front hall downstairs with a cute little place to put a card with your name on it so's visitors could tell which bell to ring. Seeing she'd run out of cards Henrietta wrote her name on a piece of paper and stuck it in the opening.

"I don't know," she says to George, "whether they have any ideas of politeness in a big city or not, but if they have and if they do want to call on newcomers they'll know where I am."

"First rate notion," Mr. Cassin says, "and seein' we're apt to meet a lot of folks I dunno but what I ought to be spruced up a bit. Most of the barber shops round here look like they were run by Eyetalians or something, but I guess I can make 'em understand what I mean."

It was their first day in the flat. Henrietta had put the card up at one. At two o'clock George went to the barber's. At three Henrietta, hearing a noise, peeked out of the window to see what it was.

Right down below her was a great big crowd all gathered round the doorway of the building. It was such a big crowd that Henrietta thought there must be an excursion in town, though as far as she could see none of 'em were wearing badges. But she didn't have time to think long about it because just then there was a ring at her doorbell and somebody started yelling up the speaking tube asking if she was in.

"Come right up," she called back, pressing the button that unlocked the door and pretty soon clumpity-clump up come a sort of foreign fellow with a big bunch of roses in his hand smiling and grinning and bowing and scraping like a young jackanapes.

"Howdo!" he says, "Howdo! I gladda to meet you," or something like that.

Couldn't speak much English, but he knew enough so that Mrs. Cassin made out he was asking about George.

"You hoosban'," he kept repeatin', "he issa to home—yes?"

"No," Henrietta says, "George ain't to home right

now. He's gone to the barber's and he was thinking mebbe afterwards of lookin' up Mr. Smith-Weller—You know the Smith-Wellers boarded with us two summers ago—but if you'd like to wait come right in the parlor and set down."

Don't suppose the foreigner understood every word, but he could see he was being invited to make himself to home, so he walked into the parlor and set down, hanging onto his flowers with both hands.

"Looks as though it might turn cooler," Henrietta says once or twice, but the gentleman just smiled and showed his teeth and kept on repeating, "Your hoosban—I waita for heem." Once or twice, too, he tried to talk to her in his own language, but Mrs. Cassin couldn't make it out at all, and when she talked he couldn't understand though she hollered every word loud and distinct so's to give him a fair chance.

Well, the young man set and set, holding the bouquet and Henrietta was just going back to her dusting when another young foreigner, looking exactly like the first, except mebbe a little slicker and carryin' a box of candy instead of flowers, rings the bell and comes stamping up the stairs.

"Your hoosban—he is in," he says, bobbing his head till he looked like one of those toy dogs whose heads move for fifteen minutes after they're started.

"Land sakes!" Henrietta says, "I didn't know George was so much acquainted down here, but I suppose a dep'ty sheriff gets to know a lot of folks in a political way. You're sure you don't want to see me—you know I'm his wife."

But the second foreigner, smilin' like a mornin' in May says, "No, your hoosban—I waita for heem!"

And so there she had two of 'em on her hands sit-a-ing like graven images in the two best chairs of the place and no way to get 'em to go. But, goodness sakes! Henrietta's troubles was just begun for the doorbell rang again and up come the third foreigner dressed to the nines and carrying a cleaned chicken in his hands.

"Your hoosban'," he says like all the rest.

By this time I shouldn't wonder if Henrietta was getting kind of worried, and I don't blame her.

"You gentlemen might as well understand," she says, "that Mr. Cassin doesn't buy the supplies for this house—I do it myself. And while it's very kind of you all to bring your goods around, and I'e no doubt they're very fine and fresh still," she says, "I'd rather go direct to the stores and select from a larger variety."

But she might just as well have talked to the west wind because this third fellow didn't understand any more than the others, but just sat down on the parlor sofa and says, "I waita for your hoosban!"

And while she was still wondering what to do up came another man with some nice brown rolls and a big frosted cake, and following him came a man with some grapes and another with some oranges; then a great big fellow that looked like a bandit with a beautiful necktie and another with a little box done up in tissue paper and a dozen more—all carrying something. Finally last of all came one with a great big black dog tied onto the end of a chain.

By this time they were standing two or three deep around the parlor, and Henrietta says she was just beside herself.

