

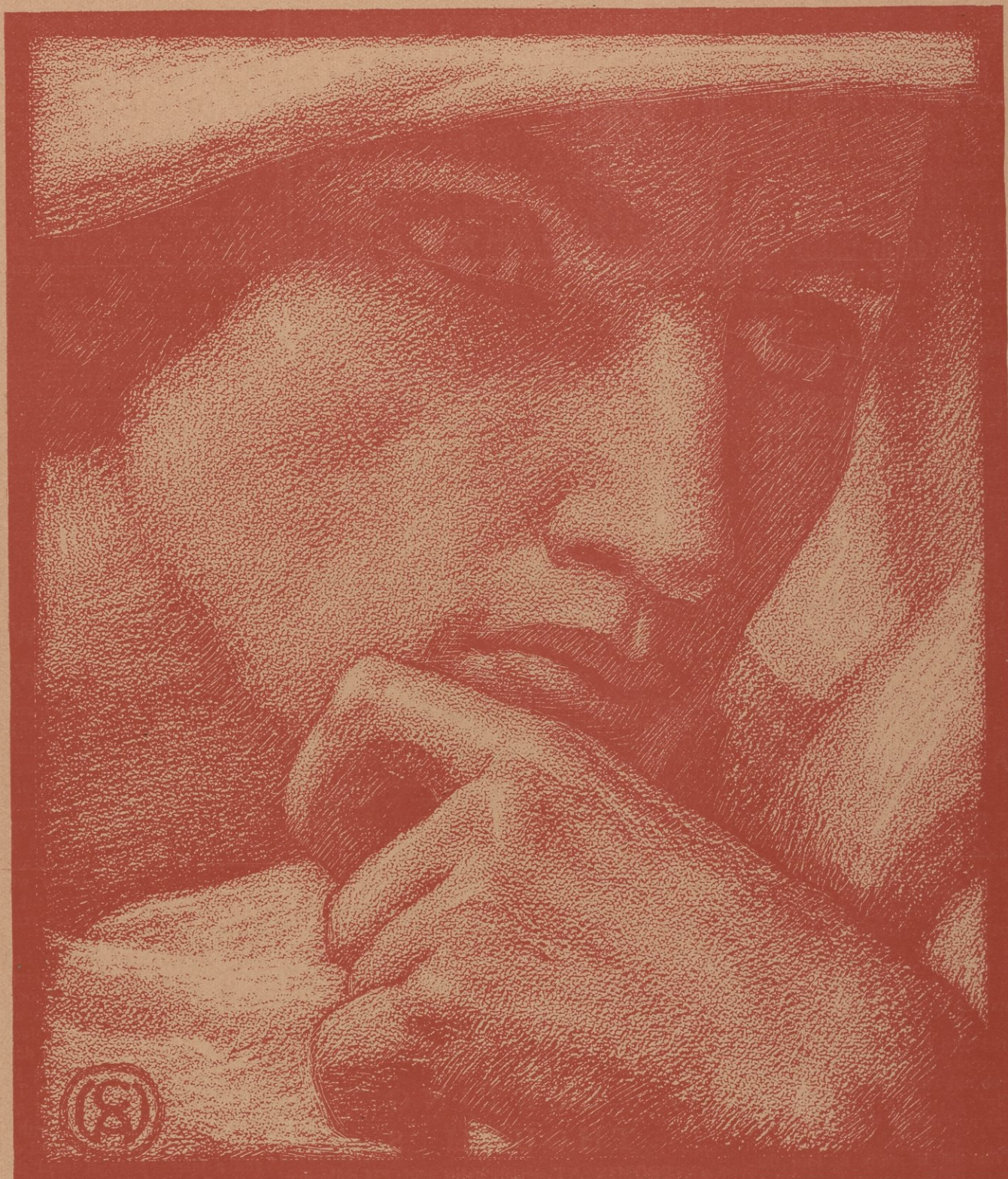
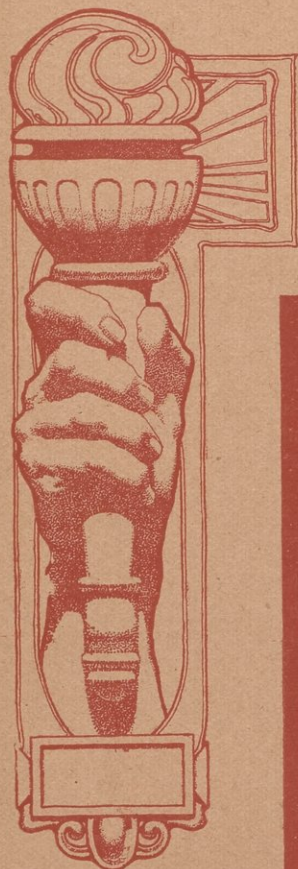
FEBRUARY, 1912

NON RETURNABLE

PRICE, 10 CENTS

THE MASSES

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE WORKING PEOPLE



Drawn by Charles A. Winter



POLITICAL ACTION

VERSUS

DIRECT ACTION

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

MASTER OF THE REVELS

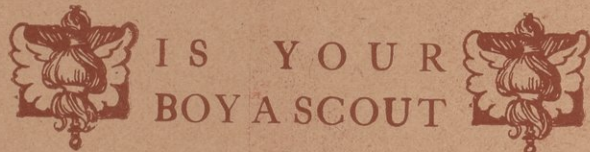
TWO kinds of preachers there are whose preaching hardens against them the hearts of the wise. Preacher A. denounces the revelry of the very rich: Preacher B. denounces the revelry of the very poor.

Now revelry may or may not be a bad thing, but the reveler, in nine cases out of ten, is no more to be blamed for reveling than a dry-landed fish is to be blamed for gasping or a tired man for stretching his toes.

The individual who works reasonable hours at a decent job does not revel obnoxiously. He goes home to his family and revels with his wife and children making popcorn on the kitchen stove or fixing the cellar door or picnicking in the nearest woods. Or if he be a bachelor and revel in ways not sanctioned by our best moralists he is generally much disgusted with himself long before he stops reveling. It is not an occupation that continuously interests him, because every Monday morning in order to live he has to go to work.

But the very poor—overworked to the verge of prostration—and the very rich—underworked to the verge of prostration—do revel. One seeks to forget: the other to climb out of the black pit of boredom.

Neither is to be blamed. It is no Mephisto who cries, "On with the Dance"—their obscene mirth is impelled by the much more malignant devil of Capitalism.



MOTHER, is your son a Boy Scout? If he isn't, he ought to be. Here is the pledge he should sign without delay:

"I refuse to kill your father. I refuse to slay your mother's son. I refuse to plunge a bayonet into the breast of your sister's brother. I refuse to slaughter your sweetheart's lover. I refuse to murder your wife's husband. I refuse to butcher your little child's father. I refuse to wet the earth with blood and blind kind eyes with tears. I refuse to assassinate you and then hide my stained fists in the folds of any flag.

"I refuse to be flattered into hell's nightmare by a class of well-fed snobs, crooks and cowards who despise our class socially, rob our class economically, and betray our class politically."

Will you thus pledge me and pledge all the members of our working class?

After he has signed that he is ready to join the Cadets of America.



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THE MASSES PUBLISHING CO.
209 EAST 45TH ST. NEW YORK CITY

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Advertising Rates 20 cents per agate line.
4 columns to page.

P. Vlag, Business Mgr.

We are looking for a Socialist cadet in every hamlet in the United States. We want them to spread the gospel of Socialism. They are equivalent to the Socialist Young Guard in Europe. The services of the Young Guard in distributing literature are incalculable. The Socialist Cadets of America are going to play a part fully as important in spreading the truth of Socialism in their country. We want boys or girls who sell Socialist literature.

We will send them free ten copies of THE MASSES. For the next ten they remit 50 cents with the order, and as a premium we send them one hundred large four-page folders with two beautiful pictures on the Boy Scout movement, by G. R. Kirkpatrick. The leaflet is written especially for and copyrighted by THE MASSES.

If they succeed in increasing their order to twenty copies and remit one dollar we will send a copy of the great book, "War, What For," as a premium.

Bear in mind, we do not guarantee this offer after February 29th.

FLEETING THOUGHTS

A PROMINENT sensationalist said: "If collective confiscation of property is justified, I see no harm in individual confiscation. Ergo: If I steal I must not be condemned." And he wasn't. The above is a more important matter to investigate than boozing and carousing.

THE Weekly People, the organ of the Socialist Labor Party, persistently attacks co-operation. A sure sign it is worthy of the energies of every sincere and intelligent Socialist.

TO OUR FRIENDS

HERE we are with our ten-cent magazine, trusting you will like it. As you will notice, we have eliminated all advertising and have managed to give you much more reading and pictorial matter than we gave before.

People say we will decrease in circulation as a result of the raise in price. We don't believe it. But who knows except Father Time, and he won't tell until he gets good and ready. But if Father Time will not tell you what we are going to do with the circulation next month, we will tell you what sort of a magazine we will get out next month.

The next issue will be the Educational Number. If the American working people are in need of anything, they need working class education, and if only half of the promises materialize, we will make that number one of the best propaganda documents that was ever published in America.

We have promises of articles from Victor Berger; Alphonse Octors, one of the most prominent Belgian Socialists; Peter Jellis Troelstra, member of parliament in Holland; Dan Irving, member of Municipal Council in Bursley, England, and a large number of others.

We have on hand besides a number of articles by our own staff, and an especially strong article on Education by Samuel Hopkins Adams, the well-known magazine writer.

We feel certain that we shall have as good results with this issue as we had with the War Number. Here are some of the comments on that issue:

W. H. Penrod, of Pawnee, Ill., writes: "I live in the neck of the woods, but I like the War Number and here are ten subscriptions."

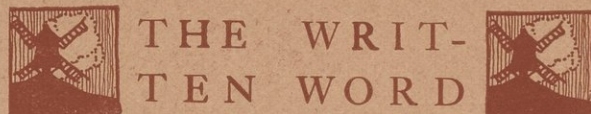
W. T. Hays, of Colfax, Iowa, did not say very much, but he sent twenty subscriptions.

E. J. Berquest, of Washington, D. C., says: "I bought a copy of the War number of THE MASSES at a meeting. I like it very much. Here are twelve subscriptions."

J. E. Shafer, Omaha, Neb., sold 200 copies of the War Number and sent us twenty subscriptions.

The Comrades at Allentown, Pa., regretted they could not do more, but sent twenty-two subscriptions.

These are only a few of the large list of hustlers we heard from as a result of the War Number. We will let you know next month how they liked Political Action.



DAY by day the written word is gaining in importance. It is rapidly developing into the one best method of exchanging thought.

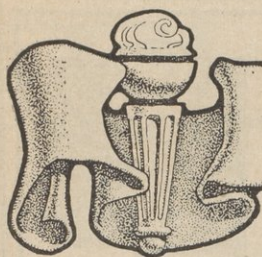
The Socialists are among the first who realized the full importance of the written word. Many tons of literature are distributed daily by the Socialists of the world. There are proportionately more Socialists who have learned the art of expressing their thought with a pen than of any other group of people.

Among the professional writers the Socialists are occupying a very prominent position. Their stories carry conviction—they are realistic, they are based on fact.

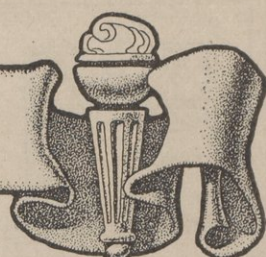
Every Socialist, whether he writes or not, is more or less in the habit of making notes during his daily travel through life. Often one sees a Comrade standing on a street corner with a fountain pen and notebook in his hand gathering facts.

You are one of those, no doubt. If you are not, you want to be. We will give you a start. Send us a dollar and we will send you THE MASSES for one year and a handsome, guaranteed fountain pen; a pen made of beautiful hard rubber, with a chaste barrel, 14-karat gold pen, and safety clip, all complete with a nice box and a filler. Bear in mind that we do not guarantee this offer after February 29th.





EDITORIALS



A CRISIS IN THE SOCIALIST PARTY



THIS is the first time Socialist Party affairs have been discussed in the columns of *THE MASSES*. We have always considered, and still do consider, the special object of *THE MASSES* to reach the man or woman who is not yet a Socialist—the interested visitors to our ranks.

These interested visitors are not so much concerned about the party organization as about its general philosophy and the immediate effect of the Socialist propaganda on the existing economic conditions.

We believe there are enough periodicals which cater to the confirmed Socialist. Therefore, if we so radically digress from our established policy there must be a special reason for it. **THERE IS.**

We believe a crisis within the Socialist Party is imminent. We hope that a definite declaration of the tactics of the Socialist Party at our next National Convention will be the result of the crisis, so we can enter our campaign for 1912 with a concrete definite program.

It will harm the cause of Socialism considerably if the Socialist Party enters the campaign of 1912 with one large part of its membership directly opposed to Political Action, another treating it with lukewarm tolerance and still another hailing Political Action as the "cure-all" for all social ills.

Right now the politicians of both sides are trying to befuddle the issue by entering a campaign of personalities, which is still more absurd.

We, the staff of *THE MASSES*, are thorough Political Actionists. We consider this the best method of direct action.

But we protest against the personal attacks upon William D. Haywood, Frank Bohn and others. They only lead to retaliation of a similar personal nature. In the meantime the issues at stake are left untouched. Personal discussion of party tactics is open to suspicion. Personal arguments are often backed up by personal motives.

Therefore, Comrades, if this crisis is to come *now*, let us face it as men and women with intelligence in our heads and comradeship in our hearts. Let us discuss principles and not personalities.



FUNCTION OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY



THE acceptance of portfolios as members of a cabinet has been discarded by the most prominent Socialists of the world as a result of experiences a la Viviani, Briand and Clemenceau. This does not mean, however, that our demand for national economic reform has diminished. On the contrary, it has increased.

Nor does it signify that we are less anxious to elect members to the legislature or to Congress, but it does imply the formation of a strong minority movement. A movement which will not assume control until the time is ripe.

Under this program the principal immediate function of the Socialist Party is the stimulation of demands for economic reforms.

Yet these immediate demands should not be looked upon as Socialist measures. They should not be criticised with a view as to how near they come to the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Their standard should be measured by the effect the operation of such measures would have on the working class; as to how far it will enable them to see more clearly and breathe more freely; how much it will straighten out their bended backs. Because the Co-operative Commonwealth can only be established by a nation of healthy living and thinking men and women. With this agreed upon, the function of the Socialist Party is easily defined.

Our prime motive, our all-absorbing object, is the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth, and for this we need a nation of healthy men and women.

Hence, the first thing to do is to promote conditions which will produce healthy men and women. Secondly, acquire the necessary experience to enable us to eventually operate society efficiently; and last, but not least, assist in the development of the Socialist Philosophy.

Therefore, Comrades, onward with the march of the proletariat against the present system. Help it in its preliminary skirmishes, however insignificant they may seem. But first, last, and ever, keep high the banner of Socialism as a *beacon light*.



A GAMBLING PROPOSITION



IT is a gamble as to who are more to blame for the tactical error of the hasty and unqualified indorsement of the McNamaras—the direct actionists, the A. F. of L. vote hunters, or the circulation-chasing, sensational Socialist press.



YOUR OWN MAGAZINE



The most important new venture of The Masses Publishing Company is the publishing of a number of Syndicate Magazines. The demand for local publications is constantly increasing, because the local issues are assuming a more important part in the development of Socialism.

How would you like to have your own magazine—a beautiful, high-class magazine, with your own name and cover design?

We will send you 1,000 copies of a 16-page (same size as *The Masses*) magazine as described, with two pages of local matter, for \$25. Each additional thousand will cost you only \$12.50. Of the two pages for local matter, you may devote one or a part thereof to local advertising, thus making your magazine partly or wholly self-supporting. Those who have taken up this plan have no trouble in getting \$1 per inch for local advertising. There are 48 inches to a page. In other words, you can make the magazine almost pay for itself from the start by taking in local advertising. That leaves you as a profit the entire proceeds from the sale of the magazine.

This is by far the best plan of its kind ever offered to you. You will thus be able to run your own magazine, and have the services of the highest class artists and writers in America at no cost to yourself.



INFORMATION



THE following is not to satisfy busybodies, but to supply our friends with information they may desire. A few months ago Ernest Untermann made certain charges against P. Vlag, our editor. These charges were to have been tried before a meeting of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party. Unfortunately the motion to investigate was defeated. This was the only chance Comrade Vlag had to fully defend himself, as a full and explicit defense implies harm of a serious nature to certain Comrades. A harm so grave that he does not care to take the responsibility of inflicting it. A partial reply to Untermann's charges can be obtained from the National office. For further information we advise you to correspond with Elsie Untermann, care the National office. They will forward her mail. In conclusion, we wish it to be known that Comrade Vlag consulted about every action in regard to this affair with his co-workers on *THE MASSES*. All the labor of *THE MASSES*, including that of Comrade Vlag, is performed free, and the entire spirit of *THE MASSES'* workers is such that everyone who knows us is bound to realize the absurdity of Untermann's charges.



PULLING TOGETHER



SUPPOSE a group of people are going from New York to Chicago. They all know it is to their advantage to travel together, but at the same time each one separately has made up his own mind, definitely and positively, what road he wants to travel by. Some want to go by the Erie, some by the New York Central, and others by the Pennsylvania.

They come together, not for the purpose of selecting a road which would be acceptable to all, but for the sole object of inducing the other fellows to travel by their chosen road.

They spend many days in fighting about the road, but finally they break, and each travels his own way.

They all get to Chicago about the same time, only they are belated by as many days as they spent quibbling about the road.

Does not this illustration remind you somewhat of the struggles of the Direct Actionists, Political Actionists and Extreme Marxists in trying to pull together?



