

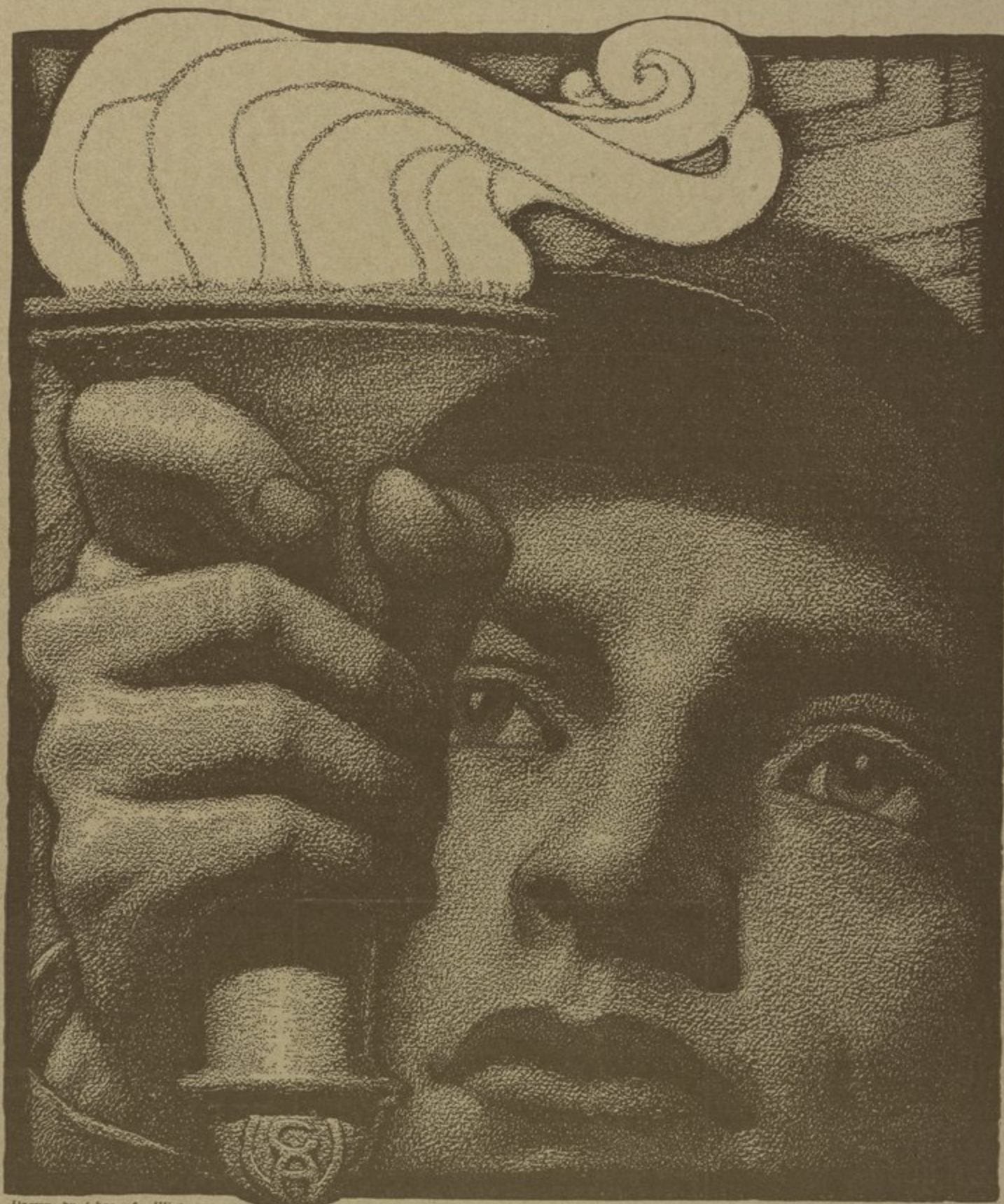
MARCH, 1912

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THE MASSES



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE WORKING PEOPLE



Drawn by Chas. A. Winter

ENLIGHTENMENT *vs.* VIOLENCE

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THE MASSES PUBLISHING COMPANY, 150 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK





OUR ENVIRONMENT KEEPS US FROM SOARING

BY BENJAMIN KEECH

HUMANITY is hungry for good—starving for better things. The majority are not sinners because they want to be, but because they have to be, or go under. Myriads who have been forced to live dishonestly would gladly live honestly if they could. Thousands of women, who, a few years ago, never dreamed of becoming sinners, now live sinfully because sinful conditions forced them into it. Thousands of men who once managed legitimate businesses, have been competed out into all sorts of demoralizing schemes. We would all be what we ought to be if we had not voted to be our master's obliging slaves. "The road that leads to freedom runs past the ballot box." A plant will grow healthfully, blossom beautifully and produce splendid fruit when given a chance. So will human beings.

FREE LOVE, ANARCHY AND SO FORTH

BY BENJAMIN KEECH

THE worst freeloader, anarchist or non-religionist is the fool, either educated or uneducated, who votes for present conditions which breed such things. He may be a polished "Christian," but if he puts himself in the same class with white slavers, grafters and other prostitutes, his principles are correspondingly as dark as crime itself. There is great good in everybody, but most of us are so busy being good to our bosses that we have no time to develop it. No matter how moral, religious, or industrious one may be, if poor, he has to suffer quite as keenly as the toughest crook, because of present conditions. The purest Christian religion does not save him from economic troubles—nine tenths of our worries are perfectly needless—unless he puts his prayers into practice and votes right that he may not suffer wrong.

AN IMPORTANT EVENT

WE had occasion a few weeks ago to canvass a number of radical professors as to what they considered the most important recent event. They agreed almost unanimously upon the German Reichstag election, which resulted in breaking the Kaiser's conservative bloc, by giving a majority to the former minority group, consisting of the National Liberals, the Radicals and the Socialists. Before the bloc can resume its operations they will have to buy, steel, or befuddle one of these factions, and it surely will not be the Socialist faction with its 110 representatives. The Socialists polled over four million votes, or a majority of the total number of votes cast. We wonder if the Kaiser still HAS to go to war with England. There will be trouble if he does, if not before surely after the war.

STATE MILITIA

APROPOS of the Lawrence situation, we were asked whether or not we believed in a State controlled militia. To which we replied in the affirmative and added that in our opinion for the next few generations the only free people could or would be an armed people. Armament means force. Militia means collective force. We consider State-militia desirable because we intend to capture the State. We agree that guns are made to kill and that it is wrong to kill. But that does not stop the controlling class from using guns against us, and as you and I are practical we like to be on the right side of the gun. The Lawrence people are on the wrong side of the gun, because they were impractical and did not vote the right ticket.

GET BUSY

YOUR subscription has expired. If you reply promptly we will allow you to renew at the old price. We will renew your subscription free if you send us ten names and a dollar. We will send to each of these names three different numbers of THE MASSES.

CONTENTS

Cover. By Chas. A. Winter.....	1
Editorials	2-3
Death's Playmates. By Robert Robinson.....	4
Public School Education. By Samuel Hopkins Adams.....	5
More Wages and Shorter Hours.....	6
Education and the Masses. By Victor L. Berger	7
Harrison Gray Otis. By Helen L. Sumner.....	8
The Coming of the Co-Operative Commonwealth. By Dan Irving.....	9
Germinal. By Emile Zola.....	10-11
Industrial Unionism. By Algernon Lee.....	12
Historic Philadelphia. By James W. Babcock.....	12
Education and the System. By Rose Johnston	13
Law and Order. By R. S. Bourne.....	14
Hail to the New Profession. By Rufus W. Weeks	15
Sensationalism. By Norman Talcott.....	15
Facts and Interpretations.....	16
The Way You Look at It.....	17
The Doctors of Local Ills.....	18
Political Education of the Working-Class. By Dean Langmuir.....	19

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WANDERING THINKLETS

When a person is disliked, he is either very bad or very good. If bad, he is hated by the hypocritical good. If good, by the frankly bad. There is something wrong, somewhere. In the year 1911 the writer discovered that the best saint has to suffer as keenly as the worst sinner, if not more so. Why? Not because of any personal fault, but because of brutal economic conditions.

Things You Never Read

I
Yesterday afternoon at a special audience the Pope invested Michael O'Flaherty with the highest order of pontifical knighthood. Mr. O'Flaherty was thus honored for his aggressive fight against capital in behalf of the striking button-hole makers whom he organized from a timid, disjointed body into a splendid, class-conscious, fighting union. Mr. O'Flaherty, who has been identified with the Socialist movement for a number of years, told his Holiness of the progress of the cause of the workers in America and was listened to with obvious satisfaction. In the course of his conversation the Pope sharply criticized those rich men who think to excuse their wealth by giving their money to ecclesiastical purposes. "There is no reason to-day either for riches or poverty," concluded his Holiness.

BE YOUR OWN AUTHORITY

BY BENJAMIN KEECH

IF you experience a shrinking sensation when some one says "Socialism," just remember that Socialism will be what you, I and our awakening neighbors vote for it to be. There are no Socialist authorities but us, and we surely won't vote for very bad conditions for ourselves when we become intelligent, will we? Affairs will go on uninterrupted, as now, only steadily growing more safe, sane, sensible, scientific, Socialistic. Socialism will come gradually, and no quicker than we want it and are ready for it, which is well. Cities first, the nation last. Of course, we can't enjoy the full blessing until we get it; but every step toward Socialism gives us a bit of blessing. There will be no confusion in its coming; it will gently merge itself into our already confused government and restore harmony. Socialism is safe because the average Socialist workingman is ditto. The average capitalist isn't.

BUT THE EARTH DID NOT STOP

BY BENJAMIN KEECH

WHILE it was once strongly suspected by the more prudent-minded element, that the advent of Socialism would cause the earth to stop revolving, the sun to cease shining and seriously interfere with the changes of the moon and the coming of the seasons—that chaos and confusion would reign—we now see where we made our mistake. "Example's the best argument," and very soon we can point to scores of cities like Milwaukee, by way of argument, thus saving time and words. The dawn is nicely breaking; Socialism is getting to be popular. Nothing but the best will ever satisfy us when we once know what we want and see how we can get it. Therefore, no person who longs to see our government managed correctly, need hesitate to join our ranks and help manage it. The Socialist Party is, primarily, a working-class party, organized to emancipate the wage slave and abolish poverty, the cause of most of our woes. Let everyone in sympathy with the class which creates all and gets nothing join the Socialist Army and help fight the monster, capitalism. This is the surest and quickest way to realize your longings—to quit longing and go to fighting, scientifically.

EASY MONEY

LESLIE M. SHAW, who once had a Good Job with Uncle Sam and who is now exploiting convict labor, is responsible for the following good one:
He says a man can make a million honestly. Leslie is right. There are several ways of doing it. Almost anybody can get a job at one dollar fifty a day. If you don't marry you can readily save twenty-five cents' worth of this, or a dollar and a half a week. Do this for seven hundred thousand weeks and there you are. Though a better way is to be born a genius. Then you can invent something worth a million dollars to humanity and collect your bill. Cinch! Or you might buy a telescope and wait around until you got a new planet and sell it to the government for a million dollars. Why not? Or you might get a job in a mint. If you worked in a mint you could easily make a million dollars honestly. Of course, you couldn't keep the million. But, then, Leslie is a great joker and he never said you could.

A MONEY-MAKER

WE will send any local a bundle of 100 copies or more to be sold at Lyceum Lecture or mass meetings. We will allow the local 50 per cent. commission on whatever sold, with the understanding that a remittance for copies sold, and shipment of unsold copies prepaid is made within twenty-four hours after the meeting. We can prove to you that a large number of locals have made as much as \$25 profit at one meeting without investing or risking a cent.



EDITORIALS



WHAT DO YOU SAY?



IN addressing the Stanley Steel Investigating Committee, Louis D. Brandeis said:
 "The United States Steel Corporation has taken from the American people in ten years at least \$650,000,000 in excess of the liberal return upon the value of the capital invested.

"All the powers of capital and all the ability and intelligence of the men who wield and who serve capital have been used to make slaves of these steel laborers; this does not refer merely to the way in which they have lived, but the worst part of it all is repression. They live in a condition of repression; of slavery in the real sense of the word which is alien to American conditions.

"The Steel Corporation pension scheme is a business that absolutely destroys the freedom of the employee. He is not only riveted to the establishment, but he is prohibited from exercising liberty in the way of trying to remove grievances because he is in constant peril lest he do something that may be deemed disloyal, and, under the terms of the pension scheme, his pension may be taken from him for what the board of employers may deem to be misconduct, though that 'misconduct' may be nothing more than helping his fellow-workers to improve their condition.

"While in England . . . employees work on the average only 55.2 hours per week, one-half of our steel workers work 72 hours or more a week, about a third work more than 72 hours, and a fourth 12 hours a day seven days a week. To work men 12 hours a day seven days a week, with an occasional 24-hour workday when the shift is made [from day to night work] makes not only 'old men at 40,' but necessarily degenerates the race physically, intellectually and morally."

In reply to this, Chas. M. Schwab, the Ironmaster, said:

"The men (in the steel mills) working twelve hours a day, seven days a week, are doing the cheapest and also the easiest work. Even when they are on duty twelve hours they have frequent intervals of rest, such as while waiting for metal to get hot. They are not the hardest worked men by any means.

"We have offered our men the six-day week, but it does not appeal to them because they want the extra day's pay and are willing to work seven days to get it."

We say that the conditions as described by Brandeis are a d—outrage, a disgrace to humanity and civilization (whatever that may be), and consider Charlie Schwab's excuse so thin that its very transparency adds strength to the assertions of Brandeis.



BOYS AND GIRLS WANTED



IT has become an international practice among the Socialist-Co-operatives in Europe to exchange groups of children during the summer vacation.

For example, the members of the "Maison du Peuple" in Bruxelles will send 400 boys and girls to the "Volharding" in The Hague, in return for which the members of the "Volharding" send a corresponding number of children to Bruxelles. The respective parents of the "Volharding's" children board and entertain the children from Bruxelles, and vice versa. In addition to this, the Co-operatives provide a regular program of entertainment and instruction during the stay of the children. The results of this little plan are surprising. It furnishes the children new environments, it confronts them with new conditions, it teaches them without preaching international brotherhood and solidarity. They learn foreign languages in an astonishingly rapid and easy manner.

The plan acts as a stimulant to the parents. They learn not only about the new conditions from the children, but dealing with the foreign children, they involuntarily are the beneficiary recipients of a course in pedagogics.

We have no co-operative movement in this country

as yet to foster this plan, and therefore we thought that we might be of some service to our subscribers, by acting as a clearing house for those parents who wish to send their children away during the summer vacation.

If you wish to participate in this plan, kindly communicate with us without delay. In writing, be sure to give full particulars about your own children. Also name and address of the principal of the local public school. For references we prefer the officials of the Socialist Party.



THE HIGH COST OF LIVING



THE MASSES has since its very first issue ardently advocated consumers' co-operation as a practical means of reducing the high cost of living. We have again and again urged the organization of Co-operative Purchasing Leagues and Co-operative Stores.

But the "Wise Ones" in the Socialist movement said "it could not be done. Not in this country." They said: "That fellow Vlag is a crank. He forgets that he lives in America."

Since then the number of cranks on the subject has been rather on the increase.

With Louis D. Brandeis as a pusher, the employees of the N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroad have adopted a co-operative store plan which looks like a sure winner.

Mayor Shank, of Indianapolis, undertook last fall to open a city market for the purpose of reducing the cost of living. And that movement has found followers.

Through THE MASSES directly, and indirectly through other means, we have been of assistance in organizing on the Belgium plan of hundreds of Socialist Co-operative Stores.

It is true that all these attempts at Consumers' Co-operation have met with failure as frequently as with success. But in spite of it all, the movement keeps on growing. The workers are learning how, by experience.

We agree with the "Wise Ones" that it is no easy problem, but it is going to be solved just the same. We have to solve it. Economic conditions force us to it.

Every housewife who considers the following scale of comparative wholesale and retail prices knows that she must solve that problem:

	Wholesale Market Price.	Retail Grocer's Price.
Apples (barrel)	\$2.00	\$6.40 (quart)
Potatoes (barrel)	3.00	8.00 "
Lettuce (crate)50	1.20 (head)
Beets (doz. bunches)25	.50
Eggs (per doz.)29	.45
Butter (renovated)29	.35
Butter (best)39	.45

We reiterate that we have not solved the problem, but here are just a few things which every housewife should and could do:

To become a member of a co-operative marketing club.

To buy in large quantities such necessities as will not spoil with keeping.

To know through quotations in the daily papers the prevailing wholesale prices.

To check, with scales and measures of her own, the weights and quantities of food purchased.

To get from the Department of Agriculture at Washington bulletins on the preparation of the cheaper cuts of meat and on the comparative nutritive value of common food products.