"Well," she says, at the same time taking her pocket-book out of the desk and slipping it inside her waist, "since you all want to see my husband so bad if you'll excuse me a minute I'll go and look him up."

But as things turned out she didn't have to, because just then she heard a loud cheering from the crowd outside, and while she was wondering what it meant the door opened and in came Mr. Cassin.

"My goodness, George," Henrietta couldn't help saying, "you're a sight!"

And he was. You see he'd dropped into one of those stylish New York tailors and got all rigged out in a splendid new checked suit with a white vest and a bouquet in the buttonhole. Moreover, he'd had his black hair cut and kind of brushed pompadour and his moustache trimmed and curled till he looked like a fashion

plate. But the strangest thing was the effect he had on the foreigners.

Why, he hadn't any more'n showed himself than they began to holler "Veeva" or something like that, and commenced throwing the candy and chicken and the rest of the truck at his feet, while the man with the dog grabbed George's hand and kissed it—Mrs. Cassin saw him.

"Eff the signor," says the candy man, "eff the signor would oblige—"

"Yes," the rest hollered, "sing, Signor, sing!"

"Lord sake!" says George.

"Sing!" they hollered again.

"What do you think I'd better do, Henrietta?"

"You better sing, George."

"But I don't know any songs."

"Oh, you know the Star-Spangled Banner enough to sing it for these folks. They're not going to be critical."

Poor George!

I feel sorry to this day when I think of what happened. It's a lesson to any woman to have her husband's voice cultivated. George hadn't any more than sung six words before the fellow with the dog let out a yell and untied the dog and rushed off bumping down the stairway. By the time George reached "And the rocket's glare" the whole band were going helter-skelter down the stairs with never a goodbye behind them. And each one as he went picked up his candy or his chicken or necktie and took it with him. The only exception was when Henrietta grabbed the bouquet of flowers and says she, "You've taken up my time when I might have been dusting and now I'm going to get some satisfaction out of it. If you want any more roses you can buy them."

Henrietta says of course she knew George never had a voice to speak of, but she didn't suppose it was as bad as all that; because do you know from that day till the very hour they left the city not another single New Yorker came to call on them.

PART TWO.

Being simply a paragraph from the news columns of the New York Daily Something-or-Other.

With much emphasis this evening Signor Cassini, our latest in opera singers, denied that he would spend the New York season among his fellow countrymen in an Italian quarter flat. This rumor, first published in an evening paper, seems to have caused the famous tenor much annoyance. At present Signor Cassini and his American wife are occupying a suite at one of the larger hotels.

HOW NOT TO DO IT

BUT the McNamara Case has taught the workers one great lesson. It has written the latest chapter of Labor's bulky volume on "How Not To Do It."

There may be ways and ways of reaching the Co-operative Commonwealth, but the dynamite route is from now on barred. It is rather romantic, this dynamite using. It goes off with a gratifying bang. It blows things to smithereens. But the recoil generally knocks the cause of labor about two years back.

Public sentiment is the great factor in modern life. If anything has helped the cause of manufacturers more than the McNamara Case the big employers of the country would like to hear about it.

Dynamite is an irresistible weapon—but unfortunately it fights mostly for the man who was blown up.

Wandering Thinklets

BY BENJAMIN KEECH

SOME poor souls have been bitterly disappointed. The persons in whom they hoped to find some flaw over which to gossip, have declined to favor them with an opportunity.

Don't take it to heart when people talk "sassy" to you. Perhaps they are disgusted with themselves, and select you as a target for their feelings.





FACTS AND INTERPRETATIONS



A Long Look Ahead

BY RUFUS W. WEEKS.

OUR special glory as human beings is to rise at times above the horizon of our daily needs and absorptions, to stand erect in mind above our routine of work and of thought, and to look backward and forward, and all around the human horizon. The highest fascination lies in looking forward, in trying to make out which way heads the general movement of man, the main historic process, that vast sweep of tendency by which mankind marches on from phase to phase of civilization. Let us then rise to this effort: we shall find that at first the vision is blurred; for eyes long confined to the microscopic function do not readily take on the telescopic. The human field seems to be filled with hurrying masses, hurling themselves hither and thither, without unified guidance or any common meaning. Patient attention must be given to the wide scene in its diverse parts; the inner eye of meditation must be called to the arranging of the items perceived, and so in time the picture begins to take shape, and we have at last the highest glory and triumph known to the human intellect—the seizing upon a wide generalization. We may perceive a single actual movement into which the confusion is tending to blend. How, then, may we define this all-embracing movement? This is a hard undertaking, and especially hard is it to find a characterization in which we may all substantially agree, but let me essay it.