"HOW TO STOP SOCIALISM"

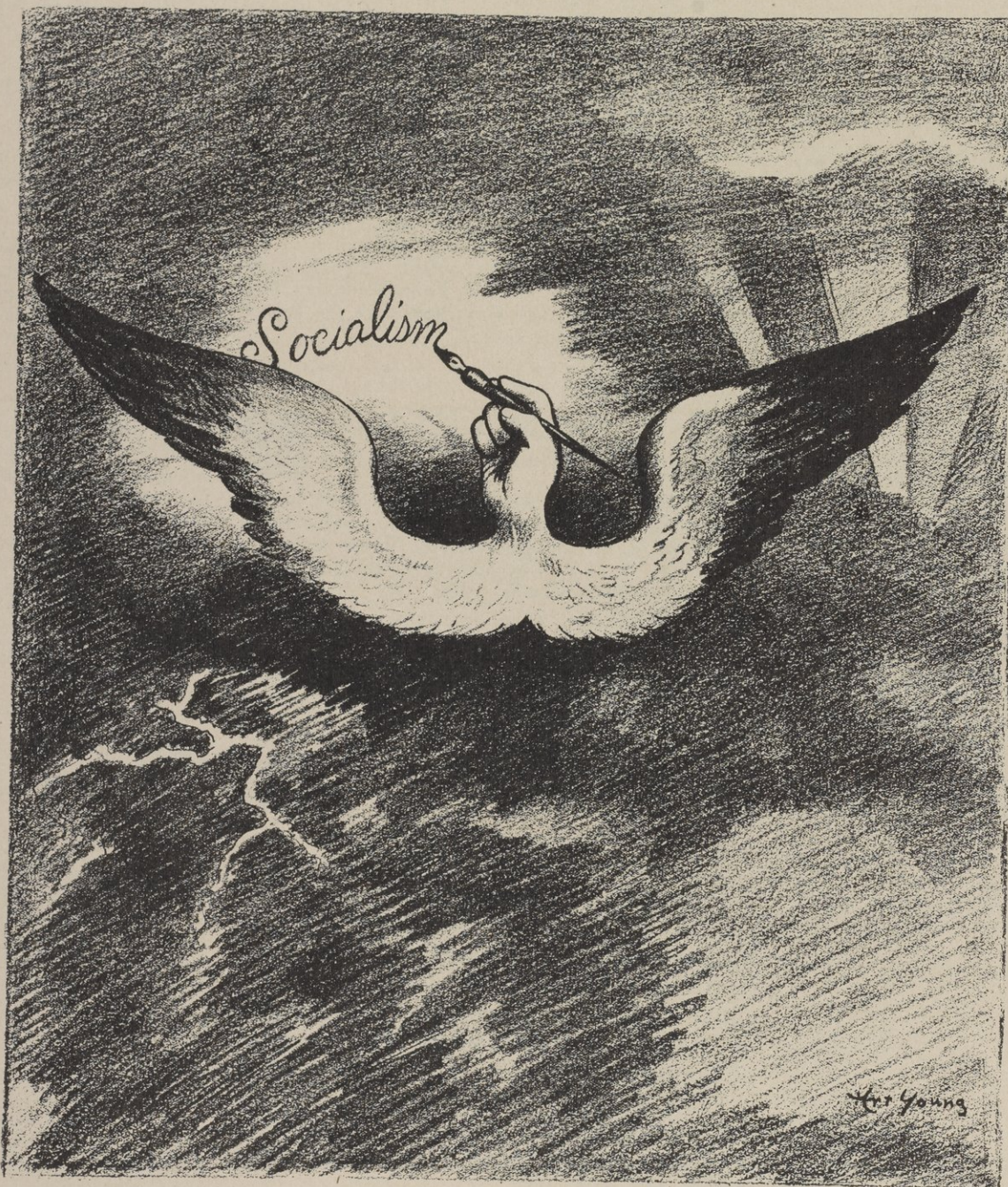


UNDER the above heading, the *Globe*, a New York evening paper, advises its readers to promote and interest the working people in the building and loan associations.

Said they: "If the workers are induced to put their savings in a home, they are not so free to go on strike. They will have to meet their monthly installments on their home, and, furthermore, they cannot move so easily when they lose their position."

This is not only raw, but it is rubbing it in. Let us hope the working people will take the hint and form co-operative home-building associations in which they will own stock about equivalent to the value of one of the houses. Then they will not need to fear discharge, or moving, as another house of the same association will be waiting for them in the next place they find a job.

The European workers discovered this scheme some time ago. Perhaps their American brethren will tumble to it sooner or later.



Drawn and Written by Arthur Young.

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IMAGINATION THE MESSENGER OF ACTION

AN imagination is a brain with wings. Guided by a hand that holds a pen or a voice that directs its dream, it has accomplished all the good that the world is heir to. Imagination soars above the wrongs of the world and things that are, to things that ought to be, and nothing can stop it, till its message is heard. Imagination sees an Atlantic cable and does not rest till it is a fact.

Imagination sees a Republic and does not rest till the throne falls and the better order takes its place.

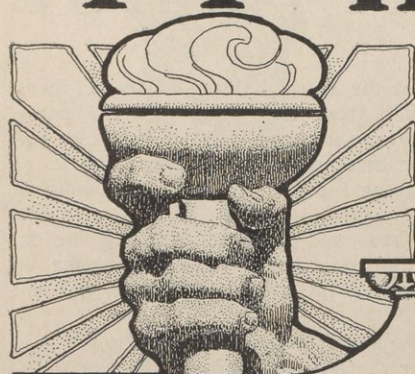
Imagination sees a world where "common" humanity shares in the right of suffrage, and it comes to pass.

Imagination sees a world without poverty, where the producer owns the means of production and distribution, and, as in all ages, the "practical mind" says "it can't be done." But it has been written and the man with the ballot is beginning to see.

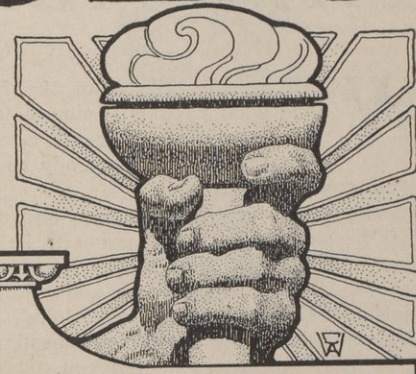
ARTHUR YOUNG.



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PIET VLAG, MANAGING EDITOR AND SECRETARY
EUGENE WOOD, PRES. HAYDEN CARRUTH, VICE-PRES. H. WINSLOW, ASS'T ED.

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FEBRUARY, 1912.

No. 2

POLITICAL ACTION vs. DIRECT ACTION

By EUGENE WOOD

There is something cheering and refreshing in the reviving of the question of Political Action vs. Direct Action. It makes a fellow feel good to read about it, just the same as it does of a warm and moonlit evening in June to see the lovers holding hands.

It shows that the world is always young, always green. It is still further proof, if one were needed, that there is truth in that saying about a certain kind of folks one of whom is born every minute.

The comrades who have so much to say about Direct Action, who turn up such a scornful nose at the paltering, pettifogging methods of Political Action, it does a body's heart good to hear their clack. For though the outside of their heads be gray, the inside is still green as gourds. They still believe in Daredevil Dick, the Boy Detective; they still thrill to picture themselves as the curly-haired young hero who clasped beautiful Gladys to his bosom with one hand while with the other he seized the bear by the tail and held the infuriated monster in the air until it starved to death.

Determined action by a band of resolute men—that and that alone can bring about the Revolution. This thing of fiddling with X marks on paper ballots while the workers starve and freeze—pfff! That for Political Action!

COMRADE WOODS gives the "direct action" folks too much credit in one way, and in another way not enough. He flatters them in supposing that they have the sort of brains that can reason from an act to its results; but he judges them too hardly when he supposes that they have some hidden motive. The fact is, they are primitive creatures, these "direct action" people,—creatures of emotion. They hate Capitalism and all its works with a perfect hatred, and that is all right; but Nature has not given them the faculty of guiding their impulses by any thought of what is sensible and practical and what is not. They recognize nothing but their own inner need of turning their feeling into action, as quick and as direct as possible.

But the workers are fairly well satisfied to starve and freeze. They have to be shown that if they combine they can live comfortably and even luxuriously. They don't believe yet that they are entitled to even a full ration of food. If Direct Action could bring about a revolution and could force clean table napkins and a decent cup of coffee upon the workers they would rebel. They would bring back the old happy capitalistic days when the wage-worker wiped his mouth on his sleeve and supped up Arbuckle's Lion Brand.

There has to be Political Action, if for nothing else, to establish the fact that 51 per cent. of the workers desire anything better than what they have now. I hope they do desire something better. I'd jump up and bite my back for joy if there were good ground to suppose

that 51 per cent. of them do desire anything better. Until that is certainly known, Direct Action is not only silly; it is even open to suspicion.

Everybody knows that a majority will have to be convinced not only that the capitalist rule is no longer any good but that it will be an improvement to change things from the way they are. Unless a majority is convinced of that, a revolution pulled off by the minority will be succeeded by a reaction. That's history which it isn't desirable to repeat.

Everybody knows that there will have to be a decent, proper funeral of the present Capitalist Government. It will have to be put underground by Parliamentarism, so that we can go on with our industrial republic. Everybody knows that. Now why—?

But when you begin to ask "Why?" you kind of lose the cheerful charity you had for the kiddishness of some of the men prominent in the Direct Action crowd, and you wonder—you wonder—what on earth do you suppose they're up to?

They're not foolish. Not a bit of it. Don't think they're foolish for a moment.

I'd kind o' like to know the ins and outs of all this cry of Direct Action as against Political Action. I believe it would be interesting reading.

Oh, well, just wait. It'll leak out; it'll all leak out some day.



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Decorations by Chas. A. Winter.

THE FIGHT FOR THE MINIMUM WAGE

WHAT is this talk about the Minimum Wage and what has the Minimum Wage to do with Socialism? Is that all Socialism means—just seeing that everybody who works is paid a fair day's wages?

Good, fair questions those are and questions which must be answered and are going to be answered right here. There's just one way to find out things and that way is to ask questions and ask 'em again until somebody answers. Right now there's no difficulty at all about getting the answers to questions like this because we're just dying to tell you.

To begin with—what is Socialism? Probably you've been told a dozen times by different people who have told you all sorts of things. They've told you that Socialism is a movement to free the working class from the oppressor and they've told you it is the common ownership of the social means of production and transportation and they've told you that it is the Salvation of the World and a great many other things. But there is a simpler definition than any of these and one which you can remember and tell to any of your friends who accuses the Socialists of standing for this or for that or the other thing.

Here goes, then: Socialism stands for—aims at—is gradually getting—and some day will get altogether—a common-sense, scientific, orderly civilization, conducted without waste of happiness, life or wealth. You've never talked in your life with a progressive business man who hasn't held up before you the advantages of system. Well, if system is good for a little one-horse business man, it's good for a whole world. The Socialists want system and they're going to have it. We're tired of methods that should have gone by the board years ago. We want a loose-leaf-ledgered-card-indexed-systematized world that will bring the greatest good to the greatest number with the least waste. We want to cut out useless expenses and make joy-dividends to be distributed to all mankind. And that's just the thing we're going to do.

But not right now.

What's the trouble?

I'll tell you. Did you ever notice that the man who stands in your way the most is yourself? It's a fact. It's a sad fact, but it's a fact just the same. Socialism can never come till the majority of the voters in the United States want it. The majority of voters are wage earners and small farmers. Both the average wage earner and the average farmer are headed on the road to the poorhouse. They know it as well as you do, but they don't know how to stop. They've lost hope and don't believe in any remedy, or else they are of the simple trusting sort that think some fairy god-mother or other is going to hop suddenly out of the hedge and give them three wishes. If you try to talk common sense to them they won't listen. They believe you're a dreamer and they'll tell you that some fellow back in 1856 tried to be a Socialist for a while, but it didn't work. They stand in their own light from sun-up to sun-down.

Now it's necessary to prove to these fellows, Mr. Reader (and maybe you're one of them: I hope you

are), that Socialism is the only thing that will ever put up a ten-foot barrier across the road to the poorhouse. How are we going to do it? Sermons are fine things, but they aren't convincing to a man with an empty stomach and a cold back. We've got to do something—do something concrete.

Well and good.

As far as the farmers are concerned it's a problem. We know very well that when a man works fourteen hours a day and throws in the labor of his wife and children for good measure, just to get a bare three meals—we know it is to his interest to come in with us and work for an orderly civilization. We're trying to prove this to him through our co-operative agencies in big cities, which help him dispose of his products. It's a hard pull though, for the farmer herds so by himself and in so many different environments that his problems have not yet been adequately answered. He needs us, but there are so many of him that our speakers so far haven't had the time to show him the proofs.

But right now we can prove to the shop and factory wage worker that his interest is our interest. And we're going to do it through the pull of the Eight-Hour Day and the Minimum Wage.

We are going to organize the people who don't care particularly about surplus value or some other things into a league which will fight to get the things they do care about. This league is THE MASSES LABOR LEAGUE and its slogan is "More wages and shorter hours." Anybody can understand what that means. Any wageworker is willing to support such a platform. And when they see that the Systematized Civilization stands for More Wages and Shorter Hours they are going to grow interested in the coming of this wonderful new stage of society.

That is the reason for the Minimum Wage of three dollars a day which you will find in the League's platform below.

Now, three dollars a day isn't very much—to John D. Rockefeller. No, nor to Andrew Carnegie, nor, perhaps, Mr. Reader, to yourself. But it is like a large healthy fortune to an individual who has been struggling at five a week. And there are many such—not only women and children, but fullgrown men.

Think what an effect such a move would have on the mental attitude of the worker. It wouldn't secure him enough to buy much champagne or rent an automobile or send his oldest daughter to Berlin to have her voice cultivated, but it would let him and his family eat in quiet without hearing the wolf scratch at the front door. It would allow him to straighten up occasionally and throw back his shoulders and stop worrying. And most of all it would make him think.

He would say to himself: "Last week I was earning ten dollars a week. This week I am earning twenty-one. I got it by asking for it. They gave it to me. Now, who are they? Where did they get it? The Superintendent didn't give it to me—he's working on a salary just like me. Who did? If the Supe and the Foreman and me make all this stuff ourselves, why does anybody else have to share? This crazy Socialist

was telling me that the world belongs to the workers. I never heard that from any other political party. Suppose I talk it over this noon with one of those fellows. I asked for three dollars a day and got it. I guess I won't be going too fast if I ask for something more."

Some men have reasoned like this already. The organized workers, the men and women who make up the big unions, have let their thoughts run in this cut for years.

*"Work by the piece or work by the day,
The shorter the hours the bigger the pay,"*

as the motto says with its unhidden inference that the shortest possible hours and the biggest possible pay are the happy conclusion.

"We want more wages," a labor leader is reported to have said to a group of conciliating capitalists, "and when we get those we'll want more wages, and after that we'll want still more wages."

You see, the sentiment is nothing very new. Labor that is already awake and rubbing its eyes wants more wages. It's been wanting 'em for a long time.

But by far the greater part of labor in America is unorganized. It hasn't found itself yet. It's afraid to ask for a cent. It doesn't believe in its own rights—in fact, it doesn't know it has any rights. It is imposed on as often as it takes a job. It is killed and maimed and starved without redress. It's so poorly paid that it can't support a labor organization. It is hard driven all day and tired all night and starved all the time.

These are the people for whom the Minimum Wage campaign is meant. These are the sleepers who must be wakened.

THE MASSES LABOR LEAGUE will do it.

True, there will be the old objection that the money won't do the recipients any good—they'll spend it all on strong liquors or waste it in high living or in buying porterhouse steak instead of round steak or in subscribing for an encyclopedia on the installment plan.

I don't believe they will, but suppose they do? Is that any reason for not giving them what they earn? How can a man ever learn to spend money sensibly if he doesn't get a chance to experiment? It's his money to spend.

But don't think for a minute that this argument is built up simply on the plea that the unorganized wage-worker is by right entitled to three dollars a day and therefore must have it. The question of rights doesn't enter into the discussion at all. It doesn't matter whether he's entitled to it by right or not; he's going to have it because it's good for him. Because the present state of society with most of its useful members on the edge of starvation doesn't work, and therefore we are going to try something else. We want to be a society of healthy, intelligent animals, and not until we give the majority of the folks in this country a chance to breathe and a moment or two to think can we stand up and plan the next step in the making of the Commonsense Civilization.

And after they've rested and thought a lot of fellows who looked mighty unpromising at first will blossom into the very best Architects of Our To-morrow.



THE MASSES LABOR LEAGUE, 209 E. 45th St.

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.

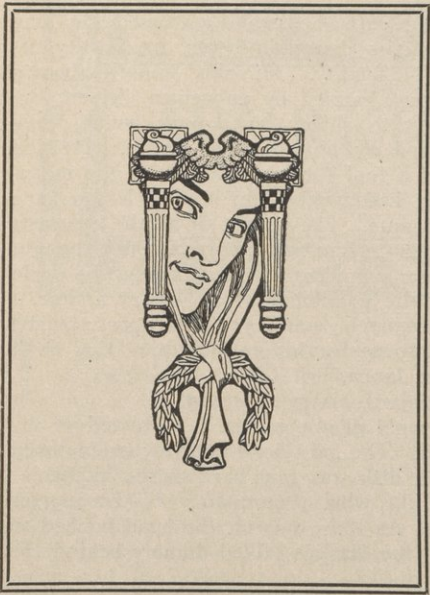
COMRADES:—KINDLY SEND ME AN ORGANIZER'S OUTFIT OF THE MASSES LABOR LEAGUE

NAME ADDRESS

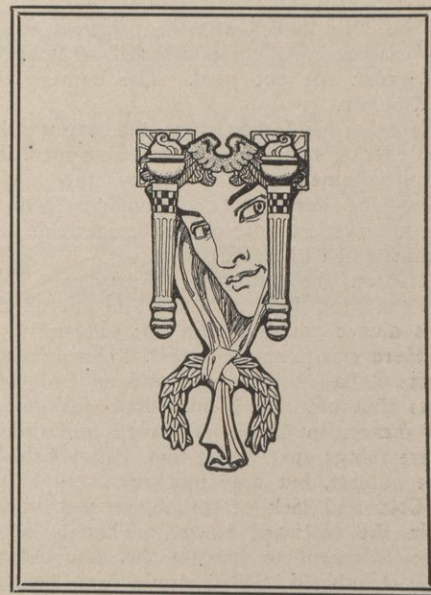
We, the undersigned, agree with the principles of The Masses Labor League and herewith declare our intention of assisting the above comrade in organizing a local branch of The Masses Labor League.



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



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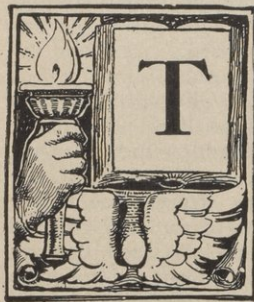


Decorations by Chas. A. Winter.