To insist upon the Government's guarantee of quality, under the Pure Food and Drugs Act, of package food; and, wherever possible, the manufacturer's guarantee of food weight in the package.

Help to restore the city market to its old usefulness as a place of meeting between producer and consumer.



GERMINAL



THERE are many people who abhor fiction. They don't like it. They don't want to read it. They feel a piteous contempt for those who do read it. They want facts, good, substantial looking facts (à la World Almanac), and plenty of them. It is true they sometimes develop factious indigestion, which results in general muddleheadedness. But, on the other hand, many do survive their statistical diet, and although a little overfed and consequently not capable of much action, they somehow manage to keep the pace.

Whether or not you are one of these, we advise you to read "The Mine," a selection from "Germinal" by Emile Zola (on page ten). We assure you it will be a delightful tonic. You will get more real facts about mines and miners than we have seen around for a long time, and still they are so delightfully dished up that they will be a distinct relief from your regular diet. Zola does not preach or theorize; it is just life and action, that's all.

Zola deals with conditions as they were forty years ago in the French and Belgium mining district called "the Borinage." Investigation has shown that with the exception of the abolition of the girl and women workers, conditions are practically the same in the mines of America to-day. But not so any longer in the Borinage, which has developed into one of the most prominent Socialist Co-operative strongholds in Europe.



DIRECT ACTION



SPEAKING of the labor movement in America, Lincoln Steffens, in the *Globe*, predicts trouble for the Socialist Party in the near future as a result of Haywood's election to the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party.

He classes Haywood with the French Syndicalist and claims that his position on the National Executive is untenable as he is bound to come out sooner or later against Political Action.

Unfortunately we are forced to admit that we believe Steffens' diagnosis of Haywood's position to be correct. We disagree, however, with his classification of the various labor groups in America. We believe that Haywood represents a much larger group than merely the temperamentally anarchistically inclined part of the Socialist movement.

We believe that the economic force behind the direct actionist movement emanates from the daily larger growing group of disfranchised workers. The constant shifting of mills, restrictive local election laws, high initiation fees of the labor unions, lack of knowledge of any special trade and numerous other factors have combined in disfranchising these workers politically and industrially.

With all other means of protection cut off it is only natural that this group of workers should avail themselves of the only weapon left.

However, to recognize the "raison d'etre" of the direct actionist movement does not alter the situation one iota, and we reiterate that we agree with Steffens that Haywood's position as a direct actionist on the National Executive Committee is untenable. Let us hope decisive action in regard to this matter will be taken at our next National Convention in Oklahoma.



LOST IN THE STRUGGLE



THIS world is large; its struggles are appalling and all-absorbing. Many good fighters lose sight of the ultimate in the heat of battle. That's where the usefulness of the direct actionist and especially the extreme Marxist, commences.



Drawn by Robt. Robinson

DEATH'S PLAYMATES

PICTURE yourself walking a mile or so in a pitch dark drift about 400 yards under the ground. These drifts are usually less than five feet high and pieces of wood are protruding everywhere. You are constantly in danger of bumping your head or stepping into a mud pool. You may also be hit by a flying piece of board as the pressure of the coal is sometimes a little too strong for the timber boards which constitute the walls of the drift. After you finally reach your particular drift you may have to spend from 8 to 10 hours flat on your back handling a pick. While thus earning your daily bread chips of coal and rock are flying so thick that you are constantly in danger of having your skull crushed. If you get a full realization of such a day's toil you will understand the sunny side of the daily life of the miner. To understand why they are called "Death's Playmates" you must experience a few cave-in's, explosions, floods, entombments and other pleasant incidents of the miner's life.

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

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NO. III.

PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION

By

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Written for THE MASSES PUB. CO.



MEDICAL SCIENCE, in the course of its varied progress, attests more and more each year the truth of the old saw regarding the ounce of prevention and the pound of cure. Physicians frankly admit nowadays that, with the exception of a few diseases, they cannot, by their art or practice, cure, though they can do much to alleviate and to help nature in her func-

tion of curing.

On the other hand, the field of preventive medicine is constantly broadening. And in no department is more important and valuable work being done than in what are commonly known as "children's diseases"; that is, the infections which spread rapidly wherever children are gathered together. School inspection is here the most efficient defensive weapon of the hygienist.

Most of our large cities and many of the lesser ones now maintain one or another form of school inspection. The inspectors are physicians whose official duty it is to visit the public schools at stated intervals and examine the pupils for: First—Evidence of communicable disease, endangering the health of others; second—evidence of other disease, unfitting the individual to carry on the school studies; third—evidence of defects of sight or hearing, which may handicap the child in properly acquiring instruction.

The examination is usually comprised in an inspection of the eyes, ears, nose and throat. It should be, though it is not in all cities, compulsory. On report of the inspecting physician, the school authorities may order the child removed from school until the disease from which he or she may be suffering shall have passed, or until the discovered defects shall have been repaired.

Unfortunately, opposition to this wise protective system has arisen in some localities from lack of com-

prehension, and it is as well to emphasize certain points about the system thus mistakenly criticised.

Inspection is and has been proven to be of almost inestimable value in two directions—First, in the prompt discovery, through throat and temperature examination, of those diseases which unchecked, swiftly become school epidemics. Scarlet fever and measles are most contagious in the early stages, before the tell-tale rash appears. They present, however, a peculiar condition of nose and throat, more or less readily recognizable to the skilled diagnostician. What threatened to be widespread and destructive onsets, have more than once been stopped in the early stages, by school inspectors discovering "suspicious" throats and isolating them in time. Here the ounce of prevention is worth many tons of cure. The value of the medical inspector to the public is in stopping contagion short of epidemic conditions. Second, in the correction of minor defects in the individual pupil, which may develop, untreated, into actual incapacity. Every observing teacher has suffered trying experiences with children who seem hopelessly stupid, indifferent or inert. Almost invariably such a condition is pathologic. Usually it is amenable to simple treatment. It may be defect of vision or hearing; it may be torpid digestion, due to bad habits of eating; it may be some readily correctible nervous ailment. The value of the medical inspector to the individual is in showing where repairs are needed before it is too late. Any head of a household would thank a building inspector who

told him that his house was in danger of tumbling down. Why should he not be at least as appreciative of the medical inspection which warns him in time that his child is going to pieces?

Whence arises the mistrust of medical school inspection? From the feeling that it interferes with "freedom." What freedom? The freedom to spread abroad in the community scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, and perhaps smallpox? The freedom of ignorance which permits an inarticulately suffering child to struggle helplessly against the handicaps of darkened eyesight or dulled hearing? It is difficult to see any argument in favor of such costly "freedom," unless it be that of the Christian Scientist, that such conditions are purely imaginary. With Christian Science as a religious sect no fair-minded person will quarrel. It is a sunny, kindly, helpful philosophy. But when it invades the realm of public health and opposes a blank denial to all attempts at prevention, it becomes a public peril. Most of us are unable to maintain the happy optimism of disbelief in diseases, in the face of the stern facts of pain, disability and death. We must fight as best we can, and see to it that, if the Christian Scientists refuse to enlist, they at least give no aid or comfort to the common enemy.

Actually, medical school inspection is a hopeful step toward freedom, not away from it. It is the outpost of prevention, behind which comes the stern martial law of the public health. Medical inspection says:

"Follow my warning, and harsher measures can be avoided."

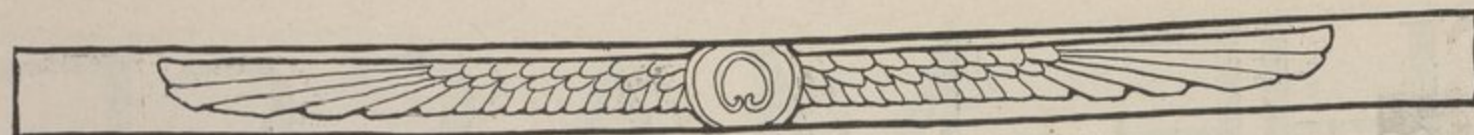
But when the inspection is lacking, or is insufficient, and an epidemic breaks out, then indeed is the freedom of the individual sacrificed to the demands of the general welfare. Comes then the rigor of quarantine, restriction, and isolation. Which is the greater infringement upon personal liberty, the system which says, "Permit me to look into your children's throats, and I will be your safeguard against epidemic," or the system which, perforce, sentences you and yours to a jail-sentence in your own premises, or bears you to a pesthouse until you recover or die?



FOLLY CHASING.



IGNORANCE.



MORE WAGES AND SHORTER HOURS

PUTTING YOUR SHOULDER TO THE BIG WHEEL



EVERY day the letters come in—the letters come in—the letters come in;—every day the letters come in—about THE MASSES LABOR LEAGUE.

Tell you it makes a man feel like singing when he sees how the idea is catching hold of the people we are trying to reach. Though there is one thing that makes it rather easy and

that is the fact that THE MASSES LABOR LEAGUE isn't an exclusive institution. We are not confining ourselves to millionaires or office men or bricklayers or button-hole makers: THE MASSES LABOR LEAGUE is for everybody, and the sooner Old Man Everybody becomes a member the better we'll like it.

If you haven't heard about us before, the next thing for you to do is to skip to the bottom of the page and find out what this talk is all about.

There, now, what do you think of it? Like the idea? You came in a little late, so I'll just take you over to one corner and explain things so we won't disturb the rest of the people that were here last time.

This is the plan. Laws are all right till they become unconstitutional; when that happens they aren't worth the ink that printed 'em. But here is a law that is not and cannot become unconstitutional. Because why? Because it relates altogether to commerce between states and Congress has the power to regulate commerce between states. It was expressly granted to Congress in the Constitution.

Therefore when this law is passed, it means immediate action for a big army of people.

You see, it affects everybody who has anything to do with the manufacturing or transporting of goods that are made in one state and sold in another state.

And if you stood these everybodies up in a line, shoulder to shoulder, with the first man at the City Hall in New York, the last man or woman would be somewhere on the lee side of Chicago.

Think of that! Isn't that a crowd?

And we're going to have them all members of the League if you'll help us.

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS NOT

RIGHT from the jump, though, please understand that the League is not in any way a self-glorification scheme for this paper or for any person or for any set of persons. Nobody at this end of the line wants to control the League or dictate to the League or even suggest to the League. The League can go its own gait, hoe its own row, make its own bed and invent its own name as far as anybody connected with the Masses is concerned. We know the organization must come; we want it started and pushed by Socialists. Aside from that we don't care.

And Number Two. No, we have no interest in the printing matter which conceivably the different locals will order. They will pay cost price for whatever they may get from us and as soon as possible it is to be hoped they will have their printing local enough to necessitate its execution by local union printers. No graft.

And Three. Is it a scheme to foist on the labor world a new I. W. W. to fight the I. W. W. or the A. F. of L. or any other body? No, it isn't. Whether it will assist one or both of these bodies in the future is something that only Old Man Time can tell, but primarily it has no such purpose. Its object is single: to waken the workers to the value of political action as it is carried on to-day by the Socialist Party. And it is going to do this not by appealing to their imaginations or their idealism or their philosophical sense, but by showing them how the Socialist Party wants to better their economic footing. And it tells this in words too plain to be misunderstood: MORE WAGES AND SHORTER HOURS.

YOU ARE NOT A SOCIALIST PARTY MEMBER

LET me congratulate you—not on the party's account, because we have missed you right along—but on your own account: you've got so much fun ahead of you. I wish I hadn't joined. I'd like to go through it all again: I'd like to feel once more that fresh warmth of enthusiasm that swept me when I felt that at last I was doing something directly, systematically useful in boosting along the new stage of society. I wish I hadn't joined the party—just so I could join it to-morrow.

You're not a party member yet, though you will be. But you believe in the Orderly World; you want to see the day of the Orderly World come and you want to help it come, but you are not exactly sure what to do.

Here is one thing to do: something tangible and interesting and new. It is a job as deep and long as the Grand Canyon, or if you have not the hours it can be confined strictly to your spare time. It is not a job that is too small for any man. It is as big as you are and bigger. Here, then, is your gate to action. You need not be wealthy or fine looking or a graduate of a correspondence course in salesmanship. You need be just one thing and that is in earnest. If you are earnestly, honestly bent on doing your share of the work, you need have no doubt about its success. If you try you will win. Your effort will not and cannot be lost.

You are not yet a Socialist Party member. Here's something you can do to help the cause that I know you want to help.

IF YOU ARE A SOCIALIST PARTY MEMBER

COMRADE, reach out your hand; let me shake it. You've done one good thing in your life that makes me want to jump up in the air and yell for joy. You've joined the party. You haven't planned to join the party. You haven't decided that your free and independent soul was too soaring to be hitched up in an organization. You've joined the party and you're too saving in your little two bits a month to keep the stamp bill paid and the typewriter company satisfied. I'm for you every time.

Now, you want success, don't you, same as the rest of us? We all want success, and here's a chance to make an awful short cut in the road. Instead of climbing two hills and wading through that sandy stretch, here's an opening to shoot across a level place and save two and a half backaches.

The short cut is THE MASSES LABOR LEAGUE. Think it over a bit: aren't there a dozen men you know who think the fellows in your local are a bunch

of cranks? Men who say with a sort of bated breath, "Well, if things get much worse I'm going to vote the Socialist ticket this fall"; just in the same tone of voice they'd say, "I'm going to jump off the bridge at midnight." They admit you're a well meaning crowd of fellows, but they're suspicious.

Did you ever hear the story about the eccentric in London who walked up and down the Strand offering genuine gold sovereigns for sale for a penny. Nobody was willing to take a chance because it looked too good to be true. Well, that's the plight of the Socialist Party to-day: we're offering a genuine solid guaranteed Co-operative Commonwealth to any nation that's willing to ask for it, but people are suspicious. They say we can't do it. It's too much.

Those very men, however, who say this, bigoted as they may be, aren't so bigoted that they won't start a rational movement to increase their wages. They're willing to be shown—every man Jack of the outfit—but they need smoked glass to look through the telescope. The sun blinds their eyes. These people who shy from the Co-operative Commonwealth are going to become enthusiastic members of THE MASSES LABOR LEAGUE and afterwards they're going to become enthusiastic members of the Socialist Party of America. It's just a question of time. And this is the way to get them started.

We may be robbed at the county treasury, but we're robbed a good deal harder and straighter in the pay envelope. That's our main kick against the present system, and the oftener and harder we get back to it the better.

And by the way, when you're not getting signatures to the list (headed by the slip below), it would be a good thing to talk this up among your Socialist comrades because we want the League endorsed by the whole Socialist Party officially and unofficially, and we're not going to stop until it is so endorsed.

ONE WORD MORE

SO that's the secret of the matter. And it's a secret you can tell as much as you like; in fact, the more you tell the better we'll like it.

Ladies, gentlemen, children, comrades all, we are about to close for this month. We have said our little piece, but thirty days from now you will hear it all over again. More beautifully told, let us hope, but just about the same thing. We have the nerve to stand up and do this month after month, because we believe in what we're doing. Back of the Masses Labor League is a profound principle of psychology—don't be scared—sit still in your seats: there's no danger—which so far the Socialist Party has not applied.

We want everything to be just right. We plead guilty to it. We want an Orderly World. A systematic civilization; a government directed by the highest and purest and best thought that the human race has evolved.

We want this.

But some people to-day aren't capable of wanting this: they've been so busy keeping two jumps ahead of the landlord and they've got their vocal chords so twisted from standing off the grocer and the butcher that they can't stretch their brains to imagine a world where not a wheel squeaks on its axle. They want to begin easy with something they can understand. Something they can really become interested in going after.

And here it is.

It's up to you to bring it to them.

And when you do they'll turn around and bring you the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Get busy.

EDUCATION AND THE MASSES

BY VICTOR L. BERGER

Written for THE MASSES PUB. CO.

Socialist Member of Congress



FOR one, gladly welcome the collegiate Socialists. We need the help and good will and co-operation of the college man and woman to solve the greatest question of the day, the social question. In fact, we need the help and good will of everybody, and we reject the good will of nobody.

We want their help, not because we believe that the

college man has any more brains than the average workingman, because he hasn't. Often it takes more brains to build a big machine, put it together and run it than to run a banking institution, or be president of a college. But all these activities are necessary.

And from the trained scholastic mind of the college man we have a right to expect valuable help in solving the questions of the day.

Of course, the main work in the solution of these questions will have to be done by the working class as such.

And for the following reasons:

In the first place, the working class gets fewer of the benefits of the capitalist civilization than any other class. It is, therefore, less interested in keeping up that kind of civilization.

And, in the second place, the working class is more oppressed by the capitalist system and therefore more interested in its abolition than any other class.

All classes, however, are interested in the solution of these questions. And, therefore, all classes will have to help.

I said "social questions," because the great social question of the day resolves itself finally into a great many smaller social questions of economics and democracy.