The tangle can best be straightened out, I think, by pulling at the psychological end of the cord. And in using that adjective I do not mean to call in the book science of psychology with its train of technical terms; on the contrary, I ask leave to use the word in a sense which the psychologist would say is incorrect, in the way in which the man in the street is beginning to fling it about, as a handy concrete term. What I have to intimate, then, is that the psychology of mankind is now, year by year, day by day, undergoing change, amounting to revolution; that even overnight it does not stay the same; and that all the changes compose into an evolution in one direction. To define this direction vividly I would say that the human psychology of the nineteenth century was that of *men* as individuals, of a thousand million separate beings, fenced apart each in its own little consciousness; while the psychology of the twenty-first century will be that of *Mankind*, of one vast Being, conscious of itself in every one of the thousand million cells which It contains; and, meantime, the psychology of the twentieth century is the working of the minds of men through those shifting states which are passing over from the individualist to the collectivist psychology.

Let me here guard against a misapprehension. I am not trying to deal with what are called Entities; I am not so ambitious. I am far from maintaining that mankind is really one being, instead of a thousand million beings; I am only

intimating that, whereas a few years ago we felt, most of us, as if we were numerical complete units, a few decades hence we shall most of us feel like component parts of one Being, in the welfare or ill-fare of which we shall be spontaneously and deeply absorbed. In this statement there is no metaphysics and no mysticism; it is but a rendering of two clear phases of human experience.

Such a summing up of the mingled movements of our time may be thought an audacious generalization; yet I must ask leave not to stop now to make it

how this dawning new consciousness overleaps the fences of personality, of race, of nation, of religion—the space boundaries, as we might call them; and how it likewise overleaps the chasms between the generations—the time boundaries. The motto of the Swiss Republic, "All for each and each for all," which looks down on its legislature in session, is a phrase which briefly sums up that inner law and compelling force which the twenty-first century man will feel within him. And when he says "All," he will mean not only those living, but those yet to live. There will be no

which has lain dormant. For, little as it could be or was guessed during the ugly centuries of discord from which we are at last emerging, it now appears that the living sense of oneness is a native part of human nature, an organic element of the creature, Man, who was evolving during the countless thousands of years before history began. Those were millenniums of classless group communism, during which the felt unit of welfare was not the individual but the tribe; and the bottom instinct of human nature then permanently established was not that, I must look out for *Myself*, but that *We* must look out for *Ourselves*. There was of course no knowledge or thought of the human race at large, but the inherent social passion was created and has not since been destroyed, not even weakened, though it has been hidden. Now, in our large knowledge of the human race as possessing the world, that same organic passion is to find its play on the widest scale.

The sweet and living water is still bubbling at the perennial fountain head, but the selfish habits of thought which have been produced by the ways men have had to use in the struggle for a living during the historic age of individualist competition have stopped the flow of the bright stream along its natural course, and have driven it into underground channels. A change is now at hand: the nineteenth century, busy at manufacture and trade after its murderous fashion, has yet unconsciously been clearing away the psychologic obstructions, and the twentieth century is fast tearing them out of the bed of the stream of life, partly knowing what it is doing; the stream is beginning to be released and sparkling drops are trickling down the old course.

The effective causes of this spiritual revivication of Man have not themselves been spiritual—they have been material, gross, concrete. Not the preachers and the poets of the social message have done the work, but the inventors and the financiers; such men as Watt, the maker of the steam engine, and those who came after him, the geniuses who invented the power-loom, the locomotive, the electric engine; and, in the field of human mechanism, the inventors of the corporation; and, last of all, those who devised the Trust. In the nineteenth century the corporation and the steam engine working together dragged the myriad workers away from their little farms and out from their little handicraft shops and forced them together, packed them into hordes in bodily contact, each horde within its own factory; and such physical co-working awoke the sense of common interest. The sense was limited, it is true, to the shop or the trade; but when the greatest genius of all came on the scene, he who built the Trust, and, even more, now when the Trusts are visibly becoming one Power, the plain need of the workers is awakening the sense of the widest common interest is the working class of the world. The good issue is not doubtful; the river of life will flow free and broad down the centuries to come.