A REVOLT IN MANHATTAN

By M. B. LEVICK

Illustrated by
H. J. TURNER



HE little man entered the saloon with something of the furtiveness of one making his first call on the pawnbroker. There was about him no trace of the athlete, yet under his arms was tucked a pair of Indian clubs. He walked sedately, his back consciously straight and his chin in, possibly in the recollection of some distant gymnasium attitude. But his eye

lacked the alertness of training, of strength and readiness. His glance had no more spark than can be expected in an unskilled worker after three months of idleness. The air had enough of autumn in it to make the stuffiness of a Third Avenue saloon agreeable. As the doors swung, the man sniffed. The first thing he looked at was the nickel water heater on the back-bar, steaming over rows of glasses aggressively empty. At the rear was a free lunch counter, its plates hidden by a lid of fly screen. Desire pointed to this shelf, but experience blocked the way. The barkeeper had a professional eye open.

Besides the man behind the bar, there were three others in the room, seated at a ring-stained table in the rear. Before them were beer glasses and stained remnants of newspapers. As the Indian clubs caught their notice, they shuffled their feet on the sanded floor and turned with listless curiosity.

The patience of a child cowed by nagging marked the little man as he took his place in the middle of the room and swung the clubs. Two deliberate gyrations they made while the trio at the table looked on, puzzled. Then the bartender spoke.

"What 're ye doin'?" The performer stopped.

"Jus' givin' a little exhibition," he answered. "I took a medal onct wi' these."

"Cut it out," was the order. "This aint no vaudeville."

"But can't ye jus' let me show 'em? It'll bring business."

The argument brought hope; the answer quelled it.

"Cut it out, now, I said. Run along."

The intruder replaced the clubs under his arm.

"Can't ye give me a cracker or sumpin'?"

In his tone was the appeal of hunger, but for answer the barkeeper started toward him. Belligerence mastered desire. With weary stoicism the athlete, his apparatus tucked under his wing, marched away while the men at the table chuckled.

"That's seven," he complained to himself as an El train clattered above. "And not a bite or a drink yet. . . . Used t' be handy wi' the clubs. . . . Must 'a' gone back. . . . Hell of a state o' things."

Two blocks up the avenue he tried another—a saloon more prosperous looking. It was set a step below the sidewalk and lugubrious shrubs in a file of pots gave a reminiscence of summer to the side, though deserted for days. The juggler's eighth attempt had in its tawdriness an air of mocking hospitality.

He entered, was halted, questioned, and ejected. A stone-eyed bartender threw one of the Indian clubs after him and called him a stewbum. A group of men at their drink laughed as they sang "He went right in and turned around and went right out again." A policeman at the curb added a threat. Knowing better than to argue, the wanderer retrieved his club and trudged ahead.

"Maybe they think I'd rather do this 'n work," he suggested to himself, and the idea seemed wantonly cruel. Very likely they did. Oh, well, let 'em; what did he care for their thoughts, if he could only get a mouthful somewhere."

Nevertheless, the last repulse sent him far before he found heart to brave another.

He was tired. It was hours since he had set out from the Park Row lodging house, full of hope for the new enterprise. The day had been hard—more wearisome than days of searching for work.

Timidity had added to his ordeal and lengthened the distance between essays. Fatigue had been increased by nervousness, a sort of poor relation to stage fright. And there was fear, too; the fear of the powerless alert for a match between their impotence and strength.

Catching a glimpse of green down a cross street, he turned toward it, thinking of rest. But when he came abreast of the square, he found it fenced and locked. He was at Gramercy Park. It seemed as if not even the trees could be kind.

It was now well into the afternoon, and he had gathered only a few expletives. Progress had become mechanical. He was no longer on a pilgrimage of hope, but was sent forward by momentum. His back was losing its stiffness and the poise of his head was becoming flaccid. He did not walk like a man with a goal, but dawdled.

To the north he followed a new avenue, in which saloons were fewer and luck was no better.

Aimlessness gave opportunity for observation. The character of the shops along the avenue drew his notice. There were cheap little stores of divers classes, but a shop of another kind was predominant. He was in the street of antique dealers.

Observation led to reflection, to thoughts warped by hunger. They were shabby looking shops, these, with silvers and bric-a-brac and furniture cluttering their windows and entrances. To him they looked no better than the pawnshop where he had got the Indian clubs. Sublimated junk shops, they seemed, among whose wares in dingy aisles he would have been a proper figure. But their patrons forced him out of the picture. This he realized with surprise; the buyers here rode in autos.

Never before had he considered an antique shop. He had seen them time and again, but always as details of the matter of fact. Now he accepted them for something more. Men and women went in motor cars

to buy antiques while he vainly sought free fare in cheap saloons. Here was a problem of society set down for him in new terms; a man, offering himself as workman or jester, was rejected, while curios were sought after.

These things came to him as he stood at a window, answering the stare of a Chinese god. At the thought of the contrast, his manner lost a bit of its mildness; a trace of animosity became apparent. The hold of his arm tightened on the Indian clubs.

He expressed his exasperation to the god.

"Ain't I curiosity enough?" he demanded. There being no response, he went on, leaving the victory of staring with the ivory.

His new mood, more surprise than anger, was bolstered by four forces: hunger, cold, fatigue and defeat. His last meal, and that had been scant, was nine hours away, and each hour had brought fresh rebuffs. Tolerant remonstrance, philosophy even of a sort, need fairer ground than this; the man began to think, without continuity, without much purpose, spasmodically, but intently.

Presently he found himself in Forty-second Street and the traffic current sent him west, though little possibility of welcome lay there. Quite unnoticed despite his burden, he wandered past Fifth Avenue, till he paused to watch a street faker's antics in drawing a crowd. The faker, working sleight-of-hand by rote, saw the clubs and eyed his spectator coldly, as a fellow spying on a competitor's secrets. Obvious contempt was met with animosity. The men glared, on the verge of a challenge, till the approach of a policeman put both to flight.

To the man with the clubs, this antagonism from the faker, a parasite, was galling.

"What right's a loafer like that got to make faces at me?" he asked.

It was not till he reached a seat in Bryant Park that the weakness of his own position became apparent. Degradation was in the thought, but he saw that they were on one level. He knew work with poverty and poverty without work; he had eaten bitter bread, and he had eaten no bread at all. But now he was seeking charity. He was begging; it was no more nor less. The clubs were no tools; they were a subterfuge. That he saw clearly now, and his position was the more despicable because he had fooled himself.

"I might as well be panhandlin'," was his judgment as he sought vindication in memories of his useless search for work. On this he brooded, huddled up not only for warmth, but to emphasize his isolation, thankful that he was left alone and yet eager for a human word.

For some time he stagnated thus, sulky and numbed in body and mind.

The spell was broken when he awoke with a start from a doze. Looking up from his bench, he found a change in the aspect of the streets. The crowds were thicker; where there had been cursory individuals, there was now a throng, intent and jostling, flowing steadily, filling the sidewalks, pausing only to huddle at corners before scattering to push on like debris in a flooded stream. The manner of the crowd showed

strain. No longer was the progress that of units: it was a race now, an unrelieved scramble, an unmitigated crush for one goal. The homeward bound rush had begun.

Nursing his Indian clubs, the man watched objectively. Clerks, stenographers, business men, laborers, shoppers, salesmen: all the nightly crew flocked past with increasing density. The numbness which had dulled his observation wore off at the spectacle and the juggler again tasted bitterness.

"Go on," he muttered. "Hurry up. That's it! Look at 'em. Jus' look at 'em. You got no time to waste. It's dinner you're rushin' to: giddap!"

Here was a new contrast. This exodus had an object: it had a beginning and an end, from which he was shut off. Each individual was going from work to dinner, to home, and work and dinner and home were things apart from him. They held no appeal for the outcast, but only mockery.

Cold and lack of an object sent him at length to join the eastward course. Though he made no acknowledgment to himself, he assumed that his hunt was abandoned. What would come next held no interest: for the time being his stomach was injured to emptiness and his body to weariness. His view to the future was impersonal, without expectation or curiosity.

The advance of the crowd, however, became irritating. There was no reward in being of it. That he might make use of his chance to seek alms openly did not occur to him.

At Fifth Avenue he turned away with a feeling akin to disgust; these creatures so sure of their next meal were not fit companions. In the avenue he scarcely saw the automobiles advancing with pauses. Those he noticed seemed of a piece with the foot crowd, impelled by the same motives, but more insolent in their expectations of food.

Far ahead he had a glimpse of trees, purpling in the dusk, set under tinted buildings and a sky of many hues. In the softness street lamps shone. But there was no beauty in the view for him.

Then, unexpectedly, he found at hand a scene more interesting. It was not one of soft colors, but of glitter; not of repose, but of animation, of gaiety, of

heavy splendor. In a moment's pause he discovered the windows of an expensive hotel's restaurant. From the sidewalk he could see shining tables, shaded lamps, diners, waiters, and the lights and colors of an ornate decoration. There was music. The tables were filled.

Nearest him was a fat man with a bald head. This baldness irritated the juggler more than fatness.



"I'll eat anyway, damn ye."

In there people were laughing as they ate, women and men chatting and smiling over costly dishes. The hungry and the tired might look in without disturbing one appetite. The plate glass between tables and street was an insurmountable wall. He was starving, watching a feast, and they remained as oblivious of him and his trouble as if they were actors beyond the footlights.

Standing at the curb, he again traversed his long day's march, with its disappointments, its futility, its fatigue, its air of finality. He saw himself thrown from cheap saloons, harried by policemen, driven forward blindly, left to shiver on a park bench while thousands hastened by him to their tables. He felt that he had been a fool for his mildness of the morning, that the day had taught him a vital lesson: one must take if he wants. The weight of all the contrasts he had felt, all new to him, was oppressive. A thought of the next day came, and of the next, though he could scarcely imagine the possibility of so distant a time.

"You'll eat to-morreh, won't ye?" he apostrophized the bald head, a focus for his new hates. "You don't have t' hunt free lunch."

Again the vanity of his quest stung.

"I wonder if you'd gi' me a bite 'f I showed ye my tricks?" he asked. The bald head nodded peremptorily to a waiter and a dish was sent back to the kitchen.

"Oh, ye don't like what y' got, do ye?" the juggler demanded aloud. As if in answer, the head bobbed to a companion and the fat lips talked dumbly behind the expanse of glass.

A great resentment stirred the man with the clubs. It flared suddenly and he trembled. He stepped from the curbstone.

"I'll eat anyway, and I'll show ye my tricks," he said.

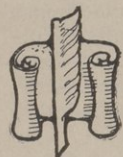
Below, auto lamps glared on the asphalt, but about him the street was clear. He stepped forward. His back was straight and his chin was in, and there was no furtiveness in his manner.

In the middle of the street he paused.

"I'll eat anyway, damn ye," he cried.

His arms circled. Once, twice, thrice, the Indian clubs revolved around his head as they might have done when they won him the forgotten medal. Dust and rags and all, he was again, for the moment, the athlete. Then suddenly the arms straightened before him, and while the orchestra within came to the end of a waltz, two battered Indian clubs sped through the plate glass above a bald-headed diner and rolled to the middle of the room.

The juggler laughed as he waited for them to come and get him.



CONSTRUCTIVE POLITICAL ACTION

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Decoration by Chas. A. Winter.

BY LIDA PARCE

A FIGHT does not make a revolution. A revolution is a change—a fundamental change—in the method and purpose of conducting the social processes of the group. The only way in which a social revolution can be brought about is by framing new rules for the operation of the public functions of society. So long as the legal machinery of a country remains unchanged, the kind of society it turns out will be the same, no matter how many fights may occur, or how many martyrs there may be. The early colonists of America brought with them their common law, a product and tool of kingcraft, though by coming they hoped to escape from the tyrannies of kings. They bled and died in a fight which they called a revolution, and then they framed what they called a new form of government—on the basis of the common law.

There was the best of reasons then why the people could not make a revolution, even though they came to a new country and repudiated their kings. They were obliged to be guided by their traditions because the economic basis of life had not then changed, so their transactions with each other and with society did not make them feel the need of specific, concrete, detailed and immediate changes in procedure. They had no theoretical understanding of the factors and methods of government, other than a few of the principles of kingcraft. The Tories were thoroughly imbued with these principles, and after the people had fought the battles, they proceeded to put their kingcraft in operation again, minus the name of king. And we are still living under a régime of kingcraft, operated by the ancient methods of the common law in favor of the "interests."

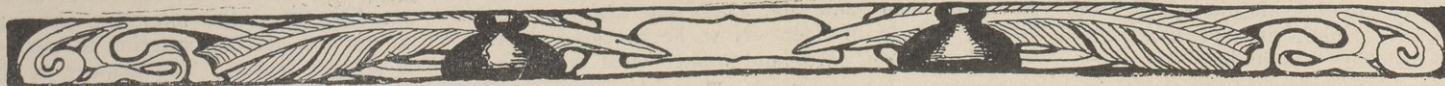
We are again talking about a revolution; but this time we should know that a fight does not make one. We cannot afford to shed our blood again, only to

see the "Tories" once more establish their kingcraft over us. We place too high a value on our lives to waste them again in this way. We are no longer martyrs going to the sacrifice; on the contrary, we are conscious of our possibilities for happiness and of our needs; and we propose to satisfy the latter and to develop the former. We are acting together in a group as a means of promoting the identical ends of each one of us. Our motto is not sacrifice, but realization. And this time we have two advantages which our fathers did not have; namely, the economic basis of life has shifted, and we now feel experientially the need of changes in procedure—changes specific, concrete, detailed and immediate. And we have a theoretical knowledge of the factors and methods of government which enables us to make these changes; or if we, as a class, have not this knowledge we can acquire it. Shall we, then expend our energies in a fight, leaving the field once more to the occupation of the "Tories"?

Neither can we first fight the battle, clear the field, and then produce a new system of rules "out of whole cloth"; for the reason that the rules have got to be specific, concrete, detailed and immediate; and they have got to follow the practical developments of the machinery and the processes of production, step by step. The business of all revolutionists, therefore, is to keep step with this development, to see that the required changes in the rules are made promptly and in exact accordance with our needs. We require both practical experience and theoretical knowledge in this task.

Revolution must not only germinate in the soil of the processes of production, it must send down a thousand roots into the subsoil of understanding, of thought-habits, and of feeling-habits. Then it will stay put. The revolution now proceeding in our midst is putting down these thousand roots; that is why no ground is ever lost, no backward step is made. And the tree grows and puts out branches as fast as the roots take hold. The understanding of the right of co-operative bargaining by the workers has been slow in taking root, but now nothing can break its hold; even the orthodox economists have come to acknowledge the necessity of it, and now those employers who oppose it have not only to fight the workers, but to contradict a well established principle. Soon the thought-habits and the feeling-habits clustering around this principle will crystallize into law, and a very important battle of the revolution will have been won.

Meanwhile the habit of co-operation spreads to other transactions than the selling of labor. The buying of goods is its next logical field; and the pressure of high prices is swiftly driving us to it. In all these ways we are building up the fact of the co-operative commonwealth; we are developing the power which shall compel political action, and we are working out the technique of the new civilization. And while we must stand together as one man for the changes which we require, and never lose sight of the goal of complete revolution, we must, at any moment, take advantage of the best means which presents itself, for accomplishing any detail of that change; we must work in co-operation with all who are in favor of even one detail, though they are not with us at any other point. We must center our attention, not on the points of difference between ourselves and others, but on points of identical interests, for the purpose of promoting those interests.



WORKING CLASS POLITICS IN AMERICA

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Decorated by A. Goodwin.

IN the summer of 1901 scattering groups and representatives of Social Democrats and Socialist Labor Party sections came together in the city of Indianapolis, Indiana, and after threshing out their differences united in a national organization of the Socialist Party. The great mass of American citizens were profoundly ignorant of this event. The majority of the people did not even know such a political party existed. The politicians of the Democratic and Republican parties planned their campaign without even taking us into consideration. They either ignored us or treated us as a joke.

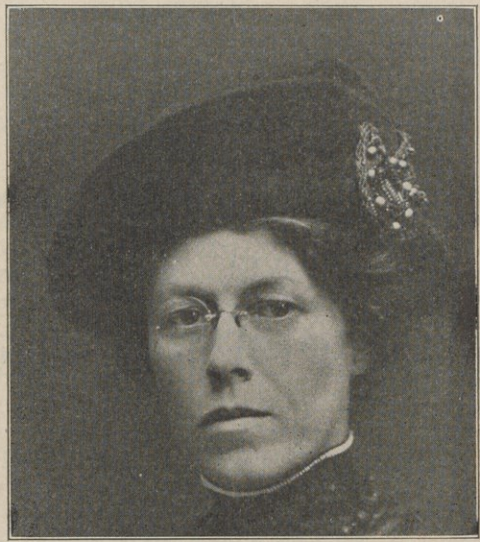
BUT WE TOOK OURSELVES SERIOUSLY, and began to organize locals all over the country. Out on the street corners we placed soap boxes, hailed the passers by, persuaded them to stop and hear our message and buy our literature. We assembled audiences in halls and public buildings and there set forth our philosophy and interpretation of life. We wrote leaflets and books on Socialism, we started a weekly here and a monthly there, and out of a campaign venture in 1906 Chicago comrades launched the *Chicago Daily Socialist*. Then later came the *New York Call*, of the English-speaking dailies, and the newest born in the daily journalistic field is the *Milwaukee Leader*.

We were scarcely well started on the first decade of our existence as a political party when we began to elect men to office. Massachusetts was the first State to have Socialists in the legislative body. Then came Illinois, and still later Wisconsin with its group of Social-Democrats at the State Capitol. Municipal and county officers on our ticket began to be elected all over the country, and it was evident that the old party politicians were beginning here and there to find out that the Socialist party was in the POLITICAL FIELD. Finally we assumed a position of national importance, when the first Socialist Congressman took his seat in the United States House of Representatives. Since then State and local victories have been coming thick and fast, and from this time on the old party politicians will have to take us into consideration in planning their campaigns.

WHAT IS THE REASON FOR THIS CHANGE IN AMERICAN POLITICS? The meaning of the election of Socialists to offices State and National?

It signifies the advent of the WORKING CLASS into American politics.

It is the beginning of collective working class action along political lines. Workingmen as individuals have



BY LENA MORROW LEWIS

taken more or less part in politics ever since the United States was established. But political activity on the part of the wealth producers in the direction of class interest is only of recent date.