All of our so-called "immediate demands"—the planks that form our political program—try to solve these minor social questions.

They are of the utmost importance because Socialism is the name of a phase of civilization, not a mere theory. Socialism is just as much a phase of civilization as capitalism is and as feudalism was. And capitalism will have to grow into Socialism as feudalism grew into capitalism.

Even if we should elect a President and a majority of Congress, we shall never be able to say: "After to-morrow, at 2 o'clock p. m., we will have Socialism." This is not the way the history of human events works.

In that respect the word "evolution" is a much greater word than the word "revolution," because while evolution may culminate in a dozen revolutions, a dozen revolutions are only a part of evolution.

And that is the reason why our "immediate demands" are of such importance.

I will say, however, that the political part of that program is of less importance than the economic part.

In other words, the questions of direct legislation, of the initiative and referendum and of the recall, are of smaller importance than the question of old-age pensions. Even the question of woman suffrage is of smaller importance than the question of taking over the trusts by the government.

Of the economic part of our program, I consider the trust question the most important, because that question is agitating the minds of the people most.

Moreover, if the trust question is solved in the right



way, this solution will bring us nearer to Socialism than any other one measure that I know of. As a matter of fact, for propaganda purposes the whole social question is often expressed in one sentence, "Let the nation own the trusts."

Now there is no doubt in my mind that the two capitalist parties intend to fight out the next election on the question of the tariff. It's the easiest for them. They have been fighting over the tariff for 130 years. It is a truly capitalist question, which interests mainly the employing class and the trading class.

Moreover, a fight over the tariff would once more draw attention away from the question of capital and labor, and would result only in the time-honored sham battle between the two capitalist cliques.

The Democrats hope to win on the issue of free trade, although even now there are strong capitalist interests down South opposed to a tariff for revenue only. The high tariff, however, is going to be blamed for the high cost of living and is to be made the scapegoat of the capitalist system and also the vehicle on which our Democratic friends hope to ride into power. So they are going to make this the issue if we let them.

It is our duty not to let them. We must make the trust question the main issue, and add to it the questions of old-age pensions and of insurance against unemployment.

We can do this very easily, because the trusts are uppermost in the minds of everybody.

Of course, every Socialist understands the trust question.

The Socialist philosophers years ago predicted trusts and even described them.

The non-Socialists are nonplussed by the trusts; they cannot explain the trusts, because they believe these combinations are simply the result of bad legislation.

That the people are bewildered is really not surprising.

We have about three hundred trusts in this country. And every American is under the spell of the trusts from the cradle to the grave. If the poor fellow happens to be a Roman Catholic, then it is likely that the priest will tell him on his death-bed that the Pope has a monopoly on salvation, and that Heaven has been trustified for 1912 years.

As to the trusts, the two parties have no definite program. We have the Sherman law, of course, but almost everybody agrees that the Sherman law has not stopped the growth of the trusts.

There are about half a dozen ways of dealing with the trust question. First, there is the way of the old standpatters, who say, "Let well enough alone"; who say, "Don't disturb business, don't disturb the trusts"; who say, "The trust question will solve itself."

Yes, it will solve itself. But how? The trusts, if left to solve the question themselves, will undoubtedly own the country.

Then there is the Taft view, which is also shared by some Democrats, who maintain that the Sherman law has never been properly enforced. "Let's enforce the Sherman law," they say, "and dissolve the trusts by Supreme Court decisions."

Now we have had two Supreme Court decisions lately, and a few of them in the past—one of them against the Standard Oil trust, and the other against the Tobacco Trust.

Both of these trusts were told to dissolve into their component parts. The Standard Oil Trust dissolved into thirty-one parts. But the ownership of the pieces is the same. The methods of the trusts are the same. And the trust is doing business in the same old way. A few partitions have been built in the headquarters of the trust, 26 Broadway, New York City, and a few more bookkeepers have been put on, in order to keep a few more sets of books.

The Tobacco Trust is also doing business at the old stand, and giving away the same premiums.

The fourth point of view is that of our friends, the so-called progressives. They want to regulate the trusts. They don't say how, or in what respect; but regulate them through a commission, I suppose, since the reformers are very much in favor of government by commission. The result will be that the trusts will soon own the commission. They will see to it that the men they want will be appointed, or they will buy up the commissioners after appointment. They will simply add to the corruption.

Even more stupid than this is the Democratic view, which is to smash the trusts by special laws, which is to turn the wheel of civilization backward. No law can be made forbidding any man to own and manage two factories, or three, or five factories if he has the necessary capital. And no law is in existence or can be made which can prevent any man or any concern from enlarging the machinery in three of these factories, or in eight of them, and closing up the other two. And no law can compel any concern to send out six drummers when one drummer can get the business, or send out no drummers at all, but instead ask the buyers to come to its agencies in the distributing centers and do the buying there.

We might just as well forbid the railroads to exist and go back to the old dray.

The sixth point of view is that of the Socialists, as expressed in my bill, for the country to take over these trusts and to manage them for the benefit of all the people.

I shall not go into the details of the bill which I introduced in the House of Representatives, for the purpose of nationalizing the trusts. I will say only that if we can buy them, and pay in bonds for them—we should do so by all means, because that would be the most reasonable and undoubtedly the cheapest way. It would be much cheaper to buy the trusts than to confiscate them.

Moreover, the wealth of every nation is renewed about every ten years. If our nation should buy the trusts, this would prove the most profitable investment ever tried.



HARRISON GRAY OTIS

BY

HELEN L. SUMNER

Written for THE MASSES PUB. CO.



At the familiar name I was suddenly all attention.

"Yes," he answered, firmly, pleased at my display of interest, "it was Harrison Gray Otis who broke the carpenters' strike in Boston in 1825. I was only a kid then, but my father was one of the leaders among the journeymen, so I was right in the thick of it."

I was bewildered. What could our Los Angeles union hater have to do with the boyhood of this aged man who rested so peacefully in a big arm chair on the porch of a Pennsylvania farmhouse—far from the hot-headed "dwellers in reality" who make copy for newspaper reporters—and rehearsed with shriveled lips events of long ago?

"Our men wanted a ten-hour day," he continued. "They'd been workin' from twelve to fifteen hours in summer and all the time they could see in winter—that is, when they had any work in winter, which wasn't more'n half the time. Wages were just the same, winter or summer, so, of course, the masters got all the work they could do in summer when the days were long. I remember my father used to start off with his dinner pail about half-past four or five summer mornings, and we never saw him again until after dusk. That spring, too, there was another trouble. Prices had gone way up and we were havin' a mighty hard time to get enough to eat. The papers said how prosperous the country was, but some of the carpenters figured out that they'd be a heap more prosperous if their work was distributed over the year so they'd be gettin' wages all the while instead of half or two-thirds of the time. So they decided to have a big meeting at Concert Hall."

"I wish you could have been at that meeting," he resumed after a moment's silent contemplation of the big patch of sunlight that was slowly advancing toward us over the dappled grass. "It was a cold, rainy April night. The men had come straight from their work and their clothes were dirty and wet. First there were some speeches, which they applauded vigorously, callin' out and poundin' with their feet. My father made a big hit by quoting a book called 'The Rights of Man,' written by a fellow named Tom Paine. Then afterwards the men all stood 'round with solemn faces peerin' through the lamp-light, waitin' their turn to sign a paper pledgin' their honor as men and mechanics that they wouldn't work over ten hours unless they got more money for the extra time. There weren't more'n about fifty thousand people in Boston in those days. But there were four hundred and fifty carpenters at that meeting, and about a hundred and fifty, includin' the apprentices, signed afterwards. And I never saw a more enthusiastic bunch. It was just as if they'd struck religion in a place they weren't lookin' for it."

In the deeply lined old face the small gray eyes had grown bright, and the voice had lost its slight quaver and was high and shrill.

"Of course, the masters were furious when they found out what the journeymen had done. So they held a meeting themselves, and boasted about how Boston people were famous for gettin' up early in the morning and hustlin' all day. If we kept at work, they said, all the time we weren't asleep, or dressin' and undressin', or eatin' our meals, we wouldn't be led into temptation. They were especially anxious for fear the apprentices would be 'seduced,' as they called it, from that 'industry and economy of time' to which they were tryin' hard to 'inure them.' Then they went on about how they feared and dreaded 'the consequences of such a measure upon the morals and well being of society,' and how they couldn't believe such an idea as workin' only ten hours a day had 'originated with any of the faithful and industrious sons of New England.' They declared it must be 'an evil of foreign growth' and hoped old Boston wouldn't be 'infested with the unnatural production.'"

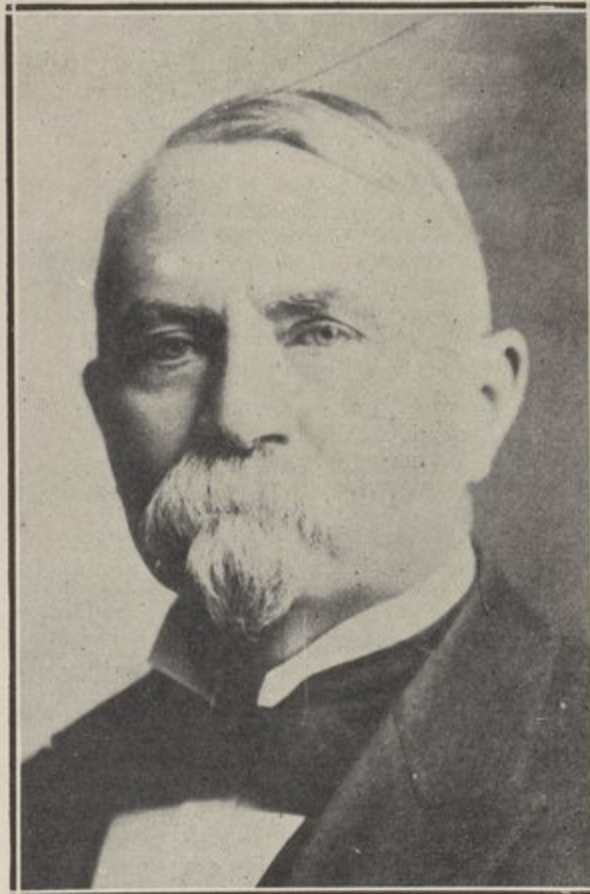
The old man rolled out the unctuous phrases with an indescribable expression of mingled indignation and amusement.

"Then finally," he went on, "they let the cat out of the bag. There'd been a big fire about a month before, so there was plenty of work; and they'd made a lot of contracts, estimating the cost of labor at just what it would 'av' been under the old system. I don't believe the master carpenters would have fought the ten-hour day if they could have passed the extra cost of labor on the capitalists. But they couldn't because of those contracts."

"After that it seemed to be just a question who could hold out the longest, the bosses with their signed and sealed contracts and their forfeits if they failed to live up to their agreements, or the journeymen with their need for somethin' to eat every day. We didn't have any strike fund, but my mother and a lot of other women got 'slop work' from the clothing manufacturers to help out. That was what they called the clothes that were sent down South for the 'niggers.' A woman couldn't make more'n twenty-five cents a day at it, even if she didn't take any time to cook, or clean the house, or wash and mend the clothes, but it helped some. Of course, we children got terribly run down and were dirty and ragged and hungry all the time, but we had a regular lark just the same, especially after the masters began advertisin' for carpenters 'from the country.' The journeymen put a notice of their own in the papers, telling the country fellows just how things were, but a few came in just the same. Of course, they didn't know how to do city work—and there weren't enough of 'em anyway to worry us—but just the same we kids kept busy snoopin' 'round, and whenever we found a country fellow at a bench we'd wait 'round until he started home and then we'd make faces and holler bad names at him, and run."

"But it wasn't a lark for the grown folks," he re-

"WHAT'S IN A NAME"



HIS GODSON
HARRISON GRAY OTIS
OF THE LOS ANGELES TIMES

sumed. "At first they talked big and laughed at the things the masters and capitalists said in the papers. I remember especially one thing in the paper about 'the scenes that might be realized by several thousands of idle young men, with the warm blood of youth boiling in their veins, if assembled from six o'clock in the evening to nine, in tippling houses, gambling houses, and other places of dissipation.' My father said he hadn't noticed that anyone was worryin' if he sat in a 'tippling house' all day long in winter when workin' hours were short and the masters couldn't make so much profit out of his labor. After a while, though, the men took to sittin' 'round and whittlin', and the women got to frettin'. But we all knew the masters were terribly worried about their contracts, and besides, just when things were lookin' bad, some of our fellows got the masons to call a meetin' and declare they wouldn't work more'n ten hours either."

He leaned forward, resting his hand on the arm of his chair—a long, bony hand that almost startled me by its expression of strength.

"Just then," he continued in lower tones, "when it began to look as though the bosses would have to give in soon, we heard there was going to be a meeting of what the papers called 'the gentlemen engaged in building the present season.' It was to be at the Exchange Coffee House, and I told my father I was going. He laughed, but late that afternoon I climbed in at a window of the room where they were to meet and hid under a bench. The floor was dusty, and I had to wait a long time. But finally some men came in, talkin' about the strike, and after a while some one began to talk loud about how they were met together to consider the terrible state of affairs brought about by the entire stoppage of the building industry, and to decide what to do."

"After that a man began to read a set of resolutions in which they said the proceedings of the journeymen were 'a departure from the salutary and steady usages which have prevailed in this city, and all New England from time immemorial.' Then there was a lot about how journeymen and apprentices who had what they called 'industrious and temperate habits' would soon become masters, and about how almost all mechanics had been able to get property and 'influence in society' under the sun-to-sun system. I was only a kid, but I remember thinkin' my father'd worked hard and was as temperate as any man there—and as smart, too—but he hadn't become a master. Then they went on and said that if our 'combination,' as they called it, was 'countenanced' it would extend to all other trades, and that, they said, would open 'a wide door for idleness and vice,' and reduce us eventually to 'the degraded state' of the workingmen of other countries, who had, according to them, 'a spirit of discontent and insubordination to which our native mechanics have hitherto been strangers.'"

"Curious," he mused, "but they didn't scare me a bit. All I thought of, sprawlin' under that bench in the dust, was what a splendid thing it would be if all the trades did form 'combinations' and if they'd all join together to get a ten-hour day—just as we did afterwards in Philadelphia. I didn't see anything to be scared at even when they said that if all the other trades followed the example of the carpenters and succeeded in bringing about 'an unnatural rise in the price of labor,' then the employers and merchants would have to enter into combinations, too, and raise prices."

"Little as I was, though, I knew what it meant when they said they'd support the masters in their fight by extendin' the time for the fulfilment of contracts, and even, if necessary, by suspendin' building altogether for the season, and when they added that they wouldn't employ any journeyman who didn't return to work right away or any master carpenter who let his journeymen work only ten hours."

The old man leaned back and sighed.

"There wasn't much more strike after that. The capitalists had fifty copies of their resolutions printed and put 'em all 'round town for everybody to sign who wanted. And it seemed as if most everybody in Boston thought we were unreasonable not to want to work from sun-up to sun-down. Almost immediately, in spite of their pledge, some of the journeymen went back to the shops. They said they couldn't afford to be 'black-listed' by the capitalists. And the more men that went back the more frightened the others became, until there was a regular stampede. But my father didn't go back to work. He said he thought it would be better for us children to starve than to have before us all our lives the example of a father who couldn't keep a solemn pledge. So we sold our furniture and used the money to get to Philadelphia. And when I got to be an ap-

prentice my father taught me a few things himself. 'You may some day be president,' he'd tell me, 'I won't say as to that. But you'll never be a master. Just remember what I say and look out for your rights as a journeyman. And don't forget there's only one way a journeyman can get his rights—through combinin' with other journeymen.'

He paused as if he had finished his story. "But what did Harrison Gray Otis have to do with it?" I asked.

"Harrison Gray Otis," he repeated, "why, he was the chairman of that meeting of 'gentlemen engaged in

building,' and my father always believed he stirred up the capitalists against us and wrote those clever resolutions that snuffed the life out of the strike."

[Doubting the literal accuracy of the statements and quotations of my aged informant, I availed myself of the first opportunity to examine files of the Boston newspapers published in the spring of 1825. I soon found, not only that the strike was not a myth, but that all the essential statements made by the old man and all the quotations which he gave were absolutely correct. The Harrison Gray Otis referred to was at one time Representative and later Senator from Mas-

sachusetts. He resigned from the United States Senate in 1822 to become a candidate for the newly created office of mayor of Boston, but withdrew from the contest before the election. Afterwards, however, he became mayor, and was a prominent citizen of Boston until his death in 1848. General Harrison Gray Otis, publisher of the Los Angeles Times, who was born in 1837, though only distantly related, was named for Senator Harrison Gray Otis of Boston, chairman of the meeting of "gentlemen engaged in building" which defeated the ten-hour strike of the Boston carpenters in 1825.—H. L. S.]