What is Socialism?

BY SOL FIELDMAN

I define Socialism to be social responsibility in the struggle for existence, an industrial democracy, economic equality—the socialization in ownership and operation of all socially necessary industries; the democratic management of such industries by the active members thereof; the complete abrogation of the profit system—social production for use only.



good by argument; I will simply appeal to each one to halt and consider, and say for himself whether it is not indeed a probable and worthy generalization, one which appeals alike to his mind and to his heart. Let each look back over the years he has known, and then look about him today and consider what sort of changes he has witnessed in trade, in industry, in politics, in diplomacy, in religion, in benevolence, in literature, in science, especially in social science, and then let each say whether all these changes are not tending toward a living solidarity of mankind.

Mazzini summed up the future, as he saw it, in that noble phrase "Association is the next word." Today, in the light of the wonderful new philosophy of the one all-including Life, we can use an even more inspiring phrase; we can say that *the living solidarity of mankind will shortly be the keynote of human consciousness*. We can already perceive

vogue then for that nineteenth century question, "What has posterity done for us?" What men do for posterity they will vividly feel they are doing for themselves, to satisfy their own inner need.

In the new consciousness even now emerging, the thought that children are to be born in the slums, to be fed on poisonous milk, and poisonous air and poisonous social temper, is becoming intolerable to the comfortably placed man. He is being driven by an inner impulse as compelling as the instinct to live or the instinct to hand down life—driven to plan and to act, in comradeship with all like-minded, to the end that the coming generations may be born into conditions of welfare. In a word, the Race is becoming conscious of Itself as one Life, continuous through the generations.

This blessed and blessing consciousness is not a new creation within human nature; it is rather the release of a trait



THE COLOR OF LIFE



Public Benefactors

BY GEORGE F. WEEKS

NEWS comes from California that a horticulturist in San Bernardino County has succeeded in developing lemons that are seedless, and that he has brought to maturity twelve trees which are said to be the only ones of the kind in the world. Of course, there will now be a tremendous demand for scions and buds from these trees for purposes of propagation, as seedless lemons will be as great a boon to consumers as seedless oranges. But it is to be hoped that the originator of the new variety will not meet with the same fate that befel the man who introduced seedless oranges into California, adding tens of millions of dollars to the wealth of the State, incidentally making many nursery and orchard growers wealthy, but who was rewarded for his great benefaction by being permitted to pass his last days in a poorhouse and go to a pauper's grave. Poor old Luther Tibbetts, one of the pioneers of the wealthy and physically lovely town of Riverside, was given a couple of orange trees of a new variety from Brazil. These he tended carefully, and when they fruited it was found that the product was seedless and besides possessed other characteristics that made it easily the best orange to be found. At once there was a tremendous demand for scions and buds for propagation. The owner of the trees, a kindly hearted, generous old man, without a particle of the genuine capitalistic spirit, freely gave of these scions and buds to all applicants. Sometimes he was given a small price for them, but for the bulk he received nothing. In a few years the orange orchards of California had been practically all converted into seedless trees, their parentage coming from the two original trees in Tibbetts' grove. Tens, hundreds of millions, of dollars were added to the wealth of the State through him. But in his old age the little property he had slipped gradually away from his hands until he was penniless. A half-hearted effort was made to secure a modest pension for him by voluntary contributions from those who had profited so largely from his open-handed generosity, but it came to naught. As one of those wealthy beneficiaries expressed himself to the writer: "Huh, why didn't he take care of his property when he had it? I don't see why I should be expected to contribute anything to a damned fool who doesn't know how to look after his own affairs." And this seemed to express the predominant sentiment of the people, for he never was given a pension, but as a mark doubtless of great favor and in recognition of his wealth-producing services to the public, he was at length graciously given permission to end his days in the poorhouse—which he straightway proceeded to do.