Such a phenomenon as this cannot be accounted for by a mere wave of the hand. It is no accident. There must be some cause sufficiently adequate to produce such a condition of things.

Let us set forth some fundamental truths and definitions from which we may proceed to argue our case.

Inherent in every conscious being is the desire to live. It is the greatest factor in every human life. This desire to live, this basic principle, compels men and women to adjust themselves to a suitable environment, or change their environment that it may better meet their needs.

Social institutions and organizations are governed and affected by this same principle. And even political parties are no exception to the rule.

The idealists will tell you that deep down in the heart of every human being is the instinct of brotherly love, but the pages of history reveal the fact that economic interests and economic necessity are the strongest ties that bind men together. This is not because of the evil in men's hearts, or the lack of good, but only the inexorable demand of the law of life. Fundamental changes in government, or the rise of new political parties, always come as the outgrowth of economic changes.

The capitalist system has produced on the one side its possessing class, which operates the industries and resources for the sake of profit, and on the other side the dispossessed class, who are dependent upon the owning class for the right or opportunity to live. On the Fourth of July the Declaration of Independence is read to us and the glory of a government of the people, by the people, and for the people is portrayed in eloquent language. But when the test comes, we find that it is a government of the capitalist class, for the trusts, and by the Supreme Court.

LET US REPEAT: The political conditions of the country are determined by the economic interests. Antagonism between various portions of the capitalist class have given rise to the Republican and Democratic parties. Twenty-five years ago these parties had an issue between them, the rights of the large capitalists versus that of the small capitalists. But to-day there is no issue between them. There is but one big capitalist class, and the politicians who serve the interests of the master class keep up the farce of two old parties fighting each other, first, because it tends to keep the workers divided on the political field, and second, it furnishes more jobs for hungry politicians.

Since these two old parties both serve the economic interests of the master class, and so long as the interests of the possessing class are directly opposed to the interests of the producing class, these two old political parties can never represent all the people. If the economic interests of the working class are to be defended and preserved and their rights strengthened and increased, then a new political party must arise that shall serve this purpose and of necessity be separate and distinct from all capitalistic parties. The organization of the Socialist party was a sign and token that at least a portion of the workers had recognized the necessity of trying to secure political power in order to serve their class interests. To belong to the

(Continued on page 16.)

POLITICAL ACTION IS FAITH IN MAN

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Decorated by Chas. A. Winter.



By OSCAR LEONARD



IF I were asked for a short and concise definition of "political action," I should be tempted to say that it is Man's Faith in his fellows. It is this faith that makes politics necessary and possible. I am fully aware of the fact that the word politics seems malodorous to many very good people. Unfortunately radicals are among these good folk. Why this dislike of the words politics and politician? Probably because so many abuses have been and are being perpetrated in the name of politics, or in politics, by men called politicians. This reason for disliking politics is absurd and foolish. Just because some persons have been allowed to abuse something that in itself is both necessary and desirable is no reason why the thing in itself should be disliked. The labor-saving machine is a good thing—except when in the hands of unscrupulous persons who make others sweat at this machine for the selfish purposes of the owners thereof. Shall we do away with machines, thus making our lives bare and make toil more difficult? Shall we smash machines?

We find, for instance, that the most elevating, most

wholesome, and most necessary of instincts—the one on which the race depends—the instinct which makes man feel that he collaborates with the forces making for immortality and eternity, is being debased and defiled by unfortunate women and by beasts in masculine attire. Shall we denounce this instinct which approaches the sacred more nearly than any other instinct? Shall we do like the ascetics of old, or like the Catholic clergy of our day even? It would be absurd, would it not?

Yet that is what the dislike for politics and politicians really means. Those who denounce political action, and there are too many of them in the Socialist ranks at the present moment, are like the ascetics of old, or like the smashers of machines.

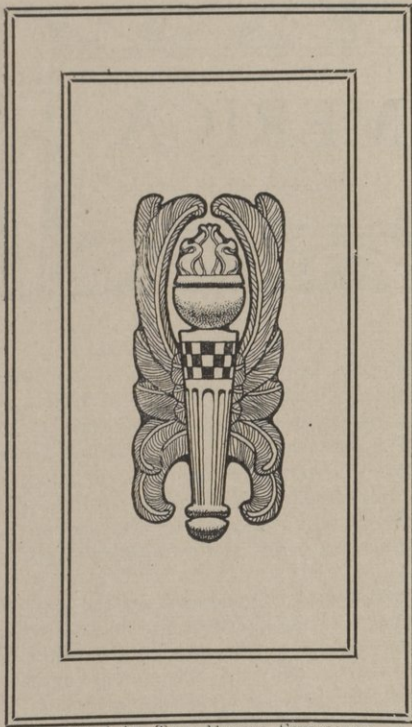
What is politics? It is the administration of the affairs which we all have in common. It is understood that as long as folks live together, inhabit in common certain areas, they have to devise given rules and regulations. These rules and regulations may be oral, implied or written. But they must be there. Without

them there can be no life in common. We must know what our rights are and the knowledge of our rights naturally implies a knowledge of our duties. Politics is the science of devising and administering such rights and the seeing to the fulfilment of such duties. How a Socialist can object to this I cannot understand.

But if political action means faith in man, why the need of rules and regulations? Faith in man does not consist in absence of rules. It simply means that we believe our fellows are capable of enough unselfishness to devise and administer the rules and regulations, or the laws, necessary to the welfare of all concerned. The persons who dislike political action generally say: "The man who goes into politics is bound to become polluted, because the game of politics is unclean." They also add: "Place an honest man in political power and you have lost an honest man to the world, as he is bound to become corrupt."

This means an utter lack of faith in one's fellows, if it means anything. Somehow I am always suspicious

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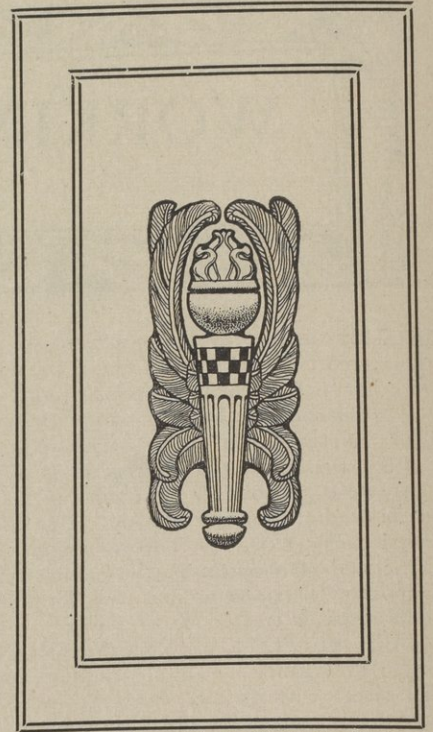


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MR. AUGLER'S TEARS

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

SHOWING THE DANGER OF TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A GOOD NATURED GERMAN



Decorated by Chas. A. Winter.



Ehlman out of the house and returning he had run his nose into the hall hatrack.

Then Mr. Augler, weight 210, lover of pigsknuckles, sauerkraut, pickled beef and all manly food, had sat him down and wept—wept great tears, and the good Dr. Schmidt had called it a plain case of nervous prostration.

But eight months had passed since the first weeping, and it was a pleasant suppertime in August.

"It don't matter nothing to me if he cries to-night a teacup full," said Mrs. Augler, tartly. "You just keep still, Lena, and don't say one word to him about Mr. Ehlman. I always know what's better for you, much better as your papa."

Having delivered this axiom Mrs. Augler untied her apron, leaving Lena to finish the preparations for supper. On the blue china plates patterned with apoplectic acorns Lena arranged the graham crackers and flanked them with equally blue and acorny bowls of milk and laid napkins and tablespoons alongside. But the last napkin had scarcely been settled when the side steps creaked slowly and grievously.

"It's papa," whispered Mrs. Augler. "Now, remember, Lena, leave me talk. Never mind a word he says. I know what is good for you better as him."

If there had once been a time when Mr. Augler bounded in to supper singing and heartsome, there was no trace of it in his present manner, as he stood limp and dejected in the doorway. "Well, Emma," he began, but Mrs. Augler checked the rising inflection with a stern "well" that froze his friendliness in his throat. Only Lena ran to her father to slip her fingers in his and kiss him below his bristling moustache.

"It's wet out tonight," he ventured. "I could eat a good supper."

"Sure—a good supper of crackers and milk."

Mr. Augler tossed his arms ceilingwards. "Ach! crackers and milk! Emma, how can we live with never nothing but crackers and milk for supper?"

"We are living—ain't we?"

"But once—only once, Emma; if I only once more could eat pigsknuckles und sauerkraut und pickled beef—just once!"

"Pigsknuckles! Sauerkraut! Pickled beef!" Mrs. Augler's voice bordered between disgust and contempt. "Sit down and eat crackers and milk and be glad you married somebody what wants to save your money for you. Where's your envelope this week?"

Silently Mr. Augler handed over the small brown rectangle from which his wife counted a limp wad of

bills into an enormous black pocketbook. "And here," she said, "is your sixty cents for carfare next week."

Mr. Augler sat down abruptly. "Emma, seems to me you might let me have a little lunch money anyhow. Everybody in the office laughs to see me carrying a lunch."

"Oh, they do, do they? Well, the young man what marries Lena won't laugh when he sees how much I got saved for him and her."

With surprising suddenness, Mr. Augler halted his spoon in midair. "What do you mean by that about Lena?"

"Never you mind what I mean. Since you had your nervous prostrations you ain't good for nothing but to cry. You eat your crackers and milk—maybe after Lena gets married we can spend more on the meals."

As Mr. Augler laid down his spoon, he winked rapidly with both eyes, but there was nothing merry in the winks. "Mamma, you know I would rather eat crackers and milk three times a day all my life than see Lena married to somebody that's lookin' for the money that goes with her. Besides, this ain't the old country—young fellows here don't marry girls to get money with 'em. And if you mean again you are trying to marry Lena to Ehlman—I told you a dozen times—"

"Well, suppose you told me ten dozen times! What difference does it make?"

A mist blurred Mr. Augler's eyes. "I ain't going to have Ehlman marrying Lena—that's all—I ain't going to have it."

"What are you going to do then? Cry about it?"

The mist thickened. "You never mind what I'm going to do. I—I—"

Mrs. Augler's lips set contemptuously.

"Don't cry yet already; don't waste all them tears on me; save up and cry for Mr. Ehlman like you cried for the iceman last summer when you told him the ice didn't weight enough. Cry like you cried for Mr. Schirmer when he wouldn't let you borrow his lawnmower. Maybe if you cry that way Mr. Ehlman he'll feel sorry for you."

Momentarily he gained control of himself. "Emma, Lena is young yet, and that Ehlman is a scamp—a rascal—I know all about him—he is no good and he shouldn't marry Lena."

"Oh, yes, he shouldn't marry Lena! That's what you told him Tuesday when you went over to his office. He let me know all what happened; you says, 'Ehlman, I don't like you should marry Lena.' Then what did you do? You took out your handkerchief and cried like a baby—a great big man like you. When he told me about it I feel so ashamed I could drop right into the cellar."

Mr. Augler braced himself for a last desperate resistance. "Emma, listen once; I don't want to see Ehlman come and—"

"All right, put your handkerchief up before your eyes and cry a lot of tears like and see if you can't drown him."

"Mamma!"

"Don't answer back to me, Lena. * * * Yes, go

on and cry and then borrow his handkerchief like you borrowed Mr. Schmalze's after you told him to keep his hens out of the garden."

Mr. Augler rose, the lights swimming before his eyes. "I don't care, I don't care; he ain't going to marry Lena; I won't let him." And then, unable to hold in a second longer, he rushed wildly from the room, handkerchief clapped to face. As he sped up the stairway he heard the wife of his youth sum up his character in one scornful word—"Sprinkling-cart."

Once alone he threw himself on his bed and, the occasion when he should not weep being ended, he found himself unable to weep. He swore at himself with dark German oaths—he cursed his present low estate—he raged futilely at Ehlman, while to him came Lena, her eyes edged with a sympathetic redness.

"Papa, I'm so sorry!"

And now his pitiable condition struck him with renewed force.

"Lena, look at me; see what I am; eight months ago I am as strong as any one; I am a champion bowler; I am boss in my own house and three times a day I eat good meals. Then comes the verdammt panic and everybody in the office works nights and days and pretty soon comes nervous prostrations. Now I cry; I don't know why I cry—I just cry. I cry everywhere—for everything—always. Oh, if I could only stop one time—just one time—maybe I could get a grip on myself again."

He rolled over on the bed while Lena endeavored to pat his shoulder. "Poor papa!"

"And now I am as strong again as ever, but what good is it?—always for everything I cry. And your mamma—Gott! once I had a wife—now I am a slave living on crackers and milk. Sometimes I feel like taking a pistol to myself." He sat up and caught her fiercely by both wrists. "Lena, do you love this man Ehlman?"

She looked shyly at the floor. "I don't know, but mamma says when he comes to-night—"

"Lena, if you loved him hard I wouldn't say a word—not a word; but you don't love him and you don't know him, and I do know him; he's bad—he's a scamp—"

"Le-ena! Le-ena!" Shrill and commanding Mrs. Augler's voice floated up from below. "Le-ena, come down; Mr. Ehlman is on the walk."

"Let her holler," he whispered. "You stay up here and I'll write him you won't have nothing to do with him."

There was a ring at the doorbell and the sound of one entering.

"Lena! Why, Mr. Ehlman, is it you? Lena's been waiting to see you all afternoon. LE-ENA!"

"Lena, you mustn't go! Don't go! You don't love him, and he's good for nix."

"But papa—" He felt a hurried kiss, and Lena was gone.

"All right," he said furiously to himself. "Let her find out for herself."

He heard the greetings and fumed up and down the

room, but the exercise brought him no ease. The more he tried to think of business or bowling the more vividly little Lena danced in his brain; Lena the baby he had hushed to sleep in his arms; Lena smiling as she toddled off to her first kindergarten; Lena golden-braided and shy; and Lena now blundering into unhappiness to please her domineering mother. Lena, ah, Lena—she was too good to be wasted on such as Ehlman; the days of his masterfulness were gone, but he could save her even if he could not save his pride; he would go down and plead with Ehlman for the happiness of Lena.

As he resolved this a change seemed to sweep over him while all the excitement in his system evaporated. He would speak to Ehlman not in an indignant way, but calmly, and request his withdrawal as a simple favor; no demand, no threats, no emotions, just a simple statement of the case. There would be no heat, no argument, no occasion for tears, and so long as the lachrymal glands were under control the result would be inevitable.

He straightened his coat collar, smoothed his hair, and with a calm assurance tiptoed downstairs to the portieres at the parlor doorway. In the room Lena and Ehlman sat side by side on the sofa while Mrs. Augler overlapped the big rocker. On the mantel was the black pocketbook.

"Heinrich!" It was his wife who had spied him. "What are you doing here? Go upstairs and go to bed early and get some health."

It was a bad start, but instead of answering back he held to his purpose, and after clearing his throat twice, began: "Mr. Ehlman—Mr. Ehlman—I got a favor I want to ask you—"

"A favor," repeated Ehlman as if it were a capital joke. Sure—ha! ha! Ask all the favors of me you want—that's my business."

"Heinrich, to bed!" commanded Mrs. Augler. But he continued, looking steadily at Ehlman.

"This is the favor: Lena, she is my little girl—the only one we have, and I want her to be happy always; I want her to be happy more than I want myself happy, and I don't think she's going to be happy if she marries you, so I ask you as a favor—give her up."

Mr. Ehlman grunted. "Why ain't she going to be happy if she marries me?"

"Because she don't love you and because you ain't the right kind of a young man; please, Mr. Ehlman, I thought it all over before I spoke; if you love her—leave her be—you can't be happy together because you ain't the right kind of a young man."

"He ain't," shouted Mrs. Augler, shaking an accusing finger under her husband's nose. "What do you know

about the right kind? What do you know about a young man who's got lots of life? I s'pose you want somebody to sit around all day like you and let out tears."

"Maybe I could do it," suggested Mr. Ehlman facetiously, "maybe with a sponge."

Struggling within him Mr. Augler could feel the rise of his damnable emotions. He tried to put them from the background of his consciousness. "He—he ain't the right kind." With despair he realized that his throat was choking up, but he fought doggedly the unseen foe. "Listen to me, Ehlman; no matter what my wife says—listen to me."

"I'm listening—when are you going to begin?"

The sting of the taunt angered him, while the unswallowable lump in his throat thickened. "Listen, please! I am her father, and I want her to be happy—that's all—just happy."

"Oh, you father-in-law!"

He could have bitten through his lips as he felt them quivering, and in throat, face and chest experienced symptoms of the coming downpour. Yet he knew he must hold his ground now or give Lena up forever. "You mustn't come around her anymore." His elaborate arguments were forgotten. "Please—there's lots of other girls—let Lena stay at home!"

Far away Mr. Augler saw Ehlman's mocking face as through a heavy mist. "Please," he swallowed again—"you leave her alone." To his humiliation he realized that his remark was little more than the snivel of a schoolboy. "You leave her alone." He tried in vain to hold back the flood—"if you don't—" (sniff! sniff!)

With Ehlman's discordant burst of laughter the thing was settled, for up went the lump into Mr. Augler's mouth, and down poured the tears in a torrent. Veering slowly, the one-time head of the Augler family turned his back on the foe and, blinded by tears, started for the doorway into the sitting room.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed Mr. Ehlman.

"Ach!" said the humiliated Mrs. Augler.

"But papa—" cried Lena, frightened.

For the door of the sitting room opened into the parlor, and as Mr. Augler groped his unseeing way one of his arms went on either side of the door. Stumbling over a hassock he plunged blindly forward so that the door edge encountered his nose with a terrific crash. "Gott!"

It straightened him up and staggered him back a full yard. It was the shock first—a blind, indiscriminating shock such as you might feel at anything unexpected—a summer thunderclap, for example, or an unlooked-for flashlight. Then quickly and before he realized the import of the shock a swarm of lights appeared—a

myriad of solar systems bobbing up and down through infinite space in a devils' dance. Next, and before a scant half second had passed, a cataract of pain roared from his nose inward through every fibre of his body; not everyday pain, but agony raised to the pitch of ecstasy. It shrieked its way to his finger-ends and came back and collided with itself and traveled out again and splashed over into the atmosphere. And then, while the pain still shook him, appeared the last of the phenomena—a furious anger—an immeasurable fury that lifted him off the ground, choked him and thrilled every shred and corner of his body with a blind strength. The water in his eyes changed to a shimmering red veil, and from the depths of his soul a madness rose and gripped him.