THE COMING OF THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

Written for THE MASSES PUB. CO.



EVERYWHERE there is question and discussion as to how the great change will be brought about.

There is, too, some recognition that the change is actually taking place here and now, but the recognition certainly falls far short of the truth.

The real question for Socialists everywhere to face is how they can best accelerate

the transition.

Whilst there is general agreement between all sections of the Working Class movement that "things want mending," there is much of disagreement as to how the "mending" can be done.

On the one side we are urged to pin our faith to political action; on the other it is claimed that political action has failed, and the argument is set forth that in the field of industrial action alone lies the hope of the future.

There still remains the aspect of the case which pleads for recognition of the fact that political and industrial action are interdependent forces, one complementary of the other.

To rely solely on either is to lose balance and therefore effectiveness.

It is idle to try to determine beforehand as to which is the least or more important in any set of circumstance that have not yet arisen; they are two weapons placed at our disposal, but circumstances alone, as they arise, can really determine their proper use.

Just now, in consequence of the world wide "labor unrest," with its consequent strikes and lockouts, opinion in the movement shows a tendency to swing clean over to direct industrial action.

Political action, it is said, has failed us; many of those who still profess to believe in it give it a long way the second place in their speeches.

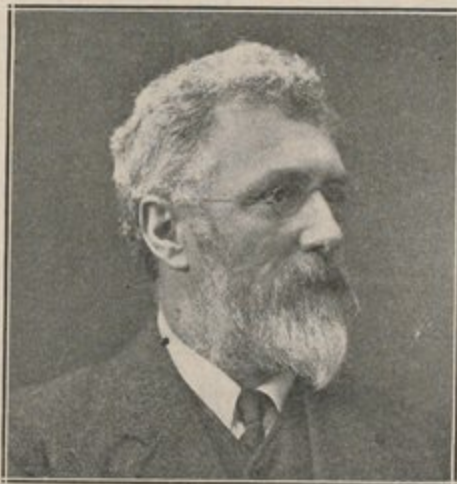
This attitude is, I think, an utterly mistaken one. Quite obviously the day of Socialist Political action has yet to come and it cannot logically be said to have failed before it has ever had a trial.

It is no argument to point to the failure of the British Labor party as a case in point.

In so far as the Labor Party have failed they have done so because they refused to base their actions on Socialist principles; they were warned by Socialists from the first that they were bound to fail unless they did that.

In speaking about the failure of political action the industrialist seems to miss the fact that a rise of money wages, of which much is being made at the present time by "direct actionists" as proof of the soundness of their methods, is to a very large extent usually counterbalanced by a speedy rise in prices.

The truth is that very little of permanent change for the better can be wrought in the conditions of life for the mass of the people, either by political or industrial action, so long as capitalism remains with us.



BY DAN IRVING
Burnley, England.

Large bodies of organized workers, such as the British Miners, have far higher money wages than they had some twenty years ago, yet it is their universal complaint that they "are no better off." Indeed many claim that they are worse off than they were when in receipt of the nominally lower wage.

Whilst agreeing that industrial action has its use, it is "The conquest of Political Power" that still holds the field as the main line of Socialist advance. Until we have achieved this "conquest" it is morally impossible to effect the transformation of present day capitalist competitive society into the Socialist Co-operative Commonwealth.

In this work industrial organization, whilst not neglecting to protect the interests of its members in the present, so far as is possible, against the attacks of the master class, is also called upon to play a far more important part than it has done hitherto.

Organized labor must in the near future take upon itself the political strike to enforce the passing of sound democratic legislation.

In all their battles with the employing class Trade Unionists have ever had the sympathy and practical help of the Socialist movement; would that as much could be said on the other side.

Unfortunately the workers, after forming powerful combinations to protect themselves against capitalist onslaughts in the industrial field, when election time comes round have proceeded with considerable enthusiasm to elect into place and power every landlord rent grabber and capitalist exploiter on whom they could lay

hands; the next kind of candidate seeming mostly in favor with the trade unionist is usually some deserter from Labor's cause, who is generally put forward as a "decoy duck" to "dish the Socialists."

Yet it is with such material that our industrialist friends hope to achieve the revolution which they contend we Socialists who look to political action have failed to bring to a successful issue.

By this political ineptitude the worker to a very large extent cripples even his industrial action. The workers must be brought to understand that the hostility they display to their master in the workshop, must be carried with them to the ballot box and they must determine on which side their political influence shall be cast. Until this is done there is little hope for them, or of them.

The Capitalist class have always shown that they understand to the full the value of political power, and how its possession determines at which end of the rifle or maxim gun you may find yourself in the little troubles that occasionally arise from strike or lock-out.

The workers in England have recently had practical demonstration as to which, under present circumstances, is their end.

Though they have had the vote for long they have not as yet found the way to use it to conquer real power, for which purpose alone is it of any use.

Until they do, their end of the gun will not be that end where one is bound to get the worst of the argument.

That Trades Union organization is helpful to the workers in times of industrial stress and storm need not be denied by anyone. Reflection however, should easily prove to the trade unionist that it is in the private ownership of the means of production that the root of his economic and social subjection is to be found.

That it is only the workers' communal ownership and democratic control for the purposes of public use instead of private gain that can ever set them free.

It is the duty of the workers, therefore, to organize both politically and industrially.

Really powerful and effective industrial organization demands the immediate elimination of the hundred and one unnecessary competing unions.

It demands the consolidation of labor's forces in large and strong combinations in order that they may back the political demand for complete emancipation by means of the Socialist state.

All else must give place to this.

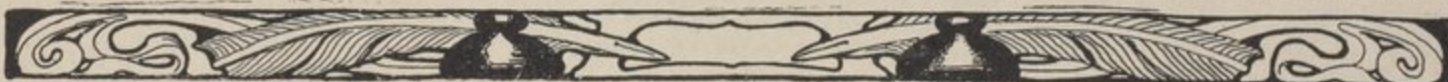
Capitalism owes allegiance to no country, and knows nothing of humanity.

The juggernaut car of profit rolls on, relentlessly crushing out the vitality and genius of the people, and knows nothing of remorse.

The result of it all being the sacrifice of honor, chivalry and honesty, and the physical and mental deterioration of the entire race.

Capitalism lives and thrives only on the ignorance and consequent apathy of the people.

All the same its death knell has sounded, and we Socialists are out to hasten its final extinction.





GERMINAL

By EMILE ZOLA

FIRST SELECTION

THE MINE

Edited by Albert Sonnichsen

Illustration by Robert Robinson

EDITOR'S NOTE

Like all great mass movements, Socialism has produced its classics in literature, in the field of imaginative writing. Some would place the novels of Charles Dickens first. Undoubtedly Dickens was the great champion of the working classes, but he was too much the artist, too emotional, to understand scientific theories. His books are pure art; they lack the keen edge of deep, trained thought.

Socialist thought has produced no greater work of art than Emile Zola's "Germinal." Few of us have had the chance to read it; first, because it, as well as all of Zola's novels, is excluded from many of our public libraries. Then, it has been unfortunately translated and published in English. Zola's love of truth led him to describe certain hideous details of life with the accuracy of a photographer. This tendency has been unscrupulously exploited by professional purveyors of the lewd.

As the title indicates, "Germinal" portrays the germination of the seed, the sprouting of the great idea, the industrial emancipation of the workers. It is a long, powerful story with the tragic romance of a workingman and a working girl interwoven. The five installments to follow will be selections from five different points in the progress of the story, a few of the most significant parts, enough to indicate its tremendous scope.

The setting is in the great coal mining regions, in the north of France, reaching up into Belgium, through the Charleroi Valley, to-day the center of the famous Co-operative movement and one of the firmest strongholds of Socialism. But Zola tells us what it was thirty years ago and indicates how the awakening came about.

ETIENNE approached the shaft of the Voreux. Suddenly, in front of him, a number of enormous yellow eyes glowed out of the gloom. They were the lights from the tower at the mouth of the shaft.

Four lanterns were set there and the reflections shone brightly upon the handspikes and the plane upon which the two cages slid. The rest remained in a strange light, filled with great floating shadows. The hoisting had just been resumed, and upon the iron flagging there was a continual din. The coal cars rolled by without ceasing. The moulineurs, whose long, bent forms were distinguishable in the midst of the confusion of all those black and noisy things, were running to and fro.

For an instant Etienne remained motionless, deafened, blinded. He was chilled with the currents of air coming in from outside. Then he stepped forward into the engine room. The shining steel and copper of the machinery attracted him. The engine was about twenty-five yards in front of the shaft, and set so firmly upon its brick foundation that although it ran at full speed, with all its 400 horse-power, there was no movement but that of the crank, which rose and fell with a well oiled smoothness without shaking the floor. The engineer stood at the throttle, listening for the signal, his eye never leaving the indicator. And at each departure, when the engine was again started, the drums, two great cylinders five yards in circumference, about the center of which steel cables wound and unwound in opposite directions, revolved with such rapidity that they looked like nothing more than a hazy cloud.

"Take care!" cried two miners who were dragging a huge ladder.

Etienne, becoming accustomed to the light, watched the cable moving in the air. More than thirty yards of steel ribbon went up swiftly into the tower, where it passed over the drums and then descended perpendicularly into the shaft, to be connected with the cages. An iron framework similar to the high frame of the tower, supported the drums. It was like the flight of birds, without noise, without collision, the movement swift, the continual going and coming of a cable of enormous weight, which would lift as much as twelve tons at the rate of ten yards a second.

"Great heavens, look out!" again cried the men who were dragging the ladder to the other side to examine the drum on the left.

Slowly Etienne returned to the superintendent's office. That gigantic flight above his head astounded him. And, shivering in the drafts of air, he watched the working of the cages, his ear drums cracked by the rolling of the cars.

Noiselessly, with the stealthy spring of a night animal, the iron cage came up out of the darkness, with its four compartments containing each two cars filled with coal, solidly secured by bolts. Moulineurs at different landings took out the cars and replaced them with others empty, or full of cut timber. The other cars were filled with workingmen, five in each. Whenever the compartments were full a voice shouted through the speaking trumpet, and a cord was pulled four times as a signal to those below. Then, with a slight jerk, the cage silently disappeared, dropping like a stone, leaving behind it only the trembling flight of the cable.

"Is it deep?" asked Etienne of a miner who was waiting near him with a sleepy air.

"Five hundred and forty-four yards," responded the man. "But there are four levels below; the first at 320."

Both turned their eyes to the cable, which was running up again. Etienne resumed:

"And what if that should break?"

"Ah! If it should!"

The miner finished the sentence with a shrug. His turn had arrived. The cage had reappeared with its easy, tireless movement.

For a half-hour the shaft swallowed them up in this manner, taking a new load of men, women and timber about every four minutes. Etienne, in the boiler shed, shivered at the thought of the cold night which he had passed. Suddenly he felt a hand placed upon his shoulder. It was Catherine.

"Come," said she. "They want some one in my father's crew. You are looking for a job, ain't you?"

At first he did not quite understand. Then he experienced a feeling of joy and vigorously pressed the hand of the young girl.

"Thanks, comrade. Ah, you are indeed a good fellow."

She laughed and looked at him in the red rays of

the fire which lit up his face. It amused her that he took her for a boy—dressed as she was in boy's clothes.

The cage, composed of bars of iron and a fine wire screen, was waiting for them. Maheu, Zacharie, Levaque and Catherine crawled into a car at the bottom, and as it should hold five, Etienne entered also. But the good places were taken, and he was obliged to crouch down close to the young girl, whose elbow stuck into his side. The loading continued above them, a mixed mass of humanity and lumber. It seemed to him so long that he lost all patience. At last a jerk shook them up and all became dark, the objects around him disappearing, while he experienced a strange sensation of falling.

"Now we're off," said Maheu, quietly.

Etienne asked himself each moment whether he was rising or falling. He was motionless, while the cage went straight down without touching the guides, and with sudden bumps, finally producing a shaking of the joists, which made him fear an accident. Meanwhile he could not distinguish the walls of the shaft beyond the grating against his face. The lamps scarcely lit up the people around him.

"This one is four yards in diameter," continued Maheu, instructing him. "The tubing ought to be repaired, for the water comes in on all sides. Hold on, we are arriving at a level—do you hear?"

Raising his lamp, he lit up the guides, which ran like a rail under a train at full speed, and beyond that they could see nothing. Three other galleries were passed in the twinkling of an eye.

"How dark it is," murmured Etienne.

The descent seemed to have lasted for hours. He was suffering from the uneasy position which he had taken, not daring to stir, especially on Catherine's side. She did not speak a word. He only felt her against him, warming him up. When the cage stopped at last at the bottom, at 540 yards, he was astonished to learn that the descent had lasted just one minute. But the sound of the bolts which were slipping in place and the feeling of solidity under him, suddenly cheered him up and made him so happy that he spoke familiarly to Catherine.

"What have you under your skin to be so warm? I have had your elbow in my side all the way."

Then she also made merry. He was stupid to still take her for a boy. He must be blind.

"I guess you've had it in your eyes—my elbow, I mean," responded she in the midst of a tempest of laughter, which surprised the young man, who could not see the point.

The cage was emptied. The workmen passed through the main opening of the gallery—a room in the rock, arched with masonry, where three great open lamps were burning. The loaders were actively rolling some full cars upon the iron flooring. A cave-like odor came from the walls. A smell of niter with warm breaths of air came from a neighboring stable. Four drifts were worked there, yawning and dark.

"Through here," said Maheu to Etienne. "You're not there yet. We've two good miles to go."

The workmen separated, disappearing in groups at the bottom of these dark holes. Fifteen men had just begun digging on the left, and Etienne walked behind Maheu, who was preceded by Catherine, Zacharie and Levaque. It was a good wagon road cut out through a layer of coal and from a rock so solid that it had only need to be partly walled. One after the other, in Indian file, they marched on and on, guided by the lamps. The young man hit against something

at each step, catching his feet in the rails. Each instant a dull noise made him uneasy, the distant sound of a shower of rain, the rush of which seemed to proceed from the bowels of the earth. Was that the thunder of the storm, sending down upon their heads the enormous mass which separated them from the surface of the earth? A light pierced the night. He felt the rock tremble, and when he ranged himself along the wall like his comrades, he saw pass before his face a great white horse harnessed to a train of cars. A boy of about fourteen years was seated on the first, holding the guides and driving, while another, his hands pressed against the back of the last car, was running in his bare feet.

Shortly after resuming their march Etienne severely bumped his head. Without the leather cap he would have cracked his skull. Neither Maheu nor any of the other workmen knocked themselves. They were obliged to know each projection, every knot in the timber or enlargement in the rock. The young man was also distressed by the slippery ground, which annoyed him more and more. Now and then he passed suddenly through some pools, which were only revealed to him by the fact that he found his feet sinking in the mud. He could not see them until he had stepped into them. But what annoyed him still more was the sudden changes in temperature. At the foot of the shaft it was very fresh, and in the wagon line through which passed all the air of the mine, there blew a cold wind whose force was like a gale. Then, as they passed into the other drifts, which received only their allotted portion of the air, the wind ceased, it grew hot, a choking heat, heavy as lead. For a quarter of an hour they had gone on and on through these narrow passages, and they were now entering into a more oven-like pit, blinding and melting.

Maheu no longer opened his mouth. He went into a drift, simply motioning to Etienne to follow him.

The sloping ceiling dropped so low as to be less than five feet high in some places, making it necessary to walk doubled up. The water came up to their ankles. They proceeded thus a couple of hundred yards when suddenly Etienne saw Levaque, Zacharie and Catherine disappear, as if they had been swallowed up in a small fissure opening before him.

"We must go up," said Maheu. "Hang your lamp on a peg and hold on to the wood."

He also disappeared. Etienne was compelled to follow him. This opening, less than two feet wide, ran up for six floors, altogether about 110 yards. Happily the young man was still slight, and he drew himself awkwardly up with difficulty. They flattened their shoulders and hips; their hands clinging to the timber, and pulled themselves upward with comparative ease of movement. At the end of about twenty-two yards they came upon the second floor, but they had to go on, the vein belonging to Maheu and his gang being at the sixth floor—"in hell," as they said.

Etienne soon felt stifled, as if the weight of the rocks rested upon him. His hands were scratched, his legs bruised, his skin worn away so much that he could feel the blood bursting out. Dimly in the path he perceived two doubled up beings, one small and one large, who were pushing the cars. But he must climb up to the highest part of the vein. The perspiration blinded him. He despaired of overtaking the others, whom he heard with agile limbs climbing the rocks with long strides.

"Courage—one more floor and we have arrived," said the voice of Catherine.

When they finally reached the top floor, Etienne, in turning around, found himself again pressed against Catherine. This time he noticed the rising roundness of her neck and shoulders, and he comprehended immediately the warmth which he had felt.

"Are you a girl?" murmured he in astonishment.