In front of a high-toned hostelry in Riverside, frequented by the Capitalistic tourist crowd, now stands one of these trees, transplanted from the garden of the dead and forgotten pauper. "Planted by the hands of President Roosevelt" says the tablet. But while great boast is made over this tree, you

may be sure that not a syllable is ever permitted to escape that would give the gaping visitor to know that the real planter of the seedless trees that revolutionized a great industry was permitted to breathe his last in a pauper's bed, and to rest in a pauper's grave.

If this San Bernardino lemon grower is wise, he will erect a signboard over the entrance to his orchard with some such inscription as this: "Remember the Fate of Luther Tibbetts, the Father of Seedless Oranges in California! No Poorhouse for Me! No Free Buds or Scions! Strictly Cash in Advance!" Thus will another public benefactor escape the tender mercies of the average capitalist, great or small.

At the Terminal

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

HERE where the torrent is endless,
Here where the thousands have crossed,

All of the faces are friendless,
All of the man's kinship is lost.
No one looks up at the other,
Here joy and comradeship end—
Do you not see me, my brother?
Do you not know me, my friend?

Where do they wander, thus mingling
and parting;
What is the boon that their dumb lips
beseech;
Why is each fiber aquiver and starting;
What is the goal they are straining to
reach?

Lo, they are deaf to the rhapsodists'
thunder,
Now music dies ere it reaches their
ears,
Twilight and dawn cannot waken their
wonder,
Nothing to them is the song of the
spheres.

Mirthless and mutely they throng every
stairway,
Never a moment their hearts are possessed
With visions and dreams, but sorrow
and care weigh
Heavy on them and their wearisome
quest.

Here the pure sunshine turns bitter,
Heedless of wounds that exhaust,
Mankind still fights for the glitter
And the true vision is lost.
Each one is blind to the other,
Blindly they grope to the end—
Do you not know me, my brother?
Do you not see me, my friend?

The Drama of the Street

BY INEZ H. GILLMORE

THE great drama of life is playing itself all the time in the street; playing itself with the long, slow sweep of developed tragedy, playing itself in the crisp short strokes of comedy. The only difficulty

in studying it is that, if you get the end, you can never see the beginning, and that if you see the beginning, you are likely to be cheated of the end. A climactic scene here, a flash of illuminating dialogue there is all you can expect.

One day, when I first came to San Francisco, I went for an exploring walk. It was two years after the great disaster. The city was doubly strange to me—strange because of its unfamiliarity and strange because of the great burnt-out areas, disturbingly frequent. I finally found myself in the midst of a neighborhood so ruined and deserted that it was a long time before I met anybody. Then I came across a pair of people leaning against a broken wall, talking. I studied them only indifferently at my first glimpse; for there was nothing striking about them. He looked like an average country lad, fresh to the city. She looked like any average young wage-earner. A touch of pale refinement in her face made me think her a school teacher. Then as I drew closer, I began to look at them with more curiosity. There was something arresting in their absorption. His head was bent to hers. Her head was bent to his. They were talking with a low, quick, terrible intensity. They did not hear my approach. In fact, they never sensed my proximity. But as I passed, these words came to me from her lips:

"And did you kill anybody else?"
That was all. I did not get another word. I could not stop and listen, of course. What came after it, I never knew. What led up to it, I could not guess. What drama of self-defence, of love, of revenge, lay back of it, I had not the faintest hint. But as long as I live, I shall puzzle over it. As long as I live, I shall not forget the picture—the ruined, blackened city street, the blazing noon sunlight and those two terribly-absorbed faces.

Once I was walking at dusk in Chicago. Suddenly the six o'clock crowd of working-people came pouring out from a factory close at hand. I was overtaken and submerged by a monstrous tidal wave of humanity. They reveled in air and freedom like released prisoners. Laughter, song, chatter—it burst round me in great ripples. There was something psychologically intoxicating, something psychologically infectious in their sense of release from tension. Three girls, talking seriously together, made surprising contrast to all this sound and action. As they passed, I got one remark and there was one part of admiration to two parts of contempt in the speaker's voice.