For a moment, still trembling, he faced the three before setting himself in motion; then, like a flash, he had the unfortunate Ehlman by collar and coat-tail. "You think you can get fresh with me, do you?" he roared in a voice like a sea captain—"you think you can laugh at me, huh?" The young man struggled, but he might as well have fought with a threshing machine; besides, by this time his head was where his heels should have been. "Laugh at me some more now—laugh at me some more!"

"Papa was machst du?" shrieked Mrs. Augler, but the head of the family was too busy to answer. Backward and forward from sofa to portiere he jiu-jitsued the hapless Ehlman. "All right! You won't laugh! You won't make no jokes! All right! Get out of the house, then!" Bang into the hall went Mr. Ehlman and, crash! out upon the front steps and, sliding and thumping, the late suitor reached the sidewalk.

"Papa!" implored Mrs. Augler tearfully.

"Papa!" sobbed Lena.

From the gutter Ehlman, too, wept and danced in a transport of futile rage.

But Mr. Augler did not weep. Flushed and panting, he returned to the parlor, sat on the red-figured sofa and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Then for the first time as his attention turned inward he realized that something about him had changed. He was conscious of a difference; he analyzed it, and half unbelieving, became convinced: it was the old Will Power surging boisterously through its long empty channels; the old Will Power—it had come to stay; again he was a man. His face grew radiant, "Lena," he called, "Lena!"

"Y-yes, papa."

Deliberately he faced Mrs. Augler as he fished his hand into the black pocketbook.

"Lena—the delicatessen store! Pigsknuckles! Sauerkraut! Pickled beef! Rightaway! Quick!"



Drawing by Anton Otto Fisher.

Mr. Augler begged his daughter, with tears in his eyes, not to marry Mr. Ehlman.



MAMIE

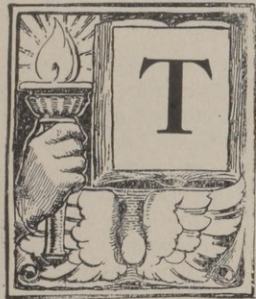
BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE



HOW INJURIES TO A DOLL GOADED TWO MUCH-ABUSED CHILDREN TO REVOLT

Copyrighted by THE MASSES SYNDICATE.

Decorated by Alexander Popini



THE punishment was longer than usual. Dossie listened critically to Rupert's screams. For a long time she had known that their ardor and volume were often exaggerated in order to stay the hand of their infuriated aunt. But to-night there was no exaggeration; there was a note of real agony that occasionally gurgled limply away into a

moan. Dossie rocked back and forth, pressing Mamie's body to her breast, smoothing with her hand the squalid bunch of rags that was its head. As the screams shot into ragged shrieks her heart sank, and she trembled, but for the most part she listened with philosophic calm. Rupert had known he would be punished. He had told her, again and again, that no matter how bad it seemed, it was never so bad as it sounded.

Suddenly the din stopped, its place was filled by a voluble female voice, strident in tone and unrestrained in language. This too stopped. In a minute Rupert came limping down the stairs and on to the piazza. Dossie could see that his eyes were red. Long strangling sobs kept bursting from his set lips. At his sight of Dossie they stopped short. His whole relaxed figure flashed to a swagger.

"Did it hurt much?" Dossie asked, dispassionately.

Rupert threw himself carelessly upon the grass, quite with the air of one whose bones and muscles were not clamoring for easement in dozens of stings and smarts.

"No," he said, with a fine assumption of contempt. "She don't hurt. She can't hurt a big feller like me. Of course I make believe. A feller has to."

"I thought maybe it hurt, to-night," Dossie said. "Did she say when we must go to bed?"

"She said she'd call us."

"Did she drink anything out of the bottle?"

"No, I didn't see her. Here!"

Rupert was holding out to his sister a slice of brown bread that he brought from some one of the folds of his tattered suit. Dossie made a leap for it. She crammed her mouth full, swallowing it, and successive unmanageable wads, as fast as nature would permit.

"I'm so thirsty!" she said at last. "I haven't had any water to-day."

"I brought you some water," Rupert vouchsafed briefly.

Without a word, Dossie arose and followed him. He carried himself with stiff erectness, with compressed lips, but that was only, Dossie knew, to prevent her from realizing how much he wanted to limp, how much he wanted to nurse his wounds, to cry over them in fury and self-pity.

They came presently into the woods at the side of the house. From under a bush Rupert drew a tomato can nearly full of water. Dossie drank from this, not pausing until it was emptied. Then she drew a long breath of contentment. Rupert sitting down with sensitive slowness, watched her, to her satiety.

Dossie hid the can again. Then she curled up against a pine trunk and lifted Mamie from the ground. She snuggled her greasy, shapeless treasure lovingly, fitting the head end into the hollow under her ear.

"Now tell me the story," she said.

"I know another part of it, now," Rupert burst out electrically. His eagerness was the first sign of emotion that he had yet displayed. "They told me the story last night where I went. I remember that Mum-

mer used to tell me that part of it, too, but I had forgotten all about it. It's where Jack hung a two-headed giant with a rope."

"How could Jack hang a great giant, when he was so little?" Dossie objected.

"Pooh! That's easy." Rupert looked broodingly for a moment across the unkempt waste land to the tumble-down big house, then in front, to where the prisoning acres of pine lowered in a serrated line against the sky. Over them hung a moon pendulously close to full. "Where I was, last night, they told me how he could do it. You could use part of a clothes line, or anything. But anyway, Mummer told me—I just remember now—and Mummer wouldn't tell me what wasn't true."

"What was Mummer like?" Dossie always asked that question, when Rupert told her the story that was their single legacy from their mother.

"I don't know." Dossie's air was serenely incurious.

"She was pretty!" Rupert said promptly, "and her dresses were always shiny stuff, and she had jewels, just like fairies do. She told me lots of stories about giants and things, but I can't remember them."

"I guess she's dead, or she'd come and see us," Dossie suggested, evenly.

"Oh, yes, she's dead, fast enough," Rupert answered; but he spoke as if he were quelling false hopes in his own breast, rather than in hers. He went on to meditate, casually, "Aunt Matilda says she's dead, but she's such an awful liar you never could be sure. I guess she's dead."

"And what was father like?"

"We never had a father." Rupert's tone was decisive. He had evidently worked that problem out for himself.

"Did Mummer give me Mamie?" Dossie asked.

"Yes, you've always had Mamie."

"I love Mamie!" Dossie kissed the doll passionately.

"Now tell me about Jack the Giant Killer," she added.

She listened with interest to the story which she knew by heart. At times, when the narrative fell into well-worn formulae, her lips moved patteringly, reciting it with him. When he strayed a hair's breadth from the beaten path, she amended his version. At the end there was a long silence. Rupert lay staring savagely at the moon. Dossie rocked and nursed Mamie.

"Where d'you s'pose I was, last night?" Rupert asked, finally.

"I went over to a Gipsy camp that's just come here. It's down on the lower road."

Dossie smiled expectantly. She covered Mamie from the dewy breeze with a fold of her skirt. "Tell me about it!"

He told her. "And they say, if we run away from Aunt Matilda, and come to live with them, they'll take us right away where she can't find us, and we can always live with them, and be Gipsies like them, and have a little tent to sleep in, and learn to make baskets." Rupert's revelations came in a breathless rush.

Dossie stopped rocking, and eyed him fixedly. "Can we have all we want to eat?"

"Well, I guess you'd think so! They don't have a stove. They cook right out on the ground. Oh, what a supper I had!"

"Did they give you water, too?" Dossie's voice was a little incredulous.

"Oh, my! Pails full, if I'd wanted it."

"Let's run away and go to them," Dossie offered promptly.

Rupert's brow contracted. "I could go—but Aunt Matilda keeps such a watch on you, I couldn't get you away."

"Let's go now!"

"She's watching us this minute, behind the blinds in her room. She didn't drink anything out of the bottle, I guess. I'm afraid we'll have to come in soon."

"I don't see her," Dossie maintained, glancing slyly upwards at intervals.

"I don't either," Rupert agreed wearily, "but I know she's there. I don't have to see Aunt Matilda—I can feel her!"

"I have to see her." Dossie resumed her contented crooning.

"That's it!" Rupert muttered a discovery to himself. "She doesn't keep me tied, so I can run away, and she can lick me for it. She knows I will run away, and she wants to lick me. But she ties you up so's I can't take you away when she isn't looking. She knows I'll always have to come back so long as you're here. How I hate her!" he ended, softly.

Dossie reflected. "I don't hate her, 'cept when she licks you, and don't give me any water when I'm thirsty."

"Oh, Dossie, you're a baby!" Rupert burst out. For a second he contemplated his sister with miserable eyes.

She was about nine, a round-headed, round-bodied little thing. A shock of straight, light hair fell thickly over her neck and was constantly obscuring her round placid eyes. There were heavy circles under her eyes, and an unchildish droop to the corners of her mouth. In spite of the serenity of her expression her face looked as if it had never smiled.

Rupert was slender and dark, thin featured and quick motioned. His eyes were dreamy when they did not burn, his lips resolute when they did not sneer. He was almost eleven.

"You can't help it, though." He ended his examination of Dossie.

"Don't ever go away and leave me, will you, Rupert?"

Rupert's "no" was a sigh.

Dossie dandled Mamie on her knee.

"D'you know what we've got to do, Dossie?" Rupert began again, grimly.

Dossie looked up inquiringly. He bent lower, and through their aunt's raucous summons indoors that at that moment cut virulent through the night, whispered his determination.

When Dossie awoke next morning Rupert was gone. He did not often go two days in succession. That must mean that he enjoyed the Gipsy camp even more than he confessed. Her heart drew smaller in the tightening clutch of fear. Perhaps he would never come back! Then, she knew better, and smiled! Rupert was Rupert; that meant that he would always be near when she wanted him.

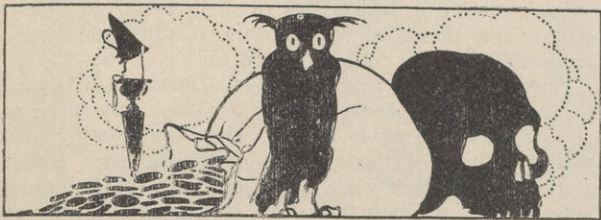
Her aunt came in. "So your brother's gone again, Miss!" she commented. No water for you, to-day!"

She was a tall, thin woman, with a transparent, freckled skin, and a great deal of thick, sandy hair parting in a V on her forehead that exactly matched her triangle of chin. From the brow, her hair went sleekly back into a changeless bunch at the neck. Her faded, blue eyes showed a rim of white about the staring irises; this made her face horrible.

Dossie made no answer. She tried, half-heartedly, to drink some of the water in the tub into which she was presently immersed. But her aunt caught her and, for punishment, pinched her five times on the same tender spot on her thigh. Dossie cried a little, but she really was thinking all the time of the whispered conversation that Rupert had managed with her, before they went to sleep.

Rupert had said that there was only one way out of their persecution and into the wonderful new life with the Gipsies. He could do it, if only Dossie would help him. Of course, he expected to do the worst part of it. Dossie had replied that she did not think it was right, her convictions were stubborn on this point. Rupert had found it impossible to shake them.





And then, she had added, Aunt Matilda might change, some time, and be good to them. If she were positive that it was all right and necessary, she wouldn't mind helping. The discussion had ended there. In the middle of the night she had waked with a start to find that Rupert—*Rupert*—was crying!—hard, dry sobs which she had never heard from him. Almost before she had realized it, she had fallen asleep.

That afternoon, when Dossie was sitting on the floor, tied to the bed-post, her aunt came suddenly into the room. There was, burning in her eyes, the clear, blue light which always came to them before strange things began to happen. Dossie's heart sank, but she watched steadfastly, with her habitual look of placidity.

Aunt Matilda came to Dossie's side and stood for a moment, towering over her. Dossie's round eyes stared unwinking up into the glowing blue ones. Then there was a sudden swoop downward—Aunt Matilda seized Mamie. She deliberately tore off a ragged arm and set it afire. This she threw into the empty fireplace, where it burned slowly, and with a foul odor.

"I'm sick of seeing that dirty thing about!" Aunt Matilda exclaimed rapidly, pausing only for hissing intakes of breath. "To-morrow I'm going to burn up the other arm, and the next day a leg—and so on—and so on—until she's all gone. I'll leave the head to the last, seeing you're so fond of her."

Dossie opened her mouth and yelled horribly. After a while she had to stop, but at intervals she again screeched herself sore. That night she moaned herself to sleep. Rupert did not come home.

The next day one of Mamie's legs was burned. Dos-

sie howled and kicked all day. Rupert did not come home.

The third day, the other leg was burned. Dossie gnawed uselessly at the ropes which confined her. She snapped and leaped at her aunt whenever she came near. It all seemed to amuse Aunt Matilda. When the remnant of what had once been Mamie was handed back to her, Dossie fondled her languidly, kissing the injured members. Then she lay quiet for hours, with her lips pressed against the doll's face. She was waiting for Rupert.

Rupert came home that night. He took his punishment stoically. Dossie, listening with her whole heart in her ears, could tell that no single blow hurt, though he roared lustily. Presently Aunt Matilda loosed Dossie's bonds, and she moved dizzily out to join him. He had food and water for her. Dossie had lost count of the meals she had omitted. She had never enjoyed food more, and certainly she had never tasted any like it.

"Where's Aunt Matilda now?" Rupert asked.

"She's gone to lie down. She took a lot out of the bottle. She said we could stay out till she woke up."

"She was tired; I could see that," was Rupert's critical comment. "She didn't give me any kind of a licking."

"Rupert," Dossie said, "I want you to do it! I'll help you. Look!" She held up the mutilated Mamie to his gaze. For the first time big tears welled to her eyes and hung heavily from her lashes.

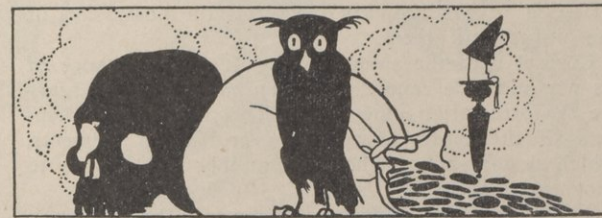
Rupert gave a quick look. "She tore up Mamie on you?—oh, she's a devil!"

"I want to help you!" Dossie's weak voice reiterated.

"I brought a rope—" Rupert said, softly.

"We'll have to wait till she's fast asleep." It was Dossie, now, who was doing the planning.

Rupert assented. They did not speak for a long, long time. But, to get some idea of how the night was going, they watched a fat red moon cast itself loose from the tops of the pines, and until it grew uninterestingly small and yellow, and was finally only a common silver plate, set in blue. The sinister shadows that hung about the old place were all dispersed.



"Now, I guess," Dossie said.

They scrambled to their feet and tiptoed into the house. One of Dossie's hands held Mamie, the other was clasped in Rupert's. When they reached their aunt's bed Dossie put Mamie flat upon it, the face carefully downward.

The aunt's eyes looked more horrible in her sleep than when she was awake. A crescent of bluish white showed between her sandy lashes. It was as if, slyly, she were watching them, as if, furtively, she laughed at what was going to happen.

* * * * *

They walked, and walked, and walked.

Part of the way was through the long lane which led from the house, a tunnel of melted green which the moon enameled with gold. They came, after a while, to open land, where there was nothing but the quiet road, the tender sky and the soft flare of the moonlight.

"Aren't we most there?" Dossie wailed at last.

"Almost," Rupert reassured her patiently. "I didn't think it was so long. I'll carry you again, now. I'm not tired!"

He put his arms about her. Just as his hands clasped at her back, she started convulsively.

"Oh—Mamie!" she breathed.

"What?"

"We forgot her!"

"No matter, dear. I'll get you another doll. The Gipsies will make you one."

"I want Mamie!"

"We can't get her, dear."

(Continued on page 16.)

THE STRUGGLE OF THE MASSES

Decorated by Alexander Popini.

AS the starting point of my analysis I should like to take the class struggle of the proletariat. The main weapon of the proletariat is its large numbers. Only through its great masses the proletariat can be victorious; only through the development of its masses can the proletariat maintain its grip on its victory. This presupposes the long existence of unified activity and organization, and this in turn is only possible as an open public organization, but that means also a legal organization. In an illegal conspiratorial manner only individuals can be organized, but not the masses.

Everything that makes the open organization of workingmen harder or seeks to divert the interest of the workers from such open organization is to be objected to.

Where the legal right and foundation for such proletarian mass organization has not been won yet, there, to be sure, we must scorn (pfeifen) legality; we must organize illegally, secretly, and carry on an illegal, secret propaganda, just as they do in Russia. Our object in so carrying on the propaganda must be, however, to win in the legal right for such organization and propaganda.

Whenever we have won this legal right, however, or already find it in operation, we must make use of it and avoid everything which might place in jeopardy this legal basis, which means also avoid every form of lawlessness. Even where our opponents disregard this established legal right in their practices, we must not do the same—at least not until these illegal practices of our opponents go so far that it makes it impossible for us to gain influence over the masses in a legal way. We must under such circumstances teach the masses to protest against the illegality of their opponents—and this we could not do if we are ourselves going to preach and practice lawlessness.

This analysis of the struggle of the masses of the people, by Comrade Kautsky, came as a reply to a letter by Comrade Louis Tarzai, editor of the Testveriseg, asking for Comrade Kautsky's opinion upon the present Direct Action vs. Political Action controversy.

We value Comrade Kautsky's opinion very highly. His position in the Socialist movement is unique. He has given his entire life to the study of Socialism as a worldwide movement. It is doubtful whether there is another Comrade living who is so well informed on this subject.

We expect to come out with a special number on Socialist Municipal Government in the near future and hope to have Comrade Kautsky as one of the contributors to that number.

BY KARL KAUTSKY

But even there where there is no legal basis for the organization of the masses, where we are, therefore, forced to resort to illegal organization and action, we ought never to preach and practice an "individual" struggle against the property laws.