She responded with a gay air without blushing: "Yes, it's true. But it's taken you a long time to find it out."

The four diggers stretched themselves out one above the other on each ledge in front of the drift. Separated by the hanging floors which kept back the coal, each man occupied four yards of the vein, and that vein was so narrow, scarcely more than eighteen inches wide, that they seemed flattened out between the roof and the wall, dragging themselves along on their knees and elbows, unable to turn without bruising their shoulders. They were obliged to mine the coal lying upon their sides, with necks twisted, and arms raised in a slanting position, striking short blows with the pick.

Zacharie worked nearest the gallery. Over him was Cheval, then Levaque, and above all Maheu. Each with his pick removed the layer of slate found in the

vein. When they had finally loosened the stratum upon the bottom, they made two vertical notches and then detached the mass by driving an iron wedge into the upper part. The coal was rich, and it broke in pieces the length of their bodies. When these pieces, kept back by the board, were all heaped up, the diggers disappeared, seeming to wall themselves up in the seam thus detached.

Levaque, lying upon his back, was swearing. A falling stone had cut his left thumb, from which the blood was flowing. Cheval, overheated, had removed his shirt, and was now at work, naked to the waist. The perspiration, added to the fine coal dust which blackened them, ran in streams down their half naked bodies. Catherine and Etienne were filling the cars with the coal the four miners dug.

Each loaded car arrived at the top just as it set out from the drift, marked with a special character, so that the receiver could put it on the account of that section. Thus they were obliged to be very careful in filling it, only to take the good coal, or it would be rejected at the office.

The young man, whose eyes soon became habituated to the obscurity, watched the girl, so pallid with the taint of chlorosis, that he could not have told her age. She seemed not more than twelve years to him, she looked so frail. However, from her boyish liberty, she appeared older. Her naive boldness, which slightly embarrassed him, did not please him—she was too much of a boy. But what astonished him most was the strength of the child—a nervous but skilful strength. She filled her car more quickly than he, lifting her shovel with rapid regularity; then she pushed it as far as the inclined plane with a slow thrust, without impediment, passing at her ease under the lowest rocks. His car, on the other hand, became frequently derailed, and greatly perplexed him.

In truth it was not an easy road. It was over sixty yards from the drift to the inclined plane, and the road, which the repairers had not yet enlarged, was a mere passage-way, while the uneven ceiling was filled with projections of coal. At certain places which the filled cars passed through the pusher was obliged to shove the car by crouching down upon his knees to keep from splitting his skull, while at other points the timbers were bent and badly cracked. Care was necessary to avoid rubbing off the skin against projections, and owing to the heavy pressure from above pieces as large as a man's thigh frequently flew off, causing the workmen to lie flat, not knowing how soon they might be crushed.

"Again!" said Catherine laughingly.

Etienne's car had just gone off the rails in the most difficult passage. He had not yet learned to push straight upon those rails which had become twisted by the soft earth, and he swore, he flew into a passion, savagely fighting with the wheels, which in spite of the most severe efforts he could not replace.

"Wait now," said the young girl. "If you get mad it'll never go right."

Having placed a chock under the wheels of her own car, she adroitly crept by him, and with a slight lifting of the back raised the car onto the track. It weighed nearly three-quarters of a ton. He, surprised and shamed, stammered an excuse.

She was compelled to show him how to brace himself against the timbers on each side of the gallery, thus giving a solid means of support. The body should be bent, the arms stiff, in order to give the full strength to the muscles of the shoulders and thighs in pushing. During one trip he kept behind in order to observe her manner of working. With lower limbs bent and the hands low, she seemed to walk on four paws, like one of those dwarf beasts who travel in a circus. She perspired, panting for breath, cracking in all the joints, but without a murmur, with the indifference of habit, as if the common lot of all was to live thus bent up. But Etienne was in misery. His shoes annoyed him. He suffered from walking with his head bent down. At length this position became a torture, an intolerable agony, so painful that he fell on his knees for an instant, to hold up his head and breathe.

Then at the inclined plane came a new drudgery. She taught him to load his car quickly. Above and below that plane, which was used by all the drift from one story to the other, a boy was placed, the sender above, the receiver below. These rogues of twelve to fourteen years were always screaming, and to warn them it was necessary to shout still louder. When there was an empty car to go up, the receiver gave the signal, the sender loosened his brake, and the car, filled by the pusher, descended by gravity, bringing the empty car up. In the gallery below the trains which the

horses drew to the foot of the shaft were formed.

"Hello, there!" cried Catherine down the plane, which was lined with wood for about a hundred yards, her voice resounding like a speaking trumpet.

The boys must have lain down, for there was no response. At each story the wheeling of the cars was stopped. A shrill, girlish voice called out. "I bet that's Mouquette."

Mocking laughs broke out.

"Who's that?" asked Etienne. Catherine told him it was little Lydic, a child who was very wise for her age and wheeled her car as well as any woman in spite of her doll-like arms.

Happily, it was ten o'clock, and the workmen decided to lunch.

"Why don't you eat?" asked Catherine, with her mouth full and a sandwich in her hand.

Then she remembered Etienne wandering about in the darkness, without a sou or a morsel of bread.

"Won't you share with me?"

And when he refused, swearing he was not hungry, his voice trembling with the cravings of his stomach, she said gayly:

"Ah! so you're disgusted! But, hold on! I've only bit into that side; I'll give you the other part."

She had already broken the slices in two. The young man took his half, controlling himself, so as not to devour it in one mouthful; and he placed his hands upon his hips, so that she could not see them tremble. With her tranquil air of *bon camarade* she had thrown herself down beside him, flat on her stomach, her chin in one hand, slowly eating from the other. Their lamps between them lit them up.

Catherine regarded him a moment in silence. She began to think him handsome, with his fine features and black mustache; she smiled.

"So you're a machinist, and they've sent you away from your shops. . . . Why?"

"Because I slapped my boss."

She was amazed; her inherited ideas of subordination and passive obedience were upset.

"I must own up I was drunk," continued he, "and when I drink it makes me crazy; why, I'd eat myself and everybody else. . . . I can't take two little glasses without wanting to fight. . . . And I was sick for two days."

"You mustn't drink," said she, seriously.

"Ah! don't be afraid; I know myself."

And he shook his head, he had a hatred of rum, the hatred of the last child of a race of drunkards, whose nature suffered all that burning thirst produced by alcohol, knowing that the least drop was, for him, a poison.

"Won't you have a drink?" asked Catherine, who was holding her pail to her lips. "Oh, it's coffee—that'll do you no harm. You'll choke without something to wash down the bread."

But he refused. It was bad enough for him to have taken half her bread. However, she insisted in a good-natured way, saying:

"Well, I'll drink before you if you're so polite. . . . Only it would be mean for you to refuse any longer."

She tendered him the pail, kneeling down before him, lit up by the yellow rays of the two lamps. Why had he thought her ugly? Now that she was black, her face covered with coal dust, she seemed to have a singular charm to him. In the half-gloom the teeth in her large mouth were of dazzling whiteness. Her eyes grew larger, shining with a greenish reflection like the eyes of a cat. A mass of auburn hair which had escaped from its fastening delighted him and he laughed quietly. She no longer appeared so young. She was at least fourteen.

"To please you," said he, drinking and returning the pail.

For some time Cheval had been watching them from a distance; then assuring himself that Maheu was not looking, he came forward, and seizing Catherine by the shoulders, he turned back her head to cover her mouth with a brutal kiss, tranquilly affecting not to have seen Etienne. In that kiss there was a taking possession—a sort of jealous decision.

But the young girl was disgusted.

"Leave me alone, will you!"

He held up her head, looking straight into her eyes. His red mustache and beard partially covered his black face, while his big nose stood out like the beak of an eagle. At last he loosened her, and went off without a word.

Said Etienne in a low voice: "That's your lover."

"No, I swear to you," cried she. "There's nothing between us. Sometimes he wants to fool. . . . Be-

(Continued on Page 18.)



INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM



FAVOR industrial unionism as distinguished from craft unionism. Please observe, I do not say "I favor industrial unionism as against craft unionism." There is a difference.

By a craft union I mean one which organizes men on the basis of the kind of work they do, without reference to the establishments in which they are employed, or the capitalist interests by whom they are employed. By an industrial union I mean one which seeks to bring together into one body all who are employed in the same kind of establishments, all who are employed by the same set of capitalists.

In most cases industrial organization does not necessarily supersede craft organization. It is often practicable and desirable to keep up the craft organization within or side by side with the industrial organization.

Why do I favor this? Because I see it coming. Because it has to come. "It is a condition and not a theory that confronts us."

In early days the employers were to a great extent divided on craft lines, pretty much the same as were the wage-workers. There were master spinners who employed journeymen spinners to make yarn, which they sold to master weavers, who employed journeymen weavers to make it into cloth, which they sold to master dyers, who employed journeymen dyers, and so forth. This is changing. Instead of master spinners, master weavers, master dyers, and so forth, all separate interests, we tend to have one set of textile capitalists who control all the processes from the purchasing of the raw cotton or wool to the selling of the finished cloth, and who jointly employ all kinds of textile workers. The same thing is happening in other industries.

Since wage-workers have to fight employers over wages, hours and conditions, and since several sets of craft employers have become merged into one set of

capitalists for the whole industry, it follows that the workers of all crafts in that industry must organize to fight unitedly, or else they will be beaten separately. And they are doing it.

The existing movement of Organized Labor in the United States (largely but not completely included in the American Federation of Labor) is an essentially vital movement, capable of improving its forms of organization and methods of action, and rendering in the future, as it has in the past, invaluable service to the wage-working class.

Within this body for several years we observe a tendency to adapt the forms of organization to the increasing complexity and centralization of capitalist management and control. Many of the national unions have comically long names. What do they signify? They record the fact that the present union has been formed by the amalgamation of a number of older unions organized on narrow craft lines. In other cases a like purpose is observed by federating the unions instead of merging them.

These practices, suggested by experience, started before the phrase "industrial unionism" was invented. The credit belongs to the trade unionists themselves.

In many cases we theorists may think the process has not gone far enough or fast enough. We may be right. But, after all, only the men actually working in a given industry can decide when the time is ripe for merging their separate craft unions into one union covering the industry.

In practice, the question is a complicated one. Special conditions in each industry impose special requirements. To try to impose a uniform rule would be like trying to use the same machine for setting type, weaving cloth, and digging coal.

Along with this process of amalgamation and federa-

tion we observe an even greater alertness of the workers in all trades to the general interests of the working class, a greater alacrity in each part to help any other part that needs help. Craft consciousness is gradually growing into class consciousness.

Again, many unions are learning that their activity may be extended far beyond their original functions of raising wages, reducing hours, and relieving unfortunate members. To an ever greater extent the unions are taking cognizance of questions of public health, public education, civil rights and political equality. They may be doing this slowly, timidly, confusedly. But they are keeping at it.

In the process they are being led, partly by our Socialist propaganda, but still more by the logic of events, toward that stage in proletarian development where the terms "union man" and "Socialist" become practically synonymous; where the working-class Socialists belong to the unions as a matter of course and the union members vote the Socialist ticket as a matter of course.

Two fallacies have introduced much confusion and inanity into the discussion of this subject. The one is the failure to understand that the labor union, just as well as the factory, the trust, the municipality, the state, or the political party, is a necessary outcome of given historic conditions. The other is the positive aspect of this negative error. It is the tendency to overestimate the importance, for good or ill, of individual leaders—to imagine that the foolish or corrupt leader is the cause of the imperfections of the union, and that wise and honest leaders could create a perfect organization, if only the silly workingmen would give them the chance. These errors lead to much futile discussion of what unions *ought* to be, instead of a fruitful consideration of what they *are* and what they are *becoming*; and also to much personal denunciation, partly just and partly unjust, but almost always worse than futile.

I have enough faith in the proletariat to believe that it is settling these questions about as rapidly as possible, and that captious criticism from the outside is more likely to retard than to hasten the process.



HISTORIC PHILADELPHIA

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PHILADELPHIA is one of the oldest cities in the United States, and with old age has come its accustomed infirmities. William Penn founded it, but that fact should not be used against William; he could not see what was forthcoming. He never knew Quay or Penrose, not even Pennypacker.

Penn treated with the Indians; the present inhabitants will treat with anyone who has the price.

A Philadelphia in Asia Minor never became popular because of earthquake disturbances. A political earthquake has given advance notice of its coming, and some day Philadelphia, Pa., will be in the throes of a great upheaval. Heaven hasten the day!

Another town now occupies the site of the old Philadelphia and so will grow a mightier, more progressive, cleaner city when the people take possession of Philadelphia, Pa., and just as the older city fell into decay before its re-establishment, the present Philadelphia has about reached the limit of its corruption.

It is sarcastically known as "The City of Brotherly Love," though all men are not brothers there or elsewhere, nor have they ever been.

Philadelphia has 600 churches, but sin and vice flourish. There are 350 school buildings and the city needs them. Until quite recently its people possessed antiquated ideals and mummified methods, living in old houses with white wooden shutters, etc.

Too many of its "best people" inherited great wealth from their ancestors who earned it not, but quietly and unscrupulously extracted their dollars from unsophisticated tenants through exorbitant rents.

It is the home of *The North American*, Pennsylvania's greatest newspaper, which, like the prodigal son of old, roams all over the universe, also *The Saturday*

By
JAMES W. BABCOCK

This article was written to order for a capitalist magazine. Read it and you will know why it was rejected. It is a realistic description not only of the growth of Philadelphia, but of every large city in America.

Evening Post, which Benjamin Franklin found and lost, a powerful weekly magazine with an immense circulation.

The City Building, said to be the largest building in the United States, is constructed of white marble and granite, costing \$20,000,000. William Penn, in statue, endeavors to keep an eye upon the building and occupants, but what can one man do?

Fairmount, one of the largest public parks in the world, with an area of 3,000 acres, is still there; no one has taken it. In Philadelphia are also located the old and new mints, worthy of historic mention. It is not strange that making money is the chief ambition of Philadelphians as well as some others at large in the U. S. of A.

Philadelphia is noted for its skyscrapers—the farther up you go the cheaper the land becomes; also its grafters, boodlers, parasites and politicians. Yes, there are a few honest lawyers there, but no one knows why.

Stephen Girard helped to give Philadelphia its name.

So, likewise, did old Matt Quay, Jim McNichol and Boies Penrose.

Three hundred thousand people are employed in the twenty thousand manufacturing establishments producing goods to the value of \$600,000,000 a year—but don't get it all. Verily not! They build sailing craft and locomotives, consequently one is not actually forced to take up a permanent residence and the great wonder is that so many have remained.

It costs thirty millions annually to run the city. Many people imagine they could do it for less. It's hardly worth the money.

The Declaration of Independence was adopted there July 4, 1776. The Liberty Bell proclaimed the good tidings—but it is badly cracked and silent now. Independence is an aged illusion and a Judgment Day hope of the masses in Philadelphia, and elsewhere.

The White House was first located here, but some of the heavyweights who occupied it temporarily required more room, and it was moved. The present location—Washington, D. C.—has never been referred to as Spotless Town.

Philadelphia is the third city in the United States in population and easily the first in corruption, political chicanery and trickery; a city where twenty thousand dead men vote and ballot boxes disappear surreptitiously; a city where the people own the water system and private corporations own the gas and fuel; a city where the streets are public property, but the street car lines are not; a city which is destined to be bigger and better because the people are awakening to their best interests.

Here's to Philadelphia, an old town; may it speedily be born anew.



EDUCATION AND THE SYSTEM

Written for THE MASSES PUB. CO.



WHAT is being done to your child?

Have you any idea?

You have waited until he was six or seven, when you have casually remarked, "Well, I suppose it is time to put Johnnie in school." If you have not made sufficient haste about it, a truant officer has come around, reminded you of your duty as a parent and citizen, and

maybe quoted the law. A school was found forthwith; a private one if you were rich enough, public otherwise.

And Johnnie starts. His mother has a few sentimental regrets about his losing his baby ways, his father some fond hopes toward the making of a man of him, and Johnnie untold delight in his first primer and the opportunity to ape bigger boys of his acquaintance.

Soon reports begin coming in. You look at them with pride when they are good, or suggest his resemblance to some unpopular member of the family when they are bad. In the latter case you may attempt to help him with lessons.

After a year Johnnie can read a little, knows a few number combinations, can spell a few words, and write a stiff and painful hand at the cost of much control and muscular effort. The progress he makes seems marvelous to you. Education has changed since you were small. Your pride in the American school system swells, and if you are a patriotic person, becomes mixed with your patriotism. If you are sufficiently enlightened to see big faults in other American institutions, it swells just the same. For few people go farther than to trust the development of their children's minds to the nearest person and institution that sets up to do it professionally—and to wonder at the result.

Teachers and others in the educational movement are held by the laity in the same superstitious regard and confidence as doctors, and looked upon when it comes to a decision in a child's destiny, with the same awe as was formerly given to preachers in the spiritual affairs of adults.