"Just think, girls," she said. "She's sixteen and she's still straight."
One morning I was strolling through a crowded New York street. Somebody back of me, walking rapidly, pushed past and forged ahead. It was one of those grim figures that poverty makes so disturbing to the smug and prosperous. She was tall and gaunt. Her clothes fluttered in rags, utterly inadequate against the frosty air. Her skin showed no color, her eyes no gleam, her lips no curve. Her face was a gray, bleak, sunken, waxen mask of stony indifference.

Just in front of us was a grocery-

shop. Outside stretched a counter of fruit, vegetables in boxes. As this sinister bird of poverty passed, her body crumpled for an instant. A long, bony forearm shot out from among the rags. A skinny yellow hand dropped into one of the boxes, closed over something there. The body straightened. The hand withdrew into the rags again. The figure had not paused an instant in its swift stride. The eyes had not shifted an instant from their straight-ahead glare. Now, a little swifter in pace, the figure marched on.

That was all there was to it—the sudden, downward reach of that predatory, yellow talon and the swift concealment of the potato.

But that night I did not eat my dinner with my usual enjoyment.

Once I was walking down Broadway. It was very late at night. In fact, it was just beginning to be early in the morning. As I approached Forty-second street, a quartette of people—two men and two women—broke into pairs. The two women crossed Broadway. The two men continued down Forty-second street. Suddenly one of the men turned, walked leisurely back until he overtook the two women at the car-track. He seized one of them by the arm. He was tall, big and powerful. She was little, slender and frail. He kicked her once, twice, three times—kicked her with considerable force and great deliberation.

Nobody said a word. The woman pulled herself free and hurried on with her companion. The man strolled leisurely back to his friend and they continued their walk. I continued mine. I concluded that another little drama of the Tenderloin had reached its dénouement.

One day I stood at the Parcel Room of the South Station in Boston, waiting while the attendant searched for my bag. That is perhaps the most busy and crowded corner of that busy and crowded place. My eye fell accidentally on a pair who stood in the very heart of the whirlpool. Never in my life have I seen two people who looked more plain, more gray, more homespun, more average. Normally, there could not have been on either of them a single high light of the spirit, a single brilliant color of the flesh. But at that moment, they stood out from the whole crowd. She looked as if she had wept until there were no tears left. He looked as if he had never slept. In short, tragedy had given them beauty, authority, dignity. They were holding each others' hands. They were gazing into each others' eyes.

The attendant handed me my bag. As I passed, the woman said: "It is better to part this way than to—"

And I got no more.
How that picture haunted me! For it was palpable that it was the end to both of them of something beautiful and precious. And somehow it seemed to me that, just because they were so colorless, meagre, commonplace and unlovely, it was likely to be the end forever of all things lovely and precious.

I have never forgotten them. I suppose I never shall.

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The Flower Shop

A COMMENT BY LENA MORROW LEWIS

HERE are plays and plays. Some take well on the stage and read badly in the book, others read well and "stage" poorly, and some both stage well and read well.

Just what the "staging" qualities of Marian Craig-Wentworth's play, "The Flower Shop," may be, we will not pretend to say. But one thing we are absolutely positive of, and it is that the play reads well, the characters are all true to life. The work reveals a keen insight into the various types of women, and the characters of William Ramsey and Stephen Hartwell stand out in striking contrast to each other. Ramsey, the patronizing, domineering husband, who allows his wife to do only what pleases his will and caprice, is duplicated many times over in every-day life. Hartwell is typical of the new man of the future, for there can be no great change in the position and status of woman, no revolution from a state of dependence to that of independence can ever take place without producing a radical change in the psychology of men regarding their attitude toward women.

The William Ramseys belong to the age of chivalry. The Stephen Hartwells are the men of the future, the comrades and equals of the women who have at last become human beings. We feel sorry for Louise, who gives up everything for love, or what she thinks is love, and our appreciation for Margaret increases with every page of the book, and we rejoice in her unswerving devotion to a great purpose; the right to be an independent human being. As we see Stephen Hartwell measuring up to the demands of this new woman, we are persuaded that Margaret has experienced the fulfilment of the old Scriptural saying paraphrased for the modern woman: "Seek ye first the kingdom of human rights and opportunities, and love and all other things shall be added unto you."

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