We must not forget that private property rests not

alone upon laws that were created by the ruling classes, but also upon an ethical sentiment, which is a product of thousands and thousands of years of development in society, and which is alive in the toiling proletariat, as well as in the peasantry and in the middle class, and not alone in the capitalist class. On the contrary, the practices of the capitalist class show greater disregard for the sanctity of private property than the practices of wage earners. The mass of wage workers despise the thief. The capitalists bow reverentially for the successful big thief.

To preach the individual struggle against property means to turn the interest of the workers from mass action to individual action; in other words, to turn their interests from effective to the ineffective form of action. But this form of action is not alone ineffective. It is in opposition to the ethical conception of the masses of workingmen. It repels them and injures seriously the propaganda of Socialism, if this action is looked upon as a product of this propaganda.

The individual struggle against property takes us out of the ranks of the masses of wage earners and brings us in contact with the slum proletariat (lumpenproletariat). The conditions of existence and struggle of this class are entirely different from those of the wage-earning class. Just as the former are indispensable to the well being of society, so the latter, the slum proletariat, are useless, yes, even harmful, for they are pure parasites.

Both carry on a struggle against existing society; both are propertyless and disinherited; both must combat the existing form of property. But the working proletariat fights openly as a mass, its weapons are solidarity and economic indispensability, its aim is the changing of the laws regarding property. The slum proletariat fights individually and secretly, its weapons are lies and breach of confidence; its aim is not the

changing of the property laws, but the possession of the property of others.

Contact with the slum proletariat and acceptance of its war methods cannot but compromise and disorganize the proletarian movement. This is bound to happen all the more, because the proletarian elements, which foster such methods, invariably fall victims to provocative agents and spies.

The ruling classes have every reason to encourage individual action against property and life of individuals, because, through this, they can hurt the cause of the working masses. For this purpose they employ spies and inciters who hobnob with those elements that are inclined to individual action. Never yet has a ruling class employed provocative methods to advance the legal, open organization of the masses. This form

of organization our enemies fear. It can jeopardize their power. Individual action by workers, on the other hand, they do not fear, for while it may be dangerous to individuals of the ruling class, such action ultimately strengthens the ruling class and weakens the proletariat.

The champions of individual action find themselves surrounded on every step by spies whom they cannot differentiate from their real comrades. All such movements have at all times dissolved themselves in wide distrust of every one against every one else, while the open, legal action of the masses invariably strengthens the faith of the individual in his comrades and promotes and strengthens his cause.

All this makes it vitally necessary to oppose most emphatically individual illegal action and the advocacy of such action in every country where mass action and

organization can legally be carried on. And everywhere and under all circumstances individual action against property is to be objected to.

It is conceivable how individual Comrades, who find the organization of the masses a rather slow process, showing no perceptible results, while the existing laws malignantly mock the workers, will urge such action. But no matter how worthy and unselfish the Comrades may be who, through their love for the proletariat and their impatience, let themselves be carried away in that direction, we must combat these Comrades most energetically, because nothing can check the onward march of the proletariat more powerfully, nothing is more dangerous to our cause, nothing can degrade the proletariat deeper, than the dissolution of legal mass action of the proletariat in a series of individual crimes.

THE NEW SOCIALISM

BY HERBERT M. MERRILL

The First Socialist Assemblyman in New York State.

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Decorated by A. Verier.

THE sun of Socialism is rising and the rosy light of dawn has touched the peaks. Fifty cities in the United States wholly or partially yielded and hundreds of Socialist officials have been elected. The impassioned appeals of oratory and the logical arguments of economic development have borne fruit at last, and while the Co-operative Commonwealth is still years ahead, the time has arrived for us to prepare the ground and gather the materials for the new social structure.

Conscious progress toward the ultimate goal of Socialism is only to be attained through increased voting strength and party membership. Neither the stand of the impossibilist nor the position of the opportunist carries with it any guaranty of success. We cannot get the attention of the non-Socialist workingman, on the one hand, by refusing to interest ourselves in labor legislation, and we cannot keep our movement inviolate, on the other hand, by fusions and compromises with republicans, democrats and reformers. Socialism is inevitable, but it will only come in our day by holding to the middle course.

We must go forward by stages. We cannot inaugurate Socialism before we have a majority in the nation. We must capture States first. Before we have taken States we must conquer cities. The constructive program of Socialism begins with the city.

Socialism implies Collectivism plus Democracy. The collective ownership of the means of production and distribution in itself is not Socialism. Democratic management in itself is not Socialism. Constructive Socialism is bound to extend both principles as rapidly as possible, but it cannot be expected that such extensions will always come simultaneously. Public ownership per se is State Capitalism, but the Socialist legislator cannot refuse to support and introduce bills permitting cities to acquire and operate public utilities on that account. The management and regulation of trustified industries by the whole people through the operation of the initiative and referendum would not be Socialism so long as private individuals were permitted to appropriate surplus value in the form of interest, but a Socialist congressman would not oppose but favor such a condition of affairs. Socialist officials and legislators must support every extension of collectivism or democracy, however small, however divorced from one another, or "lose face" in the eyes of the people.

The work of constructive Socialism in New York State must begin in Schenectady, and the lone Socialist

in the Assembly at Albany must assist that work by doing what he can to get more home rule for municipalities. He cannot perforce indulge in the old party policy of political trading. He must force the hands of his Democratic and Republican brethren by commanding the attention and interest of the workers throughout the length and breadth of the State. The ideal Socialist legislator, in my opinion, is the man who is all ears to the wishes of trade unionists so far as the enactment of labor laws is concerned. When he has gained the sympathy of the workers the rest is easy, for the fullest measure of home rule for cities is one of the things that obdurate politicians will grant when the handwriting on the wall is clearly visible.

Socialists may not care to dictate the organization and tactics of labor on the economic field. Nevertheless, the Socialist members of organized labor are coming to feel that industrial unionism has a part, and a very important part, in the scheme of Constructive Socialism. When the hour of Capitalism has struck, the triumphant working class should be ready to carry on the task of feeding, clothing and housing the world without friction or discord. So that Voltaire's Micro-megas revisiting the earth, or an inhabitant of Mars, could not tell when Capitalism ended or the Co-operative Commonwealth begun. The forces of the labor movement should not continue to lag behind the forces of Capitalism. Industrialism must become the keynote of the American Federation of Labor and trades autonomy be relegated to the scrap heap of labor union philosophy. But dual organizations will not do. Smash-

ing the American Federation is as suicidal as it is silly. Labor cannot afford to be divided for a day or an hour. A prolonged struggle for supremacy between the A. F. of L. and a rival body of considerable size would reduce the workers to such an extremity that decades of years would not restore their prestige and power.

The workers of Schenectady have not been taught solidarity in vain and the lessons of the economic field transferred to the political arena have made it possible to set one of the foundation stones of the Co-operative Commonwealth of America in the historic Mohawk valley of the old Empire State.

The following is a reply by Comrade Merrill in his capacity as a member of the N. Y. State Legislature to a letter soliciting his opinion on The Masses Labor League:

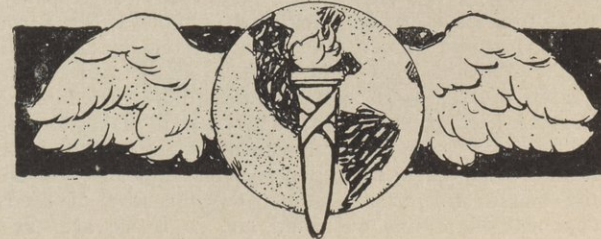
COMRADES:—In response to your request for my opinion on the Eight Hour League and the proposed act to regulate interstate commerce, permit me to say that lack of opportunity for studying the matter in relation to constructive Socialism, makes any statement of mine of little weight at the present moment. I would venture to remark, however, that such an act seems in line with the policy of regulation, destined to precede government ownership in this country, and that such an act may be acceptable to the ruling powers within a few years.

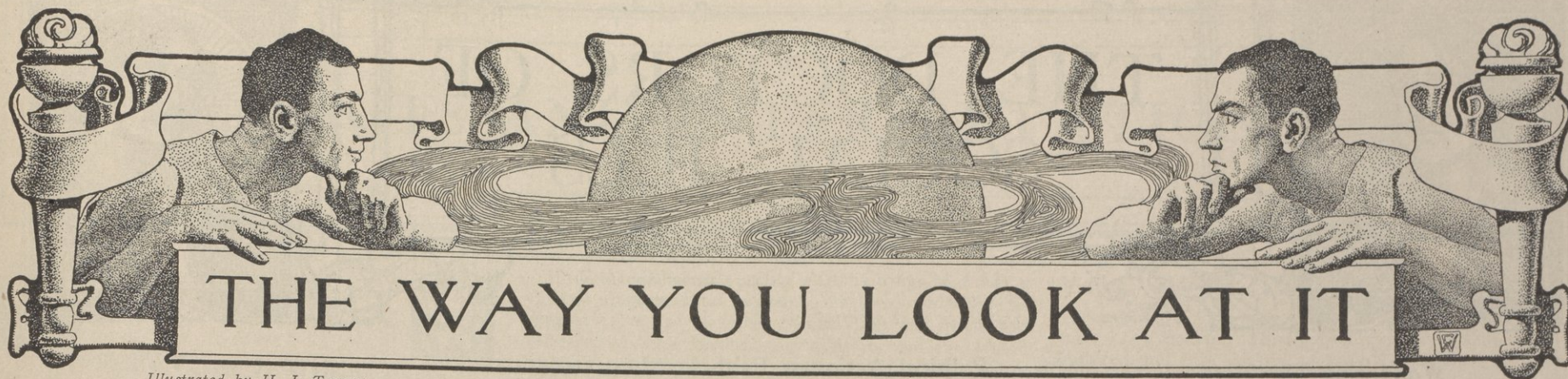
It is already proposed in Massachusetts to establish a minimum wage for women and children. Maximum prices of commodities, fixed by law, are not remote possibilities. In all probability the Roman Emperor Diocletian went further in the direction of wage and price regulation by statute than any one before or since, but his efforts to maintain industrial stability and tranquillity resulted in failure.

Still, while it is practically impossible to fix real wages—the worker's share of his product—by law under Capitalism, it is possible and desirable to improve working conditions. Every move in the direction of a universal eight-hour day is commendable. The workers cannot be expected to become conscious of the historic mission of their class without education, and leisure is the first requisite.

So far as the proposed Eight Hour League serves to enlist men and women in the fight for shorter hours, just so far it commands my heartiest sympathy and approval.

Yours for Social Democracy,
HERBERT M. MERRILL.





Illustrated by H. J. Turner.

War Must Come

“WAR,” said Mr. Lottsa Money, as he leaned back in his library chair, “war is unspeakably horrible, but,” he paused impressively, “war must come!”

“None can express adequately my horror of war,” said the well-known publicist, James P. Windbag, “still there are certain occasions and this is one of them. War must come!”

“Yes,” affirmed old Doctor Skeezicks, the eminent college president, “war is detestable. But I greatly fear war must come.”

So the troops gathered and were drilled and the troops of the enemy gathered and were drilled, and everything was in readiness for the first great battle when a common soldier stepped out of the ranks.

“Comrades,” he said, “they tell us war must come. Very well, if it must come it must. But we did not say so. Let those come to the war who say the war must come.”

Whereat he threw down his rifle, an example promptly followed by every common soldier on both sides.

“It does not matter,” shrieked the yellow press, “let the war be fought indeed by those honest patriots who said the war must come.”

And at once from every corner of the country there ascended a howl of horror. No less than eight thousand beds were ruined by the frantic efforts of prominent citizens to hide beneath the mattress. It was a terrible hour.

In the end, however, the army was collected and brought face to face with a similar army collected by the enemy.

“Charge!” shrieked the generals in command.

“Cowards!” shrieked the generals in command.

But the two forces stood stock still.



“No,” said Mr. Lottsa Money indignantly, “there is not a drop of coward’s blood in our bodies. The trouble is you interrupted us. We did not mean to say ‘War must come!’ We meant to say, if you had allowed us to finish, ‘War must come—to an end!’ And I’m going across the field right now to arrange it with those other fellows.”

Freedom

AT the weather side of the very hinges of hell the Rich Man managed to stop himself on a cloud.

“I say,” he said, “this isn’t the right place at all.”

“What is the trouble, my good man?” inquired the Devil.

The ruffled soul smoothed out his coat and grunted.

“Well,” he said, “I’m glad you’ve come out. You may know who I am—Mr. George W. Chinkley, the head of the Chinkley Chemical Works. This wind has almost blown me into your Tophet.”

“Glad to meet you, Mr. Chinkley. Hope you’ll be with us a long time.”

The Rich Man screamed at the thought.

“Stay here! I tell you I won’t stay here! I won’t!”

The Old Boy beamed pleasantly. “Of course, Mr. Chinkley, we won’t think of compelling you to come in; we allow every man the same freedom to which he has been accustomed on earth.”

The Rich Man grunted complacently. “That’s better.”

“Of course, you allowed your employees every freedom, didn’t you? Nobody had to come to your shop to work unless he wanted to. Did he?”

“Not a soul.”

“Unless I’m mistaken, the average length of life of a worker in your shops was four years?”

“About three and a half.”

“They knew that, but they came just the same?”

“Just the same.”

“You didn’t force them to work for you?”

“No, they were free to work or not, just as they chose.”

“That’s splendid, Mr. Chinkley.” The Person in Red smiled in head-circling fashion. “It’s our custom down here, Mr. Chinkley, to allow every one the same freedom that he allowed others on earth. You are perfectly free to come in with us or stay out just as you choose.”

Just then the wind which had a little subsided flared into a gale. It blew Mr. Chinkley loose from the heavy bit of cloud to which he had been clinging and swept him gently towards the open pit.



“But I don’t want to go there,” he shrieked.

“You’re at perfect liberty to go where you please,” said the Gentlemanly Fiend.

“But I can’t go where I please. It’s this wind—I can’t fight against it.”

“That’s your business,” said the Devil coldly. “I allow you perfect freedom—if you don’t know how to make use of it don’t blame me.”

And with a last protesting cry Mr. Chinkley vanished into the place of crisping gridirons.

Foiled

“TELL the folks at home,” gasped the Expiring Patriot, “that I gave my life for my country.”

“I can’t do that,” said the nurse, “because, of course, you’re not.”

The Expiring Patriot raised himself on one elbow: “Don’t get fresh with me—you know what I mean. Tell them that I died for my fellow countrymen.”

“Which ones in particular? The ones you know? Is it going to do Uncle Pete Henry, the blacksmith, any good to have you die?”

“Say, look here,” said the now thoroughly exasperated Patriot, “what are you trying to do anyhow? Get my goat? I’m dying that others may be free.”

“Who is it that you want to be free?”

“Why, everybody, of course.”

“Is that what you were fighting for?”

“Certainly.”

“You’ve never been free, have you—never been free to do anything except to keep on working in your machine shop?”

“No, but—”

“Your father isn’t free, is he, except to hold down his job for ten hours a day in the wagon factory?”

“No, but—”

“And Uncle Pete isn’t free, and your aunt isn’t and your cousins aren’t and they won’t be a bit more free no matter how this war turns out.”

Wireless Cheer-up Message for the New Year

Nobody’s busted any Trusts yet.

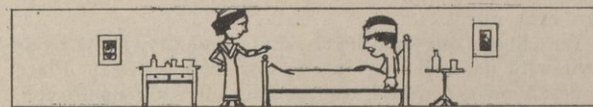
An Anti-Socialist Magazine has been established. (Hurray!)

Schenectady has begun the New Year with a house cleaning.

On to the White House!

“Darn it,” said the Expiring Patriot, “do you mean to tell me that I’m not dying for anybody?”

“Not at all; you’re dying for quite a lot of people. You’re dying for Pierpont Morgan probably, and John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie, and a great many



other individuals with big moneyed interests. If you think it will make your folks feel any better I’ll say that you died for George Gould, Alfred Vanderbilt, and Colonel Astor. How’s that?”

“Thunderation,” snapped the Expiring Patriot, jumping out of bed, “you’ve spoiled everything. Now I’ve got to get well and start all over again to find a cause worth fighting for.”

But he found a Cause—found it right back in the little old machine shop, too.

The Eternal Question

THE Pessimist stood up.

“You’re wrong,” he said.

“I’m right,” said the Optimist.

“It isn’t that way at all.”

“You’re another.”

“Why don’t you read the papers?” said the Pessimist.

“Don’t you see that every day men are robbing—”

“Giving—”

“Murdering—”

“Lifesaving—”

“Maiming—”

“Healing—”

“Swindling!”

“Restoring!”

“Cheating!”

“Exposing!”

“Getting rich at the price of another’s blood!”

“Dying to save a stranger’s life!”

“It doesn’t matter,” said the Pessimist furiously. “You’re all wrong because you can’t change Human Nature.”

“I don’t want to change it,” said the Optimist with a chuckle. “I’m satisfied with Human Nature. All I want to do is to give it a fair chance.”

A Carol for Nineteen-Twelve

Hail, all, the glad New Year!

(It doesn’t cost anything to hail a New Year.

Therefore, though a large percentage of the working class may find itself jobless, it can hail the New Year all right.)

All the world is full of cheer!

(There may not be so much cheer in the homes of the numerous New Yorkers who were killed during the past twelve months by New York street cars, but then, poetry doesn’t have to stick too close to facts.)

Dance, the earth is full of joy!

(At least it’s a good thing to get people to think so.)

Mirth rings out from girl and boy!

(Of course Mirth doesn’t ring out to any alarming extent from the girls and boys who are employed in cotton factories down South or who are being beaten and starved in Northern prisons—but then, this is poetry.)

Hail the Happy New Year!

(Rah! Rah! Rah! Soup Kitchen!)





THE DOCTORS OF SOCIAL ILLS

Lack of space kept the doctors somewhat down this month. They will, however, be there again in full force next month.



Decorated by H. Piser.

Wondering Thinklets

BY BENJAMIN KEECH

A person's badness is always fully recognized, every day he lives. But his goodness never receives due appreciation until he dies.

The truth generally sounds brutal. But, being truth, it can often accomplish what no other sort of kindness can ever effect.

We choose our own levels, and humanity, in its dealings with us, will meet us on our own ground. Place yourself on a pedestal, and people will look up to you. Wallow in the mire, and people will not only look down upon, but walk over you.

Some people talk loud over other people's misfortunes in order to drown the cries of the skeletons in their own closets.