And it must be said for the teaching profession, that in so far as its members are not in the clutch of the system, they are a conscientious lot. It would take genius—not one genius, but many—to eliminate the evils of the system. And genius is not attracted toward education in the present low state of the professional salary. The average wage in the United States is sixty-three dollars and thirty-nine cents per month for men, and fifty dollars and eight cents for women. One cannot expect any more of a sixty-three-dollar teacher than of a sixty-three-dollar editor or a sixty-three-dollar man in any other line of work.

But it is the system which I have started out to lambaste, especially the system in elementary education, in the hope of arousing some thought and discussion among parents who have taken the whole arrangement for granted.

The most obvious evil results from the large numbers in which children are handled in the schools. No doctor would think of putting all his tuberculosis patients in one class, his Bright's disease patients in another class, his appendicitis patients in another, and treating them *en masse*. Each case has its own complications. No lawyer would handle all his divorce cases together or take care of his damage suits *ensemble*. But child minds, each one of them different from any of the others, are by common consent treated in the wholesale fashion of from forty to sixty at one time under one instructor. It is strange after eight

By

ROSE JOHNSTON

years or more, six hours a day, five days in the week at the most malleable period of life, children do not come out of this process of standardization as much alike as pigs of iron, or screws, or any other of the multitudinous products of this mechanical age.

Have you ever seen a list of qualifications for primary teaching? You would expect one of the first questions might be, "Do you understand children?" But there is seldom mention of this important matter. It is never considered an important asset to a teacher's skillfulness. In no other trade can an applicant get or hold a job without showing knowledge of the material with which he is to work.

Many other things are inquired into. It is asked whether the person expecting to teach has studied this phase of psychology or that branch of pedagogy. All of this is very necessary and good, but it might be compared to instructing the inhabitants of another planet on the manufacture of shoes without telling them that these absurd articles of apparel are made of leather and are used to cover the human foot.

It is also asked whether the person is good in "discipline," or to use the more refined and newer word, "control." This means can the lady make her small atoms behave automatically and in unison like filings under a magnet. Happy is the teacher who can say "yes" to this.

You might think, too, that motherhood would naturally add to a teacher's value. But do the good boards of education ask, "Have you children of your own?" No, indeed! Far be it from them to cast reflection on any lady's reputation. For most boards make it an ironclad rule to neither engage nor continue to employ any married woman. In this way they blindly cut off the great mass of women teachers from the one experience which would most humanize them and bring them into close touch with child nature. It seems quite certain that the continuous pedagogic point of view is at present prohibitive of a mere teacher's acquiring any such intimate knowledge.

A human being is probably more excited about his human experiences in the years between five and ten than he is at any other time in his life. Everywhere he turns there is something new. He is filled with myriads of desires and impulses which he never tries to put into words. And he asks as many questions as he can about everything of any older person who can be found patient enough to answer them. He must see and touch, hear and handle, everything. A new world is all around him. He becomes an elastic receptacle for all the facts and impressions which crowd in on him. Besides, he wants to make everything or at least to find out how it is made.

It is these small creatures throbbing through every sense to see, to hear, to know, who are taken sixty in a group and set down to doing tasks which keep them in one spot from four to six hours each day, five days in the week. The environment is barren, monotonous and unchanging. The only adult is too busy to think about any one of them. They are constantly using their eyes in ways for which their undeveloped vision is not ready. Their hands are employed making small movements which require control of smaller muscles of arms and are neither natural or wholesome in a little child. They have long periods of enforced physical inactivity very obviously harmful. Any impulse toward expression of these beings, whose every moment is filled with such, is promptly suppressed by that same busy adult who must write a certain number of words and numbers on their brains if she is to be known as a successful teacher.

To accomplish this in a minimum amount of time she has gone through an elaborate course of training, wonderful to contemplate. She has learned many tricks. In fact, she can be a full pedagogical vaudeville show all in herself. To keep her baby audiences interested and continually at its tasks, she performs constantly. She has learned much child psychology. Part of this she uses as a tool to force her classes. Part she finds hopelessly human and humane, and impossible of application in her situation. This latter she discards—seldom with any qualms—after the first few months of teaching.

It is these tricks, this pedagogical knowledge, ground out by modern educational experiment, which blind the eyes of the laity and make it all seem so wonderful.

And it is wonderful. Thank God, in the last century we have got away from teaching spelling with a ferule on the open hand and sums with the hickory rod. It is a great deal accomplished that children are made to like it fairly well. And that there is an increasing tendency to allow more and more hand training and sense training and story telling to make it all seem endurable.

Some of these faults could easily be righted by increasing the working force, and changing the standard and enlarging the requirements for teachers, and adjusting the salaries.

There is one thing, however, which cannot now be changed, and to which the remainder of this article will be devoted.

It is useless to force a child beyond his psychological development. Every educator recognizes this. When we have become more enlightened in matters of child culture, we shall understand also that it is just as foolish to force him beyond his intellectual needs and interests.

The child of six is not sufficiently interested in reading or writing to bring the necessary concentration into his attempts to accomplish either. Continuous effort is made only under constraint from without. A child beginning at nine learns quickly and eagerly. He reads with interest and rapture all the stories and lore he can lay hands on. And on this point—every teacher of small children who has tried to teach an unschooled nine-year-old child of ordinary intelligence and coming from favorable environment has found it easily caught up with children of the same class who started at six. In fact, such children usually outstrip those who have been put through the usual grind. This is because they bring fresh interest and real need to the task, instead of minds warped and stultified by training not suited to them. I personally know of two children of ordinary families, neither of them at all precocious, who started to school, one at twelve, the other at thirteen. One of them could not write, could spell very little, and knew neither addition nor multiplication tables. These children were ready for Vassar and Barnard respectively at eighteen, and now are both principals of schools in New York, where they put other children through the system they escaped.

There are many children who, because of poor health or through the possession of understanding parents, escape the truant officer for several years and are not one whit behind other children of their age after three years or so in school. Of course, these things happen mostly in the flexible and more sympathetic arrangements of the private school.

It is common knowledge among thoughtful teachers of young children, that we spend six years doing dully what could be done with joy and enthusiasm in three.

Is there not something wrong in a system which wastes three years out of every child life?

There is a general but only semi-conscious feeling growing among the upper middle class against children's being sent to school too early. Doctors—a class



of expert persons whose word is very often acted upon—are advising against it.

Much too often, however, I hear some such formula as this: "I don't wish to push little Dorothy. She is a nervous child." There are so many nervous children in The System. "The doctor said to take her out, but we are anxious about her education and hate so to do it."

Of course, in the public school there is something in this. When a backward child does begin, he is in a class with others of six, to the discomfiture of his teacher, who likes to have them all come out at the same age, at the same point of development, so they can all be treated together. It is easier that way. For the diet arranged for stuffing the baby of six is not sufficient food for the older child; and there are two alternatives—either the necessity of urging him along, a difficult thing to do, or having him in a condition of boredom part of the time, which soon gives way to lack of attention and interest at any time. For this reason, in the large classes of the public school it seems actually better to outrage the child by sending him too soon than to leave him to the chance of finding his place in starting him later.

For one hundred and fifty years reform in dealing with young children has been the dream of idealists in the educational movements. It started with Froebel and Pestalozzi, whose names are still bywords

in every training school. There has been a gradual humanizing of method and development of skill in the teaching business. But we are up against a rock. This rock is economic necessity.

So long as the workers are underpaid, the children of the workers must go into industry as soon as possible to lighten the burden of life.

Ask any workingman whether he prefers to have his boy or girl at work or in school. He will say every time, in school if it were possible. Yet the majority of children leave school at fourteen—earlier if they can escape the law. Many of them, because of poor food, poor housing, lack of decent human experiences or other exigencies, the direct result of our capitalistic regime, have not passed the fifth grade. Most public schools on the east side, for instance, have no seventh or eighth grades. There are so few pupils who progress this far that only here and there are those grades needed.

The employers of children demand that they shall not be illiterate. So the business of teaching them to read and write and do small sums must be begun at the earliest moment when such accomplishments can be driven into them.

For this reason, any attempt to change the present state of things is futile. Here and there in the last few years there have been heroic attempts made by large-minded persons in the founding of model

schools and the introduction of an enlightened curriculum. These attempts may be compared to the snow-ball-in-hell proposition. Their influence melts away beyond a very small radius.

Any change must be general. In the constant interchange of pupils and teachers, school is linked with school, city with city, private institution with public. Uniformity of general arrangement is a necessity.

And no far-reaching reform is possible until the abolition of child labor. By this I mean doing away with the economic employment of any adolescent person.

This brings us to nothing short of the establishment of Socialism.

When conditions of working and living for adults become sufficiently decent, the child can come into his birthright. First, he must be allowed to grow strong and healthy, and exercise his natural acquisitive and creative powers with sympathetic guidance, either socialized or in the home, for the first nine or ten years of his life. Then he must be free for the next ten years to start such acquaintance with the life of the past and the culture of the world as will make his own life rich and beautiful to him. And then he must have a few years more in which to find his economic place.

It is only when we have some such fair chance given to each child that the educator can hope for the perfection of his art.

ROSE JOHNSTON.



LAW AND ORDER

By R. S. BOURNE



Written for THE MASSES PUB. Co.



NO incident of recent years has served to bring out so much crude thinking among supposedly educated men as the now happily-ended McNamara case. A wave of hysterical passion for "law and order" seems suddenly to have swept over the land, a passion which one would like to believe is entirely sincere and ready to carry itself through to logical conclusions.

It looks a little too much like a sudden scare, a purely physical timidity on the part of the comfortable classes, to be quite convincing. The gallant and well-worn phrase, "law and order," has been worked overtime to conceal a very real fear on the part of the dominant classes for their lives and property.

The "law and order" which they reverence is one in which society minds its own business as far as they are concerned, and attends with drastic severity to any violent interference with their peaceful rule of things. Now "law and order" is a very admirable ideal. It is the highest ideal for a society with the exception of one—and that is, justice. The neglect of this important fact has made it very difficult to secure any impartial discussion on the question. Those who have insisted on analyzing the concept of "law and order" and have kept before their minds the ideal of justice, have been instantly denounced as defenders of dynamiting, champions of murder, and enemies of the human race.

Now, it is one thing to defend a deed; it is another to explain it. Because Socialists have kept their heads and tried to explain this remarkable and unprecedented incident, they have had to face a torrent of abuse and vilification which in too many cases has caused an ignominious retreat of Socialist thinkers to cover and a surrender of their logical position. This position is not one of defense or indictment; it is a coldly scientific one of explanation. And the fact that in this overheated atmosphere of prejudice and recrimination, there is a set of principles and a body of facts which will give that scientific explanation, speaks volumes for the truth, accuracy and wisdom of the Socialist philosophy.

Socialists see in the dynamiting incident a symptom of the class-struggle, and in this they are absolutely right. The violence of the labor-unions is simply a pawn in the great game they are waging against the employers' organizations. and the retaliations of the

Editor *Columbia Monthly*

employers are as ruthless, though not perhaps so sensational. It is a real state of war, little as our God-fearing citizens like to acknowledge it. To be sure, the unions are not actuated by any motives of sympathy for the working-class as a whole. They are out simply for the aggrandizement of their own interests. They are the cleverest, most aggressive and most determined portion of the working class, just as the big employers they fight are the most intelligent and aggressive of the capitalistic class.

It is inevitable that the unions should adopt the same methods of organization as do the industrial corporations; that graft and corruption and lobbying should permeate their organization just as it does "big business." We can best understand the situation by picturing the labor unions and the corporations as the respective advance guards of two hostile armies. Their contact represents the point where the smoldering hostility breaks out into open warfare. The rest of the army we can see straggling back in the rear; on one side, the unorganized workers, the unskilled laborers, clerks, etc.; on the other, small merchants, salaried officers and professional men. But the essential, never-closing gulf remains, based on different economies of life, on absolutely opposed interests—a gulf that will never be filled up, except in one way, and that is, of course, Socialism.

This idea of industrial war and the open conflict of a submerged and eternal class-hostility is no mere figure of speech. It is the only sane interpretation of this complex situation. Thy dynamiting, just as the strikes and riots, is a social phenomenon, not an individual. To speak of murder in this connection is irrelevant. Murder is the wilful taking of the life of a definite individual or individuals. Malice is a necessary accompaniment to murder. The dynamiting was, we will admit, a reckless and absurd attempt to further the material interests of the labor unions, but its intent was this ultimate political end, not the taking of the life of individuals, any more than the death of the employees in a badly ventilated mine can be called murder. Indeed, both deeds—the blowing up of the men in Los Angeles, and the mine explosion in Tennessee—are similar in character. Neither expresses malice, but both express a cynical and ruthless disregard for human life, a "class-carelessness," rather than an individual carelessness. It does little good to hold the individual responsible. Punishing the individual does not change the class ethics and the class practices. You have to change the class attitudes

towards each other. And here again, of course, the Socialists have the solution. Abolish this hostile attitude of classes towards each other by abolishing the class-struggle. Abolish class-struggle by abolishing classes. Abolish classes by merging the classes into one.

The part of the government in this case seems perhaps the most unjust of all. We have seen that the labor union system and the corporation system are, to all intents and purposes, each a State revolving in the larger State. Each has its political organization and its control over its members which are the characteristics of a State. These two States are the antagonists in the industrial war. Now the crucial question is, what shall be the position of the governmental State in this struggle? It can throw its governmental machinery of courts and law on the side of the corporations, or on the side of the labor unions, or it can remain neutral and let the contestants fight it out.

Of course, every one recognizes that in actual practice our governmental system is at the disposal of the corporation class. The common law, injunctions, and the entire machinery of the courts is set in motion against the offences perpetrated by the labor unions against the corporations, and but seldom, and that unsystematically, against corporations for their wrongs to labor. Now it is manifest that this is as unfair as it would be for the governmental machinery to be turned over exclusively to the labor unions. And the third alternative—that the State remain neutral—while theoretically fair, would, of course, result in intolerable anarchy, and besides would abrogate the State's claim to authority as the political expression of the whole people. The only thing left then is that the State become either the arbitrator between the two sides (a function for which it is badly fitted), or that it should become progressively Socialistic and devote all its efforts to the abolition of the class-war.

Thus we see that all the morals of this incident of the McNamaras lead to Socialism. It is imperative that college men should think clearly on this subject and not let themselves be carried away by traditional phrases which they have never stopped to analyze. We have a new situation to interpret, and we must think of it in new terms. The Socialist philosophy gives the only intelligible analysis and interpretation of this, as of so many other situations. Without it, one has only confusions and absurdities of thought.

[The foregoing article was written for the *Political Action number of THE MASSES*, but was unavoidably crowded out. It is so good, however, that space is given it in the current issue.—Ed.]



HAIL TO THE NEW PROFESSION

By RUFUS W. WEEKS

Written for THE MASSES PUB. Co.

Illustrated by Braverman



OUR fathers held in high honor the three great professions. In the Clergy they saw holy men who knew all about the next world, and who told the people with authority what they had to believe and how they had to behave in this world that they might escape Hell and win Heaven. In the Lawyers they saw able men who were busy in getting justice done. The

Doctors were those skilful benefactors who cured the sick.

In our time there has come a great change. We have found out the Clergy; we have discovered that they know nothing about the next world and less than nothing about this; and that the governing anxiety of the average minister is the same, and must be the same as that of everybody else—how to keep his job, or how to get a better one; and, saddest of all discoveries, we perceive that most of them have no passion for bringing about justice in human affairs.

We have found out the Lawyers; we know that they have no sincere respect for the law, and less than none for justice. We have found out, too, that those Lawyers who, by one means or another, get to be our law-makers, are no more straightforward than the others—no more learned in the true ends of law; and that even those who find their way to the Bench are little more worthy of true respect. In these days, if all those who cherish contempt of court had to pay fines, there would be no need of taxes!

[After writing this about the judges I began to wonder whether it was too severe, but that very day, in glancing over an editorial in the *New York Times*, my eye fell on a grateful quotation from a late decision of the United States Supreme Court, in these words: "The law does not attempt to equalize fortune, opportunities or abilities." Now, since justice is precisely the equalizing of opportunities—the square deal, the even chance all round—it is plain that if the

Supreme Court reveres the law, it cares nothing for justice; and if it reverences justice, it cannot respect the law. Their Honors may take either horn of the dilemma: either leaves them half as bad as the generality of their profession.]

Among both the Clergy and Lawyers there are noble exceptions, who shine out all the brighter by reason of the small respect felt by the people in these days for the rest. For the Clergy and Lawyers have certainly fallen from their high estate in the people's minds.