A faker with a winning personality can attract all the friends and "liking" he may desire. But a saint with no "presence" at all can hardly win passing regard.



WORKING-CLASS POLITICS IN AMERICA



(Continued from page 9.)

Socialist party, that is, to have a voice in directing and shaping its programs and policy, one must sign a pledge acknowledging the working class basis of the party, and contribute to the local organization of which he or she is a member the sum of 25 cents per month.

The democracy of the Socialist party organization is not based upon sentiment, but the material foundation of 25 cents per month from every member. This guarantees the right to a voice in all local, State and national matters. With a membership of 100,000, and nearly every State organized; with the rank and file getting experience in the essentials of democracy through the use of the initiative and referendum; with the plans of party work that require concert of action and co-operation, the Socialist party organization is becoming a tremendous machine, an organized movement through which the working class may attain political power.

The question naturally arises, what will the working class do when it secures political power?

Their main purpose in seeking political power is not merely to get good men into power, but rather to elect representatives of their class so that they may, with the power invested in them, revolutionize the government from a capitalist government to a working class government. It is very evident that Socialist legislation wrested from the master class under the present system must necessarily be different from the legislation we would enact under the Socialist government. Under Socialism we will not need any old age pension laws, or demands for suffrage, or eight-hour-day laws. These are adjustments and concessions necessary and valuable only under capitalism.

The political power held by the working class to-day is in proportion to the consciousness of the relation between its economic and political interests, or the importance of using political power to serve its economic interests. The duty of the Socialist party is to protect and extend the political rights of the workers. Political power gained through the support of disgruntled malcontents who are only concerned to knock somebody is unstable and uncertain, and such voters must be trained and disciplined into intelligent workers.

Only through the education of the workers to appreciate and understand their relation to each other on the economic field and unity of action in regulating their social interests by means of political action, will we make progress toward the goal of the century—the establishment of a co-operative commonwealth.

Political Action is Faith in Man

(Continued from page 9.)

of the person who tells me that there are no honest people in the world. I somehow feel that what they feel in their own hearts to be true of themselves they think is also true of others. The man who goes to the ballot box and places his vote for some man because he thinks the one for whom he votes will keep faith with him, is superior to him who stands aloof and grumbles under his breath: "Humbug! All humbug!" If I am to err let me rather err by believing in my fellow men than by suspecting them.

But what is more mischievous perhaps than the lack of faith on the part of those who decry political action is their bombastic talk. That is all they do. They coin high sounding phrases. But their phrases are as tenuous as are soap bubbles. You know well what a soap bubble is worth, no matter how beautiful it may look when the rays of the sun fall upon it. The phrases of the so-called direct actionists are about as valuable. They accomplish nothing. They make for discontent without bringing hope or consolation. Despair is in their wake. They destroy and do not know how to build. Often they destroy what should not be destroyed. Always they are impotent when it comes to building. Construction is foreign to their nature. That is the one reason why Anarchists accomplish nothing, why they have no organizations, why they make no forward steps. This attitude of mind is due also to slovenliness in thinking. The phrases sound well, but have no foundation. They cannot be traced back to any logical conclusion.

How different the case of the man who is ready for political action. He knows that his fellows are trustworthy, because in his own heart he feels he would not betray those who trust him. He knows that he must band together with his fellows that they may accomplish desirable ends. He knows what these ends are. His program is defined. His language is the language of common sense. It may seem prosaic, but it has a solid basis. He does not lose his time destroying so much as he spends time planning what to build. When his plans are made he proceeds to take asunder that which is to be taken asunder. He does not tear down for fear that he may tear something which should be kept and incorporated in the new structure. He is temperate. Therefore his vision is clear. This clear vision makes it possible for him to see the future. Also he sees the path whereby the future may be reached. He travels on that path and knows he is bound to arrive. He is not desirous of performing miracles. He does not wish to stop the sun or the moon, or the stars in their course for his special benefit. He does not pretend to be an evolutionist and at the same time expect to see a tiger suddenly begin to walk on his hind legs and act the part of a human. He bides his time. He allows the processes of evolution to take their course. He does not rail or rave. His vision of the future and the knowledge that he is steadily advancing toward his goal makes him hopeful and brings cheer. He knows that he is allied with the forces which make for betterment.

This is the reason why the powers that be do not fear the direct actionist with all his "revolutionary" talk, as they tremble at the sight of the believer in political action, with his mild words. The powers that be know that a torrent rolls off the rocks, but that the steady dripping little drops of water finally make the same rocks crumble into bits.

It takes faith to be a believer in political action. It takes strong faith and with it steadiness of purpose. But he who has not these two has nothing, no matter what else he may possess. After all, even in our day faith moveth mountains. It shall move the mountains, Greed and Selfishness, which press so heavily upon the back of mankind, and particularly upon the backs of those who labor and are most helpless.

Gentlemen of Leisure

BY BENJAMIN KEECH

PRESENT day "civilization" breeds two magnificent classes of idlers—the rich at the top, and the poor at the bottom, with the workers in between, supporting both! These parasites just love to travel, and do so extensively (at our expense), only the upper class is much better protected when "he" goes sight-seeing. The rich and the poor wanderers are, perhaps, largely vicious, the former the more so, because they know (and can do) better than they do. It is customary, in highly cultured circles, to everlastingly roast the poor tramp for not working, while the voice is hushed—yea, silenced—when the rich idler is considered. Both classes are a great detriment to society. But we shall be burdened with parasites of all patterns, just as long as we vote for them to live off us.

The House of Bondage

A BOOK that should be read by every Socialist in the country and then passed along to some one else to read.

A book of this kind will convert more people to Socialism than all the street-corner speakers in the world.

Get your copy, read it, then put it in circulation, and see that it does not stop until it is worn out; then buy another copy and keep that going.

You could not invest \$1.35 to better advantage. Do it now. Send us \$1.35 for the book and 12 cents extra for postage. The Masses Pub. Co., 209 E. 45th St., New York.



MAMIE

(Continued from page 13.)



Dossie's sobs now racked and shattered her body. Her brother's arms were still about her. She put her head on his shoulder.

"I want Mamie," she moaned.

"Come on, now!"

"Take me back and get Mamie!"

Rupert tried to explain. It seemed to make no impression on Dossie. Her wail grew louder. He tried to carry her, to force her along the path. She resisted with a stubborn stiffness of her thick body, that made it like lead.

"Don't cry any more," Rupert said gently, at last. "We'll go back and get Mamie." He clenched his teeth.

They walked back the same long way that they had come.

Rupert went into the room first. The moonlight played gayly over the bed. He came out quickly to lean against the wall for a minute.

"Where did you leave Mamie, Dossie?" he gasped.

"I can find her!"

"No, you can't go in there! Where did you put her down? Think!"

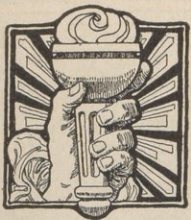
Dossie thought. "On the bed," she said, after a while.

Rupert shuddered. With his head down and turned away, he went in and made for the bed. He groped over the coverlid with outstretched hands. Several times they touched ice-cold, stiff objects. Finally they clutched a bundle of rags. He ran out of the room with it.

Dossie nozzled and mumbled it, breaking into a whimpering monologue of joy.

Rupert pulled himself up from the heap into which he had fallen, and lifted her downstairs.

Then, hand in hand, they ran off to join the Gipsies.



FACTS AND INTERPRETATIONS



WANTED



By Clyde J. Wright

COMRADE DEBS said that we need a few men who are not afraid to die;—and it is true that there is a positive use for martyrs in times when the human mind is so stupid that nothing short of a tragedy will move it, but it is the minds that are left to live and not the one that dies that make the difference. We need some living men who can actually do things for Socialism to-day.

Active men are needed and lots of them. Winfield R. Gaylord, Socialist State Senator of Wisconsin, says that there are now many inquiries after copies of bills introduced by the Socialists in the senate and legislature of Wisconsin. The Woman's National Committee reports many inquiries for copies of woman suffrage bills that have been introduced. That's where we need active men.

Active men are wanted to get into the legislature, into the senate, and into congress. There are campaigns to be planned, elections to be conducted, political tricksters to be outwitted, bills to be drafted, statutes to be studied and a system of government to be constructed.

A man may understand the theory of building and the philosophy of mechanics and still be absolutely incompetent to get onto the job and construct a building. Competent, active mechanics are more in demand to-day than architects with mere technical training.

The contemplation of the co-operative commonwealth, as we hope it some day will be, is very fascinating. It is an interesting subject for discussion. It is the vision of the dreamer of realities, but we have reached the stage of actually forging out its parts and assembling its principles. A new type of men is needed.

It is one thing to dream "when we get Socialism," it is another thing to understand "how" to reconstruct a great system of government. The present rules of society are concerned with the administration of wheels and engines of power and products, and when the producers themselves administer things their understanding of rules and making rules calls for the greatest possible clearness and understanding of these matters.

One of the most significant political campaigns in history is less than a year away. We must as a party be equal to the importance of this occasion. The fact that we are starting means a great deal. We must create an appetite for an understanding of organization and the reason why we should organize. We must learn how to organize and what to do as an organization. It is no small task, I admit, but things that are very easy are of little attraction. Things that are difficult are coveted. But things that are extremely difficult and full of hardships and sacrifices seek at times in vain for men. Shall we find men equal to the task for the campaign of 1912?



THE CO-OP' LEAGUE



By Alfred Sonnichson

[The Masses Pub. Co. urges readers of this paper to patronize the mail-order department of the Co-operative League Hat Factory. They will send you by mail upon receipt of \$2 a beautiful soft hat. They also guarantee the claim in regard to the yearly settlement of rebates with the National office of THE SOCIALIST PARTY.]

ON the ninth of last December the Co-operative League, of New York City, celebrated the official opening of a hat factory at 42 and 44 East Houston Street, including a store, or sales room, on the premises. Although the League has been some years in existence, it has only been actively engaged in business four months.

With a membership of less than two hundred and a capital of \$300, the League opened a hat store on August 11, at 159 Delancey Street. The enterprise was rendered possible through the assistance of the Union Hatters' Co-operative, a co-partnership hat factory seeking an outlet for its goods.

The success of the store was immediate and phenomenal. Two causes seem apparent: the years of agitation carried on among the Jewish radical elements on the East Side and the good season. During one week the little store took in \$1,650, representing a gross profit of about \$550 against an expense of less than \$100. That, of course, was during the Jewish holidays.

At the end of three months, on November 11, a net profit of \$626 was declared, even after a ten per cent. allowance for depreciation of stock, hardly warranted by the nature of the goods. The actual net profit was near \$800; the sales had been over \$6,000.

The initial success of the League encouraged the members to take the next step onward. Though an expert buyer had been employed, it was next to impossible to guarantee the quality of the goods. Hats especially are deceptive. Poor material is easily hidden under a handsome exterior. There seemed to be but one way to meet this problem—get control of the production end. This meant that we had to run our own factory. An opportunity offered and a plant was bought at a bargain.

Under the present arrangement the League is in a position to guarantee the quality of the hats bearing its label.

We have recently opened a mail-order department, and we call upon our comrades to support this department. The rebates on these purchases will be paid yearly to the National office of the Socialist Party.



YOU WILL FAIL UNLESS



By Piet Vlag

WE receive daily a vast number of letters from all parts of the United States from people who are interested in Co-operation. They invariably want to be informed by return mail "how to start a co-operative store." They also want to know "where can we buy goods the cheapest?"

It is needless to state that we cannot answer all these questions to the satisfaction of everyone. Thousands of little things and conditions combine to make a Co-operative Store a success. Each local situation has its own peculiar conditions which go to make for the success or failure of the enterprise. Therefore, it is very difficult to give advice that will be of substantial service to everyone who wants to organize a local CO-OPERATIVE.

There are, however, a few GENERAL RULES which can and MUST be observed if the enterprise is to be made a success—and too much emphasis cannot be laid upon strictly carrying out these rules to the letter. Here they are:

YOU WILL FAIL UNLESS

You get at least three hundred paid-up members before starting your store. Three hundred paid-up members are even more important than three thousand dollars. Three hundred members means three hundred customers.

YOU WILL FAIL UNLESS

You figure the purchasing power of each customer at no more than two dollars and fifty cents (\$2.50) weekly, for groceries. Current accounts, neighborly obligations, and a number of other factors prevent the women from giving their full trade to the Co-operative when starting.



YOU WILL FAIL UNLESS

You have at least three hundred members purchasing each \$2.50 weekly. That means a total sale of seven hundred and fifty dollars (\$750.00) weekly. You dare not sell at more than 18 per cent. gross profit. If you do, the quality of the merchandise must suffer. On this basis your weekly gross profit will be one hundred and thirty-five dollars (\$135.00). Due to competition you are often forced to sell at a gross profit as low as 14 per cent. Your gross profit at this rate would be one hundred and five dollars (\$105.00).

YOU WILL FAIL UNLESS

You regulate your expenses in accordance with your gross profits. On the last quoted basis your operating expenses as far as help, light, rent, horse and stable are concerned, should not exceed sixty dollars (\$60.00) weekly. Part of the remaining forty-five dollars will still be called upon to defray unexpected expenses.

YOU WILL FAIL UNLESS

You have a strong, centralized organization. That means, you should get your members within a radius of ten square blocks and not from Socialists and radicals in every ward of your city. You will thus avoid an expensive delivery system. In farming communities, conditions are different. Farmers usually call for their merchandise at the store. Therefore, a farmers' Co-operative may have a much larger radius from which to draw its members, and still not increase its operating expenses.

YOU WILL FAIL UNLESS

You find a group of at least twenty or twenty-five men and women who will devote all their spare time to the Co-operative during the first period of its existence.



THE BOY SCOUT

BY

G. R. KIRKPATRICK



IN March, 1911, THE MASSES started its fight against the Boy Scout movement. We are still at it. We have on hand some special literature on the subject. We especially recommend a four-page folder, written for THE MASSES by George R. Kirkpatrick.

Do you realize the importance of our battle against the militaristic phase of the Boy Scout movement?

The workers, through history, have suffered many wrongs from the hands of the ruling class. They were always exploited. They were starved. They were ground to death in the factories. They were poisoned in the mines. They were driven insane under the sweating system. All these in times of peace. When they revolted, they were beaten, shot or maimed.

But all this is too refined for the twentieth century. The latest abuse perpetrated upon the working class is infinitely more cruel.

The capitalists know our children have no recreation. They know our children love to get away from the filthy tenements. They know what the dream of the campfire in the woods means to our boys. They know our children love drums, uniforms and parades. They know every boy loves to fight, and they use this knowledge to great advantage.

Read what Kirkpatrick has to say on the subject. Read the beautifully illustrated four-page folder. Read his book, "War, What For."

We will send you a yearly subscription to THE MASSES and one hundred folders for one dollar, or a yearly subscription to THE MASSES and a copy of "War, What For," for one dollar.

The regular price of "War, What For," is \$1.20. Send for it now. The Masses Pub. Co., 209 E. 45th Street, New York.



THE COLOR OF LIFE



Copyrighted by THE MASSES SYNDICATE.

Decorated by Chas. A. Winter.

Her Great Treasure A PROLOGUE.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

SHE had hoarded that great treasure all her young life. Taught by mother from pre-birth, she instinctively knew its economic importance to her.

Nor had she lived in this New York without knowing that covetous eyes had been cast upon it, by men. She knew now, instinctively, that some of those covetous eyes had not been evil, and she knew, too, in the same vague way, that she had yearned to spend her treasure. If only she had, since it was gone at last.

But in spite of her tenacious clutching and her mother's warning insinuations, in spite of her own vanity and her mother's respectability, her treasure was gone—gone—gone! Oh! Oh!

She buried her face again in the white pillow.

She had not slept since she had returned late that night. Her mother's last words before leaving for her evening of expected and expurgated pleasure, had been: "Remember, Ella, to act like I've always taught you when you go out with gentlemen friends. Remember how respectable I've always brought you up to be. God knows I wouldn't let you work in a department store if your father hadn't died without savin' up anything." And her words upon her return had been, "I'm surprised, Ella, at your stayin' out so late. I've never known you to do it before. It don't look like you'd been brought up to act right."

Ella's mother sat—with a much less angry look than her words betokened, and with a starved look for some romance, and with expectation. Ella silently took off her 'coronation purple' hat and laid it in her accustomed neat manner on the shelf of the small closet.

Ella usually also took off her rats, puffs and dress in the room where they ate and sat before going to bed, while she surrendered the prized confidences of a daughter to her mother.

But tonight she went on into her own little bedroom. Ella's mother was visibly disappointed. "Did you have a good time, Ella?" "Not very." Surprise in her mother's face, and still expectation. "You know I always want you to have a good time, in spite of my bein' lonely waiting here at home for you." But Ella's door had been closed, and with the feelings of an indulgent mother, she went into the other little bedroom in the four room flat.

And now it seemed as though days had passed since then, as Ella lay with her face in the wet white pillow.

Oh, the shame of it! The stain of it upon her, who had made her conduct what she had been taught, and what people expected of a respectable girl.

Once she had dropped her handkerchief in a pan of purple dye that her mother had on the kitchen stove, and the color it had stained her handkerchief had looked rather nice, but she was ashamed to carry any but a white or daintily tinted handkerchief.

Often as she walked home at night from the big department store she had reflected upon the flirtations she had scorned—and it had seemed as though

she were like nuns she had seen, dressed in pure white. At that moment, six dollars per week plus her treasure would seem largely satisfying, and this satisfaction benumbed the longing she had felt during her workday, for the beautiful things she handled but could not own. And some day a husband would take the place of the six dollars.

But now! Oh, God! Was there no way out.

It was the battle of the outraged soul.

Here he was seated on the park-bench and the crowd never knew of the emotions that surged within this man—or vagrant.

He asked for work. He was told he is too old to work.

He was hungry and wanted to steal; but he did not have the daring to do so.

He wanted to beg; but he did have some pride.



THE NEW AMERICA A VARIATION. BY RUFUS W. WEEKS

My Country! Now for thee,
Sweet land that shalt be free,
New hope I sing.
Land of the fathers' pride,
Land for which Lincoln died,
From every mountain-side
Shall Freedom ring.

For thee there dawns new day;
From hoary Mammon's sway
Thou shalt be freed.
No more shall man crush man,
Nor use of God's world ban,
For all shall toil by plan
For mankind's need.

Our darkened footsteps grope,
And still postpone the hope
Of that fair day:
God send us power of sight,
Then grant us will and might,
By Freedom's holy light
To hew our way.

Our strength we will not spare,
Nor cease to do and dare,
For thee, loved land!
Then, when the task is done,
Oh, 'neath the rising sun,
Thy children, all as one,
Comrades shall stand.

The alarm clock rang at six. She couldn't go to work today, she thought. Yet—no excuse to give to mother.

She looked in her little mirror—same auburn hair, same blue eyes, same fair skin.

The corners of her weak little mouth suddenly drew certain little hard lines on her suffering little face. And then she stepped away from her mirror to where she could get a fuller view, and drew her muslin nightgown tight about her body—and into her eyes came the light of the department store's beautiful things. The drama was now beginning.

The prologue had been taught, rehearsed and acted.

The Vagrant

BY BARNET GEORGE BRAVERMAN

HE sits on the park bench.
Tattered are his clothes.
Unshaven and forlorn his features.

Respectable people call him a vagrant. The policeman on the corner calls him "a bum."

At one time this vagrant was a member of the respectable element of society. The chances are that once upon a time he too scoffed at some dusty, mind- and muscle-weary vagrant.

But capitalism has a tendency to push us off our pedestals—away down into "the lower tenth." And then some of us learn to know the lash of hunger; the abuse of the policeman's club; and the indifference of the crowd.

Within the bosom of this vagrant—this man whom capitalism condemned to the life of an economic and social outcast—a battle was going on!

Think of a vagrant possessing pride! He wanted to kill himself; but he was a man! He was too young to die. There are millions like him.

Millions of unemployed people do not know what to do with themselves.

Millions of men are tramping the streets and byways, looking for work, after having performed many years of useful labor. Vagrancy is their reward. This is the reward that capitalist exploitation will give to the younger generation if workers do not apply themselves to the solution of social questions.

As long as capitalism remains in power through the ignorance of workmen, everyone has promising prospects of becoming a vagrant.

How would you like to be a vagrant?

How She Got a Job

BY ELLA GREENBERG

GUSSIE graduated from the Hebrew Technical School and after three months she was still without employment. But she had learned that being a good stenographer and wanting to work were not enough to get a position.

A position depended largely upon appearances. A stenographer had to be an ornament to the office as well as a good speller and writer. Gussie was by no means good looking, and neither was her dress such that it could be called stylish. Her teacher had always said that Gussie had ability, and Gussie herself knew that if she could only get a job she would be able to keep it.

Gussie asked her mother for some money with which to buy a decent coat

and hat. The mother had been living in Ludlow Street, since she came to America, and knew very little about the business world. Failing to see the necessity for what she regarded as useless finery, she refused to give her daughter the money. As a result, Gussie had all sorts of experiences in job hunting. She became far more efficient in studying her prospective employers than as an operating stenographer. To keep in practice she regularly visited the typewriting establishment where job-hunting girls could spend their time practising while waiting for a telephone call.

One morning Gussie went as usual downtown to the typewriter office. She met a lot of girls who seemed to be rather excited. One of them rushed over and told her how glad she was that she had come down.

"Gussie," she said, "there is an ad. in the paper. A fellow named Post wants a stenographer. He has also sent down here for one as well, but none of the girls wants to go."

"Why?" Gussie asked.

"You see," replied the girl, "about every week or so the fellow advertises for a stenographer, but all those sent from this office have been pronounced unsuitable. Even Rebecca Walenska, who is a fine looking girl and a good stenographer, did not get the job. Of course, no girl wants to go, but we want to find out what that crank is up to."

"Why don't you hire a detective?" Gussie sneered.

"That's the reason we want you to go," replied the girl. "In school you were always called Sherlock Holmes."

Gussie appreciated the joke, and borrowing a cloak from one of the girls, she started for Twenty-first Street, Mr. Post's address.

When she entered the office she found four other girls, to one of whom Mr. Post was dictating a letter. Each of the four girls was interviewed, to each of them he dictated a different letter, and to each he said: "I shall let you know to-morrow. Let me have your name and address."

Finally it was Gussie's turn. She wrote the letter and handed it to Mr. Post, watching him closely. He read it, suddenly frowned, and in a harsh voice asked: "Why have you signed with your name and address?"

"So that you don't forget where I live in case you again need some extra work done. And putting her hand on the doorknob she continued: "It will not cost you much more to employ me regularly than the continual advertising for a stenographer. You will also get better service than by your present free letter-writing plan."

A few days later Gussie received an invitation from Mr. Post to stop in at his office.

Wandering Thinklets

Do you work like a slave? Then change conditions, and work like a free man.

The past belongs to the thoughtful capitalist who worked us to get our votes—and other things. The future belongs to the thoughtful Socialist who works only for himself—and his class.



WHO WE ARE AND WHAT WE ARE DOING

IF you read a story, or look at a picture, and you like it, you always want to know something about the man or woman who wrote it or made it.

That you like *THE MASSES* has been proven most conclusively by the large subscription list we have rolled up in 1911. Therefore, we thought you might be interested in some of the people who make *THE MASSES* the high-class magazine that it is.

Two of the most interesting personalities among those who have been with *THE MASSES* since its inception are Charles A. Winter and his wife, Alice B. Winter.

Both hail from St. Louis; both rank among the highest paid and most successful illustrators in the country; both are painters of national reputation. That's interesting, isn't it? But it is not the most interesting part of their personalities. The most interesting part is the manner in which they work together.

If you ever need a concrete example as an antidote to the current notion that Socialism destroys the home, take your doubting Thomas up to Charlie Winter's studio.

Don't fear that you will be unwelcome, for I am going to give you the password. The password with both Mr. and Mrs. Winter, early or late, is *THE MASSES*.

If you are really sick and tired of it all and are about to exclaim, "Oh, what's the use," then go up there and get an inspiration from Comrades Charlie and Alice Winter. These two people lead a life as near to the ideal as is possible under the present conditions.

Although both strong and pronounced individualities, they work in beautiful harmony. They both do illustrations to make a living. In other words, they illustrate to earn enough money to allow them to do the things they want to do.

The thing they want to do is painting. But even painting they will drop when Socialism or *THE MASSES* requires it.

We have known of people who went to see Charlie for the purpose of inducing him to do some illustrating or to make a cover. The net result of their endeavors was about as follows:

"I am sorry, but I can't do it. I am too busy. You see, here is this painting which I have tried to finish for the last six months. I must do some work on this painting this week. But, say, have you seen our magazine, *THE MASSES*? Sit down!" Then Charlie would get all the back numbers of *THE MASSES*, and within ten minutes his visitor was planted for a few hours' discussion of Socialism with the Winter family.

Rufus W. Weeks

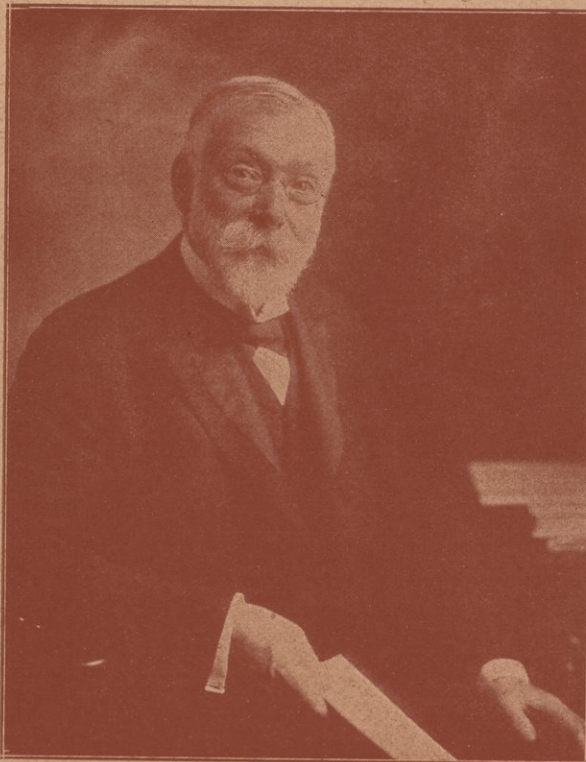
ANOTHER remarkable character among the pioneers of *THE MASSES* is old man Weeks. His real, honest-to-God name is Rufus W. Weeks, but that won't do. He is too old and dignified to call him Rufus, and he disseminates such a strong spirit of democracy that it is impossible to refer to him among us as Rufus W. Weeks, therefore he is "the old man."

Now, don't jump at the conclusion that he is, or even that we feel he is, an old man. In spirit he is as young as the youngest of us. I have never known a gathering of the artists and writers of *THE MASSES* staff yet where his presence was not an inspiration to the occasion. And some lively times we have had at those famous gatherings.

You, no doubt, know him, too. But you don't know him as we do. You may know him as the cool, well-balanced philosopher who contributes articles for "Facts and Interpretations." You know him as the man who did more than merely exclaim: "To establish the co-operative commonwealth we must educate the working people to a democratic control of the means of production and distribution." You know him as the man

who sawed wood. He sat down and took up the hard and grueling task of educating the working class.

His articles may not appeal to the Utopian mind. They may not appeal to the enthusiast. They may not appeal to many, but those that read them are better and wiser for the reading. We advisedly say "better" and "wiser." "Better," because the great and beautiful



Rufus W. Weeks

spirit of Old Man Weeks shows in every line he writes. *Wiser*, because cool, analytical, logical and broad, philosophical minds like that of the old man do not run thirteen to a dozen.

Anton Otto Fischer

THE most peculiar character of all is Anton Otto Fischer. We thought of leaving the Fischer story for some future occasion, but on second consideration decided to publish it before he can stop us. The fact of the matter is, the boys do not know about the starting of this new department. Neither does Anton. If he did, we surely could expect in the next mail a note reading about as follows:

"My Dear Piet: A happy New Year and Merry Xmas. But say, what silly rot are you up to now? I hope you are not going to drag me into that. If you do, I won't do another thing for *THE MASSES*. I don't like it. A. O. F."

Then he would proceed by collaring me at the next gathering and bulldoze me into a promise not to publish anything about him.

As it is, he will only fume and rage and say he will not do another thing for *THE MASSES*.

But then, we are used to that. All people should be judged by what they do and not what they say. Especially Anton Fischer must be judged by what he does, and whatever anybody may say about what he says, he does things. There is one good reason why Anton does things. He comes from a class which has had to do things for many centuries—from the manual working class.

It is not so very long since he graduated from that class either. For many, many years Anton Fischer worked as a sailor before the mast upon the high seas. He always knew he could draw. He always knew he had ability, but he did not get a chance. A few years ago he got tired of the whole thing and made up his mind to make a determined effort to get away from the

sailor's life. He quit and went looking for a job. He replied to an advertisement by A. B. Frost, a well-known illustrator, who wanted a young man to work as a model and at the same time look after his cows and chickens.

Frost was living in a country place. Anton got the job and kept it. Frost liked him, and when he went to France with his family he took Anton along. Shortly after they arrived there Anton resigned his position to take up a season's course in Julien's Academy of Art. There he soon made a number of friends in spite of the fact that he fairly breathes hostility to strangers. While taking his course in Julien's he refused to accept any help from his friends, much less ask for it. There was a time when he was living on chestnuts and bread, but never a murmur. I know of one of our mutual friends who offered his assistance. Anton promptly told him to put on the gloves, so he might show him who was starved.

I think that for the first *MASSES* gathering after this issue is off the press I had better take a pair of gloves along myself. It also may be advisable to put in a horseshoe or two, because I have a faint suspicion Anton still has that sailor's wallop with him.

After he got through at Julien's he came to New York. The first picture he sold was at the *Call* fair. In fact, quite a number of his pictures were sold there. But that did not put any money in his purse.

However, he soon found recognition. Today he is very much in demand; in fact, too much. They are overworking him. *Scribner's Magazine* ran four full pages of his paintings and three pages of sketches as a special feature. *The Cosmopolitan*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's* and others are keeping him so busy that it is as much as your life is worth to try to get into his studio before dark.

A New Method of Propaganda

ANOTHER important feature of *THE MASSES*' circulation campaign is our house-to-house canvassing method.

This plan has not only materially assisted us in building up the circulation of *THE MASSES*, but it has proportionately done more real, effective propaganda work than any other plan we know of.

Furthermore, it enables Comrades who have the cause at heart and want to work for it, to make a living while so doing.

Here is the plan.

We send you at a very moderate rate a shipment of sample copies. These sample copies are distributed in the morning in a house-to-house canvass. Care should be taken that no copies are left except with responsible parties. Do not leave them with children. Emphasize the statement that you will call for a reply next day.

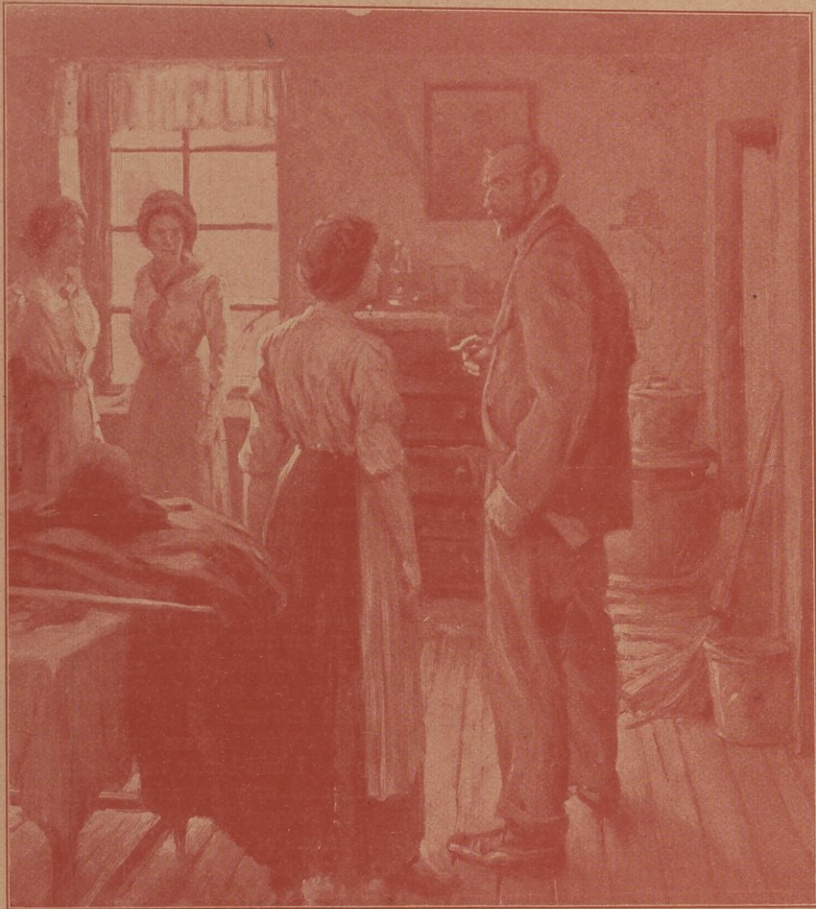
The afternoon is spent in canvassing the district where sample copies were distributed the day previous. If you cannot induce the people to subscribe, you can at least persuade them to purchase a copy. Keep a record of purchasers, so that you may sell them copies next month. In this manner you can very easily build up a valuable route.

We allow an extra large discount to professional agents. To be considered a professional, however, and derive the benefit of these discounts, the total amount of business done per month must exceed \$40. We will allow the same discount to Locals of the Socialist party and to co-operative enterprises under the same conditions.

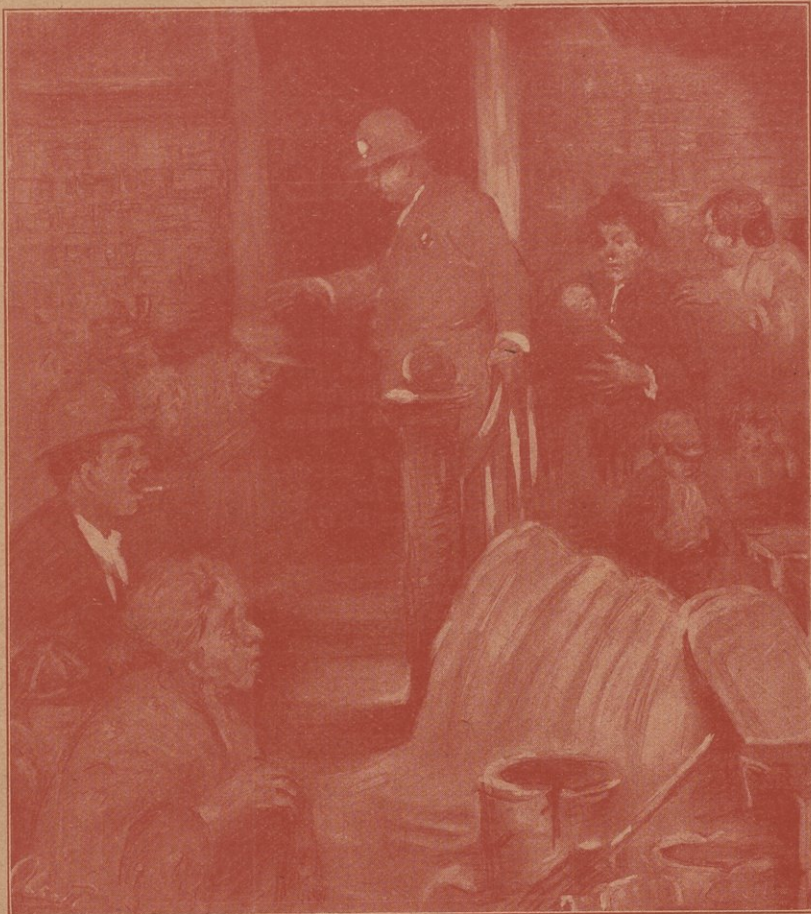
A Fraud

TO assume political control of a city for the main purpose of using the services of police and courts to back up direct action is like obtaining money under false pretenses.





Painted by A. O. Fischer.



Painted by Harriet Ollcott.



Painted by Harriet Ollcott.



Usually pictures are made to illustrate a story. Sometimes the illustration tells the story far more forcibly than the written words. The above pictures tell their story so forcibly that as yet we have not been able to find anything to do them justice. Will you write the story which will do justice to these pictures?

We will send the writer of the best story the original painting of whichever picture of the above three he or she may select. The original paintings are large and beautiful in tone.