The Doctors have fared better. It is true that pity has replaced respect for a large number of the Doctors—those who have become sycophants, of the rich; but, on the other hand, we recognize that the Doctors of to-day know what they are about in their medical practice much better than did those of our fathers' times. With them science has largely taken the place of tradition and they often get the results they are aiming at. The medical profession is also developing a social conscience; it is beginning to propose and to carry out great measures for stamping out the causes of disease, and the younger and more human of the Doctors see a wider and wider horizon of beneficent power opening before their profession as the saviors of the masses. Their program, as it is dimly establishing itself in their minds, is not unlike the Socialist thought, and it has the great merit of making an immediate and irresistible appeal to the working class, which the Socialist thought does not. On the whole, then, the medical profession has not fallen from its place of honor in the people's minds.

At the Child's Welfare Exhibition, held in a great armory in New York last winter, that which struck me most vividly was not the array of exhibits, nor the amazingly vast crowds, but the group of special people who gathered at the conferences—the men and women who had invented the exhibition and brought it into being, and those who had rallied round these founders. They were such persons as Jane Addams, Florence Kelley, Robert Bruere, Edward Devine, Dr. Josephine Baker, and scores of others like these. A new light came to me; I said to myself: these people are the coming power. Not the self-sufficient magnates of Wall Street or of Washington; not the ardent

agitators of the soap-box or the platform; but these quiet, steady workers who are learning a new kind of work and doing it; who are gaining every day more and more the solid confidence of the people; they are to be our rulers in the next few years. Into the hands of such men and women the people are going to commit the affairs of the cities, and later on, the great affairs of the country. The new profession has as yet no name. We might call these special people who are busy in their several ways our Social Experts. Most of them have received their earlier training and gained their outlook in the social settlements, from which they graduated convinced that the settlement is no remedy; that its chief use, in the broad social sense, is to teach its own inefficacy. They are now making social surveys and explorations for the Sage Foundation; or carrying on Playground Associations, Child Labor propaganda, Child Hygiene Work for the Boards of Education; a hundred different lines in which a socially minded person can make a living at social work.

Socialist city administrations will have to lean hard on these social experts; indeed, it is likely that one of the most useful functions of the Socialist municipal management will be to bring the social experts to the front, to encourage them, and to stimulate more of our brightest and best youth to take up the new profession.

And the masses in all our cities, the workers who are too smart to put faith in the Socialist "dream," would they not show themselves smarter yet if they were to stop and think about the things close at hand; if they were to say to themselves: "These dreamers act like men of good sense as well as men of good will when they get the job of running a city. Let us try them; let us put them in at the next election in our own city, and then watch them call in the social experts to take care of the health of our children; to make new parks and playgrounds; to keep the streets in our section of the city as clean and sweet as those in the 'better quarters'; to enforce the tenement laws against our landlords and to propose stronger tenement laws. Let us give the Socialists a chance to make good?"

SENSATIONALISM

By NORMAN TALCOTT

I HAVE just been reading the article on Sensationalism, which tells of a communication from a friend expressing the opinion that your magazine appealed too much to the "cultured," and recommending that it be gotten down to the level of the more ignorant.

That is the biggest mistake that I have heard of yet. I think that you are doing just the right thing, and that you would do well to keep it up.

Socialism must always appeal to men of intelligence, and it requires considerable intelligence to understand Socialism. If we ever have Socialism it must come mainly through intelligent people.

With cheap, sensational matter which simply serves to enrage the ignorant, who suffer under the economic system known as capitalism, against the individual capitalist, you could bring about a revolution all right, if that is what you are after. But you would not be much better off after you had had your revolution. You would simply have aroused the blood lust in the

breasts of millions of men and brought about the death of hundreds of thousands of other men. Then you would be ready to sink back into the morass of an empire as did the French after their revolution. Such propaganda as certain Socialist publications are printing, serves the cause of real freedom about as the "sic 'em" of a man serves the welfare of a couple of dogs. It is one thing to teach Socialism. It is another to teach the ignorant hatred of the man who has a few dollars and a little more education. The rank and file of the Socialists I have met in the East are quite intelligent enough to read *THE MASSES*. Indeed, so far as my experience goes, the average of intelligence and culture (in the real sense) among the Socialists is higher than that among members of any other party.

The Socialist seeker after truth gets his education

while getting his knowledge of Socialism. The Socialists, for the most part, in this country, are doing more than teaching the people Socialism. They are educating them to a point where they will be intelligent enough to administer the country under Socialism.

I have no patience with those Socialists who seek merely to stir up the wrath of the many.

The Socialist with a proper knowledge of his own school of thought knows that the present system is not the result of the iniquity of individual capitalists, but is merely a stage in the economic evolution of the world. And he knows that the capitalist is just as much a victim of the system as is the wage-worker. Therefore he has no animosity against the capitalist. He seeks not revenge, but the inauguration of a new and better system.

I think that you are getting out just about the right sort of a magazine and hope that you will continue along the same lines.



FACTS AND INTERPRETATIONS



BEGGARS PRO AND CON By ONE OF THEM

YOU and I are both familiar with the sign "Beggars Not Allowed"; the only difference in our acquaintance with it is that you have most probably viewed it from the pleasant warm inside of the window, while I have viewed it from the chilly outside.

Beyond a doubt, we agree that beggars should not be allowed; I don't like to beg any more than you like to have me beg. It is almost incredible that in a society such as ours, which is supplied abundantly with the means for satisfying every human need, any person should be so far deprived of these means as to necessitate cringing before another for a crust. And though the abject poverty which beggary proves is outrageous, it is not as hard to bear as the cringing.

Before I became a beggar, when I was still young and strong, I used to think that my class was so strictly prohibited on Riverside Drive and Michigan Avenue to protect the tender sympathies of the residents of those sections. I had not the least doubt that it must hurt them to see a person in distress. But that was before I had felt the teeth of the French poodle at the front door and the broomstick of the Irish cook at the back.

Since then I have changed my opinion entirely. Now I not merely *think* but *know* that beggars are excluded from aristocratic sections for quite different purposes than the protection of the too tender sympathies of the rich. I have found two very good reasons. The first is that the rich have a more susceptible spot than their compassion, namely their pocketbook, and the second is that they want to monopolize the trade themselves.

Beggars are not expelled with the same rigor on the East Side as on the West Side. There flourish uncounted numbers of my kind, the ragged, dirty, hungry kind, and also the emissaries—uniformed and otherwise—of the plutocrats, who demand their toll by force or fraud.

If beggars should not be allowed on the West Side, neither should they be allowed on the East Side. The workers should follow the example of the capitalists and also hang out the little warning "No Beggars Allowed." Then they should turn their backs upon the tax collector who gathers money for the support of armies and navies in which the producers shed their blood while the capitalists gamble with the products of the world. They should turn their backs upon the landlord, who month after month and year after year exacts a toll as unjust as the usurer's interest. They should not harken to insurance collectors who beg for a few cents nor to church dignitaries who beg for a few souls. And, above all, they should not harken to the whining of the hired politician, who on election day comes begging for their votes—their votes which are to sanction the armies, navies, police courts, insurance companies, landlords, and so forth—the votes which make them the dupes of their own credulity.

If the workers do this they will be well on the road to abolishing something far worse than beggary—the robbery of the things they produce.

COLLEGE PROLETARIANS By BARNET G. BRAVERMAN

GREED does not respect religion, sex, or creed. Greed does not respect character, culture, or beauty.

Greed does not respect brain-power.

Greed will hire brains to plan plots and enterprises. When its needs are satisfied, the one who has the brains is thrown aside like a torn and tattered glove.

Capitalism has no more use for the college-man than it has for the man who wields a spade.

Capitalism cares only for profits and prestige. To reap profits and prestige, it commercializes religion; perverts sex; creates race prejudice; mars character; prevents culture; destroys beauty; and cheapens brains.

Some time ago a Western magnate claimed that he could get in one day enough civil engineers to make

a body of six complete surveying corps, and he boasted that they would be very anxious to sell their labor power for sixty dollars per month!

In the councils of commercialism, employers decided long ago that college men can be procured at "dirt-cheap" salaries.

Presidents of universities have personal lists of thousands of young men and women who have degrees in art, literature, and science; these young people confess that they are in the depths of the submerged.

Twenty-six years ago Andrew Carnegie remarked in a lecture to Pittsburg students:

"It is becoming harder and harder, as business gravitates to immense corners, for a young man without capital to get a start for himself, and in this city (Pittsburg) especially, where large capital is essential, it is unusually difficult."

Within the last quarter of a century the United States has experienced changes of stupendous magnitude in its industrial and social life. Concentrated capital has professors, teachers and scientists who compete against those who could be useful to society.

The snobbishness that was once a part of the college-man's attitude has been chastened by economic adversity into a dominating desire for real democracy.

Many avenues of success are closed to young men and women who have energy and ability. They have to fight the battle of life without essential assistance. Many times they are compelled to fight one another like jungle beasts.

The country is overcrowded with doctors, lawyers, professors, teachers and scientists who compete against each other in the race for bread.

Educational institutions are swarming the country with graduates who have no assurance of employment or economic security.

College proletarians have seen their air-castles tumble into nothingness.



They have learned to behold the hollow mockery behind the commencement oration about "the eager world waiting for the college man." The struggle for existence has removed rose-colored illusions of deeds and fame and honor.

College-trained proletarians are beginning to realize the burning revelation that capitalist society is not so anxious to load them up with glory and renown.

Education and character have failed to make certain the paths of achievement.

The college-trained worker and the factory-trained worker are beginning to defy an economic regime which destroys noble aspirations.

Colleges are full of protest against social wrongs. Capitalist professors find themselves belittled by the economic knowledge of college-students.

And professors who speak the truth about capitalism find themselves belittled by dismissals.

The tendency of the world is towards a greater unity for social progress.

The college-trained proletarian is becoming conscious of his identity of interests with his fellow-workers who never had the opportunity to enter a university. And it is their unity, industrially and politically, that will cause the elimination of industrial tyranny.

THE END OF CONSPIRACIES

ONE thing which the McNamara confession undoubtedly will bring about is the end of the whisperers.

In every association the whisperers play a large part. The whisperers are solemn people who al-

ways have wind of a plot by the enemy or are forging a plot themselves to work against the enemy. But the struggle for the New World is not a matter of Plot and Counterplot. The Revolution will not succeed through the action of some little faithful band of conspirators.

The logical result of whispering is dynamite throwing.

Already in America the whisperers have had their day. They are about to be ruled out of court. In the future whatever is done will be done out loud. Policies will be shouted from the house-top.

If the state of society compels workmen to violence, the violence will not be denied. Instead of claiming that the perpetrator of deeds of violence is a traitor they will say, "What of it? You claim this man did such and such. Why did he do it? He did it because he was starving and saw another man about to take his job. You would have done the same thing had you been in his place. You say he did this. We admit it. And now what of it?"

That will be the answer.

HEROES

By BARNET G. BRAVERMAN

EVER since the Boy Scout movement came into public view, army officials have been howling in mournful tones about the lack of military education in our schools.

We of the working class wish to apprise all professional man-killers that it is too late to begin instructing our boys about the glory of war.

Wisdom and reason are becoming the ruling passions of the human race.

Children as well as men are beginning to realize the fact that neither king or president has the right to put human beings on the field of battle where they lose their lives for a country that never treated them any better than vagabonds.

Every man who carries a gun for the United States Government or for any other government is a tool used by the hellions of plutocracy and despotism for the protection of privileged interests.

No death or service on the field of battle has ever been noble if it happened for the sake of a few princes or trust-magnates who stayed at home beyond the reach of shot and shell.

Real heroes are they who risk life and limb in smelter furnaces; who erect sky-scrapers; who dig coal down in the black recesses of the earth; who toil and toil to feed the race.

Socialists reserve their plaudits for the iron-worker who falls from a bridge or building; for the miner who breathes his last in an explosion; for the sailor who has a watery grave; for the railroad fireman who is mangled in a wreck; for the tailor who dies of consumption contracted in a sweat-shop; for the children and women who have their life-lights snuffed by machinery. All of these have died—not on the battlefield, where men are maddened by the fifes and drums and flying shell—but on the field of useful, productive service.

Workers of the world are anxious to feed the world—to clothe the world—to make this world a better world!

Militarism hires men to kill the workers who would enrich the world.

War may have its heroes—but the real and unnumbered heroes have been the men and women and children who became victims of capitalist industry.

Some day, when the world will have become conscious of the spirit of altruism and interdependence, it will look down upon the present social order with shame and wonder—thinking of the unnumbered millions of human beings who died real heroes while attempting to produce results of genuine worth.



THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

BOOSTING FOR THE BABIES

AND each speaker spouted much flame for the Cause.

"Let us not be weaklings," hissed the Tireless Enthusiast, who was for or against everything from Ants to Zoetrotes. "The object of the present congress is the carrying on of the fight against Race Suicide. A short and ugly epithet is the only proper appellation for that man who does not believe in more babies. Let me repeat—**MORE BABIES!**"

As he sat down there rose a sleek, fat-chopped individual encased in clothes of the most expensive trim. "I echo the worthy speaker's remarks," he said, folding his hands across his stomach. "This great republic—and in fact all republics and all nations—need more babies. Millions more of them—I might almost say—billions."

Chipped in a gentleman with a pleasant but oratorical face.

"Is theah any nation beneath the fah-flung expanse of Gawd's own Heaven that needs, begs and demands mo' babies than ouah own sunny southland?" he queried.



"I ain't no hand at speechmaking," apologized the man with the jowls, "but I feel pretty keen on some subjicks and I'll thank you all kindly for anything you'll do to get folks to keep right on having lots of babies."

"You bet," shrilled the lady with the excessive plumes.

"That's the dope," shouted the young man with the satchel.

There were wild cheers of acquiescence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Mildly Inquiring Person as he rose from his inconspicuous place, "I have no doubt that the speakers you have just approved are in earnest, but may I ask if it is not barely possible that a politician who wins his constituents by platitudes, a manufacturer of arms and ammunitions who earns his money by war, a proprietor of a down-south child-labor mill, the head keeper of a boys' reformatory, a woman of an ancient but not altogether honorable profession, a young doctor who is learning his trade at the clinics of a children's hospital—is it not barely possible that all these persons who have just spoken so enthusiastically may have some—a—a—some private purpose in advocating—"

But at this point the Mildly Inquiring Person was quite justly and vigorously thrown out of the window.

MARVELOUS

"**Y**OU listen to me," said the Police Captain, "we got you dead to rights. You ain't no prophet and you know you ain't. I'll give you one last chance: hand out the dope for this next month and if it comes out the way you say I'll see that you ain't sent up."

"Righto," said the astrologer cheerily. "Never saw any easier pickings." He looked up at the stars and groaned. "In this coming month—"



"This next month, now," snapped the Captain. "In this next month several thousand men will walk the streets of New York looking for a job."

The Police Captain opened his eyes.

"Wages will be reduced in a large factory in New

England; there will be a strike in Indiana and another in Idaho. Militia will be called out in California on account of labor troubles and down south several children will lose from five to fifty years of their lives working in the cotton mills."

The Captain held his breath in wonder.

"In Chicago several men will starve to death and in St. Louis a man will kill himself because he can't get work. Some thousands of girls will be dragged, enticed, assisted or deceived into white slavery."

"A Pennsylvania city council will be bribed; an avoidable mine accident in West Virginia will kill a gang of men and all the taxpayers in the Union will be robbed."

And behold! when the Captain followed the papers that month he saw that all these things came to pass.

FOOD FOR THE GROWING

"**S**O you say," said the Mildly Inquiring Person, "that it is your purpose in these evening lectures to educate those adults who are shy on schooling."

"Exactly," bubbled the Eager Committeeman, "and let me tell you—"

"And what is it you teach them?"

"What do we teach them? Why, that's the beautiful part of it—we teach them everything. Here at School 78 we've got Professor Jenks lecturing on 'Medieval Poetry'—"

"I see."

"And at School 20 Dr. Kelly, the famous traveler, is giving a course on 'Some Architectural Beauties of Abyssinia.'"

"Indeed."

"And at School 41 Miss Sharpman talks on the 'Lives of the Artists,' and at School 16 Mr. Willets delivers his celebrated discourse on 'Early Christianity,' and at School 168 the Reverend Tawneyman—the hunting clergyman—gives a talk with lantern slides on harpooning polar bear."



"Absorbing—absorbing," murmured the Mildly Inquiring Person, "only where are the courses held that teach the untrained man what the earth is and what he is and what society is and his relation to the universe generally?"

"Oh, that," said the Committeeman scornfully, "we haven't any time to waste with such rubbish. We don't want to bother with a lot of cranks."

"Of course you don't," soothed the Mildly Inquiring Person, "and that's one reason why the Third Party is going to poll about two million votes this fall."

Monthly Cheerup Bulletin

You can't be a fashionable millionaire these days without admitting that there are trusts and that the days of competition are over.

You can't be a wide-awake woman these days without being mixed up somehow in the whirlwind campaign for woman suffrage. You can't pick up a paper these days without reading about those bad boys in Germany who voted 110 of themselves into the Reichstag.

And lastly, you can't even go to a church chicken-pie supper without having some pot-bellied gentlemen get up and talk about the Menace of Socialism.

PRACTICAL FINANCE

IT was sad but true—the street railroad had failed. There wasn't a cent in the treasury.

The late president said it had ruined him completely, and to show how heart-broken he was he bought an extra car and went round the world again in his private yacht.

Everybody said the business would have to be reorganized.

So bonds were put on the market to raise a little ready money.

They fetched about \$1,000,000.

This million fetched about a hundred reorganizers.

The reorganizers started right in to reorganize.

They met and met and met.

When they grew tired of folding their hands over their stomachs they put their forefingers together on a level with the chin so as to look singularly wise.

After about a year of constant meeting they said everything was in running order and they issued another million dollars' worth of bonds.

"But where is the first million?" asked the common people impudently.



"The first million!" shrieked the reorganizers, "why, that was our fee."

A year later the road failed again.

So they issued a call for more reorganizers.

And so forth.

Still it's an established fact that a municipality doesn't know enough to run a street railway.

THE CLINCHER

"**B**UT," objected the gentleman who made his living by pulling a long face on Sunday. "I have one more argument—I have an argument that you can't possibly refute."

"I should like to hear it," said the man who was fighting for an Orderly World. "You admit, don't you, that if every man worked at some useful occupation it would increase production tremendously?"

"I do."

"And that if each man received the socially useful product of his labors, it would largely do away with crime."

"That's possible."

"It would help along the science of Eugenics by giving us for the first time all humanity to choose from for parenthood."

"Very likely."

"It would systematize the world."

"Yes."

"It would give everyone a fair chance for happiness."

"I suppose so."

"In fact, it would bring about what the church has preached so long—the brotherhood of man."

"Probably."

"Then what's your objection?"

"My objection!—wouldn't all this do away with poverty?"

"Most certainly it would."



"Well, then, don't the Bible say, 'The poor you have always with you'? You bet it does, and as long as I stay in the pulpit I'm going to see that the poor keep right on staying with us. I'm not going to have the Bible queered by a lot of you irresponsible agitators."



THE DOCTORS OF SOCIAL ILLS



WAR

BY GARDINER LADD PLUMLEY

WHEN I was a boy a railroad accident opened my eyes to mutilation of the human body. A dying child, lifted in the arms of a sobbing man, the blood streaming over him, the poor thing shrieking—that picture I wish had not been forced upon me.

The incidents of that accident, for me, hint at the meaning of the word, war; I know nothing of the thing itself but by books. But if such agonies as burned themselves into my brain were the essential and not the accidental events of railroads, the world would send locomotives to the scrap heap.

That good from war ever comes to the individual from thirst, from hunger, from filth, from vermin, from disease, from wounds, from the surgeon's table, from lust, from rending apart an enemy's vitals—the intent of the science of war—is as true as that the unborn babe of an Indian squaw gains valor by the feeding of its mother on the heart of an enemy.

And can anything good be gained for a nation by discounting harvests of future generations and burning the proceeds? by the loss of her young manhood? by creating thousands of mutilated vagrants? by hiring her workmen to become murderers? by giving over her children to butchery and her women to violence, death, and rape? by—but time and type would fail to tell all the multitudinous ways that war breeds taxes, misery, poverty, pestilence, famine, death, and worse than death!

All hell makes merry when orators call their brothers to arms.

GERMINAL

BY EMILE ZOLA

(Continued from page 11.)

sides, he's only been here six months, from Pas-de-Calais."

Both had risen, about to begin work again. When she saw him so cold, she was chagrined. Without doubt, she thought him handsomer than the others; she would have preferred him. The thought of a reconciliation arose in her mind, and when the young man, still angry, was examining his lamp which was burning with a pale, blue flame she tried to attract his attention.

"Come on, I'll show you something," murmured she good-naturedly.

When she had led him to the end of the drift, she showed him a crevice in the coal. A slight bubbling arose from it and a little noise like the whistling of a bird.

"Put your hand there, you can feel the wind. . . . It's fire-damp."

He was surprised. Was that the terrible fire-damp which made everything explode? She laughed, saying there was a great deal of it that day, and that was the reason the lamps burned so blue.

"When will you fools stop your tongues?" cried the rough voice of Maheu.

Catherine and Etienne hastened to refill their cars,



and push them to the inclined plane, their backs bent, crawling under the uneven ceiling of the track. From the second trip the perspiration soaked them and their bones cracked anew.

In the drift the work of the diggers was resumed. They often cut short their lunch so as not to chill themselves, and their sandwiches, eaten thus far from the sun, with speechless voracity, filled their stomachs as if with lead. Stretched out upon their sides, they dug still harder, having only one fixed idea, that of completing a great day's work. Everything else disappeared in the struggle for gain so rudely contested. They ceased to feel the water dripping upon their limbs, the cramps from the forced attitude, always the same, the blackness of the night where they withered like plants buried in a cave. In proportion, as the day advanced, the air became more vitiated from the smoke of the lamps, the impure breaths and the gas from the fire-damp, weighing down the eyelids like cobwebs. All this combined was sufficient to destroy the effect of any pure air. Each one, buried in his molehole under the earth, with scarcely a breath in his weary body, still toiled on.

ART IMPOSSIBLE UNDER CAPITALISM

BY MARJORIE HOOD

ART is the expression of that sense of beauty which lies deep and purposeful in the human soul.

It lies buried, crushed—by poverty, dirt, monotonous toil. It is exploited by the impersonal, hurried, machine-like labor that goes into the making of everything about us—the clothes we wear, the houses we live in, our utensils, our public buildings, even our books and pictures and music.

To speak of the many ways in which, in a saner social order, Art might grow, would take too long. It does not take long to know that, with the exploitation of work, the life has gone out of it.

The majority no longer know what is beautiful. The majority? No, nor the few. Who works with the joy of creating something useful and beautiful? The toilers have not the time, nor the opportunity for that. Those in whom the desire is strongest, whom we call the artists, are limited and exploited by the controlling power, which to-day is the money power, to increase some given capital, or to build monuments to its supremacy: monuments of opulence, but not of beauty.

Who, indeed, has real freedom to live? To be clean and strong and wise? Not the poor, and certainly not the rich.

How, without such freedom, can beauty grow in the world? Is it always to be the impossible task of a soul here and there for whom the overpowering impulse must find expression? But the lovers of loveliness should be not merely one of us here and one there, stray geniuses, something strange and exotic like flowers in a cinder heap, but all of us.

Uncle Rim and the Enemy

"They tell me," said Uncle Rim Highsnooter, "that Socialism is going to do away with our individuality. All I have to say is that if the Socialists try it they've got an awful stiff job ahead of them. For sixty-five years I've been living in this great American nation and in all that time I ain't seen more than seventy-five cents' worth of individuality altogether, and that was scattered thinner'n old John D. Rockefeller butters bread."

THE MATERIALISTIC BASIS OF EDUCATION

BY LENA MORROW LEWIS

AMONG the many contributions the capitalist system has made to the progress of the race, one of the most valuable was the necessity of educating the members of the working class. No right, or privilege, or opportunity is given a lower or under class unless that right or opportunity makes for the benefit and interest of the upper or dominant class.

Two hundred years ago one could find but few workmen who could read or write. Education was the privilege of the upper class only. It was not necessary for the serf in the field to have a trained mind in order to plow a straight furrow. The skill to swing a scythe or sickle required no mental training or education. But the introduction and development of machinery and the use of steam and electricity necessitated a different type of worker from the unlettered, untutored serf in the field or the woman at the spinning wheel.

To transform the crude ore into a fine steel rail required new skill. To assemble all the various elements together into a mighty engine called for the trained and educated workman. To operate an engine demanded the skilled engineer.

In short, the new industrial processes which the capitalist system gave the world necessitated the education and mental training of the workers in order that they might be fit and efficient wealth producers. Capitalism therefore created the economic or material reasons for the need of the great mass of the workers to be educated. It "democratized" education.

While economic and material benefits have accrued to the master class through the education of the workers; while large profits were only possible through a trained and skilled laboring class, yet in this very thing which makes for the triumph of the master class financially, we see a potent and powerful factor in bringing about the political and industrial supremacy of the working class.

Knowledge is power.

Only as the workers have knowledge and intelligence can they solve the problem of their own political and industrial freedom.

The capitalist masters have educated the workers to their advantage to-day, but for their undoing to-morrow.

The thing that makes for the triumph of capitalism ultimately makes for its own downfall.

Education of the workers for the benefit of the capitalist class means gain and profit only for the few, the upper class of to-day.

Education of the workers for the benefit of the working class means gain and profit for the working class and ultimately for the whole human race.

That which has served the capitalist class will some day serve the working class.

The trained minds that create profits for the masters of to-day will create wealth for the producers to enjoy to-morrow.

The future victories of the working class lie not so much in their numbers (the workers have always been in the vast majority), but in the knowledge they possess and the ability to intelligently organize and act together on the political and economic fields.

Let us ever remember that *knowledge is power!*





POLITICAL TRAINING OF THE WORKING-CLASS

By DEAN LANGMUIR

COMPTROLLER UNDER THE NEW SOCIALIST
ADMINISTRATION OF SCHENECTADY



Written for THE MASSES Pub. Co.



HISTORY no longer has a purely narrative quality. Formerly history consisted in presenting a series of distinct events, each following upon the other in a manner most unexpected and startlingly surprising. No attempt was made to render the whole coherent; and few historians of the old school delved below the surface of records or of tradition. It

was a great pleasure to both writer and reader to deal with the purely concrete, and to feel that once the description of external events was mastered, history itself was mastered.

Lately the radiance of science has relieved the obscurity into which this rather flippant treatment has cast this great study. Formerly, for instance, a kind of complete satisfaction was felt in the tale of Columbus' voyage and discovery of America. "If this voyage had never been made, America would now be unknown. If Columbus had not quelled the mutinous spirit of his crew, he would have had to return to Europe, leaving half of the world in outer darkness. How delightful that it all turned out exactly as it did!"

It is hard to abandon such readable matter and to consult modern historical works on the subject. In such work we learn that the progress of civilization over the western hemisphere did not mainly depend upon the exertions of one individual. If Columbus had never lived, or if he had never been drawn to explore the route by sea to India, or if his men had proved still more rebellious—under any of these conditions, the event would have arrived in much the same way. It is now understood that the age was one of physical and intellectual expansion, that conditions were ripe for the undertaking by the bolder progressives of just such voyages of exploration. The most that modern history admits is that if Columbus had never lived the discovery of the new continent might have been postponed by some scores of years.

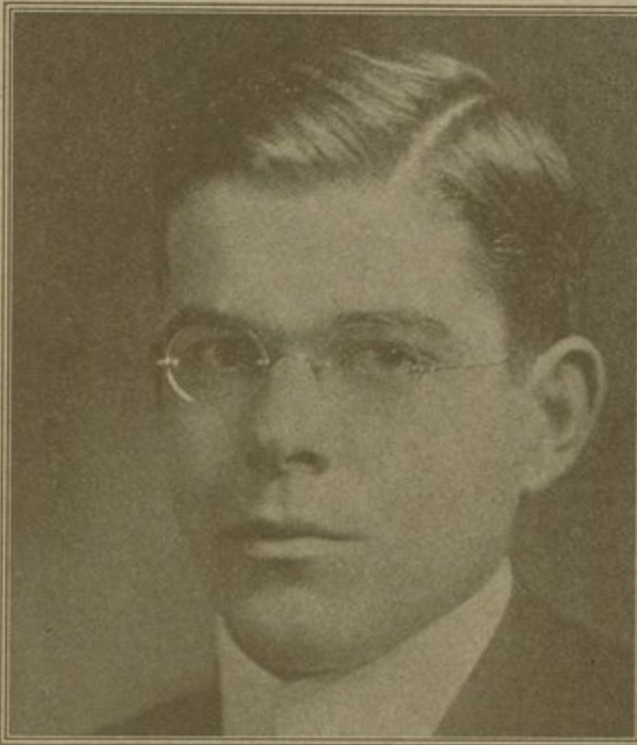
So it is with innumerable other events of history. The Fall of the Bastille was not the cause of, nor did it even set in motion, the French Revolution. Our slaves were freed neither by the Civil War, nor by a certain document signed by Lincoln. These incidents were as mere ripples on the surface, far below which were sweeping mighty under-currents of which even now we have but an imperfect understanding. The events themselves were not the forces that made history, any more than the motorman of a car is the force that drives forward the car, or guides it around curves to the terminus.

Charming as history used to be—and many will admit this—there can be little question but that it was comparatively useless. Familiarity with the great forces that shape human affairs, and a knowledge of their workings as shown in the past, are of inestimable value in judging the present. The world is being stirred by the sense that these forces are consistent, that their nature can be fully grasped, and that just so much as our knowledge of them increases, the history-loving mind will increase in usefulness.

Some still prefer the superficial aspect of things, but the Socialists, who are and have been the world's leaders in respect to sounding for current political truths to

the depths, have derided the efficacy of mere superficial measures. No mere aggregation of legal phrases neatly divided into articles and clauses has satisfied them—not even the erection of public buildings for the relief of the poor. They have themselves pierced beneath the surface appearance until they have reached the underlying essence of conditions, and then have insisted that the world face that reality.

To a type of mind such as the Socialist, constructive political action obviously means something far other than the mere bringing about of concrete events, of reforms such as improving charity organizations or increasing the efficiency of a system of garbage removal. Such a mind must at least deal with some of the great forces that make history. At the same time, one so viewing things has a sufficiently humble attitude. He realizes that historical forces are too powerful and lie too deeply for him to stop them or to turn them back; but on the other hand, he knows that they can be retarded or accelerated, and he feels that he can



DEAN LANGMUIR

build a deeper channel—one through which they can flow more readily. His conception of constructive political action will be that which provides for the hastening forward of those forces which are sure to bring happiness.

Every present condition is, as it were, the apex of a pyramid which, as it recedes in the past, has an increasingly broad base upon which it rests. If now we reverse the point of view and look forward to any desired future condition, it is apparent that we can arrive at such future condition only by laying a broad foundation.

If a specialist is looking for the greatest constructive work which he can undertake, he will not merely seek some immediate betterment in the workers' condition.

He knows that the trouble lies deeper than that—he is

fighting for future betterment and is willing to undergo present suffering for the sake of a future reward. He will have faith that Socialism is coming, and he will try to prepare the workers so that they may sooner and more efficiently assume their new responsibilities. He will try to educate them.

The workingman has a certain mental superiority over the wealthy capitalist. He is frequently more wholesome, morally, and has a greater capacity for simple pleasures and a much greater consciousness of his duty to those of his class. Nevertheless, mentally, the workingman is in many ways less equipped. The capitalist has far greater executive ability. The workingman may be able to regulate his own life better, but he cannot begin to manage the affairs of others as well as the capitalist. He has not the concentration of mind, nor the rapidity of judgment, nor the decisiveness of the capitalist class—and this, in spite of the fact that his stock of common sense is greater and more dependable. The trouble is, of course, not that the workingman is made of different mental stuff, but that he has not the experience in the world of large affairs.

No preaching or reading can make up for this lack of experience. There is no substitute for experience. It is, therefore, fortunate that the working class can at present secure a fair measure of such experience through its opportunities in municipal government.

Municipal affairs are being conducted with more and more efficiency, but in consequence we notice a dangerous widening of the gap between the well-meaning but ignorant layman and the highly technical specialist at the head of each municipal department of a great city. The Comptroller's report of the City of New York is not commonly intelligible, and yet a less technical report would, from an accounting standpoint, be less effective. The citizen's direct control over the municipal affairs immediately around him is thus decreasing.

Nevertheless, if a working man is to secure good political training, it must be through matters as local as possible. The district affairs should be placed as much in his hands as is feasible. At least, he can determine how his public park shall be laid out and how and when it is to be used. He can surely be allowed to say just what shall be done, with public improvement appropriations for the neighborhood. Let him decide how the streets near his residence shall be paved and cleaned.

Constructive political action legislates with an eye not only to efficiency, but also to the effect of the kind of government upon the mind of the people. Efficiency might even for a time not be increased nor expense reduced, provided that the inhabitants can be educated to a higher capacity for self-government.

No political training is so effective as that gained in local affairs. Not only can a greater faculty for initiative and a greater civic responsibility be developed when one knows every local need, but familiarity with every local condition will reveal the measure of wisdom in each step taken. Moreover, efficiency in municipal political affairs leads directly to an effective grasp on the wider state, national and international issues.

Each age has a function of its own. The last century has been marked by great growth of liberty, both political and intellectual. It is likely that this age is to be that of the education and political training of the working class. If so, we should work with the current and aid it with all our strength.

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